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THE GIANT XMAS TREE IN MADISON SQUARE
AROUND WHICH THE CAROLS WERE SUNG DURING
THIS HOLIDAY SEASON IN NEW YORK.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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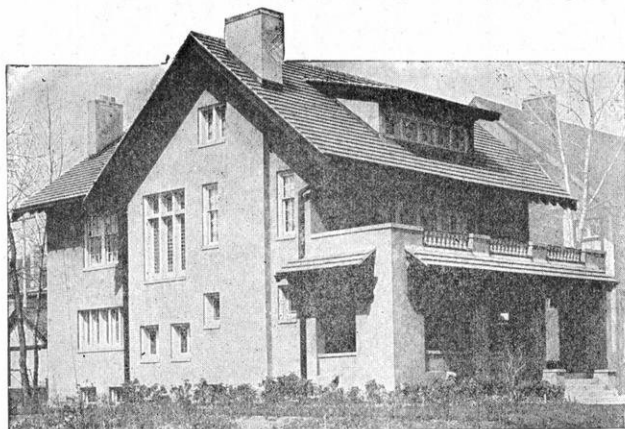
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**Read Announcement of New Landscape Gardening Service on page 594 and
New Real-Estate Department on page 597**



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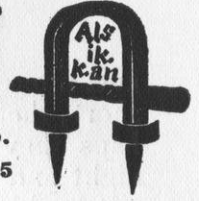
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Chicago, Illinois



THE CRAFTSMAN



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VOLUME XXIII FEBRUARY, 1913 NUMBER 5

RESCUING OUR NATIONAL FESTIVALS: BY JACOB RIIS



As dusk and darkness met on Christmas Eve a band of scarlet-clad mummers appeared in the streets of Richmond Hill in the Borough of Queens singing old-time carols. They carried Mediæval lanterns on long sticks and the crimson of their robes and their caps made vivid contrast with the deep snow. Wherever they passed curtains were drawn back and candles were lit in windows until the quiet streets shone with light. If the house harbored one shut in by reason of illness or age, the Christmas waits halted there and sang "Noel" or "Silent Night, Holy Night," breaking into the joyous strains of "O, Come All Ye Faithful" as they went on their way. They were neighbors bringing Christmas cheer to friends.

Three Yule-tides had found them thus "singing in" the holy season as harbingers of a better day, and this time their promise came true. In the same hour, even as their voices were raised in the little town a half score miles away, there shone out in Madison Square, in the heart of New York, a new star that was hailed with a fanfare of trumpets and the jubilant acclaim of thousands gathered about the people's first outdoor Christmas tree. A veritable giant it was from the deep Adirondack forests, with the snow on its branches as if it had never left its home there, and as the radiance of the star grew at its very top, sixty feet above the ground, the music swelled louder and chorus after chorus fell in singing the dear old songs, red lights and green lights blossomed on every bough, and up from the crowd went a sigh of content and admiration. Such a tree no one had ever seen before.

Gifts there were none on its branches, but the tree itself was the greatest of Christmas gifts to the metropolis. Its message sank deep. When the singers had gone home in the midnight hour and the bread-line of cold and hungry men was growing, farther down Broadway, several new-comers were noticed there, men and women in great fur coats that hid their faces and with a sack between them from which came forth bright and shining half dollars, one for every aching empty pocket. Instead of bread and coffee, the homeless ones had turkey

RESCUING OUR NATIONAL FESTIVALS

and mince pie, all they could eat, and when the supply of help ran short, the fur-clad visitors helped wait upon the shivering file. Perhaps they saw, some of them, the great tree in their dreams that night and made out its trail of neighborly good will. What happier gift could Christmas have bestowed upon any one?

It was a woman's heart that saw the vision of the Christmas tree. Mrs. J. B. F. Herreshoff proposed it, the Adirondack Club sent the tree, a whole railroad put its shoulder under the transportation problem and solved it, willing hands set it up in the square, and the Edison Company lighted it and kept it lighted for the children of New York clear till New Year. Doubtless it was the first of many great Christmas trees in America—indeed, it was born a twin: its sister grew that same night in the Boston Common—but it was more than that: it was a milestone marking a new appreciation of the holidays that we have all longed for, even if we didn't know it. The campaign for early shopping has borne fruit; the post office records the welcome fact. The clerks and salesmen are at last to know the holiday; Santa Claus, too. His recent burdens have almost broken his back; but now the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving, dubbed "the Spugs" by the popular wit, is rolling up membership like a snowslide. Sentiment and good sense have made common cause. "More and more," said a hotel proprietor, "Christmas is becoming a home day." Then let us all be glad, for so only does it come to its rights. It is the story-tellers of the home-loving peoples, Hans Christian Andersen and Charles Dickens, who saw its poetry and helped to make all the world love it.

THE new note rang through the country. In St. Louis society men and women led bands of little carolers through the streets singing for the benefits of the waifs of the Children's Aid Society, and warmed many hearts. The smoky old town never had so happy a night. In a score of smaller towns, East and West, the Christmas waits held their entry. Sometimes they sang to the people in their homes, sometimes in jails, in hospitals and in almshouses on Christmas morning. In Boston, where the waits have had their abode for a generation, Beacon Hill blazed out in lights and song on the Holy Eve in response to this invitation of the Christmas Committee:

Then be ye glad, good people,
This night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles,
For His star it shineth clear.

A famous physician led the carolers to the Christmas tree. But it

RESCUING OUR NATIONAL FESTIVALS

was the city by the Hudson that set the pace, and on New Year's Eve it took another and longer step to clinch the matter for all time.

New York's manner of speeding the old year and welcoming the new had become a reproach to civilization. A generation ago the fashion yet lingered of gathering on lower Broadway and listening to the chimes of Old Trinity in the midnight hour. Then some one brought along a tin horn, and now it is twenty years since any one has heard the New Year's chimes. In the wake of the all-pervading tin horn came a hoodlumism that made the evening a nightmare. Uptown, along the Great White Way, scenes were witnessed that were not good to look at, but all the world did come from far and near to look at what it was told was New York; to see the champagne, or what passed for it, spilled like water and to hear the cry echoing through the streets "To hell with the old year, hooray for the new." The thing had grown to be an offense against good manners and common decency. The police were powerless to stop it. If it were to be changed, the initiative must proceed from the people themselves.

As nineteen hundred and twelve drew to a close a committee of well-known citizens was quietly formed to enter a protest on behalf of the real New York. They knew better than to forbid the revelry, even if that could have been done. They put themselves into touch with the churches and the great singing societies of the city and obtained permits to hold meetings in the City Hall Park, Madison Square, Union Square and Herald Square, all along Broadway from Newspaper Row to Thirty-fifth street. And to these centers they summoned their singers, giving notice to the public that they proposed to sing in the New Year, and expected New York to join them.

The idea caught the public as they expected. What money was needed to pay for bands, etc., poured in. Three wealthy men sent checks for five hundred dollars each, and enough and to spare was obtained in a week. The year went out in a blaze of sunlight. California has no balmier skies than had New York on New Year's Eve. The streets were filled with an amazing throng. The children danced around the shining tree, for the snow had all melted and the turf underfoot was soft and springy as in early spring. When the hands of the clock in the great tower overlooking the square pointed to eleven, a multitude of eighty thousand camped on lawn and sidewalk and street. The children slept comfortably on the benches surrounding the Christmas tree, their elders seemingly loath to take them home.

The blare of a brass band and a thousand voices joining in the Battle Hymn of the Republic: "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord" awoke them to the most exciting hour of their brief lives. Before the chorus had half finished the second verse: "I

RESCUING OUR NATIONAL FESTIVALS

have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps," scattered groups joined them throughout the vast throng, and presently they all sang together. The braying of tin horns on Broadway ceased and men and women passing up and down with the human tide took up snatches of the song with some of the old war-time fervor. Soon the whole great Square sang and yet the effect was no such swelling chorus as its projectors had had in mind. One might be in the very midst of it all and yet hardly be able to say that he heard the people sing. Rather, one felt it and was irresistibly impelled to sing too. Nor was it that the volume of sound was drowned in the other voices of the night. Standing upon the platform, one caught something of it all; down among the people only the voices of those close by were heard and they conveyed no sense of the mighty rhythm. It was rather a feeling of being part of a great common purpose that swayed all alike. The sound itself was more like the deep undertone of the Horseshoe Falls one hears over and through the crash and clatter of the nearer Niagara when standing on the American side and listening to the majesty of its music. To some it brought an over-powering sense of solemnity. One felt it even among the throbbing automobiles that encircled the square as a huge wagon corral around an encamped army.

"O God our help in ages past" sang the great chorus. Then came the familiar strains of Auld Lang Syne. It was like bidding goodbye to an old friend and for once the thousands of voices blended into one and were heard. In the hush that followed, the clear notes of a trooper's trumpet sounded "Taps" as the old year went out. "America" hailed the new; the mighty crowd scattered, singing still.

IN the other squares the same scenes were enacted, with crowds smaller only because there was less room. The Salvation Army had withdrawn its troops from all the watch-night meetings throughout the city and camped in Union Square under the personal command of Commander Eva Booth. Everywhere the attitude of the people was orderly, even reverential. The very agitation for a decent New Year's Eve had borne fruit. The newspapers recorded the fact unanimously that New York had not in many years been so well-behaved in spite of the fact that no such multitude had ever been abroad before. The tin horns were there and the old turmoil as the clock struck twelve, but the aggravating challenge had departed from their bray. Something had come into the hour which even they instinctively respected. In the early morning hours the police had their hands full as of old. But the moral protest had been registered, and the people's temper proved.

THE WARGOD'S ART: CAN MODERN ART IN GERMANY SURVIVE THE COMMERCIALIZING IMPULSE OF THE NATION'S RULER?



GERMANY'S eminence for the moment is almost wholly commercial; her ruler is a Wargod who must have power, and who knows how to buy it. The old Viking spirit that once swept down from the North to the very heart of the Teutonic kingdom is today mainly manifest in the output of high explosives. Germany's pride is in her ships, her armament and her manufactured goods. Walhalla has toppled from the clouds, sifting through music and art in the fall; making room for the new religion of Trade.

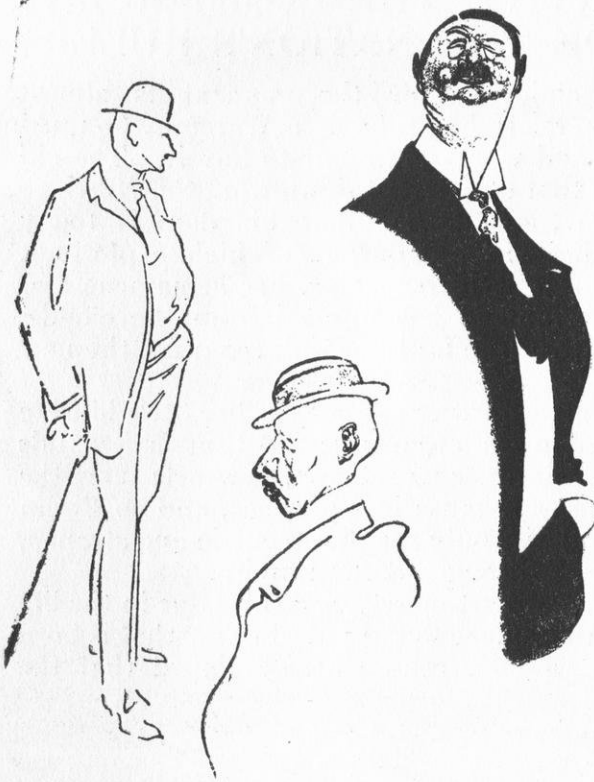
Simple Bavaria may still glance with reverence at her little hillside churches of severe beauty and quaint ornament; but Prussia demands the new—new ideas, new business, new religion, new art; and the latter, novel and horrible, pays because it astonishes, and so Berlin with her money to buy, her desire only for the eccentric and strange, controls art as well as business throughout the Empire.

It is quite impossible to regard art merely as a side issue in the life of the people and ever hope to produce living art. For art that is born to supply a light-hearted desire for ornament, developed that the



"THE DANCE"—ONE OF A SERIES OF LITHOGRAPHS BY LUDWIG VON HOFMANN.

THE WARGOD'S ART

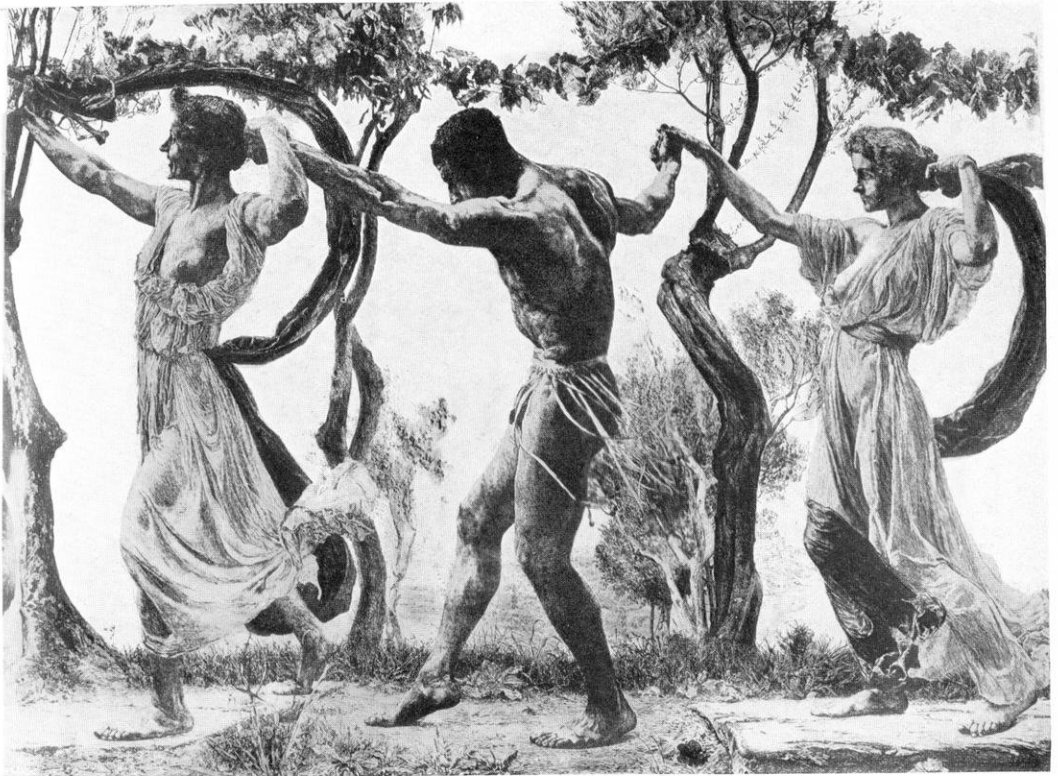


LITHOGRAPH IN COLORS BY EMIL PREETORIUS.

Wargod may be glorified, or amused, cannot hope to reach the heart of a nation. A plant does not bear fruit and then develop its roots, and art-life, like all other matters of real growth, is analogous to plant-life. To flourish and make beautiful the world, its source of strength must come from the soil; it must grow naturally or it will never put forth flowers of inevitable beauty. Art that has little to do with the people, that is born in the studio, that bears fragile bloom unnurtured of the earth, must forever be superficial, whimsical, more or less eccentric; for art that is artificially created to amuse or to

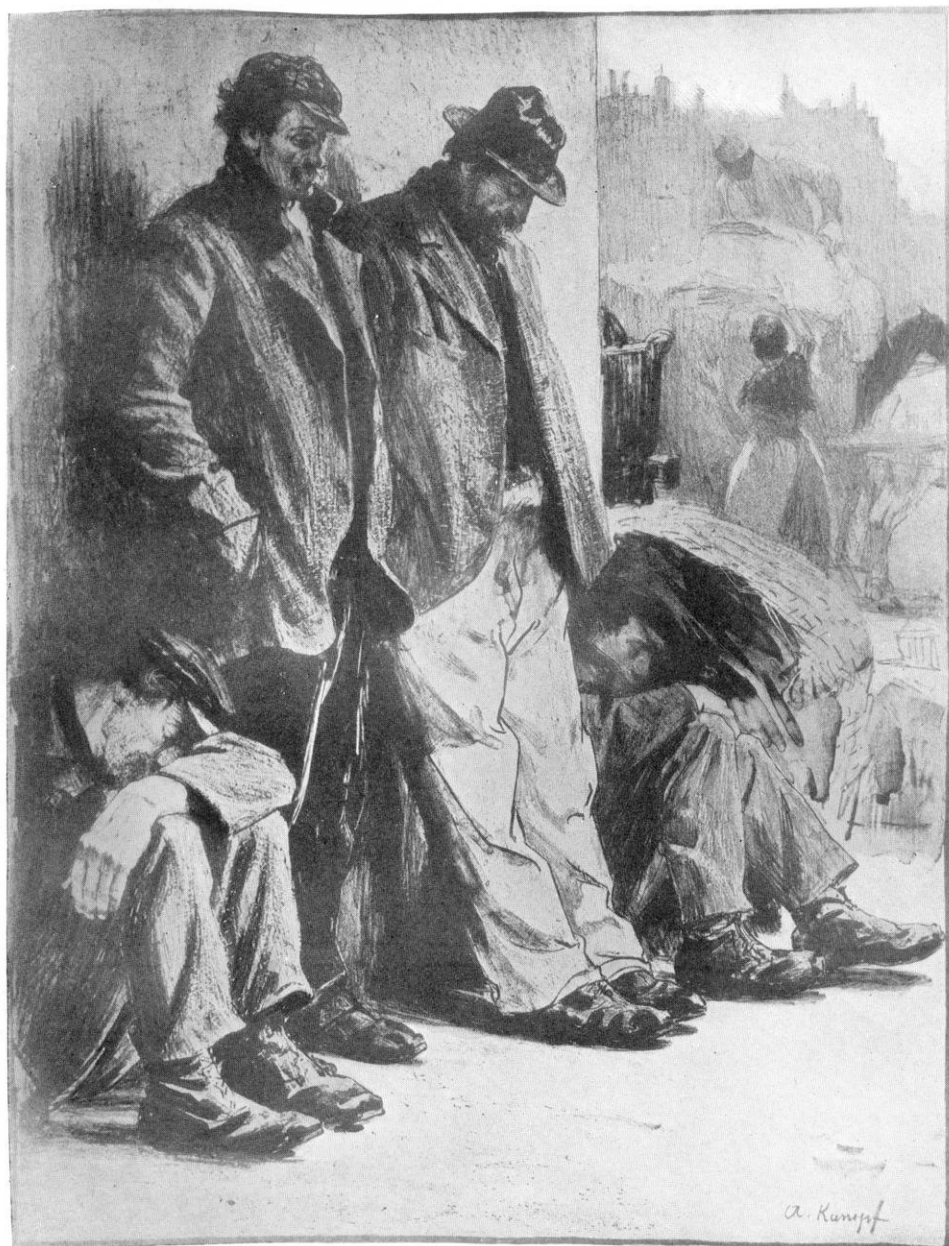
deceive cannot, in the very nature of things reveal truth and satisfy a desire for beauty. An art conceived in the aimless vanity of man is bound to become eccentric and degenerate, as its merit lies in novelty rather than harmony, and novelty for novelty's sake inevitably ends in degeneration.

Hence, when we were told that an exhibition of the most important Graphic Arts of Germany was to be given in New York, we were naturally very much interested. We wondered just what Germany considers her most important arts today, what relation they have to her life, whether they would come to us bearing strength, revealing the force of the new Empire or the traditions of old Duchies, whether they are sincere or impertinent, whether Germany's attitude toward commerce as the soul of progress is realized in her pictures or whether they are keen with a truth and simplicity capable of cutting through the overlay of the Wargod's art, which amuses and defiles. These are the questions that we sought to answer in the recent exhibitions at the Berlin Photographic Galleries, which was gathered together in Germany last summer by Martin Birnbaum.



Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company.

"THE DANCE": A LITHOGRAPH
BY OTTO GREINER.



Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company.

“LES HALLES”: A LITHOGRAPH
BY ARTHUR KAMPF.

THE WARGOD'S ART

MR. BIRNBAUM tells us that his exhibition is a fair presentation of Germany's genius in the graphic arts today. But we feel this to be a point of view toward the academic rather than the philosophic phase of art. For this is an exhibition of technique rather than of inspiration, of new methods of handling brush and pencil and needle; it gives us new names in all the fields of black and white presentation, revealing the fact that some men in Germany prefer a very few lines on a great deal of paper and others a great many lines on very little paper; as witness Willi Geiger on one hand and modern Ernst Barlach on the other. We see also perhaps how little is color necessary to give one a survey of art conditions in a country; how the purpose and the effect of art can be practically revealed in black and white; we are made to realize the fearlessness with which German men and women today handle the most terrible or the sacred subjects. We find weakness in an artist's point of view combined with vigorous technique, and the vigor of an occasional man's interest in life, with a technique neither strong nor convincing. The man who sees all of life mathematically is in this exhibition, and the man who cannot see clearly at all the minute he handles color is nearby.

Mr. Birnbaum has been fair in leaving his wall spaces free to art's every passing whim and fancy. Tradition is not lacking in the tighter more conservative work of Klinger and Hans Thoma. But throughout the exhibition, from wall to wall, you search in vain for a new, vigorous, energizing spirit in art, for the man who with wide open eyes is looking out over the Wargod's land to find what is left of greatness and sweetness, who will have truth at any cost, whose vision sees beyond the warships and the factories and the art made to sell, straight into the heart of nature, and who would fain reveal this vision to the seeking eyes of the world, that courage may come back to his fellowmen, kindness to the hearts of women and gentle gladness to the children.

To be sure there are people in this exhibition who are saying by pen and pencil that all is not well with Germany, that commerce alone is not enough for a nation, that Art Nouveau is not sufficient for those who desire beauty; they picture men and women toiling without hope, dragging horrible chains after them through their daily labor, men and women idle and wretched, and idle and vicious, and working and wretched and vicious. But these pictures, though clever and true, are after all but little more than statistics of the wrongs of Germany's labor classes; they are without hope, they make no appeal to the imagination, they suggest no remedy. You recognize the conditions which inspire this life as deplorable and incredible, but you can't help it and you do not want to look at it. It is Germany's business

THE WARGOD'S ART

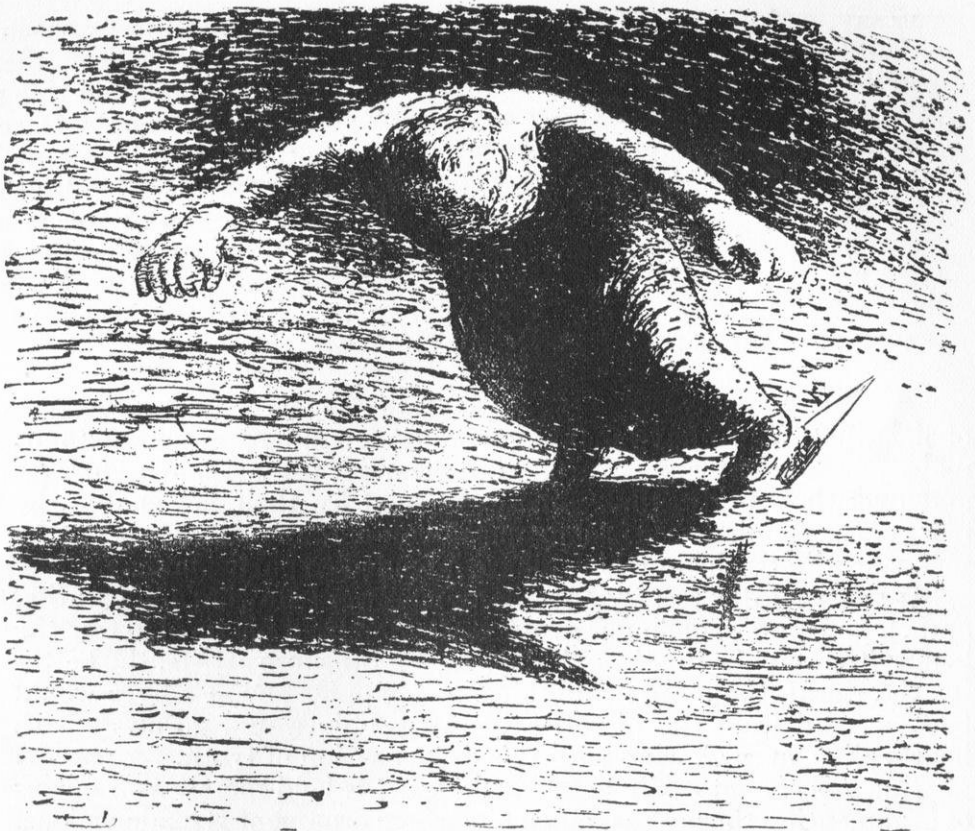
you say, and she wants more ships; and if the poor and the suffering old and the wretched young are to be presented in an art gallery, then you demand Rembrandt with his way of transmuting common things into beauty, even if he did not always stir your imagination, or Dürer who stirred at least your sense of beauty through his marvelous knowledge of light and supplementary shadow. Just well-depicted disease and misery alone are no compensation for lack of joy in the heart of the artist. After all, we say, give us preferably children under flowering trees or a bull-fight or a pretty girl or stupid happy lovers. Let us have *something* out of art, joy or amusement or sentimentality; the depiction of gaunt misery cannot be the artist's final mission.

AND as we went through the galleries we wondered what the final mission is of all these men (or perhaps purpose is the less offensive word), why they are drawing and etching. Is it enough that they should find a new pencil stroke, a new shadow with



LITHOGRAPH FOR "DER TOTE TAG": A PLAY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ERNST BARLACH.

THE WARGOD'S ART

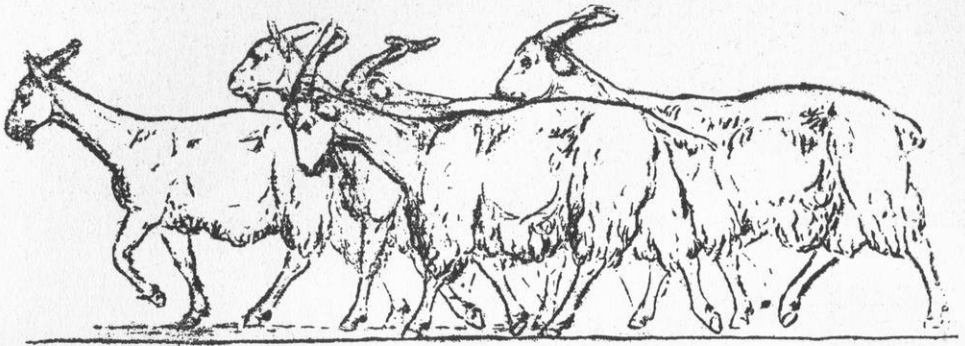


LITHOGRAPH FOR "DER TOTE TAG": A PLAY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ERNST BARLACH.

a needle, a new brilliancy in wash; that they should be daring in the subjects they handle, or that they should be color-blind or color-mad? Are we to be satisfied that the entire human figure is drawn perhaps without taking pen from paper, giving us the impression of a black and white pinwheel which will never explode? All of these things are interesting and curious, stimulating to the worker, piquant to the student. But what of that stupendous thing we call life, revealed through art that holds truth in solution, that the onlooker may see clearly, rationally, understandingly all that the ages past have meant and the future may mean.

Where are the men in this exhibition, or any other in Germany, who want to illuminate the understanding and the sympathies of the world, who want to help clear away the mists that shadow the eyes of the commercial-minded, who want to develop and enlighten the attitude of the nation toward the great beauty that lies within their reach? Surely it can matter very little in the final development

THE WARGOD'S ART



GOATS, DRY-POINT ETCHING BY AUGUST GAUL.

of life whether we have many etchers or few, many writers or few, many painters or many cathedral builders, but it must matter forever and overwhelmingly, that some great men by their art enable the mass of the people to see past artificial man-made conditions out to the real, splendid truths in which all are intended to participate.

It *might* matter greatly how many men were drawing and painting and etching and modeling if every craftsman used his tools to free the beauty that civilization has hidden. Then the more artists, the better for the world, the more exhibitions, the happier people's lives would become, and from the picture galleries people would go away with hearts alive, eyes glowing with this deeper vision of truth.

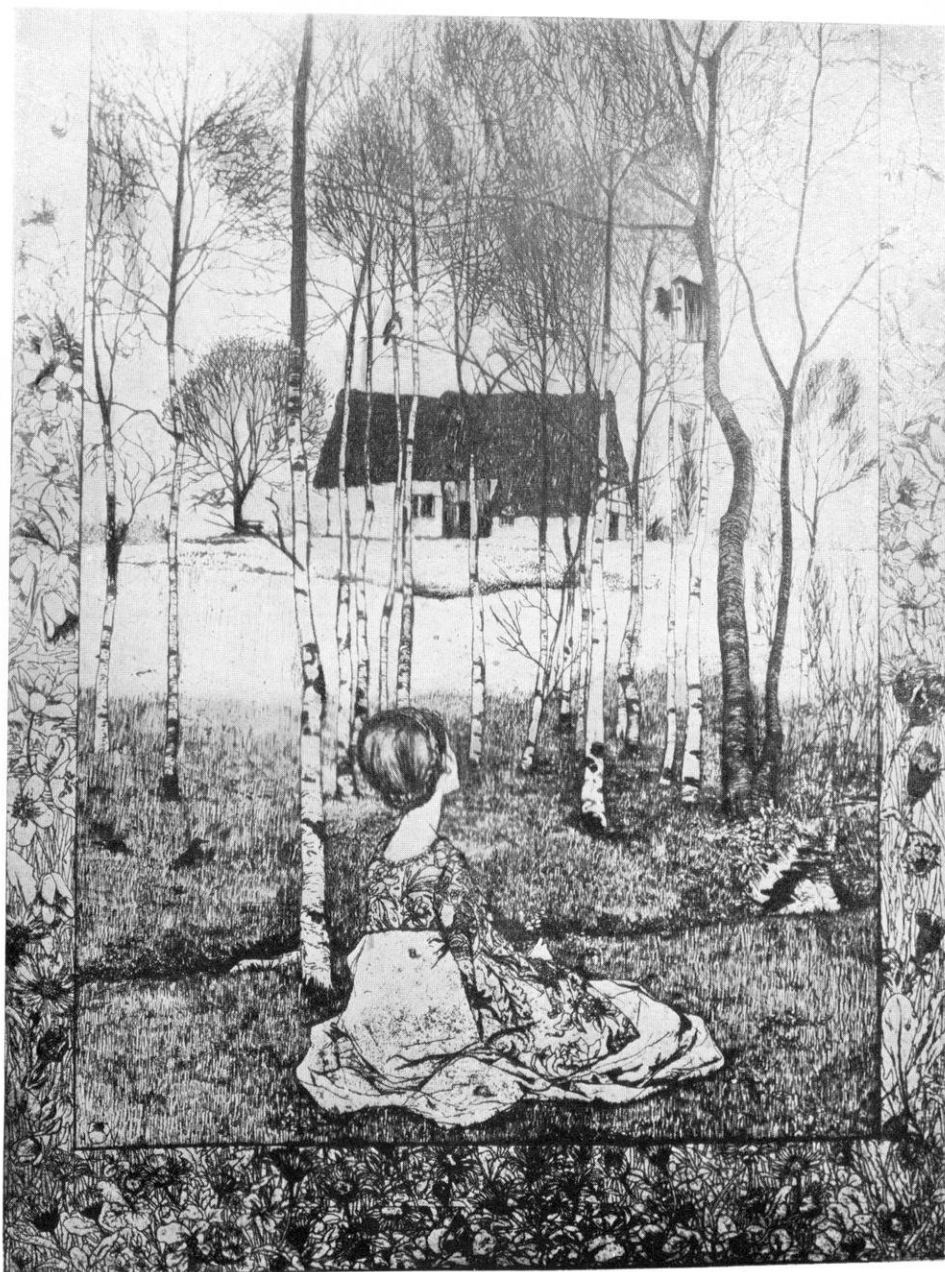
But this cannot easily happen where art is held merely as a means of ornamenting the useless, much less where ornament is made vicious, degenerate, distorted, where it represents the futile, impish impulse of minds nauseous with the cold dregs of artificial existence. We cannot get satisfaction this way, we cannot get joy, we cannot get value from what we call art. Germany may multiply her galleries, her studios, subsidize her artists, build palaces in imitation of the tombs of Egypt decorated with monstrous carvings of distorted imagination, but she cannot ignore the truth and produce anything but a superficial whim of the moment which meets the desire of the Wargod and his courtiers, whims paid for by the money gained from people whose lives are devoid of beauty, interest in beauty or power to create beauty.

