VOL. XXX, NO. 1 OCTOBER, 1916 25 CENTS

THE CRAFTSMAN

"The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne"

"The Best Illustrated Magazine in America."

"Maxim," the Vital Russian Romance Today. Illustrated.
A Mexican Love Story.
Nijinsky, the Greatest Ballet Dancer in the World; Illustrated with Unpublished Drawings and Photographs.
Economical Fireproof Houses.
Building a Craftsman House in the Northwest.

THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING-NEW YORK CITY

CHROMEWALD COTTAGE FURNITURE IN COLORS

OWING to the great demand for the new Chromewald Furniture and the necessity of supplying it to an increasing number of agents throughout the country, I have decided to confine my activities in the future to the wholesale business exclusively.

GUSTAV STICKLEY—THE CRAFTSMAN.

My show rooms will be retained for wholesale purposes at 6 East 39th Street, New York.

The Craftsman Workshops will be continued at Eastwood, N. Y.

THE FINISH of this Chromewald furniture is dark and rich with a warm undertone: Into this brown finish different colors are rubbed, an entirely new departure in furniture making: The color will not wear off nor will a damp climate cause a bluish bloom to appear: The lines are simple, strong and elegant.

We believe Gustav Stickley has brought out a real, American style of furniture which will become quite as much the vogue in refined homes as existing copies of any of the old masters. And it is most gratifying to note that the trade is coming to appreciate the new departure. Many of the most discriminating of the buyers, from all sections, are ordering freely, and they are enthusiastic over the showing.—*Daily Artisan Record*, Grand Rapids, Mich., July 12, 1916.

Write for name of local dealer.

THE CRAFTSMAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CRAFTSMAN PUBLISHING CO.
THIRTY-EIGHTH AND THIRTY-NINTH STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

GUSTAV STICKLEY, Editor — MARY FANTON ROBERTS, Managing Editor
ELOISE ROORBACH, Garden Editor

VOLUME XXXI — NUMBER 1

Contents for October, 1916

All manuscripts sent to THE CRAFTSMAN for consideration must be accompanied by return postage. A stamped addressed envelope is the most satisfactory plan.

All changes of address should reach us on or before the twenty-fifth of the second month preceding the date of publication. For example, to change an address for December, word should be sent to us by October twenty-fifth. Subscribers should not fail to give their old address when requesting a change of address. Back numbers 35 cents each. Issues previous to 1913, 50 cents each.

Canadian postage 50 cents extra. Foreign postage, $1.20 extra.

New York Office:
6 East 39th St.

25 CENTS A COPY: $3.00 A YEAR

 Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, New York. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Canada.

America's High Quality Farm Monthly

THE FIELD

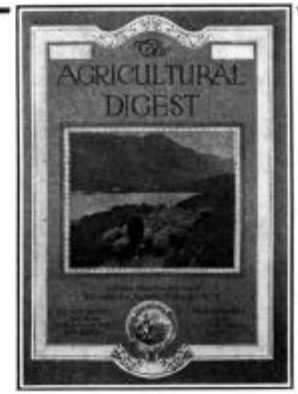
ILLUSTRATED

For country estate owners and successful farmers

GROW the best, BREED the best, READ the best, about PURE-BRED livestock, horses, beef and dairy cattle, sheep, swine and poultry; farm, fruit and truck crops. **Big, Beautiful, Practical.** The illustrations are a revelation. "THE ANNUAL FARM OUTFITTING NUMBER" of THE FIELD **contains 100 pages and 76 practical illustrations** in a full color cover, and is sent free each year to every annual subscriber; also the "INTERNATIONAL LIVESTOCK ANNUAL," the big Christmas issue.

Analyzes the Foremost Agricultural Thought

The Science of Agriculture and the Business of Farming



THE AGRICULTURAL DIGEST is national in its scope and character and lends its support to all measures making for agricultural progress.

It is in **no wise a competitor** or antagonist of any local, sectional or other farm paper, but instead, **reviews them all** for the common good.

Size of page 9 x 12 1-4 inches

All its name implies and more

THE AGRICULTURAL DIGEST has a definite plan that unquestionably fills **the greatest existing need in the field of agricultural publishing today. BECAUSE:**

six hundred agricultural periodicals, the Department of Agriculture bulletins, the literature of the Agricultural Colleges and new books on agricultural subjects are analyzed and summarized monthly. **YOU NEED IT.**

The National Agricultural Society

THE HON. JAMES WILSON of Iowa, formerly Secretary of Agriculture in the cabinets of Presidents McKINLEY, ROOSEVELT and TAFT, is President of The National Agricultural Society. THEODORE N. VAIL of New York is the Vice-President. G. HOWARD DAVISON is the Chairman of the Executive Committee.

THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY is **the first national non-partisan and non-political organization** of its kind to be formed in this country, affording helpful, profitable co-operation with the varied and diversified agricultural interests.

If you farm
If you breed livestock
If you are interested in agriculture

YOU NEED "THE FIELD"

"The Field" Illustrated was founded to encourage the breeding of pure-bred livestock, to promote better farming and to meet the demand of successful farmers, breeders and country estate owners.

Sixty men joined to found "The Field," including these prominent breeders:

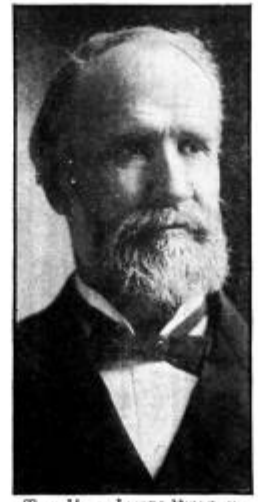
F. L. AMES
HUGH J. CHISHOLM
AMBROSE CLARK
THOS. DE WITT CUYLER
G. HOWARD DAVISON
T. COLEMAN DU PONT
ROBERT A. FAIRBAIRN
FRANK O. LOWDEN
THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN
THEO. N. VAIL
HENRY L. WARDWELL

1 YEAR 1916 $1.50

Including 1916 Christmas International Livestock Annual

One of the several good papers members of the National Agricultural Society may select without additional charge.

Address: **THE FIELD Illustrated, 6-A W. 45th St., N. Y.**



THE HON. JAMES WILSON

While all other forms of business have had the benefit of organization, the farmer's profession has drifted along, each man for himself, or with only the help of local organizations, not profiting as it should by modern business science.

It is high time that farmers should have consideration and all possible advantages in national movements.

This society aims to help those who help themselves. It will PAY YOU fully and well now.

Among the organizers of the National Agricultural Society were:

the late JAMES J. HILL of St. Paul, JOHN A. SPOOR of Chicago, GOVERNOR HENRY C. STUART of Virginia, SENATOR JAMES W. WADSWORTH of New York, ROBERT A. FAIRBAIRN of New Jersey, CHARLES A. OTIS of Cleveland, N. H. GENTRY of Missouri, PETER JANSEN of Nebraska, FAIRFAX HARRISON of Virginia, FRANK O. LOWDEN of Illinois and A. W. FOSTER of California. ***—A guarantee of character and service. You also can suggest membership names.***

The Society is to have an advisory board composed of the deans of agricultural colleges, prominent farmers, heads of the agricultural experiment stations, departments of agriculture men and leading editors.—MEMBERS PROFIT AND LEARN WITH THE LEADERS OF THE BEST AGRICULTURAL THOUGHT OF THIS COUNTRY.

Join today in this nation-wide movement for better agriculture. The power of the Society rests in a representative membership.

Publications valued at much more than $2 are offered by the Society to all members.

It is the great forward movement for the National welfare. The officers and directors are farmers. You can do your part for the most vital industry of the country. Please cut out the blank below.

FILL OUT THE BLANK NOW—BEFORE YOU FORGET

The National Agricultural Society

6-A West 45th Street, New York

MAIL THIS

I herewith enclose $2 for membership in THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, with the understanding that I shall receive **The Agricultural Digest** for one year, and **other publications** issued by the Society, including one other **best** farm paper.

My name is .....

Address .....

Other publications are received without further charge by members of THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, including **two high-class papers** of a kind that are never sold at reduced prices, or given away. **You** may select **one** from list sent to members.

THE CRAFTSMAN DIRECTORY FOR BUYERS

A Classified Index to Advertisements in this Issue

Reduced from a full page in color from the Arthur Rackham "Mother Goose": By permission of the Century Co., Publishers. Copyright 1913.

"HARK, HARK! the Dogs Do Bark, the Beggars Are Coming to Town," from a drawing by Arthur Rackham.

THE CRAFTSMAN

PUBLISHED BY THE CRAFTSMAN PUBLISHING CO.

VOLUME XXXI OCTOBER, 1916 NUMBER 1

"MAXIM," THE STORY OF MAKING A PEASANT INTO A SOLDIER: BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

(A chapter from "Potential Russia": By permission of E. P. Dutton & Co.)

THE story of Maxim will tell much of Russia at war. With its movement, its color and its pictures it will contain much of the sum total that one can see or feel in the empire of the Czar today. In it there is the theme of the fourth of the four great dramatic facts of this conflict.

"The first of these great dramatic facts, I think, is the spirit of Great Britain. . . . And the second is the efficiency of Germany. . . . And the third is the dignity of France. . . . And the fourth drama of the conflict concerns a terrible thing. It is the human flesh of the endless hordes of men. It is the stockyard hordes of armies like the Russian army. It is the story of the millions. But, individually, it is the story of Maxim.

"Russia is a country of peasants; if Maxim were destined to be born in Russia, the chances were three to one that he would be a peasant, and that Maxim should be a peasant fate decreed. Fate dropped him, a pink and squirming thing, in a little Russian village a day's journey from Petrograd, and almost that distance from Moscow.

"Maxim represented Russia as much as any soul could represent Russia. He was more Russian than the Czar, more Russian than any bureaucrat. He was a Slav, a peasant; he was one of the one hundred and twenty million cast in the image of God and tilling the soil. More than this, his infancy represented Russia because the lusty health of his young flesh combined with the stare of his blue eyes, in which no one could quite tell whether there were simplicity or guile, dense ignorance or the ancient meditations of old Oriental mysteries. Above all, Maxim had the quality which is the essence of the charm of Russia and Russia's peasantry. It was not picturesqueness; it was not simplicity or elusiveness; it was potentiality; it was possibility. Like Russia, Maxim was a humanized question mark; he was a slate upon which nothing had been written. No one could tell whether he was the world's yesterday or the world's to-morrow.

Russian hanging copper ink-pot.

"MAXIM"

"He was born into a world of earth and wood. And in this, too, he represented Russia, for Russia is a civilization of earth and wood. That which satisfies the hunger of the Russian mind is ownership of soil; it is the passion of the empire. That which satisfies the hunger of his body is eaten with a wooden spoon from a wooden bowl.

"The home of Maxim, for whom destiny has marked out a part—a little but significant part—in the great world war, was of wood. Snow and wind from the lowering skies of Russian winters had turned to weathered gray the unpainted exterior of the half-thatched peasant home, the roof of which extended to cover the shed in which the horse, the two cows and a pig were kept. Inside, in the room where Maxim, his sister and his father and mother spent all of their indoor hours, the reverse side of the lumber was yellow-brown, unplastered and undecorated, except by clothes that hung on the wall, by four covers of a magazine published in Moscow, wooden utensils on a shelf, and a painted wooden icon hung in the corner so that a saint of the Russian orthodox church might ever cast upon the room a benevolent stare from brown, doelike eyes. There was a large wooden table and a stove of tiles with a mouth always hungry for wood.

THE outdoor world across which the young legs of Maxim first began to walk was a part of the great Russian plain, but the village of fourteen or fifteen houses was built under the shadows of four lines of birch trees, whose leafy tops waved in the summer, so that the birches writhed as gracefully as dancing dryads—as the birches wave in a landscape by Corot. Maxim's world extended as time went on and as his hair grew more and more like flax through the bleaching of hatless summers, and then, as his body was made to have magnificent form and strength, retaining its unbent, untwisted youth through its labor in the communal fields, extended until this world of his could be said to include nearly thirty square miles. It included at least one town on the railroad from which the produce of the countryside was shipped away and in which there were such things as newspapers from Petrograd and Moscow, and a local government in the control of landed proprietors which was a cross between a paternal village-improvement association and a board of aldermen, was called a *zemstvo* council, and maintained schools, doctors and hospitals. Maxim did not know that a few years ago only one person in four in Russia could read or write; it was quite a normal thing not to read or write, but Maxim learned from a traveling teacher because a plump, young thing named Vera, who looked most pretty in the old peasant heirloom dress, had learned and teased Maxim unmerci-

fully for his backwardness. If he could have foreseen the Great War, no doubt he would not have bothered his head; for, like the millions of him, Maxim was something of a simple philosopher.

"He was something of a simple philosopher, but his religion had a large part in the sweetness of his life. In Maxim there was a capacity for religious feeling of which even Father Sergius, the village priest, a rather stupid man, did not dream. Maxim's world was small, therefore the unknown world of superstition and of religious hope appeared all the larger. The young man saw that men of his own age in the town celebrated holidays by their vodka drinking and congregated in tough gangs—a new thing in Russia—but it was Maxim and not these tough young men of the town who could represent the spirit of the Russian peasantry. Maxim simply prayed for help and purity and for the pity of a stern God; his eyes remained clear as crystals from the Urals, and there was a spring in the step as he walked over the creaking snow in his rope and basket shoes, his padded leg swathings, and his calf-skin cap, and he had deep-breathing lungs and coursing blood under his skin.

"In this respect, too, he represented the real, human Russia. An American doctor in charge of one of the largest of the hospitals, receiving soldiers from the front, told me that among the six thousand *muzhiks* he had treated only eleven men had the diseases of immorality. 'Why?' said I. 'Russian peasant: religion; clean living,' said he. 'I never believed an army could be so free from these diseases.'

Russian carved wooden spoon.

"IN the winter the young man's father went to the city where, as an *izvoshchik,* or single-horse public vehicle driver, in a padded coat, he earned money, not to spend upon luxuries, but with the eternal Russian *muzhik's* ambition, his land madness: the same land madness which forced the abolition of serfdom in Russia and which, way down deep, consuming the Russian heart, was the real strength behind the agitation of the so-called intelligent class in cities and towns and the urban revolutionary elements that in nineteen hundred and five resulted in Russia's first Duma or national assembly: a form, if not a fact, of constitutional government. The theory of constitutional government Maxim did not understand at all, and in this respect he represented the real Russia much better than the universities and the widely diverse reform theories and the politicians of the cities. But he understood the land madness of the *muzhiks,* for he had it.

"Maxim had also a Slav sense of a mild sort. Between himself and his own customs and the peasants and the customs of villages not far away there were vast differences. In common, however, there were Slav instincts, the orthodox religion, the vague, mysterious recognition

of a vague, mysterious government, and at bottom a childlike attitude toward the Czar which has given rise to the term Little Father. All these combined bound Maxim to other Russians, to the infinite world of Russia beyond the horizon of his own little world.

"Happy enough, dreaming much, worshiping blindly, in ignorance of the modern western world, but feeling a hunger for it; not influenced much by the Orient, but feeling its ancient breath, Maxim, the human animal whose body was beautiful, whose hair was light, and whose mind was dark, still represented Russia, for he was young, strong, rather inscrutable, untested, undeveloped—a Potentiality.

"Then the war came.

"THE news of the war reached the village, but in the length and breadth of that little hamlet no one could be found who knew why the war had come. War was something which came like a tempest of unknown forces. Not even the *zemstvo* doctor who came into the caton could explain. A war was in progress, and that was a fact to be accepted, for the mind of the *muzhik* likes to say to itself, 'Life is life; a fact is a fact, and if nothing can be done about it, it is something to be taken down in one gulp.' Old Vladimir, who heard that the Czar was fighting the Austrians, recalled the days he had spent in Petrograd and said, 'Well, the Germans are a great business people, and it is lucky they are on our side.' It took several days to correct the impression which the remark had made. Indeed, it was not until Vera had received a note sent by a messenger from her brother, who was serving his term in the army, that it was known that the Russian forces had been mobilized and that the western frontier already was in the tumult of masses of men and metal hurled against other masses of men and metal in a fury of hate which no one understood.

"One evening Maxim came back from a journey to the town on the railroad. Summer had gone, and the skies, with their flat, gray blanket threatening a winter covering for the flat Russian plains, were lit for a moment in the west with a flare of red as if the war had thrown up the spray of its blood and fire. Maxim plodded along beside the undersized chestnut horse with the flax-colored mane and tail, but the head of the young man was bowed and his mind was full of the pictures he had seen.

"At the railroad station of the town a troop train had stopped and out of it there had poured in liquid streams endless sodiers, unshaven, unbathed, red-eyed. It was a Siberian regiment which had marched and ridden and starved and thirsted across the empire. The men were strange types, and in the last cars of the train were half a hundred

PEASANT HOUSE in Russia such as a vast number of Maxim's type occupy, made with steep roof to shed the winter's snow, unpainted, weathered to a wonderful gray by the storms of many years may be seen at the right.

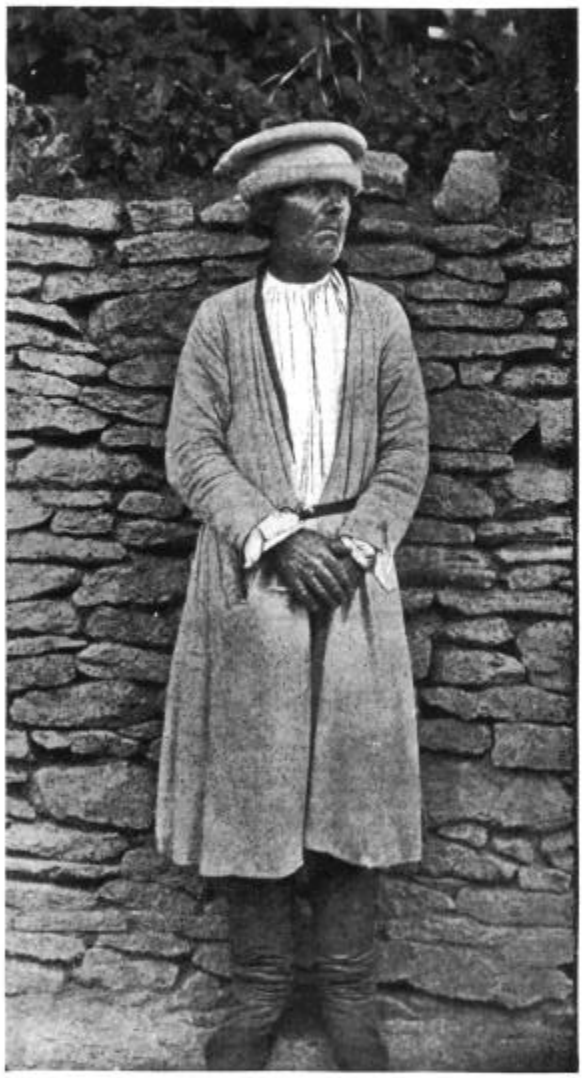
HUMBLE HOUSES in Russia are often painted in the gayest of colors as may be seen in the one shown below:

The heavy thatched roof in wonderful browns and overlay of green moss with the gaily painted side walls combine to make as interesting and original structures as can be found anywhere in the world.

The illustrations used in this article are presented through the courtesy of John Lane Co.— except the last two.

HEIRLOOM DRESSES, caps and jewelry, richly embroidered, intricately woven and skilfully wrought such as are shown at the left, bring out to the full the delicate beauty of Russian peasant maidens:

The young girls such as belong to Maxim's class take pride and joy in needlework of all kinds, making all the garments that they wear save those handed down to them from mothers, grandmothers and even great-grandmothers.



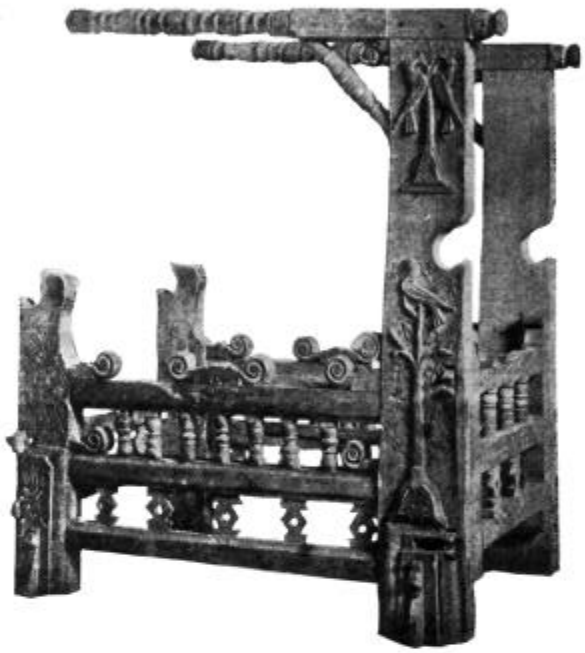
RUSSIA IS A COUNTRY OF PEASANTS,—clean living, endowed with great capacity for religious feeling and with a deep love for the soil: The great hunger and passion of the Russian people is ownership of the soil and well do they understand how to cultivate it to get the utmost possible yield of harvest from their acres:

The Russian peasant class from whom the vast army of Russia has been drawn are as a rule, magnificent in physique and in ability to walk many miles a day and to endure the greatest hardships: They are courageous, determined and intensely loyal:

The photograph at the right is characteristic of the stern resolve and vigorous strength of the peasants from Kielce.

CARVED and painted wooden candlestick made by the peasants of Greater Russia for use on a home altar.

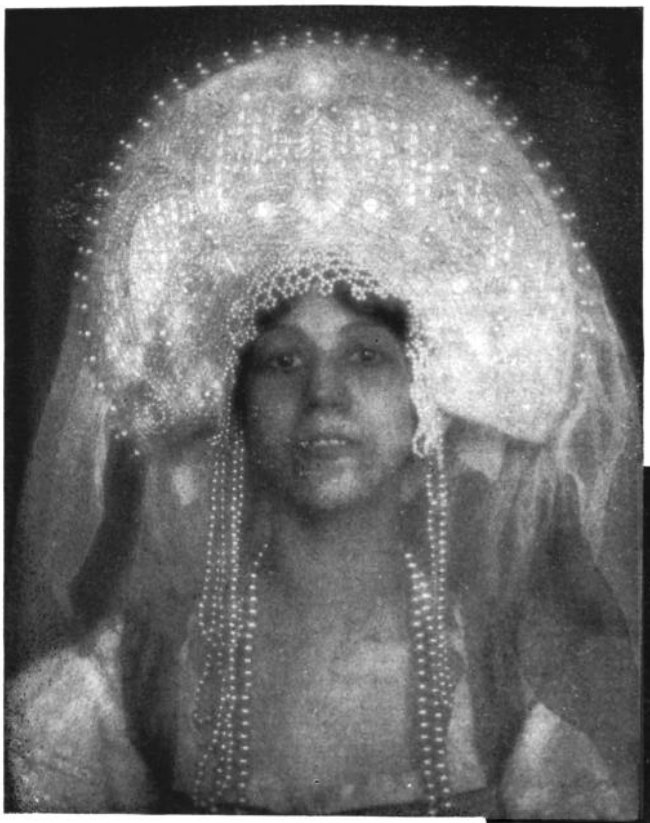
LOOMS upon which the peasant women of Russia weave their own clothing and household linen are often beautifully carved by their men folks during the long hours of winter when they are shut away from their work in the fields.



WOODEN BOWLS, often carved and gaily painted, hold the food of Russian peasants which is eaten with a carved wooden spoon.

WOODEN SCOOP carved and painted, used to serve the food in Russian peasant families.

LAUNDRY BEETLES, in fact, nearly all household implements used in Russian farmhouses, are made beautiful by carving and originality of form.



ELABORATE and beautiful head-dresses have been retained in the picturesque costumes of Russia longer and more generally than in any other European nation:

One realized something of the wonder of these head-dresses last winter in the production of "Petrouchka" by the Russian Ballet:

The picture at our left shows Lada, the Russian dancer, in one of the most gorgeous of the head-dresses still worn: This costume was brought from Russia by Lada and worn in her New York dances.

THIS RUSSIAN COSTUME was also worn by Lada in her first presentation of Russian dancing in New York:

The original of this head-dress is extraordinarily beautiful both in the richness of material, in the colors, in the metal work and jewels:

Like the one above, it was found in Russia by Lada and brought to this country to become a part of her most beautiful dancing costumes.

tribesmen from the far eastern borders of Mongolia who wore jackets of sheepskin with the wool side exposed and fierce, curved knives carried in broad metal-studded belts. Maxim had thought that the enemies of Russia had arrived, for he did not know that beside the body of the army, made up of *muzhiks,* the fighting strength of Russia contains much wilder and more curious elements than the Cossacks. He did not know that some of these strange tribesmen ask after a few hours of their journey from their homes when the fighting will begin, and that in one case, over a hundred miles from the Austro-German trenches, some of these tribesmen roamed abroad by night, and, returning, reported to the Russian officers that they had killed seven Japanese, but that four had escaped.

"Maxim had seen the flat cars carrying the field pieces, and he wondered if these had been cast from the metal which once had been the chimes in the church of the town and which the authorities had taken away. He knew nothing about the great Russian standing army which the Government was to throw headlong without sufficient munitions into the hungry mouth of the slaughter, day after day. . . .

"When the troop train of the Siberians had gone Maxim could see the second train standing on the other track. A great crowd was around it, and yet he could see that a truck was being moved from car to car and that limp men were being taken out of the doors and placed in double rows.

" 'They are hurt!' gasped Maxim, standing on tiptoe.

" 'They are dead,' answered the crowd, it seemed almost joyfully, and a cloud of its breath showed on the frosty air.

" 'I am so glad I am not twenty-one, the army age,' said Maxim. 'I would have to be killed.'

"But that night, when he had entered the living room of his father's cottage, he hung upon the wall a picture which he had bought. It was the colored lithograph of a man unbelievedly handsome and perfect, the portrait of a demigod. It was a picture familiar all over Russia. It is supposed to be the likeness of the Czar.

"MAXIM during the ten months that followed often came in from work in the fields and looked at the icon in the corner, crossing himself, and at the picture of the Czar. The icon meant God, and the Czar meant Russia, and he knew in a general way that Russia was threatened; that his own kind was threatened. He knew no more of why there was a war than he knew in the beginning. Austrian prisoners had gone by in open freight cars with the cold rain beating down upon their bedraggled, muddy uniforms, and their heads, often hatless and matted, bowed down in hopeless misery. One

of them had looked at Maxim, and Maxim had waved his hand because he felt the sense of being a human creature and that the other was a human creature too. But the prisoner from a long distance spat at Maxim.

" 'God will take care of Russia,' said Maxim. 'I hope I will not have to fight.'

"In these words he spoke something of the presence of fanaticism and the lack of an intelligent patriotism in Russia: Maxim was still being representative of human Russia, the overwhelming peasant Russia. But Maxim had to fight. After the notice a soldier came.

" 'Do you know what you are now?' said the soldier, and a scar on his cheek grew red as he said it. 'You are what we call cannon meat.'

"From childhood Maxim had felt the presence of some mysterious authority over his destiny. Somewhere there was a government. Its arm was long; its grasp was strong; its power was great. If it now reached out for Maxim at a time when the harvest was just beginning, and, indeed, at the time when he was making plans to marry Vera, the niece of old Vladimir, there was nothing to be done about it. So it is in Russia. But also there is an astonishing self-respect for the individual in Russia; so strong is it that in many quarters parents and school teachers would not think of corporal punishment. Therefore Maxim looked at the recruiter, who was old enough to be his father, and said insolently, '*You* make a good soldier.'

The other looked at Maxim's clear skin and eyes, at his flaxen hair, and at the straight, powerful body of the young giant.

" 'So do you,' he said indulgently. 'And when you are a soldier you will learn something about your country. When soldiers come back from wars they are the wisest men in their villages. And they can talk of things that no one can print in newspapers.'

"Maxim was glad to hear it. He put a map of Russia on the wall and made the soldier draw a line upon it to show his old father, bent by husbandry, and his old mother, withered by housewifery and hoeing cabbages, where the fighting was going on.

" 'Warsaw has fallen,' said the soldier.

" 'I know, I can read,' replied Maxim. 'If the people would pray more, we would get it back again.'

"His mother's knotted fingers clung to his sleeve, and her thin, dry lips were shut tight. Vera cried a little and allowed herself the torture of memories of spring days when they had danced together outdoors on the green behind the communal steam bathhouse. So Maxim left his village with his young, strong body and his good, untrained mind and a woolen blouse, a woolen suit, and a pair of greased boots; with him he took all that he had.

"The eggshell of his narrow world had burst. In a daze and a

dream the dirty old passenger car whisked him through the sleepless night, crowded among other young men whose lips had just begun to show a growth of hair and who chattered ceaselessly about the war and their own villages and new rumors until drowsiness and stupor overcame them.

