VOL. XVI, NO. 6 SEPTEMBER, 1909 25 CENTS

THE CRAFTSMAN

FOUR SIGNIFICANT ARTICLES ON THE GREAT EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS OF AMERICA: REASON FOR EXISTING CONDITIONS GIVEN, AND REMEDIES SUGGESTED

FORTY-ONE-WEST-THIRTY-FOURTH-STREET-NEW-YORK

THE CRAFTSMAN: SEPTEMBER INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

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THE CRAFTSMAN

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

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GUSTAV STICKLEY, 41 WEST 34TH ST., NEW YORK
25 Cents a Copy: By the Year, $3.00 in United States; $3.50 in Canada; $4.20 Foreign

Entered June 6, 1906, at New York City, as second-class matter

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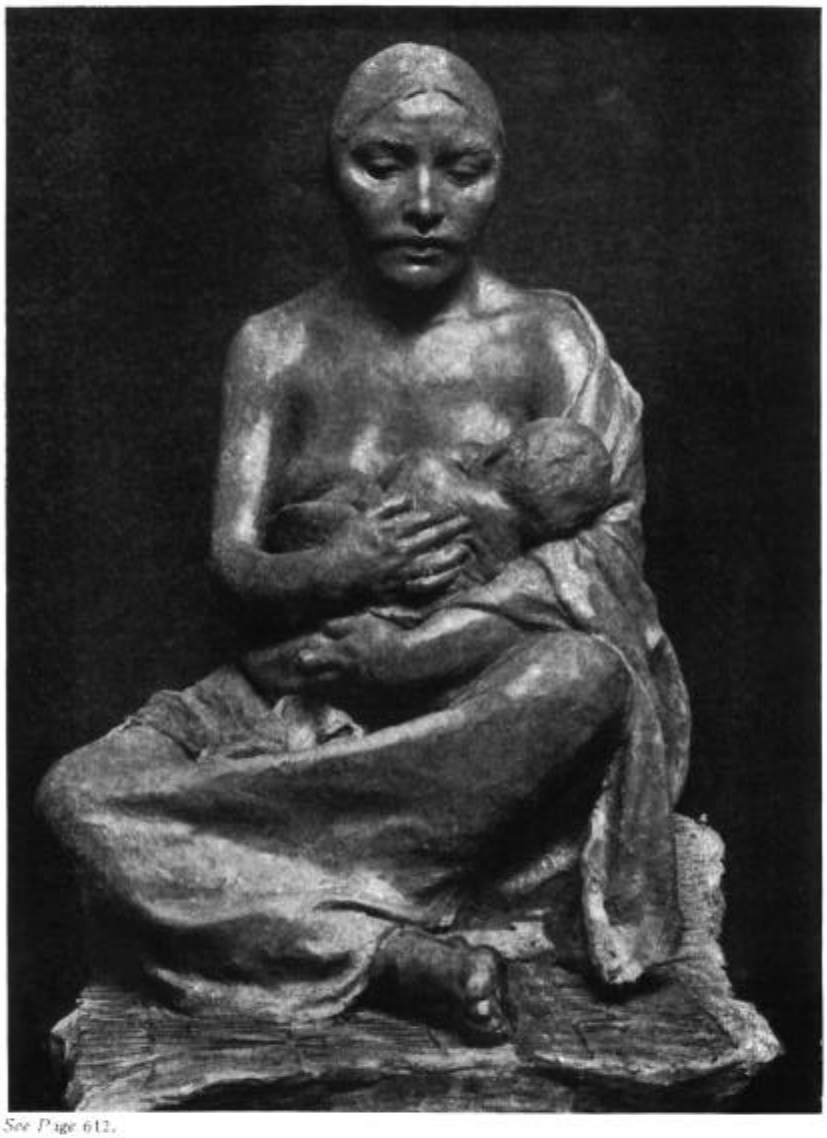

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"THE AUK MOTHER": LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.

THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
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THE EVILS OF AMERICAN SCHOOL SYSTEMS: ARCHAIC METHODS OF EDUCATION CONDEMNED AND PRACTICAL REMEDIES SUGGESTED: BY PARKER H. SERCOMBE

MODERN civilization is confronted with the alternative of saving the child or preserving the traditional ideals of education still insisted upon by professional educators. While it is freely admitted on every hand that all reforms focus in education, that future diminution in crime, graft, debauchery, divorce, cost of courts and of police, must depend upon implanting wholesome habits and tendencies in the child while of impressionable age, that vital period of life is still sacrificed to the fetish of class-room decorum, theory culture, examinations, etc.

The thought of the professional educator is not based upon cause and effect, upon the development of efficiency in the line of life the pupil will follow, but, as all "examinations" clearly indicate, the aim is to perpetuate the old "institution of learning" in its own image and preserve its traditional ideals intact.

Only a few even of our practical psychologists are fully cognizant of the invariable presence of *theory perversion* in all those mentalities whose training from eight to sixteen has been unrelated to practice and object lessons—a training that results in the loss of the faculty which would enable them to make use of the knowledge acquired—the training that is responsible for all irrational, impractical, dreamy, mystical and confused thinking that is representative of the inefficient, superstitious and criminal portion of our population.

The so-called reforms that are occupying the minds of so many well-intentioned and philanthropic persons are merely the doctoring of symptoms—merely pulling up weeds implanted by our own wrong procedure; the only cure being education, but essentially the education that places character culture first, commercial qualifications second and book culture third, with the greatest stress where the need is greatest, less where it is less and least where it is least.

With the object of ascertaining the caliber of the Chicago Board of Education (appointed through politics without regard to prepara-

tion or fitness) and with a faint hope that perhaps one or two out of the twenty-one members might be sufficiently grounded in the art of educating to profit by my suggestion or at least show some interest in the matter presented, I recently addressed them the following communication, sending individual copies to each member:

July 7, 1909.

To the Chicago Board of Education, Gentlemen:—

With no other desire than to assist in a general way in bringing "education" to a higher state of efficiency, I ask the privilege of addressing the Board for fifteen minutes at an early meeting, and will confine myself to the two following subjects:

First—the lack of adjustment of the school system and curriculum to the changing exigencies of city life, with special reference to children who are brought up in apartment houses and flats, with *no chores*, no means being supplied in the schools to develop industry, initiative and a willingness to *do*—faculties that cannot be developed from books or in class rooms.

Second—the grave danger and disorganizing effects which must result from teaching theory in class rooms, separated from or made precedent to, practice and object lessons. The effect produced under the present system is to start the pupil out with a wrong viewpoint toward all the affairs of life. Minds so trained are incapable of bringing the knowledge they obtain into use either for purposes of thought or action. Such minds are marked for confusion of thought and under the suggestion or influence of wrong conditions easily drift into criminality, mysticism, graft or other forms of perversion. It is only through the inductive method whereby the child is enabled to develop theory out of practice and object lessons, the same as Lincoln, McCormick, Grant and Armour did in their childhood, that theory perversion can be avoided and the leisure class régime of life be prevented from fastening itself upon the victim as a persistent, all-pervading microbe.

The allotment of fifteen minutes of the valuable time of your Board will enable me to make a demonstration of these two points so self-evident and convincing that if incorporated in your future deliberations will eventually lead to a reconstruction of what is now called "education."

Yours respectfully,
PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

COULD a more fundamental appeal in the interest of a higher civilization possibly be made to an educational body? Yet not the slightest attention was paid to it by a single member, at least, not an echo came to my ears. Is this not significant of the lack of vision of those who from childhood have been so drilled and hedged about with the prevailing régime of the schools as to blind them completely to the importance of the vital facts presented? But is not this the history of every advanced idea that has ever been presented to unprepared minds? No matter how vital or self-evident a new truth may be, it is not grasped by the average sage in power until it becomes the fashion to accept it or until its announcement comes from one

of acknowledged authority—and why? Because the membership of legislative bodies and school boards is made up of those with *theory-perverted minds*, a result of wrong training in childhood.

It is not sufficient to fall back on the old adage, all new ideas advance slowly, etc. The reason why ideas advance slowly is because for centuries our method of education has been along the line of theory perversion—people do not have harmonized minds and bodies, and hence lack the initiative to put thought into action for its own sake, but permit the fashion of thinking (public opinion) to gradually drive them into new mental positions. Theory perversion impels sluggish minds and bodies into unwillingness to either think or do beyond what is actually forced upon them, hence the criminal as well as the dogmatist.

Before proceeding further to trace out the evils lurking in our present educational system, let us briefly review its growth as an institution and thereby discover the underlying reasons why an institution of such vast importance should have come down to us from the ages in a form so lacking in efficiency, and so entirely separated from the methods that might insure good character, strong bodies and high social and civic efficiency in place of the utterly artificial, unbalanced and perverted mental viewpoint toward life that the schools continue to impart.

Independent of whether institutions are good or evil (there are none that are wholly good or wholly evil, not even the church, materia medica, marriage, slavery) in their struggle for existence they invariably show the same determination as man, animals and all other life forms, to perpetuate themselves in their own image. Once an "institution" is established, whether creed, cult or educational system, the individuals having its destiny in charge invariably struggle, plan, and often plot to the death, in order to see to it that those who take charge during each generation shall cling to the original ideals, motives and methods.

REALIZING the importance of this principle, I sent the following communication to our Chicago School Board on the eve of their election of a superintendent; not that it was expected to influence them, but as a matter of record for future purposes, to know that they were not lacking in information on the subject, even though it should not be made use of:

July 14, 1909.

To the Chicago Board of Education, Gentlemen:—

The public-school system having continued to follow tradition instead of adapting itself to the changing exigencies of city life, brings us face to face with

a condition which on analysis proves that the prevailing curriculum is artificial, lacks utility, fails to develop efficiency in the pupil; in fact, implants tendencies of mind which lead toward confusion of thought and criminality.

No greater error could be made at this time than to appoint a superintendent of schools from the ranks of professional educators, for all such have been so drilled and hedged around from their earliest childhood training with the prevailing educational ideals as to inhibit their vision in relation to the needs of the hour—they are unable to see the present discrepancies or devise plans for overcoming them.

My communication to your Board is purely with the object of laying this most important fact before each member, and the more it is thought upon the stronger will be the realization that what Chicago now needs is an open-minded superintendent, unhampered by the prevailing ideals which invariably hold the mentalities of professional educators in a vise-like grasp and permit them to do no more than to merely help perpetuate in its own image the ancient educational régime we are now using.

Yours respectfully,
PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

It is unnecessary to go into the reasons why the educational régime now being operated in America has conformed to tradition rather than been subjected to the principle of cause and effect; though it is by the latter plan (profiting by experience) that every material improvement in the world has been obtained.

Unhappily, moral culture and education have respectively been institutionalized in church and school. Entirely independent of the practical trend in human thought in every other field, these two institutions have persisted in following the ideals and régimes of hundreds and even thousands of years ago, long before modern knowledge and devices were dreamed of, before the day of railway, telegraph and telescope, when the average man's daily and often yearly range of observation did not extend beyond a fifteen-mile radius.

CONFINING ourselves to the institution of education, we find that like dress, it originated more for ornament than use. Even after the classics were translated into all the Continental languages, those fortunate mortals selected for education continued to be taught Greek, Latin and ancient lore; for in the early days of book learning only those who were expected to become members of the leisure class received an education. The one dominant fact stands out that the original scheme of education implied nothing more than a culture given to a small ruling class, made up of the official, military and ecclesiastical satellites of the ruler, and on the other hand there was the very large and always uneducated class, whose function was to remain in ignorance and to obey.

EVILS OF AMERICAN SCHOOL SYSTEMS

It is in a degree anticipating what will be stated farther on, to say that down to this very hour in every avenue of human thought and activity, but especially manifest in the field of education, this same association of wealth, church and state with their leisure-class ideals of education are still fanatically struggling to maintain control through the old traditional régimes, and the colossal joke on this country of ours is that we are now preparing our entire population to become members of the leisure class by imparting only a leisure-class scheme of education.

Breaking away from the condition of tyrannical control that has held Russia, Italy and Spain to an average of ninety per cent. illiteracy among their plodding, toiling, subservient masses, we here in America, and to a large extent in England and Germany, have suddenly become a reading and writing race, a scheme never contemplated in the original régime, as is clearly shown where despotism still reigns.

During the Middle Ages education was entirely in the hands of the priesthood, and as a sign that they themselves were immune from work, they initiated the custom of wearing white collars and cuffs, and as all of their pupils were educated to become members of the priesthood or the ruling class, in order to be known by the same sign, they adopted white collars and cuffs also. The learned educators of the Renaissance took up the problem of education where the priests left off, enlarged, differentiated, specialized, but in no instance have the ideals of democracy forged sufficiently to the front to check the impulse that has stimulated the educational idea in every land and in every clime—the idea of gaining the kind of knowledge that would enable the possessor to live without work, the kind of accomplishments that prepares for membership in a ruling class, and thus to live upon the labor of others.

IN THE early history of America, before the modern flat building was invented, when boys and girls were expected to do their part of the chores and general work, both before and after school, the studying of common branches in small schools with large playgrounds did not have any such utterly annihilating effect on human character as our latter-day variation of immense school buildings with small playgrounds; the pupils who attend these institutions living in congested cities with no chores, no garden work, no duties to perform, and the school providing no substitutes to meet the changed conditions.

Education is still involved with the elements of mystery and reverence. Even as the alchemists and astrologers of yore, our

priests, druggists, physicians and lawyers employ Latin and Greek terms in order to astound and overshadow the common people by the depth and vastness of their learning—so the building of palaces and the employment of gaudy trappings have served to inspire awe in the masses by means of glitter, pomp and grandeur.

Our present scheme of education is merely a plan to prepare children to live upon the labor of others without any attempt to implant habits that would insure health, efficiency and long life; whereas a rational régime, through object lessons in shop and garden to implant the elements of industry, calculation and initiative in the pupil's character, would eliminate four-fifths of the present crime, graft, debauchery, divorce and costs of courts and police, which are all undergoing an alarming percentage of increase.

Independent of creeds and codes, the infant absorbs the morality of its environment and associations in the same way that it absorbs the language or dialect of the family in which it is reared, and this is the true process of all education.

External control, through the medium of commandments, force, punishment, banishment, has proven a failure for thousands of years. Compulsion has invariably succeeded in merely creating a demand for more compulsion; hence the only way to effectively eliminate friction in human society and establish an enduring equilibrium is through development from within, through a system of education that will mold internal character to a voluntary acquiescence to the rational needs of society.

THERE are in Chicago alone thousands of parents who declare that their children are being taught nothing of value; that through their impressionable years, from eight to sixteen, they are being kept five hours a day in close stuffy class rooms; that no means are supplied for developing the qualities of initiative and industry during this period; that theory and book culture are taught to the exclusion of practice and object lessons, thus developing theory-perverted minds and unbalancing the reasoning powers forever after; that leisure-class ideas are taught exclusively, even to children of foreign peasants, thus adding them to our already large army of incompetents. These thinking parents have come to the conclusion that the system which implants the idea of getting something for nothing in the minds of the children and the desire to live upon the labor of others, is the worst form of race suicide.

More than fifty per cent. of all intelligent parents of the middle class are fully aware that there is something fundamentally wrong

with our school system; they know that their children are not being made efficient; they know, too, that they themselves are helpless in the hands of professional educators and that their children under present school treatment grow lazy, anaemic, near-sighted, and naturally drift toward cigarettes, rowdyism and criminality. Business men are well aware that the graduates from our public schools who work in offices and stores are lacking in alertness and often hopelessly inefficient. But most of our business men are too much engrossed to insist that our Mediæval methods of education should be displaced by a rational system which aims at efficiency and results in the life work for which every boy and girl should undergo preparation.

It requires no great depth of intellect or scholastic training to indicate the reason why even in this age of wonderful achievements in science, mechanics and the arts, we still retain the artificial educational ideals initiated in the Middle Ages. Briefly, education, like dress, originated as an ornament and not for use. In America the public school has become sanctified as an institution, and instead of basing our methods upon experience and results, we have blindly followed tradition until we find in operation from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a school system that is especially adapted to the overthrowing of intelligence, the blighting of initiative, the crushing out of all tendencies to industry, to undermining the natural growth of such habits as would insure health and long life.

The remedy is simple and can be inferred by pointing out three important elements which traditional education entirely overlooks:

First, that such a false motive for obtaining education as at present exists in the public schools, continuing as it does through the impressionable years of life, cannot but result in a corresponding perversity of motive in maturity. Thus if our present scheme is, as it seems, to prepare children to live upon the labor of other people, this will remain their chief stimulus to action in later life.

Second, that there is and must be a reason for the doing of every task. When this fact has been made clear by frequent proof not only would a much needed link between thought and action be established, but reasons will become not mere theories, finding sufficient expression by their verbal statement, but will be definite stimuli to action. The reasons and theories should be made subsequent and subordinate to object lessons and practice; in fact, all theory culture should be worked out by practice in garden and shop, for this is the only manner by which a mind can be drilled to have the right perspective, the right viewpoint toward the facts of life. All children trained exclusively in class rooms are likely to have theory-perverted

minds, incapable of making use of the knowledge they have acquired.

Third, even as morality cannot be taught as a class study, but is bound to be an incidental absorption from environment and association, so all education, including the "three R's," should be the outgrowth of practice and object lessons, in the same way that an infant learns to speak the language of the family without order, decorum or examinations. Let a child work until he craves the help of books, instead of studying until he forgets the need of work.

SUCH an education can best be accomplished in buildings designed for forty or fifty pupils. A one- or two-story building should be in the center of a fair-sized garden or small farm, the main structure to be suitably divided into shops for wood-working, metal-working, weaving and sewing, printing and binding, art work, painting and finishing, cooking, etc.

At the front entrance should be the office of the school and a general showroom wherein the products of the shops, garden or farm could be properly displayed for the benefit of visitors and customers, and part of the education of each pupil should be how to approach customers, how to interest them, how to explain the quality of the products, the system employed, the workmanship, etc., and everything produced should as far as possible be salable and have a useful, practical or artistic purpose. The cultivation of flowers, bees, vegetables, berries and fruits should be recognized as a regular part of education.

The class room (no examinations) should be a separate building connected by a passageway, and for class purposes there should be a relief globe and other apparatus designed to give a correct idea of the world we live upon, its formation, its power of production, etc., and with this knowledge as a nucleus the problems of transportation, distribution, together with the economic, social, intellectual and political growth of the various races of the world, should become matters of constant repetition and thorough understanding. Pupils should not spend more than one hour a day in class room, the balance of their time to be employed in objective work in the shops or garden; everything done to be for a useful purpose, either in the filling of orders and contracts taken in the neighborhood, the making of tables, chairs, desks, bookcases, or in making such repairs as the facilities of the shops permit.

Of course, such schools would require from three to five teachers each to supervise the various departments; they should be specially instructed in that most important feature of all in teaching, viz., to assume constantly the right attitude toward the pupil, and every

school should be brought as near a self-supporting basis as possible.

