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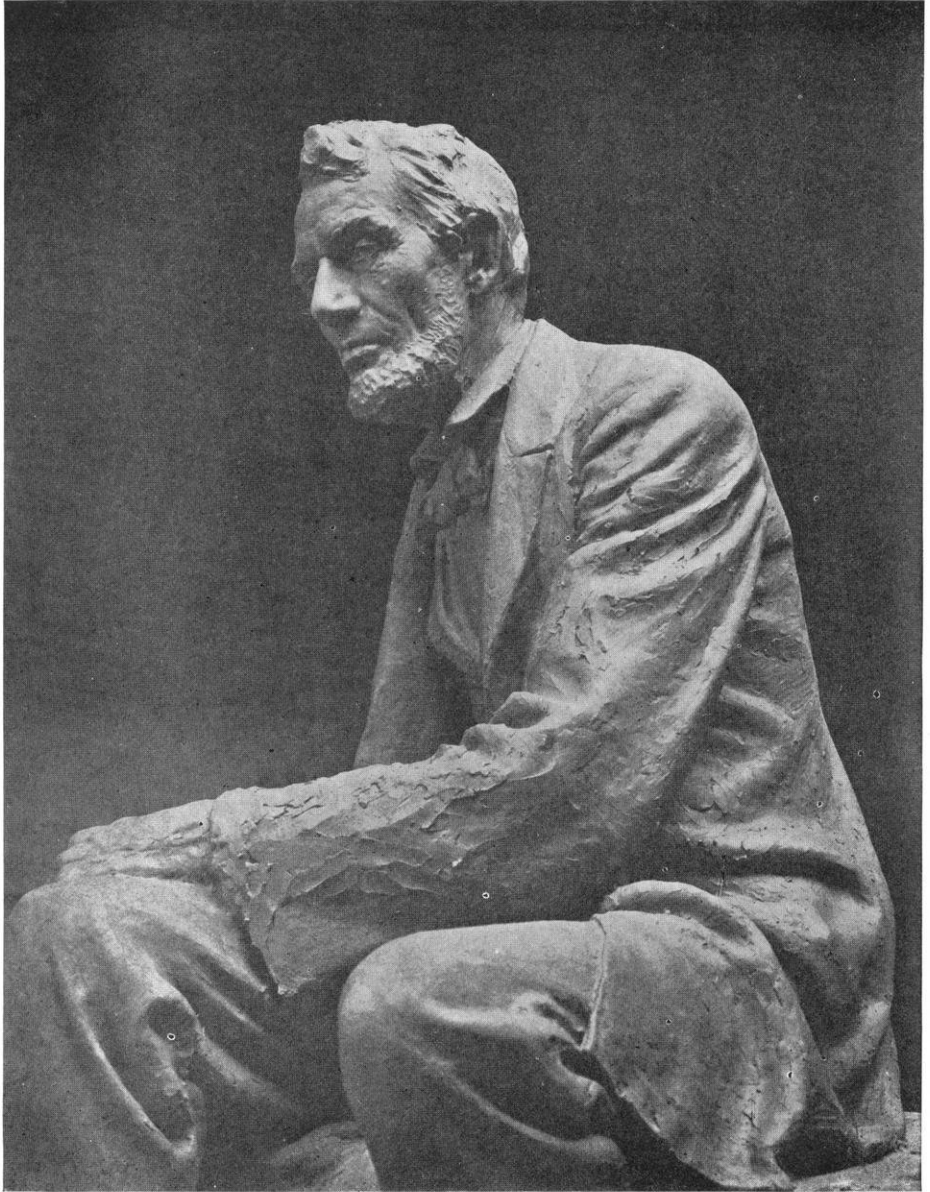
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The Van Horn-Lincoln Memorial at the Court House, Newark, New Jersey.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: GUTZON BORGLUM, SCULPTOR.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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THE CRAFTSMAN



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VOLUME XIX MARCH, 1911 NUMBER 6

A CONFESSION OF FAITH: BY WILLIAM L. PRICE



IF THE vital needs of mankind were not artistic as well as utilitarian we would have buildings but no architecture. If beauty did not make its demand close upon the heels of hunger and cold, then architecture would exist as mechanics exist, meeting objective desires and ignoring the compelling call of spirit. And in so far as we ignore any of these demands we fall short of the fulness of architectural possibility, fail of beauty and blaspheme the name of Art. And when the call of new conditions, new purposes and new materials is answered by the songs of the past, however lovely, then art becomes a misnomer for our efforts, no matter how learned, no matter how glorious our patterns.

And what we have to say in architecture must be said in such a way as to be comprehensible by instinctive feeling rather than by education. Art is the expression of purpose and feeling in a way that is understandable by other men. Beauty is neither its purpose nor its source, but is a by-product of its sincerities, when men truly express themselves and their ideals in their work. A sufficiently strong bridge that is ugly may carry our feet across the greatest chasm, but it carries our souls nowhere, for a bridge on paper may be all mathematics, but built in the open it should be a part of the eternal hills it links. Neither can you down these twin calls of purpose and poise by the cry of "sentiment." The dominant cry of the animal is for a full stomach. Man's higher desires are for something more, and a bridge or a building that satisfies only our animal desires will in the end go to the scrap heap.

We moderns have problems to meet with modern materials, as have the moderns of all ages, and in matters of construction and utility we are meeting them. It would never suggest itself to us to put Italian or French Renaissance plumbing in our buildings, even if the Board of Health would allow it. The heating and lighting systems of the past appeal to us only so far as they meet our present requirements. Without denying ourselves the pleasure of the candle and the fireplace, we have gone on, but æsthetically our hope seems to be to equal or approach the excellency of the designers of the

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past. Here where we should be freest, here where we are least bound by the objective wants, we lag. We neither allow our imagination play nor examine the mere facts as they relate to design. We are not even educated in matters of design. We study the design for the top floor of a high office building on paper with the eyes of our mind as near to it as they are to the first story, although when built one will be seen from across the street and the other from across the city, and the detail that might be interesting and instructive close to, can be only absurd wriggles at a distance. The color that is vivid in the sample on your desk becomes a gray haze against the distant sky. And so your educated esthete with his nice sense of color, of proportion, and his knowledge of detail, isn't even educated. All the silly façades with their ready-made detail which we cast up into the sky are utterly banal and bound to be so, no matter with how much taste and skill they may be detailed. Form ornament is after all sculpture, and sculpture is the glorification of the necessary stones of building, and can only be done by a sculptor on the work, with the mass of the building before him, and all outdoors behind him. Design is not a matter of reason but of feeling; no matter how perfectly the artist or the sculptor may see his masterpiece in his mind's eye, its ultimate beauty flows out of the brush or the chisel, looks out from the scarce-covered canvas, beckons from the heart of the pregnant stone. The real piece of sculpture cannot be modeled in clay. The idea of the picture exists in the sketch; its real message is still hidden in the man and his paint tubes. To bring it into the objective he must literally work it out. And so it is with architecture. Paper diagrams are only sketches, no matter how carefully drawn or how minutely figured.

And the poet, the painter, the sculptor are individual prophets. The architect is the social prophet. These first tell the story of the crowd in their individual cry. The architect must tell his story in full chorus. His drawings are no more architecture than the score of the symphony is music. He must lead his orchestra from the most perfect score possible; but the trowel, the hammer, the saw, the mallet and chisel—these must in the end beat forth the royal diapason of his perfect dream.

When first I went to Europe I was dazzled by the achievements of dead men. My architectural sense was quickened and stimulated to emulation. I wandered through the mighty naves of her cathedrals, miracles of man's mastery over matter when strung to a high pitch by ideals.

I very nearly succumbed to the spirit of the Renaissance even though I scoffed at much of its expression. I, too, would take up

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the unfinished work of the builder of the past. I, too, touched by the majesty of palace and castle, would add my small quota to the perfecting of a Renaissance, even though the so-called period of the Renaissance had seemed to me rather a grave-robbing resurrection, than a new birth of Art. I, too, would seize the Elizabethan and make it my own and sing again in stone the unfinished glory of the Gothic.

But somehow the touch of sincerity has gone out of methods of construction and use of ornament not germane to the work in hand. Somehow Democracy thrusts its hand between me and the ideals of Church and Palace. Somehow my hand and brain will wander into strange paths not trodden by Goth or plagiarist of the Renaissance. Good or bad, the demands of the age, of the place, of the material at hand, are too insistent to be denied.

I WENT again to France, to Italy, to Germany. I looked on the world's treasures of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, of craftsmanship. I looked on the treasured glories of the past and found nothing but hope for and glory in the future. Why should we be fettered and tempted by the achievements of dead men? Why should we be awed by the work of men whose peers die around us by the score every day, and leave neither visible mark nor monument because there is no opportunity for them to express themselves?

These great ones of the past were the products of a system of life the world has repudiated. A system of overlords, religious and secular, a system still clinging like a leech in Europe, evidenced in their comic-opera armies and navies supporting a useless and degrading upper class, clinging to and grievously tearing at the vitals of our own Democracy in the organized overlordship of landlordism and special privilege. But there is nothing in these tattered remnants of a dying order to hold out the hope, if it be a hope, that ever again will the workers of the world consent to build cathedral or palace. I will go further. Never again will the world produce the same glory of majestic temple or noble forum. Never again will great masters express themselves on canvas or in marble to glorify a pomp and state in which they do not believe. Not because we cannot, not because of loss of power, but because, painful as it may be, we are putting away childish things. We are beginning to look upon life as being more than meat and the body than raiment. We will build no more temples to Minerva, for wisdom itself shall be ours, and nothing however glorious can fitly typify her sway. We will build no more mighty cathedrals to the glory of God, for we

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know well that God dwells not in temples made by hands, no matter how skilful, no matter how pious the hands and souls of those who build them.

The glory of things, as well as the tyranny of things, is departing. The sunset light on moldering wall, on storied marble, on dazzling dome is glorious, but never again will the sunrise light their fading mysteries into life.

The Renaissance was and still is a failure, for the reason that it is not and never was modern in spirit, and still more perhaps because it was the last desperate assertion of the mastery of matter over mind. It sought to impose upon the budding thoughts of minds struggling to freedom, the forms and thoughts of men who had said the say of their day and passed on.

What man would dare attempt a temple for the teachings of a Plato, a Socrates, a Buddha, a Jesus? For a bishop, Yes. For the Master, No. And why? Because the masters have passed the bounds of the material, and tread, and bid us tread, the higher path of the Spirit.

Art is the middle ground lying between the realms of matter and of spirit, glorifying matter in expressing the spirit, carrying its true devotee beyond the power of matter to express, building his spirit up until palette and chisel and trowel fall idly, in the realization of the impossibility of mere material expression.

All true artists outgrow in a measure the expression of art and live their real life in a land that lies beyond the physical, and music is the most perfect development of art, and the most perfect means of growth and expression, because it is the least material. It lies on the spirit shore of Artland.

Are architecture, and painting, literature and sculpture to pass, then? Not yet. We have had the glory of the expression of form and beauty worship in Greece. We have had the majesty of the expression of organized civil power in Rome. We have had the stupendous power of an organized, religious hierarchy and a soul-enslaving superstition, linked with true spiritual fervor, expressed in mighty cathedrals. We have had expressed the degrading servitude to place and predatory wealth in castle and palace. We have not yet had the transcendent glory of a free people expressing themselves and the triumph of Democracy in great public buildings built for the people, by the people. We have yet to have the expression of a free people in the elegance and adornment of the necessary implements and surroundings of rational life.

I am an architect because I believe there is still work to do,—because there is every reason why beauty and grace should be uni-

OF SWEET HERBS

versal in all the surroundings of life quite as much, if not more, in its hours of toil as in its hours of leisure. And because a large fraternity will demand a large and glorious housing, Democracy will produce a greater art than the world has known, but it will not vie with the old-time standards. Its soul will not be wrapped up in things but in feelings,—in great expressions of great emotions, and its external trappings will in the end be of comparative unimportance. We will paint, not that our names shall be great or our temples glorious, but that our souls shall be great. We will wrestle with our souls through the medium of art, not that men may praise or love our works, but that we may become fitting companions in the great brotherhood.

OF SWEET HERBS

HAVE you ever, in the sunny days of autumn, stepped into your garden and gathered sweet herbs?
Have you gathered thyme and marjoram in generous bunches, mint and parsley by the armful,
Green, fresh, aromatic and persuasive,
Each leaf full of necessary moisture sucked from the soil,
Each leaf a storehouse for wonderful essences, manufactured in sun and rain?
Have you dried these garnered branches slowly and carefully, that the flavor be kept for the long winter?
Have you tied up little bags of lavender flowers to rest with your linen?
Have you cut a spray of lemon verbena and wrapped it with your clothing?

If you have never done these things,
If you have never bruised these scented leaves between loving fingers,
Then you have missed one of the brightest days among the sunny days of autumn.

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

MARY CASSATT'S ACHIEVEMENT: ITS VALUE TO THE WORLD OF ART



LOVE, absolute, complete, that vital creative quality which builds towering cathedrals, bridges Nature's chasms with fairy iron structures, that pours, through song, up to the edge of the infinite, that cherishes and nourishes little children—to portray this in art, to cover canvas with so beautiful a message of the supreme emotion, is indeed splendid accomplishment for artist and humanity.

To depict love, in its tenderest expression—contented mother and happy child—to reveal it in a mother's eyes, in the kind curves of her gracious body, to express the unutterable peace of accomplished maternity, and its response in the absolute confidence, joy and abandon of the child nestled eagerly to the warm encompassing heart, to do this with clarity of vision and surety of stroke and richness of tone, this is the art of Mary Cassatt, American born, French trained, wholly impersonal in the breadth of work, strikingly individual, yet national in the source of her inspiration.

It is an American mother and child whom Mary Cassatt paints, though her technique is of Paris, the free, fearless, forceful French technique of a decade ago. It is never the dramatic mother or the picturesque child she seeks, but the universal bond between mother and child. You feel how tenderly, how profoundly these mothers love their babies, and how adoringly the babies turn and cling to the mothers. It is beautiful because romance is there. The feet of the little children are treading the first days of life in holy places.

How can one paint love? Joy, easily; fear, with a few black strokes—but love which seems an ineffable light revealing the joy of the spirit, how can it be painted in the smile of a mother and the tender response in the faces of the young?

Oddly enough Miss Cassatt seems to accomplish this mystery of art with the boldest, most audacious methods. Her color is vigorous, at a first glance flamboyant (not in tone, but in handling), there is no seeking aid from her tools. She does not bring to her subject a lyrical brush, wearing vague poetical tints; none of the usual symbols for youth or love are employed. Apparently, to her, maternal love is not a pale blue emotion, to be draped with clouds and expressed with anæmic physique.

Life is richer than that. To one who knows, motherhood cannot be circled by a halo or made nobler by the attenuation of a Mediæval saint. It is the incomparably greatest experience of womankind, the final joy, compounded of the keenest sorrow the world holds. It is this that Mary Cassatt's wonderful art portrays, with all the force,



Reproduced by Courtesy of Durand-Ruel.

"BREAKFAST IN BED":
MARY CASSATT, PAINTER.



Reproduced by Courtesy of Durand-Ruel.

"THE MOTHER'S CARESS":
MARY CASSATT, PAINTER.



Reproduced by Courtesy of Durand-Ruel.

"CHILDREN PLAYING WITH A
CAT": MARY CASSATT, PAINTER.



Reproduced by Courtesy of Durand-Ruel.

"THE FAMILY": MARY
CASSATT, PAINTER.

PAINTINGS OF MOTHERS AND CHILDREN

virility and freedom that her great gift, trained to rare skill places at her command. She has apprehended through her clear vision the spiritual height and human breadth of motherhood, the greatest miracle, often revealed to the least deserving.

If art is to portray life, and it is only of lasting value as it sincerely expresses the realities of life, then Mary Cassatt has established her preëminence beyond recall, for she reveals with intimate understanding the great romance of life.

ALTHOUGH her first experience in art influence lay in Italy, that land of pictured mothers and babes, Miss Cassatt's art is remote from the Mediæval Madonna of tradition. It is not the deification of motherhood, one feels on these canvases, rather, the great possibilities of human achievement.

After Italy, Miss Cassatt traveled through Spain and Holland, interested, curious, alert, responsive, adding to her store of knowledge and appreciation, but without finding the call to stay and work in close companionship—a call which reached her ultimately in Paris, where she met and worked with Monet, Renoir, Pissaro and Degas. Of this group of liberal thinkers and enlightened artists, it was Degas, with his splendid humanity and forceful personality, who most influenced Mary Cassatt's work, and who recognized in her a spirit open to the big forces, a personality absolutely sincere, possessing a gift at once original in inspiration and universal in scope.

Although Mary Cassatt has made France her home, has accepted Paris as her standard of execution, strangely enough she has retained a personality definitely and staunchly American. The French artists with whom she has worked, count her one of themselves in attainment, yet recognize the inevitable difference of her point of view. Mellerio writing of her achievement in *L'Art et les Artists* says, "She is wholly original, and belongs to her own race. Her art expresses her nation, young, full of new force; she is without prejudice, vital; although she is familiar with the culture of the old world, there is the freshness of a new nation in her art. Her inspiration is from her own epoch, her own race. She expresses the character of the American people, a people awakening to all that is best in art and eager to possess it in abundance."

Miss Cassatt has lived so long away from us and has worked so quietly, purposely avoiding the superficial popularity which comes from self-exploitation that outside the world of artists and lovers of art, her achievement in the progress of art history in America has not been fully understood.

Thus while appreciating the fine freedom to be gained from the

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methods of the true impressionist, she has remained consistently, if unconsciously, American. Her art belongs to us, and is a possession to treasure. In a recent exhibition of her work at the Durand-Ruel Galleries in New York a rare opportunity was afforded to study her painting of mothers and children. Some of the most interesting of the canvases displayed are reproduced in this article.

In "The Family," shown here, we have a picture of a mother with her babe; the little girl who is seated to the left holds a carnation in her hand with which she had caught the baby's wondering attention. Yet this little girl is not looking at the flower,—she is not thinking of it as a plaything; instead, she seems almost wistfully conscious of mother-love within her own little soul, oblivious to everything but an unconscious impression of that, fleeting as perhaps it may be. It is this very power to arrest such fleeting moments and make them live forever that adds to Miss Cassatt's extraordinary gifts.

There is a more conscious type of motherhood depicted in "The Mother's Caress," and a more conscious type of childhood. In this picture we see only a part of the mother's face—we feel *sure* it *is* the mother!—for the child's chubby hand hides its features from us. The mother here is more a type of a woman of the people, and the child, too, has the suggestion of a sweet plebeianism about him. One of Miss Cassatt's loveliest paintings is "The Breakfast in Bed," which is shown here and reveals one of her happiest choices of subject.

Perhaps no painting in the retrospective exhibition of Miss Cassatt's work received more attention than "Children Playing with a Cat." This canvas reveals completely Miss Cassatt's skill with light limpid quality.

The pictures shown here illustrate Miss Cassatt's freedom from the convention of detail in accessories. All the backgrounds are luminous with atmospheric suggestion, even definiteness, but detail never obtrudes. This has always been noticeable in her pastels, for it must not be forgotten that Miss Cassatt has achieved work of supreme excellence in this medium.

But with all her acknowledged incomparable technique, what ranks Mary Cassatt's work with the great masters of painting, with Monet, Degas, Whistler is her power to penetrate into the supreme truths of life and bring them to light through her art for the world to better understand.

THE HOUSETOP: A STORY: BY LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE



UMN FÂRIS sat on a stool in the basement doorway staring at nothing at all. She had been sitting there almost every day for a weary month, and she had grown to hate it intensely. At first she had been a little curious about her strange surroundings, the dirty street lined with old flathouses, and the brownstones that sheltered numerous alien hordes; their astounding height bewildered her, the babel of tongues from many nations astounded her, but this bewilderment had vanished as the scene grew more familiar, and now Umn Fâris sat in blank despair, trying not to see it at all.

For years before her coming, Fâris, her son, and his wife Miladeh had denied themselves many things that they might save the passage money to bring her from Syria. It had been hard. When Hanna, the first-born son arrived, the Hanna whose name they proudly bore,—for they clung to the pretty custom that made them Abu Hanna and Umn Hanna—they had scarcely allowed themselves a suitable rejoicing.

“We must save this sum for thy mother!” Miladeh had murmured when Fâris would have spent much for the festivities. And each year that followed had made the task of saving Umn Fâris’ passage money harder, for the little family grew more rapidly than their income increased.

But now for many weeks the long-cherished dream had been true. Umn Fâris was within the household of her son. And they who had worked so hard to attain the miracle, shook their heads sadly. For from the evening when Abu Hanna had taken the trembling little woman from the terrors of Ellis Island and had brought her in the extravagant, hired carriage to his humble abode in Brooklyn, it had been quite plain to her self-sacrificing children that Umn Fâris was miserably homesick.

Not even the rollicking grandchildren could rouse her from her brooding despondency. Comfortably fat, ridiculously bow-legged, they frolicked about her, talking in a strange tongue. She hardly realized that they were her grandchildren, so alien they seemed.

From her stool Umn Fâris was supposed to be watching them. But even the two-year-old, wriggling in his go-cart, heeded her little. He had a way of squealing impishly whenever she touched him; Umn Fâris could not remember that her babies ever made such impudent sounds, plainly he must have learned this irreverent sort of thing from the Americans. Moreover, he had a great propensity for crawling out of his go-cart and creeping toward his

THE HOUSETOP

brothers who played in the gutter. It was Umn Fâris' task to rescue him and drag him back, howling, from the longed-for vantage.

Umn Fâris hated the gutter. It seemed to her that nothing was uglier than the gutter and the curbing and the sidewalk and the dingy houses. They had lied to her, Abu and Umn Hanna, they had told her they would bring her to a fair country, and they had brought her to a land of gutters.

It was warm in the doorway, but Umn Fâris shivered and drew her shabby *khalah* closer about her shoulders. She blinked a little in the sunshine. The sunlight was not kind to her, it showed how shabby and faded were her garments, it brought out all the dinginess of the *ûka* that covered her coarse gray hair, it emphasized the hopeless droop of her tired mouth, the deep lines of her swarthy forehead and the lifeless sag of her heavily ornamented ears. Umn Fâris looked very, very old in the glittering spring sunshine.

The impudent grandson wriggled himself free from the go-cart strap and pulled himself up the three steps to the street level. He wavered on the second step and sat down heavily, but he crowed triumphantly at the top and his dark eyes shone with achievement.

"Up! Up! Up!" he cried.

His next larger brother got out of the gutter and glared at him disapprovingly. And Salome, their sister, with all the authority of her six years, promptly yelled out a delicious jargon of English and Arabic that brought their mother hurrying to the window.

"Umn Hanna—Umn Hanna—Meesis Fâris—mama—thees babee ees run awa-ay—Umn Fâris ees permeet thad he s'all run awa-ay! *Shu b'amal fih?* (What shall I do about it?)"

The mother laughed, the easy laughter of the indolent.

"Chase heem een thad cart, Sal'me!" she admonished as she ambled out the areaway to fasten the straps. She kissed the baby resoundingly when he whimpered. Then she stopped and patted the old woman's shoulders.

"He climbs like a goat," she remarked in Arabic, "but thou must watch more closely—he is the son of thy son!"

Umn Fâris nodded uncomfortably.

"Guard him well, now," she continued, "I must go to fetch more lentils and some meat."

Salome drew diplomatically closer to her mother's skirts and snuggled cunningly against the fat hand.

"I weesh thad I go—me!" she coaxed.

Wee Khalil pulled himself out of the gutter and ran awkwardly.

"Me—I go—" he panted, "Me—I weesh thad I go!"

"Oh—ho!" chuckled his mother teasingly. "When the salt

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blossoms thou shalt go but not today—" but they coaxed so prettily that she could not resist them, so presently the three of them were moving down the street toward the greengrocer's shop, Umn Hanna marching proudly as became the mother of five and her babies strutting so much as their funny bow-legs would allow.

Marketing cannot be accomplished rapidly. The delicate delights of bargaining, the delicious opportunities for gossiping were far too agreeable to be hurried. Umn Hanna was a sociable soul, she had a keen Oriental curiosity about the doings of her neighbors and she loitered along in the afternoon sunlight thoroughly enjoying herself.

It was a long time before she turned homeward, her arms filled with bulky bundles of lentils, onions and cucumbers, with the children trotting obediently behind her, sucking little round mamouls she had purchased in the sweet shop.

Agnes O'Brien, aged three, spied wee Khalil's feast and grasped for it belligerently. The sounds of international strife rose above the incessant clamor of the street.

"Shame on ye! Aggie!" screamed her mother, energetic, wrathful and abusive as she snatched the small marauder's spoils and restored them to the wide-eyed Khalil, "the divil was grinnin' when ye was born, ye naughty brat! Shame on ye! A-stealin' a dago boy's food!"

Umn Hanna reached good-naturedly into her bundle and pulled forth a little cake which she tucked into Agnes' sticky fingers.

"Chide her nod," she pleaded, sweetly, "eet ees impossibl' thad the young know all theengs. Me, I haf a leetle boy 'ome—hee ees nod know 'ow to stay een hees cart—thad one, but I do nod chide—me."

Mrs. O'Brien unbent a little; few could resist the gentle Oriental courtesy of Umn Hanna.

"Have ye more childer home?" she asked idly.

Umn Hanna's dark eyes shone with pride.

"Allah haf blessed me mooch," she declared happily, "me—I haf feeve—Hanna, my first born, 'oo ees the joy of hees fathaire; Asaad—he ees a sly one! Ver' *shatir* (smart), those ones be ad school—an' you see weeth me thees leetle Sal'me an' Khalil—an' thad babee—ah! He ees a mos' nice babee! He ees watch over by Umn Fâris, the mothaire of hees fathaire."

"Ye've worse luck nor I," admitted Mrs. O'Brien condescendingly, "I've only three brats to worry on—an' no mother-in-law—" she added exultantly, "God rest her soul, she's buried in Ireland!"

"But thees—one thad I tole you ees Umn Fâris, the mothaire

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of Fâris, my 'usband," protested Umn Hanna, a trifle bewildered by so much vernacular and only half comprehending the O'Brien scorn of relatives by marriage. "She haf come ad thees land of Br-rooklyn to dwell all her days weeth us—" she sighed, "but she ees ver' sad. Een the winter she came an' she was ver' seeck of seeckness-of-boat—an' now she ees ver' lonely, she say thad she long to die. Ver' nearly she deed die een the month of ole ones (February) an' thad ees make Abu Hanna ver' sad—but now she ees well, only thad she weel nod be glad, she weel nod talk, nod even een Ar'beeck!"

"'Tis not Christian talk, that Araby," adjured Mrs. O'Brien solemnly, "I don't see how ye twist the tongue to it."

Umn Hanna laughed as she journeyed on.

"Oh ho!" she retorted gleefully, "me—I nod see 'ow you ees tweest tongue on thees Ameer-can En'leesch!"

A moment later she stopped again to chatter with a group of compatriots in the language her alien neighbor scorned. Mrs. O'Brien stared at them distrustfully.

"Must be they's no good to what they're jibberin' if they can't say it in plain talk," she said, "'tis a looney way to argy—'tis no place for such talk, this country!"

They were very merry, these Syrian women, as they gossiped together, their children playing at their feet. The land of Brooklyn was a land of peace for them. They were still young, they were free from the old world's terror of wars and taxes, their husbands were fairly prosperous in the gay little shops that grew more numerous year by year, and so they laughed great laughs of contentment that were good to hear. Just now they were giggling sily as they crowded about Umn Butrus to stare at her gaudy spring hat. Secretly they all longed for it, they knew that they, too, should attain the glory of hats as soon as their fortunes permitted, but they teased the pretty little woman outrageously.

"Is thy head a garden to blossom?" demanded Umn Hanna touching one of the nodding roses.

Umn Fâris, from the doorway, had been watching Umn Hanna's loitering progress down the street for many moments. She stared at the tittering group of women sullenly. Their happiness hurt her cruelly. She hated this strange land and she hated them for being merry in it.

Was it a decent land where women loitered laughing on the public way? Was it a decent land where a daughter-in-law ruled in the household and bade the honorable mother of the husband to watch the babies? Umn Fâris twisted her colorless lips in deep disgust. She closed her eyes defiantly to shut out the hateful alien

THE HOUSETOP

sights. She swayed mournfully as she brooded over her wrath. Old and unlovely she sat in the spring sunshine and bitterly longed for death to release her from this abhorred country.

Beside her the baby grandson chattered softly—but in English!

“‘Ello! ‘Ello!” he echoed, and then he squirmed restlessly. “Up! Up!” he pleaded.

But Umn Fâris would not even open her eyes. Let that idle woman who was wandering about the streets care for the child, Umn Fâris would not. Presently she became aware without opening her eyes that the baby had freed himself again from the straps. The victorious lilt of his naughty voice sounded much farther away. Umn Fâris sulked like a child.

Let the baby fall if he would! Maybe his cries would bring her careless daughter-in-law away from those laughing women!

But though she waited expectantly she heard no cry. And presently the persistent “up! up!” sounded above her head. This made her open her eyes from curiosity. The rascal was nowhere to be seen. Umn Fâris stood up in dismay. She looked quickly down the street. While she had been sulking the laughing group of women had vanished around the corner.

“Up! Up! Up!” panted the baby sturdily. He had climbed out of the areaway and up the steps to the open door of the house, his fat legs disappearing in the doorway.

Umn Fâris started after him angrily. On the first floor of the old house there dwelt a family her son scorned. He would not want his son to enter their walls. She crawled up the stairs after him as fast as her rheumatic old limbs could follow. But it was not fast enough.

He was already halfway up the dingy stairs to the second floor, clinging to the spindles, chuckling adorably.

“Up! Up!” he laughed and went the faster when she called. He was roguishness incarnate.

Thus they stumbled along, the rollicking baby and the cross old woman, around the hallways and up the worn stairs until the baby disappeared into a square of blue sky and the woman, terror in her heart, crept gropingly after him.

There were smooth little pebbles on the tarred roof and the baby clutched them happily.

“Ah!” he sighed comfortably, “Ah—nice!”

Umn Fâris sighed with relief when she beheld him unhurt. She, too, sat down on the pebbles, utterly weary from her unwonted exertion. She held his garment tight and scolded him in breathless Arabic.

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"Thou wicked, wicked little fox!" she muttered.

The baby, fascinated with the pebbles, paid no heed. Umn Fâris at last caught her breath and looked about her. She saw nothing save flapping clothes drying in the April wind. It was the first time she had been from her son's doorway—her daughter-in-law dried their linen in a courtyard—and she wondered idly why clothes were drying in this place. She pulled herself to her feet wearily.

Suddenly the freshening breeze caught a blanket that hung before her and flung it sidewise over the scuttle door.

It left Umn Fâris looking straight across an open space, over the pebbles of the roof, over the flat tops of the next roofs and beyond the great stretches of the warehouses and wharves into the dazzling waters of the bay. A blur of riotous blue, towers rising in mists of smoke, a green island glistening in the midst of the waters and bridges all shadowy in April sunlight.

Umn Fâris lifted her sad old eyes and really saw America for the first time. She walked across the pebbly space like one in a dream, she leaned against the railing and stared.

Her tired soul drank in the wonderful bigness of it all. Her shoulders straightened a little and she breathed deeply.

"Up! Up!" coaxed the baby at her feet.

She lifted him in her arms.

"Up! Up!" he triumphed, waving his fat hands.

And Umn Fâris spoke her first English word.

"Up! Up!" she laughed comprehendingly.

There was a bench by the chimney, she sat down upon it and held the child close to her heart, staring over his dusky little head to feast her tired eyes in the glorious blue of the waters.

And as she looked she swayed to and fro unconsciously and her grandson, sleepy from his climb, crooned contentedly. After a time she began chanting a queer little tune to him, the words came spontaneously from her old lips, she measured rhythmically after the manner of her people.

"In the land of thy fathers," she murmured,

"Have I sat many times on the housetop!

Very often in the evening

Thus have I watched the sunset from the housetop!

Once when I was a maiden I hid myself on the housetop,

I hid myself from an old man—a man they would have me wed!

Then when the stars came forth, there came to me

Over the housetops, my lover!

He was young—he was brave and swept me away with him over the housetops!

THE HOUSETOP

Then there was fighting and strife, but he hid me secure on his housetop!

In Beirut, on the mountainside, on a housetop!"

The baby was asleep. Umn Fâris stared down at him. She was like a woman in a wonderful dream. And she bent more closely over him as she swayed, and her voice was infinitely deep and sweet.

"On a housetop I have cradled in mine arms thy father," she whispered, "thy father, my first-born!" And then she, too, was still.

The wind blew her gray hair in curling strands around her *ûka*, it brought a touch of color to her sallow cheeks, the lovely shimmer of the sunlit waters was reflected in her glowing eyes.

It was sunset when they found her; she looked amazed into her son's frightened face.

"I thought—I thought—," he stammered, "I thought thou had grown too sad for life—that thou had died, little mother of my heart!"

"Foolish one," she responded serenely, "shall one as old as I die of grief? Life is not all grief."

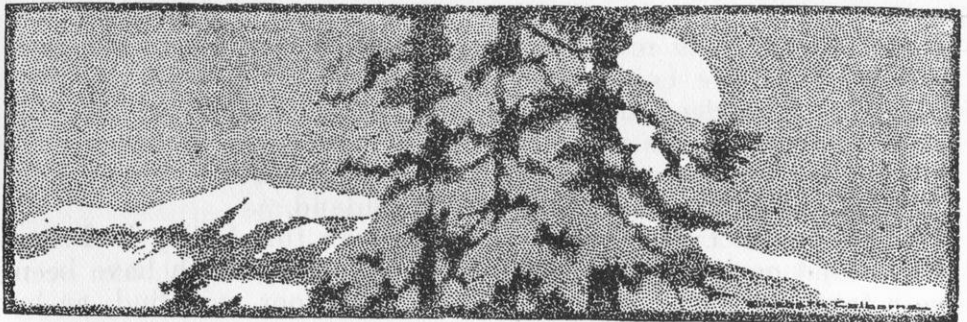
He stared at her in awe, not comprehending. The baby stirred in his sleep and the man stooped awkwardly to lift him. The touch of his hands brought a smile to the woman's luminous eyes.

"Son of my youth," she murmured tenderly, "dost thou remember how often on another housetop I have cradled thee thus in my arms?"

She stumbled stiffly to her feet and shaded her eyes from the setting sun. She stood proudly, her head lifted, her gaze serene, there was a newfound healing peace in her bruised old heart.

Suddenly she stretched out her arms to the gleaming bay.

"Thou art right to boast of this land!" she cried. "I, too, shall boast hereafter! It is not like Beirut—that—that will always be mine own, but this is the land that has seemed good to thee and in it—I have found another housetop!"



THE VALUE OF THE BRICK HOUSE IN PERMANENT ARCHITECTURE: ITS HOME QUALITY AND CHARM



HERE is a certain little village in a remote fertile valley of Pennsylvania whose history is rooted deep in memories of the early colonists who settled there. In the peace and seclusion of this valley these wanderers from home seemed to have found happiness. It is as if they had said to themselves: "Here we will live and die; here we will build our homes, and here our children will grow up into peace and plenty." And so the sentiment throughout the little village that sprang into existence and the homes in the village, was one of permanence. No mere settlers' cabins found mushroom growth on the hillsides; everything was planned for the future; the houses, small and large, were built of brick, houses that would last for generations. It may be that these early settlers realized the possibilities of beauty as well as of permanence in the brick house. Perhaps, in the homes of their ancestors on the other side of the water they had observed it growing old gracefully, and remembered that from year to year and from generation to generation it took on a mellower and friendlier tone, that in time it attracted to itself vines from the nearby flower bed, and after many seasons withdrew into the landscape about it, furnishing a most beautiful color note. It is impossible, of course, to decide just how far into the beauty of things the early settler permitted his mind to wander, for he was not a sentimental person and he was often harassed by poverty, perplexed by religious doubt, and all about him was the problem of the Indian.