"They were all *muzhiks* gathered up for the service of the Czar. Maxim stared at their shadowy outlines in the dim light of the one candle at the end of the car, the rays of which were reflected on the gilt of an icon at the other end. But for the most part he pressed the end of his straight nose against the window pane, watching the showering sparks from the wood-burning locomotive and the villages which flashed by, lying dark against the white film of moonlight on the fields.

"The next day was the most noteworthy of all his life, thought Maxim, for the train had taken him to Petrograd, the capital of his country! This was a place of dreams indeed!

"Out of the train tumbled all the new recruits, and they were marched down the Nevsky Prospect as far as the Letainy Prospect, grinning at the wonderful life on the great capital thoroughfare, at the unbelievable buildings, monuments and shops; gayly uniformed coachmen, beautiful ladies, and soldiers in many uniforms; Cossacks in gay cloaks and dashing, prancing horses; officers with tinkling medals and clanking swords; the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan, and gilded domes and spires.

"Only once did Maxim, breathless with wonder and fear, laugh. This was when he saw himself and the others turn the street corner into the gloomier avenue. The petty officer in uniform ran forward and turned the leaders as a shepherd turns the course of animals; it was exactly as if the men had been a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle.

"THEY all went past numerous Red Cross signs, denoting hospitals for the wounded from the front, on to the military barracks. And there Maxim was given a uniform, shoes and belt. They were the best clothes he had ever had; to him they seemed to be a gift from the Czar, a personal gift, and when he had an opportunity

Border of bed curtain from Moscow.

(Continued on page 89.)

THE CAMERA AS A MESSENGER FROM WOODS AND FIELDS

Illustrated with photographs by Francesca Bostwick.

RPHEUS with his lute made trees, lovely flowers and humble little weeds bow gracefully or shake their leaves most joyously; streams paused in their headlong rush to the sea to listen to his music, sleeping fountains woke with a dance and the pine trees caught a new melody. By the magic of his art every growing thing reached its fullest beauty, expressed the perfection of its promise. Such beauty as he, mythologically, made manifest through the power of harmonious sounds can be actually created through the power of harmonious seeing.

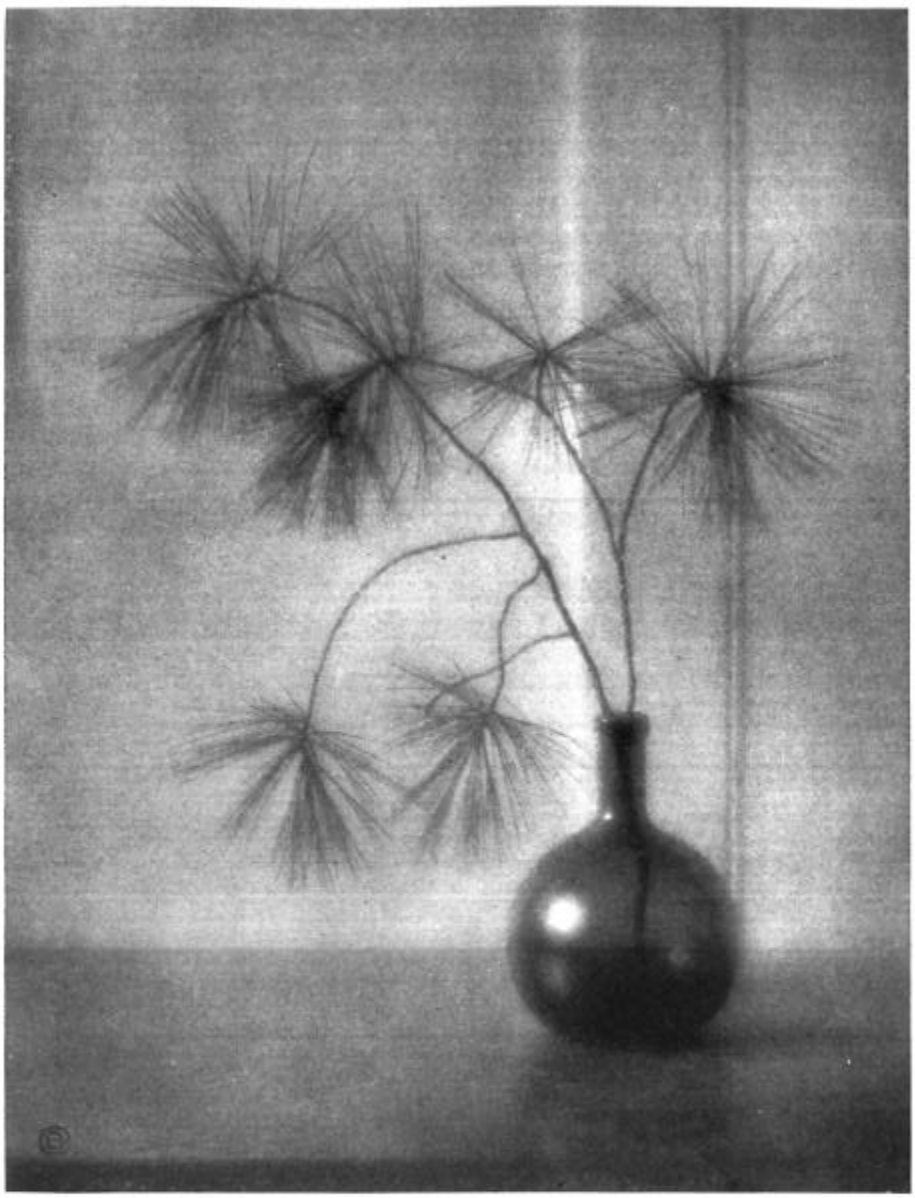
We walk dully through our fields and woods, blind to the choice beauty of weed, grass stem, or dried leaf encircling us. Ten thousand lovely things bar our path and hedge our way, but we see them not for we are prone to think that a walk consists in covering a certain number of miles rather than being an excursion into a world of beautiful inspiration. We are apt to forget that we have the need of food for mind as well as for body. A walk in the woods should bring vigor to mind as well as body, and we should carry away with us a freshness of thought that will remain fadeless through the desert days when inspiration seems dead.

We cannot always turn in memory to those lovely things of Nature which refreshed us during our walks by their unconscious perfection. Therefore it is good to have about us something that will unobtrusively but surely bring them to our remembrance. A branch of dried leaves, a brown stalk of grass, frond of the fir, sheaf of pine needles brought back from a walk works as magically as the lute of Orpheus—that is, if arranged with design. These things hung upside down by a string on a nail in the wall or thrust foolishly behind a picture or jammed in shapeless masses in unsuitable vases will not remind us of living beauty, but of discord. The secret of their power to remind us of the great out-of-doors, of wide moors, sun-steeped hills, clear waters, night silences is their sympathetic arrangement in vases. Dark, twisted maple stems tipped with a few frost-colored leaves arranged in a crystal bottle filled with water, placed where a ray of sunlight can touch it, will carry the impression of bright Indian Summer walks or of a forest pool in October. It will have all the decorative quality of autumn trees against an early evening sky. The possibility of suggestive arrangement indoors of growing things brought in from the out-of-doors is limitless. One group will bring the sweet, brooding spirit of summertime into a cheerless city's winter room, another will keep the tender spring softness in our minds

From a Photograph
by Francesca Bostwick.

"WHILE THE BEAUTIFUL all round thee lying
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?"

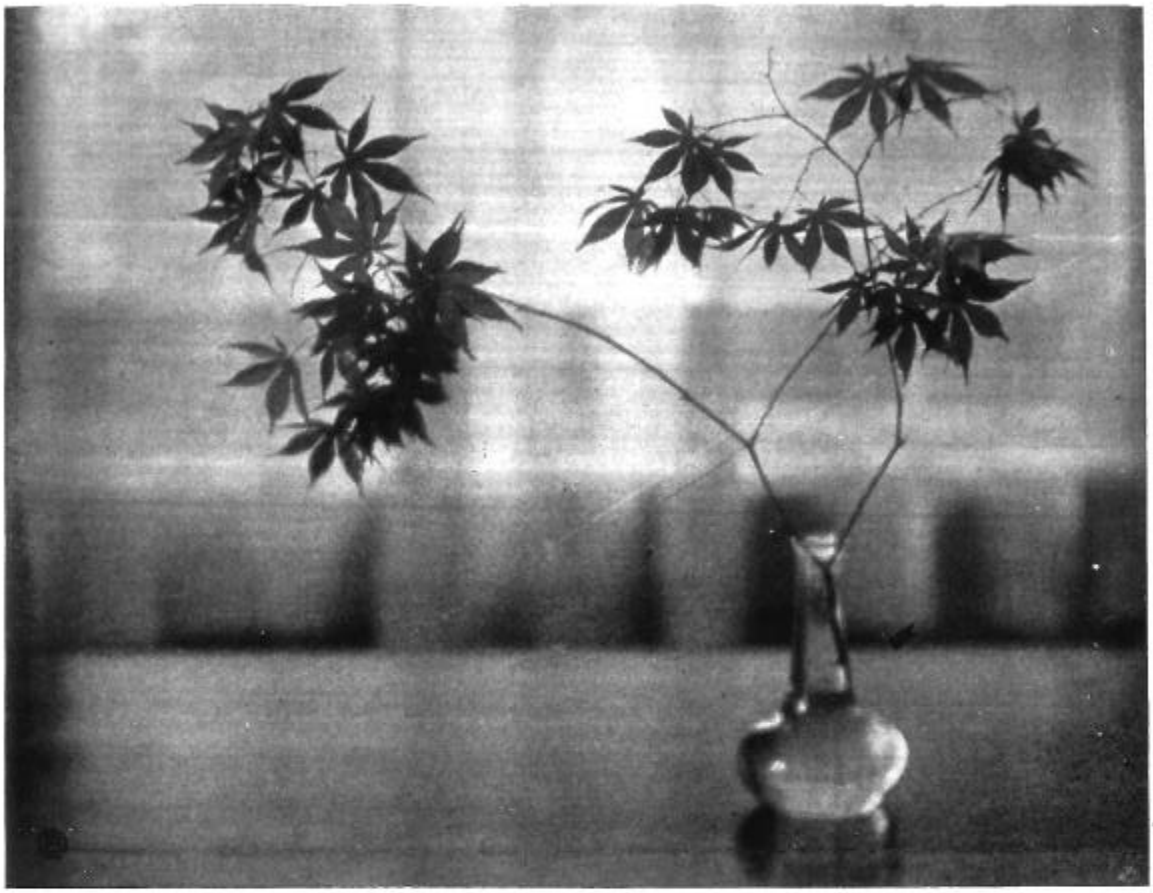
—*Harriet Winslow Sewall.*



From a Photograph
by Francesca Bostwick.

"A THING OF BEAUTY is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness."

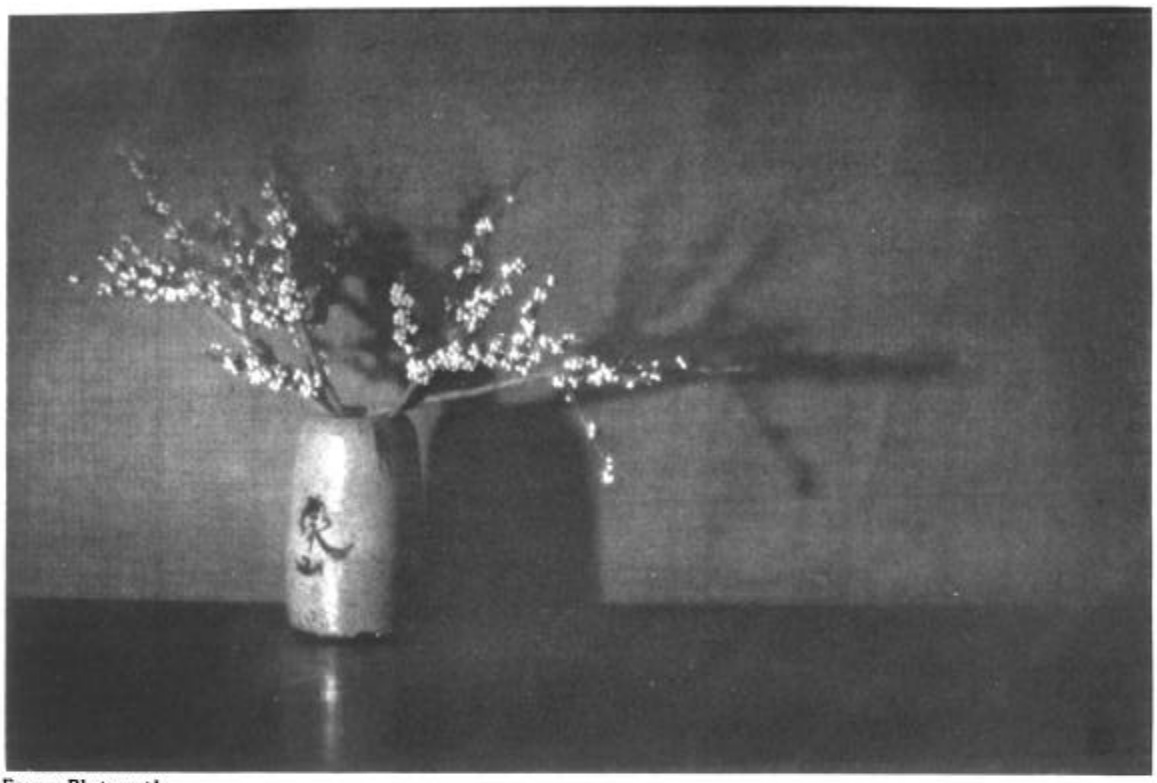
—*Keats.*



From a Photograph
by Francesca Bostwick.

"NOW AUTUMN'S FIRE BURNS slowly along the woods
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt."

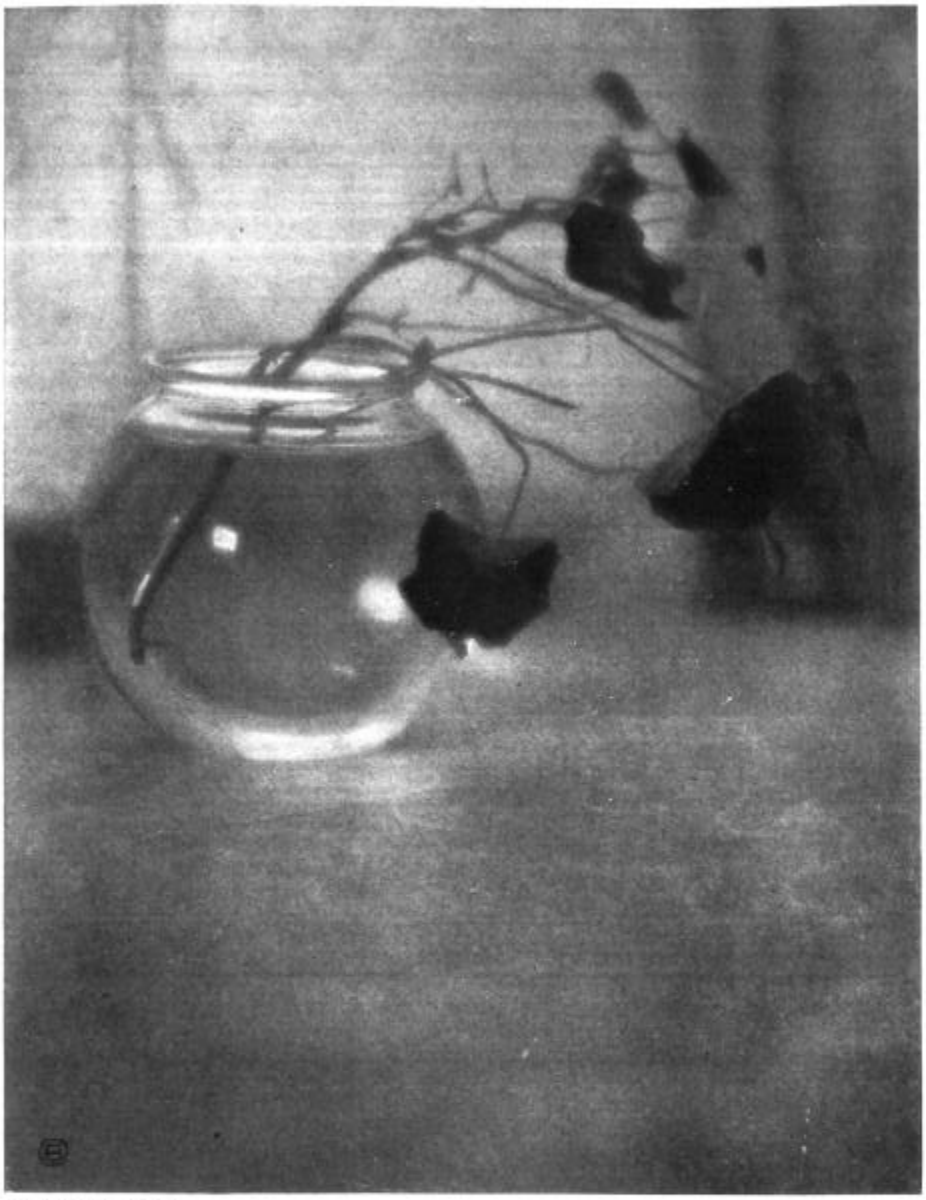
—*William Allingham.*



From a Photograph
by Francesca Bostwick.

"WHAT MORE FELICITIE can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with libertie, . . .
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious features.'

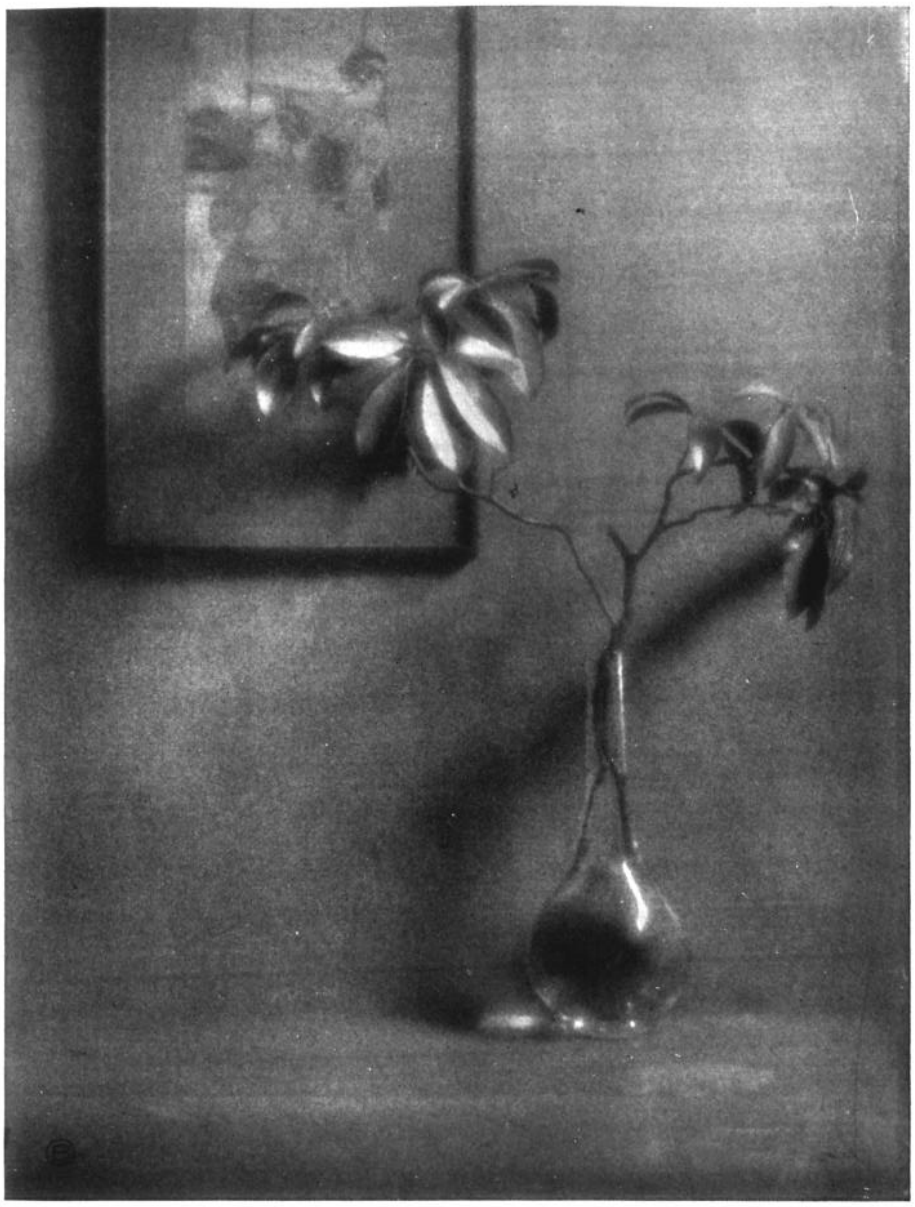
—*Spenser.*



From a Photograph
by Francesca Bostwick.

"THERE'S NOT A LEAF that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream."

—*Laman Blanchard.*



From a Photograph
by Francesca Bostwick.

"OH, BRING AGAIN MY HEART'S content,
Thou Spirit of the Summer-time!"

—*William Allingham.*

during the whole circle of the year. The camera, like a faithful messenger, also carries beauty from woods and fields to whoever cares.

WE are fortunate in being able to illustrate this art of bringing the spirit of Nature within doors by a few remarkable photographs by Francesca Bostwick. Does not the pine in the crystal bowl by the window somehow embody the hushed stillness of a pine grove at a summer's noon hour? Could one remain unresponsive to its insistent suggestion of meditative peace and high aspiration if placed upon an office table or home writing desk? Is not its shimmering reflection on the polished table reminiscent of still pools, rimmed by gray-green pines? Every Long Island resident could have such an exquisite color study in their homes, for their country is liberally strewn with these trees. Sometimes a little judicious use of sharp scissors will help to bring about a more perfect arrangement. In order to make the lines and masses compose to the best advantage the needles can be snipped away where they are too thick and thus the exquisite character of the slender dark stems will stand revealed. Miss Bostwick's second study of a crystal bowl shows the beauty of a single spray of nasturtium leaves, arranged with no pretense at spectacular effect. The artistic pleasure derived from the contemplation of such a common thing uncommonly placed, is indeed great.

Every walk in the woods may be translated into a lesson in composition if a watchful hunt for decorative forms of leaves and branches be kept. A bit of woodbine or wild grape, a spray of laurel leaves or an evergreen branch contain urgent invitation to be noticed and brought into the house, then if advantage of its personal suggestion be taken, that is, if it be allowed to fall naturally into lines of its own choosing, a lovely, decorative picture of outdoor beauty will be obtained. If the living thing brought from the woods be held in a forced position, unnatural to it, it will not be satisfactory. It will partake of the very false life we are striving to avoid by keeping before us a free, untrammeled expression of the wholesome outdoor life.

IT is a mistake to cut the first spray or stem within reach without carefully considering whether its lines are good or not. It is not always easy to find just the perfect thing without some search. Striking design should be sought for. The taste or perception of it must often be cultivated. Notice the decorative grace of the Japanese maple spray, not a superfluous line, not a leaf too many to mar its unassuming beauty. This simple spray is held in an equally simple glass bottle, a common Neapolitan milk bottle. These milk bottles, which come in many shapes and sizes, are used by the Neapolitans to

distribute the morning's milk and most attractive they look glistening like crystal with grape leaves rolled up and stuck in the tops for stoppers. The arrangements of the glass gold-fish globe (which can be purchased in the omnipresent ten cent stores) and the cheap Chianti bottles, with or without the straw covering, show from what humble sources good working material may be obtained.

Often attractive old bottles may be picked up in antique shops; in Japanese or Chinese stores one can often find rough, inexpensive jars of good lines. One photograph shows such a jar holding a few green-gray bayberries. The bayberries always give interesting results, though they must be chosen with regard to the shape of the berries and stems rather than the leaves, for the leaves must be clipped away. When so much genuine decorative charm may be had through so simple a medium as berry studded stems and inexpensive pottery, which at the same time holds the memory of our lovely salty shore marshes and sandy dunes, it is a pity more of us do not go to the pleasurable trouble of getting it. Such an arrangement as shown in Miss Bostwick's photograph would prove an artistic delight and comfort through a whole year. Berries when first gathered are green, then after a few weeks change to a wonderful silver-gray color, which they retain indefinitely. When placed so that a shadow is cast upon the wall a two-fold pleasure is obtained. Branches must be used rather sparingly, for overcrowding destroys the significance of their lines, distracts the eye from a full enjoyment of the striking character of the stems and grouped berries.

The secret of success in this as in any other form of decoration is simplicity, as we must invariably insist. It may take a little time and patience and a great deal of controlled desire to overcrowd before satisfactory results are obtained, but soon the consciousness of a new beauty will dawn, one that includes the visual effect of harmonious color, direction of light, balanced masses, contrast of light and shade, also the more subtle appeal to memory of shore and meadow, of forest, field and flower-fringed roadways, of all the invigorating, restorative, sweetening breath of Nature.

Miss Bostwick in these photographs has first reproduced the spirit of unconscious woodland and field beauty by selection and grouping of things gathered while on her walks. Then she has waited for the perfect moment of lighting to be reached, the moment when the sun brings out the tenderest quality and touches it with double charm of shadow, before bidding the camera to record the result. Patience, quick appreciation of the decorative fascination in simple lines, keen observation of humble little things growing in the shadow of conspicuous beauty, are the qualities needed for decorative photography.

LITTLE HOUSES IN BRICK AND STUCCO

Pen and ink sketches in this article reproduced from "The Average Man's Home."

EASONABLENESS and imagination, recognized by the Mediæval builders as the underlying principles of all great architecture, should be as inseparably united in the small home of today as they were in the great cathedrals of old. For the little house is an expression of thought, though a very different kind of a one, as well as a cathedral. It is also an expression of art—if beauty be combined with usefulness. Art was born, as has often been pointed out, when useful things were accurately and beautifully made, were formed with vision. A square box strengthened with iron bands was a useful thing. When the bands were made in graceful forms and the box carved, then it became beautiful—a work of art. When a jar formed of earth to hold water was made in a graceful shape, then it became a work of art. A house staunchly made to defy enemies and shut out the rains was a satisfactory shelter, but it came not under the head of architecture until it was made shapely as well as stout, when doors and windows were set in symmetrical relation and the roof pitched to a pleasing angle. Common sense must go hand in hand with beauty, or as Michaelangelo says it: "Beauty must rest on necessities. The line of beauty is the result of perfect economy."

Beauty must be organic, said the old architects. Outside embellishment can easily become a deformity unless introduced in the most sympathetic of ways. This truth seems especially obvious in the

Small stucco house designed by B. Haldane Douglas.

Little house of stucco: F. C. Peterson, architect.

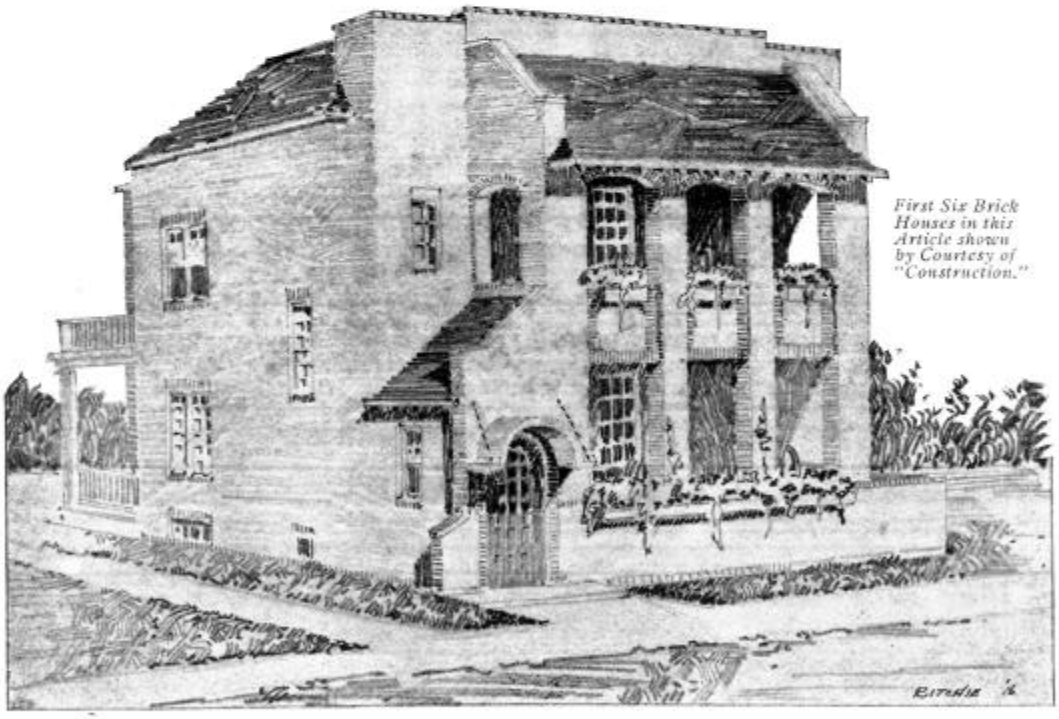
small house. Large houses carry adornment better than the small ones, but even they reach to highest dignity when left free from what is generally termed ornament. The very word ornament, Pater points out, indicates that it is non-essential. The small house depends almost entirely upon structural symmetry for its beauty. A little home built upon a common sense floor plan with a simple exterior in which a delicate imagination and sense of proportion is expressed, is one of the pleasantest objects to be seen in the whole world.

