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See page 433.

ACCORD. BY CHARLES HAAG

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME X

JULY, 1906

NUMBER 4

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San Francisco the Imperishable

ALL readers, patrons and subscribers to *Sunset Magazine*, the San Francisco publication, will be interested extremely in the announcement that is made regarding the articles, contributions, photographs and pictures which will appear in the future issues of this periodical.

THE June-July number, which will be the first issue since the Great Fire, will contain probably the most accurate account of the recent San Francisco disaster that has yet appeared in print. The publishers consider that they are warranted in making this statement in view of the fact that the magazine is published on the actual scene of the cataclysm.

IN addition to this, there will be a number of articles devoted to this subject which is interesting the whole world. San Francisco's present plight and prospects, certain sides of the catastrophe which have not before been presented to the public, and, especially, the lines of construction along which San Francisco will be rehabilitated and rebuilt, are some of the notable features of the June-July issue.

A MESSAGE of greeting is sent by the publishers with the announcement that in spite of everything, *Sunset* intends, with the aid of the twin powers of Pluck and Progress, and Enthusiasm allied with Enterprise, to regain its standard of excellence in typographic, artistic and literary lines, and while this may require a little time, the patience and good will of all are requested.

YOU are asked to join the ranks of our subscribers and watch through the pages of the magazine the growth, the reconstruction and finally the unrivaled completion of the New San Francisco.

THE offices of *Sunset Magazine* are temporarily located in the Ferry Building, San Francisco. Your subscription will be most appreciated and very acceptable.



THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME X JULY, 1906 NUMBER 4

BUILDING A NEW CITY—DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO BRINGS "THE BURNHAM PLAN" INTO FRESH PROMINENCE



WHEN the great emergency came it found San Francisco ready. The indomitable spirit that hardly waited for the ground to cease shaking and the blaze to die down before sending out to other cities the now famous telegraphic orders for architects, draughtsmen and structural materials was not acting merely on a blind impulse of courage in the face of frightful calamity, it was grasping at once the opportunity to put into effect the well-ordered plan of reconstruction that had been under consideration for nearly two years, and that, under ordinary circumstances, could not have been brought about for generations.

It is all a thrice-told tale—the tragedy of earthquake and fire, the suffering of thousands, the immense losses, the more immense energy and pluck that faced them and made the best of them. The whole civilized world has read and shuddered and applauded, and now the one question is: Will the Burnham plan be carried out? The fact that Mr. Burnham, just returned to Chicago from Europe, went at once to San Francisco in response to an urgent telegram from the Committee of Fifty and is now hard at work upon some necessary alterations in the plan already submitted and accepted, is a strong indication that the reconstruction will be upon the general lines mapped out while San Francisco was still standing and it was thought that the change must come gradually, if at all.

The widespread ruin has given to the "builder of cities" the opportunity of his life. When the plan was made it was necessarily with reference to the existing arrangement, ugly and commonplace as it was. Now streets and buildings are alike wiped out, removing nearly all the fetters of existing conditions. The few public and business buildings left standing are not sufficient to hamper seriously the plan

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of reconstruction, and the great architect has practically a free hand. The only danger lies in the natural haste of business men to run up some sort of a building as quickly as possible and get to work again, but this is being given the fullest consideration and the chances seem to be in favor of action that will meet all the requirements of despatch and yet not interfere materially with the beauty of the future San Francisco.

The greater part of the plan will probably remain unchanged. The burned area covers only about one-tenth of the territory within the city limits, which extend over forty-one square miles, and there is no need for alteration outside the destroyed business district. The opportunity for changing the rectangular blocks into a plan that conforms more to the remarkable site of this "City of a Hundred Hills" is now so much greater within this district that Mr. Burnham will undoubtedly avail himself of it, but the rest of the scheme could hardly be bettered. The limits of the burned district contain the proposed Civic Center, about a mile of the water front, a portion of several of the diagonal avenues, and a few of the terraces and curving roadways around the hills. The chance for remodeling is here, and here lies the danger of spoiling the central features of the great scheme by hasty rebuilding on the old sites.

AS matters stand, it must necessarily be but a short time before the details of a new plan for the business part of the city are in shape to act upon, as rebuilding is even now in progress. The streets, cleared of debris, are ready for widening, grading and extending according to the unanimously adopted report of the committee in charge of that department, and material is being rushed for the construction of new steel buildings with firmly anchored walls, calculated to stand against future seismic disturbances. The lesson of the earthquake seemed to be in favor of skyscrapers, as these suffered so much less than the lower and more solid structures, but, fortunately for the beauty of the future city of Burnham's dream, a new building ordinance limits the height of the tallest block to two and a half times the width of the street upon which it fronts, and decrees that department stores and buildings without partitions shall not exceed one hundred and two feet. So perhaps it would be better to say that the earthquake has taught San Francisco the value of buildings with

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steel frames and well-anchored walls as against structures of wood, brick, stone and the "modern adobe" so much used in Mission architecture. Reinforced concrete will probably be the building material most in demand now, as its power to resist earthquakes has been so well demonstrated.

The problem of Chinatown the picturesque, crowded and filthy, has yet to be solved. Mr. Burnham and the Association for the Improvement and Adornment of San Francisco want the Chinese to go—as far at least as the site planned for a new Oriental city outside of the business center of San Francisco, but the Chinese politely and firmly decline to move. A syndicate of Hong Kong merchants is willing to undertake the rebuilding of Chinatown, but the Six Companies declare that if the location is changed in accordance with the plan of the new city Chinatown will move altogether to some other city on the coast and take its trade with it.

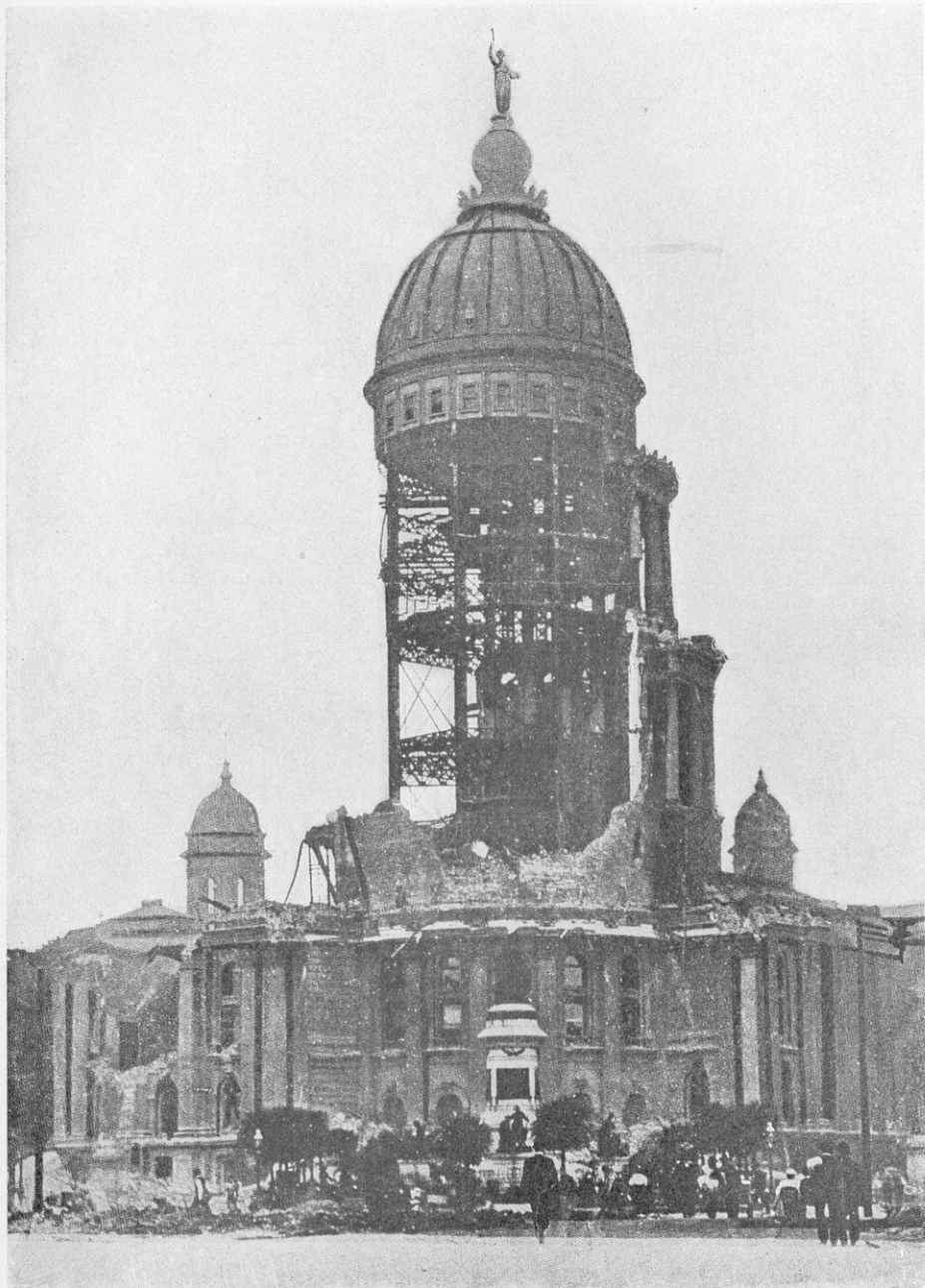
If it is carried out according to his plan, the rebuilding of San Francisco will mean the world-wide and lasting fame of Daniel H. Burnham, already known as "the builder of cities," from his part in the great schemes for remodeling and beautifying Washington, Cleveland and the water front of Chicago. He was summoned in 1904 by the Association for the Improvement and Adornment of San Francisco and requested to prepare a plan for the reconstruction of the entire city. He and his helpers were installed in a bungalow built on the commanding heights of Twin Peaks, and there they worked for a year or more, submitting at last a report of which the substance was incorporated in an article by Dr. Herbert E. Law, of San Francisco, published in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for January, 1906. Demands for extra copies of the January *CRAFTSMAN* began to pour in within a few days after the San Francisco disaster, with the result that the edition was soon exhausted. As the article is absolutely authoritative, it has been used by a number of other periodicals as a basis for recent accounts of the probable reconstruction of the city, and *THE CRAFTSMAN* has received many requests for its re-publication since the exhaustion of the January issue made it impossible to comply with any more demands for extra copies. Wishing to comply with these requests, and because recent events have given to the article the much-increased value of absolute timeliness, it has been decided to reprint the greater part of it, showing exactly what were the plans accepted only a few months before the destruction of San Francisco.

BUILDING A NEW CITY

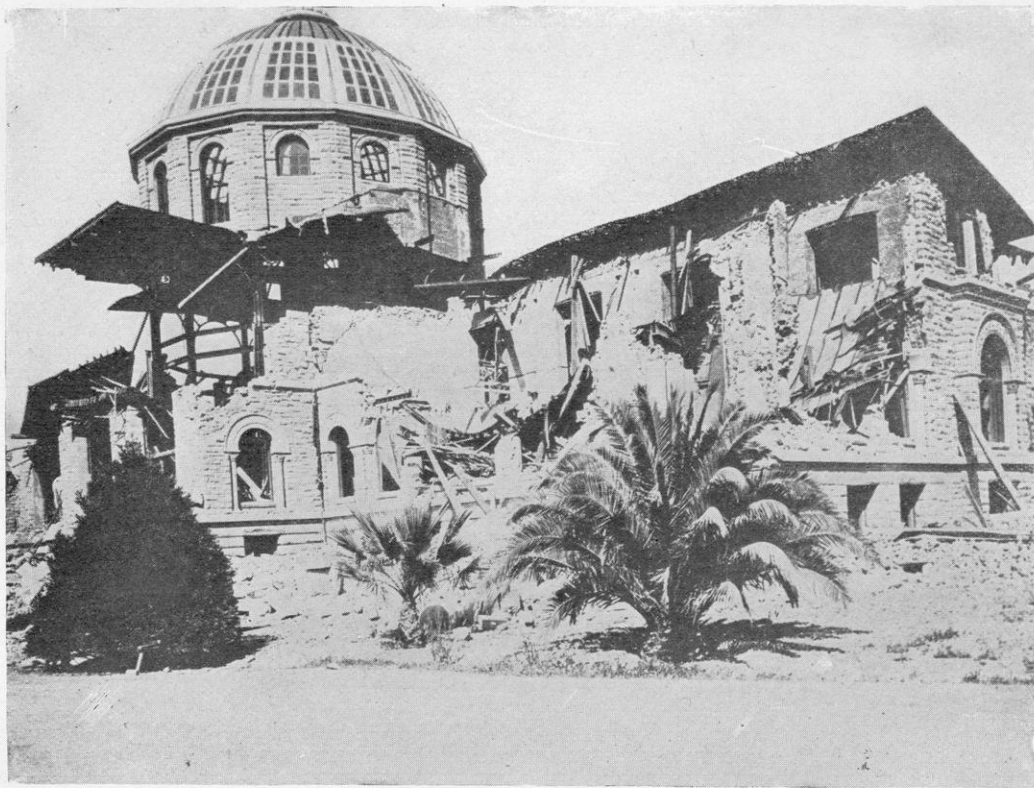
BEFORE detailing something of Mr. Burnham's plans it will be well to point out briefly the topographical peculiarities of San Francisco. Unlike many Eastern cities, whose means of communication with the surrounding country are evenly divided among their radial arteries, San Francisco is situated at the extremity of a peninsula forming the northern outlet of the great Santa Clara Valley. A break in the Coast Range Mountains, a little over a mile in width, has joined the ocean and the bay at Golden Gate Straits. Down the western side of the peninsula run the low hills of the Coast Range, its base lapped by the Pacific Ocean. To the north and east the city is bounded by San Francisco Bay, which follows the peninsula southerly on the eastern side for nearly fifty miles. Thus the city can, in the future, develop only to the south.

The other peculiarity is the hilly formation of the city and the manner in which the streets have been cut through. San Francisco has been aptly called the City of a Hundred Hills. The approach by water either from the north or east gives a vivid idea of this conformation. At first view from the bay the city looks like a checker board, marked in every direction by what seem to be ditches, cut at right angles. These are later seen to be streets. One of the most difficult things will be the modification of these rectangular streets, especially in the hilly districts. To this we will return later.

The core of the New San Francisco is to be the Civic Center, located at and about the geographical center of the city—the junction of Van Ness Avenue, the principal boulevard, running north and south, and Market Street, the city's main artery, extending east and west. About the Civic Center, within a radius of a dozen square blocks, will be housed the administrative and intellectual life of the city, including: The Post Office, a new \$2,500,000 building just completed; the City Hall, the grounds of which will be enlarged and co-ordinated with the scheme, and the Public Library. The proposed buildings for the Civic Center are: The Opera House, the Concert Hall, the Municipal Theatre, the Academy of Art, the Museum of Art, a Technological and Industrial School, the Museum of Natural History, the Academy of Music, an Exhibition Hall, and an Assembly Hall. Says Mr. Burnham: "These buildings, composed in esthetic and economical relation, should face on the avenue forming the perimeter of distribution and on the radial arteries within, and in par-

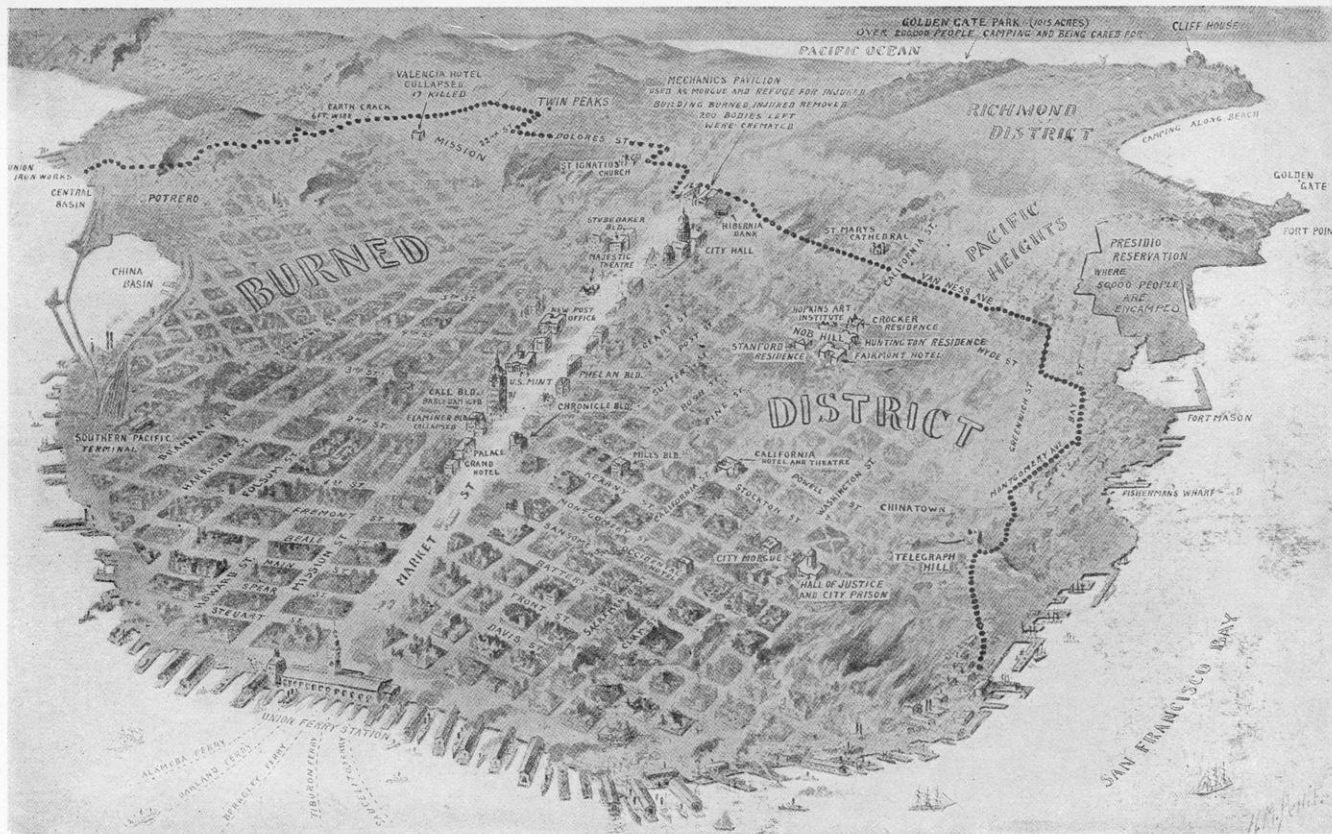


REMAINS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL,
WHICH COST \$7,000,000.



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THE OBSERVATORY OF LELAND STANFORD
UNIVERSITY SHATTERED BY THE EARTHQUAKE

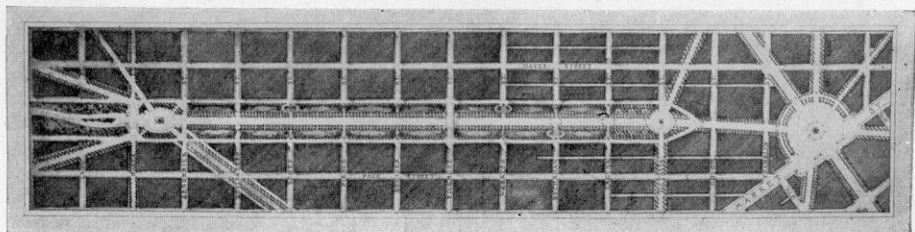


Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly.

SHOWING THE OVERWHELMING
DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO



PROPOSED TERRACE AND DRILL-GROUND
AT THE PRESIDIO



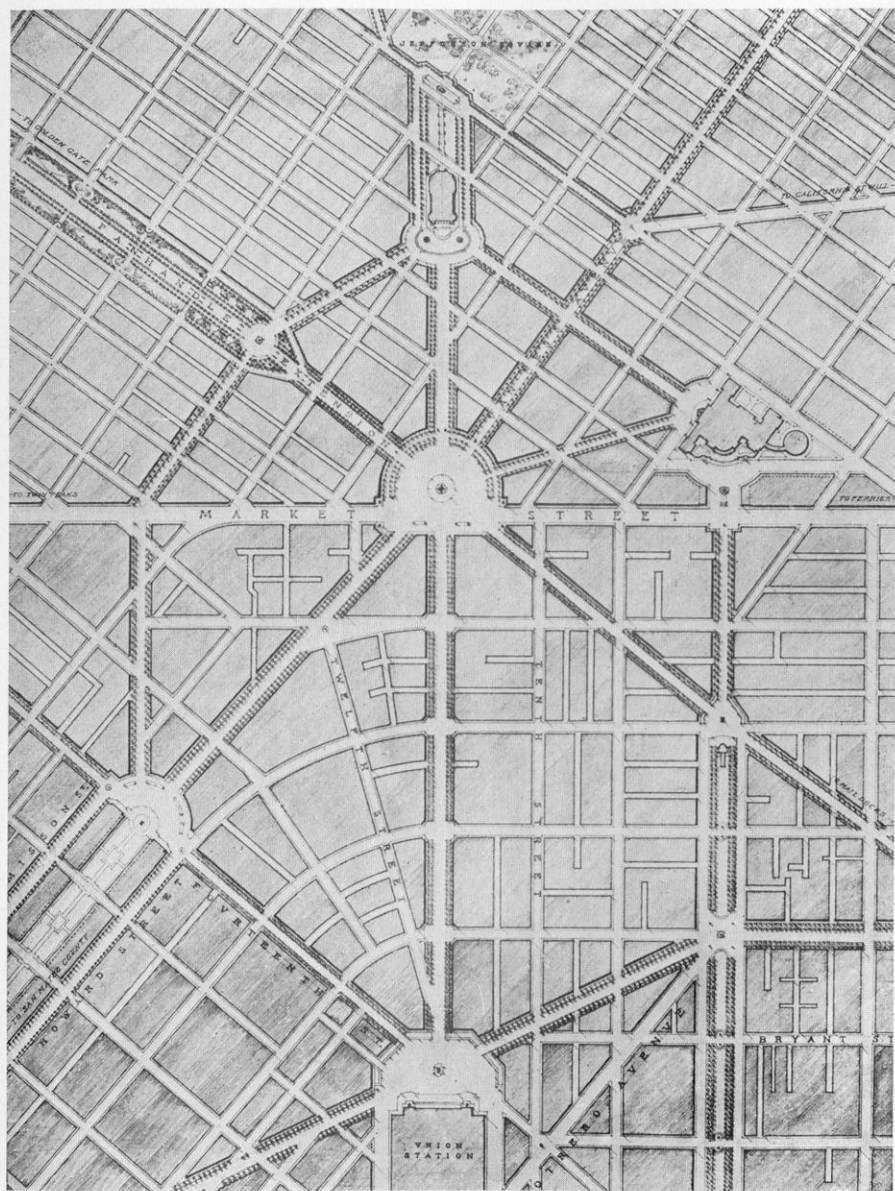
PANHANDLE EXTENSION FROM PARK
TO CIVIC CENTER



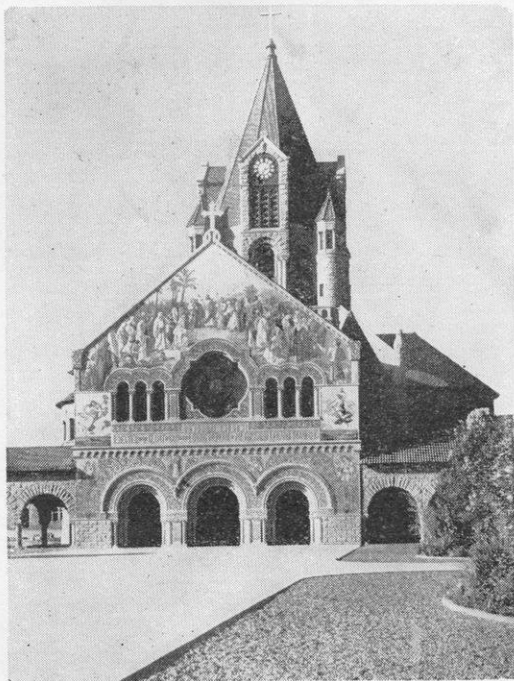
MAP OF PENINSULA
SHOWING PROPOSED ROADS



MAP OF THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO
SHOWING STREETS, ROADS AND PARKS
PLANNED BY MR. BURNHAM



PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER AND APPROACHES OF SAN FRANCISCO



STANFORD MEMORIAL CHAPEL, BUILT IN MEMORY OF HON. LELAND STANFORD BY HIS WIFE AT A COST OF \$1,000,000 FOR THE BUILDING AND \$600,000 FOR THE DECORATIONS, CONTAINING MANY BEAUTIFUL MOSAICS



MEMORIAL CHAPEL AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE. THIS CHAPEL, AS WELL AS THE ENTIRE UNIVERSITY, WILL BE RESTORED AS PROMPTLY AS MATERIAL AND WORKMEN CAN BE SECURED

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ticular on the public places formed by their intersection, and should have on all sides extensive settings, contributing to public rest and recreation and adapted to celebrations, etc." As to its architecture: "It must be vigorous if it is to hold its own and dominate the exaggerated sky-line of its surroundings. The climate of San Francisco admits of a bold style of architecture, for the atmosphere softens profiles and silhouettes. The column should be freely used as the governing *motif*."

The Civic Center is the hub, from which all spokes of communication will start and converge. Mr. Burnham suggests that a grand vestibule to the city—the Union Railway Station—should be placed on the chief radial line from it. Thus located the Union Station will be not more than ten minutes' ride from the city's center.

THIS chief radial line, striking south and west from the Civic Center, will be the Mission Boulevard, to meet the proposed reconstructed *Camino Real*, the old King's Highway, which traverses California north and south. As many more of these radial arteries are proposed as will be necessary for perfect intercommunication. They will all lead to the grand circular boulevard, the "periphery of communication," which will enclose the circumference of the city, a distance of thirty miles. Says Mr. Burnham: "To this embracing highway all streets will lead and access may be had from any one of them to another lying in a distant section by going out to this engirdling boulevard and following it until the street sought opens into it."

Golden Gate Park, lying on the city's western edge, comes down on the east with its "panhandle" to within fourteen blocks of Van Ness Avenue. Mr. Burnham plans great things for the Panhandle Extension and declares it to be of supreme importance. By it Market Street and the Civic Center will have direct communication with the city's main park.

Of diagonal roads and streets Mr. Burnham has made ample provision, always bearing in mind, however, that the rectangular arrangement must be upset as little as possible. For the hilly districts he has planned a system of contour roads at various levels, connected by inclined planes at easy grades. In places too steep for building, he recommends that park space should be interwoven with

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the houses; belvederes built and the summits crowned with foliage in the form of gardens or parks. Such treatment would work a veritable transformation in the best residence district and the hills of the Western Addition overlooking the bay and the ocean.

The city is already fairly well supplied with squares and more have been provided for in the recent bond issue. Mr. Burnham proposes an increased number to meet future requirements; well distributed so as to cover the southern and poorer residence district. The exact sites should be chosen with a view to emphasizing their importance. The treatment should be in accordance with one general idea, but individuality should nevertheless be preserved. In addition to the ordinary city squares, there is proposed a park for Telegraph Hill, a noted landmark overlooking the docks and shipping and the entire bay. Drill grounds are proposed for the Presidio and a great terrace on the west, commanding an unrivaled view of the Golden Gate.

As to the play-grounds, an ample provision has also been made. Their location is to be governed by density of population. They should be arranged for men, women and children, and they must be useful at all times and at all seasons. The scope of the play-grounds is wide; including social and athletic halls, swimming pools, dressing booths, etc. On the northern water front there are plans for open bay swimming, recreation piers and yacht harbors. Thus for the San Franciscan of the next generation and his children will be minimized the disadvantage to bodily development that city life entails.

MR. BURNHAM'S plans comprehend a treatment of the many beautiful eminences, to enhance both their artistic possibilities and their accessibility. Their tops are to be preserved, as much as possible, in a state of nature, and their slopes covered with trees and planted verdure. These hill-top parks are to have play-grounds for children, commanding beautiful and extensive views of the city. Mr. Burnham has the fine conception that children playing amid such surroundings will from their earliest years receive an unconscious but valuable esthetic training.

San Francisco is a city of one street. There is no parallel in the world where one street has so much importance as Market Street, broad and straight and nearly level, ending abruptly at Twin Peaks. But Mr. Burnham has conceived the idea of not permitting Market

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Street to stop there; he will have it skirt the hills until it reaches the top and thence descends by a broad boulevard system, with many beautiful sweeps, past Lake Merced, joining finally the great circular boulevard. The esthetic and practical advantages of Twin Peaks have been overlooked, perhaps because this eminence is one of the most common sights of the city—ever present to those who throng the city's thoroughfare. But Mr. Burnham has much to say of and to do with Twin Peaks, which will become not only a public park, but a center for great public fêtes, in which the natural beauties of the city and county would be the chief attraction.

Just back of Twin Peaks is a large, natural amphitheatre amid groves of trees, recalling by location the *Stadium* in the hills at Delphi. This is suitable for horse shows, polo matches, foot ball, etc. Nearby will be located an Academy for the accommodation of men in various intellectual and artistic pursuits. High in the hills grouped about is a site for an Athenaeum, which will receive a few of the city's chief art treasures. The Athenaeum will consist of courts, terraces and colonnaded shelters.

While planning thus for the largest and most beautiful effects, Mr. Burnham has not neglected the smaller and more practical details. He would have grass and the bright hued flowers which bloom so profusely in San Francisco planted to hide the ugliness of the fences. He would have small and suitable evergreen trees planted along the curbs. He says that the warmth may be increased and the wind and dust decreased by liberal tree planting, which has been hitherto generally neglected, as San Franciscans do not wish to cut off any sun-warmth, of which they never have too much.

An Art Commission is proposed to have charge of all matters pertaining to civic art and a partial list of matters for their control is enumerated: Public electric and gas poles and lamps, letter and fire-alarm boxes, safety stations, street name plates, electric signs, shop fronts, bill boards, etc. He would also vest in this commission some control over domestic architecture, with respect to the general effect on the unity of the block. Also the cornice height of buildings in the business districts; pavements, curbs, signs, monuments, fountains, etc. The restriction of heavy traffic is recommended to the care of another special commission, which should also aim at measures to facilitate communication and avoid congestion. Such matters as the location

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of hospitals and of the almshouse; the location and arrangement of cemeteries; increased dockage facilities, etc., are gone into.

All this which has been sketched is a large contract for even a large city to undertake. It will mean besides the doing of many new things, the more difficult overturning and undoing of much that has been done imperfectly or wrongly. Mr. Burnham does not minimize this. He has said: "It will take more years than we will live; it will take more millions than we can guess." But San Francisco is willing, that is the point. She is conscious of a great future. She is willing and ready to tax herself to meet it. Says Mr. Burnham, "We must not forget what San Francisco has become in ten years—what it is still further to become. The city looks toward a sure future wherein it will possess in inhabitants and money many times what it has now. It follows that we must not found the scheme on what has been so much as on what will be. We must remember that a meager plan will fall short of perfect achievement, while a great one will yield large results, even if it is never fully realized. Our purpose, therefore, is to stop at no line within the limits of practicability. Our scope must embrace the possibilities of development of the next fifty years." And again, "It is not to be supposed that all the work indicated can or ought to be carried out at once, or even in the near future. A plan beautiful and comprehensive enough for San Francisco can only be executed by degrees, as the growth of the community demands and as its financial ability allows."





From a special portrait made for THE CRAFTSMAN.

HENRIK IBSEN, THE GREAT NORWEGIAN DRAMATIST AND REFORMER, WHO DIED AT HIS HOME IN CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY, MAY 23RD, 1906. A PERSONAL SKETCH OF THIS SIGNIFICANT FIGURE IN MODERN LITERATURE, WITH A CRITICAL REVIEW OF HIS WORK AND HIS THEORY OF LIFE AND GOVERNMENT APPEARED IN THE CRAFTSMAN FOR JULY, 1905



THE STRUGGLE FOR MONEY. BY CHARLES HAAG

CHARLES HAAG—SCULPTOR OF TOIL—KINDRED SPIRIT TO MILLET AND MEUNIER: BY JOHN SPARGO



RT took a big step forward, a step toward its emancipation from the decay of convention and tradition, when Jean François Millet found the inspiration for his genius in the life and toil of the peasant, the common life of the world. Men have found in some of Millet's pictures a mighty protest against the existing social order. Markham read such a protest into, or out of, the "Man With a Hoe"; the *salon* critic in 1850 saw in "The Sower" a red communist flinging handfuls of shot against the sky in bitter, blind rebellion against God. But there was no protest in Millet's soul. He painted the peasant life because it was the life he knew best. "I have never had the idea of making any plea whatsoever, *Je suis paysan paysan.*"

With the Belgian painter and sculptor of toil, Constantin Meunier, it was the same. His famous picture, "Miners going to Work," was felt by many to be an artist's revolt against the tragedy and blackness depicted. The great black break-head; the tall stacks belching forth thick clouds of dense, devastating smoke and soot, spreading a pall of death over the face of the earth and darkening the sky above; the slow, hopeless movement of the convict miners on their way to work, created a feeling of revolt in thousands of souls. So, too, when he symbolized labor in his wonderful pieces of sculpture, men saw labor portrayed with its strength, its pain, its blight, and revolted. But Meunier had not aimed at that revolt. More sympathetic to the ideas of radicalism and the aspirations of the workers to a higher standard of life than Millet, he nevertheless felt nothing of the revolt himself, and aimed only at symbolizing the dignity and poetry of labor.

