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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE EDITED
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RSO

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THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN AS A LABORER
THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AS A TEACHER

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THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XIV

MAY, 1908

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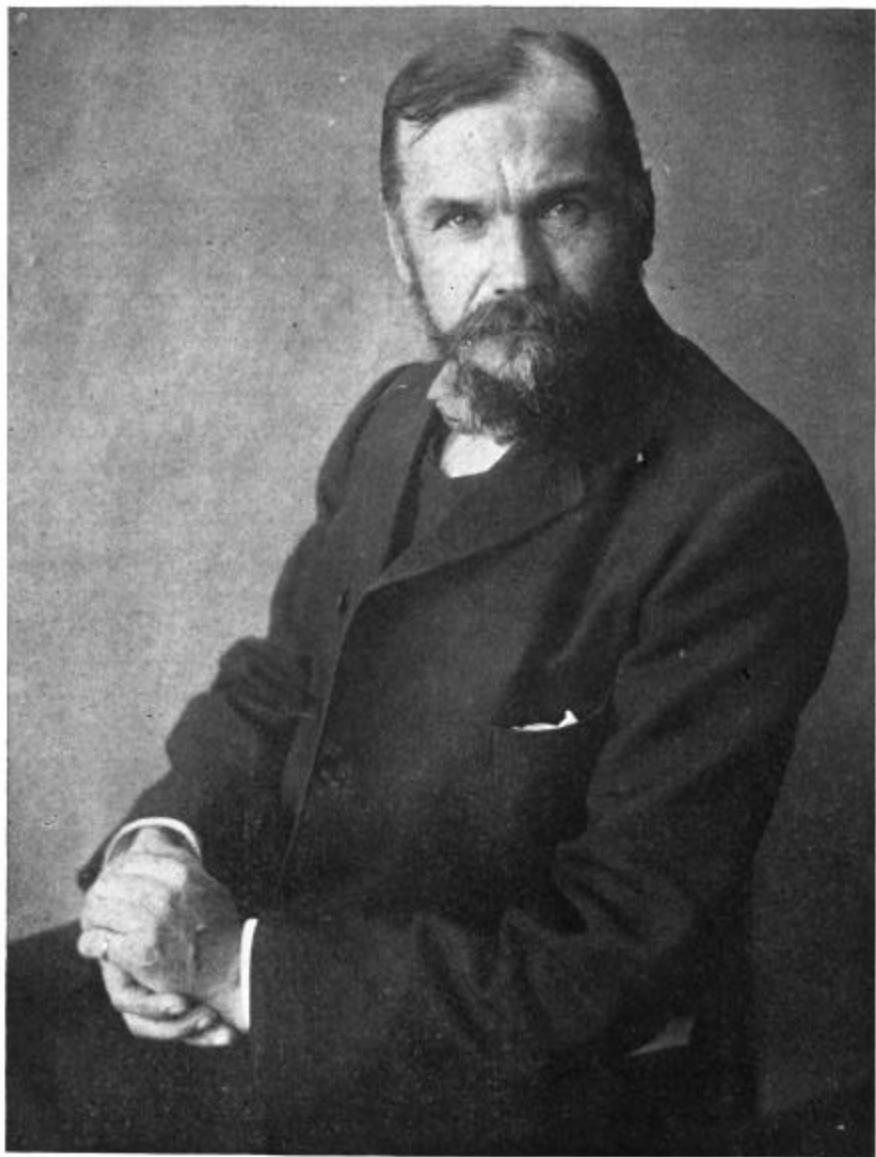
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DR. FREDERIK VAN EEDEN: DUTCH POET,
NOVELIST AND PRACTICAL COMMUNIST.

THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XIV MAY, 1908 NUMBER 2

FREDERIK VAN EEDEN: POET, NOVELIST AND PRACTICAL COMMUNIST: BY M. IRWIN MACDONALD

"It is good and possible to have things in common, but what we do not know, and what I have tried with much patience and trouble to investigate is this,—what things do we have in common, can we have in common and ought we to have in common? I consider these among the greatest, the most urgent, the most important questions of our present life. And mind! These questions cannot be solved by clever reasoning, nor by any amount of reading and theories. They can only be solved by practice, by facts, by careful investigation and patient experiment, not by words alone, but by deeds, deeds, deeds!"—
FREDERIK VAN EEDEN.



THEORIES of communism are familiar to all of us, for the dream of wise men and reformers for ages past has been an ideal state of society where privilege and opportunity should be the same to all, and where property should be owned in common and its benefits equitably divided. Yet so far the ideal commonwealth has been as remote from possible actuality as the millennium, for the reason that its existence presupposes a state of mental and moral equilibrium that mankind is very far from having attained, and every attempt to put communistic theories into practice has fallen to pieces before the apparently ineradicable selfishness, frailty and inconsistency of human nature. Even the degree of communism enjoined by tribal law in primitive states of society vanished before the advance of civilization, which is based upon class rule, the desire to accumulate private property, and the consequent exploiting of the many for the advantage of the powerful few. The increasingly complex conditions, as well as the mental habit ingrained by centuries, are hard to overcome, and so far the attempts to establish a sane and enlightened system of communism have not gone beyond the small groups of theorists who, to put their theories even

FREDERIK VAN EEDEN: PRACTICAL COMMUNIST

partially into practice, have been obliged to separate themselves from the rest of the world.

But now comes a man whose chief aim in life is to find a practicable form of social organization, based on communism, that will spread naturally and inevitably through all classes of society and, without revolution or upheaval, will in time supplant the present disorder of things simply because it is based on common sense and appeals to the deep-lying instinct of self-preservation that actuates society as well as the individual. This man is Dr. Frederik Van Eeden, of Holland, poet, novelist, dramatist, physician, psychologist and originator of a theory of Christian and Economic Socialism which is the direct antithesis of Marxian Socialism in that it takes into account the strength and endurance of every phase of our present social order and aims at the modification rather than the overthrow of our present form of government and the organization on practical business lines of an economic commonwealth that shall slowly outgrow and finally supplant the political state.

It is a daring theory, but Dr. Van Eeden's own attitude toward it is shown by the quotation which heads this article, and is proven by his own successes and failures during the severe tests which he has given to the practical side of his great idea. It is this courage and unflinching honesty of his that carries conviction. He is an enthusiast and a dreamer, but he is also a man of science who rejects every theory as worthless unless it will stand the test of practical application and can be proven by actual facts.

UNTIL lately, we Americans have known little of Frederik Van Eeden beyond the fact that he was the author of two unusual and powerful novels, "The Quest" and "The Deeps of Deliverance,"—which have recently been translated into English and published in this country. Both are revelations of the quality of the man, the first being a foreshadowing of his dream of a social organization based on justice and righteousness, and the second a profound study of human nature, but his poems, dramas, essays on social reform and studies in experimental psychology, although they have borne a large part in bringing about a literary revolution in Holland, are little known outside that country and Germany for the reason that Dutch is one of the most difficult of languages to translate adequately. His career as physician and psychologist has made him famous among scientific men, but not with the general public outside of Holland, France and Germany, and his experiments in practical

FREDERIK VAN EEDEN: PRACTICAL COMMUNIST

communism and commercial and industrial coöperation have been confined so far to the attempt to better conditions in his own country. Therefore, before outlining his theory of social reorganization it may be well to give some idea of the man himself and his manifold activities.

He comes honestly by the strain of business ability and sound common sense which balances the artistic, imaginative and scientific sides of his complex and evenly developed mentality, for his great-grandfather was a keen, prosaic business man,—a bulb grower of Haarlem. The next two generations cast aside business in favor of art, science and philosophy, and this was the mental atmosphere that surrounded the boyhood and youth of Frederik Van Eeden and determined the direction of his own development. As a child, his one desire was to become a poet and a painter, but later he compromised on the study of medicine, partly because of his interest in the natural sciences, and partly from an underlying conviction that a man's work ought to be of greater service to mankind than could be compassed by exclusive devotion to the fine arts. He went through the usual course of training, but it was characteristic of him that his career as the conventional village doctor lasted only two years. Feeling the need of new opportunities and wider experience, he abandoned his practice and went to Paris and Nancy to study the little-known science of hypnotism and suggestion as applied to therapeutics. Returning to Holland, he associated himself with his college friend, Dr. Van Renterghem, in opening the first clinic for psycho-therapeutics in that country.

At first it was a sharp struggle to maintain the new enterprise against the prejudices of the most conservative people in the world and the opposition of orthodox medical practitioners, but it finally succeeded and became very popular and prosperous. With a man of Dr. Van Eeden's temperament, the even routine of a successful and honored profession soon came to mean stagnation, so he turned over his share in the clinic to Dr. Van Renterghem,—who still conducts it with distinguished success,—and retired to his country home to devote himself to the writing of poems, plays, novels and scientific books and essays, and to the free exertion of his powers to help and relieve suffering humanity without any thought of financial return. These years of partial retirement, which were so rich in significant literary production, were also years of training for the struggle that was to come with his larger work in experimental sociology and in testing the practicability of organized coöperation to bring about better social and industrial conditions. Through his practice

FREDERIK VAN EEDEN: PRACTICAL COMMUNIST

he had obtained a deep insight into human nature and a wide experience of human suffering, and, realizing the misery of a great part of the human race and the fact that out of a hundred individuals hardly one or two came to full and healthy development of mind and body, he came to the conclusion that the responsibility lay with our present social conditions and the defective structure of our community.

Having reached this conclusion, it was natural that his next step should be the purchase of an estate of about thirty acres, with a few houses on it, in the neighborhood of the place where he lived, and the starting of a small community with the avowed purpose of experimenting until he should find a practical basis for his theories concerning the possibility of reconstructing the social organism on what should be the sound business principles of justice, honesty and fair play, under a government recognized and supported by all. Being an admirer of Thoreau, although he by no means shared all his views, Dr. Van Eeden called his settlement "Walden," and essayed with his associates to find a way of living that should be free from the abuses and faults of the present social organization.

THE colony was started in eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, the policy of its founder being simply to look out for good workers and to try everything that could make the enterprise self-supporting. Although Dr. Van Eeden prudently kept the proprietorship in his own hands, he made no rules and left the colonists so far as possible to work things out for themselves. The principle upon which the colony was conducted was communistic as to the means of production and the revenues derived therefrom. Every member of the community worked, men, women and children, the idea being to educate the latter along practical lines which became more definite as the child advanced in years, until he found himself, almost without knowing it, a producing member of the organization and in receipt of a regular income. Dr. Van Eeden himself lent a hand in all the work of the settlement, thus gaining practical experience of the difficulties to be encountered in earning a living by manual labor, in selecting and organizing a group of good workers and in making the colony self-supporting. He devoted the revenues from his literary work to the aid of the enterprise, and for five or six years it advanced slowly but steadily toward the goal of sound organization and self-support. The settlement furnished an ideal environment, as the houses were widely separated and surrounded by gardens or groves, each family having the privacy of its own home.

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In nineteen hundred and two a small bakery that had been started at Walden began to prosper, for the whole-wheat bread made there gained such a reputation that it commanded a good market all over the country. The colony also carried on market-gardening with such success that in three years from that time it was practically self-supporting. Believing it to be essential that any independent body of workers should produce as many different articles of common necessity as they could, Dr. Van Eeden had bought another farm of sixty acres a few miles distant from Walden, and there started a dairy farm, using the milk and butter not only for home consumption and to supply the market, but also for the Walden bakery, so that the products of the two farms were all utilized in the most economical and profitable way.

But a small colony, however well-organized, was not the end toward which Dr. Van Eeden was working. He wanted some means to make such an organization grow steadily larger, becoming always more practical in its methods of living and working and offering the opportunity to every able-bodied and well-meaning worker to become a member of it. So in the same year that Walden began to get on its feet as an industrial community he founded an association called "The Society for the Common Possession of the Land," his purpose being to form a self-supporting organization of workers who should keep land and the means of production as common possessions and so exclude the curse of parasitism. The work of the society was to be, like the original enterprise, experimental, the object being to test out the impracticable features of communism with relation to land possession and to find out just how much of the theory would stand putting into effect on a comparatively large scale. This society still exists and is prospering, and its work has been of much value in pointing out practical and effective methods of realizing such an ideal. It now includes about ten different groups, and is growing quietly and steadily.

Walden, however, was getting into rough waters. From the beginning of the enterprise, its founder had encountered grave obstacles arising from the uncertain and impractical character of some of the people who wanted to join him. To quote his own trenchant description of the state of affairs with which he was obliged to wrestle: "A number of fanatics, semi-crankers, useless or shipwrecked people, artists who saw only the artistic side of the case, sentimentalists who wanted to go 'back to nature,' egoists who sought for a cheap and safe refuge, theorists who wanted everything to go

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along their preconceived lines, well-meaning workers who were not aware of their incapacity—all these people flocked unto me." Furthermore, the avowed socialists wanted to take all business into their own hands as a proof of their emancipation from wage-slavery, and Dr. Van Eeden, doubtful as he was of the probable result, gave them every chance to see how the theory would work by encouraging independent action as much as possible. But as the business grew it became evident that its worst foe was lack of definite organization under some one capable and acknowledged head. A manager was badly needed, and at last one was engaged, a capable and tactful man who was an acknowledged friend of the workman and a well-known socialist. After much opposition to any form of management, the colonists agreed to accept him, but as Dr. Van Eeden himself writes: "For most of them this meant the collapse of dearly cherished illusions, sown in their minds by socialist, Tolstoyan and other orators, who obviously never dreamt what their doctrines would mean when tried in hard earnest." They refused absolutely to allow the manager even the modest salary he asked, or anything more than the average wages they all got, and met him with so much unfriendliness and opposition that his stay lasted only one day. Knowing that the enterprise was doomed to failure under such conditions, Dr. Van Eeden gave the malcontents the choice between accepting the manager whose rule would hold together and develop the business for the benefit of all, or leaving. The majority of them left, and started a new competing industry in the immediate neighborhood of Walden, leaving its founder with the large, expensive, recently built plant with electric power and machinery on his hands,—without workers and naturally without customers.

THE difficulty was serious, but Dr. Van Eeden has no doubt that it could have been overcome and that the colony would now be flourishing, had not another and much larger enterprise which had grown up alongside of it met with such difficulties that all the property of this dauntless experimenter in social reform was swept away. The close of the great railway strike in Holland, in nineteen hundred and three, left more than two thousand families locked out and breadless. With characteristic energy, Dr. Van Eeden, who had stood by the strikers throughout, came to the rescue by constituting a commission of assistance for the unemployed. At first only contributions were sought, that the dreadful want might be in some measure relieved, but Dr. Van Eeden soon took measures

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to turn the contributors into regular customers of a coöperative commercial organization which he formed from the unemployed. A shop was opened in Amsterdam and filled with a general line of goods, and the locked-out railway men were employed as clerks, collectors, and the like. The scheme won instant favor, and prospered so amazingly that in less than a year there were forty thousand contributors, a number which grew to seventy thousand by the end of the second year, when the business had grown to such dimensions that there were four shops in Amsterdam, two more in The Hague and Rotterdam, and agencies all over the country.

But the growth was too swift, considering the inexperience of the coöperators. Dr. Van Eeden tried his best to keep it within bounds, knowing the danger of over-expansion without adequate organization. He tried to get experienced business managers who would keep the concern in running order and manage it on economical business principles, but here he encountered precisely the same difficulty that broke up Walden. The workers for whose benefit the coöperative shops were started were all strikers and socialists, imbued with the feeling of class and rabid on the question of class struggle. They trusted in the man who had come to their aid, but in no one else, not even each other, and fought with all their power against the idea of any form of business management other than their own unregulated efforts and Dr. Van Eeden's personal supervision. Under such conditions the enterprise soon grew beyond their grasp and reached a point where it faced the alternative of systematic management or failure.

Dr. Van Eeden called the men together and told them that they must accept a form of management based on strict business principles, or he would wash his hands of the whole matter. They accepted the management and an experienced business man was made manager. But he did not realize the material with which he had to deal and the urgent necessity for going slow. He favored even greater expansion, bought up a competing firm, opened still another shop, took on more employees, and the whole enterprise proceeded merrily until Dr. Van Eeden, who had gone to Germany for a much-needed rest and a little time to resume his neglected literary work, came back to find it in deep waters financially. In a short time it was necessary to call a meeting of creditors, and the upshot of it all is best stated in Dr. Van Eeden's own words: "After a painful struggle of a few months, during which all my property became over-mortgaged and the fortune of generous members of my family drawn into the whirlpool, the

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final crash came, leaving the different branches of the business in the hands of shrewder people, the employees under the old capitalistic rule, and myself, worse than penniless, a wiser and a sadder man."

DR. VAN EEDEN'S own account of his experimental enterprises was published in the February *Independent*, and on March eighth he delivered his first lecture to an American audience in Carnegie Hall, New York, under the auspices of the Civic Forum, his subject being "Practical Communism, Work and Bread." His stay in this country covered only a few weeks, but those were full of interest not only to the American people, but to himself. To the American people he brought a sane and practical theory, based on the result of his own experiments, of social reorganization and the extent to which common ownership of land, capital and the means of production might safely be carried. To him, the conditions in this country seemed to promise much greater hope for the future than is possible in the more settled and conservative countries of Europe, where solid and long-established tradition is at war with all the elements that threaten social upheaval.

The foundation for this hope is perhaps not so flattering to our national vanity as we would like, for it does not rest upon any overwhelming belief in the greatness and glory of our republican institutions as they exist, nor in our claim to a practical monopoly of liberty and of great commercial and industrial achievement, but upon the fact that we are a big, unamalgamated, chaotic community, full of ferment and unrest, but drifting in the right direction and therefore liable at any time to evolve a form of social organization that will be close to what the world is seeking. Dr. Van Eeden's faith in communism as the ultimate solution is not at all shaken, but from the depths of hard experience he has brought the unalterable conviction that the all-commanding condition of communism is strict, powerful, perfectly functioning organization. While he stands firmly for communism on this basis, he does not hesitate to assert that private ownership in the hands of any good landlord is eminently preferable to common ownership in the hands of a badly trained and poorly organized community.

He believes, from the result of his own and all similar experiments, that the original form of communism as practised by the ancient Christians, according to the Gospel, is not only utterly impossible, but undesirable, and that the best way to convert the extremists who urge the abolition of all private property is to do as he did,—give

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their theories a fair trial in hard earnest, under the conditions of modern life. But he also believes that it is possible to find out what ought to become common property in a well-ordered community, and how to deal in a just and rightful way with capital and rent,—not to do away with them, for civilized mankind could not exist without them, but to handle them ably, fairly and justly, for the good of all. He has nothing to say against wealth, which has always been the source of art, of science and culture, of beauty and wisdom, but urges that it be common wealth, which is a blessing, while unbounded private wealth is a curse which invariably and inevitably brings about the disintegration of the community in which it is allowed to flourish.

His favorite illustration of this point is drawn from the communism of the bees, which he declares is based upon fundamental principles which would be most valuable to human society. Bees are capitalists, he says; they accumulate immense stores, the bees born in spring die in autumn, and during their short summer life they not only work for themselves, but they perform an incredible amount of extra labor, and the fruits of this labor,—the surplus value,—they leave to the community for the benefit of the bees born in autumn, that they may live out the winter and reach the next spring. As a lesson in economy the system is perfect, but still more remarkable is the self-control shown by the fact that every single bee is constantly in immediate contact with vast quantities of honey and yet never uses more for his private want than is absolutely necessary. The hive is thus a perfect example of capitalism in combination with communism, and to follow out the thought is to see that such a combination is the only way to make both capitalism and communism practicable and useful for individual and community.

To Dr. Van Eeden's mind the establishment of the true commonwealth is possible only when people have realized this truth, and have trained themselves to live in private soberness in the immediate presence of vast common wealth. The ultimate possibility of this he does not doubt, for the fundamentally sound reason of the human race and its instinct of self-preservation will in the end teach mankind that individual self-control and limited private wealth are the only means to keep community and individual from demoralization and destruction.

The solution that he urges is the formation of a community which should keep in common possession those goods that, for the welfare and preservation of all, ought to remain common property,—and which moreover would not allow any of its capable members to

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squander the common goods without giving useful work. A community which by these means would restrict the possibilities of extravagance, usury, parasitism and idleness, and on the other hand would suffer no pauperism, and would never let any capable and willing member starve for the want of work. The rule of the fanatic communist,—“labor according to inclination, award according to want,” he denounces as untenable and pernicious, and at the present time absolutely impossible, but the rule of the coöoperator, “labor according to capacity, award according to the work done,” would lay the foundation for an economic commonwealth in which the means of production, common property and accumulation would be in the hands of the community, and the worker should receive according to his capacity, with this restriction only, that he should work so long as he remained in full working condition, and should never amass so much as to free himself and all his offspring from the obligation to be useful to the community.

The great question to be considered is, of course, the sort of community in whose hands it would be safe to trust the ownership of common goods. The present political state is a remnant of the times when every nation was an economical entity, subsisting by its own means and by what it could get by conquest from other nations. Before any form of common ownership is possible, this must be superseded by the commonwealth held together by economic means and not restricted to the confines of the political state.

The formation of such a commonwealth would necessarily be on the most practical business basis, with the end in view of obtaining a fair and honest exchange of goods for goods, of bringing about a peaceful commerce that should override all national and political boundaries, and of instituting organized coöperation for the common benefit,—for the full development of human life and powers. Such a commonwealth, he asserts, would not necessarily imply absolute equality, but it would imply equal opportunities for all, and no greater difference than would be necessitated by different inclination, aptitude and capacities. But to bring it into being would require a great leader, a commercial and organizing genius who would work for the good of humanity. Dr. Van Eeden says frankly that he is not the man, but that he is looking for him, and that he contributes his own experiences toward the general sum of endeavor and is content to await the leader who shall come.

THE LAMPADROME

I THINK of one who lies alone tonight,
Beneath a coverlid of violets,
Among Rome's alien dead,
Of one who kept the flaming torch alight
With suffering no kindred heart forgets
Who sees that simple bed.

I think of them who take the sacred fire
From such tired hands to bear it in the race
Toward God's immortal goal;
And wonder if their tumult of desire
Can reach his silent resting place
Or trouble his still soul.

Nay—for the agony of them who run
Is theirs alone, the glory of the flame
Is all that they may share,
And so 'tis well when each man's course is done,
When he shall die upon the road he came
And rest in calmness there;

When he may lie alone each dreamless night
Beneath his coverlid of violets,
Among the imperial dead;
And other men shall keep his torch alight,
While he for aye all suffering forgets
Within his simple bed.

EMERY POTTLE.

THE ART OF HORATIO WALKER: BY MARION WINTHROP



HERE are certain painters who have the rare quality of combining technical excellence with the universal human appeal which can reach even the untaught. Of these was Jean François Millet, and of this class also is Horatio Walker, whose work, because of his choice of subject, suggests comparison with that of the great French painter who undoubtedly influenced him.

It is a fact well known to painters that the majority of artists who select the literary subject—like Watts and the Pre-Raphaelite painters; or the human, story-telling subject, like J. G. Brown and Ridgway Knight—to go no further for illustration—are ordinarily totally lacking in art quality, and work with the hard, tight realism of the chromo lithograph. Yet Mr. Walker's pictures tell a story, in the way a story is meant to be told by the brush, in the painter's language. And while the layman may be interested only in his story of the life and quaint customs of a forgotten corner of North America, the artist also can receive the keenest pleasure from the manner in which Mr. Walker has told it.

The question of the figure in the landscape seems to be one imperfectly understood by the majority of painters. The problem of the figure in the interior was dealt with as successfully as it is ever likely to be by the old Dutch painters, and in this generation has been demonstrated for the benefit of American art by our own William M. Chase. But the use of the figure in the landscape, and indeed, the art of landscape painting itself so far as the western world is concerned, did not actually exist until the nineteenth century. In early art when the idea of paganism was associated with nature, so that it was under the ban of Christianity, we find it reproduced only in a decorative manner or as a subordinate accessory. In early Chinese art, however, of the period when the religion began to permit and encourage the love of nature, we find pictures of The Sage or The Poet contemplating the beauties of nature, seated in his proper place in the composition—used, in fact, for the purpose of accenting the beauties of nature and the advantages to be obtained from meditating upon them, as an essential part of the idea of landscape.

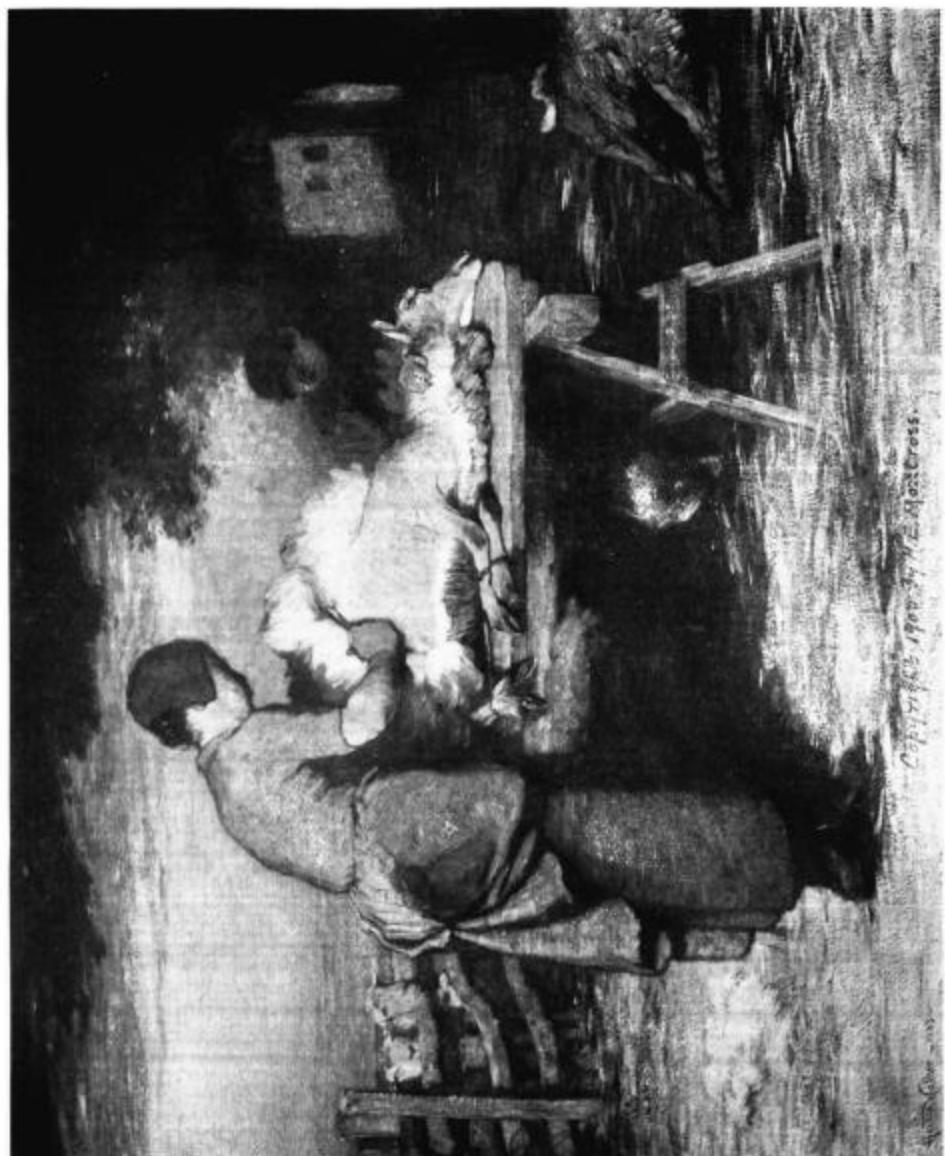
In the majority of the landscape works of the western world, however, the figure has no relation to the landscape except as a selected accident, either to tell a story or to assist the composition, according to the class of its creator. Corot appreciated in a way no one had previously done the value of the accent of the figure in the landscape,



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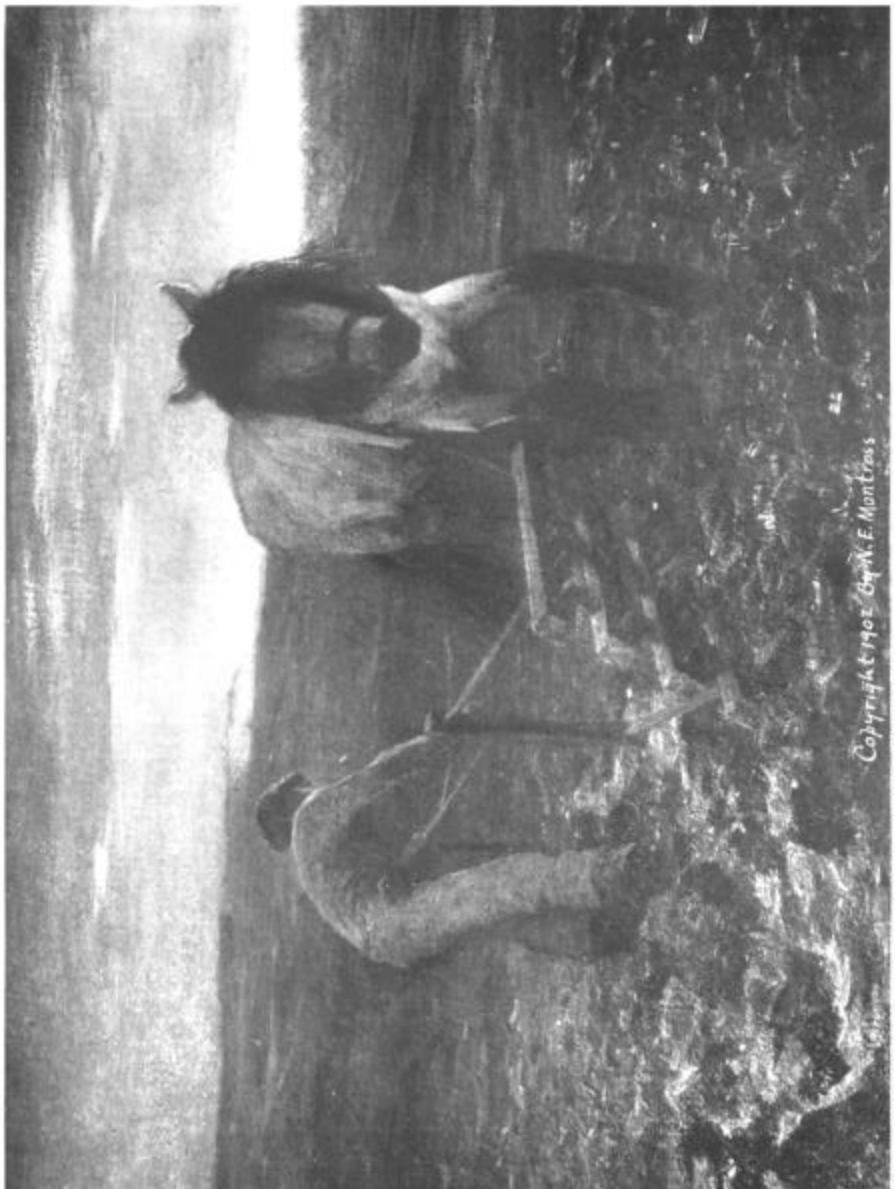
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Original in the Collection of Jacob D. Cox.

