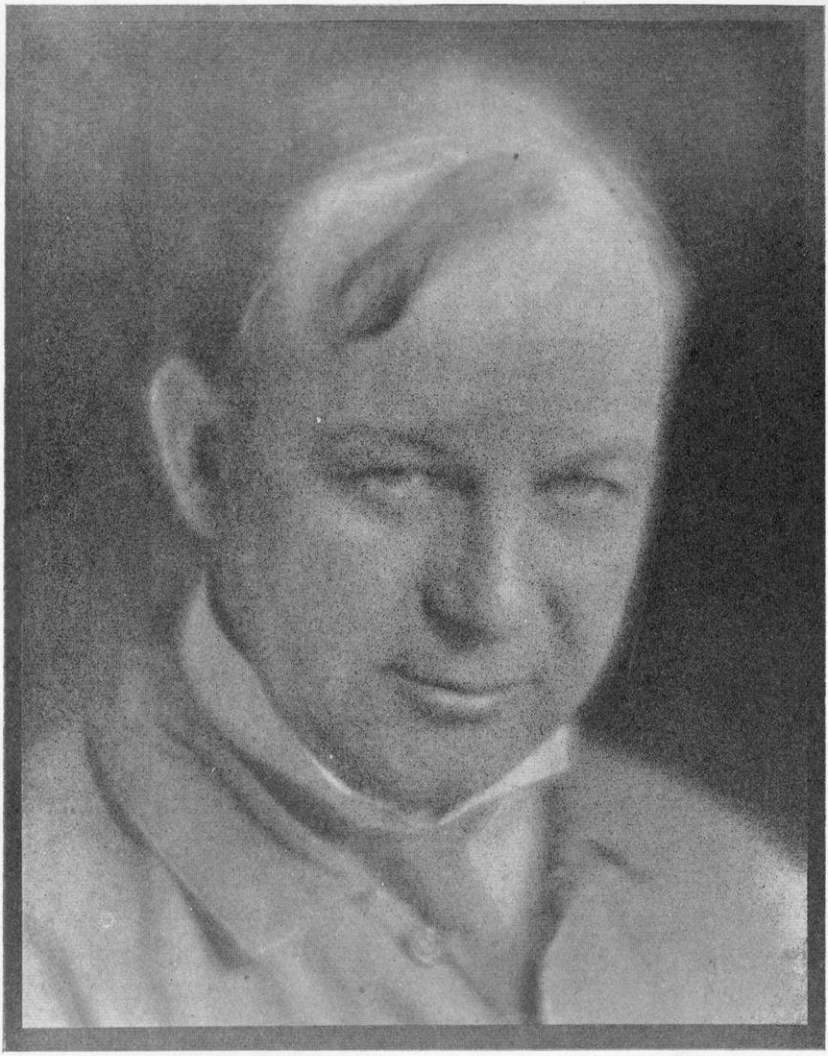
The craftsman. Vol. XII, Number 6 September 1907

New York, N.Y.: Gustav Stickley, September 1907

Cover page
is not
available



From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

GEORGE B. LUKS.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XII SEPTEMBER, 1907 NUMBER 6

Contents

PUBLISHED BY GUSTAV STICKLEY, 29 WEST 34TH ST., NEW YORK

25 Cents a Copy : By the Year, $3.00

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

THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XII SEPTEMBER, 1907 NUMBER 6

GEORGE LUKS, AN AMERICAN PAINTER OF GREAT ORIGINALITY AND FORCE, WHOSE ART RELATES TO ALL THE EXPERIENCES AND INTERESTS OF LIFE: BY JOHN SPARGO

HEN the National Academy of Design held its eighty-second annual exhibition last spring, there was a furious storm in the artistic teapot because the jury of selection, with the natural conservatism common to juries of selection, rejected a painting by George Luks. As a member of the jury, Robert Henri, the well-known figure painter, made a strenuous fight to secure for Mr. Luks the recognition which acceptance of his canvas would have implied, withdrawing two of his own best and most representative works by way of protest when he was outvoted. Then the storm burst in real earnest. A few ardent partisans of the Academy rushed to its defense, but Mr. Henri and his friends had decidedly the better of the controversy.

No one familiar with the work of George Luks could critically view the crowded collection of three hundred and seventy-five pictures in the Academy Exhibition without feeling that vital art had suffered by his exclusion. Doubtless the jurors had done their best, and one conscious of the magnitude of their task, and mindful of the pitfalls that ensnare unwary jurors, could still respect as honest and faithful the decision which closed the doors of the Academy to Luks, however mistaken that decision might be. It is unfortunately true that the sense of responsibility which weighs upon juries of selection everywhere, the extreme caution which they must exercise, produces a conservatism which is very often a serious obstacle to big and virile artists who breathe the spirit of revolution and radical change. All institutions like the Academy, in Europe no less than in this country, inevitably become conservative and unwilling to encourage any departure from recognized standards.

In the controversy which raged around the rejection of Luks'

work by the Academy, the least affected person in New York almost was Luks himself. Of course, Robert Henri's spirited appeal for the recognition and encouragement of the new and virile forces in American art interested him; the brother-painter's fine protest against the exclusion of his work could not fail to appeal to Luks, although no one who knows him can doubt that he would much rather have remained in the background—that he would rather have had the controversy centered about the work of some other artist. His admiration of Henri's action in the matter far transcends personal feeling. He believes that the Academy fails to be the vitalizing, stimulating force in the development of our native art which it might well, and ought to, be. Never for a moment does the fact that he was the outcast one, the despised and rejected, enter into the matter so far as he himself is concerned.

GEORGE LUKS was born in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, on the thirteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven. His father, a practising physician, being a clever draughtsman and his mother a painter of talent, it may fairly be said that he was born to the heritage of art. Now, at forty years of age, he is known to many thousands of Americans interested in art as the man concerning the refusal of whose work by the National Academy of Design there was a good deal of pother last spring. To many thousands more, who prattle glibly the names of European artists far inferior, Luks is entirely unknown. But to a relatively small number of art lovers, a small but select and discriminating public, he has been known for several years as a painter of remarkable force, a man of great and distinctive gifts. His pictures are rarely seen at exhibitions, and never in such number and variety as to display the wide range of his talents. At long intervals a few examples of his work have appeared in various club loan exhibitions, but not often enough to direct attention to his unusual versatility. For that you must go to the artist's studio.

What a studio it is—how literally teeming with the fruits of genius. Portraits which seem to palpitate with energy, veritable "speaking likenesses;" marines, full of the wild, picturesque passion of the Cornish coast; landscapes in nocturnal shadows, stormy unrest, moonlight peace and noonday splendor; animal life in a wide range, from the barroom cat nursing her kittens to the great wild "cats" in the Zoo. And human life—who among the painters of our time has more surely caught, and faithfully recorded, the

heights and depths, vices and virtues, tragedies and comedies, passions and foibles of humanity? In a word, this is an artist whose art is catholic, universal and all-embracing, a splendid, wholesome antidote to the attenuated products of over-specialization so unhappily common. His art relates to all the experiences and interests of life.

Above all, Luks is an American. He believes sincerely, passionately in the future of America and American art. "Our young painters of promise should stay at home and work instead of going abroad," he says. "Let them go to Europe if they must to study the originals of great masters not otherwise accessible to them, but let them *work* here." After all, the commercial age is necessarily the great age of art. Under the urge of commercial activity those conditions are produced which should provide the inspiration for a great, virile, vital and abiding art. Here we have accentuated all the ambitions, struggles and passions which have inspired the world's history. Here we have wonderful romance, startling successes and failures, dizzy pinnacles of fortune and awful depths of doom. Here all the world meets in a single street, so to say; people of all the nations of earth meet and mingle in our crowds, compete in our market place. Here, too, the great vibrant passions which have burst with volcanic energies, making new nations and remaking others, the great revivifying forces of history, seethe between mansion and hovel. And here, as nowhere in the world beside, science performs splendid and stupendous miracles; with magic touch enlarging man's kingdom in the universe, making plain what the centuries had sealed as mysteries, yet not lessening the mystery of life but greatly increasing it, opening new heavens where before was void and darkness. Where, if not here, can inspiration be found for poet, painter, orator, musician, sculptor or dramatist? Whether a painter be symbolist or realist, spiritualist or psychologist, here, in twentieth century America, is such opportunity as never before existed. And here, too, is freedom from the dry rot of age and tradition, from the conservatism which kills the soul, from the dead past which like a mountain weighs upon the living brain.

George Luks feels this intensely. Moreover, he believes that the outlook for art in America is full of promise and cheer. Slowly, perhaps, but surely, Americans are learning to measure at its real worth the *cleverness* of academic art and to despise artificiality. "Because Millet was a peasant, born to peasant conditions and traditions, he painted peasant life and environment with virility and

conviction. But when a young middle-class American, leaving a beautiful country, goes over to Barbizon and tries to paint Millet's peasants in Millet's style, the result is a foredoomed failure," he says. "It is inevitable. Paint where you are is the wise rule for the artist. What need of going to other lands in quest of subjects to paint? In a single city block, a mile of New Jersey or New England lane, a Pittsburgh factory, or a single Western landscape, the true artist will find enough material for a lifetime, enough to fill a hundred years."

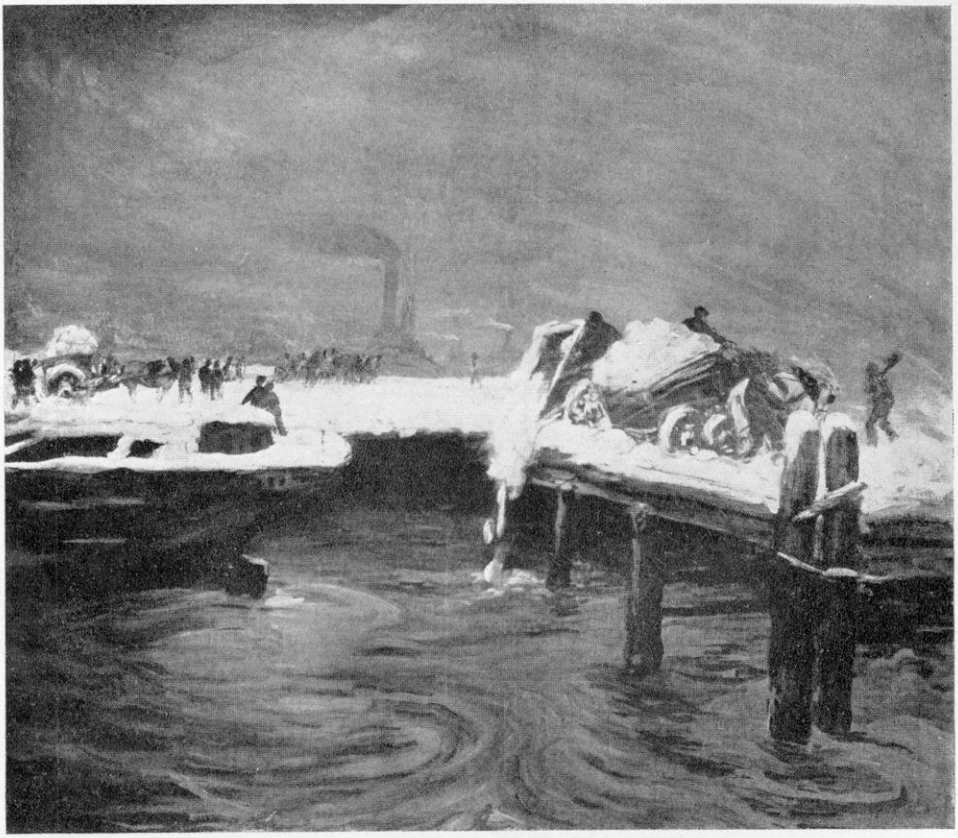
THAT this is the view of a growing body of accomplished and forceful artists is a fact of wholesome significance to America. How literally George Luks follows out his creed may be seen from his finished work and his multitudinous sketches. This gay scene in a café in Paris and this sombre, earnest scene in the café on East Broadway, where the celebrities of New York's Ghetto gather for intellectual debauch; this picture of crowded Houston Street, swarming with life and dominated by the spirit of barter, and this of the gray-haired puritan lady looking at the slightly *risqué* show posters, horribly shocked but terribly fascinated—all tell the same story of quick perception and rapid but wonderfully accurate work. There is a sense of quivering, feverish haste to catch and preserve the realism, but it is united to the sure, clean, exact stroke of a superbly trained hand. He wanders down through the Strand, London, and catches a glimpse of such a typical Cockney Jehu as Dickens would have loved to immortalize. He sees just what Dickens would have seen, with the same humorous eyes, and paints him as Dickens would if he painted. Or down on the East Side he sees two little maidens, waltzing on the sidewalk to the tune ground out by an Italian organ-grinder, and again his spirit is like that of Dickens. The little blonde German maiden with the wonderful hair that floats in the breeze, and the demure little daughter of Erin with the thick mass of red hair, dancing together, would have gladdened Dickens. The saucy, devil-may-care expression of the butcher's boy catches his fancy—or perhaps it is the combination of the raw beefsteak and the red sweater and auburn hair—and the result is a lifelike, appealing study in red. Or the little brown-haired Rachel, "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," with the deep, luminous eyes, as she carries the great green bowl on the white platter, inspires a rare vision of color and lives in a picture of indescribable charm.

In another mood he moves among the debris of the human

EAST SIDE CHILDREN DANCING TO HAND-ORGAN MUSIC: BY GEORGE B. LUKS.

"APPLE MARY," A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE ON LOWER BROADWAY: BY GEORGE B. LUKS.

THE PAWNBROKER'S DAUGHTER: BY GEORGE B. LUKS.



DUMPING SNOW FROM GANSEVOORT DOCK, NEW YORK: BY GEORGE B. LUKS.

struggle. With the grim and appalling psychologic power of a Gorky, he paints waifs and outcasts, beggars and harlots—creatures such as Higgins paints, but without Higgins' dramatic effect. His "Little Gray Girl," a frail slum starveling in an old shawl and a grotesquely misshapen hat, as she stands alone, forsaken and forlorn in the cold evening shadows, is a perfect symphony of sorrow and mute protest. The "Old Musician" with his accordion, "The Duchess"—no longer a familiar Tenderloin habitué—"Matches Mary" and "Apple Mary," and many another notable of the underworld of our great city are here. There are laboring types, too notably this sturdy figure of an Irish mason's laborer, whose legs, enormously over-developed below the knees, illustrate his saying: "Sure, there's a trick in the heavy liftin'. 'Stead o' liftin' wid me arms alone, I left wid me arms an' me legs." It is a magnificent picture of the typical Irish laborer as seen in our American streets.

Down on the Gansevoort Dock, New York City, laborers are unloading pig iron from the boats. The patient waiting horses, the gray overcast river and the straining movements of the men as they work are registered upon the canvas with astonishing rapidity and fidelity. Or again, on the same dock they are dumping the soiled snow of the city's streets into the river, and Luks sees artistic possibilities in the scene. He transfers to the canvas the starved look of the horse, the dull, leaden gray sky, the murky green of the river where the snow drops in heaps, and the rolling blackness beyond. It is a spirited canvas, full of irresistible charm and power. One does not wonder at the chorus of universal approval which it has elicited, for it is distinctly a great achievement. In the Academy it would have loomed up like a mountain rising out of the sea. But Luks is outside the charmed circle of the Academy, content to work on and follow the light to the hills. And as he plods on, radiant and cheerful, George Luks is leaving a well marked trail athwart the trackless wastes.

THE SIMPLICITY OF GIOSUE CARDUCCI: ITALY'S GREATEST MODERN POET: BY RAFFAELE SIMBOLI

E WAS the greatest poet of modern Italy, yet outside of of his own country but few knew of him; his name was not popular, since his works are not easily understood, nor are they of the character that follow the odd caprices of the public. In art, in politics, in private life, he was a rebel. He lived a solitary life and died as he had lived, an enemy of injustice, of bargaining, and despising all wealth, display and human vanity. His youth was one of enthusiasm, of conflicts and victories. During his early years he tried the most audacious forms of Italian metre; his enemies derided him as an iconoclast, but Carducci continued his way, and gradually saw other bold ones gather around him. Many regarded him as a fanatic, an odd, fantastic writer, half mad, but he believed in himself and his art. When after many years the historian of letters seeks the names of the thinkers of modern Italy, he will find Carducci the true colossus. His poems cover half a century of history and national life, the dawn of the Renaissance, the fire of Mazzini, the courage of Vittorio Emanuele and of Garibaldi, the repression of the Vatican, the new hopes, the new struggles, the taking of Rome. Dante was the poet of the fourteenth century; Carducci the poet of modern Italy. The singer of the "Odi Barbare," and the "Inno a Satana" aroused the indignation of an entire people. These poems are a mirror of the intellectual, moral and political life of modern Italy.

Carducci lived for seventy-two years at Valdicastello; his father was a physician and earned barely seven hundred francs a year. Wrinkled, vehement, he often frightened his patients, exaggerating the consequences of their illnesses, and then the peasants would revenge themselves by rapping vehemently at his door. The relatives of the poet were also persecuted wherever they went for political reasons. They finally disappeared when Carducci's mother died, and he wrote thus about her death to an editor:

"February thirteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy. This morning my poor dear mother died, and with her the last sad hour of my sad youth. Now they will bury her here, at the foot of the Apennines, far from her husband and her son. And where shall we end our lives? I do not know. It was she who guided the family to the best of her ability, and busied herself with everything. I thought

only of my studies and my ideas. What shall I do now with three children, two of whom are girls?"

On the thirtieth of August, eighteen hundred and ninety, Carducci returned to see his native land, and stopped to read the stone which the peasants had placed in the front of his house. His mother's name was Ghelli, but it had been carved as Celli. "Poor mother," said Carducci to a friend, "they even made a mistake in her name."

An old woman who heard this remark asked: "And are you then the great poet? I am your cousin," and hastened to explain the degree of relationship. Meanwhile rumors of his arrival had circulated all over the countryside, and a warm reception was accorded the poet.

RETURNING to his youth, it must be remembered that his first books were sold for one hundred francs a volume. "I should have been able to earn more money and sooner," he wrote, "but I always wished to do better, or at least the very best that I could. I have never had less respect for the art of writing; nor does anything offend me more than to have such propositions as these hurled in my face: 'Anything that you choose; it will do!' Oh, gentlemen, if it satisfies you, it does not satisfy me."

In Florence, Carducci went to school to the Scolopi Friars, where at once he made himself loved, notwithstanding his violent and rebellious nature. He was a lover of books even to exaggeration. Giuseppe Chiararini, his most intimate friend and accurate biographer, tells this curious anecdote: One day the poet returned home with the poetry of Ugo Foscoli; he ascended the stairs on his knees, and when he had reached his mother's room, he wished that the good woman should kneel and kiss the book. The next morning sitting on his bed, he declaimed the poems, many of which he already knew by heart.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-six, after having completed his studies at Pisa, he went to teach in the Ginnasio of San Miniato. When the cholera broke out he abandoned his books to go to the sick beds, together with his brother and two Sienese youths. Later, Carducci's brother killed himself, and the next year his father also died, leaving him an inheritance of little more than a dollar. Yet this was the most brilliant period of his life; he gave lessons in his house; he wrote articles in the library, as well as books and poetry. When the war of independence broke out, he published his first poems, all fire and patriotic love. Four years later he was still giving

lessons in literature in the Liceo of Pistoia, and finally the Minister Mamiani called him to the University of Bologna, where he taught until some years ago.

He always lived modestly, in a plain little house nestling close to the historic walls of Bologna. This house and his wonderful library were purchased by Queen Margherita, and given to the city of Bologna. Queen Margherita and Annie Vivanti are the only two women about whom the rebellious poet ever became enthusiastic. Carducci, describing his first visit to court, has a page of enthusiastic admiration for the queen mother, who was always a sincere friend to him. Annie Vivanti, toward the close of last year, related the manner in which she made the poet's acquaintance. She had presented herself to the publisher Treves, for the purpose of inducing him to publish one of her books of poetry. Treves shook his head and wished to hear nothing of it. "If there were an introduction by Carducci," he said, "we might talk of it——"

"Carducci? Who is he?" Annie Vivanti asked her brother, who advised her to go to Bologna. She was directed to the house of the poet and there a man opened the door, and asked her to enter.

"'What do you want?' the man asked me,—none other than Carducci himself," said she afterward, in telling of her visit.

"'I want an introduction to my poems.'

"A silence followed that made me break out into a cold sweat.

"'Ah!' said Carducci finally, 'you are a poetess. I thought you were the Queen of Sheba. A poetess! What have you read?' It seemed to me that he should have asked what I had written, and I was silent and abashed.

"'What do you know of our great ones? What do you know of Dante?'

"'Dore's illustrations,' I stammered, moved by an impulse of sincerity. Carducci laughed, a delightful, unexpected, merry laugh.

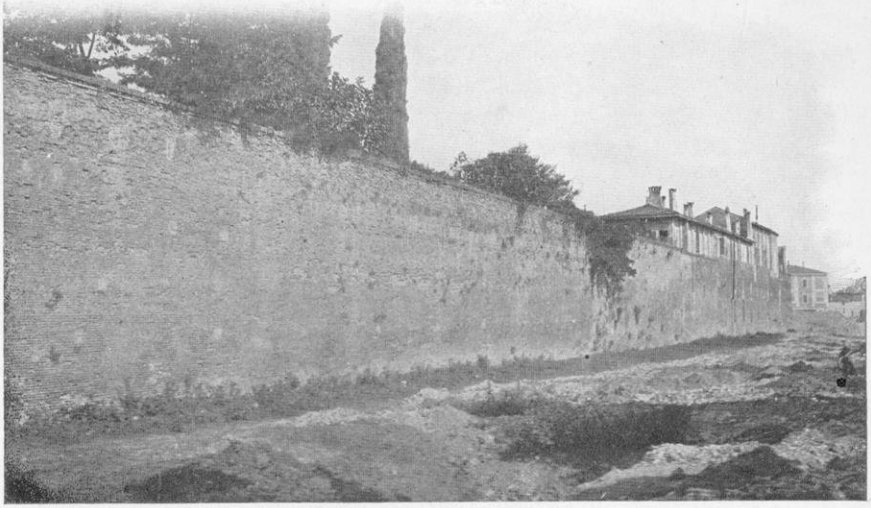
"'Sit down,' said he to me.

"And I sat down and told him about Treves, about Miss Gann, and my brother Italo. I drew from my pocket his "Odi Barbare," and told him that I had believed that he had been dead for three hundred years.

"He seemed quite content. But when I gave him the manuscript of the verses his face clouded.

"'Hm!' he grumbled, turning the first page, 'what pretty handwriting! I, too,' he added, looking fiercely at me as though I had contradicted him. 'I, too, write a pretty hand.'

GIOSUE CARDUCCI, ITALY'S
GREATEST MODERN POET.



THE HOUSE OF THE LATE GIOSUE CARDUCCI, SEEN FROM THE ROAD.

WHERE CARDUCCI PASSED HIS LAST DAYS IN BOLOGNA.

"Then he began reading: '*Vieni, amor mio*——' He muttered the first verses in his beard; then read the second strophe louder. The third he recited in a loud voice, accompanying the rhythm with gestures of his right hand, as though beating time.

'A sfondare le porte al paradiso
E riportarne l'estasi quaggiu!'

There was a moment of silence. Then Carducci struck the paper with his fist.

"'*Per Dio Bacco*, this woman has talent!' he said.

"He sat motionless, staring in my face with flashing eyes. I did not know whether to thank him or to deprecate his praise, when suddenly he rose, and worrying his beard, (how well I have learned to know this gesture), said to me roughly: 'Good-by!'

"'Good-by,' I replied, as though hypnotized, and he opened the door for me. I held out my hand, and felt a great desire to cry.

"'Where is your muff?' he suddenly asked. 'I do not know,' I said, and laughed.

"Carducci wandered absently around the room, looking for it. Then I explained to him that I had brought no muff with me. And he looked at me darkly from beneath his frowning brows, thinking of quite other things. Browning's lion flashed to my mind:

"'You could see by those eyes wide and steady
He was leagues in the desert already.'

"With joy in my heart, I realized that Carducci was thinking of my verses, and that it was for them that he had forgotten me. Later, when I came to know him better, I learned that he was incapable of thinking of more than one thing at a time. If his thoughts were elsewhere, what happened around him disappeared from his perception.

"Months afterward, when Treves had published the verses and the preface, I said to Carducci: 'Why did you ask me that day about my muff?' 'What day? What muff?' said he. I reminded him that he had wandered all around his drawing room, looking for it. 'You are dreaming,' he said, impatiently. 'And you are dreaming confusedly. I never looked for a muff.'"

FROM that day they became friends. Annie Vivanti's "Rosa Azzura" was performed at the Arena del Sole, Bologna. Carducci, who had for years given up attending theatrical performances, was present at this one. His presence alone sufficed to crowd the theater unusually. The first act was really successful, the

second received some applause, but at the third there was much whistling. Carducci, who had continued to applaud, suddenly rose, rigid and threatening, and shaking his clenched fists at the people, cried many times: "Cowards!" The crowd replied by applauding the poet noisily, but whistled at the comedy. Carducci only continued to applaud. He was never afraid to go against the current of popular opinion, and his brusque manners were never softened.

Once, at a reception given in his honor, he never opened his mouth. One evening in Milan, during a supper, conversation languished, and he felt that some subject must be started. Turning to his neighbor, he asked: "How many children have you?"

The lady, who had already assumed a smile of reverent attention, started: "I am not married," said she, blushing. There was utter silence around the table. For that evening he was left in peace, and he confessed that he never knew what to say to a woman.

In recent times it has been almost impossible to get speech with the old man. Woe to anyone who presented himself at his house or in the office of his publisher, Zanichelli! Everyone had orders not to allow importunate ones to enter. Carducci's third resort was the Caffé Cillario in Bologna; he was accustomed to go there every evening to play a game of chess with his friends, and drink a glass of good wine, for the poet was a great admirer of Bacchus, and also of his liquor. Was this well or ill for him? Possibly ill, but in any case no one could oppose him, or this deeply rooted habit of his, against which all arms would have been powerless.

His inclination to taciturnity was so great that he is said once to have remarked to his students: "He who is able to say a thing in ten words, but says it in twenty, I hold capable of evil deeds!"

Aside from his oddities and extravagances, it is certain that with him vanishes the greatest poet of Italy. With formidable powers of invention, he was a concise and violent polemicist, a fanciful poet, and an austere thinker. D'Annunzio's books have been honored with many translations, not so those of Carducci; because of the difficulty of turning into other languages his verse and prose as well as because of their special nature he did not enjoy the fame he deserved. But a few months before his death justice was done him in the award of the Nobel prize for literature. When the Italian papers undertook a bitter polemic in regard to this recognition, Carducci scornfully tore up everything that was said about him, and told his friends not to trouble themselves about the annoying affair. "I wish no charity!" said he.

A PRESENT FOR TEACHER: BY GRACE L. COLLIN

IT WAS well-nigh incredible. That morning's rumor seemed not half so likely to be true as other rumors circulated in the school-yard at recess—rumors to the effect that the principal employed barbed-wire instead of a ruler in the disciplining of naughty boys, or that Miss Hicks, the instructress of the highest grammar grade, had taught for a hundred years. No one could tell where this latest rumor had started, whether on the "boys' side," an arid stretch of scuffed gravel, echoing to barbaric whoops, or on the "girls' side," where the grass grew in tufts and a withered walnut tree made a rendezvous for the exchange of secrets. Perhaps this particular rumor had entered by neither of the latched gates marked "For Boys," or "For Girls," but by the central archway, whose semi-circle of iron was perforated in a pattern forming the announcement "Public School Number Two." This was the Teacher's Entrance, and the morning's incredible rumor was to the effect that a teacher, Miss Hanson, was to be married.