Although the extra expense for supplying materials, paraphernalia and instruction for such schools would be larger than the present system of education, the general cost might be much reduced through the sale of products; besides, as the present expenditure in America for liquors, tobacco and prostitution is ten times greater than what is spent on the entire cost of education, but a small degree of abstemiousness would be needed to divert a few millions from debauchery toward enlightenment.

Separated from the demands of professional educators and from the whims of incompetent parents imbued with the false ambitions and impotent longings of an artificial age, education should be nothing more than the child's preparation during its impressionable years for such duties of life and citizenship as it will be called upon to perform after reaching maturity.

THE PRAYER

MY ANSWERED prayer came up to me,
And in the silence thus spake he:
"Oh, you who prayed for me to come,
"Your greeting is but cold and dumb."

My heart made answer "You are fair,
"But I have prayed too long to care.
"Why came you not when all was new,
"And I had died for joy of you?"

SARA TEASDALE.

THE PEOPLE OF THE TOTEM-POLES: THEIR ART AND LEGENDS: BY NATALIE CURTIS

The writer acknowledges much indebtedness to the works of Dr. Franz Boas, Dr. John R. Swanton, Dr. G. T. Emmons and other authorities. The legends given are from the collection of Dr. Boas, "Indianische Sagen von der Nord-Pacifischen Küste Amerikas."

LONG the Northwest coast, from Puget Sound to where the continent ends in Alaska, live a people little known to most Americans,—a people who, though only fishers and hunters, have developed a peculiar type of art and culture. These are the Indian tribes known as the Tlingit, Haida, Tsimshian, Bella Coola, Kwakiutl, Nootka and Salish.

European influence everywhere is pressing upon the native life, and the Indian is dying out or assimilating the customs of the white man. The American sculptor, painter or poet who gives enduring form to the memory of this passing people carries into the field of art the noble work of our museums, whose studies and collections form a monumental testimony to the life of aboriginal America. The accompanying reproductions of sculpture by Louis Potter represent the Tlingit Indians of Alaska, whose culture and general characteristics are similar to those of the other Northwest coast tribes.

Though I have not been to Alaska I have seen Indian houses like those of the Tlingits, and I can well imagine the old-time native villages on the Alaskan shores,—the rows of low, broad wooden houses with pointed slanting roofs, the carved totem-poles rising before them, the wooden canoes on runways, ready to be launched in quest of salmon and halibut. The houses are well built, and the totem-poles and the paintings of animals across the house front give to these dwellings an individual and barbaric appearance. In the center of the house burns a fire whose flickering light throws into relief the carvings on the stout posts that support the roof-beams. There are no windows, and the interior decorations are mellowed and blackened by the fire's smoke, which escapes imperfectly through an opening in the roof.

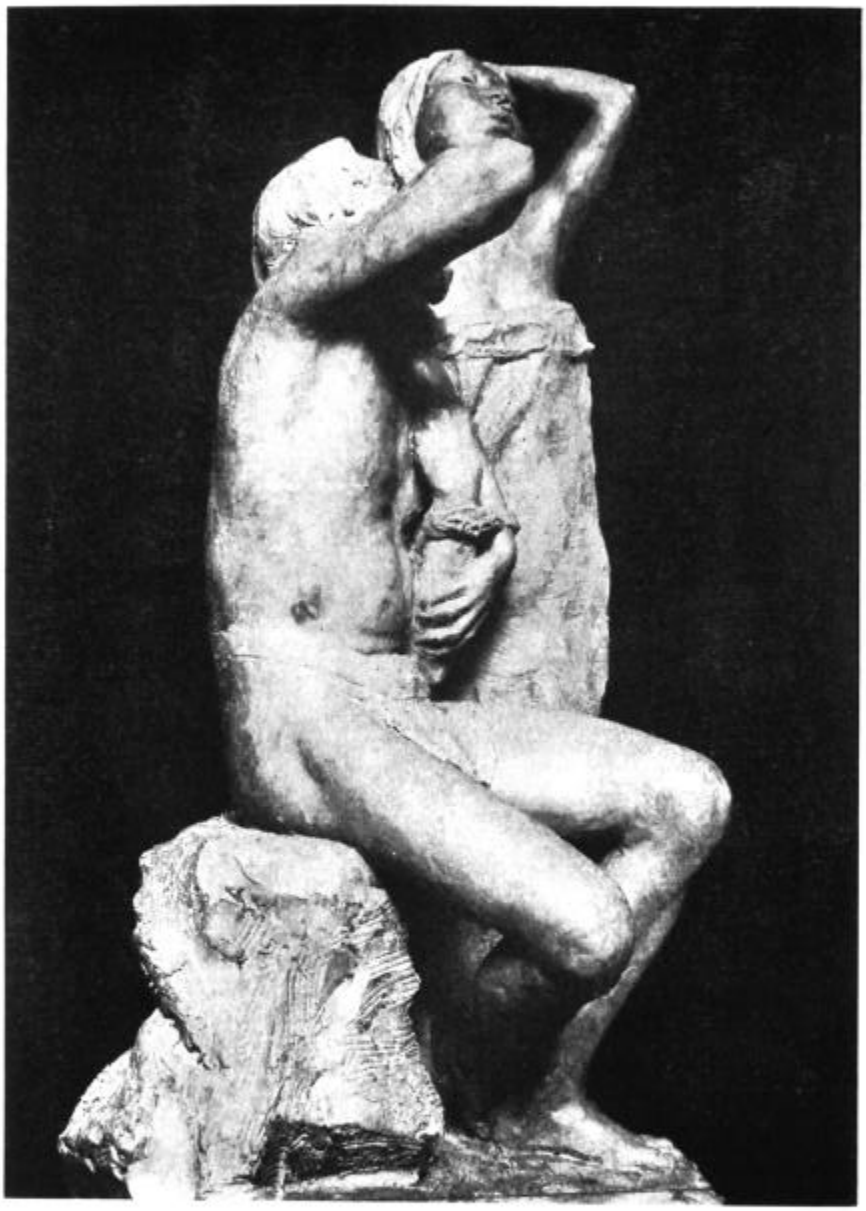
The tribes of the Northwest coast have permanent towns and villages, and each clan may have a right to its own fishing grounds. Also, clans or families may claim their particular berrying patches whither the women go to fill their beautiful baskets of woven spruce and cedar.

Winter is the sacred season when religious ceremonies are performed, and when the young men are initiated into the secret societies. With most Indians it is the time when myths and fables are

A STUDY OF THE TLINGIT INDIAN HUNTER AND HIS DOGS: LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.

THE SHAMAN (MEDICINE-MAN) OF THE TLINGIT INDIANS: LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.

"THE SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT," FROM A LEGEND OF THE TLINGIT INDIANS: LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.



"THE SLAVES": SHOWING THE LOWEST CASTE IN THE TLINGIT LIFE: LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.

recounted around the fires, the time when real winter's tales may be heard. Then might be told the adventures and deeds of a mythological being named the Raven, the culture-hero of the Northwest. Or one might hear how the dead are born again into human form,—a native American doctrine of reincarnation. If the stories relate events in the life of the tribe, a stirring account might be given of some war exploit when the warriors went forth in their painted canoes to avenge some wrong and came back chanting songs of victory, with scalps swinging from the sides of the canoes. Or a great feast or *potlatch* might be described,—a feast given by a rich man at the erection of a carved grave-post, to hold the bones of his dead. These *potlatches* are a distinctive feature of the life of the Northwest coast, when the giver of the feast sometimes distributes his entire property among his guests. The host is safe in his generosity, for he knows that at future *potlatches* held by the guests, he or his descendants will receive the equivalent for all that he has given. Proud was the man of whom it was said, "He is open-handed as the waters that flow with salmon."

HISTORY teaches us that natural environment determines to a great extent the industries, manner of life and culture of a people. So we see the Northwestern Indians fishing from their carved canoes and building their houses of the cedar which abounds along the coast. Dr. Franz Boas, who has made such exhaustive and valuable studies among the Indians, tells us of the important place that the red and yellow cedar occupy in the industries of these tribes—how planks are made from the wood of the red cedar; matting, baskets and even parts of clothing from the bark; ropes from twisted bark and from the twigs; even blankets are woven from the shredded inner bark of the yellow cedar. According to Dr. Boas, "the salmon and cedar are the foundation of Northwest coast culture."

As with all Indians, so too with the Tlingits, the medicine-man or *Shaman* is an important figure in the life of the people. His duties are religious as well as physical, and he wields a far-reaching influence over the thoughts and activities of the tribe. The *Shaman* is gifted with supernatural powers, with what we would call clairvoyance and the ability to foretell the future. Invisible spirits help and counsel him, and the Fair-Maiden-Spirits of the glaciers come to the medicine-man of the Tlingits. Among these Indians there is a strong belief in witchcraft, and the *Shaman* it is who detects the hidden evil from which the bewitched man suffers, and calling it forth, thus heals his patient. It is certain that the Indians' implicit

belief in the *Shaman* is a large factor in the cure of disease. I believe it to be equally certain that the Indian *Shamans* have developed some powers of concentration and of insight not altogether unworthy of a primitive people's confidence.

In any study of the Northwest coast tribes it is the curious art of the people, shown in innumerable carvings and paintings, that first strikes the European. This art is a vigorous, and one might say in view of its abundance, an overflowing form of racial self-expression. The sociology and mythology, the life and beliefs of the people are embodied in emblematic decorations on houses, canoes, garments, dishes, cradles and graves. To our surprise we find that art has here an heraldic purpose, for many of the carvings or paintings represent totems or crests, with which an individual decorates his possessions. The carved figures on the totem-poles before the houses form a series of crests, and the totem-pole itself can perhaps be best explained as the emblematic family-tree of the house owner. A glance at the art of the Northwest coast shows us that rank plays an important part in the social organization of these Indians. The tribes are divided into four classes,—chiefs, nobles, commons and slaves, the latter being purchased slaves, or captives, taken in war. The dignity of the chief is such that he may not himself address those of low rank, but gives his words to a slave who makes known his wishes. Among the endless number of stories about the Raven is an amusing fable that tells how the slave purposely says just the opposite of what the Raven, his master, commands. "Say that I wish to eat fish," declares the Raven, in answer to an invitation from a village chief. "The great Chief wishes no food," announces the slave. And since the Raven may not break his silence to his inferiors, the slave devours the feast prepared for his master!

As has been said, totemic crests are often connected with the mythology of the tribe, and frequently depict some being,—animal or spirit,—whom the crest owner claims as ancestor or protector. The crests consist mostly of animal figures which are variously represented and are usually so highly conventionalized that the uninitiated white man can hardly tell what animal is meant; yet for each creature there are distinct symbols.

MR. BOAS tells us that without a knowledge of the social organization and mythology of the tribes, the art of the people cannot be understood. This is certainly true; yet the white man must pause in wonder before the wealth of fantastic imagination displayed in the strange animal forms on totem-pole or

grave-post,—gigantic grotesques which suggest to the European mind the gargoyles of Mediæval Europe. With the exception of some beautiful basketry, it must be admitted, however, that this Northern art has not the grace and beauty of Indian art further south. The beadwork and quill embroidery of the Plains, the basketry, pottery and weaving of the Southwest show more poetic and attractive designs and figures. Yet though the Northwestern art may not charm us, we must admire its strange, savage power, its originality and its highly developed execution.

Everywhere among these tribes we see the raven carved or painted. To us it is only a bird; to the Indian it is the emblem of his mythological hero. It must always be remembered that the animal of Indian mythology is a supernatural being, not an animal according to our conceptions. It was the Raven who won the Daylight, the Sun and the Moon from a mighty chief who kept them hidden in a chest that hung from the beams of his house. Then the Raven flew to the people who were fishing in the darkness, and cried, "Take pity on me; and give me of your fish! In return I will give you the Daylight." But the people only laughed at him and mocked him. They would not believe him till at last he lifted his wing a little and let the moon peep out. Then the people believed and gave him some herring, which was then without bones. The Raven was angry because the people had not believed him and so he filled the fish with pine needles. Since that time the herring is full of bones. Then the Raven placed the Sun and the Daylight in the heavens; he cut the moon in two halves, and set one half in the sky to wax and wane, and made stars from the other half. The story concludes rather humorously, "Now that it was daylight and the people could see one another, they ran away from each other and became fish, bears, wolves and birds. Thus all animals came to be."

To understand Indian mythology we must put ourselves in the Indian's place,—for the elements, the animals and the natural world are so close to the Indian that all are endowed with personality. An underlying spiritual principle which manifests itself throughout nature is recognized in all things. To the Indian's imagination rocks are sometimes people turned to stone; animals are human beings with animal characteristics added, the sea and the wind have spirits, to be addressed and propitiated, and the spirit of the storm is a fabulous flying creature called the Thunder-Bird. Whoever has been with Indians and heard them tell of the Thunder-Bird must always thereafter see in the storm cloud a winged and awful presence, hovering, ready to sweep downward. Terrible is the sound of

the Thunder-Bird's wings as they beat the air, and terrible the flashing of his eyes. When the northern lights flame blood-red in the sky, the Tlingit sees the spirits of dead warriors making ready for battle, and when a shooting star falls, it is an ember from the hearth-fires of the dead who have their towns and villages in the stars.

And now let us hear how the Tlingits came to be. The Raven wanted to make men, so he made human forms of stone and blew upon them. The stones became alive but quickly died. Then he made forms of earth and blew upon them, and these became alive and died. Next he cut men from wood and blew upon them, but these, too, quickly died. At last the Raven made human forms of grass and blew upon them, and these lived on and became the ancestors of the human race. "And so," the story ends, "men live and die like grass."

ON MY mantel stand two pieces of curious wood carving which I value not only for their association with a primitive people, but also for their silent testimony to the artistic skill of the North American Indians. The carvings are miniature totem-poles exactly like the great ones which lift their sculptured figures high above the Indian houses of the Northwest coast. As on the originals, so, too, upon these tiny poles are carved heraldic animal symbols. I speak of the personal association with the Indians represented to me by these little totem-poles. The carvings were made before my eyes. I saw the Indian take a piece of cedar, cut and shape it; and then beneath his knife I watched the symbols grow. One by one the animals emerged from the wood. Here was the beaver, above it a human form, then followed a frog, and at the top of the pole a killer-whale with tail in the air. While the Indian whittled and smoothed the wood and dug deep grooves that made the grotesque shapes stand clear and sharp, he patiently sang for me a wild and barbarically beautiful song, whose harsh unusual intervals and stranger rhythms I tried to embody in musical notation. Over and over again the carver sang while another Indian beat a rhythmic accompaniment upon a wooden box-drum. Bar by bar I followed with my pencil, interrupting to have a phrase repeated, trying myself to sing what I had written. Now and then the Indian broke off to offer explanations of his song.

"This is the song of the fraternity to which I belong," he said. "Every fraternity has its songs. Every bird, animal, man has songs. *There is a song for everything.*"

This statement was naïve, but I knew that among Indians generally, songs and chants embody much of the unwritten literature

of the race. I knew also that certain songs are individual or family property, or the property of fraternities and secret societies, to be transmitted like a legacy to the next generation or those newly initiated into the society. As I worked over my note-book I fell to musing on the important place of song in the life of the Indian. The words, "*There is a song for everything,*" awakened many a thought. Why must this song-impulse, this gift of instinctive melody and rhythm be lost in the process of civilization?

Dr. John R. Swanton in his study of the Tlingits quotes an Indian as saying that when a man's near relative dies and he is filled with grief, a song makes itself up inside of him.

I watched the deft fingers plying the knife. Anyone familiar with the painting and carving of this people knows how sure is the touch, how perfect the intricate lines and curves in the art of the Northwest coast. I thought of my own difficulties in learning the complicated rhythm of the song which to the native American was so easy, and I knew that the piece of wood, which in the Indian's fingers was becoming eloquent of the myths of his people, in my hands would have been forever dumb. And the thought that was always in my mind in my studies among Indians came keenly to the fore,—"Why not, in civilizing these crude and natural artists, wood-carvers and singers,—why not train a few of them to occupations, crafts and industries in which use could be made of the native gifts?"

The Indian industrial schools at Hampton, Virginia and Carlisle, Pennsylvania, have wisely adopted work along these lines. Other Government Indian schools are following. Yet it is not too much to say that the development of native industries should form a larger and more serious part of the curriculum of all Indian schools in the United States and Canada. For only by infusing into the new life of practical progress some of the old Indian ideals can we hope to brighten for the man of yesterday his outlook for the morrow.

HAIDA SILVER BRACELET OF HAWK DESIGN.

AND THESE, TOO, ARE MOTHERS: A STORY: BY MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS

HE dressed herself almost painfully, bending close to her cheap mirror to bow her tired lips with red, and shadow her tired eyes with black; she poised the enormous cheap straw hat with its vertiginous flower garden, at a hard, sharp angle on her crimped hair; she drew over it a wide veil, torn in spots, with its great black dots that drooped and swayed in front of her eyes. Then she turned to the child, who, curled on the narrow bed, was nearly asleep, shook it gently, and said:

"*Allons, ma petite*, it is time."

The child protested whiningly. It looked tired, too, and very light and frail. It was dressed in a soiled white muslin, with a floppy hat, and tarnished blue streamers tied under its pointed chin. Once up, however, it went docilely enough, and followed the woman out on the streets. The sky was deep blue that night and there were many stars. They looked like a silent flock of glittering birds—those stars—sailing on with outstretched wings, in a vast migrating army to a land beyond the city. Paris shone with the unhealthy pallor of street lights; the night world rustled warmly up and down the narrow hilly pavements of Montmartre. Thin strains of music drifted out from the dance halls and restaurants. Tall, imposing men in dark livery stood at the magic entrances of these restaurants, scanning impertinently the faces which passed or paused before the doors—shrugging their shoulders and smiling knowingly, as the little women streamed and poured by them to the gay cafés inside. There were sightseers, too. These last glided around in motors, with much conscious craning of necks, and laughter at imagined life.

The woman and the child stopped at the entrance of one of the cheapest of the restaurants. The man at the door bent and tweaked the child's attenuated chin.

"How goes it, the little one?" he inquired in his hoarse good-natured voice.

"Not badly," answered the woman. She always came to this restaurant. She could not go to the smarter ones—she had not the clothes, and the child would perhaps not be allowed in. Here they knew her—they had known her mother before her. She managed at least to get coffee for herself and milk for the child every night.

Tonight it was crowded. The bar, with its high stools at the entrance of the garish room, was swarming with women, all dressed in shabby ostentatious imitation of their betters—the same style of hats, the same ruffles of lace at the neck—but with the difference of

cheapness. They greeted the woman and her child kindly, and the woman smiled eagerly back at them, answering their crude questions with unmincing frankness, warmed and at her ease in their presence. She looked at some of them with envy. They were better appearing than she and much younger. Still she was not conscious of her fading potentialities, although a glance in the big white mirror over the mercilessly lighted bar, showed her a face without the charm of youth and a figure grown stout and bourgeois. But the perfume and paint and drinks and music seemed to blend in a warm friendly river from which she drank gratefully, leaning far over the brink to do so. She felt the occasional tug of pointed little fingers at her skirts, but it did not occur to her that it was wrong to bring the child with her. There was indeed no alternative.

