VOL. IX, NO. 2 NOVEMBER, 1905 25 CENTS

# THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Sergyei Iulitch Witte  Russia's Man of the Hour



## CONTENTS



PUBLISHED AT THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING, SYRACUSE, N. Y

# THE CRAFTSMAN: NOVEMBER
# INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

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## Contents



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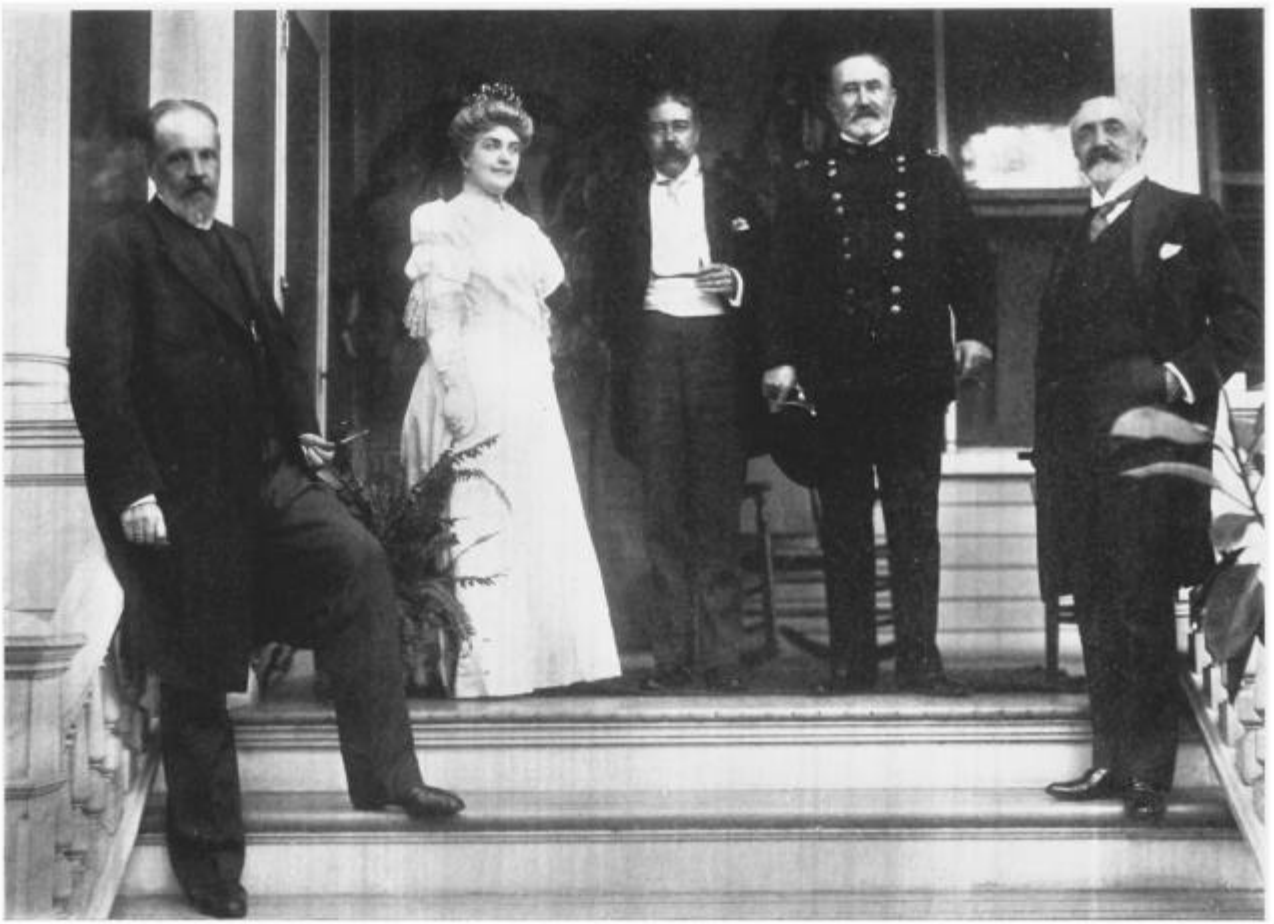


AMBASSADOR WITTE. T. J. OAKLEY RHINELANDER. BARON ROSEN.

MRS. FREDERICK DENT GRANT. GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT.

# AMBASSADOR SERGYEI IULITCH WITTE: RUSSIA'S MAN OF THE HOUR, BY ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

THE Peace Conference is over, and Mr. Witte is carrying back to his Emperor and to the country which he has served so well for many years, the peace which is as much needed there as it is in Japan and by the world at large. He is carrying back with him something else, quite as unexpected at the outset as the concluded Treaty, and quite as precious—the respect, sympathy and friendship of enough Americans to make a very appreciable difference in the future relations between the two nations. Russia has been the world's scape-goat for centuries, and so undeniably unpopular during the recent war in the Far East, that her friends in this country could readily be reckoned by a primary scholar in arithmetic. Since people here have made personal acquaintance with Mr. Witte, opinions are becoming more discriminating, and the seeds of friendship planted by him and his suite are destined to grow and bear fruit. To this eminently desirable result the development of the war's outcome in other directions will surely contribute.

No better choice to that end could possibly have been made, either as to brains, character or personality than Sergyei Iulitch (Serghyai, the son of Julius) Witte. If Russia has not already realized it, she will ere long. No honors which she may confer upon him can be too great, though he may decide, like the Naryshkins, (into which unimpeachably aristocratic family his step-daughter is married), that proffered titles are superfluous. The Naryshkins have refused to become otherwise than plain "Mr.", on the ground that "a family which had the honor of furnishing a mother to Peter the Great can attain no higher distinction." It is extremely doubtful if anyone else could have succeeded with the Treaty. Even he would have failed, had he not clung with bull-dog grip to the programme which he privately announced on his arrival, and which had been prescribed to him. He threw the weight of his character into the scale,—and the Japanese yielded the two articles which had been inserted into their demand for the purpose of concession, and the claim for a huge indemnity which, by the admission of their American adviser, Mr. Dennison, they were in no position to insist upon, any more than they were to continue the war. A writer in Scribner's for September con-

firms this last statement from Japanese official statistics, and, be it observed, from another point of view. But what few seem to realize are the immediate facts which underlie the Treaty, and which actually brought it about. The Japanese have secured far more than they demanded before the war, with property which will, eventually, far exceed the value of the demanded indemnity and immense prestige, but they have yielded half of Sakhalin. A Japanese has told me frankly since the Treaty, that "within ten years Japan and Russia will be at war again over Sakhalin. We must have the whole of it to protect our coast." He was fully aware that my sympathies had been with Russia throughout. To my suggestion that Russia needed it quite as much to protect Vladivostock and the mouth of the Amur, he smiled, shrugged, and repeated his remark. It is a fair inference that Japan will make that war; and that, after her recent successes, backed up with that invaluable new Treaty with England, which will enable her to attack in any direction with impunity, she will reach out for whatever she thinks she requires, whether it be Sakhalin, Hawaii or the Philippines. Why, then, did she surrender half of Sakhalin? On the other hand, why was Russia willing to "make the best of a bad matter," as one of Mr. Witte's secretaries expressed it to me, when the war-party was still so strong? If neither nation exults; if the initiated do not over-laud Mr. Witte for his great "victory," or the Japanese for their "magnanimity" (which a Japanese has authoritatively and even scornfully repudiated), it is because they understand that the war would inevitably have continued, had it not been for certain persons to whose share no praise has yet fallen. Without President Roosevelt's good offices the combatants would have found it difficult or impossible to devise a self-respecting, non-compromising method of getting together for discussion. He has earned his big halo, wreathed with strenuous laurels. The Emperor Nicholas and the Mikado should not be defrauded of their nimbi (is that the plural of *nimbus,* I wonder?), either. But in the list of awards at least three sets of haloettes—like the ciphers which follow the small numbers and render them really weighty arguments,—should be decreed: one set marked "made in Germany," another "made in France," the third, "made in America." The cablegrams informed us that Mr. Witte broke his journey at Berlin and Paris. Read between the lines, this meant: "No more money for war purposes to

Russia." The American bankers said the same to the Japanese. Consequently, after President Roosevelt had sent Ambassador Meyer thrice to the Emperor Nicholas to secure the indemnity, he was obliged to say to the Japanese: "I have done all I could for you. Now I advise you to yield"—or words to that effect.

Now, the interesting point about this is, among others, that it bears upon the accusation that Mr. Witte "did some tall bluffing." If "bluffing" here retains its customary meaning, it is evident that, if anything of the sort was indulged in, it was not by the Russians; and during those three weeks—which seemed nine—I repeatedly congratulated myself that I was able, in some degree at least, to form an opinion, through the advantage of possessing a vivid impression as to the personality of M. Witte.

MR. WITTE and Baron Rosen had expressed a wish for a religious service, to pray for wisdom and guidance, before they entered upon their momentous task. The day they called on the President, on the eve of setting out for Portsmouth, happened to be the Name-day of the Dowager Empress. It was arranged that the special service should follow the Liturgy customary on that day. As I gazed across the Russian Cathedral at Mr. Witte, towering beside Baron Rosen, and surrounded at a respectful distance by the suite, embassy and other officials, with a hedge of palms encircling all, I gained a very definite idea of the stolidity and impassiveness which he opposed to his adversaries in the conference, and of the strong personality of the man. In repose, in fact, his face would be termed by an American dull, possibly even stupid. Certainly, no Englishman would ever accuse him of having "too much expression," as they accuse the Americans. The dome-like head, with its great brow, render the features almost insignificant, and make the keen hazel eyes look small. But when after the service, we adjourned to the Archbishop's rooms in the adjoining rectory to drink tea, I found that the quiet face could beam with friendliness and interest, and the keen eyes turn blue with warmth. I once saw, clear across the office at the St. Regis, those eyes shoot a gleam of blue fire, which seemed, at the moment, a material ponderable thing,—a phenomenon of which I had read in melodramatic novels, and had never credited,—and was glad I was not the provoking agent. Those same keen eyes were stream-

ing with tears at the Thanksgiving service at Portsmouth, (so an eye-witness, one of the Russian officials, told me), when the beautiful Russian prayers and the angelic Russian chanting rang out in that strange church in a strange land, and the strong, simple, warm-hearted man realized that his difficult task was concluded with honor. That he had not expected a favorable conclusion I found out that first day. As the only American invited; as the only woman present except the wives of two Cathedral priests and a relative of Mr. Witte, I discreetly listened and observed Mr. Witte more than I talked with him. But as I wished him success in bidding him farewell, he gave me a glance which enlightened me as to his expectations. One of his secretaries informed me, immediately afterwards, that they had no hope of success. When I bade him a final farewell, as he was starting to take leave of the Japanese Envoys on the morning he sailed, and congratulated him on the peace, that face was very different. It beamed, as he cordially begged me to come to see him in St. Petersburg. Evidently he thinks that all good Americans go to St. Petersburg while they are alive, even if their final destination be Paris afterwards! I sincerely trust he may prove right. No, there was no "bluffing" about Sergyei Iulitch, as the Russians would write it,—or simply S. I. It was his straightforwardness, simplicity, warmth, added to his vast ability, which won for him, and through him for his country the peace and something very like an ovation here.

Yet the man "has a rough side to his tongue," as the Russians say of him, and on occasion speaks the truth and his opinions unadorned. This is why—in addition to jealousy of his rise and power and popularity,— he is disliked in Court circles; for he uses the same plainness of speech to the Emperor, the Grand Dukes or to whomsoever may befall. Nevertheless, "a rare man," as one of the resident Russians here, himself a man of judgment and previously prejudiced against Witte, said to me after frequent opportunities of talking with him and comprehending; "a rare man; it would be well for Russia if she had many more such!" In short, he is a strong man; an honest man; a man whom Russia can trust in the future, in that new constitutional life which is opening out to her, and where he seems indicated by destiny to lead, even as he has proved his honesty and trustworthiness in the past, in reforms and measures more far-reaching in every class of industry, government and society than any which have taken place

during the last two centuries—since the great re-adjustment under that other giant, Peter the Great. But he has been handicapped, as Peter the Great was not. He is blamed for every unfavorable phenomenon, agricultural, social or industrial; for every catastrophe in over-capitalized or ill-managed enterprises; for the creation of a dangerous industrial proletariat; and so on, ad infinitum. As for the industrial proletariat, there are two sides to that question. Manufacturers in Russia have always complained that their hands, who came to them to eke out insufficient income in winter, returned to their fields in summer and had no opportunity to become skilled. The creation of a regular class of factory hands, rendering skilled and regular labor possible, is obviously one of the conditions to industrial development. But Mr. Witte is not responsible for the scarcity of land which drives these people into the ranks of industrial laborers, for which, on the other hand, he is blamed. The truth in general is, that if the Ministers of the various Departments had only co-operated with him properly, his most judicious reforms would not have been nullified as has too often happened. For this, both envy and intrigue and the system are to blame.

The cables informed us, a couple of days ago, that the Emperor has ordered plans to be elaborated for a Ministerial Cabinet, which shall prepare the projects of new measures to be presented to the coming National Council (Gosudarstvennaya Douma.) The present system is very defective. Peter the Great had a series of "colleges," derived from a German institution, and revised by Swedish laws. Over the collaborating boards of these departmental "colleges" Tzar Peter himself presided, and they worked in unison. This system was abrogated under Alexander I., and since that time each Minister has been entirely independent; with the result that where the work of the departments overlaps, as it inevitably must, each Minister may be advocating a totally different policy, which conflicts with all the others. As an instance—this was the reason why our Government at Washington could not understand one set of statements coming from Count Cassini, quite another proceeding from M. Plançon, Agent of Viceroy Alexyeff, who, by the way, acted as one of Mr. Witte's secretaries at Portsmouth. The result is best described by a famous Russian fable, entitled "The Swan, the Pike and the Crab." The fabulist, Kryloff, narrates how these three, once on a time, "did undertake to

haul a loaded cart, and all three hitched themselves thereto; they strained their every nerve, but still the cart budged not. And yet the load seemed very light for them. But towards the clouds the Swan did soar, backwards the Crab did march, while the Pike made for the stream. Which of them was wrong, which right, 'tis not our place to judge.—Only, the cart doth stand there still."

MR. WITTE, it must be admitted, is an ambitious man. But he is ambitious in a noble, a perfectly legitimate way. He has no children; he is not eager to "found a family," with the strivings not always quite pardonable which that too often implies. He is honest, and devoted to the welfare of his country. He has proved that in that direction lies his ambition. One thing, which undoubtedly has appealed to Americans, is his career. It is "so American." If the samurai whose sole business was fighting were the typical Japanese of old, and the brilliant fighters of to-day, their heirs, are so still, and have won for Japan a recognition which its genius in the peaceful arts might have never extorted; if the successful East India merchant were the American prototype of a past generation, assuredly, a "practical railroad man interested in politics," is the most American up-to-date type,—unless we except the inventors. It has been the fashion, also, to describe him as "a parvenu," or as having risen from immense depths of obscurity and poverty to his present immense height, at home and abroad. No doubt, this has contributed to his popularity among "self-made" Americans. "A practical railroad man, interested in politics," in the best sense, who had risen from the ranks and won promotion in every line by sheer merit, is precisely what Mr. Witte is. But he is not a parvenu, nor were his parents paupers. His father was a well-placed official, in the Department of the Imperial Appanages, *i. e.,* the Department which administers the private estates of the Imperial family. He was stationed in the Caucasus, and there, at Tiflis, Sergyei Iulitch was born, fifty-six years ago. As a very young man, his ambition was to become professor of mathematics, and working to that end, he won the great gold medal when he graduated, at the age of twenty, from the University of Odessa. It was the objections of his relatives to this professional career which induced him to abandon his ambition for a more active, official life; and to those relatives Russia should feel profoundly grateful. His mathematical tal-

ents have been far better employed, as even his enemies and those who do not wholly approve of his financial, industrial and other reforms (and they are many), must, albeit grudgingly, admit, in company with his enthusiastic admirers. A recent writer here has told us that he is descended on the father's side from the old Courland nobility (gentry), coming from one of the Knights of the Teutonic Order; and on the mother's side, from the Princess Dolgoruky. That writer speaks with authority; what he does not mention is the fact that his wife is a relative of Mr. Witte, and, consequently, his facts are indisputable as I also happen to know from independent sources. The Teutonic Order bore a well-earned reputation in its day for its hardy and fighting qualities; and Yury Dolgoruky ("long-armed George") the grandson of Prince-Saint Vladimir, and himself Grand Prince of Kieff, was one of the most famous "hustlers" of his day, in every way. Mr. Witte comes legitimately by his sturdy qualities, and is anything but a "parvenu," despite the distance between his modest beginnings as a railway employee at $50 a month, and his present lofty, if somewhat inactive, post as president of the Council of Imperial Ministers, where he was politely shelved when his enemies forced him by intrigues to resign his portfolio as Minister of Finance two years ago. It is a triumph for him that he was found to be the only man strong enough to send for the negotiation of that Treaty of Peace which would never have been necessary had his advice, and that of Baron Rosen, been heeded, and his counsels of concession, compromise and peace been adopted, in lieu of the fatal support accorded to Admiral Alexyeff's policy, which Mr. Witte abhorred even while he was a firm believer in the development of Siberia, for whose great railway he, by financial genius, found the means to pay during his tenure of office as Finance Minister. It is to be hoped that, in future, Russia will understand how to appreciate the great "commoner" who has already done so much for her. His latest great service before the Peace Treaty was carrying through the plan for religious liberty, the Imperial Decree concerning which was promulgated on Easter Sunday, 1905. Liberty for the Jews, whose friend Mr. Witte is from conviction, although, in his brief journalistic career, he was attached to a strongly anti-Semite paper, was not included in that Decree, it is true. But that was because, on account of the great gravity and importance of the question, it was considered advisable that the subject

should be decided by the nation at large in the new National Council, which will shortly assemble. Mr. Witte's wife is a Jewess, by the way.

MANY a time during the recent Peace Conference, there has recurred to my mind an experience during the early days of my stay in Russia. I went through the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. It was the first palace I had ever seen, and when I became an expert in that sort of thing, later on, I found that it was far more magnificent than kings' palaces in general, aside from its own special splendors of vast vases of malachite and lapis lazuli, candelabras huge as haystacks, made of rock crystal tinged lightly, as by a breath, with a faint smoky-pink hue like the dying reflection of a cloudy sunset, its unrivalled specimens of Russian goldsmiths' and enamelers' work, and a hundred other things. At last I came to the suite of rooms which had been occupied by the assassinated Alexander II. In the plain library, surrounded by bookcases which, in addition to books, contained touching, intimate personal relics, like the baby apparel of a little daughter who had died in early youth, were assembled the magnificent gifts sent to the Tzar by the sovereigns of Europe on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne. In the center of the room stood—I presume it stands there still, for the Russians who had the fine feeling to place it there would be likely to leave it there—most conspicuous, most superb of all, a large group in solid silver,—the sort of thing which adorns the imperial table at great banquets. It represented a huge, uneven mass of rock, upon whose projections stood a number of large, exquisitely chiseled silver figures, representing in features and costumes the different sections of the Empire—Great Russia, Little Russia, Siberia, and so forth. On the base was carved the inscription: "To the Tzar Liberator from the Liberated Serf." I learned on inquiry that the donor, a former serf, had risen to be the greatest railway contractor and owner in the Empire; and that the group had been fashioned by the famous goldsmith's firm founded by another former serf, whose heirs "out of gratitude to God" have constantly on hand a certain number of lads whom they rear, educate, and train in their shops. When the lads are grown, they can remain with the firm as expert workmen or freely go elsewhere at their pleasure. That group seemed to me—seems to me

still—the finest thing in that most magnificent of palaces, quite irrespective of its great artistic merits, and its material value. I remember that the tears came to my eyes, and I said to myself: "How American!"

I have no intention of trying to make this parable-story apply, in exact detail, to Sergyei Iulitch Witte; but the reader will seize my meaning, my thought that, because he did seem "so American," so near of kin, in his great rise, he appealed to their brains and their hearts. Moreover, his gifts to Russia, the Peace Treaty, and the great future reforms of which he has sowed the seed, are more precious than anything else which the Russian Sovereign or people have received for centuries.

On every score, America should feel towards this brilliant and sympathetic man,—whatever good or good things may fall to his lot hereafter—that which may be briefly expressed by the terms used in the Russian Church when an ecclesiastic receives merited promotion:—the Greek word, thrice repeated: "Axios!" (worthy); and by the triple "Many Years!" which the Church proclaims in stentorian tones to the distinguished who have earned the approbation of their fellowmen.

## THE MEANING OF IT ALL

AGES and ages back,
Out of the long grass with infinite pain raising itself into the upright position,
A creature—fore-runner of Man—with swift eyes glanced around.
So to-day once more,
With pain, pain and suffering,—driven by what strange instinct who can tell?
Out of the jungle of Custom and supposed Necessity, into a new and wonderful life, to new and wonderful knowledge,
Surpassing words, surpassing all past experience—the Man, the meaning of it all,
Uprears himself again.

*—Edward Carpenter in "Towards Democracy."*

# THE GARDEN CITY CHEAP COTTAGES EXHIBITION. BY LUCY M. SALMON

ROM St. Augustine's *City of God* to Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* men have seen visions and dreamed dreams of an ideal commonwealth from which vice and crime, misery and sordid poverty have been banished and where peace and plenty, happiness and contentment reign supreme. But the passing years have seen the wrecks of hundreds of communities established to make these dreams realities, and when still another plan is presented for eliminating some of the evils of contemporaneous life the question may well be raised as to how it differs from previous plans, how far it really meets the long felt want, and what elements of permanence it possesses.

Of many of these schemes it must be said that they were indeed dreams and that their authors have sometimes been among the later converts to their practicality. Others have given a temporary outlet for restlessness and disaffection, some represent the vagaries of unbalanced minds, while the most of them probably embody idealism untempered by knowledge or experience. It is this lack of knowledge and this indifference to the experiences of others that in large measure explains the failure of these plans to fill a genuine need and that has deprived them of all elements of permanence.

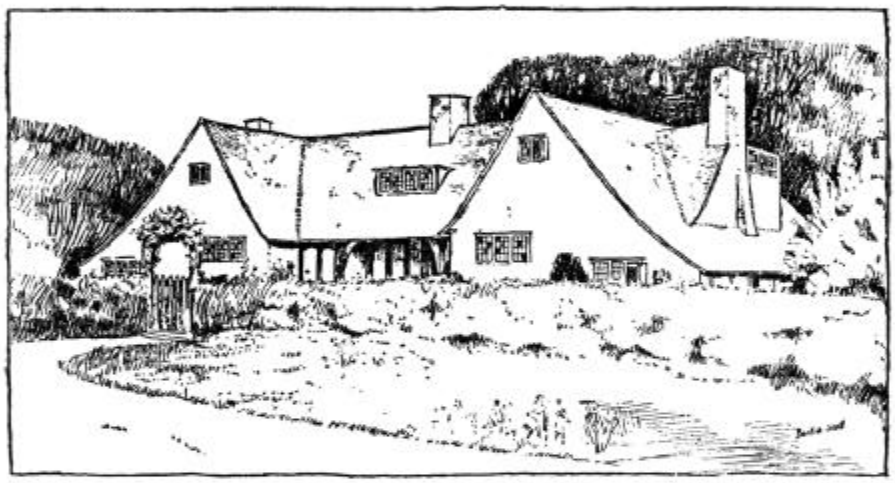
The Garden City Association differs from all of these attempts in that it has developed not out of abstract theories, but from certain concrete qualities. It has long been apparent that one of the most serious questions with which England must deal is the growing depopulation of its rural districts. Many causes have probably operated to bring about a condition where seventy-seven per cent. of the population are found in urban districts and only twenty-three per cent. in the rural districts, but not the least important of these contributory causes has been the decay of the old cottages—a condition so vividly shown by Mr. Richard Whiteing in *The Yellow Van.* It has followed as an actual, though not a natural corollary, that country laborers have been unable to find new, comfortable cottages at a rent they could afford to pay. This lack of suitable dwellings has been largely due to the stringent coercive building laws in operation in so many parts of England. These have restricted the use of building material to brick and stone, and while they have undoubtedly accomplished much in preventing the construction of unsound, unsanitary, inflammable build-

ings, they have also acted as a check on the invention of both architects and builders who would naturally be stimulated to use the newer, cheaper, and possibly better building materials produced through the advance of scientific discovery. The actual result of these laws has therefore been a positive prohibition on the construction of dwellings that could be erected for a reasonable sum and rented at a price tenants could afford to pay. The inevitable result has been that population has drifted to the cities where at least shelter could be found, and this has meant everywhere the overcrowding of districts already fully occupied. This overcrowding has brought with it physical deterioration, vice and crime; this has, as always, resulted in an abnormal increase in the numbers of the dependent, the delinquent, and the defective classes, and the care of these in turn demands of society an expenditure for curative measures in excess of what would be needed for prevention,—thus the vicious circle is completed.

THE Garden City Association has therefore been formed to afford some relief to the congested districts of the great cities and to prevent the depopulation of rural districts. Its name in part reverts to Garden City, Long Island, but the distinctive idea of the city has grown out of a book entitled *To-Morrow,* written by Mr. E. Howard and first published seven years ago, but it has lately been substantially reproduced under the name, *Garden Cities of To-Morrow.* The book discusses the advantages and the disadvantages of town life, the attractions and the counter-attractions of country life, and unfolds a plan of town-country residence that shall include all the advantages of town and country life and the disadvantages of neither, with the ultimate idea of finding for the industrial population "work at wages of *higher purchasing power,*" and of securing healthier surroundings and more regular employment. The fundamental idea of the book is that "a town, like a flower, or a tree, or an animal, should, at each stage of its growth, possess unity, symmetry, completeness, and the effect of growth should never be to destroy that unity, but to give it greater purpose, nor to mar that symmetry, but to make it more symmetrical; while the completeness of the early structure should be merged in the yet greater completeness of the later development." The author has therefore developed the idea of a city that shall grow normally, but symmetrically, be self-sustaining in an industrial and

agricultural manner, become more and more attractive socially and aesthetically, and thus in every way meet the needs of its citizens.

It will be easily understood that the book appealed quickly to those who have realized with Mr. Alfred Cawston that while Paris has been gradually transformed by a comprehensive plan of development, that while slums have disappeared in Berlin, while eighty-eight acres in the centre of Glasgow have been remodeled, and Birmingham has transformed an even larger area into broad streets lined with stately buildings, while Vienna has been in large measure reconstructed,



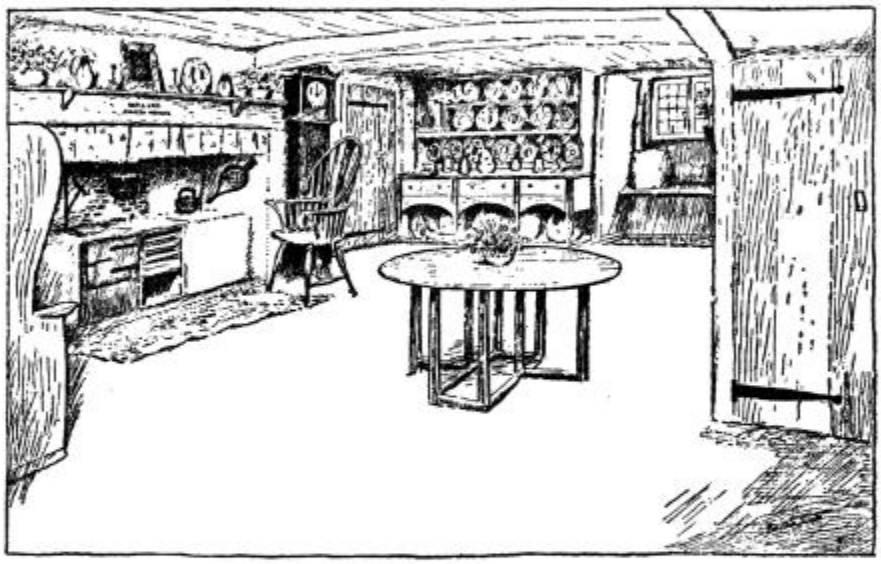
EXTERIOR OF COTTAGE—BY MR. M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT.

London has as yet in its gigantic growth "resulted in not only the biggest, but in probably the most irregular, inconvenient, and unmethodical collection of houses in the world."

The London and the provincial press spread interest in the book, lectures were given on the subject, and the results so speedily achieved were indicative of the wide-spread interest in the movement,—in June, 1899, the Garden City Association was organized; in July 1902, the Garden City Company was incorporated; in September, 1903, the Garden City Estate was acquired; and July 25th, 1905, the Garden City Cheap Cottages Exhibition was opened. Thus the new city had become an accomplished fact.

## GARDEN CITY CHEAP COTTAGES

BUT the Garden City Association did not of itself bring about the Cheap Cottages Exhibition just opened on its estate,—the Exhibition is the result of an independent movement that has joined forces with the Garden City Association to the advantage of both. The idea of the Exhibition originated with Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, the editor of *The Spectator,* who published in *The County Gentleman* (of which he is also the proprietor) for October 1st, 1904, a vigorous article entitled "In Search of a £150 Cottage." This was an exposition of his opening statement that "if the agricultural prob-

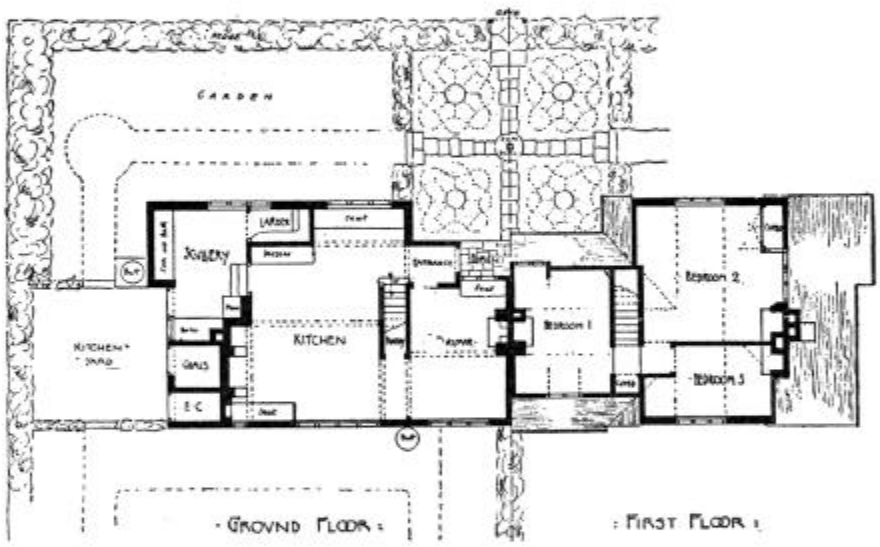


KITCHEN IN COTTAGE—BY MR. M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT.

lem and the problem of rural depopulation are ever to be solved they will be by the £150 cottage." The article was followed by a series under the same title, and the re-publication of the entire series as a supplement to *The County Gentleman* quickly ran through three editions. It was during the publication of these articles that the proposition to hold an exhibition of cheap cottages took definite shape and soon marshalled to its support a large number of influential men. The Garden City Company offered a site on its estate where permanent cottages could be built, a hundred architects and

builders were soon actively engaged in planning and erecting cottages and thus the Garden City and the Cheap Cottages Exhibition practically became realities at the same time. That so much has been accomplished within so short a time has been due to the generous support of leading men throughout the country, and the hearty coöperation of other organizations, such as the Building By-Laws Reform Association, but most of all to the ideas behind the movement that have seemed inherently sound and practicable.

The conditions under which the two independent movements arose have been shown, but the reasons why they have so mutually assisted each other will be more apparent from a study of their pur-




FLOOR PLANS OF COTTAGE—BY MR. M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT.

poses as explained by their prime movers. The Garden City Association states that its object is to purchase a large agricultural estate in order to establish a Garden City as an experiment in housing and in promoting important social and industrial reform; to plan the estate under the best expert advice with reference to the suitable location of factories and workshops, parks and open spaces; schools and churches, and the homes of the people; to provide a broad belt of agricultural land around the town and thus secure to the citizens

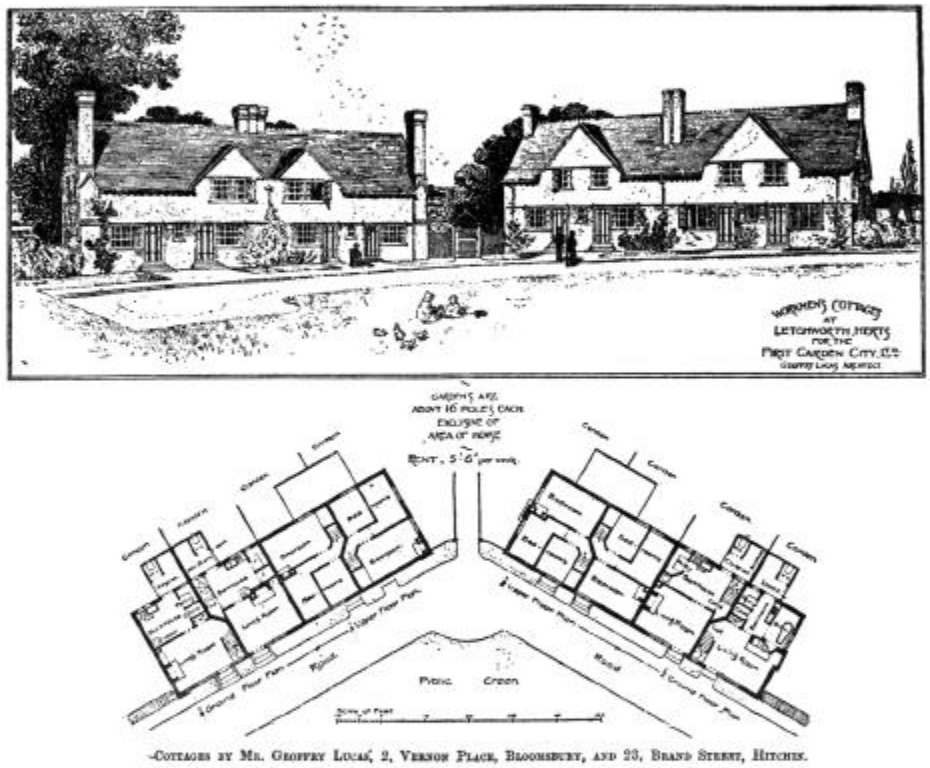
the combined advantages of town and country life; to arrange for the erection of dwelling houses by the Garden City Company, by employers of labor, by building societies, and by other private enterprise; to retain a very large amount of open space for recreative purposes and allow land for a fair-sized garden to each house.

The objects of the Cheap Cottages Exhibition are, first, in the words of Mr. Strachey, "to show that if care and attention are given to the problem, and if use is made of the latest inventions and devices in economic construction, cottages can be built very much more cheaply than they are, as a rule, built at present. The next, is to prove by actual examples that the onerous by-laws which restrict buildings in many parts of the country are unnecessary and injurious, and prevent the erection of cottages built of cheap materials, which are, nevertheless, perfectly sanitary and fit for human habitation."

It is thus apparent that if the Garden City Association has wished to encourage the erection of dwelling houses by building societies and other private enterprise, while the Cheap Cottages Exhibition Committee has wished an opportunity to show what it can accomplish in the way of putting up inexpensive dwellings, the obverse and the reverse sides of the shield are presented.

