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HENRIK IBSEN

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME VIII

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HENRIK IBSEN; THE POET, PHILOSOPHER, DRAMATIST AND REVOLUTIONIST: BY AMELIA VON ENDE



HE general characteristics of a poet are predestinated rather by heredity than evolved out of circumstance. But the relation of a poet to his people depends upon his relation towards that people's ideals, and this relation is a fruit of experience. His birth and the early impressions of his youth favored Ibsen in developing a personality standing apart from the great mass. Two strong emotions that play an important part in the life of the average youth, were ruled out of his adolescence. With Norwegian, Danish, German and Scotch forebears he was enabled to look beyond the barriers of national feeling and escape the pitfalls of patriotism. Loss of fortune and friends following his father's failure in business made him doubt the value of friendship. Many years later he wrote: "Friends are an expensive luxury; if one invests his capital in a profession or a mission in life, one has not the means to keep friends. The luxury is not in what is done for them, but in what is left undone out of consideration for them."

Ibsen's first attempts at poetry date back to the time when he was apprenticed to a druggist and in his spare moments prepared for the university. It was the year 1848 and his verses were directly traceable to the influence of the events of the time. For although it has become customary to speak depreciatingly of this revolutionary movement, yet the impulse it gave to unprejudiced views of the social and political conditions of life, was incalculable. Not what it accomplished, but what it indirectly inspired is its real achievement. Ibsen's first dramatic effort, "Catiline," was conceived in this spirit. To the imagination of the youth fired with the eloquence of the partisan literature of the period, Catiline appeared as the ideal radical reformer, who saw in the utter destruction of the old order of things at Rome the only possibility of making room for a new order of things. Throughout his life one can see in the Norse poet a strong resemblance to the old Roman conspirator: uncompromising, going straight towards his goal. "Catiline," though a juvenile effort, was Ibsen's first declaration of independence.

Up to the nineteenth century Norway had had no language or lit-

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erature of its own; its writers had used Danish for all purposes of art. But the desire to establish a language and literature independent of the Danish, had been haunting the minds of intellectual leaders of the country and finally took shape. The stage being the best medium for reaching the masses, national theaters were founded. One of these owed its existence to the famous violinist Ole Bull, who had acquired a fortune and devoted a good share of it to the promotion of art in the country of his birth. He had founded a national theater at his birthplace, Bergen, and appointed his youthful countryman, the author of *Catiline*, playwright and manager. In accepting this position Ibsen entered upon his literary career. During the five years he spent in Bergen he wrote works of a romantic-national character, which were useful to him as studies in the technique of the drama, but show little of the later and real Ibsen.

WHEN at the expiration of that period Ibsen was called in a similar capacity to the National Theater in Christiania, he expected to find a wider field for the growth of his powers. But it was not long before he discovered, that while he had continued to grow, his people had come to a stand-still. The audiences applauded what he had outgrown, and the more he developed his individuality, the cooler became the reception of his works. Norwegian national feeling had just reached the stage when patriotism becomes chauvinism, a change which did not escape the eye of the poet. The founding of a national literature had been a beautiful ideal, but in the measure as it was realized, it became an empty shell. Ibsen learned his first lesson in the mutability of ideals. While he saw much that needed improvement and dreamed of new ideals for his country, his people were satisfied with what they had achieved. The note of unrest which entered into his works, became a dissonance which jarred upon the nerves of the fatuously self-complacent generation. The breach between the poet and his people had opened.

At times, when the present holds forth little promise of a better future, it is natural to turn one's thoughts towards the past; and Ibsen plunged into contemplation of a past as remote and as different from the present as possible. His imagination became absorbed in the *Vol-sung Saga*, a tale of great loves and great hates; and as his thoughts dwelt upon those traditions and kindled the creative instinct, he

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became more and more conscious of the great contrast between the past and the present. When "The Heroes of Helgeland" were completed, the work was so far beyond the comprehension of his generation, that his own theater rejected it. He had dreamed of the heroic past of his country, and the dwarfs of the present did not understand the dream. He had sung the great deeds of the forebears, and he saw the descendants contented with puny pretenses at action. The result was another change in the poet's attitude towards the present. He no longer tried to escape from it, but decided to face it such as it was. He became the man who sees things as they are.

A great crime is this point of view; a great danger to the community is the man who holds such a view. When Ibsen roused himself to a new dramatic effort, he took delight in exposing the emptiness and the sham splendor of the ideals dearest to genteel society in Norway, dearest to philistinism in all countries. Georg Brandes, the Danish critic, says:

"The air about him was filled with strange words. People talked of eternal love, of deep seriousness, of strength of belief, of steadfastness of character, of Norwegian virtue. He looked about him, peered here and there, and found nothing in the real world which could justify such fine phrases."

HE went about like the miner in one of his poems, anxious to discover a precious vein, and wherever the hammer fell he heard a hollow ring. All the little idols set up in the sacred pagodas of home, the Cupids and the Vestas with their train of lares and penates, crumbled into dust when he turned upon them the flashlight of his vision. Puny little creatures they were, pale and limp, artificial images of life, homunculi reared in the social tea-pot. It was a great slaughter of ideals, this "Comedy of Love," which he flung into the face of Norwegian society. He had showed it in all the mendacity of its virtues, its shamming and fibbing in the name of love, marriage and home-ties. The effect was such as could be anticipated. Ibsen himself had married a few years before; and that society, indignant at his heretical attacks upon its cherished ideals, its traditional order, its conventional morality, turned against him and attacked his own private life and that of his friends.

Disgusted and embittered, the poet once more withdrew from the

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present and became absorbed in the past. "The Pretenders," a historical and allegorical drama of intense moral significance, was the immediate product of this reaction. But Ibsen had in the meantime developed in a different direction. His historical interest had yielded to a human, a psychological interest. Although he personified in his characters aristocracy, royalty, the orthodox church, dissonance, it was not so much the struggle of any one of these against the other, as the struggle in any one soul, that he studied and reflected and cared about. This point was again lost upon his audience. The traditional, the conventional, the commonplace they could have understood, if befittingly garbed in historical costumes; but the merely human in a complex phase was too much for them. The play was a failure, and the result of this failure was the poet's departure from Norway.

The scars which he had carried away from his native country were soon healed in Rome. Two years after he had settled there he produced his "Brand," a dramatic poem, typically northern, yet sufficiently remote from actuality to be accepted by his people. It is the tragedy of idealism, of an idealist who is the slave of his ideal and, by forcing it upon others, becomes their tyrant. It is the tragedy of a consistency, which says "all or nothing," the tragedy of inexorable logic. "Brand" is a dissenting preacher, a religious reformer; an element of mysticism pervades the atmosphere of the play and relieves the severity of its moral tone; this and not the deeper meaning of the drama made the success of the book.

The productivity of Ibsen at this period was great. Ideas crowded upon him, and his exposition of these ideas was more panoramic than dramatic. Within a year after the publication of "Brand" appeared a work which is in many ways its counterpart: "Peer Gynt," the most Scandinavian of his works. Brand had obeyed the voice of his ideal, Peer Gynt obeys the promptings of his ideas, and his ideas are fancies that have no relation whatever to actual life; he is a slave of his imagination, and swayed by every fantastic notion roves about zig-zag fashion, while Brand, relentlessly logical, follows a straight and narrow path towards his goal. Brand was ever making converts for his ideal; Peer Gynt wanted to be himself and sufficient unto himself. But the irony of his fate was, that his imagination made him see everything different from its actual state, and

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that he did not see himself as he really was. While he starts out at first with the intention of being always himself and proving this, as his errors overwhelm him and his fancies crumble about him, a change takes place in his soul—one of many soul-changes which the poet reflects in his works. The fantastic idealist becomes a matter-of-fact realist. This signifies the difference between Brand and Peer Gynt, and makes the latter more human through this very inconsistency. But in the end both prove their kinship; when all have fallen away from Brand and he has no one to preach to, he longs for the wife and the child he had once sacrificed. And Peer Gynt, too, when he comes to the conclusion,

“I no longer lay stress
Upon my self; the evidence
I can not bring —”

returns to the girl he had deserted, now an old woman, and as she takes him into her arms and sings to him, as if he were a child, he enters the realm of that sleep which knows no awakening. Brand, in its complicated machinery, its mysticism and its allegory suggests memories of Faust; but Peter Gynt, in his wild course of strange adventures, seems a Northern Don Quixote; and, as Don Quixote was a satire which became popular through its romantic elements, so Peer Gynt found favor with the people of Norway, because the fanciful setting seemed to lift it out of the sphere of actuality into the realm of pure imagination. The poet was rehabilitated in his native land. His audiences read into the two works what they wanted to read. The grim humor of the situation was not lost upon the poet.

THE philosophical didacticism of works like “Brand” and “Peer Gynt” suggests the questions: “What is the poet’s view of life? How does he look upon religion? What is his philosophy?” And though “Emperor and Galilean” was not written immediately after these two works, but followed that splendid satire on political life “The League of Youth,” this play properly belongs to the series begun with “Brand,” for here the questions raised by a perusal of “Brand” and “Peer Gynt” are answered. It is the tragedy of eternal conflict between the flesh and the spirit. It is the tragedy of a beauty no longer beautiful, a truth no longer true. No character in the world’s history could better impersonate this conflict than

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Julian the Apostate. He had dreamed of beauty, he had sought truth, and he had lived to see the degeneracy of a faith which had promised both; he who longed for harmony saw nothing but the shouting of shibboleths, the fight of factions, and a cruel intolerance towards those of another creed. Doubts tortured him. "Where is beauty? Where is truth? Where is the kingdom?" he asked, and there was no one to answer him but Maximos, the mystic, who said:

"There are three kingdoms. First the kingdom founded upon the tree of knowledge; then the kingdom founded upon the cross . . . the third is the kingdom of mystery, which is to be founded upon the tree of knowledge and upon the stem of the cross, because it loves and hates both, and has its life-source in the garden of Adam and Golgotha."

Then Julian reinstates the ancient gods and in their temples celebrates feasts in honor of Dionysius. But he finds neither beauty nor truth, he finds not even peace. He asks Maximos: "Who will conquer, emperor or Galilean?" and the mystic says: "Both will be conquered, the emperor and the Galilean. Whether it will be in our time or in hundreds of years, I know it not; but it will happen, when the right man comes. . . . He, who will absorb both emperor and Galilean. . . . I say, they will both be conquered, but not destroyed. Is not the child followed by the youth, and the youth by the man? Yet neither child nor youth are destroyed. . . . You wanted to change the youth back to a child. The kingdom of the flesh has been absorbed in the kingdom of the spirit. But the kingdom of the spirit is not the final one, no more than youth is a final phase. Oh, the fool you have been, to raise the sword against what is growing—against the third kingdom where the twin-souled shall reign." The dual one—he who represents both the flesh and the spirit—the truly human, the ideal man, the man of the future; from him does Ibsen expect a solution of the everlasting conflict.

A mystic utters the prophecy; but it is not idle sooth-saying. The poet had to clothe his conviction in this form. But the man Ibsen took occasion more than once definitely to state his meaning. Many years later, at a banquet given in his honor at Stockholm, he said these memorable words: "I believe that the scientific doctrine of evolution can be applied also to the factors of intellectual life. I believe that there will soon come a time, when the political and the social

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idea in their present form will cease to exist, and from them both a unity will develop which for the present embraces the conditions of human happiness. I believe that poetry, philosophy and religion will be included in one category and one power of life, of which we, who live at the present time, have no conception. It has been said of me at various occasions, that I am a pessimist, and so I am, inasmuch as I do not believe in the permanence of human ideals. Indeed, I believe that the ideals of our time, as they perish, incline towards what I have called in 'Emperor and Galilean' the third kingdom. Allow me to drain my glass to what is to be—what is coming. . . . I shall be satisfied with my life's work, if it has served to prepare the mood for to-morrow." This is Henrik Ibsen's confession of faith; faith in a future, which will replace the existing forms of the church, of society, of the state, with something we know nothing of, must replace them by necessity, by the natural process of evolution. Because he is so thoroughly convinced of this which is to be, of the third kingdom which is coming, he cares so little about the several religious, social and political revolutions, which are enacted upon the stage of the world.

How he looked upon the state in its present form, and especially upon the machinery of politics, is amusingly heralded in "The League of Youth," a satirical comedy which he wrote while still under the impression of "Peer Gynt." For the egotist, who is a slave of his imagination and unconcernedly obeys the fancies of the moment, reappears in the world of to-day in the person of an aspiring parvenu, whose imagination fires his ambition and makes of him a schemer, unscrupulous in the pursuit of his plans; the type of a politician not limited to Norway. The development of the character of Steinhoff is admirable. He has a facile, pliable personality, an enthusiasm responding readily to every appeal to commonplace ideals. He has the gift of gab and the wit of a professional after-dinner speaker, eloquent with platitude about honor, virtue, liberty. Snubbed by a wealthy land-owner, he gives vent to his spite in a speech, rather radical of color, is taken seriously by the progressive party and becomes the leader of "The League of Youth." But when the same rich man invites him to his house, he immediately changes his base, for—in time he might get into Parliament, perhaps into the Cabinet and marry into a rich family. His noble schemes are exposed, but

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he will get there, for he is a "questionable character, and they are cut out of the wood, of which politicians are made," says one of the characters in the play, alluding to a word of Napoleon.

For a definite statement of what constitutes his freedom-idea one must turn to a letter to Brandes, for in these letters we catch a glimpse of the man Ibsen, forming an interesting commentary to the works of the poet. He writes, February 17th, 1871, a time pregnant with freedom-germs: "Struggle for freedom is nothing but the continual living appropriation of the freedom-idea. Whoever conceives freedom as something different than an aim to strive for, to him it is a dead and soulless possession; for it is peculiar to freedom, that while we strive to attain it, it expands more and more. If anybody stops during the struggle and exclaims: 'Now I have it!'—it is a proof, that he has lost it. This very tendency towards a dead standstill at a certain given standpoint of liberty is peculiar to our states; and that is why I fail to see the good of it. Of course it may be of benefit to have suffrage, to have the right of voting on questions of taxation, etc. But who is benefited by it? The citizen, not the individual. There is no absolute reasonable necessity for an individual to be a citizen. On the contrary. How has the national strength of Prussia been purchased? By the sinking of the individual in a political and geographical formula. . . . The state must go. That will be a revolution which will find me on its side. Undermine the idea of the state, set up in its place spontaneous action, and the idea that spiritual relationship is the only thing that makes for unity, and you will start the elements of a liberty, which will be something worth possessing. A change in the form of government is nothing but fussing with details. A little more, a little less—and wretched business all of it.

THE dread of a state and of a political life paralyzing individual effort, drove Ibsen from Rome to Dresden; and when the comparative quiet of this city was disturbed by the growing boastfulness of the new German empire, he decided to try Munich. He writes in 1875: "I must go. In April I shall flit to Munich, and see whether I can settle there for two or three years. I fancy that spiritual life breathes with greater fulness and comfort there, than here in Northern Germany, where the state and politics have drafted all the strength of the people into their service, and have arrested all

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genuine interests." The question of returning to his country was sometimes considered, but waved aside: "For me liberty is the first and highest condition of life. At home they do not care particularly for liberty, but for liberties, a few more or less, according to their partisan point of view." It was eleven years before he went to Norway on a visit. A workmen's club sent a deputation to welcome him and in his reply he said among other things: "There is much to be done here, before it can be said of us, that we have really attained liberty. But I fear that our democracy of to-day cannot solve these problems. An element of nobility must be introduced into our state, our government, our representatives, our press. Of course I do not mean nobility of birth or money or knowledge or even of talent. What I mean is nobility of character, purpose, mental attitude." This nobility belonged to his "third kingdom" to the future, for which he was preparing the coming generations by making the men and women of to-day see society and themselves as they are.

As in the "Comedy of Love" he had exposed the ideas of love, marriage and home-ties to the glare of daylight, so with "The Pillars of Society," which appeared in 1877, he began a series of critical studies of society in its relation to the individual. They are, as Howells very aptly has called them, plays of motive and responsibility. "The League of Youth," though essentially a satire on political life, properly belongs to this group, because it illustrates a certain phase of this life. There is a passage in it anticipating sentiments entering largely into "The Pillars of Society" and forming the very keynote of "Nora" and "The Lady of the Sea." Selma, the wife of the young merchant, who has gambled away his fortune in speculation, protests against being excluded from all participation in the more serious problems of life, she wants responsibilities, but she will not be the last to be appealed to and in a passionate outburst forecasts Nora, still more a child than the dollwife of the Doll's House. When the pedigree of Nora Helmer is traced, Selma Malsberg must not be omitted among her forebears.

THE seriousness and the sincerity of the man Ibsen is equalled by the consciousness and the perseverance of the poet. "As a rule," he once remarked, "I write my dramas three times, each version differing essentially from the others, not in the course of action

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but in the conception of the characters. In the first I know them as from a railway trip; the first acquaintance is made, some conversation about this or that topic has been exchanged. The second makes me see everything more distinctly; I know the people, as one knows people after four weeks spent in the same summer resort. I have grasped the fundamental traits of their character and their little peculiarities, but I may still be mistaken about some essential points. Finally I reach the limits of my knowledge; I know the people intimately, they are my friends, who can no longer disappoint me; as I see them now, I shall always see them." These words referring to the creatures of the poet's fancy are characteristic of the man's justice. Throughout the whole work of that man can be felt the honest endeavor to do justice to the world about him; his very individualism excludes the tendency towards readymade conclusions and sweeping generalizations.

"The League of Youth" was followed by "The Pillars of Society," like the first fashioned much after the cleverly constructed French plays of the period. The family life of an eminently respectable representative of conventional society is revealed: Konsul Bernick, a character doomed forever to stand as the impersonation of sham virtue, of all the sham ideals of his class. His reputation has been bought with the sacrifice of the good name of another member of his family, his wealth rests upon the rotten hulks of his vessels. He becomes aware of the wrong he has done, the misery he has caused in his own home, but not until his son runs away on the very ship which is a trap for all on board, does his self-complacency desert him. Lona, the first of Ibsen's strong women, exacts the famous confession—a splendid climax. Carried away with emotion the consul exclaims: "Women are the pillars of society"; but she corrects him: "No, freedom and truth—they are the pillars of society," and with these words is sounded a motive, which Ibsen treats in several of his succeeding works, even though the words "Truth" and "Freedom" may never be uttered.

The contrast between true and false morality, between the individual's motive and society's view of the act, between the individual's duty towards himself and society's claim to concessions for its sake, became after this one of the main themes of the poet. In none of his plays has he drawn this conflict more forcibly than in "Nora" or "The

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Doll's House," where the woman stands for the right of the individual and is arraigned by society in the person of her husband. The whole contradictory attitude of society towards woman is personified in that man's actions. He is responsible for her ignorance, yet he reproaches her with being unworthy of being the mother of his children. He treats her as if she had committed an unpardonable crime, yet as soon as the danger of publicity is over, he is ready to take her back into his arms as his darling. These contradictions bring maturity to the dollwife, who in her idealism had expected the strong and noble husband to take her guilt upon his shoulders. Then she sees him as he is, sees their marriage as it has been—dollplay every bit of it, even her relation to her children. It is then that she replies to all his remonstrances about her duties to her children with the famous declaration: "Before everything else I am a human being," and tells him that she no longer contents herself with what most people say and what is written in the books, not even with what her pastor, said, when she was confirmed. "I must see whether what the Rev. Jacobi said is right, or rather, whether it is right for me. . . . I must convince myself which is right, society or I."

YET the indignation which greeted "Nora" was as nothing compared with that created by "Ghosts," the play in which the curse of the sins of the fathers was demonstrated by an example so simple, so typical, that the responsibility of fatherhood was brought home to us with a force, a truthfulness and a delicacy unprecedented in the treatment of such problems. In "Nora" already the vast difference between the methods of Ibsen and the French dramatists who have been teachers of the world in dramatical construction had become apparent—absolute independence from externals, from any episode intervening from without. The play was one organic growth from within. Simple and strong in outline and pure in sentiment like an antique tragedy is this drama of a woman, who had never known a wife's happiness and hopes to be rewarded by a mother's, and finds that the son upon whom she has founded her hopes is reaping the harvest of the father's sins. Again it is the woman, who awakens to the realization of some wrong, some discrepancy between her own and the conventional ideas of morality. She says to the clerical friend who had advised her to sacrifice her life to the conven-

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tions of the past: "Not alone what we have inherited from father and mother haunts us, but all sorts of dead opinions and all kinds of dead faiths and such things. They do not live in us, but they are rooted in us and we cannot get rid of them." She has gone some steps farther than Nora; she has investigated, reflected and come to conclusions.

The attacks which followed the appearance of "Ghosts" in 1881 were hardly less venomous than those that had caused Ibsen to leave his country after the appearance of "The Comedy of Love." The poet replied with "An Enemy of Society." In the hero of this play, Dr. Stockmann, the idealist, the optimist, the man who will say the truth, come what may, one can recognize a resemblance. This man, who is branded as an enemy of the people, a demagogue, because he will warn the community and its guests of the unsanitary condition of its mineral springs, is the poet himself. Returning to his family after the meeting in which he has been hooted down, he looks at his clothes, which were torn by the rabble on the street, and says: "It will never do to wear one's best trousers, when one goes fighting for liberty and truth"; and when he has gathered his family about him, he adds: "You see, the fact is, that the strongest man on the earth is he who stands alone." There is a Norse legend of a giant, who absorbs the strength of all the foes he conquers, and in this way with constantly renewed vigor steps into the arena. Such a giant is Ibsen.

With wonderful logical consistency he continued to work out the "leitmotiv" of truth, first struck in the final words of "The Pillars of Society." In "Rosmersholm" the claim of truth is presented by a woman, strong, primitive of passion, unscrupulous in her ambition: Rebecca West. As an apostle of freedom and truth she comes to the house of Rosmer, a parson with aspirations towards a larger and freer life and hopes of a nobler race to come, but withal bound up in the traditions of the Rosmer race. When the wife, whom Rebecca nurses, recognizes the strong affinity between the two and commits suicide, Rosmer, who had declared himself a freethinker, is caught in a tangle of conflicting ideals: the old Rosmer ideal of expiation by death and the new ideal of life, free, strong, and untrammelled, which he had dreamed of for the race to come. And the past conquers; for as Rebecca's passion exhausts itself and her power over Rosmer wanes, the Rosmer ideal takes hold of her, and when he asks whether she is

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ready to do as much for him as his wife had done, she consents. He takes her solemnly as wife, and unable to return to the old life and equally unable to begin a new one, he follows her to the mill-dam, where the wife had drowned herself.

WITH "Rosmersholm" the poet concluded the series of plays, founded upon the motive of truth, showing that what is true for one, need not be true for another, that the live truth of to-day may be a dead truth to-morrow; that the truth forced upon our soul from without may be as much a curse, as the truth which our soul grows up to from within, is a blessing. In the plays now following he treated in the same serious and sincere manner the problem of freedom. "The Lady of the Sea" gives a key to his conception of the "woman's question." It may be regarded as an answer to Nora's defamers, as "An Enemy of Society" was a reply to those who attacked "Ghosts." For the question raised by Nora's leaving home, husband and children, was "What will she do? How will she find her way?"—and in this play there is a passage which silences all doubts, all questions. When Ellida, drawn by an irresistible attraction to the mysterious betrothed of her youth, yearning for the freedom she had enjoyed before she entered the philistine society of the provincial town as the young wife of the widowed physician, decides to leave her husband. Wangel, wiser, more human, than Helmer, respects her right as an individual and tells her she is free to go—in freedom and on her own responsibility. "Freedom—and on my own responsibility?" That is the miracle Nora had in vain waited for. The husband understands; and Ellida turns away from the stranger and says to Wangel: "Now I can come to you, Wangel. For now I can come in freedom and on my own responsibility." The woman, who, like Nora, had been taken in marriage, before she knew herself, on awakening to a consciousness of her womanhood, gives herself. Ibsen has confidence in his Noras and Ellidas—in woman, working out her own salvation.

But there is another side to the freedom-problem. Freedom-longing may be perverted, distorted, tainted with some of the dead ideas, dead faiths and dead truths, which we carry with us through life. Such freedom-longing Ibsen pictures in "Hedda Gabler," the woman who mistakes liberty for licentiousness and sees beauty in

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dissipation. The daughter of a man whose military title had been taken far too seriously in the little provincial town, she had learned from him little more than riding horseback and target-shooting. She plays with freedom-ideas as he with a title entailing no responsibilities. She plays with the fate of others and with her own fate, for like a born gambler, she loves a high stake. Consistent in her inconsistency, her daring is balanced by her cowardice; she has a wild craving for freedom, but she dares not to assume its responsibilities. She cares neither for the rakish young genius Loevborg, nor for the clever old *roué*, Brack, and marries her ridiculous old book-worm simply for protection. But she is at heart painfully conscious of her spiritual sterility; and jealousy of the woman who through a love that dared everything has rescued Loevborg, tempts her to taunt him with his conversion. And again the tragedy of a futile misspent life comes to her, when he does not die "in beauty," as she had expected; and when his death only threatens to bring the scandal upon her, which she has always avoided, she kills herself, remaining true to the conventions of her class and her race.

A JUDGE and a physician of modern man is Ibsen; a great diagnostician of the soul. He discards, however, what makes the average doctor a real doctor in the eyes of the average patient: the prescription. He was aware of the limitations of human nature, of his own nature; perhaps of his own genius. There are those who consider "The Master-Builder" a confession that he had not achieved what he had aspired to. But viewed in connection with the preceding plays, "The Master-Builder" is a logical member of the large and widely divergent Ibsen family. When Solness loses his children and turns away from the ambitions of his youth, building no more churches, but only homes—"where father and mother and a flock of children can live in the secure and serene feeling that it is a happy lot, merely to be in this world"—this is only apparently a denial of the claims of his ego. It shows that the ego is subjected to change. The master-builder whom Hilde Wangel had seen in her childhood climb the steeple of a church to fasten the wreath, which signifies completion, is not the same man to whom she comes as the spirit of youth and whom she tempts to climb the roof of his house and fasten the wreath. He has lived and suffered; he has no longer the assur-

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ance which comes of inexperience and which is the privilege of youth, and youth alone. The doubts of Solness himself, the doubts of the young rivals, whom he has tyrannized so long as their master—the anxiety of the wife, who after all knows her Master-Builder's limitations better than the young demon of ambition, Hilde—all this is marvelously true to life.

Those who rashly saw in the "Master-Builder" a confession of declining power, were wrong. For Ibsen has given us three more powerful soul-dramas related to that work in motive. "Little Eyolf," too, is a drama of the human ego, subject to change, to deviation from a prescribed path, when swayed by a new breath of life or by a memory of some dead life. Here, as in the "Master-Builder," the loss of a child is the turning-point in two lives. It kills the little passion which Allmers has had for the wife who had given him her love, wholly and unreservedly, and the means to devote himself to his work. Their marriage had been a mistake from the beginning; the mysterious rat-wife, who comes to the house, asking: "Are your worships troubled with any gnawing things about the house?" is symbolical; she knows what is gnawing at the soul of the man and of the woman. After Little Eyolf's death they cannot return to the old life; and here a significant change takes place; the woman, once selfish in the pursuit of her happiness, as the man was selfish in his ambition, finds an outlet for her unspent affection by becoming a mother to the children of poverty. This conclusion of "Little Eyolf" is one of the rare instances in which Ibsen seems to give an answer to the questions he raises.

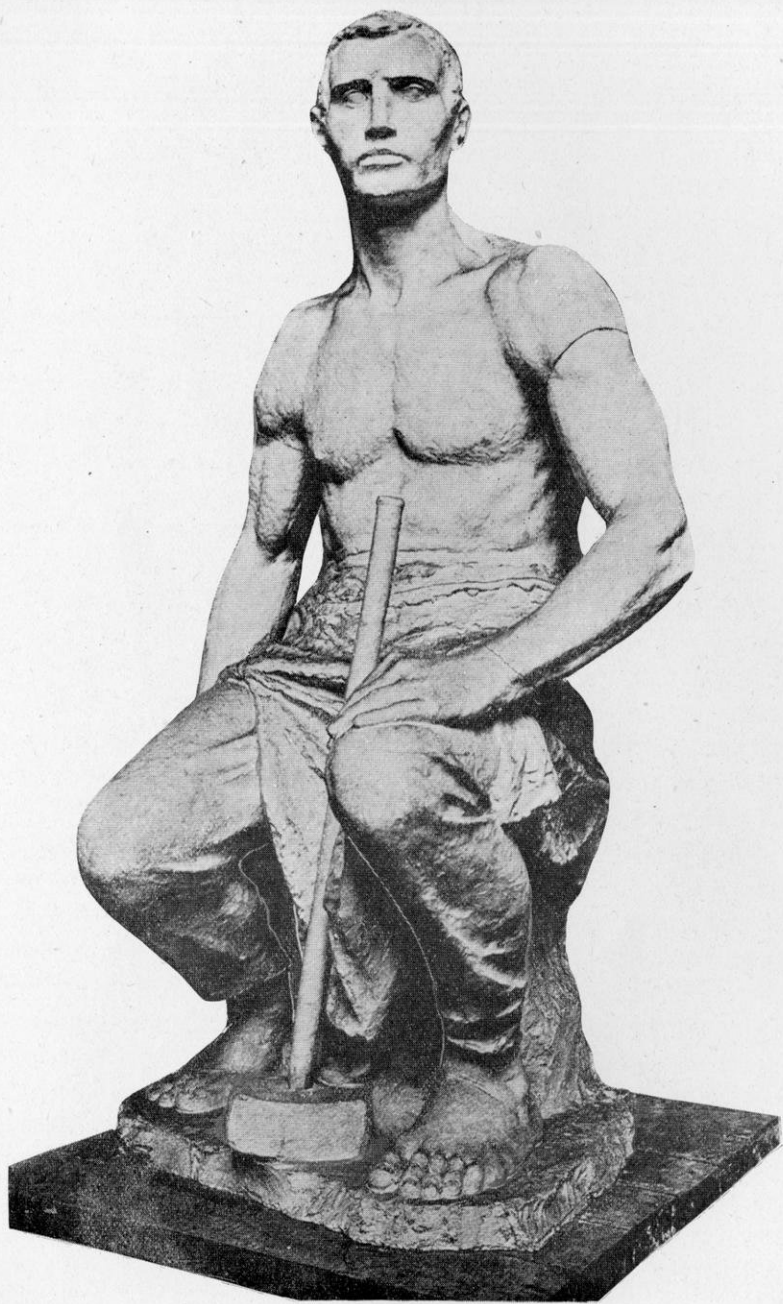
Truth and freedom are no longer the motives of his last plays. He seems to have become absorbed in pondering about human responsibility, about the essence of happiness, in gauging human endurance and finding out just how far the wrong inflicted by selfishness can be repaired. In "John Gabriel Borkmann" he speaks of the "unpardonable sin, that of killing love-life in a human soul." Borkmann, like Allmers, lives but for his ambition; and when he returns from the prison, where his dishonesty had landed him and becomes a prisoner in his own house, he thinks only of the fortunes he might have won and he may still win—when his son joins him. Of the two women he had wronged—his wife and her sister—the one thinks only of rehabilitating the family name and brings up the boy with that

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view; the other, wishing to have something to live for, wants to adopt the youth. A wonderful climax is the scene, when father, mother and aunt plead their cause—and the youth declares that he has already chosen. He wants to live his own life, and to escape the gloom of the Borkmann house, follows another woman, one who has initiated him into her sane and simple philosophy of life. As the tinkle of sleigh-bells announces the passing of the son out of the radius of the parental roof, Borkmann is overcome. Ibsen knows the heart of man, knows the power of the parental instinct.

Once more he has treated the deadly, the unpardonable sin of killing love-life in a human soul. The sculptor Rubek, like Allmers and Borkmann, made a woman's love subservient to his ambition, to his work. When his master-piece is finished he dismisses lightly the model who had sacrificed home, friends, everything to help him, and she drifts out into the world, and disappears. He marries a girl who loves his fame, and disappoints her as lover and as artist, for he does not fulfill the promises of his youth.

