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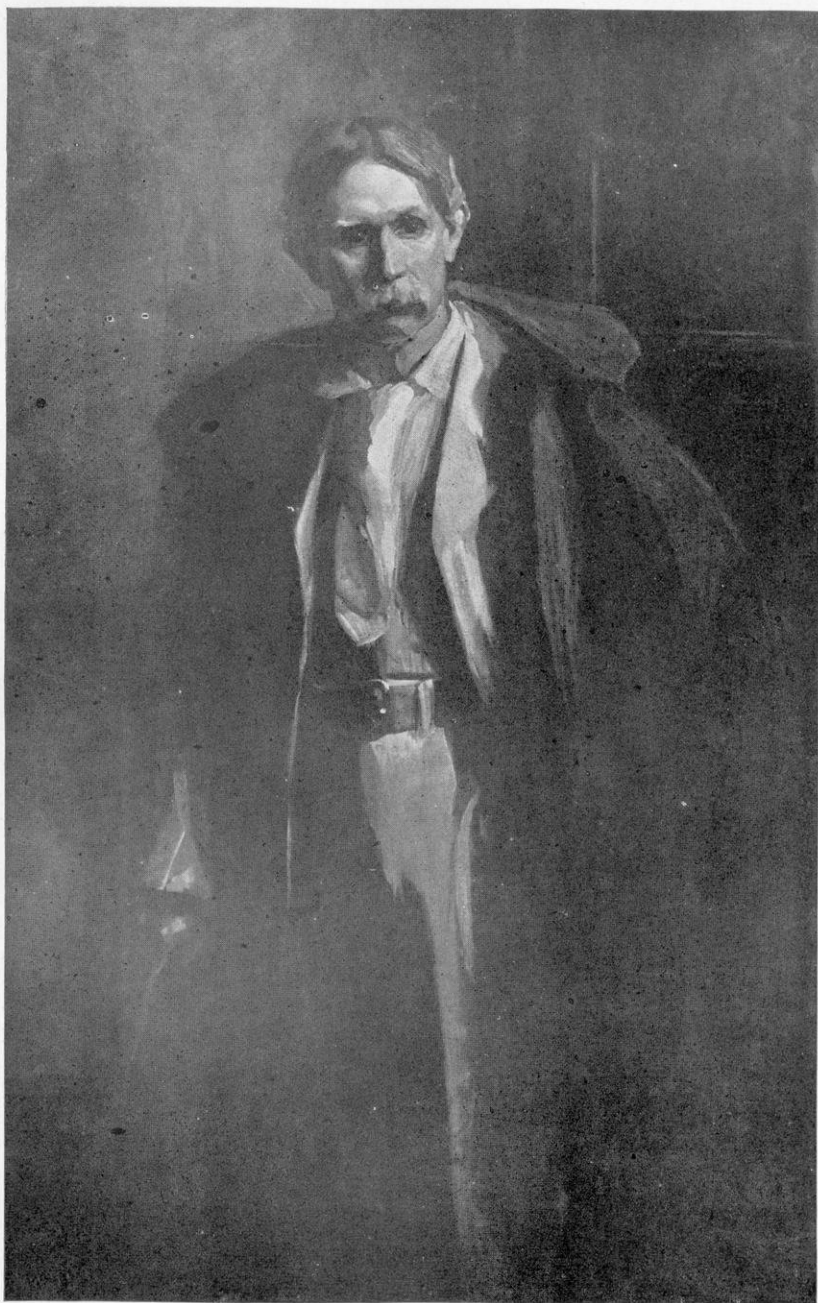
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See page 160

RICHARD WATSON GILDER, FROM A
PORTRAIT BY WILHELM FUNK.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XVI

MAY, 1909

NUMBER 2

Contents

Richard Watson Gilder	<i>From a Painting by Wilhelm Funk</i>	Frontispiece
Zuloaga and the National Note in Spanish Art	<i>By Christian Brinton</i>	131
<i>Illustrated</i>		
For the Guest Room in a Simple Home	<i>By Marguerite Ogden Bigelow</i>	139
Through the Latin Quarter with Pan	<i>By Grace Hazard Conkling</i>	140
The Goatherd of the Pyrenees		
<i>Illustrated</i>		
Tool-wrought Ornament of the Mediæval Blacksmith	<i>By Ernest A. Batchelder</i>	148
<i>Illustrated</i>		
Wilhelm Funk	<i>By Giles Edgerton</i>	160
A Painter of Personality		
<i>Illustrated</i>		
The Lamovoi Letter: A Story	<i>By Countess N. Tolstoi</i>	168
More of America in the Spring Exhibition of the National Academy of Design		176
<i>Illustrated</i>		
Outdoor Friends: A Poem	<i>By Aileen C. Higgins</i>	182
The Tremendous Economic Gain through Dry Farming in Our Arid Regions	<i>By A. S. Atkinson</i>	183
The Wood Carving of Switzerland	<i>By Robert C. Auld</i>	188
Where the Life of the People is Reproduced in the Art of the Nation		
<i>Illustrated</i>		
The Boy On the Farm	<i>By Sidney Morse</i>	195
Life as He Sees It		
The Garden as a Civic Asset	<i>By Mary Rankin Cranston</i>	205
And Some Simple Ways of Making It Beautiful		
Among the Craftsmen		
Two Craftsman Houses Designed for the Home Builders' Club, to be Built on City Lots		211
<i>Illustrated</i>		
Some Pasadena Houses Showing Harmony between Structure and Landscape		216
<i>Illustrated</i>		
Interesting Timber Construction in a Pasadena Bungalow		222
<i>Illustrated</i>		
The Craftsmen's Guild		
The Aubusson Looms		226
Where American Tapestries are Designed and Woven by an American Artist, Albert Herter		
<i>Illustrated</i>		
Batik, or the Wax Resist Process: Number XI	<i>By Charles E. Pellew</i>	232
Ornamental Needlework	<i>By Kathrine Sanger Brinley</i>	236
As Exemplified in Certain Pictures of the Italian Renaissance		
<i>Illustrated</i>		
The Spirit of Oriental Craftsmanship	<i>By J. Zado Noorian</i>	240
Als ik Kan	<i>By The Editor</i>	243
Notes: Reviews		245

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THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XVI MAY, 1909 NUMBER

ZULOAGA AND THE NATIONAL NOTE IN SPANISH ART: BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON



DESPITE the fact that their art, and even their very names, were practically unknown to the American public until recently, there should be little difficulty in accounting for the vogue in this country of the two Spanish painters, Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida and Ignacio Zuloaga, whose pictures have lately been exhibited with such unparalleled success in New York and elsewhere under the auspices of the Hispanic Society of America. It is clearly something more potent than mere æsthetic interest which has attracted to the work of these men so many ardent champions both here and abroad, and the secret of this enthusiasm unquestionably lies in the strong racial accent which is manifest in their every brush stroke. Although radically different in conception and execution, the art of each is equally national and equally typical of that rich and luminous land, the true spirit of which has so long been falsified by her foreign trained painters. Yet within the last decade or so matters have been changing rapidly in this country which seemed for the time being given over to indifference or somnolent passivity. In every department of human activity there has been a magic reawakening of the antique energy of the Spanish race, and art has been quick to respond to this call of rejuvenation. With the rise of the present nationalist movement in contemporary Peninsular painting, at the head of which proudly stand Sorolla and Zuloaga, the world of art has for the first time since the death of Goya been permitted to gaze upon Spain as she really is. For generations everything was done to disguise the true Spain, to cheat the people into believing she was something entirely different, and the greatest of these offenders was none other than the gifted and facile Mariano Fortuny, whose glittering and meretricious bric-à-brac was actually French in its essence and origin. Thanks to Fortuny and his followers, Spanish art for a full quarter of a century was condemned to wear a falsely seductive mask instead of being permitted to reveal her own severe or smiling countenance. Things could not, however, go on thus forever and fortunately this shallow

THE NATIONAL NOTE IN RECENT SPANISH ART

and superficial veneer has at last been completely shattered by the splendid solar radiance of Sorolla and the forceful native interpretations of Zuloaga. Almost alone have these two men fought their fight for truth of observation and statement, and, in spite of violent though futile opposition, their victory is today everywhere acknowledged.

That which first impresses the casual spectator of the art of these two men is the salient contrast in their respective points of view. Yet this seemingly fundamental diversity of aim and achievement need not, after all, prove disconcerting to those who look beneath the bare fact that they are both Spaniards. It is to the lasting glory of these particular artists that they are not only national but local in their inspiration. Each has not only painted almost exclusively in his own country, but in that specific province where he was born and of which he can boast first-hand knowledge. In the work of Sorolla you get a fulfilling sense of life along that gleaming Valencian coast where he spends most of the year depicting his happy children, his great, sun-tanned boatmen and massive, tawny oxen. All is joyous and tonic in these sparkling and prismatic canvases. It is pictorial optimism of the most invigorating type. The art of Zuloaga, on the contrary, which has its home in that grim and rugged country on the slopes of the Pyrenees, is a somber, self-contained expression, having its roots deep in the past. Broadly speaking, it is to Nature and natural phenomena in all their instantaneous charm of form, color and movement which Sorolla has dedicated his incomparably prompt observation and fluent technique. On the other hand, it is upon humanity alone which the younger artist concentrates his not less remarkable powers of effective composition and deliberate characterization.

IGNACIO ZULOAGA, who was born at Eibar in the province of Guipúzcoa on July twenty-sixth, eighteen hundred and seventy, is clearly the leader of the national movement in the art of northern Spain, just as Sorolla is of that in the south. Zuloaga is the true son of that robust and ancient race who were only reduced to submission by Alfonso XII after the hardest sort of a struggle, and who still regard themselves as distinctly less Spanish than Basque. They had really espoused the Carlist cause only because they thus hoped to remain independent so much longer, and today these men of the mountains are as resolute and untamed in spirit as ever. Not only is Zuloaga a Celtiberian through and through, but he furthermore belongs to a veritable dynasty, it may be termed, of industrial craftsmanship. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather all devoted themselves assiduously to the absorbing and intricate field of orna-



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"VILLAGE BULL FIGHTERS":
IGNACIO ZULOAGA, PAINTER.



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"THE SORCERESSES OF SAN MILLÁN":
IGNACIO ZULOAGA, PAINTER.



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"FAMILY OF A GYPSY BULL FIGHTER":
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"MY COUSIN CANDIDA": IGNACIO
ZULOAGA, PAINTER.

THE NATIONAL NOTE IN RECENT SPANISH ART

mental metal work, having been famous chasers, armorers and masters of incrustation and damascening. They were essentially practical people, and, although there had been painters as well as potters in the family, the youthful Ignacio met with no encouragement when he expressed a desire to take up the study of art. After working bravely for several years at the forge, the lad, however, decided to forsake his family if necessary and embark upon his chosen calling. A chance visit to Madrid, where he saw for the first time the works of Il Greco, Velázquez and Goya, had turned the tide, and at eighteen the embryo painter departed for Rome to seek inspiration and guidance. Yet it was not in Rome, or Paris, or London, each of which he successively visited, that Zuloaga was to encounter that for which he was so eagerly searching. After several empty and humiliating years of bitter struggle amid uncongenial surroundings he returned to Spain, residing first in Seville and later moving northward into Segovia.

IT IS unnecessary to recount in detail the picturesque and often precarious experiences of Zuloaga before he finally settled down to his life task. He found it frankly impossible to support himself by the brush, and thus became by turns a bookkeeper, a dealer in antiques and a professional bull-fighter. He traveled repeatedly throughout the length and breadth of Spain, turning his hand to whatever he could do, yet always instinctively gathering material for his art. While his first real success did not come until he had reached the age of twenty-eight, his entire lifetime had been in the nature of a long and thorough preparation for that which was to follow. The vivid and colorful scenes of the *corrida* attracted him first of all, and his canvases depicting bull-fights and bull-fighters were among the earliest to win recognition. "Before the Bull-Fight" and "The Promenade after the Bull-Fight" are the greatest of this series, and it is safe to say that no such pictures have ever been dedicated to the sinister yet seductive art of tauromachy. From such themes the painter naturally drifted to other favorite pastimes, and to the delineation of those local types which have given his art its singular and powerful appeal. Save for an occasional trip to Paris, he seldom, during those active and fertile years, left his native land, and hence his work retained so much of its rich racial flavor.

In due course he was not only attracted by the more or less formal atmosphere of such groups as that of his uncle, "Daniel Zuloaga and his Daughters," but, following in the footsteps of the immortal Goya, he entered that dark and shabby domain of dwarfs and witches, of gypsies and smugglers, which constitute such a large proportion

THE NATIONAL NOTE IN RECENT SPANISH ART

of Peninsular life. Impelled by a species of artistic atavism he sought at all times and everywhere that which was ancient and untouched by the leveling hand of today. Old localities, old costumes and old customs exercised an imperious fascination over this young man, and after he was able to boast a studio of his own he went to live in Segovia, that wondrous old-world town which has of late years furnished him with so many characteristic types and scenes. During the summer and autumn he cannot, like Sorolla, be found beside the glistening Mediterranean beach, but among the mountains or on the great sandy plateau of central and northern Spain. From Segovia he constantly makes excursions to such neighboring towns as Sepúlveda or Turégano, of which he leaves his own matchless records. Another of his favored haunts is the wine-growing district of La Rioja where he paints the dusky vintagers as they return from the vineyard after the day's work, or the crumbling and time-worn houses of Haro, before the arched doorways of which pass and repass flaunting and ardent *gitanas*.

THE art of Zuloaga is rigidly consistent in its choice of subjects and its treatment of each and every theme. He seems to have had before him from the very outset a definite conception of his mission and he has seldom or never forsaken his chosen field. Although so young a man, and one of the chief glories of that New Spain of which we are beginning to hear so much, both he and his work remain traditional in spirit. He is not one who scorns, but rather one who cherishes those conventions which have come down unimpaired from former days, and it is this which above all gives his canvases their strong national stamp. Velázquez and Goya seem to live again in the painter of these solemn and impressive pictures which Mr. Archer M. Huntington has with such zealous enthusiasm brought to our shores. They reflect the very soul of Spain, both social and æsthetic, and have little in common with the artistic aims of other countries. About Ignacio Zuloaga are profusely scattered the brilliant tints of the latter-day palette. Sorolla on one side indulges in the most dazzling of chromatic effects, and on the other Anglada casts over his figures the feverish and refined seductions of the later Parisians, yet this self-sufficient Basque nevertheless remains unmoved. They cannot lure him from his dark and fatalistic kingdom of *matadors* and *manolas*, of ascetic hermits and hideous sorceresses, of pilgrims, gypsies and scarred *picadors*, all of whom he paints with a richness of tone, an antique energy of purpose and a singleness of vision which no artist of the day can duplicate. While you may not relish the bitter pictorial pessimism of certain of these

FOR THE GUEST ROOM IN A SIMPLE HOME

studies you can but agree that in his own province Zuloaga stands unapproached and possibly unapproachable.

Although so widely esteemed abroad it should not be a matter for surprise that the art of Zuloaga is in certain sections of his native land decidedly unpopular. He has more than once depicted phases of Spanish life which his countrymen would rather not see thrust before the public. His work is now and then too frank for those who still worship the sparkling falsity of Fortuny and his school, yet when it does come his triumph will be all the more complete for such delay. In the north, however, and throughout more progressive Catalonia he is greatly esteemed. Barcelona was the first city to honor him, and to Bilbao he regularly sends his canvases, where they are placed on exhibition with the works of a number of sturdy young Basques whose names are still unknown to the public at large. The note of race is strong in the work of all these men, the most promising of whom is Manuel Losada. They are clearly doing gallant service for the growing cause of nationalism in art.

FOR THE GUEST ROOM IN A SIMPLE HOUSE

LET the guest sojourning here know that in this home our life is simple. What we cannot afford we do not offer, but what good cheer we can give, we give gladly. We make no strife for appearance's sake. We will not swerve from our path for you.

Know also, friend, that we live a life of labor,—that we may not neglect it. Therefore, if, at times, we separate ourselves from you, do you occupy yourself according to your heart's desire, being sure that no slight to your presence is intended.

For, while you are with us, we would have you enjoy the blessings of a home, health, love and freedom, and we pray that you may find the final blessing of life,—peace.

We will not defer to you in opinion, or ask you to defer to us. What you think you shall say, if you wish, without giving offense. What we think we also say, believing that the crystal, Truth, has many aspects, and that Love is large enough to encompass them all.

In this house you may meet those not of your own sort. They may differ from you in nationality, birth, position, possessions, education or affinity. But we are maintaining here a small part of the world's great future democracy. We ask of you, therefore, courtesy and tolerance for all alike.

And, on these stern terms, though you be young or old, proud or plain, rich or poor, resting here you are a partaker of our love, and we give you glad welcome.

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

THROUGH THE LATIN QUARTER WITH PAN, THE GOATHERD OF THE PYRENEES: BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING



IT WAS very early on an adorable morning in April when the ripple of a wild little tune through my open window made me hold my breath. What tiny flutes were these—so sweet, so shrill? Had Pan or one of his fauns escaped from the Luxembourg? I hurried to look.

“It is only a *marchand des chèvres*—as Madame will see,” said the old *concierge* at the door.

Only a goatherd! But he wore a blue blouse and a round red cap; his loose corduroys were tucked into sabots; he carried a crooked staff. Moreover, the goats he drove before him up the avenue appeared to be quite accustomed to the minor melodies—brief and wayward as the bird music they reminded me of—that floated from some small instrument he was playing. I half feared he might escape, but he saw me crossing the broad white street and halted with his goats and his dog.

“Madame desired some goat’s milk—without doubt? *Bien*. She could observe for herself; it would be of a freshness!” When he found that “Madame,” on the contrary, desired only to know how and on what he produced his fantastic music, he looked mildly astonished. But the secret dangled at the end of a silken cord he wore about his neck. From under a fold of his blouse he pulled out the miniature Pan’s pipes cut from some pale yellow wood.

“I almost believe you *are* Pan!” I exclaimed, evoking a gesture of deprecation and the modest disclaimer—

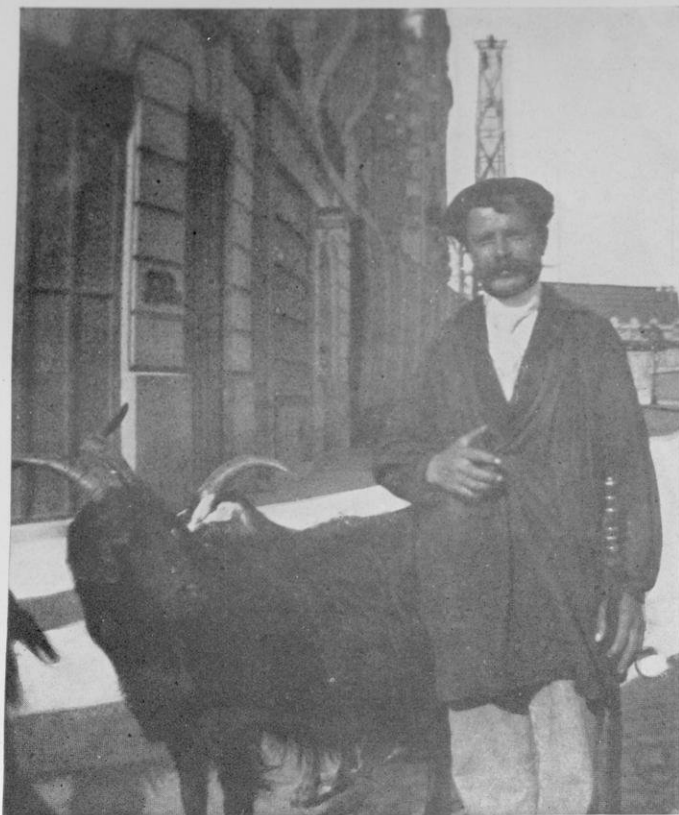
“I am not that *Monsieur* Madame appears to believe me. I am Martin d’Arudy from Béarn at the service of Madame.”

“From the Pyrenees?” I asked incredulously.

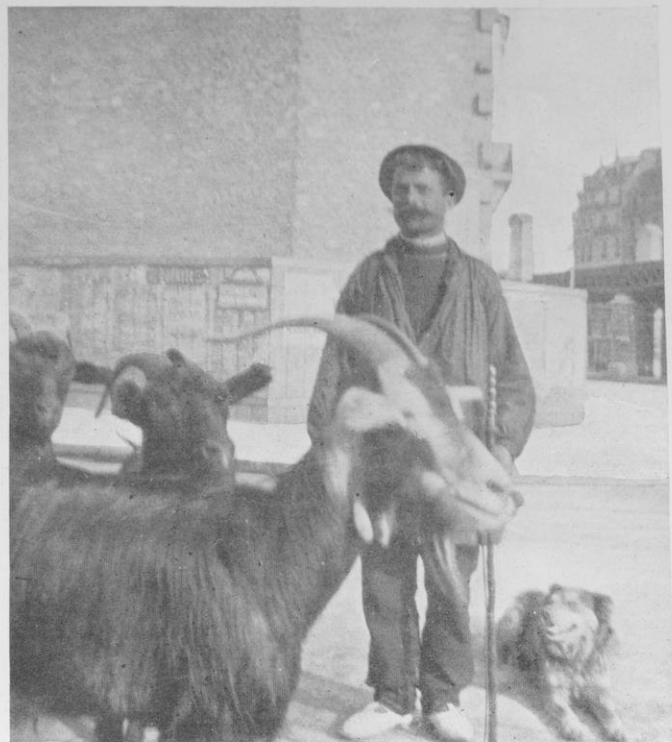
“Even as Madame says”—he replied, replacing the red *bêret* upon his curly head after an elaborate bow.

“Possibly Madame knows my mountains down there?” he added tentatively. But I was absorbed in an examination of the tapering affair of polished wood that hung from the twisted cord. I half expected the negative answer I received when I asked Pan if he would part with his pipes.

No; the instrument was one of which he was fond. He had cut it himself from the stubborn boxwood during the long winter evenings. It was such a one as his father had played and had taught him to play. Yes, there were many of these instruments in use *là-bas*—down there in the mountains. But this one he had made



MARTIN D'ARUDY, WITH THE "MILLER'S DAUGHTER" OUT FOR A SPECIAL PILGRIMAGE ON THE MONTMARTRE.



PAN OF THE PYRENEES REACHES PARIS WITH FILOU AND ALL THE GOATS THE FIRST DAY OF APRIL.



SOME OF THE "AFTERNOON GOATS," BIJOU, HIRONDELLE, JULIETTE, BEING LED AWAY TO SPECIAL CUSTOMERS.



THE LAST DAY OF APRIL MARTIN D'ARUDY PIPES A FAREWELL TO PARIS AND STARTS FOR THE PYRENEES.

THROUGH THE LATIN QUARTER WITH PAN

had, as he fancied, a peculiar virtue in its quality of tone. It had remained for him, out of all the number of *chevriers* he knew, to undertake the long journey to Paris. He had had to set out early in the year to drive his goats across France, in order to reach Paris before April; to which he alluded as "that prettiest chapter of the spring."

The tunes he played? They were improvisations that came to him as he walked. If Madame liked them, so much the better; but they were of no interest. As Madame seemed really to care for the instrument he played, he would say that he had another with which it would be a pleasure to supply Madame; he merely ventured to believe that she might perhaps find it difficult to play, it being a matter that required long practice.

"Madame" privately concurred with him in this belief as he stood there in the sun on the Paris street, piping those mountain "improvisations" of his. Over certain difficulties in technique he became almost eloquent. To trill—*par exemple*—that was something of the most difficult! But with patience, one arrives. * * * *Bien*; he would return on the next day to bring the duplicate he fortunately possessed of this trifle Madame was kind enough to admire, and he would pipe beneath the windows of Madame that she might know he was waiting. * * * * * *Mais non*; it was he who thanked Madame!

All day there was running through my head:

"The gauger walked with willing foot,
And aye the gauger played the flute:
And what should Master Gauger play
But 'Over the hills and far away.'"

Surely that, too, was the theme of Martin's improvisations. "*Je vais siffler sous les fenêtres de Madame*—"he had said; and so he did, while I tried to transfer to a scrap of music paper some hint of his theme. It was impossible to capture more than a suggestion. His playing, I found, was the perpetual modification of the musical idea of the moment. It would have been necessary to take a notation for every one of fifty variations upon it. In this lay his art; here was imagination; but here also he defied me. I gave up the attempt and went out to talk with him.

The Pan's pipes he had brought, although of the same old Greek shape, was of inferior workmanship, and, I imagined, without the silvery tone quality of the one I so coveted. There followed an argument. I had an almost guilty feeling in persisting in my desire for the instrument hung about the neck of the reluctant goatherd.

THROUGH THE LATIN QUARTER WITH PAN

In vain he assured Madame that she would find that the new one he had brought could be played "with a genuine effect." In vain he exploited its possibilities. I had fallen the more in love with the pipes of yellow boxwood on discovering, pricked into the wood with an attempt at elaborate decoration, his name "Martin d'Arudy," with the addition of "de Paris en France." There should be no doubt where Paris was! And the legend in his own *patois*—"Vive les chevriers de France!" Suddenly I offered double the amount he was asking for the new instrument, provided he would let me have the old one he had played.

Never shall I forget the resigned look, the sadness, with which poor Martin unfastened the red and blue silk cord and handed me my prize.

"It is yours," he said, simply.

My conscience smote me. My only inward comfort was that I knew he could make another quite as good. I stayed to ask him about his goats, and was presented to one after another. This was Marinette; this one he called Hironnelle, that one, La Laitière, here was Bijou, there, the Miller's Daughter, and so on through the pretty series of eight or ten. As for the dog, he was a rascal and a vagabond well deserving the name of Filou, at the sound of which his frayed tail wagged with a graceless enthusiasm.

La Marquise, Juliette and la Desirée were introduced as "*les chèvres de l'après-midi*;" "the afternoon goats;" from which it appeared that he led the trio, toward sundown, through another street in which he had regular customers. I carefully noted its name. Who would not seize the chance to go to hear a goatherd from the Pyrenees improvise on his pipes at sundown?

A day or so later I found him wandering happily down Notre Dame des Champs—the Marquise, Juliette and the Desired in his wake. He stopped playing to pull off his cap as he passed an old church. I fancied that Our Lady of the Fields within must have heard the thin penetrating music of his boxwood flute and delighted in it. Did she wait, as I did, for another of those delicious little musical flights, joyous, airy, delicate, brief?

His greeting to me followed hard upon the quaintest of tiny tunes, ending in one of his prolonged trills.

"Can Madame perhaps improvise a little?" he inquired, a bit maliciously, I thought. "One is always ready to receive new ideas."

I did not take the opportunity offered me to improvise, but asked him instead why he liked music so much.

"It is strange about music—*quoi?*" he answered with a shrug. "It does something to one; I can hardly say what. It renders the

THROUGH THE LATIN QUARTER WITH PAN

thoughts more gay. For my part—I adore it.” And I felt as one would feel who had asked the artist why he loved his art.

Very early the next morning I crossed the Place de Breteuil on my way to the market. The sun enameled the white canvas of the clustering booths, tilted like mushrooms.

“Where is Pan?” asked my sister Suzanne, to whom I had promised music suited to such an April morning. Perverse Pan!—I thought, and was glad when her attention was diverted by an asparagus vendor who remarked carelessly as we passed:

“As for me, I am merely offering this very delicate asparagus to those who can appreciate it.”

Rather than be classed among the unappreciative, we lingered to hear him explain that it was because the soil of his garden was *doux* that his asparagus was color of rose, and that he had toiled all day Sunday solely that we might on Monday enjoy such a treat as this. And Suzanne bought asparagus, while I fell a victim to iris “from the gardens of Cannes” and primroses “from the fields about Versailles.” How was one to pass a table heaped with cherries that were tied like so many scarlet buttons along the leaf-wrapped stems of tiny bunches of lilies of the valley—or ignore early strawberries from Fontenay-aux-Roses, when they were arranged in miniature earthenware jars lined with their own leaves? Everything was irresistible; the market seemed enchanted. I was engaged in the purchase of bird seed for a canary I did not possess, only because the vendor reminded me that to eat seeds was a canary’s sole occupation, when the birdlike quaver and call of the Pan’s pipes came flitting to us where we stood.

At the edge of the market we found Martin feeding his goats fresh lettuce leaves.

“I do this as a mere matter of business,” he explained to us and to the customers whose bowls he was filling with goat’s milk.

“Even *that* looks good!” whispered Suzanne to me; and as though he had heard, Martin turned to her suddenly—

“Will Mademoiselle perhaps accept a little—in the way of illustration?” Suzanne did—to my admiration; and nobody saw her furtively sharing the contents of her bowl with Filou—who wore an April rose stuck in his collar.

“Behold, it is the moment of the peony!” cried a flower laden woman passing by—and “Seize the time, for it is the moment of the rose!” contradicted another cheerfully.

“Ah, yes; today there are roses—tomorrow there may be none!” sighed the goatherd, who could not have been familiar with Omar.

“Has Madame seen the peaches from the South?” He led us to a booth where his “good friend Valereau” in a white blouse and

THROUGH THE LATIN QUARTER WITH PAN

a red cap like his own offered the first peaches, ejaculating in the meantime:

"If there were only Paris to depend upon for good things—but no! These—*par exemple*—are from the far South. *Vive encore le Midi!*"

"*Vive encore le Midi!*" repeated Martin after him. "I, too, love the sun. We of the South must have plenty of sunshine. It somehow means that things move along better."

"Yet you travel northward every year?" I asked, and watched his face as he exclaimed:

"Only for an April!" He sent a flight of shrill sweet notes out across the air—then nodded whimsically. "But I do like travel. Travel is like good wine; or like music. It stimulates—it renders the thoughts more gay. For me—I adore it."

"But the goats; do they like it?" inquired the ever practical Suzanne.

"These animals? Why not? France—it is one pasture. May one not say so? True; I have my experiences with them en route. But—my goats must see Paris—*hein?*"

And the happy fellow laughed over his little joke, and went piping down the street—his shaggy dog at heel, his goats trotting before him.

From that day began our journeys through the Latin Quarter in the wake of our reincarnate Pan. Early or late, we must have trudged miles within the sound of his pipes. There was an old house on Montmartre whither we often followed, just to see him urge the goat known as the Miller's Daughter all the way up the crazy staircase, that she might be milked at the very door of a good customer whose babies preferred goat's milk to any other, and the Miller's Daughter to any other goat.

What immense cheer of the sun and of the open sky we had, waiting in the gardens of the Luxembourg, while Martin went up and down the adjacent streets in search of luck! How the gaiety of the Quarter would come fluttering across to us from his wild little flutes as from some pearl-throated bird; or its sadness call and float upon some quavering diminuendo that seemed to trail soft wings across the harps of the sensitive trees! What glimpses of old interiors, of walled gardens, what pleasures of chance encounter, we owed the goatherd: as on the day he knocked at a garden door on the old Vaugirard and a little white-capped maid bearing a capacious bowl opened it to a vision of espaliered fruit trees in bloom against the warm wall, or the day when he presented his friend Jean, the cobbler, who begged for a "merry tune."

Once we lost him for a few days, but he turned up, piping at a fête

THROUGH THE LATIN QUARTER WITH PAN

presided over by the Lion of Belfort. He had been for a jaunt into the country, he explained, but had planned his return for the fête.

We came to know the streets he frequented; the sunrise streets, the sundown streets. We made friends with the goats, all of whom knew their names. We made friends even with Filou, who had a reputation for bad temper. It was on the broad Boulevard Garibaldi that we made some little pictures of Martin with his friends about him. "These—" he said, when we gave them to him later—"these I shall take to my family in the mountains down there." He only regretted the cap and blouse and sabots he was wearing.

One morning I was awakened by fairly a torrent of tunes and trills all tumbling in at my open window. Again Martin was piping "beneath the windows of Madame." Again he swept off the round cap in greeting as I appeared.

"Good day and farewell!" he called.

Suzanne had joined me, and we exclaimed in protest, to be rewarded with the familiar deprecating gesture.

"Do you not remark that April has gone? And I go too—*moi*. It is time for the mountains again. Once more I come to play beneath the windows of Madame—as who should say, I thank you—and farewell."

So we said goodbye, to him, to Filou, to the goats; and we watched them go. Down the street, tiny flitting airy tunes grew faint—and fainter—and fell plaintively silent.

Then we realized that April was gone: "that prettiest chapter of the spring."

* * * * *

The Pan's pipes of yellow boxwood lies here before me as I write. I have never learned to play upon it. I have neither the imagination nor the breath. "To trill—*par exemple*—" would always remain beyond me. But I believe I know of what that little instrument would be capable in the hands of Pan.