"RETURNING FROM THE FIELDS:"
HORATIO WALKER, PAINTER.



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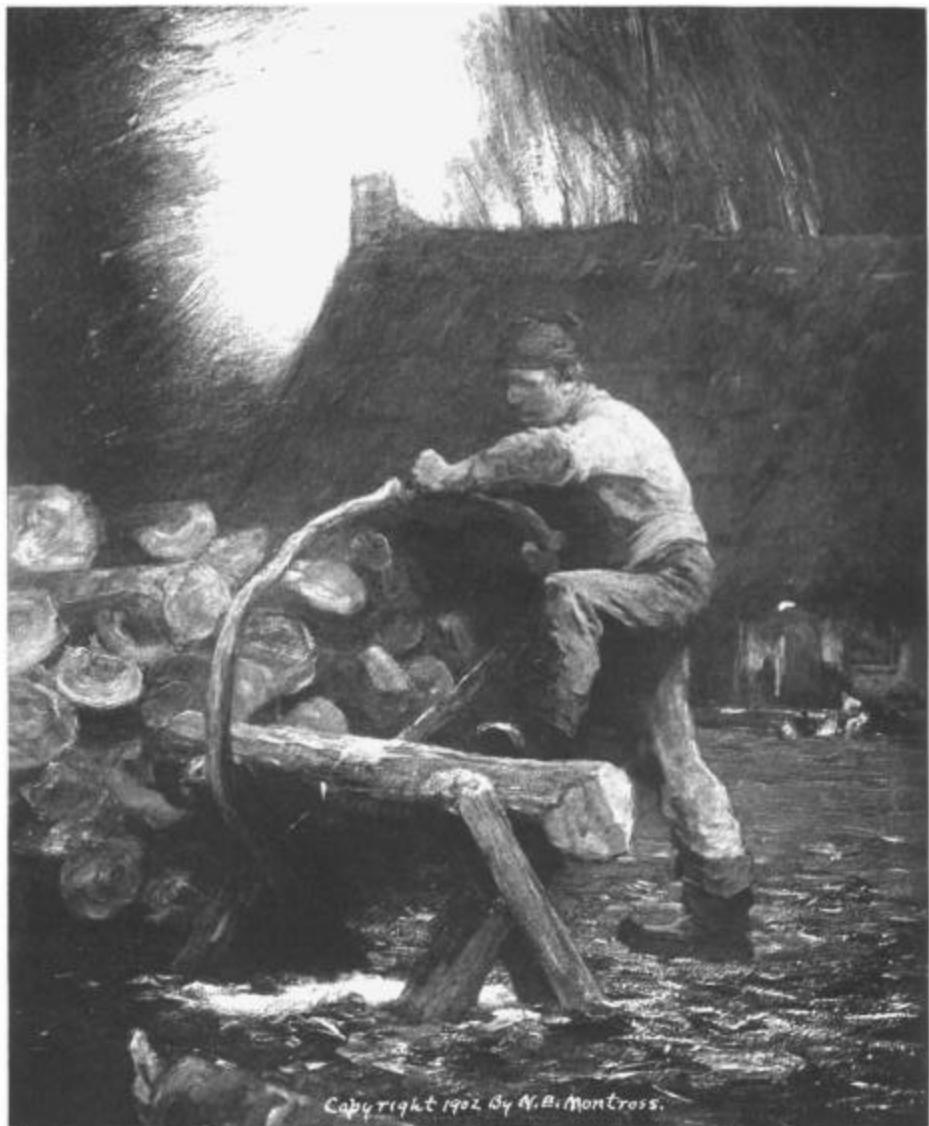
*"SHEEP SHEARING,"
H. C.
RATIO WALKER, PAINTER.*



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"TURNING THE HARROW—EARLY MORNING"
HORATIO WALKER, PAINTER.



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"THE WOOD CUTTER:" HORATIO WALKER, PAINTER.

THE ART OF HORATIO WALKER

and in a less degree as he is less great than Corot, Diaz also realized it. But Jean François Millet was the first to give us the figure in the landscape where the human being was, in a sense, a part and product of the soil, clad in its colors, his home seeming to have sprung from it—its roofs either a stronger hue of the earth or thatched with twigs or straw, with green moss growing out of it. This peasant, in his colors of earth and sky mingled, wringing from the soil his meager yet contented living, is familiar to us in the paintings and drawings of Millet, who came himself from the people he painted, and who recorded the things that *with the eyes of a painter* he had been accustomed to see about him in his everyday life.

HORATIO WALKER, who was born in Canada and spent his boyhood in New York state, discovered for himself the little corner of French Canada where he finds his subjects, and has made it his own. Millet immortalized the peasants of Normandy and Barbizon; Horatio Walker, although one cannot say that he would have seen the Canadian peasants just as he does if Millet had never been, has yet unquestionably transferred to his canvases so true an impression of the primitive quaintness of this little island of Orleans that looking at them we can feel that we are there in the picture. And it is a journey into a far country. In this little colony shut off from the rest of the surrounding world and modern ways, conditions as primitive as those of the old world exist. The women bake in rude outdoor ovens made of stone and set up in the fields, and the men shear the sheep and saw their wood with utensils as simple as those in use in the farming country of France. The houses are like the French cottages, with the same red roofs, and the peasants wear the same clothes—sabots, blouses, barêts, kerchiefs and home-knit socks of red and blue.

The value of these colors, faded by use and sun, in their place in the landscape is appreciated by none of our modern painters more perfectly than by Horatio Walker. What if he were taught by Millet—it takes a great painter to learn the lesson. The value of the blue jean, for example, which is so universally worn by the French and Dutch peasant, and which makes the human figure work in so harmoniously with the scheme of nature, is a thing easily perceived by the amateur and the lesser artist, but the seeing is so rarely in proper relation. The use of blue is invariably overdone. Horatio Walker has perceived and recorded this impression of blue with absolute sense of proportion. He understands that blue as it exists in nature is

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never pronounced except on certain days in the sky. And in his canvases we find blue exquisitely used as a keynote, combining the threads of blue in distance, in mist, in reflected pools and streams.

THIS last exhibition of Horatio Walker's at the Montross galleries, while perhaps not one of his best showings, has many beautiful and interesting canvases. In his subjects he has varied as usual from the purely pastoral, from impressions of oxen straining at the plow in the misty dawn, to the frank realism of pigs in the enjoyment of their simple pleasures, and certainly no one has excelled him along this line. The more idealistic of Mr. Walker's admirers will probably find more pleasure in his more poetic pastoral subjects. One called "The Felled Tree" is a delightful study of massed gray tree trunks with rich touches of green wood moss about the roots, the color harmony being created by the touches of blue and faded red—which has become pink in the woodcutters' blouses and caps.

There is a "Girl Feeding Turkeys" that strongly suggests Millet and is not one of Walker's most successful efforts. But a smaller canvas called simply "Turkeys"—a group of these fowls in a light high-keyed spring landscape—is delightful, the red accent of the turkeys' combs being used with delicious effect. Again there is a beautiful use of vermillion in the study "Boy Feeding Pigs," not only in the subtle telling strokes on the animals themselves but in the repeat of color in the combs of the roosters and in the red blouse of the boy. The contrast of interior and outdoor light is also particularly good in this canvas. The greater number of the pictures at this recent exhibition were water colors—a medium which only the artist with a strong masculine brush and complete mastery of the problems of values can safely attempt. In them the artist has made rather free use of opaque white.

Mr. Walker has a summer home in Orleans where he paints each season. He has succeeded in making friends of the peasants to such an extent that they are in every way willing to help him, even to arranging details of their haying or ploughing to suit the convenience of his work. Other painters inspired by Walker's success have gone to Orleans and tried to paint there, but without success. Any painter who has attempted to grapple with the problem of peasant antagonism has discovered the impossibility of working against it. If Horatio Walker had not won the confidence and friendship of the people of Orleans we undoubtedly should never have seen these particular canvases.

THE SINCERITY OF MILLET

The question of what constitutes beauty in art is one upon which the layman and the artist cannot precisely meet—at least upon the same ground. As has been said at the beginning, certain outdoor painters like Millet and Corot in France, and Horatio Walker and William Lathrop in our own country, satisfy both the layman and the painter for different reasons. There are other men, like Whistler and Twachtman, who appeal more to the painter than to the average sincere layman who does his own thinking. It is perhaps not probable that in a huge busy commercial country like America the people will ever come to have the appreciation of beauty that once was in Greece, and in Italy in the days of the Renaissance. But certainly the cultured general public is getting closer to the idea of beauty as the painter sees it than he was in past generations. Undoubtedly the taste of our mothers' day would have revolted from a picture of Horatio Walker's pigs considered as a thing of beauty, yet now there are many people who, although unable to appreciate the technical skill with which Walker wields his brush, can yet enjoy such a picture and wish to possess it. And to have brought home the simple homely realities of life as things possessing beauty is to have done something for humanity as well as art.

THE SINCERITY OF MILLET

“**A**SINCERITY so absolute and convincing as to become at times almost depressing is the secret of Millet's art. He painted that which he knew and understood and felt. In eighteen hundred and fifty-one he wrote, ‘The most joyful thing I know is the peace, the silence, that one enjoys in the woods or on the tilled lands. One sees a poor, heavily laden creature with a bundle of fagots advancing from a narrow path in the fields. The manner in which this figure comes suddenly before one is a momentary reminder of the fundamental conditions of human life—toil. On the tilled land around, one watches figures hoeing and digging. One sees how this or that one rises and wipes away the sweat with the back of his hand. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread. Is that merry, enlivening work, as some people would like to persuade us? And yet it is here that I find the true humanity, the great poetry.’”

ARTHUR JEROME EDDY.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN AS A LABORER: HIS VALUE AS A WORKER AND A CITIZEN: BY C. H. FORBES-LINDSAY



THE ration-fed reservation Indian will soon be altogether a creature of the picturesque past. The last of the lands held as communal property will, in the course of the next few years, be allotted to their owners in severalty and our aboriginal wards will finally become absorbed in the body politic as independent and self-supporting citizens. Wisely, considering the poor preparation we have given them for the struggle of competitive life, the emancipated Indians will continue for some time to enjoy the paternal protection of the "Great Father." Their lands will be subject to the trusteeship of the government, and the laws which have operated as a barrier between them and their most insidious enemy—ardent spirits—will be maintained, if possible. Aid and guidance will be extended, in the first steps upon the path of freedom; but the Indian will be required to work and to sustain himself by his own efforts.

When we consider the conditions under which the Indian is suddenly launched out into the state of self-supporting citizenship and set in competition with the strenuous white man, the future would seem to be fraught with sinister promise for the redskin. His hereditary predilections and the enforced habit of latter years tend to render him antipathetic to independent effort. Personal ambition could find no scope in the ancient communal policy of the tribes. The succeeding reservation system was, if possible, more restraining in this respect, as it stunted effort even to the extent of suppressing the primary motive of human endeavor—that of self-preservation. As a charge of the United States, the Indian has been segregated from the outer world, supplied with gratuitous food and blankets, and cut off from the exercise of useful activities. But the sum of his handicap is not reached by these disabling conditions. He has a racial dislike for the white man and a rooted suspicion of his good faith, both sentiments being born of bitter experience. He is generally wanting in the qualities that make for success in agriculture. He has an inherent aversion to manual labor and utterly lacks the bent for mechanical pursuits. Withal, he entertains the deepest dislike to innovation of any kind, is extremely disinclined to separation from his tribal community and loathes discipline and restraint.

Knowledge of the heavy disadvantages with which the Indian must contend in his struggle for a satisfactory place in our industrial



YAKIMA SQUAW AT WORK IN THE HOP VINE-YARDS: IN NORTH YAKIMA OVER THREE HUNDRED INDIANS ARE EMPLOYED AS HOP-PICKERS.



INDIANS PREPARING CONCRETE: SALT RIVER PROJECT, ARIZ.

"FAT HEN," AN APACHE INDIAN WHO IS FAMOUS IN ARIZONA AS A CAPABLE, INDEFATIGABLE WORKMAN.



INDIAN LABORERS WORKING AT PUBLIC ROAD CONSTRUCTION.

HENRY CHILCHUANA, THE APACHE INDIAN RAILROAD BOSS, WITH HIS KINSMEN WORKING ON A GOVERNMENT ROAD IN ARIZONA.



AN APACHE INDIAN FILLING THE CONCRETE CARS AT THE HARRISON CONSTRUCTION CAMP, NEAR LIVINGSTON, ARIZ.

THE INDIAN AS A LABORER

economy made those most solicitous for his welfare doubtfully anxious of the outcome of our new policy at the time of its inception. It speaks volumes for the basic characteristics of the Indian that during the past two years of experiment he has achieved such a measure of success as to astound those who had enjoyed better opportunities for acquaintance with his incapacitating peculiarities than for discovering his splendid underlying qualities. Furthermore, he has, by his admirable conduct, already gone far toward eradicating the ill-founded reputation that has so long attached to him. Those who have made his acquaintance since his emergence upon the stage as a free man have learned to respect him for traits, the existence of which hitherto had not been suspected. He is making friends on every hand. Employers of labor speak of him in enthusiastic terms. Communities that dreaded his presence now look upon him as a desirable citizen. The difficulty lies, not in finding a place for the Indian, but in persuading him to take advantage of the more than sufficient openings to which he is welcome in the field of labor.

AT THE outset, the task of making the reservation Indians self-supporting appeared to be surrounded by almost insurmountable obstacles. They displayed a general and natural repugnance to the entire programme proposed by the government. They objected to the disruption of the old tribal ties, to the distribution of their lands and to the demand that they should work. In many cases the greatest difficulty was experienced in inducing members of bands to take up their allotments and in some cases—notably that of the White River Utes—it has been found impossible to carry the arrangement into effect. This band—of which more anon—stubbornly refused to accede to the order and decamped, bag and baggage, making their way to the reservation of the Sioux, in South Dakota.

Where reservations were broken up and the allotted lands accepted, no disposition was displayed by the Indians to compass the essential object of supporting themselves. The proposition was at variance with their inclinations and strange to their experience. They simply sat down and let things drift, or gave themselves up to indulgence in their old-time diversions of pony racing and dancing. In most cases the government found it necessary to continue the accustomed distribution of rations for a greater or less period.

This unresponsive attitude of the Indian was no more than what might have been expected in the natural order of things. Excepting the Five Nations, who number about one-third of the two hundred and

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eighty thousand aborigines included in our population, the redskin of today has made little advance in civilization since our advent to his land. Our latter-day educational agencies have worked some degree of development in the younger generation, but the effects have been considerably counteracted by the uncompromising conservatism of the adults past middle-age. Nor does the influence of the schools operate greatly in the suppression of the racial proclivities of a people who are characterized by the strongest individualism. Many of the Indians now employed in pick and shovel gangs and their wives are college graduates who have returned to the tepees of their tribes and the customs of their ancestors, discarding the habits acquired at Carlisle and Haskell, even to the extent of eschewing the use of English.

In general, then, the material out of which the authorities charged with the administration of the new policy had to fashion their redskin citizen was of the crudest. They had to deal with a being for whom ambition, independence, responsibility and continuity of effort had no meaning; one who had no conception of the duties and privileges of citizenship and who felt no gratification in having the one imposed upon him and the other extended to him.

But it must not be supposed that the Indian is lacking in redeeming qualities. The strain of childishness in his composition is mixed with virility. He possesses stamina and his characteristic want of perseverance must be attributed to lack of incentive. He has the finest sense of an obligation, and performance will surely follow his promise. He displays in a striking degree the domestic sense that prompts to order and goes to the upbuilding of commonwealths. He is unpractical, but experience and his native shrewdness will remedy that defect in the course of time. His dislike for discipline and a regulated life is probably superficial, and certainly readily overcome, for employers of labor find him tractable and amenable to training. Contrary to the general belief, he is naturally peaceable and mild in disposition. In short, the greatest antithesis exists between the Indian as we have imagined him and the Indian as we are learning to know him.

THE problem that confronted the Administration when it entered upon the task of enforcing the new Indian policy was a complicated one. Indeed, the varying conditions at the several reservations and the contrasting peculiarities of the different tribes constituted a number of separate and diverse problems, each of which

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demanded special consideration and specific treatment. The Act of Congress of February eighth, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, "to provide for the allotment of lands in severalty to Indians," took no account of the physical character of the different sections to which it was applicable. It merely provided that each allottee should have eighty acres of farm land or one hundred and sixty acres of grazing land. In practice the statute has operated to give many Indians more land than they can possibly work and many others less than sufficient to afford them a comfortable living. In other cases, want of capital, the absence of markets for produce and other deterrents militate against the prospects of the Indian farmer.

It was soon obvious to the directors of the movement that, while a majority of the Indians might ultimately become attached to the soil, their immediate welfare would be best promoted by inducing them to seek the means of livelihood away from their old homes. This not only on account of the greater prospect of earning money in the open labor field, but also because of the developing influence to be derived from contact with the work-a-day world. The efforts of the Indian agents were, therefore, mainly directed to securing outside employment for their charges and persuading them to accept it when offered. The former object was not difficult of accomplishment, owing to the great demand for laborers in the West during late years, but it was not without grave misgiving that contractors entered upon the experiment. Inducing the redskins to leave their reservation homes and their friends and families was a matter involving the exercise of much tact and diplomacy. In time, however, small parties went out under the charge of educated men of their own race and with the assurance that their transportation back would be provided. At first it was found impossible to hold any considerable number of them to their work for more than two or three weeks at a stretch, when they would either return home, or go off and spend their earnings before taking up their tools again. They chafed under the restraint and regulation of the new life. It was hard for the Indian to accustom himself to take up a pick promptly at the whistle of the gang foreman and to wield it steadily until relieved by a similar signal. But he went manfully about overcoming his disinclination and remedying his inefficiency, until today he is universally acknowledged to be the best laborer in the West. Employers unite in the statement that the Indian is the most reliable and efficient laborer they can find. They pay him white man's wages and admit that he gives a better return for them than any other class of workers. He occasions no

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trouble and will stand to his work without watching. He has trained himself to sustained effort, and will now labor for six months or more without cessation. He is developing thriftiness and has learned to provide for the needs of the morrow.

Mr. H. T. Cory, the engineer in charge of the stupendous work of repairing the break in the lower Colorado River, has employed at one time as many as three thousand Indians, and he expresses his conviction that the task could not have been carried to a successful conclusion without the aid of the Indians. They labored steadily through the long hot days of last summer when the thermometer registered one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade.

The United States Reclamation Service is employing Indians in large numbers wherever they can be secured, and the service engineers endorse the statement of railroad contractors and others that no better labor is obtainable. It is significant of our new relations with the redskin that the remnant of Geronimo's Apaches have been engaged for a year or more in their old-time haunts along the Salt River in doing the white man's work in the white man's way. Upon the very ground which they dyed with American blood they are now striving to create pleasant dwelling places for American people. They have recently completed one of the most difficult roads ever built and immediately turned from it to the construction of the canals in the same project.

That the Indian is rapidly accepting the essential conditions of our new policy toward him is strikingly evidenced in the case of the White River Utes, to whom reference has already been made. This band was the most obstinate in its opposition to the plans of the government and for more than two years resisted every effort to lead or drive it in the desired direction. Nevertheless, today every able-bodied man of the band is voluntarily engaged in the service of a railroad contractor near the town of Mystic, South Dakota. Not one of them had ever done a day's work previously, but their employer is highly pleased with the rapidity with which they are becoming valuable laborers.

As a laborer, the Indian has passed the experimental stage. He has proved beyond question his capacity and willingness to do hard work, and has also demonstrated his ability to perform tasks calling for some degree of skill, such as the mixing of cement and the laying of concrete. In the process of development he has exhibited some excellent qualities that will stand him in good stead in his struggle to find a place in the citizen community. He has established his

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superiority as a laborer in open competition, and now has an unlimited field of endeavor open to him. Moreover, a better training ground in which to prepare for higher efforts could not be found.

While the ultimate success of these efforts to make a useful citizen of the Indian necessarily depends upon himself, he owes much to the guidance and aid he has received in his first essay. The affairs of the Indians were never in such able hands as at present. Commissioner Frank E. Leupp combines with the most intimate knowledge of the Indian and his needs, the strongest sympathy for him and the keenest desire to better his condition. Secretary Garfield is no less solicitous of the welfare of the Indians, and while this number of *THE CRAFTSMAN* is still current will have started upon an extensive tour of the reservations in the West with a view to familiarizing himself with the various conditions involved in our task of setting the redskin squarely upon his feet.

THE efforts to make an agriculturalist of the Indian have not met with as much success as could be desired. Tilling the soil appears to be the least attractive form of useful activity that can be presented to him. Stock farming and herding are congenial, and in these pursuits he excels, but as a producer of crops he must be considered—for the present, at least—somewhat in the light of a failure. As a landowner, agriculture would be the most readily available occupation to him, but it is as well, perhaps, in view of his needed experience and development, that he should spend the earlier years of his emancipation at a distance from his home. His land cannot be alienated for many years to come and it will be possible for him to return to it with changed tastes and the necessary knowledge for successful farming.

As a freeman the Indian seems to be prolific of surprises, and sustained effort in the right direction may meet with results that do not appear at present to be attainable. This hope is strengthened by the wonderful achievement in a few exceptional cases. The Crows, of Montana, afford proof that the reservation Indian of the most unpromising type may, under judicious guidance, develop into an accomplished farmer. Five years ago, this tribe was living in communities of several hundred each, camps scattered over a large area. The government was supplying all their needs, and their time was divided between loafing, sports and ceremonials. In nineteen hundred and two, their reservation was opened to settlement and agricultural allotments were made to their members. For two years

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thereafter, the Crows continued their *dolce far niente* mode of life, despite the efforts of the agent to arouse them to useful activity. But the Crows are in charge of a man who knows the Indian character as the priest knows his psalter, and one, moreover, of infinite tact and patience. In nineteen hundred and four, he induced the Crows to give a Wild West show on the reservation. In the following year, he introduced agricultural features and, with discriminating subtlety, excited the spirit of emulation among the Indians.

At the Fourth Industrial Fair of the Crow Indians, held last fall, the exhibits of stock, poultry and farm produce entirely overshadowed the amusement features and were viewed by the Indians as the more important. The Crow allotments are now practically all under effective and profitable cultivation. Most of the Indians have improved their property by the erection of buildings and have become possessed of implements and wagons. The keenest rivalry has been established and a spirit of independence has been created among them. What has been accomplished in the unpromising case of the Crows of Montana is surely practicable among other Indians.

In many instances, Indian landowners lack not only the experience but also the means to turn their holdings to profitable account. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs conceived an admirable plan for overcoming these difficulties, but, so far, he has failed to secure the necessary approval of Congress. Mr. Leupp's proposal is that in certain sections especially adapted to the prosecution of the industry, Indian lands should be leased to corporations for the purpose of cultivating beets and manufacturing sugar. The suggestion, if carried into effect, will entail the double advantage of insuring the Indians a revenue from otherwise unproductive lands and of inducting them into a useful industry. Furthermore, the success which has followed the introduction of Indians into the sugar beet fields of New Mexico and Colorado would indicate that this is a form of labor unusually attractive to them. Undoubtedly the fact that it affords employment to the women and children must recommend it strongly to the redskin, who, apart from mercenary considerations, likes to have his family about him when he works.

The Indian who appears to be unequal to the cultivation of his own land will often perform excellent service of a kindred character for another. Hundreds of aborigines are giving the utmost satisfaction in the capacity of farm hands. Many are employed on fruit plantations and in the hop fields, all of which forms of labor afford scope for the joint employment of the family.

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The Department of Agriculture has for several years past been experimenting with Egyptian cotton in southwestern Arizona and with the greatest promise for the extensive establishment of its cultivation. The Yuma Indians, who have watched the work with deep interest, declare that in times past their people grew cotton in that region. They are eager to engage in the labor of the cotton fields and it is believed that eventually all of them will be so employed.

WHAT of the Indian arts and native products? It must be confessed that in their original forms they are destined to disappear. There is small demand for the blankets, pottery, baskets and beadwork of the tepees at the necessarily high prices of the genuine articles. In forms that should combine utility with art these products might enjoy a more extensive market, and the Indian Commissioner is trying to induce the Indians to fashion waste paper baskets, letter holders, and other useful articles with the same designs and material as they now use on their ollas; to adopt practical shapes for their pottery and to apply their bead embroidery to serviceable things. But the Indian has already been seduced into making cheap imitations of his peculiar products, under the direction of the Philistine white traders, and the genuine manufactures must suffer in repute as a consequence.

Mr. Leupp is employing every practical means at his command to secure a survival of the Indian art. Children who display any special talent for the native handicrafts are afforded every facility for developing it. In the manual schools it is required that native art shall be applied wherever possible and that its impress shall be given to manufactures of modern articles. Thus, a wagon of American pattern that is turned out at the hands of Indians is decorated with a distinctively Indian design. A carved bracket or an ornamental door frame receives similar treatment, and so with all the articles handled by the Indians receiving manual training.

The progress that the Indian has made in the past few years has relieved his friends of fear for his future. It would be little short of miraculous if he were already entirely able to take care of himself, but the manly way in which he has taken up life's burdens and the wonderful adaptability he has shown to strange conditions give promise of the eventual development that will convert him into an independent citizen, able to give a good account of his lands and his life. He will necessarily gradually become merged in the population of the West and furnish a valuable element to it.

THE END OF MAKE BELIEVE: BY MARY HEATON VORSE



HIS is a hard story to tell because the things which happened touched me so deeply and because I have always had the feeling that somehow I should have prevented it all, though of course, I could not, but one feels that way toward the cruel things of life that ought not to have happened. I should at least have gone back and comforted Ellis, though there was nothing I could have said which would have given him back what he lost that day. I told myself then he wouldn't want to see me, and I still think that is so, but the real reason is that I was too cowardly, I couldn't meet his little drawn face. My only excuse is that I was a girl at the time and there was a horror about it all to me. My part in the story is an account of a series of remissnesses toward Fanny and Ellis and I cannot but feel ashamed when I think how much I meant in their two lives and how little I did for them.

They lived in one of the handful of houses which looked as if chance had thrown them against the face of the Simsbury hills, and theirs was the bleakest in the settlement. Two forbidding pine trees stood before the house which stared with empty unseeing windows at the bare bones of the mountain which rose in its face only a stone's throw across the road. It gave the effect of a house which has long since been deserted and left to tumble to pieces quietly behind its picket fence which looked like the sparse pointed teeth of an old man. It gave me a sense of desolation to look at it; a genial tumble-down disorder, chickens and even a pig running in and out of the door would have been grateful.

The first time I went to Thornton Corners I went on foot because of the roads being hard for a horse in the early spring. Two miles of steady rise and three miles of steep climbing it is. Part of the way I caught a ride on an ox team and the man told me that the best place for Mayflowers was in the hill pasture opposite Forges's. That is how I found Fanny and Ellis. I recognized their house by the ravine and the pine trees the man had told me about.

They were in the front yard playing croquet with two grown boys. The wickets were made of willow twigs bent over, the mallets were shingles, but I especially admired the ingenuity which would lead one to use china hen's eggs for croquet balls.

They played with great interest and gravity, so absorbed that they did not notice my approach. In the interest of the game they had quite lost sight of the fact that there was anything original in

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their croquet set. I plucked up courage enough to ask my way to the field where the arbutus was. They gazed at me open-eyed a moment, then Fanny replied:

“Ellis he knows where there’s Mayflowers,” thus comfortably shifting all responsibility for the question I had put her.

“All over there, it’s full of it.” Ellis waved a vague hand to the mountainside. I made my way to what looked to me a likely place, and found leaves and buds but no flowers. Presently I heard a shy little voice behind me which said:

“Ellis he says that you ain’t in the right place. Ellis he says for me to show it to you.” I turned to find Fanny, who since I had seen her a few minutes before had made a marvelously quick change. I saw at once that she had on a clean frock and a new hair ribbon, even though she had withdrawn as much as was possible into the branches of a little pine tree. I felt touched at the honor done me.

“It’s over there,” Fanny went on in her little faraway voice, but I knew that she was very glad to see me for all she drew the branches of the pine around her like a garment.

IHAVE two vivid pictures in my mind of Fanny. One of them comes to me unbidden; it is the picture of Fanny as she was the last time I saw her, and I blot it out as quickly as I can with the picture of Fanny dressed in her clean brown frock, her shining new hair ribbon and her pine tree, her brown eyes gleaming out at me from the pine needles like some friendly wood creature. As she told me the Mayflowers were over there I saw Ellis careening around over the southern slope; he whooped joyfully as he ran.

“Ellis,” Fanny explained, apologetically, “is a camel-leopard. He made the hump on his back.” With that she came forth definitely from her pine tree and I saw that her thin little face was shining from a recent soapy washing. She was a very little person and I was surprised when she told me she was going on twelve in exchange for the information that my name was Marion Hughes. These confidences further cleared the air of shyness, for Fanny now volunteered:

“He’s been a camel-leopard three days now, all the time ‘cept when he plays croquet. The others won’t play, ‘less he stops—he made up the croquet set.” She looked at me sideways with a little note of embarrassment and of pride also in her voice as she gave me the first glimpse of make-believe world where she and Ellis spent their days.

