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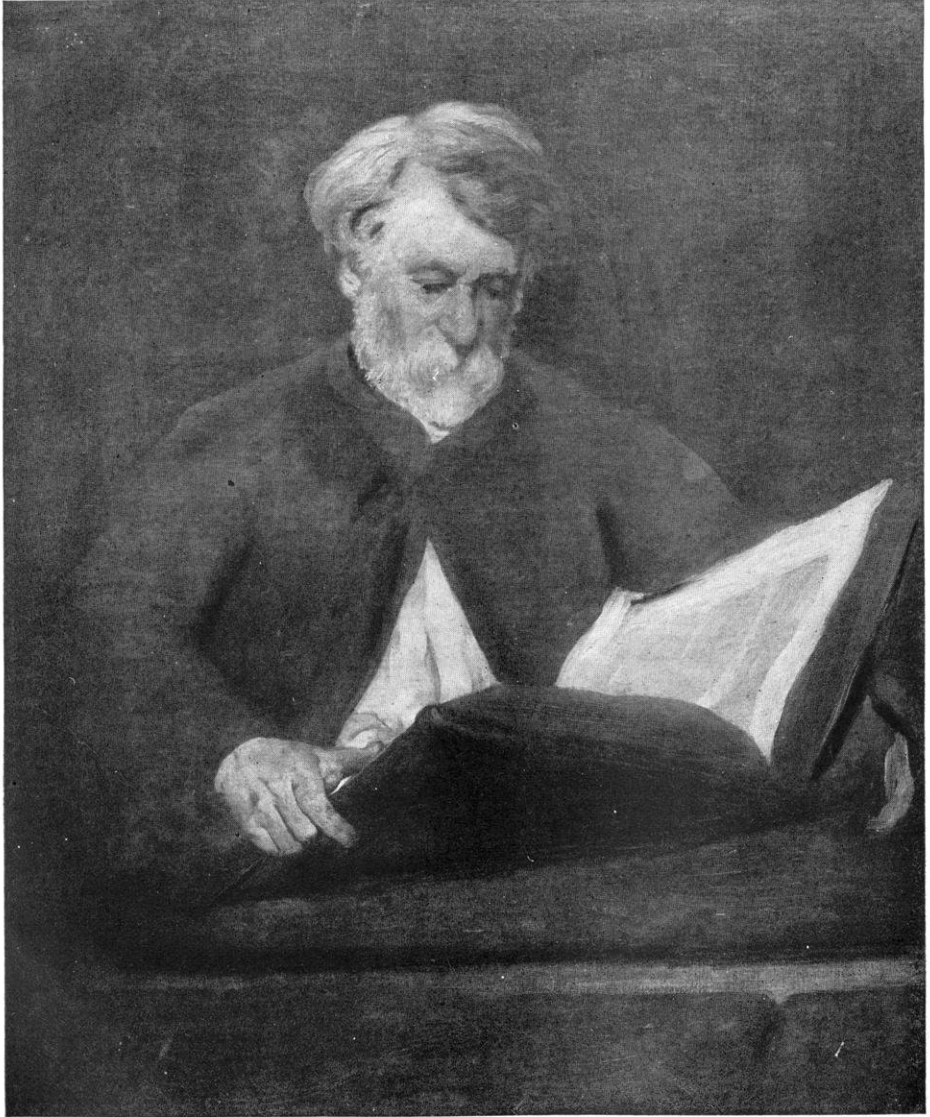
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**"THE READER": EDOUARD
MANET, PAINTER.**

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XVII

FEBRUARY, 1910

NUMBER 5

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THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XVII FEBRUARY, 1910 NUMBER 5

MANET AND MODERN AMERICAN ART: BY WALTER PACH



MANET has often been called the Father of Modern Painting. But too few of us understand all that the term implies. We think of certain technical advances which he has inaugurated and overlook that part of his teaching upon which he himself was wont to lay most stress: namely, that art to be really significant must be born of its own time, an expression of its immediate environment. This "revolutionary" idea of Manet's has become the cornerstone of the art conditions we see about us here in America today. The men who are painting pictures which really arouse our enthusiasm, the men whose art will be cherished by the future, are those who understand and present the character of present-day America. Understanding and also admiring the achievements of the past, they still prefer to render in their art essential portraits of our civilization. Through their achievement we see a new people, with attributes and needs apart from those of other nations.

As Edouard Manet saw the life of the Parisian café of his time, or of the French capital, represented in the "Music of the Tuilleries," so William J. Glackens has given us documents of American life in his significant series of pictures, the "May-Day," "At Mouquin's," etc. John Sloan also takes from life the scenes that really interest him, his wonderful sympathy and humor entering in—and so we have his remarkable characterizations of the American city and its people. I need scarcely cite his etchings, the "Roof-tops—Summer Night," "Connoisseurs at a Print Exhibition" and his paintings. These works when recently seen for the first time in France evoked immense enthusiasm from men of critical ability, and it was interesting to notice that while some of the critics spoke in terms of praise of the expression of American conditions, others dwelt on the rare qualities of drawing, light, etc., the two sides of the criticism showing that the road to a great technique lies across a great interest in the work at hand.

Manet more than any other man turned away from the false classicism of his time, and instead of pictures like the "Romans of the Decadence" of his teacher, or the Horatii or pseudo-Venuses, he took as his subject a living woman, and we have his "Olympia," or painted

MANET AND MODERN AMERICAN ART

his friend with pipe and beer glass and we have the "Bon-Bock." Today Robert Henri is recording the American types of his time in the same convincing inevitable manner—the journalist, the society woman, or perhaps it is a dancer or a negro. George Luks, too, paints people,—their portraits and their environment—all American and contemporary. Winslow Homer seizes on essential aspects of our coast scenes and our sea people, in the vigorous style we know so well. Maurice Prendergast gives us a beautiful vision of color and form in his pictures of our joyous out-of-door life.

Possibly the relation of Arthur B. Davies with this art movement may seem to some more remote. But the difference in handling is here the least important matter. After a study of Mr. Davies's pictures at an exhibit last spring, I felt that they were thoroughly American, and that the people and landscapes he paints are symbols of our own people and our own landscape. It would be too much to say that the credit for this most vital phase of our art belongs to Manet. He is rather the first definite exponent of a tendency which has grown to greater and greater significance.

OUTSIDE of America, it is in Manet's own nation that we must chiefly look for men possessing not only the intelligence to apply his discoveries, but the genius to produce beautiful works through them. Degas alone among the great French painters of recent years seems to have been so set in his course that he could follow it with only an unimportant influence from Manet. The arts of Cézanne, Renoir, Monet and Gauguin have merely to be reviewed from their beginning to their maturity to show how much these masters owe to Manet. Renoir, before he felt the power of Manet, was working principally under the influence of classical instruction in drawing and of Courbet; while Monet after seeing Manet's exhibition of eighteen hundred and sixty-three, began his lifelong study of the effects of light. Each of these men was born a genius, and would, I feel certain, have arrived at a great art without having known the pictures of Manet; but the point is that their work would then have been different; and I cannot think they would have gone so far. It is even more to Manet's credit that he accepted certain lessons from the artists he helped to form (notably Renoir and Monet) than that he took so freely from the old masters. On the other hand, for all the splendor of Manet's color, we must concede to Renoir a more remarkable sense of the chord of color, whether it be a simple variation of a few tones or the management of a large range of apparently clashing notes. It is also clear that Monet carried onward Manet's study of the various aspects of landscape, and that sometimes he touches heights in its

MANET AND MODERN AMERICAN ART

expression in form and color that Manet never reached. But if we take together the various phases of Manet's many-sided art, so rich in the qualities that distinguish the painter as such, and informed by such an inspiring sense of beauty, even when surpassed here and there by one man or another, we nevertheless feel that he must rank as the greatest man of modern times.

The career of Edouard Manet, as he unflinchingly pursued his ideals, was full of stirring incident—looked upon from the standpoint of intellectual drama; for Manet was a man struggling first of all for principles; not with tangible opponents, but with the monstrous all-encumbering mass of ignorance and prejudice. Fortunately he was too deeply imbued with a realization of the greatness of his work to heed the chance of failure, and we realize today that he did not battle in vain.

A single scene in Manet's life will give an idea of the attitude of the public toward him in eighteen hundred and sixty-five, the year his "Olympia" was shown. I quote from Théodore Duret, a great friend of the painter's and a critic of rare perception, who had been traveling with Manet in Spain:

"We returned together. In those days passports were required of travelers, and at the frontier station of Hendaye, the examiner of passports began to look at Manet with astonishment. He summoned his family that they might also see the artist. Soon the other travelers, having learned who he was, began staring at Manet in the same way. All displayed the greatest surprise to find this painter,—whose reputation as an artistic monstrosity had reached them,—appear in the shape of a very correct and very polite man of the world." There is probably not another instance in history of a man who has brought upon himself the wrath and contumely of the public to the extent that Manet did by presenting it with masterpieces.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-four, the year after Manet's death, John Sargent heard with disquietude that there was a chance of the "Olympia" being lost to the French people through purchase by an American. He spoke to Claude Monet about it, and the latter conceived and initiated the plan of raising a subscription to buy the work and of placing it in a public gallery. Enthusiastic and determined supporters flocked to his standard; a howl of opposition went up from the academic painters and critics, backed by their admirers, governmental and popular. But Monet carried his cause directly to the head of the Department of Fine Arts, M. Fallières, and the next minister, M. Bourgeois, accepted the gift. Twenty-two years later France bestowed her final honor and hung the "Olympia" in the Louvre. This time there was no protest.

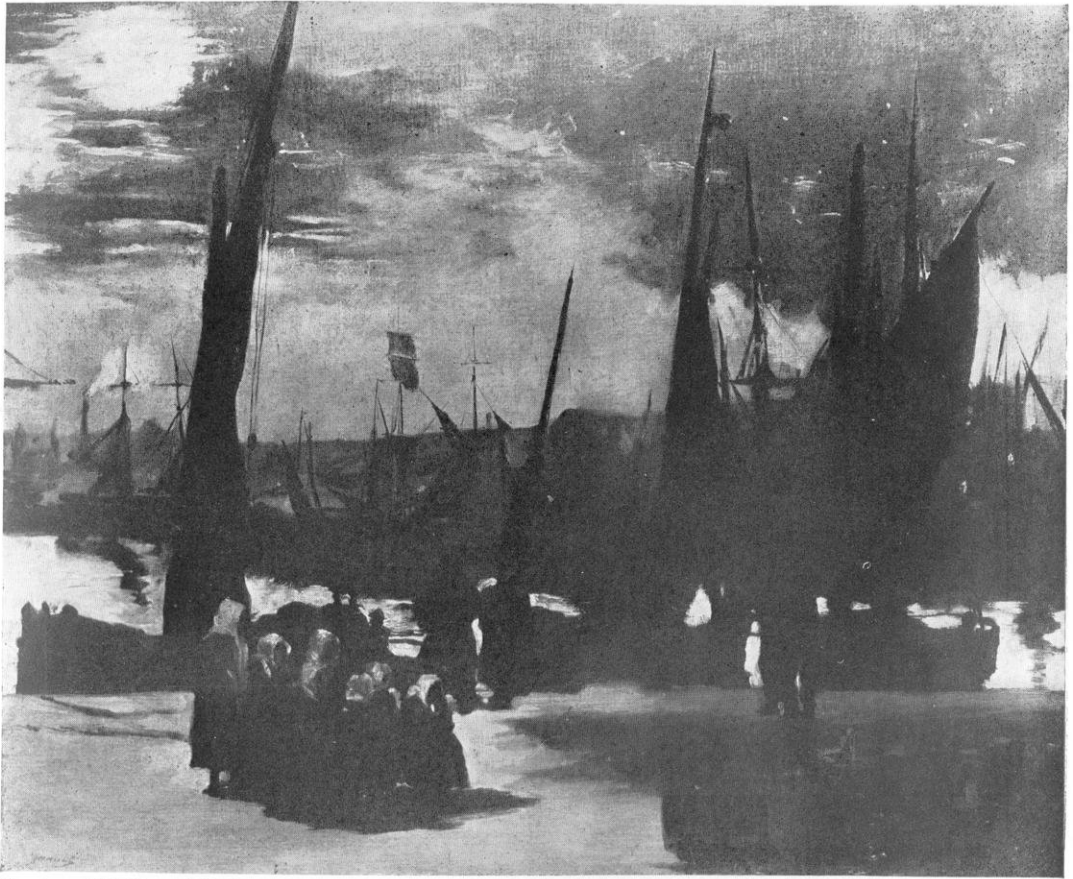
MANET AND MODERN AMERICAN ART

IT is not to be supposed that men's attitude toward Manet's art would always remain the same. In art, as in politics, in science and in religion, the seeming heresy of one period is the accepted truth of the next. Or else, successive developments make it appear to err on the side of under-statement, and the innovator is spoken of as only historically important, one who opened up the paths which others followed to the goal. The criticism of the advanced men has not gone to such a length in the case of Manet, but there is a tendency in that direction.

Edouard Manet was born in Paris, on the twenty-third of January, eighteen hundred and thirty-two. His parents were well-to-do people of the middle class who made the usual opposition to his desire to become an artist. But Manet was born to paint, as George Moor has pointed out, and could not be kept from it. He studied for six years under Thomas Couture—we say "under" in the conventional sense, for by instinct and observation Manet was soon able to realize the error of that painter's ideas, and had broken with him before he left his studio.

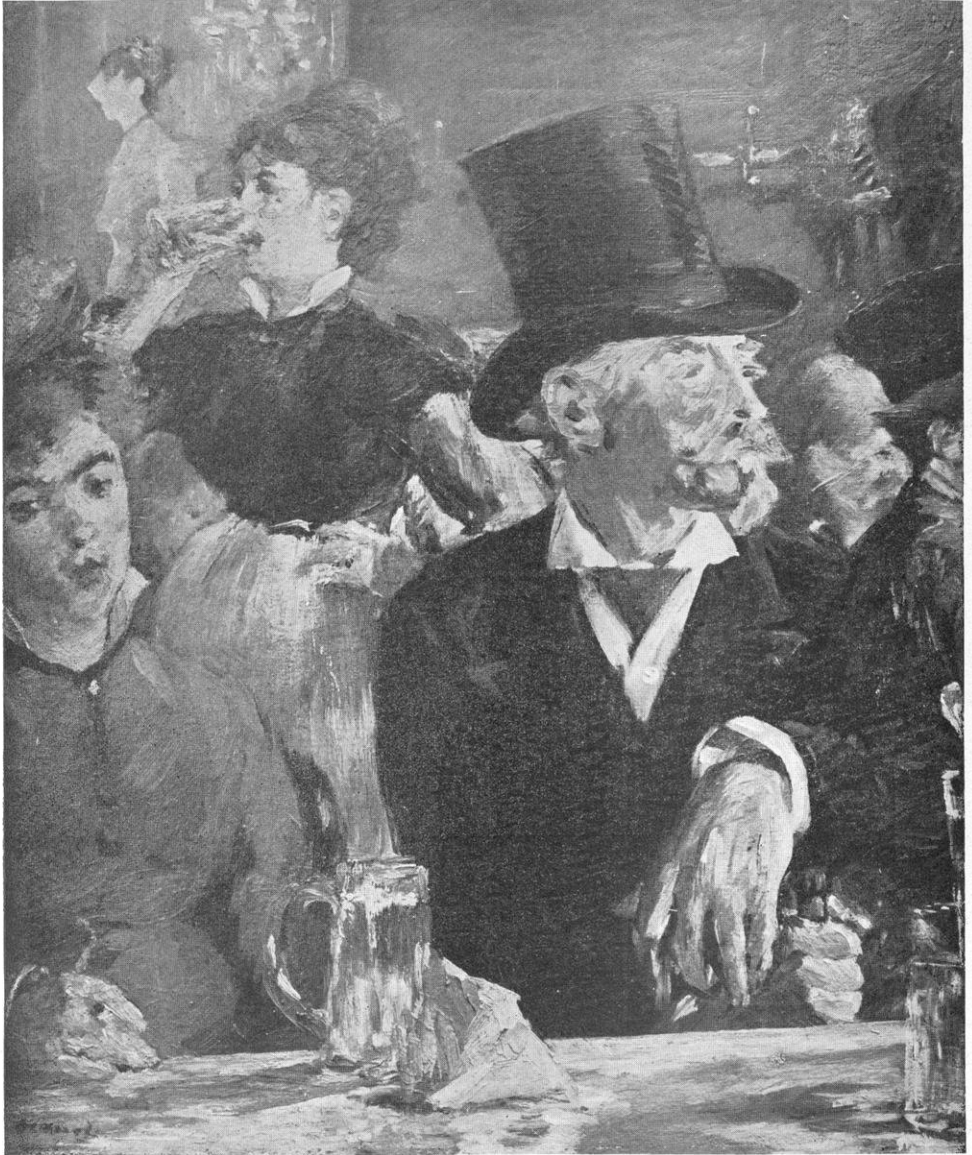
Manet, like Delacroix and Courbet, whom he admired, studied the works of the classical schools and made numerous copies after Titian, Tintoretto, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Raphael, Filippo Lippi and others. Goya was also a painter who appealed to Manet very strongly, and had his journey to Spain come at a more formative time in his career, we should doubtless have paintings by him even closer to those of his great predecessor. But Frans Hals, Velasquez and other masters that Manet loved best, were most of them not the general favorites in his time. Indeed, they were scarcely reckoned with at all then, so that an art which based itself on them was unlikely to meet with popular favor.

IN eighteen hundred and sixty-one Manet did get an honorable mention at the Salon with his "Guitar-Player" (exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum in nineteen hundred and six), but in eighteen hundred and sixty-three his "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" was refused by the jury, and when exhibited at the famous Salon des Refusés, it met with a storm of condemnation. This was increased two years later by the "Olympia," and in eighteen hundred and sixty-seven he was excluded from an important World's Fair. Determined, however, to have the public see his work, he, like Courbet, whose pictures were also rejected by the jury, held an exhibition in a building near the exposition. Manet always believed that his work would be justified by the sincere and intelligent portion of the public and sent regularly to the exhibitions. To a certain extent he was right, for the



Courtesy of M. Durand-Ruel.

"THE PORT OF BOULOGNE:—NIGHT EFFECT":
EDOUARD MANET, PAINTER.



Courtesy of M. Duwand-Ruel.

**"AT THE CAFÉ CONCERT":
EDOUARD MANET, PAINTER.**



Courtesy of M. Durand-Ruel.

**"THE WASH": EDOUARD
MANET, PAINTER.**



Courtesy of M. Durand-Ruel.

"THE FLUTE": EDOUARD
MANET, PAINTER.

MANET AND MODERN AMERICAN ART

freest and most enlightened men became his firm friends; but at first they were few in number and not influential enough to save him from many and bitter disappointments.

Emile Zola must be given the first place among these defenders of Manet's art, and not even the great novelist's famous espousal of the interests of the condemned Dreyfus shows more plainly his magnificent courage and clarity of vision. Again and again he rose to hurl accusations at the "fools and traitors who were stultifying France," and to speak for the great man whom practically all the rest were attacking. Zola kept up the good work at every opportunity, as did also M. Duret, and such great men as Baudelaire, Théophile Gautier and Mallarmé took sides with Manet. A brave company of disciples and sympathetic artists also supported him. Many of them have now achieved the highest distinction. And no account of these periods of storm and stress would be complete without a mention of the whole-hearted support of M. Durand-Ruel, who with rare prescience bought every picture of these artists that he could, thus contributing in an important manner to their final success.

Manet's personality was one of the most inspiring that has ever manifested itself in art. Its noble intensity is seen in any type of picture he undertook,—whether in the head of a man, luminous with energy and thought, or a landscape like the "Port of Boulogne," where his enjoyment of the scene leads him to the dramatic composition of the strong lights and rich darks and the sudden upward springing lines of the masts. Always we see in his work the man in love with the joy of living, with the joy of seeing; a man whose work is to him the incomparable delight, and yet who knows that to keep it he must pour into it his fullest experience and knowledge, his most important conceptions of humanity and the strongest, most inclusive sensations he receives from the world in which he lives. It was the people he knew that he painted.

Even when he took a religious subject, he did what Fra Angelico, Tintoretto and Rembrandt did—painted men and women of his time, painted them true, and thus of interest to all times. Again this union of appreciation and craftsmanship explains how he could create a work like the "Girl with the Parrot" and then paint the "Plate of Oysters." The one moves us with its profound insight into a delicate nature, with the reverence that brings to the painter's big brush such finesse of line and form as Holbein attained with his pencil, and yet the still life is equally a symbol of his optimism, of his liking for the world, of his happiness in his work. I must mention also the beautiful picture of "Peonies" in the Musée des Arts Decoratifs of the Louvre—it is quite a rendezvous for the Japanese in Paris, who love it as almost

POOR MOTHER

the only work by a European that parallels the flower-painting of their own artists. Always the world was good and beautiful to Manet, and he desired to show it as he saw it. Hence the ceaseless effort to achieve light and clearness, to paint things as they really were in the brilliant colors that he saw in the sunlight. Hence also the use of the vigorous drawing and modeling that was brought to almost ultimate simplicity that the color be relieved of unnecessary strain and free to glow with a purity that in some of his works has never been surpassed.

Manet was like the soldier at the head of a charge,—carried on by his own force and by that of the company behind him, the Courbets, the Rousseaus, the Corots, the Delacroixs, the Géricaults. History will mark the mid-nineteenth century in which he painted as the surging point of a spirit of freedom in the arts as it was in the political world; music, literature and the decorative arts were loosed from a hundred dragging conventions. Manet must stand as one of the chief destroyers of the false and—with his unequalled acquirements from the masters and his own intensifying of them—probably the chiefest modern expounder of the truth.

POOR MOTHER

ONE day after the heavy milk cans had been scoured and scalded, the ironing was done, and the bread making—for the hardest tasks of the week must be done with one fire—the mother finished some sewing that was pressing, and then, as the sun was setting, stepped out into the garden. She had spaded the garden herself in the spring, for the men were too busy. A thrifty and aspiring rose-bush presented her with a beautiful blossom. She raised her hand to pluck it, but a vertigo came upon her and she fell. They ran out and lifted her up. "Poor Mother," they said, "she should not have tried to gather the rose."

GERTRUDE RUSSELL LEWIS.

A WOMAN'S BELOVED: A PSALM

TO what shall a woman liken her beloved,
And with what shall she compare him to do him honor?
He is like the close-folded new leaves of the woodbine, odor-
less, but sweet,
Flushed with a new and swiftly rising life,
Strong to grow and give glad shade in summer.
Even thus should a woman's beloved shelter her in her time of
anguish.

And he is as the young robin, eager to try his wings,
For within soft stirring wings of the spirit has she cherished him,
And with the love of the mother bird shall she embolden him,
That his flight may avail.

A woman's beloved is to her as the roots of the willow,
Long, strong, white roots, bedded lovingly in the dark.
Into the depths of her have gone the roots of his strength and of his
pride,
That she may nourish him well and become his fulfilment.
None may tear him from the broad fields where he is planted!

A woman's beloved is like the sun rising upon the waters, making the
dark places light,
And like the morning melody of the pine trees.
Truly she thinks the roses die joyously
If they are crushed beneath his feet.

A woman's beloved is to her a great void that she may illumine,
A great king that she may crown, a great soul that she may redeem.
And he is also the perfecting of life,
Flowers for the altar, bread for the lips, wine for the chalice.

You that have known passion, think not that you have fathomed love.
It may be you have never seen Love's face,
For love thrusts aside storm clouds of passion to unveil the heavens,
And, in the heart of a woman, only then is love born.

To what shall I liken a woman's beloved,
And with what shall I compare him to do him honor?
He is a flower, a song, a spreading vine, clear water, the intense sun,
He is a wound, a sword, a struggle, a wild storm,
And, at the last, he is redemption, power, joy, fulfilment and perfect
peace.

BY MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE WEST ON MODERN JAPANESE ART: BY YONE NOGUCHI

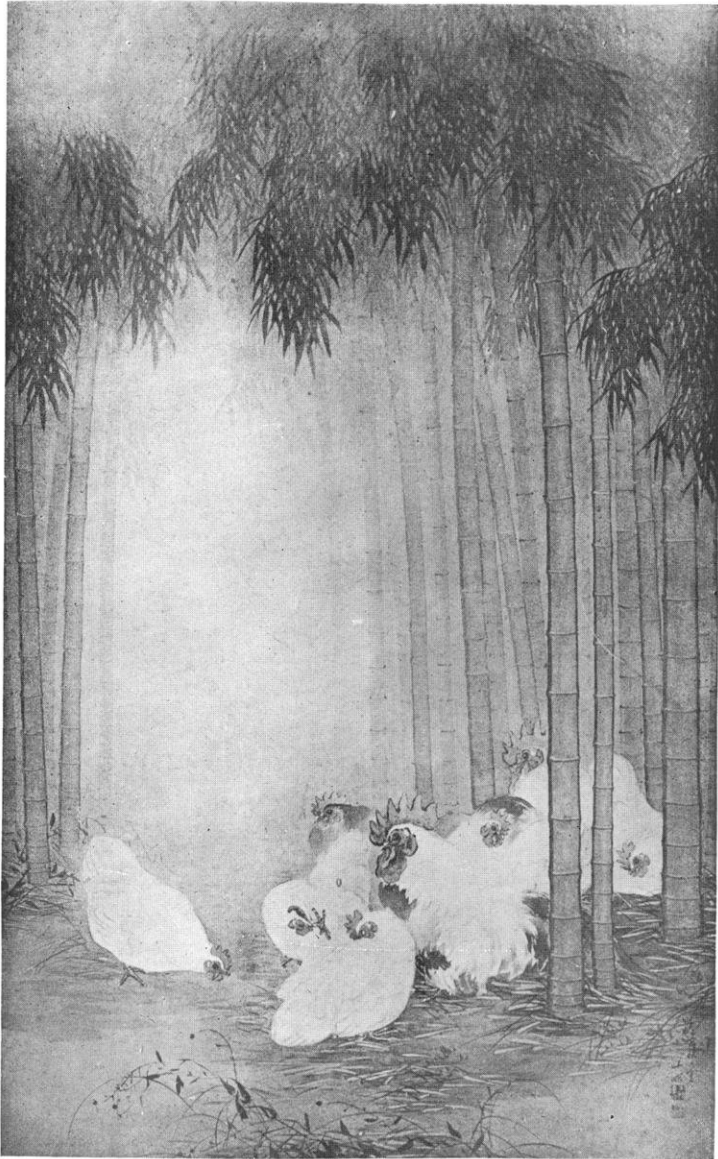


—“We are pretty tired of the *Nippon ga* (Japanese school of art); that is to say, in its indecision of æsthetic judgment and uncertainty of strong purpose. We feel in it only the faded scent of an older art and refinement, not quite true to Nature and too far away. It seems to have degenerated into a mechanical art. We want more the artistic reality; there must be some

unmistakable purpose in it all.”

B.—“You look to the *end*? That is the last thing I expected to hear. To me the *means* which an artist uses are the paths to heaven; so it was with the Greeks. The art which must have some end to express is a lost art. It is very well to talk on artistic reality; but I am afraid what you seek is the external effect. What distinction of reality is there in your *Seiyo ga* (Western school of art)? No one dreams of praising the art of Nature itself; that is to say, the fact that the great facts of life exist; of giving praise to the inspiration from which he worked. What the artist values most is workmanship, or the right use of the material, rather than the material itself; instead of style and design, the intellect and the atmosphere. The Japanese art creations are a pure joy to my mind. Even when they are bad, they are not without charm. I admit their poverty in subject and execution; but they help to a classification and an analysis of the means through which the Japanese artist works. Their simplicity, bred in one current of civilization, which was only touched by the influence of India and China, is a peculiar unity itself. Western artists have been troubled by contradictory influences; they have been obliged to dethrone the old primeval faith by spiritual calamity; under such a mingled tempest of crude dislike and cultured liking, of hatred and devotion, they have been readjusting their own minds constantly at a waste of energy.

“You said something of the indecision and uncertainty of Japanese art; but there you speak out of your own prejudice. I feel its breath of suggestiveness, and the soft charm which is not vagueness of artistic purpose at all. The most delicious part of the older Japanese art is that the artists never appear overstrenuous in their expression: there is always the clear look of free choice; thus their work never assumes the appearance of a task; neither are the onlookers bored in beholding it; there’s nothing more hateful to see than the work of a workman bored. I should say that the Japanese artists, however poor they may be, can never be offensive, even when we do not like them. But Western artists whom we do not like are frequently offensive because their personal vanity appears upon a solid ground



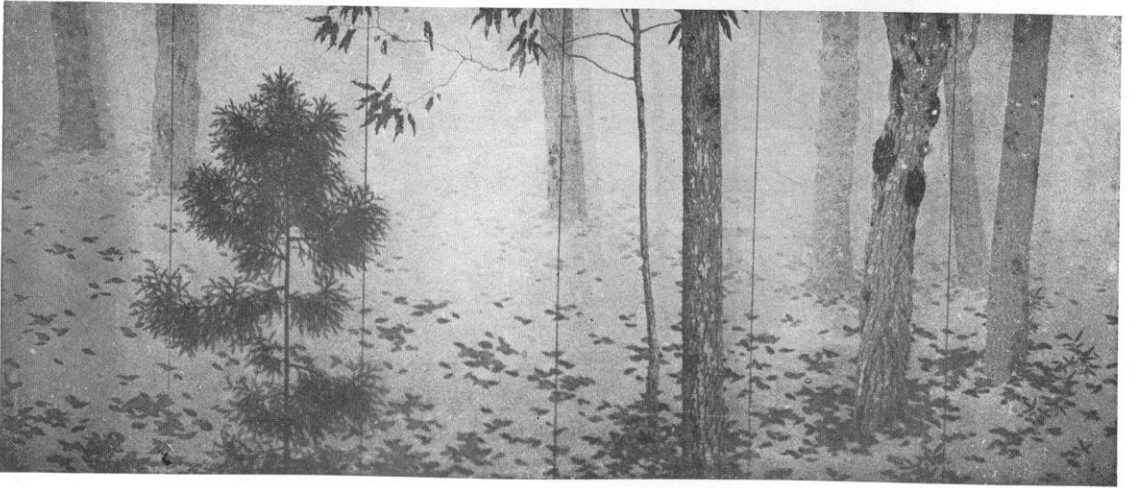
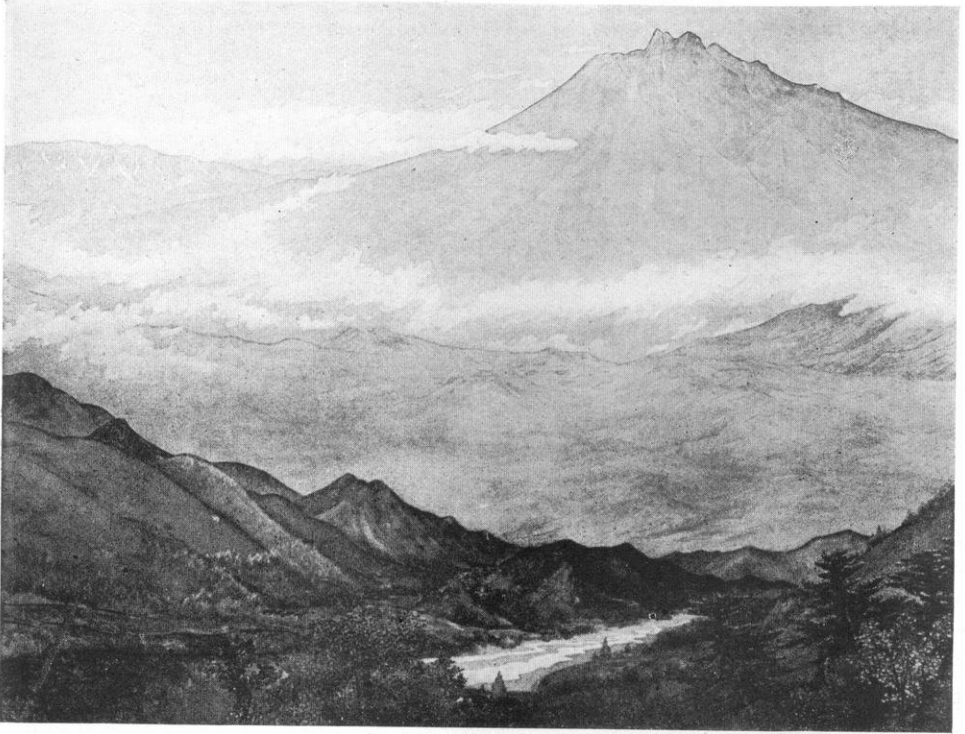
"AFTER THE RAIN": BY JIPPO ARAKI,
MODERN JAPANESE PAINTER.



"PEACEFUL JOY": BY OKOKU KOJIMA,
MODERN JAPANESE PAINTER.



RURAL SCENE: BY OKOKU KOJIMA,
MODERN JAPANESE PAINTER.



"THE AUTUMN MOUNTAIN": BY KOGYO
TERASAKI, MODERN JAPANESE PAINTER.
"FALLEN LEAVES": BY SHUNFHO HISH-
IDA, MODERN JAPANESE PAINTER.



"MIST": BY GYOKUDO KAWAI,
MODERN JAPANESE PAINTER.

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of their own stupidity. Perfectly heavenly is the air of old Japanese art; and so I find it, too, in the Japanese women.

“And as to the Japanese poverty of subjects. You cannot help finding an astonishing variety after all. Surely you do not mind a presentation of the same subject, when a different rendering is given to it? Presently we shall discover the great wealth of Japanese execution; and always you will feel the humanity that made the picture, the love of something that went with the work. But it is sad to see the painting of the *Seiyo ga* which was done by a bored workman pretending to be real!

“And how pleasantly managed is that balance of the full and empty spaces in the Japanese art! Such art only the Japanese artist understands. It would not be just to speak of the Japanese art as realism or idealism; these titles have no meaning to our genuine Eastern art. It requires a great vitality and personality to make any subject with absence of novelty triumphant, giving it some new interpretation and touch. After all, I should say that the artist ordinarily might be wise in keeping to themes known to those whom he addresses, and in which they can grasp the meaning and feel the charm.”

A.—“So you find a great wisdom in convention; and advocate a return to simplicity and to the natural art in which we are born. I understand what you mean. And I cannot agree with you in many respects.”

SUCH a snatch of imaginary conversation, I believe, pretty well sums up the opinions which prevail on Japanese art, more especially the opinion held persistently by those encouraging the “modern Japanese school,” and is more or less the opinion of the Western enthusiasts. But many of us have begged to be allowed to choose our own way, and to meet the national demand of art; we have ignored the outside opinion; that is to say, the Western opinion. In my mind there was no more sad spectacle than the art of the Japanese nation some few years ago; while the home artists were unsympathetic almost to the extreme toward the new school, the new school, on the other hand, hardly knew which road it had to follow. The friends, which in truth it had, were foreigners only; but with their encouragement, it bravely managed to exist. And if it succeeds, as it seems to me it is going to, we shall have to acknowledge that the revival or rejuvenation is partly a creation of the Western critics, to whom we are indebted for many things.

There was a time even when we thought there was no art, if not that of the Western school, and even declared that the art of the Japanese school was doomed. Was it doomed? Oh, no, as you see.

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In the course of time we fought with Russia and won the fight with no little success; this fact made us reflect, and brought to bloom our national consciousness. And then while we did not regard the West as less significant, we rightly began to place a higher value upon ourselves. We decided that it was foolish to think of the West as everything; it was perfectly natural and right for us to begin to study our own possibilities. In art, the home critics, hitherto unkind and often cruel, came to talk about the art of modern Japan; even when they could not approve it unconditionally as those of the West did, they brought out many suggestions which the artist might take up to advantage. At least, they grew interested; which, indeed, was a good thing for the artists who needed coöperation and were glad to have pointed out a path they might tread. It is quite true that our artists are usually wiser than our critics; they were walking slowly but steadily on the right road, before the critics joined them. I do not mean of course that all the Japanese artists are right in understanding as well as execution; many of them are misguided, but I do feel that they are conscious of their shortcomings, and eager for greater, more sincere achievement. And I am glad to see that they endeavor to hold to strength of art with the greatest persistence. This is best explained with examples in the Annual Government Exhibition of Japanese Art in nineteen hundred and nine, which opened in the month of October, in Uyeno Park. Let us examine the balance of merit and demerit of the Japanese art at present, where there is fault, voluntary or otherwise, and where advancement.