There are hundreds of thousands of little homes in America, yet a well balanced, attractive, common-sense one is almost an exception. Illy formed houses, erratic roof lines, porch pillars heavy enough to do duty as bridge piers, yet upholding nothing but a light support for vines, chimneys of brick laid in a crazy bed-quilt pattern, painted in the most startlingly contrasting colors, make our towns and countrysides ludicrous rather than lovely.

Under the head of "reasonableness" comes an important question —that of the building material. Much has been written upon the economy of permanent construction (though apparently more costly), of the advantages of houses of brick, stone and cement over those of wood. There will always be people who prefer wood above all other house building material. They like its color, its sentiment, its historical association, like the texture of hand-split shingles or the effect of wide clapboards; and there will always be those who like houses of brick, of stone, of concrete, those materials which incorporate the promise of long life, which seem impregnable fortresses against the attacks of the destroyers—fire, age and the elements. It is for the benefit of the latter host of home builders that we are presenting an important group of small house plans, plans such as the majority of people are looking for, plans which are not at all expensive, that are practical and convenient within and lovely and charming to look at.

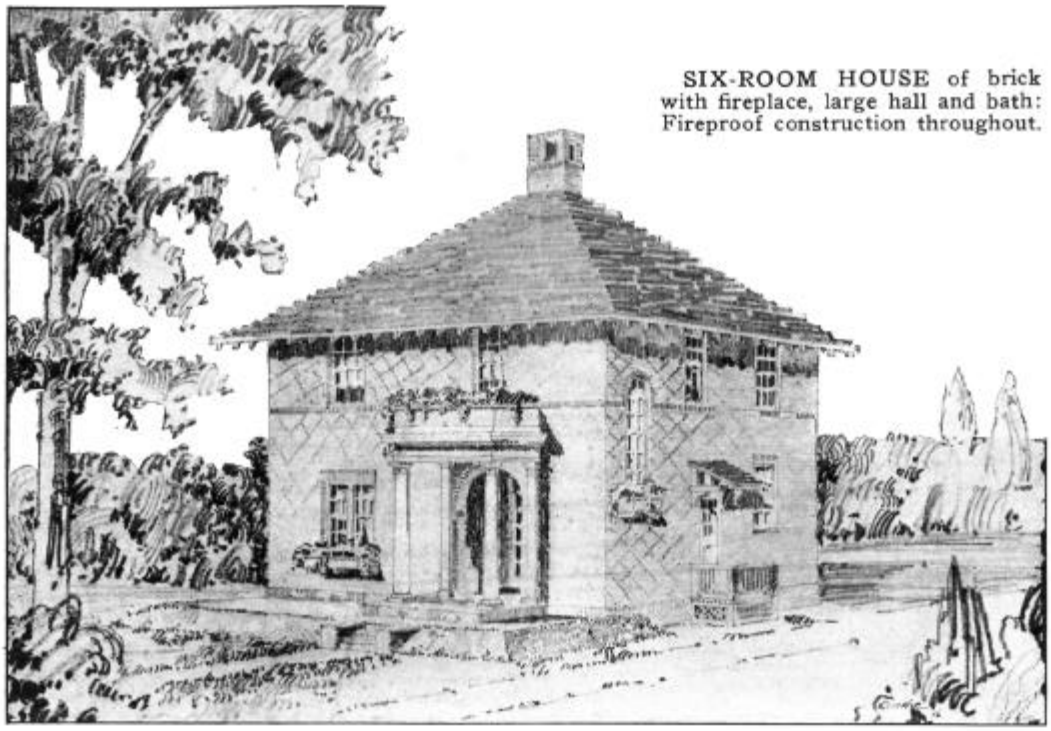
One group of these houses is of that most historic and excellent material—brick. They are unusually good examples of the beauty and practicality of permanent, fireproof, small houses. Brick has been in favor with builders from time immemorial. The Romans as far

LITTLE HOUSE OF BRICK
in tones simulating those time would naturally give.



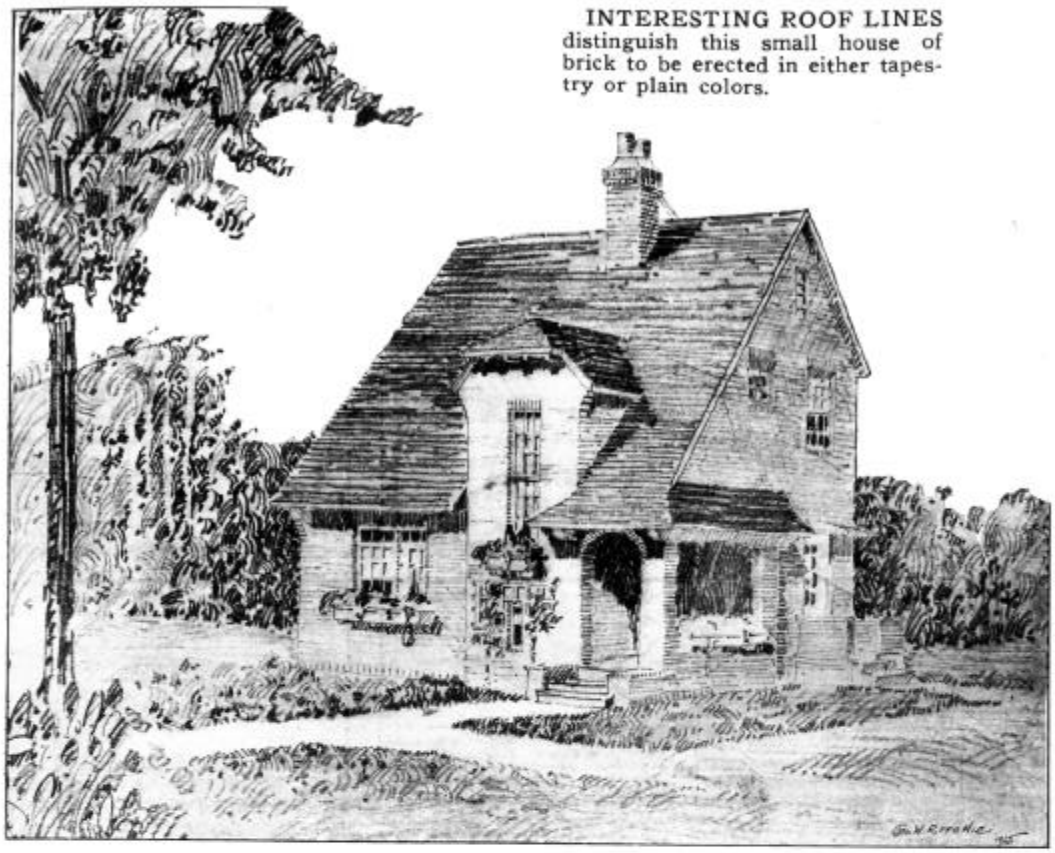
First Six Brick Houses in this Article shown by Courtesy of "Construction."

DESIGN FOR TWO-FAMILY HOUSE to be built of brick in one or in many tones, as preferred.

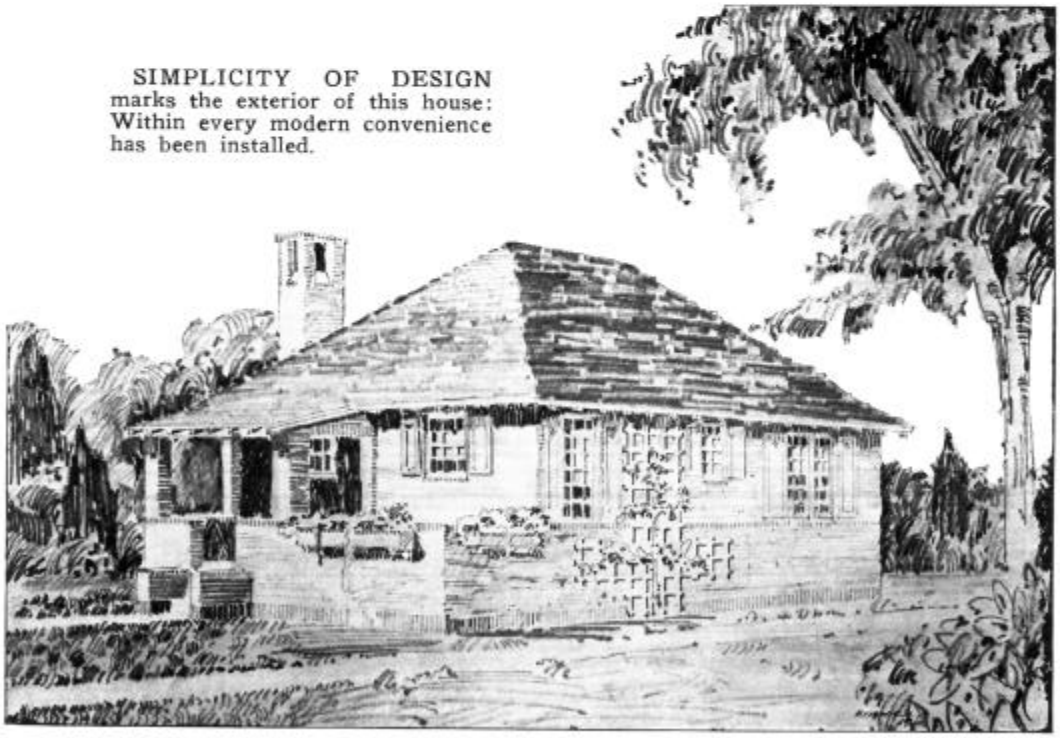


SIX-ROOM HOUSE of brick with fireplace, large hall and bath: Fireproof construction throughout.

BRICK HOUSE, practical within, beautiful without, planned for small family of average means.



INTERESTING ROOF LINES distinguish this small house of brick to be erected in either tapestry or plain colors.



SIMPLICITY OF DESIGN marks the exterior of this house: Within every modern convenience has been installed.

Courtesy Hydraulic Press Brick Company

BRICK HOUSE designed for L. R. Carter by La Beaume and Klein is shown above.

BRICK HOME of Edward S. Rogers, Esq., designed by Perkins, Fellows and Hamilton.

back as the sixth century used brick resembling a tile somewhat as far as its thinness was concerned. English houses of brick built in twelve hundred and sixty are still standing, testifying to the Roman influence. But they were used even before that date, for in the first part of Stephen's reign, eleven hundred and thirty-five, the leading citizens of London advocated the covering of houses by brick to lessen the risk of loss by fire, to prevent any more of the disastrous conflagrations that periodically swept London, fed by wooden houses thatched with straw.

Brick in addition to its fire-resisting character has the quality of pleasing color. This twofold advantage puts it high in favor with home builders. Besides its good color it has interesting texture and can be laid in many decorative ways. The crudity of the early handmade unpainted brick gave to them a varied richness of color modulation and surface texture that was so much more pleasing than those one-toned ones smoothly painted in bright red, neatly striped with white, that modern makers have happily taken to imitating those varying tones of color that time and weather give. These modern brick are made in every possible modulation of reds, browns, tans, terra cottas and grays, and in varying degrees of rough and smooth texture so that the builder of the tiniest of little homes or the tallest of skyscrapers can select a tone and a quality embodying his ideal. These modern quality-brick are especially charming for the small house, for they save it from the raw newness that offends the eye, giving it instead the time mellowed air that puts it in sympathy with Nature.

For those who prefer the smooth surfaced concrete or stucco house, we are showing another group equally well designed, equally pleasing in silhouette, in floor plan and in "homey" atmosphere. Though lacking space to publish the floor plans of these attractive brick and concrete homes, we will be glad to send them to any of our readers who are interested enough to ask for them. The usual procedure in home designing—that of making a practical, convenient, common sense floor plan first and developing the exterior upon it has been adhered to in these little homes. The result is all that can be hoped for in the minds of those people who would rather have a cozy, wee house in the midst of a garden plot, than a fine large suite of rooms in a great city apartment house.

These groups of houses are of fireproof construction and could be built for between three and four thousand dollars. The brick houses are prize designs selected from a large number submitted in response to requests for small fireproof house plans. The specifications upon which the contractor's price was based include cleaning

Fireproof house designed by Jack R. Linxmore.

and grading of site, excavation for basement, paper hanging, interior, painting, plumbing, hardware, electric wiring and fixtures, screens, window shades, hardwood floors, roofs covered with asbestos shingles, all exterior woodwork given three coats of the best paint. In fact, the house must stand complete in every detail, ready for the owners to arrange their furniture, and though varying in different localities, are all well within the four thousand dollar limit.

The pen and ink sketches are of a group of stucco houses that could be erected at a cost of about three thousand dollars. Of course, these same designs could be carried out in either hollow tile, concrete or brick as preferred. The stucco upon tile or metal lath, while not quite as expensive, nevertheless belongs under the fire-resisting material class. The lines are extremely attractive, the smooth, simple surface is capable of being tinted in various pleasing tones. There is not a superfluous or a useless ornament in one of them. Windows are placed where they will give cross drafts in the rooms, are made large as is consistent with their relation to the beauty of the house body. Windows if too large make the house look petty, if too small they make it look cheap. So much of the exterior beauty of a house depends upon the good judgment of size and position of windows. The pen and ink drawings show a nice balance of windows and house walls. Each house is different in style, but quite equal as to size and excellence of plan.

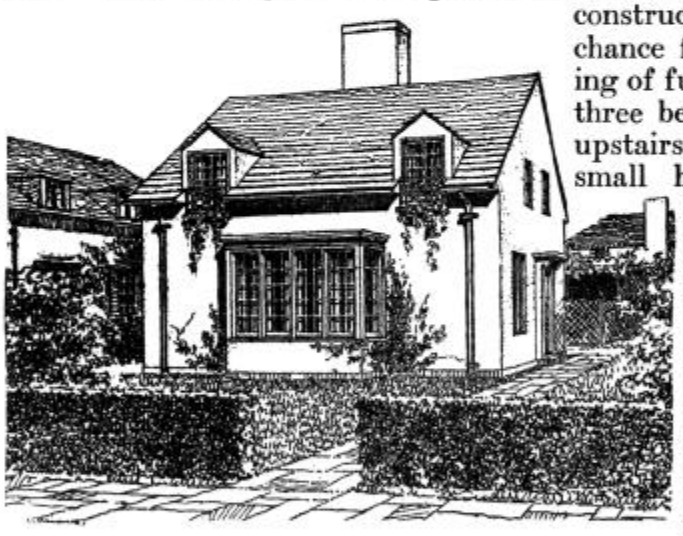
Prize house in the Complete Building Show Competition: Henry P. Whitworth, architect.

While all the designs of the stucco houses merit consideration, the last one shown with this article deserves special comment, not because its exterior is the most attractive,

but because of the floor plan, which includes an unusually interesting feature in the combination living and dining room. Though these two rooms are often combined in small houses, in this case exceptional privacy was given the dining room by making it an "L" of the living room instead of its being practically but a large table at one end of the main room, as is so often the custom. In this case the living room occupies the entire front of the house and includes the large bay window in the drawing.

Small stucco house designed by C. S. Merrel and C. H. Dittmer.

The back half of the house is given over to the hall, kitchen and dining room. The hall and kitchen, of course, are separated from the main room by a partition. The dining room is left open to form the "L." This gives the living room an exceptional feeling of spaciousness. This arrangement simplifies housework, saves expense of construction, and creates a chance for pleasant grouping of furniture. There are three bedrooms and a bath upstairs opening from a small hall. Because the cost of this design was limited to three thousand dollars, the windows had to be cut into the roof; but if the price could be increased a trifle, then the second story could be built about two feet higher, materially increasing the size of the bedrooms and giving better balance to the exterior of the house. A number of the more successful designs in this Cleveland Building Show Competition have been gathered together in book form under the title of "The Average Man's Home," an account of which may be found among the book reviews in this same number.



Little house which won the first prize in the Cleveland competition: W. Owen Shelgren, architect.

CRAFTSMANSHIP IN CITY BUILDING: WHAT SWITZERLAND CAN TEACH US

ITH the gloomy Pilatus towering darkly among the clouds on the one side and the bright flower covered Rigi reaching toward the sun on the other, with dark forests and green meadows covering the slopes of encircling hosts of lesser peaks, Lucerne by the clear blue lake is indeed superbly environed. Little wonder her sons were staunch and true in war, industrious and skilful in times of peace. Clean, cold winds from the eternal snow fields gave them mighty vigor of body. From mountain springs they quaffed the sweet wine of health. Beauty was ever before their eyes guiding their thoughts, shaping the works of their hands. They built their towers, walls, castles after the models of the mountains about them, and from the Alpine flowers they created designs for their adorning. Like the highest peaks were the spires of their churches. From the sharp contrasts of sun and shadow constantly playing over the mirror of their lake they caught a quick warmth and depression of heart: the moods of Nature became reflected in the sensitive mirror of their minds so that the work of their hands was particularly bold in line, yet delicate of finish.

During the long winters when the snows closed them in they spent the hours in carving the wood from the forests and staining it with the juices from the plants of the fields, into articles of furniture for their home. Even the lowliest house had beauty, for it was an honest expression of its maker. Its roof matched the slope of the mountainside and every beam and rafter that supported it was carved with designs of wind scrolls upon the water or flower forms from the hills, with curve of goat's horn or sweep of bird's wing. Because they wanted their homes to be as beautiful as the world all about them, they spent long, happy, unhasting hours planning the shape and the ornamenting of it. Gradually the Swiss people through this constant emulation of Nature became a nation of skilled craftsmen. Everything that passed beneath their hands received the imprint of their imagination and love of beauty.

Lucerne's bridges, municipal buildings, business buildings, castles and little homes show a craftsmanship that has made it one of the most interesting cities of the world to art students or people seeking beauty. People have traveled thousands of miles for the pleasure of walking through the old covered bridges still standing, carved and painted with scenes from the lives of the patron saints of Lucerne and with "A Dance of Death," to see the carved and ornamented shops and fortressed walls of Musegg standing like a protecting background of this city of craftsmen.

Photographs by Courtesy of Official Information Bureau of Switzerland.

THE MUSEGGTURM, one of the towers of the old Musegg walls overlooking the city of Lucerne.

BUTCHERS' AND FISHERS' GUILD HOUSE, "Zu Metzgern," with its fine dragon bearing in its mouth the butcher's cleaver, is seen at the extreme left of this picture: In the center of the picture is the shop with the signs and symbols of the apothecary's trade elaborately frescoed and carved along the face of the building.

DORNACHER HOUSE, a beautiful specimen of ancient architecture at Lucerne, built in the time when men took pride in displaying their skill at their chosen craft upon the face of their shop-homes.

THE NÖLLITURM, a heavy guard tower forming part of the Mediæval Musegg fortifications of the city of Lucerne.

CRAFTSMANSHIP IN CITY BUILDINGS

So perfect was the skill of those old builders that every stone laid upon stone to form the great walls and towers of Musegg in the year thirteen hundred and eighty-five is still standing, mute testimony to the honesty of their work. Each tower of this fortressed wall is different from the others, so characteristically different that they have been given names as though they were living entities.

ONE of our illustrations shows the slender, aspiring look-out tower, Museggturm, rising high above the thick protecting walls; another the Nölliturm, a solid heavy guard-tower, looks as though it could resist any attack made upon it. Though strength and security, its chief purpose, was gained, yet how marvelous the variety and perfection of its detail! Invulnerable in appearance as a mountain buttress, it is ornamented with fine stone carvings and soft pattern of color, even as the mountain is with out-cropping stones tinted with lichens. Here as in smaller work have these people displayed the art instinct that for ages has been slowly developing in them through association with great natural beauty, a beauty that dominates their mind as the mountains their lakes.

Their imagination and craftsmanship manifests itself in another interesting way—that of symbolism—as is so often the case with people having a personal acquaintance with the powers of Nature. The old craftsmen without the aid of the printed word made known the business carried on in the city buildings by most clever signs and symbols. Two most striking examples of their picture-writing may be seen in one of the photographs. Side by side is an ancient Guild house and an apothecary shop. On the face of the gable of the apothecary shop may be seen an owl and a bat. It may be remembered that the blood of these nocturnal creatures (obtained at the dark of the moon), when dried and rubbed according to mysterious formulas, was supposed to have valuable curative qualities. Their presence on the face of the building was enough to proclaim it an apothecary shop without even the Latin inscription beneath them, *"Stultorum incurata pudor Malus ulcera celat."* This same motto is inscribed upon the old brass mortar still in use in the shop.

IN addition to these outward and visible signs of pharmacy are the painted medallions of the learned physician-god, Aesculapius, the wise town clerk, Cysatus, the philosopher, Paracelsus, and of Hygeia, Goddess of Health. In one hand Aesculapius holds a symbolic serpent-twisted club, in the other a curiously grown root somewhat resembling a man. This is the "Alraunen Wurzel" or "Wunder Wurzel," which in the Middle Ages was supposed to possess miracu-

lous curative power. The Chinese even today attach a similar importance to a ginseng root if it happens to take the form of a human or of a god, no matter how distorted it may be. Though the roots in any shape are considered to possess great medicinal qualities, those contorted into queer unusual forms bring a much higher price.

In the main panels of a cross-tabling are pictured the chief plants used in the preparation of old-time medicines. Another delightful panel represents a band of children fighting dragons and serpents and crocodiles. This of course is a picture-parable representing the power of youth, happiness and purity to combat and overcome disease. Still another unmistakable announcement upon the face of this interesting old building is that of the tree of life, around which a serpent with a woman's torso is winding. One outstretched hand holds an apple and below run the words, *"Amor medicabilis nullis herbis."* Beneath this painting is a frieze of crocodiles and cornucopiæ. In addition to these well preserved and carefully restored old frescoes and reliefs is an oriel window with a copper hood and the carved stone portrait reliefs of the man who built this house in fifteen hundred and forty and of his faithful spouse.

Next to this combined house and shop of the pharmacist who built so wisely and well, is a Butchers' and Fishers' Guild House built in fifteen hundred and twenty-nine. The ancient use and purpose of this building is declared by a large figure of a butcher of the sixteenth century garbed in trunk hose with his hand upon his butcher's ax, and also an equally large figure of a fisherman in his beef-eater's hat and his pouch net and pole in his hands. Nothing in modern times can excel the fine iron dragon holding in his mouth the butcher's cleaver. The fine, exquisitely wrought net of vines forming the bracket beneath this delightful beast is of the leaves and fruit of the grape. From it also swings the sign of the house, "Zu Metzgern." Suitable inscriptions and symbolic insignia are painted or carved with great skill and clever interpretation upon the face of this building, so that it is beautiful in color, interesting as architecture and priceless as a historic record.

THE Dornacher house is another superb example of Lucerne's ancient architecture, of the joint house-and-shop structures designed to express the status and calling of the master builders. A man was proud of his craft in those days and his sons desired no better heritage of their father's taste or record of family history than a homestead representing, with unmistakable honesty, the family's calling, art knowledge, wealth and social position. Truly, history thus written with stone and pigment is as absorbing reading as any record with stylus and parchment. Every man who built in the old days

wrote his history in his house. Where do we today find a butcher honoring his trade in so fine a way? We who make pumps or wheels. clothing or jewelry, who are bankers, lawyers, physicians or business men, conceal our personal identity and occupation behind non-telltale, commonplace monotony of shop, home and clothing. Much of the interest of the Old Country lies in the diversity of its architecture. Each man built after his own heart, openly expressing his individuality, openly displaying the richness or meagerness of the skill attained in his chosen craft.

The joy and pride of their work was emphasized in their home-shops. They worked for the pleasure and not for the day's wage, and banded together to assist each other and to promote interest and spread knowledge of their particular craft. Before one could be admitted to a craft-guild he must prove his skill. This was to keep up and to raise the standard of workmanship. For the demonstration of their own ability, the honor of their craft and the glory of their city they built their knowledge into their homes, shops, cathedrals, fortresses and city walls. In this way were their cities made beautiful, representative and interesting to every one who was to come after them. This public-spirited delight in bequeathing to the cities of their birth the proof of their art ability in well constructed, shapely buildings, refined and ennobled with carvings, frescoes and clever metal work resulted in the creation of cities that are veritable museums of their nation's resourcefulness and progress in the arts and crafts.

We think we have no time nowadays to so enrich our buildings. Our pride is to raise a building in the smallest possible time, not slowly to carve its beams into beautiful forms. Our cities are monuments to ingenuity, to efficiency, practicability and superb constructional ability. The wonder of our cities lies in magnificent engineering feats and the great uses of steel, stone and concrete. Builders have created nothing more marvelous than the modern skyscrapers. They tower against the sky like creations of an enchanter's vision, they seem to have been built by the gods themselves for the pleasure and glory of the gods. They will stand in the future as glowing records of the builders' craft of today.

Our builders have done mighty things—written their message in bold, inspired language. Our vigorous, challenging, triumphant message is very different from the ingenious and artistic one of Lucerne, yet in one way it is the same, that is, each nation and each age has with no dissembling and with perfect honesty expressed their artistic consciousness and their mechanical skill, each voiced their individual ideals of beauty into the class of building needed to advance the civilization of their time. In one case it was the Guild house, in the other, towering office building.

WATCHFUL WASHING: A MEXICAN STORY OF LOVE AND EDUCATION: BY MARY DOTY ALDEN

THE García family had moved back from Agua Prieta to Douglas once more. It was not a hazardous trip to make, nor a difficult one, in the days just before the Mexican upheaval, when the whole country lay threateningly somnolent, like the sea just before black clouds begin to gather. The García family did nothing unusual in crossing from Agua Prieta on the Mexican side, to Douglas, on the United States side. The towns are little more than a mile apart, and the Mexicans crossed and re-crossed whenever dissatisfaction or a longing for change and possible betterment struck them. In the United States the telling advantage, work for all the men of the family in one of the three great copper smelters, was offset by several disadvantages, the biggest of which was, to the simple Mexican mind, the persecution of education and social uplift. All the children must be sent to school. This meant the loss of all labor from usually not less than six children up to the age of sixteen, a terrible calamity. And as if this were not enough, the teachers from the Mexican school pried into the very heart of the family life itself, desecrated the sanctity of the home with impertinent visitations and embarrassing questions, not more than half understood, and more sinister thereby, and left with these impressing and amazing words ringing in the outraged ears of the family.

"More soap—more water—more air—more light—more *clean!*"

Dios! It was too much! At this point the García family worm was given to turning, and the Garcias would pick up their few treasures, load what they could not conveniently carry upon the back of a borrowed, sad-faced little burro, and turn their faces toward Mexico and freedom!

But here were drawbacks, too. One's children might work in the fields all day long unhindered; one might shut one's windows tight and keep them shut all through the cold weather, in peaceful security; one's sensibilities were not outraged by tactful though persistent suggestions that one apply soap and water below the face and above the hands, upon parts which Heaven had ordained inviolate from such sacrilege—all this was glorious freedom, but the tortillas, the chile, the tamales were not forthcoming! The comfortable assurance of trading in eight hours of work in the Copper Queen smelter for its equivalent in groceries at the Copper Queen store was lacking. The battle was wont to be fierce, if short; liberty, betrayed by the craving of the inner man, succumbed before the tyranny of "culture." The García family regretfully packed their household treasures upon the

back of the sad-faced burro, and sorrowfully turned their faces from Mexico and freedom!

SO they came back to Douglas, hungry and hollow-eyed. Lucio García and his grown son, Manuel, went to work at the smelter; tortillas, chile, and tamales appeared in quantities cheeringly sufficient; and the higher education once more laid firm hands upon the seven progeny of the house of García under the age of sixteen.

Scarcely had the mouse-colored burro, looking out mournfully from beneath the shadow of his mighty burden, halted at the door of the 'dobe hut which was to be the new home of the Garcías, before Guadelupe Cruz, breathless and a little late, sank into her seat, at the beginning of the afternoon session. As soon as she could speak, she burst out excitedly,

"Mees Miller—Maestra, Perciliano García—she is coom back!"