He had called "When We Dead Awake" a dramatic epilogue; and perhaps it is his epilogue. As the sane and strong personality of Maja rises before one's inner vision, her acceptance of things as they are seems like the fulfillment of an ideal of simple life, heralded in the words of the Master-Builder: "It is a happy lot, merely to be in this world," and in the cheerful unconcern with which young Borkmann meets all remonstrances: "I want to live, live, live!" This is the wisdom Ibsen has gained during the many years, when he has been walking the earth, seeing things as they are, and going about from house to house, rapping and sounding and asking like his rat-wife: "Are your worships troubled with any gnawing things in the house?" One may resent his negative spirit and insist upon answers to the questions he raises. But the very fact that he leaves them open to discussion, to individual interpretation, shows the unlimited confidence he has in the law, which has so far governed the race in its upward struggle and will continue to do so—the law of evolution, of growth from within out.



"LE TRAVAIL" (THE WORK) BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



"LE PUDDLEUR" (THE PUDDLER) BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



"LE FAUCHEUR" (THE MOWER) BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



Meunier

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER, A SCULPTOR OF THE PEOPLE: BY SAMUEL HOWE



CONSTANTIN MEUNIER belonged to the race of the strong. He was at once traditional and original. He saw with his eyes, felt with his soul the spectacle of life among the common people, and he has expressed it so that it lives forever.

Like Millet, the great Belgian sculptor was born a peasant. The youngest of six children, he was only two years old when his father died. The little family was left utterly destitute, but the mother was made of heroic stuff, and by heavy manual labor she managed to get food enough to fill the hungry young mouths and to keep some semblance of a home for herself and her children. Constantin, when a very small child, showed such precocious aptitude for drawing that his elder brother, who had himself had some instruction, taught him all that his own knowledge compassed, and then succeeded in getting him entered as a pupil at the Royal Academy of Brussels. The lad was then barely seventeen, and the three years' training he received at the Academy gave him the basis of his technique, although he rebelled inwardly at the severely cold correctness of the inert models imposed by tradition upon the pupils. His spirit so chafed at the limitations of this lifeless academic accuracy that he grew disgusted with the whole method of training, and hardly waited for the end of his term to leave the work he found so irksome.

He was twenty years old when he threw aside the chisel as a means of expression, including it, with the hastiness of youth, in his condemnation of the conventional teachings of the professors. Hearing of the enthusiasm of the Paris painters,—of the charm of color, he turned to painting, and for many years cherished the dream that he would so best be able to express the fancies of an ardently religious temperament. He became the habitual interpreter of religious subjects, as much of his time was spent making cartoons for stained glass windows. The study incidental to this occupation took him to the cloister, where he was deeply impressed by the active and laborious life of the Trappists. From this, by a natural transition, he began to take note of the movements of the village peasantry, and unconsciously laid the foundation of his life work by using them as models to improve his brush and to illustrate strong and simple scenes in

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lowly life, as decorations for the church. A study of the photographs of these ecclesiastical paintings, whether on stained glass or canvas, of his cartoons for church decorations, or his drawings in pastel, water-color, oil or chalk, point to as definite a conclusion as is shown by the study of those drawings which were exhibited a few years ago in Paris, Brussels and London. All show wonderful strength of composition, as well as knowledge of, and sympathy for, subjects that lie near the soul of man; and also, all force home the conviction that here is a spirit struggling to free itself that it may find some form of expression adequate to its depth of feeling,—some means of truthfully depicting its view of daily life. In spite of all his effort, Meunier was not strong as a colorist, he was not a master in his drawing. His feeling was best adapted to, and most powerfully expressed in, clay. He must finally have realized this, for he returned to it as his natural medium.

WHEN, in 1886, the citizens of Brussels saw a great bronze statue, "The Hammerman," erected in a prominent square, they knew that a genius had come among them. Then began the real life of the real man. It seems that, after Meunier left the Academy, he had spent some time in Fraikin's studio, where, under the eye of his master, he had to confine himself to the humble work of modeling, moulding and casting. This at the most impressionable period of his life. Now that the glamor of the painter's ideals had passed and the spectacle of life had modified his attitude toward religion, he turned his gaze from the cloister and looked upon the men around him,—and found himself, by dint of his early drudgery, equipped to the finger-tips to express what he saw. There are no countries in the world where the tie between the laborer and the land remains so complete as in Belgium, Holland and the northern parts of Germany and France. Meunier devoted his life to the people,—to the laborers and craftsmen of the Lowlands. He was one of them by nature; he returned to them through preference, and he remained with them until he died, on the fifth day of April, 1905.

His method of working was most simple, direct and natural. It was to experience himself what he depicted,—to work as a fellow-toiler with the men whom he has immortalized in bronze, until cause as well as effect was clear to him. Every social reformer has his pet

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theory, the watchword of which is: "Back to the land." But before it can be of real value, such theory must be based upon actual knowledge of the causes that led to the present state of things. Meunier's work shows the thoroughness with which he acquired that knowledge. He visited and worked with the coal-diggers in the mines, often spending hours, prone on his back, picking coal in a narrow seam or pushing small barrows through the low galleries. Men who lead the dark and rough life of the coal-pit present many peculiarities and transmit from one to another certain strongly-marked features which all come to have in common. The spine and legs often become crooked, owing to the constrained and awkward position in which they are compelled to work. The eyes assume a diminutive appearance and the eyelids become swollen. They work almost without clothes, in air close and hot, and their faces are deadly pale and plowed with deep furrows. These are the coal-diggers depicted by Meunier, and the reason for every characteristic feature or peculiarity that marks them, was derived from the closest personal association and from actual experience as well.

He visited the small cutlery industries where the workers possess their own little holding, obtaining their motive power from the small rivers that intersect the country, or from gas motors when the water is low. Here Meunier saw something of the fierce competition between the large manufacturers and the individual workers, and realized the skill with which the latter keep to the fore by dint of keen industry in some very high specialization of labor, even though hampered in their producing power by certain old-fashioned, although essential, methods of their own. The economic value of the use of water power, for instance, necessitates the building of their sheds on a level with the river, and there the grinders often lie all day, stretched out face down on boards, patiently grinding the knives and scissors for which they are famed. Under these conditions, ague and rheumatism are the constantly-dreaded foes of the workers, and to counteract the chill and dampness each man has a large dog, trained to lie quietly for hours at a time on the loins of the worker, and waking only when the master quits work. These primitive conditions of industry will pass into history in Meunier's clay.

A picture carver, having lost his situation, took up the making or turning of handles for umbrellas, tools and parts of chairs. Meunier

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turned the lathe when he could get away from his class for drawing at Louvain University, for very much the same reason that Horace Greeley, at Marcellus, turned the "picker" to get linen threads from the native flax. He visited the shops and worked with the "hammer-man" at the anvil, taking his turn with the sledge; he worked with the brown-armed "puddler" before the furnace which first reduces and then liquefies the metal; he worked with the quarryman, noting the manner in which he adjusts his body to carry huge stones after prying them loose with the crowbar, and with the dock-laborers, until he made his own the proud attitude of strength victorious. He visited those who work in the fields, becoming one of them,—living, sleeping, eating, toiling with them. Yoked with another man, a horse, or even a dog, with back arched and head bent down, he helped to pull with supreme effort a plow or harrow through the sodden earth. From his fellow-toilers in the fields he drew ever-widening knowledge and inspiration,—from the sower, sweeping the plain with august gesture; from the harvestman, cutting the wheat from its stalk or binding the heavy sheaf; from the mower, receiving on the edge of his scythe the soft, yielding grass, or wiping with the back of his hand the sweat from his sunburnt brow.

SO Meunier qualified for his work. "Back to the soil,"—or rather, "back to the laborers," he went, making the shop his studio and the workman his model, his friend, his comrade, and often his inspiration—if not his god. The gods of Greece inspired Phidias; Man, the God in Man, prompted Meunier.

Through all these days he made small clay or wax images of the people as he found them, noting ever the effect of their labors upon their bodies,—the pitiable distortions, the premature age, or the magnificent development of every muscle as the case might be. Prompted, not by science, which is often a mere matter of measurements, or by the artist's admiration of form;—but by the love of men as men, Constantin Meunier moulded his clay until it echoed the cry from his heart, gathering within it a subtle influence which seemed to personify the democratic and socialistic idea,—the patience, the dumb yearning after better things, the sturdy resistance against oppression which throughout the ages has characterized those who are the bone and sinew of the Old World. His revolt against his

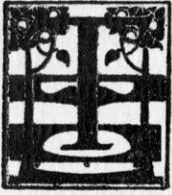
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early training freed Meunier from the thralldom of the classic. He paid no attention to formulæ,—accepted ideals and golden precepts meant little to him. Although, unconsciously to himself, some principles of its philosophy may have so permeated his early life as to remain imbedded in his vigorous nature, he was a blunt zealot roughly hewing likenesses—now fierce,—now pathetic,—always true, from the deep quarry of human life. Himself possessed of the subtle human quality called personal charm, rich, persuasive and well-nigh irresistible, he was able to draw out and catch the very breath of his subject, getting more out of it and putting more into it than other men.

Belgium made him free of her academies, of her public buildings and her squares, but his indifference to academic precedence, which continued with but little modification to the end of his life, extended also to academic recognition. In spite of the honors showered upon him he remained modest as in the days of his early struggles and absolutely unaffected by fame. He even refused money when it meant a possibility of less than perfection in his work, resolutely remaining poor to the end of his days. This story shows the man. A Parisian founder offered, on liberal terms, to produce thousands of copies of his bronzes. The offer was declined. Still better terms were proposed, and again declined. "What!" exclaimed the tempter, "I bring fortune to you and you refuse it! Are you, then, so rich?" "Undeceive yourself, sir," replied Meunier, "I am poor." "But," urged the dealer, "you make only seven or eight copies of your small bronzes; with me you would draw a hundred and sell them all." "What would be the good of it?" said Meunier, simply, "The seven or eight I draw have been cast under my eyes; they give me perfect proofs, that is all I want. To draw more is to run the risk of putting rubbish into existence. I refuse it."

As is now recognized throughout the world, the work of this great peasant sculptor is not only a test and an illustration of the power of the man, but a test and an illustration of the ability of the public to understand and appreciate a story told with such intense feeling and such relentless truth. Meunier's work is more than impressive, it reaches greatness through the sheer force of its own simplicity and its deep comprehension of the life of toiling, suffering humanity.

WATERTOWN SUBURBAN PARK: THE GIFT OF AN UNKNOWN DONOR



HE benefactors who remain unknown are rare, yet none the less are their gifts appreciated, especially when they tend to the recreation and general uplift of a whole community. A public park is for the people, and democratic institutions of this nature deserve the cordial furtherance not only of the authorities, but of the rich who desire to benefit their fellow men. Some gifts are harmful; others are of doubtful value; but a gift for the use of all the people and more particularly one that cultivates in them the love of Nature, is especially to be commended. And of this latter class is the beautiful park recently presented to Watertown, N. Y., by an unknown donor.

Watertown cannot be called a large or a crowded city. Most of its streets are lined with trees, and within a few minutes in every direction from its public square the country may be reached by the electric cars. But even here there are men and women, young and old, who are closely confined by their daily employments. There are factories, workshops, mills, foundries, offices, stores, counting-houses, banks, hotels, and the like, and from all of these, each evening, pours a tide of humanity that needs closer contact with Nature. Merely to exist is a sad condition for any sentient human being, and he only exists who does not now and again get out into the great out-of-doors. He will return to his desk, counter or bench with renewed energy. He thinks better, works better, lives better. He adds to his own joy and radiates a new life to those with whom he comes in contact. Hence the setting apart of some one of the delightful places of Nature for the purpose of a public park is an event worthy of note.

"But why a park?" perhaps asks the reader. There is a very definite reason. Most people have to be educated to really love and enjoy out-of-doors. We seek the far away, not having been taught to enjoy that which is close at hand. We look for the strange, not realizing that nothing can be more beautiful than the things that Nature gives to us every hour. All New England might have learned as much of its immediate neighborhood as the world has learned of Walden, but there was only one Thoreau, and in two centuries we have but one Gilbert White. So a park is a public educator. It

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calls alike to young and old, rich and poor: "Come and enjoy me." It does not say: "Come and I will teach you," but like the kindergarten who beguiles the child to learn through play, it hides its serious purpose in the call to pleasure. It is in this very fact that it is a place set apart for the enjoyment of the people, that its charm lies. Out of doors anywhere would be as helpful, as educative, as health-giving, but the park gives to the visitor a sense of personal possession: "I am one of the public. This is as much mine to enjoy as it is anyone's else. I am not here through courtesy or some one's kindness. I am the recipient of no gift. It is our park, my park!"

A well-appointed public park is a direct incitement to civic betterment in other things. Established in a neighborhood it gives a new key note to the whole surroundings. Everything must be brought up to the new standard, or it seems to be out of harmony. Lawns are better kept, cottage and window gardens are increased, trees are more carefully trimmed, neglected vacant lots are fewer and further between. All this works for the city's improvement, and, what is better still, the higher education of its citizens and its children. Once get the people to observe and desire the better things and a great step in their advance has been taken. The parks are awakeners of the desire to have cleaner, purer, better things around.

FEW spots, even in picturesque New York State, have a more quietly beautiful outlook than may be seen from several points in Watertown Park. In extent it covers over seven hundred acres, and, being two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the town and a little over a mile from the public square, one of the pleasantest pictures seen from its heights is that of the thriving little city at its feet. Between two and three hundred of the seven hundred acres are already laid out, and the work is as rapidly progressing as forty workmen can make it. There is no great hurry, as it is the intention to pay for everything as the work is done, and to "try the effects," while it is in progress. A stone water tower one hundred feet high has been erected on the most elevated point in the park, to give its own water supply. From this tower, and at its foot, the outlook extends for many miles in every direction;—to the west is Lake Ontario, to the north, the long sweep of the St. Lawrence River, to the north and northeast, the Black River Valley, to the east, the Rut-

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land Hills, and to the south and southeast, a wide vista of rich and rolling farm lands.

The site of the park itself is picturesque in the extreme, elevated and rugged, and, with its steep slopes, gentle declivities, shady nooks, quiet walks, well-laid out drives, and its large variety of trees, shrubs and plants, will afford a delightful retreat for all who care to enjoy it. The work is being done under the direction of Olmsted Brothers of Boston, whose traditions, inherited from the distinguished and world-famed Frederick Law Olmsted, are to enhance and enforce the charms of Nature rather than attempt to supersede them.

As one approaches after leaving the State street electric car, he walks down a triple elm-lined avenue. Here are three wide driveways and four sidewalks, amply providing for any crowd that may flock to the park on special occasions. These lead to a steep tree-crowned slope that at the very outset suggests the glorious outlooks that may be obtained from its crest. Up this hill winds the driveway, while footpaths lead to rugged and easy-stepped stone stairs, that climb now one way and now another, revealing fresh, new and beautiful glimpses as the heights are gained. Everywhere nature and art go hand in hand, art merely aiding and helping the visitor the better to see and enjoy nature. On certain "promontories," rests, shelters and outlooks are provided, inviting one to sit and enjoy to the full the wonderful panorama below.

Adequate entrance is provided on every side, and one delightful feature is especially worthy of comment. Small signs are placed at each junction point denoting the walk, drive or terrace about to be entered. This at the very outset ensures a definite nomenclature, though, of course, it demands considerable care and forethought to secure names that shall be appropriate. Here are some of the names already in use—Pinnacle Walk, North Bluff Walk, West Tower Drive, Shadyside Walk, North Outlook Walk, Tower Square, Steep Walk, etc.

On the very summit of the park is a large area converted into a summer pond, just deep enough to give the children all the pleasure, with none of the danger, of wading. Surrounding it is a delightful lawn, where parents and friends may sit or lounge under the shade of majestic trees watching the pleasures of the children.



A RESTING PLACE ON THE HEIGHTS



ONE OF THE WINDING DRIVES



A SHADY SPOT LOOKING OVER THE VALLEY



WHERE THE CHILDREN GATHER ON A SUMMER DAY



A GLIMPSE OF THE CITY IN THE DISTANCE

THE ARCHITECTURAL DISCUSSION: FORM AND FUNCTION ARTISTICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY LOUIS H. SULLIVAN



HE sincere purpose of THE CRAFTSMAN in opening its pages to a frank expression of opinion and comment on the subject of modern architectural needs and tendencies, was to stimulate thought and discussion in the profession.

The purpose has already been fruitful in suggestions that cannot fail to prove helpful to thoughtful architects who realize the present condition of architectural design in America. In this spirit, and not for the sake of controversy, THE CRAFTSMAN has welcomed contributions on the subject, from representative and thoughtful members of the profession, and has received ample proof of an earnest and wide-spread interest in the previous articles presented in the May and June numbers, as well as in many letters upon the subject, received since the appearance of Mr. Lamb's article.

The limits of time and space restrict the discussion in the present issue to a further presentation of an interesting and lucid point of view by Louis H. Sullivan of Chicago. In a letter to the Editor, Mr. Sullivan writes:

"I like the spirit you are infusing into THE CRAFTSMAN. It comes at a critical time,—a time of ferment, a time of epoch-making changes. I hope you have the courage to see and grasp the opportunity to draw out opinion and define an issue, believing that you realize how noble a system of design (architectural thinking) might be founded upon the superb underlying qualities of the American people,—a people in whom I have a profound faith, in spite of our temporary era of insanity. America has long owed the world a new and sane philosophy, in gratitude for that liberty of mind which centuries of struggle have prepared for it."

As a timely and pertinent addition to the present phase of the discussion, THE CRAFTSMAN reproduces from an article by Mr. Sullivan in the *Lippincott Magazine* of 1896, entitled, "The Tall Office Building Artistically Considered," the following extracts, regretting that space will not permit giving the entire article, the keynote of which is that "*Form ever follows function. This is the law.*" [EDITOR.]

ARCHITECTURAL DISCUSSION

THE architects of this land and generation are now brought face to face with something new under the sun,—namely, that evolution and integration of social conditions, that special grouping of them, which results in a demand for the erection of tall office buildings. It is not my purpose to discuss the social conditions; I accept them as the fact, and say at once that the design of the tall office building must be recognized and confronted at the outset as a problem to be solved,—a vital problem, pressing for a true solution. . . . How shall we impart to this sterile pile, this crude, harsh, brutal agglomeration, this stark, staring exclamation of eternal strife, the graciousness of those higher forms of sensibility and culture that rest on the lower and fiercer passions? How shall we proclaim from the dizzy height of this strange, weird, modern housetop the peaceful evangel of sentiment, of beauty, the cult of a higher life?

This is the problem; and we must seek the solution of it in a process analogous to its own evolution,—indeed, a continuation of it,—namely, by proceeding step by step from general to special aspects, from coarser to finer considerations. It is my belief that it is of the very essence of every problem that it contains and suggests its own solution. This I believe to be natural law. . . . As I am here seeking not for an individual or special solution, but for a true normal type, the attention must be confined to those conditions that, in the main, are constant in tall office buildings, and every mere incidental and accidental variation eliminated from the consideration, as harmful to the clearness of the main inquiry.

The practical horizontal and vertical division or office unit is naturally based on a room of comfortable area and height, and the size of this standard office room as naturally predetermines the standard structural unit, and, approximately, the size of window-openings. In turn, these purely arbitrary units of structure form in an equally natural way the true basis of the artistic development of the exterior. Of course the structural spacings and openings in the first or mercantile story are required to be the largest of all; those in the second or quasi-mercantile story are of a somewhat similar nature. The spacings and openings in the attic are of no importance whatsoever (the windows have no actual value), for light may be taken from the top, and no recognition of a cellular division is necessary in the structural spacing. Hence it follows inevitably, and in the simplest possible

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way, that if we follow our natural instincts without thought of books, rules, precedents, or any such educational impedimenta to a spontaneous and "sensible" result, we will in the following manner design the exterior of our tall office building,—to wit:

Beginning with the first story, we give this a main entrance that attracts the eye to its location, and the remainder of the story we treat in a more or less liberal, expansive, sumptuous way,—a way based exactly on the practical necessities, but expressed with a sentiment of largeness and freedom. The second story we treat in a similar way, but usually with milder pretension. Above this, throughout the indefinite number of typical office-tiers, we take our cue from the individual cell, which requires a window with its separating pier, its sill and lintel, and we, without more ado, make them *look* all alike because they *are* all alike. This brings us to the attic, which, having no division into office-cells, and no special requirement for lighting, gives us the power to show by means of its broad expanse of wall, and its dominating weight and character, that which is the fact,—namely, that the series of office-tiers has come definitely to an end.

This may perhaps seem a bald result and a heartless, pessimistic way of stating it, but even so we certainly have advanced a most characteristic stage beyond the imagined sinister building of the speculator-engineer-builder combination. For the hand of the architect is now definitely felt in the decisive position at once taken, and the suggestion of a thoroughly sound, logical, coherent expression of the conditions is becoming apparent. When I say the hand of the architect, I do not mean necessarily the accomplished and trained architect. I mean only a man with a strong natural liking for buildings, and a disposition to shape them in what seems to his unaffected nature a direct and simple way. He will probably tread an innocent path from his problem to its solution, and therein he will show an enviable gift of logic. If he have some gift for form in detail, some feeling for form purely and simply as form, some love for that, his result, in addition to its simple straightforward naturalness and completeness in general statement, will have something of the charm of sentiment.

However, thus far the results are only partial and tentative at best; relatively true, they are but superficial. We are doubtless right in our instinct, but we must seek a fuller justification, a finer sanction,

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for it. . . . What is the chief characteristic of the tall office building? And at once we answer, it is lofty. This loftiness is to the artist-nature its thrilling aspect. It is the very open organ-tone in its appeal. It must be in turn the dominant chord in his expression of it, the true excitant of his imagination. It must be tall, every inch of it tall. The force and power of altitude must be in it, the glory and pride of exaltation must be in it. It must be every inch a proud and soaring thing, rising in sheer exultation that from bottom to top it is a unit without a single dissenting line,—that it is the new, the unexpected, the eloquent peroration of most bald, most sinister, most forbidding conditions.

THE man who designs in this spirit and with this sense of responsibility to the generation he lives in must be no coward, no denier, no bookworm, no dilettante. He must live of his life and for his life in the fullest, most consummate sense. He must realize at once and with the grasp of inspiration that the problem of the tall office building is one of the most stupendous, one of the most magnificent opportunities that the Lord of Nature in His beneficence has ever offered to the proud spirit of man.

That this has not been perceived—indeed, has been flatly denied—is an exhibition of human perversity that must give us pause. . . . As to the former and serious views held by discerning and thoughtful critics, I shall, with however much of regret, dissent from them for the purposes of this demonstration, for I regard them as secondary only, non-essential, and as touching not at all upon the vital spot, upon the quick of the entire matter, upon the true, the immovable philosophy of the architectural art.

This view let me now state, for it brings to the solution of the problem a final, comprehensive formula: All things in nature have a shape, that is to say, a form, an outward semblance, that tells us what they are, that distinguishes them from ourselves and from each other. Unfailingly in nature these shapes express the inner life, the native quality, of the animal, tree, bird, fish, that they present to us; they are so characteristic, so recognizable, that we say, simply, it is “natural” it should be so. Yet the moment we peer beneath this surface of things, the moment we look through the tranquil reflection of ourselves and the clouds above us, down into the clear, fluent, unfath-

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omable depths of nature, how startling is the silence of it, how amazing the flow of life, how absorbing the mystery! Unceasingly the essence of things is taking shape in the matter of things, and this unspeakable process we call birth and growth. Awhile the spirit and the matter fade away together, and it is this that we call decadence, death. These two happenings seem joined and interdependent, blended into one like a bubble and its iridescence and they seem borne along upon a slowly moving air. This air is wonderful past all understanding.

Yet to the steadfast eye of one standing upon the shore of things, looking chiefly and most lovingly upon that side on which the sun shines and that we feel joyously to be life, the heart is ever gladdened by the beauty, the exquisite spontaneity, with which life seeks and takes on its forms in an accord perfectly responsive to its needs. It seems ever as though the life and the form were absolutely one and inseparable, so adequate is the sense of fulfillment. . . . It is the pervading law of all things organic and inorganic, of all things physical and metaphysical, of all things human and all things superhuman, of all true manifestations of the head, of the heart, of the soul, that the life is recognizable in its expression, that *form ever follows function. This is the law.*

Shall we, then, daily violate this law in our art? Are we so decadent, so imbecile, so utterly weak of eyesight, that we cannot perceive this truth so simple, so very simple? Is it indeed a truth so transparent that we see through it but do not see it? Is it really then a very marvelous thing, or is it rather so commonplace, so everyday, so near a thing to us, that we cannot perceive that the shape, form, outward expression, design, or whatever we may choose, of the tall office building should in the very nature of things follow the functions of the building, and that where the function does not change, the form is not to change?

DOES not this readily, clearly, and conclusively show that the lower one or two stories will take on a special character suited to the special needs, that the tiers of typical offices, having the same unchanging function, shall continue in the same unchanging form, and that as to the attic, specific and conclusive as it is in its very nature, its function shall equally be so in force, in significance,

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in continuity, in conclusiveness of outward expression? From this results, naturally, spontaneously, unwittingly, a three-part division,—not from any theory, symbol, or fancied logic.

And thus the design of the tall office building takes its place with all other architectural types made when architecture, as has happened once in many years, was a living art. Witness the Greek temple, the Gothic cathedral, the mediaeval fortress.

And thus, when native instinct and sensibility shall govern the exercise of our beloved art; when the known law, the respected law, shall be that form ever follows function; when our architects shall cease strutting and prattling handcuffed and vainglorious in the asylum of a foreign school; when it is truly felt, cheerfully accepted, that this law opens up the airy sunshine of green fields, and gives to us a freedom that the very beauty and sumptuousness of the outworking of the law itself as exhibited in nature will deter any sane, any sensitive man from changing into license; when it becomes evident that we are merely speaking a foreign language with a noticeable American accent, whereas each and every architect in the land might, under the benign influence of this very law, express in the simplest, most modest, most natural way that which it is in him to say; that he might really and would surely develop his own characteristic individuality, and that the architectural art with him would certainly become a living form of speech, a natural form of utterance, giving surcease to him and adding treasures small and great to the growing art of his land; when we know and feel that Nature is our friend, not our implacable enemy,—that an afternoon in the country, an hour by the sea, a full open view of one single day, through dawn, high noon, and twilight, will suggest to us so much that is rhythmical, deep, and eternal in the vast art of architecture, something so deep, so true, that all the narrow formalities, hard-and-fast rules, and strangling bonds of the schools cannot stifle it in us,—then it may be proclaimed that we are on the highroad to a natural and satisfying art, an architecture that will soon become a fine art in the true, the best sense of the word, an art that will live because it will be of the people, for the people, and by the people.

ABORIGINAL AMERICAN HOMES: CAVE, CLIFF, AND BRUSH DWELLINGS IN NEW MEXICO, ARIZONA AND CALIFORNIA. BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES



FIRST steps are always interesting, from the earliest efforts of a bird to fly to the endeavors of man to construct a machine that will enable him to fly—or better still, to soar through space without any conscious effort on his part. How did man first begin to speak? If one could have heard those first attempts at articulation, how fascinating it would have been, especially if he could have continued the observation until written language began. In the dwellings of mankind even now it is possible to determine with some degree of certainty how the first steps were taken. For in the aborigines of the American Southwest mankind is still a living example of the child-life of the race. The accompanying illustrations will show how, even within so small an area as that covered by New Mexico, Arizona and California, man's steps have not always been ordered exactly alike.

It is doubtful whether there is any truth in the idea that the first man cared no more for shelter than did the wild beasts. Man does not have a natural covering to protect him from the storms as have the lower animals, hence a shelter was absolutely essential to the preservation of life. So first man dwelt in hollow trees and in caves. In the American West and Southwest to-day these two primitive dwelling places are still used. In California, hollow trees have not only afforded protection to the aboriginal man, but white men, with modern ideas, have utilized them and rendered them comfortable as homes. Caves also have been used by red and white alike. In Arizona there are many cave dwellings of peculiar interest. About thirty miles east of Flagstaff, as well as nearer, are a number of volcanic cones, the whole region being the scene of vast plutonic energy. As the flowing lava cooled gases were generated, which caused gigantic bubbles to form in the slowly solidifying molten rock. Many of these bubbles still remain in the form of natural caves, and in these caves the Indians of early days found shelter. Many of them have been explored and antique pottery of the earliest known form and decoration, together with metates, stone-axes, hammers, arrow

ABORIGINAL AMERICAN HOMES

and spear points, corncobs and various small seeds have been found in large quantities. The region is well shown in the first illustration.

Later, Indians took to excavating caves for themselves, and one region is honeycombed with them. This location is some ten or twelve miles from Flagstaff. In an immense cinder cone of an extinct volcano, resembling a dome, are scores of chambers excavated out of the coherent cinder mass. The entrances are generally protected by walls of cinders. As the prime condition seems to have been the readiness with which the mass could be excavated, there is no regularity in their occurrence, and they are found in irregular tiers one above another to the summit.

Many caves in Arizona show clear evidences of aboriginal occupation, such, for instance, as the Mallery Grotto at the Grand Canyon, not far from El Tovar hotel. These have been, and some of them still are, utilized by white men as temporary shelters, and some have even made of them permanent residences lasting into years. The walls and ceilings of some of these caves are almost covered with pictographs of animals, insects, plant and geometrical forms.

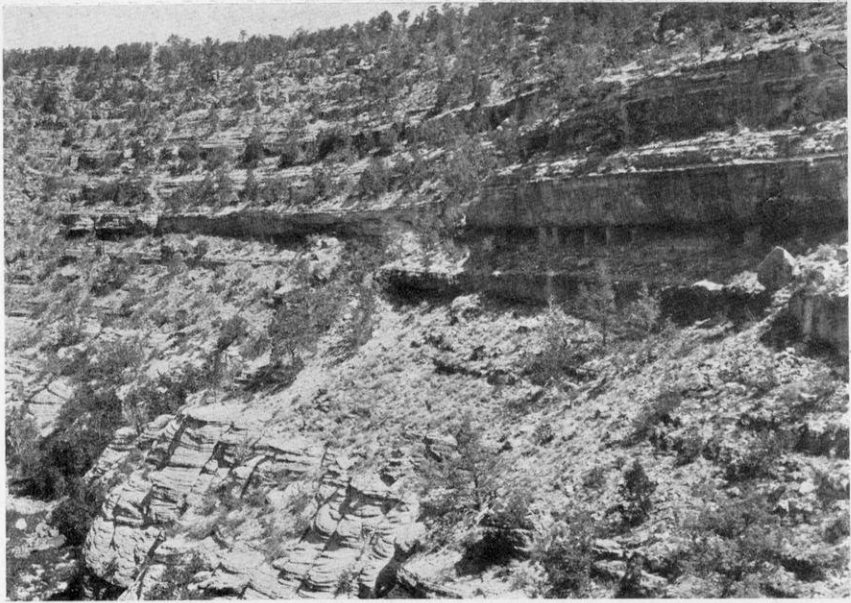
AMERICAN magazines and newspapers of thirty years ago contained many wild and extravagant descriptions of some of the cliff and ruined pueblo dwellings then just discovered in the West. From the vivid pen-pictures one could scarcely help thinking that these ruins equalled those of ancient Greece and Rome, or that they vied in magnificent grandeur with the rock-hewn temples of the Nile. The most charitable explanation of these exaggerations is to assume that they were written from hearsay to produce a sensation. The ruins themselves are wonderful, certainly, and interesting beyond measure, and the solving of the problems they presented has afforded scope for the patience, ingenuity and wisdom of many investigators. But there was only one way to solve these problems; not by "guessing," seated in a comfortable study in the East, but by hard work in the field, measuring, platting and excavating, winning the confidence of the Indian tribes who resided near so that they would tell traditions concerning the ruins that had been held by their progenitors for many years. Here was the rational method, and Powell, Morgan, Cushing, Matthews, the Mindeleffs, Stevenson, Fewkes, Hodge, Hough and others have thoroughly and systematically fol-



NEAR THE CAVE DWELLINGS IN THE ARIZONA LAVA BEDS



ANCIENT CAVE DWELLINGS AS OCCASIONALLY USED BY WHITES



CLIFF DWELLINGS IN WALNUT CANYON, ARIZONA



MASONRY OF CLIFF DWELLINGS IN WALNUT CANYON

ABORIGINAL AMERICAN HOMES

lowed it, until now we need no longer guess; we know as well as we know any ancient history what can be known of the origin and history of these cliff-dwellings, and of the peoples that inhabited them.