We were well acquainted by the time we reached the southern

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slope, though still a little embarrassed by one another. Fanny greeted Ellis with the simple statement:

"Her name is Marion," which it seemed was enough to make us good friends at once, for Ellis, though he was a wood creature like Fanny, had not learned then that human beings are bad and therefore to be feared. That he might help me better he soon discarded his hump, which was made of a newspaper and craftily tied on with string. After a while the temptation of a new audience grew too strong for him. As he hopped toward me there was no room left for doubt that he had suddenly turned into a rabbit, and I told him so.

"A *white* rabbit," he corrected. "I eat up all the pink May-flowers, that's what makes my eyes so red." When I ran after him imploring him not to eat them all up he rolled down the hill, laughing and laughing—I have never heard anyone else laugh as Ellis did. It was as if his little soul was a crystal spring of laughter, as if he were pouring out his inner being in the throbbing happy noise, as some birds sing. One could not hear it unmoved, for it seemed as if all the glad innocent things had their share in the making of it, as though Ellis had tapped the hidden source of all good and it came to the surface in him in his laughter.

It took us all out of ourselves. I ran down the hill after him laughing, and Fanny rolled down as Ellis had, no longer a little brown wren of a girl, but a gay wild thing drunk with spring and laughter. Yet all the time we must both of us have felt conscious, Fanny and I, that this wasn't our doing, but Ellis's magic; that he had given us one of the most precious things that life holds—a few minutes lived high above the ordinary scale that life is tuned to.

We stopped as we began and again fell to picking arbutus soberly, while Fanny said to me, "Ellis makes you laugh and laugh. He makes everyone laugh, but when you get through you don't know what you've been laughing at." That was it. He could make one laugh and he didn't need the makeshift of having to have something to laugh at. He had the key which opened the treasure-house, and laughter bubbled forth like water from a living spring. You wouldn't have guessed it to look at him, for he looked like any other little undersized boy of ten with a delicate little profile, a brown face and tousled brown hair.

No one who saw us engaged at our pleasant task would have supposed that one of these children, who seemed more like little brown birds than anything else, had at his command two of the most precious things in the world, illusion and laughter.

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IT GREW late and I started for home, but I stopped at the house which gleamed out from behind the pine trees as fragile and gray as an empty shell which the sea has forgotten. An old man very much bent and infirm was pottering around the yard, a fit occupant for such a house.

"It's my father," Fanny explained, for Ellis was off the road, the adventure of life upon him. The old man came forward and with a very gentle and courteous manner bade me come in and be seated. A woman, untidy and shiftless, appeared at the door, and shading her face against the late western sun with her bony hand, called with shrill listlessness:

"Ellis, Ellis!" She could as well have called him back from another world.

"That there boy'll be the death of me," she said in her indifferent, monotonous voice. "He's forever at some nonsense, don't no one know what he's drivin' at. He'll be solemn for days, then off he'll go like that. Come in and set, won't you?" Fanny had gone in ahead and was busy getting me a drink. "Excuse the looks er things, I'm feelin' real poorly and ain't had the heart to slick up."

A chill crept over me as I sat there in the disorderly room. Fanny slipped up beside me and shyly took my hand while the woman whose face and hair and faded calico seemed shades of one dismal color, talked on and on about how poorly she felt and how bad Pa's rheumatiz was—discouragement was in the air she breathed. Then I started on my way home and found Ellis and laughter waiting for me.

After that, I often found him waiting for me in the bend of the road. It makes my heart ache to think how many long hours he spent watching for me there. You see, I was the first one he had ever met who was akin to him except Fanny. She waited for me too, and as soon as I appeared, scuttled off to the house to put on the famous clean dress, kept, I suspected, for my visits.

"Don't you have to go to school?" I asked them.

"Not when we have company," they answered, for they thought that arbutus was only a secondary reason for my coming up into the hills, and so after a time it came to be. They always had new places for me, for they ranged the woods looking for them against my coming. Then when we had gathered all I could carry back over the long road, we would sit in the pine woods, while Fanny bound the flowers into convenient little nosegays and Ellis lay on his back looking up in the sky make-believing for me, the wings of his little fancy taking longer flights all the time. This make-believe of

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his went beyond the imaginings of children, it was a living force with him. He lived the things he imagined and made Fanny live them; she had some mysterious feeling that the things Ellis imagined actually were, and since it had been the very fabric of her life as long as she could remember it is not strange that this should be so. I reached my greatest intimacy with them the last time I saw them that summer. Ellis lying on his back made his own kind of rambling poetry for me.

"If I was the brook," he half chanted, "if I was the brook, I'd tear all the Mayflowers off my banks and float them down to you—"

"Oh, don't be the brook, Ellis," Fanny begged. "You'd leave me. I can't bear to have him the brook—there can't be two brooks in one place."

He didn't look at her, but went on with his chant.

"If I was the wind I'd blow them there. But if I was a hawk, if I was a hawk," he went on with rising exultation, "I'd bring them to you, I'd knock on the door with my beak and drop 'em there. Then I'd fly to a tree—there's a tree near your house, isn't there, Marion? I'd fly to it and sit and watch you and you'd come out and see the flowers and look to see who'd brought 'em, an' I'd be laughing and laughing to see you look. Oh! Ho!" and he laughed aloud with that joyous laugh of his. "You'd never think it was a hawk and that the hawk was me."

I DIDN'T go back for some weeks. Summer had come before I went up into the hills. The house looked more forbidding and empty than ever. The old man was sitting under the pine tree whittling at a wooden bowl.

"Where are Fanny and Ellis?" I asked.

"They've gone away," he told me, with his gentle vagueness. "Won't you come in and be seated?" He never forgot his manners.

"Have they gone for long?"

"I can't rightly say. She didn't let on exactly. They've gone with their Ma," he explained.

"Where did you say they were?" I persisted.

He shook his head. "I don't know. They've gone up state. They've gone to the city. She told me where—but I can't sort o' remember. She's got folks there. Yes, she's got folks there." He brightened up at being able to tell me anything as definite. I sat with him a few minutes while he whittled at his bowl. His vagueness seemed to have wiped them off the earth. I felt as if they were make-believe children of my own invention. I might of course have

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found out from the older brothers or the neighbors where, but I didn't. I didn't do anything, I only sentimentalized over what would happen to Ellis. I thought of him turning his imagination to bad ends, I fancied him flying his little kite of illusion in some dangerous place. I thought of him arrested perhaps for having played too much and laughed too much, arrested and sent to a reformatory. I knew what would happen to Fanny—she would go to school and tidy up after her slovenly mother. I sentimentalized, but that was all I did, then as was natural I even stopped thinking about them except as I went to Thornton Corners in the spring after arbutus. Two springs I asked for them to learn that they'd "been home for a spell," that "they were expected soon." They seemed to spend their time between Thornton Corners and the town where their mother went to work. I suppose the older boys couldn't make enough for all of them and the father had passed his usefulness, for I had never made any inquiries as to how they lived nor done anything to help them in any way. Ellis had given me something precious, we had met only in his make-believe country, and in exchange I had given him sympathy. Until they went away it hadn't occurred to me how much I had left undone.

The third spring I found Ellis again. He was waiting for me at the bend in the road as if it hadn't been three years since we had seen each other, and as he sprang forward I saw that none of my dark imaginings had been fulfilled. He hadn't changed in looks, he wasn't even much taller. His eyes had the same lovely wild gleam, and I knew that laughter was bubbling in his spirit waiting for any excuse to run over. We didn't have to get acquainted over again, it was the happiest sort of a meeting.

"I knew you'd come, Marion," he said. "They told me you'd been here every spring. Do you ever play you *are* spring? That's what I play you are. Never seem's if it came till you do."

We talked on just as we used to, and as he didn't talk of the things he had seen, neither did I. At sight of him my vague self-reproach vanished and I let him take me by the hand and lead me into his own little magic world.

"Fanny'll be here in a moment," he said. "She's gone in to fix her hair." Everything was as it should be, nothing had changed, and I sang the glad tune Ellis had taught me. "She's been sick," he added.

She came lumbering across the pasture to me, a spick and span little mother bunch huddled in a little shawl. She hadn't grown

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much either, but she had filled out amazingly to a veritable little roly-poly, her round face was an unhealthy pasty color from being ill so long, I supposed. I should hardly have known Fanny; she looked at me with her good childish eyes in a funny questioning way like a hurt child who asks one why it has to be hurt. Neither Ellis's gaiety nor mine could lift her out of herself for more than a moment; left to herself she would fall into an absent-minded stare, open-mouthed, open-eyed, as if life were a painful riddle for which she could find no answer. Her brown eyes followed me as though they asked me, "What has happened? What has happened?" When Ellis dashed off on a winged flight down the hill she would run after him, from force of habit, I suppose; though her ungainly figure rolled around like a little old woman's, her poor feet still imagined they could carry her along with the old-time dash and fleetness.

I DIDN'T analyze all this at the time, I was too glad to get Ellis back, too glad to get into the open and play at little girl again. Spring was in my blood and in Ellis's, and we made believe to our heart's desire. I didn't waste time philosophizing about Fanny and accepted as simply as any little girl Ellis's statement that Fanny had "been sick."

I went in as I always did to pass the time of day with their mother and to get my drink of water. This was the regular ending of my little party.

Mrs. Forges greeted me listlessly as usual, but there was a tinge of hostility in her tone, like that of a person who has been standing on the defensive so long that she in turn had become aggressive.

Ellis welcomed me in joyfully, he ran ahead of me toward an old-fashioned wooden cradle, a contemporary of the antiquated benches in the school.

"Come here and look, Marion. See what's here!" he said. "See my little brother."

Tenderness and pride were in his voice, there was not a note to warn me.

I bent over the little red creature.

"Why," I exclaimed, "I didn't know you had another little one, Mrs. Forges." It was in my mind to go on to say something foolish about the distance in ages between this last baby and the others, for even then no suspicion of the truth had touched me, when she interrupted me with a gesture not without its harsh dignity.

"Taint my baby—" she said. "It's Fanny's."

COMPENSATION

Fanny stood near the cradle gazing at the child with her look of stunned surprise on her face.

For a moment there was perfect quiet in the room.

"I can't be's hard on her's mebbe I oughter," the woman went on, a vague note of apology in her voice. "She ain't seemed all there—sence."

Again there was silence in the room; the baby slept while Fanny gazed at it with her stupid open-mouthed wonder, while Ellis stood tense and rigid, his eyes flaming at me. Then Mrs. Forges spoke again. "Ellis he always makes believe it's his little brother—"

"And so you might, so you might," he cried, springing forward—for a moment I thought he was going to strike his mother. "*Just this once* you had a right to make believe! Oh, couldn't you have done it for this once? She'd almost got to believing it's real—Fanny thought 'twas true most," he had turned violently to me. "She believed most 'twas our brother. And now she's spoiled it, *she's* spoiled it. *Fanny knows*, and we never can make believe again." His voice broke and he fled from the room. I could hear him sobbing in the woodshed beyond. I started to go to him, but at the sound of me he turned and ran from me like a hunted wild thing and I watched him until the merciful forest hid him from me, and I turned back to the room where Fanny stood looking with stupid eyes at her baby.

COMPENSATION

OVER the grasses sere and brown
The silver shadows press.
With giant steps the sun strides down
The golden terraces.
Silver and gold! But my heart grieves:
"Oh, for the little vanished leaves!"

The ghosts of little leaves upsailed
In song, on winter's wing:—
Forgotten wonders were. We veiled
From you their gladdening.
O lift your eyes across the plain!
Behold, the hills have come again!

AGNES LEE.

ITALY IN NEW YORK

IN THE lower part of New York on a corner of Washington Square Park which is crowded on sunny days with dark-eyed, bare-headed women and children, and where of a Sunday one sees gay spots of red, blue and orange, and one hears more Italian than English, there is a straw-colored stone church that strongly recalls Florence. Upon a clear day it makes the same contrast of pale gold against a deep blue sky. And at the corner of the church each day a dark-skinned Italian carefully spreads out a few oranges upon the cream-colored ledge of a little fountain built into the wall of the church, just as was his custom, no doubt at home. The artists of the neighborhood linger to stare at him as they pass. His neck scarf is emerald green, and as he stands there beside his oranges he is a picture ready made; and various dwellers on the square with memories of Italy stop to buy his wares anxious to keep him in the picture.

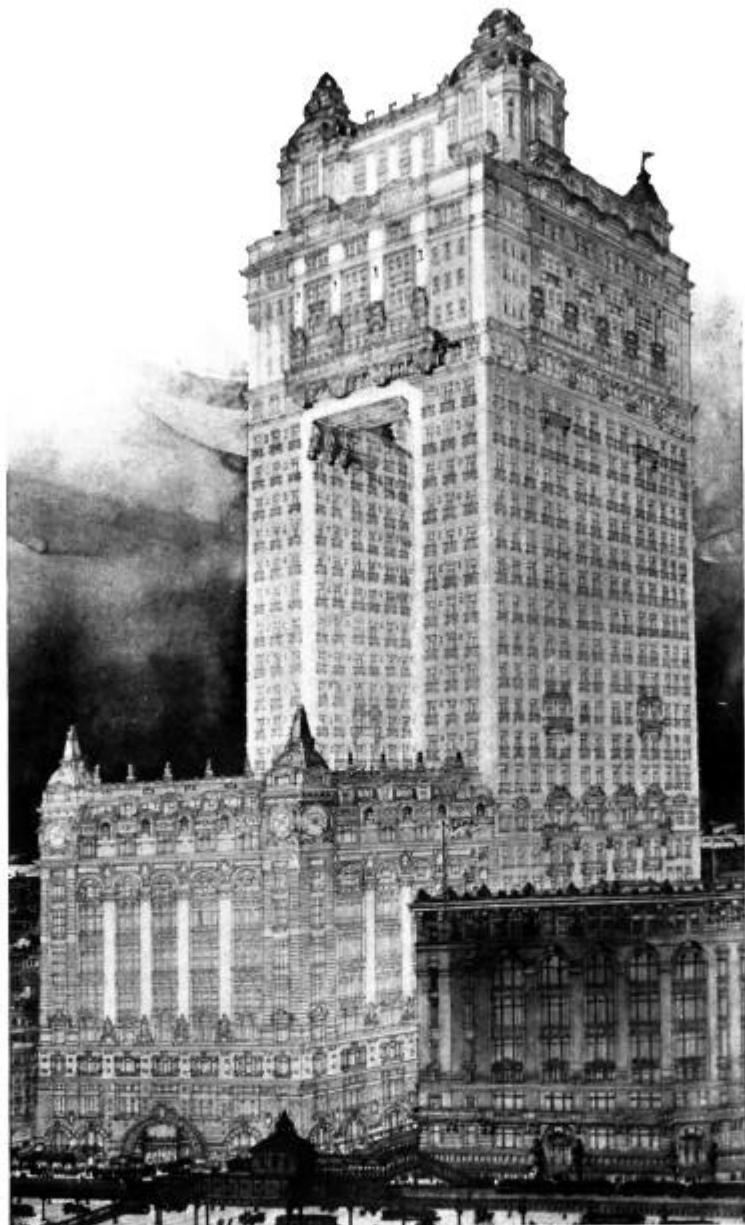
The Italian has excellent reason to feel at home on that square which stands at the upper edge of one of the largest of the Italian settlements in New York. Walking down Macdougal street toward the south one passes among the cheerful dilapidated houses many an old home with a wrought iron balcony that was the center of wealth and fashion fifty or sixty years ago. Now gay-colored rags of unconjecturable purpose are suspended from those balconies repeating the hues that may be seen in touches upon the garments of the loungers in the street. Also signs may be seen suspended from the iron railings telling the passerby in his own tongue that excellent mandolin music is furnished for entertainments by the dwellers within. The shops along the street contain principally articles in demand among Italians, and the fruit sellers standing beside their little carts freighted with golden oranges, lemons and bananas call their wares in their own tongue. And if the day be sunny and warm, whatever the season, the street will be full of an apparently leisure class. For although the Italian seldom fails to improve his worldly condition in the new world, he seems also always to have time to enjoy a bit of sunshine. Black-hand associations may exist and personal vendetta may add zest to life and even death; but the American who lives long enough in the neighborhood of those childlike emigrants from that land of dreams must be a harsh and non-beauty loving soul if he does not enjoy the sight of them even if their theories of hygiene are imperfectly developed. This will all come right in another generation. Meantime they are happy and beautiful. What more does one ask of one's neighbor?



SKETCH OF SINGER BUILDING
TOWER, AS SEEN FROM LIBERTY
STREET: ERNEST FLAGG, ARCHITECT.



CITY INVESTING BUILDING, NEW YORK:
FRANCIS H. KIMBALL, ARCHITECT.

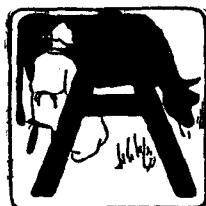


COMPETITIVE DRAWING FOR THE UPTOWN
TERMINAL OF THE M'ADOO TUNNEL, NEW
YORK: HOWELLS & STOKES, ARCHITECTS.



CHURCH STREET TERMINAL BUILDINGS,
NEW YORK: CLINTON & ROSS, ARCHITECTS.

AS THE WORKING GIRL SEES IT: BY ELIZABETH HOWARD WESTWOOD



LITTLE while ago I read an interesting book called "The Tragedy of the Wage Earner." It was written by a lady who said she had given up pleasure and wealth to bring a little happiness into the wretched lives of the women who were prisoners of toil. She made a kind of fairy story out of it and pretended that the "time clock" was a three-headed dog that snarled every time you put your card in and bit you if you were late. She made believe that the factory was a big dungeon and the noises of the machinery were groans of the prisoners. She said that paper boxes and silk waists were made out of blood. She thought the foreman was a cruel monster who crushed women and little children to pieces and then ate their flesh dripping with gore. It was an awfully sad story and I cried myself to sleep over it, and dreamed all night that I was fighting with a big fiery-eyed dragon that was trying to smother me to death.

When I told the girls about it at the factory, they said "hot air" and "guff," and Mayme Carrol, who goes to a club at a settlement, said there was two gangs of working girls—the kind rich ladies make stories out of and just the common, ordinary, everyday ones like all of us.

The only way I am like her kind of wage earner is that I was born to work. She calls it a heritage. My mother and my grandmother and their mothers way back were peasants in Germany, and there wasn't anything they didn't do from milking cows to weaving cloth. When I got through the grammar school, my father said I didn't have to work unless I wanted to, he was making big enough wages to keep me, and I could do as I pleased. But mother said, "Nonsense," she wasn't going to have me putting on airs walking the streets and getting into bad company. I was going to earn my money and put it into a bank so when I got married I'd have something to start on the way my sisters did. If I had stayed home I'd have been cured soon enough I guess, for Jennie Luke and Sadie Grady who thought they were too good to work with the rest of us in the silk factory got so sick of having nothing to do that they came and begged the forelady to take them on. It was all right in the summer when they could go to places every day, but in the winter they couldn't stand it; they were so lonesome they wanted the work.

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MOST of the girls hated the forelady, she was too strict, they said, but she and I got on real well, and I often think of the things she used to tell me. I was messenger girl in the office and I used to go out and buy lunch at the bakery round the corner for her and the bookkeeper. The bookkeeper wore a lace waist and lots of rings and was as stuck up as if she'd been a school teacher. But sometimes the forelady used to ask me to eat my lunch with her on the second landing, and she'd give me one of her cream puffs. One day she was real mad at two spinners who said they wouldn't stay another day in that factory and be bossed around by such a slob.

"That's just the way with them girls," she told me. "They think it's smart to be so independent. They started in to work here for three dollars and fifty cents a week and they've raised themselves to six dollars. Now just because I called them down for being late so much, they're going to quit. They won't be making that in a new place for a long time. If they was like me, with a sick sister and two children to look after, they'd think twice before they kicked a good job. Not that I'd stay in a place if there was a good reason for leaving. I've seen times when I was glad enough to get out and begin again."

I didn't know what she meant then, but I've found out since. Why I've known lots of girls that never stayed at one job more'n two or three months. They were so touchy they couldn't stand being called down, and they didn't care whether they learned or not. But when the foreman got fresh or a customer with a flashy shirt stud asked them to go out to dinner they'd think it was real funny. I've never seen the time yet when I couldn't get something to do, if the men got too fresh; nor I haven't any patience with a girl who is afraid to give up a four-dollar job at box-making when her boss don't pay her extra for night work and keeps back her wages. But just the same when she's found work she likes she'll never get to be a forelady unless she sticks at it.

Mrs. Jenkins used to tell me that I was smart enough to do real well if I kept at business and wasn't too full of notions. She said I was young enough to try different kinds of work and see which I liked best. You could work a lot better and get more out of life if you just liked the thing you were doing. She said there wasn't anything she liked better than the sound of the looms and the rattle of the wheels. She just loved to see the shuttles fly back and forth like lightning, leaving a little inch of silk every time until before you knew it your piece was finished and you had yards and yards of silk ready to go right to the stores. She said life always seemed just like that to her,

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and the kind of pattern you got on your silk didn't depend on anything but how your loom was harnessed. That's how Mrs. Jenkins felt about weaving and she said I'd know it quick enough when I found my own work. I'd like it so much that I'd think twice before I married and left it. Pretty soon the silk mill where I was working shut down for two months and our bunch got other places.

AFTER I left the mill, I was sort of homesick for it at first. I'd got to feel at home there, and I missed Mrs. Jenkins and all the spinners and even the stuck-up bookkeeper. Not that I didn't like the store where we all got places. I was stock girl in the jewelry department, and it was as good as reading a novel to hang the necklaces on the show rods and to fill trays with rings and pins. And the customers might have been duchesses and countesses. They looked like the kind I read about in "The Marriage of Lady Algernon." It was a high-toned department store and we got the carriage trade. There was always lots doing; every day had something exciting.

I used to like to hear the salesladies talk. They had lots of gentlemen friends and always went to balls Saturday nights and spent most of their money for clothes. We stock girls all went in a bunch. We had our lunch together and used to tell each other everything.

But I hadn't been there long when I knew it wasn't the place for me. I kept wanting to do something with my hands and do it better than anybody else and have it all for my own. Now it was different with Jennie Luke. From the first day she went into that store she was just fascinated with it. One Sunday when we'd been there a few weeks we took a walk together in the Park and Jennie said that she'd decided she wasn't going to be satisfied until she got to be a buyer. She just laid awake at night thinking about it and planning how some day she'd go to Paris and spend thousands and thousands of dollars buying hats or dresses. Then when she'd bring them home they'd sell better than any other store's. Would you believe it, that is just what has happened. Before she'd worked there two months she got to be a saleslady in the children's wear department. She was so quick and so pleasant that she made more sales than some of the old girls and she went to work and learned everything she could about the business. She got promoted right along. They took to her; she always had so many good ideas for making dresses sell. She got to be head of stock and then assistant buyer, and two years ago when the buyer left she took her place and now she has five thousand dollars a year and a lot more off commissions. That just

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shows what you can do if you like your work, the way Mrs. Jenkins said. It's funny, Sally Grady was just the other way. She wasn't the same girl when a fellow was around, she'd show off so. She got in with the bleachy blonde crowd right away, and Jennie and I couldn't do anything with her. Everybody knew what they were with their face paint and their hair dye and the decent girls wouldn't be seen with them. Mrs. Jenkins told me before I left the mill that I mustn't ever have gentlemen friends where I worked.

"You have your friends outside," she said, "and make them come and see you at your house when your mother and father are around, and they'll always treat you square. But a fellow don't think any more than the dirt under his feet of a girl he can be free with in the store and meet on the street corners." We told Sally that, but it didn't make any difference. I don't know where she is now, and her family haven't heard from her for years.

THEN some of our bunch went into a candy factory, but most of the girls there were such a tough lot and talked so nasty that I didn't like it. The very noon I left there I passed a sign that said, "Wanted—Girls on Caps. Paid while Learning." The place looked bright and nice and I liked the girls who were going in the door. So I walked into the office and got a place to begin right away.

I often think of that afternoon when I saw the long workroom for the first time. It was all so clean and pretty with the heaps of lace and silk and ribbons and the big piles of white boxes full of finished caps. They were just lovely. And the girls were so happy. They sang all the time just as if they were at home, and didn't stop when the foreman came around. They were real kind, too, and my learner who showed me how to run lace didn't holler when I made a mistake and spoiled a ruffle. She just learned me how to work my machine so I wouldn't get in a snarl and said I'd be doing fine soon.

Well, I liked making caps and before I'd been at it long I knew I'd found the trade for me. You didn't get laid off when business was slack; it was steady work all the year round and I didn't miss a day in three years. We didn't have to begin work till eight o'clock and we got through at five, and on Saturday at three. Then the pay was good. I got six dollars a week when I was just a lace runner. After I got to be a lining hand I went on piece work and so I made thirteen and fourteen dollars a week. Why, if a girl couldn't earn ten dollars she wasn't much use. The boss was real pleasant. He knew most of the girls by name and he used to give us presents on

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Christmas. On Hallowe'en we always had a party with big cakes and cider.

When I left to marry Jim, Mr. Halstein gave me a silver cake basket and told me that if I ever had to work again there'd be a place for me there. So after Jim and little Hans were taken off in one week with the diphtheria I came back again. 'Twasn't that Jim was a bad provider. I got enough from his lodge to keep me and Gretta and I had money saved of my own. But I got awful restless thinking of how, if I'd just got another doctor, perhaps Jim wouldn't have died and 'twasn't as if I'd ever marry again. I'm not like lots of women. If I can't have the man I want, I won't take anyone. Then I was young and strong and I didn't see any reason why I shouldn't be making money and saving it against the time when we were sick or Gretta was grown and wanted pretty things. My mother didn't have any home now. Father was dead and all the children off and married, so she was real glad to come and look after Gretta and make things pleasant for me when I got home after work.

T'WASN'T long before I was made a forelady at twenty dollars a week. That's ten years ago and I'm there yet. There's been lots of changes. The business has grown and we've beaten most of our old rivals. Our workroom is almost twice as large as when I first came. We've changed foremen twice and we have nearly two hundred girls. I've seen girls come and go—all kinds too, some of them downright bad, some of them silly, some real nice and bright and bound to come to success. Most of them are good-hearted, though, if you get them the right way. I know my girls pretty well. I hire them and pay them and discharge them, and they come and tell me about their fellows and their troubles at home. But even the best of them with real good sense don't think about anything but new hats and how to fix their hair, and what they're going to do that night. They'd rather have a fellow that will treat them to soda water and take them to the theater than a raise in salary any day. They are just like the real rich ladies I've heard about who don't care for anything but clothes and a good time. Lots of them get big wages and you'd think they'd go to night schools and learn some more or that they'd fix up their homes real tasty and study how to cook and sew. It don't cost much to do any of them. But they don't. They walk the streets and go out with their crowd. It's hard enough to get them to save their money.

There's one thing I won't ever do and that's to take girls who

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haven't got their working papers, no matter how short I am for help. 'Taint that I'm afraid of getting caught by the factory inspector. Land, no! All the factories I know use little children, some of them nine and ten, but I never heard of one being fined. I think it's a shame to let children work. There ain't much I can do to stop it, but I ain't going to miss the chance I have.

Once when I hadn't been forelady very long, a smart looking girl came in and asked for a job. She said she was sixteen, and didn't need working papers, but I knew better. As I found out later she was just twelve. I gave her a good lecture and told her to go back to school that very afternoon. Would you believe it, she just broke down and cried. She hadn't any mother or father and her aunt wouldn't keep her any longer. Of course I knew she could get work at the next place she went, but my heart kind of went out to her, she was so little not to have any home and she looked so pinched and hungry. And I thought of Gretta left like that. Well, I just up and took her home with me. I sent Rose to school and fed her and clothed her just like my own. If I'd been looking for a reward, which I wasn't, I'd have had it time and again. Why, Rose just made the older sister for Gretta that she needed, and she's been lots of company for me. I don't know what we'd have done all these years without her. She was real bright and when she got through grammar school, I made her go to the high for a year. But she didn't care for books and wanted to get to work. So I took her in the factory and she makes bigger wages than any girl there, instead of the six dollars a week she'd have got raised to by now if she'd gone to one of those factories where they give little girls two dollars to begin on.

She's paid me back in good board all I ever spent on her, I guess I couldn't be prouder of her if she was Gretta. When she marries Jennie Luke's nephew next summer the factory will lose one of the best girls it ever had.

YES, I like my work and I can't think of anything that would make me give it up except if Jim came back to life. It has sort of grown on me as the years have gone by until it's part of me just like Gretta. I don't know anything that makes me happier than to come into the factory a nice spring morning when the air just makes you feel like waking up and doing things. The floor is all swept up and the machines are clean. The cutter has bolts of muslin ready to cut out into summer caps and the girls have stacks of work piled up by them ready to begin on. Out in the office the mail is piled up on the

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desk with a lot of orders, and the salesmen write that our caps sell the best in the market.

When I bid good-morning to the girls on a morning like that, they'll say, "Oh, now don't you wish you was rich and didn't have to work this morning and could just go riding off to the country in a grand automobile?"

And I say, "Nonsense, I wouldn't change places with the King of England. It's just a grand day to work. I've got too many new girls to break in to be thinking of automobiles and if I get all my orders filled and out tonight I guess I'll be happier than all the millionaires going." It is just grand to work then and I feel as if there weren't anything I couldn't do.

The boss has been real good to me. He's raised my salary every year since I was forelady. In the summer he gives me a month's vacation with pay. Then when business isn't so rushed he often lets me take an afternoon off to go shopping or anything. Once when I had the pneumonia he sent his own doctor to pull me through and his wife used to come real often and bring flowers and sometimes books. Then, too, what I say goes, and the girls know there ain't any use of getting him to take their side when I have given them an order.

