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THE CRAFTSMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE SIMPLIFICATION OF LIFE

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GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR & PUBLISHER
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THE CRAFTSMAN

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Riemenschneider

"CHRIST WITH THE TEACHERS. FROM GOTHIC CHAPEL, DETTWANG, BAVARIA. ("SCULPTURE IN WOOD." PAGE 475.)

THE CRAFTSMAN
GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

DR. BARNARDO AND HIS LIFE-WORK FOR LONDON WAIFDOM: BY WILLIAM H. TOLMAN, DIRECTOR AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL SERVICE

IN tracing back the history of successful movements and institutions, it usually happens that their inception is due to the strong personal influence of some one man or woman with a high ideal, the realization of which is to be accomplished by means of the new society. Particularly is this true of the young London doctor whose life-work was the saving and right education of destitute children. He was a hard student, night and day,—but two nights and all of Sunday were his own, what he called free time, and these he devoted to a ragged school, the small beginning of what is now almost a world-wide benevolence.

Jim, a London waif, had been told of this school by one of his chums, and had gone there one chilly winter night for the warmth, and not from any desire to be taught. When it came time for the young doctor, wearied and worried by the effort of dealing with the young toughs and keeping them fairly quiet, to dismiss the school for the night, he saw Jim lingering. He ordered him to go home. Something in the lad's appealing glance and his request to stop in the school room aroused the teacher's flagging interest, but he said: "Why, the idea is absurd. What will your father and mother say?" Then it came out that Jim had no parents, no friends, no home. It was hard to believe that there was any child in London who did not have a single friend, but Jim stuck to his statement so stoutly that the doctor could not, even by the most skillful cross examination, shake his story. He decided to put Jim to the proof, but not until he had filled him up with all the hot coffee he could drink.

The search party started out half an hour after midnight, peering into barrels, looking into dark corners and down narrow passages, but no homeless boys could be found.

"That's 'cause they are 'fraid of the policemen, who keep a sharp lookout for them down here," said Jim. "You'll see lots of 'em now, if you don't wake 'em up. Here's one lay."

"Where, I don't see any boys," said the doctor.

"Corse you don't," replied the waif, "you've got to climb up on the iron roof of the shed." This shed formed the boundary of the wall against which they had come.

In Dr. Barnardo's own words: "How to get up was the next question, but Jim made light work of this. His sharp eyes detected the well-worn marks by which the lads ascended and descended—little interstices between the bricks, whence the mortar had fallen or had been picked away. Jim rapidly climbed up first, and then by the aid of a stick, which he held down for me, I too made my ascent, and at length stood upon the stone coping or parapet which ran along the side. There, exposed upon the dome-shaped roof, with their heads upon the higher part, and their feet somewhere in the gutter, but in a great variety of postures, some coiled up, as one may have seen dogs before a fire; some huddled two or three together, others more apart—lay eleven boys out on the open roof. No covering of any kind was upon them. The rags that most of them wore were mere apologies for clothes, apparently quite as bad as Jim's, if not even worse. One big fellow lay there who seemed to be about eighteen years old; but the ages of the remainder varied, I should say, from nine to fourteen. Just then the moon shone clearly out. I have already said that it was a bitterly cold, dry night, and, as the pale light of the moon fell upon the upturned faces of those poor boys, and as I, standing there, realized for one awful moment the terrible fact that they were all absolutely homeless and destitute, and were perhaps but samples of hundreds of others, it seemed as if the hand of God himself had suddenly pulled aside the curtain which concealed from my view the untold miseries of forlorn child-life upon the streets of London. Add to this that a passionate sense of the unfairness of things flooded my heart and mind as I stood that night upon the roof top. I confess I was dazed at the very thought of it, and only found relief when I gave up trying to solve it and thought I must do just the one duty that lay so manifestly at my door—to save this poor lad, whatever might come of it. Jim looked at the whole thing from a very matter-of-fact point of

view. 'Shall I wake 'em up, sir?' he asked. 'Hush,' said I, 'don't let us attempt to disturb them,' and as one of them moved uneasily, I hurried away."

The first home to be established as a result of the night's discovery, was in a lowly London street with accommodations for about twenty-five boys. Dr. Barnardo and his friend did the repairs and then he spent two whole nights on the street, getting the raw material for his home. Such was the small beginning of a work that to-day cares for thousands of children in upwards of one hundred homes, with an annual budget of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

A MAN like Dr. Barnardo is ever an opportunist in the best sense; being thoroughly imbued with the greatness of his subject and inspired with first hand knowledge, he is ever ready to speak with conviction. Dr. Barnardo's first opportunity was literally thrust upon him. It seems that Dr. Davidson had been conducting Sunday services for the people in the large Agricultural Hall in London. At one of the meetings, the speaker who had been expected failed. Dr. Davidson, knowing of Barnardo's work, and seeing him in the audience, called him to the platform to give an account of his East End Mission, as it was a missionary meeting. It was Barnardo's first speech, but he realized that here was an opportunity to tell the story of his waifs. Simply and sincerely he related his experience with Jim and his fellows. His speech carried conviction, and the press gave it wide publicity, one of the papers coming under the notice of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was so deeply impressed that he invited Barnardo to dine with him.

At dinner, the story of Jim was related, but the diners expressed politely their disbelief that such a condition of child poverty could exist in London, and their impression that the case had been greatly overstated. There was only one way to prove it, and Lord Shaftesbury suggested that the party should then and there go out with Barnardo and see for themselves. Cabs were ordered, and the entire party in evening dress went to the lowest of London's slums, near Billingsgate. Barnardo well knew that many a lay was there, but not a boy was to be found. At this crisis, a friendly policeman told him that there were "Lots of 'em in there, and they'll come out if you give them a copper," and he pointed out a hidden recess where

it did not seem possible for any waif to take refuge. A half penny a head was offered, when instantly from among old crates, boxes and barrels, which had been piled together and covered over by a bit of sail cloth, seventy-three boys crawled out. Barnardo had made good. Lord Shaftesbury marched the party to Dick Fisher's coffee shop, where the boys were filled to the brim with coffee, bread and butter. When Shaftesbury parted with Barnardo for the night, he said, "All London shall know of this."

The aid of Lord Shaftesbury was one result of the meeting at Agricultural Hall. Another, equally significant, happened at the close, when a young servant girl came to Barnardo and said that she had made a small saving out of her wages, which she had wanted to contribute to foreign missions, but that she had become so deeply impressed with the needs of the waifs in London that she wished him to use it in their rescue. It was the first public money he had ever received, and, as he said later, "I felt as awkward in receiving it as she did in giving it." On reaching home he opened the package and found six and three-fourths pence in farthings. This small sum in farthings was the very beginning of a total of upward of fifteen and one-half million dollars which have passed through his treasury.

IN the Barnardo homes, the children are sought for day and night by trained workers throughout the lowest parts of the city. Boys and girls are admitted from all parts of the kingdom, in fact, from all parts of the world, irrespective of age, creed or physical defects. In all the history of the homes, no child has yet been refused admission. At the time of Dr. Barnardo's death, in 1905, nineteen thousand two hundred and fifty children were being cared for by his various agencies. In the successful promotion of such a large scheme for social and moral restoration of the dependents and defectives, it becomes of extreme interest to know if Dr. Barnardo really apprehended the bigness of the problem, how he put it before himself and then how he proposed to solve it. That he fully realized its perplexities was evident from his purpose to build up a system of child rescue and restoration that included every kind of waif needing help, but at the same time to prevent the benevolence thus bestowed on them from becoming an incitement to im-

providence among parents of the baser sort, thus intensifying the very evil he was seeking to lessen. Another very serious difficulty was the removal of children from the custody of the criminal, drunken and degraded guardians, to whom the law gave this custody, and who, if they wished, could frustrate the best directed efforts to rescue the children from immoral surroundings. Thirdly, how to train the rescued children, so that they would never again revert to the lower conditions. In reflecting on the perils that attended nearly every policy outlined, one guiding principle was evident from the first, namely, that institutionalism must be avoided at all hazards. The children must be brought up under homely and natural surroundings instead of artificial and institutional conditions. The influence of mother, of the home, of brother and sister, combined with an atmosphere of devout and personal religion, were to implant those principles that would ultimately subdue in the waifs the inherited tendencies to evil.

My interest in London's treatment of the waif and my knowledge of Dr. Barnardo's pioneer work in trying to solve this most difficult of problems, led me to visit him. I found him gentle and unassuming, quite ready to talk about his work. After explaining his guiding principles he suggested that it would be better to see the work in actual operation, and detailed one of his staff to show us about. In the administration of the home, school work comes first, and then a trade adapted to the inclination and ability of the lad. When the boy is first received the "History Book" records his origin, relationships, physical and other characteristics. After a thorough cleansing he is assigned a bed and an individual locker. The next morning the bugle awakes him at five-thirty for a half-hour's set up drill before breakfast. After this meal, family prayer in the hall or chapel, school at nine o'clock, which continues until four-thirty, with an interval of two hours for dinner, drill and play; supper at six; another drill, an hour's play, evening prayers, bed and "lights out" at nine o'clock.

It is wonderful how adaptable these boys are in all lines of work. They are the housekeepers, cooks, waitresses, chambermaids, bakers, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, printers, weavers, plumbers, mat and brush makers and workers in many other useful employments which supply the needs of the home. Not only does this work keep them

occupied usefully but effects a great saving in the purchase of supplies for the home and also yields a revenue from the sale of the surplus products. Each branch has its master of that craft, who is the instructor. Those boys showing a special aptitude in any particular trade are regularly apprenticed at the home for three or five years, at the end of which time they are graduated as skilled workers fully equipped for competition with the outside world. We were much impressed with the thoroughness of this manual training. In the baking school the bread just drawn from the oven was delicious, and we felt that we were in a great bakery with hundreds of loaves laid neatly on the shelves around us. They had their regular baking days, a certain number of boys being detailed to do this work. The little bakers, clad in white aprons and caps, looked very professional. One room was called the shoe hospital; here were sent all the old decrepit, toeless, soleless and heelless shoes, apparent wrecks, but in the hands of the energetic little cobblers miraculous cures were effected, and, restored to some semblance of newness, the shoes were sent forth for another period of service. It was really an inspiration to go through the many branches of the work; we found such enthusiasm, such a determination on the part of the boys to do their utmost to bring their work up to the highest standard. I found myself constantly asking, "Did boys do this work?" The work is not all of a soberly practical nature, and much attention is paid to the teaching of music. Any child having talent and showing a desire to learn is provided with a musical instrument and is well taught. As soon as he is proficient he is placed in one of the several home bands. The children are very fond of music and much pleasure is given this way.

One of the buildings in the group is a Jubilee Memorial Hospital to Queen Victoria. It is fully equipped with the latest devices for relieving pain and suffering. Daily operations are performed, many of them on patients seemingly incurable. Some of the finest surgeons in England give their services, and their delicate skill is often the means of effecting notable cures. If it were not for this "Palace of Pain," hundreds of little sufferers would be left to die without any care or help. The wisdom of Dr. Barnardo's insistence, that no child, whatever his condition, should ever be refused,

is shown by the hundreds of children's lives which have been saved for themselves and for society.

From the original home in Stepney, Dr. Barnardo has seen the London work expand until to-day it includes "The Palace of Pain," a hospital for waifs, a creche, an orphan home for little boys, a service house for older girls, a labor house for destitute youths, rescue home for young girls in special danger, The Bee Hive, an industrial school for older girls, The Union Jack Shoe Black Brigade and home, children's free lodging houses and a children's fold for very small boys. This much for London. In Jersey there is a nursery home for very little boys; in the provinces, The Babies' Castle, a convalescent sea side home, a memorial home for incurables, and numerous orphan homes for boys and girls, a boarding out branch with upwards of one hundred local centers and shipping agencies in two ports. Thirteen ever-open doors where waifs may be received. Then there is the Watts Naval Training School in Norfolk, emigration depots and distributing homes in Ontario for girls and in Winnipeg and Toronto for boys, and an industrial farm of eight thousand acres in Manitoba for older youths.

THE story of the girls' garden city illustrates so admirably the spirit and the methods of Dr. Barnardo, that I shall tell it somewhat in detail. Soon after he began the care of girls, he was firmly persuaded that there should be small cottage homes where the girls could be reared in the midst of home surroundings instead of the barrack type of institutions. This idea was new and untried, but Barnardo believed it was right. On a visit to Oxford, he discussed his plans with a friend on the railway train. He had no certainty as to the ways and means, but felt sure that a way would be provided to carry on a work so necessary and so widely beneficent. The next morning a gentleman called at the hotel, stating that he had seen the project in the paper of cottage homes for girls, and told Dr. Barnardo to put him down for the first building. Such was the beginning of the girls' garden city, now numbering some sixty cottages.

The city is about half an hour from London, in a beautiful spot of rural England. The cottages are detached, each accommodating

sixteen, twenty or twenty-five children, in charge of a house mother whose sole purpose is to make the cottage homelike for them. They are allowed to have their pets, canaries, doves and cats. The children are of assorted sizes and ages, just as in the normal family. All the work of the cottage is done by the inmates, who thus constitute an independent household.

As the girls' village is an independent community, it has its own public school, with accommodations for one thousand pupils. The school is under the control of the Educational Department of England, subject to its inspectors and examinations, and the report of the inspectors shows that these girls compare very favorably with other children of the same age. The classes in these schools are mostly elementary, and are supplemented by the specialized schools in domestic science, so that the girls may become good cooks, laundresses and general houseworkers. Others who show any aptitude are taught millinery and dressmaking, for it is the object to make these girls self-supporting just as soon as they are ready for a place in the outside world. There is a steady demand for Dr. Barnardo's girls for household work,—in fact, there is a waiting list. He was always particular, however, to place them in families where the right influence would be thrown about them, as so much depends on the start.

There is a special home provided for deformed girls who have reached young womanhood and are incapable of self-support. They mingle freely in the village life, and share its activities. The crippled and deformed boys and younger girls are distributed among the homes containing the healthy children, who help take care of them. The older children are taught consideration and gentleness for the afflicted ones. In this way, the family life becomes a school of unselfishness for the children, as their sympathies go out to those who are worse off than themselves. Dr. Barnardo's faith that the needs of the village would be met, was exemplified by the gift to the village of a children's church, by a lady who desired this form of memorial to her father and mother. The church is beautifully simple, with comfortable children's pews, so that each house mother can sit with her own family at worship.

BOYS ON BRACE MEMORIAL FARM

Photos from American Institute of Social Service

FEEDING THE CALVES IS A DAILY TASK

GARDENING IS GOOD FOR BOYS

A GROUP OF YOUNG FIELD-WORKERS

A WELL-KEPT FIELD ON A MODEL FARM OF THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

ADOPTION OF THE IDEA BY THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DAYTON, OHIO

DR. BARNARDO

EARLY in his career, Dr. Barnardo became a firm believer in the efficacy of emigration, because it gave his boys a chance, as he was so fond of saying. The London home is a training school, fitting the boy or the girl with the knowledge of a craft that will make them self-supporting. Were it not for some system of emigration, there would not be an outlet for the home population. The emigration department makes it possible to absorb any number of children in a new country, as it would be well nigh impossible to place them in individual homes in England.

While some children are sent to Australia, New Zealand and Africa, Canada is the principal field for the young citizens; it is near, and the country wants settlers, especially good ones. Realizing that the tie binding the young emigrant to the London home must not be severed, a supervision is maintained through systematic visitation and regular correspondence. A system of friendly visitors care for the children on their arrival in Canada, while the Homes there are centers of kindly influence for any need of the child.

The country receiving the prospective citizens is further safeguarded by a guarantee from Dr. Barnardo that any child proving a moral failure will be brought back to England, thus insuring the removal from the country of non-productive social and industrial elements. Among the very first emigrants sent to Canada was Jim, who again was a pioneer in this new phase of waif restoration. Boys over seventeen who have been tested are sent to the industrial farm in Manitoba. It is a farm training school where the boys contract to serve one year in part payment for the advantages received. At the end of that time they are eligible to become farm laborers, and to receive free a conditional grant of one hundred and sixty acres from the government. Help is then given them to set up homes of their own, so that the farm becomes a colonizing center for the district. Dr. Barnardo considered that the emigration department was most satisfactory, because it was a broad foundation for an enduring manhood and womanhood. Only two per cent. of his emigrants had proven unsatisfactory.

From the foundation of the work, upwards of fifteen and a half million dollars have passed through the treasury, which has been used in the social salvation of nearly sixty thousand waifs. In a work of this magnitude Dr. Barnardo felt that he should account

for every penny; the accounts are audited weekly, and again a monthly audit is presented at the Council meeting, in each case by two different sets of auditors. Dr. Barnardo had no personal contact with the disbursements, which are all made on the order of the council, thus freeing him from any embarrassment in handling trust funds. One element of success is explained by the large number of small subscriptions, evidencing the widespread interest. Out of ninety-four thousand three hundred and thirty-two separate donations in 1902, sixty-four thousand six hundred and seventeen were less than five dollars and twenty-three thousand three hundred and fifty-three were between five dollars and twenty-five dollars. The whole work is absolutely dependent from day to day, upon the free will offerings of the benevolent.

Dr. Barnardo knew for some years before his death that he could not live very long, and began such a thorough systematization of the work that it could be carried on without a break along the lines so wisely laid down by the founder and so thoroughly tested by a successful experience. The society is formally known as the National Incorporated Association for the Reclamation of Destitute Waif Children, with the responsibility for the direction of all the various rescue agencies in the hands of a Council.

Desirous of an opinion on Dr. Barnardo and his work from an American whom I considered best qualified to judge, I asked it from Charles Loring Brace, the Secretary of the New York Children's Aid Society. "Dr. Barnardo was one of the great men of his time," said Mr. Brace. "His life was a whirlwind campaign for the benefit of the helpless. His enthusiasm, his eloquent appeals, both in public meetings and in printed circulars, were so moving that he obtained in charitable contributions a greater sum than any other one man of any time. Not less remarkable was his power of organization and the wisdom of his methods in the expenditure of huge sums to better the condition of neglected children. The plan of caring for orphan and abandoned city children by placing them in carefully selected country homes, preferably in farmers' families, and of establishing homes for street boys and industrial day schools for poor children who live in the tenements, was first undertaken by the late Charles L. Brace in 1853, long before Dr. Barnardo adopted the same means of helping children in London. These methods

have been carried on by the New York Children's Aid Society on a greater scale than by Dr. Barnardo, but the latter has undertaken not only these departments, but also the work which the many institutions and orphanages of New York have done, and on a very much wiser plan. Dr. Barnardo's many homes, training schools and children's villages on the cottage plan have been in operation for years, while the institutions in this country are only just discovering the necessity of the cottage plan in place of the huge barracks heretofore in use. But even yet, the managers of the institutions have not adopted Dr. Barnardo's wise provision that persons of different ages from the baby to the decrepit old woman, should live together in each cottage in a manner similar to the family life of a cottage in a country village, the younger attending school, the older ones going to work at handicrafts in the shops to the extent of their strength or ability.

"Dr. Barnardo visited the Newsboys' Lodging-house in New York on a Sunday evening. He was impressed with what seemed to him the extraordinary hopefulness of the spirit of our work. 'You have an enormous advantage over us in London,' he said. 'When you talk to your boys you rouse their ambitions by telling them of the governors and congressmen who were once waifs on the street until rescued by you. In London the opportunities for future eminence are so remote that we must confine our talk to the future rewards promised by religion.'