"I don't believe it," said Bobby Morris, recently promoted to the Middle Grade, of which Miss Hanson had charge. "I don't believe any man would dare ask a woman who knows as much as Miss Hanson to keep house for him. She never gets stuck in the multiplication table, and she can hold her pen just like the pictures of 'Correct position' on the inside cover of the copy books, and she can play 'As We Go Marching through Georgia' on the piano for us to do calisthenics by, and she can take pink and green chalks and draw a pattern of wild roses on the blackboard around the Roll of Honor names."

"I don't believe it's true, either," agreed Susie, the older sister, gazing with sentimental vagueness into the fernery on the luncheon table, "because I don't see what he and she could find to say that would possibly do for love-making. Of course he can t help remembering all the time that he's talking to a teacher, and must be careful not to say *me* for *I*. And his letters must be just like compositions, that she'd have to go over with red ink marks in the margins. Then he can't possibly come to see her, because the Grammar School Principal doesn't approve of callers, unless there's bad news in the family and they've come to take you home."

"Who is it you're chattering about?" asked Mr. Morris. "Miss Hanson—that nice, washed-and-ironed looking girl I pass on my way to the office?"

"That can't be the one you mean, father," said Susie, "if you call her a girl. She may look younger than some other teachers, but really they're all exactly the same age. Bessie Parker says so. The Principal told Mrs. Parker that his first requirement in a teacher was 'the age of discretion.' "

"I hope that nice little Miss Hanson has been discreet in her choice," Mrs. Morris observed. "You children must give her a nice wedding present—nothing elaborate or expensive, of course, but something to remind her of her loving young pupils."

"I'd like to see the wedding present that'd remind her of me," remarked Bobby. "I can t think what it'd look like."

THE clang of the "first bell" sounded through the air of District Number Two, and the children both jumped as if the bell addressed words of summons directly to their ears. Wherein lay the horror of being late to school, their parents could not fathom. Neither Bobby nor Susie sprang guiltily alert when it was a question of being late to bed, or to dinner, or to church. Investigation of school methods revealed no torment lying in wait for the offender who did not arrive at the storm door entrance before the lingering strokes of the last bell faded upon the air. Quoting Dr. Johnson's dictum to the effect that that which reason did not prompt, reason cannot account for, Mr. and Mrs. Morris finally agreed to let the little Morrises respond to the ringing of the first bell, like the genie to the rubbing of the lamp.

That evening the rumor of the morning was confirmed. Miss Hanson had been spied in the Teachers' Room, being embraced by Miss Hicks, the pedagogue of a century's experience. In the hallway, the janitor had been overheard to "make so bold as to bless her bright face." Bobby contributed the item that during geography period, the principal himself had made an affable entrance into the Middle Grade, and after Miss Hanson had directed the pupils to trace on their maps the courses of the Yang-tsi-kyang and the Hoang-ho, he had made facetious remarks to Miss Hanson, which had flushed her cheeks to a rosy pink above the linen collar. Further, Susie, herself a graduate from the Middle Grade and a devotee of the instructress, had lingered outside the perforated arch for Miss Hanson's exit, in order to accompany her as far as the corner where their ways parted. Hanging to the left hand of her idol (the right being occupied with the results of a written test in arithmetic) Susie had felt, under the glove, a jewelled ring on the fourth finger.

"And you needn't bother about Susie and me getting her a wedding present," said Bobby. "The Middle Grade is going to take up a subscription, and all together give her a present, and I'm chairman of the committee."

"Bobby on a presentation committee!" exclaimed Mr. Morris, recalling Bobby's unerringly bad taste in literature and art. "I'm proud of you, my son, but, for your future safety, I hope that Miss Hanson's fiancé may not know that it was you upon whom this honor was conferred."

"Oh, Bobby," appealed Mrs. Morris, anxiously recalling the boy's approval of the ornate china in a café, as contrasted with the willow pattern at home, "doesn't your committee think that it would be a good idea to let Miss Hanson herself choose, or if you want to surprise her, ask Miss Hicks to——"

"No, mother, the committee doesn't think that's a good idea at all," replied Bobby, setting his square chin. "Miss Hanson is our teacher, it's our pocket money, it's our present, it's our room, it's our——"

"That will do, Bobby," said Mr. Morris.

IT WAS the last day of the term. There had been exercises in the Middle Grade. "Pieces" had been spoken. Songs, pitched by Miss Hanson in a La-a-a that had never before been so emotionally tremulous, had been sung. An intricate march and drill had been executed up and down the aisle and "on the floor." Then Miss Hanson, in a voice shakier than ever, had made a little speech of farewell to the "dear children, whom she would always remember, and who, she hoped, wouldn't qui-*quite* forget her." It was all as it should be, but now, on Mrs. Morris's face, grew deeper the expression of apprehension that had lain there like a shadow all the afternoon. For, rising with that jaunty air which awakened forebodings in his mother's heart, Bobby Morris, chairman of the presentation committee, grasped in his strong, energetic hands a flat parcel, secreted in his desk till this moment, and advanced to the desk. His few well chosen remarks (framed by Mr. Morris during luncheon) were lost upon Mrs. Morris, as she sat with eyes riveted upon the package, while all the atrocities of the village shops, so attractive to the eyes of Bobby and his colleagues, defiled before her mental vision.

With a girlish anticipation, Miss Hanson snipped the wrappings, and then, with a delighted smile, held up an admirable photograph

of the Mona Lisa, framed in a dull wood whose sepia tints were in perfect keeping. With a gasp of amazed relief, Mrs. Morris sank back upon her bench.

"This is perfectly lovely," beamed Miss Hanson. "I really think I must thank the parents as well as the pupils, for suggesting the choice of this fine replica of a masterpiece which happens to be a particular favorite of mine."

Bobby shot a complacent glance across the benches. "Nobody but the committee had any say-so about it," he mentioned.

"That makes it even more significant," replied Miss Hanson. "I almost think that my little illustrated talks on art may have had some influence. This picture is doubly gratifying. I shall always treasure it. Perhaps you children will repeat for me the latest motto in the copy book, as its sentiment seems most applicable here. You may remember it, for you each wrote it fourteen times last week."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," chorused the children, triumphantly.

WITHOUT intruding on the private affairs of your committee," suggested Mr. Morris, at the next gathering of that family, "may I ask how you happened to hit upon, er—select—La Giaconda?"

"Huh?" asked Bobby. "Oh, you mean the woman in Miss Hanson's present. Well, ever since that time I got taken to the art exhibition, I haven't forgotten the homely things that people said were good looking. And sometimes, when I'd finished my practical problems the first in the class, Miss Hanson showed me an art book that she kept in her desk, with pictures of the same sort, only worse. So, when the boys on the committee decided that the present would be a picture out of a picture store, and not a sofa pillow, or a bureau set, or a plated water pitcher (because the girls, when they disagreed, got to crying in department stores), I said:

"'Now, see here, do you want to choose something artistic?'

"And they said, 'yes.'

"Then I said, 'Do you know how to tell when it is artistic?'

"And they said, 'no.'

"'Well, I do,' I told 'em. 'You hunt around for the worst bargain for your money, until you find the poorest looking, dullest colored picture you ever saw, drawn by a man who worked before they taught free-hand.'

"So the picture man took us to a section where there were quite

a few like what I said. 'Now,' said I, 'of all these guys, which is the worst?'

"Well, some chose one and some another, but when we noticed the cracks of the old canvas showing through that one photograph, we decided on La What-do-you-call-her. But it had a bully frame, shiny as glass, cut in a pattern like Number Fifteen for advanced workers, in the book that came with Will Baxter's jig-saw. Of course I knew that frame would never do, because we all liked it. The girls came near crying again, but I had the picture man bring out one frame after another, till he showed one that didn't look finished, and was so ugly it made the boys want to fight me for calling it 'artistic.' But I said,

"'Now, just wait a minute and see if I ain't (am not, yes, mother) right.' And I asked the price, and you can bet your bottom dollar (no, father, I won't say it again), that horrid, mean, hateful picture cost more, for that number of square inches, than anything else in the store. And that rough old frame—why, it came seventeen cents a foot higher than the shiny one.

"So then the committee knew that I was right, and we all went off and had soda-water because we'd worked so hard, and they treated me to my glass, because I knew how to pick out a present for teacher that'd be 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever,' I think it's a good idea to understand art, after all."

THE SIGN

HER smiling is the sun for me,
Though in her eyes the rain-floods dwell;
For I, who know her heart so well
Through love's divining,
Can see the sudden sign, can see,
Like to a gold-swept amethyst
Between the sunlight and the mist,
Love's rainbow shining.

AGNES LEE.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE WITH BEN GREET AND HIS MERRY WOODLAND PLAYERS: THEIR HAPPINESS IN THE SIMPLE THINGS OF LIFE A LESSON IN THE JOY OF LIVING: BY SELENE AYER ARMSTRONG

"They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world."—As You Like It.

N THE deep forest, on the river bank by moonlight, or perhaps under the trees of some city park or village playground, behold! in this America of ours, an Old World miracle—Will Shakespeare's men and women come to life. From May until September our hills and forests are peopled with the blithe host of them, *Rosalind* and *Orlando; Hermia* and *Lysander;* the gentle *Miranda* and good *Prospero; Benedick* and *Beatrice; Viola, Olivia, Orsino, Malvolio;* and even *Sir John Falstaff* and the *Merry Wives.* To these forest folk "all the world's a stage," and enacting their comedies in whatever out-of-door spot trees and grass may flourish, they weave into the sunny fabric of their pastoral art the joy of life in the open and of good fellowship with Nature.

Four years ago Mr. Ben Greet, who has long been famous for his out-of-door presentations of Shakespeare's pastoral plays, came to America, bringing his charming company of English youths and maidens. In England the company has acted much at Oxford, Cambridge, London's Royal Botanical Gardens under the patronage and presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Carisbrooke Castle on the Isle of Wight, and at the most beautiful ancestral homes of "Shakespeare's England,"—Lowther Lodge; Wilton Park, where "As You Like It" is said to have been written and first acted; Ashbridge, where Princess Elizabeth lived before she became Queen; Royston, and Warwick Castle.

The first pastoral given by the actors in America was at Columbia University, and they have since become known from the East coast to the West for their out-of-door plays, their repertoire including "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." At the earliest sign of summer these woodland players take leave of glaring footlights and artificial scenery, which are tolerated as necessary evils in the winter season's indoor Elizabethan productions, and begin their pastoral life.

BEN GREET'S WOODLAND PLAYERS

"Right joyful we are to leave the hard work of the winter for this delicious out-of-door existence," Sybil Thorndike, a member of Mr. Greet's company whom I first knew as *Rosalind*, writes me from the forest in which they are playing. "The plays take on new life, as it were, None of it is like acting, but is as if we were really privileged to change places for a time with Shakespeare's men and women in their natural environment."

THE simplicity and joyousness which are dominant notes in the pastoral art of the Ben Greet Players reflect faithfully the spirit of their forest life. For the men and women of this merry band find happiness in the world's simplest and almost forgotten sources, in the feel of the good brown earth, in the companionship of silent growing things, in wind and sunshine and the pageantry of a setting sun.

The company being almost entirely English, its members have that love of outdoor life and things which is inherent in their countrymen, and their fondness for the open has made them practised to a degree we Americans have not yet attained in being happy and comfortable when out of doors. Upon their arrival at a town, instead of spending their days at a stuffy hotel, they always picnic in whatever beautiful spot has been chosen for their stage—on the college campus, at the country club, or in some deep forest skirting the city. Each girl has her tea basket, well stored with simple provisions of tea, bread and butter, cakes and fruit, and equipped with forks, spoons and quaint blue cups and plates. When the last words of the play have been spoken, and the audience has taken a lingering farewell of the enchanted spot, the cloth is spread under the trees, and the favored guest sits down to tea with *Rosalind* and *Orlando* and their companions, all in their old world costumes. No silks and laces are worn, but only such quaint, simple stuffs and stout leathers as clothed the foresters of Arden, or withstood sun and rain on *Prospero's* island. And so the twilight hour passes with jest and laughter, in all of which Mr. Greet himself takes the lead, until the calcium lights in the trees throw their mysterious shadows, and the call of the trumpet assembles the audience for the evening performance.

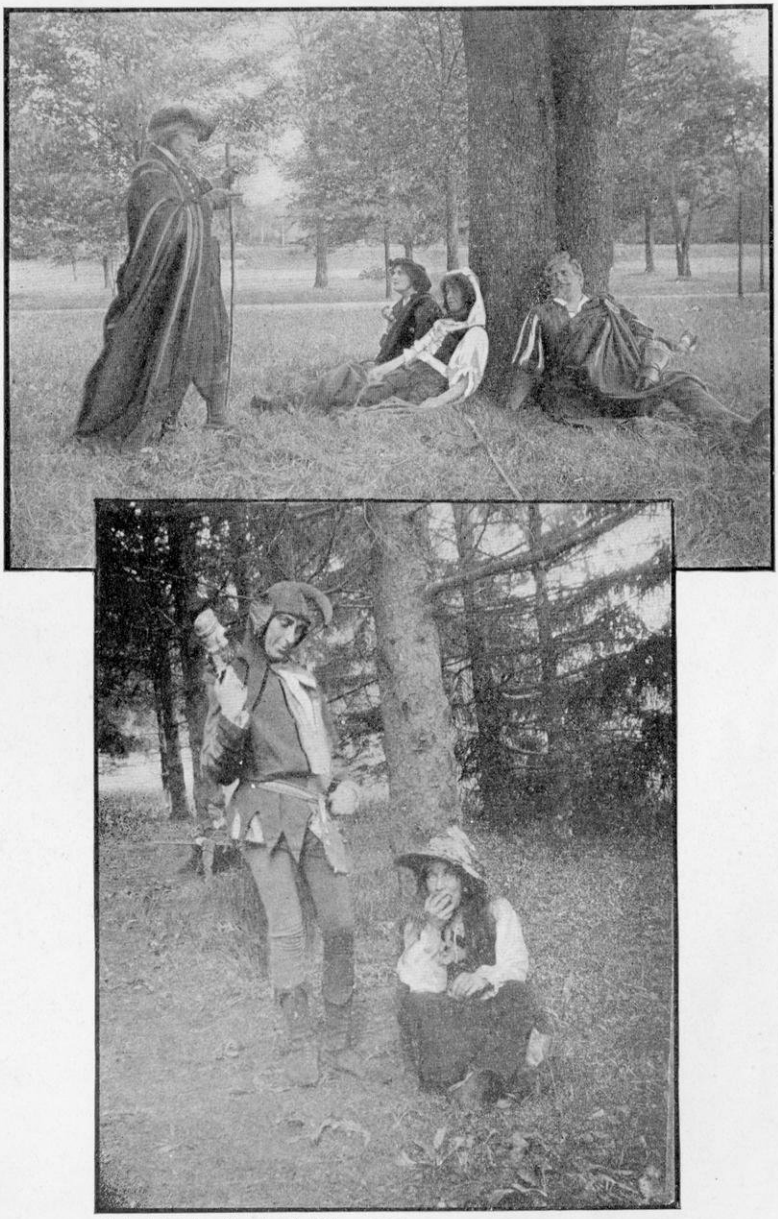
So nearly is the art of these players at one with Nature that a whim of the elements but frequently serves to heighten the dramatic intensity of a situation, and to make the acting more convincing. At Ravanai Park, a beautiful amusement place on Lake Michigan, twenty miles north of Chicago, Mr. Greet gave one evening a per-

formance of "The Tempest." The weather was fine until the play began, when one of those sudden storms frequent on the lake front was threatened. Trees were swayed by the wind, and a few great raindrops fell. The sky grew black at the very moment in which *Miranda*, who grasped the possibilities of the situation, pleaded with her father to allay the storm. A tremendous Saturday evening audience was present, but not a person moved. They sat as if spell-bound at the dramatic spectacle of *Miranda*, with her arms about the neck of a magnificent young giant who played *Prospero*, pleading with him to control a storm which was actually threatening to the point of making the timid afraid. *Caliban* follows on with the lines:

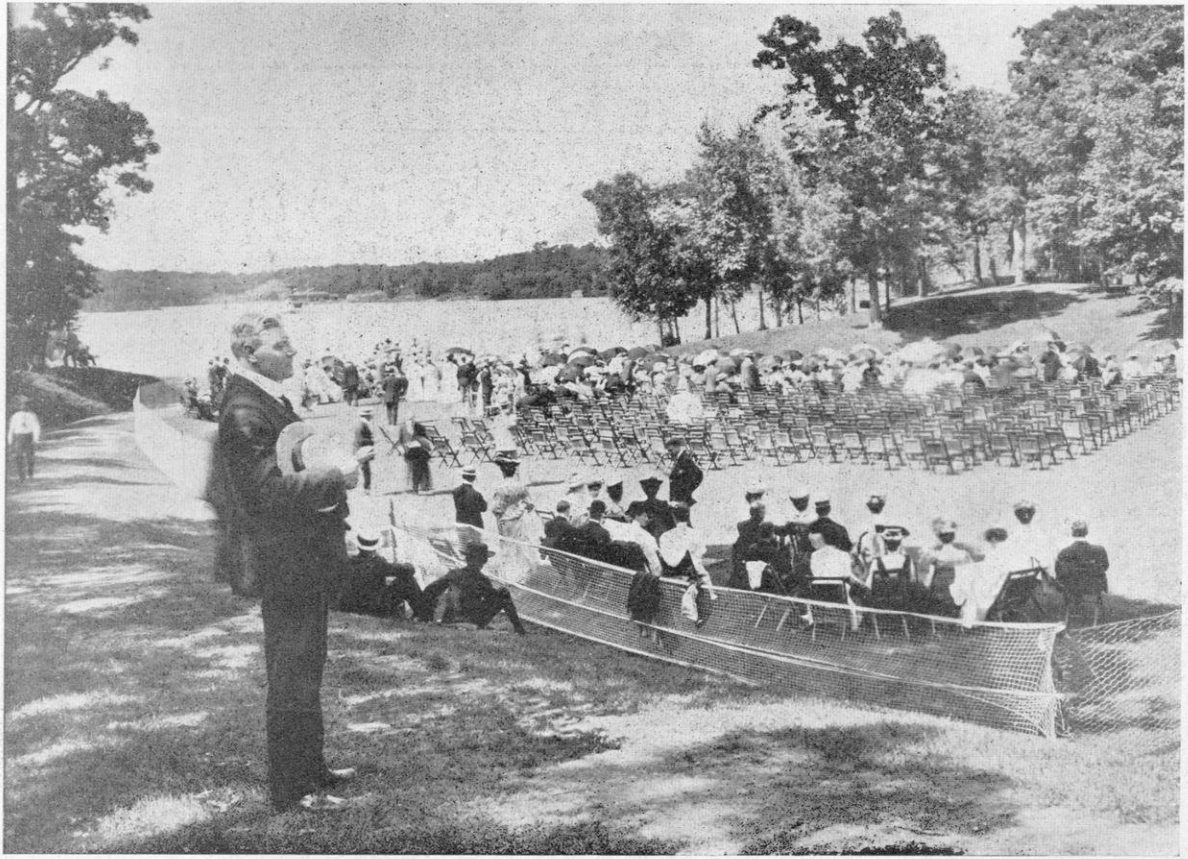
> "As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
> With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
> Drop on you both! A Southwest blow on ye
> And blister you all o'er!"

Hereupon the audience cheered its delight at the humor of the situation. Shortly, as if by the intervention of some supernatural agency, the storm cleared as suddenly as it had gathered, and the performance proceeded successfully.

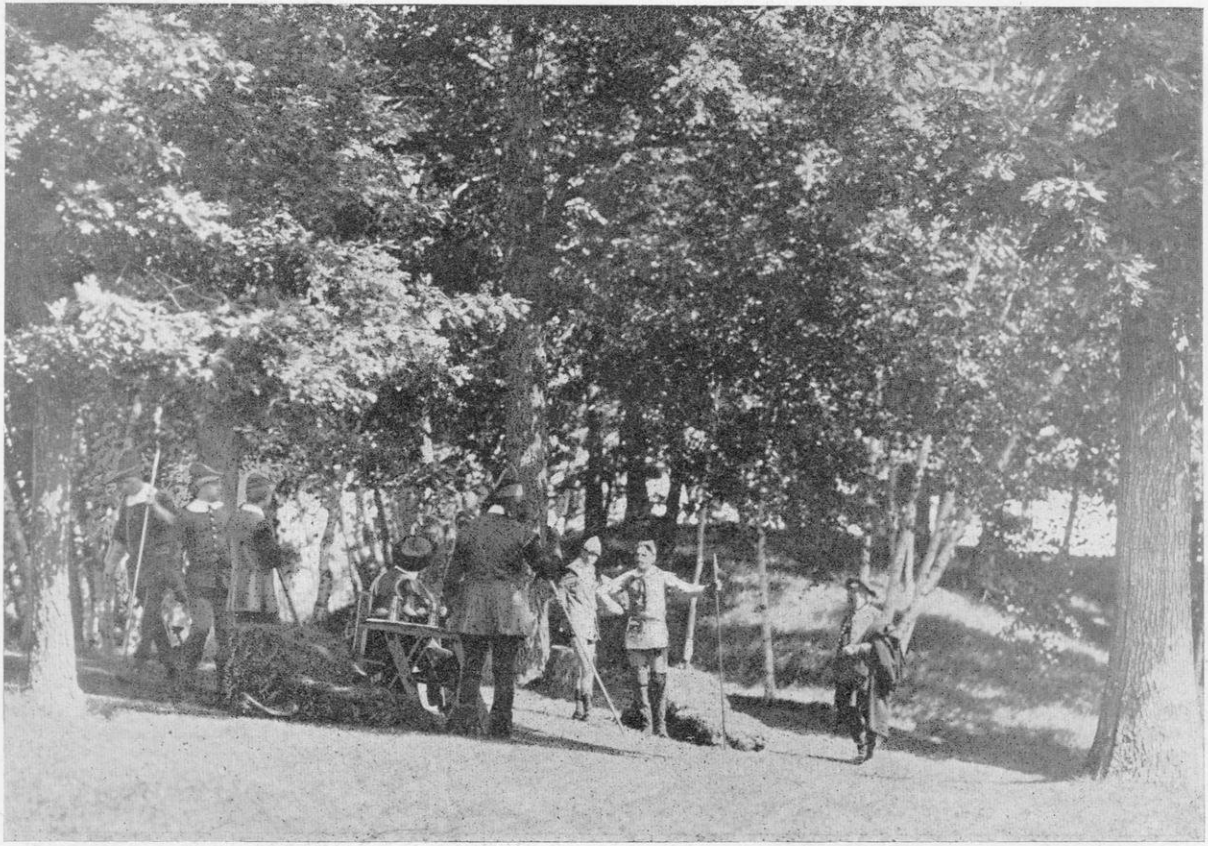
On another occasion, when the company was presenting " Midsummer Night's Dream," *Titania*, looking up at an uncertain moon, spoke the line "The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye," and a gentle rain began to fall. The audience simply laughed heartily and raised its umbrellas for the moment, while the play continued uninterruptedly. At the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, the company gave "As You Like It" in what is one of the most magnificent natural forests in the South. Responding to the enthusiasm of the students and the beauty of the environment, the actors told me they had never so enjoyed a performance, and that they had never given so inspired a rendition of the play. Young Sybil Thorndike filled the rôle of *Rosalind* with a spontaneity that was irresistible, and when she reached the words in the epilogue, "If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me," a burst of laughter and cheers from the great audience showed that the suggestion was fully appreciated by the ready witted and fun loving Southern students, already wild with delight at the effect of the most charming comedy in the world as played in its native forest glades, and cheer after cheer for *Rosalind* so embarrassed the young actress that she forgot the rest of her lines and turned and fled as if for her life.



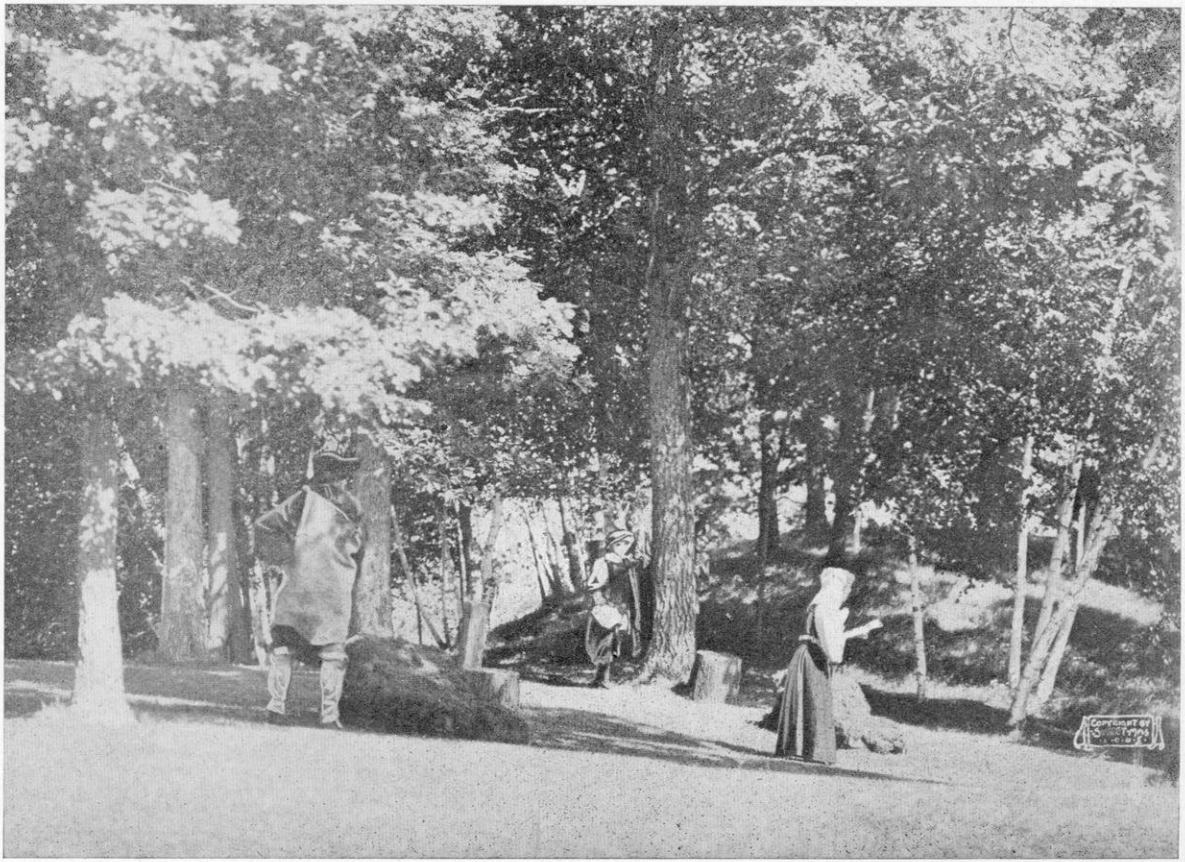
TWO SCENES FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT," AS GIVEN OUT OF DOORS BY BEN GREET'S PLAYERS.



BEN GREET WAITING FOR THE AUDIENCE TO GATHER IN AN OUTDOOR THEATER ON THE SHORES OF LAKE MINNETONKA.



THE TREES ARE THE SCENERY, AND THE EXITS AND ENTRANCES ARE MADE FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST.



SHOWING THE POETIC VALUE OF FOREST SETTINGS FOR SHAKESPEARE'S FOREST FOLK IN ONE OF BEN GREET'S OUTDOOR PERFORMANCES.