Has any traveler lingering in the south of France for the spring to ripen into April, seen a goatherd driving his goats northward toward Paris? Has anybody overtaken Martin d'Arudy—from Béarn?

He may be known by his blue blouse and round red cap; by the ragged brown dog at his heels; by his goats that come when they hear their names—Marinette, the Swallow, the Miller's Daughter, the Marquise, Juliette, the Milk Maid, Jewel, the Desired.

He may be known by his music; for he blows on his pipes tunes that the shepherd god once played in Arcadia.

TOOL-WROUGHT ORNAMENT OF THE MEDIÆVAL BLACKSMITH: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER

"Art was once the common possession of the whole people; it was the rule in the Middle Ages that the produce of handicraft was beautiful. Doubtless there were eyesores in the palmy days of Mediæval art, but these were caused by destruction of wares, not as now by the making of them."—William Morris.



PICTURE the amazement of a blacksmith of the Middle Ages if he could slip through the long lapse of centuries and pass, in his cap and apron of leather, into the galleries of a modern art museum. Here in a dust-proof case, perchance on a background of velvet, he finds the hinges that he made for the village church. He remembers well the day when the carpenters brought the heavy, nicely hewn planks of oak to his shop and it became his part to bolt the planks together with the long straps of his iron hinges, to be fashioned in a "craftsmanlike way," according to his contract. Barefoot children, as ever happens, gathered at his open door attracted by the roar of his bellows, the loud clank, clank of iron upon iron and the flying sparks, so dangerous to bare legs, that illumined the grimy interior of his shop. Close by in another case is the knocker that his brother smith across the way wrought for the door of the hall in the market-place. He recalls the neighborly visits, the friendly rivalry, the lively discussions and blunt criticisms as the two jobs took form. Here, too, are many other pieces of familiar workmanship in iron and wood, carved panels, oaken chests and cupboards, all so common in his day and time. But for what purpose, forsooth, are these things gathered here? What manner of people are these who have no further use for things essentially useful than to display them as works of art? Nothing was said about art in his day. Of course, he gave such beauty as he could to those hinges; it was implied, though not specifically called for, in the terms of his contract,—for how could a thing be "craftsmanlike" if it were not beautiful? And did he not have a reputation to uphold as a master workman, an honest pride in the things that came from his shop? Indeed, the world has come to a strange pass when so much ado is made over a man's work, when a decent hinge of iron is exalted to such distinction. And so, back to his shroud the poor fellow goes, sorely puzzled and bewildered at what he has seen, quite as unable to comprehend our viewpoint as we are to understand the motives that prompted him in his daily task at the forge.

Any man who has ever tried to beat an obstinate chunk of iron into some form that has a little claim to beauty will allow a generous measure of respect to the Mediæval blacksmith. More,—if he has

MEDIÆVAL TOOL-WROUGHT ORNAMENT

a real sense of beauty within him he will lay aside his tools with dismay and go back as a humble disciple to the old product, for his experience, however brief, has brought with it a keener appreciation; he will find a source of joy in simple things that were passed unnoted before, because he is better able to see through the eyes of the old workman, understand the problems that he was interested in solving, the difficulties that had to be overcome. And therefrom arises a finer discrimination. Is it not so in all things? The painter

sees in a canvas qualities that are entirely hidden from the layman who has never wielded a brush. One who has tried to carve in wood finds a new beauty disclosed in the work of a master carver.

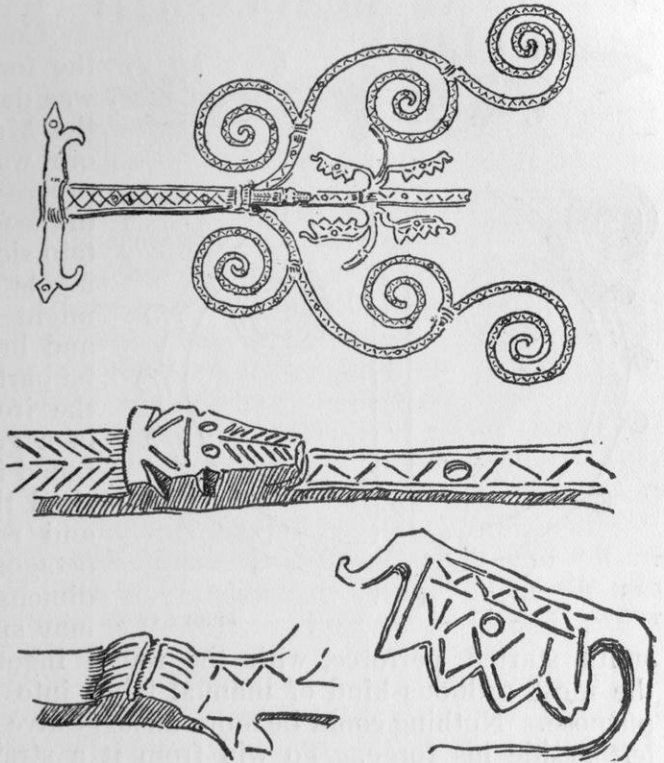


FIGURE ONE.

IRON would seem to be the last material to which a man would turn for beauty's sake alone. Its associations have generally been with stern necessity; its forms have almost invariably been those that utility has demanded for strength and resistance. To other materials more easily worked, or of greater intrinsic value and inherent beauty, such as ivory, gold, silver, enamel or wood, the craftsman has turned for forms of convenience and luxury. But iron, the least promising material of all in its crude state, has generally come to the hands of the man who must build as utility points the way. More credit to the blacksmith, that, through the distinction which comes from fine craftsmanship alone he should rise head and shoulders above the purely useful trades and place his work beside that of the goldsmiths and silversmiths as a product possessing the highest order of beauty.

MEDIÆVAL TOOL-WROUGHT ORNAMENT

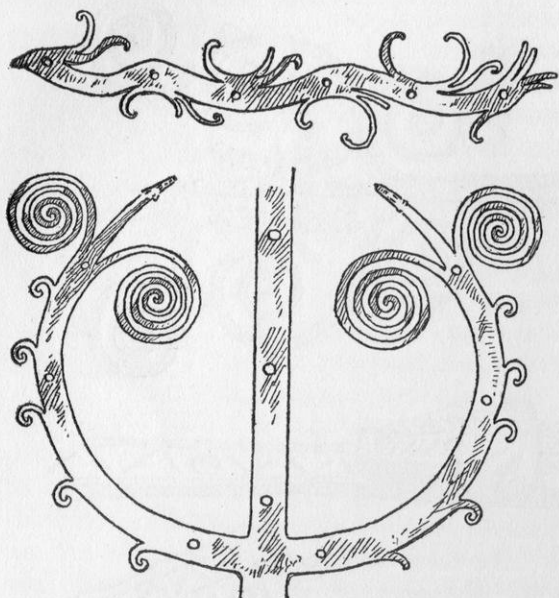


FIGURE TWO.

Consider for a moment the form in which the iron was delivered at the forge of the Mediæval smithy. The ore was smelted by simple processes at the mines back in the forests or on the mountain sides, rudely formed into ingots of such size that they might be easily transported, and brought to the towns to be bartered in trade. Today the iron may be purchased in a great variety of forms, rolled into sheets of any desired thickness or into bars and rods, round, square, octagonal, of such lengths or dimensions as the workèr may specify. But the early

smith started, perforce, with the rough ingot, beating it out with the most arduous kind of manual labor into forms adapted to his purpose. Nothing could be more unsuggestive than the raw material left beside his forge. To win from it a straight flat bar suitable for a hinge was in itself a difficult task. Persistently stubborn and resistant, it could be overcome only during the brief interval after it was pulled sputtering hot from the fire. Then back to the fire it must go again to bring it to a workable condition. There was no coaxing or tapping with light touches; each blow must needs be well considered, forceful and direct.

It may be interesting to trace some of the steps by which this rough ingot yielded itself under the strong arm of the worker from forms of mere adequacy to a subtle beauty of line and form, texture and finish. In no other craft can one trace more clearly the significance of what may be termed tool-wrought ornament, a beauty that was finally achieved upon a background of traditions built up through generation after generation of tool-trained men. A man grows with his work; and here was work in which the opportunities for growth were many.

The designer of today, to whom tools and materials are deplorable incidents which sometimes make it necessary for him to modify his fine ideas, says,—“Here is my design; now it is for the blacksmith to put it together as best he can. That is his job.” The blacksmith

MEDIAEVAL TOOL-WROUGHT ORNAMENT

pronounces the design impractical; the designer devoutly wishes that the blacksmith had a little artistic sense. And so between the two, as might be expected, they generally make a mess of it, or produce some mechanically exact piece of work more suggestive of the drawing board and T square than of the forge.

The distinctive charm of the early work came from a different line of reasoning. "Here are my tools and materials," said the early smith. "Experience has taught me how to use them to the best advantage. Now with them what sort of beauty may I best win for this piece of work?" On this basis of reasoning grew up the hopelessly beautiful iron work of the Middle Ages, a tool-wrought ornament from beginning to end, its gradual refinement and enrichment evolved through the process of tool economy. By tool economy is not meant economy of ideas or distaste for work.

Merely this,—that the shop-trained man will naturally seek the most direct and economical means to an end, though the end itself may be of a most complex nature. His thought in design will move along a path through which his experience in execution has previously cleared a way; he will unconsciously recognize the limitations of his tools and materials; but he will also be alive to suggestions which would never occur to the paper-trained designer.

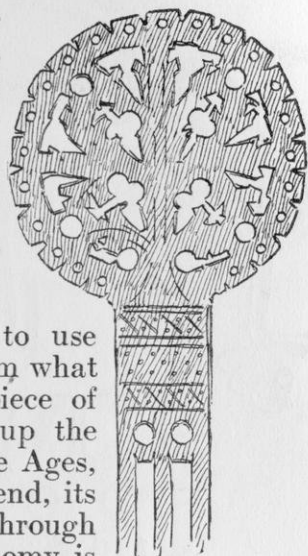


FIGURE FOUR.

OUR illustrations show clearly the development of tool-made ornament, from first a forge and anvil, two or three hammers and chisels, a punch and similar tools of the simplest contrivance, and later more complicated tools and processes. The iron, as we have seen, must be shaped while it is hot; and while in this state separate pieces may be welded together.

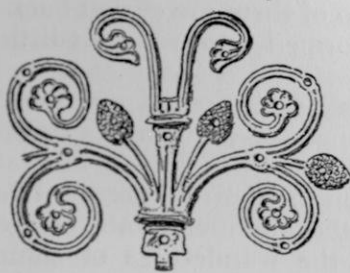


FIGURE THREE.

As work typical of these limitations the early hinge from St. Albans is a good example (Figure One). Constructive questions demanded that the hinge should spread out over the surface of the door, to bind the planks together and secure as firm a clutch as possible for the

MEDIAEVAL TOOL-WROUGHT ORNAMENT

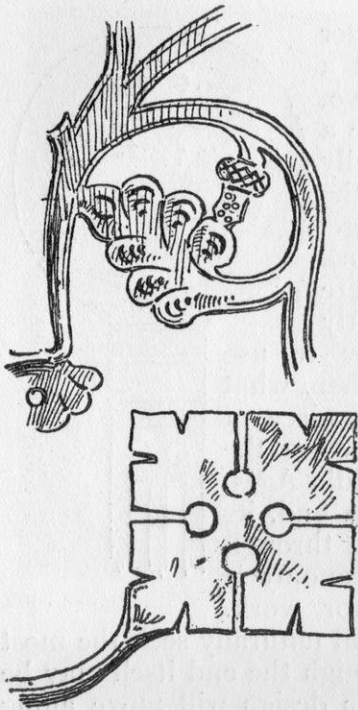


FIGURE FIVE.



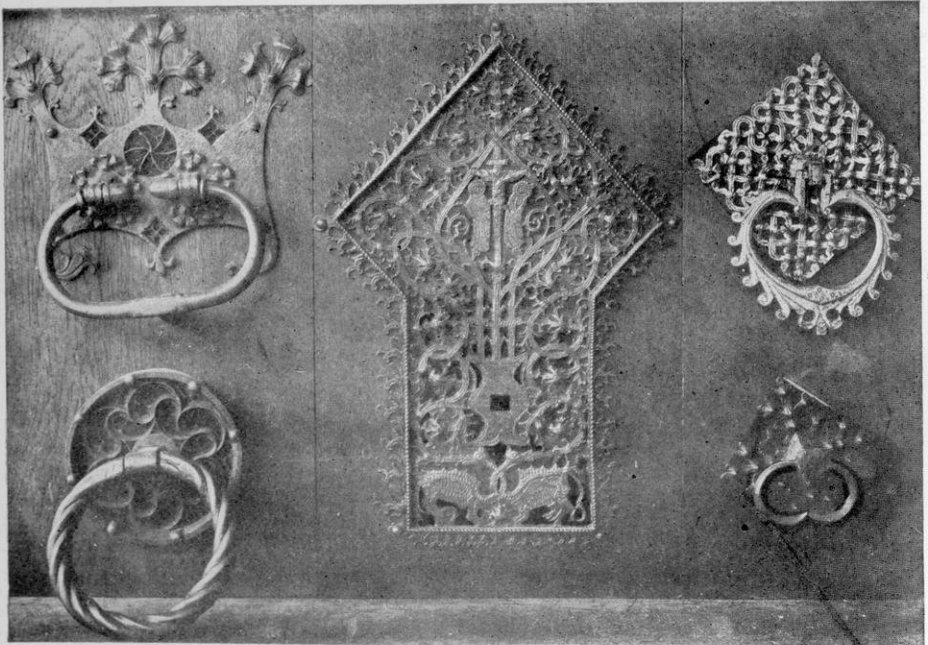
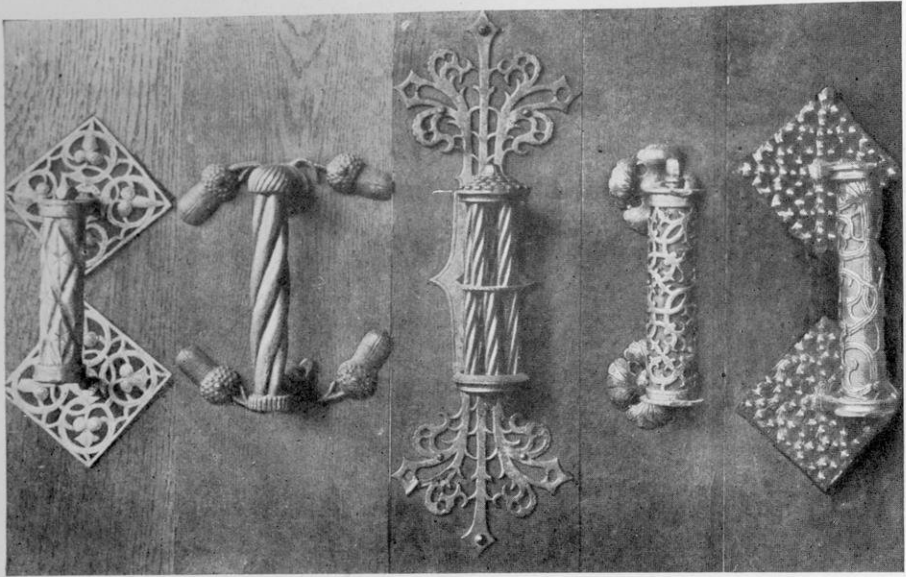
service it had to perform. It was bolted through the door to other plates or straps of iron on the inside. As it was a time of sudden disturbances, strength to resist the attacks of an enemy was frequently taken into account; the church often served as a last refuge in time of trouble. Now it remained with the blacksmith whether his hinge should be merely adequate, or whether he should take his stand with the other

craftsmen about him and put beauty into his work. He chose the latter course and gave to his work such beauty as his tools and his skill permitted. In the enlarged details below we can trace the tracks that his tools left behind; it is just the sort of work one would expect under the condi-

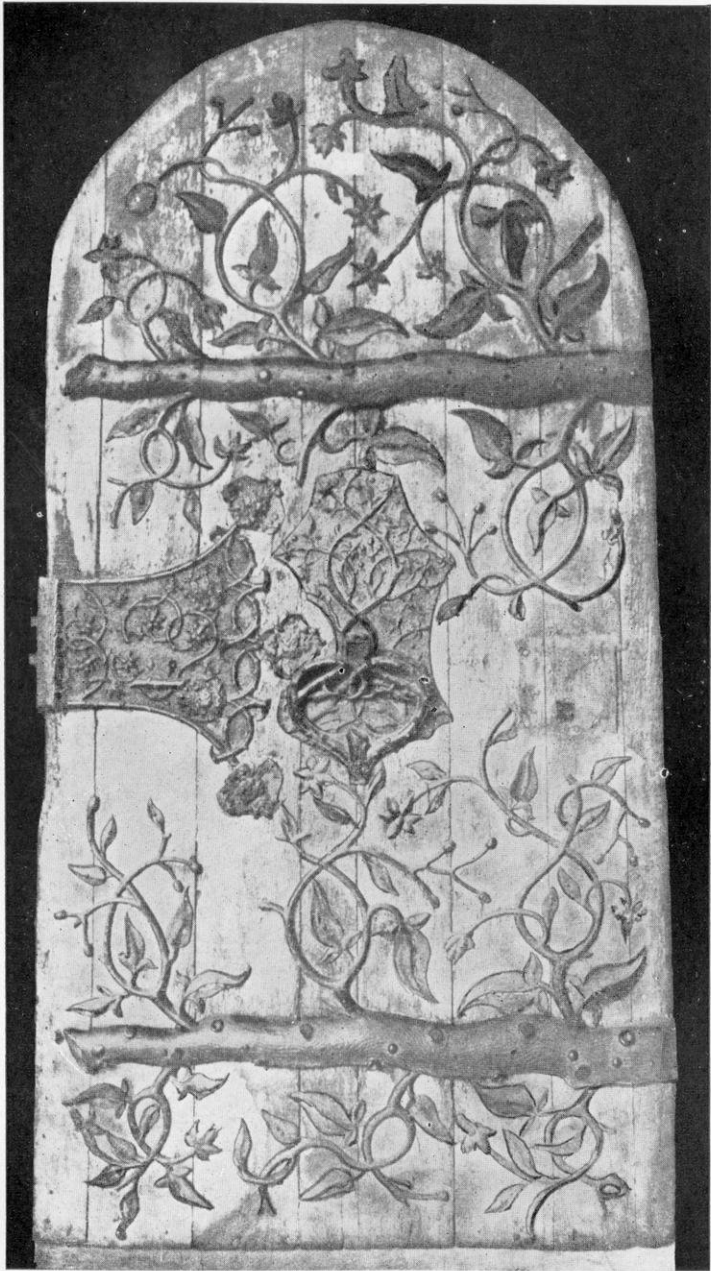
tions stated. The rudely-formed head is nicked and scored with the chisels to give it character; the welding points of the various scrolls are slightly enriched; the surface of the hinge is cut with a simple zigzag pattern. Every shape and form has the appearance of being hot forged. Thus we have a result that possesses that organic, intimate, personal character which none but a tool-trained man would achieve. It is iron,—and looks like iron.

In Figure Two are other typical pieces of tool ornament, literally split off with the chisel. The first has been given a semblance of some animate form. In the second the ends of the crescent straps of the hinge are split into three pieces. Two of them are curled backward into scrolls—and the middle one is formed into a quaint little terminating head.

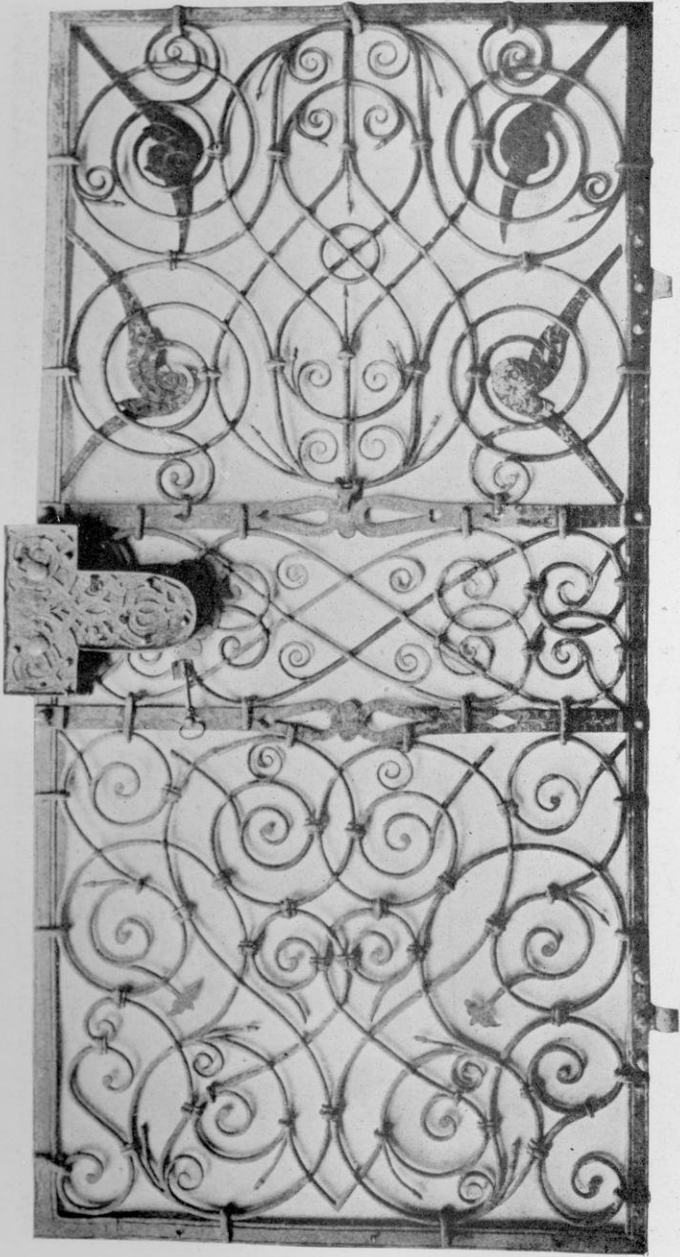
During a period of about two centuries simple forged ornament of this type continued to be made. In France some ingenious smith devised a method of working that brought a note of variety to the flat treatment generally followed, as may be seen in Figure Three. The terminating ends were gained by beating the hot metal into swage blocks or dies. It is interesting to trace the wanderings of some craftsman familiar with this method of working into other lands,



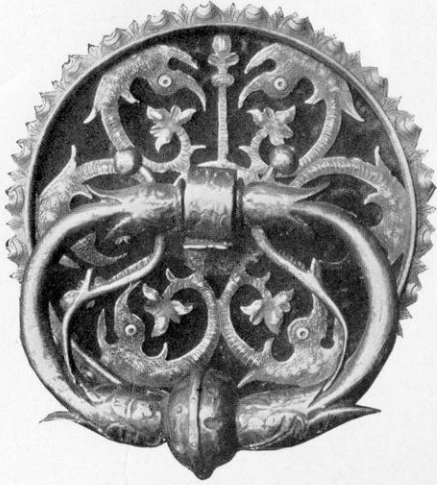
RICHLY WROUGHT DOOR-PULLS, HANDLES
AND ESCUTCHEON OF THE FIFTEENTH AND
SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.



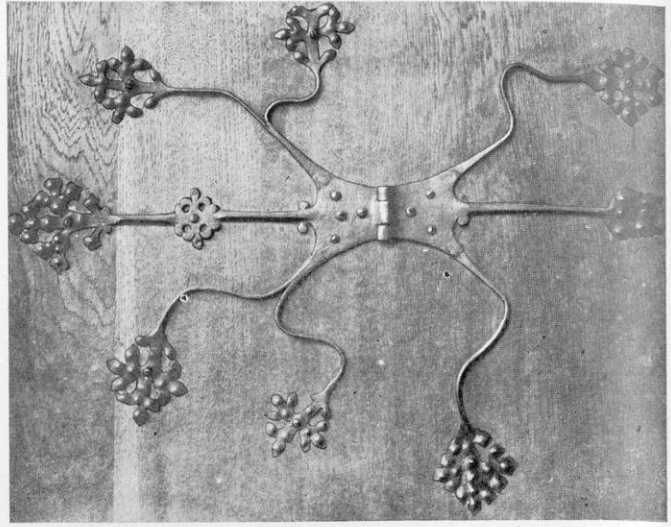
FIFTEENTH CENTURY DOOR AT WORMS, ENTIRELY
OVERLAID WITH RICHLY-WROUGHT IRON.



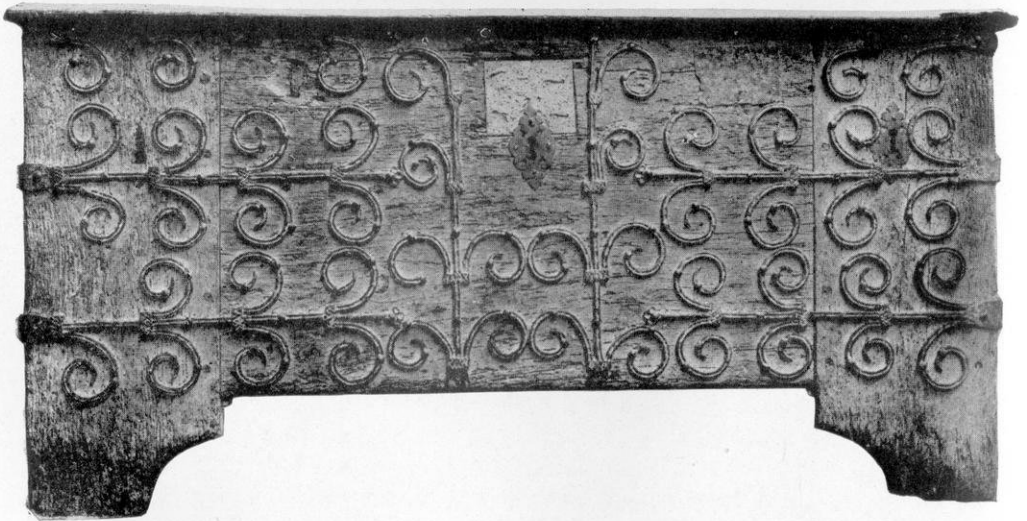
A WICKET DOOR FROM AUGSBURG,
SIXTEENTH-CENTURY IRON WORK.



AN EXAMPLE OF TOOL-WROUGHT ORNAMENT
ON A DOOR KNOCKER OF THE MIDDLE AGES.



GOthic WROUGHT IRON HINGE,
SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



OAK COFFER, DECORATED WITH FRENCH WROUGHT-IRON SCROLL-
WORK, LATTER HALF OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

MEDIÆVAL TOOL-WROUGHT ORNAMENT

and the efforts to imitate the work by others unfamiliar with the process. The term journeyman worker had a real meaning in those days. Through his handiwork a man established a reputation and he was often sent for from distant points, followed in the wake of conquest or journeyed on peaceful mission bent, from one town to another. This particular type of work offered additional possibilities culminating in the wonderful hinges of Notre Dame of Paris, beyond which there seemed no skill to venture. Nothing could serve as a better illustration of the fact that beauty entered into daily work than that these masterly hinges were generally credited to the devil for lack of definite knowledge as to who made them. It was a time when workmen in every craft were capable of rising to the finest achievements in the most unassuming way whenever the opportunity occurred. The invention, shrewdness and energy now spent in speeding and cheapening production were then turned to giving to work greater beauty and finer craftsmanship.

Into the worker's kit there came in due season other tools, such as the drill and file; and here again we may follow the trail left by these tools through innumerable examples of openwork ornament leading to forms of leafage and intricate traceried patterns. Working on the cold metal was more generally practiced, too, and the character of the enrichment accordingly underwent a change. The worker, with increasing skill and better appliances, turned to Nature for suggestions. In Figure Four is the development of a very abstract sort of leafage; tool-made Nature, we might call it, just the thing that a workman with drill and cold chisel would shape from a flat piece of metal. The influence of the tool is notable throughout. We may feel sure that the forms of leafage in the early work were first suggested by the metal as it took shape under the hammer. An abstract leaf, as in Figure Five, would inevitably lead to other forms more leaflike in character, gradually developing into conventionalizations from specific plants. But even in the most delicately turned leaf work we can see how the designer's thought followed closely upon his tools and materials. The Nature student might design more leaflike forms, yet lose the vital quality that belongs peculiarly to iron and which could be obtained only by the man familiar with its working. In Figure Six and in the row of German door pulls, are other examples of work made during that period when the craftsmen stood at the fascinating borderland between technique and Nature, when it is so difficult to say, "This started from the tool; this from Nature." The hinge ends in Figure Six have no historic sequence as arranged, but they show in the most convincing manner the close relation between Nature and the abstract.

MEDIÆVAL TOOL-WROUGHT ORNAMENT

THE term tool-wrought ornament does not, of course, imply that the tool will do the thinking; it is merely the agent of execution. Work is of the mind, not of the hand alone. The beauty must be within the man if it is to appear in his handiwork. The uninventive, unimaginative man will find his tools a burden rather than an incentive. In Figure Seven, for instance, the first designer

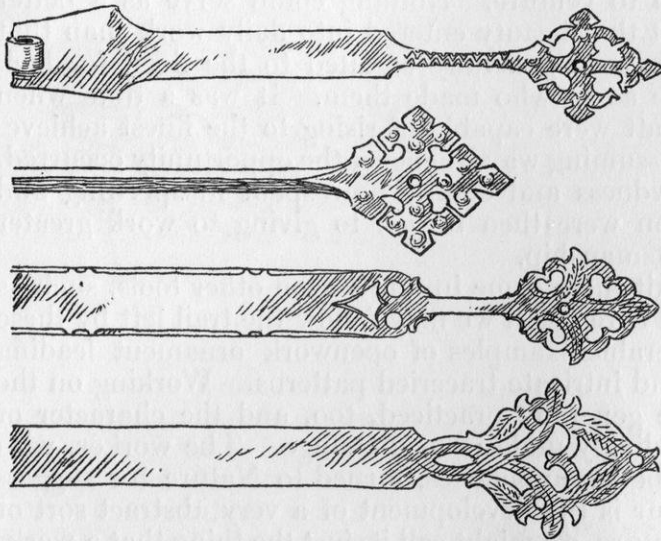


FIGURE SIX.

employed tools to express an interesting idea; space and mass pull together to give beauty to the result. The second man used the same tools, but his idea was not in itself interesting,—his thought did not go beyond his tools. His inventive faculty went no further than a series of holes pierced at regular intervals, such a design as any schoolboy might decide upon after a preliminary trying out of his equipment.

The constructive forms of the builders

were seized upon by the men of iron as appropriate for ornament, just as they were by other workers in other materials. The locksmiths, working on the cold metal, devised geometric traceries of the most intricate patterns, as in Figure Eight. To increase the richness of effect and render execution less difficult, they often employed two plates of metal, as indicated in the lower example, one a plate of heavy metal pierced through to give, on a reduced scale, the effect of the deep mullions of the cathedral windows, with a thin plate back of it for the cusping of the openings.

To follow the work into the important achievements of the locksmiths and armorers is not our present purpose. The circumstances which furnished the opportunities for the early smiths all combined to raise the product to a point where it stood, technically and artistically, close beside the work of the goldsmiths and jewelers. While the design and execution were entrusted to the shop-trained man the work continued along a line of real growth, but when painters and sculptors, here as in the other crafts, essayed to do the designing

MEDIAEVAL TOOL-WROUGHT ORNAMENT

and it became the function of the workman to do as he was told without question why or wherefore, the product became less vital and intimate in character. Under the conditions prevailing today, an almost complete isolation of designer and workman, it is little wonder that our most pretentious efforts fail to excite any such interest and satisfaction as may be found in the simplest strap hinge that came from a Mediæval forge. We have long since ceased to distinguish the difference between mechanical and artistic excellence. A shop-trained man without a sense of beauty and a studio-trained man without a knowledge of technique do not make a very

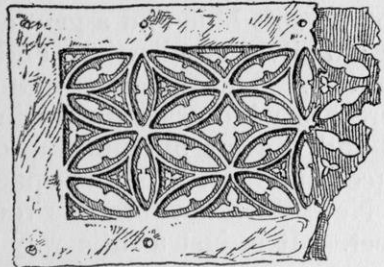
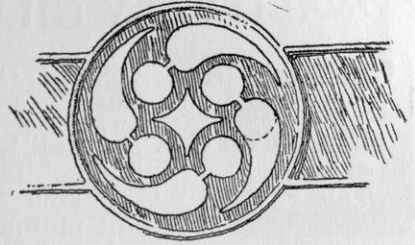


FIGURE EIGHT.