There's lots of queer things that happens to me. One day a young lady came to see me at the factory and tried to get me to make my girls join a union. She was dressed real nice and she said she had been to a college and knew all about the trials and injustices of a working woman. I didn't know just what she meant, but I said it was hard enough work to get the girls to spend the money they did make in a sensible way, and if she wanted the job of teaching them how to earn more she was welcome to it. And at that she flared up and said I didn't have the interests of the Cause at heart and wasn't willing to help my sisters in distress. I got mad in my turn, and I told her she could just get out of that factory and stay out. I haven't anything against unions if women want them, and have the time for them. I know lots of women want to be bosses. But I've never seen the time yet when we've had all the hands we wanted, and if a girl hasn't gumption enough to find a good place she won't do much in a union.

A few years ago I moved over near a night school and I've taken lots of evening courses, but it's kind of hard work when I'm busy all day and that's the only time I have at home with Gretta and mother. Still I'm going to keep at it till I've taken all the regular courses and then when Gretta goes to high school in a year or so I can help her with her lessons.

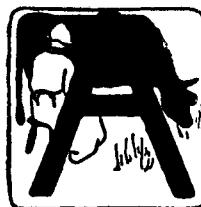
AS THE WORKING GIRL SEES IT

THE other night I'd been working late after the girls left, filling up my stock. It was getting dark when I came down the stairs, and the streets were full of people hurrying home to hot suppers and an evening when they could do what they pleased. It was just the kind of night I like best of all, when it's still warm, but you can kind of feel fall in the air; you know the hot summer's over; the girls are all back from their vacations; everything's starting up regular for the winter.

I stopped by the old church to get some chestnuts for Gretta, they were the first of the season. The chestnut vender's stove was hot and his torch was blowing in the wind and giving things a queer look. Just as I got my change there was a toot and down the street came a big automobile, the children and the dogs clearing the way for it. Right on the front seat was a lady in beautiful clothes. She wasn't paying any attention to the people next to her, she was just leaning forward and looking about kind of eager. As the automobile slowed up for a truck, a torch threw a big spot of light on the lady and I looked right in her face. And in a minute I knew she felt just the way I did. Wasn't it funny now, she'd been riding in an automobile all day long, dressed in silks and satins, with all the money she wanted, servants to wait on her, and nothing to do but to have a good time; here was I making caps every day from morning to night, year in and year out, with a mother and a little girl depending on what I earned and just my own hands between us and charity. And yet we felt just the same. As this flashed over me she turned and we looked right in each other's eyes and she knew it too. We smiled across at each other, and then the automobile was off. I haven't ever seen her since, but I often think of her, so sweet and pretty, just like a fairy in all that dirt, and she feeling just like me. But she don't know a bit about my kind of life and I don't know about hers.

That's just the way with the "tragedy of the wage earner." I guess that the rich lady who wrote it don't know any more about the good times my girls have than they do about her kind of troubles. Ever since that night in the fall I've known that cap-making and automobiles haven't got anything to do with how people feel inside. If that lady or I was to write a book, I guess they'd both read about the same.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AS TEACHER, GUIDE AND PROTECTOR OF THE PEOPLE: BY ALICE DINSMOOR



N ASTUTE lawyer from the interior of the country, after a stay of a few days at the Federal capital, said to me: "Every citizen ought to visit Washington. Those too poor to go at their own expense should be the guests of the nation. Nothing else can so stimulate patriotism and beget loyalty." This idea is every year approaching realization in the throngs of people who find their way to Washington. And yet impressed as they are by the majestic exteriors of the buildings and by the variety of activities within, they can get but a faint notion of what the army of men and women at work is doing for the nation at large, in connection with other members of the same army stationed far and near throughout the domain of the present United States.

Nothing, perhaps, gives a truer view of the development of the government than the extension of the Executive department. The cabinet offices which Washington filled were the Secretaryships of State, War, and the Treasury, together with the Attorney-Generalship. Under the presidency of John Adams, with another foreign war threatening in 1798, the Navy Department was organized. The next addition was made when, in 1829, President Jackson invited the Postmaster-General to join his cabinet. Twenty years later the Department of the Interior was constituted. In this portfolio and that of the Treasury, attention to agriculture, trade, and manufactures was given, but in an increasingly inadequate manner. By the year 1862, the need of a Department of Agriculture was so evident that it was created by Congress, though it was not until 1889 that the Secretary became a cabinet officer. In response to demands by the Knights of Labor, a Labor Bureau was organized in 1884; four years later this was changed to the Department of Labor, and finally in 1903, this was merged in a new department—the ninth and latest cabinet position—called the Department of Commerce and Labor.

The Post-office Department was the first through which the Federal government can be said to have come into personal touch with people at large. And since rural delivery has been instituted, a messenger from that Department goes daily to remote farm houses, robbing the country life of its loneliness. Indeed, while the dweller in the wilds has only one mail a day, he has what the urban resident

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has not, facilities for registering a letter or package and buying stamps and money orders at his own door.

A rural delivery letter carrier may happily become the intermediary with another branch of the government. If he reports that the roads on his route are either impassable, or passable only at an unreasonable expenditure of time and horse-flesh, the Post-office Department reports the fact to the Director of Public Roads, in the Department of Agriculture. This official sends instructions to the local officials informing them that on request an expert engineer will be detailed at government expense to advise them about the repair or construction of a proper road. He may, if desired, direct the work until the method is understood by the local roadmaster. This division of the Department of Agriculture concerned with the public roads of the country is the outgrowth of the office of Road Inquiry established by Congress in 1893.

OUR central government today is to all intents and purposes a teacher to a community using the *most advanced methods of instruction*, for it builds an object lesson piece of road where request is made for this assistance; so far as possible, preference being given to localities where the need is greatest. The work is done in the most thoroughly scientific manner; an expert engineer is in charge, the foreman and machinery operator are skilled men, the machinery used is adapted precisely to the place. The chemists of the Department use laboratory tests for determining the kind of road suitable for a given place. It sometimes happens that these trained road-makers save large sums to communities by demonstrating that a cheaper kind of road is really better in a certain locality than one proposed by local authorities. This was true, for instance, near Troy, Alabama, where it was proved that a sand-clay road supplemented by macadam was much better adapted to the situation and much cheaper than a strictly macadam road, for which bonds were about to be issued. These object-lesson roads serve to teach local officers proper methods of building and also stimulate public sentiment in favor of good roads, so that the money needed for their construction is forthcoming in the community. In all, 113 object-lesson roads in no less than thirty-two states, from Florida to Washington, have been built. The local materials utilized in their construction range from granite and basalt, to slag, marl and oil, with limestone leading. The effect of object-lesson roads in a community is generally not only to enhance the value of property, but also to lead

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to the improvement of highways in adjoining counties as well as in the immediate vicinity. Anybody who has observed the blundering way that road-building under ordinary conditions is carried on, and has noticed that one heavy rain storm may leave the new road worse than before it was touched, appreciates the value of expert advice by government intervention.

This road-building work is but one small activity of the Department of Agriculture. The Department is primarily, of course, to act the part of counselor and friend toward the farmers of the land. Secretary Wilson sees such possibilities in his field that he says "the Department has but crossed the threshold of discovery and education," and yet already its work has brought changes that estimated in dollars reaches the hundreds of millions annually.

WHAT are the directions in which the Department is working? They are indicated by the names of the bureaus: Weather, Animal Industry, Plant Industry, Forest Service, Chemistry, Soils, Entomology, Biological Survey, Accounts and Disbursements (of this Department), Publications, Statistics, Experiment Stations, and last,—the one already referred to—Public Roads. To carry on this work Congress appropriated for the year 1907, \$9,210,440. This is a large increase over former appropriations, because the horrors which the "Jungle" revealed led to the new meat inspection laws that for their execution have \$3,000,000 given them, and this inspection comes under the Bureau of Animal Industry. The Department employs in Washington about 1,600 persons; in other places, more than 4,000. They are skilled chemists, geologists, biologists, pathologists, surveyors, etc.,—men with the best training technical schools and experience can give. They are collecting data, conducting laboratory experiments, trying by every available means to learn what will be of most use directly to farmers, dairymen, orchardists, poultry and cattle raisers, and indirectly, but just as truly, to our whole nation and many foreign peoples, whose physical wants they supply.

The problems upon which the Bureau of Plant Industry is working are as wide in range as they are intense in interest. As everybody knows, the wheat growing areas are being continually pushed northward and westward, and periodically computations are published showing when the soil in these regions will refuse longer to yield. Nothing, then, is more vital than the discovery of how to restore to the soil the used up nitrates. Manure is expensive; the great nitrate beds in South America are becoming exhausted; and so it becomes most

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important to find the best means for wresting from the atmosphere quantities of the nitrogen that we have supposed had no use there except to dilute the oxygen. This, it has been found, can be done by certain bacteria. They require most careful culture. Farmers have no facilities either for cultivating or for watching them—it is all work with high power microscopes. What better can the government do than to employ experts for these experiments? The Department publishes bulletins giving information about these bacteria, and even sends out the bacteria hermetically sealed, to farmers who may put them into their fields.

Closely connected with this study of the nitrogen problem *per se*, is that of *durum* wheat, which, as nitrogen is one of its essential constituents, is in fact a study of the same problem.

THE ordinary spring and winter wheats commonly grown in this country, are, botanically speaking, *triticum vulgare*. *Triticum durum*, a harder grain very rich in gluten, is widely cultivated in Spain, Russia and Algeria, regions where the supply of moisture is moderate. Chemists find that this *durum* wheat has 2.5 per cent. more protein in it than the *vulgare*, and correspondingly less starch. Study shows that it is well suited to the climate of Colorado, Utah, Oklahoma, Idaho and Kansas, states where the rainfall is low but irrigation is possible, and where sunshine, the sugar producer, is abundant. As, therefore, gradually the soils of the more northern states are becoming depleted of their nitrogen, these other states that we have not thought of as grain producers may become our most valuable wheat fields.

The Bureau of Plant Industry in studying the production of beet sugar, finds that the cost of labor is the main item of expense, and so the Bureau is now trying to raise beets that will require less hand labor in their cultivation.

The corn crop of this country being worth annually more than a billion dollars, nearly twice as much as any other crop, the experiment stations are active in "breeding" new varieties that will produce more to the acre. The Department is coöperating in these experiments, as in others, with the experiment station workers in the great corn-producing states.

The cultivation of nuts and a careful study of their nutritive qualities is receiving attention by the Bureau of Plant Industry. The interesting fact has been discovered that a definite sum of money invested in peanuts will buy twice the protein and produce six times

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the energy that the same sum will if put into porterhouse steak. In view of this fact, it is comforting to know that the crop of peanuts in this country now runs into the hundreds of million pounds, raised chiefly in Virginia, Georgia and Tennessee.

The study of new fruits is one of the most valuable undertaken by the Bureau. Among these are the creations called citranges, a fruit resembling an orange, but capable of growing 300 or 400 miles further north than either oranges or lemons, and useful for cooking and making citrangeade. Several new pineapples have been created, and slips of these as of the citranges are distributed to people who will take them and continue the experiments. Thus opportunity is given to growers to make what they can of these new fruits.

IN NOTHING do farmers more need expert advice than in the extermination of insects that threaten the destruction of their hard-raised crops. Especial study has been given to the cotton boll weevil, particularly malicious in Texas and Louisiana. The investigation shows that dry weather is destructive to the pest, but the entomologists agree that the worst enemy to the weevil is the native ant, *solenopsis geminata*. Climbing the stalk for the possible nectar of the blossom, it encounters the weevil, and seizes him. The rapid spread of the ant is therefore much to be desired by cotton growers, and as a matter of fact the tribe is advancing. Imported parasites have been tried against the weevil, but with poor results. This native combatant is best.

Another large field for the entomologists, both state and federal, is the study of washes to be used for the San José scale, the enemy of orchards from California, where it first appeared, eastward to the Atlantic border, where it now infests peach, plum, pear and apple trees. Lime-sulphur washes have been experimented with, the Bureau of Chemistry aiding essentially in finding the best proportions and the best manner of application. An efficient formula is found to be 50 gallons of water, 20 pounds of quicklime and 15 pounds of either flour or flowers of sulphur, boiled together for one hour. Salt and sugar have both been tried with the above ingredients, but the Bureau finds they add nothing to the efficacy of the lime and sulphur. Various other injurious growths on fruit trees are also killed by this simple wash.

But better, because less trouble, is the destruction of the scale insects by beetles and birds. This subject has received the careful attention of the biologists of the Department. The cardinal and

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grosbeak are found to be very fond of the plum scale, which also infests cherry trees. The black scale is now in California a more serious pest than the San José, and no less than 29 species of birds are known to eat it. They include woodpeckers, sparrows, vireos, wrens and bluebirds. Indeed, 57 species of birds feed upon some scale insects and their eggs. Who knows but that, without the aid of birds, the various scales would rob us of all our fruit?

THE government experiment stations under the Bureau of Plant Industry include the Arlington experimental farm with 350 acres under tillage, where, among other activities, foreign products as well as native plants and seeds undergo all sorts of tests. At the Mississippi Valley laboratory at St. Louis and the Subtropical laboratory at Miami, Florida, special study is made of diseases and other enemies of products of these sections of the country. At Chico, California, is a plant introduction garden where trials of seeds and plants from foreign countries are carried on; twelve acres are devoted to foreign varieties of grapes; figs and pistache nuts are also receiving special attention. The Bureau is carrying on a new experiment farm at San Antonio, Texas, to find out what crops may profitably be tried in that new region.

The officers of the Department of Agriculture, realizing that they can but take the initiative in these undertakings here mentioned, and in many others to which space permits not even a reference, are advocating and encouraging the study of agriculture not only in the various state agricultural colleges, but also in the lower grades of the public schools. The so-called nature study now taught in the primary grades of all well-ordered schools is the best preparation for the larger themes recommended by the Department for older pupils. The Bureau of Experiment Stations publishes an outline both for nature study and elementary agriculture adapted specially to the use of rural schools (Circular 60), so that teachers may get full instructions directly from the Department. Farmers may be of the greatest assistance to schools by sending in specimens of plants in various stages of growth; also by inviting teachers and pupils to their fields to see insects doing their work of destruction, or to examine a particularly fine crop, or one new to the locality.

The year book of the Department of Agriculture contains not only the annual report of the Secretary, but also special scientific papers prepared by the heads or other members of the various bureaus. Of Part II of this volume—the part of interest to the nation at large—

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500,000 copies are printed for distribution. The appendix contains full statistics of the vegetable and the animal products in the different states and their market prices in the chief cities of the country, not only for the current year in which it is issued, but also comparative figures for a series of years. Besides this year book, the Department publishes numbers of bulletins; in 1906, for example, 437 were published; of these 404 were reprints. The total number sent out was 6,568,000. These are distributed gratuitously, as are also seeds, through members of Congress to their constituents, or on request to the Department. About 7,000,000 packages of vegetable and flower seeds have been thus distributed annually for a number of years, of inestimable value to farmers and gardeners.

WHILE the Department of Agriculture fosters the industries upon which the physical lives of all our people depend; the Department of Commerce and Labor, the latest to be added to the cabinet, is hardly less comprehensive in its scope, and perhaps even more personal in its relations to the individual citizen.

Its administration concerns not only all the industries suggested by the word commerce, and the oversight of the thousands of people who perform the labor of the land, but also the following other bureaus, some of them turned over by the Treasury Department, where, of course, they never had any proper place: The Bureau of Manufactures, Corporations, the Census, Statistics, Fisheries, Navigation, Steam-boat Inspection, Immigration, Standards, the Lighthouse Establishment and the Coast and Geodetic Survey. The Department employs 9,500 persons; more than half of them are connected with the Lighthouse service.

The Bureau of Manufactures collects and collates information about manufacturing industries and markets, both in this country and abroad. Its special aim is to promote the sale of our articles in foreign lands, and the value of its service to the manufacturer is recognized by him when the Bureau sends a special message to him concerning a market for his goods, discovered in the course of its regular investigation. For example, agents were sent to China to get specimens of fabrics, and two hundred sets of these samples were furnished to manufacturers of cotton and to textile schools, that they might be prepared to supply the Chinese market with goods salable in that country. Agents of the Department have also been investigating the South American, Mexican, and Japanese markets, and reports from these countries likely to be of use to certain manufacturers have been

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mailed to them, with a view to their losing no time in sending out their goods.

The Bureau of Corporations and the Department of Commerce and Labor were created at the same time; and the first commissioner, Mr. James R. Garfield, was named by the President the very next day after Mr. George B. Cortelyou was confirmed as Secretary of the new Department. The first public work of the Bureau was the investigation of railway discriminations in favor of the Standard Oil Company, and the data thus obtained, in the hands of the judiciary, led to indictments containing 8,193 counts. The criminal proceedings growing out of these discoveries have been fully set forth in the newspapers and the phenomenal fines imposed are well-known. Meanwhile the most valuable result to the country at large is that railway companies are no longer discriminating in favor of single great corporations, and small shippers report they are getting fair treatment. In other words, this Bureau stands between the people and the soulless corporations, with the power so to restrict their action that they may serve but not victimize the public.

The Director of the Bureau of Standards has on his staff 87 persons, engaged in the most exacting of scientific work. Physicists, chemists, electricians, and engineers of high ability and skill are necessarily employed. They are making and verifying, for example, standards of electrical resistance and electro-motive force, determining electrical conductivity, temperature coefficient, the thermo-electric power of materials and other like problems. They are testing electric lamps and samples of oil, and undertaking to improve present methods of photometry. They are improving precision weights, and comparing length standards to the end that absolutely accurate engineers' tapes and yard and meter measures may be made. They are also testing pyrometers, thermometers and barometers, not only for government use, but also for the public in general. In the fiscal year 1906, for example, 11,132 clinical thermometers were submitted by hospitals, manufacturers, physicians and others, to be tested. Of these, 7 1-2 per cent. failed to meet the test requirements, and thus demonstrated the utility of the Bureau. The examination of ores and chemical re-agents to determine their purity, and a re-consideration of the quantitative relation between oxygen and hydrogen in water are subjects of investigation by the chemists of the Bureau. The desire on the part of the manufacturers and users of instruments to have upon them the government's seal of their accuracy, constantly puts so much outside testing upon the staff, as to retard their own

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legitimate theoretical and determinative work, but in this manner they are serving the people at first hand.

THE last annual report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration gives a most graphic idea of the way our government assumes the care of the foreigners who come each year to our shores. Last year's army numbered 1,285,349. At a less rate than this, 1,000,000 per annum, plus the natural increase of about fourteen per cent. every ten years, in 134 years our population would reach 950,000,000. It would then be as dense as the most densely-peopled part of the Chinese empire. But it is possible that this rate of immigration may not be maintained, for several of the nations of Europe are taking serious note of the fact that their populations are becoming depleted of their brawn and youth, and are using measures to keep their workers at home.

Our laws for protection against objectionable aliens are stringent. As careful an examination as possible is given to the physical, mental and moral condition of all who come, and any who are found deficient are sent back by the steamers that brought them. But the vigilance does not end with their admission to the country: during the past eighteen months, 717 have been deported because within *three years of their landing* they had shown evidences of insanity or other mental weakness, or some contagious disease.

The congestion of foreigners in the seaboard cities, especially in New York, it is believed, will be lessened by the recently established Division of Information in connection with the Bureau. This is intended to keep well abreast of the labor needs of every section of the country, so that as they land, laborers may be sent directly to places where they can find employment. The crying demand of the factory owners in the southern states may thus be soon met. Nearly 500 Belgians have lately been brought to the South Carolina mills, found through advertisements in Europe, by the state Immigration Commissioner. Of the foreigners landed in New York within the year ending June 30, 1907, the greatest number to any one state, 22,673, have gone to California, many of them to help in the rebuilding of San Francisco. The territory of Hawaii, at the instance of its legislature, sent special messengers to Europe to secure settlers, and thus has added to its population nearly 5,000 Portuguese.

The whole subject of immigration has assumed such complications and magnitude that Congress has lately appointed a special commission to investigate the matter in all its bearings. Meanwhile,

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the Bureau is urging an international conference on the question. As the Commissioner-General well says, "Various subjects of much less importance have been successfully handled by world conventions."

UNDER the present auspices, as under the old, the functions of the Bureau of Labor are "to collect and publish information, as the law defines, relating to the material, social, intellectual and moral prosperity of laboring men and women." The voluminous annual reports of the Bureau contain this information so arranged that it may be the basis for wise personal, corporate or legislative action. The volume of nearly 1,000 pages issued by the Department last June sums up Strikes and Lockouts from 1881 to 1905, giving the figures for our different states and also for all the countries of Europe. Every business in which a strike or lockout has occurred is represented. The summing up is of the highest interest: A far greater number of strikes occurred in the building trades than in any other industry; but in the coal and coke industry, more than twice as many men were involved. The average number of days closed by strikes ranged from 3.1 in blacksmithing to 103.4 in the making of pottery. Of the 36,757 strikes from 1881 to 1905, involving 181,407 establishments, 68.99 per cent. were ordered by labor organizations and were wholly successful in 49.48 per cent. of the establishments; partly successful in 15.87 per cent. of others. The demand for higher wages occasioned more strikes than any other one cause. Next to this, producing 18.84 per cent. of strikes, was the disagreement about the recognition of union and non-union rules. This was also the cause of the greatest number of lockouts. The year 1903 was notable for having the highest number of both strikes and lockouts; of these, most occurred in the state of New York and least in Ohio. The officials who order strikes may find much encouragement in the figures of this report, for they show that in the 25 years under review, employees have won all the demands for which they struck in 47.94 per cent. of the strikes, and a part of them in 15.25 per cent. of the places where they worked. And employers have also encouragement to use the lockout to enforce their wishes, for it has been effective in 57.20 per cent. of the establishments where it has been resorted to. Since 1905, the Bureau has published a bi-monthly bulletin reporting results of research regarding labor conditions both here and in foreign countries, that may be of "value to the industrial interests of the country."



THE DESIGNING OF HOMES: BY FRANK CHOUTEAU BROWN

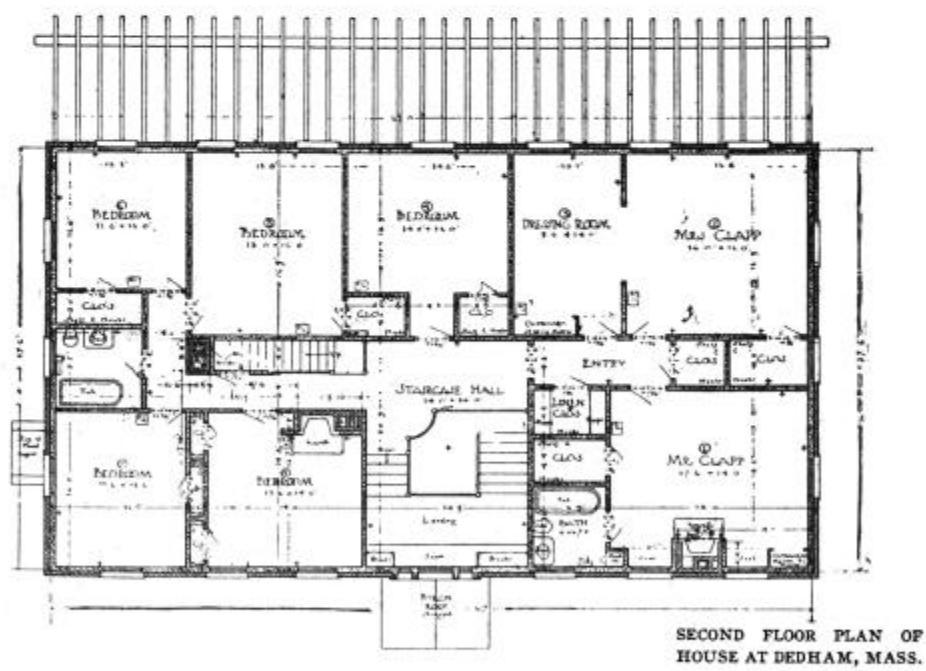
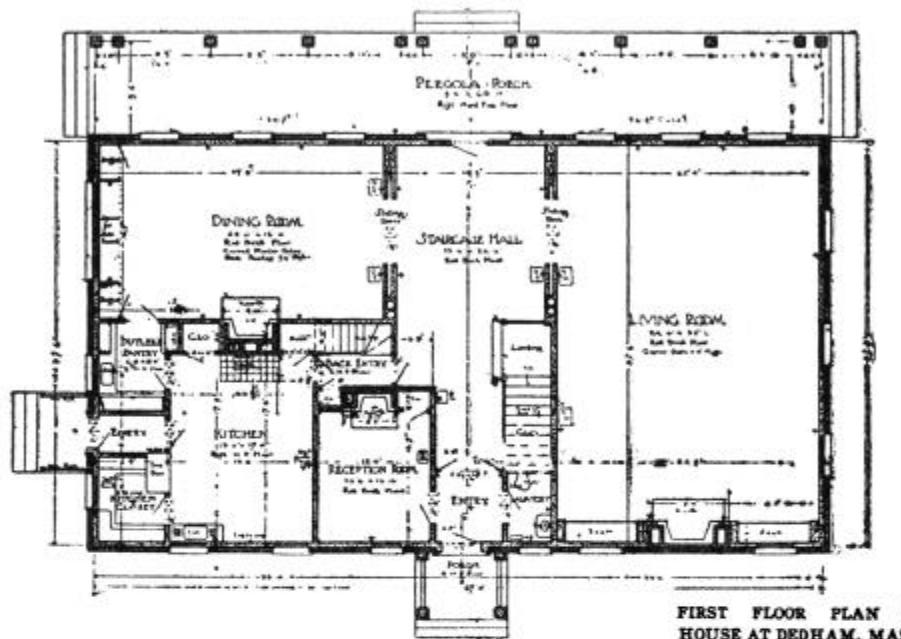
WHILE the dwelling presents rather a complicated problem that increases in difficulty as civilization becomes more and more "advanced," it is yet so important, inasmuch as so many people—practically all our women-kind—spend by far the greater portion of their lives within the building's walls, that it should demand the closest consideration of the most skilled men in the profession instead of going most often, as is actually the case, to those of the least experience. The less money there is to be expended upon the house, the more skill and experience is demanded upon the part of the designer, in order to obtain the most for the money of the intending builder and owner. The interest of such a problem far surpasses that of any other—save possibly the even more complex one of "city building"—contained within the province of the architect.

The small dwelling is always varied, ever differing to suit requirements set by the different clients and the limitations imposed by each environment. The only occasion when the planning of a dwelling can fail in interest to the designer, is when some real estate speculator comes along and gives a *carte blanche* order for "so many houses at so much apiece!" Apparent-

ly an easy problem; but it is surprising how flat and insipid it becomes, merely from lacking the individuality of the client who is continually demanding things impossible within the limits set by purse or lot. It only remains for the architect to invent and fashion, from his own imagination, possible clients who may then demand of him the accomplishment of even more impossible results!

Then, too, we hear a great deal about an "American style;" something new and original that our architectural designers are supposed to invent! This striving for originality is what has produced some of the funereal designs achieved by some architects of the Middle West, where far overhanging eaves and many closed-in and wide-roofed verandas absolutely prevent the sunshine from ever filtering into any portion of the house interior. It is also questionable for us in this new and rapidly developing country to copy too closely foreign types of dwelling design, as they rarely appear at ease in the settings we must provide for them. After all, it is only common sense to work out a house plan so that it best fits the lot and the demands of the owner, without any regard to its possible exterior treatment; inasmuch as a close study of the characteristics

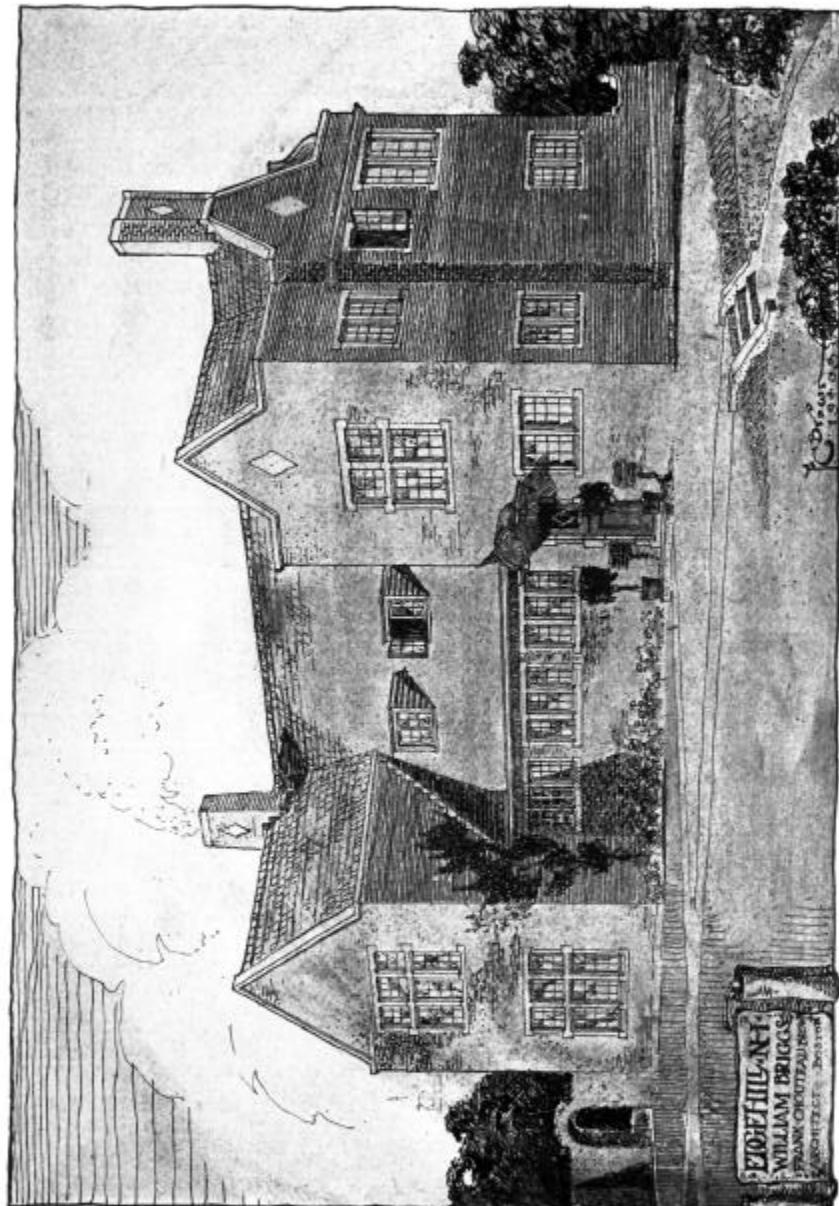
THE DESIGNING OF HOMES





Frank Chouteau Brown, Architect.