But Charles Haag, the Swedish sculptor, who is now settled in this country, finds inspiration for his art not merely in the common life of the world, but in its struggle. He is a kindred spirit to Millet and Meunier, and there is much in his work which strongly resembles theirs. There are resemblances of method and of subjects. Here the resemblances cease and the differences appear, for Haag depicts labor in revolt. He glories in labor's struggle and believes firmly in it. Almost all his work aims to be a protest against the degradation and exploitation of the proletariat. He depicts the labor struggle, with

A SCULPTOR OF TOIL

its strikes, its bitter resentment of poverty as the reward of lifelong toil, and its cynical contempt for the mere spenders of the earnings of others' toil. From this point of view Haag is distinctly an interesting and significant figure.

AN EXHIBITION of some of Haag's work was held last winter at the New Gallery, New York, a little gallery worthy the attention of everyone interested in the development of American Art. It is the co-operative effort of an earnest and sincere body of men and women, interested in the development of American art, to deal with a condition which in all ages and lands has furnished the history of art with its most tragic pages. In every land and age the artists who have struggled most to maintain the highest tradition of art, and to carry forward its development, have been handicapped, trammelled and hindered by depressing want in their most important years. One has only need to turn to Millet working with heavy, anxious heart, the morrow never secure. "We have only wood for two or three days. . . . I am suffering and sad," he wrote to Sensier when the last touches upon "The Angelus" were scarcely dry. We read William Hunt's description of the artist "working in a cellar, three feet under ground, his pictures becoming mildewed, as there was no floor." But for that struggle with poverty Millet might have been saved for many years of work. The New Gallery aims to help painters and sculptors in their time of greatest need by arranging for exhibitions of their work, enabling them to make sales, and so on. The gallery has already been the means of bringing the work of several artists of importance to the attention of the public, and not the least of its accomplishments has been the exhibition of a representative collection of the work of this gentle Swede, so like and so unlike Millet's and Meunier's.

Charles Oscar Haag was born in Nörrköping, Sweden, thirty-eight years ago. Before he was twelve years old he went to work in a faience factory as an apprentice. His work was heavy enough for a man, he says, but the desire to be a sculptor already possessed him, and we find him after the toil of the day studying clay modeling in the evening school. This he kept up several years and as a young man, scarce out of his teens, having learned all that the evening schools could teach him, conscious of his latent powers, he was constantly but

A SCULPTOR OF TOIL

vainly knocking at the doors of well known sculptors seeking opportunities for further development. But he was poor and could pay no premiums. Compelled to work for a living, he could only devote his evenings and Sundays to art.

The *wanderlust* entered into his veins. He left Sweden and worked in Germany for a while, then in Switzerland, France and Italy in turn, working at his trade as a faience maker by day, and as a sculptor far into the night. Sometimes, when he had managed to save a little money, he would abandon his trade for a while, giving himself wholly to the pursuit of his art. But his time of deliverance had not yet arrived. Always poverty, bitter, blighting poverty, forced him back to his trade and away from his art. It was not wholly the *wanderlust* which caused him to roam from land to land, or even the hope that in his wanderings he might find the door of opportunity open for his genius; his sympathy with and active participation in the proletarian struggle often cost him his position and forced him to wander in search of employment.

WHEN he was about twelve years old, soon after he began to work, Haag's life was profoundly influenced by August Palm, the great Danish pioneer and apostle of Social-Democracy. Palm spoke in the market-place of Nörrköping to a jeering, hostile audience. Two boys, Haag and a comrade, alone of that vast audience expressed open sympathy with the brave propagandist. They shouted, "He's right! He's right! Live August Palm!" The vehement denunciation of privilege and wrong and the eloquent plea for liberty stirred their young hearts. To this day Haag remains true to the inspiration of that hour.

In Germany and elsewhere our artist always identified himself with the Social-Democracy. He knows from bitter experience all that the active struggle of the worker means—the strike and the boycott have been familiar experiences. The years spent in wandering toil were years filled with poverty and suffering. I have seen him shiver with dread while recounting some of the trials of those years. Of all the European countries in which he worked, he found little Switzerland most hospitable. He was poor there, his wages low and his work exceedingly hard, but the democratic atmosphere of that little country was more congenial, and there were greater opportuni-

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ties for the pursuit of his art than elsewhere. When he went from Switzerland to France and tried to maintain a little *atelier* in Paris, making cheap statuettes for a living, he found the struggle too hard. Hunger forced him to surrender, and he returned to Switzerland despondent and weak, but still resolved to struggle. He had at last learned to bide his time.

After two years' further work and waiting—years of growth and mellowing—he returned to Paris and opened another small *atelier*, determined this time to succeed. Fortune was more gentle and kind this time, or else his power had largely increased. He found a market for his work sufficient to afford him a living and leisure to develop his artistic powers. He himself says that much of his best work was done in this period, but there is no pictorial record of it. Photographs cost money, and his income was not as yet sufficiently large to permit the luxury of having his pieces photographed before parting with them. It is a matter of poignant regret to him now that he has no pictorial record of those years of growth and fruition.

Was it the *wanderlust* or the art-spirit which moved him to try his fortune in the United States? I do not know—Haag himself does not know. He came to this country toward the end of 1903 and began life over again—began anew the struggle with poverty. Often there were times when he and his wife had nothing to eat. Work was hard to get, and cruelly hard to do when obtained. New York was too busy to notice a poor sculptor with nothing but his bare claims to recommend him, no samples of his work, no illustrations, only a few note-books full of sketches. Work came at last, however, and when I first made his acquaintance Haag was, I believe, doing clock models and similar designs in order to secure the necessities of life.

MOST of Haag's work depicts the common laboring people of the world, but a vein of poetic symbolism pervades it. For instance, "Accord," a Swedish peasant and his wife pulling a primitive wooden plow, represents the love and co-operation of the domestic life of the lowly. "The Strike," one of his most successful pieces, is a remarkable composition and depicts the calm earnestness, restrained passion, and anxious waiting of men on strike with graphic power and conviction. "The Woman Feeding Chickens" is a study from life of one of the sculptor's neighbors on the New Jersey side



THE STRIKE. BY CHARLES HAAG



IGNORANCE. BY CHARLES HAAG



FISHERMEN. BY CHARLES HAAG



THE CYCLONE. BY CHARLES HAAG

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of the Palisades. It suggests Millet as strongly as "The Tar Boiler," taken from life, a street laborer in New York, suggests Meunier. It is only fair, however, to say that neither of these artists has exercised any influence upon Haag. Until recently, he has known little of the work of either. Two pieces which the sculptor himself whimsically loves to place side by side—and there is a serious moral in their juxtaposition—are "The Dude," "the Fifth Avenue pauper," the artist delights to call him, and "Old Days," representing an old man struggling on in a fierce snowstorm. This is from a sketch from life made in the streets of Paris during his last sojourn there. It is the artist's protest against poverty as a reward for a life of toil.

"The Fishermen" is a notable group representing the fishermen on an old sailing boat, in Normandy, hoisting the sail in the old-fashioned way by means of a rope. Haag made several voyages with these fishermen in their ancient craft to make the studies for this group. Utterly different in conception are the beautiful pieces, "The Cyclone" and "The Spirit of History." The former is daring and original in conception as well as singularly beautiful. It is a sweet phantasy of a poet's soul, and proves that its creator is a worker of at least potential greatness.

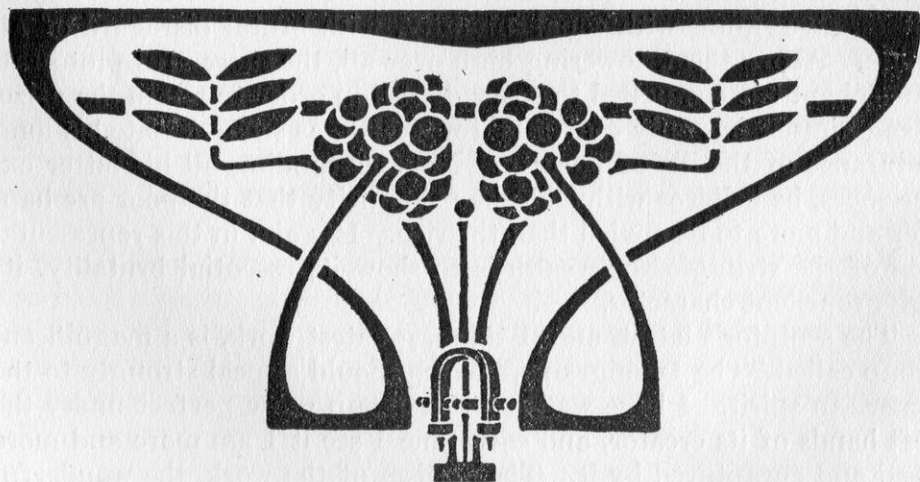
In another symbolical piece, called "In the Shadows," the sculptor's democratic faith appears. It represents the struggle for money, for wealth and its power. At the bottom are the poor, feverishly, madly struggling for Mammon's prize. Above these the middle classes, struggling with equal intensity, with brutal disregard of all beside. Above them, towering high over all, the successful plutocrat, triumphant but compelled to struggle still in order to retain the prize. Haag himself has only contempt for wealth, as such, despite his long endurance of the ills of poverty. Notwithstanding all his bitter experiences, he believes with child-like simplicity that the poor are happier and more to be envied than the rich. His aim in this representation of the struggle for wealth is to show its essential brutality, its ugly, repellent character.

The sculptor's latest, and, I think, greatest work, is a magnificent group called "The Immigrants," which should appeal strongly to the American spirit. I have watched this group grow perfect under the deft hands of its creator, and each time I see it I am more and more awed and enraptured by it. The realism of the work, the wonderful

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fidelity to life of the men and women with their heavy burdens entering a strange country to begin life anew, must be appreciated by everyone who has ever spent a day at Ellis Island, the Nation's greatest port of entry, and watched the landing of immigrants from many lands. Several critics of distinction who have seen this work in the artist's quaint little studio have accorded it tributes of most enthusiastic praise. Some of us, friends of the artist who have been inspired by this notable group, love to indulge the dream that some day "The Immigrants," in heroic size, will be set up in some public place in New York—perhaps on Ellis Island, the most appropriate site for it in the whole world.

These pictures give some faint idea of the simple beauty and rugged strength of Charles Haag's work. It is not my purpose here to attempt any estimate of the place this simple Swede is destined to occupy in our American art if, as I believe and hope, he decides to remain with us, to become an American citizen. Of one thing I am certain—that if he does nothing further we shall be the richer for his presence among us. And one thing I venture to prophesy, that, given health and opportunity, he will grow and make his influence felt. He personifies the beautiful, ages-old dream of art rising out of the common life and toil of the people, beauty springing from the mud and clay of toiling humanity.



THE BEAUTIFUL BURDEN: BY EMERY POTTLE



EDWARD MARCH cherished his mother. She was to him something higher than a mere mother. She was a purpose, a mission; in the finer sense of it, a burden, a beautiful burden. He had, to put it in another form, been "sanctified by duty" to his mother. His life was dedicated to hers. It was precisely as if she were a creed—the sort of creed that one lives up to sternly for a moral gratification rather than for instinctive love of its tenets.

It would be distinctly unfair to March to suggest that he did not love his mother. He did. He loved her as, primarily, a rare ethical possession; not as a personality detached from the bond of kinship. She constantly assumed a moral significance to him. It is possible, however, that he never in the sum of her attributes knew his mother, Mary Alice March, at all. He was not concerned with the matter of this, for it never occurred to him. What his mother really thought of him, how she regarded his devotion, were questions too absurd to consider. What, pray, should she think of him save that he was her only son? March, in short, rested solely on the rock of kinship, and glorified the substratum, as one is often wont to do, to the proportions of a monument—a mausoleum.

In consequence of all this which we have roughly noted of Edward March he was a tyrannical priest—the usual result of a too formal allegiance to duty. His impeccable attitude obsessed him; he nourished his moral nature on it and waxed serious and complacent. He so encompassed his mother with himself that she was quite lost in him. It must be confessed that it is doubtful if she realized her position, being, as she was, entirely without standards of comparison. She had known nothing of independence all her meek, gray life. For her it was always uneventfully "Edward says," "Edward likes," "Edward wants."

March had taken the afternoon, of which we write, from the office to drive Victoria Crown out and beyond their little city into the country of great, gracious, autumn hills. At least Victoria had been his first inadvertent thought when he looked from his desk and was conscious of the live, reckless splendor of the October day. What he conscientiously formulated to himself was however the expression of a filial dutifulness: "Mother ought to go out to-day on the hills."

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But Mrs. March with unwonted decision had begged her son to go without her. In point of fact a ride behind a horse was a nervous agony to her, but she had for years repressed her fear that it might not distress Edward. "I think," she ventured, "that I'll not go, Edward. You see, my committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is going to meet to-day and I—" March had positively interrupted her with his "Mother, you do too much with that society. I can't have you tiring yourself out like this." She had given in meekly on this point, but had suggested, "Take Victoria, Edward; she'd like it so much, and she doesn't get out too often."

So it was, then, Victoria Crown beside March in the cart out on the October hills. They had driven up from the valley to the crest of a low-lying range, and thence along the summit to a favorite vantage point of March's where, with a sudden, great, composed sweep, the whole surroundings broke like a magnificently repressed flood before them.

March pulled up the horse and with a filling breath of satisfaction, that slightly conveyed the idea he had been largely associated with the creator of the view in its formation, turned expectantly to Victoria.

"There"—with a wave of his hand—"there, Victoria, is the greatest thing in the world."

VICTORIA CROWN regarded the lovely scene with a somewhat absent eye. She was wont to absorb from nature a certain subjective sense of content and uplifting when the terrestrial glory of its mere objectiveness left her silent and rather unmoved. She smiled, at March and at the view.

"Yes, it's very wonderful, Edward. But I have been led to believe that the greatest thing in the world is—well, of a less lasting, perhaps, but of a more personal character."

"You mean—love?" he said slowly.

"Yes—love."

He hesitated, but at last brought it out. "I am not prepared to say that, Victoria. It seems to me that—well, I admit theoretically it is doubtless the greatest subjective thing to most minds—but I put one's duty to the things one sees and knows to be vitally important as the most compelling agent."

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Victoria laughed outright. "How like you, Edward. And what an imposing speech to me. It makes me feel trivial and frivolous—talking of love in the face of duty."

"You are never serious," he answered tolerantly.

"I've got through with explaining myself to mankind," she retorted. "Several men have said that to me before and I weakly tried to defend myself. I never succeeded. My own idea is that I lead a serious—if you call it that—life; what its manifestations are I can't help."

March did not then combat her. He was too agreeably in harmony with himself at the moment to excite an argument.

Victoria took up the thread he had spun. "Then this duty—I wish they had found a nicer word for the thing—is the greatest thing? It limits one," she reflected.

"In a sense," he admitted. "But its compensations, Victoria!"

"O yes, its compensations," she assented. "I'm not good at mathematics. And the adding and subtracting in life confuse me terribly. I can't tell for the life of me whether the answers are right—or whether I even have an answer."

"Experience makes one sure," he rather patronized.

"O, does it? My dear friend, I am not an inexperienced woman. But all I ever found that experience did for me was to stamp certain results as incorrect—I can't see that it gives the key to correctness."

"I think it does. I know, for instance, that in certain things I am perfectly right in the course I have taken," March asserted, decisively.

"Happy person, I should say," she rejoined.

Victoria was not new to March. Indeed, they had been friends—to use the elastic phrase—for five years—they were both close onto thirty. They had been thrown together, had sought each other, in fact, in the freest way until it had almost ceased to be the gossip of the groups they frequented, and people had given over wondering when Edward March would marry Victoria Crown. March had appropriated her and she had allowed herself to be appropriated—in the beginning, because she liked March as a fact of her world, found him companionable, accessible, useful too; and in the last few weeks because she realized candidly that, to her astonishment, she had fallen in love with him. Victoria was of the frankest mind. When the revelation came she accepted it with composure, open to the

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knowledge that beyond his constant association with her March had given her little else. She was not blind to the fact of his building, in a sense, a fence around her and so shutting her from other men. And her love of him, she was careful to see, did not betray itself.

As for March, he had always accepted her mentally as the one woman in the world for him. His attitude, though he had evaded the issue, was of a selfishness not uncommon. The selfishness fed on the consciousness of the inner personal rectitude of his purpose. He admitted to himself in a sacrificial fashion his love of Victoria; he would doubtless have suffered in bitterness had she been taken from him—a cherished, lofty suffering—but the situation was that no one was taking Victoria from him. Because he dwelt in the stronghold of duty he believed implicitly in himself.

IT was with a grateful reversion to the pleasant years of their companionship that March said, "Victoria, we've seen this view together many times—each time it seems more beautiful."

She smiled in pleasure that he should have touched the note uppermost in her own mind. "Is that a compliment to the view or to me? Well, no matter. Let us put up a sign on the tree there: 'This is Victoria's and Edward's View—It Grows More Beautiful.'"

As he did not at once reply she added lightly, "After all it will be less conspicuous to put it up inside us—it might be mistaken for a possession of the royal family otherwise."

"I have always kept it so since we first saw it," he replied with conscious gravity. "I always shall."

"That is faithfulness," Victoria answered gently.

"I shall be faithful to you always," March said seriously.

Victoria gave him a quick, searching gaze. "What precisely do you mean, Edward?" she asked with an accent of earnestness.

The calm penetration of her voice disturbed him. "I mean—why, just that," he said at length.

"And do you so take me for granted that you expect the same faithfulness from me?" Victoria pursued curiously.

"All I can say is that I should be sorry—very sorry—to miss it."

"But what really am I to be faithful to, Edward, if the question is not unmaidenly?" She smiled.

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March looked out to the far hills of gold and red—he kept his eyes there while he answered, as if, in a way, to gain something of their steadfastness. He felt with a rush of nobility of soul that the time had come to defend himself, to define his relations to Victoria Crown, in short, to make the last and most splendid renunciation.

“Victoria,” he said, and his voice took on a sad dignity, “Victoria, when I was a boy of seventeen I went one Sunday to church with my mother. I can’t remember what was the real religious point of the sermon, but the text was about the widow of Nain—you remember the story?—and her son. I ought to say that mother never had a happy life with my father; he had died just about that time. It seemed somehow as if that text was entirely for me—though I’m not especially religious. I made up my mind then that she was to be first with me in everything—that she was my duty—that I ought to look out for her always, for my life was hers. And I have done so—as best I could. I have given up—I shall give up—everything for her. I know she depends on me and wants me all to herself. It is my duty.”

He paused and then began to repeat a stray phrase or two of the Scriptural story—“‘The only son of his mother and she was a widow.’—‘And he gave him to his mother.’—You see, Victoria? It is a sacred charge. I shall never cease to look out for her while she lives—no matter what—ah—no matter how I might want to do otherwise.” March was not aware of the virtuous ring in his voice, but Victoria had to note it, and to consider reluctantly that fine as his attitude seemed to her it was the moral sense of the thing he was doing, rather than the feeling for the thing itself, which was so grateful to him.

“Well,” she said, as if to hear all the argument.

He was in the full tide of his renunciation now. It buoyed him and swept him inspiringly. “Victoria, I love you, I have loved you for years, but I cannot offer you my love. I am bound to a higher cause—that of my mother. It would, I know, break her heart if I should marry. Can’t you see how it is? She is my duty and I belong to her. All I have to ask you to be faithful to, then, is the everlasting friendship which—”

“Which I am to take in lieu of something else withheld?” Victoria answered.

“You put it very baldly,” he demurred.

“It is as well to speak plainly. You ask a great deal, Edward,

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of me. I must think about it—about you. You do not ask me if I happen to—to love you?" she finished with a short laugh.

"No," impressively. "It is not my right to ask that."

"We are on the ethical heights, it seems," she said, a coldness creeping into her voice. They fell silent, each busy with multitudinous thoughts. Victoria had to admit the excellence of March's attitude; it was traditionally faultless she knew. But fight as she would against the idea, she was forced to think that it lacked the simplicity of conviction. She began to wonder whether, after all, his confessed love for her was not more an ethical exaltation on his part than a human, irresistible emotion, and whether such exaltation was not in its essence a part of a complex self-centeredness. Insensibly her mind edged away from the contact of his love. She questioned her own love for him narrowly. If he had but told her he loved her, she reasoned, but could not marry her. Yet he had told her just that. The part of it that hurt most was his insistence on duty before love. She could forgive duty when it came after love, but when it usurped love's place—

"LET us drive on," she said finally in a dispirited voice.

"You understand how it is?" March begged of her as they turned homeward.

"Don't, please, Edward," she said with an attempt at gayety, "put me in the dreadful position of having sued for your hand and being refused the honor—even if I have."

"Don't joke about it, Victoria. I have a burden to bear—but it is, it shall be, always a beautiful burden—my mother."

"There are some things I should like to say to you, Edward. Maybe in the untrothed eighties I shall say them. I don't think you'd understand now."

He looked at her reproachfully. "I don't understand *you*. But whatever happens, Victoria, I shall be faithful to my love of you."

She gave him an unqualified moment of admiration. "Edward, I believe you will—and glory in it."

"And you?" he hesitated. Victoria was always a little confusing to him.

"I?" she laughed. "I, Edward, shall be faithful to love—when I find it."

Late that night Victoria wrote March briefly. The interval had

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been for her a battle-ground between her unusually logical mind and her distressed heart. She was compelled to build up a mental March—to which the incidents of the drive contributed new and unavoidable points of view. And this picture she promptly demolished by her emotions. Yet as time went on the lucidity of her vision tended to lessen the desires of her heart. And there was for her a certain relief in being able to face calmly the real March—a person she had refrained from considering hitherto save in the gentlest way.

“Dear Edward,” she wrote, “I can’t explain my attitude satisfactorily. Looked at traditionally, I can’t see that your attitude has any flaw. So it must be I who am in the wrong. Let it be so. I am, however, reluctantly brought to the conclusion that I can be of no help to you in the moral realm in which you move. Therefore, Edward, let us see but little of each other for the faithful future. We can still do homage to the things we esteem worthy—each in his own way. Victoria.”

To March Victoria’s letter was the keystone to his moral arch. It slipped into place and the structure was complete. The “beautiful burden” rested secure. And if at times he suffered as others of less lofty aim do suffer, he had but to re-assure himself by analysis how right, after all, he was.

ABOUT this time March went to South Africa, though, if he had realized the ultimate length of his exile, it is hardly to be supposed that he would have yielded to the pressure his firm brought to bear on him to that end. But as it was first outlined to him he was to go to Cape Town and establish there a branch of the business in which he wrought. From the standpoint of worldly aggrandizement the opportunity was fruitful—and Edward was not averse to preferment. It was, too, at the time scarcely thought that he would need to be absent more than a six-month.

But even so it was a struggle. He could not put it straight to himself that he was doing right to leave his mother. And yet, after all, it was doubtless just his sense of renunciation in another form that stimulated him to go. The picture of himself alone in a foreign land, battling against odds, upheld by stern purpose, nursing his wounded love, with his dependent old mother awaiting tearfully his return—he had a vision of her sitting always pathetically at the window staring down the street—was not by any means displeasing to his moral vanity.

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All through the long stay in South Africa he held his duty to his mother before him as a sort of *ikon*. He lost sight of her not once. His existence was saturated with her. The impatience of his spirit never lessened and he nightly drew affecting pictures of his mother's loneliness and impotent grief. Victoria he could not visualise. In consequence, when the moment of release came, he made utmost speed for home to take up once more the beautiful burden.

March had been with his mother perhaps a month when Victoria Crown came back to town after a summer's absence. It was his mother who told him Victoria was at home again.

"Victoria has returned, Edward," she remarked at breakfast one morning. He did not immediately answer; so she continued tentatively.

"She is such a good girl, my dear. Ever since you have been away she has been running in to see me, bringing me books and telling me the news and all sorts of interesting things."

"That was nice of her," he admitted.

"She's—she's the nicest girl I ever knew. If I had a—a daughter I should want her to be just like Victoria." Mrs. March eyed her son furtively to gauge the effect of this opinion.

"She's—so unselfish, and she—I don't know how to put it—she's so interested in so many things, and she has made me interested too. Edward dear, I used to think perhaps—" she struggled nervously with the words, "that you and Victoria—you know—might—that is—she is so nice—and you—"

Edward March stared at his mother curiously. "You mean, mother, you thought I would marry her?"

"You never said so then," he added a little impatiently.

"I never knew Victoria as I've got to know her now," she defended. "And all my life I've wanted a daughter."

March's reply was cold. "I had supposed that you were content with a son."

"O my dear," with tears in her eyes, "I did not mean to offend you."

March left the table. "Let us say no more about it, mother. I am not offended."

In the course of an analytic morning, however, he wrote a note to Victoria asking her for old sake's sake to drive with him that afternoon through the hills to their favorite view. And Victoria said frankly yes.

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THE day was just such another clean-cut, luminous bit of October as their day four years ago had been. The two were unusually silent on the way up, both curious yet uncertain as to what really the meeting was to bring forth. March, as of old, halted the horse as they gazed out over the hills, neither caring to break the mellow stillness.

At last Victoria—and it was like her—with an odd smile on her lips, turned to him. “Well, Edward?”

March delayed. He was occupied with the mutability of things. “You seem to have changed—toward me,” he said at last. “I can’t tell how.”

Victoria reflected. “Well, yes, frankly, Edward, I have changed—toward you. I am interested to see you have noted it. And I am not in the least surprised that you cannot explain it. You have to go back to knowledge you did not have four years ago to get the key.”

“You seem so—so—well, sufficient unto yourself,” he continued to work out slowly, as if intent on placing her.

Victoria laughed at the attempt. “I have to be—I’m too old not to be, in fact.”

He disregarded this. “Everyone seems sufficient without me.” She waited.

“I might as well have staid away,” he brought out rather petulantly. “My coming home doesn’t seem to matter much to any one.”

“What did you expect?” asked Victoria.

“Expect? Why—I don’t know. My mother—”

“Yes—your mother?”

“She’s changed too.”

“What do you mean by changed, Edward? Not that she loves you less?”

“No, no—not that. She is awfully delighted to see me. But—do you know what I mean?—she doesn’t seem to need me any more. I mean need me as—”

“As you have always made yourself think she did?” supplied Victoria.

“And she won’t ride any more because she says she’s always hated horses all her life. She never told me that before. And what do you

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think, Victoria? They've made her president of some Old Ladies' Science Club! The house is full of bugs and things she is analyzing. And she's got a fifty dollar microscope. If you'll believe me, she got up at half past four this morning and sat out in the park, in the wet and chill, with a pair of opera glasses looking at the *birds*. And when I protested she only laughed." March paused gloomily. "She doesn't need *me* any longer."

Victoria laughed gently. "Poor Othello—occupation all gone, isn't it?" But he was too serious to smile.

"It hurts me," he said. His eyes sought Victoria. She sat beside him composed, mature, and in a fine, gracious sense, full of beauty—the beauty of a serene, inviolate life. She had never appealed to him so restfully and so satisfyingly as at that instant. "This morning," he continued with a new note of gentleness, "she told me that you had been very good to her, Victoria. She says you are the nicest girl she ever knew."

"I proposed the Science Club," put in Victoria meekly.

"She says," he went on, "that if she had a daughter she would like her to be just like you."

Victoria flushed unguardedly. March faced her. "And she asked me why I did not marry you, Victoria?"

She did not answer this.

"Victoria, will you marry me?"

VICTORIA took her eyes from the view and regarded him for a long instant. "Edward," she began at last, "I said once that in the untrothed eighties I might have something to say to you. I think I shall say it now. Do you know what you are saying to me? If it were any one but you I should—but it *is* you. You ask me to marry you because you have come home and found that the breath of independence has been blown into your mother's body. Because she has for four years, and for the only four years of her life, discovered that she has ways and opinions and desires of her own and can gratify them. Because you are piqued and have lost your mission, your great purpose, you ask me. Now that your large duty is over, or seems to be, and you can't take up your 'beautiful burden,' you return and ask me to be your wife—and at her suggestion—there's nothing left for you but that now, you think."

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"But, Victoria—" he protested.

"No, no! Wait! Be frank for once in your life with yourself. You told me once you loved me, second to your duty. And I am still second after all. You don't know what love is, Edward, believe me, you do not. You thought you loved your mother, but I am not so sure you loved the real her, and tried to find the real her, and to know her fully. Since you have been away I have deliberately gone about it to know and to find out just how great your duty was—as seen by other eyes, at least. I've stimulated her and encouraged her to be herself. And she has done it. You say she has changed toward you. She has, but she doesn't know it. She's just happy, that's all. And she wants the whole world to be happy. She's beautiful, Edward, but she is not a burden, oh, *not* a burden. You've always regarded the two of us as a kind of possession of yours—along with your God and your right to freedom and citizenship. You may think I am hard and nasty and hypocritical, but you may as well know the truth as I see it. You have taken us both selfishly—seen us as things of yours, not as what we are."

March sat with hurt eyes and bowed head. "I—I didn't know, Victoria. I did what I thought was right."

"Why do you ask me now to marry you?" she went on in a kindlier way. "You didn't take the trouble years ago to find out whether I loved you. And now you come back and serenely beg me to wed you just as if I had not lived four years longer out of your sight and, for all you know, without a thought of you."

"It was not right of me to ask you then," he objected.

"There is no question of right between people who love each other," she cried impetuously; "I mean *that* cannot by nature be the first thought—love in its beginnings transcends right. It may have to yield to it later. And, Edward—I did love you that day out here."

March turned to her in the humblest moment of his life. "O, Victoria, did you?— And—and now?"

She was suddenly very sorry for him. "No—not now, I'm afraid not now."

"Then I have lost everything."

"Don't commiserate yourself—it's bad for the soul. You may have gained—much, oh, I hope much, if you have the eyes of the heart to see," Victoria smiled.

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"But I have always loved you," he burst out hotly.

"Not *me*, Edward, only the me you constructed for your own edification."

"I don't understand you," he answered. "You make me seem a selfish prig, Victoria. I—really I have always thought I was doing the right thing—with you and mother—and now you tell me I am all wrong."

"You told me once that you knew you were right—so what does it matter what I say?" she returned. "I'm not a preacher—I'm just relieving my mind."

March smiled uncertainly. "And now I—I'm not quite so sure."

"Do you like your mother as you find her, Edward?" Victoria questioned abruptly.

"Victoria," he answered hesitatingly, "perhaps I don't know her. I'm just beginning to get acquainted. I think—I'm sure I shall like her when I do know her. But—and this I swear I am certain of—I like *you* as I find you."

She laughed out infectiously. "Edward—you—you are improving."

March shook his head in doubt. "Maybe—oh, Victoria, can I ever get really to know you?"

She was, all at once, silent, wondering how much she really knew of herself.

"Can't you let me try again, can't you?" he begged. "Let me try! Let me prove I do love you!"

"I don't know, Edward, I don't know," she said softly. "I am afraid you'll take it as a duty."



RUSSIA BEHIND THE VEIL—ARE WE UNSYMPATHETIC TO THIS VAST UNFAMILIAR NATION? BY E. M. GRUNWALDT



RUSSIA is to-day closer, in her understanding, to America than America is to Russia. This may be straining toward a paradox, but it is a conclusion which any Russian, who knows his Russia, must reach after a residence in this country; for America, despite the general focusing of attention upon the Muscovite, appears in Russian eyes to know nothing practically of the real Russia behind the veil.

Russians are popularly, or rather unpopularly, supposed to be an unprogressive, lethargic people, sticking to traditions and dumbly enduring things as they are. Russian peasants are supposed to be scurvily treated in general and to be so hopelessly ignorant as to be incapable of mastering the higher arts and crafts. This is not only a misconception, but it displays a want of fairness all the more surprising in a traditionally unbiased people. Yet what do we find? What do the American classes, to omit the masses, know of Russian art? What of Russian progress and industry? Relatively nothing. Is it believable, for example, that there lives a great artist in a European capital, honored by an entire nation as a supreme master, and yet who is not even known by name to the American or European public? Is it credible that the same city holds a dozen artists who are as tall in genius as the best masters of other lands where their name and fame are as nothing? You shake your head. But what of Ilya Ryepin, who is to painting what Tolstoi is to letters? What, likewise, is known this side the Vistula of Vladimir, Pirogoff, Makofsky, Venig, Shabounin, Dubofsky, Adamson, Von Liphart and others of perhaps equal stature? They are but as shadows, where they have any recognition at all outside of their own country; and yet they only share in the general eclipse, the vast veil that hangs like a curtain between Russia and the outside world.