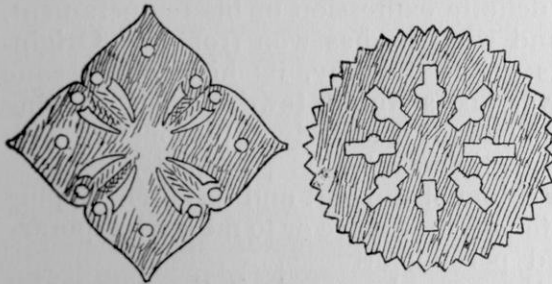


FIGURE SEVEN.

other compensation than the pay envelope? And is time so very valuable, after all, when spent in the production of things that are thoughtless in design, cheap and worthless in execution, of inutilities, novelties, fads, broken or consigned to the scrap heap almost as soon as they are made?

promising team. And so we find that the keynote in the iron work as in the other Mediæval crafts is,—adequate service is not enough. We say that labor is too dear, time is too valuable, to bring the designer and workman into closer touch in the shop and factory of today. But has labor no

WILHELM FUNK: A PAINTER OF PERSONALITY: BY GILES EDGERTON



THE room is very high and wide and restful. Here and there are splashes of pale red repeated as an unconscious accent, and there is gold in mellow old embroideries and carving that was done centuries ago by craftsmen who worked somewhat for love. Some brilliant plumaged tropical birds perch airily on mantel and shelf, repeating the note of red and adding spots of soft blue and a gentle half-tone of gray, and beside the birds are old silver candlesticks and delicate prints of English and French beauties. The furniture is there for beauty as well as comfort and there are windows high up in the roof and open, so that the fresh air and the far off murmur of the city drop together down to the peace and beauty of the space below.

New York harbors this room in a crowded quarter of a business street. It is just a little way beyond a wide park and you reach it up a pleasant green stairway. As you enter, the room affects you like a living personality and you know it could belong only to the man who created it. It is a definite expression of his temperament, of what he demands of life and what he has won from it. Originally, this vast studio with its green stairway, its high picturesque balcony and its living rooms was just a stupid, tawdry small dwelling close to a grimy busy street. Today it is a study in personality, with its wide spaces, its subdued exotic beauty, its paroquets, its dark gray silver, the high roof for freedom of thought and its all-enveloping peace. Such beauty is not attained by chance or to meet a temporary whim. It is constructive and permanent.

And the man who lives in the room has made it the purpose of his life to discover and express personality with all the beauty which great gift and sympathy and patience could make possible. Those of us who were fortunate enough to see and study the portrait exhibit of Mr. Wilhelm Funk last winter at the Knoedler Galleries will recall with a very definite thrill the splendor of color, the sureness of brush and the extraordinary variation of personality displayed. The gallery seemed full of living people who for the time had dropped the conventional mask of age or youth, who were showing their real selves, who were exhibiting traits perhaps little known in the drawing room, the office or the nursery where they lived, traits of gentleness, of radiance, of tenderness, of enthusiasm, of courage, of captivating naïveté, of sincerity, all captured in turn by the artist, this hunter of personality, this rare believer in individual beauty which he so well knows how to harvest in that wizard room in the fairyland of his studio.



WILHELM FUNK, AMERICAN
PORTRAIT PAINTER.



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MISS DOROTHEA BIGELOW :
WILHELM FUNK, PAINTER



Copyright, 1908, by The Detroit Publishing Co.

ANN SETON: WILHELM
FUNK, PAINTER.



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"LA PETITE ANGELINE": WILHELM
FUNK, PAINTER.

A PAINTER OF PERSONALITY

MR. FUNK'S exhibit last winter has been called the most important one-man show of the year, an exhibit in which there was a most reverent handling of his medium, the most inspired presentation of varying temperament and the most fearless and audacious mastery of color. Personally, I question if Sargent sees through his palette to results more clearly, more courageously, if his medium has become to him a more unconscious expression, through which he speaks more frankly, freely and swiftly what he finds about human beings in this present state of civilization. Brush and color hold no more difficulty to Mr. Funk than do mere words to the average man or the piano to Paderewski, or the execution of vocal tones to Mme. Gadski; for the final perfection of any art means the mastery of technique until its use is unconscious. But there is a great difference between the various masters of technique. There is the man who works with imagination, with the poet's thrill in his inspiration, and the other man who is purely a materialist, or at least, who so thinks himself and wishes to be so considered.

Sargent smiled when asked if he ever made an effort to study the personality, the hidden quality, of his sitters; if he strove to tear down the conventional barriers which civilized life builds up to protect sensitive humanity. "There are no barriers," he said, "to the man who sees. The story is all written in the lines and spaces of each face. I paint only what I see. It is all there."

And yet one wonders! For Sargent seems a pitiless analyst of some human nature. Does he never unconsciously lead his subjects into some self-avowal? Does he never by word or expression startle from his, one had almost said, victim, the betrayal with which his canvases abound? Does he never permit himself to see with a poet's vision deep into the hidden sad places of life which are far and away beyond possible material expression? He says, never. And if we accept his statement we may perhaps be better able to in part account for to what has to many seemed the limitations of Sargent's great art; namely, his almost unvarying tendency to portray the minor note in human character, as though he apprehended usually the surface quality, which must inevitably be that phase of character which the sitter is most anxious to hide, and because of his desire writes most definitely in line and feature—the desire for money, the scorn of life, failure in spite of riches, money without achievement—these he paints, one quality for each sitter and that the obvious one. A good psychology in a way, as far as it goes.

But, as a rule, real human nature, rich or poor, is bigger than this. With every sadness and every badness there is some compensating quality, some fineness and sweetness; possibly the hard financier is

A PAINTER OF PERSONALITY

a great philanthropist, the scornful woman a most tender mother, the petted, small child full of fine tender courtesy, the overconfident presuming lad true-hearted, loyal. And so the painter of one phase of a man's life is not painting the real individual; and on the other hand a man may give much of his time to portraying his subject with all the truth possible psychologically and run no risk of missing great art achievement, as we sometimes seem to fear.

AND fortunately there is the artist who will not paint a portrait unless it is possible to make the painting also a true psychological study, an expression of the most complete individuality which he can achieve in the right surroundings and through tireless effort. Wilhelm Funk is one of these men. It is not enough to him that he should rank as a modern master of technique (and by this we do not mean one kind of technique, trained into a vogue, but a technique for every subject, one for Wall Street and one for the nursery and a dozen for the other dozen sitters); but he desires also through this technique to paint temperament, the final quality of each subject, to reveal all the truth about each personality which may relate to art, and to reveal it in the most beautiful manner in which truth may be told. If the boy he is painting is also fearless and brave, you will see it in his eyes, in the poise of his head. If the woman whom you had feared was supercilious has latent tenderness and joy in motherhood, she will tell it to you in some line or some tint. It is all of a personality, the optimistic as well as the morbid phase, which Mr. Funk strives to depict, and he is satisfied with nothing less.

He finds that as a rule people come to a studio consciously on the defensive, striving to protect and hide their individuality, masked, silent; even children become self-conscious at first in the face of an easel, though according to this artist they are less so than the older men who come. Mr. Funk tells the story of a beautiful and fashionable woman who after hours of unsatisfactory posing finally sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing, and said, "Well, what *do* you want?" "Just what you are doing, Mrs. —, forgetting yourself, showing a quality of fire and strength which dominates your character." And then the portrait was painted, showing, of course, some of the reserve which had so baffled the artist during the day's work, but indicating back of the restraint the quality of passionate individuality which was the essential part of the woman's charm and magnetic quality. It is thus that a great singer understands the rôles she sings, it is so that de Pachman plays with the heart and soul of Chopin.

"My education ended at fourteen," Mr. Funk told me as he looked lovingly around the room, which must have been for him as

A PAINTER OF PERSONALITY

for me an expression of what actual education should stand for. It was a pleasant room in which to hear the story of an artist's life, very simply told, with mainly such charm as came from fact. Mr. Funk was born in Germany and when still a very little boy he thought it would be nice to be a great artist. But he belonged to thrifty German manufacturing people, and already there was a useless artist uncle in the family, of whom the little boy heard most disparaging criticism as one who would not work in the usual hours and the usual ways. "No, no, this boy should not so do. He should learn the more profitable business and have money to spend and join the *Vereine* and talk politics late at night and love for a little and be contented forever." And for four years Wilhelm did what he could to begin to realize this sensible bourgeois programme for his life, liking it less from year to year, and then he ran away to America to do as he pleased, which, of course, meant eventually to paint. Then he was nineteen. And there followed years of such struggle as only an artist with the real gift superimposed upon German tenacity of purpose could have overcome. He found time and money for a little study at the Art Students' League, and there were four dreary years of routine work in the art department of a New York newspaper. After this, an occasional chance to paint, but no confidence from the public in his work. When he imitated he was ignored; when original, with a suggestion of the brilliance and daring which has grown to be his style in later years, he was criticized. Out of all these years of drudgery, of heartbreak and disappointment he prefers only to remember the friends. He has a German love of sympathy, of the friendly intercourse that understands and expresses, and it is with very bright eyes and very tender voice that he speaks of the friends of those times, the ones who believed. They were all life held for him, except ambition, in those early days. Through them and his gift and courage he succeeded.

And yet all the difficulties and bitterness of the struggle to achieve seem to have left the man without rancour or animosity. He has accepted the world as his friend and on the whole finds it good. Of the critics he says: "At last they believe in me. I have sometimes thought that success would come too late and that I should not care, but today it is here; they believe in me." He does not say "I have won," but simply "They believe in me," which tells of the struggle of one man with all the world on the other side. And as you come away out of the peace of the beautiful room, down the green stairway, you bring with you the impression of a man who has fought fearlessly, valiantly; achieved brilliantly; who is young enough to be glad and great enough to be humble.

THE LAMOVOI LETTER: BY COUNTESS N. TOLSTOI



LAMOVOI is a typical Russian village of about three hundred inhabitants, fifty or sixty dilapidated log houses and twice as many barns and stables. Two small smoked windows with glaring red or blue frames and smutty looking straw roofs without chimneys are seen at each house. All the smoke caused by making the fire and cooking the meals passes out through the open door. To build a chimney costs three rubles, and as the villagers do not know how to make one and are too poor to pay for having it done they are obliged to do without such a luxury.

"Maria, a letter has come. Hurry and tell Vassili and everyone you know that a letter has just come for Peter, the blacksmith. Ilia, the policeman, brought it, and gave it to Tatiana, Peter's wife, because Peter was not at home. She was greatly surprised at receiving it and concealed it tremblingly behind the holy picture. She, poor angel, became so pale and excited over the incident that she neglected to feed her cows, sheep and pigs. She herself has not eaten anything—now she has no appetite. I was there nearly an hour and saw everything. I saw the letter—the yellow envelope with the two blue stamps. The cows low and the pigs grunt in the yard—hungry—I pitied them—gave them some hay and potatoes—but what do I know about feeding another man's animals? I am a stranger. Poor, poor Tatiana!" Thus hastily spoke Filip, a tall, lean and gray-bearded peasant of the village of Lamovoi.

"A letter for Peter?" queried Maria, with surprise. She was a stolid looking woman of forty, standing at the open door of her house, where Filip, dressed in a dirty looking ragged sheepskin fur had paused. "How did it happen?" she queried. "Is it an important letter and do you know who sent it?"

"O, *dorogoi*—my dear! I don't know that and neither does she because she did not dare open it. Since I can remember no letter has ever been opened in Lamovoi by the person to whom it was handed. Only the one to whom it is addressed or the priest has the right to open it. I remember twenty years back and during that time eighteen letters have come to our village," muttered Filip proudly, gazing at the clouds.

"Filip, that's great news indeed. A letter—to Lamovoi—that is unusual," said Maria, gravely shaking her head and gesticulating vehemently, while Filip stood silent as a statue. "I will put out my fire and not bother any more with the cooking and the preparations for dinner. A letter has come—who then has time to eat a dinner or to sit quietly in the house? Let us go first to Vassili, for he is so

THE LAMOVOI LETTER

wise, and the oldest man of the village, and then we will see some others."

Maria disappeared hastily into the room, for she realized that to tell her neighbors that a letter had come would prove the most extraordinary news that she could give. Filip stood solemnly like a sentinel outside the door in the street, his thoughts turning to the letter. In a few minutes Maria returned wearing her blue apron and a new red scarf around her head, which she put on only during the festival days when she went to church or made her important visits.

"But can you guess from whom the letter might be?" began Maria in a melancholy voice. "Poor Tatiana! She must be excited. Is Viera, her daughter, not at home? Perhaps she became so frightened at the incident that she went away. Well, well! After I am through with my calls I will go and feed her animals. I will take also some sugar and vodka and make her a cup of hot punch. Vodka with hot water and sugar is good for excitement. But where is Peter, her husband?"

"He is in the woods getting timber," replied Filip. "He will not be at home until late in the evening, unless a messenger is sent immediately. I imagine how surprised he will be when he hears that a letter has come. I think it is the second letter he has ever received. But the question is, who can read the letter?"

"H'm; I do not know a single man at Lamovoi who can read. I do not know even anyone at Velikoe, and Velikoe is twice as large a village as ours," spoke Maria more gravely than before.

"I know many people at Velikoe who can read a book," replied Filip, lighting his pipe, "but I think hardly anyone there can read or write a letter, except Father John, the priest. I am sure he will gladly read it, because he has read more than five letters for our people. As I remember, he has never asked any pay, either, except two quarts of vodka and one small pig. God give him health."

"P'st, Filip," whispered Maria, as if being reminded of something very important. "I know a man who is in our village now, who can read it. He arrived last evening. They say he is a soldier and a friend of Vassili—his name is Vasska. Maybe you remember him. He sings merry songs, accompanies them with concertina, reads newspapers and writes letters of all kinds? Two years ago he was in our village. The funny songs he sang and the wonderful dances he performed made everybody laugh. He is dressed in black, carries always pencil and paper with him and writes letters as well as the priest. The only trouble with him is that he gets drunk after two glasses of vodka and loses his head. He cannot drink as much vodka as our men, without getting drunk."

THE LAMOVOI LETTER

“That’s the trouble with all the people who can read and write,” interrupted Filip. “They cannot drink as much vodka as, for instance, Peter or I, without losing their heads. That is the result of education. You know when I wanted to educate my son Nica, the priest John said to me: ‘Don’t be a fool and send your son to a school. The school will spoil him. He will become a drunkard or a thief. It will be better for you both to leave him without education.’ I think the *batushka* (priest) was right. He would not say that unless he knows. I have observed myself that the men who can read and write are worse than those who cannot. After reading books and writing letters and silly things they begin to brood upon things which they have read and they become troubled, ill and unhappy. Look at our doctor, the priest and the landlord, look at all the educated city people and you see how much more they are worried and distressed than we are. They are not happy and education never brings happiness. They sleep more, eat better and live in better houses than we do, but nevertheless they look pale and sickly. The Czar and the priests must be aware of this fact; that’s the reason they object to education and the schools.”

“God knows that,” answered Maria, and pondering a few moments, she continued: “I think they are not sincere in refusing to allow us to educate our children. The priest and the Czar believe that their children should be taught to read books and write letters, but they don’t like it that we, the peasants, should educate our children. But one thing which I cannot understand is how being able to read and write is bad for one.”

Filip gazed gravely at Maria, lifted his hand and said:

“Maria, I know that. It is because education was originated not by the Holy Ghost, but by the old devil himself. God, for instance, does not know how to read a book, neither does He know how to read a letter. But the devil is a clever chap and knows how to do both. Had God understood reading and writing He would not need the priest to read to Him the prayers in the church every Sunday. The priest reads all the prayers and sermons from the book, because God does not know how to read them Himself.”

Maria looked with surprise at Filip, for she never had discussed such questions with the men, and after thinking a moment replied:

“If that is so, then the priest must be a disciple of the devil for he writes and reads.”

“No, no,” shouted Filip, energetically shaking his head. “That is not so. The priest has been shrewd enough to learn how to read and write from the old devil, but he has nothing to do with him now. He reads and writes for God, who is too old to learn from the priest.”

THE LAMOVOI LETTER

“Oh, I see. That is very curious. So God is an uneducated man like all our village people. How glad I am to hear that.”

They walked a distance without any conversation, for Vassili's house was the last, back of the village. Then Filip stopped and began:

“Now, Maria, do you remember how long it is since Vassili got a letter from Vasska, the same man who is now staying with him? I remember he wrote to Vassili that he wanted to marry a girl from Lamovoi, because the cows and pigs, which are given as dowry to a girl, are fatter and of much better breed here than those of any other village. He wrote also that he liked our maids because they knew how to make coffee, bake white bread and cook delicious meals.”

“Oh, I remember now,” replied Maria. “Three days previous to that my hen had hatched the chickens which are now six months old. That was in summer. All the people of the village listened, breathless, to the priest as he read that letter in Vassili's garden. A pig was roasted for that occasion and the priest ate with great appetite. I made tea and Peter brought some vodka. That was a great time.”

Thus chatting, Filip and Maria arrived at the house of Vassili, which they entered with serious faces.

The news that Peter had received a letter spread like wildfire throughout the village. The topic of conversation everywhere was—the letter. The women, appearing at the open doors and windows, showed excited and curious faces. Scores of ragged children walked around the house of Peter, curious to know in which place the letter was kept. Tatiana, Peter's wife, sat dejectedly in the room near the holy picture and seemed careworn and pale. She looked as if something of the greatest importance had happened.

After a general consultation on the part of Filip, Vassili and the other notables of the village, a messenger was sent to Peter to tell him to come home immediately.

The coming of a letter was always the most exciting event at Lamovoi, and for many weeks afterward it remained the leading subject in the minds of the villagers. One letter, as a rule, was received during the year; and this was read aloud before the whole population of the village and the day was made a sort of festival. The life in Lamovoi was one without books and letters—a good and happy life, as Filip and all the people themselves believed. That there could be a better and more perfect life anywhere else in the world was not dreamed of by anyone.

Peter hurried back from the woods with the messenger. Grave and stern was his look as he passed the dozen boys who stood at the corners of the streets. Their behavior to Peter was more respectful

THE LAMOVOI LETTER

than it had been ever before, as they whispered to each other in awe: "Peter has a letter."

As he entered the house his wife in her holiday dress met him at the door, grasped his hand with tears in her eyes and muttered:

"God be praised that you are here! I put it behind the holy picture. It is in a yellow envelope, with two blue stamps—and heavy. When will you have it read? Do you intend to invite the priest? A pig will have to be killed and roasted in honor of the reading."

Peter sighed and his long face grew still longer. He took off his sheepskin fur, washed his hands, and walked gravely to the holy picture. Standing there reverently he crossed himself nine times, knelt before the picture nine times, and repeated his sacred prayer nine times. After being through with that he tremblingly removed the letter from its hiding place, turned it over and over in his hands, examining it as carefully as possible. Putting it in a big wooden box he said:

"Tatiana, my dove, I will not open it now. The messenger boy told me that Vasska, a friend of Vassili, is in the village. Two years ago he was Vassili's guest and talked and joked with our Viera more than with any other maid—you will probably remember him? I did not like him because he shaved off his beard, cut short his hair and wore a silver watch with a gilded chain. To my mind a man who does those things is vain and haughty. Otherwise he was a congenial fellow, and as he can read and write letters it will not be necessary for us to invite the priest."

"Oh, yes. I know him. He liked our cows and pigs. He asked me how many cows and pigs I would give as a marriage gift with Viera," replied Tatiana, leaning her head on her right hand while gesticulating in the air with the left.

Several hours passed. It was now evening. No one in the village owned a watch, but the people could tell the time at night by the stars and during the day by the sun. The room in which the letter was to be read was filled with people. This room, though the largest, was not large enough to accommodate all.

Between Filip and Vasska, the stranger, who had been invited to read the letter, sat Peter, holding the big wooden box which enclosed the letter. As he drew it forth one could hear the beating of the hearts of the assembly, so great was the attention.

"Vasska, I request you to be so good as to read the letter for us which came today," spoke Peter with a grave voice, turning to Vasska. Then Vasska glanced at Peter, who tremblingly kept the letter. As Vasska hesitated, he smiled.

THE LAMOVOI LETTER

"Don't you want to read it?" asked Filip excitedly, looking with surprise at Vasska. Vasska burst out laughing. He laughed so long and so loud that the people did not know what to make of it. At last he whispered:

"This is the funniest incident in my life."

Then he coughed, chuckled and replied:

"Very well. I will read it to you."

"Hush! Be quiet!" said Peter to the audience, shaking his finger.

Vasska then opened the envelope, unrolled a small photograph and handed it to Peter who began to stare at it while Vasska began his reading:

"My dear Peter and Tatiana:

"Without shaking your hands and seeing your faces, I greet you as one whom you know. I have something important at my heart which I will explain to you in this letter. I want it to be a secret among ourselves.

"Two years ago you had some nice looking cows, pretty pigs and a nice red carriage, which you said you would give as a marriage gift with your daughter, Viera. I think I could use them now. But I want you to add to these two new suits of home-made clothes, one for me and the other for my old father. Please let me know immediately if these and Viera are still at your disposal? If so, will you then give them all to me? I enclose my picture which will impress you sufficiently. I will suit your daughter better than will anyone else in Lamovoi. I will never abuse her, never get up before sunrise and never refuse to buy a new apron whenever she likes. I remain your old friend—Ha, ha, ha!"

Vasska laughed again and said that his reading was finished. Everyone rushed to get a glimpse of the picture, everyone touched the letter and smelled it. At last the picture was passed to Viera. She gazed upon it, giggled and showed it to her friends. Peter took the letter and picture, stood up and asked Viera gravely:

"Do you know this man? How does he look to you?"

Then he turned to Vassili, Filip and other notable men of Lamovoi:

"You have heard the letter and you have glanced at the picture. What is your opinion?"

"H'm," replied Vassili. "We have all heard the letter and seen the picture, but I would not suggest that you marry your daughter and get rid of your property by mail. Two cows as a gift to Viera are really too many. And besides he wishes to have the two best pigs, your new red carriage and the two suits of clothes. Viera is a pretty, healthy and strong girl and does not need such a heavy dowry. When the city people marry their daughters they do not give even one cow

THE LAMOVOI LETTER

as a marriage gift. This man demands too much. Judging from his picture he is not worth much himself. For instance he wears a white collar and a yellow necktie like the city people. He is, no doubt, a conceited man."

"That is not all," interrupted Filip; "I never heard of anyone marrying by letter. Letters and books are invented by the devil and you must not sell your daughter in this way. You know that even the Czar does not marry his daughters by mail. Write him a reply, and say that we at Lamovoi have no cows or pigs for men who like to marry a girl by mail."

"Viera, do you think you would like him?" asked Tatiana, her mother, her eyes full of tears.

"No, no," shouted Viera. "I dislike him. His hair is short and his coat looks so silly. He must be a loafer according to his picture. I do not care to have my cows and pigs owned by a man like that."

"That's right," added Vassili. "But, Vasska, what do you think? Should Peter give his daughter, his cows and pigs to such a stranger?"

"I think he ought to give them," spoke Vasska, and his face was very pale and his hands trembled.

Peter scanned him mutely and replied:

"Vasska, if you were the man, who would ask for my cows, pigs and Viera I would not hesitate to give them. You are a man whom we would like to have at Lamovoi, for you would write and read our letters, play the concertina and sing. Viera would not have any objection to you. Isn't that so?"

Viera looked from her father to Vasska, blushed and sobbed:

"Vasska is a man whom our cows and pigs would like, and no dog in Lamovoi barks at him. I have conversed and danced with him and know that he is worthy of any maid at Lamovoi."

"Are you in earnest? Would you give me both the pink cows, both of last year's pigs, the new red carriage, the two suits of clothes and Viera?" asked Vasska with an excited voice, grasping Peter's hand. Viera smiled and blushed once more.

"Gladly, Vasska," replied Peter. "Well, Vassili and Filip, have your horses harnessed and let us drive to the priest. I think it is not necessary to waste any more time on this subject. I would like to get rid of my cows, pigs, red carriage and Viera. The priest knows how to join man to woman and we know how to celebrate the wedding ceremony."

"A marriage, the marriage of Vasska and Viera!" roared the children outside.

"I am happy—so happy," spoke Vasska, with glowing eyes, looking out of the window at the cows and the pigs in the street which

THE LAMOVOI LETTER

were soon to be his property. Viera rushed to dress herself and to get ready the two suits of clothes. Peter in the meanwhile approached Vasska and said:

"Vasska, write a good and strong reply to that man whose letter you read us. You know how to write. Say that my cows, pigs and other things are disposed of. I would not give anything through a letter to a man like him. You might also add that after finishing the writing you will be the owner of them all. Curse him as heavily as you know how."

Vasska smiled and hesitated. Peter and all the other men of the village insisted that Vasska should write immediately. After a pause Vasska rose from his seat and said:

"It is not possible to write him, for I myself am the fool who sent the letter and picture. A week ago I mailed the letter and waited the reply. But the reply did not come and I could not longer wait for the answer so I came personally, but my letter had arrived at the same time. The letter and the picture which you condemned were mine."

"Ugh, all the saints be praised!" exclaimed Peter crossing himself. All the people in the assembly shouted also:

"That's incredible! Impossible! Oh, God be gracious."

"Vasska, is that really your letter and picture? Is it not much wiser to get married without a letter?" sobbed Viera, who had meanwhile returned, dressed for the ceremony.

"I think Vasska is joking, and we must not believe his jokes," said Tatiana, laughing.

Filip who had taken the letter and smelled it, said:

"It has the smell of the devil's fingers. It is surely not written by Vasska. You may all smell it."

Everyone was curious to smell it, for it was perfumed with an odor which nobody in the village had ever smelled. After the letter and picture were smelled by everybody Maria seized them and threw them out into the yard. At this the pigs, which were to be Viera's wedding gift, got frightened and ran away as fast as they could.

"Now look out," exclaimed Filip. "The pigs of Viera don't like them. They smell the wrong things pretty well from the right. No more letters to Lamovoi. We don't need them."

The people laughed and joked and started to drive to the church. In a few hours the church was filled. Viera and Vasska stood with happy faces and crowned heads before the altar. The priest solemnly read the marriage sermon. The guests thought of the wedding, the meals and the vodka; Viera's mind was busy with the letter and the two new suits of clothes; but Vasska's thoughts turned toward the cows, the pigs and the new red carriage.

MORE OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN THE SPRING EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN



THE National Academy, although it is in its eighty-fourth exhibition this spring, seems somehow younger than usual. Its canvases have a fresher complexion, a look of greater virility. It is (if the academicians will permit it) as though it were more Americanized. One is inclined almost to believe that year by year we are letting ourselves forget the Holland lowlands, the low bridges over the Seine and the picturesque quality of the Loing, that eventually we will permit the Arno to flow more often over Italian canvases and leave to Sorolla and Zuloaga the presentation of hidalgos and picadors.

Of course, this is only true in part. We are still, some of us, faithful to our traditions. It is possible still to find an opponent to the argument that America is entitled to her own art expression. But that the Academy has quaffed even for a short time at the fountain of youth is a matter of sincere congratulation, not only to the Academy but to the public. It is a good thing as one moves from gallery to gallery to see on the walls more sunlight and fewer *cabarets*, more children and fewer *boulevardiers*, more New England, more New York, more of our big vital West, more portraits that are virile and human, more landscapes that are the very essence of what we grow homesick for when away from America. In other words, we rejoice to see more of Glackens, Lawson, Redfield, Schofield, Tryon, Dougherty, Lathrop, Henri, Funk, Wiles; and we wish that Metcalf, Sloan and Shinn were there on the line as they deserve to be, and we would like a glimpse of Remington hung in the Vanderbilt Gallery occasionally, because he belongs wherever the new spirit in American art finds wall space. Groll is represented, which is good, and beside him we should like to see some of Akin's Colorado Canyon pictures, for he has found in a wonderful manner the color and the melodrama of the Western atmosphere, better sometimes than Groll, though he is never so good a draughtsman.

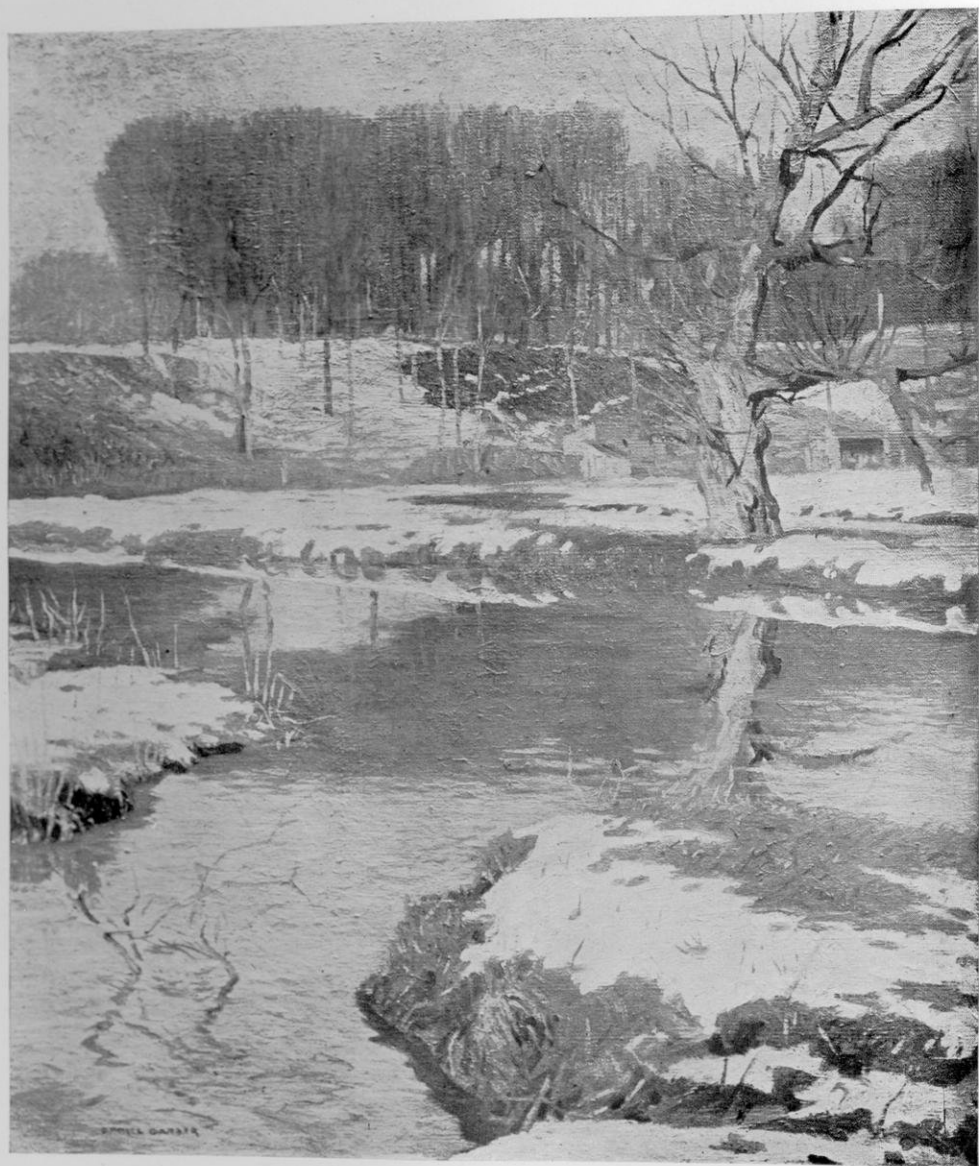
What is also noticeable at the Academy, even more so than the sunlight and the occasional delightful sense of brilliant color, is the fact that almost every man at this particular exhibit was represented by work which is up to his standard of good things. Occasionally you feel that you are having a chance to see the very best that a particular man has yet done. This was true of the "Coast Scene" by Paul Dougherty, which hung near the Sargent on the west wall. You also feel it in Wilhelm Funk's portrait of Mrs. Qualy (a master-



"SUNSET GLOW": ROBERT
REID, PAINTER.



HORSES: DANIEL GARBER, PAINTER: WINNER OF THE
FIRST HALLGARTEN PRIZE AT THE SPRING ACADEMY.



MELTING SNOW: DANIEL
GARBER, PAINTER.