The art student, indeed the painter, the etcher, the illustrator of America will be much interested in this exhibition of Mr. Birnbaum's which is going out through all the large cities of America. Seldom has any one display of the graphic arts contained so much excellent technique, so great a variety of mastery of the pencil and brush. Studied carefully it will be found to hold lessons in the methods of handling mediums which must be of inestimable value to art workers.



Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company.

"THE PLOUGH": AN ETCHING
BY KÄTHE KOLLWITZ.



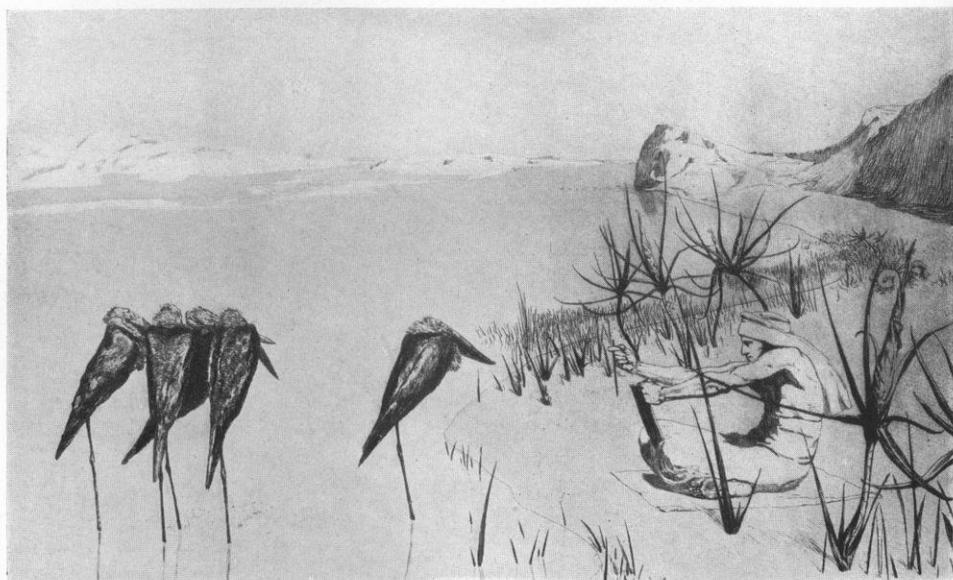
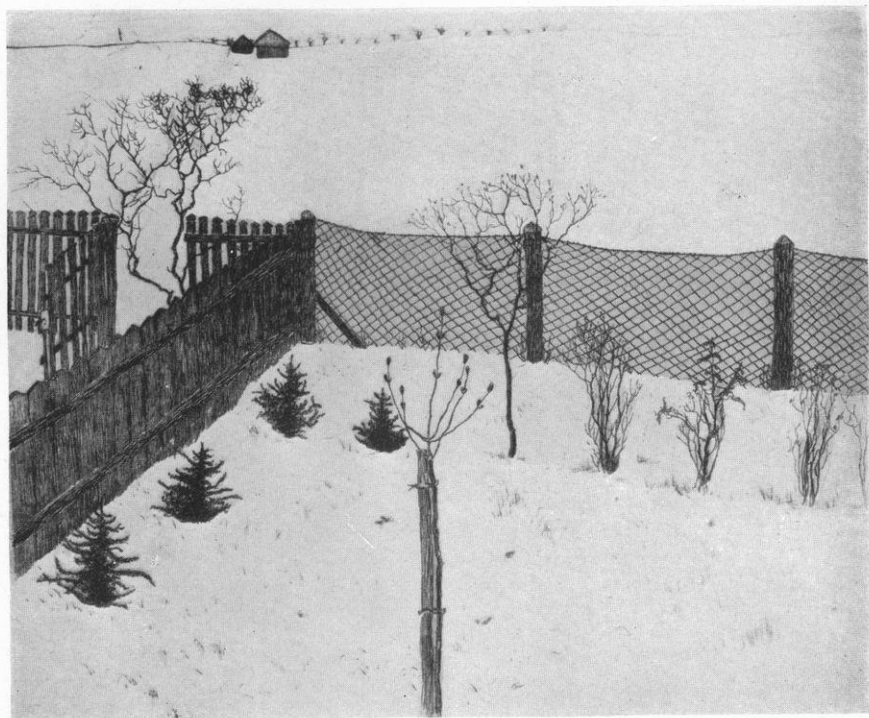
Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company.

"SPRING": AN ETCHING
BY HEINRICH VOGELER.



Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company.

“CROWS IN THE MIST”: A LITHOGRAPH
IN COLORS BY BERTHOLD CLAUSS.



Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company.

"MY NEIGHBOR'S GARDEN IN WINTER":
AN ETCHING BY ALEXANDER OLBRICHT.
INTERMEZZO FROM THE "OVID CYCLE":
AN ETCHING BY MAX KLINGER.

THE WARGOD'S ART

It proves to the trained eye how much can be done with a single stroke, and how little. It shows us how intricate the mind of man may become, how simple his satisfaction in himself. More than all else is it an overwhelming revelation of art conditions in Germany today, in art progress, in art degeneration. It must interest not only the student and the artist but all people who are thrilled with the thought of what art means for the world, who know what Germany has done in the past, who reverence her old cathedral builders and music makers; for the pencilled, painted or carved history of a nation, expressed intimately and finally, holds a message of great significance to all who study the spiritual as well as the material progress of the world. And when in the pictured history of a country, the flaming note of truth is missing, we may be sadly sure that it is equally missing in the life of the nation, for a commercialized art is born in a material soul. To escape this condition which is now overwhelming Germany, and much of Europe besides, the people themselves must wake up to the fact that the nation needs their interest, their courage, their imagination; a new and great art cannot be born for them otherwise. For surely it will be in the future as it has been in the past, that out of the heart of the people will come the man with one high purpose in his art, one need in his soul, to build through his imagination highways that lead to the vision of truth, that the people may walk thereon gladly, earnestly seeking for the truth without which art is empty.

That this exhibition is considered widely interesting and educational must be inferred from the fact that it is likely to circle the United States before it is redistributed in Germany again. It is at present at the Art Institute in Chicago, one of the most progressive and open-minded art organizations in America. From Chicago the exhibition is scheduled for the Albright Gallery in Buffalo, where it will remain during February. Then it hurries back to New England and in March will be seen at the Art Museum in Worcester, Massachusetts. For the month of April the museum at St. Louis, Missouri, claims it and in the spring it goes south to the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Although this is as far as Mr. Birnbaum has scheduled his exhibition, other places are clamoring for it and it may be seen in Boston, Massachusetts, and Newark, New Jersey. In circulating so widely as this group of pictures will, it is going to be possible for many of our readers to find out whether their interest is satisfied in the purely technical side of art or whether they feel with *THE CRAFTSMAN* that they need for their own encouragement and joy a sense of the great illuminating spirit.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR: A STORY: PATIENCE BEVIER COLE



IT was nine o'clock when Mrs. Grout touched bottom in her capacious ironing basket, and that was pretty quick work, considering that the basket had been level full of little dampened rolls when she put the irons over at four that morning. Mrs. Grout heaved a sigh of weariness as she shook out the last damp piece, a waist with a foolish amount of tucking and lace insertion, flung it over her ironing-board, snatched a hot iron from the stove and bent to her work with a feverish energy. She was dog-tired, but it would never do to slack up now. She was glad she had scrubbed the kitchen the night before, after the children were a-bed. She glanced while changing irons, with approval and satisfaction, at the clean floor, the snowy, starched curtain at the window, the general air of neatness and freshness about the tiny flat kitchen. Annie Grout dearly loved cleanliness and order, and toiled heroically to keep her little three-roomed home spick and span.

She felt a little glow of pride, too, as she lifted her eyes from the ironing-board long enough to survey the freshly painted walls. She had wrangled bitterly with the superintendent to obtain that new green paint, and though it had been nuisance enough to keep up her ironing and rescue the baby hourly from the paint buckets, those two days that the painter had invaded her little domain, the result was brilliant and soul-satisfying beyond belief.

She was so happy this hot, July morning, that she burst into song unconsciously, in spite of her weariness. "*Love me—and the wor-rl-d—is mine!*" she sang, in shrill, triumphant joy, flipping the last garment, finished, from the board, and tossing it lightly over a line stretched across one end of the room, where twenty-six other equally crisp, fresh, snowy waists, dangled jauntily, each on its separate coat-hanger. Mrs. Grout swept the irons to the back of the stove with one swift stroke, scurried the ironing-board into its place behind the kitchen door, and sank into a chair, gasping. There were remnants of the children's breakfast still on the table. Mrs. Grout poured herself a cup of cold tea and munched a bit of roll. Her energetic labors had long since burned up all stimulating effects of the meal which she had snatched, standing, three hours before.

"My lands, I'm that tired I don't know what to do first," she mused aloud, and straightway sprang up, cleared off the table, brought a pile of newspapers and a saucer of pins, and began to fold the waists, tenderly, so as not to spoil their dainty crispness. She piled them lightly into the big empty clothes-basket, donned a shabby hat, cast off her apron, and staggered down the stairs to the street with the

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basket. There she found the children, Danny the creeper, Benny the toddler, Clarence the swaggerer, and anxious little Annie, aged seven, the oldest of all, a homely miniature copy of her mother, with a plain, freckled, serious face above a thin, under-sized body, already drooping, round-shouldered, from over-heavy burdens. She sat now, alert and worried, on the stone step of the entrance, jiggling the baby in the broken-sprung old carriage, watching the play of the other two children, occasionally adding her shrill cry of warning or admonition to the din of traffic which roared up and down Amsterdam Avenue. She sprang up at sight of her mother and clutched the woman's skirts apprehensively.

"He ain't comin' just yet, is he?" she faltered.

"Lands no, I hope not, till I get you kids slicked up. Here, take 'im," she caught up the fat baby, hugged him ecstatically, plumped him down in little Annie's lap and hoisted her basket atop the ramshackle carriage.

"Watch 'em good, honey!" she cautioned the child, and away she sped, southward along the busy street. It was an irritation to have to deliver laundry on this, of all days, the day that Dan was coming home. But business is business, and painstaking Annie Grout never dreamed of allowing herself a half-holiday or of disappointing her clients. "My young ladies," she always called them proudly, the Teachers' College girls, those delightful creatures who always had more soiled waists for her, no matter how often she called at Whittier Hall. Every soiled waist meant two little silver dimes for Annie Grout's shabby pocketbook, and during the year of Dan's absence she had made, as she herself had told him, "a grand living." Not that she had told him *how* grand! She wanted, of course, to allay any natural anxiety he might feel over her fate and the children's; but not for worlds would she have confessed how very successful she had been in paying old debts, and getting a new foothold. Their fortunes had been at a pretty low ebb the year before, when Dan left, with the new baby but a few months old, Annie out of work for a half year past, the little tenement shorn of everything that wasn't too shabby to pawn or sell, and a certain wolf, famous in song and story and very justly feared, grinning at them with more unpleasant nearness than ever before in all the years of their marriage. With affairs at such alarming low tide, it had seemed at first a crushing blow to be bereft of Dan. But plucky Annie Grout had wasted no time in lamentations. Before Dan, in his distant retreat, had grown accustomed to his new clothes and new rules of conduct, his wife was already hard at work over her tubs, washing the first batch of waists from the summer-school students.

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Within a fortnight she had become abnormally popular as a laundress, both for the excellence and cheapness of her work. At the end of a month she had bargained with Mrs. Timmons, across the hall, to do the washing, and was devoting herself wholly to the delightful task of ironing from twelve to fourteen hours a day.

Now, pushing her creaky old carriage swiftly along, Mrs. Grout's heart swelled with honest pride to recall all she had achieved in one year. Not only were old debts all paid and old Lares, scattered at a dozen pawn shops, restored, but the children had enjoyed unusual and almost unbelievable quantities of food and new clothing, and there had even been enough financial margin for Annie to attain several of her heart's desires in the way of lace curtains, a flamboyant "Smyrna" rug (whereon a vivid yellow lion stalked majestically across a field of burning crimson), and a patent swing rocker of astonishing and, to the uninitiated, dangerous motion. But all these extravagances and luxuries had been unmentioned during Annie Grout's wifely visits to Dan; they were to surprise and delight him upon his return. She had pictured that home-coming to herself dozens of times. He would swing her up off her feet to kiss her, in the old way. He had always said it gave him a crick in the back to stoop over. Next he would catch up each child in turn to bestow a fatherly embrace, exclaiming over the growth and improvement of each. And then he would look about, and see the results of her industry and thrift, would sit down to a feast of all the dishes he liked best, would praise her, perhaps even caress her; and they would plan for their future and forget the lonely year of separation, for it had been a lonely year.

Annie Grout hadn't minded the hard work, but oh, she had pined for Dan. She had worshiped him since the day when he had carelessly picked her, a slip of a girl scarcely larger than little Annie, from under the noses of two great rushing delivery horses.

"Fighting Dan" they had called him then, the gang of half-grown hoodlums who followed where he led. "Fighting Dan" he was still, of an ugly, brawling disposition these later years, but still splendid and gallant in Annie's faithful, adoring eyes. Women are so reluctant to cease admiring their men.

For loyal Annie the year of absence had blotted out many harsh memories. Forgotten were all Dan's minor imperfections of character and of conduct; and daily his virtues had been magnified in Annie's loving reminiscences, until, indeed, it seemed a wonder that so rare a spirit as Dan had ever dwelt on Blackwell's lonely isle in any other capacity than chaplain.

Well, it was over now! This was the month, and this the happy

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morn! In another hour or two he would be at home. This thought lent wings to her tired feet, sped her to her destination, and hustled her back along the hot sidewalks with her empty chariot. She paused once or twice on the homeward journey to attend to some last bits of provisioning for the feast, and drew up at the foot of her own stair quite flushed and breathless.

"Come on quick, Annie, they ain't a minute to lose now," she panted, gathering her recent purchases in one arm and taking the baby in the other. "Get the kids an' bring 'em along." She sped up the stairway and into her tiny flat. The child, Annie, corraled her brothers and followed, slowly. She seemed puzzled by her mother's joyous excitement, which she plainly did not share.

In the bedroom, Mrs. Grout was spreading out on the beds four piles of garments, all unmistakably new. She turned and regarded her offspring with shining eyes.

"I'll do you first, Annie. I can trust you to stay clean, an' help watch the others." She pounced upon the solemn little girl, stripped her of her faded gingham dress, scrubbed the anxious, pinched face with the wet end of a towel, wiped it with the dry end, and spun the child around, to unbraid and brush out the four mercilessly tight pig-tails into which the straight limp locks had been braided the night before.

"Now be sure an' ketch up the ends o' yer sash an' kind o' pull 'em around whenever you go to set down," she warned, when the child, very crimped as to her hair, and looking very much awed in her new finery, was finally set free. "Set in the front room, darlin', while I do the boys, now." She fell upon the astonished and loudly protesting Clarence, before he could escape. Soon all four children were dressed, and drawn up in imposing array, in the bright, diminutive parlor, and their mother, flushed and panting from her swift labors, surveyed them proudly.

"You certainly look grand, if I do say it myself," she said, taking off her apron. "Don't let 'em grab that tidy, Annie," she added to that small person, who was once more in charge of the baby, and in an agony lest he touch her flowing hair or snatch her new ribbons. "Now I'm goin' to leave ye go downstairs ag'in, 'cause it's eleven o'clock an' he's likely to be comin' any minute now; but fer the land's sake don't git mussed, er don't set down on no dirty steps, er don't eat anythin', er don't play, er don't do *anythin'* but keep clean an' ready. What makes you look so scared, Annie?"

"'Cause I *am* scared," confessed Annie, reluctantly.

"W'y, what you scared at?"

"At—him." The child's voice was almost inaudible.

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"W'y, what a thing to say!" cried Mrs. Grout, good-naturedly. "'Fraid o' yer own papa! I guess you ain't 'fraid. I guess you jest don't remember 'im, bein' gone a whole year this way. Now run on down, an' be careful to keep clean." They filed out, immaculate, self-conscious, miserable. At the door the little girl, sagging under the weight of the heavy baby, turned.

"I ain't fergot him," she said gravely. "I remember him, mamma." Then she went down the stairs.

"If that kid don't beat all!" ejaculated the mother, flashing about, putting the last touches upon her festive preparations, and running to the front window every minute or two to lean out and look down the street. She, too, had new raiment, a polka-dotted lawn of much crispness. This she hurriedly got into, after curling her front hair and putting in her "rat" for the first time in more than a year. Then she fell to work joyfully to get the grand dinner. She had been prodigal in her expenditures, and there was an array of foods that would have daunted an ostrich: corned beef and cabbage boiling madly on the stove, pickled pigs' feet, a watermelon and sliced cucumbers cooling delightfully in the ice-box; onions were sliced ready to fry, potatoes were baking in the oven, a juicy blueberry pie stood ready for Dan's knife and spoon; in all, it was a feast to delight any man, to say nothing of a man who had subsisted on Blackwell's colorless fare for a twelvemonth.

At eleven-thirty all was in readiness, the table set with resplendent new red table-cloth, the foods ready to be whisked onto the plates, the pitcher ready for Annie to run out for the beer. Mrs. Grout folded her apron on the front window-sill, and regardless of the midday sun beating down upon her, leaned there to watch. Her heart had begun to beat violently now, and although she was unaware of it, her happy excitement was fast becoming nervousness.

The twelve o'clock whistles sounded, and her nervousness increased. She had expected Dan by half past eleven at the latest, and now she began to worry for fear something had happened. She went downstairs and got the children, who still presented an appearance sufficiently festive and neat, thanks to poor little Annie's agonizing care. She hated to disturb the splendors of the table, set for Dan; but the children were clamorously hungry, as well as hot and cross. So she spread an apron on the floor, set them down upon it, and fed them, picnic style, with a good deal of apprehension lest Dan arrive before she got their sticky hands and faces washed again. The hot foods were long since cooked, and set aside to wait. Annie Grout was in great perturbation about keeping them warm. The baby dozed off to sleep and she put him in the bedroom, and sent the children down

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to the street again. By one o'clock her anxiety had grown into an acute alarm, and she joined the children downstairs. It was a relief just to be among people, to talk to fat Mrs. Heinz, who kept the delicatessen, to scold the children for getting dirty.

Along about two o'clock, old Bill Christy came limping by. He stopped at sight of Annie Grout, shifted the wad of tobacco in his cheek and remarked affably, "Yer man's looking fine, ain't 'e?"

"Oh——did you see him? Where's 'e at?" cried Annie.

"Down to Mooney's place," informed old Bill Christy. "Him an' Flannery an' Jawn McCord an' a few others. They was all to meet 'im whin the boat landed, an' they're bringin' 'im home in state, stoppin' at ev'ry saloon along One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street from Third Avynoo to Amsterdam, he-he-he!"

Bill Christy had a caustic vein, and an unpleasant sniggering appreciation of his own wit that Annie Grout had always particularly hated. He seemed diabolic now, a sinister old prophet and messenger of evil. It made her sick at heart to hear that already Dan was with his old cronies, the roistering, brawling, drinking crowd with whom he had spent most of his time and all his intermittent and meager earnings. Why hadn't it occurred to her that the old gang would be expecting him, actually waiting for him! She had suggested meeting him herself, on her last visit to him two weeks before, but he had advised against it. She wondered, with quick suspicion, whether he had known then that "the boys" planned to meet him and celebrate his return.

She left the children playing on the sidewalk and dragged herself back up to her rooms, where the baby still slept in the hot bedroom. She sat down in the kitchen where the stiff new red table-cloth mocked her, and the postponed feast grew stale, for the hot dishes were all cold by now, and the cold viands (her ten cents' worth of ice having melted) were growing warm. Annie Grout folded her little red tired calloused hands in her lap and waited. The small clean room had lost its charm, her crisp lawn dress was beginning to look limp, and down on the street, she knew very well, the boys were again happy and disheveled and dirty, while even careful little Annie's toilet had lost its pristine freshness. *Her* celebration was all a failure, sacrificed to that other celebration of "the boys"! The patient, downcast creature there in the tidy kitchen knew that she was supremely wretched, but quite failed to recognize the old familiarity of her plight. Just so had she waited, timorous and sick with apprehension, hundreds of times before. She felt no bitterness toward Dan, the beloved, but just a despairing rage at "the boys" for detaining him.

The long hot afternoon wore away somehow. The baby woke,

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hot and sticky and cross. The children came up occasionally for drinks and "pieces" and she made half-hearted attempts at restoring their festive aspect, but they looked, as she admitted, like picnickers returning from a hard day at Coney. Even Annie's sash, which the child had tried to guard with jealous care, had suffered grievous hurt when one Abie Steinberger had shied an over-ripe peach at Clarence.

At six o'clock old Bill Christy, passing by, sent up word by little Annie that "They've got as fur as Thompson's place now, and onless the human stommick can be stretched indefinite, he otta be home afore midnight, 'cause he's most full now."

Annie Grout gnashed her teeth in helpless wrath. She knew every man, woman and child along the block was on the *qui vive* for Dan's home-coming, and her proud heart burned to think that the other women were probably pitying her—as indeed they were. She marched downstairs with a fine assumption of indifference, collected her tired, drabbed brood with cool deliberation, passed the time of day with Mrs. Tulley and remarked upon the heat to Mrs. Donahue, and retreated once more to the flat upstairs.

There wasn't any use in trying longer to keep up the semblance of festivity. She set the children at the table for their supper, put the food on, and let them gorge themselves as they chose. Wee Annie alone seemed to notice and share her mother's depression. She ate nervously, and afterward, on her way out, following the others for more play in the street, she stopped to lay a timid hand on her mother's knee.

"It's just like it used to be, ain't it?" she asked earnestly. "I remember. It was *allus* this way when he used to live here before." Her little old sober face was close to her mother's. She breathed a tiny sigh, and her small plain features settled into lines of patient submission. Annie Grout might almost have been looking into a mirror, so like her own was the sad little face into which she gazed.

"Us women have a pretty hard time of it, I guess," concluded the child gravely, and went out.

Half an hour later she burst in again where the woman sat rocking the baby.

"He's—he's 'most here," the child panted. "They're bringin' him. Oh mamma—I jest wish we could run away quick an' lay down somewheres an' *die!*"

They came lurching heavily up the long flight of tenement stairs, and appeared at the door of Annie Grout's little flat, "Fighting Dan," home from doing his year's time on the Island for his last brawl, swaggering Mike Flannery and John McCord, all of them pretty unsteady.

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"Well, we brought 'im home to ye, Mis' Grout," announced Flannery jocosely, "an' if anybody was to ast ye, ye can be tellin' 'em we're goin' to fix that damn cop that got 'im in, too. Sure we are, Danny ole boy! Well, Jawn, we mi'z well be goin' on. See ye first thing in the mornin', Dan." The escort lurched down the stairs, leaving Dan face to face with Annie.

Dan was of the type that grows surly, not silly, when drunk. And he was drunk now. He stood sagging up against the wall, dull, sullen, threatening.

With almost incredible swiftness and tact (considering that she had had no practice for a whole year) Annie Grout slipped back into her old conciliating manner.

"My, you're hot, Dan," she said by way of greeting, turning to lead him in. "Come set here by the winda an' cool off."

Dan lowered his great hulking body into the new swing rocker, kicked off his shoes, and sat, inert, sweating, breathing heavily.

The baby, who had been on the point of dozing off when his parent returned, began to wail fretfully. July is pretty hard on tenement babies' nerves, anyhow. Dan, who even in his cups had never been accused of any paucity of invective, roused himself sufficiently to request silence upon the part of the infant. For the first time the tears welled into tired Annie's eyes. A woman may forgive slights upon her own charms, her cooking, her attire, her every effort to please, but upon her baby—never! Annie Grout hugged the fat baby to her flat breast, wiped her tears on his little limp dress, and hustled him off to the child Annie, who lurked, miserable and afraid, in the hallway. Then she came back and sat down in the front room, which Dan seemed wholly to fill—his great sweltering body, his coat flung on a chair, his shoes sprawling on the floor, his drunken breath polluting the air. And it had all been so neat and shining to receive him!

After a while he roused a little, noticed her sitting there.

"Come here!" he commanded gruffly.

She came to his side, like a faithful dumb creature to its master. He pulled her down onto his lap, kissed her rudely. He was too drunk to have any personal feeling for her. But at his stupid caress all the wife in her leapt to love again, all the mother to condoning pity.

"My lands, Dan!" she cried happily. "It's jest grand to get you home again."

“DUMBLANE,” A SOUTHERN CRAFTSMAN HOME



IN the outskirts of Washington, on the Leesburg Pike, perched on the highest point in the District of Columbia and overlooking the lovely Potomac Valley with the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distance, stands “Dumblane”—the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Hazen Bond. So closely does this modern mansion nestle against the background of old Southern trees, and so harmoniously do its red and brown walls and blue-green roof lines blend with the colors of the surrounding landscape, that it seems like some big picturesque farmhouse. Unlike most new buildings it has no appearance of “newness,” but rather seems to be a part of the hills and woods around it, and to have been mellowed by weathering and age. There is an air of peace and friendliness about the place, a promise of solid comfort and genuine hospitality that is more than fulfilled by the large rooms and the kindly folks within. And it is partly for this reason that we take such pleasure in reproducing illustrations of it here, and partly because it shows for the first time, in a most convincing way, how much beauty, efficiency and comfort can be attained by Craftsman architecture carried out on a large scale.

In the old days the estate was known as “Grasslands,” and long rows of dark, slender Virginia junipers still stand sentinel over the original pasture boundaries. Later, a portion of “Grasslands” was set aside for a homestead and called “Dumblane.” This name the present owner has chiseled on his cobble gate posts, to perpetuate the local tradition and because the spot recalls Robert Tannahill’s lines to “The flower of Dumblane:”

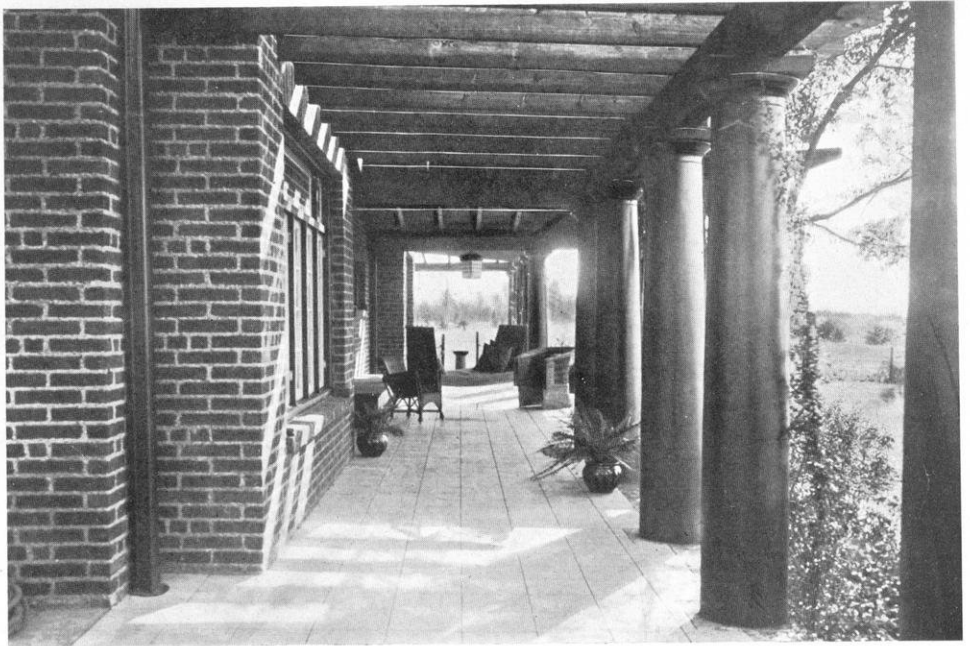
“The sun had gone down o’er the lofty Ben-Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o’er the scene,
* * * * *

How sweet is the briar, wi’ its saft fauldin’ blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi’ its mantle o’ green.”

One of the most notable points about this Southern homestead is the way in which the charms of a rural environment have been combined with the best of twentieth century comforts and luxuries. With all the advantages of suburban quiet and picturesqueness, it is readily accessible from the city by trolley and automobile. Though the surrounding country is unspoiled as yet by conventionally laid-out streets and sidewalks and other usual signs of urban encroachment, there is a private road with a macadam base and a practical cobble gutter, which has been topped with pebbles to emphasize the rural effect. An automatic gate swings between the entrance posts whose antique-looking lamps are lighted from distant points in a very



FRONT VIEW OF "DUMBLANE," THE WASHINGTON HOME OF MR. AND MRS. S. HAZEN BOND.
FRONT ELEVATION OF THE BOND HOUSE AT "GRASSLANDS," SHOWING LAWN.



A SIDE VIEW OF "DUMBLANE"
WITH GARAGE IN THE REAR.
UNDER THE PERGOLA WHICH CIR-
CLES THREE SIDES OF THE HOUSE.

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modern way. Running diagonally across the place is a fifty-foot osage orange hedge, a century and half old, which is still the home of the nightingale, cottontail and quail. This hedge not only protects the orchard from the cold west winds, but also shields the house from the trolley two blocks distant, the automobile boulevard, the fire engine house, police station and other conveniences of the historic town of Tenley.

The site, which had remained unoccupied because of lengthy litigation, was first seen by the Bonds in May, nineteen hundred and eleven. Dirt began to fly in June, bricks to be laid in July; in August, records, photographs, etc. were placed in the corner stone; in May, nineteen hundred and twelve, the grounds and kitchen garden were planted and the road built, and in September the last workman departed.

The personal interest and enthusiasm that went into every detail of the planning, building and furnishing of "Dumblane" make it an unusually distinctive expression of individual ideals, and show what permanent loveliness and practical convenience are possible when the owner's heart and mind as well as purse are factors in the work.

THE general design of the building was adapted from Craftsman House Number Ten, of the series of nineteen hundred and four, and the plans and all the detail drawings were prepared by the Craftsman architects under the direction and with the coöperation of Mr. and Mrs. Bond. The latter also made the draperies, curtains and pillows for the rooms from Craftsman designs, and planned the layout and planting of the garden. Mr. Bond personally superintended every part of the construction, from the foundation up, in all its minutest detail, including the built-in furniture and fixtures and finishing of all the woodwork. How eagerly he entered into the spirit of the undertaking, and how much of his own actual effort and workmanship went into the making of this home, is shown by the fact that even before the house was planned Mr. Bond had made with his own hands a number of fumed oak pieces which now stand in the living room and hall—including the big clock shown in one of the illustrations, which is certainly a convincing proof of craftsmanship. All the other furniture was made at the Craftsman Workshops, some from designs and measurements submitted by the owner, and stained to match the interior finish of the house. Even the china and the silver were made to order in plain designs, so that they might be in keeping with the simple beauty of the rooms.

"Dumblane" is thoroughly modern and complete in every way, both as to constructional features, interior fittings and mechanical

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equipment. One of the most significant points about it is the fact that it shows not only that there is no feeling of incongruity when the most scientific and up-to-date contrivances are used in a Craftsman home, but that on the contrary such equipment is perfectly in keeping. For the simplicity of Craftsman architecture actually brings about, as well as symbolizes, the comfort of the whole household. We feel sure, therefore, that a detailed description will be of interest to all who care for the practical side of home building.

The foundations, which are forty by sixty-five feet, are of concrete, the walls above the grade being of brick eighteen inches thick, and all partitions, which are nine inches thick, being reinforced with steel columns. Cement mortar is used throughout.

A great deal of the interest of the exterior is due to the fact that the house is built of "Tapestry" brick, (measuring twelve by four by two inches), in colors that are known as "run of kiln," ranging from light salmon to brown and dark blue. The bricks are laid in running American bond—a course of headers to each five courses of runners. The joints are three-quarters of an inch wide, the mortar being mixed with gravel to harmonize with the rough texture of the bricks and with a little color to lend a look of age. Each brick was carefully plumbed and leveled and its bed of mortar accurately measured, yet as each brick weighs ten pounds and this was only the second house to be built of this size of brick, the layers experienced considerable difficulty at first in handling them. The result, however, shows that their trouble was worth while, for the wide joints and variety in color, texture and bond, give the walls unusual distinction. This effective though simple style of brickwork, combined with the well-balanced proportions of the house and the interest of the different structural features gave sufficient variety and decorative feeling to the exterior, so that it seemed unnecessary to add anything to the masonry in the way of ornament. The only departure, therefore, from the regular bond was the introduction of soldier and header courses between the stories, these being used to emphasize the length of the roof line and make it seem as low as possible.

The roof has a wide overhang and is covered with tiles, unglazed, of a soft, deep blue-green shade. The gutters and spouts are of heavy copper. All the exterior woodwork is cypress, oiled to give it a mellow brown effect and preserve the wood without hiding the grain.

An eight-foot pergola, supported by columns of cypress, extends around three sides of the house, expanding in front into a roofed porch thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide, and forming a glass-covered porte cochère on the north and a steel and glass conservatory on the south. The pergola floor is of twelve-inch concrete blocks.