WHAT does the visitor see at the Cheap Cottages Exhibition opened July 25 on the estate of the Garden City Company near Letchworth? He sees nearly a hundred cottages,—detached, semi-detached and in groups of three or four,—all built to conform to certain specifications as regards number, kind, size, and height of rooms, while the expense of building has not exceeded £150 each in the cottages of five rooms or £210 each in the cottages of six rooms. But if necessary restrictions of this character have been placed on the architects competing for the prizes offered, apparently none whatever have been placed on them as regards the style of architecture employed, while positive encouragement has been given them to use every possible variety of building material, and the competing architects have availed themselves to the fullest extent of their opportunities in both directions. Only a system of permutations and combinations could explain the different combinations made from the prescribed requirements that the houses built must have living room, scullery, and three bedrooms; only a geologist could disentangle the

maze of building material used,—iron, frame, concrete, reinforced concrete, concrete slab, ferro-concrete, expanded metal, woven wire, steel sheeting, cement sheeting, asbestos brick, Uralite sheeting, and still other more complex varieties. It would seem as if the desires of the promoters of the Exhibition had indeed been realized and that everything had been done "to encourage the application of the last words of science and human ingenuity in the erection of cheaper houses."




-Cottages by Mr. Geoffry Lucas, 2, Vernon Place, Bloomsbury, and 23, Brand Street, Hitchin.

The first impression therefore is one of lack of unity both as regards general plan and individual construction. A more careful study of interior arrangements may bring wonder that often so little attention has apparently been paid to the necessary disposition of the furniture to be used in the various rooms, and an American must find it difficult to understand how a family can live without closet room, and have one of its three bedrooms unheated. He rejoices that the

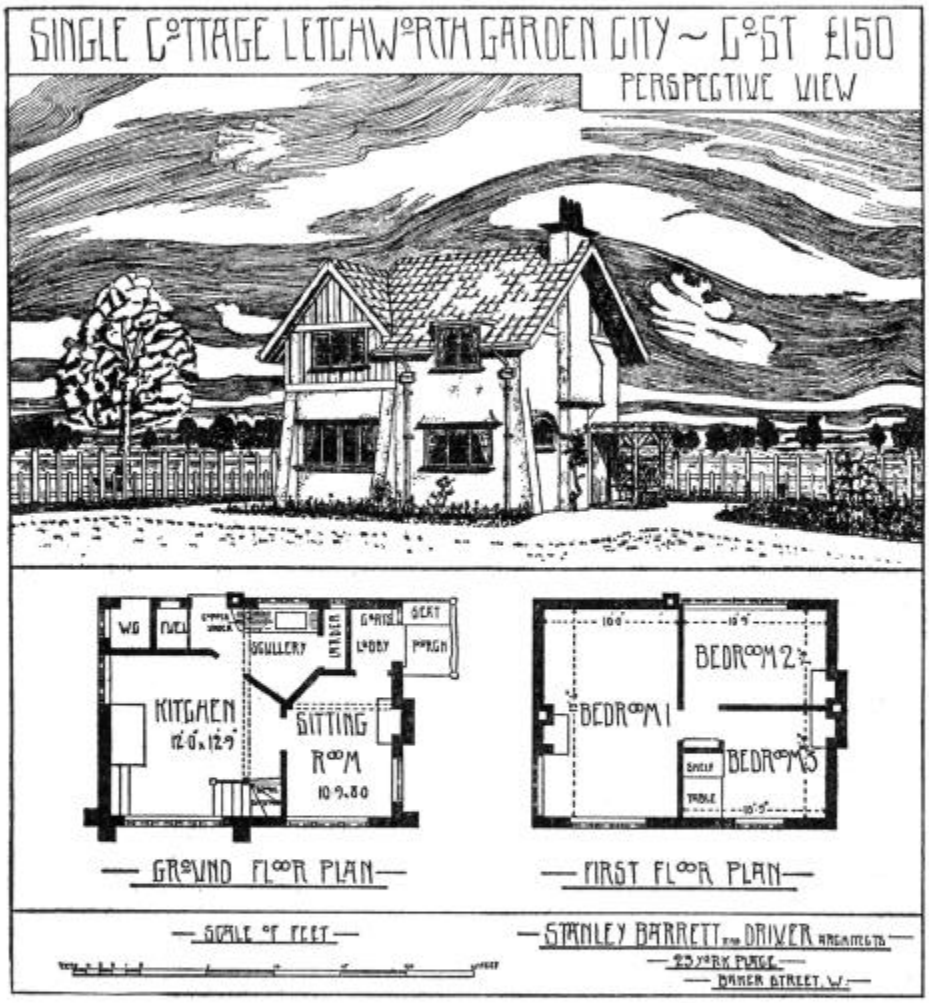
"THE NOOK"—ONE STORY COTTAGE—GARDEN CITY EXHIBITION.

ENTRANCE TO ONE OF MR. BAILLIE SCOTT'S COTTAGES—GARDEN CITY EXHIBITION.

A PAIR OF COTTAGES—GARDEN CITY EXHIBITION.

INTERIOR OF ONE OF MR. BAILLIE SCOTT'S COTTAGES—GARDEN CITY EXHIBITION.

folding bed has apparently not yet invaded the Garden City, but he finds the bath tub everywhere set up in the kitchen and in one case a combination that provides on one side a bath tub which by reversal




becomes on the other side a scullery sink. He finds "coppers"—large stationary copper kettles for boiling clothes built in the brick work—without outlets and therefore emptied only by the tedious "sloppy" process of dipper and pail.

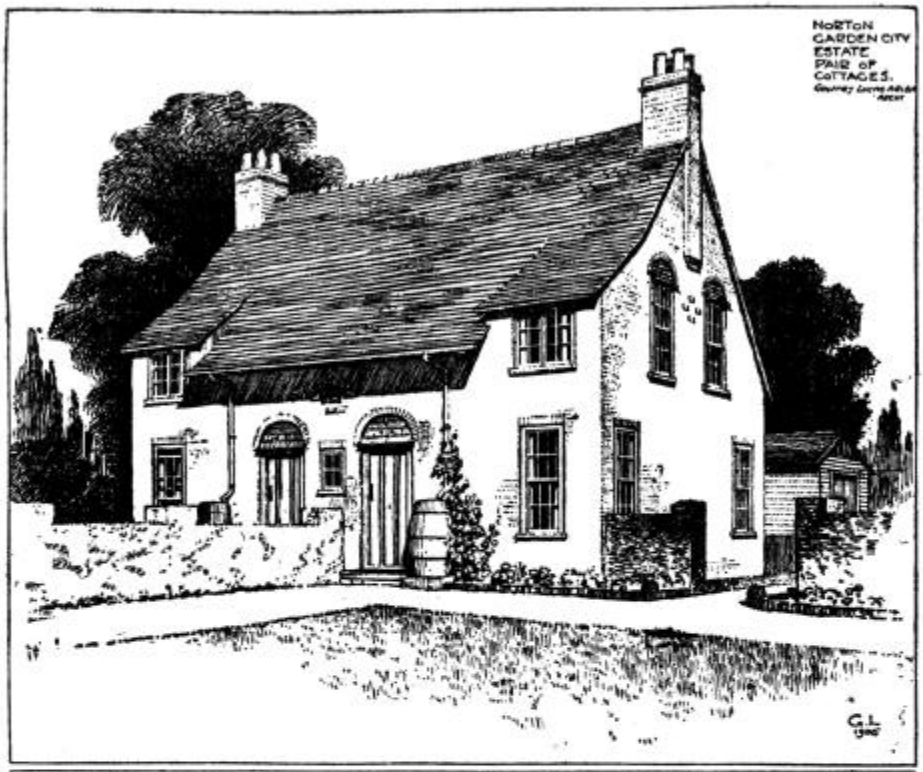
## GARDEN CITY CHEAP COTTAGES

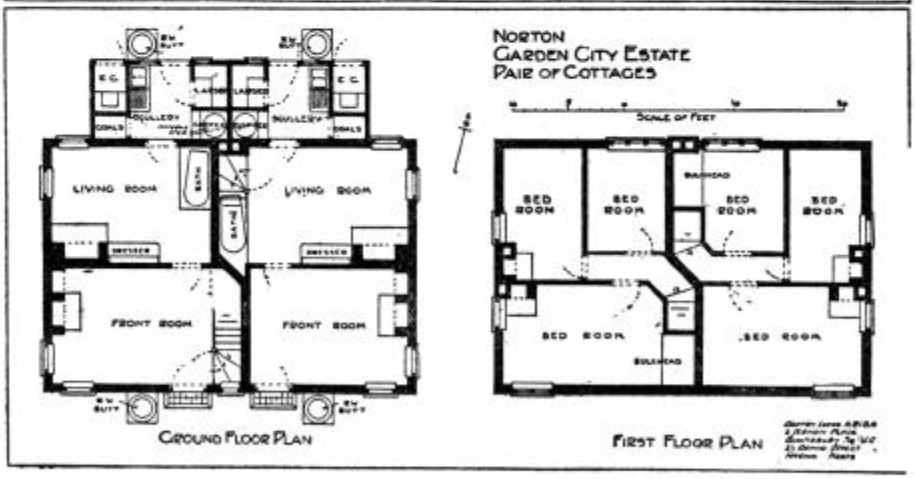
But when the visitor has gathered up the bundle of criticisms that everyone feels it a mark of intellectual insight to collect, his mind is free to study what the Garden City really represents. He sees first of all that the Garden City represents that boundless courage, activity, and inventiveness that he has been wont to call "Western enterprise." The city has been laid out, four miles of magnificent roads have been built, eight miles of water mains have been put down, three miles of sewers have been made, six factory sites have been let and the works of these are in process of erection, one hundred and fifty cottages have been put up, forty of which are already occupied, while land has been let for one hundred and fifty more,—all this and much more within scarcely more than a year and a half. If specific illustration of this enterprise is sought, it may be found, among other places, in the cottages built this season with gardens in full bloom and fruit trees set with fruit, as well as in the particular cottage built and ready for occupancy in eight days and having one wall already well covered with English ivy.

ALL this, however, the visitor sees is but the visible recognition of the imperative need of dealing at once with the housing problem in the rural districts. The Garden City and the Cheap Cottages Exhibition are interesting in themselves, but they are far more important as indicating a widespread interest in rural and in urban problems,—the idea behind both is more significant than is the way in which it has been carried out.

That the Garden City and the Cheap Cottages Exhibition will do everything to solve the problem no one believes. The Duke of Devonshire said in opening the Exhibition that if it was found perfectly possible to build a house which should be fit for habitation, which should be decent, and which was not too unsightly, all for a sum not exceeding £150, then the promoters of the Exhibition would have done a great deal, not perhaps altogether to solve, but certainly to assist in the solution of the housing question. With this judgment all must agree. The Exhibition has done more than to show houses decent, fit for habitation, and not too unsightly,—it has shown nearly a hundred cottages artistically designed, conveniently arranged, and substantially constructed, and all built for the sum specified, and thus it has made an invaluable contribution to the theory of housebuilding

# GARDEN CITY CHEAP COTTAGES



since the most effective theory must always be the one that has been carried out in practice. But hundreds of similar cities would have to be built before any appreciable influence would be felt either in rural or in urban districts. What the Garden City Association has in reality contributed to the housing problem is not a city but an *idea*. That this idea will take root elsewhere and flourish like the banyan tree is what all who have seen the Garden City with its Cheap Cottages Exhibition must fervently hope.

It was inevitable that the serpent of commercialism should find its way into the Eden City and that some cottages erected should be characterized by cheap pretentiousness. But it must be hoped that the serpent's fangs have been drawn by the insistence of the majority of the architects that there must be no sacrifice to "fictitious gentility," that the cottages must be really rural cottages and not small houses or suburban villas, that straightforward simplicity should characterize all the buildings, that local materials are the most appropriate for the purpose, and that the architecture should harmonize with the architectural traditions of the district as well as with that of the villages and rural districts of England. This architectural faith is perhaps best expressed by Mr. M. H. Baillie Scott in his plea for sincerity in cottage building and his insistence that "all buildings, even the smallest, have personalities—of sorts—and the cottage should have a soul of its own. The art should not be superadded at an extra cost, but be essential and fundamental, and like the water of crystallization to the crystal, should be so intimate to the structure that without it it would not exist at all." The architect has exemplified his theory in the creation of the most artistic pair of cottages on the estate, designed in eighteenth century style, with cobbled path, sun dial and moss-grown tiled roof taken from an earlier structure. All these theories, many of them so conscientiously realized, must bear fruit, and the Garden City become the site not only of cheap cottages, but of cheap cottages artistically appropriate to the locality.

The furnishing of a cottage is so integral a part of the cottage that not the least important part of the Exhibition is that of the artistic interiors of several of the dwellings, the most satisfactory of them all being the cottages of Mr. Baillie Scott. The Exhibition will have been well worth its cost if it has done nothing more than to show the

artistic superiority of the simple but honest furniture we have been wont to discard, over the cheap machine made product of the day.

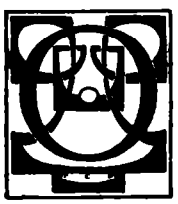
IS the Garden City the newest Utopia? No, its houses are not the cloudy ones for dreams to live in, but they have been built of substantial brick and mortar,—this is history. Whether it will develop into the city of thirty thousand inhabitants as its projectors hope is a matter of prophecy and the line is sharply drawn between history and prophecy. But the idea on which it is built is one of eternal truth, and whether in this particular Garden City or in another that truth is permanently embodied, it can never wholly perish.

What is this eternal truth? The poet here, as always, has been the one to reach the heart of the matter, and Canon Rawnsley has expressed it in *The Garden City*:—

No more in sunless cities, grim and grey,
  Thro' brick-built conduits shall the nation pour
  Her dwindling life in torment, and no more
Where men can neither work nor watch and pray
Shall quiet Thought and Sleep be scared away.
  There, where like breakers on a sorrowful shore
  Ever we hear the multitudinous roar,
And day is night and night is turned to day.

For you in league with sunshine and sweet air,
  With comfortable grass and healing flowers,
  Have sworn to bring man back his natural good,
Have planned a Garden City, fresh and fair,
  Where Work and Thought and Rest may ply their powers,
  And Joy go hand in hand with Brotherhood.

# THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HARDY JAPANESE. BY THE ONLY LIVING FOREIGN WITNESS, IN THE INTERIOR OF JAPAN, OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM: WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, L. H. D.



UR own American poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, who is probably the favorite with scholarly Japanese, once gave a young man a sure receipt for true success and permanent popularity. This he did, in one of those literary paradoxes of which our friends in Nippon are so fond. In substance it was this: "Champion a truth that is thoroughly unpopular and hold on to it throughout life. This means surest success." If Whittier's poetry and prose convey any message of unchanging truth, it is this, that a lie, whether in work or in life, whether on the lips of an individual or in the politics of a nation, is sure to come out and be damned of God and man. On the other side truth told and lived, whether by pagan or Christian, abides. When wrought into human life, literature, or institutions, truth is deathless, as Bryant taught: "The eternal years of God are hers."

From Whittier, also, we draw the words prophetic of our time. They are so manifest that the thoughtful must thrill when they remember the grandeur of this era, in which the East and the West are met together. The initial cycle of human history and progress advancing with the sun's course, westward, is complete. In the world's new morning the antiquated terms "Oriental" and "Occidental" are void of meaning. Humanity has begun a new cycle.

"Life greatens in these later years
The century's aloe flowers to-day."

This is the time when the world beholds Japan's *udonge!** While her achievements in war and peace surprise the world with their phenomenal display, the perfume of her art and winsome ways delight us, and, greatest victory of all,—the victory over herself in the treaty of Portsmouth ushers in peace—it is our pleasant task, at the bidding of THE CRAFTSMAN, to inquire into the roots, soil and mysteries of her husbandry for the production of men. We shall go back of the glory of June into the January and February of Ja-

*A flower in the fairy tales of Japan that blossoms once in a thousand years.

pan's national life, to reveal what harmony of seed and adaptation, what cosmic and local influences, what toil and care of gardener and florist produced the consummate bloom. Not merely in esthetic appreciation, but frankly and plainly, we are asked to do this. Nor is this statement perfunctory, for truth-speaking about the Japanese is not always calculated to make one who utters the facts temporarily popular; for such a proceeding sets in rebuking contrast certain degenerate tendencies of our more modern Western civilization.

GOING to Japan as an educator, thirty-five years ago, my mission was necessarily destructive of some things and more theories, though in the main it was, I trust, assistant and constructive. Come then with me in imagination to the city of Fukui (Happy Well) in the province of Echizen, fronting the Sea of Japan and Korea. It is not near Tokio or Kioto, or on the beaten track of tourists, but "beyond the mountains." It has a river flowing by, with fertile valleys among abundant hills. Once it was a feudal prince's capital, a castled city of knights as well as traders and farmers—for there are few isolated farm houses in Japan, lest the soil be shaded. In 1905, Fukui is a railway center and one of the most thriving of commercial cities. Tiny silk worms earn the chief bulk of its many millions of annual profit. "Habutai," or feather-woof silk, is produced by the ton for the delight of our ladies.

The Almighty, though he dowered his Japanese child with a passionate love for the beautiful, refused to make him the pet of luxury. Dai Nippon is not a land flowing with milk and honey. Its people were set on islands, of the area of which only about one-fifteenth can be cultivated. Of this possible area, about one-half has been thus far won from primeval pumice and bamboo scrub. Straitening the bounds of their habitation, Providence gave them very clearly to understand that though they might suck abundance out of the seas, the soil would yield food only by coaxing, unremitting toil, and the incessant application of foresight and wisdom. Furthermore, to afflict, or rather to train and develop them, nature unleashed the volcano, earthquake, tidal wave, tempest and typhoon. These powers of air and water—or, in art, the dragons—made them alert and resourceful. For cheer and charm, reward

and incentive, she dowered the archipelago with the monsoon, which compels regular seasons; with the black-blue current, or Gulf stream, which modifies climatic rigors; with perpetual variety of mountain and valley; and with a long autumn, which under unclouded skies is as "the days of heaven upon earth." In a word, Nature has set before the islanders as alternatives, indolence and folly—with resultant famine, depopulation, and the stolid stagnation of the savage; or, industry applied in perpetual toil, wisdom gained from experience and the nourishing of artistic impulses—with resulting comfort and delight. Japan has never given her inhabitants either luxury or superfluity, but ever the possibilities of making life noble and enjoyable. The scenery of the Princess Country has had a powerful effect in moulding both the temperament and character of the Japanese people. Nature's own perpetual charms awaken and nourish a love of her beauty which, in these islanders, is a vital passion. Behold not only the nation's art, but the solace and joy brought to homesick war veterans on foreign shore! To beguile the monotony of long vigil and waiting, Admiral Togo distributes among his sailors a thousand home grown dwarf pine trees in pots. General Kuroki sends for flower seeds to beautify the camps and make the war-wasted fields of Manchuria bloom with delight. In loving response to nature's favors, the people delight in caring tenderly not only for the flowers, but lavish thought and human sympathy on the old pine trees. Many of these I have seen propped up with crutches to ease the burden of age. One of those, photographed and herewith reproduced, is over one thousand years old. It lives near the pretty Lake Biwa, and poets and travelers spoke of it many centuries ago. Its bark is in color like bronze.

Happily, too, while girding Everlasting Great Japan with the inviolable waves, giving her people what Wadsworth has told us are freedom's "two great voices," the mountains and the sea, Nature, the Almighty's handmaid, set this archipelago of many names, this Shiki Shima* within beckoning range of Korea and near enough for responsive reception to that mighty realm of China. *From the Middle Kingdom* (and we assert, because we stand ready to prove

*The Mikado's battleship is so named. The word means Outspread Islands, like the stepping stones of a Japanese garden.

"THE LION OF KOREA"—JAPAN'S MOST FAMOUS COMEDY, AS PERFORMED AT A VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

LIFTING BAGS OF RICE—THE JAPANESE LABORER'S TEST OF STRENGTH.

AS THE MILLIONS WORK IN THE FIELDS OF JAPAN.

YOUNG SAMURAI FENCING.

THE SWORD-SETTER AND THE GENTLEMAN WERE OFTEN VERY GOOD FRIENDS.

HOW THE OLD TREES ARE KEPT ALIVE.

our claim) *have come forth inventions and blessings which have done as much for the race as any civilization that ever came on earth,* and Japan was not the least of the pupils of the world's oldest living nation. Below the headlines, "Buddhism" and "Confucianism" we may underwrite in history vast columns of civilizing influences, which blended and mellowed the ideals of India and China. Japan is thus the residuary legatee, on its utmost eastern verge, of Asia's treasures and inheritances. Further, when dowering his Japanese child, the Almighty gave him the genius of selection, adaptation, and the power to become an adept, instilling within him an eternal hunger for the best things. The love of beauty and reverence for age seem to be inextinguishable in the Japanese breast.

THIS I gather from Japan's history and long study, from within the gates, of her civilization. It is no wonder the natives call their beloved land the Realm of the Gods, and that the official title of the Empire is Téi Koku, that is, Theocracy, or The Country Ruled by a Theocratic Dynasty. Politics and poetry, history and government are practically one, for the Japanese believe their land to be so beautiful that only the gods could have made it. We, alas, and "Christians" too, usually name mysterious features in the landscape after the devil. The awe-compelling grotto, glen, or clustered rocks, is the tenant house of demons. We speak of "The Devil's Slide," "Hell's Kitchen," etc. The Japanese, like the radiant-hearted Greeks, seek rather to erase from the face of the land every omen-name of horror and prefer auspicious nomenclature. Who are the better followers of the Christ, who revealed so much the beauty of this our earth-home, and the handiwork of the Almighty,—the "pagan" of the Orient isles, or ourselves, the so-called Christians?

Everywhere in Japan I found the human part of the landscape garnished, indeed, with image and shrine, and sometimes also made hideous by priestcraft's art. In a few places mural paintings, realistically picturing the horrors of the Buddhist *jigoku* showed that polemic imagination was much the same everywhere, but, in general, ugliness was the rare exception. Nature in herself, not bold or sublime, but exquisitely lovely, was heightened in charm by the

loving hand of man that was co-worker with her in beauty. Hence the happy thoughts and pleasing images on the mind of the gazer! Fifty generations of human toil had done more than make the terraced slope, the irrigated valleys, the garden-like fields, not only a charm to the eye; for what was of craft, whether of hand or of mind, was made purveyor also of food for the soul.

Village life has its sunny side. The monotony of toil is relieved by the story-teller who rehearses the national mythology, fairy lore and hero tales. Sometimes the creations of imagination are enacted in mirthful comedy. Pehaps the favorite of all is the "Lion of Korea," in which two men under a cloth, with the head of a *shishi,* delight alike with varied pranks the little ones, lads, lassies and the old folks. The scholar enjoys it, for he sees enacted the ancient myth of the Sun-Goddess enticed out of her cave by mirth, music, dancing mirrors and the inventive genius of the gods, aided by laughing Uzumé (her mask in many a house) of the dimpled cheeks. An eclipse of the sun, or the origin of the arts, is thus really dramatized as surely as there is a Passion Play in our "Punch and Judy." In both, the local joke and jest, the mimic of noted characters, in hits at everyday life provoke uproarious merriment. For the stalwart youth who are rivals in cultivating their muscle, the lifting and carrying of *hio,* or rice-bags, containing each two and a half bushels of hulled rice, is one of the most frequent tests of strength. It is notorious that Japanese soldiers have more "wind," and can keep up either the double or triple quickstep longer than Europeans. The old style postman fairly whizzed along, with his bamboo pole, sandals and loin cloth. Nowadays Mercury travels on rail and sea by electricity or steam. Nevertheless those who know their old Japan well do not wonder at the hardihood of Oyama's infantry as shown in seige, march, charge, and protracted battle.

WITHIN the houses, and while mingling in social life with all classes, I was struck with the air of courtesy and refinement that everywhere prevailed. On the street and out-of-doors, in public gatherings, at picnics, and where Japanese humanity could be studied, both in the mass and in little social knots or groups, one felt that he was meeting with true gentlemen and

ladies. Manners and morals, too often divorced in our system of education, were here blended in one. On peasant or gentry was that hard finish of fine manners and that air of easy politeness that can come only after centuries of good breeding. Entering the homes, whether as transient guest, or frequent visitor, the American dwelt under a sense of surprise at such elegant courtesy, seen as well in cottage, as in mansion or in palace. Where were those showy accompaniments of well-to-do life, supposed to be so necessary to elegance, in money-making America? In our average rich man's parlor, or in that of those who ape the wealthy, one can hardly walk without stumbling over the excess of furniture, decorative articles and bric-a-brac, of all sorts, kinds, and conditions. Whatever we have, we drag it forth to view into ostentatious display. Not for us to let the "gem of purest ray serene" lie unseen in "cave" or closet, or allow a flower to waste its sweetness on desert air! Oh no! We must dazzle our neighbors, pile our purchases on our fingers, pin them numerously on the breast, or hang them at neck and ears, or on parlor table, glass case, or overloaded dinner table, let all be seen. Abundance rather than taste, seems to be the rule. As common sense and the chuckling doctors well know, the average American eats twice too much, and then pays his physician to relieve him of the results of plethora.

So in Japan I was surprised. I asked myself, where are the jewels, the costly furniture, the pomp of equipage, the bravery of vast areas and stores of wardrobe, and the ten thousand ways Americans have of honestly or dishonestly making and getting rid of their money? Consummate in her manners, and gracious in her presence I found neither on the lady nor her daughter jewelry of gold or of gem, though their dresses, on the fit occasion, in cut, fit, colors, embroidery, or dye, were artistic in the highest degree. Children indeed were brightly costumed and reveled in gay colors. On festal days, like that of New Year's, young maidens also looked like moving flower gardens, while gaiety reigned at the wedding. Yet though the public woman beyond society might be flamboyant in coiffure and dazzling in her robes, the general rule among the virtuous and the ladies generally, was that of severe taste. In general, one was impressed with the simplicity reigning in food, dress, and general tenor of life. Nevertheless, both in the foreground and far

perspective, the discerning eye recognized taste, choice, education, and an ideal, which was for the most part nobly lived up to. It was the symphony of a noble civilization, the soughing of the forests grown during ages.

Then as to effect, the Japanese lady in her own dress is a poem. Figure and costuming are in harmony. How finely the girls hold up their heads! What a pretty poise of the neck! The nape is shaved clean and free from all vagrant hairs at the base of the skull. The collar of her dress, set daintily back and exquisitely fitted above a well-shaped bust, with a coiffure matchless in taste, crowns a torso hard indeed to improve. The Japanese lady may be horror-struck at the way our women bare their shoulders for evening dress, even as foreign prudes are at the Nippon matron's palm's breadth of pink cuticle, possibly visible between skirt and sock, when sitting in easy attitude at home.

SOMETHING of the fairer side of Puritanism, the rule of self-control and of temperance in tongue, temper, appetites, and desires, is seen in the Japanese home, as well as in the individual. The result of long centuries of gracious training under the masters Buddha and Confucius, and their best expositors, shows itself in manifold attractive forms. It has taken many centuries to produce the Japanese woman, and true Christianity in Japan may yet make a type of feminine humanity without superior anywhere on earth.

When I went into the daimio's school, where the choicest of his young gentry were daily taught how to be fit leaders of the people, I discerned something of the secrets of Japanese culture and its results. The nation had had a training during the centuries of feudalism, which is based on loyalty, obedience, and faithfulness in contract, which in itself was a storage-battery of power. These virtues conjoined with the ideals of mikadoism, which came to its vigorous renaissance in 1868, nourished in the national schools and transmuted into patriotism, indurated the Japanese for titanic tests in two great modern wars, first with China in 1894-95 and in 1904-5 with Russia. There were, of course, in the background of athletics, of which we shall speak, literary culture and food for the mind, which, shaped into ideals, made the lads eager to begin and

willing to endure the long training required to season the Japanese samurai—that consummate white flower of Asiatic manhood. They were daily trained in the way of the *Bushido,* or the Knightly Code, the Warrior's Path. This was scarcely a thing written, certainly not a collection of statutes, but rather a habit and course of life, elaborated during ages of feudalism. While of course it had its dark side and many ferocious exemplars, it had many features of striking nobility and winsomeness. Rectitude, courage, benevolence, politeness, truth and sincerity, honor, loyalty, self-control, were all in the unwritten law of the gentleman privileged to wear the sword,—the symbol of his soul and his honor. Yet besides books and scholastic training, facility in wielding the pen for business, the practice of caligraphy—the seed-bed of free-hand drawing and the art of line and feature, as distinct from color—and that discipline in meditation, introspection, and philosophy, to which the choice souls among the samurai took gladly, there was the physical exercise, the daily subduing and strengthening of the body, and that polishing of manners, which, with the samurai, was the habit of life. As every system of education must have not one but many tests to prove its worth, so *Bushido* provided these. Beside what I myself witnessed, the scores of autobiographies, which my advanced students—many of them since come to national or world fame—afterward wrote out for me, showed how searching and various these proofs were. The lad whom the world now knows as Komura, wrote out the story of his life for me in fourteen pages. It revealed a noble character.

The feudal lord whom I proudly served was the Baron of Echizen. He had the wisdom to gather around him scholars and men of character and ability, and it was his moral adviser, the great Yokoi, who first sent his two nephews to study in the United States. These were the advance guard of a great host. The men who at Fukui, in 1871, were in their prime—liberal-minded and heartily backing the American teacher in his educational plans and methods, are now for the most part in middle age, or far on towards the evening of life. Several of those in the front rank of the group and most honored are Christians in faith and life. In the fifties, these were the eager young men who stood by their prince when he introduced improved hygiene, systems of medicine based on science, and regula-

tions that steadily lifted the honest tradesman and artisan in the social scale, and who finally, in the sixties, won popular support to all the really good modern machinery and improvements, including the common school system of the United States.

IN the daimio's, that is the Government's school, everything bore the stamp of a spartan simplicity. Here were taught archery, spear exercise, fencing, horsemanship, wrestling, boxing, and the varied crafts and arts of the soldier and the gentleman. There was no such thing as a conception of the samurai who had not physical, as well as literary and social, training and acquirement. I shall not go into the detail of exercises which belongs to the gymnasium or to the military school, or with special weapons and contrivances outside of the man himself. The sword was "the living soul of the samurai," and the sword maker was held in very high honor. The sword setter and the gentleman were usually very good friends. I have been amazed at the skill, the patience, the ambition of the worker in metal. Made of finest steel, long beaten, set in a backing of tough flawless iron, the Japanese blade is both a noble weapon and a work of art. Jeweler and artist vied in rivalry to make it a thing of delight to the cultured eye. The Japanese gentleman wore no gold on his person. He lavished it on his sword guard, writing desk, or ceramic triumph. Daily for years under the best fencing masters, the young men trained eye, hand, muscle, hardening the body by this noble exercise.

I note but briefly that wonderful system of ju-jutsu (misspelled jiu-jitsu) or gentle art, so named in contrast to the rough exercises with weapons, spear, sword, polo-mallet, etc. By this art one learned to do with fingers and limbs what was sufficient for defense, and in offense, if necessary, for dislocation and the death of an assailant. By this a man was enabled to defend himself without arms, on the principle that an army's or a nation's, or a battleship's best defense is its power of offence. A lad was shown how to protect himself against robber or assailant, by means of his bodily powers alone. I believe I had the honor (in 1876) of being the first writer in English* who noted and described this method. I shall never forget my own exhilaration and delight, when I saw the superbly limbed and rosy cheeked lads, at onset, clinching in silent victory, or making outcry of defeat.

*See The Mikado's Empire, page 433.

Yet what impressed me even more was the systematic regulation of diet and habits, and the temperate living that accompanied this physical regimen, and made both lads and old men so happy in what might be called the simple, strenuous life. The Japanese have a classic Grecian's horror of the too much, and with many the motto is *Kio sumeru*—"Where you live, that's the capital." Politeness among all classes was and is the universal rule. I could not help asking myself how many Americans, that have certainly not attained to the fine manners and culture of these gentlemen and ladies, could find the enjoyment these islanders do on such slender resources,—from the point of view of a bank account, society, automobile, or yacht, or pew in the middle aisle.

WITH this frank testimony concerning Japan's hermit and insular life, by one who saw and felt, when among the people, the possibilities of their future, let us note how Japan responded to her opportunities when new fountains of culture were opened in the learning and literature of Europe and America, and when fresh stimulus came to the Island Empire from the science and mechanical forces of the West. The year of the Perry Treaty in 1852 brought the psychological moment in the harmony of all things, like that to the phœnix of fable, or to the seed in the daily miracle of the field and forest. To picture the situation vividly we must first present a miniature of Japanese history.

First we must remember that the Japanese are not an old, but a young race. About the same time that our Teutonic forebears, leaving their acorns for food and their wolf-skins for clothes, emerged from the forests to confront Roman culture and Christianity, the savage islanders—not "Japanese," for there was no such thing as a Japanese nation until after the tenth century—an agglomeration of many ethnic origins, white, blackish, brown, and yellow, Ainu, Malay, Korean and Tartar, received the priceless gifts of writing, ethics, and religion from China and from India. In the central island the Yamato tribe, (with a chief named the Mikado), the most advanced, vigorous, and sensitive to new impressions, began to be dominant. For their rude feudalism, they substituted a civic system derived from China. Then they organized armies that went up and down the crescent-shaped archipelago conquering north and south, subduing all to

the Emperor's rule. The Japanese is one of the most mixed of races—a noble composite. After four hundred years of military conquest, "all was peace under heaven." Nara, the centre of culture, was superseded by Kioto (capital city), which still remains Japan's place of delight and inspiring memories. Possibly by A. D. 1000, there was, at least in the three great islands, Hondo, Kiushiu, and Shikoku, a real Japanese people, with one language and social order. Yezo, the large northern island, except by a few miners and hunters and hardly touched by the southern influences, was inhabited by the Ainu, who are a beaten and degraded white race, of whom only a remnant of 16,000 now remain. Nevertheless, their ancestral, sonorous names, like those of our Indians, on the mountains and rivers, still resound all over Japan. The Yamato story of conquest is much like that of the Romulus tribe in Italy. To this day, "Yamato damashii" (the Yamato spirit) means the spirit of conquering and unconquered Japan.

In our perspective, the dissolving views must be rapid. The victorious and rival military clans, northerners and southerners, quarreled in 1167 A. D., and after a bloody civil war the dominant "man on horseback," took the national purse and sword and made his capital, or his active executive center, in the "far East" at Kamakura, while the Mikado and the court nobles were left in Kioto, to keep up the old traditions of dress, etiquette and culture. The "emperor" was shorn of nearly all power, while immensely revered; the eastern ruler, or "shogun" (general) getting all government in his hands. Gradually this duarchy became feudalism, for in time the Shogun made his appointments hereditary. With government weak at the center, each daimio, or castle chief, asserted more and more personal power, so that in time there were scores of petty rulers and domains. The Mikado was made more and more a god in a box.