The child was perched on a high stool now, playing contentedly with a paper fan, and drinking its milk. Beyond at the tables sat men and women. They seemed restless—there was a great deal of moving about and changing places—like an enormous box of water colors being shuffled around and toppled in different positions to daub a caricaturist's palette. The strong lights chemically sucked much of this color out. They seemed to gain their strength by preying on the wine and people. There was dancing going on between the tables—couples swung in small steps, sawing their bodies up and down to the rhythm of the red-coated music. The woman could not dance. It made her bones creak and ache, but she liked to watch the others.

As she stood near the bar, a Lady entered with two men. This Lady was clearly of another class, but her presence there was not so extraordinary, as many ladies came to see this restaurant. This particular lady, however, differed vaguely from the others. She did not look contemptuous or disgusted with what she saw. She was quietly dressed in a short gray tailor suit, with a snugly fitting hat and a plain undotted veil. She had a delicate white face and thoughtful dark eyes which glanced clearly around the room, touching its glare, with a momentary shadow. The two men seemed rather self-conscious. They avoided the eyes of the women near the bar. There was a slight wait at the door while a table was being found for them. Meanwhile the Lady in Gray had caught sight of the child. A sharp little gasp of shocked amazement escaped from her lips. Before her companions realized what she was going to do, she had moved swiftly forward and was bending over it. The mother watching first with curiosity, then with surprise, followed this stranger almost defiantly and placed herself directly behind her child. Several women clustered in a silent observing group near by.

"What is this child doing here?" asked the Lady in Gray. She spoke French with a slight accent.

"It is my child, madame," answered the woman.

The Lady in Gray looked up with an expression which changed as she saw the mother. Then she asked very gently:

"Why is she here, madame?"

"Because I am here," answered the mother simply.

She was not accustomed to speaking to ladies. The Lady in Gray hesitated a moment, whispered to one of the men at her side and then spoke in a still more gentle voice:

"Won't you and your child come and sit with us a while at our table?"

The woman stared incredulously. Such a thing had never happened to her before. She felt suddenly very pleased and excited. It was an event. She looked around to see if her friends had heard the invitation. Yes, they had—they were whispering together.

"Willingly, madame," she answered. The child slid down from its stool at a word from its mother, and they followed the Lady in Gray and the gentlemen over to a table in a corner. The child was not afraid or embarrassed, but the woman became awkward and conscious. They sat down. The Lady in Gray and the gentlemen treated her as if she were of themselves. They asked her politely what she would have to drink. She began to feel that she was in that vague society of which she had read indifferently in the papers. She sat up straighter and smiled small stiff smiles; she held her hands in her lap and every once in a while she leaned over and twitched at the bow on the child's hat. She talked carefully, choosing the proper words. A great pride was surging through her poor worn body—the pride of being treated as an equal by her superiors. They were talking to her about many things—but the conversation always drifted back to the child. How old was it? Had it ever been to school? Wasn't its mother proud of it? This was a new idea. She had never consciously separated the child from herself. They were a totality—a habit which had not stopped to analyze itself. No—now that she was called upon to express it—the child had not been to school, she had not even been especially proud of it. It was an existent fact, just as everything else she could see and touch or which was obliged to be in her life, was an existent fact. She had not tangled herself in realizations or questions.

"But your child," the Lady in Gray was saying. "Does she not get very tired being up so late at night?"

"*Non*," answered the woman with a shrug in her voice, "she does not seem to. She sleeps in the day, *voila tout!*"

The Lady in Gray shuddered a little. "Then your baby never sees the sun," she remarked sadly.

But the mother looked at her uncomprehendingly. "We others, madame," she said, "we do what we can. Our children must live as we do—or without that we cannot keep them."

"And your friends?" asked the Lady in Gray, with a delicate wave of her hand. "Have they all children too?"

"Most of them, madame."

"But I do not see them."

"*Mon Dieu*, madame; they have fortune. Some of them can find care for their children while they go out—some leave their children the night alone. I have no one, and my child cannot stay alone."

She was enjoying herself now in almost an intoxication of self-respect. She bent forward slightly as she spoke, addressing the child in between times, "*Tiens toi droite*, Nini."

The child drank its milk noisily, and watched the dancing with expressionless eyes.

"*Tiens*," continued the woman, "if it could interest you, there are some ladies who have also children." She used the word lady slowly, with savor. It sounded well. She beckoned to three of her friends who had been staring at her from a distance. They sidled over eagerly—pressing one against the other. They were younger and better looking than she and their eyes slid smilingly to the men at the table.

"*Dis donc*, Rosa, how goes the little Jean?" asked the woman importantly.

"He goes well," answered Rosa, in quick response. Her face lighted up until it looked prettier than ever.

"You all have children?" asked the Lady in Gray.

"But yes, madame," they answered, staring at her.

"Sit down," she said impulsively, "and tell me about them."

"Madame has perhaps one of her own?" hazarded the woman. The Lady in Gray shook her head sadly. "No," she said, and her eyes sought the eyes of one of the men—but the woman did not notice that. The men were making the best of the strange party and had ordered a bottle of champagne. Then they withdrew from the conversation and let the Lady in Gray talk as she would. She acted the gracious hostess in her own house. The women had never known anything like it. Little by little she drew them out. Soon they were all talking volubly about their children. Their manner had changed—they seemed absorbed—vying with one another in their descriptions of the little ones who belonged to them. The

mother whose child was beside her sat quietly listening—she had never heard her friends talk so. She almost felt ashamed. Yet unconsciously she kept fussing with her own child, touching it here and there, admonishing it, looking at it.

The life of the night flowed on unheeding past the little table. The music played, women danced together, men leered and reeled to and fro, the entrance door banged shut and open, as the painted world streamed in and out of it. The women still talked of their children. Jean was an intelligent boy; he should go to school soon. Marie appeared weakly—she cried a great deal, and did not eat much. Therese was a little devil—that child would make a dead man laugh with her cunning tricks. The absent children seemed to be standing each at its mother's side, their small faces peering wonderingly or knowingly at the lights and wine. The simple words of their mothers brought their presences around the table. The child who was there seemed to spread and multiply and become an attentive group of children, the quick prattle of their little tongues slipping through the noise of clinking glasses—the patter of their little feet drowning the sliding scrape of the dancers. They appealed, they challenged, they lived.

At last the Lady in Gray rose to leave. It was late. As she stood up, the shades of the children seemed to scatter and disappear. There remained only the crude noise of the restaurant, and the bright blotches of the women's dresses. The child, who was there, had fallen asleep. The Lady in Gray was whispering again to one of the men. He hesitated visibly, at an apparent request. But her eyes were not eyes to be refused. Finally he nodded and shrugged his shoulders. Then she turned impulsively to the four women.

"Do you know what would give me great pleasure?" she said. "You will forgive me perhaps if it seems a little unusual, since I have not known you for long, but I want you to bring your children to tea with me in my apartment, One Hundred and Fourteen Avenue des Champs Élysées, tomorrow at five. Promise me that you will come. I—I should like to know them."

The women drew back instinctively. They did not know how to answer such an unheard of invitation. One of them glanced slyly toward the men, but these last were gazing impassively off into the room.

"After the little talk we have had, I feel I must see them," continued the Lady in Gray. "You will come, won't you?" She turned almost wistfully to the first woman.

"We will come, madame," answered the latter with sudden warmth. And as an afterthought, she added, "thank you, madame."

The others assented a trifle awkwardly. Then the Lady in Gray moved quietly away, with the two men on either side of her. The women left standing at the table looked at one another but exchanged no comment. It was almost as if they were afraid to admit that what had just happened was bizarre. Finally the mother gathered her child up in her arms. "I'm going home. Good night," she said. When she had left, the three others stood uneasily for a time. Suddenly one of the women spoke: "If we all went—"

THE Lady in Gray sat waiting. She seemed a little impatient. Every once in a while she would glance quickly toward the door. Beside her stood a tea-table heavily laden with cakes and candy in small silver dishes. The hot water purred in its kettle—there were flowers in bowls around the room. Suddenly the door bell tinkled and the Lady in Gray half rose from her chair. Then the white door of the salon opened and four women and four children came through it awkwardly, hesitating, ill at ease—the children all about the same age, hanging back, apparently miserable in their best clothes. They were overdressed. One little girl wore a creased, shiny pink satin, cut down at the throat, and a row of hollow, thin imitation pearls. Her hat was a huge affair with magenta roses. The one little boy had evidently fought at being dressed up—a button had been wrenched from his coat, and his red tie was twisted. The child who had been at the restaurant the night before, was still in the same costume and hat. It seemed possible that she had not taken them off between times. The last child trailed far behind. She was more simply dressed in green muslin and white ribbons.

The Lady in Gray came forward swiftly and cordially. The women held themselves consciously. In a dumb sort of way they felt this different background, in which their small shifts and contrivances for a good appearance stood out pitilessly exposed. The room seemed to retire delicately in a soft pastel haze, leaving them alone, harshly displayed, vividly artificial. But this feeling passed quickly as the Lady in Gray bent over their respective children and kissed them. The children stared at her silently. The child whom she already knew did not recognize her. Then they all sat down. The children's eyes became glued to the plates of cakes—and they moved restlessly in their chairs. No one seemed to know quite how to begin. However, gradually under the influence of the Lady in Gray, they all felt more at ease. The mothers began to talk again of their children. The cakes and tea were passed. The Lady in Gray herself helped the children to the cakes and the five women sat

watching as if fascinated the little ones' gluttonous attack upon the sweets. When everything was finished to the last flaky crumb, the Lady in Gray sighed as if quite happy over their unmannerly hunger.

"It is good to see the young find so much pleasure for so little," she said.

The four mothers agreed. They felt content, too, just as if they had done something of which to be proud. The children, gorged with cakes, retired heavily to a corner, where they sat, playing among themselves. Then the women talked more freely. Gradually the miserable stories of their lives found expression in the excitement of conversationally being treated as an equal by this lady. Her gentle interest loosened their already emboldened tongues. They exposed their sordid tragedies almost with pride at having stories to tell. Also they showed a pitiful knowledge of human nature, good and bad. The Lady in Gray was the magnet for all their observations, unconsciously philosophical or bitter—they did not once address each other. At intervals, the children in their corner, by a shuffle or a restless flopping of their little bodies centered the attention in their direction. The Lady in Gray seemed relieved when such interruptions occurred. Although no one realized it, she managed to keep the children in the foreground. It was as if she constantly reminded the women that they were mothers, until they plumed themselves like birds over their young. But the women were growing very much at ease in the soft room. The telling of their stories seemed to have simplified the atmosphere and rendered it more breathable for them. Finally the Lady in Gray rang the bell near her chair and four dainty packages were brought in on a tray by a white-aproned maid. Then the Lady in Gray called the children over to her and gave each one a package.

"A little remembrance of me," she said. The children opened them delightedly. There lay four shiny medallions of the Virgin Mary and four thin silver chains to hang them on. The Lady in Gray fastened them in place around the eager stretched little necks. The child who wore the imitation pearls was especially noisy in her pleasure. She liked bright glittering things. It was evidently time to go, but the women did not quite know how to take their leave. They began to look at each other meaningly—but no one seemed to wish to be the first to go. At last the Lady in Gray rose.

"I want to show you something," she said, walking swiftly over to a small desk from which she took a picture in a silver frame. It was the picture of a child sitting in a big chair, holding a doll. The women gathered close around her peering over her shoulder.

"My child," said the Lady in Gray softly. "She died when she was eleven years old."

One of the women sniffled—they all felt very, very sorry and they could easily have cried at that moment.

"I envy you—you see," went on the Lady in Gray with her quiet voice. "I lost my baby because, I suppose, I did not deserve such happiness."

The women about her did not look at one another—they looked away. Their children were playing noisily in their corner. The little boy was fighting with the three little girls. But the mothers did not interfere.

"Yes," continued the Lady in Gray in a far-away voice. "I did not deserve such happiness."

Then she appeared to forget that there was anyone in the room with her, for she stared off into space and her eyes were wide and dark and clear. So the women instinctively said good-bye somehow and walked out of the door followed by their children. It was growing dark. The streets were flaming gradually with the night fever—carriages rolled by in the shadows of the chestnut trees—the moon white and sad trailed its path over the Arc de Triomphe. The women and children stood in a little knot on the wide avenue. Then they started moving slowly down toward the boulevards. The faces of the women were strangely quiet, but the same expression was on all of them—a timid thin softness shone through their paint. The cheap lace over their hearts stirred as they breathed—they held their heads higher and they did not stare at the passing men.

The shadows from the trees of the lower Champs Élysées fell upon them and painted out the tawdry colors of their costumes. They became merely a group of silhouettes detached against the dark spring green of the chestnut leaves. At last the woman who had brought it all about, spoke as if to herself:

"If one could merit it!" she said.

The others looked at her, startled. One of them answered in a purposely loud, harsh voice:

"But what takes us all?"

The first woman spoke again:

"Let it be," she said. "The lady who envied us, she had reason. If we could merit it."

One of the children came running back. It was the boy.

"*Mere! Mere!*" he cried. "Therese did lose her medallion."

His mother caught him in her arms.

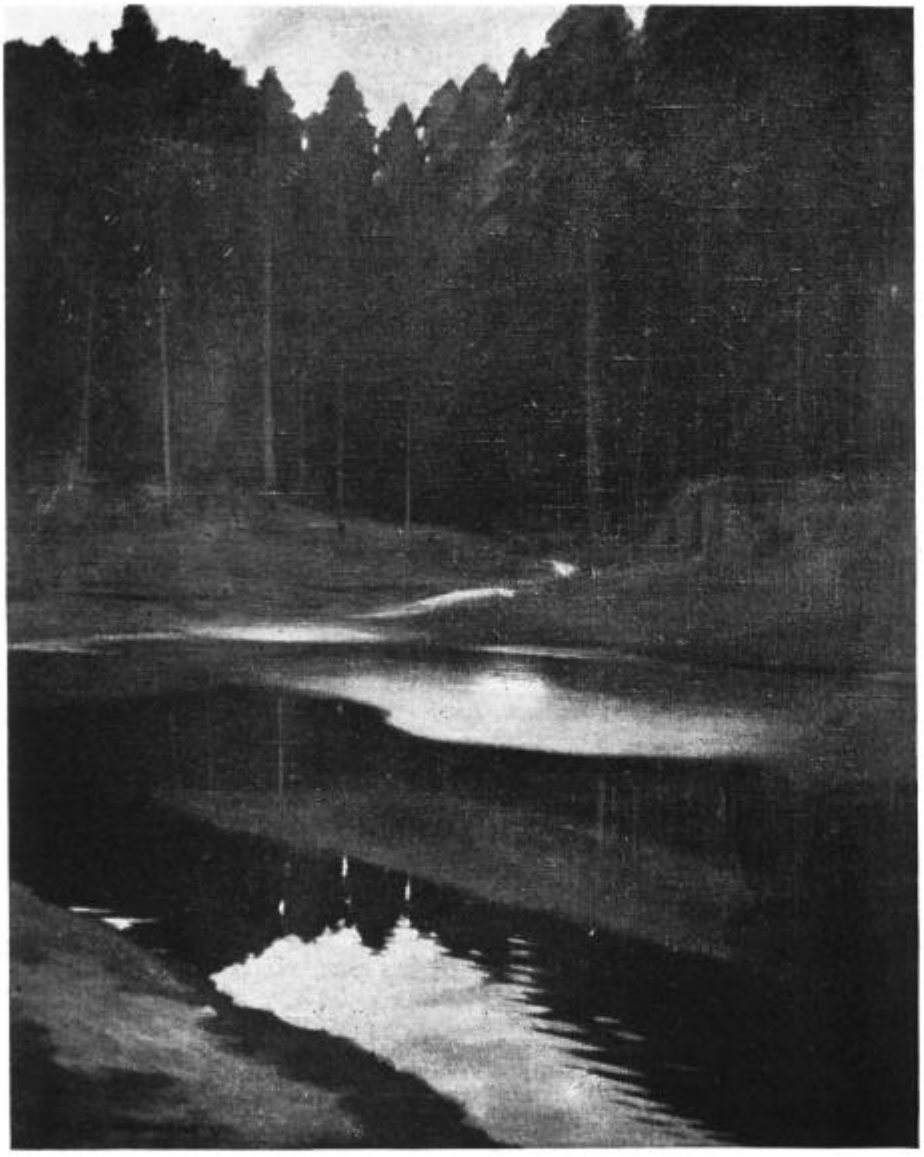
"Why should we not merit them?" she said passionately—"We, too, have suffered for them."

CALIFORNIA LANDSCAPES IN WHICH THE VIGOR AND WILD BEAUTY OF THE GOLDEN STATE ARE MANIFEST: BY HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

N WHATEVER city or country a Californian may pursue the business of living, at heart he always belongs to his State in a way that is true of few other people from other parts of the United States. This is the reasonable outgrowth of the natural and political situation of California. The area of uninhabited country that, for so long, lay between this State and the well-settled East gave to it the isolation and independence of an individual civilization, and the golden luxuriance of the land, contrasting with the diminished fertility of the East and the deserts and uncultivated plains of the Middle West, went further to set it apart, and make it a sort of region of the blessed. The vitality and vigor that marks the climate and vegetation of the country is in the blood of the native Californian, and he feels himself a human manifestation of its natural forces; wherever he is, there also is California in his person. Not only the native, but men and women coming from other sections of the country fall swiftly under the spell and become as fiercely devoted as if they had known no other home.

But in spite of this attitude of deep and passionate love, almost adoration, that the Californian feels for his birthplace, he has also an uneasy consciousness that it is after all provincial. There is at the bottom nothing contradictory in this. In spite of its immense distances, California is like a little town where everybody knows everybody else, and, realizing this perhaps more keenly than anyone else, the Californian artist feels that he must be recognized by an outside public that has no personal interest in him, before his compatriots, however much they may admire him, are sure of their own judgment of him. They want him to make good in Europe or in the East, and have the fact properly hailed in the press of San Francisco and Los Angeles. He himself feels the need of the stimulus of older art centers and of the work of other men, although he knows that what he has to say will always be drawn from the deep sources of life in the community of which he is a part; for California has wonderful resources of artistic nourishment. Here are tradition, poetry, romance, and a landscape that in spite of the immensity of its scale and dazzling vividness of color, is yet paintable.

Added to this are other characteristics which convince the artists of California that it is fitted to become a center and inspiration of American art. The State is new and vigorous with the hot energy



"LAKE MAJELLA": EUGEN NEUHAUS, PAINTER.