It is my ambition to lift a brief corner of the veil and exhibit a few phases of Russian art, life and industries other than the tragedies being enacted in a few unhappy districts. The situation is perhaps better illustrated by a grotesque fairy tale current beyond the Vistula. This goblin parable concerns an aged woman named Marfushka who

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jumped at conclusions while looking for the Evil One. She had been smitten with plagues as sorely as was Job, and she had sought a benign spirit for relief. She was informed by the benign spirit that the Evil One was black, and that when she discovered him she was to pronounce three talismanic words. Now this poor woman sought Satan as diligently as do most mortals. And one day she found him.

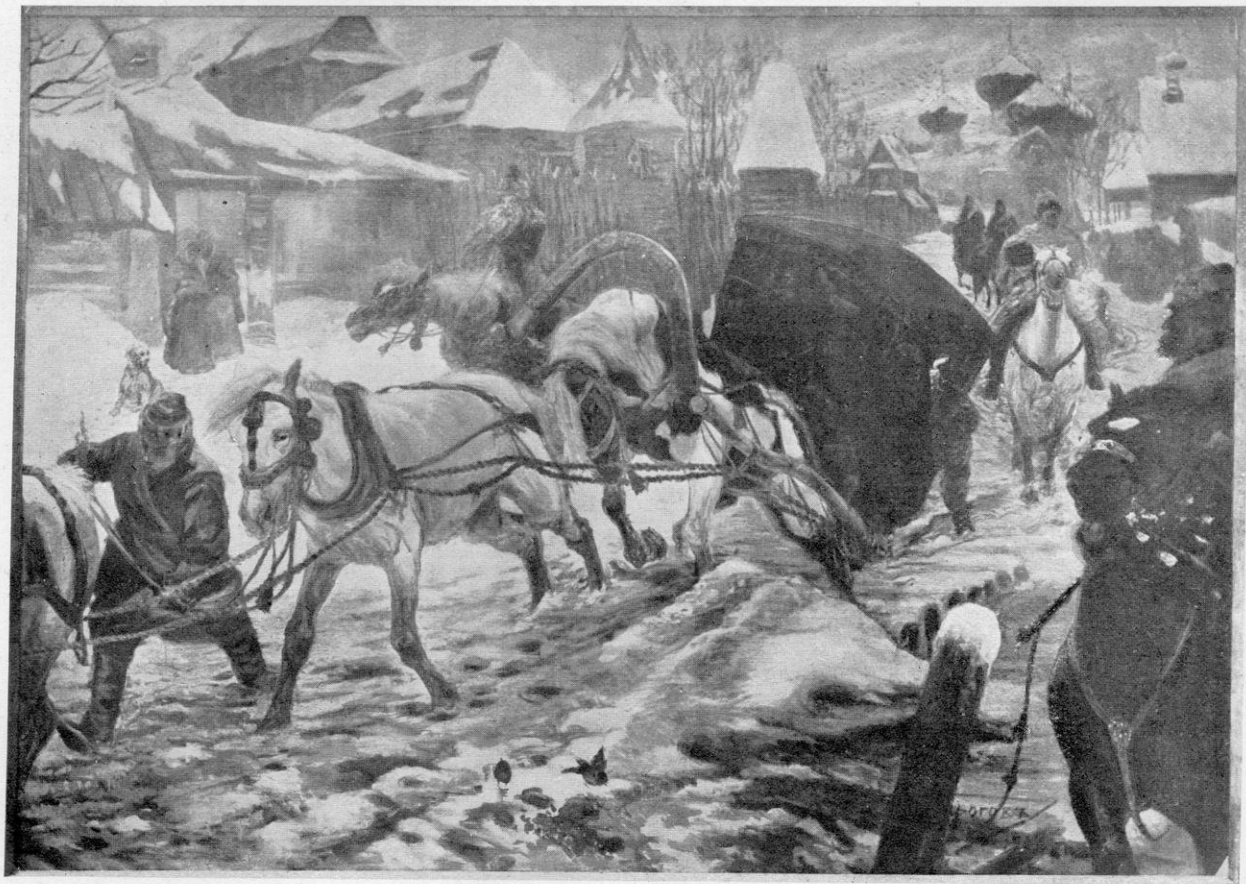
From behind a birch tree crowning a hill a big black nose was outlined against the sky. Exclaiming over her discovery, she pronounced the magic words, and the next morning found that her best tea set was shattered to fragments. Upon receiving her subsequent reproaches, the benign spirit rebuked her by saying that had she waited until the rest of the head emerged from behind the tree she would have recognized her son. This parable symbolizes a common error regarding Russia. The black nose protruding occasionally in the shape of massacres and riots has wrongly convinced foreigners that the whole body is black. Knouts, Cossacks, Siberia, shackles, zero—these blotches depict Russia to the average alien. But, while they are conspicuous features, they are only freckles on an immense fairly white surface.

ARTISTICALLY considered, there is an undeniable advantage for Russian art in her very isolation. Her artists are not obliged to pass through the various phases of Western art movements, and therefore are not carried from one extreme to the other, but able to calmly pursue their original way. When a one-sided proletarian naturalism tinged the West, itself a protest against the shallow idealistic formalism of preceding decades, Russian literature possessed its realistic poets, Tolstoi, Turgenyev, Dostoyevski, who never ignored the inner processes for the sake of outward appearances, and have thereby created that incomparable physiological realism still lacking in the West. And because her great realists were and are poets of the pen and brush, with heroic canvases to work upon, she has given vent to no drawing-room art. Having no Zola, no Maeterlinck was needed. And it is significant that Russia has many true artists, such as frighten away the ghosts of the night.

There has been recently on exhibition in this country the best creations of a hundred and forty-eight artists from ten different art societies and two great art schools of the Empire. Nearly seven hun-



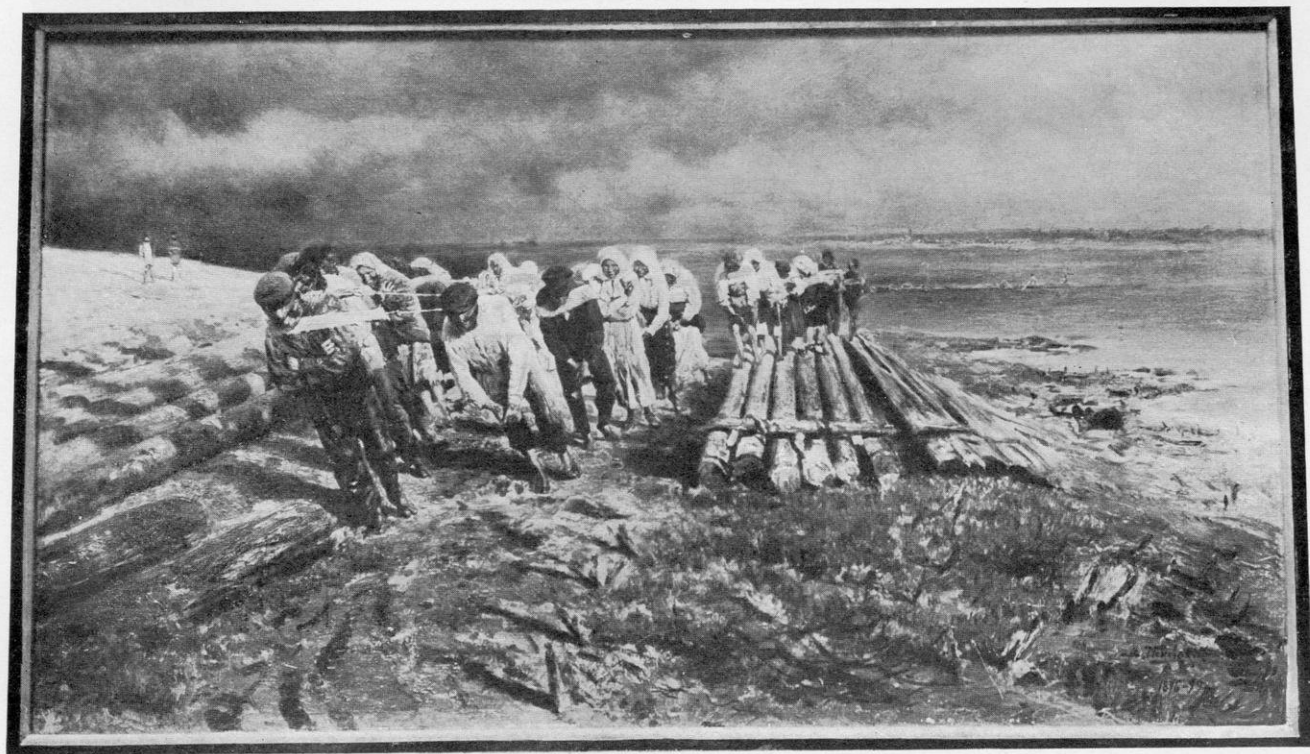
IVAN THE TERRIBLE AND THE HERMIT NICHOLAS SALOS
BY P. T. HELLER



MARRIAGE UNDER THE SILENT TSAR
BY PIROGOFF



RETURN FROM THE CORONATION
BY P. T. HELLER



RUSSIAN PEASANTS HARNESSED TOGETHER
TO DO THE WORK OF DRAUGHT HORSES

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dred exhibits were in the collection, and it may be of interest to add that a considerable number of the best paintings are candid records of Russian history. Needless to say, these masterpieces have never before been exhibited outside of Russia, or they would have been better known.

IF the reader has any preconceived ideas about the absence of artistic liberty in Russia, this gallery of her masters will open up a surprising vista. Pictorially chronicling the progress of the Russian people from the nightmare hours preceding the Tartars to the red dawn of Ivan the Terrible, the brighter morning of Peter the Great and Catherine the Greater, down to the reigning Emperor, they are studies no less forceful than startling both in their conception and execution.

You see gleams in them radiated from Byzance and, in those gleams, religion, art, crafts, ascending cupolas, flashing domes. More dimly you get glimpses of *moujiks*, heavy-witted as cattle, coerced by forces which they cannot comprehend. You get also the outlines of cities such as Novgorod and notably Moscow, the last grand principality, which made Russia Muscovite and where was negotiated the elevation of warriors into princes and princes into Czars.

The word Czar is of Oriental origin and means power. It is not derived from Caesar as is sometimes supposed. Ivan was the first to apply it to himself, and if you would know Ivan you should study the work of Heller. This painter, a fellow worker with Verestchagin in the St. Petersburg Society of Artists, in a heroic canvas showing the Hermit Nicholas Salos during a famous expedition of Ivan to Pskoff, has depicted in vivid colorings the dramatic scene following the destruction of Novgorod and Pskoff. Ivan is visiting the Monastery of Pskoff, where, rather than present him with salt and bread, the hermit, feigning madness, offers the Emperor raw meat. Upon Ivan rejecting the morsel the anchorite arraigns the first of the Czars for subsisting on human blood and breaking the decalogue, as did the prophet of old. Staggered by the daring criticism the ruler is shown in the act of quitting the monastery and town.

Scarcely less startling is another picture by Galkin, a master in the school of Prince Peter Oldenburg, depicting Ivan with the Boyarin Morozoff tricked out as a court fool. This painting is epic in

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its wonderful power of simplicity. Ivan, humoring his fad for debauching monasteries, is pictured in an orgy outside of Moscow. Annoyed by the highly respected Boyarin refusing to join in the dissipation, the ruler has caused Morozoff to be arrayed as a jester. Amid the uproarious laughter of drunken courtiers the proud Prince is emulating the Pskoff hermit by addressing the sovereign in a speech full of courageous sarcasm. With dagger drawn a ruffian companion is awaiting the word to dispatch the offender. But Ivan, smitten with remorse, refuses to give the word. Prince Morozoff was subsequently restored to favor by the interposition of Prince Viazimsky, a scene pictured by Bucholtz in another painting.

Ryepin, Pirogoff, Bucholtz, Kosheleff, Shabounin and others bear on the historic torch, revealing with boldest rays the practices and dress of the Empire. They are cited simply to show that Russia is not as she is painted with respect to the limited scope of her artists. Painting by painting her masters record the prologues of progress, the first hesitant stammer of culture, the genesis of Russian commerce with aliens. Canvas by canvas bravely point the way in which Ivan raised his prostrate people from under the Tartar yoke and left them on their knees. Centuries passed with them in the same attitude. Nothing in the Spanish Inquisition is more tragic than the mental and mechanical tortures pictured of early Russia by her foremost contemporary artists. Kneeling, as was Russia before her first ruler, genuflections were insufficient. More positive submission was necessary. On command multitudes vacated the planet. Why? They never knew, it is recorded. His Majesty had so ordered, and who were they to disobey?

PAUL, the Czar, displeased with a regiment, ordered it to march. The loyal legion started. Paul added two words and pointed to Siberia. Off went the soldiers. This spirit is admirably caught by Shabounin in showing the impotence of Prince Souvoroff in exile, the hero soldier having suffered the disfavor of Paul I. Despite his popularity, Prince Souvoroff, banished to a village near Novgorod, mixes amid depressing conditions. His face and person are lighted by a glowing sunrise pouring through his cabin window. He is studying maps and military history. Shortly afterward, despairing of freedom, he was to petition the sovereign for permission to

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enter a monastery. By way of reply the whimsical ruler despatched an imperial rescript, informing the exile of the desire of the Austrian Court that he should be appointed to command the allied armies in Italy, and summoned him to St. Petersburg, whence he was sent to Vienna.

But my reference to these notable and peculiarly Russian paintings is merely to emphasize the wide latitude afforded Russian artists in their choice of subjects, no less than to indicate the character and impressiveness of their work. One of the honors most coveted by young Russian artists to-day is a membership in the Association for Arranging Art Exhibitions in Russian Cities and Towns, an association that is sowing promising seed throughout the land.

Descending from the arts to the crafts of the Empire, one finds in the Russian peasantry a remarkable capacity for co-operation. Nor is this confined to agriculture alone, for Russia is tensely and compactly knitted with what are known as *artels* or unions, and their *starosti*. During the past generation many large manufacturers have discovered that these co-operative associations can be readily developed into promising manufacturing centers—and this is being done throughout the Empire with resulting benefits to the peasantry.

In the provinces of Vladimir and Moscow alone more than 10,000 peasants devote their winters to silk-weaving, and a far greater number to the weaving of cotton, linen and woolen fabrics. More than 200,000 peasants are numbered among co-operative associations for the building of carts, carriages and sledges. And many of their products are highly artistic, being used by the wealthiest classes, including the Imperial family. Over 150,000 *moujiks* are now engaged in different branches of cooperage, and about the same number in furniture and cabinet making. Preparing and manufacturing sheepskin and fur coats are more than 350,000 peasants, who thus work through the winters in their own *svietelkas*, often fifty miles and more from the nearest railway. Imposing as these figures are, they really fall short of the mark, as they only relate to the associations officially registered, for as many more *moujiks* work in smaller, unregistered associations in the remoter districts.

As to the artistic merit of much of this peasant work, not long ago a lady in Paris showed me a curious cabinet which she had bought at a sale, and which had a place of honor in her drawing-room. She

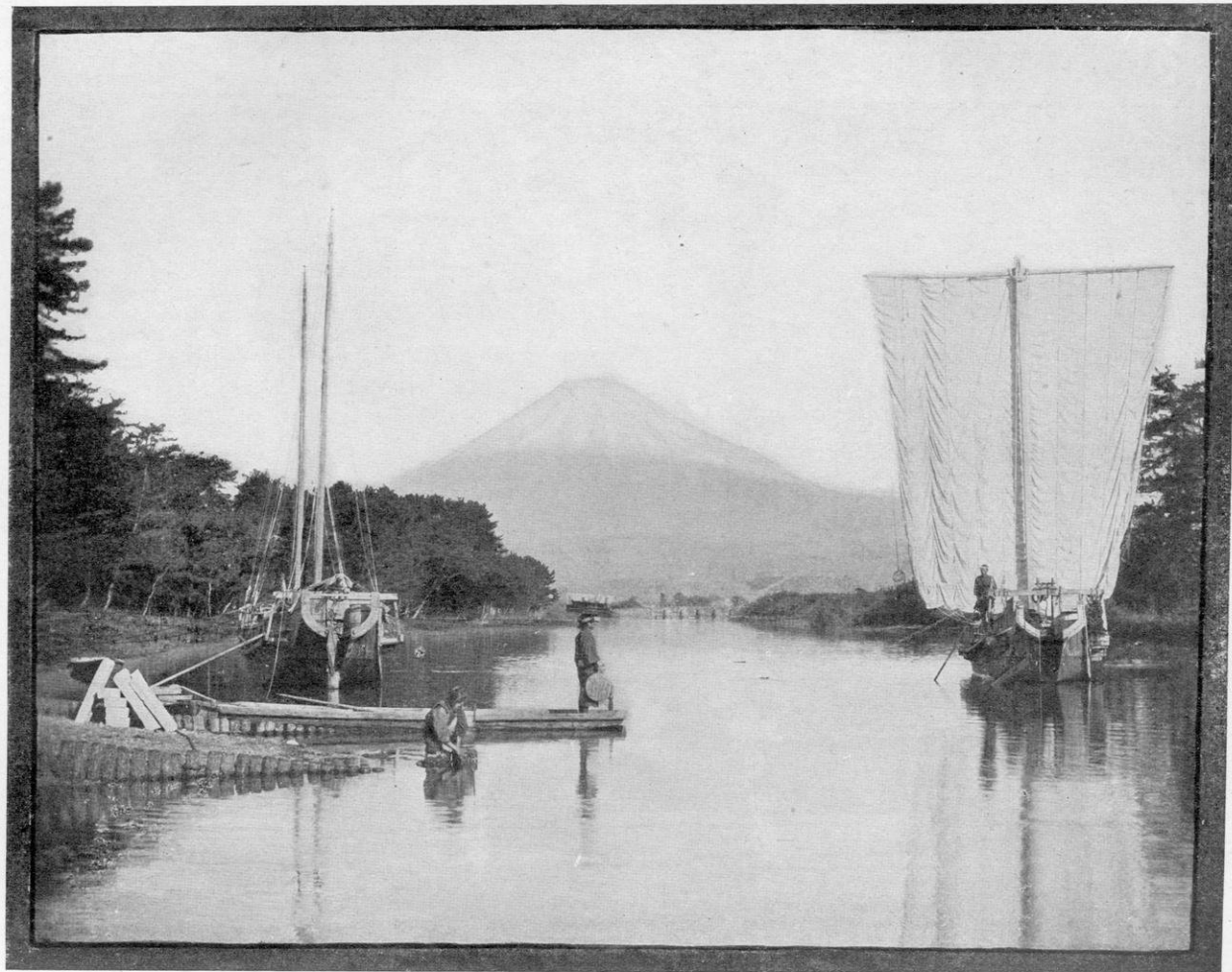
IS RUSSIA MISUNDERSTOOD?

was not a little surprised to learn that it had been originally a Russian soap box of a sort made by the thousand in far away villages for export to Asia. Of other industries, Nijni-Novgorod has many thousand peasants manufacturing enamel ware of a superior quality for export to Persia, Bokhara, China, Europe and America, though a small percentage reaches this country. The manner of making this enamel is a trade secret very jealously guarded. In the Vladimir province and elsewhere hundreds of village communities are wholly engaged in manufacturing toys for Russian, Persian, Bokharan and Chinese children. Nearly 10,000 peasants are thus employed, and other thousands are solely occupied with the making of *icons*, or sacred pictures, one at least of which will be found in the *izba* of even the poorest *moujik*. In other words, the idea of the Russian nation, other than the higher classes, passing the winter months in apathetic idleness is absurdly unreal and grotesque.

ASIDE from its working hours, Russia rises superior to her neighbors in providing decent amusement for the immense laboring class whose meager earnings forbid them the amusements of the prosperous. Nearly every Russian city has a miniature Coney Island supported by the State or municipalities, the prevailing admission fees being from half a cent upward. St. Petersburg has the finest and cheapest popular theater in Europe. Where racial and religious considerations are not involved, the Russian laws are superior to those of many European countries. For ordinary murders, capital punishment is never inflicted, while the illegitimacy statute, amended three years ago, is the most liberal on earth, completely annulling the social stigma and other obstacles which usually attend this misfortune, which in the case of children is nothing more. Unfortunate is the word invariably employed to describe criminals and convicts. In short, Russia is the most mispainted nation on earth; but the black nose of the fable is being rapidly whitened, and, when the shadows are brushed away, it will ere long be seen that the satanic delusion accompanying it will also have vanished.



PRINCE SOUVOROFF IN EXILE. BY SHABOUNIN



"THE RIVER BOATMAN OWNS AND
LIVES ON HIS BOAT"

BOAT LIFE IN JAPAN—HUMBLE ARTISTIC HOUSEKEEPING ON JAPANESE JUNKS: BY MARGUERITE GLOVER



THE world hears much of boat life in China and but little of it in Japan. Yet as Japan is an empire made up of islands the greater number of its inhabitants live on or near the sea. These people gain their livelihood from the sea. They use it as a highway, struggling with it in time of storms, and at last are frequently welcomed to its broad bosom for the sleep that knows no waking.

The boats of a country are significant of its needs, its civilization, its wealth. As in Malay and the South Sea Islands a native will take a tree, split it in half, lash the two logs together flat side up, and with a paddle made from a limb of the same tree will contrive a boat from which he can fish with ease and can get through the water with moderate speed, so in Japan the two great needs of supplying food and cartage have evolved boats best suited to these uses.

As a nation the Japanese do not eat meat. Fish and seaweed form a part of each meal they take, so the demand for sea food is never ending. Beasts of burden are few and costly to keep. Water is everywhere. Where the sea ends, rivers empty, and on these rivers boats may sail far inland. The result is that the rivers are filled with a floating population that does the work of our drays, while the sea is covered with fishing smacks.

The river boatmen own and live on their boats, which usually represent their entire capital. They are clumsy crafts, these river boats, built in the shape of a flat-bottomed English punt, perhaps twenty feet long and broad in the beam. The boats are roughly put together and are of heavy hand-wrought timbers, showing that they were made far from skilled labor or a saw mill. They are staunch and water tight and will last for long years, but they are never painted and have no beauty of line or grace of movement. These are the dull peasants of a boat community, useful for hard labor but with no charm of face or form.

In the stern will be a tiny cabin covering six square feet of deck, and in this little nest a family of three to five persons will live comfortably. The roof and sides of the cabin will be of straw mats tied to a frail bamboo frame. The door is a mat that is never closed except

JAPANESE WATERCRAFT AS HOMES

in case of torrential rains. These mats are not water tight, but in the cabin will be little of value to be injured by the wet. The men seldom own more than two garments, the coolie coat and breeches of blue cotton, and these they only wear on shore or when the days grow cold. In summer a loin cloth is their only covering. The little wife may have a second kimono, but it will be stowed away in a chest where moth, rust or rain cannot penetrate. The *hibachi* over which the food is cooked will be a wooden or pottery bowl containing a few pieces of charcoal. The cooking utensils will scarcely be more than two, a frying pan and a pot in which to boil the rice or millet, but the hot water kettle, the tea pot, and the five tiny tea cups are a necessity that is never absent from even the poorest boat.

THERE must always be two men to pole the boats, and a woman or a lad of ten forms a valuable addition to the crew. These river coolies are not such a low class as might be supposed. They transport freight to and from the big cities, thus seeing a bit of the world, and are comparatively law abiding and peaceful. Next to the river boat comes the junk, which is the deep sea freighter and fishing craft and of as much importance as were our sloops and schooners fifty years ago.

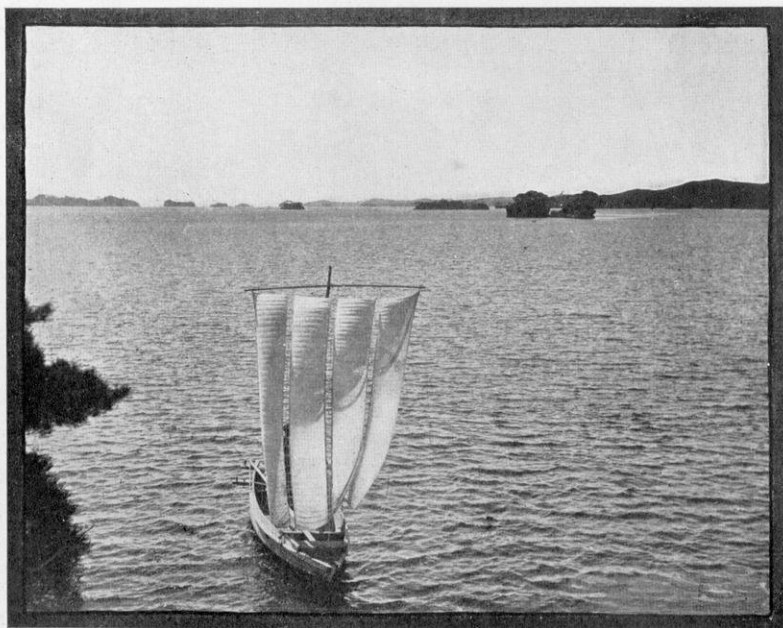
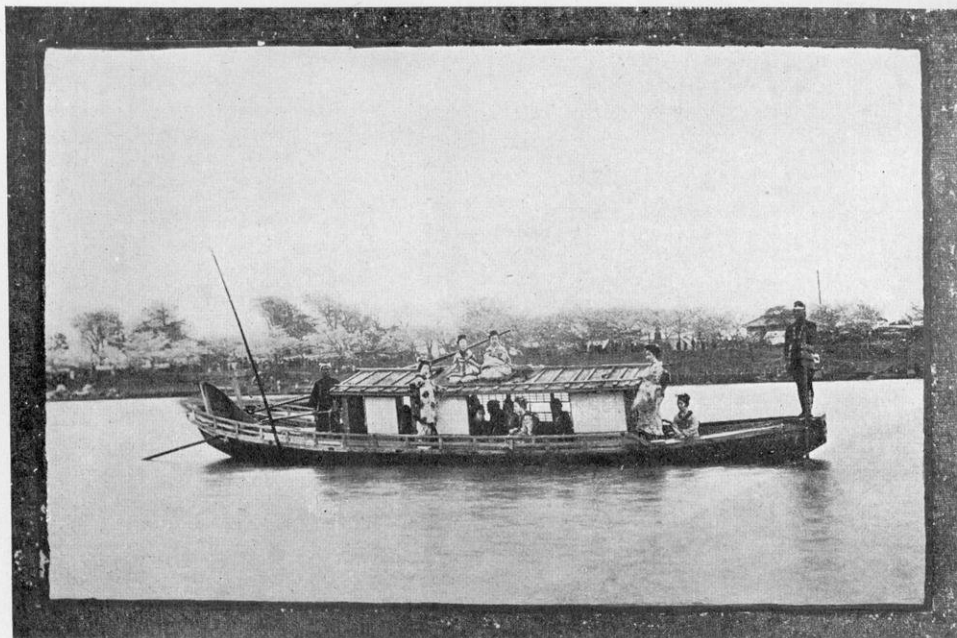
The junk is a river boat grown large. It has a queer Oriental shape that makes it both clumsy and graceful. From a mainmast hangs an extraordinary square sail. This sail is fluted on twelve or sixteen cords, and whether it is drawn taut or hangs slack it is a most picturesque object. Some of these junks have a foremast which is rigged with a square jib.

These junks, that to our eyes seem so unnecessarily heavy and cumbersome, answer to the rudder with surprising ease and promptness. The skill with which the boatmen tack and turn through narrow straits shut in by islands, where a swift current flows and gusty winds blow, arouses the keen admiration of the foreigners.

Life on the junk is not seemingly so hard as on the river boat. The river boat has no oars. In place of oars long bamboo poles the size of one's wrist are used. The men standing in the bow firmly plant the pole in the muddy bottom of the river. Placing the end of the pole against a pad at their shoulder just above the arm pit, they push with all their might. Gradually the boat slips along as they

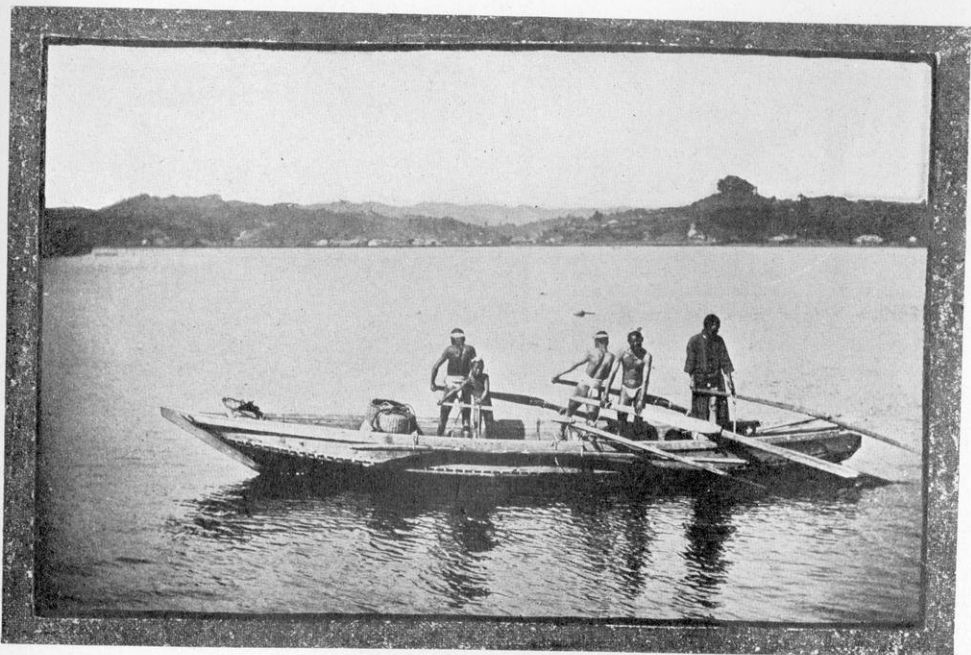
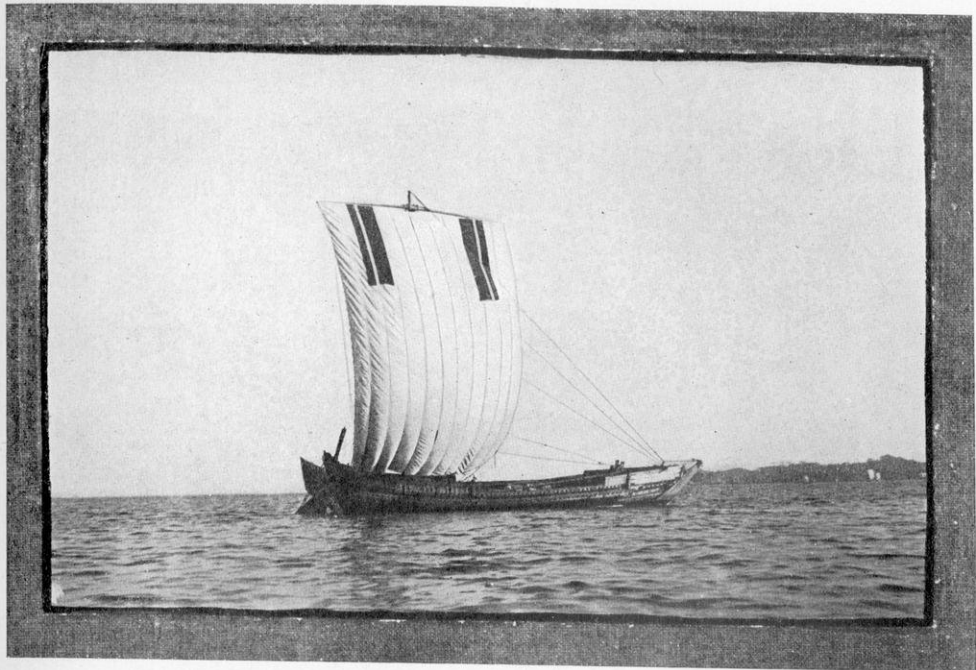


THE RIVERS ARE FILLED WITH
A FLOATING POPULATION



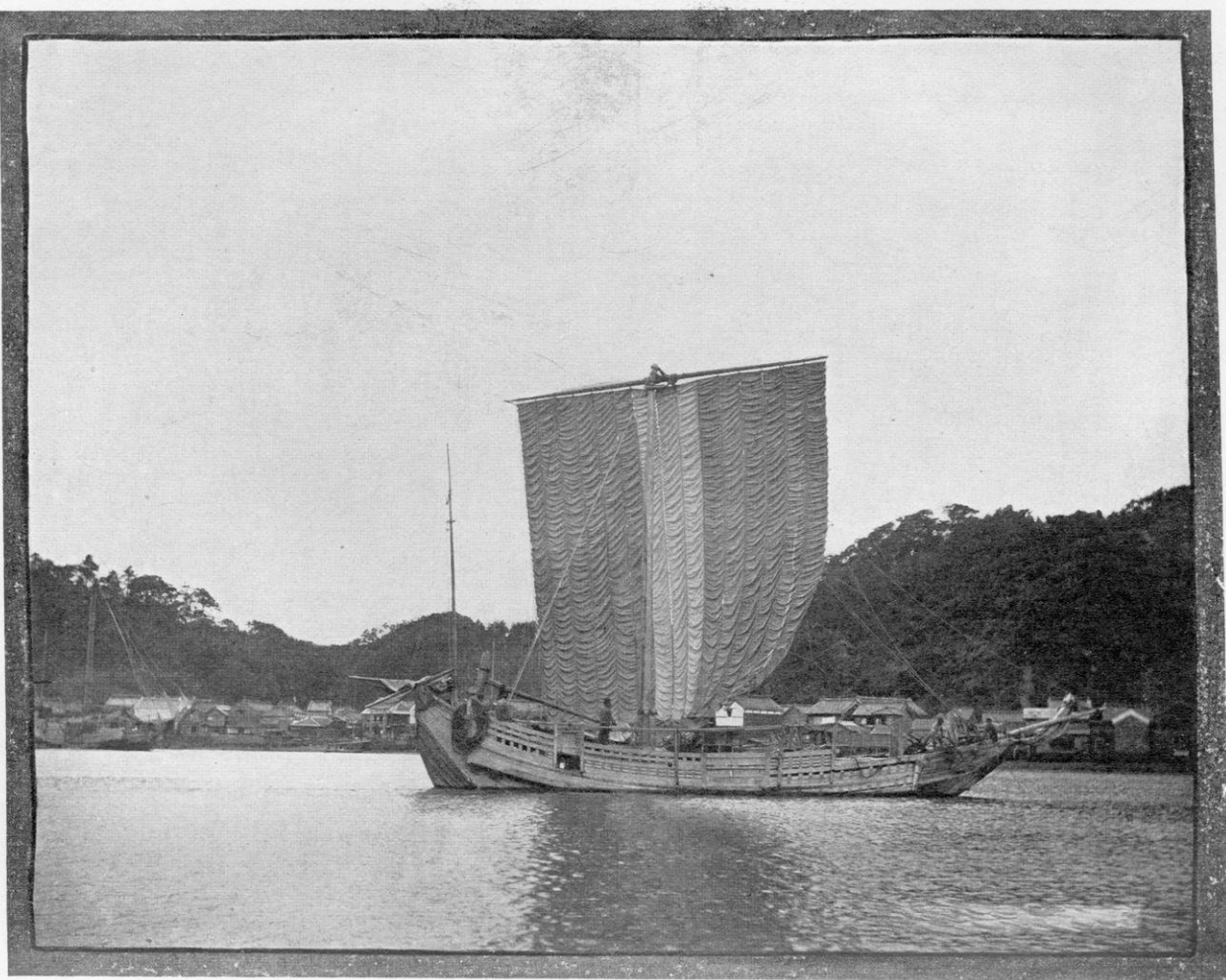
"FOR CENTURIES THE JAPANESE HAVE HAD
BOATS ARRANGED FOR PLEASURE TRIPS"

"FOR FISHING A SMALL SKIFF MAY BE
ROWED OR SAILED"



"THESE FISHING SMACKS ARE SWIFT
NOTWITHSTANDING THE QUEER SAIL"

"WHEN THERE IS NO WIND FIVE LONG
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STANDING"



"THE JUNK HAS A QUEER ORIENTAL SHAPE
AND A WRINKLED SQUARE SAIL"

JAPANESE WATERCRAFT AS HOMES

walk the length of the gunwale clinging fast with their bare feet. When the stern is reached a quick jerk snatches the pole from the mud. The man then runs up the port side of the boat and takes his place at the bow to begin the pushing all over again. It is terribly hard work and very slow travel, but steamboats are not in favor, for they would deprive these men of all means of earning a living.