But whether his feeling was practical or æsthetic, the fact remains that his desire for a *home* found satisfaction in the brick house, well designed, sturdily constructed, and planned so inevitably for peace and comfort and right living that the result was beauty. These Colonists had wandered about long years enough to have grown heartsick for what stood as the greatest privilege, the permanent home. How much of gratitude went into the building of these houses in the Lovely Valley one may not say, but that their friendliness is evident and their beauty permanent would indicate that they were built as monuments to the discovery, by these men of travail, of the opportunity of finally taking root in the soil and of establishing permanent relation with the land.

And today a Traveler journeying through this Valley in Pennsylvania and gazing upon these old brick houses, which have been homes from the first closing in of roof and door, will find, as he



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THE DAIRY YARD OF AN OLD BRICK HOUSE IN WEST SURREY, ENGLAND.



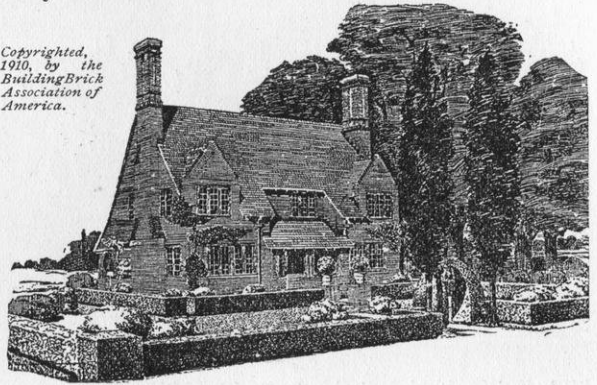
Courtesy of Kunst & Dekoration.

A MODERN BRICK HOUSE IN WOKINGHAM-BERKSHIRE, ENGLAND; FRONT VIEW AND DETAIL OF ENTRANCE AND GARDEN.

PERMANENCE AND BEAUTY OF BRICK CONSTRUCTION

stands on the winding roadway, with the bees humming in the clover fields, with peace and beauty about him, that not the least of his joy is the friendly aspect of the gentle old dwellings that seem to welcome him as they have welcomed families and friends for generations past. If the Traveler is a man of imagination, and even if he is not, but only practical and wise, he will realize that there is something about the well-contrived, well-adjusted brick house that seems to have a special significance, as though it were somehow predestined to be a home-
stead; that it belongs in quiet gardens, with brick-paved pathways and bowers of climbing roses, and he hopes for a lattice window back of the roses, and he is sure of a friendly homely existence within the brick walls.

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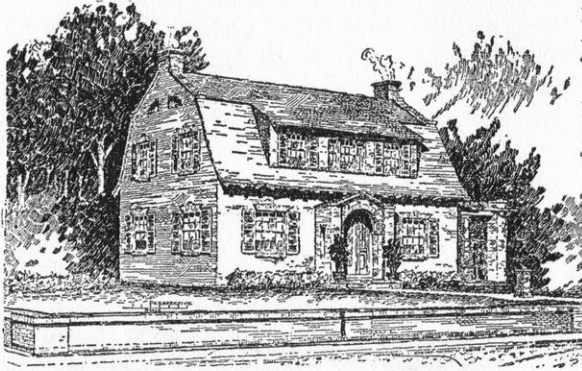


BRICK HOUSE DESIGNED BY ROBERT A. TAYLOR.

OF COURSE, every traveler who passes through the Lovely Valley may not feel in this poetic way about the brick house. It is possible to conceive of a pedestrian on the sunny roadway who is a cement enthusiast, or who may be devoted to the development of the clapboard house, or of one who has pinned his faith in modern domestic architecture to the style born of the old Mission buildings, with their red-tiled roofs outlined against the brilliant California sky. We cannot expect architectural enthusiasm limited to one expression in America, because we are a people of many tastes and many needs, and happily just now we have become conscious of the fact that we have an independent point of view toward architecture which it is worth our while to cultivate, and we do not intend that any one person or style shall dominate that taste. With our diversified landscape, our different kinds of climate, with our mountains and valleys, seashore and plains, we have the opportunity for almost every kind of home building that the heart of man may crave. All that we can hope for is that this craving shall be accompanied by a sincere desire to create a good dwelling for a man's own life and the joy of his own neighborhood. Here in America we have only lately and very slowly awakened to the desire for this home quality in our dwellings. We have wanted the house that our neighbor would admire, or the

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reproduction of the house that our neighbor had admired somewhere in foreign lands. We seemed to seek through our buildings an opportunity to be flattered. Our estimate of the place we lived in was how we felt about its appearance, not the peace and comfort it afforded us. We judged it as a stranger, not for the home quality. As an English visitor pathetically and most wittily remarked, "Americans seem to regard their houses as something to escape from." Our interests have been away from the fireside, out in our



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BRICK HOUSE DESIGNED BY E. B. LA CROIX.

concert halls, in our theaters and in our market-places. As the French people have advanced from the phrase "where one lives" to the use of our English word "home," we seemed to abandon both the sentiment and the expression of it for the sake of a hurried, restless, excited pursuit of what we have fancied pleasure to be. We have not sought Lovely Valleys in which to build permanent brick houses. We have put up our enormous hotels, with elevators to take us quickly away from them and cabs at the door to hasten our escape.



DETAIL OF ENTRANCE.

But whatever phases of development a nation goes through in pursuit of the various will-o'-the-wisps flickering through its civilization, the homesickness for the hearthstone will always come back sooner or later. And we have just now reached that period of *home* sickness in America. As a result we are leaving our cities, the more intelligent, the more thoughtful of us, to find comfort or peace or opportunity for work in the country. And the minute a man's face is turned toward the country with affection, his heart softens at the word "home." And when once the desire for home is awakened, the building of the home dwelling place becomes a matter of great significance, and its beauty and permanence the absorbing thought of his days.

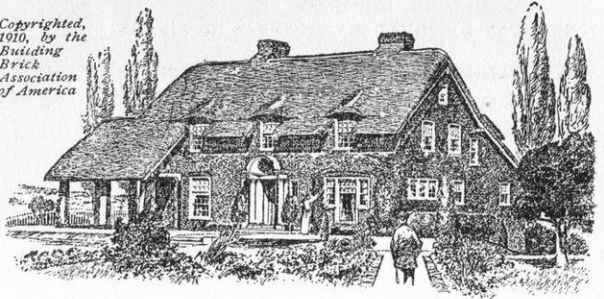
It may be that we shall slowly reach a developed ideal of home beauty, but the ideal must grow through love of home, and the love will come as we seek more and more earnestly the peace and repose of the Lovely Valley for our daily life. Not because the Traveler

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had a deep-rooted objection to cement or wood or stone, did he build his homestead of brick, but because down in the Valley the old brick houses had touched his imagination, because they seemed to hold in essence the home quality his heart was heavy with. These houses had been built with the greatest simplicity out of the material that the Colonists found at hand, and so were in harmony with the landscape; they were built for home life and so seemed to him to be the epitome of what could be wrought as a symbol of home existence.

There is so much to be said for the brick house. After the first expense of building, it is less costly than many other kinds of construction; it adjusts itself to various styles of architecture, to the simplicity of the Colonial period, to the more ornate and lavish Jacobean style; it may be made equally effective for the small bungalow or for the stately mansion; there is indeed no end to the variation of beauty and color which can be achieved by an understanding use of brick. There is no more permanent building material than brick, witness the examples of this architecture still remaining in Persia and Egypt.

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BRICK HOUSE DESIGNED BY W. D. AUSTIN.

FOR a period in America we lost our sense of proportion toward an æsthetic valuation of brick. We massed it in flat surfaces, often we painted the brick and the mortar one color; we built it without interest in its architectural possibilities; we erected long lines of city brick houses all the same color and tone. It also became a means of easy development in the quick upbuilding of crude frontier towns. It was used without understanding, until the brick houses became almost an architectural byword. Finally we turned away from it or from the usual presentation of it, and for the time centered our interest in the wood structures.

And then we proceeded to do very largely to wood what we had been doing to brick, we forgot its possibility for beauty and all the lovely association which the well-constructed wood house has had in the architectural development of each nation. We put up the clap-board shanty. We used up good forests to build bad houses. We degenerated from the shanty to the terrible building known through

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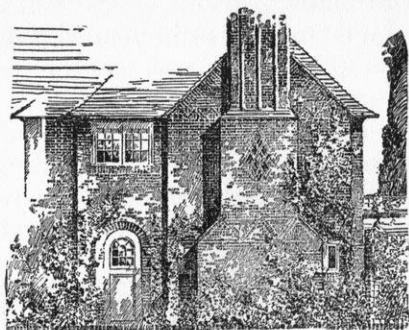
our suburbs as the Queen Anne house, which was a matter of open work walls and gingerbreadtrimming. As we lost our love of home and our appreciation of good

BRICK HOUSE DESIGNED BY DERBY & ROBINSON.

construction we seemed to lose our color sense in relation to architecture until our suburban houses became blotches on the landscape and our city houses indicated that our metropolitan life might be a prison routine.

Today we are once more *thinking* about our homes, about the beauty of them, of the value of permanence, of their relation to the kind of life we are living; about the effect they will have upon our sons and daughters as they grow up to be real American men and women. The result is, as we have already said, that we are turning toward the country for the life of these sons and daughters, and we are building in the country homes that will outlive our own life, that will be monuments for generations to come of the awakening of the American people toward the necessity of a beautiful, satisfying home life, if the nation is to make the progress which we have all in our hearts hoped for it.

The brick house has the great advantage of furnishing its own beautiful color spot in the landscape, and with the present method of varying the color in the brick in its manufacture, and with the mortar used in the natural tone and raked out between the brick, a picturesque effect of rich and subtle coloring can be achieved which would only be possible in other architecture after very many years of weathering and mellowing.



DETAIL OF HOUSE BY DERBY & ROBINSON.

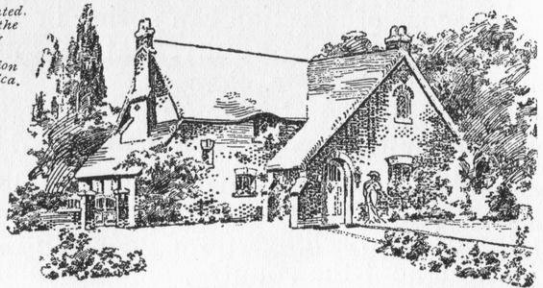
A house of brick, well thought out, may be made to harmonize most interestingly with almost any kind of landscape. It is most friendly in effect if adjusted to a sloping hillside; if it stands on flat

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ground it only needs the close proximity of an apple orchard. In the woods it relieves gloom and monotony, and on the seashore it is in beautiful contrast to the gray tones and the blue sweep of the water.

There is but one point to be considered in planting a flower garden for the brick house. Vivid red flowers should be kept back in the separate flower beds or in the hedges at the side of the garden enclosure. The poppy, salvia and red geranium should not be brought too close to any tone of brick house except those of yellow.

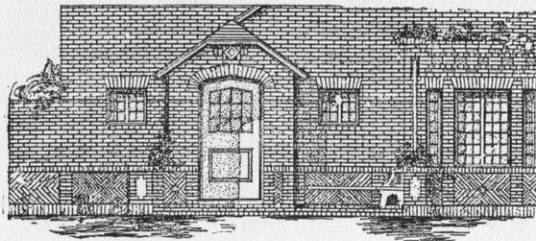
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BRICK HOUSE DESIGNED BY C. H. KYSOR.

The use of brick in the garden wall is a thing that the English people have brought to perfection. What could be lovelier than old English gardens hedged about by brick walls, with the apricots and pears growing against their sunny exposure. And what so friendly as the brick pathway with flowers close at the edge, and even a weed or two under one's feet, leading to the capacious and the kindly entrance of the old brick house. We have lost sight in America of the value of the brick pavement in the town or country landscape. To be sure, it eventually becomes quite uneven, it is never very neat and crisp, but what color it lends to the pathway and how intimately it is related to the brick house itself, and how it branches away and leads you out to the brick wall where the fruit is ripe,—the wall which seems somehow to shelter you from the world with most friendly arms, and at the same time to hold gentle lure for the stranger without the gate.

From a practical point of view the brick house is an excellent investment. Well constructed at the start, it needs very little repair, and has the advantage of becoming more beautiful from year to year instead of increasingly shabby, as is the case with many of our wooden structures; generally the case where the houses are painted instead of being oiled. And if one stops to think of it, what an inartistic as well as unfriendly thing it is to paint a house over from time to time in quite a new and different color. How can we hope for tender associations about



DECORATIVE DETAIL OF BRICK HOUSE DESIGNED BY W. G. HOLFORD.

PERMANENCE AND BEAUTY OF BRICK CONSTRUCTION

a dwelling that is green one spring and red another and yellow another; that from year to year has a different face for us, and seems to be striving in a crude way to keep in fashion? What would we think of a friend who came to us one season as a blonde, and the next as a brunette, and then suddenly startled us as we were trying to form some sweet tie or association, in the guise of a striking Venetian type, all red and gold and orange? No sense of affection can spring in your heart for the house that does not grow old beautifully, that does not hold the same friendly aspect from year to year, changing only as the hand of time is laid upon it. We want to find in our houses what we seek in our friendships, an unchanging quality, a welcome and a surety of peace and comfort.

The great difficulty in America has been that we have built temporary houses to live in until we should grow rich enough to afford luxurious dwellings. So instead of homes we have had, scattered throughout the country, places which we were waiting to move from, inartistic, impermanent, destructive to all home feeling. We have not built for ourselves, or for posterity, but just to house ourselves until the boom struck our town. But at last we are seeking for homes, even beginning to build them.

The Traveler who built his new brick house in the Lovely old Valley of Pennsylvania is but a symbol to us of the newly awakened spirit of understanding toward the beauty of home life and the right construction of the home, and the Lovely Valley toward which so many of us are turning our faces is just country life which is calling us all over the nation, and which we must return to before the full peace and beauty of which the nation is capable will be discovered.

DESIGNED BY
WILLIAM G. HOLFORD.

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A PIONEER MUNICIPAL THEATER AND ITS LESSON: BY ISAAC RUSSELL



WHEN the Far West was still a wilderness, and the cowboy and his long-horned cattle had not yet displaced the roving buffalo of the lowlands of Kansas and Nebraska, a little group of homeseekers made their difficult way up the valley of the Platte, across the Rocky Mountains and into the alkali desert of the Great Salt Lake beyond. There they found the Shoshone Indian, the rattlesnake and the cricket holding divided sway, alert to ravage whatever blossoming this arid land might achieve. Through incessant toil the stubborn soil was finally conquered, but as the months drew into years another hunger came upon these isolated folk,—that desire for play which is latent in every normal being who has not had joy starved out of him. The nearest theater to these settlers was fully a thousand miles distant by ox team. Religion they had in plenty, for they had been driven forth from their early homes to seek freedom for their own beliefs, but entertainment and instructive recreation came rarely into their lives. And they finally realized that they could secure only what they themselves could produce. They believed in the theater and in its power to instruct as well as to entertain, and among them were some who had spoken lines from Shakespeare before taking up this trek into the wilderness, and the result was an experiment in communal control of a theater of their own, the effects of which experiment were widely diffused throughout the theatrical world, and still attest the worth of their origin.

Born in the Eastern seaboard States, where they had been fairly familiar with the drama of the early nineteenth century and with the sort of theaters in which plays of the period were most frequently given, these people found their desire to have the drama within their community met by the problem of first building a theater or going without it; they chose to build and started their theater with a will. No temporary little shanty did they construct, but a playhouse so ample that now, after the lapse of over half a century the theater building is still in constant use by the largest of contemporary traveling companies.

Pressed as they were by their necessities, the original settlers commenced the foundations of their theater while they themselves were still worshipping under a brush-covered bower, and while many of them were living in the dismantled canvas-covered wagon beds of the prairie-schooners which had brought them to this desert home. There was among them the man with the crude pioneer

A PIONEER MUNICIPAL THEATER

sawmill who traded his planed lumber for stock in the playhouse, and the carpenter took stock for his labor. The plowman, when he decided that he would find pleasure and profit in the stage, was willing to take his pay in the currency that was turned in at the box office of those days,—bushels of potatoes, or cañon firewood by the cord. There was no use in hoping for money for any such purpose, so the motive of immediate financial gain was not an influence in supporting their theater project, and dividends were a dream of remote future. There was, instead, the community's hunger for such recreation as the drama could furnish; the enjoyment of it was to be their profit, the thought of it an inspiration to their effort.

THE families of the first actresses who were placed in the amateur casts felt the press of the general necessity and approached their problem with a simple-hearted determination to meet it as best they could. They studied the rôles assigned their young and lovely daughters in order that they themselves might the better know how to select or make appropriate costumes for them, while "the men folks" munched their Shakespearean lines with their lunches, or spoke them to their mule spans as they drove along. Whatever they were by day,—plowmen, storekeepers, carpenters or herdsmen, at night they were always Green Room devotees, and the première performances were fête occasions to the community.

The dramatic resources of this theater in the days of its greatest usefulness consisted of the "Home Dramatic Company," to which everyone imagining himself to be possessed of the slightest bit of talent applied for admission. As a gift for acting and industry commended the applicant to consideration he was allowed up in front among the principals. Sometimes when the mountain trails were open through Great South Pass and the Indians were more than usually quiet, some adventuresome actor from east of the Missouri would find his way thither, to be welcomed eagerly by the "Home Dramatic Company," which could be counted upon to give an enthusiastic reception. If he elected to play *Macbeth*, the leading man of the home company was expected to follow with his own version soon after in order that the people might decide by comparison what progress they themselves were making.

Many of us who lived by the playhouse in this wilderness recall the bookkeeper of the large community store who went out by night to play *King Lear*, and who knew every line of all the standard Shakespearean plays by heart. And we also knew Seth Williams, who had shouldered a musket in the Civil War, and had taken to playwriting afterward. Indeed, many of us who had been drafted

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to carry muskets in his play-battalions learned upon real battle-fields how well we had been trained. We came to the stageland freely and joyously, our inclination being the only lure, the stage-manager inside having all the fun there was in the game, without the worry over dividends. If anybody knew who the box-office man was, it was only the manager, who settled up with him for the price of the lights and the salary of the helper who tended the stove.

Once the manager came out of his office and went back on the stage where he was needed to play villain to the chief director's rôle of hero in "The Silver King." He emerged from obscurity at once and became a village idol, while the chief director achieved such stage success that he was elected governor the very next time the people had a chance to cast their ballots.

Then there was Mrs. Snowden, whose songs we sang, and if the applause was great, she had them published. The man who played the lover in the operas this little community company undertook, learned to know his cast so well that he often rewrote scenarios the better to bring out the particular talent at local command! If some youth in the village had an idea for a play he could win a sympathetic hearing at once and a chance to try it out. The wide-open stage door, and the intimate touch between the entertained and the entertainers was the thing that impressed itself indelibly as the hallmark of the community's stage. And this spirit continued out beyond the curtain into the parquet. Did the stockholder hunt greedily for his money value? Instead, because there was no such value, he prized his stock more highly, for it gave him a claim to two seats permanently, and members of his family would be in those particular seats each night, sending flowers forward to a favorite on the stage, or some relative, perhaps, whose costumes they had been helping with all day.

THE boxes, owned by the dignitaries of the community, was each known by the name of its holder, and the mayor of the village was the person to whom everybody looked for suggestions of better plays if visiting travelers could tell him of having heard of such in their journeyings to New York, or overseas. After a score of years had passed, and some of the older actors were becoming veterans, the mayor again was the man who led the subscription list and named the committees to arrange for the long series of "benefits" that preceded their final leave-taking from this stage.

It was an intimate kind of use to make of the theater, to render it a means of interpreting the community's life, and to furnish through

A PIONEER MUNICIPAL THEATER

it at once both joy and opportunity, with as little restriction as possible. The folk-drama spirit, in an open-hearted fealty to the pioneer Western life, was here presented.

And did it pay?

Well, once a young man wrote something the community thought was rather good in the way of a home-made drama. Promptly a purse was raised. He was sent touring all over these United States with "Coriantamur." You, perhaps, may never have heard of it, but it came to the public by a process rich in possibilities. It was a native effort by someone who felt life surging within him, demanding a chance to express itself in this way. The play did not go bankrupt. I saw it in San Francisco. And less than a year ago I saw the name of its second leading man (then a stripling in his first rôles) decorating the top of a play-bill in a metropolitan theater.

This Pioneer Municipal Theater paid in another way. There was a girl who did well in an opera, and while some of her friends were urging her to study at one of the famous schools, others busied themselves with subscription lists, to make this possible. Soon she found herself in New York. There I attended a theater last winter and heard the encores echo to each of this young woman's songs as leading lady of "The Beauty Spot."

And more than in these ways it paid. One night after the "Home Dramatic" had commenced to achieve success there was a play put on which called for a child in arms. None had yet listed with the company, but one of the women members thought she knew where a baby was to be found that would fill the part. Thus it came about that Annie Kiskadden Adams was called upon to lend her little one, and the child in arms who came on as the tiniest member of the cast was none other than our Maude Adams of today. The hands that reddened with the vigor of their applause on the night of her first performance are mostly stilled now, but not so very many years ago I saw one of those inveterate old "first nighters" fondling tenderly a little golden lead pencil made in the semblance of a licorice stick, and inscribed "From Maude Adams to the man who used to give her licorice sticks!" While the people had been trekking to the valley Maude Adams' mother had been born in a shelter they had erected for the women on the mountain trail above the valley. A buffalo robe had shielded her from the winds at birth, and the toiling hands that stripped the buffalo hides and laid stone upon stone in the building of that wilderness theater—well, they are not here now to claim any credit from the master of the Empire Theater, who also, necessarily, is master of his galaxy of stars of whom that little girl of the wilderness is surely at this hour the chief.

A PIONEER MUNICIPAL THEATER

AND the changing days that ended the one-time open spirit? Perhaps if the stock had been differently held there would have been no changing. But, as it was, with the opening of the railroad there came traveling shows, and with these shows there came the dickering for the biggest percentage the business would bear. And with the dickering came dividends, and with the dividends a fight to control the stock. It was found that the seats which were owned permanently by stockholders cut down the dividend margins for other stockholders, and so almost all seats were finally turned into the box-office list, and the struggle for revenue was on.

Before that time the theater had been the town's rallying spot. Within its doors the great men who had come as visitors had been entertained, the great preachers had been listened to and the most fiery of the political rallies had been held. Always those who had used the theater had known the bill of costs, and would have reviled the manager as indecently acquisitive if he had raised the price of seats unreasonably. However, one day a young man, a stranger from the East, dropped into town. After that the local manager claimed to be no more than a janitor in his own place, all the bookings being arranged in the New York office by a syndicate. It was a new word that flashed upon the community with instant potency. There are quite a number of incidents illustrating the appalling change of conditions easy for one to recall of a period immediately following, such, for instance, as that of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's coming to town, who not being "a member" of the syndicate found she could not play in the theater where once she would have been honored. And whatever the people thought of it, they could do nothing except try to hear her as best they could in an open-air concert hall fourteen miles out in the country which they secured for her performance with difficulty in the face of monopoly opposition.

Then came Mrs. Fiske, and not only was the open theater of the old days closed to her but also every other hall in the city, friends of the theatrical management having rented them all for her dates, "on orders from the East." Later Miss Blanche Bates arrived, and the people longed to welcome her home, for with Eleanor Robson and Harry Corson Clark and Ada Dwyer and many others, they counted her one of themselves—one of their "Home Dramatic Company" in the last period of its existence, when it struggled for its freedom as plain "stock," in another diminutive playhouse. But the doors were not to be open to Miss Bates any more than they were to the others because, like them, she had not booked with the Stranger from the East!

A PIONEER MUNICIPAL THEATER

Had Mrs. Fiske and Miss Blanche Bates been able to use the playhouse which had been arbitrarily closed to them because they asserted their right to independence, it is probable their experiments in fighting monopoly would not have ended in disaster, but would have encouraged others to dare to make their stand against any syndicate whose tyranny in theatrical matters had come to be as great as any tyranny, for instance, that has ever oppressed religion in all the history of the world.

YET there is a remedy: a Municipal Playhouse in each city that should be a well-guarded home for Art would solve the problem, and that Art, let it be remembered, which asserts itself on the stage is surely as genuine as that which comes to be upon the canvases of famous painters. Now the idea of a Municipal Theater which will compel an open-door policy in every town in which it is located should meet the approbation of everyone. If the management leans too strongly to one booking agency in New York the people can easily make their protests felt. And knowing the playhouse belongs to them, they will take especial pride in seeing that it fulfils the ends for which they built it.

With an open-door policy guaranteed throughout the West by the city Governments, the world would soon hear much less of its syndicates, its owners of the art of men and women who ought to be free in order to do their best work. A guarantee to our writers, actors and singers that they may rise or fall exactly as their respective abilities and capacity for work shall dictate, should prove one of the most stimulating things that could happen to the present generation of boss-ridden playerfolk and playgoers.

If there had been community theaters in fifty cities of the country fifty years ago, instead of one, would the people of New York at this moment be celebrating the fact that a great American opera has at last been written—by an Italian? And would they be as well trained as they are in the present way of viewing their favorite performances from the rear rows of the house on tickets bought at the box office, or else sitting down in front after dealing on the sidewalk with the speculators in two-dollar seats—high enough at that—raised to fabulous prices for purses that can empty themselves to obtain them? The answer is definitely and briefly “No!”

THE CAUSE



If you accept life, and are willing to exalt it above
names and things;
If you accept truth, after the severest tests, and are
not afraid;
If you accept brotherliness as better than the hates
of the jungle;
If you believe that helpfulness is practicable in the
world's affairs;
If you love justice, and hate the very semblance of exploitation;
If you love work as the expression of the Creative Idea,
Then let us work together.
We will be comrades.

We will eat our bread by the sweat of our faces;
Our grace at table shall be the consciousness of the fact that we
have earned what we are about to eat;
We will not ask God for our daily bread,
like pious mendicants;
We will ask for the daily tasks, that working together with Him we
may share his creations.

And these are the tasks toward which we will set our faces,—
Tasks of the seed-time and harvest, tasks of the mills and the mines,
tasks of the common day, first of all, we accept.
We accept, we will perform, we will transform in the great
new way,
For we will bring to them the great soul's love of doing,
And we will bring to them the passionate love of comrades,
And we will give to them a reverent regard for the future.

We will till the fields for our present needs, but we will conserve the
fertility of the soil as a heritage for the generations yet unborn;
We will fell trees, but we will also plant, and religiously restore the
forests;
We will plant flowers, and protect the birds, stopping at once and for
all time their wanton slaughter;
We will cleanse the lakes and the streams, and stock them with
fishes.
We will drain swamps and reclaim deserts, and build up the City
Beautiful.

THE CAUSE

Throwing our kits over our shoulders, we will go out and build up
the New Jerusalem,
The New Chicago, the New New York, the New Every-other-city
under the sun,—
The New Heaven and the New Earth wherein may dwell righteous-
ness.

Not that there will be a new Astronomy
or a new Geology,—
The same old stars will be over our heads and the same old soils
beneath our feet,
But the stars will be stars of hope and the earth will be an earth of
promise for all the children of men.

And we will not ask any man to give up his wealth, but renouncing
privilege, we will ask every man to work for the commonwealth,
For we know full well that when we work together and do away with
waste there will be more than enough for all men.
And we will not ask any man to give up his religion, but we will ask
every man to live up to the best that is in his religion,

For we know full well that as life grows the laws of life will become
sacred ordinances,
And as good-will grows our simplest relations will come to have
sacramental values,
And as knowledge grows work will become worship and love will
be the soul of all prayer,
And, believe me, this love of ours will lift our lives to the light of
the skies.

EDWARD ADAMS CANTRELL.



THE CEMENT HOUSE AND ITS PLACE IN OUR ARCHITECTURE: BY GARDNER TEALL



ONE of the most interesting developments in American architecture is the cement house. Under this generic term we may class concrete houses, plaster or stucco houses, in fact any form of domestic architecture in which cement construction or application forms a dominant visible note. Because of its adaptability to the American idea of comfort, the simplicity and dignity of the cement house has made a strong appeal. It gives the home builder an attractive house, a strong house, a house obedient to the needs of the seasons,—warm in winter and cool in summer, always, of course, bearing in mind that it is properly constructed. Our architects have attained proficiency in eliminating any disagreeable features to be found in some of the old world cement houses, picturesque ancestors though they be to our own. Again the American sanitary engineer has invested cement house-building with the perfect laws of his profession, a thing the American home maker has come to be insistent upon.

We must admit that our climate under any conditions is not conducive to the production of the velvety lawns of old England, to the mysterious forests of gnarled beeches one finds in France, nor does this country disclose the terra-cotta aspect of the hill country of Italy or the serrated coasts of the fjordlands of Norway. Nevertheless our landscape is a varied and interesting one, and demands the builder's consideration of it as a proper setting for the sort of house he wishes to live in. It is the adaptability of the cement house to any part of our landscape that again makes for its gain in popular estimation. Whether it is a little house nestling on the hill-banks of the Hudson, a villa along the shores of Long Island, a cottage in the Catskill country or a California bungalow, the cement house will prove itself just right by reason of the fact it is conformable to practically any architectural idea; which cannot be said of the house of wood or stone. That is not to say that any one of these types in its proper environment must give way to the cement house; but the fact remains that the cement house is peculiarly universal in its adaptability to varied localities.

Another reason may be advanced for choosing the cement house when determining what sort of a house one will build; that is the relation of cement architecture to the possibilities of harmonious outbuildings. How often we come upon an unhappy combination of adjacent buildings, a brick house, perhaps, that has a frame stable connected with stone walls, while the walks are laid with con-

PLACE OF THE CEMENT HOUSE IN OUR ARCHITECTURE

crete. Lack of harmony of this sort is disappearing, fortunately, and one may hope that within a very few years home builders will give more thought to the matter of a predominating style throughout all the buildings that form adjuncts to the home. If one's choice of a building style happily fall upon the cement house the architect will have the satisfaction of knowing that he can evolve a series of buildings coördinate in architectural beauty, to be arrived at through simplicity of form, line and material, an accomplishment that will lend much to the endearing qualities of true homefulness in one's house through the relation of its component parts to its site and to one another.

Again, the cement house forms an unusually strong ground for the offset of color notes, even in half-timber construction; vines and flowers, or the greens of foliage against its neutral tints are effective, and the tints may run from cool to warm grays through browns to pale yellows and even white, so varied are the color possibilities with the stucco or cement houses. There is hardly a lovelier setting in the world for a garden front in summer than the house-wall of stucco, or for the gorgeous tints of autumn foliage or the brown branches and tree trunks of winter time.

BECAUSE of the kinship of every cement house to its Italian cousin, the plastered exterior walls of a house of concrete, of brick, of wood or of stone finds an ideal attribute to itself in pergola or trellis and further endears it to everyone who loves a garden as everyone ought. In time, too, the cement house exerts an influence upon its surroundings. There is something about its neat trimness that leads one to insist gently upon order throughout the premises. Your wooden house does more than invite outdoor informality, for it often leads you to forget the disorder of a lawn, as a stone house often deludes one about the romance of ruin. A cement house, however, is a faithful monitor, and actually comes to the point of making one strive for the happiness of keeping up the yard and garden as both ought to be kept up with enthusiasm by every home builder.

Of course the matter of the supposed greater cost of a cement house over one of any other sort suggests itself in the beginning. However, the time has passed in America when, all things taken into consideration, the wooden house may be said to be the cheapest finally. It is true that a wooden frame house, if shingled or clapboarded, may cost considerably less than a house of the same sort with a cement exterior of plastering over galvanized iron-wire lath. However, this difference in cost would stretch a very short distance



A BUNGALOW TYPE OF CEMENT ARCHITECTURE ADAPTED TO THE BLEAK EDGE OF A SEASHORE HILLSIDE, THE BUILDING HAS THE EFFECT OF CROUCHING TO THE GROUND.

A SECOND EXAMPLE OF CEMENT ARCHITECTURE AT THE SEASHORE, VERY SEVERE AND DIGNIFIED, AN ORNAMENTAL EFFECT GAINED FROM PLACING AND TYPE OF WINDOWS.



Courtesy of the Atlas Portland Cement Co.



Courtesy of the Atlas Portland Cement Co.

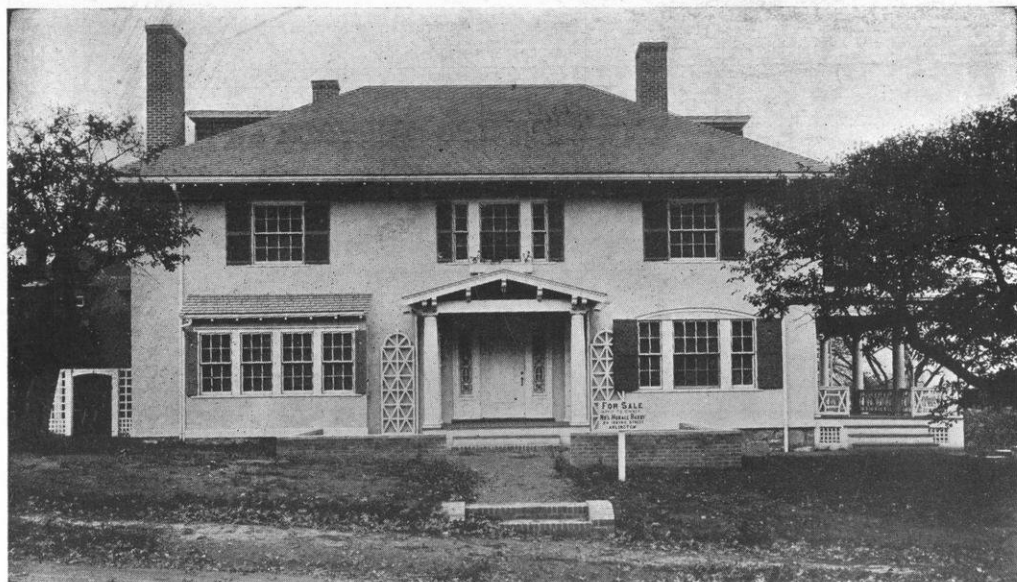
A CEMENT HOUSE ESPECIALLY PLANNED TO CROWN A SLOPING HILL: INTERESTING COMBINATION OF CEMENT AND TILE ROOF: OWNED BY MR. ROBERT C. BRIDGE, NANAPASHAMET, MASS.
LOW COTTAGE EFFECT IN CEMENT HOUSE SUITED TO RURAL LANDSCAPE: OWNED BY MR. JOSEPH F. WALLER, YONKERS, N. Y.



CEMENT HOUSE WITH GOOD ROOF LINES AND MOST UNUSUAL AND INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT OF GROUPS OF WINDOWS: A DESIGN ESPECIALLY SUITED TO LOW-LYING COUNTRY. A TYPE OF WESTERN CEMENT ARCHITECTURE, INTENDED FOR A NARROW PLOT IN TOWN OR VILLAGE.



Courtesy of the Atlas Portland Cement Co.



Courtesy of the Edison Portland Cement Co.

A MORE ELABORATE EFFECT IN CEMENT ARCHITECTURE, SHOWING HARMONIOUS OUTBUILDINGS OF SAME MATERIAL: OWNED BY MRS. R. C. F. COMBES, WOODMERE, L. I.

THE ADAPTATION OF CEMENT TO MODIFIED COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE, MOST EFFECTIVE WITH AMPLE GROUNDS FURNISHING A GREEN BACKGROUND.

PLACE OF THE CEMENT HOUSE IN OUR ARCHITECTURE

toward the repairs and upkeep which wooden houses almost invariably require. Again, second-hand materials, such as old bricks supplied by wreckers, can be used for walls of stucco houses at a greatly reduced cost for materials. Finally the fact that the concrete, hollow tile, or plastered brick houses form a type of the cement house that is practically fireproof should go a long way in deciding one's choice of plans for a house of this sort.