All throughout the Verde Valley are scattered scores of cave, cliff and village ruins. At many points a soft calcareous sandstone covers the underlying rock. This sandstone is strongly laminated, and, being of so yielding a nature, was easily excavated. In the canyons of the water courses and wherever nature had formed a cliff, the cave dweller found everything ready for his stone axe and flint hammer. Continued peckings, with an occasional heavy blow, excavated quite a cave, and thus his rude shelter was formed. Later, he began to pile up rock in front of his sleeping place, that the blasts might not blow upon him too severely, and when he learned from the birds and the insects the lesson of mortar, mud or cement, he made a solid wall which shut in his cave. Thus in time it became—when perched in the wall of a cliff—what we now term a cliff-dwelling.

The Mancos Canyon in Southern Colorado, the so-called Canyon de Chelley and the Chaco Canyon in Arizona, and the Pajarito Park region in New Mexico are honeycombed with cave, cliff and pueblo ruins. These terms are all more popular than scientific, the first being generally applied to natural caves used as dwellings, the second to designate a natural or made cave in the face of a cliff, and the last, a collection of dwelling-places built by man away from a cliff. If one were to demand scientific accuracy in definition he would speak of natural caves below the surface, caves on a level with the point of entrance, caves in cliffs above the base, caves with front closed up with rudely laid unmortared blocks of rock, and caves closed up with mortared walls. Then there would be the excavated caves of the same varieties. The fact is that one kind so insensibly shades into another kind that it is practically impossible to be exact.

IN Walnut Canyon, ten miles from Flagstaff, Arizona, are several groups of cliff-dwellings. These were probably natural excavations, owing to the softer rock of the various strata being washed or weathered away. The aborigines found these, and by means of rude pieces of rock and a mixture of mud and natural cement, which the years have hardened wonderfully, protecting walls were erected in front, and to divide one room from another. Many thousands of

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visitors in late years have visited these cave and cliff-dwellings and to all alike questions immediately arise, such as, "Who were the cliff-dwellers?" "From whence did they come?" "What was their history?" "Where have they gone?" Many pages have been written in answer to these questions, some by very learned men, and yet until comparatively recent years all that was written was pure conjecture and has since been proven valueless. These writers said that, because the doorways into the cliff-dwellings were small, so that a man of ordinary height could not enter into one without stooping very low, it was rational to assume that the cliff-dwellers were a very small or dwarf people. They also gave the dimensions of some of the dwellings, and these certainly were too small for any man six feet high to lie down in, and the ceiling was often not more than four or five feet above the floor. This was taken as a further proof of the theory. Hence for many years the dwarf idea was held even by scientists, and, owing to their having advanced it, is still held by many people otherwise well-informed.

But of late years American ethnological and archaeological researches in the field have completely cleared up the errors and the mystery. Visitors to the Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico found these peoples living in houses, the entrances to which were as small as those of the cliff dwellings. The reason for this was soon apparent. Wood for doors was not to be had by a people unfamiliar with the use of the saw, but flat slabs of rock were provided by the forces of Nature. During cold or stormy weather it was highly desirable to be able to close up the doorway. Yet, if it were made too large, a slab of rock to fit could not be found, nor any one strong enough to remove it even if it were found. What more natural then than that the doorway should be made to fit the rock slab, provided, of course, that it would just allow ingress and egress.

But even this did not account for the very small cliff dwellings, and not until it was definitely learned from the Havasupai Indians of Arizona that their name for these small dwellings was "meala hawa" (corn house), did the thought enter the minds of the scientists that they were other than human dwellings. These Indians have many traditions as to the corn storage houses. Harvests were not always sure, hence certain of their wise men, long ago, made it a matter of religious necessity that a three years' supply of corn should

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always be kept on hand. Cliff storage houses, therefore, were designed, which were hermetically sealed, within and without, with mud or natural cement, and where the precious corn or other seeds would be free from the depredations of wild animals or theft by nomad enemies. In the various tributary canyons of the Havasu and in many similar canyons connected with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, numbers of corn storage houses have been found, most of which are called cliff-dwellings by Arizonans. There is one such "meala hawa" in Havasu Canyon perched high on a cliff some two thousand feet above the canyon floor. The trail to this is known only to the "Kohot" or chief and the head medicine man. One of the lesser kohots explained that, long ago, during a protracted famine, in which many of his people were starved to death, their frightful hunger led them to eat up the corn reserved for seed.

The following year, therefore, saw added hunger and distress. To guard against the recurrence of such a calamity this almost inaccessible storage house was filled with seed corn, and every year it is opened and the condition of the corn investigated by either the chief or the medicine man.

CUSHING in his studies among the Zuni came to the conclusion that the first shelters were of brush and not the cave or cliff dwellings. This may be true, though there is some force to the argument that it is more likely the aborigine would take possession of a shelter of any kind already in existence, than make one for himself. Be this as it may, shelters of brush are made by the Indians of to-day among the Wallapais, Havasupais, Navahos and other Southwestern tribes. The Havasupais live in a deep and wonderfully picturesque dwelling place in the heart of a canyon, nearly five thousand feet below the level of the surrounding country, where large springs, fully a thousand of them—make possible the irrigation and cultivation of two or three hundred acres of excellent soil which the ages have lodged in a level space on the floor of the canyon. The springs unite to form a rapidly flowing stream lined with willows and cottonwoods that attain a good size. The water has a bluish tinge, hence its name, *Ha-ha Vasu*, the blue water, and the Indians are the *pai*, people, of this havasu, hence their name, Havasupai. In the summer their shelter is of the most primitive character. Two

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cotton-wood poles with forks are firmly thrust into the ground, at a distance of some twelve to twenty feet apart. Across this distance, resting within the forks, a strong pole is placed. These three poles comprise the whole of the framework. Light willow and other branches are then sloped from the ground up and allowed to rest on the cross pole. If this does not give the required shade, more leafy branches or weeds are lightly thrown upon the uprights and the shelter is complete.

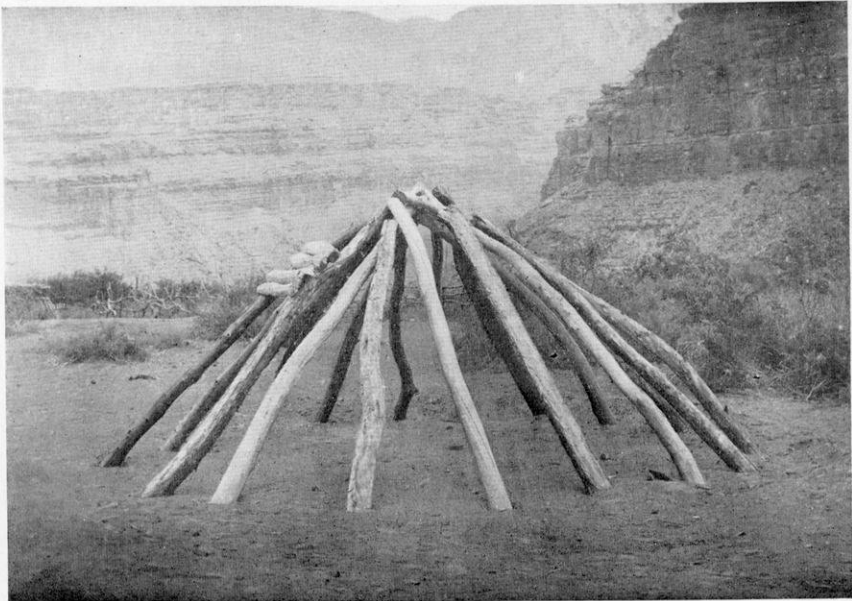
A more pretentious dwelling is shown in the illustration. This is a summer "hawa" and is the home of one of the best basket makers. It is built of strong willow branches interwoven at the top so as to make a curved roof, upon which, and on the sides, willows and arrow weed are loosely thrown. It makes an excellent shelter.

But for the rainy season and colder weather a mud-covered dwelling is needed to keep out the rain. This requires a stronger frame to sustain the weight, and the Havasupais have been shown by sad experience that they have not always been as careful in this regard as they should have been. One night the village was awakened by the loud wailing cry that meant death had visited a household. Soon, one of the Indians appeared. Striking his breast, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, he cried: "Me dead! Hawa pole fall. Kill me. Ha-na-to-op-o-gie." By "me" he meant some one belonging to him, and it proved to be his son, a finely growing lad of whom he was very proud. The mud on the hawa had become too heavy owing to the rains, and a pole above the doorway supporting other cross poles had given way and had crushed to death the lad who happened to be underneath.

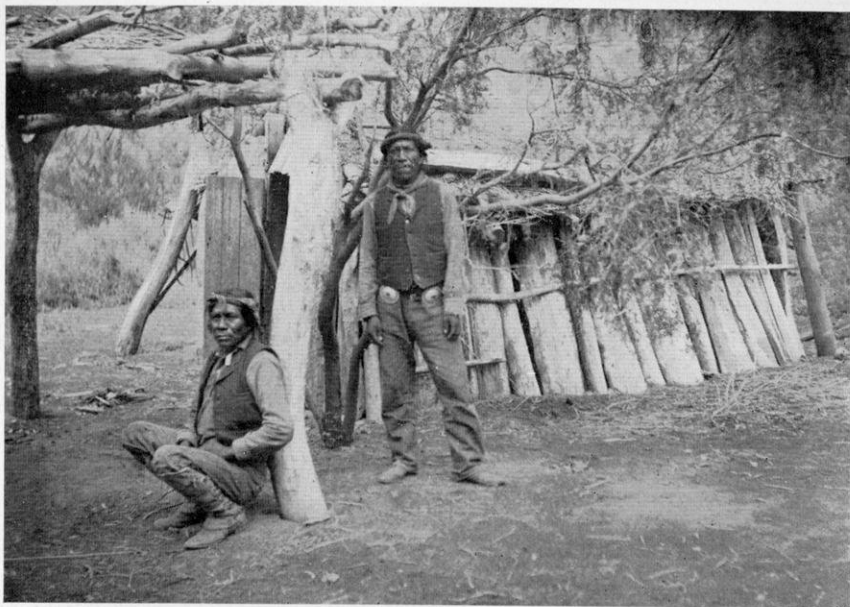
One of the illustrations shows a hawa that is undoubtedly a modification of the Mexican "jacal." Of the two brothers in front of it, the one sitting, Waluthama, is its owner. He is well known to many whites, having served as a guide. He has often visited the railway settlements and there, doubtless, obtained the idea of his hawa, for it is the only one in the village. Heavy upright cottonwood poles are fixed in the ground at the corners, and securely fastened together at their tops by cross poles, thus forming a complete framework. Narrow trenches are then dug at the sides and ends, and into these the butts of other poles are placed, the tips resting upon the cross poles above, to which they are tied with rawhide or vegetable fiber thongs.



HAVASUPAI BASKET-WEAVER AND HER "HAWA"



FRAMEWORK FOR A HAVASUPAI "HAWA"



HAVASUPAI "HAWA" MADE OF COTTONWOOD POLES



HAVASUPAI FRAME FOR "TOHOLWOH" OR SWEAT HOUSE



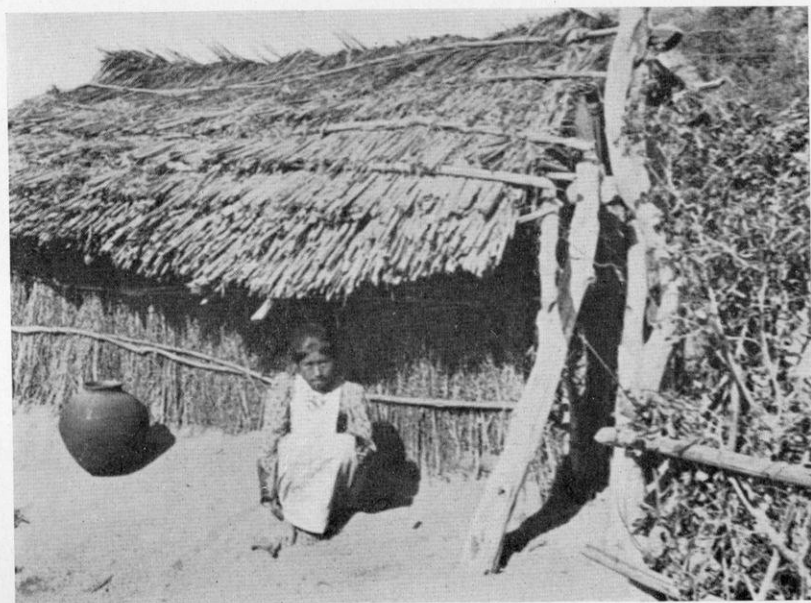
HAVASUPAI "CAKE-MAKING HAWA"



TULE "KISH" OF A SABOBA BASKET-MAKER



CAHUILLA "KISH" OF TULES



"KISH" OF A CALIFORNIA MISSION INDIAN

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The roof is not flat as in the Mexican jacal. Waluthama utilized the experience of his ancestors and improved upon the Mexican style. Taking two taller poles, he placed one at the front, upon which to hang his door, and the other at the rear, and to these affixed the ridge pole. This made the rafters slope on each side, and when willows, weeds and mud were thrown upon them the roof was fairly watertight.

Another interesting though very simple Havasupai framework is covered with Navaho blankets and is then used as a "toholwoh," or sweat house. The rocks are heated in a campfire outside, and when red hot, and the bathers are seated on the clean willow boughs inside, four or five of them at a time are placed under the cover, the "flap" closed and the singing begins. For this sweat-bath is accompanied by religious songs, as the traditions of the Havasupais claim "toholwoh" as a good gift from their god, Tochopa. Still another variety of hawa is built for the special purpose of allowing the housewife to make her large flat wafer bread, or "tis-wi-a-yar-i" away from her dwelling. Here, undisturbed and alone, singing to herself, she takes her basket of corn meal batter, lights a fire under the flat slab, shown in place in the photograph, and, as soon as it is hot, smears a little mutton fat over it, and then, dipping her fingers in the batter, she rapidly covers the hot stone. In a moment or two the "cake" is baked, and folded over and over, it makes dainty eating for the hungry husband and children on their home coming.

The "Kish" of an old Saboba basket-weaver is of a rude and simple type, still to be found in Southern California. This hut is of tules or rushes spread loosely over a rude framework of poles, and then battened down by other poles placed across the tules and tied in place. Another hut, in the village of Cahuilla in the San Jacinto mountains of Southern California, is of square form. A framework of poles is made, with say three or four cross poles between floor and roof, tied to the uprights with rawhide thongs. Against these the loose tules are placed and tied. The roof is constructed in the same simple manner. An advance upon this method is shown in the last illustration, in the use of a sloping roof, well-thatched with tule and clearly foreshadowing the thatched roofs, which even in this day are used on the cottages of many peasants throughout England and Europe generally.

CLIO HINTON BRACKEN, WOMAN SCULPTOR AND SYMBOLIST OF THE NEW ART. BY MARY ANNABLE FANTON



OME one has defined genius as the power of expressing in art by instinct what one has not experienced, of symbolizing what one has apprehended through the imagination without feeling, of gathering up by some mysterious insight the universal harmonious poetry of life into some one art. The creative impulse follows this insight, and training opens doors for it to pass easily through, out to the mass of people.

"There are not a dozen women geniuses living in the world at present," was the statement with which a very great artist astonished a group of people at a recent art exhibition.

"Not half of these are Americans," he added, "and one woman who undoubtedly has genius with a wonderfully various power of expression, Mrs. Clio Bracken, is still comparatively little known. She has worked quietly and with the serious dignity that sometimes wins recognition, but never pleads for it."

And it should be a matter of no small importance to the cynic about American art that one woman, still under thirty, should have manifested a genius that seems to be equally strong and convincing whether expressed in decorative or industrial art; that is on one hand full of the most exquisitely universal, purely poetical feeling, and on the other capable of adapting the most genuine art sense to the most practical detail of industrial improvement.

Mrs. Bracken's first work, when she was still in her teens and studying in New York with St. Gaudens, was a series of portraits in bas reliefs and busts, that proved at the start a rare instinct for the expression of temperament in portrait work as well as a marvelous power of combining with temperament a suggestion of the poetry of nature.

There has never been a more convincing portrait of Paderewski than the bas relief Mrs. Bracken did at eighteen. It will always be a good portrait of the man, for the fundamental quality of his character is there.

In Paris, later, where she studied with MacMonnies, Rodin and Loure, the real versatility of her genius first became apparent, and

CLIO HINTON BRACKEN

she began there her modeling of nude figures in the small that have since brought her the recognition already quoted. Not only are the figures themselves most exquisitely and poetically drawn, but they are invariably symbolic of some thrilling emotion of life, some ecstasy of joy or sorrow, to which she adds a further symbolism of the gladness or pathos of nature.

IN her unusual compositions in miniature almost every figure is expressed with its complement of grace or beauty, pathos or mirth of nature. She has apprehended and employed every charm of outdoors, of woods and wave to intensify the emotional beauty she wishes to express in the miniature figures in gold, bronze and silver, which in Paris are classified as *objets d'art*. There is an infinite variety of beauty in even the tiniest figures, and all are full of the meaning that is in the stars and the waves and the purple hill tops.

As an example of the natural pagan joy of life there is a tiny dancing girl, a slender figure in an ecstasy of graceful motion, all her delicate gold draperies blowing close to the young body as if she were the spirit of a tropical gale, alluring yet destructive. And in another study the crest of a wave half hides in its foam a tiny fairy, or is it a mermaid that seems so a part of the sea?—a lovely decorative effect, in which the figure is so completely in harmony with the rhythm and color and depth of the ocean that it seems a symbol rather than a study from life.

Purely decorative also is the slight figure of a young girl looking down, but with the left hand raised and pointing straight ahead, as though indicating something in life that she would fear to glance at. And is the artist symbolizing the tragedy of unreserved love in the miniature group called "The Worship of Pan"? A bust of the laughing young god Pan, and at the foot of the pedestal a beautiful, slender girl kneeling imploringly.

Although these *objets d'art* show most exquisite and poetical imagination, the imagination that harmonizes all beauty; that associates the curves of a body with the curves of a flower, the sweep or droop of drapery with wind and wave, that makes perfume and color and flesh all the varying expression of one idea, that shows the complete harmony there is in every quality of beauty; some of them at least suggest her interest in industrial art, in which ideal decoration is adjusted to a mechanical convenience.

CLIO HINTON BRACKEN

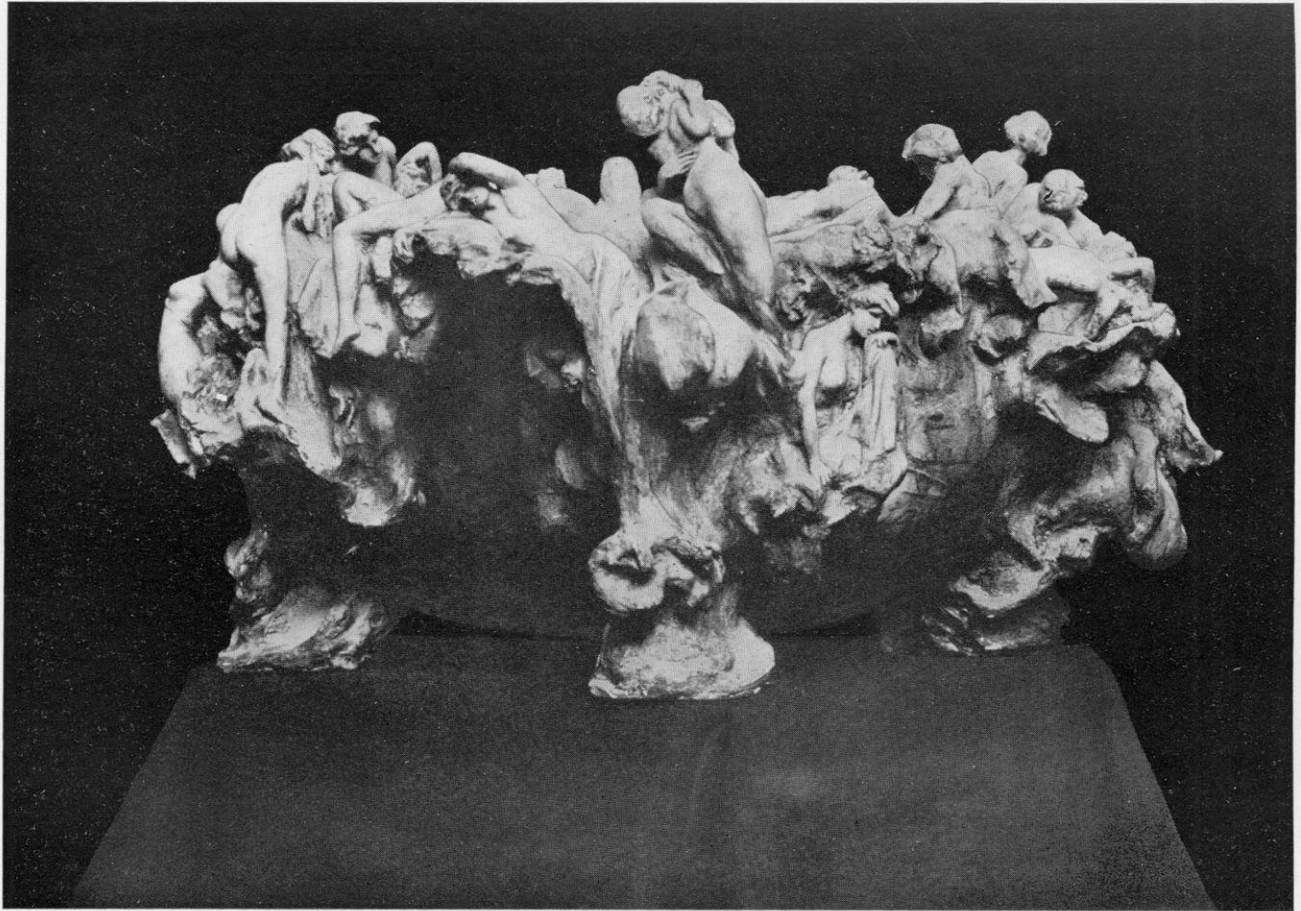
And Mrs. Bracken is most decidedly one of the frontiersmen in the feeling new in America that all interior decoration should be good art. She proves the courage of her belief in her own house, where every mechanical detail is decoratively beautiful, from door handles to electric bulb holders, and from desk ornaments to fittings of her dining room. She contends, as do all the new school of industrial artists, that all architects, interior decorators, furniture makers and bric-a-brac dealers should be trained artists, and she proves the truth of her ideal in her home and studio.

UP to now Mrs. Bracken's genius has found no stronger revelation than in the punch bowl which she is decorating with scenes from Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat," and which was begun several years ago in Paris.

The final model for this bowl, which is to be reproduced eventually in marble, has been enlarged for a fountain; surely a bowl after Omar's heart, with all the outer space and the wide curving rim carved with dancing, drinking, loving figures, and roses by the hundred drifting down over the merry-makers. It is not a drunken revel, not a crazed debauch of the senses, but an ecstatic tale of the joy of life that Mrs. Bracken has pictured around the rim; the gladness that youth finds in sunshine and color and perfume and purple fruit and love. It is a spring morning to lovers, twilight in the woods, it is bird calls and rose scents and Tyrian purple.

And the story is all told by beauty of face and body, by the delicate abandon of pose, by the outstretch of hand, the curve of dancing feet, by the fire of the eye and the quiver of the mouth. It is all symbolic, just as the "Rubaiyat" is symbolic, the intoxication of life, not of wine. To have missed this important significance would have left the work clever but not great.

At the base of the bowl it is Omar the cynic, Omar the melancholy, that is delineated. And the lovely bodies of women droop toward the earth. The hair sweeps downward, the glasses are turned down, the roses are tumbling to the ground, and on the faces of both men and women in the lower groups are the lines of memory, mournful and pathetic. It is not pessimism, it is life, that has been full of joy and vivid with ecstasy, and that now sees things clearly, perhaps sadly, but never forgetting the beauty and never regretting the joy. It is



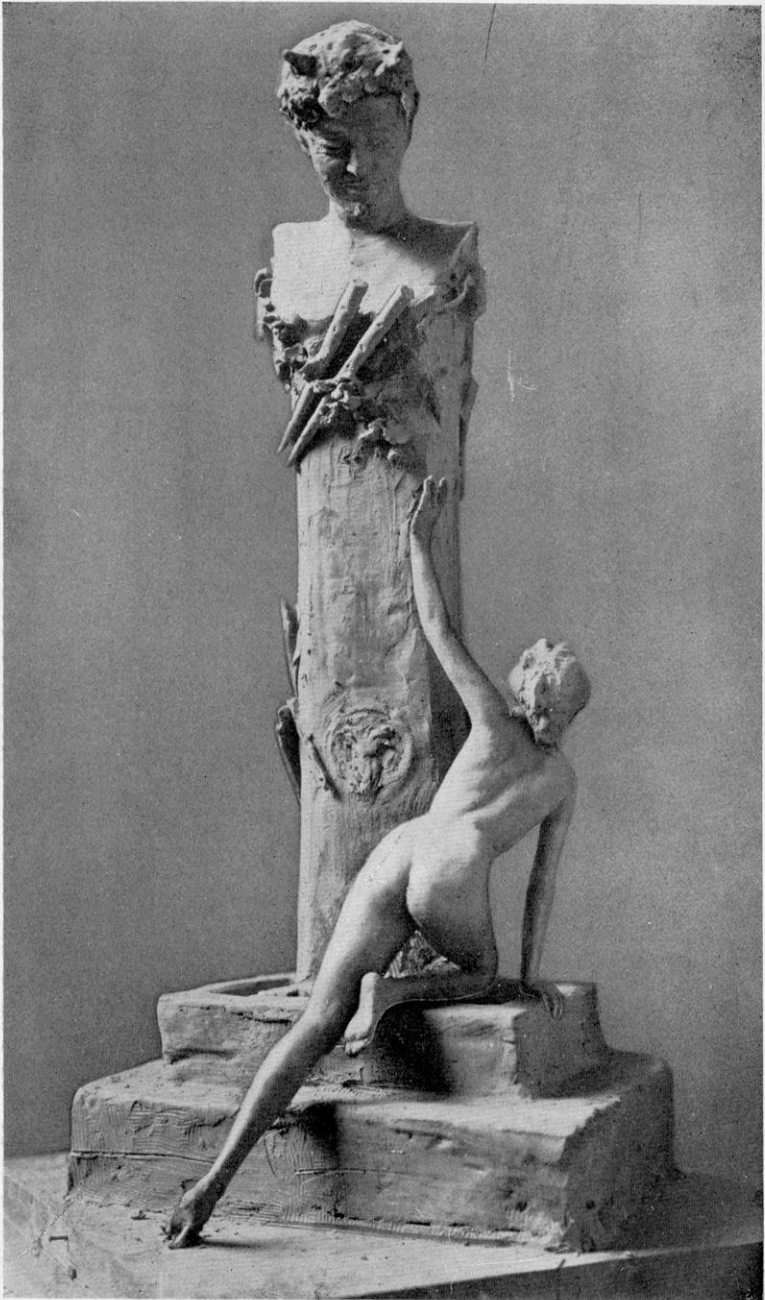
THE "OMAR" PUNCH-BOWL, MRS. BRACKEN'S MOST FAMOUS BRONZE



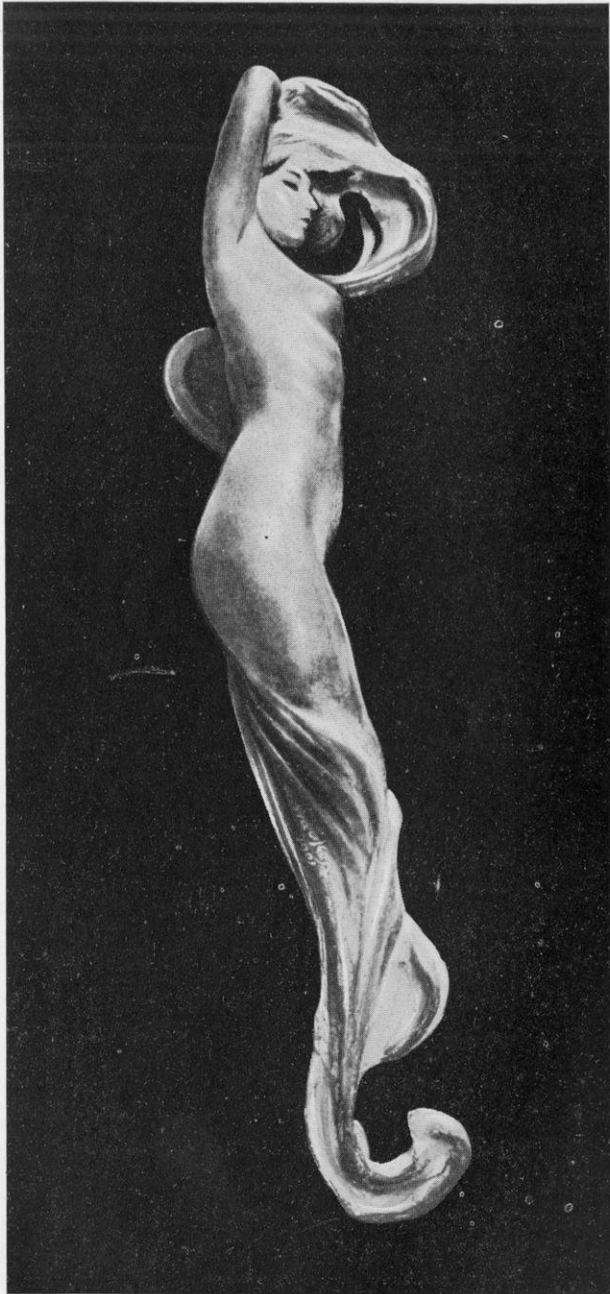
STANDING FIGURE IN BRONZE



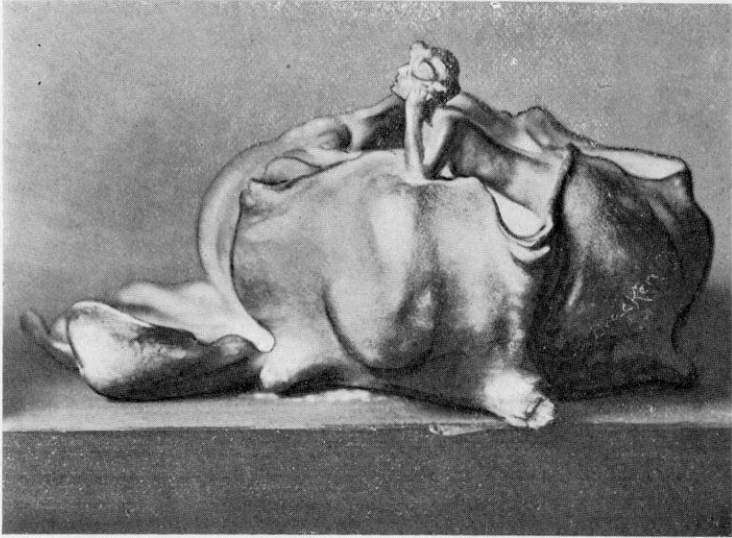
MRS. CLIO HINTON BRACKEN, AT WORK UPON A PORTRAIT BUST OF
MRS. ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON



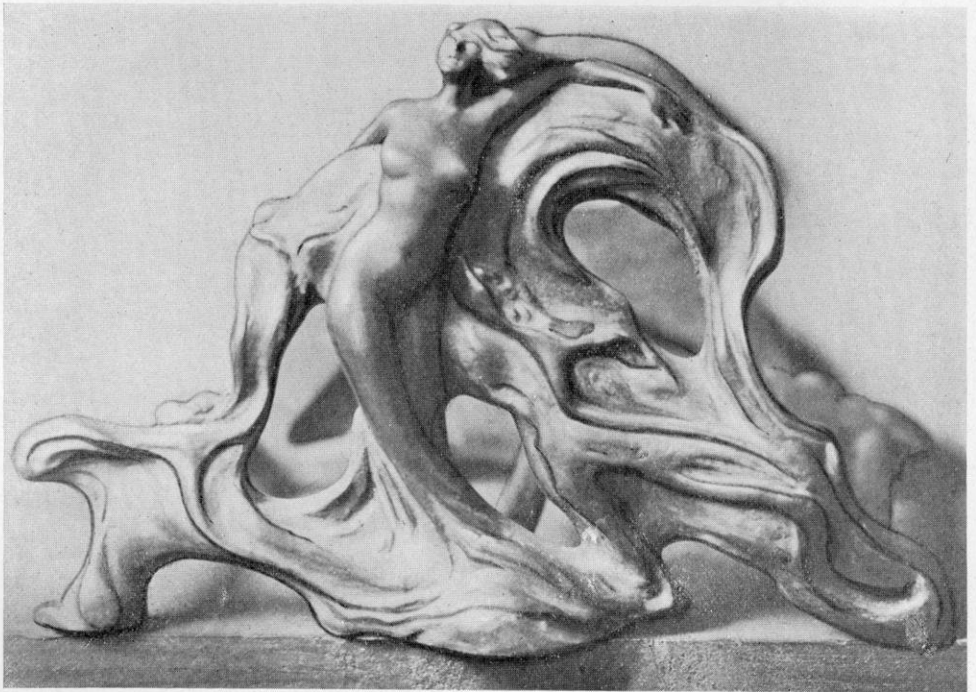
"THE WORSHIP OF PAN"



DOOR HANDLE IN GREEN BRONZE



LOTUS ASH TRAY



END OF BOOK RACK IN BRONZE

CLIO HINTON BRACKEN

the harmonious composition in Mrs. Bracken's work and the deep insight into the "Rubaiyat" that have made her place the sadder folk at the base of the bowl, and that have brought up to the brim, stretching over it, with an abandon of delight, all that is light-hearted and gay and beautiful and free from care.

