LIBRARIES
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN–MADISON

The craftsman. Vol. IV, No. 2 May 1903

Syracuse, N.Y.: United Crafts, May 1903

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

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

For information on re-use see:
http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright

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

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

728 State Street | Madison, Wisconsin 53706 | library.wisc.edu

Cover page
is not
available

The Craftsman

Volume IV · Number 2

May 1903

Printed and Published by

The United Crafts

At Syracuse, New York

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A NUMBER

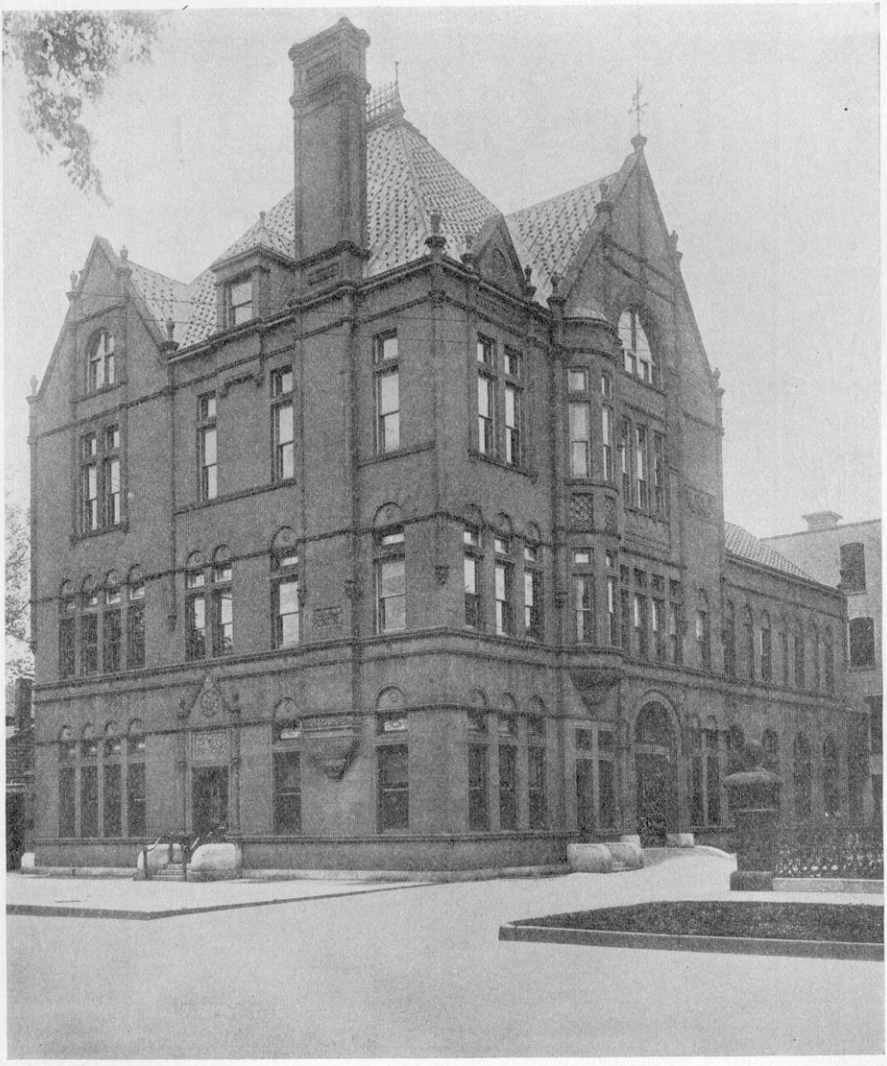
THE CRAFTSMAN

Published Monthly by THE UNITED CRAFTS
207 South State Street, Syracuse, New York

Contents for May, 1903

25 CENTS SINGLE COPY :: BY THE YEAR, $3.00

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY GUSTAVE STICKLEY
Entered November 18, 1902, at Syracuse, N. Y., as second-class matter.



The Craftsman Building

THE CRAFTSMAN

Vol. IV May, 1903 No. 2

A Recent Arts and Crafts Exhibition

IRENE SARGENT

THE recent Arts and Crafts Exhibition held under the auspices of the United Crafts, in the Craftsman Building, Syracuse, N. Y., proved itself a marked artistic success. It was the first enterprise of its kind to be carried into effect in inland New York. It was an adequate representation of the actual state of American handicraft. It has excited sufficient interest and comment to make the organization which conceived and executed it a center for furthering and fostering the decorative and industrial arts.

The recent exhibition possessed one great advantage over many of its predecessors in this country, in that it was well displayed as to space, background and lighting, both natural and artificial. It was located in an imposing building, and occupied a large portion of three extensive stories. The fact of its proper housing made it most attractive, as considered in itself, and, also, as a social meeting place. It brought together in repeated reunions the best representatives of local culture. It commanded respectful attention from the seaboard cities, and drew many professional visitors from distant universities, and from noted studios and workshops. It will be remembered as an occasion of great pleasure and profit, and locally will go far toward establishing a standard of value by which to judge of the objects of use and adornment which necessarily compose the environment of the average daily life.

The exhibits were classified and catalogued according to the system usually employed in similar exhibitions. They included examples of metal and leather work; cabinet making; ceramics; textiles extending to basketry; stained glass and cartoons for the same; bookbinding; book covers and book plates; designs for letters and lettering; printing; jewelry.

A Recent Arts and Crafts Exhibition

The exhibitors of these articles were, in the majority of cases, men and women of national reputation, and, in a few instances, craftsmen who, in their special and chosen work, have become the teachers of Europe. All were represented, as far as circumstances permitted, by their best and latest productions: the exhibition thus acquiring a value containing no outworn or uncertain factors.

The projectors of the scheme labored with enthusiasm from the inception of their plan in December, 1902, until the moment when they expressed themselves in the foreword of their catalogue in the following terms:

"The Arts and Crafts Exhibition opening under the auspices of the United Crafts is an effort to further the interests, artistic, economic and social, of the section in which it is held. The excellent results obtained by similar means in certain of the Eastern and Western States suggested to the projectors of the present Exhibition the rich possibilities of profit and pleasure which might accrue to our community through the assemblage of things wrought by the human hand as expressive of modern ideals of form, color and style. They have therefore sought to illustrate the new movement in the lesser arts; to show the progress which has been made, within a short period, toward that most desirable union in one person of the artist and the workman: a result reached in the Middle Ages (when art and work were forms of religion), then lost for centuries, and now, apparently, soon to be re-established.

"In each of the various classes of exhibits, it is encouraging to note the skill and the talent displayed by American workmen: faculties which, until recently, were believed to be the prerogatives of foreign craftsmen, who had in their favor tradition, heredity and environment. But a careful visit to the galleries of this Arts and Crafts Exhibition will prove to the observer that the American is possessed of a color-sense rivaling that of the French and the Japanese; a respect for form that rejects the fantastic; an originality and adaptability that are peculiar to him alone among modern workers.

"The principles of the new art that is developing among us will be recognized as prophetic of a long and vigorous existence. They

are, briefly stated: the prominence of the structural idea, by which means an object frankly states the purpose for which it is intended, in the same way that a building, architecturally good, reveals in its façade the plan of its interior. The second characteristic of this new art is scarcely less important than the first, although it proceeds from it. It is the absence of applied ornament, of all decoration that disguises or impairs the constructive features. The third is the strict fitting of all work to the medium in which it is executed; the development of all possibilities of color, texture and substance; the choice being dependent upon the beauty, without regard to the intrinsic value of the material employed.

"Objects approximate to this standard have been admitted to the Exhibition; the classes of objects having been selected and approved according to the law set by that prototype of craftsmen, William Morris, who counseled wisely:

" 'Have nothing in your houses which you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful.'

"The impulse thus began toward the luxury of taste as distinguished from the luxury of costliness, will doubtless advance beyond our conceptions of to-day, creating sound economic and social conditions, leaving in its wake loveliness and pleasure, and glorifying by its name,—'THE HANDICRAFT MOVEMENT,'—the power of the most delicate, obedient and effective instrument ever created."

The opening of the Exhibition occurred on Monday evening, March 23, and was an occasion of great pleasure to those who were privileged to enjoy it. These were the thirty patronesses, chosen as representative of the culture of Syracuse; the jurors, the committee of arrangements, and the heads of departments from the work-shops of the United Crafts. In all, a company of two hundred persons assembled in the Craftsman Hall and were informally addressed upon subjects appropriate to the time.

The first speaker was Miss Irene Sargent of The Craftsman, acting as representative of Mr. Stickley, the founder and director of the United Crafts, who, through indisposition, was prevented from making his intended address.

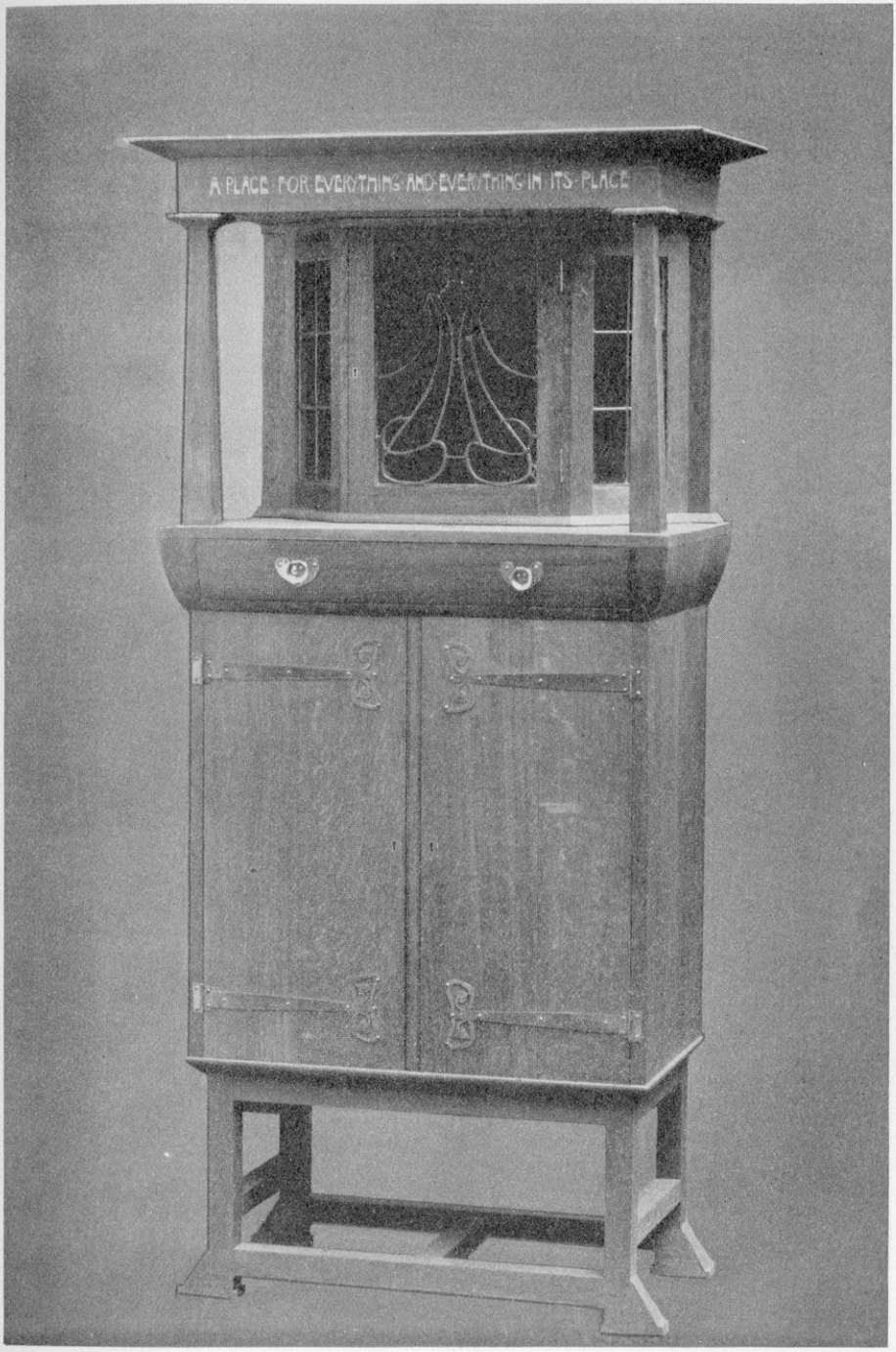
Miss Sargent took as her subject what she termed the *exposition idea;* tracing its development from the first World's Fair held in London at the middle of the nineteenth century. The motto chosen for the official seal of that great enterprise was, the speaker said, a most significant one. It was drawn from the first chapter of the Metamorphoses of Ovid, at the point when the Latin author describes the formation of the world from chaos and the establishment of order through the divine operation of the creative spirit. It reads in English translation: "He has bound together in harmonious peace things separated by distance." The effect of this first great representative assemblage of the material production of the industrial nations was to spur into activity the less advanced and the less gifted peoples. It taught both manufacturers and merchants the value of association and coöperation. It showed them that to be isolated was to be poor and degenerate. In emulation of France, the remainder of central Europe, the English, the Scandinavians and the Americans applied themselves to the development of beauty in the decorative and industrial arts and the finer manufactures. Economy and delicacy of process, subtlety of color, grace of form were lessons which profited those who studied the French superiority and success. Thus aided in experiment and enterprise, each of the less advanced nations was made freer to develop its own peculiar genius. The "exposition idea" was specially propagated in America by the World's Fair held in New York, closely following upon its London predecessor. And throughout the second half of the nineteenth century, the industrial nations were brought into close rivalry, were kept in constant activity of preparation by the frequently recurring expositions, the greater number of which were the work of the French Government. In the United States, distinct movements may be traced to the great fairs of Philadelphia and Chicago. The Centennial of 1876 gave to thousands among the less cultured middle classes of our country their first ideas of the paramount part which must be played by beauty in every well-ordered and harmonious life, irrespective of wealth and social position. It afforded to the untraveled manufacturer and artisan glimpses of the possibilities which lay before them. And if a period of ugli-

Lecture Hall
The Craftsman Building

Arts and Crafts Exhibition
The Craftsman Building
Syracuse, N. Y.

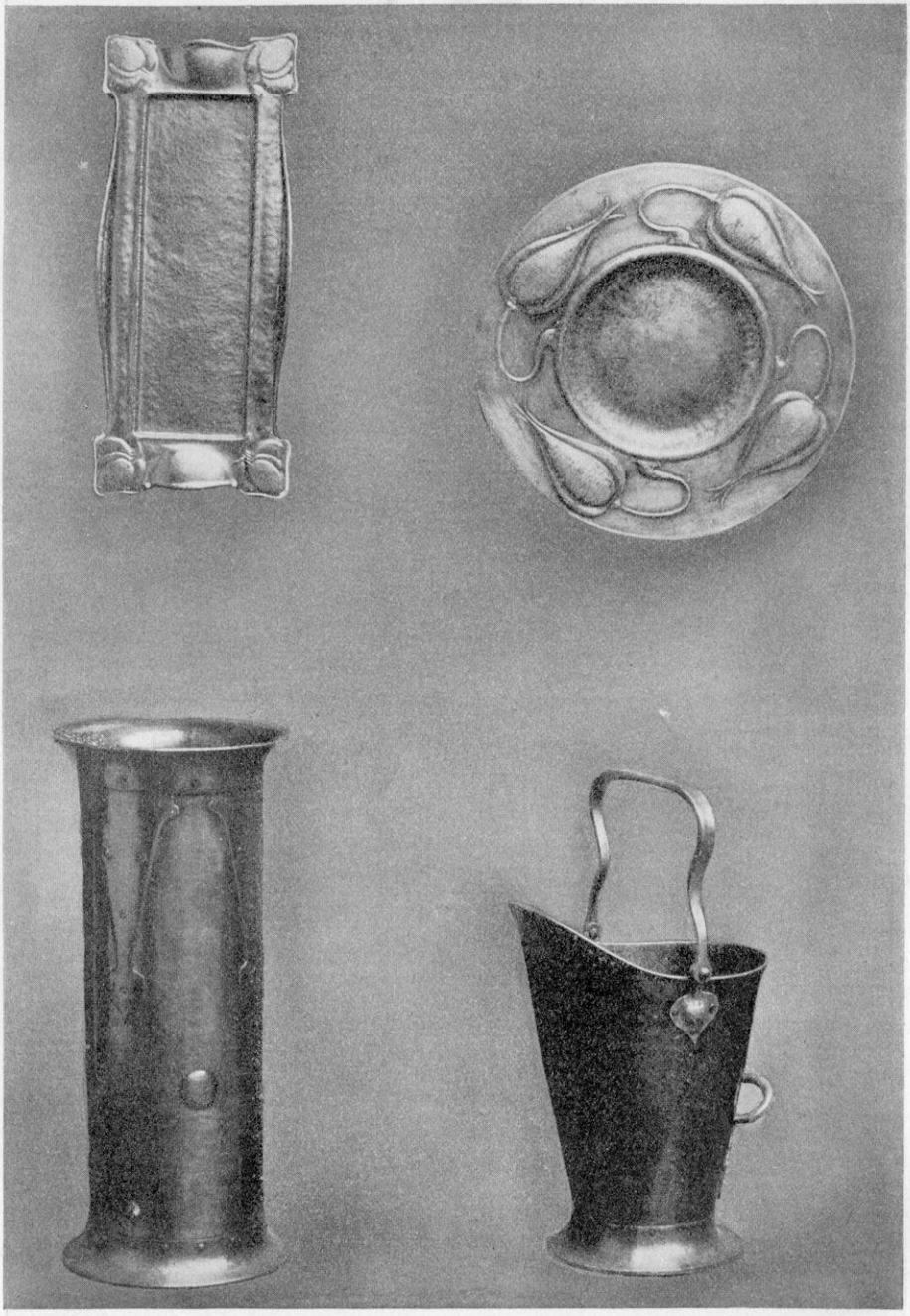
Dining Room
Furnished and arranged by Gustav Stickley

Arts and Crafts Exhibition
The Craftsman Building
Syracuse, N. Y.



Cabinet: "Henry Style"

Arts and Crafts Exhibition
The Craftsman Building
Syracuse, N. Y.



Metal Work
Art Fittings Company of Birmingham, England

Arts and Crafts Exhibition
The Craftsman Building
Syracuse, N. Y.

ness ensued, in all that pertains to the fine and the lesser arts, it was but transitional, like that awkward, unlovely, but happily short, period of life bridging together childhood and developed youth, which the English name *hobbledehoy*. The effect of the Columbian Fair was more rapidly felt, because the people were better prepared to receive and to manifest it. The work necessitated by this enterprise gave such impetus to mural painting as to carry our native artists to the place which they now occupy at the side of the great French decorators. The Pan-American followed in the first year of the new century, showing the great possibilities of electricity as an illuminant, and leaving in the minds of all who visited it memories of color-effects which seemed as if due to a super-excited imagination, and which had previously never shone upon sea or land.

But with the opening of the new century, the exposition idea passed into a new phase. The French, after a half-century of almost constant experience, favor the abandonment of world's fairs. Since the realization of the first great scheme of this nature, human life has been revolutionized. The telegraph, the telephone, rapid transit by land and by sea have annihilated space. There is practically no more isolation, continental, national, or sectional. There remains but to establish and to assure coöperation. And this, it would seem, can best be accomplished by two means, distinct from and yet supplementing each other. There must be sectional exhibitions of all that is best in decorative and industrial art, without distinction of place of production, whether domestic or foreign. These must be of frequent occurrence, in order that the good tendencies in production may be fostered, and the evil be as quickly suppressed. In view of the handicrafts movement, now so strong and so widely diffused, these sectional exhibitions will encourage individual workers to constant activity of design and production, just as the world's fairs formerly excited to the closest competition the most successful manufacturers and artists. By such means excellence of work will be assured, comparison facilitated, and standards established.