"Since that time Dr. Barnardo has wisely established a great farm school in Western Canada, to which he sends the more ambitious of his boys, giving them an outlet from the crowded London streets to the wide prairies of this country, as helpful to the boys of London as the West has been to the homeless boys of New York."

To attempt a eulogy on the life of a man who has done so much for humanity is an utter impossibility. There are no fitting words which can express the consecration of such a character, the love and sympathy which went out from him these many years in patient, untiring effort to save these little outcasts of society. Dr. Barnardo has been called "the father of nobody's children," and his eulogy and his memorial come from the hearts of the children whom he redeemed, whose lives and good citizenship will be a constant testimony and tribute to the glory of his great work.

SCULPTURE IN WOOD. MARVELOUS WORKS OF RIEMENSCHNEIDER STILL TO BE SEEN IN SOUTHERN BAVARIA: BY MARY ANNABLE FANTON

THE Rothenburg hills on a summer afternoon are purple and mellow, and the deep, close valley of the Tauber is grey with translucent mist. Glimmering through the mist, the shallow yellow old river moves gently down the valley, resting at a mill-pond, to gain dignified force for a mossy old mill-wheel, flowing close to the high stone hunting lodge of that famous burgomaster Toppler, and creeping with reminiscent calm under the old Crusaders' bridge where centuries ago the knights of the city rode away to win guerdons from sweet ladies and burial places in Gothic chapels. It is a quiet valley now, with grapes growing on the hills; and the travelers over the bridge are most often peaceful-eyed women, cooing coaxingly to yellow oxen with grain-loaded wagons. Long years have changed the valley, have buried the knights, and forgotten the tournaments; but the crown of the valley, the beautiful old stone city, still rests on the edg of the high *burg,* grey and red, low and alluring, just as it was when slender Bavarian maids with jewels woven in their braids, peered through the bars of the Burg Thor to watch lovers clank over the beautiful bridge and wind away with glad reluctance beyond the hill to battle and glory.

Rothenburg is a fifteenth century city, with traditions and memories of the eighth and ninth centuries. If you are a fortunate traveler there, you live in houses built for crusading knights, you drink from Gothic fountains that were love-offerings to religion, and you remember old legends and dream new dreams in dim Gothic churches—churches so rich in color and outline, so gorgeous with old stained glass, so dreamily peaceful and richly ornamental with high altars of carved wood, so truly a sanctuary of art, as well as religion, that they seem a rare great jewel casket holding the treasures of some dear dead artist's offering to beauty.

The Gothic churches of other cities may equal Rothenburg in jewel-colored windows—indeed the windows of San Laurenz at Nürnberg are even a more exquisite, intricately-woven color scheme; and there are Italian churches with rarer treasures of painting; Rothenburg has no stone carvings equal to Adam Krafft's monument

in St. Sebaldus, Nürnberg; and there are taller spires and richer vestments in France's cathedrals: but nowhere else in the world are there greater gifts of wood-carving, or as great, if one excepts the Museum of Nürnberg and Munich.

When the churches of Rothenberg and the nearby little towns of Creglingen and Dettwang were decorated, wood-carving was at the summit of its glory in Bavaria, the home of the most individual, most realistic wood-carving of the Renaissance period. They were very close to an understanding of Nature, to a profound appreciation of the beauty of simple humanity, these great master carvers of the fifteenth century. There was no grace of delicate limbs, no heavy dragging folds of soft woolen textures, no glint of metal, no glow of sunlight, no changing expression of human emotion that these workers of wood pictures in the Renaissance times could not express subtly, surely and convincingly.

THE greatest artists of Bavaria's "fifteenth century of beauty" took heed of the possibilities of permanent expression of the poetry of simple lives in the sculpture of wood. Albrecht Dürer and Wolgemut, his master, were both wood carvers as well as painters, and Dürer, whose genius expressed itself in every channel he could master the technique of, added carving in ivory, working in bronze and wood engraving to the the interests of his life.

While Dürer and Veit Stoss were carving in Nürnberg, Hans Schuelein and Jörg Syrlin were doing marvelous wood decorations in Ulm, and the work of Tillman Riemenschneider was proclaiming him, in Southern Bavaria, the greatest sculptor in wood that the Renaissance had yet seen. He was an anatomist as well as an artist; a philosopher as well as a craftsman; he was also what the Italians call *simpatica* and the Germans know more intimately as *sympatisch;* he understood the relation of joy and suffering to physical expression, and realized it supremely in his sculpture. He also had the dramatic temperament, and so his wood pictures are vital, stirring with suggestive action and tender with passionate experiences.

During this wonderful century, wood carving seemed to be throughout Germany the widest channel for expressing the picturesque tendency in Renaissance art. Wood was found by these tempestuous individualists to be the most responsive medium for a

variation of technique. So soft a material could figure in high and low relief, as well as "in the round." Execution was swift, results permanent. And from being a classic decoration, a conventional finish, for church and house, wood-carving grew into the proportions of a distinct art, the most picturesque art of the Middle Ages, until at last no Gothic edifice, public or private, of any great beauty or purpose, was erected without interior or exterior wood carvings. There were altars, pulpits, stairways, choir stalls, confessionals, and figures. The color effect was richer than stone, the execution simpler and less expensive, and to the vivid artistic personalities of those fighting days, it was more alert than stone, more alive than painting.

In the Riemenschneider carving at Rothenburg, perhaps more than in any others, one is made to see and feel the vigorous, tumultuous imagination of the man back of the brush, how he searched his soul for the inspiration of his great altar-pieces, his heart for the humanity he infused into every face, every hand, every "movement," and how he reached out over the whole available world for the perfection of skill that enabled him to choose each utterly right stroke to tell his story brilliantly, lovingly and beautifully. "He could think straight and see clear." One could imagine that he had a consciousness of living with the people he created, solemnly and serenely, in the rich gloom of the old Jacobskirsche. He worked sometimes in radiance, sometimes in shadow, as the windows, even then a century old, held or no the changing sunlight in their wonderful colors. And how his soul must have rejoiced in the contrast, when at the end of a day's work with those silent friends he stepped through the carved stone doorway out under the deep, indescribably blue Bavarian sky and caught the wind blowing up from the Tauber and saw the peace of the purple hills.

Rothenburg is most genuinely a place to *dwell* in, and even in those days of the stir and war of little worlds there must have been in the lovely city the rest of perfect beauty in her red and grey tones, in the near kind blue sky, in the satisfying lines and structure of the uneven low buildings, in the velvet booming of vibrant bells, in the wide sheltering walls and deep moat, and in the church, the most exquisite "studio," the serenest workshop, that the heart of an artist could crave.

SCULPTURE IN WOOD

There is to-day (and I doubt if it can be said of any other old city in Europe) no appreciable change in Rothenburg since Riemenschneider carved his high altars in the Church of St. Jacobs. It is still a city of fifteenth century outline and color and ways of living, and its most modern dwelling is of the sixteenth century. There are still the wide inner and outer walls with the gates closed at night, the high watch tower at every gate, the sloping moat, now a flowering orchard, and the Renaissance houses with their carved wooden oriels and inner courts.

TO study the carving in the small Gothic cathedral, you must cross a stone court from the church portal to a vine-covered house, past a Gothic drinking-fountain which is very, very old and mossy green; then, through a quaint beer garden canopied with green vines, up a wonderful carved stairway, you find the sacristan. For the holder of the church keys is also the owner of a hanging-garden *weinstube*—a peaceful man who knows somewhat of art as well as of Tauber wine. The key is a huge affair fashioned by hand centuries ago. It is rattled into the lock with a mild Teutonic flourish, for the stout, jovial sacristan is as proud of Riemenschneider as of the Rothenburg home-brewed beer, and has prated of him for years and sympathizes with the gladness that awaits your first breathless glimpse of the choir.

You need a brillant day without—a true blue and silver Bavarian day—to gain a sufficiently luminous day within; and then, at first, while the sacristan is chanting intoned, blank-verse periods, giving you names and dates, facts and legends, you are seeing and feeling only the splendor of color, the exaltation of design, the marvelous, heavenly harmony of the glowing windows and the deep-toned altars. They are the altars that the artist himself loved best. The "Altar of the Heavenly Blood," the "Altar of the Twelve Messengers" and the "Virgin's Altar"—each one a complete separate decoration with doors or "wings" and high carved Gothic frames.

By and by you forget the low voice of the sacristan, or it is lost in the booming of the purple bell up in the high Gothic spire, your mind is saturated with the delight, the remoteness, the sense of mystery which comes always with the simple presentation of well-nigh perfect beauty. And then the place breaks up into detail, and

you see the people in the altar pictures, the sad kind Christ, the naive child mother, the messengers pouring into the gates swiftly as men with important tidings, and you feel anxiety and sorrow and peace and ecstacy; you are in the midst of the world's greatest drama, you are intimate with it, it is being not presented, but re-lived, with yourself as an earnest, deeply touched spectator.

At first you forget the supreme gift of composition by which the artist makes every living scene an admirably placed picture, you forget the cultivated technique which renders flesh or cloth, fur or metal, peace or anger, suffering or joy instant before you: you are feeling too poignantly the reality of the stories and too genuinely their poignancy to receive the full art appeal that is subsequently made. Yet it is a never-ceasing marvel that out of one material and one tone it is possible to secure such a multitude of effects, the impression of many colors, of many materials, of many emotions.

If you are a woman, with child love in your heart, or a lover, you will first give a long thought to the altar of the Virgin. The naive ecstacy of that pale child face, the wonder and the sadness! How could it be found in a single square block of wood? And the little frightened hands clasped on the childish breast—there can be no greater art than the way in which Riemenschneider dealt with the hands of men and women, their sensitiveness, their mobility, their flexibility, their round youth or fluttering old age, hands that are an emotional index. The draperies about the small Virgin figure fall in sumptuous soft folds, as the heavy Oriental woolens, the shawls of Tyrian purple, and the red wools of Sidon would have clung to the slender girl's body. She listens to the Angel, but she is thinking up to her God.

The Altar of the Holy Blood is elaborate with its intricate framing and tall dark Gothic spires, shafts that taper up through the receding light to the ceiling and carry with them the thought of the traveler to rest in the rose shadows near the music of the bells. The story presented is the Last Supper, and it is done here with all the involved soul sickness that only Leonardo besides seems to have brought into the scene. The perspective shown in the shadow depths, the emotional stress in the faces of the men, the suggested restlessness and anxiety, all absorb one's interest in turn.

In the Altar of the Twelve Messengers there is not only con-

Riemenschneider

"THE ANNUNCIATION." VIRGIN'S ALTAR
IN THE JACOBSKIRCHE, ROTHENBURG

Riemenschneider

ALTAR OF THE TWELVE MESSENGERS.
JACOBSKIRCHE, ROTHENBURG

vincing perspective but motion that is stirring yet not exhausting; there is the hurry of men with a purpose that makes you wish to pass through the gate with them and read the story to the end. The variety of the facial types in both of these grouped pictures is as great as it is unusual, and it is accomplished with a modeling so sure and so subtle that often the surface seems bare of workmanship, just as in life one sometimes sees a charming, subtly interesting face apparently devoid of lines.

WHEREVER the artists of this period worked together there seemed to be an exquisite unity of purpose that left the design one complete creation. This is especially noticeable in several altars in Rothenburg where the painted wings that fold over the altars have been done by Wolgemut or Fritz Herlen and the frames and spires by Riemenschneider, who sometimes seemed actually inspired in the expression of the devotional Gothic impulse in art. In his frame carving he has more than once done tall spires that seem an outward sign of spiritual thought, the thin ascetic spirituality of the religion of the Middle Ages, almost pure idealism.

But this carving of a fine aspiration into wood was but one side of Riemenschneider's art; the other side, which one might call the realistic expression, was of the earth, humble, and the greatness of his art seemed greatest when he touched the simple, the real things of life. Although he was dramatic, as one revealing the genuine experiences of life must be; he was never melodramatic, which so often happens when simplicity is forgotten. What sermon could tell one more of the patience, generosity, faith and hope of Christ than the face in the Altar of the Holy Blood—a man of the people who had lived with them of his own accord, who dressed like them and had spoken with them, a man of impersonal sorrow, acquainted with controlled grief.

And so to separate Riemenschneider's art into two classes seems after all an arbitrary distinction; for while the carved spire stands as the expression of individual aspiration, the life he depicted in his high and low relief carving, in the beautiful old church, is a universal symbol of the triumph of unselfish love over sorrow and sickness and despair. Riemenschneider found in life rather than

in literature the religion the world holds for every deep-seeing man.

Once having discovered the beauty of the carving in St. Jacob's Church, even Rothenburg with her many treasures of various arts will not satisfy you; you will read that there is a Riemenschneider altar out beyond a line of small hills across the Tauber, and of a bright morning you will trundle away in the picturesque old postilion coach to the small town of Creglingen, with its interesting history and small church of beautiful decorations.

Another day, on one of your strolls through the valley you will stop at Dettwang just a little way down from the foot of the hill that holds the crusading city; perhaps just by chance, because it is soft-hued and pleasant to the nerves, or because there are some quaint old paintings on the walls of the outdoor *weinstube,* or that the foliage is kind and the serving-maid sweet-voiced, you rest there under a linden tree; and then you catch a glimpse of a nearby spire which has filled that one void for centuries, and a thrill you know the meaning of quivers into your heart, for in this land of wood-carvings who can tell what a modest chapel may bring forth?

Through a tangle of streets and over a low stone bridge you come to the little churchyard, gay with sparkling jet and bright colored bead mourning wreaths. The very tiny church has been forced to labor in its old age, the tumbling choir is now a woodshed for the sacristan, and the color is gone from the windows in the fine Gothic arches. The usual giant key remonstrates loosely in the lock, and then passing over a worn stone pavement you face Riemenschneider's high altar of the Adoration of the Child, and it seems for the moment the best, the most rarely beautiful of all. It is so close to life, to all life, to every mother, to every religion, the adored Child is such a little live baby to snuggle in your arms, to work for, to battle harm away from. The rest of the altar is beautiful in composition and execution; but the hold on your heart is the Child's face, the little tender helpless hands, the mouth ready to quiver with fear or hunger and the strange radiance of the appealing eyes—the Christ Child and yet any woman's dear, dear baby.

Going home down the valley at twilight, past the slow yellow river you linger on the worn stone bridge, remembering the altar—and the symbol of it—the Christ Child that seemed like any mother's little baby.

Painting by Wolgemut, teacher of Albrecht Durer
Carving by Riemenschneider

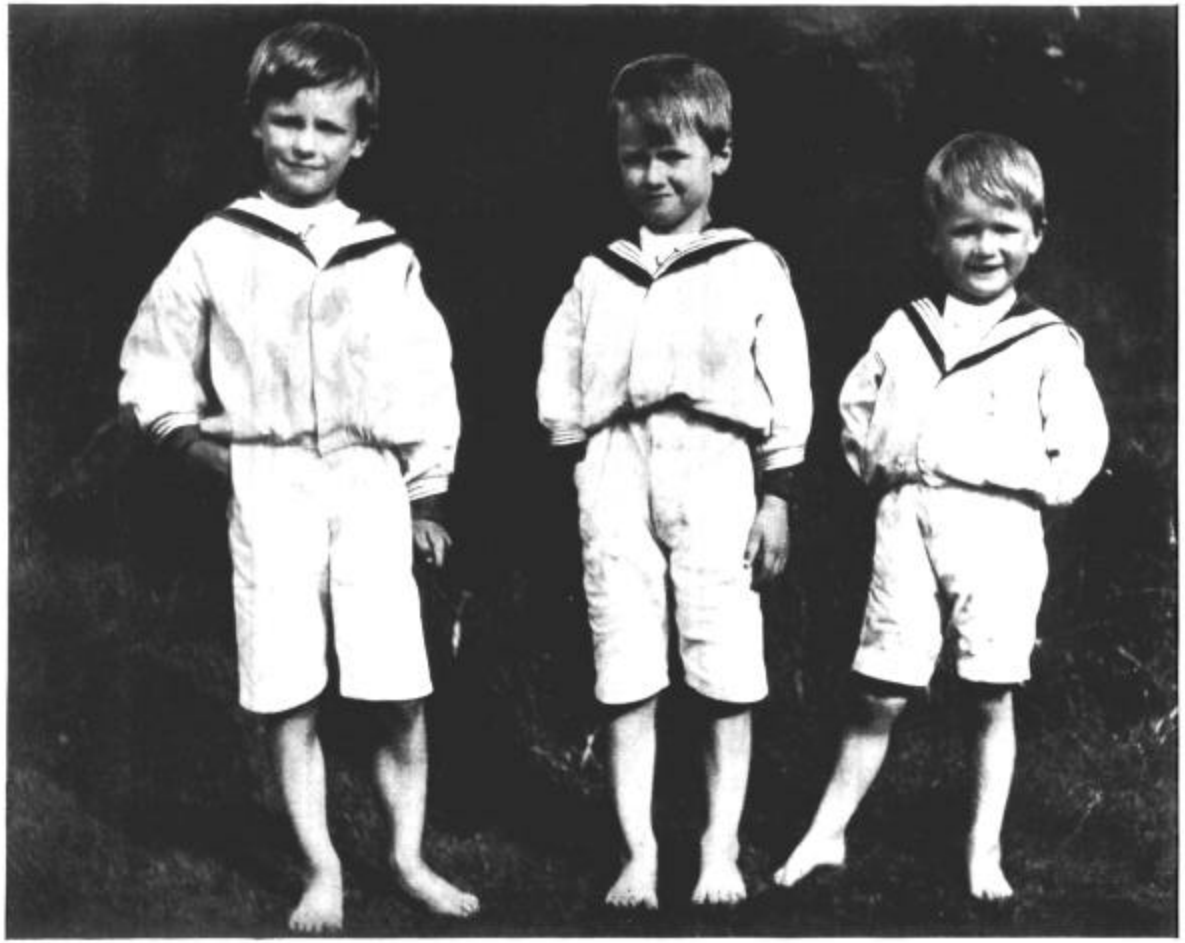
MURAL PAINTING IN ROTHENBURG
WITH GOTHIC FRAME OF CARVED WOOD

Riemenschneider

"THE LAST SUPPER." SIDE PANEL IN THE JACOBSKIRCHE, ROTHENBURG

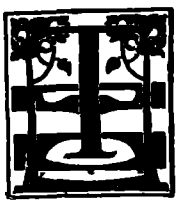
Riemenschneider

CENTRAL CARVING IN "THE ALTAR OF THE HOLY BLOOD," JACOBSKIRCHE, ROTHENBURG



THREE OUTDOOR BOYS, WHO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY

THE BOY OF TODAY AND COUNTRY LIFE: BY VIVIAN BURNETT



HE best nurse for a boy is Mother Earth, either dry or wet. The closer to her he sticks, the better man he is likely to be in the end—the truer, the more straightforward, the healthier. She teaches him no underhand ways. She is all above board herself, and the boy who ties himself to her apron strings will inevitably pattern himself after her. It is boy nature to like Mother Earth, and to get as much of her as he possibly can. The traces of his familiarity and close contact with her that he bears always on his hands and face, and refuses to be parted from unless forcibly and then restores at the earliest opportunity, are healthy evidences, though perhaps disheartening to mothers with over-weening predilections for cleanliness. A boy without them, a boy smugly shining with soap and water, seems hardly a boy at all. This is by no means an argument that a boy should always be dirty. It is only a record of the observed fact that a real boy nearly always is so. Such is real boy habit, and for the reason that no boy can live in a normal and healthy communion with nature without some of the "nature" in more senses than one rubbing off.