Not only one's first glimpse of the fountain is that of joy, but for the first few minutes one has only the sense of gayety, of supreme beauty and gladness. Then slowly, as in life, one realizes the sorrow under all the joy, the pathos back of revelry, if one but sees down to the root of things.

It is a study of the Rubaiyat, as that great poem portrays life, and the work of a mighty imagination, of vast insight without experience, and so, of genius.

And the worker is less than thirty, with a face of great beauty and a heart full of youthful enthusiasm for life. In her character there is the simplicity of true genius. And her children are dearer to her than her art.

THE RIVER

"There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God" (Holy Writ)

Glad river of love, whose streams divinely fed,
Countless and free, unresting on their way
From hills of God, have down the ages led
The soul of man, nor ever led astray.
The cloud-born mists back to their ocean flow,
Impulse divine, in fellowship with clod,
Upbuilding in the thirsting vales below
Glad, wayside, haven-cities of our God.

J. H. J.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS A CRAFTSMAN IN WORDS



F the exalted character and statesmanship of Abraham Lincoln able minds and pens have presented much. The purpose of this review is to reveal him as a craftsman in the art of using words. It was a cynical French Minister who declared that words were for the purpose of hiding or disguising thoughts. Lincoln was simple, honest and frank as the sunlight, and to him words were given to express thought, clearly and convincingly. The essential condition of the right use of words is: be sure you have a thought, then express it in the clearest, most direct way. This is the secret of Lincoln's marvelous style.

These quotations are made from a volume of "Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln," published by Howard Wilford Bell, of New York, and of his masterly use of English the editor says: "To-day Lincoln's position as a master of the English tongue in its strength and simplicity is unquestioned. The French Academy, Emerson, Lowell, Everett, Beecher, Ingersoll, great orators and critics of England and America are united on that point. No man of his century could state a proposition with more exactness and compactness. His clarity of expression, the consistent building up of his argument, his brilliantly apt comparisons, his illuminating wit, his merciless pursuit of illogic in his opponents, his reserve and his dignity would be remarkable in a mind highly trained, and in this untaught son of the wilderness become phenomenal. The Peoria address, the debates, the letters to Greeley, to McClellan, to Conkling, are models in their way. Equally noticeable is his instinct for words, his choice of the simple and descriptive, the musical. The inaugurals, the Gettysburg address (ranked by Emerson as the peer of any of the utterances of man), the Springfield farewell, illustrate this die of his genius."

Of his Cooper Union speech,—Lincoln's public address in New York,—Hon. Joseph Choate thus wrote: "He was equal to the occasion. When he spoke his face was transformed; his eye kindled, his voice rang, his face shone and seemed to light up the whole assembly. For an hour and a half he held the audience in the hollow of his hand. His style of speech and manner of delivery were severely simple.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

What Lowell called 'the grand simplicities of the Bible' with which he was so familiar, were reflected in his discourse.

"It was marvelous to see how this untutored man, by mere self-discipline and the chastening of his own spirit, had outgrown all meretricious arts and found his way to the grandeur and strength of absolute simplicity. He closed with an appeal to his audience, spoken with all the fire of his aroused and kindling conscience, with a full outpouring of his love of justice and liberty, to maintain their political purpose on that lofty and unassailable issue of right and wrong which alone could justify it, and not to be intimidated from their high resolve and sacred duty by any threats of destruction of the government, or of ruin of themselves."

IN his first public address, written when he was but twenty-three years of age, he reveals the structural quality of his English. He said: "Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young and unknown to many of you. I was born, and have ever remained, in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular relations or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county; and, if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But, if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I shall have been too familiar with disappointment to be very much chagrined."

This reply to an offended opponent's letter shows the calm spirit of conciliation without compromise that clearly foreshadows his later methods: "Your note of yesterday is received. In this difficulty between us of which you speak, you say you think I was the aggressor. I do not think I was. You say my 'words imported insult.' I meant them as a fair set-off to your own statements, and not otherwise; and in that light alone I now wish you to understand them. You ask for present 'feelings on the subject.' I entertain no unkind feelings to you, and none of any sort upon the subject, except a sincere regret that I permitted myself to get into such an altercation."

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He was a keen, practical philosopher, as is shown by the following from a letter to a young friend who had written complaining that the old men in politics gave the young men no chance: "Of course I cannot demonstrate what I say; but I was young once, and I am sure I was never ungenerously thrust back. I hardly know what to say. The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him. Allow me to assure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation. There may sometimes be ungenerous attempts to keep a young man down; and they will succeed, too, if he allows his mind to be directed from its true channel to brood over the attempted injury. Cast about, and see if this feeling has not injured every person you have ever known to fall into it."

A shiftless friend had written him for a loan of eighty dollars, saying that he would almost give his place in heaven for it. Here is part of the reply: "Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little you have said to me, 'We can get along very well now'; but in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is, I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty; it is vastly important to you, and still more to your children, that you should break the habit. It is more important to them, because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it, easier than they can get out after they are in."

IN his speech at Peoria he made a statement of principle that should be written in imperishable bronze in every legislative hall in the world: "I doubt not that the people of Nebraska are and will continue to be as good as the average of people elsewhere. I do not say the contrary. What I do say is that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent. I say this is the leading principle, the sheet-anchor of American republicanism."

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In his debates with Judge Douglas he revealed himself a great master of dialectics. Here was a "little giant" of intellect opposed to him, a man versed in all the arts of fine speech, and familiar with all the tricks of oratory.

And this was the way Lincoln met him: "Gentlemen, Judge Douglas informed you that this speech of mine was probably carefully prepared. I admit that it was. I am not a master of language; I have not a fine education; I am not capable of entering into a disquisition upon dialectics, as I believe you call it; but I do not believe the language I employed bears any such construction as Judge Douglas puts upon it. But I don't care about a quibble in regard to words. I know what I meant, and I will not leave this crowd in doubt, if I can explain it to them, what I really meant in the use of that paragraph."

The merciless logic of his reasoning was the natural consequence of the demand made upon his own mind. He said to himself: "I must and will be clear." In a note written for one of the speeches against Douglas he says: "Judge Douglas is a man of large influence. His bare opinion goes far to fix the opinion of others. Besides this, thousands hang their hopes upon forcing their opinions to agree with his. It is a party necessity with them to say they agree with him, and there is danger they will repeat the saying till they really come to believe it. Others dread, and shrink from, his denunciations, his sarcasms, and his ingenious misrepresentations. The susceptible young hear lessons from him, such as their fathers never heard when they were young.

"If by this means, he shall succeed in moulding public sentiment to a perfect accordance with his own; in bringing all men to endorse all court decisions, without caring to know whether they are right or wrong; in bringing all tongues to as perfect a silence as his own, as to there being any wrong in slavery; in bringing all to declare, with him, that they care not whether slavery be voted down or voted up; that if any people want slaves they have a right to have them; that negroes are not men; have no part in the Declaration of Independence; that there is no moral question about slavery; that liberty and slavery are perfectly consistent—indeed, necessary accompaniments; that for a strong man to declare himself the superior of a weak one, and thereupon enslave the weak one, is the

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very essence of liberty, the most sacred right of self-government; when I say, public sentiment shall be brought to all this, in the name of Heaven what barrier will be left against slavery being made lawful everywhere? Can you find one word of his opposed to it? Can you not find many strongly favoring it? If for his life, for his eternal salvation, he was solely striving for that end, could he find any means so well adapted to reach the end?"

When General Hunter issued a proclamation freeing the slaves of certain States as a military necessity, here is a part of Lincoln's open answer: "Neither General Hunter, nor any other commander or person, has been authorized by the Government of the United States to make a proclamation declaring the slaves of any State free; and that the supposed proclamation now in question, whether genuine or false, is altogether void so far as respects such a declaration. I further make known that, whether it be competent for me, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, to declare the slaves of any State or States free, or whether at any time, in any case, it shall have become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field. These are totally different questions from those of police regulations in armies and camps."

His love of personal freedom and his refusal to be coerced into following a certain course because it is popular, found expression in this reply to one of his opponents in the State Legislature of Illinois: "Address that argument to cowards and to knaves; with the free and the brave it will effect nothing. It may be true; if it must, let it. Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers; but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her. . . . I cannot deny that all may be swept away. Broken by it I, too, may be; bow to it I never will. The probability that we may fall in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause we believe to be just. It shall not deter me. If I ever feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world

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beside, and I standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors!"

And this from his reply to Horace Greeley: "I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be 'The Union as it was.' If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less when I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views."

Three more extracts must be made. The first shows the tenderness of his heart and reveals the real man: "Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

The second shows his feeling towards both South and North, in the sublime close to his second inaugural: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne

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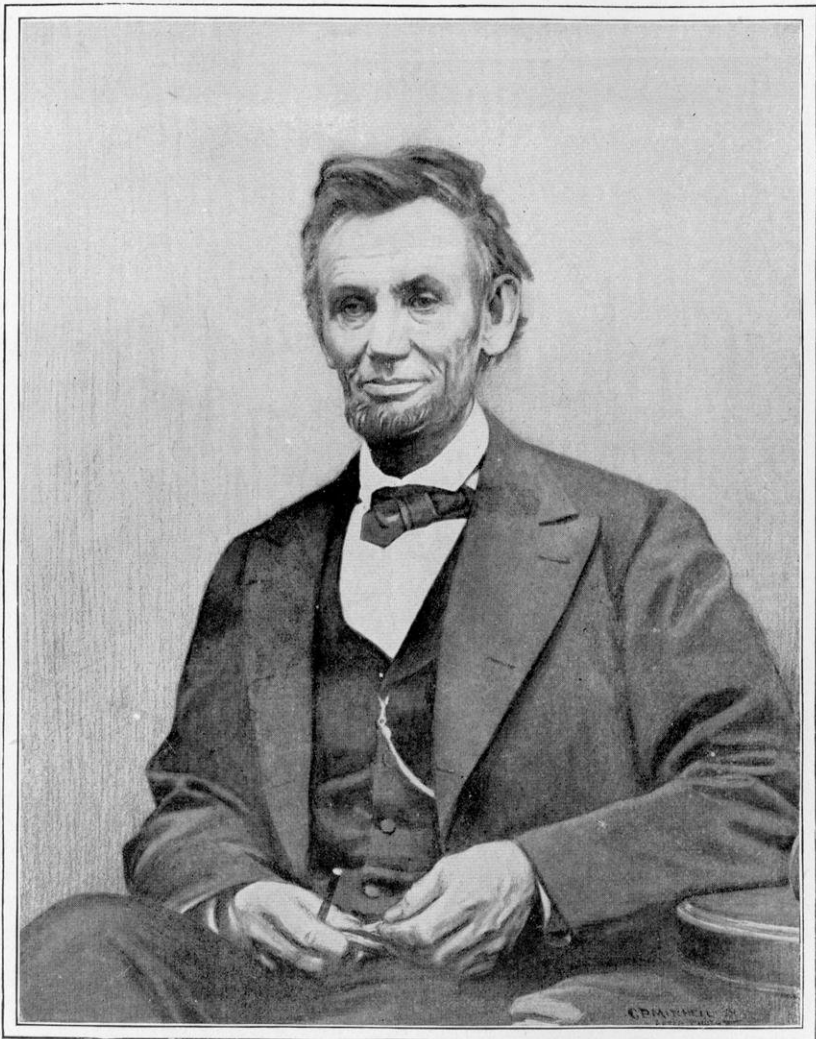
the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.”

And the third is one of the purest pieces of English ever penned. It alone reveals Lincoln, had he written nothing else, what we have contended for in these pages, that he was a matchless craftsman in words: (Address at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, November 19, 1863.)

“Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

“Now we are engaged in a civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

“But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, TAKEN APRIL 9,
1865, THE SUNDAY BEFORE HIS ASSASSINATION.

Drawn from a photograph made by Alexander Gardner, photographer to the Army of the Potomac, while the President was sharpening a pencil for his son Tad. Copyright, 1904, by Watson Porter. Courtesy of McClure, Phillips & Co.



THE ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURG, GIFT OF WILHELM II, EMPEROR OF GER-
MANY, TO THE HARVARD GERMANIC MUSEUM. THE ORIGINAL IS AT BERLIN.

HARVARD'S GERMANIC MUSEUM: BY FREDERICK W. COBURN



It is a bit odd that the first Germanic Museum to be developed in the United States should have been started in a community which has but a very small German population. New York, the gateway by which the millions who have left the Fatherland have always entered this country; St. Louis or Milwaukee, where they predominate; Chicago, the metropolis of the vast region in which the Teutonic stock is destined eventually to have modified greatly the Anglo-Saxon strain—any one of these cities might seemingly have led in developing an American museum of German civilization, one somewhat similar in scope to the famous Germansches Museum in Nuremberg. The actual leadership in this regard, however, has fallen upon the Puritan community in Eastern Massachusetts.

That Boston got an art institution of this character came about in this way. Certain people at Harvard University have for a number of years been talking about the possibility of establishing a general museum of man, to comprehend prehistoric, ancient and modern civilization and to illustrate social and incidentally national developments. To serve as a model of what they meant there was at hand the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, devoted chiefly to the arts and crafts of the American Indian. Again the Semitic Museum, at Harvard, the creation of the wealth and imagination of the New York banker, Jacob H. Schiff, stood as the definite beginning of a great Oriental museum. In these institutions there were contained suggestions. Then, through the energy and persistence of Professor Kuno Francke and his colleagues in the German department of the University a realization came about of the ideal of a museum which should signalize the artistic triumphs of the race that produced Dürer and Holbein, Menzel and Von Uhde, the inspired craftsmen of the mediaeval cathedrals and the wonder-working municipal architects of twentieth-century Hamburg, Dresden and Berlin.

Although the various collections in the Germanic Museum are by no means complete, since accessions continue to come from time to time, as an institution it has become definitely established in the University and in the community. It was dedicated in the winter

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of 1902 on the occasion of a memorable reception given to Prince Henry of Germany by the Germanic Museum Association of the University. This association, it should be said, founded at the suggestion of Professor Kuno Francke and presided over by Carl Schurz, with the late Herbert Small acting as its secretary, directed all the preliminaries of the undertaking. The scheme of the museum as originally stated in the prospectus "is similar to that of a number of national museums in Europe; for example, the Germanic Museum at Nuremberg, the Swiss Museum at Zürich, the Nuse Museum at Copenhagen, the Hotel de Cluny at Paris. Models and reproductions (either plaster or photographic) of typical work, illustrating Germanic life and character from the earliest times to the present day—from the Viking boat and the Anglo-Saxon hall to the national monument or the Niederwold will naturally be the first acquisitions. From the very beginning, however, it is proposed to make an effort to secure originals also; weapons and costumes, implements and utensils; engravings to illustrate the art of the engraver, or to show the customs of a period; books illustrating the history of printing; paintings, sculptures and carvings of real value, artistically or historically. In selecting objects there will be strict adherence to the principle of avoiding that which is merely striking or curious, and of securing only what is typical and characteristic."

The casts, made for the Germanic Museum under the direction of the German Kaiser, are certainly the most spectacular exhibit. All are of a large monumental character. They are in themselves objects of considerable interest, apart from the originals which they represent, because of the patient labor and exactitude required in the moulding and casting of hundreds of parts which must be fitted accurately together. The cost of making the casts in this museum was estimated by Berlin newspapers at almost half a million marks, and it is extremely unlikely that the present Kaiser, or any of his successors, will ever again allow the reproduction of several of the objects of the collection, so valuable are they and so liable to injury.

Particularly striking among the gigantic white casts that make the hall of the Germanic Museum seem almost awesome, are the reproductions of the Cathedral of Hildesheim, dating back to 1015. On these, the earliest important specimens of German sculpture in

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bronze, appear scenes from Genesis and from the life of Christ, wrought in a quaint archaic fashion.

Thence the sculptured objects range chronologically down to the marble statue of Frederick the Great at Stettin, made by Gottfried Schadow in 1793. From the beautiful Church of Our Lady at Treves comes an interesting portal in early Gothic style which bears a sculpture depicting the "Coronation of Mary." There is a complete reproduction of the Golden Gate of the Cathedral at Freiberg, crowded with sculptures of the "Adoration of the Magi," "The Apostles," "The Prophets" and other figures and scenes. From the Cathedral at Naumburg a selection was made of the great reredos that stretches across the west chancel adorned with scenes of the Passion; the quaint reading desk modeled in the figure of an ecclesiastic, and the statues of the twelve founders, so-called. Strasburg and Ulm furnished respectively the figures representing the "Triumph of the Church over the Synagogue," the most admirable technically of all Germanic sculpture of the thirteenth century, and a bishop's chair and altar in beautifully carved wood of a century later.

UNDoubtedly the most conspicuous object in the Museum is its huge centerpiece, the equestrian statue of the Great Elector, Frederick William of Brandenburg. Without giving any sense of overcrowding, this seems fairly to dominate the room. It is grandiose, rococo, typical of the beginning of Germanic imperialism as foreshadowed in the conditions at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Andreas Schluetter was the sculptor who executed it. He is also represented in this Museum by several masks of dying warriors on the Keystones over the gates of the Arsenal at Berlin. The more realistic pictorial sculpture of the end of the eighteenth century is represented by Schadow's marble statue of Frederick the Great.

A notable feature of the Germanic Museum—one interesting to everybody and particularly valuable to artist-craftsmen—is the collection of reproductions of gold and silver plate, made under the supervision of Dr. Lessing, director of the Berlin Museum of Arts and Crafts. There are at present between 50 and 60 fine pieces of which the originals adorned the cathedrals, municipal banqueting boards and private residences in the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth

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and sixteenth centuries. Here, as possibly the best example extant of the older German craftsmanship, is a chalice for the communion wine of the thirteenth century, covered all over with naïvely modeled Old Testament figures. Here, too, is a great silver dish presented in 1556 to the ancient town of Luneburg by Burgermaster Hieronymus Witzendorp, on which is carved a series of stories from the history of Rome, wherein the Roman knights appear riding in procession out of cities which look for all the world like German towns of the sixteenth century. And near this great basin are two golden lions of the same period, whose tails served as handles and from whose mouths the servants doubtless poured water over the hands of many an eminent fellow-citizen at the long dinners that figured so jovially in the life of mediaeval cities. Seventeen of the pieces in the Harvard collection were reproduced from the plate once housed in Luneburg and may be said to represent the art of the ancient silversmith so completely that, were no other specimens at hand, the Germanic Museum might be said to be well equipped with materials for study of ancient Germanic metal-work. The earliest of the pieces, which dates from 1476, is a receptacle for sweet meats, presented to the city by a prosperous apothecary. Probably the most important historically are two large goblets, of the sort that were filled with wine and passed around successively to each guest at the banqueting table. One of these depicts by means of various symbolic devices the victory of Protestantism over Catholicism; the other portrays the genealogy of Christ, the receptacle itself taking roughly the form of a tree at the base of which reclines the figure of David and at the top the Madonna and Child. Outside of the Luneburg group one finds such objects as the goblet of gold and silver which the University of Wittenberg presented to Luther on his wedding day, and a goblet wrought for the Emperor Maximilian II. by Wenzel Jamnitzer, one of the most skillful of the Nuremberg craftsmen.

Few originals though there are in this Museum, its whole impression made by the objects is one of marked originality. Each reproduction helps to illustrate a single dominating idea—that of displaying in the outward manifestations of the spirit that in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries manifested itself as German, and that in this century appears as Pan-Germanism.



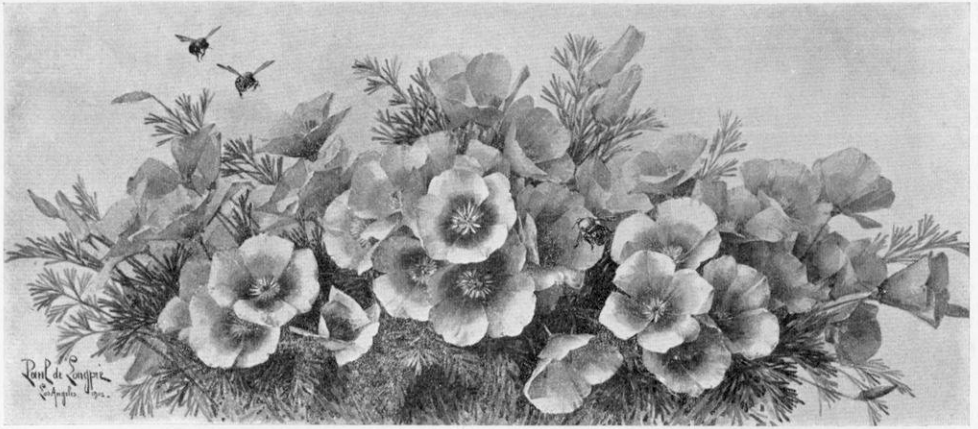
FREDERICK THE GREAT. REPRODUCTION OF THE STATUE BY SCHA-
DOW AT STETTIN. GIFT OF EMPEROR WILHELM II.



BAPTISMAL FONT AT THE HARVARD GERMANIC MUSEUM. THE ORIGINAL IS IN THE CATHEDRAL AT HILDESHEIM



THE LUNEBURG CASE. REPRODUCTION OF ARTICLES PRESENTED TO A MEDIÆVAL TOWN BY KINGS, DUKES, FOREIGN EMBASSIES AND PROMINENT CITIZENS



PANEL OF CALIFORNIA POPPIES



MARIPOSA LILIES IN INDIAN BASKET



PAUL DE LONGPRÉ

PAUL DE LONGPRÉ, FLOWER PAINTER



CALIFORNIA is conceded the world over to be the natural home of flowers. Its flower festivals vie with those of Italy, Spain and France, and nowhere else in America is such a wealth of floral treasures to be found. The most exquisite flowers are not hidden away in conservatories, but are found out in the open, for, although certain tropical plants need especial care and can be exposed only when conditions are appropriate, one may see during the 365 days of the year more flowers and of a greater variety in California than perhaps in any other country in the world.

Hence it is appropriate that men whose names are inseparably connected with flowers should make the Golden State their home. Burbank, whose cultivation of flowers has made his name famed throughout the whole civilized world, has done all his wizardry under the perfect skies of the "Land of the Sun Down Sea," and a few years ago another flower wizard, born in France and accustomed to the flower carpets of the most beautiful country in Europe, who had wandered hither and thither throughout the American world to find his natural habitat and final working and resting place, reached Southern California, threw down his burden and said: "Here is my home." This was Paul de Longpré, whose name as a flower painter is as familiar as that of Burbank, the flower cultivator.

To some minds a flower painter may not rank as high as the painter of a landscape, or the portrait of a society woman, or an imaginative scene of ancient days, or a stirring political event, or a battlefield; it may be that he is not regarded as being on the same plane as the creative sculptor, architect or musician, but it is well not to forget that One "who spake as never man spake" once said: "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these"; and that one of the greatest thinkers and moulders of the souls of men of his day, Saint Francis of Assisi, regarded the flowers as the children of God, and therefore addressed them as his brothers and sisters.

Nor can one forget the important place flowers have as national emblems; the Thistle of Scotland; the Shamrock of Ireland; the Fleur de Lys of France; the Red Rose of England. The literature of all ages is full of allusions to flowers, from the Song of Solomon, which extols the Rose of Sharon, to the pages of our own Henry Van

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Dyke, whose love of flowers is second only to his love of God's great out-of-doors.

The Orientals make of them the universal language of the heart. Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, can write a poem with flowers more exquisitely than he can with words; and it would ill become us to forget the sweet daisy of Chaucer, the wild thyme, pansies and other flowers of Shakspeare, the dandelions of Longfellow's Hiawatha, and the snowdrop of Wordsworth. Nor can any patriotic American overlook the pathetic rite of Decoration Day. The poor cannot afford marble or granite or bronze, but, with flowers, all can show their affection for the dead; and so the whole Nation, on this day of remembrance of the valor of its soldiers who fought on both sides in the great fratricidal struggle, carries its wealth of flowers to the cemeteries and also to the ocean, there to place them upon the mounds which cover the dead, or to sprinkle them upon the face of the deep, that they may be carried out where brave sailors sleep until the sounding of the last trumpet. Nor is the flower the emblem of sadness alone. Robert Browning places a geranium leaf in the hand of his Sweet Evelyn Hope to remind her that her lover will meet her after death, and all Christians place lilies around their Easter altars as memorials of the key-note of their faith,—the resurrection of Christ. What bride is there that does not like to plight her troth under the pure blossoms of the orange; and how happy that childhood that can look back to May Day with its memories of the Maypole and the gladness of the Court of the "Queen of May" and all its revels! Even from the commercially practical standards flowers have a high value. Is there any designer of note from the days when the Egyptians and Greeks placed the lotus and acanthus upon their columns to the present, who is not in some large way indebted to the flowers? What color scheme of decoration does not find its basis in the natural setting of the flowers?

In this life of gigantic striving to reach much that is not worth having, it must be confessed that paintings of flowers do not appeal to some minds as much as those of other types. Those who are in the whirl of strenuosity want representations of strenuous things,—of stir, of action, of great power, of war; pictures that arouse and keep alive the nervous exaltation. Flower paintings are not in this category. As a rule they radiate calm, quiet, restfulness; they provoke

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no enmity, arouse no martial feeling, thrill no soul to warlike deeds. But the natural and simple tastes of the people are generally to be relied upon, and when these tastes lead the masses to an enjoyment of that which is pure, wholesome and uplifting, it is sufficient. For flowers, together with the trees, the clouds, the water, the sunrise and the sunset, are the basis of popular art. Not one person in a thousand knows or cares one iota for architecture, or for sculpture, or for the ordinary painting of classic or academic subjects, or for classic music, but nine out of ten are lovers of the flowers. By means of cheap representations of his paintings Paul de Longpré has brought cheer to the hearts of hundreds of thousands, not only in this country, but in his own France, and throughout the whole civilized world. Even a cheap reproduction gives some idea of the delight one finds in the perfection of color, form and detail of the flowers he paints so skillfully.

IN considering the work of any artist two standards alone should be taken into account. These are: I. Is his work worth doing? II. Is it done well? And these are the standards by which it is purposed to judge the work of Paul de Longpré.

Is it worth while to be a painter of flowers? It is generally accepted without argument that Michael Angelo, Raphael, Tintoretto, Titian, Del Sarto, Van Eyck, Turner, Millet and the great host of the master artists of all ages and peoples, have justified their own work, but amongst them all there was never one who devoted himself solely to flowers. This means almost the need of justification for one who paints practically nothing else. Fra Lippo Lippi, in his early days, was set to painting "Saints, and saints, and saints," until he was weary of saints. And, after all, what were the saints of the middle ages? Pure figments of the imagination. The chief value such pictures have for us to-day is to give a more vivid conception of the theological ideas of that time, and to show us the methods followed by the artist in producing his results. Are the saints beautiful? Very few of them. Are they true? None can tell, though it is easy to make a shrewd guess that Fra Lippo, and even the devout Fra Angelico, knew no more of the real appearance of saints in their day than is known in ours.

It is surely of as great value to humanity to depict the exquisite

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realities that are the fancies of Nature, and to send them out to add a touch of beauty to lives that may be cramped and barren, as to paint imaginary saints that are, at best, but the fancies of man, or scenes of war, debauchery, cruelty or evil passion, that tend to arouse the worst in human nature instead of being a reminder of the best. Therefore it would seem worth while to paint flowers.

Does Paul de Longpré paint flowers well? That he paints flowers, all are aware. He paints them early and late, in summer and winter, in spring and autumn, in doors and out, wild and cultivated, rare and common, from the daintiest orchid to the boldest sunflower. Indeed he paints more to-day than ever he did. As for the quality of his work, critics may disagree, but the verdict of the people is shown by the fact that in the last three months twenty-five thousand people have visited him in his studio and gardens.

There is not a distinguished man or woman, from the President down, who, when in Southern California, is not taken by cultured friends or the city officials of Los Angeles to see the artist and his work. Ten years ago he began to give exhibitions of his flower paintings,—nothing else but flowers. Almost instantly the experiment became a great success and for several years it has been a feature in such cities as New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. No one denies that there is adverse as well as favorable criticism upon his work. But this is neither novel or unexpected. There is not an artist of any school, of any age, or of any style, that has not been, and is not, severely criticised by some one. The facts in regard to his work are of greater importance than what adverse critics say.