But even were these most desirable results assured, one all-

essential factor of permanent success and good would still be lacking. In the world of the new century, there is no room for selfishness. It is a relic of barbarism. It is the worst of policies. It saps the vitality of the individual, the organization, or the people who harbor it. Therefore, coöperation and association must be widely established among craftsmen. And they, having experienced to the full that high pleasure of which they are now enjoying but a foretaste: namely, that of conceiving as well as executing the object—must be made willing to share that pleasure in wide companionship. Else, the "exposition idea" which, for a half-century, has promised and produced so much good, will fail of perfect fruition, will degenerate and die, leaving no successors to develop its unfinished work. Coöperation must be assured by founding in centers of population—the smaller and more remote, as well as the larger and more accessible—groups of craftsmen, formed into corporate bodies, with constitutions and by-laws, something after the manner of the mediæval gilds, yet without renewing the oppressive features of those old organizations, which were, in some sense, the prototypes of the modern trusts. Furthermore, the coöperation must not be limited: it must be broad in spirit and in extent. It must not be confined to the workers of a single craft in a single town who have no outside affiliations. In order to accomplish the full measure of good for the craftsmen themselves, for the community in which they live, and for the economic and financial conditions of the country at large, they must be joined in a national federation, the principal advantage of which would be the securing of a national standard of work. By such standard carefully and intelligently fitted to each separate craft, all craft-work should be judged, and, if found worthy, should be stamped with the seal or device of the national federation. The excellence reached in work, the integrity exemplified, the consequent good accomplished for the world by a somewhat similar system may be realized by reference made to the history of the Florentine and of the Flemish gilds. A single instance suffices to convince. It may be said that, in the fourteenth century, the Florentine gild of *Calimala,* or cloth-dressers, acted as the jury of a world-federation of craftsmen and was the supreme

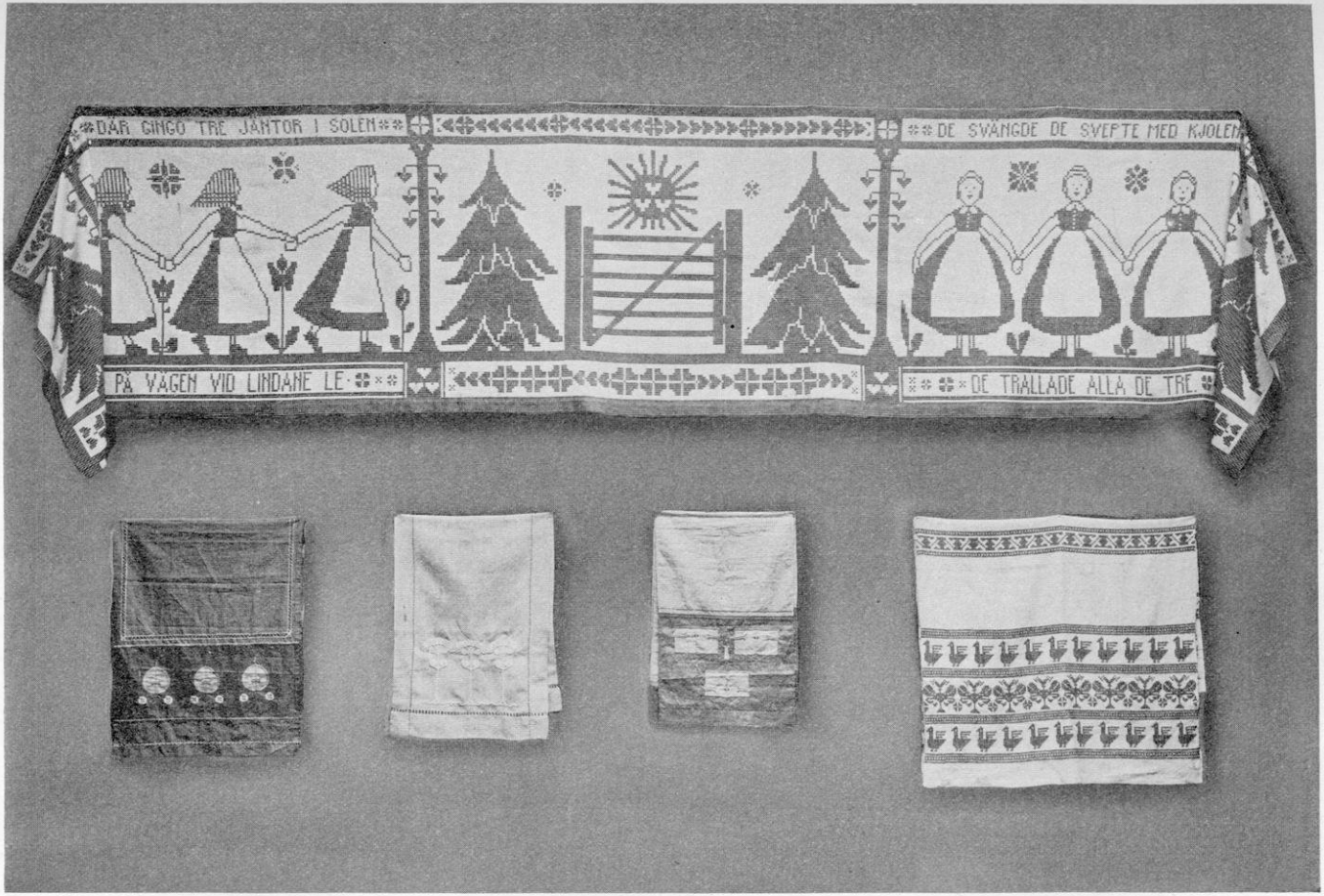
commercial power of Europe. Woolen fabrics then made in great quantities in the wool-growing Low Countries, were sent to Florence to be dyed with colors known alone to the craftsmen of that city, and to be dressed with processes equally the possession of the same workers. Having been dyed and dressed, these stuffs were sent to all the European markets stamped with the mark of the Calimala Gild. This mark was highly prized as a proof of good quality, as showing that the exact length of the pieces had been verified in Florence, and as a guarantee against any falsification of material. It is, therefore, plain why the Calimala craftsmen had trading relations with all Europe, and interests extending to every place where civilization and luxury were known. Their industrial and commercial honesty served as an example and spur to the other civic gilds, or "arts," as they were termed; it raised their small city republic to an importance which had to be recognized and reckoned with in every European complication; it gave the florin the same monetary importance that is possessed by the pound sterling in the modern world of finance; it caused the development, throughout its own and other craft and trade organizations, of that sagacity and acumen which trained a race of diplomats, so that Florentine ambassadors and envoys were employed by all sovereigns to a degree and with a success to which one of the mediæval popes bore witness, when he remarked: "I see that the Florentines are the fifth wheel of creation."

Times change and with them conditions and people. But truths remain steadfast. The present age is crying out for honesty in material production, not only because of the importance of honesty to the prosperity of the nation and the community, but, also, because of its higher significance and symbolism; because of its reflex action upon the lives of those who practice and foster it. The precise part played by the Florentine cloth-dressers' gild in the politics, the finance and the ethics of the mediæval world can not be adjusted to modern needs. But a similar enthusiasm for good workmanship can be created in our broad country of which the diverse physical features and the differing population demand an almost infinite variety of material production. Good workman-

ship in reflex action means good citizenship, and good citizenship entails all that is necessary and desirable for land and people. Independent handicraft gilds, societies, and workshops devoted to some special pursuit, or to the making of special objects, not only exist, but thrive in almost every large town of the Union. Their existence and success furnish a working basis for the development of a plan which is too great in possibilities to be included in a single glance. At present, these enterprises are nourished by fresh enthusiasm and by the joy which springs from the exercise of the creative faculty untrammeled and daring. But these conditions, quite resembling the inspirational moods of an individual, can not be permanent. What is true of the individual is true, in the main, of a certain number of individuals. These gilds and workshops, remaining separate one from the other, will be subject to periods of reaction and unproductiveness. But if, realizing that independence is compatible with coöperation, and that isolation is but another name for sterility, they join themselves in federation, they will, at the same time, take the initial step in establishing an ideal republic of art and labor.

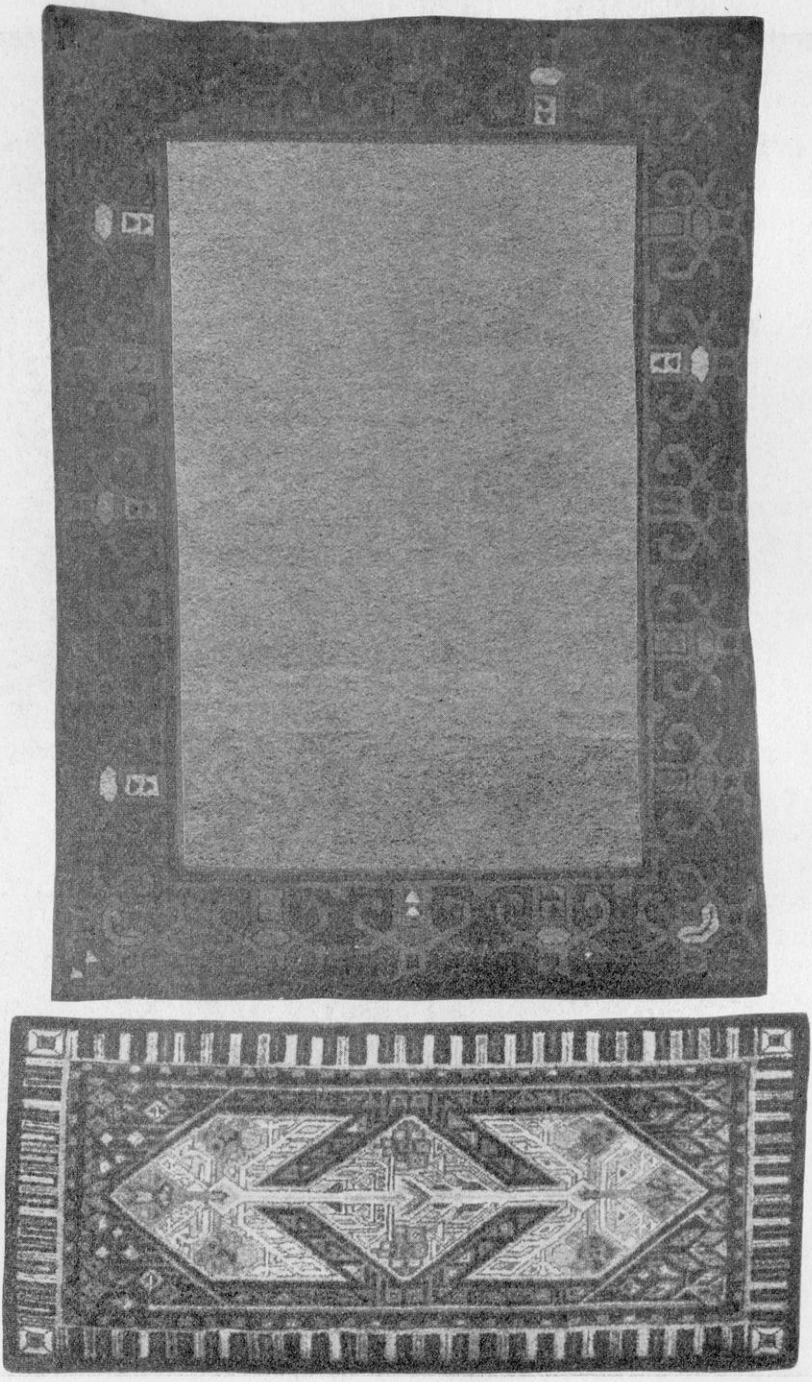
In this way, the exposition idea can attain a development suited to the present needs. It grew from centralization. It is now in the localized stage. It must pass into that of federation. The essentials to be assured are thus: coöperation and a fixed standard of work; the latter to be attained through the former, and the standard to be expressed in a seal or device stamped upon every approved object of handicraft which shall be produced by a member of the federation.

The means are few and simple. They lie within the reach of the friends of the handicraft movement. The times are ripe for action, and what better memorial of the present exhibition can be instituted than the formation of a local gild of craftsmen? To the accomplishment of this sectional project, to the furtherance of the larger scheme, the founder and director of the United Crafts will lend himself with his usual zeal and with his characteristic modesty; acting in the spirit of the motto which he has chosen for himself, and which was previously borne by two ardent craftsmen: "If I can."



Frieze and Drapery by the Misses Glantzberg, Boston
Appliqué Embroidery by Mrs. Elwell, London, England
Table Scarf by Mrs. Hurrell, Syracuse

Arts and Crafts Exhibition
The Craftsman Building
Syracuse, N. Y.



Hooked Rugs
Helen R. Albee; Harriet Bradner

Arts and Crafts Exhibition
The Craftsman Building
Syracuse, N. Y.

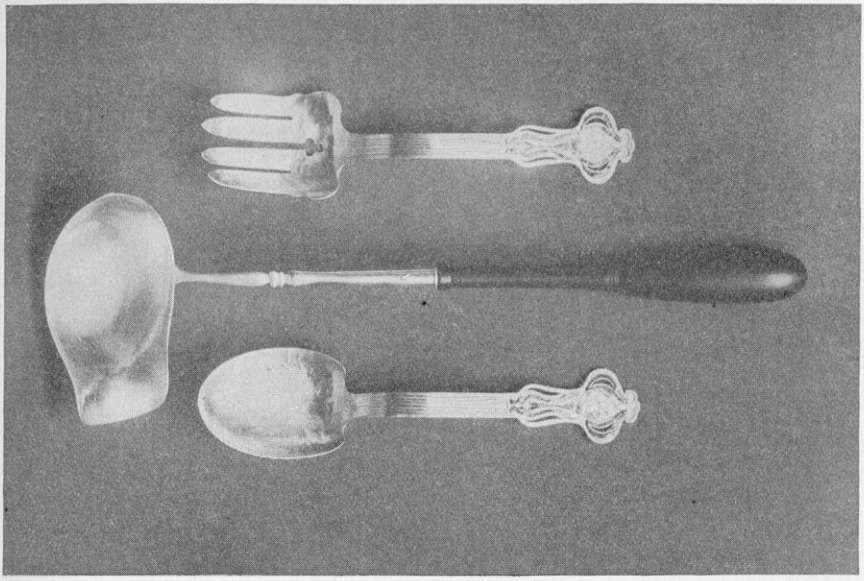
With the above quoted paragraph Miss Sargent concluded her remarks, presenting Mr. Henry Turner Bailey, director of industrial art in the public schools of Massachusetts: a commonwealth which, she observed, was a pioneer in education, a strong factor in the preservation of the Constitution, and which has again become a pioneer,—this time in the cause of civic and social reform.

To reproduce the address of Mr. Bailey, which was one of great merit and charm, would be quite impossible; since the meaning of this true artist appealed equally to the eye and to the ear, and was, moreover, supplemented by that convincing quality,—all too rare upon the lecture stage,—which quickly establishes sympathetic and friendly relations between speaker and audience. Enthusiasm tempered by judgment, a sense of proportion gained through long experience as a teacher, together with a finish, a *bravura* of treatment, at once refined and popular, and which is rarely attained except by Frenchmen,—are also marked qualities of Mr. Bailey considered as a speaker.

In beginning, he briefly reviewed the development in our country of those arts which are the most closely connected with popular life: domestic architecture and its subsidiaries, with special reference to the use of form and color, as exercised in the making of objects intended for daily service. Alluding to the rapid growth of the nation, to the great issues and the many interests which have successively claimed its almost undivided attention within the short period of its existence, to its lack of the leisure which is necessary for culture, Mr. Bailey characterized, by a telling sentence or word, the art-expression of each generation of Americans down to the present day. He was especially happy in his use of a homely simile, when referring to the years immediately following the Philadelphia Centennial. Up to that point of time, he said, America had been like a boy careless of his appearance and carriage. But as the day comes when the boy seeks a mirror, smooths his hair and arranges his neck-tie, so the period of self-consciousness arrived for American art, when the great exhibition showed the greater advancement, the relative perfection of the European nations. Thereafter, throughout the United States, a strenuous effort was made

toward decoration. A period of ugliness ensued. Architecture was false and trivial. Ornament, applied without reason, was obtrusive and glaring. The old and good was set aside. The new and good could not be reached without vigorous thought and labor, similar to the training which, in other countries, had produced artists of high merit. Yet this period with its product of ugliness was necessary. The people "found themselves," and recognizing that beauty in some form is necessary to all sorts and conditions of men, they set out to possess it. To-day, even, many of their efforts are misapplied, but the direction is set toward civic improvement and toward the attainment of better types of domestic architecture and of household art.

In his plea for civic improvement, Mr. Bailey was especially strong and happy, since the subject is one which he has studied deeply and in which he has enjoyed peculiar advantages. Together with other artists and educators, he was, some time since, a guest of a Belgian governmental society of which the object is to preserve, beautify and sanify the old cities of Flanders. Park systems, town halls, public fountains and railway stations, streets and water ways were there the objects of his study, and thence he derived most valuable ideas, which, joined with his personal experience, have made his opinions of acknowledged value. His instruction upon these points he conveyed to his hearers by means of drawings upon a blackboard, illustrating the good and the bad by contrasted pictures. His forceful and facile wit may, perhaps, be indicated by a single quotation, as for instance, when he remarked gravely that we have no fountains in America: "only statues that leak." His strictures against poor domestic architecture were made under cover of the same playful mood, with the added force of a caricature drawing, but they were instantly accepted by the audience as just and weighty criticisms. At this point he drew in outline with a few rapid, decisive strokes a pretentious house bristling with towers, gables, balconies and other forms of excrescence. Meanwhile, he constantly commented upon his drawing, as a musician plays a running accompaniment to a theme. The Byzantine dome, the Romanesque arch, the French tower and porte-cochère, were

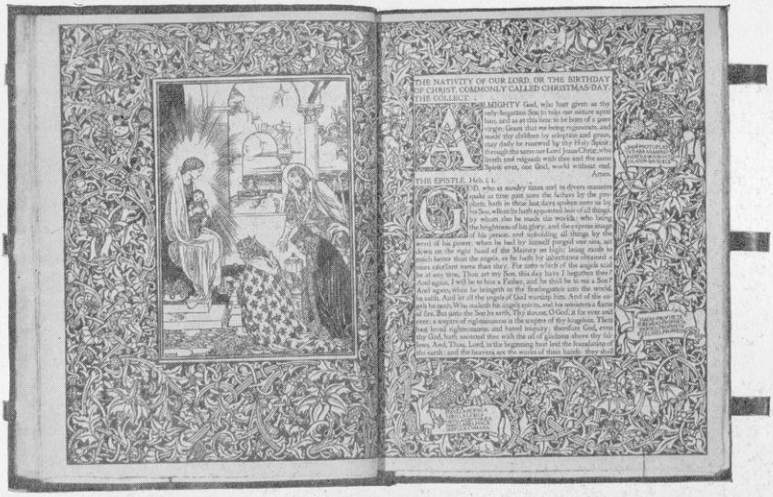


Salad Spoon and Fork: designed by Jane Carson; made by Frances Barnum, Cleveland, Ohio
Ladle: designed and made by K. F. Leinonen, Boston Handicraft Shop

Arts and Crafts Exhibition
The Craftsman Building
Syracuse, N. Y.

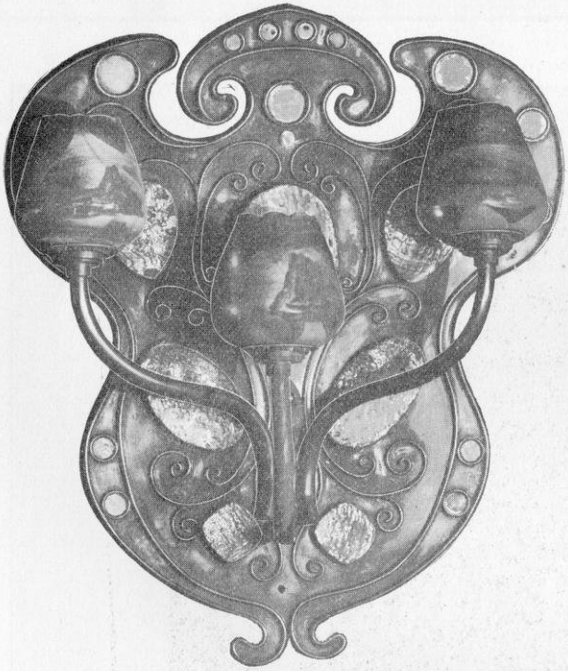
Tea Set: designed by Mary Knight; made by K. F. Leinonen

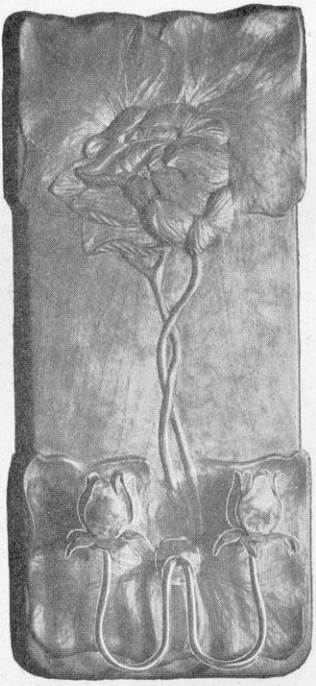
Arts and Crafts Exhibition
The Craftsman Building
Syracuse, N. Y.



Altar Book
D. Berkeley Updike, Boston, Mass.

Arts and Crafts Exhibition
The Craftsman Building
Syracuse, N. Y.





Candle Sconce: designed and made by William Cockrane, Dayton, Ohio
Abalone Pearl Electric Sconce: designed by B. B. Thresher; made by George Steiger, Dayton, Ohio

Arts and Crafts Exhibition
The Craftsman Building
Syracuse, N. Y.

each, he explained, a copy of "something which the wealthy owner of the house had seen somewhere." He then located the house in an indefinite New England village, which he had visited in his capacity as an officer of public instruction. Still rapidly speaking, he drew above and in an oblique position from the ugly modern dwelling, an old farm house, roomy and rambling, with attached woodshed: in a word, of the old familiar type dear to many of us as the home of our forefathers. Next, he recited a dialogue in action, retaining for himself one part, and impersonating in the other an average resident of the village which supposedly contained the two houses. The resident begged to show him an estate of which the villagers were justly proud, and accordingly led him to the pretentious house of mixed styles, before which he gave the items of its extravagant cost, with the detail and accuracy of an account-book. Having stated his facts, the villager appeared to seek an expression of approval from his companion, whom he regarded as both a sympathetic soul and an authority constituted by the State. The approval was not wanting, but it was bestowed upon the old farmhouse with its homely woodshed. All this without the knowledge of the villager, who continued to believe his own admiration well placed; since a prompt and favorable reply followed his every question. The amusing deceit was accomplished by a rapid cross-play of words and glances, Mr. Bailey alternately taking his own part and that of the villager: fixing his eyes upon the farm house while making his answers, and upon the towers and turrets while asking the questions.

This method of instruction, as conducted by the speaker, although exceedingly entertaining, was far from trivial. And his anecdote, exquisite in its way as a fable of LaFontaine, contained an amount of common sense equal to that found in the delightful old French writer. And further, there was a flavor of New England through it all, which recalled Ben Franklin and his "Poor Richard's Almanac."

From his gay and brilliant mood, Mr. Bailey passed to a graver treatment of his theme: making a strong plea for the simple, structural style in domestic architecture and furnishings, and for har-

mony and quiet in the color-schemes of the dwelling. He recalled the memory—painful to all artists—of the period when gilt glittered in great masses in the American middle-class home and great roses bloomed in paper and textiles upon wall-hangings and carpets. He insisted that the surroundings of the family should be as a background, from which should be rigidly excluded all obtrusive objects and elements.

For the climax of his address the speaker gave a definition of the work of art adapted from Hegel; judging by the principles of this definition objects of household service and ornament which he drew before his audience. He urged that every material object should be the adequate embodiment of the idea which causes its creation; that it should be perfectly adapted to its use, and that, having fulfilled these two requirements, it please the eye, and thus, through the avenue of sensuous pleasure, add to the interest and harmony of life. For this definition Mr. Bailey seemed indebted to a passage of the German philosopher which is too fine and exquisite to let pass without direct quotation. It reads:

"The Idea as the beautiful in Art is at once the Idea when especially determined as in its essence individual reality, and also an individual shape of reality essentially destined to embody and reveal the Idea. This amounts to enunciating the requirement that the Idea and its plastic mould, as concrete reality, are to be made completely adequate to one another."

This thought simplified by its passage across clear New England intelligence, became the standard of judgment throughout the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, and was expressed constantly in differing individual ways by visitors passing in review the display of handicraft: the definition of the true work of art seeming to impress itself even more deeply upon the minds of all who heard it.

The exhibition, as a whole, as has before been stated, was a successful attempt to show the actual condition of American handicraft: the point already reached by the movement which is to infuse a new beauty into the average American home, and the pleasure of thoughtful, inspiring labor into those communities, whether thickly populated, or rural and remote, which suffer from tend-

encies toward the sordid life. Properly to illustrate an exhibition of such nature is to classify and to choose with great care and discrimination; and the objects to be illustrated having been chosen, to allow the craftsmen who created them to tell the story of their own accomplishments, which they can do with a frankness and fervor impossible to one who has not directed step by step the making of the object, as the parent directs the development of a child. This is the plan which has been adopted by Mr. Stickley, the projector of the recent exhibition: in accordance with which certain exhibitors will, in the near future, offer in The Craftsman illustrations of their work, accompanied by a brief history of their labors and success.

In the present issue of the Magazine, only a general review of the Exhibition can be given, with passing reference to certain important features. One of such features which called forth the most spontaneous admiration was the dining room furnished and arranged by the United Crafts. Upon entering it, a New York decorator remarked that it constituted in itself an education in all that pertains to form, color and refinement of decoration and detail.