Thus was the golden age of the fortified castle and monastery, the warrior, the sword-maker, and the monk, the only learned man—too often himself in armor—and the era of waste, destruction, bloodshed and chronic civil war was ushered in, lasting from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. Then arose and flourished, during the time of the European contact (1537-1614), three great men in succession, Nobunaga, Hidéyoshi, and Iyéyasu. These warriors, while not forgetful of self and ambition, fought to retrieve the personal power of the

A JAPANESE POST-RUNNER.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS—THE PROGRESSIVES AND PIONEERS IN LIBERAL IDEAS, OF 1870.
YOUNG MARQUIS MATSUDAIRA IN CENTER.

emperor. Iyéyasu having subdued his enemies, by statesmanship as well as by sword, became the unifier of Japan. He built the city of Yedo, parcelled out the daimio's fiefs, collected manuscripts and books, and set the order for that feudal Japan which our fathers knew, in which peace reigned during a quarter of a millennium, or from 1604 to 1868. With a duarchy, the Mikado in Kioto, and the Shogun in Yedo, the poor and proud nobility—"companions of the clouds and brothers of the moon"—living within "the city of the ninefold circle of flowers," and the great army of knights, dwelling in the City of the Camp, on Yedo Bay, there were nearly three hundred castles and daimio's domains under the iron rule of feudalism, which glorified the two-sworded gentleman who was both warrior and scholar in one. Within such an environment, hermit Japan nourished her art, her literature, her gentle manners and those potencies which in our day have burst into flower and surprised the world.

We do not pretend, in this brief sketch, to picture also the dark phases and defects of Japanese ideals and realities. We are placing on the sunny side what is admirable and beautiful. In a word, we find nineteenth-century Japan, with the unspent force of youth, ready to seize upon, and later to select and assimilate, the best that was set before her. Yet happily she knows how to reject as well as to receive. In the sixth century she took Chinese culture and Buddhism, and for hundreds of years, she sent her scholars and inquiring pilgrims to the West, that is to Korea, China, India. In the sixteenth century, Europe and Christianity came to her, but in the Spanish and Portuguese form—not only with the Inquisition, and the ideas of trade and plunder then prevalent, but also with the notions of conquest and the claim of the King of Spain, ratified by the Pope, to the ownership of the world. No wonder that the fiercely patriotic Japanese cast away, with fire and sword, what Europe had to offer, and then shut up their gates, bolting them fast with the ban of death.

BUT in 1868, after a century and a half of intellectual preparation by a few scholars, fifty-five young men made the new Japan. This they did by possessing themselves of the Imperial palace and the Emperor's person in Kioto, and in bringing him, the Son of Heaven, to Yedo. After fighting, with the help of American ships, weapons, and tactics, their short civil war of eighteen months,

they began, from Tokio, or Yedo, renamed, virtually the creation of a new nation. Without a national dollar, school, treasury, postal system, army or navy, but only with the resources of an agglomeration of feudal clans, they made beginning. Development of physical resources, with education and ethics, comprise the first points of their program. Summoning from many nations experts in every line of handicraft, scientific and intellectual achievement, they started first with the public school. Then they planned railway and telegraph systems, and methods of annihilating time and space. Sweeping away feudalism, in the Mikado's name, their colossal task was to transmute the passionate instincts of clanship into pure patriotism. Theirs seemed at first a task not only titanic, but morally impossible. Being in Tokio in 1870, and in a feudal castle in 1871, I have before me the notes of conversations, which thirty years ago I held in Japan, with a dozen or more daimios, with prominent statesmen, and with foreigners long resident in the country. The general tone was that of pessimism. With the ties of the people severed from loyalty to their old masters, with so much that was ancient and venerable broken down, with the economic system upset, with the vanity and conceit of new men in power, the lack of truth and honor in the long oppressed and socially low commercial class, the grievances and complaints, the local outbreaks and insurrections, the lack of popular understanding of what the "reforms" meant,—what could the outcome be but disaster?

But the high-souled leaders, "fit though few," were far-sighted men. They knew how far-reaching and strong were the roots of reverence for the Mikado and how deep was the love of country—volcanic in passion, but like the sunshine in steady power. Critical readers of Japanese history, they saw that duarchy and feudalism had fulfilled their purpose, and that Mikadoism was not only the fruition of the nation's deepest hopes and yearnings, but the crowning consummation of national tendency. Soon it was seen that the new did but fulfill the old. One by one the edicts of the Mikado, like calm after storm, brought not only peace, but the beauty of order. The public school proved the seed-bed of new and grander outlook and aspiration. The young generation eagerly caught the age-spirit. The old loyalty to local lords was transferred to the Mikado, the focus of all rays. Emerging from the old god-like seclusion, no

longer like an idol in a box, Mutsuhito, the emperor, traveled up and down his realm, meeting his people, talking with them, and greeting them with words of cheer and reward, until millions upon millions had seen his face and felt the electric thrill which his kindly presence caused. Japan, in its ideal entirety, became a reality. Instead of a mysterious deity here was one winsomely human. Mutsuhito issued an Imperial Rescript, dated October 30th, 1891, which is read statedly in every school throughout the empire. Pondering these words, one can see how, during thirty years, a new nation with a new spirit has been created. After appropriate introductory sentences like this: "My Imperial Ancestors and our forefathers established the State with a far-reaching aim," he exhorts his people thus: "Be filial to your fathers and mothers, be affectionate to your brothers and sisters, let husbands and wives dwell in harmony, let friends be truthful one to the other; conduct yourself in modest thrift, be benevolent towards all. Cultured by study and mastering your chosen calling, develop your intellect and perfect your moral powers through knowledge. Further, have public spirit and promote the national interests. Respect the Constitution and obey your country's laws. In case of emergency, sacrifice yourselves for the common good. Thus you will support our Imperial Dynasty which shall be as lasting as the Heavens..... It is our desire to bear these precepts in our heart in common with you." The effect of this outpouring of the Emperor's soul, in which he appealed to all that was best in his people's hearts and history is, in its steady effect, like the moving influence of holy scripture upon the Christian.

It was in carrying out in detail the splendid scheme of national reorganization that the native genius—"great in little things," if you please—was seen. No trifle was neglected. In things mechanical, much of the new machinery could be imported, but, after all, Japan's chief hope and dependence was upon her own people and resources and especially upon the common, as well as the choicest, human qualities. Most wonderful, for example, is her police organization. Few countries show a finer set of brave, alert, intelligent, self-controlled and controlling body of men. Simplicity of method makes corruption in the system impossible. Hereditary qualities have given to Japan in her police a body of gentlemen who are also as valorous as soldiers. Most unfortunately, in September, 1905, through

purely local disagreement between an Imperial minister and the municipal authorities, for which the Tokio policemen were in no way responsible, these men suffered in body, but not in valor or reputation, from mobs such as on our own soil in our "Jay treaty" time lampooned even Washington, and during our "draft riots" burned orphan asylums.

Yet it is not alone the white-gloved guardian of the peace, who in addition to years in the common school, receives a special training for his work. The same thing holds in regard to telegraphers, railroad men, skilled artisans, merchants, navigators, yes, even to coal-heavers, for it is a fine art to get a maximum of steam, with a minimum of waste, under the boilers of the battleships. In a word, in millions of the Japanese common folks, we see exemplified the spirit of Russia's noblest servant, civilizer and ruler—"Nothing is too small for a great purpose;" but where Muscovy had one Peter the Great, Japan has had, in effect, tens of thousands. The need of intelligently directed labor, out of which great works result, is seen; even as it is felt, in the proverb, which they so often quote, "Until polished, the precious gem has no splendor." Superb the commentary, both in the flawless crystal sphere, and in the triumphant Japan of 1905!

IT was my honor and privilege to organize the first local public school, that at Fukui, Echizen, in the empire which now contains 30,000 public day schools, in which 5,000,000 pupils, from kindergarten to university, are educated daily. After knowing the Japanese so long, it was not the clever guess-work of the fortune-teller, but the firm knowledge of the man of science, who foretells eclipses and occultations, that enabled me, long before the war broke out, to declare firmly in detail the sure victory of Nippon over the Chinese Colossus in 1894 and of the Japanese David over the Russian Goliath in 1904-05.

Yet it is but truth to add that as "above all nations is humanity" so Japan could not have done what she has done, without help from the outside. This is nature's law.

Happy indeed was the young emperor and his constructive statesmen in having a noble-minded Dutch-American, Guido Fridolin Verbeck, who, arriving in Japan at Nagasaki, in 1859, was soon invited to organize a Government school, to which flocked the lads who

afterwards became cabinet ministers and province governors. Called to Tokio as the chief adviser and organizer of their national system of education, Verbeck, from 1869 until near the time of his death in 1898, was the one man trusted above all others in Japan, whose advice was almost invariably taken. In innumerable hours of private counsel with the premier and men highest in office, he helped in amazing measure to mould the nobler policy both of the State and of individual ministers. As a living stone, he built himself into the new structure among nations, so that at his death not only did emperor and cabinet ministers mourn, and the Imperial Guard escort his body to its last resting place, but over his grave, in a plot deeded freely by the City of Tokio, his pupils have reared his monument. Besides Verbeck, an army of five thousand expert foreign helpers have, for thirty years, helped the Japanese, showing them the way. Some day the story of these "yatoi" (hired assistants) will be told. But could they find anywhere such hopeful pupils as the Japanese?

Japan has successfully waged two mighty wars, humbling the power of China and Russia, testing mightily the valor of her sons and the spirit of her daughters. Now, with a potency more permanent than that of bombs or battleships, her teachers are leading China into the newer day, while on her own soil, 5,000 Chinese lads and lassies are learning from the Japanese how to lift an ancient nation out of the ruts of stagnation, and place it upon the solid road bed of progress. Meeting mighty Russia at the council table Japan has won even vaster victory in the conquest of herself, and in heeding the voice of reason and humanity. As in the past, so in the future, may Japan prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good. Japan has learned much from us. Now, the quondam pupil, because of her very docility and talents, is our teacher.

# THE ADVANCE OF CIVIC ART IN BALTIMORE: BY JOSEPH DANNENBERG

TWO years ago, Baltimore, the metropolis of Maryland, one of the oldest cities on the Atlantic Coast, and in population the sixth city in the United States, was one of the most conservative and slow-moving of the communities which had formulated a definite plan for putting into practical effect the general tendency toward the advancement of civic art in this country. To-day, as a result of the devastating fire that swept the city in February, 1904, the march of improvement is swift and along admirable lines of civic adornment, owing to the well-directed efforts of the several commissions and societies, aided by the liberal contributions of wealthy and public-spirited citizens.

Baltimore's solid conservatism dates from the sturdy yeomen who first settled the shores of Lord Calvert's wide domain. It has remained unaltered to the present day of substantial, safe dealing business men and financiers. Such merchant princes as Johns Hopkins, Peabody and the later Enoch Pratt left magnificent monuments in the shape of University and Hospital, the Institute of Art and Music, and the great library, and, like many of the larger cities, Baltimore had its parks and public squares handsomely laid out and well kept, a few scattered monuments and its City Hall. Until comparatively few years ago, that was all that was known or desired in the way of civic improvement or adornment.

The first awakening came shortly after the time of the World's Fair at Chicago, with its innumerable suggestions in the way of municipal art, when Baltimore, together with other American cities, took up the question of civic adornment. Theodore Marburg, a multi-millionaire with broad ideas as to the best uses for his money, organized the Municipal Art Society and worked manfully against the apathy displayed on all sides. The business men were averse to change, especially in the interests of a more artistically planned city, and the financiers and wealthy citizens were too much occupied to give time and attention to the furtherance of municipal art. But money they did give, and the energy of the Municipal Art Society was unremitting. To-day their reward is in sight. Baltimore possesses a collection, second to none in this country, of mural paintings

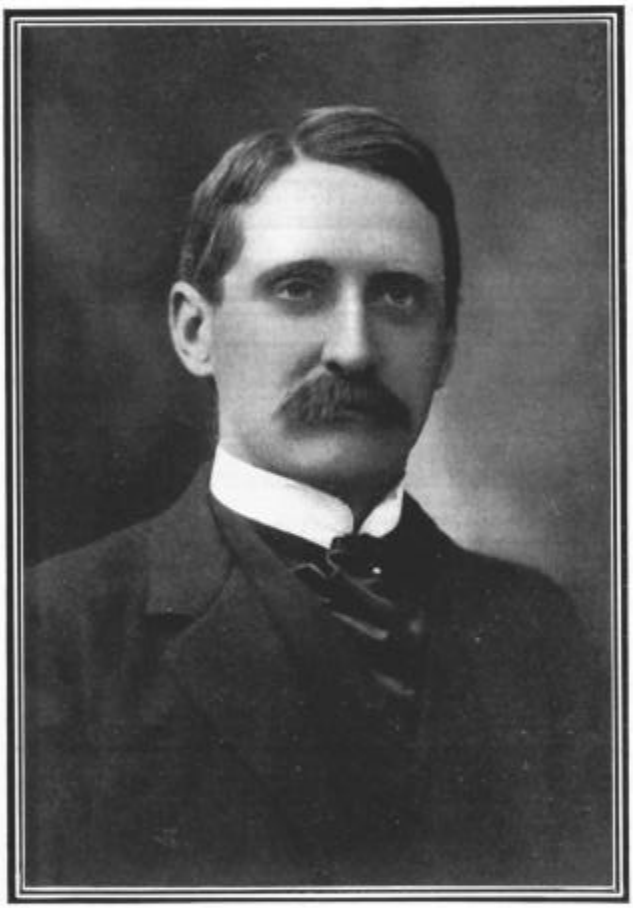
by such men as La Farge, Blashfield and Turner, some superb public and private buildings, and monuments enough to justify Baltimore's familiar nickname, as a beginning to the sweeping improvements that are planned or already under way.

Of these, the most important is the three million dollar chain of parks now being planned by Frederick Law Olmstead of Boston on a scale that, when put into execution, will give Baltimore one of the most beautiful park systems in America. There are already thirty-nine parks and squares in and about the city, with a total acreage of 1,314,028, and representing an investment of more than $2,500,000, and when the completed Olmstead parks connect those now lying upon the borders of the city, the celebrated Fenway of Boston will have to yield first place to the superb chain of parks surrounding Baltimore. Among the public squares that now add to the beauty of the city, the Sunken Gardens adjoining the Union Station are remarkable as a demonstration of what can be done with apparently waste land which would otherwise be an eyesore to the community. This land was acquired by the Pennsylvania Railroad at the time ground was purchased for the station. It parallels Jones Falls,—a stream which intersects the city,—and at the time of purchase was simply a blemish. Turned over to the city, it has been filled in and improved by skilful landscape gardening until the three squares along Mt. Royal avenue form one of the beauty spots of Baltimore, and present a most attractive resting-place to the travel-tired eyes of the visitor entering the city by rail. Another beautiful example of landscape gardening is the magnificent Italian garden laid out by Isaac E. Emerson at the cost of many thousands of dollars. This is one of the show places to visitors en route to Druid Hill Park, and is one of the evidences of the generous rivalry which has sprung up of late among wealthy citizens in the beautifying of sections and neighborhoods. In this connection, a plan to prevent the erection of small houses in the rear of the uptown homes has gained great popularity in the neighborhood benefited by it. This was the transformation of what would otherwise have been an alleyway full of refuse, or overcrowded with negro huts, into a small park called Bo-Lin Square, with a miniature lake and fountain in the center. This not only adds much to the beauty of the neighborhood, but is both a breathing place and a preventive of disease.

# CIVIC ART IN BALTIMORE

IN addition to the Municipal Art Society a Municipal Art Commission appointed by the late Ex-Mayor Robert M. McLane has done good work in the cause of civic improvement along right lines. It was feared at first that the Society and the Commission might clash, but that possibility has been removed by the fact that each has a distinct function and field of labor, the Society being creative and the Commission only criticising or approving the intended offerings of the Society. Both bodies are thoroughly fitted for the accomplishment of their respective tasks, the Society including in its membership artists and architects, among whom are: Ex-President Daniel C. Gilman, Johns Hopkins, Michael Jenkins, Judge Henry D. Harlan of the Supreme Bench, John W. Garrett, S. Davies Warfield and others, while the Commission numbers among its members Mayor Timanus, Chairman *ex-officio,* J. B. Noel Wyatt, Mendes Cohen, Ex-Mayor Latrobe, J. Evans Sperry, Mayor Richard M. Venable, Henry Walters and Bernard W. Baker.

The work of both Society and Commission prospered and notable improvements were being planned when the great fire a year and a half ago swept away the entire business section of the city. Instantly the men who had been interested in the work of improvement along lines of civic adornment had their attention directed elsewhere. The moneyed men found their own interests of engrossing importance, and the architects were absorbed with plans for hundreds of buildings to replace those that had been destroyed. But just at this crisis, when it seemed that the slow work of years might be undone in the pressing demand of business affairs, Mayor McLane took a stand that has since found an admirer in every man who has at heart the true interests of the city. For the first Emergency Committee appointed was instructed not to overlook the future effect of its plans. And it did not. It was decided, and afterwards carried into effect, that an even sky line should rule, and that no building should be more than one hundred and seventy-five feet in height. With one exception this has been adhered to, the only building that breaks the uniformity of the line being slightly higher in order to give plenty of breathing space to the numerous employees of the railway company owning it. It was also decided that a general height should be prescribed and adhered to in the case of all buildings in any one neighborhood, the retail and manufacturing sections being granted one set of privileges,

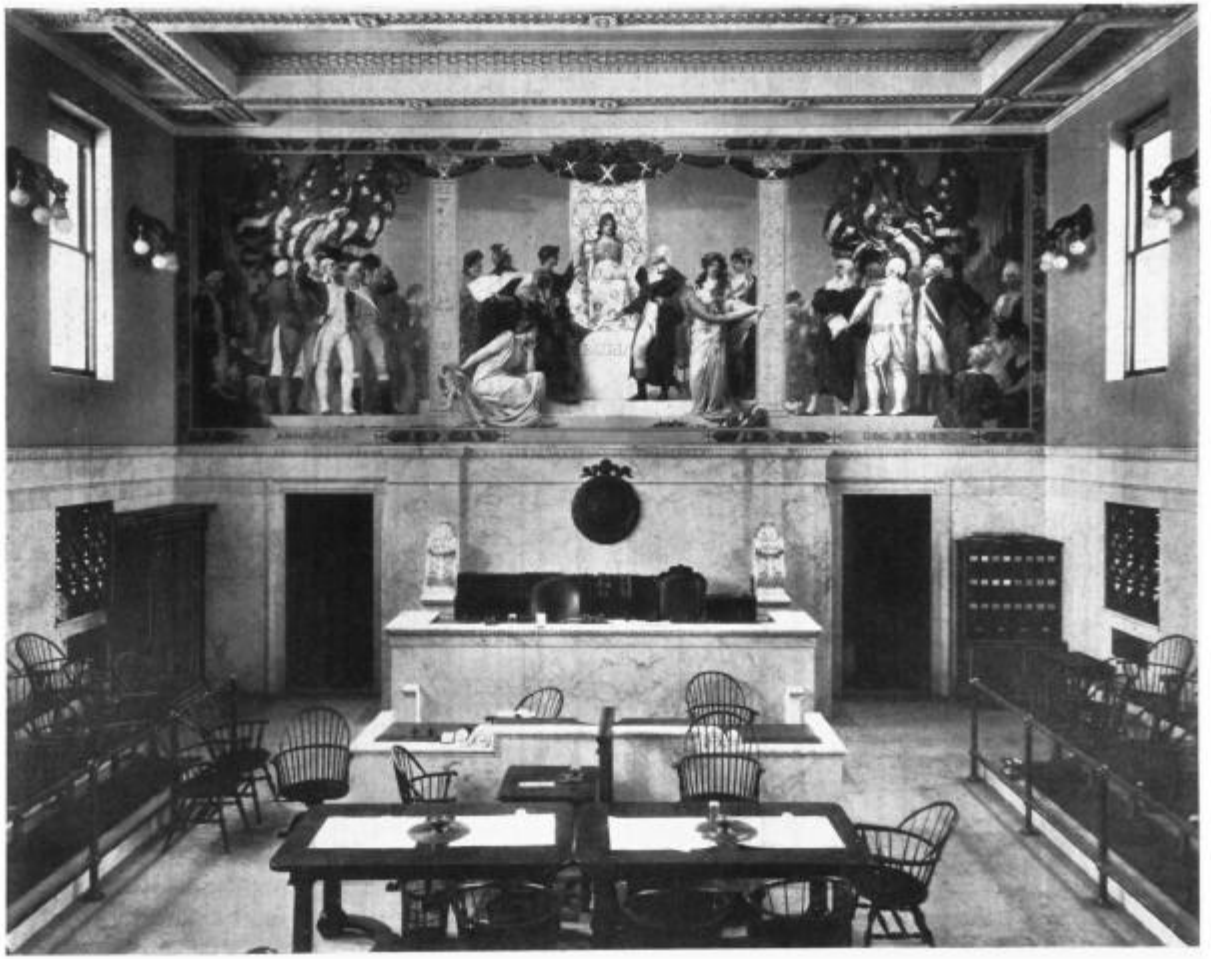


JUDGE HENRY D. HARLAN.

STATUE OF JOHN EAGER HOWARD.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN MOUNT ROYAL SQUARE.

EUTAW PLACE FOUNTAIN.



*Edwin Blashfield.*

WASHINGTON SURRENDERING HIS COMMISSION.

*Edwin Blashfield.*

*C. Y. Turner.*

PROCLAMATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.
PANEL FROM "THE BURNING OF THE PEGGY STEWART."

*C. Y. Turner.*

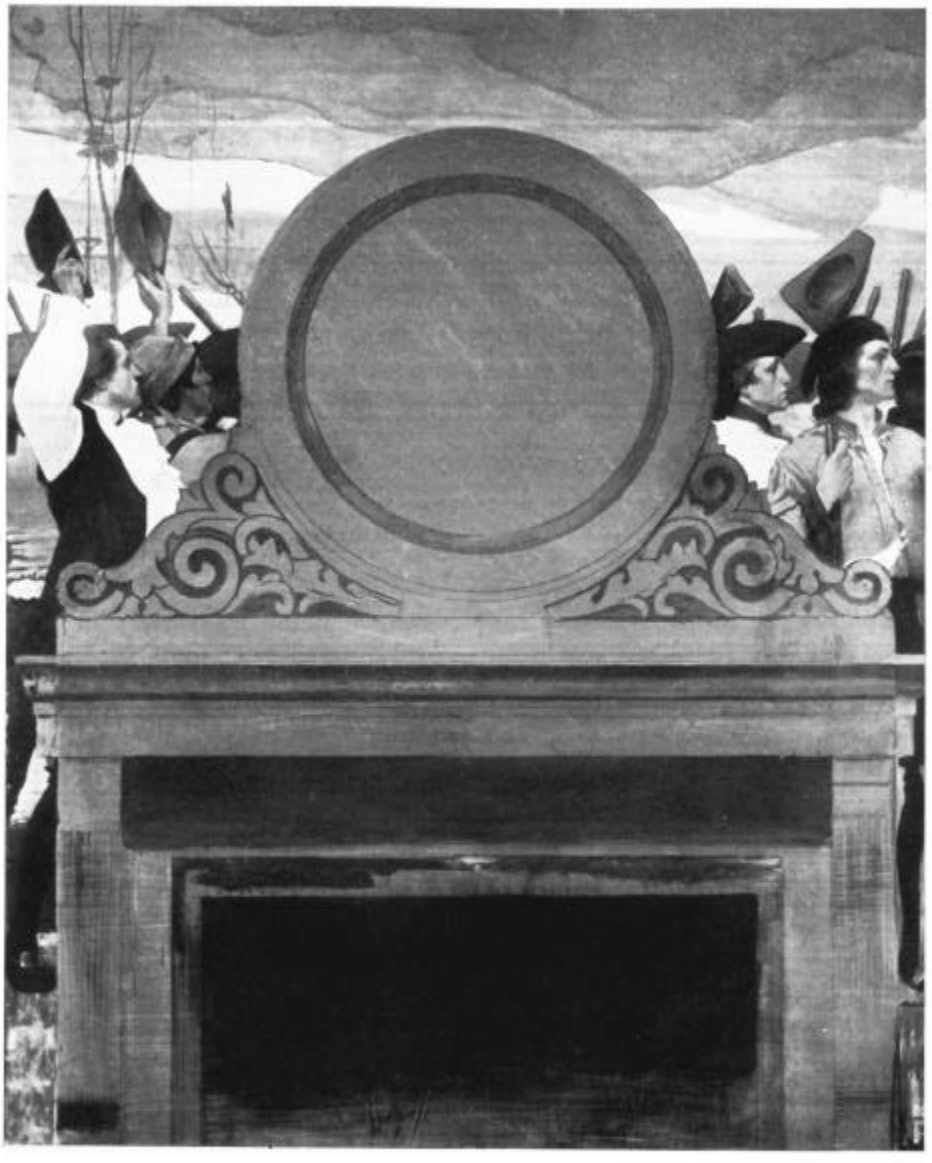
PANEL FROM "THE BURNING OF THE PEGGY STEWART."

*C. Y. Turner.*

PANEL FROM "THE BURNING OF THE PEGGY STEWART."

*C. F. Turner.*

PANEL FROM "THE BURNING OF THE PEGGY STEWART."



*C. T. Turner.*

PANEL FROM "THE BURNING OF THE PEGGY STEWART."

*C. Y. Turner.*

PANEL FROM "BARTER WITH INDIANS FOR LAND."

and the warehouse and shipping neighborhoods another. And where crooked and narrow streets had caused congestions and delays in traffic, it was decided that the more important thoroughfares should be widened, while new and improved methods of paving were devised and adopted.

Nor was the Committee unmindful of the water front. A series of docks was planned, and is now nearing completion, of which the cost is about five millions, irrespective of the ground value of the neighborhood. As a general aid to the improvement of the city, a sewerage system at the estimated cost of at least ten millions is now being planned, and another five millions will be devoted to improved pavements and to a projected system of school buildings which are to be adorned with fine mural paintings.

A VALUABLE lesson was taught by the fire to the authorities who are responsible for the safety and welfare of city property. This was the advisability of leaving about each one of the public buildings enough vacant ground to insure protection against any fire in the future. With this in view, enough land was condemned to give the Court-House, which formerly was bounded by narrow streets, a plaza one hundred feet wide before the west entrance. It has now been suggested that a number of old buildings in the neighborhood of the City Hall be torn down to provide room for an ample plaza to the north of that building. If the plan is adopted, the plaza will extend past the Post-Office. This is greatly to be desired, for the Court-House, City Hall and Post-Office, each occupying a solid square of ground, are now divided by wide streets, and the proposed plaza would prove of estimable value from a decorative point of view, not to consider the safety insured by such an arrangement.

Like many other large manufacturing cities, Baltimore is confronted with two great evils, the pall of smoke and the railroad crossings in crowded and important districts. There is hope that the first nuisance will be remedied, for such pressure has been brought to bear that action is promised at the coming session of the Legislature. Legislation to remedy the smoke evil has been attempted and frustrated a number of times. Open spots in railway tunnels, combined with the use of soft coal for manufacturing purposes, has resulted in

the constant presence of thick clouds of grimy smoke overhanging the city, soiling and discoloring the buildings which would otherwise be beautiful, as well as poisoning the atmosphere, until the nuisance has become so unbearable that early action to remove it is inevitable. Plans are also under discussion for the removal of railway crossings where they occur in the heart of the city. Unfortunately, several of the most important stations of the railroads entering the city are now located in this crowded business district, but the danger as well as the ugliness of the crossings is so great that immediate action to abolish them is expected. A suggestion has been made and approved by many public spirited citizens that the railroads unite in unloading freights and wares in the outlying depots. If this reform is accomplished, the greatest eyesore that mars the beauty of the city streets will be removed. One railroad which now has a station down town has nearly completed a depot and wharves on the water front, and this is expected to remedy conditions so far as the other roads are concerned.

Known for years as the City of Monuments, Baltimore within the past few years has been enriched by offerings which have almost doubled its former supply. The oldest, of course, is the Washington Monument, the cornerstone of which was laid July fourth, 1815. The last to be dedicated was the Watson Monument, erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy in Mt. Royal Square. One of the latest additions is the Howard statue, recently erected in Mount Vernon Place, already famed for its Barye and Reinhardt bronzes, and for the fountains patterned after those of Versailles. The Art Society is now considering the plan of erecting a monument to the late Mayor, whose death unfortunately occurred just at the time when the work of improvement in which he was so interested was shaping itself to successful completion. If the monument is raised, it will be placed within the burnt district, at a place where a triangular plot is made by the joining of two wide streets.

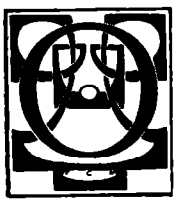
ALMOST the first accomplishment of the Municipal Art Society was the placing of the celebrated mural paintings in the Court house, and when it was known that such men as John La Farge, Edwin Blashfield and C. Y. Turner were engaged for the work of decoration, it was made plain that Baltimore had taken a

long step in advance along the lines of civic art. The unveiling of Turner's first picture, "The Purchase of land from the Indians," was made an occasion of public rejoicing, and the pride of the citizens has increased with the placing of each addition to this group of beautiful mural paintings. The "Burning of the Peggy Stewart," equally happy as commemorating an important event in the history of Maryland, shares with its predecessor the privilege of decorating the wide corridor of the Criminal Court, situated upon the first floor of the building. On the same floor, at the other end of the building, will be placed the La Farge panels of "The Lawgivers." These will be shown to excellent advantage by an ample sweep of wall space within the entrance facing the new plaza. The panels will include the eminent lawgivers from the days of Moses, and their completion depends upon the will of Mr. La Farge, who refuses to be hurried in a work of such importance. Some question has been raised as to the fitness of the subject chosen, as the other paintings in the Courthouse are distinctly commemorative of epochal events in the history of Maryland, but the final decision has been that the world-wide scope of a series of panels representing the great lawgivers of all history lends a dignity and breadth to the whole scheme of decoration that might have been lacking had the paintings been confined in subject to the presentation, whether direct or allegorical, of scenes from local history alone.

On the floor above are the Blashfield paintings, the beautiful allegorical representation of "The Proclamation of Religious Liberty," and the splendid and dignified historic painting entitled "Washington Surrendering His Commission." These are subjects admirably chosen for the place, on the principle that a decoration should be the outgrowth of the conditions which brought it forth, and related to the surroundings amid which it is placed.

Both in the art treasures spared by the fire and in the new plans made necessary by the wholesale destruction, Baltimore is fortunate, and when the present plans for civic improvement are carried out in their entirely, the Baltimore of the future will equal in beauty any city in America.

# THE WAY OF THE PUSHCART MAN: BY BERTHA H. SMITH



NE day about twenty-five years ago a board with Hebrew characters on it was swung from the doorway of an East Side shop. The Irish- and German-Americans who had pre-empted that part of New York looked at the strange sign in passing, and marveled. Had they known, the sign was very like that which Wahb, the Grizzly, left on the trees of his range in the Lower Piney and Meteetsee Cañons. Translated, not quite literally perhaps, it read: "This is our ward. Keep out."

Without further warning the tide of Jewish immigration swept in, the strange horde settling down almost where their ships landed them, as those of other nationalities had done before them. Stealthily as the waters of a flood they spread through one ward, then another and another, until now one can walk miles of streets east of the Bowery and never see a Christian face. Nor was the limit of high tide reached with the overflow of the lower East Side. The bounds of the great New York Jewry have been broken as the increasing thousands have brought the Jewish population to nearly one-sixth of all Greater New York, which has become in a couple of decades the greatest Jewish city in the world. Now every borough has its quota, for of the 1,136,240 Jews in the United States more than half have elected to stop where they first set foot upon a soil that promised them freedom and equal rights with other citizens, regardless of inducements offered them to go into less densely populated parts of the country.

The Jew is well fitted for city life. The city's jostling, crushing, heartless competition has no terrors for him. In these twenty odd years since he discovered New York, the Jew has not been idle. Freed from Old World restraints he has made his way into every line of work that promised profit. The student has entered the arts and professions, the artisan has joined the working masses, and those who because of the strange restrictions of Russian law have no vocation have done the first thing that came to their hand. For the most part the Jew has had to begin at the bottom, for the average Jewish immigrant has little in his pocket after paying for his ticket. But he does not stay long at the bottom. For proof of this, run your eye down a business directory of New York. Mercantile, manufactur-

A TYPE OF THE PUSH-CART MAN.


FISH MARKET IN NEW YORK GHETTO.

"HE SELLS ANYTHING THAT ANYONE WILL BUY."

"THE PUSH-CART IS A MEANS TO AN END."

"HE WATCHES THE SEASONS."

ing, theatrical, banking interests—the Jew has worked himself to the top of them all. Literally, he has worked himself up. He does not wait for Chance to sweep him there. Names that were on the list of steerage passengers booked for America twenty years ago are to-day seen across the front of some of the largest shops in New York. Jews who once stood on a Ghetto corner with a kit of tools, waiting for odd jobs of carpentering, plumbing, glazing, are now rated at a million dollars. Jews who began with a basket or a pushcart are today bank directors.

IT is because of this that one takes thought of the pushcart man who may be seen some time, some where, on every street of New York. The pushcart man is not a pushcart man, as we speak of merchants, brokers, insurance men. He does not choose this way of making a living once and for always. The pushcart is a means to an end, and he is a pushcart man only until by means of his cart he can step to something higher. Then, as often as not, he straightway upon the pushcart turns his back, "scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend," which goes to prove how rapidly he absorbs a spirit abroad in this land that is more American than democratic.

In the beginning, however, it is different. Work, mean, hard, endless work, is the order of the Jew's life,—the Jew who has his way to make in this new world. Not only does he work unceasingly and without shame of his labor, but he is willing that his wife shall work, and his sons and daughters too; and so it is that the pushcart becomes a family affair. While the man goes to buy more goods, if sales have been quick, the wife takes his place at the cart; and when the day comes for him to make his first step higher, the wife takes the cart altogether—the wife, or a son or a daughter—for the time has not yet come to scorn the cart.

Very many Jews land in America who have not money to spare to rent a pushcart at fifty cents or a dollar a week from those who make a business of renting them, and so the start is made with a basket. There must be money to buy goods, for the poor Jew can get no credit at the markets where they pick up the odds and ends of damaged dry goods and decayed fruits and vegetables that the poorest offer. From out their greasy, worn purses they must count the pennies as they

buy. And it is a great day when the Jew leaves his basket at home and starts out for the first time with a cart.

Time and again New York retail merchants have made protest against the licensing of pushcart peddlers; and indeed, the few thousands of dollars derived from a four-dollar license fee and a two-dollar tax thereafter are a picayunish revenue to the city treasury. It is for something beside the money he pays that the pushcart man is tolerated. In the first place, the commission merchant is the pushcart man's friend and ally. In the great food markets the pushcart man makes for the commission man thousands of dollars by saving from the dump carloads of fruits and vegetables for which there are no other buyers. Consequently, to quote one of the largest fruit dealers in the New York market: "New York is known the country over as the best market for 'sick' cars. Whenever a carload of fruit goes bad, no matter where it chances to be, it is ordered to New York, for here it can be disposed of." The pushcart man who sells on Broadway will not buy "sick" fruit. The Broadway stream would pass his cart, leaving it high and dry. Where his customers demand the best, he buys the best. But in the tenement streets, among his own people, and the poor of all nations, he can sell fruit rotten from skin to core, and make money on it. The Ghetto housewife sees a bargain in bloated brown pears at a penny the dozen, and it is not the pushcart man's business to tell her they will be in a mush in her basket before she gets them home.

In the handling of fruits and vegetables the Jew has a rival in the Italian and Greek venders. These southrons know fruit as no Jew can ever know it, and the Jew is wise enough to see this and to keep away from these quarters where Italian fruiterers are thickest. In fact, outside the Ghetto, the Italian has almost a monopoly of the fruit trade; but where the Italian buys better fruit, the Jew buys better vegetables, and he does not stop at food stuffs. He watches the seasons, sells Christmas greens in their turn, and Easter novelties in theirs, the perennial souvenir postal, neckties, toys and cheap jewelry—anything that any one will buy.

