



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The craftsman. Vol. XV, Number 1 October 1908

New York, N.Y.: Gustav Stickley, October 1908

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Q5VII6GNL36H78T>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/UND/1.0/>

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

**Cover page
is not
available**



See page 117

GEORGE ARLISS AS *The Devil* IN THE HUNGARIAN PLAY OF THAT NAME BY FERENC MOLNAR, THE PRODUCTION OF WHICH IN NEW YORK HAS BEEN THE DRAMATIC EVENT OF THE SEASON.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XV

OCTOBER, 1908

NUMBER 1

Contents

George Arliss, as <i>The Devil</i> , in Ferenc Molnar's Play	Frontispiece
Individuality, Sincerity and Reverence in American Art <i>By Gutzon Borghum</i>	3
The Oriel Windows of Rothenburg	7
Painters in Pastel. Mediæval and Modern <i>By Bayard Bigelow</i>	8
<i>Illustrated</i>	
A Touch of the Sun: A Story <i>By Annie Hamilton Donnell</i>	18
Leonard Crunelle, Sculptor of Children <i>By Isabel MacDougall</i>	26
<i>Illustrated</i>	
The World's Advance in Industrial Education <i>By Ernest A. Batchelder</i>	34
Exhibits at Third International Art Congress in London	
Full of Suggestions to Americans	
Wood Engraving <i>By Gardner Teall</i>	43
The Opportunity for Expression it Affords to Artist and Craftsman	
<i>Illustrated</i>	
The Dance of the Future <i>By Mary Fanton Roberts</i>	48
Created and Illustrated by Isadora Duncan	
<i>Illustrated</i>	
The Song of the Indian Mother <i>By Natalie Curtis</i>	57
<i>Illustrated</i>	
An Invocation: A Poem <i>By Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald</i>	63
The Spirit of the West <i>By C. H. Forbes-Lindsay</i>	64
How Its Vigor and Resourcefulness are Affecting the	
Development of the Whole Country	
<i>Illustrated</i>	
Sometime: A Poem <i>By Elsa Barker</i>	77
Among the Craftsmen	
The Craftsman's House: A Practical Application of all the Theories	
of Home Building Advocated in this Magazine <i>By the Editor</i>	78
<i>Illustrated</i>	
Denatured Alcohol: The Fuel and Luminant of the Future	94
<i>Illustrated</i>	
The Craftsmen's Guild	
Building a Stained Glass Window <i>By Genevieve Cowles</i>	97
<i>Illustrated</i>	
Basic Colors in Dyeing <i>By Prof. Charles E. Pellew</i>	104
<i>Illustrated</i>	
Low Relief in Carving	107
<i>Illustrated</i>	
Als ik Kan: Notes: Reviews	110

All manuscripts sent to THE CRAFTSMAN for consideration must be accompanied by return postage. A stamped addressed envelope is the most satisfactory plan.

PUBLISHED BY GUSTAV STICKLEY, 41 WEST 34TH ST., NEW YORK

25 Cents a Copy : By the Year, \$3.00 in United States; \$3.50 in Canada; \$4.20 Foreign

Copyrighted, 1908, by Gustav Stickley

Entered June 6, 1906, at New York City, as second-class matter

THERE is nothing used by the Painter that requires a certificate of reliability more than **PREPARED CANVAS**. The linen, sizing and preparation must be right. Better have a good name behind the Canvas you use. **F. W. DEVOE & COMPANY** on the goods is an insurance that the utmost care has been used in the manufacture, and you pay no more than for inferior goods.

For sale by first-class dealers.
F. W. DEVOE & C. T. RAYNOLDS CO.
 New York Chicago Kansas City

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

THE FRY ART CO.

41 & 43 WEST 25TH ST., NEW YORK

Carry a full line of Materials for OIL, WATER COLOR and CHINA PAINTING. Their New 1908 Catalogue will be sent on request if you will mention "The Craftsman."

New Manufacturing Industry

employing 45 men steady seeks location in country town near natural gas belt. Valuable information regarding denatured alcohol mailed free.
TEDDY'S LABORATORY, Wheeling, W. Va.

HIGGINS'



DRAWING INKS
 ETERNAL WRITING INK
 ENGROSSING INK
 TAURINE MUCILAGE
 PHOTO MOUNTER PASTE
 DRAWING BOARD PASTE
 LIQUID PASTE
 OFFICE PASTE
 VEGETABLE GLUE, ETC.

Are the Finest and Best Inks and Adhesives
 Emancipate yourself from the use of the corrosive and ill-smelling kinds and adopt the **Higgins' Inks and Adhesives**. They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean and well put up.

At Dealers Generally

CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., Mfrs.
 271 Ninth Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

Branches: Chicago, London



HEXAGON SHAPE
 YELLOW POLISH
 WITH RUBBER

EBERHARD FABER

:: New York

THE PERFECT PENCIL

WITH LEAD WHICH IS

ABSOLUTELY GRITLESS; OF FIRM, EVEN TEXTURE AND EXTREMELY DURABLE

BEARS THE IMPRINT

MONGOL

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

APR 29 1940



THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XV OCTOBER, 1908 NUMBER 1

INDIVIDUALITY, SINCERITY AND REVER- ENCE IN AMERICAN ART: BY GUTZON BORGLUM



CULPTURE in America ought to be an easy subject to write about. It should draw from one seeking form as a medium for expression a flood of fine sentences and an army of beautifully fashioned examples. We are so prolific, with more than the health of youth, and have flooded our haunts with all the samples of every æsthetic form man has conceived in his long, aspiring tramp through time.

We have sculptured undertakings in New York reaching into the thousands. We have buildings that measure well beyond the conventional monumental dimensions of history and we have stretched the bonds of every æsthetic impulse to extravagant and generous fulfilment. Why is it, then, that it is easier to wring from an octogenarian a spring song than to write a five-page pamphlet on the great monuments in America?

It is because, lacking in reverence, sincerity and individuality, the monuments we have built are not our own. Because we have "cribbed" every scroll and form we build. Because our architects and artists annually "beat it" to Europe to gather ideas to restock their idea-less plants at home. Because our finery is of the Old World.

Our architects did not know that the obelisks were essentially monoliths and so built one, five hundred feet high, of little blocks, and called it a monument to Washington. One of our sculptors even dressed the Father of our Country in a Roman toga, while our counting houses are fashioned after the old temples and we hawk our wares from the windows of buildings redrawn after the old palaces.

We are traders—we peddle cotton, office, religion and æsthetics; we are laymen, who have remained untouched by the man of dreams, of ideas or ideals. Our builders are our engineers. They are not architects, nor is it their business to build with the rounded form in their eye.

But the architect, what of him? where his forms? Like a maid-

GUTZON BORGLUM ON AMERICAN ART

servant, he draws over the great steel limbs, conceived as nature conceives, a drabbed chemise in pseudo-Greek, Italian, or Beaux-Art pattern, and in his water-color wash he appeals to the sculptor to model for him a few figures, cautioning him that they "must be characterless," "just spots," pure conventions—something that will go with his ornament. One sometimes wonders if he realizes how he condemns his work in so doing. He must know, and he is right—this business man—that it would never do to put a vital piece of sculpture upon one of his fretted fronts. He talks Greek art and traces its forms, but the ideals of Greece are not ours; we have too little in common with the yesterday two thousand years gone to make it possible that we wear its dress or that we use its symbols.

I do not mean that America is without artists, sculptors, or even architects deserving the name—there are enough of each to give us beauty in such abundance that the lives of all of us would be better, sweeter and fuller, and more of us could have homes and work rooms fit for gods to slumber and to labor in (for such shall be my shop and couch). But the common spirit in sculpture and architecture in America is at the top notch of mediocrity.

WITH the passing of Saint Gaudens the standard of good work was taken from us—not great work, for he was not a great artist like Rimmer, Rodin or Meunier, nor was he a great poet. He was not a great technician like Falguière or a dozen other Frenchmen. But he had a quality that persisted to the end and wrought with few exceptions something beautiful, often noble, something that left the whole world better because it was made. He gave us Farragut and one or two other great statues, then he dropped to the architects' standard—the lay figure—and there he remained. Curiously, his Farragut contains figures in the base that appear to have been made years after the figure of the Admiral, so quickly does he seem to have lost his youthful spontaneity.

Saint-Gaudens' sense of refinement led to conventions, and his lack of imagination to a repetition of these conventions. Another thing—I do not recall in all his work one single group or creation that may be called a "pipe-dream." I do not know, in other words, of one work of Saint-Gaudens that was not commissioned, that is, that was not suggested to him and produced for another. I speak of this because I believe few people realize how little art in sculpture is produced in this country that is purely the output of the sculptor's imagination, that is, produced creatively and because—the sculptor has something he must say. Saint-Gaudens, master that he was, was a master workman,—he was not a creator, and it is but

GUTZON BORGLUM ON AMERICAN ART

natural his following should, in their effort to catch his spirit, acquire his style. His reserve becomes in their hands more reserved, his architectural and impersonal manner more mannered, and we have a pseudo-classic school which for dull mediocrity is without a rival in the whole field of art.

To understand the reason of this, then to combat it—combat it in such a way that we regain some freedom, some spontaneity that is our natural heritage—should interest every one of us. It is the only reason for this article, as it is the only reason for any resistance I have ever offered to the musty, pseudo-antique æstheticism that makes the atmosphere in this green land of ours all but intolerable.

THERE are three elements absolutely inseparable from the production of great art—sincerity, individuality and reverence. Of reverence, I doubt if there is enough in all the United States to build one great temple. I doubt if there are men enough in all this land with unselfishness enough, with love enough, together to build one great and beautiful temple for commerce or industry, for liberty or art, for religion or for masonry,—built from the bottom up, beautiful and good, like an altar upon which the most sacred thing in our lives shall be offered to all the rest who follow.

And yet we have many good men—good but good-for-nothing. New York is filled with honest men who dodge every opportunity nature or events toss them to better or make more beautiful their immediate hour or place, fearful of the possible jar to their accustomed ease. This is, in part, the reason of the winter in our æsthetic life. It makes the hideous, grinding elevated roads as natural a product as weeds in a neglected garden. It assures us that each great bridge will be more hideously ugly than the last. It explains Brooklyn's apathy and how she can sleep so long with all the filth of a hundred years choking her front door—fouling the way to the most beautiful island nature has given all this coast.

Were we more Latin or Norse this could not be so. Puritanism has made us selfish, self-centered hypocrites for so long that sincerity and reverence for what is natural and wholesome in our impulse has been fairly bred out of us. We do not revere nature. We wonder very little at the daily return of sun and moon and stars and the glory that accompanies each phenomenon. Look at our water fronts, where our world—for this is the world to us—meets the sea. Is there a fishing village anywhere that has not dealt with landings as well, as largely, with as broad a conception of the elements they were separating? And yet architects sit five deep around all these improvements.

GUTZON BORGLUM ON AMERICAN ART

It appears to me whether the building be wharf, bridge, church, or statue—reverence, respect for one's craft is wholly lacking, and the worker cannot enter into the soul or reason of his labor without it. Reverence for what is earnest in each other—for what is earnestly and religiously believed by each other—in this we are behind all the world.

A great work of art exacts a kind of reverence from all beholders. You cannot scoff at a masterpiece. If a touch of the divine has entered a bit of canvas, marble or wood, the world uncovers and becomes silent. This would be an awful test to apply to most of our statues, and yet you could no more take liberties with Rodin's St. John or his head of Balzac than you could picture Angelo's Moses munching on an ear of green corn or the Venus de Milo in hoop-skirts. Can you not, however, count many statues in New York, which, through their mediocre commonplaceness, would be quite at home as a soup advertisement? They excite in you the spirit of ridicule, and in ridiculing them there is no accompanying feeling that you have violated a profound or sacred conception.

THE development of the individual is the end and aim of civilization;—the preservation of the individual is the end and aim of government;—to the accomplishments of the individual, civilization owes every signal advancement made.

The end and aim of the United States is the production of the "machine"—

The end and aim of the "machine" is that nothing shall live not "machine-made"—

Machine courage—boldness in enterprise—rashness to the breaking point, necessitating a restraining Roosevelt we have, and our fame is world round. And for those who are content with this satisfaction let us pray.

To us there lives an unsatisfied hunger, a sadness that sees a pioneer beautifying or sweetening his or her acre alone, unappreciated and not understood, until one day, let us hope the quiet of leisure, of reflection will be common again and we may enjoy and be understood. Personality may again become a virtue. Our architects may build with purpose and restraint enough to make it possible to place a bit of vital sculpture upon their buildings.

Individuality, sincerity, and reverence for the good in each other will return, and Congress will not have to send a commission abroad to monarchical Europe to learn how to build a monument to the first American.

THE ORIEL WINDOWS OF ROTHENBURG



RT and history are most delightfully tangled up in southern Bavaria in a wonderful old town called Rothenburg. For instance, beautifully carved oriel windows, which ornament some of the most interesting houses dating back hundreds of years, are not only of interest in the beauty of their color and design, but they are also a tribute to the loyalty and watchfulness of a baker of mediæval days who dared to serve his country before his customers. And whenever you see these finely carved oriels projecting out into the narrow street of Rothenburg, somewhere on the same house you will find the sign *bäckerei* (baker), and under the most beautiful oriel window of all is a legend in illuminated script telling how in this very spot a brave baker of Rothenburg once saved the town from a midnight invasion of powerful enemies; and so was honored by the Graf, he and his fellow bakers being endowed with the privilege, they and their heirs, of building their houses with oriels forever after. In the days when only the houses of knights were adorned, you can imagine that the oriel window was a greater honor than money or land or royal favor.

It seems that centuries ago, as now, in Rothenburg much baking was done at night, in order that the knights of the Herrenstrasse should have fresh bread of a morning. And that once in those days, very late at night, when the baking was all but finished, when there was not a sound out on the cobble streets, when every gate in the stone wall was shut and barred, and only the bells from the tall towers broke the stillness of the city, this now famous baker was watching his fires and waiting for his loaves to turn a rich brown, when suddenly he heard a remote and unfamiliar sound. "Mice," quoth he, naturally enough for a baker; but as he listened, puzzled and suspicious, the faint tapping grew into the distant heavy blows of the pickaxe, repeated regularly, nearer and at closer intervals. This baker of Rothenburg was living in warlike times when strange sounds at night could not be accounted for by trolleys or motors. To the mediæval mind the unaccustomed usually meant danger. But what danger could come at night to a city with guarded walls and deep flooded moats? The baker's loaves burned black and his fires grew gray while he listened, and thought. Then suddenly he slipped on his coat and hat, crept softly out of the great oak door and sped away over the cobbles from house to house until the whole town was aroused and armed, and ready to meet the wily foe, which had planned to take the town at night through a subterranean passage. And so the good deeds of the baker are still honored in the beautiful old city built on the hill over the Tauber.

PAINTERS IN PASTEL, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN: BY BAYARD BIGELOW



ONS. DENIS DIDEROT once addressed Latour, the pastellist, thus: "Memento, homo, quia pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris." There is in this melancholy reminder of human frailness an evident allusion to the fragility of the pastel. Nevertheless, the pastels of Latour, like those of Carriera, Chardin, Greuze, Boucher, Louis Tocqué, Perronneau, Vivien,

Liotard, Mmes. Lebrun and Guiard are to this day as fresh in color as they were two centuries ago, while many paintings by well-known masters—paintings done, as often as not, "after" the light pastels of those artists whom I have just mentioned—have turned black or have lamentably crackled.

The names which I have quoted above constitute a brief but dazzling list of the old masters of the pastel. Among these honored names those of Latour, of Carriera and of Perronneau stand out with a special luster.

Rosalba Carriera apart, (an artist who has remained Venetian although she had as her first master Jean Stéve, and was admitted by the Paris Academy of Painting in Seventeen Hundred and Twenty), all belong to the French school. For who would dare assert that Roslin, the Swede, and Liotard, the Wandering Turk—or, rather Swiss—did not gather all the force of their talent, all the skill of their technique, from the counsels of the French masters? Moreover, were they not real Frenchmen by adoption? And did not Liotard himself turn to Parisian life for his liveliest and subtlest artistic sensations? As for Roslin, he lived for more than half a century at Paris, and never showed the least desire to see again the sad skies of Malmöe.

One may be allowed to declare, therefore, that the art of the pastel is essentially a French art, although in certain learned expositions its paternity is attributed to Alexandre Thiele, of Erfurt, or to Mlle. Heid, of Dantzig. Certain it is, too, that at the opening of the twentieth century, although the French masters claim to hold the lead in this art, yet America is beginning to dispute this claim, for our painters in pastel are rapidly forging to the front.

Up to almost a score of years ago, when there was held "The Second Exhibition of American Painters in Pastel," pastel painting had been forgotten, except by the few, who found it an easy medium for preliminary sketches. Today, as we look back across the period of inertia to the brilliant career of this medium, we find its beginning in the old, red-chalk drawings of Frederico Barroccia, done in the early quarter of the fifteenth century and still hanging in the Dijon Museum in Italy. We see it later become the plaything of Leonardo



YSAYE: PASTEL BY
WILLIAM CAREY BRAZINGTON.



"MRS. C.," OF NEW YORK: PASTEL
BY WILLIAM CAREY BRAZINGTON.

PAINTERS IN PASTEL

da Vinci in his experiments in every medium from tempera to oil, and then finally pass by the hand of the artist, whose significant name of Rosalba Carriera testifies to the delicacy of her work, into the brilliant circle of Augustus the Strong. From its success as a recorder of the courtiers of the Saxon monarch, it was but a step to become the royal medium of France. Thenceforth Charles Le Brun painted in it until he was dubbed the "Louis Quatorze" of art, and Maurice Quentin de Latour from producing cheap portraits for five francs apiece on the street corners of Paris, became, under the patronage of Louis Quinze, the portraitist of the king, his favorites and generals. In the succeeding reign the art of Mme. Vigée Lebrun rose and fell with the life of her patroness, Marie Antoinette. Throughout the entire cycle of the last days of the French monarchy it was the medium, par excellence, "of the feminine, the dainty, the courtly."

With the subsequent "Reign of Terror," came Mme. Labille Guiard, who formerly a friend of the nobles, "turned her muse to the spirit of the times," and made portraits of Beauharnais, Robespierre and Talleyrand. Later Paul Prud'hon painted himself into fame and fortune with allegorical pictures of "Vengeance and Justice Pursuing the Criminal." But with the "Reign of Terror," the joyous court had disappeared and with it the spontaneity and activity of its painters, not again to be resumed until the time of Millet and then with a new note of force from which the careless gaiety of the preceding century had fled.

TODAY, we are carried again on the crest of a tidal wave of pastel painting. In the work of the Frenchman, Charles Melcendeau, we see the lean, hard faces, the obstinate, suspicious eyes and the stiff, bent frames of the peasants of his own race, those of Brittany; in the pastels of Raffaelli, the poor, the dirty, the rickety; and in the soft-toned portrayals of Frances Keyser, the touch of sunlight on hair and flesh. In the span of one score years and ten, pastel in France has played over a field of life and activity wherein appear in tangible form "the dramas of Wagner and Schumann, the flowers, flesh and fruit of Latour, and the graceful panels of Jules Cheret, the figures of which recall the grace of the decorations of the Trianons."

With such antecedents did pastel painting make its first appearance in America. In the intervening years since the four or five artists coöperated in making up the list of the sixty entries in "The First Exhibition of the Society of American Painters in Pastel," it has played a part in our national art development as varied, if not

PAINTERS IN PASTEL

as extensive, as it has in France. In the work of Mr. Chase and Mr. Blashfield, it has been the artist's experiment in a new field; to Mr. Blum it meant the medium by which that man of sudden artistic conceptions and equally fleeting ones, pinioned his thoughts before their escape. Eastman Johnson realized in it a medium for making preliminary studies for genre and portraiture, as well as for completed drawings. In no one's hands, however, has it resumed more of the character of the early French pastel than in the hands of William Carey Brazington. In the work of Mr. Brazington, pastel is the medium for the delicate femininities of drapery and color, and in the portraits of children, he rivals the "Dauphins" of Mme. Lebrun.

The charm of Mr. Brazington's drawings is quite unlike that of any modern artist. In truth, his sheets seem to present little of the present day technique, but rather bear the impress of a past century, so delicately reminiscent are they of old world romance and poetry. And yet, as is often the case with the awakening of talent, the beginning came by chance—an odd moment given to a trifling sketch of a child, a cursory experiment in trying the effect of soft touches of color on a chalk drawing, and almost before the artist realized it there had opened for him a fresh and altogether enchanting field for his labors.

True to the traditions of genius, born in a log cabin in the backwoods of Indiana, the artist commenced his first work, like many of his confrères of the early school, in retouching prints and photographs. From retouching, the step to portraiture is, for an artist, but a short one, and after his return from Paris, where he was a pupil of Lucien Simon and Charles Cottet, he established a studio in New York. Here he entered upon a phase of work which has the two-fold claim to the interest, being a revival of the ancient French pastel and at the same time a departure in its application of a slightly different style of composition.

IN COMMON with the French school, the artist has made use of color as a means of expressing individuality to such an extent as to give rise to the expression that his work is interpretative of character in its tonality. Portraits of men are done in a low key and with a breadth of technique suggestive of the subject, while children are represented in values of a lighter tone and in all the beauty of encircling ringlets, which pastel reproduces with a realism denied to any other medium. The power of the artist's application is his recognition of its possibilities in portraiture, notwithstanding the superiority of the lighter medium, when certain effects are to be desired. In its chalky softness, the pastel is adapted to the repro-



THE ARTIST'S MOTHER: PASTEL
BY WILLIAM CAREY BRAZINGTON.



"POLLY": PASTEL BY
WILLIAM CAREY BRAZINGTON.



"CHARLOTTE": PASTEL BY
WILLIAM CAREY BRAZINGTON.



MR. GERE: PASTEL, BY WILLIAM
CAREY BRAZINGTON.

PAINTERS IN PASTEL

duction of flesh tones which lose under the gloss of oil, and in its very delicacy permits the almost imperceptible droop of the lid or the latent meaning in the eyes to be suggested rather than painted.

But one thing which is most prominent in Mr. Brazington's studies is the impression given that the artist holds himself secondary to his study, a gift which few men possess.

What an eminent author has said of Melcendeau can, with equal truth, be said of Mr. Brazington. "The fact is, that Brazington, skilful draughtsman that he is, will not make models for his drawings. He essays to fix the life as it presents itself to him with a movement, a respiration which he strives to make visible. To see his figures one would think that either their hands had just shifted; that the expression of their features had just changed; that they had started walking, or had suddenly taken an attitude of repose. Very often he presents his creations in full light, and it is only by means of a certain manner of his in tracing their features and outlines, in sketching their attitudes, and in hesitating over their form, that he succeeds in producing the illusion as of life caught by surprise and transferred immediately to paper."

It is, however, in the portraiture of babies and children that Mr. Brazington achieves most. On the days in which a small person is to appear, out from mysterious corners of the studio dolls and tops are brought forth, and the artist is never happier than when the attendant mother or nurse relinquishes the small sitter to his care. Then, with the child on a long settee by the side of his wife, stories of fairyland and Br'er Fox follow, which in their magnitude overcome even the artist's ardor, and the author has seen him drop his crayons to lean forward and help with the defeat of Br'er Fox or illustrate the death of the giant.

But one must add, that this whole-souled, large-hearted, genial man, a man yet fifty summers young, is an artist enamored of his work, living for that alone, and in no hurry to advance the hour of fickle public success, strong as he is in the approbation of some of the best judges of Paris and America as well as in that of certain writers who grasped the meaning of his earliest efforts.

A TOUCH OF THE SUN: A STORY: BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL



NOTHING about old Calista Bliss was weak except her body; that was exceeding weak. Her voice now rang out strongly: "Ziny! Ziny!"

He came with the automatic patience of one used to coming. Nothing about Zina Bliss except his body was patient. Within that was dreary, continuous mutiny. "Yes,—yes, ma!"

In his hindering apron he came near stumbling over the threshold. His hands were floury.

"You got the bread kneaded out yet? I want to see one o' the loaves—and, Ziny, wait! When you get to the sweeping up, don't forget to sweep under the stove. Laying here on the flat o' my back I can see *hunks* o' dust!"

A small passageway intervened between the bedroom and kitchen; the kitchen stove was round a corner. But the eyes of old Calista Bliss's imagination could see round corners. Her son, Zina Bliss, potted back to his kneading-board, his feet in their carpet slippers appearing to drag behind him as he went. In his soul he was planning revolt, as for fifteen years he had planned it. He had always swept under the kitchen stove, but today—

The dough adhered to all his lean, spread fingers. He plunged them into the flour barrel for relief.

"Ziny! Ziny, why don't you sing? How can I tell you're there if you ain't singing? I don't hear anything rattling."

Zina began to sing. The words were sacred, but there was an odd effect of their being the opposite. He sang in a jerky, unmusical way; the tumult within him boiled up in a kind of accompaniment.

Out of doors brooded a great heat, but it called to Zina Bliss. He longed to be out in it, swinging a scythe,—he wanted to feel honest man-sweat on his brow and to do man-work. The summer smells and sweet, stinging summer sounds called him. Suddenly the sight of his mother's apron flapping about his knees maddened him and he tore it off. It was all worse—worse—worse today.

"Sing, Ziny, sing, or else clatter something! It makes me nervous to hear you keeping still. What you doing now, Ziny?"

"Singin'," he called back grimly and took up the sacred-profane tune again. The bread was molded into loaves and one of them, as a sample, submitted to the terrible little old woman in the bedroom. She prodded it tentatively with a wrinkled finger, a certain wistfulness in her old face.

"Oh, I guess it'll *do*," she sighed, remembering fairer, plumper

A TOUCH OF THE SUN

loaves. "You set it to rise again, Ziny, and mind you cover it over while you sweep—you going to sweep next, ain't you?"

He swept next, holding the broom with a man's clumsiness in spite of his fifteen years of practice. He swept carefully under the stove. It was as usual, a tragic little masquerade, the patient mask of his face hiding the impatience of his soul. He even sang.

"You got the bread-pans covered up, Ziny?"

"Yes,—yes, I covered 'em, ma."

"What with?"

He snatched off his coat and substituted the dish towel. "With a towel," he answered.

"A clean one, Ziny Bliss?"

He hurried a clean one from a drawer. "Yes, ma,—right out o' the drawer."

At the window he stood a moment gazing out at the denied things of out-of-door life. There seemed piling before him a mountain of denied things and he at the foot saw no path up over it. Zina Bliss was forty years old, but he felt an impulse to play truant. What if he should do it,—drop the broom and vault out of the window like a boy and run—*run*? Results flashed through his mind. Ma calling in her sharp old voice and getting no answer, the bread rising over the sides of the pans and going unbaked, the floor half swept, the ironing undone,—the Mount of Results towered higher than the Mount of Denials.

He turned back to his work. A humorous thought saved the moment. If he ran away he would probably be sent to bed, when he came sneaking back, without his supper.

"What you doing *now*, Ziny? Seems as if I heard you laugh."

"Yes, ma,—kind of." His lips were still faintly twitching.

"Well, I'm thankful you feel to. I guess you ain't very likely to hear *me* laugh."

"No, ma." He was suddenly aware that he could not remember ever to have heard her laugh. Poor ma! He hung up his broom and went in to her.

"Don't you want I should read you a chapter?" he asked, gently. Like a woman he smoothed her bedclothes and set her pillows straight. "I can as well as not, while the bread's second-rising. What chapter would you rather, ma?"

The wizened face of Calista Bliss peered up at him from under her cap border. It was the face of a woman terribly alive, in the thrall of death. The eyes were restless eyes. Poor ma!

"What I guess you better do is *iron*. I can say over a chapter to myself—I'm used to it. Don't you forget to wipe the irons when

A TOUCH OF THE SUN

you use 'em; it worries me, laying here thinking how dirty they most likely are. And, Ziny,—”

“Yes, ma,” in his stilled, patient tone.

“*Don't you burn the bread!*”

“No, ma.”

The routine of life of these two—mother and son—was unvaried from day to day. There was little in it to suggest affection between the two. Duty on one hand met sharp criticism on the other; always duty, always criticism. Yet Calista Bliss loved her son in her own way. In his way Zina Bliss loved his mother. Zina's way had been for fifteen years the way of devotion and self-sacrifice.

Over his ironing Zina plotted. The childish impulse to escape that had seized him a little while ago came back and gripped him fiercely. He could not loose its hold. All the man's soul was in revolt. He was used to these tumultuous moments, but a sort of climax seemed to have been reached today. Earlier in the day he had seen Rosalia Carter go by the house at her swift, swinging gait. The sight of her after so long a time had set his middle-aged pulses athrob in a foolish, irritating way. He had been conscious of being angry with Rosalia instead of fate.

He was thankful now that he had not hurried into the house or snatched off his apron. He was angrily sorry he had blushed like a woman. “Good morning, Zina,” Rosalia had called pleasantly. “Good mornin', Rosalia,—you got home?” he had answered, with brilliance.

She had been away nine of the years of Zina's servitude. He had seen her but twice in that time with bodily vision, though there had been no day that he had not with the eyes of his soul seen her slender figure and gentle face. The remembrance that she had first seen him, on her return, in an apron hanging out clothes maddened him. He could not bear it.

“*Ziny*, I smell something scorchin'!” his mother shrilled. And he might have answered that it was his pride.

He ironed stolidly on, till all ma's clothes were smoothed. Then without hesitation he bundled together his own things and tiptoed with them into his tiny bedroom. Moist and crumpled as they were he crowded them into a drawer. He had made up his mind. Ma was by this time embarked on her long afternoon nap, but he took no chances. He tiptoed to her door and made sure of it. The bread in the oven he had forgotten.

He had resolved to show himself to Rosalia Carter in the guise of a man. The men who were cutting the lower fields had not touched the little upper piece of hay that Rosalia's windows overlooked. He

A TOUCH OF THE SUN

would work there. He stripped off his vest, got his shoes, his old straw hat and a scythe and strode away. He had a sense of running and an impulse to look back over his shoulder. He might at any moment hear his mother calling, "Ziny!"

The scythe was heavy to his long-unaccustomed arms, but he swung it mightily. The swaths he cut were man-swaths. He held his head high and worked without cessation. Because he would not permit his eyes to look he could not be sure Rosalia was at her window, but he worked under that assumption. He had not been so happy for many years. No scent of burning loaves came to him, but only the scent of fresh-slaughtered clover and timothy stems. It was good—it was grand to be a man again!

Now he was glad that Rosalia had come home; in the morning he had been sorry. She had come back to live in her little house alone. She had gone away at the death of her mother nine years ago. Rosalia was a social woman and living alone would come hard—Zina pitied her. He dropped suddenly from his unnatural jubilation into wistful thinking of the time when he had meant to make a home for Rosalia.

The hot sun beat upon Zina's head. He was long unaccustomed to midsummer sun and to this lusty scythe swinging. He flung away his hat and loosened the collar of his shirt. His arms throbbed with the exertion of their great sweeps; he thought with the old bitterness that they were muscled better for flatirons and brooms—woman-tools. But he mowed on in the awful heat.

* * * * *

"Zina!—there, drink this, Zina." The voice was so sweet it hurt him. He seemed to struggle toward it out of a great silence. The face that belonged to the voice he knew would be Rosalia's face when he got to it. He had been away somewhere.

It was Rosalia's. She was stooping to him, it seemed from the sky. He was on the short hay stubble in a patch of shade. His face felt cool and wet.

"There, you're all right now. It was too terribly hot, that's all. You haven't grown much wiser, have you, Zina? You never took care of yourself."

He liked to lie there, but he sat up with a little difficulty. The things he liked to do Zina Bliss had not done for so long. He must find the scythe—or was it the flatiron?

"Don't you stir yet! You wait awhile. You were kind of—overcome." She realized, instinctively, he would like that name better than fainting.

"I didn't feel anything—except something wet on my face."

A TOUCH OF THE SUN

Rosalia laughed, and her laugh, if not her face, was a girl's. "Of course; that was the water I sprinkled you with! I'd started out to bring you a drink, it looked so hot out here. It was sweetened water!" she added. "There was just a swallow left for you to drink!"

The fifteen years vanished. Both of them remembered the other hayfield and the other drink she brought.

"That was sweetened, too," Zina said. "You brought it in a green pitcher——"

"Blue,—look!" She held it up before him. "I put in a pinch of ginger and half a cup of molasses, with a little vinegar to tone it."

"That day or today?"

"Both. You liked it that day."

"I like it today," he laughed. Zina's laugh had an odd sound as if he were out of practice. He sat up suddenly,—tried to stand. The harassed lines deepened around his mouth. He stared, as an awakened sleep-walker.

"I must go home," he stumbled, picking up the words laboriously. His hand strayed to his head. "I can't remember—I've forgotten what it is I've forgotten! There was something——"

"Zina, sit down again," she had almost said 'dear.' She wanted to play mother to the big, dazed boy. He needed a mother, she reflected, bitterly.

"Sit down, you're not going to stir yet awhile—not till you look better than this. I've heard my father say *your* father was always remembering things he ought to do. I guess it's bred in the bone."