THE question of roofing a cement house may be answered in many ways, for there is no roofing material that is unsuitable for the sort of a cement house with which it will harmonize. The cement houses in America will be found with shingles, tile, metal, slate and even with thatched roofs. Of course, one looks oftenest for the shingled roof in bungalow and cottage architecture, for tile in houses along Italian lines and for the thatched roof in cement houses intended for rural districts, such as the farmhouses now being built upon Eastern estates. Indeed, there is nothing lovelier in cement construction than one of these picturesque farmhouses with plastered walls and thatched roofing. This thatched effect may also be obtained with other materials, designed to follow the bundled lines of European roofs. This is to be seen in the accompanying reproduction of the cement cottage of Mr. Robert C. Bridge, Nanapashemet, Massachusetts, designed by Messrs. Bacon and Hill, architects. This is one of the most attractive cottages in the country, on original lines from sill to chimney-top, and yet conceived with an elegant simplicity of line that frees it from anything that might savor of the bizarre.

The bungalow of Mr. Joseph F. Waller, at Yonkers, New York, here illustrated, is one of the most successful small cement houses in the country, and it suggests what one might do upon a moderate outlay. In this bungalow note the charming informality with which the cement walk approaching it turns to the left instead of meeting the house at a formal angle-line with the door. The house of Mrs. R. C. F. Combes at Woodmere, Long Island, is a fine example of a shingle-roofed cement house suited to a town or suburban site. The outbuildings at the rear are in full harmony with its design.

The photographic reproductions accompanying this article have been chosen by *THE CRAFTSMAN* with reference to their illustrating both the Craftsman idea of house building and the various types of cement houses—concrete, tile, plaster on metal lath, and plaster on wood, and also with reference to their relation to building sites.

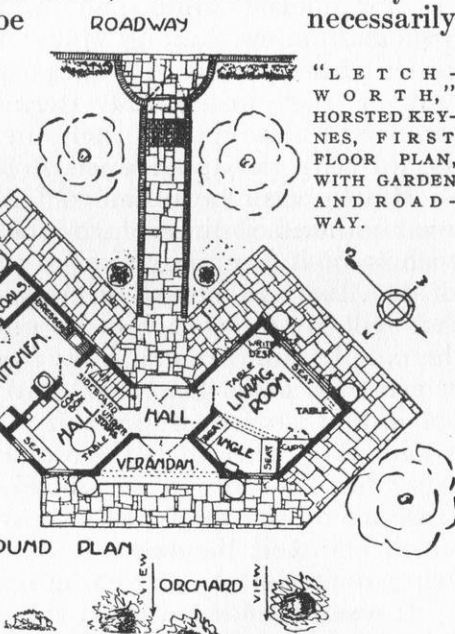
MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER ELEVEN



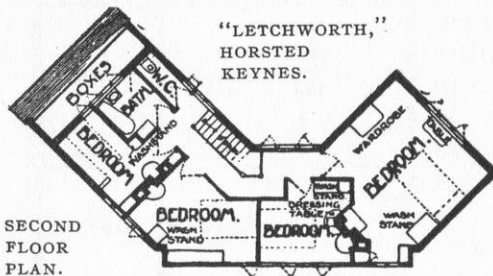
WE NOW come to houses which have cost between thirty-five hundred dollars and thirty-six hundred dollars to build, and perhaps to the point at which I can best attempt to make clear a principle applicable to all houses, though I have avoided speaking of it until arriving at that type of house in which it is most systematically neglected. This principle is,

that our aim should be to so arrange that all sides of a house are equally effective to look upon. There is generally no reason why this should not be the case, but it seldom is so, because we start out wrongly. We assume that a house must have front, sides and back, that we must "make our best show in front," that the sides may be less nice, and the back must be necessarily

to some extent unpleasant, if not a little squalid. We bring this about at the outset by failing to include under our main roof some required accommodation, such as coal place, cycle house, a place for the ash-bin, or a shed, so one or more of these have to be put up as outbuildings, with the result that all windows on the sides on which they have been erected, look out upon them, and the rooms to which these windows belong become at once back rooms. The appearance of that side of the house is being



"LETCHWORTH," HORSTED KEYNES, FIRST FLOOR PLAN, WITH GARDEN AND ROADWAY.



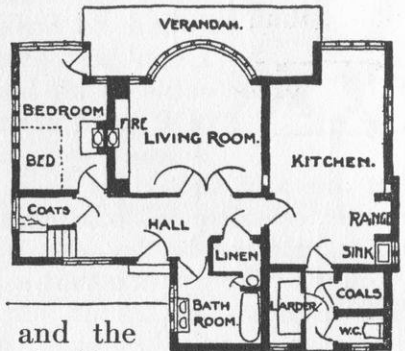
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

spoiled. Surely it must be the height of folly to spoil the outlook from our own windows by putting up buildings which obstruct and disfigure the view and which would have cost less if they had been planned under the same roof as the house.

To take the house called "Letchworth" at Horsted

THE RELATION OF HOUSES AND FURNITURE

Keynes, in Sussex, as an example. I suppose it would generally be assumed, without consideration, that either toward the road or away from the road must be the back of this house and must therefore be spoiled. Now "Letchworth" was on a curious and interesting site for which some care in designing must be taken, if none of its advantages was to be lost. It was in an orchard skirted by the main road on the southwest, but the charm of the outlook was northeast down the orchard and away to the hills, as the land fell rapidly in that direction. As the house had to be approached from the southwest and the principal rooms had to have windows looking out in this direction as well as out to the northeast, or they would lose either sun or view, it was even more important than is generally the case, that neither of these sides should have the appearance of being the back.

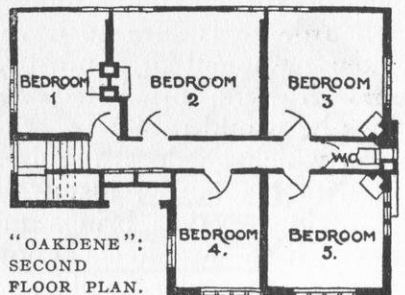


OAKDENE, ROTHERFIELD.
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

But to other causes as well as these must be attributed the somewhat unusual form given to the plan for this house. One was the wish to fit it in among the trees of the orchard, cutting down as few as possible and retaining those which could least well be spared, thus contriving that the house should not be overshadowed by them. Another was that the veranda, stoop, or garden room, while it must be away from the road and overlook the orchard, should not have a sunless impression. After the early morning, this latter would have been the case had it not been made possible for those using the veranda to be conscious of and to feel the effect of the sunshine on the southwest side of the house through the glass doors which enclosed the veranda on this side. It will be seen that the living room secures any sunshine there may be at any time of the day.

It was becoming evident that this site would be built upon before very long, and to save it from falling into the hands of those who might build what would disfigure a beautiful neighborhood, the owner decided to erect this house as an object lesson. It would be well if more landowners realized that such responsibilities rested upon them.

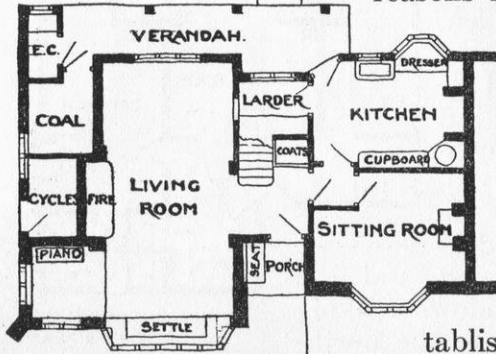
Perhaps the chief interest which attaches to the illustrations this month



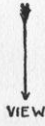
"OAKDENE":
SECOND
FLOOR PLAN.

THE RELATION OF HOUSES AND FURNITURE

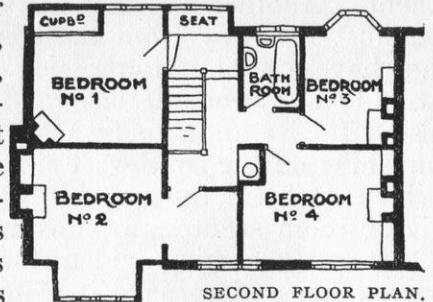
is that they furnish examples of houses which prove that simple furnishing may be done less expensively by having furniture designed with and for the house, and as far as possible made by the builder, than by buying from the shops. There are several reasons for this. The first is, the purchaser has only to pay for actual material, labor and carriage, his proportion of the expenses in maintaining a workshop and the maker's profit on same; whereas in ready-made furniture to these items have to be added what are called "establishment charges" to cover all the expenses of the retail establishment, and perhaps some middleman's profits also. And it is worth noting that in the one case he may get value for all he pays, but in the other he has to pay toward the upkeep of an



"LANESIDE," LETCHWORTH:
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

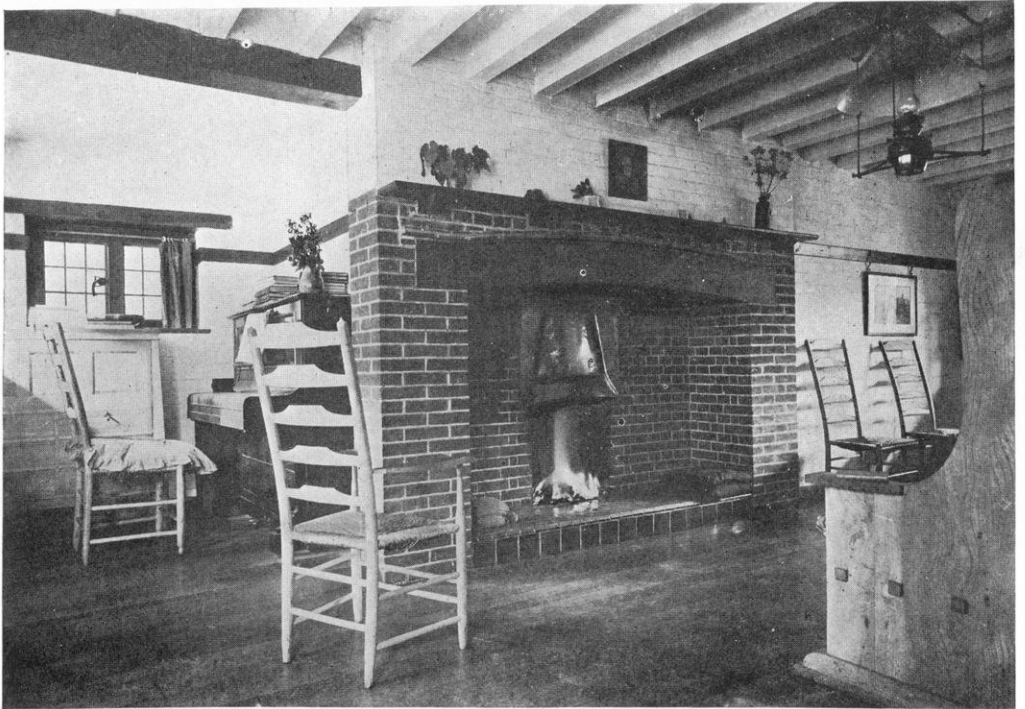


expensive system of distribution in addition. The second is, when the furniture is designed for and with the house the owner has just what he wants and requires, and nothing beyond this. Suppose a man wants a sideboard. Perhaps he simply wants a table top on which to set things down, a drawer for the tablecloths and table napkins, and a cupboard for cruets, decanters, salt cellars, etc. If he sets out to purchase these in the shops, to get what he wants he is almost certain to be obliged to pay in addition for something he does *not* want. If he has not to put up with a little meaningless fence of turned balustrades on his sideboard, he is sure to have to try and smile while paying for a broken pediment or a mirror, some recesses for ornaments, additional drawers, bracketed shelves, a brass rail or some other things he would rather be without, in order that he may get those things which he does require. If his furniture is being made for and with his house, just what he requires and nothing more will be provided. This brings me to the third source of economy, namely, if the architects know in advance what will be wanted, a recess or other place will be contrived for the fitting in the building,



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

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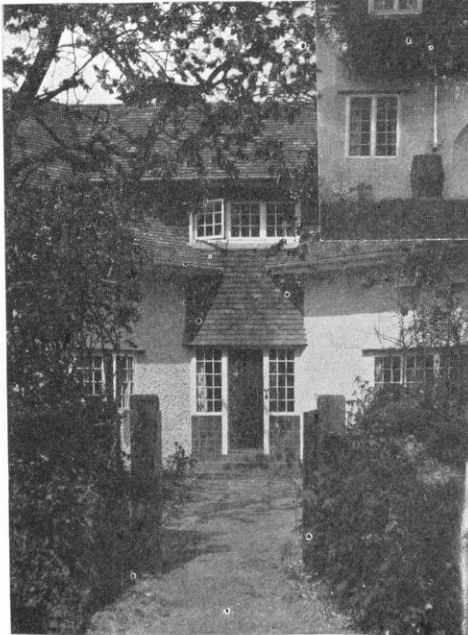


Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

"OAKDENE," ROTHERFIELD, SUSSEX, ENGLAND:
A HOLIDAY HOUSE FOR POOR CHILDREN.

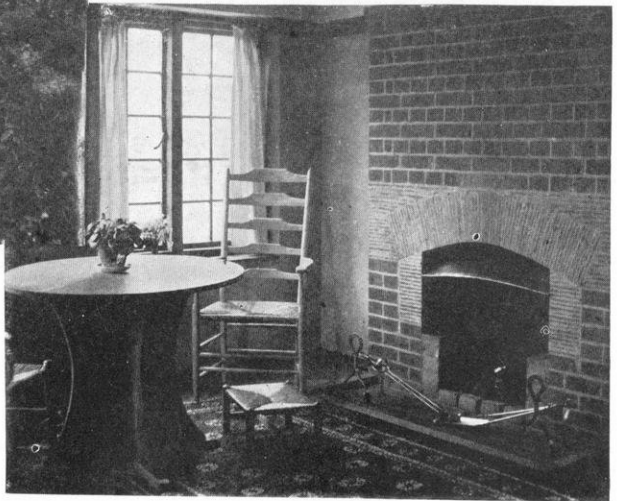
LIVING ROOM AT "LANESIDE," LETCHWORTH,
ENGLAND, SHOWING USE OF BRICK IN WALLS.

THE FRONT VIEW OF "LETCHEWORTH" AT HORSTED KEYNES GIVES AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING PRESENTATION OF THE PLACING OF WINDOWS: THE DOOR ITSELF SEEMS TO BE ENTIRELY OF WINDOWS, THE LIGHTING OF THE ROOMS IS APPARENTLY FROM GROUPS OF WINDOWS; THEN ON THE SECOND FLOOR IS THE PROJECTING BOW WHICH IS ALL WINDOWS.



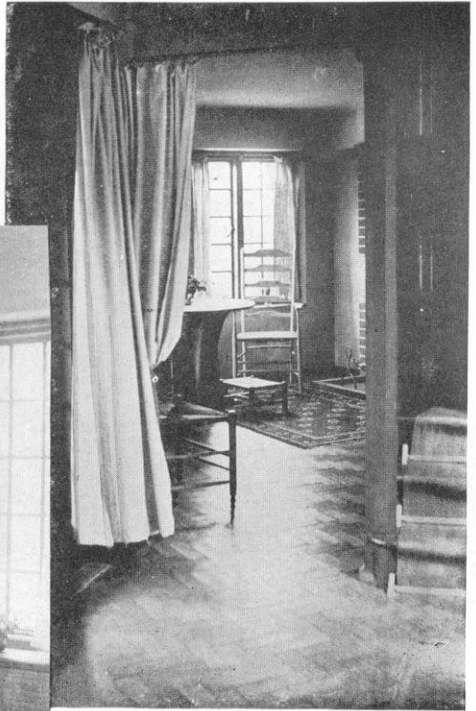
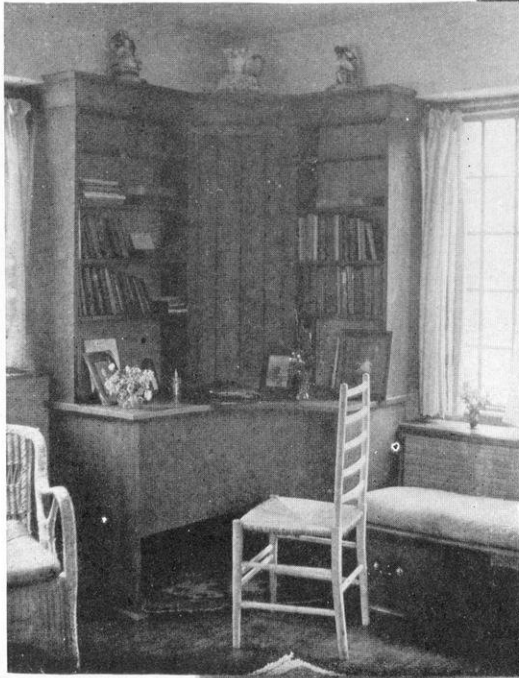
THE PICTURE BELOW SHOWS HALLWAY AT "LETCHEWORTH," WITH FIREPLACE AND DELIGHTFUL READING CORNER, HAVING EXCELLENT LIGHT.

APPROACH TO "LETCHEWORTH" THROUGH A GARDEN, GIVING A PICTURESQUE GLIMPSE OF DOORWAY AND INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS. THIS GARDEN APPROACH SO SUGGESTS THE BEAUTY THAT A HOUSE USUALLY ACQUIRES FROM AGE THAT IT IS DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE IT TO BE A PICTURE OF A NEW BUILDING.



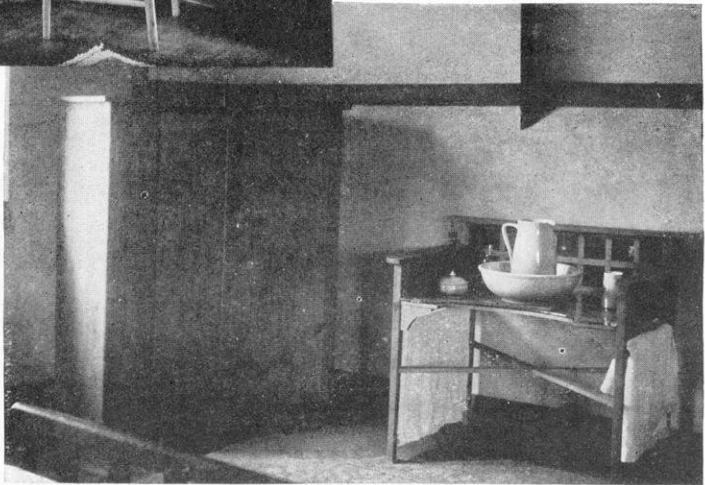
"LETCHEWORTH" AT HORSTED KEYNES, SUSSEX, ENGLAND. BARRY PARKER & RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.

PICTURE BELOW DEPICTS A CORNER IN THE LIVING ROOM AT "LETCHWORTH," SHOWING INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION OF CORNER TABLE AND BOOKSHELVES. IN THESE ENGLISH HOUSES THE STUDY OF COMFORT IS MADE PARAMOUNT, ALWAYS THE TABLES AND CHAIRS ARE WHERE THEY SHOULD BE IN RELATION TO LIGHT AND HEAT.



A PEEP INTO THE HALL AT "LETCHWORTH," SHOWING READING CORNER, GIVEN IN DETAIL ON OPPOSITE PAGE. A MOST DELIGHTFUL NOOK FOR STUDY, FOR READING OR SEWING.

THE PICTURE AT THE SIDE GIVES A CORNER OF A BEDROOM AT LETCHWORTH: THE WALL FINISH IS DISTINGUISHED FOR RIGHT SIMPLICITY. IT IS INTERESTING TO STUDY THE FURNITURE IN THE ROOMS AT "LETCHWORTH," IT SEEMS TO BELONG TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE HOUSE.





Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

"HAYGROVE COTTAGE," BRIDGWATER, SOM-
ERSETSHIRE, ENGLAND.

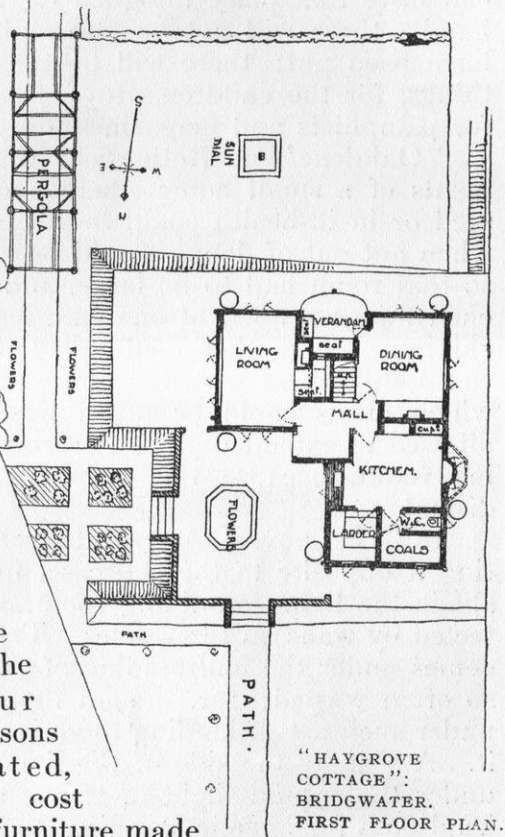
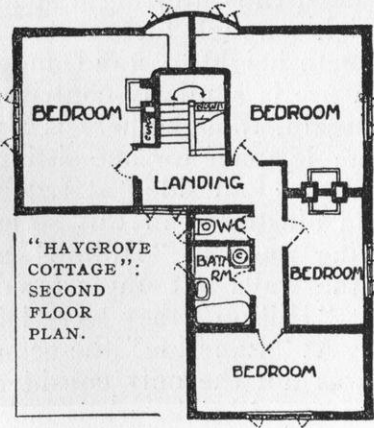
LIVING ROOM OF "HAYGROVE COTTAGE," SHOW-
ING EXTREMELY INTERESTING BRICK FIRE-
PLACE, WITH CLOSETS AND SHELVES.

THE RELATION OF HOUSES AND FURNITURE

without adding to its cost, but reducing the cost of making the sideboard by providing it with back and ends. This is only taken as an example; what is true of a side table applies with equal force to wardrobes, writing desks, washstands, dressing tables, bookcases and shelves, drawers, dressers, seats and cupboards, and almost all the furnishing of a house; they may be fitted into the structure much more cheaply than they can be procured separate from it. The fourth reason for furniture being made with and for the house as less expensive than that procured from the shops, is a difference between the traditions which obtain among cabinetmakers and joiners. While the work of the latter is generally stronger, it has not that degree of mechanical finish given to it, that the work of the former has. For my own part, I would rather pay for good workmanship than for mechanical finish. My sympathies are with the joiners' traditions, and I am glad that they tend to keep down the price of their work. My experience has been that because

of the four reasons stated, the cost of furniture made with and for the house may be reduced in price to an extent which far more than counterbalances the reductions which may be had in the cost of furniture shown in the shops, made in large quantities from the same design.

Of the artistic gain from having everything designed for its place,



THE RELATION OF HOUSES AND FURNITURE

perhaps I need not speak here, but I must enlarge on the practical advantages of having a place designed for everything. There are few of us who do not at times find it depressing to think how much time we waste in looking for things. I do not mean only the time spent in looking for things we never find, or only find after long searching, but time lost by not laying our hands on what we want at once. Now when a house and its furniture have been designed as a whole, some of this loss of time can be prevented. Everything can have that place designed for it which is the most obvious and handy, there will not be many places where it might equally well have been put; there will be the place for the housewife's sewing things, for the children's toys, for books and for writing materials, for pamphlets and magazines, for music, tobacco, and so forth.

"Oakdene" at Rotherfield was designed to meet the requirements of a small home where poor children who were blind, crippled or in ill-health could be taken for a holiday. These children, when not out of doors, would be in the kitchen much of their time, so that room had to be large, and to have the sink, range and kitchen things proper, at one end, leaving the sunny end clear for the children, where they could play under the eye of a "sister" who could still go on with the housework. A large covered veranda on which meals could be taken was required, but the roof was not allowed to extend beyond the front of the segmental bay of the living room, because this would have made the room somewhat dismal.

In "Haygrove Cottage" the veranda has been contrived, by putting it opposite to the staircase, in a position in which it does not shade the living or dining room, while at the same time it is protected by walls on three sides. The seat at the back of this veranda comes under the half-landing of the staircase, thus utilizing a space so often wasted; for, though there is height enough for one to sit under such a half-landing there is not enough height to stand under it. A seat by the side of the living-room fire is similarly contrived under the second flight of stairs, where again, though there is not headroom for anyone standing, there is ample space for one sitting.

An interest attaching to the living room of "Laneside" at Letchworth comes from its being the first room illustrated in this series of articles (with the exception of the living room in "Hilltop" at Caterham) which has the brickwork of the walls left unplastered. Here they have been whitewashed, but at "Hilltop" they were left in the natural red color of the brickwork. At "Laneside" the economy effected by eliminating the plaster was not the only consideration. That the texture, surface and character of brickwork is more

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interesting and artistic than the flat monotony of plaster can scarcely be denied. The effort we make to regain some of the qualities our walls have lost by being plastered, by covering them with first one kind of wall paper or hanging and then another, would indicate this. The attempt to make use of the texture of the brickwork as a decoration, because one inherent in the materials used in construction, was surely on the right lines and had also the advantage of a surface which is not liable to injury from the slightest knock, as is that of plaster.

THE HUSBANDMAN

I BREAK the soil with anguished pain,
And sow with bitter tears.
My soul doth reap like golden grain
The gladness of the years!

I hear the winds that roar and roar,
The elements that rush.
My soul doth hear forevermore
The high celestial hush!

I toil with clods till day is done
In pastures dull and bare.
My soul doth shapen like a sun
The common earth and air!

I win in darkness black as death
The scant bread of the sod.
My soul doth bring from fields of faith
The living sheaves of God!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE VALUE OF COUNTRY LIFE AND ANIMAL PETS FOR CHILDREN: ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES READ: BY ELIZABETH PARKER



R. CHARLES READ, a Scotch photographer, has the faculty of catching the charm of country children and fixing it upon paper, and his numerous photographs of child life make a fascinating study. All his subjects seem to be of the breezy outdoor kind, mainly beautiful with the charm of health and wholesomeness, and very much alive and never looking "posed."

All his child photographs are taken with animals, which is another indication of their wholesomeness, for there are two things in a child's life that are of vast importance—outdoor air and animal companionship. Parents are realizing more and more keenly the necessity of fresh air and the influences of nature for making life wholesome and beautiful for young souls, whose future depend far more upon early environment and influences than the average person realizes. This very thing has of late become a subject of interest to psychologists, who have written many chapters upon it and have thus awakened parents to the great truth.

The child whose early years are spent largely in the country will fondly remember his youth and his beloved animal companions, for country life for a child is rich with happy associations, while the youth of a child kept constantly in the city is a starved sort of thing.

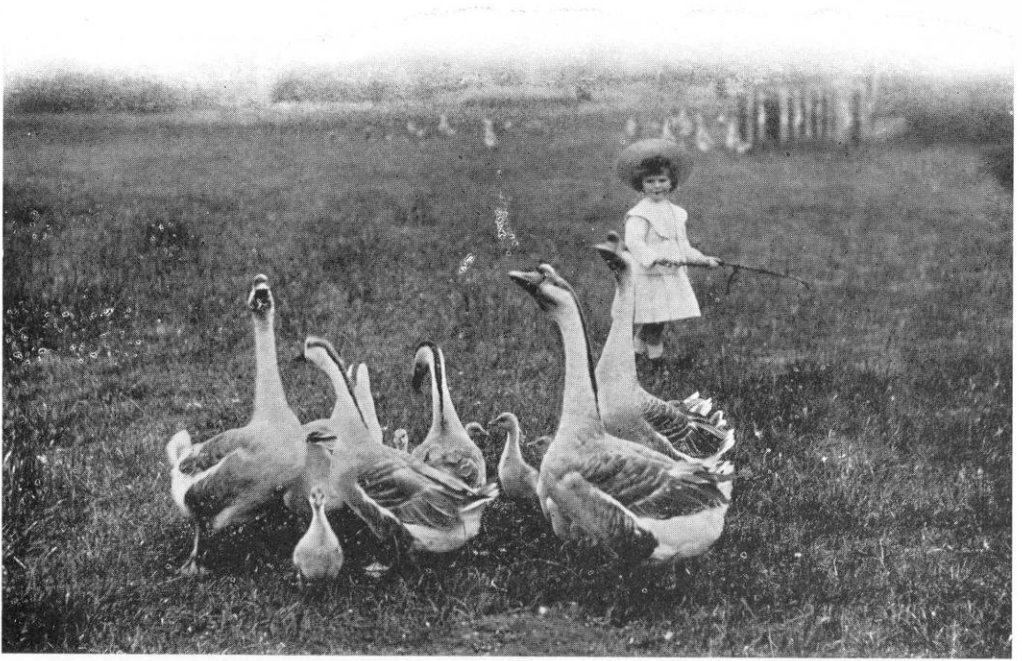
Country life stimulates imagination in a child far more than city life does, and animal pets of the city are limited, a dog, a cat, a parrot, and these not very much fun, since romping over field-and pastures is really the only true way of enjoying animal companions. But to have sheep and horses and cows and geese and chickens with real dogs in the bargain is the sort of thing a child delights in.

Again, as someone has said, a city animal does not seem to be a real animal at all. An animal, by reason of its very nature, ought to have the freedom of some approach to the country, for, after all, environment does much to bring out an animal's good qualities, and one is not just sure but that the best pets for children are those who find happiness in outdoor life, even if it is a tabby cat sleeping under the tree in the sunshine, rather than those indoor, in-town pets that seldom get over the door sill.

All of Mr. Read's child subjects look as if they were full of life and spirit and the joy of existence, and their pets have the aspect of enjoying their little human friends. The poses in his photographs



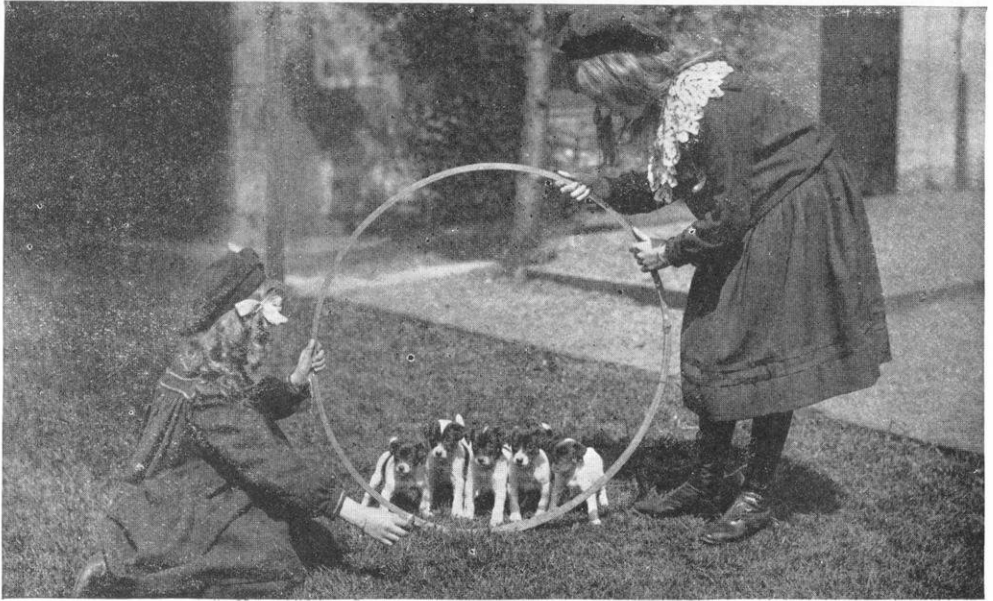
ALL OF MR. READ'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHILDREN ARE
POSED WITH ANIMALS, WHICH SHOWS THE ARTIST'S
UNDERSTANDING THAT ANIMAL COMPANIONSHIP IS
VITAL TO THE RIGHT DEVELOPMENT OF CHILDREN.



PARENTS ARE REALIZING MORE AND MORE KEENLY THE NECESSITY OF COUNTRY AIR AND INFLUENCES TO MAKE LIFE WHOLESOME AND BEAUTIFUL FOR CHILDREN: MR. READ'S PHOTOGRAPHS ARE AN INDICATION THAT THIS TENDENCY IS BEING RECOGNIZED IN SCOTLAND.



COUNTRY LIFE STIMULATES THE IMAGINATION OF A CHILD FAR MORE THAN DOES CITY LIVING, AND FOR CHILDREN TO HAVE SHEEP, HORSES, COWS AND GESE, CHICKENS AND REAL DOGS FOR THEIR ANIMAL PETS MEANS AN INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT IN THEIR CHARACTER TO BE OBTAINED IN NO OTHER WAY.



MR. READ'S MOST SUCCESSFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES ARE OF CHILDREN: IN THEM HE SEEMS TO CONVEY THE VERY SPIRIT OF YOUTH AND JOY OF COUNTRY LIFE, AND HE GIVES YOU THE IMPRESSION OF CHILDREN'S REAL HAPPINESS IN SIMPLE LIVING.

THE VALUE OF COUNTRY LIFE TO CHILDREN

are perfectly natural and therefore almost invariably graceful, for is given to children the art of being graceful when they are unconscious of attention, and Mr. Read is evidently on very intimate terms of understanding with his young subjects, for they never look self-conscious before his camera. He has caught the very spirit of youth and country joy in all of them and they are in most cases distinctly artistic in composition, light and shade. He has the artist's feeling and the artist's sense of values.

He takes pictures for the joy of it and his plates mount up to tens of thousands, not all of child life, however, but almost always of outdoor life of some sort. His most successful studies are of children, and he has a genius for this sort of thing.

The little girl under a tree feeding her lambs with a bottle in the spring sunshine is the very apotheosis of childhood, as is also the little boy earnestly engrossed in feeding his kid. The little girl with her doves perched on her hoop presents a perfect portrayal of child peace and gentleness. Just a dear little girl. The boy fishing with his devoted dogs curled up patiently behind him on the little pier forms as perfect a picture of a young Izaak Walton as one could find. He has the true fisherman's aspect. Through all of them blow the fresh breezes of heaven and they are replete with a something that we all love and some yearn for wistfully. Again one should lay stress on Mr. Read's success in photographing bird-life, not from the naturalist's point of view but in connection with the little men and women who find in chickens and ducks, and geese and doves, delightful playmates as Mr. Read so successfully shows us. The inexhaustible material which childhood offers for pictorial work has tempted almost every person who ever owned a camera to attempt child-portraiture, and yet how few, even though arriving at exquisite results from purely artistic standpoints have succeeded as well as Mr. Read in catching the frolicsome quality of little ones at their play?

There is another quality in Mr. Read's photographs that must not be overlooked; this is the one of retaining their humanness, even at some sacrifice, perhaps, to the matter of the æsthetic side which photographers often emphasize, giving us in place of real children, portraits of the little men and women of the Golden Age that seem to be mere dream children, shadowy phantoms of childhood, not strong, sturdy boy-and-girl-of-today children, picturesque in their own lovable selves, without need of manipulating camera, film or prints to make them what they are not. Mr. Read, it will be seen, always gives us photographs of real boys and girls, and beautiful as these photographs are they are not merely pretty pictures.

THE ENEMY: AN ALLEGORY: BY ELLA M. WARE



HERE was once a Man—a fairly good one, as men go. He had quite a number of solid virtues, all carefully polished. His vices, which were few and insignificant, were also carefully polished; you could hardly distinguish them from virtues. His proudest asset was a large, gold-plated conscience, inherited from his grandfather. It was wound up regularly every Sunday morning, and would run quite nicely for the remainder of the week,—usually, that is. At times perhaps it was a trifle inconvenient to carry, but the satisfaction derived from its possession and the feeling of distinction with which it could be exhibited to friends, more than compensated.

He believed in several things—William Shakespeare, for instance, and the divine right of presidents, and the statement that competition is the soul of trade. He was, in short, what might be labeled “a respectable, God-fearing citizen.” In fact, he was so labeled—invisibly, of course, but unmistakably; and it was a label that anyone, even the most undiscerning, could read.