Miss Miller was the principal. She taught the highest room in the Mexican school—the fourth grade, it was. She tried to do her duty. Earnestly she labored for the souls, but more particularly for the bodies of these Mexicans. She sighed at Guadelupe's announcement as she realized that she must, as soon as school was out that evening, round up the García offspring and see that they were all in school next day. It was just a year since they had left Douglas the last time. All the good work she and her teachers had spent upon them would be irretrievably lost by now, all to do over again!

When she approached the García home at four o'clock, she found a group of children awaiting her arrival. They had known well enough that she would be there that night, and were on hand in a body, waiting in pleased anticipation, determined to see and hear as much as possible. Miss Miller exhibited a surprise as shocked and pained as if she had not known they would be there.

"Run, all of you! Go home at once!" she commanded severely.

They moved off obediently, getting out of sight with an obliging deference. The children enjoyed the school and were sincerely eager to please all their "maestras." They let Miss Miller get quite within the door of the hut before they gathered close again.

The door stood open, knocking was an unnecessary formality. Miss Miller stepped inside the main room, stood peering about until her eyes became accustomed to the darkened interior, and she could see that there was no one but herself in the bare room with its hard-packed earth floor, and then she called.

"Mrs. García!"

No reply but a faint rustling in the room beyond. She approached the door, calling again,

"Is that you, Perciliano?"

There was another muffled rustling sound. Then Perciliano García appeared in the open doorway, smiling shyly.

Miss Miller returned the smile. Perciliano was the oldest of the García girls; she had always been pretty, and now a year older, she was lovely. Her dark eyes sparkled softly, there had always been a little responsive, smiling light in them, Miss Miller remembered, and her smooth dark skin was flushed a delicate rose, shading into clear olive. She was embarrassed, and stood shifting her weight from one foot to the other.

"Are you glad to be back, Perciliano?" asked Miss Miller.

"Si, Maestra," the girl murmured.

This was the truth. The tamales she had eaten for her dinner were still vividly in mind.

"Is your mother here?" Miss Miller continued.

Perciliano nodded mutely.

"Please call her—I want to talk to her."

Perciliano disappeared in the gloom of the inner room. There was a subdued murmur of voices, a laugh, and she appeared again, followed by her mother, thin, worn-looking, brown, but amiably smiling. Miss Miller knew from experience that this amiability was the hardest thing she had to combat. It was impregnable, absolute. Mrs. García, like most of the other Mexican mothers, spoke no English, but her smile was unfailing.

Miss Miller bowed and smiled.

"Tell your mother that I am glad to see her back, Perciliano," she said.

The girl addressed her mother. Mrs. García continued to smile cheerfully.

"And tell her I shall expect to see you and all the rest of the children in school tomorrow," she continued, repressing determinedly her rising ire at the smiling, dumb immobility before her.

Perciliano translated in a few staccato words. To this her mother replied with a quick sentence.

"My mother say me too beeg to go to school," Perciliano interpreted with a deprecatory smile.

"No," Miss Miller spoke with firm assurance, "you are just fifteen. You must go to school another year."

Not for nothing did she keep all the statistics she could gather about her pupils.

Perciliano smiled submissively.

"Si, Maestra," she replied.

"Tell your mother you must go to school, too," Miss Miller commanded.

Mrs. García received the news stolidly, smilingly.

"You must all be in school at nine tomorrow—you, too, Perciliano. If you are not there I shall come for you. Tell your mother."

Perciliano obeyed. No cloud darkened the smiling placidity.

As usual, Miss Miller fled, routed by a smile.

"Adiós," she called hastily, and stepped from the house.

The interested listeners outside scattered.

But the García children would all be in school, Miss Miller was sure. Her threat to come for Perciliano, if she failed to appear, was sufficient.

THEY did come, all seven of them, and were placed in the rooms where they had been before they left. Docile as ever, they were, most of their English forgotten, but glad to be back. School, where one came regularly and did so many diverting and interesting things, was far pleasanter than the aimless, hungry life in Mexico. There was never any doubt which the children preferred. It was the parents who made the trouble for Miss Miller and her teachers.

That night Miss Miller lay awake for some time, thinking of the Garcías, Perciliano particularly. How, how could the child be raised from the contented filth in which she lived? Miss Miller closed her eyes, at last, with one ray of hope lighting her perplexity. Perciliano was docile, bright, eager.

The next night Miss Miller kept Perciliano in after the others had gone.

"Perciliano, dear, come here," she called.

The child came, uncertainly, but trustfully smiling. Miss Miller took a small mirror from her drawer, and laid it upon her desk.

"Will you unbutton the neck of your dress a little?" she asked gently.

Perciliano, blushing a dusky rose, obeyed wonderingly.

"I want to show you something, dear," continued Miss Miller.

She held up the glass and turned Perciliano's face until the girl could see the side of her cheek in the little mirror. She softly touched the clear olive skin.

"Isn't it pretty and clean, Perciliano?" she asked.

The girl laughed amusedly.

"Si, Maestra," she conceded tolerantly.

Miss Miller turned back the collar, one button of which had been discreetly unfastened. The pink of Perciliano's cheek deepened.

"Now look, Perciliano," commanded Miss Miller.

Perciliano surveyed her exposed neck interestedly.

"Heem black," she said, with an amused little ripple of laughter.

School was so entertaining.

"Perciliano, wouldn't you like to have your neck as lovely as your cheek is?"

She nodded and rubbed her cheek appreciatively.

"Heem pretty," she said.

Miss Miller rose from her chair.

"Come, dear, I'll show you how to make your neck pretty, too."

She led the way to the lavatories, and Perciliano meekly followed.

Fifteen minutes later a Perciliano pinkly flushed, particularly about the ears and neck, followed Miss Miller back into the schoolroom. Once more she surveyed her cheek and neck critically in the hand mirror.

"Now doesn't your neck look pretty, too?" asked Miss Miller triumphantly.

Perciliano nodded slowly, a pleased smile playing about her lips. Miss Miller nodded to herself in satisfaction.

"And, dear," she said gently, "your whole body will be lovely and pink and white, just like that, if you'll only wash it."

Perciliano looked at her with wide, interested eyes, but she said nothing. Miss Miller was content, however.

"Now, run along home. Good-night."

"Adios, Maestra," and Perciliano was gone.

Left to herself, Miss Miller smiled, as she thought,

"Well, I may make the child vain, perhaps, but a little vanity will be a good thing, if it removes some of the dirt."

Outside the schoolhouse, Perciliano was speeding homeward. She was going as rapidly as her dignity permitted. Unconsciously, young womanhood had come upon Perciliano and put to flight the careless, boy-like abandon of a year before. Now, though she was anxious to get home, she did not run, she walked sedately. And she was very happy, Maestra had said she was pretty.

She was nearly home, when a voice, calling her name behind her, suddenly stopped her. She turned, and saw a tall young man running up to meet her. He was dark, handsome, with shining black eyes smiling down at her, the parted lips displaying two even rows of white teeth.

For a moment Perciliano stood smiling uncertainly, and at this the youngster laughed aloud, joyously,

"Perciliano García, you don't know me!" he teased.

For no reason at all Perciliano blushed, then a light broke over her embarrassed wonderment.

"Why—why—it's José Cordova," and she joined mirthfully in his laughter at her expense.

They spoke in their native tongue, the soft, corrupt Spanish of the Mexican peon. And they stood out there in the sunshine, and laughed and laughed, just for the pure joy of it.

"Oh, Perciliano," José gasped at last, "not to know José, who sat by you two years in the school and pulled your hair, and put the pencils down your back!"

He paused suddenly and looked down at her wonderingly.

"But how did I know you?" he asked; "you are changed, you are so big now, so pretty! I would never dare pull your hair now."

He spoke with simple frankness. Perciliano blushed a little deeper rose, and her eyes shone happily.

"Now, now, you must not be silly," she admonished shyly, trying to keep the corners of her mouth from curving upward. She started on toward home, he beside her.

"You are not in the school now?" she inquired.

José laughed proudly.

"Me? No! I have worked in the smelter for a year now. I don't have to go to school any more."

"I like the school," Perciliano said, "I am sorry you are not there."

José replied quickly.

"Oh, but so do I. I learned to speak English there, and to read, and, oh—to do many things that are good. But now I am nineteen years old. That is time to work, not sit in schools."

Perciliano nodded gravely.

"Nineteen, that is old," she said.

José laughed.

"Old enough to get me a wife," he said.

Again they laughed, long and merrily, at the delicious joke of it. By this time they had reached Perciliano's house. She stopped in the doorway.

"Oh, but I am glad you have come back, Perciliano," José spoke impulsively.

"Perciliano!" the warning call came from within.

She turned quickly.

"*Adiós*, José," she called softly over her shoulder, and disappeared.

The next morning Perciliano seemed restless. She waited impatiently until the mad breakfast scramble for tortillas was over, until the men were off to the smelter for their eight hour shift, and the children scattered one place and another, carrying out their own ends. Then she approached her mother, who was busy piling the few remaining tortillas on a cracked plate.

"Mother—" Perciliano hesitated; "may I have some soap and water in the wash-dish?"

Mrs. García stopped her work and looked up frowning.

"What for?"

Perciliano looked down at her feet shamefacedly.

"To—to—wash," she murmured.

"Haven't you washed your face and hands?" her mother questioned.

"Yes," Perciliano stammered, "I meant—wash all over."

The expected outburst came.

"*Dios!* I knew it! Those schools will kill us all yet! Wash all over—with the weather so cold we cannot open the door! Who put that idea into your head?"

Perciliano was too embarrassed to put her mother off with an evasion.

"Mees—the Maestra," she murmured.

"*Si,* the Maestra, the Maestra! She would have us all in our coffins if we did what she asked!"

Mrs. García raised a warning hand and uttered her ultimatum with ominous calm.

"Now, Perciliano, if I hear any more about washing—washing all over—back you go to Mexico, to your uncle Rafaél!"

The threat was effective. Perciliano said no more, nor did she make any further attempt to commit her heinous offence against men and the angels.

Miss Miller, as the days passed, watched Perciliano's arm and neck closely, hopefully. There was no change, and at last she shook her head and shrugged her shoulders cynically.

"What's the use?" she thought; "they are all alike."

IT was early March, and in Arizona spring was already in the air. At recess the little bare-legged Mexicans frisked about the schoolyard with joyous abandon, in the Mexican huts the doors were left wide all day long, the stuffing, which had kept every breath of cold air from penetrating into the damp 'dobe houses, was pulled out of the windows; Mexico, in a word, burst from its chrysalis. Though there are few trees in Douglas to bud, except those planted by man; though there are no delicate wild flowers to peep through the grass in all that vast expanse of semi-desert, nevertheless spring was everywhere—in the soft, yielding soil, usually hard as cement, in the budding of the scraggly, low mezquite, in the delicious softness of the air, and in the heart, particularly in the heart of Perciliano!

At four o'clock Perciliano's heart sang as she came joyfully forth from Miss Miller's room. School was delightful, Miss Miller was kind, her English was improving wonderfully, and José—José met

her every night at the schoolhouse door and walked home with her!

On this particular night Perciliano had stayed in to speak with Miss Miller for a moment. Her feet scarcely touched the stone steps as she flew down. She lifted up her head and let the wind blow softly across her face.

"Y si la mar se agita,

"No temas, Lola—" she sang in soft, full tones.

José, waiting at the steps, came toward her eagerly.

"I thought you had gone," he cried, in relief, "and I want you to go for a walk with me."

"A walk?" Perciliano laughed; "Come, then."

She gave him one merry glance over her shoulder, and was off, fleet as a deer. Just for a moment José stared after her in dumb amazement, then he gave a shout of joy and fell into swift pursuit. For a time the issue was doubtful. Perciliano increased the distance between them, hair flying, lips parted, eyes dancing. Away from the settlements, across the mesa she flew. But after a little the distance between them grew less and less. Perciliano ran more slowly, more slowly, stumbled, and finally half dropped, half fell behind a tall mezquite bush. José was beside her in a moment.

"Hurt?" he asked anxiously.

Perciliano was shaking with mirth.

"No, oh, no," she gasped.

José threw himself down beside her.

Perciliano stopped laughing. They sat silent. She stole a little glance at José; he was breaking a twig of the mezquite bush into bits and throwing them one by one on the ground before him. The rose tint of Perciliano's cheeks deepened, her eyelids fell, and she drew a deep breath. José looked up and saw her so.

"Querida mía," his voice broke strangely, he had to stop and clear his throat.

"Querida mia," he began once more; "I am old enough to—to—have me a wife, and you—you are old enough to—"

Perciliano's face was rosy red, she gave a little uncertain laugh as José paused, and threw him a glance from under lowered lids. José leaned forward and caught her in his arms. A little later, Perciliano, her two hands against José's shoulders, pushed herself away from him.

"You weell be my 'usban'," she murmured softly, and laughed.

Joyously José pulled her back into his arms.

"And you weel be my leetle wife," he laughed, and kissed her again.

One morning, three weeks later, Perciliano came up to the schoolhouse very early. She stopped for a moment outside Miss Miller's

door, uncertain, her color coming and going. Then she took two hesitating steps into the room and stood still, looking at the "maestra," who was busy at her desk.

"Mees Miller," Perciliano's voice was very small, but Miss Miller heard and glanced up.

"Why, good morning, Perciliano, what brings you so early?"

Perciliano brought out her answer with great difficulty.

"I can't come to school today, Mees Miller."

Now Perciliano had not missed a day since the return of the García family from Mexico. Miss Miller was inclined to be lenient, but she must know why this absence was desired, if it were justifiable.

"Why not, dear?" she asked pleasantly.

Perciliano blushed. Her eyes were upon her fingers, twisting nervously.

"Why not, Perciliano?" Miss Miller asked again; "if your reason is a good one, of course, I will let you go."

Perciliano tried to speak.

"I—I—" then suddenly she turned and fled from the room.

Miss Miller looked wonderingly after her, smiled, in humorous despair, at her inability to comprehend this strange people, and turned back to her work.

Ten minutes later there was a scraping of feet outside her door. She got up to see who wanted her. In the doorway stood Perciliano and a tall young man.

"Why, it's José!" cried Miss Miller in surprise, and held out her hand.

"How you've grown, José! Are you working?"

José nodded in embarrassment.

"Yes, Maestra, I work at the smelter," he answered.

"Fine, and you don't forget the English that you learned here with us, I see."

José beamed.

Then Miss Miller bethought herself, she turned to Perciliano.

"But Perciliano, tell me, dear, why you don't want to come to school today?"

To her amazement, both Perciliano and José turned a deep red and looked down at the floor. Then José lifted his eyes bravely.

"Plees, Mees Miller," he stammered; "we goin' git married today."

Miss Miller dropped her pencil down upon her desk. She stared first at the blushing Perciliano, then at José, who stood up very straight and tall, trying manfully to look her in the eye.

"What—you babes—going to get married!" she gasped at last.

Perciliano's head dropped lower, but José faced her bravely, though with a quaver in his heart, for wasn't she the maestra?

"Me, I'm old enough to git married, Perciliano, she old enough," he said stoutly.

Miss Miller looked at José scrutinizingly. He was straight, healthy, handsome, unafraid. She looked at Perciliano, what loveliness! And Perciliano was waiting for her permission to stay out of school to be married! Miss Miller suddenly threw her head back and laughed, laughed long and merrily, but when she stopped there were tears in her eyes.

"Oh, you darlings, you poor darlings," she murmured.

José grinned cheerfully, and Perciliano gathered courage enough from the laughter and kind tones to glance up and smile uncertainly.

"Mees Miller," she said happily; "when José and me git married, I wash all over myself!"

It was Miss Miller's turn to blush rosy red. She jumped up and kissed Perciliano lightly on her forehead.

"Now run, dears," she cried, a little break in her voice, "or you'll be late for the wedding!"

She stood watching them until they were out of sight, the smile still on her lips.

"Oh, I must help Perciliano, I must keep in touch with her and encourage her to—to—" the smile became tender, "—wash all over herself!"

"It sits among the quiet hills,
On grassy uplands clean and brown."

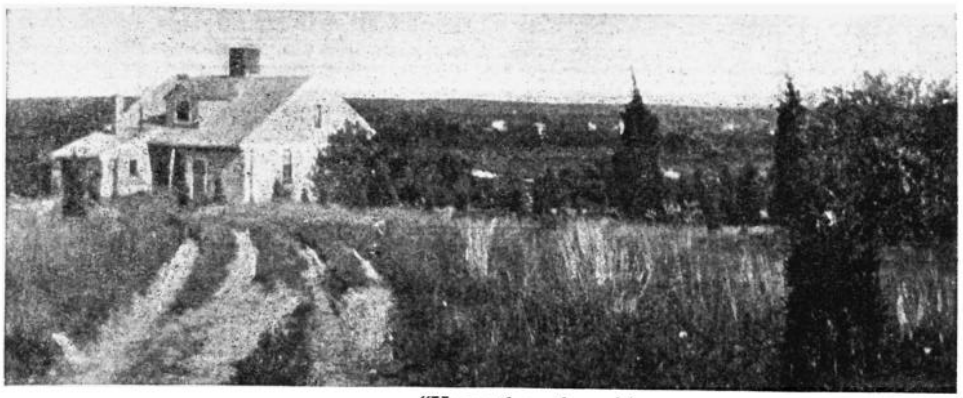
UPLAND COTTAGE: CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS

IT sits among the quiet hills,
On grassy uplands, clean and brown;
All day the sad field-sparrow trills,
All day the winds blow up and down.

Mad gusty winds, that strum
Upon the pinetree harps, that hum
Among the cedars, in and out
Flinging their spices all about.
Over the bright green marshes just below
You see the curling river go,
Unruffled by the upland breeze
It winds—is lost among the trees.
Upon the other side
Maples and willow, then smooth pastures wide.

That hillside house is blest
With such an atmosphere of strength and rest
As if companionship with field and sky
Had bred a peacefulness, serene and high,
And the long years had made it one

UPLAND COTTAGE



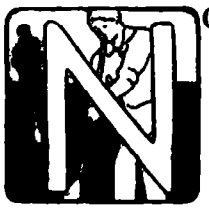
"Upon the other side
Maples and willow, then smooth pastures wide."

With the staunch cedars and the faithful sun.
A benediction seems to fill
The dim old rooms, as if some freed soul still
Suffused a gentleness throughout the air
By lingering there.

It sits among the quiet hills,
  On grassy uplands, clean and brown;
All night the plaintive cricket shrills,
  All night the silver stars look down.

"That hillside house is blest
With such an atmosphere of strength and rest."

NIJINSKY, THE GREAT RUSSIAN: HIS ART AND HIS PERSONALITY: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS



O art is great until it can give you more than color or sound or form or motion. It must be in the power of the artist to create within you an emotion that responds to the spiritual activity which created his art. In other words, in a Carrière portrait you feel more than the color and the technique; somehow this great Frenchman makes you understand his own emotion when he painted the picture. George Gray Barnard did that when he carved his head of Lincoln; you look at it a few moments alone in the studio and tears roll down your face. It is the same with singing. Ternina made you understand all the great sacrifices of the world when she moved toward the burning pyre of the dead *Siegfried.*

It is not enough that a dancer is graceful, charmingly costumed, with a background by the great Bakst, with music by Debussy or Stravinsky. All these things are delightful and appeal to the eye and ear, but the great dancer must do more. The great dancer must give you an impression of the emotion that he is experiencing as he dances—and but few dancers have ever been able to do this.

Isadora Duncan could bring to an audience in the dancing of some simple nocturne the great emotional experiences of the world—primitive nature, tragic love, tortured religion, the utmost joy and buoyancy of youth. She would dance a serenade or a triumphal march in the simplest of classic drapery, with no background except blue curtains that looked as though the sky had drifted about the stage, with no make-up, and yet bring you the enchantment of a lovers' night song or the glory of the victory of all good things in the world. Seeing Isadora Duncan dance, one never doubted for a moment that there was very much more than form and color and motion in the art of dancing. I have seen great artists in a tremendous Metropolitan audience watching Isadora Duncan in a Chopin waltz or a Beethoven symphony through blinding tears; I have seen children weeping and smiling through a single dance of hers, bewildered and overwhelmed with a genuine realization of beauty. These things are born of the spirit of the artist, given out through color and form and motion to the spirit of the onlooker.

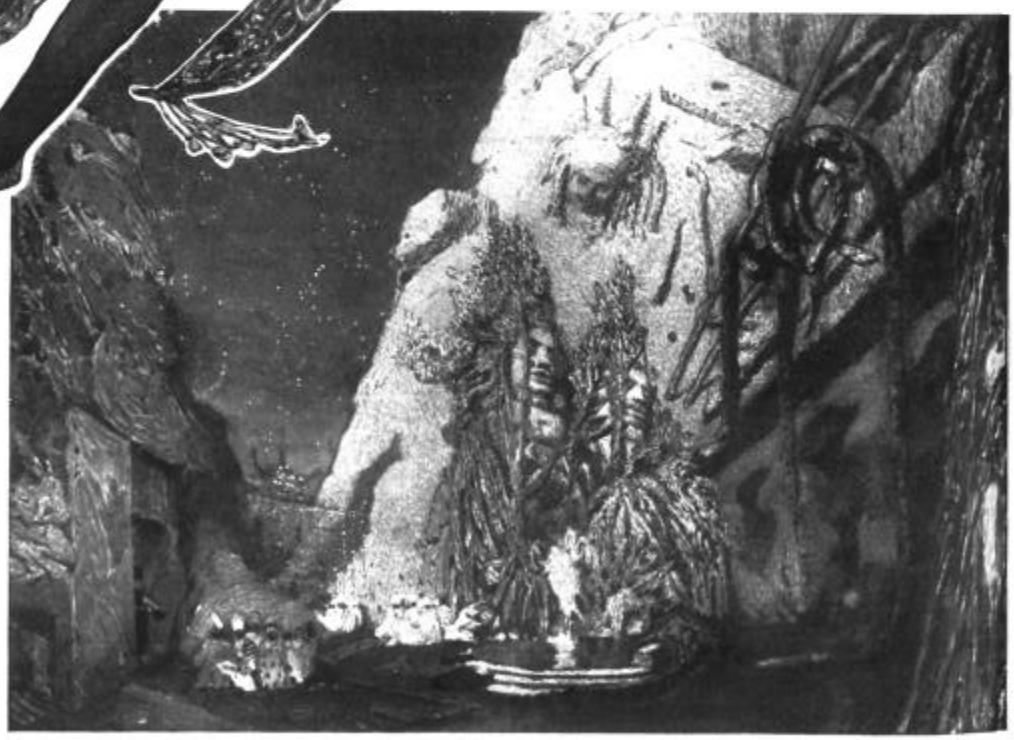
I account for Nijinsky's success, surpassing all other ballet dancers, through his extraordinary power of giving out his spirit through his dancing. To him dancing is far more than technique or color. In a recent talk with this consummate artist, he said, "The idea is the great thing in all dancing." He did not once speak of the technique of any artist; only for a moment of the new movement in stage setting.

NIJINSKY, the greatest of all the Russian dancers.

A DRAWING OF NIJINSKY for the role of the "Blue God" which he will dance in New York for the first time this coming winter: The design of the costume and the drawing are both by Léon Bakst who has done so much not only to vivify the Russian Ballet, but to rejuvenate the color sense of two hemispheres.

LÉON BAKST'S DESIGN for the "Blue God" as it will be presented at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York this winter is shown below:

In imagination, color and startling design the production of this Ballet is unsurpassed.



THE SENSATION of the first year of the Russian Ballet in New York was Nijinsky's dancing of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune": Artists and poets were filled with delight and the censors were very busy in their effort to make it commonplace and dull.

A BAKST DRAWING of the scene for the production of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune":

Because the color is so exotic, the whole design so fanciful and unusual it is difficult to hold in a black and white production an impression of the beauty and charm of this scene.

NIJINSKY in "Pavillion d'Armide" as he will appear in the Russian Ballet this winter: From a photograph by Baron de Meyer.

He accepted music as the great handmaiden of dancing as a matter of course; but of the *idea which creates the dance,* of the spirit which endows it with beauty he could not speak enough. "It is," he said, "a spiritual art. We are just beginning to learn this again, and in Russia mainly we have learned it through Isadora Duncan. She has revolutionized dancing throughout the world, beginning in Russia, because Russia was the first to realize her greatness, first to gladly accept her inspiration. She liberated dancing for us; through dancing she is liberating all arts, and greatest of all, the art of living."

So great a tribute to an artist could only come from a great spirit, and that is what I find Nijinsky to be; whether in his dances, the most beautiful ballet dancing seen in the world, or in meeting him quietly as a social human being, whether in his own home with his beautiful and charming wife or in the park in New York playing happily and gently and sympathetically with his adorable baby, always Nijinsky is more than the person you meet, more than the man who talks with you or who plays with children or who creates and constructs fine ballet art. You feel always that wonderful glowing spirit which animates all of life for him, which infuses into his art a richness, an exquisite subtlety impossible to describe and which marks the boundary between great art and a charming presentation of music and motion.

DIAGHILEFF, who created the ensemble known as the Modern Ballet in Russia, who originated the opportunity for the free spirit in the ballet art, who has brought the freshness to dancing in Russia that one feels in Russian painting and art and poetry today, declares that the ballet as he has organized it is the great new art of the world, that the day of the opera has gone. Men of talent, he says, no longer cluster about the opera except to express it!

"You will find," he says, "in opera neither decorators nor musicians, mechanics nor *inscenieurs* of the highest ability. And voices are extremely rare. A real voice is difficult to find. I must repeat, talent does not flock to opera; it is the ballet that attracts it. All the great talents are working on ballet. Stravinsky, for example, has two new scores. One of them, which is already finished, is entitled 'Les Noces Villegeoises.' The other, which is unfinished, is to be mystical. It is a great enterprise, on which Stravinsky and Massin are working together. Goncharova, a painter, granddaughter of Pushkin, is assisting them. Then there is a young boy, Serge Prokovieff, who has sent me a new ballet. He is our future in music, for he is not more than twenty-two years old and of enormous talent. It is a remarkable score, and some time I shall produce the ballet.

"Consider the foremost composers of France, of Russia, of Germany; all are writing music for the ballet. There are Debussy, Ravel, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Tcherepnine, Roger Ducasse, Roussel, all of whom are making ballets. Ravel has composed 'Daphne and Chloe'; we find 'Le joli jeu de Furet' of Roger Ducasse, and Roussel's 'Le Festin l'Araignee,' and many others, besides. Even Strauss has written a ballet.

"But that is to take it merely on the musical side. There is the case of painting. Bakst is an older man. He is recognized, and has attained fame. There are quantities of younger painters among us. The ballet proves to be, for the moment, the strongest attraction. It is an art movement full of life, and all the forces of life gather and group themselves about it to form it and mould it. Whom have you writing opera now? Puccini, who hardly merits consideration musically, and Richard Strauss.

"The truth is, people can no longer endure a representation which is not a spectacle for the eye. Literary things one reads. It is not necessary to hear them spoken on the stage. If you were deaf and went to an opera of today, with its gross baritones and its ladies—well, somewhat over forty—singing, you would think they were making fun of you. The lines of the human body are very beautiful. But they must be cared for, studied, appreciated. Go to a Wagner opera, and see the singers without hearing them. You cannot imagine anything more ugly. As for dancing, in opera of the past there would be a divertissement. Or an Italian dancer would perform acrobatics to circus music of any sort. Enduring such things has become a habit with audiences. There are many opera singers who sing well, but it is impossible to look at them always with unequivocal pleasure.

"The ballet 'Coq d'Or' is an example of the right direction. The singers are separated from the actors and dancers, and sit on either side of the stage. But beyond that, it is not enough merely to know how to sing. One must study and master the dance. Take 'L'Aprés-Midi.' They do not dance in it. It is an effect obtained by almost nothing at all. That is mastery. The right combination of spectacle and voice, which will not shock the eye, is yet to be made; a combination which would enable either a deaf or a blind person to enjoy the same performance. At present the ballet has partly reached that stage. You could come to the ballet though you were blind and listen to the music of Stravinsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff. And if you were deaf the spectacle would afford rich enjoyment. But the voice is not included. The problem before us is to engage every organ of the body sensible to art, every sense which reacts."

NIJINSKY

Nijinsky in "Schéhérazade": From a drawing by Montenegro.

IT is in such an art as Diaghileff has described that Nijinsky reigns supreme, not only in the dance itself, but in the creation of the dance, in the selecting of music, the stage setting and the designing of costumes. Nothing more subtle, more exquisite, more transfused with poetry has ever been seen on the American stage than Nijinsky in "The Afternoon of the Young Faun." He not only conceived the choreography for Debussy's music, but he planned the *mise en scene,* in fact, originated every detail of the poetical conception which so exquisitely expresses the most rarely delicate of Debussy's music. His conception of the ***Faun*** is mainly spiritual. His aim is to present an exquisite bit of poetry, a fairy story, and yet something greater. Of course, he must do this through physical means —through music, through color, through motion— but the dominating factor of Nijinsky's portrayal of the ***Faun*** is his poetical appreciation of what is exquisite in the world.