"GLACIAL MEADOW": WILLIAM KEITH, PAINTER.

"LIVE OAKS AT TWILIGHT": JOHN M. GAMBLE, PAINTER.

"WILD MUSTARD": JOHN M. GAMBLE, PAINTER.

"THE SHADOW OF THE CANON":
ELMER WACHTEL, PAINTER.

of youth, and yet it has the mellow atmosphere of the past. Close by a modern building freshly painted and practical, there may be a crumbling adobe house with mossy tiles,—a memory of the time "before the Gringos came." Perhaps it hides a leather trunk with hand-wrought brass nails full of dresses of the stately ladies who, clad in billowy ruffles of lace and gay silks, rode horseback on pillions behind their lords. Their great-great-granddaughters are probably riding astride over the same country, wearing boys' caps and divided skirts. Yet here and there in the flash of a black eye or the turn of a delicate profile we see traces of a warmer, intenser strain than that of the matter-of-fact Northerner. The Spanish influence lingers in the melodious names of places and in the hot, peppery dishes served on Californian tables. Stories of love and fighting and of religious devotion cluster around the old Missions. The later history of the State in the time of gold mining and Vigilantes is even more stirring, and as picturesque. The Indian is close at hand with his interesting customs; the nearness to the Orient adds still another element to the cosmopolitan character of the cities, and carved teakwood, ivory and rich-hued embroideries train the eye in the perception of beauty. In some of the landscapes, especially those inspired by the cypress-circled blue waters of Monterey Bay, one is conscious of Japanese influence in the composition. A thousand miles of seacoast stretch from the gray breakers of the north to the sparkling blue of San Diego or Catalina, and the landscape holds both the rich fertility of the tropics and the bleak, snow-covered mountains of the polar regions.

All these elements have contributed to the creative power of the Californian artists, and the most casual glance at a list of men and women who have distinguished themselves in the arts will show a fair proportion of names from the State of the Golden Gate.

IT IS characteristic that most of the Californian artists have painted landscapes, and that most of them prefer to seek Nature in her wilder haunts where man has not yet left any mark of his presence. It is scarcely accurate to say that these landscape painters constitute a distinct Western school, since the only group that might be designated by such a name is Californian geographically and not intrinsically. Arthur Mathews, at one time instructor in the Art Institute in San Francisco, may be called the head of this group, as he more than any of the others has influenced the younger artists. Among his disciples are Xavier Martinez, who is of Aztec lineage, Gottardo Piazzoni, a San Franciscan of Italian extraction, and Maurice Del Mue, who came from France not many years ago. All show the influence of their European training. They use a palette held in a very low key,

borrowing something from the brown tones of the Californian summers and from the simple masses of the trees, but avoiding the more gorgeous aspects of Nature. Their work has often a delicate, poetic beauty, but it would have been as exquisite in any other clime.

On the other hand, the men who have produced work essentially Californian stand isolated and cannot be classified in any one group. Those who have chosen to work in California, to interpret her beauty to the world, need some of the qualities of real greatness. They must know how to stand alone and must have faith in themselves and in their neighbors. Without pretending to exhaust the subject, a few may be mentioned who have caught and mirrored various phases of that prodigal, many-sided Nature. They have been chosen not for similarity, but for difference.

William Keith has gone up into the heart of the Sierras, where the dark, cold streams gush eternally from the edges of the glaciers. He seems to have caught there some of the spirit of everlasting youth for himself and his work. He has put on his canvas the play of light over snow-covered peaks almost as ephemeral as the clouds above them, the gray hills tufted with moss, the deep black forests, and at their feet the fine, pale grass springing among boulders, all blending to form what seems a world in itself. The distances suggest the illimitable.

Keith is a believer in the theory that art is nature passing through the artist's imagination. "Paint cannot compete with the sunlight of the Almighty," he would say, "and the only way in which the painter can come near to the eternal creative force is through his own spirit." He interprets, but does not describe nature.

Elmer Wachtel is the painter of southern California. On the border of the desert there is a land that has appealed to few. It seems to be nature created for its own ends and not for the uses of men. Wachtel has discovered vast strange beauty in this wild, weird, melancholy country. Sad it must always be, tragic even in its grim loneliness and hopelessness; yet it has majesty and a stupendous strength. The hills stretch out endlessly. For thousands of years they have gathered the gray vegetation that makes them hoary. Sometimes they roll to the edge of the ocean which borrows from them its leaden hue. To paint them under a bright blue sky would be like letting the sunlight in on a dead face. They need the kindly pall of gray clouds, with sometimes a ray of light hovering over the edge of the canyons. For uncounted ages the elemental forces have been at rest here. There is no touch of human life. There is not even the murmur of fresh water or the soughing of the wind in trees.

LIKE Wachtel, in that he has found a phase of nature suited to his temperament, is John M. Gamble. In every other way the personalities of the two men are as different as the landscapes that appeal to them. The flowering meadows in the central valleys of California have caught Gamble's fancy. He paints the deep-orange poppies flaming over the hillside or running into lakes of cadmium surrounded by luscious green grass and everywhere the delicate shimmer of the buttercups. Sometimes he adds a touch of blue with the lupines massed in the clefts. Recently he has begun to paint similar subjects under the mists of late afternoon or in the hazy glow of sunset or even under the white light of the moon. His work has gained much in atmosphere and depth without losing its pungent freshness.

In his latest work Gamble has given us more elaborate compositions in the trees and mountains and beach of Santa Barbara, where he lives. His treatment of the background is original and modern. He sweeps away the underbrush and shows us a clear space with a curve of the beach enclosing a bit of the bay, where most of the painters of the oak and eucalyptus trees, following Keith's example, have striven for mysterious and poetic depths.

Eugen Neuhaus is a young German artist who sees California with the keen eyes of the newcomer. He has painted a variety of subjects, but in general it is the bright, sunny aspects of nature that appeal to him. He brings to his work a virile art and a spirit bubbling with enthusiasm. There is spontaneity in everything he does. His "Lake Majella" is somber without being dreary. He has avoided the wild, eerie feeling of a solitary mountain lake and thereby perhaps lost something of its deepest significance. Yet there is much charm in the bit of water, like a cheerful eye of the earth opening to catch the light of heaven, the tall black pines closing around it, guardians of its peace.

In summing up the work of the California landscape painters, one feels that the individuality of each artist is so definite, so vividly expressed, that the possibility of developing a school of painting among them is most remote. They are all painting California with love and devotion, that is clear, and also that they are all American artists and radiantly Western; and yet, the work of no one suggests the achievement of the other beyond the temporary influence occasionally felt of the older men as instructors. As one recalls this art collectively and individually, it seems more typical of a single bit of country than the art of any one other State, and yet more diversified than the temperament of the Coast people themselves.

LONDON MUNICIPAL ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOOLS, WHERE THE UNSKILLED LABORER IS TRAINED TO BECOME A CRAFTSMAN TO SUPPLEMENT HIS WORK IN THE SHOPS: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER

E WERE somewhat critical in America concerning some of the work projected recently by the London County Council and similar bodies in other English municipalities. It may be that errors of judgment occasionally have been made in these municipal ventures; but on investigation one feels that on the whole the substantial benefits outweigh the mistakes and, what is more to the purpose, indicate an intelligent and conscientious effort on the part of those who hold office to spend the people's money for the welfare of the people. The illustration which I have in mind at the moment is the establishment of municipal schools and museums of art in the large cities and in many of the smaller towns for the purpose of furnishing an art education to the citizens at a nominal expense. It matters not to which corner of the land one turns, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, London,—one invariably finds a municipal school of arts and crafts and a museum of fine and industrial art, both generally strengthened through material aid from the central government and through generous loans from the inexhaustible collections at South Kensington by the circulation department. It may be hoped that in America we shall some day awaken to the fact that England and other European countries are years ahead of us in the development of educational work in connection with their artistic industries.

The English schools, following those already established in Germany, entered upon the arts and crafts phase of their work at periods varying from ten to twenty years ago. The movement for industrial art training was influenced in a large measure by the strenuous crusade carried on by Ruskin, Morris and others against the low artistic standards prevailing at the time and the deplorable conditions that had invaded the skilled crafts through the introduction of machine processes and the subdivision of labor. It was clear that with another generation there would not be in all England a single practical goldsmith, silversmith, or bookbinder,—in fact, a thoroughly competent craftsman in any of the similar skilled industries. And with ample evidence at hand of the noble part which the art craftsmen played in the civilization of centuries past, it seemed worth while to checkmate some of the degrading tendencies of mod-

ern commercialism. The acute specialization of work in the shops for purposes of speed and cheapness of execution, together with the rapid decline of the apprenticeship system, left only a few exceptional opportunities whereby a lad might hope to acquire all the details of a trade. Under these circumstances it was held to be a logical step for the state and municipal governments to enter upon educational work that would provide those engaged in the skilled trades with a chance to learn that which their daily practice in the shops denied them. To this end schools were organized to supplement the shops, to preserve and foster all the best traditions of the artistic crafts; museums were established, or broadened in scope, for the collection and exhibition of the best industrial art work of the past, in order that the highest possible standards might always be at hand for reference. Time is demonstrating the value of these steps, and the work now meets with the approval, often with the active assistance, of the employers, and frequently with the intelligent coöperation of the trades unions. I say frequently because here, as elsewhere, the unions make little effort to supervise the training that a lad may receive; their ideals are all trimmed to the limited dimensions of the pay envelope, and any real interest in educational work is worthy of note.

As an instance of the part these schools are beginning to play in actual production, one might cite Birmingham. A short time ago the term "Brumagen Made" implied all that was cheap and awful in metal work. But with the complete and effective organization of its school of arts and crafts, and with the practical use that has been made of its museum, there are now in Birmingham hundreds of *real* craftsmen capable of designing and executing work of the highest merit.

THE organizations of the schools vary in different cities; but in two points at least they coincide: Each endeavors to meet the problems presented by the artistic crafts carried on in its city; each picks its faculty of teachers from men who have had long experience at the bench and who are looked upon by the trade as authorities in their chosen lines of work. Without such teachers it is doubtful if any degree of confidence can be inspired among men engaged in the trades. Is it singular, or not, that workshop people should mistrust the value of the theory and practice of the "school chap" when applied to their problems?

London now has its own schools of arts and crafts located in different sections of the city, aside from schools of purely technical training, and also contributes through a series of grants to the work

of other schools such as the Northampton Polytechnic and the Sir John Cass Institute, which provide work of a similar nature for the trades. The organization of the schools differs from that in Birmingham, which I outlined in THE CRAFTSMAN for October, nineteen hundred and eight. The schools in London are quite independent of each other, though subject, of course, to certain general rules, and are unrelated to the elementary art training in the public schools. There is even an element of competition among the different schools here. A boy may cross the city to get to his work, preferring for some reason or other the more distant school to that in his immediate neighborhood. It may be that this acts as an incentive to a teacher to give thought and careful attention to his work. If a class drops to an average attendance of six the Council discontinues it; and six applicants for the instruction along some particular line of work are sufficient for starting a class. However, I think one must seek deeper than this for the genuine interest and persistent effort of teachers and pupils alike, and for the commendable technical and artistic standards that prevail.

The Central School of Arts and Crafts started last year in its new building, seven stories in height, with large newly equipped shops and studios, a faculty of over seventy highly trained teachers, and with about nine hundred and fifty pupils for a modest house warmer. This school was first started in temporary quarters in Regent Street in eighteen hundred and ninety-six. To quote from the catalogue: "Admission to the school is, within certain limits, only extended to those actually engaged in handicraft. The school is intended to supplement, rather than supersede, apprenticeship, by affording to students engaged in the typical London art industries opportunities for design and practice in those branches of their craft which, owing to subdivision of processes of production, they are unable to learn in the workshops." In other words, it is distinctly a trade school; there are other schools in sufficient number to cater to the needs of the amateur craftsworker. The most active work of the school is done at night, and the students represent nearly all the important shops of the city. In Germany, by the way, such schools run through six days and nights of the week and Sunday mornings! It would seem as if they attached some importance to this sort of training!

The work of the Central School is roughly divided into the following departments, and in so far as possible each department occupies a floor of the building: Architecture and the building crafts; silversmithing and allied crafts; book trades; cabinet work-

ing; drawing, design and modeling; needlework; stained glass, mosaic and decorative painting.

While the work of the whole school is of exceptional interest, it will serve our purpose to visit two typical floors,—that of the silversmiths and the book trades. By silversmithing must be understood many allied crafts, such as enameling, die sinking, engraving, gem cutting, casting, etc. The heads of this department have had many years of experience at the bench and the teachers divide their time between the shop and school. Nearly all of them came to the school originally as pupils, were in the course of time chosen as assistants, and after demonstrating their fitness in this capacity were selected as teachers. On the background of such an experience they are thoroughly familiar with the needs of the trade, are in touch with the spirit and work of the school, and have given ample proof that they possess that peculiar combination of tact, patience and foresight which counts for effective teaching. Their pedagogy has been acquired from practice rather than from books.

THE pupils in these and the other shops vary considerably as to age. Some are young boys who have just gone to work; others have had several years of shop experience. There are no "courses" of work; each pupil is advised in the selection of problems that seem best suited to his needs. Many start by copying fine originals; and all of them are encouraged to undertake projects requiring long concentration of thought and effort instead of producing things of minor importance for immediate effect.

In the day school, drawing, designing and modeling are compulsory; in the night school, these subjects create opportunities for a nice diplomacy on the part of the teachers. Many pupils say that "there is a man in the shop who does all the drawing and designing." If these subjects were compulsory it is probable that many would not appear the second time. So a few snares are carefully laid and as soon as pupils see the value of such work they take it up with the interest that is essential for proper results. The work in drawing is from models chosen from the craft the pupils are following, with studies from nature, birds and insects particularly, as these have ever played an important part in jewelry and silver work.

The equipment of these shops, and of the school as a whole, offers material for discussion. The shops possess every possible facility that one might wish for hand work; but in the entire school there is no power-driven machinery. At first thought one might feel that such a school could not possibly keep in touch with modern methods of working. But on the other hand it must not always be

assumed that modern methods are necessarily the best. There can be no doubt that the finest traditions of all the artistic crafts are to be found in hand work. And if a person can design a piece of silversmithing, or what not, and execute it through hand processes, thoughtfully, thoroughly, with all the patience and skill that hand work demands, it is quite likely that he will be in position to use machinery or not as he may choose. It does not take an ingenious person long to learn how to operate the machines that do parts of his work in the shops. It is the purpose of the school to supplement, not duplicate, the shops, to furnish opportunities for the acquisition of processes of recognized value which the shops are using less and less, not because other processes are better, but because they are so much cheaper.

Consider for a moment what the training of such a school means to a young man who, perhaps, is tied down to some trivial mechanical process in a shop with the little prospect of learning anything more of his trade. There are many "historic" cases in the schools of boys who were duly apprenticed to an employer and who then found themselves attached to some petty work with slight hope of advancing beyond it. I have in mind a young man who spent one year sweeping shop and running errands, followed by three years soldering nozzles to teapots! A valuable trade indeed in that! But not an unusual case.

On the next floor are the book trades, typography, engraving on wood and metal, printing and presswork, bookbinding. A separate school of photo-engraving and process work is conducted elsewhere in the city. In the bindery each pupil acquires the complete process from beginning to end, and in its many variations. The designing here is eminently practical. The design is stamped on paper with the aid of a carbon sheet, the same tools being used that are employed later to transfer the design to leather. The work here is of particular value, for bookbinding as now carried on commercially is so completely subdivided that "hundreds are binding books, but very few can bind *a* book."

In the department of the book trades it is the purpose to have the pupils coöperate in the production of a fine edition of some volume worthy of the time and effort involved,—compose it, print it, illustrate it, make the decorations and all of the engravings,—and finally bind it, each pupil in the bindery carrying out his own idea of what a finely bound book should be like.

There are well-equipped shops and studios for work in lithography, wood engraving, etching and mezzotint, decorative writing and illuminating.

THERE are many pupils in the bookbinding shop who illustrate the depth to which the time-honored apprenticeship system has fallen in modern practice. Here is a lad who spent two years pasting labels to the backs of photograph frames until relieved of further service by the courts; another was indentured for seven years, which were spent in a process of extreme value to one who might be called upon to support a family,—cutting cardboard! Strange, is it not, that the product of the artistic crafts in modern practice lacks soul stuff? But I wish it were possible to recite many instances of the effective service that is rendered these young men through the work they are doing here. There are boys who have pegged away steadily in the night school during periods ranging from four to ten years, winning a small scholarship, gradually winning larger ones of material value, and in the meantime stepping up grade by grade in their daily work as their services became more valuable to their employers; and in this is the real test of such an education as the school offers. In the bindery, as elsewhere, the teachers have been drafted from those who started as pupils and who now hold responsible positions in the shops where they are regularly employed. Most of the employers appreciate the service rendered by the school; many insist upon their boys attending it.

Space does not permit a record of the many shops and studios of the school. These two are typical and may well represent the general character of the others. A brief summary of some of the other activities, as for instance under the heading of architecture and building crafts, may serve to indicate the variety of the work included in the different departments. Here are classes in architectural design based on present requirements and materials, with lectures on the history of architecture, building construction, structural mechanics, chemistry of materials. Work is done in stone carving, wood carving, lead casting, decorative plaster-work and ironwork. Under the head of needlework come dressmaking and costume designing, embroidery, lace making, tapestry and other weaving.

There is a day School of Art for Women and a Technical Day School for Boys. The latter is an interesting experiment. The work is intended to provide technical and artistic training for boys who propose to enter some branch of the silversmithing trade. Their work is planned in connection with regular school subjects, English composition, geography, history, etc. One year in the school is recognized as the equivalent of one year of apprenticeship in the trade; but on completing his work in the school the pupil has acquired a knowledge of his trade without abandoning those subjects

that count for so much in general culture. The fees here, as in the rest of the school, are nominal in order to reach those who most need the assistance that is given.

Withal, the institution is admirably arranged and equipped,—one of the best that I have seen in Europe. Its comprehensive schedule of work meets the needs of practically all the arts from painting to forging. It has thoroughly competent teachers and enthusiastic pupils, with nominal fees and material aid for those who need it. It is setting high artistic and technical standards for the trade, and with freedom from political influences is bound to make its work count in the industrial life of London. And above all it is working for manhood, for strength of character and independence of thought; it gives exercise for mind and heart as well as eye and hand among those who must perforce win their daily wage under the cheapening influence of modern production. Would that our own municipal authorities might find something in such a venture worthy of emulation.