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The house is set flat on the ground with only one step to the porch and another to the ground floor; the lighting of the basement is from the rear, through nine large windows on an area way running the entire length of the building, and all the doors are glass. This gives an abundance of light to the portion used for service and plenty of ventilation to the furnace and bins. The foundations are drained by four-inch drain tiles leading to a sand pit. The orchard and gardens are similarly drained by four-inch tiles in lines sixteen feet apart. Their value has already been demonstrated by the fact that from this new ground, hitherto uncultivated in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but bearing eight inches of rich top soil, a very bountiful harvest was gathered the first season, of corn, potatoes, peas, beans, tomatoes, egg plant, peppers, beets, lettuce, radishes, parsley, rhubarb, carrots, turnips, cantaloupes, watermelons, squash, pumpkins and cucumbers.

SOME idea of "Dumblane's" richness in mechanical conveniences may be had from a glance at the basement. This contains a hoist for raising ashes, a pit for cold storage, a wine room, an elevator for conveying fuel from the bins in the large storage room to the living-room fireplace, an automatic warm air circulating system, a hot water furnace for heating the conservatory and garage, an instantaneous heater for supplying hot water in summer, an automatic cellar drain to carry off surplus water collecting under the foundations, two large bins electrically lighted holding a car load of coal and reached by two steel chutes designed by Mr. Bond to completely fill all corners. There are also a man's room and bath, three cages for pet cats connected by large pipes under the back walk with three large cages in the rear of the house, a turbine vacuum cleaner connected by two-inch galvanized iron pipes with two outlets on each of the four floors of the house and with the garage, and a laundry with clothes chute, elevator, stationary tubs, electric washer, electric iron, gas stove, clothes dryer and other conveniences.

The main floor is reached by five glass doors that seem to "let in all outdoors." The inconspicuous entrance door opens into a vestibule leading into the large hall with living room to the south, dining room and dining porch to the north, main stairway to the west, and smoking room and service portion to the east. Under the stairway are cloak room, lavatory and secret closet with invisible door.

Except for the service portion which is in cypress, stained green, the trim is all of white oak stained a rich, golden, brown tone. The floors are six-inch quarter-sawn oak boards with borders of two-and-a-half-inch boards. The walls are finished with ten-inch boards, V-jointed and rising from the floor to the heavy beams across the

A SOUTHERN CRAFTSMAN HOME

ceilings. The casement windows, which are placed in series of five, are all provided with metal weather strips and have ten-inch transoms of leaded hammered amber glass, each brightened by a small square of rose-colored glass. Screens are used throughout, and all the doors have invisible hinges. Under the windows are seats with hinged covers—another instance of the way in which the pleasant and the practical have been combined.

In the center of the south living-room wall is the big "Tapestry" brick chimneypiece, the masonry of which is unornamented except for a bas relief of Guido Reni's "Aurora." This chimneypiece contains a Craftsman Fireplace—the first of its size made and the third to be installed—which heats and ventilates the south end of the house. Coke is burned most of the time, and occasionally when a quick brisk fire is wanted a little wood is thrown on. The ashes fall into the large pit beneath from which they are removed each season. On each side of the chimney are two glass doors, one opening onto the pergola, the other onto the conservatory, and on each side of the doors are high casement windows above open bookshelves.

AS one of the illustrations shows, much of the charm and friendliness of the dining room is due to the arrangement of the built-in sideboard and china closets and the iridescent stained-glass window decorated with a design of swallows in flight. As there are no doors on this floor except those shutting off the service portion, this end of the dining room forms a most delightful termination for the long vista seen from the living-room fireside.

The hall between the living and dining rooms contains another large chimneypiece, and on the massive hand-hammered copper hood is the motto of the house—"Each man's chimney is his golden milestone." Opposite this fireplace is a hall seat containing the horn of the built-in talking machine under the return of the stairs. This alcove is finished with the only curve used in the construction; all the rest of the house, both exterior and interior, is worked out with straight lines and square corners.

Beside this fireplace is the invisible door of the cosy smoking room whose walls are lined with built-in bookcases, writing-desk and window seat, flanked by a cellarette and a built-in copper humidior.

Oriental rugs in effective designs cover the floors and add rich, harmonious notes of color to the rooms. The wall decorations are confined to ivory-tinted plaster casts and colored photographs of scenes in the Alps, the latter, as an experiment, being framed flat and almost invisibly against the walls.

The woodwork of the second floor is red gum left in its natural



ENTRANCE HALL AT "DUMBLANE" FINISHED IN CRAFTSMAN STYLE, SHOWING THE BIG CLOCK MADE BY MR. BOND.



ONE END OF THE GREAT LIVING ROOM AT "DUM-
BLANE," FINISHED IN CRAFTSMAN STYLE WITH
"TAPESTRY" BRICK FIREPLACE AT THE RIGHT.



A DETAIL VIEW OF THE CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE IN THE LIVING ROOM, THE PLACING OF THE CHIMNEY WITH BOOKCASE AND WINDOWS AT EITHER SIDE IS UNIQUE AND PICTURESQUE.

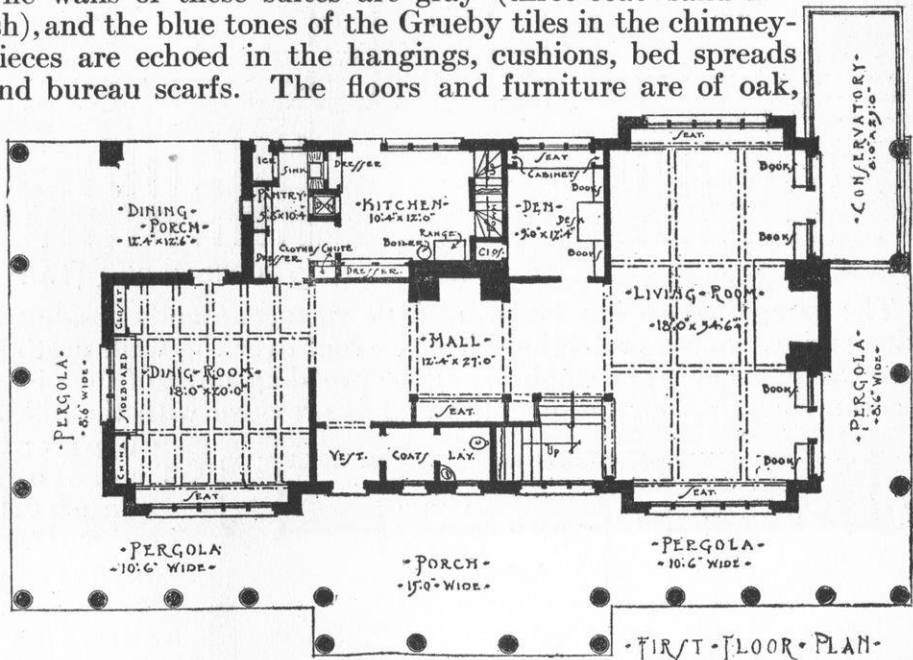


ONE END OF THE CHARMING, FRIENDLY DINING ROOM IN THE BOND HOUSE, SHOWING VARIOUS CRAFTSMAN FITTINGS AND FURNITURE.

A SOUTHERN CRAFTSMAN HOME

state without coloring, clear Craftsman lustre only being applied as a finish. Around the tops of the rooms has been used a twelve-inch casing to which the trim of windows, doors and corners has been carried up straight. The doors contain glass panels similar to those of the first floor transoms, and the casement windows are in groups with storage window seats between closets in the corners of the rooms, which give the appearance of bay windows.

From the hall open two small guest rooms provided with large closets and lavatories. There are also two main suites, one on the south consisting of a double bedroom, dressing room and bath, and one on the north comprising a sleeping porch, dressing room and bath. The walls of these suites are gray (three-coat sand finish), and the blue tones of the Grueby tiles in the chimney-pieces are echoed in the hangings, cushions, bed spreads and bureau scarfs. The floors and furniture are of oak,

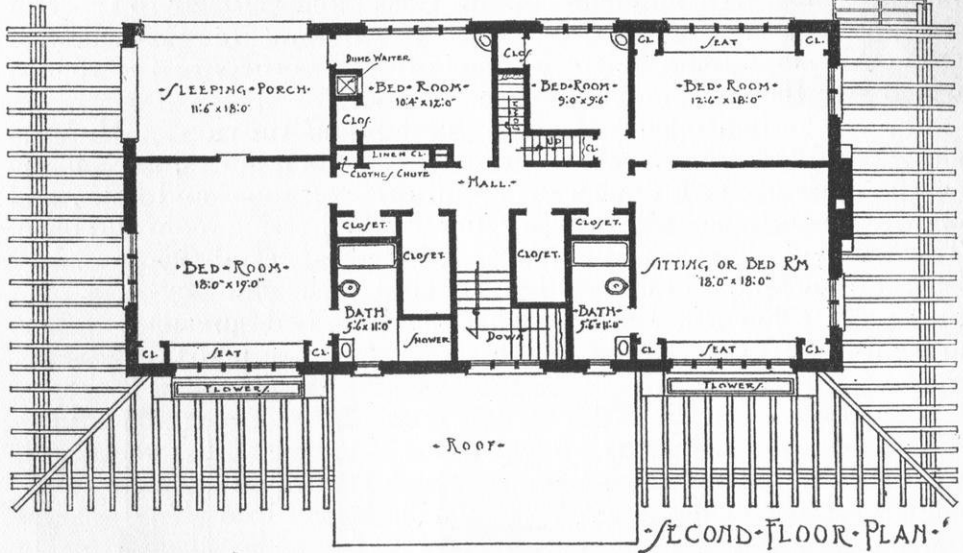


the latter being stained a soft gray to harmonize with the walls. The large bathrooms have marble hexagonal-tiled floors with dainty blue and gray borders, and the walls are tiled with squares of opaque glass.

Across each end of the third floor is a large room communicating by wide glass doors with the central portion, behind which are rooms and bath for women help. The end rooms have high raftered ceilings, while the central room has been paneled and plastered for a tearoom and lounge for viewing the sunsets. The whole can be used as one hall and forms a spacious and very pleasant place for entertainments. The billiard room is also on this floor, as well as eight more closets

A SOUTHERN CRAFTSMAN HOME

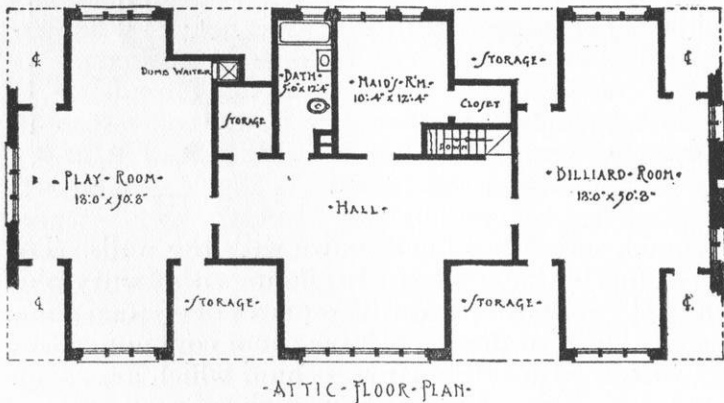
and two large built-in box seats. The house is supplied with city water, gas, electricity and sewer, and an inter-communicating electric system of seven telephones.



The garage, which is a beautiful little cottage, stands beside the hedge and extends a protecting bit of its roof over the well, nestling up to the main house and emphasizing the brooding spirit of the place. It accommodates four automobiles and is provided with the fullest

equipment.

There are even anvil, forge and tool cabinet, for Mr. Bond is as much at home at his bench as any expert workman, and takes keen pleasure in doing his own



repairs. In fact, the garage, like the house, expresses as completely as modern science and personal love of beauty and efficiency can do so, both the practical and æsthetic ideals of the owner.

EIGHTY ACRES AND "BONDAGE": A SPIRITUAL INVESTMENT: BY WALTER A. DYER



THE "Ten Acres and Liberty" idea is one that has long appealed to me—the wedding of economic independence with the satisfactions of a pastoral life. The agriculturist, it seems to me—not the old-fashioned farmer, but the modern scientific farmer, with old books and old friends to resort to when the weather is bad—leads the most enviable life of us all. He does not manipulate other men's wealth, nor is it his task to induce a surfeited public to buy that which is not bread; he lives close to the roots of life; he deals in fundamentals.

"There is no other sort of life," says Abraham Cowley in his essay "Of Agriculture," "that affords so many branches of praise to a panegyrist: The utility of it to a man's self; the usefulness, or, rather, necessity of it to all the rest of mankind; the innocence, the pleasure, the antiquity, the dignity"—and, I may add, the liberty of it.

As I look about upon the various occupations of men and women in this present generation, it seems to me that every other vocation is conducted in chains—the demands of employers, or directors, or stockholders, or a spoiled public. It is only the farmer who is free of these things, the demand for whose products is created by a power higher than popular caprice or personal whim, the production of which is a matter in which only himself and the Almighty are directly concerned—and that is a partnership not without its own inspiration. The farmer's Master leaves him a free will to choose his course, for industry or indolence; the outcome is in his own hands; he is subject only to the fundamental laws of Nature. And that is as near to complete liberty as we shall ever get in this world, or, I fancy, in the next.

"It is man only," says Cowley, "that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he neither gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it."

And that is why we bought our eighty acres in the Massachusetts hills. We are still compelled by circumstances to tarry awhile where the busy wheels turn and men labor for a brown envelope with green and orange paper in it, but we have made a beginning; we have taken the first step toward the Promised Land. There we have planted our fruit trees, and we are waiting, with such patience as we can command, for the day when the word of the Prophet shall be fulfilled, who said: "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt. . . . And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God."

EIGHTY ACRES AND "BONDAGE"

So, we have the eighty acres, but not yet the liberty. "I am gone out from Sodom, but I am not arrived at my little Zoar." As I look back over the past two years, I am forced to confess that what we hope will some day spell liberty, now spells bondage. We are in debt to our own farm. The joy of owning it and the hope of blessings yet to be must be paid for. If it is ever to prove the thing that we dream of, it must be nourished. Moreover, the very possession of the land brings its own responsibility. We have no right to do aught but our very best for it. Our compact with our Silent Partner demands that.

LIBERTY, it appears, is the fruit only of war. Isn't it so with all the things man seeks so earnestly to gain? Wife, children, public honor and private wealth all add to our responsibilities. Their demands upon us multiply by geometrical progression. As we add to our possessions each desired thing, there come with it a host of cares and worries and duties that we thought little of in the heat of the quest. Build a larger house that you may have greater comfort, and you build also a greater burden for your shoulders. Our friend the great merchant wonders why he is not as happy as in the old days in his little corner store. Your hard-won motor car demands gasolene and tires; our willing Bob must have his oats.

I have sometimes thought that if we were wise we would cease all this striving and give ourselves time to enjoy the fleeting hour. Why not seek ever a smaller house and less wealth and fewer responsibilities?

Our terrier is one of the happiest creatures I know. He toils not, neither does he spin; yet Solomon, with all his riches and his wives, led not so merry a life as he. No avarice or ambition worries that touselled head, or any doubt but that when hungry he may eat and when weary he may sleep. He accepts his romps when they are offered, nor bothers his head with planning for another day's pleasures.

But we are human, you and I, and something is planted within us that will not let us trust to the ravens to feed us. Evolution has finished with the ox and the ass; it is still active and alive in us, and we gain our highest satisfaction only in the consciousness of growth.

And so, despite my most logical philosophy, I have put my neck under the yoke.

A friend called the other night to talk farm. He had caught the fever, and was a willing listener to our enthusiastic eloquence. Our sweeping generalities were followed by details, and before we knew it we were telling our troubles. The two young pigs we had bought nearly ate us out of house and home, and we had to sell them. The early apples had fallen prey to railroad worm. The gasolene engine

EIGHTY ACRES AND "BONDAGE"

had balked and died and had to be overhauled and new rings bought. The potatoes—over three hundred bushels of them from two acres—were the envy of the neighbors, but the market price was so low that they were held to lie shrinking in the cellar. The balance sheet for the year was a lop-sided nightmare; we were financially behind the game, and expenses still running on.

When our caller left I said, "Well, do you think you'll buy a farm?"

"I don't know," he hesitated. "After what you've told me tonight, I believe I'll wait awhile."

His conclusion was logical enough, but for a moment it filled me with amazement. What! Had our glowing encomiums fallen on deaf ears? Had we failed to convey to him a vision of the joys of farm ownership? Had we not told him of a dozen things, any one of which should have sent him off to the country forthwith? Had our brief account of petty difficulties altered his intention? What a weak brother!

But I believe, after all, that the majority of people would require some sort of explanation for this strange and voluntary entering into bondage. Granted that the dream of liberty may be realized in future years, is the game worth the candle? What have we to show for our year or two of bill paying and worrying and accumulating cares?

WELL, in the first place there is the joy of ownership. The farm is ours. Meadow, orchard, wood lot and brook are ours. Banks may fail, cities burn, stock exchanges go mad with panic, our acres will remain serene and unruffled, and our apples and hay will grow just the same. As we walk across stubble field or brown plowed land, we tread upon our own—ours deep down to the center of the earth and up to the blue sky. This is our magnificent elm; these are our stone walls. The wonderful forces of life that are evident on every hand are working for us, and, within these eighty acres, for us alone. They never strike, they never ask for more wages, they respond marvelously to the slightest attention. We are king and queen of a happy domain, where the only wars are with coddling moth and potato bug. In other walks of life you may scorn my poor abilities, you may spurn my efforts, you may insult my low estate; on my farm you must seek an audience with the monarch of the realm; on my own land I am beyond the reach of intrigue and bickering and jockeying for place; I am established.

Then we are engaged in a work of salvation. Thus far it has not extended to the poor inhabitants of the hills back of us; the souls we are just now fighting for are the souls of trees—the old derelicts

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of a misspent orchard life. They cried for food, and we gave them nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash in the form in which they were best able to assimilate them. They were choked with the growth of years of neglect, and with saw and pruning shears we let the sunlight in. Decay had eaten into their hearts, and with chisel and cement we healed them. A thousand plant and insect enemies attacked their weakened defense; we fought their battle with a spray-pump.

And how nobly the gnarled old patriarchs have responded! With what stoutness of heart have they awakened to renew the fight for life and fruitfulness! What indomitable allies we have become!

When in May they were born again and poured forth upon our crystal air the fragrance of a million blossoms, it was knighthood in flower once more. And when autumn came and the fruit ripened in the sun, the amateur husbandman's heart rejoiced as though he had written a great oratorio, or built a cathedral. To help God to make a perfect apple—should not one enter willingly into bondage for that?

Again, we are making soil. We have plowed deep and set free the mineral-chemical forces imprisoned beneath the surface. We have planted buckwheat whose marvelous roots have accomplished more than the plow. We have sown soy beans and clover to draw down nitrogen from the atmosphere and add it to the laboratory of the earth. We have turned under green crops to add the richness of their decaying fiber to the life-giving humus. Month by month we have been changing the character of old earth itself. In place of thin and gravelly ground or struggling sod we now have crumbling loam of a different color. We are making soil, just as glaciers and rivers and frosts and tempests have been making it for untold ages. We are in league with the elemental forces of the universe which labor together that we may have life and that we may have it more abundantly. However small may be our part, we are enlisted with all the world builders of all time.

FINALLY, we have planted trees—trees that will one day help to feed mankind. It is a wondrous thing to plant a kernel and watch it spring up and bear fruit in a single season—first the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. We know that glory, too. But he who has not planted trees knows not the fullest joy of husbandry. For the life of an apple or walnut tree extends over the full compass of your own existence and beyond it. Year by year, as your own life unfolds and develops you may watch the growth of your tree, gaining visibly if slowly in stature and in strength. There are enough sermons in growing trees to supply a whole denomination with texts. I would rather plant an orchard and nurture it to

EIGHTY ACRES AND "BONDAGE"

fruitfulness than form a trust or found a new religion. It will count for more in the end and leave no bitterness behind it.

I will not argue that I have chosen the right course and you the wrong one. The world doubtless needs preachers and doctors and those who buy and sell. But I know it can get along without me less easily if I help to produce its food. And for the good of my own soul I must needs be one of the builders and not one of the tearers down.

Hence this glad bondage. Hence this willing assumption of expense and responsibility, this duty toward Mother Earth and her children, the trees.

Like you I have long moments of despondency. Like you I often wonder what it is all for—this struggle of ours from cradle to grave. I fear I could not weather the blast if my feet were not firmly set upon the soil, were my heart not bound fast to something permanent, stable and worth while.

I do not counsel anyone to follow in my steps; they are faltering at best. But I know that which I have learned—that happiness and contentment are not built upon such things as may take unto themselves wings and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth. For you salvation may come through the revolution of society; for me it lies in the owning of a bit of brown earth and the planting of a tree, together with such service as I may be able to render my fellowmen from that vantage ground.

If still you do not comprehend, go with us some clear September morning and stand upon our hill overlooking meadow and orchard, wood lot and pasture. Here are our vigorous young white pines, drawing life and beauty from yellow sand. There is our low-nestling farmhouse and our friendly barn, with the lofty elms and shady maples, and the four stalwart hickories beyond. Where the elders and willow shrubs wander down toward the ravine is our music-making brook, where our strong Bob is being watered. The ripening apples hang thick from the propped and groaning boughs.

The hour of fruitage is at hand; the spirit of fulfilment and accomplishment broods over the farm; the seed has brought forth fruit after his kind; a great, God-given year is being rounded out to completeness. And far over yonder, beyond the town with its homes and its college towers, lie the mountains in their blue serenity, symbols of the everlasting Power that brings the seasons.

“OLD CHINATOWN:” A VANISHED BEAUTY SPOT OF THE WEST

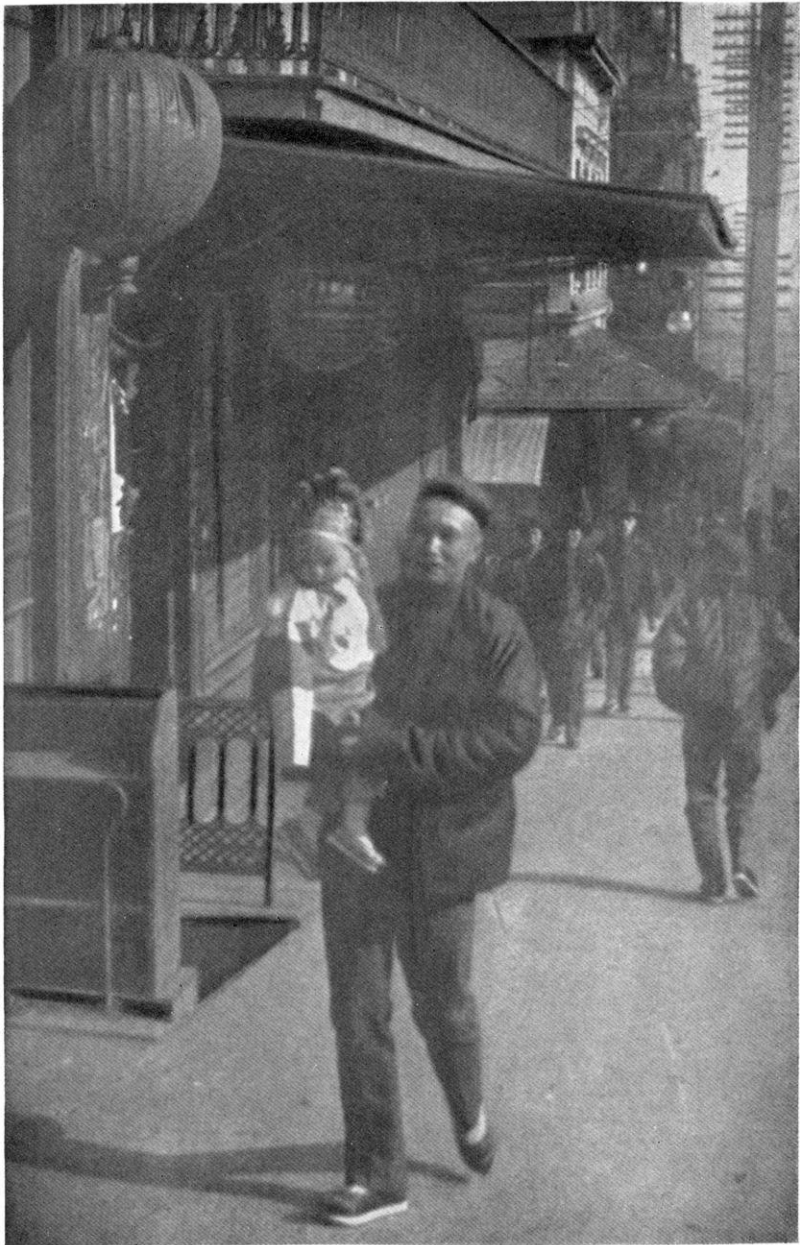


HERE are many moods in which the onward march of “progress” does not appeal to one. It is too noisy and swift and blundering; it tramples down too ruthlessly the picturesque and the personal; it is too monotonous, too vain-glorious, dragging always too many slaves at the chariot wheels of commerce. The results may make interesting statistics and geographies, and histories flourish in its wake; but there are moments when some of us would like to turn away from the roar of its success, with freedom to rest and loiter and look about us for the man or the place that has developed separately and individually.

For it really takes leisure to develop individuality, and picturesqueness of person and place is but the outcome of persistent personality. This wonderful thing which touches the heart and stirs the emotion and liberates responsive joy, this thing we call picturesqueness is not man-made, but given the world out of the kind hands of Time. No architect may build a picturesque village, no schoolteacher may cultivate picturesque quality in a child; but people and places left free to develop the realities, the vitalities that in them lie, will eventually assume an aspect so personal, so final that the arresting quality we have termed picturesqueness is born to gladden the soul of the leisurely man who has stepped off the highroad of progress. It is thus we feel about the book “Old Chinatown,” a series of photographs by the magician, Arnold Genthe, on a background “embroidered” by Will Irwin, if we may quote his own words.

The newer civilization in San Francisco, this busy, progressive army has obliterated, with the help of the earthquake, picturesque old Chinatown, which until the fire and the water of those horrible days was an underground world of romance and mystery and beauty and terror. Today the newer spirit has obliterated the old beauty. A Chinatown exists for commerce only, the silly French buildings, the clean asphalt roads, the department store effects in place of the shabby shops, the Chinese merchants in Tuxedo coats, cleanliness, sanitary conditions; all these “progressive” things have marched over and trampled down the beauty of the old Quarter, which Will Irwin describes with the following vivid, interesting English:

“The beauty of old Chinatown appealed equally to the plain citizen who can appreciate only the picturesque, and to the artist, with his eye for composition, subtle coloring, shadowy suggestion. From every doorway flashed out a group, an arrangement, which suggested the Flemish masters. You lifted your eyes. Perfectly arranged in coloring and line, you saw a balcony, a woman in softly gaudy robes, a window



By permission of Mitchell Kennerley.

"NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINATOWN," FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD GENTHE.



By permission of Mitchell Kennerley.

"LITTLE TEA ROSE," FROM A PHOTO-
GRAPH BY ARNOLD GENTHE.



By permission of Mitchell Kennerley.

"THE CELLAR DOOR," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD GENTHE.



By permission of Mitchell Kennerley.

"THE OPIUM FIEND," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD GENTHE.

“OLD CHINATOWN”

whose blackness suggested mystery. You turned to right or left; behold a pipe-bowl mender or a cobbler working with his strange Oriental tools, and behind him a vista of sheds and doorways in dim half tone, spotted with the gold and red of Chinese sign-boards. Beautiful and always mysterious—a mystery enhanced by that green-gray mist which hangs always above the Golden Gate and which softens every object exposed to the caressing winds and gentle rains of the North Pacific.”

IT is said that between ten and thirty thousand people according to the season of the year lived in the eight solid blocks of this old Chinatown—lived as they might have back in Canton, a real life of genuine homes and quiet industry. There was a Chinese Chamber of Commerce in their midst and the whole Pacific Coast reckoned with the body. There were merchants fabulously rich, there were Chinese women old and young, married to these merchants, there were opium dens and dark underground streets named after beautiful slave girls, there were children high and low, rich and poor, the pride of the streets, the joy, the beauty, the chief delight of the Quarter. There were mothers and nurses decked out in the brightest tunics, and when it happened that a baby cried in the street, the Chinese bargainers at the open shop fronts would stop trade for a moment and smile and exchange comments in the Cantonese melodious jargon.

There were wonderful festivals in the days of old Chinatown where the Chinese ladies came forth in myriad colored robes with trousers of pale shades with gorgeous embroidered coats, with jade and gold in their hair,—garments taken from cedar chests and worn only on great occasions. And after the festivals the great ladies went back to their nests, donned somber cloth, kept out of sight, and on the streets were seen only the young maidens at whom one might look without reproach, and the children.

The Chinamen of these old days, Mr. Irwin tells us, were an honest people, honest beyond our strictest ideas. They attended to their own business and did not interfere with ours. They were people of dignity and cleanliness. American merchants learned that none need ever ask a note of a Chinaman in a commercial transaction—his word was his bond. That there were terrors and horrors unspeakable in some places of this underworld life, that there were murders never revenged, that there were infamies in the ruin of fresh young lives, no one has ever questioned. White girls were lost in the underworld, and the most eager search, the keenest pursuit accomplished nothing with the bland, suave slavekeepers, who held the keys of the dark mysterious opium dens.

“OLD CHINATOWN”

One chapter of Mr. Irwin's book is given to the rescue work of the slave girls of old Chinatown, which was conducted by Donaldine Cameron, a Scotch girl of twenty, who proved herself a monument of courage, and although her Presbyterian valor accomplished but little against the Chinese subtlety, she more than once risked her life.

IN the life of Chinatown, Mr. Irwin says, “Only three things remain unchanged. In the drug stores just as of old are aromatic herbs and unknown roots, gall of bear and horn of deer, small dried animals of land and sea; the pawn-shop sign still indicates the place where old embroideries, coats, jade bracelets have found a temporary abiding place; and the inevitable Tong feuds carried on by lawless highbinders still furnish excitement to the Quarter. But the wonderful theater in which Ah Chic delighted all hearts with his exquisite art has ceased to exist. A moving picture show has taken its place. ‘The Street of the Gamblers’ has become a street of rooming houses. ‘The Street of the Slave Girls’ has been translated into unsavory French; opium dens are invisible, in the goldsmiths’ shops at Dupont and Jackson street the hammers are still busy, but the old patterns and the careful workmanship are vanishing.”

The streets are brilliantly lighted and American sightseers crowd the pavement. Of Mr. Genthe's wonderful photographs which have caught the very life of the old Quarter, its beauty, its romance, its sordidness, its sinister quality, Mr. Irwin writes, “You were the only man who ever had the patience to photograph the Chinese.” And with the patience must have been that love of the picturesque which we spoke of at the beginning of this article, that interest in those things that are not in the march of “progress,” that are taking time for the growth of their own individuality. It is this individuality of the Chinese Quarter as a whole, that Mr. Genthe has caught for us in his camera. We see the children playing on festival days or taking quiet strolls with their serious parents; we see the women strange and inscrutable going abroad in holiday attire; glimpses into the shops and down the somber streets are shown, underground caverns are revealed and a gay group of women before a theater on New Year day; the opium fiend dead to the world and alive to infinite joy stretches on a tawdry stairway; a merchant prince moving swiftly out to his office; doorways in dim shadows with silent figures always waiting,—all have found their way to us through Mr. Genthe's illuminating art. Indeed all that was supremely personal and hence, supremely interesting of the old life now utterly destroyed, Mr. Genthe has revisioned for us and Mr. Irwin has embroidered for our further delight, a rare record of one of America's brief moments of picturesqueness.

WHAT THE BIRDS DO IN WINTER: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON



WITH the approach of winter the country loses its charm for many people. The green of the fields and the riotous verdure of the woods are gone, and the brown expanses of dead grass and weeds are only relieved by the naked blackness of the forest trees. Even ardent nature lovers have been known to forsake their walks at this season, for the songs of the birds have ceased, and the topmost boughs, which in summer sang to them wild sweet songs, now give forth only sobs and shrieks as they sway to the strength of north winds. So our people turn to the city, where their friends have again gathered from wanderings over lands washed by the seven seas. The lights are bright and the seductive strains of the orchestra seem for the time to steal their hearts away from the things which are out of doors.