There is, however, dirt and dirt,—city dirt and country dirt, the dirt of nature and the dirt of artificiality, and they are in actuality and in significance as wide apart as the poles. Country dirt fits that well-known description, "soil in the wrong place," and represents a boy's untrammeled activities,—a visit to the stable, a climb up a tree after apples, or a grubbing in the ground in search of a precious root. It comes off easily with soap and water. City dirt means playing around in the street, squatting on the curbstone, and pitching pennies,—craps perhaps,—all abnormal, restricted activities, and it comes off hard. Hand sapolio had to be invented to deal with it in its material manifestation. But there is no hand sapolio to cure the moral delinquency that it typifies. For this reason, the city boy of to-day is to be pitied when compared with the country boy, especially the country boy of a couple or three decades ago; and one wishes the city lad some of the joys that the country boy had in those days, joys not impossible to him to-day, but somehow—and it seems unfortunately,—by the progress of so-called civilization made antiquated and out of fashion.

THE BOY OF TODAY

The separation from the soil which the trend of modern civilization seems to be making absolute, especially in the case of the city boy, and more and more so in the case of the country boy, since he is being led to look towards the city and copy its ways,—this trend cannot be but harmful for the youngsters, and there is need for much insistence and demonstration on this point. How many boys of today can do so simple a thing as harness a horse? Most of them, if given even a halter, would put it on upside down. Their strangeness with the horse would make him so afraid that they could probably not finish the job,—and would be afraid themselves, too.

To be friends with animals is an education in itself; and a boy who does not know a horse, a dog, a cat, a pig, chickens,—the barnyard family—and the woodland family,—rabbits, chipmunks, coons, and wild cats, too,—all around, through and under, lacks something essential. It is helpful to a boy to know that he can control so big an animal as a horse just by the effort of his will. The boy that has not a dog friend is to be pitied. A dog paraded on the end of a string is no real companion. A dog friend is one with whom you have trod the leaf-strewn paths of the wood; starting with him at every woodland stir and scurry, every scent and footprint. A boy learns quickness when he borrows in this way a dog's ears and nose. Be sorry, too, for the boy who does not know a robin's egg from a wren's, or a swallow's nest from an oriole's; who cannot tell the call of the catbird from the whippoorwill. There are sadly many city boys even so ignorant, and many who know only because they had in school "nature" lessons from books.

The country child learned truly from the book of nature, and had the real thrill of a discoverer when he found after a storm at the base of a tree wee speckled shells of blue, and took them home to mother to be told they were robin's eggs and to begin a collection of birds' eggs then and there. To be a friend of the trees,—to know the birch and the beech, the ash and the aspen, the oak and the elm, not because you have learned to identify them in the park from pictures of their leaves in a book, but because you have grown up with certain oaks and elms,—that is something worth while.

A country boy's sports help in his making, but a city boy's in his unmaking. What is there comparable with the journey made by the crowd on Saturday mornings in summer, across the field (and

"THE STUFF SOLDIERS ARE MADE OF"

"GROWING UP WITH THE COUNTRY"

how the stubble of the wheat hurts your bare feet) through the small woods, to the swimming pond for a good splash, and contests in speed and endurance, races in water and out, unencumbered by garments. Then, the silent crafty mornings spent with a rough rod and no reel, at the creekside, in combat with finny antagonists,—the fishing. Those hours add something to the country boy's equipment, a healthful enjoyment of thoughtful, contemplative hours, that stand, and have stood him, in good stead,—something that the city boy in the rush and rattle can never have. For these pleasures, our city life substitutes a perplexing maze of so-called enjoyments, theatres and such,—so many of them that none leaves the slightest impression, and a sense of distraction and a consequent inability to concentrate on any one particular thing is the only result. From the time the city boy of our day is able to "take notice," he has his little hands tucked full of toys. It is toys from that day on; ever and ever more toys; from doting father, propitiating mother, pleading auntie, and adoring friends of the family.

The country youngster in search of amusement and occupation for his mind starts out, perhaps, with his dog on a woodland tramp, during which his keen observation makes him master of new facts and gives him new food for thought. Your city youngster, in general your youngster of to-day, being threatened with *ennui,* remembers a new kind of toy he has seen in a shop window and makes every one's life miserable with petitions for money until he gets it. The boy who has everything that he wants already manufactured at his hand, and only needs to wheedle money to buy it, in the long run will not stand any chance with the boy whose resourcefulness has been trained so that he can "make something out of wood that will do as well." The logical corrective to this artificiality, this sophistication, is more outdoor life, more of the simple living with nature that gives a boy backbone and substance, gives him a love for the large real things of the world, to take the place of the admiration for the fripperies which is growing about him more and more.

It is quality, not cleverness, that one wants in a boy. There is no denying that the youths of to-day are clever; clever with their hands as well as with their brains. They know in a superficial, kindergarten way about a great many things. The plays and toys of one will have led him into some sort of knowledge of electricity; one

may have set up a printing press of his own; one may do a little drawing or modeling; one may be deft at carpentry and turning; and one may be interested in photography. But none of these things furnishes the making of a real man. None of them helps create the bone and blood that a man needs for his fighting days in the world. Their influence is rather away from that centralization of purpose which is demanded of the worker to-day, and will be demanded more and more in the future.

Even in his sports the city boy is sophisticated and unnatural. The champions of football as a training school for men are many, but after all those boys who really engage in the game are few in comparison with those who take their training out in sitting on the bleachers, losing a great deal of money in wagers, and having a "hot old time" if their team happens to win. To reach any expertness, moreover, in the game as it is played to-day, an abnormal sacrifice of time and energy is necessary. To understand it even requires close study; and what is true of football and almost in the same degree of baseball, follows true in all other games and sports as they are in vogue to-day. The probable effect upon the growing boy is evident, and as an offset to it he needs as much as he can get of the normal pleasures that have made the country boy and given him that virility which is evidenced in his proverbial success when he comes to the city and competes with the city-bred boy. It is well worth while to assist the youngster of to-day to acquire a liking for such pleasures.

The boy and Mother Nature,—it cannot be too often reiterated—are friends, and all he wants is an opportunity to associate with her. Give him a chance, let him go camping, live in the country, if all the year around so much the better, certainly in the summer. Let him get to know the world,—animals, birds, trees,— by growing up with it, and do not cramp his physical, mental and moral stature by substituting for the living green earth and its friendly creatures, dirty asphalt streets and the dingy brick walls. The boy should have the open world as a birthright, and if our present conditions of society rather restrict this inheritance it should be the aim of those into whose hands the management of his affairs are temporarily placed, to see that he gets as much of it as possible.

THE NEW ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: WORK OF CLARENCE H. WHITE, A LEADER AMONG THE PHOTO-SECESSIONISTS: BY GEORGE BICKNELL

IN this age of change and progress, when the prevailing spirit of unrest is so clearly evidenced in the tendency to depart from all conventional expressions of art, none of the forms of the Secession movement, so strong in Europe and just beginning to make itself felt in this country, is more interesting than the New Art in Photography. The purpose of this new art is to further the expression of art-ideas through the medium of photography, which, up to this time, has been used mostly to retain the likeness,—or unlikeness,—of individuals or of individual things, with very little intention of setting forth art-ideas through its medium. Now, however, there is a group of men working with the camera in the endeavor to produce photographs which shall be as truly artistic and embody ideas as universal as are expressed in painting. Different men are seeking to produce different effects, by means of the new photography,—the effect of the etcher, of the lithographer, of the Old Masters. These effects are produced by ever-increasing skill in the manipulation of light, the manipulation of the camera, hand-work upon the negative and by special studio accessories. These men are working to place photography on the level of the fine arts, and already they have done much to influence the world in this direction. The Photo-Secessionists, as they are called, have formed themselves into a society, the purpose of which is to advance photography as applied to pictorial expression; to draw together those Americans practising or otherwise interested in the arts, and to hold from time to time, at varying places, exhibitions not necessarily limited to the productions of the Photo-Secession, or to American work.

Among those whose works rank highest so far are Alfred Stieglitz, Edward J. Steichen and Clarence H. White, whose pictures are here reproduced. Mr. White's home is in Newark, Ohio. He is now recognized as one of the foremost photo-pictorial artists in the world. His beginning in this field was accidental and humble. Ten or twelve years ago he purchased a camera, and for a year or two used it as a mere pastime. He began to study the possibility of pictorial art in photography and soon recognized its great field of possibilities. Clarence White, like many artists, was compelled to

work early and late at some labor more practical and productive than his art. But he found great joy in his newly chosen pastime and soon began to put out work that was really wonderful, and that early received recognition among other workers who were striving to produce similar effects by means of photography. His first exhibit of pictures was in the amateur section of the Ohio Photographers' Association in 1897, where he received a gold medal. In the same year he was awarded two diplomas at the Detroit Photographic Salon, while in January, 1898, he was honored with the grand prize at the Pittsburg exhibit for his "Readers." In October of 1898 he had ten pictures hung in the Philadelphia Photographic Salon, where his work at once attracted the attention of all who were seriously interested in advanced pictorial photography, and where, though personally unknown, he was recognized as one of the leaders among the body of workers that a little later came to be designated as the "New School" of American photography; the school which has since evolved itself into the Photo-Secession, of which Mr. White is one of the founders and fellows. In 1900 he was elected to membership in the Linked Ring of London, and in the autumn of 1903 to honorary membership of the Camera Club of New York, for distinguished service to American photography. In 1904 he took one of five first prizes at the Photographers' Convention at The Hague. This was awarded to one of the pictures here reproduced and entitled "In the Orchard."

Every sincere artist must have an interest in the theme to be portrayed for its own sake. If he is making the picture from a mercantile standpoint he is not liable to benefit art much; he must have this first true element of the artist soul, the love of his art for itself. Also one of the artist's greatest opportunities lies in his choice of the subjects by means of which he is enabled to depict his theme. In all but two of the pictures reproduced here, Mr. White has chosen as subjects to represent his ideas, members of the family of Stephen Marion Reynolds of Terre Haute, Indiana; the father, represented in the portrait of Mr. Reynolds, one of the finest things that Mr. White has ever produced, and the mother, two daughters and son, all represented in the group entitled "Unending Mother-Love," and again in various other attitudes. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds are Christian Socialists. Mr. Reynolds is Secretary of The Western Asso-

Photo by Clarence Miller

PORTRAIT OF STEPHEN MARION REYNOLDS

Photo by Clarence White

Photo. by Clarence White

A PORTRAIT HEAD

Photo. by Clarence White

JEAN DALRYMPLE REYNOLDS

Photo. by Clarence White

MARION REYNOLDS

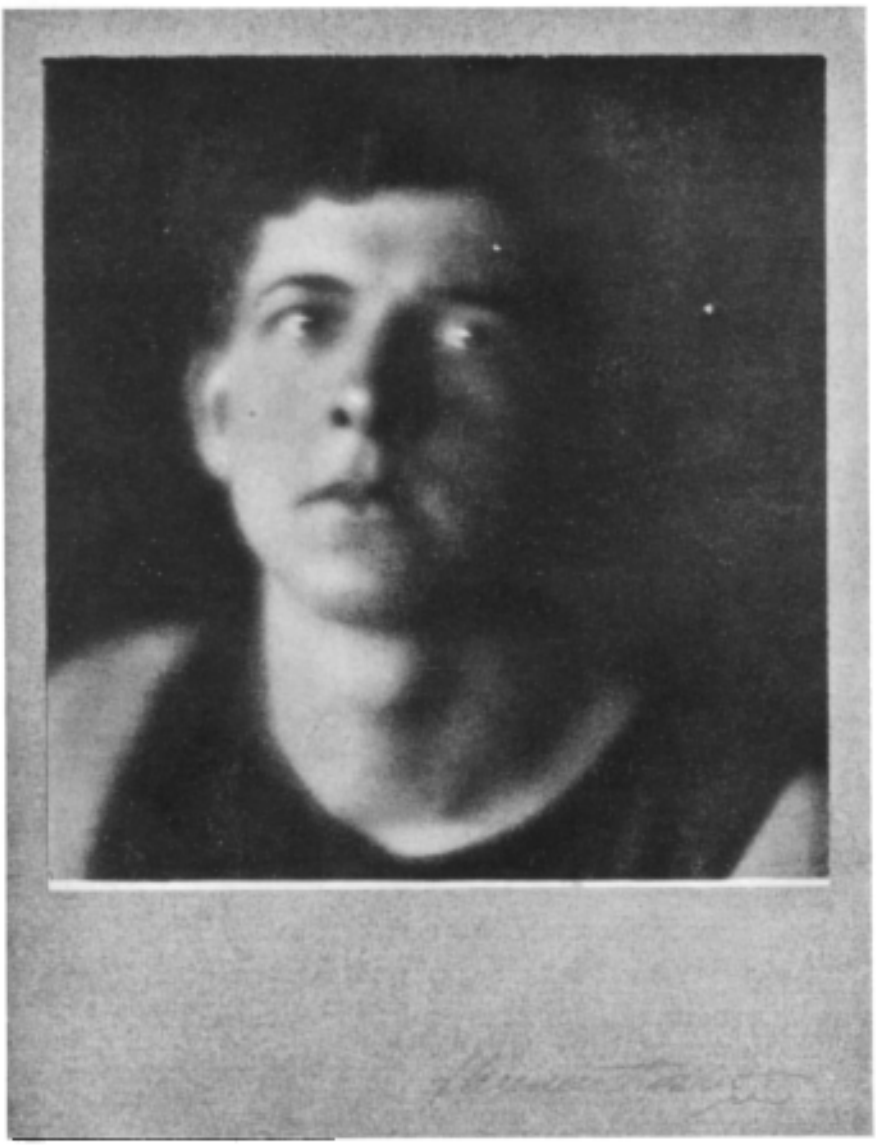


Photo by Clarence White

"THE RUNNER"

Photo by Clarence Bull

"UNENDING MOTHER LOVE"

Photo by Clarence White

"AT THE CASEMENT"

Photo by Clarence H. White

"IN THE ORCHARD"

Photo by Clarence White

"THE SPIRIT OF MAJESTY"

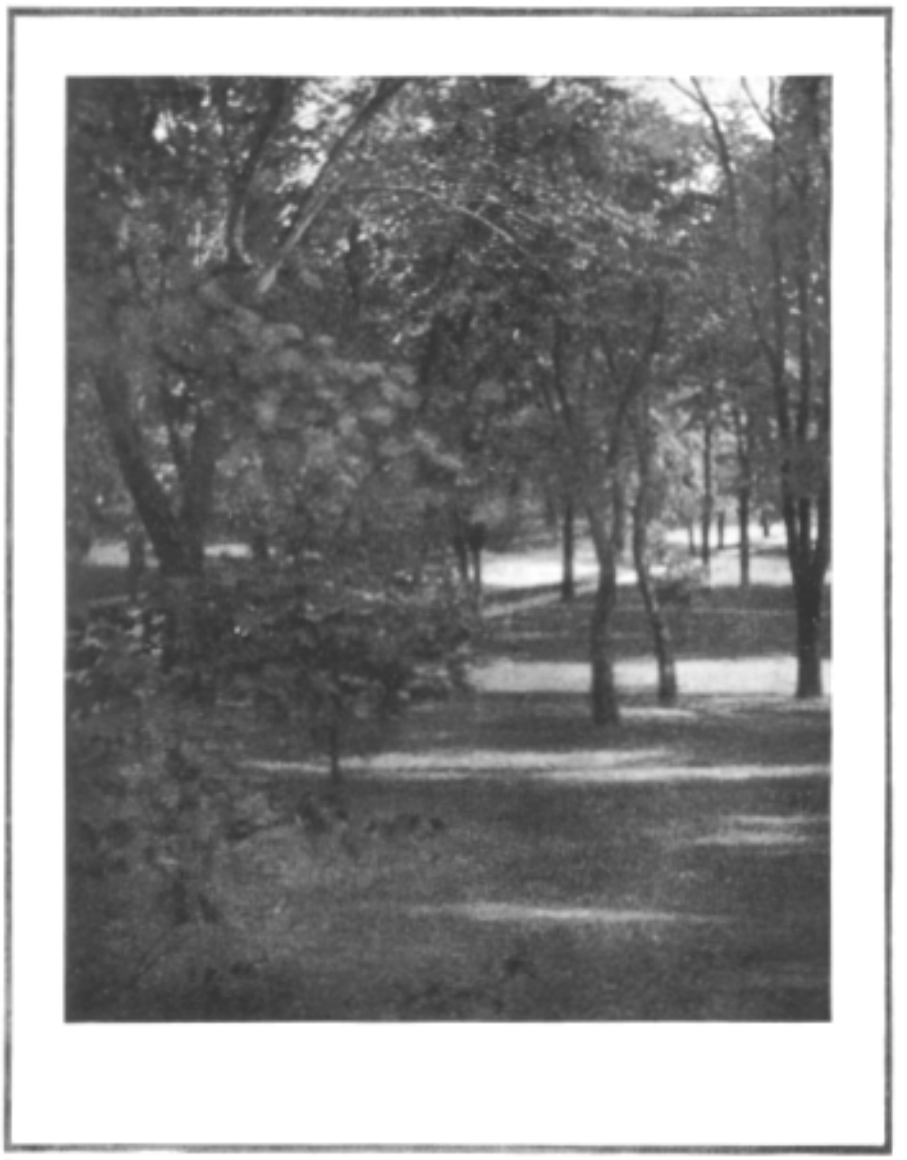


Photo by Clarence H. White

"THE PARK"

Photo by Clarence White

"A NOCTURNE"

ciation of Writers, a member of The Press Club of Chicago, and an ardent advocate of Walt Whitman and his principles. It was while visiting at their home that Mr. White produced his set of pictures known as the Reynolds' Portfolio. There are about fifty of these marvelous pictures, ten of which are here reproduced for the first time.

Each impression of our varied experiences leaves its touch upon the human soul and it is these many experiences that make memory sweet. It is the purpose of all true art to embody these ideas and retain them to recall again in man his once loved experience. Art is nothing if it does not bring us face to face with these memories of the past. If we have never felt these once the art-idea is of no value to us. The greatest art is that which brings vividly back to us the simplest experiences of our lives. There must be, too, experiences that are universal, that have touched the lives of all men. Millet's Angelus is great, because it sets forth three universal factors of human existence—labor, love and religion. This picture will touch the heart of universal man because these are the things which have meant most in his life. He brings some experience of each with him before the picture and he is moved, not because of what is in the picture but because of what he has brought to the picture.

The life experiences that Clarence White has undertaken to set forth in these pictures are simple and universal. In "Unending Mother Love" we have Mrs. Stephen Marion Reynolds and her children. At a glance one sees by the arrangement of the mother and daughters,—an unbroken line,—the bond of love. The mother looks longingly into the eyes of the older daughter, who is looking into the realities of life which meet her at this stage. The expression of the mother is at once anxious and trustful. The hands of the younger daughter rest firmly upon the shoulders of the mother. The arms of the mother as firmly encircle this daughter. This daughter, by her attitude, seeks for assurance, but the mother, by her look, shows that her anxiety is toward the older daughter. We also feel that her assurance to the younger daughter is ample. By the placement and expression of the son, we feel that he sees at a glance all that the future will bring. He sees that he cannot always be close to his mother, for he is to become a man and is to fight a man's battles. He is under the shadow of home and this influence shall always remain, but he

must leave the arms of enfolding mother love while the daughters always remain near to its protection.