EXCELLENT THINGS

THERE are many excellent things in life for a girl or a boy,—
for a man or a woman,—
And those who have not known them should demand them,
And those who have known them should share them.
They are exceedingly simple things, but they keep us strong and young;
Perhaps they are small things, but they make life great.
It is good to throw a ball very far and very high and to catch it easily;
To run rapidly and endure long;
To be sure-footed, to climb with perfect self-reliance when the spring is new upon the hills;
To plunge to cool waters and find refreshment when summer is sultry,
Swimming easily and naturally until the flesh is satisfied;
To pick daisies, to go haying, or berrying, or nutting;
To walk buoyantly and serenely among the breeze-buffeted leaves of autumn;
To rise early in the morning and meet the frost undaunted,
To speed the blood from cheek to ankle;
To go the length of the blue ice on keen, swift skates;
To rush from the heights, down to the whirling snow on the ample toboggan;
Waking, to eat simple food and live heartily,
Sleeping, to sleep deeply, with the earth and the trees close at hand.
These are all excellent things for they make the sane laborer, the good comrade.

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

THE WORK OF FINNISH ARTISTS WHO PAINT THEIR OWN COUNTRY AND PEOPLE WITH INSIGHT AND FORCE

ROM time to time the art of the North comes down to Paris, fresh, cool, vigorous, born in the heart of sturdy, energetic, courageous men, builders of small, strong nations on the margins of wide seas. Such art flows into the French Salon a clean, stimulating stream, undiluted with the scintillating degeneracy of the New Art which has grown to be but little more than a mass of embroidery on a twisted, rotten warp.

The French Autumn Salon opens its hospitable doors from season to season to these Northern painters of fresh vision. In the fall of nineteen hundred and seven the Belgian artists exhibited there, showing both sculpture and painting of rare insight and vigor, and last fall the work of the Finnish artists was shown for the third time in Paris. The space allotted this exhibit was small, but the import of the work was tremendous; distinctly modern, and not Parisian, although in isolated cases showing the influence in technique or tone of some dominating French master. For that matter, for years to come we shall recall Puvis de Chavannes in much of the mural decorations of many nations, just as the famous Puvis in turn recalls the mural work of that wonderful seventeenth-century Italian, Tiepolo.

But as a whole, the work of this Finnish school of painters is far removed from anything one knows of modern French painting, both in the force of feeling and in definiteness of technique. It is, indeed, much more in harmony with the work of the modern Spanish painters; particularly does one recall Zuloaga in the face of the fine realistic canvases of Rissanen and Gallén. It would seem from this that the general tendency of all sincere art of this century is to express the life of the nation from which it springs. To paint real things, actual existence, is to develop vigor, simplicity and sincerity of technique; hence a general resemblance in most definite modern art is noticeable and springs from a relation of purpose, not from dominance or imitation. The work of one nation does not affect the intrinsic quality of another, but all are a part of an evolution in modern art conditions, which because universal cannot escape resemblances.

But the most significant of the modern Finnish artists are painting Finland, her people, her ways of living, down to the humblest type of peasant people. In Gallén's work one sees most the mechanic, his life, family, progress, joys, sorrows; with Rissanen it is the peasant, shown with Zuloaga's insight, love of color and appreciation of the artistic opportunities to be found in most primitive conditions.

One perceives readily that these Finnish pictures are filled always with people *doing* things. There are no idle landscapes, no dream pictures of mists and cloudland and ornamental figures born in symbolism. In other words, nothing of Corot, or Twachtman or Davies; always there is the overwhelming suggestion of energy and tremendous activity of a people to whom days and hours have been vital in the upbuilding of nation, home and personal opportunity.

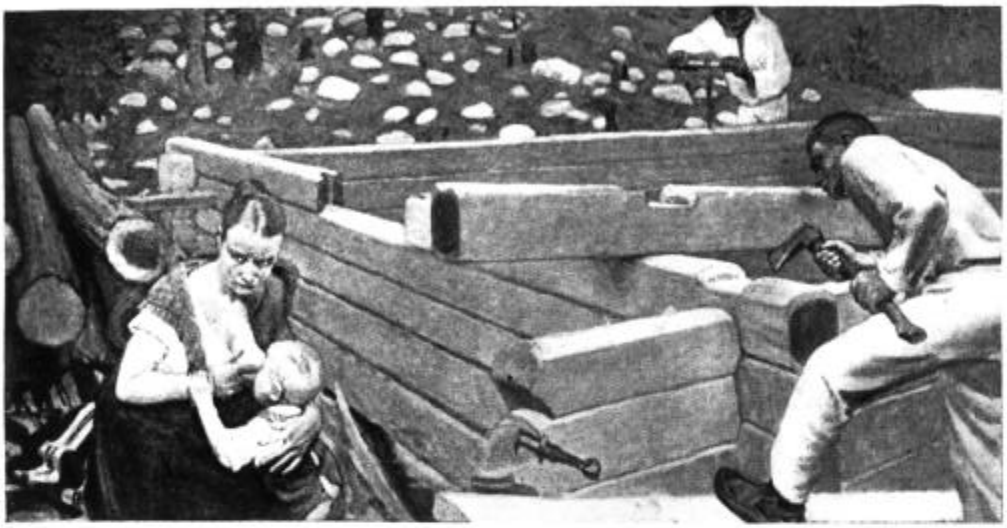
The modern Spaniards paint as vividly just as humble subjects as do the Finnish painters, but in the South there is more unused out of doors in the pictures, more sunlight, a more highly developed philosophy of life, also a greater cynicism and a wider range of thought and purpose. The Finnish men have seen a different type of civilization growing; they have watched a nation progress and individuals achieve through great hazard. They have battled hard for small returns of comfort or beauty; they have seen Nature always in the grip of those needing to subdue her for progress or livelihood. The men of such a land must, if they survive, prove powerful, and the women essentially brave. What is achieved of prosperity or peace is won through battle. And so, regardless of French influences or German traditions, the great Finnish paintings are palpitating with the energy, the force, the power of accomplishment which is the very cornerstone of the nation's success. In all these canvases men, women and children are working, and the color scheme is almost inevitably keyed low; not in honor of any French school, but because there is a somber tone existent in the nation, where sorrow is not more prevalent, but joy less so.

In Spain the peasant and the humble folk pervade all modern art worthy of mention, but the canvases which portray them are yellow or green, not brown or gray, and there is always the amused smile instead of the furrow, for the tasks past, present and to come. And there you have the difference in the nations; on one hand consciousness of responsibility and determination to face it; on the other a gay insouciance and always a sense of the possibility of pleasure.

In any presentation of Finnish art, however brief, it is Edelfelt whom one first of all recalls; Edelfelt who demanded of his pupils "that they should take their place in the great art movement of modern days." And he proved himself worthy of leading them there by his sincerity, his convincing mastery of his art, his knowledge of values finely sustained, his rare color scheme so discreet as to be almost humble, his sympathies profound for the simple lives about him, and his power great to discover in these simple lives the most touching realities. He saw the life of the humble people in fine perspective, but he knew it *by heart.*

From Art et Décoration.

"TELLING A GOOD STORY": JULIO RISSANEN, PAINTER: FROM THE FINNISH EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS AUTUMN SALON.



From Art et Décoration.

"BUILDING THE NEW HOME": M. GALLÉN, PAINTER: FROM THE FINNISH EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS AUTUMN SALON.

"BOYS FISHING": EERO JÄRNEFELT, PAINTER: FROM THE FINNISH EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS AUTUMN SALON.

Next, one remembers his great pupil Enckell and later the great realists, Gallén, Järnefelt and Rissanen. It is the great mural painting of Enckell at the church at Tammerfors that one first recalls, the composition at once so clean and dramatically simple and the nude figures treated with such rare fine audacity. In all Enckell's pictures the color is somber, a true Finnish palette, and well suited, too, to the Protestant church which his frescoes adorn, with its walls plain and sober, its interior naked and white.

Järnefelt is more of a colorist than most of these contemporary artists in Finland, for with the brown on his palette there is usually orange and with the violet, yellow, with the gray, green. As a portrait painter his art is most searching; it is also faintly malicious, delicately subtle, and yet never failing in the final presentation of character. He is more introspective than most Finnish artists, yet closely related to them in technique and point of view. Rissanen, on the other hand, is more definitely violent and brutal; he paints Finnish scenes and people of the humbler sort with force which is positively baffling. He describes on his canvases what he knows, without tenderness or effort at idealism. He sees conditions clearly, without sentiment, and perhaps without hope. In his later work his color is less somber, though his subjects remain a most marvelous presentation of peasant life, bare, suffering.

Gallén, also a mural painter of note, is at once the most personal and most national of the Finnish men. He is both understanding of Finland's hardships and tenderly sympathetic to her struggling people.

Although as a whole this art as yet lacks the kind of imagination which is stimulating and uplifting to the nation, it is nevertheless so sincere, so true, so close to the life it depicts, that it must take its place, as Edelfelt hoped, "in the great artistic movement of modern days."

THE NEED OF MANUAL TRAINING IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR NATION: BY JOSEPH F. DANIELS

HE most valuable asset of a nation is its genius—the sum of those spiritual, mental and artistic qualities which make for growth in its people. The educational foundations of a nation lie in the genius of its people, and the most important function of education is the development of the child as an item in that national asset. As an educational subject manual training has to do with the national genius.

There is no doubt among us that manual training and vocational training are inevitable in any scheme of education for citizenship, for national freedom and the sublime idea of national dignity. The significance of manual training in any system of education is not measured only in terms of arts and crafts, commerce, labor, society, and other manifestations of service and power, but is specifically ethical and moral throughout. Right-mindedness is inherent in it, and without it genius itself is perverted.

Educators may bring great help from Germany or Sweden or elsewhere, but, sooner or later, local and intense surveys of the subject must be made in order that genius and right-mindedness may be working together. It involves an examination of things within ourselves and not in other people.

Thus manual training in our national educational programme should not be merely progressive bench work, but a solution of the problems of native genius and its moral worth—a demonstration with tools and materials of who we are and what we are—a testing of genius and its genuineness. Does it reflect every phase of its development in our national life? For that, after all, is the great aim of all education.

In the finer talents of any people there seems so little difference between the divine afflatus of the artist and the inspiration of the artisan that one may be allowed to talk of art in the presence of manual training and to rest easy in the surety that beauty and dignity, together, are the test of all good workmanship in any calling. If that be granted, we have a range from the weaver to the painter, from iron-worker to sculptor, that gives sufficient background for a sympathetic discussion of manual training as a part of education.

The forces of national genius—art and ethics and morals—are the forces we apply to the materials available, and, in education, this application gives rise to method, without which no pedagogue can imagine a school. In our search for methods we have exhausted

every foreign source, and native ingenuity has adapted, modified and digested a mass of information. This spectacle of native genius touched by foreign impulse is interesting, and it illustrates how slowly even an eager, impetuous people may find itself after vain endeavor to reflect foreign social conditions and varying art achievements.

A VIEW of arts and crafts and the thing we call national art during the nineteenth century reveals an array of facts which indicate correctly our relation to the mother continent. In sculpture, painting, architecture, etc., Europe was the museum and school. Our young men went there to learn the arts, and an illustrious company made its home there. Those who returned and those who remained, alike complained of America as hostile or indifferent to art impulse, and we, at home, hardly understanding what it was all about, felt the rebuke keenly, failing to recognize the real thing—the beginnings of a native genius here at home.

It never occurred to the average American that the little workshops about Haverhill, Lynn, Wakefield and other towns—shops built in backyards and on the farms—would be the foundation of a great trade in shoes, baskets and commodities upon which have been built great American fortunes. These little workrooms were used by the rural Yankees as a means of added income from hand labor of the primitive sort. They awaited the Yankee genius that invented the machines and established the factory. There is no better example of one phase of American genius—the Yankee phase—than a shoe factory. If you can find a man who is making shoes by hand, watch the process of lasting, building a heel, pegging, sewing or nailing, and finishing; then go to the factory and see the lasting machine, the heel compressor, the wire machine, the McKay machine, the treeing room and the many processes.

Americans were conscious of this Yankee genius, but thought it a laudable smartness natural to the instincts of a commercial people. It involved a certain knack or trick like the working of a puzzle or the swapping of jack-knives, and that was about all the people saw in this display of native genius. Their appreciation was akin to that of the boy who admires the ground and lofty tumbling in the circus; in a word it was "cuteness" recognized by a "cute" people.

In eighteen hundred and seventy-six occurred the great Centennial Exposition, a world's circus in which the performers astonished the American people, a hundred years after the Declaration of Independence. Notwithstanding the wonderful feats performed by the American exhibitors, the thoughtful people of the nation went to their homes with the first salutary lesson ever given this self-suffi-

cient province. They recognized the American genius in all its barbarity and nakedness, a real thing with mighty promise, but uncouth and untrained. It was borne in upon the American mind that we lacked direction and finish in our work, and that technique could be learned from the European. The transatlantic exodus increased and we began to learn how things were done. Nearly all the learners were very young and tried to make things European. They were easily surpassed by the Europeans.

A few, like William Morris Hunt, a man independent of the new vogue but caught in it, taught Americans the truth about art as he thought that it should be applied to the individual and the state, but, for the most part, the artist scoffed at American pretensions and, in dress and manner, alienated himself. Only the workman and the craftsman remained true to American ideals, with grim determination and most magnificent ambition to excel in their own way. About all that we possess today we owe to the American craftsman and his brother workmen in field and shop. They "tarried by the stuff" while pioneers and statesmen marked our growth and progress.

OUR prosperity is based upon workmanship and the soil and not upon the ability of the trader or the financier. If you will read our history in the markets of the world you will find that the Englishmen, the Germans and even the Frenchmen are better merchants than the Americans, but that none, not even the Japanese, can compete in workmanship with the American who has set his hand to make an American product and make it well.

In an examination of a people's genius one is sure to discover many factors which threaten its growth and fruition, and, while it is asserted that our prosperity rests upon workmanship, it is equally true that by political practice and a kind of commercialism, we are slowly strangling the spirit of craftsmanship and native genius in the masses.

The two expressions of genius, craftsmanship and commerce, are really two phases of a moral idea universally associated with success, achievement, accomplishment. Let me explain by means of my pocket knives. I have two pearl-handled knives of two blades each. One was made in Germany and is now ten years old in service. The other was made in Ohio and has been used one year. The German knife is worn slightly by sharpening, but otherwise is as good as new. It opens and closes with ease and the rivets are tight. The American knife is useless because the soft, wearing parts have

been thrown out of the path of motion and the rivets are loose. The blades show almost no wear, are dull and will not keep their edges for the slightest use. This American knife has one point of excellence; it has a better appearance than the German knife and I bought it because of its appearance. It was made to sell and it cost me two American dollars ("In God we trust"). It is not the intention to prove that a German knife is better than an American knife, but only, in the first place, to show that not only are some knives better than others, but that some American knives are not good knives and that a cheap knife may be made to look like its betters. This comes about because the emphasis has been shifted from craftsmanship to a modern notion of commerce. In the shift the moral values have been lost and all values confused. The craftsman has gone into captivity through lack of knowledge.

Of course you knew all that before, but we are certain now that we understand that there are craftsmen in America who make these imitation knives, or furniture, or whatever, to sell to other Americans (and the heathen) for real money, and each thinker will explain the matter to his own satisfaction, no doubt. One reasons that the manufacturer is in the grip of an economic monster whom he must obey; another blames the purchaser and only a few think back to the fundamental immorality of false values in workmanship—moral fundamentals that concern the national genius and its freedom.

With this much said, I have my own reason for adding to the literature of manual training and I do it all with keen sympathy. My father was the best worker in wood I ever knew and he taught me the use of tools from boyhood. I love a good piece of work, from a full-rigged ship to a library catalogue, and I lean toward the workman in field or shop.

WHEN things seem wrong we turn very naturally to our educational system for cause and remedy. In this instance we find that though manual training is a formalized, intellectual subject in our schools, that teachers of this department know little and care less for things outside the curriculum by which they obtained degrees, diplomas or licenses to teach, they (as a class) seem to have no adequate notion of the meaning and moral worth of the matter in hand. They know not why Elzevir or Phidias or the cathedral builders wrought so well. They seem not to understand that genius is in their keeping and that man's work is immortal.

It is a sorry business to scold one's neighbor, but as the vacation season returns to us another army of boys and girls, it is not amiss

to ask a few questions, as follows, of that neighbor whose business it is to teach manual training:

With shops and wood and metal and books, what have you taught?

With straight edge, plummet, compass and square, what direction have you taken?

With color and form and beautiful design, what have children learned from you of the beauty of life, of sweetness and light?

With pulley and shaft, alignment and drive, what bearings have they found?

With T-square and triangle, plans and perspective, what castles and visions do they see?

With lessons, tasks, examinations, diplomas and intellectual equipment, what are we all forgetting?

Is the genius of a people to be nourished on blue prints alone?

Are we a nation with a destiny or are we just "doing time?"

I ONCE had a teacher of history in the old school days. Following his forefinger across the map of Europe I marched with great armies and sat in council with kings. I looked across gulfs and seas and talked with the men who plowed the fields. He illuminated the whole matter of history and gave it a background. When the bell rang all sighed and walked out as regretfully as one places a book-mark in a continued story. When I read that "Joshua, the son of Nun, was filled with the spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his hands upon him," I think of that old teacher.

The old Japanese painters had a way of learning which they called sitting at the feet of the master, or sitting in the doorway of the master. Thus they sat, mending brushes, preparing paper and learning the traditions and technique of art and the national cult. The genius of these learners is manifest in all their work, and it is Japanese.

To be sure, the machine and system of modern education with its standardized courses and schoolhouse barracks makes old-time conditions of studio and class room well-nigh impossible, but it should not completely change the aim of the teacher, and there remain enough instances to show that it need not. In fact, the dead level of standardized mediocrity, which critics of modern education think they see, would make it true that there is no calling on earth from which it is so easy to emerge at the top—to become notable in leadership—as education.

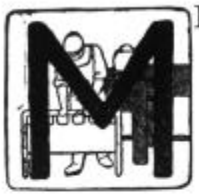
The great moral awakening and the growing consciousness of genius in America should be reflected in all teaching, but especially

in manual training, the obvious and concrete expression of the educative process. If there are defects in the machine, the remedy should lie with the teachers, if there be any such left in the schools; but the indications are that the revival and reform in manual training will come from without. In fact, the history of education is replete with instances to show that the school teacher is complacently "asleep at the switch," and that all changes in curriculum are reluctant and are due to insistent and repeated pressure from without. Possibly that is why Hugo Münsterberg says that America is the only country where education is given over to the lowest bidder.

The arts and crafts movement in America is young and there is still (as in all human affairs) a great deal of dilettanteism, sham and vanity in it; but, young as it is, artistic craftsmanship is exerting a strong pressure upon manual training. Craftsmanship displays the genius of our people and has the right aim. It is founded upon a sense of beauty and a knowledge of design. It is slowly and surely teaching us that beauty and right-mindedness are the best cornerstones of economics in any nation and that the intellectual life is a mere bill of lading without them.