Time passed, as time usually does. The mercury of his self-esteem (which had never been particularly low), rose gradually but continually until it warmed his mental atmosphere to a steady, comfortable temperature.

One day, however, the Man noticed a difference. Only a slight difference, to be sure; just the vaguest suspicion of discomfort; a faint, microscopic chill, as though someone had inadvertently opened a door and let a draught of outside air into the warm regions of his spiritual calm. The thought annoyed him, for he did not believe in overventilation. The thermometer was examined, and discovered to have dropped the fraction of a degree. He tried to find out where the draught came from, but his efforts were vain. After all, he reflected, perhaps it was only his imagination; and he decided to forget all about it.

But this was not so simple as he had thought, for the draught was there and he felt the chill. True, it was only a detail, but it was annoying,—most annoying. He was not accustomed to having his peace of mind trifled with in this manner, and he looked about vaguely for someone to blame; but nobody seemed responsible. Finally he put it down as Fate—which, after all, is the most convenient way of accounting for the unaccountable; it eliminates all the trouble and discomforts of investigation. Moreover, there was something flattering in the idea that Providence should have singled out himself as the victim of its especial ill-humor. But even

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this distinction, though it filled him with a melancholy pride, did not by any means destroy his resentment at the fact; and he went about his business with an injured frown.

For some weeks the thing continued, until the Man grew almost used to it; then it began to get worse. The friction of the daily routine increased, and even the most unimportant events seemed out of gear. It was as though an unseen agent were meddling with his own particular section of the cosmic machinery.

He began to expect the unexpected, and to take a cynical pleasure in the spectacle of his own defeat. "There you are!" he would exclaim. "Just my luck! I might have known something would happen!"

Nor was he content merely with such bromidic phrases in which to vent his ire. The subject having begun to take on a sort of morbid interest, he sought to elevate his private woe above the hackneyed and the commonplace by finding reinforcement for his views in the realms of science and metaphysics and philosophy. He studied the works of Schopenhauer, and was struck with the marvelous logic and plausibility with which he found his own ideas expounded. He began to regard the "High Priest of Pessimism" in the light of a prophet, and to reverence his words as those of one inspired.

A curious sensation of being haunted weighed upon his soul. Could it be possible that he had a secret enemy—some fiend in human form who found delight in making life a misery to him? The idea seemed preposterous. Why should anyone desire to molest him? What possible motive could one have? Revenge? He laughed: Absurd!—for whom had he ever injured? None, surely; and he ran over instinctively the names and faces of various people he had known. No character among them seemed to fit the rôle of an avenging justice, for none appeared to have suffered at his hands. Having adopted early in life the old axiom about honesty being the best policy, he had lived up to it strictly,—for it was a policy that paid. True, his past was not entirely immaculate—whose is?—but certainly his treatment of his fellow beings had always been as fair as theirs of him; frequently much fairer, he added mentally. This idea cheered him. The hypothesis, therefore of a vendetta and a hidden foe, picturesque though it was, could be dismissed.

The question, however, was still unsolved. The mystery had, in fact, deepened. If no human cause or agency could be assigned, what then was the explanation? Why this indisputable manifestation of enmity on the part of some unknown, external Force? By what unconscious action had he incurred the displeasure of the relentless Thing that oppressed him at every turn? He examined his

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conscience by the searchlight of the Ten Commandments, but failed to find wherein they had been infringed. He had not even overstepped the "chalked circle" of Conventionality, or offended in any way against the Society of which he had always been so eminent and respectable a member. How, then, had he deserved such treatment at the hands of Fate?

Once or twice the Man wondered whether insanity had overtaken him; whether this strange disorder of the Universe was a reflection of some derangement of his own brain. But the notion seemed incredible. He, with his perfect mental balance, his clearness of perception, level-headedness, common sense, in fact? No; it was out of the question, entirely. And he fell back once more on the hypothesis of the Secret Foe as being the only practical explanation of the problem.

He consulted his physician and paid for tonic and advice which he never took; but the diagnosis of his case threw no light upon the situation. He was half inclined to call on his attorney, but the fear of appearing ridiculous withheld him. He might employ detectives to trace the odious perpetrator of his misfortunes; but what clue could he give them as to the Thing's identity? There seemed none. And yet, all the time, he was conscious of a firm conviction that his enemy was a man—a living human being who was perpetually devising new and ingenious methods of overturning his work and preventing the accomplishment of whatever he happened to attempt. There was something positively diabolical in the way this unknown personage anticipated his desires and foiled them steadily, one by one.

At last, one night, he determined to stand it no more. Either he or his Enemy must go—there was not room for them both. He would solve it; he would bend all the force of his remaining will power to the accomplishment of this purpose, and by sheer strength of character drag his persecutor forth into the open.

Firm in this resolution, with head bowed and lips grimly set, he paced up and down his room. It was quite late, almost eleven o'clock, and curiously quiet. The air was tense with that strange feeling of suspension that precedes a storm. The Man knew, though he could not have explained why, that something was going to happen. He waited.

"If I could only see him face to face!"

The words were spoken aloud, and his own voice almost startled him, so peculiarly distinct and metallic it seemed in the unnatural stillness of the lamplit room. To his intensified imagination the speech sounded like an invocation to the Evil One. But he had

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ceased to be afraid; whatever happened, he was ready for it.

At last, as though conjured by this concentration of his will, the door opened slowly and someone entered the room.

The intruder was a man of medium height, and dressed in black. He wore neither hat nor overcoat, which was strange, for the month was November and the weather cold. (Had he then been in the house all the time?) His features were concealed by a black mask, but otherwise there was nothing extraordinary in his appearance, nothing to occasion alarm.

The Man stared at him curiously, with a feeling of astonishment,—disappointment almost. Could this ordinary looking individual be the wretch whose despicable machinations had gradually undermined his existence and nearly worked his ruin? Was it possible that this insignificant character had contrived to rob him stealthily, month after month, of the happiness which was his due? But the question was merely a rhetorical one, for there was no doubt whatever in his mind. A subconscious knowledge told him that he was at last in the presence of his Enemy.

The two faced each other for a moment, motionless, while the clock on the mantelpiece marked off the time with loud and regular beats. Then the figure in the mask stepped forward. With a quick movement the Man sprang toward him—and then stopped suddenly, for there was something in the other's bearing that filled him with a vague dread. Where had he seen that gesture before? of whom did that air, that attitude, remind him?

He stood there stupefied, and once more they looked into each other's eyes, while those behind the mask seemed to peer out with a grotesque familiarity. The Man tried vainly to recall some clue, some memory, that would tell him what this could mean. There was a strange but unmistakable likeness—to whom? His thoughts swam, his brain grew dazed. Then, with a sudden effort, he pulled himself together. What did it matter, this absurd, this chance resemblance! One thing he knew—here was his Enemy!

The thought maddened him. He leaped forward, and the next instant his fingers clutched the stranger's throat. There was a brief struggle. With a strength that seemed almost superhuman, he forced his opponent to the ground, and for a second held him there, pinned, choking. Then, with one hand—exultantly!—he tore off the mask!

The Man's fingers loosed their hold. He drew back, faint with horror—speechless—gasping—

The face before him was his own!

TRADE EDUCATION IN GERMANY: ITS VALUE TO THE LABORER: BY EVA E. VOM BAUR



HOUSANDS of workmen, busy every night, trying to learn new things about their trade, and thousands more giving up their jobs temporarily in order to become more efficient, doesn't that sound like a progressive wide-awake labor force, like a population that is not going to be left behind in the commercial race of the nations? It may in truth be said that these workshops, these schoolrooms of Germany, where boys under eighteen who have left school must go to work out their apprenticeship, and where every man and woman who thinks there is still something to learn, goes to find out what that something is—are the generators of the energy and the strength which make Germany the formidable world power that it is today. Critics of the *Vaterland* delight in pointing out the tremendous military and naval forces which it maintains, saying, "The Government has no right to appropriate money made by the industry of the country in this way." But hasn't it? In a roundabout way, the Empire pays for its own defense, for the industry which helps so largely to fill the treasury owes its success, in great part, to the efficiency of the labor force, and this efficiency is due almost entirely to the broad interest and the infinite pains which the Government takes in the education and the welfare of the laboring classes.

That Germany has been able to work out such a complete system of trade education, no doubt the most complete of any modern nation, is probably due to two prime factors—the absolute control which the police department exercises, and the old, old system of apprentice-journeyman-master, which has become bone and flesh of the German industrial giant through the long centuries of its existence. This system demands that a youth serve an apprenticeship of two or three years, followed by three more years of work, during which he is known as a journeyman, until he may become a master and ply his own trade. This forms the basis of the whole scheme of trade education as it exists today. The schools now offer a substitute for the workshop apprenticeship, or enable the beginner to become a journeyman the sooner by supplementing his shop work with school instruction. Similarly, in the higher grades, they prepare the men who have worked as journeymen for the master's examination held by the state.

Believing that labor, to be efficient, must be intelligent, and with the usual faith in the good effect of strict discipline that characterizes all German institutions, the Government conceived the idea of compelling all those who have not finished their school education to

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attend school for a few hours every week until the seventeenth year is passed.

THIS was accomplished through the Continuation Schools, of which we have examples in the United States, with this difference that in Germany attendance is compulsory. These schools originated as far back as the sixteenth century, but were then known as Sunday Classes, as they were held Sunday mornings for the benefit of boys and girls who had been obliged to leave school before graduating. They were then, literally, only Continuation Schools, and as such were regarded as more of a nuisance than a blessing by teachers, parents and employers alike. They strove to do no more than continue, and in part to repeat, the work of the foregoing school years, and as many of the children had no natural propensity for learning to begin with, to teach them was no more an easy and pleasant task than for them to sit still and pay attention to things they didn't understand and didn't want to learn, when they were tired at night or wanted to be enjoying a holiday. By degrees, those who were struggling with these unwilling minds conceived the idea, so universally recognized now, that manual labor will interest many, where mental labor absolutely fails. They saw that these schools would become really beneficial only when they met the need of the pupils in their daily interests. By degrees, then, one trade after the other was introduced until the change from the Public School Continuation to the Trade School was complete.

In the opinion of German educators a decided step forward was made when, in the beginning of the "nineties" the decree became almost universal that attendance at these schools be *compulsory for all boys under eighteen who were not studying anywhere*. Up to the present time, out of forty-four cities with a population of over fifty-five thousand each, but six have not yet advanced from the Voluntary to Compulsory Schools. Of these, three are the "free cities" of Germany—Hamburg, Lübeck and Bremen—where the merchants and the exporters are all-powerful.

Although it was not until the last twenty years that this compulsory education became general, we find individual instances of it as early as seventeen hundred and thirty-nine, as for instance in Würtemberg, where the edict went forth that the Sunday Classes, which were established in fifteen hundred and fifty-nine, "should be attended by all young people until they marry; so that they shall not forget all too soon what they learned in school, and that they may not get into too much mischief on Sundays and holidays."

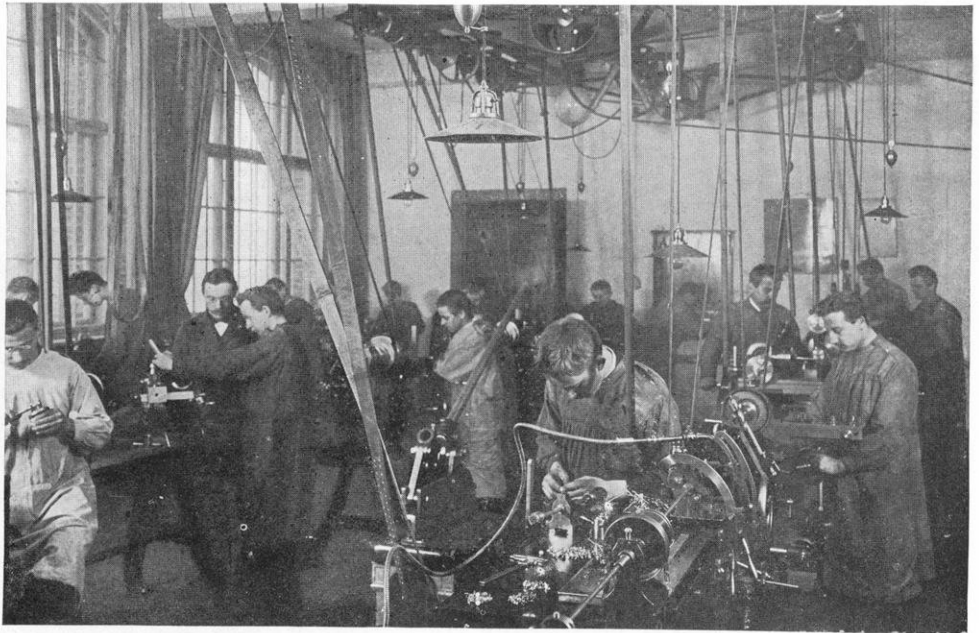
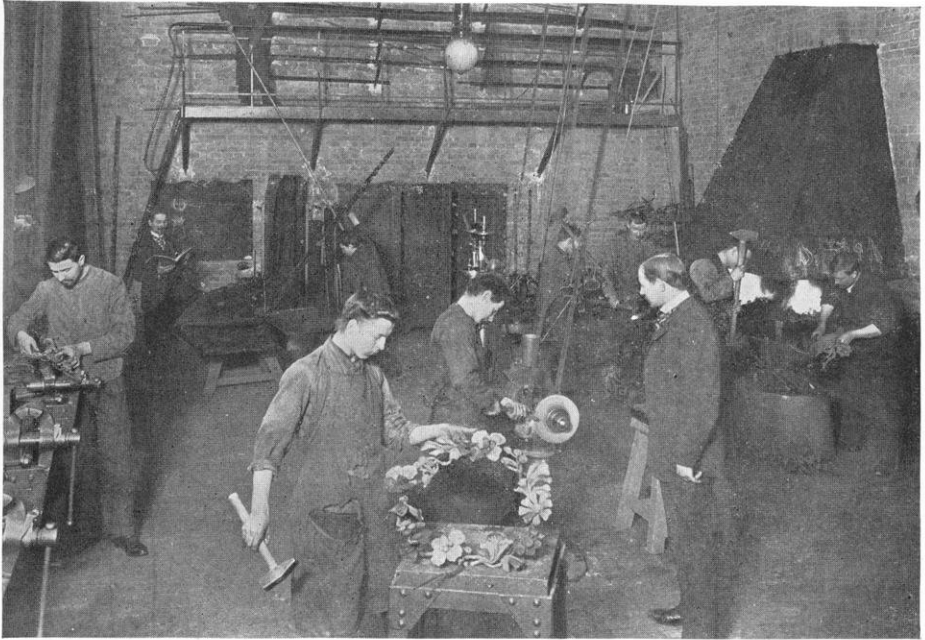
Herr Heinrich Germer, Direktor of the school board for Continu-

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ation Schools, who edited one of the best general accounts of trade education in Germany, writes as follows of compulsory education at these schools: "It brought life and power into the schools. The attendance increased and became more regular; the behavior and the discipline of the pupils improved perceptibly and it has won over the opposing forces among parents, employers and pupils generally, who have learned to realize that the schools are working for the greatest good of the greatest number. These schools are an important factor in raising the standard of intelligence in the labor class, in furthering the interests of trade and industry, and in improving the public welfare in every way."

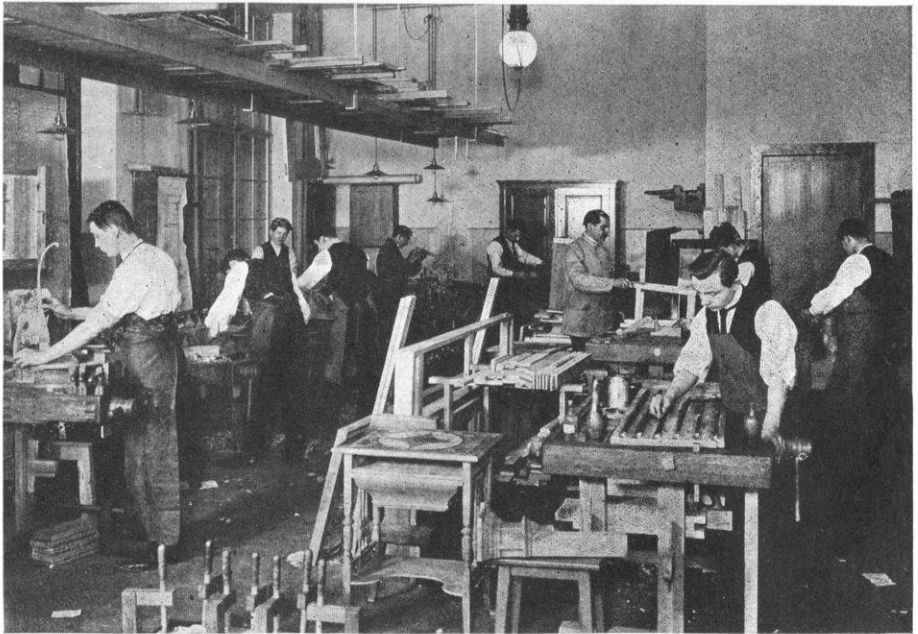
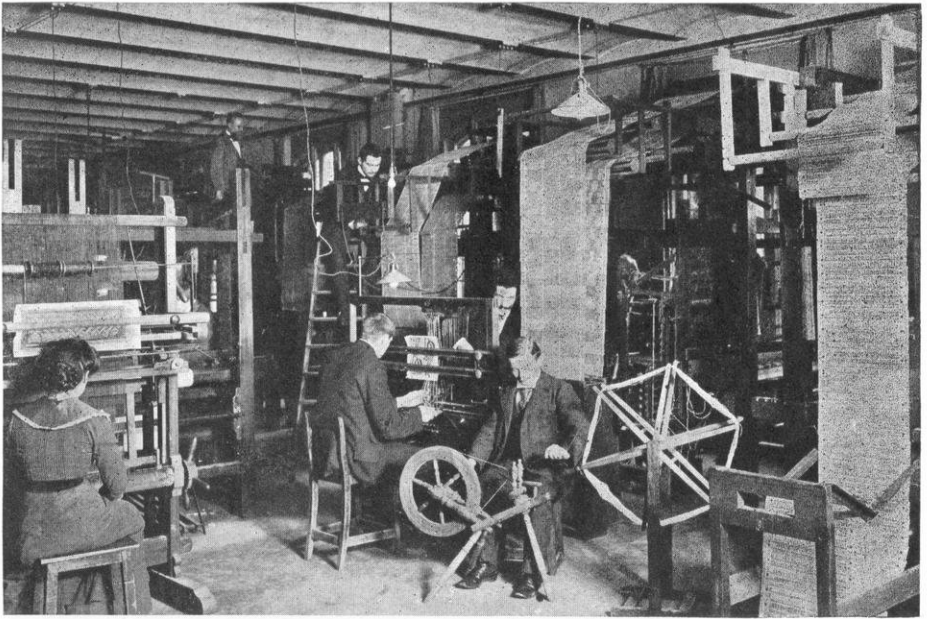
OF COURSE, there are those with views contrary to Herr Germer, who manage to see all the holes and the gaps in the system, who believe that it is working against too difficult odds and achieving little. But on what is this opposition based? What objections do the employers and the laborers raise against a system that is obviously inaugurated for their benefit? In the first place, there is the uncomprehending blind fear and distrust with which people generally receive any institution that is established in their interest; and then there is the universal law that things which are compulsory are irksome, because they seem to rob the individual of personal liberty and freedom. There are also the objections of both merchant and laborer. Every employer, from the manager of a huge factory who employs hundreds and thousands of men, to the shopkeeper who indulges in the labor luxury of an errand boy, must register each employee, as he is engaged or dismissed. And if any are below eighteen years of age, the employer must agree to let them take four hours of their working time every week to attend school. In the end, perhaps the merchant may lose his employee entirely if the ambitious youth thinks that he has arrived at a state of proficiency worthy of a higher salary. The laborer, on the other hand, must report at the opening of the school session in October, at the nearest Continuation School with his certificate from the last school attended, and tell where he is employed, what he is doing and what he hopes to become! He must then attend school at least three times a week when he might be doing something which he likes much better.

In the opinion of the writer the number of those strongly opposed to Compulsory Continuation Schools is, relatively speaking, quite small. In proof of this, most of the large firms pay out yearly big sums of money, either to maintain their own schools (such as those established in the factories of Krupp & Co. in Essen, Ludwig Löwe



A "SMITHY" IN THE HIGHER TRADE SCHOOL OF BERLIN: ALL THE PRACTICAL DETAIL OF ACTUAL WORKMANSHIP IS HERE,—THE RAW MATERIAL, THE BIG FURNACE, WITH A BLACKSMITH FOR A TEACHER.

THE MACHINE SHOP OF THE HIGHER TRADE SCHOOL OF BERLIN: A SHOP WHERE THE BOYS MAKE THE INSTRUMENTS WITH WHICH THEY EVENTUALLY MAKE THE MACHINES.



A CLASS IN THE TEXTILE TRADE SCHOOL AT BERLIN: EVERY BRANCH OF THE TRADE IN TEXTILES IS TAUGHT HERE, FROM THE UTILIZATION OF RAW MATERIALS TO THE MAKING OF CLOTHES. THE CARPENTRY DIVISION OF THE HIGHER TRADE SCHOOL AT BERLIN: EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF WOODWORK IS TAUGHT HERE, FROM THE MAKING OF A PIECE OF FURNITURE TO CARVING AND VENEERING.

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and Siemens and Halske in Berlin) or to establish trade schools with other employers, with unions or with the state and the city. Further proof lies in the fact that the boards of directors of the separate schools are made up of representatives of the varied interests. Besides the mayor and the commissioner of education, there are usually several master tradesmen, representatives of unions, trade societies, large factories and corporations. The schools are in fact, as in theory, managed by the coöperation of labor and capital, of employer and employed.

When compulsory education was introduced it did not convert all the Continuation Schools into Compulsory Continuation Schools—far from it. There are now more schools where attendance is voluntary than where it is compulsory. The latter offer a far wider range of subjects, especially in the intellectual as distinguished from the manual subjects. They are intended for those who are beyond the obligatory age of attendance, and any and all who want to acquire knowledge along various lines, from languages to hair dressing. Though the tuition at the Compulsory Schools is free, the payment of a small sum is required in the Voluntary Schools. (That is, if one takes six hours a week, one pays, say, from one mark and fifty pfennigs to thirty-six marks for the course, according to the subject and the material used.) They offer not only Sunday and evening classes a few hours a week, but daytime classes and full courses with a certificate for satisfactory work. In short, they are useful for those who wish to give more time to study before beginning to work, for those who would supplement their shop work with technical knowledge, as well as for those who have no utilitarian purpose at all.

THESE Continuation Schools are not Trade Schools in the strict sense of the word, or rather in our interpretation of the word. They supplement the shop work, rather than give actual training in manual labor. They aim to give the theoretical side of the subject which the laborer cannot get in the unchanging daily routine of his work, to help him understand his field better, to have a broader and more scientific view of his trade, and to awaken an interest and an ambition in him to convert and develop it into something even better. These schools aim, also, to make every member of the Empire as intelligent a member of the community as his mental caliber will allow—able, at least, to read, to write a correct letter, to do the simplest arithmetic and to have a passable understanding of the civics and economics of his Government (and, incidentally, a little insight into the monarchical viewpoint to counteract the

TRADE EDUCATION IN GERMANY

socialistic which is preached in every place where workers convene).

This double aim indicates that the schools have not lost sight of their initial purpose, that of giving a little more mind training to those occupied with the hands. The directors believe that this should be the prime aim of the system, for the pupils, presumably, get enough training in skill under the direction of their employers. However, if a pupil is particularly ambitious and desires to better himself manually, so to speak, he may attend any one of the numerous Workshop Schools to acquire more skill at the same time that he is attending the Continuation Schools to acquire the technical knowledge.

THESSE Workshop Schools offer opportunities for the plying of every conceivable trade, from that of the cookie-baker to that of the diamond cutter. They are divided into two groups,—the lower, or those maintained and supported by the unions, corporations and other interested organizations, for instruction in one particular trade, such as a school for plumbers or masons alone, and the higher, those maintained by the state for two hundred and fifty odd trades, and known as the Professional and the Trade Schools. Of these Workshop Schools there are over fifty in Berlin alone, and in all Germany no less than three hundred. They give a little technical instruction parallel with the workshop practice (for instance, machine builders learn an essential amount of mathematics and execute their own designs). Of the city schools it is possible to say that if they have no course scheduled they make one, for no applicant is ever turned away. As the classes are never larger than fourteen in the workshops, fifteen or twenty in the drawing classes and twenty or thirty in the general classes, there is considerable opportunity for individualization. In fact, the most laudable feature of the entire system is the personal interest which the instructor takes in each pupil.

By means of the certificate which every new student brings, the instructor is able to tell exactly what the boy has studied before, and through the notices of the present employer what the nature of the work is which is now required of him and in which he wishes to improve. In a class of ten in freehand drawing (technical drawing is the most important study of all in these schools) each man was drawing something different.

In the technical courses the same principle prevails—for each man only the knowledge that is essential to his trade and his career. Pure art and pure science, if one may use the terms, are not taught at these schools, but as much of each subject as is needed in a certain line of work. For instance, a whole course in geology would be

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useless for a locksmith, but he ought to know about the qualities of the most ordinary metals, their power of expansion, their malleability, their resistance and their market value. In physics he needs to know the law of gravitation, of stability, the law of solids and the attributes of heat; and in chemistry the action of certain chemicals on the metals which he is apt to be using. It is this combination of science and of technical knowledge, of theory and of practice that makes the *teaching* in trade schools particularly difficult.

NEXT to the question of hours in Workshop Schools, the question of training the teaching staff presents the most difficult problem. Often the public-school teachers undertake this work as a sort of side issue, but it is even more difficult for them to do this than it is for our school teachers to instruct in the evening high schools, because the German teachers have to prepare themselves first, picking out the essentials from a vast amount of material at their disposal; it is not as though they repeated the same things that they teach in the daytime. They cannot find what they would teach in books alone, but must go to factory and workshop to eke out the facts they would later pour into the minds of their charges. They must be as sure of the theoretical side of the subject as of the practical, because they are going to deal with men who have been in the trade for many years, perhaps, and they must avoid giving a smattering of information where thorough instruction is expected. For the purpose of training the teaching staff, the German Society for the Extension of the Continuation School System established a school at Leipzig; and in several of the larger cities either the unions, trade societies or the Government itself have opened classes for the instruction of instructors.

Perhaps the largest group in the Compulsory Continuation Schools is that of the unclassified workers. The problem they present to their instructors is none the less serious than that they set the police. Most of them have no especial interests, no desire to learn anything at all; they are errand boys, pages, runners and general nuisances now, and they mean to drift with the time and catch the opportunities for advancement as they float by. What does the school do with them? Take the case of the little "buttons" who opens the hotel door and has no higher ambition than to perfect himself in the gentle art of extracting tips. Does the state encourage him in this ambition? It rather tries to substitute a worthier one. He is put through a thorough course to make him a more useful member of society. He must learn how to speak and write correct German, how to do simple arithmetic quickly and accu-

TRADE EDUCATION IN GERMANY

rately; he has to study the map of Berlin that he may be able to give intelligent information to strangers at his gate; he has to learn where all the city buildings are, where one may go in case of an emergency or of accident; what charitable institutions exist and where they are; he must fill his little head full of useful information about postal regulations, police rulings and everything pertaining to his city and his country. That he may be of use to his employer in case of a waiters' strike or any other possible emergency and that he may get an insight into some profession he is taught how to set and wait on the table, what meats to buy and where to buy them and, perhaps, even how to use them when they are bought. He is also given an idea of household chemistry and hygiene as well as of book-keeping. When he is through with his three-year six-hours-a-week course, one can really expect him to be a brighter and more useful citizen, if not a more helpful, efficient subject of the Kaiser's state.

IN THE Grade Schools in northern Germany there is as yet no manual training. In southern Germany, in the Rhine district, for example, workshops have been put in some of the schools where the children over fourteen years of age may busy themselves after school hours, under the supervision of a teacher. In Berlin a newly formed Society for Manual Training for Boys has opened similar classes in schoolrooms, and is now trying to persuade the Government to take them into the regular system. But to give any manual training in the regular school hours, other than cooking for the girls, perhaps, is something of which the German fails to see the immediate value. School means school to them—steady, earnest plodding, and to introduce anything so frivolous as manual training into its curriculum, were verily to convert it into a playroom. It is indicative of the seriousness with which the Germans regard work and the relatively small value they put in play for the child, that they are only now beginning to establish boys' clubs, recreation centers and public reading rooms—things which the Americans have long appreciated and which they have almost overdeveloped in comparison with the Trade Schools—the working centers!

More is done in the way of manual training for the girls in the Grade Schools—in some, one entire day in the week is set apart for housework,—cooking, sewing, cleaning, marketing and so forth. In others a little of one or the other is given once or twice a week. But later when the girls have reached the working age the state does not pay so much attention to their needs. Of the twelve States that have compulsory attendance at Continuation Schools for boys, only four include girls. There are some ninety-one Voluntary Continuation

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Schools for girls in the Empire, where they may learn all the domestic branches as well as many of commerce and business, and just plain culture! But regular school attendance for three years by working girls less than eighteen years old is scarcely required. The general intelligence of women, it would seem, is not so important to the state!

And what are the results of this comprehensive system? It is hardly fair to speak of results yet, since Compulsory Schools have not been the order of things long enough to make their influence upon the community appreciable. One ought to give this system and the far-reaching Trade-Educational System as it exists today at least a generation or two to show what it can do. As no examinations are held at the end of the year, there is no way of telling how much the individual has really profited from the things he has learned, except through his own record of advancement, and that the Government has not yet undertaken to keep on file! What effect the system may have in the economics of the Empire is matter still for conjecture. If overcultivation is to be regarded as a mistake, then Germany is certainly making a big mistake. It is educating its people to a higher level; it is increasing their knowledge, and thereby perhaps increasing their sorrow. It is a most significant fact that within the last ten years, since Germany has undertaken to perfect the skill of her own workmen, she has had to import Italians from the south, Russians and Poles from the north and Hungarians from the east to do her meanest labor—to build her railroads, to dig her subways and to dredge her canals.



THE CRAFTSMAN SPIRIT: BY T. H. WALBRIDGE



THE SPIRIT AND CREATION.

At creation music already was:
Then, the morning Stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy!
Music was enthroned from of old;
For with music everything began—
“Harmony, order and proportion, the music of the
Spheres.”

I, music, was sporting there, day by day—
Rejoicing always before God;
Rejoicing in the habitable earth:
And my delight was with the sons of men.

THE SPIRIT AND MEN.

A Voice, with music in his heart, appeared:
He came singing—singing to awaken life,
That everyone, by him, might have it abundantly,
Not that he was the Master Craftsman,
But his song was to establish Him.

Moreover, because with music began man himself;
And in music is the life of men;
Which life has been lived amid discord,
And the discord has never overpowered it.

Therefore, came music to this world, its home,
But its own received it not, nor welcomed it:
But to all who will is given the right to become Craftsmen.
Not begotten of blood, or of human instincts,
Or yet by any design of man;
But to the Spirit, do they owe this life!

THE SPIRIT AND THE MAN.

The Word became man, and made a home among us,
And we listened to harmony—such harmony as exists in heaven,
And he abounded in righteousness and truth.

So the Voice bears witness—with heart song exalts.

THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN.

They are wise who keep to my ways,
Who music finds—finds pure delight;
Who misses music—misses his true life;
Who hate sweet sounds are lovers of death!
Out of music harmony, melody upon melody,
For, while the law exists for the ear,
The true gift is through the heart.

No man ever harkened to sweetest concord,
Save One only, Who is ever close to God's heart—
Who exists in union with true Holiness—
The Master Craftsman—Whose Spirit makes Him known.



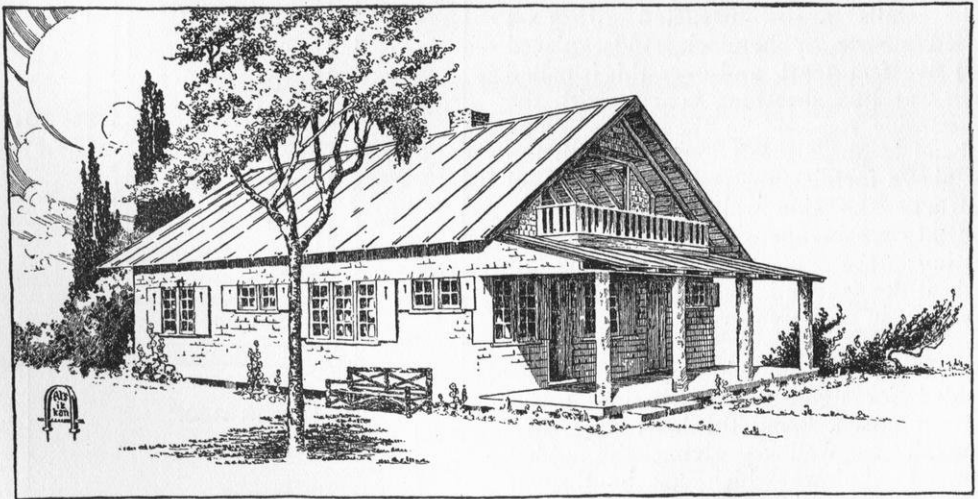
TWO CRAFTSMAN SUMMER COTTAGES AND TWO BUNGALOWS WITH STONE FOUNDATIONS

SUMMER vacations have become such a factor in city life among all classes that there is a growing demand for inexpensive cottages, suitable for either seashore or mountains and planned to meet the needs of a family during the hot days of the summer. In answer to many inquiries we give this month—in addition to the two regular Craftsman houses—two interesting plans of bungalows designed especially to meet vacation housing.

The problems to be solved in designing houses of this kind are so different from those usually encountered in the planning of city or suburban all-year dwellings that the work at once becomes stimulating, and

rigid economies must be observed in their construction, so that the first cost is not prohibitive and that the investment does not become a burden. Both of the houses shown are planned to be built of stock materials, such as can be purchased in any locality, and the simplest methods of construction are recommended. In each case the exteriors are of wood, with ruberoid roofs, battened.

Plan for house No. 109 is shown without foundation. In selecting a site for this house care should be taken to secure a dry, well-drained surface, so that dampness will not rot the floor timbers, as the sills are to rest directly on posts sunk in the ground. A large flat stone will form a good footing for the posts and will prevent the house from settling. Sawed shingles of either red or white cedar or cypress may be used for the exterior and may be left to weather. But for a few dollars the owner can him-

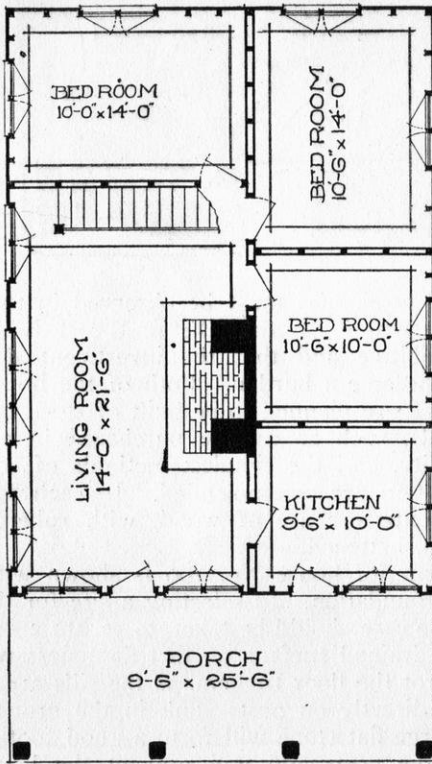


one wonders why more attention has not been given to these "play houses."