HIGHER and mightier than the pushcart man's friend, the commission merchant, is the pushcart man's friend, the politician. It has been worth the while of New York State Senators to lend their aid in securing licenses for these poor

foreigners; and it was not so long ago that the police had orders to clear a certain East Side street of pushcarts that had stood there for years—Why? That a certain councilman, being appealed to by the ousted pushcart men, might prove himself their friend by having the privilege of the street returned to them. The Jews in their dismay did not suspect the trick, but they were not left to guess as to the political Moses who was to ease the hardships inflicted by the unknown Pharaoh. It is significant, too, of the pushcart man's power in politics that he is granted many privileges in the weeks immediately preceding election. During the great Jewish festival of Rosh Hashana that leads up to Yom Kippur, the day of atonement,—a date that falls conveniently near election time—the Jew is above all law in his Jewry. He keeps his markets open on his own and the Christian Sabbath, with his carts on either and all sides of the streets, as he pleases, and at all hours. The police have orders not to see what on the day after election is a violation of law. And, oh, the sorrow and the surprise and the satire of it to many a politician whose motto is "A vote for a favor, and a favor for a vote." The privileges do not always bring in their weight in votes.

If you would know why, ask the fish peddler, the banana man, the man with a world-old tragedy in his face and a cartful of broken crockery to sell, what his politics are, and with upraised palms, a shrug and drooping eyelids, he will say: "My politics iss money. Which vay I vote? For money." Graft is not new to the Jew. Over there in the Russian pale the Jew has known for years the crooked palm of the Russian police, the Governor's clerks and secretaries,—yes, even of judges and of governors. The corruption of Russian officials is the one thing that makes life bearable to many Jews within the pale. The Jew can own no land, unless by crossing the palm of some official he is allowed to buy or lease in the name of a Russian peasant. If he would trade outside the pale, it is only by closing eyes and ears of police or supervisors by an application of rubles to the crooked palm. Here there is a slightly different phase of things in that he finds himself possessed of a vote that serves often in place of money in blinding police or buying something from the ward boss. His wants here are not as vital to him, and not many elections pass over the immigrant Jew's head before he learns that if he has no favors to ask his vote is worth cash.

## THE WAY OF THE PUSHCART MAN

He takes all he can get and becomes, by no means seldom, an anarchist in spirit, if not in deed. The sudden release from oppression, suspicion and fierce prejudice is too much for the poorer and more ignorant of the refugees. They resent authority, having been victims of its abuse, and it would be hard to find anywhere severer critics of a government under which for the first time they have a vote to sell—something to give as well as to ask. In the upheaval of ideas and ideals that marks the Jew's adjustment to new conditions, an upheaval that often disturbs the very roots of Jewish faith, one part alone of the Jew's creed remains absolutely unimpaired. This is his belief in work.

NO one knows when the struggling Jew sleeps. In the words of one of them: "This is the secret of the Jew's success: if he knows a dollar is to be made at midnight, he is on hand at midnight just the same as if it were mid-day. He does not ask for an eight-hour day. He has no fear of over-time."

Perhaps the Broadway pushcart man is not at his place by daybreak; he knows the Broadway buyer is not there. But be sure he is not in his bed. He is abroad with the day's first hours, in the bleak dark of winter, in the close, hot dusk of summer mornings. Along the deserted streets, whose rows of houses are full of breathing dead, these pariahs of all nations are hurrying, each hoping to be first at the great markets where their pushcarts are stocked for the day. More often than not they are pushing before them their carts, ready when the goods are bought to go at once to some place where many passersby and a not too unfriendly policeman give a chance for business. In the wholesale markets the bitter rivalry of these curbstone merchants is more apparent than when they stand side by side hawking for trade. If goods are sold at auction, as at the fish market, the struggle is fierce. Here men and women forget their sex, forget almost that they are human, in their passion of buying—buying cheap. They crowd about a newly opened box of fish like buzzards over a carcass, and outbid one another as if inspired by personal hatred, to find many times, when too late, that the fish bought is old or that the price paid in the heat of the struggle is more than the fish will bring at retail. Nor is competition less strong between Jews than when a

Jew meets in the market his Italian and Greek rivals. A rival is a rival, even though he be of kin. Where goods are not sold at auction, the price is less variable. It is only when something edible must be saved from the dump that the buyer pays just what he pleases.

After the passion of competitive buying comes the patience in waiting for customers. Here again a strong racial trait is to the fore. A score, a hundred rebuffs from those who for even the tail of a glance are besought to buy, cannot kill the patient hopefulness. As eagerly as before the vendor turns to the next, and for one to look twice toward the cart, to pause, to ask a price, is to make him forget the dull hurt of the hundred rebuffs and be keen for a possible sale. The price need never stand in the way, and if the prospective customer seems about to pass on, always it is: "Vell, what you vant to pay? I vant to make a beezness mit you." And, perhaps, with a whimper: "I haf sold noding to-day. I must make a beezness mit you—what you vant to pay?" And a very small margin of profit will do. Why not, with only two dollars a year rent for all outdoors, and nothing for clerk hire?

But it is not by work alone, mean, hard and endless, that the pushcart man succeeds. It is also by a following of that golden rule of always earning a little and always spending a little less. Ever before the pushcart man's eye floats a vision. At first it is a picture of a thatched cottage in some dreary village of the Russian pale, where a woman waits for money to buy steerage passage for herself and children that he counts on the fingers of one, or both, of his hands. It is a picture that blinds the eyes of the pushcart man to the sneering looks, and closes his ears to the taunts of rude fellows who do not honor his industry, who see nothing pathetic in the patient, abject figure guarding the cart.

After a while the vision changes. Now the wife is here, and has taken her place by his side, and together they work that their children may be well enough dressed to go to school and be free from the jibes of their playfellows. And beyond is another dream,—of a little store somewhere, with his name in white letters on the glass front. Beyond that the visions loom large and vague,—the ownership of part or all of a tenement, then a bigger store, and more property, and a home on one of the fashionable avenues. There is no limit to them, nor to the work that will help to make the dreams come true.

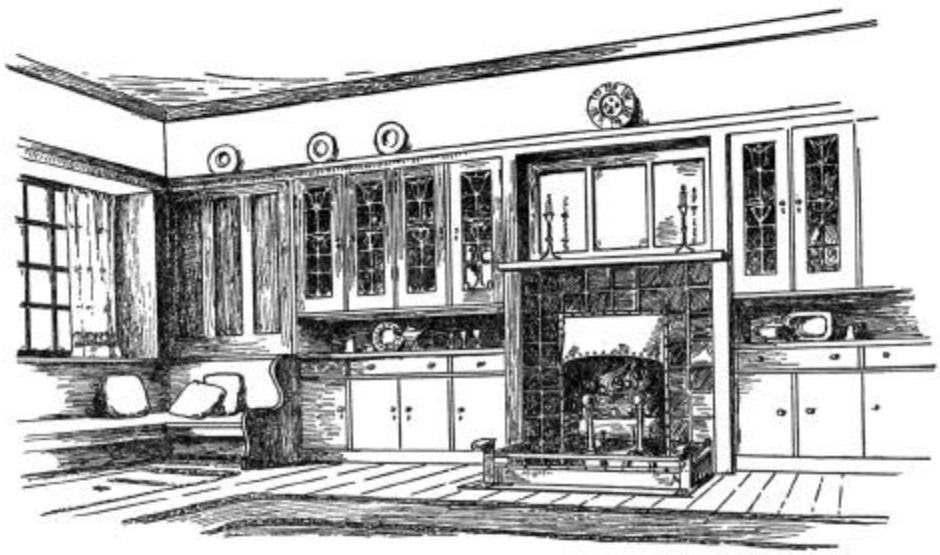
And so it happens that as the basket was discarded for a pushcart in the very first days, so the pushcart is in time abandoned for the little shop as full of goods on the outside as it is within. Perhaps at first the pushcart is not abandoned entirely, but is sent out with goods from the store, in charge of the wife or an older son who has not yet grown ashamed of his father and his father's ways.

Once he has become a merchant, the steps are slower so far as appearance goes, for it takes a Jew a long time to learn to spare money for display in business, or to care to appear other than the unkempt, half-beggar-like person that landed at Ellis Island with all his belongings in a pack on his back. Once a merchant, he is less picturesque and pathetic than when he stood at the curb beside a cart half buried in snow shoveled back from the car tracks, himself bundled in all the clothes he owned to ward off the cold; or under the savage, blistering sun of midsummer, patient and eager as ever; or when a beating rain has scattered less earnest ones to the nearest shelter, and he threw an oiled cover over his cart and stood there dripping as long as there was chance of a sale. Once a merchant, he realizes that the New World has begun to keep its promise to him; that here is an opportunity big enough for all the ability he has; that the man who never gets away from the pushcart in America has none to blame but himself. Only those who begin at the cart when they are very old can get no farther.

This is the way of the pushcart man, the way of the army of pushcart men, twenty-five thousand strong, which travels the streets of New York; which turns whole blocks of the East Side Jewry into a bazaar, with high-piled carts lining the curb; which has invaded Little Italy, where Jews and "ginneys" come into open competition; and which, of a Saturday, forms the Paddy's Market of the West Side, the Jew catering to the Irish tenementer,—the same he drove from the lower East Side some twenty years ago. The way of the pushcart man is hard; but it is one of the straight and narrows ways that leads to success.

# THE DINING ROOM AS A CENTER OF HOSPITALITY AND GOOD CHEER

NEXT to the living room, the most important division of the lower floor of a house is the dining room. The living room is the gathering place of the household,—the place for work as well as for pleasure and rest, but the dining room is the center of hospitality and good cheer, the place that should hold a special welcome for guests and home folk alike. Instead of being planned to fulfill manifold functions like the living room, it has one definite use and purpose,

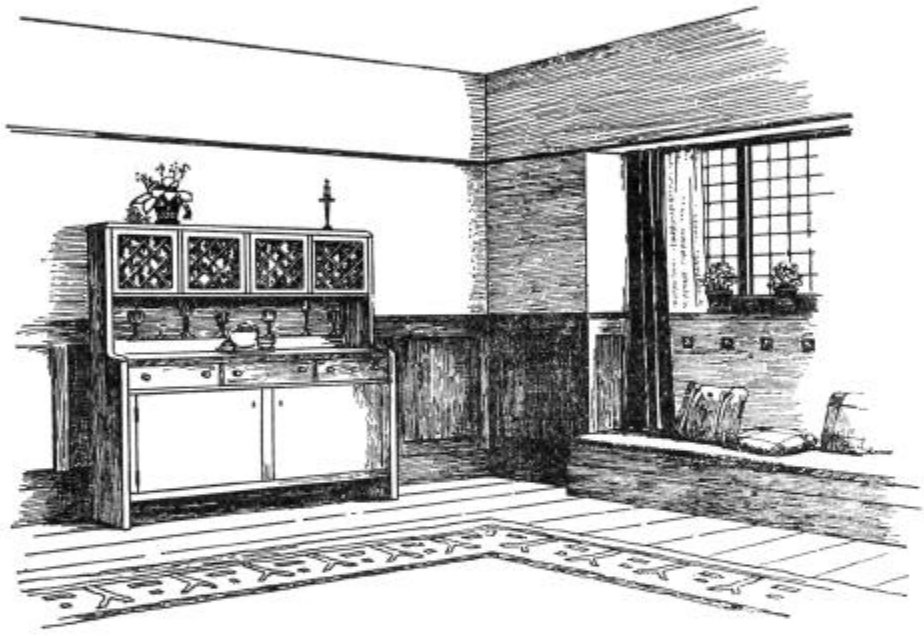


END OF DINING ROOM—MAIN FEATURE, FIRE-PLACE FLANKED BY CHINA-CUPBOARDS.

and no disturbing element should be allowed to creep in. Under ordinary circumstances, its use is limited to a small part of the day, so that in its arrangement and color scheme, a latitude is permitted which would not be found advisable in a living room. This latitude, however, does not extend to furniture and such accessories as pictures and bric-a-brac. A well-arranged dining room, more than almost any other room in the house, rejects any but the absolutely necessary furnishings. If the wall spaces are well divided and the color scheme rich and interesting, there is no need for pictures,—which usually seem out of place in a dining room,—and the shining array of silver, glass and china on sideboard, shelves or plate-rack leaves nothing lacking in the way of appropriate ornamentation.

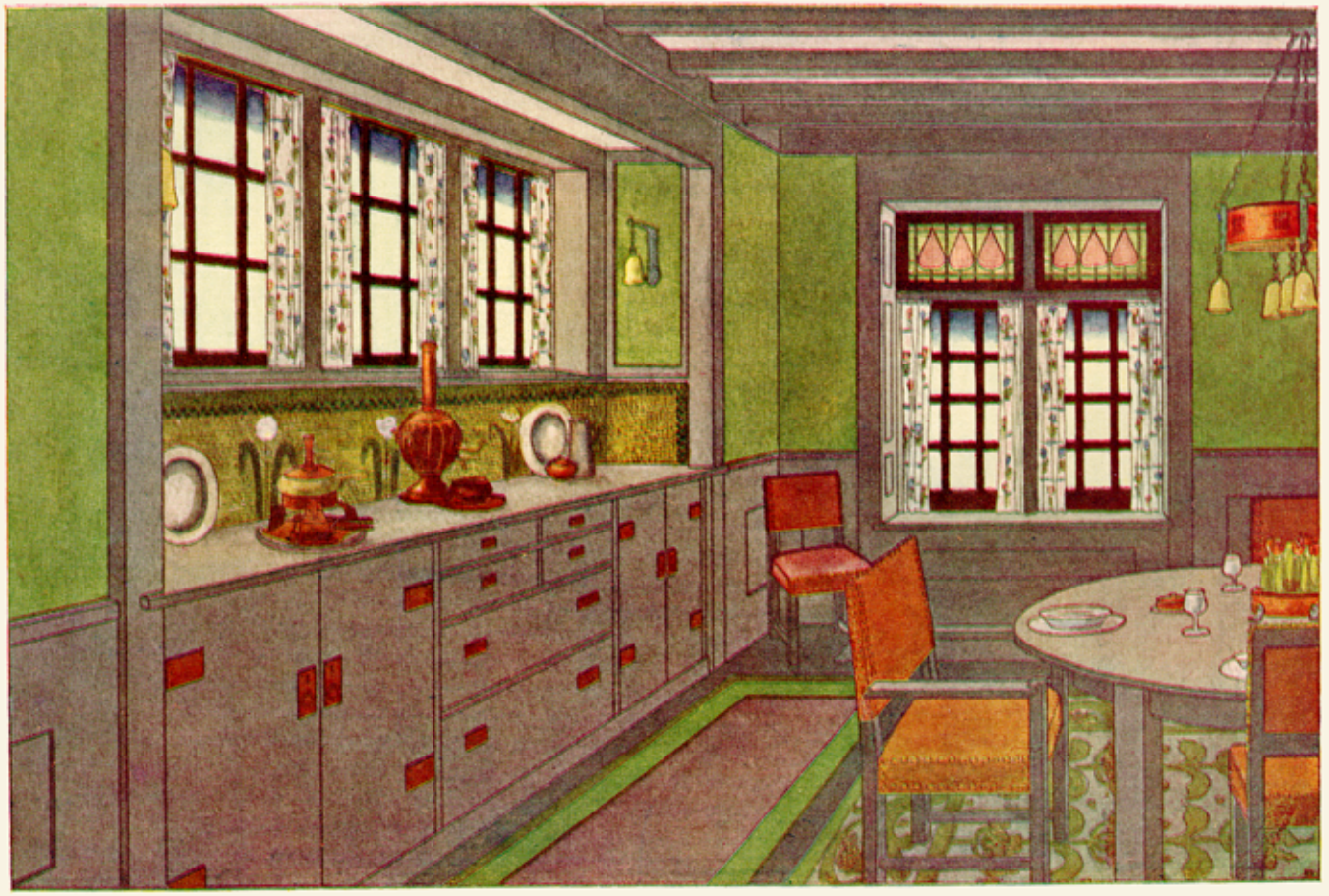
## THE DINING ROOM

In planning a dining room, two considerations take equal rank,—convenience and cheerfulness. Convenience must come first, for in a carefully planned house the work of the household is made as easy as possible. Hence it goes without saying that the dining room should be in such relation to the kitchen that the work of serving meals goes on with no friction and with as few steps as possible. A noiseless and



CORNER OF DINING ROOM, SHOWING WINDOW SEAT AS CENTRAL FEATURE.

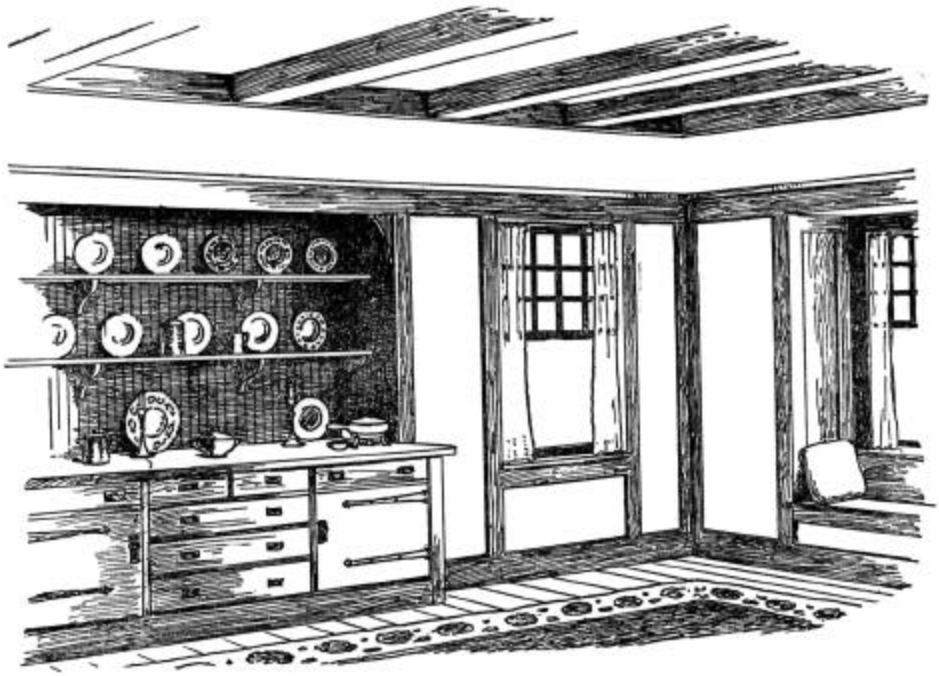
well fitted swing door serves as a complete bar to sounds and odors from the kitchen, even if the connection is direct. If a butler's pantry is preferred for convenience in serving, it would naturally be placed between kitchen and dining room. Much time and many steps are saved if the principal china cupboard is built in the wall, with doors opening on both sides, so that dishes may be put away after washing without the necessity of carrying them into the dining room. Such an arrangement results in a great saving of broken china as well as in added convenience. This kind of a china cupboard may be made very decorative by putting small-paned or leaded glass doors on the



A CRAFTSMAN DINING ROOM, WITH RECESSED SIDEBOARD SHOWING TILING ABOVE

dining room side, and the wooden doors at the back treated like the wood trim of the room, make an effective setting for the china.

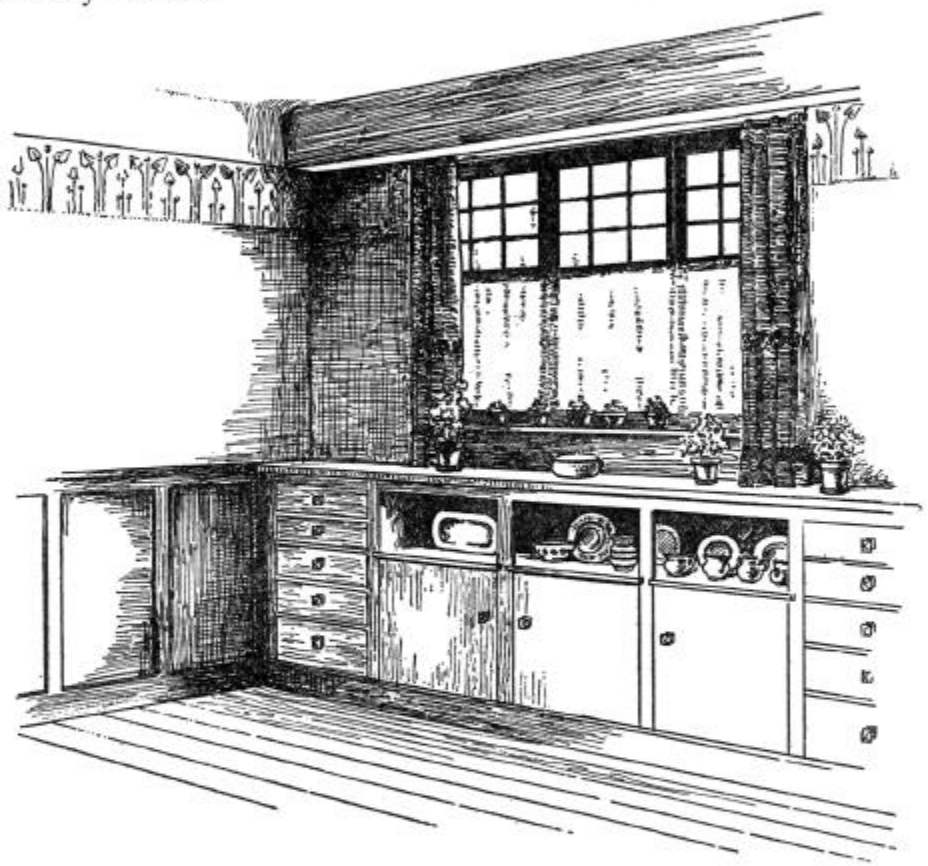
If possible, the dining room should have an exposure that gives it plenty of light as well as air. The windows play such an important part in the decoration of the room that a pleasant outlook is greatly to be desired. The brilliancy of a sunny exposure may always be tempered by a cool and restful color scheme in walls and woodwork. On



BUILT-IN SIDEBOARD, WITH SHELVES ABOVE FOR DISHES.

the other hand, if the room has a shady exposure and threatens to be sombre on dark days, the atmosphere of cheerfulness may be given by the warmth of color in the room. A richness and decision of wall coloring that would grow wearisome in a room lived in all the time has all the pleasant and enlivening effects of a change when seen occasionally in a dining room. If, as is often the case nowadays, the dining room is a part of the living room, it is well to plan it in the nature of a large recess. In that case, the color scheme should of course be in close harmony with that of the living room, but even then

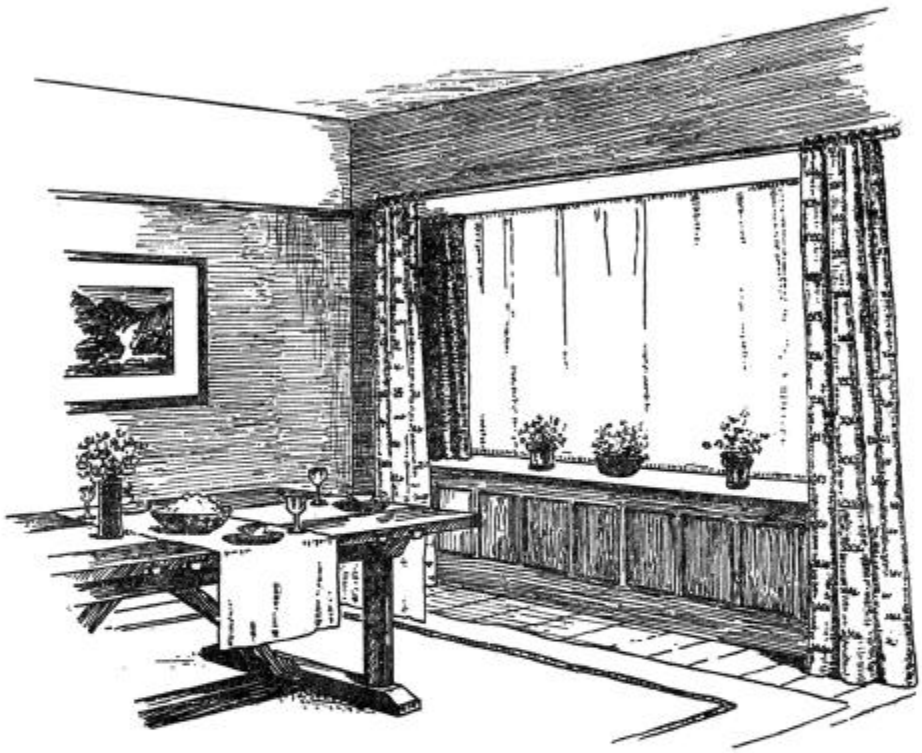
it may strike a stronger and more vivid note in the walls, while the woodwork remains uniform throughout. A large screen placed in the opening of the recess may be made very decorative if it serve as a link in the color scheme as well as the leading element in that pleasant little sense of mystery that always accompanies a glimpse of something partially unseen.



BUILT-IN SIDEBOARD, WITH WINDOW ABOVE.

Nowhere more than in the dining room is evidenced the value of structural features. Almost all the decorative quality of the room depends upon them. In addition to wainscot and ceiling beams,—or instead of them if the room is differently planned,—the charm of well-placed windows, large and small; of built-in cupboards, sideboards and cabinets for choice treasures of rare china or cut glass; of shelves and plate-rack, of window-ledge and window-seat, and,

above all, of big, cheery fire-place, is as never-ending as the ingenuity which gives to each really beautiful room exactly what it needs. As in all rooms, there should be one central structural feature which dominates all the rest. Some examples of these ruling features are given in the accompanying illustrations. In one case a wide window



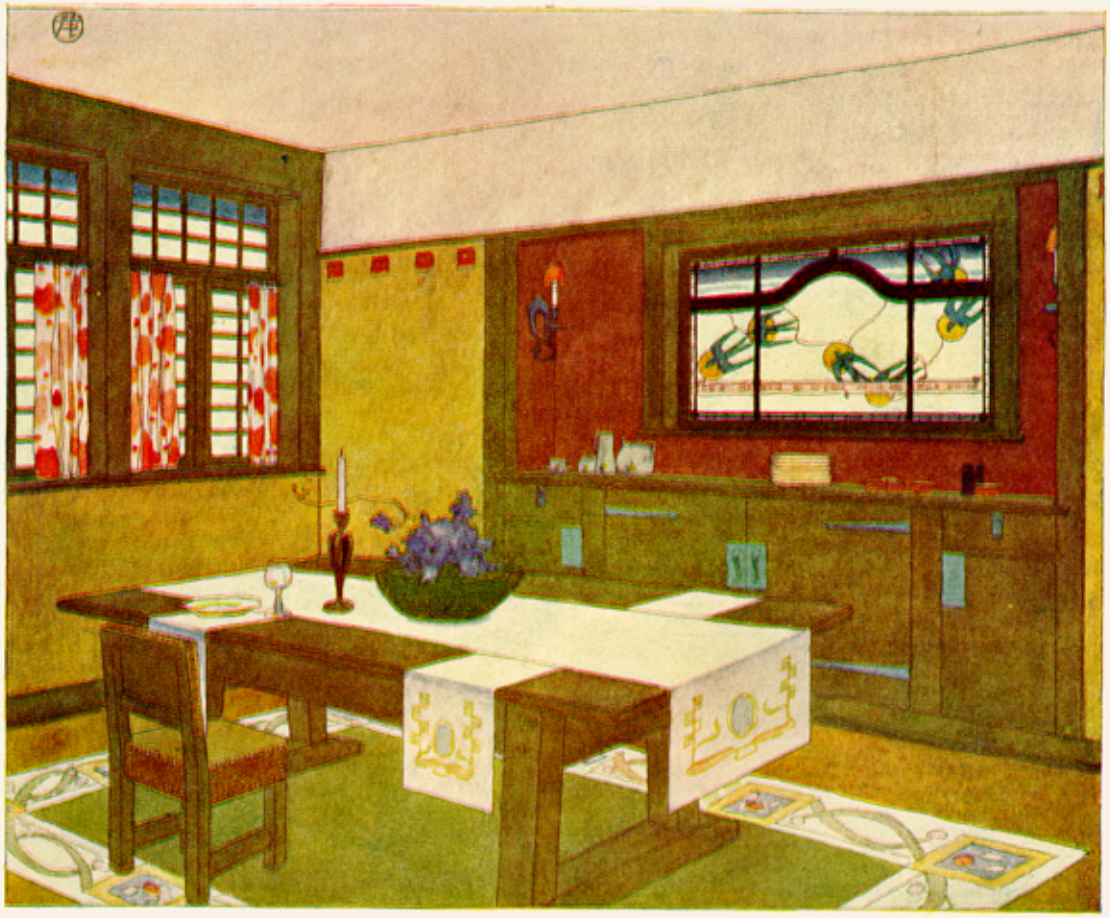
CORNER OF DINING ROOM—PRINCIPAL FEATURE, BROAD RECESSED WINDOW.

is recessed, with a broad ledge for the growing things that always add beauty and life to a room; another recessed window shows small-paned casements with plant-ledge and a well-cushioned window-seat below; still another window is just above the broad built-in sideboard, which has cunningly-planned recesses above the three central cupboards. A simple but very effective recessed sideboard is surmounted by shelves for the display of favorite jugs and platters, and one of the most satisfactory structural devices shows a china cupboard on either side of the fire-place at the end of the room, and a built-in seat running

down the side and ending in a quaint angle which fills the corner. The two color plates show beautiful examples of built-in sideboards surmounted by windows, as well as unusually effective color schemes.

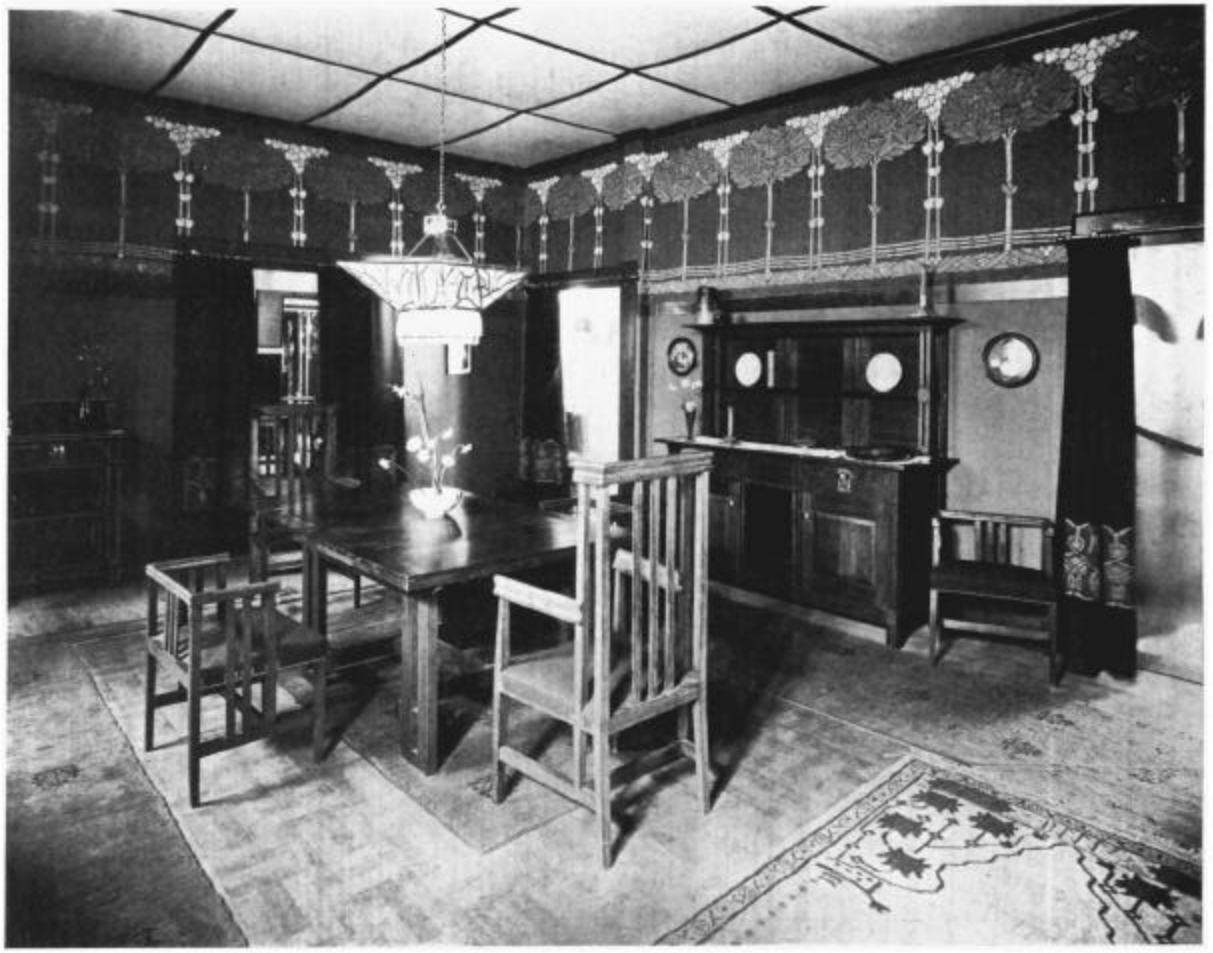
Fortunately placed indeed is the dining room which opens out on a porch that may be used for meals out-of-doors. In summer, the pleasure of an outdoor meal is beyond question, as it combines the comforts of home with the sensation of a picnic, and even in winter a porch,—if recessed so much the better,—glassed in to serve as a sun parlor, may be the scene of many a delightful breakfast or luncheon on mild days. A door opening from the dining room upon either porch or garden is always to be desired, as it brings that sense of outdoor air and freedom that is beyond all things cheerful and bright.

In cottages and country homes it is often a pleasant as well as a perfectly practicable thing to combine dining room and kitchen, and many small houses are now planned with that end in view. Few rooms are much more inviting than a large, well-arranged, perfectly-kept kitchen. It has in itself a homely beauty that seems to have descended from the days of our great-grandmothers,when the famed New England kitchen was in its prime as the favorite resort of the family. Where no servants are kept, and the housewife is such in fact as well as in name, the kitchen is a place very different from the hard-used and untidy realm tenanted by the endless procession of cooks in a city house. With a hooded range, kept in perfect order, there need be no distasteful odor of cooking; modern plumbing does away with the eyesore of the old-fashioned sink, and in these days of enamelled kitchen ware in blue and white and chocolate brown, the rows of pots and pans may be almost as ornamental as the plate racks and well-stocked dressers. A recess in such a kitchen, or even one end of the plain, square-cornered room itself, may well serve as a most comfortable and homelike dining room for a family that "does its own work" and enjoys doing it. A pleasant color scheme for walls and woodwork is as possible in a kitchen as in the most elaborate dining room, and its necessary simplicity is usually an added charm. The furniture of such a kitchen-dining room would of course be simple and substantial, and everything in the room capable of feeling a special affinity for soap and water, from the fresh muslin or homespun window curtains to the prettily-painted walls and the spotless floor.



A CRAFTSMAN DINING ROOM, WITH BUILT-IN SIDEBOARD AND RECESSED WINDOW

AN ENGLISH DINING-ROOM WITH COLOR SCHEME OF STRONG YELLOW AND BLACK.



AN ENGLISH DINING-ROOM DONE IN RED AND SOFT GREEN.

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF GRAFT

THE standard of success is changing. It is coming to be achievement, rather than possession; what a man does, rather than what he has; ability, not respectability, at least not respectability based on freedom from manual work.