Manual training must concern itself with the deeper things of life if it would raise itself to the dignity of an educational subject. Fine talk in psychological phrase and epigram concerning the hand and the brain, doing and thinking, reflexes and localization of cerebral functions is mere claptrap and cheap professional chatter if we forget the people and their problems. The success of manual training depends upon the confidence that people have in our institutions, especially the educational institutions, and to inspire that confidence we must respond to the pressure from without whenever it is plain that we are lagging behind and are neglecting the genius of the people. The scope and influence of manual training will never be understood until we begin a closer study of our own people and appreciate that the educational problem is more than the subject matter of a course of study.

THE QUIET PHILOSOPHER OF THE WABASH: BY GEORGE BICKNELL

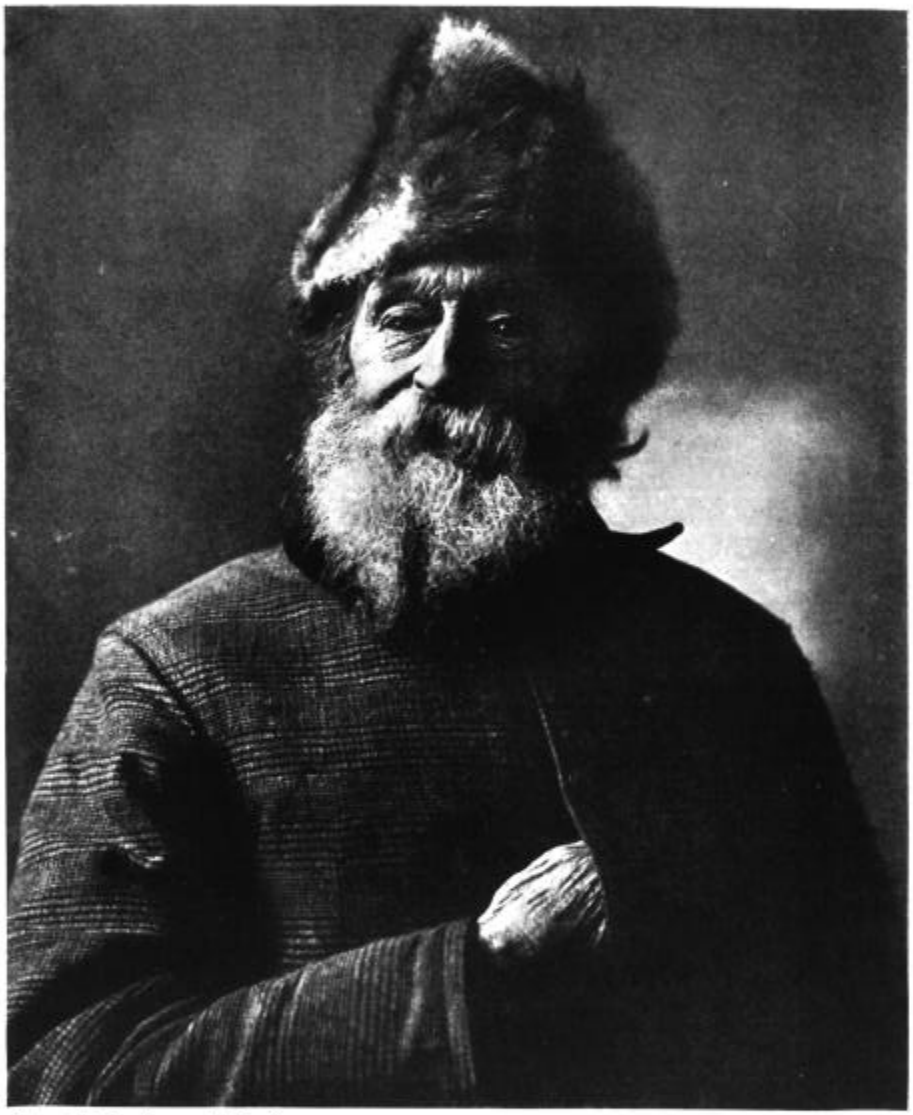


EROM, Indiana, is a quaint village twenty-five miles south of Terre Haute. Like the latter city, it, too, is situated on high land—a beautiful natural spot. Many visitors come from far away to bathe in her cheer for a day, and here dwells a hermit, a quiet philosopher, in his vine-sheltered home on the classic Wabash banks. Pilgrims land in Merom on their way to the haunts of this man, for he is known and loved for miles around.

Over twenty-five years ago, one Sunday afternoon, a queer looking houseboat was launched at the water's edge near a thick wood. The owner of the wood happened to be standing near this spot at the time of this launching. A man, then gray in years, emerged from the boat and gave a military salute to the party on the bank. Some greetings were interchanged and finally the owner of the wood said, "And what might your name be?" and the knight—for he proved verily to be that which he is often called, A Knight of the Woods—said, "My name might be Smythe." "Captain Smythe," the woodsman replied—and the knight answered—"Roland Smythe, Captain, however, if you prefer," and since that time the people for miles around know this great, generous soul as Captain Roland Smythe—but we, who know more, but who are wise enough to comply with his deepest wishes, are silent as to his real name. In reality he bears the name of one of the most aristocratic and prominent families of old Virginia and was a Colonel in the Army of the South. In the South is where he fought and lost. A man of wealth, strong in health and mind—high in social and political life, he went into the army, believing his cause just, and for four years he fought, undaunted, fearless, with great organizing powers—a leader of men—a doer of deeds. He came out of the war broken in health, penniless—and as he felt, eternally disgraced.

It has never been strange to me that he would long for and seek a life of quiet and solitude, and this he did. After spending some years on the Mississippi he came to this spot on the Wabash, and in a little cabin here he has lived alone and content for a quarter of a century, and nothing will ever entice him from this spot but that final Great Mystery. Here he has nursed himself back to happiness and peace and health.

He is not at war with society, for he loves men and the great busy world, but his excuse is that he loves Nature more. And though this man has built his house in remote woods, men have cut a pathway to his door. Every year hundreds follow this beaten path



CAPTAIN SMYTHE, A FRIEND OF JOHN BROWN'S.

"FELSENMERE," Residence of Hon. J. SLOAT FASSETT
Grapevine Cove, Gloucester, Mass. Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., Architect

Roofed with MATHEWS 3/8 inch thick Hard Vein Variegated Green SLATES

The architect says:

The Slates are beautifully in accord with the general scheme both as to colour and texture.

The penetrating fogs and mists, resulting from the proximity of the ocean, have rendered complete re-finish of the woodwork necessary.

A recent "nor'-easter" carried away a skylight battened down with screws; but did not move a single slate nor has the slate deteriorated in any way.

Note the ARCHITECTURAL FITNESS of RUGGED ROCK and RUGGED ROOF

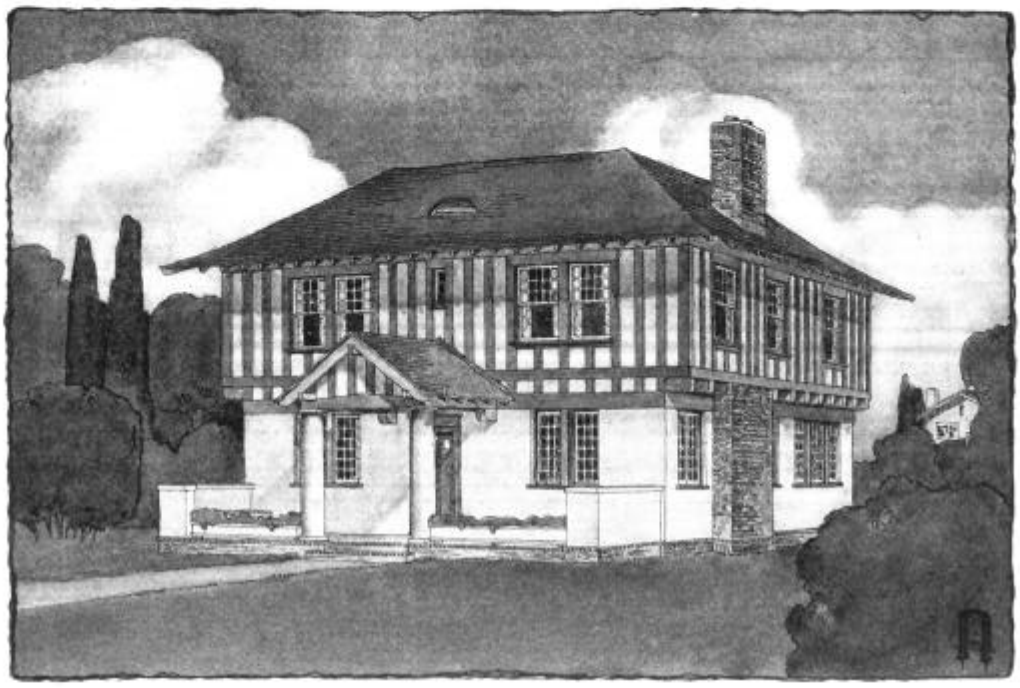
Any Building Roofed with **Mathews** Natural Colour Natural Rock **Slates** is Equally Attractive and Secure

Send for Descriptive Price Book

THE MATHEWS SLATE COMPANY

Main Office: SEARS BUILDING BOSTON, MASS.

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE THAT IS BEING BUILT FOR A PHYSICIAN ON THE GARDEN CITY ESTATES, GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND



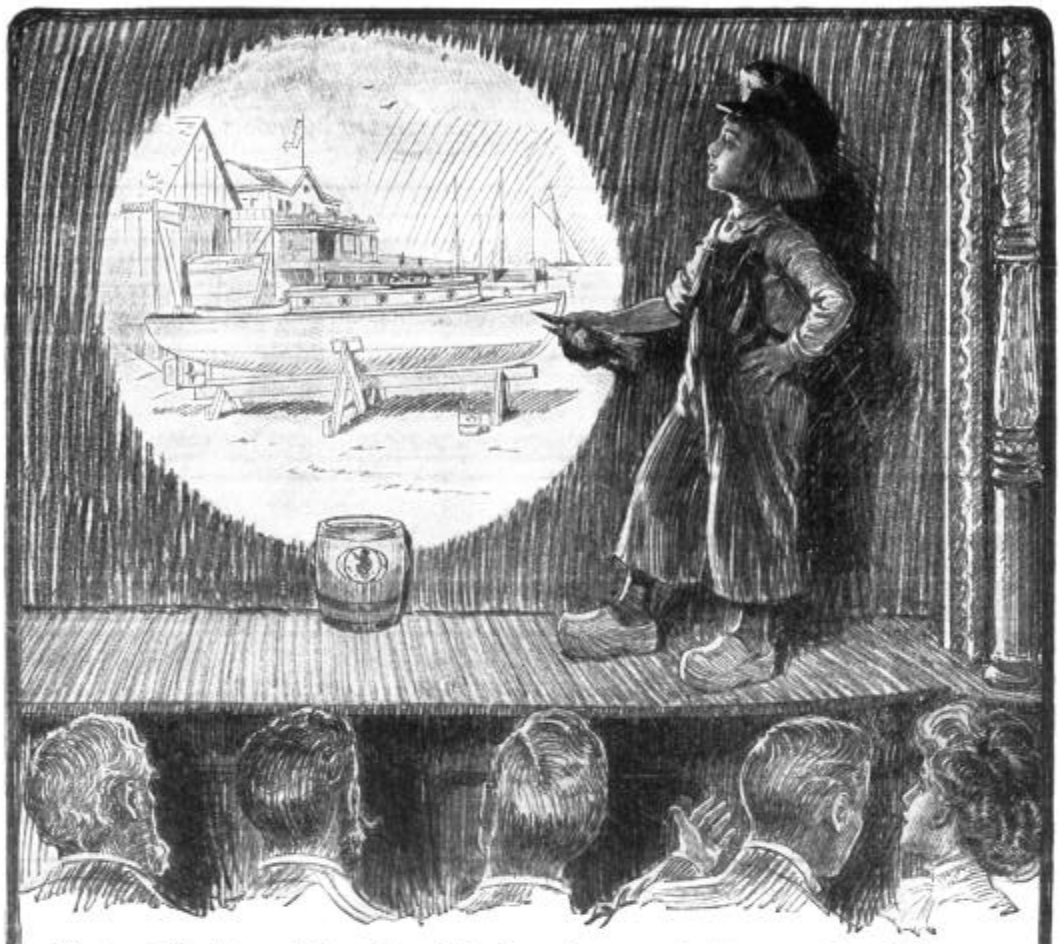
We are publishing this month the illustration and floor plans of a house that the Craftsman Home Building Company is erecting in the Garden City Estates. We are taking a very keen interest in the work that we are doing in this section—a tract of five hundred acres in Garden City, Long Island, opened up during the last two years as a residence section for New York business men—because we think the conditions therein are contributing to the expression of what we believe to be the ideal of home life,—large open spaces, plenty of air and light, detached houses and sunny gardens, which all help to promote the simple, neighborly relations of the country,—and at the same time, the urban advantages of fine roads and transportation, good schools, public and private, and perfect sanitation.

As, with the opening of the Thirty-fourth Street Tunnel, Garden City will be only a half hour from the very heart of New York, houses in this section must be designed to meet the requirements both of a city home and of a country resort.

This particular house is designed for Dr. Mary E. Richards and is to stand on a broad maple-shaded avenue. The lower story is of cement on "Truss" metal laths; the upper projects over the lower only at the ends of the house and shows the half-timber construction. The wood used on the exterior is cypress, chemically treated with sulphuric acid,—a process which we have previously described in THE CRAFTSMAN for July, 1905. The cement surface is left rough and is tinted to tone with the delightful browns in the woodwork. The chimney and the portions of the foundation that are exposed are built of "Tapestry" bricks, so called, from the beautiful hues to which they are colored, and the porous, tapestry-like texture of their surfaces. A good arrangement of these many-shaded bricks gives a delightful and harmonious touch of color to a building.

The floor of the porch and the steps are made of deep red pressed brick laid in a herring-bone pattern with a border

(Continued on page xii)



Paint Talks, No. 4—Paint In and Near the Water

People who know that white lead and linseed oil make the best paint for all general purposes sometimes get the idea that something else must be added at the sea shore or where fogs are prevalent. Paint for boats also is sometimes thought to require other materials.

Thus often a little zinc is recommended by the same people who would shun it under ordinary circumstances, knowing that its hard unyielding nature is liable to make the paint crack or scale. If zinc will crack in one place it will in another.

The difficulty met with in painting at the sea shore or in other foggy localities is simply explained and simply remedied. The trouble is to get dry atmosphere to paint in, and a dry surface to paint on. The remedy is: Paint only on the brightest, driest days and then only in the middle of the day. Secure a solid priming coat and do not adulterate the white lead.

Try this remedy just once. You will have no further trouble with paint at the waterside any more than elsewhere.

DIRECTIONS FOR PAINTING

Full directions for house painting, together with color schemes will be sent you if you ask for "House Painting Outfit, L." State whether you wish color schemes for painting the outside of the house or for the decoration of the interior. Also, if you are interested in boat painting, mention that fact.

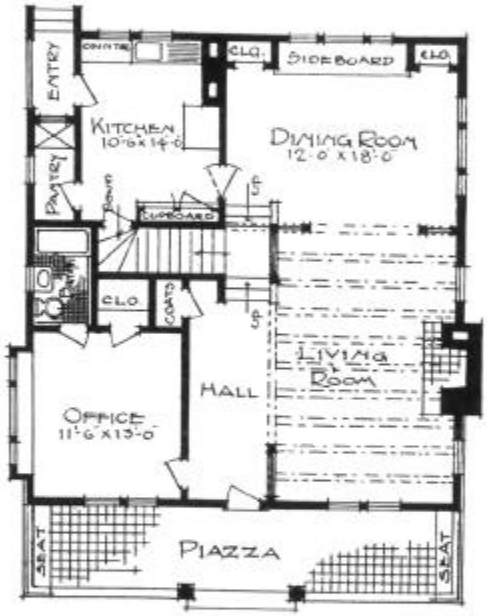
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

An office in each of the following cities:

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Company, Philadelphia) (National Lead & Oil Company, Pittsburgh)

(*Continued from page x*)

set horizontally, head out, and gives a finish to the foundation, that runs all around the house. Only that part of the porch before the doorway is roofed over. The rest of the porch is designed to be shaded with awnings, as in winter this will give the rooms more light than if the porch were roofed over the whole length. The low parapet is formed by two cement flower-boxes and at either end seats, also of the cement, are built in. The windows on the lower story are casements opening outward. The door is one of the most simple and beautiful of the Craftsman



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

doors—three broad boards with three square glass lights in the upper part.

The door leads into a hall, not a usual arrangement in a Craftsman house, but very desirable in this instance, as it gives the necessary privacy to the doctor's office. The living room, however, is practically a part of the hall and is a very interesting room. In the chamber above it a foundation floor, the polished surface down, is laid upon the beams which we see in the exterior view projecting beyond the walls of the house. This floor makes the ceiling of the living room, and another flooring is laid upon this, with a deafening quilt between, for use in the chamber above. This ceiling of wood

(*Continued on page xiv*)

Give That Table a Modern Finish

AT slight expense—less than a dollar perhaps—you can produce any desired effect in woodwork. You can make all woodwork and furniture harmonize.

There is no guesswork. The results you know beforehand. Choose the shade of Johnson's Wood Dye you want. Apply it. It dries in twenty minutes.

Then apply Johnson's Prepared Wax, which gives a permanent, subdued, rich finish which will not show marks or scratches.

Do not confound Johnson's Wood Dye with the varnish stains which merely give a coating to the wood, hiding its natural beauty.

Johnson's Wood Dye and Johnson's Prepared Wax are for sale in convenient packages by high class paint dealers everywhere. In their use you benefit by our years of experience.

In Johnson's Wood Dye you have 14 shades to choose from:

No. 126 Light Oak
No. 123 Dark Oak
No. 125 Mission Oak
No. 140 Manilla Oak
No. 110 Bog Oak
No. 128 Light Mahogany
No. 129 Dark Mahogany
No. 130 Weathered Oak
No. 131 Brown Weathered Oak
No. 132 Green Weathered Oak
No. 121 Moss Green
No. 122 Forest Green
No. 172 Flemish Oak
No. 178 Brown Flemish Oak

Half-pints 30c; pints 50c. Johnson's Prepared Wax 10c and 25c packages. Also sold in large sizes. For sale by leading paint dealers.

JOHNSON'S
ARTISTIC WOOD FINISHES
JOHNSON'S

Illustrated Book Free—Edition F-5. Two Sample Bottles Johnson's Wood Dye and One Sample Can Johnson's Prepared Wax—Free.

Send coupon from this advertisement and we will send you free, prepaid, two sample bottles of Johnson's Wood Dye—select your own shades from list above—one sample can of Johnson's Prepared Wax and our illustrated guide book for Home Beautifying which includes complete color card and tells how to finish and refinish wood.