I DO not mean that our *Seiyo ga*, or art of the Western school, is intolerably poor; it shows much beauty, as some home critic insists; but I am not alone in saying that one cannot help feeling as if he were looking over some debris of civilization in the West; although I do not mean that it is only a poor imitation,—in fact, quite often it is not,—probably the artists of that school have not thoroughly mastered yet the handling of the Western oil, as those of the Japanese school have mastered the “Chinese ink.” Indeed, the latter has a history of a thousand years, while the former only half a century. And as the artists of the Western school are influenced by the so-called modern school of European painting, especially that of the French school, you can imagine without seeing their work that the result would be often something which does not help to explain either the art or the habits of the country, or its history or nature. It may be new, but apt to be accidental, too personal, and often bizarre. I have no desire to attempt to resist the invasion of democracy, as this is the age of cosmopolitanism, but I do not find it a reason that our

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Japanese art should be one and the same with that of other countries. It is, in truth, against the evolutionary theory to break away entirely from history and tradition, and ruin everything which is the fruit or sum total of the ages. Art must be national. It is the dignity of an artist to become a revolutionist, but to be rebellious is nothing but degeneration. In his attempt to make a new thing in method and conception, and in his endeavor to leave the academic behind, we see the artist's power and patience. I know that the old ideals and traditions of the Japanese school have proved inadequate; I believe that to adopt many hints and suggestions from foreign art means courage. The modern Japanese art must have a larger scope and manner, and escape some conventions, as the country herself has. The best example of this is shown in Kogyo Terasaki's series of four pictures called, "The Mountain of Cloud," "After the Rain," "The Autumn Mist," and "The Summer Moon," perhaps the best achievement of the whole exhibit. In them we see the unmistakable reality of æsthetic purpose, which "A" of the imaginary conversation regretted. And who shall say that they are only the faded scent of the old Japanese art? On the contrary, those four pieces with one other picture called "The Autumn Mountain" might be accused of having too much Western influence. In fact, you might mistake them for something of foreign art if you saw them from a great distance. I believe that they must be the outcome of real study of nature, without which such subjects as Mr. Terasaki's might easily turn to commonplace pictures. Yet how far they are from the so-called realism of Western art! They have a spirituality which transcends the pain of reality. Here you can see the real pictures of nature. They have style and atmosphere; their simplicity, which has its foundation in the Orient, seems not much disturbed by the foreign suggestion which the artist has cleverly adopted. In short, they are the splendidly executed blending of East and West; I think that such must be the art of modern Japan, as the composite age must have its own special art. And what a gentle air they carry, in comparison with our *Seiyoga*, which is so angular, geometrical and always too forced. I have no hesitation in declaring that they, especially "After the Rain" and "The Summer Moon," are unquestionably the best Japanese art of nature that present Japan could produce. Mr. Terasaki's method and conception are a good example which the other artists of Japanese School should study and follow. As is universally known, our Japanese artists are more at home with a nature subject; while those who painted figures in this exhibition, as might have been expected, made a failure.

I might also say that the realism of Western art is of no use to

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Japanese art; while, of course, I admit that some touch of it unmistakably vivifies the whole effect of art, it frequently ruins the general tone. If Japanese art loses a background of simplicity, or for a better word, suggestiveness, it is certainly a lost art. We have a few examples to illustrate such failure, for instance, in Kokkan Otako's *Yudan* ("Negligence") or Gessan Ogata's *Yoichi Munetaka*; I do not see clearly why the artist must hold a realistic attitude, at least in the expression of the figures, for such a historical picture. I cannot say it is a success, even if the modern realism is applied for such a picture of a rural scene as Okoku Kojima's *Waraku* ("Peaceful Joy"), which, as in all this artist's work, is however a sort of achievement. I firmly believe that the Japanese figure picture should be treated decoratively; those pieces which have adopted a decorative scheme are successful, the most distinguished one being doubtless Seiho Takenouchi's *Are Yudachini* ("Dancer"). His special talent made this flowerlike girl dance after her girl nature; there is the most illusive and evanescent charm in her figure, which "cruelly" turns away from the spectator. Indeed, it is a delicate bit of creation. It is, without doubt, the art of a Kyoto artist. I feel that nearly all the decorative figure pictures, the work of Shoen Sakakibara and Kiyokatu Kaburaki, among them, of course, are successful.

WE have a different sort of attempt at decorative art in Taikan Yokoyama's *Ryuto* ("The Lanterns to Float"), to which, we think, the title of Japanese art will hardly be given. I am not sure that it represents the future Japanese art as Mr. Yokoyama doubtless thinks it should. As I see it, the work itself is not quite convincing, and its æsthetic value not high. I further think that color alone, however tempting and striking it may be, cannot make art; however, I admit that the picture is interesting as a new attempt showing the courage of the artist. I believe that Mr. Yokoyama aimed in this piece at the revival of religious art, which, as in all other countries, is past history; but whether he has succeeded in it is rather doubtful. And another ambitious scheme of color is found in Shunsho Hishida's *Ochiba* ("Fallen Leaves") on the large folding screen. As with Mr. Yokoyama's work, its merit, if it has any, must be discovered in its harmony of color. I see that the artist did not spare his patience in minuteness of detail, and his painstaking will be noticed in his exclusion of all strong color. But the work cannot be compared with the decorative art which we see in the work of Korin, or Koyetsu, or Hoichi, whose expression of poetical temperament was so surprising and delightful.

Gyokudo Kawai, one of the well-known modern artists, was to me a failure at this exhibition. He searched, in his picture called

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“Mist,” for tone and value more than for anything else, as some modern European artists do, and he brought out rather a sad specimen of vagueness. He meant very likely to express musical harmony of nature; but he is mistaken, it seems to me, in using too abstract color; and in aiming for subtlety and charm he has only gained uncertainty. His picture might be said to be an example of Western influence wrongly received; I know that evanescent and impalpable painting is important, but it must come from the mind of a born poet. Impressionism must be a matter of temperament; to be one of that school Mr. Kawai is too learned and classic. Before he attempts such a dangerous feat, he must forget first all he has learned of other arts. And I am sorry to say that his other picture called “Snow on the High Peak” is questionable in its merit. The impression we receive from the picture is not of any high peak, but of a rock of moderate size, extraordinarily enlarged. The artist misunderstood, I think, the real meaning of bigness in art; the canvas, however big it may be, has nothing at all to do with the art. Many others, like Mr. Kawai’s “Snow on the High Peak,” for instance, Mr. Otake’s *Yudan* and Mr. Kojima’s *Waraku*, are drawn on the big folding screens; and the result in most instances was failure; that is to say, they appear to us as small pictures enlarged rather foolishly. Mr. Jippo Araki’s “After the Rain” was another example of mistaken judgment. Why must he paint on such a long canvas, I wonder? And Mr. Chikuha Otake’s “Mushroom Hunting” was a further instance; it might not be bad on a smaller canvas, but as it is, it has utterly lost the point of concentration.

There are more than one hundred pictures exhibited. I suspect that many of them would not have come into existence if no exhibition had been held. The exhibition is more or less competitive, and in this I observe much harm in the moral effect on the artist’s mind. Only the greater artists are strong and true enough to withstand temptation, and the tempter is always there. On the whole, the art exhibition of this year shows no small progress in right advancement and seriousness of intention, which is an encouragement for the art of modern Japan.

A CLOISTER ON THE RHINE: ITS BEAUTY AND ROMANCE: BY HUGO ERICHSEN



EXT to the frowning castles that dominate the Rhine and its tributaries, in point of romantic interest, are the vaulted monasteries that link the present period with the Germany of the Middle Ages—a constant reminder of the stirring times when abbots, like as not, were men of strife, and the authority of the church, not infrequently, was enforced by the arbitrary

power of the sword.

In the monastic life of those early days, supposedly based upon a renunciation of all things mundane, it is strange to come upon evidences of a high state of luxury which was intimately associated with a cultivated taste for art in its various forms. To this, several German cities, notably Stein on the Rhine, owe much of the beauty for which they are justly celebrated. Moreover, we are indebted to these enterprising monks for the preservation of some of the best examples of Mediæval art and architecture. This was mainly attributed to the intelligent activity of one order, the Benedictines, who have maintained their artistic reputation down to the present day.

According to tradition, the Benedictine cloister of St. George was founded by Hadwig of the Hohen Twiel, the romantic noblewoman whom Victor von Scheffel immortalized in "Ekkehard." At the death of their patroness, the orphaned monks petitioned her nephew, the Emperor Henry, surnamed the Holy, to assign them another place of residence. A new monastery was the result, erected at Stein, on the northern bank of the Rhine in ten hundred and five. The interesting structure remains to this day in practically the same state in which it was vacated by the monks at the time of the Reformation. Resting upon eleventh-century foundations, it juts boldly out into the Rhine, its red roof and flattened gables flanked on either side by venerable poplars. The construction reminds one of Elizabethan architecture, with its exposed beams and squares of cement, although that dates from a much later historical period, and suggests the thought that the architectural style that bears the name of the great queen may have emanated from Germany. For artistic purposes, however, nothing more suitable could have been chosen, as the style is entirely in harmony with the surroundings, although the contrast between the green of the trees and the whiteness of the stucco is marked. The buttressed bay window and massive garden wall indicate that upon occasion the monastery wall was intended to serve as a fortress, although there is no historical evidence to the effect that it ever did so. The doorway leading down to the water's edge strongly reminds one of Venice and all the romance and adven-

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ture which that name implies. It takes no great stretch of the imagination to fancy the boats that came down the great river in times of stress, silently propelled with muffled oars and swiftly bearing some mighty statesman or ecclesiastic or soldier to the cloister for a midnight conference. The doorway is an evidence of the wisdom of the abbot who caused it to be built, for at all times it afforded a ready means of egress from the monastery if that stately pile should be beleaguered on the land side.

In the rear of the east wing, erected by Abbot Jokodus Laitzer in fourteen hundred and eighty, we come upon the ban yard, a garden that was originally enclosed and in which the good people of the adjoining city and surrounding country used to gather once a year to partake of the ban wine, under the supposition that it would render them proof against all manner of evil. Even now the townsfolk come here occasionally to enjoy the fine view of Burg, a picturesque suburb of Stein, on the opposite shore. The garden still bears evidence that the monks possessed considerable horticultural and floricultural knowledge and skill. It contains many of the ornamental shrubs that are indigenous to southern Germany, and a number of venerable pear and apple trees that have developed into splendid specimens, and bear abundantly despite their great age.

THE buildings of the cloister are arranged in the form of a square; the chapel—a many columned basilica of the twelfth century—lies to the north, the monk's quarters and abbot's residence facing to the southeast, and the kitchen and various other buildings with a western exposure. The ambulatory, or covered way, in its present form probably dates from the late Gothic period, and the beautiful network of the southern wing is commonly ascribed to the eventful administration (fourteen hundred and ninety-nine to fifteen hundred and twenty-five) of David von Winkelsheim, the last abbot. The ivy twining about the ambulatory windows and the ferns growing at their base invest this part of the monastery with an exceedingly picturesque character. Even though it has grown somewhat dilapidated in the course of time, the interior of this covered passageway still conveys an adequate idea of the beauty and usefulness that were its main characteristics when ecclesiasticism was in flower and the prosperity of this cloister was at its height. Here, we may well imagine, the portly fraters took their after-dinner promenades when inclement weather prevented them from indulging in outdoor exercise, and probably many an ascetic novice paced restlessly up and down over the worn flags, deeply absorbed in the gloomy reflections peculiar to his kind. The unusual construction of the vaulted ceil-

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ing is noteworthy and might be applied with benefit to modern ecclesiastical architecture.

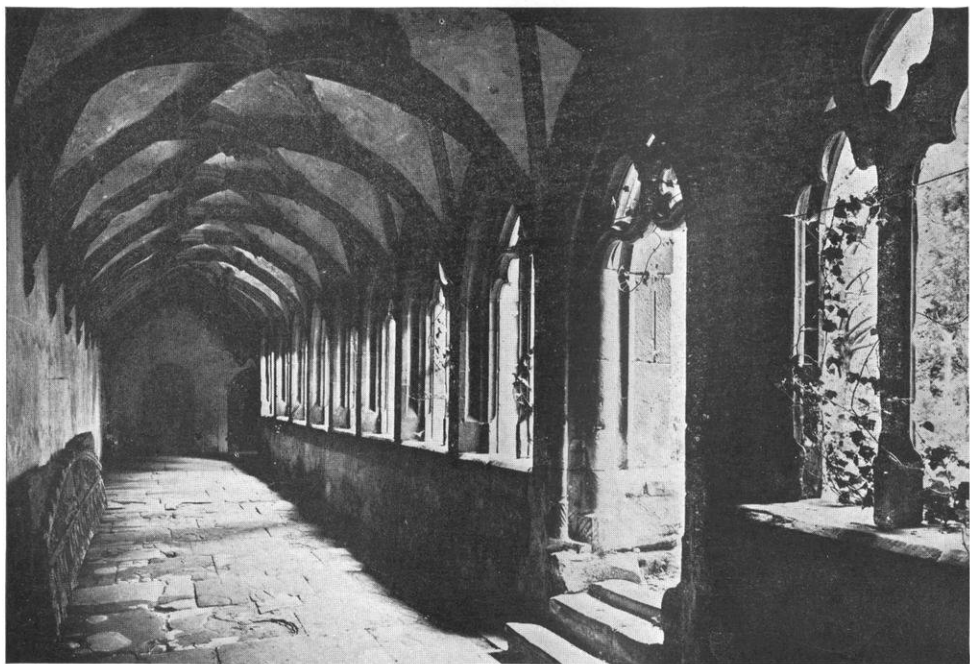
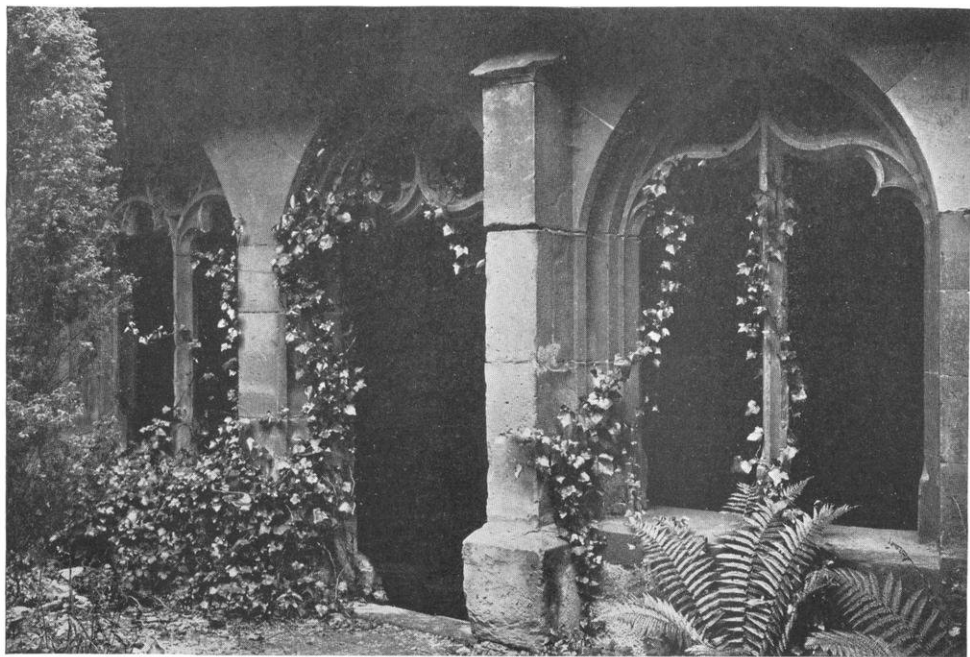
As we enter by the staircase leading to the abbot's apartments, we come face to face with Mediævalism; it confronts us in every nook and corner and meets us at every turn. The one thing that impresses us most about the abbot's stairway is its extreme simplicity, and this always coupled with utility, for even the eaves are made to serve a purpose, and supported by an oaken framework constitute the roof of an outdoor gallery that affords ample protection against rain or snow.

The private dining room of the abbot, with its paintings of sacred and secular history, is particularly interesting. Most of the furniture is exceedingly plain, and may well have served as the prototype of our modern mission style, although some of the chairs remind one distinctly of those now in vogue throughout the Bavarian highlands, the origin of which is thus definitely traced. The one exception to the rule is an elaborately carved cabinet, with massive brass hinges and locks, that was fashioned by a master craftsman. The ceiling is divided into squares and triangles by means of moldings that are bound together here and there, as it were, by hexagonal shields with an ornamental device. The bay window of this room is of a sufficient size to accommodate a small dining table that is surrounded by benches under the windows, and here on clear days the abbots, in succession, were wont to take their noonday repast and give themselves the pleasure of looking out upon the rippling stream that flowed by underneath on its way to the sea and far-away Dutch coast. One of the two bedrooms of the ruling dignitary of the cloister also commands a splendid view of the Rhine and is richly ornamented with a frieze of the year of fourteen hundred and eighty-one, that commemorates the foundation of the monastery and incidentally perpetuates the memory of Abbot Jokodus.

Gastronomy seems to have been popular in the cloister, for, in addition to the refectory of the monks, there is a magnificent festival hall, where guests of honor were banqueted upon occasion. Here tapestries and paintings lose the ecclesiastical character that distinguishes their counterparts in the abbot's apartments, and are representations of scenes of warfare, life at the courts of kings and knights in armor on horseback. There are also a number of fine paintings of beautiful women in the old picturesque costumes. The marquetry of the wainscoting is a notable example of the advanced state of German woodwork in the Middle Ages, and the metal sheathing between the exposed and decorated beams are evidence that this branch of interior decoration was in the hands of capable artisans.

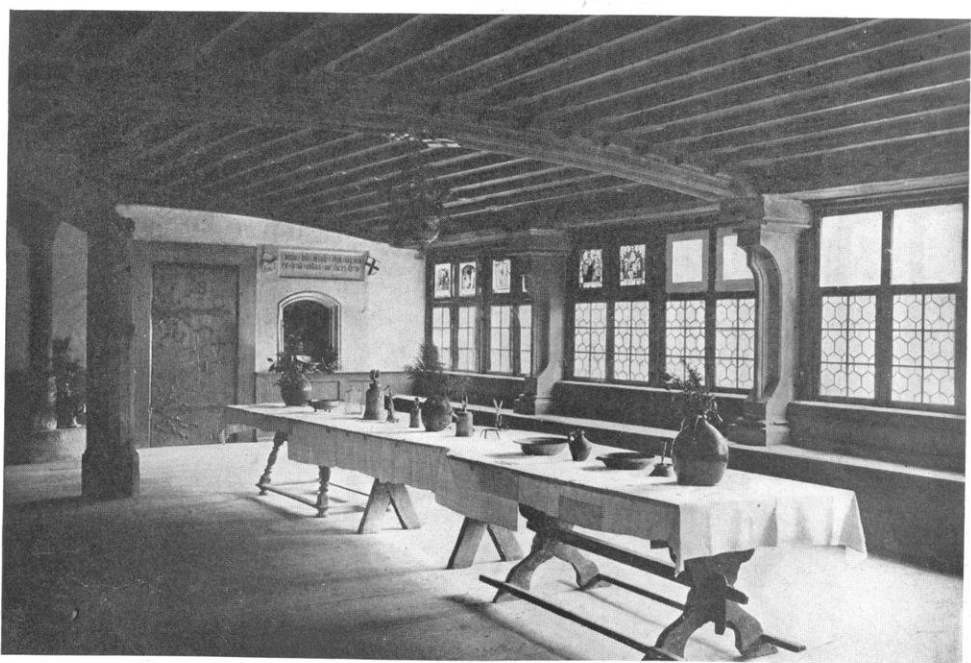


ENTRANCE TO THE ABBOT'S RESIDENCE, ST. GEORGE'S CLOISTER, STEIN ON THE RHINE: "IT TAKES NO GREAT STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION TO FANCY THE BOATS THAT CAME DOWN THE GREAT RIVER IN TIMES OF STRESS, BEARING SOME MIGHTY STATESMAN OR SOLDIER TO THIS CLOISTER FOR A MIDNIGHT CONFERENCE."



"THE IVY TWINING ABOUT THE AMBULATORY WINDOWS, THE FERNS GROWING AT THEIR BASE INVEST THIS PART OF THE MONASTERY WITH AN EXCEEDINGLY PICTURESQUE CHARACTER."

"HERE WE MAY WELL IMAGINE THE PORTLY FRATERS TAKING THEIR AFTERNOON PROMENADES"; THE UNUSUAL CONSTRUCTION OF THE CEILING IS NOTEWORTHY.



"THERE IS A MAGNIFICENT FESTIVAL HALL IN THE OLD ST. GEORGE CLOISTER WHERE GUESTS OF HONOR WERE BANQUETED UPON OCCASION."

"THE WOODWORK OF THE REFECTORY IS EXTREMELY INTERESTING, THE PILLARS SUPPORTING THE CEILING SHOWING A DECORATIVE EFFECT."



THE STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE ABBOT'S APARTMENT,
THE ROOF OF WHICH CONSTITUTES AN OUTDOOR GAL-
LERY : THE WHOLE MOST PICTURESQUE AND PLEASING.

A CLOISTER ON THE RHINE

The deeply recessed casements, with their broad window seats, may be said to accentuate the quaintness of this banqueting hall, but the one feature that attracts more attention than any other is the heavy oak door with its curious panels, ornamental iron hinges and locks and the elaborate fresco painting in which it appears to be framed.

The refectory by its very plainness forms an agreeable contrast to this luxurious apartment. And yet it is not so severely plain as to destroy the evidence of the artistic perception of the master mind that conceived it. The beamed ceiling and woodwork are nearly devoid of ornamentation, but the treatment of the pillars supporting it shows that even here the architect was not unmindful of the decorative effect that is produced by an expression of simplicity in art. The Latin inscription above the serving window, the stained-glass representations of the sainted martyrs and the images of the Madonna prove that the monks did not neglect their religious obligations even when partaking of good cheer; while the bare walls are suggestive of that monastic abnegation that was not always observed in practice. The expanse of leaded glass above the long window bench floods this large dining hall with light and renders it cheerful at all times.

The claustrum, or cell, bears some evidence of refinement, and even the furniture, although substantial and plain, shows the skill of the craftsworker in these products of the Mediæval cabinetmaker. The simple frieze in fresco-painting, consisting mostly of ecclesiastical coats of arms, differentiates these rooms from all the rest, a fact that applies as well to the mosaic flooring.

Curiously enough, the sanctuary in the second story, ever a refuge of the persecuted, became the prison of David von Winkelsheim, the last abbot. He had entered into a compact with the Lords of Zuerich, then engaged in introducing the reformation of Zwingli, in their possession (including Stein), by means of which he agreed to give the abbey up to them, provided that two rooms should be reserved for himself and that he and the few remaining monks should be well cared for. But the grand seigneurs mistrusted him, and suspecting that he was about to deed the cloister to Austria, they placed him under guard. Four men were detailed to watch him day and night. Nevertheless, he managed to escape and to resume the dignity of his office at Radolfszell.

It is of interest to note the remarkable effect produced upon the town of Stein by the artistic proclivities of St. George's abbots. This is particularly noticeable in the exterior ornamentation of the houses, many of which are lavishly decorated with paintings of Biblical and mythological subjects. Although naturally of an evanescent nature, some of this work is exceedingly well done.

WAITER: A STORY: BY A. TENNYSON



It was a tall, mean, thin eating house in a long, mean, thin street in one of the busiest quarters of London. People came there to eat from seven o'clock in the morning till half-past twelve at night. One knows that kind of eating house—sees the bill of fare posted by the door—"steak and kidney pudding, 6d.—tripe and onions, 6d.—fried steak and onions, 6d., etc., etc."

There are a great number of them in London. This particular house was called "The Old Monk's" eating house. One doesn't know why. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins kept it. He, tall, fat, glistening of face, bearded; she, short, sharp, brisk, tireless, acidulated, remorseless. One doesn't know why they married and kept this particular eating house, but as they were thrifty and custom plenty, it paid.

There was one waiter—called George. All waiters are called George. One doesn't know why. There are such a number of inscrutable things in the world that it is better to take some of them on trust. The only thing that one does know is that he was perpetually tired, this waiter. No wonder! He ran about and amongst hurried, petulant, unimaginative, voluble, surly, shrewish, humorous, brutal feeders from seven o'clock in the morning till half-past twelve at night. He had forgotten almost everything except that he was a waiter. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins called him George (one doesn't know why, it wasn't his name), but most of the eaters simply said "Waiter! Waiter!"

True, a few of the old habitués, as well as the proprietors, called him "George," but to the world in general and to himself he was practically only "Waiter—Waiter"—just a machine for running about hastily and confusedly, napkin on arm, carrying piles of plates, slapping down dishes of food on a grimy table, darting off again to another, adding up small bills on dirty cheques, living in a perpetual atmosphere of steam, knives, vegetables, abuse and one endless cry of "Waiter—Waiter."

He was undersized, mild and watery blue of eye, anxious to please and always unshaved. He never had time to shave, but as his beard never got much longer, it would seem that *it* never had time to grow.

Were there no compensations in this waiter's life? Who are we to be judges of happiness or unhappiness? Mrs. Hopkins was always harrying, shrilling vociferously at incompetence from the kitchen where she cooked; Mr. Hopkins, resplendent in white cap and apron, as he presided over the grill, may have seemed to lead a charmed and remote existence. Yet our waiter did not envy them. His mild and watery blue eyes were always good-natured. He always seemed anxious to please, and pocketed a scanty occasional tip with becoming thankfulness. One doesn't know why, yet one may hazard a super-

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ficial guess. First of all our waiter had never for the last fifteen years known any other kind of existence. Secondly, he had a most marvelous knack of sleep.

Nothing but this talent for sleeping could have made his life tolerable. Directly he tumbled dizzily into bed—and that was about one o'clock in the morning—slumber, most profound, most deathlike slumber, overcame him, slumber not to be broken before the appointed time when long habit woke him at precisely the right moment, neither a second early—nor late, to begin—after an ineffectual attempt at toilet—his daily task. Very often he went to sleep in his clothes.

“Waiter, waiter—when’s my steak coming?”

“Waiter, for goodness’ sake be quick with my beer.”

“George, ’ow often ’ave I got to speak to yer?”

“Be quick, George.”

“I’m being quick as I can, sir. I only just heard you calling.”

This was our waiter’s life—had been for fifteen years. Watery-eyed, undersized persons always anxious to please and temperamentally ineffectual do not have very successful innings in the world. Perhaps he was even lucky to be no worse off. If he had ever had any other attitude toward life besides that of a waiter he had forgotten it.

Every night before going to bed, Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins and our waiter raked out the fires. A careful body like her was sure to run no risk of letting her house burn. But a combination of circumstances against which not even the most prescient and meticulous could guard; namely, an exceptional rush of custom, an overheated flue, George the waiter overcome with an incredible weariness. And in the middle of a certain night at the end of a busy week, or rather in the early morning when all was dark, fire broke out in the kitchen of “The Old Monk’s” and consumed the house, old and inflammable as it was, stealthily at first, secretly also, lest one should extinguish before it became master, but afterward with huge and roaring glee. The flames burst out of the lower windows, sending the glass tinkling into the street. Coiling, greasy smoke rolled up the staircase and penetrated through every chink and cranny in ceilings, walls and doors. When it once knew itself master what enormous scorn the fire showed!

Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins awake in their bedroom—distraught, terrified, ridiculous, insignificant pigmies in the presence of the destroying might of fire. The red glare flickers on the walls of their room. The nostrils of each are filled with acrid choking smoke. In the street beneath their windows rings the cry of “Fire—Fire!” They fling open their window. From the windows of the lower floor they see the flames leaping forth. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins have naturally one thought—safety.

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They fling open the door of the bedroom and glance down the stairs. There is smoke coiling up but no flame as yet. They must go that way as no fire-escape is in the street below. They must go in any costume. Mrs. Hopkins short, brisk, thin, hair in ropy pigtail, wrapped in a snatched up rug. Mr. Hopkins in night-shirt, trousers and slippers. They hear the fire roaring in the business premises.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins will be "grilled" themselves unless they are out of "The Old Monk's" in double-quick time. Another moment sees them in the street and the fire makes an ineffectual dart at them with the fiery lash of a huge serpent's tongue bursting down the door of the eating room. Saved, the couple are overwhelmed with congratulations by the crowd now assembled in the street. The police keep a wide circle clear, but as yet there is no fire-engine. Where are the engines? The fire gains on the timber-dry structure of the old eating house with such rapidity that it seems ambitious to destroy not only the building which it now possesses—roaring and triumphant—but the whole thin, mean street.

"The Old Monk's" cannot be saved, and the neighbors are dismayed for their own homes. They are hanging out of their windows the whole length of the street in night clothes! Some have put on decenter wear and gone down to succor the distracted Hopkinses; he paler than usual, his fat cheeks somehow sunk, she indulging in tireless, short, sharp outcries.

"Cheer up, Mrs. Hopkins—my wife will lend you a skirt; come in and rest—you'll do no good here by crying. Bad luck, neighbor—"

That is the way neighbors talked to the Hopkinses, offering consolations that cannot console.

Where are the engines?

The question becomes louder and louder and more continuous as the men of hose and helmet delay their appearance. Suddenly another cry mingles with that.

"Where is George?"

Up till this moment our waiter had been forgotten. No one had seen him come out of the burning building. No one had come out but Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins.

"Oh, dearie, dearie!" wails Mrs. Hopkins in a sympathetic neighbor's arms, "he's asleep in the attic."

The news ran swift as the fire itself round the crowd. "George is asleep in the burning house"—"there's still a waiter sleeping in the attic"—"there's a man in 'The Old Monk's' in danger of death—"

How can he be saved? None can force his way into that hell and live. The lower part of the house is already a flaming mass.

WAITER: A STORY

"George was always a wonder to sleep," moans Mrs. Hopkins, terrified. The crowd in its horror catches up the phrase. "This waiter sleeps like a dead man, when he is tired. Not even the noise of a fire can wake him."

There is even some awe in the face of such a phenomenon. Nevertheless, if his life is to be saved the man must be wakened, somehow. How? They must shout to him from the street. He must hear their shouts and jump. Some stand ready with a blanket beneath the window. A roar louder than the roar of the burning house, filled the long, mean street.

"George, wake up and jump for your life! Wake up, George, the house is on fire—"

Silence from "The Old Monk's."

"George, wake up! for God's sake—" the voice of the crowd swells up again.

Can the smoke have choked him already? Can he who sleeps like a dead man be a dead man now? Can the life of dishes, and copper tips and napkins already be swallowed up in the infinity of dead lives?

There is a man of genius in every large assemblage of human beings, and there is one in this long mean street watching the progress of the fire. A thought of genius flashes into this man's mind, communicating itself to the crowd as the only possible thing.

Yes, this poor undersized watery-eyed George has forgotten that he is a man. He is nothing but a waiter. All day, every day, for fifteen years, he has answered hastily, ineffectually, deprecatingly, to the cry of "Waiter, Waiter, Waiter!" Perhaps he will answer to this cry now. Perhaps so his life may be saved. He may be spared to flourish napkins, pile up plates, add up petty bills for yet a little while longer.

"Oh, all of you—" cries this intuitive one, "shout 'Waiter! Waiter! Waiter!' Wake up this waiter from his death-sleep."

Far away to each end of the street stretches the crowd, it overflows neighboring alleys, crams the roofs, perches in every window.

A vast cry issues from all this multitude of throats as from a single man. Whole streets, a parish almost, seem to be shouting one refrain.

"Waiter! Waiter! Waiter! Waiter! Wake up!"

The flames give a mighty serpent's hiss as they reach the fresh material of the topmost floor where this sleep-drowned George is, then burst into a fan of fire. Smoke hides—for an instant—the attic window from the eyes of the crowd in the street. Then, as the flames crouch down, preparing for another spring, the little window is

A STORMY NIGHT

viewed again, and in it is framed a face—watery-eyed, blanched with terror and sleep—but yet almost a pathetic blank.

“There he is!” cry a thousand—two thousand throats—the throats of all who can see. “Jump, man, jump for your life!”

The blanket-holders sway in readiness.

Then all the tumult dies into silence. Somehow it reaches the outskirts that George is at the window. But now above the roar of the burning building carries the voice of the intuitive one to George overhead, gazing perplexedly, deprived of the power of action.

“Waiter, be quick. How often are we to tell you?”

“I’m being quick as I can, sir,” replies George, “I only just heard you calling.”

In the distance is heard the rapid jangling of a bell,—tang-a-lang, tang-a-lang, tang-a-lang. The crowd divides in anticipation. The engines and the escape are coming. Unless George jumps, though, they will be too late to save him.

Perhaps even the intuitive one is wrong for once. Perhaps this is, after all, the first chance that poor, undersized George the waiter has ever had. The fire springs up once more and great columns of smoke hide again the attic window.

George clutches at his throat and falls back into the room. Some One else has called George the Waiter—One whose call cannot be disobeyed.

Perhaps he has gone to the Waiter’s Paradise where poor tired Waiters have nothing to do but sit still and be waited upon all day long—perhaps to the one perpetual sleep, a sleep deeper than any he has slept yet.

A STORMY NIGHT.

TONIGHT when stars are shut away
And winds blow high,
When nothing shows but gray
Across the sky
I want to say a prayer
For those who have no folks around
To tuck them in or care
When they are bad.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.

HOW BEAUTY AND LABOR ARE INTER- WOVEN IN THE DAILY LIFE OF JAPAN: BY M. L. WAKEMAN CURTIS



WE HAVE made toil an ugly thing in our Western civilization; particularly true is this in America. We have let ourselves grow to despise work, and so we have come to disfigure it. We speak of beauty and labor as though there could be no association between the two. Just as we speak of the ornamental as remote from the practical, a workroom means to us a bare, unbeautiful place, often unsanitary, a place to hurry from and dislike. Work clothes are the garments of disgrace, inartistic, to be cast off in our moment of release from toil. And so though much, nay most, of the life of the average person is spent in working for a living, it is lived in sordid or tawdry or squalid surroundings, absolutely unnecessary, and the combined result of lack of thought, Puritanism and the kind of civilization built up on commercial standards.

For all work may be so beautifully done that its immediate environment must be beautiful. Where a nation of people express their highest spiritual attainment through an art or craft, the workman will inevitably achieve fitting surroundings for his toil, and all unconsciously the laborer himself and his workroom will illustrate the beauty he finds in his own soul and seeks to express in his work.

Japan has been doing this for centuries, ages. So saturated has the nation become with beauty that in every workshop, prior to the last decade, in every group of workers, there was beauty of composition, color and detail. There was no material expression that was not interesting. The people, the humblest and simplest, had become so accustomed to beauty that they loved it inevitably. If an artist today paints workmen in our factories, department shops, sweatshops, it is the implicit understanding of his art which makes the scenes interesting and significant; but every painting of Japanese life has charm in two ways, because of the artist and because of the life.

Before Western civilization touched Japan, one did not find the workmen secluded inevitably in workshops. A man did his exquisite daily task wherever it was most interesting, most pleasant for him to do it,—on the porch of his home, out in his little miniature garden, in the room where he lived. The daily toil of life was not shut away from the daily joy of life. Labor and beauty thus became completely interwoven in the lives of the people, until men, women and children found a serene, sincere joy in work for the production of art. In the old Japanese houses we do not find workrooms and playrooms,

BEAUTY WITH LABOR IN JAPAN'S DAILY LIFE

we do not even find schoolrooms, separate and apart from life. There seemed to be one purpose which welded every phase of life together, and that was the expression of the soul of man, what we nowadays call individuality, in whatever labor his life was given to, and the painting of pictures, the writing of poems, the building of houses, the embroidering of tapestries, all expressed the interest of the individual in his own life.

By far the greatest charm of Japan and her people lies not only in the fact that the artists know the secret of the most wonderful carvings, castings, wood and metal work, silken brocades and tapestries, exquisite cloisonnés and porcelains, things for the fortunate few, but also in the further and more important fact that the daily life of the poor is surrounded, permeated, interfused by taste and refinement. Even the workmen in their gardens and homes are daily using tasteful domestic implements which are the outgrowth of the thought and needs of the people.