This is a time, however, when I like to go a-field. If the wild life is less abundant now, even more so is the human life, and I have the country more to myself. If I meet a man, he hurries by with his coat tightly buttoned and his eye on the road ahead. Few travelers glance in my direction and none disturbs me with more than a second inquiring look, so the fields are mine to use them as I choose. Across their whiteness and through the woods I make long wandering trails in the snow. In reality this is the time when the inquisitive person should be abroad, for with the falling of the leaves many of Nature's secrets, which she has so jealously guarded through the summer months, now stand revealed. Among the naked trceries of the briars I find the catbird's nest which defied all search last June. High in the red oak tree I discover the eyrie of the big hen hawk and realize with a thrill that if I watch out sharply I may find her repairing it next April. A gray squirrel bounds over a log and up a tree, where he disappears in a cavity, for he has no further use for that mass of decaying leaves and twigs among the branches of yonder tall sapling which served so well as a nest last summer.

One late autumn evening I stopped to watch a snowbird feeding among some weed stalks near a woodland trail. After remaining motionless for a minute or two I began to notice a light, muffled tapping somewhere near me. It did not take long to locate the sound. On the underside of a slanting, decayed limb twenty feet above was a new round hole hardly an inch and a half in diameter. Even as I looked the occupant came to the entrance and threw out a bill-full of small fine chips. When these fell, I saw that the dead leaves on the earth beneath had been well sprinkled by previous ejections of the same kind. I had discovered a downy woodpecker at work on his winter

WHAT THE BIRDS DO IN WINTER

bedroom. I feel sure that he made this his nightly retreat all winter, for I frequently saw him about the neighborhood or heard his contented little cry as he flew about among the trees in quest of berries or the dried capsules of insects' eggs, tucked away in crevices of the bark. Chancing to pass this way one dark, cloudy morning, it occurred to me to see if he had yet left his bed. Tapping sharply on the tree I looked up, but no head appeared at the opening. Evidently I was not knocking loudly enough, so I hunted for and found a stout club and, after throwing it several times, I at length succeeded in striking the dead limb a short distance from the hole. Instantly a little black and white head looked downward inquiringly, and its resentment was so apparent that I never afterward disturbed my little neighbor while he was taking his morning nap. Evidently "downy" likes to lie abed on cold winter mornings, perhaps knowing that in doing so he runs no risk of losing the early worm.

IT may be that others of our winter birds also make excavations for sleeping quarters; the chickadee and nuthatch very probably do so at times, although I have never found them thus engaged. It is well known, however, that many small birds creep into holes to pass the night. The old nesting places of woodpeckers are thus again rendered useful and many of the natural cavities of trees contain, during the hours of darkness, the little, warm, pulsating bodies of our feathered friends.

Quail invariably roost on the ground regardless of the time of year or the prevailing weather conditions. An entire covey, numbering sometimes a dozen or twenty, will settle for the night in a compact circular mass with heads pointing outward in all directions. When a heavy snow falls during the night they are completely buried, and should a crust form before morning the imprisoned birds are likely to perish. Grouse are, of course, trapped in the same way, but their superior strength enables them to break through and escape. In fact, these larger birds often deliberately go to roost beneath the snow, breaking through the crust by a swift, plunging dive from the air above. One of the reasons, therefore, why quail succumb in a country where grouse abound is the ice crusts on the winter snows.

Some small birds pass the winter nights in evergreens, thick growing vines, under the eaves of verandas, or on the rafters of bridges. Many creep into the cracks of outhouses. I have also found them in covered wagons and in caves. Almost any available shelter is likely to have its bird tenant on cold nights, which if undisturbed will often return again and again to the refuge it has once found safe and comfortable.

WHAT THE BIRDS DO IN WINTER

The birds which pass the winter in the northern States are subjected to many hardships. In fact, the fatalities in the bird world in winter are so very great, and the population is so constantly reduced by one form of tragedy after another that it is only the strongest or the more fortunate that survive to enjoy the opulence of summer.

Where to secure its food is the big question which confronts every bird when it opens its sleepy eyes on the first real winter morning. Not only has the whole aspect of the country been transformed, but the old sources of food have passed away. Not a caterpillar is to be found on the dead leaves, and not a single insect is left alive to fly alluringly by. Thus a great change is wrought in the bird's menu, and it must wander to new places in quest of food. Emboldened by hunger, the starlings alight at the kitchen door and the juncos, sparrows and nuthatches feed on the window-sill. Jays and meadowlarks haunt the manure piles or haystacks in eager search for fragments of grain. Purple finches flock to the wahoo elm trees to feed on the buds; even the wary ruffed grouse will leave the barren shelter of the woods, and the farmer finds her in the morning sitting among the branches of his apple tree, relieving the twigs of their superabundance of buds. In every field a thousand weed stalks and grass stems are holding their heads above the snow, tightly clasping their store of seeds until members of the sparrow family shall thrash them out against the frozen crust beneath.

Among those which become vegetarians in winter is the blue-bird. In summer he is passionately fond of grasshoppers, cutworms, and Arctic caterpillars, but now he ranges sadly over the country in quest of the few berries to be found in the swamps or along the hedgerows. The crow is another bird I often find in my winter walks, for he too spurns the popular movement southward in the fall when the north begins to freeze. I like him best at this time of the year. There is no young corn for him to pull now, no birds' nests to pilfer and no young chickens to steal. He has no place to hide and his black shape looms sharp against the snow-clad hills. I see him sometimes in January as we come down the Hudson together—I in a Pullman and he on an ice floe. Now and then I see him strike into the water with his beak, or fly a short distance to a rock or exposed gravel bar, where things that die and float in the river become stranded. Once I surprised him in the woods where he had attacked an old rotten pine stump. Already he had torn half of it to pieces and the fragments lay scattered on the snow. Perhaps it was dormant insects he was seeking, or it may have been beetles. To fathom the mind of a crow takes not only persistent effort, but considerable imagination.

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AT this season crows are highly gregarious creatures; especially at night, when they often collect by hundreds of thousands to roost in some favorite grove. Some years ago there was such a roost near the town of Greensboro, North Carolina. It was occupied for several years in succession and was a source of no end of wonder to the people of the surrounding country. The roost occupied several acres in a grove of second-growth, yellow pine trees. By four o'clock in the afternoon the birds would begin to arrive and from then until dark thousands would come from all directions. Singly, by twos and threes, in companies of ten, twenty or a hundred they would appear, flying low over the forest trees, driving straight across the country, marking their line of flight as direct as only a crow can fly, to their nightly rendezvous. Early in the morning they were astir, and if the day were bright it was not long before all had departed, winging their way over the fields and woods to widely scattered feeding grounds. I often watched them come and go, and one night walked beneath the sleeping hosts and shouted aloud to them; but they did not heed my presence, nor was I ever able to arrive at any reasonable explanation for their marvelous nightly gatherings. Surely they did not collect thus, as some writers have suggested, purely from a desire for sociability and love for their kind; for I saw them quarreling among themselves on many occasions.

I recall especially one evening when, as I watched them coming to roost, I became conscious of an unusual commotion among a flock of eight. One was evidently in great disfavor with the others, for with angry and excited cawings they were striking at him in a most unfriendly manner. The strength of the persecuted bird was all but spent as I first sighted them, and, perhaps two minutes later when the fleeing one sustained a particularly vicious onslaught, it began to fall. It did not descend gradually, like a bird injured while on the wing, but fell plummet-like a hundred feet or more into the top of a large pine and bounding from limb to limb struck the ground but a few yards from me; picking it up, I found it quite dead. When the pursuers saw their victim fall, their caws abruptly ceased as if shocked at what they had done, and turning they departed silently and swiftly each in a different direction. I wonder if they were executioners performing a duty for the good of the clan, or perhaps they were only thugs sandbagging a quiet and respectable commuter on his way home.

Birds are particularly subject to disease in winter and many perish from affections of the throat and lungs. Crows are attacked at times by a malady called roup, and hundreds of their bodies may sometimes be found on the ground beneath a roost. We must remember that wild birds have no doctor who can come at the first signs of an epi-

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demic and innoculate against its ravages. Game birds, if kept in captivity, are especially susceptible to fatalities of this character. I knew a man who lost one hundred and twenty-seven out of one hundred and forty quail that he had trapped and was attempting to keep through the winter in a pen fifteen feet square.

It is hard to realize the extent of the havoc wrought by extreme cold weather. Early in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, a long severe cold spell, accompanied with snow and sleet, almost exterminated the bluebirds in eastern United States. The writer saw the remains of twenty-four of these birds which had been removed from one cavity in a hollow tree. It was plain that they had crowded into this place with the hope of keeping warm.

One winter a prolonged freezing spell swept down over our Atlantic Seaboard. The swamps of the upper reaches of the Pee Dee, the Black and the Waccamaw rivers were frozen solid, and the woodcock, which winter abundantly in this region, were thus driven farther down the streams. The cold continued and the frozen area spread. The poor birds, unable to drive their long bills into the once responsive mud, were forced to flee toward the coast in search of open ground where worms could be found. When finally they reached Winyaw Bay, where the rivers empty, they were on the point of exhaustion. Perhaps thirty thousand of the emaciated birds swarmed in the streets and gardens of Georgetown. They were too weak to fly and negroes killed them with sticks and offered baskets of their wasted bodies, now worthless, for food, for a few cents a dozen. Several large shipments were made to the North by local market men who hoped to realize something for their industry. Thus it is that man often combines with the adverse conditions of nature to slaughter, without restraint, the life which he cannot replace.

OF the wild ducks which remain north in the winter many die because of the freezing of the water in which they must dive or dabble for their food. On the morning of February eleventh, nineteen hundred and twelve, Cayuga Lake in western New York State was found to be covered with a solid sheet of ice from end to end. It is a large body of water, having an area of nearly sixty-seven square miles. It seldom freezes over,—only about once in every twenty years, the records show. The ducks inhabiting the lake at this time were caught unawares. Many of them moved quickly to more Southern waters, but others tarried, evidently hoping for better times. Subsequently a few air-holes opened and the ducks gathered about them, but there was no food for many days and numbers literally starved to death. One observer who went out to the air-holes reported examin-

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ing the bodies of twenty-eight canvasbacks and nineteen scaups, in addition to many others such as redheads and goldeneyes. His survey was, of course, not exhaustive and the gulls had doubtless already removed many bodies from the territory he visited. When the surface of lakes and bays freeze suddenly in a night ducks are often caught and held fast by the ice adhering to their feathers and legs. In this condition they are utterly helpless to escape the attacks of man and beast, and in the latitude of New York captures in this way are now and then reported.

In the oil fields of the South-west and old Mexico, the surface of ponds is frequently covered with oil into which unsuspecting flocks of ducks settle never again to emerge until their dead bodies drift to the shore. It was on November twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred and twelve, that the naval tank ship *Arethusa* steamed into the harbor of Providence, Rhode Island, with a cargo of crude oil. For several days following her bilge pumps sent overboard a continuous stream of water and oil seepage. On December third the following news item appeared in the Providence Daily Bulletin. "The east shore of the lower harbor and upper bay, from Wilkesbarre pier to Riverside and below, is strewn with the bodies of dead wild ducks, which began to drift ashore yesterday. Hundreds must have perished. All day yesterday large areas of crude oil were seen on the surface of the lower harbor and upper bay. The wild fowl came into the bay in enormous flocks about the middle of November and have since been seen flying about or feeding in shallow water, as is usual at this time of the year. As no such amount of oil, it is believed, was ever let loose into the bay at one time before, and as ducks along the shore dead from poisoning have never been seen before, it is reasonable to connect the two occurrences."

Thus it may be seen that the life of the winter birds in the land of snow and ice is filled with hardships and danger, with hunger and cold and sufferings. No wonder they break into joyous expressions of gladness when the buds begin to swell and all the earth awakens to the thrill of a new year, for although the summer will bring its moments of anxiety incident to the cares of the nestlings-to-be, at least the bitterness of the long winter is past.

TRAINING WOMEN FOR A NEW CIVILIZATION: HOW THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS ACQUIRE EFFICIENCY AND ROMANCE THROUGH THEIR CONTACT WITH NATURE



HE canoe crossed the lake silently, cutting a passage through the twilight mystery as surely and delicately as a bird flies. A faint sound of happy young voices penetrated the trees and the shore shadows, creeping with the south wind across the water. The fragrance of midsummer lay heavily about the water's edge, born in the bloom of early grapes, sweet peas and warm

nasturtiums.

The sudden flare of a camp fire outlined a landing, and the canoe winged into the harbor. A narrow trail wound through thick shade up to the light and the voices, and from the shadowy path a scene of real beauty and poignant interest was presented. In a circular space, quite closed in by dense foliage, an encampment of Camp Fire Girls was seen. A spot of white here and there through the trees revealed the tents, and in a circle about the great fire the girls were clustered in camp-fire dress—eager, happy, the joy of outdoor beauty enfolding them, the peace of real companionship in their hearts.

The ceremony of initiating a new member was brief but impressive. Then followed the giving out of rewards for manual tasks—the work of making and keeping camp, involving such details as bringing water, making fire, putting the tents in order, walking to town for letters and provisions, teaching the newer and younger members humble tasks intended to develop character and muscle alike.

Watching this little firelit group, so intent and joyous in the performance of those quaintly simple ceremonials, one could not help feeling how deep and powerful were the ideals which this symbolism expressed. Here were young American girls of varying age, social condition, temperament and physique, banded together in happy comradeship—not for mere irresponsible fun or superficial pleasures, but for the purpose of encouraging one another in a common search for beauty, health, knowledge, all-round body and soul efficiency—the development of all those womanly, human qualities that make for individual happiness and social progress.

Not that the aim of the Camp Fire Girls is one of “reform.” Its inspiration is simply the desire to reveal the beauty of daily life, to show how the most commonplace tasks, done in the right way with the right spirit, can be made channels of self-expression and thus opportunities for joy. Its object is to emphasize in the life of our modern girlhood the sanity and healthfulness of outdoor work and play and to help our young people to fit themselves in every possible

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way for full, rich, useful lives; so that when the time comes for them to grasp the bigger responsibilities of earning their own living or making homes for themselves and others, they will be equipped and eager for the task. Armed with the sharp tools of knowledge, they will carve their own path in the rocks of practical achievement; buoyed up with hope and courage they will face hardship and disappointment with a valiant spirit; filled with desire for the highest personal development and zeal for the greatest common good, they will help to build up the health and vigor of the nation.

IN other words, the Camp Fire movement is striving to adjust the relation of woman to the great world which today awaits her—the important circle of the home, and the wider spheres of social, civic and national activity. How does it accomplish this? In the most delightful and imaginative way, by an organization whose methods are at once practical and romantic. For while the Camp Fire Girls may have their heads in the clouds during those hours of exhilarating outdoor freedom and adventure, their feet are planted pretty firmly on the ground.

The unit of organization is the Camp Fire. Fire is the symbol; the watchwords are "Work, Health and Love." And from the first two letters of each word is made the "mystic word" or call—Wohelo. There are seven laws for the Camp Fire Girls—"*Seek beauty; give service; pursue knowledge; be trustworthy; hold onto health; glorify work; be happy.*"

There is no age limit to membership; but most of the girls are in their teens. Any girl may join the organization by simply applying for membership to a local Camp Fire. Nor is the size of the Camp Fire limited in any way, though groups of from six to twenty girls of about the same age and maturity prove most successful.

Each Camp Fire has its special name—some local designation, usually, or some Indian word (for the girls, in their desire for a touch of primitive picturesqueness, have naturally borrowed much from their historic Indian background in the way of words, clothing, customs and emblems of woodcraft and nature lore.)

Each Camp Fire or group of Fires must have a Guardian—a capable, friendly woman who will enter into the fun and at the same time assume responsibility for the girls' welfare. To receive appointment an application blank, secured from the National Headquarters at one hundred and eighteen East Twenty-Eighth Street, New York City, is filled out, returned with twenty-five cents registration fee—the only charge connected with the organization. Upon a vote of the Board of Managers the Guardian is appointed for her local Camp Fire

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and receives a certificate of authorization, her appointment holding for a year.

The duties of the Guardian are to "meet with the girls once a week; plan the work; see that proper preparations are made for the meetings; select those who shall perform the different duties; supervise the acquirement of honors; conduct the exercises for the initiation of new members; and in general be responsible for all the activities of the Camp Fire. . . . When possible she should take the girls on tramps or out-of-doors expeditions."

There are three grades of Camp Fire Girls—Wood Gatherers, Fire Makers and Torch Bearers. When a girl first joins she becomes a Wood Gatherer, and is given a silver ring on which is a bundle of seven faggots, representing the Seven Points of the Law. This is her membership token and typifies the spirit of the organization—coöperation and comradeship with others. She is also entitled to wear on the right sleeve of her ceremonial dress the emblem of two embroidered cross logs.

TO become a Fire Maker a girl must have been a Wood Gatherer for not less than three months, and must fulfil the fourteen definite requirements given in the Camp Fire Book, which include such rules as these: "To help prepare and serve, together with the other candidates, at least two meals for meeting of the Camp Fire. To sleep with open windows or out of doors for at least a month. To name the chief causes of infant mortality in summer. To know how and to what extent it has been reduced in one American community. To know what a girl of her age needs to know about herself. To keep a written classified account of all money received and spent for at least one month. To know what to do in the following emergencies: Clothing on fire; person in deep water who cannot swim, both in summer and through ice in winter; open cut; frosted foot; fainting."

She must in addition present twenty Elective Honors chosen from the groups suggested in the Camp Fire Book—Health Craft, Home Craft, Nature Lore, Camp Craft, Hand Craft, Business and Patriotism. For each honor won she receives a bead for her necklace, the colors of the beads varying according to the kind of work they represent.

There are many ways in which the girl may win these honors—by definite achievements in swimming, boating, canoeing, skating, and other outdoor sports; by regular school attendance, wholesome diet, freedom from illness or colds; by making bread, preparing meats and salads, preserving fruit, marketing, housekeeping, washing and

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ironing, taking care of a baby; by studying trees, plants and animals, growing flowers and vegetables, doing experimental and profitable gardening; looking after a camp, making fire, cooking, knowing weather lore, Indian craft, knot tying, etc.; doing clay modeling, brass or silver work, dyeing, stenciling, wood-carving, basketry, toy-making, sewing and textile work; filling some regular business position or earning money in some other practical way, planning the family expenditures and keeping accounts; knowing a certain amount of American history, and its relation especially to modern and local matters, and contributing some service to the community in connection with street cleaning, beautifying of front yards, conservation of streams, trees, forests and birds.

These are merely a few of the ways in which a Camp Fire Girl may broaden her interest and knowledge of life and people and win distinction among her comrades and pleasure for herself. And when she has attained the rank of Fire Maker she is given a silver bracelet with a fire design, and to her sleeve emblem she adds an embroidered flame.

In the words that the girl repeats when she expresses her desire to become a Fire Maker, one feels the simple service-spirit that underlies all these symbols and ceremonies. Here are the words which John Collier has furnished:

“As fuel is brought to the fire, so I purpose to bring my strength, my ambition, my heart’s desire, my joy and my sorrow to the fire of humankind; for I will tend, as my fathers have tended, and my father’s fathers since time began, the fire that is called the love of man for man, the love of man for God.”

When a girl has been Fire Maker for three months she may become a candidate for the rank of Torch Bearer, or assistant to the Guardian. As the rules explain, “She must have organized a group of not less than three girls and led them regularly in any of the Camp Fire activities for not less than three months, or one month if she gives her entire time, as in camp. The real test is the enthusiasm and success of the girls she teaches.” She must also present fifteen Elective Honors in addition to those presented for the rank of Fire Maker.

Each Torch Bearer adds to her sleeve emblem white smoke above the logs and flame, and she is given a silver pin divided into four quarters. In one is a rising sun, the symbol of fire; in another is a flash of crooked lightning forming the word Wohelo; in a third is the standing pine, the emblem of simplicity and strength. The fourth quadrant is left blank so that it may be engraved with the special symbol of the owner.

“Scenery,” you say? But at least it is wholesome outdoor “scen-

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ery." And does not youth need a picturesque background to bring back the old flavor to work, the sense of romance and a right interest in everyday tasks and pleasures? Besides, the Camp Fire Girls are not merely sugar-coating the pill; they are putting into work the fire and freshness of the outdoor spirit, combining with the pride of individual attainment the efficiency of team-work, of coöperation.

Later on, perhaps, when the Camp Fire Girls of today have done their part, when they have passed on undimmed to coming generations "that light which has been given," some of the "scenery" may drop off and only the beautiful realities remain—the ideals, the comradeship, the courage that these symbols stand for. But at present the costumes, the honors, insignia and ceremonies which cluster around the nucleus of the friendly flame, are natural and inevitable expressions of youth's instinctive craving for beauty and love for dramatic form.

DR. LUTHER H. GULICK, the Camp Fire Girls' president, whose keen interest and contagious, almost boyish, enthusiasm explain a great deal of the success of the movement, said recently: "You know, there's a lot in symbols. Words define and limit; but symbols suggest. They appeal to the imagination, they open up fresh glimpses of loveliness, start new flights of thought. They stand for visions, for ideals. That's why all the little signs and ceremonies of our Camp Fire Girls mean so much to them. They are the outward expression of an inward striving after beauty." And he spoke of the girl who had embroidered a blue-bird on her Indian costume; she had seen the Maeterlinck play and adopted his symbol of happiness for her own; and the girl who, when asked why she had chosen a pine-cone for her emblem, explained that it was because, to her, it represented strength and sweetness—the qualities she craved most.

"There's only one thing I'm afraid of," Dr. Gulick went on, "and that is, that the movement may spread too fast. It appeals so inevitably to the sympathies and needs of our girls all over the country that it's getting almost too big for us to handle properly. We don't want this to be a mushroom, a popular fad that will flourish a little while and then die off. We want it to be a normal, healthy growth, firmly rooted in the hearts and lives of its members, so that the ideals it stands for will become a real part of our national life."

Already there are Camp Fires in every State, with an especially large following in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Ohio and Illinois. Some of these Camp Fires are connected with summer camps, churches, religious asso-

PARTED

ciations, playgrounds, schools and settlements—about four hundred and fifty are independent groups. Altogether there are about fifteen hundred guardians or leaders of groups. This gives one some idea of the numerical strength of the total membership.

Of the importance of this movement Dr. Gulick says, "one of its significant features is that all the girls receive social status for doing things that hitherto have been looked upon as drudgery. And to bring about this wholesome change of attitude toward the essentials of life means to make efficiency and happiness go hand in hand."

PARTED

WHAT though the city life
Be bright and gay,
And crowds pass crowds
Each going on its way?
Father, would I could touch
Thy hand today!

What though the seaside
Sing its endless song?
Its happiest tones
Are sorrow's notes among.
Mother, could I but kiss
Thy cheer ere long!

What though the mountains
Call to nature's heart,—
To leave the world and
All its busy mart?
Brother, I need thy love
When we're apart.

Where'er I go, Dear Ones,
Away from thee,
In country, mountains or across the sea,—
At home I still do long and long to be.

L'envoi.

Another year now closes; God knows best.
But one dear heart forever lies at rest.

OLIVE HYDE FOSTER.

THE FALL ACADEMY IN DETAIL: ITS SUCCESSES AND FAILURES: BY M. F. ROBINSON



THE question raised in art circles every year as to what advantage would be gained by larger exhibition space for the National Academy remains unanswered by its present exhibition. There is no doubt that the five hundred odd pictures are shockingly crowded, but would more room simply mean the same show on a larger scale, or would it leave place for new and more various work? To answer this, one should have seen the rejected pictures, which, in spite of the undoubtedly bad ones among them, one surmises might have made a more interesting showing than those accepted. The catalogue draws special attention to the fact that only about two-fifths of the pictures are by members of the Academy, which at least points to a sensibility of the taunts of conservatism which a successful organization must ever receive, and allows a hope of something better in the future.

Three rooms really seem enough for the exhibition of paintings presented by the National Academy this winter of nineteen hundred and twelve. Though the catalogue shows some names suggesting interesting reminiscences, the men from whom one has a right to expect something important, with few exceptions, show second-best canvases or are absent.

The fourth room of the Fine Arts Building being given over this season to exhibits of sculpture, with the exception of a few paintings apparently selected by the hanging committee for their quality of self-effacement, the meager three rooms left are frightfully crowded. Considering the character of the work, one could have comfortably afforded to have it more sparsely hung.

The sculpture in the south gallery is well arranged, and if it were not for the canvases in the room, which are hung too high to be seen, and some of which are superfluous, this gallery would give a fine effect. Mr. Robert Aitken shows an interesting and ambitious piece of work in his "Michelangelo." Its composition impresses one with the art of a man who knows his trade. Charles Louis Hinton shows a pleasant youthful figure, and Brenda Putnam a delightful study for a fountain—a boy examining a turtle—the pose of which is full of the intensity of curiosity. Cartaino Scarpitta has two exhibits, both worthy of notice—a portrait and book-holder, composed of two striving elephants. The gracious lines of Miss Malvina Hoffman's "The Greek" are charming; perhaps it is irrelevant, but one has a certain amount of curiosity as to the sex of the Greek. "Fortitude and Despair" by Edward Field Sanford, Jr., is also slightly puzzling, as the figures do not seem to be quite sure of the emotion they represent.

PICTURES AND SCULPTURE OF NINETEEN-TWELVE

Bessie Potter Vonnoh has a quite lovely little collection; an adorable baby in a nightgown and a beautiful virginal figure in silvery metal are the most arresting. Abastenia St. Leger Eberle, too, has a charming little group called "Bath Night."

Everywhere one sees babies, fat babies and thin babies, ugly and pretty, and sometimes it seems that an effort is made to obtain through the sentiment for childhood what could not be got by merit of execution.

"A Vala," by Olaf Bjorkman, is a grim figure, which it would be impossible to pass without notice. It is slightly exaggerated in length, to which perhaps is due the tense straining upward of the whole figure. Herbert Adams shows a portrait bas-relief of Miss Peggy Gantt; J. E. Fraser, a portrait head of a fountain; Karl Bitter, two memorial tablets and a portrait, and S. E. Fry, a portrait of the Rev. Dr. F. Brush.

OFTEN the "Academy Room," small and evilly lit as it is, contains many of the best pictures. This year it has but few. A couple of good portraits by John C. Johansen and Ben Ali Haggin are ruthlessly jammed into an insufficient space at the end of the room. J. Campbell Phillips' "Grandmother" is hung almost out of sight in the corner. Wilfrid G. van Glehn's picture "The Singer" is hard and unpleasant. Alonzo Kimball's glaring portrait of Mrs. K. is hung in the central panel near the entrance, and on the same wall is a portrait of August Jaccaci, by Mary Foote, which is not interesting, though possibly a faithful portrait. Harry Hoffman shows a large landscape, and James Preston one so small as to be almost invisible. George Bellows is certainly doing himself an injustice by giving to the public his picture, "Girl in Blue and White." It would have been much better from every point of view had his other exhibit, a small portrait, been put in the more prominent place. The two portraits of men by Eugene Speicher and Irving Wiles, hanging near one another, are food for reflection on the conservative manner of painting which still survives all the sporadic outbursts of impressionism and post-impressionism. Wiles is the better example, though Speicher is a good and dependable painter. His portrait of Mrs. Speicher leaves one better satisfied as to the existence of the back of his sitter's head, than does his man's portrait. Mr. Wiles' little canvas, "Reflections," is clean and sparkling.

Frederick Frieseke has sent two canvases which make a point of interest in the galleries in which they are hung, the one called "Youth" being superior to the other. They give us a point of view which is not common, to the American mind at least, and while not



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"ON THE HILLTOP," FROM A
PAINTING BY H. M. WALCOTT.



WILLIAM SULZER, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK,
FROM A PAINTING BY LEO MIELZINER.



"THE SISTERS," FROM A PAINTING BY FRANCIS JONES.



"PORTRAIT OF LOUISA," FROM A PAINTING BY MARY GREENE BLUMENSCHN.

PICTURES AND SCULPTURE OF NINETEEN-TWELVE

great creations, they have a freshness and decorative quality distinctly valuable.

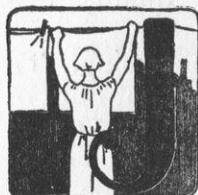
The number of women who can paint seems to be increasing. To find in one small gallery the work of two women worthy, not only of notice, but attention, is an occurrence of recent years only. One of these is Alice Kent Stoddard's "Head of a Boy." Mary Green Blumenschein shows two canvases, "Valentine," slight but able, and "A Portrait of Louisa," which is decorative, spirited and well painted. "The Gray Kimono" by Annie Traquair Lang is not in the same class.

"Old New York," as seen by Paul Cornoyer, seems a dingier, dustier place than our New York. At the end of the center gallery hangs a portrait of Governor William Sulzer which suggests the uncertainties of the campaign rather than the recent triumphs in Albany. A. H. Gorson, Hayley-Lever and Philip Little show vigorous canvases; Gorson's particularly is luminous and fine.

IN the Vanderbilt gallery hang the three prize pictures—William Chase's "Portrait of Mrs. H.," Irving Couse's "Making Pottery," and Ernest Blumenschein's "Wise Man, Warrior and Youth," the last named being the best of the three. Some good pictures in the Vanderbilt gallery are by Chauncey F. Ryder, Gordon Ross, Jonas Lie, Arthur Becher, Karl Schmidt, and Ernest Ipsen. Lillian Genth's "Summer Afternoon" is a rarely beautiful picture, masterful, healthful and refreshing. Lydia Field Emmets' "Garden Girl" is a particularly bad example from the brush of one who has done so much better things. Lionel Walden shows a "Moonrise Over The Sea," a really wet sea, which is more than can be said of Mr. Waugh's two marines. Crusty and hard should not be adjectives applicable to marines. It is good to see the large canvas of Guy C. Wiggins' "New York City" hung in a place worthy of it, and that and the two fine canvases by Leopold Gould Seyffert make the central section of the gallery, so often occupied by dubious pictures by well known men, a pleasant place this year. Good portraits are few. Edgar Pearce indicates possibilities which almost amount to probabilities. Cecilia Beaux and William Chase are disappointing. In both cases the draperies and accessories show the craft which is almost subconscious, the head fading out of one's interest. In "The Girl in Green" Jean McLane is not at her best.

Probably the picture which stands for more in the world of painting than any other in the Academy is the small canvas "The Rose," by Charles Hawthorne, who, having passed through various technical phases in his art, has arrived at the destination of all real artists, the ability to express his spiritual conceptions unhampered by his medium.

A DESIGNER OF DAWNS: BY GERTRUDE RUSSELL LEWIS



ENNIE was the third girl. Mary had to have the new things because nothing made over could be large enough. When they were outgrown they went to Ann. When they were both outgrown and faded they came to Jennie. And Jennie loved color. The farm was poor and the father, an amiable if detached parent, was not a good manager. "It doesn't pay to plant cabbages when you can get a head like this for five cents," he said. His wife acquiesced, though she would have preferred to plant the five cents worth of seed and reap a handful of nickels such as she saw in her neighbor's palm as he made change.

Came then a man with a book of pictures of such tomatoes as never grew on sea or land: celery all bleached and tied in bunches for the market, currants like cherries, cherries like plums.

"Not a penny down. We plant and leave the trees and bushes ready to be cultivated. Of course as a matter of good faith you will sign this contract to carry out your share of the deal, but it won't require a dollar of capital and in three years you'll be on easy street."

It was so. In three years he was on the broad and easy road to the County Farm. For there was no intent of growth in the trees; they preferred to blossom in the catalogue and the contract amounted to a mortgage. At least the result was the same to both parties interested. Whereupon the father died as the easiest way out of an embarrassing situation, the mother struggled along, and the children came up any way.

Jane somehow learned the use of the needle and helped her neighbors at seventy-five cents a day. They all wore brown gingham and blue calico, with black and white for mourning. So did Jane. Jane saved samples of all the dresses she made. It was very hard to make them different. Once Jane would have had a white dress. It started with Mary and got as far as Ann. Poor Ann died and was ungrudgingly buried in it. But mainly the high-water mark in the little hamlet was the pink calico sun-bonnet.

When the Judge's daughter was married Jane did the underwear and thus acquired some pretty weaves in white dimity. The Judge's daughter had also a pink calico and a blue one and Jane made them and saved a sample of each. The Judge's wife just swept up the rest of the pieces and put them in a common rag bag, like ordinary calico.

Years slipped by and so did Jane, with the result of a broken hip and that time the way to the County Farm materialized and it was not an easy way. But it was effective. And then Jane took to quilts.

A DESIGNER OF DAWNS

The County supplied the material. It clothed its women in brown and white gingham in winter and blue and white calico, not light blue, in summer. Some of the checks were large and some were small. Sometimes, not often, there were stripes. In Chapel she heard of saints all clothed in white. "It must be lovely," she thought, "if it wasn't for the laundering."

And Jane, little and old and bent, patted out her blocks and arranged and re-arranged them, trying interminably to get variety out of the invariable.