THE PLAYMATES: LYDIA F. EMMET, PAINTER: WINNER OF
THE THOMAS B. CLARKE PRIZE AT THE SPRING ACADEMY

AN ACADEMY WITH AN AMERICAN FLAVOR

piece of subtly related color, of brilliant technique and of definite personality). You find it in Irving Wiles's "A Quiet Corner," which is a delightful contrast in color and technique to his dramatic portrait of Mme. Gerville-Reache, giving an idea of the strength and versatility of this significant American portrait painter. "The Valley," by Mrs. Coman, is another canvas which seems of its kind a masterpiece; also the "Horses" of Daniel Garber, and surely Ben-Ali Haggin has done nothing better than his portrait of "Elfrida." In the sending of this grade of work to an exhibit one feels that the artists show a very fine kind of respect to the public, and to themselves, for that matter. The work of the hanging committee at the spring Academy is exceptional. The canvases are interestingly related on the walls, and except where there is too much crowding there is a gratifying sense of composition and color even before one definitely separates the different pictures. In other words, the exhibit is interesting both in wall grouping and in isolated subject.

Possibly the most significant display as a whole of canvases shown by one man was the work of Irving R. Wiles, comprising as it did the portrait of the Manhattan Opera House singer, "A Quiet Corner" and the portrait of Miss Hollister. So little does this artist imitate his own work that except for a *resemblance* of really fine workmanship these three studies of womankind might be the achievement of three different artists. In each instance the portrait is dominated by the personality of the subject, not by the individuality of the painter. We have grown so in the habit of taking the surpassingly good work of Mr. Wiles's portraits for granted that it sometimes seems to me we do not write of them with the fresh enthusiasm they deserve, for there is nothing we so readily accustom ourselves to as the habit of excellence in others.

When one attempts from memory to characterize the exhibit, it is the portrait and landscape work that unquestionably dominate each gallery in turn. By landscape I do not mean essentially woods or meadows or hillsides; I mean rather all outdoors, river banks, shipping docks, Fifth Avenue with the green stage as the color accent, a factory on a Cos Cob inlet. I mean Glackens and Lawson and Redfield, or Murphy, although I am not sure that the latter was represented at all. More and more I think one is impressed with the extraordinary excellence and distinction of American portrait work, whether searching through the Academies, the galleries of picture dealers or the studios. It is in the portrayal of personality and in the *Plein Air* treatment of subjects that our American artists are mainly and most significantly producing great work. Our artists are seeking realities in life, nay more, actualities, whether in landscape or

OUTDOOR FRIENDS

portrait, and they are realizing greater and greater achievement along the lines of sincerity and simplicity.

The Sargent portrait was as usual given first place. It is the painting of a young girl, self-confident, slightly supercilious, very *mondaine*, and done so brilliantly that the color fairly crackles at the edges. But with Sargent's work, more and more, we receive the impression that he is painting for his own interest, even his own amusement, with a certain arrogant confidence, a snap of the fingers. Yet who will say that in Wilhelm Funk's portrait of Mrs. Qualy or Irving Wiles's "A Quiet Corner" there is manifest a finer purpose and a more complete realization of their art than in the not-to-be-criticized Sargent?

The pictures which THE CRAFTSMAN reproduces to illustrate this article are "The Playmates," by L. F. Emmet, which won the Thomas P. Clark prize; "Horses" and "Melting Snow," by Daniel Garber (the former winning the Hallgarten prize), and "Sunset Glow" by Robert Reid. These pictures were selected not as the greatest work shown at the Academy, but because in every instance of a certain rare sincerity in the presentation of the subject. The picture called "Sunset Glow" is of a very beautiful woman, beautiful through youth, freshness, kindness and a suggestion of rare serenity; perhaps for other things, too, but these are manifestly in the portrait, if it is such. Or it is just the woman one hopes to have the chance sometime to fall in love with? In the past few years a change has come over Robert Reid's work. There is a certain tenderness of technique, a kind of pale violet spirituality in both figure and landscape work, and through it he achieves that quality which in people we would call charm,—a rare and lovely thing in woman or art.

OUTDOOR FRIENDS

I do not have to change my clothes,—or hide the way I feel,—
Nor sit in proper pose as stiff as any jointed doll
With hands and feet just so and wound-up things to say,
When I decide to go to call on outdoor friends.

AILEEN C. HIGGINS.

THE TREMENDOUS ECONOMIC GAIN THROUGH DRY FARMING IN OUR ARID REGIONS: BY A. S. ATKINSON



WHILE vast sums have been invested in the construction of large irrigation dams and canals for reclaiming the arid regions of the West from their infertile dryness, a new art of farming the desert acres has come into vogue that is little short of a revolution of past conditions. This new system of agriculture is spoken of as "dry farming," and its application to the dazzling stretches of white sandy desert of the West, overhung at times with its alkali dust, has already redeemed thousands of worthless acres from utter waste. Dry farming is the development of a scientific principle so simple that it can be stated in a few words. It is the art or science of conserving every particle of moisture in the soil by means of intensive cultivation and preventing evaporation by continuous tilling of the land.

Twenty years ago, when the pioneer dry farmer of America tried to demonstrate the correctness of this principle in Nebraska, he received as little encouragement as most prophets do in their own country. H. W. Campbell of Lincoln, Nebraska, was a practical farmer and a man of some scientific attainments. He preached and practiced the theory that by cultivating the top and subsoil of the alkali deserts continually every part of the moisture falling on the land could be held in the soil for plant use, and if surface cultivation was continued the year round the desert could literally be clothed with plants and flowers. He took up many plots of ground in the desert and demonstrated his theories. A few others, who were convinced by his achievements rather than by his words, followed, and wheat, corn, alfalfa, barley, grasses and fruits sprang up on the desert where before flourished only the yucca, greasewood and sage brush.

How these farms scattered on the edge of the desert, and sometimes in the very heart of it, could manage to live and flourish was a mystery to many Eastern visitors, and even Western farmers were impressed by the magic. A few years ago the Department of Agriculture was duly impressed by the achievements of dry farming, and the matter was taken up for practical experiment. Now that the approval of the plan has been officially promulgated, dry farming is having a remarkable boom and within a decade it will have a tremendous influence upon our crop production.

The active pioneer dry farmers worked with simple and crude tools, and their achievements are the more remarkable for it. The

NATIONAL RICHES FROM DRY FARMING

modern dry farmer has special tools and machines made for him, and the work is greatly simplified. It has furthermore been scientifically demonstrated in the last few years that crops can be raised on land where the average rainfall is only ten inches, and as the average precipitation in the foothills of the Rockies is about fourteen and ninety-three hundredths, the arid region is not really irreclaimable. But of this the pioneers knew nothing.

THE present method of dry farming is to plow the land a year before any crops are planted. The soil is broken to a considerable depth. Disk subsoil plows break the soil and pack it into a firm bed, leaving a sort of hard-pan through which water cannot seep away. Moreover, this well-packed subsoil prevents the excessive salts that lie four or five feet below the surface from rising by evaporation. These salts have been the agencies for burning and blighting all vegetation. The surface soil is then pulverized and cultivated until it is as fine as powder. This acts as a mulch so that when the snows and rains of the wet season fall they are held there by the finely pulverized mulch. The moisture cannot leak through the hard-pan, and the secret of the system then is to prevent its evaporation.

The principle is to work and till the surface soil continually so that like a wet sponge it can hold the moisture. The work never stops on the land, and after every rain the surface soil must be pulverized anew. For a year the land is treated by this endless process of cultivation which always keeps the surface soil moist and soft. Then comes the seeding and more cultivation until the plants occupy the land. The cultivation must continue until the plants are large enough to act as their own mulch. In the harvest season, the crops are garnered, and immediately the plow and harrow are put in the field again to prepare the land for the next season's crop. It is then allowed to lie fallow until seeding time.

This is the method pursued by the dry farmers, and under old conditions it was discouraging work; but there have been developed for the arid regions giant machines which make dry farming no more expensive than ordinary farming. Engines of thirty-two horsepower cross the desert, dragging behind them twelve fourteen-inch plows, iron rollers, clod breakers, harrows and pulverizers. These are followed in the planting season by drillers and seed spreaders. Through such methods thirty-five acres of land can be plowed, tilled and planted at an average cost of ninety cents an acre. Under the early system of culture by the pioneer dry farmers the cost was at least five dollars per acre.

NATIONAL RICHES FROM DRY FARMING

So much for the use of improved machinery to make dry farming in the arid region successful. A further saving is effected by the use of seed. On land that has been continuously cultivated to retain every particle of moisture twelve quarts of seed wheat go as far toward a maximum crop production as thirty or forty quarts in the ordinary wheat belt. The difference is due to the method of cultivation whereby the soil is pulverized so that nearly every grain of seed finds fertile lodgment. It is difficult for the farmers of the older agricultural fields to appreciate the value of fine culture until presented with some concrete illustration such as this.

WHEN the Department of Agriculture took up the study of dry farming in the arid region experts were sent to Russia to investigate the wheat fields near the Sea of Azov. In this great dry region conditions are almost the same as in the new wheat fields of the arid West. The amount of rainfall is even less on the average, and the soil is of the same sandy nature. Yet for centuries flourishing wheat fields have been harvested in this Russian province. But it is a different kind of wheat—the durum from which macaroni is manufactured. This wheat is harder than our American variety, but possesses all the nourishing qualities for food. Upward of two million five hundred thousand pounds of durum flour for the manufacture of macaroni have been annually imported into this country for decades past, and the demand for it is steadily increasing. In nineteen hundred and one the Department of Agriculture imported some of the seeds of durum wheat and raised the first crop near El Paso, Texas, selecting dry lands for the experiment, with improved dry farming culture. In the first season the yield proved over forty-seven bushels to the acre. Since then the grain has been raised in many parts of the arid West, and today the crop is an important part of our wheat output. Last year the total yield in this country of durum wheat reached the enormous total of thirty million bushels. Nearly all this wheat was raised on the dry lands where the ordinary grain has never flourished. So important is the durum wheat culture becoming that millers who at first objected to grinding it on account of its greater hardness are installing new and heavier machinery. In the past year a dozen large mills have been equipped with special grinding machinery for handling the new wheat product of the arid regions. Within a few years dry farming in parts of the West has thus wiped out the importations of a manufactured product and made a new market for a very important food stuff. Manufacturers have converted the durum wheat into a variety of breakfast foods and its use is becoming a factor in our economic life.

NATIONAL RICHES FROM DRY FARMING

The vastness of this new industry may be appreciated from a study of the wide region of barren lands in the West which is susceptible of cultivation by the new system of farming. The great strip of country commonly known as arid America stretches from the Canadian border on the north to the Rio Grande on the south. It includes nearly all of those foothills of the Rockies which are made desolate by the dryness of the soil and climate and by the peculiar salty nature of the earth. Great storms of alkali dust sweep over portions of it and the salts of the subsoil work up and burn all vegetation. Farming in the past in this great region has proved disastrous. For half a century back thousands of homeseekers have lost all their possessions in trying to raise crops from this uncongenial soil.

The arid regions are some twelve hundred miles in length and from one thousand to thirteen hundred miles in width. In this empire there are some six hundred million acres of public lands. At least seventy million acres of the country are desert land and have been pronounced as entirely worthless. On the edge of this desert the Government has constructed at great expense enormous irrigation plants, and by turning the water into artificial canals thousands of acres have been reclaimed. But to reclaim all of this arid region by irrigation would mean the expenditure of billions of dollars. Owing to their great distance from any water course, some of the sections could not be cultivated at all, and irrigation would prove too expensive an operation even for the national Government. Unbroken stretches of alkali dust meet the eyes of the traveler crossing this barren region, and the whole place is shunned almost as though a pestilence raged there.

THE dry farming movement proposes to convert this desert into a blooming garden, not by means of expensive water storage reservoirs, but by taking advantage of simple laws of Nature. The possibilities of the region are thus almost beyond belief. It has been demonstrated that forty acres of this dry land properly cultivated will support a family of from three to five. At this rate it is estimated that the dry regions alone could support a population of upward of thirty-five million people.

Irrigation has had its fruitful results and has converted large sections into splendid farming land, and its benefits must continue to spread; but more practical and profitable is the reclamation of land by simple, scientific farming that makes Nature do the work of storing and holding the water for crop production. The dry farmers have already demonstrated that it is possible to raise from thirty-five

NATIONAL RICHES FROM DRY FARMING

to fifty-five bushels of wheat per acre from this dry soil. Against this we have the average of twenty bushels from older sections of the wheat belt. In nineteen hundred and five the average wheat yield of the Kansas crop was less than thirteen bushels to the acre. The increased yield in the arid region is due partly to the superior intensive culture which is essential to any kind of a crop. In combating the natural dry conditions of soil and climate, the dry farmers are thus giving to the wheat just the conditions of tillage that make it thrive and produce abundantly.

Throughout many parts of the West the dry farming propaganda is going on under the coöperation of individuals, societies, State experiment stations and experts of the Department of Agriculture. The Campbell Dry Farming Association of Denver, named after the pioneer in this new industry, has carried on a campaign of education among farmers in coöperation with the State Agricultural College. In nineteen hundred and five the Eastern Colorado Fair Association made a remarkable display of the finest wheat and grass grown in the desert without irrigation. Some of the wheat stalks and grain were the largest ever exhibited at any fair. At the Pomeroy Model Farm, at Hill City, in western Kansas, the efficient value and success of dry farming has been demonstrated to perfection, and at the Fort Hays agricultural station, a sub-station of the Kansas State Agricultural College, it has been repeatedly proved in a practical way that four cuts or crops of alfalfa can be raised from the same acre by dry farming on poor arid soil. At the experiment station in Sedgwick County, Colorado, a yield has been obtained of thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre, or fifty of corn, or two hundred of potatoes, thirty of rye, sixty-five of oats, or five tons of cane for forage.

It would be possible to mention many more such achievements by the dry farmers. Farming associations, such as the Scientific Farming Association of Bennett, Colorado, and the Young Men's Club of Cheyenne, have taken up the matter of instructing young men in the new system of agriculture and spreading broadcast information about the possibilities of the arid region. The Business Men's Association of Limon and Julesberg have associated themselves with the experts of the Department of Agriculture to carry on the work in a scientific and businesslike way. The result of this whole campaign must mean a tremendous difference in the future of a region equal to nearly one-third of the United States.

THE WOOD CARVING OF SWITZERLAND, WHERE THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE IS RE- PRODUCED IN THE ART OF THE NATION: BY ROBERT C. AULD



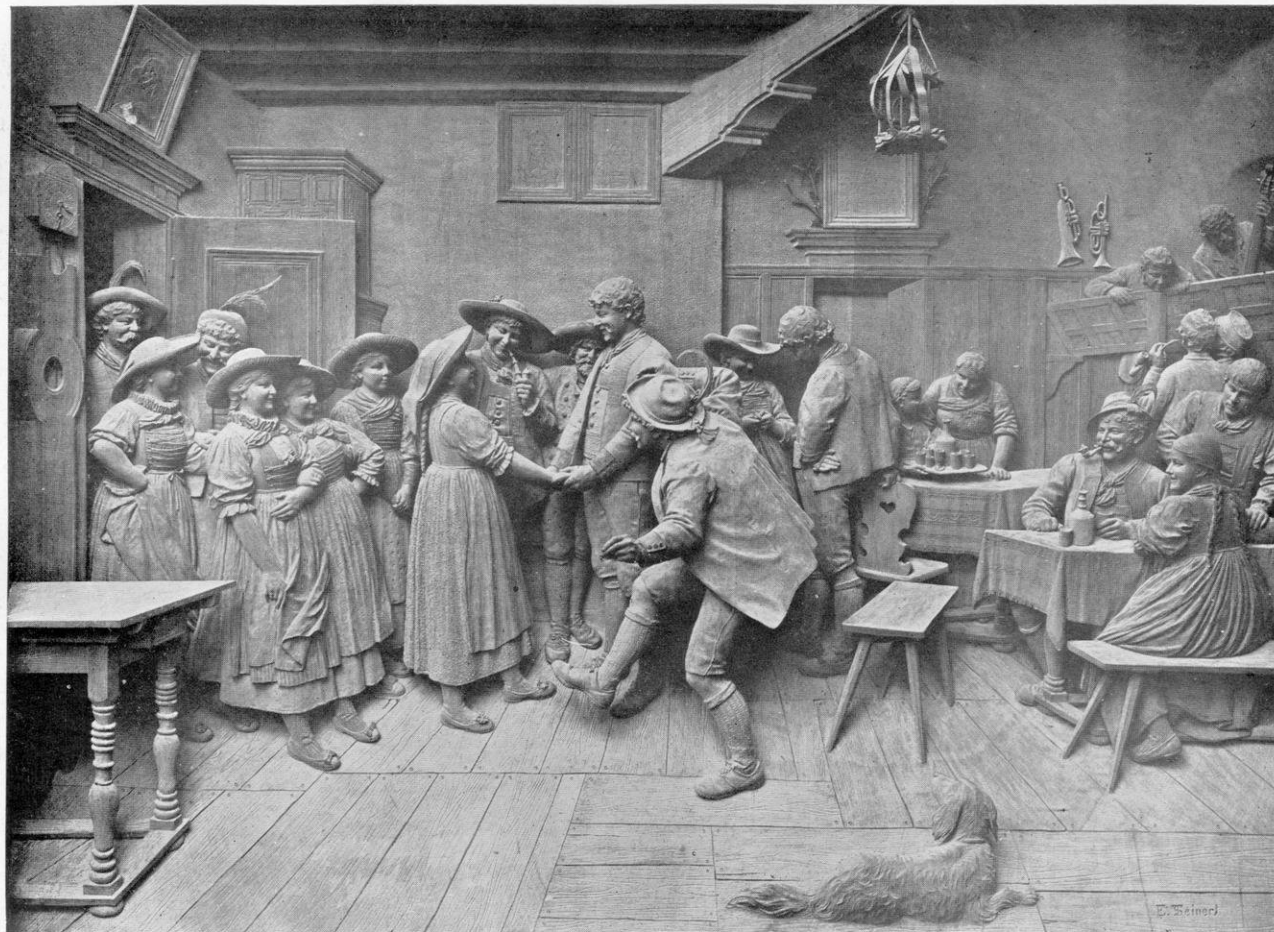
IN THE very midst of the Swiss Alps is found an indigenous art-craft—that of wood carving. Along the shores of the Lake Brienz and scattered between the two principal centers of the industry—Brienz and Meiringen—are huts, clinging to the side of the Rothorn and the neighboring hills and cottages nestling in the valleys; these are the picturesque homes of the wood workers of the little town of Brienz, with its school for the many artists in this craft.

Four months of snow—such brilliant snow as is known nowhere else—keep the natives close to their homes for a certain part of the year, while the brief summertime enables them to cultivate their garden spots or till the then responsive patches of soil wrung from Nature's grip. In summer the herds are sent to the Alpine pastures, and there between turns at milking, herding and dairying the herders snatch a precious moment now and then to shape things out of likely pieces of wood, which, begun with enthusiasm, may be laid aside until the coming of the winter gives time to materialize the ideal embodied in them. These pieces of wood that in their making may have expressed an individual joy, or perchance a family sadness, go to swell the stock of Swiss wood carving that finds its way abroad. For the lusty herdsmen have hands of greater or less deftness. Some have, besides, heads for the things they think about. The thoughts they get of the everyday life about them secure a lodgment in their brains. One thought may be of a pet lamb, whose life has been saved by the hillside herder who watches its increasing grace and beauty, which eventually evolves, in the mind to which it is endeared, into an inspiration for his art. So it may be with other things; and then the shaping steel begins to give reproductive expression to those objects graven on the mind, and thus what has been seen and felt and lived becomes embodied in concrete form. The shapeless wood is carved into a symbol of the mountain pet, its life and grace.

Thus the life about these artists in wood becomes more and more the source of their inspiration, and thoughts of their own existence—of their own people—take possession of their minds, to the exclusion of other inspiration, more remote and artificial. The mind treasures the forms and poses and lineaments of companions and mates; these are studied intimately till the sculptor is able to pour forth his soul into his work.



"A NATIONAL DANCE:" BY KARL
BINDER, SWISS WOOD CARVER.



"THE BETROTHAL:" BY KARL
BINDER, SWISS WOOD CARVER.



"RETURNING FROM THE HUNT:" BY
KARL BINDER, SWISS WOOD CARVER.



"A PROMISING CANDIDATE FOR THE CARBINEERS:"
KARL BINDER, SWISS WOOD CARVER,

WOOD CARVING WHICH SHOWS THE LIFE OF A NATION

Wood as a medium of plastic expression has had an intermittent popularity and been most in favor among the people of the more simple modes of life. This being true, the craft has been accepted by the village folk where it thrived as something too genuine and intimate to be much discussed, or heralded abroad, and so, even the best examples of ancient or modern wood sculpture have not been much exhibited or often sent far from the cottage or hillside where they were created. And yet it has been an art of the primitive folk from time immemorial. It is nothing new for us to carve the face and form of friends in woods from adjacent forests. It is just returning to a medium of expression of long ago days, even to the earliest carving, the effort to depict human beings in the quaint wood and stone dolls, memorials of the vanished races.

Today we are progressive, though not wholly original, in that we express in wood the highest ideals of the folk life in which the charms of domesticity and nationality are being faithfully embodied. In many of the examples, some of which are represented in this article, the expression even reaches the idyllic.

The home land of the Swiss wood carvers lacks in natural fertility, and those dependent upon its soil have a hard life indeed. They have wrestled with Nature and come face to face with her unyielding sternness, yet realizing, as they gazed, the blessed opportunity vouchsafed them. For they have developed their wood craft by necessity, achieving art through sincerity and honesty, and, with the slow gain of their handicraft, they have developed as a people and become rich in their modest way. At present the industry is fostered by the Federal Government, and is, moreover, a recognized form of expression in the life of the Oberland. Love and necessity have opened a way to express a kind of genius the manifestation of which is more personal to this part of the country than elsewhere. The artistry of Nature has here been lavishly bestowed, and amid its surroundings of inspired beauty the masters of this art have lived and worked. The Binders, for instance, had an established fame in eighteen hundred and thirty-five, and the present Karl Binder exhibits his work annually in the Salon. True to his instincts and insight, he shows a rare faculty of handling the plastic wood, preserving the identity of his models throughout.

In the first illustration of his, "A National Dance," a keynote of genuineness is struck. Song and dance are the natural forms for joyous expression with the Switzer, as with all simple races. When the limbs are supple and the heart is warm and the body becomes attuned to the rhythmic impulse that pervades life and being, the national dance is the inevitable result. The peasant dance depicted

WOOD CARVING WHICH SHOWS THE LIFE OF A NATION

in wood embodies character as well as charm, portraying as it does in the expression of the dancers and onlookers those sentiments of primitive joyousness as enticing to the eye as they are sometimes difficult to reproduce. In the Swiss wood carving is mirrored the real gaiety of the peasant world. At the first glance the male figure appears to us rather awkward, but evidently not so to the eyes of the lithe, straight, little dancing maid, who, arrayed in the distinctive costume of her canton, wins the admiring gaze of friendly spectators. The music is supplied by the *hackbutt*, or Swiss zither, and accompanied by the yodelings of the company. Everything is orderly, as is further emphasized by the absorption of the good wife of the house, busy in the far corner. The light, tripping steps of the maiden and eccentric movements of her partner are evidently accompanied by the heel-thumpings of the onlookers, whose natural spirits are heightened by the simple hilarity in which they share.

The next folk scene is "A Betrothal Festival," which depicts a quaint ceremony still religiously observed. In some of the villages of Berne the younger male members of the community form themselves into what are called *Kiltgangs*, vigilance associations designed to protect desirable prospective brides from the lures of strange admirers. The swains belonging to these organizations have the privilege of visiting the maidens of their choice, strenuous opposition being made to the presence of outsiders. The scene represented by the sculptor shows the result of one of these wooings, the event taking place at the village inn, where the musicians are already tuning up and good cheer is being dispensed. The rather bashful swain, with make-believe indifference, admiringly observes the gallant reception his bride receives from congratulatory and unjealous companions. The native joyousness of the men and the maids is enchanting. In the carving called "Returning from the Hunt" we might believe we were again meeting members of the same family.

The fourth picture is particularly interesting: the posing of the figures being a revelation of the possibilities of wood art. It presents an incident connected with a local organization, which the title, "A Promising Candidate for the Carbineers," indicates. The charm of these specimens of art lies in their remarkably free and vivid presentation of folk life, in which not only episodes of family life but of national interests are portrayed with results that are singularly pleasing and convincing. The actual life in the Alps is reflected and depicted with great skill and grasp of intimate detail. A craft that has been so lovingly and conscientiously developed amid an environment of not a few hardships furnishes reason for great interest and pride in the art quality of the achievement.

THE BOY ON THE FARM: AND LIFE AS HE SEES IT: BY SIDNEY MORSE

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all in my hand.

Little flower—if I could understand
What you are, root and all and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.—*Tennyson.*



ONE day in early spring, years ago, I remember trudging along a cart path behind a heavily loaded farm wagon. The way led through a patch of woodland that had been recently cut off. The season was yet too young for the advancing foliage to hide the ugliness of rotting brush piles, newly sprouting stumps and scraggly underbrush. All about lay loose stone and drift,—a significant reminder of some bygone glacier, but suggesting to me at that time only thoughts of sterility and hard, unprofitable labor. Presently a loose stone in one of the ruts caused the farm wagon to lurch to one side against the yielding earth which, crumbling under the impact, brought down a miniature landslide, and with it a cluster of wood violets. It was early morning and the dew evaporating from their petals exhaled a subtle perfume. As I plodded along after the creaking wagon, holding in the hollow of my hand the tiny plant with its score of leaves, its dozen blossoms and its tangle of rootlets fresh with the fragrance of the soil, it filled for the moment both eye and mind. And the natural loveliness of the violets bred in my boyish mind a keen perception of ideal beauty. The familiar lines of Tennyson, "Little flower, if I could understand what you are * * * * I should know what God and man is," came into my mind and set me musing. What did the poet mean by that? To know "what God and man is,"—is that possible? Did Tennyson know? How did he find out? Clearly the flower had not told him. Could I ever expect to learn so much? Evidently not from the little cluster of violets. Thus they served in the end only to arouse a train of thoughts and longings that it seemed impossible for me to satisfy.

How many a farm boy in his solitary wanderings through woods and fields is similarly questioned by Nature, and stifles a heart hunger to get at the meaning of the things he sees, but cannot rightly understand! Where is there one who has not inspected an outcropping ledge of rock upon a hilltop with perceptions and interest keener, in their way, than those of the most highly trained scientific observer, but with a half-unconscious sense of baffling mystery? Every boy must have denuded the rocks of their great clinging sheets of moss and lichen and noted the patch of black soil, crumbling sand and

THE BOY ON THE FARM

rough gravel beneath its surface. How came they here? How does the plant sustain its existence upon the side of the barren stone? Every boy must have noticed after the summer showers the little pools of water that remain in depressions upon the surface of the rock. In winter the snows gather and alternately thaw and freeze. Year by year a little soil accumulates. Presently a few weeds, wild flowers and native grasses grow. In after times, the depression is covered with a rank-growing patch of turf. What is the meaning of all this? A boy seats himself upon a projecting boulder of sandstone, conglomerate or mica schist and idly crumbles portions of the stone between his hands. Crevices yawn here and there from which wild flowers and underbrush sprout forth. The boy pulls a root of sassafras from its bed and observes that portions of the rock come with it, and about them the plant roots are curiously entwined. Large fragments of broken stone, disintegrated by frosts, lie at his feet. His eye traveling down the plowed land on the hillside, perceives that the larger fragments are most numerous upon the upper half of the slope, and that the soil of the flats just here is finer and free from pebbles. But yonder the flats are stony. The spirit of inquiry is aroused, is puzzled, and falls to sleep again. Cattle are grazing in the pasture lands. Birds in the groves and thickets are mating, nesting and rearing their young. Crops are planted, cultivated, harvested and stored in barns and cellars, or dispatched to market. Farm animals are bred, tended, slaughtered and sold or cured for human food. Meanwhile at home and in the neighboring farmhouses, the round of human life and the satisfaction of human wants in the simplest and most direct fashion is daily and yearly going on. The farm boy is close to Nature, and as the dawn of adolescence approaches, the mystery of life within and about him knocks at the gates of consciousness with a summons that will not be denied. The spirit of inquiry grows until curiosity becomes a power that is all but suffocating in its intensity. But the interpretation of the meaning of life and of sex is withheld. There is something wanting; the boy is hardly conscious what. Perhaps it is something that only the outer world can give.

THE farm boy even in summer has many hours of idleness, occurring, it may be, from weariness, from idleness, from stormy weather, on Sundays and on holidays. The winter season approaches. The life of the farm seems bound up like the frozen streams. The days are a monotonous round of rising and dressing, of breakfast, chores, idleness, dinner, more idleness, chores, supper, and to bed again. Little more, the farm boy feels, than eating and

THE BOY ON THE FARM

sleeping, with all the world to conquer and the mystery of God and man still to solve.

Evidently, so the farm boy concludes, the life of the farm is incomplete. It does not afford a key to the solution of this mystery. Perhaps the village, with its little group of more cultured, better educated and hence doubtless wiser men and women, will be found to have a larger meaning. The boy seeks employment in the local store or factory. Not only are his associates no wiser; not only are they baffled like himself by the mystery of life, but they suggest half-truths, false and partial meanings. And curiously enough, the boy finds himself shut off from contact with the few whom he imagines to be wiser than himself. The law of caste enters in. The boy who is well-read in the poets and has mused deeply over the mystery of life finds himself unwelcome in circles where such things are supposed to be understood, because of the clothes that he wears and the manners that he lacks. Evidently, he concludes, one must conquer these things. The path lies still abroad and the watchword is higher education. To these ends money must be had, and to have money one must abandon the farm for the paths of business and money-making ways. If one fails, then maybe the farm, with its narrow round of labor and of common things which bring a man so close to the mystery of life without affording its solution, may serve as an asylum of retreat. But the boy does not mean to fail. The ways of business are harder than he had supposed. It turns out that some men are unfair, even hypocritical, and a boy is expected, at all hazards, to further his employer's interests; that to lie, to cheat and to deceive are condoned if done skilfully in an employer's service. The boy learns to stifle conscience and to harden the heart. He prospers, gets money,—perhaps gets education. The life of the village becomes as narrow to him as the life of the farm. He moves to the nearest town, to a provincial city, to the metropolis. The same human wants that he first learned how to satisfy on the farm persist, though the forms and agencies for their satisfaction have become so complicated as to almost choke the springs of natural desire. Once hunger prompted appetite and a simple meal was a feast. The sweat of hard labor prompted thirst, and the tin cup of cold water was like the fabled nectar of the gods. The elaborate machinery of a banquet of a dozen courses provokes no such appetite and yields only the pains of indigestion. Wines and liquors arouse no similar thirst and afford no faintest trace of similar satisfaction. The farm boy, lulled to sleep by the "peepers" in neighboring meadows, wakened by the rising sun and the song of the birds, slept peacefully, though his bed was but a tick of meadow hay upon an old-fashioned cord

THE BOY ON THE FARM

bedstead in an attic. The successful man of affairs gets little relief from the weight and tension of his complicated business, social, political or other interests. His exhaustion brings no natural weariness, and his nights no refreshing sleep.

HUMAN life, the simplest elements of which he pondered as a boy, is now writ large before him. The stars are no longer a nightly mystery but related to the science of navigation. The moon no longer radiates the glamour of romance. It controls the tides and affects the interests of shipping, the coming and going of yachts, steamships and merchandise. The daily aspects of the weather and of the changing seasons occur to him in terms of crop reports covering vast areas of wheat or corn at home and abroad. The disintegration of the rocks suggests the activities of mines in terms of the world's production of the metals, of coal and like commodities. The farm crops and the breeding of farm animals now stand for agriculture, the feeding of populations and the transportation, manufacture and distribution of food products, whereof an abundance spells increase of luxury, and a scarcity possible ruin of far-reaching schemes. The daily round of the life of a farmer's family has become an alphabet of which the chief utility is the interpretation of the grammar of economics, and the literature of politics and of trade.

How many a farm boy, now grown up, and may be growing old in the business mechanism which contemplates the luxuries and superfluities of life, recalls wistfully the farm life of his boyhood and wonders whether, after all, it might not have been possible to acquire in that environment all that is best worth having of human culture,—whether his “acres of diamonds” were not to be found rather at the beginning than at the end of his search. And the answer is at hand. The dawn of a new light is already breaking about the daily pathway of the farmer's boy. The tendency of present-day science is to dignify the labor of production whereby Nature coöperates with man in the satisfaction of his normal wants. Is there no significance in the fact that the soil is now treated as a great laboratory in which the secrets of Nature can best be studied and understood; that the culture of plants and the breeding of domestic animals are regarded as throwing light upon the most pregnant aspects of the great central problem of evolution; that the beauty of Nature is apprehended as never before; and that the tide is setting from centers of population back once more toward the suburban residence, the rural home and the summer home or camp?