FROM which incidents it may be seen that the naturalness and exquisite freshness of these pastoral plays is largely due to the actors' *rapport* with their out-of-door surroundings—a *rapport* born of their genuine joy in Nature and of their mode of living. In the simple and robust happiness that loiters with them along the open road they catch the spirit and read the innermost meaning of the comedy they play so blithesomely,

> "And this their life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Mr. Greet's idea of playing Shakespeare out of doors was inspired not less by his interest in a revival of true Elizabethan presentations than by the artistic possibilities of pastoral art, Recognizing the superiority of natural scenery to artificial; of real trees and sky to painted ones; and appreciating the poetic value of forest settings for Shakespeare's forest folk, Mr. Greet has achieved by perfectly simple means an art which, though stripped of every convention, is at once exquisite and satisfying. The test of this art, a test which must prove the undoing of any criticism that would measure it by conventional standards, is in the appeal it makes to the spectator. The joy of the actors, the poetry of treatment and environment, never fail to communicate themselves to the audience. In illustration of this, I cannot forbear quoting the words of a man who expressed what scores of men and women familiar with Mr. Greet's art have told me of its effect upon them. Said he, "The first time I ever saw the Ben Greet Players present 'Midsummer Night's Dream' was at Rockford, Illinois. They played one evening in a grove of oak trees on the bank of the Rock River. The river flowed behind them, and from somewhere in the trees soft music was heard. It was in August, and in the distant background a wonderful harvest moon, all red, came up. The actors, in their Greek costumes, seemed the most natural and beautiful part of the scene. As a spectacle, I shall never forget it. We all showed signs of tears, and I cared not whether a line were spoken, had I but been allowed to look." A never-to-be-forgotten spectacle! This impression is conveyed without one piece of stage scenery, and is to a large extent, the subjective result of the atmosphere of poetry and beauty created by the actors. To create such an atmosphere is the chief concern of each player, no matter how trivial may be his rôle. With Mr. Greet "the play's the thing," and the performance must exploit the play, rather than some one or two leading players.

"I have no stars," he told me. "We all work for the ensemble, for we know that the whole is no stronger than its weakest part." The result is both strength and unity.

The artistic success achieved by Mr. Greet and his players, entirely without the aid of artificial means, and by sheer strength of the poetic and joyous spirit which marks their treatment of these pastoral plays, is the more significant in view of the dependency of both modern and classical productions upon spectacular effects. Their work is a movement in the direction of simplicity and naturalness in the art of the stage, even as their happiness in the simple and natural things of life is a lesson in the art of living.

THE BIRD

ALWAYS my heart has longed to hear
A certain bird whose lyric cry
Is like a rainbow through the sky;
But never came the wonder near.

Sometimes when dreaming in the dawn
I hear it in the hills of sleep
Singing far off—and wake to weep,
For with the light the voice is gone.

But when I sought it one strange day
Deep in the woods, they say to me
It came and sang in the willow tree
Beside my door—and I away!

O bird of dream and mystery!
Though yearning for thee I despair,
Maybe I nevermore would dare
To sing myself—had I heard thee.

ELSA BARKER.

THEY PLAYED ONE AUGUST NIGHT IN A GROVE OF TREES ON THE BANK OF A RIVER, AND BACK IN THE TREES SOFT MUSIC WAS HEARD.

Photographs by Henry C. Myers, Ph.D.

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF FAIRYLAND: BY HENRY C. MYERS, PH. D.

HE Hawaiian Islands, as we know them to-day and since June fourteenth, nineteen hundred, are an organized Territory of the United States comprising eight larger islands with a population of about one hundred and fifty-four thousand and several small rocky islands still uninhabited. The future of this group is not difficult to predict when we observe that the white skin is unsuited to the actinic rays of blazing tropical sunlight and that more than sixty-three thousand Japanese have already taken possession, and are being instructed according to our most advanced and effective free school system, and by our best American teachers. In Hawaii the Japanese already outnumber the whites nearly five to one. The Hawaiian race is rapidly disappearing and is no longer a factor in considering the future of these islands; the Chinese, according to our Federal exclusion laws, are no longer admitted, a circumstance which is peculiarly unfortunate, as the mixing of Hawaiian and Chinese blood has produced the most intelligent and capable men and women known to the islands. Of the other dark-skinned races the Portuguese, Porto Rican, Korean and Negro comprise only a few thousand and are unimportant.

The Japanese are eager and alert, not in adopting American ideals, but in making a new Japan of the Hawaiian Islands, and, indeed, the simple life of these hardy, frugal people seems far better suited to climatic conditions than do our complexities of dress and food.

Education in the Hawaiian Islands began eighty years ago. American missionaries printed the first spelling books in eighteen hundred and twenty-two, from which time up to eighteen hundred and thirty, the students were largely adults of the families of chiefs. One school alone boasts of having educated four kings, one queen and a queen consort as well as others prominent in the affairs and progress of the day.

In eighteen hundred and thirty-one formal measures were taken to establish a model school at each mission station, after which the attendance gradually changed from adult to juvenile. Public school instruction dates back to the passage of the first school law, in eighteen hundred and forty one, by the king and council, and in eighteen hundred and forty-three a department of public instruction was created with a minister of the crown as its head. Under the territorial government the executive head is styled the "Superintendent of Public Instruction," and public schools are no longer taught in the

Hawaiian language, the basis of all instruction being English. In the early days of California children were sent to Honolulu to be educated, and today our great mainland colleges may be entered from the schools of the territory.

The Hawaiians have always been loyal to their beautiful islands, and to this love of country must be accredited the maintenance of fifty-nine private schools with two hundred and sixty-three teachers and five thousand two hundred and four pupils in attendance. The Japanese children, as a rule, receive instruction in their own tongue at some private institution later in the afternoon after having attended the public schools. So eager are they for learning that one sees the impatient smaller children, as early as six o'clock, bare headed and bare footed, with school bag and lunch pail of rice and fruit, trudging along toward the schoolhouse, where they wait for hours till instruction is given. These irresistible youngsters, as one sees them along the country roadways, are sufficiently suggestive of elves and wood nymphs to be a most picturesque and characteristic feature of this tropical fairyland.

The teachers, as well as the pupils, in either the private or public schools, represent fully ten different races; the private schools, however, employing relatively more teachers of foreign parentage than do the public schools. The number of American teachers in the public schools is twice that of any other race; the teachers of part Hawaiian blood come next in number, and the pure Hawaiians third. There is not a Japanese instructor in any public school, and very few Chinese.

Comparative Table of Teachers by Race and Nativity.
Public Schools.

	1894	1904
Hawaiian	70	58
Part Hawaiian	50	90
Americans	77	168
British	36	36
Germans	1	6
Portuguese	6	27
Scandinavians	6	7
Japanese	..	..
Chinese	..	4
Other Foreigners	1	4
Totals	247	400

Comparative Table of the Nationality of Pupils Attending Schools in the Territory of Hawaii for the Years	1894	1904
Hawaiian	5,177	4,983
Part Hawaiian	2,103	3,267
Americans	285	931
British	184	226
Germans	208	252
Portuguese	2,551	4,448
Scandinavians	83	93
Japanese	113	3,313
Chinese	529	1,875
Porto Rican	....	437
Other Foreigners	74	192
Totals	11,307	20,017

In the matter of offenses, larceny, truancy and disobedience to parents take the lead. Judging by reports of the industrial schools, the worst behaved pupils are American, and the best, by far, are the Chinese. The tendency toward disobedience to parents is particularly noticeable in the Hawaiian girls. In quietness of manner, love of family and good citizenship the Chinaman is conspicuous; he is unaggressive and is the true aristocrat of the Islands.

The percentage increase of Japanese students for the past ten years is appalling, and, from such statistics, the future of the Hawaiian Islands is not difficult to predict. Indeed, one is led to wonder if the future of all our insular possessions is not, after all, less dependent upon legislation than upon the effect of the actinic rays.

RAISING THE STANDARD OF EFFICIENCY IN WORK: PRACTICAL TRAINING GIVEN BY THE MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS: BY CLARENCE OSGOOD

A GROUP of New York business men in the City Club one evening last winter were discussing the inefficiency of the average worker. Almost every man present told of some experience of his own, and the keynote sounded by all was the great difficulty of securing efficient labor. It was a monotonous recital of depressing failure and weakness which apparently lay at the heart of our whole industrial system.

They were all hard-headed, practical business men, who, quite dispassionately and without theorizing, were discussing a matter of great importance, a common experience pointing to a grave defect somewhere in our educational system. One told of incompetent workmen demanding high pay, with no thought of giving an equivalent return in service. Another told of workmen with no interest, no feeling of pride in their work. A third complained of men who, though skilled enough as workmen, could not be trusted, but needed to be watched lest they do inferior work, notwithstanding that they had no apparent interest in "scamping" their task. A fourth spoke of the difficulty of securing capable domestic servants and told stories of his wife's experiences, while a fifth complained of his office staff, men and women. He cited the case of a young stenographer who had lately come to him direct from one of the business colleges where stenographers are trained, specially recommended as being a quick, accurate and intelligent worker; he had found her far from possessing any of these qualifications. "She is absolutely incompetent," he said. "If I keep her I must pay her full wages while she virtually learns her business at my expense. And when she has learned it, she will either marry or take another position."

Then it was that one who had not spoken before brought the discussion to a practical head. "That's it. We all feel inefficiency most keenly, I suppose. I employ hundreds of men and women in my factories, and suffer more from that than anything else. We've always got vacancies for bright, efficient men and women, but most who come to us are absolutely unemployable. From the office down through all the grades in the factory, mechanics and laborers alike, men as well as women, it is the same. What is wrong? Is it in us, in our industrial methods, or in the human material we get?"

"I fancy the weakness is in our educational system," responded the one who had spoken of his stenographer. "In the first place our schools are not efficient. Too much is attempted, perhaps; thoroughness sacrificed to fads and frills. Then, also, the whole psychology of our school training seems to be in the direction of regarding manual labor as menial and degrading. A false sense of values leads many a bright lad to scorn the chance of becoming a good, well-paid mechanic and to prefer the lot of a poorly paid, petty lawyer. Similarly, many a bright girl is struggling to make a living selling miserable little water-color drawings, or stupid but hard-wrought literary products, simply because she has learned to regard honest work as a degradation. The schools may not have taught her that, but they have not taught her differently: they have not taught her that to earn a dollar meeting some need, supplying some real demand in the world for service, is far more honorable than to receive a dollar for something which is not honestly worth the dollar to the buyer. So far, I believe, our schools fail, but that is only part of our problem. When the school turns the boys and girls over to us, the masters of industry, what do we do? Is it not a fact that we at once set about exploiting their present usefulness, regardless of the future? We have little or no interest in their development such as the masters of industry had in the old days of the apprentice system. Alas! we have no apprentice system in these days, more's the pity.

"Yes, modern parents would not consent to apprentice their sons and daughters. As long as there is so great a demand for their service, however crude and untaught it may be, at immediate remuneration, it is not to be expected that many parents will have the wisdom to forego present gain in the interest of the future. Further than that, how many of us are in a position to promise to do for a boy or girl what the old time employer promised—and did? There are two sides to the question of apprenticeship. The old apprentice system is impossible, but it seems to me that some plan could be devised whereby its vital principles, augmented by modern advantages, might be grafted on to our school system. A boy or girl could could then pass directly from the grammar school to the trade school and be prepared to enter any chosen trade; not fully as competent as the experienced man, perhaps, any more than the apprentice at the close of his term of apprenticeship was, but they could at least be made competent to do certain things well and quickly, and could be given a thorough knowledge of the principles of the trade as a

whole. More important still, they could be trained to apply those principles to whatever variations of the trade they might be called upon to face."

IT IS suggestive of much in our modern city life that not far away, in the same city where this conversation took place, an experiment along these very lines, for training young girls to go into various trades, has been carried on for some years, and has attracted much comment in educational circles throughout Europe and America. Yet these business men, feeling keenly the evil, were ignorant of the attempt made to remedy it. In a civic way they were just as inefficient as the workers they complained of were in an industrial and economic way. For there are duties of citizenship, as important as the duties of occupation. It is as much the duty of the citizen to be an efficient unit of the community, to know the business of citizenship, as it is the duty of the servant or artisan to be efficient in his particular calling.

The experiment in industrial education referred to above is the Manhattan Trade School for Girls. Established just five years ago, it has in this short time attained an international reputation as one of the most important and successful efforts yet made in America to make education a practical training to the student about to enter in the industrial life of the nation as a worker. Here the best features of the ancient apprenticeship system and the mediæval guilds have been reinforced by the best features of the modern school system. It has very definite aims which are never for a moment lost sight of. Realizing that a very large number of young girls must, as soon as they leave the public schools, enter the industrial field and become self-supporting, and that many of the evils incidental to women's work are directly traceable to the inefficiency of the workers themselves, it aims to reach girls leaving the public schools who must work for a living, and to receive them as apprentices. It provides each of these apprentices with: First, a training which will make her skilled in a specific trade as quickly as her individual abilities allow, so that when she begins actual work she is an efficient worker commanding the highest possible wages. Second, a training which, while specialized to the extent indicated, includes such a thorough knowledge of the principles underlying a whole group of trades included in one general industry, and such development of the capacity to apply those principles to special demands, as to enable her to so adapt herself as to be able to change from one trade to any of

the allied trades without loss of efficiency. Third, a training to fit her mentally and physically to cope with actual conditions of shop life and shop work in the industry she enters. Fourth, a training which enables her to understand her relation to her employer, the relation of her own special work to the work of her fellows and to the industry as a whole, and the relation of the industry to the life of the nation.

At present, there are about four hundred and fifty of these student-apprentices in the school. Most of them have graduated from the grammar schools, but by no means all of them. Graduates are preferred, for the simple reason that the teachers have found by experience that the mental training given in the public schools is a very valuable aid to industrial training. But any girl who is fourteen years of age and entitled to leave school, or any girl who has graduated, even though she be less than fourteen years of age, is welcomed to the Trade School, provided it is her serious intention to earn her living at one of the trades taught by the school, and that her parents or guardians approve. When one thinks of the enormous advantages offered by such a course of training and the fact that this is the only school of its kind in the city, it is remarkable that there should be a dearth of girls willing to enter the school, but such is the fact. The managers find that there is, even among the poor, a stupid, but very real, prejudice against the idea of sending their daughters into trades. The words "trade" and "work" seem to imply a certain amount of social degradation. It is the same unintelligent, deep-seated prejudice which exists against domestic service. Mothers, otherwise perfectly intelligent, are horrified at the thought of their daughters being called "work-girls." Even though wages be much lower and conditions of labor far inferior from every point of view, physical and moral, they greatly prefer to have their daughters called "salesladies" or some other "respectable" name. Girls with absolutely no aptitude for the work an intelligent office assistant ought to be qualified to do, but who might make very competent machine operators in a factory where ladies' or children's clothing is made, at good wages, are turned out as poor, inefficient stenographers, compelled to a life of drudgery at low wages, simply because they are sacrificed to an ignorant prejudice against useful work, a false sense of respectability. The intelligence with which the teachers combat this foolish prejudice against honest labor is an intelligence of great and abiding value in the lives of the girls and their parents.

THE Manhattan Trade School for girls provides instruction in the following trades: Dressmaking, from the cheapest grades to the very fine and costly; Millinery, from the very lowest priced to the more costly individual "creations;" Electric machine operating, in all its grades and divisions; Novelty work in paste and glue, ranging from the placing of merchants' samples on cards to the manufacture of the most elaborate and costly satin-lined jewelers' cases for plate and jewelry. When a girl applies for admission to the school she is requested to choose which department she will enter. Generally the mother comes along and has the deciding word. The choice is, let us say, millinery. Now millinery is not a good trade for a girl to adopt. In the first place, it is what the census people call a "seasonal occupation;" that is, it is confined to certain busy seasons and there are corresponding periods of slackness when it is practically impossible to obtain employment. Then, too, it is—except in the highest branches—one of the lowest paid trades in which women are employed. It is almost always overcrowded; the workshops are often small and dingy and infrequently inspected. Finally, as a result of all these circumstances, the moral status of the trade is notoriously low. "Why do you want Elsie to learn millinery, Mrs. Blank?" the superintendent asks. "Why not learn dressmaking and go into one of the big factories?" "Oh, but I couldn't think of letting her go into one of those horrid factories, where she is sure to meet such bad company. My daughter will never be a common factory-girl if I can help it!"

Now, if the superintendent has found out that Elsie has talents which point to her success in the higher branches of the millinery trade—and they have a month's probation, I believe—she will not discourage her. But otherwise she may argue Elsie's mother out of her narrow prejudices. She may point out that in a factory a girl is even more isolated than in a small workshop; that bad companions will be just as easily found in stores, offices and small shops as in the factories; that a large, airy, well-lighted, up-to-date factory, constantly inspected, is far preferable to a dingy little back room with poor light and ventilation in Madame Le Bon's on Fifth Avenue—even though the factory may be on the East Side somewhere. The superior wages are urged as a further consideration, and very often Elsie becomes something else, an electric machine operator, perhaps, or a maker of novelties. Almost invariably the girls live to see the wisdom of the advice thus given. How they appreciate the school is shown by the fact that there are some forty groups of wage-earn-

ers who owe their present positions largely to the training received in the schools. These groups last year contributed almost twenty-five hundred dollars, mostly in pennies and nickels, to the funds, thus helping to provide the advantages of the school for girls too poor to be able to attend unless paid a sum equivalent to what they could earn at the time.

If a girl elects to learn dressmaking, she is at once put upon some definite piece of useful work. There is no useless stitching upon a useless bit of calico to be thrown away, simply for the sake of the practice in stitching. From the first hour, "every stitch must have a purpose." All the class rooms are kept as nearly as possible like ordinary workrooms, and all the other conditions of actual industry are maintained as far as possible. There is the same discipline, the same responsibility and the same incentive to accurate and speedy work. The teachers are not theorists, but women who have, in every case, actually followed the trade they teach, and who have combined with that experience special mental training. Under each teacher, and assisting her, are competent workers able to direct the young apprentices, to keep them occupied, to plan the work of each with relation to all the rest, and to secure from the girls the same speed which would be demanded from them if they were actually employed in a commercial way. All the goods made, dresses, hats, underwear and novelties are sold. Those of standard quality are disposed of in the usual way to the regular trade; the "seconds," that is, goods of inferior workmanship, are frequently sold to the girls themselves.

PERHAPS it is well here to call attention to an important matter of definition. Many people, perhaps most people, fail to distinguish between trade, technical, industrial and manual training schools, using the various terms as synonyms. Yet each of these terms connotes an idea distinct from each and all of the others. A technical school, properly understood, aims to augment the practical training which the learner of a trade receives by scientific or theoretical knowledge of it. A manual training school aims simply at the co-ordinate training of hand and brain; it does not pretend to fit the student for any special trade. An industrial school teaches one or more branches of industry, not primarily to equip the pupil for earning a living in the branch of industry taught, but to inculcate habits of order and work. It is the idea on which most juvenile reformatory work is based. A trade school, on the other hand, aims

to train apprentices for particular trades. It is an enlightened apprenticeship. Many trade schools have gone on trying to teach the whole of a trade, from its first stages to its very highest, in a given time. They have altogether ignored the fact that, owing to the intense specialization in modern industrial life, relatively few of the workers would ever be called up to cover the whole trade. What the Manhattan School does, on the other hand, is to recognize the specialization, to thoroughly equip the apprentice to do the work of a special branch of the trade. Beyond that it contents itself with teaching a thorough knowledge of fundamental principles and developing the capacity of applying those principles to needs as they arise.

That the training the girls receive is in many respects superior to ordinary apprenticeship is quite certain. There is a theoretical side to the training which the old apprentices often lacked. If a girl learns dressmaking, for example, she not only specially develops some particular branch of the trade and learns how to cut a dress, assemble its parts and trim it, but beyond this, she learns the principles of dress designing, including the theory of color. Added to this is a knowledge of the evolution of dress, knowledge of the various fabrics used, and so on. Thus a girl who is specially bright will know how to design a dress for a particular figure, or how to adapt a dress design. She will know how to select fabrics and colors; how to cut out the dress and how to make and assemble all its parts. She will know how cotton is grown and prepared, how it is woven into fabrics and how important the cotton industry is to the nation. Further than this, she will have acquired an important addition to the mental training received in the grammar school. She will have been taught to apply the knowledge acquired there to her industrial life. Thus she will know how to write a letter relating to her trade, how to set forth her qualifications in applying for a position, for instance, or how to describe accurately, in technical language, her special trade. She will know the commercial arithmetic of her trade, be able to compute her wages, keep accounts of time, materials, cost, and so on, as well as how to do business in general, including such details as endorsing or drawing checks.

The best evidence of the efficiency of this enlightened apprenticeship is the appreciation of the employers. There is always a demand for girls who are deemed competent by their teachers and the highest wages are paid them. Employers have come to regard the word of the teachers as a sufficient voucher of a girl's competence,

and rarely indeed is there disappointment. The reason for this is obvious enough; the girls are educated to the observance of high standards of workmanship and commercial efficiency. They are not inspired with false hopes, but rather impressed with a sense of their limitations. If, for instance, a girl is found to be incapable of learning dressmaking as a whole, but capable of becoming efficient in one thing, such as "tucking" her limitations are pointed out to her and emphasis is placed upon the fact that as a competent tuck-maker she can earn good wages and secure ready employment, whereas she must necessarily be a failure at general work. In a word, the girls go out from the school with the fact well drilled into them that they are to give value in labor for value in wages.

All girls are placed in good paying positions as soon as they are ready and there is never any difficulty in finding such positions for them. When a girl has been working a month she brings to the school a report from her employer as to her work during that time, and by this method the teachers are enabled to keep their standards up to the requirements of the business world. Many girls, too, find when they have been working for some time opportunities for advancement open to them, and they return to the school and attend the evening classes for further study.

It is impossible to present statistically the gains in wages and constancy of employment by which the girls who go out from the school are benefited, but they are considerable. Quite recently a well-known settlement worker visited the school and jocularly remarked that it was "demoralizing the girls in our neighborhood," because Jessie, who used to earn only five dollars, is making sixteen dollars a week, and "the other girls are clamoring for higher wages, too." "That is the aim of the school, to make as many Jessies as possible," said the superintendent. "The efficient must win: the inefficient must go to the wall." And it is not only in dollars and cents that the efficient are benefited. Added to the financial gain is the great human gain of a larger outlook on life, an added interest in the work of life and an exalting sense of fitness to cope with life's problems.

THE REGENERATION OF IKEY—THE STORY OF A SCHOOL WHERE DULL OR VICIOUS LITTLE BRAINS ARE AWAKENED BY TRAINING THE HANDS TO USEFUL WORK: BY JOHN SPARGO

IKEY was a typical dark, sad-eyed little Russian Hebrew whose twelve years had been surcharged with the grief and tragedy of a lifetime. To his poor, bewildered mother Ikey was something more than a puzzle—almost a burden, the heaviest of all the misfortunes which had trailed her pathway from Warsaw to New York. The Cossack's knout, her husband's grave over in Brooklyn and Ikey's wickedness were the three great, overwhelming sorrows of her life, and they blended in a perfect nightmare of despairing anguish.

The mother's viewpoint influenced her estimate. Somehow, the perspective was wrong, and it made the molehills of Ikey's impishness seem like mountains of vicious depravity. Some mothers cannot, will not, see the wrong in the children of their loins; others in their fear magnify the wrong till it hides everything else. That was the trouble with Ikey's mother. Ikey got no help or sympathy from her. Her primitive morality was a stern, harsh standard, cruelly oppressive to the boy. She sought to conquer him, to break his spirit, never dreaming that she was doing just what the Czar does when he tries, as Father of his people, to break their rebelling spirits. Like his people, Ikey rebelled. He rebelled against his mother's narrow old-world goodness; against the neighbors, who understood him as little as his mother; against the police and every sign of authority. The whole world to Ikey seemed a huge, menacing hand threatening to crush him, and with the blind instinct of the weak and hunted he raised his puny fists in half defensive, half aggressive spirit.

When they sent him to school, Ikey naturally rose in revolt. Its discipline pricked him and goaded him to rebel. He rebelled against being compelled to attend school when he wanted to be out in the excitement of the streets; against being forced to learn things for which his own economy of life held no place. He even rebelled against the kindness of the teachers, always suspecting that the soft glove of kindness and sympathy concealed a secret, stern power. Teacher after teacher tried to soften Ikey's fierce revolutionary spirit.

but to no purpose. Coaxing, cajoling, pleading, inviting, threatening—all failed to conquer the youthful rebel. They could not understand Ikey, and he did not bother to understand them or to be understood by them. He saw in the teachers so many enemies, like mothers, neighbors, policemen, and the teachers saw in Ikey a curious little psychological puzzle.

And he was a puzzle: a queer compound of mental weakness and strength. Stupid and ignorant in school, with seemingly no mental capacity at all, he was bright, almost unnaturally bright, in the world outside. In the cunning of the streets he excelled, but he could not learn things they tried to teach him in school, even when the rebel spirit did not possess him. For sometimes Ikey yearned for such kindness and sympathy as the teachers so freely gave, yearned to be like other boys, learning his lessons and winning the teachers' praise. Those were times when he struggled against the evil spirit within his own life. But nobody seemed to know about these fierce struggles, how earnestly he tried to do his work, into what depths of humiliation and despair his failures plunged him. Then he gave up the struggle against the secret enemy within and rebelled against the enemies he saw without.

When the lure of the streets tempted him, Ikey defied the compulsory education law and remained out of school, smoking cigarettes, shooting "craps," pilfering fruit and registering his protest against the existing order by wantonly destroying whatever he could. When the streets palled, he sought to gratify his passion for mischief in the school. He gloried in teasing the other pupils, tearing up the books, kicking the teachers and otherwise disturbing the harmony. So, in course of time, Ikey ceased to be merely an interesting psychological puzzle to his teachers, and became almost as much of a burden as to his mother. In despair they expelled him from the school, and then the police got him. Ikey appeared in the Children's Court, charged with truancy, petty larceny and incorrigibility. The judge sighed and shook his head with sad expressiveness when he had finished talking with Ikey, and then ordered him to be taken to Public School One Hundred and Ten, down on the East Side. And that is how I came to know Ikey's history.

HE CAME into the school one morning, or, rather, he was brought in, for there was nothing voluntary about his coming. It took one of the biggest policemen in the city to get the wee twelve-year-old "bad man" into school. Kicking and scratching with

almost demoniac energy, and screaming with indescribable vehemence, he was dragged into the presence of the principal under the most discouraging and unpromising conditions imaginable. As an interested spectator, I wondered what the great school could do with such poor material. What, I wondered, will Miss Simpson do with Ikey.

If I expected the good principal to be in the least dismayed or displeased by Ikey's unconventional and unpromising appearance, nothing of the sort happened. The young rebel was allowed to kick and cry until the storm of rage had subsided and then, with all the geniality and ease of her southern nature, Miss Simpson began the task of breaking down Ikey's sullen gloom and resentment. And as the task proceeded, and Ikey's face expressed his great curiosity and surprise, my own face may have revealed similar feelings. Try to imagine, if you can, how the little rebel must have felt:

Teacher: "Don't you want to come to this school, Ikey?"

Ikey: "Naw! I want ter git out! Lemme go!"

Teacher: "Well, Ikey, no one *has* to come here unless he wants to. If you don't want to come here with us, we don't want you to come. The door is wide open, and if you want to go out you can go. If you want to come you can. If I were you, I would just take a walk through the school, all by myself, and see what it's like. Then if you think you want to stay, why, it's all right, and if you don't that is all right, too. Will you do that, Ikey?"

Ikey: (With cheerful good will.) "Sure!"

When Ikey had gone upon his tour of observation and inspection, I was curious enough to follow. Would he rush out of the door into the street and leave his ragged wreck of a cap behind, or would he just go through a room or two as a matter of form and then, having previously made up his mind, "decide" not to attend school. Or would the principal's words to the boy prove to have been a shrewd appeal to his curiosity? Surely, no boy ever had the question of school attendance put to him in a way more likely to awaken his curiosity! How vividly it must have contrasted with his memories of being dragged to school and beaten because he struggled to get away!