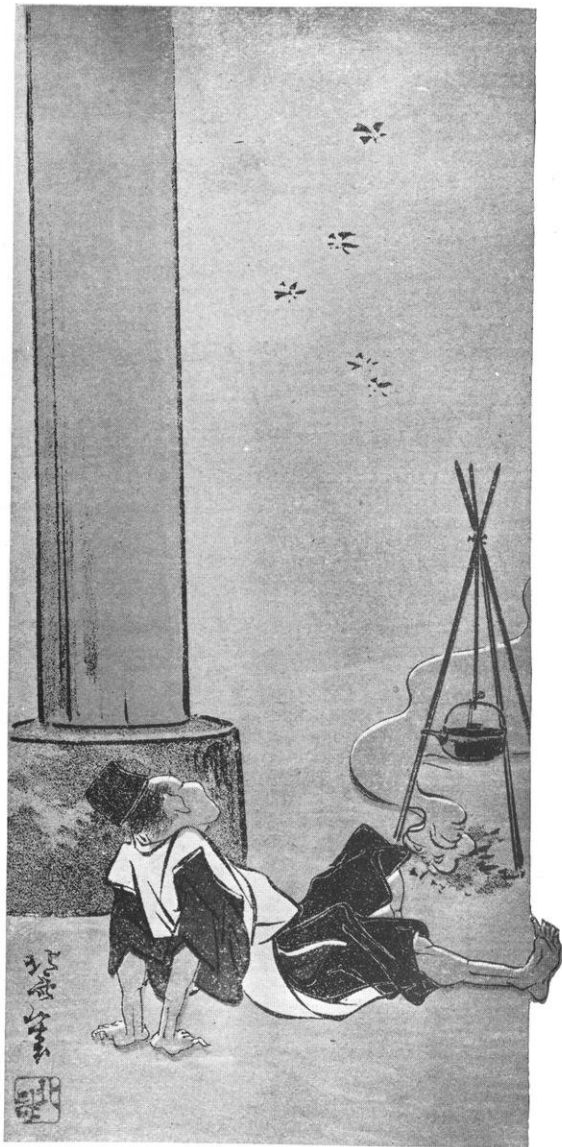
The design and proportions of the humblest houses, exteriors and interiors, are settled for all time by certain rules of harmony; the dress of the peasant is not left to possibly hideous individual caprice, but follows established canons of color, cut and usage; the garden, however small, the fence or paling that walls it in, the roof over the well, over the gate, the great lantern that hangs by the door, the bucket in which water is fetched and the bamboo dipper from which it is poured, the bronze brazier for coals, the tea service; all these and a thousand more details of daily life are arranged according to a pattern which may be very old, but which was the fruit of an art spirit both instinctive and painstaking, and which, as a result, adds immeasurably to the satisfaction of life.

And yet Japanese craftsmen, while holding hard by tradition, have not failed to add to their work the subtle touch of personality. In the motifs of their delicately impressionistic and symbolical designs are constantly seen their reverence for the early masters, and as constantly is perceived the individual variation which prevents each piece of work from having a duplicate.

UP TO the time when the Japanese began to be evilly influenced by our Western commercial civilization, the innate taste of the Japanese worker, no matter what the medium in which he wrought, seemed to be unerring. But since he has listened to the distracting, imperative voice from over seas and consented to adopt the factory method, his standards have become confused, and one finds him less often absorbed in his own poetical thoughts of *The Jewel in the Clouds*, *The Spray of the Sea*, *The Wind among the*



"A JAPANESE DESIGNER":
BY HOKUSAI.



"WHEN THE TWILIGHT BATS ARE
FLITTING": BY HOKUSAI.



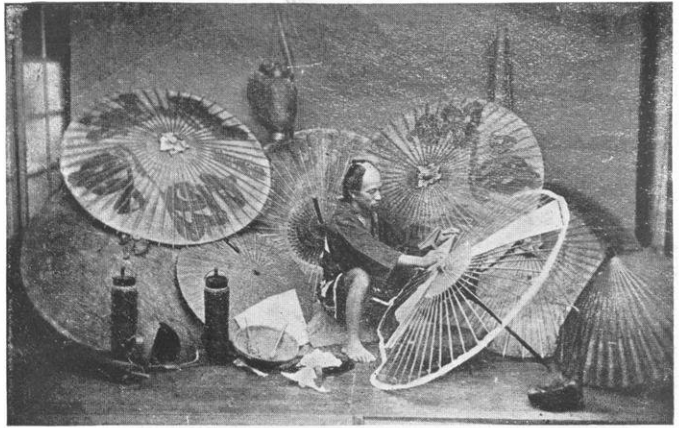
FORMERLY THE DAILY TOIL OF LIFE WAS NOT SHUT AWAY FROM THE DAILY JOY OF LIFE: LABOR AND BEAUTY THUS BECAME COMPLETELY INTERWOVEN IN THE LIVES OF THE PEOPLE. UNTIL MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN FOUND A SERENE, SINCERE JOY IN WORK FOR THE PRODUCTION OF ART, AND WHERE WORK BECAME AN EXPRESSION OF INTEREST IN LIFE IT CAN NEVER TAKE ON THE ASPECT OF SORDIDNESS OR UGLINESS, WHICH IS SEEN SO FREQUENTLY IN THE MODERN PHASES OF OUR WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

IN THE OLD JAPANESE HOUSES WE DO NOT FIND WORKROOMS AND PLAYROOMS SEPARATE: WHATEVER LABOR A MAN'S LIFE WAS GIVEN UP TO, WHETHER THE PAINTING OF PICTURES, WRITING OF POEMS OR THE EMBROIDERING OF TAPESTRIES, IT WAS USUALLY DONE MOST HAPPILY AND INTERESTEDLY IN SOME ROOM OF THE HOME. APPARENTLY IN THIS OLD LIFE OF JAPAN WORK WAS AN ESSENTIAL PART OF THE EXISTENCE OF EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY: AS SOON AS A CHILD COULD TODDLE ABOUT THE HOUSE HE WAS TAUGHT TO WORK.



BEFORE WESTERN CIVILIZATION TOUCHED JAPAN ONE DID NOT FIND THE WORKMEN SECLUDED IN WORKSHOPS: MEN DID THEIR EXQUISITE DAILY TASK WHEREVER IT WAS MOST INTERESTING, MOST PLEASANT FOR THEM TO DO IT, POSSIBLY IN THE ROOMS WHERE THEY LIVED: TO WORK IN THE RIGHT SENSE IS TO CREATE, AND TO CREATE IS TO EXPRESS THE UTMOST KNOWLEDGE OF TRUTH: THIS IS WHAT WE FEEL IN THE WORKING LIVES OF THE JAPANESE PEOPLE.

WHERE A NATION OF PEOPLE EXPRESS THEIR SPIRITUAL ATTAINMENT THROUGH AN ART OR A CRAFT, THE WORKMAN WILL INEVITABLY ACHIEVE FITTING SURROUNDINGS FOR HIS TOIL, AND ALL UNCONSCIOUSLY THE LABORER AND HIS WORKROOM WILL ILLUSTRATE THE BEAUTY HE SEEKS AND EXPRESSES IN HIS WORK: THE PEOPLE AT WORK IN JAPAN ARE THE SUBJECTS OF SOME OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE JAPANESE PAINTINGS OF BOTH THE OLD AND THE MODERN SCHOOLS.



WORKERS IN WOOD AND IN BAMBOO OFTEN ACCOMPLISH THE ENTIRE PROCESS OF THEIR CRAFT IN TINY ROOMS OPEN TO THE STREET, AND TO THE PASSERBY THE EFFECT IN COLOR AND COMPOSITION IS OF A BEAUTIFUL OLD JAPANESE PRINT THOUGHT OUT AND DREAMED OF BY SOME ARTISTIC DESIGNER. IT IS BECAUSE THESE PEOPLE DO NOT DESPISE WORK THAT THEY HAVE NEVER DISFIGURED IT: WORK IS TO THEM A MEANS TO A BEAUTIFUL END, AND THEY MAKE THE PATHWAY TO THE END ALSO BEAUTIFUL.

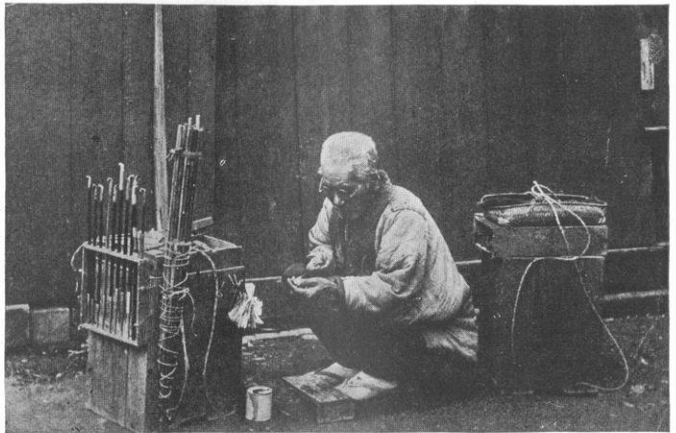
IN WANDERING OVER JAPAN EVERYWHERE ONE STUMBLES UPON SOME DELIGHTFUL ARTISAN, A FEW APPRENTICES SURROUNDING HIM IN HIS PLAIN, STRAW-THATCHED TOY HOUSE, WORKING HAPPILY IN THE OLD WAY, THE TOY HOUSE, BEAUTIFUL IN ITS WAY, PERFECT IN ITS SCHEME OF ARCHITECTURE, THE COSTUMES OF THE MEN INTERESTING IN LINE AND COLOR AND SUITED TO THEIR OCCUPATION, THE VERY METHOD OF THEIR WORK EXPRESSING A DISTINCT BEAUTY OF MOTION.





WHEREVER A MAN DESIRES TO WORK IN JAPAN, THERE HE ERECTS HIS APPARATUS; A MANUFACTURER OF SILK OFTEN SETS UP HIS LOOM OUT IN THE STREET AND MAKES OF HIMSELF AND THE PROCESS OF REELING A MOST PICTURESQUE AND ARTISTIC SCENE; AND EVERYWHERE STILL THE DAILY LIFE OF THE POOR IS SURROUNDED, PERMEATED AND INTERFUSED BY TASTE AND REFINEMENT BECAUSE OF THE BEAUTY OF DAILY LABOR.

THE JAPANESE CRAFTSMEN WHILE HOLDING HARD BY TRADITION DO NOT FAIL TO ADD TO THEIR WORK THE SUBTLE TOUCH OF PERSONALITY; THIS IS TRUE EVEN IN SO SIMPLE AN OCCUPATION AS PIPE-MAKING: ONE FINDS REVERENCE FOR THE OLD MASTERS AND INDIVIDUAL VARIATION. ALSO IN OLD JAPAN THERE WAS NEVER ANY SEPARATION OF THE FINE ARTS AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS: THE ARTISTS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM WERE CRAFTSMEN, AND THE CRAFTSMEN, CREATORS.



A MOST INTERESTING SCENE IN JAPAN IS A SAWMILL RUN BY MAN POWER, THE MEN PRACTICALLY STRIPPED, REVEALING SPLENDID BODIES, FINELY ATHLETIC, WITH INTERESTING NOTES OF COLOR IN THE SASHES ABOUT THE WAIST AND THE BANDAGES ABOUT THE HEAD; SO THOROUGHLY ARE THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF BEAUTY UNDERSTOOD IN JAPAN THAT ONE IS CONSCIOUS OF GRACE OF MOTION IN THE MOST "COMMON" PEOPLE AT THEIR TASKS.

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Grasses, The Insect that Laughs, expressed in a rare combination of the gently illusive with the vividly realistic.

The underlying harmonies which have in the past surrounded the Japanese in landscape, architecture, dress or homeliest domestic furniture, must have contributed more than the Occidental mind may guess to the fastidious taste and exquisite facility which have come down from a line of forefathers, each of whom spent his life in the same practice and endeavor, until the hand of the craftsman was able to work intuitively and without model. In that land of poets is still the wondering reproach: "I showed the Westerner my treasures, but he does not even know what to admire!"

The instant, instinctive taste, as well as the profound love of beauty, is not likely to die immediately among those workmen, whose blood-heritage it is, although, certainly, we have long been doing all we know how to destroy it. In so commercial and non-artistic a porcelain district as Nagoya I saw a big roomful of men working in clay, hastily copying in quantities pieces that were to go, in a shipload, to fill an order in England. I paused beside a man who was finishing soap dishes. On each cover, before it went to be baked, he was adding the knob by which it could be lifted, that on the European model before him was utterly without sentiment, less gracious of shape than a freshly digged onion or potato. With a few slight, quick touches, seemingly as unthinking as a machine, he was yet doing more than was required—he was causing each knob, as it passed under his hands, to take the look of a half-opened bud, a faint hint of a leaf being also quickly modeled in the "biscuit" beneath it.

FORTUNATELY, the factory method has not yet become universal. In wandering over the country, everywhere one stumbles upon some delightful artisan, a few apprentices surrounding him in his plain, straw-thatched toy house, who, with an unspoiled, two-centuries-ago mind, still works happily in the old way, much more intent on the mode of his fashioning than on the probable financial results. In the outskirts of Yokohama I found a gold-lacquering who was a master of his craft. I crossed his tiny garden, set thick with bamboo and blossoming camellias, went through the bare, scrupulously clean lower room, climbed the steep, narrow stairway, and found above, in several rooms wide open to the balcony and to the garden, the whole family at work.

They brought out for my appreciation in various stages of completion several treasures from the drying room, and explained the whole process. In those immaculate rooms, set in that leafy greenery, there was no dust to mar the work. It took months of polishing, of

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drying and repolishing, over and over, to finish any piece; in the old days, still more time was given. At the time the family were at work on a pair of sumptuous doors, about five feet high, done to order for a wall cabinet in the house of an American millionaire, facsimiles of some of the beautiful old work in one of the temples at Nikko, the old father drawing the designs on a set of trays, the youngest son, three years old, gravely, patiently rubbing and polishing with his silken baby palm some work just at that stage where no other known process could give it the same perfection.

The designs on the trays, eight or ten of the latter, were simply the vigorous, resourceful *tai* fish, so admired for the sturdy virtues it typifies. The original drawing of that design was a *tai* perfectly done two hundred years ago by an old master. The gold-lacquerer knew it by heart, every line, every curve, every expression of it, so that he drew from memory, without model or copy, a certain, particular swimming fish, with just a hint of wave, river current, floating water-weed; yet was there no set, machinelike work, for the marvel of it was, while there seemed no perceptible deviation from the original, perfect fish of the old master, there were subtle touches, nuances of atmosphere, by which every tray was made fresh and individual. Surely it took a master of his craft to vary so much in expression while he varied so little in thought!

Just outside the same town, in a house which preserves and reveres the history and traditions of the art, I saw cloisonné being made in the same patient, painstaking way. Two little residences had been thrown together behind the one bamboo paling, that the more apprentices and workmen might be gathered there, for this was really a "factory," or called itself so, and a large output must be constantly hastened along. In a tiny workshop a few men hammered out by hand the copper vases and plaques which were to receive the enamel. In a pleasant room, its outer wall pushed away so that one whole side was open to the pine and cherry-blossom garden, sat two artists, a man and a woman, drawing, in India ink, free hand and without model, beautiful, flowery designs upon the finished copper vases. One design, it was explained, was called "The Three Seasons" and represented, with its glad profusion of birds and blossoms, the joyous spirit of out-of-door life during spring, summer and autumn.

In the next room, a large one, a number of young men were arranging, with their delicate, taper finger tips, with pincers and with the help of glue, a raised outline of silver wire along every India ink line the artists had traced on the copper vases, plates, buckles and parasol handles. Other men, at the next step, took the articles, and with an enamel paste made of finely ground stones and other sub-

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stances, filled each little cell thus outlined by silver wire; then a little dab of color, red, maybe, where a peony petal was to be, green where the leaf was, black in the shadow, white in the high light, pale yellow, possibly, or dark blue, for the body of the vase. When this thin, first coat had been applied, the piece was sent away for a slow firing, a careful, prolonged manipulating taking days to finish. After came a second coating of enamel, each cell receiving its own right color, and a second firing. This must be repeated again and again for weeks and even months, until the final firing and cooling have been completed.

When the last firing is safely over still remain weeks of polishing with pumice and under running water, for the vase now has a rough, uneven surface, blotched here and there with dull colors, the silver wires being buried and hidden in the bulging mass that is as yet the surface. But that long, patient polishing! By it nothing less than a miracle is wrought.

I SAW in wood carving done by those nature lovers, so difficult and nice an achievement as the portrayal of a waterfall, with little birds flying through the mist and spray that arose from it. In one shop was a tray or plaque of wood the dark color of bog oak, with a great moon and the reflection of the moon on a carven river, wonderfully done in silver inlay. The felicitous symbolism that, once fully appreciated, in a few touches gives you a swift river current with maple leaves floating adown, or a storm wave breaking in foam and spray against a rocky shore, or a garden with the movement, sound and color as well as the flowers and tree-forms of midsummer, adds an enjoyment beyond words to the possibilities of decorative and domestic art. The perpetual exhibition that is Japan leaves one in doubt as to just where the line is drawn between the artist's thought and the craftsman's hand, or one becomes convinced that the craftsmen are themselves all artists.

In one village I saw an ordinary little boy sitting in a doorway, not whittling a stick, as he might have been doing with us, but embroidering chrysanthemums on a great square of satin. True, the outlines were stamped on the fabric, stretched in its frame before him, but without supervision or model he was filling them in according to his own sweet will, all in exquisitely shaded golds and browns and pinks. As I stood and stared he laughed at me, looking perfectly happy. I went away thinking:

"In a country of unheard-of things, where babies contentedly work at polishing lacquer, where little boys can embroider party frocks, where a workman gratuitously adds beautifying touches to the task

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he accomplishes—is it not heartrending that, instead of trying to catch the spirit of such toilers as these, we should do so much to vitiate and spoil it?”

Left to themselves, these workers are so patient, they have so much time! In a furniture factory, near the door, I saw a lad sitting with fine emery cloths, industriously smoothing the corner of a box or coffer. Duly dyed on the back of his coat was the sea-horse which is the trade-symbol of workers in wood. When I came back that way, half an hour later, he was still carefully at work on the same corner of the same coffer. I did not wonder it was as near perfection as the hand of man could make it.

Practically every village in Japan is the seat of some special, characteristic industry, each carried on in an individual way by separate families in their simple and narrow homes, and each family and each member working in some little touch of individuality. The town may be famous only for a tupenny, coarse straw work; for a particular sort of wood-inlay; for a queer little ornamental owl dangling from a stick and made of the thistles that grow by the wayside; for a white enamel work done with powdered eggshells,—whatever it is, it is sure to be a tasteful trifle, and ever after it is pleasant to the collector to hear from the knowing ones: “Ah, you have been in Kawasaki, for you have its fan with a whistle in the handle,” or, “How long were you in Nikko? I see you have a cherry lacquer tray with the bark on,” or, “When did you make the pilgrimage to Nara, to get the little Buddha-shrine and the ivory deer?” and so on.

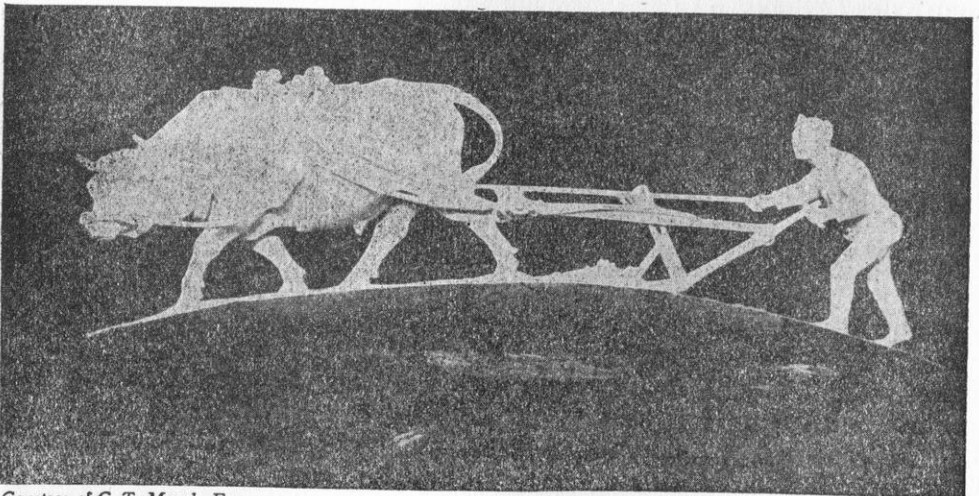
A LONG chapter would be needed to describe Japan's modern work in dyed, painted, embroidered and brocaded silks and crepes. Past all praise is the boldness of design, with the finish and delicacy of her needlework “pictures.” One house in the outskirts of Kyoto, to appearance a villager's plain dwelling, turns out marvels in tapestry and woven sketches, often historical scenes, charmingly colored. Yet in exhibiting, this craftsman cares nothing about his—or rather, her—name, sinks all under the label, “Silk Weavers' Guild of Kyoto,” and if you had never gone in a flying 'rik'sha to that quaint little farmhouse, you might think these things—which you instantly recognize—were made in some great place noisy with much whirring machinery.

Many of these workers have names worthy to be known in every land, yet they seem to go their several and glorious ways—with only one or two exceptions—in the most complete carelessness of that consideration. At least, I have found many rare things shown under a

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label in the Japanese tongue and character, and when I have gone, keenly expectant, for an interpreter and a pencil, have discovered myself confronted by such reading as, "This is the work of the Weavers' Guild of Kyoto-fu," or "This is exhibited by the Lacquer Guild of Kanagawa-ken." It is a country where the guild idea is far older and better understood than is the thought of individualism. The difficulty I encountered in getting a list of those of her sons to whom the Island Kingdom herself had awarded first and second medals was exceedingly interesting, for it illustrated a fundamental difference in point of view between the East and the West, and showed some artists largely content to do their work for the joy in it.

It cannot be doubted that full appreciation of the meaning and beauty of things Japanese comes only to him who is in the secret as to how those things have been made. If one has looked at the gentle, poetical old silversmith, absorbed in his deft creations; if one has seen the sunny little rooms, set in leafy gardens silent and remote, where painters and designers love to work; if one has stood by the wheel of the potter to mark miracles as they grow; if one has wandered where care and labor, step by step, week after week, are expended on each separate effort and attempt; if one has noticed everywhere the simple pleasure as well as the sound taste of the craftsman,—both bequeathed him by a long line of ancestors,—one comes to understand and value the individual character not yet gone out of the handiwork in country village and in city suburb and by-street.



Courtesy of G. T. Marsh, Esq.

"THE PLOWMAN": CARVING ON AN IVORY TUSK: BY NAKAGAWA RINYAI.

THE CITY OF THE THREE CATHEDRALS: SECRET OF THE OLD-WORLD CHARM OF ROUEN: BY ALVAN F. SANBORN



ROUEN, which is richer in Gothic remains than any other city in France, is often called "the City of the Three Cathedrals" because of its three marvelous churches, Notre Dame, Saint-Ouen and Saint-Maclou. As the spirit of the Middle Ages spent itself most lavishly on the beautifying of sacred edifices, these naturally represent the highest achievements of Gothic art found within the city, but the town itself shows to an unusual degree the beauty, spirituality and also the grotesqueness of Mediæval architecture; the public buildings, dwellings and even the planning of the streets reflecting the very essence of the strange charm which characterized the work of the Middle Ages.

Notre Dame, the Cathedral proper, is a mountainous pile of roofs, gables, pyramids, turrets, towers and spires, a bizarre mingling of the Gothic of several periods. And yet it is so clearly an example of gradual, unforced growth, so palpably vital and organic, that no trace of presumption attaches to the title of "Masters of the Living Stone" assumed by its Norman architects,—the men who poured their very lives into the building. The annals of Rouen tell us that the workman who founded the great bell of the Cathedral, called *la cloche d'Amboise*, died of joy. No wonder. To have given voice to so mighty an organism must have been very like giving a voice to all that man could conceive of the Eternal and Infinite.

The Cathedral naturally is the mightiest of all the links that bind Rouen to the past. It is an open book in which is inscribed the development of the religious ideal throughout the middle centuries, an epitome in stone of the struggles and achievements of the younger world. A great part of its historic value arises from the many misfortunes which extended the building of it over many generations. As if it were a part of its mission to illustrate the connection between "baptism with water and with fire" and "baptism with the Holy Ghost," or to demonstrate the value of adversity as a preparation for sanctity, Providence assigned it a long and tragic misunderstanding with the elements; turning it over as a plaything to flames and hurricanes, which repeatedly wrecked it as wantonly as mischievous children wreck the toy house they have built of blocks or cards.

No such vicissitudes have attended the career of Saint-Ouen. This church was not of slow growth like the Cathedral, but the conception of a single man, l'Abbé Roussel Marc d'Argent. When the church was begun the good abbé established himself in a hill manor,

OLD ROUEN AND HER THREE CATHEDRALS

from the windows of which he could watch the progress of its building day by day, and he devoted all the remaining energies of his life to the direction of this sacred enterprise. Saint-Ouen was not completed until long after the abbé's death, but the later additions to it were built in conformity with the spirit, and in most cases with the letter, of his plan. Thanks to this unity of purpose, Saint-Ouen is as simple, homogeneous, balanced and symmetrical in design as the Cathedral is capricious and chaotic; as perfect an example of divine order as Notre Dame is,—if the phrase may be allowed,—of divine disorder. Less crushing, less suggestive, less universal perhaps than the Cathedral, it is more restful and satisfying in the sense it gives of harmony and completeness. The perfection of its proportions would alone suffice to account for the spell it exerts over the beholder, but it is by no means lacking in exquisite details. Its southern portal, known as the "Portail des Marmousets," from the numerous images of marmosets with which it is adorned, compares favorably with the "Portail des Libraires" of the Cathedral, and its central tower, which is surmounted by an octangular, open-work, filigreed lantern, terminating in a gallery, is generally considered the most beautiful bit of architecture in Rouen. This tower, which bears some resemblance to an enormous diadem, is currently called "David's Crown," and when it is seen under the level lights of sunrise and sunset, it seems to flash with jewels.

Saint-Maclou, the third of the principal churches of Rouen, is a Cathedral in miniature, but it yields supremacy to the others only in the matter of size, not of beauty. Like the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, it is perfect of its kind, a masterpiece of that florid Gothic which reconciles order and fantasy, one of those architectural jewels which Alfred de Musset pronounced "worthy to be kept under glass." It is so richly and delicately chased and filigreed, that it seems rather to have come from the hands of the silversmith than to be the work of builders in stone, and for some subtle reason—a certain sensuousness perhaps that scarcely makes for righteousness,—the general tone of its beauty is less Christian than pagan. It accords ill with a scriptural attitude of mind and evokes visions of joyous sprites and sylphs rather than of ascetic saints. "If the fairies, if the elves and gnomes," says Eugene Noël, a Rouennais whose childhood was passed under its shadow, "have had in this world a palace or temple, this is it."

THE civil buildings of Rouen are scarcely second in interest to its marvelous ecclesiastical monuments, and would of themselves make notable a much larger city, for in these buildings the true Gothic spirit is shown to almost as great a degree as in the

OLD ROUEN AND HER THREE CATHEDRALS

churches. Of the secular Gothic buildings the Palais de Justice is even more prominent than is any one of the three principal churches among the sacred edifices, for it is without question the most perfect building of its kind in France, if not in Europe. With the exception of the Nürnberg Rathhaus and the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels, there is hardly anything to compare with it.

The Hotel de Bourgtheroulde, now occupied by the Comptoir d'Escompts, is a beautiful example of the sixteenth-century transitional style at its best. It shows almost equally the leading features of the Gothic and of the Renaissance; being notable, aside from its exquisite lines, for the profusion of its bas-reliefs, which include scriptural scenes and historic events mingled with joyous pagan pastorals,—blithe idyls admirably adapted to serve as illustrations for Virgil or Theocritus. Another attractive ensemble is given by the so-called Tower of the Great Clock, all the principal elements of which,—a bell tower, an arch, a clock and a fountain,—date from different periods. The fountain, which is the most recent of its four parts, depicts Alpheus and Arethusa, “the earth’s white daughter,” at the moment when their union is effected.

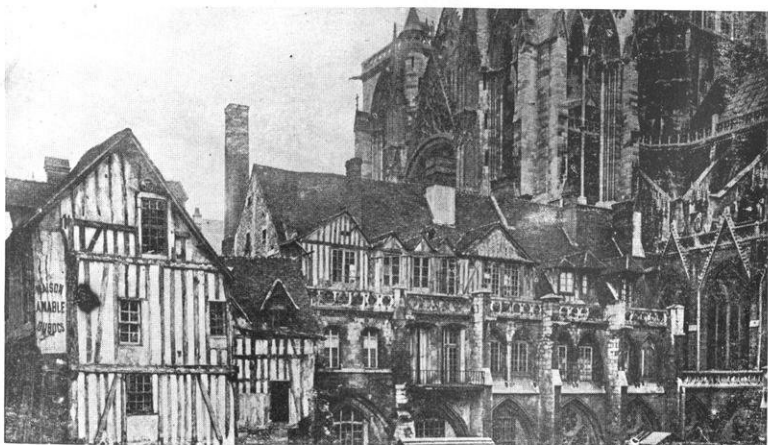
It is not, however, in these grandiose relics of bygone ecclesiastical and municipal splendor; not in these venerable and beautiful churches, civic buildings, fountains and monuments, that we find the unique and irresistible charm of Rouen. Architectural treasures such as these are found in almost equal measure in several other cities of France. The peculiar atmosphere of mediævalism that we find in Rouen depends rather upon its abundant relics of private life in the Middle Ages, on the quaintness of its houses and streets and on those relatively unimportant aspects that, taken separately, are nothing, but when combined into a whole mean everything. Here we find entire streets of tall, taper-roofed, deep-eaved Gothic houses with ragged fitful sky lines; dim streets from which one has only to lift his eyes to behold towers and spires of well-nigh celestial grace athwart the sky; streets that lurch and dodge, that hesitate and double on themselves in their twisting course; streets of the subtlest tonality from which the sky is seen as it might be from the bottom of a deep well, and streets where,—the substantial burghers having departed, poverty and crime have taken up their abode; where drunkards and vagabonds revel and rout, while behind half-open shutters or in the shelter of doorways sit and mumble and beckon, even at midday, the blear-eyed women who wait. Here are alleys where the projecting eaves come so close together that they seem to the eye actually to touch; others where the opposing house walls are so distended in the middle that they seem likely at any moment to crack open and collapse; and still

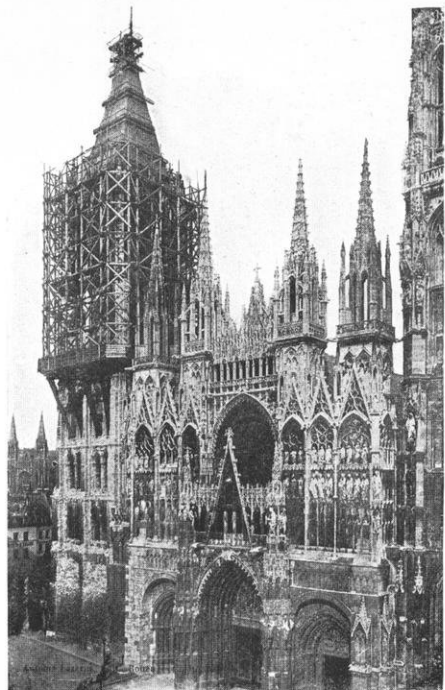
THE PECULIAR ATMOSPHERE OF MEDIEVALISM THAT WE FIND IN ROUEN DEPENDS RATHER UPON THE ABUNDANT ROMANCE OF PRIVATE LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE QUAINTESS OF ITS HOUSES AND STREETS: THIS IS CHARMINGLY SET FORTH IN THE ACCOMPANYING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE OLD HOUSE IN RUE SAINT ROMAIN, COUR D'ALBANE.



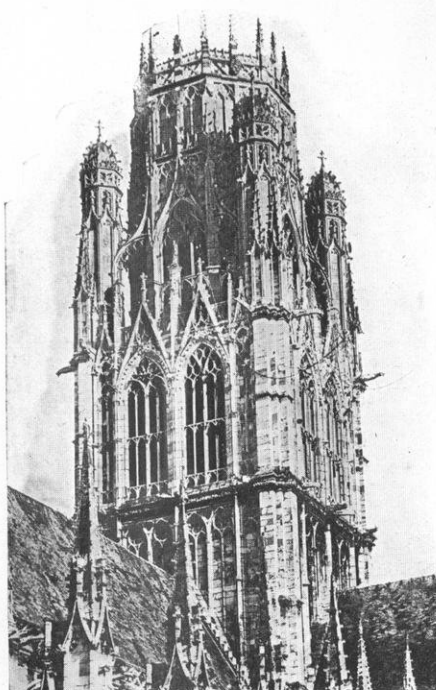
AN EXQUISITE BIT OF MEDIEVAL ARCHITECTURE OF THE SIMPLER KIND IS SHOWN IN THE AITRES DE SAINT-MACLOU: A MOST INTERESTING HALF-TIMBER CONSTRUCTION WITH A PICTURESQUE AND REASONABLE USE OF WOOD CARVING; THE COLOR OF THE OLD ROOFS COMBINED WITH THE WEATHERED WOOD FURNISH A PICTURE OF RARE BEAUTY.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING OF ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES IN THE MEDIEVAL TOWNS OF FRANCE, AND GERMANY, TOO, IS THE WAY IN WHICH THE HOUSES OF THE PEOPLE CLUSTERED ABOUT THE FINE OLD CATHEDRALS, AND AS THE ARCHITECTURAL SPIRIT OF THE AGE WAS DOMINATED BY ONE IMPULSE, THESE BUILDINGS SEEM AN APPROPRIATE FINISH FOR THE TOWERING BEAUTY OF THE SPLENDID CHURCHES.

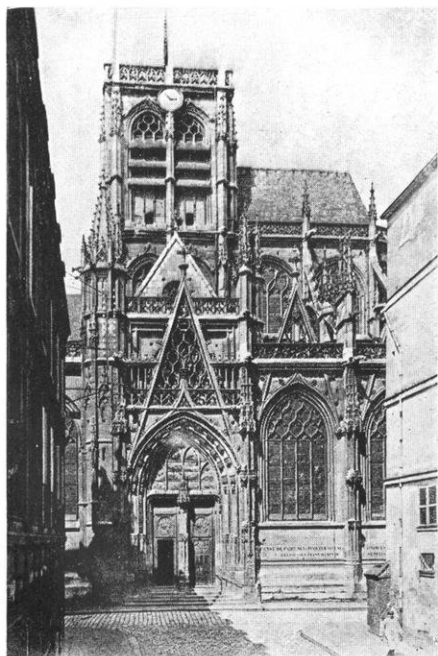




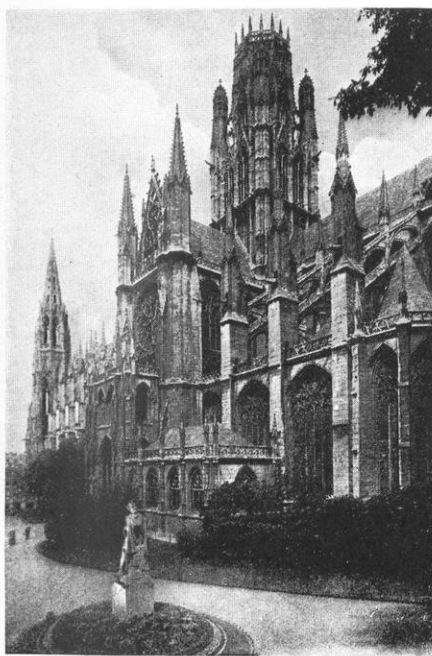
THE ROMAN TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME AT ROUEN.



THE CROWN TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT-OUEN AT ROUEN.