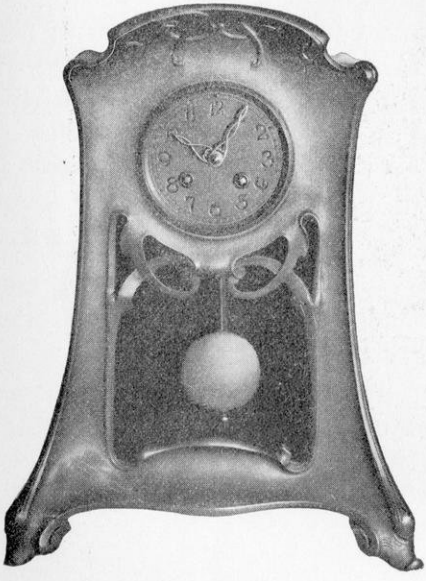
The textiles used: that is the rugs and wall-coverings, were in that deep, dull green which Nature loves and which offers an unassertive background, refreshing, familiar and suggestive. The furniture was in fumed oak of the rich, deep-toned brown seen in the "weathered wood" of old musical instruments, in Dutch and Flemish carvings and in Rembrandt's pictures. The pieces were a sideboard, a linen chest, screens, a table and chairs; all fine representatives of the simple, structural style of the Stickley designs. The sideboard especially attracted the attention of visitors, and was judged to be one of the best pieces as yet built in the workshops of the United Crafts. It was long and low; massive, and yet refined in line; decorated only with wrought-iron fittings consisting of strap hinges and drawer-pulls. The linen-chest matched it, in wood and metal-work, resembling it also in constructive treatment. The screens and chairs were covered with rich brown leather, beautiful in tone and texture, and catching all accidents of light and shade until it formed a picture in itself. The table was laid so as

to leave the wood of the top largely exposed: *tisch-läufe,* or long pieces of yellow-toned linen in canvas-weave, hemstitched, and embroidered at the ends, running lengthwise and across the table; each cross-piece containing two covers set opposite each other, and the wood left bare marking the space between every two guests upon the same side. The china, from the Maison Bing, Paris, and partly in Colonna designs, was of a delicate creamy paste, with slight tracings in green. There were electric candelabra in a silvery metal, and a large, low pot of yellow tulips was placed midway upon the table, with masses of the same flowers upon the sills of a succession of windows occupying an entire side of the long room.

Other cabinet-work from the Stickley shops shared the praise of visitors equally with the furnishings of the dining-room, and a number of pieces from abroad received much favorable comment. One of these, a cabinet, shown in our illustrations, is a good example of the "Henry Style" of London. It is built of fumed oak, rather light in color, with brass fittings, and is ornamented with floral designs in bright-colored wood inlay; also with leaded glass inserts.

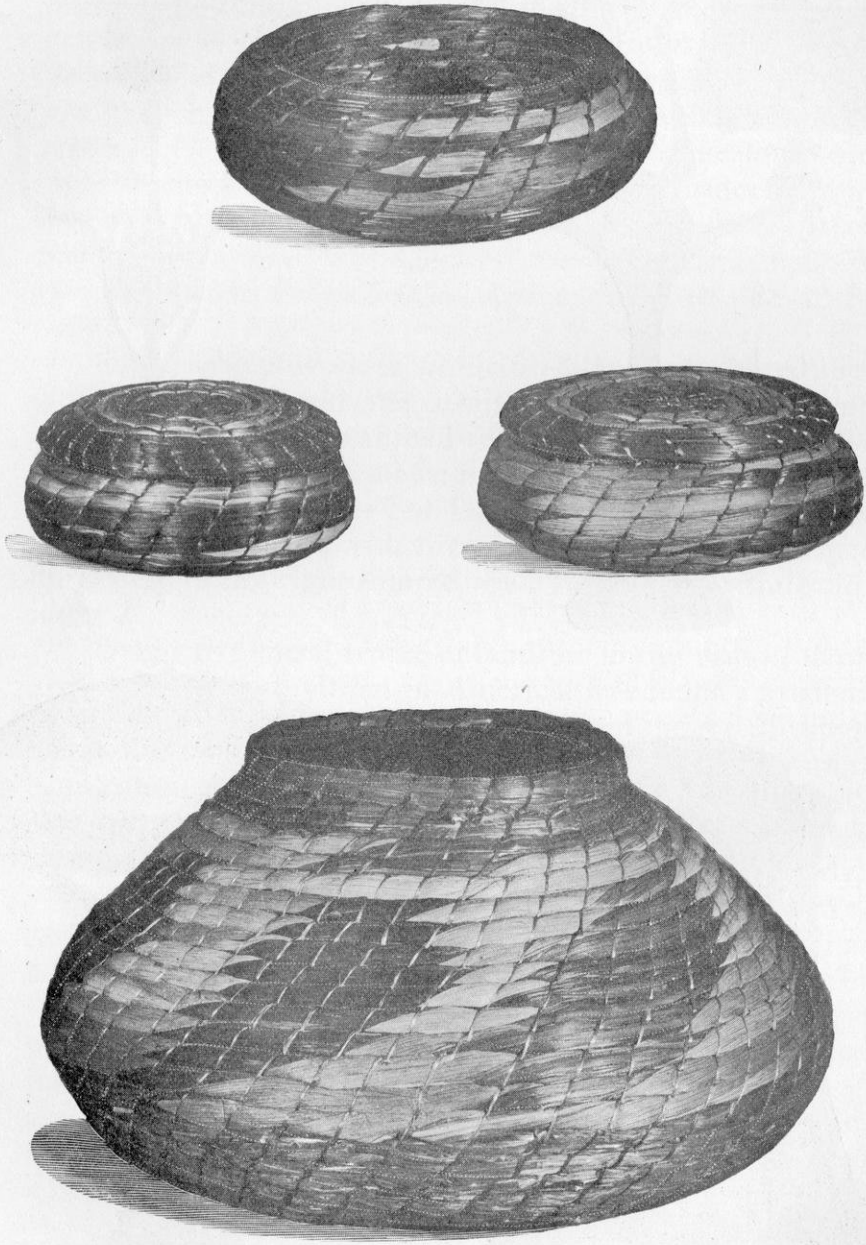
Distinctive metal-work, unfamiliar to the visitor of previous arts and crafts exhibitions in America, was found in sconces, lanterns and accessories for the fireplace, from the Art Fittings Company of Birmingham, England, and in electric lamps and candelabra from the Maison Bing, Paris. Small pieces, typical of the handicraft movement, were seen in the electric sconce ornamented with abalone pearl, the work of the broker-craftsman, Mr. B. B. Thresher of Dayton, Ohio, and in the candle sconce of Mr. William Cockrane of the same town. The latter piece was a harmonious combination of metal and wood wrought into a flower-design: the wood being white walnut, treated with green pigment, and the metal having a surface finish resembling old bronze corroded by inhumation, to which is given the name of vert antique.

In the precious metals, there were fine and costly specimens of workmanship, intended for personal adornment, which later, in The Craftsman, will form the subject of illustrated articles. In



Clock and Electric Lamps
From La Maison Bing, Paris, France

Arts and Crafts Exhibition
The Craftsman Building
Syracuse, N. Y.



Baskets: Corn Husk and Swale Grass, natural colors; designed and made by the Misses Francis, Plainfield, Conn.

Arts and Crafts Exhibition
The Craftsman Building
Syracuse, N. Y.

table utensils, the work of the Boston Handicraft Shop was much admired for its uniformly good models and its reproductions of unmistakable heirlooms. One such was a porringer about which legends of the Puritans might be woven, and another, a punch-ladle, copied by a Finnish workman, Mr. K. F. Leinonen, from the original which he brought from his mother country. The latter piece appears in our illustration joined with a salad spoon and fork of pleasing forms, in hammered silver with green enamel, designed and made by Misses Carson and Barnum of Cleveland, Ohio. But desirable as are the results of this department of handicraft, the work when seen in progress and the workers are equally interesting. In the Boston shop, especially, the tools are as unusual as the kind of labor: the hammers for beating the metal being made of buffalo horns, and the anvils having an authentic age of two centuries; the employment of these primitive appliances proving no affectation on the part of the craftsmen, since the modern instruments fail to produce the desired effects.

This lack of affectation prevailing in all classes of exhibits was a characteristic to be noted with pleasure and hopefulness. It went far toward proving the spontaneity of the handicraft movement to all who came to the Exhibition fearing to find in the lesser arts a return to old methods and designs altogether parallel to the assumed ingenuous qualities of modern Pre-Raphaelitism in the fine arts. For a fortnight The Craftsman building glowed with subtle, enchanting color, and abounded in objects of good and beautiful design. The enterprise was accepted by the community as an educational effort, like the public showing of a collection of pictures, or a musical festival. It should be held in memory as the work of a man who labors unceasingly in the cause of good art and of honest labor.

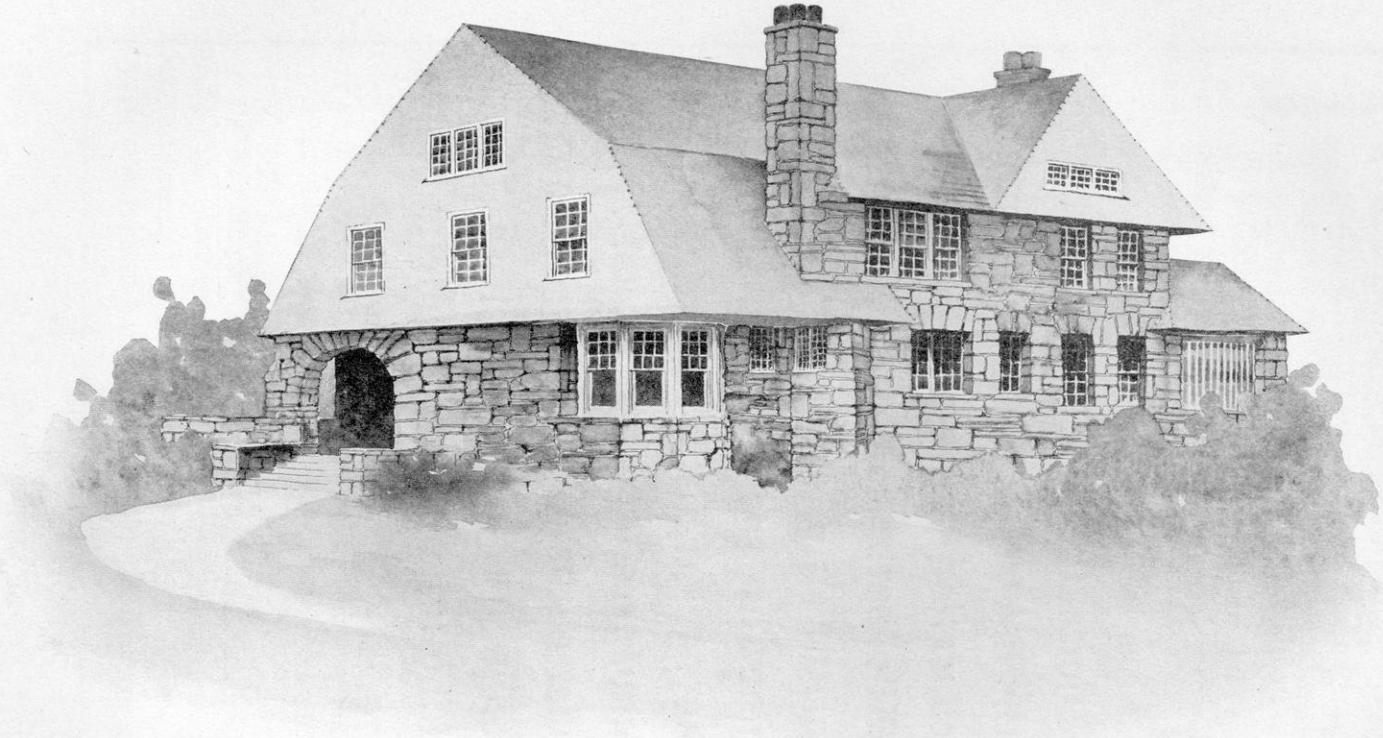
"The Craftsman House"

THE charming "Craftsman House," shown in the accompanying illustrations, was planned in coöperation by Messrs. E. G. W. Dietrich and Gustav Stickley. It is adapted to any suburban or rural locality, in the Eastern, Middle, or Western States, and, by reason of its picturesque quality and exterior color-scheme, it would be peculiarly effective near bodies of water.

The exterior is constructed mainly of field stones, built into the walls as they are found loose in the country, and picked from the stone-fences of the vicinity. The surfaces of the stones are left untouched by hammer or other tool: all weather-stains and moss accretions being carefully preserved. Thus the building material, so inexpensive and so easily obtainable, becomes a strong decorative factor: the accidents of color and tone produced by the touch of Nature affording to the eye an exquisite sense of harmony resultant from the union of grays and greens accented with notes of black. The stones are laid up in cement; the joints being well "raked out" and darkened with slate, so as to give the utmost depth. The gables are covered with hand-split cypress shingles, twenty-four inches long, and three-fourth inch butts; laid ten and one-half inches to the weather and stained silver gray; while the shingles on the roof are stained olive green: thus accenting by their deeper color the contour of the house, and projecting it in strong relief against the sky. The exterior wood trimmings, the window-frames and sashes are painted light gray, so that their outlines, well-defined and clear, may emerge from the darker masses. The one bright and culminating note of color is added by the red chimney-tops: a feature which is effectively used in England, particularly in the suburbs of London on the Surrey side of the Thames, where the view, otherwise so monotonous, is gladdened at all seasons by the ruddy tiles, and in summer by the combination of their warm, rich tones with yellow masses of sunflowers.

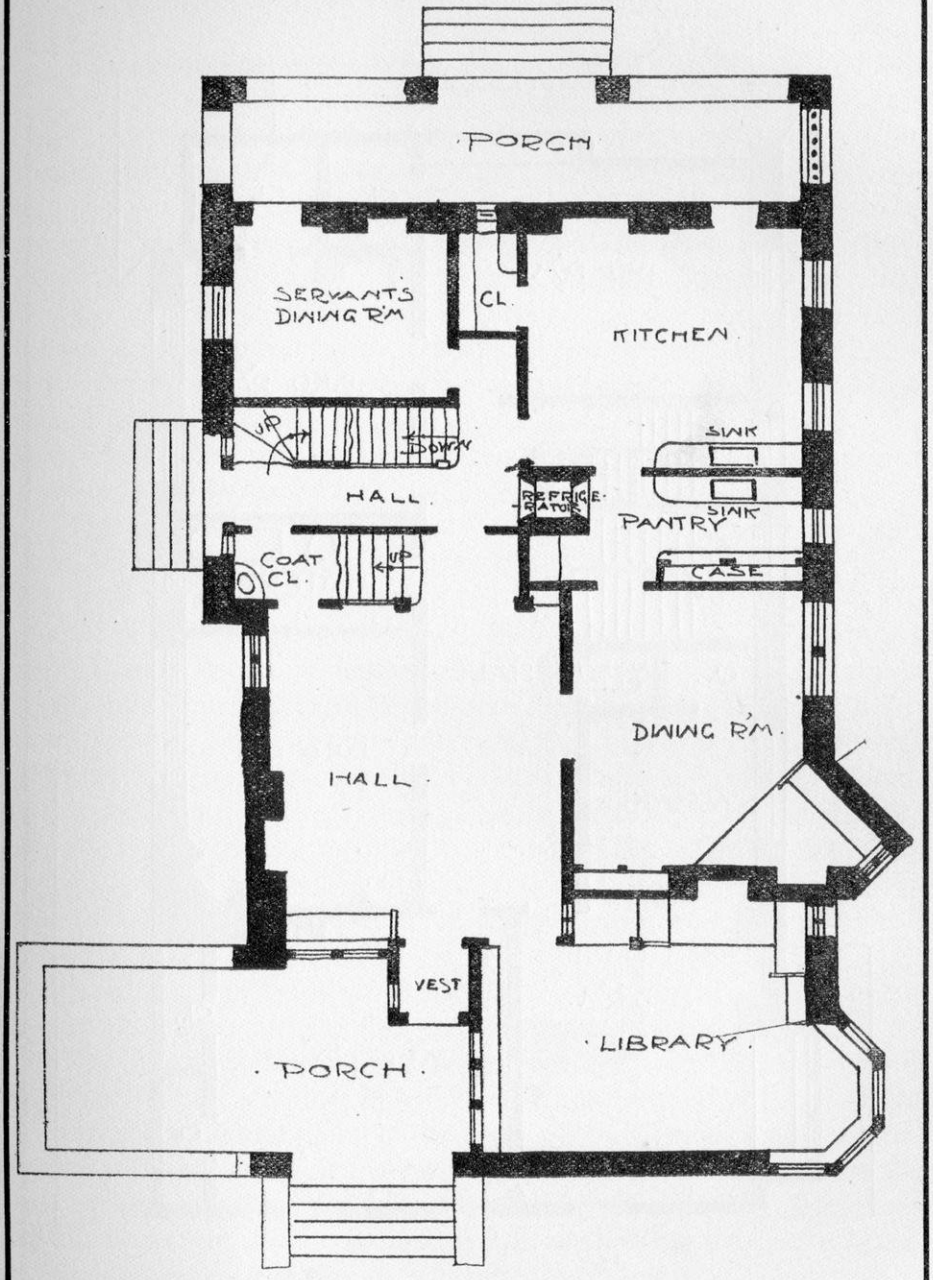
In the case of "The Craftsman House," the expectations awakened by the exterior are not afterward disappointed. The interior apportionment of space, the lighting, and all other provisions for beauty, comfort and sanitation are intelligently made.

Choice in color corresponds to the degree of sensitiveness and education possessed by the eye. The barbarian and the infant seize only the most striking notes in the color-gamut. But as age, training, or civilization advances, the individual appreciates the semi-tones, the quarter-tones, perhaps even the finer divisions of the chromatic scale

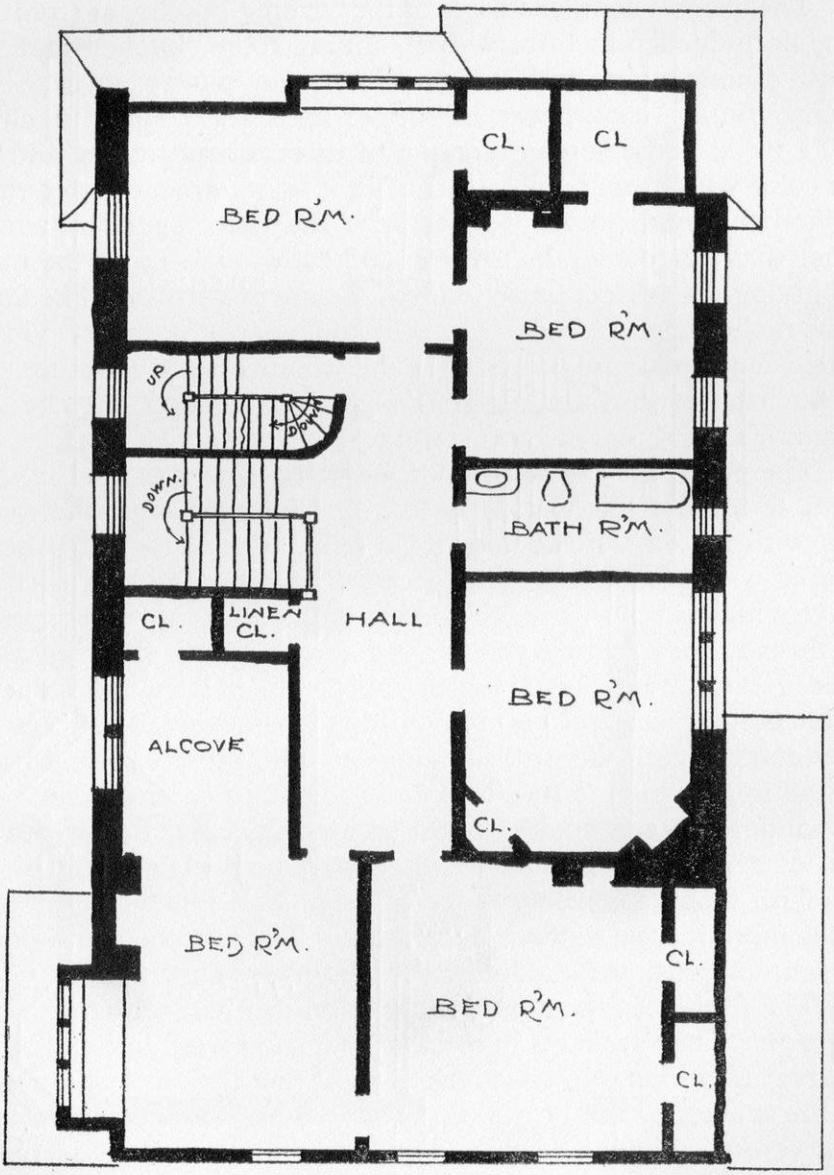


"The Craftsman House"

Designed by E. G. W. Dietrich



"The Craftsman House": First Floor Plan

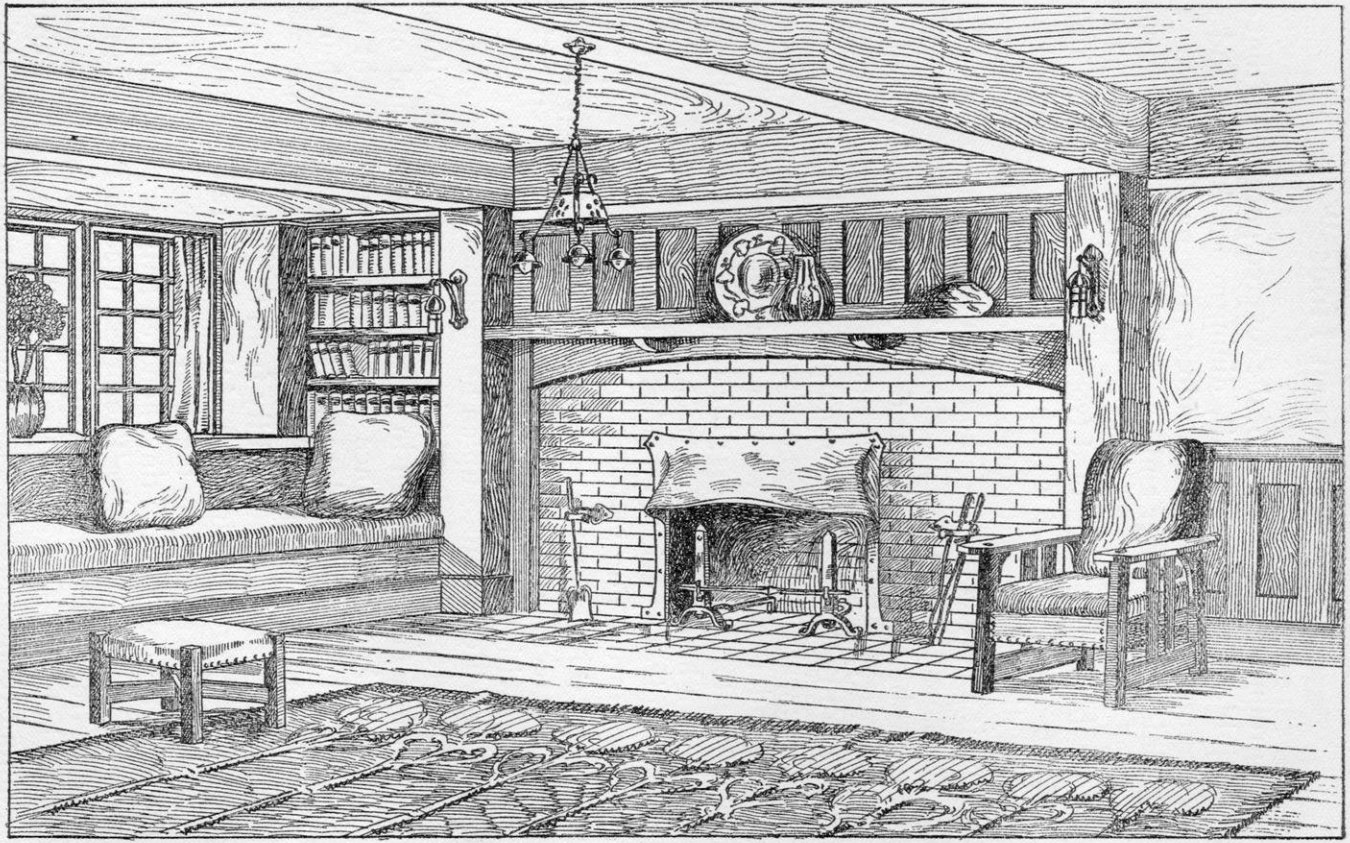


"The Craftsman House" : Second Floor Plan

The ground floor, exclusive of the covered porches at front and rear, is divided into library, hall, dining-room, kitchen and servants' dining-room, with ample closet and pantry space. The library, dining-room, lower and upper halls are trimmed in chestnut: a wood here chosen by reason of its beautiful texture and the fine color which can be obtained from it by treatment with ammonia and the application of a lacquer: the latter agent enhancing rather than disguising the texture- and color-qualities of the wood and giving it a perfect finish without the use of varnish. The floors of the rooms mentioned above are chestnut boards of uneven widths, treated with the same processes as the woodwork, and waxed. In the kitchen, servants' dining-room and appurtenances, the chestnut trimmings are replaced by Carolina pine stained in green.