For fishing, besides the junks, a small skiff that may be rowed or sailed is much in use. The fishing skiff when rowed has from three to five long oars and the men row standing. When a wind comes up a sail is brought out from a stowaway hole in the bow. Two bamboo poles in the form of a cross are firmly fitted into a stanchion in the center of the boat. The sail is then hung on the cross pole and away flies the craft. This sail is in four pieces, each piece about a foot wide and as tall as the boat can carry, the strips tied together with cords, making a stretch of canvas perhaps fifty inches wide and six feet high. These fishing smacks are swift, notwithstanding the queer sail; yet to us they appear terribly dangerous, as they are flat-bottomed and rarely have a centerboard.

IT seems probable that the houseboat originated in Japan. Whatever is the case, it is certain that for centuries the Japanese have had boats arranged for pleasure trips, wherein they might live at anchor, or slowly float up and down the rivers. Such boats may be chartered by the hour or by the day, and a more alluring way of seeing Japanese country in cherry blossom season would be hard to find.

These pleasure boats are thirty or forty feet long and eight feet wide. They have a strongly built roof and sides of paper screens, or *shoji*, with *amado*, or heavy wooden shutters, that may be put up in time of rain. A party of a dozen or twenty can be very happy in one of these crafts when off on a day's pleasure drifting up a narrow river with cherry petals blown in soft winds. There are no seats in the cabin, which occupies the greater part of the boat, but the floor is covered with dainty straw mats upon which to sit. If you tire of the cabin and wish a more extended view, etiquette will permit you to sit on the roof, where red blankets have been spread, and from this point of vantage the scenery may be enjoyed and the air.

In Tokyo boats a trifle larger than these houseboats are used for

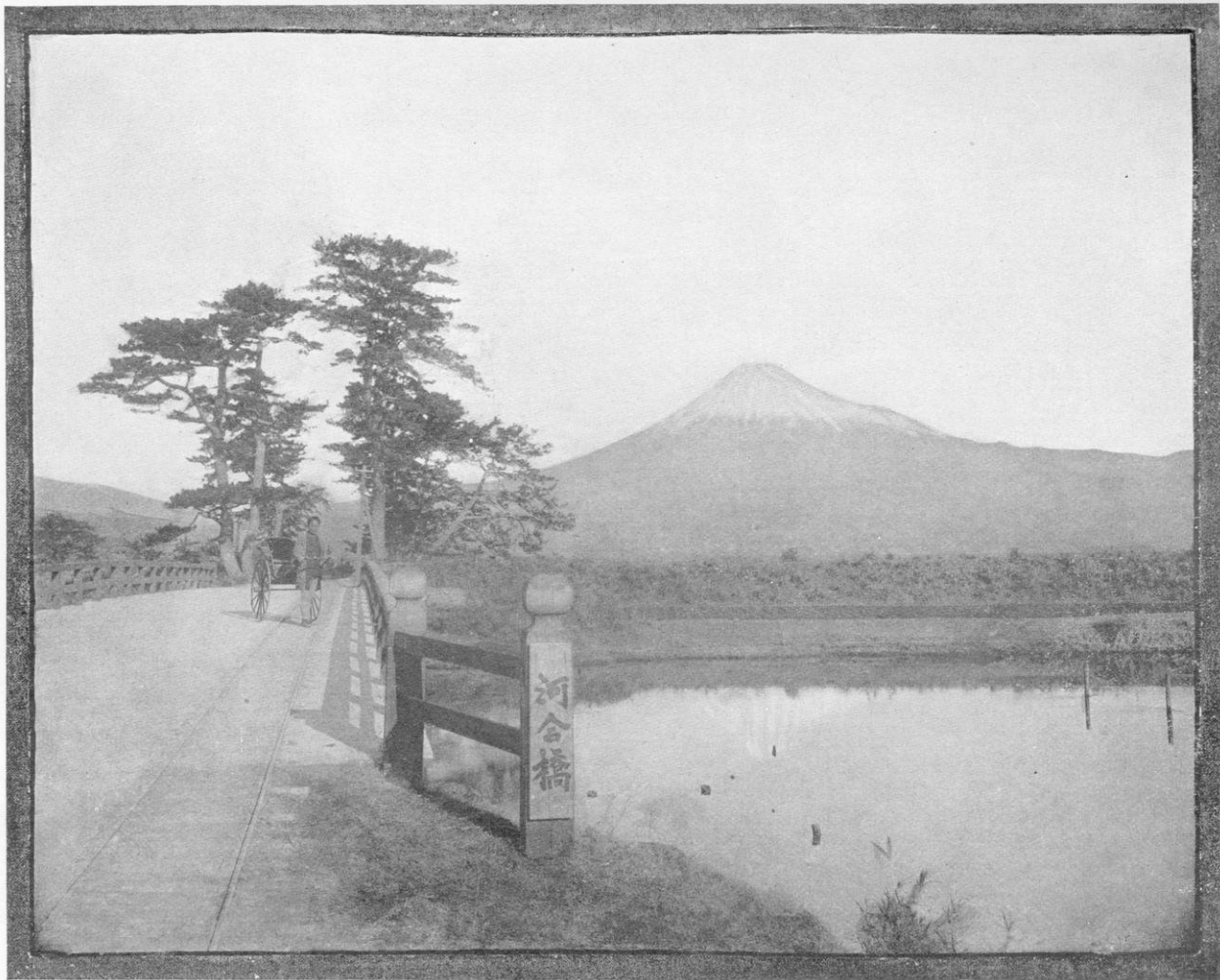
JAPANESE WATERCRAFT AS HOMES

passengers on the Sumida-gawa River. They ply up and down the river, drawn by tiny tugs, and form an interesting means of transportation. Foreigners seldom use them, but they are well patronized by natives. Rows of narrow wooden seats are provided for the traveler, who pays at the rate of about half a cent a mile.

A trip in a passenger steamboat is one of the most novel experiences a foreigner can have, but unless he is an extraordinarily good sailor he should avoid the boats that ply among the islands or go up to Hakodate. On Lake Biwa, the largest lake in Japan, are some good steamboats, and the trip around the lake is well worth taking. The foreigner to whom a chair or raised seat is a necessary adjunct of comfort is however warned to avoid the boats.

THREE Americans having purchased first class tickets for the steamer boarded it at the second stopping place. A hasty glance into the cabin showed it to be well filled, so the party made their way to the bow and sat down on the deck, which was scrupulously clean. There the air was refreshing, the view unobstructed, and every prospect pleasing except the hardness of the deck. When the purser came for the tickets and found them first class he with difficulty explained that the ladies were sitting in steerage and must immediately be conducted to first cabin. Reluctantly giving up the good air and view the three women made their way to the cabin in the stern. Here, to be sure, were mats upon which to sit, but the roof was so low the Americans could only move about on their knees. The cabin was full of Japanese ladies and children, who politely made room for the strangers, but it was stifling hot out of the breeze, and one could see nothing. After a few minutes of first cabin luxuries the foreigners made their way back to the greater comforts of steerage in spite of the sad protests of the purser.

The steamboats for outside trips are so small they are sure to be rough, and the night accommodations are cramped to a degree beyond imagination. In the big ocean steamers owned and run by the Japanese that ply across the Pacific and to India and Europe the passenger quarters are similar to those of European lines. It is a curious fact that sailing, rowing or paddling is rarely done for pleasure in Japan.



FERRY BOATS ARE NOT USED ON THE SHALLOW RIVERS. BRIDGES THAT "COMPOSE" WITH THE LANDSCAPE ARE PREFERRED



H. F. Hardenbergh, Architect.

BATTERY PLACE BUILDING

THE TRUE EXPRESSION OF THE SKYSCRAPER
IS NOT WEIGHT BUT LIGHTNESS

THE RIDDLE OF THE TALL BUILDING: HAS THE SKYSCRAPER A PLACE IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE? BY H. A. CAPARN



O single subject in architecture is more generally and anxiously discussed nowadays than the skyscraper. No construction of iron and stone is regarded with so much doubt and pessimism, as a necessity but an evil one. 'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true. It is a monstrosity driving the artist to despair, a revolt against the laws of Nature which decree that there shall be only so many folk on such and such a sized piece of earth, piling humanity up in heaps like bees or ants, absorbing and disgorging them twice a day until the streets become too narrow for the traffic and the sewers too small for the drainage they have to carry away. It is a revolt against the laws of economics, striving to make a profit on little bits of real estate in spite of their enormous cost, and by the very struggle increasing their value.

It is an overgrown giant usurping the dimensions of a cathedral, a royal palace, or a house of assembly; a structure intended to stand alone and dominate the smaller and humbler things about it; but instead of remaining solitary and dignified it shoulders monsters next it like mean houses in a row; turns streets into cañons, backyards into wells, cutting off light and air from all lower structures and from other tall buildings. The sun refuses to shine into its lower stories, and even the winds of heaven rebel against it. It is the stark and concrete expression of the tyranny and ruthlessness of modern business. Yet it is here as a condition, not a theory. It rises and multiplies in every city, and many who read these words have their places of business in a skyscraper and spend a goodly proportion of their waking hours therein, so convenient is it, and such a saving of wearisome stair climbing are its elevators. Not one of the architects who most deplore and despair of its artistic problems but would jump at the opportunity of building the highest that could be made to stand and frown insolently down on the roofs below. Not one but would, for the sake of the fat commission and the glory, do his best to get out the complete working drawings as soon as he possibly could, to satisfy his client's haste and save him from the loss of rent not received and taxes paid out that would accrue with every day's delay. Not one

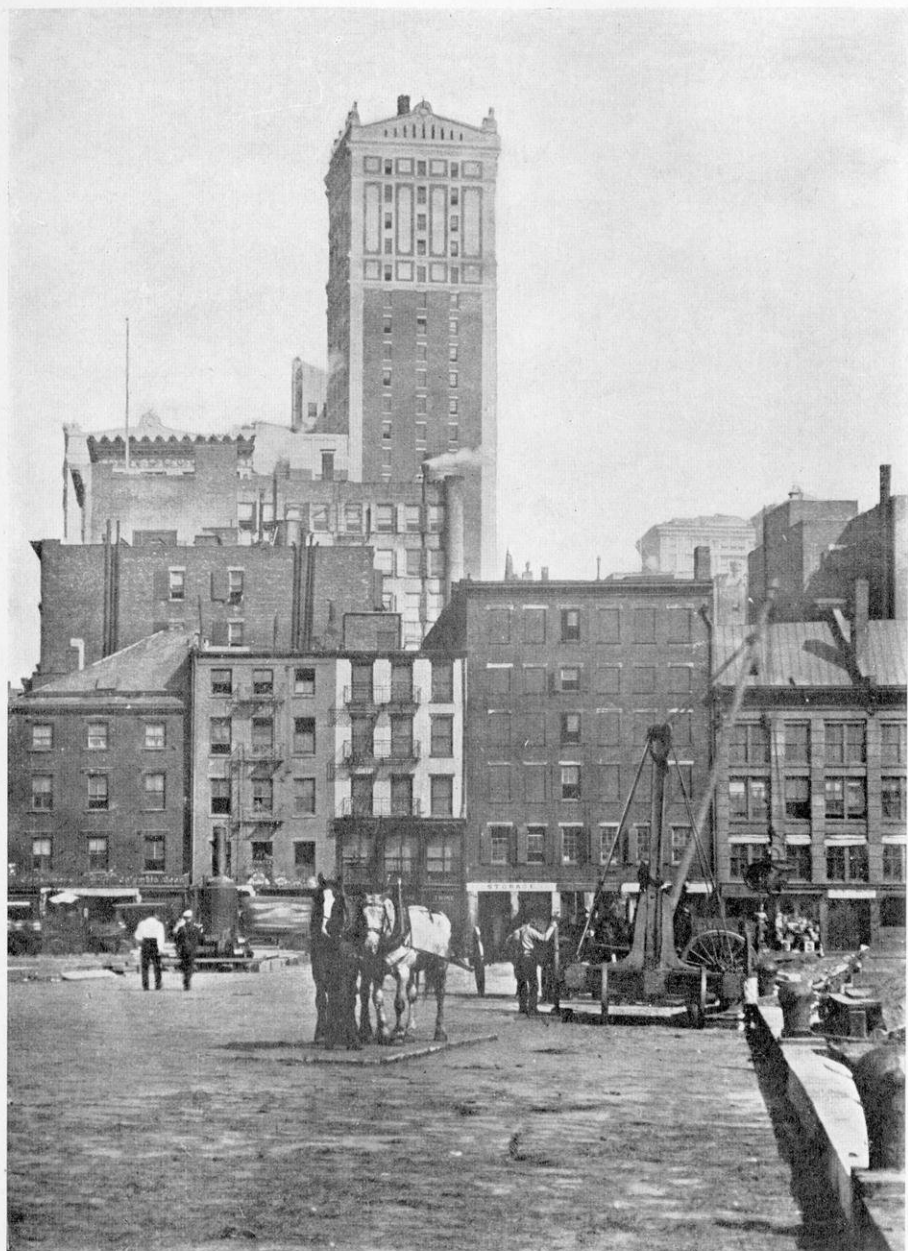
RIDDLE OF THE SKYSCRAPER

would insist upon months or years to think over and digest the problem that such an outlay as goes into one of these steel structures calls for in these days not only of great buildings but of great building.

PARTLY for reasons like these, not wholly because of the inherent difficulties of the problem, most of the skyscrapers hitherto put up are crude and ugly, and none of them is entirely satisfactory. Most are hasty, potboiling copies of the previous ones, and a few are what they all ought to be—honest experiments, attempts to find a solution for an architectural problem. The skyscraper has not yet developed a type of recognized excellence, or even lines along which evolution may advance, and so until it does, each new one should be an attempt to find a solution, cautious or bold, according to the powers or temperament of the designer.

The trend of contemporary architectural thought is along logical or classical lines, the outward expression of and obedience to structural conditions. So it seems quite natural that long and assiduous search should have been made for some outward and visible sign of the inward and structural steel, for some way of making the necessary masonry sheathing tell the story of the metal uprights it conceals and protects. This appears to naturally result in vertical ribs or piers encasing the columns with panels between to make the walls. This, in one form or another, is the idea of the average tall building.

Starting in a similar way to reason from first principles, builders of skyscrapers have reasoned that because the walls are high and obviously ponderous, they must have a base that looks massive enough to support such a weight. Thus many-storied buildings are apt to have a base of huge stones with exaggerated rustication, intended not merely to be, but to appear an adequate support for the vertical mass above them; the structure must not only *be*, but it must *look* secure. In other words, the base tries to appear able to support the superincumbent wall as if all were of masonry, a set of conditions contradictory and impossible; for if the walls were thick enough to support themselves, there would be little or no roof left for floor space, so that the primary object of the skyscraper, the multiplication of floors without loss of floor space, would be defeated. Thus this apparent truthfulness entails a denial of the very essentials of the fabric.



"NO 60 WALL STREET, THOUGH FLAT AS A PACKING CASE,
HAS AN AIR OF LIGHTNESS AND SIMPLICITY"



Louis Sullivan, Architect.

GARRICK THEATRE, CHICAGO,
SHOWING HONESTY OF CONSTRUCTION



Louis Sullivan, Architect.

SCHLESINGER AND MEYER BUILDING, CHICAGO
A RADICAL INNOVATION IN SKYSCRAPERS



PRUDENTIAL BUILDING, BUFFALO,
WITH SQUARE, PACKING-BOX EFFECT

RIDDLE OF THE SKYSCRAPER

WE have, therefore, two radical inconsistencies of design—vertical piers that do not support and horizontal courses meant to deceive. That they do to some extent deceive the eye while the mind recognizes the deception is but another testimony to the value of apparent logic in construction.

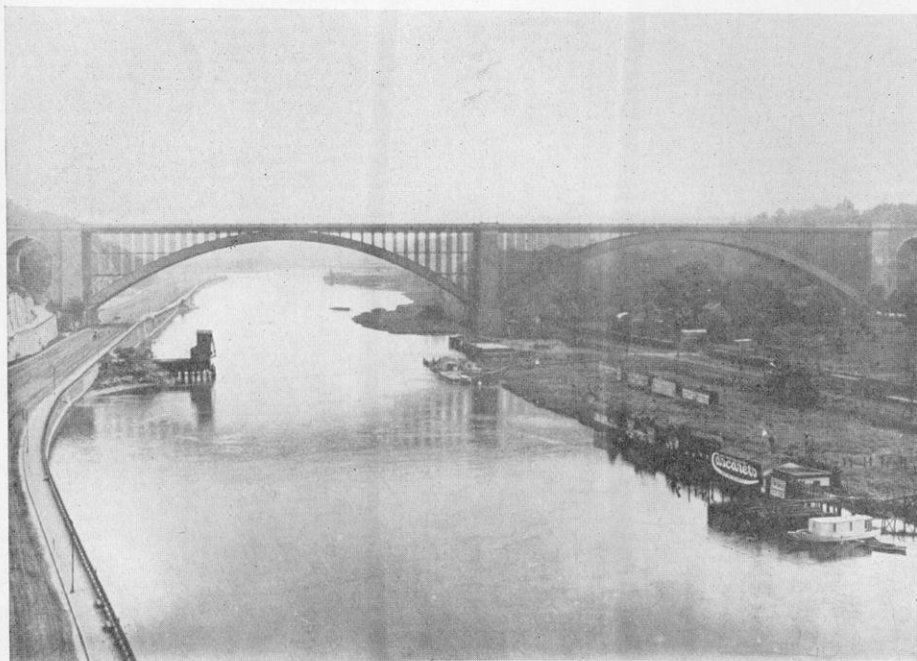
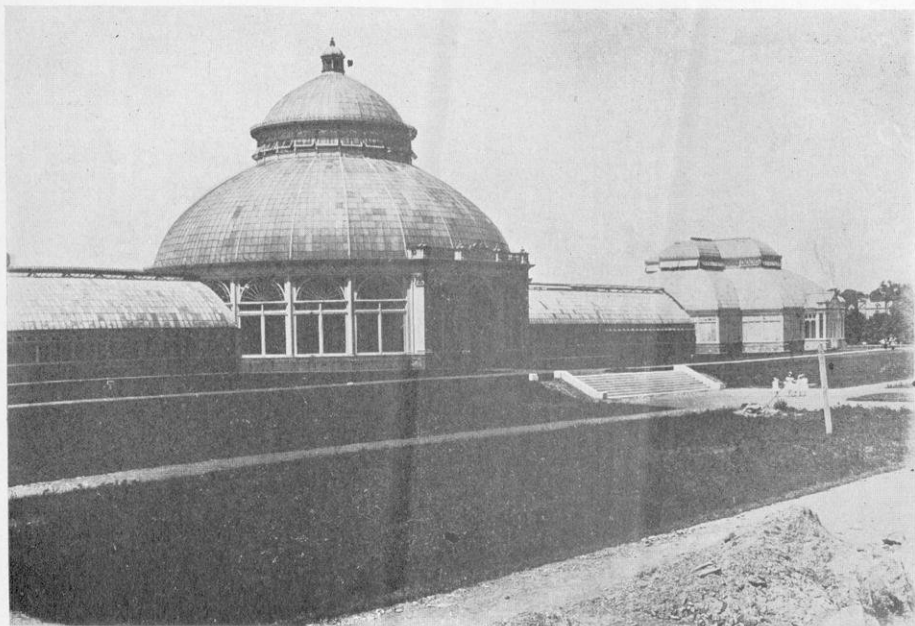
Where, then, shall we look for the true principle of design, the elimination of all these inconsistencies, the solution of the skyscraper problem? Mr. J. M. Carrere has shown something really rational and consistent when he pointed out that there was no more reason for expressing the articulation of a steel than of a frame structure; that they were the same in principle, and that the only difference was in materials, wooden uprights and rafters covered with clapboards on the one hand and steel framing covered with stone or concrete or marble paneling on the other. The decoration could be large mosaic patterns on vast concrete surfaces, surely a fascinating motive for anyone daring enough to attempt it. This would be a bold departure from the convention, a resolute way of expressing real structural essentials, not by searching for, but by building them. It might lead wholly away from the traditions of string courses, piers, cornices, and the other conventionalities into a new set of forms and a new kind of decoration, and develop the new style of the skyscraper. It already has the first essential of a new style, a new principle of construction.

There are many buildings which approach this idea of an expanse of plain wall covering, otherwise disregarding the steel skeleton, notably the Battery Place Building, which, though superficially of the same masonry—masked metal—as its neighbors, has yet so different an expression that it is worth while to stop before (and behind) it and speculate on the reason for such a difference. The whole design is of the plainest, yet even the myriad-windowed wall of the rear, with nothing but its re-entering angles to vary it, has a certain decorative value. It looks like what it is—a gigantic box perforated nigh to the limit of safety to admit all the light and air possible to the interior. It looks remarkably light for its size instead of impossibly heavy, and yet there is a propriety about it the secret of which is worth a good deal of search to discover. The east front of No. 60 Wall Street seen from the river, though almost as flat as a packing case, has an admirable look of lightness and simplicity as it rises over the multitude of roofs, and is yet a very pleasing piece of architectural design. Many

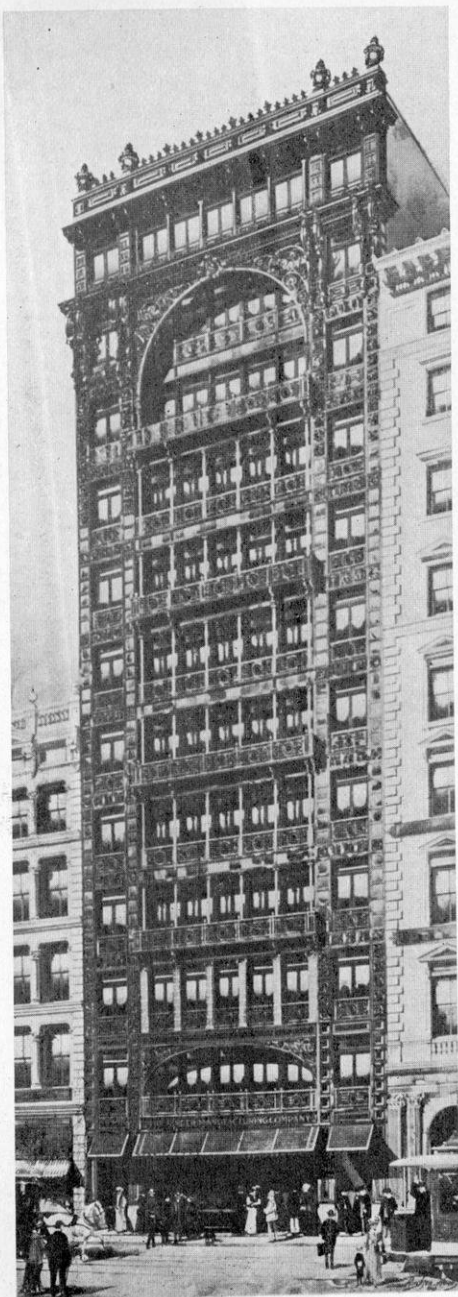
RIDDLE OF THE SKYSCRAPER

architects have sought light and air (and, perhaps unintentionally, lightness and airiness) in other ways. They have made the central stories a mere framework of iron and glass with solid looking side piers, cornice and upper story. Such are 26 East Twenty-first Street, 630 Broadway, and a good many others with and without architectural pretensions. More notable instances of this kind of design are Mr. Louis Sullivan's Garrick Theatre, in which the strong and resolute piers seem to run up to the top of the structure with power to support their own weight and that of the iron frame between them without need of it for lateral bracing; and still more logical and beautiful, if less striking, is Carrere and Hastings' Blair Building on Nassau Street, New York. The advantage of such a motive of two or four corner piers supporting and enclosing a framework of windows is that the monumental effect of masonry design can be retained with most of the advantages of an unmitigated steel skeleton. But if the corner piers are stout enough to do their work alone it will be necessarily at the loss of considerable space compared with a mere metal frame; and if they are a mere metal frame veneered they are still a sham, denying their real construction.

But there are other and more radical innovations than the Battery Place Building. Chicago possesses one of Mr. Louis Sullivan's latest, most original and successful experiments in the Schlesinger and Meyer Building, and New York has the new Singer Building on Broadway and Prince Street, a skeleton of steel with its rib spaces filled with crude terra-cotta, a thing economical and unashamed, displaying its inmost secrets for all on the street to see. Hasty people—even, and perhaps especially, architects—describe it as hideous and with other glib epithets of disapproval, but it is a work to make the judicious stop and think, and perhaps pronounce it the best, because the truest and most courageous thing yet done in tall buildings. Such a structure may look gawky and ephemeral to one who has passed his life in learning to judge architectural proportions on traditional standards. But we have learned to judge proportions on the basis of brick or stone being clearly able to do the work required in them, and have come to think that such and such relations of height and thickness of support to the thing supported are the only correct ones, and that anything else is not "architectural." But how if we use steel, a material capable of doing the work with a small fraction



CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON, A MODEL
OF NOBLE, DIGNIFIED CONSTRUCTION
SHOWING BEAUTY OF CONSTRUCTION
IN THE ARCH SPAN OF A BRIDGE



THE SINGER BUILDING
"A THING ECONOMICAL AND UNASHAMED"

RIDDLE OF THE SKYSCRAPER

of the mass of brick or stone? Is it not reasonable to suppose that there may be another system of proportions discoverable adapted to steel and yet in its way "architectural"? The fault may be in us, not in the steel; we can feel only one kind of design. Even if the architectural expression of steel framing in its own sizes and shapes has not yet been found it may yet be possible for someone to find it and for us to learn to appreciate it, to get an impression of strength and durability from a new set of dimensions.

WHERE, then, is one to look for the true expression of a skyscraper? Not in the solid and martial Campanile with few and small openings, manifestly strong enough, and to spare, to bear its own weight, for that would deny the first postulate of a skyscraper—light and air. Not in the buildings of ancient Rome or the Renaissance, with massive masonry and superimposed orders, for the secret of giving these things dignity and repose in a utilitarian building elongated upward, has not yet been found. They are only very well as long as the facade is broader than high. Strength and solidity are not the qualities to assert in a skyscraper, for they are a deception, a statement of things not only not true, but impossible to be true. All these arrangements of apparently massive basements and piers running unbroken through many stories, however well they may assemble, however well they may cajole the willing eye, however well they may satisfy the desire for external logic of construction, are never entirely satisfactory because never really true, never really possible. The fabric could not be the solid and ponderous thing it tries to seem, for if it were it could not exist, because it would not pay. High buildings would stop at seven or eight stories, and probably many desirable things would happen. But they do exist and will continue to, so we may as well accept them and try to find their secret instead of merely abusing them.

The high building is a metal cage intended to contain the greatest possible void and the least possible solid. Here we have a point to start from. Given these conditions, how can they be best attained and how best expressed, how made decorative, and to what extent? What precedent is there, and how best can it be followed and developed? What structures are there fulfilling such needs, of what kind, and where? Surely they are to be found not among the descendants of

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men who built the Pyramids, the Parthenon, the Coliseum and the palaces along the Grand Canal, who work in their own materials and think their own thoughts, but rather among modern engineers, who have built high and spanned wide with steel beams and rivets, and by accident or design made them beautiful. The first instance that occurs of such a work is the Eiffel Tower, magnificent in its size and sweep of line in spite of its confession of every gaunt rib. Perhaps the supreme example is still the Crystal Palace at London, always noble and dignified in line and mass, though its walls are transparent. The greenhouse builder has done something worth considering, for he has made a house often large and sometimes beautiful, amply secure for its purpose yet with the thinnest possible walls and the most attenuated supports.

The gigantic roof is one of the many things that we regard not, because it is so commonplace and we have become afraid of the vulgarity of admiring anything because of its size. The enormous windows of a Gothic cathedral are of the same order, for they cover the greatest possible space with the least possible material. It is the glory of many a great building not that it seems strong, but light and daring, that so much space has been covered with so little stone. This sometimes applies not merely to a part but to the whole structure, as St. Ouen and the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. Instances of this sentiment of lightness in piled-up masonry can be found in some kind and degree in many ages and styles of architecture.

THE true expression of the skyscraper, then, is not weight, but lightness; the appearance of doing the most work with the least effort, of supporting the greatest number of stories with the least quantity of steel. The building should rest on its uprights, not its walls, and be braced by girders, and should appear to do so. Its walls should not only *be*, but should seem to be, panels. It is of no use to say that a seemly and dignified exterior treatment of a really candid edifice cannot be discovered, for the experiment has hardly been tried on a daring and untrammelled scale until the building of the Schlesinger & Meyer and the Singer Buildings. The designers of these buildings have not feared to discard conventional models and to make modern structures in a modern way with modern means and materials, even as the ancient Greeks and Mediæval masons did, and, like them, to even found a new style in architecture, expressing the needs and taste of a nation.

THE SOCIAL SECRETARY—AN OPPORTUNITY FOR EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON



BUSINESS man on his way down town one morning noticed opposite him, in the street car, a neat, tidy young working girl. Her shoes were polished, her collar straight, her skirt showed no symptoms of parting company with her fresh white waist, her hair was smooth and well arranged. "I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts," said the business man to his companion, "that she works in a place where there is a social secretary."