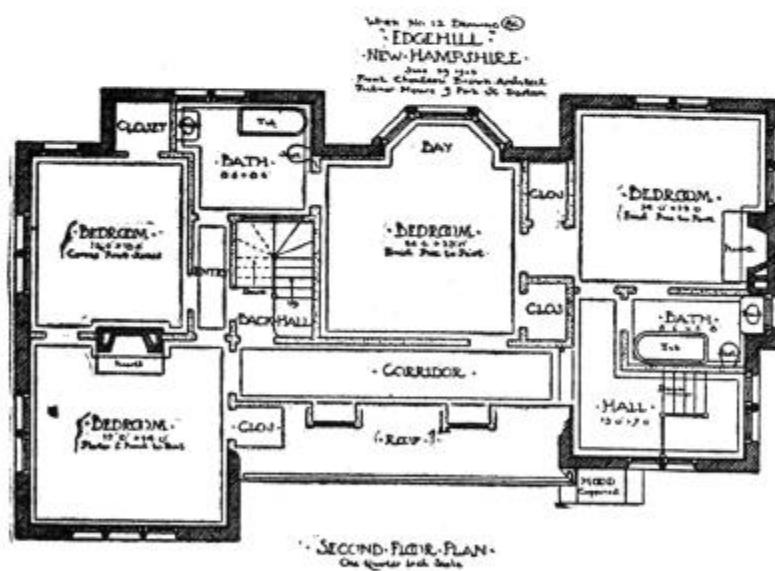
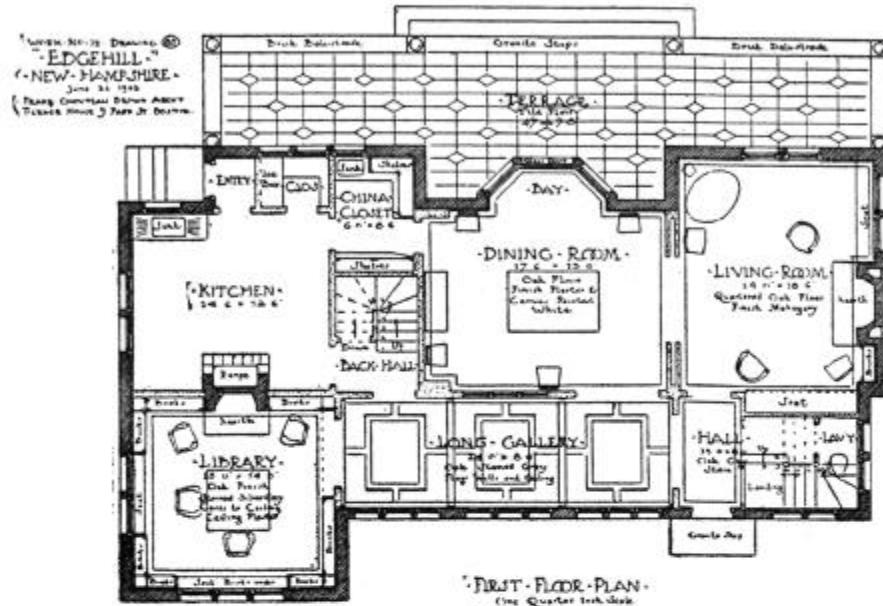
"GEORGIAN" HOUSE AT DEDHAM, MASS.: ENTRANCE ON STREET FRONT: GARDEN SIDE AND PORCH.



HOUSE OF WILLIAM BRIGGS : AT EDGEHILL, N. H.

Frank Chouteau Brown, Architect.

THE DESIGNING OF HOMES



THE DESIGNING OF HOMES



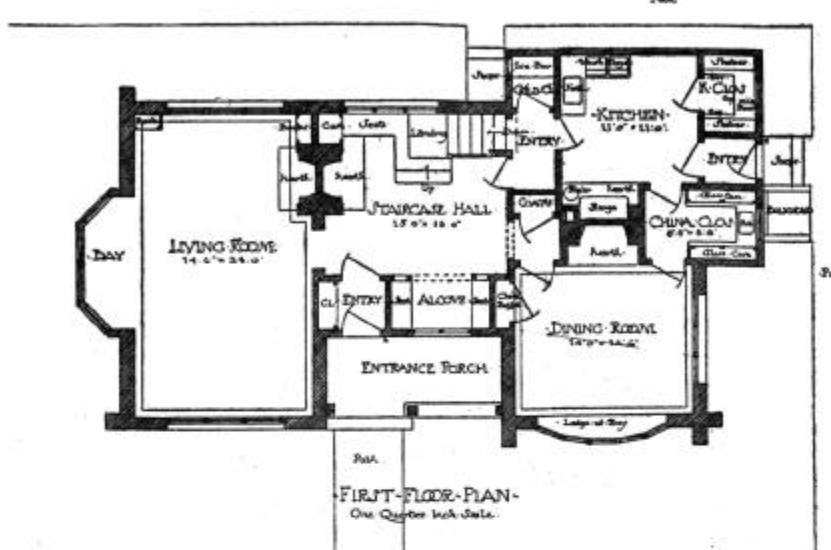
of the site,—especially,—and the surroundings of the future house, if properly expressed in the plan, will largely suggest—if not even pretty definitely determine—the major part of its exterior handling.

Personally, I never use "half-timber" except when necessary, on account of the accent and sparkle of the contrast between its whites and darks, to give just that final touch of definition to a design that sometimes makes the entire difference between its success and failure. In the main I prefer to depend for my effects upon such native and modern materials as our rough hard-burnt brick or the still simpler surfaces of plaster, studying always to make the design as simple as is humanly—and artistically—possible; depending upon the good proportion of openings, their right disposition and the harmony of contour and roof lines, to obtain a pleasant effect when the design "goes together" in execution.

In working out the house design, it is most important that it should be

regarded as freshly as possible, with no preconceived idea or ideal to limit the imagination or prejudice the eye. Then, after a thorough study of all the requirements, until they are rather unconsciously absorbed than individually to be recognized, it is possible to work out an idea that will be plastic enough to suit itself easily to all these requirements, one after the other, until something has been achieved that may be recognized as somewhere near the correct and proper solution of the problem. My own experience has ever been that, in working up such a design, there is a certain unconscious "feeling" that manifests itself in regard to those lines or details that are *wrong*. In drawing them in, I experience a sensation, such as is given in working against some antagonistic force, that insistently tells me that that particular idea of treatment is not right. By continuing to develop it further, I find this antagonism becoming stronger and stronger, till at last one comes to a moment when it is disclosed not only

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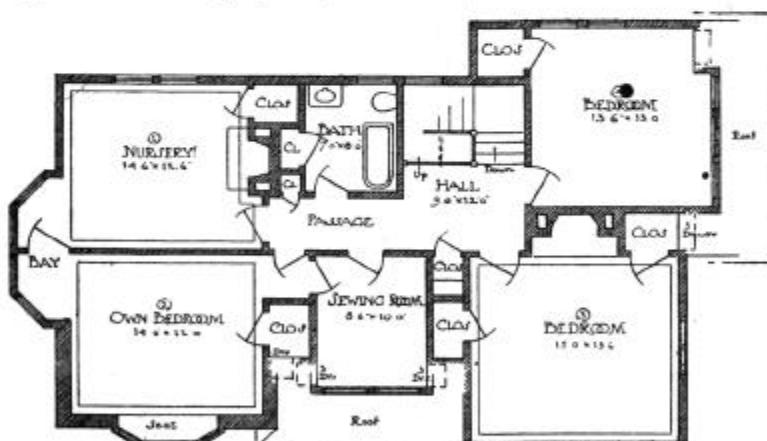


SPRINGFIELD HOUSE.

that it is wrong, but *how* it is wrong; and so the right and proper solution eventuates almost of itself.

A residence certainly should look like a home, both within and without. "Homely" is the only good old-fashioned English word to rightly express

this meaning, although, in the mouths of this latter generation, it has now come to be much misused and misunderstood. The home aspect within the dwelling is often achieved single-handed by the woman inhabiting the house, but on the exterior this respon-



SPRINGFIELD HOUSE.

THE DESIGNING OF HOMES



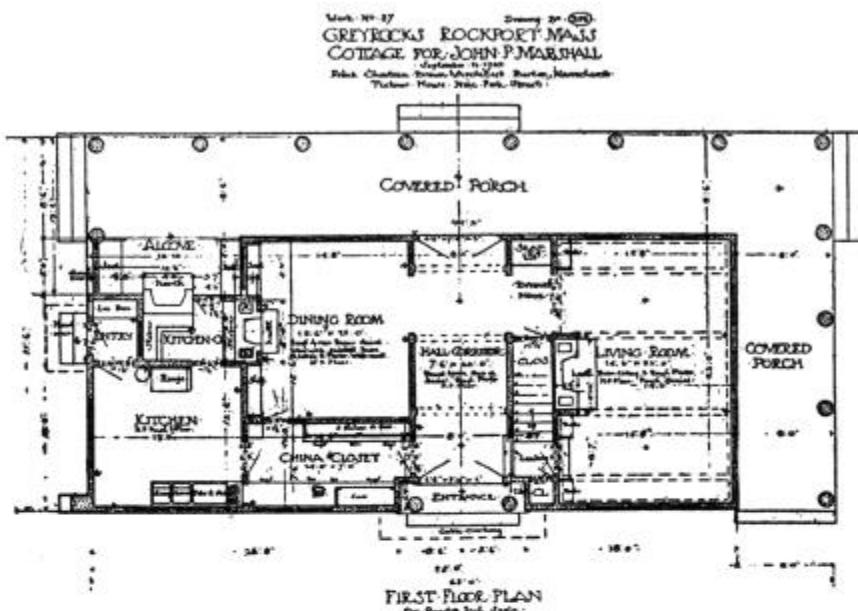
Frank Chouteau Brown, Architect.

sibility must lie solely within the hand of the fashioning architect. Even in so classic and hackneyed a style as the Georgian Colonial in which the brick house in Dedham is conceived, I attempted to get that domesticity of effect that ought to be—but so seldom is—the most striking exterior effect of a building intended for a dwelling.

In the especial instance just mentioned, the house was built upon a site previously occupied by a Colonial dwelling; with surroundings of old trees and drives and with adjoining houses markedly Colonial in type (the very next dwelling having been designed by the famous Bulfinch), while the owners had also a large assortment of old mahogany furniture that they intended to use in the dwelling. Manifestly, a "Colonial" design was demanded. To endow it with more interest, however, I preferably took for a model the heavier English Georgian period that preceded our "Colonial" style, and so was able to meet all the requirements

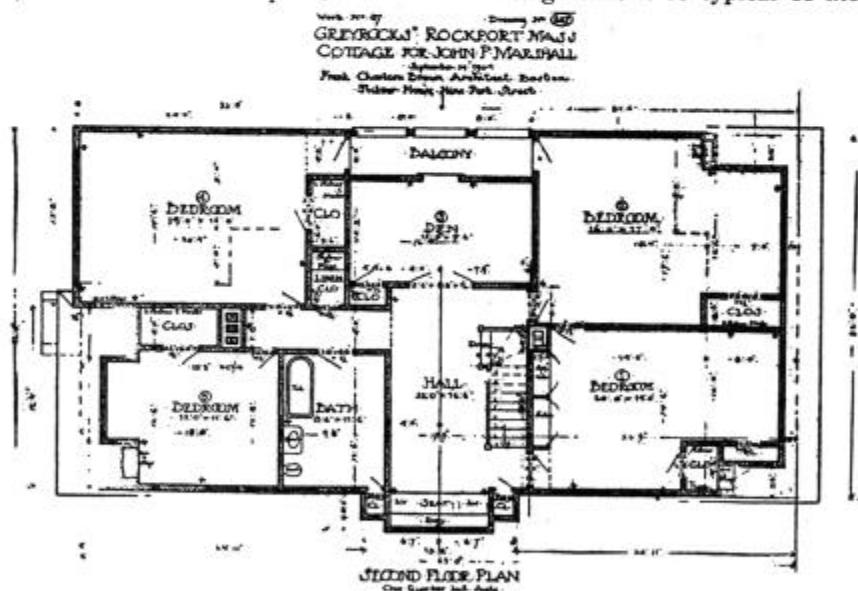
and yet achieve a less conventional and familiar type of dwelling. As a result, the house, a year after it was completed, had become so a part of the surroundings that even architects viewing it presumed it to be an alteration of an old dwelling; and the general populace—from what they see toward the street—believe it to be really an old house. The street being to the north, the living part of the house is to the rear, the south, where there is a considerable stretch of open land that is a part of the estate, and here a more distinctively modern feeling is in evidence; although through all the design there is hardly a detail that does not contain some modern touch in its treatment, as a closer scrutiny will easily detect. The plan now, after some three or four years of occupancy, is still considered as ideal by the owners, as they have a number of bedrooms, and those large rooms on the first floor that are essential to their comfort and manner of living. The

THE DESIGNING OF HOMES



attic also contains a room twenty-eight by forty feet that is variously used as a billiard room, play room and sewing room, as circumstances require.

Almost all of the pen and ink perspectives are of houses conceived in the modern style and based upon the type of cottage that is so typical of modern



THE DESIGNING OF HOMES



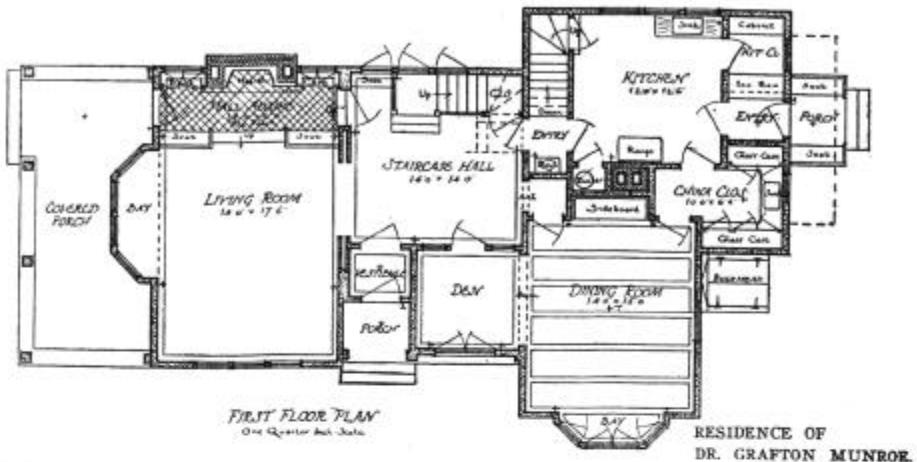
Frank Chouteau Brown, Architect.

English work. They are, however, consciously made less distinctively English in order to suit them more to our surroundings and environment, while the differences in the arrangement of the American and English plan have produced of themselves a difference that is quite apparent in the exteriors.

In the designs for small houses, where an attempt has been made to retain the "cottage quality," it at once appears that the roof and sky line of the house is the real essential point of the problem. This is occasioned by the attempt to make the dwelling seem low and humble in effect,—which actually results in adding to its apparent length, so that what is lost in pretension in one direction is made up in another, and in a way that makes the dwelling much more a part of the landscape, and, therefore, more alluring and attractive. In the determination of these roof lines much study is given, until the scheme as arrived at has eventually been selected.

With the importance of the roof entering so much into the design of the house, it becomes more essential than usual to design the house as a whole,—rather than an elevation at a time, as is so much the practice. As a consequence, the exterior treatment of almost all these houses was arrived at in one extended study, starting with one elevation (generally that one where the plan most clearly expresses and determines an exterior treatment) and extending it in either direction at the sides—which would be put down on the board beside the elevation first started—and finally working around to the opposite front, studied on tracing paper placed over the first made façade,—and with the two side elevations reversed, so as to round off and blend into the other side of the design. This process allows of the entire house itself being so distinctly and fully developed in the mind's eye that it is certain to be harmonious in its exterior, seen from whatever angle or point of view.

THE DESIGNING OF HOMES

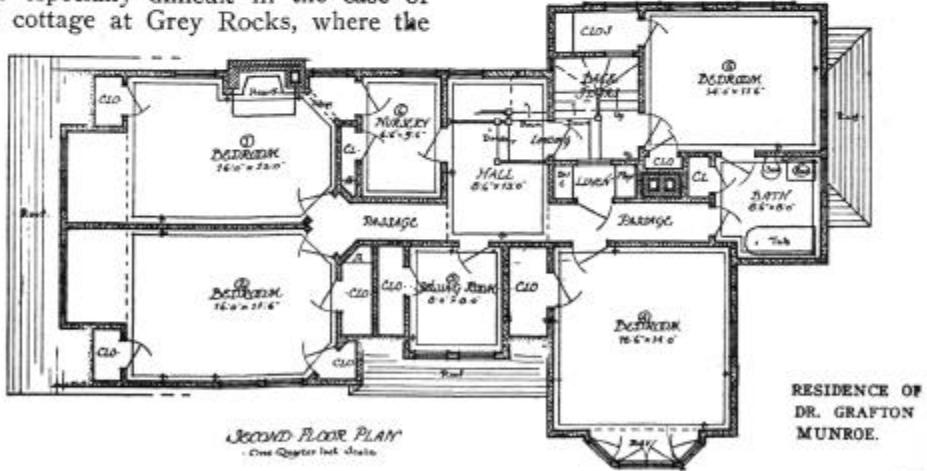


This image becomes quite as distinct as though it were actually worked out in a plaster or clay model, although such a model I have never actually used. The perspectives, too, are a part of the result of this same study, frequently preceding the actual definition of the elevations; otherwise being laid out roughly in pencil at the very time that the elevations are themselves taking shape, so as to assure that the two elevations being studied are conformable the one to the other.

The problem of the roof contour was especially difficult in the case of the cottage at Grey Rocks, where the

land contained no trees or shrubs and was a slightly rounded promontory projecting into the ocean and ending in rock cliffs some thirty or forty feet high, with the road running along the land end of this small cape. Remembering these limitations of environment, the plan and exterior treatment of the house become at once understandable and appropriate.

The Springfield house was the attempt to design a simple, inexpensive cottage dwelling for a small city. A more elaborate and complex version of



RESIDENCE OF
DR. GRAFTON
MUNROE.

THE DESIGNING OF HOMES

this same general scheme is shown in the Munroe house. This will appear in the second story especially, where a number of rooms of small size were considered essential by the owner.

It is rather interesting to note the way through which these types of dwelling design were arrived at. Coming first from the West, where at that time dwelling design was in a very immature, crude and chaotic state of development, the crowding number of old Colonial buildings of the New England section came as a fresh inspiration and surprise, so that for a number of years it was difficult for me to conceive any problem in other than this style. The absolute bareness and set conventionality of the plans necessitated by these treatments, however, along with the comparatively few motives available in a classic design, the continued insistence upon the central entrance, etc., soon caused the Colonial style to lose its interest as a medium of expression. In other words, once I found that I was *thoroughly* acquainted and familiar with the gamut of design derived from the style alone, I began to realize its inherent defects.

All the time expended in the study of the New England, and later the Southern Colonial buildings, was certainly not wasted; inasmuch as it resulted in a sense of refinement, of purity of line and outline, and of restraint and reserve in handling that is invaluable. Besides it resulted in a "feeling" for the old so keen, that, from a plan outline or a mere glimpse of the physiognomy of an old house, it has become as easy and intuitive to tell something of its history and the different periods of its development as it is to tell a person's character from a moment's glance at his face. This intuition was learned only by painstaking

study and the measuring and drawing out of literally hundreds of old Colonial houses, doorways, stairs, mantels and details; a study that has also been well worth while from its great value in alteration work, inasmuch as it has happened that a great deal of my practice has been in the line of altering and restoring old Colonial dwellings where it has been the desire of the owner to reproduce, in his finished building, as nearly as possible a structure belonging to the best type of the period during which it was first begun.

There next followed a period of study of the plan of the English dwelling, especially as it was working itself out in Great Britain today, while an instant appreciation of its peculiarly homelike qualities followed. The rooms in these buildings are not all opening out the one from the other, so that it is possible to take in the entire first floor of the building at a glance as soon as one has passed over the threshold, as is true of the modern type of Colonial plan with which we are now so familiar in this country. While the connection is close and convenient enough for all family purposes, each room is so disposed as to be somewhat secluded, and so remains to add a second, third or fourth fillip of interest to the visitor, as he discovers them, one after the other. The "unbalance" of plan with the possible location of the entrance at any point made advisable by the disposition of the rooms occasioned by suiting the arrangement to the site, the points of view and the points of the compass, also adds a natural interest and makes possible a much greater variety in the exterior treatment of the building, while the use of modern materials (especially cement plaster) is the more appropriate to this type of dwelling.

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: A SERIES OF LESSONS: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER: NUMBER VIII

"The very conception of ornament implies a modification of the natural forms on which it may have been founded. There is little in nature that is ready made to the hand of the artist. A masterpiece of art is what it is in virtue of a something which was not in the natural motif of the artist, but in his treatment of it."

—*Lewis F. Day.*

TO conventionalize nature is to adapt a nature derived motif to the structural demands of a problem, to the space and position which it is to occupy, to the tools, materials and processes of execution. A man who has a thorough command over the technique of his craft, who possesses a refined feeling, good judgment and common sense will inevitably turn to nature for suggestion. If he has an appreciation of the elementary principles of line, form and tone adjustment, acquired through persistent observation and experiment, he may be expected to adapt nature to his purposes in a logical and consistent way. A paper-trained designer who essays the production of designs for wall papers that are never printed, textiles that are never woven, iron that is never forged, tiles that are never fired, with only a superficial knowledge of the tools, materials, processes and constructive demands of these industries cannot be expected to find in the word "conventionalization" any other significance than that involved in the more or less formal rendering of a natural specimen. The most interesting conventionalization of nature is found in the work of a trained craftsman who turns to nature for a suggestion that will impart life and animation to the refinement and enrichment of his problem. He can get along very well and produce beautiful work without nature; but with

nature as an ally he finds his imagination and inventive faculty stimulated and strengthened many fold.

His treatment of the motif which he seeks may be such as is shown in the first example of Fig. 50, or such as is shown in the second example of this figure. They were both suggested by the wild teasel. One treatment is neither more nor less commendable than the other, and any information as to the source from which the suggestions were derived is quite immaterial in a discussion of the results. We can form no judgment as to the relative merits of the two designs until we see them in position on the constructive problems of which they were merely structural elements. Each was adapted and related to a constructive whole which led to distinctly different treatments of a suggestion derived from the same source. As the designs stand, in this abstract form, there are but three questions to be asked: Is each adapted to the tools and processes peculiar to metal working? Is each thoughtfully arranged in its line and form, space and mass? Is each consistent throughout in its treatment? It would be inconsistent to place the formal, symmetrical ending of the second on the rhythmic, glowing lines of the first. The truth of this is so evident that it would seem unnecessary to mention it; yet we find this simple principle, consistency of treatment, so often violated that its emphasis never ceases to be desirable.

In the first example a rough blocking out sketch is shown of the relation of lines, which was established after the shape and measure of the hinge as an element in the design and the style of treatment were determined. A rhythmic relation of lines and forms

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: NUMBER VIII

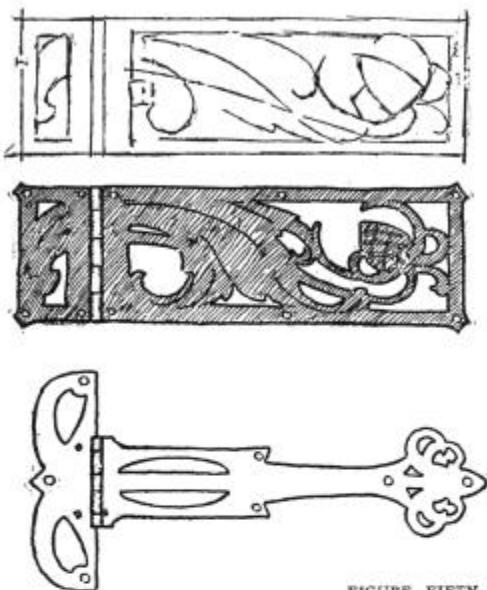


FIGURE FIFTY.

was desired; common sense and the material employed demanded that all of the loose ends of the design be bound together into a compact whole. The question of space and mass adjustment was decided partly by the application of elementary principles of composition, partly by the saw and file.

The amount of conventionalization that is given to a nature derived motif then is not in itself a basis on which any judgment may be formed as to the merit of the result. We may prefer the highly conventionalized symbols of the primitive weavers, or the less conventional treatment of nature to be found in the Oriental textiles. In either case we can form an adequate judgment of the results only on the basis of line, form and tone adjustment and on the technique involved in the weaver's craft.

In Fig. 51 is a pen sketch of a Chinese lily. In one sense even this sketch is conventional in treatment; it is an adaptation of nature to the

technique peculiar to pen and ink rendering. Its interest, however, is in light, shade and texture, in the transient qualities which nature has imparted to the Chinese lily. It is obviously unfit in its present form for purposes of design. Whether one prefers a naturalistic treatment in design or a formal, geometric treatment is immaterial. The essential point is that it is necessary to alter, rearrange or in some way adapt the lines and forms here shown before they are suited to our purpose. The style or character in the design is the result of the treatment accorded the motif. The character which comes from treatment is, as we have seen, dependent upon the adjustment of several correlated questions. For the sake of simplicity we have isolated one of those questions for purposes of study. We are aiming at an appreciation of the aesthetic interest of a beauty that is expressed in abstract lines, forms and tones, and of the application of some of the *principles* thus defined to constructive problems, simple problems indeed, but such as may be assumed to be somewhat within reach of our experience.

In the specimen shown we may find, in its typical growth and unique character, material for our ends; or we may seek in an analysis of its parts, bud, leaf or flower, a suitable motif. But one thing is surely clear. If we cannot use the transient beauty with which Nature has endowed this flower, we must in our treatment of the motif impart to our work a beauty of another sort. Here, as FIGURE FIFTY-ONE.



DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: NUMBER VIII

in all things, Nature furnishes the raw material, but leaves it to man to convert this material to his needs by such processes as he may invent. It is a long step from the tree that grows in the forest, or the unquarried stone in the hills, to the houses in which we live. While Nature may furnish the raw material she does not furnish ready made designs, and will baffle our efforts to find in her the clue to a beautiful design. This last is our share in the game. The beauty which we give to our designs must come from within us; it



FIGURE FIFTY-TWO.

cannot be found in a study of the specimen, however painstaking or analytical that study may be.

In Fig. 52 is a treatment of a Chinese lily that may claim to be decorative in character. A specimen has been employed to express a definite idea with no other change than the elimination of realistic details. That idea was the decorative distribution of areas of black and white within a rectangle to secure interesting space and mass relations. To give decorative character to a flower motif, then, is not merely to stiffen its growth into formal lines or to place it in a strait-

jacket, but to adapt it to the requirements of a definite idea.

In Figs. 53-54 another idea has found expression. Here the lily has served as a basis for an interest that is dependent entirely on the rhythmic and balanced relation of lines and forms. The results are sufficiently like the lily to demand a consistent adherence to nature's laws of growth; but to judge the beauty of the results we must revert to the idea which they express, not to the motif from which they were derived.

In Fig. 55 is a line drawing of a single flower, with two symmetrical renderings of that flower, one in curved lines, the other in straight lines. In the two latter cases an effort was made to relate the petals to the center and to give some element of variety in shapes and measures to the areas into which the flower was divided. Beyond this, these conventions have no particular merit or distinction; in fact, we may well prefer the first sketch to either of the others. They should be produced by any one who has an understanding of the simplest of the elementary principles noted in the first number of



FIGURE FIFTY-THREE.



FIGURE FIFTY-FOUR.

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this series. But these two conventions were made with a definite purpose in mind,—an application to a repeated design. In the completion of the idea involved in these repeated designs may be found a justification for the treatment accorded the flower.

In the first result, Plate 36, the unit shown in Fig. 54 is repeated at regular intervals, with a rhythmic, graceful movement from unit to unit. The design furnishes a pattern that is pleasing in character; it is an obvious and simple treatment of a surface pattern in which nature is subordinated to a definite idea. It demanded a com-



FIGURE FIFTY-FIVE.

paratively small amount of skill, however. The importance of a design increases in ratio to the number and variety of elements that have been disciplined into a unity of effect. In Plates 37-38 are designs that demanded more skill and a greater concentration of thought. In the latter the background has been accepted as an element in the design; an effort has been made to adjust three tones, black, white and gray, into a unity to which each shall contribute. The achievement, or rather, the effort, is to this extent more impor-



FIGURE FIFTY-SIX.



FIGURE FIFTY-SEVEN.

tant than in Plate 36. In the last plate one would probably never suspect the motif from which the pattern started.

So we find that we may accept the growth and character of nature almost



FIGURE FIFTY-EIGHT.

literally, as in Fig. 52, or may seek in nature suggestions which, when adapted to our ideas, leave merely an incidental trace of the motif in the result. It matters not from what source the motif is derived, so long as the result is consistent throughout in its adherence to or departure from the specific character of the motif; and least of all is an identity of the motif essential in a discussion of the merit of the design. If the treatment has

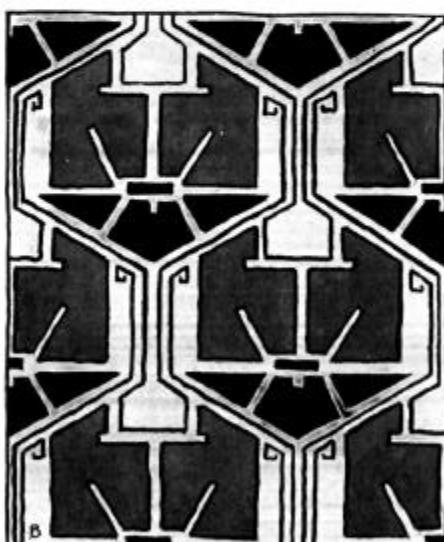


PLATE THIRTY-SEVEN.