As these dwellings are to be occupied for only a few weeks of the year the most

CRAFTSMAN SUMMER COTTAGE, NO. 109. self add much to the beauty as well as to the life of the cottage by applying creosote stains to the shingles, selecting harmonizing

CRAFTSMAN SUMMER COTTAGES AND BUNGALOWS



COTTAGE NO. 109: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

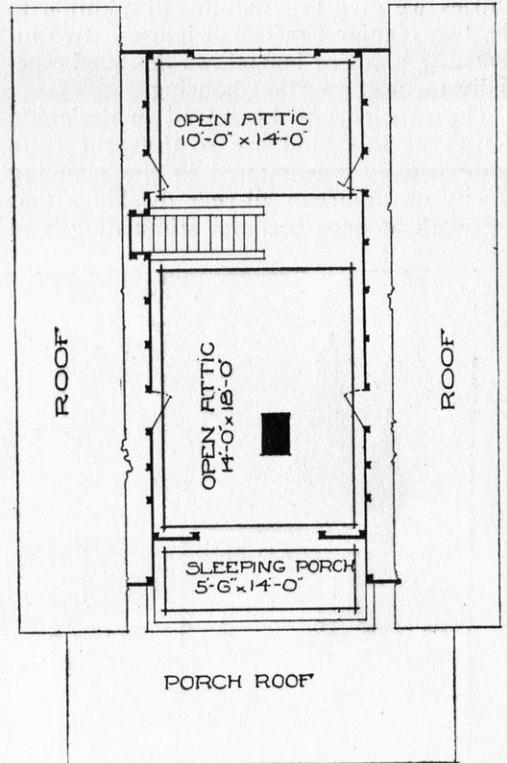
colors in grays, browns or greens to blend with the colors of the roofing and the surrounding landscape.

The walls are constructed of 3x4 dressed spruce or hemlock studs, placed about five feet apart, and over this is nailed North Carolina sheathing boards, with the dressed side exposed in the rooms. The overhead beams are left exposed, with the floor above forming the ceiling. This panel construction of side walls and ceiling becomes at once inexpensive and yet very interesting; the entire interior being of wood, it lends itself most delightfully to decoration in cool tones of a gray or green stain.

An abundance of windows have been provided for light and ventilation. Casements are used, being the least expensive to install, as well as giving the added charm of windows which can be thrown wide open. The wide entrance porch, with its balcony overhead, supported by hewn trees for posts, is most pleasing in effect. A living room, three bedrooms and a kitchen are provided on the first floor. No

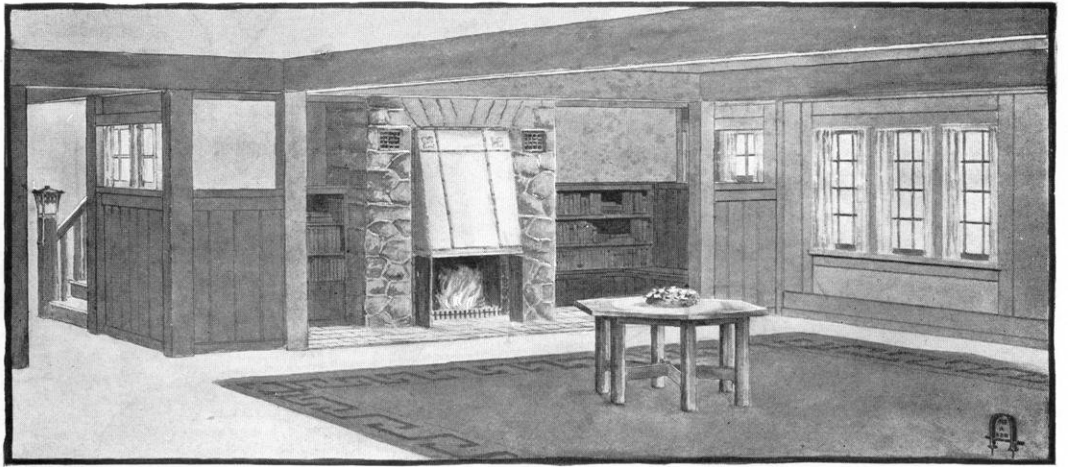
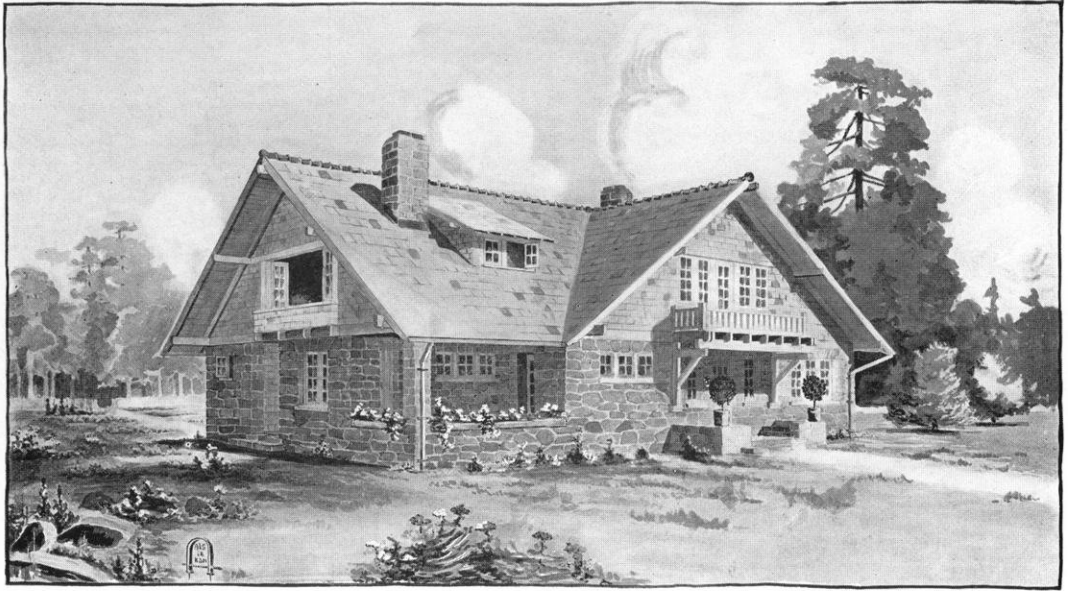
bath is shown, because running water is seldom available, and these houses will generally be built in localities where public bathing may be had in lake or surf. If, however, the owner desires to go to that expense, another partition may be added and a bath placed between two of the bedrooms. The fireplace, built of stone or brick, laid up with wide raked-out joints, will add to the rustic appearance of the interior and afford much comfort to those who have the leisure to spend a few weeks of the early fall in these delightful places. A door opens directly from the kitchen to the porch, so that meals may be served in the open.

Ample storage room is provided in the attic by partitioning off the spaces under the eaves to a height of about five feet. Both ends of the attic are left entirely open, and this space will accommodate a number of cots and form most delightful sleeping quarters. Shutters should be provided for every window, as well as the

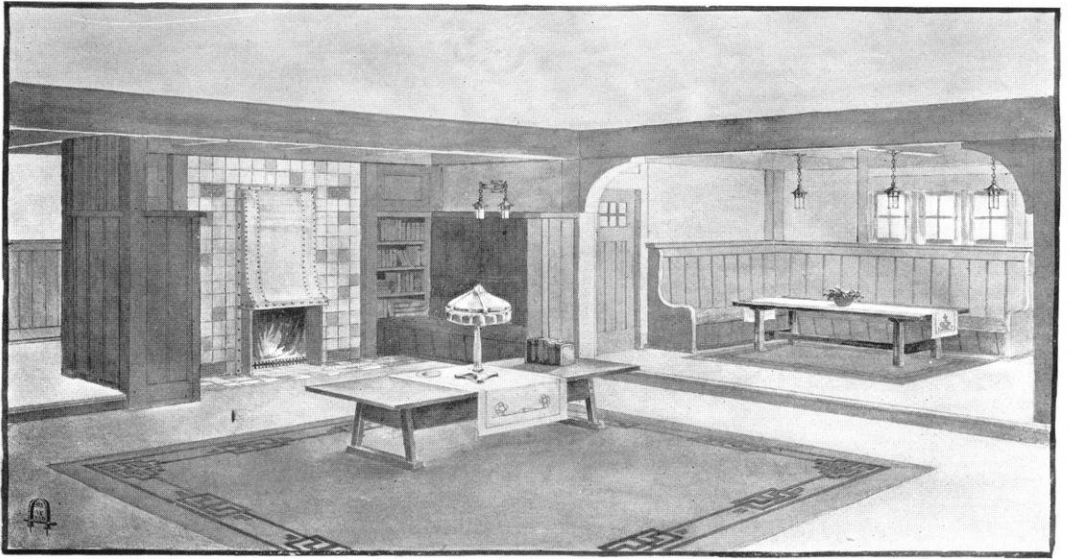
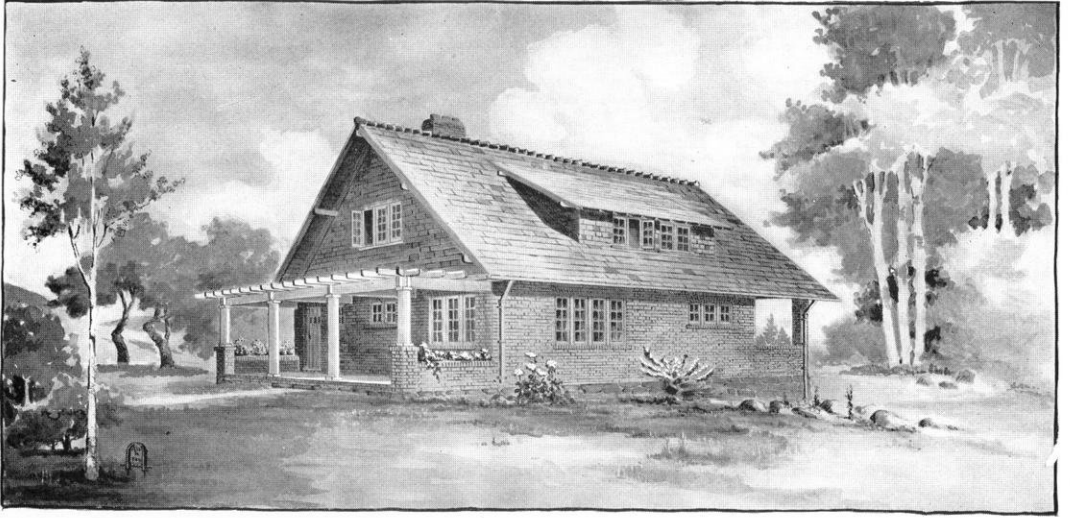


COTTAGE NO. 109: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

open ends of the attic, so that the house may be securely closed during the winter months.



CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 111, OF STONE AND RIVED SHINGLES, WITH RED SLATE ROOF. LIVING ROOM IN STONE BUNGALOW FITTED WITH A FIREPLACE-FURNACE WHICH HEATS THE WHOLE HOUSE.



CRAFTSMAN BUNGLOW, NO. 112, OF
BRICK WITH STONE FOUNDATION.

GLIMPSE OF LIVING ROOM WITH DIN-
ING ALCOVE, HAVING A BUILT-IN
CORNER SEAT.

CRAFTSMAN SUMMER COTTAGES AND BUNGALOWS

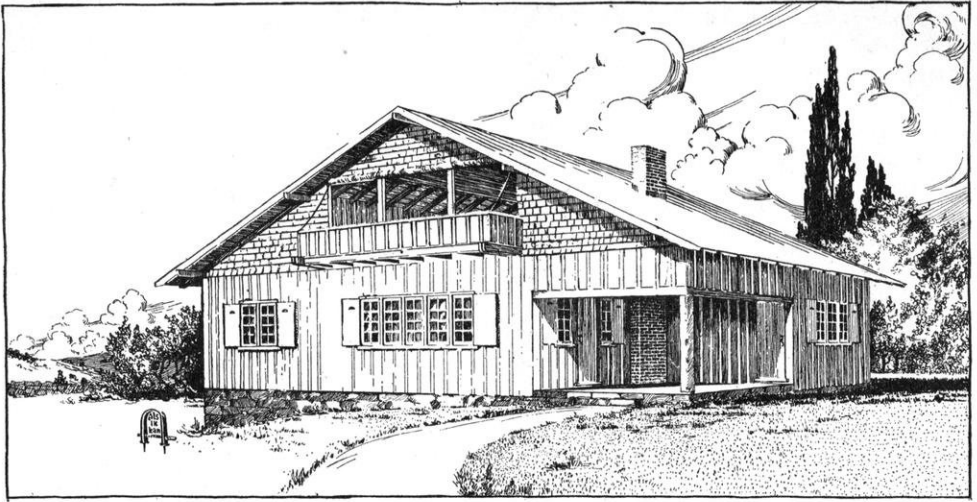
LIST OF MATERIALS FOR HOUSE NO. 109

Sills: Spruce (Dressed 4 Sides). 4"x6" 4/18' 2/14' 2/12'	@ \$30.00 per M. = \$ 7.44
Posts: Chestnut (D. 4 S.). 6"x6" 21/5'	@ \$1.00 = 21.00
Girders: Spruce. 4"x6" 1/20' 1/9'	@ \$30.00 per M. = 1.74
First Floor Beams: Spruce. 3"x6" 19/16' 19/12'	@ \$30.00 per M. = 23.94
Second Floor Beams: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 3"x6" 19/16' 19/12'	@ \$33.00 per M. = 26.33
Walls, Partitions and Studs: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 3"x4" 95/8' 30/4' 12/12'	@ \$30.00 per M. = 30.72
Rafters: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 3"x6" 32/18'	@ \$33.00 per M. = 28.51
Porch Rafters: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 3"x6" 10/12'	@ \$33.00 per M. = 5.94
Porch Purlins: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 4"x6" 3/10' 1/18'	@ \$33.00 per M. = 3.16
Plates: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 4"x6" 2/20'	@ -33.00 per M. = 6.07
Main Roof Purlins: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 4"x6" 2/10'	@ \$33.00 per M. = 1.32
Ridges: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 2"x10" 2/18'	@ \$35.00 per M. = 2.10
Porch Columns: Hewn chestnut logs. 12"x12" 4/8'	@ \$1.50 = 6.00
Corner Posts: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 4"x4" 4/8'	@ \$30.00 per M. = 1.29
Shingles: White cedar. 18"xrandom widths 11,000	@ \$6.25 per M. = 68.75
Flooring: Clear N. C. pine (D. 2 S.) T. & G. 3/8"x4 1/2" 2100 sq. ft.	@ \$32.50 per M. = 68.25
Sheathing: Roof and sides, N. C. pine (D. 1 S.) T. & G. 3/8"x8" 3350	@ \$22.50 per M. = 75.37
Interior partitions N. C. pine (D. 1 S.) T. & G. 3/8"x8" 1600 sq. ft.	@ \$22.50 per M. = 36.00
Ceiling: Second floor clear N. C. pine, T. & G. 3/8"x4 1/2" 600 sq. ft.	@ \$32.50 per M. = 19.50
Roofing: 19 rolls ruberoid.	@ \$3.75 = 68.55
Roof Battens: Spruce (D. 4 S.) 1 1/2"x3" 700 lin. ft.	@ \$30.00 per M. = 7.89
	<u>\$509.87</u>
Porch Timber:	
Sills, Spruce. 4' 6" 5/10' 1/18'	@ \$30.00 per M. = \$4.08
Floor Beams 2"x6" 15/9'	@ \$30.00 per M. = 4.05
Flooring 3/8"x3" clear N. C. pine T. & G. 300 sq. ft.	@ \$32.50 per M. = 9.75
Facia, cypress. 3/8"x8" 5/12'	@ \$4.80 per M. = 1.92
Quarter round, cypress. 3/8"x 3/8" 60 lin. ft.	@ \$0.65 per H. = .39

Balcony Rail: 3/8"x6" 14/2' 6" balusters	@ \$0.10 a piece = 1.40
3/8"x3" 16/2' 6" balusters	@ \$0.08 a piece = 1.28
1 1/4"x10" 1/12' 1/16" bottom rail	@ \$0.06 1/2 per ft. = 1.82
1 1/4"x6" 1/12' 1/16" top rail	@ \$0.03 1/2 per ft. = 0.98
115 lin. ft. 1/2" quarter round	@ \$0.50 per H. = 0.58
Stairs: N. C. pine. 3/8"x7 1/2" 13/2' 6" risers	@ \$0.40 per M. = 0.88
1 1/4"x10" 12/2' 6" treads	@ \$0.45 per M. = 1.44
1 1/4"x12" 2/16" strings	@ \$0.50 per M. = 2.00
5 1/2"x5 1/2" 3/4' newel posts	@ \$1.75 = 5.25
1/16' piece top rail	@ \$0.05 per ft. = 0.80
1/16' piece bottom rail	@ \$0.05 per ft. = 0.80
1 3/4"x1 3/4" 24/2' 6" balusters	@ \$0.10 a piece = 2.40
3/8"x6" 4/14' rail second floor	@ \$0.04 per ft. = 2.24
Inside Batten doors: Clear N. C. pine T. & G. V-jointed. 2' 6"x7' 4/3/8"	@ \$2.65 = 10.60
2' 6"x4' 4/3/8"	@ \$1.50 = 6.00
Outside Batten Doors: Clear N. C. pine T. & G. V-jointed. 2' 6"x7' 4/1 1/4"	@ \$3.60 = 14.40
Door Stops: 1/2"x2"x7"-20 1/2"x2"x2' 8"-10 Window Stops: 1/2"x2"x4' 8"-50 1/2"x2"x2' 1"-25	} All @ \$0.01 1/4 per ft. = 5.87
Brick: 335 cu. ft.	
Sash: 19-2'x4' 6"x1 1/2" 8 lights	@ \$0.15 cu. ft. = 50.25
6-2'x2' 3"x1 1/2" 4 lights	@ \$1.70 = 32.30
Hardware: 25 pairs 3"x3" Japan hinges, sash	@ \$0.90 = 5.40
2 pairs 4"x4" Japan hinges, doors	@ \$1.20 doz. = 2.50
8 pairs 3 1/2"x3 1/2" Japan hinges, doors	@ \$1.44 doz. = 0.24
8 pairs com. thumb latches, doors	@ \$1.20 doz. = 0.80
8 pairs com. thumb latches, doors	@ \$0.69 doz. = 0.46
2 pairs rim locks for outside doors	@ \$2.00 doz. = 0.33
	<u>\$171.21</u>
	<u>509.87</u>
	<u>\$681.08</u>

HOUSE No. 110 has the same general construction, but exterior walls are double-sheathed and battened, with gables shingled. Rough spruce boards for these outside walls, undressed spruce rafters, hewn posts, together with the stone foundation, combine to give enough of the rus-

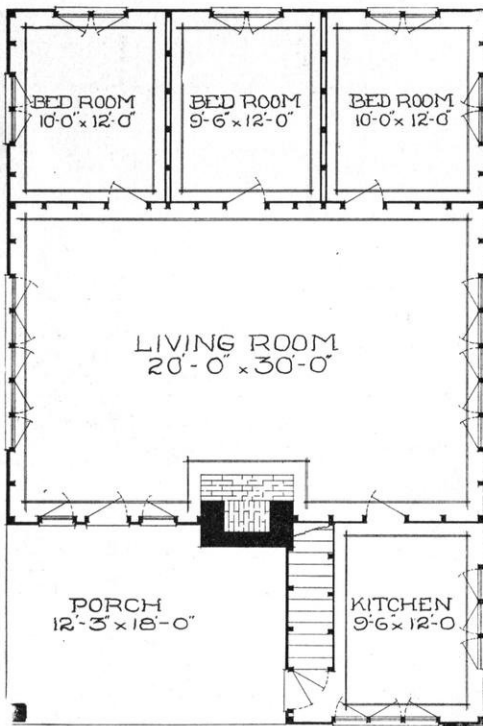
CRAFTSMAN SUMMER COTTAGES AND BUNGALOWS



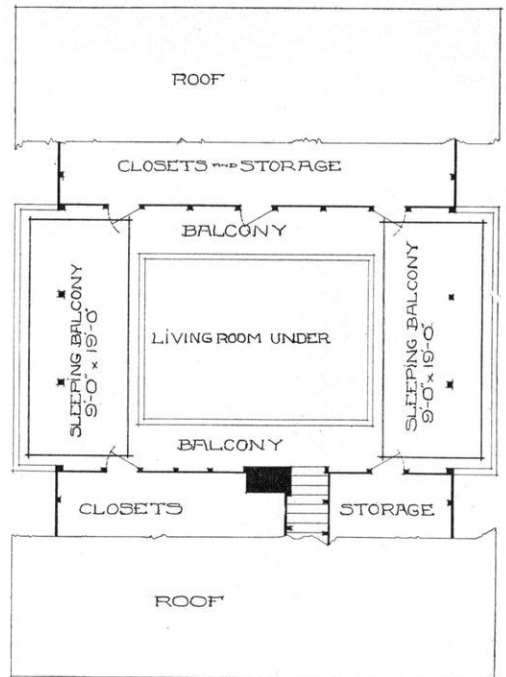
tic effect to make this house especially suited for a mountain camp. Here the living room is most charming, being open to the rafters, affording a delightful ex-

CRAFTSMAN SUMMER COTTAGE NO. 110. with the balcony extended out some four feet beyond the outside walls. Roll curtains or awnings are shown, so that in severe storms they may be let down, yet still sufficient air to make the rooms comfortable will be admitted at the open ends.

We give herewith a list of all materials required in the construction of these houses,



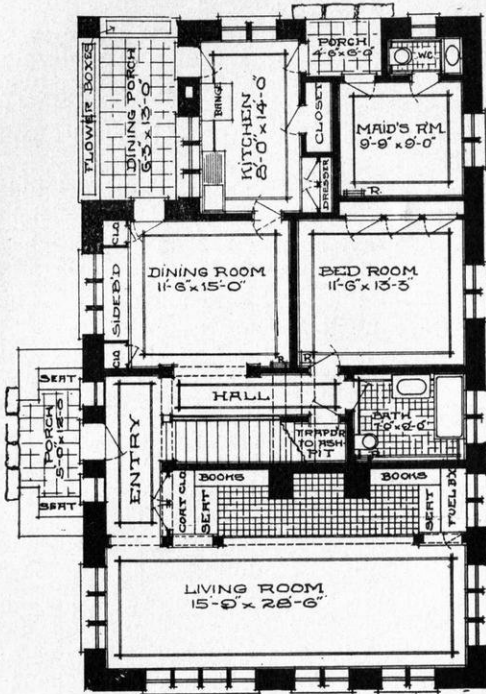
COTTAGE NO. 110: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



COTTAGE NO. 110: SECOND FLOOR PLAN. together with the prices of same, based upon a quotation from a mill in New

panse of spacious walls and ceiling. The balcony is reached by a stairway from kitchen or porch, and here, again, the ends of the attic are thrown wide open for air.

CRAFTSMAN SUMMER COTTAGES AND BUNGALOWS



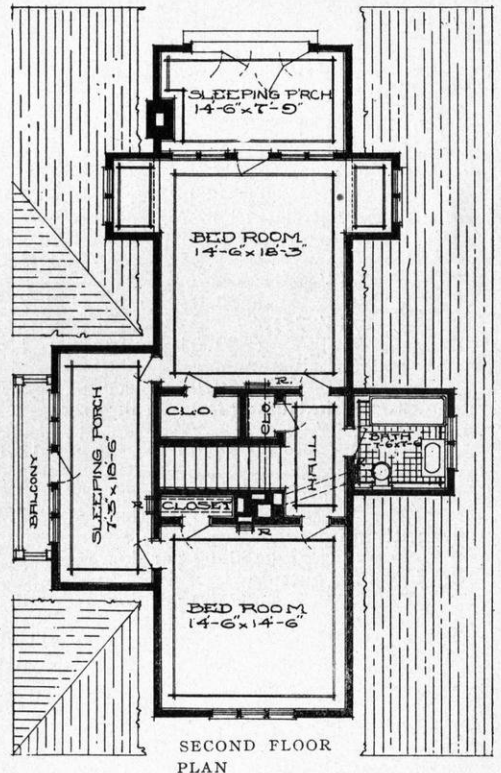
HOUSE NO. 111: FIRST FLOOR PLAN

York. Of course, whatever material is most available in the locality where the house is to be built should be used, as the ones we have suggested are the least expensive, consistent with good material, to be had in this market.

BILL OF MATERIALS FOR HOUSE NO. 110
2700 sq. ft. ruberoid for roofs and exterior balcony floors

70 cu. yds. dirt to excavate.	@\$3.75 =	\$101.25
20 " " " " fill in.		
1200 cu. ft. stone foundations and piers 4' 6" high	@\$0.15 cu. ft. =	41.70
278 cu. ft. brick chimney work		
234 sq. ft. concrete porch floor		
Girders: Spruce. 6"x8" 2/16' 1/13'	@\$32.00 per M. =	5.76
Sills: Spruce. 4"x6" 5/16' 2/17' 2/14' 1/12'	@\$30.00 per M. =	9.24
First Floor Beams: Spruce. 2"x10" 22/17' 13/13'	@\$32.00 per M. =	28.96
Second Floor Beams: Spruce (D. 4 S.) 4"x10" 2/22' 2/18' for balcony	@\$35.00 per M. =	9.34
2"x10" 16/18' 16/14' 22/10'	@\$35.00 per M. =	42.70
Wall and Partition Studs: Spruce (D. 4 S.) 3"x4" 145/8' 10/14' 10/16'	@\$30.00 per M. =	43.80

Plates: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 4"x6" 4/18'	@\$33.00 per M. =	4.75
Porch Plates: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 6"x10" 1/14' 1/18'	@\$35.00 per M. =	5.60
Purlins: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 4"x6" 4/18' 2/12'	@\$33.00 per M. =	6.33
Balcony Posts: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 4"x6" 4/9'	@\$33.00 per M. =	2.37
Porch Columns: Hewn chestnut logs. 12"x12" 1/8'		1.50
Shingles: for gables. 4100 16" random widths, white cedar	@\$6.25 =	25.65
Clapboards: Spruce (D. 4 S.) square edge. 7/8"x12" 165/10'	@\$37.50 per M. =	61.87
Clapboard Battens: Spruce (D. 4 S.) square edge. 7/8"x4" 165/10'	@\$33.00 per M. =	18.15
Sheathing for Roof and Sides: N. C. pine T. & G. (D. 4 S.). 7/8"x8"	@\$22.50 per M. =	105.75
Rafters: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 3"x6" 30/18' 30/12'	@\$33.00 per M. =	44.55



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

Ridge: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 2"x10" 3/14'	@\$35.00 per M. =	2.45
Sheathing for Partitions: N. C. pine (D.1 S.). 7/8"x6"	@\$21.00 per M. =	31.50
		<hr/>
		\$593.22

CRAFTSMAN SUMMER COTTAGES AND BUNGALOWS

Fin. Floors: (Clear) N. C. Pine (D. 4 S.). 3/8"x4 1/2"	@\$32.50 per M. =	\$58.50
Roof Battens: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 1 1/2"x3"	@\$30.00 per M. =	10.14
Ridge Boards: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 1 1/2"x6" 5/16"	@\$32.50 per M. =	1.95
Sash: 28-2'x4' 1 1/2" 8 lights	@\$1.45 =	40.60
Batten Storm Shutters for Windows: N. C. pine. 28-2'x4'x7/8"	@\$1.45 =	40.60
Window and Door Stops: Spruce (D. 4 S.). 1/2'x2" 24/7' 12/2' 1" 56/4' 28/2 1/2'	@\$0.01 1/4 per ft. =	5.98
Inside Batten Doors: Clear N. C. Pine T. & G. & V-jointed. 2' 6"x6'x5 1/8"	@\$2.25 =	11.25
2' 4"x7'x1 1/8"	@	2.65
2' 6"x7'x4 1/8"	@\$2.65 =	10.60
2' 6"x7'x2 1/4"	@\$3.60 =	7.20
Stair Material: Clear N. C. Pine. 1 1/4"x12" 2/16'	@\$0.05 per ft. =	2.00
3/8"x8" 14/3'	@\$0.05 per ft. =	1.40
1 1/4"x11" 13/3'	@\$0.05 per ft. =	4.45
Exterior Balcony Rails: Clear N. C. Pine. 1 1/4"x10" 4/12', top rail	@ \$0.05 per ft. =	2.50
3/8"x12" 48/3', balusters	@\$37.50 per M. =	5.40
3/8"x4" 96/3', battens	@\$33.00 per M. =	3.06
Inside Balcony Rails: Clear N. C. Pine. 4'x4' 4/3' 6" newel posts	@\$1.25 =	5.00
1 3/4"x3 3/4" 2/14' 2/18'	@\$0.04 per ft. =	2.56
1 3/8"x2 1/2" 2/14' 2/18'	@\$0.03 per ft. =	1.92
3/8"x4" 100/3' balusters	@\$0.08 a piece =	8.00
Batten Storm Shutters: (2) made in 4 sections. 4'x19'x1 1/8'	@\$6.00 =	12.00
Hardware: 28 pairs 3"x3" Japan hinges for sash.	@\$1.20 per doz. =	2.80
10 Com. thumb latches	@\$0.69 per doz. =	0.58
2 Rim locks for outside	@\$2.00 per doz. =	0.33

\$241.47
593.22
\$834.69

house No. 112 combines stone, brick, wood and slate. Both are essentially bungalows, and the open construction of the roofs, together with the rough texture of the stone and brick, make them rustic enough to be in keeping with the surrounding hills and woods.

Care should be taken in selecting building stone for these houses. Large field stone in gray, brown, red and blue, when split and laid up in irregular shapes and sizes, form the most pleasing effect. The joints are small and are raked out so that no mortar is seen, the soft dull colors of the stones thus blending in perfect harmony.

Hand-split shingles were used for the gables. These shingles are hand rived and then partly smoothed with the drawknife so that they will lay tight. The exposed ends are left rough, and when treated with a weak solution of sulphuric acid take on a beautiful tone of grayish brown, a permanent color, which time mellows and enriches. The large, thick, dull red slates of the roof, with their broken and roughened edges, complete the combination of color and artistic texture of the exterior materials.

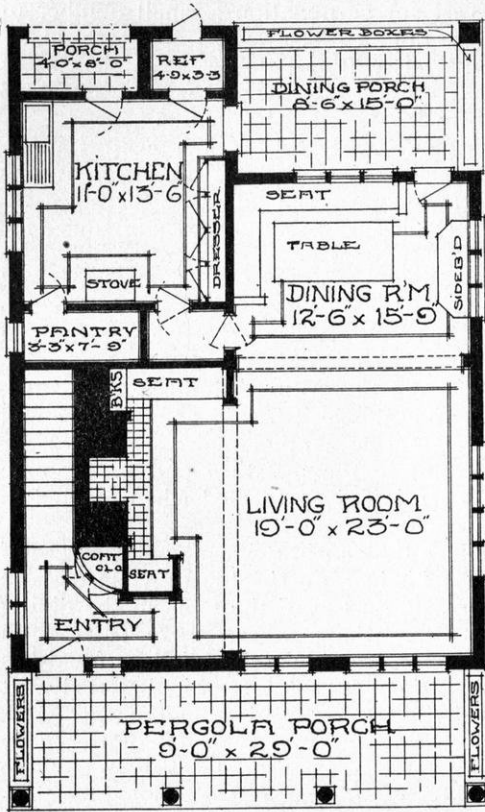
THE floor plans of house No. 111 have been carefully studied, waste spaces eliminated, and the arrangement planned for economy of labor, comfort and coziness. The entry and fireplace nook are wainscoted with V-jointed chestnut boards, but all other walls and ceilings are plastered, and the broad surfaces broken up in panels by extending the door and window casings from baseboard to frieze and by the large beams on the ceiling.

Coat closets are provided in the entry, in which the stairway to the second floor is located, and it also serves as a passageway from living room to dining room and the service part of the house.

The fireplace is laid up of split stones—the same as used for exterior walls—but here more care has to be exercised. The surfaces are smoothed, joints very narrow and flushed, and stones of more nearly even sizes but of irregular shapes are used. The hammered copper hood with its embossed designs harmonizes in color and texture with the variegated surfaces of the stone. The fireplace furnace, described in the February issue of THE CRAFTSMAN, is installed here, and furnishes heat and ven-

ASIDE from the attractiveness of the design, the harmonious colors of the different building materials used and the well-arranged floor plans combine to make the two larger houses shown this month among the most interesting we have published. The exterior of house No. 111 is of stone, rived shingles and slate, while

CRAFTSMAN SUMMER COTTAGES AND BUNGALOWS



BUNGALOW NO. 112: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

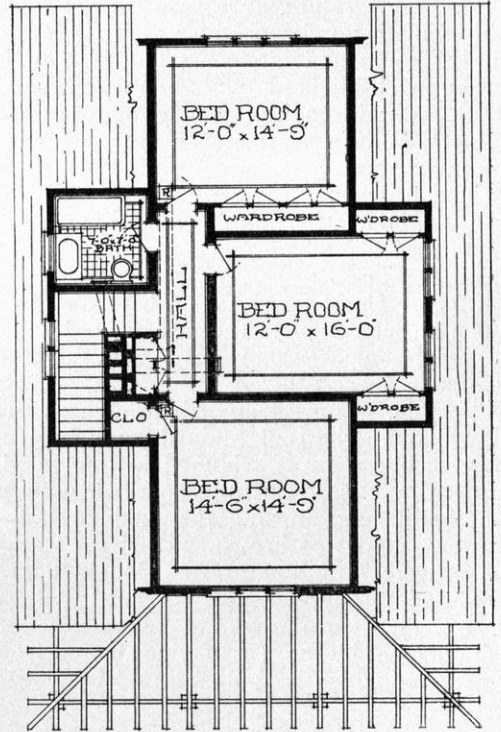
tilation for the entire house. A fuel box, large enough to accommodate two tons of coal, is conveniently placed at one end of the nook. This is filled through a door from the outside. As no cellar is provided, a trapdoor to the ashpit is located in the floor of the closet under the stairway. This ashpit is so large that the ashes only have to be removed once a season.

The living room is large and well lighted, with interesting groups of casement windows. A built-in sideboard and china closets occupy the entire end of the dining room, and the open dining porch, slightly screened in with flowers, affords a delightful place for breakfasting. The floor of this porch is of cement. The owner's bedroom and bath, as well as the room for the maid, are located on the first floor. The kitchen is large, well lighted and so arranged as to be easily accessible from the dining room, dining porch and maid's room, while not connecting directly with the latter. The little recessed kitchen porch serves also as a porch for the maid.

On the second floor only two bedrooms

and a bath are provided. As the house is only one story high, these rooms are in the attic, yet they are worked out with full-height ceilings, and by the aid of dormers cross-ventilation is provided, which renders them as comfortable and livable as though the house were full two stories.

Especial attention has been given to the planning of roomy closets for all bedrooms, and sufficient wall spaces have been left unbroken for the placing of beds and other furniture. A charming feature of these bedrooms is the sleeping porches. While the end of each one is left open, provision has been made to shut out bad weather, and since they are built within the house they may be glassed in, making delightful sunrooms for winter days.



BUNGALOW NO. 112: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

HOUSE No. 112 is built of brick on a stone foundation. The common dark-colored, hard-burned brick are used (laid up in Dutch bond with 1/2-inch joints raked out), blending in texture and color with the rived shingles and rough slates of gables and roof. A section of the roof on either side is raised up, forming a flat dormer, which accentuates the low bungalow effect. An interesting feature is found in

SEED SUGGESTIONS

the pergola porch, the ends of which are carried up about three feet, and flower boxes are built directly into the walls.

The entry is provided with conveniently arranged coat closets, and is one step higher than the living room. The living room and the dining room are planned as one, the latter being merely an alcove raised one step higher than the living room proper. Here, again, the fireplace furnace is installed, and we are justified in making the fireplace nook large and more or less elaborate. The open fireplace blazing day and night during the long winter becomes the center of the home life.

In the dining alcove an interesting feature is found in a built-in corner seat large enough to accommodate four or five at the dining table. Here, again, we have planned the dining porch, easily accessible from dining room and kitchen. The kitchen is large, well lighted and ventilated, and equipped with ample pantry and storage closets, built-in refrigerator and screened-in entry porch.