"That's it—the bread!" Zina exclaimed, in excitement, "and ma! I left it asleep and ma in the oven bak——" He broke off and began again. There was nothing humorous in his confusion of ideas—nothing humorous anywhere. Rosalia Carter pulled him down gently and got up herself.

"I'll see to it, if it's only *bread!* That's a woman's chore." But on the way to the house she repented the last clause. Perhaps it had hurt Zina. Poor Zina—poor Zina! Rebellion and bitterness roiled the clear stream of her thoughts. It was fate she was angry with, but she thought it was old Calista Bliss. What right had even a bedridden old woman to humiliate the soul of her son!

The loaves were a beautiful, even black. Rosalia's eyes filled with tears when she drew them out. They appealed dumbly to her—the painful tidiness of the kitchen, the littered corners appealed, the iron left to scorch its way through the ironing-sheet, the unscraped kneading-board on the flour barrel, everything. It was a hard-tidied kitchen and the heart of the woman who saw it was stricken.

A TOUCH OF THE SUN

Suddenly she buried her face in the calico apron that hung on a nail. It was the apron she had seen Zina wear in the morning.

No sound issued from the room across the tiny passage. Rosalia stole to the door and looked within. The old face on the pillows was temporarily peaceful in slumber. If Calista Bliss was calling "Ziny! Ziny!" in her sleep, it was tenderly. Rosalia, watching, was gripped with pangs of sympathy again, but now for Zina's old mother. The output of so much sympathy made her oddly weak and she leaned against the door. As she stood, what she meant to do came and faced her in the quiet room. She seemed to have known that it was coming,—to have been waiting for it.

She went out at once to Zina. He lay in the shade in a sort of roseate dream in which Rosalia came stepping down to him at her swinging gait. He had seen her coming like that on the day he had meant to ask her to marry him. When she got as far as the cedar hedge, he had thought, he would go to meet her, and when their hands touched he would say the words. There was nothing left to do but say the words.

Then and today blended confusedly in his daze. She was coming now. When she got to the hedge—he must get up at once and go to meet her. It was today he was to say the words.

He was heavy on his feet and stumbled along at first like a drunken man. The strange lightness in his head was in strong contrast to the weight of his feet. But he got, in some wise, to the cedar hedge and Rosalia.

"I can't wait any longer," he said, simply. He had meant to reach out both hands to her, but he needed them for clinging to the hedge. "Will you come to me? I love you, Rosalia." It was just as he had meant always to say it.

"Yes," she answered. This was what she had come home for. The leading-strings of fate had drawn her home. She saw a clear, long path before her.

But Zina Bliss's mind was emerging from its mists. He came slowly to himself and knew what he had done. Today was relentlessly today and love was for yesterday. He looked across the hedge at Rosalia's dear face and without warning his chin quivered with the awful quivering of a man's chin. He could not give up this beautiful thing he had won in his brief fogginess of mind.

He caught at her arm, entreating her: "Don't let me give it up!—Rosalia, don't let me!"

But he gave it up. For fifteen years he had sacrificed his pride and travestied his manhood for a woman. For this other woman he could do more. It took but a moment of clear thought.

A TOUCH OF THE SUN

“Come round this side and sit down, Rosalia,—*I’ve* got to.” he said, gently. “I guess I’ve had a touch o’ sun and it’s kind o’ unsteadied me.” But now it was only his body that was unsteady. He had certain things to say, but he could say them sitting down. The man of forty turned his worn face to the woman scarcely younger.

“I thought for jest a minute it was *then*,” he explained, slowly. “So I said it. But I take it back, Rosalia, now I’m myself. It’s now—I couldn’t ask you *now*. That’s a man’s part and I’ve been doin’ a woman’s for so long——” He broke off and started again. He was not making a plea for sympathy. “It was a mistake just now. I gave up ever askin’ you, fifteen years back when ma was taken down. That was the end of my life, I guess, Rosalia. I guess I was taken down too!”

She cried out muffledly at his smile; it hurt her like pain. “I don’t say I gave up right in a minute—not till I saw how ’twas all comin’ out. I used to work daytimes, along for a spell, and go out-doors nights and tramp it out. And when I’d got good and tired I could go back home and set a batch o’ bread.”

He did not look any more at the woman beside him for fear he should take her in his arms or kiss her forehead where her smooth hair scalloped faintly. He looked steadfastly upfield toward the green blinds of ma’s windows. There seemed still a little explanation wanting; he made it quietly.

“You see, she was—ma,” he said. “She’s been ma ever since. Folks said I needn’t have given up to her when she wouldn’t have anybody round but me. They called it a whim, but it wasn’t; it was ma. I suppose they’d call somethin’ else a whim, too,—Rosalia, there’s somethin’ I haven’t ever told anyone, but I’m goin’ to tell you.” His plain, harassed face put on suddenly a strange solemnness. “I haven’t ever told, because ma is ashamed of it. There’s times when she suffers terribly and she’s ashamed of ’em—poor ma! Sometimes seems as if the pain in her soul was as awful as the pain in her body—I’ve stood over ma those times and been glad I gave up to her ‘whims.’ I’d give up again, just the same.

The doctors said they couldn’t do anything. So ma sent ’em off and held on tighter to me. Nobody except ma would be ashamed o’ sufferin’, but she’s ma. Even the Lord couldn’t make her anybody else. That’s all,” he concluded, “except that I couldn’t sacrifice anybody else—not *you*, Rosalia. Oh, I tell you I tramped it out nights and all I could make out of it was two things—just two separate things. Ma and me—and you, and I couldn’t make ’em go together. I can’t now either, Rosalia. I haven’t got any *right* to.”

He got on his feet with difficulty and stood looking down at her.

A TOUCH OF THE SUN

He had said it all. He seemed to Rosalia to have grown taller. In spite of the "touch of sun" he stood quite straight.

"I'm kind of glad to have the chance to tell you all o' this," he said, slowly. "It'll be a real relief. There's one other thing I'd like to do, but I'm afraid. I'm afraid o' my life to shake hands—I've been too sort of near to you. I guess I better not do it, Rosalia. I guess I better go away now. If I didn't know you'd understand everything, I'd apologize for what I asked."

The woman was on her feet, confronting him. In her extremity she had recourse to tremulous flippancy.

"Zina Bliss, you've done all the talking! You've talked a perfect streak! Now it's about my turn—Listen, dear," she broke down; a passion of tenderness leaped to her lips. "You *can't* take it back, Zina. Do you think I'm going to let you? I have promised to be your wife." She was already his wife. "You asked me and I promised. Do you think it makes any *difference* what you've said! Zina, stop turning away—kiss me, Zina."

"Rosalia, I can't let you——"

"Kiss me."

But he was even yet strong. He took a backward step. With a curiously eloquent gesture he pointed to his knees.

"I left my apron at home—you saw me wearin' it this mornin'."

"I'll wear it!" she cried. Her voice had a joyous quality as if it were a crown he offered.

"I can't *let* you—don't let me let you, Rosalia!"

"You can't help yourself—Zina, kiss me!"

At this second touch of the sun fell away his scruples and resolves. He took her in his arms and kissed her.

They went presently upfield to the little house with ma's shuttered window. Zina in a new strength of soul walked strongly, oblivious of recent weakness of body. He had the effect of marching to a triumphant tune, and the woman beside him marched with him. They had come down from their rarified atmosphere to the lower zone of plain things, but a radiance remained in both their faces. Rosalia was talking of bread.

"I'll show them to you in a minute, Zina,—blacked to a beautiful turn!"

They opened the kitchen door and entered quietly. A thin old voice came to meet them in querulous crescendo.

"Ziny! Ziny! Ziny!"

Together they went in to ma.

LEONARD CRUNELLE, SCULPTOR OF CHILDREN: BY ISABEL MACDOUGALL



ONCE upon a time Leonard Crunelle was a coal miner. Let us say it and have done with it. For the important matter is not what he was but what he has made himself. Every one hears of nine-days-wonder over postman poets, cowboy composers and the like. Every one knows how crude, how weakly imitative, how undeveloped and—generally—how undevelopable are their small art utterances. The nine-days-wonder is seldom over the quality of the work, but that it should be done at all, as crabbed old Dr. Johnson said of the lady playing the violin and the dog walking upon his hind legs.

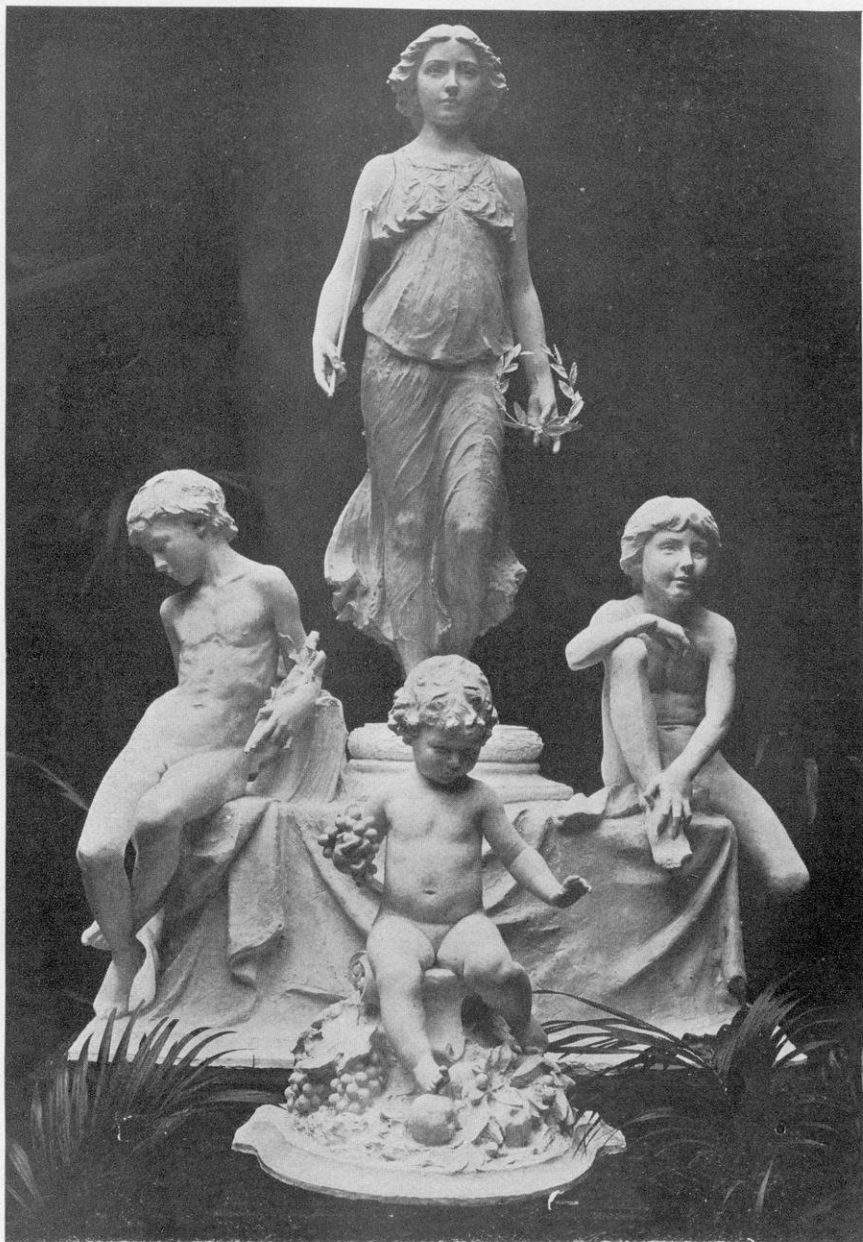
But Leonard Crunelle's statues win the respect of other artists; who in criticizing do not say, "These reflect credit upon a young man of limited opportunities." No: they admire them, they exclaim over them, they compare them quite seriously with the children modeled by those "little masters" of the Italian Renaissance, Luca Della Robbia, Desiderio da Settignano, Mino da Fiesole, and the rest with names "like seven sweet symphonies." And then they clinch matters by ordering portrait busts of their own babies.

Leonard Crunelle's latest important work is a project for a fountain. When complete it is to be a carved galley freighted with happy children. At last year's exhibition of works by Chicago artists it was exhibited incomplete—for the ex-miner still produces under many difficulties—and it won the best prize of that city, the Montgomery Ward Sculpture Prize. Its central figure is a girl of about fifteen, erect and buoyant, holding a wreath and a star-tipped wand, perhaps playing fairy queen in one of those make-believes that children love; she believes it enough to look ahead with an air of expectation. On one side of her sits a younger boy, eyes front, with something of the same smiling confidence; on the other, one leaning on a great book, who looks down, lost in dreams; this last is an exquisite young figure, thin, adolescent, instinct with boyish grace. In front of all an enchanting baby is enthroned on a pile of fruit. None of the Italian *putti*, none of the French cherubims lavished in the decoration of royal palaces, has a finer little body than this naked darling, or a face that compares with this for artless sweetness.

Leonard Crunelle's earliest exhibited work—ah, there is a whole story back of that. The story of a little lad in Northern France whose father was a miner in that very Courrière district which has since been the scene of such a terrible disaster. Yet life was not all labor in the miners' thatched cottages. The village had a band that played once a week in the square, a fountain where the women sang,



LEONARD CRUNELLE: THE MINER-
SCULPTOR, AND PORTRAIT BUST OF
HIS FIRST BABY, MARGUERITE.



THE FOUNTAIN DESIGN WHICH WON LEONARD CRUNELLE THE MONTGOMERY WARD SCULPTURE PRIZE AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBIT LAST YEAR: THE ARTIST'S FOUR CHILDREN WERE HIS MODELS.



"EASTER ANGEL":
BY LEONARD CRUNELLE.



"THE SKATER":
BY LEONARD CRUNELLE.

THE MINER-SCULPTOR

an *école communale* to which little Leonard trotted contentedly every day, clattering his sabots along the poplar-bordered road. In the school the child's talent for drawing was noticed, it was discussed under the thatch, *sous le chaume*; there was talk of making up a *bourse* in the community and sending the boy to study art in Paris. But then came emigration, and a transplanted French family earning a hard living in an Indiana coal mine, where every one seemed to take advantage of their ignorance, and a bewildered boy of ten helping his father load coal to the limit of his puny strength.

Where was the Child Labor Law? Where is it now, probably: non-existent or ignored. Certainly unknown to the French family, which sorely needed the pittance brought in by entering "man and helper" on the company's payroll. "My father was always kind to me," declares the young sculptor today. But there was no more school, no more talk of art study, no more Sunday concerts on the *Grand' Place*, no more French sunshine. Days of black underground labor, nights of going home wet and dog-tired, occasionally the horror of an accident, once a week the sight of an upper world not much more inviting than that dark lower world.

When the family moved to Decatur things improved. By that time Leonard was drawing full pay: also he joined with a few other lads to form an amateur orchestra. In Decatur there was an opera-house and in its gallery one eager youth thrilled to the art of Modjeska, of Jefferson, of Marlowe. Also there were drawing teachers; he became acquainted with one who had even been to Paris and talked of art!

WEST of the Alleghanies art practically dates back to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Shortly before that it was that a well-known sculptor delivered a lecture on art in Decatur. After his address some teachers of the town showed him drawings made by a young miner who was too bashful to come forward himself. He was of French birth, slow in his English speech and had worked in a mine since he was ten years old. When he came to the surface on holidays he spent his time sketching or playing the violin. They thought, and the sculptor thought with them, that his gifts deserved a chance of growth in some more æsthetic environment.

Within six months a slender brown-eyed French youth was mixing plaster, mounting armatures, clearing away debris for sculptors at work under the unfinished domes at Jackson Park, in that wonderful World's Fair summer. He was a humble recruit in the noble army of American artists who served there so joyously. He saw, heard, breathed, felt art. White palaces went up about him, statues

THE MINER-SCULPTOR

took shape without their walls and decorations blossomed into color within. It was an intoxicating experience to the Decatur coal miner.

After the Fair he worked at any job he could find daytimes and studied in the Art Institute night classes. He became a pupil and useful helper to Lorado Taft, his first sculptor friend. He never went back to handling the pick, but he did go back to Decatur. In those days of Sunday violin practice the amateur orchestra usually met under the roof of a kind and cultivated woman who possessed a piano and whose young daughter played with them. A boy and girl romance sprang up to a musical accompaniment, and then they married,—imprudent young pair!—with no other wealth than youth and hope and talent. When a new-made father,—scarcely out of the ranks of day laborers, scarcely out of his teens—Leonard Crunelle modeled with caressing hands a bust of his first baby and sent it to Chicago, the metropolis of art for the Middle West.

And an artist jury to a man went down before the soft appealing little head; praised it and loved it, and gave it a good place in the exhibition at the Art Institute. Later that same baby bust went to the Cotton States Exposition at Atlanta, captured that art jury too, and won a medal for the young sculptor whose first work it was. One of the women's clubs, those valiant encouragers of art in the West, bought it, and perhaps as great a compliment as it ever received lay in the way the purchasing lady cuddled the tiny face in her arms. To this day Lorado Taft, in his popular lectures on sculpture, illustrates a point he wishes to make with a cast of "Baby Marguerite," and his audience never fails to break into pleased applause when they look at the little head that seems to look back at them with the fearless calm of innocence.

For several years now "Leonard Crunelle's children" have been a feature of Western exhibitions and are becoming known in the East:—soft shy faces of babes, nude figures of boys notable for the truthful beauty of their modeling. A chubby skater, a farm youngster in the lanky, big-kneed age, lugging a large hen, are as real as the inhabitants of Riley's verse or William Allen White's "Boyville." A wall fountain adorned by a nude fisher lad with his nets is a production of classic loveliness. A delightfully arch and playful lad with a squirrel, topping a terminal, would make a charming garden ornament. This has been purchased for the Chicago Art Institute, where it may be seen holding its own among the casts of those antique Greeks who, great as they were, never modeled a live child like this.

On the strength of this first little success with Baby Marguerite, her brave parents came to Chicago. From the outset the young miner, so simple in his tastes, so willing to endure hardship, de-

THE MINER-SCULPTOR

cided that he would not endure the contracted, ill-lit city flat which was all that they could afford. The world, he felt, owed him arrears of sun and air. A whole tale might be made of the winning of a modest country home: how Crunelle settled, literally squatted, in a dismantled unoccupied suburban cottage: how he gradually became able to buy it, cheap, with its bit of land; how he saved to buy a hand plow, and made his fifty-foot lot yield food for his family; how he built his studio shed with his own hands, his children helping; how his children help father make a garden, just as they help father make statues.

For in more than one sense may these be called "Leonard Crunelle's children." The growth of the sculptor's family can be readily gathered from his exhibited work. He has now four little trained models. Even the lively eighteen months' old baby is held for father to study in its mother's arms, and knows enough to stop curling its toes the wrong way when mother's finger touches the rosy foot. Throughout the long summer months the boys blithely slip out of their clothes and take turns "posing for father" in the studio shed. In winter—well, winter in the studio shed is not an agreeable time for children or for clay either. To avoid freezing both last year, the entire big fountain group crowded the cottage for several months. If the family did not, like Kipling's American, "camp out on sufferance on the stoop," at all events the necessary routine of eating and sleeping was carried on as it best might be in such nooks and corners as were left.

Out of the night that covered him Leonard Crunelle has made his way up. Today he is a sculptor whom other sculptors approve. And artists' approval is seldom moved by the romantic origin of a genius. The layman makes much outcry over such matters, but the artist or the critic looks only at the production. If it is great, if it even hold promise of greatness, he is the first to acclaim it. But he is aggravatingly indifferent to the age, sex or previous condition of the producer.

One point more about Crunelle's work: it is analytical, it is selective, not imitative. He emphasizes the essential characteristics of a slender, growing creature; he does not present a literal copy of one particular boy; therefore, as Lorado Taft once put it, "his figures are interpretations, not casts, not a sort of plaster taxidermy."

In the man himself there is a freshness, a timidity as of a gentle woodland creature; something that means eternal youth. Although he has been a father for a dozen years, he still looks a boy; he will always be a boy at heart. Perhaps that has a share in his ability to understand youth. "Except ye become as little children, . . ."

THE WORLD'S ADVANCE IN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION: EXHIBITS AT THIRD INTERNATIONAL ART CONGRESS IN LONDON FULL OF SUGGESTION TO AMERICANS: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER



THE third International Art Congress for the development of drawing and art teaching and their application to industrial work was held in London from August third to eighth inclusive. The purpose of the Congress was to offer a comparative exhibition of the work that is being done in art education in various countries and to discuss organization and methods of instruction. The exhibition comprised work from elementary and secondary schools, schools of professional training and schools of industrial and advanced art training.

It may be said, in order to emphasize the scope and importance of this Congress, that the first international exhibition of this kind was held in Paris during the Exposition of Nineteen Hundred and One. At that time fifteen different countries were represented. The value of this opportunity to compare results and methods of art training was recognized and a second Congress was held in Berne during the summer of Nineteen Hundred and Four. At this Congress twenty-five different countries were represented. From the exhibition and discussions at that time many valuable lessons were drawn and the Congress executed a marked influence in many directions. At the Congress recently concluded in London thirty-seven countries were represented. Our own country sent a composite exhibition of public school work from about sixty elementary schools, as well as exhibitions from a large number of secondary schools, schools of design, art schools and manual training schools.

In this, the third gathering of its kind, there was a most notable increase of interest. From far away Siam to the United States one was impressed by the efforts being made to give the word art a real meaning, to so shape an art training that drawing and designing will become common as means of expression, a language that needs no interpreter to make its intent clear to all.

It is dull reading to enumerate the features of an exhibition to those who have not seen it. Let us confine ourselves then to some of the things that seemed to possess an unique interest. First perhaps would come the work of Austria and Hungary,—in its distinctive racial character and the artistic ideals that prevail in those countries, in the boldness of the more advanced work, and, in the case of Austria,

ADVANCE IN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

the remarkable development of careful representation in pupils from fourteen to eighteen years of age. Such work would be impossible, and probably undesirable, in American schools. But here as elsewhere in Europe one feels that children are taught to *draw* anyway, even though there may seem less freedom and spontaneity.

Two minor points come to mind in connection with this work. In the Hungarian schools one finds a most interesting set of school models furnished for the purpose of drawing,—miniature houses with thatched roofs, well-heads, dovecotes and an innumerable variety of other forms peculiarly Hungarian. Here is a technical matter that may be new to most of our teachers, something that may be put to good service whether in elementary schools or in advanced work,—“linoleum prints.” Most of our teachers are familiar with the wood-block printing practiced in so many of our schools. The thought is the same; but in place of wood blocks a heavy grade of common linoleum about three-sixteenths of an inch thick is used. The design or composition is cut out with ease and the material does not warp or crack. It is well worth experimenting with the idea; in Hungary as well as in Germany splendid, practical work is done in this way, often on a large scale and in several colors. It is practiced in the advanced training schools devoted to typography.

One of the surprises of the exhibition was from Zürich, Switzerland. Never have I seen such wonderful work from nature, and such a seeking for pattern in natural forms. Sheet after sheet of spirited drawings from nature were shown, in all mediums, and ever present was the feeling for a decorative application of pattern. One returned again and again to this section to wonder at the results and at what manner of pupils could produce such interesting things.

Germany concentrated specially on her schools of industrial training and made an enviable showing,—strong, fearless work without being bizarre. The weaving from Düsseldorf and the printing from the typographic schools of Magdeburg and Barmen were particularly strong in technique and design.

IN THE work of all these countries animate life plays a very important part. Everywhere one found an infinite variety of sketches from live creatures. Some schools, that in Birmingham for instance, maintain a veritable menagerie of animals, birds, fowls, and from this material a large amount of work is required, from action sketches and anatomical studies to minute and carefully rendered studies of feathers and other details.

There is much of practical interest in the method employed in the Royal Hungarian Institute for the teaching of the historic styles

ADVANCE IN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

of architecture and ornament. It is first a study of the origin and treatment of materials, methods of handling and working as compared with modern times; then comes a comparative study of construction and local environments, the people and how they lived. From these conditions, influenced to some extent by commercial relations with other lands, various styles were formed. Last of all come the details of ornament, the development and decadence of standards. We begin too frequently at the end of the subject and fail to go into it far enough to penetrate to the part that is most vital.

In a comparison of our own work with that done in other countries, notably in England, Germany, Austria and Hungary, one could not help feeling the need of an art training more intimately related to industrial requirements. Are we not too much inclined to give our attention to the educational or cultural side of art education to the neglect of a disciplinary training that may be of immediate value in industrial work? How many of the pupils who leave our schools are prepared to use drawing as a common, everyday language? In one sense this brings into question the aims and methods of our entire educational system. Statistics are not generally interesting; but there are a few figures that speak in a way that must be considered. We have a most elaborate and thorough system of free education from the kindergarten through the university. But is it not rather disconcerting to learn that more than eighty per cent. of those who enter the primary school fail to complete the eighth grade of our public schools, that ninety per cent. fail to enter the high schools and that only four per cent. of the pupils who start at the bottom of the ladder ever graduate from the high schools? Are we sure that our ideals of an education are right in the light of such figures? Our whole system seems keyed to the requirements of the universities at the top and the vast army of pupils who drop out by the wayside are left more or less to their own salvation. This in a large measure accounts for the rise of the correspondence schools in America; they have come into being to meet a demand from young men and women who are groping for something that will help them in their immediate work, something that was not to be found in the school training offered them. Until recently we have looked upon the trade school as a bogie hovering about our carefully reared educational fabric. But now the question of industrial training is one that must be met squarely if we are to retain our position with other nations in the advanced stand that has been taken. It would seem wiser to fit our system of education to the ninety-six per cent. that, from one reason or another, leaves school to go to work rather than to the four per cent. that continues through to the more advanced studies.

ADVANCE IN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

NOW as regards the art side of it. Art training was introduced into educational work in America first of all from practical motives. It was known as industrial drawing; and a very dull and formal sort of drawing it was, too. Gradually, during years past, our drawing courses have been enriched, the imaginative and creative sides have been emphasized, color has played an important part in the work. It has become more of a culture apparently than a disciplinary or practical training. We ventured in time to discard the old term industrial drawing and call our work art education. Handicrafts have found a way into the courses of art training and have furnished an opportunity for the application of design along many interesting lines. And withal there is an unquestionable freshness and vigor in our work until we get into the advanced elementary grades. It is here that we falter, that the promise of earlier work does not bear just the fruit that might be wished. It is at this point that a comparison of our work with that of other countries, taking the pupils age for age, furnishes material for thoughtful study. In the countries mentioned specialization for industrial work begins at an earlier age than in our own country. A special study is made of the local environment and courses of work planned to fit the industrial problem offered. For example,—at Pécs in Hungary is the immense plant of the Zsolnay Majolica Company. The boys who are destined to be workers in this factory find as early as ten years of age that they can follow a line of study peculiarly adapted to the requirements of this particular industry. Their art training is turned into channels that will tend to make them better and more efficient workmen, and this too without overlooking the claims of those other pupils who choose to fit themselves for professional or other works not related to the factory. As the art training progresses practical application is given more and more to ceramics, and the coöperation of the manufacturers is sought at all times. And then too there is always something ahead. If the pupil drops out of school he can continue in the evening classes specially planned for his needs and tending to increase year by year his efficiency as a workman.

NOW it is here that the suggestion occurs. Do we give enough study to the environment in which our work is carried on? Can we not in many cases give it a more practical turn, adapt it to industrial conditions, secure the interest of manufacturers and lay something of a foundation for the schools of industrial art that will soon be with us in America? Industrial schools with us are now carried on largely through philanthropy; the question must soon be met by municipal and state authorities, and sound industrial training in-

ADVANCE IN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

corporated as a part of our educational system. Our manual training high schools are in the right direction, but they do not go half far enough. They do not in any sense offer a practical industrial training and the teachers are not sufficiently in touch with actual shop practice and methods. Our arts and crafts work, whether in school or out of school, is too superficial in its intent and purpose. There is scarcely an art school in our land that is not offering courses in the arts and crafts. But these courses are keyed to the demands of the amateur; they do not offer the long, severe disciplinary technical training that would enable the student to take a place in the actual industrial work of the day. We are too impatient of time and want results to show to admiring and envious friends.

In the study of industrial art schools abroad it is apparent that their work is planned with these distinct aims in mind:—First: to give a thoroughly technical and practical artistic training fitting as closely as possible into the local environment. Their methods of training for these pupils are adapted to actual trade conditions in so far as possible, though aiming to improve rather than slavishly follow these conditions. The pupils of these schools find that they are wanted by the manufacturers when the course of study has been completed. Second: to offer work adapted to the professional training of teachers, placing them in touch with practical trade conditions and shop methods. Third: to meet the demands of the amateur or dilettante worker, offering a sound training again that will lead to a better appreciation of good things. If industrial art is to become a reality the education of the consumer is quite as important as the training of the producers. Fourth: to preserve national traditions in design.

The problem in America is radically different from that of European countries,—different in two noticeable features. First we have no national traditions on which to build an art training. In the exhibition just closed there was a marked national character in the work of each country of Europe. Our own advanced work bore evidence of many diverse influences, of a groping after ideals not clearly defined,—here the marked influence of an individual teacher,—again a following along the line of historic styles. Lacking a national tradition it would seem best for us to dig away down to the bottom of things, to seek the simplest elementary principles, to design on the basis of thorough technical knowledge of tools, materials and processes, less on a theoretic knowledge of things. Our problem is more difficult than that of other countries. In Hungary, for instance, the industrial art training is concentrated upon the problem of preserving and fostering all that is distinctly Hungarian, that will give

ADVANCE IN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

to the commercial product of the country an unmistakable national character through a unity of construction and design. This brings us to the second important point of difference:—the industrial training over here is under the immediate direction or supervision of the national governments in most instances. The initiative was taken by the governments and the work is supported in part or entirely by the governments. In America industrial art must come about from enlightened public opinion, from municipal authorities first. It is a problem for our boards of education to meet through coöperation with manufacturers and working men.

IT is my purpose later to go into details regarding the technical training and industrial conditions of Hungary. For the present let us note the method of approaching this subject of technical training in England. One typical educational center will serve as an illustration, the city of Birmingham. This city is probably the largest center of the metal trades in the world. It conducts two very large schools for technical training, each school having a number of branch schools scattered about the city; each branch school giving particular attention to the needs of its district. One of these central institutions is devoted to what may be called purely technical or trade school purposes, carpentry, plumbing, tinsmithing, metallurgy, chemistry, etc. The other school, in which we are now interested, is known as the Municipal School of Arts and Crafts. As it was my good fortune to attend this school some years ago I can recount from personal observation the valuable part that it plays in the metal trades of the city. The school is managed in coöperation with the Manufacturers' Association and the Metal Trades Unions, both of these organizations contributing liberally to the support of the work. The head master is charged with the general supervision of art training in the elementary schools of the city in order to ensure a unity of work throughout. The scope of the school is unusually broad; it offers an art training along general lines, in architectural work, for teachers, and particularly along lines of special crafts work. Its aim is above all else to strengthen the artistic trades practiced in the city. Its teachers and departmental heads are invariably chosen from the shops of the city. In other words, they are workers first, each a recognized expert in his particular craft; part of their time only is spent in the school; the rest is spent in actual shop practice. There is both strength and weakness in this plan. It is not always wise to assume that the good workman will make a good teacher. He is very apt to look upon his pupils as incompetent workers, fail to plan wisely for the development of

ADVANCE IN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

latent ability and withal expect too much and assume too much from those who are studying under his direction. On the other hand the plan imparts a distinct practical character to the training and places the pupil in touch with actual shop methods.

One interesting phase of the work is its relation to the elementary school system and its comprehensive scheme of scholarship system. Each year one hundred pupils who have shown marked ability in the elementary art training are drafted into the Municipal Art School under scholarships ranging from five shillings per week upward. These pupils range from twelve years of age, and year by year spend an increasing amount of time in special work to which they seem best adapted, and this too without interfering with their general education along other lines. In course of time these pupils pass on into the industrial work of the city more efficient in every way through the training that they have received.

Equally valuable are the courses of work for apprentices. Many pupils divide their time between the schools and the shops under an arrangement with their employers. The evening apprentice school of one branch alone registers over six hundred pupils who are employed daytimes in the local shops. One feels that this activity of the school and the close correlation maintained between the school and the shops must react year by year upon a better commercial product. No graduate of the school ever experiences difficulty in obtaining a good position in the shops whenever he is ready to go to work.

In connection with the school, though in a separate building, is a large and very complete Municipal Museum of Fine and Industrial Art. In the latter work it is particularly complete and furnishes a valuable opportunity to study the best work of the past. Incidentally it may be remarked that this museum, like that at South Kensington, is a workers' museum; that is to say one is at liberty to measure, sketch and draw at will without encountering the petty restrictions that are so often found in other galleries.