The silence of "The Park" at once impresses. Here, again, one is close to nature. All is still; he is alone. Through the central vista of trees one is led to the vagueness of the distance. Here, through this vista, his eyes cross the point of high light, but in the far distance nothing is definite. He sees life depicted in this setting. Glimpses of light mixed with the shadows, then the gleam of high light where all seems clear, followed by the shadow of dimness, and into the dark where all is unseen. In "The Spirit of Majesty" we are led to feel all that the awed child feels in the wonder and wildness of the woods. In "The Runner" one catches the breathless finish of some former experience and the triumph of victory. In the portrait of Stephen Marion Reynolds the life of the man is as plainly written as if one had told it in words, and all the freshness of the eternal spirit of youth is depicted in the delicate, subtle grace and innocence shown in the younger portrait heads.

The shadowy effects obtained by Mr. White give a feeling of mystery to all his work. It is hard to realize the subtlety of these from any reproductions of the original photographs. The play of light and shade is at times suggestive of the depth and richness of a Rembrandt, and again is as misty and delicate in tone as a Corot. One of the most wonderful effects is that of twilight, when all at first seems blurred and indistinct, but takes shape gradually as the eyes become accustomed to the gloom. These photographs are above all things subtle and suggestive, both in spirit and in execution, and are excellent examples of the movement to revolutionize what has hitherto been one of the most obvious and mechanical of the arts.

THE SAN FRANCISCO OF THE FUTURE AS PLANNED BY DANIEL H. BURNHAM, BUILDER OF CITIES. BY HERBERT E. LAW.

OT to be outdone by her eastern sister cities, San Francisco, too, is entering into a systematic plan of adornment and improvement. She has had her civic awakening; much of it due to a very active Merchant's Association, which during the ten years of its existence has not only brought about many reforms and improvements, but has also stirred up public spirit. This organization was formed in January, 1904, with Ex-mayor James D. Phelan at its head. In the search for a mind capable of realizing these high ideals, the Association was fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, builder of cities. Ample funds were provided to permit Mr. Burnham to work unhampered and a bungalow was built on Twin Peaks, an eminence of seven hundred feet at the head of Market street, from which is unfolded a magnificent panorama of the City and its environs. Here Mr. Burnham has employed his force of workers for over a year; here he himself spent much time and will shortly issue his report and recommendations. Mr. Burnham has developed great enthusiasm over his task. He has expressed himself to the effect that San Francisco affords unprecedented opportunities for accomplishing great results in city building; that it has one of the noblest sites of all the cities of the earth.

The problem, stated in Mr. Burnham's own words, is this: "It is proposed to make a comprehensive plan of San Francisco, based upon the present streets, parks and other public places and grounds, which shall interfere as little as possible with the rectangular street system of the city." Such subjects are covered as the direction and length of all the proposed streets, park-ways and boulevards; the size and the location of proposed *places,* round points and playgrounds; the size, location and broad treatment of proposed parks. Plans for a Civic Center form an important part of the work. There are, moreover, a number of practical suggestions regarding such subjects as the location and relation to one another of the several elements of the city—administrative, industrial and residential; the control of traffic and of the various public conveniences; the control of domestic and business architecture; the beautifying of streets, side-walks, etc.

Before detailing something of these plans it will be well to point out briefly the topographical peculiarities of San Francisco. Unlike many eastern cities, whose means of communication with the surrounding country are evenly divided among their radial arteries, San Francisco is situated at the extremity of a peninsula forming the northern outlet of the great Santa Clara Valley. A break in the Coast Range Mountains, a little over a mile in width, has joined the ocean and the bay at Golden Gate Straits. Down the western side of the peninsula run the low hills of the Coast Range, its base lapped by the Pacific Ocean. To the north and east, the city is bounded by San Francisco Bay, which follows the peninsula southerly on the eastern side for nearly fifty miles. Thus the city can, in the future, develop only to the south.

The other peculiarity is the hilly formation of the city and the manner in which the streets have been cut through. San Francisco has been aptly called the City of a Hundred Hills. Whatever the approach, one cannot travel far without going up hill and down dell and down dell and up hill again. The whole northern portion is such a succession. The approach by water either from the north or east gives a vivid idea of this conformation. Also a too vivid idea of the way in which the difficulty of locomotion was overcome by the forthright Anglo-Saxons who laid out the city in their impatient way. They plowed their streets straight up and over and down the hills, regardless of contour, regardless of everything except to "get there." At first view from the bay the city looks like a checker board, marked in every direction by what seem to be ditches, cut at right angles. These are later seen to be streets. One of the most difficult things will be the modification of these rectangular streets, especially in the hilly districts. To this we will return later.

THE core of the New San Francisco is to be the Civic Center located at and about the geographical center of the city—the junction of Van Ness Avenue, the principal boulevard, running north and south, and Market Street, the city's main artery, extending east and west. About the Civic Center, within a radius of a dozen square blocks, will be housed the administrative and intellectual life of the City, including: the Post Office, a new $2,500,000 building just completed; the City Hall, the grounds of which will be

enlarged and co-ordinated with the scheme, and the Public Library. The site has already been purchased—a square block on Van Ness Avenue near Market Street. A million dollar building will be started next year. This with part of the money provided by the recent $18,000,000 bond issue. The proposed buildings for the Civic Center are: the Opera House, the Concert Hall, the Municipal Theater, the Academy of Art, the Museum of Art, a Technological and Industrial School, the Museum of Natural History, the Academy of Music, an Exhibition Hall, and an Assembly Hall. Says Mr. Burnham: "These buildings, composed in esthetic and economical relation, should face on the avenue forming the perimeter of distribution and on the radial arteries within, and in particular, on the public places formed by their intersection, and should have on all sides extensive settings, contributing to public rest and recreation and adapted to celebrations, etc." As to its architecture, "It must be vigorous if it is to hold its own and dominate the exaggerated sky-line of its surroundings. The climate of San Francisco admits of a bold style of architecture, for the atmosphere softens profiles and silhouettes. The column should be freely used as the governing *motif*."

The acquisition of the land necessary for the Civic Center is still quite practicable, as the property is residential and moderate in price, covered mostly with frame buildings. The Civic Center is the hub, from which all spokes of communication will start and converge. Mr. Burnham suggests that a grand vestibule to the city —the Union Railway Station—should be placed on the chief radial line from it. Thus located the Union Station will be not more than ten minutes' ride from the city's center.

This chief radial line, striking south and west from the Civic Center, will be the Mission Boulevard, to meet the proposed reconstructed Camino Real, the old King's Highway, which traverses California north and south. As many more of these radial arteries are proposed as will be necessary for perfect inter-communication. They will all lead to the grand circular boulevard, the "periphery of communication," which will enclose the circumference of the city, a distance of thirty miles. Says Mr. Burnham:—"To this embracing highway all streets will lead and access may be had from any one of them to another lying in a distant section by going out to this

engirdling boulevard and following it until the street sought opens into it. It should be a broad, dignified and continuous driveway, skirting the water edge and passing completely around the city. It should wind in and out, following easy contours and grades. At some points the Pacific will be disclosed, at others, the beautiful Laguna County, with its gemlike water and its boundaries of high hills—like the high driveways beside the sea at Monterey and Bar Harbor."

GOLDEN Gate Park, lying on the city's western edge, comes down on the east with its "panhandle" to within fourteen blocks of Van Ness avenue. A few years ago Mayor Phelan started a movement for the city to purchase this intervening space, fourteen blocks long and two wide, and to bring the park by means of a panhandle extension down to the junction of Van Ness avenue and Market street, the heart of the city. Bonds were voted, but declared invalid by the Supreme Court on a legal technicality. Mr. Burnham plans great things for the Panhandle Extension and declares it to be of supreme importance. By it Market street and the Civic Center will have direct communication with the city's main park. Bonds have been voted and will be used to connect with a boulevard the park and the Presidio (United States Military Reservation), a beautiful and extensive tract which parallels the park on the northern boundary of the city. Thence there already exists a fine drive easterly, overlooking the water, back to Van Ness avenue, completing the round trip.

Of diagonal roads and streets Mr. Burnham has made ample provision, always bearing in mind, however, that the rectangular arrangement must be upset as little as possible. For the hilly districts he has planned a system of contour roads at various levels, connected by inclined planes at easy grades. In places too steep for building, he recommends that park space should be interwoven with the houses; belvederes built and the summits crowned with foliage in the form of gardens or parks. Such treatment would work a veritable transformation in the best residence district and the hills of the Western Addition overlooking the bay and ocean.

The city is already fairly well supplied with squares and more have been provided for in the recent bond issue. Mr. Burnham

proposes an increased number to meet future requirements; well distributed so as to cover the southern and poorer residence district. The exact sites should be chosen with a view to emphasizing their importance. The treatment should be in accordance with one general ideal but individuality should nevertheless be preserved. In addition to the ordinary city squares, there is proposed a park for Telegraph Hill, a noted landmark overlooking the docks and shipping and the entire bay. Drill grounds are proposed for the Presidio and a great terrace on the west, commanding an unrivalled view of the Golden Gate.

As to the play-grounds, an ample provision has also been made. Their location is to be governed by density of population. They should be arranged for men, women and children and they must be useful at all times and at all seasons. The scope of the play-grounds is wide; including social and athletic halls, swimming pools, dressing booths, etc. On the northern water front there are planned open bay swimming, recreation piers and yacht harbors. Thus for the San Franciscan of the next generation and his children will be minimized the disadvantage to bodily development that city life entails.

Mr. Burnham's plans comprehend a treatment of the many beautiful eminences, to enhance both their artistic possibilities and their accessibility. Their tops are to be preserved, as much as possible, in a state of nature and their slopes covered with trees and planted verdure. These hill-top parks are to have play-grounds for children, commanding beautiful and extensive views of the city. Mr. Burnham has the fine conception that children playing amid such surroundings and with such an outlook, will thus from their earliest years receive an unconscious but valuable esthetic training.

"SAN FRANCISCO is a city of one street. There is no parallel in the world where one street has so much importance as Market street, broad and straight and nearly level, ending abruptly at Twin Peaks. But Mr. Burnham has conceived the idea of not permitting Market street to stop there; he will have it skirt the hills until it reaches the top and thence descends by a broad boulevard system, with many beautiful sweeps, past Lake Merced, joining finally the great circular boulevard. The esthetic and practical advantages of Twin Peaks have been overlooked, perhaps be-

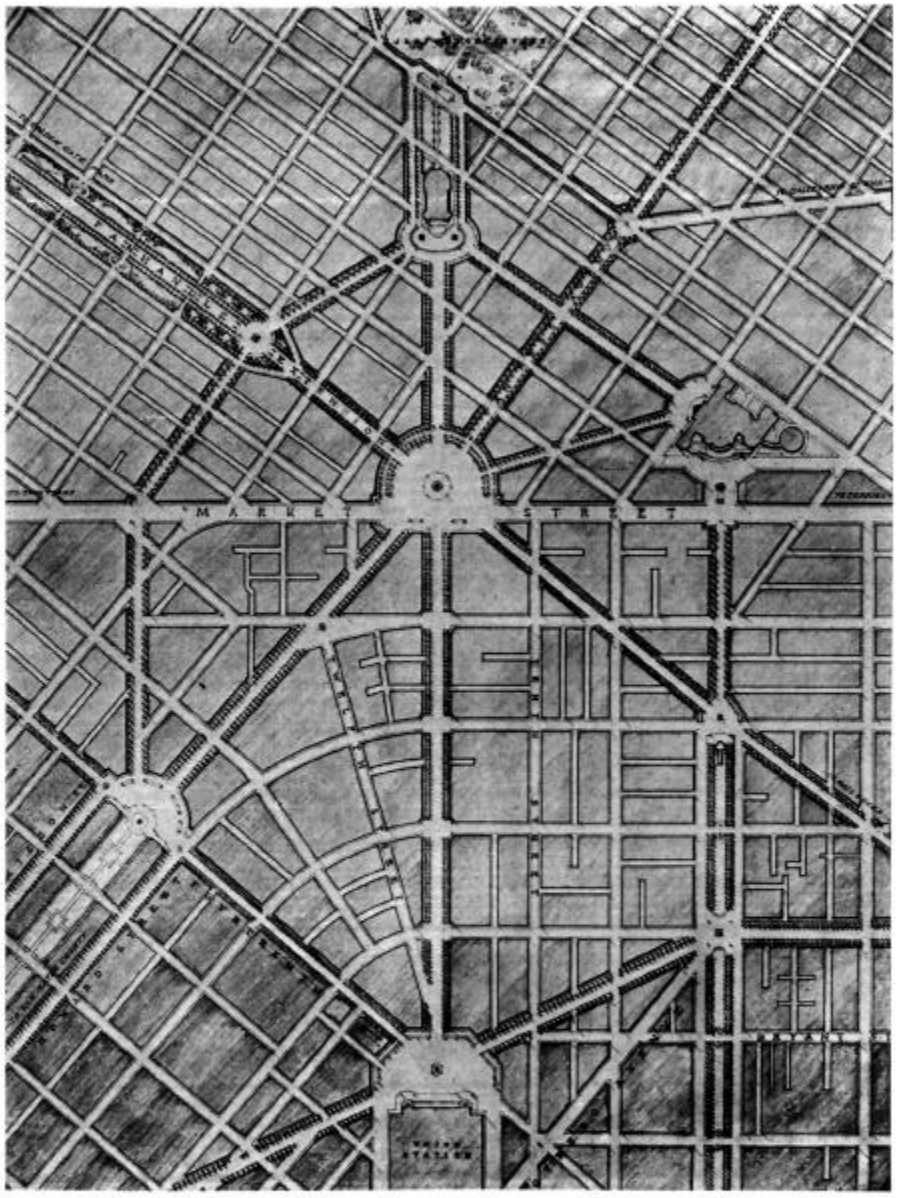
cause this eminence is one of the most common sights of the city—ever present to those who throng the city's thoroughfare. But Mr. Burnham has much to say of and to do with Twin Peaks, which will become not only a public park, but a center for great public fetes, in which the natural beauties of the city and county would be the chief attraction.

Just back of Twin Peaks is a large, natural amphitheatre amid groves of trees, recalling by location the Stadium in the hills at Delphi. This is suitable for horse shows, polo matches, football, etc. Nearby will be located an Academy for the accommodation of men in various intellectual and artistic pursuits. High in the hills grouped about is a site for an Athenaeum, which will receive a few of the city's chief art treasures. The Athenaeum will consist of courts, terraces and colonnaded shelters.

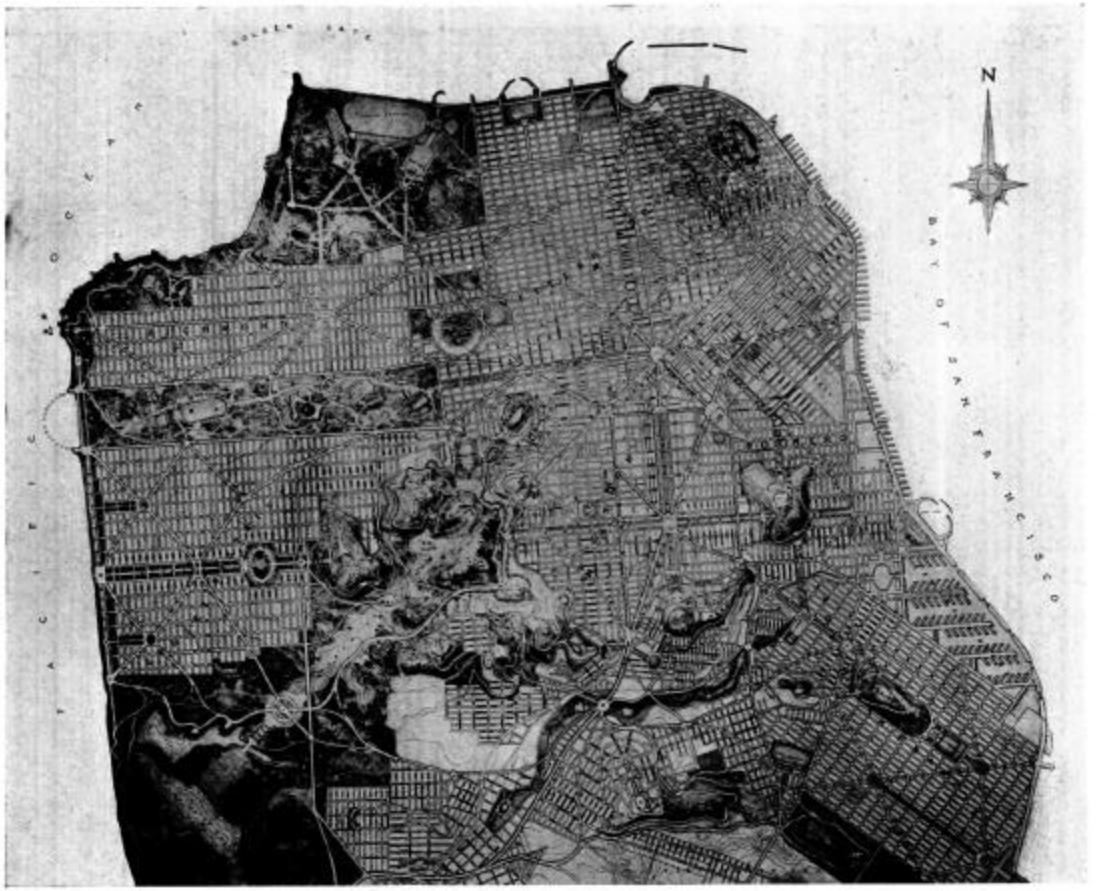
While planning thus for the largest and most beautiful effects, Mr. Burnham has not neglected the smaller and more practical details. He would have grass and the bright hued flowers which bloom so profusely in San Francisco planted to hide the ugliness of the fences. He would have small and suitable evergreen trees planted along the curbs. He says that the warmth may be increased and the wind and dust decreased by liberal tree planting, which has been hitherto generally neglected, as San Franciscans do not wish to cut off any sun warmth, of which they never have too much.

An Art Commission is proposed to have charge of all matters pertaining to civic art and a partial list of matters for their control is enumerated: Public electric and gas poles and lamps, letter and fire alarm boxes, safety stations, street name plates, electric signs, shop fronts, bill boards, etc. He would also vest in this commission some control over domestic architecture, with respect to the general effect on the unity of the block. Also the cornice height of buildings in the business districts; pavements, curbs, signs, monuments, fountains, etc. The restriction of heavy traffic is recommended to the care of another special commission, which should also aim at measures to facilitate communication and avoid congestion. Such matters as the location of hospitals and of the almshouse; the location and arrangement of cemeteries; increased dockage facilities, etc., are gone into.