The change which must come in the mental attitude of the farmer's boy and girl, momentous and significant as its influence will

THE BOY ON THE FARM

be, is after all essentially a little one. What is needed is no more than a kind of leadership that will bring to the farm boy insight into the essential qualities and relations that afford the interpretation of human life. That the stars in their courses hold the earth in its fixed relation to the sun and produce the phenomena of day and night and of the changing seasons; that these affect the weather; that the moon controls the tide; that the disintegration of the earth by natural forces produces the soil; that water runs down hill and carries the fatness of the earth into the river valleys; that the soil in proportion to its fatness produces the plant; that the plant feeds the animal, and that together they feed men; that like other animals, men pair, mate and breed children, that of these elements the round of daily life is made, are all patent things to the farmer's boy. His own observation, hearsay and the district school afford a knowledge of these facts, and a very little guidance will establish for him their relationship in series to one another and himself. But that the family and rural neighborhood is an epitome of human society and all natural beauty a revelation of the Divine—hence that all of life is here, and every normal satisfaction of human wants at their simplest and their best, is a lesson which the farmer's boy is not taught. That the round of the daily life and processes of the farm through the seasons give direct perception of an alphabet in which all life and all literature, if it be real, must be written; that these facts linked in due relation afford the one possible interpretation of life; that to face them frankly and directly in the close embrace of physical labor is the true way to their solution; that the abundant leisure of farm life can, by the use of present-day scientific methods, be made more abundant; that these hours of leisure which no other normal human occupation can afford may suffice for the mastery and comprehension of the total culture of mankind in its adaptation of the real needs of life; that the interrelation of scientific thought and intellectual culture with the physical contact of Nature robs the latter of its monotony and instils into it the supremest joy: all of these are lessons which the farmer's boy of our day and his children are to learn.

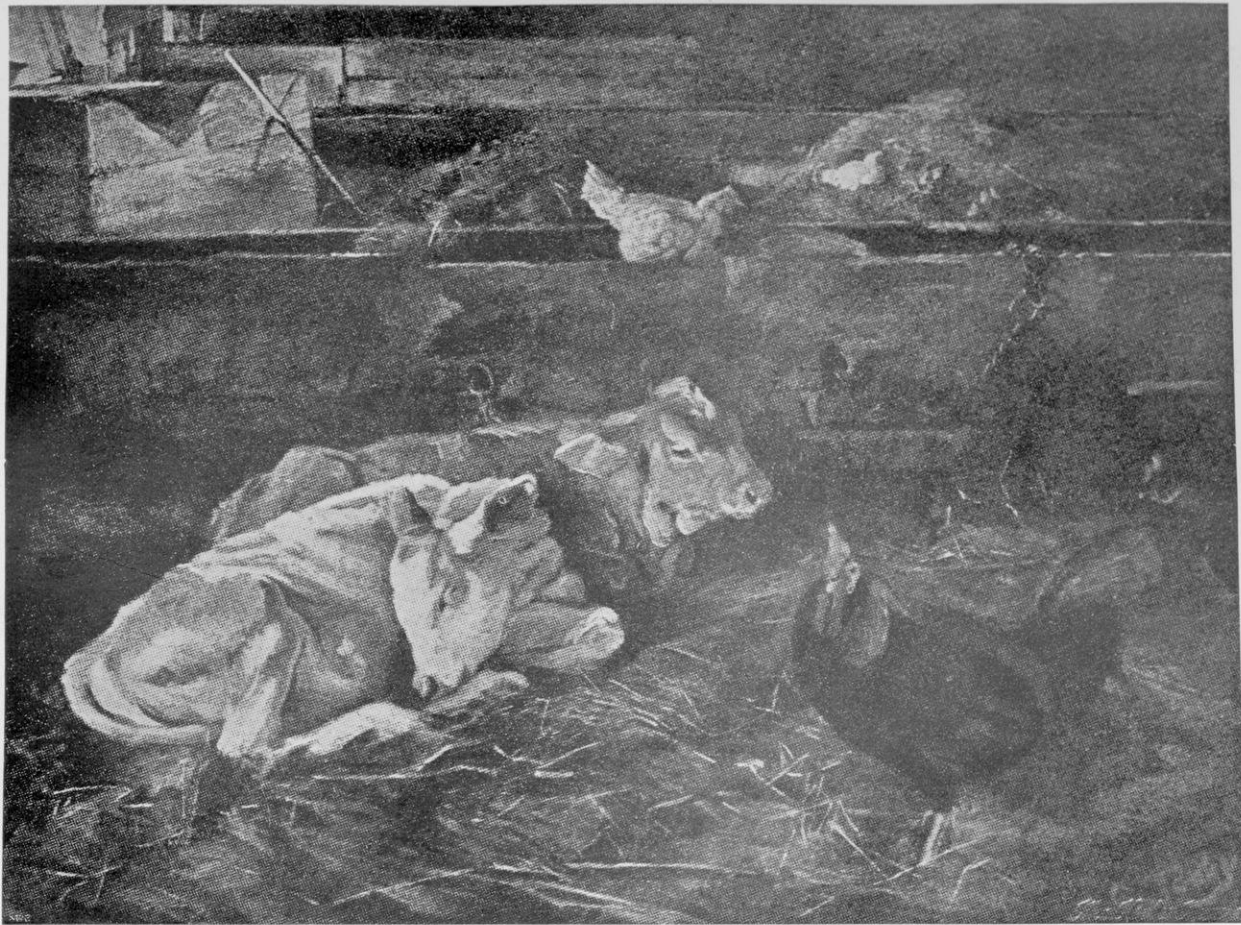
MANY agencies are working in the direction of dignifying the life and labor of the farm; the common and natural life of man. Perhaps the influence most fundamental and farthest reaching is the attitude of modern science in tacitly accepting the viewpoint of the evolutionary theory, in beginning to think in terms of the physical facts of life and in thus frankly investigating "what God and man is." Doubtless the general adoption of this way of thought in relation to rural life as exemplified in the State agricultural

THE BOY ON THE FARM

colleges, and in the experiments conducted by the Department of Agriculture at Washington, has produced a definite effect and is destined to be yet more influential. Through bulletins and students, through the press and through the efforts of their so-called Departments of Extension, these institutions are an undoubted force for the promotion of a more intelligent rural life. The movement from centers of population back to the land in the development of suburban homes and the like, has been alluded to. Various efforts for the teaching of agriculture in the public schools, the promotion of school gardens and the creation of literature along these lines are significant. These and many other things that might be cited at once register the trend of public opinion and by their momentum, like the rolling snowball, tend to increase its force.

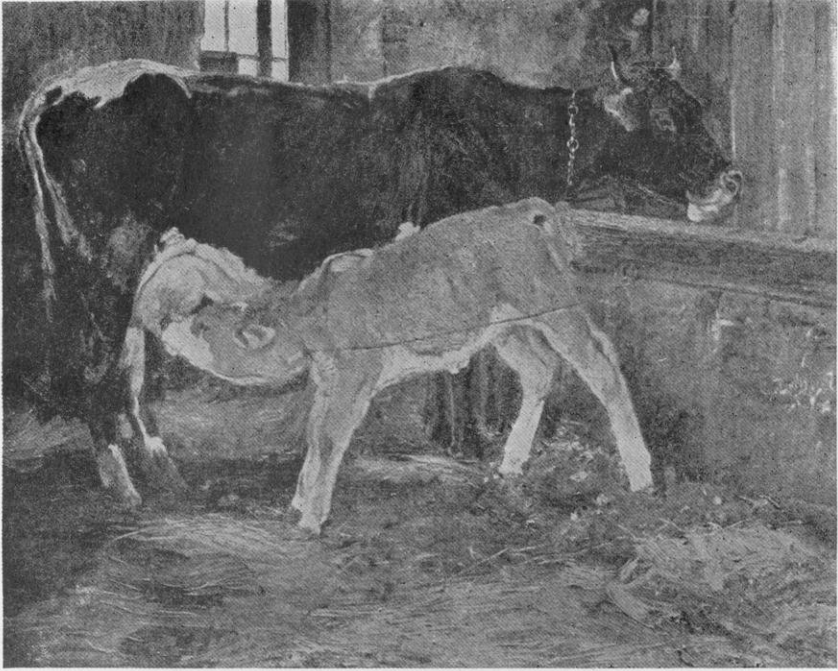
What remains is chiefly to develop a concrete form of institution that shall afford an environment in all respects similar to that of the farmer's life, with the addition of those features which it lacks today, and the want of which prevents the farm from affording the farmer's boys and girls complete satisfaction. These are chiefly, better and more profitable methods of farming, better housing, with home furnishings and decorations that are at once simple, useful, and therefore artistic, and a mode of education that shall admit of the acquisition by every individual, under proper leadership and guidance, and in the intervals of physical toil, of real and substantial culture.

The objects of the proposed experiments at Craftsman Farms will be to afford such an environment and to create such an institution. Once seen to be adequate to the solution of these problems, there is no reason why such an institution could not be duplicated everywhere. The Craftsman house affords a type of housing and domestic environment that will at once simplify and make attractive the farmer's dwelling. The association of handicrafts with agriculture, as advocated by the editor of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, will develop the perception of beauty, quicken intelligence and afford an agreeable and profitable occupation for leisure hours that might otherwise hang heavily on the farm boy's hands. And the interpretation of the meaning of life on the farm by means of the insight of master craftsmen and artists who will live and labor among their fellows as common men, will afford the needful leadership and guidance. Thus the farm can be made a laboratory in which the fundamental lessons of life can be investigated and brought to a solution by the processes of life itself.



From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration

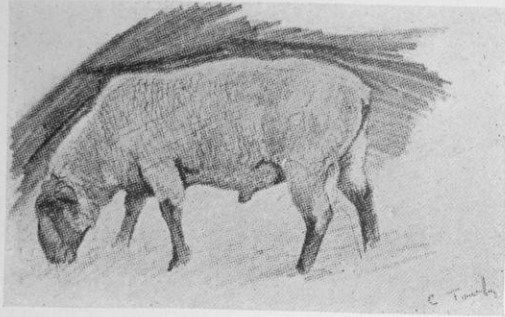
"IN THE STABLE:" BY CHARLES TOOBY, WHOSE ANIMAL PAINTING SHOWS A WHOLESOME AND REFRESHING REACTION FROM THE ART NOUVEAU TENDENCY OF MODERN GERMAN ART.



From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration

"SPRINGTIME:" CHARLES TOOBY,
PAINTER.

"AFTER THE RAIN:" CHARLES
TOOBY, PAINTER.



From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration

BARNYARD PENCIL STUDIES:
CHARLES TOOBY, PAINTER.



From Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration

"A QUIET DAY IN AUTUMN:"
CHARLES TOBY, PAINTER.

THE GARDEN AS A CIVIC ASSET, AND SOME SIMPLE WAYS OF MAKING IT BEAUTIFUL: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON



QUITE as much individuality may be expressed in the planning of home surroundings, the flower and vegetable gardens, as in the home itself. Just as the interior of the house discloses the inner life of the family, so do the home grounds reflect the family's ideal of the larger, or civic, life. A well kept, orderly garden indicates a responsible personality; a neglected dooryard is a sign of shiftlessness. The most satisfactory gardens are those which seem to have little formality of plan, but whose natural appearance is in reality the result of artistic arrangement and the guiding hand of the true lover of Nature.

Nor is a large lot necessary to secure a pretty setting for the house. Where the building occupies almost all of the yard space it is still possible to do a great deal in the way of improvement. Window boxes give a touch of brightness to the dreariest exterior, a border around the house of petunias in spring and summer, and chrysanthemums in the autumn will relieve the bare appearance of a dwelling too near the street to permit of flower beds. A divisional fence of woven wire, where families cannot be persuaded to part with the side fence, will be a pleasure all summer long if it is covered with sweet peas, nasturtiums, cypress vine or the humble morning-glory. The side gate may have an arch over it made of ordinary lead or iron piping, covered with a climbing rose, wistaria or honeysuckle. Such an arch has even been made of barrel staves. The earth should be well pulverized and enriched if a rapid growth is desired. When a pet dog of mine died and I could not bear the thought of giving him over to the ash man, I buried him beneath a rosebush which for some unknown reason refused to make rapid growth. The next season's growth was phenomenal, which proved the wisdom of my experiment and gave me the additional happiness of the fanciful belief that my dog was still with me in spirit.

If there is space for a border along the side fence, nothing is more beautiful for this purpose than phlox or golden glow. Or, if the mistress of the house is of a practical turn of mind she can divide the border between ornamental plants and vegetables, placing the flowers nearest the street and finishing out the bed with such vegetables as lettuce, radishes, dwarf peas or bush beans. It is a pity the carrot is placed so far down the list of desirable vegetables, for it is one of the most wholesome, and quite ornamental as a border plant.

The yield from the smallest garden spot is astonishing, if the ground

THE GARDEN AS A CIVIC ASSET

is well fertilized and cultivated. Vegetables are best planted in rows, running from north to south. If space can be left to run the hand cultivator in between and the plants can be properly watered, by successive plantings fresh vegetables may be had from early spring until late fall.

A PERGOLA is useful as well as ornamental, for besides giving shade it also affords privacy without having the appearance of being a screen. On a fifty-foot lot, which leaves only a narrow space between house and fence line, there is little privacy without an arbor of some sort, or shrubbery. It would be an easy matter to construct an arbor the whole length of the walk from the side gate to kitchen door. For this purpose gas piping takes up less room than any other kind of frame equally as durable. Grapevines make the best covering, since they are in leaf as early as anything else and stay green until very late. The first summer, however, quick growing vines should be planted with the grapes, so the arbor will be covered while the grapevines are growing. Ordinary running beans and lima beans planted at intervals of three weeks until mid-summer will keep the arbor covered and supply the family table. If only shade, privacy and beauty are desired, nothing is better than the Japanese hop vine.

On a larger lot, a pergola is made wider than an ordinary arbor and of lumber crosspieces with either cedar posts or cement columns. A combination of vines which will give satisfactory results in a year or so are Red Rambler roses at opposite corners, with white climbing roses at the other two corners. A good white climber is the Rosa Wichuriana, or, if a pink rose is wanted, the Dorothy Perkins is very good.

Perhaps the most beautiful porch or window vine is the wild clematis, but it has a close rival in the climber called the Star of Bethlehem, whose delicate foliage and fragrant white blossoms more than compensate for its slow growth the first year or so. North of Mason and Dixon's line it should be protected during the winter months.

Shaded corners which the rays of the sun seldom or never reach are apt to be given over to hopeless desolation. They need not be, for a basket of ferns from the woods, a pile of rocks or an old tree stump and good, rich, well pulverized earth will make a fernery which requires little attention beyond a plentiful supply of water every day.

Where the grounds are large enough to allow some freedom in planting, it is still best to have flowers in beds along the fence, near the house and as borders for walks and driveways, leaving the open

THE GARDEN AS A CIVIC ASSET*

space for a lawn and a few trees. Flowering shrubs or those with beautiful foliage are valuable as screens for buildings which would otherwise be unsightly, and to hide from the public necessary household occupations, such as laundry work.

Nowadays, when nurserymen can transplant large trees successfully, it is not necessary to wait for years to have plenty of shade. It is, of course, more expensive to buy the large trees, and then it is always a pleasure to watch young trees grow and develop, especially when the price must be considered. Maples grow rapidly, symmetrically and give shade very soon. The brown-tailed moth is very fond of them, it is true, but he may be kept from the trees if attention is given to him as soon as he appears.

If residents of a street want to reach the highest state of civic improvement and at the same time enhance the value of their own and their neighbors' property, let them remove all fences and permit the lawns to reach entirely to the sidewalk, which should have at its outer edge a border of grass. If such a street has large trees, elms and oaks particularly, it is a civic asset for the entire town. One of the most beautiful residence streets in America is Greene Street, in Augusta, Georgia. It is wide enough to have four rows of trees, one at the outer edge of the sidewalk on both sides of the street and a double row down the center of the street, with a grass plot in between. To walk down the path in the middle row underneath the elms, whose tall branches form the true Gothic arch, vistas of light and shade are seen whose beauty can never be forgotten.

A country place is at the same time easier and more difficult to improve than one in a town or village, easier because a freer hand may be used in its development, more difficult because the planting must be harmonious and conform to the lay of the land. Then a farm, no matter how small, should be self-contained, as far as possible, and there are so many needs to be provided for.

IT IS a fascinating thing, however, to take an old, run-down place, not too large, and bring order out of chaos. When I bought my own farm of fourteen acres two and a half years ago, the land had all been planted in corn and hay. The tiny four-roomed house appeared so dilapidated that I questioned if it would last until a new cottage could be built, which I did not think would happen for two or three years, and in the meantime I wanted to spend my summers there. My country neighbor assured me that, "it was an old house when I came here, an' that was nigh fifty years ago, an' it ain't fell down yit, an' ye know it's good as long as it stan's." There was no gainsaying that, and as he refused to consider the possibility of col-

THE GARDEN AS A CIVIC ASSET

lapse, I concluded to follow his example and not hunt for trouble. Friends, members of the family and I have spent two summers there and apparently the little house is good for many more, for although put up by country carpenters, it was constructed before the days of "jerry building" and is more sound than it looks.

When I first saw it, the place's only pretensions to beauty were some fine fruit trees, a pear tree and syringa bush on either side of the gate, meeting overhead in a very pretty arch, some small shrubs around the house and a lilac bush near the well, all in a state of neglect. The trees and shrubs we trimmed into some vestige of shape, the holes in the trunk of the lilac were cleaned out and my first attempt at tree surgery was made by filling the hollow with stones and cement. The experiment was perfectly successful, for the bush has taken on a new lease of life.

What had been a fine old Concord grapevine was trained on a broken-down fence in front of the house, about twelve feet from the porch, precisely where it hid the glimpse, between the distant trees, of the high road, a mile away. The fence we took down; as shade was needed for the porch, and it was not practicable to train vines on it, an arbor was erected and the grapevine pulled up over it toward the porch. The arbor was made of trees cut down in a neighboring wood. It had to be light and rustic to suit the surroundings. Cutting out the dead wood and trimming the vine improved it immensely, but it still did not reach the porch to give sufficient shade, which was needed quickly, so gourd vines were planted at the porch end of the arbor. They were highly successful, made rapid growth and gave dense shade. The delicate, crêpy white flowers made a decided contrast to the large coarse leaves. As the petals fell, and the gourds matured, they formed fantastic shapes and hung down from the arbor as stockings hang from a Christmas tree.

The small ramshackle barn matched the house and was so near that we had to see it, whether we wanted to or not. In order that it might not be an eyesore, morning-glories, gourds and nasturtiums were planted around both sides, and sunflowers and cosmos at the ends, hiding all the bareness as completely as possible, leaving just space enough to open the doors; for garden tools, kerosene, and such things had to be kept within. The ambitious morning-glories and gourds climbed up to the top and down again on the opposite side. The nasturtiums were not so venturesome, but contented themselves with doing more thoroughly a work they found at hand. The barn had a partition in it with window openings, but no sash or blinds.

Of course, the little house had no bathroom and no space to give to one, so the small end of the barn was made into a place where

THE GARDEN AS A CIVIC ASSET

a bath could be had in tolerable comfort, even if it did not fall within the strict definition of a bathroom. A platform was made to cover half the original dirt floor; with a large tub, a white iron washstand, a large water can for cold and big pitchers for hot water, a good bath was quite possible. At first it was a puzzle to know what to do with the water afterward. The solution was a drain dug from just inside the barn underneath the side wall and out some distance into the field, making it only necessary to turn the tub on end and let the water flow out into the drain. The nasturtiums have not been lost sight of in this digression, however far off they may appear. The task they performed admirably was to grow over the bathroom, completely shielding the open window space; they even crept inside blossoming over tub and washstand, forming a natural curtain after their own plan. Nasturtiums deservedly rank high as flowers for house and garden, for we were never without a large bowl of them on the living room table, and the more we cut them the more they bloomed.

AS I took up my abode at Pendedit, the name I gave the little farm, in the early spring when the roadside exhibited sharp bare lines, I planned to "improve" it by setting out a border of hardy perennials against the fence. As summer advanced, bringing the violets, daisies, queen's lace and golden rod I had not the impertinence to make a single alteration. The passing weeks brought their own changes in color and the succession of natural wild flowers gave a variety which was a continual delight.

People who must buy the shipped vegetables of city markets do not know their real taste. This is especially true of sweet corn and lima beans. Of course, my first thought was about the garden which my neighbor had agreed to make for me. As soon as the ground was ready he plowed and harrowed an acre for the garden spot. When asked how much of a garden I intended to have, I replied that I thought half an acre would be big enough. "An' is that all? That ain't no garden 't all," so I then said an acre. Potatoes are the chief article of diet in the rural districts; their planting in spring, for the time being, engages the attention of farmers to the exclusion of all else. As the country people passed by on their way to and from the nearby town, they would stop and call out to know if "yer got yer pertaters in yit?" It was as much a topic of conversation as the opera is in the city, and the question was put in quite the same way as if it had been "Have you heard 'Salome' yet?" Naturally, my neighbor asked how many potatoes I expected to plant. By that time I had learned that he dealt with large quantities only, so I hazarded "a bushel." "No more'n that—why that

THE GARDEN AS A CIVIC ASSET

ain't nawthin'." So I said two bushels, wondering if he could be "conning" me for a "city greeny." He was not, but I suppose he had never known anyone to plant as few potatoes as one bushel. That first summer was a liberal education in gardening with this true son of the soil as my instructor, although he did not know it.

The permanent garden spot is now at one-side of the new house, shielded by it from the north winds and protected on the west by a windbreak of shrubs and cedars. It therefore has an eastern and southern exposure. The vegetables are planted in straight rows and there is a strip reserved nearest the shrubbery for three hotbeds, three by six feet each, which will be made in the fall.

It requires a little more trouble to grow really fine small fruits, but it is quite expensive to get a place stocked with the best varieties all at once. As it is not practicable for me to give up employment in the city just yet, I have the time to wait for plants to multiply, so last October I put out one hundred fine pot-grown strawberry plants. When the runners are large enough this season, they will be pinched off and made into pot-grown plants of my own, to be set out in the fall, thus giving me a large berry patch by another year. The same plan is followed with hardy English violets, which always find ready market in New York City and Philadelphia. Penedit is well located between the two places.

A few raspberries, currants and cultivated blackberries were planted in order to see which would thrive best on the soil. The raspberries far outstripped the others, so this spring two hundred additional plants will be put out. This method will give me a place well stocked with fine fruit at far less cost than if I had tried to do it all at once. Every spring and fall I intend to add a few new plants. When I am ready to live in the country permanently, and it is the only real life there is, my farm will have advanced a long way toward self-support.

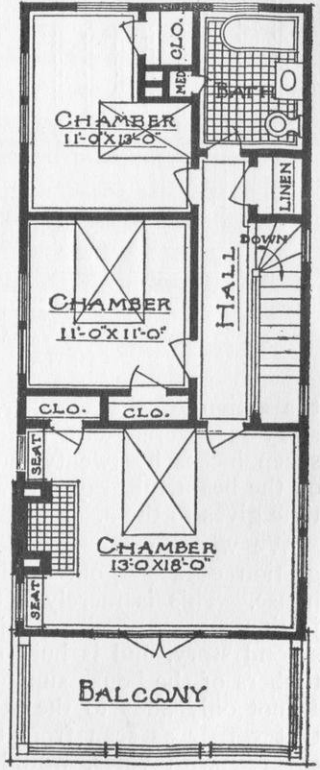
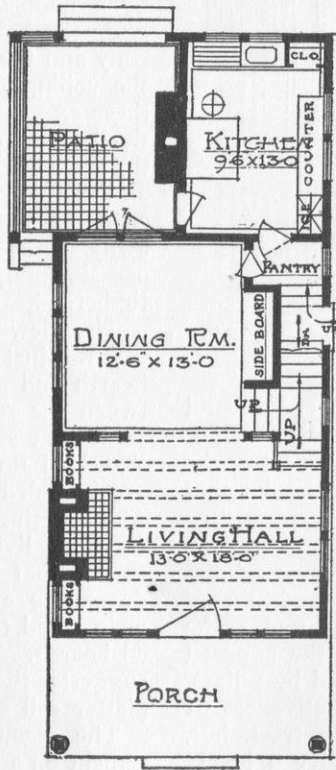


TWO CRAFTSMAN HOUSES DESIGNED FOR THE HOME BUILDERS' CLUB, TO BE ERECTED ON CITY LOTS

THE two Craftsman houses presented this month for the use of the Home Builders' Club are given in answer to the request of members who wish to build Craftsman houses in the city. To meet this need we have sought to design a house that shall be, first of all, as compact and comfortable as possible for winter use and still not be without certain advantages in spring and summer, which are quite lacking in the usual city block.

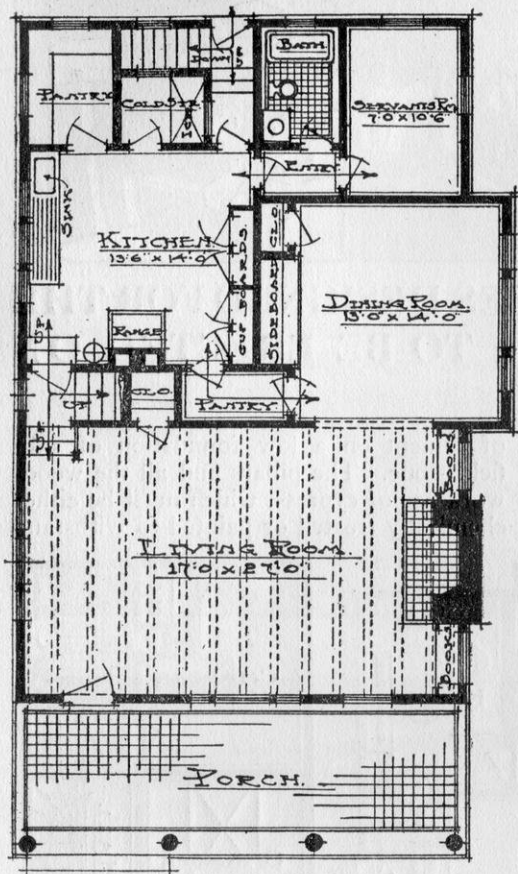
We think the cement and shingle house, in particular, has successfully fulfilled this idea. The other requires a frontage of not less than fifty feet, but this is only nineteen feet wide and can be built on the ordinary city lot. The floor plans show that the interior of the house has been arranged to utilize every inch of available space,—a valuable consideration in city building. Outside, front and rear porches and a balcony that may be shaded by an awning will do much toward making the summer heat endurable. The lower story of the house is

of cement on a low foundation of split field stone. The pillars and all the wood-work are of cypress, which must be either chemically treated or painted to withstand



CEMENT AND SHINGLE HOUSE:
FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR PLANS.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR CITY LOTS



CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE:
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

the action of the weather. The second story is covered with hand-split shingles seven inches by twenty-four, left to take on the beautiful gray driftwood color that time gives to them.

We wish to call attention to the suggestion of a pergola at the rear of the house. This is merely a three-foot projection on a porch running under the second story, and is built of the exposed timbers of the house supported by pillars. It not only adds to the attractiveness of that corner as seen from the street, but, covered with vines, would give a lovely outlook for the dining room windows, and, since a door connects it with the kitchen,

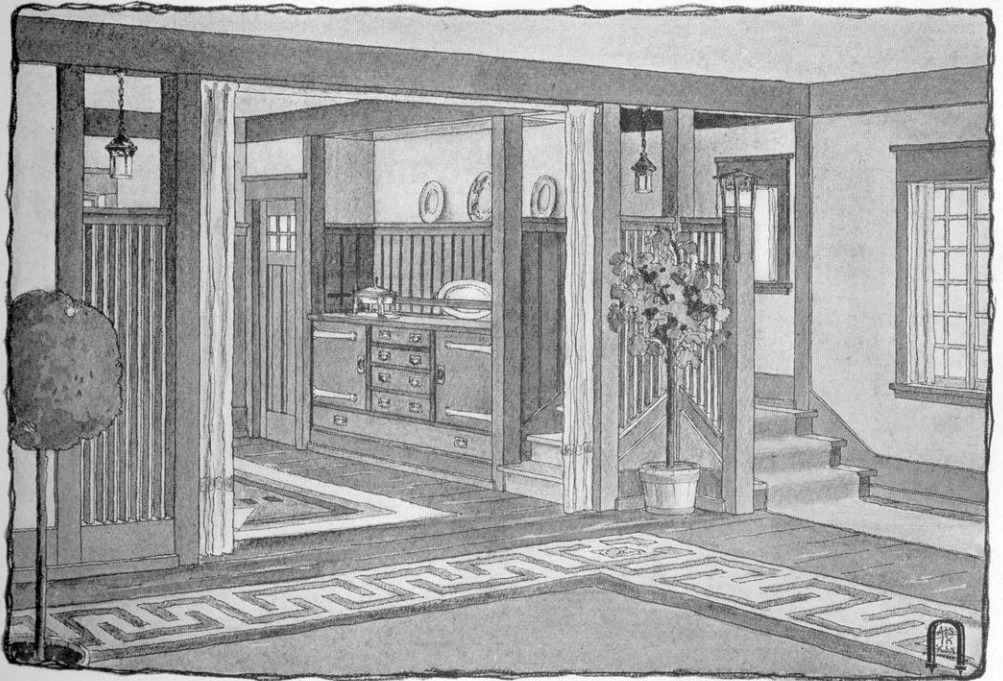
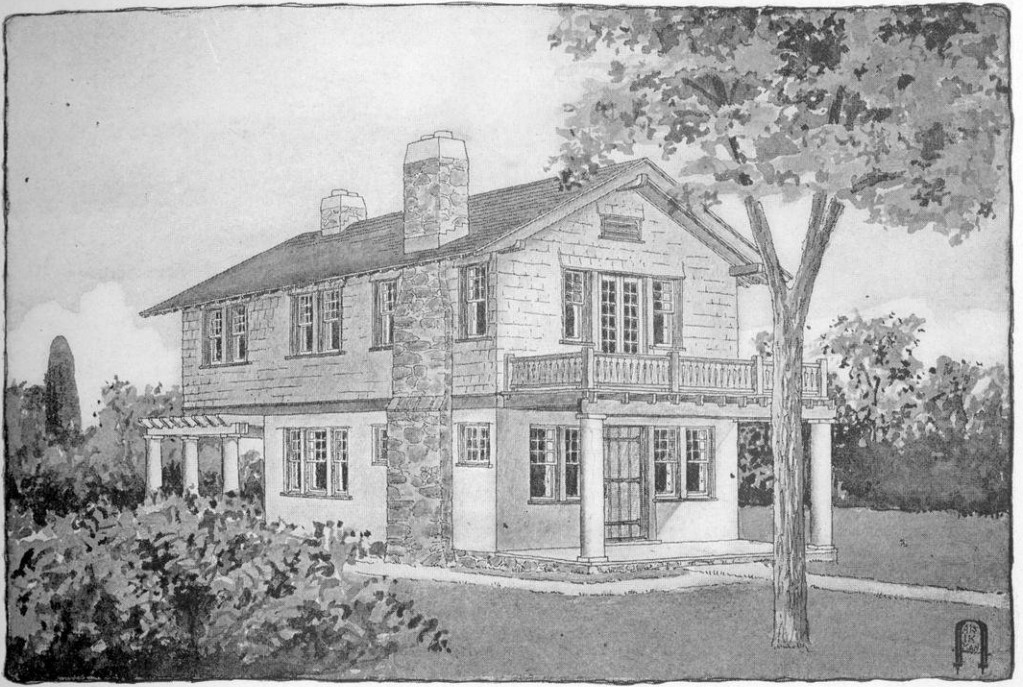
may be itself used as a dining room in warm weather.

The chimney of split field stone is very interesting in construction. Instead of running up at an even depth from the foundation to the roof and narrowing above the fireplace on the ground floor, it keeps its same width almost to the eaves, but slants in at the second story to about half the original depth. This does away with the ugly monotonous line of the ordinary outside chimney and gives a fireplace upstairs as wide, although not so deep, as the one on the ground floor.

All the exposed windows on the second story are hooded to protect them from driving storms. It is an attractive feature in the construction, especially in connection with the window group,—a long French casement flanked on either side by a double-hung window,—looking out upon the balcony. The floor of this balcony and the timbers that support it form the ceiling of the porch. The ends of these exposed supports, projecting beyond the beam on which they rest, emphasize the line between the porch and the balcony and are a feature at once decorative and economical; for the open construction does away with much repairing of the sort occasioned by the action of dampness upon timbers sheathed in from the sun and air.