The bedrooms, three in number, are located in the attic, but by the use of dormers they are all arranged with full-height ceilings. They are good sized and have plenty of closet room. The bath and hall linen closet complete the design, and form a very compact floor plan with all the available space utilized.

Both houses are trimmed throughout the first floor in chestnut, stained a nut brown. The second floor is trimmed in gumwood. This wood is beautifully marked with a fine feathery grain, and when stained shows various shades of brown with slight traces of delicate buff and green. Maple floors are used throughout, and are finished in a soft shade of gray-green, a permanent finish obtained by the use of vinegar and iron rust, over which is applied liquid wax.

SEED SUGGESTIONS

THOSE who haven't thought yet of laying in a stock of plant food seeds most fervently we urge to get busy. for upon these seeds rest much; no matter how carefully the ground is prepared, how richly endowed with decayed and decaying vegetable matter, no matter how skilful is the planting, time, labor and money will prove but useless expenditure if your seeds fail to germinate.

Test for germination a small number of every kind of seed you intend to plant. Ten seeds will give you a very fair idea of the freshness and vigor of that unsolved nature mystery—germination.

A saucer, a tin plate, or a cast-off sheet-iron baking-pan, with a thin sheet of cotton (which you can purchase for five cents a roll) placed in the bottom, will suffice for many seeds, which, of course, should be placed in rows an even half-inch apart, and each of these rows given a number which should be repeated on the package of seed being prepared for test.

The sheet of cotton should be moistened, and after the seed is laid upon it it should be covered by another moist sheet in order to conserve the moisture and to simulate the covering given to seed when planted in the open.

Place the pan in a warm spot, on a shelf in the kitchen, on the top of your desk in your den, on top of the table in the dining room—anywhere where there is warmth and where some closeby window furnishes light; then do not forget it, but daily lift the light coverlet and examine your seed. Such things as radishes and alfalfa, if in good, vigorous condition, will germinate so quickly as to cause the new investigator great astonishment.

Make note of how many of your ten seeds show life enough to germinate, and note how many show strong and vigorous baby shoots.

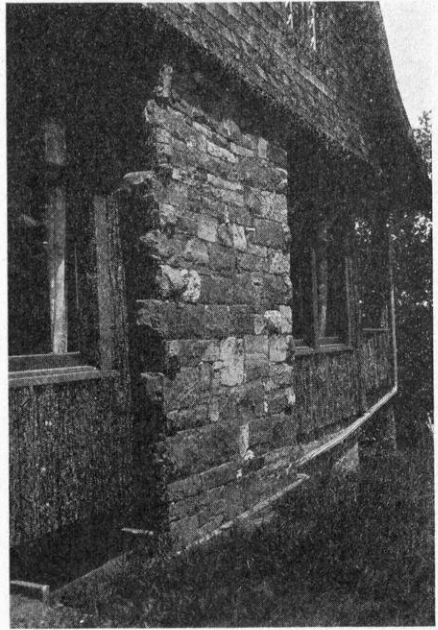
If five of your seeds show vigor, of course, one-half your package, your pound or your bushel is all you can safely bank on. There will undoubtedly be a slight variation above or below the half, but it will not be great enough to cause you any uneasiness, and, of course, you can call it one-half or five-tenths or fifty per cent. in accordance with your personal methods and figuring. If but two plants germinate, you at once know that you cannot rely on this seed to produce more than two-tenths the number of plants the amount of seed should produce, and you can call it two-tenths or one-fifth or twenty per cent., whatever is suited to your convenience, and by this very simple, practically costless method of procedure lay your plans with certainty, and foretell in the spring very closely what your fall crop will be. (From the *Long Island Agronomist*.)

SLABS AND BARK AS HOUSE COVERING

USING SLABS AND BARK AS A HOUSE COVERING: BY JULIAN BURROUGHS

FOR the man of moderate means it is always a problem what to use for the outside covering of his house.

The conventional painted sidings now on the market offend the sensibilities of many people—they are commonplace and often ugly. When I built my house I wanted stone. The cost of using stone, even though I lived near natural quarries where I could get it for nothing, made it quite out of the question. Painted novelty siding I could not tolerate. The great stacks of slabs I had seen at the sawmill over the mountain, slabs of butternut, chestnut and oak being used as fuel, suggested the question: Why not slabs? At first it seemed a doubtful experiment, using slabs on a year-round house standing in the open, far from the woods, and many were the doubts expressed by my friends. With shingled gable ends, stone chimney showing on the outside, all door and window frames painted a soft olive green I felt that it would be all right, and went ahead. Time has proved that I was right—the paint bills that



COMBINATION OF SLABS, STONE AND SHINGLES.

will sometimes prevent this. Beech, birch, basswood, tulip and other woods that decay quickly, if used, must be put under porches or in places where they are less exposed.

It is by far best and cheapest to have the slabs edged up, or straight-edged, at the sawmill. There it can be done quickly and easily, while it is a tedious undertaking to edge them up with an axe by hand. Next, they must be seasoned. To do this, stack them up in such a manner that the air can circulate through them from every side. This is best done by laying down some old timbers and piling a layer of slabs on them, bark side up, leaving at least an inch space between each slab, and then another layer of slabs in the same way cross-ways of the first, and so on up,

thus giving no chance for heating or molding.

Nearly every rural community has a sawmill where slabs can be had. By paying a little over their value as firewood one can almost always get a good selection and the edging up should not cost more than five cents each—half a cent per board foot would be the limit anywhere. Since sawmills are usually located near a railroad it



USE OF SLABS WITH SHINGLES.

the slabs have saved have more than paid for their original cost; not only that, but the bark did not come loose, as I was threatened it would, and sun and rain seem to have no effect upon it.

Chestnut makes the best slabs, oak and butternut next, hemlock is excellent. Pine, fir and spruce are likely to be eaten by borers. Spraying thoroughly with kerosene

SLABS AND BARK AS HOUSE COVERING



NAILING BARK ON A ROUGH BOARD
SIDING COVERED WITH TAR FELT.

should not be much trouble to get them loaded on a car. In my own case, as would also be the fact that many other builders, I was near enough to the mill to have them hauled by teams to my door. The greatest difficulty encountered was to get workmen to handle slabs carefully without battering them. Be sure to have enough—any surplus is always useful in putting up out-buildings, etc. My slabs cost me forty-five dollars, edged up and delivered alongside my bungalow, a cost that was not much over half the cost of novelty siding.

Slabs wear best put on up and down. In single-walled bungalows it is not always possible to put them on this way, because the nails and spikes used in fastening them on will come through and show on the inside. In such a case it is necessary to either double side, using rough boards under the slabs, or else put the slabs on horizontally, like the logs in a log cabin, and nail them through into the studding. Under the slabs should go some good roofing paper. This will prevent driving rains coming through the cracks of the slabs. Common building paper will not answer for this, but the roofing paper can be of a light grade; four or five dollars' worth will answer for an ordinary house. Of course, this paper, if put on in horizontal strips, should be lapped like shingles so that it will shed water. If the bark on the slab shows any tendency to come loose, nail it securely with galvanized shingle nails.

Near me is a study covered with chestnut bark that was put on twenty-five years ago, which, except for pieces torn off by

the neighbors' dogs in their efforts to get at the rabbits, skunks and woodchucks that live under the house, is as good now as when put on. In some cases bark is more easily obtained than slabs; the bark from telegraph poles, posts, saw logs, etc., now allowed to waste would cover thousands of houses every year. Unfortunately, bark will only peel in the warm months of spring—April, May and June—and it must be flattened out and dried as fast as taken from the log. If allowed to curl up, will dry so it is useless. Trees cut in the winter,

strange to say, will shed their bark in spring. Where bark is removed from the tree and flattened out to dry, it must be weighted down and absolutely protected from the weather. Bark that will last on a building fifty years will rot in as many days if stacked up in the wet. Chestnut and hemlock bark are best, though any thick bark of not too shredding or crumbling a nature—like cedar and true hickory,



JOHN BURROUGHS INSPECTING CHESTNUT BARK THAT HAS BEEN ON THE BUILDING TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

for instance—is good. Put roofing paper under bark, as with slabs, and use galvanized shingle nails in securing it. It can be put on in irregular pieces, like a patchwork quilt, or sawed to uniform length and lain like shingles.

Bark not being an article of commerce it can sometimes be had in unlimited quantities for nothing and again it is almost impossible to obtain it. What vast quantities of good spruce bark must go to waste in the pulp-wood forests! No doubt, if advertised, baled up like baled hay, large amounts could be sold and it would make a profitable

WALL-PAPERS IN ACCORD WITH INTERIOR FITTINGS

by-product in the business of lumbering and getting out pulp wood. Thousands of people would be glad to have it as a rest to the eyes after the glare of paint.

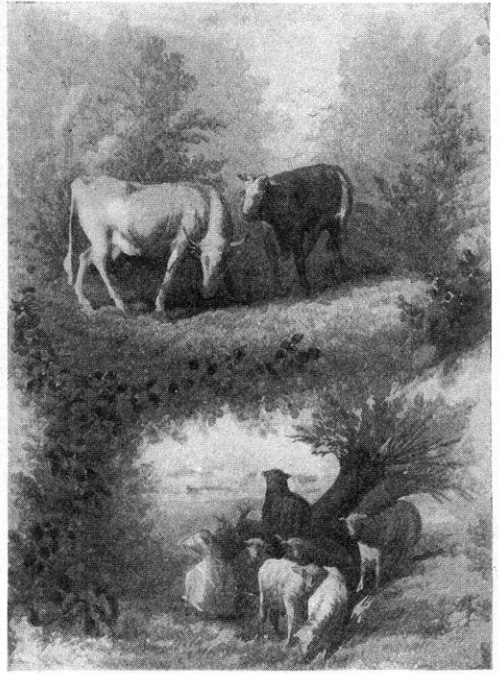
The only objection to bark is that it is inflammable and requires boards of some kind under it. It has many advantages otherwise, possessing in common with slabs a great attraction for birds. Nuthatches, chickadees, creeping warblers often spend hours on my house, and we have often had that shy bird, the high-hole or flicker, peek in the windows at us.

By getting good slabs accurately edged, and breaking up the wall surfaces with outside chimneys, porches, gables, etc., they can be made to look permanent, refined and even elegant and not at all out of place in the more formal city suburb. For the summer home in the woods or mountains, slabs or bark makes an ideal house covering, cheap, easily obtained at any sawmill and harmonizing with both the surroundings and the purpose of the building.

WALL-PAPERS IN HARMONIOUS DECORATIVE ACCORD WITH INTERIOR FITTINGS

WHAT to put on the walls of a house to cover the fact that they are arbitrary boundaries which, were it not for reasons of mere comfort we would never have patience with at all, is a problem confronting every home maker. In the first place, the walls of a house are necessary to support the roof that protects the dweller from sun and storm, protecting, in turn, the dweller from heat and cold. Were this not so our roofs might as well be placed on pillars alone, for we involuntarily express resentment for the necessity of walls at all by cutting windows into them to let in light and the sight of things beyond, and seek by every means in our power to forget that walls ever existed. To further the illusion we cover them up in such a manner that the eye which comes into contact with them will not be reminded of the dweller's shut-inness but will be led to suggest other things to the mind than the fact that the room in which he finds himself is so many feet by so many feet square, and that its construction confines the imagination to the meager liberty of petty space.

The Orientals, living in warm countries as they do, early determined upon few thin



WALL-PAPER OF ENGLISH PASTORAL DESIGN.

walls and obtained privacy at will by means of screens separating the area of an apartment into small rooms. The Japanese carried this idea farther by making their walls all sliding affairs, so their houses could be thrown open to the vista at a moment's notice or be closed when inclement weather made absolute confinement necessary.

With the advent of a more Western civilization demanding permanent walls in housing its people, the sense of the oppressiveness of mere materials in construction led early builders to tint their walls, the Egyptians to cover them with hieroglyphic decoration and the Latins to paint them with pictorial *motifs* such as one sees in a Pompeian house.

However, all these decorations lacked the sense of texture that appealed to the fabric-loving northerners, just emerging as they were from their skin-clad period, glad to borrow from the Persians and from other older civilizations those arts of weaving that led them, when they had learned to clothe their bodies, to make those tapestries for which the centuries of yesterday were famous.

Then came the development of paper-making, coincident with the spreading of the printing craft, and with it wall-papers came into existence. Examples of these



CHINESE EFFECT IN WALL-PAPER: BIRD AND FLOWER MOTIF.

early papers are rare and eagerly sought by the great museums of the world. However, enough of them exist in such collections to show us that even though they seem crudely constructed, these papers display the commendable quality of producing harmonious effects. Indeed the late William Morris made a deep study of early wall-papers and turned his attention to reviving in modern wall-papers excellencies of the old, through effecting an improvement over those of his own day in the matter of quality, design and color, for which the earlier papers were preëminent. Indeed, Morris found that the art of wall-paper making had sunk to the low ebb of mediocrity in his day,—as indeed had that of glass making, book designing, textile working, in common with all those other arts which had lost character (though they retained respectability) in the early part of the Victorian era.

This effort on the part of William Morris, a purpose into which Walter Crane, Burne-Jones and others entered, with equal

enthusiasm restored the manufacture of wall covering, of either paper or textile, to its proper plane, whether the products were hand-made or produced by machinery. Thus walls papered with ugly, ill-designed patterns (for all the world like slices of marble cake, and ugly *chenille* draperies, as accessories to the deed) vanished under the influence of this impetus toward a revival of the arts of design as applied to house decoration. The manufacturer found a public demanding better things or none at all, and there came about the speedy development of truly artistic wall coverings of all sorts, which likewise opened our market to the wonderful fabrics the Orient had in keeping for us, since we speedily learned to select the best that China and Japan and India had to offer us when we found that we could utilize many of their products in perfectly harmonizing them with our Occidental architecture. It may be, indeed, that because the fundamental principles underlying the best in Oriental design are the very principles on which our best architectural efforts are founded we are led today to recognize an harmonious kinship between our houses and the wares of Japan, China, India, Persia, and Turkey. When we become extreme stylists and construct "period" homes, "Louis Quatorze," "Louis Quinze," "Empire," or whatever it may be, we find ourselves completely out of ideal harmony with our times. If a house were to be absolutely "Louis Quatorze" in detail, from roof to cellar, and nothing else, life within it would be a burden, because we have no Louis Fourteen people, no Louis Fourteen cities, no Louis Fourteen landscape or atmosphere. Now with a Georgian house, or a Colonial house, we should feel much happier, just as we should be in an Elizabethan house, a Swiss chalet, an Alsatian cottage, or a Lombardian villa. These housing styles were the evolution of kindred effects, forming themselves into an harmonious whole, and they did not exclude, in the same manner the French period styles excluded, any of those exotic delights, those echoes from foreign lands, those comforts of contrast which a Jacobean footstool may have next to a Turkish rug, or a lamp from Benares hung near a mirror of Venetian glass.

Of course, no house should be a junk shop, and the admixture of articles within a room should be a matter for careful thought. This all enters into a considera-

WALL-PAPERS IN ACCORD WITH INTERIOR FITTINGS

tion of the subject of wall hangings because the home builder often finds himself sorely perplexed to know whether he will dare to put an Oriental fabric upon the walls of a certain room because he happens to own a "Grandfather's Clock" he wishes to use there, or whether he will dare to use a paper such as one of the beautiful reproductions of old Colonial wall-papers in a room which is to be partly furnished, perhaps, with Oriental furnishings.



WALL-PAPER WITH COLONIAL DESIGN.

If good taste is inherent within the home maker he will know, instinctively, what combine well in a room, without the pedantic fear of overstepping some period style's convention. On the other hand, if he has poor taste he may make a complete failure of any room, whether it be compounded of materials of the same style of decoration, or whether of materials of different basic conception. The home maker who has no taste at all will probably have the sense to recognize it, to cultivate it and to call some one to his aid who will help him out in a dependable manner. To illustrate, let us assume that the home maker selects for the walls of a cozy little room (an upstairs sitting room perhaps), a covering in Oriental pattern like the bird and flower one here reproduced. This is in varied color against a black ground, and though the room is distinctly Colonial in design, from window casings to the mantel of the fireplace, it will look just right against the white woodwork and tinted ceiling. The floor may be covered with Oriental rugs, a Georgian fender may be before the blaze of the hearth, and the portières may be of American fabrics, and yet the room will be right because its decorative units (divergent though they may be in their periods or nationality) are well selected and properly combined.

Again, the walls may be covered with papers in Colonial designs, reproducing those of early English manufacture, and the portières may be of lovely Oriental kutch cloth, or the window curtains of Japanese chintz, and the furniture of the "hour-glass" rattan pattern one finds coming from China or Ceylon. Again the room will be right because the right things have been combined to give it a homelike, beautiful and pleasing effect without undue and uncomfortable stress having been laid upon the assemblage of decorative units of one determined and correlative style—all

"Henri Deux," or "Florentine Renaissance," or "Colonial Dutch" or "Tudor." In great houses, of course, these pure period rooms are interesting as they would be interesting from a "museum" point of view, but they do not make for a strong home sense, a sense only to be arrived at by not excluding Today from our thought. Even the old Romans felt this was true when they permitted themselves to bring things into their villas from Greece, from Egypt, from Phoenicia and from other corners of the world known to them, as did the Venetians who eagerly followed the trail of Marco Polo and mingled with what Byzantium sent them from Constantinople, the wares of Persia or of the Sicilies, depending on their own good taste to weld it all into an harmonious whole that would animate their life with the stimulus of the outside things, which served to inspire them to seek internal development.

If we have seemed to stray from the matter of the title of this subject it is only to impress the reader who may be a home builder with the feeling that a successful room must be a *homelike* room, and that its evolution can only be accomplished by his part in it, the part of learning to tell the lovely from the unlovely, the fine from the sham. He cannot do better, then, than to begin his study with the walls. He should realize that his problem will be the one of completely disguising their sense of being confining boundaries. That does not mean that he is to plaster them with patterned landscapes, for very often indeed this sense of boundlessness of freedom, of space is arrived at by the use of solid tint papers, such as the monochrome ingrains, cartridge papers, one-toned fabrics, or tinted plasters, as the room and its plan determine. But one is not to rush to the paperer's or to the fabric dealer's and because a sample strikes him as "pretty" conclude it will be right

PRIZE DESIGNS IN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE-PLAN COMPETITION

for his walls. He must take into account the final appearance,—the *ensemble*,—and also take into account the matter of pictures, mirrors, or of anything else that is to be necessary to the wall decoration.

In the little Colonial sitting room described a few paragraphs back the "Bird-and-Flower" patterned paper and the Colonial design paper were especially happy selections, because almost no pictures were planned to be hung upon the walls of this room, while the gilt Colonial mirrors it would contain would lend richness to its decorative treatment. Were it necessary to put more things upon the walls, a simpler scheme would have to be chosen for the wall covering, (a Japanese grass-cloth perhaps, or a ground of burlap, or an ingrain or cartridge wall-paper), as being better suited to form a ground for these added things and yet to retain the sense of space atmosphere, which can seldom be done by superimposing thick decoration (many pictures, etc.) over other decoration (patterned wall coverings).

The wall coverings for bedrooms are usually a less difficult matter to determine. For this purpose, if one is departing from wall-paper, some of the Oriental fabrics vie with the English chintz. The India prints of five or six years ago, blatant with distractions of furious reds and penetrating yellows, have blazed the trail for the lovely India prints of today which one now finds imported for decorative purposes and not alone for curtains or spreads.

The papers illustrated in this article combine excellently with the more modern styles of house interiors such as one finds in Craftsman houses. That is true too of the other papers and fabrics mentioned. One of the most attractive rooms the writer has seen, for instance, was a library arranged in the typical Craftsman way, having massive overhead beams through which the tinted plaster of the ceiling could be seen. The panels were in pale Indian yellow Japanese grass-cloth, applied above the low set-in bookcases that lined the room. Curtains of Japanese crash of the same tint hung in the one doorway and similar curtains over the two casement windows. Altogether this room was a most successful example of an interior whose wall covering had been carefully planned to harmonize with all its surroundings.

PRIZE-WINNING DESIGNS IN THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE-PLAN COMPETITION

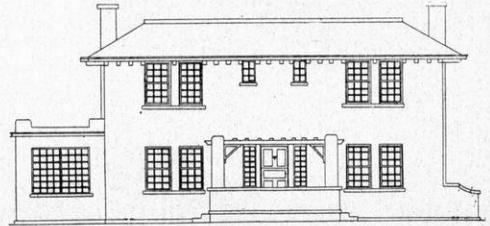
Judges in the competition:

Mr. Charles R. Lamb,

Mr. Joel Barber,

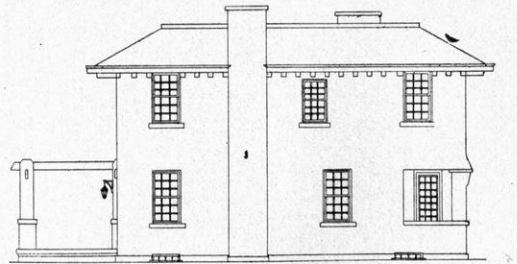
Mr. Frederick Squires.

THE winners of the first four prizes were: Mr. Le Roy A. Davidson, Yonkers, N. Y., \$50; Mr. W. G. Dorr, Minneapolis, Minn., \$25; Mr. Paul F. McAlister, Danville, Ill., \$15, and Mr. Carl A. H. Jaeger, Newark, N. J., \$10. The winners of the ten next best prizes were: Mr. John Calvin Leavell, Chicago, Ill., Mr. Durand Chapman, Washington,



FIRST PRIZE PLAN: FRONT ELEVATION.

D. C., Mr. E. J. Berg, Utica, N. Y., Mr. W. E. Kapp, Toledo, Ohio, Mrs. P. L. Haworth, Newton, Ind., Mr. John Hudson, St. Paul, Minn., Miss Janette Butler, Omaha, Neb., Mr. E. F. Miller, Scotch Plains N. J., Mr. Frank Helmer, Des

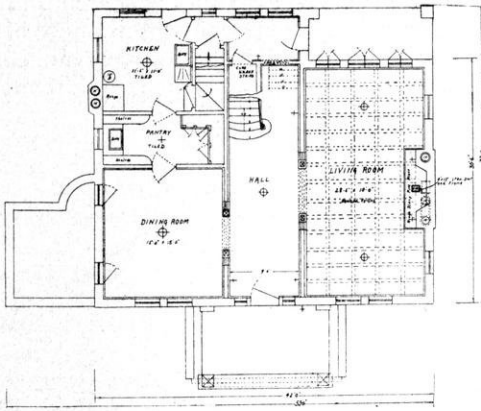


FIRST PRIZE PLAN: SIDE ELEVATION.

Moines, Iowa, Mr. M. H. Lafon, Clayton, Missouri.

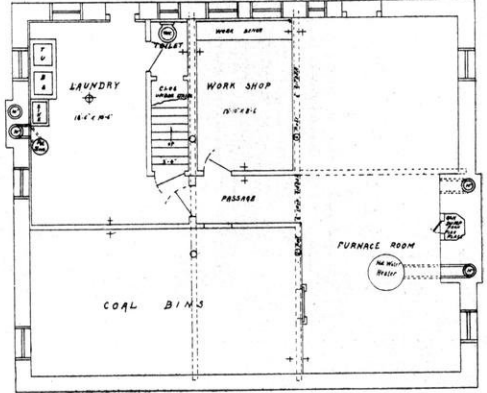
We take pleasure in presenting here the elevations and plans of the house designs submitted by the first four prize winners; not because they stand to us, any more than to the designers, as a final expression of what could be achieved along these simple lines, but because it was extremely interesting that these four men among so many

PRIZE DESIGNS IN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE-PLAN COMPETITION

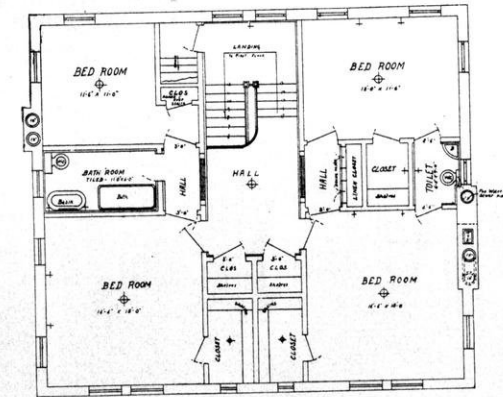


FIRST PRIZE DESIGN: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

were not suited to the income of the owners; in fact, there seemed to be the least possible thought and the most possible money put into the domestic architecture in America covering a period of some half a century. So when designs come to us in a competition, such as we have recently had sent in to us, showing real thought in design, real interest in the usefulness of the house,



FIRST PRIZE DESIGN: CELLAR PLAN.



FIRST PRIZE DESIGN: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

others in this country are waking up to the idea that house planning along simple lines with individual feeling is important. In every one of these plans you feel that the object has been to make the house convenient and comfortable, and we all know that for years in the past these two items were seldom considered in the development of an architectural scheme. Formerly the first effort of the architect was toward making a showy front elevation at the expense of the back of the house and the interior, so much so that the foolish and amusing phrase of the house with a Queen Anne front and a Mary Ann back was a very sharp commentary on the domestic architecture of our suburban communities. Houses were not only unrelated intrinsically, but they were not designed in harmony with the site on which they were to be built; the pursuits of the people who were to live in them were rarely considered; they

real economy in its construction, we consider that such plans indicate unquestioned progress in domestic architecture in this country; that they are worthy of serious consideration and that they reflect very real credit on the architects, builders and property owners who desire sincerity and good taste to be most conspicuous in their architecture.

Of course, we realize that where people are venturing out into new fields, where in a way a new point of view is dominating



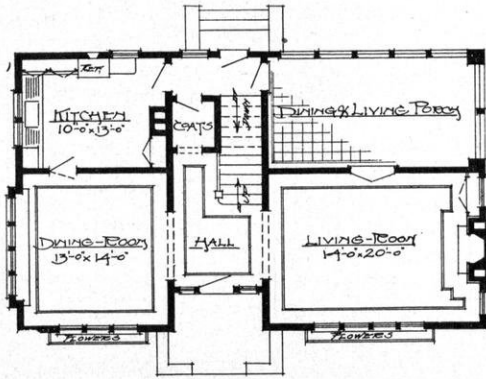
SECOND PRIZE DESIGN: FRONT ELEVATION

the progress of any one art, that many efforts will be tentative and that many mistakes will appear; but this seems of small importance compared to the fact that the spirit of our domestic architecture today is one of real vitality, and that we are no

PRIZE DESIGNS IN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE-PLAN COMPETITION

longer in the throes of cheap artificiality which so long dominated us. Apparently American women have decided that the time has come when it is better to be comfortable than to pretend to be richer than they are. The desire to seem to possess money beyond one's actual income has led to many inartistic and unsatisfactory social conditions in

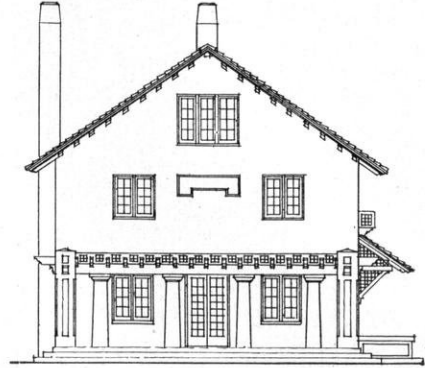
architecture, in the art, in the speech, in the clothes, in the manners of the times. There is probably no art which so widely and consistently represents the people as architec-



SECOND PRIZE DESIGN: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

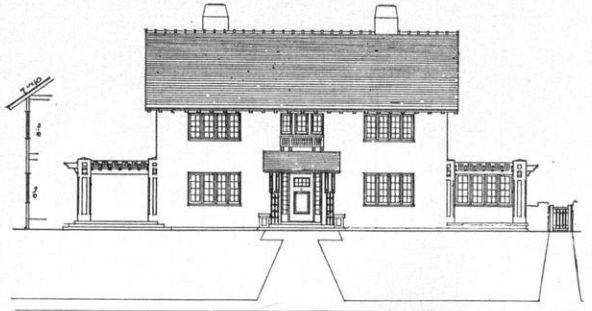
America. We have been willing to have "false fronts" on our houses, to wear cotton "velvets" and jute "silks" and paper "feathers," all to seem to be something that was not in the least worth while, and to which we have sacrificed much of our art, our pleasure, our peace of mind.

All of this may seem very far away from an architectural competition, but it is really very close to it, and the pride we take in this competition is because we find in it sin-

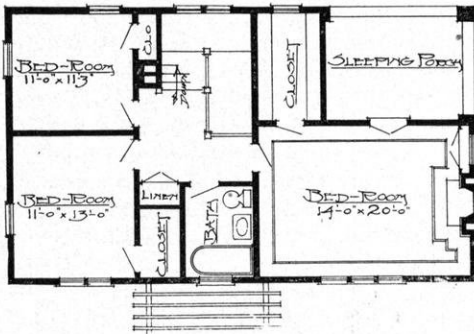


THIRD PRIZE DESIGN: WEST ELEVATION.

ture, and there isn't a detail of it in the smallest house, if that house is built the way the owner wants it, that is not telling you the story of his life. Every man's house in a greater or lesser degree is his



THIRD PRIZE DESIGN: SOUTH ELEVATION.



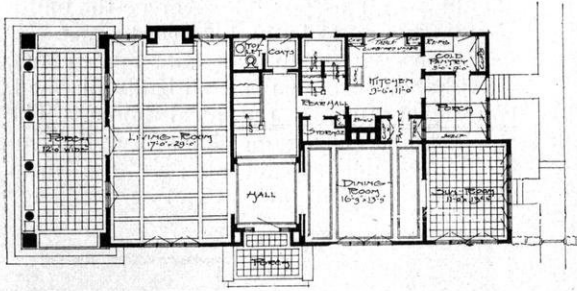
SECOND PRIZE DESIGN: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

cerity and, as we have already said, vitality. We are beginning to realize that each man's life, if it is a sincere life, is worth expressing in his own surroundings, that each woman's development should be reproduced in her home environment, and that the spirit of the man and woman having sincerity is being expressed intimately in the

biography, and if he has no house, that tells you something, too. It is because the house is so essentially expressive of individual development that we have taken our competition so seriously, and have found so much interest in each design. It seems in a way as though we had met these two hundred people and knew what they were struggling for, what their ambitions were, what their attitude toward life was, how far they had gone in their development and what limitations were still hedging them in.

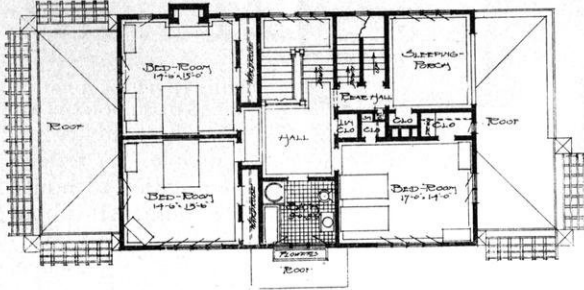
There are probably few things more interesting to the sincere person, to the home lover, than to start to plan out his own house. And there are few things, also,

PRIZE DESIGNS IN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE-PLAN COMPETITION



THIRD PRIZE DESIGN: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

which can give a man a greater respect for the architect, than to begin to put down on paper a combination of ideas which he would like worked out into a home. It is an exciting pastime, and when you find



THIRD PRIZE DESIGN: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

that you have arranged your top story with no landing for your staircase and your cellar with no opportunity to put coal therein, and the most complete and convenient kitchen, which does not connect with the dining room, and an ideal fireplace which is double the expense be-



FOURTH PRIZE DESIGN: FRONT ELEVATION.

cause it is too far away from the kitchen chimney, you begin to understand, to appreciate and to admire the kind of house plans which, if you had never tested out your own ability, might seem very crude to you. In fact, it is a fair thing in life to judge of other people's achievement from your own limitation. It gives you a sense



FOURTH PRIZE DESIGN: SIDE ELEVATION.

of admiration instead of criticism. You help others and develop yourself.

Being house designers ourselves, being widely interested in modern domestic ar-



FOURTH PRIZE DESIGN: REAR ELEVATION.

chitecture, believing that the right kind of domestic architecture is the only practical solution for the servant problem, we have brought to these plans which were submitted to us the greatest interest, and we have found so much to admire that it has been a matter of great encouragement to us, and we feel that it will mean the same thing to our readers who are interested and open-minded in the matter. We are sure that anyone who is planning to build a small house for peace and comfort will find suggestions of real value in the four designs submitted here. They will, of course, see some detail which is not interesting to them, which would not be practicable to their way of living, or convenient for them; on the other hand they will find suggestions which may not have occurred to them and which may stimulate them to further endeavor in their house planning.

There is no doubt that the inconvenience of the American houses of the past half-century, we mean the houses in which the poorer people have lived, has had much to do with the growing dislike for housework. Of course a kind of affectation and foolish-

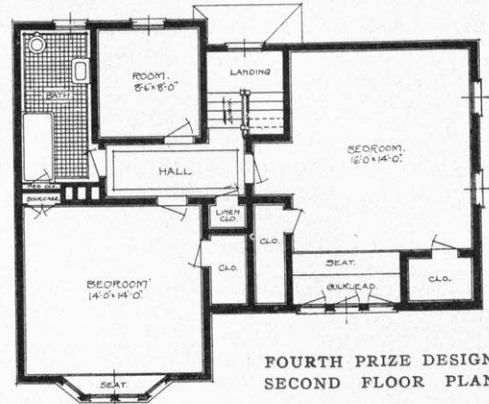
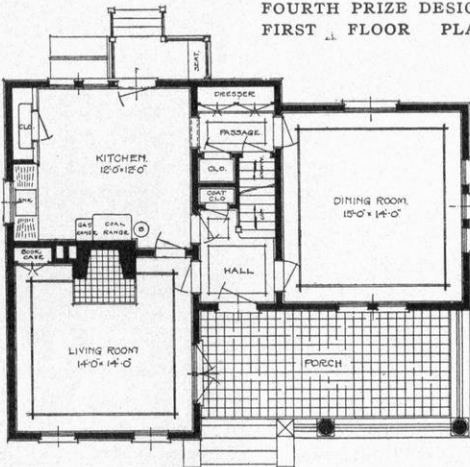
PRIZE DESIGNS IN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE-PLAN COMPETITION

ness which has made women ashamed to work has also helped to bring this result (but that is so sure to pass away, as women grow more understanding and enlightened, that we will not stop to discuss it here), but the house itself with the barren dining room, remote from the kitchen, and the ugly tawdry kitchen, inconvenient and uncomfortable, surely is responsible for the desire to escape from it, to what has been called the "front of the house." If, however, a kitchen could be made just as attractive as any other room in the house, just as convenient, as cheerful, as artistic, there is no reason why it should not be as interesting to work there as in the sitting room or on the front porch. Housework intrinsically need not be

should, so far as possible, oversee the building of, or help to build, his own home.

Houses put up to rent, and apartments, all alike, all inconvenient, all badly planned, can never furnish the ideal home. The small home, each one built for the individual family to occupy, is the most progressive condition that can be hoped for

FOURTH PRIZE DESIGN:
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

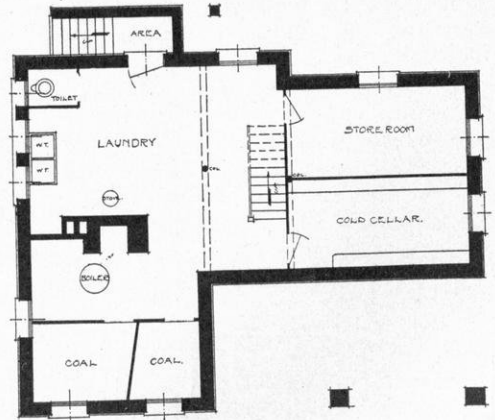


FOURTH PRIZE DESIGN:
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

in this land of working people. A nation of wage earners should be a nation of house owners, and every time a man sets about thinking of his own home, planning, developing it according to his own ideal, he has contributed to this condition.