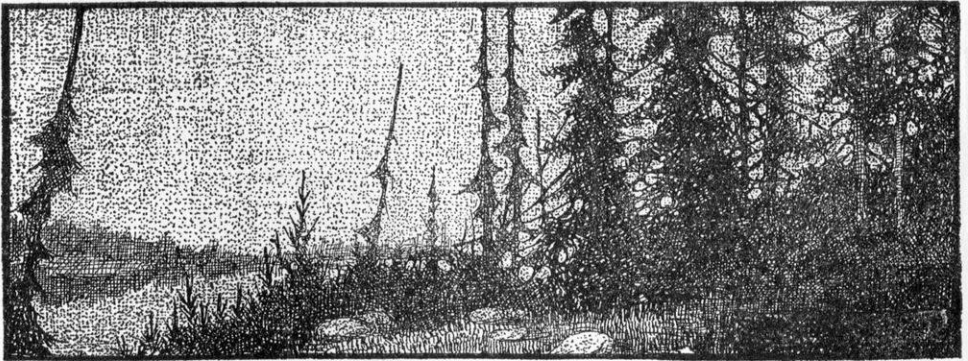
"If I only had some light patches," voiced her sole wish in life, and she left blank spaces, hoping. Sometimes she took out her pink and blue samples and laid them in the openings. But she did not sew them fast. It was well not to court the irrevocable.

At last she became very ill and the Chaplain came and ministered to her. She did not respond until he read to her about the saints arrayed in robes of white. She said something and he asked her to repeat it.

"It would be—lovely—but I'd rather have a—pink one—or a—blue one. I'd like—'em—different."

"What!" said the Chaplain. But he told his wife and she understood. And so did the Angel of the Resurrection.

"Pink or blue," he mused as he took her hand. "I think I'll make her a Designer of Dawns."





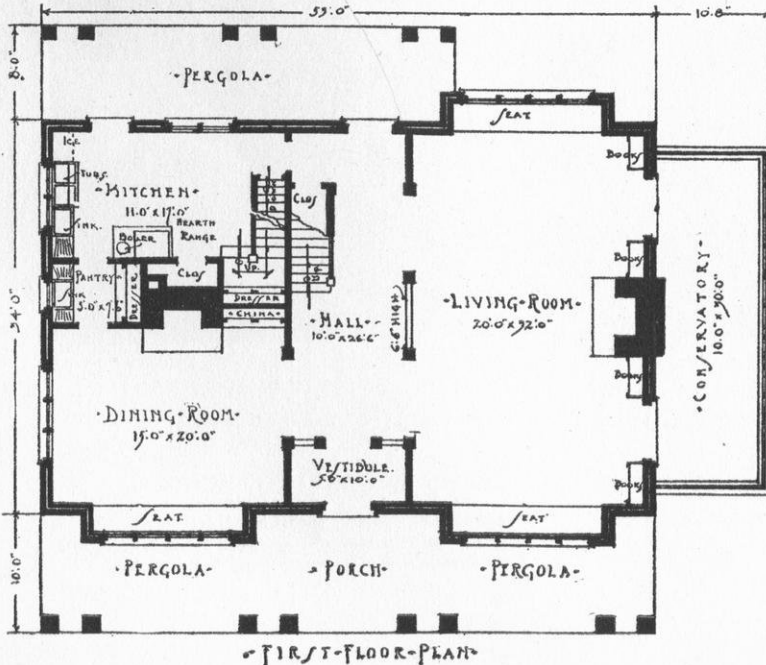
TWO ELEVEN-ROOM CRAFTSMAN HOUSES OF BRICK AND STUCCO, WITH UNUSUALLY PRACTICAL AND HOMELIKE FEATURES

A YEAR ago, in Washington, was built one of the most successful and certainly the largest and most completely modern of all our Craftsman houses—"Dumblane," which we are illustrating in the present issue of the magazine. This Southern home has proved a source of so much genuine comfort and enjoyment to its owners and satisfaction to ourselves, and has met with such keen appreciation from architects and laymen alike, that we have naturally wanted to design another along somewhat similar lines. But the majority of home-builders, of

course, would find such a residence too large as well as too elaborate and expensive for their needs, and so we have worked out a plan which embodies on a smaller scale some of the most attractive features of "Dumblane's" arrangement and design, and is at the same time sufficiently economical in construction to be within reach of moderate incomes. The result of our effort is shown here, in Craftsman House No. 153.

The exterior of the building is decidedly reminiscent of its larger predecessor. Its two and a half stories, with brick walls and shingled roof, have the same general outlines and solidity of proportion; while the inviting shelter of the long pergolas, the glass conservatory at the side, the pleasant groups of windows, the three dormers that break the roof lines in front and rear are all features which "Dumblane" and the present house share. And the interior of the latter, though different in the details of its planning, holds the same charm of wide spaces and airy, well lighted rooms that characterizes the larger residence.

As to the materials of House No. 153—"Tapestry" brick will of course give the richest and most distinctive effect; but if this cannot be had, very pleasing results can be obtained with ordinary clinker brick, provided good judgment is used in selection and laying. The more the brick vary in color, the more interesting the walls will be. As we have so often pointed



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 153.



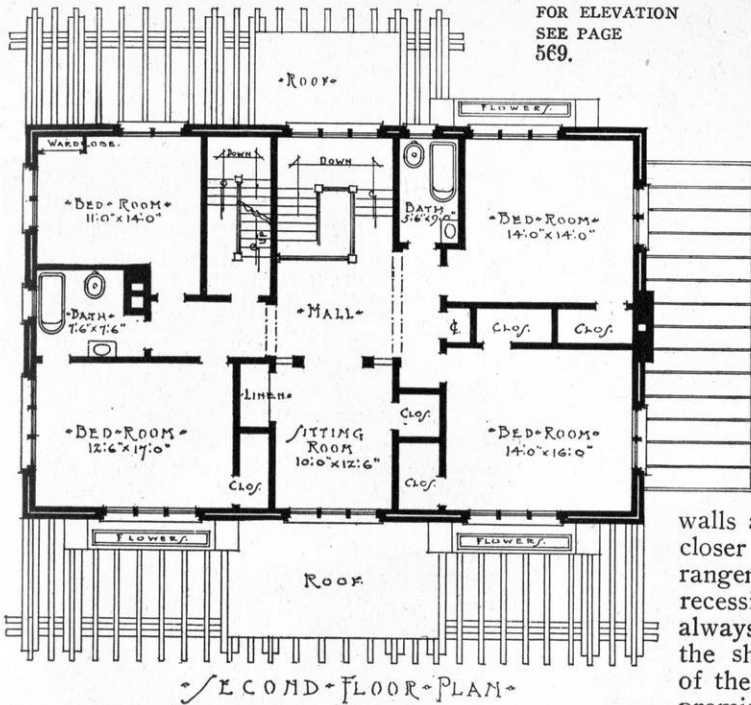
CRAFTSMAN BRICK HOUSE: NO. 153: WITH ELEVEN LIVING ROOMS, CONSERVATORY, PORCHES AND STORAGE ROOMS AND TWO BATHROOMS.



CEMENT CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NO. 154:
WITH ELEVEN LIVING ROOMS, TWO BATH-
ROOMS, FOUR STORAGE ROOMS AND PORCHES.

ELEVEN-ROOM CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

FOR ELEVATION
SEE PAGE
569.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 153.

out, one of the most important factors in the beauty of modern masonry is the wide joint which, especially with clinker brick, breaks up the surface in a very decorative way and prevents any look of monotony. Further details on this point will be found in an article in the December number of *THE CRAFTSMAN* (page 347), in which are given diagrams and descriptions of the various bonds and joints as well as formulas for mixing the mortar, furnished us by Mr. Fiske.

In the present instance, as the drawing shows, the only departure from the regular bond is in the arches above the windows, the header courses of brick between the second and top stories, the soldier courses in the window sills, tops of columns and balcony posts, around the edge of the cement porch floors and in the wall of the conservatory.

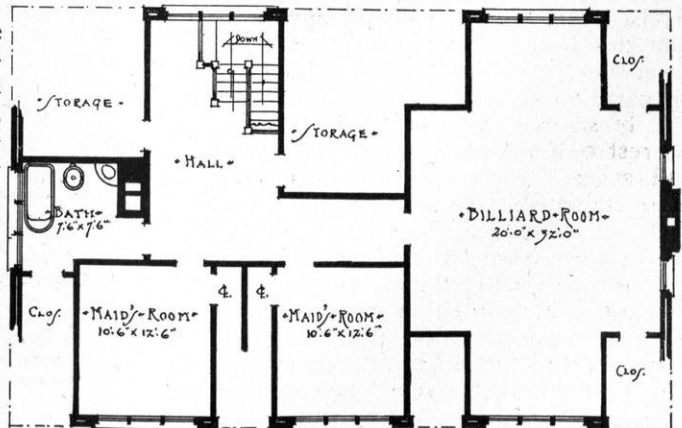
A practical point worth noting is the arrangement of the pergolas and porches so that sufficient shelter is provided without cutting off too much light from the windows. In

front, the entrance portion is roofed over, and in the rear the same construction is used at the hall door.

Much of the beauty of the exterior is due to the construction of the bay windows in front and the one in the rear, the brick posts of which are continued up to form the little balconies shown in the perspective view and second floor plan. These balconies, with the note of green shrubs in their boxes, lend a gracious touch to the plain brick

walls and help to link the house closer to the garden. This arrangement in front results in the recessing of the door, which is always a fortunate thing, for the sheltering and emphasizing of the entrance seems to hold a promise of cosiness and hospitality within.

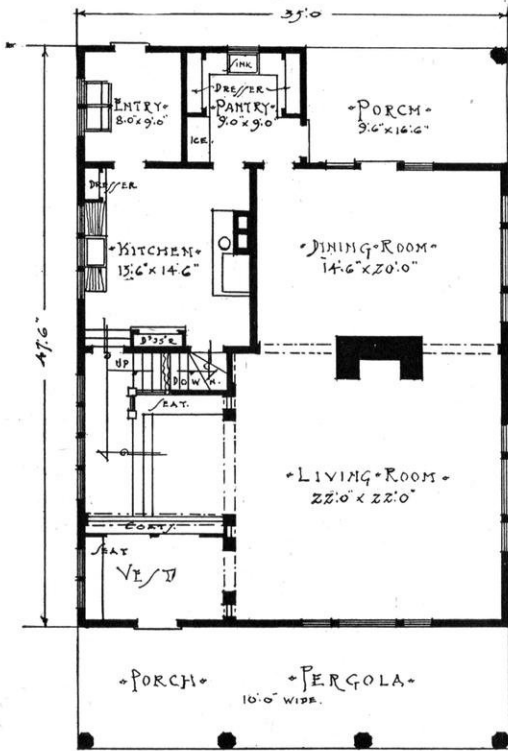
Stepping up onto the front pergola porch between the brick pillars, and passing through the vestibule, one finds oneself in a cheerful hall with wide openings on each side, through which the dining room and living room are seen. The hall itself leads back beneath the balcony formed by the stairs and landing, to a glass door opening on the rear porch—a particularly happy arrangement, for it gives a long garden vista as one enters the house.



ATTIC FLOOR PLAN

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 153.

ELEVEN-ROOM CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 154:
FOR ELEVATION, SEE PAGE 570.

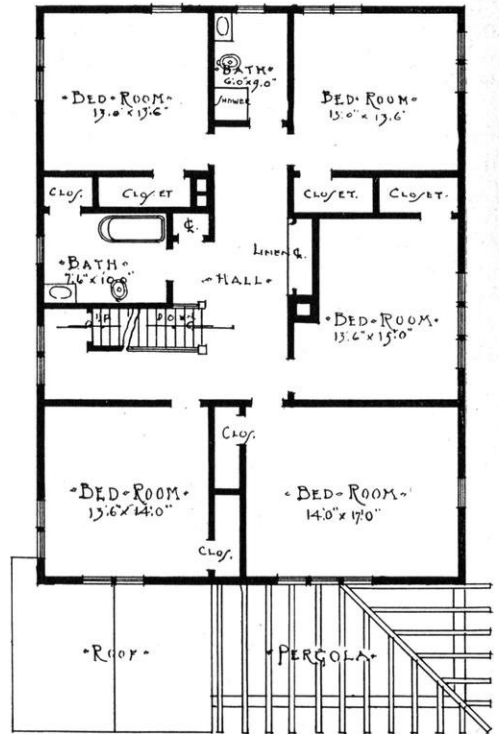
The staircase is especially interesting, as it is both practical in construction and decorative in appearance. The main stairs ascend from the hall over a large coat closet, to a landing lighted by a group of three windows, and then turn up four steps to the second-floor hall.

In addition to the opportunity afforded by the staircase for an effective use of woodwork, there is also, in the lower hall, a partition six and a half feet high which slightly screens the big living room from the rest of the plan, and affords sufficient wall space for a piano. If the typical Craftsman construction of posts and panels is used, with either a grille or a shelf and open space above the paneling, the effect will prove very pleasing. In any case, the wide openings on either side give a feeling of spaciousness to the interior, and permit the living room, hall and dining room to be used practically as one large room when there are many guests or a little dance is given.

How cheery and homelike a place this living room will prove can be easily imag-

ined when one notes the bay windows at each end with their deep seats, the open fireplace with bookcases on each side and glass doors leading to the conservatory. In fact we have rarely, if ever, planned a room with such an effective handling of wall spaces as that shown here. The conservatory is one of the most delightful features of the whole plan, for it is so placed that from almost any point in the rooms one has a glimpse of its greenery, and when one remembers the possibilities for vines afforded by the two long pergolas, the rooms seem brought in very close touch with the garden.

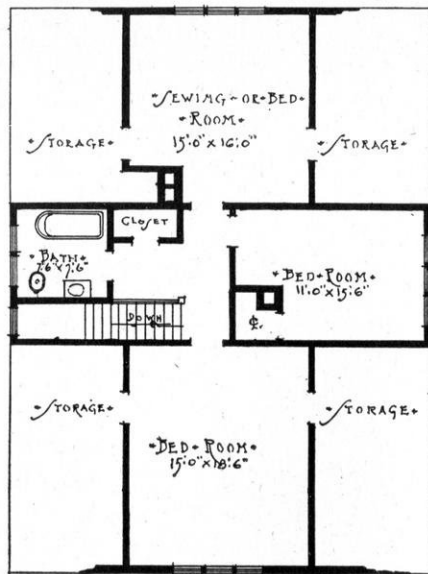
In the dining room is another fireplace with a built-in dresser on the right and the pantry on the left. The kitchen is conveniently planned with sink, drain boards, wash trays and ice-box along one side, dresser and closet against the dining-room partition, and the range so placed that its flue may use the same chimney as that of the dining-room fireplace. The back stairs go up from a landing in the kitchen, and the cellar stairs are placed below, while a door in the corner communicates with the rear hall.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 154.

ELEVEN-ROOM CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



• ATTIC FLOOR PLAN •

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 154.

The main staircase winds up to a central hall, very open and pleasant in arrangement, for it is lighted not only by the landing windows but also by those of the sitting room in front, which is separated from the hall by only a few panels and a post on either side of the wide opening. The ceiling beams which mark the lines of the partitions are also interesting features of the hall.

On the left are two bedrooms and bath, with plenty of closet room; the balconies and shrubs outside the windows adding as much charm to the rooms as they do to the outside walls. On the other side of the floor plan are two more bedrooms and bath, the latter being accessible from both the hall and the front bedroom, so that if desired it can be used as a private bathroom.

The kitchen stairs turn up from the rear half-way landing to an enclosed landing communicating with the hall on the second floor, and continue up to the top story. The convenience of this arrangement will be clear from a study of the plans.

The third floor comprises two maid's rooms and bath, a large billiard room and plenty of storage space beneath the roof, and the construction of dormers and gables is such that ample height is provided for the rooms and the roof line still kept low enough to preserve good proportions on the exterior.

In building from this design it should be kept in mind that much depends on the right exposure; the house should face west, so that the conservatory will be on the south.

THIS point should also be considered in building the second house, No. 154, for if a western exposure is chosen the recessed rear porch will face south and can then be glassed in for the winter to form a sun room, thus adding considerably to the living area.

For the construction of this house, which is also two and a half stories high, stucco on frame has been shown, with shingled roof and dormers, hewn posts for the porches and cement floors; but the design could be carried out successfully in other materials. In planning this building the general proportions and the placing of the various structural features have been worked out very carefully, so that the exterior, while as simple and economical as possible in construction, might be satisfying, architecturally, from every point of view. The arrangement of pergola and porch, the angle of the roof lines and placing of the dormers, the grouping of the windows—all of which are casement except the large fixed panes in the center of the downstairs groups—are decorative as well as practical parts of the exterior.

The entrance is roofed over and the front door leads into a good-sized vestibule with a window seat on the left and coat closets against the partition. On the right one enters the big square living room from which the stairs go up three steps on the left beside a recessed seat to a broad, well-lighted landing that is reached also from the kitchen.

The chimneypiece in the living room is unique, for it forms the only partition between that room and the dining room, the rest of the space being open, save for the ceiling beams on each side, which indicate the division. These openings permit a delightful vista from the living room through the glass door and windows that look out on the back porch. Screens can be used to shut off the dining room—preferably screens of wood panels or wood and leather, of some simple design that will harmonize with the Craftsman woodwork. This will give a touch of distinction to the rooms that will be very effective.

Owing to the location of the pantry it

ELEVEN-ROOM CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

will be almost impossible for any cooking odors to escape from the kitchen through the two swing doors into the dining room—an advantage that every housewife will appreciate. This pantry is lighted by a window on the rear, beneath which are the sink and drain boards, and two dressers are built in on either side.

The sink and drain boards in the kitchen are placed below the windows on the left, a dresser is provided in the corner, and there is also a cabinet beside which three steps lead up to the main staircase landing and permit ready access from the kitchen to the front door. On the other side of the cabinet is the door to the cellar stairs, but if no cellar is needed the space below the main staircase can be used for a closet.

In case the house is to be built without a cellar, we have shown a good-sized laundry behind the kitchen, fitted with wash trays and opening onto the garden. If the laundry is to be provided in the basement, this room can be turned into a corner porch which will be a pleasant place for the doing of many little tasks, and will give the maid or housekeeper a chance to be in the open air as much as possible. As in all our plans, various changes of this sort can be made to make the design fit individual and local needs, without interfering with the practicability and friendliness of the general scheme.

On the second floor are five bedrooms, a bathroom and toilet room with shower, all opening out of the hall. Each bedroom has a closet and there is also one in the bathroom, another for brooms just outside, and a linen closet in the hall. The arrangement of windows affords plenty of cross-ventilation, and the hall is lighted by two windows on the left.

On the third floor are three bedrooms and bath, headroom being provided by the dormers in front and rear and the gables at each side. Here also there is ample closet and storage room. In fact, this house, like the first one, has been worked out as compactly and economically as possible, consistent with good construction and homelike, comfortable arrangement.

In each of these houses, as in every Craftsman design, a great deal of charm may be given to the interior by an appropriate use of woodwork and built-in fittings and a careful planning of wall spaces and openings. This is especially true of the lower floor plan, which is naturally

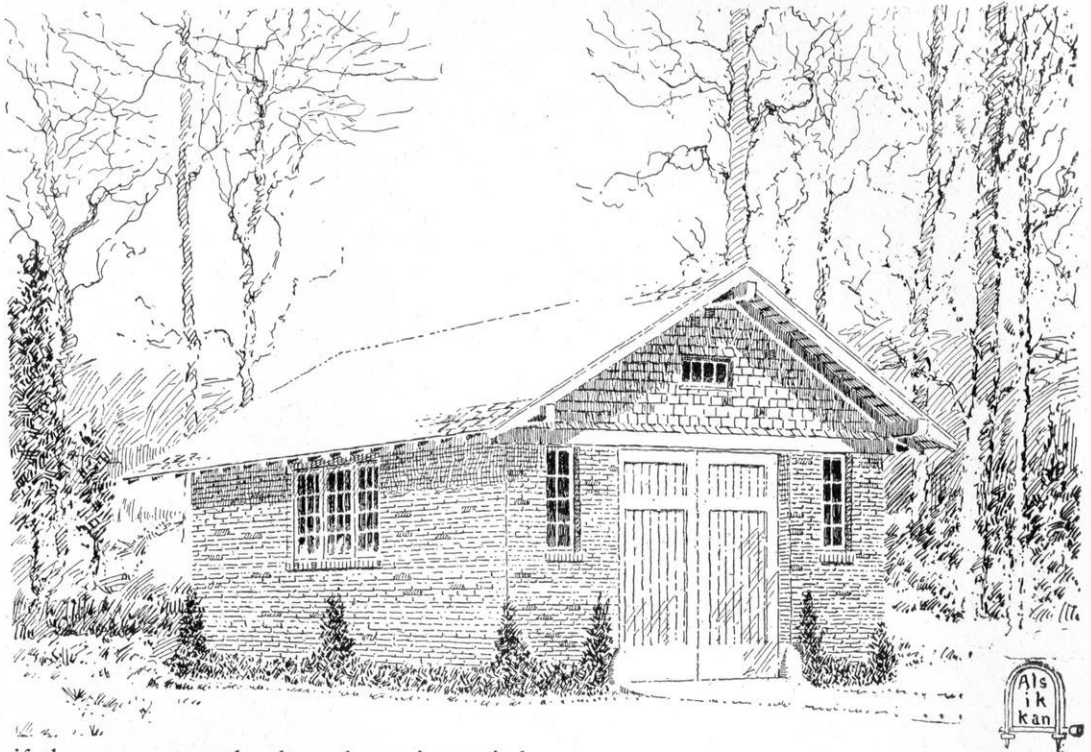
more open and original in arrangement and so lends itself more readily to decorative treatment. The details and designs of the different structural features indicated in these plans may be worked out in various simple but ornamental ways, according to the personal taste of the owner, and will afford a surprisingly wide range of individual expression. The use of high or low wainscots of either panels or V-jointed boards will add to the friendliness of the rooms, and if the lines of doors and windows are considered in relation to the wall divisions very distinctive results can be attained. So far as possible, natural structural lines should be adhered to, for these are the most satisfying in the long run. There is a certain sincere, primitive feeling about decoration based on construction which is very homelike and more restful than purely ornamental workmanship.

For the hall, living room and dining room we find that the most suitable woods are oak or chestnut, cypress, ash or elm, as their comparatively coarse texture and definite grain give them a look of rugged frankness that is extremely attractive and convincing. They seem to remind one of the forest from which they came, and to suggest the spirit of hospitality, comradeship and good cheer which one expects to find in a comfortable, democratic American home.

Upstairs, where privacy rather than openness is the characteristic of the plan, and where the hangings and decorations are somewhat more delicate in both material and coloring than those below, the woods most in keeping are those having a finer and less pronounced grain and smoother surface. Maple, beech, birch and gumwood are among the kinds best fitted for use here.

Much of the beauty of woodwork depends of course upon the way in which the wood is stained, and we feel always that the most pleasing effects are obtained when the natural beauty and interest of grain and texture are retained, and enhanced by deepening the color and protecting the surface with a soft, mellow finish—preferably some shade of brown, brownish green or gray. A note of variety may be given to a room by staining the floor and woodwork brown and the doors and window trim olive green. The result is harmonious as well as unique—particularly

ELEVEN-ROOM CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



if the same general color scheme is carried out in the rugs and draperies.

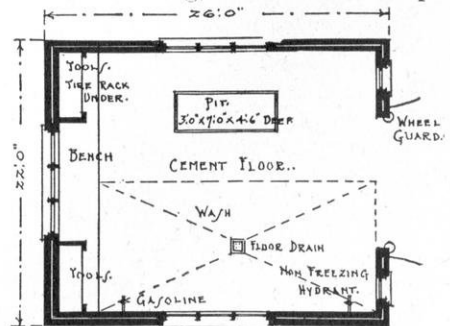
MANY of our subscribers have written to us recently asking whether we can help them by furnishing plans and descriptions of garages, either individually or through the pages of the magazine. We have therefore decided to publish this month drawings of two garages that will not only be suitable for building in connection with the Craftsman houses presented this month, but would be available for almost any place where one or two automobiles are to be kept.

The first garage, like House No. 153, is built of brick. Hollow walls are used, and the roof as well as the gables are shingled. A heavy beam extends across each gable, emphasizing the low effect of the overhanging roof, and louvres or sash are provided in the gables for ventilation purposes, allowing the escape of gasoline fumes, etc. As the drawing shows, the exterior of the building will harmonize admirably with the first Craftsman home illustrated here, and it is so simple in construction that it would be in keeping with any house where an unaffected architectural style was used.

This garage is 22 by 26 feet, and is

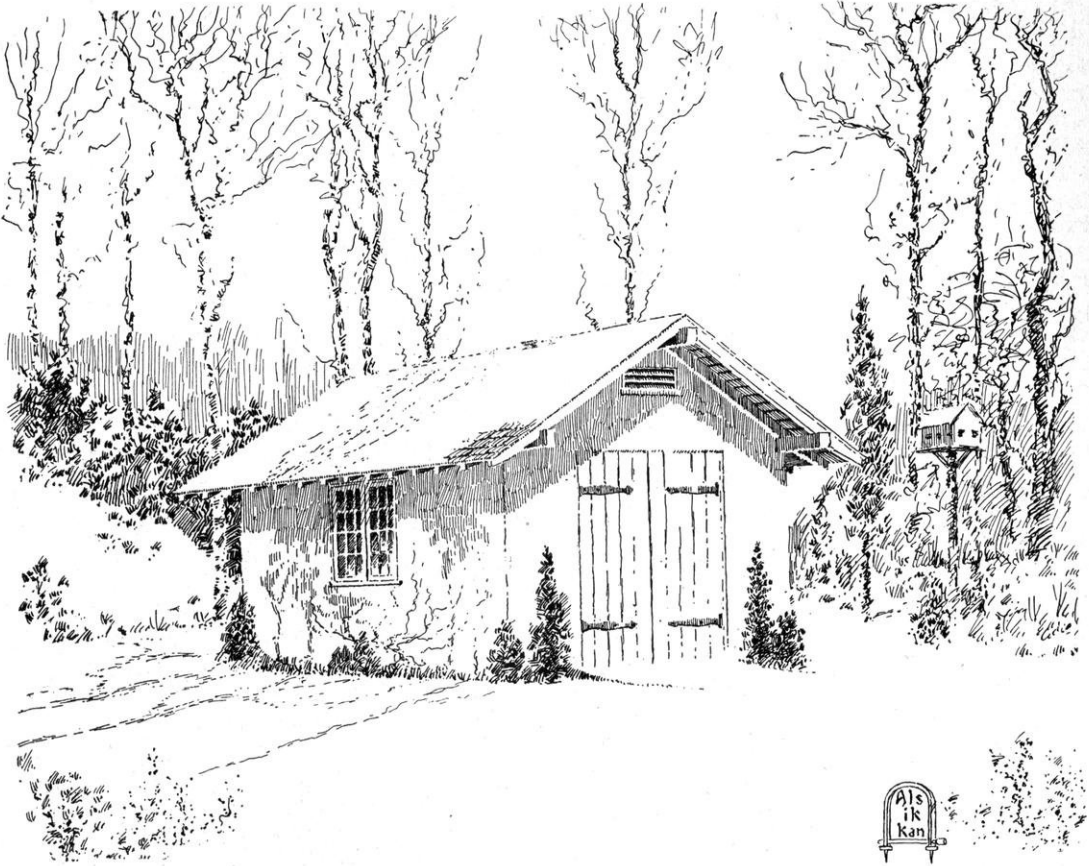
GARAGE FOR CRAFTSMAN BRICK HOUSE NO. 153.

planned for two cars. At one end, beneath the windows, is a work bench with a tool cabinet at each end and a tire rack below. A pit is provided to allow access to the machinery under the car, and the floor pitches to the drain, as indicated by dotted lines. The entrance is provided with wheel guards and can be closed by sliding doors, and a small window is placed on each side. These, in addition to the three groups of mullion windows in the other walls, give ample light to the interior. The gasoline would be stored in an underground tank outside the building, connected with a pump



- FLOOR PLAN -

ELEVEN-ROOM CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



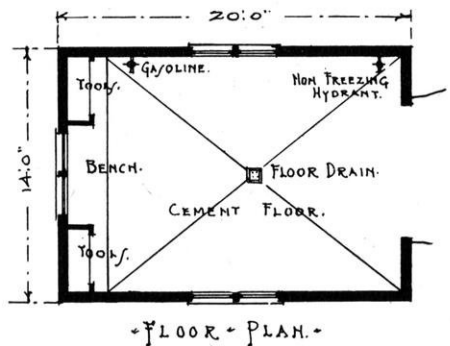
GARAGE FOR CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE NO. 154, inside, and water would be supplied through a non-freezing hydrant.

The second garage could be built in connection with Craftsman House No. 154 or in any other location where stucco construction was desired. This garage is smaller than the first, being intended for only one car, and swing doors with strap hinges are used instead of sliding doors. There is no pit here, and the drain is located centrally with the floor pitching from each corner as shown; otherwise the equipment is much the same as in the preceding design.

In building these garages, their placing will be governed partly by the layout of the garden and driveway and partly by the proportions and angles of the main residence, and the use of shrubs and vines will of course do much to make them attractive as well as practical features of the grounds.

More and more we are coming to feel that the automobile is no longer a luxury in which only the very rich can indulge. It is taking its place in our modern lives as a

practical convenience for people of comparatively moderate means, who wish to enjoy the wholesomeness of country living and yet be within reach of the city, their place of work. So we find the automobile increasing in popularity among such folk, for it is just the connecting link they need. And with the growing desire for simpler and more beautiful houses, comes the need for equally simple and practical garages, which will be a welcome architectural feature of these small estates.



CRAFTSMAN ARCHITECTURE: HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE

THE reason that Craftsman furniture met with such a wonderful popular response from the very day that it was first exhibited at the Pan-American Exposition, is that Craftsman furniture represented to its designer not a concrete thing, but an ideal. It was to Gustav Stickley one of the factors of a natural, simple and honest environment which he believed necessary to right living. Because of this concept of right environment his thoughts were directly led to the larger question of suitable homes for the people.

He realized the seriousness of the home-building problem; the social and economic dangers arising from the common type of domestic architecture as it then existed; the usual mistakes of the home-builder trying to outdo his neighbor, and the false standards of living which have their foundation in the false standards of home building.

As a result he has evolved the type of architecture which occupies a position in this field as distinctive and permanent as does Craftsman furniture in the field of furniture design.

The features of a Craftsman house which cause it to stand out from all other are plainly distinguishable. The ruling principle is simplicity. Simplicity spells economy; elaborate ornamentation is eliminated by the Craftsman method of interior treatment. The greatest economy of all, however, is the permanent quality of the Craftsman home. A Craftsman house should stand for a hundred years or more without requiring repairs. In fact, for many years a Craftsman house will increase in value and beauty without impairment, and use will give it a softness and friendliness which will constantly add to its value. The simple lines of a Craftsman house give to it a dignity and distinction which react most favorably upon the life and character of the family. In effect, it is designed to answer the question, "What are the needs of the family?" Not an inch of floor space is wasted. The household machinery is simplified to the last degree. The principles of cleanliness and sanitation are recognized, and it is sought to provide the housewife with an equipment which will make the occasions when she must

face the problems of housework less onerous.

In exterior treatment the Craftsman house is linked as closely as possible with the ground on which it stands, and in every detail it is our endeavor to make the home an harmonious unit in its environment.

Because of these cardinal principles of construction, and because Craftsman work in home-building has become so generally recognized, the word "Craftsman" as applied to a house, is a hall mark of quality adding several hundred dollars to the security of the builder's investment, as well as making his property a "gilt edged" basis for credit.

The number of homes built from Craftsman plans runs into the thousands each year. They are built in all parts of the world, from Alaska to the Fiji Islands. People who have looked to us in the first instance to supply them with plans for homes of this kind, naturally turn to **THE CRAFTSMAN** for further information as problems of house furnishing, home equipment, landscaping and gardening arise. With the idea of helping Craftsman subscribers to the limit of his ability in the creation of a home environment along the lines laid out, Mr. Stickley now undertakes the extension of Craftsman Service as announced in this number. The service is for subscribers only, not because it is a premium with a subscription to **THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine**, but because no one who is sincerely interested in these problems will miss a single issue of **THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine**.

THE CRAFTSMAN has no quarrel with other types of architecture. We wish simply to state the features which distinguish Craftsman homes. These principles we advocate. The many people who may desire other sorts of homes we cannot serve, but for the man who desires a Craftsman home, the reasons for coming to us are as patent as for applying to a particular artist for a picture, when one of his particular compositions is desired. We do not desire to help in the building of all the homes in the land, but merely those where the builder believes in the principles of home life for which Gustav Stickley stands.

WOMEN AS HOME FIREMEN

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO TO PREVENT FIRES IN THE HOME: AGNES ATHOL

"THE place where a fire can't occur is the place where one generally starts," a fire expert has said. Fire prevention, like charity, begins at home. If each individual residence is built as safely as possible in the first place, protected from the fire danger by complete and efficient apparatus, and constantly maintained in order by good housekeeping, the mysterious occurrence of dwelling house fires is reduced to a minimum.