THIS leads us to the government's encouragement of industrial art schools, a system in which the Birmingham school is merely a unit. This system centers in the Royal College of Art, South Kensington Museum and the National Competition. During the Congress there was exhibited in the galleries of South Kensington the results of the National Competition for the present year as well as a retrospective exhibition of the medal work for ten years past. The government encourages the forming of schools of industrial art in villages, cities and countries through a plan of grants of money toward maintenance and equipment, through the loan of much of its valuable

ADVANCE IN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

collection at South Kensington to local schools and through its national competition for pupils held each year. In order to be eligible for this assistance the school must conform to certain regulations laid down by the Board of Education as regards management, courses of work, qualification of teachers, methods of teaching, etc., each school submitting a syllabus of its work, as related to local conditions, for approval. The plan leaves a broad margin for local initiative and at the same time brings the whole scheme under the general supervision of a common center. The national competition of the present year seemed to serve as a justification of the plan. There was a splendid showing of what may be called successfully ambitious efforts in crafts work, thorough in technique and good in design. There is a strong incentive to do the fine thing and do it well, and to design each article from a basis of technical knowledge acquired through hard earned experience. In a classification of the different lines of work examiners are chosen who are recognized as foremost authorities and their reports and recommendations make valuable reading. There is a seriousness about it all that extends even to smaller village schools, giving to the whole movement a broad, national development.

ASIDE from this national organization much is being done here in a quiet though effective way for the promotion of industrial work among the agricultural workers of Scotland, Ireland and Wales. It has been a matter of surprise to find how wide in scope and how thorough in organization this work is. It is promoted in each country by an association that endeavors to find a market for handicraft work and keep alive old traditions among the cottagers in small villages and on the farms. The Welsh Industries Association is typical of them all and it may be of interest to describe its work at greater length. It is patronized by royalty and has the active interest and support of a large number of titled individuals. The object of the Association is the development and encouragement of Welsh industries, particularly through the improvement of the textile fabrics. It aims to provide the workers with good patterns, to collect and distribute good designs that have been preserved, in this way tending to foster the national Welsh traditions. Its immediate and more practical aid to the peasant workers comes through the establishment of salesrooms in order that a market may be provided. Wales is divided by the Association into a number of districts for convenience, each district having an organization of its own, under the general direction of a central office, with salesrooms in various cities. The salesrooms are conducted on a commission basis, twenty per cent.

ADVANCE IN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

of the selling price of the goods being charged. The worker sets his own price on the things to be sold. In the different districts much of the actual management of the Association's work is being given over to tenant farmers, cottagers and others who are directly interested, in order that the system of patronage may gradually be removed, leaving the industrial work on a stable basis with an assured market. It is hoped in this way that the country people may find a good living on the farms and through the encouragement that the market offers for handicraft work be prevented from swarming into the already overcrowded cities. It is gratifying to learn that in the ten years since its organization the sales of the work have materially increased year by year and the area of activity broadened until the whole of Wales is now covered. Incidentally we cannot help feeling that many who have found a ready market for the work of their hands have remained true to the healthier out-of-door life in the country who would otherwise have given up to the love of the city,—the city that ever stretches forth so much of promise and expectation. Many have remained on the soil who would otherwise have formed new recruits to the hopeless factory grind of the city; and to keep men and women on the soil away from the lure of the towns is one of the economic problems that faces England. Millions of dollars' worth of agricultural products are imported yearly while thousands of acres of good farming land are idle for want of tenants.

But the work of this Association is not confined to the textile industries alone. It is the policy of each district organization to foster, to put new life and spirit into the old industries that are peculiar to the villages of that district. In some districts it is lacemaking and embroidery that are most important; in others basket weaving or metal work, and in some of the towns enameling, bookbinding and pottery. Some very interesting work along the line of pottery is done. The traditions of this craft were rapidly disappearing; but now the old forms and glazes and patterns have been revived and new experiments are being carried on. Much of the native ware bears a strong resemblance to some of the Mexican painted pottery with salt glazes, and quaint, half barbaric flower forms. Classes and community work shops have been established with encouraging success in many districts. The material in all cases is provided by the people themselves, the product being their own from the raw material to the completed articles. And last of all, though perhaps not least, orders are taken for butter, eggs, cheese and other farm products.

WOOD-ENGRAVING: THE OPPORTUNITY FOR EXPRESSION IT AFFORDS TO ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN: BY GARDNER TEALL



HERE is something so simple, direct and final about wood-engraving, considered as a medium for art expression, that for centuries its appeal to the artist and the craftsman has been strong enough to give us a series of masterpieces in black and white worthy to rank beside those which add opulence of color to their charm of line and mass. Mantegna, Botticelli, Dürer, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Whistler and many other of our great painters have recognized and responded to this appeal. Mantegna's individuality is shown even more in his engravings than in his frescoes, and Dürer, master craftsman that he was in so many forms of art, is better known today for his wood-engravings than for any other of his manifold achievements. Indeed, wood-engraving, from the time it emerged from infancy somewhere around the year Fourteen Hundred and Sixty-seven, has more forcefully than any other of the graphic arts, fostered and interpreted original thought by the directness and completeness with which it has lent itself to virile art expression.

At the present time there are strong indications of a revival of the fine old art of wood-engraving regarded as a means of direct expression rather than of mere reproduction. This is a part of the general



"THE SQUIRE'S SON": BY GORDON CRAIG.

VALUE AND CHARM OF WOOD ENGRAVING



"THE WITCH": BY WILL BRADLEY.

tendency toward the revival of crafts of all kinds, and it is probable that its value to the artist will be recognized more and more widely as we receive fresh reminders of the fact that it combines in itself a means of original artistic expression and a product that has an intrinsic commercial value as opposed to the more or less fictitious value which is necessarily placed upon painting or sculpture. These last are valued according to the quality which makes people desire to own them. We have known too many instances of great artists who have

lived in poverty and sometimes very nearly starved to death, whose pictures afterward have sold for almost fabulous sums. Of course, it is a dream of every artist to produce something so wonderful that the world will accord it a place among the great achievements of art. But, while waiting and working for the recognition which is sometimes so late in coming, and doing "pot boilers" to keep the wolf from the door, is there not many a painter who could find a worthy means of expression in wood-engraving, so that, while waiting for the recognition that he feels must



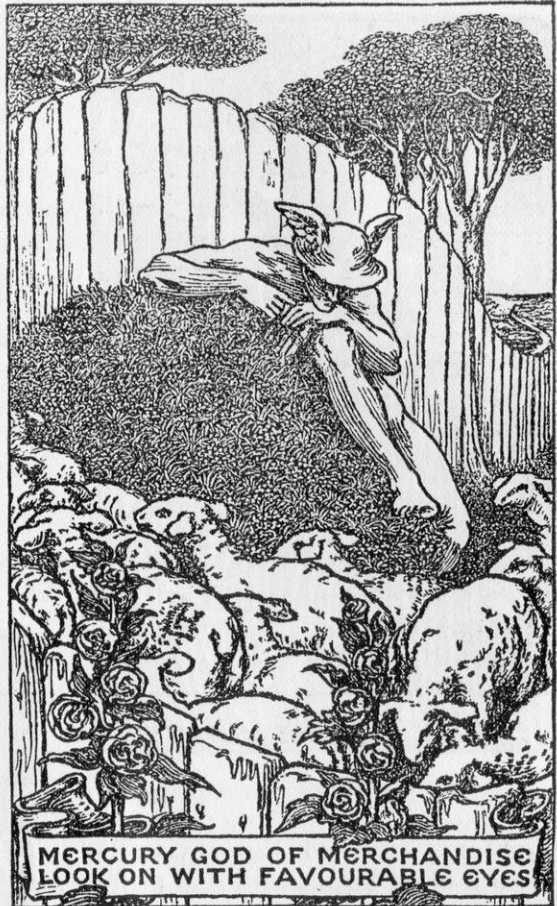
"THE LITTLE BRIDGE": BY LOUISE GLAZIER.

VALUE AND CHARM OF WOOD ENGRAVING

come some day, he may be doing work which from the first will win its own recognition and bring its own returns?

An authority on the subject, writing in England about the technical side of wood-engraving as early as Eighteen Thirty-eight, said: "Perhaps no art exercised in this country is less known to the public than that of wood-engraving." The same is true in America today, but we are on the eve of a much greater general interest in the subject, which means that we are coming to a practical encouragement of the art, and the time is ripe for calling serious attention to the opportunities offered by wood-engraving for the expression of a personal art impulse in a way that, if directly and honestly done, is sure to find its own place and bring its own return.

When in the latter part of the nineteenth century, wood-engraving was chained to the task of reproducing painting, sculpture, wash drawing or line drawing, just as the half-tone does today, the art fell upon evil days. It was forgotten that wood-engraving had a manner of its own, a manner developed by men who realized all its limitations as well as its possibilities. But, when it was touched by such masters of the art as William Blake, Edward Calvert, Rossetti, Millais, Holman Hunt, Robert Bateman, F. Sandys, the brothers Dalziel, W. J. Linton and others of their time, it lived again. And now remarkable work is coming to us from across the sea, done by artists who have taken up the graver to record things that could not be expressed by painting, sculpture or etching, although any one of these more widely



"MERCURY": BY CLEMENCE HOUSMAN.

VALUE AND CHARM OF WOOD ENGRAVING



“THE OLD FARM”: BY PAUL COLLIN.

recognized arts may occupy the greater part of their time and form their principal vocation. From England we have the work of Gordon Craig, Charles Dawson, Louise Glazier, Lucien Pissarro, Charles H. Shannon, T. Sturge Moore, Charles S. Ricketts and Clemence Housman. In France we find the work of Felix Vallotton, Paul Collin, Lepère, Henri Riviere and Leon Ruffé. In Italy notable work with the graver is being done by A. De Karolis, C. Luperni, L. Chiapperini, Baccio Bacci and A. Spa-

dini, and in Germany, Austria and the northern countries the engravings of Jules Diez, Hugo Steiner, Fritz Erler and many others are becoming known by the strength and virility of their work upon the wood-block.

Gordon Craig, the versatile son of Ellen Terry, was drawn from dramatic to graphic art by the charm of wood-engraving, which he first took up as a pastime, and then, as its possibilities developed, devoted much of his time to giving the world an astonishing number of tiny masterpieces,—of which one is here reproduced from *The*



“SPRINGTIME”: LUCIEN PISSARO.

VALUE AND CHARM OF WOOD ENGRAVING

Page, which he illustrated, printed and published himself for some years. The work of Pissarro, Ricketts and Shannon made famous the Vale Press, and now the engravings of Lucien Pissarro and of Esther Pissarro, his wife, are much sought by artist-bibliophiles among the exquisite publications of their Eragny Press. All of these artists work along different lines. The two Pissarros seem to have absorbed the spirit of the old tapestry weavers. The art of Clemence Housman is mystically pagan and that of Gordon Craig is a very direct expression of himself. With Louise Glazier wood-engraving becomes delightfully pictorial, just as Will Bradley, on the other hand, would work for strikingly decorative qualities.

Paul Collin, the Frenchman, uses his art to awaken still another set of emotions, and all the Italians, A. De Karolis and the rest, have developed an art that, strange to say, seems to owe little, if anything, to the early Venetian, Florentine and other wood-engravers of the Renaissance. Every wood-cut reproduced here shows an individuality that is distinct from all the others,—an individuality quite as marked as the difference shown by one painting in a gallery from another of a different school. This power of expressing individuality is a characteristic that distinguishes all good examples of the art of wood-engraving, and one that not only gives interest and satisfaction to the artist himself, but lends zest to the researches of the collector. Nationality, however, leaves its general imprint less upon modern wood-engraving than it does upon painting or even etching. France, for instance, shows work of a dozen wood-engravers whose prints might as easily have come from Italy, Austria, Spain or England.

One sure sign that the revival of wood-engraving is finding a secure footing lies in the fact that more and more publishers are finding a place in books, in magazines and elsewhere for wood-engraving as it is done today. This seems to suggest strong possibilities of a practical future, and the promise is increased by the fact that it offers to the craftsman the advantage of possessing an art that fits in at all times with the doing of other things. One's fancy may take flight with the drying palette of an interrupted painting or become wrecked upon the shoals of a postponed acid bath for an etching, or the clay may harden before the sculptor can return to it, but wood-engraving is just as obliging as it was the day when Albrecht Dürer journeyed from Nürnberg to Venice, taking out his wood-blocks and gravers to while away an hour or two now and then when detained en route at a wayside inn; always finding the work precisely as he had left it and ready to suggest the inspiration that came all the easier from finding no obstacles to its final accomplishment.

THE DANCE OF THE FUTURE AS CREATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ISADORA DUNCAN: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS



IT IS far back, deep down the centuries, that one's spirit passes when Isadora Duncan dances; back to the very morning of the world, when the greatness of the soul found free expression in the beauty of the body; when rhythm of motion corresponded with rhythm of sound; when the movements of the human body were one with the wind and the sea; when the gesture of a woman's arm was as the unfolding of a rose petal,—the pressure of her foot upon the sod as the drifting of a leaf to earth.

The morning of the world! When the great primitive joy of living,—joy in the sun, the wind and the rain, in the motion of trees and waves, in the beauty of blue hilltops and fragrant flowers, found the expression it was meant to have from the beginning, it was inevitable that there should be a joy in every movement, whether its meaning was ecstasy, tenderness, regret, sorrow, reverence or renunciation, that expressed the greatest beauty of which the human soul was capable. When man and the universe moved together in rhythmic harmony, and all the fervor of religion, of love, of patriotism, sacrifice or passion expressed itself to the measures of the cythara, the harp or the timbrel; when men and women danced before their gods and their hearthstones in religious ecstasy, or out in the forests and by the sea because of the joy of life that was in them, it had to be that every strong, great or good impulse of the human soul poured from the spirit to the body in perfect accord with the rhythm of the universe.

The Greeks, perhaps more than any other of the ancient races, knew and expressed these wonderful secrets of universal rhythm. In what we have left of Greek painting and sculpture one cannot escape the sense of an intimate understanding of the mysteries of motion, which Nature has withheld from the unthinking and the unseeing of all time; and the Greek dancers, consciously or unconsciously, moved always in this perfect harmony with the scheme of Nature's movements. Study, if you question this, the Greek sculpture as shown in the frieze of any old temple, or note, not once but many times, the pose of the dancing figures painted on a Greek vase, and you will find that there is never any mistake in rhythm. In the childish figures, the movements, however perfect, are those that express the child feeling; the paintings of Greek youth have again the motion that belongs to youth and joyousness; the older figures, graceful and strong, are still another development of life, and all have



ISADORA DUNCAN
IN GREEK DRESS.



DETAIL FROM A FRIEZE IN THE ACROPOLIS MUSEUM, ATHENS; SHOWING MOTION AND LINES WHICH MISS DUNCAN HAS FOUND INSPIRING.



CHILDREN FROM ISADORA DUNCAN'S DANCE-SCHOOL. DANCING IN THE WOODS.



SHOWING EXQUISITE GRACE AND BODILY
BEAUTY OF CHILDREN TRAINED IN MISS
DUNCAN'S BERLIN SCHOOL.

THE DANCE OF THE FUTURE

the absolute rhythmical sequence from which Nature herself never varies.

Thus the Greek dance,—and this Miss Duncan will tell you,—is not a national or an individual expression of rhythm. It is the dance of all times, of the past and of the future. It is putting into motion a knowledge of Nature's ways and of the perfection of human physical attainment. It is the dance of all people and all ages—or of none—as the races of men open their souls to Nature's laws and live in her ways, embodying her beauty and her truth.

Such dancing as this is at its best out in the sunlight, with harp and flute and woodwind strains; yet so great is the magic of Isadora Duncan's dancing that, even in a modern theatre, she makes you forget that you are hedged in by foolish walls, and with music and motion she carries you with her back to wild woods and the god Pan, with his flute and dancing nymphs mad with the sun and the wind and love.

From the moment the orchestra begins and the folds of a green curtain part and a figure clad in gauze of a sunlit hue or the gray of moonbeams or the azure of pale dawn blows past a background that gives the effect of a soft pale cloud-bank, "the dull thoughts of to-day" drop away and the vision is filled with the great, majestic, simple beauty of the dawn of years. If the Winged Victory could sway and bend from her high pedestal in the Louvre, the motion would be surely the same as that which Miss Duncan shows us in the series of dances picturing "Iphigenie in Aulide," which she has created for the music of Glück. And though Greek in effect, because we are accustomed to think of the most perfect dancing as Greek, and because there is no lovely frieze of pagan Athens that is not recalled, it is truly the natural dance of the world. There is such abundance and splendor of beauty in each different movement that the fecund strength of Earth herself, the worship of all gods, the gentle joy of all childish hearts, the glad welcome of all lovers is there. Your heart beats and your eyes are moist, and you know that such perfect moments are years apart, even in happy lives. And then the figure melts back through the green folds and you remember that when Isadora Duncan danced in Paris the great artists and poets, unafraid of tears, wept and congratulated each other for such rare joy. It is most extraordinary—the impression this woman leaves with you even when the dance is over and the stage empty! You fancy a blue dome arching overhead, with glimmering stars to catch her eyes and sweet winds blowing all her draperies and flowers growing thickly for so light a foot to tread.

You do not recall a single "step" of all the dancing, for this

THE DANCE OF THE FUTURE

woman of the hilltops has no practiced "stunt" to remember and repeat. And there are no imitators of Isadora Duncan, because, as yet, there have been no other women to give their whole lives to seeing clearly what beauty means, to seeking it sincerely, to giving up all that is not in harmony with Nature's simple, perfect ways. Miss Duncan dances as she feels, and so to imitate her dancing would necessitate first of all the work and study that would enable one to acquire her quality of calm lucid thought and serene spirit, for one does not put on greatness with a smile after a term of lessons.

ONE has heard much of Isadora Duncan since she first danced in New York ten years ago in Ethelbert Nevin's studio at Carnegie Hall. Then she was acclaimed by a few appreciative people as doing rare and lovely things, but the full creative significance of her work was not realized. Her dances were thought pretty in *her* way, as Carmencita's were in another, and so on,—not but what Carmencita is a passionate delight, but that is another story. Then, with her bits of rose and gray gauze, her ideals and her courage, she sailed away to Germany. There, she chanced one night to dance in the studio of a popular artist,—Franz Stück's, I think,—and instantly the art world of Munich went wild over her work. Genius is a rare thing, even in Munich, and much appreciated there, and the artists were not slow to recognize an art so great that it stretched back to Phidias and reached out to all eternity.

It was in Munich that Miss Duncan's dancing was established as a definite, significant art; it was also in Germany that she acquired the confidence in her work which enabled her to start her school and prepare to perpetuate in "The Dance of the Future" the art she had already created and developed. And, if there is to be a dance of the future, worthy to be acclaimed as a great art, it must surely spring from this sane return to simplicity, beauty and truth. As Miss Duncan has said in her lectures: "All other arts have recognized that great art must be nude art. Dancing alone has feared the nude." And yet, dancing has not hesitated to sink into pitiable depths in *suggesting* the nude and in obscene allusions to it. Indeed, many of us have gone so far,—especially in dancing,—from all truth and purity that we seek for vulgarity through the nude instead of recognizing it as one of the great elements of all supreme plastic art.

Believing this, as did the Greeks, Miss Duncan has dared to insist upon incorporating this element into her art, and so, to the terror of the prude and the interest of the vulgar, she dances with limbs bare and uncorseted body draped only with blowing gauze, which reveals when she moves every exquisite emotion she has trained herself to portray.

THE DANCE OF THE FUTURE

To what extent shall I be misunderstood,—but certainly not by Miss Duncan,—if right here I say that, with the exception of her dancing, I know, in the Occident at least, no wholly spontaneous expression of the dance impulse except the genuine ragtime of our own country? Here, again, is the dance of a simple people made an expression of the most primitive emotions, and when done by the negroes themselves it is full of the grace of all natural things. It is the true and rhythmic expression of the way these people feel about life, and so it has the essential beauty that such an expression never fails to hold. The real ragtime, as the darkies used to dance it for their own pleasure, varied with the temperament of every man and woman in the dance, and more than this, with the mood even of each temperament. It became in turn the dance of religion, passion, fear, youth, sorrow—a dance of primal impulse with the movements that are full of uncivilized beauty. We have prostituted it in many ways in our ballrooms and comic operas, but it is none the less, in essence, a great expression of dancing.

“**T**O rediscover the beautiful, rhythmical motions of the human body; to call back to life that ideal movement which should be in harmony with the highest physical type; to awaken once more an art which has slept for two thousand years”—these are the expressed aims of Miss Duncan in her dancing and in her work at the school she has established in Berlin. Much has been written in Europe of the Dance School, but I think even now little is known about it in America. It is made up of twenty little girls, given by their parents to Miss Duncan, who has pledged herself to support and train them in all beautiful ways of mind and body. From the start they are made healthy and graceful,—they are taught music, piano and singing, and the theory of music and orchestration, gymnastics, drawing, natural science and a very interesting thing called “artistic control” which here in America we have heard little about. Their dancing lessons are often given out in the woods when possible; and the dress of these little children, working and in play hours, is much the same as the one in which Miss Duncan dances, except that the drapery is wool instead of gauze. It is Miss Duncan’s desire that they shall carry out to a greater perfection her own work of creating a dance of the future, and the money she receives for public dances is spent for the support and instruction of her twenty children.

During her recent all too brief stay in New York, Miss Duncan has danced two programmes, one founded on “Iphigenie in Aulide,” by Glück, a series which forms a complete evening performance; and

THE DANCE OF THE FUTURE

the second an interpretation of Beethoven's *Symphonie in F*, which takes half an evening, and is followed by *Valses*, *Mazurkas* and *Preludes* of Chopin. One programme is pagan, the other modern, but each manifests the most perfect expression of the relation of music and dancing. It has been Miss Duncan's good fortune in America to work with an orchestra of rare musical attainment under a leader, Gustav Saenger, who is a musician of unusual sensitiveness and intelligence.

For five years Miss Duncan studied Beethoven's *Symphonie in F* before venturing to present it to the public. It is an interesting coincidence that Wagner in his "Art-work of the Future" has said of this *Symphonie* of Beethoven that it is "the apotheosis of dance," and that Miss Duncan should have danced this *Symphonie* for the first time before Frau Cosima Wagner. So thrilling, so penetrating is the pulse of this dance that it is not difficult to understand how, one night when Miss Duncan was dancing in London, Ellen Terry, who was watching the performance for the first time, suddenly sprang to her feet, tall and beautiful, turned around to the audience, and exclaimed with dramatic earnestness: "Do you realize what you are looking at? Do you understand that this is the most incomparably beautiful dancing in the world? Do you appreciate what this woman is doing for you—bringing back the lost beauty of the old world of art?" It was thus that these two great artists met and that a sincere, lasting friendship began.

And it was even thus that one felt in New York, when, during the first week of this "incomparable dancing," the audience yawned and sneered and mourned for ladies in spangles calling for decapitated lovers. That it was possible for an artist to dance through such a wall of artificial standards and vulgar feeling is a high tribute to the quality of Miss Duncan's courage and intention. Of course, such a situation would not have been possible in New York in mid-winter, when our poets, painters, sculptors and writers are in town at work and play. But fancy the righteous indignation of the person who went forth on a warm evening in a Broadway-comic-opera frame of mind to be greeted with *Glück* and Beethoven and a presentation of beauty so simple that it somehow seemed to become quite subtle. Later, toward the end of the engagement, it seemed like a personal triumph to the writer when Miss Duncan finally secured an ovation from this very audience who, with tears in their eyes, would not leave the theatre without encore after encore, more Chopin, more Beethoven, more, again and again, of great music allied to the greatest dancing New York has ever known.

THE SONG OF THE INDIAN MOTHER: BY NATALIE CURTIS, COMPILER OF "THE INDIANS' BOOK"



TO THE American Indian woman, herself a part of nature, motherhood is the natural flowering of life, as natural as that the blossom should follow the bud. Indeed, with the Hopi Indians—a people who adorn all life with symbol—this very thought is expressed in the pretty emblematic head-dress of the women.

The maidens wear the hair in glistening whorls at each side of the head, symbolic of the squash in blossom, while the matrons bind their black locks into long knots which hang over each shoulder, to suggest the fruit.

Again, in Hopi poetry we see this same linking of life in the nature world with human life; the slender young plants are called "maidens," and the ripe corn which nourishes and gives life is "mother." Parenthood, as a symbol, has a large part in Indian imagery:—the Sun-Father, the Moon-Mother, Mother-Earth, the Mother-Corn, the Father-Hawk, the Evening-Star, the Mother of the Pawnee people, and the Morning-Star, her consort—all these typify in the cosmos of the Indian the relation which to the red man is sacred in human life. Among Indians, parenthood perhaps is the strongest tie of affection. The love of man and woman seems not so intense as love for the child, and the true union of wife and husband is formed less of their love for each other than of the merging of father and mother love into the common bond of devoted parenthood. The words of a pioneer settler pointedly tell the story, "If there's anything an Indian loves beyond *anything*, it's his kid!" Perhaps in no race is the baby cared for with more faithful and tender affection, by father and mother both, than among certain tribes of the North American Indian.

Like all other babies, the little red man is lulled to sleep by the patient mother voice. Indeed, both parents sing over the child, and among some tribes lullabies may be heard almost as often from the lips of the father as from those of the mother. Since song, in all its variety of usage, has a large and vital part in Indian life, it is natural that the Indian baby should hear his full share of music:—indeed, even in his waking hours, the parents often sing to him. The lullabies have quaint names, different among different tribes. The Kiowas call the cradle songs "Stop-crying Songs," but perhaps the commonest name is simply "Sleep-Song." The Indian lullaby is essentially practical, there is no attempt by the mother to sing a pretty song; she is thinking of her child, not amusing herself, and her lullaby is for one purpose—to put the baby to sleep. In their sooth-

SONG OF THE INDIAN MOTHER

ing iteration these little songs seem always to be effectual, for rarely does an Indian baby cry long, and whether rocked upon the mother's back, or upon a cradle-board, or safe upon the father's arm, the little brown infant is soon dreaming beneath the tender monotony of the parent's voice.

One of the most primitive lullabies known to the writer is that of the Kwakiutl Indians of Vancouver Island, British Columbia. The Kwakiutls are a seafaring people, who live always within sound of the rhythm of waves. As the conch-shell holds within its curve the voice of the sea, so primitive man reflects in song the nature sounds of his environment. The Kwakiutl mother, crooning to her little one, but sings again the low-toned monotonous song of the waves; and the strange barbaric intervals of her lullaby call before the listener's imagination the life of early man alone with nature, in a primeval world whose only music is the song of wind and ocean.

THE cradle of the Indian baby is unlike that of the white child, for, as a general rule, it has no rockers, though there have been tribes whose cradles stood on curved runners which rocked the baby lengthwise, instead of from side to side. Indian cradles differ among different tribes, but almost all have one feature in common—they are portable and may be bound on the back of the mother, carried in her arms, stood up firmly against wall or cliff, or hung on the bough of a tree. Sometimes the cradle is woven of twigs and grasses, as a basket is woven; sometimes it is a pouch of tanned hide fastened on two narrow strips of wood, which make it straight and firm; often it is just a flat board on which the baby is bound. This board is matted soft, and sometimes the covering which forms the child's little nest is of solid bead embroidery, laced together in the middle with a buckskin thong; but the fashioning of the board and the manner of decoration vary greatly with the different tribes.

In olden times the Indian woman of the forests, when busy with her sewing awl, would tie cradle and baby on a branch above her, there to be gently rocked by the wind. We may fancy that the mother's song, floating upward, blended with the chirp of birds and the rustle of leaves, so that the tree itself seemed to join in lulling the swinging child to sleep.

The lullabies of the plains Indians have the sleep-impelling quality of the song of the bee in the sunshine. They are nature music, and seem to belong to the simple life of the plains people—to silent sweeps of prairie, to long hot afternoons and to the intimacy of the *tipi* fire. Yet through them all runs the note of human tenderness that makes a mother's song the same throughout the races. Penciled bars of

SONG OF THE INDIAN MOTHER

music can give but faint suggestion of the gentle voice, with its drowsy, caressing tone.

A Pawnee lullaby was taught to the present writer by Eagle-Chief, the head of the tribe, a man renowned for his strong and able leadership. Though past middle life he had wedded a young woman, a beautiful girl who had borne him a sturdy little son. "My boy will one day be chief," the father said, lifting the baby on his arm with pride, "he will wear the necklace of bear claws and the eagle feather and be wise with the wisdom of my fathers; he will know the secrets of bear, otter, and eagle." Then rocking the child to and fro he sang a lullaby, showing how the cradle-board should be held on the outstretched arms of the parent, and swayed from side to side and up and down in syncopated rhythm with the song. The cradle-board was decorated with designs eloquent of the religion of the Pawnees. These symbols, painted on the board above the head of the child, told that the little one was under the protection of divine forces, possibly of the Evening-Star herself, and of the Powers of the West. There are many protecting deities for the Indian baby.

The cradle-board is a vital feature in the life of the Indian baby. It is essential to the devoted relation of the mother to her child. For the Indian mother is not idle; the many-sided work of the household is hers, yet close to the busy hand must be the child, secure from fall or mishap, guarded by the watchful maternal eye. Then, too, in olden times, when his duties as hunter and warrior kept the husband abroad, to woman's lot fell all the labor of the fields. Indeed, in the thought of the Indians of the lakes and plains, the task of serving Mother-Earth and planting the life-giving Mother-Corn was held to belong by nature to woman, herself a mother of men. Say the Pawnees, "The mother is she who gives life and nourishes. Thus all women are mothers; for the woman who nurtures the infant nurtures the man as well; she cooks for him, bringing him food and life. Thus it was that in the olden time women had all the work of planting."

The Indian mother tells you that the binding of her baby on the board makes the little one grow straight, and when she loosens the child, she gently pulls the little arms and legs, and with firm motherly touch rubs all the little body, molding and manipulating the tender muscles. But it must not be imagined that the Indian baby is always carried in a cradle; often it rides "pickaback," looped for safety in the mother's blanket; or, as with the Colorado River Indians, it may be carried astride of the maternal hip, the mother grasping one little bare leg in front and the other behind.

The Yuma lullaby, though comprising only a few notes, is melo-

SONG OF THE INDIAN MOTHER

dious and graceful. It knows many variations—fond little nonsense syllables being added, linked into a refrain of “*loo-loo-loo-loo*,” sung with soft cooing voice. The melodies of these Southwestern Indians are tuneful and pretty as is the music of most people who live in a kindly climate and never feel the pinch of winter; on whom the sun smiles all the twelve months from a dazzling rainless sky.

Often have I watched the children of the Yuma boarding school at play. Off by the fence enclosing the school grounds a group of little girls would gather between school hours. Here they made their doll houses, building them of sticks, as the Yuma Indians build their huts of cottonwood poles, thatching them with twigs of sage and mesquite to imitate the thatch of arrowweed, and laying scraps of cloth within the houses as blankets for their miniature people to sleep on. The inmates of these dwellings were the most wonderful rag dolls, about six inches tall, fashioned with what seemed to me amazing cleverness and skill. The dolls were Indians, of course, with long black hair made of stocking raveling from the school sewing room, wet beneath the pump to make it duly straight. Here was the father with hanging locks and scarf about the waist; his white muslin face was sometimes graced with penciled features, but more often, not. The legs and arms were cleverly contrived of ravelings wound tight and close around a stuffing of rags. These dolls were as perfect in proportion as modeled figurines, and far more expressive in their quaint originality. Here too was the mother in flowing cloak and bright-colored calico gown; a little imagination readily recognizes that the loops of twisted white thread around her neck are necklaces of beads. And of course there was the baby, and the baby-board with canopy and covering cloth, complete in each detail. Each child made her own dolls, and I never tired of watching the deft brown fingers twisting and fashioning the most unpromising-looking scraps of cloth into human forms. So the children played in the desert sands and sunshine a play in which they were not actors; for the rag-doll pastime was a drama of human life as seen by Indian children, telling with unconscious eloquence of that which is dearest to the red man—the tie of home and family.

THE music of the Hopi adds to the charm of the villages its echo of the freedom of the desert. It is a world of song as unlike other music as the Hopi amid their surroundings are unlike other folk. The high development to which the Pueblo people have brought their music, and the originality of its character make it worthy indeed to be preserved by our nation. The archaic little lullaby of the Hopi is old beyond the memory of man, and seems the

SONG OF THE INDIAN MOTHER
· HOPI LULLABY ·

"PUWUCH TAWI"—SLEEP SONG

NOT TOO FAST—
 M.M. $\text{♩} = 52$ —

PU - VA, ————— PU - VA, ————— PU - VA,

PU - VA, ————— PU - VA, ————— PU - VA,

HO - HO - YA - WU
 IN THE TRAIL THE BEET ————— TLES

SHUH - PÖ PA - VE - E
 ON EACH O-THER'S BACKS ARE SLEEP ————— ING

NA - I - KWI - O KIANG - O
 SO ON MINE MY BA - BY, THOU —————

PU - VA, ————— PU - VA, ————— PU - VA,

PU - VA, ————— PU - VA, ————— PU - VA!

Reprinted from "The Indian's Book"—By permission of
 Harper and Brothers, Publishers—Copyright, 1907, by Natalie Curtis

SONG OF THE INDIAN MOTHER

voice of an ancient and primitive world. The melodic design is as strange in form and interval as the Hopi tracings on basket, plaque, and earthen jar. Like all the art of "The People of Peace," this cradle song belongs distinctively to the cliff-perched villages and to their own remote land—the land of the "Painted Desert."