As Ikey went through the school, taking a look at the various grades of ordinary pupils at work, a blasé, contemptuous expression came into his face. I felt that he would not remain, and began to picture him again under arrest, wondering if he would go to the Reformatory—and how much worse he would be made there. But

when, having lingered a few minutes, I found Ikey in one of the Special Classes, his mouth wide open, intensely interested, his eyes almost bulging out of his head, I thought that perhaps he would stay. And stay he did: Ikey found in the school something more attractive than he could find in the street.

THIS is what happened: he had gone into one of the Special Classes provided for dull and backward children. Some of them were abnormal types, physical defectives of various sorts. Others had no visible physical defects but had been sent to the school from other parts of the city by the Children's Court, as truants and other juvenile delinquents. Among those Ikey had discovered several of his friends and a bond of interest was at once established. But more important even than the discovery of his friends was his discovery of an interest in the work they were doing. They were all engaged in manual work—wood-working—making various useful and interesting articles. "Gee whiz! I'd like to do that, if that's what dey do in dis school," said Ikey, and his battle was won.

Ikey, who had never been able to learn from books, or from the oral instructions of his teachers, learned to work by doing it, just as he had learned the craft of the streets. The boy who could never learn the multiplication table, to whom the figures were so many arbitrary signs as unintelligible as the marks on a Chinese laundry ticket, had learned in the streets how to count the points in a crap game, and even the intricacies of pinochle and poker which I could not master. So, too, he learned in the workshop the principles of measurement and computation. His mind was reached at last, and his imagination fired, through the work of his hands. When his confidence in the school had been sufficiently established, Ikey joined with the other members of his class in partaking of the wholesome and nutritious food prepared by the older girls in their cooking classes. The teachers knew that half of his trouble was physical, that much of his nervous inability to learn could be traced to a vicious dietary principally consisting of pickles and sweets. And with the improvement of his physical health induced by wholesome food his regeneration was advanced a long and important stage. Then one day the school doctor cut out the adenoids, the post-nasal growths, which had prevented him from breathing through his nostrils, broken his rest at night, and made him dull, stupid and morose. Ikey felt like a new creation—"Gee, ain't it funny to feel good like this?" he cried. His regeneration progressed splendidly.

Never once did Ikey fail to attend school now. Work, making things which he or his mother could use, was far more attractive than "hookey." It became a passion—the grand passion of his life. He never learned to read or write until he wanted to paint his mother's name upon the work-box he made for her. So he learned his arithmetic, and the importance of observing his instructions.

IKEY will never be a scholar unless some miracle happens to change his mental nature. Grammar will never bother him; no university degree will ever be his. His name will never figure in any list of distinguished citizens nor his bust be lodged in the Hall of Fame. But among the great body of unknown and undistinguished Americans, as a worker, doing his allotted task and supporting himself by honest labor, Ikey will doubtless be found in the days to come. Such is the promise of to-day. But the Ikey of old, the truant, the gambler, the vagrant and petty thief, at war with all civilization, was headed toward another condition and state. Ignorant, diseased, vicious and incompetent to support himself or others by any useful service to society, he must have sunk into the frightful ways of vice and crime, a burden to himself and to society. In every city there are hundreds of such social wrecks, denizens of the noisome abysses of brutality, viciousness and crime.

Ikey's story epitomizes the intensely interesting experiment in a specially difficult department of pedagogy which is being carried on in School Number One Hundred and Ten, New York City. Of course, the special classes form only a small part of the school organization, the rest of the school consisting of the usual grades, subject to the ordinary curriculum. Nevertheless, the same broad, free spirit is manifested in them and all through the school the attempt is made to fit the curriculum to the child, rather than to fit the child to the curriculum. The children are organized upon the School City plan of self-government, and the organization is at once a valuable auxiliary to the efforts of the teachers to maintain proper discipline and a very practical training in the essentials of good citizenship.

A LESSON IN THE ASSOCIATION OF WORK AND PLAY: WHAT CHILDREN LEARN FROM SCHOOL FESTIVALS: BY PETER W. DYKEMA

N THE life of nations, festivals have played a much more important part than is generally recognized. Patriotism, religious feeling and a sense of social solidarity have been developed by them. In Athens the festivals of Bacchus called forth the great dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides with their stirring civic appeals. Great religious festivals, like the Passion Play at Oberammergau, have quickened and deepened the religious spirit and feeling of the communities in which the festivals have been held.

The neglect into which some of our national days have fallen, and the noisy and meaningless celebration of others, may not be evidences of the needlessness of these days, but of the lack of satisfactory means of celebrating them. The remedy does not lie in merely bemoaning the situation, nor in endeavoring to revivify outgrown forms, but in the developing of a new type of festival observance. This is no simple problem, and without doubt the solution will be simpler when as a nation we possess a greater sense of leisure and of homogeneity, but in the meantime much can be accomplished. The relaxations and national celebrations of a people exercise too important an influence upon their moral, civic, artistic and patriotic tone to warrant their neglect by educators and public minded citizens generally.

In this movement toward the revivifying of the festival, leadership naturally belongs to the school. As an instrument of education the festival-play is at last being recognized. In many schools this line of work is being given increasing attention, and such is the value of it, and the desire to utilize it, that courses for teachers on the conducting of festivals are now being offered.

In its work as an educational experiment station, the Ethical Culture School of New York City has gone into this problem of festivals perhaps more thoroughly than any other American school. The term "festival," both as applied to school work and larger outside celebrations, must be understood as having a much broader meaning than its original significance would justify. It must include not only joyous and festive occasions, but periods of serious thought and contemplation. This larger thought is recognized in music when we speak of a Bach of a Wagnerian festival in which the depths of grief and pain may be sounded. Neither must it be restricted to

mean always an entertainment—if this term implies performers and spectators—for in truth the best of festivals is that in which all are performers. A company of Emerson lovers or Whitman devotees gathered together to read, meditate and discuss the thoughts of the seers, constitutes as true a festival as any grand procession with flying flags and the blare of trumpets. Moreover, no festival has accomplished its object if in it performers and spectators are not all alike filled with the spirit of the occasion. If the onlookers remain mere onlookers and do not at least in spirit become participants, the festival has fulfilled but a part of its mission.

ONE of the chief objects wrought in the school celebration festivals is the focusing of some great topic in a simple, impressive and readily remembered form. It is especially true of children that those events which can be presented in action, in simple dramatic form, are most easily remembered. As a result, many of our festivals assume the shape of modest plays. Pupils, for example, who have been occupied for the larger part of a year in studying the story of the growth of the American nation from the limited area of the original colonies to the vast expanse stretching from ocean to ocean, gather together the various items and form from them a simple play. If it be the French contribution that is being considered, the pupils are in daily contact with Marquette and Joliet. They enter into the lives of these men, hear them discuss their aims, their troubles, their failures. They seize upon incidents previously considered unimportant, but now valuable because they give some clue to the appearance, the motives, the action of the men. Their aim is to construct anew the heroes that actually lived. At the conclusion of such an undertaking the explorers are no longer names in a book, but men in a real world.

The festival does much to bring again into the minds of children the joyousness which one calls to mind in thinking of the rustic sports and ceremonies with which the simple country folk were wont to greet the May, or the romps and frolics which were associated with the Harvest Home. Nothing is more healthful for body and spirit than communion with the great out-of-door world, and every influence is to be welcomed that causes us to appreciate the seed-time, the swelling of the buds and opening of the flowers in early spring; the searing of the leaves and the storing of Nature's gifts in the autumn. The music, games and simple rustic dance of the English people, much of which has been preserved and is readily accessible,

seems to the children to be a very expression of themselves. One needs but to see the little ones as they troop in with the sound of the trumpets blowing their cheerful tucket to greet the morn of May. The scene is alive with graceful movement. Parties come bearing flowers and green boughs—later arrives the May procession with the queen in fine array—in with a rush come Robin Hood and his band, and the sports and games begin. Through it all there runs a note of hardy ruddy life; of appreciation of the freedom and beauty of the open country that sends all the auditors out with heart and mind open anew to Nature and her treasures.

ANOTHER idea underlying the festival is what might be called the psychological conception that the most potent influences in life spring from periods of intense impression; that our conduct is guided by the vision which we obtained from the mountain peaks. Stated in another way, the heights to which we rise indicate our progress, as the crests of the waves tell the story of the movement of the waters. Where there is stagnation there is no movement. If we look back upon our own experience, we find that a few great days or moments stand out as the significant or potent periods in the influencing of our character. The festival is a step toward establishing these red letter days and thus overcoming the modern workaday world tendency of reducing all days to the same mediocre level. But the festival also recognizes the principle that the days on the heights are valuable only as contrasted with those in the valleys, that continual stimulation is as unhygienic as no stimulation, and that the gala days must come sufficiently far apart to allow time for that slow development and growth in the quiet which is the foundation of all power.

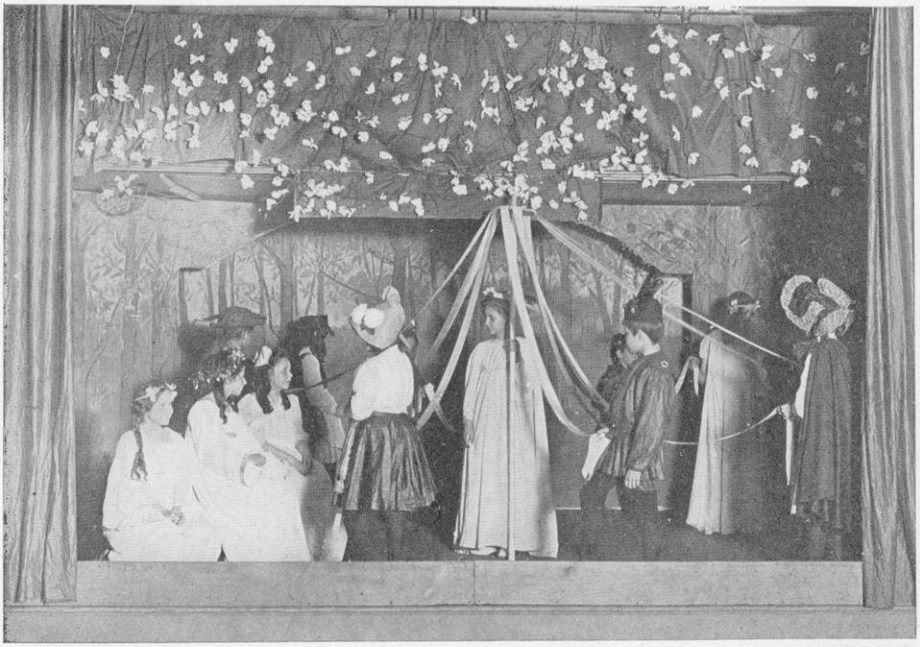
Aside from these important values, which to a considerable extent are common to those to whom is intrusted the giving of the larger part of the festival, and those who are principally spectators, there are two important effects which may be said to be the basic ideas of the festival. The one has to do particularly with the school body as audience, the other with those who at any particular festival are the performers. The festival serves as a unifying influence which is felt by every one in the school audience. This results from the fact that although parents are welcomed as visitors, the festival is prepared for the members of the school and is adapted to their needs. The assigning of the various festivals to grades from different sections of the school and treating the contribution of each as that which one

part of the family gives to the whole also adds to this result Thus, at harvest or Thanksgiving time, the members of the eldest class may present their message to all their younger mates; at Christmas time the entertainers are an intermediate grade; on May-day, the primaries. Then again, as at the Christmas season, each class may join in the grand procession and with gay costumes, rollicking song or simple action contribute its part to the whole. Each gives what it can, and all receiving this in a sympathetic way are thus bound into one large family or social group. The appreciative applause with which the older greet the younger, who in their turn at the proper time repay the compliment, gives rise to a school feeling and pride which is an inspiration and help to all.

POSSIBLY the most important underlying idea is this: For those who are presenting the festival, there are certain advantages that can hardly be secured in any other way. The responsibility for the occasion introduces a peculiarly valuable motive which affects even the most unresponsive members of a class. The problem of learning now has a new aspect, for the question of communication here appears in its best form. To the performers comes a transforming standard: not what we know, but what we can make others know; not what we feel, but what we can make others feel. Very soon arises a consciousness of that first element of effective communication; namely, absolute clearness and definiteness on the part of the one who is to give the message. Pupils become conscious of their own weaknesses as they strive to collect their material. In the desire to help others they find they must prepare themselves. There arises a spirit of self-induced activity which is of the greatest value. Books are read, authorities consulted, pictures studied, that the teacher hardly knows about.

In no other way can one obtain such uniformly vital work in spoken and written English, in history in geography, in music, in art, in costuming, in the use of gesture, action, rhythmic movements, dances, especially the older graceful forms such as the minuet, and in general carriage. In all this work the standard of judgment, the basis of criticism, is the ability to produce in the spectator the thought and emotions which the performers themselves have felt in their previous study. It is this genuine principle of true art which prevents the work from becoming artificial and insincere.

Again, in this connection, the festival serves as the best kind of review or summary. It makes possible a contemplative or retrospec-



From Photographs by Lewis W. Hine.

REJOICING AT THE RETURN OF SPRING BRINGS THE MAY-POLE DANCE AND SONG.

THE FRANKLIN FESTIVAL WITH ITS STATELY MINUET REFLECTS THE SOCIAL LIFE OF COLONIAL DAYS.

From Photographs by Lewis W. Hine.

ROBIN HOOD, MAID MARIAN, FRIAR TUCK AND THE MERRY MEN OF THE FOREST FREE.

ELDER BREWSTER BLESSING THE PILGRIMS AS THEY LEAVE HOLLAND FOR AMERICA.

tive point of view. It requires a new consideration and weighing of all details. All facts must be evaluated and given their proper proportion. Pupils who are preparing a patriotic festival on Franklin come to see the incidents in his life in the light of some such principle as the significance of the man's actions as related to the growth of the American nation.

IN THE Ethical Culture School four of the larger festivals are undertaken each year, one for Autumn, Harvest or Thanksgiving; for Christmas; one for Patriot's Day (in February), and one for Spring or May-Day. Each of these allows of a variety of treatment: The Autumn festival may deal with the old English Harvest Home, with the Pilgrims, with the beautiful Grecian story of Demeter (which has been cast in many forms, none of which is better adapted for children than Miss Menefee's charming "Ceres and Persephone"), or with the various Thanksgiving celebrations. Throughout each the predominating idea is that of reflection on the fruits of Nature, and the struggles of man which have enabled him to gather not only the fruits of the soil but those greater ones, freedom and progress.

At Christmas time the festive note may be sounded by a dramatization of Dickens' "Christmas Carol;" by the presentation of some old morality play; by a portrayal of the influence of the various conceptions of Christmas or the day of light, showing how the Christmas conception has gathered about the simple birth in the manger; the rites of many religions—ancient Druid, hardy Northmen, and even to the peoples of the sunny climes; it may be the old English Christmas, or Christmas in various parts of our own country. The spirit of each is well voiced in one of the songs written by some of the High School pupils:

"Long may the Christmas spirit
Of kindness and good-will,
Through joy and pain
With us remain
Our hearts with warmth to fill."

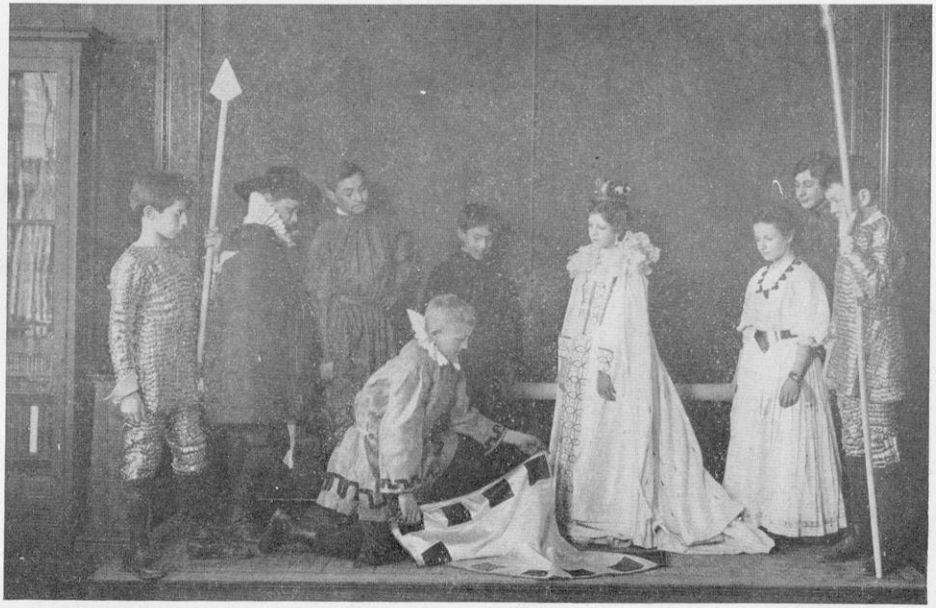
February, with the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington, is selected as the time for our Patriot's Festival. Then the aim is by presenting anew the thoughts and deeds of those who in peace and war have struggled for the betterment of men to fire the young impressionable hearts with a desire to better conditions of mankind, in the words of our leader, "to produce reformers," who shall trans-

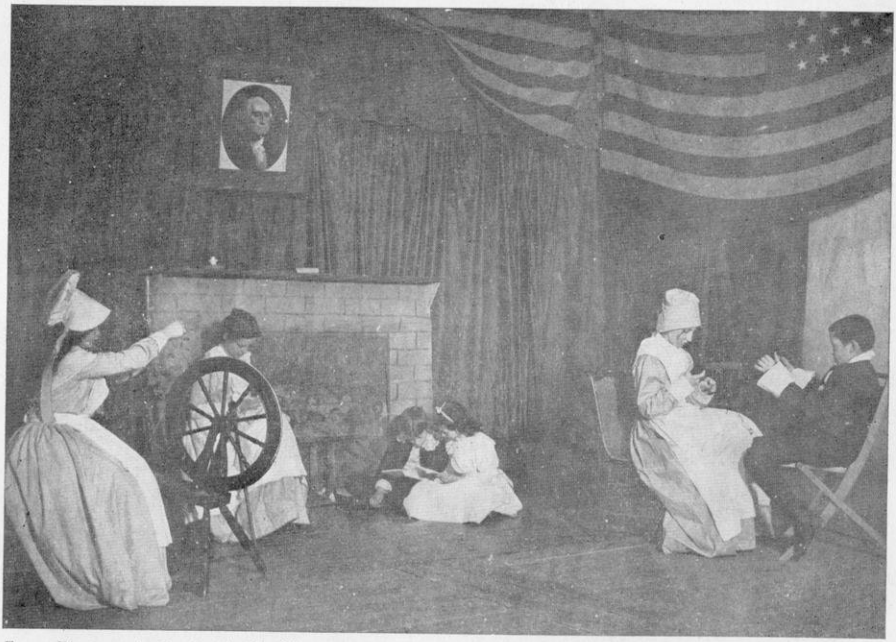
form their environment. The means employed may be a dramatization of Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country;" incidents from the lives of Washington and Lincoln; the story in dramatic form of Lewis' and Clark's expeditions, or significant scenes from the life of Benjamin Franklin.

The Spring Festival usually comes on the first of May and puts into action the fresh delight in the beauties of the world of the great out-of-doors. Now it is a simple succession of songs, poems and folk-dances woven into a little story and given by the wee tots; now a pretty pastoral such as Dorothea Gore Browne's "Sweetbriar," presented by the fifth or sixth grade; again it is the older students with Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

SO GREAT is the range of choice for each of the festivals that the teachers are enabled to select such subjects and assign them to such groups of pupils as will give the festivals the maximum of educational value. An anniversary of a great man, of some notable exploration or achievement can thus be celebrated at its proper time and by those pupils who, considered from the point of view of their development and from the work which their course of study assigns them, can most naturally flower out into the festival. Thus, the idea of the school is to make the festival not a disturbance of the other work of the pupils and something apart from it, but a vitalizing and culminating influence which gives a clarified and intensified outlook that can be obtained in no other way.

When the conception of the school festival is completely worked out and widely known, a great objection to its general use will have been overcome. At present, most teachers look upon any type of work that is different from the regular routine recitations as so much extra and distracting labor. Introducing festivals seem like laying another burden upon the already overtaxed teachers and pupils. But this need not be. On the contrary, the celebration may become the climax of the regular subjects. It may be a means of unifying the work of a grade, each subject contributing its part in presenting as a vivid whole the large ideas which have determined the year's study. Then the festival will be welcomed by teacher, pupil and parent as a step in the simplification, through orderly relating of parts, of our complex and at times diffuse curriculum. And as this result is accomplished there will come also a deeper feeling of patriotic, social and religious appreciation through sympathetic knowledge and understanding of the beauties of life, the strength and sacrifices of the world's great heroes, and the mutual dependence of man upon man.





From Photographs by Lewis W. Hine.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH CASTING HIS CLOAK BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A HOME OF EARLY AMERICAN LIFE, WHERE THE CHILDREN WERE TRAINED TO WORK.

SCHOOL GARDEN ON THE OLD COLT PROPERTY AT HARTFORD, CONN.

A VIEW OF THE SAME GARDEN LATE IN THE SUMMER.

THE HARTFORD METHOD FOR SCHOOL GARDENS: VACATION TIMES WHERE WORK AND PLAY ARE HAPPILY COMBINED: BY STANLEY JOHNSON

EDUCATORS everywhere are agreed that the school garden has proved to be of the greatest value in the wholesome training of children. The Massachusetts Association of School Superintendents, at its winter meeting in Boston, devoted the whole programme to a discussion of this topic—and it is significant that they reached the unanimous conclusion that school gardens as an educational factor have passed beyond the "fad" stage, and are evolving into a permanent feature of school work. Hartford's treatment of the subject has been so successful, both in economy and effectiveness, that it is not unlikely that it will be generally adopted as the best. Last summer, school gardens were made a part of vacation school work and the city gave a large part of its abundant park acreage for their use.

Generally school gardens start in the spring and are abandoned at the beginning of the long vacation. In June, as one passes the children's gardens on Dartmouth Street in Boston, the well-cared-for plots are a source of delight; but by the middle of August the weeds have made a depressing conquest—the vegetables and flowers are choked and stunted, and stamp the schoolyard with an appearance of neglect and carelessness that is certainly undesirable educationally. But if the school gardening is made a part of the curriculum of a vacation school, in many ways the usefulness of the work is increased. Not only can the full fruition of the plants be secured, but teachers and pupils, who have enough to do in the school time completing their regular tasks, are relieved of the extra burdens. It gives children systematic occupation in the summer, keeps them from running wild for nearly three months, forgetting all they have learned, acquiring bad habits, and indulging in all sorts of mischief to the destruction of the ethical effect of their nature study in school.

Hartford is especially fortunate in the ample park space it possesses, and the recent gift of the Colt estate has provided a very desirable ground for one of the school gardens, in the cultivated area near the Colt mansion. It is rich with the fertility of generations of cultivation, and the flowers and vegetables grow with amazing productiveness. Mr. Weaver, the superintendent of schools, told the writer that the expense to the city the first year was something

near five hundred dollars, a surprisingly small outlay. Unquestionably, no equal amount of school money ever expended has returned a richer dividend in health of mind and body for the children.

The average attendance for the five weeks of the vacation school was eleven hundred and forty-nine, and the expense for each individual pupil was less than fifty cents. Two days of each week were devoted entirely to the outdoor work and were known as "park days," and these were indeed happy days. The children needed no urging to go to this kind of a school, and incidentally they learned a great deal about trees, birds and insects. Athletic sports were made a feature of the vacation work, under the direction of a capable athletic instructor. Outdoor exercises which most appeal to children were permitted, including base-ball, and basket-ball for both sexes. The last day of school was made more interesting by the awarding of prizes to those excelling in athletics.

The Hartford School for Horticulture has taken a great interest in the work of the school gardens, some of which have been supervised by the Horticultural teachers. In this respect this city is able to offer an exceptional opportunity for the horicultural phase of educational work; but in its general features, the school-garden work may be adapted to any city. In Boston, for example, there is ample space at the western end of the "Common" for a school of this kind, and its influence on the *morale* of the young folks, who have no room at home for the abundance of energy seeking expression, hardly needs to be pointed out. The work of the Hartford school in the study of the common animals such as frogs, toads, birds of all kinds, squirrels, rabbits and household pets has done much to imbue the children with a sense of real kindness toward dumb beasts.

A supervisor of primary work in one of the largest manufacturing cities of Massachusetts, in her annual report just issued, presents a strong argument for the work of the vacation school combined with school gardens. "Hand in hand with school gardens," she writes, "comes the need of vacation schools and playgrounds. The children of the rich and well-to-do feel this need but little; but among the foreign element so closely crowded in our cities the little children are thrown upon the streets for three months in the summer. To be sure, the street is a strong force in education, but no one will contend that it is a strong force for good, and the hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in school buildings and school grounds bear no interest during the summer. It would be a very flourishing industry in the manufacturing world that could afford to let its plant lie idle a fourth of the year. Can education afford the waste?"

TWO LITTLE POEMS OF CHILD LIFE

INSIDE the garden wall are hollyhocks,
And through the gate there is a glimpse of sea;—
You hear it just a little all the time—
Inside the wall the wind stops all at once.
The garden wall is just so high
That I can only see the sky
Above it, white and square, but Lucy said
When she stands by the center bed of phlox
That she could see beyond it, far away,
A hill, and half way up it, roofs of red;
Unless there is a fog in from the bay.—
The hollyhock that's just as tall as I
Comes only to her shoulder, so you see
Just how much taller Lucy is than me.

WHEN auntie comes to spend the day
She won't let mother have her way,
But says, "I *will* help do the dishes!"
Which is not what mother wishes.
She was the oldest, long ago,
And so she thinks she still must know
What is the best, and says, "You *must*
Teach your children how to dust."
And because she is our aunt,
We can never say, "I shan't!"
But I think that mothers know
Best how children ought to grow.

ISABELLA HOWE FISKE.

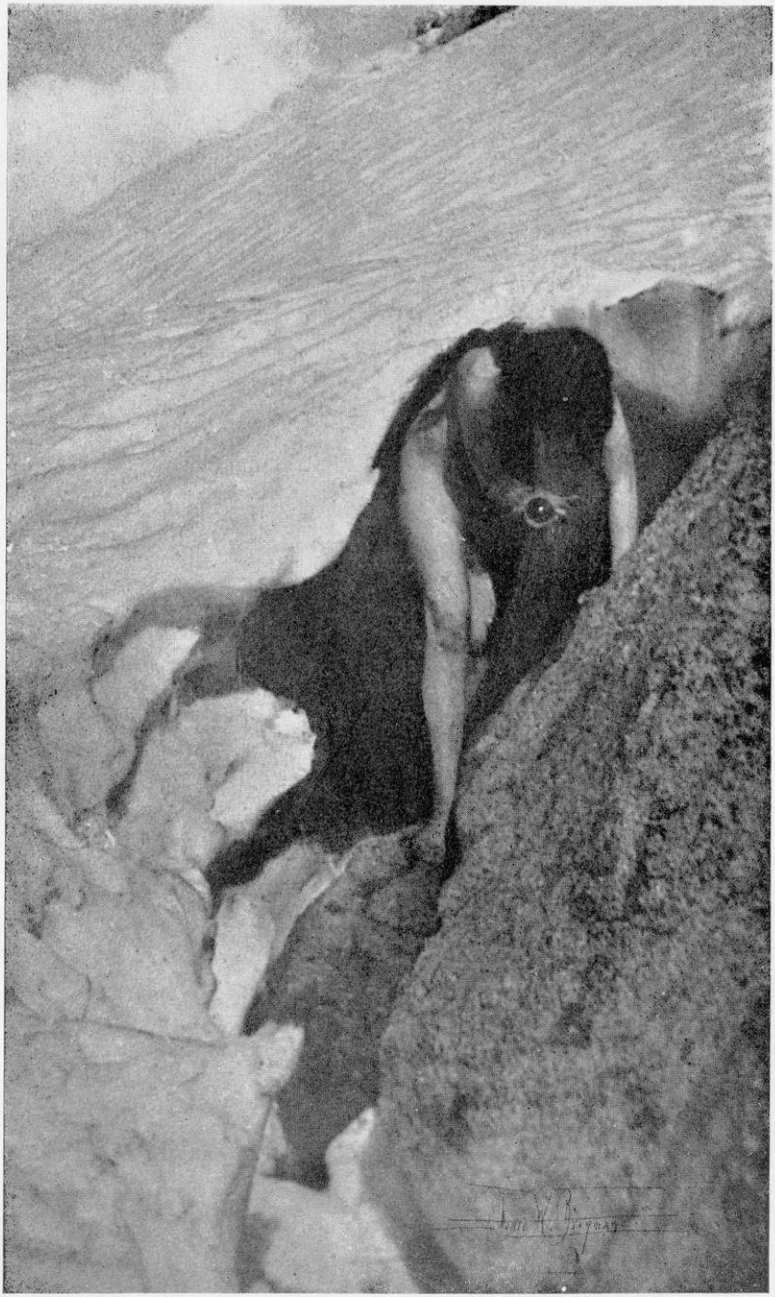
SOME SYMBOLIC NATURE STUDIES FROM THE CAMERA OF ANNIE W. BRIGMAN: BY EMILY J. HAMILTON

RS. BRIGMAN'S life has been a series of the kind of experiences that should develop poetry as well as character. It has been full of beauty and adventure and varying opportunities for emotional development. And probably she had, to begin with, that sensitiveness to the variation in nature which is better known as the artistic temperament.