That is why it would be impossible for people to imitate Nijinsky's dancing. They could study his art most carefully, in fact, study with him, they could copy his costumes and his stage setting, they could watch his expression and his gestures and come close to all; but they could not for one moment give us that tremendous spiritual impact that Nijinsky has the power to convey— the quality of personality that I was speaking of in connection with Isadora Duncan's dancing.

Probably Miss Duncan has been the most widely imitated dancer in the world. Young women have spent years copying her every gesture, every bend of the knee, every costume, and they do charming and pretty things on the stage and in the garden, and their costumes are infinitely improved for having been modeled after hers, and there it all ends; except occasionally with the lovely young women of her own school we catch a glance or a gesture or a memory of her great beauty, of the thing that has made her famous and will render her immortal. It is this same extraordinary, exotic spirit that has vivified and rendered inimitable the work of this young Russian who has been with us so short a time.

NIJINSKY

I HAVE two very distinct impressions of Nijinsky. The first was as an artist, the afternoon of his premier appearance on the Metropolitan Opera House stage. I had seen all of the Russian Ballet work many times and it was all charming, well presented, well accompanied by delightful music, but it was not great. I do not mean that the presentation was not great. It was the most gorgeous, lavish, liberated production ever seen in this country, but no one artist had stirred my emotions or given me that sense of tearful joy that I had hoped for. And then through the rather elaborate music of von Weber with a background of night as Léon Bakst sees it—a night of gaiety and splendor—through an open window, with a rose garden beyond, drifted in high above the window sill as though from the very heart of the garden, as though wafted in by perfume, a figure, very slender, an unreal *Spectre* clad in rose petals with the smile of the night on his face, with eyes shining like stars. It seemed a full moment before this figure alighted at the front of the stage, resting as thistledown might after being blown about by soft winds. It was the most extraordinary expression of ballet dancing I believe ever witnessed. After a moment's hush the entire audience, thousands of people, broke into wild applause. This man, Nijinsky, had stirred the emotions at last for the Russian Ballet. He had brought us, in this one great gesture across the stage, memories of rose gardens, tender recollections of subtle perfume, moonlight; he had brought the atmosphere of fairyland into the Bakst room. And when Lopokowa in her white ballet frock responded to his sweet urging to the dance the whole scene was imbued with the quality of a fairy night in a mysterious enchanted garden. That mystery, that spiritual thing too subtle, as I have said, for words pervaded the whole stage. No costuming could have done it, no color, no music, but Nijinsky's personality had transcended all material things and had brought us emotion which we gave back to him with tremendous, overpowering gladness. He made us know once more that the world was peopled with the spirits we could not see and that gardens were alive at night in the moonlight, and when at the end of the dance he drifted away out of the window to the heart of the rose from which he had sprung, no one questioned the "reality" of the scene.

The next time that I saw Nijinsky was at a luncheon party given by a great lover of art in New York, a man to whom artists seem inevitably to drift because there they find always sympathy and appreciation. At this luncheon Nijinsky and Isadora Duncan were seated side by side. Nijinsky, a young, charming, simple human being, full of vigor and vitality, interested, but quietly poised, a foreigner among many other nationalities; and yet at once you felt a

NIJINSKY AS "PETROUCHKA": This is the role which Nijinsky prefers to all others that he dances in the Ballet Russe.

"THE SPECTRE OF THE ROSE" as Nijinsky will dance it this winter at the Metropolitan Opera House: The most spirituelle and poetical of all the rôles which Mr. Nijinsky has so far presented in New York.

vigorous personality, vibrant, though silent—that does not often happen at a luncheon party. He was interested in every topic, eager to understand, with a certain joyous response to anything said of his country, of its art, of its progress.

After luncheon Miss Duncan and Nijinsky danced. They created dances on the moment, as songs have been sung and poetry written and music composed years ago when the hearts of people were close to Nature and richly alive with her influence. A more extraordinary spectacle than this dancing of Shubert and Beethoven and Strauss and Stravinsky could not be imagined, because these artists danced together and created simultaneously a beautiful and finished work of art. So fluent were these personalities that they responded to each other's impulse. There was never a moment's hesitation, never a moment that was not poetical and complete. In one lovely Spanish dance, the music of which I do not remember, except happily it was not "Carmen," Miss Duncan realized the Spanish spirit, the seductive primitive charm of the Spanish dancer and Mr. Nijinsky presented the virile, vigorous *matador,* who is madly in love, but not easily tamed. One hears much of the delicacy of Nijinsky's art, but the virility of it is just as astounding and just as real.

All art, it seems to me, that is supreme conveys so overwhelmingly the spiritual side of genius that one is apt to imagine that the rarefied quality is the more complete, but this is not true of Nijinsky's art, it is not true of Isadora Duncan's. Both can give you the virile masculine quality just as they can give you the evanescent, elusive thing, and it is only through a combination of both these qualities that the supreme presentation of any one art is achieved. This is true in music as well as dancing, in sculpture, in painting, in poetry.

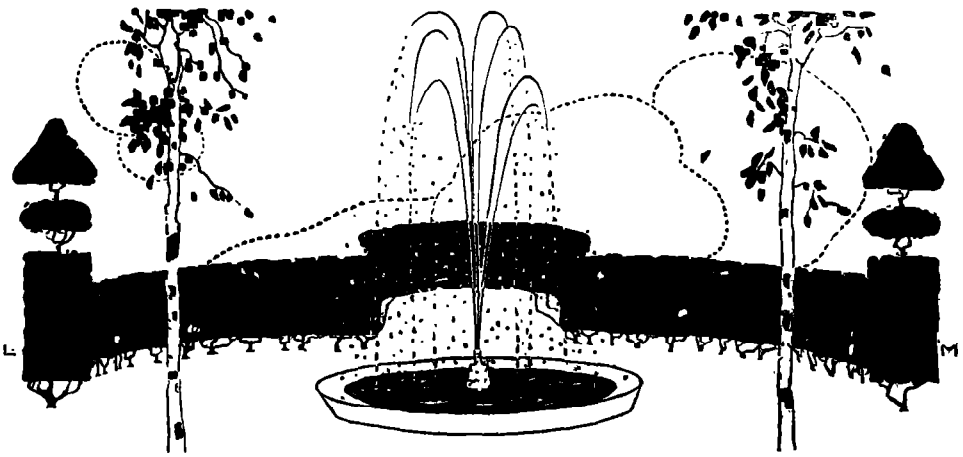
The more evanescent quality of Mr. Nijinsky's art is shown in "The Faun," in "The Spectre," and in "Petrouchka," the latter being his favorite part, the part which gives him the opportunity of most tenderly, naïvely and consummately portraying the clown heart of the world which is a very beautiful and heart-breaking thing to see.

THIS coming winter we shall see him in "Till Eulenspiegel" with the Strauss music. The very essence of comedy will be shown in this dance, as well as delightful satire on conservative and established principles. This ballet has been entirely thought out by Nijinsky in conjunction with Mr. Strauss, and is one of the most complete of the comedy ballets ever presented, and as in all true comedy there is pathos and sorrow. Mr. Nijinsky will also present the "Mephisto Valse" in which he gives a country scene, drinking and dancing, delightful costumes, Strauss music and beautiful production.

NIJINSKY

We are all delighted to know that Mr. Nijinsky's own conception of "The Faun" will be presented again, not only in New York, but throughout the country; perhaps in no other ballet does he so completely express his conception of poetry, music, dancing, costuming, and that more subtle thing, his appreciation and understanding of poetry.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that I learn just as the magazine goes to press that Mr. Nijinsky is to be in entire charge of the Russian Ballet for this season. This means that each ballet will be presented in its original beauty with the full conception of the artist who created it, whether it be Nijinsky or Fokine or Bakst, that there will be no elimination, no censorship of any scene or gesture, that there will be the most complete gathering together of the arts of life, for the most exquisite presentation that imagination can devise. We have the utmost confidence in Mr. Nijinsky, not only as the greatest of the Russian dancers, but as the producer with imagination, as a man who loves music, who understands poetry and who will not give the public less than his final conception of beauty in the art of dancing.



THE WORKER SPEAKS: BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

Y, you can sing—you can sing
  Lone as the wind above you,
You have no hands that cling,
  Weighting you, hands that love you.

Your heart has time to cry
  Free in the windy places,
Free to regard the sky,
  Dreaming of starry faces;

You, who may dream apart,
  How should you know or hearken
Us of the street, the mart,
  Us of the roads that darken?

Your soul has time for wings;
  Far above earth's green hollow
How may it know the things
  Ours in the dust must follow?

Ay, you can sing—you can sing
  Up into worlds above you;
You have no hands that cling,
  Blessing you—hands that love you!

A SPECIAL YEAR OF AMERICAN DRAMA: BY EDITH J. R. ISAACS

(Chairman American Drama Committee, Drama League of America)

N China, any man who writes an immoral play is threatened by the social religious code with a purgatory lasting as long as his play continues to be produced. This is exactly as it should be. It is a delightfully simple and obvious means of placing the responsibility of art to society where it finally belongs—with the artist, relieving society of the burden of obligation—so large a one with us—of being the receivers of bad art.

It is easy to conceive the peace and satisfaction that comes to the soul of an ardent and devout Chinese first-nighter in the knowledge that the author of some frightful farce will suffer at least as great a share of torture through his performance as the audience has suffered. The difficulty is that to make such a law prohibitive and such a remedy effective, an artist must possess not only a living fear of purgatory, but a Chinese faith in the law, and a nation must possess a Chinese assurance in regard to the changelessness of morals.

None of these avenues of escape is open to the American. With us, of the growing West, the last alone is more than a minor difficulty. We are not very old nor very wise; we know just enough of right and wrong to know how little we know of what is really good or bad in the spirit, in the theater or in the communal life of which any national theater should be the mirror. We are composite of a score of nations, to each one of which social and artistic right and wrong is a different thing and a thing differing with each generation that passes. We look back over our history and see how variously men have reckoned morals, especially dramatic morals. It is less than two hundred years ago that a deputation of our Puritan forefathers, on their way from a cock-fighting and bull-baiting exhibit, pulled down a building in which some young radicals in art were attempting to give a performance of "Hamlet" (or was it "Othello"?), the very thought of which shocked their sensibilities. It is within the memory of most of us that "The Doll's House" was accounted a play too immoral for any young woman to see, and the day when "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was censored, although too close to be history at all, has been followed by the greedy reception of "Damaged Goods" as a twentieth century Morality.

With such a record behind us, Americans with imagination and a sense of humor will not set themselves up as judges of the morality of any serious art or art work. But to judge the theater, to measure its worth as a factor in national life, is not to judge art, but an institution. And institutions, especially in a nation that is fortunate enough

to be still in the making, should have their value tested daily, like electric wires, even if there is no gauge more definable than our "national consciousness" to test them by. Are they American? one may always ask. Are they sincere? Are they true to the times in which we live, true to the actualities of life or to the things of which we dream?

EVER since the theater became an established fact in America, which, let us hopefully remember, is not so very long, the people have passed judgment upon it as they have upon the constitution, the prison system, the steel trust and the army. Conservatives, reformers and radicals alike have been more nearly agreed than they ever were about anything else. It was not related to our literature or our life; it did not aid our social, economic or artistic progress; it did not reflect our character nor mirror our hopes and fears. It was un-American, it was undemocratic, it was unethical, it was material; worst of all, it was dull.

Having delivered themselves of this opinion, the people paused. Those who were unconnected with the theater, as an institution, turned their backs upon it, and, as their ancestors had shouted "Caterpillars of the commonwealth," they shouted "The Syndicate," "the Commercial Manager," "The Vain and Selfish Star." Theatrical folk, on the other hand, stood with shocked but eager faces watching an ever-lengthening line at the box-office, and groaned "The Public." The playwright—not the mechanic who revamped foreign models, but the young American to whom the drama was the living art and the theater its natural home—usually stood between the two, his untried play in his hands.

What was there to do about it? Whose concern was it?

About ten years ago it occurred to a great many people at the same time that the condition of the theater was the concern of every one who was interested in it; that here was a public question on which men and women alike shared the all-powerful suffrage of the box-office; that if this suffrage was abused and the theater we elected to have was unworthy, there was something to do about it besides exchanging unpleasant personalities or writing big words about the decay of the drama.

Edgar Allan Poe, who ought to be, but is not, as well known for his illuminating dramatic criticism as for "The Pit and the Pendulum," has this to say, apropos of the revival of American drama at the time of Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion":

"That the drama, in general, can go down, is the most untenable of all untenable ideas. When sculpture shall fail, and painting shall fail, and poetry, and music; when men shall no longer take pleasure

in eloquence, and in grace of motion, and in the beauty of woman, and in truthful representations of character, and in the consciousness of sympathy in their enjoyment of each and all, then, and not till then, may we look for *that* to sink into insignificance, which, and which alone, affords opportunity for the conglomeration of these infinite and imperishable sources of delight."

Poe knew that the trouble with the American theater was, not the American drama, but the American theater which rendered the best of American drama impotent and homeless. It was un-American behind the footlights because we had imported it, managers, actors, plays, traditions and all, from England at a time when the drama was too unpopular with the fathers of the nation to win a native home; because, with our Puritan heritage of hatred for the theater, we had never had the artistic strength to throw off the foreign fetters. It was un-American in the pit because the audience was conglomerate and had no common art tradition.

WHAT was needed to remake the theater was not better managers, better actors, better playwrights, but—fore and aft—that same sixth sense, a "national consciousness" that would enable us to distinguish the better ones when we saw them. We needed to think "theater" in America, not solely as a place for entertainment, but also as the home of an art which has the composite power of all the arts combined to amuse and stimulate and edify and charm. We needed—a great many of us at the same time—to want good plays of all kinds, good comedies and farces, tragedies and melodramas, slices of earth and flights of imagination, pictures of our own life as our own artists saw it, and of the life of neighbor nations whose people are a part of us, as the best foreign artists wrote of it. When we wanted all of this enough to pay for it, there would be no problem of the theater in America.

It was on such a theory as this that the Drama League of America began, six years ago, to "organize an audience for the best drama and to educate an audience for the future that should not need to be organized." Everybody said that it was doomed to failure by its very name. The average American considers it "highbrow" to talk of the "drama" at all, that is to distinguish the shows which are meant merely to amuse from the more formal, even if equally entertaining, works of serious artists. Drama, to him, implies something unpleasant and lacking the happy ending. To suggest that Molière was one of the world's greatest dramatists would mystify him beyond measure—that is, if he knew *Tartuffe*. And when you assure him that "Shore Acres" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate" are drama as truly

as "Ghosts" or "The Weavers," he wonders why you are fussing about getting an audience when he is willing to pay speculator's prices for almost anything on Broadway.

The average American laughed at the Drama League and so did a great many wise and good people, seriously interested in the drama, to whom the thought of booming an art was vain nonsense.

Yet the League continued its work, issuing bulletins appraising the best plays as they appeared and urging attendance during the early critical days of the run; publishing study courses, reading courses, library lists and bibliographies, lists of plays for juniors, for high schools, for adult amateurs; holding conferences and public meetings where all kinds of dramatic theories and practices were discussed; starting Little Theaters; helping to create a reading public for printed plays; encouraging playwrights, managers and actors who were doing good work; making mistakes and gaining wisdom.

Each year, new cities were added to its list of "centers" and more and better names to its body of active workers. A year ago the society decided to make a test of the success of its propaganda by proposing a national celebration of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death. For the first time in the history of America there was evidence of a "national consciousness" toward the drama. From one end of the country to the other, in the schools, clubs, colleges, churches, settlements and professional theaters, there were dramatic festivals of some sort to honor the memory of the artist who is every man's dramatist. In New York City alone, there were over two thousand separate celebrations, ending with the great community Masque in May.

In the entire celebration, there was evidenced that spirit of cooperation and mutual understanding between professional workers in the drama and amateur drama lovers, that there has always been between musicians and music lovers. The spirit was too big and rare and sincere to be dissipated without constructive use; and the New York Center of the Drama League, always with a weather eye open to the ultimate purpose of the society, saw and seized the opportunity to put all the energy and enthusiasm which had been aroused at the service of American drama.

IN the spring a committee was formed whose purpose it is "to make Nineteen hundred and seventeen American Drama Year as Nineteen hundred and sixteen has been Shakespeare Year, to bring to the public some knowledge of the men and plays who have made its history, and of the younger men and movements on which it counts for its future." The Committee has neither the hope nor the expectation of revolutionizing the theater by its endeavor. It desires

simply to be the soil and the sunshine for every good American dramatic effort, professional or amateur, acted or printed. The personnel of the Committee is an illuminating comment on the success of the League in its missionary work for an organized interest in American drama. Mr. Winthrop Ames is the Honorary Chairman, and among its sixty members are playwrights, managers, actors, critics, publishers, teachers, lecturers, amateurs prominent in dramatic societies and a few well known patrons of the arts.

The plans of the Committee to focus attention on the history and the future of the drama in America are so many and various that everybody, young and old, who is at all interested, may have a part in one of them. The New York City Public Library is a most zealous supporter of the campaign, and, besides continuing the use of its branch libraries as centers for the discussion of plays bulletined by the League, it is planning to hold a two-months' exhibition illustrating the growth of dramatic literature in America. The exhibition will consist of five hundred of the most important and typical American plays (from the time of "Androborus," the first play printed in America, to the present day), of manuscripts, first editions, playbills, stage models, costumes, photographs of playwrights and famous players. At the time of the exhibition, and probably through the year, the Library will also have a specially selected group of reference books on the subject.

Mr. Arthur Hopkins, with the coöperation of Mr. Robert Jones, the young decorator whose interesting work is a feature of the new dramatic movement, has undertaken as his share of the work of the American Drama Committee, to produce a matinée of scenes from typical American plays, illustrating the growth of playwriting and play production, from "Pontiac" to the plays of our own time. Since a great majority of the plays which have been successful on our stage have never been published, even those of our best known dramatists, such as Bronson Howard, Steele Mackaye, James Herne and others, and there is no way for a person interested in them to know or to revive their style or form except from the old manuscripts and prompt-books, this production is looked forward to with the greatest interest by both the older and the younger generations of theatergoers.

The Committee has arranged a special series of three lectures by Montrose Moses, Walter Prichard Eaton and Dr. S. M. Tucker on "The History of the American Theater," and a long list of single lectures on American Drama and readings from American plays. Several colleges, including Vassar and the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, are coöperating with the Committee by including a new course on American Drama in their curriculum. Four volumes of American

acted plays of literary and historical importance are already announced for publication during the year.

TO create a larger reading public for plays in America, as there is on the Continent, is to be one of the chief endeavors of the Committee; and the men whose plays are consigned to the bookshelves because they are "too good for Broadway" are those who may have the most direct returns from the year's work if the Committee's plan to issue book bulletins like the League's bulletins of acted plays materializes. That there are printed American plays to bulletin is due to the enthusiasm of publishers who are doing pioneer work in the field. But printed plays make friends slowly, and it is doubtful if many, even among the drama's best friends, know the Drama League Series, or Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The Porcupine" and "Van Zorn," or Hermann Hagedorn's "Heart of Youth," or Alice Brown's "Children of Earth," or the one-act plays of George Middleton, or the Wisconsin Plays, or Mrs. Cheney's "Nameless One," every one of which is worth reading.

At the office of the League there is to be a book shop where plays and books about plays will be for sale, and a Bureau of Information where any one who desires to give an American play, masque, school, club, church or settlement festival, program or lecture may come on Saturday mornings for advice and suggestions, not only as to available material, but as to accompanying music, costumes, scenery and dancing. The names of talented young play directors, costumers and decorators will also be kept on file and the Committee hopes to secure for many their first hearings. The Bureau is to be in charge of Miss Evelyne Hilliard, who conducted a similar one for the Shakespeare Committee, and since it was there that most of the two thousand supplementary Shakespeare celebrations were planned, the Committee has great hopes of the Bureau as an outlet. If this effort of the Committee meets a response which shows a real need, the Bureau will probably develop into a permanent link between the unacted dramatist and the public, a place where American plays which are either too good, or not quite good enough, for professional production, according to accepted standards, may, by special recommendation, be recorded and taken by amateur or semi-professional companies for "try-outs" and special performances.

With all this advance interest and enthusiasm in the plans and progress of the Committee, it requires but little optimism to believe that American Drama will find its place in the sun at last.

"ILLAHEE," A SAMPLE OF WHAT THE NORTHWEST IS DOING IN ARCHITECTURE AND GARDENING

UPON the banks of a clear mountain lake, among the soughing pines and aromatic cedars, upon ground set apart by the Great Spirit (so says an Indian legend) rests a home brown in color as the cones that drop about it when the fall winds blow, in form broad and low like the outcropping boulders. The ground upon which the house stands, considered sacred by the Indians, is regarded with almost equal reverence by the Pale Faces who live there. Not because of the Indian tradition, however, but because of its great beauty and of the supreme influence its untouched wild grandeur may have upon the present people and upon the generations of the future. There is something about the wild contours of its hills, the freshness of its winds, purity of its waters, majesty of its forests, too valuable to be cleared for cities or sold as water power or as timber, something not to be wasted and destroyed by the thoughtlessness of this age. It is, in fact, part of the Idaho National Forest, a strip of woods saved for all time as an inheritance for the people of America as well as for Idaho. People loving America's "rocks and rills, its woods and templed hills" may build homes within its sanctuary under the protection of our Government. They may enjoy to the full its beauty, its invigorating air, but they must not destroy.

Some years ago the wish came to Aubrey L. White, as he saw the lovely cottages and castles upon the banks of Lake Como, for a home of his own by a lake, one that would have mountains for a background, one that would be reflected in quiet waters. Naturally he wished for one thoroughly American, typically Western, one that would be as perfect an expression of himself and his country as are those romantic ones of Italy. By the blue waters of Hayden Lake, three thousand feet above the sea, in the heart of this Idaho National Forest, he found his ideal location. American his home certainly is, as the accompanying photographs will testify. Not in the least resembling those picturesque villas of Italy, but holding as fully the national character that when expressed gives such complete satisfaction and delight.

Though the inspiration for a home by a lake came from Italy the design of the house came from one of THE CRAFTSMAN homes, published a few years ago. The plan was altered only in minor details, just enough to embody his individual family needs and to accommodate the foundation to the natural formation of the ground. The photographs show an effective sweep and grouping of roof lines, roomy living porches and wide windows that shut out as little as possible the brilliance of snowy mountain tops and sparkling water or

the gnarled grace of sweeping pine branches. This wild, high mountain country is but forty miles eastward from Spokane, Washington, with its wealth of outlying orchards, garden patches, golf links and little ranches. By motor the trip is but a short one, for the route is over magnificent State roads that pierce dim, primeval forests, skirt charming little lakes, and cross mountain meadow gardens with their lush growth of brilliant Western flowers.

No attempt was made to create velvet lawns or formal gardens, for they would have been too disastrous and discordant. Rather has Mr. White enjoyed preserving the wild beauty of the place, developing its natural resources in every possible way, having the wisdom not to import a single flower or tree that would look artificial or alien to the place. And surely there was little need to go beyond the boundaries of his own ravine for plant forms or to consult any book on landscape gardening or tree grouping. His task was but to take advantage of the natural planting established for him many hundreds of years ago, leaving trees in their chosen association one with another, giving each flower that he found growing, others of its own kind merely to increase the gaiety of the scene, to do for the flower colonies what they would themselves have accomplished in the course of time. The hundreds of native flowers of that favored region were treasured most carefully, you may be sure, when found on Mr. White's especial ravine. Others were transplanted from nearby locations.

WHEN Mr. White took possession of his wild garden spot there were colonies of adder's tongue, trilliums, Mariposa lilies, golden rods, asters, delphiniums, aconites, Clarkias, gaillardias, lupines, banked by wonderful Western ferns that have no Eastern counterpart. As every traveler knows who has had the pleasure of exploring that region, the edges and open spots of the woods have been self-planted with the most wonderful fox-gloves to be found anywhere in the whole world. Higher than a man's head do they stand. Their pink and white bells shaken violently by the honey-sipping wild bee bell ringers, form as wonderful a flower display as can be found any place the length and breadth of this land. The cool, even tempered nights of that region, combined with the abundance of sun by day, give to the blossoms the intensity of coloring and rigidity of stem characteristic of England's far-famed flowers. Delphiniums are blue as Italy's sky, Sweet Williams take on all the lovely wood colors, carpeting banks, bordering paths with unpretentious but most perfect grace. The delicate Clarkias make cerise clouds beneath every bush and over every strip of dry ground undesired by other plants.

The abundance of native shrubs leaves no call for importations. There are many species and varieties seldom seen in the East and which, being in a native environment, make a more perfect showing than any imported shrub could possibly do. There are the *Amelanchiers* or service berries, as they are called locally, many varieties of which are entirely different from the Eastern species. The spiræas are found in profusion. They are known locally as ragged robins, but botanically as *Schizonolus discolor.* The syringas excel in beauty the garden varieties so much planted in Eastern States. The rose bay is worth a trip across the continent to see. Ceonothus covers the mountains like blue smoke. Blooming in perfection also are *Sangumea* and *Velutina, Echinopanax Horrida, Lonicera Involucrata, Sambucus Glauca* and *Cornus.* Because there were wonderful patches of such things as rhododendrons, laurels, wild broom, there was no need to make use of such plants as hydrangeas and unnaturally forced double roses. Instead of these showy cultivated favorites are the modest single roses, the sweet brier and *Wichuraianas.*

The vegetable garden has been treated as all vegetable gardens well deserve, that is, put in intimate association with the members of its own family, the flowers, not subjected to the indignity of some obscure corner. It is immediately across the path from the flower garden and bordered by quantities of various flowers destined to be cut for indoor use. Never is there a season when the vegetable garden hedge of flowers does not yield rich color for the house; but there is one part that is so wonderful that it must be especially mentioned. This is the dahlia border which includes some one hundred and fifty varieties of cactus, decorative, peony and singles. The soil, the partial shade, the cool nights, the careful attention as to watering made these a continuous exhibition from midsummer to Thanksgiving, for killing frosts are generally late in that region. The individual blossoms were with few exceptions borne on stems which were superior in every way to the usual character of the plant. The vegetable garden yields a steady supply of fresh vegetables throughout the season. Fruits both large and small flourish in abundance; nectarines, peaches, plums, apples and pears are at their best, for they find plenty of sunshine and are protected from storms by the encircling forests. Adjoining the vegetable garden is a nursery, a garage, stables, barns, chicken house, etc. Thus in this wild forest land is a home such as might be the dream of any man or woman. The trees that protect the house and garden from rude winds are mostly evergreens. The majestic yellow pine (*pinus ponderosa*), with its brilliant shaft, the delicate foliaged Western hemlock (*Tsuga Heterophylla*), and the giant cedar, *Thuya Plicata,* are found here in the height of their beauty, and as in all

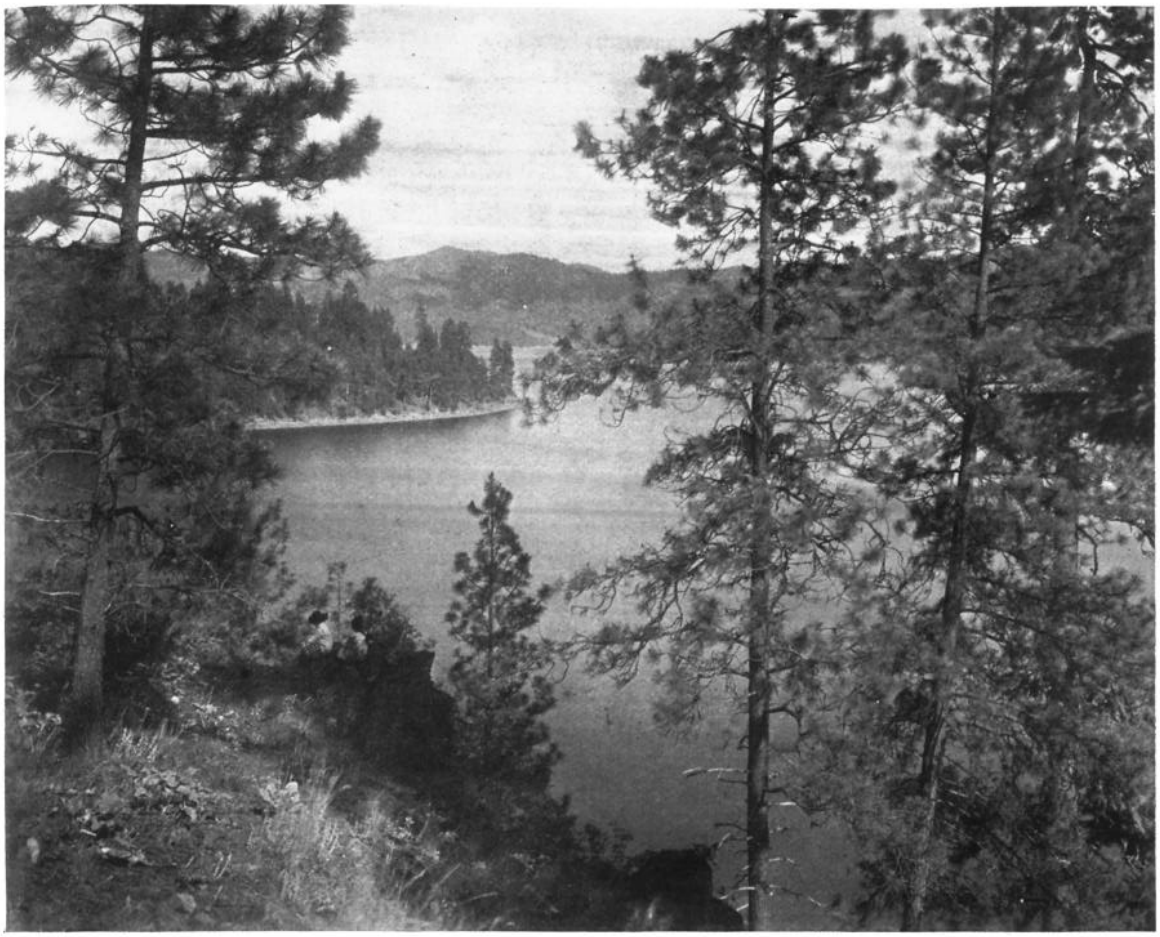
ILLAHEE, a home overlooking the clear waters of Hayden Lake in the Idaho National Forest:

This home is like a fragrant flowery oasis in the heart of a wildly beautiful mountain region.