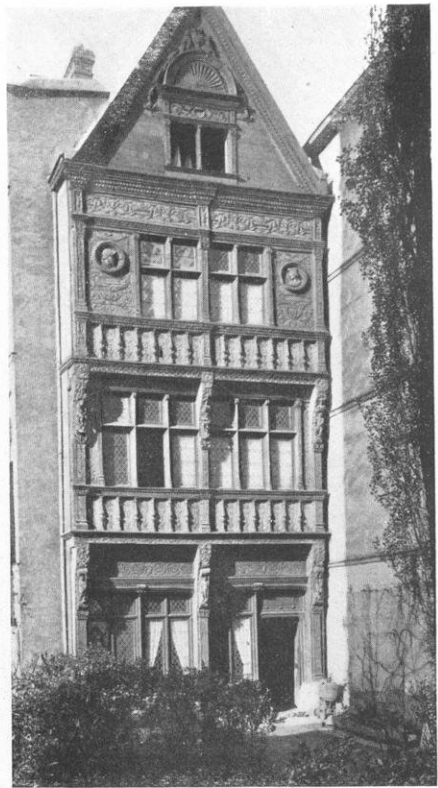
ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF SAINT-VINCENT AT ROUEN.



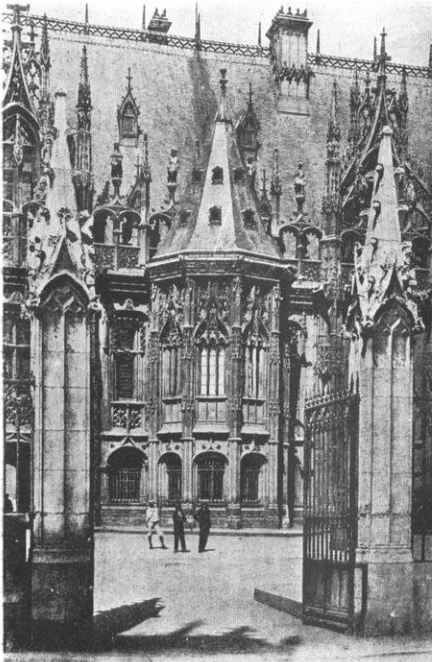
VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT-OUEN AT ROUEN.



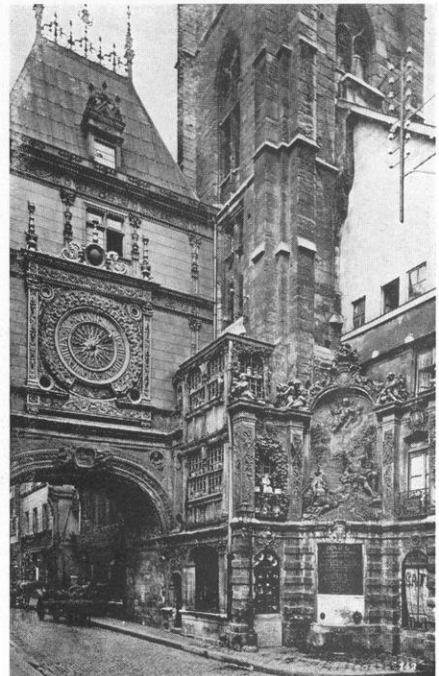
HOTEL BOURGTHEROULDE
AT ROUEN.



HOME OF DIANA OF
POITIERS AT ROUEN.



TOWER AND ENTRANCE COURT OF
THE PALACE OF JUSTICE AT ROUEN.



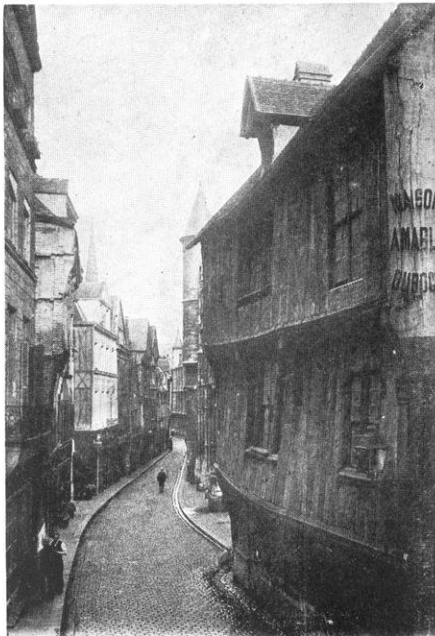
THE GREAT CLOCK
TOWER AT ROUEN.



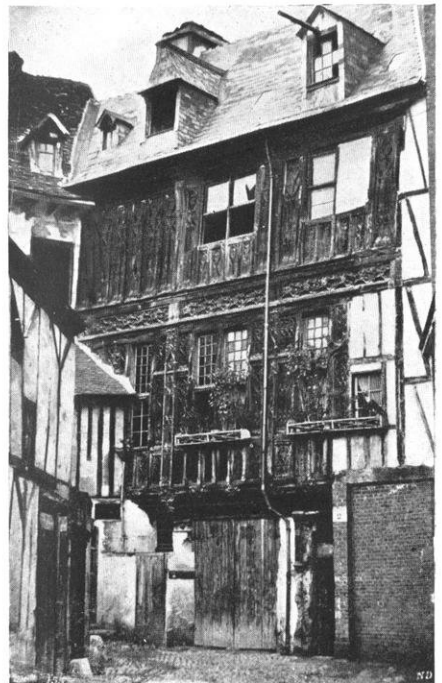
AN OLD ROUEN HOUSE OF
THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



A PICTURESQUE STREET
IN OLD ROUEN.



ANOTHER VIEW OF RUE
SAINT-ROMAIN, ROUEN.



THE HOUSE OF SAINT
AMAND IN ROUEN.

OLD ROUEN AND HER THREE CATHEDRALS

others where the presence of supporting cross beams shows that the danger of collapse is not altogether imaginary.

HERE are houses by the score, by the hundred, that expose their skeletons to the public view as do the paintings of Raffaelli; houses with weather-beaten, ragged-edged dormer windows, huddling chimney-pots, and twisted, dislocated chimneys; houses with roofs so fluid and undulating that they seem ready to break and fly away in spray like the crests of billows; houses with peaked gables that stand out against the sky as firs and cypresses stand out against a rising moon; houses in which each "coving" projects over the one immediately below it so far that loitering shoppers are as perfectly sheltered from inclement weather as they would be by an arcade,—but which are rather intimidating to the stranger with an unarchitectural eye; houses with shapely and ornate oriels tessellated with tiny lozenge-shaped, lead-set panes that, under certain lights, take on the color and charm of mosaics; houses with comely balconies, exquisitely wrought balustrades and window gratings; houses with heavy paneled doors supported by primitive wrought-iron hinges and overhung by swinging signs; houses whose façades have canopied niches from which the saints and madonnas have fallen; houses bowed beneath the weight of years, whose timbers are contorted and deformed like the frame of a worn-out octogenarian; houses with toad-like excrescences and the paunches of aldermen; and houses so irregularly dropsical and so drolly bloated that they appear to quiver and sway as if in the throes of an earthquake.

But the most lovable old house in Rouen is the Maison de la rue Saint Romain, close by a crumbling, moss-grown fountain, not far from the northern portal of the Cathedral. Only the bolts and steel bands with which it has been pierced and cinctured keep it from falling into the street, and it is only when he notices these safeguards that the passenger is reassured as to the safety of his head. Indeed, the Maison de la rue St. Romain was a real menace to pedestrians before it was strengthened by these supports. Yet it is not quite deserted, for a single curtained corner-window in the second story indicates that the house has at least one inhabitant, although its shop-floor windows are boarded over and its upper windows are opaque with a thick coating of dust.

In this enchanting old city we find not only streets and houses that are embodied memories of the Middle Ages, but also inner courts, humid, mossy and peaceful as cloisters, surrounded by balustraded corridors that are approached by exquisite spiral latticed stairways. In these courts venerable trees stand guard over ornate stone wells;

OLD ROUEN AND HER THREE CATHEDRALS

dismounted mantelpieces, rich in carving, serve for benches; discolored statues and busts lie prone, consoled for their downfall by the ivy's embrace. Doves murmur their soft notes and patriarchal rooks hold dusky conclaves. As the quarters to which they belong have descended in social scale, these courts have long ceased to serve their original purpose and have abdicated their original pretensions. But their beauty is most appealing in these days of its decay, and nowhere do we feel more vividly the spirit of the past. Most singular among them all is l'Aitre de Saint-Maclou, a sixteenth century charnel-house replete with the blood-curdling beauty of the "Dies Irae," a spot consummate in gruesomeness, consecrated to broodings over death and the Judgment. Here is the most complete and lugubrious collection conceivable of carved insignia of mortality,—spades, picks, scythes, hour-glasses, mounds, tombs, funeral crosses, skeletons, skulls and tibias, and an extraordinary Dance of Death (deemed worthy of a two-volume work by a Rouen antiquarian, Henry Langlois), in which old men and boys, matrons and maidens, merchants and laborers, masters and servants, paupers and princes, soldiers, judges, apothecaries, monks and bishops are pursued by grim Death.

ROUEN owes much of its picturesqueness, as well as its importance, to the three rivers which intersect it,—the Seine, the Aublette and the Eau de Robec. The Seine, into which the English threw the ashes of Jeanne d'Arc in the fifteenth century, divides Rouen into two unequal parts and makes of it a seaport. "Paris, Rouen and Le Havre," said Napoleon, "are one and the same city of which the Seine is the main street." At Rouen, the Seine is studded with islands, crowded with shipping, traversed by several bridges and bordered with substantial quays on which may be observed the varied animal, vegetable and mineral products, the free ways of sailors, and the heterogeneous activity that constitute the fascination of seaports everywhere. Up stream, La Côte Sainte Catherine and Bon Secours stand over against the city much as Arthur's Seat stands over against Edinburgh. Down stream are the heights of Canteleu and the fat pastures of Normandy.

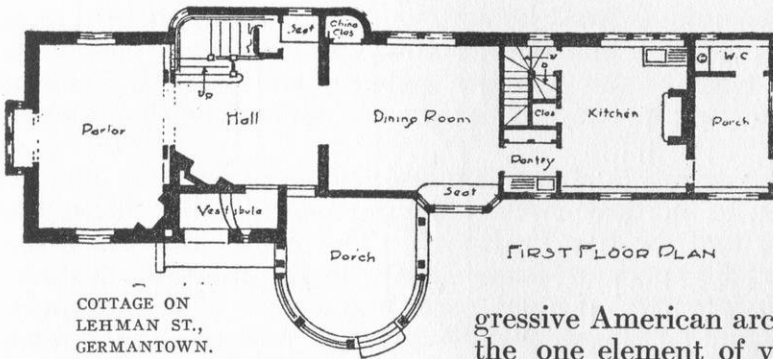
The Aublette, a mere rivulet which trickles in from the country across a market-garden belt, is fringed along its course within the town by the tattered backs of ancient, neglected, peaked-roofed houses, whose dark-gray dilapidation it faithfully mirrors. By moonlight it takes on, in its illuminated stretches, the sheen of silk or the steely luster of polished armor, and its shadows become Cimmerian, and the rusty, weather-beaten tenements of its banks might pass for palaces of ebony and ivory.

THE RATIONAL ART OF WILSON EYRE, AN ARCHITECT WHO DESIGNS HOUSES TO MEET THE NEEDS AND EXPRESS THE QUALITIES OF TODAY: BY FREDERICK WALLICK



AMERICANS are said to be eminently a rational people, therefore it is but natural that rational architecture should appeal to them as a building art that is essentially adapted to express the leading tendency of national thought and character. Rationality, as applied to architectural design, means simply that the internal arrangement shall meet precisely the purposes for which the building was put up, and that the plan of the exterior shall frankly express the interior arrangement and depend for its beauty and symmetry upon the directness of its response to the demands of

utility. It is interesting to see how this principle, for the most part so difficult of application, is making headway among the more progressive American architects as being the one element of vitality that will

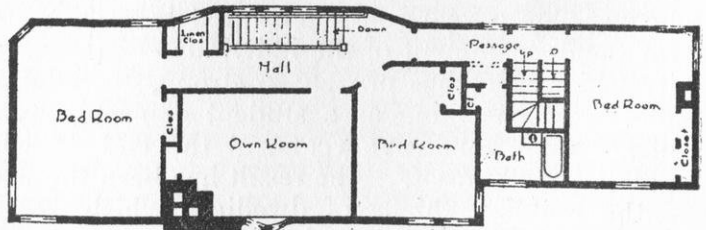


COTTAGE ON LEHMAN ST., GERMANTOWN.

FIRST FLOOR PLAN

make our modern architecture an honest expression of the life and needs of the present day.

Among the men who are most daring and independent in the application not only of rational ideas in architecture but of their own individual thought in design, is Mr. Wilson Eyre, of Philadelphia. Mr. Eyre's originality has expressed itself through many phases and may be considered all the more significant for the reason that it has been strongly tintured now and again by one or another influence that has temporarily appealed to him. By this means his individuality, although always dominant, has ac-



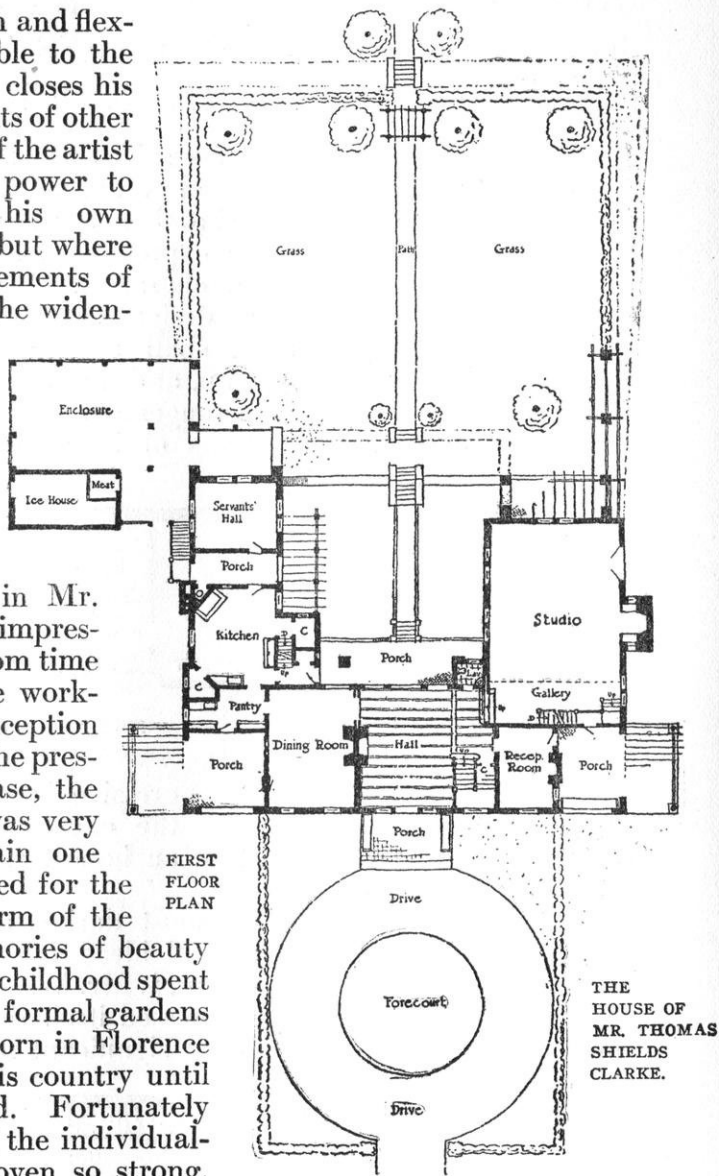
SECOND FLOOR PLAN

COTTAGE ON LEHMAN ST., GERMANTOWN.

THE RATIONAL ART OF WILSON EYRE

quired a certain breadth and flexibility that is impossible to the man of one idea who closes his mind to the achievements of other men and other times. If the artist be too receptive, his power to create and express his own thought soon vanishes, but where a man uses the achievements of other men merely for the widening of his mental horizon, he gains power with every idea that he recognizes and admits to a place in his consciousness as well as with every one that he himself evolves.

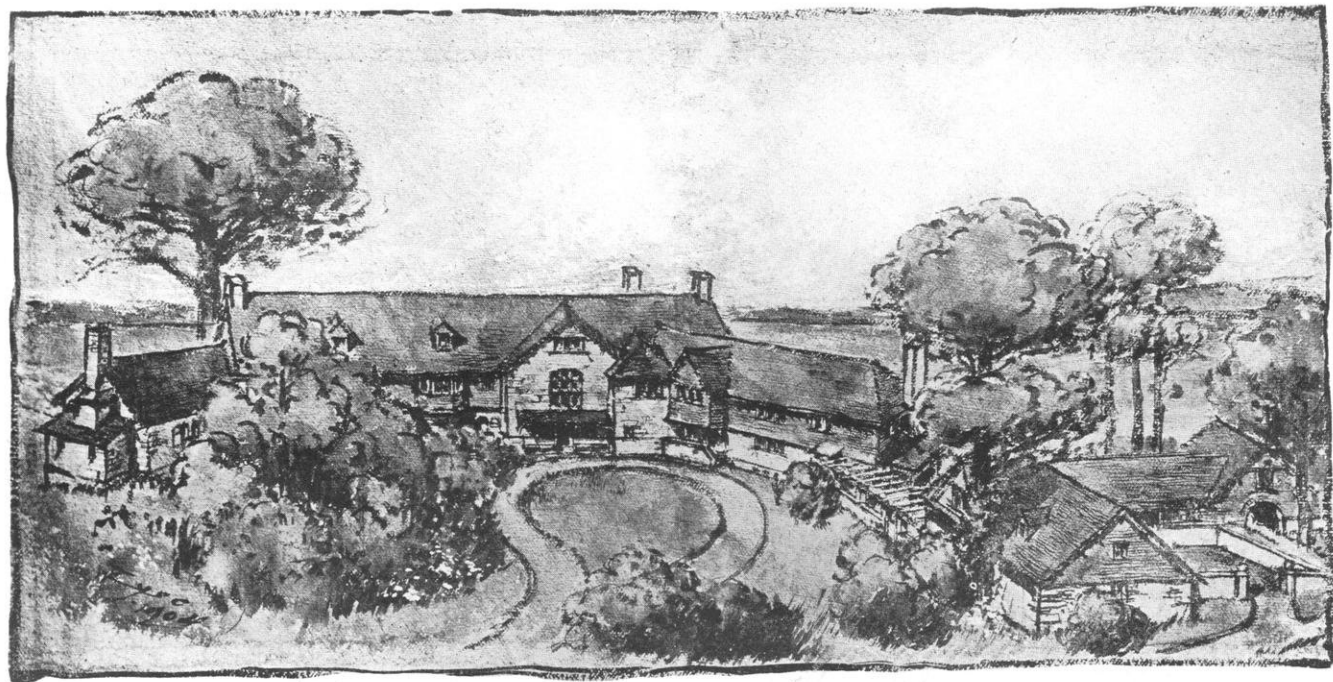
Therefore, we see in Mr. Eyre's work traces of impressions he has received from time to time, as well as the working out of his own conception of the building art of the present day. In one phase, the influence of England was very marked, and then again one sees that he has yielded for the time being to the charm of the Colonial or to the memories of beauty that he brought from a childhood spent among the palaces and formal gardens of Italy,—for he was born in Florence and did not come to this country until he was eleven years old. Fortunately for the development of the individuality which since has proven so strong, Mr. Eyre's training as a student of architecture covered a period of not more than five years, at the end of which time he began practice for himself. The result has been the work that we all know,—the building chiefly of dwellings which, for honesty of purpose, comfort and homelike charm, are not to be surpassed in the domestic architecture of this country. No one style may be said to





Wilson Eyre, Architect.

COTTAGE ON LEHMAN ST., GERMANTOWN, PA.: IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THE CHARM AND INDIVIDUALITY OF THE ARCHITECTURE OF THIS HOUSE, AS IT IS THE FIRST ONE DESIGNED BY MR. EYRE.



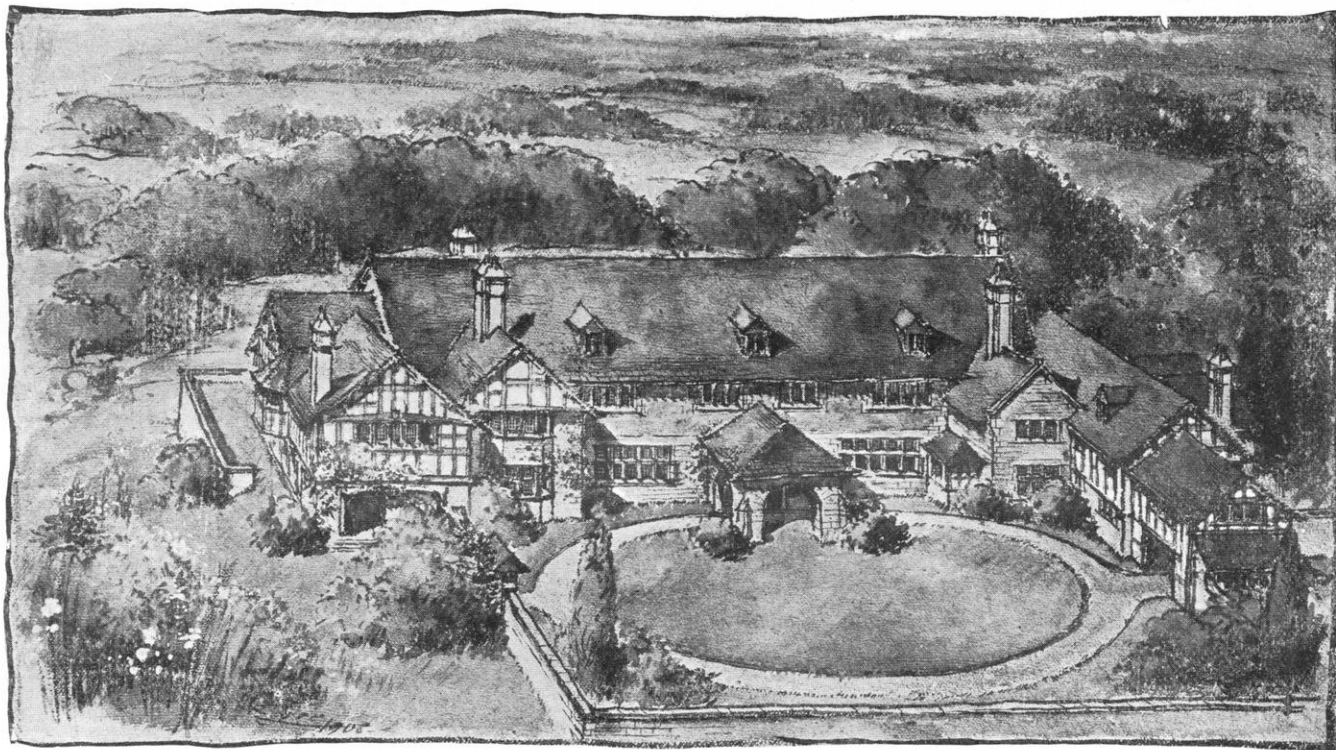
Wilson Eyre, Architect.

THE PROPOSED HOME FOR
MR. SEYMOUR J. HYDE.



Wilson Eyre, Architect.

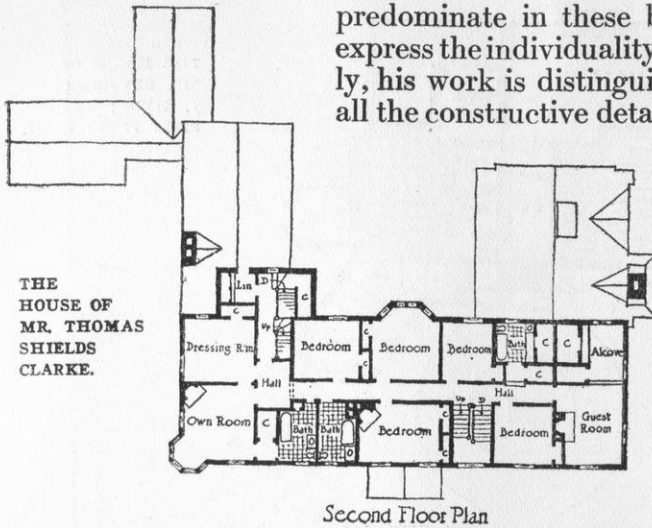
THE HOME OF MR. THOMAS SHIELDS
CLARKE, SCULPTOR, AT LENOX, MASS.



Wilson Eyre, Architect.

ST. MARTIN'S, CHESTNUT
HILL, GERMANTOWN, PA.

THE RATIONAL ART OF WILSON EYRE

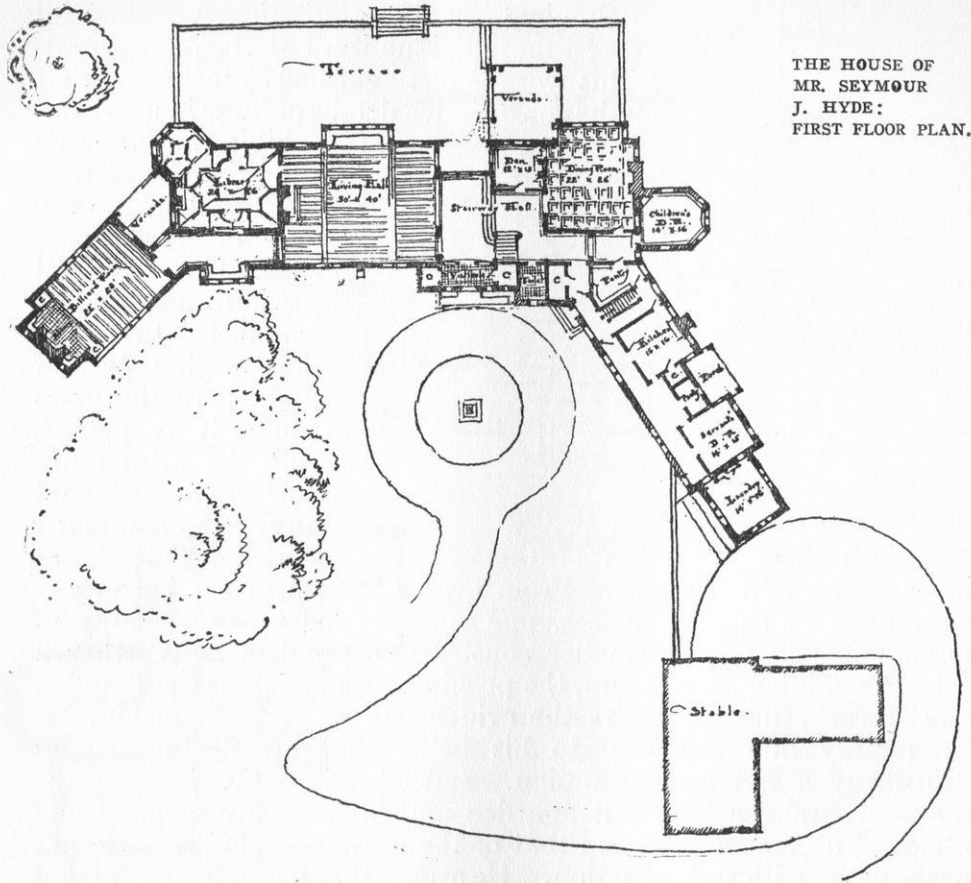


predominate in these buildings, yet they all express the individuality of Mr. Eyre. Naturally, his work is distinguished by insistence that all the constructive details of these houses shall exhibit the laborer's cunning. Honesty of construction, the use only of such ornamentation as will serve to explain or emphasize the function of that part of the construction upon which it is placed, and the admission only of features that have a reason for

being,—all these are parts of the quality of sincerity that lies at the base of all his designs. From even a casual inspection of any of his town or country houses, one is impressed by this quality of thoroughness in all the smaller constructive problems. Whether it be in the joining of a beam, the pegging of paneling or the bonding of brickwork, there is always the evidence of real craftsmanship. It is a quality due primarily to his belief that architecture is not intrinsically a question of design. Indeed, his entire idea of the process whereby a house, its garden and interior, are planned and developed differs widely from that of the average architect. He has no sympathy with specialization. He argues that it is only natural that a scheme to which a landscape gardener, an architect and an interior decorator have all contributed their various ideas should lack harmony. With this conviction in mind, he has evolved a system of studying the plans of the house and garden which are definitely original, and certainly of interest to anyone who has wondered how an architect "goes about" his work.

TO the layman, an architect's office is a house of mystery. He realizes in a general way that a house must fit its site, its appropriation and its owner's taste. He has a vague idea that the architect, having been given the sizes of various rooms, fits them together as best he can, observing general rules of aspect and convenience. Having once established this, he then surmises that he pictures his ideas in the form of a perspective, elaborated with trees and shrubbery. This he supposes is used merely to pacify his client

THE RATIONAL ART OF WILSON EYRE



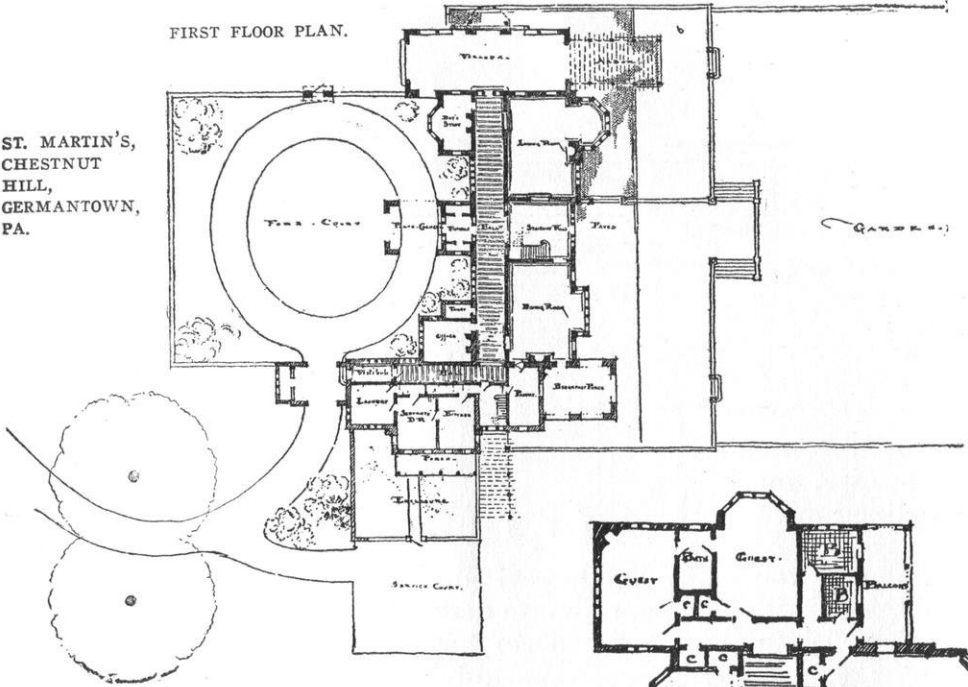
into the short-lived belief that he is getting a great deal for his money. In many instances, his conjectures are probably not far wrong. So much of our architecture is nothing more than the "fitting together" of various sized rooms. There is absolutely no evidence that any fundamental idea of design has been followed. There is no study of approach, no proof that the garden belongs to the house, no sense of kinship between the interior and exterior. Such conditions are so usual that in coming suddenly upon a country place of Mr. Eyre's planning, one immediately realizes the harmony of the house and all its surroundings. It is the process whereby such results are obtained that I have thought would be of especial interest to readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN*.

Mr. Eyre has the unusual gift of picturing the house, even in its initial stages, as a perspective. As soon as rough sketch plans are made, he commences his birds-eye perspective. The rough blocking

THE RATIONAL ART OF WILSON EYRE

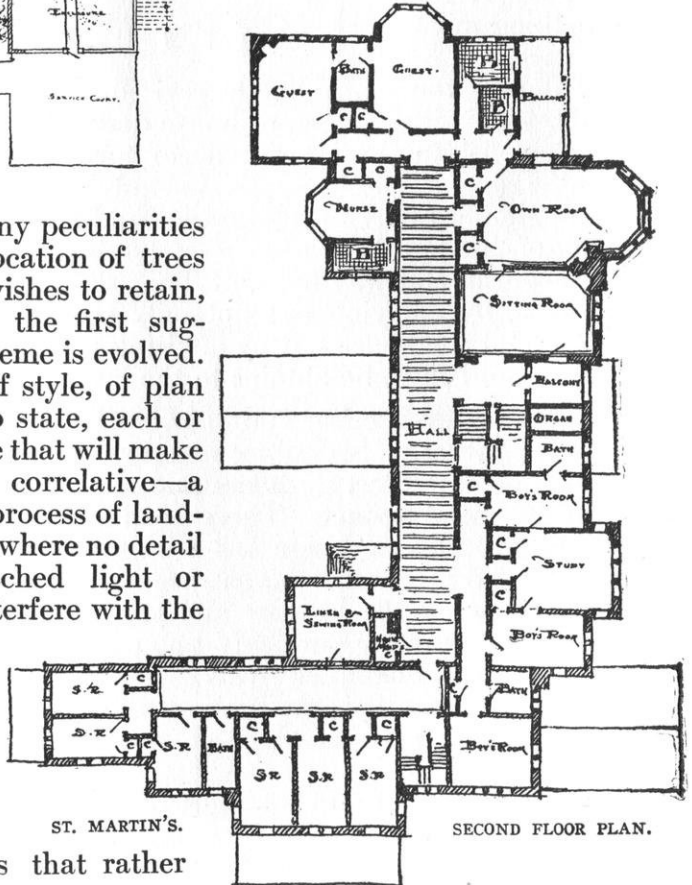
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

ST. MARTIN'S,
CHESTNUT
HILL,
GERMANTOWN,
PA.



of the house is drawn, any peculiarities of the site, such as the location of trees or shrubbery which he wishes to retain, shown. Then perhaps the first suggestion of a garden scheme is evolved. Questions of material, of style, of plan are all left in an embryo state, each or all capable of any change that will make the whole idea more correlative—a method similar to the process of landscape or figure painting, where no detail of local color, or detached light or shadow is allowed to interfere with the conception of the picture as a whole.

Having established the general ideas of plan and design, the actual working drawings are made and submitted to the client. Then ensues that rather

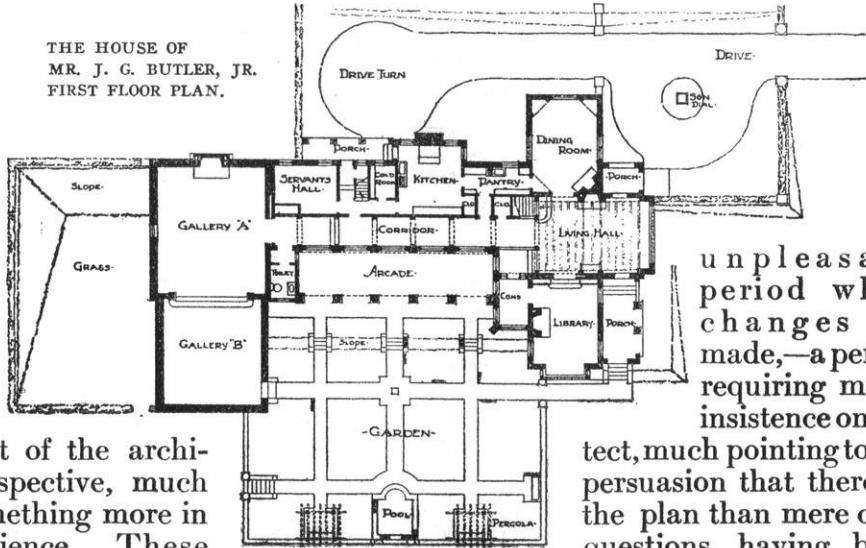


ST. MARTIN'S.

SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

THE RATIONAL ART OF WILSON EYRE

THE HOUSE OF
MR. J. G. BUTLER, JR.
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



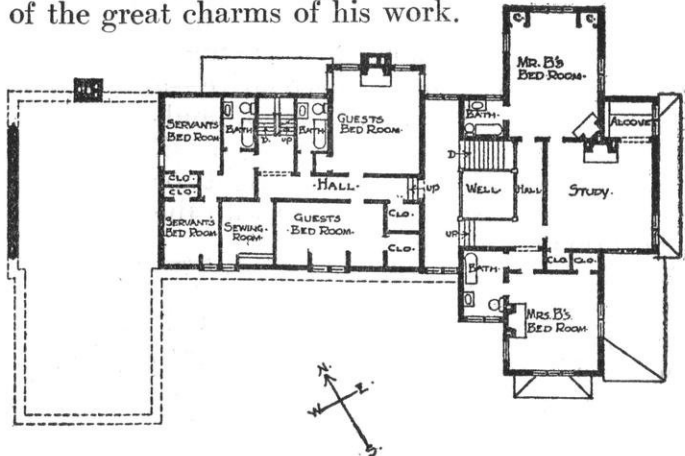
part of the archi-
perspective, much
something more in
venience. These

settled and the plans finally revised, sketches for the interior are made. This is a branch of house designing that a majority of architects entrust to the interior decorator. Mr. Eyre insists, however, that the same theory he applies in studying the house and the garden as a unit should apply to the interior and exterior. He has never been guilty of "period decoration"—of Louis Fourteenth boudoirs opening off Jacobean stairway halls, of Turkish "dens" behind Gothic dining rooms. By carrying out not only the general style of decoration throughout the house but by advising in the matter of wall hangings, curtains and rugs, he obtains to the last degree that feeling of perfect fitness which is one of the great charms of his work.

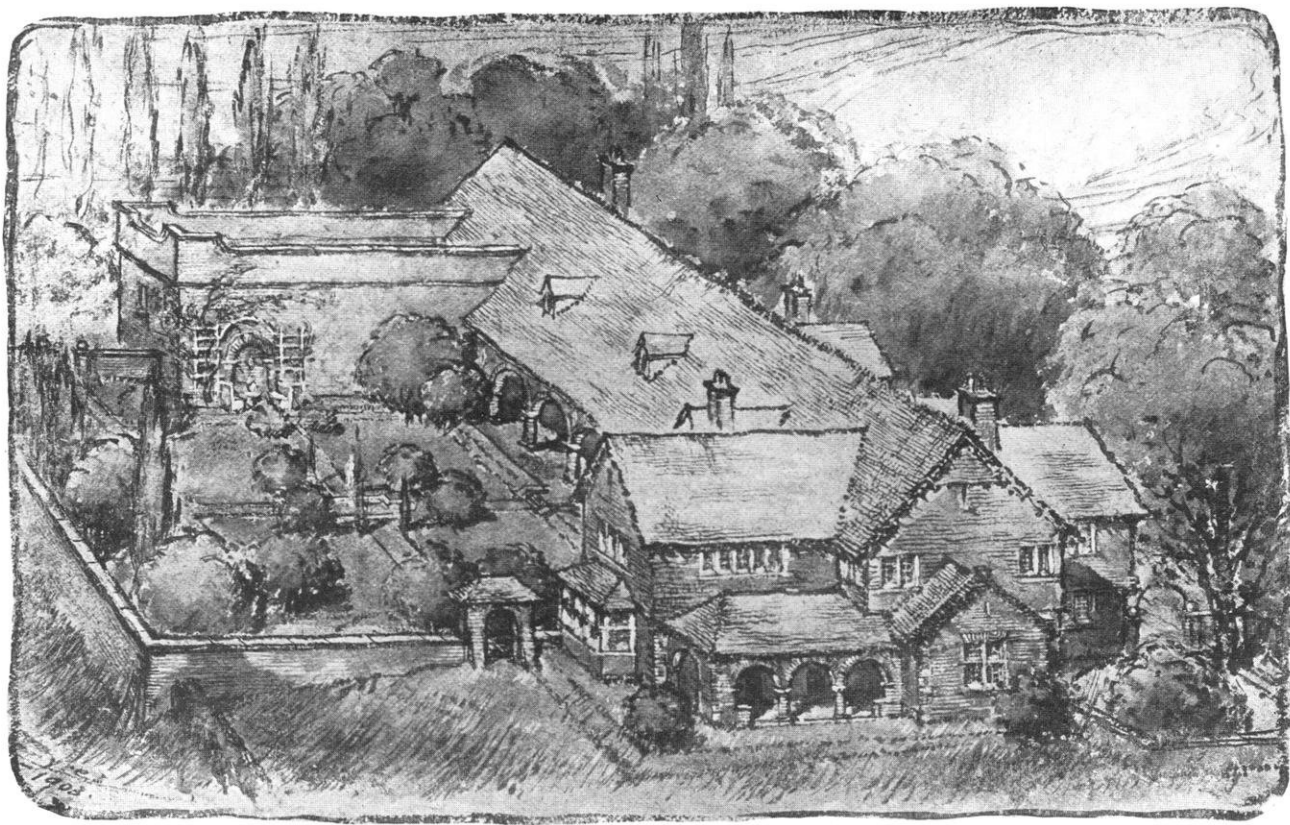
There is, in many of his country houses, a strong feeling of English tradition. Certain features of design such as double gables, overhanging bays, barge boards or closely grouped windows suggest the cottages of Devonshire or Sussex. Yet in his

unpleasant
period when
changes are
made,—a period
requiring much
insistence on the

tect, much pointing to the
persuasion that there is
the plan than mere con-
questions having been



MR. BUTLER'S HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



Wilson Eyre. Architect.

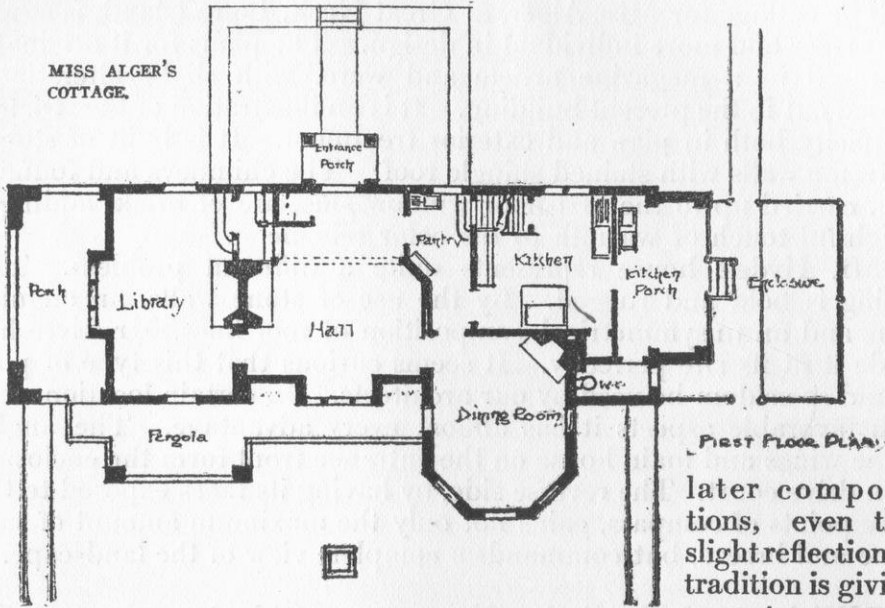
THE HOME OF MR. J. G. BUTLER,
JR., AT YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.



Wilson Eyre, Architect.

THE COTTAGE OF MISS ALGER,
GREAT NECK, L. I.

THE RATIONAL ART OF WILSON EYRE



later compositions, even this slight reflection of tradition is giving away to a greater

independence of idea. In the Schultz, Castles and Hyde houses, more particularly in the charming study for the house and stable at "Little Orchard Farm," we can discern practically no trace of any period. It is architecture in its purest and simplest phases. The exterior expresses quite frankly the exigencies of the plan, without any apparent struggle for "effect." One could hardly imagine a more informal and unstudied grouping of gables, dormers and chimneys.

THE greater part of the houses illustrated here are in stucco or "rough cast" on masonry walls. The roofs are usually of dark red and brown tiles; the chimneys of brick, chosen for their variety of color and laid with unusually wide joints; the shutters are of the old Pennsylvania Colonial type with heavy wood battens and strap hinges. Frequently, however, this selection of materials is varied. In the cottage on Lehman Street, Germantown, especially interesting as the first example of Mr. Eyre's work, the lower walls are of rough-faced stone, the upper stories and roof of unstained shingles. This house, considered in the light of our present tendency toward the English style, would perhaps excite no comment. Yet consider its effect upon the public twenty years ago when our taste in architecture was vacillating between late Victorian and that phase of Colonial which was content to express its whole soul in two-story columns and an overpowering pediment.

THE RATIONAL ART OF WILSON EYRE

The cottage for Miss Alger, at Great Neck, Long Island, is somewhat freer and more individual in design. The plans for it originally appeared in a magazine article and were, with slight alterations, carried out in the present building. It is an illustration of the strictest simplicity both in plan and exterior treatment. It is built of stucco on frame walls with stained shingle roof. The chimneys and foundation, carried up to the first-floor window sills, are of brick, adding a delightful touch of warmth to the color scheme.

Mr. Hyde's house represents quite a different problem. The setting is bold and rugged. By the use of stone walls, an angular plan and an unsymmetrical composition of roof lines, Mr. Eyre has made it fit its site perfectly. It seems curious that this type of plan should so seldom be used by our architects. In certain locations and with favorable aspects it has almost every advantage. The angles of the wings and main house on the entrance front form the enclosure for a drive court. The reverse side, by having its faces exposed to the three points of compass, gains not only the maximum amount of sunshine and breeze, but commands a complete view of the landscape.

THE house of Mr. Butler, Youngstown, Ohio, has a large studio attached. The grouping of the various rooms in relation to the porches and loggia is most happy. In such a plan, the architect makes a particular study of vistas. The garden scheme attaches itself very closely to the house arrangement. Central paths, marked perhaps at the end by pergolas, fountains or statuary are set on an axis which corresponds to the center of an entrance door or a bay window. Yet this perspective seems in no way hampered by any feeling of formality. Whatever rigidity there is in the way of set lines is obviated by the occasional unbalance of a gable or the entire dissimilarity of the two flanking wings. This quality of freedom in treating two balancing features is typical of Mr. Eyre's art. Perhaps his inspiration for avoiding a too strict harmony came from the English manor houses, almost all of which have been added to at various periods.

The study for "St. Martin's, Germantown," is on a larger and more pretentious scale. The plan, too, with its long gallery and great hall is more traditional. Here we have the feeling of breadth and dignity, expressed, however, in quite the same simple terms as in smaller houses.

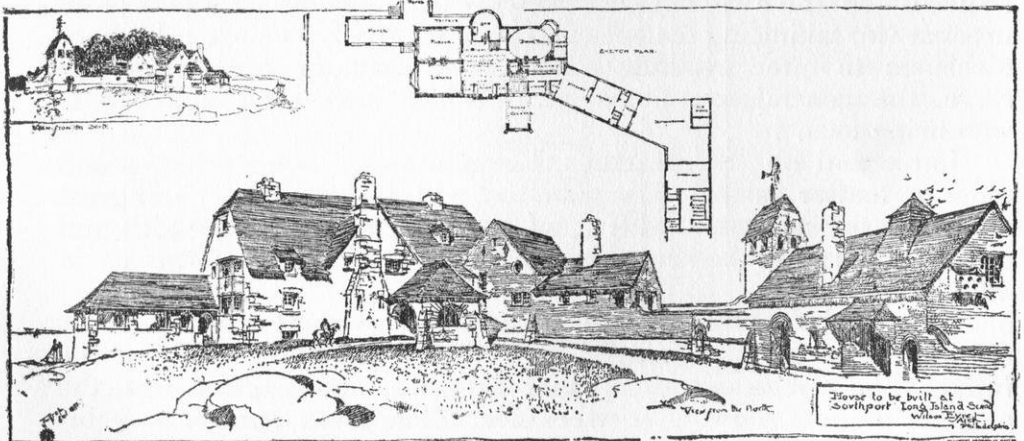
Mr. Schultz' house at Short Hills, New Jersey, has a particularly effective living room, arranged in the story-and-a-half wing on the right. The ceiling carries up to a height of about fifteen feet, the angle of the roof showing at either side. The lower portion is wain-

THE RATIONAL ART OF WILSON EYRE

scoted with paneling brought from a Venetian monastery. The "motif" of decoration on the ribs of these panels,—a crude leaf design in red and black, is carried out in the hand-painted lighting fixtures and other fittings of the room. At one side, there is a wide inglenook with heavy settles in oak. The fireplace and hearth are in orange-red tiles. Another interesting feature of this house is the dining-room fireplace, where a quaint Colonial painting of fruit and flowers is framed in the overmantel. The woodwork here is a deep varied shade of buff, the joints and crevices of the moldings having been stained with burnt sienna which was only partially wiped off. The roof of this house is quite unusual. It is covered with heavy hand-cut cypress shingles which, before "laying," were dipped in slightly varying shades of brown stain and then woven together so as to give the utmost variety of color. The effect is almost the same as that of some of the old English hand-made tiles weathered by years of exposure.

The grouping of the house and stable at Southport, Long Island, is another example of a fore-court formed by an outbuilding and an adjoining wall. This again suggests the arrangement of the English estate, where one, in driving to the main house, passes various lodges, gardeners' cottages and barns.

Photographs can, of course, only partially suggest the contrasts of color formed by the cream-white walls of the house against its background of foliage, the warm reflections of tone in the deep-stained timbers and roof, and the relieving touches of gray-green in the shutters. In making his perspectives, Mr. Eyre gives quite as much attention to his color schemes as to his plans. There, most forcibly, his craftsman's point of view asserts itself. The shade of brick, the quality and color of mortar, the stain of timbers—these are all of equal importance with the bigger problems of design.



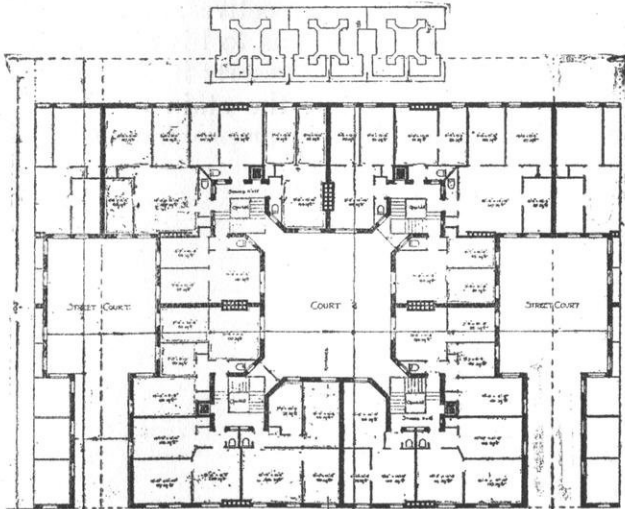
BUILDING FOR HEALTH: SENSIBLE AND HYGIENIC HOUSE PLANS ARE ONE SIGNIFICANT RESULT OF THE PRESENT CAMPAIGN AGAINST DISEASE: BY THE EDITOR



WE DO not as yet fully realize how much we owe in the way of improved housing and sanitation, cleanliness and healthful living, to the energetic warfare that is now being waged against the great white plague. The fight against tuberculosis must, by the very nature of things, be a fight for cleanliness and for conditions that make normal vitality possible. Once establish

these and the disease will vanish of itself, just as other diseases, which once took a yearly toll of thousands of lives, have been made impossible merely by the removal of the conditions which led to them. Historians tell us that the greatest glory of the nineteenth century is the progress made in bringing about a thorough sanitary reform, but we who are in the thick of the fight realize that as yet only the foundation has been laid and that the twentieth century is likely to have its hands full if it is to be honored in history as completing the great work of sweeping epidemic diseases from the face of the earth,—diseases for which civilization alone is answerable and which only a higher and healthier standard of living can eradicate.

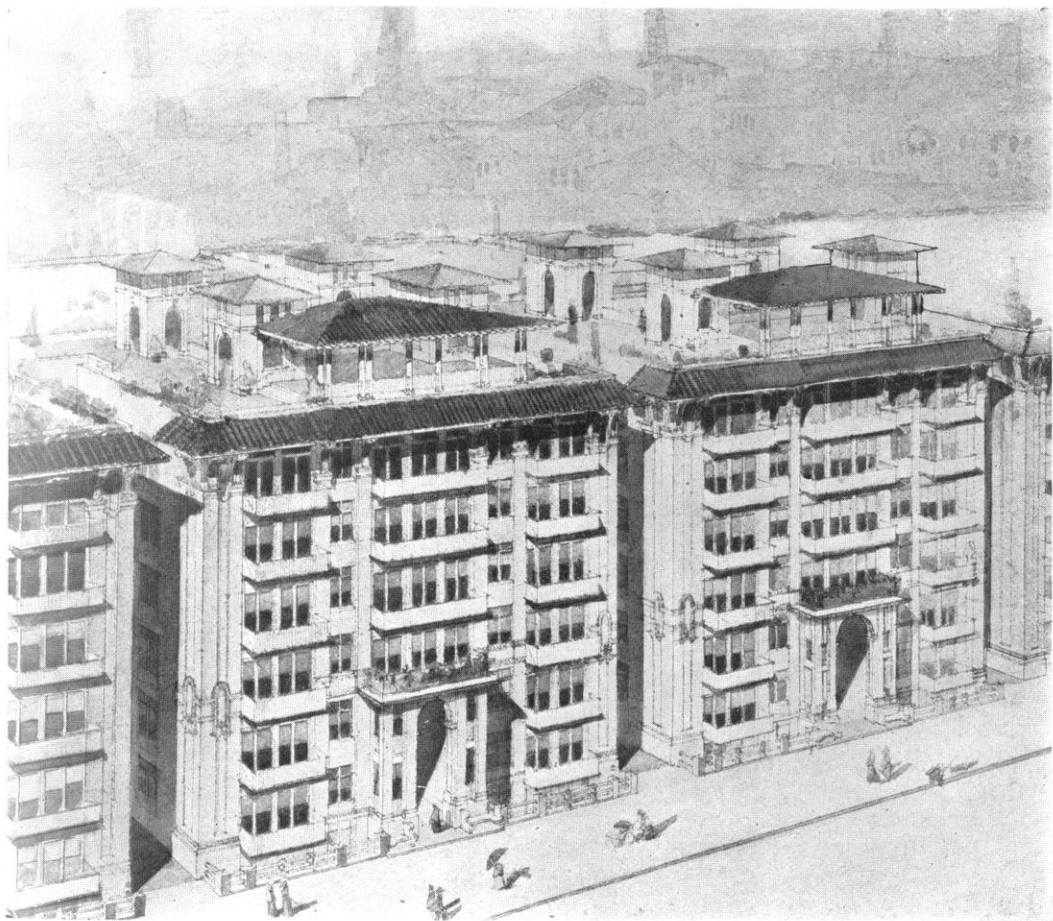
It is rather strange, when one comes to think of it, that human nature so persistently demands the stimulus either of personal fear or of acute sympathy in the face of some actual catastrophe, before it can be effectively roused to the necessity for taking measures to preserve the general well-being even in so simple and obvious a matter as cleanliness and healthful living. Within the last one hundred years we have brought about a reform in



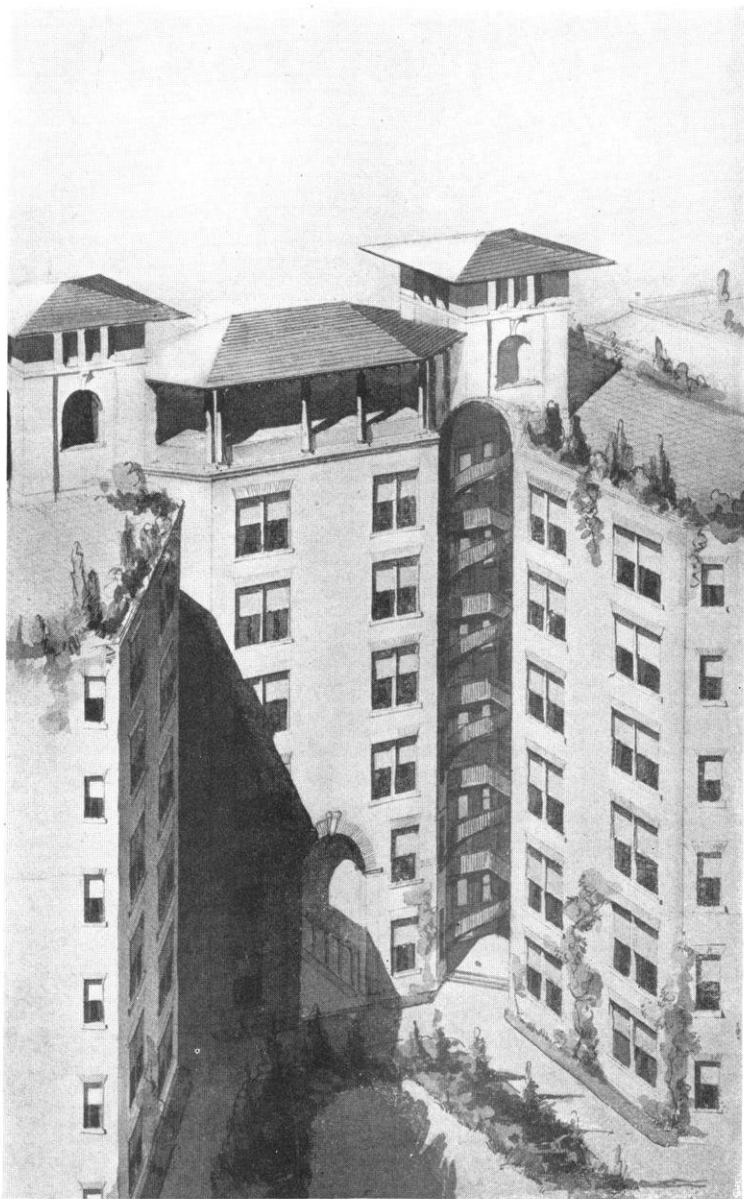
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MODEL TENEMENT HOUSE COMPETITION.
 FOR
 THE CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETY.

1. New Room, Open Plan
 2. New Room, Open Plan
 3. New Room, Open Plan
 4. New Room, Open Plan



THE SHIVELY SANITARY TENEMENTS; DESIGNED BY HENRY ATTERBURY SMITH; BUILT BY MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, SR.



Henry Atterbury Smith. Architect

COURT OF THE SHIVELY TENEMENTS,
SHOWING OUTSIDE STAIRWAY.

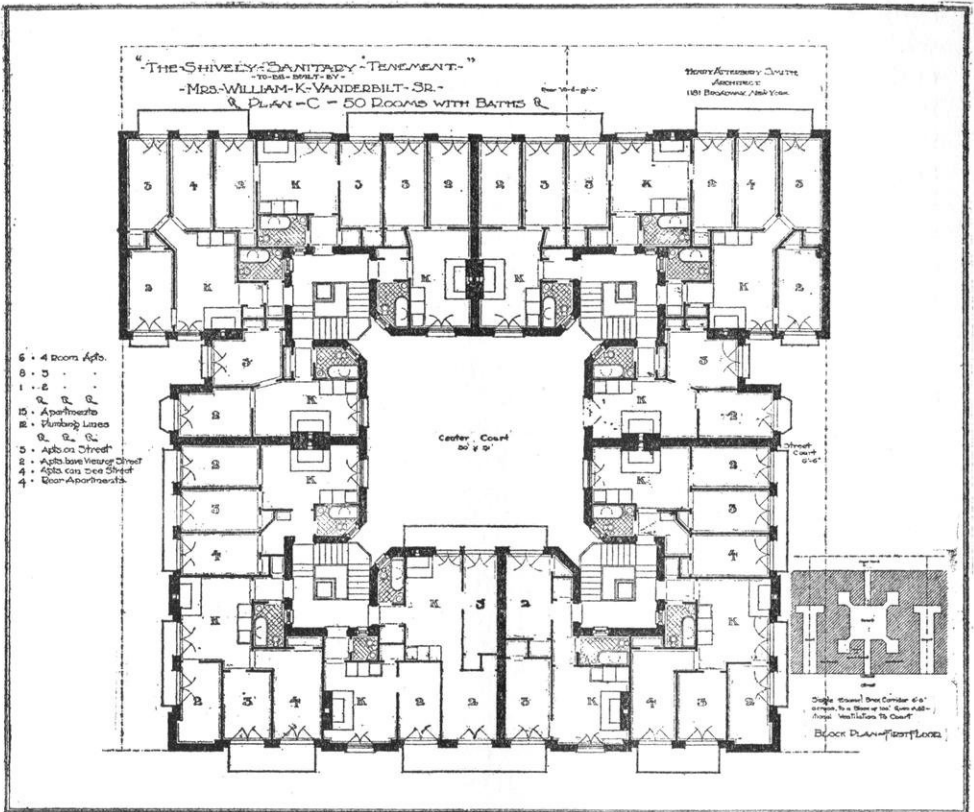
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sanitary conditions that seems almost miraculous when compared with Mediæval conditions,—or even those which prevailed up to the end of the eighteenth century. The fact that people learned to connect cause and effect sufficiently to take some steps to eradicate the conditions from which disease arose, marked a long stride in advance of the former attitude of pious resignation which took pestilential diseases as a visitation of Providence, entirely unconnected with garbage piles and open sewers. But for all that we are still combating the most insidious disease of all, and in the national campaign which has recently been instituted against tuberculosis we find that history once more repeats itself and that the preventive and remedial measures adopted to check the ravages of consumption amount to nothing more than the simple rules of hygiene which should be observed as a matter of course by every human being.

The fact that they are not so observed and that, in spite of the tremendous advance made toward healthful conditions, hundreds of thousands of people are still living without the proper supply of fresh air, are paying very little attention to cleanliness and are contentedly eating food which clogs and weakens the system instead of building it up, lends to the fight against tuberculosis a wider significance even than the coming conquest of the disease, for it means thorough education in the rudiments of wholesome living. As the whole campaign is based upon the truth that prevention is many times better than cure, the question of sanitary housing, with plenty of provision for life in the open air, naturally comes first in the warding off as well as in the treatment of the disease. We are all familiar with the outdoor camps for consumptives, placed in specially healthful spots in the mountains or woods or at the seaside, and we all acknowledge, when we take time to think about it, that life in these camps is precisely what it ought to be for everyone, whether sick or well, for it means nothing more nor less than much time passed in the open air, plenty of simple, wholesome food, absolute cleanliness, and freedom from worry and nerve strain. Not a bad régime this for all country life, nor does the following of it imply the necessity for any unusual exertion or extra expense. On the contrary, it means the reduction of both by the adoption of a mode of living so simple and so sensible that the wonder is that people ever lived in any other way.

IN THE city, of course, conditions are more difficult to cope with, and the planning of a building which is intended to shelter a large number of people must be especially ingenious and well considered if it is to meet the conditions that are deemed necessary for the welfare of tuberculous patients and also of those who are threatened, either

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by heredity or through some disadvantage of environment, with the disease. Many efforts have been made to meet these requirements, with the result that our general ideas with relation to the planning and building of apartment houses as well as tenements have been considerably widened, for the most heedless can see that conditions which go far toward restoring health to a person who is ill of a fatal disease, will go still farther toward preserving health in cases where it has never been undermined.

Therefore, the building of the new group of model tenements for tuberculous families on the upper East Side in New York may be considered not only as a public benefaction, but also as a significant object lesson in the art of housing. These tenements, which are intended solely for tuberculous patients and their families, are the gift of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., who has contributed one million dollars toward this practical measure for the preservation of public health. This is a large contribution to the general good, but it can by no means be ranked with the thoughtless or ostentatious benefac-

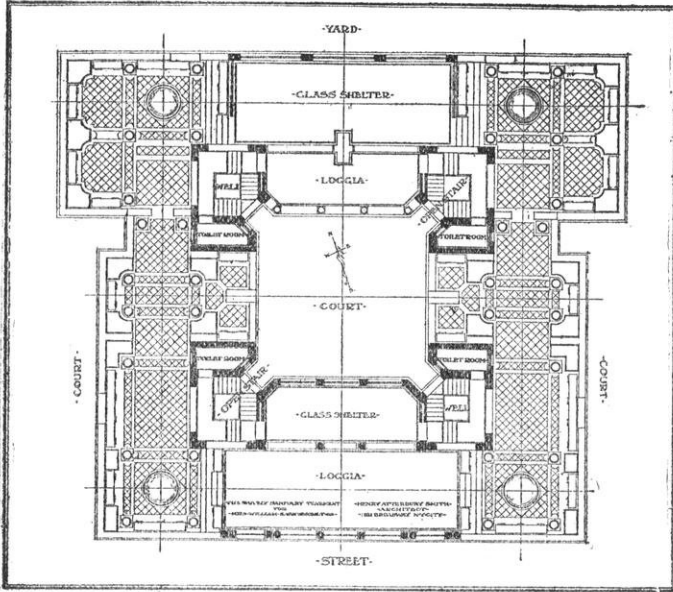
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tions of millionaires who have more money than they know what to do with, for it is the result of five years of active personal interest in the work of the tuberculosis clinic of the Presbyterian Hospital and it means the putting into effect one of the wisest conclusions of modern science, which after all is nothing more than the old truism that prevention is many times better than cure.

This group of tenements, which consists of four units, will occupy eighteen city lots and will provide comfortable and healthful accommodation for about four hundred families at rents that will compare favorably with those charged in the poorest and cheapest East Side tenements. When they are completed, which will be some time within the next eight months, the buildings will be known as the Shively Sanitary Tenements, as their distinguishing features have been worked out by Dr. Henry L. Shively, head of the clinic in connection with whose work the tenements are to be administered, in conjunction with Mr. Henry Atterbury Smith; the physician bringing his knowledge of the needs of tuberculous patients to bear upon the problem, and the architect contributing the result of years of patient thought and experiment along the lines of sanitary housing. The building will be about ten blocks from the new site of the Presbyterian Hospital and will be operated under the supervision of its tuberculosis clinic, so that patients will have the best possible chance to recover.

THE new tenements have certain architectural features which are particularly important from a sanitary point of view, and which would apply equally well to the planning and building of all tenements, as well as apartment houses of much higher social grade. The most striking of these is the complete elimination of inside stairways. Each tenement will be built around a central court, and between the backs of two units will run a passageway or alley. At each of the corners of each court will be a stairway, entirely in the open air, which gives access to the apartment on that side of the house. This device does away entirely with the dirty and dark stairs and hallways of the present tenement house, which are veritable hotbeds of disease. As direct entrance is afforded to each apartment from these outside stairways, there will be no hallways for common use on the floors of the buildings. This arrangement is made possible by the use of four stairways, and the economy of space obtained makes up to some extent for the open space that is needed by the central court. Another important feature is the use of the Durchhaus, an idea that originated in Vienna, and one which is used most effectively in connection with the plan for these tenements, where it appears in the form of specially arranged entrances to the courts.

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COURTS OF THE SHIVELY SANITARY TENEMENT.

These entrances are arched passageways two stories in height, placed opposite one another on the four sides of the group of buildings, assuring passage for air draughts from street to street, so that both courts are supplied with constantly changing fresh air. The arrangement of the apartments themselves is such that all the rooms are outside rooms, having plenty of light

and air, with windows extending from the floor to the ceiling, and balconies outside. The roofs of the buildings will be made into roof gardens and sun rooms enclosed in glass, both fitted with comfortable chairs and couches and made beautiful with shrubbery and flowers. The construction of the whole group of buildings will be of reinforced concrete, steel and terra cotta, absolutely fireproof.

The original idea for these tenements was taken from a plan submitted by Mr. Smith in competition for a prize offered in nineteen hundred by the Charity Organization Society of New York, for the best and most economical design for tenements. Mr. Smith's experience with buildings of his own had taught him that the tenants themselves preferred the outside entrances and open stairways when they could get them, because of the freedom from infection in case of disease attacking one or more families in the building. He noticed that the best class of tenants went much more readily to a building owned by Andrew D. White than to his own, and on careful inquiry he found that it was because Mr. White's building had the outside stairways and was regarded as being much safer and more sanitary than the one with the ordinary halls and inside stairs. As this idea fitted in very well with his own theories of building, Mr. Smith made for the Charity Organization competition the plan which we reproduce here and which, it will be seen, embodies the main features of the Shively Tenement plan. It took a prize, but was never built, because

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the plan did not correspond in all details with the requirements of the building commissioner; its main feature, the open stairways, being a particular stumbling block in the face of a law which requires staircases enclosed on all four sides with brick or some equally solid material.

The floor plan of the Shively Tenement is the one originally drawn up, and the one that is regarded by Mr. Smith as embodying the best expression of the idea that he and Dr. Shively wished to be carried out in the building of the tenements. Certain minor modifications have been made in accordance with the requirements of the building laws, but these concern only vent shafts and other details that do not at all interfere with the general arrangement of the house. The plan of the roof shows clearly how the roof space has been utilized for the benefit of the patients and their families, and offers a valuable suggestion for the similar utilization of roof spaces in ordinary tenements or apartment houses.

WERE these ideas generally put into effect in the building of ordinary apartment houses in the city and dwelling houses in either city or country, the stamping out of the white plague would require a very short time. Not only that, but the general standard of health would be raised so much higher that any form of disease would soon become a rarity, and sound health would be the normal condition of mankind. We have hitherto regarded various forms of illness as one of the penalties humanity has had to pay for the advantages of civilization. We know its effect upon the health of mankind by the speedy dying out of all primitive races that are brought under its influence, and, as if nature had declared once for all unrelenting antagonism to what we termed civilized conditions, we even see its effect in the degeneration of domesticated animals. The destruction of our own Indians merely repeats the story of every age that has seen the "civilizing" of barbarous tribes. Soft living, cumbersome clothing, artificial heat, buildings that shut out the fresh air and sunlight, and food that stimulates more than it nourishes,—all combine to do their work with deadly effectiveness. But the habit of self-indulgence is so firmly rooted that it takes some courage and energy, as well as common sense, to declare against these things or to restrict ourselves to such moderate use of them as will merely serve to bridge over the gap between the system of civilized man and the healthful but vigorous conditions of nature.

That it can be done is being proven every day by the methods used in conquering tuberculosis. Most people who have nothing in particular the matter with them shiver and sneeze if a draught blows

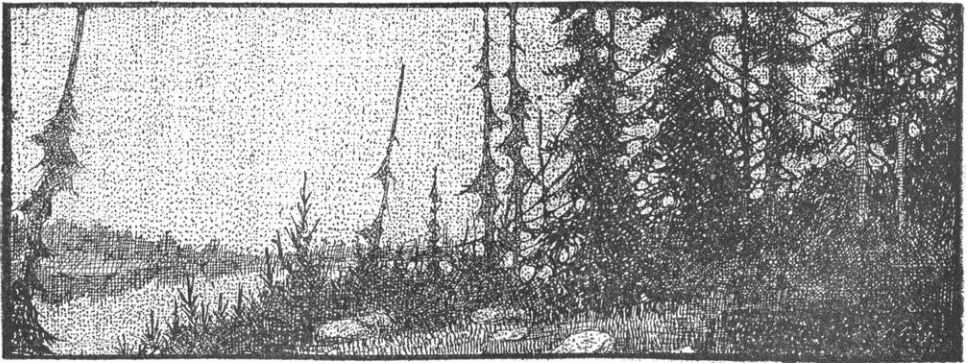
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through the room, or send in bitter complaints to railway companies or owners of apartment houses and office buildings if the steam is not kept on with sufficient force to maintain the temperature of a hot-house in every room; yet people already in the grip of consumption learn so easily to live in the open air and accommodate themselves to the natural changes of temperature that after a few months of such training they find it impossible to sleep in a closed or heated bedroom, and are the first to object to the smothering, enervating effects of steam heat. We Americans are known all over the world to be the worst sinners against hygiene in the matter of artificial heat and the exclusion of fresh air, and our weakened systems show the effect of our mode of living only too plainly when we attempt to pass a winter abroad, and go shivering about London or Paris, wrapped in furs when we are in the street, or hugging the fireplace when we are in the house, while the hardy people who have grown up under more natural conditions are glowing with health and entirely comfortable. And the strange part of it is that it seldom takes more than a year abroad to make normal Americans as keenly alive to the disadvantages of our own system as are the foreigners who experience such acute discomfort in our over-heated houses, shops and cars; showing conclusively that the more natural way of living is what the system really craves and that it yields to artificial conditions only under the pressure of habit.