IN the first place, the most skilled floriculturists of this and other countries are unanimous in saying that De Longpré, better than any other flower painter, produces by means of his pigment that delicate, subtle, distinctive something that one might call the "soul" of the flower. In the second place, De Longpré is scientific in his methods both as a floriculturist and an artist. He gives as much attention to the cultivation of flowers as does Burbank, but it is in a different way and for a different purpose. He does not seek to make new varieties but to develop the best possible specimens in those that already exist. His gardens, therefore, are as important, in their way, as the breeding stables of great horse fanciers are in theirs. Experi-



CALIFORNIA HOME OF PAUL DE LONGPRÉ, HOUSE IN MISSION-MOORISH STYLE



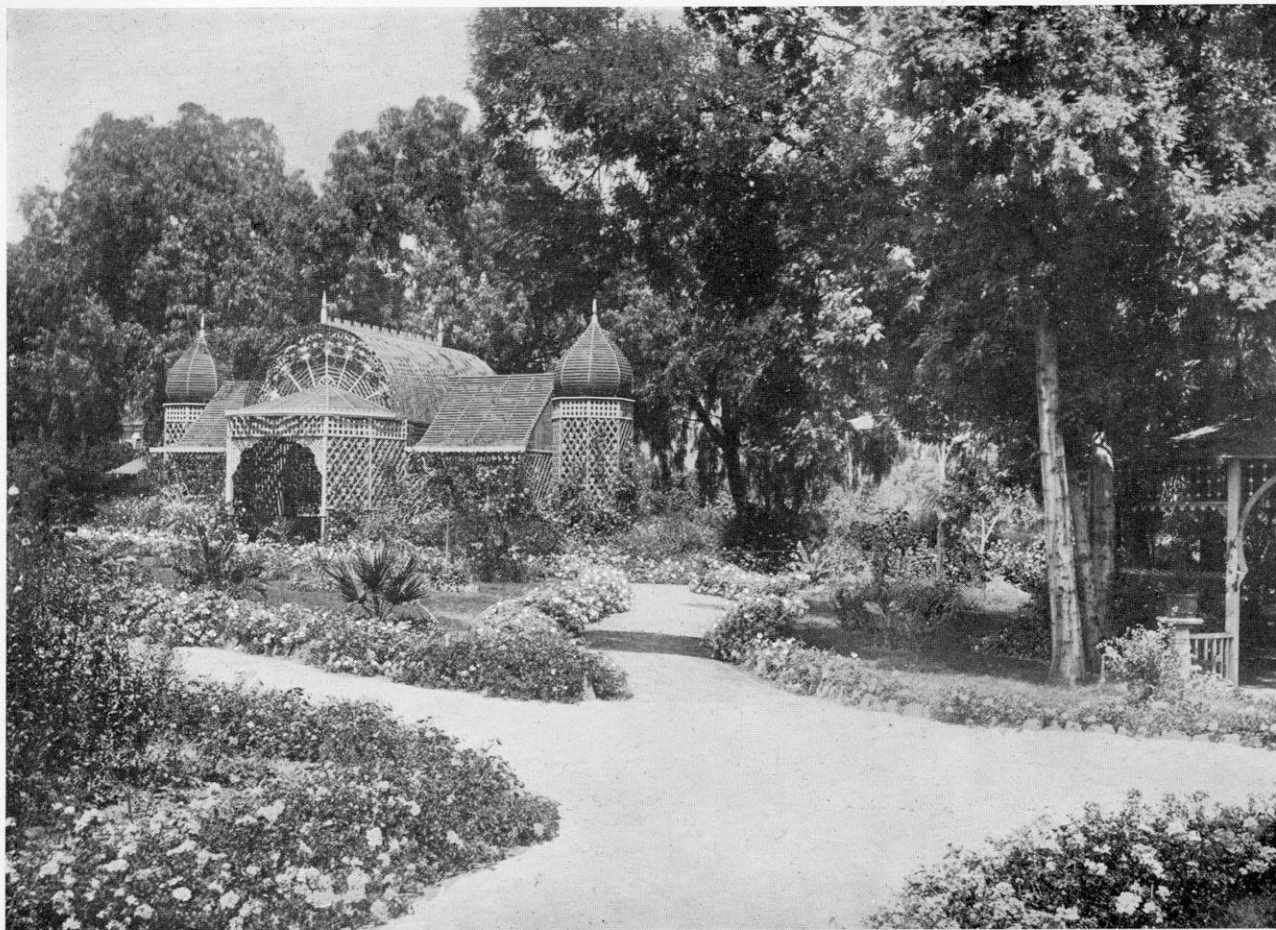
A GLIMPSE OF HOUSE AND GARDEN, LOOKING NORTH



WHITE FRINGED POPPIES



DOUBLE PEACH BLOSSOMS



ONE OF THE MOORISH SUMMER-HOUSES

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ments are constantly carried on and the most careful selection made of seeds from the best flowers. Every known method for improving species is studied, utilized and, where possible, improved upon. The result is that De Longpré's gardens are the mecca of floriculturists not only of the Golden State but of the whole country. For here is a man who loves flowers with the devotion of the artist. He is never so happy as when with them, either in the garden or in the studio. His gardeners are men imbued with his own passion for the perfect flower. The keenness of intellect that makes him skillful with his brush, makes him equally able in determining the methods to be followed to produce the best possible flowers. And when this perfection is attained he takes the flower and paints it.

Yet even here he follows methods peculiarly his own. Study his pictures and you will see that in every one the chief point of attraction is a flower as perfect as eye can discover. This is his invariable rule: "Never paint a poor specimen of a flower. Choose the best your garden affords. Make that the center of your group, then arrange the next best around it." So that as studies of perfect types De Longpré's paintings are invaluable. They are historical documents, giving faithful portrayals of the best of that which blossoms in these years of his work, and recording for future ages the glories of color that delight the people of to-day.

PAUL DE LONGPRE was born in Paris in 1855. He was one of ten children of parents of noble descent, to whom fortune had been unusually fickle. They were unable to give him many advantages in the way of education, and those he did have were not of the kind to appeal to him. Even in his earliest years the exquisite things of Nature attracted him; he loved the birds, the bees, the buds and the blossoms, and many a time when the hunger of his heart could not be satisfied with the husks his teachers offered him, he played truant. In the wild and picturesque spots about his native city he roamed and dreamed, enjoying the foliage, the wild flowers, the drowsy hum of the bees, and altogether acting as the Parisian prototype of the boys James Whitcomb Riley so powerfully and interestingly draws for us. Bye and bye he took pencil and paper with him and began to draw what so pleased him; later, brush and paints took the place of pencil, and he earned many a franc of pocket money by these juvenile efforts

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at flower painting, which his schoolmates were ever ready to purchase.

When twelve years old he could count up fifteen months of schooling, and with this mental equipment he went forth to earn his own living. It was all the education of any kind he ever had, his artistic career being an evolution rather than the result of technical training. Of this fact he is deservedly proud, as all men are who accomplish things by the power of the divine energy within them. For a while he was a fan painter, and as delicacy of touch was essential to this work, and as he was painting what he so much loved, it was not long before he was recognized as skillful and competent above the other workers in this line. As money was coming in fairly well he married when but eighteen years old, and it is undoubtedly owing to the romance of that early match having continued to the present day that much of the painter's buoyancy of character is due. When he was but twenty-one years of age he sent one of his flower subjects to the Paris Salon, and to the great joy of the young couple it was accepted. He now began to do more pretentious work; orders and money came easily and he accumulated what to him was quite a large sum. Then the bank in which his money was deposited failed, and for awhile he was discouraged. It seemed a complete set-back, and yet, as in the case of so many other men who have attained, this which seemed his greatest misfortune turned out to be the pivotal point in his career. He decided to come to America. His wife agreed with him. They landed in New York, almost penniless and entirely strange to everyone. Now began a struggle with poverty that lasted for five years. He would not give in to the worldly wisdom which bade him paint something other than flowers. He knew he had the soul of a poet, the passion of a lover, the enthusiasm of a scientist, and the skill of the trained artist, all of which he devoted with a constancy as complete as it was fervent, to his chosen art of representing flowers. But no one seemed to want flowers. Yet that did not deter him. He was a painter of flowers and nothing else. He could take his stand there and confidently say, "This one thing I do," and relying upon his own inherent genius he decided to rise or fall by that one gift. Soon he had accumulated so many pictures that he decided to hold an exhibition. It was the first time a painter had ever exhibited only floral pieces, and many prophesied disaster. He had a few staunch friends, however, that his dauntless courage had brought around him, and

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these made a personal matter of advertising the event. The result was a great success, and the painter's future was assured. Since then fortune has done nothing but smile upon him and at fifty years of age he has both wealth and fame. Unaided and alone, without the prestige of any school behind him, struggling with the problem of color and technic in the seclusion of his own studio, because he could not afford to leave his family while he went to study with some famous artist, he has achieved success.

But his success has not spoiled him or made him less an artist. He is humble beyond words in the face of his failures to paint certain flowers. "They are my passion and my despair!" he exclaims, "but I shall keep on striving until I die!" Day after day he works on these masterpieces of Nature's coloring that no artist as yet has been able to transfer to paper or canvas, and then when he compares what he has done with what ought to be done, relentlessly he paints out the inadequate canvas, or tears up the paper upon which his unsatisfactory endeavors appear. This is the spirit that has given him the victory.

FIVE years ago he removed to Southern California, and at Hollywood, in the foothills of the historic Cahuenga range, not far from the pass where the pathfinder Fremont took his guns to the Mexican city of Los Angeles, he has established his gardens, his studio and his home. In the former he has gathered together from all climes every kind of flower known to the botanist, and, as before stated, he watches them with the eagerness of the scientific floriculturist. As one steps from the Los Angeles car which bears visitors to the gateway, the eye is dazzled with color, color, color. Color is everywhere; literally millions upon millions of flowers every day in the year.

The house dominates the garden with its harmonious Moorish-Mission style of architecture. It is a more ornate building than the Old Missions that have been so fully described in earlier numbers of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, but the predominance of the elaborate detail does not seem out of place in conjunction with such a wealth of dainty flowers.

It is impossible to reproduce in black and white, or even in color, with anything like fidelity, the true feeling of any painting, but in a

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flower picture, where the most dainty and delicate touches are what constitute the highest proofs of the artist's skill, the difficulties of reproduction are enhanced. In the illustrations here shown four different types are presented. In the fringed poppies he has set before us the most beautiful white poppy known. The drooping stem, the fern like leaf with its serrated edges, the delicate seed pod, all help to bring out the soft, lace-like and irregularly cut edges of the petals, and the flower as a whole is the embodiment of what is most ethereal, most fragile.

On the other hand, while, in the panel of California poppies, there is the delicate daintiness of silky petal, there is also the strength of golden color that made this the *Copa da Oro*, the Cup of Gold, of the Spanish sailors of four hundred years ago. The deep apricot hue of the center of the cup, shading gently to the tenderest yellow of the edge, where the sun kisses the tips into living light, alluring the bees to come and drink of the nectar hidden below, are all vividly pictured.

The Mariposa lilies in the Indian basket show a power for genre handling that needs not to be confined to one subject, were it not for the dominating love of the flowers. Here the center of the cups are deep purple shading outwards to pure white, with just the daintiest tint of pink touching the edges.

But best of all is the full page panel of double peach blossoms in which, with a combined strength and tenderness that only a poet could see and feel and a masterly touch convey to paper, he presents the contrast between the strong, dark, tough stem and the ethereal, spirituelle, fragile blossoms, which the light spring breeze will speedily blow away.

OLD WORLD FRIENDLINESS BETWEEN MAN AND NATURE: BY MARGARET F. MAURER



TO the loyal American, traveling through the highways, or lingering along the byways of the Old World, every beautiful thing bears a twofold significance; it is a direct appeal to the aesthetic life within him, and at the same time it awakens a sense of contrast and of loss. He rejoices to be among the treasures of bygone days, to feel an answering thrill to the masterpieces that men of the past have achieved; he grieves to separate himself from the inspiration of their presence, and return to a land so absorbed in its vast industrial activities that little time is given to the arts and graces of life.

But the days promise changes. We read that the century which so recently closed "was preëminent for its marvelous widening of man's intellectual horizon." Our books and periodicals are giving to the American people a new world of aesthetics, while to the few gifted with discrimination the artistic treasures of other lands present themselves as models from which to work, in evolving truer forms of art and architecture suitable to our national and civic requirements.

In line with the awakening of these artistic impulses comes the almost unlimited opportunity for their expression afforded by the development of suburban districts and the building of suburban homes. Here, in contrast to the countless restrictions placed of necessity upon municipal improvements and the building of city homes, man is free to work out the best that is in him. He has space with which to deal, and sunlight; tree-grown hillsides, canyon-ways and water courses. In planning his abode, he may dream of his garden; he will build for a view, he will have porches and hedges. In truth, his time has come to regain that fellowship with nature which city life has lost to him.

Consider but for a moment the suburbs of any of our American cities. Are we not forced to admit that in few such communities has man regained this birthright? Rather do not the barren, crowded districts bear testimony to the fact that civilization and destruction go together? We read with pain one strong man's heart-break over this devastation of nature's beauty:

"To-day, after centuries of association, every bird and beast and creeping thing flies from man's approach. Even the grizzly, secure

OLD WORLD FRIENDLINESS

in the chaparral of his mountain home, flinches as he crosses the white man's trail. With the coming of civilization, the grasses and the wild flowers perish, the forests fall, the mountains are blasted in the search for minerals, the plains are broken by the plow and the soil is gradually washed into the rivers. Last of all, when forests have gone the rains cease falling, the streams dry up, the ground parches and leaves no life, and the artificial desert—the desert made by the tramp of human feet—begins to show itself.”

This is not exaggerated language. The desert made by human feet—the desert of treeless city streets, of barren and dusty school yards, of parkless water fronts, of ugly suburban settlements—slowly but none the less certainly, it has been spreading its blight over our modern life.

A SEARCH through many authors to find the remedy for this universal vandalism, has but reinforced my own conclusions: our people do not think seriously concerning these grave errors. Yet thought is ever alive to noble stimulus, else man were not a progressive being. It becomes of supreme importance, therefore, to instill into the public mind a respect for the beautiful in nature, which must of necessity lead to a careful preservation of her forms. This cannot be accomplished in a more direct way than by a frank recognition of the laws of art, of beauty and of taste, that underlie the achievements of older lands. Those ideals of civic and domestic art that time has proved, possess such surpassing qualities of truth and beauty that we need not hesitate to use them as models. Some of the most thoughtful writers of our day, recognizing this truth, have presented it in relation to our civic life. As a result, many cities in the United States are making earnest and successful efforts to reclaim the desert of their own mistakes. Not until this movement becomes general, extending into all phases of town and country life, may we hope to attain a national expression of art and beauty commensurate with our industrial supremacy.

One of the first lessons that America should learn from the Old World, is the art of living in the open air. The many delightful arrangements for an out-of-door life give to the European people a score of opportunities for enjoying nature, where we have one. Besides the endless charm and variety of their open-air cafés, they

OLD WORLD FRIENDLINESS

have built terraces and promenades, balconies and loggias and bridges, that afford look-outs over a smiling landscape, or opportunities to watch the water-life upon river, bay and lake. Indeed, to the practical western mind, it is incredible what the more romantic races have accomplished through their intimacy with nature and their willingness to conform to her principles of beauty.

Stimulated and charmed by the ever-varying expressions of this friendliness between man and nature, I spent last summer wandering along the sunny roads of Italy. My journal shows that a stay of some days had been arranged at a small village on the Salernian Gulf. Longfellow had once passed over the same bright way, singing his song. It begins,

“ Sweet the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea;
Where the waves and mountains meet;
Where amid her mulberry trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless summer seas.”

Underneath the poem I had made a careful sketch of the village, having been impressed by the consummate art shown in its adaptation to its surroundings. It was built up from the sea to the base of the cliffs; thence it continued, nestling picturesquely in the ledges of great rocky walls. Easy stone steps and winding roads, bordered with olive and mulberry trees, led to the heights above. Directly behind the village, a break in the cliff-walls marked a deep ravine, down which a mountain torrent leaped. Pausing in its descent to drive the wheels of many mills, it rushed onward through the heart of the village and emptied into the quiet sea.

THERE are other cliff towns famous for their beauty as well as Amalfi—the Italians as a people show a rare sympathy with the artistic demands of their surroundings—yet the harmony between nature’s activities and those of man, as expressed throughout the course of this sparkling stream, pointed a lesson too significant to be ignored.

Through the long dreamy hours of our first day (my journal continues) we were content to look down upon sea and village and rocky

OLD WORLD FRIENDLINESS

gorge from the terrace of the old Capuchin Monastery. At last, leaving the rest of the party sunning themselves like drowsy lizards on a ledge of rock, we swung down the cliffs and gained the shore. Some of the villagers were at work among their boats and nets; others were washing huge baskets of wheat in the swift stream which cut its way down the beach into the sea. We decided to follow the stream up through the town. At once it led us under an arched building, where we could hear, somewhere within its walls, the swish of a water-wheel. The baskets of wheat below us and the whirling wheel told the story: over our heads that staple product of Italy, macaroni, was being made.

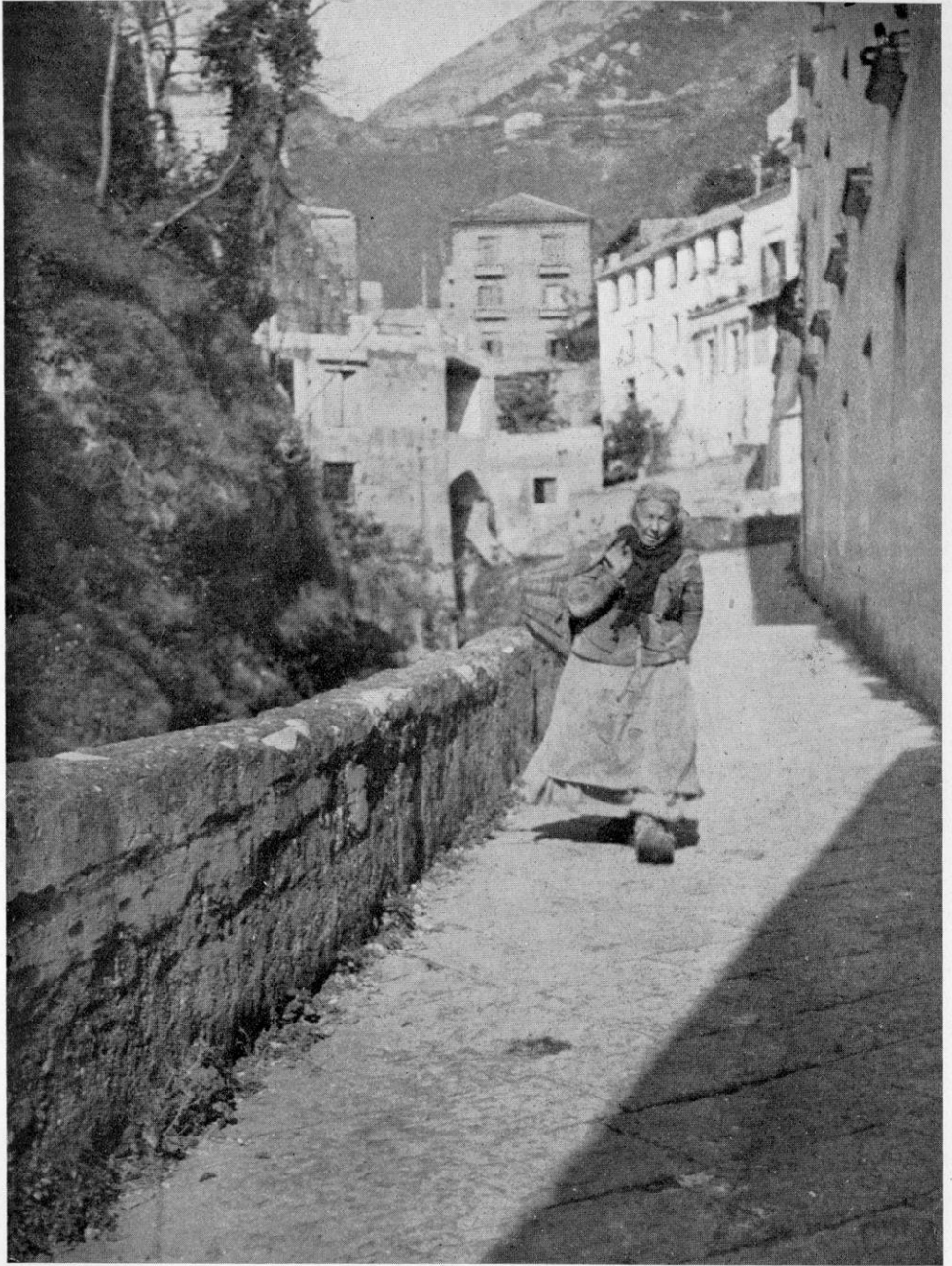
Emerging into the busy market place our friendly guide, the stream, beckoned from a splashing fountain, around whose ample basin house-wives and children gathered with their water-pails. Opposite the fountain, the mart converged into a covered passage. This opened directly into the ravine.

Sometimes ascending a path that was a stairway; again lingering upon a graceful bridge to watch the leaping water; crossing and re-crossing the stream to thread the narrow way that led along the walls of garden or terrace, where golden lemons hung in the sun,—always with the mountain brook singing along our way, the ascent was made. From a hilltop we looked back at the peasants, toiling up and down the ravine. They carried heavy loads upon their stout backs, or wheeled carts from the mills down to the shore. The soft Italian sun played over them as they labored, sparkling in the stream along their path, or touching the delicate ferns that grew in every ledge and crevice of the canyon.

Upon the heights we fell into thought. Though knowing little else than a life of toil, these village-folk lived amid a scene of unspoiled loveliness. The fair blue sea was unmarred by dock or rotting pile; upon their little beach no gaudy pavilion broke the soft stretch of sand; against the cliffs grew fruit trees, and grape arbors stretched along the ledges, giving beauty and seclusion to each humble home. Above all of nature's gifts revering the mountain stream, whose flow brought to them health and plenty, they had conformed their entire town to its steep and winding course; thus it served as the village thoroughfare, the people's promenade, a noble stairway to the hills above.



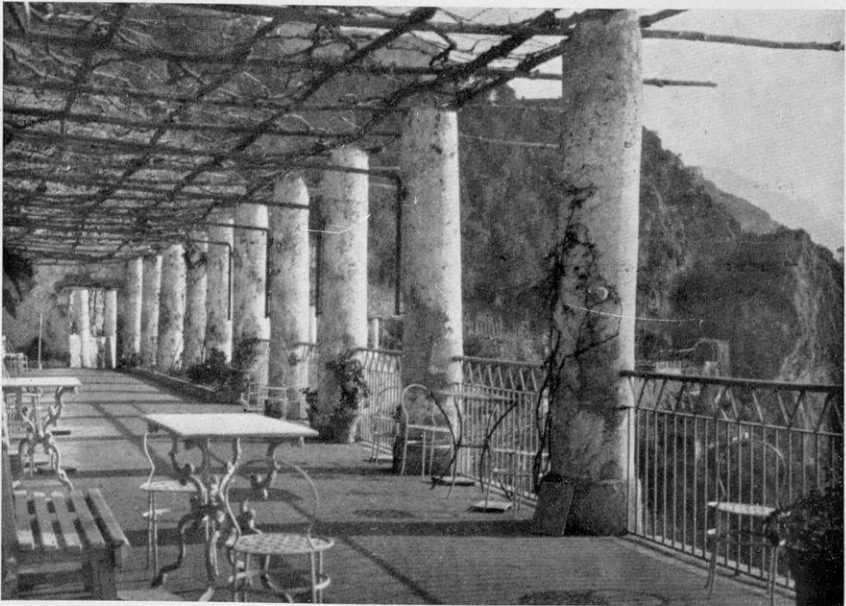
AMALFI FROM THE CAPUCHIN MONASTERY



“THE PATH LED TO THE HILLS ABOVE”



“ OVER BRIDGES WE WENT ”



THE TERRACE ABOVE THE SEA



"THE MOUNTAIN BROOK SANG ALONG THE WAY"

OLD WORLD FRIENDLINESS

For fear that he who runs may not read, let us bring this lesson home. I am writing from an American college town, delightfully situated amid rolling foot-hills, and extending down to a bay. From the canyons in the hills, not one, but four or five brooks, wooded and winding and lovely, flow down through the town to the water.

In the business center, all traces of these waterways have long since disappeared, hidden away in culverts under the paved streets. As the town grows and the hill-slopes are built upon, the same system of culverts is adhered to, trees are cut, banks levelled and building lots laid out, without the slightest regard to the presence of century-old oaks or babbling brooks. It is by happy chance that two of the waterways wind through the college grounds, where in pastoral loveliness they flow undespoiled. The boundaries reached, however, they are shamelessly plunged into dark culverts under the town pavements.

Does this need to be? Certainly not. Like Amalfi, let a town own its waterway, planning a drive and footpath to follow its windings; let arched bridges here and there spring from bank to bank, and provide them with seats for the pedestrian; let the town lots and roadways conform to this easiest and most natural grade; what then? The puzzled Town Engineer and the inexperienced Town Board will awake to find that their city is attracting attention because of its beauty and the charm of its out-door life; that its slopes and drainage are faultless; that the difficult problem of hillside streets and grades has been solved for them,—in short, that their charge is developing along the line of least resistance, and that use and beauty have met and become one, bringing capital, taste, and prosperity among them.

In Memoriam, Mrs. Jacob A. Riis

THE passing from earth of Mrs. Jacob A. Riis quickened in many hearts a new sense of the fellowship of sorrow for the loss of a noble life nobly shared with her husband in his great work for humanity. The readers of THE CRAFTSMAN for June, which contained an appreciative review of Mr. Riis and his life work, had the sad privilege of seeing one of the few photographic reproductions of Mrs. Riis taken from the home picture in Mr. Riis's book, "The Making of an American," published by the Macmillan Company.

As a brief expression of the general sympathy, we print the following lines contributed to THE CRAFTSMAN by a member of the staff:

In The Valley of the Shadow

With Jacob A. Riis

*"I dreamed a beautiful dream in my youth,
I woke and found it true."*

Life's fellowship in love, faith, hope and truth,
Her priceless gift to you.

*"We will strive together for all that is good
And noble—" her pledge for life,*

So bravely kept through ripening womanhood,
As sweetheart and comrade-wife.

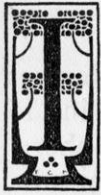
* * * * *

How blessed the dream humanity shares—
The cross and the crown, the joy and the woe,
The waking to weep, the parting and prayers—
These life-long lovers and God only know.

Benedictus! On earth let benisons fall,
On the dreamer whose dream "Let the sunshine in;"
May the sunlight of love still beckon and call
Till the dreamers united God's new dream begin.

*

DUSTLESS AIR: A PRACTICAL METHOD OF AIR FILTRATION: BY JOSEPH CHENEY BAKER



IN dealing with the dust of the air which is everywhere about us we may classify it according to its fineness or coarseness, its harmful or harmless effects, its organic or inorganic character and its vital or inanimate forms. Near the earth we find the coarser particles which, owing to this weight, seek the lowest level, and as the distance from the earth increases, we find the particles becoming proportionately smaller until, at sufficient height, space is without color. This is owing to the absence of dust, which causes light to be refracted or reflected to the eye. The quality of this dust varies much according to conditions, and is materially affected by the number of inhabitants, the nature of the soil, and also by the moisture present in the moving air.

In cities where there is generally a congested population, where there are innumerable stacks and chimneys pouring forth immense volumes of thick, heavy, black smoke, and where the dust of pavements is lifted and driven about by the wind, we find conditions far worse than those existing in the open country. Analysis of such dust shows that seventy-five per cent. of it consists largely of inorganic bits of sand, small sharp fragments of stone, finely pulverized road material, particles of lime and plaster, portions of trees and much soot. The remainder is made up of an offensive and somewhat dangerous quality. This visible dust blanket surrounding us serves the purpose of intercepting the moisture that exhales from the earth, and also gives to the sky its blue, hence its existence, to a certain extent, is necessary. But from point of cleanliness and comfort this dust becomes most disagreeable, as may be noticed in large manufacturing cities where smoke laws are not rigidly made and enforced, and where the methods of street cleaning are lax.

These invisible dust particles, or micro-organisms, exist everywhere on the earth's surface and are more familiarly known as bacteria or germs, most of them harmless to man and serving a purpose, yet some capable of causing many of our present day ills. Thus do we see that dust is not only of a dangerous quality, but, in thickly settled communities, is becoming so troublesome that laws are being enacted to relieve the people as much as possible from its increasing presence. It will continue to exist, but it should be excluded as much as possible from the interior of buildings. In some cases, as hospitals,

DUSTLESS AIR

schoolrooms, telephone exchanges, drying establishments and the like, such exclusion becomes almost imperative.

FOR this reason use has recently been made of filtering devices for the cleansing of air supplied to an inclosure, thus giving to the occupants a cleaner and more wholesome atmosphere. These devices are practicable only in cases where the air enters the building through provided and controllable means, and are of no benefit when it gains entrance through open windows, doors and crevices.

The filters in question may be classed as wet and dry filters, both of which have been tested in actual practice and with most satisfactory results. In using the wet filter the air is caused to pass through a spray of water. The dust absorbing the water becomes weighted and falls, or else is removed by being impinged against a screen. If the water is not finely divided the air must travel through it for some distance in order that the water may come in contact with all of the dust particles; but if the spray is in the form of a fine mist, the results are more effective and the air travel can be made much less. In using this method we find that the moisture absorbed must be removed by passing the air through cloth screens of sufficiently fine mesh to accomplish such removal.

With the dry filter the air is passed through a finely woven piece of cheese cloth or similar material, the fineness of the mesh being determined by the quality of the dust we wish removed. For dust microscopic in character or that containing micro-organisms, use is made of cotton wool, which is covered on both sides with cheese cloth.

Experiments have shown that the first method gives the greater efficiency, but its increased cost being proportionately much more than its efficiency gain over the second method causes the dry filtration to be most generally used. The filters used in practice vary much in form and manner of placing. If the building is so arranged that the air is taken from a court or open space in the center, the openings for the intake of air are, as a rule, near the ground. In these, filters in the shape of bags open at the ends, about two feet in diameter and thirty feet long, are placed horizontally with their ends opening into the air chamber. The air is drawn into and through these filters, leaving its deposit of dust on the inner surface. The number of filters is

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determined by the amount of air required and the resistance offered by the cloth of the filter to the passage of air, which resistance must be generally allowed for by making the filtering surface at least seven times greater than the area of the intake opening. On the other hand, when the air is admitted through a vertical shaft, the filtering surface is usually suspended in the shaft in the shape of a conical bag, and again the number of these bags is determined by the air volume required. The bags may be suspended one below the other, if successive filtering is required. This method of placing has the advantage over the horizontal method in that the vibrating motion of the bag tends to shake off the dust adhering to the sides, which settles in the apex of the cone, and, further, it insures a better quality of air, for the shaft running through to the top of the building and often being extended some distance above the roof, draws in a quality of air which is necessarily purer and more free from dust, than is the case where the supply is taken near the ground. The filtered air may be used cold, or, as in the modern method of heating and ventilating, it can be warmed and forced through the building, giving a more efficient application of the radiating surface for heating than by direct radiation in the rooms, or it may be slightly raised in temperature and used in conjunction with a direct radiating surface for heating.

Such is the method of filtering the air supplied to inclosures, where some means are necessary for cleansing the air of its dust and supplying to the occupants a quality of atmosphere which shall vary as little as possible from the pure outside air. Carefully performed experiments have shown that over sixty per cent. of the foreign matter is removed by this method, and the loss of pressure and velocity caused by the resistance of the cloth to the passing air requires but little extra energy from the blower engine to keep the velocity up to the required standard. Further we must consider that cost of the filtering material is most reasonable, it can be repeatedly removed and washed, and the original cost of installation is very little in excess of the ordinary ventilating plant. These facts argue strongly for a more general use of devices for filtering the air used either for ventilating or heating purposes or both combined. In buildings where such apparatus is in use the results have been found most satisfactory, and the time seems not far distant when similar devices will be applied to ordinary dwelling houses.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: THE TEXTURE AND QUALITIES OF NATURAL WOODS, THEIR INDIVIDUALITY AND FRIENDLINESS: FIFTH OF THE SERIES



WRITERS innumerable have expatiated, and justly too, upon the beauty of the trees—the trunk, the branches, the leaves, the shadows they cast and the shelter the branches and leaves afford to the birds. The mystery of the vast forests; even the cutting down of trees, the rafting of them down the streams to the mill, and, eventually, the singing of the saws that divide them into lumber, have been subjects for writings and poems that move and stir the soul. In this article I wish with all earnestness to comment upon the beauty of the trees when cut up into lumber. There is a charm as individualistic and as marked in the wood itself as is that of the trees in the forest. This beauty lies in the grain, or markings; the texture, or surface appearance; the natural shades, or colors; the marvelous varieties in grain and texture; the readiness with which they yield themselves to color treatment, and the results so attained. Many a worker in wood loses much of the joy he might have in his work by not making a study of these beautiful details. Is it not evident that he who loves to look at the wood upon which he is engaged will enjoy his work far more than one who sees no beauty in it? It is to help arouse this joy—that is one of the essential conditions of artistic work—that I wish briefly to comment upon the special beauties certain woods possess, and how best in the finishing processes to bring these into prominence and retain them.