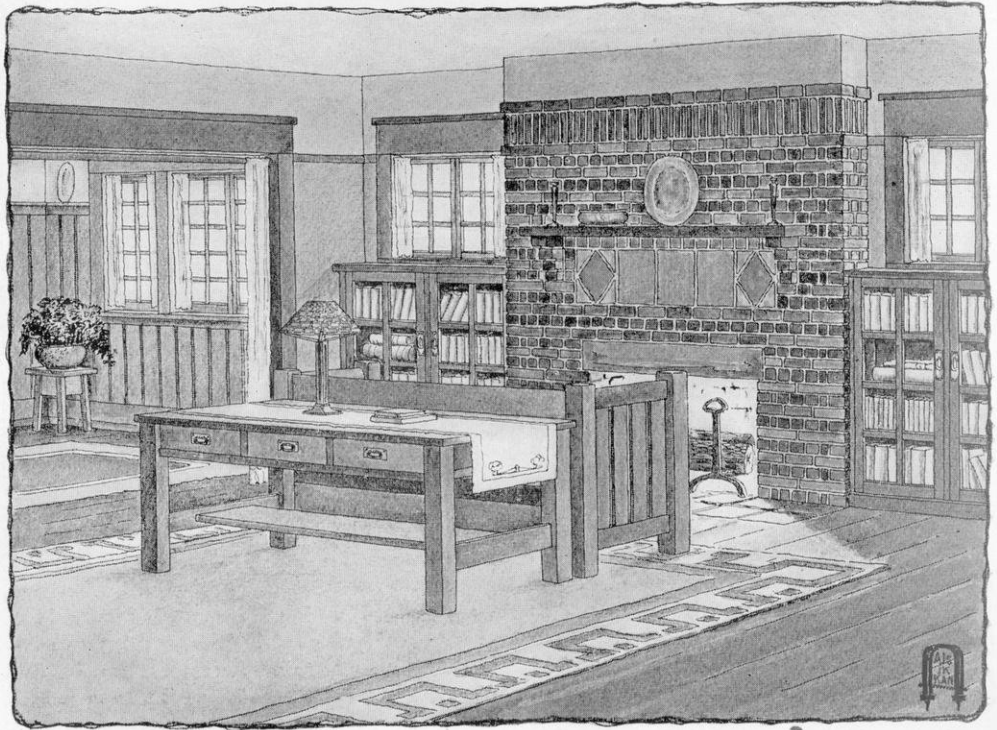
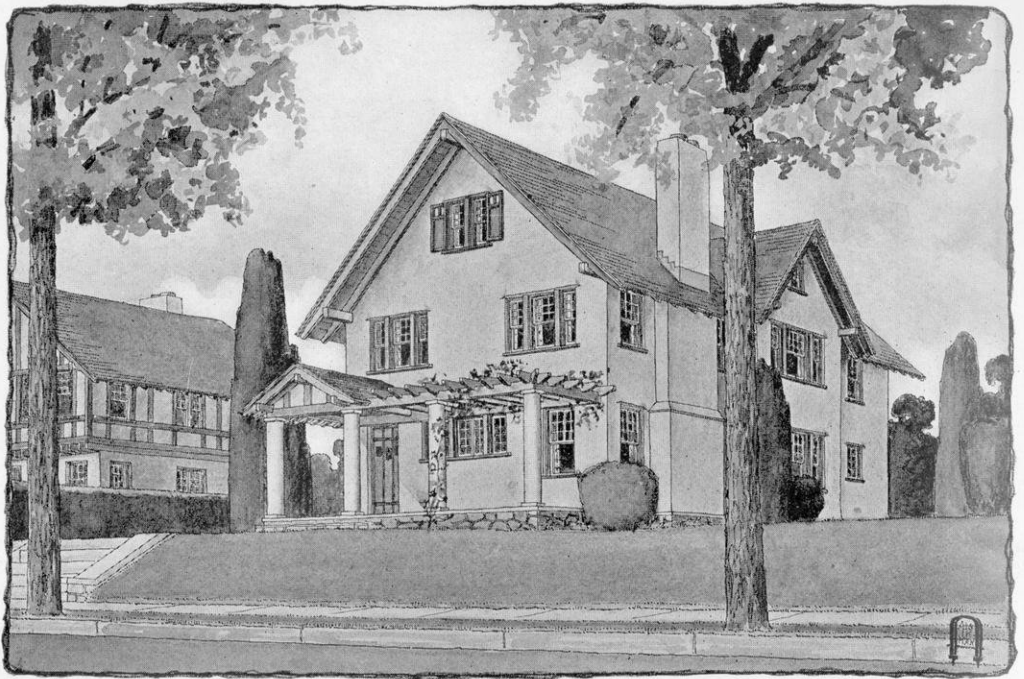
The view of the interior is made from a point just in front of the living room hearth and shows the use of spindles between the rooms and in the high balustrade that screens the two or three steps that lead up from the dining room, and are intended for the use of the servants. The meeting of these stairs with those from the living room makes an odd little corner that offers many possibilities for decorative effects. The dining room is wainscoted to the plate rail with V-jointed boards. The sideboard is built in and suggests the old-time dresser with its platter rail and side cupboards.

The second house is built entirely of cement on a foundation of split field stone. As it is planned to be built on a city street, it will probably be surrounded by the old



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF CEMENT AND SHINGLES
DESIGNED FOR THE ORDINARY CITY LOT.

SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF GROUND FLOOR, LIVING
ROOM, DINING ROOM AND DOUBLE STAIRCASE.



CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE, DESIGNED FOR A FIFTY-FOOT-FRONT TOWN LOT.

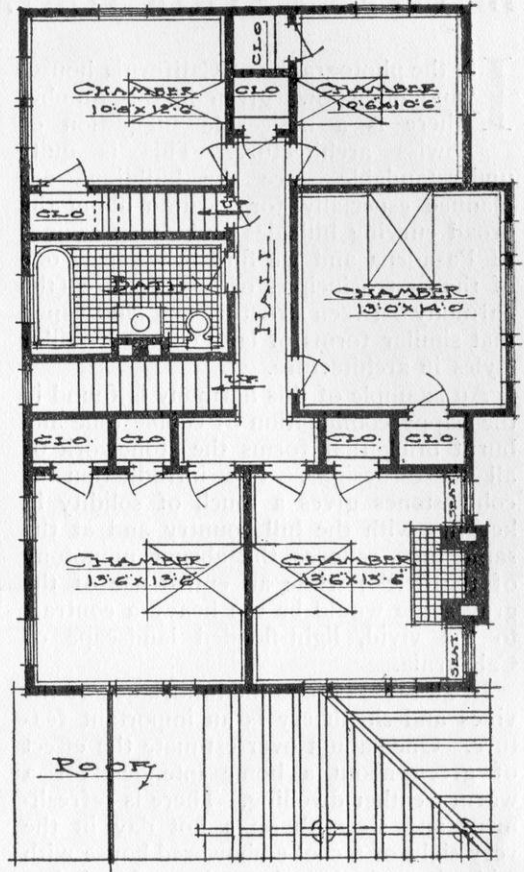
LIVING ROOM, WITH GLIMPSE OF EXTENSION DINING ROOM: AN INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT OF FIREPLACE AND BUILT-IN BOOKCASES.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR CITY LOTS

style city houses, their fronts a good deal dulled and darkened by age. It is suggested, therefore, that the natural color of the cement be deepened to a granite gray so that the new building will not be in too obvious a contrast to its neighbors. The porch of this house is unusual and beautiful. Only the entrance is roofed over; the rest is a pergola construction upon which vines may be trained to furnish shade. The cement chimney is built in three widths; it narrows slightly between the first and second stories; the projection of the roof concealing the more abrupt variation necessary at the eaves.

The interior view of the second house is made from the front of the living room, looking diagonally across it toward the dining room. It will be noticed that the exterior of the house shows double-hung windows; and many people prefer them. THE CRAFTSMAN inclines to the use of casement windows for reasons very well illustrated in the accompanying interior view. The small square panes are always attractive in a room and spaces are left beneath casement windows for built-in seats, handsome paneling, or, as in this case, book shelves; things which go to make a room interesting in itself, independent of the furnishings. The chimney-piece is built of bricks with rough porous surfaces. These are of varied colors,—old blue, burnt sienna, dull yellow and many tan and salmon shades, and when rightly arranged the result is beautiful, especially if the colors are repeated in the decorative scheme of the room. The shelf is a thick board—of whatever wood is selected for the finishing of the room—supported on two brackets made of bricks. Below the shelf tiles are inserted that may be of the same material as the brick, but any of the decorative tiles in low relief could be used.

The dining room in wainscoted with V-jointed boards and is separated only by narrow partitions from the living room. The sideboard is built in and the space between it and the rear wall is filled by a



CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE:
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

china closet. In the corresponding space between the sideboard and the front wall a swinging door leads into a roomy butler's pantry. The kitchen has several cupboards and also two big pantries, one of which contains the icebox. A few steps leading from a landing on the main stairway connect the kitchen with the upper part of the house. It will be noticed that the servant's sleeping room and bath are on the first floor. The large garret, which may be additionally lighted by skylights, would make a splendid billiard hall, or could be broken up into smaller rooms to be used for various purposes, such as storerooms or extra bedrooms.

SOME PASADENA HOUSES SHOWING HARMONY BETWEEN STRUCTURE AND LANDSCAPE

IN the photographs of California houses and bungalows given in this number there is a noticeable suggestion of Swiss architecture. This is quite understandable since the buildings are planned especially for location along the broad curving hillsides and sharp ravines of Pasadena and we find if we heed one of the first principles of architecture (the harmony between structure and landscape) that similar forms of land demand similar styles in architecture.

An example of this harmony is found in the happy combination of cobblestone and burnt brick that forms the stonework of all these designs. The introduction of cobblestones gives a touch of solidity in keeping with the hill country and at the same time relieves the abrupt monotony of the brick; while an entire use of the gray stone would be too heavy a contrast to the vivid, light-flooded landscape of California.

In all these houses the luxuriance of the vines and shrubbery is an important feature. One cannot over-estimate the effect of green about a home intended for a warm weather dwelling. There is refreshment and strength on a hot day in the very sight of a cool embowered house with wide deep shadowed porches. Much has been said about over-planting, but these delightful photographs seem an unanswerable argument. No matter how perfect the lines of a building are Nature can always add a last luxury of grace that accentuates rather than conceals the original plan. Man owes a certain duty to Nature in return. Let him raise structures that will blend with the landscape as he finds it and he may be sure that his house will gain a generous amount of charm by his concession.

The first house is a low building of sweeping lines with burnt brick foundations, broad, weather-stained shingles and heavy vaulted timbers. Awnings give a very necessary protection from the California sunshine and emphasize the air of

cordiality and hominess. The second story projects slightly over the first, and the roof curves a bit upward at the ends, lifting simplicity above the commonplace. The wide plain boards surrounding the windows make a pleasant variation for the eye in the expanse of shingled walls. Although there is ample space behind the deep wall enclosing the front porch, the arrangement of the openings in the lower story proved something of a problem. It has been adequately met by the two balancing half-windows on either side of the entrance. The front view of this house shows an unbroken lawn of clover leading to the inviting pergola porch at the side, with its restful summer furnishings. Above, a screened loggia makes an outdoor sleeping room. The whole house of golden brown stone blends into the background of the pine grove separated from the house grounds by a fence of stone and stout timbers that in this case is not only a boundary but a charm added to the setting.

The porch of the second bungalow shown has a good deal of the Japanese spirit in the restfulness and simplicity of line and all of the Californian atmosphere of comfort and friendliness. Somewhere in its shady depths will surely be found wicker chairs and dainty tea things. No less delightful is the rear view of the house, half concealed by a mass of varied foliage, broken by cool awnings of red and white. Rising from the midst of so much green the many window groups in the body and wing of the house help out the delightful suggestion of airiness and light. The steps leading to the porch are at once beautiful and unusual. They are of smooth heavy pine timbers bolted together, unstained, so that the strong natural grain of the wood is clearly seen. The growth of the shrubbery about the steps is kept down; thus the woodwork is not hidden and the straight severe lines rise in a pleasant contrast above the soft contour of the foliage. On the right, a palm adds

THIS BACK VIEW OF A CHARMING HOUSE IS ATTRACTIVE BECAUSE OF THE GARDEN ARRANGEMENT AND THE FACT THAT IT IS SO REFRESHINGLY WELL CARED FOR.



THE INFLUENCE OF JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE IS NOTICEABLE IN THE PORCH AND THRESHOLD OF THIS SIMPLE DWELLING.

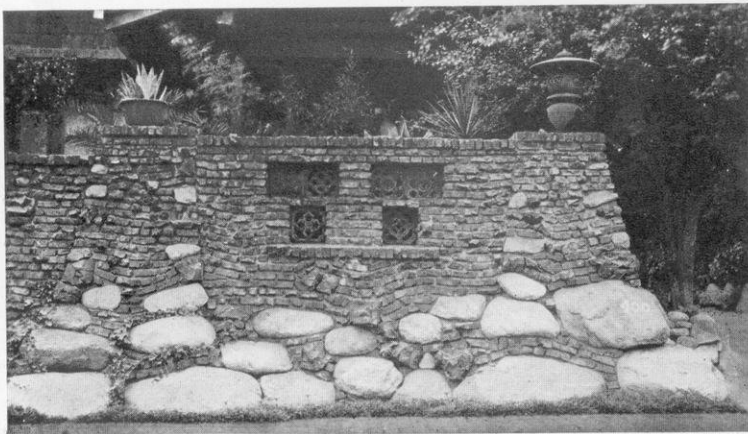
THIS HOUSE SHOWS A SIMPLICITY AND HARMONY IN USE OF TIMBER AND STONE WHICH RESULTS IN A MOST TRULY ARTISTIC CONSTRUCTION.





ALL THE TIMBER CONSTRUCTION OF THIS HOUSE IS TOUCHED BY JAPANESE INFLUENCE, BUT THE AIR OF LUXURIOUS COMFORT IS ESSENTIALLY WESTERN.

JAPAN IS AGAIN SUGGESTED HERE IN THE STYLE OF WOOD CONSTRUCTION; BUT THE STONE AND BRICK WALL DECORATED WITH COLORED PORCELAIN TILES IS CALIFORNIAN.



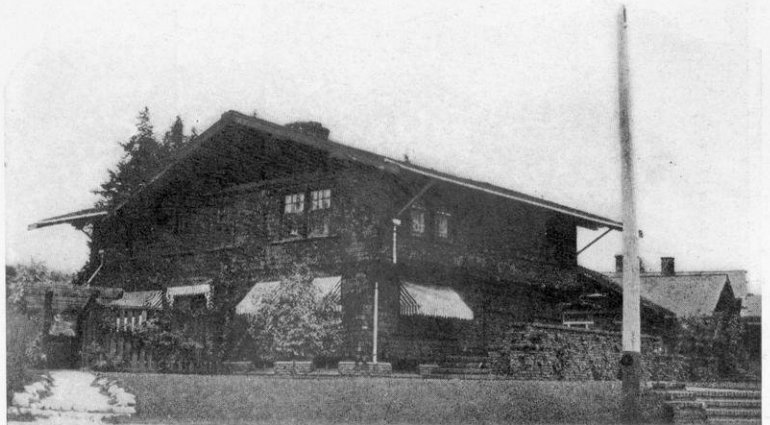
HERE A DETAIL IS GIVEN OF THE WALL SHOWN ABOVE, THAT ONE MAY SEE MORE INTIMATELY THE QUALITY OF THE MASONRY AND THE PLACING OF THE GREENISH-BLUE TILES.

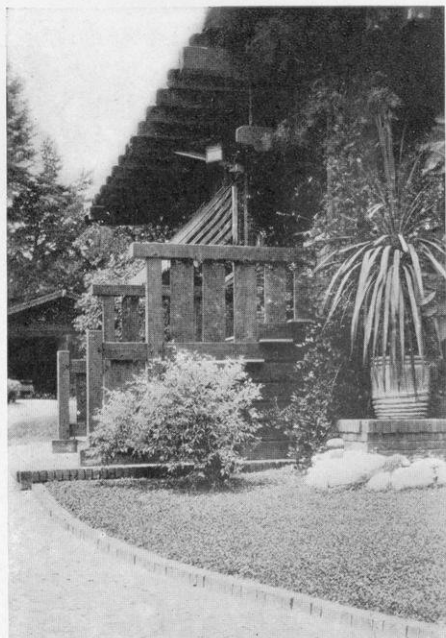
HERE IS A SECOND HOUSE WITH THE RIGHT SORT OF A BACKYARD. NOTE THE CHEERFUL UPPER PORCH AND THE MASSES OF VINES AND SHRUBS AND GENERAL AIR OF INTELLIGENT LIVING.



THIS HOUSE IS ESPECIALLY NOTICEABLE FOR THE SIMPLICITY OF THE TIMBER CONSTRUCTION AND THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE WINDOWS. THERE IS A SUGGESTION OF AN OUTDOOR SLEEPING ROOM OVER THE PERGOLA PORCH.

THE SWEEPING ROOF LINE OF THIS HOUSE IS DELIGHTFUL. THE ENTRANCE OF MASONRY IS UNIQUE, AND THE PERGOLA APPROACH TO THE BACKYARD A PLEASANT IDEA.





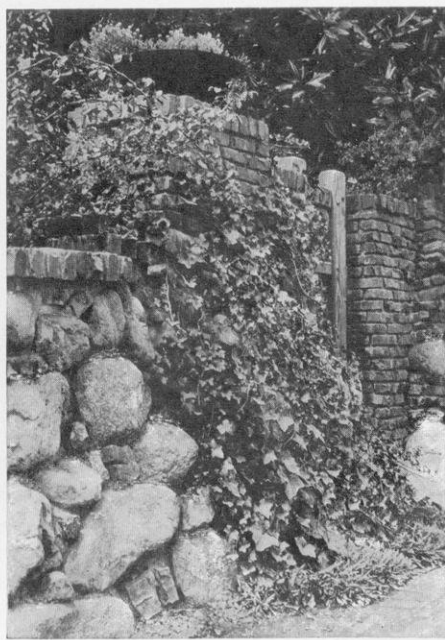
A DETAIL OF THE FIRST HOUSE ON PAGE 218, SHOWING GREAT CHARM OF SIMPLE WOODWORK.



A UNIQUE GATE OF PINE TIMBERS AND COLORED PORCELAIN TILES SET IN A BRICK WALL.



A BACK DOORWAY THAT CARRIES A FINE SUGGESTION OF ROMANCE IN ITS BEAUTY.



THE PICTURESQUE WALL OF BRICK AND STONE WHICH CARRIES THE LOVELY PORCELAIN GATEWAY.

HOUSES SUITED TO THE LANDSCAPE

a touch peculiarly Californian and above, at the threshold of the porch, a Japanese lantern of bronze is hung. The approach is built of red brick with a cobblestone center and is used by automobiles and carriages as well as people on foot.

In another of the photographs a box hedge with a low brick wall at its base running across the front of the entire lot conceals the walk to the house and gives it a privacy that is impossible when the path leads directly from the door to the sidewalk. Having the entrance to the grounds at one end of the hedge gives a larger unbroken stretch of lawn and makes a charming setting. This house is especially attractive in its simplicity and modest individuality. The wide hospitable door is in perfect harmony with the wide windows, simply draped, and the lazy broad spreading roof. The little tubs in which are planted palms and bay trees are the evolution from a very common article. They are the casks in which the Japanese import fish, the chief dish of their diet, from their own country. They are cleaned and varnished, but the Japanese characters relating to shipping may still be found upon them. The backyard of this bungalow shows a pleasant absence of the ash can. Indeed, the glass milk bottles on the step rail seem the sole indication that this is the rear view of the house. The brick walk at the base of the hedge along the front is carried part way back to form the dividing line from the adjoining lot and is completed in the rear angle by a line of small evergreen trees which in time will form an effective screen about the clothes yard.

Another design shows a wall of cobblestones and burnt brick behind which Californian vegetation has run riot. The house looks out through a mass of flowering vines and swaying foliage and suggests the blossom shrouded dwellings of Japan. The wall is very well built, the stones

carefully selected and graduated in size, and the result is a study in color. Six greenish blue porcelain tiles are grouped and inserted in the rich red background of the brick; a Japanese lantern and bowl in dull bronze break the hard line of the wall top and add a third rich color tone to the whole.

Few things so pique the curiosity as a gate in a wall, above whose top comes the cool suggestion of green garden closes and rose-twined summer pavilions. This gate illustrated, not quite concealing the flight of steps behind it, is a fit entrance to the most delightful garden fancy can rear. The heavy pine timbers are smoothed but unstained and under the action of the weather have taken on the soft gray of driftwood. Between the crosspieces are set porcelain tiles, the color of verdigrised bronze; the dull green leaves of a magnolia tree shade it from within and it hangs between posts of gray cobblestone and deep red brick. One of the posts is overrun with ivy and climbing roses and surmounted by an Oriental bronze bowl filled with some small white flower. A very sluggish imagination indeed would be his who knocked at this gate without a thrill.

The well known difficulty of planning an attractive rear to a house built on a hillside seems quite simple and happily met in one of the accompanying illustrations. A brick walk along the base of a high buttressed wall leads to the back door. On the other side of the walk the slope has been graded up to form a bank, giving a finish and balance to the entrance. The usual gloom and dampness of such an arrangement is dispelled by the cheerful California flowers growing above the wall and lining the bank, while the two odd Japanese bowls holding miniature trees do much to break the severity of the long straight lines necessary to the building on such a situation.

INTERESTING TIMBER CONSTRUCTION IN A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW

THE bungalow shown in the accompanying illustration was designed by Mr. C. W. Buchanan for Mr. Furrows of Pasadena, California. It is interesting to note how closely the graceful proportions and structural effects of this little dwelling suggest the simplicity of the wooden temples of the early Greeks.

The roof has a projection of three feet at the eaves, which makes the building appear lower than it is. The timbers that support it are exposed, which relieves the

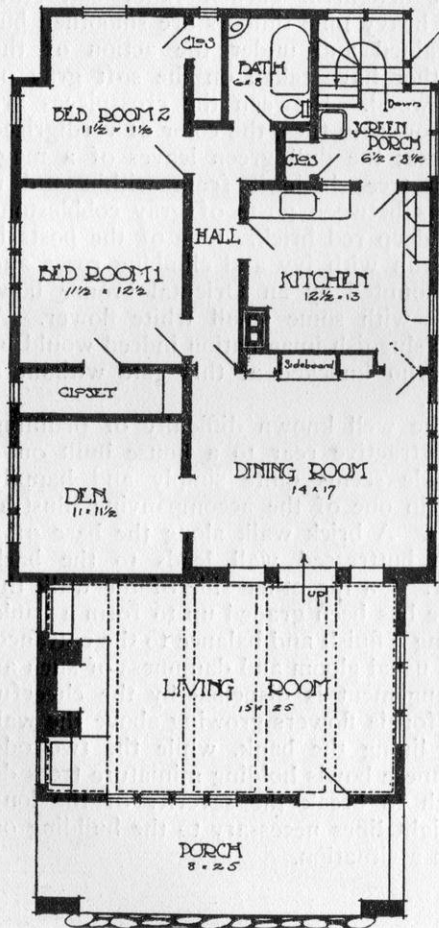
long edges of the slopes and gives the keynote of sturdiness to the whole structure. The house is covered with 8-inch clapboards one inch thick, and the heavy shadows cast by their overlapping edges maintain, even from a distance, the rugged aspect of the construction.

As the building has but one story, and no window is necessary above the porch, the raised lattice in the gable is purely decorative. It is built on a heavy cross-piece and six uprights and suggests the exposed timber construction found in the roof, the window-casings and the porch. This gives the decoration the added charm of consistency. Furthermore, the lattice completes a pleasing proportion of spaces on the front of the house. In merely a passing glance the eye is conscious of the harmony between the narrow cobblestone parapet, the broad shadow of the porch opening, the rough space of clapboarding and the darker area of the lattice. A similar proportion is found in the intervals between the exposed roof supports.

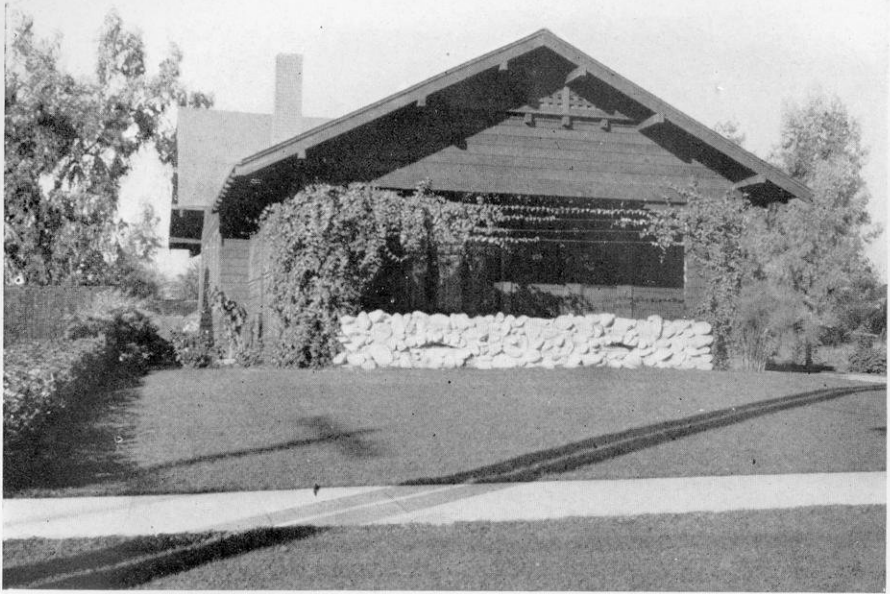
The sharp corners of the porch opening are blunted by two beams running diagonally from the box pillars that support the porch roof to the porch ceiling, and the general outline is softened by a rich curtain of vines. The porch is under the main roof so that the pillars covered with the same siding have the novel appearance of being a continuation of the front wall of the house. It has a concrete floor and is ceiled with narrow pine boards left in the natural color and varnished. The entire building is stained a moss green.

Within, the house is quite as attractive as without. The living room, dining room and the den, connected with the latter by sliding doors, are floored with selected Oregon pine stained to give the effect of Flemish oak. The ceilings are finished with plaster between the box beams, which are set four feet apart.

The fireplace in the living room is very simple; the hearth is of square tiles; the chimneypiece of red brick with a shelf of

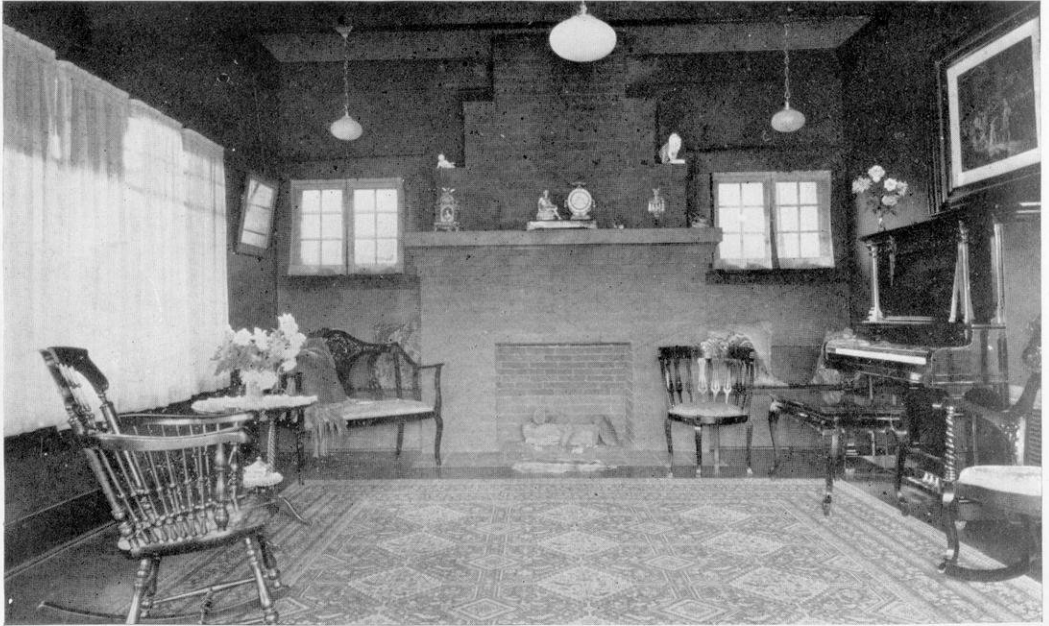


PASADENA BUNGALOW:
FLOOR PLAN.



C. W. Buchanan, Architect

A CLAPBOARD BUNGALOW OF UNUSUALLY INTERESTING TIMBER CONSTRUCTION, THE HOME OF MR. FURROWS OF PASADENA.
PORCH OF THE BUNGALOW, SHOWING BOX PILLARS AND COBBLESTONE PARAPET.



SHOWING INTERESTING EFFECT OF DINING ROOM RAISED SEVERAL FEET ABOVE LIVING ROOM FLOOR.

SIMPLE CONSTRUCTION OF FIREPLACE AT ONE END OF THE LIVING ROOM.

HOW "MISSION" FURNITURE WAS NAMED

thick pine board. The little casements on either side of the chimneypiece with built-in seats below add a great deal to the interest of that end of the room.

The dining room has the novelty of being raised a step or two above the living room. As is usual in such an arrangement, the length of the two rooms is emphasized. It is the more attractive in this case because the porch, a good-sized room in itself, opens directly into the living room. Thus a very pretty vista is got from either end. The dining room is made especially effective by the amount of woodwork in it, which gives it a character of its own and makes the necessary contrast to the room above which it is raised. It is wainscoted with V-jointed boards to the ceiling, which is rough plastered and tinted a golden brown. Except for the wainscoting in the dining room, the interior walls are all plastered and tinted. The sideboard, about ten feet in width, is built in and runs from floor to ceiling; the doors are of leaded glass. The glint of glass, as one looks into the room, is pleas-

antly repeated by the doors of the book-cases, also built in and running between the square pillars on either side of the steps and the narrow partitions between the living room and dining room.

The arrangement of the rest of the house is given in plan and shows its delightful roominess and ample allowance for closets of every description. The kitchen and bathroom are finished with white enamel.

In view of the beauty and comfort of this little house, the tabulation of cost given below amounts to a surprisingly small total:

Lumber	\$700.00
Carpenter Labor	660.00
Mill Work	350.00
Paint and Stain.....	250.00
Masonry and Plaster....	422.00
Hardware	110.00
Electric Work	45.00
Tin and Galvanized Iron.	50.00
Plumbing	330.00
Total	\$2917.00

HOW "MISSION" FURNITURE WAS NAMED

PEOPLE often ask about the origin of "mission" furniture and how it came by that name. The general belief is that the first pieces were discovered in the California Missions and that these served as models for all the "mission" furniture which followed.

This is an interesting story, but the fact is no less interesting, because of the commercial cleverness that saw and took instant advantage of the power of a more or less sentimental association. The real origin of "mission" furniture is this: A number of years ago a manufacturer made two very clumsy chairs, the legs of which were merely three-inch posts, the backs straight, and the whole construction crude to a degree. They were shown at a spring exhibition of furniture, where they attracted a good deal of attention as a novelty. It was just at the time that the California Missions were exciting

much attention, and a clever Chicago dealer, seeing the advertising value that lay in the idea, bought both pieces and advertised them as having been found in the California Missions.

Another dealer, who possesses a genius for inventing or choosing exactly the right name for a thing, saw these chairs and was inspired with the idea that it would be a good thing to make a small line of this furniture and name it "mission" furniture. The illusion was carried out by the fact that he put a Maltese cross wherever it would go, between the rails of the back and down at the sides; in fact, it was woven into the construction so that it was the prominent feature and naturally increased the belief in the ecclesiastical origin of the chair. The mingling of novelty and romance instantly pleased the public, and the vogue of "mission" furniture was assured.