The lullaby tells of the beetles carrying one another on their backs on the hot trail in the sunshine. The Hopi say that the beetles are blind, and so the mother with the baby on her back bids her child be blind in slumber, like the beetles. The listener will be haunted by the burthen of the little song, "*puva, puva*," ("sleep, sleep!") but to one who has lived in Hopi-land the strain holds the memory of the gentle mother, sitting in her stone doorway with the baby on her back, swaying to and fro, rocking the child to the drowsy sweep of the refrain.

Yet it would seem that there are times when even *puva* fails to lull the Hopi child; for among the multitude of Hopi songs is a little ballad that is sung by the mother to frighten children who, from sheer naughtiness, will lie awake and cry. The song warns the child that the owls are fixing their cross-eyed, yellow glare on the naughty little ones, and will come and eat them if they cry, but will spare good little children who go to sleep.

This quaint song, with its ominous hoot of the owl, was taught me by a little old grandmother, with a baby on her back. There was humor in her dramatic performance, and I can still hear the high quaver of her voice, and see the baby's head nodding over her shoulder. Close by stood a sweet young mother, with her child in her arms, smiling in quiet amusement; her baby and the grandmother's were both virtuously sleeping, so the owls had passed, I knew. I turned to the younger woman, whose name was "Butterfly of the Folded Wing," and said, "The Hopi children are good. I think the mothers do not often have to frighten them with the Owl Song?" The woman looked fondly down at her sleeping child and said, "No, not often. *My* baby never even heard that song."

To anyone who ever has been among the Hopi the spell of these little songs will bring before the mind many a picture of Hopi domestic life. One picture is of the Hopi mother climbing the trail with her heavy water jar on her back. Her child is with her even here, perched upon the jar, safe caught within the mother's binding shawl. Another is of the father just returned from his field, playing with his little one before the doorway. He holds his child high and dances it in the air to the rhythm of a *katcina* dance-song. Still another is of the patient mother grinding corn with her baby on her back, thus

AN INVOCATION

rocking the child to the rhythm of her own hard labor, singing as she grinds.

Hopi songs have the unique charm of the villagers themselves, and vividly reflect the Hopi people. When on a distant future day the desert wastes are green beneath the white man's irrigating rill, when towns and railroads shall have turned the arid wilderness into a field of progressive activity, the Pueblo villages will either be wholly transformed, or else a heap of crumbling ruins, and the ancient Hopi will have vanished with the nature world that was their own. But their song, caught on the white man's written page, may again call to life the spirit of a day when the silence of the desert was broken only by the wind, the rare thunder, and the voice of The People of Peace.

The songs, the customs, and the culture of the different Indian tribes differ as greatly as do the climate and conditions of life on this great continent. Yet there is a certain uniformity in Indian character typical of the race itself, a race pure in type, unmixed, as far as we know, with other races. If the Indian's sense of justice, his fortitude, and his religious spirit compel our respect, so his truth in human relations, his loyalty in friendship, and his devoted parenthood should win our sympathy.

AN INVOCATION

PEACE of the forest, rich, profound,
Gather me closely, fold me round!
Grant that the trivial care and strife,
The petty motive, the jarring sound,
Melt and merge in your lovelier life.
The myriad whispers of grass and pine,
The stir of wings on the quest divine,
I claim their music and make it mine;
Tender glooming of purple shade
Resting low in the ferny glade,
Softened gladness of amber light
Sifted down from a leafy height;
These my life for its own would take
And breathe in song for a sad heart's sake.
Peace of the forest, full, profound,
Shade and sunlight and mellow sound,
Gather me closely, fold me round!

—ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST: HOW ITS VIGOR AND RESOURCEFULNESS ARE AFFECTING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY: BY C. H. FORBES-LINDSAY

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—During the past summer Mr. C. H. Forbes-Lindsay made a tour of the country west of the Mississippi in the interest of THE CRAFTSMAN. For several weeks he accompanied Secretary Garfield on a journey of inspection and had exceptional opportunities for examining the inner workings of the various Government agencies for the development of the Western States. Most of Mr. Forbes-Lindsay's travel was off the beaten track. He came into intimate contact with the people and the conditions under which they live. He returned with a mass of interesting and valuable information which will be presented to the readers of THE CRAFTSMAN in a series of articles.]

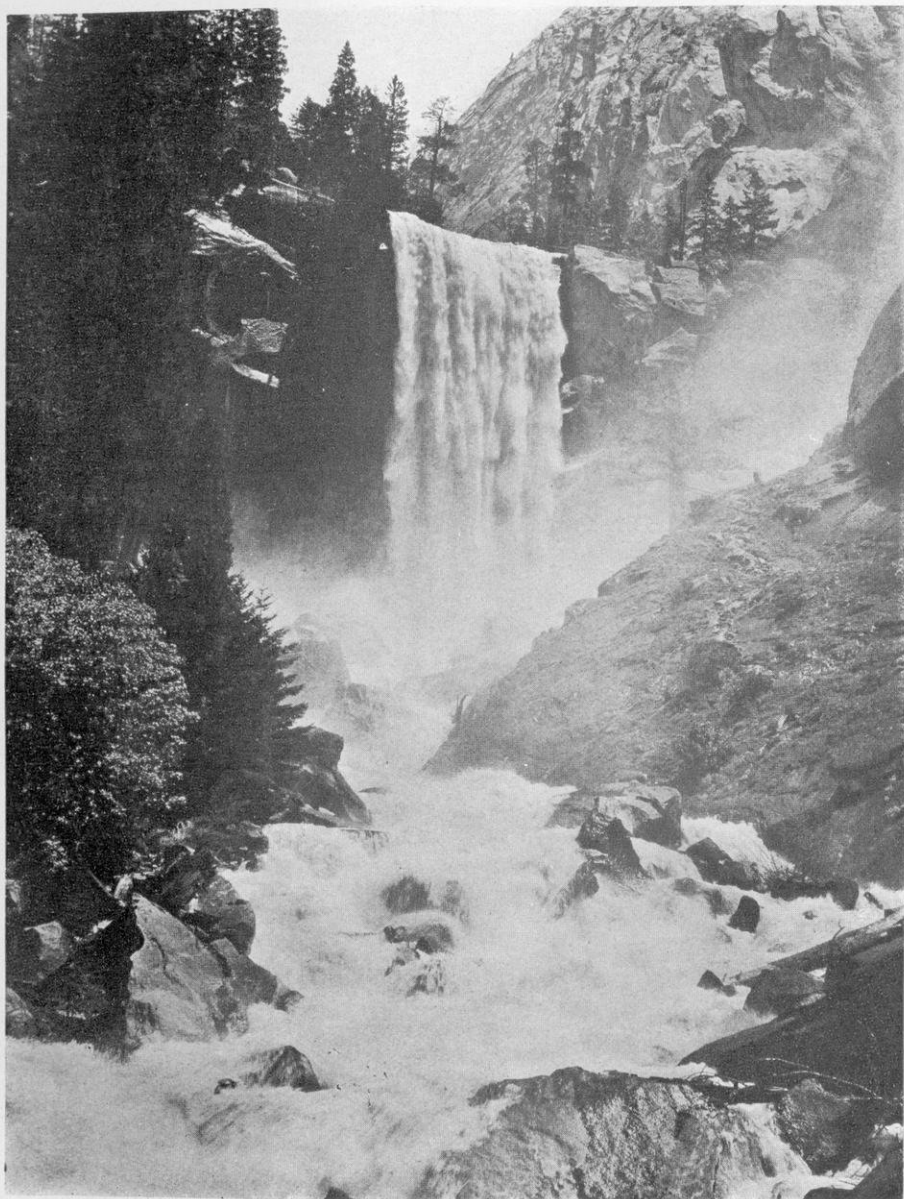


S A general thing, the Eastern man's ideas of the West are vague, fanciful and altogether inadequate. Take the great State of Montana, for example. The vastness of it can not be brought home to you until you cover eight hundred miles in crossing it. To the average Easterner it is merely a land of desert and mines. He has no idea that it contains large areas of land as fertile as any in the country and regions as picturesque as the famous places he crosses the ocean to visit. He knows nothing of the beauties of the Flathead Valley, nor the grandeur of the St. Mary's Lake region. He thinks of the delightful climate of Montana as oppressive in summer and cruelly cold in winter. It amazes him to learn that in the Yellowstone Valley they frequently sleep under blankets in July and plow their fields in February.

Your New Yorker, or Bostonian, is equally ignorant of the true character of the population beyond the Great Divide. He looks upon the Westerner as a crude, uncouth person—something of a farmer, perhaps, but hopelessly deficient in the intellectual qualities on account of which the East takes pride to itself. Intercourse with the people who are unostentatiously working out some of our most vital problems quickly and completely dissipates this illusion.

Nor has the average Easterner any adequate conception of the wonderful development and the striking changes that are taking place in the territory which he still describes as "wild and woolly." I recently met in Oregon a man who, in the Wall Street district where his chief interests are centered, is accounted exceptionally well-informed. Although he has carried a tolerably large investment in Oregon fruit lands for five years, he was visiting the West for the first time in his life. With an amusing mixture of chagrin and satisfaction, he confessed that he had known no more about the actual conditions of the country in which his property lies than if it had been in the Fiji Islands. The reality amazed him and fired his enthusiasm.

"It's God's country," he cried, with earnest conviction. "There



VERNAL FALLS, YOSEMITE
VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.



THE LATTER-DAY FARMER COMBINES
CULTIVATION WITH STOCKRAISING.



SHEEP ON A SUMMER RANGE,
THAT ARE HOME-FED IN WINTER.



L. B. PERRINE'S RANCH IN THE
CANYON OF THE SNAKE RIVER.



THE GREAT IRRIGATION WORK OF THE FEDERAL AND STATE GOVERNMENTS IS MAKING OASES IN FORMER DESERT SPOTS.

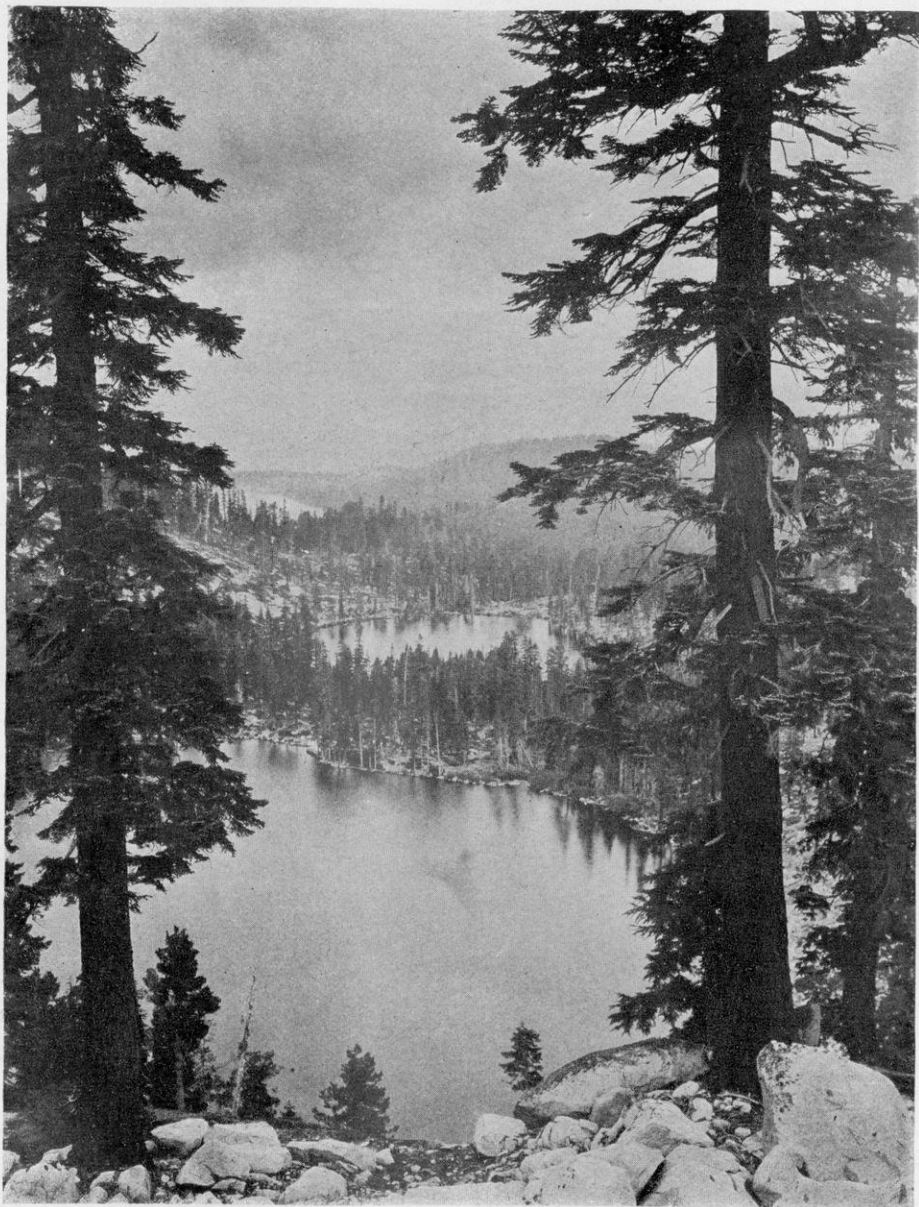


PARMA, IDAHO, ONE OF THE MANY TOWNS THAT HAVE ATTAINED A LUSTY GROWTH IN A FEW YEARS.

THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE IS NEVER ABSENT FROM THE INFANT SETTLEMENT.



THE HAYSTACKS ARE TYPICAL OF THE BIG WAY
IN WHICH THEY DO THINGS IN THE WEST.
IN THE HOPFIELD, THE LABORERS ARE NO LESS
VIGOROUS AND HEALTHY THAN THE PRODUCT.



LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA: THE WEST
ABOUNDS IN SCENERY AS FINE AS ANY
OUR TOURISTS FIND ABROAD.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

is no better in the world. It beats gold mines all to pieces." Then, after a reflective pause, "I tell you, sir, the future of America lies in this Western country. It has the resources and it has the people and they are getting there with both feet. I have been wondering what I would do with my boys. I know now. I shall send them out here and if they can't make good, there's nothing in them."

THE Old West—the romantic land of our childhood—is fast giving place to a country quite unlike it and the change embraces the people not less than the place. The face of the land is undergoing a transformation. The great ranches and vast ranges are rapidly disappearing under the ever growing demand for homes and intensive cultivation. Improvement is pervading all methods of agriculture. The acre is forced to its maximum yield. A handful of land—the portion formerly allotted to a steer—now supports a family. In the Bitter Root Valley I came across a man who from five acres of fruit trees nets fifteen hundred dollars a year, besides supplying his own table liberally. He was for many years a railroad conductor, following a monotonous and hazardous vocation. He now occupies a pretty and comfortable home in one of the most lovely districts to be found in the United States. His life is healthful and pleasurable and his labor brings profitable return with constantly improving prospect. This is in no respect an exceptional case. The New West offers similar opportunities in a thousand localities.

The great irrigation works of the Federal and States governments and private corporations are making frequent oases in the recently fearsome and repellent area we call The Great American Desert. The new communities springing up here are the most enterprising and energetic in our land. They are planning for the future on broad, liberal lines—building for other generations with an optimistic confidence that more than half commands success.

Twin Falls, Idaho, affords a typical illustration of the latter-day Western settlement. Four years ago its site was covered with sage brush and no human habitation stood within miles of it. Today it has a rapidly increasing population of five thousand and all the utilities and conveniences of a modern town. This growth is not to be confused with that of the old-time mining camp or "boom town." Twin Falls—which, bear in mind, is representative—has business blocks of brick and stone. Its streets are broad, traversed by trolley cars and lit by electricity. Its residences are similar to those in the suburbs of New York or Philadelphia. The West as a whole has not yet begun to apply its originality to its architecture. The Westerner, contrary to our habit, spends the greater part of his

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

time out of doors and gives less thought to his dwelling than he does to his land. Indeed, his barn is apt to be a more pretentious structure than his house. The time is fast approaching, however, when the free, generous, independent spirit of the West will be reflected in the home buildings of its people. These will be spacious, well-lighted and original in design, responding to the taste and convenience of the individual owner. The people of our trans-Mississippi territory are still in the pioneer stage of evolution. As they advance toward the completion of the conquest of the soil they will turn their attention more closely to matters of creature comfort.

The free and unrestricted range is a thing of yesterday, doomed to extinction by the spread of irrigation and intelligent "dry farming." Where one hundred head of cattle sustained a precarious existence, five hundred souls can now derive a comfortable living from the land. Nevertheless, the cattle and sheep industries are expanding. About fifteen years ago, an old fellow named Grenier abandoned his accustomed range in the Yellowstone Valley, declaring that, with the extension of settlement, it was no longer possible for him to find pasture for fifteen thousand head of sheep. At the same time he predicted the early extinction of the sheep and cattle industries.

Today, one hundred and fifty thousand sheep, besides large herds of steers, are raised upon a portion of the range which old Grenier found insufficient for his paltry flocks. But now the sheep and cattle depend for food, in the main, upon the alfalfa fields of the neighboring country. With forage fed stock the industry has been revolutionized and the new method of cattle raising is exerting a wide influence over agriculture. The small farmer is learning that it is more profitable to feed his crop to a few head of steers than it is to haul it to market.

Every resource of the wonderfully rich country is being turned to account. Power is generated from a thousand streams. Steam and electricity are at work over all the land, tilling the farmer's fields, reaping his crops and lighting his house. The trolley car traverses the rural districts and the famous old Deadwood Coach has been replaced by an automobile.

A WONDERFUL enhancement in the values of land has taken place throughout the West during the past twenty-five years. Large areas that were then considered worthless are now held at upwards of one hundred dollars an acre. The advance is by no means due entirely to the advantages derived from irrigation. Improved methods of cultivation, increased knowledge of conditions and expansion of markets play important parts in the improvement.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

In the valley of the Snake River I saw land that is valued at five hundred dollars an acre but which, less than a decade ago, was purchased for twenty-five. Near Billings, Montana, is a house whose owner deeded one hundred and sixty acres to an artisan in payment for putting a shingle roof upon it. This was about twenty years ago and the remuneration was not considered excessive, but today the price of that roof represents twenty thousand dollars.

Even "dry" lands are selling for one hundred dollars an acre in many localities. Recently, farming without irrigation has received a great impetus in the semi-arid States. The introduction of more scientific methods than before has invested it with a new promise, but it is still in an experimental stage and the experience of the past few years of unusual rainfall should not be accepted as an assurance of similar conditions in the future.

I met a shrewd German who had just sold his tract of "dry" land at a good figure and was about to purchase forty acres "under a ditch."

"What made you sell?" I asked. "You have had three years of remarkably good dry farming."

"That's joost why," he replied, with a wink, "the man what buy, may be he not haf such goot time, eh?"

At best, the "dry" farmer can only hope for a fair *average* of profitable years and my friend shrewdly suspected that his exceptional good fortune presaged a run of lean seasons for his successor.

NOT less marked than the transformation of the land is the change in its inhabitants. The types with which the pictures of Russell and Remington deal are now represented by a few scattered individuals.

The picturesque cowpuncher has developed into a prosaic and orderly cattle drover. The playful exhibition of his good-natured exuberance is no longer countenanced. Within a few weeks one of his number was sentenced to thirty days imprisonment for merely *drawing* a revolver in a Wyoming town, and another, in Buford, North Dakota, was mulcted eight dollars for riding his broncho on the sidewalk.

The enterprising cattle lifter of yesterday has gone out of business and Jackson Hole, the last resort of the "bad man," is marked for the site of a reservoir. One occasionally hears of a "rustler" nowadays, but he is a mean-spirited creature of the sneak thief order whose designs are generally limited to the acquisition of a single horse or half a dozen head of cattle. He is apt to be a "breed" or

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

a stranded miner and is no kin to the dashing freebooter who formerly levied generous tribute on the stockmen's herds.

The blanket Indian is sufficiently rare to attract the attention of natives. He has become a landholder or, perhaps, a landlord, living at ease upon the income from his rents. The tepee is giving place to the cabin and the farmhouse. The reservations are being rapidly thrown open to settlers and their former possessors have entered upon the process of becoming merged into the general population.

Save for his broad-brimmed, conical hat, the Westerner is much like the American of Maine or Michigan in dress—but there the resemblance ceases. The men of the trans-Mississippi region are loose-jointed, lean and wiry, keenly alert and always on edge. The fat man and the bald are rarely found among them.

The most pronounced characteristics of the Western man are his resourcefulness, independence, optimism and public spirit. His processes are strikingly direct. In the canyon of the Snake River is one of the finest fruit ranches in the world. When H. L. Perrine took up the land, he had to lower his wagons and horses to the bottom at the end of ropes. Having located, he proceeded to dig a way out by making a cart road along the face of the precipice, incidentally passing under a waterfall on the way.

The Westerner has little respect for precedent and no dependence upon it. The fact that a thing has never been done is to him sufficient incentive to attempt it. He has learned that, with the marvelous resources of his country at command, nothing is impossible.

IN THE West the individual is doing work that counts and can be calculated in its results. He sees his own fortunes measurably improve and also the general welfare of the community under his efforts. Besides this stimulus, he has the everlasting inspiration of his broad plains, his beautiful valleys, his snow-capped mountains and his clear skies. And these influences are sharply reflected in his character. His mind moves along broad lines and his speech is laden with superlatives. He lives in the best locality of the finest county of the greatest State in the grandest country in the world.

The marvelous growth and prosperity of the West are largely due to the public spirit and liberality of its people. They are ever ready to answer calls upon their purses or energies. About two months ago a proposition for the creation of a polytechnic institute was presented to the leading citizens of Billings, Montana. Fifty thousand dollars was subscribed in an hour and at present the fund amounts to two hundred thousand.

SOMETIME

There is a subtle something that takes hold of you as soon as you pass the Rockies, and begins to work a change in your being. Spend a few weeks in the West—not running about on the railroad, but riding or driving over the country-side. Very soon you will find yourself falling under the spell of the spirit of the West. You will insensibly drop into the habits and the mental attitude of the people. This compelling force—or combination of influences—affects all alike, so that, although the population is made up from many foreign races and a variety of native Americans, a distinct type, with pronouncedly peculiar characteristics, prevails.

These are the people and this the country upon which the future prosperity of our America must largely depend. Here, coming millions of our population must find homes. To the West, future generations must look for the new wealth and the new brain and muscle that shall enable us to hold our preëminent place among the nations.

SOMETIME

SOMETIME the spring will come with softer green
Than ever dared to touch the world before;
Sometime the Guest my soul has never seen
Will pass the threshold of my waiting door.

Sometime the passion of my book of song
Will face me in the eyes of Destiny;
Sometime the Question I have asked so long
Of the slow stars, will turn and answer me.

A sail that tosses on the sea of dreams
Sometime will rest in the wide port of waking;
Sometime the Weaver that now idle seems
Will show some splendid fabric of her making.

There lies a light upon the peaks of faith
That makes my heart beat faster as I climb;
While wistfully before me floats a wraith—
The Presence that will walk with me sometime.

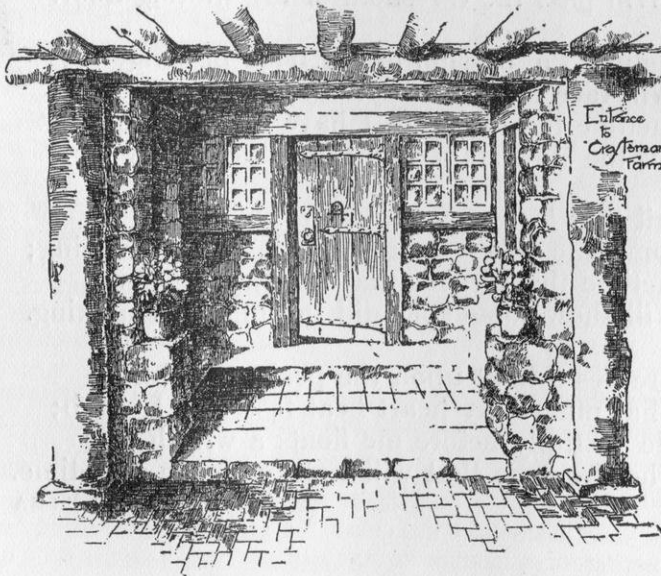
—ELSA BARKER.



THE CRAFTSMAN'S HOUSE: A PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF ALL THE THEORIES OF HOME BUILDING ADVOCATED IN THIS MAGAZINE: BY THE EDITOR

I have always held the conviction that the first essential requisite for the development of a characteristic national style of architecture lies in the straightforward planning of a building to meet the need for which it is intended and to harmonize with the surroundings in which it is to be placed. This doctrine I have advocated in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for some years now and have emphasized and illustrated it with a number of designs of dwelling-houses intended to be suggestive of a style of building which should not only meet these requirements but should also give the maximum of space and convenience

for carrying on the family life within the limits of a moderate sized dwelling. I have also held that beauty in the home is not necessarily the result of pretentious architecture or elaborate furnishing, but should rather be a quality that belongs naturally to the simplest dwelling or the plainest article intended for daily use, and that, therefore, it is as much within the



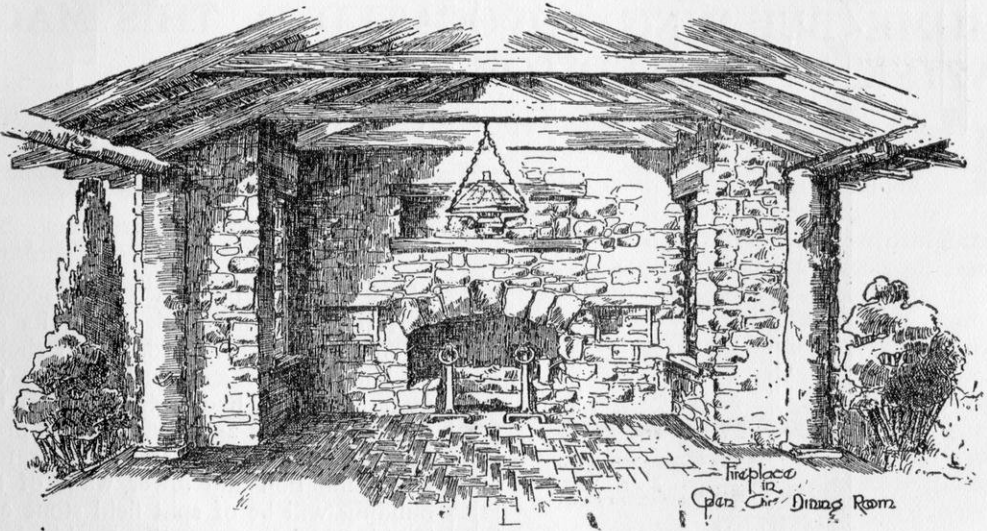
reach of the man who has but little money to spend as it is within the reach of the millionaire who can command the resources of the world.

All these things I have suggested to the readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN* as clearly as I have been able from a more or less theo-

THE CRAFTSMAN'S HOUSE

retical point of view, but now it is in my power to give them a much more definite idea of what I mean, because for the first time I am applying to my own house, and working out in practical detail, all the theories which so far I have applied only to the houses of other people. For this reason I am publishing the perspective drawings, floor plans and details of construction of the house I am building at "Craftsman Farms," an estate I have recently purchased near Morris Plains, New Jersey, upon which I purpose to make my home and where I am preparing to estab-

no creative work that is so absorbingly delightful as this creation of a home to live in for the rest of one's life. I have always felt that this must be so and have said and written it many times, but now the realization of the truth of it comes home to me with a force that is entirely new, for this is the first house I have ever built for my own use, from the ground up to the last detail of the completed structure. So I give it as an object lesson and a suggestion to others who may find in it some incentive to devote as much thought and care to the building of their own



lish a school for the definite working out of the theory I have so long held of reviving practical and profitable handicrafts in connection with small farming carried on by modern methods of intensive agriculture.

I will not deny that I thoroughly enjoy telling my readers about this practical experiment I am making in the building of my own house. I never before realized how much pleasure was to be found in the building of a dwelling that as completely expressed one's own taste and individuality as the painting of a picture or the writing of a book. In fact, I can think of

homes instead of setting aside a specified sum and entrusting the whole pleasant task to an architect or builder, and so depriving themselves of the interest of sharing with him the work of evolving that which is as personal a possession as one's children or one's friends.

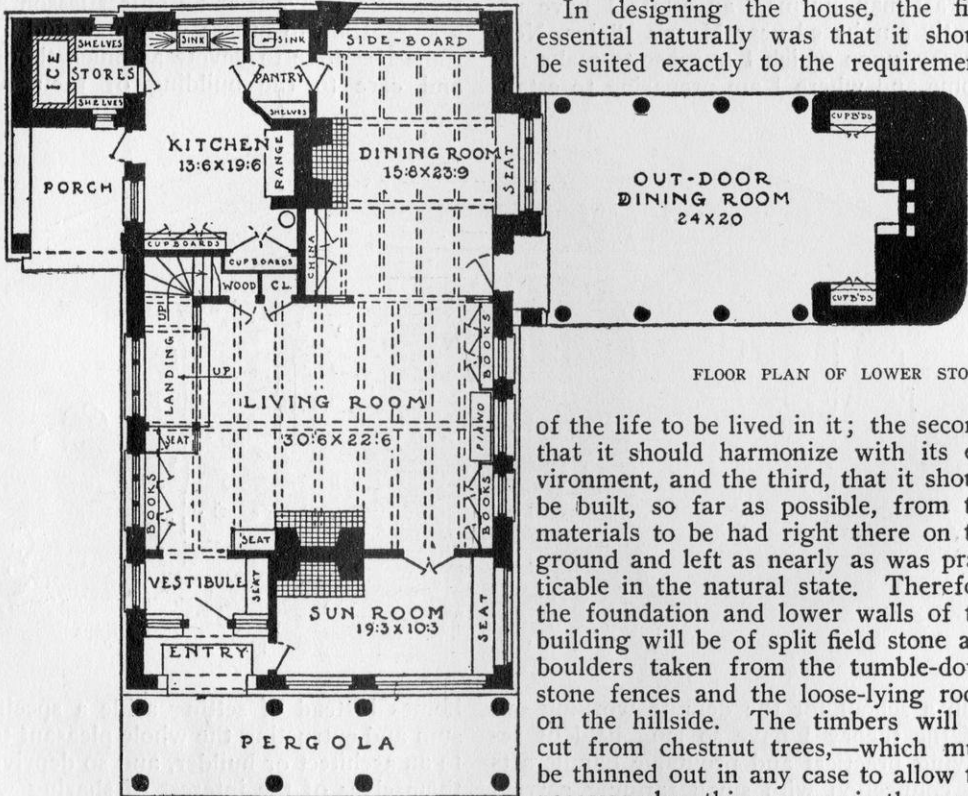
To begin with, the estate of Craftsman Farms was apparently planned by nature for just the use to which I intend to put it. It has heavily wooded hills, little wandering brooks, low-lying meadows and plenty of garden and orchard land, and the site of my own house is on a natural terrace or plateau half way up the highest hill. The

THE CRAFTSMAN'S HOUSE

building will face toward the south, overlooking the partially cleared hillside which runs down to the orchard and meadows at the foot, and which needs very little cultivation to develop it into a beautiful sloping greensward with here and there a clump of trees or a mass of shrubbery. Beyond this and over the tops of the low-lying hills around one looks straight out to the line

like before one stone is laid upon another or one bit of underbrush is cleared away, for the combination of sheltering hills and woods with the sheltered swale or meadowland gives most interesting variety in the immediate surroundings, while the view of the whole country from the hilltop and through the gaps in the surrounding hills does away with any sense of being shut in

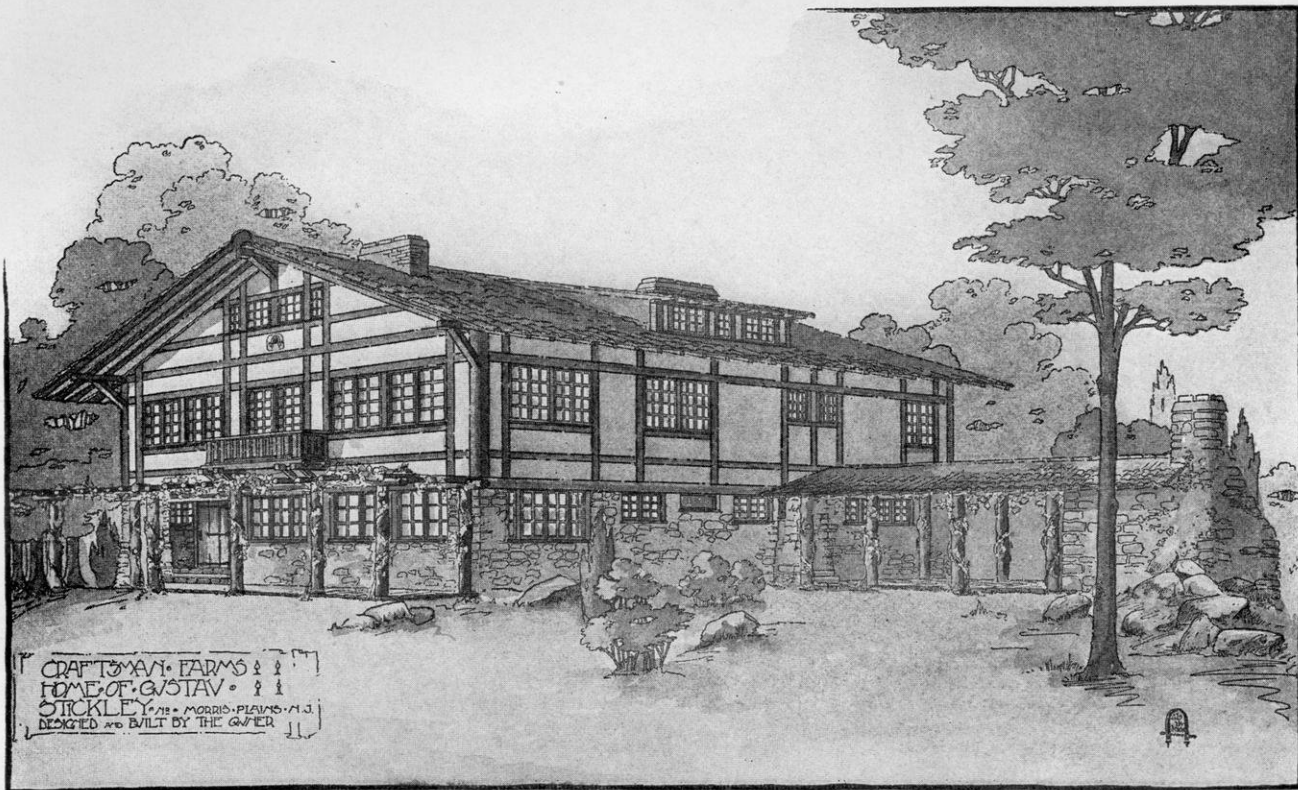
In designing the house, the first essential naturally was that it should be suited exactly to the requirements



of the Orange Mountains in the misty blue distance. Back of the house the thick woods, which will remain almost untouched, cover the hill to the summit. The picturesque possibilities of the place are so great that it is a marvel that they have never been seen or developed, especially as this part of Jersey is the home of beautiful country places. There is a friendliness about the natural conformation of the land that makes it seem home-

of the life to be lived in it; the second, that it should harmonize with its environment, and the third, that it should be built, so far as possible, from the materials to be had right there on the ground and left as nearly as was practicable in the natural state. Therefore the foundation and lower walls of the building will be of split field stone and boulders taken from the tumble-down stone fences and the loose-lying rocks on the hillside. The timbers will be cut from chestnut trees,—which must be thinned out in any case to allow the necessary breathing spaces in the woodland,—and the lines, proportions and color of the building are designed with a special view to the contour of the ground upon which it stands and the background of trees which rises behind it.