The side walls and ceilings of the first floors have a white sand finish, left under the float down to a line running about the rooms even with the tops of the doors; the remainder of the walls being covered with a hempen textile, greenish in color and of a peculiar weave which gives a variegated effect to the dyed fabric: certain of the threads approaching yellow, and certain others showing a decided green. The rugs are preferably chosen from the Donegal products, in greens, olives and yellows: their soft, deep, velvety tones making with the wall-hangings an admirable base and background upon which to build up an harmonious color-scheme. At the windows, green shades should be used in connection with curtains of a linen fabric, uneven in texture, unbleached, and of the yellowish tone known in France as *beige,* and much sought after by the more refined modern decorators. The curtains are hung in the simplest way, and are finished with broad hemstitching.

The fireplaces stand out boldly from this natural background of green. They are built in brick of that sturdy red hue called the "Harvard," which suggests to the lover of that famous seat of learning the splendid color of the time-honored halls as seen against the June verdure of the "Yard." The bricks used in these fireplaces are selected from those which have lain nearest the fire in the kilns, and are set in black mortar with "raked out" joints. The fireplace in the dining-room is preceded by a broad hearthstone, raised three



"The Craftsman House": Hall

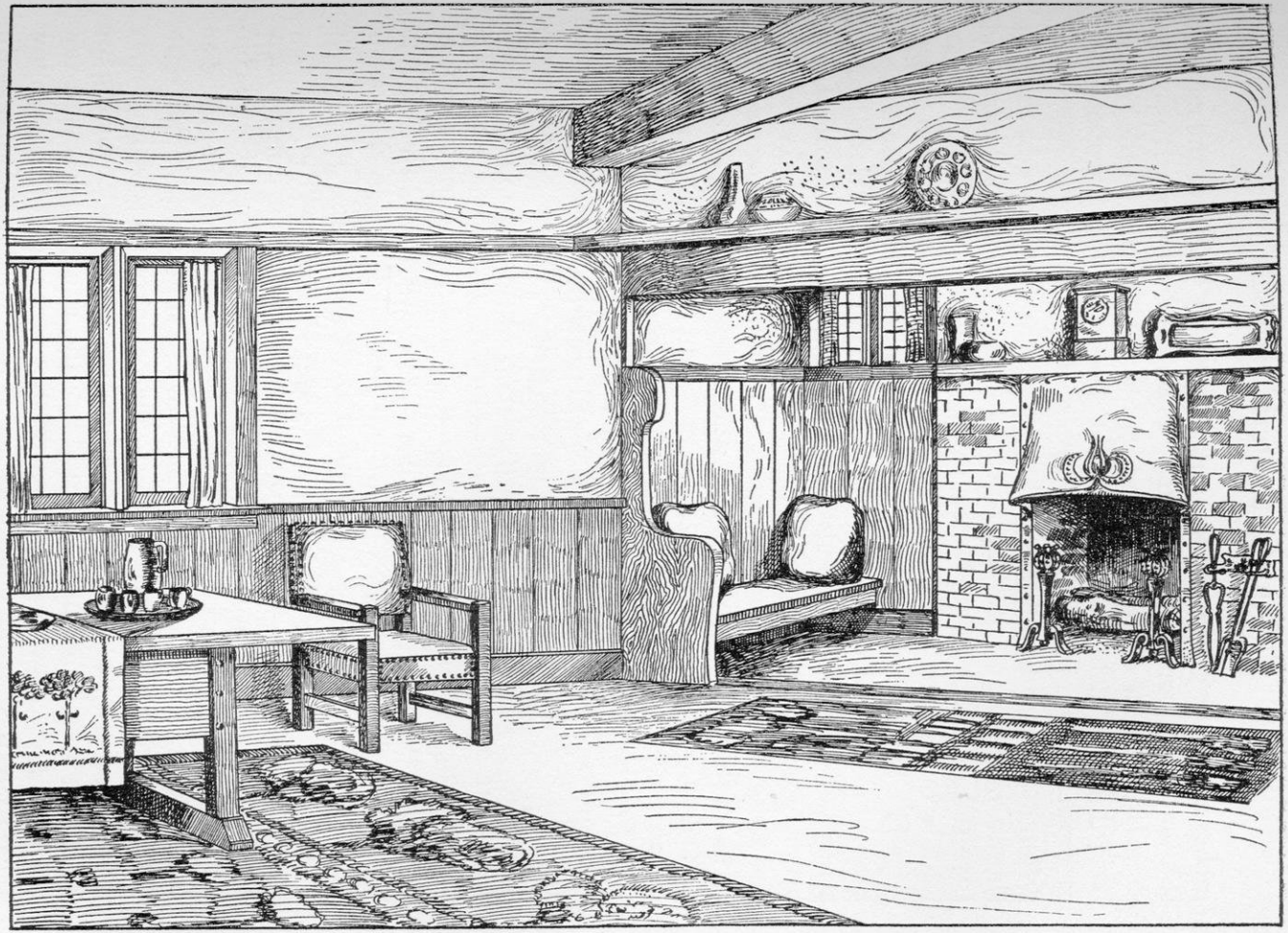
"The Craftsman House": Library

inches above the chestnut floor, and which may be either the natural substance or a composition stone. The hearth of the hall is of the same brick as the corresponding fireplace; while that of the library is laid in "Welsh Quarries." The hoods of the fireplaces are of copper, while the andirons, firesets, and other accessories are of wrought-iron, finished armor-bright. The electric-light fittings should harmonize with the general scheme of the woodwork and furnishings. They should be, preferably, in hammered copper, with wrought-iron trimmings, and have straw-colored glass globes.

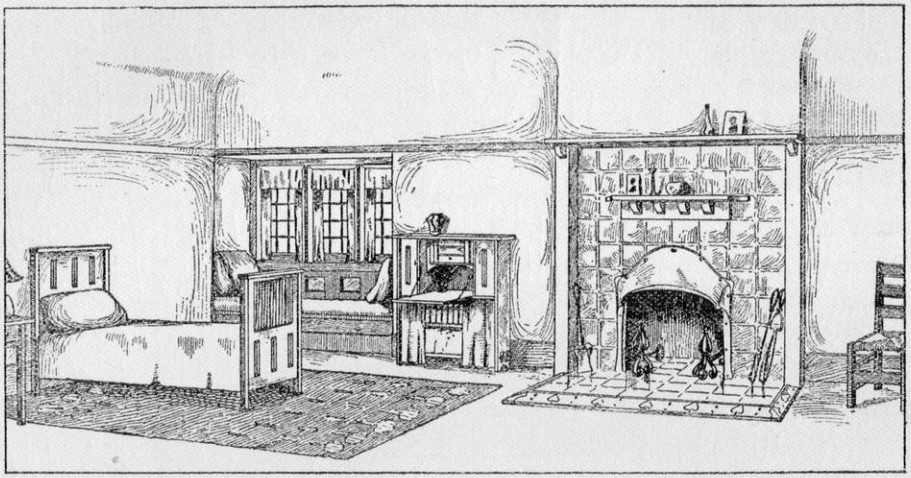
The furniture is in brown fumed oak: the larger pieces in the rooms, such as bookcases and settles being stationary. In the library a few willow chairs, stained a spring-like green, are introduced in order to lighten the otherwise too heavy and sombre effect of line and color. Throughout this suite of rooms, the window seats and large cushions are covered with the green hempen cloth before described, but occasionally, high notes of color are sounded in pillows of brilliant orange, yellow and green designs.

The second floor of the house has woodwork of ivory white, with doors, floors and furniture of soft maple stained gray-green and lacquered: the last process giving a smooth satiny effect very agreeable to the eye. The base boards are nine inches wide at the least, with a four-inch maple strip stained green, which is coved at the bottom, in order to protect the base board. The top casings of the doors and windows are carried around the room; the ceilings are coved, and plain white plaster is carried down to the casing strip. Below this point, the walls may be tinted, or they may be hung with a plain material, such as Japanese grass cloth.

The color effects of these rooms should vary according to location, exposure, and the tastes of the occupants. Yet they should conform to a general scheme of which each separate room should be an integral part. Green in varying tones may be suggested for the lighter and warmer rooms; yellow and straw-color for those of northerly situation. The general color scheme is materially aided by the use of Grueby tiles in the fireplaces and hearths, and by curtains of raw silk falling straight, and having a valance at the top of the window to assure a mass of the color chosen. These curtains just clear the



"The Craftsman House": Dining Room



"The Craftsman House": Bedroom

sills, and are furnished with wide hems. All metal-work in the bedrooms is done in unfinished hammered brass: from the hoods of the fireplaces (if any such are used) to the grate-curbs, firesets, locks, drawer-pulls and hinges. This is also true of the electric lighting apparatus, which should consist of sconce sidelights, or table lamps, which have plug connections in the baseboard, or the floor.

These combinations of woods, metals and textiles, suggested for "The Craftsman House," if accurately followed, will produce an interior, whose charm, although, at first, apparent and even striking, will increase as changing seasons and varying days reveal accidents of light and shade, of color and tone. "The Craftsman House" will prove itself a true home to the lover of art who shall avail himself of its offered beauty.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To all subscribers of The Craftsman any processes or details incident to the building, finishing, or decoration of "The Craftsman House" will be willingly given, through the correspondence department of the Magazine, or more directly by private letter.

Some Indiana Bookplates

ESTHER GRIFFIN WHITE

IN that delightful book, "Bookplates of To-day," recently issued by Tonellé & Company, Mr. W. G. Bowdoin, an authority on this subject, says in his account of the well known bookplate designer of North Dakota, Mr. William Edgar Fisher: "Most of our leading designers have hitherto been grouped in the eastern section of our country, or at least not much farther west than Chicago. Some few designs, it is true, have been produced in California, but for the most part the bookplates of note have been marked with an eastern geographical origin."

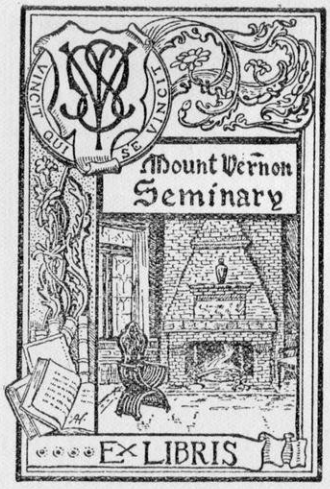
It is always, of course, a matter of more or less suprise, to the resident of the Atlantic seaboard that any good thing, especially of an artistic nature, should come out of what is vaguely termed "the West," and this also seems to be the state of mind with reference to bookplates. It is no doubt true that the most notable designers have hitherto been the product of an eastern environment, but that geographical considerations count for little is exemplified in the work of Mr. Fisher himself, which has not been excelled in this country for charm, originality and the manifestation of the proper function of the bookplate. However, this is not a controversial dissertation upon the subject, but some account of the results of an endeavor to make a collection of bookplates in one's own State designed by persons native thereto or resident therein. It has been a strenuous search with some rather remarkable and amusing disclosures. Naturally, one would turn to the alleged "literary" people, to the numerous novelists and abounding poets, but, surprising as it may seem, very few of them have bookplates and some have even declared, with the most delightful candor, that they are in densest

ignorance as to the nature of them. Then, there are others who are very great and magnificent personages and must be approached with many profound salaams. "Please, sir, have you a bookplate? Enclosed find a two-cent stamp," you timidly murmur. The Successful Novelist, with his ear to the wall, listening to the rumble of the presses throwing off the millionth edition of his last inanity, haughtily tosses your request aside. "A thin device for my noble autograph," he says, with ineffable disdain. However this may be, it is a fact, more or less interesting, that very few of those most flagrantly "in the public eye," in this State, are the possessors of bookplates; Mr. James Whitcomb Riley being one with an avowed indifference to a special indication of the ownership of his books.

Mr. Edward Eggleston, however, is an exception, as he owns a characteristic plate, reproduced here, the figure being Fra Angelico's "Reading Monk" and the words from Chaucer, the motto, also, having been carved on the frame of Mr. Eggleston's library door. Among those whom one would expect to find in the possession of a cherished bookplate, General Lew Wallace does not conspicuously figure, and this seems the more surprising as General Wallace, it is understood, is of the most pronounced bookish tastes aside from his authorship; his picture taken in the midst of his books in his specially constructed library, being familiar to the public.

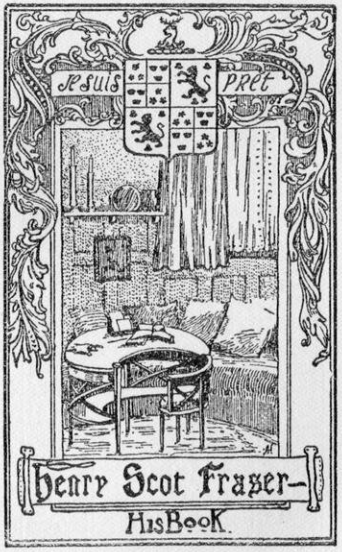
It has been so far impossible to discover who was the earliest bookplate designer in Indiana, but it is thought that this honor may be accredited

to Mr. Bruce Rogers, who has acquired reputation as a designer of bookplates and of other notable work with Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Although a native of this State, he is now a resident of Boston; his work in bookplate designs being represented in this collection by the plate of Dr. Richard B. Wetherill, of La Fayette, which was also engraved under Mr. Rogers's direction. There are, it has developed in collecting, a number of clever designers living in the State, and perhaps Miss Margaret Steele, daughter of Mr. T. C. Steele, the well known landscapist and portrait painter, leads in the number and variety of designs, several of which are reproduced here. Miss Steele has been a pupil of her distinguished father and of her brother, Mr. Brandt Steele, a clever and brilliant young artist. She shows a pronounced talent for distinct decorative effects; decorative design in black and white always having had a fascination for her, and the designing of bookplates naturally following. Her first plate was designed for Mrs. Bowles, the wife of Mr. J. M. Bowles, who at one time conducted, first in Indianapolis, and then in Boston, one of the most beautiful art magazines ever published in America, "Modern Art." In addition to the dominant decorative note, Miss Steele's designs display, in some instances, a certain elusive fancy and a piquant charm not often



found in work of this kind. The plate of Mr. Noble W. Krieder, a lyre with a border of vines and bunches of grapes, is particularly appropriate for a young musician, while those of Edna McGillard Christian and Charles White Merrill are purely symbolic and heraldic. Aside from other considerations, the plate of Charlton Andrews possesses a personal interest for those who know him; he having lived several years in Paris, where he became known as a writer of verse of a high order of poetic charm, and where his recent novel, "A Parfit Gentil Knight," had its beginnings. Mr. Test Dalton, a relative of General Wallace, whose bookplate by Miss Steele is shown here, has also made an essay into the field of the historical novel. The plate of the Indianapolis Sketch Club is at once conventionally decorative and chaste in effect, and is one of the most successful of Miss Steele's designs.

Mrs. Brandt Steele, until recently Miss Helen McKay, has made some exceedingly attractive plates: among them one for her mother, Mrs. Horace McKay, the *motif* for which is the night-blooming cereus; while the piquant little plate designed for her husband is characteristic, as Mr. Steele has accomplished some remarkable achievements in pottery. The third plate reproduced here, that of Miss Anna E. Fraser, was made for the latter when a student at Smith. Mrs. Steele has made other charming and effective plates which are not distinguished so much for their decorative quality, as for the expression of a distinct individuality.



Some of the best work in bookplate

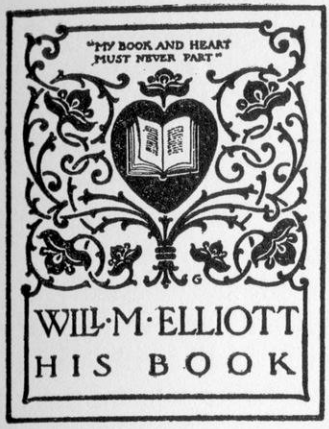
designs produced in this State has been done by Miss Anna Hasselman, of Indianapolis, whose plates are largely pictorial in character. The one made for Mt. Vernon Seminary, Mrs. Somer's school at Washington, is especially notable from the inclusion in a small design of several different *motifs;* the interior shown being a corner of the music room of that institution, with the alumnae pin and motto in the opposite corner of the plate, while the conventionalized daisy, which forms a part of the border, is the school flower. The bookplate of Mr. Henry Scot Fraser, designed by Miss Hasselman, is a most enticing one, showing the interior of Mr. Fraser's study, with his writing table and other appurtenances; while the plate of Sarah Gilbert Millard includes the genuine portrait of a dog and is not that of an imaginary animal. Miss Hasselman has designed a number of other plates of a more or less pictorial character, in all of which the well balanced composition and the presence of an individual sentiment are marked.

Miss Grace and Miss May Greenleaf are young art students living in Indianapolis, who have designed several charming plates; the one reproduced here being that of Mr. Harry I. Miller, of St. Louis, of the Vandalia railroad; and Carl Bernhardt, a clever lad of Richmond, has made several original plates, one of which shown here, that of the Rev. J. E. Cathel, a well known resident in Des Moines, Iowa, being specially unique. He has also designed an interesting plate for the library of Mr. William D. Foulke, known to the public

as a writer and member of the civil service commission. Mr. Raymond White, of Richmond, has also designed several clever plates, two of which, one being that of the writer, are reproduced here, the other, that of Mr. Herbert C. Emery, of Boston, being heraldic in character; the two or three other plates made by him, however, being characteristic of the individuality of the owners. He has engraved one or two of his designs on wood. Mr. William M. Voris, of Franklin, who published for a time a clever little magazine, "The Westminster Chap-Book," has also designed and cut on wood a few plates of simple motive.

Among the plates in this collection from well known Indiana people, that of Mr. William M. Elliott, of Logansport, is interesting from the fact that it was designed by Elbert Hubbard. Mr. Elliott is a clever young writer of verse, some humorous verses written by him and illustrated by Oliver Herford having been published in a recent "Century." Considerable interest attaches to the plate of Miss Besse Coffroth, of La Fayette, which was designed in London and printed on genuine Kelmscott paper, which she was fortunate enough to obtain. The plate of Mr. John B. Peddle, of Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute, reproduced here, is interesting from the play on his family name made by the old peddler who is approaching a hill at sunset.

The plate of Mr. George Cottman, shown here, was designed by Mr. William Forsyth, one of the "Indiana Group" of painters, and one of the most highly regarded and best known landscapists in the West.



Mr. Cottman is himself a writer of charm, an authority on certain phases of the early life of this Commonwealth, an ardent lover of nature, and a famous pedestrian, the latter quality being the *motif* of his bookplate. Another writer of reputation, whose articles are familiar to newspaper and magazine writers, and whose plate is included in this collection, is Mrs. Emma Carlton, of New Albany, in the south of the State. Mrs. Carlton's plate was made by "Ike Morgan" of Chicago, from an old wood cut of her father's bookstore in 1846, where her parent also conducted a circulating library. The lard oil lamp, the old ink bottle and the lady in the poke bonnet and mantilla, are all reminiscent of that far away time, and the motto, "Fair and Wholesome Pasturage," from Lamb's "Old Hertfordshire," was suggested by early perusal of Lamb's essay given her by her father to read. Mrs. Carlton is an enthusiastic collector of various objects of art, and, among other things, of old bottles, her fascinating article "At the Sign of the Carboy," in a number of the "Century" within the past year or two, having inspired more than one person with a desire to make such a collection. The

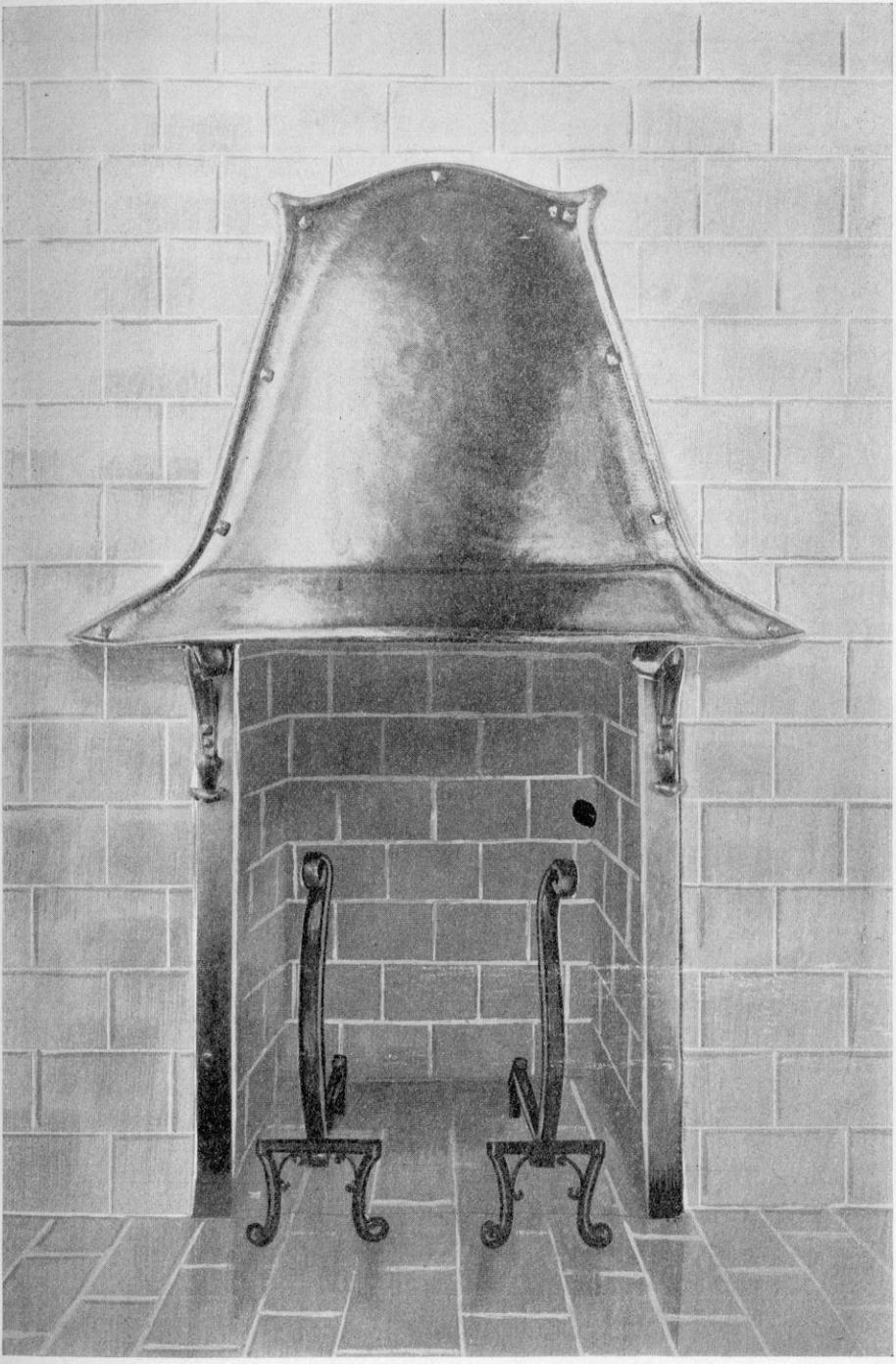
Some Indiana Bookplates

State Library of Indiana uses the state seal as a bookplate, and the writer has in her collection some fascinating old plates which were found in books in the Workmen's Institute Public Library, at New Harmony: that famous old town in South Western Indiana, the scene of the social experiments of Robert Dale Owen; the library having been founded in 1828 by William McClure. In the Public Library at Richmond, one of the oldest and largest libraries in the State, are to be found a number of interesting old plates, some of English design and others owned by colonial booklovers. Altogether, a search of this kind can be recommended to the collector as a most interesting way to form a collection.