In presenting the results of this competition to our readers we do not wish them

difficult or disgusting. It has been made so by architectural stupidity. A kitchen that has nice woodwork, pretty windows, good color, every convenience for simple labor, in the hands of a woman trained for that labor, interested in it, should make the mad search for a servant at any price, competent or incompetent, a thing of the past. There can be no doubt that we are reaching a phase of life in America when many women must face the problem of domestic labor, when housework will become more or less a profession, when wages will be paid which certainly a quarter of our population cannot reach. Houses must be kept and well kept, if we are to be a progressive people, and the wise woman is going to learn how to do it in such a way that it will not interfere with her mental and moral progress. And to make work for this woman possible and interesting is, it seems to us, in the hands of the home builder. That is why every man



FOURTH PRIZE DESIGN: CELLAR PLAN.

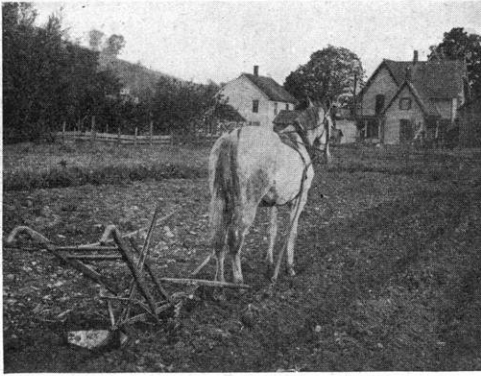
to feel that we have overestimated what has been done. This is our first effort to bring together people interested in designing simple houses. We shall hope to do it in the future again with better results, but we do feel that what has been done shows a wider range of interest in sincere building than perhaps many might realize was in progress.

COMBINATION GARDEN OF FRUIT, FLOWERS, VEGETABLES

COMBINATION CULTURE OF FLOWERS, FRUITS AND VEGETABLES: BY W. H. JENKINS

I HAVE read that an English poet once ordered his dinner at a restaurant, and found on the table with the food a vase filled with beautiful flowers. After looking at the flowers for a long time, he left without eating the material food, saying he had dined. My point is that man has needs other than material, and he is not well fed unless his spiritual needs are satisfied.

I wish my readers to think of a dining table on which there are luscious strawberries, palatable asparagus, green peas or all



THE FIRST STEP IN A FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN.

the best fruits and vegetables in their season, and at the same time the flowers of the season which the amateur gardener can grow with about the same culture required for vegetables. Flowers for bouquets, table and church decorations, parties, floral pieces, and a great abundance to give to friends can be easily grown in the family vegetable garden.

The common hardy flowers require about the same culture as garden vegetables. Flowers growing on the lawn, in sod, are often neglected, and growing under these conditions are inferior to cultivated flowers. It is possible to grow fine flowers on the lawn, but more difficult than in cultivated fields. I would not neglect the flower beds on the lawn, nor would I wish to mar them by severe cuttings to obtain flowers for bouquets and decorative purposes, for in the rows of garden vegetables such flowers can be grown, with little extra work. In our own fruit and vegetable garden it has been the practice to fill out the ends of the



"OUR BOY CULTIVATING [HIS FRUIT AND FLOWER GARDEN."

rows toward the house, where they are seen from the porch, with flowers.

The first thing needed for the family vegetable, fruit, and flower garden is a plan, then to consider the soil, fertilizer, varieties, time, methods of planting, cultivation and protection from insect pests.

It is well to draw a diagram of the garden and locate in it all the different plants. Lay it out in a rectangular form in straight rows, and between the rows, the width the plants need. If horse power cultivation is possible, then lay out all rows from two to four feet apart. If the plants are to be cultivated with a wheel or hand hoe, less space may be given them. Plan for no beds or hills, but to have all in straight rows, with level culture. When only a few of a kind are wanted, put these in sections of rows. Consult catalogues, which seedsmen will send for the asking, and decide as to

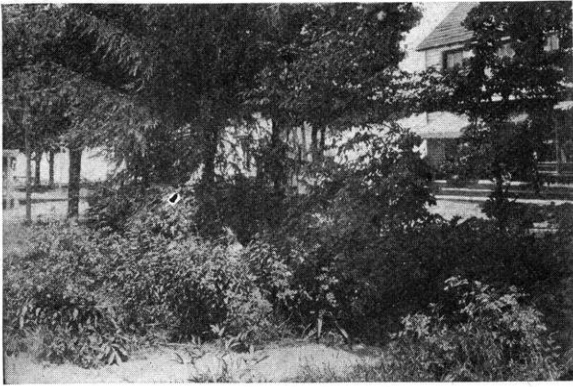


"AMONG THE VEGETABLES AND FLOWERS."

the varieties wanted, and then read the cultural directions.

The best place for the strawberry bed is in the vegetable garden. The cane and bush fruits are better at one side, also rhubarb

COMBINATION GARDEN OF FRUIT, FLOWERS, VEGETABLES



FLOWERS ARE LESS SATISFACTORY WHEN PLANTED UNDER TREES.

and asparagus, but in rows so they can be cultivated.

The flowers selected for the family garden by the amateur should be the common flowers, which the housewife knows well. Such hardy annuals as sweet peas, pinks, etc., may be sown out of doors when sowing early lettuce, radishes, etc. These may be followed with asters, verbenas, pansies, annual phlox and such old-fashioned flowers as marigolds, bachelor's buttons, etc. The most of these can be sown early in hotbeds along with lettuce, or in the window garden, and transplanted, which will forward the growth two or three weeks.

Now about soil and fertilizers. The old garden plot where vegetables have been grown for years is probably weedy and the soil acid, but if no other land is available, a dressing of lime—one ton of stone, or twice the amount of air-slacked, or ground lime, would greatly benefit it, if plowed in early in the spring. The best results are obtained with stable manure, but I cannot advise about fertilizers without knowing the condition of the soil, except to state general principles. With a soil full of humus, better results are obtained with commercial fertilizers than where the soil lacks humus. Cover crops, such as clover, vetch, rye, should be grown and plowed under, when only commercial fertilizers are used. These can be sown during the summer, on vacant places, where early crops have been harvested. If one keeps animals, the best and most economical fertilizer is made by composting ground raw South Carolina rock with the manure, which can be done by using the rock in the stable as an absorbent.

The ideal garden soil is clover sod plowed under, for this one must plan a year or two in advance. Soil made rich enough to grow

a large crop of corn is about right for vegetables and flowers.

If the garden was not plowed in the fall, plow early in the spring when the soil is in condition to work. If the surface soil crumbles in the hand and does not pack, it is right to plow. Plow fine by cutting narrow furrows, and only an inch or two deeper than plowed the preceding year. When the soil is finely harrowed I would lay the plot out in rows of the desired width. After shallow furrowing, the plot is ready for sowing, planting or transplanting.

For the large garden of one-half acre or more, a garden seed drill is a good investment, especially for the larger seeds, such as peas, beans, corn, etc., for it plants them rapidly and well; with the combined wheel hoe and seed drill, seed can be sown and the crop cultivated, and the work can be made good exercise, instead of back and knee-aching work. Small seed in small quantities had best be sown with the fingers, first drawing the garden rake over and leveling the furrow made for the large seeds. The first sowing early in the spring may be such hardy vegetables as lettuce, radishes, peas, spinach, onions, beets, turnips, carrots, salsify, parsnips and celery, cabbage and cauliflower, for transplanting, and such hardy flowers as sweet peas. Sow the flowers in the richest portions of the garden, where the flowers will not be shaded by tall-growing vegetables. Sow all in perfectly straight rows, dividing the rows in sections where only a small variety is wanted, making the space between at least two and one-half feet wide, if horse cultivation is practiced, and not less than eighteen for the wheel hoe. This latter distance is right for plants the size of lettuce and onions, and three to four feet is not too much for those the height of corn and peas. When the trees are in full leaf is the time to plant such tender varieties as corn, beans, tomatoes, melons, and for sowing the seed of the less hardy flowers, as the nasturtiums, etc.

Cultivation should begin very soon after the seeds are sown, and at first should be deep, to aerate the soil and let in the sunshine. This aeration of the soil is the best way to sweeten and cleanse it and make it productive. As the plants grow larger and the roots begin to spread out in the rows, cultivation should be more shallow. Al-

COMBINATION GARDEN OF FRUIT, FLOWERS, VEGETABLES

ways try to break the crust after a rain. During dry weather keep a thin layer of cultivated soil on the surface, which causes moisture to rise from the water veins underneath, by the principle of capillary attraction.

It is safer to have on hand standard spraying solutions, and a good hand sprayer. Information concerning insect pests can be obtained from State agricultural institutions.

The plan here described eliminates much of the drudgery and disagreeable work that made the old-time garden with its beds and hills and short crooked rows, hand-hoeing and finger weeding, a place where the average man did not love to be. Modern implements and methods can now make gardening a recreation. One can get just as good exercise pushing a wheel hoe, as with a tennis racket, and can show better results.

Our own fruit, vegetable and flower garden has materialized from a plan first worked out on paper, very similar to the one I have outlined here, and we get from it food for both mind and body. The flowers which finish out the rows or fill in some unoccupied space cost little extra work, and beautify the house, as well as awaken in us a spiritual sense of which, it may be, we were not conscious.

A garden plan can be only a suggestion, and the one submitted is a general system which can be modified to suit one's convenience and needs. Lists of varieties cannot be given suited to all sections of the country, but it is safe to grow those known to thrive in one's own locality. State experiment stations and colleges give free reliable information on tested varieties suited to all localities. Write early for catalogues from reputable seedsmen, make the selections and order early.

In the diagram given with this article hardy and tender plants are grouped together according to space required. Late vegetables, as late celery and cabbage, can be transplanted to rows where early potatoes, lettuce, peas, etc., have been grown. A hotbed will advance some of the vegetables and flowers, and to any garden enthusiast will prove an excellent friend to the seasons to come. Indeed the hotbed is, after all, once it is properly built, almost a primer of gardening in itself, and after a season's experience should be able to produce almost as many things as the famous box of Pan-

dora, though far pleasanter ones to deal with.

One's attention should also be called to the cold-frame, which differs somewhat from the hotbed, since it seeks rather to protect early started plants than to push them to early growth and is in itself an excellent "halfway house" between the hotbed and the garden rows.

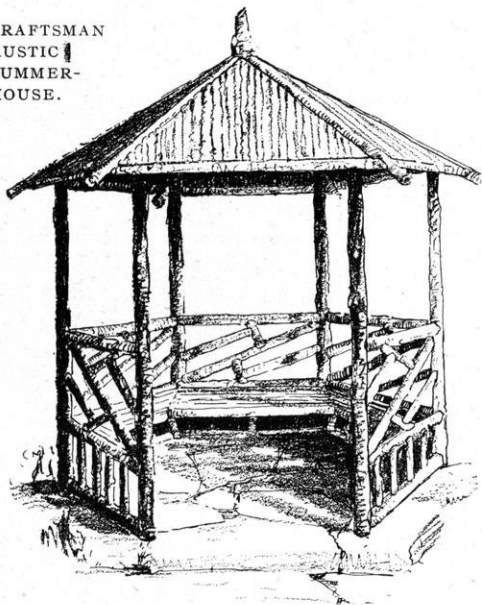
PLAN OF ¼-ACRE GARDEN, 5 x 8 RODS.

Daffodils and Tulips	Rhubarb
Narcissus and Gladiolus	Asparagus
Carnations	Strawberries
Pinks	Peas planted at different times
Pansy	Lettuce, Radishes, Spinach, Onions
Verbena	Parsnip, Salsify, Beets, Turnips
Annual Phlox	Seed bed for Cabbage, Cauliflower and Celery
Petunias	Early Potatoes
Asters	Wax Beans, Bush Beans
Nasturtiums	Dwarf Lima Beans and running limas on wire trellis
Dahlias	Melons and winter Squash, vines to run in Corn rows
Sweet Peas	Sweet Corn
Cosmos	Cucumbers, Tomatoes
Roses	Currants and Gooseberries
Roses	Raspberries
Hollyhocks	Blackberries
Stocks	Grapes
	Dwarf fruit trees

TWO RUSTIC SEATS AND THREE CRAFTSMAN CABINETS FOR HOME WORKERS

WE are supplementing our regular designs for cabinetwork this month by offering two plans for rustic seats. These would be delightful if placed near either one of the Craftsman bungalows shown in this department, but, of course, it would be absurd to attempt to restrict their usefulness to any one type of surroundings in such arbitrary fashion. The designs we offer on these pages are mainly intended to be suggestive,

CRAFTSMAN
RUSTIC
SUMMER-
HOUSE.



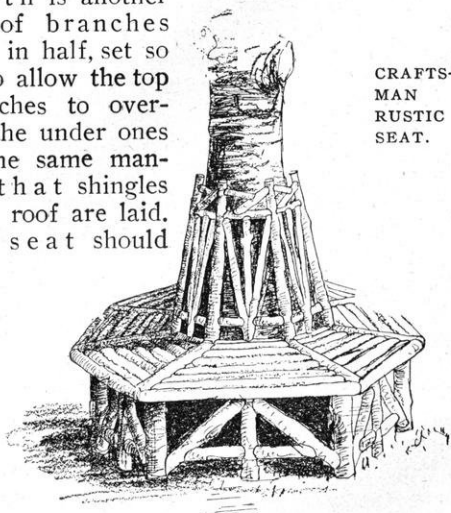
either seat would afford much real pleasure, placed comparatively far away from the house, beside a brook or on a hilltop, where it could be made the point of interest for many a charming walk, and offer the housewife a place to rest or read or sew, away from the sounds and closed-in atmosphere of the house.

Design No. 1 shows a covered seat made in the form of a hexagon, with one of the sides left open to serve as an entrance. It is large enough to seat several people comfortably. As illustrated here the proportions of this design should approximate 8 or 10 feet wide, 8 feet high under the eaves, and the roof should have about a 4-foot pitch. Six uprights should be set on rocks and connected with frame at top and bottom. The frame at the top should set on top of the uprights, and the roof on top of this. Then strips should be extended from the top frame of one upright to another. These strips should be halved in the center, thus keeping all the uprights in place, so that the weight of the roof will not cause them to separate. These corner-pieces extend from the top point of the roof past each corner upright. The under parts of these corner strips in the roof are notched, and fit over the tops of the strips that connect with the tops of the uprights. Holes should be bored in the uprights and the strips, and wooden pins driven through. The point of the roof is connected to a *finale*. Strips should then be extended from the corner roof pieces to the lower frame of the roof. These strips should be made of branches of trees split in half. Underneath is another

set of branches split in half, set so as to allow the top branches to overlap the under ones in the same manner that shingles on a roof are laid. The seat should

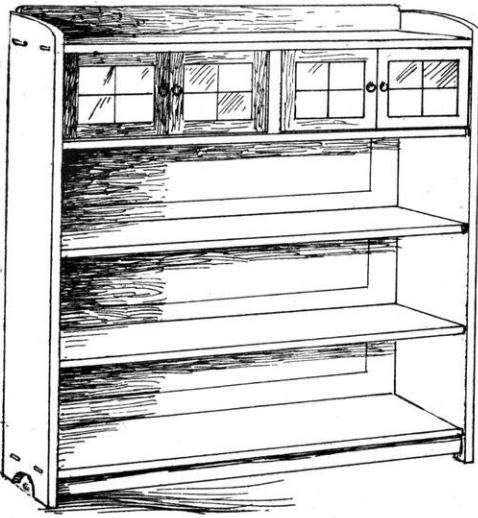
although we planned them carefully so that they may be copied safely to the smallest detail. We are glad, however, to get letters, as we very often do, saying that our readers have found suggestion in the designs we publish, and that they have been successful in constructing a piece of furniture or metal work that is practically their own conception, but the idea of which was suggested by some design given in this magazine.

Although these outdoor seats or lounging places are primarily adapted to use in the country, in the grounds of a vacation home, they could very easily be made suitable for use in suburban life, if there are trees within easy reach to furnish the material. Or if they are constructed on a farm which includes a wood and a stream of some sort



CRAFTSMAN
RUSTIC
SEAT.

CRAFTSMAN CABINET WORK



CRAFTSMAN CABINET WITH SHELVES.

then be built around the inside, about 17 inches high and 15 inches deep. The supports for the seat extend back at an angle from the front of the seat to the floor, and should be fastened to the lower strips. The ends of these supports are gouged out in a concave shape, so that they will fit firmly over the round surface of the strips to which they are connected.

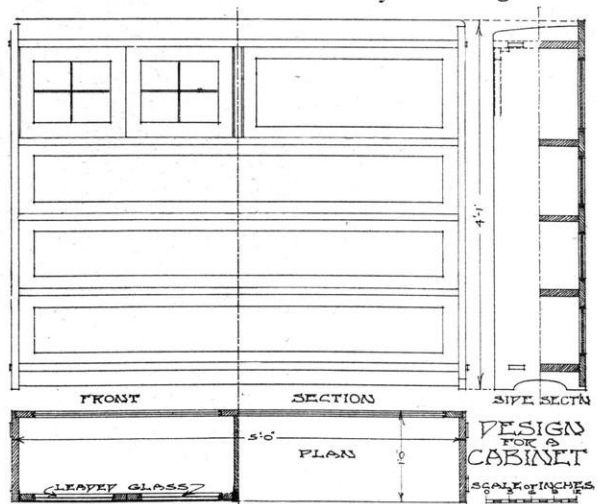
The seat shown in Design No. 2 is made in octagonal form around a tree trunk. This seat is attractive as well as most comfortable, and an unusual feature is offered in the suggestion of chair backs given in the construction of the back supports that rest against the tree trunk. In building this seat, first the framework should be made by setting 8 posts for the outside corners, and then 8 other posts for the inside corners next to the tree. These should be left a comfortable height for the seat, which can be decided upon by the individual worker. A strip should then be laid on top of these posts, extending from the inside post to the outside post. A connecting piece should next be fitted to the pieces that lie on top of the posts, thus forming a complete frame around the tree. Uprights should then be joined on top of the inside posts, and extend up about 3 feet at an angle against the tree. These uprights should be braced and framed in the manner shown in the illustration, and will form the backs of the seat. The posts underneath the seat should be braced and framed

also. This not only makes the seat more stable, but it adds a touch of picturesqueness to the construction. The seat can be made easily of strips cut and fitted into the spaces between the corner strips that extend from the back to the front posts. This resting-place should be built strongly enough to allow its being constructed independent of the tree, so that there is enough room left for the tree to grow without affecting the stability of the seat.

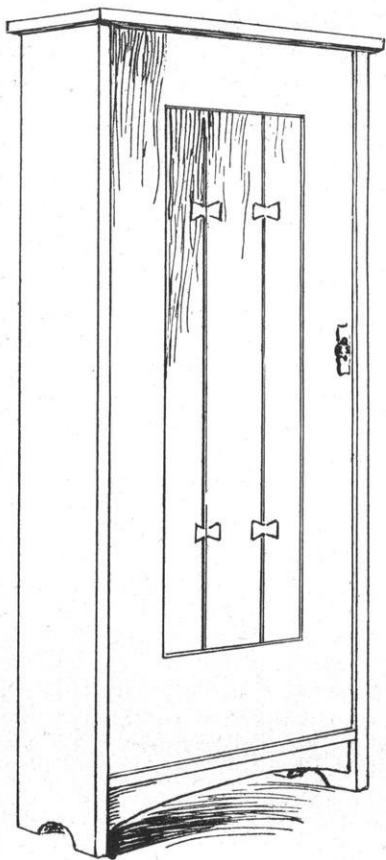
THE designs for our regular series of cabinetwork which we publish this month embody a group of three cabinets, simple and rather severe in effect. They call for careful, conscientious workmanship, for the simplicity that marks their sturdy charm is apt to mislead the unskilled cabinetmaker into attempting to make something that lies beyond his capacity. This need not keep the worker who has been successful in carrying out designs of more easily made furniture from trying to work out any of these pieces; for ordinary ability, coupled with scrupulous attention to detail and care in the finish, ought to make successful the efforts of any conscientious craftsman.

For the sake of convenience we have named each of these cabinets according to the use to which it is to be put. This makes the descriptions a little more specific and does away with the necessity for numbering.

The design for the cabinet, which is the first one shown, is the largest of the three pieces, but not necessarily the most difficult to make. It would prove a useful article of furniture for a library or living room,



CRAFTSMAN CABINETWORK

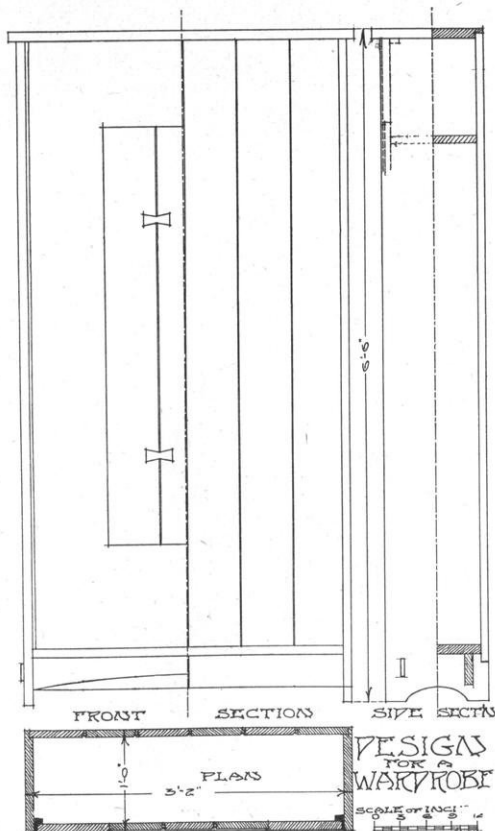


CRAFTSMAN WARDROBE.

and could be put to any number of uses. It would be most convenient for holding reference books, novels that are being read by members of the household, works that are being consulted by clubs or societies for research, or, in fact, any book that will probably be wanted in a hurry or one that it is not desirable to have shut away behind the doors of a bookcase. This cabinet would also delight the heart of a curio collector, or in a dining room or sewing room could be made extremely useful to the housewife. The shelf that is enclosed within the doors is most convenient for precious books or curios that should be kept free from dust, and it also serves to relieve the extreme plainness of the cabinet. If desired, a thin curtain of some material harmonizing with the color scheme of the room could be hung across the front of the cabinet, though in our own arrangements we prefer to be able to see the friendly books or the objects that have been gathered together by a collector's enthusiasm.

This cabinet, as shown here, stands 4 feet 1 inch high at the back and is 5 feet wide and 10 inches deep. The top is 1 inch thick, the sides $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches thick, back rails $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick, and the shelves each 1 inch thick. The partition is made of a board $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch thick; the panels are $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick, and the door frames are 2 inches wide and 1 inch thick. The top and bottom shelves are mortised through the ends, and the middle shelves fit into grooves that are cut across the ends. The back paneling should be all framed together, then fitted into a rabbet in the back of the case and fastened to the cabinet with screws. The middle shelves are slipped into the grooves. The jambs from which the doors swing are fastened to the ends, and there is also a jamb in the center from which two of the doors swing. Each of these little doors is fitted with four panes of leaded glass, which are fitted into rabbets cut into the inside ends of the door and fastened by means of a cleat tacked around and covering the edges of the glass.

The design we give for a wardrobe is a simple and sturdy piece of furniture,



CRAFTSMAN CABINETWORK

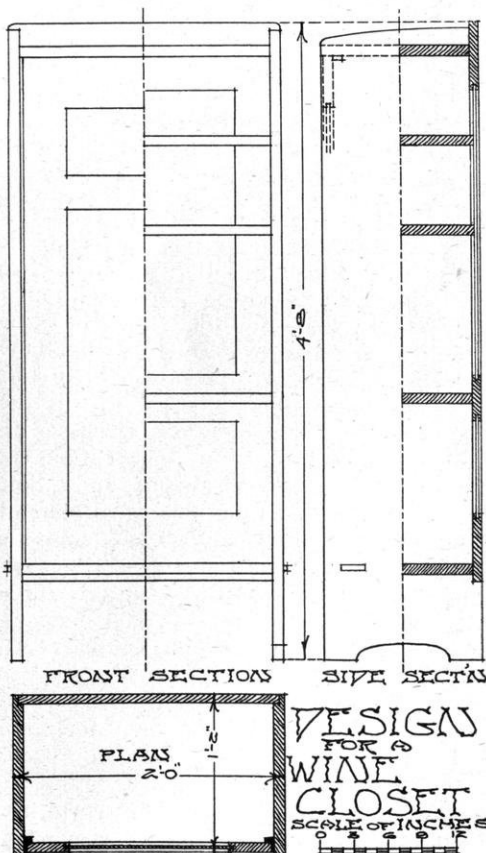


CRAFTSMAN WINE CLOSET

and should be a welcome addition to the fittings of a bedroom in a house not well supplied with closets. In spite of its severity, the design is an attractive one, and not very difficult to put together. It is very tall and stands 6 feet 6 inches high, is 3 feet 2 inches wide and 12 inches deep. It has a shelf, to which the screws for hanging clothing may be fastened, and which is also useful for holding hats and boxes. The top and bottom are made of boards 1 inch thick; the sides are $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches thick; the door frame $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch thick. The panel is V-jointed and is $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick. The back can be made of V-jointed boards $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick, or it can be paneled like the cabinet, and is to be set into a rabbet in the back of the case. The top is fastened to the sides with dowel pins and then glued, and the bottom is mortised through the sides in the regular way. The back panel is fastened to the shelf and top with screws. The boards in the panel of the door are held

together with little wooden keys, as shown in the illustration.

The wine closet illustrated is slightly lighter in effect than the other pieces described, and can be made useful in a number of ways. The first placing suggested, of course, is for a den, though it would be most convenient for a library or a living room where friends gather in the evening. It is fitted with four shelves, forming five compartments, arranged at varying heights to accommodate articles of different sizes,—glasses, bottles, decanters, boxes, etc. When finished the wine closet stands 4 feet 8 inches high, is 2 feet wide and 1 foot 2 inches deep. The top is $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch thick, the sides 1 inch thick, and the bottom and shelves each $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch thick. The rails in the back panel are $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick, and the panels are each $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick. The top and bottom are mortised into the sides. The shelves fit snugly into grooves cut across the inside of the sides. The back panel is fitted into a rabbet in the same manner as are the



PLANNING FUTURE CITIES

backs of the other two pieces shown this month. The door is hinged onto a jamb, with about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch check.

As will be seen, these three designs are all founded on very nearly the same principles of construction, varied enough so that the ambitious worker can make all three pieces of furniture if he wishes, and not have too much sameness of design in the fittings of the home. The clever cabinetmaker can also combine any of these designs and obtain results not given here. For instance, the cabinet might be fitted with doors and thus be made into a regular bookcase, or the wardrobe might be fitted with shelves and made to serve as a linen closet. In fact, numberless combinations suggest themselves, and only require the clever brain and hands of a worker of ability to carry them out. Of course, under ordinary circumstances white oak is the most satisfactory of all woods for carrying out these designs, but for special use in a room that is trimmed with a wood of distinctive character it would, perhaps, be more interesting to have these cabinets correspond in grain, markings or general character and color of the wood used in the particular scheme employed in the room.

PLANNING FUTURE CITIES

SOME of the possibilities of the city of the future, as it will be remodeled from existing cities or built from the start in accordance with modern needs were outlined by the town planning experts who met at the Town Planning Conference recently held in London. The most eminent men in this line, both in Europe and America, discussed the subject thoroughly, their deliberations being aided by maps, drawings and photographs of the most notable work already done in this country and abroad, and it is expected that a fresh impetus will be given to the remodeling of towns as a result of this broadening of viewpoint and exchange of experiences. A prominent part was taken by Mr. D. H. Burnham, President of the American National Commission on Fine Arts, and Mr. Burnham's own feeling is that the conference will make an immediate and deep impression on the laying out of cities and towns all over the world.

The most striking prophecy regarding future cities was made by M. Eugène Hé-

nard, Municipal Architect of Paris. M. Hénard confidently predicts that in the near future light and energy will be conveyed universally by electricity, while petrol and oxygen will be depended on to supply heat,—a comforting thought in view of our diminishing wood and coal supply. Also, every well-equipped house will be supplied with a private cold-storage plant, refrigerated by means of liquid air, a device that will probably have a good effect on the price of perishable provisions by putting within the reach of the people one of the jobber's chief sources of profit. Another suggestion that might well be applied during the dog days in New York is the recommendation that cold radiators, as well as heat radiators, be used to keep dwellings at a comfortable temperature in summer as well as winter. M. Hénard holds that by this means each house might be provided with one or more health chambers, closed by double windows and doors, in which the family would be enabled to reap all the benefits of cool air, full of oxygen, during the most sultry summer weather.

Another prediction reminds one of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." It is that glass verandas of various shapes, joined together so as to afford protection to the sidewalks, will ultimately be a feature of all cities and towns. By such a device the elusive umbrella would at last receive its just deserts, for the streets would be just as dry and comfortable in rainy weather as they are now on sunny days. Also, the city of the future, according to M. Hénard, will have buildings exactly as high as the street is wide, in which case New York may achieve within the century the status of an interesting relic of the past. The roofs of these houses would be platforms ornamented with shrubbery and flower-beds, to be used as roof gardens.

The town of the future, as regards its topography, will offer a marked contrast to the favorite checkerboard arrangement of the average American city in that it will be traversed by large radiating thoroughfares, partly occupied by moving platforms, raised above the level of the sidewalk proper, which will afford a means of quick communication between the different zones. The idea is to terminate these platforms by large revolving crossways, placed at the intersection of the main streets, so that the crowds in the most congested districts will be unable to block the streets.

ALS IK KAN

THE VALUE OF FARM FESTIVALS

WE are a cheerful nation or a discouraged one, according to our Corn Crops. When we hear that the corn yield for the year ending December, 1910, totaled up to one billion four hundred million dollars we begin to understand the value of corn to the progress of the United States, and, furthermore, when we are told that through the art of improving plant life by breeding even these enormous crops could be increased ten per cent. annually (adding one hundred and fifty millions a year to our national receipts) we realize somewhat the advantage of the study of agricultural conditions and the enormous value of the Corn Exhibitions which are being held from year to year in the Middle West.

Not only are these exhibitions of the greatest practical importance to the country, but of the widest significance to the individual, and so rapidly has the interest in them grown that where at first the cities in which the shows were held assumed the responsibility of meeting expenses, the fourth National Corn Exhibit, held this winter at Columbus, Ohio, was financed and managed by the corn growers themselves.

But important as these exhibitions are to the nation as a whole, their significance in the back-to-the-land movement is incalculable, for they will awaken the interest of the boys of America in country life by stimulating their imagination toward the growth and prosperity of the nation.

A country cannot hope for agricultural prosperity unless the face of the youth of the land is turned toward her fields and meadows, and the boy of this country, alert, eager, questioning, will face the direction of most vital interest—the city if it offers the greater thrill and opportunity, or the country if it beckons with big enough call to the pulse of youth. But the appeal has got to be genuine; it has got to flaunt a banner and stir the blood and promise some sort of tangible victory.

And that is the value of the Corn Exposition. It brings men, the workers of the land, together, to show what each is accomplishing and to contrast effort and success. It brings about competition, in the finer sense; it awakens a desire to struggle, to prove individual ability, to

cope with the best efforts of other strugglers. It stimulates intelligent industry; it stirs admiration and touches personal pride. And then the results are twofold—for the nation and the individual. The youth who is a progressive, successful farmer is not only establishing his own life in a permanent valuable relation to his country, but is aiding the advancement of that country in the most vital and practical manner.

And because the growing of corn in America is so essential to the strength of the nation, why should not the Corn Exhibition become our recognized national festival—the meeting-place of the sinew and backbone of the land.

Picture what knowledge, what companionship, what stimulus for endeavor would result from these festivals! What an appeal could be made to the boys on the farm through competitive display of produce and from prizes for agricultural achievement. The value of contest in labor has not in recent years been reckoned with. We need farm festivals, where boys could have a chance to see what energy and enthusiasm and knowledge can accomplish. It takes a philosopher to labor for the sake of the world or even to work for self-development. The average boy needs his ambition pricked, his latent purpose stirred by the sense of battle, the desire for success. Let our boys enlist for the field of action on the farm, and win preferment at our national expositions for farm progress.

What an opportunity the Government would have to make the Agricultural Department effective by offering prizes to country youths at these expositions, thus stimulating a spirit of rivalry in fruit growing, vegetable raising, in advancing our corn crops, in enlarging our hothouse activities.

And although we have said *boys* through this article, we mean the *youth* of our land, boys and girls, for there is no reason why our girls should not become expert gardeners and farmers. Why should it be considered any harder to weed a garden than cook a dinner, and why is it any more feminine to iron clothes indoors than to plant seed out in the sunshine?

Our farm festivals should be open to all comers, with help and reward for all effort; for home building, fitting and furnishing of houses; for home makers, including the handicrafts; with information for every line of farm activity, with opportunity to

find out what *can be done* as well as what *has been done*, and the most significant department of it should be the space devoted to the young people, to suit their needs, to stimulate their activity and reward their achievement.

LONELINESS IN MODERN LIFE

THE *Herald* recently published a letter from a man who had traveled the world over—and gave the palm for loneliness to New York. "I have," he said, "traveled around the world; have ranched in Montana and Australia; have been in the great wheat fields of northwestern Canada; have worked in the mines of Mexico and South Africa; have wintered in lumber camps; have slept in the snows of Switzerland; have 'biked' through Italy and France, but not in any of those sections have I met such loneliness as I find depicted on the faces of the citizens of old New York.

"People used to be able to entertain one another in New York in former days, but now one finds a good conversationalist a rarity. Society gives a dance, or takes one to the theater, or has a band of musicians at the house for 'entertainment,' but there is no real heart-to-heart talk or interchange of ideas as of yore. And that is one of the chief reasons why people are so lonesome—there is an utter lack of sympathy in all walks of life."

It seems to us that the Traveler's point is very well taken. And it is interesting to go a step further and account for this lack of sympathy. Does it not lie in the difference between entertainment and mutual enjoyment? Isn't it a question of whether or no people meet to enjoy each other or whether they meet to be entertained by someone paid to furnish enjoyment? The former meeting leads to understanding, sympathy, companionship; the latter, to isolation through an attitude of superiority and criticism, and the people who do things least well become the arbiters of the destinies of those who accomplish.

Now, if the woman with the beautiful voice sang for the friend who loved music, how sympathetic, how friendly their relationship, whereas this not only is not true, but the friend admiring the great singer would consider it bad taste to ask her to sing for him unless it were a formal occasion and she were paid. It is equally true, as a social state, in regard to literature—a

man's poems are sent to publishers, but not to friends (at least, this is the rule), and his friends pay to read them later.

As a result, we have grown almost to feel that pleasure is not legitimate unless *paid for*. How often do friends, two or more, meet "just to talk things over"—to get a neighbor's point of view about life or to hear the neighbor talk of his own affairs, his work and progress? So lightly is this regarded as a source of pleasure that "to talk shop"—in other words, to talk of what we know best and are most suited to speak of with authority—is "bad form." We may only with good grace speak of what others have been paid to do for our entertainment—the latest opera, the highest tenor note, the best seller, and so on. But if the singer were present no one would mention opera, and if the tenor arrived he would talk of art, and the author of the best seller would be satirical about literature.

The farmer may still talk "farm" to his neighbor, but even here there is a consciousness of other forms of entertainment, and the city is spoken of breathlessly because it holds so much joy for cash prices. We do not *know each other* or strive to. We seek only to know each other's opinions on popular topics.

The result is fewer friendships, less real knowledge of life, and less opportunity to develop kindness, which is born of sympathy. And how much we lose—the intimate knowledge of the growth of our friend's soul; the opportunity to aid each in such growth with interest and understanding. This on one hand; on the other, to so miss the truth that we are growing to associate pleasure with money, and interest with what is done solely for money. People no longer draw chairs together and look into each other's eyes, trusting and being trusted in the expression of any heart-searching experience.