The hillside site, affording, as it does, well-nigh perfect drainage, makes it possible for me to put into effect a favorite theory of mine,—that a house should be built without a cellar and should as nearly as possible rest directly upon the ground,

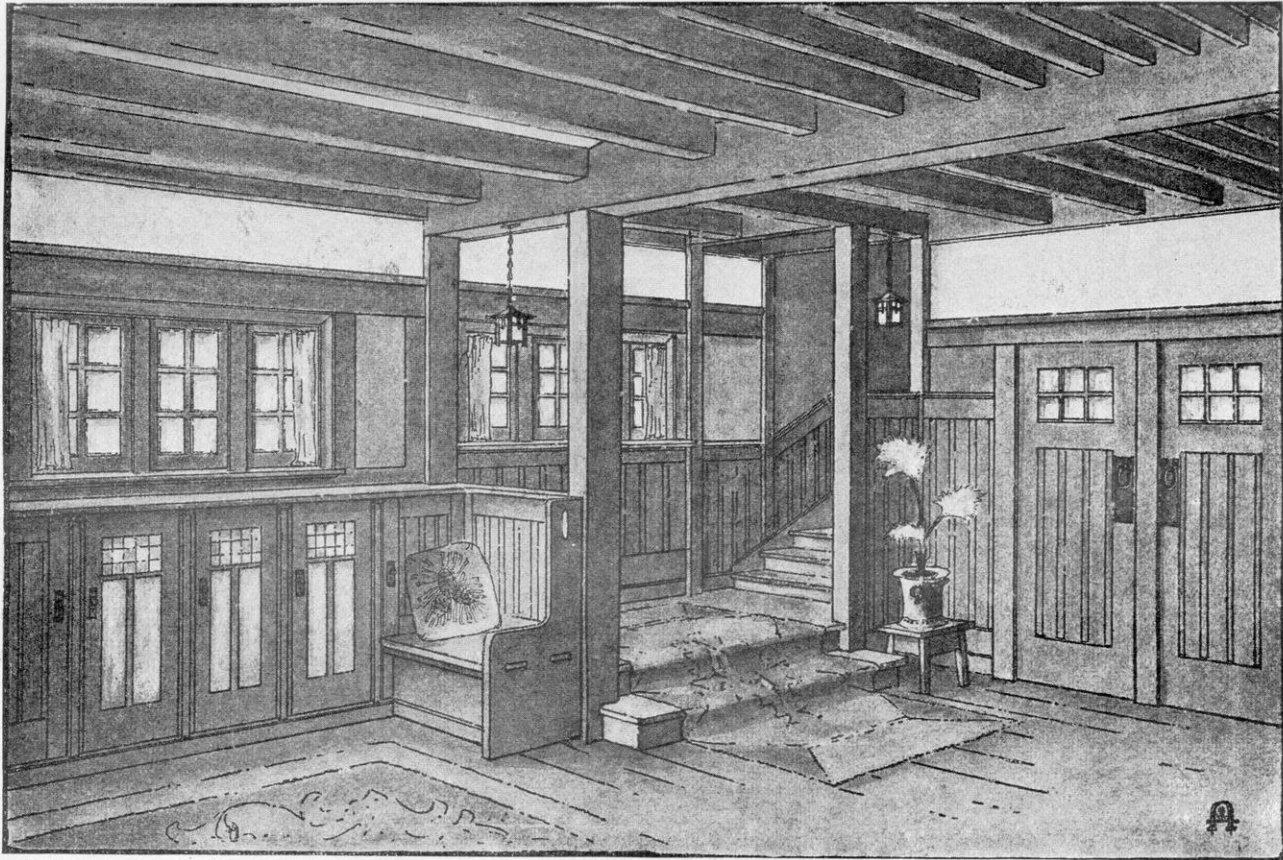


CRAFTSMAN FARMS & I
HOME OF GUSTAV & I
STICKLEY 1913 - MORRIS PLAINS N.J.
DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THE QUER

FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS, SHOWING THE TWO PERGOLAS AND THE OUTDOOR FIREPLACE FOR CAMP COOKING.

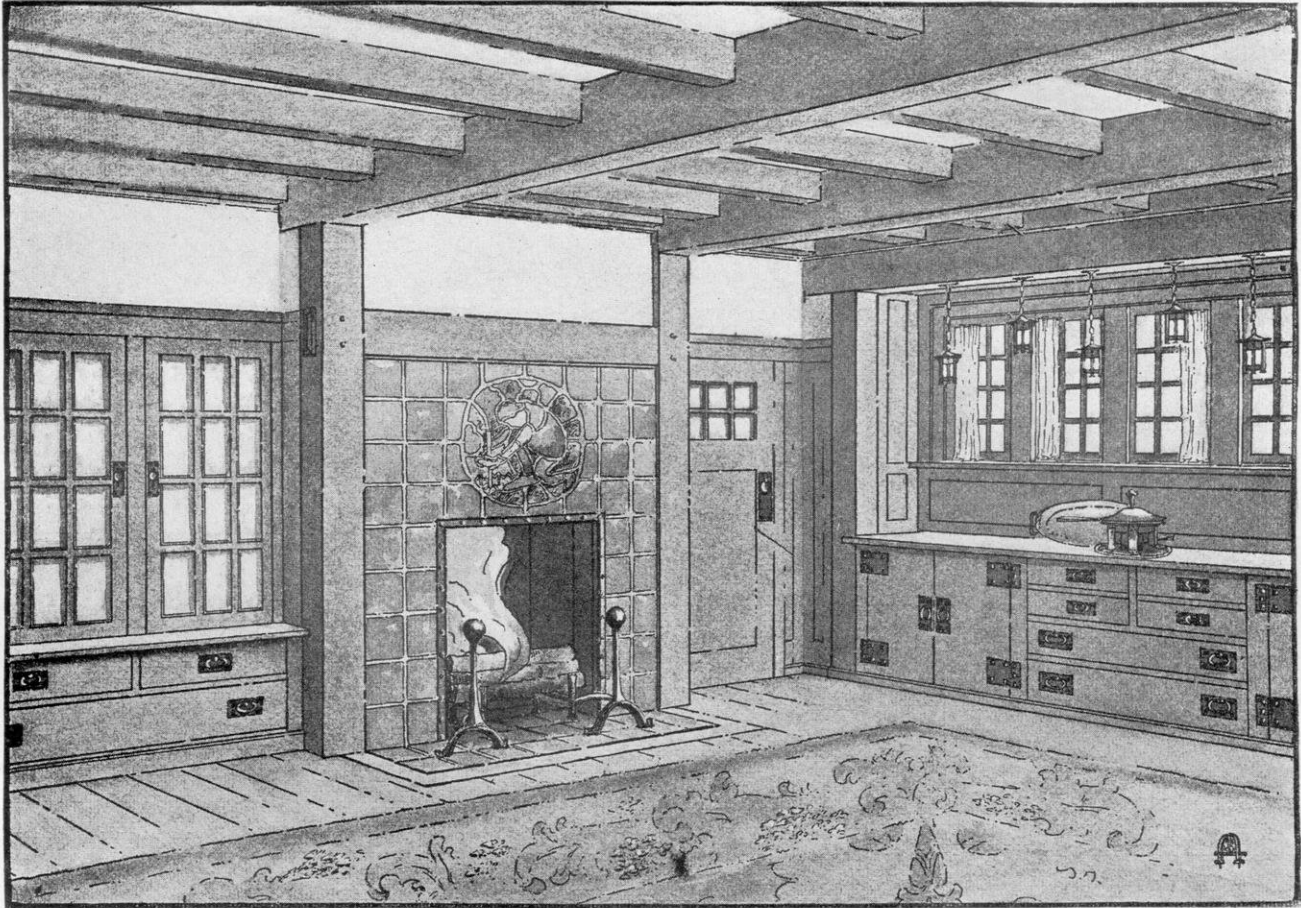


REAR VIEW OF THE HOUSE, SHOWING SLEEPING PORCH AND BALCONIES.



Designed by Gustav Stickley

A CORNER OF THE LIVING ROOM, SHOWING STAIRCASE AND THE DECORATIVE USE OF STRUCTURAL FEATURES.



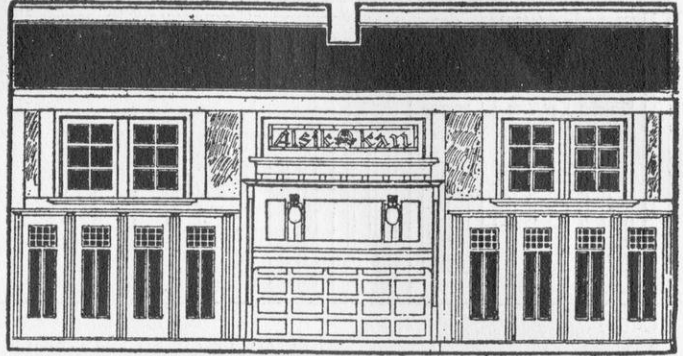
Designed by Gustav Stickley

CORNER OF THE DINING ROOM. SHOWING
FIREPLACE AND BUILT-IN SIDEBOARD.

THE CRAFTSMAN'S HOUSE

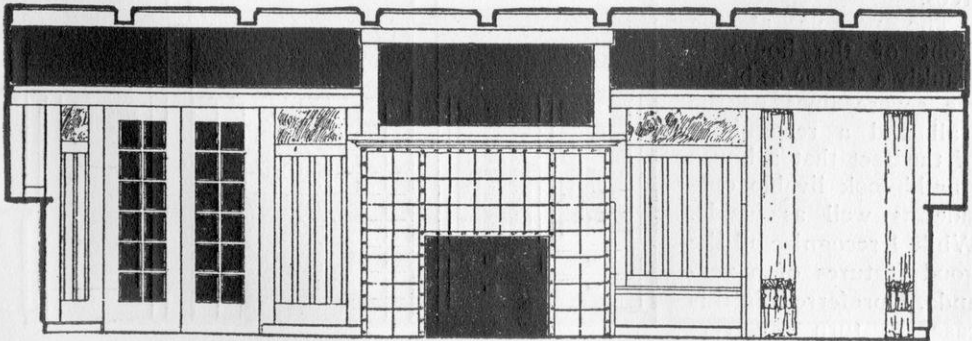
with no visible foundation to separate it from the soil and turf, in which it should almost appear to have taken root. How this is to be done will be explained later in the details of the construction, but, for the present, it is sufficient to say that the house will be absolutely protected against dampness and that all the ordinary uses of the cellar will be provided for in another way. That is, the heating plant and laundry will be placed in a separate building not far away and the stone storage vaults for vegetables and the like will be sunk into the side of the hill. I have never liked the idea of a cellar and I know of no one who really enjoys going down cellar for anything. Therefore, it seemed to me that the cellar might as well be eliminated from the general scheme of the house and its uses provided for in a pleasanter and more convenient way.

So the stone walls of the first story rise directly from the ground and their connection with the soil is emphasized by the fact that no effort has been made to give the appearance of a grade line, the ground being allowed to preserve its natural contour around the walls. The upper walls are of plaster and half-timber construction.



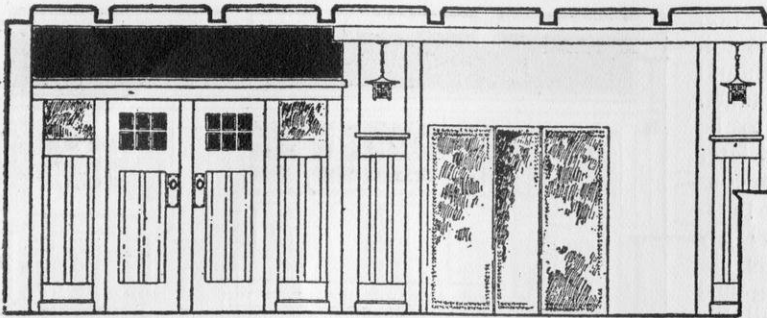
DETAIL OF LIVING ROOM SHOWING PIANO, PICTURE WINDOW AND BOOKCASES.

The plaster is given a rough, pebble-dash finish and a tone of dull brownish green, brushed off afterward so that the color effect varies with the irregularity of the surface. In each one of the large panels, picture tiles will be set, symbolizing the different farm and village industries;—for example, one will show the blacksmith at his forge, another a woman spinning flax, others will depict the sower, the plowman and such typical figures of farm life. These tiles will be very dull and rough in finish, colored with dark reds, greens, blues, dull yellows and other colors that harmonize with the tints of wood and rocks. The figures will be simply done, so that the effect is impressionistic rather than definite.



DETAIL OF LIVING ROOM SHOWING FIREPLACE, DOORS INTO SUN ROOM AND ENTRANCE TO VESTIBULE.

THE CRAFTSMAN'S HOUSE



DETAIL OF LIVING ROOM SHOWING PANELING AND ENTRANCE TO DINING ROOM.

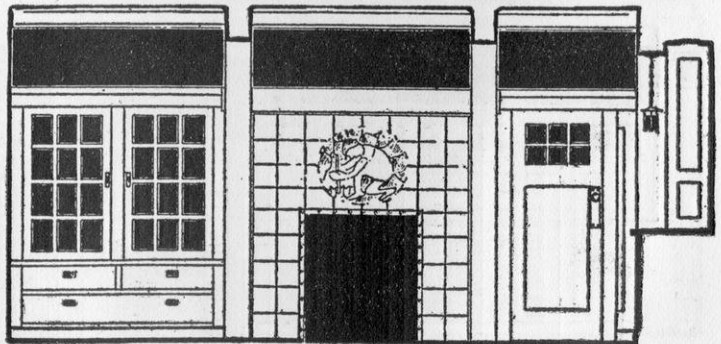
The timbers are not applied to the outside of the house for the purpose of ornamentation but are a part of the actual construction, which is thus frankly revealed. They are chestnut logs, squared on three sides and with the face left rounded in the natural shape of the tree, hewn a little here and there to keep the lines from being exaggerated in their unevenness. The bark is removed from these timbers, but they are stained back to a grayish brown tone that, from a little distance, gives the effect of bark having been left on. The lines of the roof are low and broad, with an overhang of four feet on the ends and three feet at the sides, giving the impression almost of wide sheltering wings. It is covered with dark red tiles, which make perhaps the most effective of all roofs against a background of trees.

The pergola at the front of the house is frankly a device to break the severe lines of the wall and a recognition of the fact that a house should look livable outside as well as inside. While I recognize all the good features of a veranda, I preferred, in this case, to turn my verandas into upper and lower sun rooms, which

occupy the whole front of the house, and to put only a vine-covered pergola outside, which would afford the necessary shade in summer and admit the winter's sun when shade is not needed. The timbers of this pergola are peeled cedar logs, left in their natural shape and color, and the floor,

which is almost on a level with the ground, is of dull red vitrified brick laid in the herring-bone pattern. The floor of the recessed entrance and also the step leading into this entrance and the second step from it into the vestibule, are all of the same kind of brick.

The second pergola, which extends at right angles from the side of the house, is not a part of the construction proper, but is merely the expression of an individual fancy for an outdoor dining room and a sort of camp cooking place. This pergola, like the one in front, has the floor of vitrified brick and the construction of cedar logs, but, instead of the vine-covered timbers overhead, it has a wide-eaved roof of tiles like the main roof. At the end is built an outdoor fireplace and chimney.

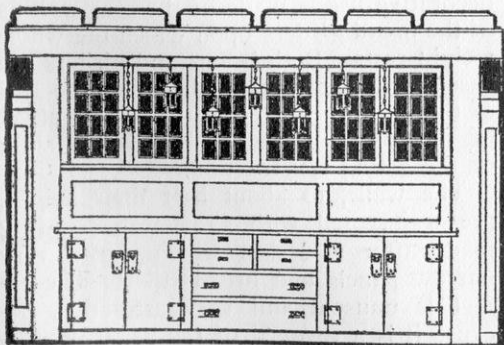


DETAIL OF DINING ROOM SHOWING FIREPLACE AND CHINA CLOSET.

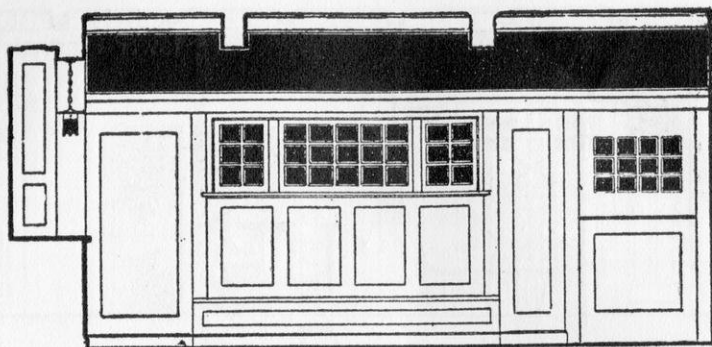
THE CRAFTSMAN'S HOUSE

From the outside, this chimney, especially at the bottom, gives almost the effect of a loose heap of stones rising from the side of the hill, but in the upper part and on the inside the boulders are carefully split and laid with wide joints in cement mortar, so that the lines are preserved. This is the case with all the stone construction used about the house, as the surfaces of the split boulders not only allow more definite lines, but also show the great variety of colors found in these stones, which colors are entirely lost when cobbles are used.

Looking from the pergola, the fireplace is seen to be recessed in such a way that it forms a little three-sided room, the sides of which are taken up by cupboards intended to hold provisions and cooking utensils, and the whole end of which is given to the large fireplace, flanked on either side by an oven built into the chimney. One of these ovens is intended for baking bread and the other for roasting meats and the like. The fireplace itself is fitted with hobs, a crane and a contrivance for broiling and general cooking such as



DETAIL OF DINING ROOM SHOWING BUILT-IN SIDEBOARD AND WINDOWS.



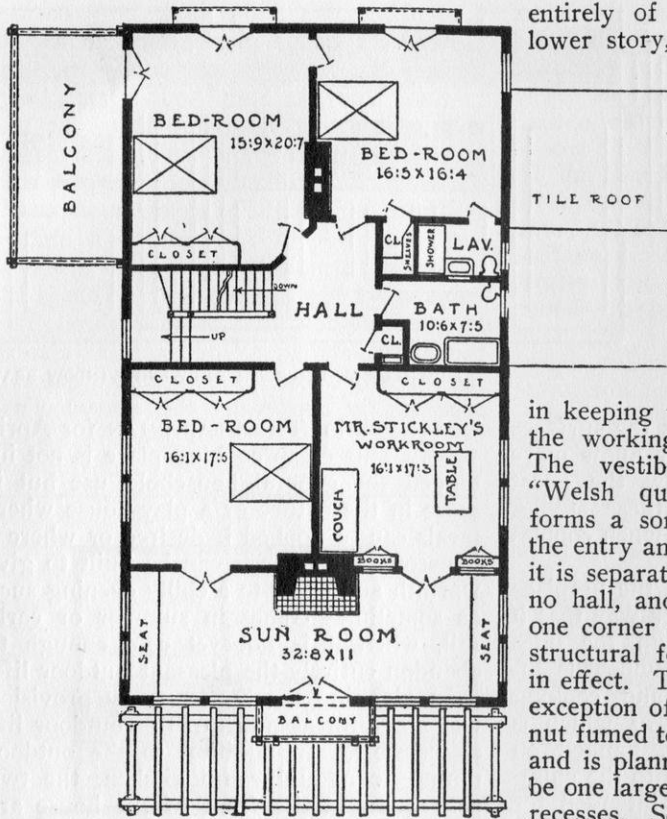
DETAIL OF DINING ROOM SHOWING WINDOW SEAT.

was shown in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for April, 1908. This camp cooking place is not intended for general household use but is more in the nature of a play-house where meals can be cooked if desired or where a generous fire of logs can be built to give warmth and cheer to a chilly evening such as sometimes comes in summer or early fall, when it is not yet cold enough to abandon entirely the pleasant outdoor life.

In planning the house, every provision was made for as much of this outdoor life as possible. In addition to the outdoor dining room and camp kitchen, the two sun rooms at the front of the house are made so that all the glass can be removed in summer time and the whole place thrown open to the outer air. This is practicable because the house faces to the south and most storms come from the other direction, so that the shelter of the wide eaves is sufficient. At the back of the house is a large balcony, which can either be left open to the sun or covered with a canvas awning for use as an outdoor sleeping place in summer. The smaller balconies, which are not over two feet in width, are just outside the bedrooms, and the latter open upon them through long French windows, making them seem almost like nooks in the rooms, by means of which they are directly connected with out-of-doors.

The sun rooms, upper and lower, have the sunshine all day long, as they look

THE CRAFTSMAN'S HOUSE



FLOOR PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

directly toward the south and both sides are free from shade. Each of these enclosed verandas is provided with a big fireplace built of stone like the outer walls, and both are floored with dull red "Welsh quarries" laid with wide black joints. The lower sun room is practically a part of the living room, which opens into it, and the upper one is used both as an outdoor sleeping place and for a workroom. Both sun rooms also will serve as conservatories, although the plants will never be permitted to interfere with the regular business of life and work. The built-in seats serve to cover the heater pipes, which aid the fireplaces in keeping these outdoor rooms habitable in winter.

The recessed entrance, which is built

entirely of stone like the walls of the lower story, leads directly into the vestibule. I have placed a high casement window on either side of the front door, and have made of the latter a decorative feature of which I am not a little proud. A glance at the detailed drawing will explain its construction of this door out of three wide boards, the use of the large strap hinges which give it a primitive character that is

in keeping with the stone around it, and the working in of the Craftsman crest. The vestibule, which is floored with "Welsh quarries" like the sun room, forms a sort of connecting link between the entry and the living room, from which it is separated only by curtains. There is no hall, and the staircase leads up from one corner of the living room, forming a structural feature that is very decorative in effect. The whole lower floor, with the exception of the kitchen, is done in chestnut fumed to a soft, mellow tone of brown, and is planned so that it seems almost to be one large room having many nooks and recesses. So open is the arrangement that one standing in the sun room can look straight through the house into the woodland at the back. The overhead beams actually support the floor above and a decorative use is made of them as well as of the broad girders upon which the whole weight rests. Both beams and girders are cased with chestnut finished like the rest of the woodwork, so that there is no effect of roughness or crudity in this revealing of the actual construction.

The walls, to about half their height, are wainscoted with Craftsman paneling made after a design which shows very narrow panels and broad stiles. The effect is unusual and very attractive, because it is a reversal of the usual proportions, and also because of the shallowness of the stiles, which project less than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch above the panels,—a structural device

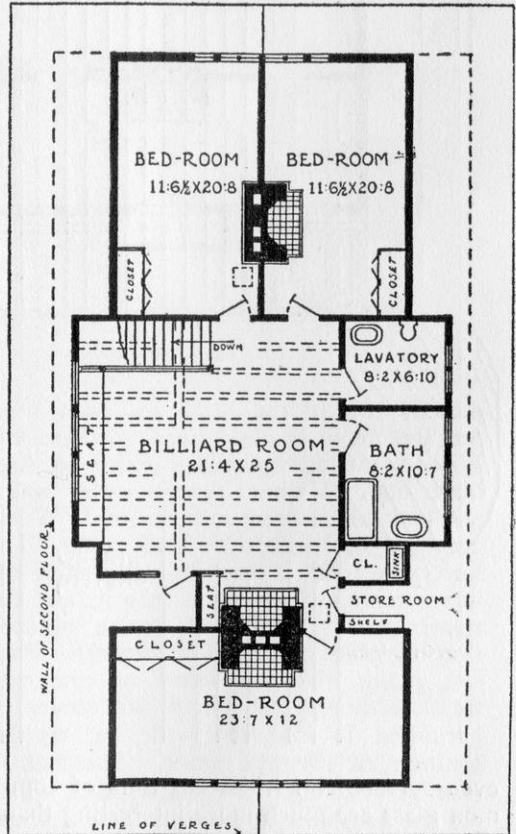
THE CRAFTSMAN'S HOUSE

that gives a subtle and delicate variation of surface. Above this wainscoting are the several groups of casement windows, set high in the wall, and between these windows are panels of leather in a tone of brown that harmonizes with the woodwork. These leather panels will all be used as the groundwork of impressionistic paintings symbolizing the life of the home and the farm, but that is a decorative feature that will grow, piece by piece, almost of itself as time goes on and the house becomes ripe from years.

At first sight of the perspective drawings, which give none of the mellow coloring that prevails throughout the house, there might seem to be an excessive use of wood, but this impression is done away with by the glow of color and the friendliness of the soft, dull surface of the wood, which retains all its woody quality under a finish that leaves it lustrous without any hard glitter such as comes from the use of varnish. So marked is this radiation of color from the wood that a room finished in this way seems to be always filled with a mellow autumnal light, irrespective of the degree of light outside. In this case the sunniness of the color effect is heightened by the dull, soft yellow of the plain plaster frieze, and by the warm ivory tone of the plaster panels that appear between the beams. A liberal use of yellow, olive-green, dull brick-red and old blue is made in the rugs, hangings and other furnishings, and the high lights given by the copper lighting fixtures, door escutcheons and other metal work combine with these in a play of color that is never obtrusive and yet, against the background of wood, is as rich and radiant as a forest in autumn.

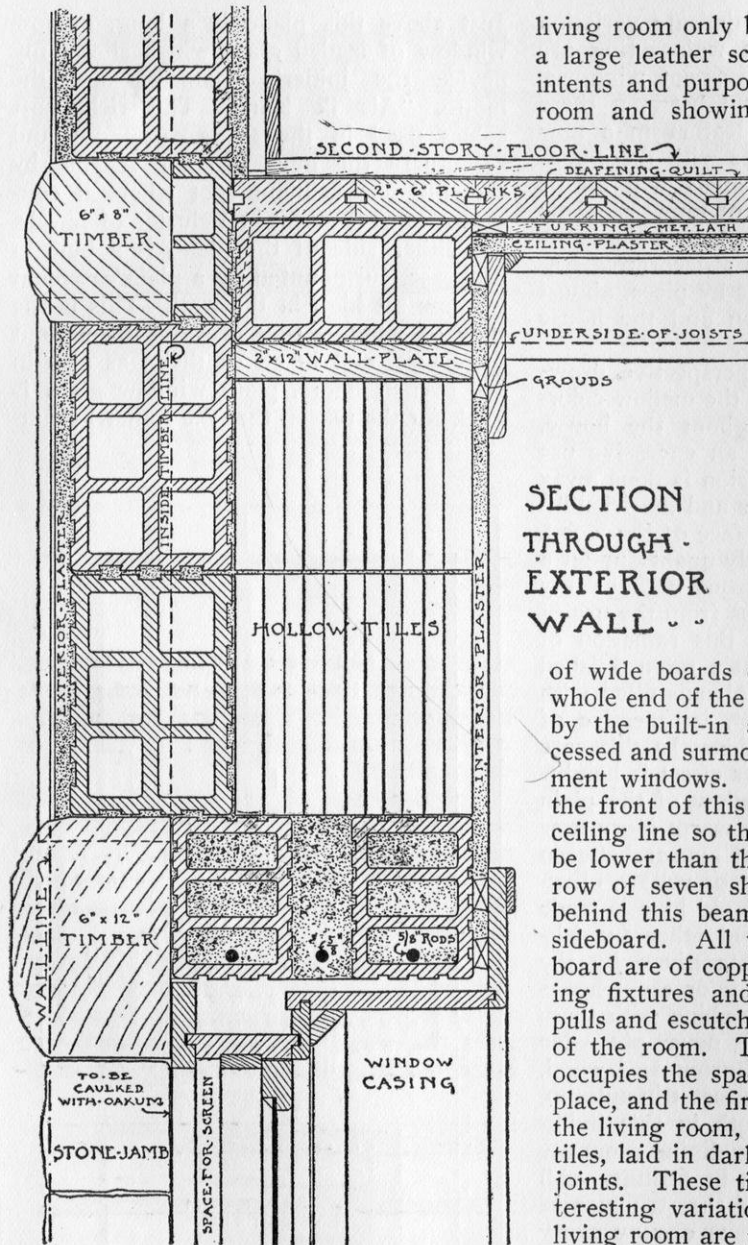
I have carried out both in this living room and in the adjoining dining room my favorite scheme of built-in fittings. All the bookcases are part of the structure of the room and built-in seats occupy every available corner. In the center of the room opposite to the stair landing stands a piano of Craftsman design, cased in wood that harmonizes perfectly in color and finish with the woodwork of the room.

Just above this piano is a long, narrow window of leaded glass which shows my device—the joiner's compass,—and the motto, "Als ik Kan." The rich, soft colors used in the glass carry out and accentuate the general color scheme by showing one brilliant spot where it concentrates as it might in a cluster of jewels. On either side of the piano is a built-in bookcase, surmounted by a plain casement window set high in the wall. This is the style of window that prevails throughout the house, and in all of them, as also in the French doors, plain window glass is used, for the reason that the somewhat un-



FLOOR PLAN OF ATTIC.

THE CRAFTSMAN'S HOUSE



living room only by partial partitions and a large leather screen, but though to all intents and purposes a part of the same room and showing the same woodwork and color scheme, there is enough variation in its structural features from those of the living room to give it an individuality of its own. Instead of the delicate effect of the narrow panels sunk very slightly below the broad stiles, all the paneling in the dining room is broad and bold in character, large single panels being used to fill whole spaces wherever it is possible. The floors throughout are made

SECTION THROUGH EXTERIOR WALL

of wide boards of quartered oak. The whole end of the dining room is occupied by the built-in sideboard, which is recessed and surmounted by a row of casement windows. A beam running across the front of this recess brings down the ceiling line so that the recess appears to be lower than the rest of the room. A row of seven shower lights hangs just behind this beam, and directly over the sideboard. All the fittings of the sideboard are of copper, as are also the lighting fixtures and the door and drawer pulls and escutcheons used in other parts of the room. The built-in china closet occupies the space just beyond the fireplace, and the fireplace itself, like that in the living room, is built of green Grueby tiles, laid in darkened mortar with wide joints. These tiles always show an interesting variation of color, and in the living room are used without decoration, but the chimneypiece in the dining room has in the center a large medallion of picture tiles, showing an Indian in the act of striking fire by swiftly turning a dry stick in the cleft of a rock. Opposite this fire-

even surface and iridescent tints of common glass are much more interesting than the conventional plate glass.