What is the philosophy of graft? To get all one can without caring to give value received. It is a relic of the predatory stage of development—the days when riches rather than achievement was the measure of success.

The philosophy of graft is being undermined by physiology and psychology as well as by ethics. Certainly every normal man wants money, the goods of life that money can buy. But the grafter, the man who doesn't earn that money, misses half his life. The man who works is the man who is healthy, hopeful, happy as well as moral. The man who does not work becomes unhealthy, morbid. He resorts to vice, because he lacks the expulsive interests of creative work. It is not merely that he occasionally runs into a Folk or a Jerome, but he misses the pleasure of doing things worth while.

There is a joy in workmanship. An artisan will tell with pride of the buildings he has put up or the machines he has managed.

There is joy in running a machine just as there is in managing a productive enterprise. Armour kept to his office because he enjoyed his work. He could nowhere else so surely get ten hours' fun a day.

It was said that work itself is a pleasure. This is true if one can do something that is wanted and can do it well. With technical skill he can give his work artistic finish and gain the artists delight in creation. The drudgery of work comes either from lack of skill or lack of strength. The strength is a matter of length of working day. The skill is a matter of industrial education.

Most people can do something useful if they try. All children, practically, can be trained to technical skill which will render work an artistic enjoyment, not drudgery.

This emphasis on industrial training in our day is not gross materialism. It is the higher, more practical, idealism, that of mastering things for human ideals.

This is coming to be an age of technical education. When all are able to work usefully and see that there is joy in useful work, it will cease to be the age of "graft."—*The Manual Arts Booklet.*

# YAMEI KIN AND HER MISSION TO THE CHINESE PEOPLE: BY JAMES KAY MACGREGOR.

T is precarious business to predict history. But those who live to read a history of China for the first quarter of the twentieth century should look for the name of Yamei Kin. If it is not there, the signs will have failed.

Yamei Kin is a Chinese woman who has already been hailed as a second Aspasia. Awhile ago she came to America to live and look about her and learn. Now she is going back to China to live and look about her and see how she can best use what she has learned. Men's heads have come off in China for less than Yamei Kin proposes to do; for with half a world between her and the Dragon throne she frankly avows a purpose of helping to shape the destiny of China. It may be, as Yamei Kin avers, that the Empress Dowager is less constrained by hidebound conservatism than we think, but it is none the less true that she and her counsellors are jealous of their prerogative and have hurried into a limbo more or less final many who have presumed too far.

For any other woman than Yamei Kin, then, this purpose might sound over-bold. But Yamei Kin is no ordinary woman. To begin with, she is a woman of rare mental gifts. Added to this she has had rare advantages of education, and still more rare opportunities to further her education by observation and intimate study of conditions not only in her own country, but in Japan and America. She has a natural charm of manner combined with the art of the politician and the tact of the diplomat. Those who know Yamei Kin best will doubt least the outcome of her purpose.

Fate has dealt whimsically with Yamei Kin. In the beginning she was given parents who dared think their own thoughts in China a half century ago. Her father was one of the early converts to Christianity, though Yamei Kin herself has gone back to the teachings of Confucius. Her mother, a little-foot woman, had the unusual advantage of a seminary education, and flew in the face of Chinese tradition by choosing her own husband.

They went to the same mission church, these two,—a church where boys and girls were divided by the centre aisle, Quaker fashion. But Chinese eyes were not set aslant for nothing, and soon a fine flirtation was in progress, with love notes on strips of rice paper hidden

under the doorstep by each. And by the time one of these notes, too hurriedly placed for concealment, fell into the hands of the missionary's wife, it was too late to do anything. The girl's mind was made up. As a matter of fact the missionaries winked at the match when they knew, for the boy had decided to become a minister and, in the opinion of missionaries, a minister should have a wife.

Such were Yamei Kin's parents, people of the mandarin class, the division of brain-workers, which constitutes the aristocracy of China. And right here, listen to what this Chinese woman says of the tendency toward the establishment of caste in the United States:

"It is shocking, the contempt your rich have for the poor. I have heard women speak most contemptuously of the serving classes, referring to them as menials, with their own servants standing behind their chairs. In my country a rich merchant of the educated class may be seen at New Year's time playing poker with his porter, as pleased to win five cents from him as a larger stake from a man of his own station. We have rank, but not snobbery; and China is to-day a much more democratic country than the United States. Any man may rise to any position if he works to deserve it, and while he is working his way up he is not treated with contempt by those who have already risen above him."

IN the matter of parentage Fate was kind to Yamei Kin. Independence was her birthright, a free mind her heritage. Then Fate took a cruel turn. At the age of two the child was left an orphan. An epidemic of fever swept over Ning-po, her birthplace, and she was bereft in a few short weeks of parents, relatives, friends.

This did not mean as much to the child of two as it has meant to the woman, and there is something wistful in the voice of Yamei Kin as she says:

"I have no home. I have headquarters here and there as I travel, but I can call no place home. It must be that I was born under a wandering star, and in my Chinese heart is a longing for a home where my ancestors have lived and died before me."

The little Yamei was adopted by the late Dr. D. B. McCartee and his wife, the missionaries who had abetted her parents in their marriage, and who afterward served a long term in the diplomatic service of this country in Japan.

Her foster parents took the greatest care with the child's education, and were wise enough not to Americanize her too much. She did not have to give up her chopsticks for knife and fork. She was allowed to wear her hair oiled flat to her head in front and in shiny braids behind, and run about in the quaint little embroidered breeches of Chinese girlhood. And before she was taught any of the English branches she was given the regular course in the Chinese classics and a course of study in Japan. Then they brought her to America to complete her education, for it had been decided that she should study medicine. She was still too young to enter college when she came to the United States, so she took a course at a preparatory school before entering the Woman's Medical College of New York, which is affiliated with Cornell.

"I did not exactly choose my profession," says Dr. Kin. "It was the result of my study of natural sciences, in which I became interested through my foster father's researches."

She says this as though it were a common enough thing for a Chinese girl in her teens to dabble in sciences. This is because she belongs to the literary or student class of Chinese, to which learning is the *sine qua non* of life. She admits it was something new for a Chinese woman to take a degree, and indeed Dr. Kin was the first one to do it, and that at a time when there were very few American women in the professions. She was graduated at the very earliest age at which a diploma could be granted by the college.

"I had the rather unusual advantage, too, of clinical practice," she added. "I have been surprised to learn on my return to this country that there are only two hospitals in New York where women are allowed as internes. Your men have allowed women to be stenographers and clerks and some other things that they do not care particularly about being, but they still guard the professions by seeing to it that they alone have such opportunities in education as that which clinical practise gives to medical students."

After a couple of years spent in special courses in Philadelphia and Washington, Yamei Kin returned to China with a well-earned M. D. to her name, there to compete with practitioners of the Oriental school who to this day dose their patients with decoctions of pulverized spiders and lizards and tiger's teeth.

Her medical practice brought her into close touch with her own

people, and she was now competent to draw comparisons between what she found there and what she had found here. Yamei Kin has a sense of humor as keen as a zero wind and a mind wholly free from prejudice. So fairly has her education been divided between East and West that she has two distinct, antipodal viewpoints. With the Oriental half of her she finds much to smile at, much to condemn, in us of the West. With the Western half of her she finds much to smile at, much to deplore, in her own country. She sees where each can teach, each learn. With this conviction she came again to America, this time not to study books, but people and things, to observe more closely the conditions of Western life.

And she has found that she can give knowledge while she gets. Already she has done much to give Americans an appreciation of a civilization which antedates their own by so many centuries, yet which from being too little understood is often undervalued. She began by giving talks before women's clubs in San Francisco and other western cities on the picturesque side of China, the home life, the arts, the literature, the religion of the Chinese. Gradually she found a larger audience, an ever-broadening interest. From San Francisco she went to Chicago, Boston, New York, where she gave talks in private houses and before serious-minded clubs and educational leagues, where people were more interested in hearing of the problems than of the pretty things of China. And in answer to the demand Yamei Kin talked less of the fans and embroideries and wedding ceremonies, and more of the *raison d'être* of this empire so paradoxical in its potentiality and its passivity.

"CHINA," says Yamei Kin, "has but now emerged from an ordeal similar to that which caused the downfall of the Roman empire. As the Goths and Visigoths swarmed down upon the Romans, so the Monguls and Manchus overwhelmed China, and it has taken all of the nation's strength for centuries to assimilate these two savage peoples, leaving none for China to keep up with the onward march of other countries. The country that stands still is left behind; but not going forward is not going backward. The Chinese are not degenerate, either physically, mentally or morally, and having completed this process of assimilation of alien peoples China is now ready to go forward.

"We have many problems in China, but we must work them out for ourselves. The Westerner cannot do it for us because he cannot understand the Oriental temperament. Of late many Chinese have visited Europe and America to study Western conditions. The result is that for the most part they have been swamped by this aggressive Westernism which insists upon being swallowed whole.

"Western civilization, particularly as developed in America, cannot be applied in its entirety to China. We must take into consideration the difference in temperament of the two peoples. China cannot turn her back on her centuries of history and tradition, even if she would. We must consider what she is and follow a constructive policy. We must not destroy to build anew. We cannot break up the family into individuals and work back again from the individual to the family. Conditions favored this re-constructive policy in America, but China cannot wipe out her past.

"Therefore it is necessary to select carefully and apply thoughtfully that which we need of western civilization and leave the rest to the West.

"Above all, I would have China cling to her own philosophy, which makes the individual not the center of the universe, each the axis on which his own little world revolves, but rather a part of the whole, in part the spiritual embodiment of one great spiritual whole. Thus the individual is free for unlimited development.

"Missionaries to China have meant well, and have done no harm. The positive good they have done has been rather physical than spiritual. In his habit of thought the Chinese is essentially spiritual. We live closer to Nature than you of the West. The commonest coolie can get something from Nature, a spiritual uplift, a strength and inspiration that the Westerner scarce understands. Here people take Nature according to their own moods. You go to the woods or stand before a mighty mountain, and if you are happy you find beauty and grandeur there. If your mood is awry, it means nothing to you. The beauty of Nature is merely subjective, gauged by your own feelings at the moment. I would not have the East learn from the West to measure a tree by the feet of lumber it will make, or a mountain by an engineer's chain.

"The first great lesson the East must learn from the West is political organization, the administrative function. China has a strong

social organization, but no political organization whatever. Our social strength is evidenced to some slight degree by the fact that with the thousands of Chinese in this country you never find one in your almshouses. No one ever sees a Chinese in a free soup booth, or standing in the bread line. At home we have our professional beggars, a regular band of them with a king for every village, and beggary is handed down from father to son. But away from home we take care of our own poor,—a thing which no other class of foreigners in this country can claim. Yet the Chinese in this country, like the people of other nations, are recruited from the ranks of the poor and unsuccessful at home.

"And here let me explain why these Chinese, poor and unsuccessful though they be, prove such powerful competitors to your own laborers. They have what we boast as a national trait,—thrift. A Chinese can live, and live well, on what the average American wastes. Chinese food is prepared with a view to economy and nutriment, as well as taste, and not with thoughtless extravagance. Then, too, pleasure is not a passion with the Chinese as it is with Americans. We have our pleasure-loving, pleasure-seeking classes, but the great mass of people does not strain every nerve to ape the pleasures of those who can afford to indulge themselves. The American masses are always straining for more money—why? That they may have more pleasure. They are always battling for shorter hours of labor—why? That they may have longer hours for pleasure. We like pleasure, too, but we take it in moderation, and I would not have China take this lesson from the West.

"After political organization our greatest need is in the solving of economic problems. Nor would I have China adopt wholesale American methods, but rather adapt those which suit their needs. For example, I should be sorry to see the introduction of machinery destroy the individuality that has marked our hand-made goods. And again, I should be sorry to see women crowded out of their rightful employment. Up to this time, where factories have been established in China, that part of the work which has always been women's work is still given to the women and they have not been left stranded without employment. This has not been the result of concerted action, but simply a natural and unconscious recognition of woman as an economic factor."

# YAMEI KIN

THESE are some of the doctrines that Yamei Kin is going back to China to teach, after several years of study of our social, political and economic conditions. She has made a systematic study of the United States and knows it as few foreigners have opportunity of knowing it. Her winning personality and her brilliant intellect have proved an open sesame all the way from the slums to the official circle in Washington. She has met and discussed these questions with many of the leading thinkers and doers, supplementing her own observations by the results of their extended study.

When Yamei Kin first conceived the idea of having an active part in the rehabilitation of China, she believed the most could be accomplished by seeking a position that would bring her into close and intimate relation with the Empress Dowager, and to this end she secured the influence of the Chinese minister at Washington, backed by that of President Roosevelt. Maturer consideration, however, has brought the conviction that the changes in China must be brought about not by working downward from the Dragon throne, but upward from the mass of four hundred million people, who are after all the real power in China.

"China," says Dr. Kin, "is a pretty democratic country. We blame everything on the governemnt, just as you do, but after all the people are to blame if they do not get what they want. You say the people rule this country, yet why did it take so long to get the Panama canal when everybody wanted it? Why did it take so long to get the subway in New York when everybody wanted it? You say it is the fault of the government, when the trouble is that the people have not wanted them hard enough. Some one has said that great minds have wills, feeble ones only wishes, and the fact is that 'we, the people,' seldom get beyond wishing, and 'we, the people' are the same in China, America and the rest of the world."

To rouse the people of China to a sense of their needs will be the first work of Yamei Kin. She goes from here to Chefoo where she will begin the dissemination of her ideas, helping the people to grasp and understand the problems which she holds must be solved from within and not from without.

DR. YAMEI KIN AT HOME.

*Arthur Putnam.*

# THE TYPICAL AMERICAN INDIAN IN BRONZE: WORK OF A YOUNG CALIFORNIAN SCULTOR. BY J. MAYNE BALTIMORE.

IT seems to have fallen to the lot of a young Californian sculptor, Arthur Putnam by name, to perpetuate in bronze the typical American Indian as he was in the days when none disputed his right to range and rule over the western plains. Mr. Putnam's statue is of heroic size, and he has caught the spirit, expression and attitude of the Indian as not another half-dozen sculptors in the world have done. Instead of the usual theatrical conception of the "noble red man" in full panoply of war, posed as impressively as possible and looking like an illustration from one of Fenimore Cooper's novels, this statue represents an Indian who typifies, as unconsciously as a forest animal, the native poise and dignity of mind, as well as the grace and strength of body, of man untrammeled by civilization.

This Indian has been on the trail, and a mountain lion, the spoil of his bow and arrow, lies on the boulder against which he leans. The limp carcass of the big beast, flung like a discarded blanket over the rock, is a perfect foil to the lithe strength of the figure, so vital in its repose, that leans against it. The hunter is nude, save for the breech-clout of the southern Indian, and every line of his stalwart frame, lean, compact and muscular as that of a panther, tells the story of simple fare, hard exercise and natural living. His attitude is one of rest, yet he is hardly conscious of being tired. Given even the slightest arousing impulse, and every nerve and muscle would flash into alert action so instantaneously that it would be almost impossible to note the transition from repose. He is gazing at a far distant horizon, but his look is one of musing rather than watchfulness,—the musing of one who is in absolute and unconscious harmony with the world that bounds his life.

The statue, which is attracting wide attention, was made at the instance of a wealthy citizen of San Diego. It is destined for a gift to that city, and will stand in the Plaza, where, from its lofty pedestal, it may keep silent ward over the broad border lands once owned by men of like free and stately seeming.

# THE COMMON CHORD: A THANKSGIVING STORY. BY HARRIET JOOR

RANCIS THURSTON paused on the threshold of the workshop, balancing a cup of coffee in one hand and a plate of rolls in the other. Through the open door came the rhythmic whirr of a potter's wheel, and beyond the tubs of clay and great yellow crocks of glaze she caught a glimpse of a black cap upon a rough gray head, and of broad shoulders under a streaked white blouse.

So intent was the potter upon the mass of clay growing into shape beneath his hands, that he did not note his daughter's presence until her voice at his side called to him eagerly:—"There, father! That is lovely just so,—there—do not let it spread any more at the rim!"

With a last lingering twirl the man drew his foot from the treadle and bent to scan the vase with frowning intentness. "It is just as I planned it, Francis," he cried jubilantly, "just as I saw it in my mind!"

"Then, sir, I hope you will deign to eat your breakfast," the daughter answered with mock severity, as she cleared a mass of broken jugs and stilts from a corner of the table. "You were firing until after midnight, so I would not let Marie Celeste waken you for breakfast, and here you have been working all the while I thought you asleep!"

The potter laughed as he washed the clay from his hands; "I did sleep until six, Francis," he pleaded like a boy caught in mischief; "but this shape kept shining before my eyes,—a tall jar with the subtle curve of a magnolia bud;—see, do not the lines merge graciously? And it is to be glazed in dull yellows, deepening to tawny!"

"Like a faded magnolia blossom," the girl suggested roguishly; but a moment later she dropt a repentant kiss upon the stubborn gray curl on his temple. "It will be lovely, father! And what a fine lamp it will make! I will plan a glass shade for it, just the shape of a bell-flower. At Homon's they want more lamps."

"At Homon's?" The light faded from the potter's face and he broke a roll with savage energy; "Must everything I put my heart into be sold?—go out among people who care nothing—" "Never mind, father," the daughter interposed soothingly; "we will just keep this beauty as a Thanksgiving-day gift to ourselves! We have kept nothing but failures this year."

"It would not be so hard to sell them, Francis," the potter pursued querulously, "if there were any real feeling for beauty out there in the world; but beyond a few painters shut up in their studios and a group of students here and there,—there's none!"

"There you are mistaken, father," the girl answered softly from the doorway; "All about us there are people longing for the beautiful, groping blindly after it,—even as you and I."

"Then the longing is hidden so deep it never comes to the surface," the potter rejoined; but his daughter had vanished into the sunshine.

As she crossed the court-yard, Francis met an old quadroon woman scrubbing the narrow walk with her pail of brick-dust beside her, and the girl in passing laid a light hand upon the stooping shoulder. "You never tire of making things clean and sweet, do you, Mammy? I think that is your way of adding to the beauty in the world." Marie Celeste lifted puzzled eyes to the face bent above her, smiling vaguely because it smiled, but when a moment later Francis in hat and jacket passed again on her way to the street, the woman's glance followed her with loving, dumb intentness.

THE Rue Chartres was steeped in sunshine when Francis stepped into it; above high garden walls the green of oleanders and spiked yucca gleamed against the mellow reds and yellows of stucco dwellings; and afar, beyond the broken line of light-poised balconies and jutting gables, against the blue of the southern sky rose the cathedral's trinity of spires.

"The earth itself is keeping Thanksgiving," the girl whispered to herself as she entered a tiny shop, whose projecting windows, under the drooping pent-house shed, were filled with yellowing books and wood-cuts.

"Is Monsieur Jean within?" she asked of the smiling, blue-eyed proprietor. "But yes, mademoiselle;" and the little withered man, with eager courtesy, guided her through a labyrinth of dusty tomes to his lodger's door at the rear. "Monsieur Jean! Here is a lady to see you."

In the narrow zone of light about the one small window of the inner room an old man sat at work before a table strewn with tools and bits of leather. As Francis entered, he lifted shining, abstracted eyes,

blinking vaguely at her from his far dream-world. "What, Monsieur Jean, at work on Thanksgiving day?" the girl demanded gaily; "You are every bit as bad as father."

In joyful recognition the book-binder scrambled to his feet and hospitably emptied a chairful of books upon the floor. "Ah, I am glad to see you, mademoiselle! I have a great joy to tell you. Here—here—where are they now?"—fumbling with tremulous hands among the shadowy book-shelves. "Ah, here they are! The romances of the great Hugo, whom I so love; and I am left free to bind them just as I wish,—say what he means to me;—is not that a joy?"

"I think you keep Thanksgiving all the year, monsieur," the girl answered with whimsical tenderness, as the volumes were tumbled unceremoniously into her lap;—"Thanksgiving of the spirit. But to-night I want you to keep it in the flesh with us;—just an informal picnic supper at my home."

The recluse retreated in shy alarm; "I thank you, mademoiselle, but that—is—impossible. Why," in sudden ingenuous relief, "I have not any fine evening clothes, mademoiselle!" "But neither have father nor I, monsieur, and you will surely come! Why, no one ever refuses me anything, Monsieur Jean!"

Francis paused next at an old brick dwelling upon whose door a dingy placard proclaimed "Rooms to let;" and up one flight of stairs after another she climbed, to a broad low chamber under the very eaves. "A happy thanksgiving to you, Miss Marta," she cried gaily to the girl who met her at the landing.

"It is Miss Francis, Petria," Marta called back joyously over her shoulder to an older woman who sat at work close beside the dormer window. "Petria is trying to finish a strip of lace before to-morrow night," the younger sister explained with her quaint Russian accent.

"She knows she must never stop work for me, for I love to watch her fingers fly," Francis said, crossing the spotless room to Petria's side, "But I have come to invite you to a Thanksgiving picnic at my home to-night." The sisters looked at each other in startled dismay; "It is very sweet of you to ask us," Miss Petria murmured with delicate formality, "but we have no dresses and—" "Why, you can wear just the gowns you have on," Francis urged; "You surely, surely will not disappoint me! Think it over, and you will certainly come."

But it was with a heart very doubtful of success that she felt her way down the narrow stairs.

A few moments later she rang the bell at a gateway in the Rue Royal, and as the green wicket cut in the larger door, creaked ajar, a weazened black woman blinked up at her beneath a red and brown tignon.

"Is Madame Lambert at home, 'Toinette?" Francis asked, smiling into the near-sighted eyes. The brown wisp of a woman nodded in bright recognition; "Ah, yes, mam'selle! Madame Odille is working in her window; but she is not well," the quavering voice fell to a plaintive tone; "she is always tired."

"We must make her play more, 'Toinette," Francis responded cheerily, as the spare figure pattered at her side down the long, dark corridor to the sunny court. Climbing the spiral stair, the girl sped with soft footfalls along the upper hall,—the huge chambers, cool, and white, and silent, stretching away on either hand,—till she reached the long drawing-room, where Madame sat alone amid great mirrors framed in tarnished gilt. A tiny woman, with a face like carven ivory and the slow, sweet grace of the olden time, was Madame. She laid aside a lapful of billowy lawn and rose with delicate formality to greet her guest; but as Francis threw herself impulsively down at her side the old lady sank back into her chair and gathered the girl's face tenderly between her withered palms.

"It is good to see you, dear, and you have come just in time to decide a troubled question." From the basket at her side she caught up a strip of white linen, scattering over it skeins of yellow silk and soft gray green. "It is an order for a gold and white room," she explained, "and I want it to shimmer like a bit of sunshine. I shall use the cosmos as it is yet in blossom and I can work with a vase of it on my stand; only the green puzzles me."

"But that silvery green is perfect with yellow," Francis answered in quick decision, "and now tell me your design, Madame."

As the little old lady unfolded her thought, her cheeks flushed faintly, and the dark eyes grew young with eagerness. "I shall have such lovely hours working it," she ended with a happy sigh as she folded the shimmering silks away and took up a tiny strip of muslin. "It is always a delight to work with colors; just as I used to feel a joy unlike all other joys on entering my grandmother's rose-garden.

Francis laid her hand over the fragile fingers and swift-flying needle; "You are not to sew any more to-day, dear Madame; it is Thanksgiving." "Yes, I know it is Thanksgiving day," Madame smiled; "I told my daughter Amenaide to order a turkey and cranberries and have 'Toinette's fig-pudding; our boarders would expect that;—but even if it is Thanksgiving, dear, people must have baby-caps, and this must reach the shop to-night. I can keep Thanksgiving here in my heart while my needle flies."

As the busy fingers finished the second cluster of thread tucks and began a chain of gossamer daisies in the space between, a musing smile crept about Madame's lips. "I wonder," she murmured dreamily, "what little head will wear this! I used to work caps for my own babies,—for my eldest little one I made one all of thread-lace;—and so I know how those other mothers are dreaming of the baby that is coming to them;—such happy dreams! You would laugh, dear, if you knew all the happy things I think of as I sit here in the silence."

The girl dropped a quick impulsive kiss upon the tender hands; "Dear Madame, I think you keep Thanksgiving always in your heart! But to-night I want you to keep it with me in my home, after the wont of less ethereal creatures!"

"Dear! You ask me?" The startled chatelaine shrank back in alarm; "You know I never go anywhere,—and that I have no gown"—"I know," Francis coaxed, "but it is just an informal picnic,—not dinner,—the coffer is too light for that. No one there will notice whether your sleeves are puffed at the top or at the bottom; and father himself will see you home. Come, it is just to cheer father."

"But, my child,"—The girl stopped her protest with a kiss; "Dear Madame, you must give me flowers to make my table beautiful; and you *know* you are coming!"

Once more Francis stopped on her homeward way; this time at a tiny shop in an alley, where a pale-faced lad was chasing a slender silver drinking cup. This worker also she asked to her feast,—"Feast of reason, not of turkey," she explained in laughing postscript, over her shoulder as she stood on the threshold, poised for flight.

The wheel was no longer whirring when Francis peeped into her father's workshop, but amid an army of yellow crocks a big figure in a splashed white blouse stood by the table glazing jars. His back was turned to the door, but the angry slant of the cap above

the stiff gray curls and the savage energy with which he poured the glaze, were eloquent to the daughter's eyes.

"But, father darling, the poor little innocent jugs have not sinned!" she protested, slipping her arm into his. "Who has been naughty to my little father while his big daughter was not here to protect him?"

"His saucy daughter you mean," the father growled, but a smile crept into the glowering eyes and he set the last jug less vindictively upon its stilts. "You had best remain at home, Francis, to drive imbeciles away." The girl arched merry brows; "Is it possible such have ventured to beard you in your den?"

The potter splashed the glaze viciously over a pitcher, but set his lips in silent wrath.

"What! was the adventure too terrible to relate? But never mind, you poor abused little father; forget your woes for a while and come to luncheon." As she poured the chocolate in the tiny white dining room, Francis flashed a merry glance across the round table; "Now, sir, I shall tell you about *my* morning; how the sun shone and the little children laughed and the violets sent their fragrance drifting to me over the high walls."

The potter smiled in irresistible sympathy, and Francis, emboldened by that smile, added bravely, "And now I must tell you of a great honor that awaits you to-night; you are to be host at a Thanksgiving party."

"Why, Francis, child, are you mad?" Francis slipped quickly around to his side, where she could finish her confession with her arm across his shoulder; "It was all the funniest adventure, father," she laughed; "Your daughter, like the rich man of old, went forth to invite guests to a feast and every single one pleaded the lack of a wedding garment! Since you and I haven't wedding-garments either, that plea failed! They are all dear people who do lovely things with their hands, but I am not going to tell you a single name!"

"But, Francis,—" "Yes, father, in a moment! And the feast is to be held in your work-shop, little father;—yes, sir, you needn't squirm and look unhappy; it's the only place that is big enough."

"But, Francis," the potter urged desperately, "we can't afford a supper! Surely you know, daughter." Francis tenderly patted the rough gray head; "This is not going to be a 'fatted-calf feast,' father;

and my last copper bowl has furnished the wherewithal. We will have Marie Celeste's sandwiches and *pralines,* and Miss Thurston's delicious coffee; and you, sir, will talk William Morris for desert!"

THAT night, when the guests were ushered into the work-shop that had been made bright with cosmos and fragrant jugs of sweet olive and violets, there was no opportunity for awkwardness, with Francis' happy spirit to melt all into harmony. As they gathered about the glowing grate to roast apples and crack nuts, the last remnant of stiffness vanished and heart spoke freely to heart, unashamed and unafraid. Even the old patrician, cuirassed in stately tradition, was moved to lay aside her delicate reserve; while to the lonely German lad, this contact with living men and women,—poor like himself,—who wrought and suffered and dreamed even as he,—was as the wine of life. The dreamy book-binder, among these spirits akin unto his own, ventured to speak out the thoughts that lay hid in his beautiful soul; and the potter bowed his head in loving reverence as the little band of workers talked together of the men in the past who had toiled that beauty might become a common heritage.

"Why, I have felt that all my life but I never knew it was written in a book," murmured Miss Petria, listening shyly to a quotation that was spoken; "The only bit of beauty that brightens the lives of our peasant women is the red and blue embroidery they work on winter nights, and I have often wondered if it must not mean to them all that books and pictures and lovely things mean to richer lives."

"Just as the hungry soul of the Scotch woman, Margaret Dawson, working at her loom by her sick husband's side, was nourished on the roses that sprang into bloom on her web," Francis responded thoughtfully.

"As I work," Petria added musingly, "I think of the many hands that have wrought on the very patterns I am using,—as the lace-strip slowly lengthens I picture to myself the brides who used that very pattern to make trimming for their wedding gowns, and the girls who have woven on it edging for their aprons and kerchiefs." "Petria's lace tells her stories just like the romances," laughed Marta tenderly.

"I know," Francis nodded sagely; "I have all kinds of visions of where my work is going, and of the people who may read in it what it meant to me. And all the men who loved beautiful things of old, and

worked for beauty, come and talk to me as I build my lampshades, piece by piece, or beat out my copper bowls."

"Is it so with you, also?" asked the wistful German lad; "They come to me, those splendid fellows of Florence and Pisa, and France and Germany; and the men of our day who make beautiful things and dream beautiful dreams; and they hold up before me the ideals for which they toiled. It is they who give us courage to go on."

"After all," murmured Madame's low, cultured tones, "it is the knowing that one's work is as well done as one's hands can do it, that really gives one courage. If it is only a long white seam, its exquisite stitches may give the worker joy."

Roused from happy reverie by Madame's last words, the bookbinder smiled on them with luminous eyes; "Sometimes," he murmured dreamily, "I wonder if there is any joy greater than the worker's,—the joy of his work, and of his thoughts,—yes, and of the free sunshine."

"Ah, not all of us are happy, dear Monsieur Jean," sighed mischievous Francis, "Now, father, poor man, could a tale unfold! Father, darling, can you not ease your soul by describing to us the 'Invasion of the Imbeciles'?"

The potter darted a threatening glance at his daughter, but he had the grace to blush as he shook back his shaggy mane. "The first invader was a girl," he growled in his deep voice, "a girl who wanted me to paint her pet poodle in the centre of a plaque, with two verses of poetry printed about the rim."

"Poor lamb," murmured Francis, "did you devour her, little father, poodle and all?" "I told her the paint would run and the poodle come out weeping;" the potter smiled grimly. "Then came a man who is putting up a mansion on the Avenue; and he wanted a big jardiniere with pink cupids, *pink,* modelled in high relief, and swinging garlands of pink roses and purple violets, violets are his wife's favorite flower, all against a blue sky and white clouds."

"And what did you say, father dear?" queried Francis, with dancing eyes. "I told him it would be hideous and that my clay would make cupids the color of Indians."

"Ah, father, father! Dear Monsieur Jean, can you not persuade this fierce father of mine, that the way to lead people into the World Beautiful is not to knock them down at the gate?"

# THE COMMON CHORD

WITH laughter and jest, the guests filed out of the big workshop into the cool silence of the night, and Francis mused alone on the firelit hearth. She was still dreaming there when the potter returned.

"Was it not a success, father dear?" she asked, drawing him down to her side. "Yes," he answered absently, "yes, little daughter;" then very thoughtfully; "It is good to know that there are people right about one working all quietly for the highest ideals. That bookbinder now; why his tools are sacred to him!—and that young fellow with eyes like one of Burne Jones' mystics!"

"And the quaint Russian ladies, father, and dear Madame; surely they are genuine. And not only these," the girl added musingly, "not only these who have found utterance, but also the many souls who as yet are inarticulate. Yesterday, father, as I was studying a quaint necklace in an antique shop, a young girl in a dream of a lavender gown, all silken and perfumed and gauzy, bent oven an old cake basket of beaten silver. As our eyes met, we smiled, and she murmured wistfully, 'How happy the people must be who can make these lovely things!' Father, does not she also understand?"

As the potter smiled assent, Francis, nestling against him, continued dreamily: "And as I hurried along Chartres Street this morning a bevy of children on a door-step were holding a bazaar of colored sand, the blue and brown and yellow heaps ranged with loving care; and on another threshold a little tot sat crooning to herself as she strung a thread of blue and purple beads;—father, those children were touched by the same deep note that thrills our hearts! And when I reached the fruit-stall at our corner, there in the doorway, beneath the garlands of gray onions and swinging bunchs of bananas, sat old Nicola clumsily working a blue-check gingham in Turkey-red cross-stitch;—father, she, too, was groping!"

"But, yes," she repeated, nodding at the coals with wide, honest eyes, "Nicola, too, is groping toward the beautiful; and your poor rich man, with his fat cupids,—he also is feeling blindly after the ideal,—longing for something of poetry,—a something that life has never given him;—and he does not know where to find it. Yes, some of us may have stumbled a little farther into the light, but all are touched by the same deep need."

# EQUALITY: FROM LETTERS OF LABOR AND LOVE, BY SAMUEL M. JONES.

"ALL men are brothers and we must learn to live brotherly. Some of you, to whom I am writing, may not believe this is true; you may deny it. I will not quarrel with you. You might deny that two and two make four; it would not change my belief, though you were ignorant of the simplest principles of arithmetic: neither would it alter my feeling toward you were you to say that I am not your brother or you are not my brother. I can find no other reasonable belief to account for the existence of men upon the earth than that contained in Brotherhood.

I believe that God is our Father; that is, that all spring from one divine source. If you believe this, then it follows that you must admit the idea of Brotherhood, you must also admit the idea of Equality. Having gone this far, then it follows that to be at peace we must make a plan for society (all of the people) that is fair, that will make it possible for men to live as brothers; and this, my dear friends, is the purpose, the one all-embracing mission of the government of these United States. It has been said that "our government was conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." This does not mean that all men are equal in strength, or size, or skill, or goodness, or meanness. It assumes the same kind of equality that is recognized in a loving family, that is, all the members of that family feel that it is a duty resting upon each one to do the utmost that he or she can do to contribute to the welfare of the whole family. In the well regulated, loving family, there are no special privileges, no "grafts", no schemes whereby one member of the family proposes to get rich at the expense of the others; but the animating purpose of the family life is the "good of all".

This idea of Equality has had a tremendous growth in the life of the world during the last one hundred years, but it is as small dust in the balance compared with the growth of this sentiment that we are to witness within the next twenty-five years. All the signs of the times point to the quick coming of a wonderful awakening of the social conscience of the world. We are to see in the near future a wave of revival that shall sweep over this country and, indeed, the civilized world, that shall be, in the best sense of the word, a revival of real religion; the setting up of a social and political order that will enable every man and woman to be the best kind of man or woman that he or she is capable of being."

# CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER XI

PERHAPS the most successful of the smaller houses included in THE CRAFTSMAN House Series is the homelike and attractive cottage published in this issue. Its estimated cost is only $2,200. Its width in front is twenty-four feet and its depth thirty-nine feet six inches, yet so well arranged is the interior that the sense of space is that of a much larger house. In order to give the most effective setting to the sweeping lines and warm coloring of the house, it should occupy a lot large enough to permit surroundings of trees and shrubbery. A clipped hedge forms a better boundary than any fence, and vines and flowers should be plentiful enough to give the impression of green luxuriance around the creamy walls and high-pitched roof of rich brown shingles.