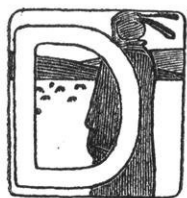
IT IS significant that the result of such conditions is the prevalence of tuberculosis. It is the disease that wipes out both the savage and the animal before they become inured to the "benefits" of civilization, and it is the disease that carries off the weaker among civilized peoples. Yet we have learned within the past few years that it is not an hereditary disease, nor is it contagious. Also it is both preventable and curable merely by the establishment of conditions that will not breed disease, that is, by returning to natural living. Nature, with all her severity, is a kindly teacher, and the lesson here is so plainly written that he who runs may read. There is no need for having tuberculosis any more than there is need for nervous prostration, insanity, dyspepsia or any of the ills that modern flesh is heir to,—no need to lose a single precious life to them if we will only rouse ourselves sufficiently from our habits of mental and physical sloth and self-indulgence, and make energy, vigor and robust health the ideal of everyone. It is all so simple; just the application to our daily lives of ordinary common sense and the doing of the thing that after all is pleasantest and easiest, because it brings mental and physical well-being and therefore happiness. The amazing part

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is that we have gone on doing the complex and difficult thing and suffering the consequence as being something that we could not help, until our attention has been drawn to the ordinary principles of sane living by the necessity for putting them in the front of our attack against a disease that has been allowed to flourish under the conditions of civilized life until it has become a scourge terrible enough to arouse national action against it. But we are waking up now with some swiftness to a realization of the right relations of things, or rather we are beginning at last to understand and endeavor to eradicate some of the evils of this civilization which we have created, because we see that they are nothing but the result of causes which we have ourselves set going. With all our progress and the elaborate complexity of comfort and convenience with which we surround our lives, our ideas of bodily and mental well-being are not after all so very far ahead of those of the old patriarchs who wandered over the Syrian plains and who, by the force of their environment, grew to accept pure air, pure water and plenty of room as among the natural rights of man. When they settled down into communities they sturdily clung to these rights, with the result that purely physical laws and sanitary precautions became moral principles backed up by the most solemn mandates of religion. We pride ourselves in these days that we have outgrown these primitive ideas and no longer need such mandates, but that we do need a revival of the simple principles of living that prevailed in the times before man began to herd into great cities, is proven by the fact that it has taken the menace of an insidious and terrible disease to waken us to the necessity for a general application of natural laws.



THE TOWN OF VANDERGRIFT, AN INDUSTRIAL SETTLEMENT OWNED AND GOVERNED BY WORKMEN



DURING the past fifteen or twenty years we have all grown familiar with the idea of model industrial villages, built around great manufacturing plants and designed to give to their thousands of employees the best possible environment for living as well as working. So popular has the idea grown that there are now very few of the large manufacturers who do not at least give considerable attention to what is called "welfare work" among their employees, and the model village is a cherished dream, if not an actuality, with the more philanthropically inclined. Yet we find that even the kindest intentions, backed by the heaviest and most generously-applied bank accounts, fail to solve the problem of giving the workingman and his family the kind of surroundings which the rich man thinks they ought to have, and inducing them to live contentedly the lives which are so benevolently planned and provided for them. The failure might be hard to understand did we not remember that saving grace of human nature which makes any man who is worth his salt unwilling to accept ready-made conditions and to sacrifice his inalienable right to fight his own battles and live as he thinks best. And nowhere is this innate independence more strongly marked than in the American workingman, for he almost invariably resents the benevolence which seeks to keep its beneficiaries under the kindest tutelage, but which grows very soon into something that is felt to be a species of bondage. We read in newspapers and magazines glowing articles describing all the delights and advantages of this or that model industrial village, and feel so vicariously grateful to the philanthropic corporation which made possible such ideal conditions of life, that we have a sense of pained astonishment and indignation over the ingratitude of man when we hear perhaps a year or two later of discontent, labor disturbances and even strikes. But we do not stop to consider that independence is the very breath of life to every free man and that no man is more absolutely free than the competent, skilled workman. He may make many mistakes; he may not always understand what is for his permanent good; he may not always be reasonable or even play fair, but after all he is battling for his manhood, his self-respect and the right to provide for and rule his own household as a free man should, and these rights are not always taken into consideration in the system of education and "coddling" that too often prevails in the model industrial village.

Therefore, the thoughtful student of industrial and social con-

INDUSTRIAL SETTLEMENT OWNED BY WORKMEN

ditions will probably find a good deal that is both interesting and suggestive in the formation and growth of the manufacturing town of Vandergrift, although it is frankly and entirely the creation of a wealthy corporation that has since been included in the Steel Trust. Vandergrift came into being about fifteen years ago. From the first it was a straight business proposition,—a plan by which suitable homes within easy reach of their work were to be furnished to the employees of the Apollo Iron and Steel Company, now the American Sheet Steel Company, whose operations at their original plant had outgrown the space available for their works. A new plant, consisting at first of thirteen mills, was placed in the valley of the Kiskiminitas River, about thirty-eight miles east of Pittsburgh on the West Pennsylvania Railroad. Simultaneously, ground was broken for a town intended to furnish homes for the employees of the mills, for, purely as a good business move, it had been decided by the management that a town must be built which would be so superior to the ordinary industrial settlement that it would attract the high class of workingman that the company most desired to employ.

THE chief work of laying out and organizing this town fell to the share of Mr. George G. McMurtry, president of the company, who, in addition to an exact knowledge of the requirements, possessed that exhaustive understanding of human nature which is a *sine qua non* to the man whom Fate has placed in authority over other men. Realizing that there was something lacking in the working out of the apparently flawless theories which had led to the building of industrial villages here and abroad, Mr. McMurtry set himself to find out this lack and to remedy it, if possible, in the projected town of Vandergrift. Already familiar with the large industrial settlements in the several countries of Europe, as well as those of more recent growth in America, Mr. McMurtry gave the subject special and thorough investigation, arriving finally at the conclusion that no one scheme of all those he had seen in operation in Europe was suited to the characteristics and requirements of a republican country. He knew the American workingman "from the ground up,"—knew all grades of him and all grades of foreign labor as well. So he conferred with his colleagues and it was decided that the best policy to pursue in the case of Vandergrift was to attend to all preliminaries, so far as could be done without interference or obvious philanthropy and leave the workmen free to do the rest themselves.

In accordance with this idea a land company was formed which purchased a large block of agricultural land situated on rising ground that sloped up gradually from the Kiskiminitas River, affording

INDUSTRIAL SETTLEMENT OWNED BY WORKMEN

perfect conditions for drainage. The mills were laid out on a comparatively level part of the tract, and the portion set aside for the town site rose gradually to the surrounding hills. The town site itself was laid out as a whole by Frederick Law Olmsted under the personal supervision of Mr. McMurtry. Wide streets, curving gently in accordance with the contour of the ground, were laid out and provision was made for plenty of open space to be planted with trees, flowers, grass and shrubbery. One of the largest spaces was left near the railroad station by Mr. McMurtry's special request, he having made up his mind that no town which he had helped to lay out should show the approach from the railroad that is unhappily familiar to all travelers in this country. A German forester was called in for consultation and thousands of plants and young trees were purchased from France, and from nurseries in this country, a portion of them being set out in these open spaces, and the remainder filling a four-acre nursery and serving as a reserve supply which could be drawn upon for future planting as the town grew. Ample and well-proportioned building lots were laid out, with an alley running through the center of every block. Lastly, a complete system of sewerage was put in, pipes were laid for gas and water,—connections being run to every lot to prevent the streets from being again torn up,—and the streets and alleys were paved with vitrified brick.

After all this preliminary work had been done to the satisfaction of the company, the site was pronounced ready for building purposes. The lots were put on the market at the average price that for five years had been realized on the sale of lots of the same size in the neighboring town of Apollo, and the men who expected to be employed in the new mill were given the first opportunity to purchase. This preference lasted for one week, after which the sale of lots was open to anyone. No restriction of any kind was imposed on the purchasers of lots, save that in regard to the making or sale of liquor. And to this day there has never been a saloon or a liquor shop within the limits of the town. The residents are absolutely free to keep any liquor they choose in their own houses for use on the table or in any way they wish; but gathering places, where liquor is sold and drunk in large quantities, are not permitted in the town.

NO stipulation as to building lines or the kind of houses to be built was made when the lots were sold, for the company considered that every man had a right to exercise his own taste and judgment in the building of his home. The company built no houses for sale or rent, established no store and engaged in no branch of business outside of the manufacture of sheet steel, except such as

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were absolutely necessary in founding a new town. The organization of the land company to look after real-estate matters, and also the organization of water, gas and electric light companies were in the nature of necessities, as they could not very well be undertaken by private enterprise, but there the activities of the company stopped. Furthermore, it was made an absolute rule that no manager, superintendent or foreman in the employ of the company could be interested in any business that depended to any extent upon the patronage of the workmen, thus doing away with that fruitful source of graft and oppression which has given rise to so many of the so-called labor troubles.

The result of this freedom of action on the part of the workmen was soon apparent. While the company took no part in the building, matters were so arranged that the workmen could obtain the necessary funds to build; that is, a workman was required to purchase his building lot, which was held at a price that was usually within his means. This once paid for, he was eligible to membership in a building association which enabled him to build his home and pay for it on terms which he could meet without extra difficulties. Under these circumstances the workmen themselves were only too eager to build comfortable and attractive homes. They consulted together and established building lines, or uniform terraces in front of their houses where the contour of the ground made terraces desirable. In no case was the building line placed nearer than twenty feet to the sidewalk, so that plenty of room was allowed for vines, flowers and a little plot of grass in front of the house. The laying out and planting of the town site, so that every natural feature was preserved and improved, acted as an inspiration to the home builders, and a wholesome spirit of emulation prevailed as to which should build the most attractive house. The result is that Vandergrift is today an unusually beautiful and interesting town. The houses are not built in blocks or after one prevailing style, but are as individual as the tastes of their owners, so that the place looks more like a thriving Western town built by well-to-do people in varied walks of life, than like a community made up of the employees of one large manufacturing concern.

THERE are now about eight thousand inhabitants in Vandergrift, and the town is well supplied with churches, schools, and substantial business blocks built by the people themselves, with such occasional aid from the company as came strictly within business limits. For example, the company made an offer, good for six months, to give the site of a church and seven thousand five hundred dollars toward the cost of the building, to any religious body

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which would raise the remainder of the sum necessary to build a church costing fifteen thousand dollars. Four churches were built under these conditions and the remainder have been built independently by other denominations. The land company has maintained the custom of donating the ground for public buildings other than churches, and in this way has lent a hand toward the building of the schoolhouses. The Casino is a gathering place, for the people, as it contains reading rooms and a fine free library, in addition to the assembly rooms. The water supply of the town was made a part of the original preparation of the town site and is unusually good, all the water being piped from springs famous for their purity, which are situated in the hills about three miles away from the town. Being in a natural gas district, Vandergrift uses this clean and convenient fuel for cooking and heating, and sometimes for lighting, so the work of housekeeping is greatly simplified.

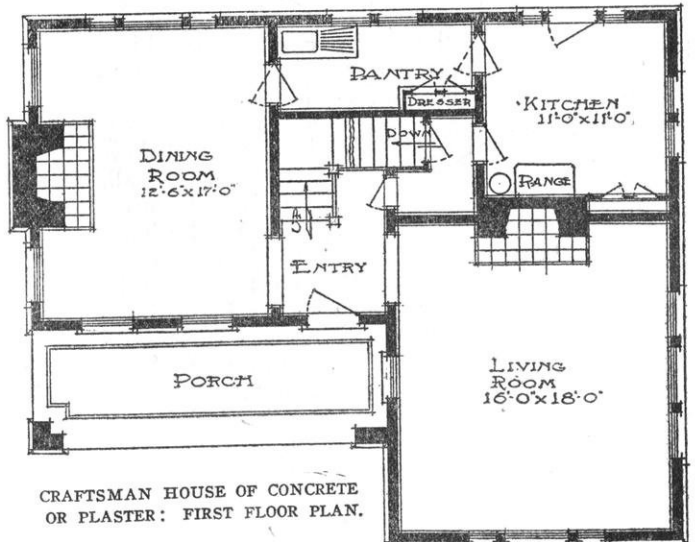
The town is governed entirely by the citizens and has been incorporated as a borough under the laws of Pennsylvania. All the town officers are elected in the usual way and their duty is to take charge of the schools, supervise all public matters and look after the peace and good order of the community. Under these conditions it is not remarkable that the residents of the town are workmen of the very best class, one of the most remarkable things about it being that it is almost exclusively a settlement of young people, many of them natives of the locality, sons of farmers or of workmen in neighboring towns. The percentage of foreigners is comparatively low, the foreign employees being mostly of the unskilled class who attend to work that is found distasteful by men who are equipped to hold higher positions. The utmost spirit of good fellowship prevails, and the peace of the town has never been disturbed by a strike. The men are sure of employment, they own their homes and the land upon which these stand, and are free to keep them or sell them as they will. At first sight it might look as if the company took a good deal of risk in organizing an industrial village and placing it at the disposal of the workmen absolutely without restriction of any kind, but the result has shown that it was a course dictated by a wise and far-seeing business policy, which apparently has found and remedied the weak spot that has meant failure to so many admirably organized schemes for creating an ideal environment for the employees attached to a large industrial concern.



TWO CRAFTSMAN HOUSES, SO ARRANGED THAT THE COST OF CONSTRUCTION WILL BE MODERATE

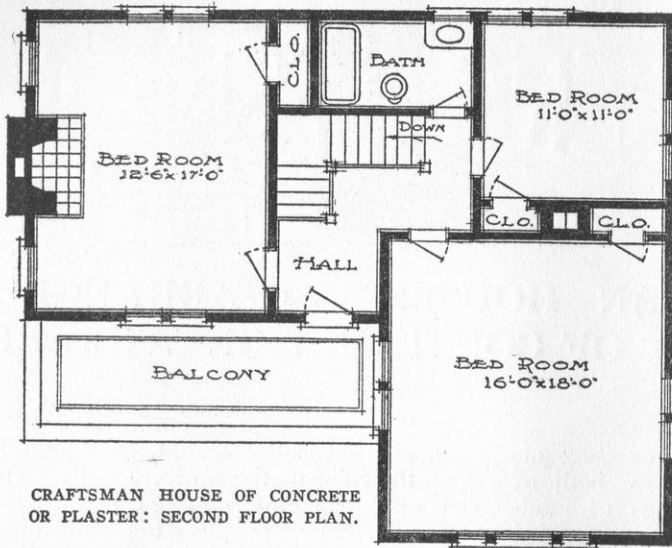
WE give this month two designs for Craftsman houses, both of which show dwellings of moderate size, simply planned and comparatively inexpensive as to the cost of building. The first house is constructed either of concrete or of plaster on metal lath, the design being equally suitable for either material. The severity of the straight lines and broad, plain surfaces is relieved by the effect of the grouped windows, the arched openings of the entrance porch and the large dormer which occupies the inner angle of the L-shaped building and furnishes one of the most decorative features of its construction. No foundation is visible, the cement walls extending clear to the ground. The chimneys are of concrete, and the one at the end of the house projects beyond the wall sufficiently to entitle it to be considered an outside chimney. The roof is covered with heavy, rough slates which are practically the same as the English flat tile and which are not only fireproof and practically indestructible, but also give an admirable effect. The

color of these slates would depend entirely upon the color of the concrete walls. The slates come in gray, dull red, moss green and a variegated purplish tone, and upon the selection of the right color to blend with the walls and harmonize with the general tone of the landscape will depend much of the beauty of the house. In a climate where there is a good deal of sunshine, nothing could be better than walls of a warm cream or biscuit tone with a red roof. These colors, however, while seeming naturally to belong to southern coun-



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF CONCRETE OR PLASTER: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES OF MODERATE COST



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF CONCRETE OR PLASTER: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

tries, are delightful anywhere, as they always give a sense of warmth and geniality. In the North and East gray or greenish walls, with a roof to correspond, are often considered more attractive because of the cool tones that prevail in the landscape.

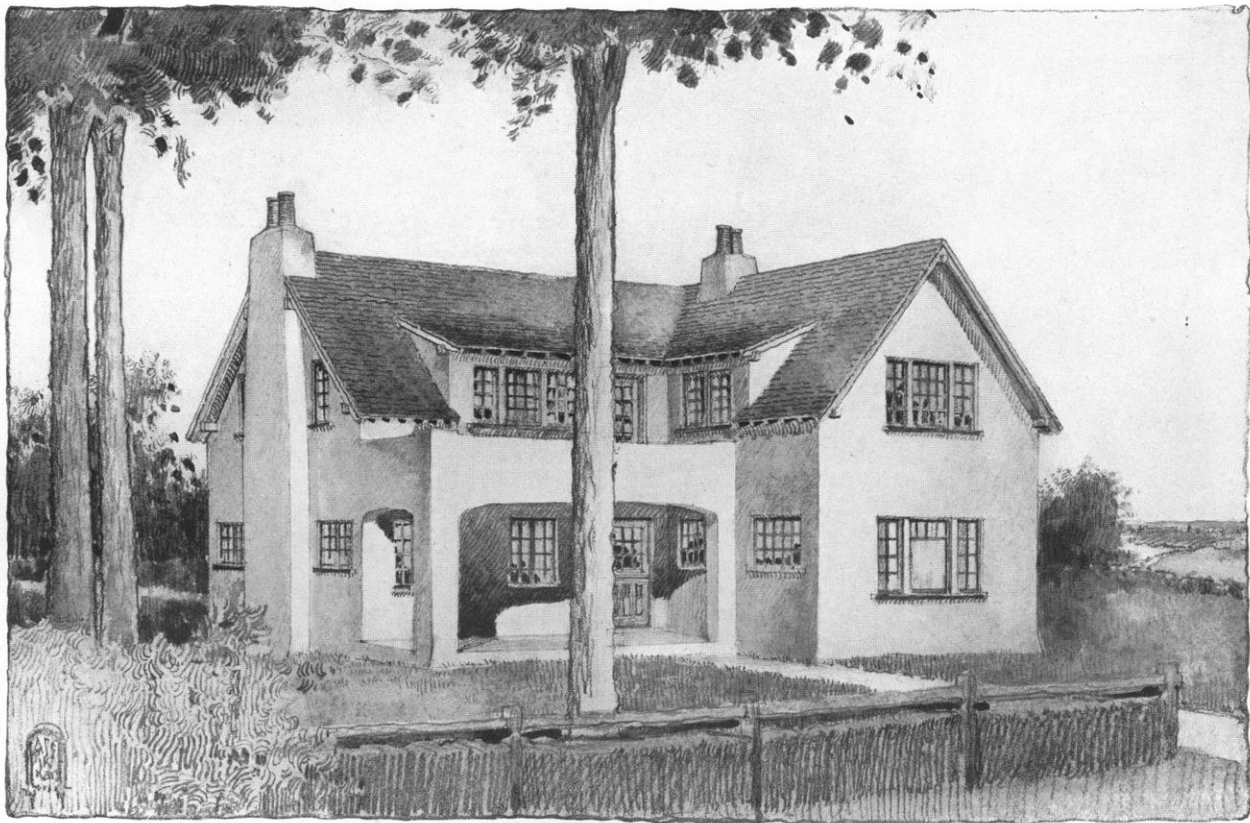
The wide, low openings of the recessed entrance porch show a suggestion of the California Mission architecture in the flattened arches and massive square pillars. As shown here, the porch floor is meant to be paved with Welsh quarries or dull red cement marked off in squares. We find this the best possible floor for a porch, as it is durable, attractive and thoroughly in keeping with cement, stone or brick construction. Perhaps the most individual of the exterior features is the group of dormer windows that cluster in the angle of the house in such a way that the roof line is unbroken. These windows serve to light and ventilate the two large bedrooms and the upper hall. A corresponding arrangement of windows downstairs lights the living room, entry and dining room. A great part of the decorative effect of these windows depends upon the use of rather small square panes with broad flat muntins and the

grouping of the windows themselves into twos and threes in such a way as to give a massive rather than a scattered arrangement of openings in the wall.

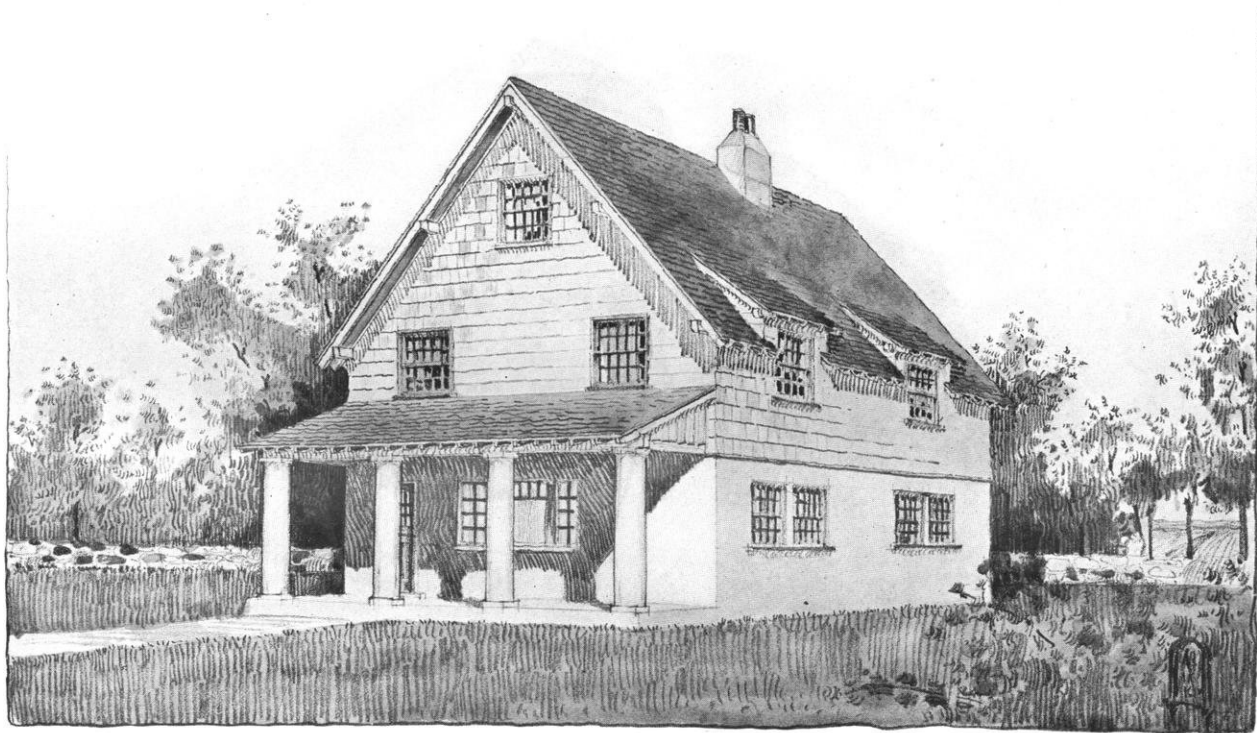
The entrance door opens into a small vestibule or entry which serves rather as a focal point for the arrangement of the rooms than as a separate hall in the usually accepted sense of the word. The openings on either side are so broad as to leave only the merest suggestion of a partition, and the staircase may be regarded as a decorative structural feature common to both living room and

dining room, rather than as a necessity to be relegated to the hall. This staircase leads up to a small square landing that is directly opposite the entrance door, and a door at the back of the open vestibule leads into a small enclosed passage which communicates with the kitchen and from which the stairs go down to the cellar,— a device that affords all the necessary separation between living rooms and kitchen and yet leaves the front of the house with no effect of separateness.

Both living room and dining room are heated with large fireplaces, that in the dining room being placed in the outside wall, while the one in the living room uses the same flue as the kitchen range. The decoration of these rooms is a matter of personal taste, but they come so close to being one room that we would suggest that the same woodwork and same general color scheme be used for both, thereby increasing the apparent space as well as the restfulness of the rooms. This does not at all imply monotony, for the same woodwork may be used in different ways and the arrangement of the wall spaces may convey a sense of variation that is interesting and yet entirely harmonious. For example, if the woodwork

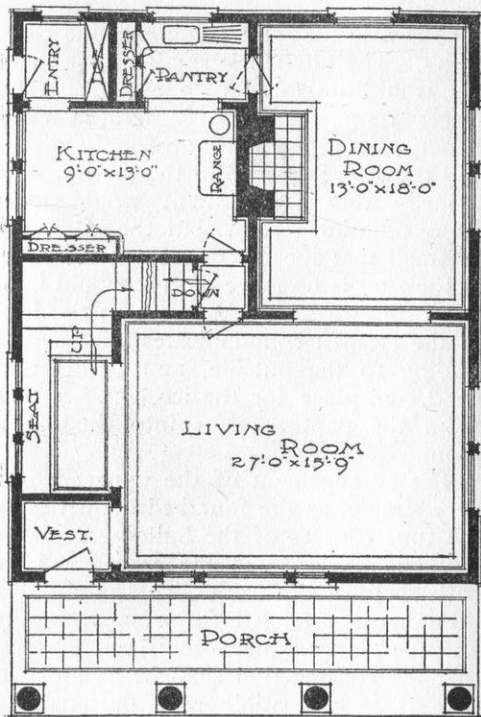


CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE, ILLUSTRATING THE
USE OF INDISPENSABLE STRUCTURAL FEATURES
TO OBTAIN THE RIGHT DECORATIVE EFFECT.



A CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE OF CEMENT
AND SHINGLES, PLANNED FOR IN-
EXPENSIVE CONSTRUCTION.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES OF MODERATE COST

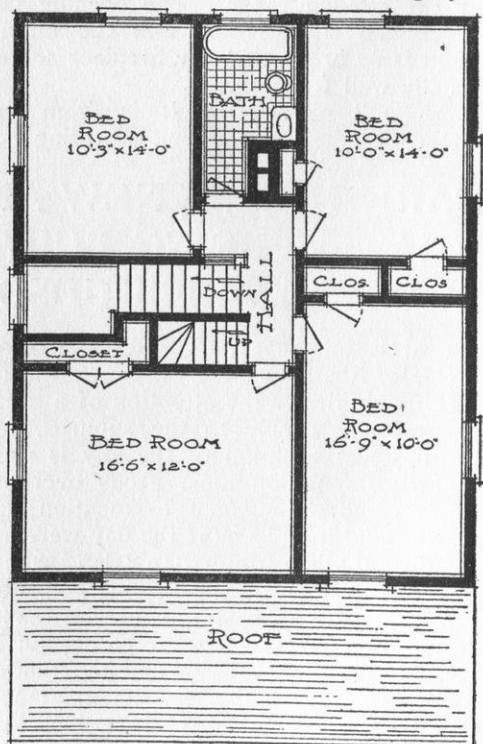


CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE OF CEMENT AND SHINGLES: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

were chestnut, dull-finished in a soft grayish brown, a delightful effect would be given by having the dining room wainscoted high enough to leave only a plaster frieze at the top, while in the living room the walls might be of plaster divided into broad panels by stiles and plate rail of the same wood. The plaster would be most attractive if left rather rough and matt-finished in some tone of green, pale brown, yellow or gray, the choice depending upon the predominant tone in the woodwork.

On the upper floor the arrangement of rooms is very much the same as it is below, three bedrooms occupying the same space as the living room, dining room and kitchen, with the bath directly over the pantry, and the hall a duplicate of the entry below. This arrangement makes possible a great saving in the cost of construction.

The second house is much smaller and of entirely different character as to design. The shingled roof has a steep pitch, and its line is broken by two shallow dormers on either side which afford plenty of light to the bedrooms. The walls of the lower story are of cement on metal lath, and the upper walls are shingled. A delightful color effect could be obtained by giving a rough, pebble-dash finish to the cement and brushing on enough pigment to give it a tone of dull grayish green, varied by the inequalities in the surface of the cement. It would pay to use rived cypress shingles for the upper walls, as these are much more interesting and durable than the ordinary sawn shingles, and possess a surface that responds admirably to the treatment with diluted sulphuric acid which we have found most successful with this wood. The roof could either be moss green or grayish



CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

THE NEED OF COUNTRY LIFE

brown, a little darker than the shingles of the upper walls. Four heavy cement pillars support the roof of the porch, and the porch floor is also paved with cement, the outside edge being plain and in the same color as that used for the walls, while the long strip down the center may be paved with Welsh quarries or red cement marked in squares.

The entrance door is at one end of the porch and opens into a small vestibule which leads directly into the living room, the opening being at right angles with the entrance door. A small partition separates the entrance from the stairway beyond, which is placed in a nook at the end of the living room. The entire end of this nook is occupied by a group of windows and the window seat. There is no fireplace in the living room, but in the dining room a large open fireplace uses the one central flue which is also utilized by the kitchen range. The opening between the living room and the dining room is so broad that the fireplace serves equally well for both.

A small passageway leads from the kitchen to the living room, affording ac-

cess to the entrance door, and in this passage is also the door leading to the cellar stairs. The kitchen is small and the pantry is a little more than a nook in the larger room. Two large built-in china closets give plenty of room for the dishes, and the sink is placed in the pantry. Ordinarily this arrangement would mean many additional steps, but the kitchen is so small that the distance from the range to the sink is no more than it would be in an ordinary room. An entry at the back of the kitchen communicates with a door leading to the outside, and furnishes a good cool place for the ice box. A door from the pantry opens into the dining room.

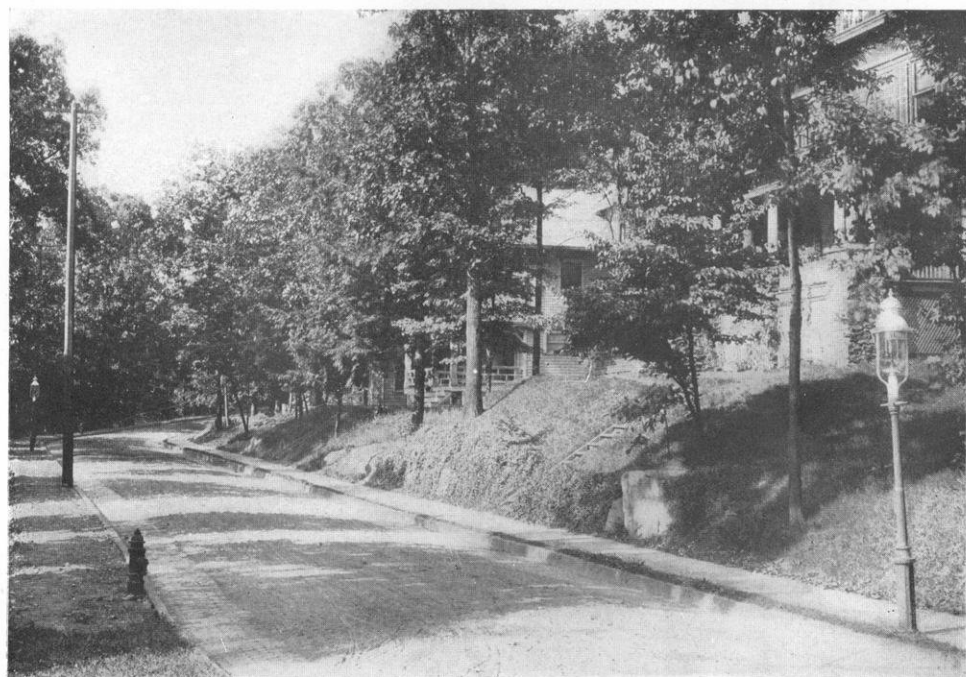
The arrangement of the upper floor is very simple, as the four bedrooms occupy the four corners of the building with the hall and staircase in the center and the bath room at the back. This is a simple little house intended for a small family, and the plan has purposely been made so that the construction shall be as inexpensive as is compatible with thoroughness and safety.

PARK HILL, A NEW AND DELIGHTFUL SUBURB THAT IS BEING BUILT ON A PLATEAU OVERLOOKING THE HUDSON

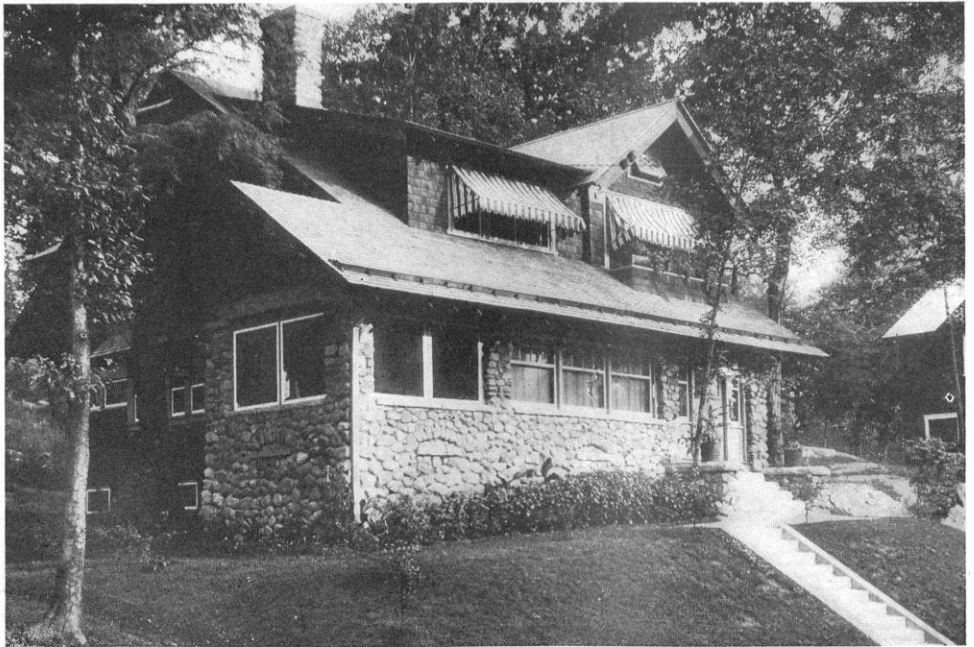
THE immense and swift expansion of the city of New York inevitably draws the attention of a great many people to the suburbs, for the physical situation of the city is such that its population must needs overflow in every direction,—not to mention upward,—and it looks as if the day were not far distant when Manhattan Island would be given over entirely to business and all residence districts would be on Long Island, in New Jersey or stretching northward along the Hudson. In the matter of natural beauty the advantage unquestionably is with the last mentioned locality, for one has to travel far to get to the

pleasant and picturesque hill regions of either Long Island or New Jersey, and even at that the shores of the Hudson are admittedly more beautiful. So it is not surprising that we find new suburbs springing up in the stretch of hilly country that lies north of Van Cortlandt Park, especially as the increasing use of electricity for transportation promises easy and quick access to the city.

One of the most attractive of these new settlements is Park Hill, which is built on the heights within the city of Yonkers. The tract set apart for the settlement is not over one hundred and twenty acres, but this is cut up by a number of winding



"THE PEOPLE WHO LAID OUT PARK HILL, NEW YORK, NOT ONLY HAD THE WISDOM TO LEAVE THE NATURAL CONTOUR OF THE LAND UNALTERED AND TO ACCOMMODATE THE STREETS AND ROADS TO THE LIE OF THE LAND, BUT THEY ALSO TOOK THE GREATEST CARE TO PRESERVE OPEN VISTAS FOR THE BEAUTIFUL VIEWS."



"AT PARK HILL WHEREVER IT HAS BEEN POSSIBLE ALL TREES BELONGING TO THE LANDSCAPE HAVE BEEN LEFT TO GROW AS THEY WILL AND THE ARCHITECTURE HAS BEEN SO FAR AS FEASIBLE ADAPTED TO THE LANDSCAPE."

THE NEED OF COUNTRY LIFE

roads and lanes and is heavily wooded with the natural growth of timber which, so far as is possible, has been left untouched. The plan of the suburb is frankly English, but one of its chief charms lies in the fact that the country itself is not so smooth and well groomed as an English landscape, and that the builders have had the sense to make the most of the natural features, preserving the character that distinguishes the east bank of the Hudson from all the surrounding country.

While in many cases the promoter of suburban residence districts has done his worst in the way of smoothing down the whole site to a dead level of raw newness and monotony, there are happily other places which have been left alone except for such readjustment and cultivation as might serve to blend the rugged natural features of the landscape with the requirements of civilization. The value of such a course is plain when we think of the immense opportunity that lies in the hands of people who are making their homes in almost untouched tracts of land. This might sound absurd as applied to a suburb not more than a mile from the city limits of New York, but it is quite true nevertheless. A country has to be lived in for many centuries before it takes on the indelible impress of human occupation and use, and even the eastern part of America is as yet too young to show many evidences of this smoothing process. Perhaps this very sense of undeveloped possibilities constitutes the greater part of its charm, for it is essentially in harmony with the spirit of our civilization. We like experimenting and we like comparatively raw material to work upon. Therefore it is keen pleasure to take hold of a wooded hilltop and see for ourselves if we can build the sort of homes that belong there. The fact that we hold this point of view gives significance to the creation of every new village of this kind, for in developing the country to our uses and in building the kind of homes that we want, we are availing

ourselves of a golden opportunity to develop our own character as a people.