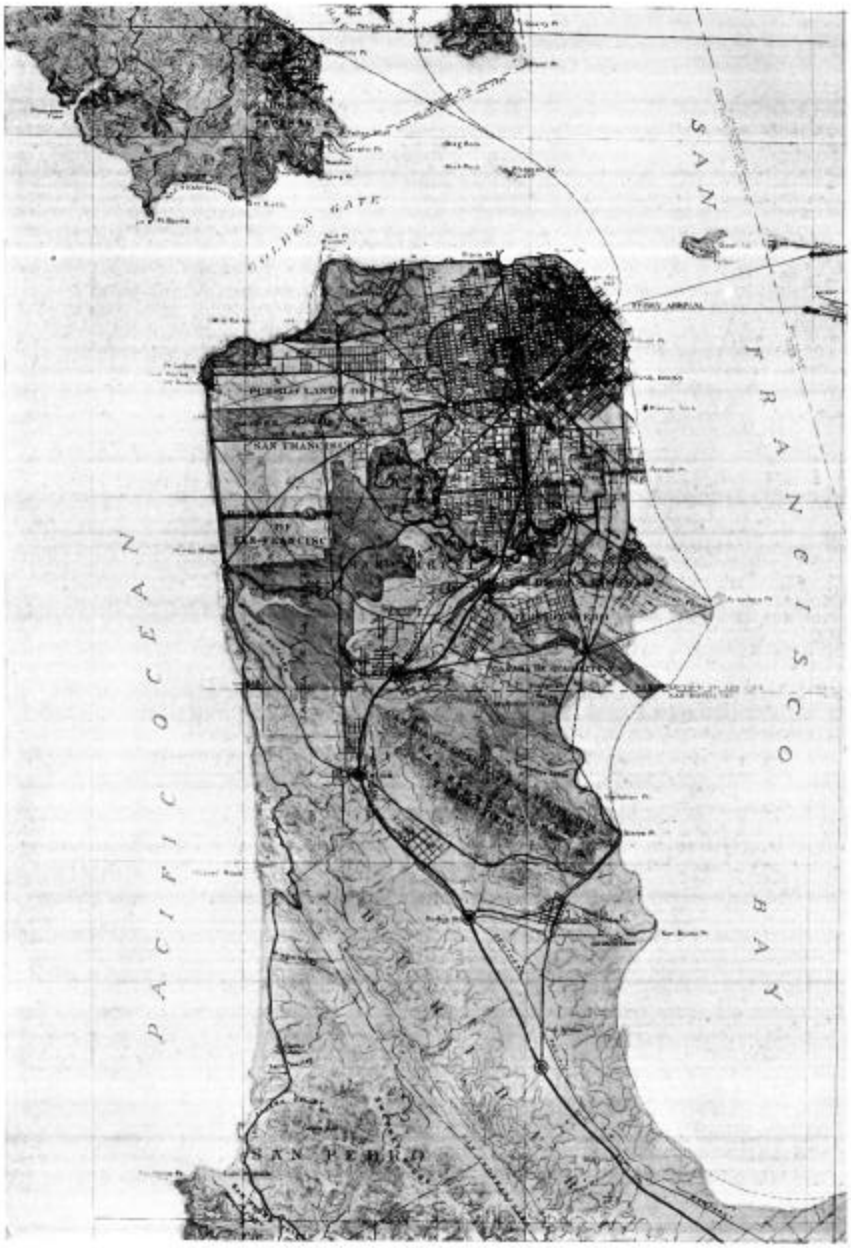
All this which has been sketched is a large contract for even a



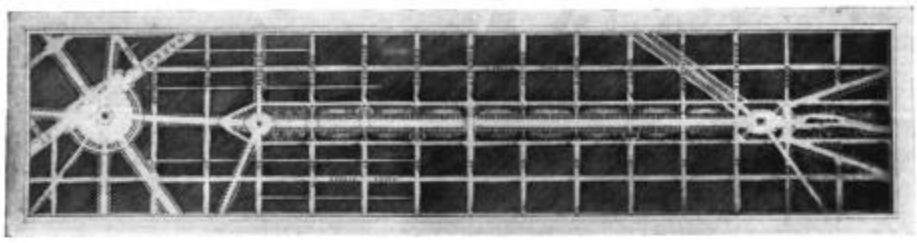
THE PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER AND
APPROACHES OF SAN FRANCISCO



MAP OF THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING STREETS, ROADS AND PARKS PLANNED BY MR. BURNHAM



MAP OF THE PENINSULA SHOWING PROPOSED ROADS



PANHANDLE EXTENSION FROM PARK TO CIVIC CENTER

PROPOSED TERRACE AND DRILL GROUND AT PRESIDIO

large city to undertake. It will mean besides the doing of many new things, the more difficult overturning and undoing of much that has been done imperfectly or wrongly. Mr. Burnham does not minimize this. He has said: "It will take more years than we will live; it will take more millions than we can guess." But San Francisco is willing, that is the point. She is conscious of a great future. She is willing and ready to tax herself to meet it. Says Mr. Burnham, "We must not forget what San Francisco has become in ten years,—what it is still further to become. The city looks toward a sure future wherein it will possess in inhabitants and money many times what it has now. It follows that we must not found the scheme on what the city is, so much as on what it is to be. We must remember that a meager plan will fall short of perfect achievement, while a great one will yield large results, even if it is never fully realized. Our purpose, therefore, is to stop at no line within the limits of practicability. Our scope must embrace the possibilities of development of the next fifty years." And again, "It is not to be supposed that all the work indicated can or ought to be carried out at once, or even in the near future. A plan beautiful and comprehensive enough for San Francisco can only be executed by degrees, as the growth of the community demands and as its financial ability allows."

THE KEYNOTE OF MORRIS'S ART DOCTRINE

"A TRUE architectural work is a building duly provided with all the necessary furniture, decorated with all the true ornaments according to the use, quality and dignity of the building, from mere moldings or abstract lines, to the great epical works of sculpture and painting, which, except as decorations of the nobler forms of such buildings, cannot be produced at all. So looked on, a work of architecture is a harmonious cooperative work of art, inclusive of all the serious arts, all those which are not engaged in the production of mere toys or of ephemeral prettinesses."

—*William Morris.*

THE ANGEL IN THE STONE: A STORY. BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

ADELINE Ward sat at the studio window with her little girl in her arms. Madeline was bronze-brown in color with a reposeful, strongly modeled beauty. The child was fair-haired and mysterious-eyed. Just so a painter might have conceived the two within the circle of a pale gold frame. Behind and above them a sculptured angel in high relief, half chiseled out—half released, as it were, from the stone—faced the fading light. It was Ward's last work, left uncompleted at his death. In the angel's face, shadowed by the irregular, uncut marble, was a sense of mystery, of looking forward into the unknown.

"It is like the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert," Hans, his German pupil, had said. "It was never to be finished in this world, for the end is beyond, behind the veil."

"Hans is a sentimental German and must see symbols in everything," was Madeline's thought. She knew with her trained judgment that the angel was her husband's greatest work, but it had never appealed to her closely.

Madeline was looking down the street. The child was staring up at the swiftly-flying clouds. The mother's look was alert, the child's dreamy.

"He is coming, he is coming," murmured the child. "Oh, mother, see how quickly he is coming!"

"Where?" Madeline started and leaned forward.

The child pointed upward. "The Swan Knight—don't you see? There are tall wings on his head . . . and waves all about him."

The mother followed the direction of the child's pointing finger and a shade passed over her rather immobile face. "Cloud pictures again, Effie? You are always in the clouds. Some day when you are walking on the street you will fall and hurt yourself."

Effie glanced at her mother with the direct, disquieting glance of observant childhood. "You don't like cloud pictures, do you, mother? Daddy and I used to look for them long—long oh, ever so long. All afternoon." The child's eyes filled with tears.

Madeline met her little daughter's eyes and looked away again. "Yes, you are like your father, Effie. . . . There, I hear Jane in the hall; you had better run and meet her, it is your supper time."

Something like relief passed over her face as the child closed the door behind her. She never felt at ease with Effie as she did with her sister's happy-go-lucky little boy of the same age. Madeline was a conscientious, even a scrupulous mother. She loved her child. She had loved her husband. She had not missed anything in her life while he lived. She was deeply unhappy when he died; but she had not fathomed the black depths of despair with that last look at his dead face. She had married Victor Ward when she was a very young girl and they had been married eight years when he died. The daughter of a painter herself, brought up in the atmosphere of studios, she had the professional attitude toward art and was able of her own judgment to recognize Victor not only as the greatest sculptor of his day, but as the man of genius, and possibly that fact had made its appeal to her vanity, but it had not caused her to over-estimate her husband. She was proud of his work, yet without any feminine tenderness of idealism. There was no faintest tinge of idealism in Madeline's nature. She was essentially, ineradicably practical and unimaginative. The sculptor she understood; the man often puzzled her, but she had not troubled herself to understand. Madeline never troubled herself with unanswerable questions. She was an excellent wife,—restful, capable, even-tempered. Ward's poetic passion for her had from the first filled her with a pleased, yet half amused wonder. To her he seemed always, as she had said of her child, "in the clouds." In the most exalted moments of his love she had—unconsciously—remained untouched.

When he lay dead, Hans, the silent German boy whom he had befriended, stole into the darkened studio and looked long upon the sculptor's peaceful face. Then, softly covering it, he took the unfinished angel from the stand where the sculptor had laid down his tools for the last time, and carried it over to the window facing the sunset. Then he lifted the curtain and let in the flood of golden light; and Madeline had looked up shocked at the sudden illumination in the chamber of death. "Why do you do that, Hans?"

"It must stand always there," Hans replied softly. "His last vision, the angel that waits to be set free." The wife's eyes met those of the boy uncomprehendingly, wearily, then returned to the quiet form under the sheet.

"You do not remember how he said so often the words of the

great Michael—'there is an angel imprisoned in this stone and I must set it free.'—In life he was as his own angel imprisoned, but death has set him free.—We are like the angel, unfinished—but he saw what we could not see; and now he knows all."

"I wish he might have finished it; it would have been his greatest work," said Madeline sadly.

But Hans shook his head. "The end was not for this world."

And Madeline had looked down in anguish upon her dead husband; but Hans saw the white angel through a blur of tears.

A MAN, tall and broad shouldered, came rapidly down the street, bending forward as he faced the wind. A change passed over Madeline's face and she half rose from her seat, then recollecting herself, sank back into her chair again. A moment later, following immediately upon the servant's announcement, he entered the room. He grasped her outstretched hand eagerly. She looked up at him as he stood before her,—rosy with the wind, strong, athletic, full of the joy of life and good to look upon.

"Am I too late for tea?"

"I haven't rung for it yet. I can't bear to have tea alone and I had thought you might come."

He laughed happily. "A very natural suspicion." He selected a comfortable chair and drew it forward with an air of privileged familiarity.

She watched him with a smile, a warm, awakened look upon her face. "Been working hard?"

"All day. I have a new order."

"I am so glad. What is it?"

"Oh—figure for the Morton Trust Company—new building to go up on lower Broadway."

Madeline's face contained all the radiant congratulation it might have shown when Victor had received the commission for his famous war memorial. She did not even remember that Maxwell's brother was the architect of the building.

Maxwell sat smiling into the fire, rubbing his hands together. It was a cold day, yet the gesture had more the effect of an expression of satisfaction. He looked up at her with something in his eyes that made hers fall.

"When will you come down to the studio to see the model? You kuow I think a lot of your criticism. To-morrow? Fine! Will you really? Jove, you are no end good to me!" His face was glowing with strong, happy feeling. She felt her color rise and moved her chair back more into the shadow.

"To-morrow at four o'clock? Good! And we will go somewhere for tea afterwards." His voice shook as if he were making a declaration of love. Madeline did not answer at once. He looked from her to the fire with a self-revealing face. The silence was broken by the arrival of the tea tray. As Maxwell rose to make room for it by Madeline's side he found himself near the angel. His eyes roved over it with dispassionatc admiration.

"Good work, eh? What a shame he couldn't have finished it! Bully good work!"

Madeline's glance went to the shadowy angel. "It is more than that, it is very great," she said. Maxwell met her eyes. He saw in them only the judicial decision of the critic.

RICHARD MAXWELL had "taken up" sculpture, as he expressed it, at the age of thirty in a spirit of buoyant enthusiasm clouded with no misgivings. The afternoon following his call upon Madeline, as he waited for her in his luxurious studio, he walked about among his works arrayed for her inspection and viewed them with a cheerful pride of authorship. Maxwell was not poor and art with him was not the handmaid of necessity. The figure destined to adorn the doorway of the Trust company's future home, as imagined in clay, occupied a conspicious place against one wall. It represented a heavy limbed young woman in the act of stepping forward, one hand raised to shade her eyes, the other clasping a large key. In admiring his own handiwork Maxwell forgot to listen for the rustle of Madeline's skirts. Her knock interrupted his reverie. He greeted her with a joy so unreserved, so unmistakable in its nature that she felt herself meeting his boyishness with the confusion of a school girl. She turned from his too expressive eyes to the clay figure. "This is the model?"

"Yes, this is the lady, how do you like her?"

Madeline looked at the watchful maiden in silence. In the presence of Maxwell's work, expression was more difficult than in

contemplation of the idea of his success. For the first time in her life in the expression of an art opinion she took refuge in words. "Very well adapted to the place and the purpose, isn't it?" She met his eyes fearfully and was relieved to see that although he might have craved a more highly colored appreciation, he felt no suspicion.

After lingering lovingly for some minutes before the shrine of his creation, he turned away to pick up a small bas-relief portrait which he handed to her. The clay was smooth and greasy with tentative working; the result, a more or less faithful map of the profile of the politician it represented.

Again, almost falteringly, she took up the unaccustomed shield of words: "How much you have done—I thought you had just begun it. How many sittings have you had?"

A faint shade passed over Maxwell's usually clear brow. "Not any as yet."

"You mean you have done it all from memory? What an exceptional memory you must have."

"Well, not altogether from memory. That is,—I had a photograph to help me."

Madeline handed him back the bas-relief without further comment. It was not a form of art work she was accustomed to contemplating. But she felt no scorn for Maxwell and she was not embarrassed. She was not hypersensitive, and was not accustomed to feeling the necessity to make conversation. She had expressed herself, and that was sufficient. Victor had never expected of her anything more than the essential. Fortunately Maxwell was not embarrassed either. He replaced the bas-relief upon the shelf, saying cheerfully, "I am so glad you like it." Then he looked at Madeline and something in her appearance struck him.

"Say, you have taken off the black gown, haven't you? Jove, but you are stunning in that green thing! Forgive my stupid way of plunking out with it, but you know I am not clever at compliments. Another chap might dress it all up poetically, eh? And all I can say is just that you are a star!"

Victor had once spoken of her in a green gown; he had told her that she was like the "memory of green woods and deep waters." She had forgotten the phrase and the fact; but as she walked out of the studio with Maxwell her heart was beating confusedly over

the look in his eyes. And after she was home in her own room she went his words over in her mind.

THERE was more exclamation than surprise when Madeline's engagement to Maxwell was announced.

"Most delightful and understandable, that she should marry another sculptor," one of her Philistine friends had observed—Madeline had more of these friends than most artists. But Hans had heard the news with tears.

"She has been loved by the great master who drew his dreams from the clouds and she is content with a little boy who makes mud pies," he exclaimed bitterly.

They were married quietly in the early summer. They were deeply in love, temperamentally adapted, and, therefore, intensely happy. Madeline, tranquil, unemotional, as she had always conceived herself, was realizing an intensity of feeling that she had not dreamed she possessed. Maxwell was youthfully, overwhelmingly in love and wanted to talk to everyone about Madeline. He did not touch his modeling tools all summer. But one day in the fall after they had returned to town again, Maxwell met an old friend—a woman—who told him that he was "neglecting his art," and so he set to work again vigorously. Madeline accepted his renewed activity in placid silence. Maxwell's work did not isolate him from her as she had sometimes felt, without bitterness, that Victor's had done.

One evening they stood together at the studio window toward sunset looking up at the amber sky. The light was reflected upon their contented faces and rested with revealing touch upon the marble angel. Maxwell began speaking of Victor with his boyish directness, untroubled by any restraint of delicacy.

"He was your first love, wasn't he, Madeline? They say a woman always loves her first love best. Is that true of you?"

She was silent so long that he questioned her again. "Did you love him best, Madeline?"

She lifted grave eyes to his. "I thought I loved him. I was fond of him—happy with him; but I know now, dear, that I never knew what love was before."

A moment later he turned from her to a table littered with

modeling wax and tools. "I want you to see my design for the G. A. R. Anniversary dinner medal. You haven't seen it yet. I want you to criticize it for me." He placed a wax disk lying upon a small board confidently in her hands. "Ward always said you were his best critic, didn't he? Stafford told me that the other day. He said you had a lot to do with his success."

She took the medal with unconscious hands, her eyes were upon his face. "Kiss me, Dick," she said.

He bent down and kissed her and, slipping his arm around her looked down at his medal over her shoulder. "Come, tell me about it." She turned her reluctant attention to his work. It required a moment to focus her wandering thought, then she looked up.

"The composition is like the Della Robbia singing boys, isn't it?"

A shade of annoyance passed over his face. "Oh, of course, in a way. I think it is well—you have said so yourself—to have the composition of one of the old chaps in one's mind. But the working out is my own."

She looked down at the smooth stiff outlines of the group of boys, —wooden, lifeless, childish. The wax, as in all Maxwell's efforts, was shiny with over-working. "I think you can do better."

He drew his arm away under pretence of holding off the model. "I am disappointed. I had hoped you would like it." As she did not speak he went on: "Mother liked it and Jim, and Dolly Spencer thought it was great. She came in while I was working on it."

Madeline silently reached out for the bas-relief and looked at it again as if for a reconsidered criticism.

"You don't like it at all. . . Go ahead, tell me; I want to know."

"I don't think it is very good, dear." He looked down into her eyes with a sudden hardness in his. "You think it is rotten—no good, is that it?"

She met his eyes fully although it cost her an effort. "I think it is pretty poor, Dick. I think you can do better." She laid the medal unconsciously upon the pedestal at the angel's feet. She saw Maxwell turn away and go out into the hall. In a moment he came back with his coat on, holding his hat. He talked with her lightly, cheerily as he buttoned his gloves, yet with a subtle difference in

his manner. She watched him silently. "You will be back for dinner, Dick?"

"Don't wait for me. I am going down to the club to see Walters. I want to talk to him about a possible order. I may find it necessary to stay and dine with him." With a light good-bye he went out the door down the stairs.

Madeline stood where he had left her. Her eyes wandered to the angel, going it over with the careful detailed study characteristic of the stunned moment of pain, realizing acutely, too, with another section of her consciousness, its mysterious, unfinished perfection. Her eye traveled down to the angel's feet and then she saw Maxwell's medal. Her heart contracted; her mind still worked separately on; he could do better, she had told him—but she had lied; he would never do better. With the relentless truth-perceiving mind of the critic she knew that and had always known it, but she had not cared.

She heard the outer door close. He was gone. And then she no longer saw either medal or angel for a mist of tears.

THE SPIRIT OF ART

"NOTHING so reveals the true life of a people or an epoch as its art. Neither history nor religion offers such a sure test of the heights to which the spirit of an age has risen. View it as you will, art is molded by the forces that environ it, revealing on the one hand the art and soul of its creator, and on the other hand the heart and soul of his age. However much an artist may think himself detached from his surroundings, however passionately he may turn to other ages for inspiration—nay, even though he feels himself gifted with prophetic prescience, and can project himself into ages yet unborn—still he can no more throw aside the mantle of his environment than he can escape the intangible, viewless air which gives him breath and life."