We want to give you these three packages at once. Send ten cents to partially pay cost of packing and postage—using coupon below for your convenience. Address

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"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please Use this FREE COUPON

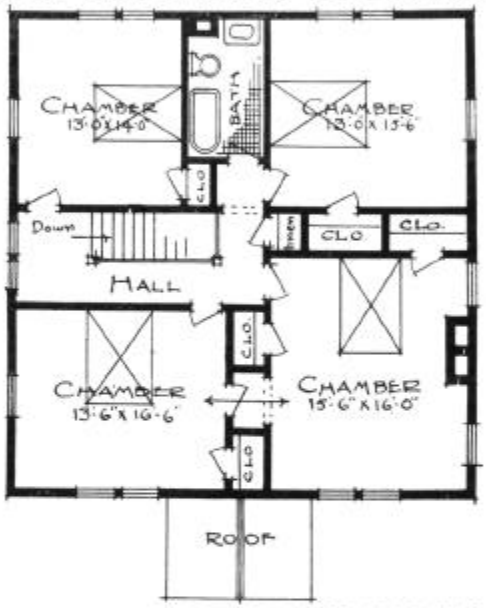
I accept your offer and enclose ten cents to partially pay postage and packing on Free Booklet Edition F-5, one sample bottle of Johnson's Wood Dye, shade No. ..... one bottle of Johnson's Electric Solvo, and a sample of Johnson's Prepared Wax.

Name .....
Address .....
I usually buy my paint at store of
Name .....
Address .....

(*Continued from page xii*)

with the beams exposed gives the room a distinct character of its own. It reflects the light of the lamps and of the hearth fire and adds to the cosiness of a winter's evening at home, while the polished surface prevents it from seeming heavy and hot in summer.

The dining room is divided from the living room only by narrow barriers of spindles so that the two rooms and the hall are practically one large apartment. A few steps for the use of the servants



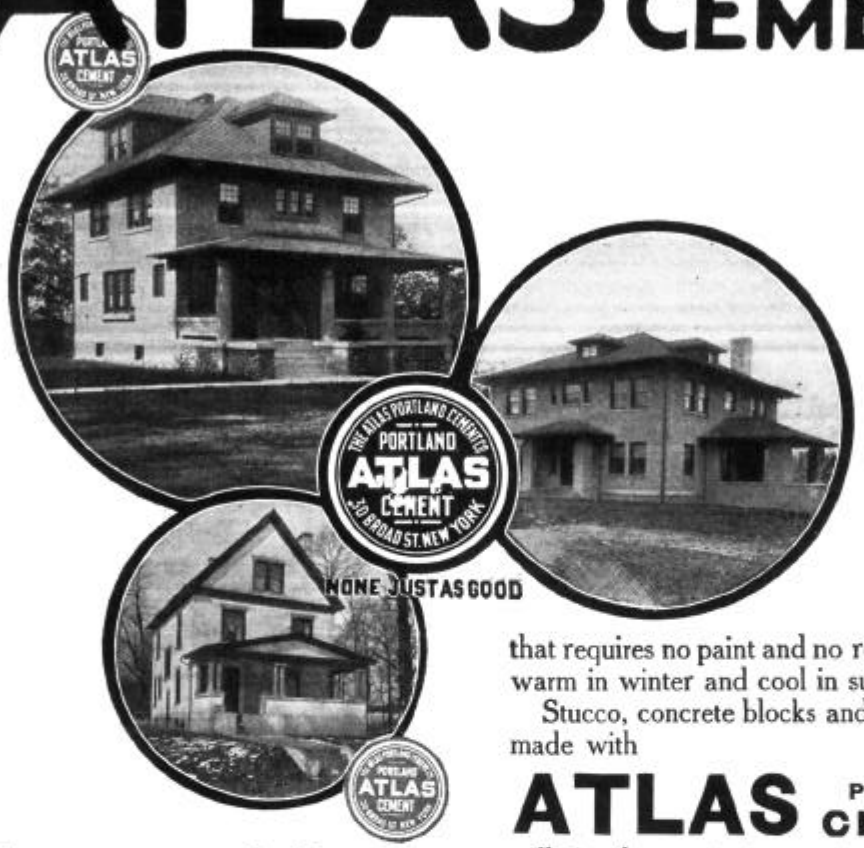
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

lead up from the dining room and meet with the steps from the hall at a landing screened by a high balustrade, from the living room. The bedrooms are large and light, delightfully sunny in winter and refreshingly airy in summer.

Of course, the house will gain a great deal from the profusion of foliage in that neighborhood; the result of the careful attention that has been paid to the problem of landscape gardening. It will also gain in attractiveness from the little formal garden, which, at the request of the owners, the Craftsman gardeners are to arrange about the house and from which, owing to the well known fertility of the Long Island soil, we expect the finest results.

If you are thinking of building a home come and see The Craftsman Home Building Company, 29 West 34th Street.

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT



Houses of Stucco Over Blocks, or Tile

IF blocks or tile are used in building a house, they should be *concrete* blocks or *concrete* tile.

Then you have the *same material* throughout where expansion and contraction from heat or cold is equal, and the possibility of danger avoided.

Stucco over concrete blocks or concrete tile makes a durable, dry, fireproof house, that requires no paint and no repairs, that is warm in winter and cool in summer.

Stucco, concrete blocks and concrete tile made with

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

will give the greatest amount of satisfaction, because Atlas Portland Cement is the standard brand—always pure, always uniform and always in one grade—the same for everybody. The U. S. Government has purchased 4,500,000 barrels of Atlas for use in building the Panama Canal, the largest order for cement ever placed.

Write for these booklets:

"Concrete Country Residences" (delivery charges 25 cents)
"Concrete Cottages" (sent free)
"Concrete Construction About the Home and on the Farm" (sent free)
"Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction" (delivery charges 10 cents)

If your dealer cannot supply you with "Atlas" write to

The Atlas PORTLAND Cement Company, DEPT. 9, 30 BROAD STREET, New York

Largest Capacity of any Cement Company in the world—Over 40,000 Barrels Per Day

Kindly mention The Craftsman

A Plain Range!

No fussy ornamentation or filigree on the Cabinet Glenwood. Just the natural black iron finish. "The Mission Style" applied to a range. A room saver too—like the upright piano. Every essential refined and improved upon.

The Broad, Square Oven with perfectly straight sides is very roomy. The Glenwood oven heat indicator, Improved baking damper, Sectional top, Drawout grate and Ash-Pan are each worthy of special mention. It Makes Cooking Easy.

Combination Coal and Gas range.

See The Gas Oven

and Broiling Compartment just above coal range, so easy to get at without stooping; also the Three Burner Gas Shelf for cooking and boiling fitted flush with range top.

Range without Gas (For Coal or Wood.)

Two Complete Ranges in the space of one. If a large amount of baking is required, both the Coal and Gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for meats and the other for pastry.

Cabinet Glenwood

Write for handsome booklet of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood range to Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

BOSTON COPPER RANGE BOILERS

are the BEST made and are all GUARANTEED

FOUR grades, to meet every demand of quality and price. We make Pressure Boilers to stand any required pressure up to Four Hundred Pounds. Designed in every detail to give long and reliable service, embodying only highest grade materials and skilled workmanship in their construction. The most reliable in the world. Special Sizes to Order.

DAHLQUIST MFG. CO.

40 W. Third Street, SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.
Largest Manufacturers of Copper Boilers in New England

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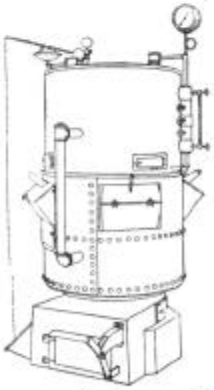
Gorton Side-Feed Boiler



Insures a warm building Day or Night in coldest weather

Catalogue and Prices on Application

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Heat, Health and Home Insurance

REVOLUTIONARY? Yes. So was gas. So was electricity.

Because the claims of the Farquhar Sanitary Furnace are *different* from those made by any other heating system, *don't doubt them!*

You come home from the theatre.

You find a *warm house*—that the Farquhar is *steadily maintaining* the 75 degrees of warmth it showed at six o'clock this morning. The nurse did not have to leave your child to go downstairs and look after the furnace.

You have not been troubled *one second* by the fear that your house might burn, with your babies in it.

Your Farquhar *can't get superheated.*

The draft goes clear around underneath the ash chamber and all the heat is extracted from the smoke before it enters the smoke pipe.

The regulator arm built into the furnace and operated by the expansion and contraction of the welded steel fire box has opened and closed the draft door automatically, keeping the fire exactly even.

So you have saved fuel, too—a *forty per cent saving* over any other heating system.

You have provided a complete change of warm, balmy air *every ten minutes*, in every room.

You have done *everything* that Nature and the best human intelligence can devise for the safety and healthfulness of your home.

This is what recommends the

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to the particular—the careful—householder.

Aside from its economy—aside from its *luxurious warm air*—the Farquhar Sanitary Furnace regulates itself 24 hours in the day.

You tend it *once a day*—it does the rest.

It has a *welded* steel fire box—*something new in the furnace world.* No joints—no rivets.

No dust or gas can escape into the air supply—so *your walls* and *your carpets* and *your curtains* remain clean.

The peculiar Farquhar Ventilating System removes all the once-breathed and cold air from every room continually, to admit a volume of *fresh, warm* air. The steel fire box *never* gets red hot; so the air is not super-heated nor scorched.

All the warm air gets into the rooms, so you do not require it excessively heated, even in the coldest weather.

Our booklet tells all about it. Write for it. If you have your house plans, send them to us. We will advise you free.

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NEW YORK—PHILADELPHIA—COLUMBUS—CINCINNATI—INDIANAPOLIS—CLEVELAND—DETROIT—LOUISVILLE—NASHVILLE—CHATTANOOGA

CRAFTSMAN DINING ROOM SET DONE ON HAND WOVEN LINEN IN MAGNOLIA DESIGN

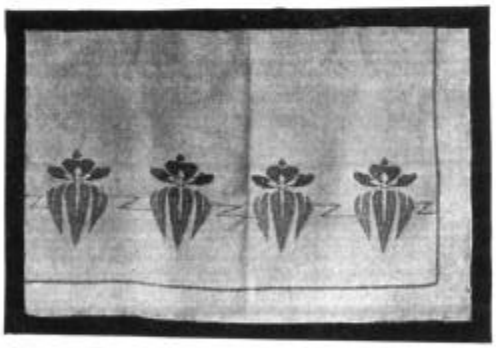
A DINING room, of all rooms in a house, is least dependent upon the usual methods of decoration. A table well set for lunch or dinner is sufficiently decorative in itself. The most satisfactory dining rooms are those where dark, wainscoted walls and massive hospitable furniture throw into prominence the daintiness of damask and the scintillation of glass and china. A room of this sort needs corresponding characteristics in its accessories of curtains and covers.

We have just completed a new design based on the leaf and blossom of the magnolia, which we think particularly suitable for dining room use, although of course it may be used anywhere. The material is Craftsman hand-woven linen, a creamy gray in color, and resembling crash in its weave. The embroidery is done with linen floss.

The scarf for the sideboard is 2¼ yards long. Price complete $5.50. Stamped ready for working, $3.00

The leaves and flowers of the pattern are done in darned work, a stitch especially effective on heavy weaves. The design is worked out in four colors; the blossom is done in clear dark red, the stamens in burnt orange and the leaves in dull green; the outlines are done in green and gray-brown. A border of several strands of floss couched on with a loose buttonhole stitch outlines the hems of the scarf and curtain. It forms also the finish to the edge of the square. The adaptation of the design to the various pieces is shown in the illustrations.

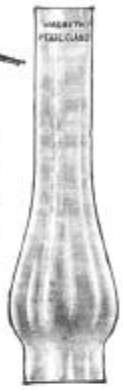
The table cover is forty-four inches square. Price complete, $9.00. Stamped ready for working, $4.00.



The curtains are 2 yards in length. Price complete, $10.00. Stamped ready for working, $5.50.

The lamp-chimney that lasts is always cheaper, at several times the price, than the one that breaks without an excuse.

MACBETH lamp-chimneys last so long that they would have to cost five times what they do before the common kind would be the more economical. As a matter of fact, MACBETH lamp-chimneys cost only a few cents apiece more than the poorest, and they never break from heat, and they give better light.



My Lamp-Chimney Book insures getting the right chimney for any burner, and gives suggestions about lamps, chimneys, wicks, oils, and tells how to keep lamps in order. I gladly mail it, free, to anyone who writes for it. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh

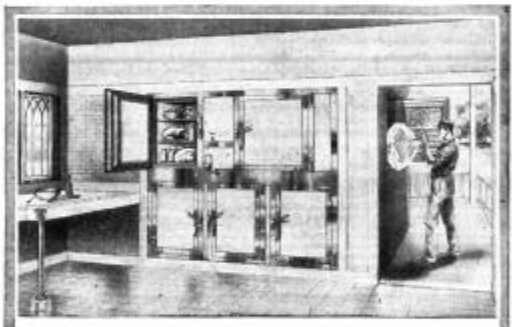
Real Bungalows From Bungalow Land

If you are thinking of building soon or some day, you will get a lot of most valuable suggestions from **"BUNGALOWCRAFT"** the new book of **Bungalow Plans** just issued. It is the latest, most comprehensive, most practical book of the kind. Copiously illustrated with photographic and line cuts of REAL BUNGALOWS from BUNGALOW LAND; large, clear floor plans never before published; and mantels, buffets, lighting fixtures, front doors, windows and transoms, interiors, etc., in abundance. Nothing just like it ever published before; its page of "Don'ts and Hints" alone is worth hundreds of dollars to any contractor, architect, or home builder. Price $1.00 postpaid, which amount is rebated when plans are purchased.

THE BUNGALOWCRAFT CO.

Successor to H. A. EYMANN

403 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE :: LOS ANGELES, CAL.



KEEP THE ICE-MAN OUTSIDE

Do away with the work of cleaning up after the ice-man by installing a McCray Refrigerator arranged for outside icing.

Drop us a line telling us where your present refrigerator stands and we will prepare, free, plans and estimates on a McCray **Built-to-order** Refrigerator, or tell you which of our **regular sizes** is best adapted to your needs.

McCray Refrigerators

(Keep things fresh)

because the air in them is purified and dried by constantly recurring contact with the ice, caused by the "McCray System." All sanitary linings: Opal-glass, porcelain tile, white enameled wood or odorless white wood.

Cut Down Your Ice Bills

McCray Refrigerators use less ice than others because McCray walls are the thickest and best "heat and cold proof" walls made. All sizes and styles ready for immediate shipment. Built-to-order refrigerators can be shipped three weeks after order is received. Every McCray guaranteed to give lasting satisfaction. Upon request we will send you one of our illustrated books which explains why McCray Refrigerators are better than other refrigerators and **different** from ordinary ice boxes. **Write a postal for catalog while you think of it.**

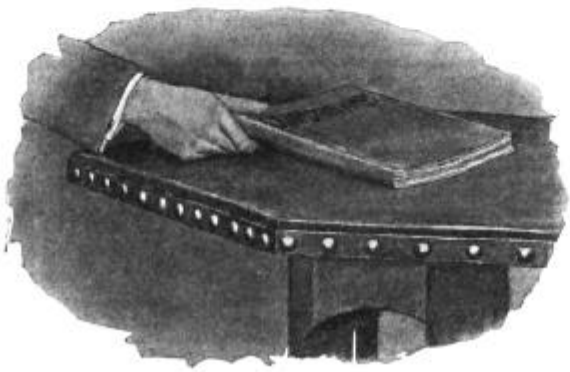
No. A, H. Built-to-order for residences. No. 55 For meat markets
No. 55 Regular size for residences No. 66 For grocery stores
No. 47 For hotels, clubs, institutions, etc. No. 71 For florists.

McCray Refrigerator Co., 893 Mill Street, Kendallville, Indiana.

240 *PAGES.* *OVER 200 ILLUSTRATIONS* *4 COLOR PLATES AND PORTRAIT*

A Copy of "Craftsman Homes" for Your Library Table

"Craftsman Homes" is a book that is absolutely unique. It is utterly unlike the usual architect's book of plans. To architectural draughtsmen and prospective home-builders it is a necessity. Every home lover and book lover should also possess a copy. Its value lies in *suggestiveness*. It conveys an atmosphere of rest, of comfort and of charm—the sense of what a real home ought to be. One has pleasure in surrounding himself with such volumes. "Craftsman Homes" is pre-eminently a book for a friend to take up from one's reading table while waiting for host or hostess to appear. All are interested in such books, but few, perhaps, know their full value. To those who *know* the presence of a book like this is most significant.



The Simplification of Life.

This book is an exposition by suggestion of the CRAFTSMAN way of life. Implicit in it is a complete philosophy.

"What ought to be the domestic architecture of America?" Or, put in a personal way, "How shall we make our new house a home?"

Regular readers of THE CRAFTSMAN know how carefully the conclusions stated in this volume have been worked out. Many a book is written off-hand as a result of sudden inspiration. "Craftsman Homes" has been of slow growth, an evolution from a germinal idea. It contemplates the simplification of life, the return to a more democratic way of thought.

ON THE LIBRARY TABLE OF A MILLIONAIRE

"Craftsman Homes" would need no apology. THE CRAFTSMAN indicates our standard of excellence for a monthly magazine. "Craftsman Homes," as a permanent collection of the best illustrations of the Craftsman House—both Interiors and Exteriors—that have appeared in THE CRAFTSMAN, has been executed with even greater fidelity. Every particular is a production of sound craftsmanship.

SPECIFICATIONS

PAPER.—The signatures, exclusively from type or line cuts, are printed on a special tinted stock chosen for its interesting texture. The half-tone illustrations are done on best India tint, plate paper.

PRESS WORK.—Duo tone, Sepia ink, and the same high quality of press work as the half-tone illustrations in THE CRAFTSMAN, are used throughout.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—In addition to over 200 of the illustrations of Interiors and Exteriors of the Craftsman House and Architectural Details, the book contains *4 full page Color Plates*, and, by way of Frontispiece, a *portrait sketch* of the Author.

STYLE OF BINDING.—The Linen binding is faced with Leather paper—a most attractive and decorative effect.

Sheep, finished by our own process in such a way to admit of very rough handling without showing any signs of wear, is used for the Limp Leather binding.

The special CRAFTSMAN Hard Leather edition is done by a new process which does away with binder's boards by using, to the fullest extent, the structural value of the leather. The surface of this leather, perfectly smooth, is clouded in rich warm tints of brown that are altogether unusual.

The Limited First Edition of one hundred personally signed and numbered copies is silk sewed by hand and forwarded in the best possible old fashion. We shall make no effort to urge the sale of this edition, preferring to hold it in reserve for the spontaneous demand that is sure to come when the attention of the book lovers and especially of the professional architect has been called to the enduring quality of the work.

"CRAFTSMAN HOMES"—STYLES AND PRICES

Linen, Bound in Boards, Faced with Leather Paper, . . .	$1.50
Limp Leather (Sheep)	2.00
Craftsman Hard Leather, ...	3.00
De Luxe, First Edition, Hand Sewed and Forwarded, . . .	5.00

Sent postpaid on receipt of price, subject to return if not wanted.