"What do you mean? What in the world is a social secretary?" asked his friend. "It's really a new profession for both men and women. Social secretaries are employed in large establishments to look after the health and general well being of worker and plant, to be the point of contact between the firm and its force in all questions which arise concerning life in the factory, workshop, or store. They adjust grievances and forestall unnecessary difficulties, and it is said to be a good thing all round." And it is, for the firms which have them strongly endorse this profession, one of the newest to be evolved from our kaleidoscopic industrial conditions.

The idea was conceived by an industrialist in Holland who felt the need of such a person in his factory and who had sufficient originality to make the experiment. The American Institute of Social Service immediately saw the good which would accompany the adoption of this profession in the United States and therefore spread abroad the principle, with the prompt result of an American pioneer social secretary, a woman, who filled this position in a Rhode Island department store. Her four years' work greatly improved conditions for the workers. Her employer considered her services worth every cent of the very good salary which he paid her.

There are to-day twenty-seven social secretaries in the United States, about an even number of men and women.

The social secretary usually begins on a salary of \$720 a year, which is increased according to capability for the work. Salaries range from this sum to \$2,500 a year. The position is, however, no sinecure. It means responsibility, many annoyances, and is difficult

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to fill acceptably. The cardinal principles of the social secretary's gospel are sanitation, recreation and equalization. The chief requisites for the work are tact, common sense coupled with a knowledge of life gained through experience, a keen sense of justice, fearlessness of adverse criticism and ability to steer so straight a course between sympathy and fear as to win absolute confidence from those in command as well as from the rank and file.

It is essential to have a discriminating sense of the justice which belongs to each side; to know where the rights and privileges of employer and employee diverge, and to be quick to see, and capable of making the employer see, the advantage in dollars and cents which results from improved conditions, and to be able to make equally clear to the employee the difficulties which beset the management of every large enterprise.

THE organization and consolidation of vast industries, our factory system and immense department stores make it no longer possible for the employer to know his working force except as an impersonal human hive. The employees rarely, if ever, see him. Thus abuses and discomforts arise, through nobody's fault but simply because it is nobody's business to correct them. This leads to friction which might easily be avoided by the right word spoken at the proper time.

It is the duty of the social secretary not only to watch over the health, comfort and happiness of the force during working hours, but also to obtain sufficient knowledge of their private life to be a real help in time of trouble. There are times when wise advice and a little financial aid, as a loan in some form, will tide a girl over a crisis which otherwise might prove a temptation to irreparable disaster.

Sometimes a little incident will throw a flood of light upon a working girl's home life and the strict economies she must practise. Not long ago the social secretary of a department store noticed that one of the shop girls had a big piece of white paper pinned over the front of her waist. When asked the reason for it she replied that she had an engagement for that evening, wished to keep her waist clean, and would not have time to wash it after work was over. "And have you only one waist?"

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"Yes," was the reply, "and I wash it out at night to have it fresh next day."

"I should think your mother would do that for you; you must be tired when you get home."

"Mother has too much to do already with looking after the children. There are seven of us and I'm the oldest."

It is, perhaps, needless to say that to-day the girl has more than one waist.

The secretary establishes luncheon rooms, rest rooms, mutual aid associations, thrift funds and penny provident banks; if asked to do so, she is ready to give suggestions about the proper way to dress, the most becoming colors for a girl to wear, whether or not to listen to the wiles of Dan Cupid, and all sorts of other personal matters which perplex the ordinary mortal—in short, the social secretary is to be the employees' guide, philosopher and friend.

Besides the usual betterment features the secretary also arranges many forms of social amusement, such as dances, lectures and musicales. If this functionary did nothing more than teach working people how to enjoy themselves in a sane, healthy way the work would be justified. The American people, as a nation, do not know how to play properly. We take our pleasure so vehemently that it amounts to work or is perverted into dissipation. Few realize the sanity of a little brightness day by day, or the insanity of bolting our pleasures at a single gulp, or waiting to enjoy them until we are too old to do so.

One of New York's largest department stores maintains an attractive vacation home at Long Branch. The social secretary sends the girls there in congenial parties for a week's holiday in summer. This place is a real life-saving station. Many a girl goes to the vacation house utterly weary of paved streets and the city's dust and din. It is joy unspeakable to walk on the real ground, to feel the foot sink into the soft green grass. After a week of invigorating air, rest and abundant, wholesome food, a shop girl will return to work re-created, in very truth made over.

THE social secretary of a Pittsburg factory is a physician. His chief concern is naturally the health of the men and women who work there, and perhaps this is the reason for a most unusual feature of industrial betterment not found elsewhere, namely,

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a carriage for the use of convalescent employees, in order that they may have a breath of fresh air in the park. Only those who have been shut up during an illness know how much pleasure this carriage gives.

The three thousand employees of an Ohio factory keep the social secretary busy enough to need the help of two assistants. The personnel of this establishment is far above the average, the employees have quite a social position of their own. Their factory clubs have entertained distinguished persons both of this country and from foreign lands; lectures have been given by well known speakers, and the social work has been done upon such a large scale that the factory stands to-day as an object lesson for the world. There are a great variety of clubs whose meetings are conducted in a manner worthy of their members and of the secretaries who plan them. Great attention is paid to recreation, and dances are frequent—indoors in winter and out in the open air in summer.

If, added to what may be called the domestic side of this profession, the social secretary is empowered to raise or decrease salaries according to the worth of each employee, the whole question of industrial betterment in that house is placed upon a sound economic basis. The importance of improved surroundings can scarcely be overestimated, but at the same time nothing can replace the economic value of adequate pay for efficient service. Wherever a different policy is pursued there is apt to be unrest no matter how pleasant working conditions may be. An adjustable wage system is the surest way to remove dissatisfaction as well as to command capable working people.

There is one establishment in Boston which includes the regulation of the wage system in the duties of its social secretary, who, in this case, is a woman. Besides having a care for the welfare, she keeps a record of each girl's status with the firm, her regular weekly wages, her average weekly commissions on sales, number of times absent or tardy and general remarks. When this record shows that a girl is worth more to the business than she is receiving the secretary has the power to immediately raise her wages. In the same manner does she reduce the pay of an inefficient employee. This method is the greatest incentive to good work, since it insures to those who do their duty the full reward for it.

This is an exceptionally successful house, and when asked to what single thing in its policy the manager attributed its rapid growth,

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without hesitation the reply was, "The right of every one to speak his or her mind about all matters connected with the business." "Why is that such a great thing?" "Because it develops character," was the reply. "You mean loyalty?" "No, I mean character—which is more, and includes loyalty. Slavish, doglike fidelity is good enough in its way, but constructive criticism is far more valuable."

Comfortable luncheon rooms, individual lockers for coats and hats and conveniences of a similar nature are taken as a matter of course in this house. The secretary chiefly concerns herself with the question of wages, although she says, "Wherever I see neglect in the way of ventilation or an opportunity to save a girl from a nervous breakdown by a little needed rest, of course I speak about it."

THE social secretary of a Western mining company is a man. There are fifteen thousand miners, comprising twenty-six nationalities and speaking thirty-five languages and dialects, in his care. The mining camps are scattered through more than one state and the man at the helm of the social work has entire supervision of the elaborate system of medical attendance, housing and schools which the company maintains for the men and their families. A master hand is needed to mould these varying elements into one homogeneous class. The Americanization of this great number of immigrants is a striking instance of the manner in which industrial betterment reacts upon the community and the national life at large.

Occupied with broad interests, engaged in promoting the best features of business life, having unusual opportunities for seeing human nature at its best and at its worst, the man or woman who would be a social secretary must necessarily be a student of humanity imbued with a purpose higher than the mere earning of a salary, for it is no light thing to have the happiness and prosperity of others in one's keeping. The social secretary must be a master craftsman capable of making the most out of unpromising material, and the possessor of those qualities of soul, mind and behavior that are an ever present influence, a stimulant in time of discouragement. The social secretary must have understanding and sympathy to be an adviser in time of doubt, a teacher of the ignorant, a friend of the intelligent and a good comrade always.

A CO-OPERATIVE VILLAGE FOR WORKING PEOPLE—BEAUTIFUL AND PRACTICAL AND A FOUR PER CENT. INVESTMENT: BY MABEL TUKE PRIESTMAN



THE employers who to-day are getting the best returns for their money are men who have taught themselves to understand how the "other half" lives. For it is not merely the day's work that is a money value to the wage-earner, but the conditions under which life is lived from one day's work to another. The foundation for successful endeavor has got to be comfortable, healthful environment as well as ambition and capability. When an employer hires workmen it is his frank intention to secure the best purchasable work for his money. As a matter of fact he does not always get it, and fully one-half of the time he is to blame; or if not to blame, he at least suffers for his ignorance of economic conditions.

It is a fact which every employer sooner or later must face, that people who are neither well fed nor properly rested, nor ever really happy from 6 p. m. to 8 a. m. are not going to work cheerfully and enthusiastically; that people who live in confusion and dreariness and misery will work with reluctance and lack of interest; that a day's work begun wearily and ended indifferently cannot be successful work either for the wage-earner or for the employer.

Professional people who are overworked and none too comfortable from day to day, at least have humor and philosophy to discount fatigue and discomfort; but what self help is there for the busy people who labor in the whirl of machinery and the heat of furnaces? To people whose working day is noise and dust and physical exhaustion, a garden of their own is a walk abroad into fairyland; a vine-hidden porch brings to the summer evening the cool of the woods and the sounds of birds; a rose from the bush along the path is that sort of joy that comes from one's own creation. When there is a cool, peaceful house to rest the brain and relax the body the uproar and tension of factory work begin to lose their power to destroy and incapacitate.

There can be no doubt that the working men and women who are able to connect one day's labor with another by life in a simply beautiful home, set in a garden of their own cultivation, with fruits that they have watched grow out of fragrant blossoms, are on the real



THE TRIANGLE—ONE OF THE PARK SPACES
IN BOURNVILLE

A FAVORITE STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE ALONG
BOURNVILLE LANE



A SIMPLE, BEAUTIFUL CASEMENT IN A
BOURNVILLE TENEMENT

AN EXCEEDINGLY GOOD STYLE BEDROOM IN
ONE OF THE HUMBLEST HOMES

A PRACTICAL CO-OPERATIVE VILLAGE

road to good work. For peace of mind and bodily health and a spirit of contentment must forever lead to increased productiveness as well as to a quiet elevation of character. Amiability and unselfishness do not grow to their perfect proportion easily in confusion and sordidness, and more often than not irritability is just ragged nerves.

But how to provide beautiful homes on a simple basis for working people is no easy problem for the employer. It goes without saying that the busy people cannot meet the problem themselves, and philanthropy does not hold out long at a financial loss. The first fact that confronts every well disposed employer is not merely the improvement of his factory, but the consideration of building homes for the people he employs. The squalor and monotony that surround the average tenement, often even where the tenants are receiving moderately good salaries, are largely responsible for discontented, irresponsible workingmen. But what force can convert tenements into real dwelling places, hovels into homes?

IN spite of the difficulty of this question, one man at least has answered it to the satisfaction of his own employees and his own bank account. Mr. George Cadbury, of Northfield, Birmingham, England, has evolved a scheme of colony living which up to the present date has proved at once practical, beautiful and profitable. We have all of us heard in a vague way something of the Bournville Colony; we may even have seen charming pictures of well-built cottages with lawns, gardens, hedges and porches to lure song-birds to nest in; but very few of us know just how it came about, and what peace and thrift abide therein.

The village of Bournville was started in 1895, to quote Mr. Cadbury's own words, "as a contribution toward the housing problem." After years of careful thought, of work with architects and civic improvement enthusiasts, Mr. Cadbury proceeded to set apart a large portion of his Bournville estate, which was situated near his cocoa works, for this colony; roads were laid out, cottages built, gardens planted and tenants secured beyond the housing room of the buildings.

Mr. Cadbury decided at the very start that the dulness and monotony produced by long lines of unbroken houses must be avoided, that every house must have its individual surroundings, the utmost

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supply of sunlight and air, with opportunity to cultivate the love of gardening, as well as general open-air spaces for recreation and the complete enjoyment of out-door life.

Bournville is especially adapted in its situation to this sort of colony development. It is on high rolling ground with fine stretches of scenery about it in every direction. The cottages average about seven to the acre and are semi-detached or built in blocks of four. The utmost comfort for the tenants has been studied in their construction, and the architects, Mr. W. A. Harvey and Mr. H. Bedford Tylor, have introduced as much variety as is consistent with simple construction, in order that each cottage should suggest the individuality of a home. There are many quaint little cottages, suggesting that famous one of Anne Hathaway's. Some of the most attractive are rough-cast and half-timbered, while others are built of brick. The roofs are of red tile or green slate, and add a charming color quality to the darker tones of the houses. Porches, gables and buttresses are seen where they develop in harmony with the architecture; and, although much attention has been given to making the houses artistic, comfort and compactness have always been given the first consideration. Gloomy back rooms and straggling out-houses are never allowed. When a house unavoidably faces north a window is cunningly devised at an angle that will secure at least a moderate amount of sunshine.

From early spring to late autumn the lawns are green and the gardens brilliant with blossoms. Six hundred feet of garden space is allowed to each house. When a new cottage is built the garden at the start is laid out by the estate gardeners, so that the new tenant moving in finds the garden all ready to cultivate, and hedges started with fruit trees, with pears, apples and plums, set in such a way that the trees form a screen about the garden. The advice of professional gardeners is always at the command of the tenants, although each householder is expected to cultivate his own garden and lawn, which he of course would want to do. The actual value of the fruit and vegetables secured from these gardens is often equal to more than a third of the rent. And who can estimate the value in health and mental rest to the cultivators of the garden? Think, too, of the wholesome fruit and vegetable diet for the family, with little cost beyond the time spent out in the early morning sunshine.

The co-operative purchase of plants, shrubs and bulbs gives oppor-

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tunity for buying at the cheapest rates, and garden tools can be rented at a very low cost. A loan library of gardening books has also been established, together with an association that not only periodically inspects the gardens, gives free lectures in winter and excursions in summer, but helps also to cultivate an interest in gardening by holding village flower-shows at which the exhibition is entirely from the lovely Bournville gardens.

IN the center of the colony is the village green shaded by trees, the playground for the children. An open space known as the Triangle is planted with shrubs, and in the early spring the green lawn is spotted from end to end with gold and purple crocuses. In and about Bournville there are at least fourteen acres of open space, and beyond the village to the north is a fine stretch of old woodland known as Camp Wood. As building increases, new land is added and divided into allotments.

The public buildings consist of the village meeting-house, where religious services are largely attended on Sundays; Ruskin Hall, where lectures and meetings are held, and where it is planned to organize an extensive library, reading-room, museum and classes for industrial art, and the new public schools which have just been given by Mr. and Mrs. Cadbury, and which are said to be the finest in the kingdom. There are also almshouses and a Home of Rest outside of the estate. The almshouses are most attractive, each one of the thirty-three little homes containing a living-room, bedroom and scullery on the ground floor. All are tastefully furnished and the occupants are supplied with free coal, water and gas, also with medical attendance. Old employees of Messrs. Cadbury Brothers have the preference for admission, although the houses are not reserved exclusively for them.

Another delightful adjunct to the village is Bournville Hall, formerly an old English residence. This old house still stands in its beautiful grounds, but it has been converted into a sort of home for the use of young girls working in Bournville who are either orphans or live at a distance from their relatives.

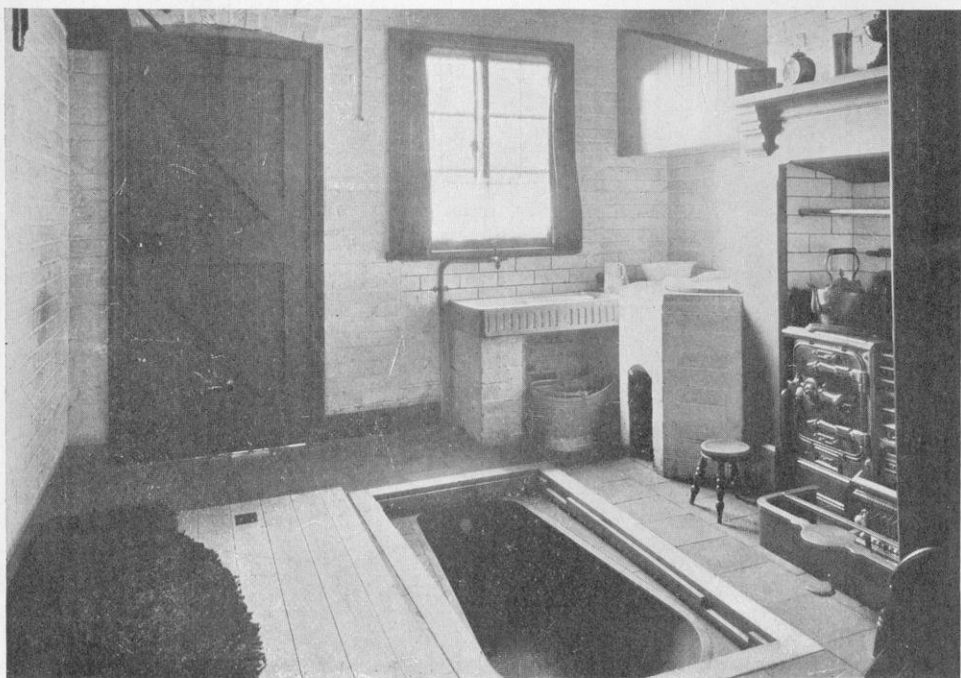
The cocoa works and recreation grounds adjoin the village. The playground for girls includes tennis courts, cricket and hockey grounds and beautiful shaded lawns, stretching over some twelve acres, and there is a fine large resting pavilion. The men's recreation

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ground consists of fourteen acres, with liberal space for large cricket and football clubs. They have, also, an open-air swimming bath, a finely equipped gymnasium and a charming pavilion, as shown in our illustration.

A point of deep interest to social reformers is that up to the present time there has never been a liquor license in Bournville village; neither public house, beer shop nor licensed grocer can be found, because the village people apparently do not want them. This is the work of the trustees of the village and not a restriction of Mr. Cadbury's. The village council, a band of voluntary workers, elected by vote, gives time and energy to protecting the interests of the village, to getting up flower shows and summer excursions and to encouraging an interest in the beautifying of the colony. This council also arranges for lectures and entertainments, manages the bath houses and children's playground, and keeps a careful watch over the purity of the milk supply—all of which involves no little sacrifice of time, yet is done cheerfully for the public good, and because of the universal feeling that the village is worth working for.

THE visitor to Bournville will encounter interesting evidences of appreciation among the tenants. When last in England I had an opportunity of seeing for myself this beautiful village. Mrs. Cadbury and I timed our visit so that we could call at several of the houses just before the noonday meal, that busiest of hours with the busy housekeeper. But we found the homes one and all in perfect order. To begin with they were homes easy to keep in order. The fittings were very simple, and there seemed to be no crowding about of cheap ornaments. Cheap sash-curtains of spotless muslin hung at the windows and pots of flowers were blooming on the window-sills. In even the very simplest houses the walls were covered with tasteful, plain, ingrain papers, finished with beautiful landscape friezes. I found out by questioning Mrs. Cadbury, as we walked through the fragrant village streets, that when a house was rented it was already suitably papered, and that the architects or a committee on furnishing would help tenants to select appropriate yet inexpensive furniture, hangings or rugs, and it seems that when curtains or rugs need renewing in these charming Bournville cottages, they are not replaced by cheap Nottingham lace or gaudy colored floor covering.



THIS ROOM IS MADE CHARMING ENOUGH FOR A
LIVING-ROOM AND KITCHEN COMBINED

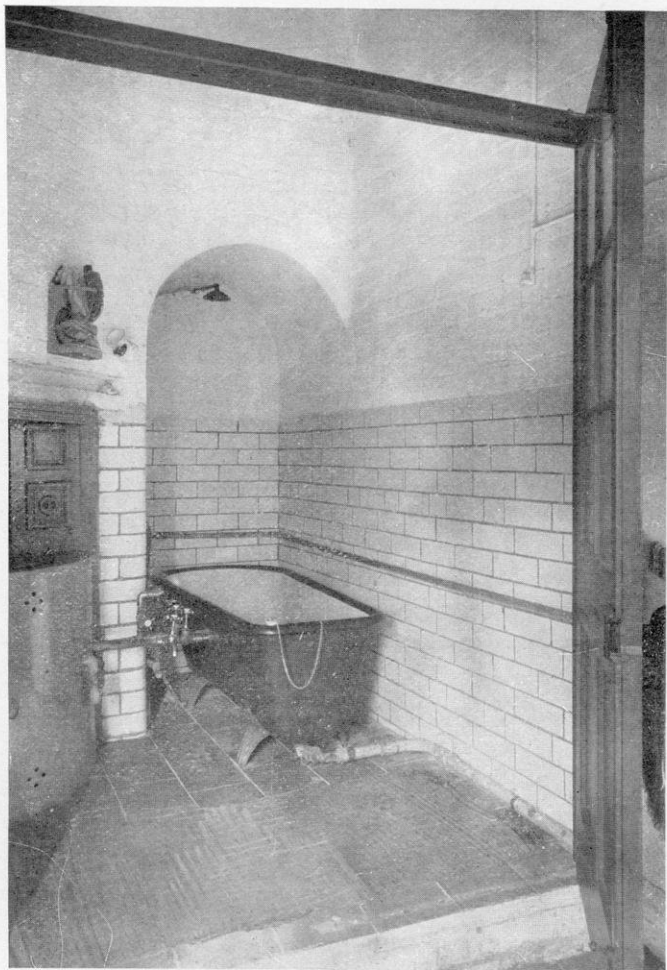
A BATHTUB SUNK IN THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF
THE SCULLERY FIRE



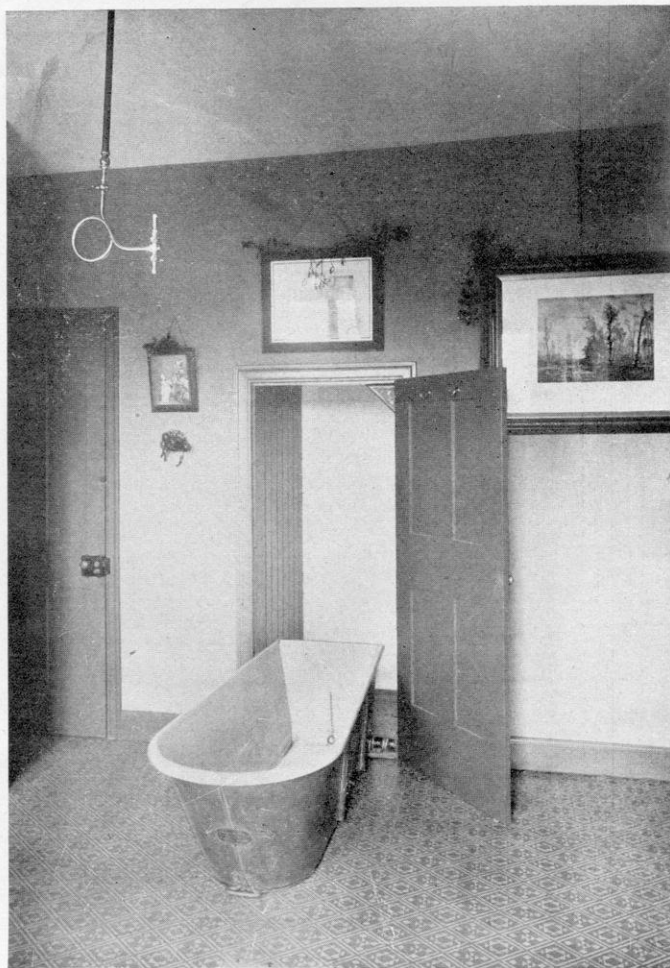
A RUSTIC BRIDGE LEADING TO THE CRICKET GROUNDS



THERE IS A CHARMING PAVILION
ON THE MEN'S RECREATION GROUNDS



BATHTUB IN A SCULLERY CORNER
CLOSE BY THE COOKING RANGE



A BATHTUB IN A CLOSET—TO BE
LET DOWN WHEN NEEDED

A PRACTICAL CO-OPERATIVE VILLAGE

The impulse of the tenants seems to be to keep in their homes the atmosphere of beauty they start with. Most of the houses are fitted up with wooden furniture stained either green, brown or gray, and the good lines and simplicity of construction in the chairs and bookcases and tables that I saw could furnish a lesson to many housekeepers in far richer homes.

The British workman used not to insist upon a daily bath, partly because it was not the custom and partly because it meant bathing in a cold room, which none of us like any too well; but the excellent Bournville architects have overcome the latter objection, and there are many ingenious devices in these colony houses to make bathing a pleasant luxury. The favorite place for the bathtub is before the scullery fire, and as the living-room contains an open fireplace the scullery can be converted at will into a secluded room. The bathtub is sunk into the floor, and a hinge-lid covers it in the day time, which in turn may be covered by a rag carpet rug or a strip of pretty colored oilcloth.

Another convenient arrangement is the recessed bath with shower attachment and hot and cold water. Several of the larger houses, where space is not so limited, contain a tiny bathroom on the second floor. Where the bathroom is desired upstairs in a small house, it is set on a pivot so that it can stand on end when not in use, in a closet provided for it.

Most of the houses built before 1901 contain two sitting-rooms, a scullery, three bedrooms and the usual conveniences. Larger ones were built with five or six bedrooms. I noticed, however, in the newest cottages that there was a tendency to have one large living-room, which was a great improvement on the old cutting up of space.

DURING our day at Bournville Mrs. Cadbury and I called upon her old nurse, who is spending her last days in one of the almshouse cottages. Although a very old woman, she was doing her own housekeeping in a tiny little house which was in perfect order. I noticed that these cottages have the bedroom on the first floor, and that there are no steps in and out of the doorway—which makes it very safe for the old people, who might need a great deal more care if these little details for their comfort were not given the utmost consideration. The stronger help the weaker, and there are

A PRACTICAL CO-OPERATIVE VILLAGE

always neighbors to care for the sick and needy. This dear old woman was sitting by the fire knitting, wearing a dainty white cap and fresh frock—a perfect picture of contented old age.

As a rule supper in the colony is eaten at five o'clock, and there is no more necessary work, but long twilights in the summer for recreation and gardening, and cheerful winter evenings for reading or social enjoyment, or the study of industrial art.

In 1900 Mr. Cadbury presented the village and the estate of which it forms a part to the nation, and it is now administered by trustees. The deed of foundation enacts that "all revenue after providing for repairs, maintenance, and other necessary expenditure, shall be used for building more cottages, the purchase of more land, and the general extension of the scheme."

The area of the estate is now five hundred and two acres; there are about six hundred cottages in the village, with a population of about two thousand eight hundred. Rents range from \$1.10 to \$1.50 per week. The recreation grounds are also in the hands of trustees, and the trust deed enacts that they are to be preserved as open spaces forever. In the event of the factory ceasing to exist, the deed provided that the ground should be handed over to the district council for use as a public park.

One can hardly realize that a scheme of this kind, which is such a philanthropic success, should also be a financial success, but so it is with Bournville. The property as a whole, including the portion not yet developed for building, yields a moderate return on the capital value. And as new houses are built, the rents are fixed so as to give a four per cent. net on the cost of construction and site.



WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?—A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE OF TODAY: BY LOUIS H. SULLIVAN



HIS Architecture, in the large sense, is barren of poetry; yet, strangely enough, it faintly contains in its physiognomy a latent suggestion, which bespeaks dramatic, lyric, eloquent and appealing possibilities. In fine, it expresses obscurely the most human qualities you as a people possess, and which, such is your awkward mental bashfulness, you are ashamed to acknowledge, much less to proclaim. One longs to wash from this dirty face its overlay of timidity and abasement; to strip from its form the rags of neglect and contumely, and to see if indeed there be not, beneath its forlorn aspect, the sweet face and form of an unsuspected Cinderella.

I surmise—or is it a hope born of visible possibilities? For, truly, what in all the world is more charming in the last analysis, however fickle, and at times childishly cruel, than is the American heart!

On this foundation, deeper and stronger than you suspect, I would, if I were you, build a new superstructure, really truer to yourselves, and more enduring, than that which is now crumbling upon its weak support of over-smartness and fundamental untruth.

Fortunate, indeed, are you, that your corruption is so crude; for you can still survive the surgery of its eradication. It is on this sound heart, and that still better part of it as yet unmatured and unrevealed to your own consciousness, that I would build anew and aright. For he who knows even a genuinely little of mankind knows this truth: The heart is greater than the head. For, in the heart is desire; and out of it comes forth courage and magnanimity.

To be sure, you have assumed that poetry meant verses; and that reading such was an unworthy weakness for men of brains and hard-headed business. You have held to a fiction, patterned upon your farcical common sense, that sentiment has no place in affairs. Again you did not inquire; you assumed; took for granted—as is your heedless way. You have not looked into your own hearts. You have looked only at the vacancy of convention from which realities have long since departed. Only the husks remain there, like the shells of beetles upon the bark of a living tree.

WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?

YOU have not thought deeply enough to know that the heart in you is the woman in the man. You have derided your femininity, where you have suspected it; whereas, you should have known its power, cherished and utilized it, for it is the hidden well-spring of intuition and imagination. What can the brain accomplish without these two? They are the man's two inner eyes; without them he is stone blind. For the mind sends forth these powers, both together. One carries the light, the other searches; and between them they find treasures. These they bring to the brain, which first elaborates them, then says to the will, "Do"—and action follows.

Poetically considered, as far as the huge, disordered resultant mass of your architecture is concerned, intuition and imagination have not gone forth to illuminate and search the hearts of the people. Thus are its works stone blind. If such works be called masculine, this term will prove but a misuse of neuter. For they are empty of procreant powers. They do not inspirit the thoughtful mind, but much do they depress it; they are choked with inarticulate cries which evoke pathos in the hearer.

Consider, now, that poetry is not verse—although some verse may be poetic. Consider, now, poetry as apart from words and as resident in things, in thoughts, in acts. For if you persist in regarding print or language as the only readable or hearable thing—you must, indeed, remain dull interpreters of the voices of Nature, and of the acts and thoughts of the men of the present and the past, in their varied, but fundamentally alike activities. No; poetry, rightly considered, stands for the highest form of intellectual scope and activity. Indeed, it were truer to say psychic activity, if it be known what realities lie behind the mask of that word.

And, be it said in passing, most words are masks. Habit has accustomed you to this company of masks, beautiful some of them, repellent others, but you seldom draw aside a word mask to see for yourselves the countenance of reality which it may both reveal and conceal. For, as I have said, you do not inquire, you are prone to take things for granted. You have seen masks since childhood, and you have assumed and still assume them to be real, because, since childhood, you have been told they were, and are, real, by those to whose selfish interest it was, and is, that you cherish the illusion. Lately, however, you have sufficiently awakened to draw aside the mask word "respectability."

WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?

You dearly love the mask-word "brains," which means physical action, and sniff at the word "intellect," which stands for clear, powerfully constructive reflection. Therefore, as this is your thought, naturally enough, you are the victims of your impulsive acts, and of your apathy toward far-reaching inevitable, yes, inexorable, consequences.

IT is vitally with realities that poetry deals. But you say it is not; so that settles the matter as far as you are concerned—at least you think it does—in reality it settles you—it keeps you self-bound.

You say that poetry deals only with metaphor and figures of speech. What is your daily talk but metaphor and figures of speech! Every word, genuinely used, is a picture; whether used in conversation or in literary production. Mental life, indeed physical life, is almost entirely a matter of eyesight.

Poetry, properly understood, means the most highly efficient form of mental eyesight. That is to say, it is that power of seeing and doing which reveals to man's inner self the fulness and the subtle power of life. Poetry, as a living thing, therefore, stands for the most telling quality that man can impart to his thoughts. Judged by this test your buildings are dreary, empty places.

Further, these buildings reveal no genuine art of expression—and neither have you, as a people, genuinely expressed yourselves. You have sniffed at this, too; for you are cynical, and very pert, and very cocksure. The leer is not long absent from your eyes. You have said in substance: "What do we want of an art of expression? We cannot sell it!" Perhaps not. But you can and have sold yourselves.

You have assumed that an art of expression is fiction, something apart from yourselves; as you have assumed almost all things of genuinely preservative value to be fictions, apart from yourselves—things negligible, to be put on and off like a coat.

Therefore, look at your body of laws—complicated, grotesque and inefficient, spiked with "jokers," as guns are spiked. Look at your constitution. Does that now really express the sound life in you, or is there a "joker" in that, too, that is surely strangling you? Look at your business. What is it become but a war of extermination among cannibals? Does it express democracy? Are you, as a people, now really a democracy? Do you still possess the power of self-government

WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?

of a people, by a people, for a people? Or is it now perished, as your Abraham Lincoln, on the field of Gettysburg, hoped it might not, and as hoped a weary and heartsick people at the close of an awful struggle to preserve democracy in its integrity, to preserve that fundamental art of expression whereby a people may, unhampered, give voice and form to the aspiration of their lives, their hopes, as they press onward toward the enjoyment of their birthright, the birthright of every man—the right to happiness.