—*Edwin Wiley.*

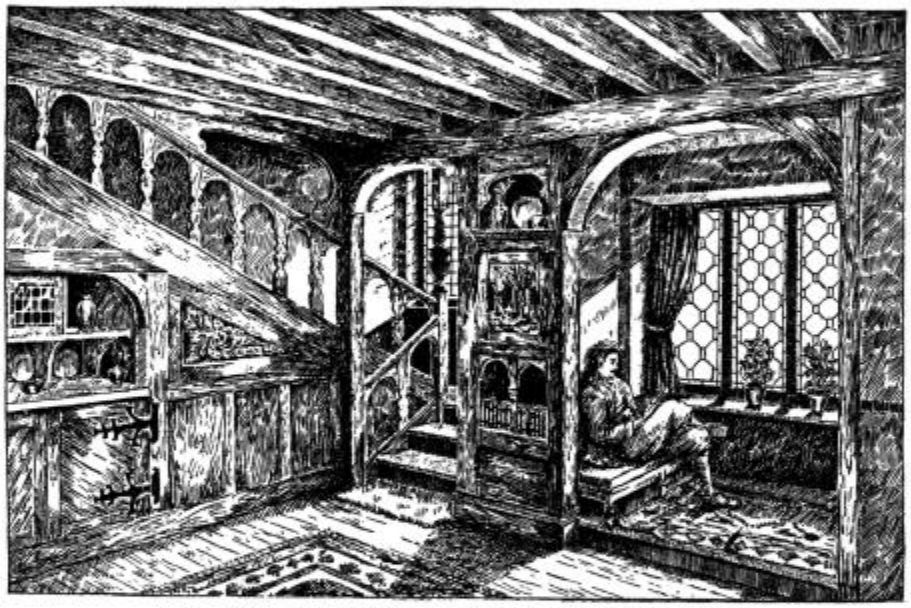
THE HALL AND ITS IMPORTANCE IN THE MODERN HOUSE

ITH the general adoption of modern and simpler ideas of house-building, the hall seems to be returning to old-time dignity as one of the important rooms of the house. There is even a suggestion of the "great hall of the castle," where all indoor life centered, in the ever-increasing popularity of the plan which throws hall, living room and dining room into one large recessed room divided only by screens, for here all guests are received, all meals are served and the greater part of the family life is carried on. Where this is not the case, the large reception hall is still counted as one of the important rooms of the house, and what was once a mere entrance or stair hall is growing more and more into a vestibule, generally curtained from the reception hall or living room into which it opens.

Whether large or small, reception hall or entrance only large enough for the stairs and a passage-way from the front door to the other rooms in the house, the hall is worthy of careful consideration as to structural features and color scheme, for it gives the first impression of the whole house. It is the preface to all the rest, and in a well-planned house it strikes the key-note of the whole scheme of interior decoration. Above all, the hall ought to convey the suggestion of welcome and repose. In a cold climate, or if placed on the shaded side of the house, it is worth any pains to have the hall well-lighted and airy, and the color scheme rich and warm. It is the first impression of a house that influences the visitor, and a cheerless, barren vista upon entering chills any appreciation of subsequent effects. With a sunny exposure, or in a country where heat has to be reckoned with for the greater part of the year rather than cold, an effect of restful shadiness and coolness would be quite as inviting in its way, although it is always safe to avoid a distinctly cold color scheme for a hall, as the suggestion it conveys is invariably repellent rather than welcoming.

In England the large hall, designed for the general gathering-place of the family, is a feature of nearly every moderately large house, particularly in the country. These English halls are always roomy and comfortable, and in many cases are both picturesque and sumptuous in effect, having a certain rich stateliness that seems to

have descended in direct line from the "great hall" of old baronial days. Two excellent examples of this type of hall are shown in the accompanying illustrations. The first is especially rich in structural features, and inviting in its suggestion of comfort and spaciousness. The deep recess, with its well-cushioned seats and leaded casement, is a most alluring nook in which to lounge with a favorite book. The opening into this recess shows the low wide arch so much used in English houses, and the same construction is repeated throughout the hall, even to the stair rails and the tiny recesses of the cupboards.



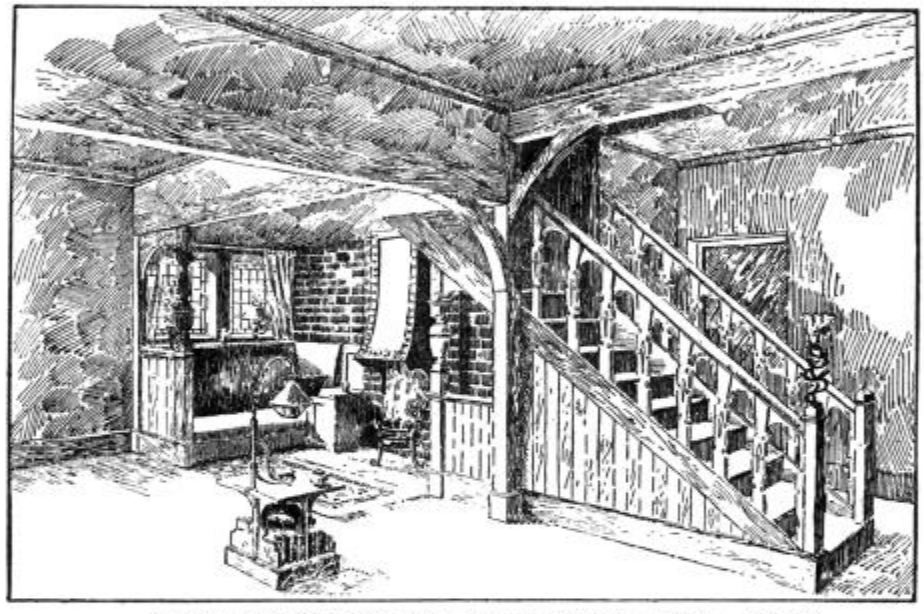
AN ENGLISH RECEPTION HALL BY PARKER AND UNWIN, SHOWING ARCH CONSTRUCTION AND WINDOW WORK

The ceiling is close-set with heavy beams, and the panels and wainscoting of oak give all the feeling of friendliness that belongs to an interior where the woodwork forms the chief decoration.

Another English hall is shown in the second illustration. Here there is only the suggestion of a recess, conveyed by the construction of the ceiling, and only the lower part of the staircase is visible, the landing being masked as well as the upper stair. A comfortable seat fills the space below the stair, and another holds forth its mute

welcome from below the leaded casements. In this hall the fireplace is at right angles to the window-seat, giving the feeling of a fireplace nook without the actual construction, and the wide brick mantel-breast extends to the wall on either side. The structural interest of the room is heightened by the liberal use of posts, beams and corbels, giving an appearance of massiveness and security very expressive of the whole spirit of the English home.

Both of the foregoing are halls intended to be used chiefly as

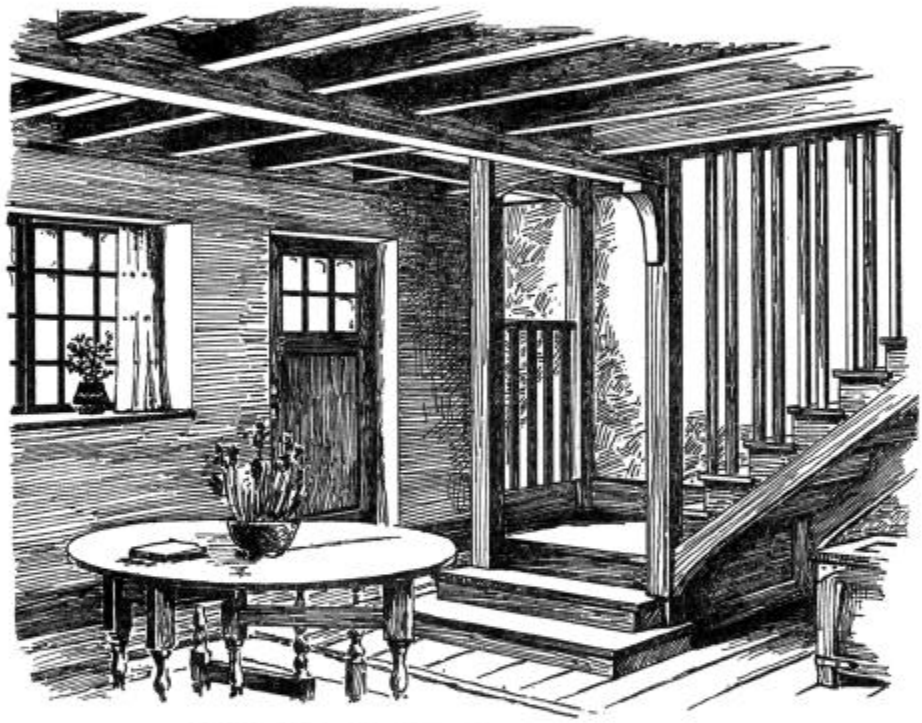


AN ENGLISH RECEPTION HALL BY PARKER AND UNWIN. RECESS SUGGESTED IN CEILING CONSTRUCTION

living rooms. An English entrance hall is shown in the first half-tone plate, and this illustrates admirably the idea of having a cordial effect as the first impression of a home. The staircase naturally is the principal feature, and in this case three turns are visible, with two landings. Slender uprights form an open railing or *grille* from the wainscot to the ceiling as a part of the staircase construction. Being an English interior, of course there is a wainscot all around the room, and the imposing structural effect of massive beams and posts. The color of the narrow wall spaces that are permitted

to show is dark and rich, and the frieze shows a conventional *motif* in needlework and appliqué. Another decorative touch is seen in the small stenciled panels in the upper part of the wainscot. The furnishings are all of the quaint style of a former day, and suggest heirlooms of many generations.

The second half-tone plate shows part of a Craftsman reception hall, in which the staircase is the prominent structural feature.



CORNER OF A CRAFTSMAN HALL, SHOWING CENTRAL STAIRCASE AND ENTRANCE DOOR

The lower steps and landing are at the right, the stair turning and running up to the left. Double casements light stair and landing, and give a pleasant division of the wall space seen on entering. Just below the stair is a comfortable seat, with the radiator hidden below, and a coat closet fills the space between the seat and the wall. A bookcase stands at the left side, adding the last suggestion of leisurely comfort.

THE HALL

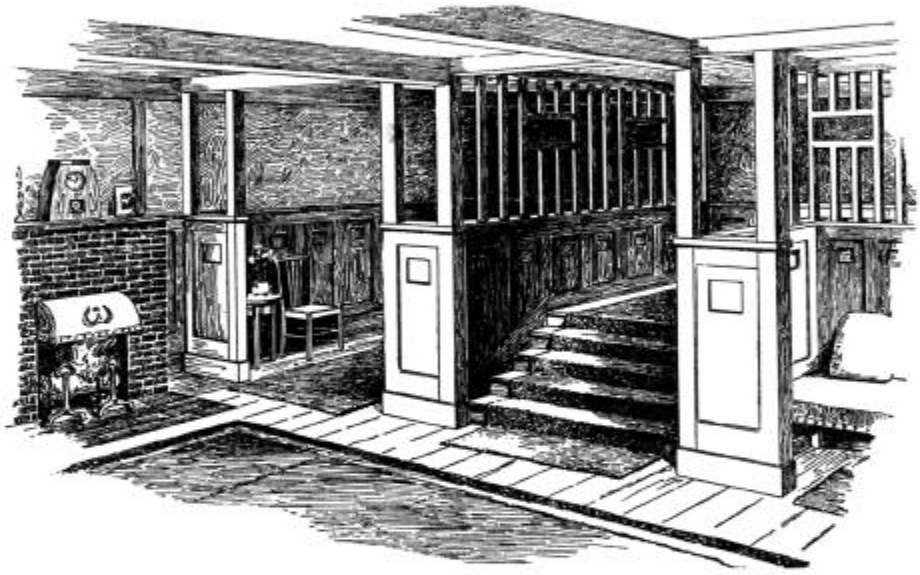
A larger hall that is emphatically a part of the living room is seen in the third line illustration. Here there is no vestibule, and the wide entrance door, with the small, square panes in the upper part, is a part of the structural decoration of the room. Additional light is given from the same side by the row of casements, recessed, and with a wide ledge for plants. The ceiling is beamed, and the whole construction of the room is satisfying, although interest centers at once on the staircase. This is in the center of the room, and has a large, square landing approached by three shallow steps. The stairs run up toward the right at the turn, and the space between steps and ceiling is filled with slim, square uprights, two on each step, which give the effect of a *grille,* very open and decorative. Opposite the stair, on the landing, is a railing wainscot high, with posts above. Treated in this manner, the staircase seems intended as much for beauty as for utility, and so fulfills its manifest destiny in the Craftsman idea. A large round table adds to the comfort of the room, which is further furnished with a big hall chest and substantial easy chairs.

Still more interesting from the viewpoint of structural decoration is the staircase shown in the fourth illustration. This is also central in position, and is completely masked, except for the lower steps and the landing, by the post construction above the solid wainscot that surrounds it. This wainscot turns outward to the width of a single panel at either side of the stair, one side sheltering the end of the seat built in on the right side, and the other forming one side of the tempting recess to the left. A hooded fireplace of brick is placed just outside of this recess, assuring warmth in the small, sheltered nook. All the walls are wainscoted, and a simple stencil decoration appears just below the frieze. This hall is also a part of the living room, and its effect is that of unusual spaciousness.

In a small house there are often many considerations which prevent the use of the hall as a living room. Many people object to the draughts and waste of heat entailed by the open stairway and prefer a living room quite separate from the entrance to the house. In this case it is better to have simply an entrance hall, not too large and yet not cramped, rather than the compromise that contains no possibility of comfort and yet is crammed with all the features that belong in the larger hall intended for general use. An entrance

hall may be made very attractive and inviting by the wise selection of the woodwork and color scheme, and by care in the designing of the stairway, which of course is the principal structural feature in any hall, large or small. The woodwork should be warm in tone and not too dark,—the varying tones of green, gray and brown cast thinly over the natural color of the wood being usually the most satisfactory.

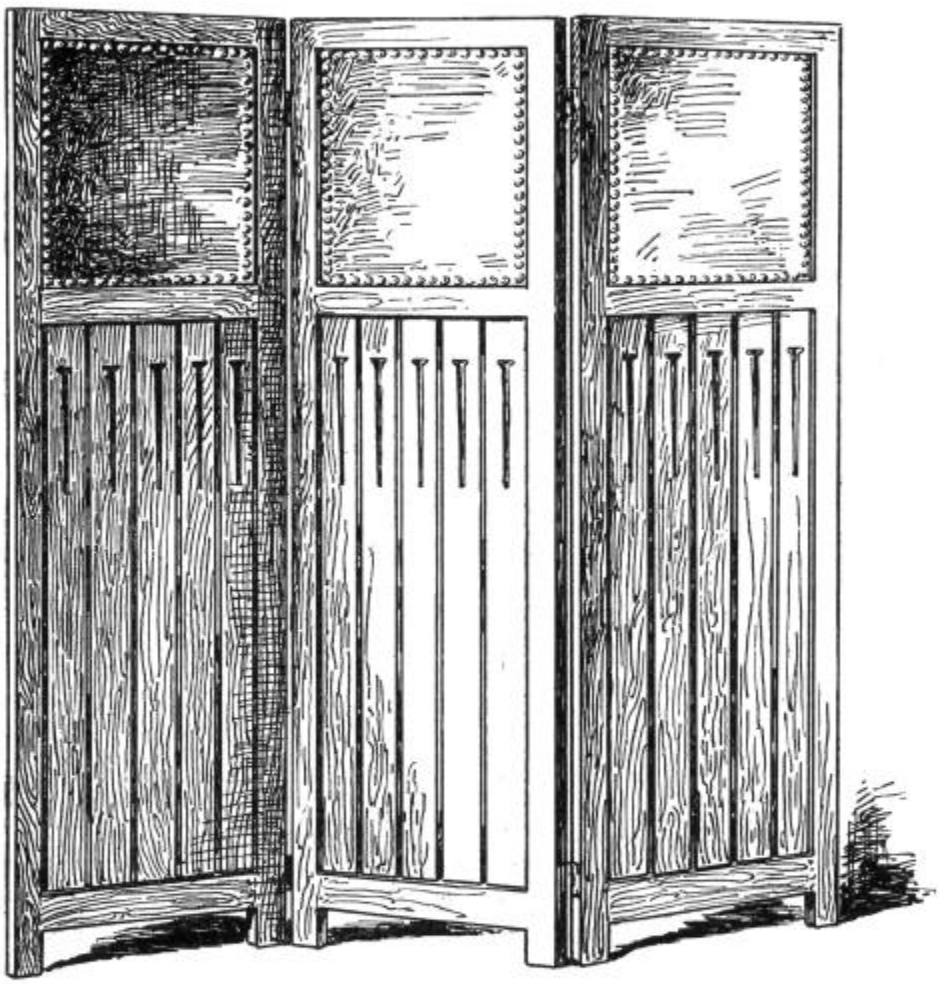
For a hall requiring warm treatment, brown fumed oak is most satisfactory for the woodwork, and a frieze of dull orange canvas



CENTRAL STAIRCASE AND RECESS IN CRAFTSMAN HALL

is delightful with the walls either papered or canvased in dull brown, similar in color to the frieze but lower in tone. If a seat is in a hall treated in this way, it might have pillows of dull orange and very rich dark blue. An unobtrusive scheme, low in key, is to have the woodwork of oak stained moss green, with a greenish gray ceiling and the floor stained to a grayer and darker green than the woodwork. The walls might be covered with olive-green canvas showing a stenciled decoration in dull purple and grayish white. The color scheme and decoration of a hall naturally extend to the stairway and upper hall if the greatest harmony of effect is desired.

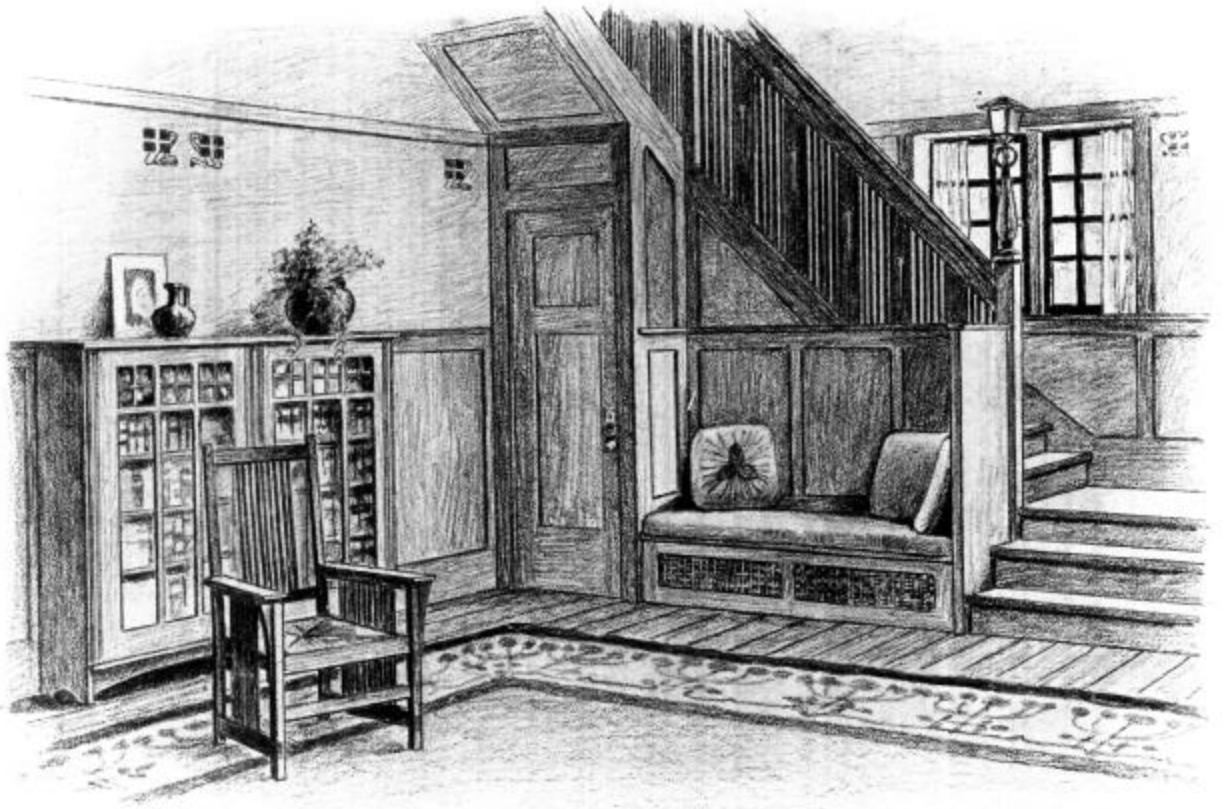
For a large reception hall so placed as to require light treatment, the woodwork might be of a light brown, almost gray in tone. In case of a wainscot, it would be effective to have it panelled to the height of five feet, and to have the walls above covered with



A SCREEN THAT SERVES AS A PARTITION BETWEEN HALL AND LIVING ROOM

grayish-blue canvas, and the ceiling of ivory-tinted plaster. The rugs could be in tones of old ivory and a lighter blue than the walls, and the furniture covered with dull orange leather, giving a warm note to the cool color scheme of the room.