INSPIRATION for the plan of this home by the lake was taken from a Craftsman house:

Brown in color like the trees it stands as fittingly harmonious with nature as the nest of a bird.

DELPHINIUMS AT ILLAHEE reach to the highest apex of beauty for they are left to grow in their own way and develop without the interfering direction of a gardener.



HAYDEN LAKE, in the heart of the Idaho National Forest, was chosen by Aubrey L. White as the place to found the home of his ideal.

FLOWERS reach perfection in Illahee, for they have full sunshine yet are protected with forests.

CHILDREN'S playground just over the ravine from the family homestead, showing the children's own garden planted by themselves.

LIVING room of the Aubrey L. White home showing huge rock fireplace.

INTERIOR of this home finished in wood browns with Indian rugs showing strong Craftsman influence.

DAHLIA WALK at Illahee with its many varieties of cactus and peony: The mountain air has brought out the full beauty of coloring and strength of stem of these as well as all other flowers in this garden.

NATURAL PLANTING of foxgloves in this same garden: Stalks often reach a height higher than a man's head, with fullest number of bells from tip of strong stems.

Western coniferous forests, there is an abundance of both evergreen and deciduous shrubs to add grace and beauty and break the severity of too uniform a succession of tall and perfect shafts.

NOW children have their playhouse on land that was once the Happy Hunting Ground of a band of Indians, ruled over by Na Cla Tsich, the Timber Wolf. Na Clos, the Owl, who presided over their spiritual affairs, reported one day in the long ago that the Great Spirit was displeased with them and wished them to seek other hunting grounds, but Na Cla Tsich, the chief, was rebellious and would not listen. So Na Clos was troubled and paddled far out on the lake one day when the mist was thick and the air cold and communed with the Great Spirit and again reported that the people must not fish in the lake or hunt in the forest. That evening Na Cla Tsich, very angry, disobeying, paddled away to the fishing ground. With his choicest bait he tempted the trout and the Great Spirit spoke warningly to him in a deep voice of anger. Still Na Cla Tsich fished, not heeding.

As the moon came out through the clouds he gave a mighty cry of victory and pulled in his line. On the end was the father of all trout, who though struggling fiercely, soon lay in the bottom of the canoe, exhausted. Then Na Cla Tsich stood erect in his canoe, waved his arms and chanted his war song of victory. As he sang, the canoe began to circle slowly at first, then swifter and swifter it went, until at last with a leap into the air it plunged nose first into a whirlpool and was seen no more.

All night the Great Spirit spoke in thunderous tones and the rain fell like a mighty river and in the morning the people began to gather their things together and left the lake obeying the Great Spirit's bidding, for they had seen Na Cla Tsich's terrible plunge into the whirlpool. They have never disobeyed and returned to the lake, for they knew it was sacred ground set apart by the Great Spirit for some mighty reason unknown to them. The Great Spirit evidently likes to have the Pale Faces make a home in the wilderness, for everything has prospered as though miraculously ordered.

The lovely Illahee, which is an Indian name meaning "home by a lake," seems verily to be upon enchanted ground. Everything good for the pleasure and comfort of civilized mortals is gathered within the fold of this home; yet it is in the heart of a primeval forest girdled about with mountain peaks perpetually capped with snow.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The information contained in this article as well as the beautiful photographs were contributed to THE CRAFTSMAN by Robert S. Phillips.

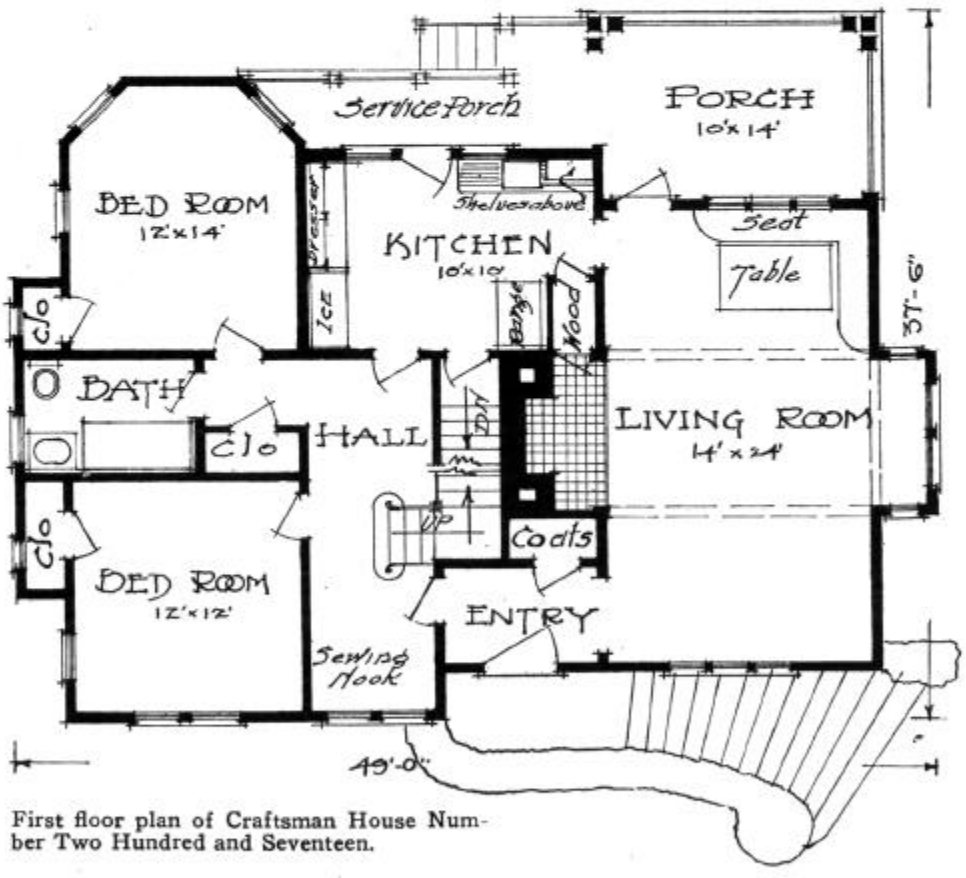
A CRAFTSMAN HOME FOR THE VILLAGE AND A CRAFTSMAN LODGE FOR THE WILDERNESS

"Home in one form or another is the great object of life."

THERE is something about a little home with a garden about it that touches the affections more tenderly than any great house set in the midst of a noble park, no matter how fine it may be. Those who pass by the little cottage feel that young people have built their hopes and their ideals into it, that they have worked and "saved" and planned for it and quite likely designed it and planted the flowers about it themselves. The large house carries no such sweet and human an air, no such interesting sense of romance and simple happiness, rather it seems to have been ordered built by some one who had passed that irresistibly charming period of youth and inexperience into the more staid chapters of success. The large house speaks of middle-aged dignity, looks wise and comfortably substantial. It is associated with all such desirable qualities as wealth, leadership, power. In other words, it seems to have "attained" and settled down to enjoy life in a well rounded, complete and admirable way. The big house sometimes inspires envy—the little house always quickens love.

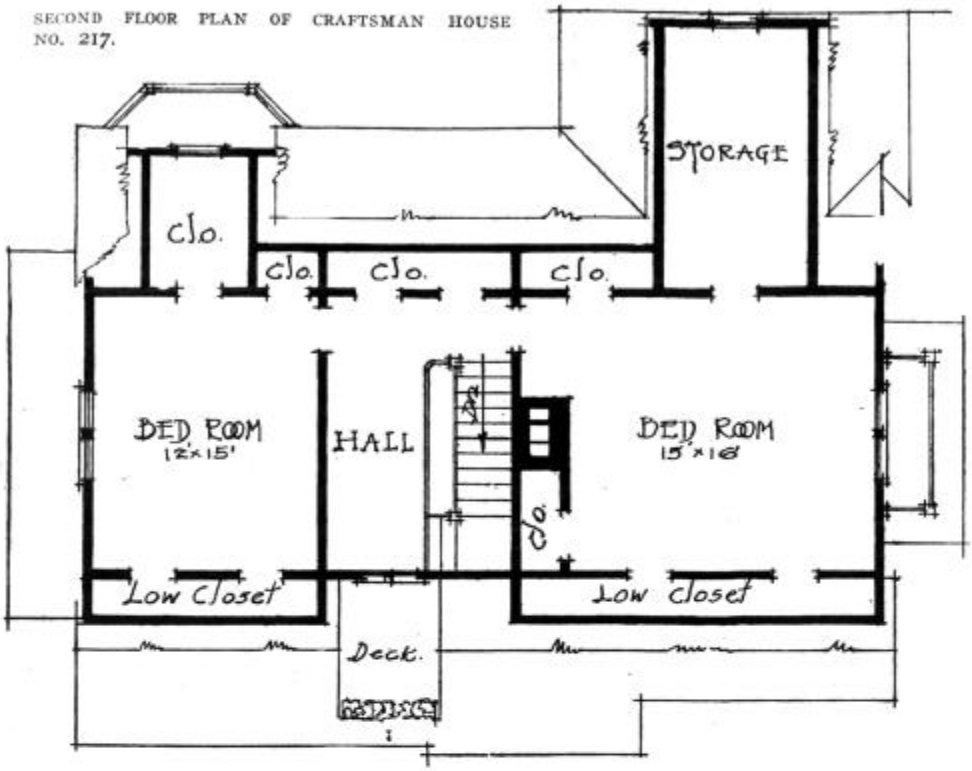
The designing of a little house is quite a different art from that of any other phase of architecture. It takes a genius of a big order, one who is skilled in making the most of things, who is resourceful, who well understands the words intensive and efficiency. In a little house there must be the quality of beauty, else it will look mean, cheap, undesirable. Beauty cannot be tacked on as an afterthought, as everybody knows, but must be incorporated in it. The silhouette, therefore, is of the first importance. It must be shapely and well proportioned, so that even when every detail has been blotted out by evening light it will still be attractive. Clean cut as any jewel, unassuming as a work of Nature, must it be.

WE are showing just such a little house this month. This house, to be known as Craftsman home Number Two hundred and seventeen, is to be built on a side hill as shown in the drawing or upon a flat lot without the stone foundation. It was designed for a very small family, as may be seen by a study of the floor plans. If the house is erected upon a side hill and there are stones in the neighborhood, then the foundation and the stairway should be of stone. The railing of the stairway should be very wide, built hollow, filled with earth and planted to flowers. This would make a most unusual yet rational way of connecting house and garden, of leading flower color from the garden up to the house. Bordering the garden paths with stones would increase the effect of unity between house and garden. The perspective drawing shows the house as though it were on the edge of a rather new building section, yet this is only one of many possibilities of a building site. The residence sections of



First floor plan of Craftsman House Number Two Hundred and Seventeen.

SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 217.



many cities and towns often include hill and canyon lots of even steeper grade than the drawing shows. Often these lots are heavily wooded, sometimes they have a far view over wonderful country.

The treatment of the roof is distinctive, the roll edge gives softness and the cut in the roof (to permit of the dormer), with its box of flowers adds color and variation. Composition shingles are advised not only because they are fire-retarding to a great extent, but because they can be curved at the edges more easily. Since this house is so very small and the idea was to keep down the expense of building to the least possible figure yet have the house substantial in every way, stucco is suggested. The design could be carried out in brick, stone or concrete if desired though the expense would be more. For this small house we suggest that the walls be soft cream, the woodwork stained warm brown, window sash painted white. The roof should be soft, rather olive green.

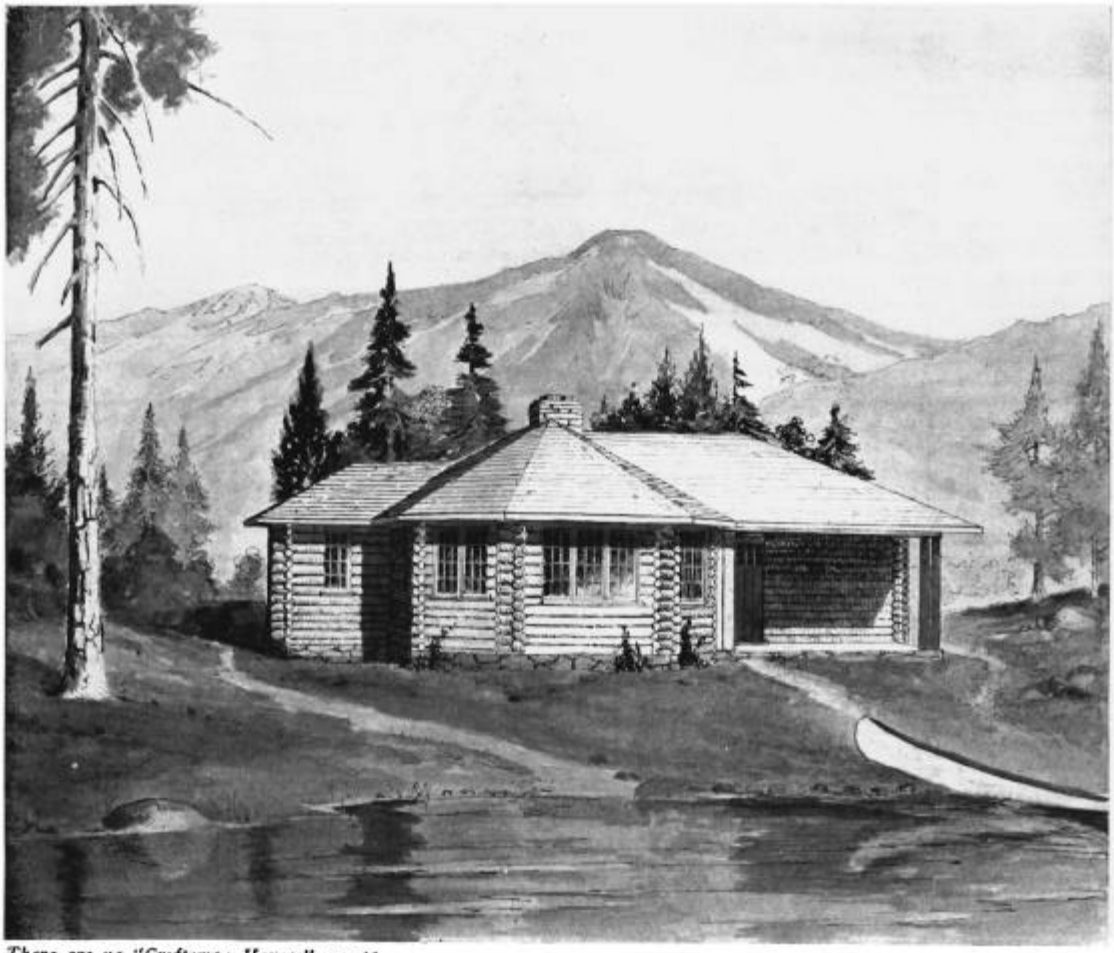
Within, the house is an arrangement of rooms planned for working efficiency and solid comfort. Upon entering the front door a large combination living and dining room is seen at the right, with a projecting window and seat of generous size opposite the large fireplace. An economical arrangement of space could be had if desired by building seats in the dining corner of the room as shown in the floor plan and placing the dining table before them. If this plan is not desired of course the table could be placed farther out toward the center of the room and chairs drawn up to it when meals are served. There is a good space between the extended window seat and the front wall, for bookshelves. At one side of the fireplace is an opening into a wood-box filled from the kitchen. This arrangement is a most convenient one and also eliminates much of the dust and dirt that gathers about an open wood basket.

At the left of the entrance is a generous hall from which the stairway leads to the second story. This hall can be shut away from the front entry by a door or thrown in with it by means of an open archway. Through this hall the two bedrooms and bath are reached.

Each of the bedrooms is provided with roomy closets in which windows have been installed. This gives each closet

There are no "Craftsman houses" except those which appear in this magazine.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN is of cream white stucco with olive green composition shingles and stone foundation, designed to be built upon a side hill in some suburban locality: This same design could be used for a level lot without the foundation if desired.



There are no "Craftsman Houses" except those which appear in this magazine

HUNTING LODGE OF PEELED LOGS, NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN, with shingled roof and stone foundation, which would serve equally well for a summer home in the woods for a small family.

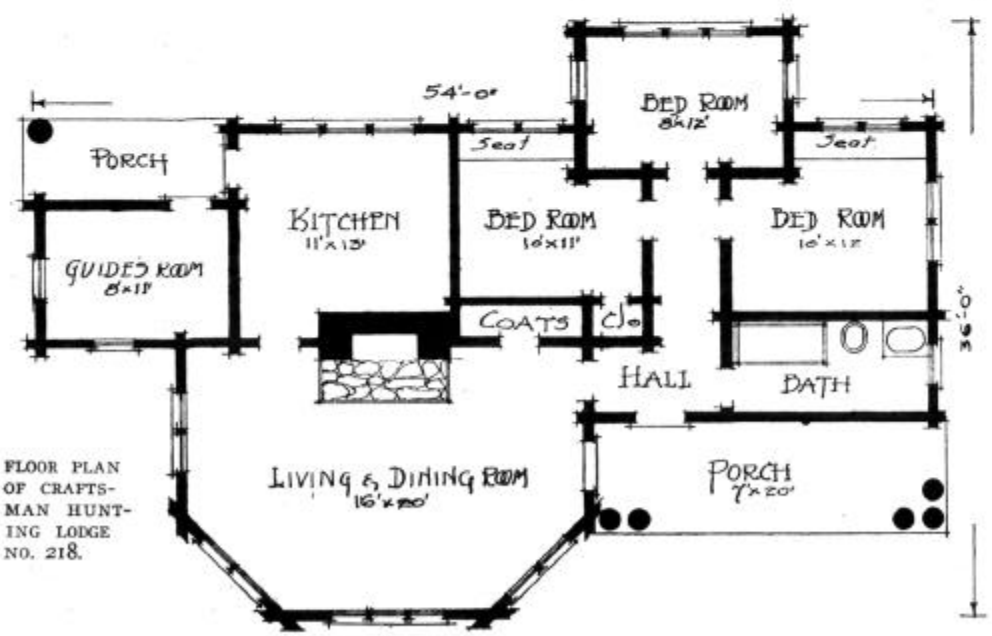
fresh air and sunshine, a thing much to be desired. Each bedroom also is so arranged that cross draughts can be had from the windows. Thus this whole end of the house is thoroughly ventilated so that it is easily kept fresh and wholesome.

At the end of the hall nearest the outside door is the sewing nook. There is room in this sewing nook for a couch if desired. This couch by the window would make an ideal place for dreamy afternoon reading or siesta. It would also provide an additional opportunity for a guest in case more people happened to be staying at the house than the bedrooms could accommodate. Since this house was designed to be built as reasonably as possible this extra couch might be used to advantage and the second story rooms not finished off for the first year or two, merely left as large and convenient storing places. In this sewing nook also is room for a small table or work basket stand. It could easily be converted into a smoking den or a child's study room.

Direct access to the kitchen is also had through this hall as well as from the dining room in the opposite side of the house. A large dresser where it can get light from the window, and space for an ice-box occupy one wall of the kitchen. The sink, with double drainboards, also receives direct light from a window. Beneath each drainboard should be a set of drawers to hold kitchen utensils. Over the one in the corner of the room a series of shelves extending to the ceiling, enclosed and finished with a door, could be built to hold dishes or food. The woodbox extends from the floor to a height of about three feet. Above it is a set of shelves for dishes reaching clear to the ceiling. A good idea would be to open this dish closet into the dining room with leaded glass doors. This would facilitate the work of setting the table and make an interesting feature for the dining room. The range is placed near the big fireplace so that but one flue is necessary. There is room in the kitchen for a working table in the center of it. Brooms, mops, etc., can hang in the little landing leading to the basement. In the basement is installed laundry, heater, coal bin, woodbox, etc.

Though this house was designed particularly for a small family there is room for extra guests in the second floor. This floor could be left unfinished as a fine storeroom or divided into two bedrooms and numerous closet spaces as indicated in the drawings.

As contrast to this cozy little home in a city or its suburbs, we are showing a hunting lodge, one designed for comfort in wild places, known as Number Two Hundred and Eighteen. This should be of logs with low stone foundation if pos-



FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN HUNTING LODGE NO. 218.

sible. Naturally the choice of logs depends upon the kind of trees native to the locality, East or West. Chestnut, oak, pine, are all practical. The outer walls of the main living and dining room have been extended in octagon form in order to be able to use smaller logs than if it were square. This cuts down the expense, also the labor, and gives an interesting form to the house. It also permits those sitting within the room to look out of the windows in four directions. The light in such a room would always be good and the views over a lake or out into the forest enjoyed to the full.

Three bedrooms have been allowed, one of which has been extended a few feet, not only to provide more room but so that shorter length logs can be used for the outer walls. Each bedroom is reached from the hall and has direct access to the bathroom.

Because such a club house is often unused for much of the year a guide's or keeper's room is suggested. With this separate room and the kitchen the caretaker could live comfortably while the main body of the lodge was closed. The little porch off this room would give him a pleasant place of his own to sit and smoke and enable him to come and go without disturbing the club members. Logs for this building should be peeled and well seasoned before chinked up with cement. If it is impossible to get thoroughly dried woods the lodge could be erected with unseasoned timber and temporarily chinked with clay. By the following year the building would be thoroughly seasoned so with no more danger of the timbers swelling or shrinking the walls can be made permanently tight with cement stained light brown like the logs. For a lodge of this kind the walls should not be covered but left in their natural half round condition.

The plan of this hunting lodge is such that it can easily be adapted to a family's summer camp or even a permanent home. In the latter event the guide's room could be used for the kitchen (including the porch if extra size was desired) and the kitchen be converted into a dining room. The floor plan is an excellent arrangement for any summer camp, and the house could be built of shakes, shingles or battened if desired to erect it in the cheapest possible manner.

The planting plan of both of these houses shown this month should be extremely informal. Neither design calls for a trim, well ordered garden. There should be no stiff lines or square lawns, rather there should be vines climbing over the rocks and extending their blossoming branches down a slope; other vines lifting their blossoms up into the trees, over arches or up porches. Shrubs native to the locality or such familiar shrubs as weigelia, snowballs, lilacs, syringas, should be planted about the first little house and laurels, rhododendrons, azaleas, wild currants, etc., about the hunting lodge. In every part of our country are plants, vines, and trees which would furnish the ideal planting without having to purchase the latest improved varieties, that though very wonderful under some conditions would look out of place in such informal surroundings.

If the first house were built upon a hill slope then no attempt at a lawn should be made, but every possible effort expended to have the slope a solid mass of flowers. Such flowers as seed themselves and need no care of a gardener such as poppies, daisies, forget-me-nots, asters, golden rod and all the gay free blooming, familiar friends.

In these two plans for village and wilderness there is, as in all Craftsman designs, great opportunity for adaptation to individual needs. Bedrooms may be converted into sitting rooms, porches into kitchens and kitchens into dining rooms; upper stories may be finished into extra bedrooms, made into playrooms or storerooms as desired, while the main body of the house remains complete and sufficient in all ways. This adaptability of plans is in line with everything that THE CRAFTSMAN advocates in home making, that is, individuality. Our endeavor always is to furnish the nucleus from which greater things may develop, to give the idea that sets people to thinking for themselves, to formulating, to focussing their own ideals, wants and needs. The majority of people do not want their homes ready-made to some one else's standard of perfection, yet they have not had sufficient experience to formulate, without outside aid, their personal preferences. The Craftsman plans are intended to start people's imagination in the right direction, to give them the substance upon which to build their dreams.

"MAXIM": A CHAPTER FROM "POTENTIAL RUSSIA," BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

(Continued from page 13)

to observe himself in a mirror he was filled with vain thoughts which may have been forgiven because, like the millions, Maxim, in his visored cap and his long frieze coat, with his broad shoulders, ample chest, hard, clean cheeks, and well-shaven chin was a magnificent picture of a soldier. And he, the humble *muzhik* Maxim, had gazed upon the great red buildings of government around the open space where stands the towering column of Alexander the First, and had seen the palace of the Czar, and canal boats passing under the Nicolai Bridge when the sunset was reflected on the River Neva.

"They taught Maxim to be a soldier. Who were They? They were the Government. They were the man above the man above the man above. They were Authority. That is who They were. Maxim did not understand it very well. He was told that They were the bureaucracy under the Czar.

"There were ministers and ranks or grades or *chins*, as they are called, and some were dishonest and some were incompetent, so that, at any rate, it made a very stupid, clumsy machine which did little rather badly and did that little with slowness. But, in any case, there was nothing to be done about it. The peasants were making Russia, and those who were ruling Russia were much more intelligent than the peasants, and besides They were They, and Maxim was only Maxim.

"So, under the Ministry of War, there were ranks in the army too, descending to the man who drilled the squad in which Maxim learned to be a soldier and fight with a '3-line' rifle to which a bayonet is fixed permanently. Maxim took the drilling seriously except on rare occasions when he felt a temptation to laugh. On these occasions, when the company to which he belonged and other companies were engaged in marching and practicing the manual of arms in the square before the Cathedral of St. Isaac, where the grim, sullen and vandalized German Embassy stands stripped of its decorations by a mob, or in Dvortsovy Square, or on the great Field of Mars, upon which the slanting sun sometimes tries to throw the shadows of the cupolas of the Church of the Resurrection, the men cast in the image of God suddenly seemed to be cattle or sheep, herded or driven. And Maxim would laugh to himself at the idea.

"To him, a peasant, the new world of Petrograd and eternal drill, drill, drill, was a dream world. Everything in it was confusingly wonderful, and nothing in it was real. He never knew there were so many men in the world as he saw being made into soldiers. Companies and regiments which had been training for weeks and weeks disappeared every few days and new squads appeared. The new squads came in by day, and the old disappeared during the night, marching silently through side streets toward the railroads with their guns and their equipment. Word was passed around that Russia would swamp her enemies by the number and the courage of her men, and confidence was manufactured by a government which had failed to manufacture shrapnel. If Americans and other foreigners could be taken down to the Russian winter front and cajoled into believing that the Russian army was in shape to sweep over into Austria, regaining all her lost territory, it is no wonder that Maxim, with his blind faith in a Russia loving God and the Slav power, believed that he was an infinitesimal unit in the millions who would know great victories.

"The swing of the Russian marching step began to rise from his feet to enter his brain. The sound of the band stirred his blood. He saw the Imperial Cossack Guard practicing cavalry charges on the Field of Mars, and he believed that nothing could withstand such sword-drawn onslaughts. Winter had come, and the summer garden, with its granite urns and its strange, deserted acres, was covered with the same snow that creaked beneath his feet; but now drilling, bayonet practice in which lunges were made at bundles of straw, called by some of the soldiers 'Kaiser Wilhelms,' and singing songs in the barracks were all parts of a new life, a dream life, an intoxicated life, a life of the drunken emotions.

"And then, suddenly one night, there were secret orders. The company of peasant soldiers of which Maxim was one were moved hurriedly from their bar-

racks. No one knew why. Maxim, at the station, watched the men being divided into squads and put into box cars. He laughed because in the railroad town near his village he had seen stock animals driven up inclined runways into freight cars in the same way.