Do you realize with what caustic accuracy this stupor is shown in your buildings? They, too, stand for the spiked laws of an art of expression. For what is there to express but the true life of a people? What is there in a democracy but *all* the people? By what right does any man say: "I am! I own! I am therefore a law unto myself!" How quickly among you has *I lead!* become—*I possess! I betray!* How glibly have you acquiesced! With what awful folly have you assumed greed to be the basis of democracy!

HOW significant is it, that now a few rough hands are shaking you, a few sharp, shrill voices calling: "Awake before it is too late!"

But I hear you say testily: "We are too young to consider these accomplishments. We have been so busy with our material development that we have not found the time to consider them."

Know, then, that to begin with they are not accomplishments but necessities. And, to end with, you are old enough, and have found the time to succeed in nearly making a "fine art of—betrayal, and a science of graft!"

Know that you are as old as the race—that each man among you has in him the accumulated power of the race, ready at hand for use, in the right way, when he shall conclude it better to think straight, and hence act straight rather than, as now, to act crooked and pretend to be straight.

Know that the test, plain simple *honesty* (and you all know, every man of you knows, exactly what that means) is always at your hand.

Know, that as all complex manifestations have a simple basis of origin, so the vast complexity of your national unrest, ill health, inability to think clearly and accurately concerning simple things, really vital things, is easily and swiftly traceable to the single, actual,

WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?

active cause—dishonesty; and that this points with unescapable logic and in just measure to each individual man!

The remedy—individual honesty.

A conclusion as logical as just!

"But," you may say, "how absurdly simple."

Doubtless it is absurd, if you think it is, and will so remain, as far as you are concerned, just so long as you think it is—and no longer. But just so long will your social pains and aches and unrest continue; and these you do not consider absurd.

When Newton saw the apple fall, he saw what you might likewise call an absurdly simple thing. Yet with this simple thing he connected up the universe.

Moreover, this simple thing, honesty, stands in the universe of human thought and action, as its very center of gravity, and is our human mask-word behind which abides all the power of Nature's integrity, the profoundest fact which modern thinking has persuaded life to reveal.

WHAT folly, then, for man to buck against the stupendous flow of life, instead of voluntarily and gladly placing himself in harmony with it, and thus transferring to himself Nature's own creative energy and equipoise.

"But," you say, "all this is above our heads."

No, it is not! *'It is close beside your hand!* and therein lies its power.

Again you say: "How can honesty be enforced?"

It cannot be enforced!

"Then how will the remedy go into effect?"

It cannot go into effect. It can only come into effect.

"Then how can it come?"

Ask Nature.

"And what will Nature say?"

Nature is always saying: "I center at each man, woman and child. I knock at the door of each heart, and I wait. I wait in patience—ready to enter with my gifts."

"And is that all that Nature says?"

That is all.

"Then how shall we receive Nature?"

WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?

By opening wide your minds! For your greatest crime against yourselves is that you have locked the door in her face, and have thrown away the key! Now you say: "There is no key!"

"Then how shall we make a new key?"

First: Care scrupulously for your individual and collective physical health. Beware of those who are undermining it; they are your deadliest danger. Beware of yourselves if you are undermining it, for you are then your own deadliest enemy. Thus will you achieve the vital preliminary—a quiet, strong and resilient nervous system. Thus will your five senses become accurate interpreters of your physical surroundings; and thus, quite naturally, will the brain resume in you its normal power to act and react.

Second: Begin at once the establishment of a truly democratic system of education. The basis of this must be character; and the mind must so be trained in the sense of reality that it may reach the fulness of its power to weigh all things, and to realize that the origin and sustenance of its power comes from without, and is Nature's bounteous, unstinted gift to all men.

Such system of education will result in equilibrium of body, mind and heart. It will develop real men and women—as is Nature's desire.

It will produce social equilibrium in every aspect of human affairs. It will so clearly reveal the follies that have cursed you that you will abandon them forever. For you will then recognize and gladly accept the simple, central truth that the individual grows in power only as he grows in integrity, and that the unfailing source of that integrity lies in the eternal integrity of Nature and of that infinite serenity of which Nature is but a symbol.

Thus will you make of democracy a religion—the only one the world will have developed—befitting freemen—free in the integrity of their bodies, free in the integrity of their thought.

So doing, all aspects of your activities will change, because your thoughts will have changed. All of your activities will then take on organic and balanced coherence, because all of your thoughts will have a common center of gravity in the integrity of the individual man.

AS the oak tree is ever true to the acorn from which it sprang, and propagates true acorns in its turn, so will you then give true expression and form to the seed of democracy that was planted in your soil, and so spread in turn the seeds of true democracy.

WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?

Thus, as your thoughts change, will your civilization change. And thus, as democracy takes living and integral shape within your thought, will the feudalism now tainting you disappear. For its present power rests wholly upon your acquiescent and supporting thought. Its strength lies wholly in you, not in itself. So, inevitably, as the sustaining power of your thought is withdrawn, this feudalism will crumble and vanish!

So have you no need of force, for force is a crude and inefficient instrument. Thought is the fine and powerful instrument. Therefore, have thought for the integrity of your own thought. For all social power, for good, or for ill, rests upon the thought of the people. This is the single lesson in the history of mankind that is really worth the while.

Naturally, then, as your thoughts thus change, your growing architecture will change. Its falsity will depart; its reality will gradually disappear. For the integrity of your thought, as a people, will then have penetrated the minds of your architects.

Then, too, as your basic-thought changes, will emerge a philosophy, a poetry, and an art of expression in all things; for you will have learned that a characteristic philosophy, poetry and art of expression are vital to the healthful growth and development of a democratic people.

As a people you will have enormous latent, unused power.

Awaken it.

Use it.

Use it for the common 'good.

Begin now.

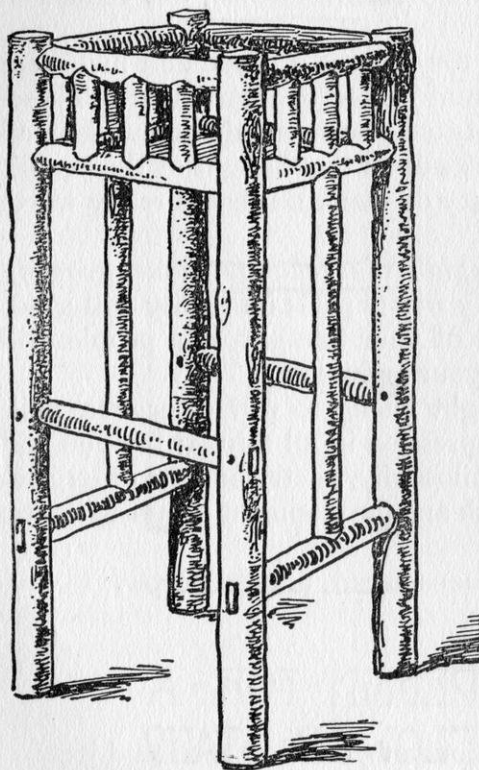
For it is as true to-day as when one of your wise men said it:

"The way to resume is to resume!"

The End

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: SIXTEENTH OF THE SERIES

RUSTIC FLOWER STAND



THE CRAFTSMAN has had so many calls for designs in summer rustic furniture, that it seems timely to show in the regular department of Cabinet Work several pieces to be made in this style. The designs are intended for porch and garden and are made in the simplest way, yet without the intentional crudeness that so frequently marks rustic furniture.

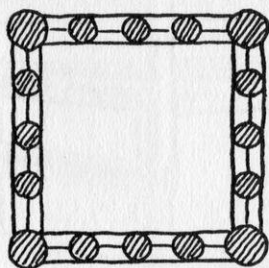
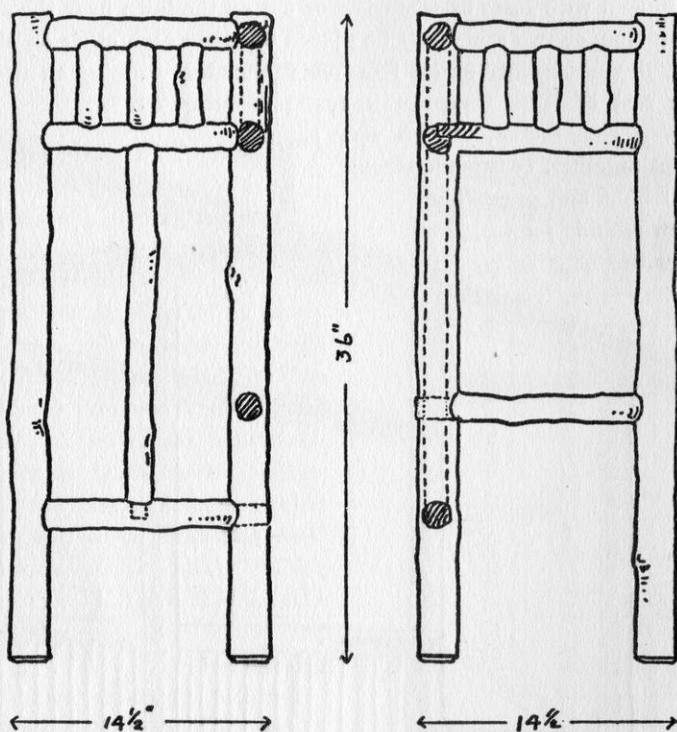
This flower stand is made of white cedar poles. You may strip the poles or leave the bark on as you prefer. The peeled cedar when exposed to the weather takes on a lovely silvery-gray hue, which is a charming contrast to a green lawn.

Outdoor furniture made in this way is especially durable and useful because of its construction, which contains no glue-joints to come apart after exposure to the weather, but is framed in such a way that it will hold together as long as the wood lasts.

MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR FLOWER STAND.

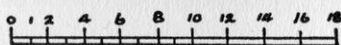
	Pieces.	No.	Long.	Diameter.
Legs	3	38 in.	2½ in.	
Rails	12	15 in.	2 in.	
"	2	23 in.	1¾ in.	
Small rails	12	7 in.	1½ in.	
Bottom	1	14 in. x 14x1	in.	

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



DESIGN FOR A
FLOWER STAND

SCALE OF INCHES

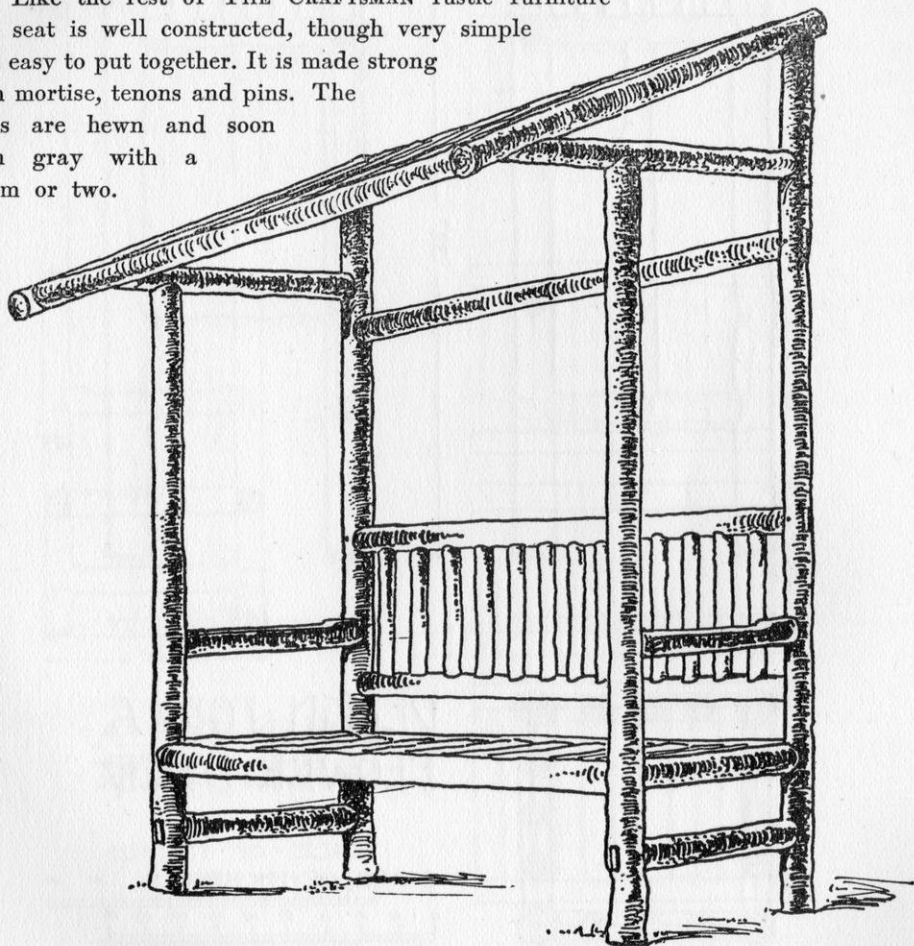


HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

A RUSTIC COVERED SEAT

THIS piece of furniture will be charming in an old-fashioned garden where the surroundings are ample and uncrowded. It can be placed against a fence and half hidden with roses or wistaria—or out on the lawn near the fountain and shaded by woodbine, or two seats may be placed opposite each other on either side of the gateway, with vines trained across from one to the other forming an arbor entrance.

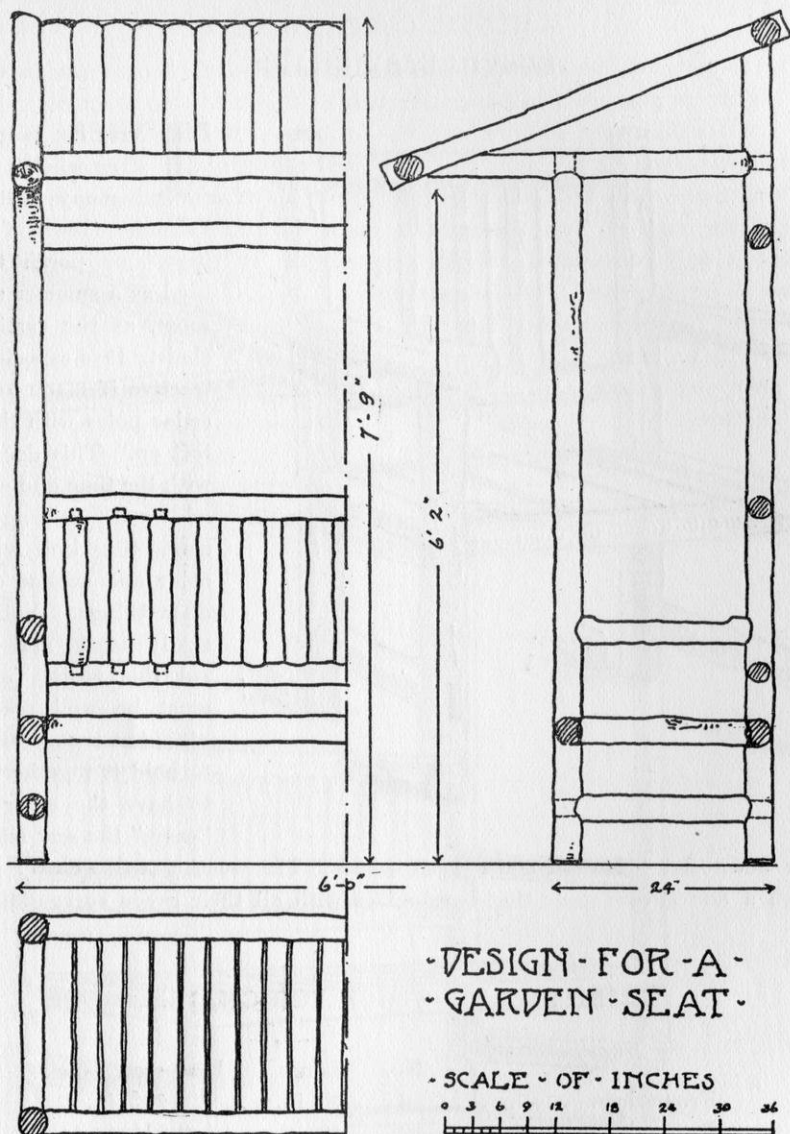
Like the rest of **THE CRAFTSMAN** rustic furniture this seat is well constructed, though very simple and easy to put together. It is made strong with mortise, tenons and pins. The seats are hewn and soon turn gray with a storm or two.



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR GARDEN SEAT.

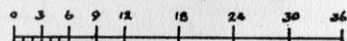
Piece.	No.	Long.	Diameter.
Front legs	2	78 in.	3 in.
Back Legs	2	94 in.	3 in.
Seat rails	2	72 in.	3 in.
" "	2	24 in.	3 in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



DESIGN FOR A
GARDEN SEAT

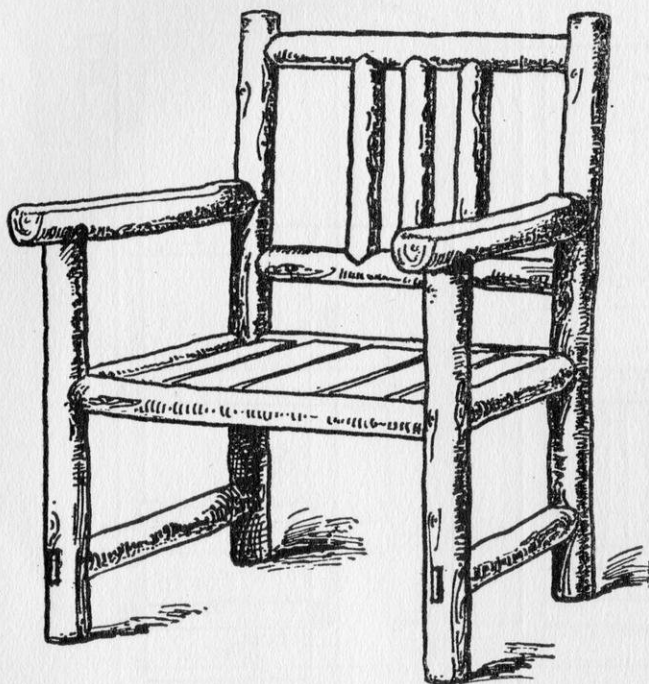
SCALE OF INCHES



Arms and stretchers ..	4	26 in.	3 in.
Back and roof rails ..	5	74 in.	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Roof rails	2	48 in.	3 in.
" "	2	24 in.	3 in.
Back standards	13	21 in.	2 in.
Roof slabs	20	42 in.	x 3 x 1 in.
Seat slabs	22	24 in.	x 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

RUSTIC EASY CHAIRS



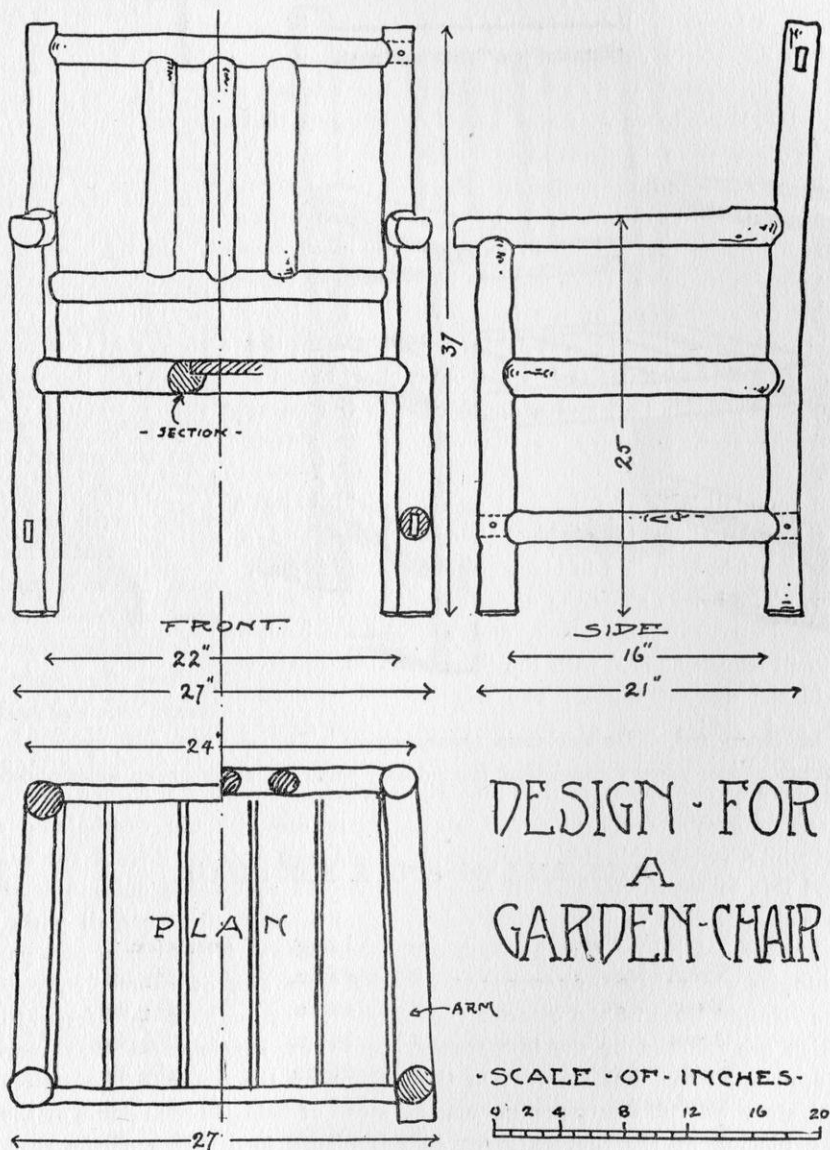
THERE is no chair so wholly in harmony with the "summer lawn furnishings," or porch that is used as a summer sitting-room, as the rustic easy chair. It is especially attractive if made of white cedar poles with the bark left on. This does away with the time and expense of wood-finish and is a connecting link with the color and outline of outdoor things. Yet to be really useful and beautiful this rustic furniture must be well made—no glue, but tenons and pins to hold it together. And to have the chair really "easy," the seat and arms

must be hewn flat. Do not stain these boards. The weather will quickly enough give them a fine silvery tone that harmonizes with all their green surroundings.

MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR CHAIR.

Piece.	No.	Long.	Diameter.
Front legs	2	26 in.	2½ in.
Back legs	2	40 in.	2½ in.
Arms	2	24 in.	2½ in.
Seat rails	4	26 in.	2½ in.
Stretchers	2	20 in.	2 in.
Back rails	2	24 in.	2 in.
" "	3	16 in.	1½ in.
Seat slabs	5	20 in.	x 4x1 in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1906: NUMBER VI.

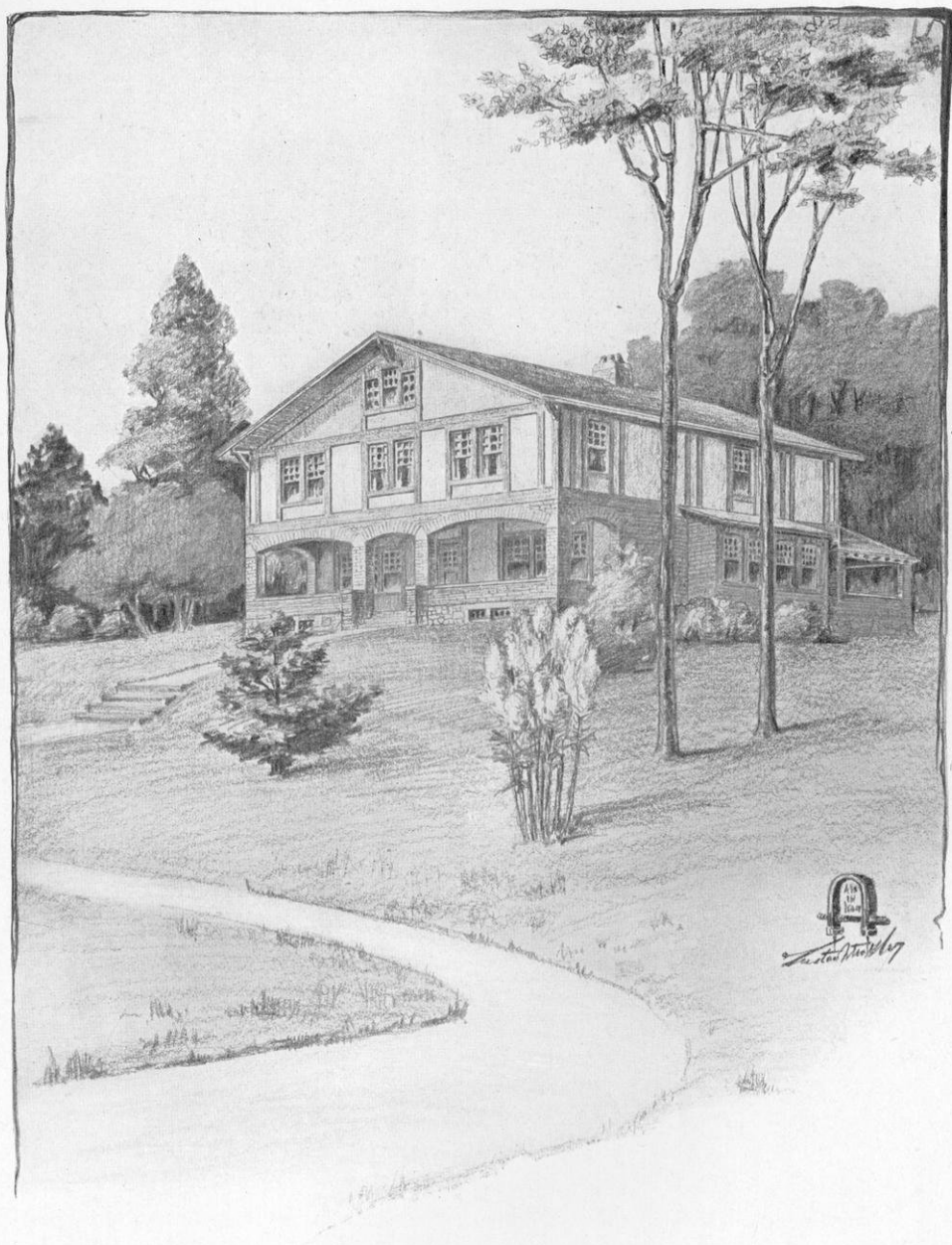
LOW, broad and roomy, the Craftsman house published in this issue is especially calculated to crown a hill-top or terrace, as its ample dimensions, wide, low-pitched roof and severely straight lines seem to demand the dignity of a commanding position. It is one of the most satisfactory of the Craftsman house plans, both in exterior effect and in interior arrangement, but it is by no means one of the least expensive, as its estimated cost is in the neighborhood of \$9500. It has a frontage of thirty-seven feet and a depth of forty-eight feet, exclusive of the rear porch.

The foundation is of split field stone, and the first story is of hard-burned "clinker" brick, both laid in black cement mortar. The bricks show the dark tones of red, deep gray and black, and are laid in "Flemish bond," with the "headers" in the darkest tones. The second story and gables are of rough gray plaster with massive timber construction, the timbers of cypress stained to a medium tone of gray-green. The roof is of thick white cedar shingles, dipped in oil and left to weather. The oil merely gives a deeper tone to the natural color of the wood, taking off the raw look of the shingles while they are new.

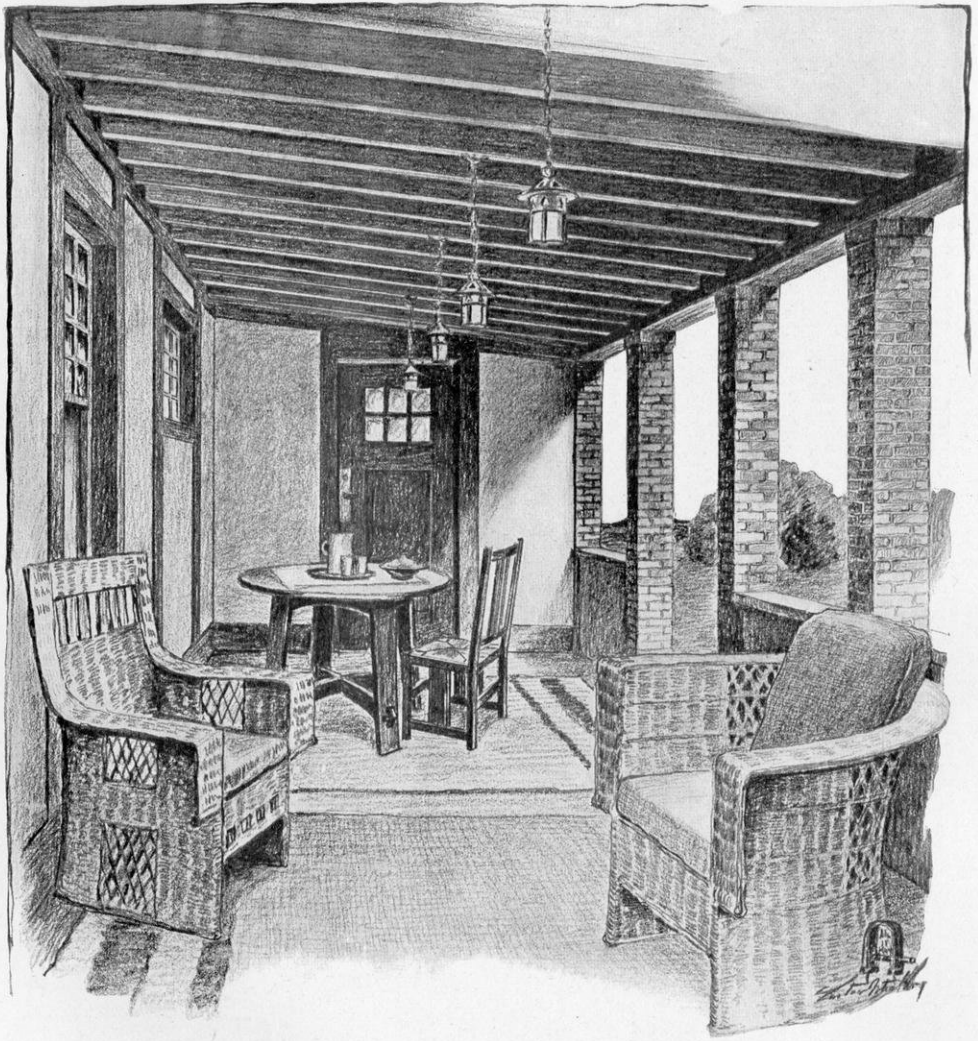
The straight lines of the exterior construction are relieved by the low arches that appear on the first story. On the second story the plaster paneling made by the placing of the timbers gives an especially interesting and well-balanced division of the wall-surface. The windows, which appear in groups of two

and three at the front of the house, are double-hung, with small, square panes in the upper sash. An interesting structural touch is seen in the plain, heavy brackets that support the wide overhang of the roof. The recessed porch that extends across the front of the house is floored with square tiles of red clay laid in black cement, and its back walls are of gray cement plaster. The brick walls of the lower story show in front only between the arches that surmount the low, broad openings from the porch, and in the parapet that surrounds it on the three sides. Another broad porch extends across the rear of the house, and is divided by a partition into a kitchen porch and a sun-room or an outdoor dining-room, communicating by doors with the kitchen porch and the recess at the back of the dining-room.