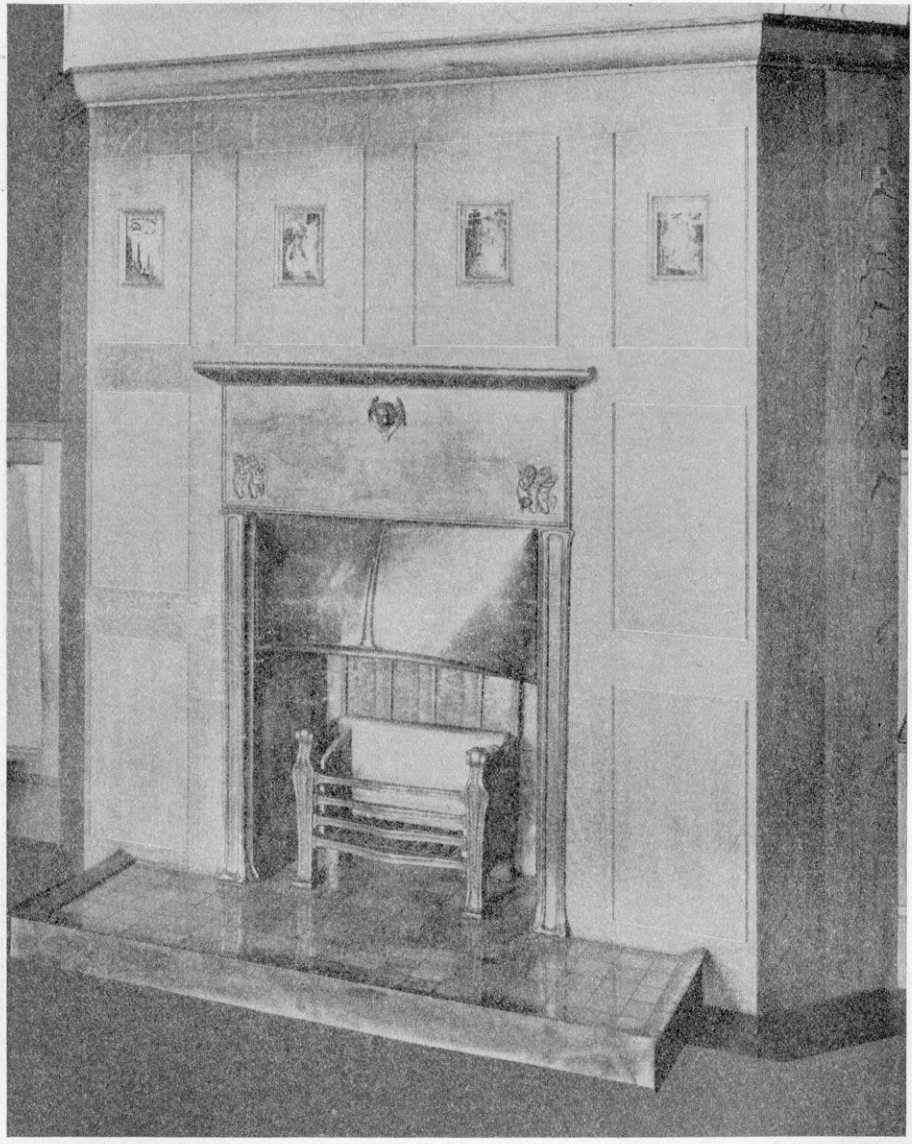
CONCERNING CLASSICAL KNOWLEDGE

I DO NOT THINK THAT I AM SAYING TOO MUCH WHEN I ASSERT THAT HE WHO HAS NOT KNOWN THE WORKS OF THE ANCIENTS HAS LIVED WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT BEAUTY IS.

HEGEL
MISCELLANIES



Fireplace with Copper Hood
Bromsgrove Guild, Worcestershire, England



Fireplace and Mantel
Bromsgrove Guild, Worcestershire, England

The Bromsgrove Guild of Applied Arts

THE CRAFTSMAN is so fortunate as to present this month to its readers a number of illustrations of the highly interesting work in various media of the Bromsgrove (Worcestershire, England,) Guild of Applied Art, together with a short exposition of the aims of this body of workmen, written by its secretary, Mr. Walter Gilbert, himself a master-craftsman in metals.

This article will afford the reader an adequate idea of the constitution and the conduct of the Guild, which has workshops and studios in many of the cities and towns of England: notably at Rugby (printing), at Birmingham (furniture, stained glass, mosaic, wood-engraving, decorative cartoons, jewelry and embroideries), and at Bromsgrove (metal and plaster).

Mr. Gilbert writes of former disadvantages suffered by the Arts and Crafts and of the hopes now rising before these industries and occupations, with keen appreciation and in the following terms:

"During the last century, most of the arts and crafts related to building (with the exception of academic painting and sculpture), were ill-considered and slighted, while design was regarded as a matter of general appearance: little attention being given to the nature of the medium in which the design was executed. Decoration, such as was produced, came from the artist-designer, who worked chiefly on paper, and possessed little more than a superficial knowledge of materials and of processes. Thus, the decoration then employed resulted from the more or less unsympathetic attempt of a workman to put into visible form the conception of a thinker unfamiliar with the nature, possibilities and limitations of material, and of the technical processes involved in production.

"The blending of the maker with the thinker means the abolition of much of the dreary labor and routine of the workman. But to accomplish this desirable purpose with any degree of fulness, men of education and refinement must enter the ranks of workmen. It will then, and then only, be possible to infuse into the arts of material production something of the life and spirit which characterize the best work of the past.

"In the progress of the Arts and Crafts Movement a symptom

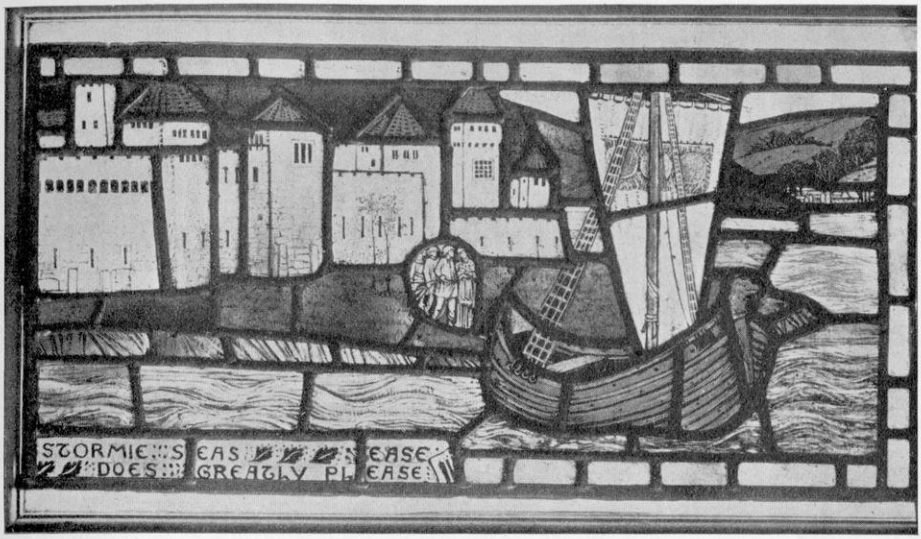
of danger revealed itself in an effrontery of material forms devoid of spirit, which has produced that mass of material vulgarity known as *L'Art Nouveau:* perhaps the most distressing and repellent expression of the borrowed originality infecting modern taste. To combat this evil, to substitute activity for the stagnation of commercialism, a body of artists and architects (for the most part late students of the Birmingham Municipal Art School) have assumed the title of the Bromsgrove Guild of Applied Arts.

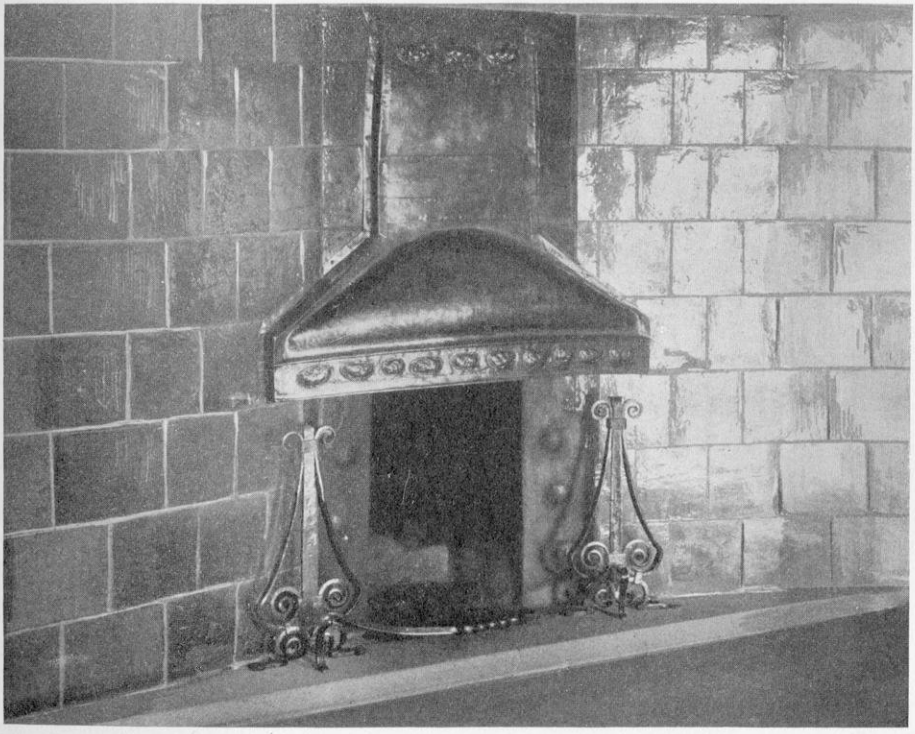
"The Guild is centered at Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, an old coaching town, the half-way halt between Birmingham and Worcester, and lying in the heart of the Shakspere country, which is now easily accessible from all parts of England.

"The members of the Guild are individuals who have advanced beyond the limits of 'professionalism,' that they might adopt the more prolific method of thinking and working in their respective media. These men and women, while they stand pledged to coöperation and mutual support, have individual studios or workshops altogether independent. Each department is financed and controlled separately by the guildsmen of the same department, who train their apprentices: choosing and employing only those who are capable of developing the main idea of the master craftsman. The Bromsgrove Guild is practically the outcome of the Arts and Crafts Movement begun in England by Morris and his associates in 1887, with the purpose of imparting to and developing from each material or medium such form and quality as lie within the limits of the material; without imitation of the forms and the technique peculiar to substances of other nature: as is commonly the case in these times of the 'one-man-designs' which emanate from the *ateliers* and offices of 'a learned profession.'

"It is with the purpose of supplementing and supporting architecture that these guildsmen (each of them a trained or experienced architect or artist) have taken up separate and diverse crafts: each individual developing the possibilities of his own particular medium through the use of the experiences of past ages combined with the advantages of modern inventions and appliances.

"It is in this sense and not in the spirit of *L'Art Nouveau* that





Leaded Glass and Fireplace
Bromsgrove Guild, Worcestershire, England

Electric Lantern
Bromsgrove Guild, Worcestershire, England

the members of the Bromsgrove Guild, encouraged by the greater part of the leading architects of the United Kingdom, are earnestly and successfully attempting to give appropriate decorative form and quality, combined with utility, to objects designed for service or for ornament in buildings ecclesiastical, secular and domestic.

"The members of the Guild include craftsmen in metals, forged or cast, figure-work, etc.; *stucco-duro,* plaster *in situ* or cast; painted and leaded glass; glass-mosaic for external or internal decoration (Westminster Abbey); wood and stone carving; furniture; embroideries for hangings and decoration; wood-engraving; jewelry and enamels; and other of the lesser, kindred arts."

The work of the Guild is especially interesting. It is done as far as is possible after the methods of the older craftsmen: design and adaptability being the first considerations, and surface finish of secondary importance. Thus, the hammer marks of the workman are not regarded as objectionable, since they tell the story of effort and so give interest to the finished piece. At the same time, they are not unduly emphasized and carried to the point of affectation, as is found to be the case in some examples of modern handicraft.

Prominent among the objects in metal work produced by the Guild are fine, distinctive fittings for the fireplace: such as copper hoods and panels, fire-dogs and shovels, coal vases and fenders. The most important pieces among such fittings—the hoods and the grates—are, in all cases, designed with strict obedience to the two essentials of the modern fireplace: generous heat-production, and successful smoke-prevention. But close insistence upon these requisites in no way mars the beauty of the pieces so carefully and artistically planned; suggestions having been drawn from all that is good in similar work of the past: the sources of inspiration being the andirons of the Middle Ages, the dog-grates of Elizabethan and Jacobean times, the hob-grates of the reign of Queen Anne and of the early Georgian period.

Fittings for electric lighting, also, have been developed from a state of bald ugliness into objects of real beauty; this result having been obtained by rejecting all forms used in the gas-system of lighting, by boldly exposing the electric wires to view, instead of con-

cealing them with clumsy tubes, and by working their graceful lines into an integral part of the design.

A revival of an important decorative agent has been undertaken by the Guild in the use of plaster, often modeled in relief. This medium, used extensively during the Renascence, was popularized, at that period, by the discovery of the Golden House of Nero, on the Esquiline Hill, Rome, which contained examples of exquisitely modeled decoration. This art was carried to England, at the middle of the sixteenth century, where native craftsmen quickly developed a national treatment, charming and characteristic. They substituted for the grand style suitable to the Italian palace, a domestic style fitted to the English home: covering a flat ceiling in a room of moderate height with plaster decoration in a method which has never been adopted in any other country. The art, as practised by the Bromsgrove Guild, results from a patient study of old work. It is devoid of all modern subterfuges and consists of quiet, simple modeling without the sharp curves, undercuttings, or sparkle of effect which might be the natural and desirable qualities of another substance. It abounds, on the contrary, in gentle curvature and in the subtle charm of a soft material. Furthermore, in large and continuous spaces, the modeling is enriched by the use of color and metals: a method of decoration especially adapted to buildings in cold, northern latitudes and productive of effects which are attainable by no other means.

Another valuable decorative agent revived or rather developed by the Guild, according to original methods, is wood inlay or marquetry, employed in the adornment of furniture, in friezes, and in over-mantels. The new method is literally a mosaic of differently colored woods, carefully chosen, used in their natural colors, outlined in black, and, in some instances, enriched with ivory or mother o' pearl. Examples of the old work which served as a basis for the new art, are found in early Italian churches, notably in Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome. And from such examples may be argued the originality and distinctiveness of the new treatment and process.

In the department of embroidery the Bromsgrove Guild has

produced several notable works. Among such is a series of panels designed for the decoration of a dining room. The ground of the panels is in light chocolate color, with the design worked out in green serge *appliqué* for foliage, and in light linen for the figures and buildings; while the outlines and certain details are done in embroidery. By this means, which is a combination of two methods: *appliqué* and the more elaborate needlework, excellent results are obtained without great effort, and it becomes possible to undertake extensive schemes of decoration at a very moderate cost.

Another most active section of the Guild is that of jewelry, or rather the goldsmith's craft, as distinguished from the work of the mere framer of precious stones, chosen largely for their commercial value. The recent reform in this art has led to its rapid elevation, until at least one goldsmith, M. René Lalique, is honored in his own country as the equal of any contemporary painter or sculptor of his nation, while the world at large recognizes him as the artistic brother and perhaps the superior of Benvenuto Cellini himself. The change and advance in taste now felt throughout Europe and America, are producing a demand for beauty of form and design, rather than for intrinsic value. The pearl, the opal, the moonstone, the aqua-marine, with other gems and stones prized for the play of color which they afford, are the ones most favored by the new order of goldsmiths, who do not repeat a favorite design until its freshness is lost, but who render individual and unique every piece which passes through their hands. The jewelry of the Bromsgrove Guild is produced by two artist-craftsmen who are husband and wife, and whose work is highly commended by the noted critic, Aymer Vallance.

The revival of another craft, rich in dignity and value, is furthered by the Guild in the practice of wood-engraving: not as a means of simple reproduction, in which function it has been outrivaled by the process-block, but purely for artistic satisfaction and purposes, and by a return to the chaste, simple style of Holbein, Bewick and other early engravers. The mechanical reproduction of a drawing may be made at a lower cost than if the same drawing were engraved on either metal or wood, but a trained eye demands

the quality and refinement of line which the human hand alone can give. The wood-cuts executed by the Guild are, in every case, designed and executed by the same artist-craftsman; thereby gaining an individuality and distinction far above the ordinary photographic reproduction; the designs being made with the object of utilizing to the utmost the rich, blank line, which no other printing medium can give.

The craft nearest allied to wood-engraving—that of printing, —is also furthered by the Guild in the spirit of the early masters, with the object of combating the evils incident to an age of rapid production and of consequent cheapness. Through a happy combination of the modern processes with the artistic feeling of the old Venetians and Germans, the Guild is able to attain the most desirable results, which are not prohibitive in price and are adapted to either literary or commercial uses.

Thus furthering by a system, which is at once coöperative and individualistic, a variety of allied crafts, the Bromsgrove Guild has, without doubt, before it a long, useful, and inspiring career. Its actual attainments were summed up in a collection of objects of art and craftsmanship sent to the Paris Exposition of 1900, where they received the most favorable comment from the best French critics. Metal work from the same exhibit was sold to the Director of the National Art Museum of Vienna; while the London Daily News of December 19, 1900, made the following statement:

"With the exception of the room in the Royal British Pavilion at Paris, furnished by the Bromsgrove craftsmen, little that showed foreigners what our more adventurous spirits are attempting, was to be seen." The sentence appeared in an article under the caption: "The Arts and Crafts—How does England Stand," and it witnesses the high consideration which the Bromsgrove Guild merited abroad, and which it enjoys in the home country.

Bell Push in Cast Bronze
Bromsgrove Guild, Worcestershire, England

Door Trimmings
Bromsgrove Guild, Worcestershire, England

and he goes on to taunt them with cowardice. (Act 3, Sc. 3.) They are the "mutable, rank-scented many." (Act 3, Sc. 1.) His friend Menenius is equally complimentary to his fellow citizens. "You are they," says he,

> "That make the air unwholesome when you cast
> Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
> Coriolanus' exile." (Act 4, Sc. 7.)

And he laughs at the "apron-men" of Cominius and their "breath of garlic-eaters." (Act 4, Sc. 7.) When Coriolanus is asked to address the people, he replies by saying, "Bid them wash their faces, and keep their teeth clean." (Act 2, Sc. 3.) According to Shakespeare, the Roman populace had made no advance in cleanliness in the centuries between Coriolanus and Caesar. Casca gives a vivid picture of the offer of the crown to Julius and his rejection of it. "And still as he refused it the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar, for he swooned and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air." And he calls them the "tag-rag people." (Julius Caesar, Act 1, Sc. 2.) The play of Coriolanus is a mine of insults to the people and it becomes tiresome to quote them. The hero calls them the "beast with many heads" (Act 4, Sc. 3), and again he says to the crowd:

> "What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
> That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion
> Make yourselves scabs?
> First Citizen. We have ever your good word.
> Coriolanus. He that will give good words to ye will flatter
> Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
> That like not peace nor war? The one affrights you,
> The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
> Where he would find you lions, finds you hares;
> Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,
> Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
> Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is

To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland." (Act 1, Sc. 1.)

His mother, Volumnia, is of like mind. She calls the people "our general louts." (Act 3, Sc. 2.) She says to Junius Brutus, the Tribune of the people,

" 'Twas you incensed the rabble,
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heaven
Will not leave Earth to know." (Act 4, Sc. 2.)

In the same play Cominius talks of the "dull tribunes," and "fusty plebeians" (Act 1, Sc. 9). Menenius calls them "beastly plebeians" (Act 2, Sc. 1), refers to their "multiplying spawn" (Act 2, Sc. 2), and says to the crowd:

"Rome and her rats are at the point of battle." (Act 1, Sc. 2.)

The dramatist makes the mob cringe before Coriolanus. When he appears, the stage directions show that the "citizens steal away." (Act 1, Sc. 1.)

As the Roman crowd of the time of Coriolanus is fickle, so is that of Caesar's. Brutus and Antony sway them for and against his assassins with ease:

"First Citizen. This Caesar was a tyrant.
Second Citizen. Nay, that's certain.
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him. . . .
First Citizen. (After hearing a description of the murder.) O piteous spectacle!
2 Cit. O noble Caesar!
3 Cit. O woeful day!
4 Cit. O traitors, villains!

1 Cit. O most bloody sight!
2 Cit. We will be revenged; revenge! about—seek—burn, fire—kill—slay—let not a traitor live!" (Act 3, Sc. 2.)

The Tribune Marullus reproaches them with having forgotten Pompey and calls them

"You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things."