She was born in Hawaii, which is a land full of beauty, of picturesque people, of lovely color, and of dramatic quality. And then she owes something undoubtedly to her grandfather, who made fine woodcuts, and composed sweet songs. She had the good fortune to marry a sea captain—for what could be greater fortune to a woman with seeing eyes and a ready pulse than to sail away over the seas, and glean from this one expression of nature an insight into both the mystery of the ocean's tragic force and its exquisite serenity.

After "following the sea" for some beautiful years—at least beautiful to a woman of this temperament—she went to work on land, if one could call work her effort to express her accumulated experiences through some artistic medium. She painted impressionistic landscapes. She did some play-writing, and then of course she wrote short stories—in all of this work she expressed an interesting personality, a light fancy and a vivid understanding of the emotional possibilities of life. But not until five years ago did she find the artistic expression which seemed to afford her the widest reach of opportunity to say clearly and beautifully all that she had learned in living. Five years ago she began working with the camera, and found in it at once what seemed to her the most interesting art medium. It enabled her to get at the best and most interesting in people, and the most poetical and significant in nature, so that her work with the camera is about equally divided between fascinating portraits of people, old and young, and symbolic nature studies, in which the beauty of the human figure is used to aid her in making clear all that she feels and sees in nature.

Mrs. Brigman is a member of the more important Secession societies, and in the coming November New York artists will have an opportunity of seeing a collection of her photographs at the Little Galleries on Fifth Avenue. Her studio at present is in Oakland, California, near the edge of San Francisco Bay, but far enough back from the drifting fogs to be drenched in sunshine and afford the studio



From a Photograph by Annie W. Brigman.

"THE THAW:' LOOKING FOR SPRING IN THE CRYSTAL.

From a Photograph by Annie W. Brigman.

"THE LITTLE VIRGIN:" THE WONDERFUL FLESH TONES WERE GAINED BY TAKING THE PHOTOGRAPH IN A TENT ON A SUNNY DAY.

a fine north light. Through a garden of roses and clematis and wistaria, you come to a charming brown house. The rooms are cool, and the windows draped with flowers and vines. Up in the studio the light is subdued, the walls are hung with natural burlap, and the woodwork is dark green. The few pictures are warm gray and sepia prints of nature subjects, framed in dull wood. You will probably sit on an old sea chest, near a narrow, high window which throws pleasant Rembrandt lights and shadows. All about the room are photographs—Mrs. Brigman's art studies. The portrait studies are very wonderful revelations of varying human personality. There are portraits of poets, painters, singers and sculptors. Some of the most interesting pictures are bromide enlargements that give beautiful, soft old ivory tones of light and shade, and are of vast assistance in interpreting the subtleties of varying expression and in capturing that illusive spirit of outdoors, for which there is really no word but atmosphere. Mrs. Brigman has also made some interesting studies in gum-bichromate prints, which resemble red chalk drawings, and brush work in gray and white. On a stand in one corner of the room is a group of some of her most interesting recent photographic studies, together they illustrate William Ernest Henley's poem, "I Am the Captain of My Soul." The "soul" in the eight different pictures is symbolized by a woman, and the poses were made by Madame Barré.

The pictures used to illustrate this article are tinged with symbolism; or rather human personality and nature are blended together in an ideal conception of some significant condition in life. In "The Dryad," the flight of the shadowy, fairylike figure through the boughs of the pines somehow seems to symbolize the vanishing of the pines themselves, and the picture brings to one through this symbolism the pang that comes to every lover of the woods at the thought of what commercialism is doing to destroy the great beauty of our native forests. It is easy enough to understand that a mere picture of a bared hillside could never so genuinely awaken interest or profoundly stir the emotions to the evils that await us from the destruction of our mountain forests as this little figure pressing back through the shadows, as if in a panic of fear.

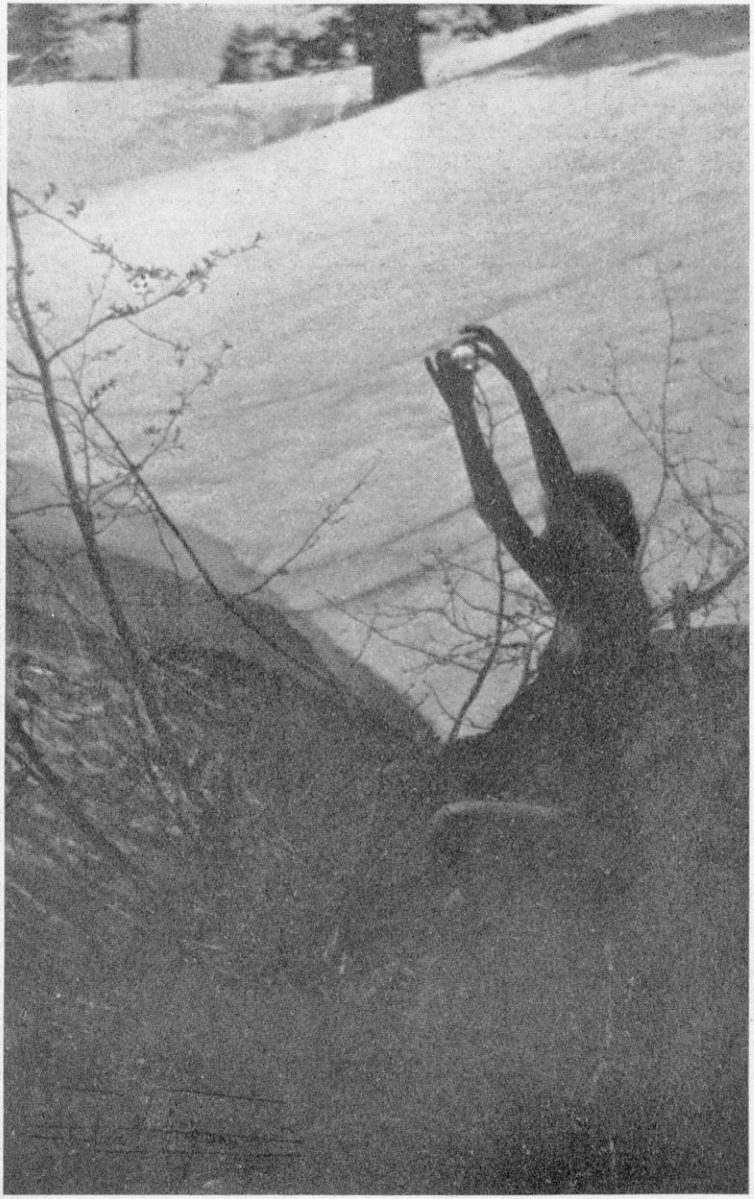
In the study of "Spring" the appeal is to one's sense of joyousness—the appeal that spring herself makes every wonderful new-green April time. The little figure seems to leap up joyously from the stream that creeps past the foot of a snow bank. In her hands she holds buoyantly above her a gleaming crystal, so full of sunlight, so unearthly brilliant, as to at once suggest itself as a symbol of summer,

with all her richness of warmth and color, with all her splendor of noontide and moonlight. A dramatic fancy indeed, and presented with an execution as exquisite as the idea is poetical.

A second study of springlike quality is called "The Thaw." It is a study vital with life and full of the beauty that comes with suggested strength and joyousness. Out from a crevasse, between a sun-touched boulder and a melting snow bank, steps a splendid figure of womanhood. She comes forth a fine symbol of freedom, the goddess that will touch the sterile earth, and chain up the bleakness of winter. Her drapery blows back from her body and her hair ripples in fresh spring winds. She touches the steep boulder only with her right foot, and as she bends away there is a sumptuous vigor in every harmonious curve. She, too, is gazing into the depths of the brilliant crystal, so brilliant that it seems the quality of life itself. In its glowing depths we feel that she is seeing the young green on the tips of trees and along the edges of fresh moving rivulets, that she is watching the shadows pass below swelling branches, and is listening for the patter of newly awakened furry feet. She hears, perhaps, a twitter from a nest and a whirr of wings, and the perfume of flowers comes to her. As you look at the picture all sense of separation between the human being and nature is gone, and both seem a part of all that is beautiful in elemental conditions. In all of Mrs. Brigman's symbolic studies, you feel the one dominant thought—that to her there is one great underlying spiritual inspiration, just one for both nature and man. And so in these nature-figure scenes, there is never any sense of nude bodies left unintentionally out-of-doors. There is rather an appreciation of a perfect expression of an ideal.

The fourth illustration of Mrs. Brigman's work in this article is called "The Little Virgin." It is an exquisite presentation of a youthful soul, of the innocence and honesty that belong to the ideal young person. The lovely flesh tones in the picture were gained by taking the photograph in a tent and against a sunlit wall, where meadow rue cast shadows.

It would hardly be fair to Mrs. Brigman to speak of the beauty of her work without bringing out the fact that, like all other artist photographers, she has had big problems to conquer. Also that in the conquering of these difficulties she has made her biggest strides forward. Mrs. Brigman studies composition as carefully as the most delicately trained impressionist painter. She studies human nature too, and also she works with the technique of her art to improve it as she advances from picture to picture.



From a Photograph by Annie W. Brigman.

"SPRING:" THE SMALL FIGURE SYMBOLIZING JOYOUSNESS.

From a Photograph by Annie W. Brigman.

"THE DRYAD:" SYMBOLIZING
OUR VANISHING PINE FORESTS.

WHERE THE PLAYERS ARE MARIONETTES AND THE AGE OF CHIVALRY IS BORN AGAIN IN A LITTLE ITALIAN THEATER IN MULBERRY STREET: BY ELISABETH IRWIN

OLIVE groves and sea blue skies now lie far beyond the reach of the Italian who has cast his lot in Mulberry Street. His Lares and Penates rest by prosaic tenement hearthstones, and the daily toil which at first promises speedy success and later but ekes out a sparse living, is unlike that of the long days in the Sicilian fields. The gay, pleasure-loving temperament of these newcomers is alone unchanged. It still finds outlet in religious festivals and wedding parties. The children still dance to music and one and all they celebrates San Rocco with candles and sugared cakes.

With all their bright colors, their chatter of dialects, their array of pomegranates and black ripe olives, their feasts and their festivals, the most Italian thing they have brought with them is their marionette theater.

Every evening, when the ditch is dug, or the pushcart safely housed for the night, when macaroni and polenta are finished, these swarthy children of pleasure, men and women alike, give themselves over to an evening of pure recreation.

In Elizabeth Street, however, there is nothing earnest, nothing thoughtful. The air is charged with pleasure-seeking, with irresponsibility. Red wine flows freely, a mandolin tinkles here, a hand organ jingles there, while the men in their gay bandanas and the women in their flowered shawls stand about laughing and talking. As nine o'clock approaches, the little puppet theater, a room half way up a dark, narrow flight of stairs, begins to fill with its regular habitués. Here again is bright color and music. The bare brick walls are painted with Italian villas, with flower gardens stretching wide before them—a mass of roses and lilies in wild profusion. From one corner, a piano of ancient lineage and a guitar, quite its contemporary, are pouring forth in unison dulcet melodies and gay waltzes in turn. In the front of the room a tiny curtain adorned with warriors in armor gives promise of the marvelous performance to follow. Tumbling over the two front rows are several small boys, half asleep, half on the outlook for some stray American for whom they can act as interpreter for a few cents. When the music stops, a friendly chatter begins. The first note of the piano brings silence again, however, and the men smoke in rapt appreciation of "Ah, I have sighed to rest

me" or "Toreador," and the women sigh at the memories it brings.

WHEN the proprietor, who has been chatting with the audience, goes across the room into the little door beside the stage it is the sign that the play is going to begin. The curtain rises and enter *La Bella Rosanna*. In sweet, plaintive tones she mourns her father's death; no sooner has she prayed to Heaven for a avenger than enters an armored soldier and pledges his life to her cause. With a speech of gratitude she withdraws, showing a swarthy hand and battered cuff from above as she makes her graceful bow. So the play runs on for a while, working up to the climax of the evening, which is always, time without end, a fierce battle. One incident a night is all that must be expected, for the play lasts a whole year. Every October a new play begins and every June it ends. Sometimes during the summer, short pieces—they might be called curtain-raisers—are put on. These last only a month apiece. But never during the winter does a play change. The neighbors drop in as if to call on a friend. "Let us see what *Rosanna* has to say to-night" is their feeling. There is no monotony to be feared, when a battle comes here as inevitably as a friend proffers a glass of wine—and a battle is a never-ending source of joy and excitement. They all proceed along the same unstrategic lines.

After the battle many of the audience go home, but the play goes on. Brass shields and steel swords are laid aside and love is the theme for a time. *Ortolano* with honeyed tones woos the wooden lady of his heart with a grace that is as convincing as many a stage effect produced by flesh and blood actors. Sometimes this post-polemic bit is a death scene. The hero's father dies, while his son and faithful warriors gather round. Then as the music plays softly, there is scarcely a dry eye in all the company. For forty nights this old king in his satin robes and jewelled crown has ruled the kingdom of the marionettes. His passing is no little grief to those who have waited on his words.

Now and again the amiable master of ceremonies comes to the door and beckons for an extra helper; the nearest one gladly departs to the inner room, and he who ten minutes ago wept for the vanquished foe now supports *Rosanna* as she waltzes in the arms of the prince.

A long bench, behind the background of painted salon, holds half a dozen boys and men who from long practice keep the gestures in perfect accord with the varying music of the piano

and the deep, much inflected tones of Signor, who recites the lines with unstinted emphasis. Little boys grab the figures as they are slung into the wings and hang them on bars along the back ready for the next scene of the next night. Others push forth the characters as they come, calling for each by name. "Give me *Il Cattive Torquinato* and take *La Bella Regina*, mind you hang her near for the next act."

So carefully considered are the feelings of these puppets that, with forty of them appearing in one evening and seven boys and men manipulating their destinies, never once does *La Bella Rosanna* speak words of love to any but her real *Ortolano*, nor does the king ever hurl his curses at the wrong culprit.

The villain, with his sinister expression and long, evil-boding, black mustache, is greeted with a hiss before he has a chance to utter his first malign intention. Any disturbance in the audience meets with an impatience that proves the intensity of interest with which it is held. A crying child is nearly smothered and carried forth by the abashed mother, who is forced reluctantly to leave the incident unfinished. She at least is saved the financial loss that she would mourn elsewhere, for no one pays for his seat until he goes out and in the case of the mother, not at all. Fifteen cents is the exit fee and the proprietor finds it a paying business. Every week he adds new characters to his cast and he and his wife and all their friends take the pleasure of children dressing dolls in arraying the new puppets.

Whenever one of these new stars appears for the first time, he or she is acclaimed with applause and watched with an interest that might well encourage any star entering upon an untried career.

In these simple plays are combined for the Italian all that the miracle play, Shakespeare and the modern vaudeville has had to contribute; the morals are beyond reproach, the speeches are marvels of eloquence, and the variety and novelty of the scenes are a monument to Italian imagination and ingenuity.

The tired laborer here forgets that the hour is midnight and all is dark without, that the season is winter and ice and dirty snow cover the streets, that the country is America where sweatshops and tenement houses bound his horizon. To him it is the age of chivalry, he basks in eternal sunshine, he smells ever-blooming flowers, he is again in the land of his dreams, of his youth, of all his romance, under the sea blue skies of his beloved Italy.

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD: PRINCE KROPOTKIN'S VIEWS ON THE RELATION OF ART TO LIFE, SCIENCE TO LABOR AND MACHINERY TO THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM

RINCE PETER KROPOTKIN—he prefers to be called just plain Peter—is known all over the world as a distinguished member of that long line of noble Russian writers who during the last fifty years have waged war upon autocracy in the interests of freedom and progress. He is an Anarchist-Communist—a term full of terror for the average American reader. He is something more, however. Throughout the civilized world he is known and honored as a brilliant scientist. His book, "Mutual Aid a Factor of Evolution," has been acclaimed to be one of the most important contributions since Darwin's days to the subject of which it treats. And the little monograph, "Fields, Factories and Workshops," wherein he shows so clearly the enormous possibilities of petty farming, has, despite the fact that it was written mainly in the interest of the Anarchist-Communist propaganda, been hailed by the most conservative thinkers as a notable contribution to a great and vital question. As a hopeful and practical work on social economics it has had a remarkable influence.

So the reader may be reassured. Prince Kropotkin is a most gentle and genial revolutionist, a man very different from the vision which that title conjures in the average mind. A man of culture, with the true scientific temper, of lovable disposition, honored and welcomed in all the great scientific associations of the world. This is no place to discuss his Anarchist-Communism, or the merits of his revolutionary propaganda: our interest lies in the clear, sane and inspiring utterances upon the subject of art, life and labor contained in his new book, "The Conquest of Bread." That the book is frankly a big propaganda tract in support of his favorite social theory is of little importance to us. It does not prevent us from enjoying to the full the charming glimpses of his Utopia. It should, perhaps, be said that the book was originally written for French readers.

In the following words we have Kropotkin's view of art:

"And what about art? From all sides we hear lamentations about the decadence of art. We are, indeed, far behind the great masters of the Renaissance. The technicalities of art have recently made great progress; thousands of people gifted with a certain amount of talent cultivate every branch, but art seems to fly from

civilization! Technicalities make headway, but inspiration frequents artists' studios less than ever.

"Where, indeed, should it come from? Only a grand idea can inspire art. Art is in our ideal synonymous with creation, it must look ahead; but, save a few rare, very rare, exceptions, the professional artist remains too philistine to perceive new horizons.

"Moreover, this inspiration cannot come from books; it must be drawn from life, and present society cannot arouse it.

"Raphael and Murillo painted at a time when the search of a new ideal could adapt itself to old religious traditions. They painted to decorate great churches which represented the pious work of several generations. The basilic with its mysterious aspect, its grandeur, was connected with the life itself of the city and could inspire a painter. He worked for a popular monument; he spoke to his fellow-citizens, and in return he received inspiration; he appealed to the multitude in the same way as did the nave, the pillars, the stained windows, the statues, and the carved doors. Nowadays the greatest honor a painter can aspire to is to see his canvas, framed in gilded wood, hung in a museum, a sort of old curiosity shop, where you see, as in the Prado, Murillo's Ascension next to a beggar of Velasquez and the dogs of Philip II. Poor Velasquez and poor Murillo! Poor Greek statues which *lived* in the Acropolis of their cities, and are now stifled beneath the red cloth hangings of the Louvre!"

"THE best canvases of modern artists are those that represent Nature, villages, valley, the sea with its dangers, the mountain with its splendors. But how can the painter express the poetry of work in the fields if he has only contemplated it, imagined it, if he has never delighted in it himself? If he only knows it as a bird of passage knows the country he soars over on his migrations? If, in the vigor of early youth, he has not followed the plough at dawn and enjoyed mowing grass with a large swathe of the scythe next to hardy haymakers, vying in energy with lively young girls who fill the air with their songs? The love of the soil and of what grows on it is not acquired by sketching with a paint brush—it is only in its service; and without loving it, how paint it? This is why all that the best painters have produced in this direction is still so imperfect, not true to life, nearly always sentimental. There is no *strength* in it.

"You must have seen a sunset when returning from work. You must have been a peasant among peasants to keep the splendor of it

in your eye. You must have been at sea with fishermen at all hours of the day and night, have fished yourself, struggled with the waves, faced the storm, and after rough work experienced the joy of hauling a heavy net, or the disappointment of seeing it empty, to understand the poetry of fishing. You must have spent time in a factory, known the fatigues and the joys of creative work, forged metals by the vivid light of a blast furnace, have felt the life in a machine, to understand the power of man and to express it in a work of art. You must, in fact, be permeated with popular feelings to describe them. Besides, the works of future artists who will have lived the life of the people, like the great artists of the past, will not be destined for sale. They will be an integrant part of a living whole that would not be complete without them, any more than they would be complete without it. Men will go to the artist's own city to gaze at his work, and the spirited and serene beauty of such creations will produce its beneficial effect on heart and mind.

"Art, in order to develop, must be bound up with industry by a thousand intermediate degrees, blended, so to say, as Ruskin and the great Socialist poet Morris have proved so often and so well. Everything that surrounds man, in the street, in the interior and exterior of public monuments, must be of pure artistic form.

"But this will only be capable of realization in a society in which all enjoy comfort and leisure. Then we shall see art associations, in which each can find room for his capacity, for art cannot dispense with an infinity of purely manual and technical supplementary works. These artistic associations will undertake to embellish the houses of their members, as those kind volunteers, the young painters of Edinburgh, did in decorating the walls and ceilings of the great hospital for the poor in their city.

"A painter or sculptor who has produced a work of personal feeling will offer it to the woman he loves, or to a friend. Executed for love's sake, will his work, inspired by love, be inferior to the art that today satisfies the vanity of the philistine because it has cost much money?"

Of labor and the wise use of machinery Kropotkin is eloquent:

"It is evident that a factory could be made as healthy and pleasant as a scientific laboratory. And it is no less evident that it would be advantageous to make it so. In a spacious and well-ventilated factory work is better; it is easy to introduce small ameliorations, of which each represents an economy of time or of manual labor. And if most of the workshops we know are foul and unhealthy, it is

because the workers are of no account in the organization of factories, and because the most absurd waste of human energy is its distinctive feature. Nevertheless, we already, now and again, find some factories so well managed that it would be a real pleasure to work in them, if the work, be it well understood, were not to last more than four or five hours a day, and if every one had the possibility of varying it according to his tastes.

"LOOK at this factory, unfortunately consecrated to engines of war. It is perfect as far as regards sanitary and intelligent organization. It occupies fifty English acres of land, fifteen of which are roofed with glass. The pavement of fire-proof bricks is as clean as that of a miner's cottage, and the glass roof is carefully cleaned by a gang of workmen who do nothing else. In this factory are forged steel ingots or blooms weighing as much as twenty tons; and when you stand thirty feet from the immense furnace, whose flames have a temperature of more than a thousand degrees, you do not guess its presence save when its great jaws open to let out a steel monster. And the monster is handled by only three or four workmen, who now here, now there, open a tap, causing immense cranes to move by pressure of water in the pipes.

"You enter expecting to hear the deafening noise of stampers, and you find that there are no stampers. The immense hundred-ton guns and the crank shafts of transatlantic steamers are forged by hydraulic pressure, and, instead of forging steel, the worker has but to turn a tap to give it shape, which makes a far more homogeneous metal, without crack or flaw, of the blooms, whatever be their thickness.

"We expect an infernal grating, and we find machines which cut blocks of steel thirty feet long with no more noise than is needed to cut cheese. And when we expressed our admiration to the engineer who showed us round, he answered:

"'It is a mere question of economy! This machine that planes steel has been in use for forty-two years. It would not have lasted ten years if its component parts, badly adjusted, lacking in cohesive strength, "interfered" and creaked at each movement of the plane!

"'And the blast-furnaces? It would be a waste to let the heat escape instead of utilizing it. Why roast the founders, when heat lost by radiation represents tons of coal?

"'The stampers that made buildings shake five leagues off were

also waste! It is better to forge by pressure than by impact, and it costs less—there is less loss.

"'In a factory, light, cleanliness, the space allotted to each bench, is but a simple question of economy. Work is better done when you can see and you have elbow-room.

"'It is true,' he said, "we were very cramped before coming here. Land is so expensive in the vicinity of large towns—landlords are so grasping!'"

"It is even so in mines. We know what mines are like nowadays from Zola's descriptions and from newspaper reports. But the mine of the future will be well ventilated, with a temperature as easily regulated as that of a library; there will be no horses doomed to die below the earth; underground traction will be carried on by means of an automatic cable put in motion at the pit's mouth. Ventilators will be always working, and there will never be explosions. This is no dream. Such a mine is already to be seen in England; we went down into it. Here again this organization is simply a question of economy. The mine of which we speak, in spite of its immense depth (four hundred and sixty-six yards), has an output of a thousand tons of coal a day, with only two hundred miners—five tons a day per each worker, whereas the average for the two thousand pits in England is hardly three hundred tons a year per man.

"The same will come to pass as regards domestic work, which to-day society lays on the shoulders of that drudge of humanity—woman," says Kropotkin, and he proceeds to sketch the means whereby the irksome, dirty, disagreeable and uneducative work of the modern household may be done by machinery:

"But woman, too, at last claims her share in the emancipation of humanity. She no longer wants to be the beast of burden of the house. She considers it sufficient work to give many years of her life to the rearing of her children. She no longer wants to be the cook, the mender, the sweeper of the house! And, owing to American women taking the lead in obtaining their claims, there is a general complaint of the dearth of women who will condescend to domestic work in the United States. My lady prefers art, politics, literature, or the gaming tables; as to the work-girls, they are few, those who consent to submit to apron-slavery and servants are only found with difficulty in the States. Consequently, the solution, a very simple one, is pointed out by life itself. Machinery undertakes three-quarters of the household cares.

"You black your boots, and you know how ridiculous this work is. What can be more stupid than rubbing a boot twenty or thirty times with a brush? A tenth of the European population must be compelled to sell itself in exchange for a miserable shelter and insufficient food, and woman must consider herself a slave, in order that millions of her sex should go through this performance every morning.

"But hairdressers have already machines for brushing glossy or woolly heads of hair. Why should we not apply, then, the same principle to the other extremity? So it has been done, and nowadays the machine for blacking boots is in general use in big American and European hotels. Its use is spreading outside hotels. In large English schools, where the pupils are boarding in the houses of the teachers, it has been found easier to have one single establishment which undertakes to brush a thousand pairs of boots every morning.

"As to washing up! Where can we find a housewife who has not a horror of this long and dirty work, that is usually done by hand, solely because the work of the domestic slave is of no account.

"IN AMERICA they do better. There are already a number of cities in which hot water is conveyed to the houses as cold water is in Europe. Under these conditions the problem was a simple one, and a woman—Mrs. Cochrane—solved it. Her machine washes twelve dozen plates or dishes, wipes them and dries them, in less than three minutes. A factory in Illinois manufactures these machines and sells them at a price within reach of the average middle-class purse. And why should not small households send their crockery to an establishment as well as their boots? It is even probable that the two functions, brushing and washing up, will be undertaken by the same association.

"Cleaning, rubbing the skin off your hands when washing and wringing linen; sweeping floors and brushing carpets, thereby raising clouds of dust which afterwards occasion much trouble to dislodge from the places where they have settled down, all this work is still done because woman remains a slave, but it tends to disappear as it can be infinitely better done by machinery. Machines of all kinds will be introduced into households, and the distribution of motor-power in private houses will enable people to work them without muscular effort.