Our smiles and tears are for the stage, and when we are not working or being amused we consider any encroachment on our time as intrusive. If "friends" come to see us, we first of all wonder what we shall do to *entertain* them. We do not feel that we have anything to give or receive from their presence—but we hire others to provide pleasure—and the friends expect to be grateful according to the price paid.

And so the Stranger who has traveled the world over finds loneliness writ large

on our brow. We are far away from him and from each other, and although we trick each other by words, we are telling of the emptiness and dreariness of our lives in our faces.

NOTES

THE PASTELLISTS: A NEW ART SOCIETY

THE Pastellists," a new art club, held its initial exhibition at the Folsom Galleries in January. This new club is limited to a membership of twenty. These charter members are George W. Bellows, Marion Beckett, Mary Cassatt, Colin Campbell Cooper, Mary Helen Carlisle, Paul Cornoyer, Thomas W. Dewing, Leon Dabo, William J. Glackens, Edward A. Kramer, Jonas Lie, Ernest Lawson, Elmer Livingston MacRae, Jerome Myers, Henry Reuter-dahl, Albert Sterner, Everett Shinn, Juliet Thompson, Henry C. White and J. Alden Weir, all names to conjure with in this day when our younger artists are so swiftly coming into their own.

The purpose of the organization of this society is to exhibit intimate studies or pictures which the artists themselves have enjoyed the performance of, and in which they have got away as far as possible from the trammels imposed by commercial aspects. As this statement had been given publicity before the exhibition occurred, it aroused much curiosity; however, if anyone expected to find walls hung with indifferent art-junk, he was happily mistaken. Instead, "The Pastellists" presented one of the finest exhibitions New York has seen, a collection of small masterpieces.

Of these the place of honor was given to Mary Cassatt's "Mother and Child." As this artist's work is the subject of an article elsewhere in this number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, it is enough to say that in this lovely delineation of her favorite subject Miss Cassatt has shown her consummate control over pastel as a medium, and although using it as freely as elsewhere she uses oil paint, she retains a vitality and freshness of surface that a less skilful hand would inevitably have lost.

Ernest Lawson's "Early Morning" and "Ship Canal" exhibited the latest phases in the development of this artist's wonderful color sense, and a breadth of artistic vision destined to impress itself. William J. Glackens in his "Summer House,"

"Washington Square" and again in "Washington Arch" presents phases of his inimitable art, which, like that of Everett Shinn in the latter's "Fifth Avenue 'Bus in a Snow Storm," show a very wholesome reaction against the vogue the artificial attained until such men as these began to overturn it with the force of their genius. Colin Campbell Cooper's pastels "Lower New York" and "Broadway" were excellent portraits of places, and valuable in their atmospheric effect. Jerome Myers, who contributed "The Recreation Pier" and "The City Bath House," shows in these two pastels a very remarkable color sense, subdued but clear, and his delineation of East Side types of childhood are always vividly characteristic, real, yet free from the terrifying sordidness of actual conditions.

"The Green Shawl" by Thomas Dewing was a dignified portrait of a woman in green, splendidly drawn. J. Alden Weir also contributes a portrait of a woman sewing, "Souvenirs of Summertime," a lovely simple type. In Elmer L. MacRae's "Daughter of the Vikings" we have a most charming and characteristic portrait of his wife. Henry Reuter-dahl contributed "Springtime, North River," and the pastel "Midnight Sun Effect, Hammerfest Harbor."

Indeed, there was not an unworthy work in the entire exhibition and one sincerely congratulates "The Pastellists" on their achievement.

THE VIRILE PAINTING OF GEORGE BELLOWES

GEORGE Bellows' exhibition in January at the Madison Galleries was marked by a spirit of virility, sincerity, and, in a way, simplicity. It was a remarkable show of canvases for so young a man, not only in distinctive technique, but in choice of subject. Apparently this artist does not have to travel before he can paint—all that seems essential is an opportunity to put up an easel, and then a little time. In other words, he finds interesting stimulating subjects everywhere, all about him, in a Harlem cross street, at the edge of the river in a shipping district, a trolley car, a cool coast line all green and blue and drenched in sunlight, a crowded sordid room, with naked men fighting furiously, a polo game, with horses closely tangled, and women interested at

the line, a warship, a brook, a summer night—in fact, the universe is ready for his brush. Whatever people do or nature reveals catches his interest and pours through his art. His canvases are a record of what has held his attention, and by his art he portrays his point of view toward life, and portrays it clearly, broadly, without any strain for individuality and yet with definite personality. His painting of water so that it lifts heavy bodies, and of bodies so that they rest and move on the water is amazingly skilful. As for that, all his objects are solid, just as on the contrary his light is luminous and pours over the solid objects. Nature has pretty largely taken this man into her confidence, and so he reveals her mysteries with surety and understanding.

THIRTY ARTISTS AT MACBETH'S

THIRTY canvases by thirty American painters recently enjoyed the hospitality of the Macbeth Gallery, New York, and received the appreciative plaudits of many visitors. Rarely has as small a show by different artists displayed work of such excellence.

Paul Dougherty contributed one of the finest of his marines, "An Aisle of the Sea," a picture foaming with the sense of the mightiness of the ocean. "The Little Red Girl" by Robert Henri appeared to attract the greatest attention from artist and layman alike. It was a wonderfully painted portrait, a sight of which a certain old artist declared was an academy of instruction in itself to any art student. The sure breadth and definite knowledge Mr. Henri displays in his brush work, and the certainty of his color sense, a sense which commands his palette unhesitatingly, always evokes interest and wonder. Jerome Myers contributed a characteristic study, "The Bread Line," and again Charles W. Hawthorne's "The Fisher Boy" presented that artist's originality in advance over some of his earlier paintings. "A Studio Tea" by F. Luis Mora is one of the best things Mora has painted, and the same can be said of Gardner Symons' "Where Brook and River Meet," which is a splendid bit of winter scene. "Silvered Heights" by Arthur B. Davies is a characteristic idyl of this artist's vision, and very wonderfully painted. The full sweep of the breadth of landscape seems ever to occupy Albert L. Groll as it does in his "Silver Clouds,

Arizona," which was in this exhibition. However, the cloud effect in this picture lacked the vaporeal qualities one finds even under Arizona skies—the clouds here seemed less in the heavens than thrown across the sky of the picture. Indeed, even our foremost painters neglect the study of cloud perspective most astonishingly.

THE WALTER SHIRLAW MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

OF Walter Shirlaw, the painter, Mr. Frederick MacMonnies, his friend of many years, wrote as follows: "There are some men who go through life as though they had Eternity before them. They pass along calmly, quietly, casually; never so hurried as to be careless of other people's feelings, nor so absorbed in their own interests as to be indifferent to other people's undertakings. If they happen to be artists the joy of the work compensates them for the labor of its production."

Walter Shirlaw was one of these rare spirits. His distinguished life and noble personality endowed American art with his splendid work in painting, an estimate of which one obtained adequately from the memorial exhibition of his paintings recently held at the Art Institute, Chicago. Sixty-six paintings, thirty-six water-colors, twenty-eight pastels (these included designs for decorations in the Library of Congress) and some fifty or more drawings.

Walter Shirlaw's life work, covering a period of forty years, does not indicate any special scheme of subjects, but bears witness to his wide sympathy and versatility, and is characterized by large, simple and masterly drawing, broad, fluent handling, feeling for color and decorative unity.

MACDOWELL CHORUS CONCERT

THE initial concert of the MacDowell Chorus, Kurt Schindler conductor, will be given on Friday evening, March 3, in Carnegie Hall. The MacDowell Chorus is a recent addition to the musical activities of New York. It was organized to fill the need in this city of a large and adequately trained mixed chorus which would be available for coöperation with any of our several orchestras in regular concerts of secular music. The Chorus has already sung this season at concerts of the Philharmonic and Russian Symphony Societies and will sing with the People's Symphony Orchestra on March 26.

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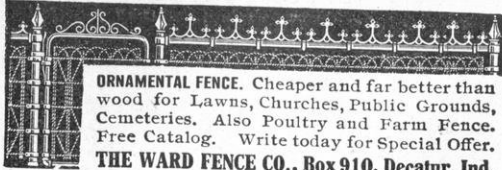
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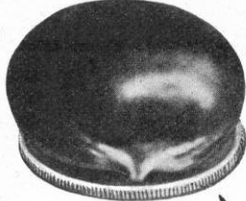
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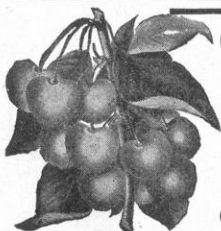
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The coming concert on March 3 will be, however, the first concert given by the Chorus and performed under the direction of its own able conductor. The Chorus will have the assistance of the Philharmonic Orchestra and of the following five grand opera singers: Mme. Alma Gluck, Mr. Dinh Gilly, Mr. Leon Rothier and Mr. Edmond Clement, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Mme. Bressler-Gianoli, of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. Mr. Schindler has arranged a programme of unusual interest, consisting entirely of French and Russian music. The main feature of the concert will be the first performance in this country of "Briseis," an unfinished opera by Chabrier. The fragment consists of a single act, which is, however, complete in itself, like the two movements of Schubert's immortal "Unfinished Symphony," and forms a concert number of great beauty. The story is founded on a ballad by Goethe, "The Bride of Corinth," and the scene is laid in ancient Greece. This work will make large demands upon the soloists and also upon the musicianship of the Chorus, as the choral parts are of great difficulty.

PORTRAITS BY HARRINGTON MANN: FRANCOIS FLAMENG'S PORTRAITS AT KNOEDLER'S

FRANÇOIS Flameng painted the decoration on the staircase at the Sorbonne, Paris, and justly made a reputation for himself by it. One would seem justified, therefore, in asking if he can afford to go on painting such canvases as those composing the group of eleven portraits recently exhibited at the Knoedler gallery, even if the sitters can afford to pay for them.

In refreshing contrast to Mr. Flameng's work were the fourteen splendid portraits shown, later, in the same galleries by Mr. Harrington Mann. Mr. Mann's color is at once brilliant, frank and adequate. There has hardly been a finer character study exhibited in years than one finds in his portrait of "Miss Marie Tempest." In his portraits of children Mr. Mann astonishes us with the originality of his conceptions; he has discovered real children in real action, and has arrested with his brush the loveliest moments in child life. Withal this artist has not appeared ever to sacrifice truth to flattery, nor to have confused beauty and prettiness.

DAVID KARFUNKLE AT THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB

AN exhibition of paintings by David Karfunkle, a young American artist of Austrian antecedents, occupied the galleries of the Salmagundi Club the first weeks of January. Eleven of these are May-day scenes and Children in Central Park. Mr. Karfunkle is developing a brilliancy of color, and a quality of poetic subtlety (free from the morbidity which sometimes accompanies such expression) that would seem to indicate a future of solid accomplishment for this artist. Just now Mr. Karfunkle appears to be experimenting with technique, with strong indications, however, that all this is leading him toward the development of a mode of expression definite and original is not to be doubted.

LOAN COLLECTION OF AMERICAN PAINTINGS OWNED BY WILLIAM T. EVANS, AT NEWARK, N. J. ART GALLERY

MR. William T. Evans has been for many years a critical student of painting and a large purchaser of the work of American artists. To the National Gallery at Washington he has presented over a hundred canvases. Some of these, from time to time, Mr. Evans changes for works which, in his opinion, better represent the artists who painted them than do those in the original gift, thus augmented in worth. However, the results of Mr. Evans' zeal and skill as a collector are by no means confined to the paintings he has so generously given the nation. Out of the many fine examples of American painting in his private gallery at Montclair, New Jersey, Mr. Evans selected fifty-two which he generously lent to the Museum Association of Newark for exhibition in the Newark Art Gallery. One of these, "A Glimpse of the Sea," by R. Swain Gifford, Mr. Evans presented to the association.

ARTHUR B. DAVIES' EXHIBITION, CHICAGO

FEW artists have had more sincere appreciation from discriminating critics, and though by many his work is as yet little understood, he has gained a distinct and enviable position among artists whose work appeals to the imagination. Therefore the exhibition of Mr. Davies' work at the Art Institute, Chicago, was a valuable idea.

RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN EXHIBITION

WORKS by Albert H. Atkins and William C. Loring in sculpture and painting constituted a fortnight's exhibition at the Rhode Island School of Design during the latter half of January.

GROUP EXHIBITION AT BUFFALO

THE Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, instituted some time ago small exhibitions, designated "Group Exhibitions." The most recent of these comprised thirty-two works by Henry Golden Dearth, Louis Paul Dessar, Lillian Matilde Genth, August Franzen, Jean McLane Johansen, William Ritschel and Frederick Ballard Williams. The idea of frequent exhibitions of the sort is a most commendable one and welcome to any community.

AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AT PITTSBURGH BY JOHN W. BEATTY

THE Art Society of Pittsburgh recently exhibited a number of paintings in the Gallery of the Permanent Collection by Mr. John W. Beatty, Director of the Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute.

SMALL BRONZES, WATER-COLORS AND PASTELS AT MACBETH'S

THE recent exhibition of small bronzes, water-colors and pastels at the Macbeth Galleries, New York, brings one to a realization of the greater interest which American artists are taking in sculpture. In the matter of small bronzes over thirty sculptors were represented in some eighty excellent works. Over ninety water-colors and pastels were exhibited in conjunction with the sculpture, forty-three artists being represented. Included in these were five works by the late John LaFarge, three by Mrs. Charlotte B. Coman, two by Homer D. Martin and four by Taber Sears.

PAINTINGS OF THE CORNISH COAST

MR. Paul Dougherty held an exhibition of his vital paintings of the Cornish coast at the O'Brien Galleries, Chicago, last month. The eleven canvases displayed were, without exception, of rare interest and beauty, possessing the mysterious quality of enveloping the beholder, bringing him intimately into communion with the spirit of the painter, as though he, too, were listening to the roar of mighty waters, or dreaming of wide seas in sunlight.

INDIANAPOLIS EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF WESTERN ARTISTS

THE collection of paintings by the members of the Society of Western Artists began its rotary exhibition with Indianapolis, and after partaking of the hospitality of St. Louis in January, Louisville in February and Cincinnati in March, will finally come to Chicago in April. This society was organized in 1896 for the purpose of uniting artists in fellowship, and of combining their efforts in the advancement of art. This year's exhibition represents two hundred and thirty-two canvases by one hundred and thirteen artists. This exhibition was supplemented by another of the paintings of sixteen additional American artists, including works by William M. Chase, Charles Warren Eaton, Albert L. Groll, Charles W. Hawthorne, Henry O. Tanner, J. Alden Weir and Leonard Ochtman.

WORKS OF AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS AND PAINTINGS BY HENRY RANKIN POORE AND WILLIAM HENRY LIPPINCOTT AT INDIANAPOLIS

THE American Federation of Arts with the coöperation of the Society of Illustrators assembled a collection of nearly two hundred examples of the work of the foremost American illustrators in the galleries of the John Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis in January. This proved to be one of the most instructive exhibitions of the winter. Coincident with it the Indianapolis Institute held an exhibition of paintings by Henry Rankin Poore, which was preceded by one of the paintings of William Henry Lippincott.

PAINTINGS BY GEORGE H. BOGERT

THE Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, exhibited a collection of twenty-four paintings by George H. Bogert, A. N. A., last month. The subjects were French, Dutch and Venetian scenes, and testified to the maturity of the painter's style. Preserving in his compositions that truth to facts in nature which is essential to all good art, this painter has become a pronounced synthesist, seeking always to secure harmonious arrangement of color and effect. His ability in this direction is especially marked in his well-known composition, "Sea and Rain," and in many other pictures the scope of his artistic vision proves itself to be both wide and comprehensive.

A COLONIAL INTERIOR EXHIBITION

THE loan exhibition representative of Colonial interiors recently held under the auspices of The Colony Club, New York, at its club house, was unusually successful and happy in conception. The exhibition presented a bedroom furnished in the quaint transition style of the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and a drawing room furnished in the style of Chippendale's best work, the third quarter of the eighteenth century; the former American, the latter English.

ETCHINGS BY REMBRANDT

ONE hundred etchings by Rembrandt occupy the Keppel galleries until February 4th. These comprise examples of fine impressions of Rembrandt's plates of the early, middle and late periods, and form one of the best exhibitions in New York. Furthermore, the student of etching will appreciate the scholarly catalogue with its introduction by Mr. David Keppel, forming one of the series which collectors will treasure for constant reference.

THUMB-BOX EXHIBITION AT THE POWELL ART GALLERY

FORTY-SEVEN prominent American artists held a January exhibition of thumb-box sketches at the Powell Art Gallery, New York. These were truly sketches, not finished paintings-in-miniature as the works in some previous sketch-exhibitions have turned out to be. Notable among these intimate notes of the painters' methods were the delightful shipping scenes by Guy C. Wiggins, the Venetian sketches by Charles Warren Eaton, brilliant notes by Leonard M. Davis and others of equal interest.

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN ROME

HARRISON S. Morris, the Commissioner-General appointed by the United States to form the American exhibit at the forthcoming Italian Exposition at Rome (March 27 to November 1), recently announced that American artists were co-operating with him in a generous and active way and that the exhibition of about two hundred oil paintings, one hundred water-colors, one hundred black and white drawings, and a group of sculpture, will bring the American exhibit to a high level and place the work of American artists upon a plane with that of their foreign confrères.

GEORGE LAWRENCE NELSON, A YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTER

GEORGE Lawrence Nelson, whose January exhibition of recent portrait was held at the Louis Katz Galleries, New York, is one of the youngest portrait painters in America and one of the most promising. Not only as a colorist and delineator of the characters of his sitters, but likewise as an artist happy in arranging the poses for his composition, will the work of Mr. Nelson command attention for its distinction and sincerity.

MAX WEBER AT THE PHOTO-SECESSION

AN extraordinary collection of paintings and drawings by Max Weber covered the walls of the gallery of the Photo-Secession recently, and served as an object lesson of the ends to which a painter will go to assert his freedom from the trammels of tradition, whether these be sane, reasonable, sound and constructive ones or not. Whatever Mr. Weber may be striving for, his viewpoint is hardly likely to be shared by enough other persons to impress art's progress, at this stage of his work, with what appears to the writer to be a brutal, vulgar and unnecessary display of art-license.

PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY HARRY BERLIN

TWENTY-SIX paintings and drawings by Harry Berlin were shown at the Haas Gallery, New York, in February. This artist does not yet appear to have developed his technique to the point of facile expression in painting, but the work here displayed is indicative of the vigor which he is acquiring and which should develop into something thoroughly worth while. The drawings, especially the "Old Street in Florence," were excellent.

WHISTLER HOUSE EXHIBITION

THE collection of Copies of the Old Masters shown in Boston a few years ago at the Copley Society's exhibition were again on view last month in the Whistler House at Lowell. The artistic and educational value of an exhibition of this character is very great in a community which has few or no original works of art of the sort accessible to it, especially where the copies are of the first-rate quality of those shown at the Whistler House exhibition.

HENRY B. SNELL'S PAINTING AT MACBETH'S

A part of the collection of paintings made by Henry B. Snell, president of the New York Water-Color Club, during his visit to India last winter, was exhibited at the Macbeth Gallery last month augmented with others of scenes in France, Italy, Holland, England and Canada. The India group illustrated strikingly this painter's versatility. These alien and exotic subjects showed fresh treatment, combined with sympathetic insight and strong individuality in point of view.

MINIATURES BY ALICE RIDDLE FOSTER

TWENTY-THREE miniatures by Alice Riddle Foster were on exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries in February. Following so closely the exhibition of the American Society of Miniature Painters in the same galleries it was interesting to note their even excellence and their worthiness to constitute a little exhibition in themselves.

NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

THE eighty-sixth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York, will open on March 11 and close April 16.

REVIEWS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND OTHER ADDRESSES: BY JOSEPH H. CHOATE

THE addresses which are contained in this volume are selected from many delivered by Mr. Choate as Ambassador to Great Britain when he visited different English cities from time to time and was called upon to deliver them. On these different occasions, as Mr. Choate explains in his preface, he sought to embody in each address the instruction of President McKinley, when he handed Mr. Choate his letter of credence, to promote the welfare of both countries by cultivating the most friendly relations between them. The following are the subjects of the addresses: *Abraham Lincoln*, *Benjamin Franklin*, *Alexander Hamilton*, *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, *The Supreme Court of the United States*, *Education in America*, *Sir Walter Scott*, *The English Bible*, *John Harvard*, address at Dinner given to Mr. Choate by the Bench and Bar of England and the address given by Mr. Choate at the Farewell Banquet tendered him by the Lord Mayor of London at the

Mansion House, May 5, 1905. The essay *The Supreme Court of the United States* is one that every citizen of the country should read, illuminating, informative and clearly written as it is. Such an essay as *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, on the other hand, has less to commend it, though it is interesting to imagine, in reading it, its intended effect as a spoken address and not as a literary accomplishment. In the very fine address, *Alexander Hamilton*, Mr. Choate, in speaking of Hamilton's *Federalist*, says: "For clear and cogent reasoning, plainness and simplicity of thought, earnestness of purpose and purity of diction and literary style, I know of no American book that surpasses *The Federalist*." The address, *Benjamin Franklin*, is one of the ablest presentments of the great statesman's noble character that eloquence has ever called forth. One can easily guess the enthusiasm Mr. Choate held for this heroic figure in American history in the reading of his essay, an enthusiasm tempered with scholarly restraint, however. In Mr. Choate's titular address, *Abraham Lincoln*, there is much food for thought; it is a splendid characterization. In speaking of Lincoln's meager schooling Mr. Choate says: "The quality of the teaching was of the lowest possible grade, including only the elements of reading, writing and ciphering. But out of these simple elements, when rightly used by the right man, education is achieved; and Lincoln knew how to use them." Indeed, it is characteristic of all Mr. Choate's utterances and writings that his point of view takes a keen recognition of the part self-education and self-reliance take in the making of true men. And again, referring to the few books to which Lincoln in his boyhood had access: "These few volumes he read and re-read—and his power of assimilation was great. To be shut in with a few books and to master them thoroughly sometimes does more for the development of mind and character than the freedom to range at large, in a cursory and indiscriminate way, through wide domains of literature." It is interesting to note that Mr. Choate had known Lincoln and retained very vivid impressions of him. This book of addresses ought to be read by every American. (Published by The Century Company, New York. 293 pages. Price \$2.00, net.)

HAND-LOOM WEAVING: BY LUTHER HOOPER

ONE cannot speak too highly in commendation of "The Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks," of which *Hand-Loom Weaving* is the latest volume. The different chapters of Mr. Hooper's book go into the matter of the rudiments of spinning and weaving, the indispensable appliances, looms, accessory appliances, tapestry weaving, velvet weaving; in fact, everything that has to do with weaving in which the beginner could be interested, and which he will find useful to him even in advanced practice. The book is copiously illustrated with line cuts and photographic reproductions in black and white and in color. Only a genius for systematic and helpful arrangement could have enabled Mr. Hooper to condense so much within the limits of these pages without loss to the clearness of the matter which the text seeks to convey. There can be no doubt of the superiority of well-made hand-woven webs, whether they be of the finest silk or of the coarsest wool, so it is to be hoped that Mr. Hooper's book will prove to be an impetus to a revival of interest in hand-loom weaving. This volume will also prove itself of use to all who are interested in textiles artistically, commercially, or in any other way. The principles of weaving are traced from their origins to their greatest perfection in the eighteenth century, and are identical with those of the most highly developed modern inventions—inventions which have succeeded in accelerating the speed of weaving at more or less cost to its artistic perfection. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 339 pages. Price \$2.25 net.)

LANDSCAPE GARDENING STUDIES: BY SAMUEL PARSONS

THE work illustrated and described in this unpretentious book represents the author's undertakings in the field of landscape gardening, with the one exception of the pond in Central Park, New York. The concrete examples selected by him are designed to show by picture and pen how some problems of landscape gardening were solved. They represent certain leading types of work, and in a simple way some of the basic principles of the art. Mr. Parsons points out that there are broad and simple principles of landscape garden-

ing as an art which should be reflected in a more or less modified way in all good landscape-gardening work. Thus, in order to secure a good composition developed from the surroundings to meet man's physical needs and at the same time secure due satisfaction of his higher æsthetic and spiritual nature, the designer should keep large motives in view: breadth, simplicity, a skilful adjustment of the relations between the different parts of the place so that there will be a proper balance throughout the scheme. The place should not be all garden or all pleasure grounds or merely well-groomed and planted farm fields. There are instincts and sentiments which naturally well up in the mind when the scheme of development is undertaken that should be allowed to lead the designer into pleasant harmonious relations with the landscape, not forcing or contorting existing conditions, but allowing Nature to guide in all things with her supremely artistic hand. Mr. Parsons' book will commend itself to everyone interested in landscape gardening or in beautifying the home grounds. (Published by The John Lane Company, New York. Illustrated. 107 pages. Price \$2.00 net; postage 20c.)

THE JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAF-CADIO HEARN: EDITED BY ELIZABETH BISLAND

THIS new and final collection of the correspondence of one of the most delightful letter writers in English contains the most interesting and revealing group of letters Lafcadio Hearn ever wrote. So unflagging was Hearn's zest, so instinctively did he turn to each of his friends a different phase of his mind, that these newly discovered letters will stimulate the reader with the vigor of their thought and the subtlety of their expression just as keenly as those which first established him as one of our sharpest and most untrammelled observers, and as a master of English prose. Hearn's shyness was extreme. His life from his nineteenth year was a sojourn in foreign lands. He never mastered Japanese sufficiently to express his thoughts freely and completely in the language of his wife and children. Intimate communication, mental companionship, could be had only by letters. Through this medium only could he find an adequate outlet for the flood of his emotions, ob-

servations and reflections. These letters describe Lafcadio Hearn's travels, relate the touching or amusing incidents of the life about him, or discuss the books recently read; they analyze the condition of public affairs (some of his political predictions have been curiously verified), the trend of education, the characters of his associates, little vignettes of men he had known, sketched in a few lines of subtle and conclusive portraiture. Reminiscences of past impressions and experiences, philosophic speculation, daring psychological conjecture were poured out according to his mood without stint or haste—as only the born letter writer can find the energy to do. Elizabeth Bisland, the editor of this volume of letters, enjoyed Lafcadio Hearn's friendship for nearly thirty years and was his authorized biographer. She has furnished the present series of letters an introduction containing a brilliant study of Hearn as a letter writer and some new facts about his life. (Published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. Illustrated. 468 pages. Price \$3.00 net.)

THEFT: BY JACK LONDON

THE problem of the deep-rootedness of political corruption in high circles, involving representatives in every walk of society and even intimate home relationships as it does, forms the network that holds the dialogue of this play by Jack London through its four acts. From the literary point of view there is little that can be said for it; the dialogue, when touching upon the matter of political affairs, is virile, but the author has seemed inconsistently weak in the delineation of his women. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 272 pages. Price \$1.25.)

A BOOK OF PORCELAIN: BY BERNARD RACKHAM

THE text of Mr. Rackham's book (dedicated by permission to Queen Alexandra of England) does not pretend to be a general treatise on porcelain, or even an exhaustive summary of its history. The aim of the writer has been to record everything that is noteworthy in regard to the original pieces from which the twenty-eight water-colors drawn by Mr. William Gibb reproduced herein, and at the same time to lay stress on the particular aspects of the subject which these examples (many of them never before reproduced) serve to

elucidate, taking them as the theme for a discussion of various phases in the evolution of the art of porcelain. Mr. Gibb's color illustrations are faithfully and exquisitely rendered, and Mr. Rackham's essay will be welcomed by amateurs and connoisseurs alike. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 95 pages. Price \$4.00 net.)

CHRISTUS: A STORY OF LOVE: BY GRACE HOFFMAN WHITE

WHEN a privately printed book so beautiful typographically as "Christus, A Story of Love," by Grace Hoffman White, reaches a reviewer he cannot but feel that the excellent taste shown in exterior things is portent of some worth within. Mrs. White's poem is one of nine short cantos, and tells the story of Christ, not through the vision of mysticism or yet through ecclesiastic conception. It is a sweetly told, melodiously worded presentment, in varied meter, of the Story as it touches the spirit of heavenly love in human hearts, and as such it will find friends for itself, though one cannot say that the matter is more than the quiet reverie of a cultured mind which has chosen to voice its reflections without claim to being inspired utterance. (Privately printed by the Merrymount Press. 65 pages.)

GARDENS NEAR THE SEA: BY ALICE LOUNSBERRY

THIS delightful book deals with gardens both in the immediate proximity of the shore and as far inland as the coast climate affects the conditions of gardening. Miss Lounsberry, long known as an expert in practical botany, has spent several years studying her subject, carefully examining the most beautiful gardens along the coast. This book, therefore, is a compendium of helpful information about every side of the subject, and the illustrations are among the most beautiful ever made from photographs of gardens. The proper soil, lawn grass, trees, shrubs, evergreen shrubs, hedges, vines and standards, the placing and landscape architecture, the treatment of bulbous plants, the work of the various seasons, the best annuals and perennials, and directions for making an iris garden, a garden of lilies, a garden of roses, and gardens of few flowers, each forms the subject of a chapter. The binding has been made with a view to long service, which is a welcome innovation in garden books. To

acknowledge the difficulties of a seaside garden is, in a measure, to have overcome them. To locate the garden in a spot sheltered from the fiercest blasts of the wind, away from the salt spray, and where the sun will not burn it too strongly, and especially to discriminate in the selection of its plants, is to outline the road to success, and this Miss Lounsberry has done admirably. (Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Illustrated. 274 pages. Price \$4.20 net.)

HARMEN POLS: BY MAARTEN MAARTENS

WE see the religious and idealistic side of the Dutch peasant in this latest book of Mr. Maartens', although the war of primitive passions and the power of selfishness make up the theme of the tale. It has been likened to "The Scarlet Letter," but it has little of the stern, mystic beauty of Hawthorne's immortal work. It is a story of peasant life in modern Holland and no effort is made to soften or idealize the narrowness and coarseness of many of the motives for action. *Harmen Pols* is the son of a stern, gloomy pietist who thinks so much of his soul's salvation that he opens an account-book with the Lord and subjects his family to griping penury that he may lay aside money to swell the hoard he is secretly accumulating in order that he may give it to the church in expiation for a moral slip of which he believes his wife to be guilty. The wife is a finer type, and her only sin lies in the fact that she has never forgotten her first love, whom she sent away that he might marry a woman he had wronged. Knowing nothing of this, her husband believes the boy, *Harmen*, to be the son of the other man, and his secret fund of atonement is for the redemption of them all.

The spiritual problem results from the attitude of mind that clings to the letter of the Scriptures and believes in a material hell. The boy is a frank, sturdy young fellow, rather fine in his way, and the cruelty of his young intolerance in condemning his mother is forcibly presented. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 320 pages. Price \$1.35 net; postage 15c.)

THE STORY OF AN ARTIST'S LIFE: BY HIS WIFE

THIS book is the record of the life of Rodolphe Christen, the son of a Swiss shoemaker of St. Imier, who at fourteen

determined to take his fate into his own hands and to face a world where discipline could scarcely be harsher than that of his Calvinistic father. So he ran away, and reaching Neuchâtel, apprenticed himself to an engraver of watch-backs. After his apprenticeship (and happy years it knew!) he longed to revisit his old home. Eagerly he anticipates the day he shall see his mother again, and he buys a brooch to take to her as a homecoming gift. Alas! "Why didst thou not bring money, instead of buying all that rubbish?" she asks without show of affection, chilling the generous heart with him. It was in the crucible of such experiences that Rodolphe Christen reached manhood's estate. We find him at twenty in Paris studying painting, and ever after art became his vocation. This book is the story of the life of a good man, a lovable man and a gifted man, tenderly told by his devoted wife. There are over sixty monochrome plates and over sixty color plates illustrating the volume. The color plates are especially well executed and give one an insight into the painter's art. (Published by Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York. Illustrated. 264 pages. Price \$7.00 net.)

A HISTORY OF JAPANESE COLOR PRINTS: BY W. VON SEIDLITZ

SINCE the first comprehensive survey of Japanese wood engraving, Anderson's monograph in *The Portfolio*, 1895, various works on Japanese prints have appeared—some of them excellent, many of them inadequate, and none of them so comprehensive as the present volume by W. von Seidlitz, which has been translated by Anne Heard Dyer and Grace Tripler, and generously illustrated by many full-page reproductions in black and white and in color. Herr von Seidlitz's book may be considered as a provincial essay in the synthetic presentment of our knowledge of Japanese color printing, and as a reliable guide for those who require direction in this as yet by no means familiar field, despite the popular interest in Japanese prints. The excellent bibliography appended to this volume will be of further service to students of the subject. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Illustrated. 207 pages. Price \$6.50 net.)

THRIFT OUR LATEST DISCOVERY AND WHAT IT WOULD MEAN TO AMERICANS

THE long era of American national prosperity has left Americans somewhat blind to the page of Thrift to which other nations have been pointing for several centuries. Indeed, rainy days have come more frequently to people of small means within the last five years than in two decades before. We are just beginning to learn that the Nemesis of improvidence, neglect of a consideration of the future, and a tendency to believe the fat of the land will oil the machinery of anything that may come up in life's Tomorrow is a Nemesis which, if slow paced, is sure to overtake anyone who have been disrespectful to Madame Thrift, mistress of all the world's prosperity.

One cannot, of course, accomplish everything by saving up in a stocking. There is thrift to be observed in everything; we must not court any sort of extravagance, not that we should deny ourselves the pleasures and happiness and beauty of life's true adornment, but we must begin to substitute the real for the unreal, the strong for the weak, the beautiful for the merely pretty, the good for the bad, the lasting for the ephemeral and the honest for the shams. All this is the basic principle of thrift. It is not a mere matter of accumulating pennies; thrift is the proper way by which they may be accumulated. It avails us nought that we save a nickel in our pockets and waste a dollar in our kitchens, that we starve our stomachs to gorge our minds, that we complain of the coal bill and wear diamonds.

The French are often held up to us as an example of a thrifty people. We know they are, too, because France is a poor country and yet her inhabitants have emerged from poverty at an astonishing rate when we consider the conditions that have oppressed them. In the first place the Frenchman of small means economizes well, which enables him to save well, but *having savings would help him little if he were merely hoarding it and not putting it to a good use*, that is, if he were not investing it well. The philosophy of that is a very simple one; *money that is out of circulation is useless. The only power money has is in movement.*

Suppose a man has saved \$100 and carries it around with him. That may be moving money, but it is not making money move itself. What good will that \$100 do him shut up in his purse? The minute he starts to buy something with it he loses it, unless what he buys is of equal or greater value. If what he buys has merely the value of the money he pays for it with little or no likelihood of any added value, then he has made a poor investment; for he has simply tied up his money by exchanging it for a thing less solid than itself.

Now when a Frenchman has earned \$100 he is not apt to carry it around in his pocket; instead he looks around for a safe, *profitable* investment, and seldom has any difficulty in finding one. We Americans have been seeing the working out in our own country of such tremendous financial undertakings, have read of the huge deals involving the investment of millions and millions, of shares in this and bonds of that issued at \$1000 apiece that we have grown to imagine there was no place in our own cosmos for an investment in a safe, profitable security that would cost us \$100 instead of \$1000. Fortunately for public confidence our strongest American financial houses the last year or two opened up the way to the small investor in the matter of securities that may be described as small piece bonds. Such a small piece security may be purchased for \$100 yielding a good rate of interest, and when Americans with small means begin to study into the matter and to realize how necessary it is to provide for future needs by safe and profitable investments, even of small sums, then the rosy-hued arguments of the clever promoters of bogus stocks for innocent buyers will have less chance to create havoc in the communities where, in the past, they have been reaping harvests of hard-earned coins. A *real* investment in a *real* security obtained from a financial house of *real* standing, is the one safe application of the fruits of thriftiness that will bring back to us *real* benefits. It is the duty of every man and woman to consider this matter, the duty of everyone to determine to make Thrift a welcome guest in the home, a companion throughout life, and a comforter to old age.