PLATE THIRTY-EIGHT.

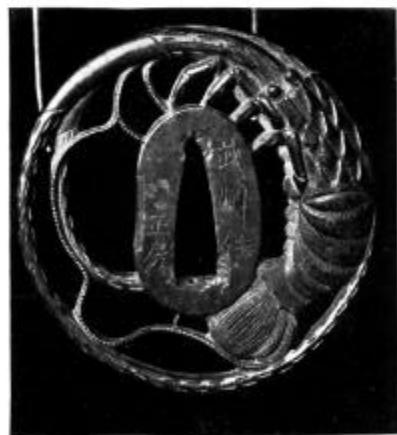


PLATE FORTY.
PLATE FORTY-ONE.



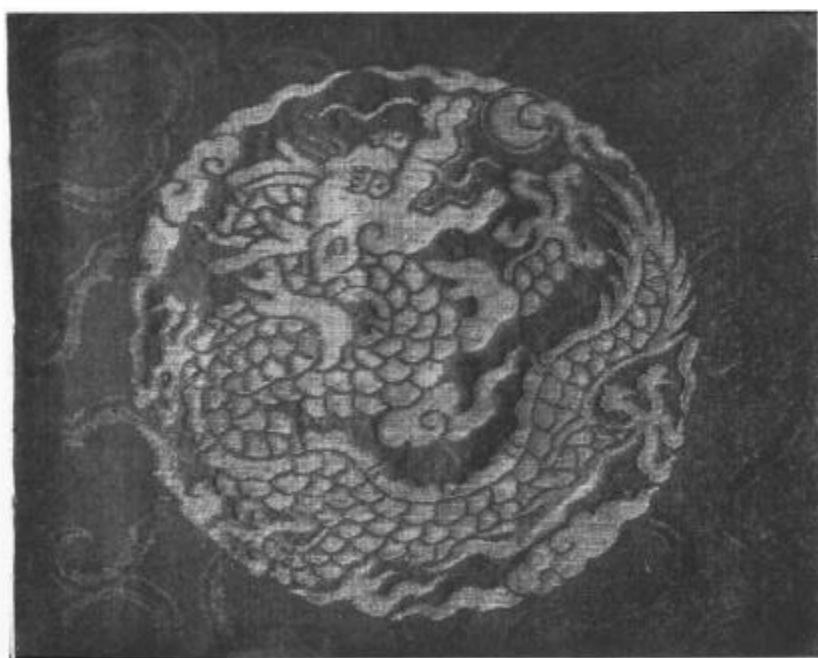
PLATE THIRTY-NINE.

PLATE FORTY-FOUR.

PLATE FORTY-THREE.



PLATE FORTY-TWO.



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any claim to be called decorative it must be based on an interpretation of the elementary principles of line, form and tone composition.

Problem.—It is not proposed, in this series of articles at any rate, to develop the idea of decorative composition along the line indicated in Fig. 52. Rather, let us continue from the treatment of abstract forms suggesting nature in terms of rhythm and balance, as outlined last month, to a direct interpretation of nature in the same terms, gradually working our way back to the geometric basis from which we started. As a first step to this end let us apply the ideas defined by the abstract flower forms to particular specimens from nature, as in Fig. 53 and Fig. 56, the latter from the moccasin flower. In this translation of natural growth into a flat treatment, dependent for interest on the relation and character of the various elements of black and white, will be found a test of the feeling that is within us for rhythm and balance. It will be necessary to watch carefully each line and form; each form must possess some interest on its own account and must be related to the other shapes and measures in a common movement. Moreover, this movement should have a definite beginning, an unfolding and a conclusion. Illustrations of this problem might be multiplied, showing a similar treatment of various specimens from nature; these two, though, will be sufficient to indicate the point of the problem.

Now let us continue the idea to the application of the same principles to a natural growth within an enclosing figure. A simple, abstract problem will serve to define the intent of this treatment. (Plate 39.) Within a circle of about three inches diameter see if you can swing a series of live curves, breaking the circle into space

divisions, in which each line is rhythmically related to the circumference of the circle. If you will follow with a pencil the lines in any of the figures of this plate you will have the essential point of the problem. There is a natural and easy flow of lines from the circumference of the circle, back to the circumference. As these lines are made it will be found that areas are formed. Each area must be interesting in its contour and related in measure to the other areas. It will be found, almost invariably, that one area persists in remaining as a mere accidental hole in the result, refusing to come into the same plane with the others. To subdue this obstinate area and keep all of the spots in a single flat plane demands more skill than a mere statement of the difficulty may imply.

Now let us choose some specimen from nature and apply this idea to its arrangement within an enclosing form. Plates 40-41-42 serve to illustrate the intent of the problem and an application of the idea in the work of designers who were masters of their materials. In Plate 40 are two sketches showing in one a related movement of lines, in the other the space and mass arrangements. Note in both the way in which variety with unity has been achieved. Of special interest is the grouping of the kernels of grain in the first. Here alone there is evidence of a master's touch, of a refined feeling that does not stop short of the last minute detail in the finished product. In Plate 42 the dragon, a creature of the imagination, has been chosen as a basis for the arbitrary breaking of a circle into space and mass relations of dark and light.

Fig. 57 represents the simplest version of the problem we are now to solve. Here the lines and forms of natural growth have been fitted to the demands of a rhythmic composition

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: NUMBER VIII



PLATE THIRTY-SIX

within a circle. The problem will be found sufficiently difficult if we eliminate details and treat the growth in one simple flat plane. In Fig. 58, from the yellow adder's tongue, is a more difficult expression of the idea. In the opposition of two specimens there is always serious trouble involved at the growing points. The trouble was averted by approaching the problem from the point of view of a black and white composition, subordinating nature to the principles governing such a composition of lines and forms. In Plate 43 another difficulty is added

to the problem by attempting to secure a balance of three values in the result. In this acceptance of another element the importance of the effort increases. In Fig. 59 the orange has been adapted to the form of a triangle. The idea involved in the problem remains unchanged. If you will refer to Fig. 27 in the February *CRAFTSMAN* you will find the same problem expressed in simpler terms. If the simple, geometric statement of the idea was understood it will be seen that the present problem merely multiplies the difficulties by removing the props furnished by the squared paper and a limitation to straight lines. The design must proceed from the whole to the parts, from a tentative blocking out of the lines and forms to the final touches of refinement of execution. It is unnecessary to enslave oneself to a "leading line." There may be many shifts and changes of the first tentative lines as a solution develops; but not for a moment must one lose sight of the necessity of relating all of the lines and forms to a common purpose. In Plate 44 are two renderings of the result. In one is a balance of three values; in the other a dominant contrast has been given to the leaf forms.

Incidentally it may be asked: Why should one commend the treatment accorded nature in Plates 40-41 and

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condemn the naturalistic character of the iron work shown in Fig. 46 last month? Here in one of these plates, the scales of a fish and the leaves of the bamboo are detailed with painstaking exactness. But if we give more careful thought to a consideration of the motives underlying the work of the Japanese artisan and the rococo blacksmith we shall find a fundamental difference in the aims and results. To suspend a naturalistic iron festoon of beribboned flowers from a bracket is quite feasible if the worker has sufficient technical skill to imitate with more or less exactness or through technical mannerisms a carefully arranged model placed before him. There is no great amount of mental exertion evident in such a piece of work. The French potter, Bernard Palissy, in his fervent plea that the beauty of nature alone was sufficient excuse for its unrestrained application to design, went so far as to make casts from frogs, shells and fishes for use in his work, giving to these casts all the realistic character that his glazes permitted. And the closer he came to nature the less interesting his product became. He ex-

pected nature to do his designing for him. In his work, beyond the admissible technique involved in the execution, there was no evidence of system or orderly thought; an idea was lacking. While a motif from nature may be beautiful on its own account, any effort to beat that beauty into iron, weave it into cloth, chisel it in marble or model it in clay can end in nothing short of disaster. In the work of the Japanese artisans each detail is made to conform to the idea that the worker had in mind to express. These examples serve, as well as any that might be found, to illustrate the truth that not in the demands of utility alone, nor in tools, materials or logical construction, much less in nature, can be found the key to a beautiful and distinctive product. A designer's work will inevitably form an index to the soundness of his judgment, the strength of his imagination, the depth of his feeling. From within him must proceed the idea that stamps his work as beautiful or ugly, distinctive or commonplace, worthy or unworthy. Nature stubbornly refuses to do his thinking for him.

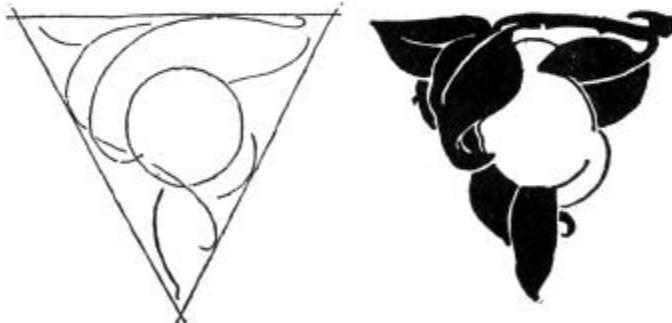


FIGURE FIFTY-NINE.

ARTISTIC VALUE GAINED BY THE RIGHT USE OF LARGE OBJECTS IN ROOM ARRANGEMENT: BY MARY LINTON BOOKWALTER

HOW many houses are there which give you the impression that they are built and furnished after a design that was thought out as a whole? Can you think of a single room that will bring the exclamation: "How satisfying!" Why is it that composition in line, form and color seems to be so lacking in assembling the possessions which fill the average room or the average house? When a table is needed, how much thought is given to its size, color and relation to the other objects in the room? When a chair is added, is there any consideration of the question of its height in relation to the objects near which it will be placed? If a wall space is bare, a picture or several pictures are bought, but does the purchaser give the keynote to a beautiful effect to be produced in the room, or have so many spots been added to the mass of unrelated objects? If an ornament is required for the mantelshelf or top of the table, it will probably be bought to fill the space,—and it will look as if it were there to perform its mission.

The problem this month is to consider the value of large objects in room arrangement.

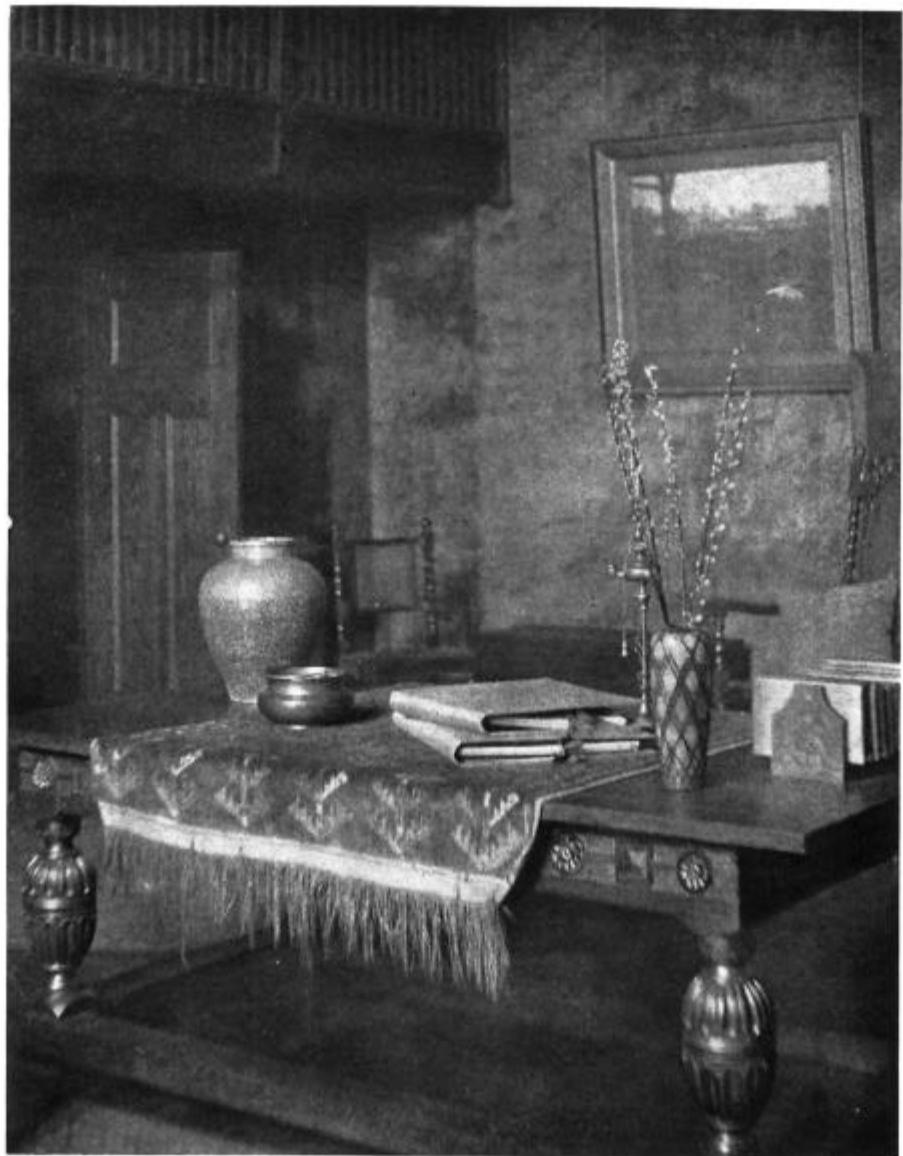
The tendency shown in all houses is to buy too many things. The drawing room or living room in a city house has become a museum of purchases. What the walls cannot hold are placed in cabinets and on the tables. The floor is crowded with furniture of all kinds,—some of it perfectly useless.

Have you watched an artist arrange his pictures? An important canvas will be placed to its best advantage—then a note of color in the room disturbs the harmony in his canvas, and a fabric of neutral tone is hung back of the canvas.

If two or more pictures are hung with this one which is to be the keynote of the group, they will be in color and size a foil to the beauty of the central canvas. What does this teach? First, that if you were to hang six canvases of equal size, side by side, you would have a repetition in size and form which would produce monotony, and each picture would lose a certain value which could be instantly felt if it were hung to advantage. Second, that in the grouping of three pictures on a wall, the arrangement of ornaments on a shelf, or of furniture in a room, you have a distinct lesson in composition which requires thought in color, line and spacing. You need the large object which gives the keynote of your composition.

If you wish the picture to be the point around which your entire room scheme is built, instead of the center of interest in a single wall space, let that one canvas be as fine in color and line as you can purchase, and, as you add an ornament, a chair, a table, let each object have in itself the same quality in thought and color as that given by the keynote of the room. Study carefully the color of your picture—then, whatever you do for the walls, pillows, table cover and ornaments, relate in quantity and quality of tone to this central point in your scheme.

The four illustrations given here represent what has been done in one room carrying out this thought. In the first illustration is a glimpse of one side of the room, including the table, its ornaments, and the wall beyond. The thought underlying this scheme was to assemble in a room to be used for work the necessary furniture and the objects which would give beauty to the room.



"THE EFFECT WHICH WAS SOUGHT FOR IN FURNISHING THIS ROOM WAS DIGNITY AND REPOSE, QUALITIES WHICH CANNOT BE GAINED BY THE USE OF MANY LITTLE THINGS."

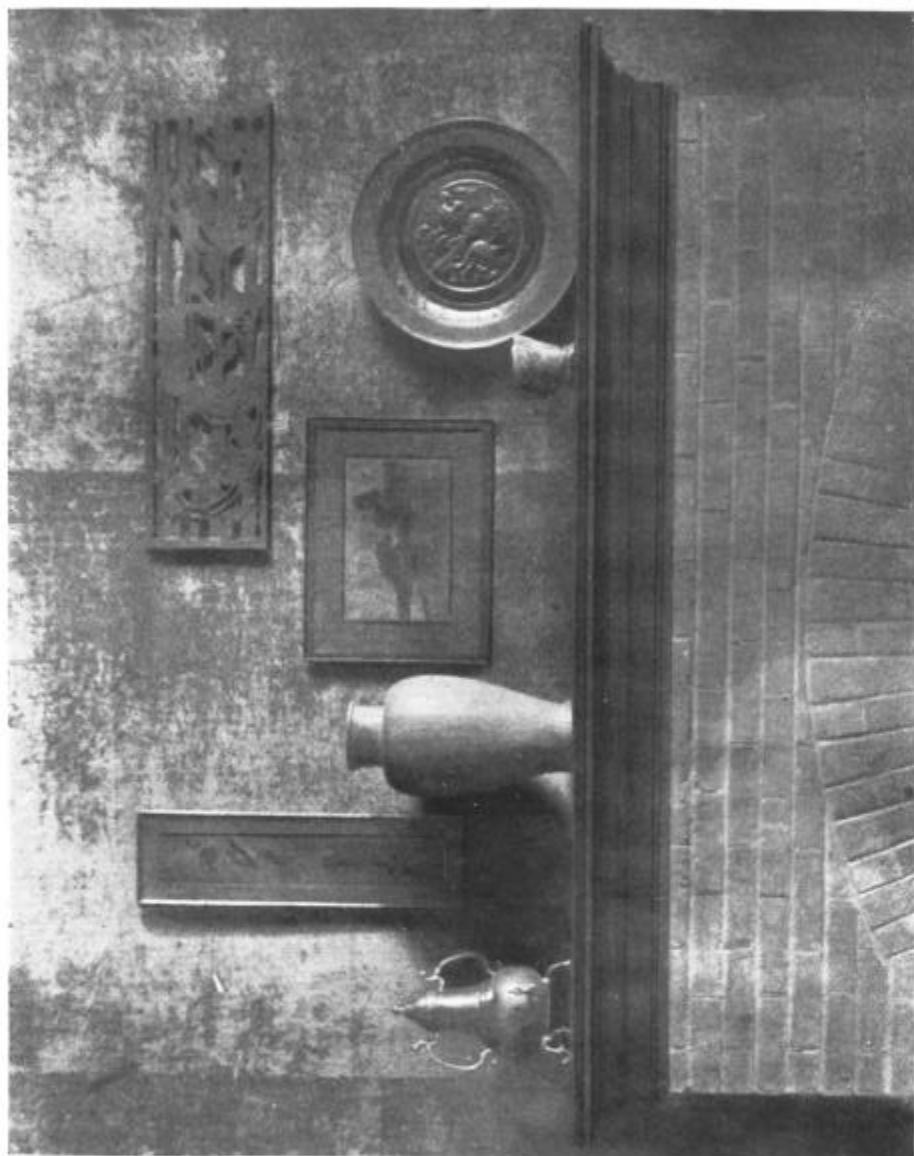


WHERE ONLY A FEW CHOICE OBJECTS ARE
WELL RELATED IN A ROOM AN IMPRES-
SION OF BEAUTY IS QUICKLY RECEIVED.



IN THIS CORNER OF THE ROOM THE SETTEE,
SCREEN AND FIREPLACE MAKE AN EFFECTIVE
ARRANGEMENT IN COMPOSITION AND COLOR.

THE ORNAMENTS ON MANTEL REPRESENT SIX NATIONALITIES, YET AS A WHOLE PRESENT AN INTERESTING AND HARMONIOUS COLOR SCHEME.



RIGHT DECORATIVE USE OF LARGE OBJECTS

The effect which was sought was that of dignity and repose, qualities which can never be gained by the use of many little things. The expression must be brought to the eye by big simple lines and the repose of large plain spaces. If richness is also desired, then the judicious use of ornament in carving may be added, but the strong constructive lines must always be the dominant idea.

When the balance in form is obtained, the next important step will be the relation of the color masses. If this is not balanced in the same big way as the contrasting forms, the simplicity of the scheme will be marred. In the illustration already described the color combination of the painting is the tan and brown of a frosty November day when the trees and shrubs are nearly bare, with a green-blue touch in the sky and its reflection in the frozen stream. The cloth for the wall covering is a gray with only a hint of green in it. Below the painting is a large, plain tan-gold screen with a gray-green border around the panels. On the settee are two pillows, one in gray-green, the other in gold. The tall vase on the table takes the peculiar gray-green tone and the rug shows the tans and browns, while the antique brasses are of the gold tone and the large jar is a piece of old Japanese Iga pottery,—a vase of rare beauty in size and color. The dignity and repose of such an arrangement, with only a few choice objects well related, is quickly felt.

In the second illustration is shown the cupboard, which was built to hold large portfolios and working drawings. Two or three cases might have been built, but one large piece, fine in construction, and a balance for the massive table, was thought to be a finer scheme. The cupboard has above it a piece of tapestry in quiet colors, with two cathedral plaques on either side and a

copper ornament the only object on top. A tall, slender chair of fine lines is placed near the cupboard. As you study these illustrations the consistency in the assembling of the furniture will be seen, as well as the adaptation to the present requirements of the room.

As you look into the room in the third illustration the furniture grouped near the painting and the fireplace with its ornaments make a composition in line and color. The unattractive feature in this grouping is the brickwork of the fireplace, which is not in keeping with the better details of the room. The owner of the room has the furniture arranged at the right of the fireplace in such a manner that a shadow falls across this facing, and the eye follows from the color of the pillows on the seat across the screen and up to the ornaments on the shelf and the wall above.

In the fourth illustration is a detailed study of the mantelshelf. The group of ornaments and prints represent six totally different types of craftsmanship and as many nationalities, but each piece, because of its color and form and its relation to the entire scheme, helps to make an arrangement of great interest. The large gray-green jar, in certain lights, loses its contour against the background. This same tone is taken up by the Hiroshige landscape, which also carries the warm tans and coppers of the other ornaments.

This problem teaches the value of owning a few fine, large objects and only a sufficient number of smaller ones well related to the general scheme. We need to take a lesson from the household practice in Japan of showing on certain festival days a single print or painting with the right environment, and learn not to litter our rooms with meaningless collections of inartistic, insignificant objects.



SOME DECORATIVE DESIGNS FOR FURNITURE; OIL LAMPS AND LANTERNS FOR COUNTRY USE; EFFECTIVE NEEDLEWORK FOR SASH CURTAINS

THE designs for cabinet work given this month in *THE CRAFTSMAN* show a slight departure from the severity of the strictly Craftsman style, illustrating instead certain modifications now much in vogue in Holland, Germany and Austria. These designs were drawn by an artist of this new school, and have in them a decorative quality which we think will prove of interest to many of our amateur cabinetmakers.

In plan, proportion and in the decorative use of structural features there is a certain intentional effect of quaintness which is very interesting. For example, in the bookcase shown in the first illustration the arrangement of the open bookshelves with relation to the cupboards above and the drawers below gives to the piece a marked individuality which would make it an interesting piece of furniture in any room. The door and drawer pulls and escutcheons are also definitely decorative in character, and the placing of the square panels in the cupboard doors, as well as the use of the small leaded panes of glass in the door of the upper central compartment, all combine to carry out consistently the quaint effect that is desired. This piece, and those that fol-

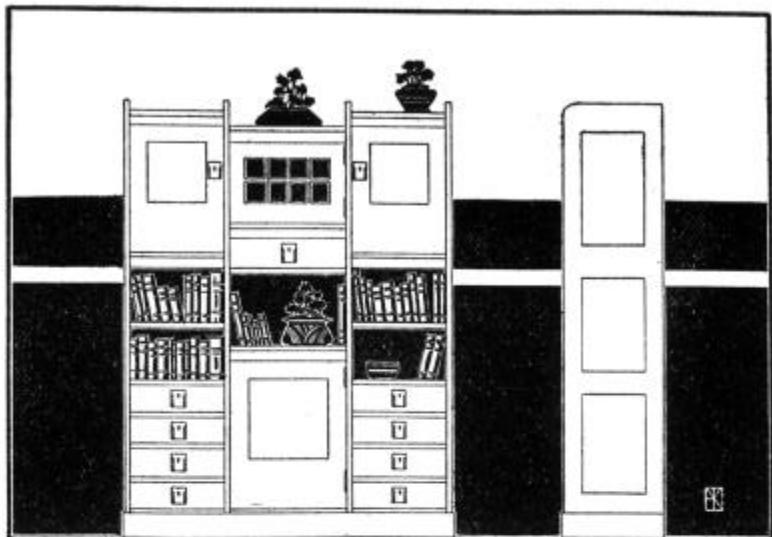
low, are close enough to the Craftsman models to combine with them very well in a general scheme of furnishing, and in many instances would add much to the decorative effect of a room.

The combination bookcase and secretary shown in the second illustration carries out the same idea; the open compartments which serve as bookshelves being placed with an eye to the decorative effect of the whole. The square central cupboard is divided into a set of rather intricate pigeonholes for use as a secretary, and the long cupboards at the sides, as well as those at the top, give additional room for filing away manuscripts. In this piece there is a touch of applied ornament in the small geometrical design which is inlaid in black wood in the upper part of each long panel.

The third model shown is a combination bookcase and desk. More open shelf-room for books is provided in this piece, though there is also ample provision for the filing away of papers and manuscripts in the cupboards and drawers. In this case the inlay takes the form of one tiny square in the center of each of the small panels in the upper cupboard doors, and of four squares in each of the lower panels.

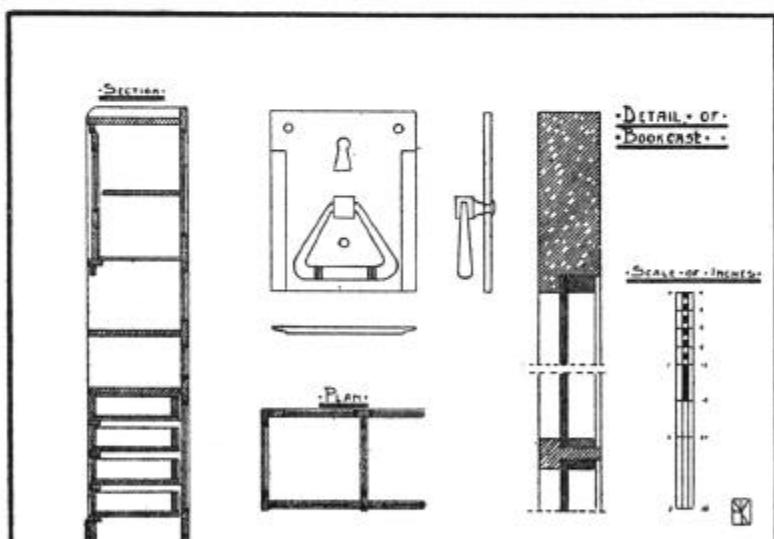
FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS

The fourth piece shows more intentional ornamentation than the others of the group. In addition to the leaded panes at the top and the inlaid design on the panels of the three lower doors, the escutcheons and hinges are definitely decorative in character, and the corner posts depart from the usual severity of line in being chamfered at the top and bottom and in showing a heading, which also appears below the doors. If the plainer effect is preferred, all these touches of decoration may, of course, be omitted, as the use of them is entirely a matter of personal preference.



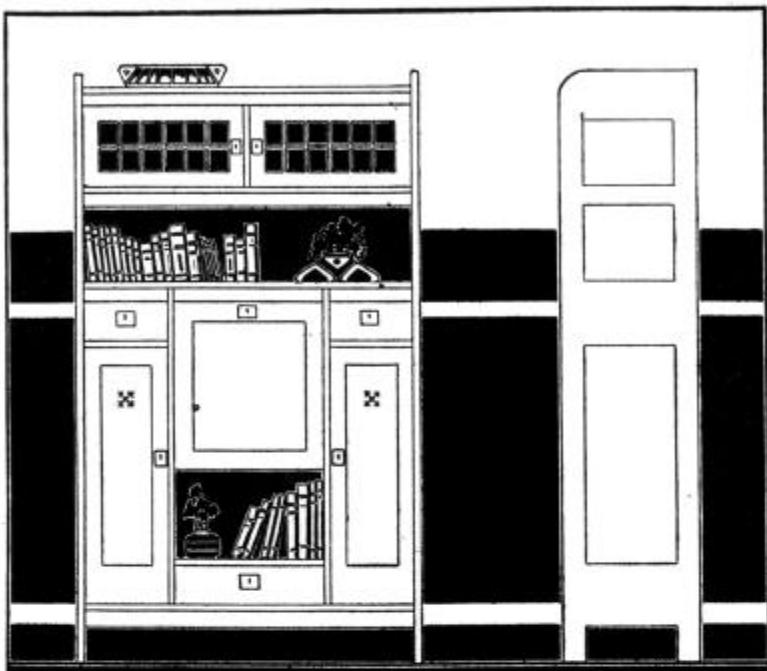
A CUPBOARD WITH OPEN BOOKSHELVES.

THIS month we are giving designs in oil lamps expressly adapted for use in camps or country houses. The hanging lamp first illustrated may be made of iron, copper or brass, although either copper or brass is preferable, as mica is used for the shades of these lamps, and the contrast between the white mica and iron seems too great. A fount about eight or ten inches in diameter may be purchased, and then a cylinder with a closed bottom may be made to hold the fount. The use of the cylinder is to catch any oil that might run over the burner. At the top of the cylinder a ring about $1\frac{1}{2}$



DETAIL DRAWING OF CUPBOARD.