Some of the lines along which this development is progressing are suggested by the illustrations accompanying this article. Look at the winding roads and the natural contour of the terraces; note the fact that wherever it has been possible the trees belonging to the landscape have been left to grow as they will, and furthermore note the character of the houses; then compare these things in your own mind with the kind of town planning and building we did even one generation ago, when we were much given to checkerboard streets, carefully leveled, immaculately groomed lawns and terraces, and houses belonging to that epoch which one of our architects has aptly termed "the American reign of terror." With that hollow, ugly and yet costly pretentiousness still in mind it is a comfort to see the simple naturalness that is beginning to characterize not only the planning and building of our homes, but also their surroundings. As a nation we are still in the stage of crude extravagance, but at least we are beginning to be sensitive to the vulgarity and bad taste of it all, and when once we are brought to see a defect it does not take us long to remedy it.

The people who laid out Park Hill not only had the sense to leave the natural contours unaltered and to accommodate their streets and roads to the lie of the land, but they have taken the greatest care to preserve open vistas for the beautiful views in every direction. As the plateau upon which Park Hill is situated is three hundred and twenty-five feet above the Hudson River, it naturally overlooks the surrounding country for miles. To the west one looks over the city of Yonkers to the river and the Palisades on the opposite shore; to the north lie the hills of West Point beyond the beautiful and historic country of Washington Irving. To the east Long Island Sound rims a stretch of open country that one day will be dotted with villages like this, and to the south is Van Cort-

A STUDIO-BUNGALOW DESIGNED BY THE OWNER

landt Park with New York City and its bay beyond. Lying so high, it is natural that the air of Park Hill should be specially good; in fact, the fog level very seldom reaches the top of the hill. True, it is quite a height to climb, but the ease-loving residents get around this disadvantage by an elevator from the railroad station, where commuters may ride from the level of the railroad up to the level of their homes for the moderate price of one cent.

Naturally, being so near New York, the price of land is not low, but neither is it exorbitant, and a man of moderate means who is able to compass the rent of a fairly decent New York apartment would not find it difficult to build a home that would forever rid him of the necessity for paying rent. This is a consideration which is not taken into account as often as it ought to be, because it is so

much easier to worry along with comparatively small regular payments than it is to get together a sufficient sum to make at least a beginning at purchasing a home. Yet the pressure of life in the city is inducing more and more people to make the effort, and fortunately there are many ways in which it may be done without overwhelming expense or heartbreaking anxiety. At least it offers a solution to the problem of trying to carry on your business in the city and at the same time have the comfort and freedom of a home of your own in the country. It is not so good as a farm, but it is a long way ahead of trying to live in the city, and it offers an opportunity for growing children to have plenty of fresh air and open country to grow up in, and to carry into later life the memory of a home instead of a flat.

A STUDIO-BUNGALOW DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THE OWNER IN ACCORDANCE WITH CRAFTSMAN IDEAS: BY FRANK W. NYE

IF one wants to know what an inert old world this is, he has but to try to carry out original ideas in building a home.

The contractor, the sub-contractors, the carpenters, all the workmen, and most of one's friends and neighbors are banded together, first to discourage, then to argue against, and finally to implore the omission of all individual ideas. Every influence, including apparent economy, suggests the commonplace, and he must be brave indeed who persists in expressing his own individuality against these adverse conditions. But that it can be done, and a house that is entirely original with its owner can be built both better and more cheaply than by the conventional method, has been proven by the experience of Mr. H. Vance Swope in designing and building his own studio-bungalow at Mardean, New Jersey, on the south shore of Lower New York Bay.

"If there is one thing that this experience has taught me, it is never to believe what a contractor says," remarked Mr. Swope. "This was not meant as a piece of pessimism: there is a good deal in it. I remember an experience in the decorating of a church in one of the suburbs of New York, which is a good example of the love of the average contractor for the commonplace. The decorators had exhausted the rector's patience by decrying every tasteful suggestion he made. When all was done save painting the chancel, and the only remaining problem was to decide whether it should be green or yellow, the reverend doctor found it difficult to decide, so he asked the decorator what color he would advise. 'Yellow,' said the decorator. Without a moment's hesitation the pastor replied, 'Well then, I'll have it green.'"

Another thing proven by Mr. Swope's experiment is that the kind of a home that



THE STUDIO-BUNGALOW OF MR. H. VANCE SWOPE AT MARDEAN, NEW JERSEY, OF WHICH THE OWNER IS ALSO THE DESIGNER AND BUILDER.

LIVING ROOM OF MR. SWOPE'S STUDIO, ONE END OF WHICH IS USED AS A DINING ROOM.



VIEW OF LIVING ROOM IN MR. SWOPE'S STUDIO,
SHOWING STAIRWAY, AND WINDOWS CONNECT-
ING STUDIO WITH BEDROOM ON SECOND FLOOR.

A STUDIO-BUNGALOW DESIGNED BY THE OWNER

neighbors covet and architects copy is not so much the result of a longer purse as the outcome of intelligent thinking on the subject, and an inherent love for the roof-tree. In fact, those accustomed to appraise building values, in guessing at the cost of his place, have usually just about doubled the actual outlay.

Mr. Swope is an artist who for years has cherished certain ideas which he longed to express in stone and wood. He is kind enough to say, "I was more helped by my study of *THE CRAFTSMAN* than by anything else in working out my little place. It shows what an amateur can do when aided by *THE CRAFTSMAN*." There were many obstacles, of a kind that usually do not have to be contended with, in the way of building this bungalow. In the first place, Mr. Swope lived in New York last winter, while the cottage was being built across the bay. Then the stone-mason who built the chimney was an Italian, whose English vocabulary included very few words by which he could be directed. Consequently the placing of each stone of the sixteen loads of cobblestones which were used in the spacious fireplace and chimney had to be controlled by pantomime during the tri-weekly visits of the designer. This "peanut" or "pudding" stone, by the way, of which the cobblestones in that locality are formed, gives to the house its greatest charm as to color, for the stone is of a general dull red shade, with just enough variety to give it the same color effect which in brick is called "tapestry." The use of this local stone in building the chimney helps to carry into effect one of Mr. Swope's favorite ideas, which is to make this summer home look as though it belonged to the landscape.

The staining of the shingles with which the walls are sheathed is one of the many interesting experiments which came about naturally in the building of the bungalow. When the place had been roofed, it was immediately apparent that something would have to be done to tone down the newness of the California redwood shingles. Mr. Swope would have despaired

when his builder told him it would cost \$45 to stain them, had he not already surmounted many just such difficulties. Somewhere up in Pennsylvania he had heard of someone dipping shingles in crude oil. He ordered five gallons from his grocer, added a little lampblack, and paid the local washerwoman one dollar to brush it over the shingles as high as the top of the first story. When that had been done, the pleasant contrast of the lower with the upper part of the house made it advisable to leave the latter as it was. The whole job cost just \$40 less than the estimate, although, to be sure, something of pride had to be sacrificed in accepting responsibility for the picture made by the stout washerwoman as she clung to and stained the roof of the well-house.

This experiment in shingle staining was typical of many other experiments made as the building progressed. The house was not laid out in a cut-and-dried manner before ground was broken, and the plan then followed with mechanical accuracy. Even the slope of the roof was determined by experiment with the rafters at different angles until the right pitch was found. The last word is far from being said in architecture, and until then it is as it should be, that occasionally there is a man or woman who is not satisfied with things as he or she finds them, but wants to do a little experimenting. Mr. Swope did not balk even at using second-hand material when he found just what he wanted. Somehow, the newer things look when they are new, the quicker they look old and the worse they carry their advanced years. That is why Mr. Swope, happening to pass a building that was being wrecked and seeing just what he wanted in the way of dormer windows, to be sold at a bargain, gladly secured them and had them shipped to Mardean.

The feature of the interior of this pleasant bungalow is the studio, or living room, —26 feet long and 15 feet wide,—one end of which is used as the dining room. This room extends clear to the roof, reaching a height of about 20 feet at the highest point.

A STUDIO-BUNGALOW DESIGNED BY THE OWNER

It is lighted from the rear by a row of windows and from the front by two rows,—one on the first floor level and the other in a dormer. At the side are two more windows.

With the exception of one casement of leaded glass roundels, all the downstairs windows project 18 inches beyond the outside of the building, and are recessed from within in such a way as to give the impression of being placed in a very thick wall, such as would be found in a stone house. This recessed effect is one of the most attractive of the structural features. The front of the studio opens on the porch, the main part of which is 12 by 12, with a little offset and steps at the side. In the middle of one side, opposite the stairway, is the hospitable fireplace which forms the only, but sufficient, means of heating, and a door at the rear opens into a shower-bath and lavatory. An alcove off the studio leads to the kitchen, with its tiny back porch and adjacent well-house. Between the kitchen and downstairs bedroom, and opening off the latter, is another bath.

All the downstairs rooms are finished in rough uncolored plaster, with planed and brown-stained strips of wood dividing the wall spaces into panels, as shown in the photograph. All the woodwork, including the floor, is stained the same rich walnut brown. The doors are not the usual flimsy paneled affairs, but are made on the premises out of plain ceiling stained brown. The metal trim is all hand-hammered, armor-bright iron. Upstairs there are two small bedrooms, each one lighted at the end by a dormer, and at the side by a casement. In one of these rooms, Mr. Swope finished the walls with a wood-fiber board that can be nailed directly to the studding, and dispensed with both lath and plaster,—another experiment that has proved very satisfactory. Opening into

the studio from one of the upper bedrooms are spaces much like the triforium openings into the nave of a church. Openings also exist between the studio and the spaces under the porch roof. This gallery effect is plainly shown in the illustration of the interior. Another interesting feature is the structural-looking truss which reinforces the long span of the rear rafters, and incidentally helps to break up the size of the large room. This and the other beams that show are not planed, but stained in the rough to the same tone of soft brown as the rest of the woodwork.

The kitchen has been made pleasant by giving it a floor of small octagonal dull-red tile, set in wide cement joints by the owner himself. The floor was then given a coat of lampblack in water, which colored the cement without affecting the tile, and the whole was rubbed with a coat of oil. The double floors of Georgia pine are well under-studded with stout cedar posts, while the main supports of the house are brick piers. The space between the ground and shingle line is covered by a lattice, against which are planted hollyhocks, Dutch tree roses and German iris.

Of course, were this bungalow to be adapted to family use, certain minor changes would have to be made in the arrangement of the rooms. As it stands there are five rooms and two baths, intended for a bachelor and his friends,—very convenient and comfortable but without the privacy which would be required were it intended for family life. The house occupies one corner of five 25-foot lots and, in placing it on the plot, it was put where it would command the best view of the Bay. Already it is surrounded by an attractive lawn and hedge. Inside, modern plumbing, supplied by a tank in the attic, into which well water can easily be pumped, gives the owner one of the principal conveniences of city life.



HARDY PLANTS THE MOST SATISFACTORY FOR THE PERMANENT HOME: BY ADELINE THAYER THOMSON

A great enthusiasm has been awakened the last two or three years in favor of more beautiful surroundings for the home, and how to make the yard attractive with flowering plants, shrubbery and climbing vines has become a subject of absorbing interest. The growing demand, however, is for planting that creates permanent rather than temporary effects. This has resulted in a strong reaction in favor of hardy plants, and once more stately foxglove, quaint sweet-william, spicy pinks and the host of old-time favorites have become the popular plants of the day.

Hardy perennials, without doubt, are the most satisfactory plants for the permanent home. There are several reasons why this is true and why they are to be preferred above the annual varieties: Perennials once planted are planted for a lifetime; their flowering season is longer; they increase in size and beauty from year to year; through years of association they become an inseparable part of the personality of the home, and finally, they require less care than any other class of plants. They die down to the ground at the approach of winter, but with the return of spring appear in their accustomed places with renewed vigor and beauty. On the other hand, annuals perish with the first frost, and where a continued display

is desired they must be planted or seeded anew from year to year.

In glory of form and color, hardy plants have no equal. There are, also, such a variety of species with different flowering times that while individual varieties do not blossom continually, it is easily possible to have a constant succession of ever-changing color effects. Their flowering season begins in early April, before it is safe to even sow the seed of tender annuals out of doors, and for six weeks or more before the latter mature their harvest of bloom, bare places in the garden or border may be transformed by pink and white hepaticas, nodding columbines, glorious irises, lemon lilies, gorgeous peonies and a host of other hardy varieties. From the time when the albida spreads its snow-white blossoms in the April sunshine until the last chrysanthemum withers at the touch of winter, hardy plants are a constant source of delight.

Perennials may be bought at retail from ten to twenty-five cents apiece, according to the size and variety. Nurserymen give much better rates, however, if stock is purchased in quantity, and a sweeping reduction is made on lots of a hundred.

The expense of stocking the garden with hardy plants seems greater, of course, than buying annual flower seed, but in reality

HARDY PLANTS FOR THE PERMANENT HOME

they are the cheapest plants to buy for the permanent home. It must be remembered that not only is the first cost all of the expense, but that perennials increase so rapidly that by repeated division of their roots within a few years one is able to perfect a large supply from a remarkably small beginning.

Perennials are as easily raised from seed as annuals, and if one is willing to wait a year for results (hardy plants do not mature blossoms until the second season after seed sowing) the cost of stocking the yard may be reduced to a fraction. The first year one may make the usual showing of annual flowers and at the same time raise perennials in some out of the way corner for the next year's display. In a hotbed in March, or the open ground in May, perennial seed should be sown in rows three inches apart, covered lightly with soil, and each variety plainly marked. By June the young seedlings, becoming crowded, should be carefully transplanted to new quarters, setting them from six to eight inches apart. At the coming of fall the strong stocky plants may be set in their permanent places or left until spring, but in either case the plants should be given a winter's covering of leaves or coarse litter,

held carefully in place by branches or boards.

About all the care that perennials as a class require is a generous dressing of rotted manure spaded in carefully about the plants in the spring or fall; a division of their roots every third or fourth year, and a winter's mulch of leaves or coarse litter. After the plants have become established, however, they will succeed in spite of heat, drought or brazen neglect, though they will respond gloriously to all added care and attention.

The ideal time to plant perennials is in the spring. Why let another season pass without starting a few, at least, of these splendid plants? Why devote all one's time to plants that live but a single season, when the beauty of perennials is just as great and they will thrive for a lifetime? The planting of hardy stock should be looked upon as a permanent improvement that not only will make the home more attractive, but with the passing years add also to its money value.

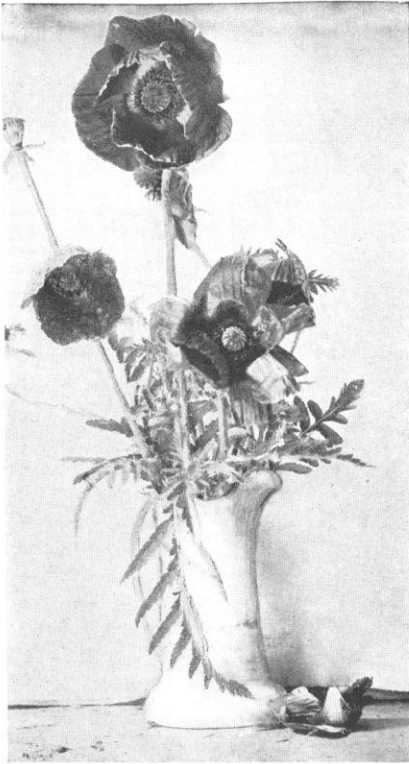
For convenience in planting, the following list of perennials—fifty of the most satisfactory for all purposes—has been carefully tabulated in regard to color, month of bloom, height and location for planting.

PLANTING TABLE OF THE BEST FIFTY PERENNIALS FOR ALL PURPOSES

<i>Name</i>	<i>Bloom</i>	<i>Color</i>	<i>Height</i>	<i>Location</i>
Arabis Albida.....	April, May.....	White.....	6 in.....	Sunny.
Agrostemma.....	July.....	Pink.....	2 ft.....	Sunny.
Alyssum (Saxatile).....	June.....	Yellow.....	6 in.....	Sunny.
Anemone (Japanese).....	Sept.....	Pink, White.....	2 ft.....	Sunny.
Anthemis.....	Aug., Sept.....	Yellow.....	2 ft.....	Sunny.
Aquilegia (Columbine)....	May, June.....	Mixed.....	2 ft.....	Sunny.
Asters.....	Sept.....	Purple, White....	2½ to 3 ft..	Sun or shade.
Campanula (Pyramidalis). .	July.....	Blue, White.....	2½ to 3 ft..	Sunny.
Campanula (Carpatica)....	June.....	Blue, White.....	6 in.....	Sunny.
Centaurea (Grandiflora)...	June.....	Blue, White.....	2½ ft.....	Sunny.
Chrysanthemum (Pompon) .	Nov.....	White, Yel., Pink.	2½ ft.....	Sunny.
Coreopsis (Lancelota).....	July to Oct.....	Yellow.....	2½ ft.....	Sunny.
Delphinium (Larkspur) ...	June, Oct.....	Blue.....	3 ft.....	Sunny.
Digitalis (Foxglove).....	June.....	White, Pink.....	4 ft.....	Sun or shade.



TWO CORNERS OF A PERENNIAL GARDEN IN JUNE, THE UPPER ONE PLANTED WITH GARDEN HELIOTROPE AND ORIENTAL POPPIES, THE LOWER ONE WITH FOXGLOVE, LARKSPUR AND COLUMBINE.



ORIENTAL POPPIES GROUPED IN JAPANESE FASHION IN AN OLD PITCHER: THE PERENNIAL POPPIES ARE TWICE THE SIZE OF THE ANNUAL VARIETY.

HARDY PERENNIALS ARE THE MOST SATISFACTORY PLANTS FOR THE PERMANENT HOME: ONCE PROPERLY PLANTED THEY LAST A LIFETIME: THEIR FLOWERING SEASON IS LONGER THAN THAT OF THE ANNUAL AND THEY INCREASE IN BEAUTY AND SIZE FROM YEAR TO YEAR.



PERENNIAL JAPANESE IRIS BLOSSOMING IN JULY: SOME OF THESE BLOOMS ARE AS LARGE AS A SAUCER: ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO MARSHY MEADOW LAND, BROOK BANKS AND FOUNTAIN BORDERS.



A MASS OF PHILON BLOSSOMING AT THE BACK DOOR IN APRIL AND MAY: THIS HARDY PLANT IS IN FLOWER BEFORE THE SEEDS OF THE ORDINARY ANNUAL ARE IN THE GROUND.



THERE IS NO MORE SATISFACTORY AND DECORATIVE PERENNIAL FLOWERING PLANT THAN THE HOLLYHOCK; IT GROWS LUXURIOUSLY AND ITS BLOSSOMS ARE PRACTICALLY EVERY HUE AND TINT.

HARDY PLANTS FOR THE PERMANENT HOME

PLANTING TABLE OF THE BEST FIFTY PERENNIALS FOR ALL PURPOSES

<i>Name</i>	<i>Bloom</i>	<i>Color</i>	<i>Height</i>	<i>Location</i>
Dianthus.....	July.....	Pink, White.....	1 ft.....	Sunny.
Daisy (Ulignosum).....	Sept.....	White.....	4 ft.....	Sunny.
Daisy (Shasta).....	June.....	White.....	1 ft.....	Sunny.
Gaillardia.....	July, Oct.....	Yellow.....	1 ft.....	Sunny.
Gypsophila.....	July.....	White.....	2 ft.....	Sunny.
Helleborus.....	Feb., Mar.....	White.....	3 ft.....	Sunny, shld.
Hemerocallis.....	May.....	Yellow.....	2 ft.....	Sunny.
Hibiscus.....	Aug.....	Pink, White, Red.....	3 ft.....	Sunny.
Hollyhock.....	July, Aug.....	Pink, White, Red, Yellow.....	4 to 6 ft..	Sunny.
Heliotrope (Garden).....	May.....	White.....	3 ft.....	Sunny.
Iris (Japanese).....	July.....	All colors.....	2 ft.....	Sunny.
Iris (German).....	June, May.....	All colors.....	2 ft.....	Sun or shade.
Liatris.....	Aug.....	Purple.....	4 ft.....	Sunny.
Lilies.....	Jun., Aug., Sept.....	White, Red.....	3 ft.....	Sun or shade.
Lychnis.....	July.....	Red.....	1 ft.....	Sunny.
Lobelia (Cardinal flower).....	July, Sept.....	Red.....	2 ft.....	Sun or shade.
Monarda (Bergamot).....	Aug.....	Red.....	2 ft.....	Sun or shade.
Mysotis (Forget-Me-Not).....	May.....	Blue.....	6 in.....	Shade.
Peony.....	May, June.....	Pink, White, Red.....	2 ft.....	Sunny.
Poppy (Oriental).....	June.....	Red.....	1 ft.....	Sunny.
Poppy (Iceland).....	July, Aug.....	Yellow, White.....	6 in.....	Sunny.
Penstemon.....	Aug.....	Pink, Red.....	2½ ft.....	Sun or shade.
Phlox.....	Aug.....	Mixed.....	2½ ft.....	Sunny.
Phlox (Divericata).....	May.....	Lavender.....	8 in.....	Shade.
Pinks.....	June.....	Pink.....	6 in.....	Sunny.
Primrose.....	May.....	Pink, Yellow.....	6 in.....	Sunny.
Pyrethrum.....	June.....	Pink, White.....	1 ft.....	Sunny.
Rudbeckia.....	Aug.....	Yellow.....	5 ft.....	Sunny.
Stokesia.....	July, Aug.....	Lavender.....	1 ft.....	Sunny.
Sweet-William.....	June.....	Red, Pink, White.....	12 in.....	Sunny.
Veronica.....	July.....	Blue.....	12 in.....	Sunny.
Violet.....	May.....	Blue.....	6 in.....	Shade.
Monkshood.....	July, Aug.....	Blue.....	4 ft.....	Shade, sun.
Hepatica.....	April.....	Pink, White.....	6 in.....	Shade.
Dieletra.....	May.....	Pink.....	3 ft.....	Shade.
Iberis.....	May.....	White.....	6 in.....	Sun.

EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRAFTSMEN SHOWS A MARKED ADVANCE IN SOME FORMS OF CRAFTSMANSHIP

THE annual exhibition of the National Society of Craftsmen, held in the National Arts Building in New York during the middle and latter part of December, was interesting because of the improvement it showed along certain lines of individual work, although as a whole it lacked the scope and significance of the exhibition of two years ago. This was partly due to the fact that the present exhibition was confined to the work of American craftworkers, so that it suffered in the matter of range and variety. One may not admire the foreign work as compared with our own, but the English exhibition two years ago served to broaden our horizon with regard to the use of color and design as well as to afford a standard of comparison for the quality of workmanship. And we sorely missed the exhibit of exquisite work of olden times when good craftsmanship, as an expression of vital thought and interest in the work, was so much a matter of course that no one thought of making it a cult. That indeed afforded a standard of comparison really worth while, and it is the greater pity that a similar collection could not have been shown this year, if only because the efforts of some of our own workers would much better have borne comparison with it.

Especially is this true with regard to the silverware and jewelry, both of which showed an astonishing advance in design and workmanship. Some of the silverware would have compared very well with the best of the Georgian period, and it is a fact worth regarding that both in shape and manner of handling these pieces were distinctly reminiscent of Georgian silver. The forms were simple and graceful, being mostly worked out in the thin sheets of silver that lend themselves so readily to subtle, gracious curves and somewhat attenuated lines. The surfaces were almost all plain and showed

just enough of the marks of the tool to give them an appealing humanity, without a suspicion of carelessness, crudity or lack of skill masquerading as picturesqueness or originality. It is amazing how the best American taste turns to simple forms. Perhaps we have never quite got away from Colonial ideals. They are not bad to follow, for they were based on simplicity and truth, and so long as we strive to express the same spirit and keep ourselves free from the reproach of imitation, we cannot study too closely the lesson they have to give. It is interesting also to note that this silverware made by our modern craftworkers suffered not at all in comparison with the exhibition of Colonial silverware recently held at the Metropolitan Museum. The workmanship was quite as good and in some cases the designs were better.

The jewelry also showed a marked advance as to design. Our American workers in precious and semi-precious metals and stones have always had a true and sensitive perception of color values, and former exhibitions have shown charming and most unusual color effects. The designs, however, have in many cases been weak, commonplace or fantastic in their straining after originality, and have shown the effect of one or the other of many influences, rather than of straightforward thought seeking a form that would best express the purpose of the article in connection with the greatest beauty that vivid interest in, and affection for, the work could give it. It is astonishing, though, how quickly the American mind absorbs and adapts an idea and how candidly it acknowledges its own shortcomings and strives to better them. This year the designs of by far the greater part of the jewelry were wonderfully good; simple, unaffected, for the most part original in conception and exceedingly well worked out. The native semi-precious stones were used to admirable

THE WORK OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRAFTSMEN

advantage in combination with gold, silver, copper or bronze, the metal serving not so much as a setting to display the beauty of the jewel as an inevitable part of the whole design. One beautiful example of this was shown in a massive ring made of greenish gold, wrought in a design of thickly overlapping leaves and branches and enclosing a peridot sunk rather deeply into the setting. The greenish gold luster of the stone blended perfectly with the metal, giving a high light that accented it even while it seemed almost to draw back into the shelter of the golden branches around. Similar combinations in a different color key were effected with silver and blister pearls, and from these the color combinations ranged from absolute harmony into the most brilliant and daring contrasts. One case of unset jewels is worthy of mention, for it contained a beautiful collection of precious and semi-precious stones, some in the rough and some cut with great care and skill. The central group of the collection was a box of Mexican fire opals,—rare and unusually interesting examples of this fascinating gem. The enamellists are doing some wonderful work as evidenced by the showing of necklaces, brooches and some belt buckles that would challenge comparison with the best of the old enamel work.

The workers in leather also showed some interesting pieces, which were good and simple in design and of excellent workmanship, but these unfortunately did not dominate the exhibition of leather work, which was for the most part futile and imitative. The bookbinding for the most part was excellent both in design and execution, the coloring and finish of the leather being nearly always good and in some cases amazingly beautiful, while the tooling was extremely well done. A good many illuminated manuscripts were shown in connection with the books, and while some of these were a fair imitation of the old monkish work, none were sufficiently good to warrant either the

labor spent in doing them or the price asked for them.

This question of price is one of the chief stumbling blocks in the way of material success for the craftworker. We are uttering no new thought in saying this, but it is one well worth bringing up until there is a better adjustment of values. For the most part the silverware and jewelry shown at this exhibition were priced within bounds, but the leather work and books were very high priced, and the sums asked for baskets and articles of carved wood were simply out of all reason. The carving was in no sense unusual either in design or workmanship, nor was there any special reason why most of it should exist. Yet the most commonplace pieces were tagged with prices three or four times as large as they could possibly bring in any shop, the value evidently being based upon the amount of time it took the worker to make the piece rather than the amount of use or pleasure it would give to the purchaser. The baskets, while they were fairly well done, were by no means equal to the Indian work which they imitated. Yet absolutely prohibitive prices were put on everyone of them,—a circumstance sufficient to give a most discouraging blow to a very interesting craft.

The pottery exhibit was good but not in any way unusual, the most interesting examples coming from the establishments of large firms justly celebrated for the beauty of their products. Some good pieces by individual workers were to be seen, but there was no marked advance in the matter of design, color or workmanship over the pottery exhibits of other years, nor was it so comprehensive.

As to the fabrics, there were some pieces of tapestry and embroidery so good as to draw the attention again and again, but the greater part of the work was not specially worthy of note. There were the usual stencils in dull blues and greens, done on natural colored linens and gray canvas; raffia work on coarse homespun, and the usual amount of appliqué, darned

INDIAN BLANKETS, BASKETS AND BOWLS

work and other forms of needlework, some of good design and coloring; others commonplace or else distinctly imitative. It is perhaps not fair to compare the tapestries of Mr. Albert Herter with the remainder of the fabrics shown, because these stand in a class by themselves, and some beautiful examples were on exhibition. One was the set of door hangings shown a year ago at the exhibition of the Architectural League, but worth exhibiting again and again if merely for the inspiration they give to other craftworkers.

These hangings are made of heavy woven silk, many hues being blended into one general impression of soft dove color. Quaint little conventionalized birds are woven into the fabric with threads of coral and gold, and the border and top piece show a bold design wrought in dove color, coral and wood brown with sharp accents of black. Mr. Herter also exhibited some tapestry portières and chair covers, and an interesting set of hangings, more primitive in design and weave than the majority of his work.

INDIAN BLANKETS, BASKETS AND BOWLS: THE PRODUCT OF THE ORIGINAL CRAFTWORKERS OF THIS CONTINENT

IN connection with the handicrafts which are cultivated because of their artistic or commercial value, and also because there is at the present time a reaction toward hand work that tends to provide a market for the products of the craftworker, the mind turns naturally to the only real handicraft this country knows, that of the Indian. While we admit that Indian products are becoming more or less fashionable, we yet venture to assert that very few people realize their beauty and value from an artistic point of view as well as that which comes from interest we find in them as an expression of the life, customs and character of a fast-vanishing race.

We call the Indian work our only real handicraft because it is the only one we have that is the spontaneous growth of necessity and therefore an absolutely natural expression of the individuality of the maker. No one ever went to the Indian and said: "Make this pattern of blanket or this shape in your pottery, or use this or that design in your basketry or silverware, because it is quaint and artistic or because someone else did it centuries ago and there is a demand among certain people for such things now." The white craftworker can hardly escape from the

suggestion of secondhand ideas, but the Indian who is affected by them must have degenerated sadly under the influence of civilization, so that his work as a craftsman is hardly worthy of the name. We are not thinking of the Indians of the younger generation who are taught sloyd and needlework at the Government schools,—these are not craftworkers and never will be,—but of the old men and women of the tribes who have held to their ancient religion and their ancient ways and who still dread and resent keenly the encroachment of the white man upon their time-honored beliefs and customs.

Naturally, in thinking of the Indian as a craftworker, the peaceful and industrious tribes of the desert come first to our minds because they alone make things which can be used in the home of the white man as well as in their own hogans and kivas. The making of needed articles, of course, is common to all primitive peoples, but in the case of the warlike Indians the products of their crafts were adapted solely to their own use and have little value outside except as curios. But the blankets, baskets, pottery and silver work of the Hopi, Navajos and other Indians who live in their pueblos and cultivate their fields from generation to generation,

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have a charm as well as use which is appreciated keenly by the white man, so that these things are eagerly sought by him. This appreciation has caused extensive imitation of Indian handiwork, but such is the primitive sincerity of the genuine thing that it cannot easily be imitated, and the result of such attempts has been to turn out a mass of trash that no self-respecting Indian would acknowledge as his own work or that of any of his tribe. The Indian craftsman has a sincere reverence for his art and prides himself greatly upon such skill as he may possess, and, however crude his taste may be in the kind of wares he selects in the trader's shop, he will tolerate no imitation stuff when it comes to his own crafts. A Pima basket weaver would consider himself disgraced if he turned out a basket that would not last a lifetime, and the Navajo silversmiths will work with no metal but pure silver and will use no design that is not an expression of religious symbolism or some natural force or phenomenon. As to the blankets, the difference between the real Indian blanket and the imitation is so marked that only the veriest tyro could be deceived.

The first Indian weavers were the Hopi, who had been weaving for generations when the Spaniards first entered their villages in the year 1540, and found them weaving fabrics from their home-grown and hand-spun cotton. Wool was unknown, for the sheep had not yet been introduced into the country. This art of weaving was one greatly envied by the neighboring tribes, especially the Navajos, who were always the hereditary enemies of the Hopi. After a war between the two tribes had dragged along for years with much suffering on both sides, a treaty of peace was concluded and the principal condition imposed upon the Hopi by the conquering Navajos was that they should teach the latter the art of weaving. The Hopi complied, because they could not very well help themselves, and today their great rivals as handicraftsmen are the Navajos.

It is three hundred years since the Navajos learned blanket weaving by force of arms, yet in the case of both tribes the weaving today is done precisely as it was then, save that wool is used for the blankets and heavier garments, instead of cotton. Great as was the harm done by the Spaniards, their invasion was beneficial at least in one respect, for it taught both Hopi and Navajos the use of wool, which furnishes both warp and woof of the genuine Indian blanket. It is well known that among the Hopi the men are the weavers, but with the Navajos the women do the work, taking months or even a year or more for the completion of a single blanket. The looms are set up in the open,—under a tree if there happens to be a tree sufficiently near at hand,—and the designs are all taken from nature or from the symbolism of their nature religion.

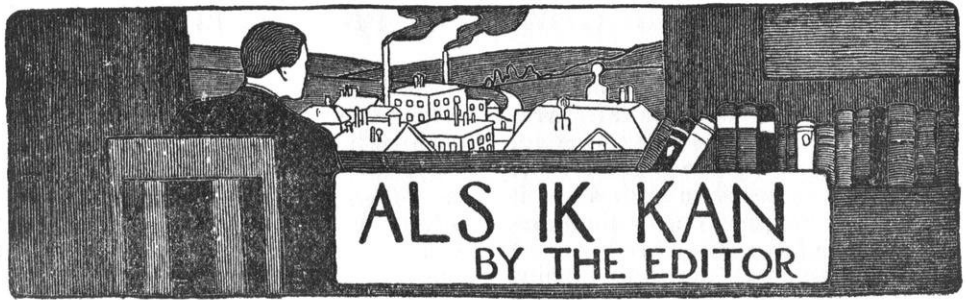
It is the quality of sincerity that gives the Indian blanket its peculiar value when used as a rug, portière or couch cover in a Craftsman room, or in any one of the rooms so characteristic of the West. No form of drapery harmonizes quite so well with plain, sturdy forms in woodwork and furniture and with the mellow tones of the natural wood, as do these Indian blankets, for the reason that they are simply another expression of the same idea. Anyone who has ever been in a typical country house or bungalow in southern California, Arizona or New Mexico will realize precisely what we mean, for the fitness of these blankets for such uses is so keenly appreciated that the craftsmen are kept busy supplying the white man's demand. As the blankets will last for a generation and will stand almost any kind of use, it is easy to see why they naturally belong in houses of a rugged, hospitable character, especially as the primitive forms and geometrical lines of the design are absolutely in keeping with the whole decorative scheme of such a house. An appealing human touch is given by the fact that no two Navajo blankets are ever woven alike and never is one found to be perfectly symmetrical down

INDIAN BLANKETS, BASKETS AND BOWLS

to the last detail of its pattern. The reason for this is the superstition of the Navajo squaw against making a perfect pattern, which to her mind would imply the perfect completion of her work and consequently the ending of her life. Like most Indian superstitions, this one embodies a truth so universal that it is felt and acknowledged by everyone who has thought much about life and its mysteries, and this touch of sympathy and comprehension is a clue to the bond that exists between all,—white men and Indians alike,—who live close to the unseen.