"He remembered in the night that during the mobilization period of the Russo-Japanese War, he, as a boy, had seen soldiers in a train of box cars, and in his young way he had realized then that the stalled train, with its drunken soldiers falling out of the doors and lying helpless in the ditches, meant that vodka had rendered helpless soldiers, railroad men, locomotive engineers, and all. He was glad that the Little Father had put an end to this. Now vodka seldom appeared among the soldiers: only when some doctor had sold a pint for many rubles.

"In the afternoon the train had reached Mogilev, and somebody told Maxim that Mogilev was the place where the Russian General Staff, the Czar's regiment was to take the place of an older regiment gone to the front.

"In Mogilev one could smell war: there was the faint odor of blood and smokeless powder. White-capped nurses of the Red Cross came and went, and doctors and squads of prisoners. A watchman on the high water tower balcony surveyed the picturesque central Russian town and could look down on companies of soldiers who went through narrow streets singing stirring songs on their way to their bath; he could see the Czar's residence surrounded by sentry boxes and the guards, all in white fur, hugging their guns in the cold.

"The Czar came and went in secrecy to and from Mogilev and Petrograd, and Maxim never caught a single glance at him, but once he saw General Alexiev, the Chief of Staff, a little bustling man who was such a contrast to the gray-coated officers of the Russian army. A certain kind of intelligence about his new world had come to him. He had been taught to salute all officers, and he had done so in Petrograd until his arm was tired. He knew how to jump out to the edge of a sidewalk, click his heels together, and stand with his right hand trembling with rigidity at his cap. He knew the Russian officer was a good-natured, kindly man, but Maxim was no fool. And if anything about could dispel the atmosphere of the grim business of war, it was the late hour of some of the officers' breakfasts, the sleepy eyes of mid-morning, and the way in which there traveled about among the men the reputation of some special officer who furnished a contrast.

"For instance, there was Kalpaschnikov, commanding the First Siberian. Maxim did not know it, but Kalpaschnikov, who was in the diplomatic service and once was second secretary in the Washington Embassy, left the Foreign Office service to fight. The First Siberian is a regiment which has already enrolled twenty thousand men. This means that it has been wiped out nearly five times! Even Maxim could distinguish between officers and officers. He knew that most of them were good fellows, but not quite 'on their toes.'

"And finally, after the days in Mogilev, came the order to go to the fighting front, somewhere in the south. So the regiment of Maxim marched away in the blinding snowstorm of early winter. There was a railroad journey again and a long march with the astrakhan caps pulled down over the ear tips. Everything was awhirl with snow.

"'Remember,' said the voice of the man who marched next to Maxim. 'No German prisoners.'

"'Such are the orders?'

"'Fool! said the man on the other side. 'Fool! There are no orders. It is understood. The Germans are killing all Cossacks. It is understood. No German prisoners.'

"'You mean——?'

"'The bayonet,' answered the others conclusively. 'Certainly the bayonet. All the army understands.'

"Maxim did not shudder. He laughed to himself in an ugly fashion.

"Later on the two men who had told him not to take any German prisoners were seen by him sharing their rations with the refugees from new villages which had been ordered evacuated and burned by the Russians. Maxim wondered. Several days later, on sentry duty, he saw a child crying by the roadside at dawn and pointing into a ditch. The child's mother was there, and Maxim tried to share his rations with her, but he could not because she was frozen stiff.

"It was all a dream.

"Maxim knew nothing more of his movements or his purposes than his rifle

knew. The two miles of the second line of front he knew. He knew the sound of shells that screamed out of Russian masked batteries over the heads of the first line of Russian trenches. He knew the sound of German shrapnel that sang in the biting air in their approach. . . .

"He knew no complicated military strategy, but when he had climbed to the crest of the ridge he could see a hollow of swamp between rocky ridges: a wide swamp exposed to the sweep of fire from either side and in which, there being only ice water and ledges, no night trenching could go on.

"He did not know that the German artillery was in an exposed position on the opposite ridge across the swamp where the fir trees stood out black against the sky. He did not know that if the Russian field pieces had sufficient ammunition they could pound that German position to pieces.

"The Russians were drawing up regiment after regiment under cover of night into the first line of trenches. Maxim thought there must be gathered under that cover, and ready to charge across the boggy, half-frozen swamp, all the Russian army! There were endless numbers of men.

"At dawn it began. There are endless numbers of men in Russia; they are spent prodigally.

"Orders and officers' commands poured the open advance over the cover of trenches and into the swamp. Far away on the frosty air sounded the rattle of German machine guns. They were mowing down the advance. Maxim could see! He saw the running figures of men change from vertical to horizontal positions. The swamp was becoming a slaughter hole. Maxim cared nothing. Suddenly he felt himself superhuman. He felt himself able to run across the swamp and all alone with a handful of rocks, if need be, charge the ridge beyond. And in this, too, he represented the real Russian soldier. He clutched his gun. His regiment was drawn up ready. He had no fear. He cared nothing. Nothing was terrible in the sight of lines mowed down. Nothing was terrible in the sound of the roar of artillery or the song of shells or the rat-tat-tat of the '3-liners' or the machine guns on the distant ridge which gave out a noise like that of the stem-winder of a watch. Nothing was terrible but the delay. Maxim was drunk with war.

"And at last his regiment poured out into the swamp. From the cover of the trenches and the screen of woods ran the new horde of men. With them ran Maxim—Maxim, the flaxen-haired *muzhik,* with his straight, powerful body of youth, his alert mind, and his Potentiality. He had forgotten to pray. . . .

"He ran on, firing as his regiment advanced across the open. The ice of the swamp was filled with air holes, and in places springs kept the mud soft. In one of these Maxim tripped and fell. He scrambled to his feet and ran on, shouting with his fellows the Russian charging yell: 'Hoorah, hoorah!'

"Maxim did not know that with proper ammunition at hand no such wild charge would have been necessary. He did not know that the proper ammunition was lying in the snow somewhere thirty miles south of Archangel. He did not know that the shells had been dumped in the snow by the order of some railroad official, and that the freight cars which had carried them had been taken back to Archangel and reloaded with the imported goods of a Russian merchant in Petrograd. He did not know that the railroad official had received one hundred rubles a car for his part in the transaction. He did not know that it was Russians who were killing Russians. He thought the enemy was responsible.

"Maxim, however, recognized that slaughter was going on. He thought, as he ran, of his fancy that the men were like sheep or young beeves.

"The sweep of some machine gun mowing down men like the sweep of a sickle or a scythe included Maxim.

"He went pitching forward with a half-audible grunt. There was not a moment to think of Vera or his mother or the village or even of Russia.

"He had given all for Russia.

. . . . . .

"Some days later the English newspapers which came into Petrograd contained a dispatch describing the repulse of a Russian advance. This dispatch the censor blotted out with a sticky black ink, and over the ink he sprinkled sand so that no one curious to know the truth could remove the ink without scratching off the printing.

"On that same day a raven lit near a

thing in the swamp, a thing which looked like a bundle of rags. There were plenty more of such bundles scattered about, as the raven could see. Maxim was not alone. . . . In death, just as in life he represented the millions which are Russia.

. . . . . .

"There are those who will find in the story of Maxim—the story of the Russian peasant who dies on the battlefield—only the tale of a simple man snatched from his home, jammed into military service, not knowing clearly why he is preparing to fight, deluded by the governing classes, hastened to the front, and killed like an animal. I believe that any one who has been with the Russian army will protest against this view.

"The Maxims are not as intelligent as the British soldier who has volunteered among more than three million others to 'do his little bit' overseas, but the Maxim who lies in the swamp—one dead Russian private from the stupendous number of dead and live Russian privates, one among the inexhaustible, terrifying hordes of fighting men who come at the call of Russia—did not die like an animal. He died like a man.

"Maxim on his way from the village to the frost of the swamp learned much of that which to him became a great and living truth—Russia belonged to him, and he belonged to Russia. Holy Russia! This is how Maxim spoke of his country. Compared to Holy Russia, Maxim believed himself so unimportant that in war nothing of him except the service he could render to a common cause was worthy a thought. It was a remarkable and an inspiring thing to find that the Russian soldier who is more a conscripted, herded, government driven soldier than any in war, is serving with all the strength of his free will, with fierce bravery, with self-effacement. Maxim may have been a fool; but fool that he may have been from some points of view, Maxim's soul, if it had its way, would resurrect the body from the swamp where it lies, to serve again in the name of Holy Russia. Vera and Maxim's aged parents may be fools; but fools that they may be, they do not love Russia less because Maxim lies in the swamp where the ravens call; they love Russia more. Maxim for the new Russia has done his part."

(*Continued on page 99.*)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF "THE CRAFTSMAN," PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1916.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred A. Arwine, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of the Craftsman Publishing Company, publishers of THE CRAFTSMAN, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Name of	Post-office address.
Publisher, Craftsman Publishing Co.,	6 East 39th St., New York.
Editor, Gustav Stickley,	Morris Plains, N. J.
Managing Editor, Mary Fanton Roberts,	142 East 18th St., New York.
Business Manager, Gustav Stickley,	Morris Plains, N. J.

2. That the owners owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock are:

Gustav Stickley, The Craftsman, Inc.,	6 East 39th St., New York.
Gustav Stickley,	Morris Plains, N. J.
Fred A. Arwine,	6 East 39th St., New York.
George H. Cruess,	Morris Plains, N. J.

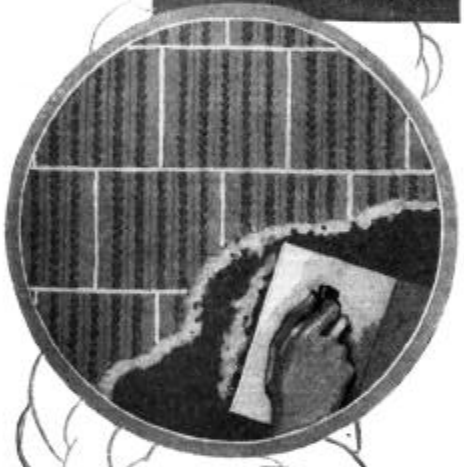
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: NONE.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED A. ARWINE,
Treas. of the Craftsman Publishing Co.,
Publishers of THE CRAFTSMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 19 6.
[SEAL]
ALFRED S. COLE,
Notary Public, Bronx County No. 19,
Bronx Register No. 619,
New York County, No. 54.
(My commission expires March 30, 1918.)

Only Three Steps in the NATCO Wall



Quickly erecting the tile.
Applying attractive stucco outside.
Applying plaster inside.

HOUSE BUILDER! Note the speed and economy, and above all, the safety of construction with

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

Frank Chouteau Brown, the noted architect, says: "Stucco houses, the walls of which are built of Natco Hollow Tile, are the most permanent and satisfactory."

Natco construction is cheaper than brick or concrete, and, while more expensive than flimsy and dangerous frame, the resulting economies in maintenance and insurance will in the course of a few years pay for this initial increased outlay.

Natco should be used not only for walls, but for floors and partitions—throughout the house.

Natco is cooler in summer and warmer in winter, saving coal bills, thanks to its blankets of dead air contained in the cells of the tile. It is vermin-proof, damp-proof, and, most important of all, absolutely fireproof.

Think of Natco as a service, free to all architects, engineers, contractors, and to you.

Send ten cents for the interesting 32 page book, "Fireproof Houses." It will show you how other discriminating people have erected beautiful houses with Natco—for comfort, economy and safety. For your protection, look for the imprinted trade mark "Natco" on every tile.

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING
·COMPANY·

210 Federal Street **Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Natco residence at Plainfield, N. J., Architects, Marsh and Gette, New York.

Aten System installed. CRAFTSMAN FARMS

ATEN SEWAGE DISPOSAL CO.

286 Fifth Avenue
New York

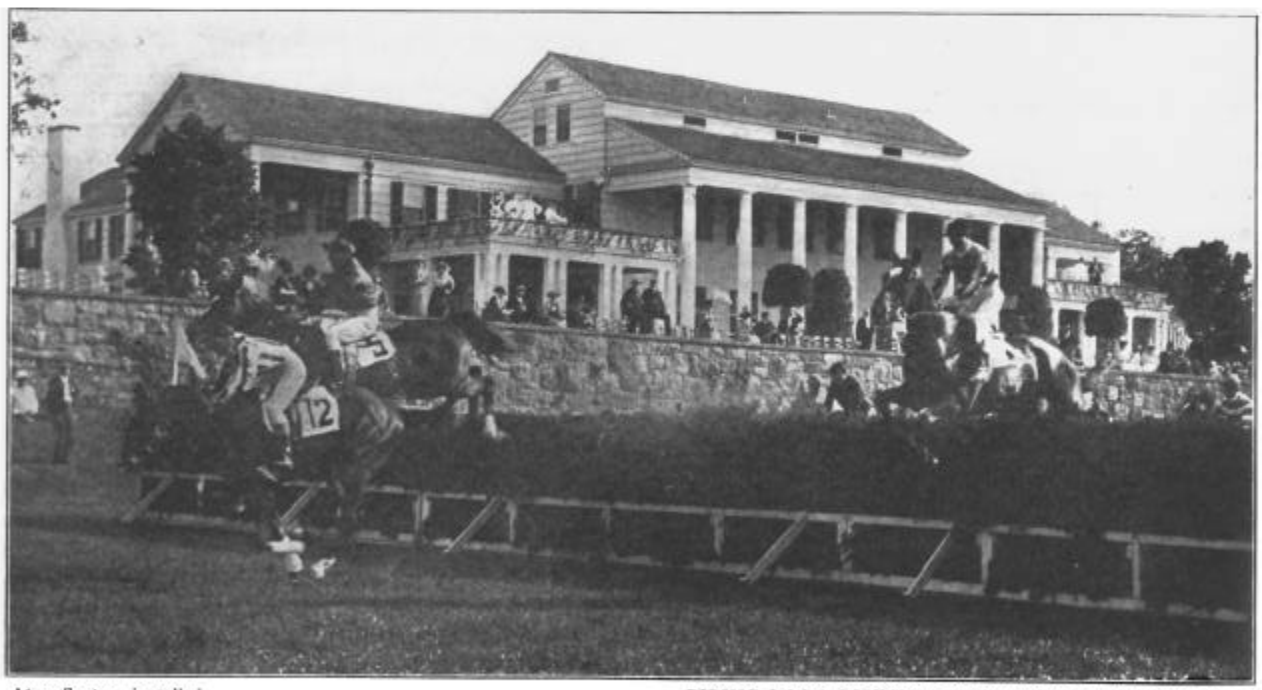
The Craftsman Publishing Co., Sept. 10th, 1916.
6 East 39th Street, New York.

GENTLEMEN—Allow me to record my very high opinion of THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine as an advertising medium.

I have been a consistent user of advertising space and find THE CRAFTSMAN way up on the list of producers.

CRAFTSMAN readers are among the most intelligent and discriminating of home owners, and they require up-to-the-minute contrivances for comfort and health. The Aten Sewage Disposal System makes its appeal to just such people, and we sincerely appreciate the fact that CRAFTSMAN advertising has contributed much to our success.

Very truly yours,
THEODORE ATEN.



Aten System installed. PIPING ROCK COUNTRY CLUB, LOCUST VALLEY, L. I.

PORTABLE SCHOOLHOUSE, WITH DIVISION FOR INDIVIDUAL HEATING PLANT: COURTESY OF E. F. HODGSON COMPANY.

GETTING A SCHOOLHOUSE IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

WHAT can be done with the overflow of children in the public schools of our cities? What can be done to provide children in out-of-the-way rural districts with inexpensive yet adequate schoolhouses? These two problems that confront city and country school boards at each new session find solution in what is known as the portable school house, that is, a house built somewhat on the principle of sectional bookcases, a house that can be put up or taken down very quickly and at small expense. The convenience of such structures can be seen at a glance. Several small houses could be erected in one corner of a public schoolyard to accommodate classes lacking space in the main school building or to serve as temporary quarters until such time as the great new school is completed. Later they could be sold or used for such purposes as headquarters of the school garden classes to hold tools, seeds, etc., or as study rooms, outdoor kindergarten rooms or club house out on the campus. Or still another plan is to ship the building temporarily used in the city, after need of it is over, out to the country districts to accommodate the overflow of children in rapidly developing rural communities.

All parts of these buildings are standardized so that extra rooms can be added to the first division with little trouble and with none of the usual confusion, noise or litter of building. They can be heated by an extension of the main school plant if used in the city or by installing an individual heating plant in one of the units, as the different divisions are called if used in the country. There are on the market several such hot-air plants supplied with cold air from outside that can be heated and passed through the room, across the windows to the farthest corner then drawn back and downward across the floor into a ventilator at the floor level. This warms the floor and assures the room of a uniform heat. For summer ventilation there are abundance of large windows beside the two high in each gable end, opened and closed from the floor by pulley and string.

One of the photos we are showing is of a single room schoolhouse with one division for the individual heating plant and another for a cloak room. This photograph clearly shows the unit method by which extra rooms may be added to it or the main room increased six or twelve feet simply by introducing one or two units, as the divisions are called.

The second photograph shows a two-room school building made by this same unit process. The porch may be put wherever desired, in the center or at one

PORTABLE SCHOOLHOUSE, WITH ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF AN OPEN-AIR SCHOOL: COURTESY OF E. F. HODGSON COMPANY.

end. The very simplicity of this building, the long, low lines and the great frontage of glass makes an extremely attractive structure.

One of the great advantages in a portable school building is the abundance of light that can be secured. With large windows in each section the building is virtually one large window. All the advantages of an open-air school house can thus be secured. Pivot windows can be used instead of those shown, making it still more completely an open-air school building. Such a structure erected in the ordinary city schoolyard would be an excellent place for the younger children or for defectives.

Many out-of-the-way districts, because the cost of building is too great, have had to go without the advantage of the schoolhouse when they could easily have had such a one as we are showing had they known of its existence. We once passed, out in the West, a most inadequate structure, called a schoolhouse, that was slung together at the junction of three counties. There were not enough children in any of the counties to demand a separate building or to warrant the paying of three teachers. If the counties had jointly contributed to the purchase of one portable schoolhouse with the idea that any county might be allowed to take over the entire building when able to do so and move it nearer the center, then the children would have been warmly and comfortably housed during the five or six years that this three division makeshift was being used. Now there are three separate schools, for this country has grown rapidly. A community portable school house would have saved much needless waste of time and expense and awkward adjustments and saved endless trouble. Two men could easily have taken it down, loaded it, "knocked down" on a wagon and set it up in the central position. Then, after set up as growth warranted, other rooms could easily be added. The sections are put together with a key bolt that can be removed by a blow of the hammer instead of the ordinary belt which is apt to rust and make it extremely difficult to get apart. In many small towns we see such portable buildings occupying vacant lots and used for kindergarten work or fresh-air school for little children. We also see them at one end of large tracts given over to school garden work. When these tracts, generally loaned for the use of the school by property owners, must be given up the little portable schoolhouse can be taken away in a day's time and set up on fresh ground. Many other ways of using the portable schoolhouses will suggest themselves to those interested.

NEW CHROMEWALD BEDROOM FURNITURE

GUSTAV STICKLEY'S
CRAFTSMAN SHOPS
6 EAST 39TH STREET ~ NEW YORK
PRINCIPAL SHOWROOMS, 3d and 4th FLOORS
WORKSHOPS: EASTWOOD, N.Y.

"CHROMEWALD" is the name given to Gustav Stickley's new designs, which are being shown on the third and fourth floors of our New York salesrooms for the first time: Chromewald is not like the usual painted furniture of a smooth one-toned surface; but is full of rich variation due to the manner of rubbing color into the rich Craftsman finish.

THE CLOVER LEAF TABLE shown above may be had in a rich shade of blue with the antique brown finish showing through or in any of the other Chromewald shades: It is just the thing for a living room. 26 inches high, 26 inches wide. Brown **$12.00**, Color **$14.00.**

WINDSOR CHAIRS adapt themselves with unusual grace to color: Through historic associations and their own inherent beauty they are admirably fitted for summer cottage use. Brown **$9.00**, Blue and Gray **$10.50.**

CHROMEWALD CHEST OF DRAWERS with Mirror, 47 inches high, 40 inches wide, 21 inches deep. Brown **$60.00**, Color **$68.00.**

Bedrooms furnished in Chromewald are not only extremely satisfying to look upon but distinctly original: Endless color contrasts or harmonies may be worked out.

BENCH, 36" x 16" by 17½" high. **$16.00** Brown, **$18.00** Color.

Write for name of Local Dealer

NEW CHROMEWALD BEDROOM FURNITURE

GUSTAV STICKLEY'S
CRAFTSMAN SHOPS
6 EAST 39TH STREET ~ NEW YORK
PRINCIPAL SHOWROOMS, 3d AND 4th FLOORS
WORKSHOPS: EASTWOOD, N.Y.

"CHROMEWALD" is the name given to Gustav Stickley's new designs, which are being shown on the third and fourth floors of our New York salesrooms for the first time: Chromewald is not like the usual painted furniture of a smooth one-toned surface; but is full of rich variation due to the manner of rubbing color into the rich Craftsman finish.

CHROMEWALD GATE-LEGGED DESK. The leaf drops and may be placed in very small space. 29½ inches high, 34 inches wide, 24 inches deep. **$28.00**, Color **$32.00.**

Such a writing desk worked out in blue could be introduced to advantage in either a mahogany or oak finished room: It would add interest and prove an excellent medium for providing color.

CHROMEWALD DRESSER, 36 inches high, 46 inches wide, 21 inches deep. **$54.00** Brown, **$62.00** Color.

Bedrooms furnished in Chromewald are not only extremely satisfying to look upon but distinctly original: Endless color contrasts or harmonies may be worked out.

PRICES OF BUILDING MATERIALS

THE TREND OF PRICES OF BUILDING MATERIALS

"AMONG architects and others interested in the cost of building, the actual situation in the construction field is not always entirely understood, and at the present time particularly the percentages of increase in prices of materials that have taken place since the effect of the war in Europe has been felt in this country, are being quoted by architects to their clients in the most general terms, due apparently to a lack of definite and specific information.

"It is of interest to note that in spite of the fact that during the past year and a half, prices of building material have been steadily increasing, the plans filed for building operations indicate that in general a greater volume of work has been going on during that period than when prices were normal. Of course, consideration should be given to the fact that a large percentage of the permits granted never proceed further, or are delayed by a variety of causes, so proper allowances must be made when estimating the amount of building that will be done within the current year. At the present time, there is far from unanimity of opinion among manufacturers and dealers in building materials regarding the price situation in the building field: some claim that when the war ceases prices will drop because in their opinion the principal stimulus to our present expansion has been due to this cause, while others declare that as long as the cost of labor remains high the market will hold firm and little can be expected in the nature of a decline.

"Before reviewing the market on building materials, it may be of interest to glance at the figures for operations during the past few months. Permits for May covering seventy-seven of the principal cities show the largest amount of proposed work for any single month during the history of our country, the total aggregating $106,433,902. The closest approach to this record was in April of 1912 when the amount nearly touched the million dollar mark. From figures compiled for the month of June covering sixty-four of the cities, the total reaches $76,739,283, which compares most favorably with the previous month's report when the fact is considered that reports from thirteen cities were omitted.

"Without doubt the most noticeable advances in price have been made on various steel products. Such suddenly increased demands were brought about by the European war that prices rapidly rose, and in comparison with a year ago in most instances have about doubled. For structural material in July of 1915 the Pittsburgh mill quotations ranged from $1.25 to $1.30 per 100 pounds, while from warehouse in New York prevailing prices were $1.95 to $2.00. Today from mill, Pittsburgh, $2.50 to $2.75 is asked for ordinary shapes, while plates bring from $3.00 to $3.25. In New York prices on structurals are firm, at $3.25 to $3.30, while $4.00 is asked for plates. From warehouses in St. Louis the price is $3.43, Chicago, $3.10, and San Francisco, $4.25. The change in quotations on this material has added millions of dollars to construction work in New York, the City of New York itself having several million dollars added to its bill for the construction of subways.

"The industrial expansion in this country, due largely to war business, brought with it the requirement of more buildings and steel was in such a demand that it was oftentimes sold at a good premium. Conditions are now more favorable for furnishing the increasing supply. The capacity of mills having been increased, manufacturers are now in a better position to cope with the demands and within the past month prices on some shapes have eased off.

"On concrete reinforcing bars the same condition applies. From mill shipments for ¾ inch sizes, $2.50 per 100 pounds is asked and from New York warehouse the price is $3.10. In St. Louis $3.24 is quoted, Chicago, $3.10, San Francisco, $4.00. A year ago this time ¾ inch size from mill were $1.25 per 100 pounds and from warehouses, New York, $2.05 was quoted.

"With the large demand for structural steel it naturally follows that an advance on rivets would take place as both are used for one purpose. At present per 100 pounds, f. o. b. Pittsburgh, ¾ inch structural steel rivets sell at $4.00 per keg. In New York they are $5.25, Chicago, $3.50, St. Louis, $3.55, San Francisco, $5.40.

"Plain wire nails per keg in carload lots are $2.50 to $2.60, f. o. b. Pittsburgh; for galvanized one inch and longer, $4.50 to $4.60 is asked and shorter galvanized $5.00 to $5.10. In New York wire and cut nails sell at $3.15, in Cleveland at $3.05, and Chicago, $2.85.

"Steel sheet piling from mill Pittsburgh sells at $2.50 per 100 pounds, while one year ago it could be had at $1.60.

"Portland cement per barrel in cotton bags for carload lots sells at $1.72 in New York, when a year ago $1.33 was the prevailing price. In Boston it is $1.92 as compared with $1.56 a year ago, Chicago $1.81 against $1.51 of last year. The demand for this material has also been excessive, not alone for building construction but for engineering projects in general.

"For gravel the quotations current at this time are as follows: 1½ inch in New York sells at 90 cents per cubic yard for carload lots and $1.00 for ¾ inch. In Chicago the price is 85 cents for both the former and the latter and in St. Louis 70 cents. In San Francisco it is sold at 75 cents per ton.

"For sand at the banks the quotations are as follows: New York, 50 cents per cubic yard; Chicago, 85 cents; St. Louis, 60 cents, while in San Francisco it is 75 cents per ton. These prices are for cargo lots. In the past year an advance has been made of about 10 cents, which was brought about principally by labor difficulties and scarcity of carriers.

"For crushed stone in New York 1½ inch sells at 85 cents to 90 cents, ¾ inch at $1.00. In Chicago at $1.10 and St. Louis $1.00.

"These prices are per cubic yard for carload or cargo lots. In San Francisco it is $1.75 per ton. Dealers and supply men in this line have also had considerable difficulty owing to freight congestion, shortage of barges and boats, and labor troubles. This condition aided in maintaining the firm price.

"On common red brick current prices for carload or cargo lots are as follows: Common in New York sells at $8.00, Chicago at $6.25, St. Louis, $6.00, and San Francisco $10.00. The selling price a year ago in New York was in the neighborhood of $6.00. The better grades of face brick bring from $18.50 up.

"Architectural terra cotta is generally quoted from specifications and has advanced in sympathy with other types of exterior building materials.

"Ornamental work in iron, stone, etc., has increased in cost because of rising costs in labor and manufacture. Prices have been advanced but are holding steady.

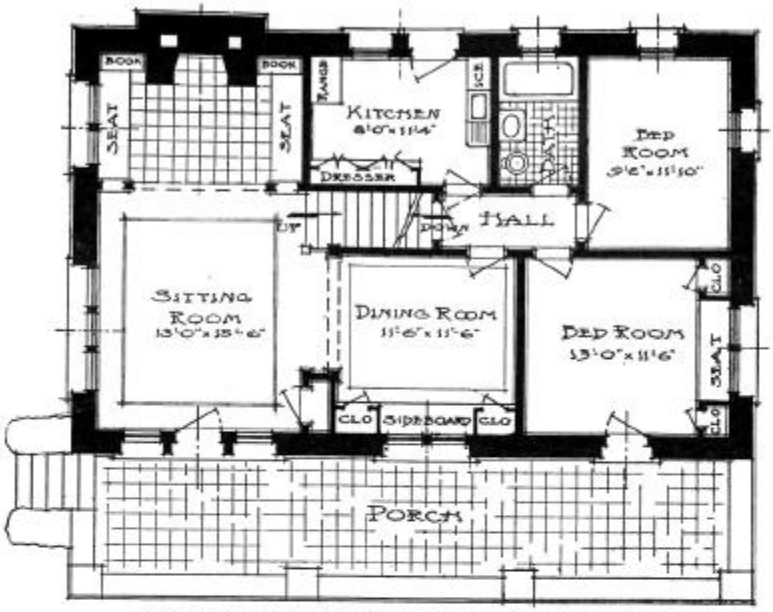
"The lumber market has been in such an unsettled condition, representatives in New York in most instances refuse to furnish prices unless specifications are submitted. The demand has been exceptional despite the conditions.