He persuades them not to favor Caesar and when they leave him he asks his fellow tribune, Flavius,

"See, whe'r their basest metal be not moved?" (Act 1, Sc. 1.)

Flavius also treats them with scant courtesy:

"Hence, home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! you know not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?" (Ib.)

The populace of England is as changeable as that of Rome, if Shakespeare is to be believed. The Archbishop of York, who had espoused the cause of Richard II. against Henry IV. thus soliloquizes:

"The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited;
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O, thou fond many! With what loud applause
Didst thou beat Heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be!
And being now trimmed in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howlst to find it." (Henry IV., Part 2, Act 1, Sc. 3.)

Gloster in Henry VI. (Part 2, Act 2, Sc. 4) notes the fickleness of the masses. He says, addressing his absent wife:

"Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets."

When she arrives upon the scene in disgrace, she says to him:

"Look how they gaze;
See how the giddy multitude do point
And nod their heads and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks."

And she calls the crowd a "rabble" (Ib.), a term also used in Hamlet (Act 4, Sc. 5). Again in Part III. of Henry VI., Clifford, dying on the battle-field while fighting for King Henry, cries:

"The common people swarm like summer flies,
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?" (Act 2, Sc. 6.)

And Henry himself, conversing with the keepers who have imprisoned him in the name of Edward IV., says:

"Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust,
Such is the lightness of you common men." (Ib. Act 3, Sc. 1.)

Suffolk in the First Part of the same trilogy (Act 5, Sc. 5) talks of "worthless peasants," meaning perhaps "property-less peasants," and when Salisbury comes to present the demands of the people, he calls him

"the Lord Ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king." (Part 2, Act 3, Sc. 2.)

and says:

"'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolished hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign."

Cardinal Beaufort mentions the "uncivil kernes of Ireland" (Ib.,

Part 2, Act 3, Sc. 1), and in the same play the crowd makes itself ridiculous by shouting, "A miracle," when the fraudulent beggar Simpcox, who had pretended to be lame and blind, jumps over a stool to escape a whipping (Act 2, Sc. 1). Queen Margaret receives petitioners with the words, "Away, base cullions" (Ib., Act 1, Sc. 3), and among other flattering remarks applied here and there to the lower classes we may cite the epithets, "ye rascals, ye rude slaves," addressed to a crowd by a porter in Henry VIII., and that of "lazy knaves" given by the Lord Chamberlain to the porters for having let in a "trim rabble" (Act 5, Sc. 3). Hubert in King John presents us with an unvarnished picture of the common people receiving the news of Prince Arthur's death:

> "I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
> The whilst his iron did on his anvil cool,
> With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
> Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
> Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
> Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
> Told of a many thousand warlike French
> That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent.
> Another lean, unwashed artificer,
> Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death." (Act 4, Sc. 2.)

Macbeth, while sounding the murderers whom he intends to employ, and who say to him, "We are men, my liege," answers:

> "Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
> As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
> Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
> All by the name of dogs." (Act 3, Sc. 1.)

As Coriolanus is held up to our view as a pattern of noble bearing towards the people, so Richard II. condemns the courteous behaviour of the future Henry IV. on his way into banishment. He says:

> "Ourselves, and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
> Observed his courtship to the common people;
> How he did seem to dive into their hearts
> With humble and familiar courtesy;
> What reverence he did throw away on slaves;

Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient overbearing of his fortune,
As't were to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends.' "
(Richard II., Act 1, Sc. 4.)

The King of France in "All's Well That Ends Well," commends to Bertram the example of his late father in his relations with his inferiors:

"Who were below him
He used as creatures of another place,
And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times." (Act 1, Sc. 2.)

Shakespeare had no fondness for these "younger times," with their increasing suggestion of democracy. Despising the masses, he had no sympathy with the idea of improving their condition or increasing their power. He saw the signs of the times with foreboding, as did his hero, Hamlet:

"By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age has grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe." There can easily be too much liberty, according to Shakespeare,—"too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty"—(Measure for Measure, Act 1, Sc. 3), but the idea of too much authority is foreign to him. Claudio, himself under arrest, sings its praises:

"Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight,—
The words of Heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just." (Ib.)

Ulysses in Troilus and Cressida (Act 1, Sc. 3), delivers a long panegyric upon authority, rank and degree which may be taken as Shakespeare's confession of faith:

"Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea, shaking of the earth,
Commotion of the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenity and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
But by degree stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune the string,
And hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy; the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe;
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead;
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, a universal wolf,

So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking;
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
It hath to climb. The General's disdained
By him one step below; he by the next;
That next by him beneath; so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation;
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength."

There is no hint in this eloquent apostrophe of the difficulty of determining among men who shall be the sun and who the satellite, nor of the fact that the actual arrangements, in Shakespeare's time at any rate, depended altogether upon that very force which Ulysses deprecates. In another scene in the same play the wily Ithacan again gives way to his passion for authority and eulogizes somewhat extravagantly the paternal, prying, omnipresent state:

"The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in th' incomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with which relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to." (Acts 3, Sc. 3)

The state to which Ulysses refers is of course a monarchial state, and the idea of democracy is abhorrent to Shakespeare. Coriolanus expresses his opinion of it when he says to the people:

"What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city

You cry against the noble Senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?" (Acts 2, Sc. 1)

The people should have no voice in the government.

"This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness. Purpose so barred, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose; therefore, beseech you,
You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison." (Ib. Act 3, Sc. 1)

It is the nobility who should rule.

"It is a purposed thing and grows by plot
To curb the will of the nobility;
Suffer 't and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled." (Ib.)

Junius Brutus tries in vain to argue with him, but Coriolanus has no patience with him, a "triton of the minnows," and the very fact that there should be tribunes appointed for the people disgusts him.

"Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice; one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not— 'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroofed the city,
Ere so prevailed with me; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing." (Act 1, Sc. 1)

And again

"The common file, a plague!—Tribunes for them!" (Act 1, Sc. 6)

Shakespeare took his material for the drama of Coriolanus from Plutarch's Lives, and it is significant that he selected from that list of worthies the most conspicuous adversary of the commonalty that Rome produced. He presents him to us as a hero, and so far as he can, enlists our sympathy for him from beginning to end. When Menenius says of him:

"His nature is too noble for the world." (Act 3, Sc. 1)

he is evidently but registering the verdict of the author. Plutarch's treatment of Coriolanus is far different. He exhibits his fine qualities, but he does not hesitate to speak of his "imperious temper and that savage manner which was too haughty for a republic." "Indeed," he adds, "there is no other advantage to be had from a liberal education equal to that of polishing and softening our nature by reason and discipline." He also tells us that Coriolanus indulged his "irascible passions on a supposition that they have something great and exalted in them," and that he wanted "a due mixture of gravity and mildness, which are the chief political virtues and the fruits of reason and education." "He never dreamed that such obstinacy is rather the effect of the weakness and effeminacy of a distempered mind, which breaks out in violent passions like so many tumors." Nor apparently did Shakespeare ever dream of it either, although he had Plutarch's sage observations before him. It is a pity that the great dramatist did not select from Plutarch's works some hero who took the side of the people, some Agis or Cleomenes, or better yet, one of the Gracchi. What a tragedy he might have based on the life of Tiberius, the friend of the people and the martyr in their cause! But the spirit which guided Schiller in the choice of William Tell for a hero was a stranger to Shakespeare's heart and its promptings would have met with no response there.

Even more striking is the treatment which the author of Coriolanus metes out to English history. All but two of his English historical dramas are devoted to the War of the Roses and the incidental struggle over the French crown. The motive of this prolonged strife,—so attractive to Shakespeare,—had much the same dignity

which distinguishes the family intrigues of the Sublime Porte, and Shakespeare presents the history of his country as a mere pageant of warring royalties and their trains. When the people are permitted to appear, as they do in Cade's rebellion, to which Shakespeare has assigned the character of the rising under Wat Tyler, they are made the subject of burlesque. Two of the popular party speak as follows:

> "John Holland. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.
>
> George Bevis. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen.
>
> John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons."

When Jack Cade, alias Wat Tyler, comes on the scene, he shows himself to be a braggart and a fool. He says:

> "Be brave then for your captain is brave and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it a felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king, as king I will be—
>
> All. God save your Majesty!
>
> Cade. I thank you, good people,—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord." (Henry VI., Part 2, Act 4, Sc. 2.)

The crowd wishes to kill the clerk of Chatham because he can read, write and cast accounts. (Cade. "O monstrous!") Sir Humphrey Stafford calls them

> "Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
> Marked for the gallows." (Ib.)

Clifford succeeds without much difficulty in turning the enmity of the mob against France, and Cade ejaculates disconsolately, "Was ever a feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude?" (Ib., Act 4, Sc. 8.) In the stage directions of this scene, Shakespeare shows his own opinion of the mob by writing, "Enter Cade and his rabblement." One looks in vain here as in the Roman plays for a

suggestion that poor people sometimes suffer wrongfully from hunger and want, that they occasionally have just grievances, and that their efforts to present them, so far from being ludicrous, are the most serious parts of history, beside which the struttings of kings and courtiers sink into insignificance.

One of the popular songs in Tyler's rebellion was the familiar couplet:

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?"

Shakespeare refers to it in Hamlet, where the grave-diggers speak as follows:

> "First Clown. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.
> Second Clown. Was he a gentleman?
> First Clown. He was the first that ever bore arms.
> Second Clown. Why, he had none.
> First Clown. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged; could he dig without arms?" (Act 5, Sc. 1.)

That Shakespeare's caricature of Tyler's rebellion is a fair indication of his view of all popular risings appears from the remarks addressed by Westmoreland to the Archbishop of York in the Second Part of Henry IV. (Act 4, Sc. 1). Says he:

> "If that rebellion
> Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
> Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
> And countenanced by boys and beggary;
> I say if dammed commotion so appeared,
> In his true, native and most proper shape,
> You, Reverend Father, and these noble lords
> Had not been here to dress the ugly form
> Of base and bloody insurrection
> With your fair honours."

The first and last of Shakespeare's English historical plays, King John and Henry VIII., lie beyond the limits of the civil wars, and

each of them treats of a period momentous in the annals of English liberty, a fact which Shakespeare absolutely ignores. John as king had two great misfortunes,—he suffered disgrace at the hands of his barons and of the pope. The first event, the wringing of Magna Charta from the king, Shakespeare passes over. A sense of national pride might have excused the omission of the latter humiliation, but no, it was a triumph of authority, and as such Shakespeare must record it for the edification of his hearers, and consequently we have the king presented on the stage as meekly receiving the crown from the papel legate. (Act 5, Sc. 1.) England was freed from the Roman yoke in the reign of Henry VIII. and in the drama of that name Shakespeare might have balanced the indignity forced upon King John, but now he is silent. Nothing must be said against authority, even against that of the pope, and the play culminates in the pomp and parade of the christening of the infant Elizabeth! Such is Shakespeare's conception of history! Who could guess from reading these English historical plays that throughout the period which they cover English freedom was growing, that justice and the rights of man were asserting themselves, while despotism was gradually curbed and limited? This is the one great glory of English history, exhibiting itself at Runnymede, reflected in Wyclif and John Ball and Wat Tyler, and shining dimly in the birth of a national church under the eighth Henry. As Shakespeare wrote it was preparing for a new and conspicuous outburst. When he died Oliver Cromwell was already seventeen years of age and John Hampden twenty-two. The spirit of Hampden was pre-eminently the English spirit,—the spirit which has given distinction to the Anglo-Saxon race,—and he and Shakespeare were contemporaries, and yet of this spirit not a vestige is to be found in the English historical plays and no opportunities lost to obliterate or distort its manifestations. Only in Brutus and his fellow-conspirators—of all Shakespearean characters—do we find the least consideration for liberty, and even then he makes the common, and perhaps in his time the unavoidable, mistake of overlooking the genuinely democratic leanings of Julius Caesar and the anti-popular character of the successful plot against him.

Shakespeare's Working Classes

It has in all ages been a pastime of noble minds to try to depict a perfect state of society. Forty years before Shakespeare's birth, Sir Thomas More published his Utopia to the world. Bacon intended to do the same thing in the New Atlantis, but never completed the work, while Sir Philip Sidney gives us his dream in his Arcadia. Montaigne makes a similar essay, and we quote from Florio's translation, published in 1603, the following passage (Montaigne's Essays, Book I, Chapter 30):

"It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate nor of political superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no succession, no dividences; no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel, but natural; no manuring of lands; no use of wine, corn or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction and pardon were never heard amongst them."

We may readily infer that Shakespeare found little to sympathize with in this somewhat extravagant outline of a happy nation, but he goes out of his way to travesty it. In the Tempest he makes Gonzalo, the noblest character in the play, hold the following language to the inevitable king (Shakespeare cannot imagine even a desert island without a king!):

> "Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,
> I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries
> Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
> Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
> Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
> And use of service, none; contract, succession,
> Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
> No use of metal, corn or wine or oil;
> No occupation; all men idle,—all,
> And women too, but innocent and pure;
> No sovereignty, . . .
> Sebastian. Yet he would be king on't.
> Antonio. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
> Gonzalo. All things in common. Nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour; treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but Nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle, whores and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To 'xcel the golden age.
Seb. 'Save his Majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And do you mark me, sir?
King. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.
Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue and laugh at nothing still." (Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 1.)

That all things are not for the best in the best of all possible worlds would seem to result from the wise remarks made by the fishermen who enliven the scene in "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." They compare landlords to whales who swallow up everything and suggest that the land be purged of "these drones that rob the bee of her honey," and Pericles, so far from being shocked at such revolutionary and vulgar sentiments, is impressed by their weight and speaks kindly of the humble philosophers, who in their turn are hospitable to the ship-wrecked prince,—all of which unshakespearean matter adds doubt to the authenticity of this drama. (Act 2, Sc. 1.) However keen the insight of Shakespeare may have been into the hearts of his high-born characters, he had no conception of the unity of the human race. For him the prince and the peasant were not of the same blood.

"For princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself,"

says King Simonides in Pericles, and here at least we seem to see the hand of Shakespeare (Act 2, Sc. 2). The two princes, Guid-

erius and Arviragus, brought up secretly in a cave, show their royal origin (Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 3), and the servants who see Coriolanus in disguise are struck by his noble figure. (Coriolanus, Act 4, Sc. 5). Bastards are villains as a matter of course, witness Edmund in Lear and John in Much Ado About Nothing, and no degree of contempt is too high for a

> "hedge-born swain
> That doth presume to boast of gentle blood."
> (Henry VI., Part 1, Act 4, Sc. 1.)

Courage is only to be expected in the noble-born. The Duke of York says:

> "Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
> And find no harbour in a royal heart."
> (Henry VI., Part 2, Act 3, Sc. 1.)

In so far as the lower classes had any relation to the upper classes, it was one, thought Shakespeare, of dependence and obligation. It was not the tiller of the soil who fed the lord of the manor, but rather the lord who supported the peasant. Does not the king have to lie awake and take thought for his subjects? Thus Henry V. complains that he cannot sleep

> "so soundly as the wretched slave,
> Who with a body filled and vacant mind,
> Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread,
> Never sees horrid night, the child of Hell,
> But like a lackey, from the rise to set,
> Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
> Sleeps in Elysium. . . .
> The slave, a member of the country's peace,
> Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots
> What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
> Whose hours the peasant best advantages." (Henry V., Act 4, Sc. 1.)

And these lines occur at the end of a passage in which the king laments the "ceremony" that oppresses him and confesses that but for it he would be "but a man." He makes this admission, however, in a moment of danger and depression. Henry IV. also invokes sleep (Part 2, Act 2, Sc. 1):

"O, thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile
In loathesome beds?"

But plain people have to watch at times and the French sentinel finds occasion to speak in the same strain:

"Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrained to watch in darkness, rain and cold."

(Henry VI., Part 1, Act 2, Sc. 1.)

Henry VI. is also attracted by the peasant's lot.

"O God, methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain. . .
. . . . . The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
As far beyond a prince's delicates."

(Henry VI., Part 3, Act 2, Sc. 5.)

All of which is natural enough but savours of cant in the mouths of men who fought long and hard to maintain themselves upon their thrones.

We have already shown by references to the contemporary drama that the plea of custom is not sufficient to explain Shakespeare's attitude to the lower classes, but if we widen our survey to the entire field of English letters in his day, we shall see that he was running counter to all the best traditions of our literature. From the time of Piers Ploughman down the peasant had stood high with the great writers of poetry and prose alike. Chaucer's famous circle of story-tellers at the Tabard Inn in Southwark was eminently democratic. With the knight and the friar were gathered together

"An haberdasher and a carpenter,
A webbe, a deyer and tapiser,"

and the tales of the cook and the miller take rank with those of the squire and lawyer. The English Bible, too, was in Shakespeare's hands and he must have been familiar with shepherd kings and fishermen-apostles. In the very year in which Hamlet first appeared, a work was published in Spain which was at once translated

into English, a work as well known to-day as Shakespeare's own writings. If the peasantry was anywhere to be neglected and despised, where should it be rather than in proud, aristocratic Spain, and yet, to place beside Shakespeare's Bottoms and Sly's, Cervantes has given us the admirable Sancho Panza, and has spread his loving humour in equal measure over servant and master. Are we to believe that the yeomen of England, who beat back the Armada, were inferior to the Spanish peasantry whom they overcame, or is it not rather true that the Spanish author had a deeper insight into his country's heart than was allotted to the English dramatist? Cervantes, the soldier and adventurer, rose above the prejudices of his class, while Shakespeare never lifted his eyes beyond the narrow horizon of the Court to which he catered. It was love that opened Cervantes's eye, and it is in all-embracing love that Shakespeare was deficient. As far as the common people were concerned he never held the mirror up to nature.

But the book of all others which might have suggested to Shakespeare that there was more in the claims of the lower classes than was dreamt of in his philosophy was More's Utopia, which in its English form was already a classic. More, the richest and most powerful man in England after the king, not only believed in the working man but knew that he suffered from unjust social conditions. He could never have represented the down-trodden followers of Cade-Tyler nor the hungry mob in Coriolanus with the utter lack of sympathy which Shakespeare manifests. "What justice is there in this," asks the great Lord Chancellor, whose character stood the test of death,—"What justice is there in this, that a nobleman, a goldsmith, a banker, or any other man, that either does nothing at all, or at best is employed in things that are of no use to the public, should live in great luxury and splendour upon what is so ill acquired; and a mean man, a carter, a smith, a ploughman, that works harder even than the beasts themselves, and is employed on labours so necessary that no commonwealth could hold out a year without them, can only earn so poor a livelihood, and must lead so miserable a life, that the condition of the beasts is much better than theirs?"

How different from this is Shakespeare's conception of the place of the working-man in society! After a full and candid survey of his plays, Bottom, the weaver with the ass's head, remains his type of the artisan and the "mutable, rank-scented many," his type of the masses. Is it unfair to take the misshapen "servant-monster" Caliban as his last word on the subject?

> "Prospero. We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
> Yields us kind answer.
> Miranda. 'Tis a villain, sir,
> I do not love to look on.
> Prospero. But as 't is,
> We cannot miss him! he does make our fire,
> Fetch in our wood and serve in offices
> That profit us." (Tempest, Act 1, Sc. 2.)

To which I would fain reply in the words of Edward Carpenter:

> "Who art thou, ...
> Why thy faint sneer for him who wins thee bread
> And him who clothes thee, and for him who toils
> Daylong and nightlong dark in the earth for thee?"

William Morris as I Remember Him

ARTHUR STRINGER

MANY men have written more abstrusely than I shall here attempt to write of William Morris's art. Many students have probed deeper into his principles of socialism than I should here care to probe. Many critics have looked more closely into his poetry than I on this occasion intend to look. If, however, I might accomplish one trivial end I should be more than satisfied. And that end would be to give you a hint of William Morris, the Man.

It was Merck who said of Goethe that what he *lived* was more beautiful than what he wrote. I have always felt, in much the same way, that it is only as the living, composite, sometimes incongruous enough, Man, that William Morris stands pre-eminent, triumphant. As a political economist his dearest dreams were tinged with that uncompromising ideality in which he himself, toward the end, sadly discovered the elusive rose-tints of utopianism. In his poetry, with all its vivid coloring, there are to be found grave defects; in it we look in vain for either the charm of Rossetti or the music of Swinburne. As an artist, pure and simple, he was not without his superiors.

Yet before William Morris, the Man, we stand overawed. We look back over his life bewildered, astounded into silence at the vastness of his accomplishment, perplexed at the diversity of his interests, amazed at the sheer vital force and unflagging energy of the man. To those who knew him more intimately it was this tireless and buoyant activity which saved him to the last. He was recalcitrant only from the knees down. Revolter though he was, he never forgot that this world was the workshop of God. Where Ruskin himself—intoxicated now and then, perhaps, by his own dizzy eloquence—eventually fell into the pitfall of empty petulance, Morris saved himself by being always more than a mere whiner. His revolt was dignified by struggle; the darkest hour of his pessimism was ennobled by heroic effort toward better things. And he was the Thompson as well as the Edison, the Erasmus as well as the Luther. It is a far cry from the Morris Commonwealth down to the Morris Chair. But each was a flower on his tree of

vigorous life. The one, earth's children caught at readily enough; the other grew too high for nineteenth century hands.

Of Morris's early life I know little,—little, at least, beyond what may be gathered from hearsay and books. And books, at best, are half-hearted and halting interpreters. The great craftsman was already an old man when I first met him. It was, strangely enough, in Oxford, that beautiful, dreamy, grey city on the Isis, the city for which he had once stood ready to do so much, yet which still pored tranquilly and unperturbed over its Menander, when, in the summer of 1896, the last remains of its great son were carried through the grey-walled town, toward, perhaps, a more fitting resting place.

It is hard to say just what, in turn, Morris's own feelings for Oxford were. It must be acknowledged, at any rate, that they were curiously mixed. The earlier spell had long since fallen away. He felt that any old debt of gratitude was well wiped out by that winter day at Holywell, in 1885, when the undergraduates of his *alma mater* derisively pelted him with eggs and old vegetables, transforming an orderly meeting into open riot. It was a year later that Cambridge curled a contemptuous lip over his ideas. And I must here turn aside to add that this always seemed to me the most pitiable period in this great man's existence. I mean, of course, that period in the later eighties when so much of his good life was given up to inglorious scufflings with the London police, to the jostle and jeers of a huge city's uncomprehending rabble, and, what was worse, to the fawning adulation of a herd of parasitical hypocrites who utterly failed him in the hour of need. It is all more than pitiable, not so much because of its mere predestined futility and impotence, but more because of its ultimate effect on Morris himself. It left him to die a bitter and disheartened man; though the world, indeed, saw little of that bitterness. But throughout the more intimate tones of his verse the cry escapes him, again and again. He was but "the idle singer of an empty day." Enlightened as to the ugliness and sordidness of his own age, he was forced to harp forever backward to an Age of Gold, or forward to an Age of Dream. I have seen him, after one of his evangelizing visits to the

East End of London, crushed in spirit and fatigued in body, silently but poignantly hopeless of that newer life for which he was willing to stake so much. It was sadly unpromising material he had to deal with, and knowing that particular type of stolid British workman whom he was struggling to awaken from disheartening apathy, I more than once asked him if, after all, it would not have been better had he undertaken this thing in America, the land of new ideas and new ideals. But to this he always shook his head; I knew that he was still English to the back-bone. Yet to-day I am often tempted to speculate, perhaps idly enough, on just how much William Morris might have accomplished had the hand of destiny flung him upon the New World, instead of the Old.