GUSTAV STICKLEY, *The Craftsman*, 41 W. 34th St., New York

Our Decorative Department will help you

We have established a department of artists, designers and decorators, expressly for the purpose of helping you decorate your house in the most satisfactory manner.

WHETHER you are building a new house, or are doing over an old house, or even a single room, it will pay you to write first to us, telling us what the conditions are.

This department will be glad to supply you with practical suggestions for obtaining any results you desire. We furnish color schemes, drawings, samples of hangings and curtains, and tell just the kind of treatment that will produce the results you desire on floors, walls, ceilings and woodwork.

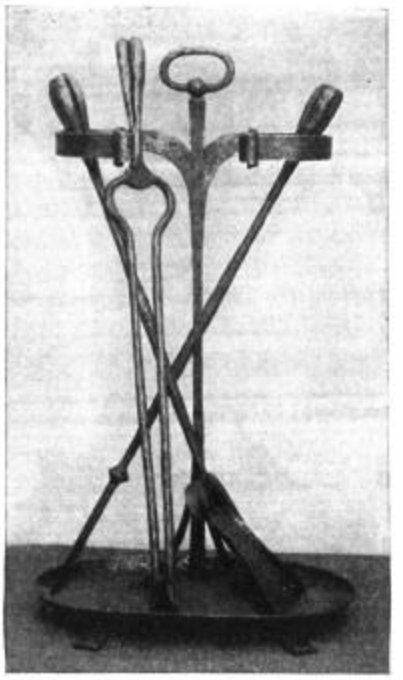
This service is free. It costs you nothing to write and find out about this department. You incur no obligation. We are able to give you information on any paint or varnish subject and glad to do so at any time.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

LARGEST PAINT AND VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD

Address all inquiries to Decorative Dept. 619 Canal Road, N. W. Cleveland, Ohio

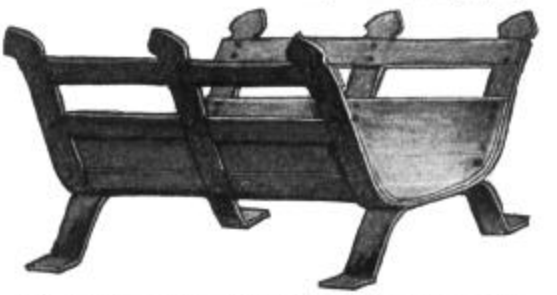
SOME CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE FITTINGS



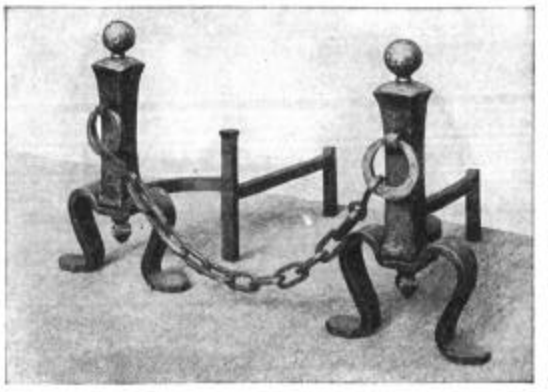
Fire set; consisting of shovel, poker, tongs and stand; all made in wrought iron. The stand is 14 in. long and 8 in. wide at the base; the implements are all 30 in. long. Price of set complete, $15.50. Price of separate implements, shovel, $3.00; poker, $2.00; tongs, $3.50; stand, $7.00.

WE show here a few of the fireplace fittings we make in The Craftsman Workshops, just to give an idea of their strength and simplicity of design and the character they give to the furnishings of a room. The excellence of the workmanship and the finish given to the metal can be appreciated only by those who see the actual pieces. All our wrought iron is given the finish known by old English armorers as "armor bright," a treatment which gives to iron a soft and lustrous surface, with high lights like tarnished silver, and preserves it from rust.

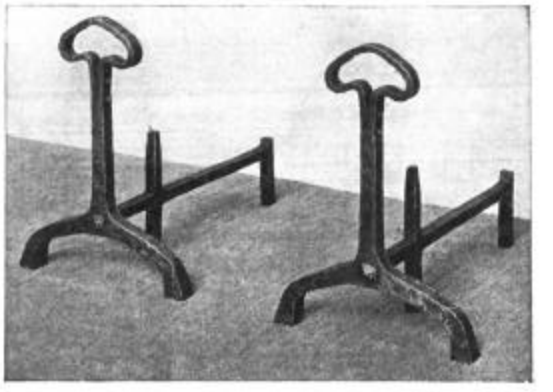
Coal bucket made in hammered copper or brass, with wrought-iron trimmings; height of bucket, 15 in.; diameter of base, 12 in. Price, $14.00.



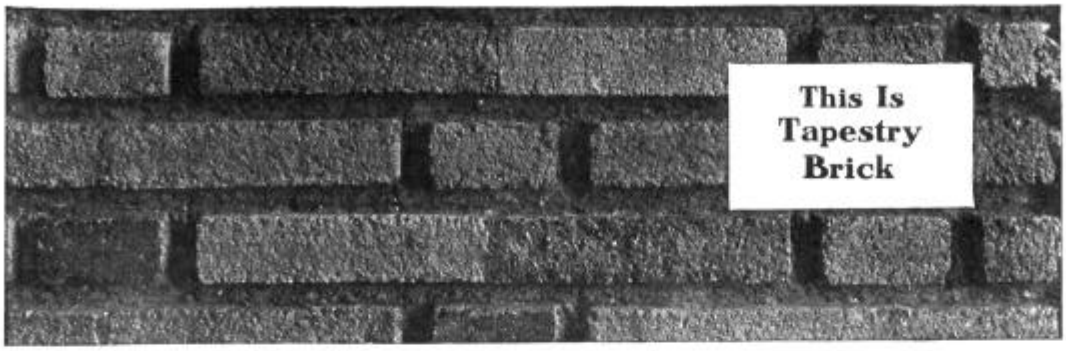
Wood basket; made in wrought iron; width, 16 in.; length, 28 in. Price, $12.00.



Heavy andirons connected with chain; made in wrought iron; height, 20 in.; depth, 21 in. Price, $26.00.



Small andirons; made in wrought iron; height, 16 in.; depth, 20 in. Price, $12.00.



Build a Home That Belongs in the Landscape

Tapestry Brick Is Your Best Aid

A house faced with conventional brick stands out against a country landscape in a jarring splash of color. You can see at a glance its puny demand for recognition in the midst of a wealth of Nature's harmonious colorings.

With Tapestry Brick, the rough texture of Nature's permanence is reproduced. With Tapestry Brick, her soft, deep reds and quiet olives are obtained. Your home becomes a harmonious part of the landscape.

Tapestry Brick

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Tapestry Brick is burned to an iron-like hardness and withstands the wear and tear of the seasons.

It is made of shale and burns to a great variety of colors. These various colors might be strong contrasts were it not for the large proportion of intermediate shadings, which tone them down to a rich, deep color that gives the brickwork enough life to be interesting and at the same time marks the mellowing influence of time and ripe old age.

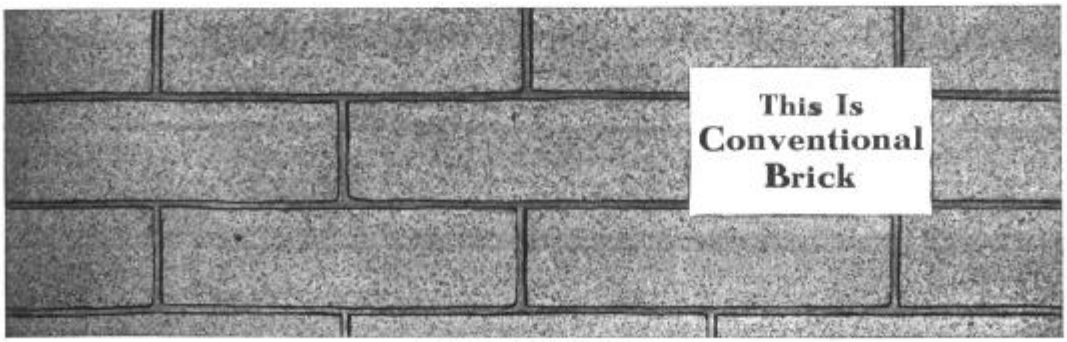
The two pictures in this advertisement show *one difference* between Tapestry Brick and the conventional facing brick—that is *texture*. The ordinary brickwork at the bottom of the page presents bricks of regular form and color—the machine-made product—put together with the narrowest of mortar joints. It is an imitation of a painted surface. At the top of the page a few courses of Tapestry Brick are shown and the texture is marked. The mortar joints are not ashamed to be seen.

We have prepared a booklet with numerous colored plates showing Tapestry Brick laid in varying joints and in actual use in buildings, large and small. It is handsomely printed and gives some instructive figures as to comparative costs of brick, frame and stucco buildings. Send 20 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

If your house is already built, consider the artistic possibilities of Tapestry Brick and Tile for garden walls, gateways, paths, etc.

Fiske & Company, Inc.
1650 Flatiron Building New York

For every dollar that the use of Tapestry Brick adds to your cost it adds ten dollars to the value of the property and doubles its salability.



YOUR COÖPERATION

IN THE IMPROVEMENT OF DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

THE CRAFTSMAN feels that perhaps the greatest public service it can give is the improvement of domestic architecture. The benefits attendant upon the erection of the right sort of dwellings are shared not only by the inmates, but by the community at large. Eventually they will exert a profound influence in shaping the national character and destiny. Hence we earnestly invite the coöperation of our readers in our efforts to promote the building of Craftsman houses everywhere.

Who Do You Know That Is Going to Build?

To this end we especially want at this time the names of persons expecting to build within a year, town, country or suburban residences costing $3,000 to $5,000 and upwards, or Bungalows, Cottages or Summer Cabins costing $500 and upwards. We have in press a little illustrated booklet to be called "The Craftsman House." Also a folder showing Perspectives and Floor Plans of a number of Craftsman houses. These we wish to send to such persons in order to call their attention decisively to the principles in house-building which we advocate. Additional copies will be supplied to our readers for distribution without charge. This booklet tells in a brief, clear way what a Craftsman House is, explains fundamental principles which it embodies, and states the resulting advantages to the owner. Members of Village Improvement Societies and persons interested in Civic Betterment everywhere, will find this an effective booklet for use as a tract. It will promote the building of a better class of dwellings.

Do You Know an Architect, Builder or Real Estate Man?

We coöperate with Architects, Builders, Sellers of Real Estate to prospective Home-Builders, Building Contractors and Owners. Indeed, we are glad to hear from anyone who is interested, directly or indirectly, in Domestic Architecture of the better sort.

ARCHITECTS find our work helps them. We inculcate in their clients a desire for something more artistic than the ordinary commonplace conventional dwelling. We teach the appreciation of good building materials and sound craftsmanship in construction. And we advocate willingness to pay what is necessary for a good house honestly constructed. Architects who have supervised the building of Craftsman houses from our plans or have been called upon to modify them, find much that is novel and interesting to them in economy of floor space, omission of unnecessary partition walls and decorative use of structural features. These suggestions are useful in designing future plans.

REAL ESTATE OPERATORS are often consulted by their clients about suitable plans for dwelling houses, and THE CRAFTSMAN is glad to advise and assist them on request.

BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS in small towns, where the services of architects are not available, can often work directly from our plans.

OWNERS themselves, not infrequently, with the assistance of sons and neighbors, have built a house from Craftsman house plans otherwise unassisted.

Won't You Write Us With a List of Names?

Won't you very kindly send us the names and addresses of any friends or neighbors expecting to build in the not distant future? Or send us the name of any progressive Architect, Builder or Dealer in Real Estate interested in the betterment of domestic architecture. We invite correspondence concerning conditions in different localities and personal problems. All such letters will have our promptest and best attention.

We earnestly solicit your cooperation in getting Craftsman Houses constructed in your community

GUSTAV STICKLEY, THE CRAFTSMAN

41 WEST 34th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE CRAFTSMAN ADVERTISER

A Talk with Readers of *The Craftsman*

A Mutuality of Interest that is exceptional exists between the readers of THE CRAFTSMAN, its advertisers and the publisher. Advertisers say their CRAFTSMAN inquiries indicate that our editorial and advertising pages are read with equal interest and confidence. The reason lies in our common interests. In our Architectural and other Draughting Rooms, in our Workshops and our building operations, we make use only of the very best of Artists' Colors and Supplies, Building Materials, Paints, Stains, Interior Decorations and Home Furnishings. Thus we know what goods in these lines are first class. And we solicit only the best of everything for the advertising pages of THE CRAFTSMAN.

Craftsman Readers naturally are interested in the Arts and Handicrafts, in House Building, Furnishing and the Remodeling and Decoration of their homes. Many new readers come to us when they are about to build or rebuild, furnish or refurnish, because our friends have recommended THE CRAFTSMAN. They turn naturally to the advertising pages of THE CRAFTSMAN as sources of information. Hence our purpose is to carry a representative line of advertisers in the best of everything for the Studio or the Home.

Not all of our Readers, however, appreciate how much the advertisers in THE CRAFTSMAN can aid them. The modern advertising booklet contains a deal of strikingly valuable information. And the departments maintained by many advertisers to furnish estimates, samples, information and advice are really marvelous in their adaptation to every-day needs.

Send for the Booklets and other information advertised in THE CRAFTSMAN. Study them and keep them at hand. Always mention THE CRAFTSMAN when writing. Also mention THE CRAFTSMAN when purchasing of dealers, goods advertised in its pages. Call your friends' attention to the Booklets and other information thus received and ask those interested, when writing to our advertisers, to mention THE CRAFTSMAN. Our care in excluding from our columns all fraudulent or questionable advertising of any sort and in soliciting only the best of everything, insures you against loss and assures your satisfaction.

New Advertisers, especially, we ask you to welcome to your midst with cordial letters of inquiry. There are many friendly faces in our advertising columns that have been with us for years. These we know you will not neglect. But the new advertiser feels at first like a stranger, and unless well received by you will be doubtful of his standing in your esteem. Just now we are making new introductions rather rapidly and we bespeak for each the courtesy of a cordial welcome.

The Loyalty of Our Readers to THE CRAFTSMAN is evidenced by the fact that so far as we know there is not a dissatisfied advertiser in our columns, or one whose attitude is not most sanguine, even enthusiastic. And we earnestly bespeak at this time a continuation of your good will and patronage.

Gustav Stickley, The Craftsman

41 WEST 34th STREET NEW YORK CITY

June Weddings

No form of invitation is so closely scrutinized by the recipients as a wedding invitation. It is, therefore, most important that wedding invitations should conform to social customs in appearance, wording, engraving, and stock. For years

Crane's Wedding Papers

have had the approval of society, because for years society has found nothing else so distinctly appropriate for the purpose in every way.

You, of course, want the best and want your friends to know you are using the best.

Crane's Wedding Papers can always be identified by the water-mark "Crane's" on both envelopes. They can be had wherever good stationery is sold.

CRANE'S LINEN LAWN

is a writing paper that has, for years, conformed to the highest standard of quality and has been the most successful in attaining the so-called fabric finish.

It can now be had in the new Parisian colorings, "Daybreak Pink," "Willow Green" and "Orchid," at all stores where good stationery is sold. Look for the "Crane" water-mark.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, Pittsfield, Mass.

Speaking of

Strathmore Water Color Papers

one artist says:

"THE paper submits with the best possible grace and with the least disagreeable contrasts to the use of Chinese White and body color in conjunction with tinting, and to sponging and wiping as well as other devices for heightening effects or redeeming failures."

While this adaptability of Strathmore Water Color Papers appeals to one artist, you may demand other qualities of them for which your individual methods call.

You will not be disappointed in any demand that you make of them, for Strathmore Water Color Papers adapt themselves most readily to every style of work, to every quality of brush stroke from the broadest to the most delicate.

Put this to the test of personal experience. Ask your dealer to let you have one of our free sample books which contain specimens of our papers in a sufficient size for testing.

These books also contain specimens of all other Strathmore Drawing Papers and Boards for pen, pencil, brush, charcoal or crayon.

If your dealer hasn't the book write to us for it.

When you want unusual and striking effects in Posters, Mounts, Folders, Booklets, etc., use the "Strathmore Quality" Cover Papers. A great variety of beautiful colors and textures make them adaptable for a large range of effects. They have strength and durability Samples on request.

MITTINEAGUE PAPER COMPANY, MITTINEAGUE, MASS., U. S. A.

"CRAFTSMAN"

Furniture
Wood-finishes
Fabrics

Metal-work
Leathers
Needlework

are on sale at the warerooms of our associates in the following cities:

Chamberlin-Johnson-Du Bose Co., Atlanta, Ga.
John Turnbull, Jr., & Co....Baltimore, Md.
Craftsman Company of Boston, Boston, Mass.
The Wm. Hengerer Co.....Buffalo, N. Y.
Marshall Field & Co.....Chicago, Ill.
The Robert Mitchell Furn. Co., Cincinnati, O.
McAllister-Mohler & Co.....Columbus, O.
P. M. Harman & Co.....Dayton, O.
The Denver Dry Goods Co....Denver, Col.
Thomas Harris.....Des Moines, Iowa
A. A. Gray Co.....Detroit, Mich.
French & Bassett.....Duluth, Minn.
Wilmarth & Sons.....Glens Falls, N. Y.
Sauder & Recker Furn. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
The Hardy Furn. Co.....Lincoln, Neb.
Pease Bros. Furn. Co....Los Angeles, Cal.
Fred. W. Keisker & Son....Louisville, Ky.
C. W. Fisher Furn. Co....Milwaukee, Wis.
Boutell Brothers.....Minneapolis, Minn.
Chamberlain Furn. & M. Co., New Haven, Conn.
Frederick Keer's Sons.....Newark, N. J.
James McCreery & Co....New York, N. Y.
John Breuner Co.....Oakland, Cal.
Miller, Stewart & Beaton....Omaha, Neb.
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Schipper & Block, Inc.....Peoria, Ill.
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Potter & Co.....Providence, R. I.
John Breuner Co.....Sacramento, Cal.
John Breuner Co.....San Francisco, Cal.
Johnston-Hatcher Co.....Springfield, Ill.
William A. French.....St. Paul, Minn.
S. Rosenbloom & Sons....Syracuse, N. Y.
A. V. Manning's Sons.....Trenton, N. J.
W. B. Moses & Sons...Washington, D. C.
Flint & Barker.....Worcester, Mass.

These are all representative houses and they carry such an assortment of "Craftsman" Furniture and Fittings as to afford a satisfactory inspection, and to fill carefully any orders committed to them.

GUSTAV STICKLEY, THE CRAFTSMAN, 29 West 34th St. NEW YORK

PRINTING HOUSE OF WM. N. JENNINGS, NEW YORK