And, in addition, there exists in wood a quality so satisfying that the proper use of it in the structural features of a house produces an effect of completeness which does away with the need of elaborate furnishings or decoration. I believe that one reason why so many people pile unnecessary furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac into their houses is because the *necessary* furniture, the woodwork (or other treatment) of the walls, and the color scheme as a whole are not interesting enough. This is a point that can hardly be too strongly emphasized in its bearing upon the creation of beautiful and restful surroundings in the home.

If the woodwork of your house is finished so that the natural

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beauty of the woods is enhanced; if the same thing were done in the furniture; and you then see that the color scheme of woodwork, furniture and hangings harmonize, you cannot fail to secure in each room a charm and beauty that is a great step accomplished towards the simplicity and restfulness that it is so desirable to gain. For let it never be forgotten that if a room is pleasing and restful, one of the highest and best of results has been attained.

IN the American Museum of Natural History in New York is one of the largest and finest collections of woods in America, possibly in the world. Every reader of *THE CRAFTSMAN* who cares enough for beauty to learn where new varieties of it may be seen, should avail himself of the privilege of studying this collection whenever he is in New York. A variety of trees from all parts of the world is shown, and each specimen, as a rule, consists of a portion of the trunk, just as it grew, a sawed section unpolished, and a section polished. For decades, and in some instances for centuries, these trees have been absorbing from the soil and atmosphere the elements necessary to their life. Slowly, so slowly that the eye alone could not record it, ring by ring has been added to their growth, the proper coloring matter absorbed, and the particles of which they are composed deposited in never-failing arrangement. Year after year, century after century, the same plan of structure was followed, until now, when a tree is cut down and its texture and color revealed, we find it harmonious with its species, yet individual in its possession of distinctive and personal qualities. It is this personal quality that gives such delight to the observant woodworker. There is absolutely as much difference between the personality of woods as there is in human beings. No two kinds of wood, and, stranger still, no two pieces of the same wood (as oak, chestnut or mahogany) are exactly alike.

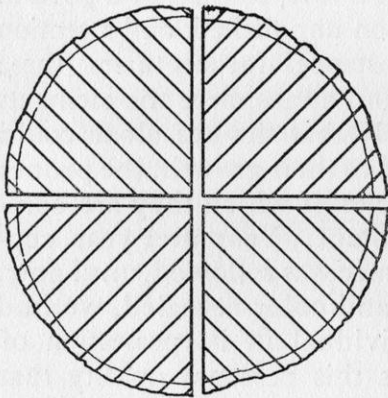
This peculiar charm of grain and texture in woods is owing to the way the tree builds up its cell structure. Each tree does this after its own fashion, and wood is called hard, soft, light, heavy, tough, porous, elastic or otherwise according to these cells. All are more or less familiar with the circular rings that appear when the tree is cut down, or as a log is sawed across. These rings or layers are deposited, one each year, on the outside. So it is apparent the oldest

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portion of the tree is on the inside. This old portion is what is known as the heartwood, and is tougher, heavier, and stronger than the younger wood or sap wood. Growths materially differ in spring and summer, and these differences are marked in the rings. In the Southern pines, for instance, the spring and summer growths are shown by solid bands.

As a rule these cell structures and their corresponding markings are vertical, but there is a lesser system of cells equally important to the life of the tree, which extend horizontally. These are the cells that form the peculiar wavy lines seen in quarter-sawn oak, which cross the vertical rays, and are called medullary rays. These transverse rays are what bind the tree together. When one thinks of the hundreds of tons of weight the trunk of a tree is compelled to bear he cannot help wondering at its strength. It is these medullary rays

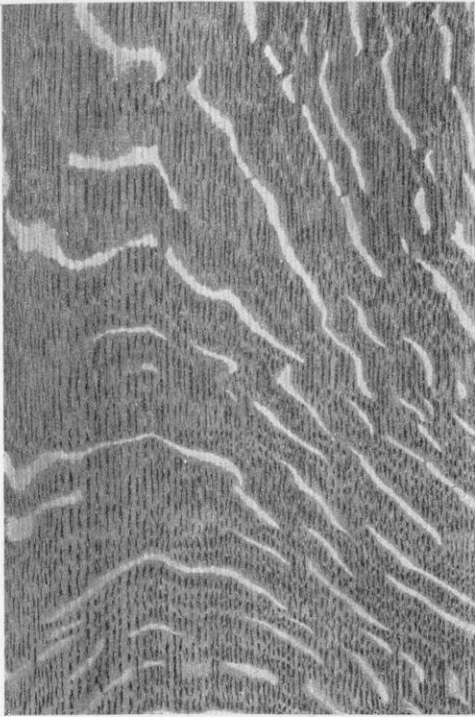
that bind the perpendicular fibers together and give this amazing strength. Were it not for them the tree would "telescope," as we sometimes see in the case of a tree of which the lower part of the trunk has decayed.



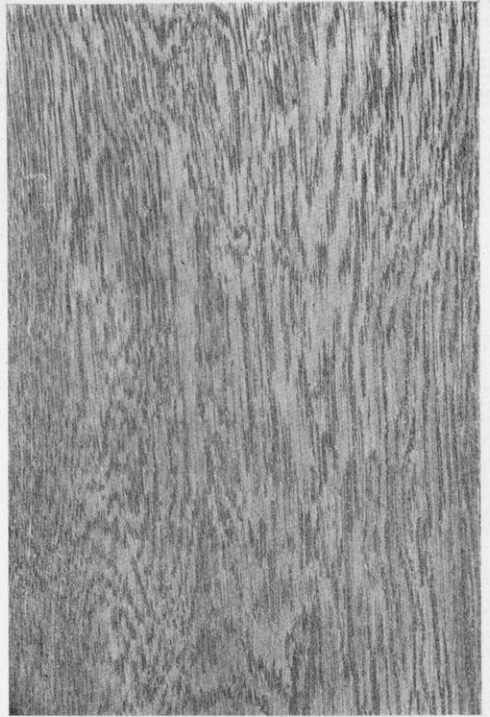
Cross section of tree-trunk showing method of quarter-sawing

ALL these matters, which at first sight may seem unimportant, have a practical bearing upon the art of cabinet-making. The young worker should know that, owing to the difference in density in the old and new rings, and also in the growths of spring

and summer, some woods when cut have a strong tendency to split or "check." Others incline to warp badly, and still others, of softer fiber, if placed where there is much wear will "sliver" and soon present an uneven and unpleasing surface. To avoid this checking, warping and slivering some logs, when cut into boards, instead of being cut the whole width of the trunk are quartered and then sawn, as shown by the lines in the accompanying diagram. This is called quarter sawing. There are other woods that, in their very nature, do not warp easily, such as chestnut, pine, and mahogany, etc. These, for general purposes, therefore, are usually plain sawn. In the illustrations here-



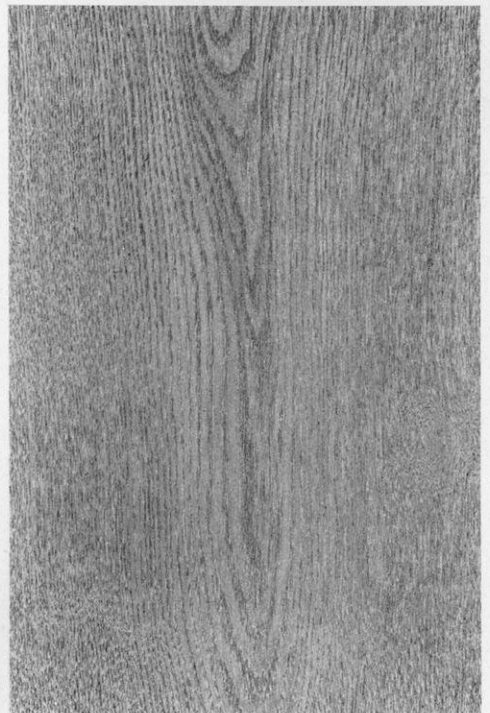
QUARTER-SAWED WHITE OAK



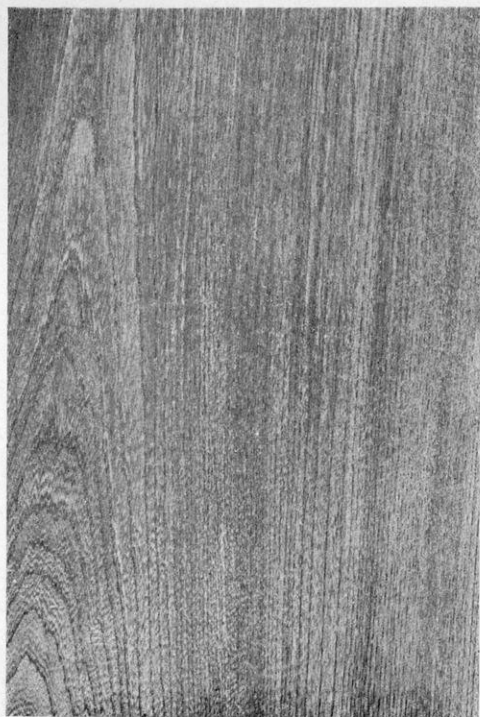
PLAIN-SAWED WHITE OAK



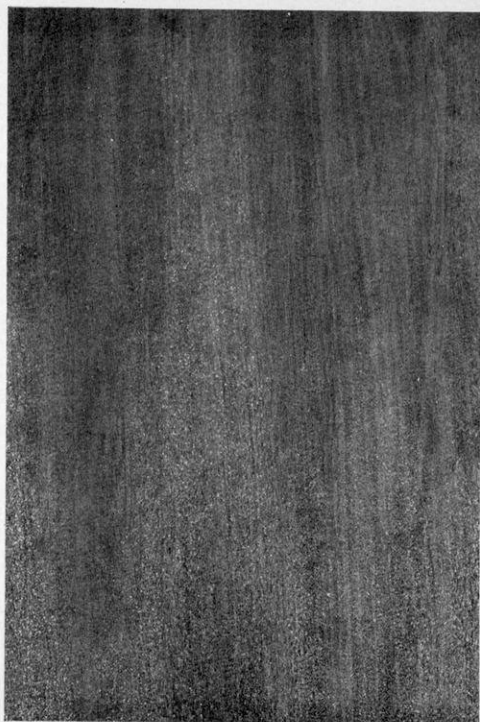
CHESTNUT



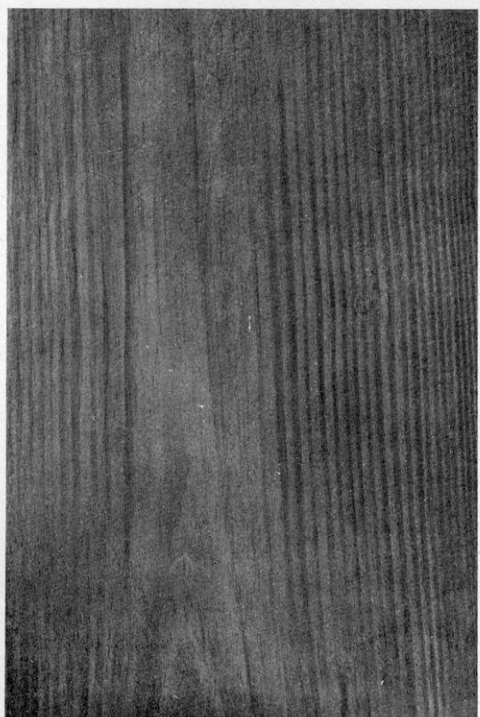
BROWN ASH



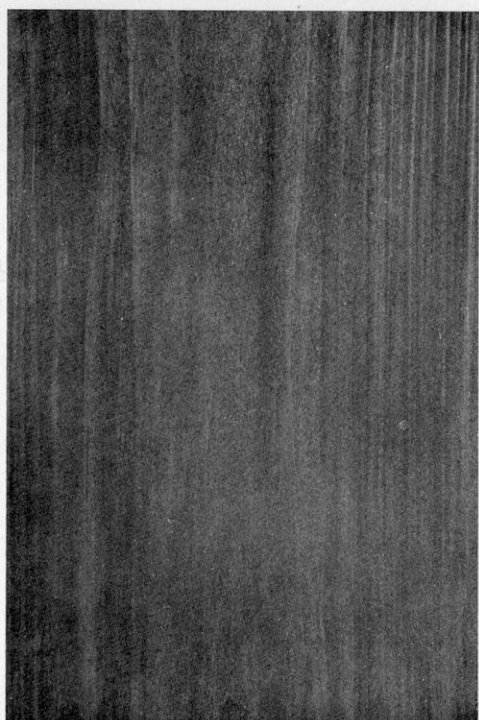
ROCK ELM



RED GUM



SOUTHERN PINE



CYPRESS

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with presented sections of seven different woods are shown, *viz.*: oak, chestnut, brown ash, rock elm, cypress, Southern pine and gum. Of our native woods these are the most generally used for furniture and house "trim"; the first four for furniture and the three latter for "trim" or "finishing."

Let us now, for a few moments, consider the question of wood sawing; why the different methods are followed on certain woods, and the objects that are attained.

The quarter-sawing method of cutting oak,—that is, the making of the cut parallel with the medullary rays, and thus largely preserving them, instead of cutting across them and thus destroying their binding properties, renders quarter-sawn oak structurally stronger, also finer in grain, and, as before shown, less liable to check and warp than when sawn in any other way. Its cost, however, is largely increased on account of the greater waste in sawing.

On the other hand plain sawn oak is an entirely different wood. It presents a marked coarseness of texture that relegates its use to purposes that do not demand finer and more pleasing qualities.

The long wide markings that are discernible in the accompanying illustrations of chestnut, pine, ash, etc., are entirely different from the "flake" of the quarter sawn oak, though both, commonly, are called "flakes." These are caused by the saw's cutting through the more solid portions of the yearly rings which extend the whole length of the trunk from bottom to top. To make clearer what I mean: If one holds in his hands a piece of wood of any of the kinds named, he can observe by looking at the ends, that these long flakes are portions of the yearly rings exposed by the cut of the saw. To distinguish these perpendicular flakes (that band the whole tree trunk) from the horizontal medullary "ray flakes," I shall call them "ring flakes"—from the yearly rings that cause them. So that in future when I speak of "ring flakes" and "ray flakes," the qualifying adjective will denote the kind of flakes meant.

When wood is sawn in the ordinary way, that is, with the "lay" of the yearly rings, the wood is called "plain sawn." The ring flake is produced only by plain sawing, while the ray flake is produced only by quarter sawing.

While oak is so much improved by quarter sawing, chestnut loses all its beauty when so cut. Yet when plain sawn, as I shall shortly

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show, it is one of the most useful and beautiful of woods in house construction and trim. Southern pine when quarter sawn not only loses its beauty but becomes commonplace. Yet in so doing it gains a factor of durability that more than makes amends for its loss of beauty. For kitchen and other floors, where the thing to be desired is durability, rather than beauty, quarter sawn pine is very durable and makes a good floor. Plain sawn pine, when used for flooring, is soon worn in the softer parts of the "ring flake." This makes the harder parts break up into slivers, and also renders the surface uneven, both of which are undesirable. But when quarter sawn the edges of the ring flakes are exposed and this produces what is called "comb-grained" pine on account of its appearance. The prongs of the "combs" being upwards and tough, they resist wear successfully. Hence the use of comb-grained pine for flooring. Gum wood is desirable only when quarter sawn, as, when plain sawn, it is of little value on account of its tendency to warp. Quarter sawn this tendency is overcome, and, as is explained later in speaking of its color treatment, it becomes a most valuable and beautiful addition to our house-trim woods.

LET us now consider the color treatment of woods with a view to their practical uses, which will be commented upon as we proceed. In the treatment of woods that contain tannic acid, such as oak and chestnut, ammonia is the agent for chemical coloring, either by fuming or direct application. The tannic acid and ammonia combine and produce a chemical change which permanently and beautifully tones the wood without in any way injuring its texture or durability. In the case of woods that contain lime—and I speak now not as a chemist, but using the terms of the practical cabinet-maker, who, in such matters, speaks generally rather than with scientific accuracy,—the coloring agent to be used is chloride of potash.

There is a decided difference between the ordinary method of treating quarter sawn oak and the one I have so long followed. The aim has generally been to emphasize the ray flake, and where it was not prominent enough, or present in large enough quantity, to create it by means of added pigment,—in other words to paint it in. When this painted-in-flake is enameled,—varnished over—it is difficult to

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detect it from the real thing. In my experiments, however, I decided that a far more pleasing and beautiful result would be obtained by softening rather than heightening the distinctiveness of the flake. So for months I persisted in my endeavor to discover a way by which I could "bring together," harmonize, as it were, these two markedly contrasting features in the same piece of wood. This was finally effected by the use of ammonia, either by direct application or by fumes. The ammonia combines with the tannic acid in the oak to produce a chemical change, and thus "tone down" and color the flake to the desired shade. As far as I know this is the only practically successful method yet discovered to cope with the difficulties offered by the ray flake. Pigment applied to the surface of the flake has no appreciable result, as it is almost as hard and impenetrable as glass. In what I have written above I would not have it thought, because of this somewhat lengthy description of my own experiments, that I make any claim to the discovery of the use of ammonia. Many others have used it, and still do so, and others may have produced the same results on oak, but in my case it was the outcome of personal experimentation.

Of our native woods for house trim one of the most useful is chestnut. There are several reasons for this which I will briefly enumerate. 1. It has a varied and interesting grain. There is a greater variety, perhaps, in the grain of chestnut than in any other of the popular woods. The "ring rays" of chestnut are deposited in a characteristic fashion and this gives a peculiar charm all its own to the grain of this wood. 2. It is one of the woods that does not naturally incline to warp or check. The result is it "stays in place," a thing highly desired in house trim. 3. In itself it has a wonderfully interesting color quality. Some woods possess little color quality in themselves. Chestnut, on the other hand, is varied and lends itself to color treatment with a sympathy that seems more than merely chemical. By this I mean that after it has been fumed or otherwise treated there is still a distinctive and varied color quality of its own that is apparent through the new stain. When one learns to look for this the results are always interesting and sometimes surprising in their subtle suggestions. The most pleasing of these is a delicate grayish green. 4. It is well adapted for use in halls, living or billiard rooms, where strong and vigorous effects are desirable.

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The ring rays are strong and pronounced and it is thus eminently suitable for the rooms named. 5. It is one of the woods that is rich in tannic acid. Such woods respond readily to treatment with ammonia. As before explained, chestnut requires much less fuming than oak. This readiness of coloring is a desirable feature.

NOW, while chestnut, for the above reasons, is a good wood for house trim, it is not good for cabinet-making except where large and heavy pieces can be used. While it might make good tops for large dining tables, it is not strong enough for use in smaller pieces, such as chairs, which are subject to great strain.

Brown ash is a heavier wood and has a closer grain than chestnut. It is, therefore, better as a cabinet wood. It is especially desirable where green stains are to be used, and it also takes on a rich brown color.

Rock elm is somewhat of the same character as brown ash. It takes the same colors. Indeed for greens it has a special affinity and reveals rare qualities that give the colored wood the play of light and shade found in the most perfect and subtly colored silks. There is one peculiarity that belongs to this wood. It will be noticed on close observation that in the ring flake the lines have an irregular, jagged character that I have not found in other woods.

Red gum is a peculiar wood grown in the swamps of the Southern States. It is desirable only when quarter sawn, as before explained. When treated with a weak solution of iron rust it takes on a soft satin-like texture of variable color effects that is totally unlike any other wood known. For use as trim in sleeping rooms, or wherever the finer, quieter, softer effects are desired, no wood can surpass it.

Iron rust and oxide of iron are commonly supposed to mean the same things. Yet in practical experience we find a difference. Instead of purchasing oxide of iron at the chemists, we get from the foundry iron filings, or any small pieces of iron, or even rusty nails and throw them into acid vinegar or a weak solution of acetic acid. After they have remained for, say, forty-eight hours, the solution is strained off and diluted with water until the desired color effect is obtained.

Southern pine is a representative of many other pines found all over the country, which it would be better to designate as "hard"

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piners. While there may be slight differences between hard pines grown in the different sections they are of trivial importance in practical building. For this purpose the wood is always plain sawn, this method bringing out the ring flake with which all observers of wood are so familiar. In all the hard pines the yearly rings are deposited in alternate hard and soft layers. The hard layers are caused by the deposition of fatty, resinous secretions, and appear as the darker lines. These do not take the color as readily as the softer parts, hence the pleasing diversity in the color effects of pine. Green and brown are the colors that produce the best results.

Cypress is a much smoother wood than pine, and though it does not contain such marked resin layers, it possesses a peculiar dark streakedness in the softer layers that, properly treated, produces in the wood an effect not unlike the satin texture of the gum wood, though not so subtle and delicate. Hence, while in comparison with pine the contrasts are not as striking, their very quietness makes them more to be desired in some cases. Cypress is especially good wood for outside use, such as in half timbering, etc., as it is not naturally inclined either to shrink or swell much. As builders term it, it "stands well." It also takes shingle stains well and at the same time reveals its own color qualities, just as I have explained that chestnut does. For outdoor use it is perhaps more pleasing than any other wood, the dark streaks and the fine color effects before referred to appearing well in the clear sunlight of out-of-doors.

THE drying of woods is not a thing to be attempted unadvisedly or indiscreetly. It demands knowledge, care, experience and constant watching. If the outside of lumber is dried too rapidly it produces what is known as "case-hardening." This is the solidification of the outside so that the moisture of the inside is confined. This causes the checking (splitting at the ends) and warping of the wood.

Experience demonstrates that in the first stages of drying, the air should not be too dry. To prevent this in the "dry-kiln" a small jet of steam is injected into the room so as to keep the air slightly moist. If this is properly done and the heat not too great at first the lumber will dry from the inside outwards, instead of on the outside

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first. This is the whole—or, at least, the chief—secret of the proper drying of woods.

It must not be overlooked, however, that science as yet has discovered no way of overcoming the prior necessity of "air-drying" all lumber before it goes into the kiln. By this is meant the piling of lumber out-of-doors so that the sun-warmed air may get to it and first "season" it, before any further artificial drying is attempted. Experimentalists have tried again and again to dispense with this process, on account of the time it consumes, but every attempt to subject "green" wood (wood not yet air-dried) to artificial drying processes has proven a failure, thus demonstrating that in some things, at least, Nature insists upon the observance of her own methods.

Quarter sawn oak is the hardest of all woods to dry, and requires the longest time. The reason for this is that the flat surfaces of the ray flakes being almost as impenetrable as glass prevent the moisture from escaping through them, and therefore it has to come out at the ends and sides. It is obvious how carefully and thoroughly this must be done, and that only men of large experience and trustworthiness can be placed in charge of such responsible work.

To ensure thoroughness all quarter sawn oak is carefully inspected again, after it leaves the dry-kiln, not only to see that it is ready for use, but also for the purpose of selecting the pieces best adapted to certain work, and that match well in color and grain. Woods with beautiful or special markings are set aside for extra fine work, and more ordinary pieces are used for the more ordinary work.

Then saw, chisel, planer and other tools do their work, and, in due time, after the scraper and smoother has done his part, the chair, table or other article is ready for the final coloring process, already described, which heightens, beautifies and renders permanent the texture and traceries bestowed by Nature.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VII



THE Craftsman House for July is more modest as to size and cost than the large country dwelling given in our June number, but its attractive and well-balanced exterior, and the convenience, economy and simplicity of its arrangement indoors, would seem to justify us in regarding it as one of the most satisfactory plans of the series we have so far presented. Externally, the house shows a simplicity and directness of construction that is not only symmetrical, but also makes for the greatest durability and minimizes the necessity for repairs. The rooms on both floors are so arranged as to utilize to the best advantage every inch of space and to afford the greatest facility for communication, a fact which tends to lighten by many degrees the burden of housekeeping.

All the explanations and illustrations which accompany THE CRAFTSMAN House Series are more or less suggestive in character. The house shown in this issue is planned for the use of a family of average size and moderate means, and would be equally desirable as a suburban home or as a residence to be built on an ordinary city lot large enough to accommodate a house thirty feet square. If carried out as here suggested, the cost of the building would approximate \$6,000.

The first story, which rests upon a foundation of split rubble stones, is of a hard-burned dark red brick, set in black cement with wide joints, slightly raked out. The varied coloring of these bricks forms an effective contrast to the upper story, which is of cement plaster, stippled with a broom, and half-timbered construction, the timbers being stained to match the roof. The plaster may also be slightly greened by stippling on the pigment with a brush, a method which ensures a rough and uneven effect that harmonizes admirably with the whole character of the exterior.

An interesting structural touch is given to the lower story by the window-casings and sills, which are of stone. The roof, which has generously overhanging eaves, is of shingles stained a dark green, a color that combines harmoniously with the somewhat lighter tone of the upper story, and also with the chimneys, which are of the same brick as the lower story, and are surmounted with stone caps and yellowish-gray chimney-pots.

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At the front of the house, the most noticeable feature is the large bay window which extends from the living room. The small roof over this window is of the same green shingle and built on the same lines as the main roof above, not only introducing a pleasant touch of color by bringing the green into immediate contrast with the brick, but also duplicating the attractive lines overhead and thus adding charm to the form. One of the two chimneys is from the living and dining rooms, which are so planned that the fireplaces in both rooms



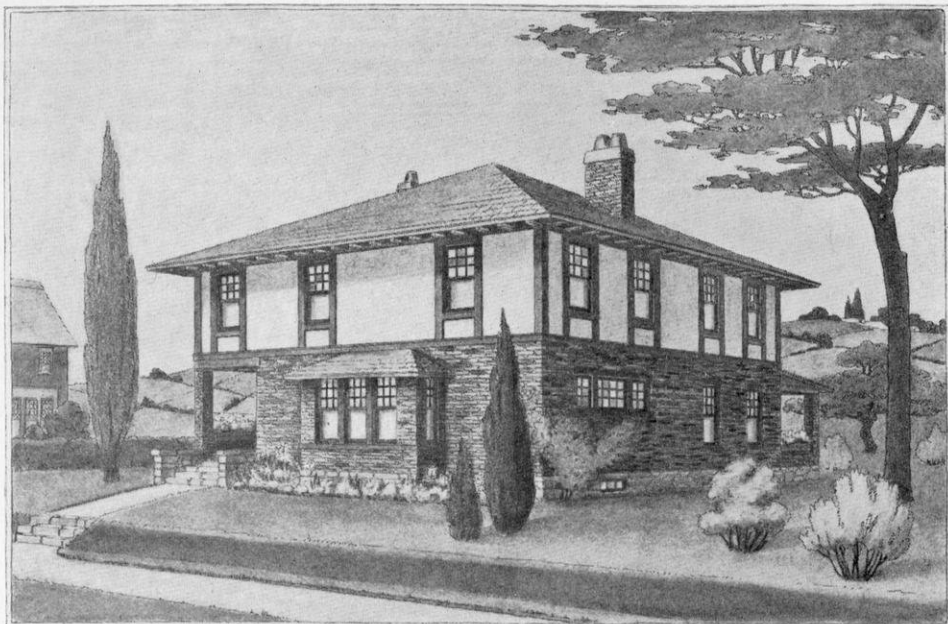
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VII. FRONT ELEVATION.

have this common outlet. This bit of economy adds to, rather than takes from, the symmetry of the construction, as the kitchen chimney just balances it on the other side of the roof.

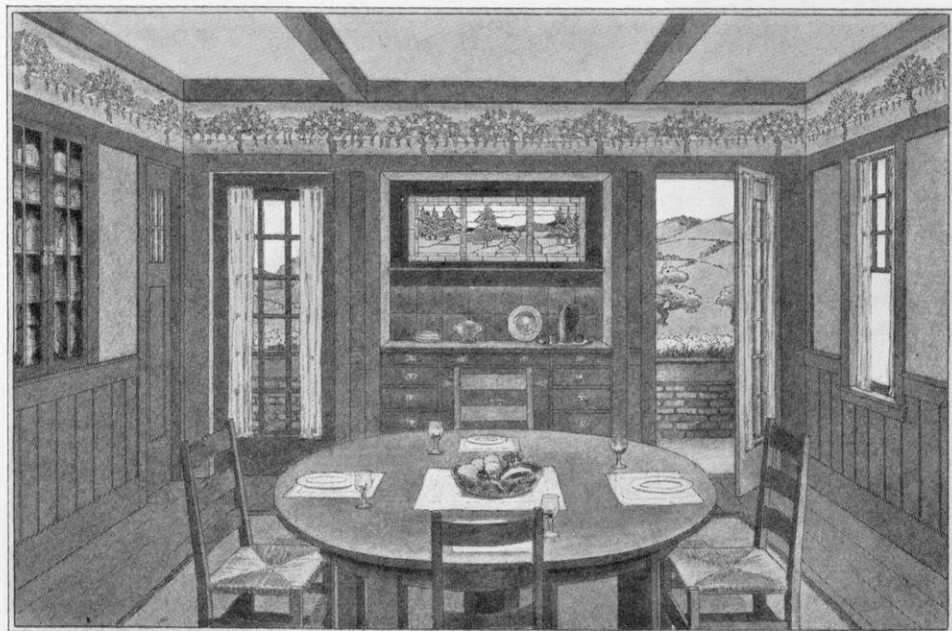
The entrance is by means of a terrace built of split rubble, which leads up to a side veranda, floored with cement, on the side wall of which is space for two or three flower window boxes. A low wall of this kind is always effective when crowned with flowers, which would seem a more fitting ornamentation than the conventional mill woodwork, which has neither meaning nor beauty.