I have spoken at some length of Morris's pessimism, but this, it must be remembered, was a thing which he did not wear on his sleeve. It was a development which did not properly belong to the man at all. Even in his last illness, he looked up one day and said: "If this means months of idleness and then the End, I don't like it at all, for life has been a very jolly time to me!" I can remember, too, one bright morning on the High, in Oxford, as he walked with his short, quick, stocky steps out across Magdalen Bridge, and let his eyes wander musingly along the waters of the Cherwell. He suddenly drew in a great breath of air, scented with the smell of flowers from the Botanical Gardens, and gasped out: "My eyes, how good it all is!" These are the identical words, I have been told, that Morris uttered when he beheld the first page of his Kelmscott "Chaucer," the book which we all know well enough brought him down to his grave. "My eyes, how good it is!" At Kelmscott Manor, too, he seemed always to drink in the sheer joy of life, where, and especially in his later years, he loved to linger late in the mellow English autumn, and toward which he always hastened early in the Spring. It stands typical of the man, that curious old country house, with its low, many-gabled, mullion-windowed, rubble-stone walls, surrounded by well-kept English gardens, and yew hedges and hawthorn and wild rose, and beautiful elms,—elms the like of which you would scarcely find elsewhere in England,—and odorous clover-meadows and fragrant

hay-fields sloping dreamily down to the valley of the little Thames, where the master of the house himself so loved to steal away now and then and give a whole half day up to fishing and strolling along that bird-haunted stream. For with all his dreams of socialism, there was a touch of the aristocrat about William Morris, to the end. Cambridge, twelve years before his death, had taunted him with the charge that he made books and tapestry for only the wealthy and well-to-do. It was charged that his things were costly, and far beyond the reach of the poor, about whom he prated so much. Yet it was his awakening to the fact that the poor had neither the taste nor the opportunity to grasp at the beauties of life, as expressed in art, that first swept him from his rock of passive aristocracy into the turbid waters of socialism as he defined it. Culture, wealth, and friendship of such spirits as Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Madox Brown, a youth that had been steeped in the grey loveliness of Oxford, a home that was all beauty and peacefulness, unlimited opportunities for immuring himself within his own Palace of Art,—all these were not enough to anchor him to a life of mere art and aristocratic indifference. "Oxford," he once said to me, "taught me the need of beauty; Stepney taught me the need of humanity." After the time-softened towers and walls on the Isis, it was small wonder that he railed against "the brick boxes with slate lids," as he used contemptuously to dub the suburban villa architecture of London, and later of Oxford itself. Indeed, from the first he had fretted and fumed over what he called Oxford's architectural errors. The re-roofing, with green Westmoreland slates, of Exeter College Chapel was a subject which angered him almost unreasonably. He was equally exercised over the restoration of the Tower of St. Mary's; in fact, in the summer of 1893, old man that he was, he clambered up the tall tower for a personal inspection, and for many weeks fought with Mr. Jackson, the gifted enough restorer, about the displacing of the old statuary. He argued vehemently that the tottering and time-eaten old figures ought not to be done away with; let them be braced and supported and patched up, but above all things keep them where they were first placed. "Put an iron cage around them, if you have to," he cried,

"only keep them there!" In more tangible ways, however, he had already done his share for Oxford, if not altogether personally and directly, at least through the firm of "Morris and Company." One has only to study those beautiful windows in Christ Church College, or "The Star of Bethlehem" arras, still so badly stretched in Exeter College Chapel, to realize his services for his old university, whose walls he loved much better than all her books.

There is, too, one significant little fact I should like to point out in passing. It was the Oxford fritillary, that little, checkered, purplish flower commonly called the snake's-head, which blooms so beautifully along the Isis, about Iffley, in the late spring, which gave to William Morris one of his favorite flower designs. The slender spike of the Oxford wild-tulip, which you will to-day find flowering about the meadows of the Cherwell, furnished him with an equally happy design. It was these simple flowers that he knew and loved best. Remembering this tendency of his for simple things, it has always puzzled me to understand why he should plead so passionately for the Gothic in architecture, and so pin his hope to "the distorted saint and tobacco-pipe column" style of building, as Germany's greatest man termed it, when he stood before the Temple of Neptune at Paestum.

Although it has been said, and generally understood, that social problems did not perplex Morris until the latter part of his life, from his earliest day I believe him to have been a revolutionist at heart. We have that half-humorous and half-pathetic story of his monkish fasting and self-flogging at Exeter; even that was a revolt against youthful ease. He once expressed the wish that he might have been like Bernard Palissy, the Huguenot potter, burning his last chair in attic poverty. Perhaps, though, it was better he should show the world that the well-fed lion does not always lose its ferocity. He was an anarchist, if you will, but an anarchist only in the Kingdom of Ugliness. The great constructive hope of his life was to make the workman an artist; if, in the end, his family came into the fortune he left, it was only because those workmen whom he had called into his factory, under the new order of things which he hoped to establish, miserably and selfishly imposed on his

optimism, instead of joyfully and gratefully accepting his relief. "Art," he once said, "is utility touched with aspiration." Art is nourished, not by theory, he held, but by life; it should stand as an expression of life's joy in labor. For this reason he despised all dilettanteism and idly toying with things artistic. Oriental art was sheer jugglery to him, for he believed that "feeling is the soul of architecture," in small things and in large things alike. He freely enough confessed that he was careless to all metaphysics, and indifferent to all religion. He bent his knee to only Beauty and Freedom. Before pedants and those opposed to his views he often lapsed into a sort of gloomy and silent petulance. Through an hour's argument, outwardly destructive to all that he held most dear, he could sit obstinately, irascibly wordless. His practical, workman-like spirit was intolerant to the uttermost of mere empty theorizings. When he was moved to speak—and there were times when he could talk by the hour together—he spoke in short, crisp, Anglo-Saxon words, not easily and fluently, but hesitatingly, hacking and pounding at his sturdy, oak-like, inflexible English sentences. It was the seeming weight of personality behind the words that invariably saved him as a public speaker, though on the whole I believe that his brusque, fiery, intolerant harangues in vivid yet broken flights of homely Anglican idiom did not succeed in winning over his audience (and especially when they chanced to be an East End audience) as well as he and his sympathizers often might have wished,

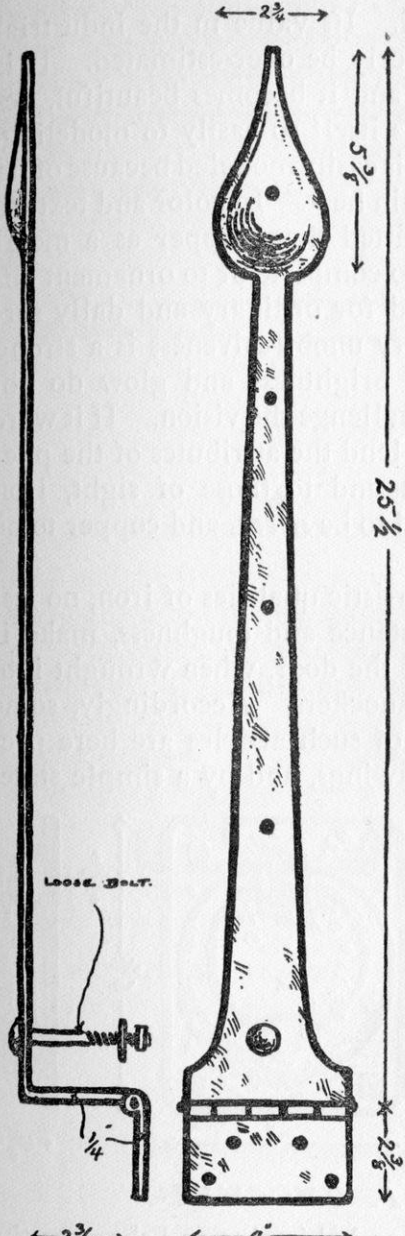
As for the appearance of the man, the rugged shell which housed the great soul, Watt's portrait will, I think, always stand the best. There was something leonine about the massive, rounded head, with its earnest, audacious, stubborn eyes, and its wealth of up-thrust, iron-grey hair. The full beard was of the same iron-grey tinge. His body was strongly-knit and heavy in line and movement (all but those wonderful, alert, restless hands!), and the length of the body itself was perhaps accentuated by the unusually short legs, which gave to his stride its nervous, quick motion under excitement, when he invariably fell to pacing the floor. At all times he affected a shirt of the plainest blue flannel, dressing unde-

viatingly in a stout, loosely-made suit of black-blue cloth, with an often rusty enough blue cloak, and a black, soft-rimmed wide-awake. He lived simply, always traveling third class, walking often where others would ride, enjoying to the last his pipe, his fishing-rod, his pictures and old manuscripts, his quiet home on the Thames, and, above all, his yearly task of trimming the yew-tree dragon, just under the tapestry-room, in the gardens of Kelmscott Manor.

THE NECESSITY FOR USING OUR EYES, IF WE ARE TO BE ARTISTS, HAVING BEEN ADMITTED, THE QUESTION COMES: HOW ARE WE TO GET PEOPLE TO USE THEIR EYES, ALWAYS KEEPING IN MIND THE FACT THAT FOR SOME TIME AFTER THEY HAVE BEGUN TO DO SO THEY WILL BE A TORMENT TO THEMSELVES AND THEIR NEIGHBORS, AS I AM.

WILLIAM MORRIS
ARCHITECTURE AND HISTORY
AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY

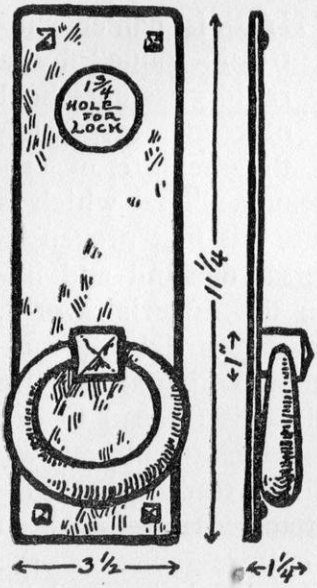
Work Ennobles



A DOOR HINGE

WHAT is named "intrinsic value" by a rapidly passing school of economists, is not the measure of service, or of beauty. That which is of common use has first proven itself of universal demand and importance. In the material world, this is true of two articles of consumption without which human life could scarcely exist: bread to eat, and iron with which to cultivate the earth, to facilitate trade, and to protect from attack. Iron has been called the culture-gauge of the world, and the title is just and fitting. It has been utilized for five thousand years. It has risen in importance in proportion to the progress of civilization: at first, slowly; then, with ever-increasing rapidity; so that the product of the present century is far in excess of the product of all preceding time. And as iron, in itself the basest of metals, is truly a gauge of human culture, so it no less offers a strong parallel to the human being. In its natural state, it is not found pure and perfect. Power is needed to remove it from its primitive and natural associates. Above all, work ennobles it.

Apart from its great importance as a civilizing medium, its uses

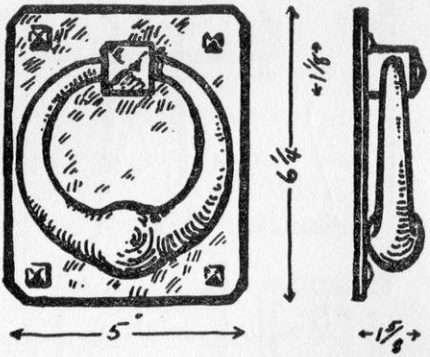


A DOOR PULL

are manifold. Its value in the industrial arts can scarcely be over-estimated. It is most useful, and it becomes beautiful, because it lends itself so easily to modeling. And again, it is easily modeled because of its power to retain heat. In color and texture it is better fitted than copper as a metal with which to complete or to ornament objects intended for ordinary and daily service. Its very unobtrusiveness is a strong quality. Its brightness and glow do not advance to challenge the vision. If it were permitted to lend the attributes of the phenomena of sound to those of sight, iron might be said to be *silent,* and copper to be *clamorous.*

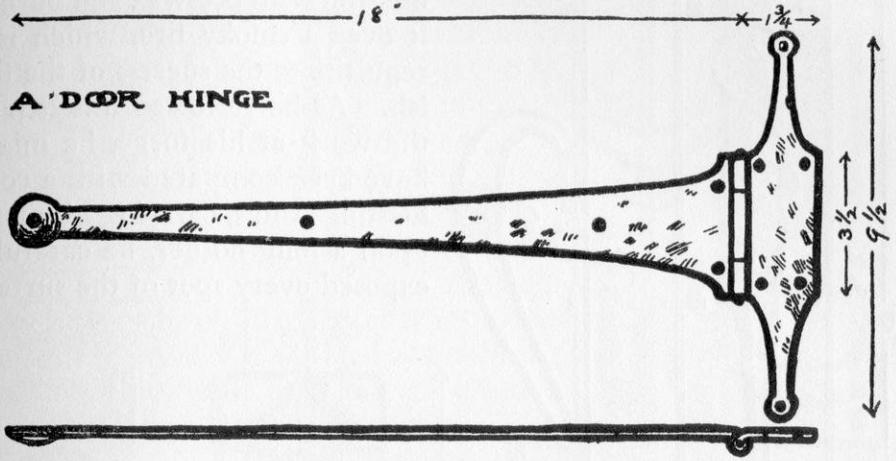
These artistic qualities of iron, no less than its resistance and toughness, make it adapted to complete the functions of the door, when wrought into hinges, handles, latches, pulls and knockers. Accordingly, some recent successful Craftsman models of such articles are here presented, accompanied by working drawings, and by a simple statement of the separate steps followed by the workman who made them.

He first drew on paper a working detail of the object,—a hinge, for example,—and afterward traced his pattern with chalk upon a piece of sheet iron; so that, in working, the hot iron might be laid over the pattern without danger of destroying it. He then selected iron of proper thickness and forged it: heating, bending and hammering the metal until it roughly corresponded in size and shape to the working drawing. He then carried the piece to the fitter's bench,



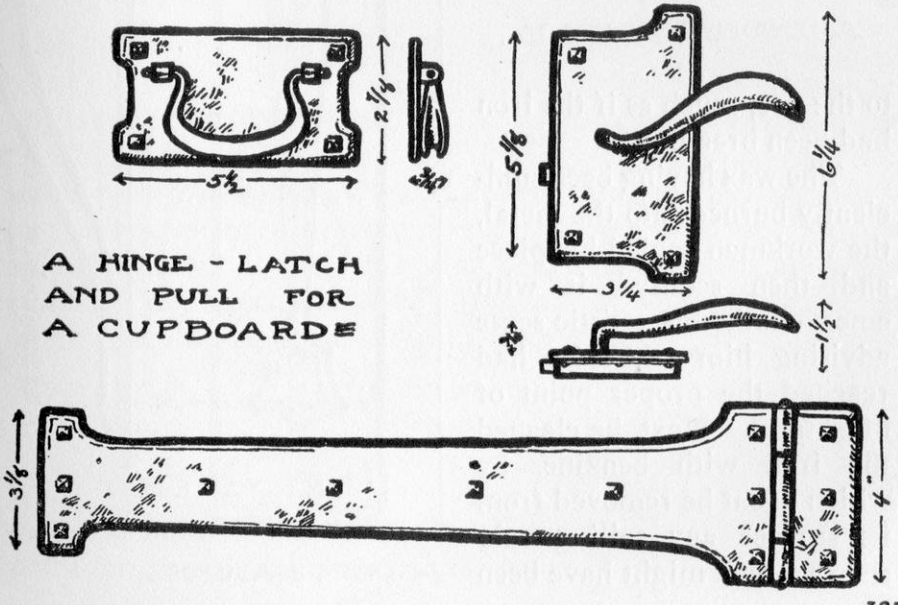
A KNOCKER

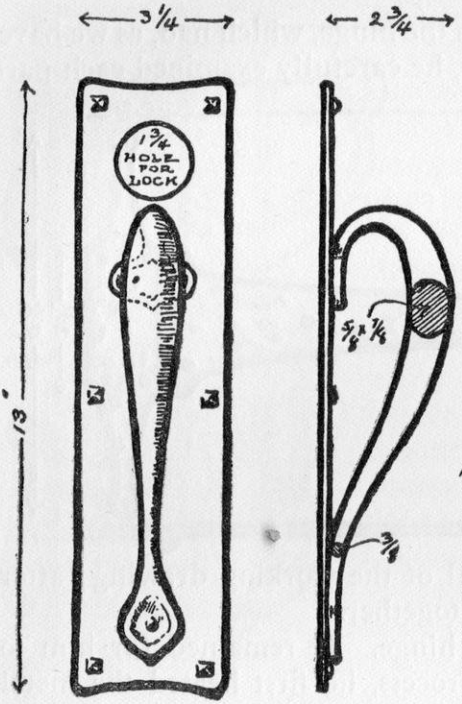
where he bored holes for screws in the hinge, which had, as we have seen, already taken shape. Next, he carefully examined each part



and matched it to the same detail of the working drawing; after which he fitted the separate parts together.

He had now *fashioned* the hinge. It remained for him to *finish* it. Beginning this new process, he first heated the metal



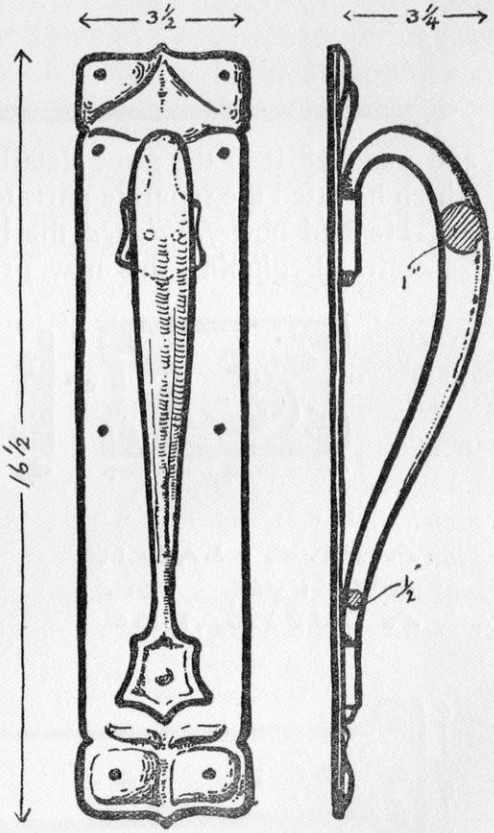


A DOOR HANDLE.

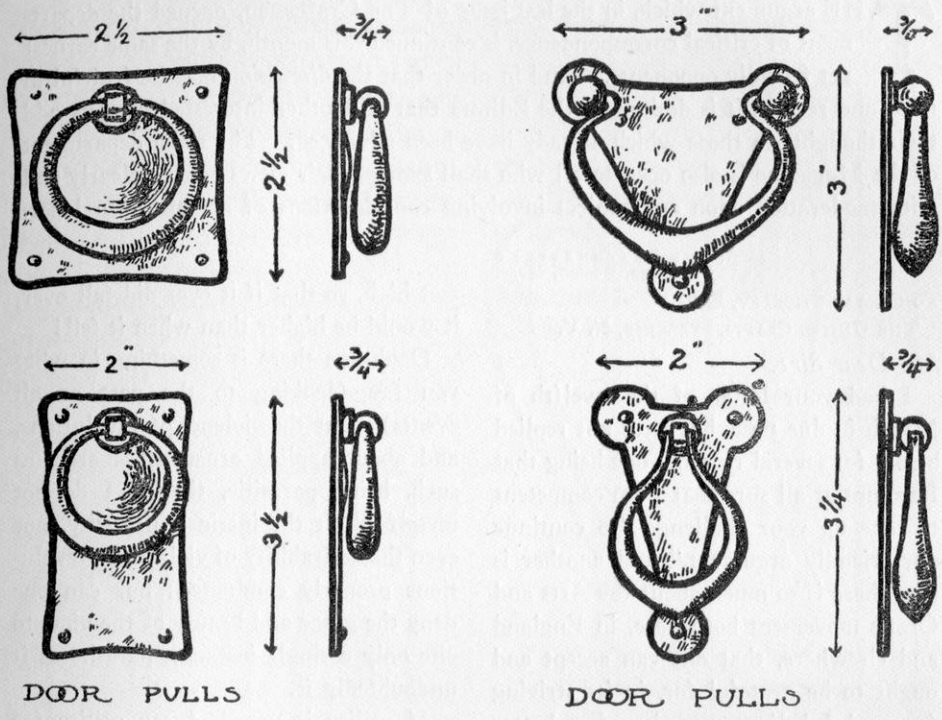
to the fire, much as if the iron had been bread.

The wax having been sufficiently burned into the metal, the workman cooled his piece and then scoured it with emery-cloth; his artistic sense advising him when he had reached the proper point of brightness. Next, he cleaned the iron with benzine, by which agent he removed from its surface any soiling substance which might have been

piece, in order to make it obedient to his purpose. Then he smeared the iron with beeswax and burned it over a smoky fire, which is a requisite to the success of the finish. As he followed this step of the work at his forge, he might have been compared with a cook toasting: since, carrying his metal upon a long holder, he carefully exposed every spot of the surface



A DOOR HANDLE.



DOOR PULLS DOOR PULLS

left upon it by the hand. Finally, he provided his finished piece against rust by rubbing it thoroughly with beeswax and turpentine.

Having thus completed the last of his simple processes, he looked upon his work and saw that it was good. He had joined in himself the artist and the worker, thus forming the perfect *craftsman:* that is, as the Germanic meaning of the word implies: the *man possessed of power.* What he had wrought with his hands was not the imperfectly realized conception of another's mind. It was the adequate embodiment of his own idea.

Critical Correspondence

THE argument which, in the last issue of The Craftsman, opened the department of critical correspondence, is continued this month, by the same earnest yet friendly opponents. And in order that the discussion may be fruitful in ideas and results, it is desired by the Editors that still other interested persons add their thoughts to those which already have been advanced. The same department of the Magazine is also open to all who shall express their views briefly, clearly and with moderation upon any subject involving considerations of art allied to labor.

THE BEACONSFIELD
Brookline, Boston, Mass.

TO GUSTAV STICKLEY, ESQ.,
THE UNITED CRAFTS, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:

I had your letter of the twelfth of March in due time, but have not replied before for several reasons: one being that I am not at all sure that I am competent to take up your challenge "to continue our friendly argument," and another is that there is so much about the Arts and Crafts movement both here, in England and elsewhere, that one can accept and ought to be grateful for, in its striving for, and I believe, promise of, a better condition of things both artistically and in other ways, if honestly and intelligently striven for, that one does not, at any rate, *I* do not, feel much like mere criticism of it, until I have done something more affirmative and constructive than criticism usually stands for.