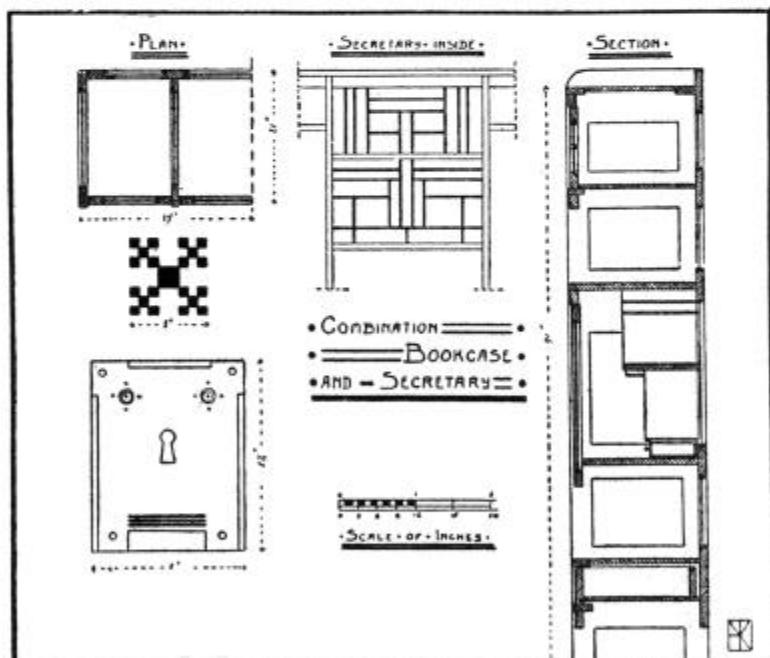
FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS



inches wide should be secured with rivets, both to reinforce the cylinder and to give a sufficient thickness for fastening the hanger that is bent in the form of a scroll at this point. We described in the December issue of **THE CRAFTSMAN** the method of making founts and cylinders for oil lamps. If the fount is eight inches in diameter, the shade should measure about twenty inches across. A small fount of five inches would require a shade of sixteen

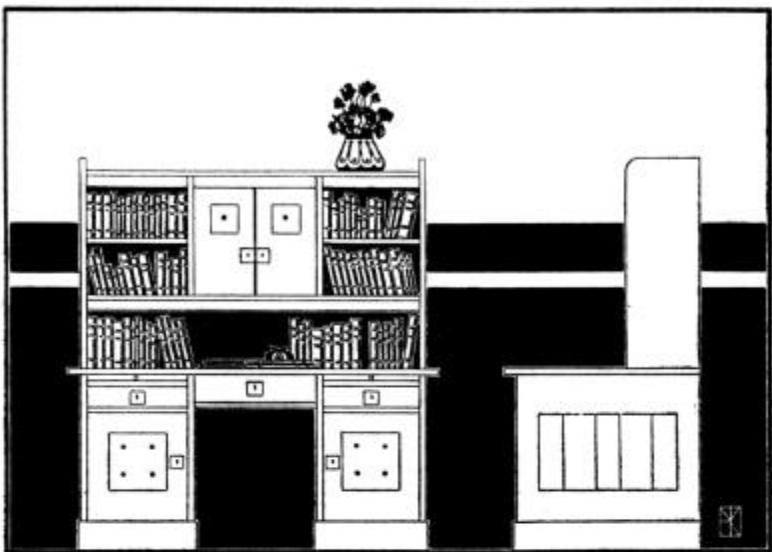
or eighteen inches in diameter. The same method of constructing the shade that we have already carefully described in the November issue may be carried out here. Heretofore we have used glass and silk in most cases, but we prefer mica for these shades because of its lightness and durability.

The surface of the mica may be given a texture by etching it with emery or sandpaper on both sides, allowing the scratches to run perpendicular with the



FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS

shade. As is seen in the illustration, a number of pieces of mica are riveted together. This is done by lapping one piece over the other enough to allow a rivet to be hammered without fraying the edge of the mica. Small lugs should be riveted to the inside of the shade in the manner already described in the directions for making fastenings for shades that require glass. A good, substantial burner should be used, so that a support or standard might be applied or set into the small ring that is constructed for this purpose on all ordinary burners. The wire standards that generally are furnished with burn-

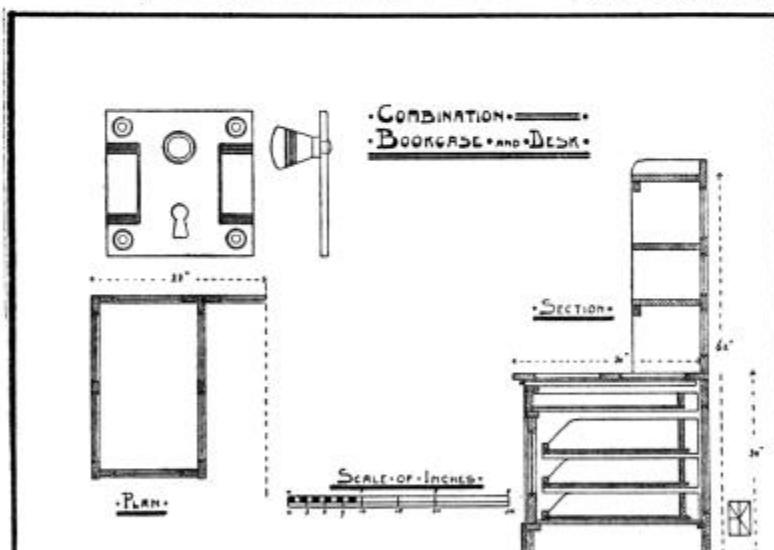


COMBINATION BOOKCASE AND DESK.

ers would be too weak to support a shade of this sort.

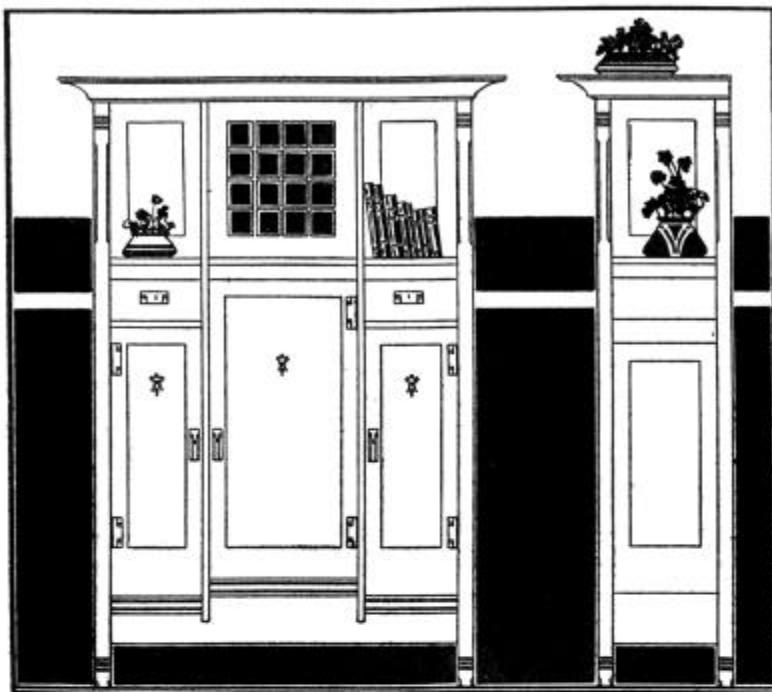
The screws or rivets that secure the fount cylinder to the hanger should be made sufficiently tight, so that the lamp will not turn in the hanger, as this would cause disaster in case of any strong breeze.

The hanger is made of $1\frac{1}{4}$ by $\frac{1}{8}$ inch metal, bent as shown in the design. We would suggest that the hanger might be made of iron, as combinations of iron and copper are in some instances very satisfactory. The two links of the chain may also be of iron, and the canopy of copper or brass. The canopy should be



WORKING PLAN OF COMBINATION BOOKCASE AND DESK.

FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS

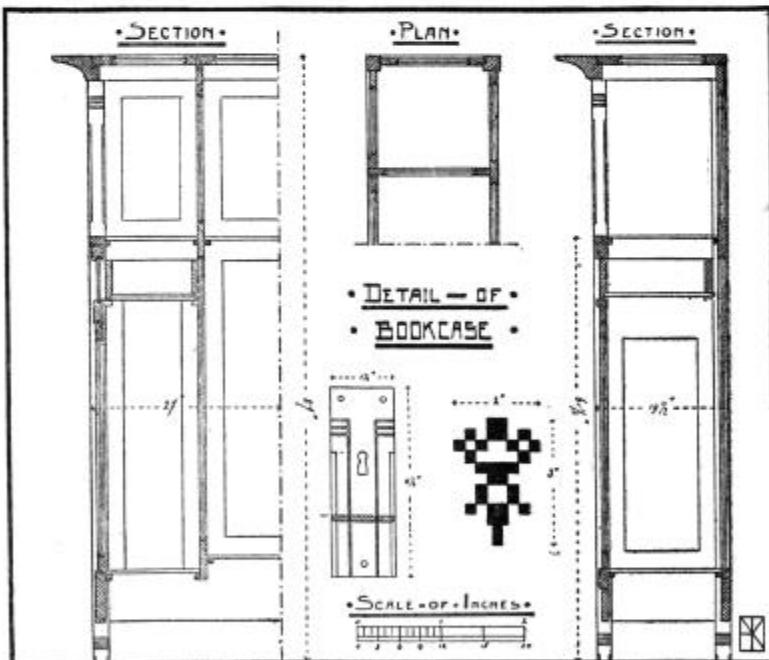


about 5 or 6 inches in diameter, the size to be determined by the place where the lamp will be hung. If the lamp is to hang in a hallway or vestibule, it would be advisable to allow the hanger to connect directly to the canopy, leaving out the two links of chain, so that it will not swing so easily. The same method of finishing the metal may be applied as we have already described a number of times in previous issues.

The second hang-

ing lamp is similar to the lamp first described. Instead of a bar for the hanger, chains are used in this lamp. These chains may be made very decorative by making the links long, with round rings between. The shade is made as already described, except that six pieces of mica instead of four may be used.

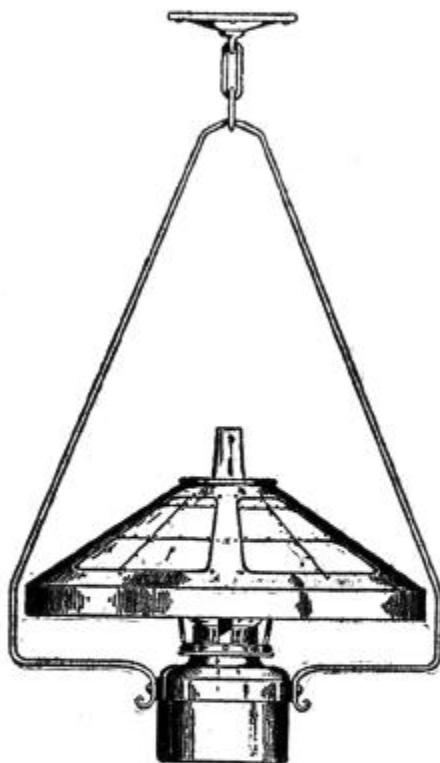
The fount is supported by a crossbar that extends from each hook in the band of the shade, so that the chain is connected with the ring that surrounds the fount cylinder.



BOOKCASE WITH INTERESTING ORNAMENTATION: WORKING PLAN OF SAME.

FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS

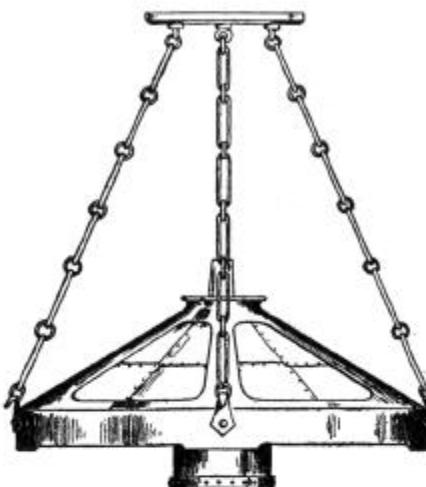
The fount and cylinder both should slip inside this ring, so the fount can be removed and filled. Also, if any oil has accumulated in the bottom of the cylinder, it may be poured out without turning the shade. Hooks may be forged or hammered from heavy sheet metal. The same rivets that attach the hooks to the shade should connect the cross-arms that support the fount. These



HANGING LAMP FOR OIL.

cross-arms may be about $\frac{3}{4}$ by $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch.

In making the shades care should be taken to finish the inside well, as they are open at the bottom and hung overhead, so that the inner part of the shade is as much in view as the outside. The canopy may be made of a round block



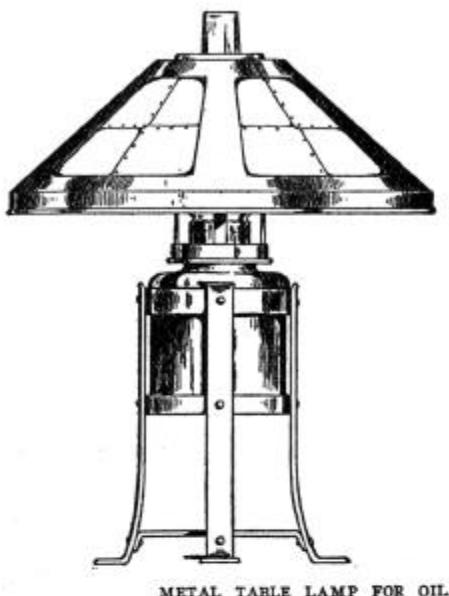
METAL HANGING LAMP WITH CHAINS.

of wood, preferably oak, beveled and finished with sandpaper, then stained, rubbed down and waxed. This canopy is secured to the ceiling with screws, and a flat metal plate, to catch the smoke, is tacked or screwed on the wood canopy directly inside the couplings.

The shade on the table lamp is made like the others, only smaller, with four pieces of mica in each panel. Both edges of the shade may be turned over a wire, in the case of a table lamp, as it is to be handled often, and any sharp edges of the metal should be avoided. The wire not only gives thickness to the edge of the shade, but supports it. The mica in all cases should be scratched with emery paper, as without this treatment it is too transparent.

A support for the shade may be made in the same manner as for the first hanging lamp. A fount and cylinder should be set in a frame made of four supports connected by two rings. The supports should be made of metal about $1\frac{1}{4}$ or $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide by $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch thick. The top ring measures the same, but the bottom ring should be only $\frac{3}{4}$

FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS



METAL TABLE LAMP FOR OIL

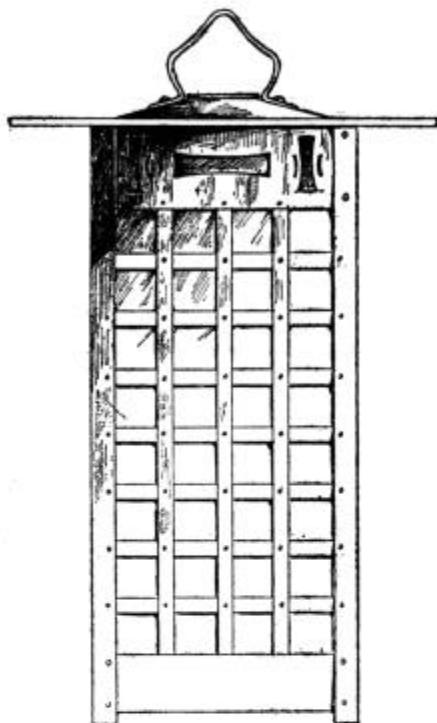
of an inch wide, to give a needed contrast. The supports should be flared slightly at the bottom and the feet turned out, with cross braces of the same width and thickness riveted just above the turn.

The lantern shown here is designed to hang in a hall or vestibule. It has the appearance of an electric lantern, the fount being fastened inside, as shown in the working detail. This lantern should measure about 8 by 17½ inches, and the roof projects over the frame about 2½ inches. A hole is left in the top of the roof to allow the smoke to escape. The frame is constructed of a thin piece of sheet metal, about No. 18 or 20 gauge, making four strips 2 inches wide by the desired length. These are bent in the center at right angles, so that 1 inch is given at each angle. These strips form the corners for the lantern. A crosspiece directly under the roof should be made of one piece of metal four times the width of the lantern, bent into a square

forming four sides, with the ends brought together at the corners. The openings indicated in the design should be cut out with a jeweler's saw or chisel. A flange measuring about 3/8 of an inch is allowed to bend up under the roof, and this flange is to be riveted to the roof. The four corner pieces are riveted to the square flange directly under the roof. Another frame of the same size is bent at the bottom of the lantern, only this is plain. The strips should be cut about 3/8 of an inch wide, and the lantern frame should be divided in squares, with the strips running lengthwise riveted over those running across. The long strips should then be bent under each frame at the top. We would suggest that glass be used in this lantern instead of mica, in order to give it sufficient weight to keep it from swinging in a draught. A flange should be bent under at the bottom frame to support the glass, and a lug should be riveted in each corner for additional support. The glass should not extend past the openings at the upper portion of the lantern, as these are intended for draught outlets. The smoke should go through the top opening in the roof and the draught through the sides. As is shown in the working detail, a ring is attached to the fount with four hooks bending down. These are fastened to the ring. A lug is secured to each corner with an eyelet large enough to allow the hook to slip easily. To remove the lamp it may be lifted up, allowing the hooks to pass out of the eyelet, then turned slightly one way or the other and lowered.

To make the hooks, the rings should be drilled with holes large enough to slip a 1/4-inch wire. The holes should be countersunk on the inside of the ring. A piece of 1/4-inch wire should be rounded off at one end and bent to form a hook; this is to be slipped in the ring, clamping the hook part in the

FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS

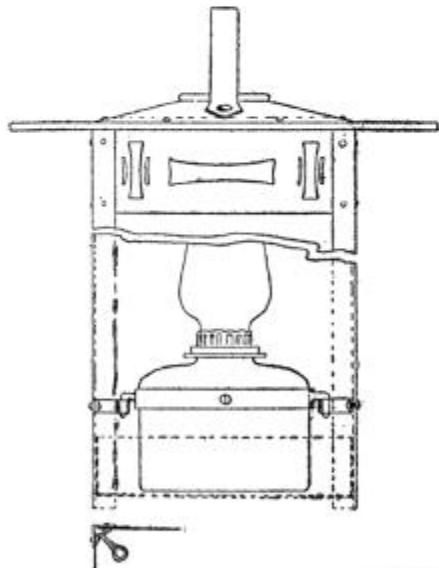


OIL LANTERN FOR HALL.

vise tightly and using the ball-pein of the hammer to rivet the other end of the hook into the countersunk hole until it is perfectly tight. After these are fastened the ring may be secured to the fount with screws. A loop is formed at the top of the lantern, that the chain may be connected either with the ring or a large hook. The edge of the loop should be turned up slightly in order to give it thickness, not showing the edge of the metal. In all of these lamps the metal should be carefully hammered with the flat of the hammer instead of the pein. The rivets should be riveted with the pein of the hammer instead of being set with a set punch, as is usually done in most workshops. All the edges should be smoothed well with emery cloth.

THE CRAFTSMAN will be glad to furnish the mica for any of these lamps in case it is not to be easily obtained. Mica measuring 5 by 5 inches costs about \$3.00 a pound. A pound of mica will probably make at least ten shades. Mica should not be split too thin, as it should have sufficient thickness to allow the rivets to be well hammered. THE CRAFTSMAN will be glad to aid any worker who may find it difficult to construct the shades, or to understand the proper angles in making the patterns.

WE give here some designs in darned work done on net with a square open mesh, which appeals to us as a most desirable form of decoration for window or sash curtains. We have found in our own experimenting with this form of needlework that the best effects are produced by the use of pure white silk or linen floss upon a net of deep écrù or tea color, as this color tempers the light coming into the room to a delightful mellow tone,

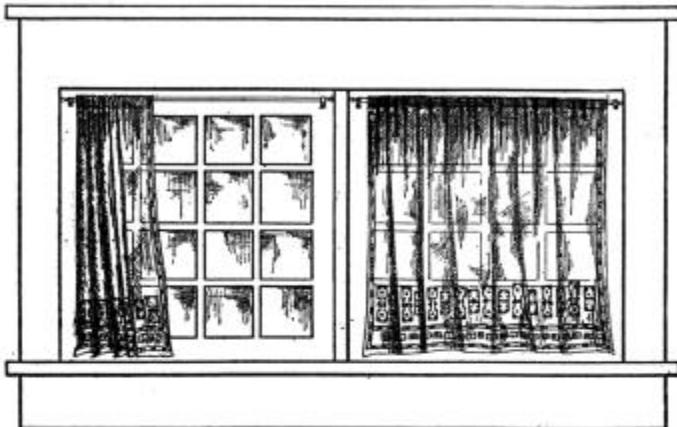


WORKING PLAN FOR HALL LANTERN.

FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS

and the white silk lends a silvery glint to the band of darned work.

The work itself is simple to a degree, and any one of these designs may be carried out easily by studying the design with care, and calculating the number of meshes to be included in each line. Like cross-stitch, it is entirely a matter of counting the meshes and using only straight lines to produce the effects desired. We have found that the best net for the purpose has a very firm weave and a square mesh about $1/16$ of an inch in size. The coarse silk or linen floss fills this mesh without crowding it, allowing the light to penetrate around the thread in such a way as to give it the peculiar silvery glint that forms the chief charm of the work. It may, of course, be done in colors, if required, but to give good results the tints selected should be very delicate and luminous in character, as

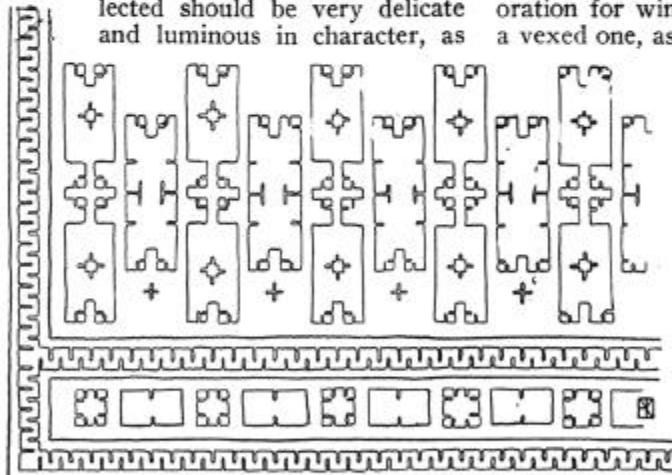


SASH CURTAINS OF DARNED NET.

otherwise they look like dark streaks when held up against the light.

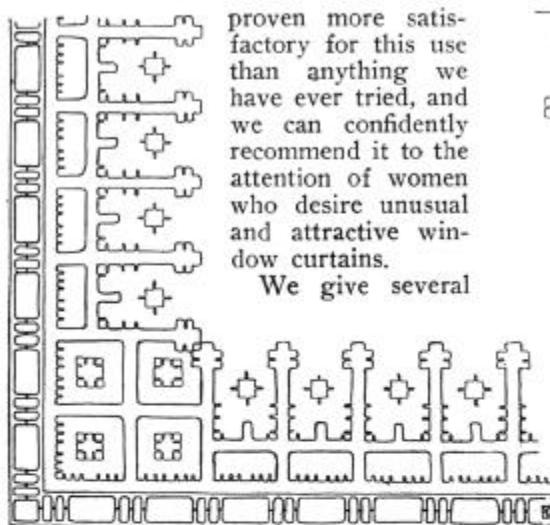
In the illustration of a sash curtain given here we show the effect of this form of decoration as applied to a short curtain. It is equally good for long draperies that are meant to hang close to the glass and admit the light, and a very little study will adapt any one of these designs to a curtain of almost any size.

The question of the right sort of decoration for window draperies is always a vexed one, as it is so difficult to get a design that will be bold enough to convey the desired effect and yet translucent enough not to look like a series of blots against the light. We have gained some admirable effects with stenciling, but have not been especially successful with the more elaborate forms of needlework. The kind of work just described and the designs given here have



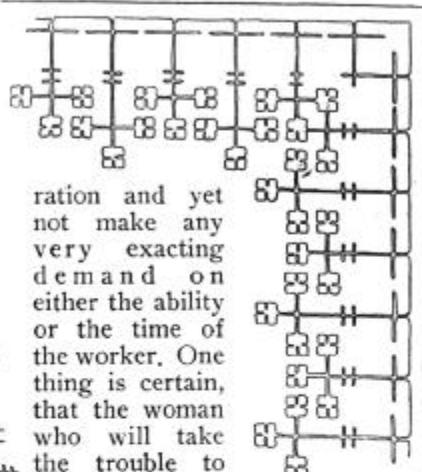
DESIGN FOR DARNED NET CURTAINS.

FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS



proven more satisfactory for this use than anything we have ever tried, and we can confidently recommend it to the attention of women who desire unusual and attractive window curtains.

We give several

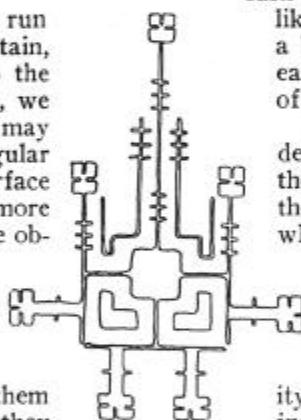


ration and yet not make any very exacting demand on either the ability or the time of the worker. One thing is certain, that the woman who will take the trouble to embroider a set of window or for darning net sash curtains

TWO SIMPLE DESIGNS OF WINDOW OR FOR DARNING NET.

designs for borders to run across the foot of the curtain, or across the foot and up the side. In addition to these, we give a spot design which may be placed at regular or irregular intervals over the whole surface of the curtain, giving a more unstudied effect than can be obtained by the use of the border.

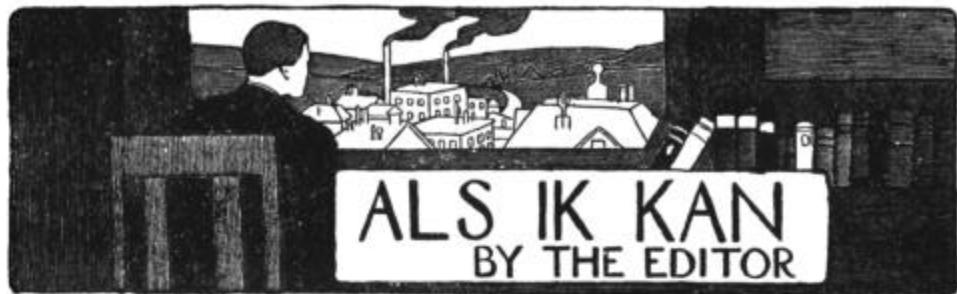
These designs are, of course, largely suggestive, and any one who takes the trouble to work them out will find not only that they are easily done, but that each one suggests a number of other figures and combinations to suit the weave of the net or the character and size of the finished curtain. The idea should be well carried out in an all-over design as well as in the border and spot designs. In fact, its possibilities are limited only by the inventiveness of the needleworker. The work is swiftly and easily done, so that the design may have the seeming of considerable elabo-



SEPARATE FIGURE FOR DARNING DESIGN.

like these will have in her house a bit of furnishing that cannot easily be duplicated from any of the shops.

The chief charm of all these designs lies in the fact that they are so exactly adapted to the weave of the goods upon which they are worked, as the thread follows the line of the mesh in both directions. This characteristic bears a large part in determining the purity of primitive designs, as these invariably conformed to the limitations of the background. This is especially noticeable in Indian rugs and baskets, where the symbolical forms used for decoration are always geometrical in character, conforming exactly to the weave of the article to be decorated. With all appreciation for the beauty of curves, we find that the most satisfying decoration for textiles comes back to the primitive character of form based upon the requirements of the material.



ALS IK KAN BY THE EDITOR

THE LESSON OF THE BEEF FAMINE

WITHIN the past two months we have been brought face to face with the actual realization of conditions that have long been threatened as an inevitable result of the upheavals brought about by the investigation and attempted correction of abuses in our industrial, commercial and financial system. The army of the unemployed parades our streets and holds mass meetings in our public squares, where the spirit of bitter protest against injustice and suffering finds expression in speeches advocating wholesale revolt and destruction,—from which it is but a step to the torch and the bomb. Dynamite is hardly a reasonable or a logical argument for reform, but when men are hungry and desperate they are not apt to be moved by considerations of reason or logic. And these men are both hungry and desperate, for hard upon the heels of the depression that has closed factories and arrested enterprises of all kinds has come the beef famine, which has put the already high prices of meats of all kinds up to a figure that is practically prohibitive, and, moreover, threatens to advance still more the prices of all other provisions and of farm produce.

Although the recent financial flurry has been called "the rich man's panic," and all statistics show that the general prosperity of the country is upon so sound a basis, and its resources so varied and so enormous, that the result-

ing industrial depression is likely to be of short duration, the condition of the working people thrown temporarily out of employment is much more serious than it was during the far worse depression that followed the sharp financial panic of 1893. Money was scarce and the price of labor low fifteen years ago, but the cost of living was correspondingly low, for provisions were cheap and plentiful. Now the high prices that have been established,—partly because of the period of phenomenal prosperity, but more because our boasted industrial system has brought all sources of supply under the control of a few great corporations,—are going even higher, while the general retrenchment is depriving thousands of work, and therefore of means to buy the food necessary to sustain life. All the social and economic theories that may be advanced toward the permanent bettering of the condition of the poor cannot overthrow this fact, and while this fact exists the country will never be free from the reproach and the menace of the unemployed,—because to be unemployed means such suffering as ought not to exist in this country of all others, and would not exist if it were not for our mistaken pride in the system which has grown up out of our passion for industrial and commercial organization on a colossal scale.

Proof more conclusive could hardly

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be asked than that which is now given us to point out the danger of allowing a great commercial combination to acquire such control of a staple food supply that the whole country is dependent upon it for provisions. We have seen many evidences of such danger in the monopoly of one commodity after another, but the argument that the whole community could not fail to be benefited by a system of organization founded on military precision in discipline and attaining the utmost economy and efficiency in the manufacturing and marketing of products of all kinds, has always been sufficient to overcome any serious objection. The revelation of abuses has brought popular excitement and condemnation, but the fact that the real danger lay in the system itself and not in the abuse of its power has never, until now, been actually brought home to us. We pride ourselves above all things upon being a free and independent people, but we are just beginning to realize that practically all the supplies, utilities and industries of the country have become dependent upon a few great corporations so interrelated by combination that they all form parts of this great and well-nigh perfectly organized system, and that when the system fails in the face of a serious financial crisis the people are as helpless as the poor who have been pauperized by the charity of some large and well-administered philanthropic organization upon which they have learned to depend for food and shelter.

For example, the meat famine which now confronts us could never have come upon us if the whole country had not become dependent upon the beef trust for its supply of meat. In the days when every town and village had its local butcher-shop and abattoir, carried on as an independent individual enterprise and looking for supplies to the farmers who raised stock for the

local market, there was no more question of the supply failing than there was of the price being put up to an exorbitant figure. If one butcher charged too much, the people bought of his rival, and if the farmer found no sale for his cattle, sheep and hogs in the town nearest to him, he was reasonably sure of a market in the next.