THE FLOOR PLAN

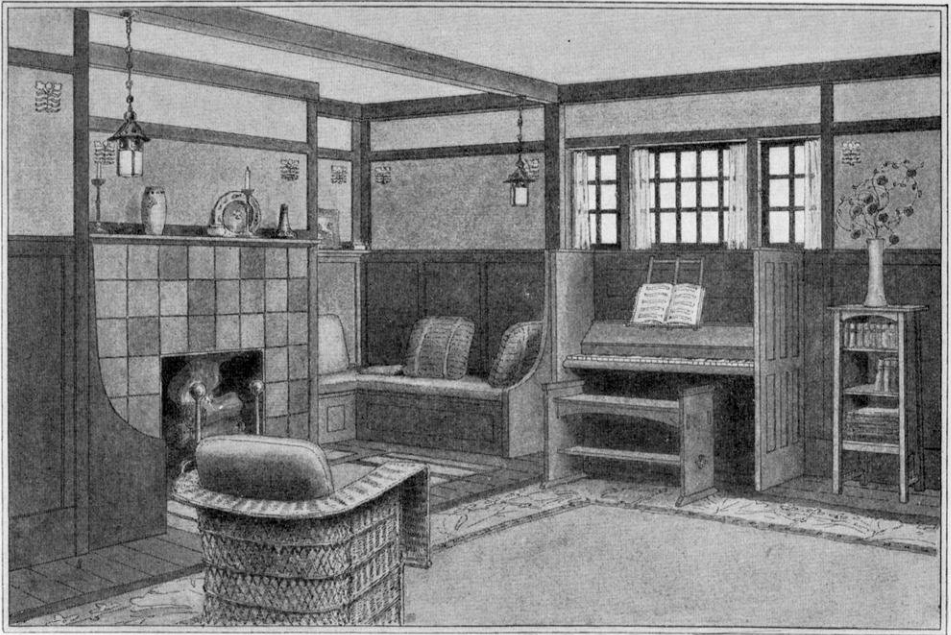
The floor plan shows three rooms and the hall downstairs, and four bedrooms, a sewing room and bathroom upstairs. All the rooms



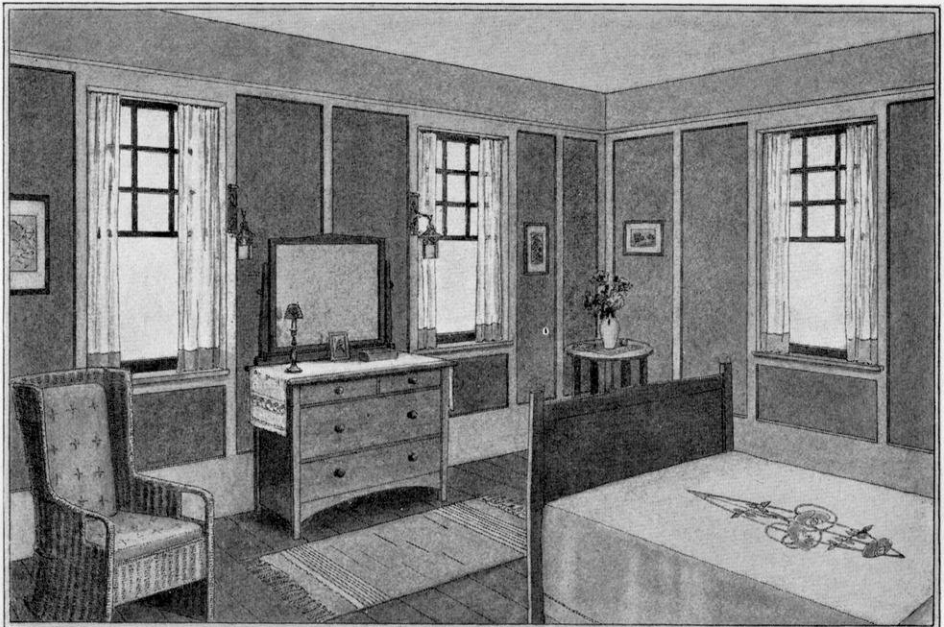
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VII. EXTERIOR VIEW



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VII. DINING ROOM



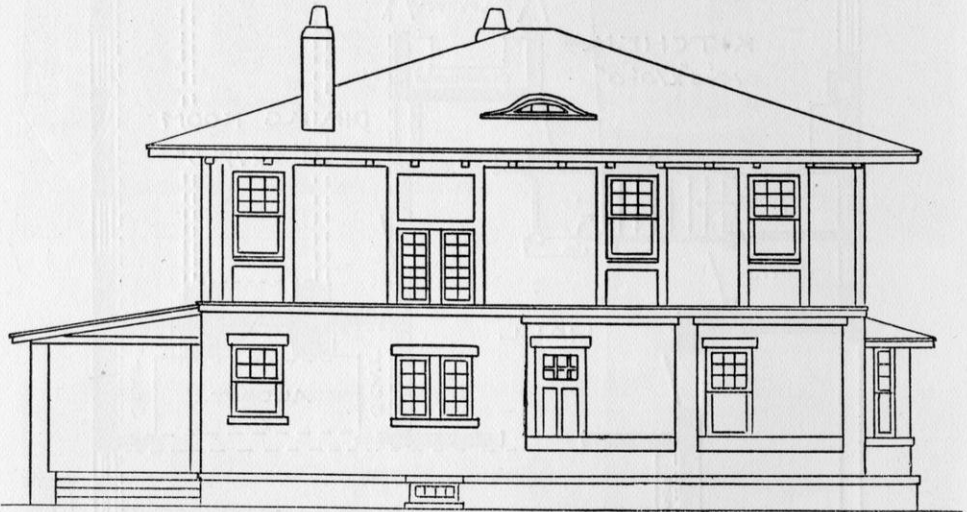
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VII. THE LIVING ROOM



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VII. A BEDROOM

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER SEVEN

are of good size and well planned for convenience. A special feature of the lower story is found in the two rear porches,—a commodious kitchen porch, and a large corner porch to which access is given by means of two French windows from the dining room. Open-air meals, always a pleasant variation from the customary household routine, may be served there in summer, and in the winter the porch may be enclosed for a sun-parlor, as a register can easily be so placed as to supply what additional warmth is needed for comfort. The kitchen porch may also be enclosed in cold weather, adding much in the way of economy as well as of convenience. The saving of ice by



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VII. SIDE ELEVATION.

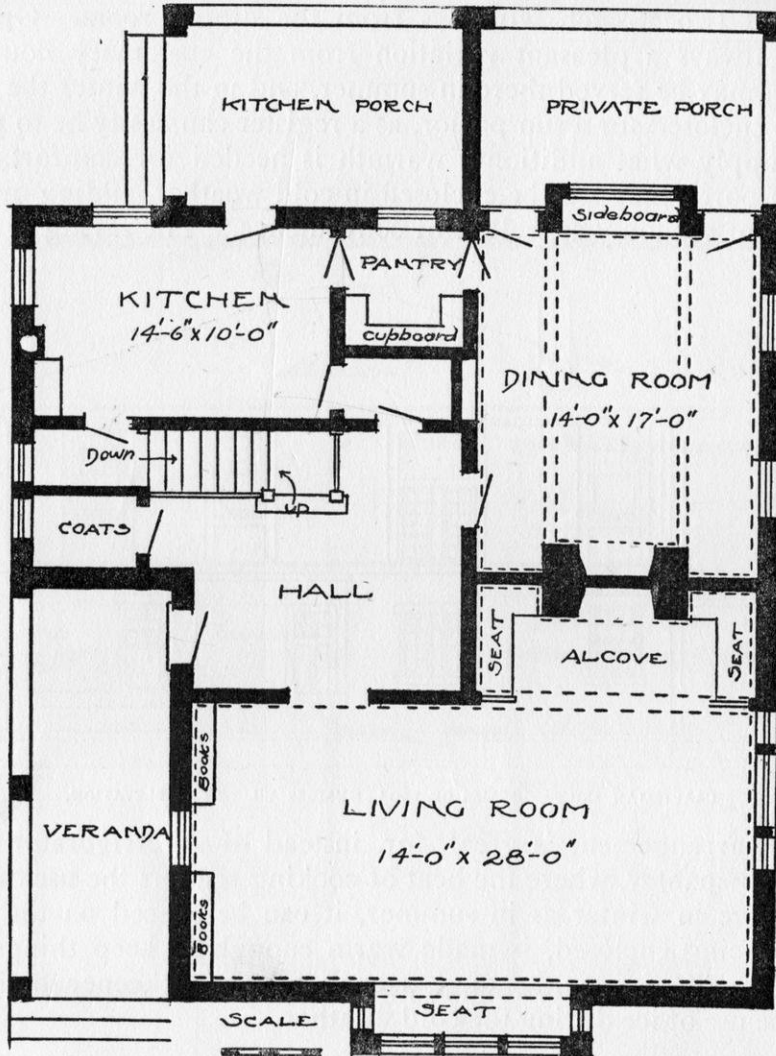
such an arrangement is great, for, instead of a refrigerator in the kitchen or pantry, where the heat of cooking renders the use of ice as imperative in winter as in summer, it can be placed on the porch which, being enclosed, is made warm enough to keep things from freezing, while it is cold enough to enable the housekeeper to dispense with the use of ice during the cold weather.

THE LIVING ROOM

The hall leads directly into the living room, which is made distinctive by two important structural features, the bay window with its square panes and broad window-seat, and the quaint alcove, or ingle-nook, with its tiled mantel, generous fireplace and the inviting

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high-backed seats that flank either side at right angles to the fireplace. The broad-paneled chestnut wainscot, which is four feet and six inches high, is colored a soft gray brown, and the book-cases placed

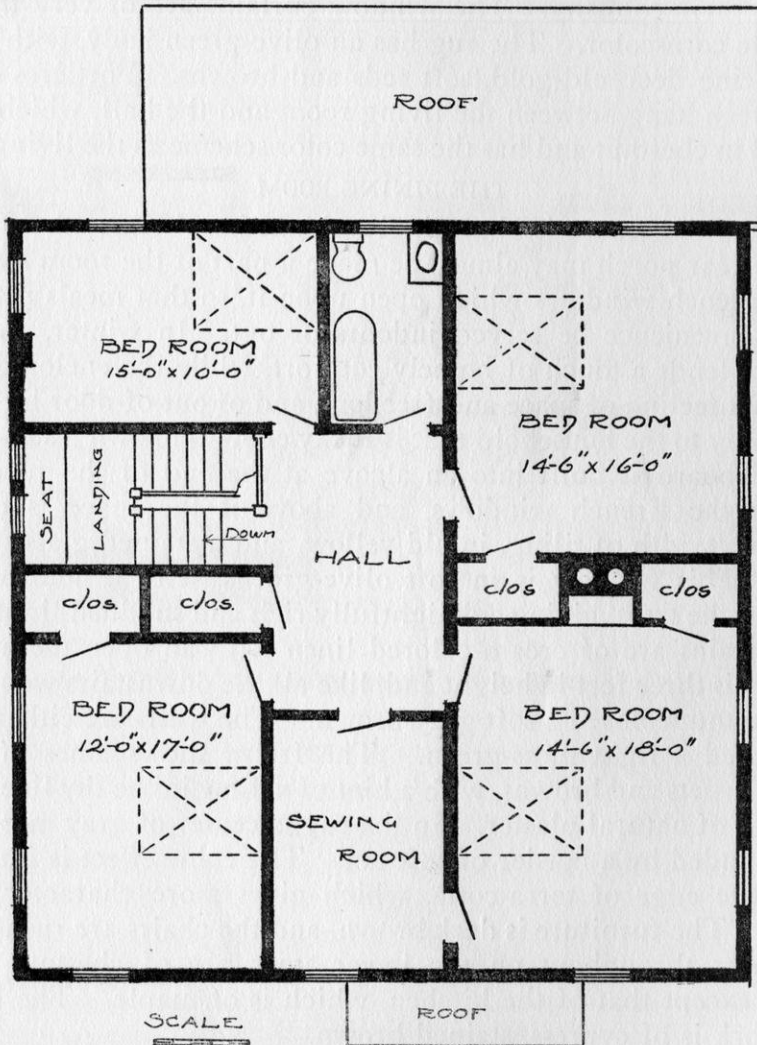


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VII. FIRST FLOOR PLAN

on either side of the window overlooking the veranda may be of the same wood and tint. The wall panels between the wainscot and frieze are either tinted, or burlaped in a tone of Byzantine gold. The

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER SEVEN

decorative *motif* is either stenciled or of needlework (as the case may require) in sap green and that peculiar shade of yellow pink which is really a kind of soft peach color. A wood moulding divides the



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER VII. SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

wall space from the frieze, which is of the palest tint of the same yellow pink. The lighting fixtures are of copper, which harmonizes admirably with the color scheme of the room, and further color

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accent will be given if a copper piece, or a Chinese plate with old blue decorations, is placed on the mantel. The mantel itself is faced with deep yellow-brown Della Robbia tiles, with a hint of the copper pink in their coloring. The window curtains are of very thin silk of a pale corn-color. The rug has an olive-green body, with border introducing deep old-gold, soft reds and browns. Portières of dull olive-green hang between the living room and the hall, which is also finished in chestnut and has the same color scheme as the living room.

THE DINING ROOM

The dining room is charmingly planned and situated. In summer the rear porch may almost be made a part of the room by means of the French windows which open upon it, so that meals may with equal convenience be served indoors or out. In winter, the open fireplace lends a touch of homely comfort, while the enclosed porch gives that feeling of space and freedom, and of out-of-door light, that comes only to the household that is lucky enough to own a sun-parlor. The sideboard is built into an alcove at the end of the room, just between the French windows, and above it the space is divided between a width of tiling, in old yellow, and a stained glass window above. This window is in soft olive-greens, with a note of blue-greens in the trees, giving a delightfully rich and subdued light effect. The curtains are of cream-colored linen with an open mesh. The wainscot is three feet in height and, like all the downstairs woodwork, is of chestnut colored a soft gray-brown. The walls are either tinted or papered a light moss-green. The frieze shows tones of warm greens, russets and browns, with a hint of yellow in the sky line. The ceiling is of natural plaster. In the rug, a center of gray moss green is surrounded by a border of soft tan. The color effect is improved by a little edge of terra-cotta, which gives more character to the border. The furniture is dark brown, and the chairs are rush-seated. The floors throughout on the lower story are of chestnut fumed brown, except that of the kitchen, which is of maple. The kitchen woodwork is of cypress, stained brown.

THE staircase is made most attractive by a landing, placed midway, where a seat under a window offers an inviting place to rest or read. The hall upstairs is finished in chestnut of the same color as that used in the woodwork of the lower story, and is

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER SEVEN

most conveniently arranged. All the bedrooms, the bathroom, the sewing room and the linen closet open into it.

A BEDROOM

The largest bedroom is at the front of the house, to the right of the hall and sewing room. It is fourteen feet six inches by eighteen feet in size. The woodwork, like all the upstairs woodwork, is of poplar, and in this room it is finished in white enamel. The doors are stained a dark green, but thinly, so as to allow the natural wood effect to show as much as possible. All the floors on the upper story are of comb-grained pine, in this room stained green to match the doors. The panels above the wainscot in this room are of Japanese grass-cloth in light, cool green, verging almost upon an old-gold in tone. The furniture is in silver-gray maple, and the electric lanterns are of brass, with light yellow glass. The frieze is cream-hued and the ceiling white. The curtains are of white homespun, with double appliquéd hem in soft old blue. The counterpane is made to match the curtains, and a little of the green and old blue is introduced in the needlework. The rug is of gray rag, with white warp and stripes of old blue to match the draperies.

THE SEWING ROOM

In this small room the walls are tinted to a deep ivory. The woodwork is light brown, and the window draperies are of white point d'esprit. The few pieces of wicker furniture are upholstered in cretonne with a flowered pattern in softest old-rose and gray-green against a cream background.

OTHER BEDROOMS

The front bedroom to the left, twelve by seventeen feet in size, has walls of the faintest tint of old blue, and woodwork stained a pale gray-green. In each of the rooms upstairs the floor is stained to match the woodwork. The rugs are also in green, of a fresher, clearer tint than the woodwork. The curtains are of cream-white scrim, with pattern in green and old blue. The rear bedroom, which is fourteen feet six inches by sixteen feet, has walls tinted to a deep cream. The frieze and ceiling are alike of pure white, separated from the walls by a narrow Dresden border of marguerites in clear greens, rose pink and a touch of pale French blue. The smaller bedroom at the rear is intended for a servant's room.

ALS IK KAN

ARE men happy in their work?
 Some will answer Yes, some, No.
 Both answers are true and both answers are false; both are part true and both are part false.

To state an argument so that it hits all cases is impossible. Broad and general propositions can always be refuted by isolated instances. **THE CRAFTSMAN** intends to deal only with broad and general propositions.

The men who are happy in their work are happy because their work is enjoyable or interesting. The men who are not happy in their work are unhappy because their work is unenjoyable or uninteresting.

Would men work if they were not compelled to do so by want? Perhaps they would and perhaps they wouldn't. But they have no choice. Nature has written it in their physical constitutions as distinctly as it is written in Holy Writ that "By the sweat of their brow shall men earn their daily bread." But nowhere, as John Ruskin has well said, either in Holy Writ, in man's physical structure, or in Nature, is it written that "By the breaking of thy heart shalt thou earn thy daily bread."

Yet it cannot be denied that when men and women perform their labor with unhappiness they are slowly breaking their hearts. The reason Markham's "Man With the Hoe" caused such widespread comment was because he struck a note that thousands of people believed was a true one. There is no denying that some men are "bowed down by the weight of cent-

uries," and that they are "dead to rapture and despair." It may be putting it strongly, yet we all have seen men who not inaptly could be described as:

"A thing that grieves not, and that never hopes,

Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox."

On the other hand, when men love their work, how agreeable life is; how smoothly everything seems to move. Who has not seen a man working on something in which his very soul is engaged. His eye is aflame with joy. He whistles or sings as he works. He studies it carefully that he may do it the better. He is not content with "It's good enough." It must be "I cannot see now how I can improve it."

Why cannot all men thus work? Is there not a reason? While various answers are given, all of which may contain some truth, the one great, general answer is that which is given by all who have carefully studied the question, and that is: So long as work is inartistic it will be unenjoyable. "Art is the expression of man's joy in his work," and the proposition works both ways: Man's work is inartistic because there is no joy in it, and there is no joy in it because it is inartistic. However learnedly one may argue and beat around the proposition he comes back to this as inevitably as the magnet to the pole. There is no escaping it. Make man's work enjoyable and it will become artistic; deprive it of its art, and it will become joyless. In my next chat I shall endeavor to show what art is and that it ought to be possible to make almost every useful thing beautiful—that is, artistic, and therefore a joy in the doing.

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Rudolf Bismarck von Liebich of No. 104 N. Norwood Ave., Buffalo, who went to Norway to make a special study of Norwegian music with Grieg, Sinding and Svendsen, writes us a letter which is especially apropos to THE CRAFTSMAN article on Ibsen which appears this month.

He says: On the street you would be attracted a long way off by a tall, erect figure, moving stiffly as on springs, and supported on a stout malacca cane; gait measured and deliberate, immaculately shod and dressed always in a long frock (or Prince Albert) coat covering the knees. This and the black overcoat accompanying it, worn open—stovepipe hat tilted slightly backward—surmounting a ruddy face framed in curious, snow white, square cut whiskers; very bushy, large Bismarckian eyebrows, shadowing the most wonderful eyes in the world—large, lustrous, luminous—as large as Gladstone's but more piercing—peering into the face of every passerby with an all-comprehensive glance that goes straight to the soul and reads it—with evident interest, with Poe-like comprehension, but with no show of sympathy, except the passer-by be a friend, when the whole rugged face would light up in a grand and smiling welcome. The left hand, usually carrying a pair of black gloves and concealed behind his back, flies up to his hat and raises it, showing a mass of bushy white hair, close-cropped. As he passes on the lightning flash dies out of his eyes, and they are no longer blue but light-grey. At 11 A. M. he walks slowly into the big café on the Carl-Johan's-Gade (the principal street of

Christiania) and sits *alone* at a table with only one chair (always "reserved for Dr. Ibsen"—so the waiter tells you) where he looks over the morning paper for an hour, drinking a glass of good Norwegian ale the while.

It is a matter of local history that he has been disturbed there but once. The offender was a young actor, one of the class who knows that *indiscretion* is the better part of valor. The young man approached the great man, hat in hand, and started to explain to him that a young lady (his sister) very much desired the honor of being presented to Dr. Ibsen—he got no further, when Ibsen's hand descended violently on the little bell. "Tell this person," so Ibsen, stentorian-voiced, addressed the waiter—"tell this person he is interrupting my reading. He is *annoying* me!"

A letter from Dr. Edward C. Kirk, Philadelphia, dated May 22d, says:

"I read with special interest the article by Mr. Kirby, which I regard as a most important contribution, not only to the literature of the manual training idea but as a most suggestive help in the solution of perhaps our most important sociological problem. I wish you would pursue the subject further by taking up the value of manual training as an educational method for the average boy. The principle seems to be precisely the same whether as applied to the criminal or to the non-criminal. It is only a little more striking when applied to the criminal, he representing the extreme case.

"It is so remarkable to me that in the face of manifest deficiencies in our preparatory educational system, the demon-

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strated superiority of the concrete method of education involved in the manual training idea should still be relegated to a minor place among our educational methods.

"I trust you will keep up the agitation as every well directed effort in this direction must mean ultimate improvement in our preparatory educational methods."

The Lewis and Clark Exposition, which is to be held at Portland, Oregon, this summer, and which opened on June 1, is the first great fair to be held west of the Rocky Mountains under the sanction and patronage of the United States Government. The Fair, while not so large as those held at Chicago and St. Louis, is by all odds the biggest thing ever attempted in the West, and the West has put its heart into the undertaking, with the result that the Exposition, while showing many things that might have been seen at earlier fairs, is in many ways original, and has a number of attractive features which are possible only at a fair so advantageously situated.

The specific historical event which the Lewis and Clark Centennial commemorates is one worthy a great enterprise of its nature—the exploration by Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark of the great Pacific Northwest and the discovery by them of an overland route to the Pacific Ocean, an accomplishment which added 307,000 square miles to the territory of the United States. One purpose of the Exposition is the exploitation of the Pacific Northwest with a view to attracting settlers, and while the national aspect of the Fair is assured by Government participation and representation on the part of

fourteen states, and the enterprise is made world-wide in its scope through participation of some sort by nearly every nation on the globe, the efforts of the Fair management have been directed primarily toward securing adequate representation of the resources of the Pacific Northwest. Every state in this new country is represented by a building and a comprehensive display, while many counties in Oregon, and not a few in the adjoining states, have individual displays.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition grounds have many natural advantages. The entrance gates are only fifteen minutes by street car from the down-town portion of the city. The grounds embrace 126 acres of charming woodland, and a natural lake of 220 acres, in the center of which is a peninsula, 60 acres in extent, where the United States Government's five magnificent buildings are located.

Five of the principal exhibit palaces, the Forestry, Oriental Exhibits, European Exhibits, Agriculture, and Varied Industries buildings, occupy a slightly elevated plateau. The central feature of the Exposition, Columbia Court, which consists of two wide avenues with beautiful sunken gardens between, occupies the space between the Agricultural and European Exhibits buildings, and a broad flight of steps, called the Grand Stairway, leads from the court to the music shell on the shore of the lake. The Auditorium, the Machinery, Electricity and Transportation building and the Mines and Metallurgy building occupy a court east of the main group; while the State buildings, manufacturers' pavilions, Fine Arts Museum, and miscellaneous structures are grouped about the

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principal exhibits buildings. The Administration and Fire Department buildings flank the main entrance, and an ornate colonnade of Ionic columns forms a bow that connects these structures.

An article of unusual interest in the current Scribner's is entitled "Le Nôtre and His Gardens," by Beatrix Jones. In these days of increasing interest in the work of the landscape architect this account of the accomplishments of one of the greatest gardeners the world has known will be of special interest. Le Nôtre was the superintendent of the gardens of Louis XIV. His work at the palaces of Fontainebleau, St. Germain, Versailles, Chantilly, the Tuileries, St. Cloud, and others keeps his memory alive to-day. The article by Miss Jones is not merely a description of the work of this famous gardener, however; it also gives interesting impressions of some of the chief figures of the court of the Grand Monarch.

In connection with the article on John La Farge, printed in the June CRAFTSMAN, there were used five illustrations, all loaned through the courtesy of the artist himself. These were: the design of the John Harvard Memorial Window, in the Church of St. Saviour, London; the designs for three lunettes for the State Capitol, Minn., entitled respectively: "The Divine and Moral Law", "The Recording of Precedents", and "The Relation of the Individual to the State", and a portrait of Mr. La Farge. These are all protected by Mr. La Farge's own copyright, but, owing to a misunder-

standing, the fact was not stated at the time of their publication in this magazine.

Through an error THE CRAFTSMAN was made to say on page 389 of the June magazine, the third and second lines from the bottom: "The doors and floor of this room and also of No. 1 are of hard comb grained pine, colored delicate greenish gray." This should have read: "The doors of this room and also of No. 1 are of hard pine, colored delicate greenish gray. The floors are of hard comb-grained pine."

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A BOOK that is well worth serious study is Charles Mulford Robinson's "Modern Civic Art." Already in its second edition it has done good work in furthering the movement for improved civic conditions. It is a text book, written by a practical man, who is also poet, dreamer and prophet—one who sees the artistic glories the cities of the new world might possess and who unceasingly strives to attain them. After the introduction the book is divided into four sections, respectively "The City's Focal Points," "In the Business District," "In the Residential Sections," "The City at Large." Here at the outset is promise of comprehensive treatment.

The City's Focal points are the Water and Land approaches, and the Administrative Center. Each one of these is treated in detail, and its relative importance clearly shown. It is one of a city's best assets to have a good approach,

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whether by land or water, in order to make a good impression upon the stranger coming in. Of a water front the author says: "No city with so great an aesthetic asset at its feet should fail to utilize it, or a part of it, for aesthetic purposes, though there be ever so foolish an indifference to the picture that the city itself may make when seen across the waves." As a good type of land approach Genoa is cited. It improved the area in front of its railway station and then placed there, embowered in trees and flowers, a statue of Columbus, in order, as the officials said, "That the first impression of strangers coming to our city may be favorable."

Equally full of good suggestions are the chapters on "Street Plan of the Business District," "Architecture of the Business District," "The Furnishings of the Street," "Adorning with Fountains and Sculpture," which all come under the second head, and under the third, "In the Residential Sections," there are four admirable chapters: "Street Plotting among Homes," "On Great Avenues," "On Minor Residential Street," and "Among the Tenements."

The final division treats of Parks, Open Spaces and Temporary and Occasional Decorations, etc., and as one closes the book he feels that, whatever may be his personal ideas in regard to any certain plan advocated, or suggestion made, by the author, he has at least followed one who has carefully and thoroughly studied his subject from a high plane and who has written for the general good. ["Modern Civic Art," by Charles Mulford Robinson, 381 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.]

Tolstoy has set the world thinking, and he who can arrest a busy world and give it grist for its thought mill has hastened on the day of greater intelligence. Ernest Crosby has done much to make Tolstoy better known to the American public and now he tells us of a school Tolstoy used to conduct on his estate at Yasnaia, Poliana. It is a wonderful record of a wonderful experiment, and every parent and teacher in civilized America should read, mark, and inwardly digest it. ["Tolstoy as a Schoolmaster," by Ernest Crosby; Chicago, The Hammersmark Pub. Co.; 94 pages.]

Caleb Powers, of Kentucky, has had a large place in the public eye during the excitement attendant and consequent upon the Goebel murder. In "My Own Story" he pleads his own case, gives a résumé of the facts leading to his arrest, his two trials, his condemnation with a life sentence at each trial, his third trial, conviction and sentence to death, and his appeal. In December, 1904, the Appellate Court decided that he had been illegally convicted and that he must have a new trial. This is where the case now stands. Whether innocent or guilty there can be but one position to take in Powers's case, and that is that no man charged with a political offense should ever be tried by a jury composed of his political opponents. "The administration of even-handed justice has no more insidious enemy than political prejudice." ["My Own Story," by Caleb Powers; 500 pages; the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.]

THE OPEN DOOR

THE educative interest and value of THE CRAFTSMAN'S Open Door, as well as the distinctive features of "Our Home Department," have received many and cordial confirmations from both readers and business patrons from far and near, including many pleasant assurances of personal appreciation and growing interest on the part of our readers and correspondents. Among other gratifying endorsements of direct results from our business pages we have lately received from two prominent advertisers the following unsolicited testimony:

PHILADELPHIA, May 12, 1905.

"We value your publication as an advertising medium sufficiently to consider it as valuable as the national magazines of large circulation, such as McClure's, Saturday Evening Post, Century, Harper's, Review of Reviews, etc."

TRENTON, N. J., May 13, 1905.

"Doubtless it will gratify you to know that we are fully satisfied with the returns from our advertisement in THE CRAFTSMAN; our records show an exceptionally good result."

These and other frank recognitions of the directness with which THE CRAFTSMAN'S home messages reach its large audience of well-to-do families, who are especially interested in home-building and home-furnishing, prove the exceptional value of THE CRAFTSMAN'S business pages to all the allied trades and industries, and the general advertiser as well.

THE CRAFTSMAN welcomes the test and comparison in cost, character and direct results of its advertising pages with any publication in the country, not in any boastful spirit, but because it stands alone in its chosen field, representing a sane and helpful movement which covers a broad and constantly broadening field of education and progress in all that relates to American homes, American art and character building along the enduring lines of sincerity in all things.

It is the pleasant privilege of The Open Door to aid all worthy enterprises represented in THE CRAFTSMAN'S business pages by supplementing the formal announcements with intelligent reference to these subjects from month to month in the spirit of helpfulness to both the reader and the advertiser.



SUMMER SCHOOL OF DESIGN A new summer school of design has been arranged for the northwest section of the country and will be held in Minneapolis, Minn., June 19 to July 19. The director will be Ernest A. Batchelder, of Throop Polytechnic Institute in Los Angeles, who is president of the Pacific Manual Training Teachers' Association. The instruction is to be with special application to the crafts and all the problems of the design course are to be applied in some craft of which the pupils may choose two. The craft work will be taught by James H. Winn of the Chicago Art Institute, who will give instruction in metal work and jewelry; Miss Florence B. Willets, Art Institute, and Miss Grace Margaret Kiess, Handicraft Guild, Minneapolis, pottery; J. E. Painter, supervisor of manual training,

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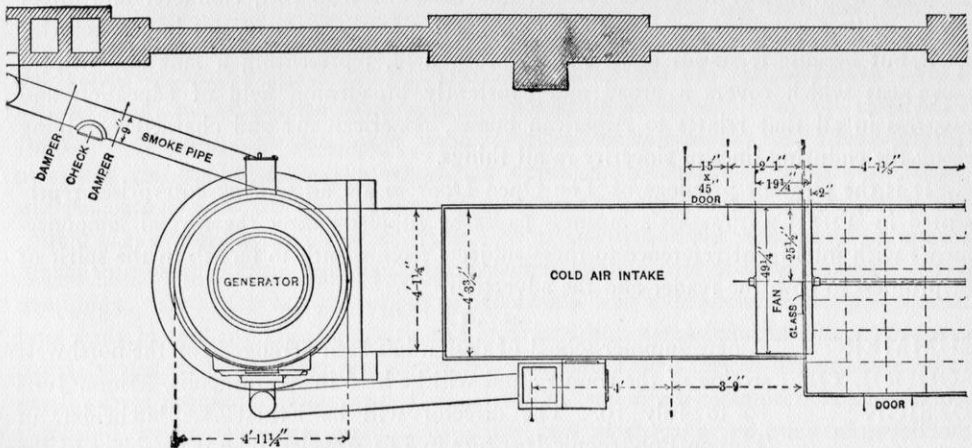
Minneapolis public schools, wood work; Miss Nelbert Murphy, manual training instructor in East Orange, N. J., and in New York vacation schools, leather. In addition, the crafters of the Handicraft Guild will give special instruction in their crafts.

The summer school is to be conducted in connection with the Handicraft Guild and in its building. The director of the guild, Mrs. Mary Linton Bookwalter, will manage the school, with the assistance of Miss M. Emma Roberts and Miss Florence Wales, supervisor and assistant supervisor of drawing in the public schools. Mrs. Bookwalter is a thoroughly trained craftsman who has applied her artistic gifts in interior decorating in Kansas City for several years. Her business experience is just what is needed to guide both the guild and the school to success in a field where development is greatly needed and desired.



HEATING AND VENTILATING TESTS Tests of the Kelsey Warm Air Generator manufactured by the Kelsey Heating Company, Syracuse, N. Y., were conducted on March 17th and 18th, with air supplied by means of a fan.

The scarcity of data on the performance of warm air heaters with a forced blast of air and the wide range of adaptability of fan furnace units, make information of this character particularly welcome. The tests were made (by Mr. R. H. Bradley of the Company, and their Engineer, Mr. G. E. Otis) under the advice of Professor William Kent, Dean of the L. C. Smith School of Applied Science of Syracuse University.



The test apparatus shown in the accompanying drawing indicates the location of the various parts. The air is led to the fan in a vertical cold air shaft, which has an approximate area of 12 square feet, and through a horizontal cold air intake at its bottom. At the junction of the vertical and horizontal air passages the fan is placed. This is a 48-inch disk type fan, driven by means of the extended shaft indicated from a 5 horsepower electric motor.

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The Heater is a No. 30 Kelsey generator with 211 square feet of heating surface and a grate area of 4.91 square feet. The velocity of the air was read in each of the 24 rectangular spaces in the main air supply shaft once an hour, and the whole was carefully averaged to determine the true velocity, as already mentioned. The thermometer was placed centrally in the air intake to record the temperature of the incoming air.

The test was taken by what is called the standard method—that is, having a given thickness of fire in the fire pot at the beginning of the test and the same amount of coal in a similar condition at the end of the test, all coal supplied in the meantime being carefully weighed. The temperature was recorded every 15 minutes. Observations were made for eight hours on two separate days, and the average results showed the percentage of heat units transmitted from the coal to the air into three separate tests to be 85.7, 86.2, 88.9.