AN ENGLISH RECEPTION HALL



A CRAFTSMAN RECEPTION HALL

VALUE OF BEAUTY AS A MUNICIPAL ASSET IS PROVING A FACTOR IN THE ADVANCE OF CIVIC ART: BY CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

WE are taught in childhood that two and two invariably make four, and the practical man accepts it as an axiom. It has always seemed to me, however, that business is conducted on the principle that two and two must make more than four, if it is to be considered successful. Certainly Commodore Vanderbilt got out of his investments considerably more than the actual amount of money which he invested in labor and material. Certainly Baron de Hirsch reaped more than the actual amount he invested in his railroad enterprises. Certainly Mr. Rockefeller has demonstrated time and time again that two and two, his brains and his investments, can be made to yield infinitely more than four. Indeed the whole theory of modern fortunes is based upon the principle that two and two when properly added together represent a new figure vastly in excess of the old-fashioned four.

So in the realm of civic endeavor we are beginning to realize that the right sort of civic investments can be made to yield tremendously greater results if properly handled. The great group plan of Cleveland is estimated to represent an expenditure of about sixteen million six hundred thousand dollars; three million five hundred thousand dollars for the Post Office, four million dollars for the Court House, and two million six hundred thousand dollars for the City Hall; two million dollars for the library; four million five hundred thousand dollars for the Union Depot; and yet when completed it will represent a civic center worth many millions in excess of those just mentioned. Ruckstuhl, the sculptor, is authority for the statement that every dollar spent for civic beauty is a dollar soundly invested; that every dollar spent for civic beauty is a dollar so invested that it will yield increasing returns with each succeeding year.

When you come to think of it, people go to the beautiful places:—to Niagara, to the Yellowstone, to the Yosemite, to the Grand Canyon of Arizona,—to see the tremendous beauty, the awful sublimity of these places. It is their beauty that constitutes their chief asset. The railroads, the hotels, the places of business near where these great natural beauty spots are located recognize this fact and

exploit them; oftentimes it is true for mean and selfish ends, but their action is evidence of the great value of beauty as an asset.

Paris affords the most striking illustration that beauty of municipal adornment pays, but we fail to realize the truth involved in this example. Not long since, however, a correspondent from Aiken, South Carolina, in writing to his home paper in Columbia, a neighboring city, declared "beauty is an asset and Aiken owes its supremacy to an appreciation of this fact."

WHILE in a trolley car in Los Angeles a few months since I overheard two men, evidently real estate men, discussing the relative advantages of Broadway and Spring Street, and investments on these parallel thoroughfares. It was the judgment of both men that Broadway, being wider than Spring, was therefore a better street and that investments on it were more likely to yield larger results.

Every community wants more capital and more population. To secure these it advertises its merits, its advantages, its points of superiority. Those having charge of this advertising are beginning to appreciate that there is no advertisement so effective as civic beauty. Consequently we see more and more references to the civic beauty of communities. Indeed the cities of greatest beauty need less advertisement than do others.

Hotels and business houses, moreover, are beginning to appreciate the truth of this. J. M. Bowles in an article in a recent number of the "World's Work" related how a New York man had made two trips to Europe apparently for the sole purpose, as he put it, of spending large sums of money. His last trip occupied four months. He bought no less than fifty marble statues, antique and modern, one hundred and forty assorted bronzes, mostly from the famous Barbedenne, of Paris, a large number of paintings, remarque etchings and engravings, tapestries of historical interest, and so on through a long list of beautiful and artistic hangings and furnishings. This man was not a dealer, nor a rival of Pierpont Morgan, but the proprietor of a New York hotel. He had seen the way things had been going of late years, and he intended to avail himself of the advantages which beautiful surroundings, beautiful furnishings and artistic designs would yield.

Not only do the hotels appreciate the aesthetic effect of artistic surroundings, but railroads, restaurants, factories, insurance companies, warehouses, manufacturers, are awakening to the fact that art is a stock asset for a business from a commercial point of view. Walk along the streets of New York and you will see building after building, either erected or in course of erection, a credit to the life of the city, to the business which it houses, and to the architect who conceived it. Some of the most notable structures of recent years have been those put up for life insurance companies, for the theatres, for the railroads. The improvements which the Pennsylvania Railroad is erecting in Washington will not only be commodious for the patrons of the road, but will constitute a part of the great civic plan of Burnham, Olmsted and their confreres.

One of the most important and valuable lots of ground in Philadelphia, in the very heart of the city, has been purchased by the Girard Trust Company, upon which it will erect a beautiful building designed solely for the use of the company. The new building when completed will be a distinct addition to the architectural civic beauty of the city. Do you imagine for a minute that the business men of a company acting as trustees for large interests would make so great an investment if it were not expected to be a paying one? Business concerns in these days of keen competition could not afford to make investments so great and expensive if they did not yield important results and benefits. The Girard Trust Company in Philadelphia, the Prudential Life Insurance Company, and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York, and other great trust and insurance companies, the Pennsylvania Railroad in Washington, the corporations all over that have been putting up new structures within the past five or ten years have borne tribute to the fact, to quote Mr. Bowles again, "that art is making its way in this country of ours, and the best of it is that it is coming naturally, unobtrusively, as an expression of a new spirit in modern business."

"Pray, Sir Mercury, why ridest thou in so fine a chariot when thy winged sandals will save both thy time and thy birds too?" "It is to show," quoth the god, "an example to mortals, who in their daily affairs ought not to forget that their business may sometimes best be served by beauty." This is a very old, indeed it is almost a classic illustration, but one the truth of which we ought to bear

constantly in mind, and it is a cause for congratulation that the business men of the present era are appreciating it to an extent little dreamed of a few years ago.

THE average man will concede that a beautiful city is an attractive one and brings people to it with their contribution of labor and money and help, but to have a beautiful city we must have beautiful units. You cannot put together a few eyesores and get a beauty spot. What is it that attracts the people in the business part of San Francisco? It is the harmony and beauty of its business streets so that the sum total of the impression made upon a stranger passing through them for the first time is altogether a pleasant and a satisfactory one. It is due to the fact that the component buildings are carefully designed and well constructed, and it lies within the power of organizations like builders' exchanges, to add mightily to the substantial assets of a community by constantly impressing the fact upon all with whom they have to deal that an artistic structure costs very little more than an inartistic one and yields results far out of proportion to the original cost.

To refer again to Mr. Bowles' article:—"Business Buildings made Beautiful," he points out how concerns that are interested in increasing their business and extending it in every way, are utilizing beautiful and artistic surroundings and decorations as a means to this end. If such a policy pays in the city of New York, where business competition is as keen as anywhere on this continent, it will pay in every other community in this land. The Hausmannizing of Paris during the Second Empire was one of the most successful investments in civic effort ever made by a government.

Paris constitutes the greatest storehouse of civic experience in the world. It has clearly demonstrated that when a city wishes to clean out a certain quarter and increase the value of the real estate in that section, it can produce the quickest and most effective results by proceeding to make a small square and putting into it flower gardens and a fountain and a statue or two appropriately fitted to the environment. Usually as a result of such a process the whole quarter becomes transformed; old houses are supplemented by new and more beautiful ones; the whole population changes in character. Moreover, viewing the matter from the purely business point of view, the

taxable value of the real estate increases, and the increase of taxes in a short time pays for the land expropriated for the park, and for the fountain and the statue.

IT is a rather interesting historical fact which we sometimes overlook that when art was at its highest tide the artists' best patrons were great corporations, the syndicates of that time. For some reason art was allowed to decline, and the divorce between art and business became complete. It looks as if the opening decades of the twentieth century would be marked by the reuniting of these two natural allies. The developments in New York certainly point in that direction. Likewise, the civic undertaking in Washington. All the great cities of the country are planning vast improvements, involving the establishment of great civic centers, the remodeling of their whole municipal plan on artistic lines. As competition and rivalry between great communities increase their desire to improve, their surroundings should increase in arithmetical progression.

Not long since this country was visited by an Educational Commission, one of the members of which spoke of our artistic poverty in the designing of American household articles and manufactures generally. Such a criticism a number of years ago might have been well founded, but as the "Architects and Builders Magazine" pointed out, there has been a very remarkable movement in the direction of improved artistic design and decoration of housefurnishings to be seen everywhere from New York to San Francisco. Never before has there been so sharp a competition among manufacturers to invite trade by improving their products in regard to durability and beauty of design, and this competition has compelled the employment of a high order of artistic and expert skill. The great steel and iron workers have discovered the necessity of securing art as an ally, and the same lesson has been learned by cabinet makers, furniture manufacturers, manufacturers of silk, rugs, carpet, textiles, books, and an infinite variety of arts. Craftsmanship and art have been linked together and the closer and more general their union becomes the more rapid will be the advance in artistic excellence which has become so great a distinction of French manufacturers.

So we see the movement for artistic development manifesting itself within and without the house in large and small degree. It

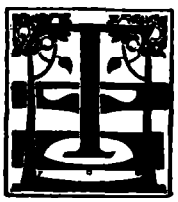
is altogether hopeful because the business man has given his attention to it. For after all the business man is the practical man, the man of greatest influence in the community. Concerned as he is with providing for the wants of mankind, concerned as he is with money making in all its various phases, he is looked up to even by those who are most apt to belittle the power and value of money. So if the business man takes hold of a great movement and gives it his backing, his support, his influence, it is of distinct significance. It means that art and craftsmanship, that art and business, have united hands for an upward movement all along the line. With art reinforcing business and business reinforcing art, with building constructors and all their allies contributing to municipal art, the day of the City Beautiful is not far distant, and it is an auspicious augury that a great organization like the Builders' Exchange of Cleveland is lending its influence to higher ideals in constructive municipal art.

VALUES OF LIFE AMONG WAGE-EARNERS

"THE more intimately one comes into the home circle of the independent wage-earners the more clearly does the disadvantage of wealth stand revealed. Life must be lived so simply, the interests of life are so evident, that the value of words decreases; action expresses the heart perfectly. The very services the children render each other train them for the family life they will establish. The baby tended by an older brother or sister learns to depend on them for care, and that dependence in turn draws out a love and responsibility that could not have birth under any other conditions. The child who finds that in pain, weariness, suffering, a father and a mother alone share its care; the elder children who see how naturally sacrifices are made for them, how little the father and mother value themselves, their ease, even their comfort, learn to value the love in the home and depend on it, give love to it, that money to buy service would bar out."

—*Lillian W. Betts.*

MODERN APPLICATION OF THE ART OF DAMASKEENING IN JAPAN: BY FLORA OAKLEY JANES



HE swords of Damascus and the minute decoration of their hilts in gold and silver tracery have given a name to a distinct and most interesting form of art work in metal. But as we call porcelain "china" though it may have been made in New Jersey, and never once think of Calcutta when buying or wearing calico, so for the finest damaskeen work in the world at the present time we go not to Syria but to Japan.

Kyoto, the old capital, which for eleven hundred years was the heart and center of every art impulse in the empire, was the seat of the industry in the riper days of the feudal regime. For three hundred years the art has flourished there in the patronage of court and warring clans; and to-day the most elaborate gold inlaying in Japan is done by a dozen or so of workmen in three little shops in out-of-the-way corners of Kyoto.

In a time when a boy of samurai rank was invested with a sword at the tender age of five; when every gentleman carried two swords as a badge of his position as gentleman and warrior; when war was a genteel trade and the sword the universal weapon; when fashion gruesomely included a dagger among the wedding presents of a bride, and dictated a special dirk for the correct performance of *harakiri,* it is readily seen why it was that the new craze for art decoration which came into Japan on the wave of Buddhist innovation should have turned to the ornamentation of every part of the sword suitable for ornamentation—the hilt, the guard and the scabbard.

If there is any one thing, however, which more than another stands for action without any foolery, it is the modern gun-barrel. And so, with the passing of the feudal age, the artist or artisan in sword-hilts was left without a definite occupation. But in late years, especially since a distinct branch of trade has been established in the West, the leading staple of which is Japanese "curios," a steadily growing demand has sprung up in the track of the professional buyer as well as of the foreign tourist. The articles called for are varied enough; but from the Japanese point of view they are singularly alike in that they are all utterly inexplicable and unaccountable, ranging as they do in size and expense from a box for

a millionaire to keep his postage stamps in up to an eighteen inch plate—emphatically not for him to put his food on but to hang on the wall!

DAMASKEENING, as done in Kyoto, takes one step beyond the possibilities of bronze work, inasmuch as it adds the hair line to the bronzist's methods. All metals and all alloys are laid under contribution, though gold and silver upon iron are given the preference for the fine contrast they afford; while the stress is put upon inlaying and carving processes rather than upon the fusing and mixing of metals in delicate proportions as in bronze work. One peculiarity is highly noticeable in all metal work in Japan. A Japanese has no prejudice which leads him to place one metal before another for its mere costliness, any more than a western artist in oils would think of using his most expensive colors all the time instead of the most effective ones. This may be depended upon as a main distinction between East and West in metal work. Copper, for instance, may very readily take precedence over gold, or iron over either one. The place in the color scale would determine the selection of any particular metal, not its intrinsic value.

All processes possible in combination are at the disposal of the worker in damaskeen. He may inlay, carve, engrave, and even fuse, though he places less reliance upon fusing than the bronzist does. The favorite style of decoration is a medallion inlaid boldly with a scene and set in a ground of workmanship so minute and so evenly distributed that a second look is necessary to resolve what appears to be a sheen into an almost microscopic labyrinth of scrollery and fret.

As is the case with all fine Oriental work, it is impossible to appreciate the beauty of damaskeen without at least so much of knowledge of the exquisite skill and almost superhuman patience spent upon it as may be gained from an hour's visit at a workshop.

First the plate of metal,—iron or soft steel,—to be ornamented is firmly embedded in a block of rosin to give facility for handling. But iron or soft steel in its crude state is intractable for inlaying. Just as the artist in pastels has to prepare his paper carefully to insure the ready blending of the tints of his picture, the worker in damaskeen must thoroughly and uniformly break up the stubborn

texture of his metal plate to obtain a surface which will both receive and hold the inlaid decoration. This work, however important, is but preliminary and is intrusted to the apprentice. So with a toy chisel and a make-believe hammer he sets at work. Moving the chisel slowly over a bit of space as long as the width of the tool, say a quarter of an inch, he beats a continuous tattoo upon its flattened top, the result being a tiny square of vertical hair lines like the shade in an engraving. Then he turns his block at right angles and makes a second square adjoining the first, turns again and makes a third until the plate has become a checker-board, the squares of which are of alternate vertical and horizontal parallels. This, of course, has taken time, but the work is only just laid out. Again the surface is patiently gone over in the opposite direction—that is, the vertical hair lines are crossed by horizontal ones and *vice versa.* A third time the process is repeated with diagonals, and a fourth with other diagonals crossing the previous ones in checks. The master of the shop now runs his finger over the plate and pronounces it ready for the design.

Meantime, the gold has been preparing. This comes from the gold-beater in thin ribbon plates. The master himself cuts them into convenient lengths of about three inches, and then with a pair of scissors which he stops every other minute to whet, he pares one hair's breadth after another so fine that a dozen have to be cut before the ribbon is perceptibly narrowed. A glance over the rim of his goggles now brings a boy to the *hibachi,* who quickly starts a glow among the three or four bits of charcoal by blowing the flame through a bamboo stick with the bellows given him by nature.

It is this extreme simplicity of method and paucity of means to do with that makes a piece of fine Japanese work of any kind seem little short of a miracle to a "foreign barbarian." It compels an intimacy with raw materials and a sharpening of the faculties that amount in practice to an added sense. A few minutes of blowing and the strips are all cut, the coals bright red and all in readiness. Taking the bamboo tube from the boy and with the other hand deftly picking up a little platinum dish of the gold shavings with a pair of chop-stick tongs, the operator balances the dish nicely on the coals. Before a degree of heat has been reached sufficient to melt the gold, he carefully picks out one of the hot wires, and

laying it on a steel plate he rolls it with a spatula until the angles and kinks have disappeared and the wire itself is as fine and even as a hair from a baby's head and almost as pliable. All are treated in turn, and the materials are now ready for manipulation.

A FAVORITE Japanese treatment of damaskeen, as has been said, is a medallion outlined boldly with a coarse wire, within which a design is delicately wrought in gold, it may be in the space of a square inch, to represent, say, a temple garden or a palace park—both subjects commending themselves for minuteness of detail in foliage, water, boats, lanterns, temple roofs, distant mountains, and clouds with an inevitable flight of birds disappearing into them. The ground is then completely filled with some all-over pattern of chrysanthemums or Paulownia, for instance, executed with almost microscopical delicacy and precision.

The article to be decorated may be a fan-shaped jewel box. A medallion of the same shape will be outlined on the lid in coarse silver wire and filled in to represent a vista of hills with water and pine-tree foliage in the foreground, while the body of the box may be covered with a running pattern of tufts of pine needles. A Greek key may finish the edge of the lid, and the bottom may be covered with an all-over adaptation of the Greek key—a pattern which the Japanese, however, claim as an independent invention of their own, suggested by the lightning. The inside of any box is always finished with a hammered gold plate.

The two steps already described are quite mechanical, but to produce a pattern or design requires not only a delicate touch and a knowledge of metals amounting almost to an instinct but the ability at least to copy with the utmost accuracy, if not to work a design out and out in free hand. The cross-hatched surface of iron is such as to make a preliminary outline drawing impracticable. The artisan is an artist to the extent that his eye alone must guide and determine his work. When he has mastered his means of expression, his task is the artist's task to make a sketch. He makes it on an iron plate in lieu of paper with gold wire tracery in place of ink.

Picking up a wire, he touches it to the iron, guides it along with the chisel to form the line he has in mind—a mountain slope, the sag of a cottage thatch, or the pinion of a bird—cuts it off at the

proper length by a slight pressure of the chisel edge and gives the line a few taps with a spidery hammer, repeating the process till the main features of the design are indicated.

The entire plate is then given a thin coat of lacquer, through which, when dried, the gold work is easily made to appear on being rubbed with a steel polisher. The plate is thus made ready for the next less important details. These are then added and lacquer is again applied. The process may be repeated until a design has been worked over twenty times. By such a mode of procedure, the workman is not only enabled to keep the proper proportions of space which the infinitude of details might otherwise encroach upon, but lacquer has been so forced into the pores of the iron as to make it proof against rust, though lacquer does not at all appear on the finished surface.