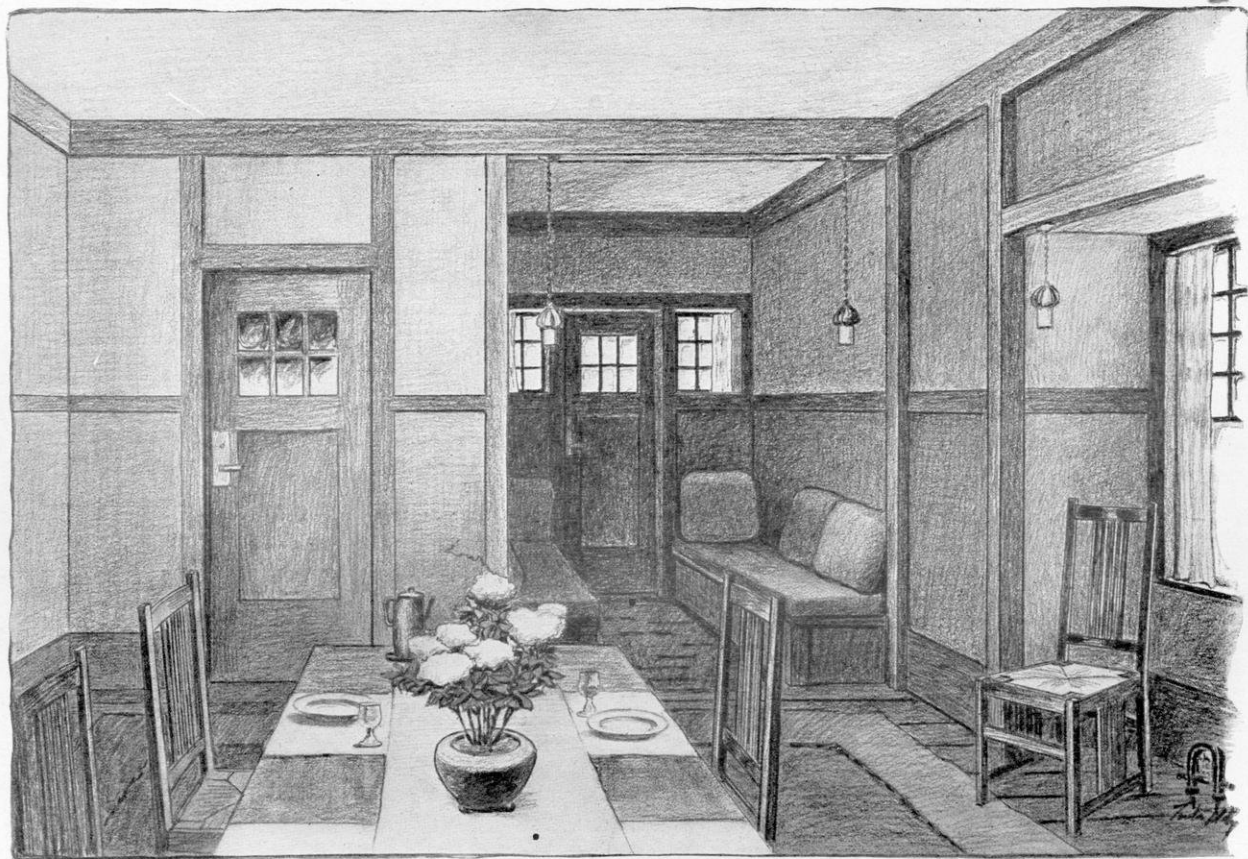
A small vestibule into which the entrance door opens serves to screen from draughts the open arrangement of the interior. This is divided into a large living-room, with a corner fireplace directly opposite the vestibule, a dining-room and a den. Except for suggested divisions that serve only to lend structural interest, these are all parts of one large room. The kitchen and pantry at the back are, of course, entirely separated, but nothing interferes with the sense of spaciousness that marks the front of the house. The staircase, instead of being in the middle of the space, is placed in a corner at the rear of the living-room, running up over the kitchen and by its position effecting the utmost saving of clear space at the front of the



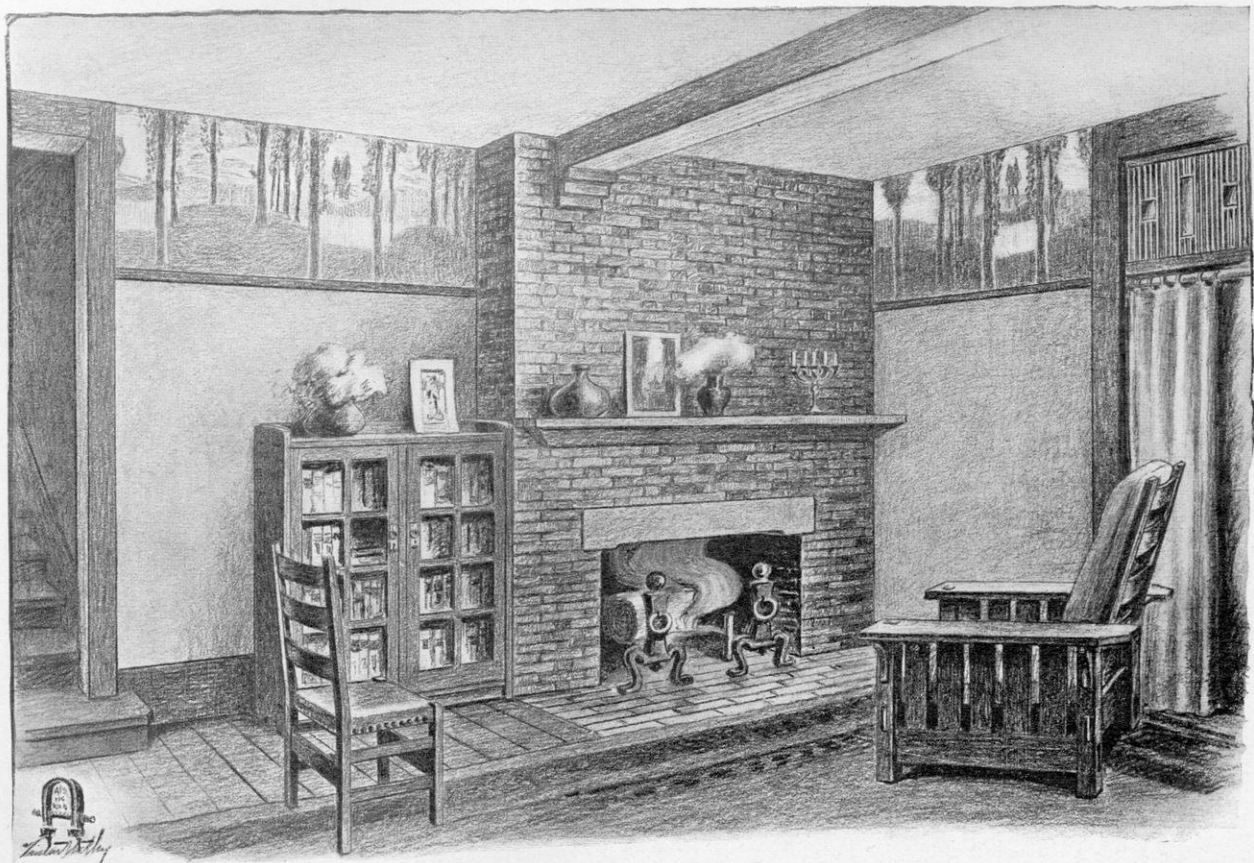
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1906, NUMBER VI.



PORCH LIVING-ROOM LIGHTED WITH LANTERNS
FOR SUMMER EVENING READING.



CRAFTSMAN DINING-ROOM WITH
RECESSED LOUNGING DEN



A FRIENDLY LIVING-ROOM
WITH CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER SIX

house on both lower and upper stories.

The woodwork on the first floor is the same throughout and is of chestnut fumed and finished in a soft brown tone. In the vestibule is a high-paneled wainscot, with a glow of warm color given above by a frieze and ceiling of golden orange, with just a tint of green. The vestibule is lighted by the panes of hammered glass in the upper part of the entrance door, and these, being in a tone of dull greenish yellow, admit a light that blends beautifully with the woodwork and frieze.

In the living-room the color scheme is more subdued. The walls are covered with Japanese grass-cloth in a light shade of chocolate brown, to which life is given by the silvery luster that always characterizes this material. A design of poplars is shown in the English landscape frieze, and the warm tones of gray-green, shadowy brown and the lighter tans and grays harmonize perfectly with the wall-covering. This room is rich in structural interest. The wide window-seat, with its triple group of windows, occupies the center of the side wall, and another group of three windows looks out upon the recessed porch. The two corners at the back are occupied by the staircase and the fireplace, the hard-burned brick of the latter giving to the room its strongest color accent, and the massive severity of its straight lines and solid proportions forming a structural feature that dominates all around it. The plain, rugged surface of the mantel-breast is broken only by the heavy shelf, the stone lintel of the fireplace opening, and the corbel that supports the beam above. The two openings, one to the

dining-room and the other to the den, are treated as one, the central post standing out clear in the middle of the opening. The framing runs to the top of the room like the frame of the staircase opening, but the top part of the space is filled with a grille of slim spindles, relieved with small panel-shaped openings. The hangings below are in a dull tone suggested by the dark brick of the fireplace. The rug in this room, if the color scheme is carried out as suggested here, is of soft brown and gray-green tones, and the furniture is of brown fumed oak, with the chairs upholstered in green leather. If the house should be so placed that this room could not have a generous quantity of sunlight, a warmer and more vivid scheme of coloring might be necessary.

As to color treatment and the form of woodwork, the dining-room and den are alike. The wall-spaces are divided by a rail just above the center, and have a beam at the angle of the ceiling, instead of a frieze. The lower part of the wall is covered with canvas of a rich mossy green, and the upper portion is tinted or papered in a lighter shade of the same color. The ceiling is in a rich, deep cream. The small division called the den might have many uses, being equally available as a reception-room, library or music room, if any one of these were desired. The dining-room is well lighted by the four windows in the bay. As no window seat is provided here, this bay adds materially to the size of the room. At the back of the room is a deep nook, with two seats and a door opening upon the dining-porch. The end of this nook is made especially attractive by the

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER SIX



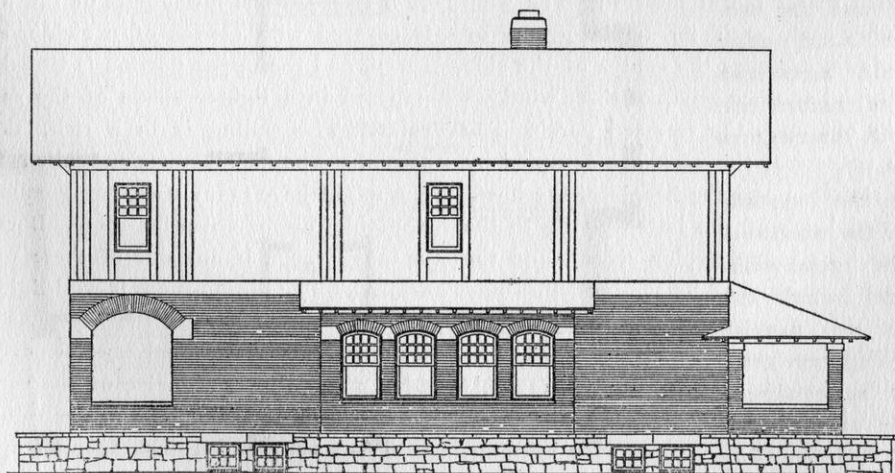
FRONT ELEVATION

grouping of the windows, the panes in the upper part of the door supplementing the two casements set at the same height, and all have the appearance of a row of casements.

The dining-porch may be furnished according to its uses. When the dining-

table is used, the rush seated chairs may be brought from the dining-room. For the rest of the time, it could be furnished as suggested in the illustration, with comfortable willow furniture and a small table. The door to the kitchen porch affords convenient entrance from the kitchen when the main porch is used as an outdoor dining-room.

In the kitchen the woodwork is of chestnut, finished the same as in the other rooms. With this, the walls and ceilings are very attractive and sunny-looking if painted in a light shade of yellow ochre. The floor as planned here is of the modern composition flooring that does



SIDE ELEVATION

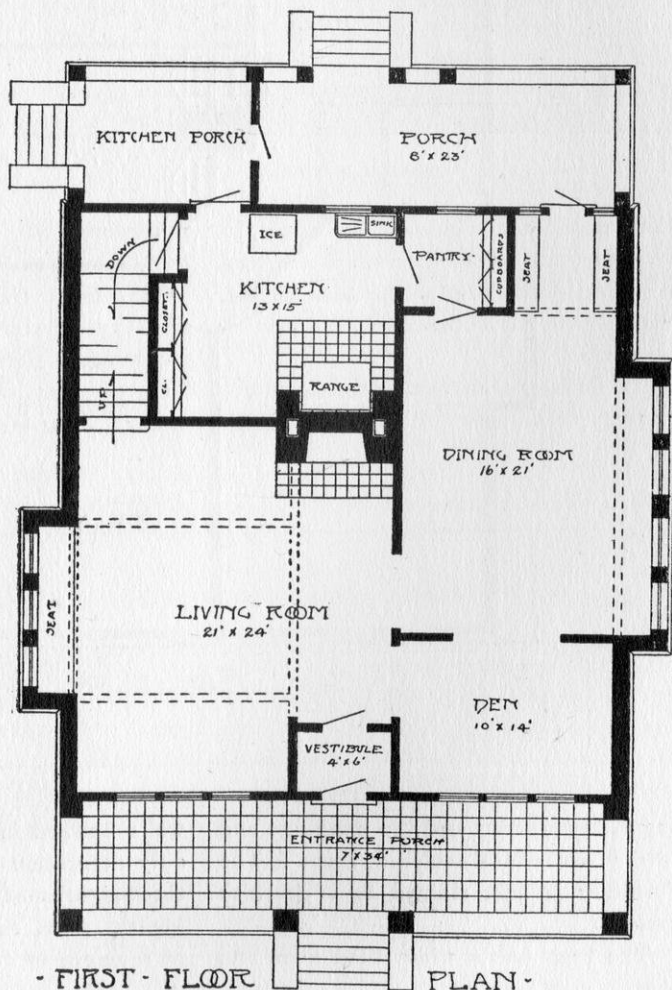
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER SIX

not absorb grease as wood does, and is consequently very easy to keep clean. The cellar is provided with room for a furnace, coal bins, and a laundry where all necessary appliances may be installed.

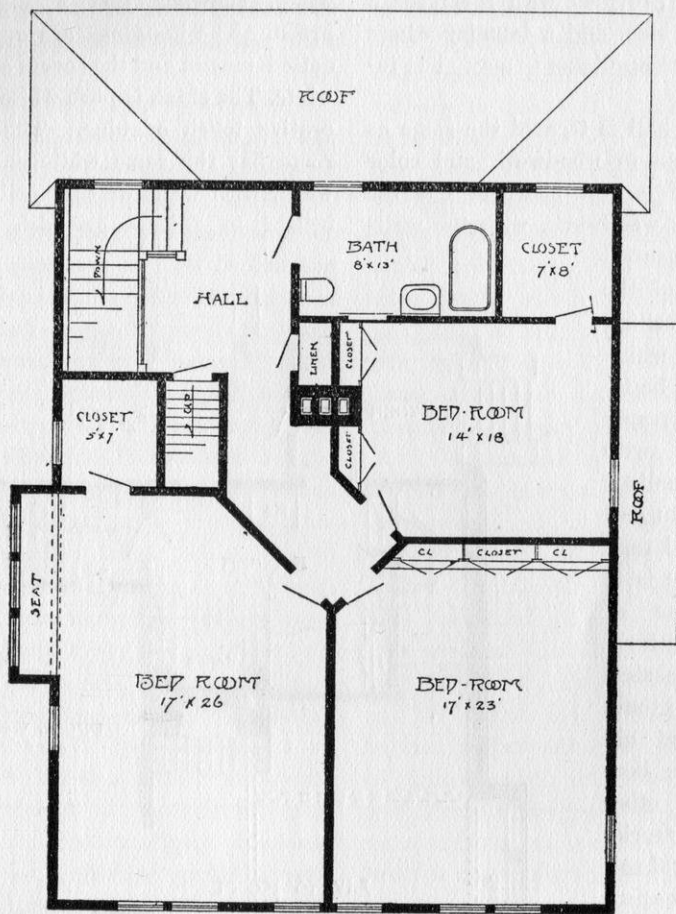
The upper hall is treated the same as the living-room in woodwork and color scheme. The largest bedroom has the same chestnut woodwork, with the walls in a soft neutral gray tone and the frieze and ceiling in creamy white. The window hangings are of creamy white linen, with a conventionalized flower *motif* in dull green and old rose. The furniture is in a light tone of fumed oak, with the chairs rush-seated. The rug shows tones of green and old rose, and the bed-cover and other fabric accessories are of natural-colored homespun linen.

In the opposite room the woodwork is in cream-white enamel and the walls are paneled with Japanese grass cloth in a silvery shade of old blue. The rug is plain and of a gray-blue

color, and the furniture is mahogany. The frieze and ceiling are very nearly white, showing just a suggestion of green. The hangings are of pure white dotted muslin and the covers are also pure white. The china is pure white with a decorative touch of blue. The third bedroom has the same white enamel woodwork, with walls of soft yellow and the ceiling in a light greenish tone. The



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• SECOND FLOOR PLAN •

rug is light green and the hangings and covers of natural colored linen. The furniture is oak, stained to a greenish tone.

The bath has a white tiled floor and

walls finished in hard white enamel, the only decoration being two lines of gold, three-eighths of an inch wide and two inches apart, running around the room at a height of four feet.

ALS IK KAN

NOT long ago a circular came to **THE CRAFTSMAN** which contained the germ of a good idea.

The circular was in the form of a letter sent out by a man who wanted a home in the country to others of like mind, and contained the suggestion that eight or ten families combine to purchase a desirable tract of land which the writer had in mind and to divide it into sufficiently large parcels to give to each family ground enough for a cottage and garden, all centering around a small park which should be improved and held in common. As the writer put it in racy American phrase, what he had in mind was a home, "not six pigeon-holes in a Harlem brick-pile, nor a two-by-four near-home in Brooklyn, but a really, truly home in the country." He detailed his own experience in a city flat, in a rented country cottage with none of the modern conveniences and at an appalling distance from the station, and in a suburban house with "room enough in the back yard to hang out a sheet, two towels and a pillow-case at the same time," and the reasons why each in turn proved unsatisfactory.

In hunting around for something better, he had discovered a piece of land desirable in every way, but much too large for his own needs and too expensive for him to purchase alone. His suggestion was that others, whose experience had probably been much the same as his own, should club with him to buy this land at a moderate price, each man owning his lot independently and building thereon the house that should please him, with

the object of forming a congenial neighborhood of people of moderate means who wished to live in the country and yet could not afford to be too far from the city.

The value of this idea lies in its simplicity, and in the possibilities it contains for practical economy in many directions. Of course, co-operation in building is no new idea,—in fact, it is being experimented with in one form or another in nearly every civilized country on a more or less extensive and elaborate scale. In that very extension and elaboration lies the difficulty for all but the very poor and the very rich. In England, a company of philanthropists have started the garden city idea and the tenants' housing plan for laborers, in addition to the model industrial villages carried on as adjuncts to the factories of some wealthy and progressive employers. The same plan of establishing model villages for factory employees is steadily gaining ground in America, but always as a philanthropy. Very rich people sometimes elect to associate their country seats for the sake of forming an unimpeachable neighborhood, or one man will form a colony of which he is virtually dictator, or an enterprising real estate agency will buy up a tract of land and sell building lots under more or less rigid restrictions to give the appearance of an aristocratic and very select suburb to some city, but the idea of several families combining their modest resources in such a way as to get the greatest value for their money both in the initial outlay for purchasing and building and in living expenses afterward, seems never to have been put into practice.

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Yet it would seem to be entirely practicable,—much more so than many of the elaborate colony or community schemes, with their rules and restrictions and their carefully-detailed charters. In the first place, such a plan would be entirely non-speculative. The land would be purchased from the owner without the intervention of the real estate agent, and consequently would escape the inflated values incident to the booming of a “highly desirable residence section.” A farm costs considerably less than a “park” divided into building lots, and the division could come afterward, the price of a lot always being based on a fair proportion of the price of the whole tract, in the event of lots being sold to others than the original members of the association. For convenience in purchasing and improving, a stock company might be formed, and the available funds pooled. In case of more money being needed, the credit of such a company, with so sensible an enterprise in hand, would be much better than that of separate individuals, and the funds could be more economically handled. The tract could be laid out as a whole under the supervision of a landscape gardener, and might contain a central park or pleasure ground for the use of the whole neighborhood.

If the association owned the land as a corporate body, it might be found most practicable for each member to hold his own portion on a long lease from the company, so that it would revert to the association in case the member should decide to sell out his lease and stock and remove to another place. This precaution would prevent the sale of a lot held

by some individual member to an outsider who might be undesirable to the rest of the neighborhood. It would simply be a large estate held by a number of people with interests in common, instead of a number of small ones subject to all manner of vicissitudes in the matter of surroundings. The roads within the tract would be private, and could be laid out according to the taste and convenience of the association, instead of making the lots conform to the cut-and-dried lines of the streets of a town. The lots themselves could be irregular in size as well as in shape and arrangement, so that those who wished for an acre or so of pasturage or orchard, could be satisfied as well as those who desired only a small garden.

A very decided saving could be made in the building of the houses as well as in the purchasing and laying out of the land by co-operative action as an association. While the greatest individual liberty would obtain as to the houses themselves, the work could be done on the whole group by the same architect and contractor, engaged by the association, thus ensuring a lower rate on the contract as a whole, as well as a certain harmony in style that would result from the planning of a group of houses instead of a number of unrelated individual dwellings. It is carrying out the methods of real estate associations, but doing it directly for the benefit of those concerned, instead of laying out a plan for the sake of the profits that might accrue from a speculation.

If the idea of co-operation proved successful, there are many ways in which the economy of it might be carried into

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the adjustment of living expenses. For instance, all groceries and food stuffs could be bought at wholesale and kept in a common storehouse, from which the members of the association could purchase at cost. The celebrated Army and Navy Stores in London started with the division by some army officers of a chest of tea purchased at wholesale rates, and the powerful *Vooruit* in Belgium, which has carried the idea of co-operation into the supply of nearly all the necessities and luxuries of life, started with co-operative bread-making in a small and almost disused bakery. The convenience of co-operative purchasing is great, but the economy of it is greater. The large profits of the store-keeper are necessary to the maintenance of his business. He has to keep in stock quantities of slow-selling goods, and to carry long accounts, in addition to the percentage of bad debts which are bound to appear every year on the wrong side of the ledger. He may not grow rich, but he must make a considerable profit on the staples and quick-selling goods, or he could not remain in business. In co-operative purchasing by wholesale of only the goods needed, there is no superfluous stock to carry, no bad debts, no accounts, in fact, no individual business to maintain. It is simply family purchasing carried on systematically and economically on a large scale instead of expensively and more or less inconveniently on a small one.

The same principle might be equally well applied to the problem of domestic

service. People will go out to work by the day when they will not take service, for the one puts them on the footing of mechanics and skilled laborers, with the liberty of carrying on their own individual life outside, and the other is a condition of servitude which is growing more and more distasteful to people with energy, ambition and capability. The heavy work of a group of families might be done by a single corps of cleaners, who would divide their time according to the convenience of the housekeepers; the more elaborate cooking and baking might be done by a very competent baker and a cook, hired by the association and given all necessary assistance, each family either ordering in advance or accepting the dishes prepared each day according to a schedule agreed upon, and cooking the smaller or supplementary dishes at home. All the washing might be done at a co-operative laundry instead of at the separate homes, and so on through all the details of household work.

The idea of co-operation is in the air, and is being more or less tentatively experimented with all the time. People are beginning to realize that even modest means should provide more comfort and meaning to life than eking out a cramped existence in a flat or a rented house and scrimping constantly in order to meet necessary expenses. The problem they have to work out is the systematic reduction of those expenses without foregoing all the comfort and pleasure of life, and the signs of the times certainly point to co-operation as the answer.

NOTES

THE American Water Color Society opened its thirty-ninth annual exhibition on May 3rd in the Fine Arts Building, New York. The first noticeable feature of this year's exhibition was its size; it spread out into all the galleries, filling the three central rooms with etchings and illustrations. The two main galleries were hung with two lines of pictures making probably the greatest array of water-colors ever presented here at one time. The natural result of this sudden expansion is very apparent—in the general average which is considerably lowered by the unusual number of mediocre things accepted to fill space—with no more than the usual number of good things. However, it seems to give the new man a chance and that advantage should be enough to make the innovation entirely welcome. Also, it proves that not enough good water-colorists are working, to make a large exhibit, as might have been the case a few years ago when better prices prevailed and the most prominent men thought it worth while to work in this medium. By the same token, there are no really striking things in the entire show, though the "old standbys" are all represented.

The Evans Prize went to Hildebrandt for his "Sally," and was awarded for an example of pure, honest, water-color painting that may well be followed, and that has few rivals in this respect in the galleries. "Sally" is a most lovable old-fashioned girl—who, without being pretty, is wonderfully good to see; seated obviously for her portrait, garbed in a gray-green Colonial gown, with a black

lace shawl draped loosely about her bare shoulders and arms and no background but soft color. It is notably simple in both composition and treatment, and is as satisfactory as it is simple.

Equal to this in purity of treatment as a water-color, and wonderfully sweet and soft in tone and atmosphere was Harry B. Snell's "Passing Sails." It is a picture that captivates one by its exquisiteness of color and holds by its fullness of strength.

Then Leonard Ochtman had a large winter picture in the corner that was all that could be asked—cold, beautiful, and intensely still. I might add that it is different from most winter pictures.

Couse was there with several of his idyllic young Indians done in his own charming semi-decorative method.

Pottthast with some of his usual good examples of snappy, crispy sea subjects, and one unusual one of a "Golden Venetian Sunset"—an agreeable change.

A. Glenn Newell, whose cattle paintings are so redolent of field and pastures, showed a straining, lurching team of oxen ploughing.

Childe Hassam had an even dozen hung—mostly small sketches—and then there were distinctive things by F. Hopkinson Smith, Louis Mora, Homer, U. A. Schneider, A. I. Keeler, C. C. Cooper, Ballin, Ritschel, Green, C. Warren Eaton, and Paul King.

One noticeable new man is Chas. E. Heil, who exhibited five charming pictures.

MOST of the New York picture galleries are being done up in brown linen, and the curtains are drawn and

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they are made fresh and cool and dark for the long summer days of no exhibits. Very few artists send pictures to be shown in New York in the summer. The city is too empty of the people who crowd picture galleries; though now and then an interesting picture may be seen in a permanent show room, or a fine single example of artistic industry, new or old, is brought out of summer storage to be shown to an enthusiastic admirer.

At the Noe gallery there are still in the standing exhibit some few interesting pictures, all widely different in technique, subject and feeling. Among the most conspicuous is a prairie scene by Remington, one of his best, both in color and execution. Then there are two significant Paris canvases by Flagge—they are really Paris, mist, gray brilliancy and picturesque confusion. And most interesting of all a group of three very small Corots—unusual Corots, done in different periods but all inevitably related to that subtle thing which the very name of Corots pictures in the mind. There is one in his early classic period, done at the time that Mrs. Potter Palmer's "Orpheus" was painted. It is a little, ever so little, didactic (which doesn't sound like art expression, but nevertheless is what I have in mind), and rather definite in outline. The subject is Pan, who is piping merrily, and in the shade of a fairy tree, tiny mortals with fairy ways, are enjoying the music of the slender reed with hazy abandon.

A Park Association would prefer this picture to the other two, because of its sharper technique and freer revelation of the landscape; but the second two, in Corot's later style, are more to the

taste of poet and lover—they are the gray-green spiritual landscapes, with the mystery of living nature in them, which we have grown to associate with the name of Corot, and to recognize with a catch of the breath. They are more remote, further back in the time of Ariel and Puck—the atmosphere is the bloom of a flower, the light is the mystery of day-dawn; they hold the enchantment of the overtone of music, the ecstasy of that delicate moment that is neither night nor day. These three small canvases are almost hidden in the dusk of the summer show-room; but each one is a lyric poem, a fine spiritual, green memory of the best of life.

And the Remington—What a contrast! A wide stretch of prairie, barren but for isolated stalks of sage brush, a river, and on the bank Indians, with all their gay trappings blown by fierce river winds, watching a group of white men on the opposite shore. These men are traders, headed for the Indian Reservation. You feel at once that the traders are coming for the first time, and you feel too in an intangible way all the misery and degradation and sorrow that so-called civilization will bring to these primitive people. The Indians are facing the traders, not the spectator in the show-room; but the bodies are alert, eager, curious, troubled, and the warring of these various emotions is revealed without one glimpse of the faces. Remington knows the West, knows the Indians, and paints them as he has seen them, courageous, fearful, living uncertainly, dying bravely, and he knows the bare, wide, crude Western prairies, of wonderful color and without nourishment—and just so he spreads

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it all on his canvas, with neither prejudice nor resentment.

The Flagge pictures are almost as remote from Remington's as are Corot's—Paris at night and at dawn. The Paris of the new student, remembered by the old artist—all mystery and greatness, the beginning of art, the final expression of beauty. A Paris dim with the reflection of many lights, with her sad, slow, tawny river, with her fulness of art and vice. And yet all of this is not intentionally in the Flagge pictures. The painter has caught, with wonderful skill, the Paris atmosphere and color—and they tell the story. Flagge, being an American, must have either known or loved Paris well.

At the Montross gallery there are almost no pictures left, but the writer chanced to meet Mr. Montross in one of the rooms, and he said things about painters and art almost as interesting as pictures themselves. He talked about Albert P. Ryder, whom he exults in and calls a "Painter of Dreams;" about Horatio Walker, and Tryon, and A. P. Proctor, the sculptor of mighty animals.

"Proctor," said Mr. Montross, "is 'way beyond all other American animal sculptors. Look at that leopard on the shelf, what a vital piece of bronze it is, bearing down with splendid fury upon some helpless prey. No other man has so completely the big sympathy with animals, or has studied them more constantly and courageously. Why, for the McKinley Monument, which he is working on just now in his studio at Ontario, he has a huge living lion, which he watches and studies every day, in every mood and in every pose. There

was a great time, I can tell you, getting the beast up there. The freight hands didn't enjoy it much on the road—but to Proctor that live lion model is the most important preparation for the monument." Mr. Montross agreed that at the present time our American sculptors were achieving most in animal studies. He might have included the American Indian, if the subject had gone further.

There was a new painting of Walker's in the same picture show-room, with a wonderful repetition of mysterious blue in it, but this is not to be spoken of until Fall, when it will be exhibited, although it is a distinct temptation to say a great deal about it, as it is even finer than any of the other Walkers that have been shown at this gallery.

Another treasure in this half-darkened little room was a Tryon snow scene; a small canvas with wide winter hills and a marvelous sky, low, soft and dull with coming storm, and the air gray, with a prophecy of snow. The ground was caked and weatherworn and brown bits of ragged earth showed through the old snow here and there. It was the dreary repetition of winter that comes in March and wearies the patience of man and flowers.

There was a Ryder there, of course, or it would not be the Montross gallery—a tiny Ryder showing an Oriental encampment, which looked like an embossed painting, with horses standing in high relief and trees almost round with their weight of paint. For fifteen years Mr. Ryder worked on this canvas, "and then," to quote Mr. Montross, "I had to actually pull it away from him. To him

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with his desire for perfection a picture was never finished." It is not so that the impressionists of Paris and New York would feel. To them "if t'were well done, t'were well t'were done quickly." Mr. Montross had much to say of the importance of the work of both Walker and Tryon, whom he ranks as among the greatest of our modern American artists, though great in widely different fields of achievement.

A VERY successful Arts and Crafts Exhibit was held recently in Helena, Arkansas, under the auspices of the Pacha Club, a study club of thirty women. The club has been studying the Arts and Crafts movement for several months and the exhibit was the outcome of this study. The program included such subjects as "The Pre-Raphaelites: The Beginning of the Arts and Crafts Movement;" "Ruskin," "Social Economist," Societies in England, on the Continent, and in the United States, emphasizing the Arts and Crafts Movement; "Democratization of Art;" "Charles Wagner Day;" "Indian Motifs, Plant and Insect Forms;" and "Household Art." At the last meeting there was a "Survey of the Arts and Crafts Studies," and these questions were asked: "What have we eliminated?" "What substitutes have we made?" "What practical turn has been given the studies?" This meeting was led by Mrs. May Layne, who has been a most interested student of the movement, and to whom the success of the exhibit is owing. Among the wares exhibited were specimens of Grueby, Teco, Newcomb, Rock-

wood and Poillon pottery; Berea, Abna-kee, Pequot, and Subbekashe rugs; embroidery from Deerfield, Mass., and Plainfield, Conn.; baskets by the Misses Francis, of Plainfield, Conn.; Bombay reed jardinières; Jarvie candlesticks; books bound by Otto Zahn, of Memphis, Tenn.; leather work from the Kalo Shops in Chicago; bead work by Miss Mary Thayer of Boston; jewelry by Mabel Wilcox Luther, of Providence, R. I., and from the Arts and Crafts Society of Exeter, N. H. The exhibition was open to the public and enough articles were sold to defray the expenses of the exhibit. THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine was largely depended upon as a text book in studying the Arts and Crafts. Indeed it was the inspiration of the study and a constant help as an authority on all lines of subject. The club members and the public have become interested in the Arts and Crafts and there is already evidence of the influence of the study in the elimination in many homes of Dresden shepherdesses, Flying Mercury lamps, ball fringe curtains, gilt chairs and whatnots, not to speak of a more serious and effectual influence in the interest in and striving for a better home architecture and interior decoration. The Arts and Crafts have also been studied in the Twentieth Century Club, of Helena, the practical outcome of which was the furnishing of a room in the Arkansas Building at the St. Louis Exposition with hangings and cushions from the Craftsman shops. The club now owns this furniture and hopes some time to use it in furnishing a permanent club house that shall exemplify the Arts and Crafts.