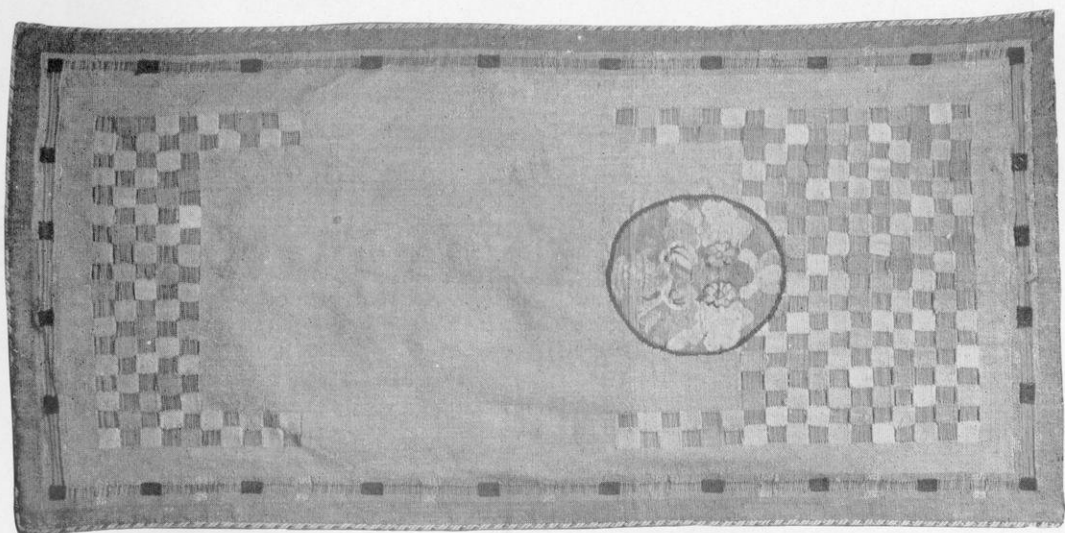


THE AUBUSSON LOOMS: WHERE AMERICAN TAPESTRIES ARE DESIGNED AND WOVEN BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST, ALBERT HERTER

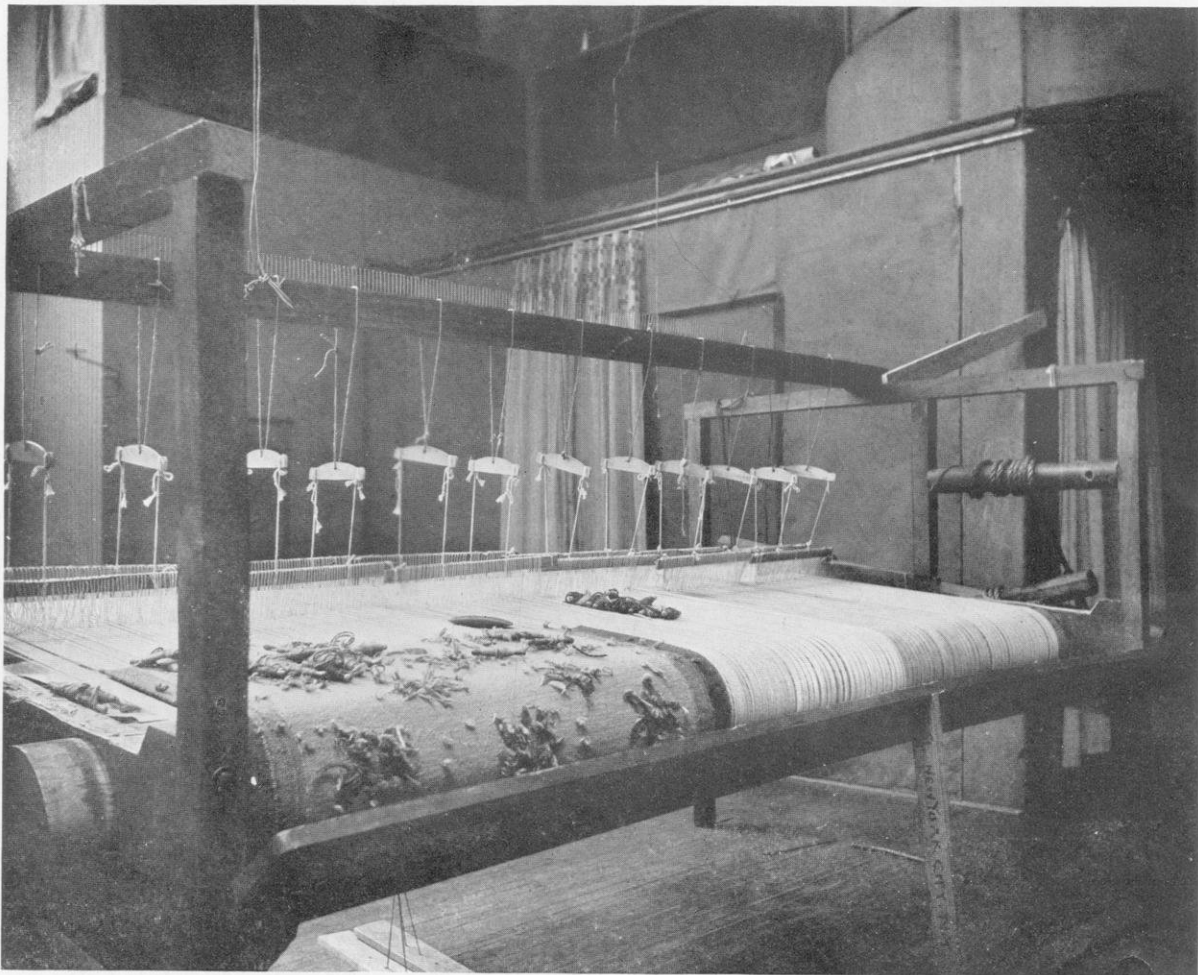
ROMANCE was the real thread with which the wonderful tapestries of the Renaissance were woven. To be sure, there were minstrels in those days to sing tales of honorable adventure to the hero of the feast, and troubadours to mention feats of daring in lingering cadences below casements half closed, and oratorical poets for continuous performances after tournaments and battles. But these musical and poetical presentations were but the masculine point of view toward the making of adventurous history. It was in the hand-wrought tapestries of Mediæval times that the gentler romances were told, woven in quaint grotesque expression by the women who saw life from castle windows or from the high set dais. In these faded sketches of Mediæval times one sees not merely the bold warrior who rode away to joyous deeds of pillage and high carnage; it is rather the lover, the valiant soul, the man who left warm kisses on weeping eyes, that the lady wove through the long spiritless days of loneliness in her high tower. If she were but young enough, she found threads of color sufficiently beautiful to portray the knight of her heart who went forth to right wrong, to help the weak, to battle bravely for the ribbon he wore, taken from her long braids. And so she wove from the design in her heart, and the tapestry which by and by was to hang on the castle wall shows her lord forth

as a true hero, and not the roisterer, the bloody chieftain, the cruel tyrant he had been painted and sung by the other men of strife. Or perhaps it is a boy who is the central figure of a more delicate tapestry, a boy clanking his sword gaily, singing exultingly of the fray, longing for that experience which he has never lived and which the weaver of tapestries has so dreaded. And we know from the beauty and the courage and the splendor of the lad that he is the first-born of the lady who wove him into her picture with sighs and memories of his cradle beauty and the fancy that the hand at the sword was still clinging to her neck with a little child's first heart-break.

For women who live far from other womenkind, who know men only as warriors or lovers, whose man-child is withdrawn as soon as he grows into gentle chivalry, women who may not toil for themselves or for others, such must express much of the inner sentiment of life in whatever medium is allowed their fancy. And so we turn to the old tapestries of those bygone days for the real stories of joy and sorrow, of tenderness and tragedy, which the women found in those times of great romance and, for them, great reticence and deprivation. And also in the tapestries we find all the sense of beauty that these isolated women gained from watching the stars on nights when sons or lovers did not come back;



TWO CURTAINS OF INTERESTING THOUGH SIMPLE DESIGNS FROM THE AUBUSSON LOOMS: DESIGNS AND GORGEOUS COLOR SCHEMES ARE BY ALBERT HERTER.



A LOW WARP LOOM IN THE WORKROOM WHERE
THE HERTER TAPESTRIES ARE WOVEN.

LOOMS FOR AMERICAN TAPESTRIES

from the return of spring; from the rare sweetness of midsummer days in gardens behind wide moats; and, too, all they dared hope of true devotion, of faithfulness, was gathered up in the many-colored threads and held as a witness to their pride in the men of the castle and to their joy in adorning it. But it is not only the beauty of color and the most excellent craftsmanship of these old tapestries which stimulate our interest, there is also an intimate sense of a personal confidence received, and it is this which renders the imitation of such work a foolish travesty and an impertinence to art and sentiment.

And so as we move from one condition of civilization to another, we desire in the craftwork of each country and generation this same intimate expression of the individuality of the person and the nation; of the different life and the personality which grows out of the nation; and we are mainly interested in such expression as the record of the sentiment of the times. But to imitate merely the symbol of this sentiment is to lose its original value and to leave it a vacant spiritless thing.

Today here in America a few of us have at last grown to understand this truth, that the art of each day is but the adequate expression of the intimacies of a period, that to deserve a place in the art archives of the world we must portray our lives, our own sentiment about life in our handicrafts as well as in our more illusive arts. If we are to have American tapestries they must be woven out of American romance, the warp and woof must be the experience of the life we know, our own impressions of beauty in relation to this life. And there is more beauty at hand than the most ardent of us has ever dreamed of in this new country. It is blindness, not lack of beauty, that we have suffered from. To be sure, in a small way some of the American craftsmen have commenced to appreciate the value of this native beauty in the creation of distinctive expression in American crafts. Our pottery, some of our rugs, most of our stained glass work, are really beautiful

records of certain fundamentals of our civilization.

It has been difficult to establish a well regulated commercial basis for the presentation of our industrial work to the world, and yet this financial basis is absolutely necessary to the success of craftsmanship in this country, where the dilettante spirit in art is necessarily small. We may work behind a casement window if our taste so inclines us, but more often than not the product of our looms may not even decorate the low walls of our little castles; instead, our craftsman usually must spin that he and the landlord may not part company. Here in America we have developed an economic condition of self-supporting individuals. Little by little groups of these individuals here and there have grown to prefer to gain this support by a willingness and ability to do the beautiful things possible in this country for the people who would like to have them. And this necessitates a commercial basis for the success of industrial art conditions. A better thing for the country could scarcely be imagined than a proper standard for commercializing industrial art, making it sufficiently remunerative for people to do creative things beautifully and yet keeping the prices within such boundaries that the appreciative, who are not always the rich, may find it possible to have only articles which are interesting and beautiful in their homes.

Mainly here in America we prefer to imagine ourselves very elegant, we have a "personal aristocracy." (I believe this is the way we put it.) "Not mere titles, but something even a shade finer,"—if we were only quite frank about it. And many of us create a separate patent of nobility for our own interest according to our own individuality. We isolate ourselves by a proud scorn of work. However vague we may be about hereditary legislation, we have a phrase called "the real lady," which becomes the shibboleth of personal aristocracy. And our "real lady" never works. Here is where we establish the final last barrier and create our aris-

LOOMS FOR AMERICAN TAPESTRIES

ocracy of idleness; and very largely up to the present time this aristocracy has been somewhat scornful of the industrial arts. They seemed pretty common, derived from the word industry, compared with the more useless arts, and we didn't think very much about them except to classify them.

And so when a man like Albert Herter, a painter of achievement, suddenly without saying anything much about it, fills up a number of rooms with cotton and silk threads and dye pots and looms and starts in creating new designs for American tapestries, we are somewhat astonished. And those of us who do not think wonder why an artist should go in for the work of the artisan. And then we learn that Mr. Herter not only creates his own designs, but that he has no old-world methods, that his ideas are new, practical and beautiful, adapted to the more simple American way of living, worked out in colors which are suited to our own climate, to the woods with which we furnish our interiors, to our kind of beauty which springs from association with brilliant skies and gorgeous autumns and flaming midsummers, and we are surprised to hear that his textures are durable, of the kind which nice people crave where beauty is involved. And slowly we begin to forget our vulgar aristocratic pretensions and we wonder if there isn't somewhere a fine height of democratic level, a height of beauty and a wide level of interest in it.

We have a sentimental idea that Mr. Herter is doing in his own way what the tapestry weavers did in the old moated granges. And, as a matter of fact, Mr. Herter's first experiments with weaving were made because he could not find the sort of draperies with which he wished to furnish his own home. He wanted modern things for a modern house, not antique or imitation antique, or any crazy *Art Nouveau* designs, just beautiful materials in rich tones suited to the way he thought and lived. And he had to make them. There were none in America. He

could find beautiful stained glass windows, gorgeous as a New England autumn day, and pottery in the tones which suggest the soil which feeds the roots of our oak and maple, sumac and woodbine; and here and there he discovered a rug that was simple and in harmony with the ideal he had set himself, but no draperies, nothing for doorways or chair covering to be found anywhere in the country. And so from the richness of an imagination which has always been open to all the fresh beauty of his own land and with a practical American mind that would have only such measure of labor and expense as suited his purpose, he began making cartoons for his draperies; he dyed strands of cotton and silk, gathered together his gold threads, found a few French artisans who had seen hand looms before, and his new venture was under way.

The result is, so far as the writer knows, a totally new expression of beauty in industrial art for this country, and the product of the looms so far seems to be significant, vital and native. The Aubusson Looms, Mr. Herter calls his workshops, but sooner or later they are bound to be known as the Herter Looms; because the title he has given them means merely that he is using somewhat the same looms, the "low warp," which are characteristic of the manufactories at Aubusson. But the significant fact to the American people is that Mr. Herter *created* this industry, originating designs and overseeing their execution. Up to the present time the work of the "Herter looms" is most interestingly suggestive of characteristics which we have grown to definitely associate with the American idea. One might designate these draperies as informal in expression, for Mr. Herter has no restrictions as to materials or combinations of materials, as to colors or color combinations, so that the effect of the work is fearless, audacious—witness the splashes of gold and the startling accents of black. An immense variation of texture is acquired by dyeing a variety of threads with the same dye; smooth threads and rough threads, the

LOOMS FOR AMERICAN TAPESTRIES

finished silk and the raw silk in the same tone bring out the suggestion of variation in color. And then beside this, there is variation in the spinning of the threads and combinations of cotton with silk, or wool with linen, whatever suggests itself to Mr. Herter as significant in texture he does freely. He not only is familiar with the spinning of the threads, but he oversees all the dyeing, so that he has the opportunity of investigation and of seizing upon all the extraordinary beauty which is so often the result of accident, the unexpected development of the laboratory. Gold threads, bright or dull, he uses freely with cotton or silk, as the case may be. There are no traditions or formulas to hold back his hand; he permits himself a new sensation of beauty as often as possible. The simplest stuffs he delights to weave into tapestry with such gorgeousness of effect in color and texture that there is an association in the mind with the sort of outdoor beauty which here in America we have become accustomed to find stimulating.

It is really wonderful, the sheen, the sense of the vibration of light, which Mr. Herter has achieved in his textures, not by expense, but by experience, by understanding all the whimsical expression possible in his threads, his dyes and looms. And yet there is nothing whimsical in the execution. There is a sense of purpose in his designs and in his color; not the weaving of an endless chain of incidents, as was the habit of the Mediæval weavers, but with the definite intention of expressing in the form and in the color the purpose for which the tapestries are made; that is, modern American life with often great culture of mind and simplicity of daily life. The effect of the work is as far removed from crudeness as is the beauty of an opal matrix, or the subtle diffusion of color in a peacock feather, and yet there is always a suggestion of brilliancy, of vital lasting tone, something to remember, something stimulating, but well adjusted in spite of its insistence. In a single drapery you may find "sentences"

in rose bloom, repeated exclamation points of gold, vehement adjectives in black, and so the story is told.

And yet with all the originality shown in these new tapestries, I am sure Mr. Herter is not conscious of trying to create novelties or to originate an eccentricity which the public will recognize. He is not apparently endeavoring to impress his own personality upon his work and to create Herter tones or Herter designs. There is no overreaching either for audacity or morbid restraint, but a just appreciation of light and shadow. Having given up foreign traditions, Mr. Herter is not seeking to establish new ones for America.

The work of these looms is realistic in so much as it is fresh, spontaneous, a part of the beauty one feels akin to. It is impressionistic, as it suggests rather than instructs. It is so far away from the *Art Nouveau* twists and tangles and impotent involutions that it cannot fail to carry a blessing of sanity to the wholesome minded. A single curtain or rug never seems crowded or over-colored and you never have a sense of exhaustion from an apprehension of too much labor for a result. In scheme of execution the work rather recalls the methods of the Spanish painter, Sorolla, the seeing clearly and definitely what he wanted to do, and the achieving of it capably and swiftly.

The looms are at present running in a picturesque old studio just east of Fifth Avenue, and the workmen, in spite of the American quality of the product, are mainly Frenchmen (for in America as a rule our good craftsmen are all poor painters).

Mr. Herter has not given up his work as a painter of glorious color and rare decorative quality. His mornings are spent in his studio before his easel, but his afternoons are given over to the looms, examining threads, testing colors and following the weaving or designing patterns that will enable him to bring out of his looms such splendor of color and beauty of texture as only the craftsmen of the Orient, of old Japan or Mediæval Spain have ever dreamed of.

BATIK, OR THE WAX RESIST PROCESS: BY PROFESSOR CHARLES E. PELLEW OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: NUMBER XI

General.—While trying, as described in the last paper, to work out a satisfactory resist stencil paste for some of my craftsmen friends, my attention was called to the process known and practiced in the East for hundreds of years, where patterns were produced on cloth by the use, as a resist, of molten beeswax. Thanks to a friend who had studied the process in Java, some idea was obtained of the simple apparatus used by the natives and of the possibilities of the process. We soon designed some more or less satisfactory *tjentangs* or, as we called them, "teapots," for pouring and spreading the wax on the cloth, and in a very few days some of my friends were amusing themselves by experimenting, more or less successfully, with this ancient process adapted to modern dyestuffs.

During the past year this process has been attracting a great deal of attention both in this country and Europe. Several articles have appeared in the journals, schools of Batik have been started in Europe, and much interesting work has been turned out from them, while in New York a small but energetic firm has been actively pushing the sale and use of a new apparatus to replace the ancient *tjentang*, and has been widely demonstrating the possibilities of the art as applied to a great variety of handicraft work.

Historical.—The Batik, or wax resist process, has been known and used on a large scale in the East for a very long period. In Madras one variety of the process was in use at least five hundred years ago for making the beautiful and interesting *Palampoor* goods, and in Java, where the greatest development of the process has taken place, there exist far in the interior some famous Buddhist ruins, supposed to be 1200 or 1300 years old, containing sculptured figures clothed in *sarongs* ornamented with Batik, almost, if not quite, identical with the garments and patterns used at the present day.

During the last few years careful studies have been made of the process, and the Dutch Government, especially, has endeavored with considerable success to introduce it into Europe. It was amusing to notice that in one of the reports issued by the Dutch Government on this subject it was stated that none of the modern dyestuffs could be utilized for this purpose, and that the only colors that could be recommended as fast to light were the old vegetable dyestuffs applied in the complicated and troublesome methods of past ages. This curiously unscientific attitude has seriously interfered with the success of the process in Western lands and is only now being abandoned.

A great mass of detailed information about the history, technique and designs of the Javanese process has been set down in a monumental work: "Die Batik-kunst in Niederlandisch Indien," published by the Dutch Government in 1899. Perhaps of more interest to the non-scientific reader is a short but well written account of "Battack Printing in Java," read before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society in 1906 by an English chemist, John Allan, who spent several months among the natives, studying the process at first-hand.

According to these authorities the Javanese and, indeed, most of the natives of Malaysia, wear garments simple enough in style and cut, but elaborately decorated with great variety of color and design. The principal garment, common to both men and women, is the *sarong*, in shape not unlike a large and elongated bath towel, which, according to the desire and sex of the owner, may be made to serve as trousers or skirt, overcoat or blanket, and is the universal bathing costume. It is made of calico, generally from Lancashire or Holland, and as the natives, both men and women, are exceedingly fond of bathing, the colors must be fast enough to

A REVIVAL OF BATIK DECORATION

stand constant exposure to water as well as to the fierce tropical sun.

They also wear head-dresses made from squares of calico, dyed with square centers of plain color and elaborately decorated outside; and *slendangs*, a kind of girdle or shawl, usually made of silk and less elaborate in decoration. The costume is completed for full dress occasions by a thin shirt or chemise and a light jacket.

For producing the designs on the *sarongs*, the process of wax resist is generally employed. But the *slendangs* and expensive garments made of silk are often ornamented by a different process. The design is applied directly to them, practically painted on, by pressing the color to the fabric from collapsible tubes with different sized orifices, the colors being fixed, probably, by steaming afterward. This process is often combined with the wax process, but not necessarily.

The Batik process, as usually meant, is a means of dyeing in which, before immersing the goods in the dye pot, the patterns are carefully drawn in molten beeswax, applied from a little copper cup with a fine spout called, as before mentioned, a *tjentang*. Frequently, however, to save time, the wax is applied by a metal die or block, made by inserting thin strips of sheet brass in a wooden frame so that the edges of the brass form the desired pattern. These blocks, provided with a handle covered with cloth, are first dipped into the molten wax, and then the excess is removed by pressing against a pad, which is kept warm by being near the fire of the melting pot. The pattern is thus stamped onto the cloth instead of being poured on from a small spout out of a cup.

In India the wax resist is often combined with block printing, and it is perfectly easy to apply the wax through a stencil, either with a brush or from a *tjentang*, or to get reverse effects by cutting out a pattern in stiff cardboard or thin metal, as, for instance, sheet lead, and then, using this as a templet, pouring or painting the wax around it, leaving the

pattern in the original cloth, to be dyed later.

The wax used in Java for pouring is generally a mixture of paraffin and beeswax or an impure wax imported from Japan for this purpose. For stamping the patterns it is necessary to use a stiffer wax made from rosin and paraffin, sometimes mixed with varnish gums.

The principal colors used in Java are indigo blue and a beautiful golden-brown dye made from the bark of the mango tree. The combination of these gives a black, so that the fine old *sarongs* usually contain white, blue, brown and black. The indigo is applied first, and all the cloth excepting that which is to come out blue or black is carefully covered with the wax. After the indigo bath (the Javanese use a fermentation vat) the color is set by oxidation. The old wax is then all washed off with boiling soap and water, and after drying, the wax is again applied to all parts, whether white or blue, which are not to receive the brown dye. The latter is made from a strong, syrupy extract of mangrove bark, and is used without mordanting, the color being set by exposure to air. As the dyes must be used cold to avoid melting and obliterating the pattern, the goods are usually dipped and exposed several times in each bath before reaching the desired shade. After the final dyeing the wax is removed by a hot bath of wood ashes or soap, and the garment is pressed out ready to wear.

When it is desired, the natives use a variation of the old Turkey red process, dyeing with madder root upon cloth mordanted with alum and oil. The wax in this case acts as a resist against the alum mordant, which is applied cold, and thus prevents the dyestuff, which is applied at the boil, from coloring the cloth in the protected portions.

The peculiarity of all these Batik goods, whether from the East or made at home or in Europe, is the characteristic "crinkled" effect, due to the breaking of the wax upon the cloth in the process of dyeing, thereby admitting the color to the protected cloth in fine lines and streaks. This distinguishes

A REVIVAL OF BATIK DECORATION

the wax resist work from the previously described paste resist, which if desired will leave a smooth, clean, white background, or if applied more lightly will give backgrounds shaded uniformly and without irregular lines of color.

Modern Batik Work.—The application of the artificial dyestuffs to this ancient process has simplified it greatly and has brought it within the scope of craftsmen in general.

Apparatus.—For the more or less mechanical application of wax to cloth through stencils or around patterns cut out of cardboard or metal, a small-sized flat paint brush is all that is necessary. The wax should be melted in a cup or casserole and painted on.

A broader and in some respects more interesting field is open, however, to those who use the wax to produce designs free-hand, by pouring it from a cup with a small fine spout. In using either the *tjentang* or "teapot" a great deal of practice is needed to get good results. The heat must be carefully gauged, for if too hot the wax is liable to run over everything, while if too cold it will either not pour at all or run irregularly. The chief difficulty is to prevent it from dripping and forming blots and splashes when not desired. This is particularly the case with the native implement, and can hardly be avoided except by using the Javanese practice of hanging the cloth over a frame while working on it, so that the cloth is almost vertical and is not lying horizontal. The *tjentang* should be held in one hand and the cloth pressed out to meet it with the other hand from the back, while if care is taken any drip of the wax will fall down to the floor or table and not touch the cloth.

An entirely new idea has recently been applied to the art of Batik by the introduction of a (patented) "wax pencil," made on the principle of the early stylographic pens. This tool is made of heavy brass, with a removable wooden holder, and the wax, in cylinders, is shoved into it from the top after removing a cap. To

melt the wax the wooden holder is slipped off and the pencil is heated over a flame or on a hot electric plate, while the liquid wax is prevented from flowing out by a "needle valve," held in place by a small spiral spring. To use the tool, the holder is slipped over the body, taking care not to burn the fingers in so doing, and the pattern is traced in just the same way that it would be in ink, pressure on the projecting needle tip relieving the valve and permitting a greater or lesser flow of wax.

These instruments have the great advantage of being more convenient to draw with than the little cups or "teapots" and on hard surfaces, such as leather, wood, bone, metal, etc., will make patterns of greater or less complexity with care and precision. They are not quite so satisfactory, so far as our experience goes, in drawing on textiles, as the needle point is apt to catch in the surface and spoil the lines. They certainly need considerable practice before they can be depended upon and it is a question whether, for cloth, they are much of an improvement over the simpler and cheaper *tjentangs*.

Composition of the Wax.—For satisfactory work in Batik, a great deal depends upon the composition of the resist materials. Pure paraffin, while useful for brush application, is valueless for drawing because it runs too freely, acting on cloth much as ink does on blotting paper. Beeswax, on the other hand, when at the proper temperature runs just about right, but it is rather too soft and sticky to crackle well, unless in very cold weather or when ice is used in the dye vat,—a procedure that does not assist the dyeing. Besides that, beeswax is pretty expensive and, although it is possible to recover most of it from the boiling-off kettle, there is no need of spending money unnecessarily.

As a substitute for beeswax it is quite possible to use the much cheaper mineral wax known to chemists as ozokerite, and, in its refined state, such as is best to use for this purpose, as ceresine. This can be advantageously mixed with paraffin, especially to increase its crackling properties,

INDIGO STENCIL PASTE

and should have some rosin, so that when on large surfaces and after crackling it will adhere to the cloth and not break away in large pieces. We have not made an exhaustive study of this matter so far, but have found a mixture of one part of rosin, three or four of paraffin and five of beeswax or ceresine will give very fair results.

Dyes.—I need scarcely say here to my readers that it is quite unnecessary now to use Vegetable Dyes for obtaining fast and interesting colors. The Sulphur Dyes or the various Vat or Indigo Dyes are exceedingly fast and can be readily applied in the cold in one bath to both cotton and linen. For silk the Sulphur Dyes are also useful, if the goods are to be washed; otherwise the Acid Dyes or the Basic Dyes with acetic acid will be most convenient.

For wood it is probably best to use a solution of the fast Acid Dyes with a little acetic or formic acid, for these are very fast to light, and penetrate the wood better than the Basic Dyes. The latter, however, will be found more fast to washing. These dyes can be readily applied to wood with alcohol, and the wax can be taken off later with a hot flatiron and blotting paper instead of hot water. Leather can be dyed in this same way.

Bone can be easily dyed by this process. The white parts are covered with wax or paraffin and then before dyeing a little

acid—hydrochloric or sulphuric—diluted with an equal amount of water, is brushed on, or the bone is immersed in it until the unprotected parts are distinctly affected. If then immersed in a bath of Acid Dye, with a little free acetic acid, they will take the dye readily,—without this previous treatment with acid the polish of the bone may interfere.

This, of course, amounts to etching the bone, before dyeing it. If instead of bone a piece of metal, such as copper or brass, is used, and after batiking it is immersed in a bath of hydrochloric or dilute nitric acid, the protected portion will remain smooth and raised, and the exposed parts will be etched as deeply as desired. This furnishes a simple and interesting method of ornamenting metal work. It is even possible to etch wood in quite an effective manner by treating the batiked surface with strong sulphuric acid, which softens and cuts away the tissues, so that they can be rubbed off later in hot water with a stiff bristle brush.

Of course, great care must be taken, especially by amateurs with little knowledge of chemistry, in the use of these strong chemicals, but a comparatively little experience will show that in this old art of Batik there are endless possibilities for interesting and beautiful handicraft work of many varieties.

INDIGO STENCIL PASTE

SINCE the publication of the article on stenciling in the April CRAFTSMAN, several inquiries have been received asking for assistance in applying indigo to cotton goods by the aid of stencils. We have, accordingly, been making a series of experiments on the subject and find that there is no very serious difficulty involved. The indigo must be reduced carefully with hydrosulphite and caustic soda, as described in a previous paper,—using a considerable excess of reducing agent,—and then thickened with gum tragacanth or other thickening agent.

This paste, thinned to the proper degree with water, can be brushed into the slightly dampened cloth through a stencil, and should then be immediately fixed by a flatiron or hot plate. The best results come from using a hot flatiron laid on its side, then by placing a dampened cloth under the stenciled goods and rubbing it on the hot iron, the steaming will be quickly and easily accomplished. After this the goods are washed in hot soap suds to remove the gum and loose dyestuff. After drying and ironing they will be found to be exceedingly fast to both light and washing.

ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK: AS EXEMPLIFIED IN CERTAIN PICTURES OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE: BY KATHRINE SANGER BRINLEY

AS testimony for the handicrafts in an age when beauty was loved for its own sake and everything was worth doing well, many pictures of the Italian Renaissance, aside from their romantic or religious interest, are of great value, because underneath a capacity for attaining heights of imagination and depths of religious fervor, the Italians possessed then, as they do now, a very human matter-of-fact nature. The world of sense was never long forgotten; this, together with a certain delightful attitude of mind which conceived of the universe itself as but a larger Italy, made these early painters faithful witnesses for the arts of their own time, painstaking delineators of things as they knew them to be in their dear, prevailing Italy. Careful consideration of Italian textiles and needlework now in museums, added to a knowledge of the pictures of those rare centuries, would seem to prove that painters of that epoch were more given to copying what actually existed in brocade, tapestry or embroidery than they were to invent for themselves the decorative features of their compositions. To cite an example: A Florentine fresco of the fifteenth century contains a figure clothed in brocade of a pronounced pattern; that same pattern is shown in a red and gold brocaded velvet dalmatic of the same century now in the Metropolitan Museum. And again: A Madonna and Child hanging today in the Louvre shows a design in the border of the Madonna's garment that is identically the same as one set forth in a pamphlet of needlework patterns published in Venice in fifteen hundred and sixty-four. Indeed, seeking through pictures knowledge of the Mediæval crafts is at once alluring and educational.

The Madonna and Child here reproduced is an example not only of a Venetian painter's mastery over his medium, but also of the more intimate art of the needle in those days of fine craftsman-

ship. It hangs now in the Louvre, where its compelling loveliness of color, its deep untroubled repose, thrill the passerby and bespeak its forgotten creator as of immortal lineage.