"Such machines cost little to manufacture. If we still pay very much for them, it is because they are not in general use, and chiefly

because an exorbitant tax is levied upon every machine by the gentlemen who wish to live in grand style and who have speculated on land, raw material, manufacture, sale, patents, and duties.

"But emancipation from domestic toil will not be brought about by small machines only. Households are emerging from their present state of isolation; they begin to associate with other households to do in common what they did separately.

"In fact, in the future we shall not have a brushing machine, a machine for washing up plates, a third for washing linen, and so on, in each house. To the future, on the contrary, belongs the common heating apparatus that sends heat into each room of a whole district and spares the lighting of fires. It is already so in a few American cities. A great central furnace supplies all houses and all rooms with hot water, which circulates in pipes; and to regulate the temperature you need only turn a tap. And should you care to have a blazing fire in any particular room you can light the gas specially supplied for heating purposes from a central reservoir. All the immense work of cleaning chimneys and keeping up fires—and woman knows what time it takes—is disappearing.

"Candles, lamps, and even gas have had their day. There are entire cities in which it is sufficient to press a button for light to burst forth, and, indeed, it is a simple question of economy and of knowledge to give yourself the luxury of electric light. And lastly, also in America, they speak of forming societies for the almost complete suppression of household work. It would only be necessary to create a department for every block of houses. A cart would come to each door and take the boots to be blacked, the crockery to be washed up, the linen to be washed, the small things to be mended (if it were worth while), the carpets to be brushed, and the next morning would bring back the things entrusted to it all well cleaned. A few hours later your hot coffee and your eggs done to a nicety would appear on your table. It is a fact that between twelve and two o'clock there are more than twenty million Americans and as many Englishmen who eat roast beef or mutton, boiled pork, potatoes, and a seasonable vegetable. And at the lowest figure eight million fires burn during two or three hours to roast this meat and cook these vegetables; eight million women spend their time to prepare this meal, that perhaps consists at most of ten different dishes.

"'Fifty fires burn,' wrote an American woman the other day, 'where one would suffice!' Dine at home, at your own table, with your children, if you like; but only think yourself, why should these

fifty women waste their whole morning to prepare a few cups of coffee and a simple meal! Why fifty fires, when two people and one single fire would suffice to cook all these pieces of meat and all these vegetables? Choose your own beef or mutton to be roasted if you are particular. Season the vegetables to your taste if you prefer a particular sauce! But have a single kitchen with a single fire, and organize it as beautifully as you are able to.

"Why has woman's work never been of any account? Why in every family are the mother and three or four servants obliged to spend so much time at what pertains to cooking? Because those who want to emancipate mankind have not included woman in their dream of emancipation, and consider it beneath their superior masculine dignity to think of 'those kitchen arrangements,' which they have laid on the shoulders of that drudge—woman.

"To emancipate woman is not only to open the gates of the university, the law courts, or the parliaments, for her, for the 'emancipated' woman will always throw domestic toil on to another woman. To emancipate woman is to free her from the brutalizing toil of kitchen and washhouse; it is to organize your household in such a way as to enable her to rear her children, if she be so minded, while still retaining sufficient leisure to take her share of social life.

"It will come to pass. As we have said, things are already improving. Only let us fully understand that a revolution, intoxicated with the beautiful words Liberty, Equality, Solidarity, would not be a revolution if it maintained slavery at home. Half humanity subjected to the slavery of the hearth would still have to rebel against the other half."

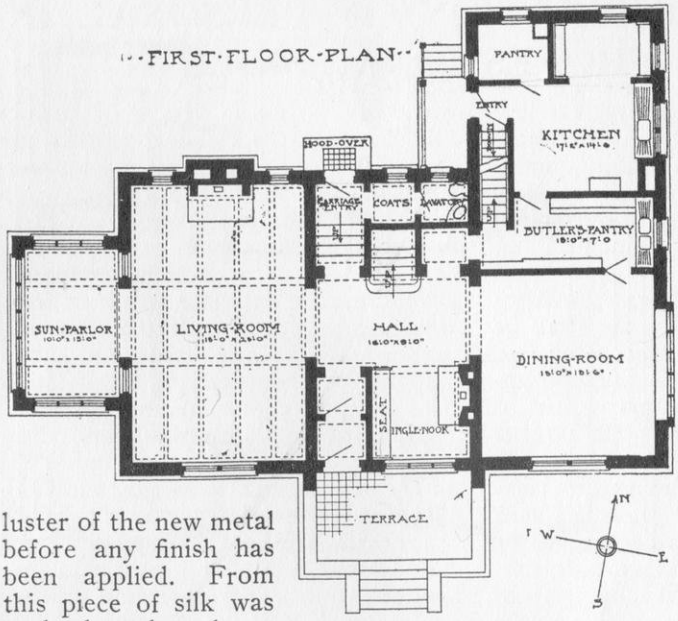
[EDITOR'S NOTE.—In November we shall publish further extracts from "The Conquest of Bread," in which Prince Kropotkin discusses with his charming style and frankness the objection, so often urged against coöperation, that men will not work unless driven by the urge of necessity and hunger. His discussion of the question of laziness is at once direct and original, and will provide abundant food for serious thought. Kropotkin also discusses the tragic waste of life under modern industrial conditions. We believe that a great many of our readers will welcome the publication of these views of the Russian scientist, and find in them much intellectual and moral stimulation.]

A HOUSE OF HARMONIES: THE EFFECT OF A HAPPY COMBINATION OF PERSONAL INTEREST AND PROFESSIONAL SKILL

EVER since THE CRAFTSMAN began to talk to its readers about the art of home building, it has urged the necessity of keeping more constantly in mind the great fundamental principle that underlies the creation of every permanently satisfying home environment, that is, that the house shall be so planned, decorated and furnished that each separate detail shall be apparent only as an unobtrusive part of one well-balanced whole. It is true that this doctrine is preached in nearly every book on decoration and furnishing, but it is too often regarded as a beautiful but impracticable theory, or perhaps well-meaning attempts to carry it out may meet with but partial success, so that examples where the entire decorative scheme shows perfect harmony without monotony and where one well-defined idea is carried out in all its details without conveying the impression of conscious effort to gain a certain effect are by no means as plentiful as might be thought from the general approval accorded to the principle itself.

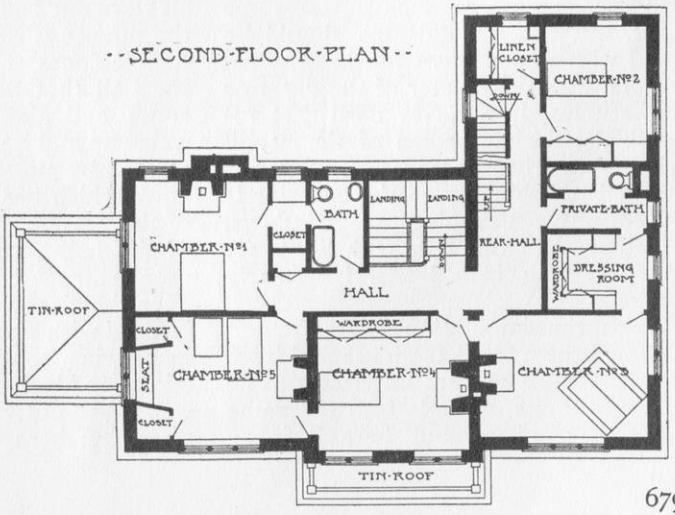
In attempting to relate the scheme of decoration throughout the entire house, the decorator has to steer a very careful course between the restlessness of too great contrast in strongly individual features and the equal restlessness produced by a sense of monotony in color and form, where the eye roams about constantly in the effort to find some salient feature upon which to rest. Another rather unusual thing is to find complete harmony in color and form between the outside and inside of a house without being given a feeling that there has been too definite an effort toward that end. Still another point which we have always held to as an article of faith is that the most satisfying results are gained only when there is a keen personal interest in the work; that nothing done by a professional architect or decorator, however great its success as a mere accomplishment, can have the little intimate touch of individuality that rises only from the expression of personal taste and direct response to the needs of the life that is to be lived in the house.

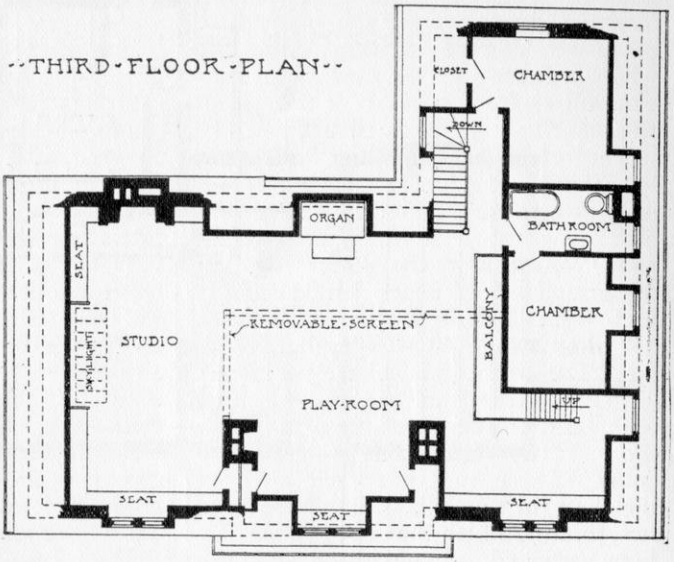
The dwelling described and illustrated here seems to us a notable example of just such satisfying individuality. It is the residence of Mr. Edwin H. Hewitt, of Minneapolis, Minnesota. Mr. Hewitt is an architect who has brought wide experience and finished professional skill to the planning of his home, and the decoration has been done by Mrs. Mary Linton Bookwalter, a New York decorator, who brought to the task an equally happy combination of professional skill and personal interest. The planning of the house and its building was entirely under the direction of Mr. Hewitt, but when it reached the plaster stage he sought the co-operation of Mrs. Bookwalter, who was a close personal friend of the Hewitt family as well as a decorator of recognized ability. Working always together, the two planned the entire color scheme of the house, exterior as well as interior, and it all developed from the suggestion given by a beautiful piece of hand-dyed silk in Mrs. Bookwalter's possession. This silk was a wonderful bit of color, showing as it did all the lights and shadows to be found in copper, from the very dark brown lurking in the hollows of an old piece of copper darkened by age and exposure, up through the entire range of color to the clear, pinkish



luster of the new metal before any finish has been applied. From this piece of silk was evolved a color scheme based on coppery brown tones, relieved by forest green, touches of old blue, and all the hues that come into natural and harmonious relation with copper.

The construction of the house is reinforced concrete, with the lower story faced with brick. It was built by day labor under Mr. Hewitt's personal direction, and the construction is so careful that the building is as substantial and as nearly fireproof as any dwelling could be. The strong individuality that distinguishes the house from all others around it rises partly from the fact that the plan of it is a straightforward expression of the desire of Mr. Hewitt and his family to have in their home the maximum of comfort and convenience as well as of beauty,—and partly from the consistency with which the color scheme is carried out in every detail. The bricks of the lower story are of a brownish tone and quite dark, the courses laid so that some of them cast shadows which diversify the surface. The plaster above is rough-cast and colored a deep warm tan that blends perfectly with the brick, but strikes a decidedly higher note of color. Accent is given by the timbers, which are of unplaned wood, stained a very dark rich brown with a slight reddish cast in it. The balcony railings and the screen over the entrance to the kitchen,—as is shown in the detail given of the rear of the house,—are of planed wood of the same color. This screen has a strong





suggestion of Japanese influence in its construction, and the suggestion is repeated in the decoration of the brackets which support the main roof. The ends of these project beyond the eaves and are carved in very much conventionalized heads of grotesque monsters. This touch of purely structural ornamentation is essentially Japanese and is irresistible in the impression it conveys of absolute fitness. A similar discretion in the use of ornament is seen in the heads of the down-spouts. These spouts are of copper and the box-like heads are made of the same metal in a shape that is at once entirely useful and unusually decorative. The copper used in this way is the keynote of the whole color scheme of the exterior. In order to avoid any discord in the harmony of varying browns, Mrs. Bookwalter suggested that no window shades or lace curtains be used, but that all curtains should be lined with a loosely-woven linen, dyed to tone with the plaster of the exterior and stitched in a heavy cord that repeats the darker brown of the wood trim. Another feature which lends marked individuality to the exterior is the effective grouping of windows, which are all casements with lights set in five-eighth inch leads, irregularly put on.

With the impression of soft and mellow brown tones fresh in mind from the first look at the exterior of the house, one steps inside into the same color atmosphere, but here it is so widely varied and so well accented that the whole impression is that of subdued richness and an unusually fresh and vital color quality. By a glance at the plan of the first floor, it will be seen that all the front part of the house is open, and that the colors must necessarily be used with as consistent an idea to their general harmony as if it all were one room. The entrance from the terrace is through a vestibule, with double doors, which opens directly into the hall that lies between the living room and dining room. A sense of welcome and home comfort is given instantly by the sight of a deep inglenook which lies just on the other side of the vestibule partition and is a part of the hall proper. Here the copper note is struck boldly by the large hood over the fireplace. The chimneypiece is faced with square, matt-finished tiles, in varying shades of coppery brown, laid up in black cement with wide joints well raked out. Some of these tiles are plain, but here and there one bears a

conventional decoration in low relief. The designs are after the manner of primitive picture writing, and the whole scheme of the decorated tiles symbolizes the discovery of the use of fire and the story of the hearth.

The woodwork of this inglenook, like that of the hall and living room, is of brown ash, stained in a deep reddish brown tone, of which the darkest shade, as seen in the softer parts of the grain, is very nearly black and the high lights caught by the hard grain are almost as light as very dark copper. The ceiling has square beams set closely together, and the floor is tiled with dull brown matt tiles, in which there is an interesting variation of color. These tiles are used also for the floor of the hall, living room and sun room, and they were regarded by both architect and decorator as a distinct "find." The copper silk hangings, which gave the keynote for the whole scheme of decoration in the lower story, were taken to a tile factory. At first, the task of finding any floor tiles that would even approach to harmony with the color of the silk seemed almost hopeless, but at last a pile of over-baked tiles were discovered in a heap of discarded material, and these proved to be the finishing touch to the entire decorative scheme of the house.

The hall is merely an open space, affording means of communication with all parts of the house. A glance at the plan of the first floor will show that there is practically no wall space, as the openings to vestibule, inglenook, living room, dining room, carriage entry, staircase and entry to the butler's pantry leave only the corner posts of partitions to define the hall. The ceiling of the hall is beamed, with much wider space between the beams than appears in the inglenook, and between the top of the woodwork and the beam which runs around the ceiling angle is a frieze covered with a two-toned canvas woven of green and tan threads which give the effect of dull, light greenish copper. One novelty in the treatment of the hall, living room and dining room is that the ceilings are all covered with this canvas, which forms an admirably soft and harmonious background to the beams, and has proven much mellower and more sympathetic in effect than plaster. In the living room the wall space above the wainscot is covered with the canvas and in the dining room the plain frieze above the tapestry panels of the wall is also of this canvas. As a rule, the connecting link in a color scheme which is developed throughout several rooms is the woodwork, but in this house the underlying theme is given out by the textiles.

The admirable division of wall spaces and the structural treatment of the beamed ceiling in the living room are shown in the illustration. The window curtains are of the hand-dyed copper toned silk already described, and the furniture consists mostly of old carved pieces picked up by Mr. Hewitt when he was a student in Germany. The dark wooden mantel is a magnificent piece of Italian carving and was brought bodily from Italy. Some of the furniture is upholstered in tapestry in which all the copper tones appear with touches of forest and water green and dull old blue. The first illustration of the living room gives a glimpse into the sun room, and the next one shows a vista of living room and hall, as seen from the sun room.

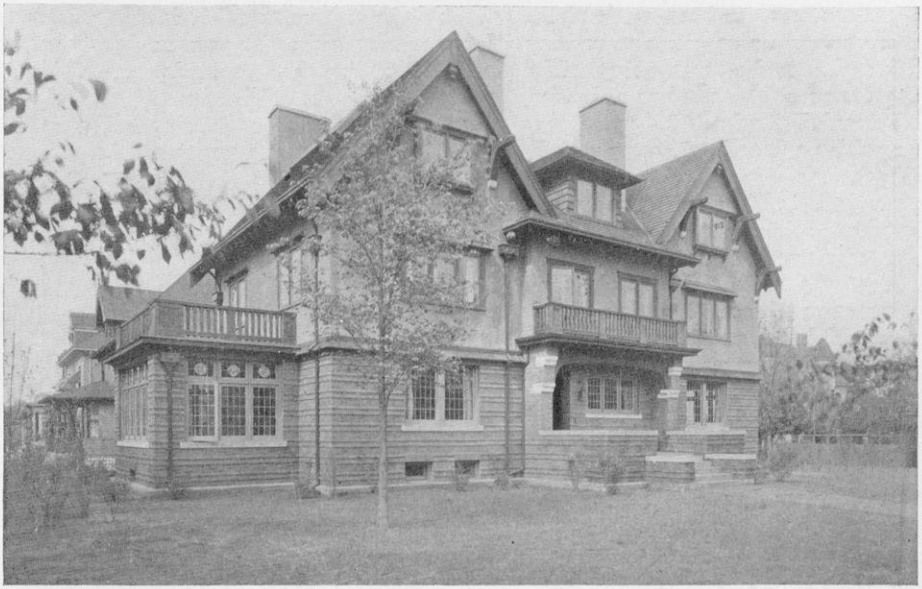
This sun room is hardly more than a recess in the living room, yet its treatment, while entirely harmonious, is distinct from that prevailing in the living room and hall. No plaster is exposed on either ceiling or walls, the whole ceiling being covered with boards which are supported by trans-

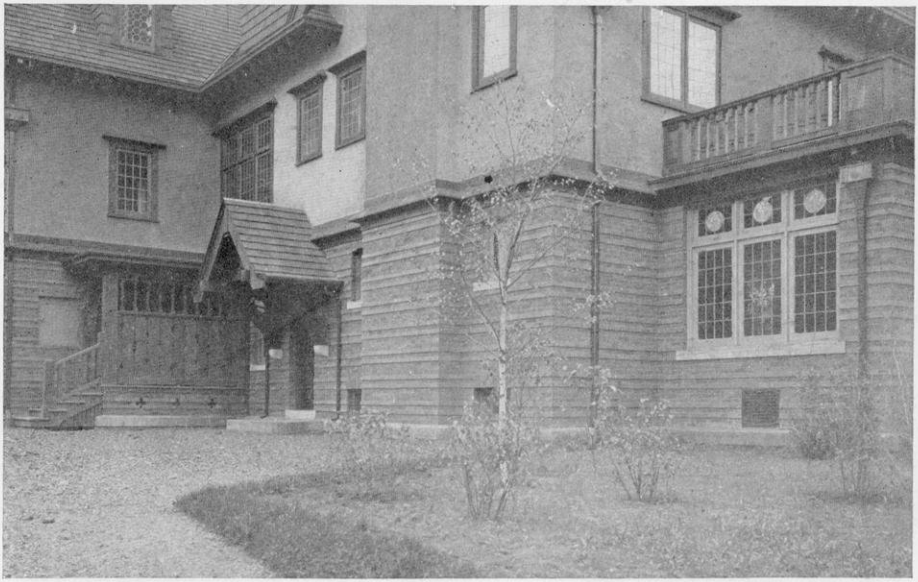
verse beams. The construction of the opening into the living room is peculiarly beautiful, and the effect of the whole may be imagined when we say that all the woodwork is of California "curly" redwood, the surface charred to produce a brilliant blackish tone on the hard part of the grain, while the soft part is all sanded out, leaving the effect of a decorative treatment in low relief. A gray finish is then applied, which subdues the warm color of the redwood, leaving a cool, light, grayish brown with vivid dark markings. The effect of this treatment may be seen more clearly in the panel that is shown on one leaf of the screen, over another of which is thrown one of the sun room curtains. The separate illustration is given because the detail of both wood and fabric is well worth making plain.

The entire color scheme of the sun room was developed from the suggestion given by a fine piece of Japanese embroidery which now hangs at one side of the opening into the living room. This embroidery was a subtle combination of gray-green, tan and soft rose upon a very soft cloudy gray ground. This curtain was taken to a stained glass factory and bits of glass selected to harmonize with all its varying tones. The crest appearing in the embroidery was used as a motif for the design that appears in the upper part of the windows, of which there are eleven, forming practically all the walls of the sun room. This design was carried out in the colors of the embroidery, and the window curtains are of dull, lusterless silk, rough textured, and in color a soft, grayish tan. The appliqué is dull green, couched on with strands of old blue. There are no window seats in the sun room, a broad sill for plants running all around the room. As the floor is one step lower than that of the living room and the ceiling is considerably lower, the effect is that of stepping down into a sunshiny little den, light and cool in color, but restful rather than brilliant.

In the dining room the ceiling and frieze are covered with the greenish copper canvas, but the walls, which are divided into panels by the woodwork, are hung with a verdure tapestry showing a color combination of gray-green and green-blue, with a dark background of very dull, shadowy green. A soft tan note is brought in by the tree trunks, the whole color effect harmonizing admirably with the canvas of the frieze and ceiling. The window hangings in the dining room are dull blue. The woodwork is all of greenish brown oak, and the leather used on the chairs is also finished in a greenish brown tone. The heavy oak dining table is reproduced from an old table Mrs. Bookwalter happened to find in Germany, and the chairs are also reproductions of fine old models. The one false note in the relation of this room to the other rooms on the lower story is the floor, which is of wood instead of tile. Since the house was finished everyone has realized that the effect was hardly as happy as it would have been had the tiled floor been carried throughout.

The arrangement of chambers on the second floor is exceedingly convenient. All the rooms have open fireplaces, with the single exception of the bedroom at the back of the house, where it was impossible to put a flue. The family room, which appears on the plan as chamber number five, has a dressing room and private bath, and is one of the most beautiful rooms in the house. The woodwork is of unfinished cherry in its natural pinkish tone. The walls and ceiling are covered with a soft pinkish tan grass cloth which shows the silvery luster peculiar to that material. In each of the wall panels is framed a group of Japanese prints





Edwin H. Hewitt, Architect.

FRONT VIEW OF MR. HEWITT'S HOUSE IN MINNEAPOLIS.

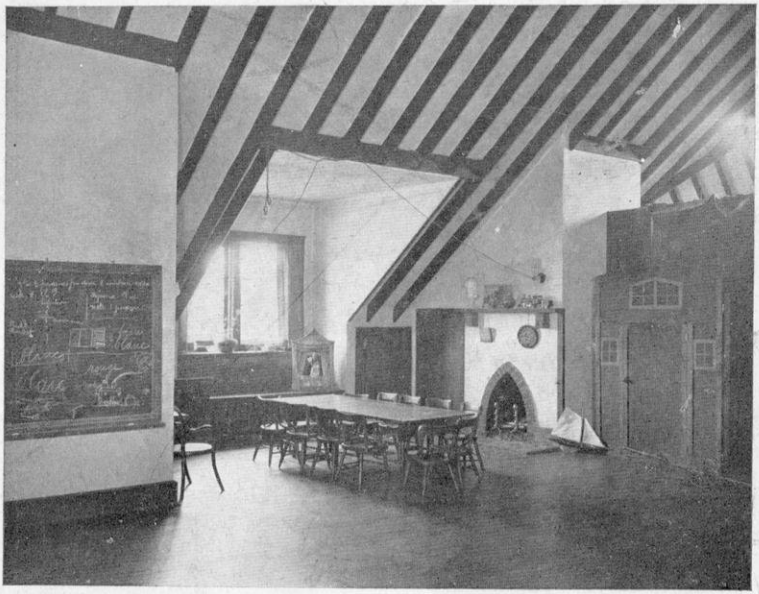
REAR ENTRANCE TO THE HEWITT HOUSE.

Mary Linton Bookwalter, Interior Decorator.

LIVING ROOM, LOOKING INTO SUN ROOM: DULL OLD COPPER SUGGESTING THE COLOR-SCHEME.

SUN ROOM LOOKING INTO LIVING ROOM: COLOR-SCHEME SUGGESTED BY A BIT OF OLD JAPANESE EMBROIDERY.

DINING ROOM: FOREST GREEN IS THE COLOR NOTE: THE FURNITURE IN OAK FROM OLD GERMAN MODELS.



ROOM ON THIRD FLOOR, WHICH CAN BE DIVIDED INTO PLAY ROOM AND STUDIO BY SCREENS, OR THROWN INTO ONE LARGE SPACE FOR DANCING OR MUSICALS.

SECOND VIEW OF THE ROOM, USED OFTEN FOR CHILDREN'S PLAY ROOM.

Especially Designed by Mary L. Bookwalter.

CHARRED REDWOOD PANEL AND CURTAIN DESIGNED FOR SUN ROOM.

SQUARED ANIMAL RUG, MANTEL FACING AND WALL COVERING FOR MR. HEWITT'S DAUGHTER'S ROOM.

in soft pinks and yellows, with touches of black, and the same scheme is suggested on the curtains of dull, pinkish tan silk by setting in old squares of Japanese tapestry, which shows the same mellow pink and yellow tones with sharp accents of gray and black.

The decoration of the room intended for the little daughter of the house was suggested by the "squared animals" shown in the rug which, together with one of the curtains, is illustrated here. The rug is an indigo blue and warm tan, a combination that caused the decorator no small trouble, for the reason that everything in the room had to be dyed to match. The walls and ceiling are covered with heavy English paper, showing the same tone of soft, warm tan, and the woodwork is finished in a lighter tone of the same color. The fireplace facing had tiles showing conventional landscapes in green and blue, set into a field of plain matt tiles of tan.

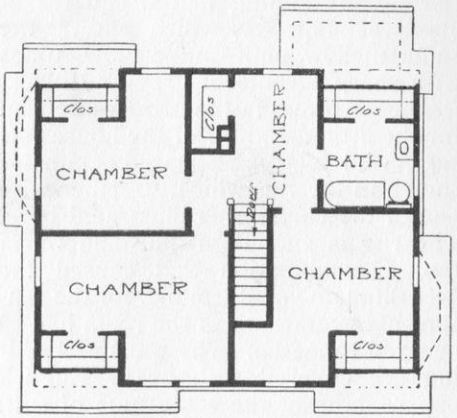
In the son's room is a richer combination of color, shown in a scheme of mahogany brown and dull yellow with lines of black. The whole atmosphere of the room is manly; the purpose of the decorative scheme focusing in the decoration of gallant knights that adorn the facing of the fireplace.

Of the two guest rooms one shows a scheme of silver and blue-gray, with tapestry hangings covered with a design of landscapes and ladies! A few touches of rose lend life to this cool and quiet color effect. The other guest room has a gray wall with chintz hangings in gay colors.

The third floor, as is shown in the plan, can either be separated by the removable screen,—which is designed on the plan of the Japanese *shoji*,—into a play room and a studio, or it can be thrown into one large room for dances and musicales. An organ is set into one of the dormers on the north side of the house, and a large fireplace is on the same side. Another fireplace lends warmth and cheer to the play room, which is fitted up for the special comfort and convenience of the children. The treatment of the walls and ceiling in this ideal "attic" is especially charming. The framework of the building has been left unaltered and unconcealed, the rough wood of the joists being stained to a rich, dark brown. The rough plaster of the walls is toned a very soft light tone of brown that harmonizes with the woodwork. The two chambers that appear in the plan are set high up under the roof, one of them having a balcony with steps leading down into the play room. These bedrooms are intended for the maids.