REVIEWS

CRAFTSMAN readers will be interested in "A Decade of Civic Improvement," by Charles Zueblin, professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago, who sketches in his book the culture history of the nation since the Civil War. The industrial expansion, vast, but at first without order, the gradual change of ideas, the growing realization that social betterment called for civic improvement and finally the actual putting into practice at the present time of theories that have long since become convictions—all these mile stones in the country's progress are described in a charming and convincing way. Such a subject could, at the most, be only sketched in a single book, but so carefully has the author done his work, that those who are interested in the civic growth of the nation will find it not only enjoyable reading, but valuable for reference. The importance which the author attaches to this national movement is illustrated in the following quotation from the foreword:

"The periods of rebellion, reconstruction, industrial expansion, and imperialism, will be no more conspicuous in the orientation of the end of the century than the civic awakening which is now too near in time and has been too spontaneous in character for proper appreciation. It is too early to measure the full meaning of the new civic spirit and its accomplishments, but to sum up a few of the spectacular evidences of civic progress may serve to interpret a movement already as broad as the continent."

The paragraph just quoted also shows

clearly the note of vigorous optimism which is felt in every page of "A Decade of Civic Improvement." The author lays great stress throughout the book on the importance to civic growth of the improvement of social conditions and, in this connection, his chapter on "The Training of the Citizen," is especially interesting and valuable. He shows the value of manual training for children, the importance of the public school system as a social hub around which the life of a nation must necessarily revolve. "The preparation of the citizen for his special function of government . . . is being immediately assisted by some of our new educational methods . . . The public school system as a whole conduces to a social equality which is scarcely known in adult life." The library system, free lecture system, and public recreation, are shown to be important factors in the nation's moral growth. In illustration of what has been actually accomplished in civic improvement in this country, Prof. Zueblin discusses fully the four cities that have been most progressive—Boston, New York, Harrisburg and Washington, telling what each has accomplished in the way of self betterment in the past ten years. Then, there is a final charming chapter on The Return to Nature, which will have a special significance to readers of THE CRAFTSMAN. The book is amply illustrated with half tones of prominent buildings, proposed plans for the beautifying of cities, and public pleasure grounds. ("A Decade of Civic Improvement," by Prof. Charles Zueblin, 200 pages, illustrated. Price \$2. Published by the University of Chicago Press.)

THE Women's Auxiliaries of the Civil Service Reform Association of New York and Massachusetts are doing an important work in the way of making plain to the women of the nation, with whom they come into contact through their large membership, facts about civil service reform which it is the duty of every citizen to know. The medium through which they are disseminating this information is a series of documents among which are:

(1) "A Primer of the Civil Service and Merit System," written by Elizabeth Luther Cary. This is a very valuable little pamphlet of fourteen pages which, in a clear, simple and direct manner, defines Civil Service, sketches its history, giving the conditions of which the system was an outgrowth, the evils which it corrected and the date and circumstances of the passing of the Civil Service Reform Law. The pamphlet also explains fully what the examinations consist of and the standing which a candidate must attain in order to be put on the eligible list.

(2) "Civil Service—The Merit System—The Spoils System," by Edward Cary. This brief document lays special stress upon the evils of the spoils system which still exists in many states and cities and which the Association is trying to do away with. The writer shows in striking contrast to the conditions in such cities, the good results that have come from the use of the merit system in the cities and states where it prevails. He goes into the details of the spoils system, showing how public employees were made to pay a large fraction of their salaries to party funds and were forced

to work for the party in power in order to keep their places. Interesting statistics are given, some of which are well worth quoting. "The merit system has been greatly extended since the passage of the law. Under President Arthur, who signed the law in '83, some 16,000 places were brought within its provisions. The number is now over 150,000." "During two years before the adoption of the merit system in the Departments at Washington, the number of clerks increased from 3,300 to 5,523, or more than two-thirds per cent. In the thirteen years after the system was adopted, the number actually fell off 211, or three per cent., while the work of the department had largely increased." New York and Massachusetts are quoted as states where "the system has made much progress and the results have been good in proportion as the system has been extended and honestly and faithfully applied."

(3) "The Merit System in Municipalities," by Clinton Rogers Woodruff, is a strong plea for the merit system in municipalities. A particular point is made of the importance of the municipal control of local affairs and the writer does not hesitate to quote the statement of James C. Carter, president of the National Municipal League, who says that compared with the importance of municipal control, the control of National affairs is "almost like dust in the balance," so closely does municipal righteousness affect the individual life. Examples of the flagrant abuses by the party "machines" of the municipal system are freely given and the truths they contain driven home by comparing the manner in

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which city officials are appointed with the way in which a large railroad company selects its employees. "Imagine, if you can," he says, "the Pennsylvania Railroad with its great interests * * * selecting its engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen upon any other basis than that of fitness!" By pointing out the danger to public safety that would be the result of any other method of selecting employees, he compares the railroad to the city and shows how the public safety is every day being menaced by the cities where the merit system is not in vogue.

(4) The Fifth Annual Report of the Women's Auxiliary of Massachusetts, which is issuing these pamphlets, is full of interest as showing the definite progress made by this organization since its founding, five years ago. The report claims that the members feel justified in saying that general enlightenment on the meaning of Civil Service Reform among Massachusetts women is a hundred times greater than it was five years ago, which fact is significant and important. Another interesting statement is that last autumn the Auxiliary sent out letters to the 500 candidates to the State Legislature asking their stand on Civil Service Reform. Favorable replies were received from 76 candidates, 38 of whom have since been elected. This is proof conclusive of the increasing prominence and standing of the Auxiliary and should be a large asset in increasing its membership.

"THE Building of the City Beautiful, by Joaquin Miller," is an attractively bound red and gold book

containing many red and a few gold thoughts which were probably intended to converge toward the single text: Equality is the first law of the ideal state. Most of the dignity and all of the practical worth of the sermon, however, are lost in the maze of Oriental mysticism that hangs like a pall over the reader's senses as he shambles mentally along in the wake of the heroine and hero, wondering when he shall find the object for which the book was written. Briefly, it is the story of a man of the West and a woman of the East, a sort of re-incarnated *Miriam*, who seeks the betterment of mankind by trying to build the ideal city. The man, inspired by his love for her, attempts to carry out the same idea and chooses for his purposes, a site on the hills above San Francisco. After vainly trying to force men to a return to the simple life with him on the hills when they could enjoy all the comforts of home in the city of "The Golden Gate," he gives it up, revisits the woman in the East and finds that she has created there in the wilderness a successful "city beautiful;" successful because it is removed from the temptations of city life and because it is founded on principles of equality and of faith in all men. There is no law, no force, no society, no riches; nothing, in fact, but honest toil (two hours a day) for the sake of toil, amid sunshine, and birds and flowers. The disagreeable things of life have been eliminated; the only hospital, for instance, is a sort of rest cure in one of the suburbs, intended for those who seem likely to be afflicted with a desire for a return to riches and social position. In the end, the woman whose mighty brain

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has conceived and carried out this noble idea, dies and the man returns to his camp on the hills above San Francisco. The book, of course, is simply an allegorical way of expressing Joaquin Miller's well known ideas on what he considers "the simple life." ("The Building of the City Beautiful," by Joaquin Miller, 245 pages. Published by Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J.)

THE CRAFTSMAN is glad to give publicity through its columns to the important object for which "Pagan versus Christian Civilization" was issued: the promoting of free industrial education on a self-supporting basis. "Pupils have to unlearn in life what they learn in school. They should be trained toward the activities of life, not away from them," says Wendell Phillips, and that remark, quoted in the foreword of this little book, sums up concisely the purpose of those who have this work at heart. Ever since Froebel gave the world his clear sighted view of what education should be, there has been steadily, if slowly, growing the conviction that our educational system has all along consisted of too much "memory cramming" and too little "hand training" until now the country seems to be wide awake, as is proved by the almost universal introduction of manual training into the public schools.

"Until every child is set free to use with skill his creative power of hand and head, it has not had the benefit of any properly called Christian civilization," says the author, and refers to the "will- ingness of modern society to keep a large

portion of our workers in ignorance and degradation," as a "sure sign of the survival of pagan cruelty." It is to free the mass of workers from this "survival of paganism" and to bring about ultimately the adoption of a universal system of free industrial education in which the colleges of the country shall also be included, that the book has been issued, and there is no thoughtful citizen or householder who will not be interested in the facts found within its covers. The book is illustrated with cuts loaned by J. H. Paterson, president of the National Cash Register Co., whose success in giving his employees free educational advantages has been a power for good in uplifting the business world. The author invites correspondence and will be glad to have the names of any who would be interested in the work. (Pagan versus Christian Civilization, by S. H. Cumings, 105 pages. Illustrated. Published by the Author. Press of Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

"POEMS," by Meredith Nicholson. Fresh from the press of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, comes a charming little book of poems, done in Meredith Nicholson's best style, wherein the reader will find many a thought that he will cherish. A charming bit is "Memory": "This hour the fateful tide runs up the beach,

As the sea wills it;
It seeks each hollow loved of yesterday,
Finds it, and fills it." ("Poems," by Meredith Nicholson, 110 pages. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

CRAFTSMAN SHOWER LIGHTS

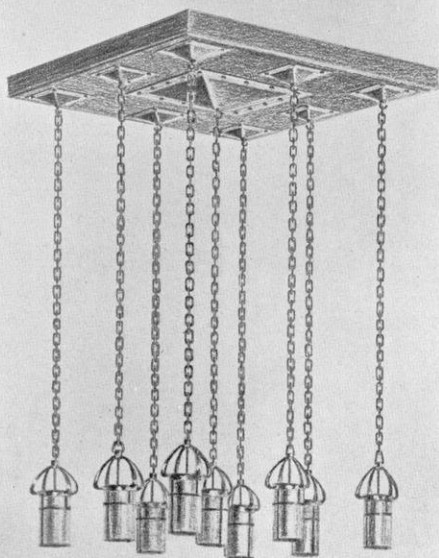
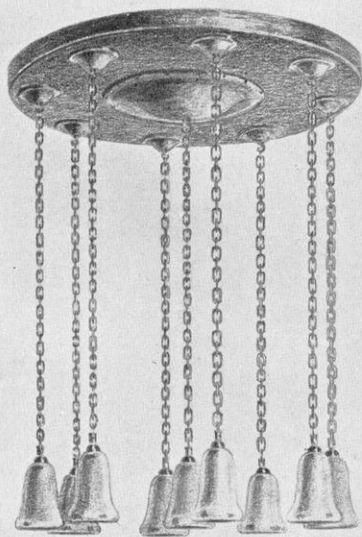
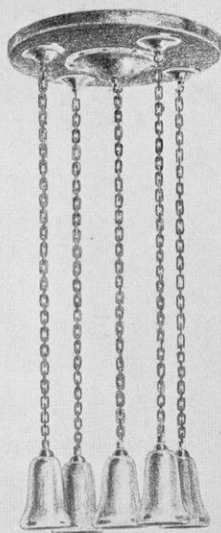
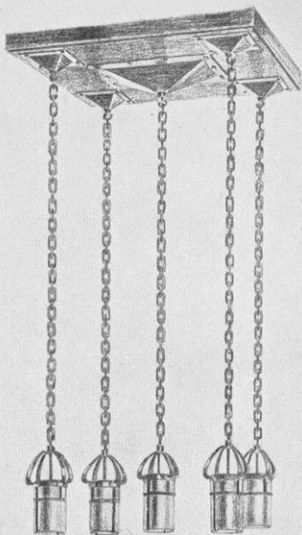
THERE is no question that, of all methods of lighting a house, electricity affords the greatest scope for decorative treatment, both in the arrangement of the lights themselves and in their effect upon the entire scheme of decoration. Also it is true that electricity can easily be made the least decorative of all lights, and that the presence of a number of wrongly-placed, stiffly-grouped, inadequately-shaded incandescent lamps will take away the restfulness and homelike charm of the most delightful room.

It all depends upon the way in which the glittering spark of light is used. Electricity is now as familiarly known as kerosene, yet in the designing of electric light fixtures there seems often to be astonishingly little attention paid to the character of the light. Except that the bulbs usually turn downward, the ordinary electroliers differ very little in form from gasoliers or chandeliers. Where the combination of gas and electricity is required, there might be a reason for enclosing the wires within pipes in order to maintain an appearance of uniformity in the fixture, but where electricity alone is used, there is hardly any limit to the freedom possible in the placing and grouping of the lights.

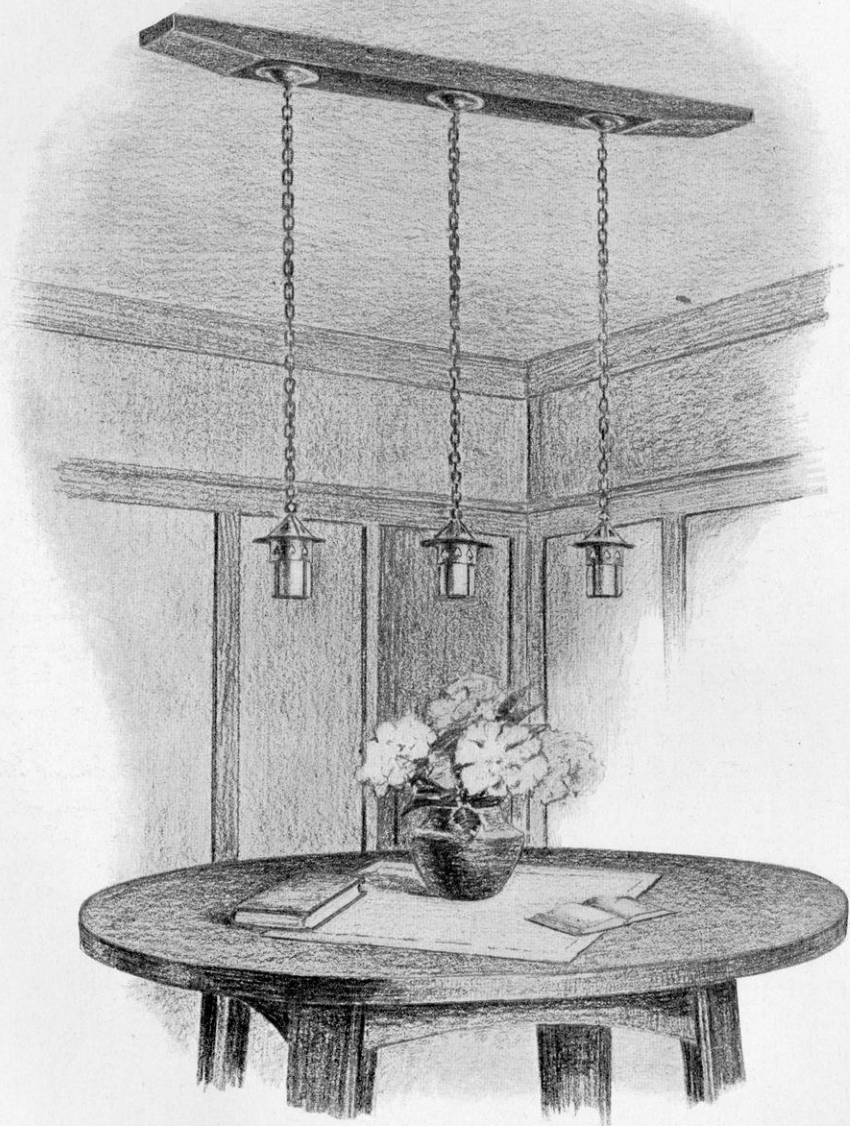
It is one of the axioms of electric lighting that the light, to be tolerable in an ordinary room, must be softened and diffused. In some rooms this is done by concealing a row of incandescent lamps behind a cornice at the top of the room, so that the ceiling is illuminated

by a soft glow that is reflected over the entire room; in others, the side lights are arranged in sconces with shades in front that serve to reflect the light back against the wall and so diffuse it. Also there are numberless ornamental globes and shades, many of them in the shape of flowers with the electric lamp as the center, but in almost all cases there seems to be the attempt to make the electric light appear to be something else. It masquerades as a flower, as diffused light, as a candle; its fixtures usually make it appear to possess all the limitations as to placing of gas and other lights that demand piping and closely-bunched arrangement; in fact, almost everything is done with it except to handle it so simply and freely that its true decorative value may be felt in the arrangement of the room.

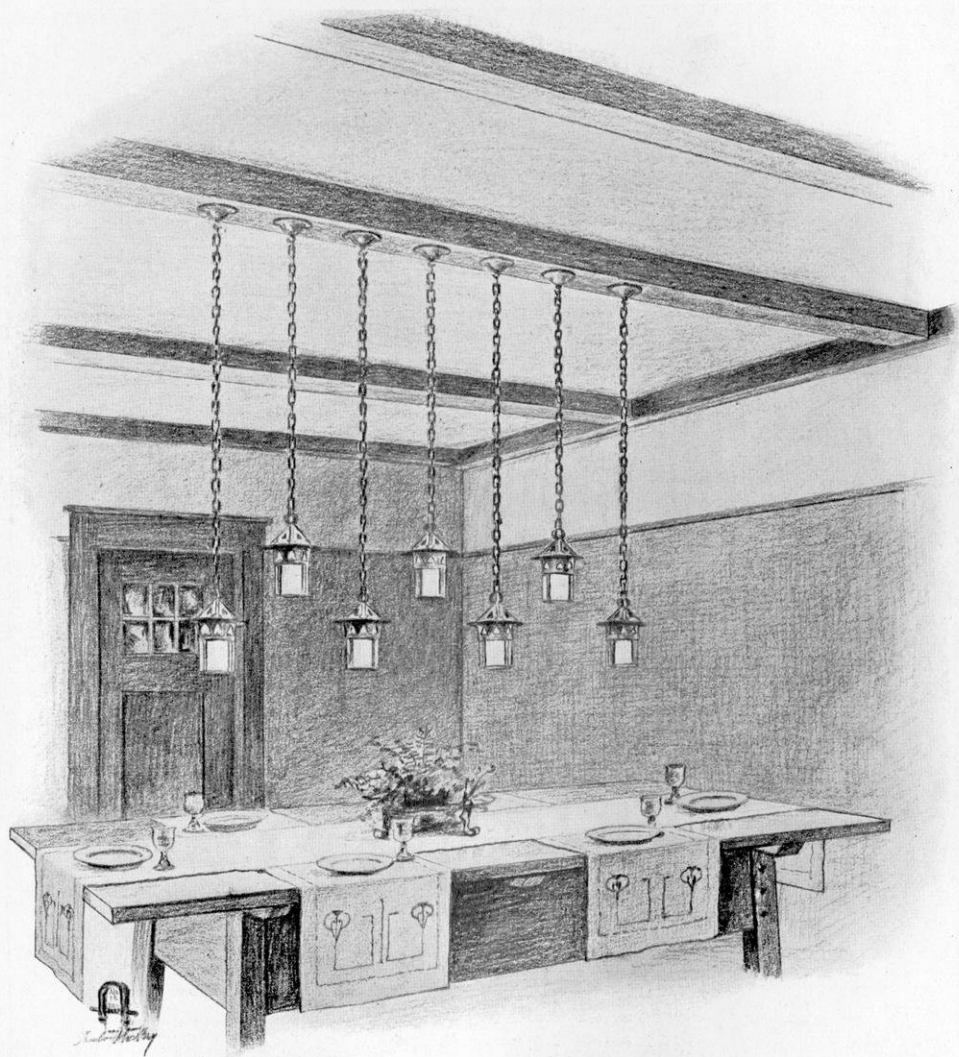
The most beautiful fixture for the electric light is one form or other of the "chain-drooped lamp." If it is used as a side light, why confine it to a stiff little fixture with tortuously-curved pipes that conceal the wires, when it is much easier to hang a small lantern or a drooping bell of opalescent glass by several links of chain to a bracket,—the wire twining itself openly among the links of the chain and the lantern hanging from it straight and simply as a lantern should. If it is a dining table that is to be lighted, the glare of a high and closely-bunched electrolier and the inconvenience of a pendant low enough to shade the light from the eyes are both avoided by a straight line of small lanterns hang-



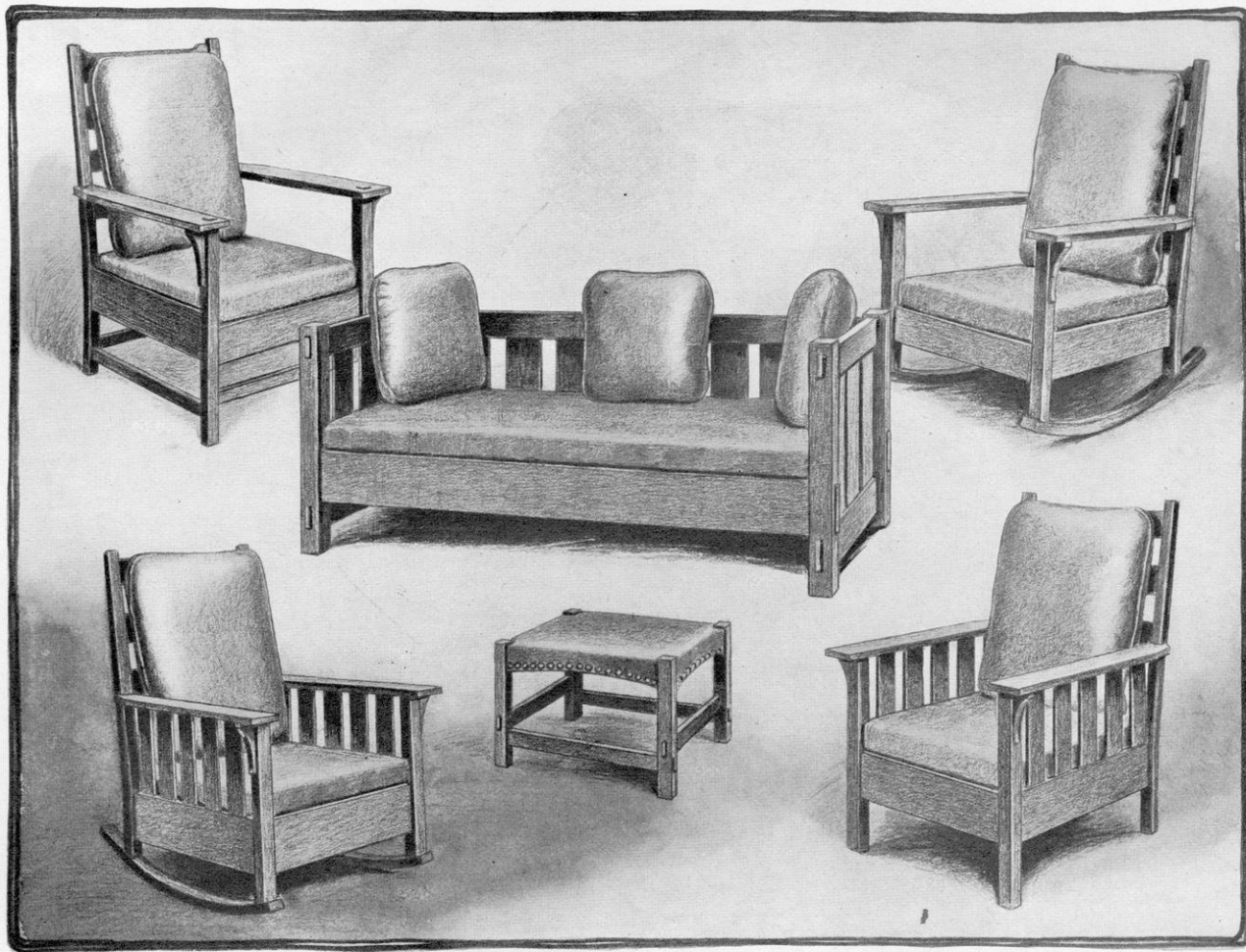
"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FIXTURE FOR THE ELECTRIC LIGHT
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"WHEN THE CEILING HAS NO BEAMS THE LANTERNS
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"ALL THAT IS SEEN IS A ROW OF TINY, SOFT-GLOWING
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CRAFTSMAN LOOSE CUSHION FOR SEAT FURNITURE

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ing from a beam running lengthwise above the table and directly over its center. In the Craftsman houses we have found no other arrangement so satisfactory for lighting a dining-room. Not only is it exceedingly decorative, but the arrangement of the lights, softened as they are by the opalescent globes, tends to do away with the sharp, unbecoming shadows cast by the ordinary electrolier. Whether it is a group of three, five or eight lanterns, hanging at the same or at different heights, the decorative effect of the straight line of lights depending by chains from the beam above is always the same. It gives a feeling of simplicity and of unstudied freedom in the arrangement that does away with all idea of fixtures or of the need of any. All that is seen is a row of tiny, softly-glowing lanterns hanging straight and free from wrought-iron chains that themselves depend from a sturdy hook fastened to a small canopy of wrought-iron or dull copper, which in its turn is bolted to the beam. The wire is twined among the links with no effort at concealment, but is so little in evidence that the lanterns have every appearance of being lights as independent of any central source of supply as are wax candles. When the ceiling of the room has no beams, the lanterns are fastened to a short, straight piece of wood such as is seen in the illustrations, or to round or square ceiling-plates, also illustrated here.

Whether the regular ceiling beams, the short lantern beams, or the ceiling-plates are used, the effect of simplicity and friendliness is preserved by the direct utility of the fixture. It is a plain

piece of wood that matches or harmonizes with the interior trim of the room, and the chains are affixed to it as simply as possible. With the use of the ceiling plate and the consequent grouping of lights, there comes a shower effect that reminds one of the downward flight of sparks from a rocket. In the center of a large room this shower effect is indescribably beautiful, and lacks entirely the stiffness of almost any set form of electrolier. In a heavily beamed room, the chains of different lengths may be fastened directly to the beams, varying and enlarging the shower effect as much as desired, and supplementary lights may be in the form of lanterns hung from the beams in any corner of the room,—in the recess of a window-seat, in a fireside nook where a book is taken to be enjoyed, or anywhere that a special light is needed. The effect is always the same, and after much experimenting with all forms of decorative lighting fixtures, THE CRAFTSMAN feels free to make the assertion that, so far, nothing has proven nearly so satisfying both from a decorative and a utilitarian point of view, as the shower light in all its variations of form and placing.

LOOSE CUSHIONS FOR SEAT FURNITURE

FURNITURE intended for ease and comfort in moments of leisure is almost invariably cushioned. The straight, severe chair or settle of plain or carved wood is beautiful in decorative quality and admirable for its uses, but it lacks the coziness of the yielding cushions which afford rest to

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tired bones. Hence the persistent popularity of upholstered furniture, in spite of its tendency to wear out and to become unsanitary by means of gathered dust and germs.

When the place of upholstery is supplied by loose seat and back cushions and by plenty of pillows, the comfort is quite as great and the healthfulness and durability much greater. An upholstered chair has at best but a limited term of usefulness before renewal is necessary, and renewal means a practical making over of the chair. With loose cushions the framework of the chair remains untouched as long as it holds together, and the beauty of the revealed woodwork gives a strength and character that can never be the quality of a piece of furniture in which the upholstery is the prominent part.

In the furniture illustrated here, the cushions are all removable at any time, and can be reversed when they begin to show signs of wear, thus greatly lengthening their life by distributing the surface that becomes impaired by hard usage. They can be shaken and beaten up, or put out into the sun and fresh air at any time, and there are no puffs and depressions to catch the dust. With the settle and easy chairs shown here, the method of covering the seat frame is the same for all. Thin strips of cane are laced over ribs screwed firmly to the inside of the framework, and so joined that it is impossible for them to draw away from the frame and so allow the seat to sag. The cane is interlaced so that it forms meshes about an inch in size, and affords a firm but elastic support.

The removable cushions are made of selected Java floss encased in denim, and are so stitched at the edges that the shape is retained as long as the cushion lasts. They are covered with leather, canvas, or other material equally durable, and are as rich in effect as the best upholstery and as easily kept fresh and clean as sofa pillows. A delightful variation is secured by the use of soft leather or sheepskin, stained to any color that harmonizes with the wood of the framework and with the color scheme of the room. With chairs and settles made of fumed oak in all its varying shades of brown and green, the cushions of leather may be of brown, green, biscuit color, dull orange, old blue, or any color that is found most desirable in a room. Very often the strongest color accent in the room is given by these leather cushions, and endless color combinations may be obtained by their use. Another excellent material for the coverings of loose chair cushions is an imported canvas of hemp and flax, woven together and dyed in the piece, a process which produces a delightful play of tones caused by the different degrees in which the dye is taken by the two materials. These come in all colors and wear "like iron."

The main point is to have chair cushions that are durable as well as good in color and texture. Perishable materials are all right so long as they are fresh, but their beauty is an evanescent quality, and upholstery that is frayed or soiled by ordinary use is anything but a comfort in a home intended to be lived in and in which every article is subject to constant use.

THE CRAFTSMAN SCRAPBOOK

SAN FRANCISCO has distinguished herself by seeing clearly amid confusion the importance of making radical changes in her street plan. On May 21 an improvement scheme prepared by D. H. Burnham was officially adopted. It provides for the extension and widening of numerous existing streets, the improvement of grades and the forming of a few new streets. This is entirely distinct from the Burnham plan for the general beautification of San Francisco. It applies only to the center of the city, and is intended to relieve congested traffic, to bring various quarters into close contact, to be useful rather than beautiful. But it is both. Improvements are divided into the "immediate" and "five-year" classes. For the latter, the city is to declare its intention now of buying or condemning the needed land within the period mentioned. Funds are to be raised from bonds issued now, bearing interest from the present, the first payment of interest, however, not being made for five years. The "immediate" changes require the least possible contribution of land from present property owners and will admit of speedy rehabilitation of the city. In fact, the needs of all interests appear to have been met with entire success.—*From "Indoors and Out."*

THE people who do not know the lives of the working people can have no idea of the extent to which the workmen trust their wives. The majority of workmen's wives are financially in a far more independent position than the wives even of capitalists, where the women are without an in-

dependent income. Not only is the money given to the wives, but their use of the money is unquestioned. There is a constant revelation of the unselfishness of these men. Children will be overdressed, while the father will not even be comfortable; but there is no complaint, for the pride of the father is gratified. He, with the mother, has one standard—clothes. There are men who say frankly that they would waste the money if it were in their care; that their wives secure far better results than they could; that the practice of having only car-fare, at the most lunch money, reduces greatly the much abused social habit of 'treating.' The married man who can 'treat,' it is generally conceded, is not fair to his family; he keeps his wages at their expense.

"Sometimes the observer marvels at the infinite patience of many men. Their wives drift. Neither money nor time is used for their families. A week's loss of work, and there is debt; a day's sickness, and to its suffering is added the knowledge that there is no money in reserve to meet this emergency, even though the wages insure it. While knowing well the cause, one resents the unjust conditions that control many marriages among the young people of the wage-earning class. The young women rarely have the knowledge that will enable them to do their share in establishing the home. The young man contracting a marriage without the prospect of supporting a home is condemned and his bride pitied; but there is little criticism if she spends years—years that mean discomfort and waste—in learning to do her part, if she ever learns."

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"Among the discoveries the explorer into this world makes is that life is full of compensations. One learns to overlook bad housekeeping, when it is discovered that a cross, impatient word is never spoken by the house-mother; that the children are the companions of the mother; that no one else is so attractive; that she is never too busy to listen to anything that interests them. One learns to forgive the needlessly shabby dressing of children, when it is discovered that they are well nourished and cared for, and that the husband and father never fails to declare that his wife is the best cook in the city and always has his meals on time. Usually this mother is fat, full of fun, and laughs as though tears were not in the world."

Extracts from "The Leaven in a Great City,"

by Lillian W. Betts.

"**S**PEAKING of 'vacations,' inequality of social condition is nowhere more apparent to-day than when we come to consider this question, and it really seems a long way ahead to the time when carpenters, blacksmiths, bricklayers, plasterers, street-pavers, sewer-diggers, street-car men, drivers, railway men of all sorts, from the trackmen to the superintendent, lumbermen, stonemen, farmers, kitchen-girls, laundry-workers, factory girls, shop-girls, clerks, and indeed all sorts of workers, will have work and due wages with a vacation or rest-time as certain for all these as it now is for the teachers, the preachers and the majority of the professional classes. People who live idle lives, who

make almost no contribution to the common good, especially the female portion of the rich and well-to-do, those who breakfast at nine, dress and 'call,' and 'entertain,' and 'dine,' and 'sleep,'—these in my opinion, very largely monopolize the big hotels, fashionable boarding houses and the resorts.

"I say this in no spirit of unkindness, for an idle life, whether rich or poor, is to me a 'wasted life,' and I cannot regard a wasted life with any other feeling than that of profoundest pity. A 'wasted life' and a lost soul are to me synonymous terms. As we make use of our experiences and learn to live, learn the meaning of life and what life is for, we shall begin to apply the principle of equality, and gradually the equal opportunities will prevail, all will have regular work and regular vacations, and the things I am suggesting will be no longer a dream but an actual reality.

"Grant Allen says on this subject: 'Our existent system takes little men and elevates them to positions of artificial superiority, not on account of any merit of their own, but simply and solely because they are the sons of their fathers, or because they have inherited wealth created by others, or because they have tabooed to themselves the land and mines that are common property, or because, taking advantage of bad social arrangements, they have juggled into their own hands, railways, or stocks and shares, or gas, or electricity, or the water supply of our great cities.'"

From "Letters of Labor and Love,"

by Samuel M. Jones.