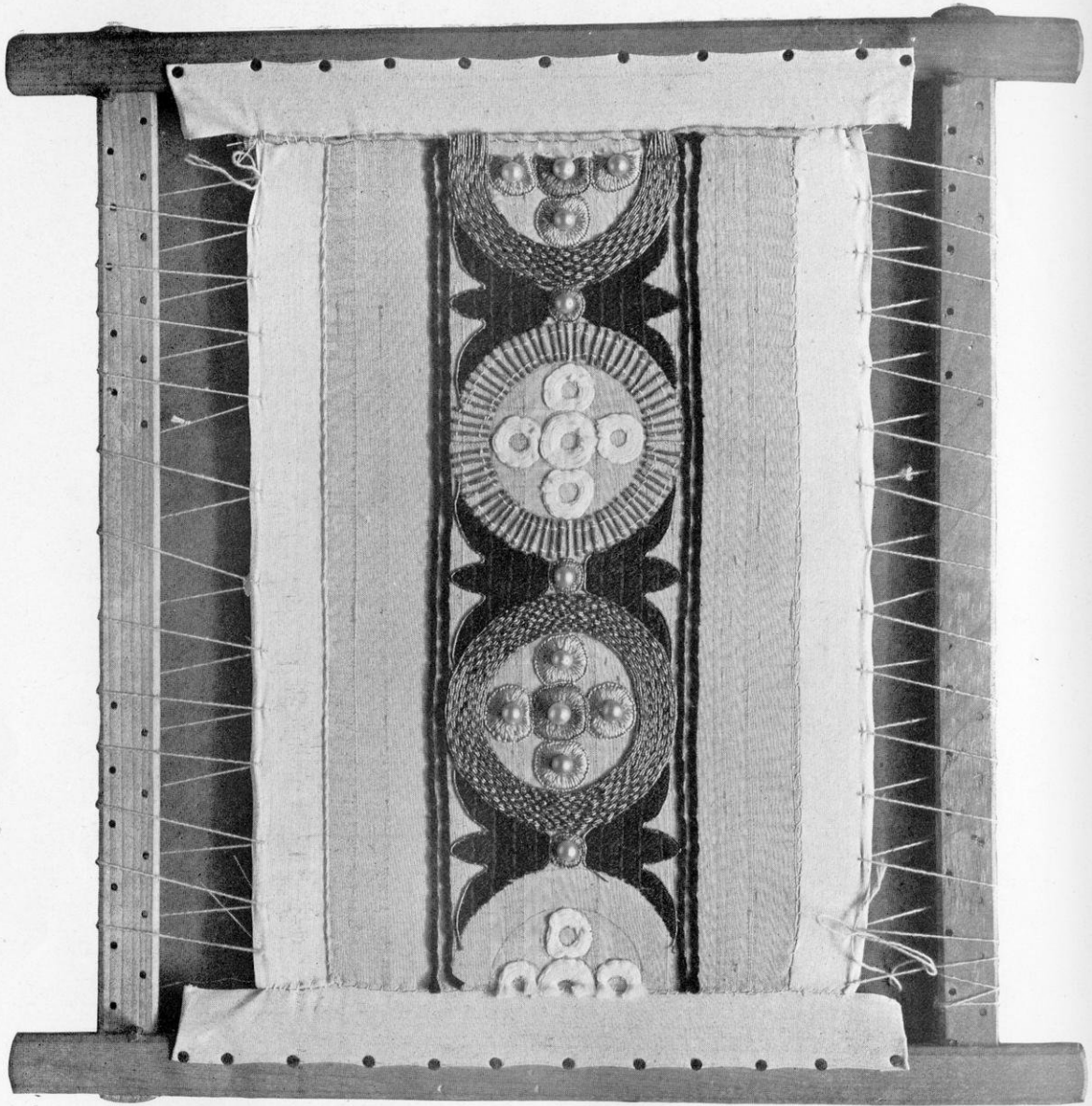
The decorative border of this "dear Madonna's" robe attracts at once. I like to think the design symbolic of those three immortal attributes: Beauty, Truth and Love united in the eternal circle of Life—characteristic of the painter's own time. Recalling the Italian love of the actual, substantiated in many pictures, we may feel with a fair measure of certainty that this is a reproduction of real embroidery, perhaps even worked by the sitter's own beautiful hands. Thus above and beyond its artistic value the design stirs a human interest that reaches across the gulf of time and binds by a silken thread the woman of today to her sister of long ago.

A luminous green, a bit of heaven's blue, the soft sheen of pearls and just a thread of black are found in this painted band. Perhaps again symbolic: The green of earth, the black of sorrow, pearls for the tears of human pain, which purify and fit for the blue of heaven itself. Were the original larger, no doubt we should have been shown the stitches as well as the outlining cord and jewels in that part of the border fully worked out. However, stitches found in fifteenth-century embroidery of kindred character may with all propriety be adapted to this design, as the accompanying reproduction proves, the characteristics of the original still being preserved. In translating, as it were, a fifteenth-century design and color scheme into twentieth-century working material, I have endeavored to be faithful to the idiom of needlecraft then in use, that the spirit of the old might be revealed in the new version.

Of all the interesting methods of stitchery employed at the time this picture was painted, those for the working of gold and silver threads are most frequently met



MADONNA AND CHILD OF THE VENETIAN SCHOOL OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: THE EMBROIDERY OF THE MADONNA'S ROBE IS ENLARGED AND REPRODUCED IN DETAIL ON PAGE 238.



A DETAIL OF THE EMBROIDERY FROM THE VENETIAN MADONNA'S ROBE, DEVELOPED WITH THE UTMOST CARE AS TO COLOR AND STITCH; ALSO PROPER FRAME FOR SETTING EMBROIDERY.

MEDIÆVAL EMBROIDERY MADE PRACTICAL

with in such fascinating examples as, for instance, the Cluny Museum, Paris, possesses. And of the various ways of applying these metal threads on silk surfaces, none was better loved and certainly none was more beautiful than the couching of double threads by means of stitches set in certain order over a cord foundation. But before proceeding to this specifically, just a word as to stitch combinations. Before needle is put to stuff, an embroidery pattern should be planned so that each part is given the stitch that will best express its character, yet so that a certain family likeness in the parts, so to speak, will produce a unity of effect in the completed whole. Diversity in harmony should be the needleworker's method. Just one other suggestion as to the value of black in colored embroidery, which is so often ignored. The Orientals, with their keenly cultivated decorative sense, can best teach us the use of this sunless color. Nothing so quickly gives quality and value to a pattern in color as the introduction of the right note of black.

The stitch combination employed for the working of this design, as shown, is that which was used for the working of a wonderful piece of embroidery now in Paris, and certainly nothing could be more judicious than the choice those old workers displayed. The circle of this pattern is worked in couched gold threads; the intervening figure in straight stitch, with couched horizontal bars, and all the small circles in buttonhole stitch. A little consideration will discover the unifying characteristic in these stitches, yet the total effect produced is of a pleasing diversity. When the work is completed, pearls ("nail-heads") are sewed in the center of the smaller circles, while two slightly separated lines of black cord are couched to each edge of the pattern, and give a telling finish. The embroidery reproduced is worked in gold, green and two shades of pink upon pale blue firmly-woven pongee.

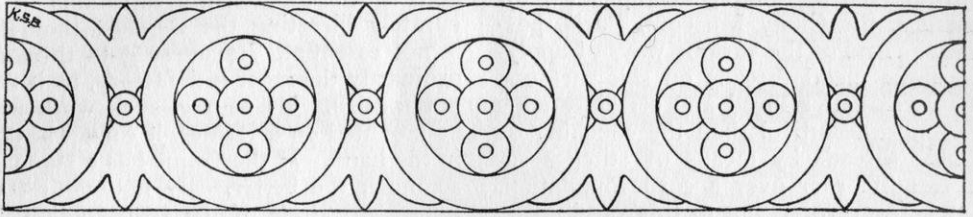
To couch gold threads in the fifteenth-century way, a spindle upon which the

gold is wound double greatly aids in accurately directing the threads, though it is not essential. Japanese gold thread is ordinarily the most satisfactory, as it does not tarnish. Of course, such work must be mounted on a frame—it cannot be done in the hand. If the frame has a standard, so much the better. By noting first the unfinished circle of the reproduction, the following description will be more readily understood:

First, the form to be worked, in this case a circle, is barred off with cord laid in a direction opposite to that in which the gold is to go. This cord or heavy twisted cotton should be waxed, and varies in size according to the relief desired. If not too large, a wide-eyed needle will carry it through the material where it is each time cut off fairly close. If too stout to be pulled through, then each bar of cord is caught into place with a stitch or two of fine cotton, and is then cut off on the right side the proper length to fit inside the outline. This latter method was employed in the old embroidery referred to above. The gold threads have broken away from their foundation in places, and the cords are plainly shown stitched and cut in this way.

The circle having been covered with an even number of cords equidistant from its central point, fasten two threads of the gold side by side between any two cords, but as close to their outer cut ends as possible; then directing the threads with your left hand, fasten them down firmly to the material between every second and third cord with back stitches of fine silk. When the first row is completed, continue by laying the double threads close beside those already stitched down; the stitches this time, however, should alternate with those of the first row. Now you begin to get an idea of the finished effect—that of a beautiful undulating surface that suggests basket work. The last and inner row should finish and conceal the foundation, even as the first one finishes the outer limit of the circle. Almost all work of this period

THE SPIRIT OF ORIENTAL CRAFTSMANSHIP



WORKING DRAWING FOR MEDIEVAL ITALIAN EMBROIDERY.

shows the use of outlining cord for every part of this pattern. It certainly gives accent and is typical of Renaissance embroidery. Should there be irregularities in the outlines of the work one may, therefore, quite legitimately conceal them by thus couching on a well chosen cord.

Many charming variations grow out of this manner of working and are used in the old embroidery before mentioned. For instance, different shades of gold may be combined in the same figure; the couching silk may be of contrasting instead of the same color; or a thread of silk and a thread of gold instead of two of gold may be couched together, and the silk may vary in shade with each row, producing a lovely gradation of gleaming color in the finished form.

If the design is to be done in a large size, as, for instance, the piece reproduced, the gold thread for the circles should be heavy; for the flat or straight stitch, which is not padded, rope silk should be used, and the figure when finished outlined with a single thread of gold couched on. The buttonhole stitch should be worked in a slightly twisted floss, used double, the four small circles having been slightly padded with soft knitting cotton couched on with thread,—the larger central one more heavily padded. Always the working materials should suit the size of the pattern and be harmonious. A significant design, such as this one, sympathetically wrought, will richly repay the worker, through a widened interest in life, as well as in an added possession.

THE SPIRIT OF ORIENTAL CRAFTSMANSHIP: BY J. ZADO NOORIAN

MANY, many times I receive orders of this sort: "Will you make me a pendant exactly like the one you made my friend, Mrs. ——? She is quite willing that you should copy it, only I want topaz instead of lapis lazuli."

I have to say: "It cannot be done. I cannot do it." Then it is asked, "Why can you not? Can you not remember the design?"

It is difficult to make people understand that even if I had the very pendant or chain that they wish me to copy before my eyes, there could never be a copy; it would not be just the same. "We do not work

that way." That is all I can say. It is in the nature of the training, it is in the very craftsmanship itself that we cannot make two things quite alike. Just so, I do not have a regular stock that is carried from month to month, as in most kinds of business. I cannot furnish people who ask for them with catalogues, because unless I had a printer working from day to day and tearing up every day sheets that he had printed, I could not represent the jewelry I have in my store. It is always changing and I do not replace the pieces that are gone with other pieces exactly like them.

Could a man write a book twice and have the second exactly like the first? He

THE SPIRIT OF ORIENTAL CRAFTSMANSHIP

can send his book to the printer and he will make a thousand copies with his machine; but a man's mind and soul, with which he works, is not a machine. He can create one thing but once.

"But can you not remember the design?" Yes, possibly; and I can remember pictures I have seen, but I cannot reproduce them.

It lies mostly in this, perhaps—

Modern jewelers, for the most part,—I do not say always,—do their work part by part. One man makes the design; another works it out in metal; a third puts in the stone, which a fourth, a stone-expert, says is a good one. They are paid so much for what they do, according to the skill or knowledge that the work requires. Each man can do his part, but he cannot do the work of any of the others. It was not so with the old jewelers, especially not so with the jewelers in the Orient, who have long been the princes of their craft. For the handling of precious stones is the birthright of the East; the feeling for color is a sixth sense; and subtlety of design is the natural expression of the elaborate, infinitely patient and intricate methods of Eastern thought.

You must add to this the laws of caste. All the members of each occupation intermarry only among the members of their own craft and they live together in separate localities almost like separate races. They talk together about their work and the knowledge of it is deepened by the constant exchange of opinion among so many expert men. Many a man's forebears have been jewelers on both sides of his family for hundreds of years. Such a man knows nothing of designs. Perhaps he cannot draw a straight line, but he has no need to. Metals and gems are the materials that he uses for his work; one does not make jewelry out of pencil marks. So he looks at his lump of gold or lengths of silver wire and handles it, and then, like a sculptor, he works out what he sees and feels in it. And no one can see quite the same thing in the same way twice.

There is always the personality of the man or woman for whom the jewel is to be made that influences the craftsman. There is the change of mood in himself; there is even the weather to sway his feelings. Then there are the stones to be used. How could lapis lazuli, rich, heavy, opaque blue, be set like a transparent topaz? The latter is light and sunny; the design of the setting must not be too heavy and it must take a little in tone from the color of the stone. The former is dark and rich; almost no design is too heavy for the bluish gray mass in which it can be set. Yet the lady wants a pendant just like her friend's.

Fourteen years ago when I introduced Oriental jewelry and Oriental methods of stone cutting into one of the largest importing houses in New York, few pieces of Eastern workmanship were to be found in this country except in museums or private collections. Now there is a riot of what they call Oriental jewelry,—but what is more rightly classed as crude and barbaric,—and many ignorant men with no real claim to the title of jeweler are thrusting a degraded sort of work upon the market. They call themselves Oriental jewelers; half the time they have never touched stones or metals; they have done nothing but clean rugs. Their sole incentive is the money to be got. Gain is sometimes a spur to a man who is too lazy to find satisfaction in the use of knowledge for its own sake; but the spirit of commercialism alone never produced a thing of real and lasting beauty.

The true Oriental jeweler worked like a true craftsman, first for the love of his work and only secondly for his livelihood. He knew and loved the smallest detail, the most unimportant branches of his craft. My father made many of his own tools and my great-grandfather is said to have been very sure that no European-made tool was fit to handle. I have in my possession some that he made and I have never seen their equals. He could make a horseshoe as well as the most elaborate piece of filigree and he found a kindred

THE VALUE OF A RIGHT APPRECIATION OF WOOD

pleasure in doing it. Not many modern jewelers are as familiar with the materials with which they work as that. Whatever was made of metal, he knew how to make, and he was not too proud to beat out a cooking vessel if there was no one else around to do it.

It was that deep knowledge and deeper respect and love of his work that made the old Oriental jeweler famous in history and in story, and some of his workmanship today valued as priceless samples of art. No part was a means only to an end or to be slighted as such, and the end was never merely to make a thing good enough to sell. His aim was to create a thing of as nearly

perfect beauty as he was able. And he approached it by a series of lesser aims, to his mind of equal importance; perfect material, perfect tools and perfect knowledge of them were all necessary.

This is the spirit behind the craftsmanship that produced the beautiful repoussé and filigree of the old Oriental jewelers. The pieces we cherish in our museums are the results of generations of training and laborious love. One might make a proverb that a work endures in proportion to the time it took to produce it. It is like the New York buildings; they could not stand so high in the air if they did not run so deep under the ground.

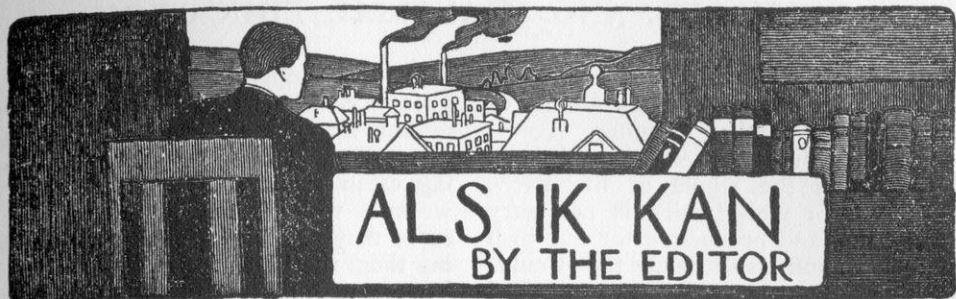
THE VALUE OF A RIGHT APPRECIATION OF WOOD

A well-known writer on Japanese architecture and interior decoration says: "To the Japanese, wood, like anything that possesses beauty, is almost sacred, and he handles it with a fineness of feeling that at best we only reveal when we are dealing with precious marbles. From all wood that may be seen close at hand, except such as is used as a basis for the rare and precious lacquer, paint, stain, varnish, anything that may obscure the beauty of texture and grain, is rigidly kept away. The original cost of the material is a matter of no consequence; if it has a subtle tone of color, a delicate swirl in the veining, a peculiarly soft and velvety texture, it is carefully treasured and used in the place of honor."

We of the Western world are as yet only beginning to appreciate what this may mean. With us, the original cost of the material is a matter of the greatest possible consequence, and we are too apt, when we are choosing wood for the interior of our houses or for the making of our furniture, to put a money value upon it rather than to allow ourselves to appreciate its natural beauty. For it is a fact that the greatest beauty often lies in wood

that is faulty and comparatively valueless from a commercial point of view, and that by throwing this aside we sacrifice the most interesting characteristic of the woodwork. When we do strive for the effects produced by crooked growth and irregular grain, we go to the other extreme and instead of studying each particular piece of wood and using it exactly where it belongs with relation to the rest, we hunt out deliberately the most gnarled and knotted pieces, so that the result instead of being interesting in a natural and inevitable way, is eccentric and artificial.

This is the greater pity because, after all, it requires only a little interest, care and discrimination to give to the woodwork of a room just the kind of interest and beauty that belong to it. Instead of that we are apt either to imitate the wealthy man who built a cottage in the Adirondacks and paneled it throughout with spruce so carefully selected that not a single knot appeared throughout the entire house, or else we go to the opposite extreme and deliberately select the wood of irregular and faulty grain for the entire house, instead of letting it appear here and there as is natural.



FARM LIFE AS THE BASIS OF PRACTICAL EDUCATION

WE are especially interested in the work now under way at Craftsman Farms. Like the beginning of all new things, it raises many questions concerning the ends we have in view and the means we will have to take to realize them. As we are not following precedent but seeking to work out, in our own way, a method of education better adapted to present needs than is customary, we must expect that our school will be an evolution. It is not possible to foresee at this time exactly what steps will be taken to meet the emergencies that will doubtless come up from time to time, but there are two or three things which seem of paramount importance,—to keep in close touch with nature, to lead a natural social life, and to realize the creative joy of work which has as its object the expression of one's best self.

Accordingly, the first step in creating what we regard as an ideal environment for a school is to commence active farming operations. The next is the building of our homes, our clubhouse and other necessary structures; and the last will be the erection of shops for master craftsmen of all sorts who will ply their trades for a livelihood and at the same time act as instructors for student apprentices. Such an environment, we feel, will be in itself educative in the broadest meaning of the word, and perhaps it may turn out that merely living and working thus from day to day under a simple routine and kindly but efficient discipline,

will develop manhood and womanhood of the right sort more effectively than does the traditional kind of formal education.

Education is a very much abused word, and we would be glad to avoid the use of it if there were any other that could fill its rightful place. It is capable of being taken in so many different meanings, that we are never quite sure in using it if we shall be understood. And moreover the word has many distasteful, even painful, associations. Education suggests to most persons the confinement and unwholesome constraint of the schoolroom and the pains of discipline in striking contrast to the glad, free enjoyment of child life out of doors. Moreover, it is most often regarded as an arbitrary thing; distinct and apart in time and place, something which may be completed by graduation at a university or a finishing school, or maybe broken off, with a sense of failure and disappointment, never to be resumed.

With these ideas concerning education we have little sympathy. Why should there be a gap between education and life? Why should the processes of education be set apart from those of earning a livelihood and of rational enjoyment? In what sense can education be either completed or broken off? Of what value is it when divorced from the rest of life? What shall we say of the systems of education that have caused the word itself, and all for which it commonly stands, to be associated with an inner shrinking as from something distasteful,

FARM LIFE AND PRACTICAL EDUCATION

almost sinister? The least we care to say is that we hope at Craftsman Farms to give the word another meaning. To us the idea of education seems as big and interesting as the whole of life itself. And the farm work which is necessary to make the land productive for our own maintenance and also to make the grounds attractive to the eye, seems to us to afford a series of experiments, the educational value of which no scientific laboratory could equal.

The time has passed when men have been obliged to match mere brute strength against the dead weight of the soil. Good farming is no longer so much a matter of muscle as it is a question of mind. The essential quality of the successful farmer today is a keen insight into, and perception of the big natural forces that underlie plant and animal life and growth. And what the farmer needs is the sort of craftsmanship that adjusts means to ends so that the forces of nature conspire together in favor of man's work rather than against it. But these are the big, fundamental forces that condition human life, and once perceived on a small scale, they can be easily recognized in their world-wide applications. What, after all, can be more truly educational than this?

Of course, there are farming operations going on everywhere and mere observation of, or even taking part in them, does not of itself imply understanding of the forces of nature that are at work, or ability to take advantage of them. Insight is often wanting; but this it is the function of wise leadership to supply. Here we feel that the social side of the environment of our school will come in play. Those who are responsible for the farming operations and are taking an active part in them will not only, we hope, be good farmers, but will also have an insight into the mechanical, chemical and vital principles and forces involved. And the relation of these master craftsmen to our students will not merely be that of teacher and pupil, but rather the fraternal relationship between fellow

workmen coöperating for the common good. We expect to have as much fun in our farming as ever there was at a New England husking bee, or a frontier log cabin raising. We expect that our workers will all take an interest in the crops they are raising and a pride in having them the best in the countryside. We believe that there will be an abundance of questions asked why this yield is superior, and that disappointing. And there will always be at hand men ready and willing to afford the necessary explanations. An inquiring mind can, we feel, in this environment absorb the most vital underlying principles of agriculture in their relation to the primitive and necessary wants of men.

There is another thing, too, that we hope to realize; namely, a sense of the dignity of direct relations to the soil. The farmer is no longer an isolated individual in whom nobody takes an interest. On the contrary, modern means of communication have placed him in close touch with at least two large classes; namely, the specialists who work for him and the mass of men for whom he works. There are now in various parts of the world a large number of scientific investigators making researches and experiments concerning such matters as the control of crop pests, the fertilization of the soil, the breeding of plants and animals and many other subjects. Whom do these big-brained and highly-trained scientific people work for? Obviously not for themselves, for many of them, as individuals, do not have crops to be troubled by pests or land to be fertilized. They are working for us farmers. They are our paid servants and employees and their laboratories and experimental stations are a part of our proper equipment. We can work accordingly with the comfortable assurance that we need not go seriously astray if we choose to take advantage of the results of their labors.

On the other hand, there are the people for whom we work. They are glad to aid by purchasing our surplus products

REVIEWS

and paying us our price. We have to think of them, of their needs, tastes and wishes, and there is a pleasant interest in foreseeing the requirements of the adjacent markets. Nowadays, the local markets, however, are more or less directly affected by the current of the world's market and by shipments of produce from many distant points. Thus our thoughts are led out from the isolation of the farm into the world intercourse and many interesting educational possibilities are suggested.

Most significant of all will be the chance afforded to cultivate the sense of beauty and to work out an expression of the feelings to which it gives rise in some form of useful handicraft. The natural environment of Craftsman Farms, including the homes and buildings that we shall occupy, while adapted to the purposes for which they are intended, will be made as attractive as possible. And the handicrafts carried on will be related so closely to the life of the place as to afford a natural outlet for the universal instinct to express our better feelings through the work of our hands.

As we make, step by step, the necessary preparations,—the farming, the house building and the equipment and decoration of our buildings by means of the various handicrafts,—we feel that the whole process is to us tremendously inspiring and educational in the broadest meaning of the word. And we cannot help but believe that, as our activities increase and numbers multiply, all who share with us in this work will also achieve physical, mental and ethical development.

REVIEWS

WE Americans have always been accused of being an over-sensitive people, much given to praising ourselves and to resenting with hot indignation anything that even approached a criticism from a foreigner. Thank goodness, this charge is not as true now as it was in the more callow days

of our youth, but it is still sufficiently well founded to make John Graham Brooks' book "As Others See Us," most wholesome as well as interesting reading. Mr. Brooks is an American primarily and a citizen of the world in addition, and his viewpoint is sane and broad enough to see both the merits and the defects in our social system and method of government, and to look with kindly understanding and yet most discriminating judgment upon the peculiarities which hitherto have been known as exclusively American.

Mr. Brooks has made a special study of books on America written by critics of other nationalities and he appends a fairly exhaustive bibliography of these studies of us as a nation. With this knowledge of foreign opinion he devotes the first two chapters of his book to a brief review of the several viewpoints of our critics and the reasons for them, frankly acknowledging each palpable hit and quite as frankly showing the weakness of every unjust attack. Then he devotes several chapters to an analysis of the American character, taking up at some length our sensitiveness, our talent for bragging and other peculiarities that have been made the most of by every foreign traveler who is moved to spend two or three weeks in America and then write a book about it.

A whole chapter is devoted to the reasons underlying the former captiousness on the part of English critics whenever they were dealing with the subject of America and Americans, and another to the marked change of tone in foreign criticism that has taken place since the Civil War. The author himself tells some pretty plain truths about the manners of the traveling American, as well as those which too often greet the foreigner in this country. With regard to American manners abroad he feels very much the same as do all well-bred Americans when they are forced to encounter the class of globe trotters who are bent upon impressing all foreigners with the superiority of this

REVIEWS

nation, but in the case of travelers in this country he cites many instances to show that if they were greeted with rudeness it was largely the result of misunderstanding, or of some failure in courtesy on their own part. The book, which is dedicated to the Right Honorable James Bryce,—quoted at length as “our greatest critic,”—concludes with a couple of chapters devoted to the signs of progress in this country and the many evidences that we are losing a little of our crudity and growing into a strong, coherent national existence. (“As Others See Us.” By John Graham Brooks, author of “The Social Unrest.” Illustrated. 365 pages. Price, \$1.75. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

WE have learned always to expect delightful, rarefied, half-mystic things from the pen of H. Fielding Hall, who has given us such a sympathetic view of Indian life and thought in his Burmese books, especially “The Soul of a People” and “The Inward Light.” In these he has confined himself to tranquil and contented reflections over the gentle philosophy of the Burmese and the exceeding pleasantness of life among them, and the effect of both books has been to make us realize more and more how vastly our militant Western Christianity would be improved by the acceptance of some of the mild, charitable, profound beliefs of the Buddhists, who certainly come closer in their doctrine to the original meaning of the Gospel of Christ than do the majority of our orthodox Christians.

But in his latest book, “One Immortality,” Mr. Hall has essayed fiction, and that the book is delightful from cover to cover is rather in spite of this than because of it, for fiction is not this charming author’s natural medium of expression. The book is little more than a series of soft glowing pictures melting one into the other and permeated by the magic of unseen things. It is the story of a man and a woman who met one another at Venice

and sailed on the same ship to India. The man was certain from the first that the woman was for him, but it took the woman a long time to find out that by losing her cherished individuality and separateness she gained the one immortality that made life complete.

This is but the briefest reference to the plot upon which the story hangs, and it gives no more idea of the beauty of the story itself than the mere reference to a thread could call up a vision of the jewels strung upon it. It is a book to read out under the trees this summer when there is no hurry about anything. (“One Immortality.” By H. Fielding Hall. 263 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company.)

THREE books that should prove of unusual value to the collector, and also serve as books for ready reference to the amateur, are “Chats on Old Lace and Needlework,” by Mrs. Lowes, “Chats on Oriental China,” by J. F. Blacker, and “Chats on Old Miniatures,” by J. J. Foster.

The first book was compiled to encourage the awakening of needlecraft artists to the beauty of the ancient laces and embroideries that may be found in the historic collections in our great public museums, and it is devoted to well-illustrated technical descriptions of the old methods of working, relieved by occasional excursions into the history of the times which produced these masterpieces of needlework.

“Chats on Oriental China” is handled in much the same way, only the history and legends are more emphasized than the technicalities. The book is so arranged that practically all of the Chinese and Japanese porcelains and potteries may be identified without difficulty, for opposite each one of the excellent illustrations is a brief description of the main characteristics of the piece.

“Chats on Old Miniatures” is exactly what the title indicates,—pleasant, chatty descriptions interspersed with legend and

REVIEWS

anecdote of famous old miniatures. Many of these are reproduced and from the pictures one gets a fair idea of the times and conditions under which they were painted. ("Chats on Old Lace and Needlework." By Mrs. Lowes. 386 pages. "Chats on Oriental China." By J. F. Blacker. 408 pages. "Chats on Old Miniatures." By J. J. Foster. 374 pages. All the books are profusely illustrated with half-tone and line cuts. Price per volume, \$2.00, net. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

THE publication of so many books dealing with spiritual advancement and the control of mind and body is the best evidence of the strong modern movement toward self-control and the pursuit of higher things than amusement or gain. These books are written from many different viewpoints, but all teach practically the same lesson of right thinking, healthful living and the control of the nerves and sensations.

A valuable addition to this literature is "The Mastery of Mind," by Henry Frank, because it is based upon the control of mind through brain and body, instead of the reverse. Excellent practical directions are given for the development of the higher faculties and the control of the lower, especial attention being given to the right education of the nerves and the transmitting of sane, tranquil impulses from the brain along the nerve channels. The book is divided into three parts, the first dealing with the psychic factors,—namely, the mind, the heart and the soul; the second, with the physical instruments,—the brain, the nerves and the body,—and the third with the moral agents, showing the effect upon the growing child of the training given by the parents, the teacher and the environment. ("The Mastery of Mind in the Making of a Man." By Henry Frank. 234 pages. Price \$1.00. Published by R. F. Fenno, New York.)

PEOPLE interested in ecclesiastical adornment will do well to look over a book by the Reverend John Wright, Rector of St. Paul's Church in St. Paul, Minnesota, for it gives a clear and comprehensive view of the most famous altars in the Church of England and the American Episcopal Church, showing wonderful effects in carved wood and marble and the relation to these of stained glass windows. The altars include those dating from the early Gothic period down to the present day, and the illustration of each one is accompanied by its history, briefly told. The greatest value of the book would be to clergymen and to those interested in ecclesiastical architecture, for, containing, as it does, the most famous examples in the world of altars, altar screens and choirs taken from the great cathedrals in England as well as the finest churches in this country, it is full of suggestion as a reference book. The illustrations are admirable, each one occupying a full page, so that the details are clearly shown, and, covering as they do more than a hundred of the best known altars, the range of architectural design is very large. ("Some Notable Altars." By Rev. John Wright, D.D., LL.D. Illustrated with 114 full-page plates. 383 pages. Price, \$6.00, in box. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A SECOND and much enlarged edition of "Rugs, Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern," by Rosa Belle Holt, has lately been published. This volume is well known as one of the most valuable books of reference upon this subject, including as it does a large number of color plates showing the colors and designs of the best-known rugs, and giving a clear, succinct history of rug weaving from the earliest times to the present day, with a technical description of the materials and dyes used and the methods of working in India and neighboring countries, in Egypt, Persia and Turkey, and later in Europe and the United States. The

REVIEWS

last chapter is devoted to the different Oriental symbols and their meanings, furnishing a key to the intricate and most interesting symbolism woven into the Oriental rug.

The author has long made a study of rugs both here and abroad, and her exhaustive information coupled with her genuine love for the subject has enabled her to give to the world a book that should make it possible for even a novice to appreciate the beauty and interest attaching to rugs, and to assist the prospective purchaser in judging the merits of any particular rug he may desire to possess. ("Rugs, Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern. A Hand Book for Ready Reference." By Rosa Belle Holt. New and enlarged edition with 33 full-page illustrations, 12 in full color, and many drawings in the text. 202 pages. Price, \$5.00, net. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

WA. Newman Dorland has published a small volume that tends to disprove the age limit of human achievement set by Dr. Osler. This is entitled "The Age of Mental Virility," and it is a masterpiece of statistical brevity. After giving a list of over four hundred of the world's chief workers and thinkers, the author takes up the question of the different periods of mental activity showing notable instances of precocity and the average duration of mental achievement. He shows what the world might have missed, had hundreds of our most famous writers and workers stopped at the age suggested by Dr. Osler as the limit of good work, and concludes with an interesting study of genius and insanity and an analysis of the kind of brain which usually gives rise to unusual mental capacity. ("The Age of Mental Virility." By W. A. Newman Dorland. 229 pages. Price, \$1.00, net. Published by The Century Company, New York.)

OF books of travel there is no end, yet once in a while we find a record of someone's impressions of a foreign

country that brings its intimate beauty and the inner life of the people as vividly before us as if we ourselves had lived there and known them. Such a book is "Through the Gates of the Netherlands," by Mary E. Waller, the author to whom we are indebted for several delightful stories.

This book might be called half-fiction, for it is written in the first person and is not unlike a very copious and interesting journal of daily life in Holland. Sandwiched in with personal experiences are vivid descriptions of beautiful things to be found in that country, but they seem to be less descriptions than the records of overwhelming personal impressions such as one might seek in conversation to give to a friend who was unable to share the actual delight which the traveler had experienced. There is clever character sketching in it and even the thread of a plot, but of the latter the best that can be said is that it does not interfere much with the pleasant gossip about Holland and its people. The title of the book comes from the fact that the author saw Holland in an unusual way, "through the little gates" that shelter the home life of the people. ("Through the Gates of the Netherlands." By Mary E. Waller. Illustrated. 337 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.)

CHILDREN all like pretty pictures, and familiar rhymes and stories come to them with a new charm when they are charmingly illustrated. For this reason, a new edition of familiar nursery jingles, illustrated with full-page color plates and with charming sketches and decorative borders in black and white, will make a strong appeal to many a tiny person whose recollections of the *Three Blind Mice*, *Little Polly Flinders* and other old friends will only add zest to the possession of such a pretty new book. ("Familiar Nursery Jingles." Illustrated by Ethel Franklin Betts. 54 pages. Price, \$1.25. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