Every woman can and should take two simple precautions in her own home. The first is to install one or more fire pails. They should be painted red and labeled FIRE. They should be kept constantly full of water and in an accessible position. The second precaution is to have a regular inspection of all places where rubbish is likely to accumulate. Dirt and rubbish help to start a fire. A spark from any source, a match thrown away, a dropped cigar or cigarette, any increased heat, any direct cause of fire is enabled to do its work admirably provided the rubbish is at hand to serve as kindling.

The woman who prides herself on her good housekeeping will see that all yards, corners, areas, closets, garrets, cellars, and other store-rooms are regularly and completely cleaned out. She will look under stairways and steps, behind radiators and ranges. She will make a list of the places in her house where rubbish has been found, and when making inspections, check off these places to make sure no spot has been overlooked. Whitewashing is excellent for dark and dingy rubbish places. Not only does it reflect more light, but is in itself a fire-retarding material.

An especial feature of danger in the home is the necessity for a certain amount of storage. The number of old and unused articles stored away should be reduced at every spring cleaning. Sentiment must not be allowed to play a dangerous part in the retention of unnecessary and inflammable souvenirs.

To prohibit storage altogether is an extreme measure, but that is what the fire inspector would like to do. Don't use the cellar, whatever you do. Most dangerous

fires start in the basement and spread through the house. If you must store at all in the house use an isolated ground floor room. Of course, if you have none that will answer, the attic must be made to do. It is a bad place, however, because it often gets so hot. All the warm air in the house rises to the top floor, the sun beats upon the roof, and often the chimney passes directly through. Spontaneous combustion is very likely to occur.

Ventilation will help to reduce the temperature. Don't have open boxes or barrels containing paper or inflammable goods. Nail covers on them all. Get rid of old mattresses. Arrange your storage room so that you can move about freely when making inspections. Watch for matches in mice nests, and fires that may start from matches left in clothing.

Oily rags and floor-cloths, even in the working department of the household, are a frequent source of fire by spontaneous combustion. It requires but a slight amount of heat to release from certain substances gases that will unite very readily with oxygen and produce flame. Animal and vegetable oils such as linseed oil, used in most paints, cottonseed oil, machine oil, are household accessories particularly susceptible to any increase in temperature, and in combination with inflammable materials like cotton will take fire of themselves. Keep oily rags and mops in closed metal receptacles.

Never have store closets in halls or under or near stairways or any other shafts. Do not block up the stairs with ornaments, trunks, plants, or impedimenta of any kind. Remember that the stairway is your fire escape. Never make it easy for a fire to reach the stairs and cut off your exit.

Oils, paints, grease and fats should be stored, if at all, outside the house. Under no circumstances should they be kept in the basement or cellar or close to the stairs. Burn up ham bags, butter or lard paper, greasy cloths from dishes, sewing machines, lamps or fresh paint. Do not put them with any other rubbish. The furnace is the only safe place.

If you must use benzine, take it out of doors. Other cleansing fluids are on the market, approved as absolutely non-inflammable. Keep your benzine can labeled. Do not mistake it for kerosene. The vapor given off by benzine and its first cousins, naphtha and gasoline, travels everywhere,

WOMEN AS HOME FIREMEN

and sinks instead of rising. It seeks light or fire of itself in rooms distant from the one in which it is used. A draft is necessary to get rid of this vapor. The open window is not enough.

The gas given off by kerosene oil collects in the bowl above the oil, and an explosion occurs if it is reached in any way by flame. It seems almost an insult to an intelligent reader to give rules about kerosene lamps. Nevertheless let us comment upon the value of keeping them clean, well wiped off, and *filled*, so that the vapor has no place to form. When filling a lamp that has just been burning, never go within fifteen feet of other lights or fire, lest the already overheated vapor should travel and explode. Buy oil with a high flash test (120° Fahrenheit) if you can get it. And never, never, fill a lamp while it is lighted.

Smoking is responsible for many fires in homes. As we cannot eliminate the smoker, he should be made to observe careful habits. Lighted match sticks, cigar or cigarette stubs, and pipe ashes, carelessly thrown into the waste paper basket, cause frequent home fires. The use of any but the safety match cannot be too strongly condemned. Smoking in bed is an atrocity which should never be tolerated. Metal receptacles should be provided for burnt matches.

Ashes and cinders should be kept separate from everything else. Metal cans with covers are the only proper ash receivers. Watch the ash-pile, for it will take fire of itself. If you have an ash-chute from your kitchen to your basement, make sure that it is metal lined before you use it. Every shaft from the cellar should be cut off from the upper stories by an automatically closing metal trap.

All ordinary cooking or heating stoves should have iron legs to raise them above the floor which in turn should be covered underneath the stove with metal, brick or cement. Three feet of clear space ought to be left around all stoves. If you cannot spare so much, put up a metal shield higher than the stove, and even then allow eighteen inches for safety. Bright tin, hung on screw hooks about an inch away from the wall, so as to provide an air space, is the best shield.

A gas stove should be isolated in the same way. Rubber gas tubing is bad in every way; it wastes the gas, catches fire, leaks. Flexible metal tubing can be bought in its place.

Broken plaster near stoves or ranges, or indeed anywhere in your house, holes in floors, broken and worn out boards, broken cellar windows and skylights, are all passageways for fire once started.

Drying clothes near the range is to be condemned. Many fires originate in the laundry, especially when the ironing is hung about the over-heated room to dry.

Be sure that the smoke pipes are spark tight. The ends of the sections should fit into each other at least three inches. Bends and turns are needed to kill sparks. Pipes should enter the chimney at right angles—horizontally. Do not run pipes through wood floors, ceilings, or partitions of lath and plaster, or through any place where the pipe is not always in plain sight. Cover unused flue openings with metal stoppers or brick them up.

If the furnace is a large one coming within eighteen inches of the cellar ceiling the floor beams should be protected with sheets of tin or zinc.

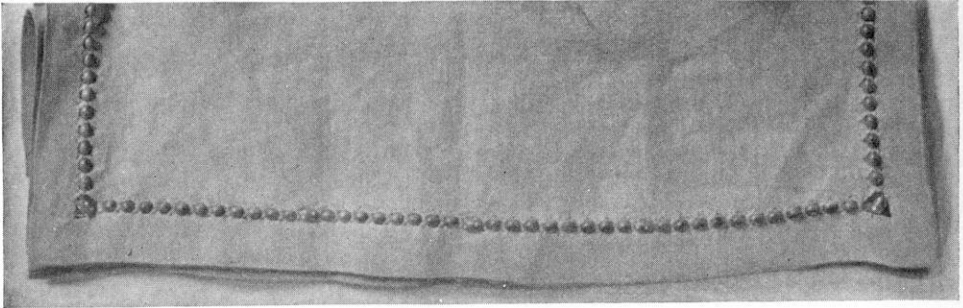
Electricity is comparatively safe if the cords are watched for worn places and if the wiring has not been tampered with since its installation and approval by the authorities. Home-made additions to it may not only be dangerous, but may invalidate the insurance policy, which stipulates that the holder shall not take knowing risks.

Other information relating to the prevention of fire in the home may be had by any woman who writes to the National Board of Fire Underwriters in Chicago. If a woman wants to buy a new oil stove or a cleaning fluid or a chemically treated mop, the Underwriters' Laboratory will send her a list of those manufacturers whose products have been tested and found satisfactory. She can obtain for the asking a list of all approved protective appliances such as extinguishers and automatic sprinklers. For five dollars she can join, or get her library to join, the National Fire Protection Association and receive bulletins containing reliable and up-to-date information on every phase of this very vital and important topic. There is great compensation for efforts put forth to safeguard from fire.

A HINT TO BUILDERS

See to it that your house is made mouse-proof, as well as fire-proof, for it is very easily done and is well worth looking after. Talk it over with your carpenter.

THE YEAR'S PROGRESS IN NATIVE CRAFTS



HEAVY LINEN TABLECLOTH WITH BORDER OF BEADS, MADE BY JULIA B. KELLOGG.

THE YEAR'S PROGRESS AMONG AMERICA'S CRAFTSMEN

LOVERS of good craftsmanship found much that was interesting and worth while at the Sixth Annual Exhibition of the National Society of Craftsmen, held in New York during December in the galleries of the National Arts Club. More than fifteen hundred exhibits were displayed, including jewelry, metal work and pottery, bookbinding and illuminating, leather work and wood carving, textiles, embroidery and basketry, sent in from various parts of the country. The collection, on the whole, was a representative one, and while there were

points to criticise as well as to admire, it certainly gave a bird's eye view of the year's progress, and showed how earnestly and sincerely our craft workers in America are striving to infuse once more into the small commonplace objects of life as well as into the more luxurious details, that feeling of individuality, that charm of coloring and



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF BEAD DECORATION ON RUSSIAN CRASH, THE WORK OF JULIA B. KELLOGG.

form, and that thoroughness of workmanship which the invasion of modern machinery has so largely swept away.

In selecting exhibits for illustration here, we have chosen what seemed to us the most original as well as the finest examples of craftsmanship, in which there is uniqueness without eccentricity and decorative quality without ornateness. And while there were many other delightful pieces which space would not permit us to

BAG OF NATURAL-COLORED RUSSIAN CRASH SHOWING A NOVEL USE OF BEAD DECORATION AND DRAWN WORK: DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY JULIA B. KELLOGG.

THE YEAR'S PROGRESS IN NATIVE CRAFTS

reproduce, we feel that those we are showing indicate the lines along which the greatest success was achieved, from both a practical and artistic standpoint. At any rate, they should prove a source of inspiration to all who are trying to bring back beauty into the homes and lives of the people.

One of the most distinctive features of the exhibition was the textile and embroidery display, which ranged from designs of elaborate detail to those of great simplicity. Among those which pleased us most by their unpretentious treatment and decorative feeling were the two bags of natural-colored Russian crash shown here—the work of Julia B. Kellogg. It would be difficult to imagine a more appropriate or-

nement for this sturdy material than these simple beads (dull brown and deep yellow in one bag, black and green in the other), sewed so cleverly between the drawn threads. The dark cords are tipped with yellow Venetian beads brightened by a touch of gilt, and the somewhat primitive air of the whole increases rather than detracts from the charm.

The table square, of finer weave, also shows a border of dull brown beads with yellow ones brightening each corner, and in the same collection we found a pair of portières with hems similarly weighted with beads, that suggested in what a variety of ways this form of decoration could be used.

Another item of unusual interest was the

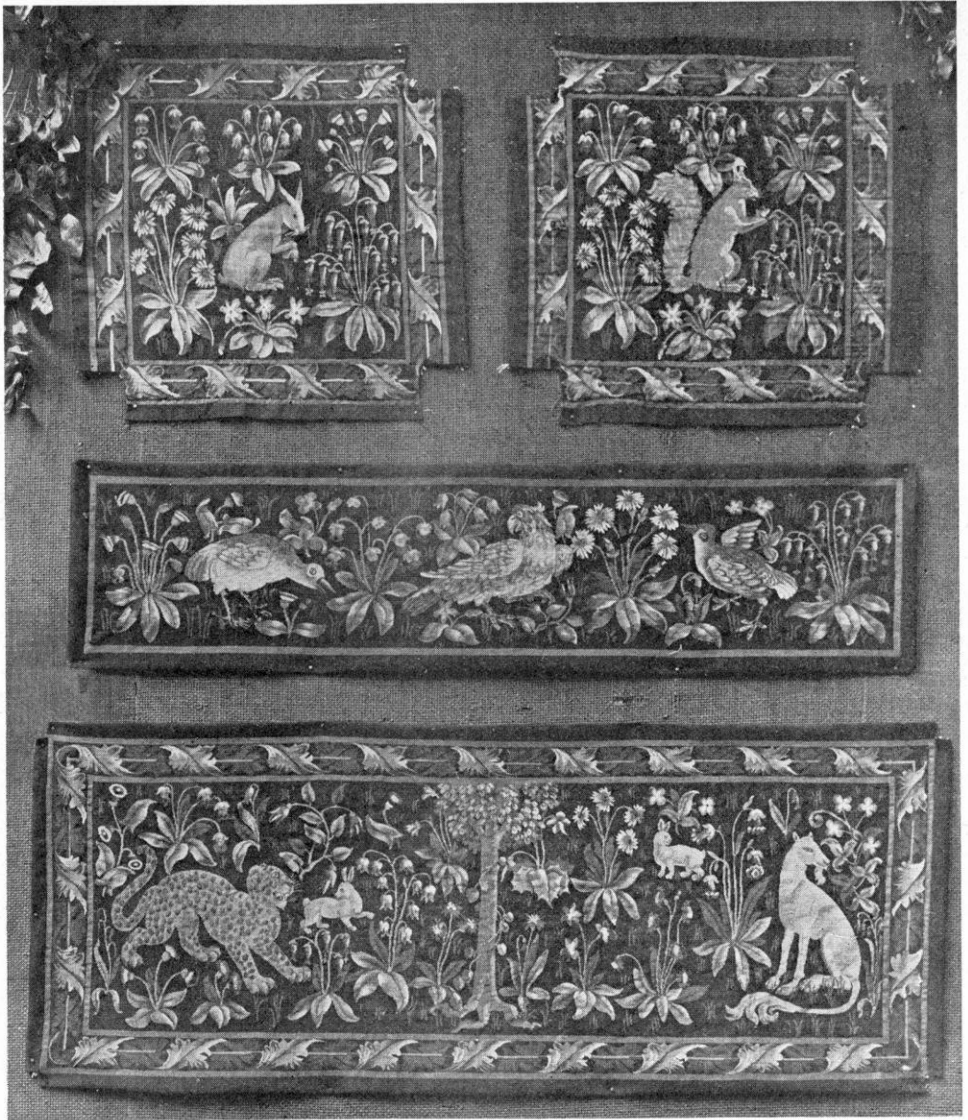
UNIQUE EXAMPLES OF BLOCK PRINTING AND EMBROIDERY: THE TWO BAGS AT THE TOP ARE THE WORK OF E. E. ABBOTT, THE CARD CASE AND TABLECLOTH WERE MADE BY HELEN K. TAYLOR, AND THE BAG IN THE LOWER CORNER BY ADELAIDE B. CRANDALL: IN EACH INSTANCE THE DESIGN IS PRINTED IN A GRAYISH TONE AND BRIGHTENED BY VIVID TOUCHES OF SILK EMBROIDERY. THE EFFECT WHEN FINISHED, ESPECIALLY WHEN SEEN IN ARTIFICIAL LIGHT, WAS OF DESIGNS WORKED OUT IN SMALL BRILLIANT JEWELS.



THE YEAR'S PROGRESS IN NATIVE CRAFTS

combination of block printing and embroidery used on bags, card cases, table scarfs, cushions and garments of various materials. A number of these are illustrated here. In most cases the design was printed in a single color, usually some soft tone of gray or dull blue or brown, and the

Among the most charming examples of this work are the two little silk cloth bags shown at the top of the illustration, the work of E. E. Abbott. The designs, printed in gray, are touched up with silk embroidery in pale green, blue and orange, and the strings are decorated with blue



MODERN TAPESTRY FOR CHAIR COVERINGS. DESIGNED AND WOVEN BY WM. BAUMGARTEN & CO.—AN UNUSUAL COMBINATION OF RICH COLORING WITH WHIMSICALLY DECORATIVE DESIGNS.

points of interest emphasized by tiny dots or splashes of silk embroidery in some vivid color—orange, red, green, or purple. So skilfully was the work done that the effect reminded one of brilliant jewels in a dainty filigree setting.

and gold Venetian beads. The card case and tablecloth give one an idea of the exquisite delicacy of detail that characterizes the work of Helen K. Taylor. The card case, which is covered with natural-colored silk, carries a printed design in dark gray,

THE YEAR'S PROGRESS IN NATIVE CRAFTS



SILVERWARE OF REMARKABLE SIMPLICITY AND BEAUTY: THE BOWL AND SPOON ON THE LEFT ARE FROM THE POND STUDIOS, THE SMALL BOWL WITH TURQUOISES SET IN THE RIM IS BY ROBERT DULK, THE CENTRAL COPPER BOWL WITH ENAMEL LINING IS BY F. J. MARSHALL, THE SILVER BOWL WITH HANDLE IS THE WORK OF E. MACOMBER, AND THE JEWEL CASSET ON THE RIGHT WAS DESIGNED BY MRS. WILLIAM PAYNE.

embroidered in red, green and purple silk; while the medallion printing on the tablecloth of similar material is enriched by small embroidered dots in half a dozen different colors—vivid enough when examined closely, but blending at a little distance into a soft harmony. The bag shown on the left is by Adelaide B. Crandall, and is made of gray linen with an all-over pattern in block printing studded with little red dots of silk embroidery. An additional

kimonos suggested in how many ways this method may beautify our draperies.

Turning from the textiles to the silverware, we were delighted to find that this field of craft work evinced signs of definite progress. Most of the pieces showed excellent workmanship and a fine appreciation of the latent possibilities of this adaptable metal, and at the same time each design was worked out with remarkable restraint. In fact, there was only a very



THE THREE BRONZE BOXES SHOWN HERE ARE THE WORK OF F. J. MARSHALL, AND SHOW A VERY DECORATIVE USE OF RICHLY COLORED ENAMEL IN THE LIDS: THE SPOON ON THE LEFT IS FROM THE POND STUDIOS AND THAT ON THE RIGHT IS BY H. S. WHITBECK.

touch of interest is lent by the strips of copper at the top, through which the cord is passed. Altogether, it is an unusual example of craftsmanship.

Some interesting specimens of modern tapestry were also shown—chair coverings, designed and woven by Wm. Baumgarten & Co. The pattern is in pale browns, reds and greens with a touch of light blue, on a deep blue ground, and as the illustrations show there is an odd little whimsical air about the birds and animals that gives an unexpected touch of humor.

The silk "tied and dyed" work, of which numerous pieces were shown, was another worth-while feature of the exhibition, and in its application to scarfs, table covers and

slight attempt at ornamentation; beauty was sought rather in good proportion, graceful line and an emphasizing of the points of interest in some simple yet subtle way—by the twist of a handle, the placing of a stone, a notch in the rim of a bowl.

We are showing here a bowl and a couple of spoons which give some impression of the quality of work done in the Pond Studios, and a spoon with filigree handle by H. S. Whitbeck which shows carefully wrought detail. The silver bowl with indented rim and twisted handle, by E. Macomber, the one on the left by Robert Dulk, with the three turquoises set in the rim, and the silver jewel casket by Mrs. William Payne, with topaz set in the lid

THE YEAR'S PROGRESS IN NATIVE CRAFTS

and lined with pale yellow silk, are all distinguished by unusual simplicity, too full of grace, however, to be severe.

A note of rich color was lent to this collection by the presence of several specimens of enameled metal work, including three circular bronze boxes by F. J. Marshall, of which the reproductions can only give a faint suggestion. The lid of one box carries a parrot design in luminous green tones against a mauve background; the second shows the figure of a girl in warm red on a ground of green, while the third displays the sweeping lines of a peacock, with all the vivid natural colors blending into a harmonious unit. A number of copper bowls of various sizes, lined with enamel in green, orange and red, suggested another practical as well as beautiful combination of materials.

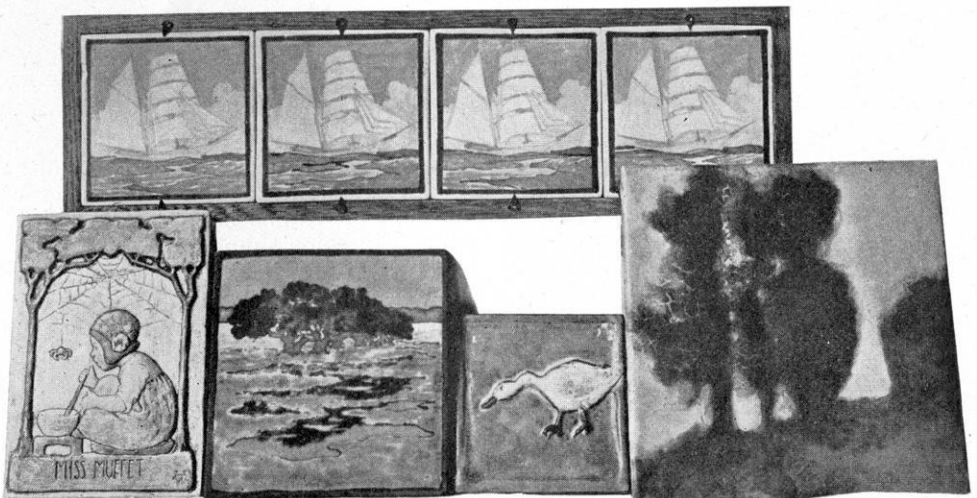
Much of the pottery was already familiar to the visitor, having been displayed at the preceding exhibition, but among the new pieces were many examples from the Marblehead, Volkmar and Penman Hardenbergh kilns. The three Marblehead vases reproduced here showed an especially



THREE MARBLEHEAD VASES SHOWING A PLEASING USE OF SIMPLE ANIMAL AND BIRD DESIGNS IN SOFT COLORS AND FAINTLY SUGGESTED OUTLINES.

pleasing use of simple animal and bird designs in soft tones of green, brown, blue and yellow. The tiles and plaques likewise showed an attractive use of color and design, reminding one how effective such little touches always prove in brightening a wall, a chimneypiece or a hearth.

The tiles by A. J. Hennessey, with the ivory sails of the ships against a dull blue sky and greenish sea, and the tile showing a clump of trees and pool in mellow tones of green, yellow and blue are both from the Marblehead kilns. The Volkmar tile shown on the right, with dark misty trees in dull green against a paler sky; the



MODERN TILES THAT HOLD MUCH CHARM OF COLOR AND DESIGN: THE SHIPS BY A. J. HENNESSEY AND THE LANDSCAPE BELOW ARE BOTH MARBLEHEAD PRODUCTS: THE CLUMP OF TREES ON THE RIGHT IS FROM THE VOLKMAR KILNS: THE GOOSE TILE IS BY L. WARING, AND THE PLAQUE OF "MISS MUFFET" IS THE WORK OF MRS. CORINE WOODRUFF, COPYRIGHTED.

THE YEAR'S PROGRESS IN NATIVE CRAFTS



TOURMALINE NECKLACE, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY HERBERT KELLEY: A SPECIMEN OF MODERN CRAFTSMANSHIP WHICH RANKS WITH THE WORK OF OLD WORLD MASTERS IN ITS BEAUTY OF DESIGN AND FINENESS OF DETAIL.

smaller tile by L. Waring, showing a gray goose on a dull green background, the outline emphasized by a touch of brownish green, and the plaque by Mrs. Corine Woodruff, with its faintly humorous little figure of the renowned Miss Muffet, which would be such a welcome addition to a nursery mantelpiece—these seemed to us some of the most successful exhibits in this branch of decorative art.

The jewelry collection, on the whole, was not distinguished by any great originality of feeling or remarkable technique. There were a few notable exceptions, however, among them the tourmaline necklace which we are reproducing, designed and executed by Herbert Kelley. This is a specimen of modern craftsmanship which recalls the work of the Old World masters in its beauty of design and fineness of detail. There was also a silver pendant by Mrs. J. P. Poullain, a silver and amber chain by E. F. Peacock, a brooch by Gustav Manz carrying a dragon fly design with opal wings, and a necklace and pendant, also by Mr. Manz, which showed an extraordinarily skilful use of an animal's head in exquisite leafy settings—an example of patient, con-

scientious craftsmanship that is rarely found nowadays.

We were especially pleased to find in the gallery a collection of wrought-iron work contributed by Samuel Yellin, whose name and achievements are already familiar to readers of THE CRAFTSMAN.

Another group which attracted attention was the Sicilian amber lent by Mr. Benjamin Kimball. The luminous, golden browns of these lovely stones seemed to radiate imprisoned sunlight, and brought one into close touch with the wealth and beauty of earth's raw material which under the clever fingers and quick imagination of the artist, is capable of such variety of design and form.

One end of the gallery was devoted to a display of bookbinding, leather-work, Christmas and New Year cards and calendars, and there were also several woodcuts by Bertha Lum of both Japanese and Western subjects, notable for their excellent composition and coloring.

One feature of the exhibition was, as usual, open to criticism—namely, the price tags. Some, of course, carried very reasonable figures, but on many the amount seemed strangely out of proportion to the actual value of the article and the amount of time, skill and originality involved. Certainly the prices limited considerably the possibilities of sale. One could not help wondering whether our craft workers, in their efforts to revive the common love of beauty and stimulate sincere and thorough workmanship among their kind, would not succeed better if they placed somewhat lower figures on their work—at least until they had furthered their cause and established their own prestige. The point seems worth considering; for, after all, if art is to bring its mellowing and strengthening influence into our homes and lives, and beautify the commonplace with its magic touch, it must surely establish itself among us upon a practical basis, so that it may reach out to the many rather than to an exclusive few. The prices asked at these exhibitions, in the main, confine the sales chiefly to such patrons as can afford to pay more or less "fancy" prices for the sake of encouraging American craftsmanship, and so long as this continues we can hardly expect very widespread or vital progress in our arts and crafts. May we not hope before long both patrons and exhibitors will see the matter from this point of view?

THE SCOPE OF THE NEW CRAFTSMAN SERVICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

TO design comfortable, convenient and beautiful homes for the people and to help furnish and decorate homes in a sane and sensible manner, has in the past marked the limits of Craftsman Service. Hundreds of homes have been built from Craftsman plans in all parts of the world. Thousands more show evidences of Craftsman ideas. Craftsman furniture has influenced the design of furniture throughout the United States, and Craftsman ideas of decoration are universally recognized as an individual style.

Owing to the scope of our work, and public familiarity with our aims, prospective home-builders are writing to us daily, asking information covering the entire range of problems connected with home-building and home equipment; we have therefore decided to broaden the scope of our service to include this whole subject, from the selection of the home site to the planting and beautifying of the home grounds. This service is solely for the benefit of CRAFTSMAN subscribers. No charge will be made for simple questions where postage is included for a reply. For services of a more complex character, where we are called upon to prepare sketches, furnish layouts, or design plans, a moderate charge will be made. Your particular problem may be submitted without charge and will receive our immediate attention. Special announcements of our Department of Landscape Gardening and Home-finding Service follow.

The inauguration of this latter branch of Craftsman service to advise concerning real-estate investments, and to list desirable properties in this office, was the result of much thought on the part of Mr. Stickley, and deserves special comment here.

THE CRAFTSMAN has always been a leader in the "Back to the land" movement. We believe that country environment makes for health, happiness and economical living.

But aside from the opportunities for a life out-of-doors, a little land may be made a most fruitful means of furnishing fresh wholesome food. Perhaps a few hens may be kept, or a cow or two. The garden may become a gold mine of health and pleasure, and often a surplus of produce adds a few dollars to the family purse.

Moreover, the problems of amusement and exercise may be well and cheaply solved

in the country, and finally, and best of all, the investment in land, if properly made, is bound to prove financially profitable.

This is the crux of the whole matter. It is easy to appreciate the reasons for country living, but the question "What and where to buy?" generally finds the home-seeker in a quandary.

It is a question demanding most careful judgment. Unfortunately the field of realty promotion contains its share of buncombe, and in such an important step, action on strained representations of value is most regrettable. Hence to conserve the interests of the man in moderate circumstances who wishes to buy safely, and to give him "both sides of the story," this branch of Craftsman service has been organized.

We shall try to guard our subscribers against an investment in property where inflated values hang a millstone of debt about the neck of the purchaser and afflict him and his children for years to come with taxes and interest on values which exist only on paper.

A proper home site should at least show a steady accretion in value sufficient to pay taxes and interest, with perhaps some profit, and its market value at any time should reflect these figures.

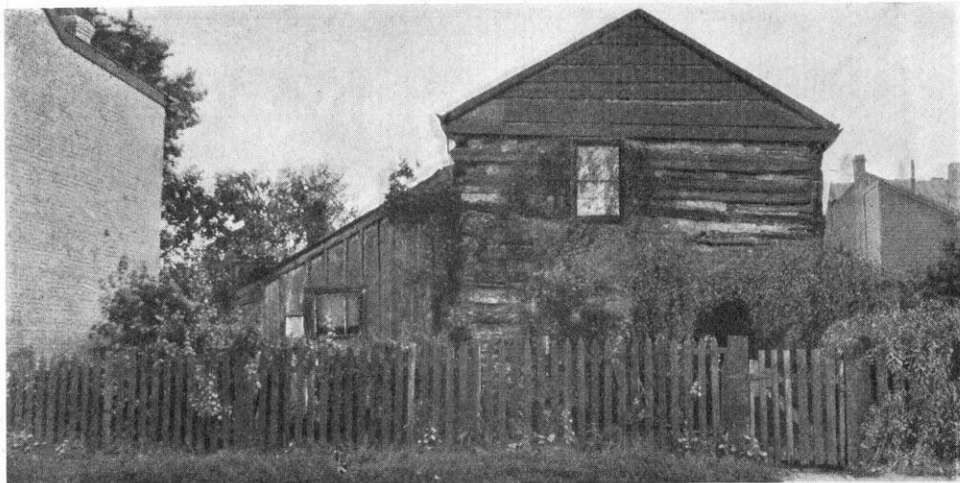
With these ideas of proper investment we undertake this work and invite your confidence.

As we have stated, this service has a double function. We will not only assist the buyer, but desirable properties may be placed on sale through THE CRAFTSMAN. We will investigate in each case and place the information thus secured on file in this department.

We firmly believe that a clearing house of this character where homeseekers may come without fear of being deluded or harassed will fill an evident need on the part of people whom THE CRAFTSMAN aims to serve.

Wherever possible a personal visit to our offices is suggested, as the best method of using this service. Convenient reference may then be made to our information files and we can at the same time become better acquainted. Where a personal call is impracticable, the various matters can be efficiently handled by mail. Our offices are very convenient of access, at 41 West Thirty-fourth street, New York.

PITTSBURGH'S WILDERNESS HOMES



PITTSBURGH'S WILDERNESS HOMES: BY J. M. MILLER

HUNDREDS of primitive log cabins still stand among the stately modern residences, steel-ribbed skyscrapers and belching chimneys of Pittsburgh and the adjacent districts—a vivid contrast between the architecture of two centuries. As the Pittsburgh business man sits comfortably in a towering marble-finished office building and figures profits on steel rails and armor plate, he may glance through the window, if he is so inclined, and see the decaying log walls of the cabin in which his grandfather, perhaps, sheltered his family and himself from the rigors of a frontier winter and the savage Indian warriors of the wilderness. Now instead of a wilderness of trees he will see a wilderness of business houses and mills with their slender smokestacks rivaling in height the trees which they have displaced. The financial risks and difficulties encountered by the business man in the skyscraper and the social and domestic troubles of his wife in her modern home are familiar to many who have forgotten how comparatively recent are the dangers and hardships endured by the hardy pioneer. A study of the primitive cabins built in the wilderness a century ago and standing now in a modern city, reveals not only amazing changes in local architecture but the difference as well between the business and home life of the first settlers and their descendants of today.

The homes which sheltered the adventurous frontiersman and his family are of

FORSYTHE CABIN IN THE HEART OF PITTSBURGH'S MOST EXCLUSIVE RESIDENCE DISTRICT. THIS OLD HOME IS STILL OCCUPIED BY MISS MARGARET FORSYTHE, A WEALTHY PHILANTHROPIST. THE 40-FOOT LOT ON WHICH THE CABIN STANDS IS WORTH \$100,000.

three types. The temporary shelter of round logs, hastily erected immediately following the settler's arrival, was the first and crudest home. Next came the substantial, carefully built fortress cabin of selected logs hewn square, his permanent homestead. A few of the wealthier settlers and landowners lived in houses of stone or brick, the latter having been brought from



EARLY PITTSBURGH HOMESTEAD NOW STANDING IN SCHENLEY PARK, KEPT IN REPAIR ON ACCOUNT OF ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

PITTSBURGH'S WILDERNESS HOMES



PICTURESQUE CABIN IN JONCAIRE STREET. IT WAS ERECTED BY A FRENCH FARMER ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

England as ship's ballast and carried from the coast, a distance of 1,000 miles, on the backs of packhorses.

One of the very few of these brick houses which still stands, was erected in 1764 by Colonel Henry Boquet as a residence and part of the flanking defenses of Fort Pitt. It is now on Liberty avenue in the downtown district of Pittsburgh. The walls are pierced with two tiers of loop-holes, but it was never attacked and bears no bullet marks. Fort Pitt, with which it was connected by an underground passage, and Fort Duquesne, an earlier French stronghold in the same location, had been erected at great cost to guard the Forks of the Ohio. No battle, however, was ever waged about either fortification. The garrisons always got hastily outside the walls upon the approach of a hostile army—either to fight or to run away. The real stories of early adventure belong to log houses at a distance from the "old block house" as it is now called. Very old stone houses are rarer even than those of brick, but there is one still standing on the bank of Chartiers Creek west of Pittsburgh. It affords a comfortable home for a family of Italians.