But with the organization of the beef trust and its chain of subsidiary industries for the utilization of by-products the whole condition was changed. Three large concerns practically monopolized the meat trade of the whole country, and the small butcher-shops faced the alternative of conforming to the system, buying meat only from the combine and selling at the prices fixed by the organization,—or going out of business. They generally conformed, for the methods of the trust were admirable and its machinery ran like clockwork. Large stock farms were carried on and did a flourishing business, for although there was only one market for their stock, it was a sure one and paid well. With every modern appliance to make as easy as possible the unpleasant business of slaughtering animals, and to utilize every smallest scrap of waste and offal, the machinery of the slaughter-houses was a triumph of despatch, convenience and economy. The stockholders were satisfied, for the dividends ran up into millions; the local butchers were satisfied, for they received their regular consignments of meat, dressed and ready for sale at good prices; and the people were satisfied, because a singularly unsavory business was carried on so skilfully that no one was annoyed or revolted as in the old days when butchers did their own killing in local slaughter-houses that were often a pest to the neighborhood. Keepers of large hotels and restaurants were more than satisfied, because the supply of meat they required was absolutely

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sure and dependable, and was placed in their storerooms without trouble or delay, and the ranchmen who raised the stock for such an immense and stable market felt that their present and future prosperity was assured. Now and then there was a protest from the public about prices, and an unpleasant scandal concerning the quality of certain preserved meats, but the effect of such disturbances was transient, and the meat-supply of the country seemed, on the whole, to be on a most satisfactory and permanently profitable basis.

Then a young man who had done some personal investigating wrote a novel which revealed certain unsavory conditions that hitherto had been successfully hidden. The novel itself was very unsavory, but everybody read and was horrified. The practice of economy in the utilization of things not usually considered desirable for incorporation into the human system had been carried a bit too far, and when people realized what they had been eating they mostly stopped buying meat. Investigation followed, and the passing of inspection laws. Some meat was sold, of course, but most people have ever since been rather wary of canned meats, and dividends have fallen off considerably, while prices have gone up and up until the better cuts of meat are decidedly a luxury, even for people of moderate means. Also, the trust stopped buying cattle, except in limited quantities. Stock farmers, whose whole source of revenue lay in beef cattle, found it impossible to sell them at a profit, and equally impossible to keep and feed them, so they disposed of what they had at any price they could get, and sold the calves for veal. The consequence is obvious; the supply of beef has become so short that it practically amounts to a famine, and famine prices rule. The trust has been made to smart, and the people are paying for it because

there is no other market and no other source of supply.

This is merely a case in point. It touches the life of the people more closely than the same condition would if some commodity other than the food supply were concerned, but the same condition exists everywhere,—in the oil and gas that light our houses and streets, in the coal upon which we depend for warmth in our severe winter weather, in the lumber we need for building, in the materials we use for our clothing, and, above all, in the employment upon which we depend for money to keep a roof over our heads and to supply our children with food. So long as the system runs along smoothly and prosperously all goes fairly well, but we must admit the fallacy of the argument that the admirably economical methods of our great corporations make for economy in the long run, or for better conditions in the life of the people. The more perfect the system and the more centralized the power, the greater is the dependence upon it and the more marked is the decadence of self-reliance and initiative in our national life. Our very prosperity but left us the more unprepared to meet any reverse, and so, hard as it is, the present crisis was badly needed as a factor in the permanent prosperity of the nation. As a thing in itself, our industrial system has been an economic triumph, but it is only a step toward the solution of the great industrial problem. If the country is to be solidly and permanently prosperous and the people economically free, there must be a division of responsibility, so that no great number will be dependent for supplies or for employment upon the success of one enterprise.

As a lesson in efficiency and economy the methods of our big corporations are unrivaled, but these methods must be applied to smaller independent indus-

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tries and so used for the common good. This is possible only by intelligent co-operation which would utilize all the means of production, of manufacture and of marketing that depend upon things being done on a larger scale, but would do it on the basis of coöperation and not of monopoly. For instance, a number of individual enterprises could carry on the meat business just as efficiently and economically as the trust has done, by forming themselves into groups or associations for the purpose of obtaining and handling the meat supply, and yet retain their independence, so that the failure of one would not affect the others or the consumers. Farmers and fruit-growers are familiar with the advantages of just such associations, and it is going only a step farther to apply the principle to every branch of industry, and so reap the benefit of every improved method that has been discovered, perfected, and then used as a means of oppression by the trusts. We most emphatically advocate a return to independent industries and fair competition, but not to primitive methods of working or carrying on business. There is nothing to be gained by giving up what we have won through our national genius for organization, but it must be used in such a way that supplies are no longer controlled or the people exploited for private gain.

NOTES

IT is unfortunate that there has been no new word invented by which to call the product of the cameras of such men as Eduard Steichen. The word "photograph," with its mental image of mechanical processes, pictures to the mind something entirely foreign to his work as was shown in his recent exhibition at the Photo-Secession Gallery. With just the same command over the

camera as a painter has over his brush or a sculptor over his chisel, Mr. Steichen produces work of real and lasting artistic value, and the results are as truly his own as in his paintings. It was a remarkable exhibition, not only as showing the possibilities of the camera, but as an evidence of the range and power of Mr. Steichen's art. Along one wall was a row of portraits—each one not only photographic likenesses, but remarkably strong as character studies,—there was the real Bernard Shaw, witty, whimsical, fantastic, strong; there just as clearly shown was the calm, majestic master artist, George Frederick Watts, and entirely different from either was Rodin, humanist, mystic, thinker. Quite as powerful and wide in range is the outdoor work of Steichen—he shows us Venice, bathed with sunlight and quivering with heat, or, as in another picture, with cool, deep waters in the shadow of an old crumbling wall; there, too, was the great canyon of a New York street in bright light and deep shadow as clear cut as an etching, while in another misty print was all the weird grandeur of the Colorado Garden of the Gods.

Mr. Steichen has also brought with him from Paris a collection of colored photographs which he took by the Lumière process. As yet there has been devised no method of printing these colors upon paper; however, the plates when held up to the light are remarkable in their promise for an art that is as yet in its infancy. The quality of the color is most interesting—one would call it "painty," if that were not a reversal of the proper order. For since this process is a direct and mechanical copying of the colors of nature, paintings should be compared for their accuracy and truth to these plates rather than the other way about. And it will be a satisfaction

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to many a painter to see there proved to a skeptical public the actual existence of purple and blue shadows, green flesh tints, and the impossibility of an absolutely solid color in materials.

A most important and complete exhibition of Ukiyoye paintings and prints was shown in the month of March at the Yamanaka Galleries in New York. Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa, who prepared the catalogue for this exhibition and arranged the work in chronological order, speaks of it as follows: "Messrs. Yamanaka & Company selected from their extensive collection for this display examples of the best periods and masters in an almost uniformly remarkable state of preservation. Many of the impressions have the sharpness of proofs. Paintings by several of the artists are so added to the prints as to make possible a direct comparison between these two lines of work." Probably nothing more complete in the way of a catalogue for an especial exhibition of Japanese prints has been prepared than the one put together by Professor Fenollosa. It was not merely a list of artists and their dates and their schools, but in the description of each print or painting there is introduced something of Japanese history, the relation of the arts of different periods, a point or two is made about the costume and the colors and the technique, so that a careful going over of the catalogue leaves one with a sense of intimate knowledge and personal interest in Japanese art as presented in this collection.

Of the many musical triumphs which Mr. Walter Damrosch has achieved since he began his campaign of awakening musical understanding and appreciation in America, none is

reckoned as more important and significant than the Beethoven Cycle presented at Carnegie Hall on six successive Sundays, beginning March first. The importance of presenting the work of the musician in chronological order, as was done in this Cycle, showing the musician's development from year to year, with all the changes of ideals and the fulfilment of purposes, makes it possible to understand the music of the composer as one could not in any other way. And not only was the music presented so that one could comprehend the growth of the man as an artist, but a brief history of the music of each concert was prepared and issued in the Bulletin of the Symphony Society presented with the programme at the door, thus enabling the serious student to study the music in relation to the musician. From the beginning of his work in New York, Walter Damrosch has insisted that the music that was worth hearing was worth *understanding*, and he has in every possible way not only presented the best music of every country, but striven to awake in the American mind the understanding that will develop to the fullest musical appreciation. Mr. Damrosch has in many ways helped to make the American public a friend of music.

FOR six weeks, beginning early in March, there was held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art a memorial exhibition of the works of the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Under the direction of a committee of well-known artists and architects all of the finest work of Saint-Gaudens was gathered together, and where necessary to obtain them reproductions in plaster were made of his public statues. The main hall of statuary at the Museum was used to show the collection, and in setting and arrangement nothing was spared to make this exhibition

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one of the finest New York has ever seen.

Yet, after looking at all the work there displayed, the person who came seeking some new knowledge of Saint-Gaudens and his art went away with a sense of disappointment. It was not that the great works that have become so familiar to all the American public were not there—there was the statue of Farragut, standing out strong and fine without the setting that so weakens it in Madison Square; the great standing figure of Lincoln, noble, thoughtful, plain and calm; the equestrian Sherman assuming a certain dignity in the plaster that the gilded group in the Plaza lacks; the Adams Memorial figure in its monumental stillness; the strong aggressive, almost flamboyant, Puritan, Deacon Chapin. The Shaw Memorial was represented by an excellent photograph, and the Stevenson bas-relief was shown in both its forms—all of the work by which we know Saint-Gaudens was there. We turned from these to the rest of the exhibition to gain some new understanding of the man who made them—and therein lay the disappointment.

THE exhibition of the work of Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb at the studios of J. & R. Lamb in late February showed the extraordinary range of ability of a woman who can equally well paint a miniature or design an enormous stained glass window, paint a portrait or a landscape, and who finds interest and pleasure in using for models tree branches outlined against the sky or little wild field flowers. All of Mrs. Lamb's work shows a happy viewpoint toward life—her outdoor studies are full of fresh air and sunlight, and her portraiture shows a sympathetic femininity of touch which adds a delicacy and finish to faultless drawing. Mrs. Lamb works in various mediums, water

color, oil, crayon, pastel, with apparently no preference for any one. Some recent work in pastel shows an excellent handling of color, but the most charming sketches in the whole exhibition were some tiny water color landscapes.

THE most sympathetic and complete presentation in a single concert of the music of the late Edward MacDowell was given at Carnegie Hall, New York, the evening of March 31, by the Philharmonic Society,—Safonoff conducting—the great Russian showing a more intimate sympathy with the exquisite, elusive quality of MacDowell's genius than any conductor who has yet handled this music. The programme was one of infinite variety—tender lyric songs; profound heart-searching, melancholy in the Tragic Sonata; the soul of the woods, elfin and wild, in the Woodland Suite; and moonlight music, clear, fine and faint, a wonderful arrangement of *Clair de la Lune* for the harp and strings. The concert was given to help carry out MacDowell's cherished plan of a home in which all the arts could meet and become of mutual benefit, a plan which, if developed in spirit as well as letter, would render the MacDowell Club the most important association in America for the true development of art, music and literature.

LATE in March five of the younger sculptors, Brooks, Deming, Flanagan, Evans and Fraser held a most interesting exhibit at the Bauer-Folsom Galleries. All of the work, except one or two portrait-busts, was small in size, yet it was so full of life and vigor, so fresh and unhampered by convention that the exhibition as a whole was one of the most enjoyable of the winter. Mr. Richard E. Brooks exhibited a number of his delightful portrait bas-

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reliefs, which are full of delicacy and strength. James E. Fraser is a man whose work is distinguished for its nobility, and besides this, for a remarkably quick sympathy and understanding—there never was a pudgy baby modeled as he has shown Jack Deming, nor was ever the poetry of childhood more sympathetically expressed than in his head of the son of Harry Payne Whitney. Mr. Rudolph Evans contributed a notable piece of work in his marble bust of Maude Adams. In his medal work, Mr. John Flanagan excels, and the greater part of his contributions were portrait bas-reliefs of real force and interest. Edwin Deming's delightfully humorous glimpses of animal life are always distinguished for their action and good modeling, but it is seldom that Mr. Deming shows a study of a human. So his weird, dreamy figure of an old bent Indian woman, "The Toiler of the Plains," was a delight not only for its own artistic value but as showing another phase of Mr. Deming's art.

SOME recent portraits by Maurice Fromkes were recently exhibited at Knoedler's, New York. Mr. Fromkes' easy, dashing style is undoubtedly well suited to the tastes of the well-groomed people he paints, yet one cannot help feeling that a man of mediocre talent makes a bad mistake in doing what only a painter with Wilhelm Funk's ability can afford to do with impunity—follow a fashion in portrait painting. And Mr. Fromkes' work lacks the convincing strength to redeem it from its sensational tendencies.

AN excellent collection of crayon and pastel portrait sketches by William Carey Brazington was exhibited at Knoedler's in March. They were not only interesting in their technique but showed also the quick, clean stroke of

the good draughtsman. Although monochromes, the values were managed with that appreciation of color that belongs to the painter, and the work was full of the feeling for character and likeness essential to good portraiture. One feels that when Mr. Brazington's work fails to impress it is never through faulty craftsmanship, but rather through a lack of understanding of his sitter—when he appreciates he succeeds, and the finest of the collection was his study of a friend, Signor Bernal-Resky.

IT is seldom that an artist can master more than one medium, yet those who saw the etchings of Daubigny recently on view at Keppel's went away convinced that this master of *plein-air* in oils worked equally well with the needle. His etchings, like his paintings, are full of the spirit of the countryside. Keppel shows also a collection of drawing and sketches by Daubigny.

LATE this season D. W. Tryon and T. W. Dewing combined in an exhibition at the Montross Gallery. Mr. Dewing showed only three of his paintings, which were, however, characteristic of his poetic indoor studies of dull, dreamy lights and soft colors. Sixteen of Mr. Tryon's outdoor canvases in both oil and pastels made up the greater part of the exhibition, full of the big interpretation of nature in her every mood that is typical of this man's vital, poetical work.

AFTER Mr. Fromkes' exhibition at Knoedler's in March a collection of neatly painted portraits by F. Percy Wild were exhibited in the main gallery. With the exception of a pleasing portrait of Miss Frances Nott Parsons, and a well-painted gentleman in a hunting coat that was rather too red, they were hard, photographic and unnatural

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in color, verging unpleasantly on the chromo-lithographic style. It is time that men should stop making the mistake of painting outdoor backgrounds behind people evidently in a studio light, and thinking that by capturing, like an instantaneous photograph, a single motion of a vivacious child they are showing action. In the same room were exhibited some miniatures by Mme. Renée de Mirmont.

THE Rhode Island School of Design was fortunate in being able to show in March a collection of water colors by M. Boutet de Monvel—an artist the charm of whose work is too little known in America. This exhibition was made up of a series which illustrates scenes in the life of Jeanne d'Arc.

REVIEWS

IT is now nearer fifteen than ten years since Max Nordau thundered forth to a public somewhat stunned by the suddenness of his attack his denunciation of the modern era in "Degeneration." How the first meek acquiescence to his views was later replaced by disgust and repudiation when the fallacies in his arguments and apparently correct scientific statements were pointed out, is probably forgotten. Perhaps that is why Dr. Nordau now ventures to put a new book before the public, expressing more explicitly his ideas on the degeneration of art.

Whether the republication in book form of Bernard Shaw's little essay, "The Sanity of Art," which is, as some will remember, a review and a refutation of Nordau's art ideas as expressed in "Degeneration," had any purpose in appearing at the time of the issue of "On Art and Artists," makes little difference in its useful-

ness in recalling the former wild vagaries of the would-be scientific critic. The same delightfully witty arguments with which Shaw defends Wagner, Ibsen, Ruskin and the others from the attacks of "Degeneration" serve equally well to deny the defamation of the artists taken up in this new book of Nordau's.

Yet the manifold absurdity of most of the fanatical statements seem hardly to need a reply—what about the degeneration of a man who speaks of Whistler's women as "perverted, whimsical beauties" who "wear remarkable and personal toilettes, which, except the face and often the hands, reveal not a finger's breadth of skin, yet, in spite of the interposition of silk and lace, cry out for the fig leaf. They are bundles of sick nerves that, from the crown of their heads to the tips of their fingers, seem to thrill with Sadic excitement." Rodin he attacks equally hysterically—speaks of his "impressionism and sexual psychopathy in the choice of themes," and calls him a "spurious celebrity."

It is a critic of the Bernard Shaw type, sure in his own opinions and beliefs, fighting on ground with which he is much more familiar than is a discredited scientist like Nordau and using the most telling forces of wit and irony as his weapons who can, as he has already done in his review of "Degeneration," refute the ideas of "On Art and Artists" and make the refutation a delightful essay besides. ("On Art and Artists." By Max Nordau. 351 pages. Price, \$2.00 net. Published by Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. "The Sanity of Art." By Bernard Shaw. Price, 75 cents. Published by Benj. R. Tucker, New York.)

DR. Denman W. Ross, the well-known Harvard authority upon the theory of design, has rendered

NOTES AND REVIEWS

students of the subject a very considerable service by the publication of his book, "A Theory of Pure Design." The purpose of the book is to elucidate the principles which underlie the practice of drawing and painting as a fine art. It is an attempt to explain the form of the language of Art. In reality, as the author makes plain, it is a contribution to science rather than to art. Dr. Ross uses his knowledge and experience as a painter to explain the terms and principles of art in terms of science. It is by no means an easy or entertaining book, but requires close and keen study. The text is enforced by means of numerous diagrams. ("A Theory of Pure Design." By Denman W. Ross, Ph.D. 201 pages. Price, \$2.00 net. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston.)

"PICTURES and Their Painters, the History of Painting," is a rather ambitious title for a volume of less than four hundred and fifty pages which contains over three hundred illustrations. Lorinda Munson Bryant has performed the task indicated by the title with as much success as could be reasonably expected. There is, of course, little critical value in such a work, but it has some merit as a biographical encyclopædia, a carefully prepared index adding to its usefulness. ("Pictures and Their Painters, the History of Painting." By Lorinda Munson Bryant. 440 pages. Price, \$3.50 net. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

THE exhaustive work on ceramics which was published by the late Mr. W. Chaffers nearly thirty-six years ago has been revised and republished in a one-volume edition with new illustrations and colored plates. It is in reality a pictorial supplement to Mr. Chaffers' more detailed work called

"Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain," but "The Keramic Gallery" in itself gives a general view both historical and descriptive of European and Oriental pottery. It is a careful, scholarly work, and in its present revised form will serve as an authority on ceramics. ("The Keramic Gallery." By William Chaffers. Edited by H. M. Cundall. Illustrated. 465 pages. Published by Gibbing & Co., London; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

"SIENA and Her Artists" is a book that would serve as an admirable companion for any visitor to that quaint Tuscan town. It suggests the most important places to visit from the point of view of a cultivated person. ("Siena and Her Artists." By Frederick Seymour. Illustrated. 214 pages. Price, \$1.50 net. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.)

PARIS of the old days, quaint Paris, the city that old kings and queens knew, full of the memories of great men and great deeds—this is the city shown in the book written by Mr. Georges Cain, artist, Curator of the Camavalet Museum, Parisian of the old school, and, as this book proves, writer of great ease and charm. It is time that such a memorial of old Paris appeared, for, since the reign of Louis Philippe, more changes have occurred than during centuries preceding, and a new twentieth - century Paris is rapidly crowding out the old city, with all its quaintness, its memories, and its charm. The book is full of historical interest—it is written by a man who loved the old days, and illustrated by delightful etchings and drawings of his fellow-artists of half a century ago. ("Nooks and Corners of Old Paris." By Georges Cain. Illustrated. 326 pages. Price, \$3.50 net. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)



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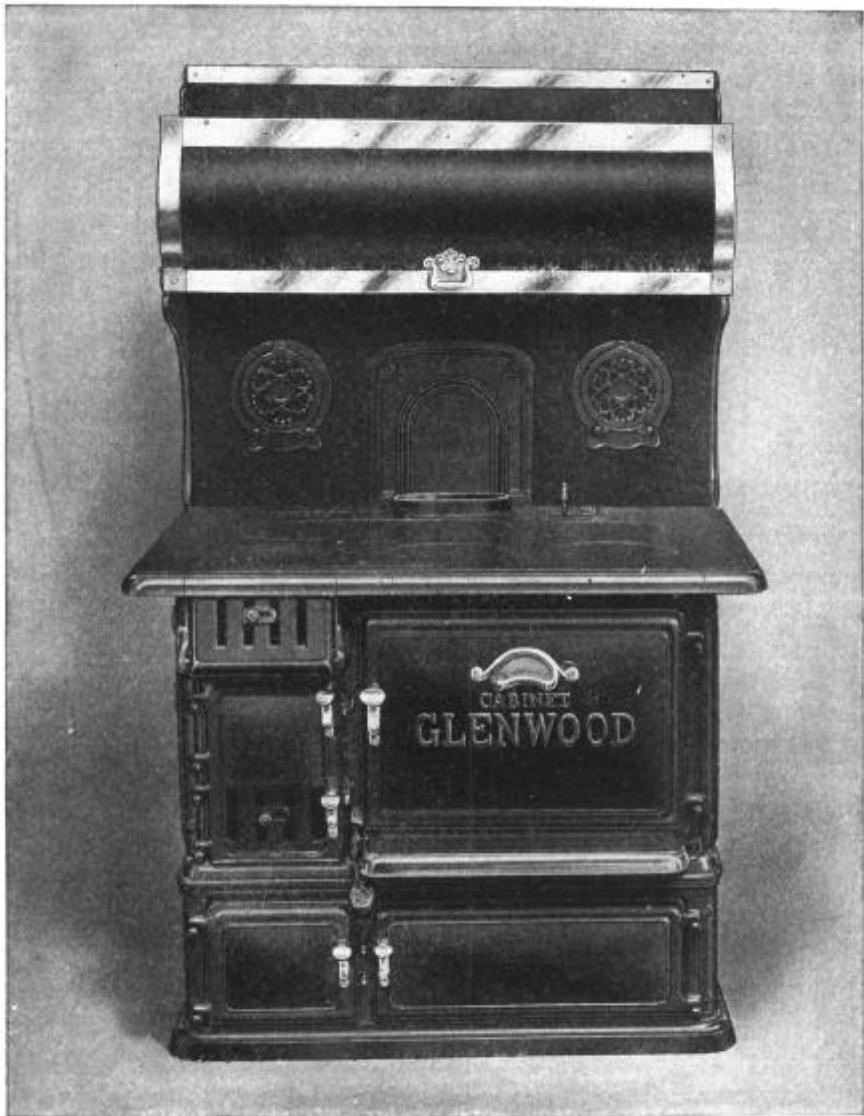
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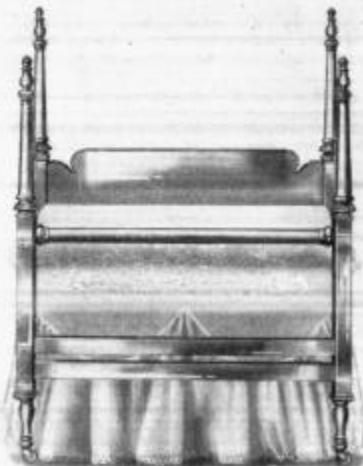
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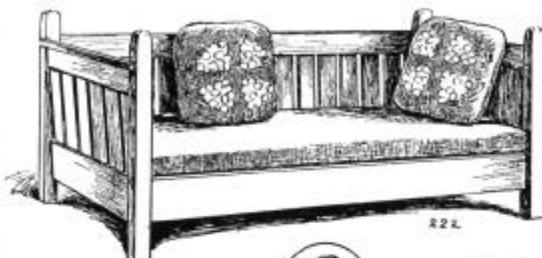
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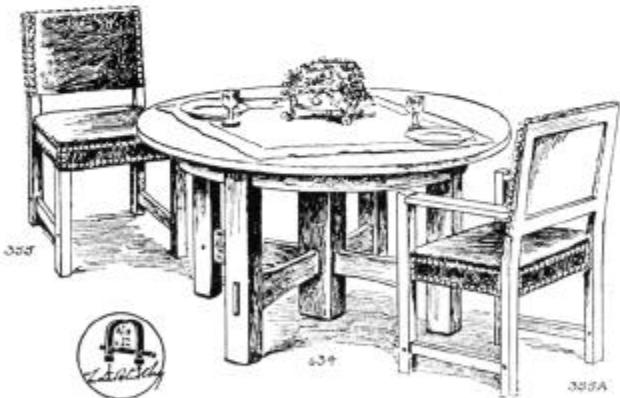


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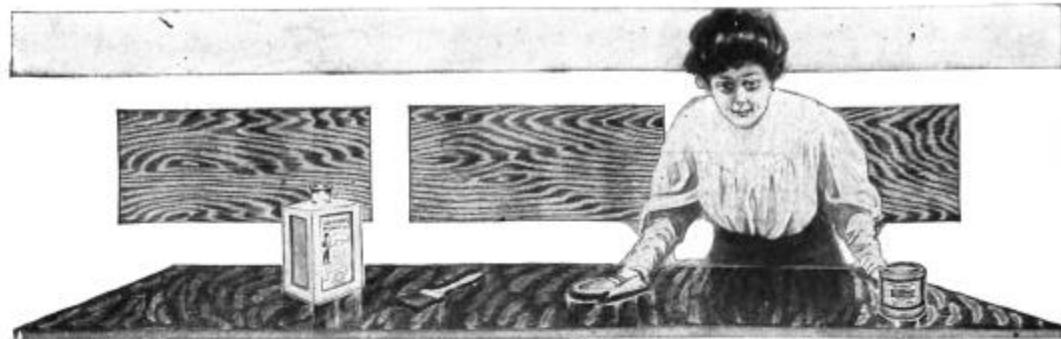
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To Have a Handsome Home—How to Do It and How Not to Do It

READ this from a recent letter:—
"I tried all the different kinds of varnish stains, and oil stains with varnish finish, but the effect was muddy."

I tried several wood stains and found that they would rub off unless I gave them a wax finish and then they would show light and dark spots.

Then I used your Dye finishing with your Prepared Wax and was surprised and delighted with the results. All the beauty of the wood was brought out and your Wax gave it a beautiful soft tone, so different from the harsh effect varnish gives."

And now read this from a recent number of the American Carpenter and Builder:—

"Although great claims are made by varnish manufacturers for their floor varnishes, it may be truthfully said that none of them will stand the hard usage of walking on them without sooner or later marring white. As was very pertinently said by a varnish manufacturer, speaking on the subject of varnished floors at a master painters' convention, 'Floor varnishes are not made to be walked on.'"

These matters are easily explained—

Stain and varnish, shellac, hard oil and similar preparations cannot sink into the grain of wood because they are too "thick" to penetrate the pores—so the wood is simply stained over or coated—thus the coating, instead of bringing out the beauty of the wood in the grain, hides it and makes it look flat and muddy—and, as the coating is only on the surface, every scratch and scrape and blow makes a light spot—the uncolored wood shows through the coating.

Now Johnson's Wood Dyes are dyes—not mere stains.

Johnson's Wood Dyes do not coat over the wood—they color it (to any desired shade) because they are so prepared that they penetrate the pores—thus they develop and accentuate the beautiful grain of the wood. That is why they give an unequalled richness and

depth of permanent tone and a perfectly even texture which will not rub off.

Any one can secure the best results with Johnson's Wood Dyes and you can easily keep all your wood-work, furniture and floors in perfect condition by applying Johnson's Prepared Wax with a cloth right over the Dye or any other finish.

Johnson's Prepared Wax gives a rich, subdued, lustrous and enduring surface which cannot be produced by any other finish, and, unlike shellac, hard oil or varnish, it does not show heel marks or scratches—"it is made to be walked on"—and sat on—rubbing only gives it a finer polish.

Johnson's Wood Finishes are not new preparations.

We studied them out years ago in order to be able to preserve and bring out the natural beauty of the fine hardwood flooring which we make and ship all over the world.

You see we had an object in seeking out the very best finish for our wood that could possibly be made.

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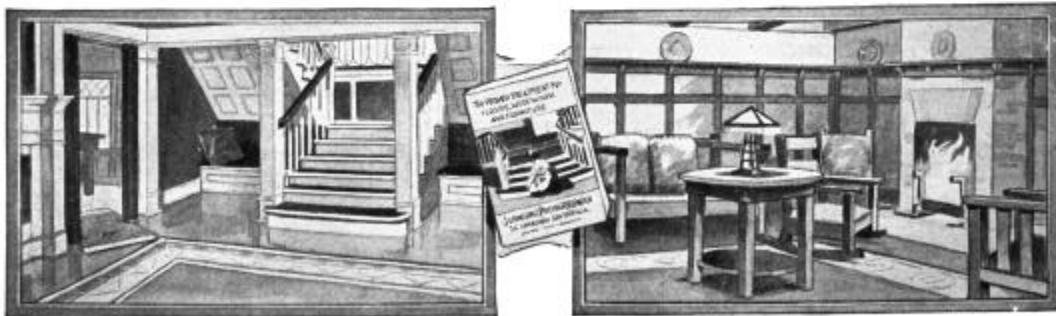
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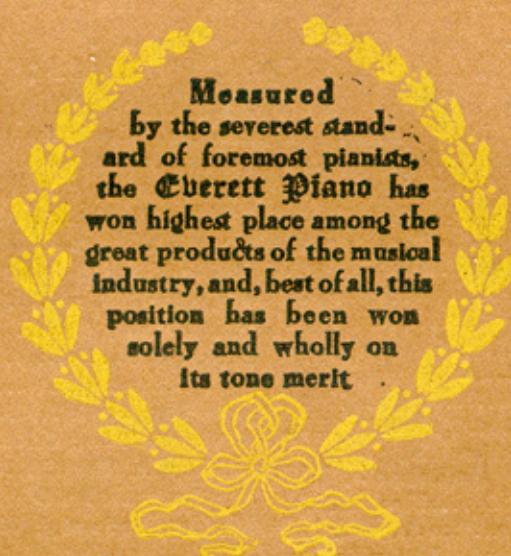
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