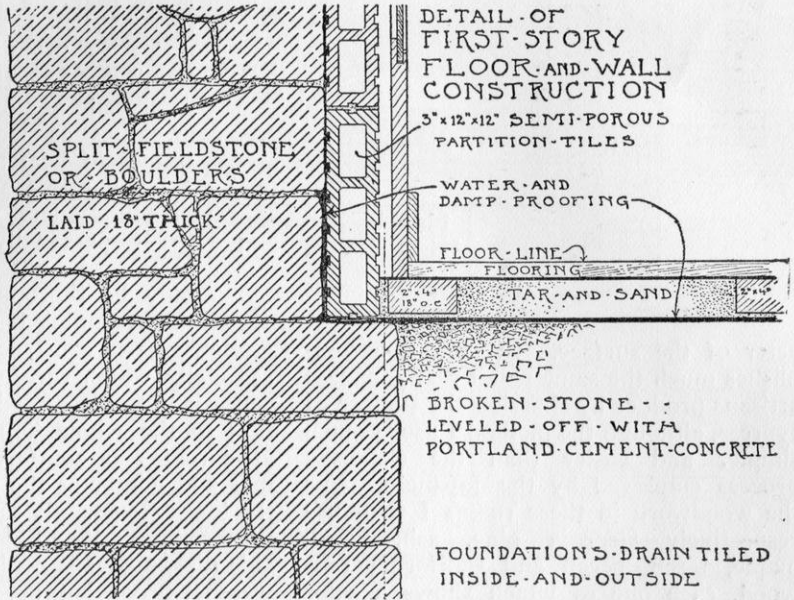
The dining room is separated from the

THE CRAFTSMAN'S HOUSE

place, a built-in window seat eight feet long is intended to serve for seating the people at one side of the dining table, which will stand at that side of the room instead of in the middle as usual.

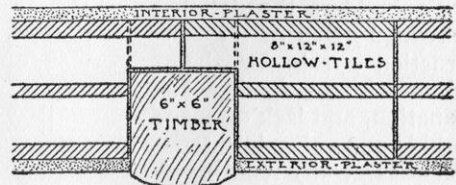
The kitchen is as carefully finished as the rest of the house and, in its way, is one of the most beautiful of the rooms. The floor is of "Welsh quarries" and the

baseboard is formed of one row of these big, square, dull-red tiles laid all around the room. Although they have been omitted in the floor plan, the overhead beams show here, as they do in the other rooms, with plaster panels between. The walls are of Georgia pine, with boards of uneven width put together with V-joints. These boards are treated by a chemical process that ages them to a soft, clear tone of light brown, the grain and the soft part of the wood showing a two-tone effect that suggests narrow stripes. This finish in itself protects the wood so that it can be washed off when necessary and kept perfectly clean without damage to color or surface and the soft color forms a delightful background for the copper cooking utensils which will hang all about the kitchen, serving the double purpose of utility and decoration. The windows are all barred so that they may be left open in summer with perfect safety, giving the room plenty of air at night without any danger of intrusion from man or beast. The built-in cupboards and other fittings are of chestnut like that used in the dining room. The



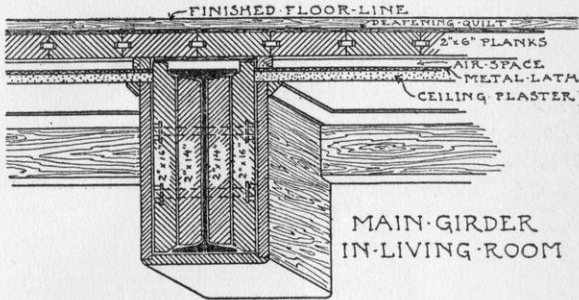
store room, which opens from the kitchen, has a cement floor and plaster walls. One side is occupied by the icebox, and the high windows over the shelves give plenty of light and air.

The bedrooms on the second and third floors are fitted up with an especial view to showing the possibilities that lie in our native woods when used for interior woodwork. All of these woods will be given the chemical treatment of which I have spoken,—which has the quality of bringing out all the color that properly belongs to the wood. It is a fuming process which ages the wood and gives it a soft, rich color quality without changing the char-



HORIZONTAL SECTION THROUGH SECOND-STORY OUTSIDE WALL

THE CRAFTSMAN'S HOUSE



acter of the surface. In fact, it accomplishes much the same result that Japanese artisans produce by charring the surface of cypress, although the method I use is much simpler and easier than the elaborate process employed by the Japanese. For the woodwork in these rooms I shall use respectively Georgia pine, ash, hazel, maple, birch, beech and California redwood, each one of which shows a color quality that differs from all the others and yet harmonizes with all, so that the whole group of woods could be used in one room without any sense of discord. The colors range through all the tones of brown, some warm and glowing, some grayish with a silvery sheen, and all in complete harmony with the delicate colors which seem to belong to the furnishings of a sleeping-room. The billiard room will be done in straight-sawn oak, the same wood which appears in the hall on the second floor and in the staircase. Although each room is done in a different wood, the effect will be that of the blending of a related group rather than that of strong contrast,—an important consideration in the treatment of interior woodwork.

To builders the detailed drawings given of the construction speak for themselves without further explanation, and lack of space forbids our going into technicalities at any length. A careful study of the manner in which the foundation and walls are made will

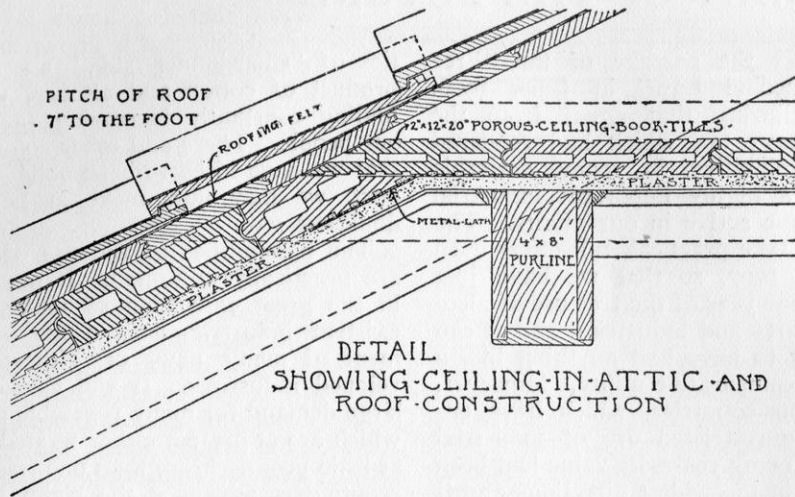
show that the house is semi-fire-proof, or what is known in the factories as "slow-burning construction," and also that it is completely protected against dampness and sweating as well as against extremes of heat and cold, and will, I hope, prove suggestive to those of my readers who desire to see to it personally that they have houses so built that they will not only be thoroughly sanitary from the beginning but will last for generations.

The construction of the roof is especially worth careful consideration because it not only affords thorough protection to the whole house, but makes the attic rooms as comfortable in both summer and winter as the rooms on either of the lower floors. By the use of the porous tiles, roofing felt and plaster under the outside tiles, a roof is made which is not only weather-proof but proof against changes of temperature.

Within the limits of an article like this, it is possible only to give a very general description of the plan and construction of this house, but I wish to assure all readers of THE CRAFTSMAN who may be interested in such a method of building, that they are absolutely at liberty to appropriate any or all of the features I have incorporated in the construction, and that I shall be glad to answer any correspondence asking for further details which may be of help. As I said at the beginning of the article, my pleasure in this house is not only because I have made it the house that I want to live in but because I have succeeded in making it an absolute demonstration of the theory of building which I am firmly con-



THE CRAFTSMAN'S HOUSE



vinced is the one of all others for this country and the needs of our people.

One thing, though, to which I especially wish to draw the attention of my readers is the detail of the foundation, for the reason that there is a general belief that any house which has not a cellar below it will be damp. I am convinced that, with the foundation I am using, dampness in this house will be an utter impossibility. In the first place the excavation for the foundation will be made to a depth of three or four feet,—or down to clear hard soil. This excavation will be partly filled in with stone rejected from the walls and other visible construction. On top of this will be placed a thick layer of broken stone and this in turn will be leveled off with a thick layer of Portland cement concrete, making it level and smooth like a pavement. All of this foundation will be drained both inside and out. On the top of the cement floor will be a double layer of damp-proofing, which extends without a break up the wall on the top of the damp-proofing and a thick layer of tar and sand in which the floor timbers are bedded. Another layer of waterproof paper covers this, and then comes the floor itself, as completely protected from moisture as if it was on the top story of the building.

The exterior wall, as far up as the stone extends, is lined with semi-porous hollow tiles placed inside of the damp-proofing, and separating the inside of the wall from the stone. The upper walls have these tiles just inside the exterior coating of plaster and inside of these again are similar tiles set up on end to fill in the space between the exterior and interior walls, which by this means are made of the same thickness above that they are below. This arrangement fills in all spaces so that no opportunity is given for fire to eat its way through the inside of the walls. The only way to burn this house would be to deliberately set it on fire in some part where the flames could get a good start in the interior woodwork; it could never catch from electric wires running through the walls or by any of the one hundred and one means from which obscure fires develop.

The detail of the roof explains fully why the attic rooms will be as warm in winter and as cool in summer as any in the house. The porous book-tiles between the plaster on the inside and the roofing felt upon which the exterior tiles are laid, not only tend to make the roof entirely waterproof, but to guard against any extremes of temperature.

DENATURED ALCOHOL: THE FUEL AND LUMINANT OF THE FUTURE

WITH the passage of the "Free Alcohol Law" in June, 1906, relieving that agent from the heavy tax which had rendered its use prohibitive in many desirable directions, a highly important industrial factor became active in our affairs. The act did not take practical, full effect until September, 1907, so that we have just completed one year of the free use of alcohol in the arts and industries, and it can not be said to have had anything like a fair test of comparative utility. However, in European countries, which have enjoyed the unrestricted use of industrial alcohol for many years, its value had been established in the widest directions and it is safe to assume that we shall derive at least equal benefits from its employment when we have learned to make the best applications of it.

"Denatured alcohol" is no more or less than the ordinary commercial ethyl alcohol denatured in such a manner as to render it unfit for human consumption. The law applying to it is clear and precise. It prohibits the use of free alcohol in any beverage or liquid medicinal preparation; in all other respects its use is unrestricted. The number and variety of industrial processes in which alcohol plays an important part are almost countless. Professor Duncan has stated: "More than ten thousand factories, representing thirty distinct industries, with an aggregate capital exceeding five hundred million dollars and employing three hundred thousand workmen, have been using either taxed alcohol or an inferior substitute; with the removal of the tax these figures will be enormously extended."

In many manufactures we have been unable to compete with the foreign made goods in which free alcohol is a controlling factor. A striking illustration is afforded by transparent soaps, of which we import fifteen million cakes a year from one British manufacturer alone. Again, we buy from France large quanti-

ties of "Chardonnnet silk," an artificial product of cotton and alcohol, which is finding constantly increasing favor with our people. These and other commodities that we have hitherto been obliged to import, we may now make at home and doubtless will.

The possibilities of the use of alcohol are practically unlimited. It must result in the great expansion of many of our existent industries and in the establishment of many new, or hitherto undeveloped industries. It will also create a large demand for many vegetable products which are at present either wasted or sold at little profit. More than one scientist of repute has advanced the claim that the chief future source of alcohol will be cellulose. If this prediction is realized, the commodity will be manufactured from refuse straw, sawdust, rags, etc., and its cost to the consumer, which is now about fifty to sixty cents per gallon, should be reduced to twenty cents, or less.

Our farming population, more than any other class, will be benefited by the extension of the use of alcohol in this country. It is essentially a vegetable product and it is derived from any plant that contains fermentable matter. Our farmers may, as those of Germany do, cultivate special kinds of potatoes for the purpose, and they will find that a great deal of the by-product and refuse of the farm will serve as a source of alcohol.

Furthermore, the convenience and economy of labor to be secured by the use of alcohol will probably affect the people of the rural districts more than any others. In Europe alcohol is generally used for light, heating, cooking, cleaning and other domestic purposes and also as motive power in internal combustion engines. The farmer there uses alcohol to drive his pumps, plows, reapers, wagons, engines and other machinery. Apparatus, machinery and utilities of various kinds have been devised for these purposes, large quantities of which have already been im-

THE FUEL AND LUMINANT OF THE FUTURE

ported to this country. There is no doubt that with the introduction of these devices and the increase of knowledge of the advantages derivable from the use of alcohol in competition with other fuels, it will become equally popular with our own country people.

The most important channels for the use of denatured alcohol are light, heat and power; though its widest utility will eventually be in connection with the last, up to the present its most satisfactory application has been to the production of the two former, and especially the first.

As an illuminating agency, alcohol seems to be beyond competition, and in Europe, where the greatest variety of lamps ranging in power from twenty-five candles to upward of a thousand are in use, it is employed not only for lighting dwellings but also streets, public buildings, light-houses, etc. As an illuminant, alcohol can claim the advantage of economy which, at present, it may not when used to generate power. It gives from four to six times the light of kerosene and, with alcohol at fifty cents per gallon, the actual cost per candle-power-hour of operating an ordinary household alcohol lamp is about one cent and a quarter.

In an alcohol lamp the illumination is secured by heating the burner, which causes the alcohol to vaporize and this vapor mixes with the air and creates a gas. The resulting light is more nearly like daylight and less trying to the eyes than any other. Many other advantages may be credited to the alcohol lamp, a few of which only need be mentioned. The light is not operated from a wick and, therefore, there is no cleaning and trimming of the wick to be done. It radiates but little heat; it is not affected by drafts; it cannot smoke, is entirely odorless and, above and beyond all, can be handled without any danger of explosion. The fuel may be handled without discomfort. If it is spilled it evaporates rapidly, leaving neither stain nor smell on the furniture, carpet or clothing. Unlike gasoline it throws off no explosive vapors. What

has been stated to be a disadvantage in the use of an alcohol lamp is the fact that it takes about 30 seconds to heat the burner so as to vaporize the alcohol, but when one considers the time consumed in removing and replacing the shade and chimney from an ordinary kerosene lamp, trimming the wick, etc., it will be seen that the light of an alcohol lamp is obtained in less time.

In Europe the greatest variety of alcohol lamps are used and the light is employed in every conceivable circumstance. With us, the new illuminant has not as yet been widely adopted, chiefly, perhaps, owing to lack of knowledge of its great convenience and other advantages. American manufacturers have, however, anticipated the great demand that is sure to arise for alcohol lamps and cooking apparatus by putting on the market many articles admirably adapted to domestic use.

The denatured alcohol stove which is used for cooking in Germany by thousands of families, should find favor in America, particularly among our flat-dwellers, as soon as it is known. The stove vaporizes the alcohol and mixes it with the air forming a gas from which an intensely hot blue flame is given off. Careful tests seem to have established the fact that, at fifty cents a gallon for alcohol, this fuel is cheaper than coal at six dollars per ton. It has the additional advantages that the heat may be shut off when the work is done; it is capable of finer adjustment than any coal stove, and the cooking is performed with the utmost precision. Smoke, ashes and dust are absent from the alcohol stove.

A practical experiment with a two-burner alcohol stove in the preparation of a breakfast resulted as follows: Both burners were started at 7.15 a. m. On one was placed a double boiler containing a cereal at 7.15, and a tea kettle containing four cups of cold water was placed on the other at 7.20. The cereal was ready to serve, and the water boiling, at 7.27. One burner was then put out and a steam egg poacher was placed on the other at 7.28. Eggs were put into it at 7.33. At 7.37 the eggs

THE FUEL AND LUMINANT OF THE FUTURE

were cooked and the breakfast served. The total time during which the burners were lighted was thirty-four minutes, one burning twelve minutes and the other twenty-two minutes, at a total cost of nine-tenths of one cent.

In the matter of power, alcohol cannot, as yet, successfully meet the competition of gasoline, at least in America. In Germany, sixty million gallons of denatured alcohol are used annually, much of it in the production of power. But Germany has a heavy import tax on petroleum and a bounty on potatoes, from which its alcohol is mainly produced. Here we are faced with the fact that gasoline costs only about half as much as alcohol. Notwithstanding the advantage in price of the former, however, it is almost certain that it will be ultimately overcome by alcohol in the competition for use as fuel, because, among other things, of the less danger involved in the handling of alcohol. Furthermore, the world's supply of gasoline is diminishing daily and it has been said on good authority that the present source of supply is not sufficient to last for a period beyond twenty-five years.

The Technologic Branch of the United States Geological Survey has been engaged during the past year in a series of tests of the relative values of gasoline and alcohol as fuels. These tests were probably the most searching and exhaustive ever completed, here or abroad. They demonstrated that correspondingly well-designed alcohol and gasoline engines, when running under the most favorable conditions for each, will consume equal volumes of the fuel for which they are respectively adapted.

As a motor fuel in internal combustion engines, alcohol is as efficient as gasoline, and any engine that runs with the latter fuel, or kerosene, may be operated with alcohol. The vapor of alcohol, however, is capable of two and one-half times the compression that the vapor of gasoline can be subjected to, so that with a specially constructed mechanism great increase of

power may be derived from the use of the former. Alcohol will undoubtedly become much cheaper with improved methods of manufacture and increased knowledge of controlling conditions, while at the same time the price of gasoline must continue to increase. When the prices of these commodities approximate within a few cents, the former will replace the latter as fuel in the generation of power, for it is not only a much safer agent but also a much more agreeable one. Abroad, where the articles in question are more nearly on a parity in the matter of cost, the use of alcohol engines has more than doubled in the past two years. In America, where there are today half a million gasoline engines in use, something like the same condition may be expected to develop within the next decade.

A highly important future field for the use of denatured alcohol and one which will no doubt be exploited extensively as soon as suitable machinery is designed, is that of reclamation. At the present time upward of half a million acres of land are irrigated by pumped water, and pumping is widely resorted to in the drainage of swamps. In the greater part of the unreclaimed arid areas every kind of fuel is scarce and difficult to obtain. Throughout this region the starch plants from which alcohol is derived may readily be grown. Herein lies the hope of a cheaper fuel than any at present available, which will make it possible to reclaim large areas where water can be put upon the land only by the process of pumping. In this way industrial alcohol promises to become a means of providing homes to thousands of families, and of creating millions of dollars in land values.

Not the least satisfying thought in connection with the promised extensive use of industrial alcohol is that it will afford important relief in the direction of our depleted fuel resources. When the mine and the forest fail us, we may look to the farm for supplies.



BUILDING A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW: HOW IT LOOKS FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF THE ARTIST-ARTISAN: BY GENEVIEVE N. COWLES

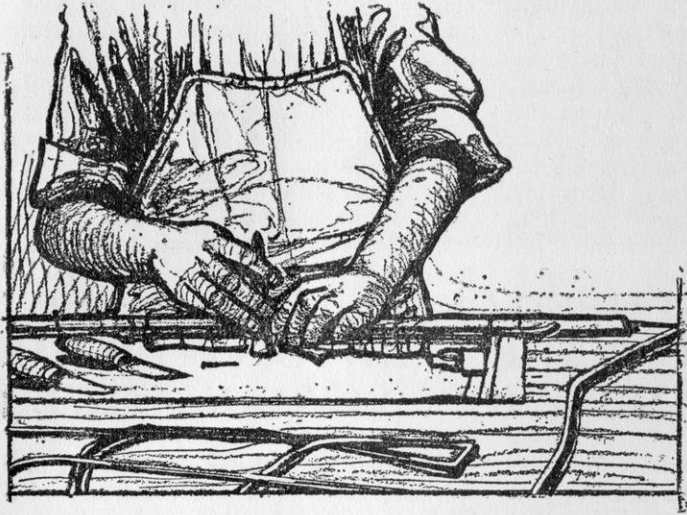
PERHAPS you may enter the glass shop, as I did, for the first time, an ignoramus, with the conviction that "our window is going to be a great success." Beforehand, it is always going to be a great success. Our particular workshop is on South Washington Square, New York. There are, in this city, other glass firms, but these are supplied with their own staff of artist-designers; with them there is hardly a chance for the illustrator or the fresco painter to work in glass. But windows, famous all the world over, have been made at our shop by masters of glass, and, if a man like Kenyon Cox, or Howard Pyle, or Blashfield, should design a window, he would bring his cartoon here where it would be taken in hand by a band of artist-artisans, who would gladly put the design into glass, submitting to occasional criticisms from the artist as the work advanced, or even permitting him to come into the shop and to work with the men.

To begin work, our designs,—the cartoon and the color scheme,—must be ready. The cartoon is a drawing in charcoal or water color, or possibly a carbon print. It is usually the exact size of the window, showing all the lead lines, and often suggesting the light and shade. From this, there have been made three drawings on paper, the working cartoon, the pattern cartoon, the glazing cartoon.

The design appears flat and abstract in the working cartoon, where the heart of the lead is defined by thin carbon lines enclosing the patterns, and every pattern is numbered—two thousand patterns in our particular window. The pattern cartoon is cut up into its separate patterns and here also each pattern is numbered and tacked lightly in its place on the glazing cartoon.

Next there is the outline of our window, full size, traced in black on a sheet of rolled glass, termed the easel, and placed before a window ready for building. There stands the workman ready to select the glass. He is the "builder." We "build" the window and we call the window "she." Our window will be an ornamental one of American glass; there will be no painting with brush. The drawing is in outlines of lead. These outlines are vastly important, but do not think of a window as you would of a wrought iron fence, a grille of hard lines between patches of color. There are ways extraordinary of making these lead lines disappear. And because the glazier will modestly hide the extent of his labor and a beholder of a finished window may never follow all the intricacies of lead, therefore the color scheme hardly suggests the lead lines. The color scheme is usually in water color, because the processes of this medium resemble those of glass. The color scheme is small and done to a scale,

BUILDING A STAINED GLASS WINDOW



PRESSING THE GLASS INTO PLACE,

say an inch to a foot. It is small and suggestive only, because you cannot find in glass the exact color put on paper. The process is more like transposing in music, only this is transposing in color.

Our palette is the floor and the "bench" where glass lies gathered for our selection. We begin with our brightest and strongest contrasting colors.

This design is iris flowers. For the iridescent yellow petals the builder holds up a sheet of softly glowing yellow glass, slowly passing the sheet over the opening where the petals are drawn. We look until we find a patch where movement and color of glass convey the impression of flower petals. The workman lays the pattern over this patch, and the cutter cuts it out, as you would cut a pattern in cloth. His diamond wheel glides swiftly around the edge and roughs it out, then with soft iron pincers he nibbles off the glass to the exact shape. These patterns must be exact. If in cutting the pattern itself the scissors had slipped, making the tiniest cleft in the edge of the paper, that would have been fatal when the diamond wheel made its circuit, gently guided by the resistance of the paper. Our yellow petals

are cut and stuck on the easel with tiny lumps of thumb wax. Now for the purple petals. What magnificent purples of opalescent glass! But, beware! seen closely the purple petal may be quite small and delicate; at a distance it looks twice its size! You never met this difficulty in extreme form in oil or in water color, where light falls on color. Here light coming through color makes it spread. Purple spreads more than any other color, and how it changes as you advance or retreat! Seen closely, it is soft and subdued,

at a distance, an ink blot! Or the reverse, close by, just the value desired; far off, a hole of thin pale violet!

One piece of glass after another is tried until the right thing is found. Presently other difficulties appear; opalescent glass is marvelous. On the bench it may look black, dark blue, dark green, and prove almost transparent when held to the light. Not only is American glass of manifold colors, greens, blues, reds, one shade flowing into another, one color veining another like marble, one hue changing to many variegated hues, its surface may be smooth or wrinkled or granulated or rippled; it also varies in density, due to the fact that more or less porcelain is mixed with clear glass. You start with a certain degree of density that modifies the entire scheme, then a piece of glass too thin appears a hole, a piece of glass too dense, a blot.

We proceed. The artist stands at a distance, the "builder" standing by the window, holds up glass for selection. Bit after bit is chosen and stuck up with thumb wax or rags dipped in wax, or wires, if the pieces of glass are very large and heavy. The interstices of light between the pieces of glass are filled in with putty. As the

BUILDING A STAINED GLASS WINDOW

mosaic grows, you become increasingly conscious of the effect of one color, or one mass of color, over another. These iris flowers are very vivid, and what intensely green leaves! It hurts you. But at this stage you must have patience and faith, for to obtain the loveliest results of luminous shade and glowing light, one surface of glass is not enough. The thing begins with intensity, almost crudity, and is subdued later on. Finally the whole mosaic is laid in and the next stage begins.

In the next stage, the glass is removed from the easel and cleaned. The glazing pattern is laid on the bench and a portion of the glass laid over it. The glazier binds around each bit of glass the silvery-looking lead. Seen beforehand these leads resemble small double railroad tracks. A thin heart of lead divides glass from glass; the leaf of lead holds the glass in place. This leaf or flange is what shows in the window. It may vary in thickness from one-sixteenth of an inch to half an inch. Each size is numbered. A solder of tin and lead is used to secure joints. The workmanship must be fine to leave these lead lines fair, smooth, even. The tips of our leaves are "mitred," that is, instead of bending a lead around a tip, the lead is cut diagonally and meets its fellow in the fine point desired. After the solder, comes the putty of red lead carefully rubbed in, or else the cement. Our window must lie still for some hours, or else the cement may flow and run down. Woe if a tiny pin point escapes notice! Once a large window was placed fifty feet high in a church wall. In the shop it had looked all right, but seen from the pavement of the church, behold a blaze of unaccountable light in a shadow. A workman

climbed up, felt the window all over; in one spot he discovered an infinitesimal opening where the cement had failed. This pin point from below let in a glare of light.

Finally, our window is once more set up against the light. Now a very important part of the work begins. We subdue our colors with platings. Plating glass may resemble washes of water color. It may be clear as crystal with here and there streaks or clouds of color, pink, blue, green, amber. Our purple petals are too intense. We subdue them with a touch of pale green, a faint reddish tone modifies our vivid leaves. It is possible to have five thicknesses of glass in a window, one in the center, two in front, two behind. We plate down portions of our window. Then we "pull the whole thing together" by a sheet of violet laid over the entire surface and cut at the crossbars. It may be graded between the bars from a deep shadow to a tender mist of violet. Once more the window is removed, glazed and cemented. A final view is taken, then, if satisfactory, it is sent to its destination. En route a breakage may occur. Once a tall saint reappeared at the shop with broken halo and tattered raiment. But our window arrives safely. After it is put in place, the bars



FITTING LEAD IN AROUND THE GLASS.

BUILDING A STAINED GLASS WINDOW



are secured. Lead is too soft to stand wind pressure, so the window is strengthened by bars of steel. These are tied securely by copper wires, springing from the intersections of lead, at the central surface and passing through the platings.

I have described a rich deep-colored, ornamental window. We might have a pale window, with clear glass for the background, and ornamentation in light translucent tones, no plating. You cannot gauge one window by another, each is more or less an original problem. A figure window of opalescent glass is much more complicated than an ornamental window.

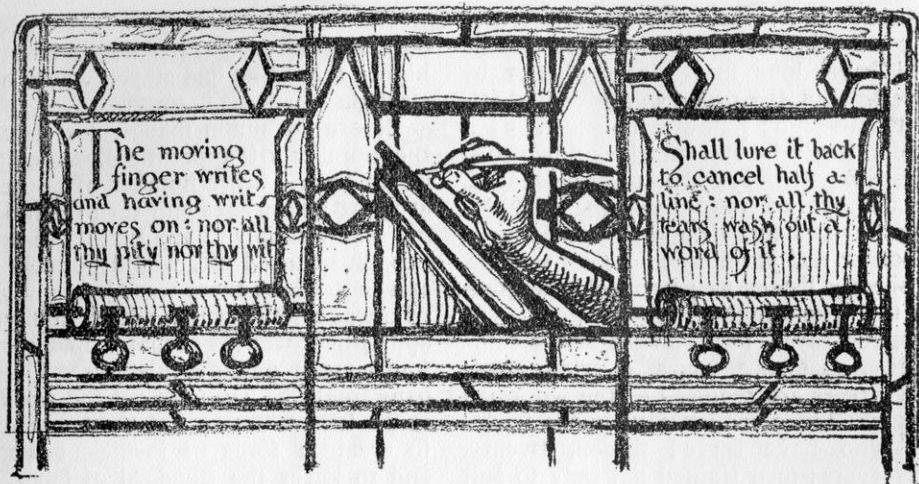
American glass windows are supposed to cost from eight to twenty dollars, or more, per square foot, to put into glass. The artist usually receives an amount equal to that paid the glass company. A small figure window is far more costly in proportion to its size than a large window. The heavy lead lines and thick glass present great difficulties to the designer, especially if no painting is permitted. A small window may have as many patterns and take as long to cut as a big window; possibly as much glass may be consumed in the course of selection. Delicate glazing with the smallest of leads and mitering of fine points may require as much labor as it would cost to produce a figure eight feet instead of three feet high. These facts do

not apply to English glass; I am speaking of American glass.

The process of making working drawings, easel tracing, selecting glass, resembles the methods followed with the ornamental window, only it is a more delicate task to find glass that gives not only the tint, but the movement desired to express folds of clothing and the body underneath. The painting of the flesh is the hardest of all. Head, arms, feet are cut of white opalescent glass, outlines are traced and fired. Then you make three separate puddles of glass color, mixed with turpentine and Venice turpentine. One puddle, canary yellow, one brick red, one celestial blue. First you paint the head with hatched lines of canary yellow. Then with fine cross lines, brick red. The complexion first resembles knitting work. You add lines or dabs of blue, all the time thinking "this is a lovely face." Then with fear and trembling you send her into the fire. On emerging from the flames, she has a nice complexion and she smiles.

Sometimes one color eats up another in the kiln. The face may return a vivid green or a brilliant red,—sometimes only a ghost arises. Sometimes the flesh is nearly right, but too hot or too cold. You get the right effect by plating over. This is only one method. You can paint in a series of "mats," (washes of color) usually

BUILDING A STAINED GLASS WINDOW



mixed with water and lightly brushed or stippled over with the tip of a big brush. In the mat, the lights may be brushed out with the stub of a brush, or needled out with a needle; and the deeper shadows painted with oil color afterward; it is all very queer. The kindly Italian who fires the glass will let you peep through the peephole into the kiln and see the painted glass on its bed of plaster under the licking flames. He turns off the fire and you see a red glow arising from the molten surface of the glass, showing that the glass color has literally melted into the glass itself.

If the artisans find you are sincere, they serve you with true devotion. Almost everybody in the shop will have something to do with your window. The "stockman" ransacks labyrinths, stacked high with glass, to find just what you want, another builder comes in with bits of gorgeous color in his hand and approaching your builder says, "I thought this might do for you, Jack"; even the taciturn German who says he doesn't care much, "he just cuts and cuts for twenty years"—even he is watchful, and when you are changing an offending note in your window, he suddenly utters a sigh of relief and mutters, "De whole shop vas kicking at that piece." The young apprentices eye your window with furtive interest and run to serve you.

If you are in trouble with your painting, you fly to the office, where one of the gentlest of glass painters is willing to place his large experience at your disposal. You waylay the head of the firm, as he glides past at noon, and get his advice. You set an ambush for the particular genius, the special builder of the "La Farge windows." You tell your doubts, and he points out just where the faults are. But the great genius of the place is the Master, John La Farge. His glass studio is on the top floor. The glow of his genius fires the souls of the workmen. La Farge!! The men utter his name with awe, enthusiasm, devotion. To have built windows under La Farge, to have served under him, that is the pride of the journeyman. These workmen are proud indeed of their craft. The spirit of the old guild is here.

You cannot hurry, and make a window as fair as it would be if due time were given. If the patron only knew the pain he causes in the glass shop when he gives too little time and insists that, "My window must be in place this particular Easter." I have seen a builder working tensely; only the smash of discarded glass told the pain he endured. When he saw in your eyes that you understood, he only said, "I can't do as I like, orders from the office, so much must be done this afternoon, I can't get it right." And I have

BUILDING A STAINED GLASS WINDOW

seen that his clear eye detected discord in the color scheme before him. He felt he could have done that window better by himself. But the order was given to follow that design; follow it he must. If it is cheap work, he still knuckles down to it with grim patience; orders must be obeyed. But the eye of the journeyman kindles when he sees fine draughtsmanship in a cartoon or real harmony in a color scheme. He silently listens as you unfold the great idea that you wanted your window to express, and says, "I will do the best I can." Fidelity, obedience, courtesy, self-control; these virtues are required of the workman in glass. There are veterans in the trade; men who have served fifteen, twenty, thirty years; men trained not only to suit the requirements of Mr. La Farge, but the requirements of many styles and of many opposing masters. It is not only the fire of genius in the artist, but the courageous perseverance of the artist-artisan that has raised the standard of stained glass making, and resisted the encroachment of the commercial spirit so fatal to art.

The workers have banded themselves into a union, or sort of brotherhood. The union aims to maintain a high standard of work. A boy must be between fifteen and sixteen to enter the glass trade. First comes the year of probation. During this year, if he proves unfit he may be discharged or he may leave of his own free will. At the end of this year, if he is to go on, he is bound over to serve four years more, making in all five years in the same shop. This apprenticeship must be served before a man is twenty-one, because United States law suffers no man to be bound over to work in a given place after he is of age. It may seem a hard rule to force a boy to serve five years in one shop, but the rule is for the good of the boy. Suppose he were permitted to leave this glass shop as soon as he knew how to cut glass and received an offer of one dollar more a week to cut glass in another shop. He leaves; later on he receives another advance in another shop for the same

work. At the age of twenty-one, he is only a glass cutter; his wages may be no higher than if he had stayed where he first started.