The pioneers' first cabin was built of small round logs about 12 feet long, notched at the ends and laid one above the other until the walls were five or six feet high. A roof of bark or split clapboards was added, and the interstices between the logs filled with wet clay. The cooking was done outside during the first summer. In the fall the construction of a crude fire-

place and chimney completed the first architectural venture of the settler. This first home was erected usually in two or three days, and was often occupied for less than a year.

Just west of Pittsburgh in the Middle Run Valley one of these very early homes of round logs remains. It is a double cabin built by twin brothers, John and James Williams, 125 years ago. Together they constructed the building and one family occupied each end. The structure is now dismantled. The chinking has crumbled from the walls, the windows are gone, one door only remains and scarcely half the heavy locust clapboards are left clinging to the white oak rafters. The two brothers who built the cabin lived in it for only a few years, then left the community. Following them other settlers occupied it for short periods, but during the last 50 years it has been tenantless. A few miles

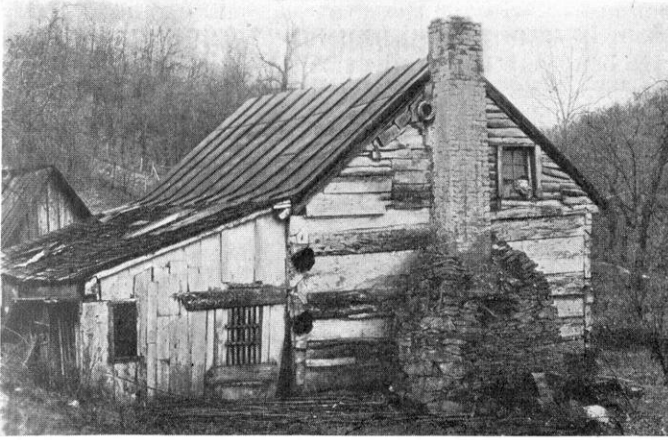


CABIN SCARRED BY BULLETS FIRED AT A UNITED STATES REVENUE COLLECTOR FROM GUNS IN THE HANDS OF "MOONSHINE" WHISKY DISTILLERS.

farther up the valley there stands another cabin of the same type. It has been kept in repair and is used at present for a stable.

However, nearly all the temporary homes of small, round logs have fallen into decay and disappeared. In most cases, the stone houses of the wealthier class have been torn down and the stones used for the foundations of new buildings. It is the substantial structure of squared logs, straight-grained and sound, built by the settler of average means for a permanent home that remains today in Pittsburgh. The logs in the walls of these homesteads have withstood the storms of more than a

PITTSBURGH'S WILDERNESS HOMES



THIS FRONTIER HOME WAS RESTORED BY GUSTAVUS SWENSON, A SWEDISH LABORER, AS A HOME FOR FREDÄ, HIS SICK WIFE.

century, and escaped as well the greed of later builders. The home planned by the home-builder himself and erected with his own hands for his family and himself has outlasted almost invariably even the more costly residences of the period.

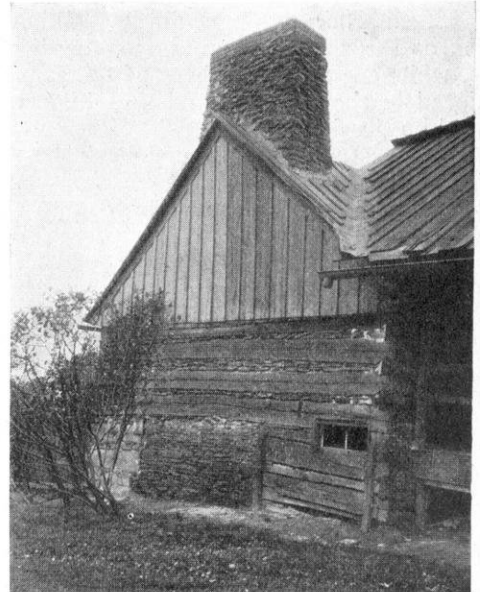
Some of these old cabins are occupied even yet as homes with but little change either inside or out. The log walls of many have been covered with modern weatherboarding and plaster while others are dismantled and deserted. In one of the unaltered cabins there lives a wealthy philanthropist while another shelters a Swedish laborer and his family. Several of the old homesteads have been converted into playhouses for children. Two of them have been acquired by the city and are kept in repair on account of their historical associations. In some of the old cabins ghosts are believed to walk nightly. Many bear the marks of Indian bullets. One is scarred by leaden missiles fired at a United States revenue collector from guns in the hands of "moonshine" whisky distillers, as he was running away with the daughter of one of their number.

No architect planned these early Pittsburgh homes. Even the most substantial of the permanent cabins were built by the hardy and resourceful pioneers, in most cases, with no other tool than the ax. If the settler was careless in the selection of materials and the erection of a temporary shelter he made up for it by the painstaking planning and construction of his permanent home. First the straightest, soundest white oak trees were felled and

hewn square. Next a foundation of flat stones was built on which four sills were laid. To form the floor, squared logs were fitted close together in notches cut in the sills. Then round after round of straight, sound logs were built one above the other until the walls were sufficiently high to suit the settler—or rather his wife. The ridgepole of chestnut was next set in place, followed by white oak rafters and chestnut clapboards. Sometimes a layer of clay and

flat stones was placed between the logs. Other builders dressed the logs so true and cut the end notches so deep that no chinking was necessary. The second floor was reached by a steep, crooked stairway.

The door was of oak and very heavy, as constant danger of attack by Indians compelled the settler to build for defense as well as for comfort. In nearly every cabin the original windows were really loopholes less than a foot high and about two feet long. These openings were enlarged in later years when danger of Indian attack was over, but a few of the old style loop-



CABIN SHOWING LOOPHOLE WINDOW AND CHIMNEY BUILT INSIDE THE WALLS. IT WAS BUILT IN 1765 AND IS NOW USED AS A REST HOUSE FOR GOLF PLAYERS.

PITTSBURGH'S WILDERNESS HOMES

hole windows remain as in a cabin near Indian spring in Schenley Park.

This house was built in 1765 by Robert Neal, who lived in it with his wife Elizabeth until 1787 when he sold it to John Reed, a packhorse driver, for 360 pounds sterling, making a profit of 203 pounds on the property. After being transferred many times it came into the possession of the city and was restored to its original appearance except the roof and gables, which are modern. It is now used in the summer as a rest house for golf players on the city links, in the center of which it stands. The fireplace is built inside this cabin with the top of the chimney protruding through the roof. Many chimneys, however, were constructed outside the cabin walls with only the front of the fireplace facing inside. Usually the log walls of the cabin have outlasted the fireplace and chimney built of flat field stones and clay, which have been reduced to a moldering heap of ruins by rain and alternate freezing and thawing.

The great fireplace with its deep, wide chimney, often in the summer appearing obstructively large in proportion to the size of the cabin, became in winter the center of domestic life in the early homestead. In the living room, lighted by the ruddy glow of the smoldering fire, the frontier girl, mayhap, entertained her swain by baking apples and roasting chestnuts in the hot coals, while the elder members of the family dozed in the shadows and the children romped on the floor.

On the west side of Schenley Park there is also a cabin which the city owns and has made habitable. It was built by Ambrose Newton, in 1761. Newton was promoted from artilleryman at Fort Pitt to conductor of the king's stores. Following this improvement in fortune he built the cabin in which he lived for many years. Later it was occupied by a family of slaves, then for a long time was tenantless. During the fall and winter the two cabins in Schenley Park are in great demand for "pioneer parties" by young men and women, many of whom belong to the most exclusive society of the city. At these old style gatherings apples are baked on the hearth, and chestnuts and corn roasted in the embers much the same as was done 150 years ago. The cabins may be used for this purpose without charge but a permit must be secured from the park authorities.

In the heart of the east end of Pittsburgh where scores of millionaires have erected costly homes, there is a quaint three-roomed log cabin occupied by Miss Margaret Forsythe, a wealthy philanthropist interested in many charities. The cabin stands on a lot 40 by 100 feet, valued at \$100,000. On all sides are costly apartment houses and stately residences of the most modern type. Almost every lot for 20 squares in each direction is occupied by a modern building.

Miss Forsythe's log home was built by William Forsythe, her great-grandfather. It was erected in the little village of Wilkinsburg outside of what is now the city of Pittsburgh, and two miles from the present location of the house. About 25 years ago Miss Forsythe became tired of living in the quiet village although she was greatly attached to the old cabin. For several months she hesitated between erecting a new and modern house on ground she owned in Pittsburgh, and remaining in the old cabin. She cared little for the luxury of the modern residence, although her wealth would have enabled her to live in as fine a home as there was in Pittsburgh. She longed, however, for the life and bustle of the city streets and disliked the comparative solitude of the village.

Finally she solved the problem by having her quaint old home transported to a fine location in the heart of the city. Even the tiny kitchen built of boards against the side of the house was moved. The stone flagging in the old yard was laid in front of the house in its new location. The same rustic trellis was built over the front entrance, and the same vines which had covered it in Wilkinsburg were dug up and replanted in the new location. The log walls are whitewashed inside and rag carpets cover the floors. The furniture has been in use by the Forsythe family during the last three generations. A few quaint pictures adorn the walls.

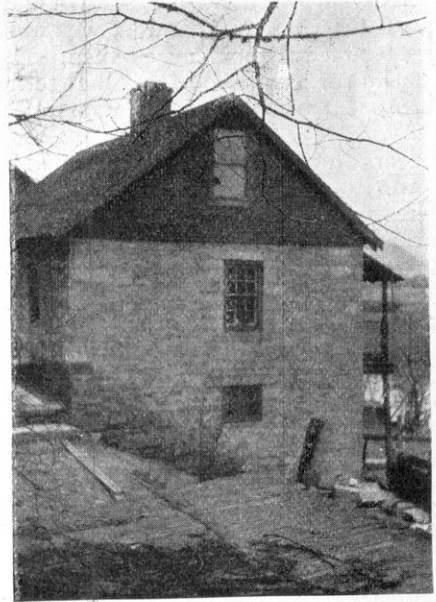
There is a picturesque cabin in Joncaire street, a residential section of the city and scarcely two squares from the imposing Carnegie Library and Music Hall, constructed of granite and marble only a few years ago at a cost of \$2,000,000. The cabin, which was built by Alphonse Joncaire, a French farmer, about the middle of the eighteenth century, is in striking contrast to the architectural triumph erected through the generosity of the millionaire

PITTSBURGH'S WILDERNESS HOMES

steel manufacturer. The old French cabin with its dingy rooms and porch, unusually wide for a frontier home, is now used as a playhouse by the boys and girls of the neighborhood when inclement weather drives them from the street.

Following the flight of the French from Fort Duquesne upon the approach of the English under General Forbes in 1758, this cabin was occupied by an English family. Later a German, who kept a shop near Fort Pitt, made it his home, and after him came an Italian laborer. Next a family of negroes occupied it, but they were alien to the neighborhood and only remained a few weeks. For the last five years it has been given over to the children.

Close to the Allegheny river and scarcely a mile from the Pittsburgh city line still stand the walls of a cabin in which a dance of long ago was prevented from being turned into a tragedy by good fortune and the resourcefulness of the frontier merry-makers. Settlers for miles around were attending the dance. While the fun was at its height boys who had gone outside suspected for some reason that Indians were in the vicinity, and quietly informed the men. A surprise was planned for the redskins. The merry-makers were warned that an Indian attack was expected but cautioned to keep up the dance and to show no signs of alarm. The doors, already closed on account of the cold, were barred and



A VERY OLD STONE HOUSE NOW OCCUPIED BY ITALIANS.

the dancers safeguarded from bullets by arranging the furniture about the loophole windows in such a manner, however, as not to alarm the savages by shutting off the light which was streaming out. Guns were in readiness for at that time a settler never ventured from home without his rifle. When the savages attacked the cabin, instead of surprising the settlers, they were



JOHN GARLAND'S WIFE AND FAMILY WERE CARRIED FROM THIS CABIN BY INDIANS OVER A CENTURY AGO. ON THE SAME NIGHT THE MCCALLISTER CABIN ACROSS THE MONONGAHELA WAS ALSO ATTACKED.

PITTSBURGH'S WILDERNESS HOMES

themselves surprised by the sudden darkening of the windows, and a well-aimed volley of bullets which caused them to fall back in disorder. None of the settlers were injured and the attack was not renewed.

Pioneers in the Pittsburgh district, however, were not always so fortunate. On opposite sides of the Monongahela river and scarcely a mile apart there stand two cabins which were surprised by Indians over a century ago. These old homes even today are within sight of each other notwithstanding the smoke and ore dust from steel mills which now surround them. It was during the winter and Peter McCallister and John Garland, heads of the respective families, were away on a trapping expedition. Savages broke into both cabins at almost the same time and carried away the women and children. The Indians refrained from burning either home, for fear, it is believed, of alarming those living in the other in case the attacks did not occur at exactly the same time. The trappers did not recover their families until five years later. McCallister's cabin was never occupied again, but Garland's was used as a residence until 25 years ago when it was converted into a stable. The base of the old chimney may still be seen protruding through the log wall on the northside of the building.

In the Thorn Creek Valley and not far from a haunted cabin, there stands a substantial home of huge white oak logs hewn so true that they fit closely together with only the thinnest layer of clay between. The old home has been repaired with a roof of modern sheet iron, and the chimney, originally built of small field stones, has been restored to its original height with a top of bricks. And now almost any pleasant evening a person wandering up the valley may see near the cabin, a light complexioned man taller than the average and very muscular. By his side will be a blond, blue-eyed woman, who smiles happily as she glances from her husband to the comfortable little home and the stable nearby from which, perhaps, you can hear the mooing of a cow or the satisfied grunt of a fat pig. If the visitor approaches and asks the man who he is the reply comes promptly:

"Aye bane wan American. Name, Gus Smith. Aye bane vorking by den railroad. It bane gude yob. Dis bane gude house.

Very varm. Vife hafe gude health and on den cheek gude complex."

Further questioning brings out the fact that Gus Smith's baptismal name is Gustavus Swenson. He was born in the mountains of Sweden 35 years ago, and has worked in Pittsburgh on the railroads and in the mills for the last 10 years. Several years ago Freda, the wife, became ill and the doctor told Gus that she would die unless she returned to the fresh air and outdoor life of her native Swedish village. The man was in despair. His scanty earnings were not sufficient to send the woman to Sweden and support her there. Besides she was not willing to leave him.

"If I bane called to die, Gus," she said, "I bane going to stay by you to th' las'. I won't go back to Sweden widout you."

For days and weeks the big husband worried while the wife became weaker. There was apparently no way of preventing her death. As the Swede was resting at noon on a high bank near the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie railroad on which he was employed as a section hand, he noticed in the haze far up the valley, a tenantless, dilapidated, old house. Suddenly his face brightened, and all afternoon as he worked there was a smile on it.

When the day's work was done he walked up the valley and examined the old house. The solid oak walls pleased him. It would not be hard to put on a new roof. He knew of a scrap heap where he could get sheet iron cheap. The chimney could be mended with broken bricks, for that very day the gang with which he worked had torn out a brick wall along the railroad and replaced it with cement. The foreman would let him have the bricks for nothing.

A few days later Gus drove a bargain which sadly depleted his little hoard of savings, but he got in exchange a neatly folded document which showed that he was owner of the dilapidated cabin and an acre of ground surrounding it. Most of the repairs were made by Swenson himself during the evenings. After the building had been made habitable the scanty furniture was moved from the southside tenement, while Freda visited a neighbor across the hall. Finally one bright, warm day nearly a year ago the Swedish wife was conveyed to the new-old home, which had been built by an English emigrant 150 years before. Freda said little but her cheeks flushed with pleasure. Scon her interest in life

PITTSBURGH'S WILDERNESS HOMES

revived, and in a few days she was able to walk about the house and even to venture out into the sunshine. Now she is well and strong and very happy.

Scarcely 100 feet from the western boundary line of Pittsburgh and in the aristocratic residence suburb of Crafton is one of the few wilderness cabins where the chimney and fireplace are in better repair than the cabin itself. Not a stone has been displaced from the chimney although near the top a few straggling vines are growing in the clay between the stones. The roof of the cabin, however, has fallen in and the walls are broken and dilapidated. It has been tenantless for half a century. The chimney is built entirely outside the cabin with only the front of the fireplace facing inside.

It was in this log home that Lawrence Wilson, a youthful United States revenue collector, courted pretty Sally Hall, over a century ago. Wilson was directed by the Federal authorities to collect evidence against "moonshine whisky" distillers. It was only a few months before the outbreak of the whisky insurrection in western Pennsylvania and many farmers derived a large part of their income from corn whisky made in small stills on their farms and sold in Pittsburgh. The placing of a tax on each still by Congress was bitterly resented by the farmers, and two tax-collectors already had been treated to a coat of tar and feathers and a third had been beaten severely. Wilson, however, was young and adventurous so he collected evidence against the still owners while roaming about in the guise of a hunter during the day, but in the evenings he courted Sally Hall before the great open fireplace in her father's cabin in Chartiers Valley, and finally won her love.

Late one evening while riding to Pittsburgh, he was set upon by a gang of masked men. Going quickly through his pockets they took possession of a roll of papers which not only included letters and his commission but a list of farmers who were running illicit stills. Wilson then was bound securely to a tree. Naturally the

young officer was alarmed for he knew only too well that he had fallen into the hands of the "Whisky Boys," an organization as desperate and lawless as the Klu Klux Klan, which terrorized the South following the Civil War. If they would tar and feather officers who had come openly to collect the whisky tax, undoubtedly they would devise a worse penalty for a man whom they believed to be both officer and spy. Moreover, Wilson suspected that the leader of the masked gang was James Stewart, a farmer rival for Miss Sally's hand. It developed later that Sally's father was also with the gang.

However, while his captors were withdrawn slightly to examine the papers and to discuss his fate, the ropes binding the officer to the tree suddenly loosened and a soft voice from behind whispered, "Follow me." Slipping quietly around the tree and darting into the dense underbrush, Wilson perceived that his liberator was Sally. His horse as well as the horses of the "Whisky Boys" were tied to trees in plain sight of the men, so the fugitives started to the farmhouse where they expected to find another horse, the young officer running along with his hand on Sally's stirrup. Just as they reached the cabin, the masked men rode into view, and a volley of bullets rattled against the log walls only an instant before the girl and the officer dodged behind the chimney. Wilson held the pursuers at bay with his rifle while the girl saddled horses in the stable. In a few moments they were able to dash through the forest and escape; finally reaching Philadelphia, where they were married.

Sally's parents also soon left the neighborhood never to return. Though a "Whisky Boy" himself, the father thought more of his daughter than of his still and could never forgive his neighbors for firing at the fugitives after learning that Sally was one of them. Little indeed remains now to recall this story of the adventurous past except the chimney and walls of the cabin which still bear marks of the bullets fired at the frontier girl and her lover.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PROPER PLANTING IS OFTEN UNDERESTIMATED. YOU PLANT FOR THE FUTURE. THE CHOICE AND PLANTING OF A TREE IS AN INDEX OF CHARACTER AND IS AS TRULY INDIVIDUALISTIC AS THE BUILDING OF A HOUSE. THE MARCH "CRAFTSMAN," OUR GARDEN NUMBER, WILL BE FOUND A MOST VALUABLE HELP IN EFFECTIVE PLANTING.

A NEW FEATURE OF OUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT

OUR DEPARTMENT OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING WILL HELP YOU SOLVE YOUR OUTDOOR PROBLEMS

FROM the beginning, THE CRAFTSMAN has been dedicated to the ideal of a sane, simple and healthful manner of living. Craftsman furniture and Craftsman houses were designed with this in view. There remained, however, another step—the development of gardens and planting.

In connection with our Craftsman Service, therefore, a landscape department under the supervision of Gustav Stickley is now being established. Subscribers are invited to submit their problems for advice and assistance. Questions about planting, gardening, landscape work, the protection of wild flowers and the conservation of natural resources will be received with interest, answered promptly and with care.

Beginning with the March number, which will be our garden number, the first of a series of articles dealing with practical phases of landscape work will appear. Supplementing these will be the replies to subscribers who have sought assistance from this branch of Craftsman Service. The text will be fully illustrated with interesting pictures relative to the topics.

Advice from a trained landscape gardener, on the planning and care of gardens, parks and country estates, will thus be available for subscribers. Special articles will deal with the overcoming of engineering difficulties, water supply, color harmony, the proper way to lay out a landscape scheme, garden furniture, Japanese gardens and similar topics. The instructions given will be explicit. Subscribers will be initiated into the craftsmanship of landscape gardening. Timely articles on pruning, spraying, bulb culture, wild flower naturalization, and the economical, intensive cultivation of small garden areas will also be part of the service.

Personal advice to inquirers on the topics of vegetable and fruit growing, and satisfactory sources of supply for seeds or nursery stock will be authoritatively and promptly given. Our aim is to cover the whole field of gardening and agricultural endeavor.

Another feature will be the publishing of pictures and descriptions of gardens built by CRAFTSMAN subscribers. We want you

to send us photographs and descriptions of the results of your work, if you feel it has been particularly successful. Not only will such material be warmly welcomed, but we shall be glad to publish it for the benefit of other subscribers, with whom we know you will be anxious to share your knowledge.

This is to be, primarily, a department of real service to subscribers. So send along your questions. We want them at once. Now is the time to do constructive planning for the months of bloom.

We want you to feel free to write us upon any outdoor problem that perplexes you. Your questions will be answered by mail, without charge, unless the reply necessitates a drawing by the Landscape Department. In this case a moderate charge will be made, based upon the amount of work involved in drawing plans to scale, or constructing planting schedules to order. This charge may be ascertained in advance, and we will not proceed with any drawings unless we have written instructions to that effect from subscribers.

Otherwise the service is free. Any question about how to plant, where to plant, what to plant, will bring an immediate answer, at no cost to you, from a source of reliable information. We want you to take advantage of this service in time for your garden planning this year.

When you make inquiries, observe the following rules: Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Tell us briefly how we can help you. Write your name and address legibly on each question sheet. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the reply. We feel sure that the response will aid you.

If problems are found to be of sufficient interest to be valuable to a majority of subscribers, the answers to the questions will be published in the space devoted hereafter to the Craftsman Service—at the back of the magazine. This material will, in time, form the nucleus of an invaluable reference library for garden makers. Save your magazines.

Address your letters requesting information on garden problems to The Department of Landscape Gardening, THE CRAFTSMAN, 41 West Thirty-fourth street, New York.

A BACHELOR'S BUNGALOW

A BACHELOR'S BUNGALOW

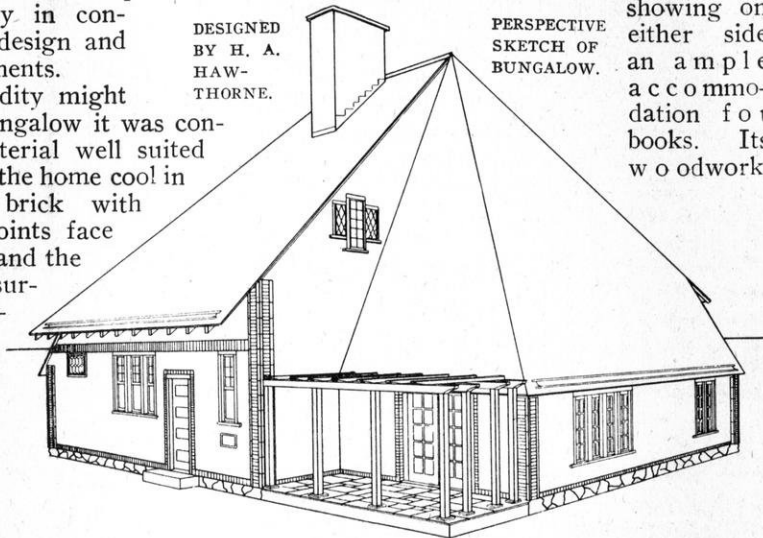
IF there is a style of bungalow that demands absolute comfort, stability and freedom from non-essentials, it is likely to be that designed for a bachelor. Indeed, the very mention of a bachelor's home in the country conjures up thoughts of freedom, physical comfort and an absence of mundane care. The accompanying plan for such a house emphasizes the intention of solidity in construction, sensibility in design and convenience in arrangements.

That the idea of solidity might be carried out in this bungalow it was constructed of brick, a material well suited to endure and to render the home cool in summer. "Tapestry" brick with wide, rough-cut flush joints face its walls, giving variety and the charm of color to the surface. The same treatment is carried out in the interior of the living room and in the large, welcome-giving fireplace. Again the idea of stability and convenience is presented by the tile floors and walls of both kitchen and bathroom, extending in the former case to a height of 6 feet and in the latter to 4 feet. Here then is nothing in interior wall finish to fade, to wear out or which cannot readily be kept clean and sanitary.

The door frames of all the exterior walls are white oak; other outside trim and shingles being of cypress.

DESIGNED
BY H. A.
HAW-
THORNE.

PERSPECTIVE
SKETCH OF
BUNGALOW.

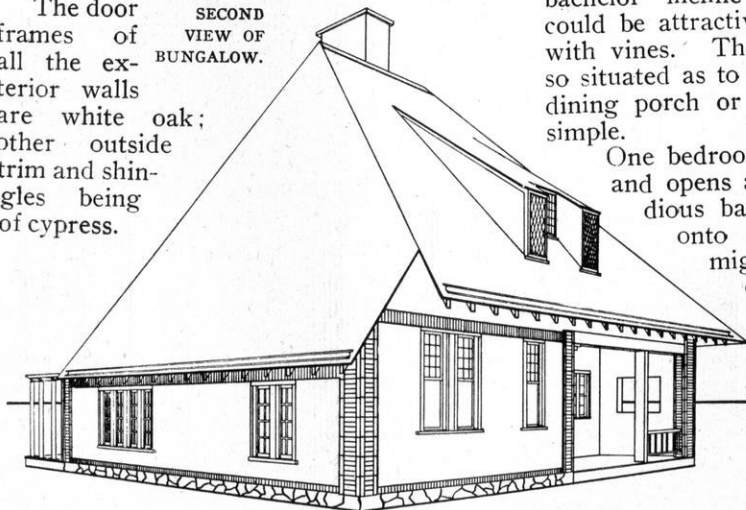


showing on either side an ample accommodation for books. Its woodwork,

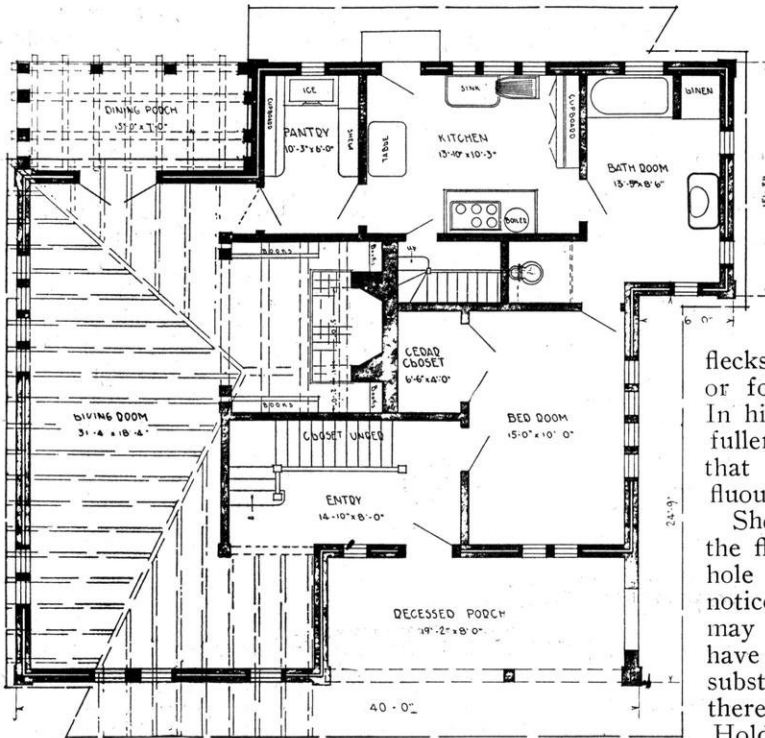
stained a walnut brown, harmonizes with the open-air impression of the house, blending well with the brighter colors of nature. The living room opens onto the dining-room porch, which is free to the sky and the sunlight. Should, however, the taste of the bachelor incline toward horticulture, it could be attractively covered, pergola-like, with vines. The pantry and kitchen are so situated as to make service to either the dining porch or the living room entirely simple.

One bedroom is on this ground floor and opens at one end into a commodious bathroom, and at the other onto a recessed porch which might serve delightfully for either an outdoor sleeping room or for an informal breakfast room. The upper half story provides two rooms and a bath, one of which would of necessity be used for a servant. A large cedar closet is in

SECOND
VIEW OF
BUNGALOW.



A BACHELOR'S BUNGALOW



FLOOR PLAN OF BACHELOR'S BUNGALOW.

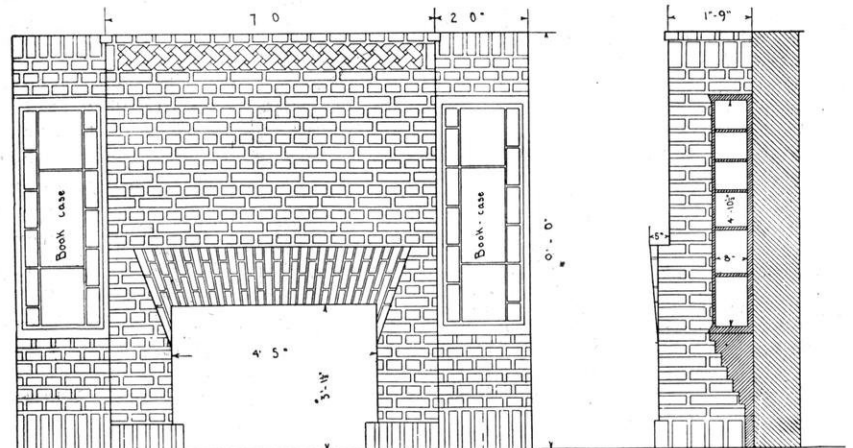
the bedroom, and there is sensible accommodation for linen and household stores.

With the advent of cold weather, the bachelor owning such a home need not be driven cityward by an early cold snap or because the crows have flown over the cornfields with their farewell call. He may rest by his own fireside as late in the season as he chooses, since a Craftsman fireplace makes his home a real shelter from inclement weather. Here he can feel the cheer of warmth and home beside his welcome open fireplace throughout the autumn days. And he can equally well entertain friends over the holidays, knowing that the furnace is substantial and in order, and that it will keep his bungalow from feeling the nip of Jack Frost.

In this plan of a bachelor's bungalow, the call of the open air life is met. It gives no suggestion of restraint within walls except in places of necessity. Its atmosphere is one of simplicity and freedom. Just as it should be. The owner may have the scout's eye, but it is not for flecks of dust on the shelves or for tarnish on the silver. In his lair, he sees things of fuller meaning, and delights that there is nothing superfluous about.

Should he drop his pipe on the floor, its ashes burning a hole in the carpet, he barely notices the damage. Even it may be that he prefers to have no carpet; the floors are substantial—a rug here and there suits best his fancy.

Holding this attitude, the entire furnishings of such a bungalow should be simple in the extreme, strong in outline. They should also be durable, since bachelors invariably expect full service from chairs, tables and other household objects. That furnishings are plain, however, does not in any sense mean that they are crude. They may be made harmonious with the scheme of the bungalow and pleasing as well to the eye. In fact a bachelor's bungalow gives him of all things needful, the opportunity to enjoy his own individuality.



DETAIL OF CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE IN LIVING ROOM.

THE CRAFTSMAN REAL-ESTATE AND HOME-FINDING SERVICE

A HOME-BUILDER'S service which is prepared to assist with every problem which confronts the home-builder must necessarily include aid in the selection of the home site. This is the first important point to settle. A multitude of questions enter into the choice of a suitable home site; transportation facilities, probable future value of the property, the price, the terms of sale, the income of the purchaser, and the size of the family for which he must provide; these and other factors demand the most earnest consideration.