FOUR COUNTRY HOUSES BUILT IN A STRIP OF WOODLAND WHICH, SO FAR AS POSSIBLE, HAS BEEN LEFT UNTOUCHED

PEOPLE driving or motoring along the well-kept roads in the hill regions of New Jersey are almost sure to pull up and go slowly past a little group of houses built along the road between Hohokus and Waldwick. These houses are set well back into the edge of a beautiful strip of woodland that lies just opposite the famous old "Hermitage," where the Widow Prevost lived with her parents at the time when her brilliant lover, Aaron Burr, used to ride up this same road, with his horse's hoofs muffled to avoid the keen ears of prowling outposts, for a stolen interview with the beautiful Theodosia, whom he was to marry in that very house when times became more settled. The whole country round about is full of historic associations and traditions; homesteads dating from Revolutionary times, still unchanged and surrounded by old-fashioned gardens



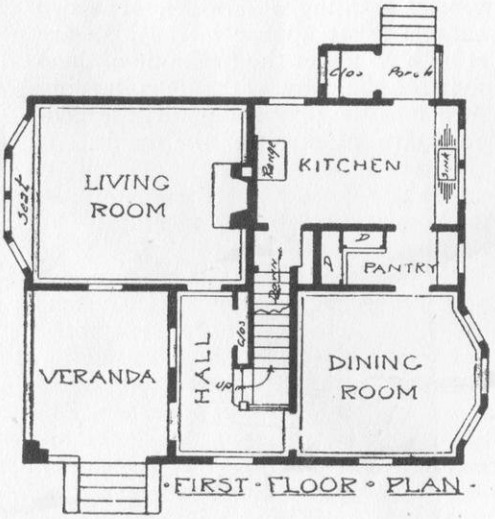
SECOND FLOOR PLAN

THE VICTOR COTTAGE.

full of the flowers cherished by our great-great-grandmothers, are found every few miles, no matter what road one may take through the country.

The little group of houses referred to is by no means ancient—the oldest of them having been built less than four years ago—but they harmonize as perfectly with their environment of strong, slim young trees of the second growth, grassy sward and outcropping rocks as does the hoary old "Hermitage" across the road with the venerable park in which it stands.

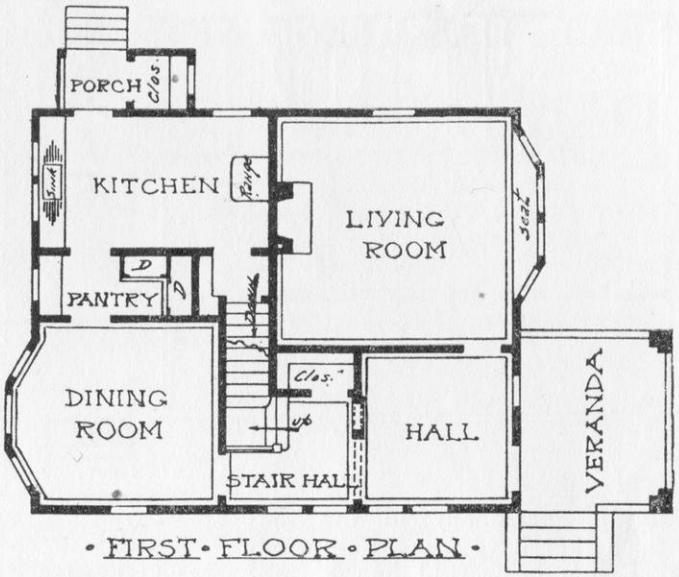
They were built by a group of people who have had the astonishing good sense to leave the surroundings practically unchanged. The trees are thinned out just enough to allow the grass and flowers to grow freely in the open spaces below, and to give the necessary amount of light and air to the houses half hidden among them. The effect of this judicious treatment of the natural woodland is such as to show at some disadvantage the best-con-



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

THE VICTOR COTTAGE.

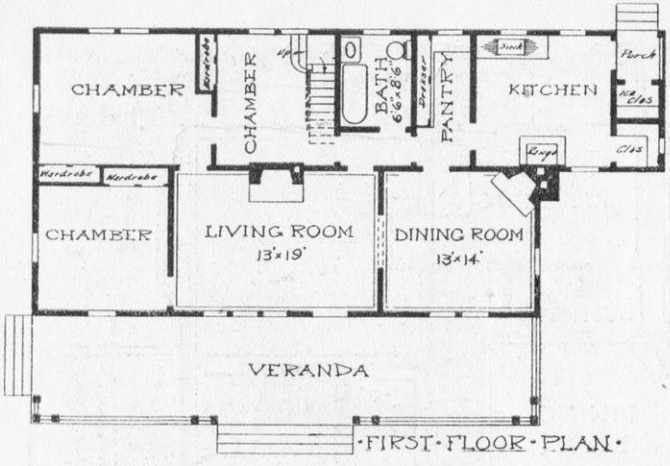
sidered attempts of the landscape gardener to gain by artificial means the effect of undisturbed nature. The rocks lying about have been gathered up and used for the foundations of the houses, for the bulkheads of the roads that are cut through the low terrace, and for carelessly piled up heaps here and there, half hidden by vines and other growing things, which might almost have been there from the beginning. No carefully thought out scheme of decoration could possibly be as effective as the straight, slender trunks of the trees that are left, and the dappling of light and shade that gives to the greensward below an unfailing interest to the lover of beautiful variations of light and shade. It is a device which preserves exactly the golden mean between glare and gloom that is so seldom found in the surroundings of houses in the country.



THE BESANT COTTAGE.

With the exception of one, these houses were designed by Mr. William Dewsnap, an architect living a few miles up the road at Allendale, a man who had grown up in this country and knows just what sort of dwellings naturally belonged to the landscape. The first house, of which only a glimpse is given in the illustration, belongs to Mr. Yeager, who built it four years ago for a summer home, but the man who has conceived the idea of preserving the essential character of the woodland in an unbroken vista is Mr. O. J. Victor, a veteran publisher who finds his pleasantest recreation from the cares of business in personally superintending the development of his beautiful little country home. The two cottages belonging to Mr. Victor and to his son-in-law, Mr. R. E. N. Besant, were built about the same time, and a year later the friendly little colony was completed by the building of the bungalow belonging to Mr. H. W. Hamlyn, which finishes the group and marks the line where the clear space thickens again into the natural growth of the woodland.

All the dwellings were designed to cost in the neighborhood of four thousand dollars, and all have kept within the limit placed, excepting the bungalow, the fittings of which have made it somewhat more expensive. This alone is intended for a purely summer residence, as Mr. and Mrs. Hamlyn have their winter home in Florida and come north only to enjoy the beauty of the Jersey hills and the pleasure of



·FIRST·FLOOR·PLAN·

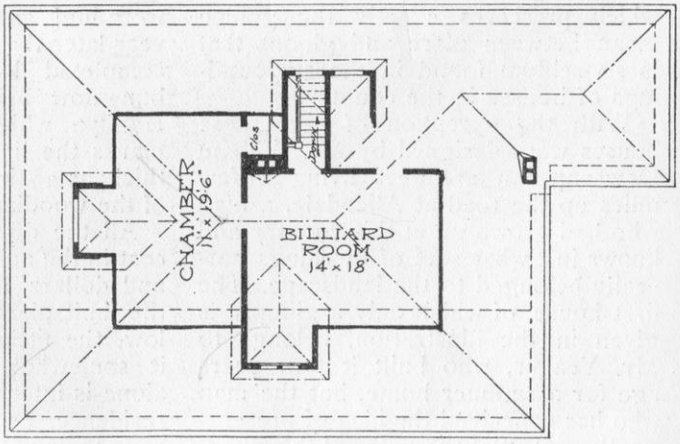
THE HAMLYN COTTAGE.

working personally in the garden which they have won within a year's time from the heart of the woods.

The houses are all of cedar shingles, stained and weathered to a soft gray-brown, and the exterior trim is of cypress painted white. The floor plans reproduced here will show how admirably the space is arranged and economized in the three houses designed by Mr. Dewsnap, and it is remarkable that the tastes of the members of this friendly little colony have been so much akin that they not only have created an impression of harmony in the group of houses as a whole when viewed from the outside, but also in the decoration and furnishing of the several interiors. Everything is simple and homelike, and is so arranged that the daily work of living may be carried on with the least possible friction and expenditure of energy. The whole group is one of the best examples we have ever found of the building of simple and beautiful country homes, perfectly suited to their environment and to the tastes and requirements of the people who live in them.

ANOTHER bungalow, situated in Ridgewood, New Jersey, three or four miles from the group just described, is so beautiful in itself and appears to be so completely fitted to all the requirements of comfortable home life in the country, that we reproduce it here as an equally good example of a country home on a somewhat larger scale.

It is the dwelling of Mr. Frank Knothe and was built originally for a summer home, but afterwards al-



·ATTIC·&·ROOF·PLAN·

THE HAMLYN COTTAGE.

William Dewsnap, Architect.

THE GROUP OF WOODLAND COTTAGES NEAR WALDWICK, AS SEEN FROM THE ROAD.

William Dewsnap, Architect.

COTTAGE OF O. J. VICTOR, ORIGINATOR OF THE PLAN OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING SURROUNDING THE GROUP OF COTTAGES.

COTTAGE OF R. E. N. BESANT, WITH YEAGER COTTAGE IN THE DISTANCE.

William Dewsnap, Architect.

THE BUNGALOW OF H. W. HAMLYN, ONE OF THE GROUP OF WOODLAND HOUSES.

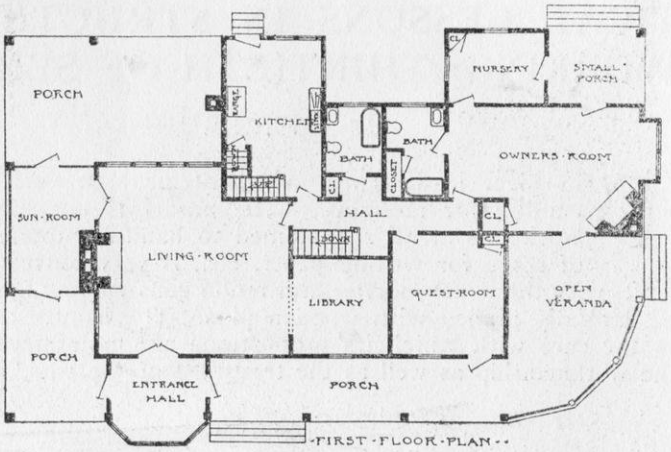
BACK VIEW OF HAMLYN BUNGALOW, SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF GARDEN.

Raymond D. Weekes, Architect.

BUNGALOW OF MR. FRANK KNOTHE, RIDGEWOOD, N. J.

REAR VIEW OF KNOTHE BUNGALOW, SHOWING EXTENSION.

tered to serve for a comfortable residence all the year round. It is an excellent example of pure bungalow construction and was designed in the first place by Mr. Raymond D. Weekes, an architect, who worked very closely in accordance with the idea of Mr. and Mrs. Knothe in planning their home. The first plan was simply for the usual square bungalow, but it has since been enlarged by adding the extension which is shown in the second illustration, and by enclosing portions of the wide veranda to make an entrance hall and sun room. The bungalow stands in a large garden, and the back of it is almost hidden by trees and shrubs that grow close to the house and form a very effective background when it is seen from the front. Although it is right in the town of Ridgewood, the grounds are large enough to give it the ample environment of lawn, flowers and shrubbery that belong to what is essentially a country house. The building is of shingles, stained to a soft brown tone, and the exterior woodwork, pillars and porch railings are all painted white. The original plan of the interior contained only five rooms and bath, and so built the cost of the bungalow was a little over four thousand dollars. The alterations as shown in the floor plan published here have almost doubled this sum, but as the comfort and usefulness of the bungalow have also been doubled, the owner is inclined to regard the additional expense as a good investment. The little entrance hall that was made by enclosing a part of the porch is lighted by a large bay window, which adds much to the interest of the exterior. A door opens into the corner of the porch, which is thus converted into an outdoor living room, and another door leads from this into the sun room, which is entirely closed in and in winter serves as an extension to the living room. Another door from the sun room leads to the porch at the back of the house. As it stands now, the greatest charm of the bungalow is the number and variety of its verandas. The largest is the long, sheltered one that faces east. Then there are the sheltered porches facing to the southeast, southwest and northwest, the big open veranda on the northeast side, and the sun room on the south. All the bedrooms have Dutch doors opening upon one or the other of the verandas.



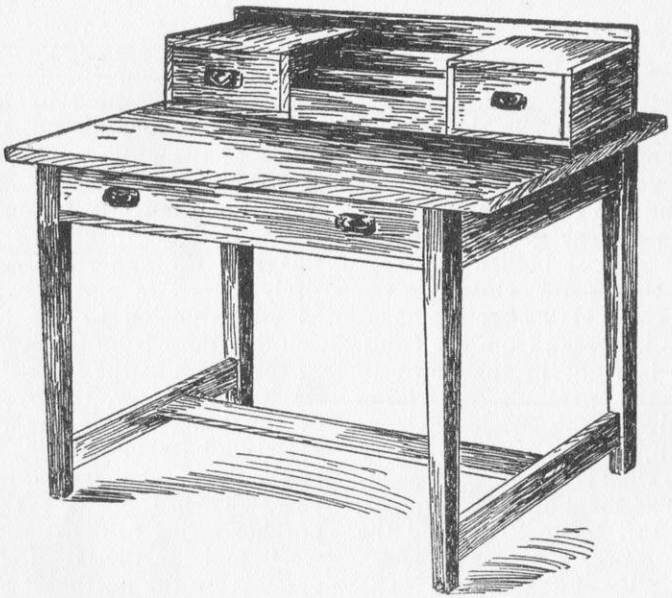
THE KNOTHE BUNGALOW.

The living room is used also as a dining room, and the deep recess at the front forms a small library or den for reading or study. A hall communicates with the kitchen, bathroom, guest room and owner's room. This last has a private bath, nursery and a small porch, which is set aside for the use of the little ones.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL LESSONS IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: THIRTIETH OF SERIES

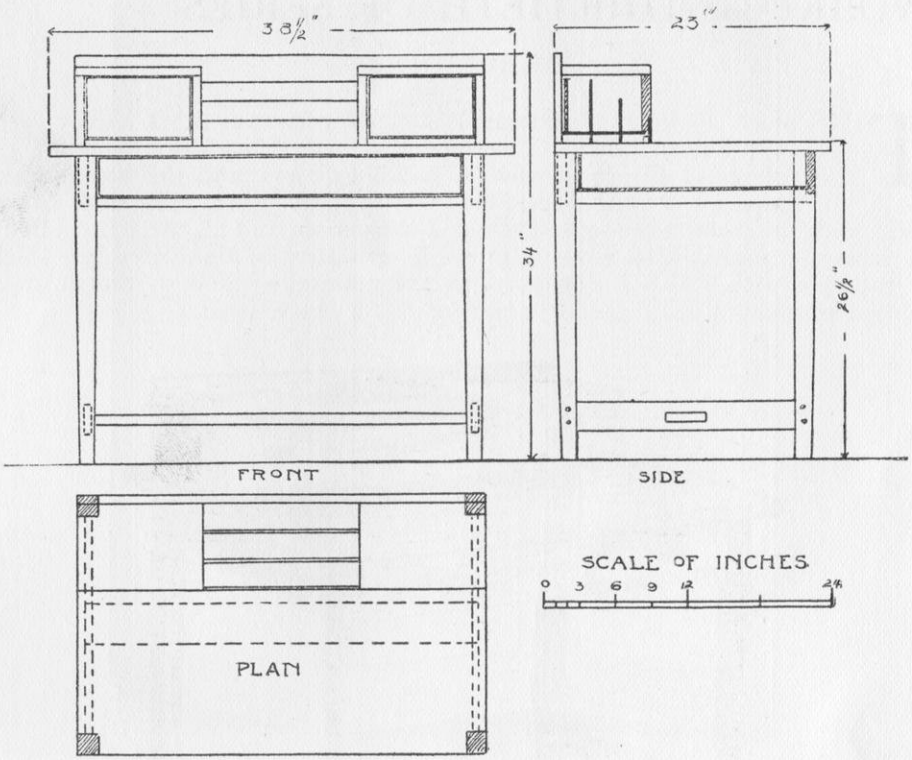
TABLE DESK.

THIS piece is designed primarily for home use, as it is hardly large enough for an office. The model is not difficult to make, if the worker is at all accustomed to handling tools, and the arrangement of space for writing paper, etc., is very convenient. The desk is well built, with the usual mortise and tenon construction, and all the joints should be carefully pinned with wooden pins. The beauty of this piece lies solely in the care with which its proportions are maintained and in the finish of the workmanship as well as the treatment of the wood itself.

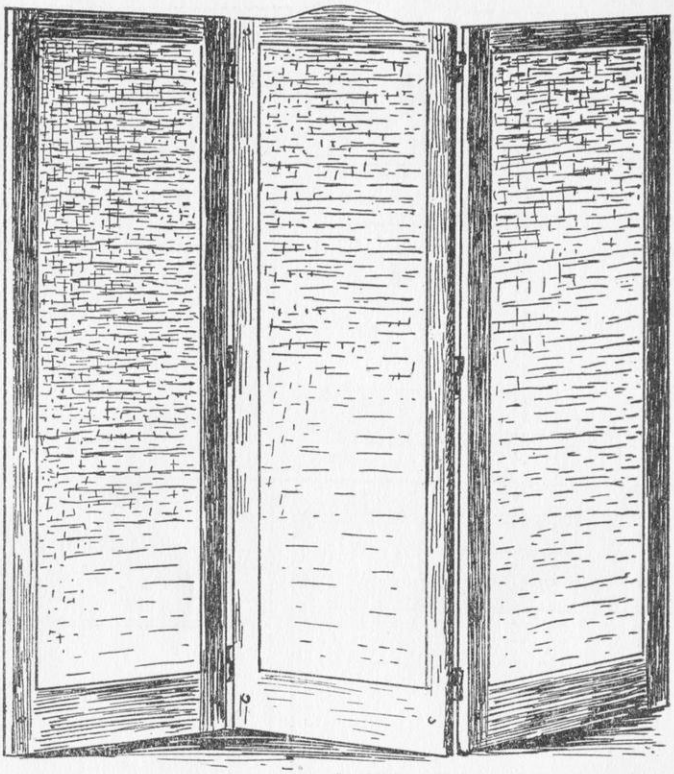


MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR DESK.

			Rough.		Finished.	
	No.	Long.	Wide.	Thick.	Wide.	Thick.
Legs	4	25¾ in.	2 in.	2 in.	1¾ in.	1¾ in.
Side rails	2	20 in.	4½ in.	⅞ in.	4¼ in.	¾ in.
Side stretchers...	2	20 in.	2¾ in.	⅞ in.	2½ in.	¾ in.
Center stretcher..	1	33 in.	3¾ in.	⅞ in.	3½ in.	¾ in.
Back	1	34 in.	7¾ in.	⅞ in.	7½ in.	¾ in.
Top	1	38½ in.	24 in.	⅞ in.	23 in.	¾ in.

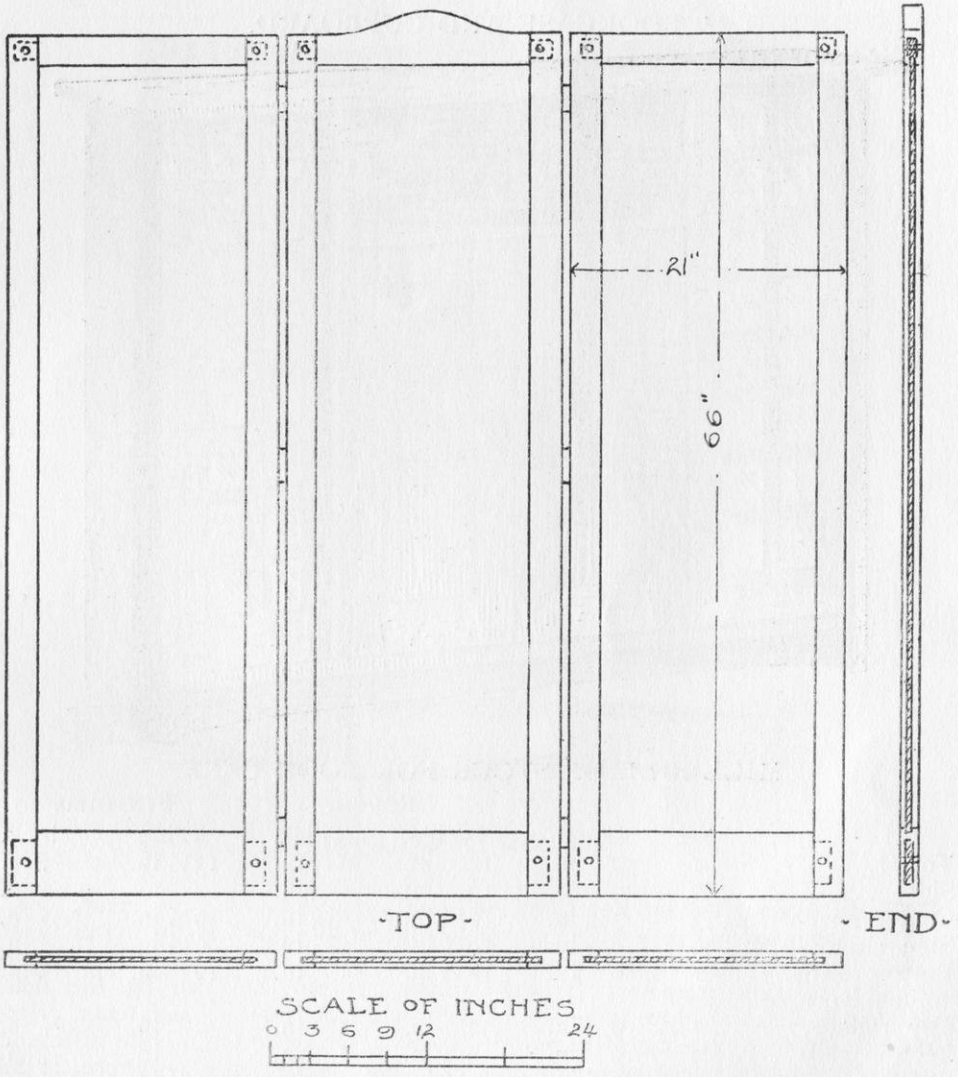


Tops	2	10½ in.	8 in.	⅞ in.	7½ in.	¾ in.
Front rail	1	34 in.	1½ in.	1 in.	1¼ in.	⅞ in.
Side rails.....	2	20 in.	4½ in.	⅞ in.	4¼ in.	¾ in.
Sides	4	7½ in.	7 in.	⅞ in.	6¾ in.	¾ in.
Drawers, top....	2	9 in.	1¼ in.	⅝ in.	1 in.	½ in.
Division	1	13 in.	2¼ in.	¼ in.	2 in.	3/16 in.
Division	1	13 in.	4 in.	¼ in.	3¾ in.	3/16 in.
Division	1	13 in.	5½ in.	¼ in.	5¼ in.	3/16 in.
Drawers, front...	2	9 in.	5¼ in.	⅞ in.	5 in.	¾ in.
Drawer, front....	1	30½ in.	3¾ in.	⅞ in.	3½ in.	¾ in.
Drawers, side....	4	7½ in.	5½ in.	⅝ in.	5¼ in.	½ in.
Drawers, side....	2	18 in.	3¾ in.	⅝ in.	3½ in.	½ in.
Drawers, back...	2	8¾ in.	5¼ in.	½ in.	4¾ in.	⅜ in.
Drawer, back....	1	30¼ in.	3½ in.	½ in.	3¼ in.	⅜ in.
Drawers, bottom.	2	8½ in.	6⅞ in.	½ in.	6¾ in.	⅜ in.
Drawer, bottom..	1	31¼ in.	30½ in.	½ in.	30¼ in.	¾ in.
Back rail.....	1	32 in.	4½ in.	⅞ in.	4¼ in.	¾ in.



A SIMPLE SCREEN.

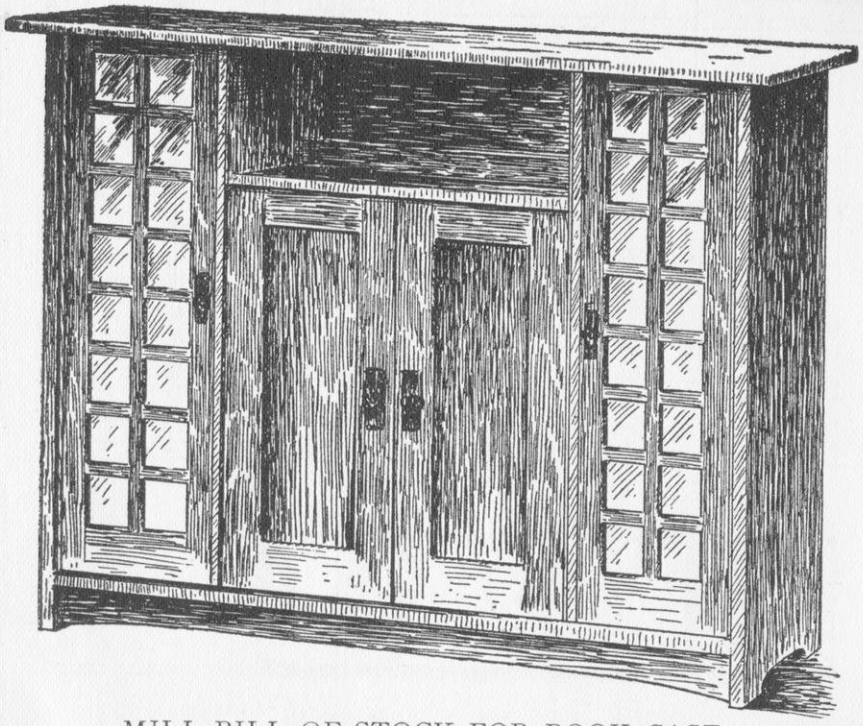
THE screen shown here will be found not only easy to make, but a very useful piece of furniture in almost any part of the room where shelter from draughts is desired, or a glare of light is to be warded off. The framework is very simple, as will be seen by the detail drawing; the chief care being necessarily with the mortise and tenon joints, and the subtle softening of edges and corners which make all the difference between a crude piece of work and one that, while equally severe, is finished in its effect. The wooden pins used at each joint are large enough in this case to serve as a decorative touch that yet belongs legitimately to the construction. The panels of the screen may be made of leather, canvas, matting, or any chosen material that will harmonize with the furnishings of the room. We have found in making our own screens that Japanese grass cloth is very satisfactory for the panels of a light screen, as it comes in beautiful soft colorings that harmonize with almost any decorative scheme, and the surface has a silvery sheen and sparkle that is most interesting in its relation to the color of the wood.



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR SCREEN.