The foundation of the house is of rough field stone set in black mortar that gives a sharp snap of color here and there among the varying tints of the stone and below the cement walls of the lower story, which are built on metal lath to give durability,

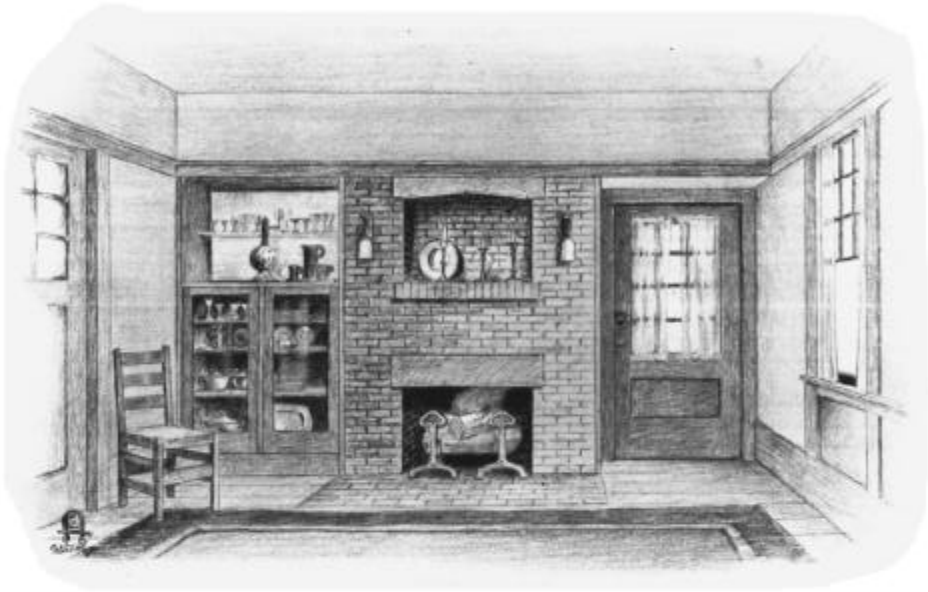
FRONT ELEVATION

and are tinted a warm, heavy cream color. The porches, copings and steps are also of cement, tinted like the walls. The roof and gables are of red cedar shingles dipped in oil,—a treatment which gives them a rich tone of brown, and all the exterior wood trim,—the cornice, window casings, doors and ceilings of the porches, —is of cypress stained to a soft, mossy green. The chimney, placed rather low

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER XI. EXTERIOR VIEW.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER XI. THE SIDE PORCH.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER XI. THE HALL.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER XI. LIVING ROOM, SHOWING FIREPLACE.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER XI. CORNER OF LIVING ROOM.

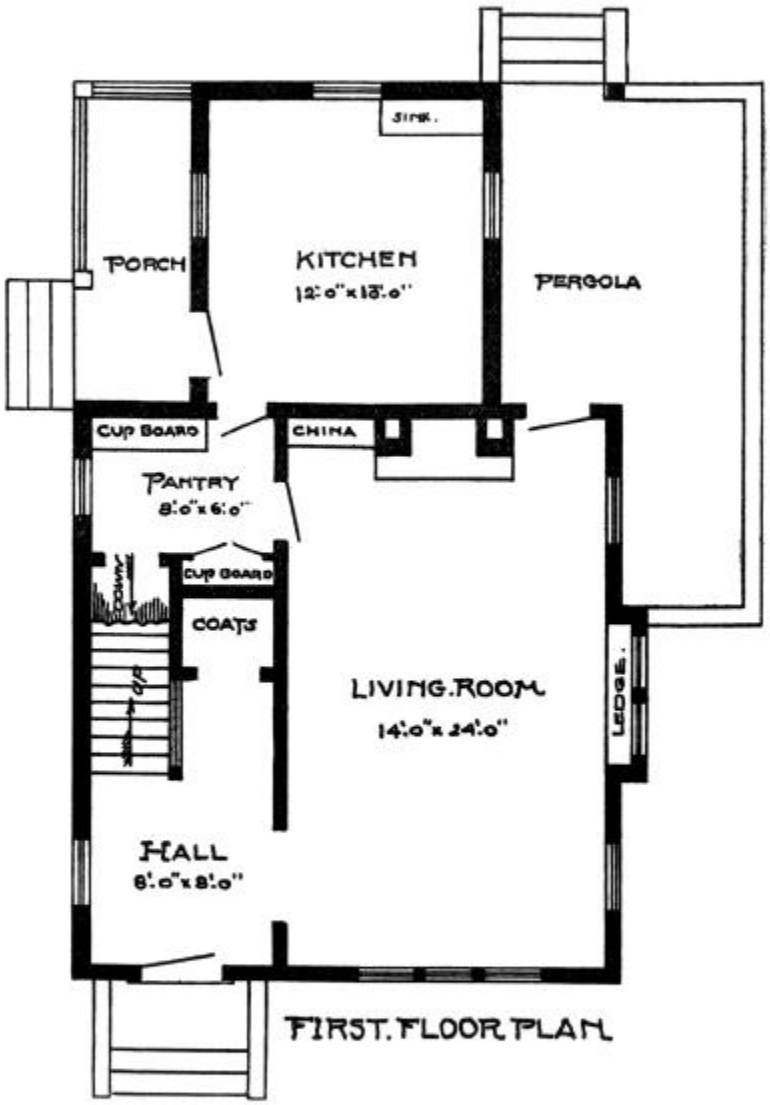
in the steep slope of the roof, is of hard-burned red brick, surmounted by chimney-pots of light terra cotta, a color combination that harmonizes admirably with the brown of the shingles.

Interesting structural features abound in this house. It is distinguished at once by the unusually long line of the roof, with its very steep slope, low eaves, and shingled gables project slightly over the cement walls of the lower story, carrying the low-eaved, sheltered effect all around the house. The little entrance porch is approached by cement steps buttressed on either side with stone like the foundation. These buttresses have broad copings of cement, providing a place for the long flower-boxes which add such a touch of

SIDE ELEVATION

the bold spring outward of the roof-line at the overhang. This long line and outward spring is repeated with charming effect in the little roofs of the dormers, and in the hood over the small entrance porch. This hood is also of shingles, and is supported by heavy brackets of the moss-green cypress, strongly curved outward and manifestly weight-carriers. The brown color and grace when they are overflowing with drooping vines and bright with flowers. With the exception of the small-paned casements, all the windows in the house are double-hung, with small, square panes in the upper sash. The grouping of these windows forms an attractive arrangement of the exterior wall-spaces. Balancing the entrance porch

at the corner, and breaking up the wide sweep of wall, is the group of three windows which light the living room, and, above, the plain shingled space of the gable is relieved by a wide group of four windows, with a high, narrow shutter to give just a dash of green above. At the sides, the dormers with their double casements lend a picturesque touch, and another pair of high casements appears among the side windows of the living room.



# CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER ELEVEN

Quite the most attractive feature of the exterior is the large porch at the side. This is floored with cement and buttressed with stone, and has steps leading into the garden. It opens from that portion of the living room which is used as a dining room, and is ample in size and partly recessed, so that it serves in summer for an outdoor dining room. It is partly covered by the overhang of the roof, and the rest is made into a pergola by a framework of inch and a half gaspipe, over which is stretched coarse-meshed wire netting to serve as a support for the vines upon which the summer charm of this porch depends. So treated, it would seem almost a part of the garden below. On the other side of the house is a good-sized kitchen porch, where the refrigerator may be kept in summer, and which may be glassed in for a cool room in winter.

### HALL AND LIVING BOOM

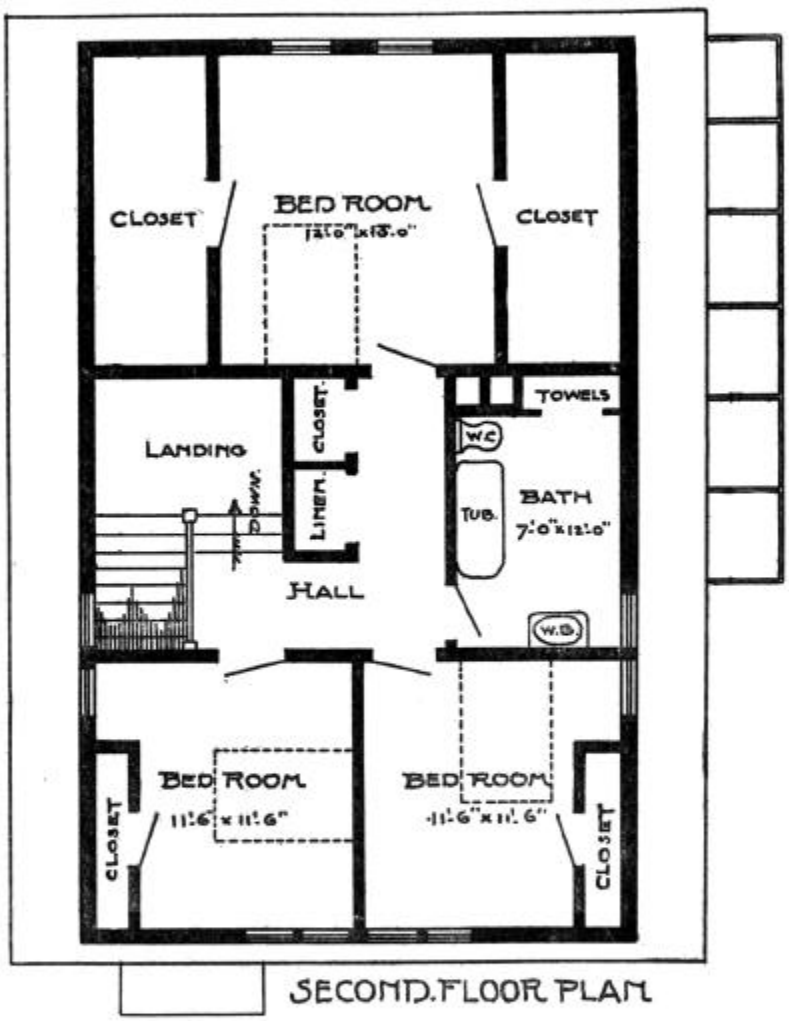
The main room of the lower floor is the living room, fourteen feet by twenty-four. The small entrance hall is merely a recess in the living room, and is treated in woodwork and color scheme as a part of the larger room. Nothing could be more effective in this house than a color scheme for the lower floor suggesting the autumn tints of gray brown, soft olive green and richer browns, and here and there a touch of copper, strong yellow and red. If the house is carried out according to the model suggested by THE CRAFTSMAN, all the woodwork of the lower floor would be of cypress stained a gray brown, the walls covered with ingrain paper in soft olive green, the frieze in dull copper tones tending toward orange, and the ceiling covered with a light tint of peach-color, a subtle blending of faint yellow and yellowish pink into a tone that is both and neither. The floor would be of Carolina comb grain pine, stained to a darker tone of gray brown than the woodwork, and covered with rugs showing hues of warm brown, gray, deep red and orange. The furniture would be of dark brown fumed oak.

In the hall, the stairway leads straight up to a square landing three steps below the level of the upper floor, and in a little recess beside the foot of the stair is a coat closet. The portiere covering this would be like that between the hall and living room,—of plain canvas in copper tones, with lines of hand drawn-work showing a thread of orange run in. The window hangings in both hall and living room would be most effective if made of Scotch homespun linen, as the cool gray white would make a charming contrast to the prevailing warm tones. The hall is wainscoted to half the height of the wall, and a delightful touch of life would be given to this tiny place by using one of the English landscape friezes in the autumn quieter frieze of the living room.

The principal structural feature of the living room is the large fire-place at the end farthest from the hall. The mantel should be of hard burned red brick, as the colors, instead of carrying into it the dark and varied tones repeat the copper tints in a lower scale of color. A lintel of red sandstone caps the fire-place, and another having an arched line cut on the face of it caps the niche in the mantel breast. To carry out the color scheme in perfection, this niche should hold quaint pieces of copper and dull brass. On one

side of this mantel breast is a built-in china closet, the top of which carries along the lower line of the niche. Above is a shelf, with a mirror background, for glass,

The triple window at the front of the room has beneath it a window seat that runs the entire width of the room. This is built in and paneled, with latticed open-




silver or especially choice bits of china. The space at the other side of the mantel is taken up by the sash door leading to the pergola.

ings in front for the registers. At the side of the room opposite to the hall, a built-in bookcase curtained in copper tones somewhat brighter than the frieze, occu-

pies the space below a double casement, recessed, and set high in the wall. If the broad ledge of this window holds a row of scarlet geraniums, the final touch of high color will be added to the browns, greens and coppers of this charming room. If desired, the further end may be used for a dining room. It is entirely fitted for it in shape and treatment, and one or two well-placed screens of canvas or leather in green or brown tones would make all the division necessary to give the little sense of privacy that seems to belong to the dining-table.

### KITCHEN AND PANTRY

The cypress woodwork and hard pine floors of the hall and living room appear also in the kitchen and pantry, but stained to a warm light brown. The plaster walls and ceilings are painted a golden cream tint. If the house mistress is so fortunate as to possess a goodly store of copper cooking utensils, well polished, a full display of them would give rich lights of the same color, adding greatly to the beauty of this pleasant kitchen. The room, which is twelve by thirteen feet, is lighted from three sides and has plenty of wall space where a kitchen cabinet might be placed, or built in, to the great convenience of the housekeeper. A large pantry with ample cupboard room connects with both the living room and the kitchen and affords plenty of storage accommodation as well as a place for working. If no servant is kept, the pretty kitchen, with its warm color and spotless accessories, would also make a pleasant dining room, where it would be convenient to serve at least breakfast and luncheon. Plain furniture in fumed oak, with the chairs rush-seated, would make the room quaint and attractive, and nothing could be prettier than table scarf and doylies of hemstitched gray homespun. The same material might also be used for the window curtains, as in the living room, with charming effect among the warm golden tones of cream and brown.

The cellar extends under the whole of the house, and includes a laundry, coal bins, a place for storing vegetables, and the hot air generator.

### THE SECOND FLOOR

The upper story has a central hall with two linen closets. There are also three bedrooms with ample closet room, and a good-sized bath room, adjoining which there is another small closet for towels.

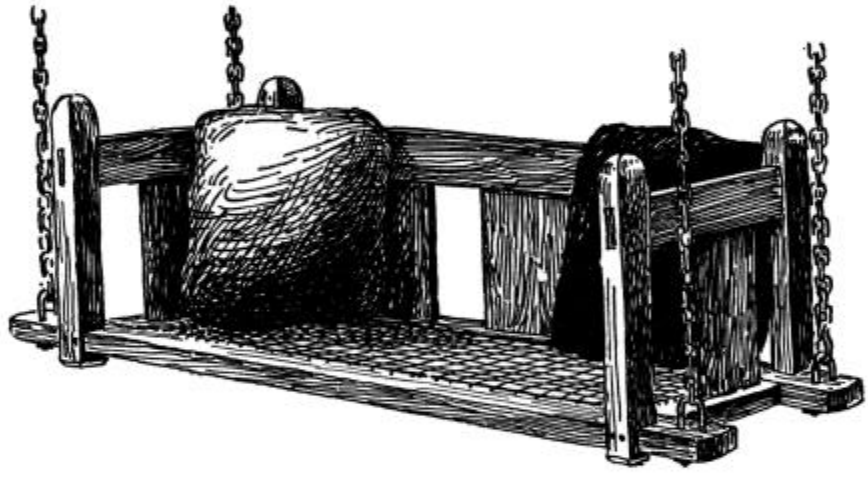
The back bedroom, twelve by thirteen feet, and is the largest of the sleeping rooms, would be cool and delightful in old blue. The woodwork, which is the same throughout all the bedrooms and the hall, is of cypreess stained a light, cool gray. The floors are white pine, and are meant in this model to be covered either with grass matting or plain ingrain wool filling, with small rag rugs before beds and dressers.

In one of the front rooms it would be effective to carry out a scheme of dull corn color, with accent in golden brown, and in the other soft green tones. Plain white muslin curtains would be desirable at all the windows, to give the fresh, crisp effect that adds the last touch of dainty cleanliness to a bedroom.

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK. PRACTICAL EXAMPLES OF STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKINGS: EIGHTH OF THE SERIES

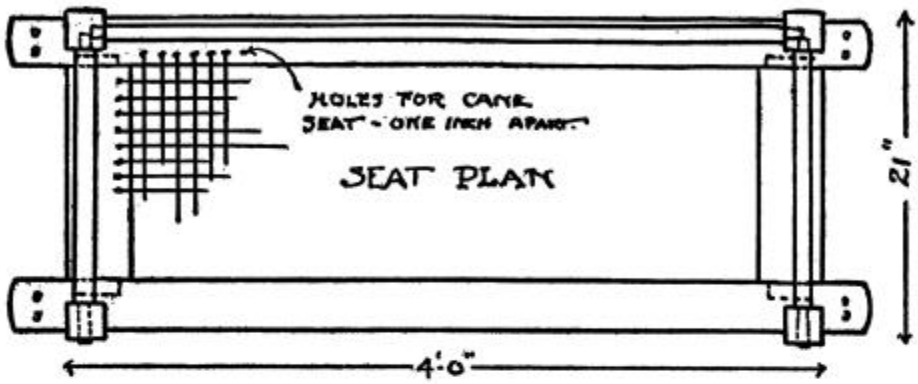
## SWING SEAT

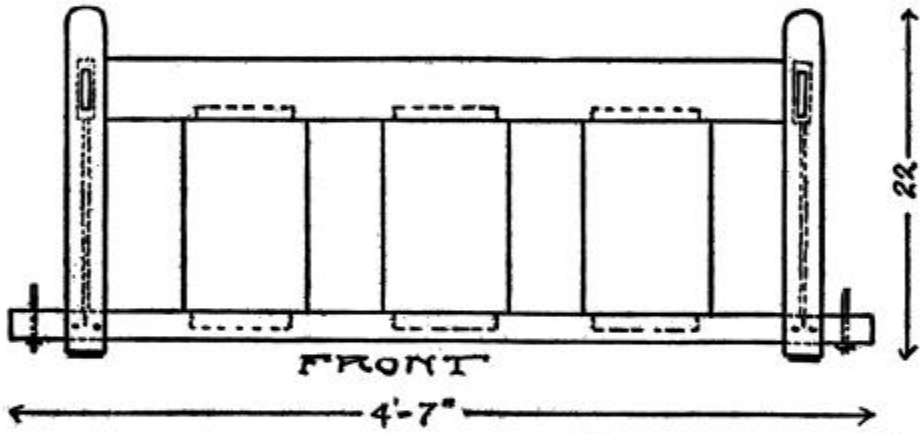
A swing seat made on the lines of this one is a very simple piece to construct. The posts are halved into the seat rails and fastened with two dowell pins. The back and end slats are tenoned into the seat rails and the seat itself is made comfortable by weaving in a bottom of cane. This will stand the weather, and if the swing were used on an exposed porch there would be no fear of warping as in a broad wood seat. Use oak or chestnut fumed brown for the wood with wrought iron chains.



## MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR HANGING BOOK SHELF

| Pieces | No. | Rough Long | Rough Wide | Rough Thick | Finish Wide | Finish Thick |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Back posts..... | 2 | 27 in. | 3¼ in. | 1 in. | 3 in. | ¾ in. |
| Top of back..... | 1 | 33 in. | 6 in. | ¾ in. | pattern | ½ in. |
| Center of back.... | 1 | 14 in. | 32 in. | ¾ in. | 31 in. | ½ in. |
| Lower rail back... | 1 | 33 in. | 6 in. | ¾ in. | pattern | ½ in. |
| Shelves ..... | 2 | 36 in. | 6 in. | ¾ in. | 5¾ in. | ⅝ in. |
| End slats..... | 4 | 14 in. | 1¾ in. | ½ in. | 1½ in. | ⅜ in. |
| Brackets ..... | 2 | 6 in. | 5 in. | 1 in. | pattern | ⅞ in. |




DESIGN · FOR · A · SWING SEAT

SCALE · OF · INCHES

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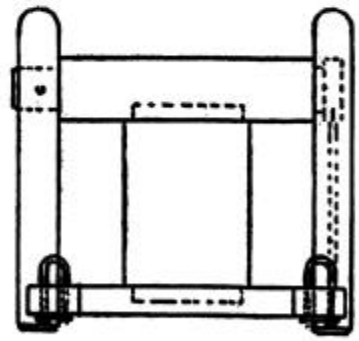
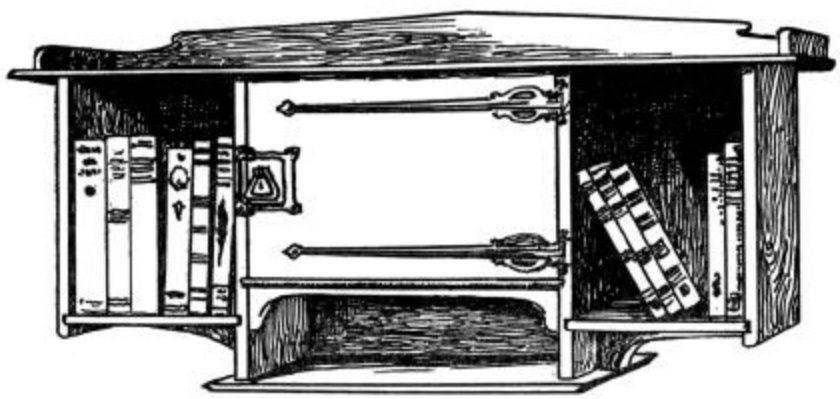


# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

## WALL CABINET

THIS piece is very simple in construction, but an unusually graceful design. Its beauty is much enhanced by the work done with the gouge on the sharp curve that appears in the top line of the back, and that occurs again in the bracket under the door. As will be noted, the cutting is deep at the sharpest point of the curve, and fades away gradually as the curve flattens. The front edge of the small bracket underneath is also cut away. The edge of the shelf under the floor is rounded, and the top is shaped underneath into a very flat ogee moulding. The long strap hinges, which are good in design and clever in construction, are of hammered brass. This cabinet is very convenient as a storage place for valued trifles and also to hold a few favorite books.

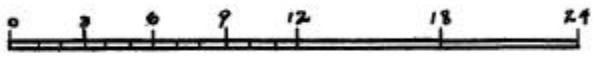


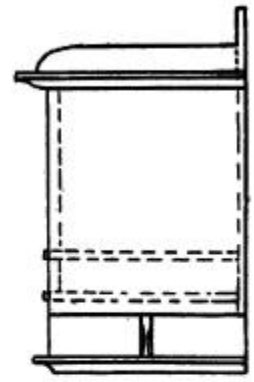
### MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR WALL CABINET.

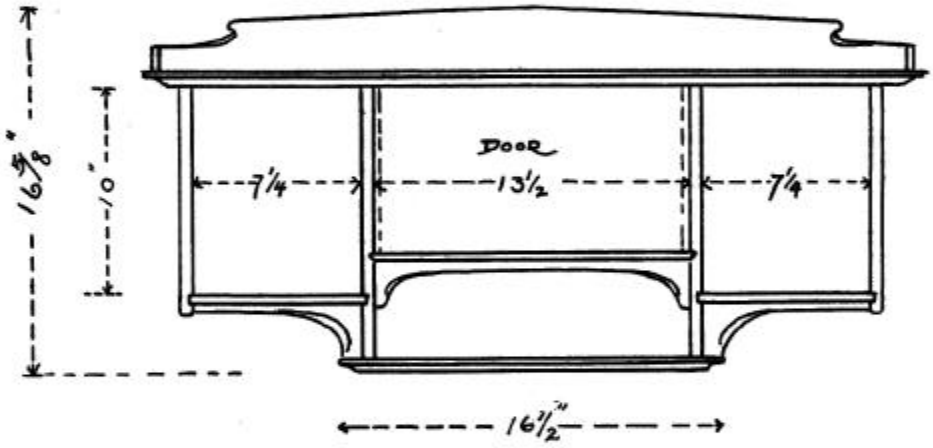
| Pieces | No. | Rough Long | Rough Wide | Rough Thick | Finish Wide | Finish Thick |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Top ..... | 1 | 35 in. | 10½ in. | ¾ in. | 10 in. | ½ in. |
| Top of Back..... | 1 | 35 in. | 3½ in. | ½ in. | 3 in. | ⅜ in. |
| Top of end..... | 2 | 9 in. | 1½ in. | ½ in. | 1¼ in. | ⅜ in. |
| Sides ..... | 2 | 11 in. | 8¾ in. | ¾ in. | 8½ in. | ½ in. |
| Partition ..... | 2 | 13 in. | 8¾ in. | ¾ in. | 8½ in. | ½ in. |
| Door ..... | 1 | 14 in. | 8½ in. | ½ in. | 8¼ in. | ⅜ in. |
| Cleat on door..... | 2 | 8 in. | 1¾ in. | ½ in. | 1½ in. | ⅜ in. |
| Bottom of cupboard | 1 | 15 in. | 9 in. | ½ in. | 8½ in. | ⅜ in. |
| Bottom of sides... | 2 | 9 in. | 9 in. | ½ in. | 8½ in. | ⅜ in. |
| Bottom of shelf... | 1 | 17 in. | 9½ in. | ½ in. | 9 in. | ⅜ in. |
| Back ..... | 1 | 13 in. | 31 in. | ½ in. | 30 in. | ⅜ in. |
| Cupboard bracket.. | 1 | 15 in. | 2½ in. | ½ in. | pattern | ⅜ in. |
| Under bracket.... | 1 | 8 in. | 3 in. | ½ in. | pattern | ⅜ in. |

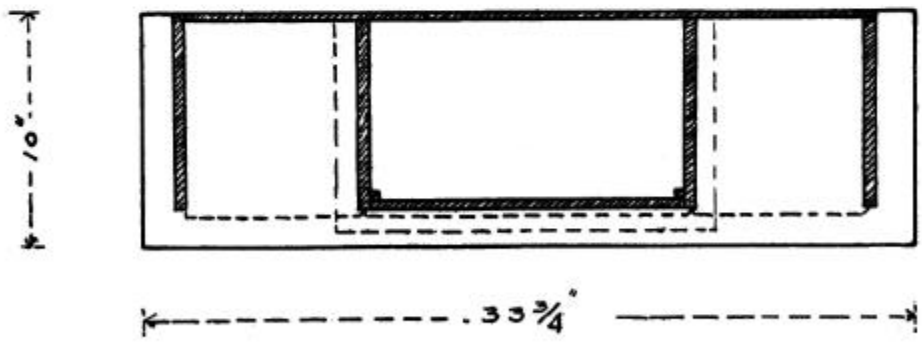
# DESIGN FOR A WALL CABINET

SCALE OF INCHES



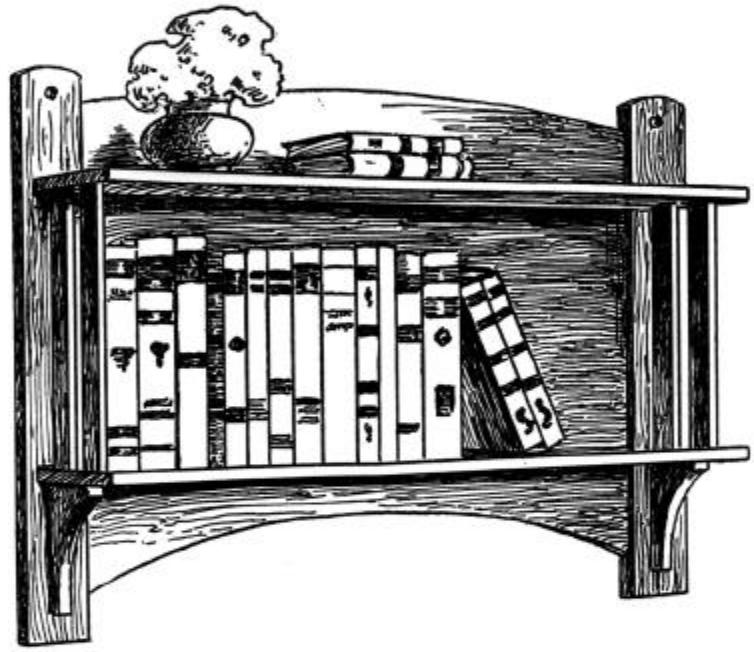


# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

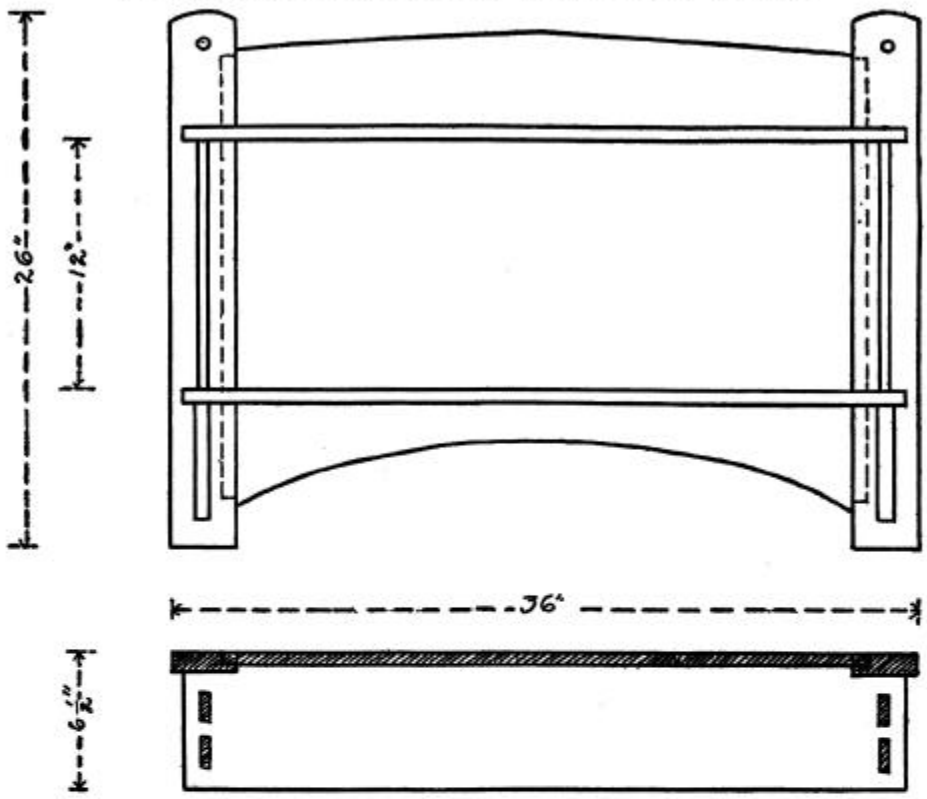
## HANGING BOOK SHELF

THIS is a very useful piece of house furniture that is simple and easy to build. The working drawing shows exactly the method of construction. The best method of fastening the piece together is to screw the shelves to the back, and to fasten the back itself with small round-headed screws. The convenience of this piece will be apparent at a glance. It may either be used as a book shelf, or to hold many other things, such as bottles and small toilet accessories in a sleeping room or bath room.



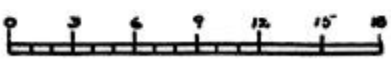
## MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR SWING SEAT

| Pieces | No. | Long | Rough Wide | Rough Thick | Finish Wide | Finish Thick |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Post | 1 | 23 in. | 2½ in. | 2½ in. | 2⅜ in. | 2⅜ in. |
| Back rail | 1 | 48 in. | 4¼ in. | 1⅜ in. | 4 in. | 1¼ in. |
| End rail | 2 | 22 in. | 4¼ in. | 1⅜ in. | 4 in. | 1¼ in. |
| Slats | 5 | 15 in. | 8¼ in. | ¾ in. | 8 in. | ½ in. |
| Seat rails | 2 | 56 in. | 3½ in. | 2 in. | 3¼ in. | 1¾ in. |
| End rails | 2 | 17 in. | 4¼ in. | 2 in. | 4 in. | 1¾ in. |




# DESIGN FOR A HANGING BOOKSHELF

SCALE OF INCHES



# ALS IK KAN

THE city of to-day is no longer the great market place to which the traders throng. Neither is it an assemblage of craftsmen drawn together by fellowship and need of consultation. It is a mass of machine workers, attracted by the presence of their mechanical master, the factory.

There is no organic civic life, for the heart is of iron, and, however fiercely it may beat and throb and pound, it knows not the pulsing touch of life.

Within these human warrens fathers, mothers, youths, maidens, and babes swelter, choke and die for lack of space in which to live and move and breathe. Yet deplore this as we may, if production is to reach its highest degree of perfection on that quantity side which it seems to be the function of our present society to perfect, then, so far as we can see at present, something approaching the factory system and city life must continue. Coöperative production, with specialization, division of labor and utilization of improved machinery requires the simultaneous employment of large numbers of persons in the same locality.

But all around these cities there lie vacant lots, tracts of land held for the profit which shall come from others' labor, and ill-tilled fields. These offer the possibility of the revival and perfection of the oldest of crafts—the craft that draws from the bosom of mother earth directly for the satisfaction of human wants, and which more than any other craft has the power of adding to the health and pleasure of the craftsman. Few recognize how true it is that gardening—the intensive tillage of the soil—has become one of the most skilled of crafts. Preceded only by hunting and fishing, which forms of production man shares with the brute, agriculture was the first occupation to differentiate man from those he hunted or was hunted by. Yet during the last few years it has changed almost as marvelously as its younger relatives of the manufacturing group.

The chance element has been eliminated. Climate and soil have been made servants instead of masters. The very vegetable kingdom has been conquered until flowers and fruits take on unwonted forms and appear regardless of season and locality. New methods of combining crops, of cultivating the soil or changing its elements have increased productivity, if not in quite as dramatic a manner as in the realm of manufacturing, still to an extent which has often made two and more blades of grass, and indeed whole crops, to grow where but one or none grew before.

From Belgium, China, Japan, the Channel Islands, and the Parisian suburbs, come stories of fabulous products from almost infinitesimal spots.

All these things favor the small garden craftsman. That is if he really wishes to be a craftsman and not simply a trifler with the earth. If the man or woman who has access to a few square yards of soil will but trouble to know how to do the work and to accomplish the marvels that are possible, he or she may enjoy a sense of mastery over nature, a glory in things brought to pass, such as it seems to me no other field of craftsmanship can offer. To illustrate by that measure in

which America determines the value of all things, the market and the fiscal unit, I might say that on a spot not more than fifty feet square I have raised during the last summer a mass of vegetables, which bought from a grocer would have cost at least $50.00. This tells nothing of the pleasure to the palate from products untainted by time and the filth of the market. It makes no account of the still deeper pleasures of the eye in watching the plants coming into being beneath my care, and says no word of the mental relaxation and joy of planning and scheming to discover new methods through which to exploit old nature of an additional margin of pleasure, and leaves entirely on one side the joy of constructive workmanship that came from the play work of cultivation.

This life in both city and country, now called suburban, and associated with real estate booms, "manufactured" homes, and a cheap, small bourgeois aristocracy, has within itself the germs of a better form of life than man has yet known.

When machinofacture shall really "save labor," that time may be given to pleasurable productiveness—when fellowship in title shall have displaced profit seeking ownership in the earth, so that all who wish may use our common heritage from nature, then can arise a nation that will be neither city nor country, but the best of both.

Intensive, craftsmanlike use of the soil will not alone prevent at once the overcrowding of the city and the lonely isolation of the great farms of to-day. It will put off forever the day foreboded by Malthusians when population shall press upon subsistence. Close connection with trolley, and telephone, or whatever better means of transportation and communication the future may have in store, will enable the nation of workers so to divide its time between the factory and the farm that all may share in the marvelous creative work of both. So great will be the contrast in the occupations that each will offer the best possible relaxation from the other. Combined, they will make for a fully developed man, such as no previous society has been able to produce.