In offering this service it is the purpose of THE CRAFTSMAN to provide a place where home-builders may turn to obtain absolutely unbiased and dependable information on real property of all sorts. We aim to make this service a clearing house of information for the home-site seeker. Here will be found complete information concerning realty developments, suburban, city, farm, and seashore properties. We will make special investigation to find out the actual facts regarding the real estate offered. This investigation will be as thorough as possible. It will include not only a complete description of the plot for sale, but of adjoining properties and general values in the neighborhood. Any restrictions will be definitely outlined. The natural features and possibilities will be ascertained so that the buyer will have before him a full and accurate knowledge of the conditions entering into the value of the land. The advantages of this service are:—that the information received by the subscriber will be absolutely unbiased. The usual realty broker often has "an axe to grind." He is not interested in calling to the attention of the buyer the negative features of the property in question, nor is he apt to consider whether the lot is one which the buyer can afford. His bread and butter depend upon the sale. He is apt to be a prejudiced witness. THE CRAFTSMAN service has no interest in one property more than in another. With our service the buyer's resources and ability to handle the property are as strong a factor in our recommendation as is the desirability of the land. The inquiry will be confidential. We will not turn over our subscriber to real-estate operators as a "lead," to be a

prey to good salesmanship. The matter will be carefully gone over by our expert before any actual negotiations are opened and then only at the request of the buyer. We will have a large amount of information covering property in all sections. The man from the West may negotiate through us for a home in the East, or the Eastern man may, through us, invest in a Western home-site, orchard or farm. We will be as frank to advise against buying as to suggest a purchase, in case the detailed information, which we shall request from each subscriber availing himself of this service as well as from each property owner, shall warrant such a conclusion. In other words, this service is to assist our subscribers to secure the best site possible and the best bargain from their personal standpoint rather than sell them real estate.

This department has a double purpose: the first is to aid the home-seeker, as above described, and the second is to provide a place where desirable home-site property in all parts of the country may be listed. Subscribers with desirable tracts which they wish to dispose of, may list their property in this department. Our listings will include acreage, separate lots, farms, realty developments and all property of a similar nature. A card will bring full particulars.

In order to provide for our subscribers the most efficient help in this department, we have secured the services of a realty expert who is well equipped by years of experience to meet the peculiar requirements of this work.

At our Show Room at 41 West 34th street may be obtained full particulars regarding any parcels of property listed by us. All of our subscribers who are planning to build homes are cordially invited to make a personal visit to this department. Catalogues of building materials and articles of home equipment are available, and in many cases samples of the goods themselves are on display. A complete portfolio of Craftsman house plans may be inspected here, with estimated building costs and prices for complete plans with specifications. All our facilities for efficient service will be gladly explained. Address correspondence to The Craftsman Real-Estate and Home-Finding Service, 41 West 34th street, New York City.

RECREATION CENTERS IN CITIES

RECREATION CENTERS IN CITIES

THE evening recreation centers in the public schools of Greater New York opened for the winter season October fifteenth, 1912, Dr. Edward W. Stitt, in charge of the work, hoping to make this a banner year in the social service activity.

A number of new recreation centers will be opened this season. In Manhattan there will be four new ones: one for men and boys at Public School 30, 230 East Eighty-eighth street, and three for women and girls at School 4, Rivington and Ridge streets, School 65, Eldridge and Forsyth streets, and School 104, Sixteenth street and First avenue. There will be a new one for women and girls in The Bronx at School 25, 149th street, Union and Tinton avenues, and two in Brooklyn for women and girls. The Brooklyn centers will be in School 42, St. Mark's and Classon avenues, and School 149, at Sutter avenue, Vermont and Wyona streets.

The evening recreation center activity in New York has advanced by leaps and bounds. Started only a few years ago, the Board of Education quickly saw the value of the centers. By making the evenings really attractive thousands of young persons are kept off the streets, a fact which is counted as one of the most important results. In many instances the teachers have found that the atmosphere of the centers worked wonders with unruly youngsters and older persons as well. The teachers are enthusiastic in the work and hope to see its scope increased.

Commissioner Louis Haupt, chairman of the school-board's committee on special schools, which supervises the recreation centers, pointed out that the opening of seven centers does not mean that the committee and Dr. Stitt have as much money as is needed to carry on this work. One or two of the new centers merely replace old ones, and in the case of the others it is possible to run them several nights a week only by decreasing the open nights of older centers. Dr. Haupt stated that if his committee receives the appropriation requested in the 1913 budget estimate this year the

new centers will be used permanently and kept open every weekday night instead of the two nights with which they will make a modest though very important beginning this season.

Dr. Stitt is sanguine in his belief that this season the neighborhoods in which the fifty or more evening recreation centers are located will come into closer touch with them than ever before. To further this more intimate relationship, he has instructed the principal of each center to extend a hearty welcome to all visitors. He urges a publicity and advertising campaign so that people living nearby will become acquainted with the center. Another feature of the season's work will be the organization of senior clubs to attract the older residents. Dr. Stitt also advises the principals to seek the aid of clergymen, social workers and public officials. He also suggests their visiting the factories, department stores and offices and to seek coöperation there.

Each season the recreation centers have a quotation as a sort of beacon light to guide the teachers in their work. The text selected this year, written by the late Charles Sprague Smith, is as follows:

"The welfare of each is the welfare of all. When heart and intellect have accepted the doctrine of brotherhood, then and not till then effective work with the people can be done, and light will fall on every social problem."

The amusements at the recreation centers are varied. They include athletics such as basketball, races, etc., folk dancing for the girls and all manner of games such as chess and checkers. On Friday evenings mixed dancing classes are held in the girls' centers. Then there are the clubs. Every center has a number of literary, dramatic and athletic clubs. The organization of the clubs calls for small dues, usually 5 or 10 cents a week. In addition to these clubs many of the centers boast of singing societies for boys and girls.

Interest in the singing clubs is growing rapidly. Miss Anne Morgan presented a trophy for which the different vocal clubs contest during the year. Last season the prize was won by the center in Public School 42, Brooklyn.

THE MARCH GARDEN NUMBER OF "THE CRAFTSMAN" WILL BE OF UNUSUAL VALUE BECAUSE OF THE FRESH, PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FROM OUR NEW LANDSCAPE DEPARTMENT, AS WELL AS FROM NATURE LOVERS AMONG OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

"STANDING UP TO BE COUNTED"

ALS IK KAN

"STANDING UP TO BE COUNTED"

"THE time has come in this country," said President-elect Wilson in a recent speech, "when men have got to stand up and be counted and put their names down, on this side or on that." And he added: "I believe that when they do there is going to develop a wonderful enthusiasm for the right things." Glancing back over the history of 1912, not only in the United States but in the world at large, we find much to justify Mr. Wilson's confident and stimulating optimism. Behind the tumultuous and confused events of those twelve months we see the stirring of the great idea of democracy—the idea that would set men free to follow their best impulses.

The old cynical attitude of mind which honestly regarded the purification of politics as "an iridescent dream," and which dismissed most reform movements with the remark that it is "impossible to legislate humanity into heaven," is neither as common nor as confident now as it once was. It has been said that the difference between the statesman and the politician lies in the fact that the statesman keeps ever before him the shortness of human life and the momentous fact that the state must go on though men die. With the irresistible growth of the democratic spirit in the Old World as well as the New, the statesman is superseding the politician in public life. The world is striving toward a system of government which shall reveal man to himself, showing the strong what right is, and teaching the weak where strength lies.

Abroad the working of the leaven of democracy during the past year has produced epoch-making changes. Chief among these was the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty in China and the creation of a Chinese Republic—a change affecting directly some 400,000,000 persons—and the Balkan revolution, which destroyed the power of Turkey in Europe. In England certain experiments in social and industrial legislation—including the minimum wage and the employees' insurance laws—have been put into effect, and have given impetus and inspiration to industrial democracy in other lands. The universal spirit of unrest has worked everywhere toward the amelioration of conditions for the world's workers.

But if we wish to fortify our faith in de-

mocracy we do not need to look beyond the borders of the United States. Here, out of what seemed to many timid persons merely a seething of discontent and blind agitation, has been born a new party pledged to a definite progress of social justice and human betterment, while the old Democratic party has been returned to office under the leadership of a strong man who has dedicated himself uncompromisingly to the same general cause. As one observer puts it, "the unrest has become the dynamo which animates the great plan, and without which it would be nothing but a splendid theory." Out of our yeasty conflict of ideals we are developing an authoritative national conscience.

The extent of this unrest may be inferred from the increase of more than 100 per cent. in the Socialist vote and the support that more than 4,000,000 citizens gave to Colonel Roosevelt's candidacy on the new Progressive party's ticket. Probably never before were the fundamentals of democracy so closely studied and widely discussed as they were in 1912. As one historian of the year remarks: "Hardly a single phase of democracy has been left untouched by criticism; party platforms have taken the form of declarations of constitutional principles; radical changes in both the theory and practice of government have been demanded; and the year was rich in real progress along new and fruitful lines of political reform." Congress voted to submit to the States an amendment of the Constitution to provide for the direct election of Senators, and the Supreme Court handed down several decisions increasing the efficiency and scope of the Sherman Anti-trust Law.

Labor during the year gained many victories. Wage advances ranging from six to ten per cent. were granted to some 450,000 workers in the coal mines, and the Lawrence strike resulted in a ten per cent. increase in the wages of the textile workers of New England. The arbitrators of the dispute between the railroads and the locomotive engineers granted higher pay to the latter, and the United States Steel Corporation introduced several reforms affecting its employees. Turning to the legislative field, we find the gains of labor even more striking. Thus Congress passed an amendment extending the Eight-hour Law to include all work done for the Government by contract, and since the change went into effect a number of ship-building and other

AN AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION SCHOOL

plants employing thousands of men have been placed on an eight-hour basis. Other Federal laws passed during the year prohibited the use of the deadly yellow phosphorus in the manufacture of matches and provided for the creation of an industrial commission and a child-welfare bureau. The same tendency was reflected in State legislation. Thus of the fourteen States whose legislatures were in session eleven improved their child-labor laws.

And for the future we can ask no better omen than is afforded by some of the recent utterances of the man who on March 4th will become the nation's official spokesman. As Mr. Wilson says, "we have got to square the biggest things with the simplest standards of morality and obligation." He repeatedly emphasizes, not only as the ideal that his party must keep before its eyes, but as the lode-star of every citizen, the idea of service. Speaking in Staunton, Va., on his birthday, he had a sharp and memorable word of warning alike for the politicians and the business men who will not open their eyes to this ideal. We will close this brief backward and forward glance with that admonition:

"I could pick out some gentlemen not confined to one State, gentlemen likely to be associated with the Government of the United States, who have not yet had it dawn upon their intelligence what it is that the Government sets up to do. These men will have to be mastered in order that they shall be made the instruments of justice and of mercy.

"This is not a rosewater affair. This is an office in which a man must put on his war paint. Fortunately I am not of such a visage as to mind marring it, and I do not care whether the war paint is becoming or not.

"The one thing that the business men of the United States are now discovering, some of them for themselves, and some of them by suggestion, is that they are not going to be allowed to make any money except for quid pro quo, that they must render a service or get nothing, and that in the regulation of business the Government, that is to say, the moral judgment of the majority, must determine whether what

they are doing is a service or not a service, and that everything in business and politics is going to be reduced to this standard. 'Are you giving anything to society when you want to take something out of society?' is the question to put to them."

AN AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION SCHOOL

THE Massachusetts Agricultural College is following out its policy started last year of holding a number of agricultural extension schools scattered throughout the State. The first school this year was held in Ashfield, the 2d to 6th of December, and was attended by a large number of the most progressive and practical farmers of that good farming district. The courses given were on soil fertility, dairying, fruit-growing and poultry for the men, with a homemakers' section for the women. The attendance was good from the start, but increased through the week until a number of about 100 was reached on the last day. The school for men was held in the basement of the town hall building, and the school for women was held in the basement of the Congregational church, which was provided with a stove, running water, cooking utensils, etc., and made a very acceptable place for holding this part of the work.

The work in which the most keen interest was taken in the men's school was that given in fruit-growing and in poultry; these two subjects being especially important in Ashfield and vicinity. The homemakers' course was equally successful, the good practical housekeepers of Ashfield attending regularly and allowing their own work to go undone in order that they might profit by the talks and discussions taking place in the homemakers' sessions. Because of chores and rush of work, together with long distances to drive, many men had to make considerable sacrifice to be present during the whole six hours of each session, some driving as far as 13 miles to attend. That all were well satisfied and highly pleased by the work of the week was evidenced by a unanimous vote of thanks accompanied by a rousing cheer which came at the close.

THE MARCH "CRAFTSMAN" WILL BE A GARDEN NUMBER FILLED WITH INTERESTING AND PRACTICAL HINTS FOR YOUR SPRING PLANTING. IT WILL BE A NUMBER OF UNUSUAL INSPIRATION TO LOVERS OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS.

BOOK REVIEWS

MRS. LANCELOT: BY MAURICE HEWLETT

IT is Mr. Hewlett himself who designates his latest book, *Mrs. Lancelot*, "a comedy of assumptions; a tragi-comedy." In this placing of his work he is to be agreed with. Its comedy is too un-mirthful to be comedy; its tragedy too weak to bear the name; but through it all is woven the astounding assumption of the players.

In the cardinal assumption of Charles Lancelot, the lawful husband of the heroine, Mr. Hewlett finds the root-matter of the book, as he also does of its title, *Mrs. Lancelot*. *Charles Lancelot*, who has no justification outside of the intense seriousness with which he takes himself, assumes that he has the ability to become a great man, one useful to his Kingdom. He further, "not being exempt from the ordinary needs of our nature, sought for himself a sharer in his high designs." "The book," Mr. Hewlett states, "is therefore an account of whom he got, of how he got her and of what he got."

For between three men was *Georgiana Lancelot*, a slip of a thing like a wand of some willowy tree, a woman with the beauty of the snowdrop, pale, thin and worn to the bone, destined to do her duty, to be kind, to heed her conscience and to listen to the beat of her own heart.

The men with whom she had to do, and to how great an extent, Mr. Hewlett relies much on the imagination of the reader, were first of all her husband, *Charles Lancelot*, the man of selfish assumptions; the *Duke of Devizes*, who became, through the non-resistance of *Charles*, her lover, since it was to the husband's advantage to secure the patronage of so great a man; and the interloper poet *Gervase Poore*, seeing God and all heaven in her eyes. Having both passion and romance he loved her wildly, putting in the end both her lawful husband and England's most powerful duke to rout.

The husband an icehouse, the duke a raging volcano, and triumphant over them the wild-eyed unconventional *Gervase Poore*, reading her as he did "from the without to the within."

This poet lover summarizes in his way the situation between the *Duke* and *Georgiana* with: "He knows the length of

his tether; he gets his pleasure of her in the contemplation of her."

The *Duke* speaking to an intimate after the scene had been transplanted from England to Italy, concerning expressed alarm over *Georgiana's* apparent affair with the poet, said: "Don't you suppose that that pair is in Puy de Dôme with us? Not a bit of it. They are in the Elysian Fields, hand in hand, with the asphodel brushing their knees." Further the intimate asked: "What does *Mr. Lancelot* think about it?" "He doesn't think about it," the *Duke* answered, "and I'm not going to let him begin." These are about as frank expressions as Mr. Hewlett accords of the respective relations of *Georgiana* with her three men.

The setting of the story is mainly London in the days when Tom Moore was a well-known figure in society. Its climax is reached in Italy, where luminous skies, fecund heat and the spell of fragrant flowers so heighten the love motif that the shy *Georgiana* and her poet, scoffing at the mundane laws of man, hastened to a hillside cottage to dream and to love and to unfold their imprisoned souls. So ends the story.

In *Mrs. Lancelot*, as is his habit, Mr. Hewlett says abnormally clever things, and he repeats, never, however, until they entirely lose their flavor. The style of the writing is less strained, more simple than that of many of his other works; undeniably that of the master craftsman of his day. It shows the burning imagination, the ability to set a scene vitally on foot, that are among this author's unassailable gifts. The newness of field and thought usually associated with Mr. Hewlett seem to those who know him well to be somewhat lacking. In *Georgiana Lancelot*, demure, feeling herself a failure after her first party, we scent the aroma of *Sancha Percival*. But *Sancha* with her desire to give,—to give her all to a reprobate cause, was infinitely more of a creation than *Mrs. Lancelot*, for, while willing to absorb for her husband and herself a very great deal of worldly benefit from the *Duke*, she is somewhat conservative, at least so the reader is led to suppose, as to what she gave in return.

In the poet *Gervase Poore* the figure of *Jack Senhouse* is recalled, but not poignantly or to the advantage of the poet. *Senhouse* with his light, free step, his notions at variance with those of the world, comes

BOOK REVIEWS

back to the memory lovingly, even powerfully, as the most living brain child of Mr. Hewlett. He and his *Sancha* will remain, while the passage of the poet *Gervase Poore* and *Mrs. Lancelot* will be rapid, eerie-like, not the vision the author claims for her. (Published by the Century Company, New York. 400 pages. Price \$1.35 net.)

AMERICAN CITY GOVERNMENT: BY CHARLES A. BEARD

THE subtitle of Mr. Beard's book, "A Survey of Newer Tendencies," is perhaps its best explanation, since it deals less with politics and administration than with the present social and economical problems which must be met in the life of large cities. The book is particularly timely now when the interest in civic-improvement is widespread and when the American people are awakening to the importance of a better city government. Mr. Beard advocates "home rule" for each city as a protection against corrupt practices of the State Legislature, and also on account of the fact that each city knows best its own difficulties. The chapters that treat of the health of the people, their education and industrial training; municipal recreation and city planning as well as one entitled "Guarding the City against Crime and Vice," are perhaps the ones likely to be of the greatest general service. Those who know Mr. Beard's "American Government and Politics" will find in the present volume the same standard of conscientious workmanship, and a like just treatment of his subject. (Published by the Century Company, New York. Illustrated. 420 pages. Price \$2.00 net.)

RUSSIAN WONDER TALES: BY POST WHEELER

A WHOLLY charming contribution to folk-lore is this English version of the Russian *skazki*, a subject little known to Americans. The author is the first, so far as is known, to consider the subject since Bain's Anglicized edition of Afonasiief's tales, which appeared in Russian in 1874. Before that Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, published in 1873, was presumably the only presentation of Slavonic myths in English. Mr. Wheeler could scarcely have found a fresher field for his initial work.

Handed down for centuries from genera-

tion to generation, these "wonder tales" sprang from the nature-myths of a pagan people. Coming under the influence of the Christian faith, their old symbolism and primitive meaning gradually disappeared, until at length only incoherent fragments remained. These formed the nuclei for other lore developed by the changed conditions and life of the people. "So that the *skazki*," says Mr. Wheeler, "as they appear today, are less a cluster of individual tales than an elaborate mosaic, with whose fragments and color of incident the modern adapter produces variant and highly-tinted designs on the kaleidoscopic principle."

Differing in some respects from the folk-lore common to the Indo-European nations, these Russian tales possess all the magic, and employ all the artifices of the wonderlands with which we are familiar. From the vast wealth of such lore throughout the Russias, Mr. Wheeler presents twelve tales as representative types, each being somewhat a composite, and he tells them to us in good Western folk-lore style.

The exquisite illustrations for this work merit special attention. They are reproductions in color from the drawings of the Russian artist, Bilibin, whose interpretation of the *skazki* through his brush "has made the old myths glow again." (Published by the Century Company, New York. Illustrated. 323 pages. Price \$2.50 net.)

LITTLE BOOKS ABOUT OLD FURNITURE: BY A. E. REVEIRS-HOPKINS AND BY J. B. BLAKE

THE third and fourth volumes in the series of "Little Books about Old Furniture" trace the development of furniture from the time of Chippendale in the middle of the eighteenth century to the period of Hepplewaite, Sheraton and the Adams Brothers in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The books contain some interesting descriptions of the life and the people during the periods when this furniture was produced. They are of interest chiefly to the collector or to the purchaser of moderate means who wishes to acquire some knowledge of the "periods" before buying, and who does not wish to go deeply into the more academic questions set forth in less "popular" books on furniture. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. "The Period of Chippendale," by J. P. Blake. Illustrated.

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111 pages. Price \$1.00 net. "The Sheraton Period," by A. E. Reveirs-Hopkins. Illustrated. 135 pages. Price \$1.00 net each.)

CHATS ON COTTAGE AND FARMHOUSE FURNITURE: BY ARTHUR HAYDEN

MR. HAYDEN'S chat books on old prints, old china and old furniture have served to many as an introduction to this latest volume in which fresh material on the already exploited subject of old English furniture is agreeably presented. In dealing with furniture used after the 15th century in cottages and farmhouses, "the most native furniture and the most typically racy of the soil," the book stands alone. "What earthenware is to porcelain," Mr. Hayden writes, "so cottage and farm-house furniture are to the elaborate styles made for the use of the richer classes." As, however, superlative specimens of old furniture have been absorbed by museums and private collectors, the attention of the popular mind has become turned to this class of furniture made by seriously-minded craftsmen in special types entirely apart from those of the London cabinet-makers. Chests, gate-leg tables, dressers, bacon cupboards, Bible boxes, chairs, cradles and spinning-wheels belonging to various localities and dates are described, and attention is drawn to the desirability of preserving the cottage and farmhouse types in England, as is being done in Denmark and Sweden, where permanent record of country life is provided in groups of typical farmhouses completely furnished, under State supervision.

A chapter on Old English chintzes contributed by Hugh Phillips is of especial interest since it gives information never before in print accompanied by illustrations taken from authentic examples. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 350 pages. Fully illustrated. Price \$2.00 net.)

CHATS ON JEWELRY AND TRINKETS: BY MACIVER PERCIVAL

THIS book, which is abundant in information, is written, as the author states, mainly for the benefit of minor collectors—those who desire the quest of trinkets and jewels as well as their possession. It urges, "since the love of jewelry

is very deeply rooted in human nature" that no time be lost in securing from old family trinket boxes, from pawnbrokers and from provincial dealers the treasures which can now be had either for the asking or for a sum that will eventually be looked upon as a mere song.

In order to assist its readers to an appreciation of the work of earlier times a short historical sketch is given ending with the 17th Century. Later the work of the 18th and early 19th Centuries is taken up, while a miscellaneous section, treating of rings, brooches, buckles, precious stones and pearls, cameos and intaglios, paste and pinchbeck, enables the collector to find his specialty. The book points the way to the appreciation of jewelry and trinkets that are invaluable for the beauty and craftsmanship of their designs rather than for the intrinsic value of their stones. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 284 pages. Fully illustrated. Price \$2.00 net.)

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF TEACHING ART: BY ARTHUR WESLEY DOW

MR. DOW has a new method of teaching art. He calls it the synthetic.

It is a reaction against the old academic method of studying art by drawing or representation. The synthetic method stimulates the creative impulse by the study and production of harmony in design. To create a sympathetic appreciation of art in the public is of economic value for it saves a vast amount of labor in the production of useless and ugly things. This sympathetic appreciation in the public is the life-giving impulse in any art growth. Mr. Dow says: "Skill in drawing should be sought as a means of expression and not considered as an end in itself," for the purpose of art should be the development of power, not representation. The author shows how this can be done and the student's creative powers developed by simple lessons in construction, in appreciation of harmony, of line, tone and color. It is interesting when a reaction against the academic method of teaching art comes from one of our universities, and Mr. Dow is a professor in the Teachers' College of Columbia University. (Published by Teachers' College, Columbia University. Illustrated. 73 pages. Price \$1.50. New and enlarged edition.)

NOTES OF INTEREST

THE IMPERSONAL NOTE IN THE AMERICAN HOME

WE have been very much interested in an interview published in a recent issue of *The Evening Sun* of New York, in which the point of view of an English decorator, Miss Patricia Irwin, is set forth somewhat at length. Miss Irwin feels about American interior fitting very much as THE CRAFTSMAN feels and has felt for years, namely that the American home is being ruined by thoughtless, impersonal interior decoration; that there is but little sincerity in the American home furnishing, that is, in the homes of the rich, that in the American home the period room is done to death. And she wonders why it is that Americans who cook so well and dress so well, fail so often in the fitting up of the interior of their homes.

Miss Irwin, who has made a name for herself in London as an interior decorator, has decorated the Scotland castle of Sir David and Lady Kinlock and many quaint country houses, is on her way to Montreal to do the offices of the Canadian Pacific in that place.

"I shouldn't like to be too personal in my comments on the homes of the New Yorkers to whom money is no object," Miss Irwin said, "but really the interior decorator, who is usually a man and has no more idea for self-expression in a private home than in a hotel, brings out such hideous results that one must really feel sorry for the owners.

"What do I want to discover first in a home?" repeated this critical English woman. "Why, what does any one expect to find first in a home? Comfort, to be sure. Why should the acquisition of riches shut off the best in the house where one lives? I have seen the most remarkable things in New York houses. Rugs on the tables! Rugs on the balustrade! Rugs on the walls! Pictures over the mantel mirror! Price marks on hangings! Atrocious!"

Miss Irwin feels that things in a home should express the character of the one who lives in it. That the furnishings should develop harmony. That there should be color effects that are harmonious. That the deadly custom of making Louis

XV. and Louis XVI. rooms is enough to destroy the spirit of the home to begin with. She declared that the finest quality in a home should be sincerity, and not being better than some one else's home.

"You Americans are a hundred years ahead of London," said this discerning woman, "when it comes to sanitation. We engage your American architects in our public buildings, but not yet in our private houses. That is an innovation which still awaits the Englishman who is building a fine new home. Your plans for heating and for ventilation and for plumbing are far, far ahead of London. But our art all has a meaning. It is like our religion, purely an individual affair. But Americans think that if they bring our antiques over here from Europe they have something worth while. The antiques are of value in their own settings, not when transplanted."

Miss Irwin said any discerning person can tell the instant he enters a house whether the people who live in it are intelligent enough to spend their own money or whether they have hired some one to spend it for them. She said something about it being a pity that any one should have more money than he could live up to in every direction.

"I met a woman of great opulence not long ago who told me," confessed this English decorator, "that she had never read many books on account of her mother's never having encouraged her to read when she was a little girl. 'But now,' she ventured naively, 'that I have a home of my own and have plenty of time and money I have ordered a whole roomful of books, and I am determined to read. I have begun to read in the upper left-hand corner of the top shelf in the library, and I have already got through several volumes.'"

Miss Irwin thought American women in New York live too much to impress other people and for public opinion. "Why, in London," she said, "we think the greatest compliment we can pay an honored guest is to give a dinner in our own homes, but here women go out to restaurants. Homes sometimes seem places to go to when there is nothing else doing. The highest culture is kindness and sincerity," she commented, "and surely nothing could be better to bring out in a home than that."

She thought women as decorators were doing far better work than the professional

NOTES OF INTEREST

shops where men presided, "for a woman is temperamental and more penetrating, and if a home is not to be too ornate she will express the lives of the ones who live in it, even to the extent of giving them something to live up to." However, she admitted that our windows are faultless, but then windows are for display anyway, and so windows do not stand for sincerity.

AN EXHIBITION OF VITAL SIGNIFICANCE

THE International Exhibition of Modern Art organized by the Association of American Painters and Sculptors will have its official opening on February 15th, 1913, and will continue day and evening until March 15th. At least 2,000 American and foreign works of art will be on view, and these latter will be representative of all the various phases of what is known as the Modern Movement in Europe, and of course especially in France. The list of painters and sculptors to most of whom America is to be introduced for the first time, begins with Ingres, and ends with the Italian Futurists.

The exhibition is to be held in the Armory of the 69th Regiment. The drill floor will be divided into 27 temporary rooms, including three center halls in which sculpture will be exhibited. So rich will the exhibition be in examples of the works of Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse, and Redon, that a separate room will be given to each of these painters. The committee on the catalogue of the Association proposes to bring out special pamphlets on or by Gauguin, Van Gogh, Cézanne, Redon and others.

Mr. Arthur B. Davies, the President of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, has given out the following statement of interest:

"On behalf of the Executive Committee, I desire to explain the general attitude of the Association and especially in regard to the International Exhibition to be held in this city in February and March.

"This is not an institution but an association. It is composed of persons of varying tastes and predilections, who are agreed on one thing, that the time has arrived for giving the public here the opportunity to see for themselves the results of new influences at work in other countries in an art way.

"In getting together the works of the

European Moderns, the Society has embarked on no propaganda. It proposes to enter into no controversy with any institution. Its sole object is to put the paintings, sculptures, and so on, on exhibition so that the intelligent may judge for themselves, by themselves."

NEIGHBORHOOD UPLIFT

THERE are many societies on Long Island whose prime object is the improvement of the home town, and the very best results to be obtained are by means of contests among the neighbors, especially the younger folks. This has been thoroughly proven in many sections of the Island, particularly at Huntington, Locust Valley and in the Oyster Bay Village Horticultural Society. Prizes are given for the best flower gardens as well as the best vegetable gardens and are in two classes,—for those under eleven years of age and for those over that age. Even those who have no ground they can call their own have a window-box class open to them. Besides these garden prizes, the best kept home yard and flower garden in School District No. 10 receives a good, liberal prize, added to the honor of keeping the home plot a source of beauty and a joy forever. Seeds and perennial plants are distributed free. Vegetable plants and flower seedlings are sold at "penny prices" early in the planting season. The prizes are awarded after Labor Day on the opening day of school. The prize given adults for the best kept home grounds will undoubtedly do as much for the Cove as did the prizes awarded by the Coldspring folks, and Huntington. It changed both of these little towns in a miraculously short time from villages distinctly in the gone-to-seed class to villages showing marked self-respect and remarkable prosperity, and precisely the same results have been achieved at the Cove, for neighbors are affected by each others' doings far more than human nature will admit.

(From the *Long Island Agronomist*.)

OVERHEATED SCHOOLROOMS

THE doctrine of the abundance of fresh air as the best health producer for school-boys and -girls was preached at the Marion county teachers' institute in Indianapolis, Ind., a few weeks ago. "Seventy-five per cent. of America's city schools are improperly heated and ventilated," said

Charles H. Keyes. "The worst of the majority of the modern heating apparatuses which we find installed in many of our city schools and large office buildings is that they do not ventilate. It is not for the factory, shop and department-store girls, in behalf of whom we see so much written in the daily papers and magazines, that I am apprehensive, so much as it is our school-teachers, who are forced to live nine months of the year in the infamous atmosphere of the modern schoolroom. The little girls and boys in the mills of New England are better off than the 30 or 40 children crowded into a schoolroom at a constant temperature of from 73 to 80 degrees, where instead of becoming so many bits of human life and energy, they generate into 30 or 40 carbonic acid mills. Theaters, schools, churches, public halls and buildings, and the majority of homes are heated seven or eight degrees higher than they should be. The United States is far behind several of the European countries in the treatment of heat and ventilation. England's schoolhouses are heated to 68 degrees, Germany's to 66, the schools of Wales to 65 and those of Scotland to 64, while we here in America heat ours to the ridiculous height of from 70 to 80 degrees."

A HOME SITE AS AN INVESTMENT

The columns of financial journals are filled with the advertisements of investment experts. People living at a distance from financial centers, whose time is devoted to local affairs and who have meager facilities for acquainting themselves with the different features entering into sound investment are the legitimate patrons of these financial houses. Those who invest on the strength of statements made in some beautifully printed and cleverly written prospectus issued in behalf of some speculative venture, stand more than an even chance of loss. The columns of the daily papers are filled with accounts of clever manipulation—showing how perfectly feasible it is to foist worthless script upon the investing public. Men of genius and brains can be hired, whose false word-pictures will produce infinitely more gold than the so-called "Mines" they promote; so that clearly the

function of the investment expert is real, legitimate, and necessary.

The huge fortunes of today are the result of private control of vast natural resources, the treasures of a new country. Iron, oil, timber, coal in private hands have produced the money kings of today. In the future this will happen less and less. This is true because the natural resources of the country are becoming quite thoroughly developed, and because the Government will probably maintain its attitude of opposition toward private monopoly of public necessities. For these reasons future investment will become more and more conservative and naturally turn to land.

Just as in the financial world, the expert is able to guard the investor from watered stock and nebulous securities because with his experience he can relate in proper proportion the mass of data which denotes the condition of a great corporation, so in the real-estate field perhaps to an almost equal degree, an investor is able to eliminate a great part of the risk by securing an authoritative opinion on the probabilities of value before parting with his money.

A really expert should have the experience of years, should be familiar with the problems of transportation, climate, fertility, trend of population and other elements which give value almost with the accuracy of the multiplication table.

A great many real-estate propositions cannot be regarded in the light of investment. All sorts of property from "beaver meadows" to sand dunes are obtainable in the real-estate market of today under the guise of "Home Sites." In saying this we must not be understood as making a sweeping condemnation of real-estate developments or real-estate securities. We are simply emphasizing the importance of experienced, disinterested expert opinion in real-estate investment which will separate, for the buyer, the wheat from the chaff, and enable him to place his money not on the strength of some freakish argument or empty claim of impending boom, but solely on the strength of actual present value and probability of future value rather than mere possibility, and this is the place which *THE CRAFTSMAN* intends to fill by the Real-Estate department announced in this number.