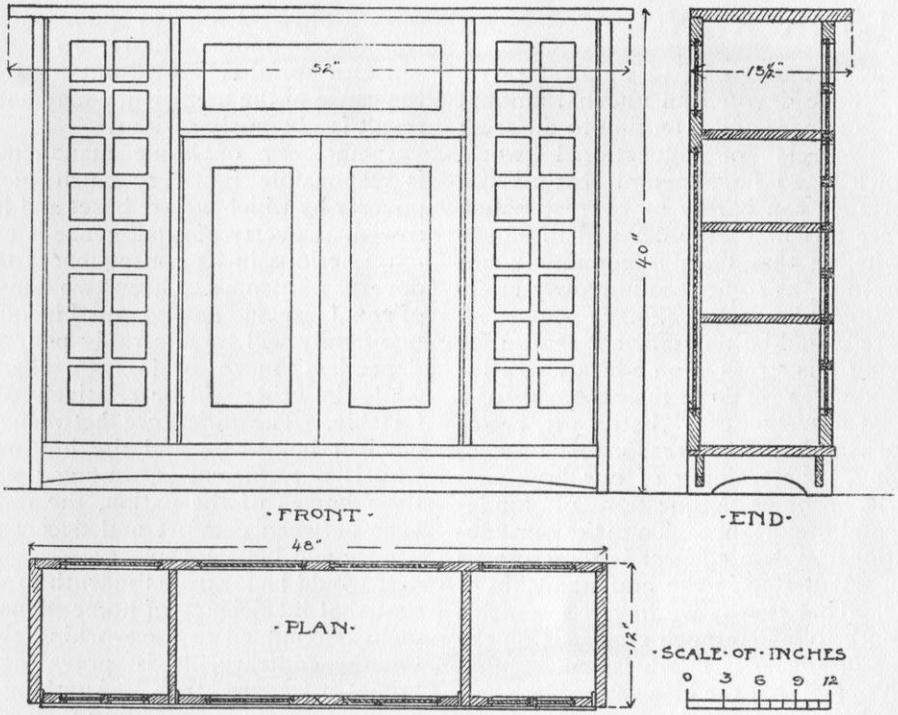
	No.	Long.	Rough. Wide.	Rough. Thick.	Finished. Wide.	Finished. Thick.
Sides	6	66 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.	2½ in.	¾ in.
Top of sides.....	2	19 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.	2½ in.	¾ in.
Top of center....	1	19 in.	5 in.	⅞ in.	Pattern	¾ in.
Lower rails	3	19 in.	5½ in.	⅞ in.	5 in.	¾ in.
Ply board panels.	3	60 in.	17½ in.	3/16 in.	17 in.	3/16 in.

A BOOKCASE AND CUPBOARD.



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR BOOK CASE.

			Rough.		Finished.	
	No.	Long.	Wide.	Thick.	Wide.	Thick.
Top	1	52 in.	14 in.	1 in.	13½ in.	⅞ in.
Sides	2	39 in.	13 in.	1 in.	12 in.	⅞ in.
Center shelves	3	23⅞ in.	10½ in.	⅞ in.	9½ in.	¾ in.
Side shelves	6	10½ in.	10½ in.	⅞ in.	9½ in.	¾ in.
Bottom shelf	1	46 in.	12½ in.	1 in.	12 in.	⅞ in.
Side Doors—						
Top rails	2	9 in.	2¼ in.	1 in.	2 in.	⅞ in.
Bottom rails	2	9 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.
Stiles	4	35½ in.	2⅛ in.	1 in.	1⅞ in.	⅞ in.
Mullions	2	32 in.	1¼ in.	1⅛ in.	⅞ in.	1 in.
Mullions	14	37¼ in.	1¼ in.	1⅛ in.	⅞ in.	1 in.
Cathedral Glass	32	3¼ in.	3¼ in.			
Panel Doors—						
Top rails	2	10 in.	2¾ in.	1 in.	2½ in.	⅞ in.
Bottom rails	2	10 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.
Stiles	4	25½ in.	2¾ in.	1 in.	2½ in.	⅞ in.
Panels	2	21 in.	8½ in.	½ in.	8¼ in.	⅜ in.
Top panel	1	20½ in.	6¾ in.	½ in.	6½ in.	⅜ in.



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR BOOKCASE

Top rail	1	22½ in.	2½ in.	1 in.	2¼ in.	⅞ in.
Bottom rail.....	1	22½ in.	3½ in.	1 in.	2¼ in.	⅞ in.
BACK SIDE—						
Panels	2	31¼ in.	8½ in.	½ in.	8 in.	⅜ in.
Center panels....	2	22½ in.	10 in.	½ in.	9½ in.	⅜ in.
End stiles	2	36 in.	3 in.	1⅛ in.	2¾ in.	⅞ in.
Partition stiles...	2	36 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3¾ in.	⅞ in.
Center stiles.....	1	26 in.	3 in.	1 in.	2¾ in.	⅞ in.
Top side rails....	2	11½ in.	3 in.	1 in.	2½ in.	⅞ in.
Top and bottom center rail.....	1	21½ in.	3 in.	1 in.	2½ in.	⅞ in.
Top and bottom Side rails.....	4	10½ in.	3 in.	1 in.	2½ in.	⅞ in.
FRONT, LOWER—						
Bottom rail.....	1	47¼ in.	3 in.	1 in.	Pattern	⅞ in.
Back rail.....	1	47¼ in.	2½ in.	1 in.	Pattern	⅞ in.
Partitions	2	35½ in.	11½ in.	⅞ in.	11 in.	¾ in.
SIDE DOOR—						
Stops	2	35½ in.	1½ in.	⅝ in.	1¼ in.	½ in.
Stops	2	25½ in.	1½ in.	⅝ in.	1¼ in.	½ in.

ALS IK KAN

IN this issue of THE CRAFTSMAN we have devoted an unusual amount of space and attention to different aspects of educational work, which is so fundamental that its importance can hardly be overestimated. Were this magazine devoted to handicrafts, as that term is commonly understood, as some, too narrowly interpreting our purpose, have supposed, there would be no sufficient reason for laying this stress upon education. But standing as we do as the exponents of a great movement for "better art, better work and a more reasonable way of living," the training of our boys and girls becomes a question of fundamental importance. To make our educational system efficient is therefore an important step in the craftsmanship of life. That is why we have chosen this month to lay so much emphasis on the idea of efficiency in education.

We feel that the idea cannot be overemphasized. Efficiency is the dominant need of American life to-day. Everywhere, in school and home, office and factory, legislature and administrative office, the cry is for effective service. Many of our gravest and greatest problems are, in the last analysis, the result of inefficiency somewhere, and their solution depends upon the elimination of inefficient methods and the substitution therefor of efficient ones. The expert investigator of social conditions is no longer content to regard low wages, irregular employment or prolonged unemployment as final explanations of poverty. Why, in these cases of extreme poverty, is the pay of the breadwinner so small? Why is he not more regularly employed? Why, when there seems to be everywhere a demand for labor, is he unable to find employment? Generally the answer is inefficiency. It may be due to physical ills, to poor mental training, to moral failure, to a false sense of social relations, but whatever the cause of the inefficiency may be the result is obviously serious.

Inefficiency of home management is responsible for very much of the poverty by which we are beset and harrowed. Poverty of intelligence is even more serious in its consequences than poverty of income. Given two families of equal size and having equal incomes, one family will be miserably poor and dependent more or less on charity, while the other will be relatively comfortable. The difference between the efficient housewife and the housewife who is not efficient is, among the artisan homes of the nation, the difference between comfort and decent existence and hopeless misery.

It would be far from the truth to suggest that inefficiency of home management is confined to the working class. On the contrary, it is prevalent in homes of every type. Anything in business nearly approaching the wastefulness and inefficiency of average home management would bring about national bankruptcy and disaster in less than a twelvemonth. Without pushing logic too far it may be confidently asserted that efficiency in home management would contribute greatly to the solution of some of the most harassing problems of our domestic life. As a case in point, take the ever-present and pressing "servant problem." Equally as serious as the difficulty of obtaining servants is the general, almost universal, inefficiency of those whose services can be obtained. Incompetent service at high wages is the marrow of the problem as it presents itself to thousands of American families. Yet we venture to say that behind the inefficiency of the servant is also an inefficiency of direction far-reaching and serious. When a

servant after months or years of service in one household moves to another and is found to be incompetent, as not infrequently happens, it is quite evident that her training has been inefficient. Her incompetence points to the incompetence of the mistress she served without acquiring proficiency. Inefficient mistresses make inefficient servants in too many instances. Where a household is not large enough to permit the employment of an expert housekeeper to stand between mistress and servants and to insist upon proper service, the mistress should at least know enough about the work she requires to be done to command the respect of the servants, and to set practical standards for them.

But, it will be objected, mistresses cannot be expected to train servants and pay them the wages of fully trained and competent servants while so training them. And the servants, in a great majority of cases, will not take less than full wages, no matter how inexperienced and incompetent they may be. The Croatian peasant girl who in Europe would have been a very beast of burden working in the fields, doing the work of the ox, receiving miserable pay for almost incredible toil, will, two months after she has been in this country and before she has learned the language or gained more than the faintest possible idea of the work required of her, demand exorbitant wages, equal to those of the most skilled servants in her grade, and all kinds of exemptions and privileges. She has no standard of values, no sense whatever of a principle so fundamentally simple as that wages should bear a distinct relation to service; that a demand for high wages should be supported by ability and willingness to render service of equally high value. Yet, every student knows that in Europe, in the homes of the feudal aristocracy of her own land, she would have recognized that principle as the most natural thing in the world. She only loses her standard when she comes—directly or indirectly through others of her own nationality already corrupted—into contact with American life and American ideas. And here, it may be, is where the schools fail. It is increasingly evident that they do not inculcate the two principles of the equal dignity of all useful labor and the importance of constantly aiming at efficient standards. Yet these are fundamentally essential to honest citizenship.

The same general observations apply to the great conflict between the labor unions and the employers. We are not blind to the good side of labor organizations. It is probably true that if they were taken away the workers would be grievously harmed in some important respects. Doubtless much of the humane legislation of our age has been largely inspired by them. But the weakness of the modern labor union is seen best when we compare it with the medieval guild of which it is so poor a copy. Like the guild, the modern labor union aims to protect the interests of its members by fixing the price of their labor. To that nobody but the doctrinaire or the most hopelessly narrow-minded could seriously object if it were done in the same spirit as by the guilds of old. The evil comes in when the unions aim to fix wages as the guilds did while ignoring the very thing upon which the guilds based their claim to fix the price of labor. For the guilds not only set a standard of wages, but, unlike their degenerate modern offspring, a standard of workmanship and industrial efficiency. They did not attempt to force the clumsy, inefficient or lazy workman upon society, or demand that such a workman be as well paid as the most

expert and willing. They set no premium upon inefficiency. On the contrary, they insisted that the workman must be efficient, that he must give a satisfactory return in productive service of a high order for the pay demanded. Right here is where the great labor unions represent a principle that is vicious and dishonest. It is not to their efforts to raise wages that we see grave objection—for indeed, we do not object to that at all—but to their setting a premium upon inefficiency by demanding good pay for poor work and by defending incompetent and malingering workmen. And here, again, the schools seem to have failed to inculcate the basic principles of honest and efficient living.

In business it is efficiency that counts, as in every other department of life. Amid the tumult and unrest of the time this fact is very generally lost sight of. Progress in the business world consists of the triumph of efficient over inefficient methods. In most cases the crying against the great business corporations means nothing more than the demand of the inefficient to be protected from the results of his own incompetence. After making all possible allowance for the use of illegal means by some of our great corporations, for the greed and rapacity which they have shown, it is clear that ultimately, if we pursue our investigations with scientific candor, we must come to the conclusion that the great difference between the small business and the great corporation is mainly attributable to efficiency on the part of the latter. In the current outcry against the great chain of retail stores controlled by the "tobacco trust," the superiority of the service rendered by these well-equipped and efficiently directed stores over a majority of the competing stores is lost sight of. Now, we do not hold a brief for this or any other corporate interest. If illegal acts have been committed, if, as alleged, there has been a conspiracy against the public interest, the laws of the states should be firmly, vigorously enforced. But it is of the highest importance to see that the forces of state and nation are not used, under demagogic urge, to discourage efficiency and to foster its opposite.

The silent revolution wrought in modern industrial and commercial life through the adoption of efficient methods of organization, accounting, utilization of by-products and close study of industrial and commercial needs has added enormously to the wealth and prosperity of the nation. So in agriculture. Our farmers have been slow to discover the senselessness of each generation perpetuating the mistakes of the generations which preceded it. The vast economic and sociologic advantages of rotation of crops, diversified farming and intensive cultivation have made slow but certain progress, and the advantages have been on the side of the progressive and efficient. And yet we are profoundly convinced that the good work has barely begun. We have as yet only touched the surface where presently we shall dig deep.

The science of business organization is in its infancy as yet; there are vast treasuries of wealth flowing unheeded into the great ocean of waste upon the tides of heedlessness and conservatism A series of melodramatic and tragicomic bank robberies by trusted employees reveals in the most carefully guarded places of our business life almost incredible weakness and inefficiency. Our farmers still fail to realize the almost boundless possibilities of the soil. Thousands of farmers who are struggling to make ends meet, fighting against a mean, shabby, miserable poverty, neglect golden opportunities and fail to see that under their very

noses lie great resources. Sometimes the very weeds which keep them poor and despondent are, like the precious pebbles with which the African Dutch farmers' children played for many years ignorant of the fact that they were diamonds, of almost fabulous value. Farmers are struggling against riotous weeds like the mustards, jimsonweed, tansy, dandelion, burdock and many others, while millions of dollars worth are imported from Europe for pharmaceutical purposes. Many an American farmer pays to have the dandelions rooted up from his fields and throws them away quite regardless of their food value and the fact that we import from Europe something like one hundred and fifteen thousands pounds of the root for drug purposes each year at an average cost of five cents per pound. The same is true of the mullein and dock. We but instance these things as slight indications of a whole series of observations which lead us to the belief that in such a country as our own, with its well-nigh boundless resources, there is absolutely no need of poverty, no need of crises, no need of dependence upon a few stock manipulators in Wall Street or elsewhere. As a nation we are not efficient until we have grasped the opportunities which these resources offer; until the people as a whole can live in the peaceful security of an honest living for honest work. Given a modest acreage of land, courage and intelligence, and the will and skill to work, no man in America need seriously fear the threat of poverty.

The civic aspects of this great demand for efficiency are so numerous and important that we can barely indicate them here. Throughout the length and breadth of the land our cities and states are agitated by demands for reforms of one kind or another, all representing a blind groping after efficiency. It is not always so recognized, however. In most cases the protest against corruption and bad government in our cities assumes the form of a demand for "good" men and "good" government, but as Dr. W. H. Allen points out in his stimulating and suggestive volume "Efficient Democracy," what we really need is efficiency rather than impractical goodness. It is efficiency only with which as citizens we are concerned. But civic efficiency concerns the elector as well as the elected. We cannot have the efficient government without the efficient citizens. Here, in truth, is the crux of our civic problem. How much does the average man know of the city and of its business, which is, of course, *his* business? Does he satisfy himself that his business is being honestly and efficiently conducted and demand an intelligent report of the work done by his nominal servants who are, alas! generally his masters? Too often, indeed, we the maximum of inefficiency instead of a reverse result.

We have wandered far in this dissertation from the schools and their efficiency, with which we began. But we chose the school system simply as a convenient point of departure into a broad, almost unlimited field of speculation and contemplation. Most earnestly do we believe that the need of cultivating standards of efficiency in education, in work, in play, in business and in government, if not the greatest need of the ages and the most urgent, takes a high place among such needs. To be efficient as individuals and as a nation, to make the best use of our opportunities, is the next great lesson in the art of living, the craftsmanship of personal and social happiness, which we must learn.

NOTES

CLOSED art galleries are the rule this season, for in New York this is the time for genius hunting or resting, so that it comes as a double surprise to find so large and interesting a summer show of paintings as at present on exhibition at the Knoedler Gallery on Fifth Avenue.

A second pleasure lies in the fact that in one showroom the paintings are all entirely by American artists; because, much as we may be interested in foreign art and its developments, the time has at last come in America when we most of all want to know what our own artists are doing, just how much they are telling us about our own country, the most interesting civilization in the world, and just how many of them have discovered all the wonderful beauty of pastoral and metropolitan life, which America is now offering as artistic inspiration. One of the pictures that proves America's claim for artists out of her own soil is "The Pool," by John H. Twachtman. It is a poetical thought expressed in delicate tones, and with a broad brush. It is like a quiet, serene thought in a troubled world, and, strangely enough, as one remembers about Twachtman, his relation to life had much of this quality.

A second American painter whose work is always so fresh and delightful is W. L. Lathrop. One of his pictures at Kneodler's is called "Twilight after the Rain." The country is a bit of Long Island. In this picture Lathrop makes you wonder a little why at one time such clever American artists seem to think that there were no mists or twilights except in Holland. Near this picture is hung "The Toiling Surf," a finely painted water picture, with a certain splendid joy in the waves expressed, and near is "The Daisy Field," by the same artist, which is full of that quivering, palpitating light which shimmers over the burning summer meadows.

George Elmer Brown shows a number of clever French pictures. Just why so worth-while an artist should turn his back on America is hard to understand, as he seems to have the very technique that would express the quality of our own country sides. Charles Melville Dewey shows a lovely late autumn landscape, which he calls "Woods and Warren." It has the rich coloring of the American autumn. There are sheep in the picture, and a sense of pastoral luxury.

Marcius Simons, an American artist who lives in Paris, has some semi-grotesquely Oriental pictures, which are not pleasant in color or valuable in composition. E. I. Couse shows a kneeling Indian lad with bow and arrow, which he calls "Trailing," and which is very well painted, and a real Indian as well as an interesting color scheme. George Inness, Jr., shows an American landscape with sheep, which he calls "On the Hilltop."

In a second room at the Knoedler Gallery there is a large and fairly interesting exhibit of foreign artists, chiefly from Paris.

A second gallery that has opened its doors for exhibition in the hot weather, is Fishel, Adler & Schwartz. They are showing two large mural canvases painted by William B. Van Ingen, a pupil of John La Farge. These canvases will be shipped in a short time to Indianapolis, where they will be put in place in the Supreme Court building. Although they are very large, and should be very important, they are as a whole disappointing. Not because they are less good than most mural paintings that are

from New York nowadays, but because so little mural painting is designed with any real thought, with any originality of conception, and with any purpose to fit the scheme of decoration, not only to the building, but to the history of the land on which the building stands. Why must we go on having dull, stupid Greek ladies or fat Roman matrons, and impossible Ethiopians trailing around the walls of our great public buildings? What earthly significance has a decorative, large, flat-faced goddess in ugly pink robes, with arms like a pile driver, to a nation like America that has been full of vivid historical incident since its birth, hundreds of years ago. If we would stop to think, what opportunity for color and composition our national history could furnish, with Columbus, the early Spanish priests, the Aztec civilization, our own American Indians, our Pilgrims, etc., all the way down each century. And yet we pay money for large, fat, futile figures of Justice and Mercy and Progress and Science, with no more beauty or harmony or historic significance than if they had been designed and executed in kindergartens.

Not that all this vituperation for a moment belongs to Mr. Van Ingen's decorations, and perhaps we should beg his pardon for putting it in a notice of his work, still, with all justice to his designs and color, he has not lent his mind to the creative work that one feels he is capable of, and that would strengthen the quality of his attainment some fifty per cent.

WE have just received notice that the Pittsburg Architectural Club will hold its Fourth Architectural Exhibition during the month of November, 1907, in the new fireproof art galleries of the Carnegie Institute.

The special features will be: First.—The Foreign Section; consisting of drawings of almost all European countries, especially from France, England, Germany and Austria. From the latter two countries we expect a numbr of most interesting interiors. Second.—It is intended to devote one gallery entirely to the new movement of Architecture of Exteriors and Interiors as so far developed in the United States. Third.—We will have a department for drawings from the leading technical schools and colleges. Fourth.—We intend to have a section devoted to Sculpture and Liberal Arts, but in Liberal Arts we will limit this principally to original drawings.

The officers of the club this year are: President, Richard Keihnel of the firm Keihnel & Elliott, architects; Vice-President, D. A. Crone, architect; Secretary, Stanley Roush; Treasurer, James Macqueen; Chairman of Entertainment, Architect Thomas Herron.

WE feel sure that the following facts in regard to the Eleventh Annual Exhibition of the Art Association of Richmond, Ind. will be of interest to the readers of THE CRAFTSMAN:

The exhibit which was held in June was arranged by Mrs. M. F. Johnston, president of the association. The same exhibit was subsequently shown in Muncie, Ind., under the auspices of the Muncie Art Association. The interest of this latter association in the exhibit may be inferred from the fact that it bought for its permanent collection the "Entrance to the Siren's Grotto—Islands of Shoals," by Childe Hassan.

The Richmond Association, by means of the Daniel G. Reid Purchase Fund, secured "At the Well," by Frank Vincent Du Mond. The permanent

collection of this association now numbers fifteen important paintings.

The following prizes were awarded at the Richmond Exhibit: The Mary F. R. Foulke prize of $50.00 for the best painting by an Indiana artist was awarded to Mr. William Forsyth, of Indianapolis, for "A Woodland Brook" (landscape in oil). The Richmond prize of $25.00, also given by Mrs. Foulke for the best painting by a Richmond artist, went to J. E. Bundy for "Autumn" (landscape in oil).

The Hibbard Public School of Richmond bought "Hills in Springtime" (landscape in oil), by William Wendt; price, $150.00. The sales in the Arts and Crafts were excellent, both in Richmond and Muncie, and the exhibits were of unusual interest and beauty.

REVIEWS

MISS Elizabeth Luther Cary, whose biographical studies of Morris, Browning, Tennyson and the Rossettis have given her a prominent and somewhat unique position among professional biographers, has recently published "The Works of James McNeil Whistler," in a large volume containing also a tentative list of his paintings, lithographs and etchings. Miss Cary warns the reader not to expect too much in the way of a critical study of Whistler's work. She says frankly that she has had to rely wholly upon the published works of other writers in preparing her book. She writes as an untechnical observer, aiming solely to stimulate a somewhat more general, a somewhat less esoteric, interest in an art that seems to her peculiarly to appeal to the æsthetic instincts of the American mind, if not to the superficial side of American taste.

That there is room and need for such an account of Whistler's amazingly varied work, no one familiar with the bulk of mystifying literature that has been written about it will be likely to doubt. Writers on art topics have long been used to expressing themselves in terms well calculated to conceal thought and to puzzle the reader of ordinary intelligence and education. Whistler has been particularly unfortunate in having a host of "expounders," "commentators" and "interpreters" of this type. Miss Cary is to be congratulated, therefore, upon the spirit in which she has chosen to write her account of Whistler's many-sided art. There possibly may be not quite enough of the dry light of calm, well-balanced judgment in the one hundred and forty-six pages devoted to the great artist (the remaining one hundred and fifty-six are given up to the carefully-prepared list of his works), but that is a fault which Miss Cary shares with many illustrious writers. Upon the whole, her volume, if a trifle enthusiastic in its expressions of appreciation, is an interesting, instructive, lucid and highly successful survey and exposition of the work of perhaps the most unusual genius of the age.

To the fine influence of Fantin-Latour upon Whistler, Miss Cary pays discriminating and just attention. It is hardly likely, however, that many careful students of Whistler's work will be found to agree with her note of dissent to M. Bénédite's claim that Courbet also influenced Whistler's art in his earlier years. It is not enough to dwell upon a single picture like "The Blue Wave" and to point out that it resembles a study made for Courbet's picture, painted eight years after Whistler's "La Mer Orageuse." Not only is the date of the study by Courbet not determined, but more important still is the fact that in all his

earlier marine pictures Whistler's temper is vigorous and sharp, like Courbet's, rather than quiet, dreamy and mysterious as in later years. It is perhaps a matter of small importance. Whistler's originality is not in question. Whistler was not Courbet and Courbet was not Whistler. To the American was given a more exquisite nature, an ambient delicacy which the French artist lacked, but was not slow to appreciate. Whistler, without doubt, drew from Courbet to a larger extent than Miss Cary seems willing to admit, and, equally without doubt, in turn influenced Courbet.

In spite of this word of criticism, it is just to add that a review of Whistler's life and work under a leadership which, while it goes into no new fields of interpretation, takes one pleasantly through all the familiar paths, is most enjoyable. If Whistler's claims to greatness have never been presented to the reader's mind, Miss Cary's book will show them more clearly than almost any other of the numerous volumes devoted to the life-work of the whimsical master of "the gentle art of making enemies." If, on the other hand, Whistler has won a place in the affections already, the volume will prove interesting and refreshing to the memory. The book is beautifully printed on thick, creamy paper and bound in plain boards of brown and wood tones, a setting that harmonizes admirably with its subject. It is illustrated with a number of reproductions, in sepia, of Whistler's best known works. ("The Works of James McNeil Whistler, With a Tentative List of the Artist's Works." By Elizabeth Luther Cary. Illustrated. 302 pages. Price, $4.00 net. Published by Moffat, Yard & Company, New York.)

A little book that possesses the unusual quality of conveying much technical information and instruction without in the least losing a very readable interest is "Rumford Fireplaces and How They Are Made." It is written by Mr. G. Curtis Gillespie, an architect, who, in his own practical experience in planning and building houses, has proven the value of Count Rumford's formula for the building of a fireplace that can be depended upon to throw out the maximum of heat and to dispose of its own smoke in some other way than by sending large billows of it out into the room.

Mr. Gillespie's assertion that most architects are given to spending more time and thought upon the designing of ornate mantels than to the building of the fireplace itself is only too true. It had always seemed to him rather unreasonable to bestow so much care on what was merely the framing of the fireplace and so little, in comparison, on the fireplace itself, therefore, when a friend brought to his notice several years ago Count Rumford's "Book of Essays," he eagerly seized upon the one which dealt with fireplace construction and alteration. The Count's essay was written over a hundred years ago, but Mr. Gillespie found by practical experience that the principles laid down for fireplace construction still held good in all their details. Therefore in this book he reproduces the essay in full with all its quaint wording as being of essential value to architects and builders to-day.

Referring to his own experiences with a fireplace built exactly after the Rumford specifications, Mr. Gillespie says: "I have had ample opportunity to test to the fullest extent a fireplace five feet wide, placed in the center of the interior long side of a room seventeen feet by twenty-eight feet, exposed on three sides, with eight large windows and no cellar; the house stands on a high knoll fully open

to the most rigorous weather and is the ordinary frame shingled house, the shingles carried down to within two inches of the ground so as to leave the underside of the floor and beams exposed to outside temperature. In this room with the thermometer at zero outside a temperature of seventy degrees was secured from a small bundle of wood no larger than might be conveniently grasped in the two hands, and with larger and more wood the temperature at the farthest corners was was readily run up to eighty degrees and the air maintained in the room pure, fresh and wholesome. This house, by the way, was provided with no other heating device than fireplaces; there were seven of them and all quite as satisfactory as the one referred to.

The main point of Count Rumford's theory of fireplace building is to overcome the common defect of building the throat of the chimney so large that it swallows up and devours all the warm air of the room instead of merely giving a passage to the smoke and heated vapor which rises from the fire. By experimenting he found that to prevent chimneys from smoking nothing was so effective as diminishing the opening of the fireplace in the manner as described by lengthening, lowering and diminishing the throat of the chimney. Explicit directions in technical terms that can be followed easily by any mason are given in the essay and the book is illustrated with a number of detailed drawings, including the original Rumford drawings and diagrams for fireplace construction, as well as many attractive half-tones of beautiful fireplaces and chimney pieces. ("Rumford Fireplaces," by G. Curtis Gillespie, M. E., Architect, containing Benjamin, Count of Rumford's, Essay on "Proper Fireplace Construction." Illustrated. 200 pages. Price ——. Published by William T. Comstock, New York.)

UTOPIAN dreams are born with ease and reckless fecundity amid the social unrest of nations. Once in a century or so a dream of Utopia stirs the hearts of men and changes the currents of history. Others, almost as rare, touch the hearts of a few with literature, and so attaining immortality. But the overwhelming majority of Utopian dreams are idle and harmless.

Mr. Alfred L. Hutchinson is a dreamer of the harmless kind. Taking as his theme the much-discussed topic of the limitation of private fortunes by taxation, to the discussion of which President Roosevelt and Mr. Carnegie have made notably interesting contributions, he gives us a detailed account of the system in practice, together with a picture of American society as affected by it. Adopting the familar trick of jumping forward a few decades ahead of the march of time—his "Pre-Statement" is dated A. D. 1944—he gives us an imaginary "history" of the great social revolution peacefully brought about through the taxation of incomes.

Of course, Mr. Hutchinson in his imaginative "history" tells how the great revenues thus derived were expended. He is not an advocate of socialism, indeed, he opposes it vigorously, but he nevertheless creates a paternalism, a great bureaucratic government, of the most alarming sort—alarming, that is, if we take Mr. Hutchinson seriously. ("The Limit of Wealth." By Alfred L. Hutchinson. 284 pages. Price, 1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)