"For hollow tile the prices have remained rather stationary, although in the past few months some advances were absolutely necessary due to labor conditions. At present in New York 4x12x12 inch sells at $0.054, Chicago at $0.064, and San Francisco $0.08. For fireproof partition blocks are quoted as follows: 2x12x12 inch at $0.046 in New York, $0.024 in St. Louis, Chicago $0.041, and San Francisco $0.055. For larger sizes about the usual variations would occur all along the line.

"Clay drain tile per 1,000 feet sells as follows: In New York 3 inch sells at $22.50, 4 inch at $32.50, 5 inch at $47.50, 6 inch at $57.50, 7 inch at $97.50. In Chicago 3 inch sells at $15.00, 4 inch at $18.00, 5 inch at $23.00, etc.

"From the foregoing it is evident that the prices on building materials today are as high as they ever have been. The steel market has never been more active. Some subsidiary companies of the corporation report that if no orders were forthcoming they would be kept busy six months into the year 1917. The one serious situation that confronts manufacturers and supply men is the shortage of labor. Skilled and common labor is almost unobtainable, both classes being well occupied. Immigrants arriving in this country are of a poorer grade than formerly, the better men being forced to remain on the other side for possible use in the army. Wages have advanced in all cases and even at the advance it is hard to hold good men for any length of time. Strikes have been prevalent in all lines of work, the result of which has been that employers have been generally forced to increase their labor costs.

—Courtesy of The American Architect.



FLOOR PLAN OF STONE AND SHINGLE COTTAGE: NO. 93.

HOUSEWORK'S DOOM

IS PLANNED BY

THE CRAFTSMAN ARCHITECTS

Note the labor-saving arrangement in the bungalow layout reproduced above.

We have originated many equally attractive plans.

Craftsman Homes are to be found in all progressive communities throughout the world.

They are designed for solid comfort.

If you will advise us that you are contemplating the erection of a home, that you favor a certain type of house, outlining size and approximate amount to be expended, we will endeavor to submit a Craftsman creation approaching your idea.

Plans are to be had for a merely nominal charge.

Make YOUR house **THE** house of your neighborhood. The adoption of Craftsman ideas will give you added prestige among your thoughtful friends.

Avail yourself of Craftsman Service.

Write us to-day.

Architectural Department

The Craftsman Publishing Company

6 East 39th Street **New York City**

LITTLE HOUSES IN THE GARDEN: BY CORDELIA J. STANWOOD

NEAR the topmost boughs of a crab-apple tree, a robin redbreast placed his mud cup on a foundation of pale green usnea moss, and lined it carefully with fine, dull-yellow hay. Soon three beautiful green-blue eggs nestled in the bottom of the cup, "And the little robin bird — nice brown back and crimson breast"—sat brooding in her nest, while Cock Robin caroled joyously in the tip top of the tallest larch in the neighborhood.

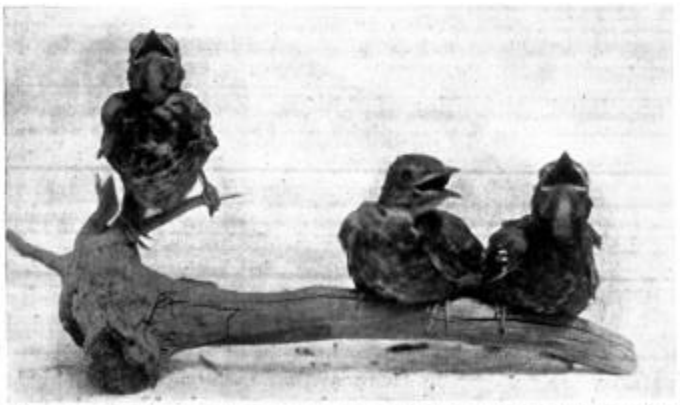
At the same time that the robins worked two little sparrows flew busily back and forth, and soon a tiny nest of coarse grass roots lined with horsehair stood not more than three feet away from the robin's nest. Three green-blue eggs snuggled down in the bottom of chipping sparrow's nest also, but these eggs were sparsely spotted with black and brown dots. Mother Chipping Sparrow kept the eggs warm in the little house, and Mr. Chipping Sparrow trilled *"Chippy, Chippy, Chippy,"* from the telegraph wire, while he looked about for a dandelion blossom that had gone to seed, or perchance a fat caterpillar dangling from a leaf.

Although these two nests were so near together the tenants had no difficulty with each other. When the Robin left her nest to stretch her weary wings and legs, and procure water, insects, cut worms, white grubs and earthworms, Chipping Sparrow took her outing too. She and her mate flew directly to the vegetable garden likewise. Here they tripped along under the cool leaves of the vegetables and among the pea vines, unseen and unheard, and picked off the caterpillars and pea lice and devoured the insect eggs.

YOUNG CHIPPING SPARROW NEAR THE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE GARDEN: PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR.

Soon three fine birdlings called lustily for food in each nest and the robins and the chipping sparrows had all that they could do to fill these hungry mouths.

Then three little robins and three little chipping sparrows perched in the boughs of the old crabapple tree, and the pride and joy of the robin and the chipping sparrow parents knew no bounds. For some days after this a little flock of robins and a little flock of chipping sparrows flew about the premises, practising flying and feeding, and then the parent birds again began to build and brood. During warm dry seasons the robins and chipping sparrows build and brood from early May until late August, and rear three families of from three to four nestlings each.



"MORE, MORE," IS THE CRY OF YOUNG ROBINS, LIKE LITTLE OLIVER TWISTS: PHOTO BY EMBERT C. OSGOOD.

It is impossible to conceive of the amount of good that these birds of the lawn, the

CHIPPING SPARROW READY TO LEAVE ITS NEST IN THE ORCHARD: PHOTO BY EMBERT C. OSGOOD.

garden, the orchard and the woods do. If it were not for the valiant service that the beautiful occupants of the tiny houses in our vines, shrubs and trees render to man, we should have no grass on the ground, no flowers in the garden, no fruit on the sideboard, no vegetables in the cellar; we ourselves would be but the mummified inhabitants of dead cities and deserted lands.

THE MIGRATORY BIRD LAW: STATEMENT OF THE FEDERAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

THE Advisory Committee appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture, Hon. D. F. Houston, to coöperate with the Bureau of Biological Survey in fixing the regulations for closed seasons on migratory birds, as authorized by the Federal Migratory Bird Law, desires to state to the people of the country that after the most exhaustive investigation, and the most careful consideration of every point raised, the regulations as promulgated were unanimously recommended by the members of this committee.

In recommending the regulations we were controlled by the following considerations:

First—A most earnest desire to save from certain depletion and threatened annihilation the valuable waterfowl, game and insectivorous birds which migrate across the United States twice each year.

Second—To accord the hunters in the various states as nearly as possible an equal opportunity of taking migratory waterfowl and nomadic game birds.

Third—To open the seasons during which these birds can be legally killed in those months when, under normal weather and food conditions, the largest number of migratory waterfowl and birds sojourn in any particular state.

Fourth—To absolutely eliminate spring shooting, when migratory waterfowl and birds on the northward migration are journeying toward their breeding grounds, thus impelled by the resistless force of nature, to mate, nest and reproduce their species.

Fifth—To recognize unusual and extraordinary conditions existing in a few of the states, without effecting the equity or vested rights of the people of the whole country in the migratory wild life.

Sixth—To submit reasonable, practical, fair and just regulations that should invite the support of all true conservationists.

Seventh—To guarantee not only to the present generation a reasonable supply of migratory wild life, but to so protect it that it will multiply and be handed to future generations as their proper and rightful heritage.

Conservation does not mean preventing the use of our natural resources as a miser would hoard his gold, but means the wise and careful use of our national heritage, taking therefrom only a sufficient quantity to supply our needs, with the full realization that we are trustees for future generations. We are convinced that under the operation of this law shooting will improve each year. The need of the hour has heretofore appeared to be uppermost in the minds of the people. They have drawn recklessly on their natural inheritance with scarcely a thought of the future. It is a notable fact that in our rapacity for slaughter many of the most valuable species of game and birds that formerly abounded in this country have been annihilated.

Aside from æsthetic consideration, birds and game constitute a valuable article of food. From a recreational standpoint this resource is of the greatest value to our people.

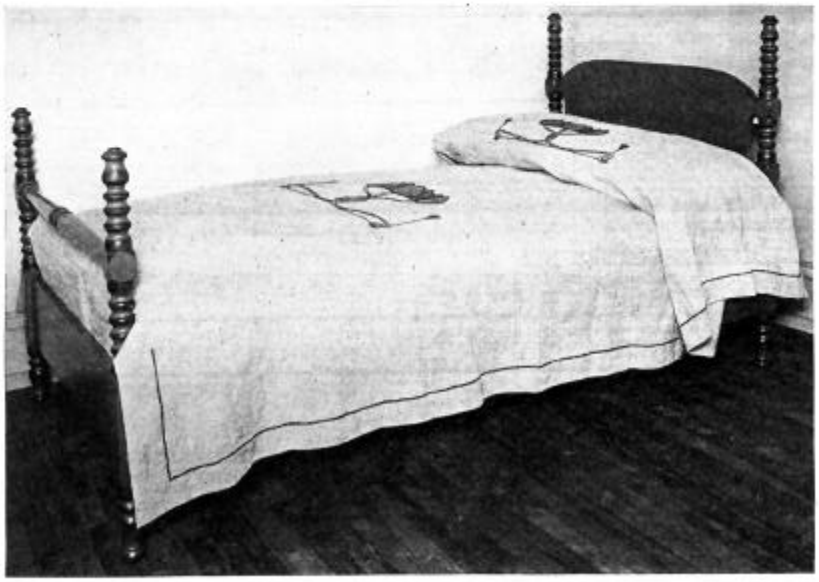
UNIQUE PIECES OF CHROMEWALD

GUSTAV STICKLEY'S
CRAFTSMAN SHOPS
6 EAST 39TH STREET ~ NEW YORK
PRINCIPAL SHOWROOMS, 3d AND 4th FLOORS
WORKSHOPS: EASTWOOD, N.Y.

SMOKER'S STAND—square, 24 inches high, 12 by 12 inch top, turned legs. Brown **$7.00**, Color **$8.50.**

SMOKER'S STAND—square, 24 inches high, 12 by 12 inch top, straight legs. Brown **$6.00**, Color **$7.00.**

TABOURETTE, round top, 24 inches high, 12 inches diameter. Brown **$8.00**, Color **$9.50.** These include glass top.



CHROMEWALD BED, 39 inches wide. Brown **$32.00**, Blue **$35.50**; 54 inches wide, Brown **$36.00**, Blue **$40.00**, both 75 inches long.

A bedroom furnished with Chromewald furniture in shades of blue would be strikingly beautiful and most unusual.

Write for name of Local Dealer

BOOK REVIEWS

POTENTIAL RUSSIA: BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

First published in Collier's.

(*Continued from page 92.*)

IT is with sincere pleasure that we add to the quotation from Mr. Child's book this review, for we feel that it is one of the most significant, most remarkable books of the year. We earnestly recommend it to every one interested in the great powers of the world, in the great questions of the day and in the political, financial and humanitarian problems of the future, not only as they touch the warring nations, but as they touch our relation with them.

In clear, simple, arresting language Mr. Child tells us things about the Russian people we ought to know, we are glad to know. Through his observations while on a trip through Russia and because of his keen vision our sympathies and knowledge of the powerful millions of our neighbors in Russia are increased. We have known little of Russia, and that little foolishly distorted. He tells us that Russia developed could feed the world and supply it with timber, and that beneath its soil are some of the richest mineral deposits on the globe. He tells us of the tremendous awakening war has given to Russia and speaks of our new opportunity for trade and friendship this awakening has brought us. He says that an economical development is bound to come from changes brought about by this war in Russia politically, commercially and socially, and calls upon us to take heed of it, to extend the hand of friendship and to be awake with them to the unparalleled opportunity just opening between our two nations. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 221 pages. Price $1.50 net.)

MY DAYS AND DREAMS: BY EDWARD CARPENTER

"CONSTRUCTIVE expression of one's self is one of the greatest joys and one of the greatest needs of life, and as long as one's life exists in this or any other sphere so long I imagine will that need be present and the joy in its fulfillment. It is the foundation-urge of all creation." This uncontrollable urge has forced Edward Carpenter to give expression to the worth-whileness of his life as he views it now at the age of seventy and more. As he contemplates life in retrospect from the summit of years, he feels, so he says, but singularly little difference in himself from the days of his youth. Superficially there are plenty of differences, of course, but the "deeps," the glory and beauty of human love and friendship, the glory and beauty of nature, he feels the same.

When he was a boy he sat upon the beach of Brighton and dreamed. Now he sits upon the shore of human life and dreams practically the same dream and finds out that the object of life at seventy is integrally the same as it was at twenty. "What one loses in the keenness of passion, of sensual and external things, one gains in the inward world—in calm and strength and the deep certainties of life." At the age of seventy one does not bother so much about the exceptional feats, about great exploits, the climbing of highest mountains, he thinks. Excessive cleverness and all that sort of thing bores rather than excites envy. "I seem to see in the general average of human life, in the ordinary daily needs, a steady force pushing onwards, or, rather, gradually unfolding through mankind—the liberation of a core of goodness and worth which is undeniable, impossible to ignore, and daily coming more into evidence."

In summing up the consciousness of life as he now knows it, he says, "I feel a curious sense of joy in observing the natural and inevitable decadence of some portion of the bodily organism, the failures of sight and hearing, the weakening of muscles, the aberrations even of memory—a curious sense of liberation and of obstacles removed. I acknowledge that the experience —the satisfaction and the queer sense of elation—seems utterly unreasonable, and not to be explained by any of the ordinary theories of life; but it is there, and it may, after all, have some meaning."

With characteristic frankness he gives his hosts of friends insight into his personal life, into the cause which led him to express his surging rebellion against certain social and political conditions in "Toward Democracy," "Angels' Wings," "Civilization." He tells the long struggle waged with publishers before he could get any one to accept his "Love's Coming-of-Age." People who now read his books with such satisfaction have little appreciation of the difficulty attending their appearance, what

tremendous prejudices on the part of the publishers had to be overcome and how reluctantly they were accepted, often violently opposed, by readers. His chapters on his friends as well as those on the history of his books, his description of his quiet home life, his struggles with sandal-making, gardening, etc., will put this book upon the shelf of every one loving frank autobiographical record of the inner and external history of men who have fought and conquered. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 340 pages. Illustrated. Price $2.25.)

THE AVERAGE MAN'S HOME

THE fifty pen and ink house designs with their floor plans, which comprise the body of this book were selected from nearly three hundred submitted in a competition conducted by the First American Complete Building Show held in Cleveland, Ohio, February, 1916. The purpose of the contest was to meet "the demands of the average man—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker (if any be extant), the clerk, the bookkeeper, the motion-picture manager, the baseball player, or anybody esle who has a sufficient interest in himself, his family and his city to want to own a home."

The price limit of $3,000 in this competition includes basement under entire area of house, average finishing inside, including hardwood floors, plumbing, electric wiring, hot air furnace and painting. An idea of the beauty and practicality of the houses chosen to represent this contest may be seen in the pen and ink sketches used in the article, "Little Houses of Brick and Stucco," in this same issue of THE CRAFTSMAN, reproduced from this excellent little book of plans. (Published by the Complete Building Show Co., Cleveland, Ohio. Price $1.00.)

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH: BY SAMUEL BUTLER

A BIOGRAPHICAL novel that includes through minutest detail the characteristics of three generations is not to be treated lightly, picked up in an idle minute and skimmed over with lazy indifference. Whoever chances upon this book will find himself unable to put it down until compelled by some force over which he has no control. Interest never wanders from the first to the last chain in the series of events and experiences of the hero's life, his father's and grandfather's, not because the action is of an adventurous order, not that one is spellbound with the excitement of the tale, but because the author's gift of language, charm of philosophy, rare humor, endow each page with exceptional interest. The characters are dull and commonplace enough, but the book is extraordinary in every way.

Arnold Bennett calls it one of the great novels of the world, and there are many others who will agree with him. A book whose hero unblushingly says that he regards the death of his father as one of the most fortunate events in his own life because it made him financially independent, surely will arrest attention. A book that has not a single beautiful, fascinating woman in it, but only those of the most humdrum, everyday variety, a book that is an avowed attack on professing Christians and is a hearty champion of little children, is bound to arrest the attention of thinkers as well as those who read a novel merely for pastime.

The book is an intellectual delight of a rare order and, though slow to come before the public, is one that, like the slow growth of the giant trees of the West, will still be living after myriads of mushroom-like works will have come and gone. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 464 pages. Price, $1.50 net.)

THE MOUNTAIN: BY PROF. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

THE wonders, dangers, silences and formation of mountains seen vaguely from far valleys and intimately from high peaks and deep canyons, form the subject of Dr. Van Dyke's latest book. Whoever has read his "Desert" and "Opal Sea"—and is there any with love of the wide spaces who has not?—knows well that he reports of the mountains both scientifically and poetically. New theories of mountain making, of the effects of subsidence and uplift, of tremendous lateral thrusts and bucklings of the earth crust, of earthquakes and erosions, make absorbing reading, bring much light to bear on the birth of mountains and set one to thinking.

Descriptions of the glories of the higher ranges, the glow of snow peaks, beauty of falling rain in the valleys, majesty of forming clouds, color of glacier lakes,

purity of mountain waters, loveliness of upland flowers, lift the imagination to realms of purest delight. It is not often that readers can be informed of stupendous truths and at the same time transported in thought to such high altitudes of beauty. No one but a book lover can appreciate the unalloyed bliss of traveling, through the descriptive genius of this gifted writer, to the great Himalaya ranges, the high peaks of the Rockies, the glaciers of the Sierra, the gloomy crags and emerald lakes of the Alps, the Dolomite needles, of scaling dangerous shafts of the Matterhorn or even of wandering in the lovely foothills of the Vosges, or Albanian hills, or gazing spellbound with the wonderful color of Montana buttes or the heliotrope hills of Athens. This is a book such as city-imprisoned people will love to read, such also as tourists and vacationists should slip in their grips for the summer reading. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Frontispiece. 234 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

HAND-WROUGHT JEWELRY: BY H. R. SORENSEN AND S. J. VAUGHN

A HANDBOOK describing in detail the process of making jewelry from the simplest to the most difficult forms. The chapters deal in plainest of language with such subjects as tools, oxidizing silver, making of chains, rings, pendants, setting of stones, mounting baroque pearls, gem significance, hardness, cutting, etc. The book is well illustrated and is intended for use in schools and by people not able to have the benefit of personal instruction. (Published by The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. 102 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

CONCRETE ON THE FARM AND IN THE SHOP: BY H. COLIN CAMPBELL

FORMULAS for mixing, principles of reinforcing, directions for form making, photographs and drawings with advices as to the making of gate, fence, arbor and clothes-line posts, tanks, troughs, hot beds, well curbs, walls, flooring, etc., are dwelt upon in this little book in clear, concise, easily understood language.

The amateur seeking to know how to make his own improvements upon the farm, yet with little knowledge of how to mix and to handle the concrete, can find here all that is needful for his enlightenment. Since it is written by a man who is the contributing editor of The Cement World, American Carpenter and Builder and other technical journals, the knowledge of the subject treated in this book can be relied upon to be both helpful and exact. It is well and amply illustrated. (Published by The Norman W. Henley Publishing Company, New York. 149 pages. Price 75 cents net.)

MOUNT VERNON: WASHINGTON'S HOME AND THE NATION'S SHRINE: BY PAUL WILSTACH

THE fame of Washington's headquarters at Mount Vernon, the affection and veneration in which it is held by Americans because of its historical and romantic associations has inspired the author to undertake to separate the false from the true traditions about the place, to bring to light much that has not generally been known and to show the unreliability of much that has had wide circulation. To do this he has compiled statistics and searched records, making note of everything connected with this famous plot of ground from the time of its first holding under the Doeg Indians up to its present restoration and setting apart as a national shrine.

Perhaps there is no other place in America more visited than this home of our first President. Every youth who makes a pilgrimage to this venerated spot will wish to become possessed of this comprehensive, well illustrated, pleasantly told tale of early American history and revolutionary times. The book is one that will be of permanent and ever-increasing value to students as well as politicians. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York. 301 pages. Fully illustrated. Price $2.00 net; De Luxe Edition, $10.00.)

THE WOODCRAFT GIRLS AT CAMP: BY LILLIAN ELIZABETH ROY

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON says of this book, "It certainly gives a great idea of the Woodcraft activities that are provided for girls; and I think admirably illustrates the effect of such outdoor work under proper leadership." The trials and tribulations, the joys and the benefits that come to a group of girls in a

summer's camp bent upon learning the secrets of the woods are here told in a rollicking story form. Full description of necessary equipment and of the Woodcraft rites is given and many glimpses into the daily life of Woodcraft girls. This book was prepared and published in active cooperation with the Woodcraft League founded by Ernest Thompson Seton, to develop in the hearts of girls and boys a genuine love and a practical knowledge of the out of doors.

The discipline of the camp life is one that forces girls to think for themselves, to develop their powers of observation and resources, to acquaint them with useful flowers, trees, teach them how to hunt fish, swim, put up their own tents and cook their own meals. (Published by George H. Doran Company, New York. 343 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.25 net.)

AWAKE! U. S. A.: BY WILLIAM FREEMAN

ARE we in danger? Are we prepared? These are the two questions discussed by Mr. Freeman and illustrated with about seventy explanatory diagrams that clear up confusion and bring home truths in a most convincing way. He asks Americans what would be done should the Spiked Helmet, the Brown Man or the Lion come, shows the weakness and the strength of our people as citizens and soldiers in a way which certainly quickens consciousness of conditions and stimulates thoughtfulness. (Published by George H. Doran Company, New York. 453 pages. Price, $2 net.)

DOING THEIR BIT: BY BOYD CABLE

THE Hon. David Lloyd George, in a preface to this book of Mr. Cable's, expresses a hope that it would have a wide circulation, not only among the troops, who will learn what their comrades at home are doing to help, but that the people of the world may also know of the industry and devotion of those who go to war and those who stay at home.

This book is another of those important volumes which have recently come forth, which enable the whole world to realize the heroism and marvelous enthusiasm, the humors and the horrors which make up life in the trenches. It is a small book, but full of food for thought. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 141 pages. Price, $1 net.)

THE CRAFTSMAN INDEX

OWING to the new Postal Regulations, the Title Page and Index of THE CRAFTSMAN will in future be sent out on request only. The new Index, April 1916—September 1916 will be ready about the middle of October and we will keep on file until the date of its publication the addresses of all subscribers who notify us that they wish to receive it. A charge of *two cents* only will be made to cover postage. Fill out and mail us this coupon if you wish to receive Index of Volume XXX.

The Craftsman Publishing Company,
6 East 39th Street, New York City:

Send me ..... copies of Title Page and complete Index of Volume XXX of THE CRAFTSMAN, April, 1916-September, 1916. Enclosed find two cents to cover postage.

Name .....
Address .....
.....

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Son of Man," an Epic: By Percival W. Wells. (Published by the Bartlett Publishing Company, Wantagh, N. Y. 152 pages. Illustrated. Price, $1 net.)

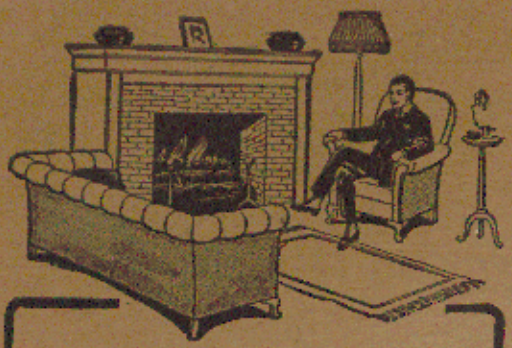
"The English Tongue and Other Poems": By Lewis Worthington Smith. (Published by the Four Seas Company, Boston, Mass. 31 pages.

"Carnegie Endowment for International Peace": Year Book for 1916. (Published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Washington, D. C. 204 pages.)

ORESTES

IT is with the greatest regret that THE CRAFTSMAN makes the announcement that the performance of "Orestes" in the open-air theater on Mr. Conklin's estate in Huntington, L. I., has been temporarily postponed because of the prevalence in that region of infantile paralysis. This is a matter of keen regret to all artists and to a vast audience which had eagerly anticipated the beauty of the production.

THE exhibition and sale of costumes, theatrical and masquerade, to be held under the auspices of the National Society of Craftsmen, which was announced in the September CRAFTSMAN to begin October 4th, has been postponed, and instead will be held from October 19th to 28th.



FOR the distinction and luxury of over-stuffed and upholstered furniture

DU PONT FABRIKOID — CRAFTSMAN QUALITY

the ideal leather substitute equals the best grain leather in appearance and is warranted superior to coated splits and so-called "genuine leather."

Specify "Craftsman Quality" for upholstery material.

Send us fifty cents for sample 18x25 inches, postpaid, if not sold by your dealer.

DU PONT FABRIKOID CO.

Wilmington, Del. Toronto, Canada

A necessity is usually a comfort we have grown accustomed to. The

Stanley Garage Door Holder

is such a necessity. It is an arm of steel holding back garage doors against the heaviest gusts of wind yet a slight pull on the chain leaves them free to close.

Most hardware dealers can furnish Stanley Garage Hardware from stock. Ask for our Garage Hardware Book G. It is really interesting.

THE STANLEY WORKS

New Britain, Conn., U.S.A.

New York: 100 Lafayette St. Chicago: 78 East Lake St.

Devoe Wood Stains

IN POWDER FORM

Ready for Use after Dissolving in Water

Put up in attractive screw top cans, containing two ounces.

The contents of a can added to a gallon of water will make a gallon of stain.

All Stains, Per Can 75 Cents

IN IMITATION OF THE FOLLOWING WOODS:

Fumed Oak	Walnut	Cherry
Green Oak	Rosewood	Tavern Oak
Flemish Oak	Brown Oak	Light Oak
Weathered Oak	Antwerp Oak	Ebony
English Oak	Mahogany	

SAMPLE CARD SENT ON REQUEST

Leather Workers' Tools—Separate and in Outfits. Stencil Supplies—Art Stencils, Stencil Outfits, Stencil Colors, Etc. Mathematical Instruments. Fine Brushes. Everything in Artists' Material.

F. W. DEVOE & C. T. RAYNOLDS CO.

101 Fulton St., New York 14 W. Lake St., Chicago

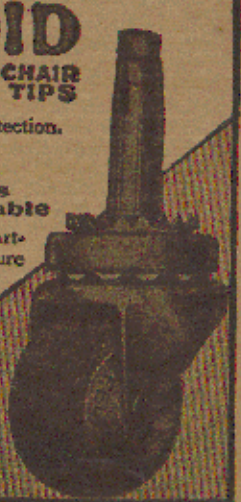
The Beauty of Your Floors and Rugs

will be lasting only as you protect them from the scratches that follow the moving of heavy furniture.

FELTOID CASTERS AND CHAIR TIPS

furnish you with this protection.

They are
Scratchless
Noiseless
Durable

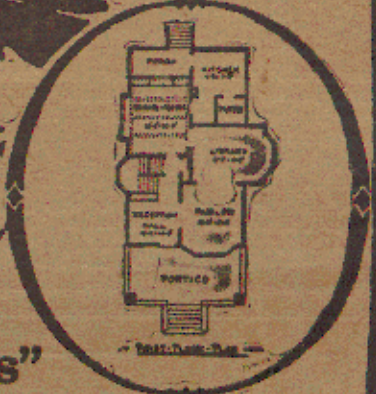


Ask for Feltoids at department, hardware and furniture stores—or write us for Feltoid Book No. 7, giving prices and styles.

The Burns and Basslck Co.
Dept. G
Bridgeport, Conn.

EILERT PRINTING COMPANY, 318 WEST THIRTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Architect F. O. DeMoney, Chicago



Yes, Sir!—
it's the base that counts"

A Stucco constructed house is only as lasting as its walls. And its walls are only as durable as the base upon which the Stucco is laid. "Build of Stucco" is sound advice. But specify that the plaster be laid over

Kno-Burn

Expanded Metal Lath

Then you will have positive assurance that both the outside and inside walls of your home will be smooth and permanent. "KNO-BURN" Metal Lath belongs to all plaster walls, either for exteriors or interiors. It is built on the mesh principle. The plaster settles over and around it into knobs —each knob larger than the opening through which it came—and grips with a tenacity that never loosens. KNO-BURN Metal Lath costs no more than bases that are perishable. It reduces fire risk and is proof against decay. Ask your architect.

Valuable Book for Homebuilders

To homebuilders who are about to build or just contemplating building, our book, "Practical Homebuilding," will prove a most helpful guide. It covers every phase of the building question from choosing of proper location to finishing touches.

Send ten cents to cover cost of mailing and ask for Booklet 669

North Western Expanded Metal Co.

966 Old Colony Building Chicago, U. S. A.