I think it was an illustration of a billiard table, with six enormous, square, uncompromising balks of timber for legs, and which looked almost equal to supporting the weight of an iron-clad, that first made me feel bound to cry out out against it; reminding me, as it did, of the story of the Irishman's wall, which he built five feet wide and three feet high, so that if it ever did fall over, it would be higher than when it fell!

Doubtless there is something in what you say (looking to the past at all events) about the violence of revolutions, and about applied ornament, merely as such, being parasitic, though I do not myself admit the intrinsic necessity, nor even the desirability of violence in revolutions properly conducted; nor can one deny the grace and beauty of the vine, to cite only a single instance, parasite as it undoubtedly is.

If utility is urged, I say utility for what? mere physical utility is well enough as far as it goes, but what about the soul's necessities? Are they not to be ministered to as well, and can they be by sheer severity? It seems to me that there can be no divorce between Truth and Beauty. In its natural growth a tree is not only perfectly fitted for its work, but it is gracefully and perfectly proportioned, and, therefore, beautiful at the same time. The clouds, too, are perfectly practical water-carriers and sun-shades, pre-eminently utilitarian, and yet as pre-eminently beautiful, while at the same time suggesting nothing so little as any idea of permanence or re-

pose, except that highest form of repose, action: and the same may be said of the sea.

Frankness and sincerity of construction do not seem to me necessarily to imply boldness or unrelieved severity, and, to revert to the Billiard table again, it isn't even true in a sense, because any *one* of those legs quartered, would support a table like that perfectly. In any case "two blacks don't make a white," and one extreme is as bad and as untrue as another. Also, simplicity and frankness of construction are all right as long as they do not descend to absolutely primitive barbarity and crudity. Ruskin says somewhere: "The architect is *not bound* to exhibit construction," and Edward Lacy Garbett, who thus quotes him, continues: "Still less can he be bound to exhibit the *whole* of it; to do what nature has never done. He may conceal as much as he likes, but may not *disguise* any. None need appear, but that which does appear must be true."

But I ought to apologize for writing at such length. You see, with the inevitable frailty and inconsistency of human nature, I am a standing example against my own criticism of extremes: either I can't write at all, or I let my subject run away with me. At any rate, I can wish your venture every success, and do. As long as it follows the principles of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, in its objects, methods and developments, it will succeed; and if not, I expect you yourself would not want it to succeed. It seems an amazing thing, after all it has experienced, in the thousands of years of known history, both before the Christian Era and in the nineteen hundred years since, that humanity has tried and continues to try every conceivable way "how *not* to do it", as regards every issue it has confronted, though less so in America, I believe, than anywhere since the world began.

Awaiting with interest your reply, I am,

Yours sincerely,
I. G. RAINSBOTTOM.

APRIL 3, 1903.

THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK
Editorial Rooms

TO I. G. RAINSBOTTOM, ESQ., THE BEACONSFIELD, BROOKLINE, BOSTON, MASS.

My Dear Sir:

Your letter of April three assured me of your continued interest in our argument, which might be termed: "Simplicity versus Decoration." I am glad to feel to the degree that I do your sincerity and earnestness in the points which you so ably maintain.

Your description of the heavy billiard table is nothing short of amusing, and reminds me somehow—I think in its suggestion of weight and support—of Caesar's timber bridge over the Rhine, which every schoolboy crosses on his pony.

But to be serious! Perhaps the table was not altogether wrong in construction. Were it only for the satisfaction of the eye, there must be balance in masses, and the heavy, horizontal bed of

the table should be matched with vertical supports in answer to the demands made by the eye; so that confidence may be felt in the strength and firm, perfect level of the field on which the balls play. And this is no light consideration, when we remember how great a part is played by faith, and how easily dangerous vertigo may be induced by imagination, if it be allowed free rein in high, although wholly safe places. Indeed, it may be asserted that if the eye is satisfied, the mind is convinced.

I pass to your second stricture: your refusal to admit the necessity, or even the desirability of revolutions. You have, of course, entire right to your personal, peaceful attitude of mind. But men in general must reckon with humanity and history—not against them. Practice runs counter to theory. Reforms, worthy of the name, have not as yet been accomplished without violence of some kind being offered to the opposing element, whether this element be life, property, or sentiment. And such is the nature—let us not say the perversity—of mankind, that it demands and delights in pronounced, abrupt changes, just as the purely physical organs—the eye, the ear, occasionally relish sharp and sudden discords.

In the same paragraph you note my word upon parasitic growths, and reply that "no one can deny the grace and beauty of the vine, parasite though it be." Now, there are vines and vines. There is the vine that adorns, like the one "married to the elm" in the verse of Horace, and whose modern descendants garland the poplars of the Lombard plain. There is also the vine that insidiously saps and mines; that causes the slow decay of the structure which it mantles. In one case, there are giving and taking: the gift of support entailing the return gift of beauty; if you will, construction and ornament. In the other case, there is an active agent of evil, whose nature is disguised beneath an exceedingly fair exterior.

Your quotation from Ruskin with its extension by Edwin Lacy Garbitt is excellent and well used. I think it might be strengthened by a reference to Gothic, as contrasted with Roman and Romanesque architecture. A well planned and organized Gothic structure, if I mistake not, requires but ten per cent. of its area for the necessary supporting elements; whereas, St. Paul's cathedral of London occupies seventeen per cent of its space with the same elements of support. Finally, I must repeat my statement made in my first letter that the simple, structural style of the new art movement is in its first stage; that evolution will develop in it qualities at once strong and fine that are as yet unsuspected.

Again hoping that our argument may be continued, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

GUSTAV STICKLEY.

April 18, 1903.

Art Notes

THE Society of American Painters opened its twenty-fifth exhibition on Friday the twenty-seventh of March.

This exhibition, which is looked forward to all the year as being the best New York affords, does not this year fulfil our expectations, and certainly is not all that the public has every reason to expect from an organization which stands for what this one does. The best men are represented, but either the public are demanding more, or the painters are giving less thought, putting less of themselves into their work. They are not "mixing their paints with brains."

We note very little progress, for instance, in such men as Kenyon Cox, Carroll Beckwith, Douglas Volk, and others who are among the founders of the society—and whose aims and reasons for leaving the Academy were made so very public twenty-five years ago.

The quarrelsome disposition of some of the members has deprived the public of seeing the Whistlers, which were exhibited in Philadelphia, and reviewed in these columns last month. But the portrait of William M. Chase by John S. Sargent is here and hung to much better advantage than in former exhibitions. This has been spoken of so exhaustively in a former notice that no mention now is necessary.

The next portrait of worth is that of a young woman in black, by Robert Henri. A most distinguished piece of work it is, too,—though we quarrel with the artist, who, after placing the hands so conspicuously, has not given more thought to the painting of them. In the whole exhibition there is not a hand done with enough thought. Do not our painters feel that there is as much portraiture in the hands as in the face—surely as much character!

On either side of this charming portrait, several small pictures intervening, are two marines of great beauty. One by Charles Woodbury; the other, the better of the two, by Louis F. Hurd, a painter we have noticed before, but whose best work has not been shown. The one now exhibited is vigorous in treatment and of glorious color.

The place of honor is given to Abbot Thayer, who has painted this picture as a tribute to Robert Louis Stevenson.

The figure of an angel is represented as seated on the rock which marks the grave, on the mountain-top in Samoa, and while Mr. Thayer has, with his favorite model, given the face a sad, yearning expression, he has not given it the glorious exaltation which should be there.

The picture as a whole is very beautiful and the draperies contain all the beauty of execution we usually expect from this gifted painter. This picture is surrounded with interesting landscapes; those on either side, one by Ben Foster and one by Leonard Ochtman, especially good.

On the same wall is a portrait by Douglas Volk, which has been awarded the Carnegie Prize. This is a beautiful

portrait of a boy full of life and we like it, even if we do not altogether agree with Mr. Volk in his handling and use of the medium employed.

Near this and placed in far too important a place, are two very crude specimens of the work of Will Low.

Turning back again, we come to a portrait by Kenyon Cox—"Portrait of P. H. P.",—full of masterly work, but poor color and incongruous indeed, with its red face against a piece of old tapestry.

Next this is a very cleverly painted portrait by Seargent Kendall, "The Green Gnome": a child in a green frock, her attention held by the mother reading. We forgive the very bad drawing of the hands for the clever brush work and expression. A curious landscape with an extraordinary sky of spots of red, by William Coffin, hangs near this, and just beyond the Sargent portrait of Chase hangs a most beautiful bit of woods in moonlight, by Emil Carlsen, who has the real feeling of the woods at night.

A portrait of Mrs. Gilbert Colgate, by Paul Moschcowitz, comes next in importance, and next it an interesting picture by John W. Alexander, called "A Flower," well staged and full of dramatic force.

Louise Cox exhibits a portrait, "Olive," which has received the Julia Shaw memorial prize.

Near this and in the centre of the wall space is the best landscape in the exhibition, "The Dawn," awarded the Webb Prize. It is full of poetry and tenderness, painted in a manner which equals Corot and supplies the gladness of color which Corot refused. The figures are used beautifully, those seated in the shade of the trees by the edge of the stream, as well as those walking arm in arm, on the edge of the hill, where the sun strikes, and the solitary one in the open field. In such a landscape we feel sure the people of the Decameron walked and read.

Bruce Crane sends a big canvas with all the charm of his former work: the last snow of winter melting on the brown hillsides.

F. Luis Mora has a study of light and shade with carefully considered study of the different characters in it.

The feeling after leaving the hall and on recovering from the fatigue which a collection of pictures studied a long time brings, is that this is an exhibition we would not have missed of course, but should have been glad to have less of it, and glad to spend all the time on a few really good pictures.

The Arts and Crafts Society on 23rd street has just closed what was a very interesting exhibition of its own work and that of outside contributors.

Some very interesting book bindings by Miss Preston of the Guild of Arts and Crafts, as well as some of Cobden-Sanderson's, were shown, and a good many baskets by the Misses Francis.

Especially did we notice a set of buttons, using the iridescent colors of the peacock feather, blending blues and

greens delightfully, and a belt buckle in silver, with design of dull blue, and one in copper borrowing the design of the Greek fret, while a little bowl of copper has enamel in a spotted design over its surface.

Very beautiful indeed were some of the rugs shown, done by members of the Guild of Arts and Crafts. These are of the cotton cord before it has been twisted tightly; the colors blue and a grey white, and in others, blue and green; the design being very involved. This is the work of Miss Hicks, who, to be sure of the effect, does all her dyeing as well.

Rugs were exhibited also by Mrs. G. S. Ruggles of Windsor, Connecticut, and Miss Deedy of New York; also some of the Ashville, Tennessee, worm hangings.

LOUISE C. CHARD.

Book Reviews

"MUTUAL AID, A FACTOR IN EVOLUTION" is the reprint of a series of studies by Prince Pierre Kropotkin, which were originally published in the "Nineteenth Century," between 1892-96. These studies, as their brilliant and learned author writes in his preface, were the result of seven years' close and constant work. It would, therefore, be presumptuous to attempt to review them within the narrow limits of a book notice. They deserve, nay, demand a prolonged and thorough consideration, joined to a special preparation made by the reviewer in familiarizing himself with the arguments of the scientists and sociologists whom Prince Kropotkin opposes or supports. It is much more fitting to gain readers for this important work, so strong in civilizing and socializing influence, by rapidly outlining its plan and by acknowledging the kindly spirit which gave it birth. The whole is an effort to lessen the importance of that natural law of which the workings are seen in the struggle of every animal against its congenors and of every man against all other men for the means of existence. Over against this hard provision of nature and more than outweighing it, Prince Kropotkin sees another force which operates in the same beneficent way among both animals and men, and this force he terms the *law of mutual aid.*

The Russian author does not attribute the discovery of this beneficent law to himself. He states that his ideas are but a development of those of Darwin formulated in the "Descent of Man." He finds also in Goethe a recognition of the lower forms of the *mutual aid factor:* relating a story of the poet's interest in two wren-fledglings which were received into a nest of robins and fed by adults of the latter species; quoting also the poet's remark: "If it be true that this feeding of a stranger goes through all Nature as something having the character of a general law,—then many an enigma would be solved."

The law of mutual aid Prince Kro-

potkin defines as a feeling infinitely wider than love or personal sympathy. It is based upon an instinct which has been slowly developed among animals and men in the course of a very long evolution, and which has taught animals and men alike the force they can borrow from the practice of mutual aid—the joys they can find in companionship. From such a point of view, M. Kropotkin combats those scientists who, like Herbert Spencer, maintain that, among primitive men, the war of each against all was the law and the necessity of life. In refutation of this statement our writer adduces the number and the importance of mutual aid institutions which were developed by the creative genius of the savage and semi-savage masses; which were so strong in the mediæval city-republics; and whose universality and influence upon modern civilization have not yet been duly recognized or appreciated.

The Mutual Aid instinct, according to the Kropotkin argument, long deferred in rudimentary society the establishment of the separate family. It is strong in the primitive conception of justice and it is the animating spirit of common law.

This strongly preservative force has developed by a slow evolutionary process. It has been divided into stages or phases by the revolt of an opposite and destructive tendency based upon the law of Mutual Struggle. The author explains that when the Mutual Aid institutions—the tribe, the village community, the gilds, the mediæval city—began to lose their original character, began to be invaded by parasitic growths, and thus to bar and to prevent progress, the revolt of individuals against these institutions took always two contrary aspects. A part of those who revolted, strove to purify the old institutions, or to devise a higher form of government based upon the same persistent Mutual Aid principles. But, at the same time, another class of rebels sought to abolish the protective institutions of mutual support with no other intention than to increase their own wealth and power.

This tripartite struggle between the two classes of rebels and the supporters of old institutions, constitutes the drama of history, which, although a tragedy in the eyes of Prince Kropotkin, is never discouraging or debasing. Society will not succeed in the principle of "every one for himself and the State for all." The Mutual Aid factor exists and persists. It may be denied, ignored or mocked, but it works constantly and silently, guiding the race with a pillar of fire or of cloud, according to the demands of the hour.

Prince Kropotkin's present work is truly a monument of thought and labor. It shows above all that first characteristic of the Russian mind: the power to assimilate the raw material of knowledge and to stamp facts with the mark of individual understanding. The book is solidly constructed, recalling a giant fabric of stone, like a cathedral, whose parts are interdependent, and which is

built for all time. The chapters are presented to the reader like the divisions of a great ground plan. The germ of the work, like that of Darwin's "Origin of Species," was developed by travel, by observations among forms of animal life. So, the record of facts begins with those relative to the migrations of birds, their breeding associations and their autumn societies; continuing with the discussion of the village-community, of city-charters, trade and craft gilds; ending with a recognition of the principle of Mutual Aid which prompts "strikes" and which exists in slum-life.

Apart from the first chapters which are of absorbing interest to lovers of Nature and for those who regard "the worm and the clod" as the brothers of man, the most important part of the book is that which minutely examines the mediaeval city. This for a double reason. Both because of the prevailing arts and crafts movement, and because of certain features of the gilds which mark these associations as the parents of the modern trusts. Valuable also are the appendices dealing with a wide range of scientific and economic phenomena in which the principle of Mutual Aid can be proven to exist like a subtle chemical agent. In this portion of the work are found notes upon the swarming of butterflies, the polity of ants, the origin of the human family, the preventives of over-multiplication, and the means to avoid competition. At the end of the book, the reader is neither overwhelmed by theories, nor wearied by dry facts. The work is not exclusively addressed or adapted to the learned. It is written for the thoughtful and the earnest, and all such, whatever their nation or wherever their home, now turn with respectful attention toward that little flower-surrounded "Villa Viola" in a southern suburb of London, from which issues writing as sincere, and as scientific as any produced at the present time. [McClure, Phillips & Company: New York. 328 pages. Uncut edges. 5½x8½ inches.

"Delight, the Soul of Art," is a book of five lectures by Arthur Jerome Eddy, which takes its name from the initial study. The lectures are consecutive in thought and, after the first one already noted, deal with: "Delight in the Thought" (of which there are two); "Delight in the Symbol"; "Delight in Labor." The English of the book is pure, and the construction of that kind which is too rapidly becoming rare. It does not obtrusively seek "the word that paints"; nor does it abound in foreign turns of speech that would have grieved our grandfathers, who were taught in the old-time one-course colleges, and nourished upon the classic masters in prose and verse of our great mother-tongue.

The book indeed savors of a generation or two back. It recalls the cultured lecture-course, and the time when the eloquence of Phillips, Sumner, Curtis and their less gifted associates sounded from the rostrum.

Apart from the fine English and the

refining tendency of the lectures, their value is not of the first order. Considered as criticism they fall short of being the best attainment, and for readers of Symonds and the newer scientific writers upon the fine arts and literature, they are somewhat wanting in basis and substance. But they contain observations upon conduct, thought, books, pictures, men and life which are attractive and suggestive; which call up in the mind of the reader things and trains of ideas which can not be otherwise than educative. Certain of these observations, however, deal with points which have been hotly discussed with uncertain issue; such as the spiritual quality in Millet's "Angelus" and the rank of the French painter of peasants, if he be compared with a brilliant materialist like Rubens. The utility of such arguments is questionable. They can not convince the well-grounded student, since each such has his own point of view from which he cannot be moved. They mislead the rapidly increasing number of those who know the names and recognize the composition-scheme of the great canvases of the world, without possessing power of judgment, either natural or acquired. Such arguments would appear to prompt prejudice and to bar progress.

Another comment, made upon Turner and dangerous for the beginner in criticism, is found in the following passage, which is Hugo-like in expression: " 'The Death of Nelson' is a vision, the 'Fighting Téméraire' is a dream, the 'Burning Slave Ship' a nightmare, but in their way they fill us with awe."

Certainly a rapid enumeration capable of giving great personal enjoyment to one who is able through memory and thought to make it! But yet an utterance ill-fitted to aid forming that intelligent public in default of which art can not exist.

On the contrary, high praise must be given to an equally short note appearing on the page opposite to the comment upon Turner. It is an appreciation of Browning, Tennyson and Swinburne, contained in three lines which would prove a material aid to a college freshman in passing his "English exam," and which is yet precise and adequate enough to satisfy the life-long student of the Victorian poets.

But by far the most valuable portion of the book is the final lecture upon "Delight in Labor." This contains elaborate definitions of both labor and art and is an argument to prove that these two powerful factors of life can not be separated without incurring the greatest danger to the world. Mr. Eddy contends that art and labor were synonymous in the early ages, and that the separation of the two was slowly brought about by the abstraction of pleasure from work. He says: "The element of pain asserts itself as the element of joy disappears. Labor may be likened to a room which may be filled with either light or darkness. As the light, which is a joy, appears, the darkness, which is pain, disappears; and, as the light goes

out, the shadows deepen until the effect is dreary and painful. It so happens that in nearly every occupation in the civilized world, the light has well-nigh faded from the room, until men have come to accept labor as painful, and as a curse from which there is no escape." And again he writes: "Art is labor under conditions of delight—delight in the thought and delight in the symbol, delight in the design and delight in the manner and mode of execution." Truly a definition encouraging and inspiring, since it shows that a real bond unites the humble worker with the genius, and the barbarian lovingly fashioning his basket or his battle-ax, with the creator of the grandest monument. [J. B. Lippincott Company: Philadelphia and London. 287 pages. Uncut edges. 5x7½ inches. $1.50 net.

A beautiful and timely book has recently been published by Tonnelé and Company of New York, under the title of "Book Plates of To-day," edited by Wilbur Macy Stone. It consists of a number of papers upon the artistic treatment of book-plates; upon American designers of these interesting examples of a minor art; also, upon the various types of artists who have successfully produced them. It is profusely illustrated; containing reproductions of entire collections, and, at the end, giving a check-list of the work of twenty-three book-plate designers of prominence. It is a book for the amateur, since a person of good taste and of ordinary manual skill may gather there, from both text and pictures, a working knowledge sufficient to keep him from grave errors of design and execution.

On the first page of the book occurs the statement that American book-plates of note are largely the work of eastern designers: to which the comment might be added that this fact proves no lack of artistic ability on the part of the western men and women. It is to be explained upon the basis of supply and demand. The East possesses by far the larger libraries, public, semi-public and private. It is the larger share-holder in hereditary culture. It simply demands book-plates for its books.

In the chapter by Temple Scott, upon "The Artistic Book Plate," the reader finds much to enjoy from the contact of a scholarly mind and a fervent lover of books. But here and there the work is marred by the use—all too frequent at the present time—of extravagant words; as, for example, when pleading for a simple, direct embodiment of the art-idea in the book-plate, the author says: "the simpler and more direct it is, the more it will appear; and the more beautiful it is, the more will it soften the *kleptomaniacal* tendencies of the *ghoulish* book-hunter." In criticism one may ask why our Saxon word *thievish* should not be substituted here for the heavy Greek derivative *kleptomaniacal,* which, with its antepenultimate accent, gives a needless pedantry to the sentence; just as the word *ghoulish* strikes a false note in taste.

The last essay of the book: "The Architect as a Book-Plate Designer," contains the not uninteresting suggestion that Michelangelo was by nature a book-plate artist, and that, had the need of his times required, he could have supplied the Medici library with designs from his notes; using "very little of either suppression or expansion."

Altogether the little book is fascinating and refined, like the subject of which it treats, and it is well worth an hour's study. [Tonnelé & Company: New York. Illustrated. 7¼x9¼ inches. $1.00.

"THE LEAVEN OF A GREAT CITY," by Lillian W. Betts, is a series of essays upon the condition of the poor in New York. It is not scientific and statistical, like the volumes published by the settlement workers in Boston, under the title of "The City Wilderness" and "Americans in Process." It is not an appeal for municipal organization in the same sense as the more learned works quoted. But it has a well-defined place in the literature of its class. It will attract, interest and benefit readers who could not struggle with the questions of assimilation and citizenship involved in the Boston essays. Information and instruction are contained in large measure in the writing of Miss Betts, but they have not been tabulated according to the system of some eminent sociologist, and they have no flavor of the college thesis.

The subjects treated are embodied in separate chapters independent in themselves, and yet bound together by a community of thought and purpose. The book is so interesting and of such nature that it might usefully replace the novel upon the living-room table, to be read at spare moments; since it is an advantage, necessity and duty for all the more favored to learn "how the other half live."

Whether one follows the sequence of the essays, or yet chooses paragraphs at random through the book, the result is satisfying and good. By the latter method one chances upon suggestive bits of wisdom like the following, which appears under the caption, "The Development of Social Centers:": "The man who is a machine set in the place where he bears his relation to the whole by an authority which he dares not question, loses all opportunity to comprehend his relation to that whole. He is interested in immediate results as related to himself only. This is the relation which the mass of tenement-house workers and voters bear to life." [Dodd, Mead & Company: New York. Illustrated. 315 pages. 5x7½ inches. $1.50 net.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TITLE-PAGES OF SOME CURRENT PERIODICALS

Literary Digest:

Symposia on the following: Financial Journals on the Merger Decision; Mr. Cleveland and the "White Man's Burden;" Sargent and The Old Masters; Books That Influence Childhood.

Architecture:

"Authority in the Profession," C. M. Morris; "Method in Architecture," John R. Wood.