Before the union made rules regulating the number of apprentices, an employer might keep a large number of apprentices at apprentice wages and turn them off and get a new supply at any time. An apprentice thus turned off, would possibly apply at a shop where there was already a glazier who was a journeyman with a family. The apprentice would perhaps underbid the journeyman and get his job. The company might be happy to get the work done at the lowest wages, but the tendency was to create a force of inefficient workmen and to lower the standard of labor. The aim of the union is to maintain a high standard of labor. Every shop has a "steward of the shop," whose duty it is to see that each apprentice is well trained in the following three departments of the trade: the selecting of glass, the cutting and the glazing of glass. A steward may go to the boss who directs the workers and say, "That boy there, has done cutting enough, give him some glazing to do." A boy who thinks he is treated unfairly may apply for redress to the Executive Board of the Union. The union has established a uniform number of apprentices, pro rata to the men employed in the respective glass works. The boss and the steward take the apprentice in charge, watch over him and set before him noble ideals. That boy may be the pride of the shop some day, or he may be the sad disappointment of his boss.

At the end of five years, the apprentice is expected to be an efficient builder, cutter and glazier and to deserve the title of "mechanic" in glass; then he must pass an examination before an examining committee composed of three workmen employed by the shop and one employer. He is given as a test a trial piece of work in glass, to select, cut and glaze. If he fails, his time of apprenticeship must be extended and his proficiency tested again, before he can be admitted into the fellow-

BUILDING A STAINED GLASS WINDOW

ship of the union. But if his labor is crowned with success, he can apply to the union to be enrolled with the title of "journeyman"; then he gets his working card and enjoys the full privileges accorded to journeymen. He can vote with the rest; if illness or accident overtake him, there is a mutual benefit society which will pay him a certain sum of money for a stipulated number of weeks. If he dies, his family will obtain fifty dollars from the union, and the Brotherhood will be represented at the funeral. If, however, he suffer ill to overtake him by the use of alcoholic drinks or through fault of his own, then that brother forfeits his right to obtain assistance.

One interesting fact concerning our shop on Washington Square is the number of nationalities represented. The man who fires the kiln is an Italian, the boss is English. We have Scotch, Irish, German, French-Canadian and American workmen all striving together for the glory of art.

Future patrons of glass and donors of windows, will you pardon me a few words of warning and of friendly suggestion? Three practices too often prevail in the making of windows, practices tending to the destruction of competent, original work and the loss of the beauty which should be the heritage of your children.

First there is the practice of going from one glass firm to another, from one artist to another, to get the lowest estimate of the cost of a window. Perhaps you do not realize what this may signify; it is almost sure to mean that a number of artists have competed for the chance to do your window, and this must mean loss to several, their labor unpaid for. If experimental good designs were paid for, the artist would be saved embarrassment, and the patron's knowledge of problems in stained-glass would be increased. Another prac-

tice injurious to the glass worker arises from the lack of consideration for the time required to execute a fine window, the demand for "haste, which mars the dignity of every act."

A practice which militates against originality in American glass is the copying of pictures. Here subject, composition, color, sentiment, all are furnished, ready made, only adaptation to glass is required. The result may be satisfactory, possibly finer than if an original design had been paid for at the same price. The designer may be so filled with the spirit of his craft, that his glass translation becomes an original creation, in the same sense that a fine engraving or etching taken from an old painting is intrinsically beautiful, apart from the original motive. But this is not likely to be the case. The window that is copied from a picture too often remains a copy. It gives a shock to anyone familiar with the original. Besides, the conditions inherent in American glass are contrary to the requirements of the oil painting or fresco, copied. The forces of the imitator are diverted from the glass, by the picture which he imitates. He is not so likely to indulge in original experiments. He can seldom express the deep feeling of the creator. The low price at which the copyist can afford to produce his work, tends to set a scale of prices inadequate to the production of original design.

The original designer thinks in glass from the beginning. The limitations of his craft inspire him, as metrical limitations inspire a poet. His soul is keenly alive to the various devices, the charming contrivances peculiar to glass. Above all, the spirit of the creator vitalizes every stage of the process. The workmen catch the enthusiasm, the window is not a mechanical process; it is the intelligent expression of living minds.

THE BASIC COLORS: BY PROFESSOR CHARLES E. PELLEW, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: NUMBER V

SOME of my readers may remember that, in the first paper of this series, it was mentioned that the modern dye-stuffs originated with the discovery, in 1856, by Perkin, of the violet coloring matter known as Mauvein. This dye was made by the oxidation of the then rather rare chemical, Aniline, and, following this discovery, other chemists, especially in France and Germany, soon obtained from the same chemical, or from substances very closely resembling it, a considerable quantity of powerful and brilliant dye-stuffs of the same general character.

The original Mauvein was before long superseded, first by Hoffman's Violet, and then by a very important series of violet and purple dyes known as Methyl Violet, with shades ranging from 6 or 7 B for the deep, full purples, to the 6 or 7 R for the very red shades. These violet colors have never been surpassed, or even equaled by any other dyes for brilliancy and richness, although, in common with almost all the other dyes of this class, they are not very fast to sunlight.

Another extremely powerful and brilliant color, used considerably to this day, although discovered nearly fifty years ago, is the dye often called, from its origin, Aniline Red, but named by the German manufacturers Fuchsine, from its rich, full, crimson shades, and, by the French, who discovered and manufactured it soon after the close of Louis Napoleon's Italian campaign, Magenta, after the famous victory of that name.

About this same time some German chemists discovered and introduced a full, rich, brown dye, still largely used for dyeing leather (kid gloves and the like), and, naturally enough, gave it the name of Bismarck Brown. And at approximately the same date was discovered the very valuable blue dye-stuff, perhaps the best of the whole class, with quite a range of

full, deep shades and with great fastness to light, called Methylene Blue.

The early colors of this group are the dye-stuffs properly known as the "Aniline Colors" because of their origin, although this name has been applied, loosely, to all of the thousands of artificial dye-stuffs without regard to their source or composition. To the chemist, their chemical structure and their behavior toward reagents, such as acids and alkalies, naturally suggested the name Basic Colors, thereby indicating that they were substances with strong affinity for all sorts of acids, with which they form more or less stable salts, while they can be liberated from these salts by the action of stronger bases, such as ammonia, or the fixed alkalies, soda and potash.

These facts were discovered by Perkin while trying to introduce his Mauvein into the dyeing industry, and the same chemist discovered the methods, used to this day, for applying these dyes to the different textile materials. He found that the dyes of this class have a strong affinity for the different animal fibers, such as wool, silk, leather, etc., all of which seem to possess some acid properties of their own; but pure vegetable materials, like cotton, linen and paper, from which all impurities such as vegetable acids, gums, etc., have been removed, have no affinity at all for even the most powerful of the Basic Dyes. A cotton handkerchief, boiled for hours in a strong solution of Methyl Violet, can be washed in a few minutes clear of any shade of color, while a piece of silk or wool, soaked for an instant in the same dye bath, will be permanently stained, deep and full.

In order to fasten these colors to the vegetable fiber it is necessary to impart to the latter a distinctly acid character, and this was accomplished by Perkin in a manner still used. He steeped the material for several hours in a hot bath of the

BASIC COLOR IN DYEING

vegetable compound, tannic acid or tannin, found so largely in hemlock and chestnut bark, sumac leaves, nut-galls, and the like; and then loosely fixed the tannin, thus absorbed, by a weak bath of tartar emetic. Cotton or linen fabrics, thus "mordanted," will combine with the Basic Dyes as readily and as firmly as any animal fiber, and the resulting colors, while not necessarily fast to light, are extremely fast to washing.

Since the introduction of the direct cotton dyes, both Salt Dyes and Sulphur Colors, this method of dyeing, for skeins or piece goods, has been very largely discontinued; but, by using a modification of this process, enormous quantities of Basic Colors are still used, on cotton and linen, in the manufacture of calicoes, organdies and other printed fabrics.

Most vegetable materials that are used in a more or less natural condition, like straw, raffia, grass, wood-shavings, jute and the like, contain enough of this natural tannic acid to act as a mordant for the Basic Colors, which are largely used in this connection.

For most of the animal fibers, such as wool, silk, furs, feathers, etc., they have been almost entirely superseded, in commerce, by the class of dye-stuffs known as the Acid Colors, which occur in much greater abundance and variety, and can be applied with much less danger of spoiling the goods by uneven results.

On a small scale it is hardly worth while for the amateur to attempt to use these Basic Colors upon either cotton or linen. The difficulty of correctly and evenly mordanting the goods is quite as great as that of dyeing them afterward. And the Sulphur Colors and Vat Colors will be found quite as fast to washing as the best mordanted Basic Colors, with the additional advantage of being, as a rule, much faster to light, as well as easier of application.

Nor are the shades of these Basic Dyes, as a rule, as attractive as those hitherto discussed. The strong, and brilliant, not to say coarse, shades of Methyl Violet,

Malachite Green, Aniline Red and the rest, which created such a sensation when they first appeared in the early sixties, were the particular colors which provoked John Ruskin to unscientific, if not unparliamentary remarks, and which even now are apt to harrow the feelings of the faithful reader of *THE CRAFTSMAN*.

But these Basic Dyes are not to be scorned in their proper place, even by the most devoted arts and crafts worker. For straw, raffia, chips and other materials used so widely for hats and basket-work these dyes are invaluable; and, judiciously handled, give excellent results. And for the leather-worker they give an easy and simple method of getting effects which it is not always easy to obtain with the acid dyes. They are also useful in dyeing some kinds of artificial silk.

DYEING DIRECTIONS.

Straw, raffia, etc.—The material, well wet in warm water after, if necessary, a good scouring in hot soap suds to remove grease and dirt, is immersed in the dye-liquor containing the dye-stuff dissolved in water acidified with a little acetic acid or vinegar. The dye-bath is slowly heated with the constant turning of the goods, until near boiling; it is then taken off the fire, and the goods lifted out, rinsed in warm water and carefully dried.

These basic colors are not, as a rule, very soluble in water, and generally need the presence of some acid to dissolve them and prevent them from depositing unevenly on the goods. The methylene colors are perhaps the most soluble, as well as the fastest to light of any class.

Many of these Basic Colors, when applied in at all a strong solution, are apt to give a decided metallic luster to the goods. This is occasionally of distinct advantage. When it is not desired, the goods should be brought up to dark shades by carefully dyeing them in successive baths of very dilute dye-liquor.

Leather.—The dyeing of leather on a small scale is rather a special art, and

BASIC COLOR IN DYEING

needs considerable practice to get good results.

First of all great pains must be taken to have the leather thoroughly and evenly moistened. This can be generally accomplished by soaking it for several minutes in a bath of warm water, and then carefully working over the material until the dry spots are all opened out and softened. Sometimes, however, the leather is quite resistant to the water, and it may be necessary to soak it for several hours, over night even, in warm water containing a few drops of ammonia.

If the goods are to be dyed a solid color the dye-liquor may be applied by sponge or pad, or as is more frequently done, the leather may be immersed in a cold or luke warm dye-bath, and then gently heated to 120 degrees or 130 degrees F. The colors are, as before, dissolved in water and a little acetic acid, and the same precautions must be used with regard to a metallic luster.

For dyeing patterns on leather, it is generally best to dissolve the color in water and acetic acid, and apply it to the damp, but not too wet, leather, with a camel-hair brush or a little wad of cotton. The surplus liquor should be wiped off, or taken up with blotting paper, and, as soon as possible, the color rubbed well into the leather.

To get good effects it is necessary to finish the goods carefully. Some workers let the leather dry, and then rub up the leather, on the hair side of course, with the palm of the hand or with the finger, without using any wax or oil. Others finish by rubbing into the smooth side of the leather a little of the white or yellow wax, used as a finishing polish for tan shoes. This can readily be bought at any summer shoe store, or can be prepared by mixing together equal quantities of beeswax and carnauba wax, and thinning it with a little turpentine.

One very successful member of the Arts and Crafts Society, whose leather work has been much admired, uses, as a finish, a mixture of beeswax, turpentine and neats-foot oil. She makes this by first melting the beeswax with a small quantity of turpentine, and then stirring in enough oil to make it soft. This finish is never applied directly, but is always put in a little bag of soft muslin, and rubbed on, and into, the leather with a circular motion.

Selected Dye Stuffs.—Out of the many well known colors of this group, the patents for which have long expired so that they are manufactured and sold at a cheap rate by all of the great dye-houses, comparatively few can be recommended as being fast to light. Methylene Blue, which comes in various dark shades, generally with somewhat of a grayish tone, is thoroughly fast, but is apt, on leather, to dye rather unevenly. The best yellow is Thioflavine T, which is fast and good. Bismarck Brown will be found rather useful in leather dyeing, although it is not particularly fast. The reds are not, as a rule, as fast as the blue and the yellow just mentioned, but the Basic Dyes, known as Safranines and Rhodamines, give beautiful shades, and are perhaps the most permanent reds of the class.

Besides these, the following special colors of the individual dye-houses may be found interesting:

Badische	Rheonine G. F.	Yellow
	Cyanole F. F.	Blue
	New Phosphine G.	Yellow
Cassella	Irisamine G.	Red
	Nigrosine N. Y.	Black
	Rosazeine 5 G.	Red
	Methylene Yellow H.	
Metz	Methylene Heliotrope O.	
	Methylene Violet 3 R. A.	
	Extra	

SOME DESIGNS IN LOW RELIEF SHOWING A TREATMENT OF ANIMAL LIFE THAT IS FULL OF SUGGESTIONS TO STUDENTS OF WOOD-CARVING

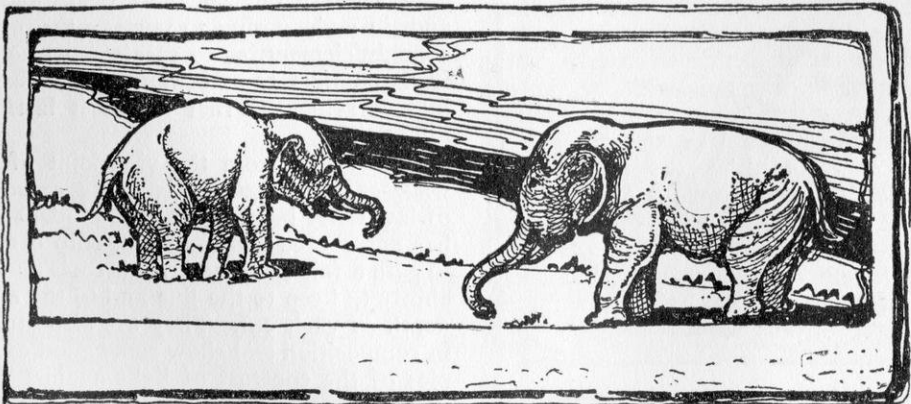
A DECORATIVE subject chosen for wood-carving should above all things have the quality that arouses the interest and creative ability of the worker or student, and yet presents no technical difficulty so intricate as to absorb the greater part of his attention. For this reason, designs in low relief that are fairly simple in execution are apt to form the best medium for the expression of original thought in carving, and no better subjects for such designs can be found than are furnished by a close study of animal life.

The impressionistic portrayal of the individuality of animals has been only slightly touched, and it is here that a new field, astonishingly rich in decorative possibilities, opens out for the artist who can bring himself sufficiently into sympathy with animal life to perceive the salient characteristics of each species and to show these in a simple, sketchy way that shall convey to the observer, by the most direct method, the impression he himself has received.

Anyone who studies animals with genuine interest and sympathy appreciates that

subtle element of humor that lurks beneath their gravity of demeanor and the absorption with which each one goes about his own particular business in life. This quality has been delightfully portrayed by some of our caricaturists of animal life, but we are not speaking of caricature or any definite effort to bring out the funny side, only a treatment of the subject that shall show, in a way that is apparently unconscious, the habitual pose or action of the animal, so that the picture shall seem to have been drawn almost from the viewpoint of the animal itself.

Such subjects are especially adapted to the needs of the wood-carver, as will be shown by the designs that illustrate this article. These designs are intended not so much for exact following or reproduction as they are for the suggestion they may hold to a student who has the skill and discernment to avail himself of the rich store of material that lies all about him. Every one has seen turtles proceeding gravely about the regular business of the turtle world and they have often been used in a decorative way, yet, outside of the delightful little bronze or ivory turtles



AFRICAN ELEPHANT.

SUGGESTIONS FOR LOW RELIEF CARVING



PENNSYLVANIA MUD TERRAPIN.

carved by Japanese artists, who has quite realized the possibilities that lie in the use of the turtle, just as he is, as a theme for decoration?

The Japanese have long possessed the sympathetic understanding of animal character that is needed to give the required touch of individuality to such subjects when treated in a decorative way. For, as a people, they have both the subtle perception and the daring power of expression that enables them, with a few swift strokes of brush or tool, to convey to us not only

an animal's form but its character. We are too far away from these little furred, feathered or shellclad relatives of ours to know much about them, and, when we do perceive that they have their use in a decorative way, we generally get at it from such a civilized viewpoint that we portray merely our own attitude toward the animal we are studying rather than the animal itself.

To the student who wishes to escape from the rule of conventionality and who has the wit to avoid both eccentricity and literalism in his use of such motifs these designs are offered, in the hope that they may suggest to him that wealth of material that lies on every hand. No one can be a close observer of animal life without feeling the unconscious humor that lurks in almost every one of their performances and, in endeavoring to portray them, this comedy element, so to speak, must be felt if the subject is to contain the appeal to human sympathy that makes it lastingly interesting.

Considered from the viewpoint of the wood-carver, these designs are examples of low relief intended for the student who has persevered sufficiently in chip carving to gain a fair command of his tools and the ability to keep to the line and to the exact depth of each cut. They are also studies in composition and show some good examples of the contrast of light against dark and of the middle tone that contrasts with both.



EUROPEAN PELICAN.

SUGGESTIONS FOR LOW RELIEF CARVING



ELEPHANT TORTOISE.

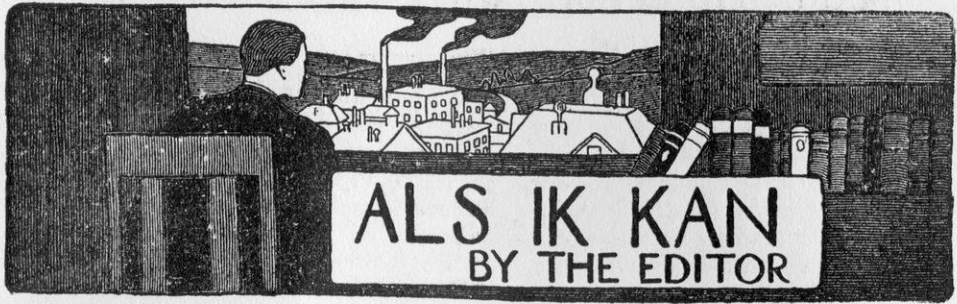
In *THE CRAFTSMAN* for July, 1908, it will be remembered that Mr. von Rydingsvärd gave very clear directions for setting the design and doing the preliminary work. A reference to this article would be valuable to the beginner, as it gives not only clear directions for preparing the wood, clamping it to the bench and setting the design, but furnishes a list of the tools required in a carving outfit that is sufficient for all purposes, and full instructions for the preparation of these tools to do fine work and of the care that should be given to keep them at all times in good condition.

To summarize for the benefit of those who have not this magazine to refer to, we will say that first the wood is clamped to the bench and the design is outlined by making a rather deep groove in the background close to the lines. This is done with a veining tool and is for the purpose of removing enough wood so that the lateral pressure from the thickness of the tool will not split off pieces of the ornament when cutting the exact outline, which is the next step in the work. For doing this tools must be selected which best fit the contours of the design. These are held perpendicularly and the mallet is used to drive them to the required depth. A little experience will determine the

amount of force needed. If this part of the work is done evenly and carefully, the cuts meeting in all of the corners, the background can be very easily removed. It must be of uniform depth and clean cut, but need not be perfectly smooth, as this suggests machine work too much, so that it is better to let the tool marks show. When this is done the ornament is left standing in relief, ready for whatever modeling the design calls for, and in this case the modeling called for is very simple.



PELICAN.



“THE PEOPLE MUST THINK”--GROVER CLEVELAND

JUST now the great American public is standing agog with cocked ears to catch the utterances of a handful of political leaders. A score or so of men and, perhaps, a hundred newspapers will sway the nation in the momentous decision that lies before it. The great American public will be toyed with and fooled by the orators of each party. It will hear and accept statements insulting to its intelligence. It will imbibe false arguments and perverted facts. In the end it will make a wise choice because of its native common sense and the fact that right exerts a certain power of gravitation upon the masses, but not because the individuals composing the body of voters will bring any degree of judgment to bear on the matter. The average citizen will base his decision on acquired opinions—the dicta of the stump speaker and the doctrine of the party organ.

How does it happen that a few persons of no extraordinary intellect can so easily influence millions of sane people? How does it happen that our President can excite applause by the utterance of a platitude, or Mr. Bryan gain support on the strength of a sophistry? The phenomenon is not restricted in its manifestation to the field of politics. Stock jobbing charlatans can find a following in the most chimerical schemes; promoters can juggle with the people's franchises and their funds; corporations can infringe upon the public rights and encroach upon its liberties—and all

with a plausible show of soundness and good faith.

The great American public is plastic material in the hands of any man who has the daring and address to seize upon it and mold it to his purpose. When we look at the men who are accomplishing these things, we see that they are not gifted with intellect greatly superior to their fellows. But they have initiative—the faculty of independent thought and independent action. Therein, rather than in any mental elevation, lies the secret of their success. They have a keen appreciation of existing conditions and a facility in taking advantage of them. It is not that they are strong but that the people are weak. It is less difficult today than it was one hundred years ago for a man to lift himself out of the ruck and dominate his fellows. And that because the average American of the twentieth century has less independence of thought and action than had his grandfather.

With the spread of systematization in our affairs, individualism is necessarily declining. Its suppression in the industrial field proceeds without protest or opposition. The merchant surrenders to the trust without a struggle and without consideration of the advantages that he might enjoy in continuing his business independently. The tendency of the times is against such action and he has not sufficient self-assertiveness to combat it.

Again, the suppression of individuality

“THE PEOPLE MUST THINK”

is marked in the legislative restrictions upon the freedom of the citizen. We have long ceased to question the right or wisdom of the paternalism that threatens to become a tyranny. We court it, for we have learned to look upon legal enactment as the panacea for all evils. We have prohibition against gambling, against the use of liquor, against cigarette smoking, and against a hundred other things that our fathers would have deemed distinctly private matters. We seek justification in the “good of the community” without taking any account of the effect in weakening the character of the individual and crippling his self-reliance. A people compelled by legal measures to refrain from this and that vice or indulgence are placed in the situation of the inmates of a penitentiary, who lead moral and regular lives because they are forced to do so and who, in time, become dependent upon the restraining influences for good behavior.

The obliquity of our vision and the fallacy of our attitude were clearly displayed during the recent period of disturbance that we fondly refer to as a “wave of reform.” For two years, or more, our magazines and daily press devoted generous proportions of their space to discussion of abuses in our commercial system. The President directed eloquent tirades against various corporate offenders. Special commissions investigated and legislatures enacted laws. The machinery of the courts was put into motion with, in a few instances, punitive effect. Meanwhile the voice of the people has been raised in indignant and hysterical protest against the evils exposed and indiscriminately against corporate wealth in all its forms.

We have made a great noise and a brave show of reform. We have imbued ourselves with the pharisaical spirit and now we are turning to our private affairs with the comfortable sense of having completed a good task. But is there any adequate ground for our smug satisfaction? What have we actually accomplished? Frankly reviewing this much vaunted reform movement, do we find concrete results in any

degree commensurate with the ado we have made about conditions?

The meat monopoly has been regulated—but only partially and some of its worst phases have been entirely overlooked. Railroad legislation in abundance has been secured—but it is crude and of doubtful efficiency, calculated to cripple, rather than to improve, this most essential public utility. In the matter of life insurance the outcome is even less satisfactory. Scandalous conditions and criminal conduct were revealed by the examination of the Armstrong Committee—but the guilty persons have not been brought to book in consequence and the remedial measures consist of laws unduly hampering the companies without protecting the public.

It would seem, then, that we must confess our great reform movement to be a failure. But why? Because, whilst we have unearthed the evils, we have failed to discover where the fault lies and so have no idea of the true remedy. Great abuses, illegal practices, dishonest methods are disclosed in connection with some great industry or financial institution and the public at once sets up an outcry. It is shocked at the revelations, it denounces the offenders and plaintively demands protective legislation. It displays a childish readiness to avoid the onus of blame or responsibility and a childish eagerness to seek help outside of itself. It never stops to consider—for, indeed, it considers nothing but what is presented to it in the most obvious form—it never stops to consider that it—the public, as represented by the masses, made up of consumers and taxpayers,—is the chief offender. But this is surely true, for the conduct of large bodies in any nation is a certain index to the moral standards of the people. The crying evils in our industrial and social economies would not be possible without the tacit permission of the people. And, as a matter of fact, they have in many cases grown out of the active coöperation of the very persons who are now inveighing against them. In life insurance, as in the railroad business, the worst and most widespread

"THE PEOPLE MUST THINK"

abuse has been the giving and taking of illegal rebates. The practice flourished because of the readiness of individuals to take part in it. In like manner we may trace almost all the similar troubles of which we complain so loudly, back to ourselves—not in mass but as individuals.

There is no civilized country today in which the standards of conduct are so low as they are with us. The cause of this is not to be found in any inherent tendency to immorality or dishonesty but in the fact that individuality is fast waning among us. The average American is not controlled in his actions by principles that grow out of his personal conceptions of right and wrong. His code of ethics, consciously or otherwise, is adopted from those about him. He acquires it readymade as he does his political opinions. He can always find sufficient excuse for a practice intrinsically dishonest in the fact that it is commonly allowed in business circles. As a youth he may have cherished high principles, but as soon as he enters upon active life he becomes part of a system and is required to subordinate his individuality to it. The young man, fresh from the elevating influences of his alma mater, enters his father's office to find his preconceived ideas of duty to himself and to others rudely shaken and he soon learns the futility of self-assertion.

In a stirring appeal to a generation less deserving of his strictures than this, the sage Emerson called attention to the urgent need for courageous independent action and thought. "The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out," declared the virile philosopher, "and we have become timorous, desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. We want men and women, who shall renovate life and our social state; but we see that most natures are insolvent, cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually. Our housekeeping is mendicant, our arts, our occupations, our

marriages, our religion we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us."

With the loss of individuality, naturally goes the faculty of initiative. The individual American is falling into the mental attitude of the Chinaman who is taught to consider himself merely as a passive and inert part of the body politic. Our newspapers publish the details of some great abuse, some flagrant public wrong. The average American reads the account with righteous indignation. "Shocking!" he cries, "Such a state of things should be suppressed at once."

His sense of injury and of justice is aroused but he contents himself with the reflection that there must be some person, organization, or agency that ought to and surely will attend to the matter. That he should individually assert himself as a citizen and an interested party never enters his head. And yet that is just what the average Englishman would be apt to do. It is because he is ever ready to exert himself in self-protection,—and not on account of superior laws,—that such abuses of corporate power as are common with us are practically unknown in Great Britain. There the first step in the righting of many a public wrong has been a letter addressed to *The Times* and many a threatened encroachment on public rights has been nipped in the bud by an action at law instituted by a private citizen.

The keynote of that remarkable post-humous document, Grover Cleveland's last message to the American nation, is: "The people must think." They should not depend upon a few persons for the study and the debate of public questions. The common people must think for themselves. The individual must cultivate independence in his mental processes and in his actions. It was by the exercise of such independence that we had our birth and growth. Only by the revival of it can we save ourselves from deterioration as a nation. We must, each and all, deal with the duties of citizenship and the issues of daily life as men and free agents. So did our forefathers in times more difficult than these.

PLANS OF THE CRAFTSMAN FOR NEXT YEAR

TWO years ago in the opening number of a new volume, we summarized our policy in this way: "The task of THE CRAFTSMAN is to further, in every way in its power, the growth of the constructive spirit that characterizes this age,—whether this spirit takes the form of social and industrial progress toward better things, of the growth of a noble and simple architecture and household art that shall make absurd the age of senseless display, or of an interest in handicrafts that shall awaken the old pride and joy in good work for its own sake. It is all a part of the craftsmanship of life."

We repeat this declaration here because the past two years have brought us so many evidences that we are in harmony with the prevailing spirit of the age, and that the principles which, from the first number of the magazine, we have so persistently advocated, are now shaping not only the best thought but the best legislation of today. Because we were among the first to formulate them and because we have never faltered in our conviction, the position of THE CRAFTSMAN in the front rank of this great movement is unshaken,—the more so that other voices are now joined to our own and that new and powerful agencies are working in the same direction.

We are at the beginning of a new stage in our development as a nation. Indications of a radical change toward better things are evident in every phase of life. Individuals, societies and organizations of all kinds are not only attacking abuses but are really striving, along practical lines, to bring about better conditions. Not alone in this country but in all parts of the world, governments, both in their legislative and administrative capacities, are acting with unwonted regard for the public weal. Their efforts may not always be wisely planned but the general trend is in the right direction. We have set our faces toward the growing light and our feet are planted on the rising ground, and the most encouraging part of it all is that the effort toward

better things is not confined to governments, societies or prominent and powerful individuals, but the great body of the people is beginning to realize that life and work need not be oppressive, that education need not be inadequate as a training for all practical affairs, and that the essence of happiness and prosperity does not necessarily lie in the feverish pursuit of the means wherewith to gratify artificial tastes and needs.

What part THE CRAFTSMAN has played in bringing about this awakening can, of course, never be known. But we do know that for nearly a decade it has exerted all the influence it could bring to bear toward the achievement of just the results that now seem likely to take shape within the next few years. One thing is certain, the growth of the magazine has been steady and consistent,—never leaping forward upon the wave of an artificially inflated circulation and never falling back. It has advanced quietly and steadily from month to month and year to year, and the most encouraging evidences that have come to us of its influence for good have been the steady increase in the number of its readers and the frequent communications that show a growing understanding and appreciation of the cause in which THE CRAFTSMAN is enlisted and which has now become the great cause of the age.

Therefore we feel that the time is ripe to pass from educational doctrine to practical demonstration. We purpose, therefore, to open new avenues for our own wider action and for the more effective coöperation of those who are in sympathy with us. Our plan for doing this is given in detail in the announcement in this issue of the proposed school and settlement at "Craftsman Farms," where every theory that we hold and advocate will be given the test of practical application to actual conditions. In the same announcement also will be found a forecast of the policy of our new publication, THE YEOMAN, which will carry the educational campaign begun by THE CRAFTSMAN into wider fields and will act as an auxiliary to the older magazine.

PLANS OF THE CRAFTSMAN FOR NEXT YEAR

Both will be devoted to the treatment of those subjects which pertain to the general advancement of our national life and to the bringing about of better and fairer conditions for all the people. The main difference will be that *THE CRAFTSMAN* will be given to the statement of general principles and to a broad and comprehensive view of the movement as a whole,—each phase being treated from the viewpoint of its relation to the general trend of thought, while *THE YEOMAN* will deal with each phase of the subject in a practical and detailed way, its aim being to give definite instruction and information along the lines where interest has been inspired by *THE CRAFTSMAN*. The work we are trying to do has grown beyond the limits of one magazine, and it seemed to us that it could be done most effectively by the combination just described, which leaves to each publication its own particular field of activity and enables our readers to find just what they want in each.

The policy of *THE CRAFTSMAN* for the next year will be simply a broadening of the road along which it has been traveling heretofore. It will continue to search out and present to the best of its power what is being done in the way of constructive legislation, social and industrial improvement, better and more practical methods of education,—particularly along industrial lines,—and the development of a distinctively national spirit in art, architecture and craftsmanship of every description. We recognize the fact that the coming administration is confidently expected to build wisely and well upon the strong foundations laid by the one that is passing, and we shall follow with keen interest every genuine effort toward bringing about vital and practicable reforms. We have always urged the necessity of constructive legislation as opposed to the emergency legislation of which we have had so much. The desire for such ill-considered legislation seems to be passing and the prospects are good for making of laws that shall stand the test of application to real conditions and shall be for

the general good of the people. We believe that this kind of legislation will, of itself, replace the tendency toward paternalism against which there has been such an outcry and which is almost as menacing to the real welfare of the people as is oppression.

Because governmental activities are now taking such a practical form, we purpose to print, from time to time, articles bearing on enterprises which are particularly calculated to benefit the people at large, giving special consideration to those which tend to restore and improve agriculture, such as the irrigation and dry farming work in the West, the swamp drainage movement, which is of the utmost importance to our Southern and Middle States, the efforts being made to promote intensive agriculture in the East and the work of such organizations as the Commission of Country Life and the National Conservation Commission. We also purpose to devote a good deal of space to the practical work being done by the Young Men's Christian Association, especially to the campaign that is now being formulated for the improvement of conditions in country and village life, with a view to keeping young men away from the cities.