There is no question that the remarkable efficiencies secured with the generator tested are attributable in a large measure to the fact that so much air is passed over the heating surfaces in a given time, the result being that the heat conducting capacity of the air in transit over the surfaces more nearly approaches the heat transmitting capacity of those surfaces.

This test undoubtedly marks an epoch in the science of warm air heating, as it furnishes a reliable basis upon which to estimate the capacity of apparatus of this class, where the amount of radiating surface in direct contact with the products of combustion, together with the free area through which the heated air must pass, has been ascertained.



THE MONARCH As the industrial center of the Empire State, Syracuse has
VISIBLE achieved an almost world-wide reputation by the character and
TYPEWRITER prominence of its manufacturing industries, among which are
some of the finest and best-equipped manufacturing plants in
the world. One of the latest of these great home industries has been created by The
Monarch Typewriter Company, and a visit to its factory is a revelation in scientific
methods as well as modern economics, and confirms the impression that typewriter manu-
facture is a step in advance of past knowledge of mechanics and only a step behind art,
even in the conventional sense of the term. The raw materials, the best of their kind
to be found in the world, have barely been booked by the receiving clerk before skilled
workmen and automatic machinery at this factory have made Monarch screws from
the Bessemer wire, and parts from steel, while the milling machines and multiple drill
presses are drilling and shaping other parts of Monarch typewriters. Then comes the
finishing of all the parts, and inspection—standing like the officer of the day—all along
the way, demanding perfection in every detail and stage of the Monarch construction,
and finally, the assembling and adjusting and final inspection—the finished product.
Progress never halts, and no great industry stands still; “Better Work” must be the
aim, and so in the Monarch establishment, the science of typewriter making is studied

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and the evolution of typewriter mechanism is brought to a higher standard by the unceasing labors of skilled and ingenious experts.

The Monarch Visible Typewriter is constructed along intelligent, conservative and therefore, safe lines, by trained typewriter men who have been acquainted with machines and methods since the typewriter first became a definite factor in business. They are men who have been thinking typewriters all these years and selling them as fast as the thought could be embodied in mechanism. As its title implies, the written line of the Monarch Visible Typewriter is always in full sight and accessible, while its action is prompt and accurate and its wearing qualities are as enduring as good workmanship and good material can make them. In a writing machine it is the typebar that does it! How it hits, what it hits and where it hits it, tells the whole story of typewriter worth. The Monarch typebar does it in the right way! That is because it is hung on a patented, wide, pivotal, frictionless bearing, a feature which accounts for the great reputation of some of the successful machines of the past, making them easy of touch and durable. In these days when man's power is transmuted into mechanism; when things of steel work out the thoughts of men and we no longer write as did our forebears, it was a happy thought to give this modern instrument the title symbolizing leadership, authority and power, The "Monarch."



SANITAS AND LEATHEROLE IN A CONSISTENT HOUSE SCHEME The series of small room sketches illustrated in the Home Department of last month's CRAFTSMAN, were described as executed in wall paper, for the reason that paper is the most universally accepted material now in common use for the covering of walls.

These same arrangements of wall surfaces are, however, susceptible of development in any of the other materials which are coming to supersede papers. For example, Sanitas and Leatherole, the two hygienic waterproof wall coverings of which frequent mention has been made from time to time in these columns, are peculiarly adapted to such schemes as those of our last issue.

In Living Room No. 1, the walls might be covered with Leatherole in a rich relief pattern. One of the particular advantages of this material is that it is obtainable in any color, so that the home maker is not restricted in his choice to the limited range of wall paper tints. With the side walls of Leatherole, a ceiling of a Sanitas of the same or a contrasting shade is used.

For Living Room No. 2, both walls and ceiling might be covered with Sanitas; a good Sanitas burlap on the walls, with its accompanying plain shade of Sanitas for the ceiling. The frieze might then be one of the beautiful imported landscape designs which can be given a coat of white shellac to make it as waterproof as the walls.

In Bedroom No. 1, either Leatherole or Sanitas may be used for the lower walls in some appropriate small pattern and a Sanitas tint for the ceiling. The proportions of the Sanitas rolls make them an especially desirable ceiling covering, since the four feet

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of width does away with too frequent seams and so presents an extremely neat surface.

The lower walls of Bedroom No. 2 could be of Sanitas panelled with wood mouldings, combined with one of the charming small figured patterns on the upper walls used as a frieze.

In Bedroom No. 3, an ivory tinted Leatherole in a small stripe is a possible treatment, rich, effective, and above all, sanitary. The panels would then be filled in with plain Leatherole, and the ceiling would be of cream Sanitas.

The panelled lower walls shown in the illustration for Dining Room No. 1, would preferably be of Sanitas, a material admirably adapted to the stencilled decoration shown in the sketch. The canopied upper walls and the ceiling would be of Sanitas also in plain tint.

A Leatherole of small design and appropriate color suggests itself for the walls above the wainscot in Dining Room No. 2, with a Sanitas ceiling.

Such a house treatment as outlined here, will of course convey at once to the cleanly and thrifty housekeeper the advantages of either or both materials in other and equally necessary rooms, such as the nursery, bathroom and kitchen. In the advertising pages of the current issue, we show a small kitchen in which a neat little tile design in Sanitas has been used in combination with a white glaze on the upper walls and ceiling.



A SCHOOL FOR BOYS A boy's life and surroundings at school form the text of a pamphlet written about Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

Parents and others who are interested in the equipment and methods of a thoroughly modern preparatory school will find the pamphlet useful and suggestive. It has been prepared with and illustrated with numerous photographic reproductions, and describes by word and picture many details of school life as well as the natural beauty, advantages and historic interest of the school surroundings. It will be sent free upon request.



PICTURESQUE WATERTOWN PARK Mr. John Sterling of Watertown, N. Y., has published a beautiful little booklet of views of The Park Picturesque, upon which we have commented in this number of **THE**

CRAFTSMAN. The photographs both for this booklet and also for the pages of **THE CRAFTSMAN** were made by Mr. F. E. Slater, of Watertown, to whom, as well as to Mr. Sterling, our thanks are due for their courteous aid. Mr. Sterling's "Park Picturesque" will be sent post paid to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps.



MORE ENGLISH FRIEZES The two illustrations shown on the last page opposite the cover in this issue present two charmingly contrasted designs of English friezes which lack only the color schemes, shown in the originals, to tell their own story.

The Owls are done in purplish brown on a background of olive green, and are very effective for libraries. The Landscape, known as the Poplar Tree, comes

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in soft tones of greens, browns and purples, and both are by the well-known English house of Sanderson & Sons, London. W. H. S. Lloyd Company, 26 East 22d Street, New York, are Importers and Sole Agents for these friezes.



DECORATIVE STENCIL DESIGNS The manufacturers of "Fab-ri-ko-na" Wall Coverings, H. B. Wiggin's Sons Company, of Bloomfield, New Jersey, issue an interesting and artistic portfolio containing six interior designs and color schemes, by Mr. D. Robertson Smith. A full description of decorative materials, color schemes and stencil ornamentation of the rooms is also given. It will be very helpful and instructive. The portfolio will be sent post paid on the receipt of twenty-five cents.



MENNEN'S TOILET POWDER A genuine article well advertised becomes in time a household word like Mennen's Toilet Powder, which is its own guarantee of uniform and standard quality. Highly-scented toilet powders are so frequent as to be a continual source of danger. Such inferior products will often do a permanent injury to a delicate skin. It is far wiser never to take chances with an unknown article. Be sure, rather, to insist upon a trade-marked product of recognized merit. With toilet powder, as with most other lines of goods, it is safer to trust an old-established house with years of experience and a reputation for making only the best. Mennen's Toilet Powder is a trade-marked article, which has for years been recognized by physicians as the best preparation made. The absolute purity of its ingredients and the exercise of the greatest care and skill in its manufacture have given the product of the Mennen Co. a quality of uniform excellence.



THE CRAFTSMAN'S STORY The new illustrated booklet with its simple title "The Craftsman's Story" has been issued from the press after some unavoidable delays, and is now ready for free distribution upon application. Every department and phase of The Craftsman movement is briefly but intelligently defined in this little booklet of forty pages, and thirty or more handsome illustrations add interest and beauty, as well as practical suggestions, in house and cottage buildings, furniture and furnishings for the home. Its pages will tell the thoughtful reader how **THE CRAFTSMAN** can help you to build and furnish your home in a simple and practical way, that will be satisfying and yet not expensive. Sent free to your address. We would be glad to tell you how we came to make The Craftsman Furniture—how we get the beautiful finish that makes the wood itself so interesting, and how you can get the same effects in the woodwork and floors of your house; why our Leathers and Fabrics have the beautiful textures and colors that are so much admired. We would also like you to know more about our Hand-wrought Metal Work, which adds to much of human interest to the general scheme. Our Needlework, Homecraft and many other helpful suggestions will interest you. Send your address to Gustav Stickley, **THE CRAFTSMAN**, Syracuse, N. Y.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

THE July issue of the Home Department will find its readers flown from the dust and the heat of the city streets to seek rest and refreshment among the fields, by the seaside, or in the cool of the mountain heights.

Hardly had the first hints of green appeared to announce the coming of Spring than there began to pour in to our mailing department the innumerable "changes of address" that were in themselves suggestive of the good times ahead. "Have our copies sent us at Casco Bay," writes one; "Forward my copy to our lodge in Keene Valley," directs another; "We shall want to take THE CRAFTSMAN with us," says a third; and so the long list runs.

In this connection, there comes to mind again that sentence of Maeterlinck's from "The Buried Temple," "It is the way in which hours of freedom are spent that determines, as much as war or as labor, the moral worth of a nation." Here is a thought that we shall do well to keep with us, for we forget sometimes that the vacation days should yield more than a flight of idle pastimes. The leisure hours may be turned to good account if only some small portion be spent in the company of good books, or in consideration of those interests that have every claim upon our time and thought, yet which too frequently are crowded out in the "daily round and common task," that fills the life of the winter months full to overflowing.

Our own readers will find pleasure in the opportunity thus offered to review the articles of timely interest that have been treated of in recent issues of THE CRAFTSMAN. In this epoch making era one can ill afford to lose sight of the activities that challenge our attention in a score of fields.

The prospective home builder will make good the time to ponder over the plans and suggestions published monthly for his own

especial benefit, or to write us perhaps if he be in need of further counsel.

Our Home Department will furnish a wealth of ideas that will be helpful indeed when the winter house must be set to rights once more. There will be rooms, perhaps, to repaper, new draperies to get, a dozen or more changes to make in the furnishing and arrangements. Study the article on wall papers in the June issue—the practical talks on color in the house, and with the latter the carefully planned color schemes given in connection with the House series. So considered, the problems will prove a fascinating study and the result a most gratifying compensation for every moment thus spent.

Thus in very fact shall THE CRAFTSMAN prove itself a welcome guest, each copy carrying with it the greetings and good wishes of the Editor and his fellow workers.

CASEMENT WINDOWS

Science of modern days has rendered us no greater service than in opening our eyes to the health giving properties of the sunlight and the air. Not alone in the physical world but in the moral as well has their worth been tested, and we find that where windows have been thrown open to admit the daylight and the sun, that crime and degradation have vanished with the darkness.

What is true in these extremest cases is no less true though the need be less apparent. If our homes are to be wholesome and cheerful, an inspiration to all that is best within us, we must provide a ready access for these best of nature's gifts, ours but for the asking and in fullest abundance.

There are two standpoints from which we may approach the question of lighting and ventilation, the one having to deal with purely artistic considerations and the

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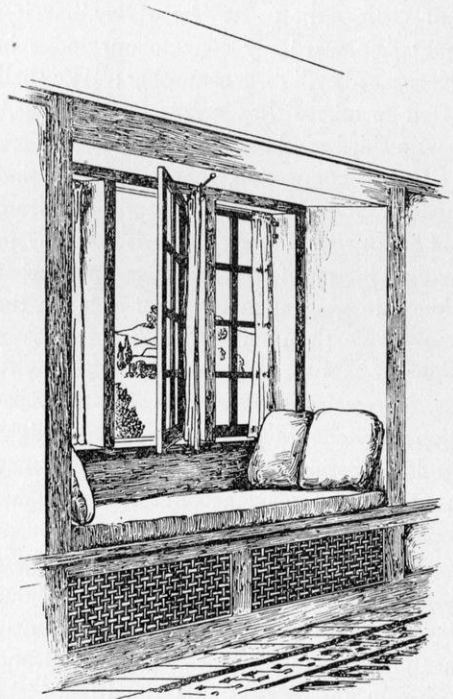
other with the more practical requirements. To hit upon some middle ground has been a problem not altogether easy of solution, but one which we believe has been best met in the Casement Window, a modern adaptation of the French casement whose charms have been the delight of poets and the subject of many a song and sonnet.

Were we to seek to discover the source of this peculiar charm we should lay it first of all to the fact of a singular delight in the ease and grace with which they respond to one's slightest touch. They are as it were the natural mechanical expression of the need, the best because the simplest. There is no sense of a barrier such as is created at once by the window that must be raised or shut down. In such case we feel that the action is complete and finished, to change it would require an effort, while the casement swung by every passing breeze has the subtle interest of a thing responsive and in motion. At a touch the trees, the skies and the out-of-doors become part of the actual room. The walls seem no longer to oppress or to confine, we get a sense of distance and perspective that is restful to eye and mind alike.

It has been objected that because of the difficulty in making these windows tight enough to effectually exclude wind and the rain that the casement was hardly a practical window in modern house building. This would be a very serious argument against their use, especially in our northern climate, were not the difficulty very readily solved by an arrangement of weather strips.

Just here we may add that the modern casement should always open *in* instead of out. This, while contrary to tradition, is by far the best arrangement when practical considerations must be taken into account. For instance, it is possible in a window so arranged to provide for the

use of screens, these to be held in place by a stop, set back sufficiently far from the edge of the window sill as to act as a brace—a simple contrivance and one which can be arranged for when the window is first planned. Windows opening in may be likewise very easily washed, no small item to the careful housekeeper, and if it seems desirable to have the curtain rod secured to the casing, as shown in illustration No. 4, there will be less danger to the draperies in case of a sudden shower or gust of wind.

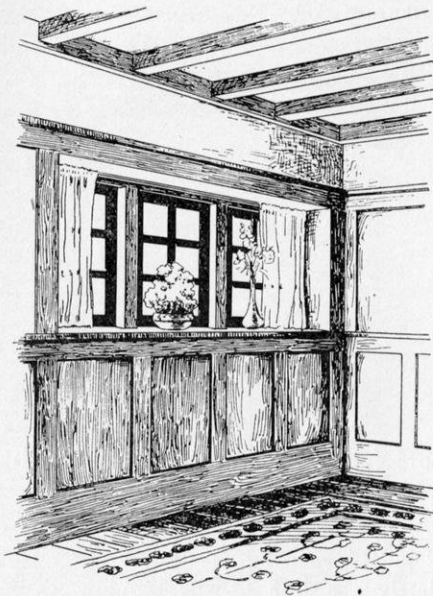


CASEMENT NO. 1

Like everything else, the final effect of a window depends very largely on its proper setting, and here the casement will prove itself adaptable to any number of varying treatments. Instead of a wall space, broken abruptly by a number of window lights, we have the window lending a distinctive interest to some actual architectural feature of the room. Our first illustration shows the casement as

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used in a living room or hall, in connection with a low, broad window seat, the two together offering an inviting nook for rest or reading. Underneath the seat the space has been well utilized as a location for the radiators—these screened from view by a copper or wrought iron grating.



CASEMENT NO. 2

Sometimes it may happen that it seems best to have the lights in the room more evenly distributed, and not centered in one volume as in the case just described. For this purpose, two or three single casements as shown in the fourth illustration will be the natural recourse. Here the question of careful proportions will play an important part and some simple paneling to give the window accent and a certain structural value can be used to good advantage.

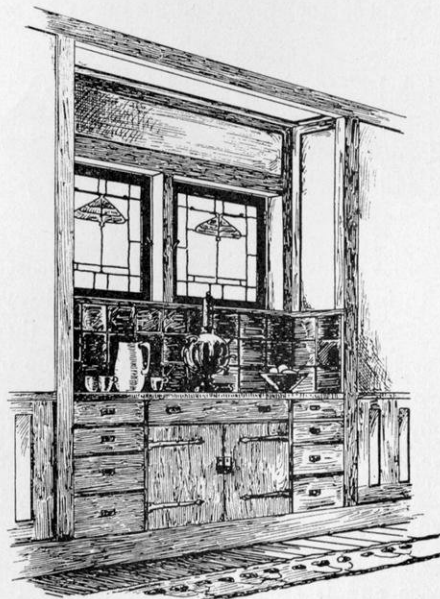
Nothing lends such an air of friendliness and informality to a room as the low, broad effect produced by the predominance of horizontal lines in the division of the wall surfaces.

Cut No. 2 shows how easily the casement lends itself to such proportions, the window occupying one of the broad panels between the wainscot and the frieze line.

Its deep sill offers an ideal place for potted plants or a bowl of bright blossoms.

Where the outlook from a window is pleasing, the casement will be the most charming frame imaginable for a bit of landscape, a vista of roads, or of a mass of rich foliage, and this is well worth some little study in the placing and planning of the windows. If one, however, be not so fortunate and has but his neighbor's wall or a vacant lot to look out upon, the window itself should be the point of interest, and this is very cleverly accomplished by a few interesting lead lines instead of the broad panes ordinarily used. Figure 3 shows such a window in a dining room, so placed as hardly to tempt one to look out, yet fulfilling every requirement of light and ventilation and giving an unquestioned individuality and distinction to the built-in side-board. With such a window no curtains of any kind will be needed.

This brings us to the final question of proper draperies for the casement. These should be of some soft silk or linen, interesting in texture and of a weave that will fall naturally in deep graceful folds. If



CASEMENT NO. 3

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the room is rather gloomy, the light striking through a clear gold or soft yellow will give quite the effect of sunlight. If on the other hand the room has a southern exposure and it is necessary to soften the light, one of the cool greens, blues, or the more subdued tones will be the best choice. When swiss or muslin curtains are used a cream tone should be selected in preference to the dead white, which gives a certain harshness to the light that is objectionable and trying to the eyes. It is hardly necessary to add that window draperies should always be selected with reference to the prevailing color scheme of the room. If the wall covering is conspicuously figured, a plain drapery will offer the best contrast, and conversely when the effect of a wall surface is plain, a drapery with a well chosen figured pattern will lend the needed interest.

Where draperies must of necessity be exposed to the dust and smoke of the average city, linen or such a fabric as can readily be laundered will prove the most acceptable. Where the scheme of a room calls for something richer in effect, a fabric that sheds the dust should always be selected.

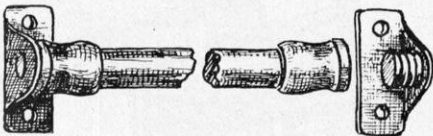


DIAGRAM A

Since shades should be entirely dispensed with in treating the casement, it is always well to have draperies so hung that they may be readily drawn, and for a group of two or three windows, the arrangement shown in our second illustration seems in every way to fulfill the requirement. This consists in having the curtains suspended from rings on a brass rod that reaches the entire length of the window space and is secured at each end to the window frame, the rod being supported in

the center by a small hook to prevent sagging. Draperies so hung should be wide enough when drawn to reach from the window frame to the center of the rod on each side, so as to entirely shut off the view from the outside, or to be pushed back completely when desired. (Diagram A.)

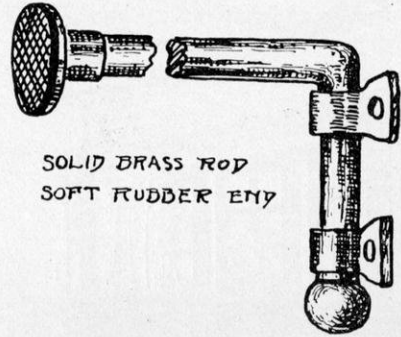


DIAGRAM B

The rod used in cut Number 1 and more fully explained in diagram B is a unique little contrivance allowing the window to open very flat and the curtains to be pulled back far enough to cover completely the line of the window casing, which would be impossible, of course, were the sockets fastened to the casing as shown in illustration Number 4. Another advantage of this rod is that one end may be swung free so that the window can be more readily cleaned. The means by which this is accomplished is fully shown in the above mentioned diagram. The rod bent at a right angle is held at one end by metal bands to the window frame, the other end being fitted into a rubber wheel, which, resting against the wood, holds the rod in place.

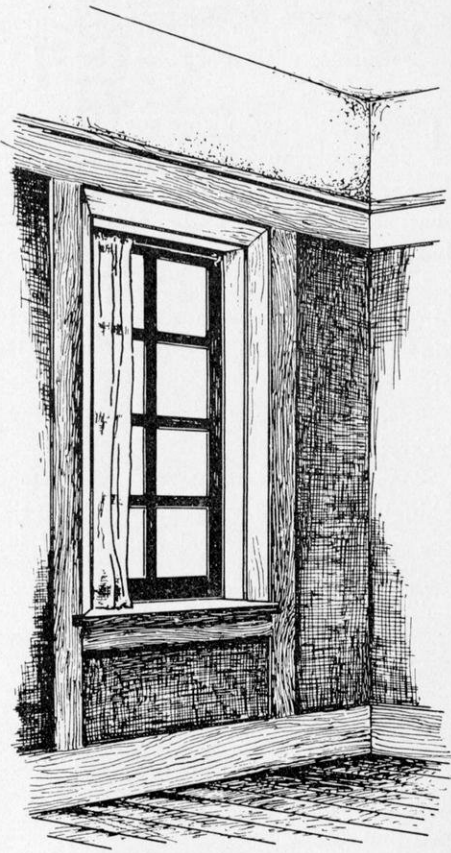
By the first two arrangements shown, the window swings quite independently of the curtains, while by that shown in Figure 4 it will be seen that the rod is fastened to the actual casing instead of to the window frame, a very usual method but one which has the objection hinted above, that the placing of the little

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brackets supporting the rod prevents the curtain from slipping back far enough to entirely cover the woodwork of the window frame.

One's taste and judgment may, of course, be freely consulted in all minor details concerning the treatment and arrangement of the windows. There is every opportunity for the little personal touches which lend the charm of indi-

tense, a desire to appear something better than we really are. In contrast, let us picture to ourselves an open casement, the simplest of muslin curtains at the window and a bright blossom or two to cheer the passer-by. These are some of the little things but by which we may judge much.



CASEMENT NO. 4

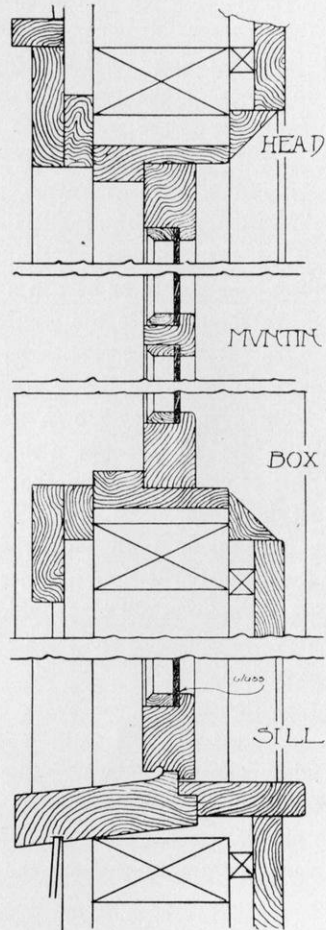


DIAGRAM C

viduality that counts so much in household furnishings. Windows, it must be remembered, express to the outside world something of the life within the house. Who doubts it, let him peep behind some of the tawdry lace draperies that line the windows of our smaller streets. These forever indicate a false pride, a cheap pre-

REPLIES AND DISCUSSION

IT was a pleasure to us, some short time ago, to receive a letter from one of our subscribers written on board the steamer "Teutonic," asking that plans for No. 1 of the Cottage series, appearing in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for March, 1905, be forwarded to him at once, as he was due

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in New York shortly and desired to take the plans back with him to England, on the steamer's return trip. These were forwarded with all promptness possible, and in response to a further request for suggestions as to color scheme, furnishing, etc., we posted the following reply:

"The living room we should carry out in a soft gray-green felt paper, introducing one of the charming English landscape friezes in tones of the greens, tans and some suggestions of the terra cotta of the chimney piece. The window seat should be upholstered in a green canvas, a tone deeper than the wall, with cushions repeating some of the coloring of the frieze. The ceiling tone would be best in a cream tint and we should have the portieres in an old terra cotta. We should have the wood work in both the living room and dining room a soft gray-brown and, for the walls in the dining room, a somewhat lighter tint of the green than that in the room just described.

"The curtains in both the living and dining rooms to be of figured linen with the poppy *motif* in an old pink, which will again carry out a hint of the terra cotta in the chimney piece.

"In the kitchen, the woodwork will be best in soft tan with the walls painted a cream white (enamel paint). The wood work may be a white enamel slightly tinted so as to give a rather creamy effect instead of the glaring white, throughout the rooms upstairs.

"In the largest bedroom, 10 x 15, we should have a paper of soft robin's egg blue, which is gray enough to do away with the extreme coldness and broken by a small pattern a shade lighter than the background, if possible. The ceiling may be of white in canopy effect, and the curtains of white swiss.

"In the next smaller room, 10 x 10, we should have the paper with the cream background, showing a pattern of soft yel-

low and gray greens, a white or cream ceiling, and point d'esprit curtains. In the smaller bedroom, 8.6 x 11.6, a flowered pattern would be effective, and this will be best with the white ground showing the design in old rose and greens. The ceiling here should be white.

"For floor coverings in the bedrooms we should use the woven rag rugs in colorings to match the wall tint.

"For the living and dining rooms on the first floor, the India drugget rugs will fit in beautifully with your color scheme."

THE next letter is from one of our good friends who was courteous enough to forward us the plans of her house, asking that she might have the benefit of our judgment and experience.

"Under separate cover I send you plan of our house, and will avail myself of your kind offer to give suggestions. I send list of questions on the coloring, etc.

"Setting: House stands in a grove, hickories and maples.

"Will have cement on first story, Shingles on second. What would you tint the cement and what color stain roof and gables?

"Porch ceiling needs to be light to lighten up south end of room, as porch softens the light quite a little.

"What color of brick would harmonize best for fireplace? Wood trim to be of fumed oak. How tint side wall, frieze and ceiling? Would you tint same in hall and dining room?

"Dining room has three foot wainscot with burlap panels. How treat side walls, frieze and ceiling?

"The stairway is a partly open one. I wish to have the upper hall in a light cheerful tone, as it has north light, though it is well lighted by two large windows. How can I leave off one color and begin another in stairway?

"I neglected to say the house faces south.

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"Please suggest color of rugs and curtains for living room and dining room."

To which we replied: "In the matter of the exterior, we think the roof will be most effective in the setting described if stained a deep terra cotta, say No. 324; the shingles of the main body of the house will be best in an old yellow, No. 245; and we should have the trim in No. 303 green; the numbers referring to Cabot's Shingle Stains. We have written these gentlemen asking them to forward you a set of samples, which will no doubt be of service to you.

"To give a touch of brightness and cheer to the general effect, the cement should be tinted a rich cream color. This tone may also be used to advantage for the porch ceilings.

"For the chimney piece we should use the ordinary terra cotta brick, selecting those with some of the old blue tones if possible.

"For the walls of your living room we very much prefer burlaps or wall canvas to the plastered tint, which you suggest. Our reason for this is that with the dark wood work there will be an effect of bareness that will not be nearly so agreeable as the richer appearance lent by the burlaps. For the color we should select a soft gray-green, rather light than dark, carrying it up as far as the tops of the windows.

"As a finish it would much improve the general effect to put this in a sort of panel effect by having strips of the wood work, uniform in width with your window casings, brought down from the frieze line to the base board; one in the middle of the space each side of the group of windows and on the opposite side of the room to correspond. This identical treatment you will find shown in one of the cuts of our Home Department for June. The frieze may then be left of the plaster and we should tint it an old ivory.

"If it is desired to tint the walls, the

same color scheme could be carried out, of course, in the latter case we should have a stenciled frieze, similar to those shown in a number of our houses appearing in current issues of *THE CRAFTSMAN*.

"For curtain material in this room we would suggest figured linen with a cream color background and poppy *motif* in old pink, repeating the tone of your fireplace.

"The rug should be of a gray-green somewhat darker than the wall, introducing in the border some old ivory and terra cotta.

"The electric fittings should be of copper.

"The dining room and hall will be very effective carried out alike as far as color is concerned. We should have a deep old gold canvas in the panels with a softer tint of the same color on the remaining plastered surface, tinting the frieze above a still paler shade. The ceilings throughout we should leave in the rough plaster untinted.

"In the dining room, with the color scheme as suggested, one of the India drugget rugs would be very handsome. This old gold color will be delightful in the hall, giving just the light and cheer desired. We should not think of changing the color on the first and second floors but have the hallway uniform throughout.

"The figured linen for window draperies will be delightfully appropriate in the dining room, as well as the living room, having them thus uniform will give a sort of common bond between the two.

"We are taking the liberty of holding your plans until we hear from you as to whether any further suggestions are desired.

"When you have decided on the coloring for the walls, etc., we shall be anxious to take up with you the matter of portieres, upholstering and window seats, pillows, etc. Do not hesitate in the least to call upon us at any time, as we are always

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anxious and glad to render every service possible to our patrons."

WE publish the following, thinking that others of our readers may be benefited by the discussion of the point in question.

"I see in your Craftsman Houses that you employ no shades to the windows and the curtains come only to the sill and are recessed.

"Now, please advise me; I am going into a home with just ordinary windows, not deep, the glass, however, is just a single glass to a sash. There are four quite broad windows in the house and many narrow ones. Here everybody used cream colored shades or have them match the color of the house. The house is not large, only about eight rooms. Should all curtains be alike? I eagerly await your advice, and hope *THE CRAFTSMAN* is not too busy to answer at once."

Our answer was as follows:

"In answer to your observation that no shades are used in our Craftsman Houses, we may reply that these are not necessarily part of the equipment of a house, but are very properly used when it is desired to shut out the light, or in order to prevent the interior of the house from being too plainly visible when the lights are on in the evening.

"Wherever it seems desirable to use shades, we should select them so as to be as harmonious as possible in relation to the interior scheme. Any inconspicuous brown or green is least objectionable from the inside and in exterior effect as well.

"As to the choice of window curtains, it is not in the least necessary that these, as seen from the street, be uniform in design or color. We should select them with reference to the rooms in which they are to be used, but, of course, be careful to have the colors chosen such as will be harmonious with the exterior effect also.

Sometimes when a net or soft silk is used, it is quite possible to have these uniform throughout the front rooms for example, but this is not in any way a requirement."

OUR last letter comes all the way from California and runs as follows:

"Enclosed please find twenty cents in stamps for which kindly send me the catalogue of furniture and of needlework.

"I wish to refurnish and cover the walls of my living room, in a country house. Can you give me some suggestions? The walls have been left in the rough grey plaster, woodwork yellow pine, oiled and varnished; floor stained brown and oiled. The room is 24 x 14 x 12—7-foot brick chimney with mantel shelf between; two windows on the south, wide window opening on west porch; double opening into hall, and narrow long window at east end. I have a square rosewood piano, solid cherry bookcase, mahogany writing desk and plenty of oak rocking chairs.

"What can I do with my woodwork and furniture to make them harmonize? What would you suggest for the walls and hangings for opening into the hall, etc."

Answering we wrote:

"In regard to your living room, we are glad to enclose herewith a sample of soft tan wall canvas which we think you will find excellent for the purpose.

"Should you desire it, the walls might be simply tinted, and in this case the enclosed sample might act as a guide for the color. This color, last mentioned, seems to us an ideal selection since it will repeat the coloring of your woodwork and has just enough of a suggestion of red in it to harmonize perfectly with the rosewood, cherry and mahogany pieces. There is really nothing you can do to make your wood work and furniture harmonize except the plan which we have suggested, which consists in making the wood work