# NOTES

COUNTRY homes, whether lived in all the year—as they ought to be—or used in the summer only, do not always show the surroundings that make for the true spirit of country living, says J. Horace McFarland, President of the American Civic Association, in "The Country Calendar" for September. Too often the ideals of the crowded city are used in the open country, and we see the formal rows and beds and borders of tender plants, expensive but not expansive, which are more or less appropriate in the city plot, but out of all proper relation to the breadth and naturalness of the great outdoors.

I think at the moment of the country home, lived in, not merely inhabited, twelve months in the year by a certain New York editor. The house itself, of which I speak fully, is a pure country home, in the simplest architecture, sightly as it stands against a noble wood. Just a bit of lawn is held down and barbered in front, while the vegetable and fruit garden, down the hill, is a pleasant ornament in its clean and useful formality.

This ends the obvious and expensive gardening. The wood I have spoken of comes close to the house it shelters, and the editor and his family live among the trees every moment they can. This fortunate editor—or perhaps he is only wise? —has bought and built with reference to the wood and the trout-stream which it shelters for a half mile of joy and wildness.

But the editor loves not only the wood, but the wildness of a natural country road. Thus there is a half mile or more of lane, bordered by shrubs and trees that grew there of Nature's planting, and in all the sweet wildness that Nature ever provides, when allowed her will. No lawn-mower, no raked road surface; just a ramble, up and down, in shade and sun, with birds and squirrels and rabbits and chipmunks almost as tame as the trout that come at the editor's call in the brook.

Now the editor gets out of this natural, normal country home the utmost economy of life. He is an overworked man in the city, and the trip to this country haven takes an hour. He arranges his life so that every day there is a dash into the woods, a fling at the trout-stream, or a rapid walk along the bird-bordered lane. He is deeply "bird-wise," and between the trout and the trees and the songsters, he packs each minute of his scant daylight time at home with vigor stored against the day's demands of the noisy metropolis. He sees his children, rosy-cheeked and romping, growing into full-blooded life, impossible either in city or in citified country. He is having the proper life in the country for a city man.

MAYOR ROSE of Kansas City, Kas., has requested owners of vacant lots in that city to allow them to be used as play grounds for children. If the request is granted the mayor says he will have the street department clean the lots and prepare them for play grounds, where the small boys will be allowed to congregate.

"We have so many complaints about boys playing on the streets it is necessary to provide play grounds for them before an order to keep them off the streets can be properly enforced," says the mayor. "A number of play grounds can be provided in different parts of the city at comparatively small expense, and they will serve the purpose of small parks."

MR. MORTIMER MENPES and his talented daughter Dorothy have joined forces in the production of a volume in the series of color books brught out by The Macmillan Company. For this volume on "Brittany" Mr. Menpes has made seventy-five paintings; from these the illustrations for the volume have been engraved by Miss Maude Menpes and printed under the artist's supervision at the Menpes Press. Miss Dorothy Menpes has written the text of the volume, which, like her father's paintings, is rich in color and in its perception of the picturesque.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY, whom many call the successor to Lowell in literary criticism, produces little, but that little counts. What gives him his unique position among the writers of to-day is his keen perception of the relation between literature and

life, and his conviction, expressed in all he does, that in letters we have in compressed form the very best of the life of any generation. His new book, "The Torch," while its main subject is race power in literature, bears especially upon this idea that humanity is the blood and bones of all that is written. Of Mr. Woodberry's qualities as a literary critic, his "Swinburne" in the Contemporary Men of Letters Series, also just out, is finely representative. A thorough study of the recently published complete and revised works of Swinburne has enabled Mr. Woodberry to give the first adequately founded estimate of the great English lyric singer.

G. LOWES DICKINSON, whose "Letters from a Chinese Official" attracted so much attention, has produced a volume as original and quite as thought-compelling in "A Modern Symposium." Briefly, it is an appreciation of "The point of view" as a ruling factor in life. The author makes about a dozen typical individuals,—artists, actors, politicians, business men, dilettanti, etc.—give in a series of speeches, explanations and defenses of their lives and outlooks upon the world. The attitude of mind that, while appreciating that there may be other points of view on life, can admit the tenability and justice of none but its own, will stand but a short while before such clever flashlights on character as Mr. Dickinson's.

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON, cartoonist of the *Chicago Tribune,* is among the first of the brush-and-pencil wits of the day. "The Mysterious Stranger and other Cartoons" is the title of a new volume of his drawings selected from his production of the last year or so. His lampoons find targets everywhere,—in bear-hunting Teddy, in the politicians of the day, in the St. Louis Fair, in the Russo-Japanese war, in boy and girl life, —and there are turns now and again of real pathos.

COMPARED with the Bridge fever, yellow fever and the plague are as nothing. Bridge has swept the country, and the best palliative for it is a book that will teach the enthusiasts something of the fine points of the game. "Foster's Complete Bridge," a thorough handbook on the game for beginner and expert by America's leading player, R. F. Foster, is just such a volume. The author has a novel, clear way of indicating by designs the playing of sample hands.

THE unfortunate consorts of Henry VIII have done justice to the romance of their careers,—and their lives were full of it,—in Martin Hume's "The Wives of Henry VIII." Major Hume is in charge of important documents in the English Public Record Office; and as in his previous volumes, "The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots" and "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," furnishes much new information unearthed from dusty parchments.

THE art lovers among THE CRAFTSMAN readers, and they are many and largely critical in their tastes and preferences, will find some interesting suggestions in Charles Scribner's Sons' double page illustrated announcement of their New Picture Publications. Two exam-

ples of the four new cartoons by Harrison Fisher are given; two of Maxfield Parrish's fanciful pictures in colors; two of Alonzo Kimball's clever cartoons and one each of Grace Wiedersiem's "Smart Heads in Color" and of G. M. Russell's series of spirited color pictures of scenes in western life. The reproductions retain all the beauty and refinement of the originals and are prepared on mounts 19x24 inches, with the exception of the "Smart Heads in Color" which are mounted 14x21 inches. Each of the several artists has achieved distinction and these reproductions of their most representative work are especially timely in anticipation of the holiday gift making season. These charming works of art are sent prepaid on the receipt of price, which is given, with other particulars, in the illustrated announcement.

## REVIEWS

ONE of the most notable books, not of the year, but of a double decade is the Autobiography of Andrew D. White. It is in two large volumes, but it has matter enough in it for twenty. Although entitled an autobiography, it is more a review of events and progress during the last seventy years, in this and other countries, from the viewpoint of a man who has had every opportunity for almost worldwide observation, and who has brought to the task of recording his impressions the broadest culture, the kindliest tolerance and the sanest judgment. It is not the story of Ambassador White; it is Ambassador White telling, as only he can, the story of his America, her achievements, her famous men, and the countries with which she has had momentous dealings within the last half-century and more.

The book is in well-marked divisions, an arrangement which adds greatly to its conciseness and to its value as a book of reference. The first, "Environment and Education," gives a vivid picture of life, thought and methods of education in the first half of the nineteenth century, in this country and abroad. "Political Life" covers the period between 1832 and 1904, and deals wholly with the politics of this country, showing many interesting sidelights upon its history, and a succession of terse, brilliant word pictures of the men whose names make that history, giving in a few brief sentences an impression of each man's life, work and personality, that might be sought in vain through the bulk of many a biography. Some idea of the breadth of this one man's experience is given in one sentence at the close of this division, telling of an interview with President Roosevelt:

"Interesting as the new President's conversation was, there was constantly in my mind, whether in his office or his parlors or in the diningroom at the White House, one deep undertone. It was like the pedal bass of an organ, steadily giving the ground tone of a requiem—the vanity and evanescence of all things earthly. There I had seen, in the midst of their jubilant supporters, Pierce, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Cleveland, Harrison, and, finally, so short a time before, McKinley. It seemed all a dream."

The third part, "As University Professor," covers only Mr. White's experience from 1857 to 1864, at the University of Michigan, but it contains the germ

of the reforms in education which occupy so much of the following division, "As University President," in which the writer gives the whole story of the evolution of Cornell University, its inception, organization, broad policy of innovation, struggles against bitter calumny and opposition and the final triumph which has meant so much to university life in America. One chapter is devoted to a personal sketch of the founder, Ezra Cornell, and no man ever received a nobler tribute than is contained in this brief appreciation of his brave, generous and useful life, his sterling qualities of mind and heart and his quaint and lovable peculiarities.

Part Fifth, the longest in the book, is devoted to Ambassador White's experience in the diplomatic service, from 1854, when he was appointed attaché at St. Petersburg, to 1903, when he resigned the embassy to Germany. This division gives a comprehensive view of world politics, told as a vividly interesting narrative, and here and there appears a chapter that fairly throbs with life as it gives, in nervous, exquisitely simple phrases, a personal impression of some man of international fame. It would be hard to find anything more likely to interest future generations of students of our times, than the chapters on Bismarck, Pobedonostzeff, Tolstoi, and William II.

Another division is devoted to the Peace Conference at The Hague, when the reader seems almost to be present at the deliberations, and to share in the social life and diplomatic conferences outside, that marked these epochal weeks. Finally come several chapters which hold the varied interests of a life filled to the brim, —Journeyings in America, Europe and the East for pleasure and study, miscellaneous recollections of all kinds, the religious development of the country and kindred topics, covering almost the whole field of progress. The whole book is lighted with sly sparkles of wit and humor, quaint bits of anecdote, funny or pathetic as the case may be, and brilliant descriptions of persons, places or events, all told with a certain fine courtliness that adds a rapied edge to the rare instances of condemnation and enhances the graciousness of praise. [Autobiography of Andrew D. White. 2 vols., each 600 pages; 6½ x10 inches. Published by The Century Company, New York.]

A BOOK which is clever and daring to a degree is "Thoughts of a Fool," by Evelyn Gladys. It abounds in paradoxes and scintillates with epigrams, and from cover to cover is interesting. The writer is a cheerful iconoclast who heartily enjoys overthrowing every conventional image in sight, but back of her energetic tilts against the established order of things is some very sound reasoning and a singularly healthy point of view. The reader will be either delighted or horribly shocked with the book according to his education, temperament and preconceived notions of life and behavior, but if he once begins it he is likely to read it through. Furthermore, he will not be apt to forget it, whether he agrees with or condemns the honest and fearless assertions of the writer. Her declaration of faith, in the essay entitled "How Smart I Am," is better than any comment in giving an idea of the book:

"I know that I don't know a thing, and

this knowledge is so rooted within me and absolute that even when a number of the wise tried to teach me something, I found after they were through with me, that they did not succeed in convincing me that I know any more than I did before they started to educate me. . . . . Come, let us reason together. How I got here I don't know! What I am here for I don't know! Why I should not love everything my love wants to love I don't know! Why I should not gratify my love I don't know? Why I should make myself believe that I know lots of things which in reality I know not I don't know! So I admit that I don't know! Why I should worry my head with lots of things I can't use I don't know; therefore I don't! Why I should plan and scheme a life for myself after I die I don't know; therefore I don't! Why I should become patriotic and kill people I never saw, or get killed by them, I don't know; therefore I don't! Why I should reverence the opinion of men who don't know any more than I, although they say they do, I don't know; therefore I don't! Why I, an intellectual parasite, should consider myself superior to one of the other kind, I don't know; therefore I don't! Why I, one kind of a thief, should prosecute another, I don't know; therefore I don't! Why I, a fool who knows nothing, should distrust Life that placed me before all other animals of the earth, I don't know; therefore I don't! Since I don't know why I should not trust to life, and seeing the result of Life's accomplishment without my intellectual aid, I "let" the Life which is in me, and of which I am a part, guide me. Instinctively it impresses me with the finale of the things I need. . . . . So I let Life do my work—or Life's work, it matters not which it is. The whole universe is ready to help me; while you, in knowing, everything is against you; and as you do not know how to manage Life you are a failure. I am happy and you are not. You are afraid while I do not know what to fear. Ignorance, you say, is the cause of fear. That is not true. Fear is composed of unreliable knowledge. You are not afraid of nothing; you are afraid of something. If that something exists, it is then sensing danger, which is not fear; when that something does not exist—like ghosts—then it is fear; and only people who know and believe in ghosts are afraid of them. Not knowing anything which is not so, I sense danger, but have no fear. I don't worry, neither do I regret. Why should I regret? If I have done something which resulted in painful experience, by avoiding repetition I make amends. As regretting takes the time which should go to make amends, therefore regretting injures instead of helps. So, if you really regret, you will not regret, but make amends; but if you keep on regretting you really don't regret." ["Thoughts of a Fool," by Evelyn Gladys. 5½x7¾ inches. 258 pages. Published by E. P. Rosenthal & Co., Chicago and London.]

# THE OPEN DOOR

## SUGGESTIONS OF INTEREST TO HOME-BUILDERS AND HOME-MAKERS

THIS November number of THE CRAFTSMAN marks the first anniversary of the addition of THE OPEN DOOR department to the many practical features of the magazine. That these home messages have been read and appreciated from month to month, is abundantly attested, not only by the kind words from our own correspondents, but also by the cordial testimony of our business patrons, who have been put in closer touch with the consumer than is possible within the limitations of their formal announcements. The purpose of these pages is to broaden THE CRAFTSMAN'S campaign of education in all that relates to home-making in its fullest sense, the building, equipping, furnishing and decoration of the home, by giving our readers trustworthy information at first hand and from only responsible firms.

During the year more than a hundred topics have been discussed, and as an example of the variety and practical value of these messages to home readers, we quote twenty subjects presented in the current number: Beauty and Simplicity in a Range, More About Kitchen Cabinets, Art Furnishings in Leather Effects, Homecraft in Leatherole and Sanitas, Tile for Everywhere and Anywhere, Safecraft Writing Desk, A Piano for the Home, Tool Cabinets for Man or Boy, Forged Fire Fittings, Dining Room Studies in Sanitas, Teco Pottery, Tiffany's Sterling Silver, Gorham's Old English Blackjacks, More Progress Toward Simplicity in Wall Coverings, Scribner's New Picture Publications, Books for the Children in the Family, The Roof that Shelters, The Proper Treatment of Floors, Wall Papers and Decorations, Craftsman Wood Finishes, etc.

It may be well enough to add that not one line appearing in these pages is paid for, but in every case the reference made is a voluntary courtesy to our business patrons for the information and benefit of THE CRAFTSMAN readers, a great majority of whom are directly interested in home-building and home-making.

### BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY IN A RANGE

We are glad to present in this issue in the announcement of the Weir Stove Company, Taunton, Massachusetts, an illustration of one of the new designs of the Cabinet Glenwood Ranges, "built on lines of elegant simplicity," and without exception one of the most satisfying and artistic productions of the kind which has come to our notice. The freedom from over-ornamentation and meaningless embossing will commend the Cabinet Glenwood to CRAFTSMAN readers, and to all interested in The Craftsman movement for the simplification of life and its surroundings. The plain, glossy black surface gives the range a neat and business-like appearance, which is at once artistic and restful. Later we hope to show the same model opened to reveal the sensible and convenient interior arrangement where everything is accessible from the front of the range so that either end may be placed against the wall without inconvenience to the user. These Cabinet Glenwood Ranges are made in different sizes, with or without the hearth or

end shelf, and other essential features which mark the latest achievement in modern range building. The surest way to appreciate the genuine claim of these really artistic ranges would be to call on the nearest dealer handling the Glenwood, but where this is impossible the next best thing would be to send for their illustrated catalogue showing the different styles and different parts, with full description of the details and practical suggestions for the ideal way of setting the Cabinet Glenwood, especially in new houses. The only criticism that occurs to us is that every ambitious home-maker of The Craftsman Home-builders' Club will refuse to be happy until she owns a Cabinet Glenwood to match the other appointments of her Craftsman house and home.

TILES FOR EVERYWHERE AND ANYWHERE

The rapidly increasing use of art tiles in modern homes is one of the noticeable features of interior construction and decoration in this country. The illustration of the modern dining room, shown in our business pages, indicates one of the many artistic possibilities in the use of the "Della Robbia" tiles made by The Trent Tile Company, Trenton, New Jersey, and widely recognized as one of the most artistic achievements in this direction ever made. The reason for the use of tile is not far to seek and it is perhaps worth while to quote so good an authority on the subject as the above named firm:

"Marbles require constant care; their luster is short-lived, will discolor and stain; their beauty is for to-day, while burned and glazed clay retains its color, luster and beauty until the "crack of doom." If it soil, an application of clean water and a little labor will restore it to its pristine glory. Burned and glazed clay is the only material, without the use of meretricious devices, that will produce architectural lines, symmetrical forms, and pleasing ornamentations. In all schemes of decoration, every effort should be made to have a play of light and shadow; burned and glazed clay, as it comes from the kiln, gives this to perfection. The wrongful aim to-day in tile work is to sacrifice this charm and fascination. In England, Europe and the Orient, where tile work wins our admiration, every peculiarity or mystery that is produced by the heat of the potter's kiln is highly prized and made to serve a decorative purpose.

"May our people, in the near future, be possessed with the art vision of our brothers across the Atlantic and in the Far East."

ART FURNISHINGS IN LEATHER EFFECTS

The new and interesting illustration of some of the possibilities in the use of Luxemoor Leather decorations is shown in our business pages. While it gives the designs of the several pieces, it fails even to suggest the beautiful tone effects and color schemes produced in this unique and artistic material. Ladies who are searching for real novelties for Christmas gifts will be interested in the following suggestions:

The long table scarf in solid calf ooze, made in any of the refined shades of ox-blood, sage green, brown and delft and in standard lengths, makes a very rich cover for the

mission table. The several squares of leather which are fitted together in the construction of these covers are laced by hand in such a way as to add a decorative feature. The fringes are also of leather and add weight necessary to effective draping.

"Luxemoor" in delft or other colors representing Dutch scenes, is unique and artistic in screen decorations, panels, etc. The ooze leather harmonizes in color effects and finish with the popular furnishings of tapestry and velour of which the lower panels in these screens are fitted. To the admirer of the rich old leather effects the screen to the right of the illustration will appeal, the design being conventional and the figures raised in heavy relief and colored in dark red, green and brown; the velour panels at the bottom are selected in color to harmonize.

For additional information about these beautiful and high class artistic effects for wall cover, drapery and general furnishings, write to the Corwin Mfg. Company, Peabody, Mass.

HOMECRAFT IN SANITAS AND LEATHEROLE

The possibilities in the application of Sanitas and Leatherole to homecraft are practically unlimited. The two materials of differing weights and pliabilities are readily adaptable to the ingenuity of the home worker in the crafts. The entire range of color in both materials allows an endless variety of combinations calculated to harmonize with any given interior. THE CRAFTSMAN has already reproduced illustrations of a desk set made of Sanitas and a table mat in which both materials were used. This month, in the advertising pages, may be seen two new suggestions for center pieces. These designs permit of being cut with a sharp knife from a round piece of Leatherole, just as a stencil is cut, and then backed with some contrasting shade of Sanitas. Or the operation can be reversed, the design being cut with scissors out of Sanitas and pasted on the Leatherole foundation. Either method produces satisfactory results.

The swan design is effective in a combination of green and white or brown and cream. The bolder, more conventional motive may be treated with greater freedom. Red and tan, yellow and green, terra cotta and cream are all good effects for these mats.

The Sanitas and Leatherole center pieces are made eighteen inches in diameter, the width of Leatherole.

Tracings of the designs used in any of these objects of home craft made of Sanitas and Leatherole may be had on application to the manufacturers of these materials.

MORE ABOUT KITCHEN CABINETS

The "Model Kitchen" movement, in which G. P. McDougall & Son, Indianapolis, Indiana, are the pioneers, will receive hearty welcome from CRAFTSMAN readers and to all others who believe in the simplification of life. The McDougall Idea is to lighten the labor of the housewife, to make life easier for her, or her servant, and to save innumerable steps and unnecessary

work. The McDougall Kitchen Cabinet economizes space to a wonderful degree, occupies no more floor area than the old-fashioned kitchen table, yet provides a place for all the kitchen utensils—pots, kettles and pans—a place for all the food supplies; bins for flour, sugar, coffee, tea and salt; cans for spices, pepper, etc.; drawers for kitchen linen, knives, forks, spoons, strainers, strings, corks, etc.

Each McDougall Cabinet has the full working surface of the usual kitchen table, plenty of shelf and cupboard room; closets for china and glass, pickles and preserves; an adjustable bread-board and a drop table leaf, if desired. In fact, there is nothing that has to do with the kitchen service for which there is not a well-chosen and well-arranged place.

The bins for flour, sugar, salt, etc., are adjusted on patent rocking hinges, so that each bin can be opened by a gentle pressure of the hand without tugging or pulling. There are plate racks and cup hooks in the china closet, and gold lacquered cans for spices. Every drawer slides in and out with no possibility of binding or sticking. Each cabinet is dust proof and mouse proof, and is made of solid oak, with handsome golden finish.

This brief summary is but a part of the McDougall Kitchen Cabinet story, which we intend to "continue in our next" for the information of our home readers, so many of whom have assured us of their interest in this Open Door campaign of education, based as it is on trustworthy information at first hand, and backed by responsible firms.

TIFFANY'S STERLING SILVER

Tiffany & Company's announcement in this issue emphasizes the promptness and efficiency of their mail order business which has proved so popular and satisfactory with out-of-town patrons. Their price list for selling Silver Forks and Spoons will interest the prudent housekeeper, all the prices being marked according to weight at the rate of one dollar per ounce. The Tiffany brand is a guarantee, not only of standard quality but of choice designs, all of which are copyrighted and therefore exclusive. The trained salesmen, in their great mail order department, are all expert and know what is most in favor from season to season, and this fact alone assures careful selection and intelligent advice to those desiring assistance. The Tiffany Blue Book, a volume of five hundred pages, will be sent to intending purchasers without charge.

The magnificent new store, at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, is a marvel of architectural beauty and a most interesting and fascinating place to include when sight-seeing in New York.

GORHAM CO.'S OLD ENGLISH BLACKJACKS

As an artistic revival of the "Old English Blackjacks" and "Leathern Bottels," The Gorham Company announces some strikingly original examples of those characteristic drinking utensils of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. The sizes varying from the drinking mug to the tall Tankard, to the imposing Loving Cup or the well-

proportioned Flagon. The bodies are of heavy hand-worked leather, the linings of red copper, the mountings, including the shields for monograms, inscriptions or armorial bearings, of sterling silver, and the prices range from five dollars upward.

These unique gift articles may be obtained from the leading jewelers throughout the country as well as from The Gorham Company, New York.

TOOL CABINETS FOR MAN OR BOY

The growing interest in manual training both in the home and in the school is a healthy sign of the times, and has been greatly stimulated among the readers of THE CRAFTSMAN by the interesting series on "Home Training in Cabinet Work." It is comparatively easy to interest the average boy in the ownership and use of a kit of tools, which will afford him a rational outlet for his activities and help to keep him out of mischief. A taste for things mechanical can be fostered, developing not only constructive ability but ripening the thought processes in giving him a new interest in life. A Christmas present of a Wivanco Tool Cabinet would be a sensible and useful selection for the coming season and afford profitable amusement all the year round. These cabinets are manufactured by White, Van Glahn & Company, 24 Chatham Square, New York City, the oldest mail order house in America, whose reputation is a guarantee of first-class merchandise. Note the offer in their announcement to send their big catalogue of over six hundred pages, free of charge, anywhere outside of Chicago or New York City.

MORE PROGRESS TOWARDS SIMPLICITY

In a recent interview with Mrs. Lloyd, President of the W. H. S. Lloyd Company, Importers and Decorators, New York, who has just returned from her annual visit to the manufacturers and designers of wall decorations in England and the Continent, this well-known art authority frankly stated that "the present feeling of the thinking public in the matter of things decorative is for greater simplicity. In the best instances of the use of color, the over worked expression 'decorative scheme' has little application, the suggestive devices in 'schemes' having given place to broad, clearly expressed treatments. A single color, or if the surface be large and the ornaments few, a pattern in monochrome with its sense of unobtrusive vibration, will relieve wide spaces which run the risk of being hard. With the plain walls there is an opportunity to use a suitable frieze, many of the designs for which are to-day the best expression of the inspiration of leading mural artists,—not so many colors for so many dollars—but a real thought,—an outdoor scene or a sea view, or a series of intertwining curves, the human figure in graceful pose, beautiful plant forms emphasized in color, sometimes the form made subsidiary to color effect, and all treated simply and broadly, free from tiresome photographic exactions as to fine detail. Thus all can be felt at once and easily comprehended without having to 'sit and study' a lot of complexities. It naturally follows that in a plan of decoration built on a plain colored

wall, the selection of the color is of extreme importance, and to paraphrase Mrs. Glasse: 'First catch your color, then find your frieze.' The sense of repose is the main ally is very much in earnest in regard to their proper treatment. Its advice is that him when too weary or listless to raise his head to the frieze above, where a suggestion of variety is waiting for him if needed." Coming from such a source, the recognition of this growing impulse towards simplicity is very significant, and the impression is further confirmed by an inspection of the many new designs and effects shown in the season's importations by this house, which controls the entire output of the famous Sanderson & Sons, London, and also the representative designs in Anaglypta decorations, one of which is shown in their announcement in our business pages.

DINING ROOM STUDIES IN SANITAS

One of the peculiar advantages of Sanitas is that it is an admirable substitute for a painted wall, and once applied it can be treated just like any other painted surface. As a foundation for special decoration with oil paint it is unsurpassed. It does away with the necessity for repeated applications of paint for a ground, and it is ready as soon as it is on the wall for whatever finish the decorator may see fit to apply. Since oil paint is used for the extra decoration the entire surface of the wall, both ground and decoration, becomes alike water proof.

In the advertising pages of this issue of THE CRAFTSMAN is reproduced suggestions for a dining room having Sanitas covered walls. The room as originally planned is in tan,—the lower walls paneled with one of the printed burlaps in tan and brown. Above the paneling the upper walls and ceiling are of cream with stenciled decorations, in greens, browns and blues.

The frieze above the dado is ten inches wide and it may be a simple conventional border. The upper wall spaces are framed in with a smaller border of floral motive. The effect is original and admits of whatever variation the room under consideration may require.

The wood work of this cheerful tan room is of ash, as is also the furniture. The hangings and rug are blue. The electrolier is copper with a blue shade and the rose bowl is blue. The table scarfs are of cream Sanitas stenciled with a simple ornament.

An alternate choice of colors in this room would permit the walls to be covered with three shades of green, keeping the wood work and furniture of some light wood. The stenciled border would then be executed in green and burnt orange. The hangings and rug would be of greens and browns.

TECO POTTERY FOR THE HOLIDAYS

In anticipation of the approaching holiday season, art lovers will find timely aid and suggestion by sending for The Gates Potteries' book about Teco Pottery. These Potteries not only won the gold medal at St. Louis, but have achieved an envied position among the world's art wares by their beauty of design and richness of

tones and velvety textures. The book is sent on request to The Gates Potteries, 633 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago.

A PIANO FOR THE HOME

Better even than a great artist's endorsement, which Reisenauer has so cordially given the Everett Piano, is the fact that these pianos have won their own high place with artists and music lovers all over the world on their merits, especially in the rare tone qualities, which have made The Everett the musicians' ideal pianoforte. The Everett Marvel and Parlor Grands are Concert Grands in miniature, occupying less space but retaining the same exquisite richness and fulness of tone. The illustrated catalogue is sent free upon application to The John Church Company, Cincinnati, New York or Chicago.

WALL PAPERS AND INTERIOR DECORATIONS

Among the notable establishments in New York devoted to wall coverings and interior decorations, is the New York Store of the Syracuse Wall Paper Company, at 47 and 49 West Fourteenth Street, the headquarters for their wholesale and retail business. The entire building, 50 by 100 feet, six stories and basement, is occupied with their complete line of domestic and foreign papers, the latter including the products of the leading European factories. The interior throughout has been thoroughly refitted and most artistically decorated during the past year and is in every respect a model and practical illustration of the decorative art in the treatment of walls and ceilings. As the largest wall paper factory in the world, the Syracuse Paper and Pulp Company stands pre-eminent among domestic producers, and to meet the demand for the product all over the country, the Company has established eight large branch houses in the principal cities east and west. The company is not only the largest distributor of wall papers in the world, but is the only factory which owns and operates a raw stock mill, which gives the product from the tree to the wall without the intervention of the middle-man's profit. In beauty of design and coloring many of the inexpensive patterns are quite as artistic as the more pretentious foreign products, and the facilities of the company for handling its products are unsurpassed in the country.

THE ROOF THAT SHELTERS

Writing in reply to our inquiries about the facts in the case about the Taylor "Old Style" Tin, the manufacturers, N. & G. Taylor Company, frankly state that:

"People often ask us why our tin should cost more than other modern extra-coated ternes, and these are some of the 'reasons why.' A good article, carefully and thoroughly made, as we make this 'OLD STYLE' brand, cannot sell at a price to compete with these cheaper machine-made brands of tin, as it costs more to make and it is *worth* more to the man who wants satisfaction.

"This 'OLD STYLE' brand of ours has been on the market so long, and has

gained such a reputation among the better class architects and roofers in all parts of the country, that other makers and dealers have imitated the name of the brand, representing their brands to be fully the equal of the genuine. We have yet to find a brand that compares favorably in quality with ours, and we believe that our friends in the roofing trade who have used our 'OLD STYLE' for twenty and thirty years are right in saying that 'it stands head and shoulders above any other roofing tin.'

"We wish we might have an opportunity to take every tin roofer through our works, and show him the care that is exercised in every small detail in making tinplate in order to get the very best tin that can be made at any cost. Our employees are skilled in their particular lines of work—many of them having been with us since the works were started—and all take a pride in turning out a first class product."

Later we will take up separately the details of manufacture and try to show you how the genuine "OLD STYLE" brand excels in every particular.

SAFECRAFT WRITING DESK

The illustrated Safecraft Writing Desk, shown in our business pages, gives a good idea of the happy combination of beauty, convenience and provision for the safe-keeping of household treasures in this unique piece of furniture. In many households all over the country, treasures of untold value are exposed to the ever present danger of thefts or fire. The average man, and especially the average woman, prefers to run the risk of loss rather than mar the beauty of a room by the obtrusive presence of the ordinary, inartistic and forbidding iron or steel safe; this is perhaps natural, for the conventional safe looks out of place and too conspicuous in the environments of home. To meet the growing demand for protection of valuables in the home, without the disadvantages of the conventional safe, the well-known Herring-Hall-Marvin Safe Company has designed a combination of high grade safe, and high grade furniture, which has happily been named "Safecraft." The cabinet work is made under the personal direction of that master of furniture building, Mr. Gustav Stickley, and has all the distinction of design and construction that marks the output of his famous workshops. Hidden within the graceful and dignified lines of each piece of Safecraft, is a Herring-Hall-Marvin Safe, having every device used in the best and most modern of their famous fire and burglar-proof safe. Turn to the illustrated announcement for further information, or write for new catalogue as directed.

THE PROPER TREATMENT OF FLOORS

The average home-maker or housekeeper needs, and would no doubt appreciate, practical advice on the proper care of floors. Many floors are ruined, in their beauty at least, by ignorant treatment or by the use of improper finishes or dressings, and the remedy is so simple that the Open Door gladly calls attention to this department of home education. The leading manufacturers of Floor Finishes and Hard Wood Floors, S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wis., have very recently issued a new booklet which contains all that is

necessary for the intelligent housekeeper to know about this subject. This firm has been making floors and floor finishes exclusively for the past twenty years, and naturally is very much in earnest in regard to their proper treatment. Its advice is that of an expert whose methods and preparations are not experiments, but the result of successful experience. The booklet treats of all kinds of wood used for flooring and contains full and explicit directions for using the various preparations intelligently and will be a valuable addition to the household literature.

Many good housekeepers seem to think the polished floors are a great care, when the real difficulty is that the proper finish is not used, or is not properly applied. Floors polished with Johnson's Prepared Wax require much less care than carpets, which are now, fortunately, becoming antiquated in homes where sanitary conditions, as well as good taste, have triumphed over conventional notions. By following the advice and suggestion made by these manufacturers, an old floor, no matter how it is finished, can be greatly improved in appearance, and the housekeeper takes no chances in using their preparations. The Open Door would be glad to tell you more about this subject, but you will find it all within the covers of the new booklet.

FORGED FIRE FITTINGS

The William Bayley Company, Springfield, Ohio, remind the readers of our business pages of the suitability of many pieces of their hand-wrought metal work for gifts especially suited to the home. In addition to andirons, shovels, pokers, tongs, screens, fenders and hoods, they also manufacture a variety of lighting appliances and fixtures for use both in and out-of-doors. Their other lines of metal work include gates, grills, fences, railings, latches, knockers and many other utilities that find favor with modern home builders.

CRAFTSMAN WOOD FINISHES

The original methods of wood-finishing which gives the Craftsman cabinet work a soft dull finish, bringing out in common woods a sense of friendliness, has long made plain its own claim to distinction and baffled imitation wherever the Craftsman workmanship is known.

These results, which are so satisfying, are due to developing and preserving the natural beauty of the wood, and have excited so much admiration among all interested in interior house-trim, floors and furniture, that an urgent demand has been created for the Craftsman Wood Finishes. These have now, for the first time, been prepared and are offered for sale in convenient packages and in any quantity desired.

The secret of getting these satisfying results lies in the scientific chemistry of the finishes, the nature of the woods and intelligent treatment. While these finishes in almost any shade of brown, green or gray are furnished to match any desired color scheme, the rich nut-brown finish, known as Craftsman Fumed Oak No. 2, has super-

seded all other attempts in wood finish and is destined to hold a permanent place in the public favor.

For white oak, as the most commonly used, the Fumed Oak No. 2 is recommended, and samples will be sent upon request. Careful and explicit directions are given, making their use very simple, and estimates of quantity for any given surface, with prices will be furnished upon application to GUSTAV STICKLEY, THE CRAFTSMAN, Syracuse, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE FAMILY

There is an age at which the little ones no longer want merely a colored picture book, neither are they old enough to enjoy the literature which their parents read. They want something to read, however, which savors of a real book, and it is important at this time that they get books which, while they have the elements of attractiveness and the simplicity which will appeal to their readers, shall be of a sort to direct the taste of the child in the right way.

The "Told to the Children" series attempts to give versions of various classic stories in a way to meet this demand. In their form the books cater to the child's wish for a volume of "grown up" appearance. They are square 16 mo, 5x6¼ inches, printed in antique type and bound in cloth with a cover design. Each volume has a prefatory note serving as an introduction for book and reader.

The text is based on authors the parents read, but the stories are told to the "truly" child in a way to make him love and understand. There are ten volumes: The Water Babies, Stories from Chaucer, Stories from the Faerie Queen, Stories of King Arthur's Knights, The Heroes, Robinson Crusoe, Stories of Robin Hood, Nursery Rhymes, Stories from the Life of Christ, Old Testament Stories, each retold to fit the general character of the series.

Unfortunately gaps appear in many of the old stories and other difficulties which make them, in their original form, impossible for young readers. At the same time the Knights of the Round Table and Bold Robin's men are too good friends to remain unmet longer than necessity demands. So these volumes have their proper place in the modern nursery. The characters of the Old Testament, the incidents in the life of Christ and the Ancient Heroes are made interesting realities of the little folks' world, giving the series a distinct educational value.

Each volume has several illustrations in color of a delicacy and soft tone that harmonize with the spirit of the books. All in all they are dainty, well written little volumes which the children are likely to prize. E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York, are the publishers.

# OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

SINCE the publication of our article on stenciling fabrics, in the Home Department of THE CRAFTSMAN for May, 1905, we have received a number of requests for a like article on designs and methods of wall stenciling. This article was promised at the time the first one appeared, but other subjects that seemed of more immediate importance to home makers have hitherto taken precedence.

The method of stenciling is much the same as that applied to fabrics, but there are certain limitations governing the designs that go to make a successful wall decoration. The first principle, and one that should be kept in mind first, last and all the time, is the careful avoidance of over-decoration. Any form of ornamentation that obtrudes itself, either in color or design, is dangerous for the walls, which are essentially the background of the room. While they are always to be made interesting in color, division of wall-spaces and structural features, applied ornamentation of any sort should be but sparingly used if the effect of restfulness so necessary to a home atmosphere is to be preserved. The danger of richly colored and mechanically-produced patterns which repeat themselves all over the walls, as in the case of most figured wall-papers and friezes, is that they seem constantly to be clamoring for notice, so that the whole effect becomes fussy and restless. This applies as well to painted or stenciled walls, unless great care is exercised in the choice of color and design, so that the decoration does not assert itself unduly in the room considered as a whole, but rather serves simply to relieve a plain space which might otherwise look bare.

STENCIL OF CONVENTIONALIZED TREES

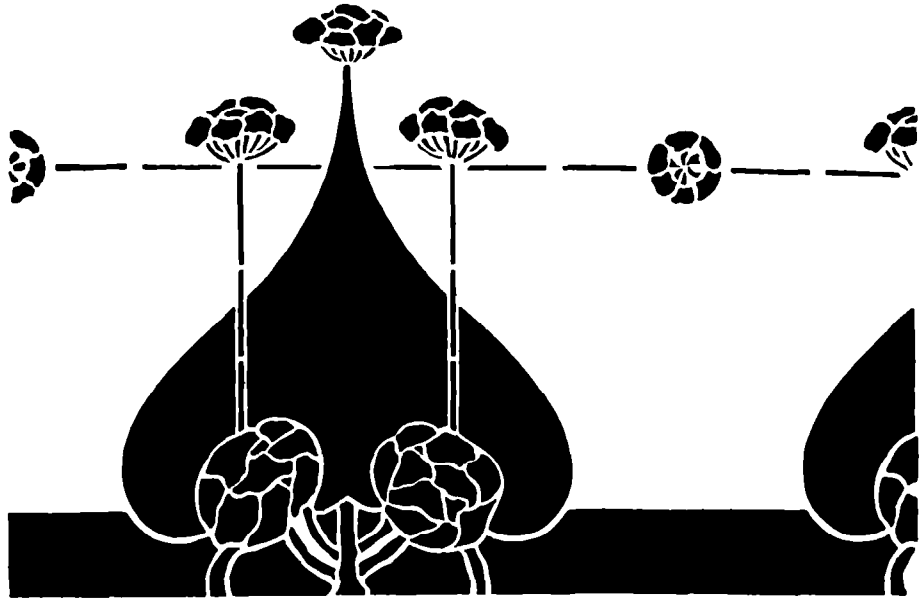
To quote from a well-known English decorator whose utterances upon this subject are authoritative: "Any ornament you notice when you do not look for it, or perhaps I might better say, when you do not wish to think of it, is necessarily in bad taste..... Now no flat mechanical ornament, designed to cover a large space, should ever be so designed that you are able easily to trace the pattern at the other side of the room. Please do not understand from this that it should be *small* in design; far from it; things small in design are almost necessarily finikin and therefore unreposeful; but being quiet and retiring in color and contrast of tones, whether large

or small, let it reveal, when you come to have leisure to examine it, vigorous, broad and direct treatment, good, loving, thoughtful drawing, real artistic conception, and perception of beauty in form and line."

This is a good foundation upon which to base all designs and color effects in wall stenciling. The color, of course, must be chosen to furnish just the requisite amount of contrast to the wall covering to afford the needed decorative touch that relieves the plainness of frieze or panel without attracting to itself an undue amount of attention in the general scheme of the room, and these colors depend in every case upon the wall and surroundings. As to the designs, those illustrated here are fair examples of Craftsman ideas in either continuous or "spot" patterns.

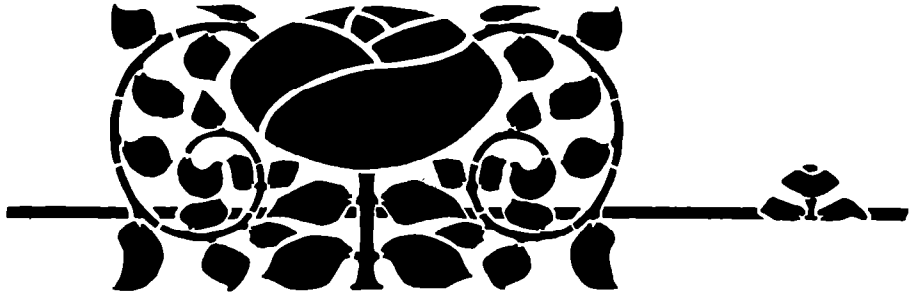
A very successful continuous frieze is the design of conventionalized trees, with just a suggestion of a landscape. This is especially satisfactory when carried out in greens or autumn tints in a room which shows the forest tones of green, yellow and brown. It is not as elastic in its adaptibility as some of the other designs, but should be applied to the wall in exactly the same way as it appears in the drawing, preserving the same spaces between the figures in the design.

Other continuous patterns are more accommodating in fitting themselves to the wall spaces. The "wild carrot motif," shown in the second illustration, is one of these, as the spaces between the figures may be made wider or narrower to fit any wall space. The design, however, requires that the figures should be rather close together to produce the best effect. This frieze is illustrated in the living room of the house shown in The Craftsman House, Series of 1905, Number VIII, published in the August number of the magazine, and again appears in one of the color plates illustrating the special article on living rooms in the October number.



STENCIL SHOWING WILD CARROT MOTIF.

The most elastic designs for the decoration of wall spaces that are pretty well divided by panels, doors, window frames, etc., are what are called the "spot" patterns. Some of these are connected by one or two lines that may be lengthened or shortened according to the space desired between the figures. The conventionalized rose motif of the third illustration is one of these connected spot patterns, and its use is well illustrated in the picture of the den in The Craftsman House, Series of 1905, Number X, published in the October number. As will be seen, there are only two of the figures in each wall space, and they are placed so as to come near the edges, leaving only the line and the tiny bud figure in the center to connect them. The two large figures coming close together in the corner of the room are very decorative in effect.



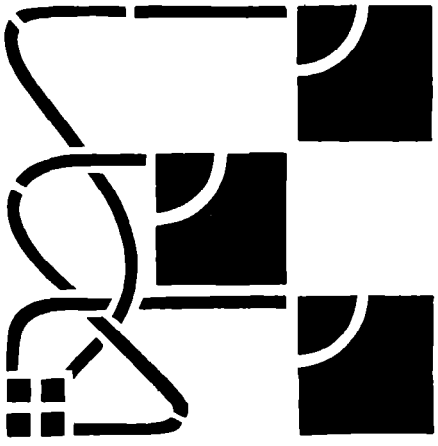
STENCIL SHOWING CONNECTED SPOT PATTERN—WILD ROSE MOTIF

Spot patterns, especially when entirely disconnected, are often used in the wall panels, just below a plain frieze. A good illustration of this very quaint and decorative use of such designs is shown in the picture of the living room in Craftsman House, Series of 1905, Number VII, published in the July number of THE CRAFTSMAN. Here the wall spaces between the plain frieze and paneled wainscot are so divided by corners, door and window casings, as to give the effect of broad, shallow panels. In the corner of each of these is stenciled the spot pattern shown in the fourth illustration accompanying this arti-

STENCIL SHOWING SPOT PATTERN FOR PANEL BELOW FRIEZE

cle, and the effect gained is one of the most satisfactory of all in the interest it gives to these wide, plain spaces. It is a subtle decorative touch far more effective than any continuous or elaborate ornamentation.

The fifth and sixth illustrations show other spot patterns that may be used either at wide intervals in a frieze, or below in the way just described. The secret of successful placing with these spot patterns is to have them so arranged that they emphasize the structural features in a room,—two on a chimney breast, one at each corner with a wide space between; the same arrangement on a panel; one close to each side of a door or window casing; two close together in a corner, etc., always preserving the relation of the figures to the structural features of the room rather than maintaining any regular spacing between the figures themselves.



SPOT PATTERN FOR WALL PANEL

As to the method of making the stencils and applying the colors, it is necessary only to repeat the directions that have been given before with reference to stenciling on fabrics. A stencil in itself is no more than a sheet of metal or heavy paper so cut that the pattern is formed by the open spaces. Metal is frequently used by professional decorators, to whose interest it is to make a stencil as durable as possible, but for home use the paper stencil is by far the best. A heavy paper or cardboard, prepared for use, is obtainable, but where it is not convenient to procure this stencil paper, an excellent substitute will be found in the ordinary manila paper. When this latter is used, the paper should be treated with a preparation of linseed oil, to which turpentine and japan dryer have been added in the following proportions: one-half as much turpentine as oil, and after these two have been well mixed, one-third as much japan as turpentine.

When this preparation has somewhat dried out, the stencil is ready for cutting. This is best accomplished by using a knife with the point slightly rounded and sharpened at both edges, using great care to leave the edges of the pattern clean and crisp, and not to sever any of the lines which hold the pattern together, and which are technically known as "ties." The best results in cutting may be obtained by tacking a piece of thick paper over a smooth board, and laying upon it the pattern to be cut out. A sheet of glass is often placed under the pattern instead of the board, but this is apt to dull the knife too quickly; the board is better, especially when covered so that the grain is not felt. When cut, the stencil is ready for use, except for a finishing coat of thin white shellac, which toughens the paper and makes it impervious to moisture of any kind.

In applying the pattern to the wall it is best to use a round bristle brush and only the smallest possible quantity of dye or paint. The best effect is obtained, not with the ordinary brush strokes, but by stippling on the pigment with quick repeated taps of the end of the brush.

There are several color mediums that may be used: water colors, oil paints, chemical

SPOT PATTERN FOR WALL PANEL

dyes, or the lacquers we use in The Craftsman Workshops.

If the Craftsman designs and colors are desired for stenciling a frieze or wall space, we will send the selected design in black on stencil paper, stenciled but not cut. With this, if our aid is requested in furnishing pigments and a color scheme, we will send a model design stenciled in color, and enough prepared lacquer in the right shades to do the work. To enable us to do this, however, it is necessary for us to have samples of the wall covering or of the tint of the plaster, and other samples to suggest the color scheme of the whole room. With these to guide us, the model pattern in colors will lend just the right color accent to the room for which the stencil is required, and the working pattern in black will need only to be cut as directed above to be ready for use.

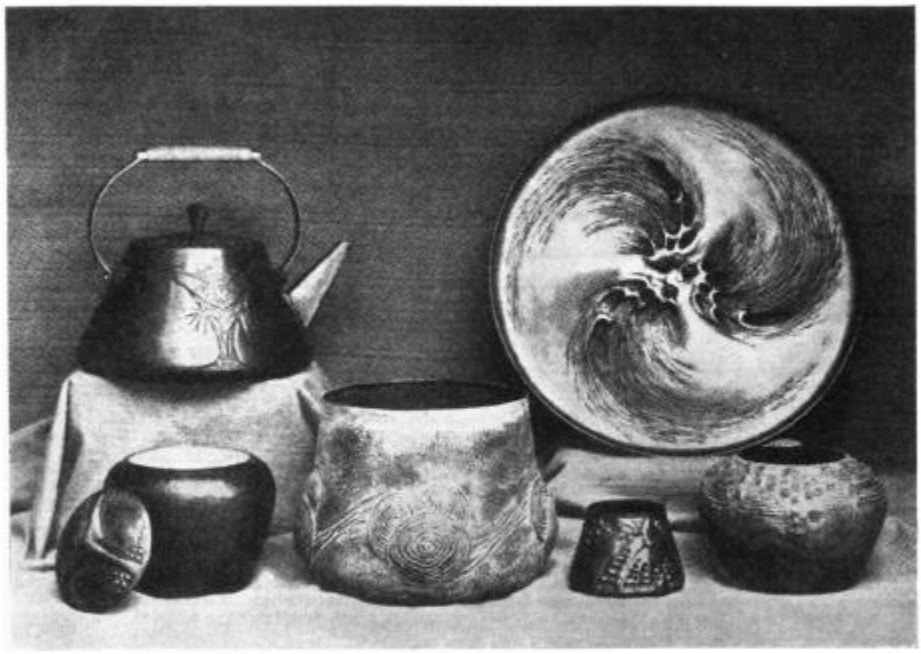
## SOME USES OF METAL WORK

O many requests have been sent us for "something on metal-working," that we here give some examples of the progress made in this delightful handicraft both at home and abroad. Nothing is more decorative in the way of household belongings that are also things of beauty than hammered copper. Some of the best examples of these that have lately appeared are here reproduced from the International Studio, and we also reprint, for the benefit of beginners in metal-work, these extracts from an admirably practical little group of hints for simple metal working, written for the same publication by Mrs. Hugo Froelich.

"COPPER is the most popular of all metals with the craftsman, both for its artistic and utilitarian possibilities. It colors to unusual advantage and is, at the same time, malleable, durable and inexpensive, lending itself easily to the making

of many common household articles. To the uninitiated the production of these articles is a mystery, but a few helpful suggestions may make the simpler forms of metal work possible to the beginner.

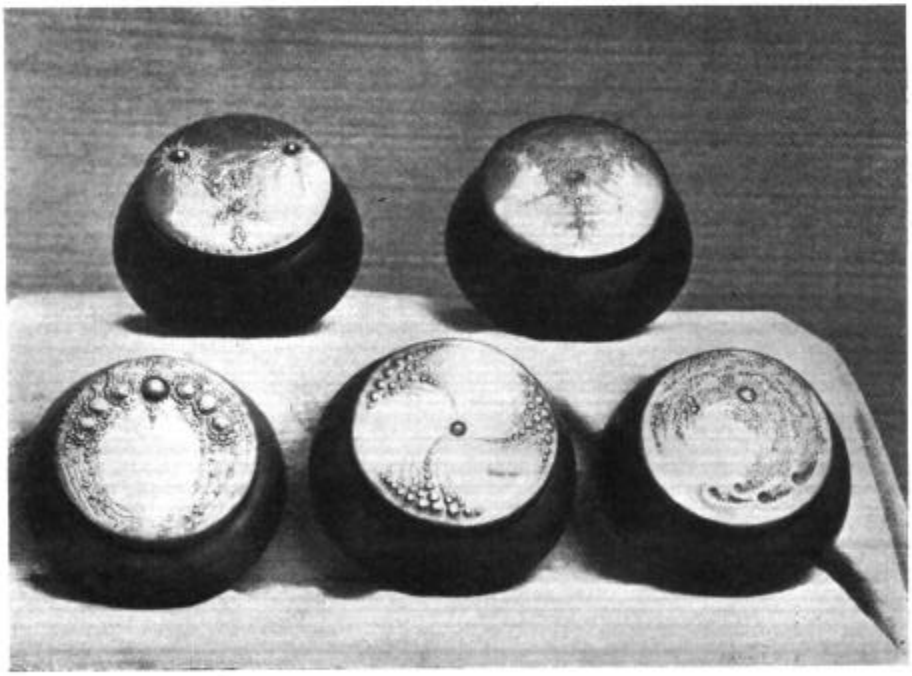
"The bowl is the foundation of all cup-shaped forms, and is also one of the easiest shapes to begin with. For a bowl six inches in diameter, take a piece of 19 gauge sheet copper, and, with the aid of a pair of compasses, draw on it a circle having a radius of three inches. Keeping the same centre, make two inner circles, one with an inch, the other with a two-inch radius. Now cut the copper a little outside of the outer circle with tinner's shears, filing the edges to remove any roughness. In the end of a block of hard wood, four inches square, carve a circular depression, one-half inch deep, and two inches wide. Holding the block firmly in a vise, place the metal on it and hammer it, three-fourths of an inch from the edge, over the hollow, continuing in circles until the inner circle is reached. For this work use a round-faced steel hammer, and strike with even blows, so spaced that no ridges will be left between the impressions. Continue this process until the bowl assumes the desired shape, after which any uneven places may be removed by placing the metal on a smooth steel plate or a flat piece of hard wood, and hammering gently over the entire surface. The size and proportion of the bottom of the bowl may be left to the individual worker, but care must be taken to secure a perfectly flat face on which the bowl may rest. When the copper has assumed satisfactory shape, cleanse it thoroughly by immersing it in



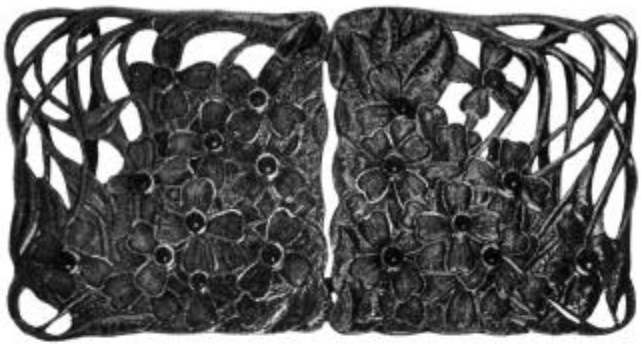
DOMESTIC UTENSILS IN HAMMERED COPPER—DESIGNED BY AMY DAHNE, NURNBERG.
(Reproduced from *Kunst und Dekoration.*)

# OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

CASSEROLE COVER IN COPPER.
(Reproduced from *International Studio*)



CROCKS WITH HAMMERED COPPER COVERS—DESIGNED BY AMY DAHNE, NURNBERG.
(Reproduced from *Kunst und Dekoration.*)



BELT CLASP—DESIGNED BY W. HARDIMAN FOR THE GUILD OF HANDICRAFT.

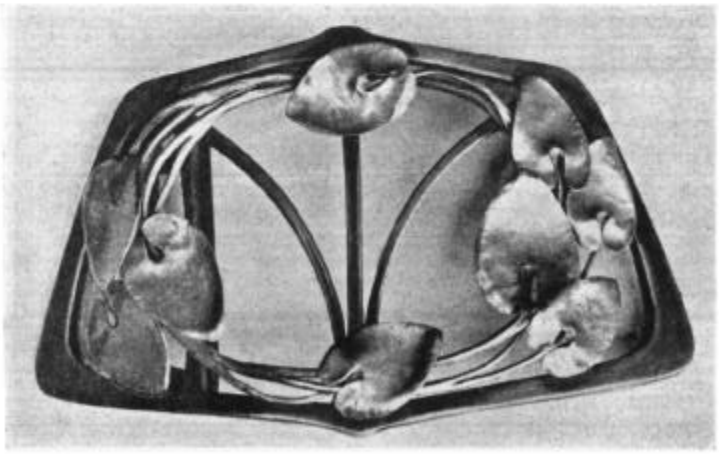
(Reproduced from *International Studio.*)

the pickle, which is made by adding two tablespoonfuls of sulphuric acid to one gallon of water. Rinse well and dry.

"The coloring of the bowl is a second consideration. Suppose a bright polish is desired for the copper; it is secured by rubbing with different grades of emery paper, first No. 1, then No. 0, and finally, polishing paper. Coloring by means of heat is also effective and simple. After rubbing the cleansed metal with oil, subject it to a slow, even heat until a good color appears. Again, various effects may be obtained by painting the copper with different acids.

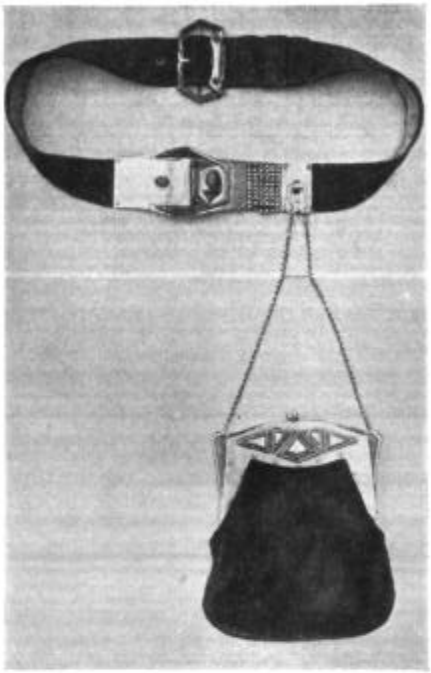
"COVERS for casseroles are treated like very shallow bowls. The exact outline of the dish is drawn on the copper and a half inch outside of this is marked a second circle for the flange of the lid. The edge is turned over sharply to make the lid fit the casserole, especial precaution being necessary to make the outline of the cover follow the lip of the dish.

"A suitable design, previously prepared, is now transferred to the inside of the cover, where it is outlined with a scratch point. A bed of chasing pitch, which serves both as a support for the metal and a resisting cushion for the tool, should have been previously prepared on a heavy board large enough to hold the cover. Both cover and pitch are now warmed until the cover can be pressed down into the pitch, concave side up. Allow it to cool until it is of the temperature of the hand. The parts of the design that are to be in relief are hammered down by holding the end of the tool against the metal with the left hand, and varying the blows with the right, so as to block out the general effect of the design. Some parts of the design will need a strong accent, which may be given by using smaller and sharper tools. If, for exam-



BUCKLE—DESIGNED BY BRANDT.

(Reproduced from *Kunst und Dekoration.*)



BELT AND BAG MOUNTED IN SILVER—DESIGNED BY W. VON BECKERATH, MUNICH.
(Reproduced from *Kunst und Dekoration.*)

ple, the crab design is used, the accent will be on the eye, the spurs of the claws, or other parts of the body, according to the demands of the design. The design may be rendered more characteristic by a suggestion of the harmonious water lines. After the design is blocked in, the cover is taken from the pitch by heating it with a Bunsen burner, and is cleaned with kerosene. It is next placed on the pitch again, right side up, so that the shapes may be refined by working the background down, and smoothing the relief by using flat plenishers and outliners.

"The handle for the cover is made from a strip of copper five and one-half inches long, one-half inch wide, and one-eighth inch thick. After annealing the metal, flatten its ends by hammering them on the anvil with a heavy hammer. Shape the handle into any form desired on the horn of a vise, finishing the edges to the required smoothness by filing. Now drill holes through both ends of the handle and the cover, to receive the rivets, which are fastened in the usual way. This leaves the cover ready for the silver lining, which completes an artistic as well as a useful cooking dish."

BEAUTIFUL metal work is also coming more and more into prominence for the little accessories to women's dress upon which so much of its effect depends. The flowing lines of plant-forms, by which the New Art may always be recognized, are especially graceful when used in this way, especially when used with the

BELT AND BAG MOUNTED IN SILVER—DESIGNED BY W. VON BECKERATH, MUNICH.
(Reproduced from *Kunst und Dekoration.*)

restraint and simplicity shown in the two beautiful buckles illustrated here. One is by Brandt, a German enthusiast of Der Moderne Stil, and the other is by W. Hardiman, a member of the English Guild of Handicraft. The German buckle is perhaps broader and more simple in its design, but the lines and exquisite workmanship of the English belt-clasp make it a perfect thing of its kind. It will be noted that the fantastic shapes which so often mar examples of the New Art are here wanting. Nothing could be more to the purpose or more intended for practical use than these two buckles. Both are designed to carry the line of the belt unbroken, as it should be, and in both there appears the most charming effect of simplicity in shape, design and workmanship.

Willy von Beckerath, the versatile German artist, does not disdain to turn his attention to such humble things as belts and bags, and the result should raise the standard of designs for these useful things. In the two examples given, nothing could be finer or more massive than the belt-clasps and bag mountings. To any clever worker in metals, their strong simplicity and the appearance of usefulness which is one of their chief claims to beauty, will be full of suggestion and inspiration toward sound and beautiful design.

# EXTRACTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE

MISS MARY E. SMITH, Wellsville, O., Sept. 2, 1905: "Your magazine more than pleases me, it surprises and delights me. Why I have not seen it before I do not know. At first I thought I could not afford it, but after reading it through, I found I could not afford not to take it. I will drop something of less importance. I hope to have much help from THE CRAFTSMAN in building our home. My sister and I expect to erect a house this fall on the Ohio river, which is very beautiful here. I shall ask your help, if I may, by and by."

ALBERT A. CASS, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 16, 1905: "I wish to acknowledge receipt of cabinet work catalogue, and wish to say that I am in hearty sympathy with the Craftsman movement, and hope to benefit by it later on."

JOHN H. HARTOG, Manager Alameda Advancement Association, Alameda, Cal., Aug. 20, 1905: "I just received the September CRAFTSMAN and cannot help writing you at once expressing my admiration for this, the handsomest and most interesting magazine that I have ever seen."

MRS. CECIL SMITH, Sherman, Tex., Sept. 2, 1905: "You have so filled me with 'Divine discontent' that I have become a by-word in the community, and friends smile significantly and intimate that I am 'Craftsman crazy.' However, they borrow my magazine, so I feel that the little leaven will in time leaven the whole. I am most anxious to enjoy your special interest and advice in behalf of my new home which I have planned in accordance with the Craftsman idea, as much as lay in my power. Where shall I go, if not to you? I am anxious that my home shall be an exponent of all that THE CRAFTSMAN stands for."

MRS. I. D. WEBSTER, Mankato, Minn., Aug. 31, 1905: "We find your magazine very valuable and interesting, and hope to make use of its ideas and suggestions for a home we are expecting to build."

MAUD L. HAILEY, Pendleton, Oregon, Aug. 15, 1905: "A stranger sent from Walla Walla, fifty miles from here, for my copies of THE CRAFTSMAN, and returned them by express."

# EXTRACTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE

From DR. CASSIUS D. WESCOTT, Chicago, September 6, 1905: "May I take this opportunity to tell you that we are regular readers of THE CRAFTSMAN and enjoy it very much. Its influence for good must be very far reaching and the knowledge of the fact must be a great joy to you."

From MARIE SOULES, Bridgeport, Conn., September 13, 1905: "I enclose check for renewal subscription for another year beginning with the October number. THE CRAFTSMAN appeals to me so strongly that I do not want to miss any of the numbers."

From JAMES L. WESCOTT, Kansas City, Mo., September 16, 1905: "I wish to convey my sincere thanks for THE CRAFTSMAN which I have been receiving for the last six months, and consider it worth many times its subscription price."

From EVELYN HENRY SOUTHALL, St. George's School, Norfolk, Va., September 19, 1905: "I have been a subscriber to your valuable Art Contribution, THE CRAFTSMAN, for several years, and by the way, permit me to congratulate you on the fine personal portrayal of characteristic types."

From F. E. CONVERSE, City Superintendent Public Schools, Beloit, Wis., September 21, 1905: "Please find enclosed order for present year's subscription. To me THE CRAFTSMAN is one of the most satisfying and inspiring of periodicals."

From O. T. CROUSE, Dixon, Ky., September 27, 1905: "I enclose herewith subscription to THE CRAFTSMAN. I heartily endorse the good work you are doing through the magazine. I am very much interested in your articles on 'Home Training in Cabinet Work.'"

From MRS. GEORGE FLOURNOY, Paducah, Ky., October 6, 1905: "I am enclosing subscription to THE CRAFTSMAN for one year. I am very much interested in your work. You have a splendid magazine and I do want to add my little word of appreciation and encouragement. I am particularly interested in the needle work and in the 'Home Training in Cabinet Work.'"

From FOLTZ & PARKER, Architects, Indianapolis, Ind., October 2, 1905: "THE CRAFTSMAN is superior by far to any of the numerous publications which reach our desk and we wish you abundant success in the mission which you have undertaken of preaching and teaching simplicity and directness of living and expression."

From T. V. POWDERLY, Washington, D. C., October 11, 1905: "I have kept up an inquiry for THE CRAFTSMAN wherever I have traveled. Lord, what a lot of magazines, good, bad and worse, you see on the shelves now and that such a publication as THE CRAFTSMAN should ever be left off seems criminal."

From CLAUDE E. ELDRIDGE, Niagara Falls, N. Y., October 10, 1905: "The monthly visits of THE CRAFTSMAN to my home are an ever increasing pleasure. In my opinion it stands without a peer as an exponent of true art. Its conception of a home is ideal. Ideal, yet not Utopian, for it teaches us how to realize our ideal."

From MRS. JULIA A. WELLS, Chicago, October 10, 1905: "It is needless to say that we more and more enjoy THE CRAFTSMAN and every month it seems better (if that is possible) than that of the previous month."

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What do you know about roofing material? You would not buy a motor car until you knew something about engines. You would not buy a horse until you knew something about horse-flesh. Why should you buy or build a house before you knew something about one of the most important parts of it—the roof?

There are but two things you need to know. One is that good tin is the best, the most durable and the least expensive sort of roofing material; and the other is that no tin is as good as "Taylor Old Style" roofing tin because no tin but "Taylor Old Style" is made by the slow, thorough, old-fashioned, hand-dipping process.

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CARTHAGE, MO., Sept. 9, 1905.

N. & G. TAYLOR CO., Phila.

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N. & G. TAYLOR COMPANY

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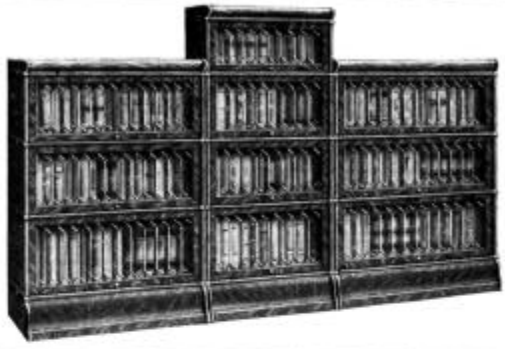

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It also describes new units which we have recently added to our line, including desk, cupboard, music, drawer, magazine and table sections, besides clearly explaining certain mechanical features of construction and finish that influence careful buyers to purchase **Globe-Wernicke** cases—the only kind equipped with non-binding door equalizers.

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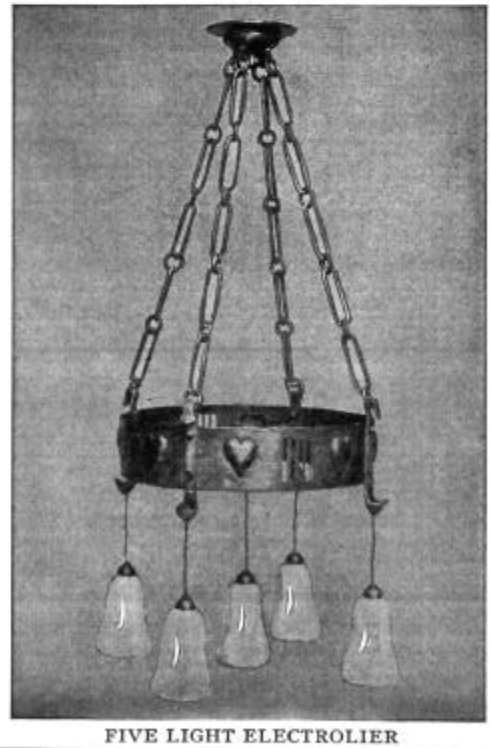
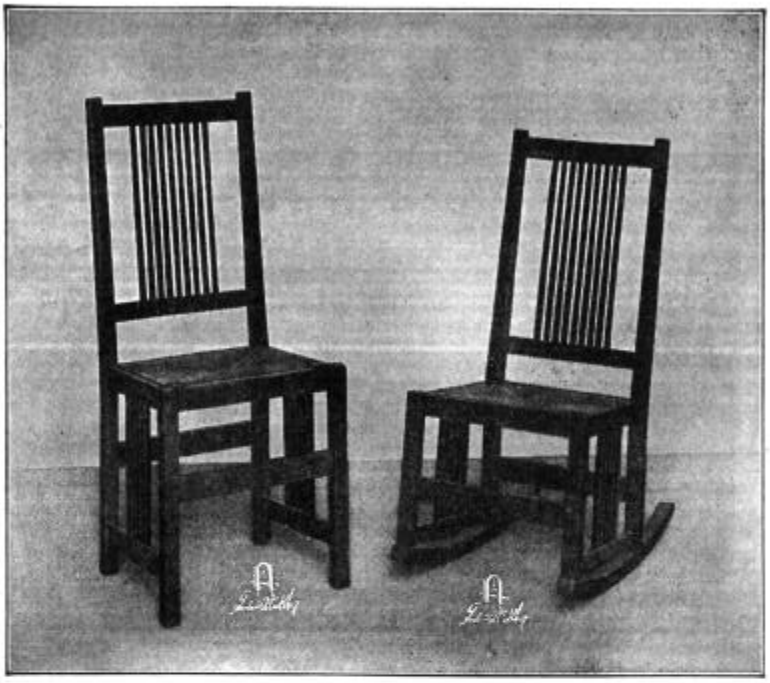


FIVE LIGHT ELECTROLIER


Look for the Craftsman Tag and Device on each piece.

Chair and Rocker (Patented August 8th, 1905.) In fumed oak.

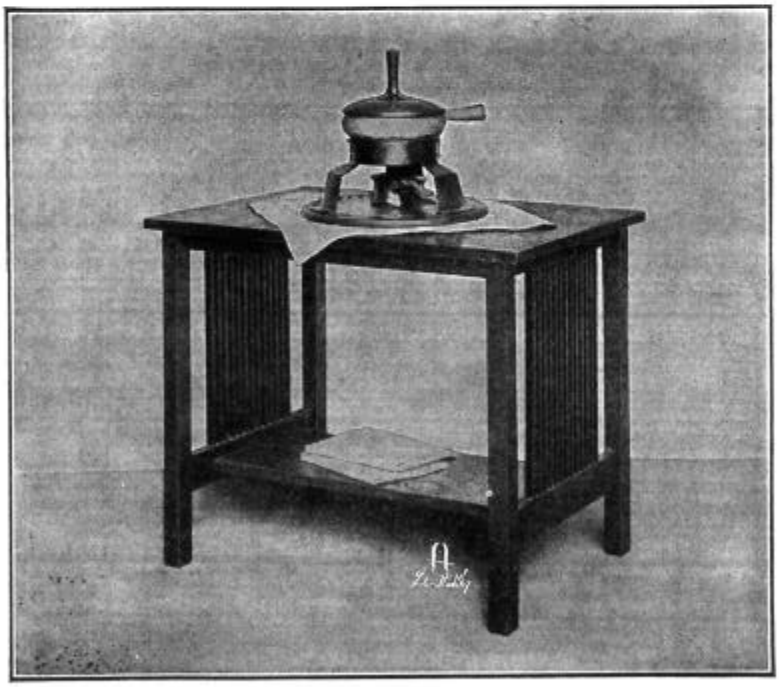


Table in fumed oak. Chafing Dish in hand wrought Copper.

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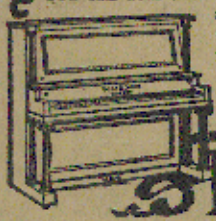

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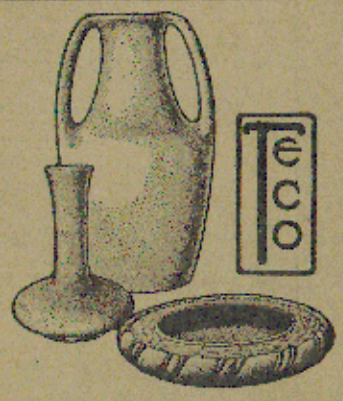


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