The same general character distinguishes the Indian baskets. Basketry is a form of handicraft more generally practiced by Indian tribes than any other. From the pueblos of New Mexico to the Pacific coast and extending thence into Alaska, we find a multitude of different types, each one characteristic of its makers. The best baskets, however, are made by the Pimas and the Apaches, who excel in this art as markedly as the Hopi and Navajos excel in the making of blankets. These baskets, showing the same natural symbolism and the same instinctive feeling for form, color and design, are as much at home in the white man's house as are the much-desired blankets. The real Indian basket is something to bring despair to the "arts and crafts" basket maker, because it is a form of handicraft as nearly perfect as any that exists. These baskets are woven from willow, which is gathered at a certain season of the year by the Indian squaws, peeled and stored. When taken out for use it is placed in water for a certain time to be made sufficiently pliable. The process of making the baskets is exceedingly slow and laborious, and a weaver will often spend more than a month on a single basket. The groundwork is woven in the natural color of the fiber, a light dull yellow, while the pattern, which is made from the peeled bark of a native plant commonly known as "devil's claw," is usually a dull rusty black. The finest of these bowls are waterproof and they are in all manner of shapes

The third great craft of the Southwestern Indian is the making of pottery, which is undoubtedly the oldest of all the Indian arts, for examples of it are found in almost all the ruins that remain as records of prehistoric times. The Indians of the pueblos are the master potters, and their handiwork is of infinite variety both as to form and ornamentation. Each tribe has its own peculiar method of working, and all differ in such details as the methods of preparing the clay, of making the vessel and of firing, while the variety of forms and decorations used is almost endless. The pueblo potter uses no wheel and the forms he makes are his original creations of eye and hand. The clay is ground and mixed with powdered potsherds. The bottom of the new piece is molded on a form such as the bottom of a jug or bowl, and on this the clay, rolled out into a slender coil or roll, is fastened. By process of careful coiling, the vessel to be made is gradually put into its beautiful form, then smoothed with a gourd rind and dried in the sun. After it is dried it is covered with a wash put on with a piece of rabbit skin, and when again dry the exterior surface is given a beautiful finish by being rubbed down with a smooth polishing stone, an article that is frequently handed down from one generation to another as an heirloom. The decorations in natural Indian colors are then applied by means of a brush made from yucca fiber. Finally the piece is burned in a rude kiln or oven and at length comes forth, a remarkable example of the ceramic art. The making of a piece of pottery has in it the same mystic element that goes into the weaving of blankets and baskets. While the piece is burning the Indians attribute the hissing sound caused by the heated moisture in the bowl to the spirit which is embodied in the bowl or jar. The break in the lines decorating many Indian pieces of pottery is purposely left there by the maker to release the spirit of the bowl if it should be broken.



THE COMING WAVE OF PROSPERITY AND THE RESPONSIBILITIES IT BRINGS TO US AS INDIVIDUALS AND AS A NATION

SELDOM has a new year opened with more glowing prophecies for future achievement and prosperity than greeted us during the first week or two of the present year. Newspapers outdid themselves in presenting favorable statistics and in forecasting events which were bound to make the next eleven or twelve months significant in the history of modern progress. New inventions, scientific discoveries, great public enterprises and a period of unexampled prosperity were among the good things confidently predicted, and indeed it looks as if the prophecy were not so much the result of optimism as conclusions drawn correctly from existing conditions.

After a period of depression lasting a little more than two years, the pendulum seems to have swung to the opposite extreme. Confidence is restored; business enterprise has received a new and tremendous impetus, and many great enterprises tending to the advance of civilization, the conservation or development of priceless natural resources and the general welfare of humanity, are either well under way or are drawing to a successful conclusion. The prospect for an adjustment of international relations, upon a better and sounder basis than has ever been known in the history of the world, is growing steadily more favorable; certain important legal decisions and legislative action that will go far toward solving some of the knottiest problems in the contest between capital and

labor, as well as between the trusts and the people, are expected within the next few months; extensive plans are afoot for immensely increasing transportation facilities; there is a good prospect of employment for every man and woman who is able and willing to work, and last, but by no means least, there is the promise of record-breaking crops all over the country.

Better even than these material benefits, there is a growing strength and steadiness in our attitude as a people toward our great national problems. Our ideas of democracy have broadened considerably during the past decade, and are now based less upon sentiment and bombast and more upon intelligent understanding of the conditions and demands of the present age. The tendency to centralize more power in the federal government is bringing to the people a stronger realization of their own responsibility in the matter of selecting honest and efficient representatives, and a disposition to demand honesty and efficiency in all branches of the government. Also, the agitation in favor of taking effective measures to conserve our natural resources is bearing its fruit in a widespread understanding of the subject and a general disposition to put a stop to the reckless waste and misappropriation that hitherto has been permitted to flourish almost unchecked, and, as a natural outgrowth of thought along these lines, we find the well-established beginnings of a total change in our attitude toward agri-

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culture. The thoughtless greed that once was content to crop the soil year after year until it was exhausted of all its power for fertility, and then abandon it for fresher regions to be exhausted in their turn, is being gradually stamped out by the unremitting efforts of the wiser heads among us to restore farming to its former dignity, interest and profit by establishing such methods of farming and such conditions of farm life as will make it an occupation well worth all the knowledge, energy and skill that the most intelligent and enterprising man could devote to it.

While in many minds there is still a conviction that the concentration of capital and the wonderfully effective organization of great industrial and commercial concerns threaten both our prosperity and our liberties as a people, the tendency nevertheless seems to be unchecked. On the contrary, it has gained such headway that much greater combinations are in sight than we even dreamed of a few years ago. Far from dividing their forces into smaller enterprises, there is more than a possibility that the powerful trusts and the great banking interests of the country will shortly be united into one vast and well-organized financial power, and that the leading railway systems will effect a similar combination for the sake of increased economy and efficiency. Under the circumstances that obtained a few years ago, this tendency might be regarded as conveying an overwhelming menace to our welfare as a nation, but, with the awakened sense of responsibility that has come to us during the past few years, there is every reason to believe that organization upon such an enormous scale will simply mean greater economy and increased power of achievement, rather than greater license in the matter of appropriating and monopolizing the property of the nation. There is the more hope for this because the attention of all the thinking people in the country is now directed toward the operations of the great financial and industrial concerns, and they are beginning to understand that organization

on a large scale and perfect discipline down to the smallest detail does not necessarily mean dishonesty and unfair methods of competition. On the other hand, the leaders of these great enterprises, grasping and unscrupulous as they have shown themselves to be, will hardly be willing to risk constant warfare and inevitable final defeat to gain their ends dishonestly when they have the equipment and every possible opportunity to succeed by fair means, and with the consent and coöperation of the people rather than against the strong tide of their distrust and active enmity.

One specially hopeful element in the situation is the steady growth of the feeling of social responsibility, which is doing more than anything else to pave the way toward a better adjustment of relations between capital and labor. We grow very pessimistic at times over the inequalities of opportunity and the unfair division of wealth, but the rising tide of public opinion is actually compelling the restoration to the people of immense sums of money. No matter in what form the restitution comes,—whether it take the guise of philanthropy, social improvement or downright charity,—it nevertheless is returning to the people a part of what belongs to them, and it is only a matter of time when the people themselves will be in a position to see that an equitable division takes place in the beginning instead of at the end. One strong force that is working toward this end is the colonization of large manufactories in parts of the country that are either undeveloped or sparsely settled. This brings both managers and workmen face to face with pioneer conditions, and the inevitable result is to make possible not only a closer and more human relation between them, but also to develop greater resourcefulness and self-reliance in meeting the problems of both life and work.

This is the bright side of the picture, but the outlook for this year, considered as a whole, has no very dark shadows. At all events, the optimistic point of view is inevitably constructive and pessimism at best is only another name for disintegra-

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tion. But with unexampled prosperity and progress in view in the near future, we cannot but feel a sense of responsibility even heavier than the anxiety which accompanied the hard times. We have had a hard pull throughout the past two years, and it is only human nature to feel that we are entitled to a little ease when things are again running smoothly. Yet now is the time for even greater alertness and more unceasing vigilance than we were forced to exercise during the dark days of the panic. When the pressure came and credit was shaken in every direction, we took in sail, practiced the most rigid economy and made every effort to start the machinery of the financial, industrial and commercial world to running smoothly again. In doing this we were buoyed up by the feeling that not only were we meeting and conquering adversity, but that we were planting the seeds of future prosperity. Now we feel that the harvest is ripening and that we are fully entitled to reap it as we will.

But just now is the time to remember that the true significance of prosperity is that it widens our sphere of action and so adds to our responsibilities. One great cause of weakness and corruption in our national life has been that we did not know how to take prosperity when it came to us. We accepted the fact that periods of depression and of expansion in the financial world alternated like the ebb and flow of the tide, nor did we take special pains in the fat years to provide for the lean ones. Our natural resources were so great that they seemed endless, and in our easy-going extravagance we spent freely the money that was made so easily and had no care of the future, either as individuals or as a nation. The individual lack of forethought was bad enough, because in the aggregate it meant a carelessness on the part of the whole people that resulted in the abuses we are now fighting against and bitterly deploring. Because of this indolence and indifference where subjects important to the nation's welfare were concerned we not only allowed the property of the whole community to slip

into the hands of the shrewd and greedy few, but we recklessly gave away public lands, water powers, forests and coal fields by granting special privileges and valuable franchises to men who were clever enough to see the value of them and selfish and dishonest enough to attempt to monopolize them. Then we legislated with frenzied energy against the natural consequences of our own acts, and the result was either laws that could not be enforced or an absolute lack of the kind of interest that takes pains to enforce them. Spurred by the discontent that comes with hard times, we have fought bitterly against the abuses which our own sloth and indifference fastened upon our national life, but the question now is, will we still fight after prosperity returns to us or will we fall back into the old weak, good-natured policy of *laissez faire*? If the past has taught us nothing, this is exactly what will happen, but if we have learned the lesson of the hard times, we will know that prosperity and progress can be made permanent only by taking care of the future, guarding our rights against encroachment and seeing to it that better conditions are established upon a basis firm enough to endure.

For the first time in the history of the world, we are confronted with a surplus of resources and production instead of a deficit. Also, our social order for the first time in history is growing more and more into a genuine democracy, based upon a recognition of the right of all human beings to an opportunity to live, work and enjoy. When we fully realize this we will no longer fear the trusts, for we will know that the greatest industrial or commercial combination is absolutely helpless unless public opinion is with it, and the men in its employ are the right kind of men. That the organizations recognize this truth, is proven by the lines along which they are proceeding and the tendency shown by many of them to admit trusted employees to a share in the business. The only necessity now is for the workman to recognize his own actual and

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possible value as fully as his employer recognizes it, and to show himself equal to the opportunity that, for the first time in the whole course of industry, is offered him. He must fight and fight hard for his rights, but his weapons must be efficiency, honesty and integrity, instead of violence and the desire to meet oppression with revolt. He may be merely a machine worker, but there is no reason why he should be the slave of his machine. Let him become the master of it and use it with brain and energy as the craftsmen of old used their hands, and in a very short time he will cease to be a mechanical convenience, to be used or dispensed with as the occasion may arise, and will become instead an efficient, self-respecting workman fully able to stand by his rights and to enforce their recognition, because he is a man that his employers will not willingly lose.

This is the day of the workingman, and the prosperity of the country cannot be otherwise than his prosperity if he will only grasp his opportunity and use it as he should. If he but does so, the process of readjustment will be wonderfully easy, and prosperity, instead of being at the mercy of a few capitalists who find it to their interest to create or dissolve gigantic combinations, will be a settled condition, because it will rest upon the broad and permanent basis of honesty, economy, efficiency and steady production.

NOTES

THE "Second Annual Exhibition of American Bronzes" opened at the Macbeth Galleries in New York on December ninth. Eighteen sculptors were represented, six of them women. It is interesting that this most intimate of the plastic arts should show so large a presentation of women's work, and doubly interesting that the work should reveal so wide a variation in subject and technique. Nearly all of the younger school of men and women sculptors were represented, and a most significant individuality was felt throughout the exhibition. Chester

Beach showed some fine imaginative pieces, "The Waterfall," "The Wood Nymph," "The Spray"—all expressing a certain wild fancy, exquisite grace of body swaying to poetic emotion—not quite creatures of the water and winds, but full of the beauty of and joy in nature. Miss Abastenia Eberle exhibited four figures of exceptional beauty, a "Bacchante" suggesting Miss Duncan's dancing in its exquisite movement and vigor, a "Hurdy-Gurdy Dancer," "A Portrait" and "Skipping Rope." The latter a figure of a child, so full of joy and frolic and the exhilaration of youth that it is positively radiant with life. More and more one counts on Miss Eberle as one of the American sculptors who will develop the art of her own land with fearlessness and beauty. It was good to see so many of Mr. E. W. Deming's bronzes together. For he, too, will be counted among the artists who have had the courage of their impulse and nationality. His animals are most convincingly, sensitively modeled and always faintly humorous, lovingly so, as this phase of art should be. His "Toiler of the Plain" is a strong symbolic figure, the history of one decade of our civilization, which destroyed as it grew. There is terrible pathos in the bent worn figure.

A surprise and a very real pleasure was the collection of Mrs. Clio Bracken's work, a surprise because one does not often see this work, and a pleasure because of the delicately beautiful portrayal of the harmony of men and women with the great elemental condition of life, the sea and the wind, women and children all blend together into what she wishes to express of beauty as she sees it in all of life. A figure of exuberance, youth and rare grace is Mrs. Bracken's "Basket Ball Player." It is realism. It is the exact spring the vital young body would make for the overhead ball, and yet it is also poetical; the ideal beauty that such a movement could portray from finger tip to the elastic foot must have been in the mind of the artist. The lithe grace of the long sinuous lines brings one a taste of



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"SUNLIGHT BROOK": CHILDE
HASSAM, PAINTER.



"THE WATERMELON MAN": BLACK AND WHITE DRAWING, BY GEORGE BELLOWS.

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the same thrill that never fails at a glimpse of MacMonnies's "Bacchante." As a craftsman Mrs. Bracken's work in bronze is of especial interest. She evidently draws no very sharp dividing line between the fine and the industrial arts. And as we stop to consider how barren our lives are in this country of craft work that is permanent and beautiful and how much it would contribute to the richness of landscape, architecture and interior decoration we feel that too much praise cannot be given to the rare spirits who venture to hold in one hand both utility and beauty.

Excellent work was contributed by Arthur Putnam's group of animals, almost "poster" animals, they are done so simply and sketchily, but with all the apparent absence of effort there is the most extraordinary living quality modeled into these small figures. They give the impression of buoyancy which is essential to life, and are also almost intimate studies of whimsical animal character. Lucy F. Perkins's "Girl Playing Knuckle Bones" suggested Isadora Duncan in one of her dances in "Iphigenie en Aulide." In fact, one finds evidences of her influence on art in America many times in this season's exhibits.

IT is interesting, it is even remarkable, how much more alive Germany, through Mr. Hugo Reisinger, is to certain significant phases of American art than Americans themselves have been.

Within two days I have seen three striking pictures, the work of the younger school of American artists which have been selected for Berlin. The first was at the present Academy, W. J. Glackens's "Italian Parade," a picture full of color, light and reality, which could only have been painted by an American. It is not only typical of New York in atmosphere and subject, but it is the point of view of an American toward that kind of typical scene. It is beautiful and it is our kind of beauty. It is interesting to picture so definite an expression of American art in Berlin.

The two other pictures were the work of George Bellows, a painter so close to American life that you feel he might have failed of his present interesting achievement if he had even studied abroad. Fortunately he has studied only in this country, and fortunately for his art with Robert Henri,—an artist who is not striving to create a school of cheerful imitators, but whose aim as a master is to put such technique in the hands of his students as will liberate their individuality in any direction whatsoever. Mr. Bellows found in Mr. Henri's atelier the means of painting his own way, of putting on canvas the thing in life which interests him personally, in a way which seems most significant to him. His subjects are—a fleeting glimpse of boys bathing in the Hudson, wonderful light, and water quivering from shore to shore; a prize fight, deep shadows, eager faces distorted with interest in raw life, crude material done swiftly and vividly; a strange "Summer Night, Riverside," all glowing luminous greens and blues (this for Berlin); the North River in many lights and seasons; "The Bridge," a surprising color study, also for Berlin. Mr. Bellows prefers color, "it is easier" for him, he says, yet he must also unquestionably be classed among the significant American illustrators, for his feeling for actual life, all conditions of it, is so sane, so true, so humorous, that he registers life unerringly in black and white, and because unerringly, beautifully.

THE first single-man exhibit at the Macbeth Gallery this season is of Childe Hassam's work, a very complete and varied exhibition of one of the most original of American painters. Although you feel that Mr. Hassam handles each subject with a technique and color especially adapted to it, throughout the collection of his work there seems always the one underlying interest of painting light ineffably, and all subjects become of value only as they afford opportunity to snatch from Nature her secret of light,—almost every canvas is a different truth about

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light,—in “The Park and the Plaza,—April Evening,” is a light so tender, so mellow and suffusing as to embrace and half-hide the young trees, the building, the horizon, a light kindly as love; in “The Village at Yarmouth” again a diffused light, but clearer, the silver of springtime, of youth, a light that suggests perfume and pale greens and casements open wide; through “Sunlight Brook” a brilliant light is caught and held back by masses of foliage, it streaks the branches and splashes down on the moving waters, a quivering light, uncertain, leaving deep shadows as it passes; all of “Bornero Hill, Old Lyme,” is bathed in light, yellow, soft, the friendly glow one remembers always of Connecticut summer and early autumn; what peace and beauty born of well-executed light is felt upon that old village street called “Old Elms,” there is autumn color all aglow, the sun, the weakened oldish sun of autumn, pours down a steady stream of light, which reflects up from the gold, red and brown of the leaves, until the whole surface trembles with the wonder one feels and loves in the late kind days of Indian Summer.

A more subtle note seems to have crept into Mr. Hassam's painting of the nude out of doors. Often we have resented the large beautiful, sharply outlined nude women who unexpectedly and unhappily intruded upon a scene of sylvan beauty. But in the canvases in this exhibit there are tiny figures of shadowy outlines, fairy people who belong at the edge of hidden pools, strange tiny woodland forms, exquisite in tone, adding a new note of color beauty to the more ardent tones of nature as Mr. Hassam sees it.

AN important early winter exhibit at Knoedler's was a brilliant collection of paintings by Frederic Remington, Western scenes (with which his name is connected the world over), small landscapes, mainly of the Adirondacks, and a portrait of Maj.-General Wood, U. S. A.

The progress in Remington's work from season to season is always a fresh wonder to the thoughtful critic. For so often he

has seemed to say the final word in presenting the Western phase of early American life. He has made us see and understand the Indian, his civilization, a beautiful one, his religion, his philosophy, his art. Through Remington's sincerity and sympathy and art we have slowly relinquished the cherished Indian of dime novel fiction and accepted the truth. We had begun to feel that one could scarcely ask more of one man than to do this well, with rare technical excellence. But this year he has done more; he has given us rather the essence of life itself than its material expression. The Indians are there and the cowboy and the soldier, but they are incidental to the painting of the great West itself, the simple elements of its beauty, the sun-drenched air, the crisp biting prairie winds, the night, still with shadows or cut with light,—the vast splendid elemental beauties of Nature born in the beginning of worlds, and presented so simply that even the word technique seems an elaborate expression for the fine plain methods employed.

JUST as we are going to press we learn with the greatest sorrow of the death of Frederic Remington, which occurred Christmas Eve at his home in Ridgefield, Conn. Mr. Remington's paintings have always been regarded by *THE CRAFTSMAN* as of unusual significance to American art conditions. He was one of the very first of the artists in this country to show the courage of his convictions in regard to the possibility of an American art. He studied in this country exclusively, and all his earlier paintings were of Western scenes and essentially American conditions. He is undoubtedly responsible for the interest which has been awakened in the artistic conscience in America toward the North American Indian and his environment. To those who have appreciated Mr. Remington's work and followed it with critical interest there has been no question of the progress of the technique of his art in the last few years. An article

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written about Mr. Remington, which appeared in *THE CRAFTSMAN* of March, 1909, was pronounced by him as the most satisfactory presentation of his work and point of view ever published. How greatly he might have continued to contribute to the progress of art in America it is difficult to say. He was still a young man, as workers go, and seemingly with the purpose of even greater achievement deep in his heart.

THE winter season of the Albright Art Gallery at the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy opened in November with a number of separate exhibitions of work by different artists, consisting of oil paintings, figures and landscapes, by Hugo Ballin, water-color landscapes by Walter A. Palmer, N.A., oil paintings, mostly French landscapes by Henry Golden Dearth, and a small collection of oils by Louis Paul Dessar. This series was followed early in December by a retrospective exhibition of paintings by John Alexander, N. A., a smaller showing of Italian landscapes in oils by Hermann Dudley Murphy, and a collection of small bronzes, the first exhibition of sculpture ever held in the Albright Art Gallery. Many of the best-known American sculptors contributed to this exhibition, which is also to be shown later in Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis and several other cities.

THE Cincinnati Museum has announced a special exhibition of paintings in tempera methods by George Haushalter. The work shown was in five groups, water tempera, dry fresco, tempera with plaster, the method practiced in Venice during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and oil painting from its invention to modern practice.

AN exhibition of rare English mezzotints in black and white and engravings printed in colors were shown in December by W. Wunderlich & Co., who have also announced the publication of a new etching, "St. Etienne, Beauvais," by Hedley Fitton.

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art has recently received as a gift from Mrs. Russell Sage, the entire collection of American furniture and the allied arts gathered together by Mr. Eugene Bolles. Some of these pieces were shown in the American section of the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition. Mr. Bolles has spent twenty-five years in bringing together this collection, which covers a period extending from the earliest settlements in New England to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Many of the pieces are still in their original condition and others have been carefully restored. Altogether, the collection is a significant one and will be a valuable addition to the Museum.

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THE unifying and constructive spiritual force called good will, as applied to the complex problems of modern civilization, is the keynote of Charles F. Dole's latest book, "The Ethics of Progress." The same spirit of kindly optimism that has distinguished Mr. Dole's former utterances upon kindred subjects is even more pronounced in this book, and whether or not we agree entirely with the theories it advances, we must admit that it is eminently convincing as well as inspiring. The setting forth of the truth that good will in all its phases and applications is the principle that ultimately governs all ethical questions, is avowedly the author's reason for writing this book, the substance of which was given in a course of lectures before the Brooklyn Institute two years ago. While it is a philosophical rather than a religious work, laying down lines of thought that may be applied without prejudice by anyone who desires to realize the highest values in life, the author's theory of ethics comes very close to being a deeply religious conception of life, duty and development, both individual and social. He holds that under the name of ethics are included the most profoundly interesting questions which concern human welfare, in that the

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subject involves our philosophy of life, touches every question of religion and presides over the details of each man's daily conduct. Therefore, the purpose of this book is to find a science of human conduct that corresponds with the present needs and social relations of civilized men, meeting the enlarging requirements of true civilization.

The restlessness of modern thought, ever seeking for something that shall explain and interpret moral evil and unhappiness and give us a foundation of truth that will satisfy the keenly intellectual as well as the devotional temperament, underlies the ethical change and confusion of the present day. The commingling of all the nations of the earth, the interchange of thought, the revival of the ancient wisdom religion and the new teachings of physical science, have combined to let new light into the minds of men to such an extent that they are calling for tremendous readjustment of our modes of thought and our relations to each other and to social conditions. Thinkers are demanding a moral code that is commensurate with the needs of the present age, and the purpose of this book is to study the infinitely complex conditions of today with a view to finding a fundamental truth from which such a code may be developed.

This fundamental truth, as Mr. Dole sees it, is the vital principle of good will, the presence of which in the human mind indicates the divine spark in human nature and the application of which to any problem whatsoever sets one far on the road to its solution. After a careful study of the evolution of ethics, the author outlines the possibilities that lie in the application to all the affairs of life, small and great, of the simple doctrine of good will; its effect upon the conscience and its influence in determining the nature of right, and its strength in dealing with the problems of evil and sin and other vexed questions of human nature. The realm of casuistry is reviewed briefly, yet comprehensively, and the book ends with a group of chapters which treat clearly and suc-

cinctly our present-day problems and the way they might be affected by the application of a moral code that should be an expression of fundamental good will. ("The Ethics of Progress or the Theory and the Practice by which Civilization Proceeds." By Charles F. Dole. 398 pages. Price \$1.50 net. Published by Thos. Y. Crowell & Company, New York.)

A new and beautiful edition of Kingsley's charming classic, "The Water Babies," has recently been imported from England by The Macmillan Company. It is a large book and one that will win the admiration of old and young readers alike, for it is profusely illustrated with reproductions from original water-color drawings by Warwick Goble. The story itself is one of the immortals, and beyond comment in these days when we wonder how a man ever lived who could get so close to the inmost heart of things and talk with such exquisite simplicity and loving-kindness of what he felt and saw. The pictures are new and delightful, and will help to give definite form to the dreams of many an imaginative young brain. ("The Water Babies." By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated in color by Warwick Goble. 274 pages. Price, \$5.00. Imported by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

IN the editorial article on town planning, which appeared in the preceding issue of this magazine, we quoted freely from Mr. Raymond Unwin's recently published book, "Town Planning in Practice," which as yet is not to be had in this country except by order from England. As many people are interested in this subject and may want to know the book, we append here the name and address of the English publisher, although of course the book may be ordered through any American dealer. ("Town Planning in Practice: An Introduction to the Art of Designing Cities and Suburbs." By Raymond Unwin. Illustrated with half-tones, line drawings and maps. 403 pages. Price, 21 shillings. Published by T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace, London, England.)

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MANUAL training along practical lines is the object of a little text book entitled "Woodwork for Schools on Scientific Lines." This is an English publication intended for either class work or private study, and the method of instruction employed is intended to develop the general intelligence of the pupil, while giving all due attention to the practical side of the training. The aim of the book is to link the classroom with the laboratory and the workshop, and to provide the pupil with a course of manual work which will increase his stock of general information at the same time that it enables him to produce useful results. The instructions are brief and clear, and the illustrations and diagrams will be of great assistance in comprehending the directions. Questions and suggestions are appended to each lesson with the idea of defining in the pupil's mind the theoretical side of the work. ("Woodwork." By J. T. Baily and S. Pollitt. Illustrated. 56 pages. Price 75 cents. American edition published by the Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill.)

AMATEUR carpenters and cabinet makers will be interested in "Problems in Wood-Turning," a book that deals in a simple and practical way with the various methods employed in using the chisel, gouge and spindle in wood-turning; the right way to handle each tool and the reason for it; the principles of design that dictate the shaping of the curves, and a number of ways of applying these principles. The book includes a collection of good mechanical drawings, offering a series of problems in wood-turning, so graduated that the student who masters them all will have acquired a good general knowledge of the art.

A fairly comprehensive idea of the theory of mechanical drawing may be gained by any student who will study with attention another book in this same group of works on the manual arts. It is entitled "Simplified Mechanical Perspective," and instructs the worker in the art of

laying out a perspective diagram and of finding the perspective of furniture and interiors; as well as of circles and oblique lines. The principles are demonstrated in a number of interesting problems which should give the student a fairly good grasp of the subject. ("Problems in Wood-Turning." By Fred D. Crawshaw. 35 pages of text. Illustrated. 25 plates. Price \$1. "Simplified Mechanical Perspective." By Frank Forrest Frederick. 54 pages. Illustrated. Price 75 cents. Both published by the Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill.)

A need usually suggests some means of satisfying it, and it is to this truth that we owe some of the most useful and valuable of our books. From the viewpoint of a child and of one who is interested in the healthy development of children, one of the best books that has appeared for many a day is "The Children's Book of Gardening," written because of the inspiration given by the questions of a real child who loved his garden and wanted to know more about it. An effort was made to find this little boy a book that could answer his small problems in horticulture, but a thorough search revealed the fact that none were in existence that took up gardening from the child's point of view and supplied the instruction a child could understand and use. The lack of such a work instantly suggested to Mrs. Sidgwick and Mrs. Paynter, two English ladies who had gardens of their own and had studied thoroughly the lore of gardening, that it might be well to write a book on gardening that a child could understand and profit by, in that he could make a practical application of the instructions and information given him about his garden.

That is exactly what this book does. It is not meant to entertain children but to tell them how to make things grow in their own little garden plots, and the very straightforwardness and simplicity of these instructions make them most inspiring to anyone interested in flowers. All

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the simple, hardy plants are dealt with, and careful directions are given as to the care and treatment of the soil and the management of seeds and bulbs. The book is illustrated with color plates from drawings by Mrs. Cayley-Robinson, which are in themselves quaint and charming enough to interest any child. ("The Children's Book of Gardening." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick and Mrs. Paynter. Illustrated in color. 232 pages. Price \$2 net. Imported by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A group of books setting forth the possibilities of concrete construction has been issued by the Atlas Portland Cement Company. One of these deals with concrete houses and cottages, a subject to which two volumes are devoted, the first illustrating a number of large residences built of concrete, while the other shows small houses and cottages. The illustrations are admirable and are accompanied by clearly detailed floor plans. As a supplement to this work is a smaller book devoted to concrete garages, the half-tone illustrations showing actual buildings, and the drawings and diagrams the method of using the material. Full directions and specifications are given in the text, and this book as well as the larger one should be very helpful to builders. Two other volumes are devoted to "Concrete in Highway Construction" and "Concrete in Railroad Construction," the first-mentioned showing the value of this material for the building of sidewalks and pavings, as well as bridges, retaining walls, culverts and the many structures necessary to well-kept highways. The book dealing with the use of concrete in railroad construction is very comprehensive, and goes into technical details with sufficient particularity to make it very helpful to any engineer in charge of railroad construction. ("Concrete Houses and Cottages" in two volumes. Illustrated. Price \$1.00 per volume. "Concrete in Garages." Illustrated. "Concrete in Railroad Construction." Illustrated. Price \$1.00. "Concrete in High-

way Construction." Price \$1.00. All published by the Atlas Portland Cement Company, New York.)

A number of new and interesting possibilities for concrete are developed in a small book entitled "Concrete Pottery and Garden Furniture." In this book the use of concrete for work that is ordinarily done with clay or plaster is handled in a way that is most interesting, for it not only goes into the making of a number of decorative forms, but also treats of colored cements and practical methods of working out designs in color upon tiles, garden vases, flower boxes, fountains, sun dials and the like. For some of the simpler forms the concrete is built up on a foundation of woven wire lath, which is made into the desired shape and then covered in the usual way; for more complex forms methods are used as in the case of plaster. Many illustrations and diagrams are given, the former being full of suggestions for interesting work and the latter showing very clearly how it is done. ("Concrete Pottery and Garden Furniture." By Ralph C. Davison. Illustrated. 190 pages. Price \$1.50. Published by Munn & Company, New York.)

A work that is encyclopedic in the amount of information it contains is "Spon's Workshop Receipts," intended for the use of manufacturers, mechanics and amateur workers of all kinds. The publishers have just issued a new edition of this work for the reason that the five large volumes to which the original workshop receipts have grown during the past few years have become unwieldy for ordinary use. Therefore, the whole work has been revised by competent editors and experts who have reduced the vast mass of receipts and trade secrets to greater regularity and more accessible alphabetical arrangement. In the new edition a good deal of obsolete information has been eliminated; the sections dealing with handicrafts have been revised and all the remaining matter has been subjected to

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careful revision. As it stands now, the workingman or craftworker can turn to it as authority for information on any subject that is in any way related to work. The first two volumes of the revised edition are now ready. ("Spon's Workshop Receipts." Volumes 1 and 2. About 540 pages in a volume. Price per volume \$1.50. American edition published by Spon & Chamberlain, New York.)

THE student of lettering will find much help in "Modern Lettering, Artistic and Practical," a book which contains a course of instruction for artists, architects, sign writers and decorators in the construction of pen and ink designs for all manner of commercial uses. These instructions are founded on sound principles of lettering, so that, while the fancy of the artist is left free to develop such forms as appeal to him, he is given the aid of sound training in the fundamental principles of design with reference to lettering. The book is illustrated with full-page plates of lettering and in addition to these there are many drawings and diagrams by the author, illustrating the different points he brings out in the text. ("Modern Lettering, Artistic and Practical." By William Heyny. Illustrated. 134 pages. Price \$2. Published by Wm. T. Comstock, New York.)

N. Hudson Moore has added another useful little volume to the well-known series entitled "Collectors' Hand Books." This latest addition is entitled "Delftware: Dutch and English," and gives an excellent idea, not only of the ware and its characteristics, but of the quaint makers who earned their living by producing dishes and tiles that were to them everyday affairs, but are now reckoned among the most precious treasures of collectors and museums. ("Delftware: Dutch and English." By N. Hudson Moore. Illustrated with engravings from photographs. 74 pages. Price \$1 net. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

A suggestive book for the home builder is "Houses for Town or Country," a volume that gives a comprehensive view of the American architecture of today, showing its many styles and their derivations and the kinds of houses that are suited to different parts of the country. The book is lucidly written, evidencing an admirable understanding of the subject, and is illustrated with numerous half-tone plates showing some of the most attractive and individual houses and gardens in this country. ("Houses for Town or Country." By William Herbert. Illustrated. 249 pages. Price \$2 net. Published by Duffield & Company, New York.)

AN idea in house building that has found much favor in England is suggested for this country in a book entitled "Two-Family and Twin Houses," designed for use in cities, villages or suburbs. The work is compiled by the editor of the Architects' and Builders' Magazine, and the designs are contributed by architects from all parts of the country, so that a variety of excellent ideas in the building of semi-detached houses may be found here. The love of privacy in home life is kept always in mind in designing these dwellings, which are in every case adapted to the requirements of two or more families in such a way that each family will have uninterrupted enjoyment of its own portion of the house. Many illustrations are given, with floor plans and descriptive text, and several details and specifications showing the cost of building. ("Two-Family and Twin Houses." Selected and compiled by the editor of the Architects' and Builders' Magazine. Illustrated. 127 pages. Price \$2. Published by Wm. T. Comstock, New York.)

MECHANICS who have sufficient interest in their work to study its principles will find much help in "A Hand Book for Mechanics." This is a text book which explains, in a clear, simple and concise way, the established rules for calculation; familiarizes the reader with the

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various technical terms and their meaning, and is in itself such a course of instruction that it imparts the knowledge necessary to enable the man who has not had many educational advantages to read with understanding more advanced scientific work. The style of the book is clear and pleasant, no attempt having been made to limit the text to the rigid brevity of the average text book on mathematics or physics. ("A Hand Book of General Instruction for Mechanics, Containing Useful Rules and Memoranda for Practical Men." By Franklin E. Smith. Illustrated with drawings and diagrams. 328 pages. Price \$1.50 net. Published by D. Van Nostrand Company, New York.)

THE series of helpful little books entitled "Masterpieces of Handicraft" has been enriched by three volumes devoted to rare old china. These volumes are similar in size and style to the "Masterpieces in Color" series, and, like this more familiar set of books, are edited by T. Leman Hare. The three books under consideration are all written by Mr. Egan Mew, and treat respectively of Old Bow china, old Chinese porcelain, and Royal Sèvres china. All are amply illustrated with half-tone and color plates, as well as diagrams showing the marks. The text is comparatively brief, but clear and authoritative, affording much information to the student or collector of old china. ("Old Chinese Porcelain." "Old Bow China." "Royal Sèvres China." All by Egan Mew. "Masterpieces of Handicraft" series. Edited by T. Leman Hare. Each volume illustrated with 8 color plates and 8 half-tone plates. 90 pages each. Price \$1 per volume. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.)

MODELING in clay or wax is admitted to be one of the best methods of training the hand and eye of a child to accuracy in the matter of form. Furthermore, it is one of the most delightful occupations that can be given to a child either at home or at school, and work in the

clay often develops an astonishing amount of unsuspected ability. An excellent hand book for teachers of modeling is "Clay Work," one of a group of books on the several manual arts, suitable for work in the schools. This book contains a number of illustrations showing good models that range from the simplest forms up to those that require a good deal of skill. These include work in the round, in high and low relief, and incised designs worked out in tiles. ("Clay Work." A Hand Book for Teachers. By Katherine Morris Lester. 94 pages. Illustrated. Price \$1.00. Published by the Manual Arts Press, Peoria.)

A book that should be of much help to teachers and also to parents who are sufficiently interested in the healthy development of their children to make a study of the subject, is "Games for the Playground, Home, School and Gymnasium," by Jessie H. Bancroft, the assistant director of physical training for the public schools of New York City. After an introduction, which presents in succinct form a clear idea of the elements of games, the varying modes of play and the uses and values of different kinds of games to the all-round development of the child, the author gives some general directions addressed to the teacher of games in either the school or the home. Then follow the general rules of fair play, and the remainder of the large book is devoted to detailed descriptions of, and directions for, games for small children; for older children; for boys' and girls' summer camps; for house parties and country clubs; for children's parties, and for the seashore. The illustrations are carefully chosen with a view to making these instructions even clearer. The book is a sort of "Hoyle" of children's games and should be invaluable to the teacher and organizer. ("Games for the Playground, Home, School and Gymnasium." By Jessie H. Bancroft. Illustrated. 456 pages including index. Price \$1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