The fact that the vast undeveloped section of our country which lies west of the Mississippi is in a state of acute evolution is of vital importance to the nation at large; not only because a goodly proportion of our population must ultimately find homes in this region and that it is from here that the greater part of the basic material of our industries must come, but also because out there the country and the people are in the formative stage. The West is producing a new type of American and is organizing communities upon original lines; its people are applying new ideas and employing new methods. For these reasons we are especially interested in the West and during the coming year we shall publish a number of articles by Mr. C. H. Forbes-Lindsay, who recently made a tour of the Western States in the interest of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, describing

PLANS OF THE CRAFTSMAN FOR NEXT YEAR

the conditions that exist in the Trans-Mississippian territory and the great work which is being carried on by the United States Reclamation Service.

Our policy, as regards the growth of a national feeling in art and architecture, remains the same as it has been, except that we shall supplement, to an even greater degree, our own ideas upon the subject by utterances from prominent artists and architects who, naturally, are best equipped to deal with a problem of such vital importance to them. Mr. Borglum's article, which we publish in this issue, is the first of this contemplated series. Prof. Ernest E. Fenolosa will send us a valuable group of articles dealing with modern art in the several countries of Europe, and Mr. Ernest A. Batchelder, whose papers on "Design in Theory and Practice" have interested so many of our readers during the past year, will send us from Europe several articles dealing with Gothic architecture and the conditions of life in the Middle Ages of which it is the outgrowth and expression.

Mr. Batchelder will also send from abroad a valuable series of articles on modern handicrafts in the different European countries, based on personal observation and study of the subject. These we confidently expect will be full of suggestion for those who are working with us toward the establishment of practical and profitable handicrafts in this country, with the idea that it is an indispensable adjunct to small farming and the best and most straightforward method of bringing about a modification of the factory system.

The fiction in *THE CRAFTSMAN* has always been an expression of the attitude of the magazine toward life. During the coming year it will be supplemented by a number of stories from real life, showing actual conditions that will prove helpful in suggestion, and actual people who are doing the things that many others would like to do if they only knew how.

After discontinuing for a year *THE CRAFTSMAN HOME BUILDERS' CLUB* we now purpose to resume it in a more prac-

tical way and upon lines that are more generally useful. Beginning with this issue, we will publish our own designs for houses, as before, and will send out blue prints of the working plans to all subscribers of *THE CRAFTSMAN* who may desire them. We feel that we have made a long stride ahead, because these plans will be devoted mainly to designs for dwellings of small and moderate cost and to village buildings, such as shops, assembly rooms, churches and other buildings intended for public use. As we are making direct application of every principle that we advocate, in our own buildings at "Craftsman Farms," we feel that we are entitled to speak with authority. We shall also give a number of examples of home architecture that are in line with *THE CRAFTSMAN* ideas, especially the bungalows of the West and the Pacific Coast, which come so closely to our own theory of the building art that is most expressive of our national life.

In the department of handicrafts we shall adhere to our policy of keeping our readers in touch with what is being done by prominent craftsmen, continuing, on a larger scale, the departments known as "AMONG THE CRAFTSMEN" and "THE CRAFTSMEN'S GUILD." We shall also continue to publish our own designs under the heading of "FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS," until such time as we find it expedient to transfer the practical details of our own work to the pages of *THE YEOMAN*, where much more space can be given them than could ever be allowed in this magazine.

We shall continue to deal editorially with topics of vital interest, presenting them with a view to their relation to the general progress of the nation and the world. We also purpose to take up music, literature and the drama as forms of art which come so essentially within the scope of this magazine, and shall from time to time give critical reviews of the best expressions that we find, treating them from the same viewpoint that we do modern art here and abroad.

NOTES AND REVIEWS

NOTES

IT is not often that the theatrical season in New York gets really under way in the middle of August, but this year the quiet of midsummer was enlivened quite a bit by the double production of Ferenc Molnar's play, "The Devil," adapted from the Hungarian and produced here simultaneously by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Belasco Theatre, with George Arliss in the title role, and by Henry W. Savage at the Garden Theatre, with company headed by Edwin Stevens.

The controversy between the two managers over the exclusive right to produce what each term "the only authorized version" of "Az Ördög" succeeded in creating an amount of interest in the play that for a time has made it the sensation of New York, but as a matter of fact, without the aid of this controversy it could hardly have scored more than a moderate success,—not because it is not clever, but because it is nothing more than clever.

Of course the strength of the Fiske version—which, by the way, was translated from the original by a Hungarian man of letters and which has suffered very little alteration at the hands of the adapter—has an immeasurable advantage over the other in the fact that the role of *The Devil* is played by the man who, of all others at present upon the stage, is best adapted for this special kind of character work. Whether or not he is destined to become one of the foremost actors of the age,—which seems quite probable to those who have delighted in the power and subtlety of his art,—he is at all events a master craftsman in the portrayal of characters that seem to be the very incarnation of evil. His *Minister of War* in "The Darling of the Gods" was a revelation of the possibilities of refined devilry that lurk in the Oriental character, and one that can never be forgotten by any one possessing sufficient understanding of the salient characteristics of the East to recognize the vivid accuracy of the portrayal. And even greater in its subtle suggestion of fiendish-

ness was his *Assessor Brack* in "Hedda Gabler," for here his work was so restrained that it hardly seemed to need a look, movement or tone to convey the impression of cold, calculating malice—the man simply stood still and radiated evil.

But in his characterization of *The Devil*, brilliant as it is, this quality of evil magnetism is lacking. Possibly it is because we are accustomed to think of the devil as absolute evil and so invest the character with an imaginative quality that places it beyond the limit of human portrayal,—or perhaps it is because this play is merely a clever play instead of a great one,—but certainly as the plot develops, one experiences a little sense of disappointment,—even though it is at the same time fully evident that Mr. Arliss does the utmost that can be done with the part as it stands, and that he makes it absorbingly interesting where in less skilful hands it might at times come dangerously close to banality. He abstains from all of the conventional accessories of costume or stage setting and appears simply as a well-dressed, cynical man of the world who believes in nothing good and devotes himself to making mischief with whole-hearted enjoyment, but yet who is "ower sib to Adam's breed" to be otherwise than fairly good-natured about it. His part in the play is rather to hurry events along the course which they inevitably would have taken in any case than to turn what was naturally good into evil. Not once does *The Devil* of this play convey the impression of cold, relentless malignity that one might expect, but rather he is just a human cynic whose cynicism has been sufficiently developed to make him a fairly respectable devil.

The play has been so widely reviewed that its plot is probably familiar to every one who follows dramatic affairs with any interest. It deals with a common enough situation in "smart society" in every country in the world, and the fact that the scene is laid in Budapest gives it no more of a national flavor than as if the action had taken place in Vienna or Paris. It is the story of the pretty young wife of a rich,



FERENC MOLNAR: AUTHOR OF THE HUNGARIAN
DRAMA "THE DEVIL," WHICH HAS BECOME THE
MOST TALKED OF PLAY ON TWO CONTINENTS.



ALEXANDER KONTA: WHO TRANSLATED FROM THE HUNGARIAN THE VERSION OF MOLNAR'S "THE DEVIL," WHICH HAS BEEN PRODUCED BY HARRISON GREY FISKE.

NOTES AND REVIEWS

commonplace man, old enough to be her father, and of the almost inevitable *tertium quid* who seems to dog the footsteps of idle, wealthy women. In this case, the third party was a young artist, *Sandor*, who had been in love with *Madame Voross* before her marriage. For six years he had been a staid and decorous friend of the *Voross* family, but the play opens with the coming of *Madame Voross* to the studio to have her portrait painted. Her husband leaves her there and her instant realization of the romantic possibilities of such an interview, and the artist's prompt response to this consciousness on her part, presents a situation which hardly needs the intervention of *The Devil* to hurry it to what, under the circumstances, was the logical conclusion. Both the artist and the lady protest heroically against the wiles and suggestions of *The Devil* but—and here Mr. Arliss' power of subtle suggestion was at its finest—*The Devil*, realizing perfectly that he is only urging them along the course that they most wished to take, plied his arts with a half weary cynicism that at times was distinctly sympathetic.

Much has been said about the "psychology" of the play and of its "symbolism,"—in the person of *The Devil*,—of the errors and weaknesses of human nature, but as a matter of fact the psychology of it does not seem particularly profound, nor does the particular kind of human nature portrayed need much symbolizing. The only thing that would seem to indicate that the author had any such symbolism in mind was the fact that, while *The Devil* was most generous in his suggestions to the artist, the lady, the husband,—who was none too scrupulous of the means by which he acquired his wealth,—and the self-willed young girl who wanted to marry the artist, he pointedly omitted to interfere in any way with the affairs of *Fanny*, a poor little model, who genuinely loved the artist and who had the good sense and generosity to take herself out of the way without any fuss when she heard he was going to be married. *Fanny* was no saint;

in fact, she was very much of a sinner, but she was an honest sinner who lived her own life, and had the courage of her own convictions, and so she seemed actually to win the respect of *The Devil*, who apparently took a malicious delight in confining his attentions to the "Tomlinsons" of society.

As to the controversy over the play, Mr. Fiske so far seems to have the advantage, mainly because he has maintained his position with dignity and has forborne to abuse the rival production. He has merely announced that the version used by Mr. Arliss was translated from the original by Alexander Konta,—a prominent Hungarian capitalist who makes his home in New York,—and adapted to the American stage by William Trowbridge Larned. The strength of his position lies in the fact that George Arliss is playing the title rôle, and his whole attitude betokens that he can well afford to sit still and watch the receipts roll in from the box office.

The fact of the matter seems to be that one version is about as much authorized as the other, for we have no copyright convention with Hungary and the translator asserts that any one who can get the play has a right to produce it if he wants to. The author, who seems to be an unusually accommodating individual, has apparently authorized both the productions already on the boards and is willing to authorize as many more as will pay royalties. For the rest, the Fiske version was translated from the Hungarian and copyrighted in this country by Mr. Konta, who takes a patriotic pride in bringing to the notice of the western world any interesting work done by his countrymen, and the Savage version was adapted by Oliver Herford—and very much Herfordized—from the Viennese production of the play, which had appealed to Mr. Savage as a possible success in this country.

AN excellent example of American stained glass is now on exhibition at the Tiffany Studios on Madison Ave-

NOTES AND REVIEWS

nue. It is a large staircase window executed in Favrile glass under the personal direction of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, and is intended for the home of Mrs. E. F. Leary in Seattle, Wash.

The design shows an Italian landscape, —a glimpse of a garden with a vine-covered pergola with a lake just beyond and a low range of hills in the background. The foreground is a mass of gorgeous color, as it is filled with luxuriant foliage and masses of hollyhocks and azaleas in full bloom. The most noticeable figure in the composition is the peacock in the foreground, which has been treated with admirable decorative effect.

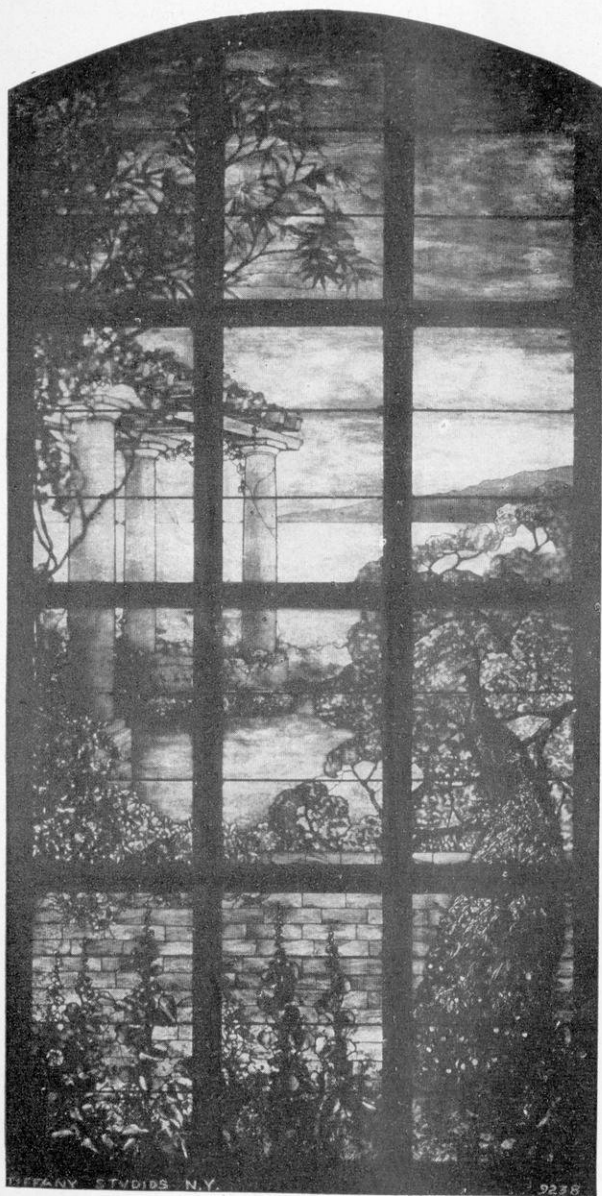
Owing to the difficulties presented by the design, the most careful use of material was required for the execution of this work. The glass was made especially for this window and no surface paints or pigments have been used. All the gradation of color and all the effects of light and shade are obtained wholly in the glass itself, with the result that the full qualities of depth and brilliancy have been preserved. An illustration of this window will be found on the opposite page.

AN exhibition of reproductions of the works of Rembrandt was given at the rooms of the Berlin Photographic Company from July fifteenth to August fifteenth. An effort was made to hold this exhibition on the three hundredth anniversary of Rembrandt's birthday, but it had to be postponed for the reason that some of his most important works were not obtainable at that time. The exhibition itself was of much interest to the student, as the works of the master were arranged chronologically, taking the visitor through all the well-known periods of his art, from the work of his early youth to the height of his fame in Amsterdam and the gloom and discouragement of his latest days. This last group included a reproduction of the well-known portrait of himself, the original of which is at the National Gallery of London. An interesting reproduction of this portrait is given on page 122.

REVIEWS

JUST now, when, in spite of the fact that we have a campaign on hand to elect a new president, Theodore Roosevelt is the central figure in the nation, a rather special interest attaches to Mr. William Bayard Hale's little volume entitled "A Week in the White House with President Roosevelt." It is stated upon the title page that the book is "a study of the President at the Nation's business" and that is exactly what it is. Incidentally it is a pen picture of the man so vivid that it almost brings him before one in the flesh. In his brief personal description Mr. Hale says: "The President is in the pink of condition today; his face clear, his weight I should say wellnigh a stone less than was his habit back of a year ago. Look at him as he stands and you will see that he is rigid as a soldier on parade. His chin is in, his chest out. The line from the back of his head falls straight as a plumb-line to his heels. Never for a moment, while he is on his feet, does that line so much as waver, that neck unbend. It is a pillar of steel. Remember that steel pillar. Remember it when he laughs, as he will do a hundred times a day—heartily, freely, like an irresponsible schoolboy on a lark, his face flushing ruddier, his eyes nearly closed, his utterance choked with mirth, and speech abandoned or become a weird falsetto. For the President is a joker, and (what many jokers are not) a humorist. He is always looking for fun—and always finding it. He likes it rather more than he does a fight—but that's fun, too. You have to remember, then, two things to see the picture: a man filled with constant good humor, breaking literally every five minutes into a roar of laughter—and a neck of steel."

Later on he says: "Mr. Roosevelt is always President and always a very strong-willed and assertive President. He will be master or he will die. And yet he will not be master otherwise than by virtue of his ability to prove that he ought to be. He maintains his right to have his



A STAIRCASE WINDOW, EXECUTED IN FAVRILE GLASS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF LOUIS C. TIFFANY, FOR THE HOME OF MRS. E. F. LEARY, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.



Reproduced with permission of the Berlin Photograph Company.

REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

NOTES AND REVIEWS

way—on the ground that his way is right. He is ready to go into the arena at any moment and fight out all over again the question which is the best man, which is the best cause. He will make no appeal to his constitutional dignity; he will not dominate by symbolism. He will not say: 'I am President; people, bow down.' He will say: 'I am right on this thing, and you have got to admit it.'"

Still later the author strikes the nail directly on the head in his description of the secret of the President's power: "President Roosevelt is a ruler. We don't use the word in this country, and don't like it. But we have the fact—and it is evident we do like it. No European sovereign rules as Roosevelt rules. But he does it by sheer force of character—and let us save our faces by adding, by the consent and desire of the people, who believe him to be right in what he demands. He doesn't do it (this is my point here) by bringing into play any mysterious power inherent in his office. He doesn't do it by surrounding himself with the circumstances of supreme power. He is *primus inter pares* by virtue of a grim determination to be, assisted by a sincerity and perspicacity such as political opposition has never before met, and now does not know how to meet."

We could go on indefinitely multiplying quotations from this little book, but these give a taste of its quality. It is a book that braces one up, so close is it to the truth of the most bracing personality in America today. One feels better and more able to grapple with things directly for having read it. ("A Week in the White House with Theodore Roosevelt," By William Bayard Hale. Illustrated. 153 pages. Price, \$1.00 net. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

THE burden of temperament is apparently what Mary E. Wilkins Freeman intends to indicate in "The Shoulders of Atlas"—a modern New Eng-

land story of unequaled interest but lessening literary skill in the last chapters.

The individual burdens which life fits neatly and skilfully upon the shoulders of young and old, rich and poor, regardless of strength or station—this is the meaning of the tale, and the tale is of many kind of burdens, the usual conventional ones, recognized by the "best society," and terrible menacing ones which not infrequently weight the shoulders of the very young and the very innocent, which the world refuses to recognize or understand except in books for the technical library.

It is very wonderful indeed, the simplicity and frankness with which Mrs. Freeman treats the subject which the world loves to shudder over yet refuses to accept as a manifestation of conditions as natural, when they occur, as life or death, tears or smiles—an instance merely that Nature has missed a fine adjustment and that some young person is set apart for a special burden. The injustice of it is terrible, and our non-understanding, foolish self-righteous condemnation of the weak little shoulders on which the burden is thrust is both tragic and pitiful.

But there are many burdens besides *Lucy's* in this well-told tale, and mainly, as I recall them now, they seem personally unjust burdens put in place by the force of pitiless circumstances, not the fitting result of individual errors. There is *Sylvia*, for instance—who in no way suggests her flower-like name—but, with New England irony, is gaunt and stooped, wrinkled and shrill, and her burden is poverty—a fearful, grinding poverty that has cost her youth and beauty and health and joy, a poverty that disintegrates and leaves the spirit dishevelled and untidy. And there is *Sylvia's* husband, whose burden is a restlessness grown out of poverty. He has been bound so long to its wheel that he can find no rest save at the cobbler's bench with the sound of the hammer marking off the hours of life. And there is the greatest burden of all, which *Lucy's* mother carries—a heartbroken, loving woman who alone judges her daughter

NOTES AND REVIEWS

sanely and compassionately, who says to the shocked hero of the story—whose good looks has won her daughter's interest: "Sometimes, quite often, it may happen that too heavy a burden, a burden which has been gathering weight since the first of creation, is heaped upon too slender shoulders. This burden may blend innocence into guilt and modesty into shamelessness. But there is no more reason for condemnation than in a case of typhoid fever. Any man of good sense and common Christianity should take this point of view." And the hero went away feeling, as he reasoned it out, that he had escaped "some terrible, emotional miasma." And a part of *Lucy's* mother's burden was knowing how all the world would judge and misjudge her pretty daughter, her "little girl," who had no more actual responsibility for her ardent nature than for the yellow curls on her head. And so the burdened mother watches and saves her child from murdering a woman whom she fancies to be her rival.

There is a tangle of tormented lives in this quiet New England village, and some brightness, and at the end almost a cloying sweetness; and one feels as though the final gathering together of the characters into a joyous chorus must have been inspired by publishers rather than author, for everybody is dragged to the front of the stage and made to throw away their burdens in company. It isn't true to life, or true to Mrs. Freeman's rare and beautiful art. And it is a mistake to think that the public demands a smile on the face of every character before a story closes. ("The Shoulders of Atlas." By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Illustrated. 294 pages. Price \$1.50. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York and London.)

WITH all the modern passion for psychological analysis and for delving into the depths of things within the limits of one moderate sized book it is a comfort once in a while to find one that, from cover to cover, has nothing in it but humor and common sense. And when one

analyzes these two qualities in all their bearing upon life in general, one realizes that there are very few things that would not be affected most beneficially by a little touch of one or both.

The views of the author of "The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman" upon the burning question of woman's place and work in the world may be crystallized into a plain statement of the fact that she believes, with all her heart and soul, that the best lessons of life may be learned right at home. She says frankly: "I think no great lady with her knowledge of the world, her fine philosophies, and her education, can tell a bright, sensible woman who has borne children and has done her own housework anything really worth hearing about woman's life. I believe no preacher with his hands soft from idleness can instruct her, and I feel sure that no layman with a reasonable share of mother-wit would attempt it. When it comes to arriving at the point she has the right-of-way, and if she rules the house and makes the entire family walk a chalk-line it is no more than she ought to do!"

The book is written anonymously by a woman who uses the pen name of "The Country Contributor." It sounds as if it had been written in rare hours of leisure from household cares and as if it were the frank expression of a kindly, penetrating and sincere view of life. It is as wholesome as brown bread and buttermilk and as pungent and as sparkling as good hard cider,—a combination that makes it most refreshing in comparison with the "problem novels" of which we have so many. ("The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman." By "The Country Contributor." 235 pages. Price, \$1.00 net. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

THERE are a great many people, but only three characters in Emery Pottle's story, "Handicapped." There is an indefinite mother and a well-bred, vague lover and a lot of others. But the real people are first of all the groom, *Donovan O'Hara*, handsome, magnetic and im-

NOTES AND REVIEWS

pulsive (with a lady mother and a horse-training father), and the two women who influenced his life; one who fancied him well worth loving at all hazards, and the other whom he loved and who is won for an hour by his strength and beauty and passion. None of the people, not even the essential three, seem firmly rooted to their environment. You have a sense of a temporary *mise en scène* set up for the story. Yet the story itself, even with the setting swaying loosely in the wings, grips your interest and appeals to your imagination. These three, the lover and the two girl friends, are live people; they talk and act as real men and women do; they have individuality, and you feel actual motives back of their deeds. The virile, stirring magnetism of the big, shy, blundering, terribly good-looking boy is present all through the pages. His personality is a vivid one and you understand perfectly how it is that the ultra-sensitive, over-civilized girl liked his companionship, wanted to talk with him and drive about the country with him and even finally fancied she had given her heart to him as well as her sweet young lips. You know quite well that it is not love but just youth and daring and sunlight and wild winds, but you can see how the girl thinks it love; and you are not surprised that she yields to it. You are even a little anxious about *Donovan's* affair with *Leone* and you are a bit ashamed when *Cecilia* meets them together.

And it goes without saying that it is quite impossible to take a book so personally and give it so much sympathy if it has not the quality of genuine human interest. Throughout the story the dialogue is delightful, there is a gentle wit and a friendly irony touching the phrases, modulating them to the tune of the varying individuality; and you are impressed always with the sense of conversation springing out of definite psychological perplexities, not from a fund of ready-to-use phrases and epigrams in the writer's brain. Throughout, the drama of the tale is more in the thought and word than in the action. It

is only at the end that the book is crystallized into sudden tragedy, and this scene at the New York horse show is especially well sustained. You feel that Mr. Pottle knows his people and his environment and you feel too that he must be a man of fine sympathy for life, with an inevitably humorous approach to all conditions, whether they hurt or please. ("Handicapped." By Emery Pottle. 267 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by John Lane Co., New York and London.)

AN analysis of fiction that should prove invaluable to the reader as well as to the budding writer of stories is Mr. Clayton Hamilton's "Materials and Methods of Fiction," published with an introduction by Mr. Brander Matthews which briefly reviews the history of story telling in all ages, and traces the development of modern fiction, its purpose and the place it fills in literature.

The first chapter of the book itself is devoted to the purpose of fiction, which, the author asserts, is to embody certain truths of human life in a series of imagined facts. His contention is that the best fiction, although it deals with the lives of imaginary people, is no less true than the best history and biography, which recalls actual facts of human life; and is more true than such careless reports of actual occurrences as are published in the daily newspapers. Therefore he holds that the great writer of fiction must be a scientist able to induce from the observation of certain facts an apprehension of the general law that explains their relation; a philosopher who builds from these truths a structure of belief, and an artist who gives expression to these correlated theoretic truths by clothing them in invented facts. To quote exactly: "Fiction, to borrow a figure from chemical science, is life distilled. In the author's mind, the actual is first evaporated to the real, and the real is then condensed to the imagined."

The whole book is devoted to the clear elucidation of the principles just laid down, and is illustrated with many references to,

NOTES AND REVIEWS

and quotations from, the most famous writers of fiction, both of earlier times and of the present day.

The comparative significance of realism and romance is set forth in a way that is both convincing in itself and inspiring toward further research. The nature of the narrative, plot, setting, the delineation of character, the point of view of the writer and the value of emphasis in the narrative are all taken up in turn, and the book closes with a brief analysis of the structure of the short story and a dissertation on the factor of style in literature. ("Materials and Methods of Fiction." By Clayton Hamilton, with an introduction by Brander Matthews. 220 pages. Price, \$1.50 net. Published by The Baker and Taylor Company, New York.)

AS American architecture begins to show signs of a national quality, it becomes evident that, like many of our other national qualities, it reveals a close relationship to the English. There is no question about the feeling of kinship that lies behind our keen appreciation of the castles, villages and farmhouses of England and, while the building art with us can hardly be said to follow English traditions any more definitely or closely than any other, still it shows traces of springing from the same root.

For this reason Americans who are interested in the quality of picturesqueness, which really seems to be returning to some parts of this country, will enjoy a book called "The Charm of the English Village." It is well named, for in both descriptions and in the delightful pen drawings that illustrate the text are given glimpses of that charm, so vividly as to make it seem like a part of personal experience. For this reason the book is suggestive to a degree of ideas which consciously or unconsciously are now beginning to gain ground in this country and would make a valuable addition to the library either of the architect or of the general reader who has an appreciation of beautiful things. ("The Charm of the

English Village." By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A. Illustrated by Sidney R. Jones. 160 pages. Price, \$3.00 net. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

THE question of the power of mind over body and of the success of various forms of mental healing is one that is much before us at the present time. It seems to be a characteristic of the age, and all honest inquiry into the source of such power, and the way to use it after it is discovered, demands attention. A book on this subject that is clear, convincing and full of suggestion is "Paths to the Heights," by Sheldon Leavitt. While it is daringly direct in some of the theories it asserts there is a strong basis of common sense that takes it out of the class of books that leave their readers groping around in the air in the effort to understand something that only too evidently is not clear in the minds of the authors. Dr. Leavitt evidently knows precisely what he believes and also knows how to explain it clearly and straightforwardly. Consequently the book is genuinely helpful and should prove inspiring to people so immersed in the affairs of daily life that they forget that there is anything outside of the problem of getting three meals a day and doing unto your neighbor what he would like to do to you. ("Paths to the Heights." By Sheldon Leavitt. 264 pages. Price, \$1.00. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

PEOPLE who are interested in world politics turn with eagerness to everything which relates to the awakening that just now seems to be extending throughout all the Oriental countries. Therefore the title of Mr. W. P. Cresson's book, "Persia: The Awakening East," seems to promise a volume of much political significance.

In this it is disappointing, but as a book of travel and of impressions of Persia and its people it is very interesting, being pleasantly and vividly written and illustrated from photographs taken on the spot. Mr

NOTES AND REVIEWS

Cresson and his party traveled with a caravan in the good old-fashioned way, and, as nearly as possible, lived the life they found around them. Because of this, the book gives an impression of Persian life and character that is unusually convincing and may, after all, have its value in enabling us to form some estimate of the scope and energy of the present Oriental advance.

("Persia: The Awakening East." By W. P. Cresson. Illustrated. 275 pages. Price, \$3.50 net. Published by The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London.)

TWO more volumes have been added to the delightful "Masterpieces in Colour" series. These are "Millais" and "Carlo Dolci." They are quite as charming and as valuable for reference as the other books of the series, and like them are illustrated in color with the best known work of the artists.

Owing to a misunderstanding the price per volume of this series was wrongly stated in the review of a number of the books given a few months ago in *THE CRAFTSMAN*. The price quoted below is correct.

("Millais." By A. Lys Baldry. 77 pages. "Carlo Dolci." By George Hay. 78 pages. Both illustrated in color. Price per volume, 65c.; postage, 8c. Published by The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

WE learned long ago to expect only good things from the pen of Miss Alice Brown, and in her latest novel, "Rose MacLeod," she has more than satisfied our best expectations. The book is full of interest, not so much because of its plot, although that plot is not lacking in incident, but because of the brilliant character sketching that greets you at every turn. The people of the story jostle each other through its pages,—the two old ladies, one serene, gracious and motherly, who had "made only good choices all her life," and the other brilliant, satirical, elfin

in her sense of mischief and rebellion against the ordered course of things,—a woman who had taken the wrong turning once and had found only dust and ashes ever since, although outwardly her life was along the staidest of well-ordered lines.

Then there was the puritan granddaughter of this brilliant little person,—one of those dreadful girls whose whole life is introspective and who parcels out her time in deeds and meditations calculated to "develop her character" and bring her life up to a higher plane. The type is only too familiar and in strong contrast to it in this book is the heroine herself, a radiant, reckless girl who had the misfortune to be the daughter of a "reformer," a man who goes about preaching the brotherhood of man and incidentally catering to his own desire for power, ease and luxury. Also there are the two brothers, the artist and the toiler who stays in the background in order that the genius of the other may be developed. It is a group of complex and striking personalities and it is worth while to see what the author does with the various elements she has introduced into an uncommonly good story. ("Rose MacLeod." By Alice Brown. 407 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.)

ONE always expects to find hot white sunlight, rich color and untamed passions in a book of Maurice Hewlett's. His latest novel, "The Spanish Jade," is no exception to this rule, especially as it is a tale of life, love and hate in Spain. In the opening chapter we read: "He was very young and looked very delicate, with his transparent alabaster skin, lustrous gray eyes and pale thin lips * * * His name he would give you as Estéban Vincáz—which it was not; his affair was pressing, pleasant and pious,—of that he had no doubt at all. He was intending the murder of a young woman."

That this pleasant plan was never carried out was not in any way due to the young man, but rather to the fact that the

NOTES AND REVIEWS

young woman was not so easily killed. As the book says a little later: "She was a vivid beauty, fierce in color, with her tawny gold hair, sunburnt skin and jade-green, far-seeing eyes, her coiled crimson handkerchief and blue-green gown." Moved to action by the necessity of protecting an Englishman who had rescued her from a mob of loafers,—and who would have been killed by *Estéban* for having rendered her this service,—she turned the tables by killing *Estéban* himself and so putting it out of his power to do further mischief. His relatives take up the quarrel and attempt to take vengeance upon the Englishman, but the girl carries her heroism to the length of giving herself up for the murder. But it is too bad to spoil the story by telling snatches of it, especially as the blood will be more than a little stirred by reading it. ("The Spanish Jade." By Maurice Hewlett. Illustrated and decorated by W. Hyde. 243 pages. Price, 90c. net. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

ANY of our readers who meditate going into the woods or to the mountains next year will do well to buy and study thoroughly "The Way of the Woods," which is announced as a manual for sportsmen in northeastern United States and Canada. There is hardly a detail of camping, from the first gathering together of the outfit to the last minutiae of comfortable, practicable camp life, that is not given, and what is not told of woodcraft, hunting and fishing, lies so deeply down in the realm of indescribable experiences that it may not be told to one who does not know about it already. Fishing is taken up in all its phases, and so is the stalking of moose and deer and the shooting of game birds, with a word or two about the big game of the Northwest.

No matter how devoted to the comfortable ways of civilization one may be, it is impossible even to glance through this book without hearing at least a distant echo of the call of the wild. A number of photographs are reproduced, showing phases of camp life, hunting and fishing, and the book is further illustrated by pen and ink drawings, giving diagrams and details wherever they are needed for a fuller understanding of camp equipment, hunter's trappings or the best method of doing any given thing. ("The Way of the Woods," by Edward Breck. Illustrated. 430 pages. Price, \$1.75 net. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

THE special summer number of *The International Studio* for 1908 is one of the most beautiful of the series of special numbers issued by this publication. It is devoted entirely to artistic photography, showing beautiful reproductions of both monochrome and autochrome plates. The best known of our Secession photographers are well represented, and place is given to the work of a number of others who are just beginning to come to the front.

A review of color photography that is none the less interesting because it is so clear and accurate on the technical side forms the introduction, and all the rest of the book is given up to reproductions of the pictures themselves, forming a collection that would be most interesting to the lover of art in all forms of its expression as well as to the enthusiast over the possibilities of modern photography as a medium of direct art expression.

("Special Summer Number of *The International Studio*. Colour Photography." Illustrated. 113 pages. Price, cloth, \$3.00; postage, 35c. Published by The John Lane Company, New York.)