When the last trace of gold has been inlaid, the piece of work, if a receptacle, as a box, vase, or shrine, rather than a flat surface, as a panel or plaque, is lined with gold by hammering a sheet of the pure metal directly upon the interior surface. The whole is then carefully burnished and the work is complete.

CONSIDERED as workmanship, damaskeen has great durability. When one end of a wire has been touched to the iron and given a smart tap or two with the hammer, it is possible to draw a heavy plate freely about on the table by the wire or even to lift it in the air. The wire will break before the end will be detached.

To the general field of decorative art, damaskeen holds a relation somewhat similar to that of the sonnet to poetry. The problem is unlimited embellishment of the "scanty plot of ground" enclosed within the rigid limitations of material and space; and to the solution of this problem anything at all in the works of nature or the arts and imaginations of man may be called upon to contribute a design. As may be expected, the national fancy for a grotesque effect finds expression in damaskeen as in everything else the Japanese artist touches; but the naturally fine taste of this truly aesthetic people always prevents the perpetration of an offense of any kind.

To illustrate the range of ingenuity shown in the selection of a design, I recall a little tray with a cottage and overhanging plum

tree in full bloom in the medallion—a theme as common as it is pretty. The medallion was set in the usual net of filagree work, but in the cramped space of each of the interstices was displayed some implement or utensil of the kitchen or general household economy, as if the cottage had been ransacked to provide the scheme for its own setting. A delicately outlined teapot, a gridiron, a dustpan, a shovel and tongs, and forty other homely things all came to light on a close inspection of the work.

The most ambitious piece of damaskeen I have ever examined was a large iron plaque, representing a theme in which religion, mythology and drollery were combined in about equal proportions. The tracery in this case poetically stood for the unsubstantial veil that is felt to be between this material world and the realm of spirits. Behind it and striving to break through its meshes were horrid monsters of the darkness, which the iron was cleverly used to typify,—dragons or hobgoblins with claws, horns, scales, fins and snouts—madly careering about a temple window, from which a couple of tonsured Buddhist priests were driving them with bell and rosary back to their own proper domain.

Damaskeen may not be an art, and the patience, skill, and taste required to damaskeen may not amount to genius; but in that case the old definition is at fault which makes genius an "infinite capacity for taking pains."

THE REVELATION OF WORK

"WORK is a confession of weakness as well as a revelation of strength; it becomes an index to the purposes and the methods of the worker. In the work of each individual may be read the outward expression of his inner moral being. The order of the world is essentially moral; but this order is sadly disturbed by the shirker and the trifler. The progress of civilization is impeded by the carelessness and shiftlessness, the ignorance and incompetence of many who profess to do work assigned to them."

—*John Herbert Phillips.*

A GROUP OF JAPANESE METAL WORKERS

A SAMURAI IN FULL ARMOR, THE ORIGINAL PATRON OF DAMASKEENING IN JAPAN

BRIDGE NEAR SOOCHOW

BRIDGE NEAR LAKE SI WA

THREE MILES FROM HANG CHOW

BRIDGE OVER GRAND CANAL, HANG CHOW

PICTURESQUE BRIDGES OVER CHINESE WATERWAYS: BY VIOLA RODGERS

TO one who has traveled through many lands, life resolves itself into a series of pictures that become of more or less value as the passing years give to them a different perspective. But, standing out with its bold impressionistic stroke in colors of wondrous hue, is a canvas that, in the memory of one who has lived the life in the interior of China, will never grow less vivid, and that is the exquisite beauty of the arched bridges spanning the canals in the valley of the Yangstse. To the Occidental they are the most striking and picturesque features of a Chinese landscape. Nor is their artistic value unappreciated by the Chinese themselves for in all elaborate designs made for embroideries, painted scrolls and the finest of their blue porcelains, at least one bridge is sure to appear, and sometimes many are found, if the design is for a large piece.

In these arched bridges of the Orient, there is a grace of outline, based upon proper proportion, and a solidity of appearance, that place them as structural works of a high order. The arch, beautiful from the aesthetic as well as from the scientific point of view, is generally believed to be of Roman origin. In China, however, many of the bridges are of such undoubted antiquity as clearly to demonstrate that they long antedate any possible foreign suggestion. Most of them span a distance of thirty or forty feet, but single spans of fifty feet are occasionally seen. And while most bridges are of one, three, five or seven arches, in many places, notably across the Grand Canal near the cities of Soochow, Huchau, Hangchow and Lake Si Wa, bridges of as many as fifty arches are to be found. Their beauty and remarkable workmanship have been the wonder of the Westerner since the days of Marco Polo, and in that famous explorer's book of travels, he speaks at length of the marble bridges at Chenteu and other parts of China.

One seldom realizes that the suspension or chain bridge is of Chinese origin, but excellent examples of this type, of great age, are found over the gorges in the Western provinces. Pontoons or bridges of boats are also frequently seen, the one most familiar to the tourist being the pontoon at Ningpo; but for fine lines and for picturesqueness, no bridges so fascinate the traveler accustomed to the ugly steel structures of "a greater civilization," as do the arched

stone bridges that are to be found across all Chinese canals and rivers. In the Southern provinces, they are crude in workmanship and are made of flat stones, unornamented, but those found in the North and in the great middle section are elaborately carved. The freedom that a designer takes when he is sure of his principles has caused some of the Chinese arches to be of extraordinary shape. Some of the single span bridges are carried to a height seemingly out of all proportion, but they are intentionally so, in order to pass the boats with sails so often seen in the northern provinces and about Pekin. Such a design in a locality without horses and carriages, where a short excessive gradient does not materially interfere with traffic, is not a serious matter in China.

The building of a bridge as an act of a Chinese individual is most highly commended by the Buddhist religion, and places him in great favor with his province. Bridges are often built by the government, by villages, or by all of the members of a family, but, be that as it may, every bridge in the whole of the Celestial Empire is made by the hand of the coolie and the huge stones have in some instances been brought many miles in boats, or carried across the fields on rudely constructed wheelbarrows pushed by coolies, or even swung from the ends of bamboo poles across the straining shoulders of these stoical little human beasts of burden. Superstition plays not a small part in the building of a Chinese bridge. Feng Shui (genii of the wind and water) men, who may be Taoist or Buddhist priests, are called upon to select the sites and to choose by the aid of necromancy the "lucky day" for its beginning and again for its inauguration. Quaint and pretty customs prevail at the completion of a bridge. An aged man, the oldest in the province, is the first allowed to cross the structure carrying an infant in his arms. By this ceremony it is implied that the bridge will last from generation to generation. Dramatic representations follow, and the frenzied beat of tomtoms is heard, bombs are exploded and firecrackers rend the air.

In passing under the bridge which enters the main gate of the old city of Huchau, it is customary for the Chinese to remain silent, and woe betide him who speaks, say the Chinese. As a horrible example of the wrath of Buddha, they will solemnly tell one of a Christian missionary woman of the city who disregarded the rule

and in consequence "her teeth came out of her mouth as one!" (To the coolies of Huchau the wonders of the American dentist are unknown.) This Huchau bridge is called for some prettily poetic Chinese reason the "Bridge of the Sounding Silence." One hears, too, of the "Bridge of the Cool Winds," the "Flying Bridges of Hunan," the Bridge of the Water's Song," and in Soochow, the Venice of the Orient, with its thirty miles of canals crossed two hundred times by single granite arches, one is jostled across the "Bridge of the Bride," or looks down the narrow water street from the "Bridge of the Speaking Zephyrs," strangely coincident with the "Bridge of Sighs."

Gliding slowly along in one's houseboat, looking out on the level stretches of rice and of poppy fields; on the mulberry with its rich hues of bronze and green, lazily one dreams the hours away, as the boat slips down the canal with the silence unbroken save by the drowsy sing song of the boatman as he deftly guides the little craft from bank to bank, while the water laps in dull monotone beneath. An occasional lark flies across the rice, giving forth a joyous note. The cicadae whirr. A temple bell tolls in liquid melody for the repose of souls. The sun sinks lower and lower and the soft silences of the mysterious land steal down over the Thibetan hills into the great valleys. One's eyes look languorously out upon the crimson poppies, and ahead, like the rainbow houses of childhood realized, the arches of a bridge inclose, in a burnished halo, the setting sun.

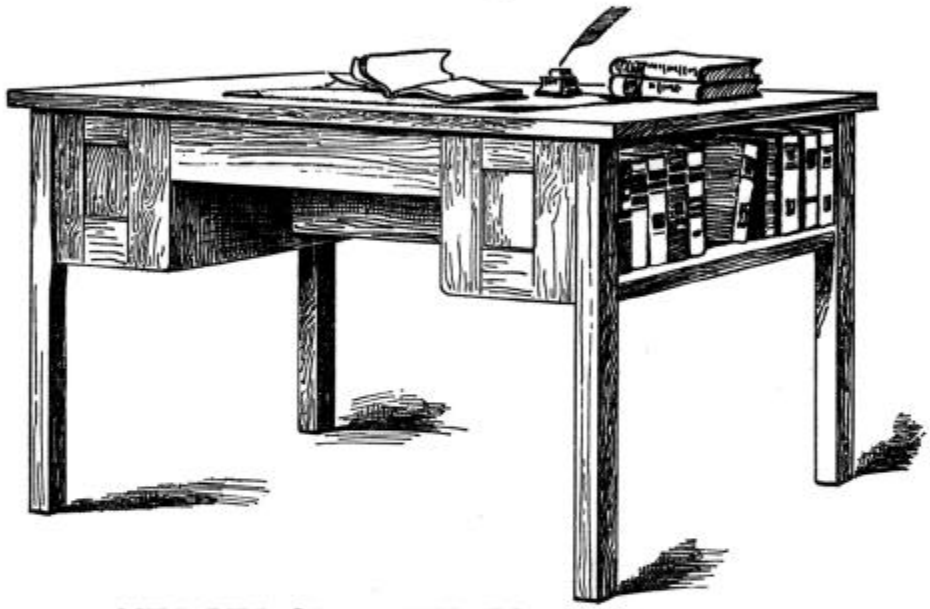
The smell of jasmine and of honeysuckle is in the air as one passes beneath it, where the vines on either bank cling closely to the old gray stone and streak its rough hewn surface with rich color, and as never before the clutch of the Orient is upon one. Over the bridge a footsore coolie passes—his back bent with his load—crossing the stones that have been worn smooth by the toilers of centuries; and he stops at the little shrine sacred to the memory of the builder, and offers up a prayer and lights a taper, then passes on, contented, as is the way of the coolie.

And the traveler speeds on. He, too, offers up a grateful prayer to the builders of Chinese arches and is content in the thought that whatever the future may hold for Cathay, whatever retreat they may make from the civilization of their ancestors, the Chinese can never—Allah be praised—burn their bridges behind them!

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES OF STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: TENTH OF THE SERIES

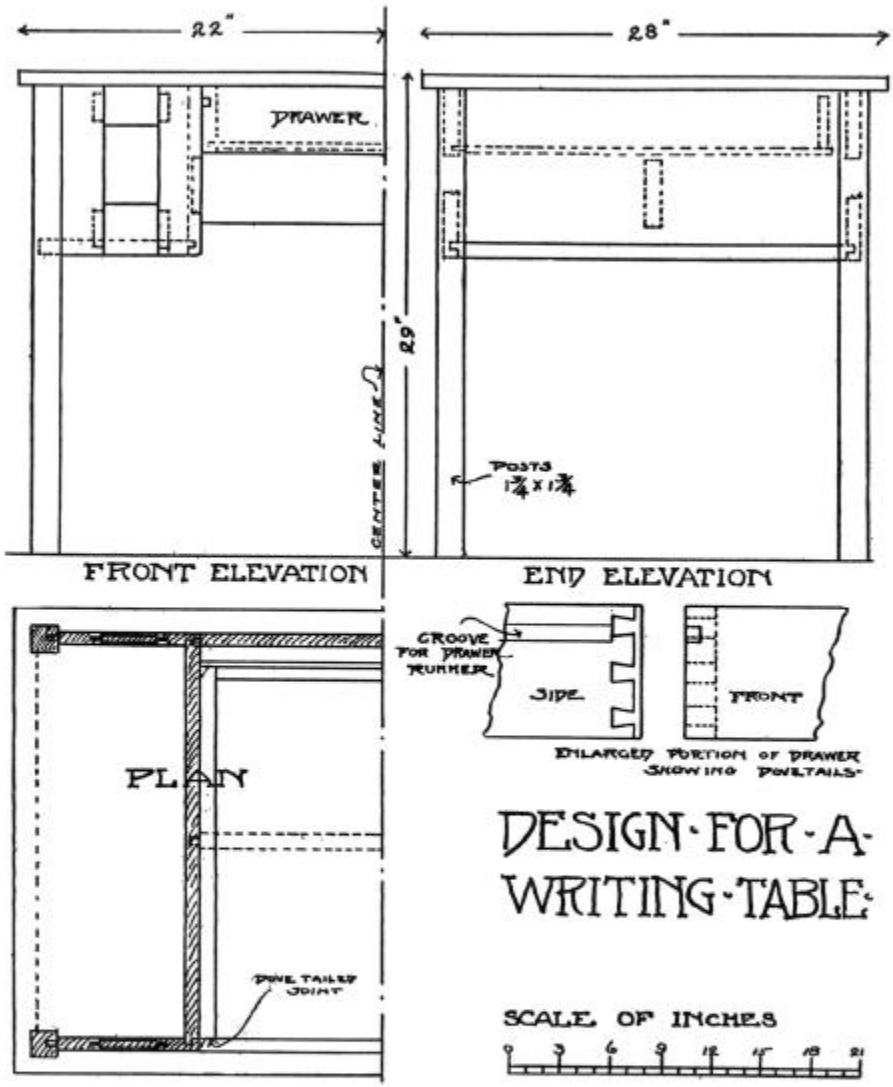
A WRITING TABLE

THIS design, which is given in response to a request from a subscriber interested in cabinet work, will be found very satisfactory for a writing table. The construction is not at all hard, the main point being to have the lower parts firmly fastened to the top with table irons, and the brace at the center firmly fastened at the ends. This is necessary that the drawer may run smoothly. The feature of special note in this table is the recessed book shelf at either end, which solves the problem of having reference books within easy reach of the writer.



MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR WRITING TABLE

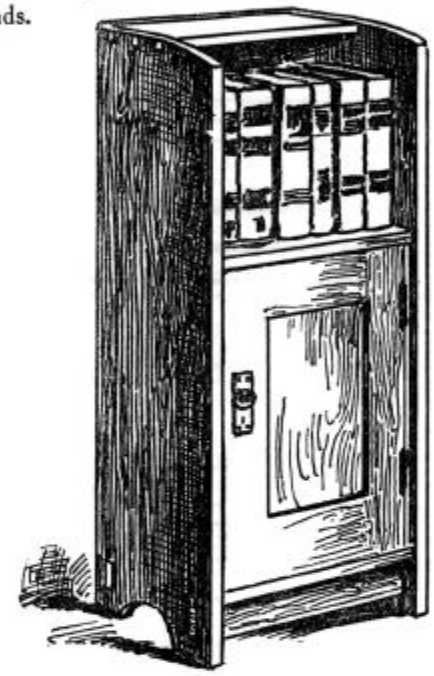
Pieces	No.	Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finish Wide	Finish Thick
Legs	4	29 in.	2 in.	2 in.	1¾ in.	1¾ in.
Top	1	45 in.	28¼ in.	1¼ in.	28 in.	1 in.
Front stiles	8	12 in.	3¾ in.	1 in.	3½ in.	⅞ in.
Front rails	8	6 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.
Front panels	4	6 in.	5¼ in.	¾ in.	5 in.	½ in.
Back center rail	1	24 in.	4¼ in.	1 in.	4 in.	⅞ in.
Back of book rack	2	25 in.	10¼ in.	1 in.	10 in.	⅞ in.
Under brace	1	24 in.	4¼ in.	1¼ in.	4 in.	1⅛ in.
Drawer front	1	24 in.	4¼ in.	1 in.	4 in.	⅞ in.
Drawer sides, back	3	24 in.	4¼ in.	¾ in.	4 in.	½ in.
Drawer bottom	1	24 in.	22 in.	¾ in.	21½ in.	½ in.
Drawer runners	2	24 in.	¾ in.	¾ in.	½ in.	½ in.


22"
28"
DRAWER
29"
CENTRE LINE
POSTS
1¾ x 1¾
FRONT ELEVATION
END ELEVATION
PLAN
DOVE TAILED JOINT
GROOVE FOR DRAWER RUNNER
SIDE
FRONT
ENLARGED PORTION OF DRAWER SHOWING DOVETAILS
DESIGN FOR A WRITING TABLE
SCALE OF INCHES
0 3 6 9 12 15 18 21

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

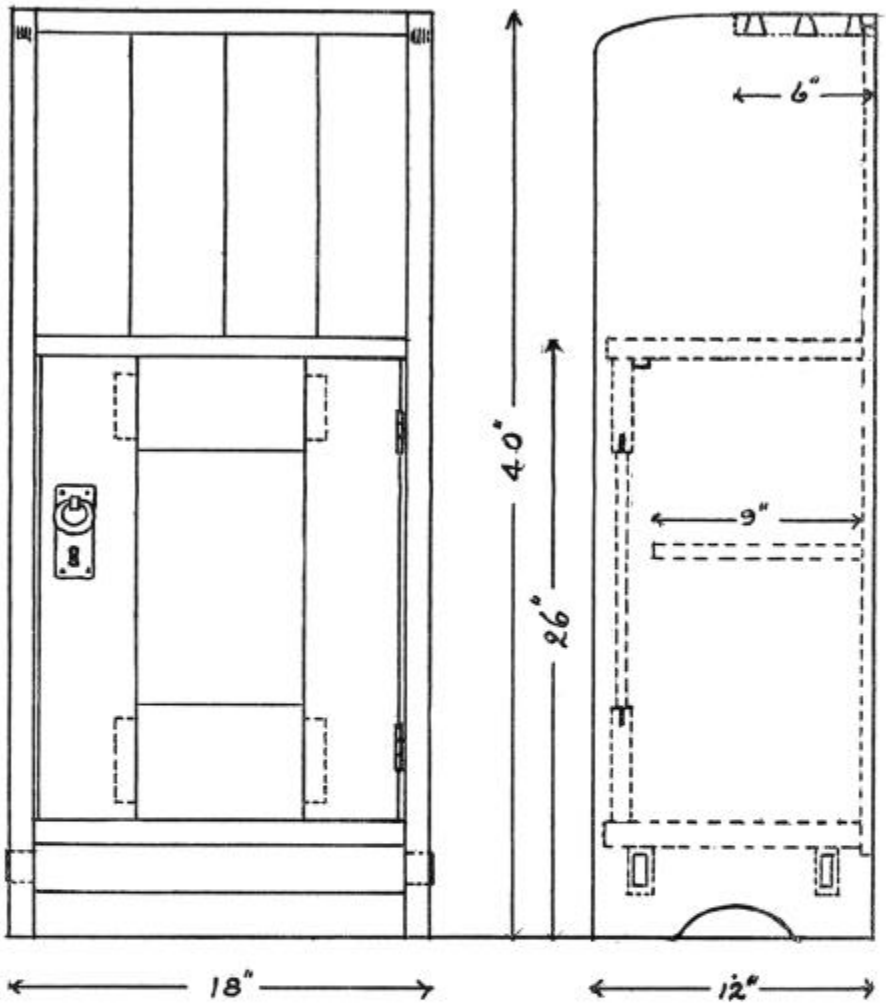
A BOOK CABINET

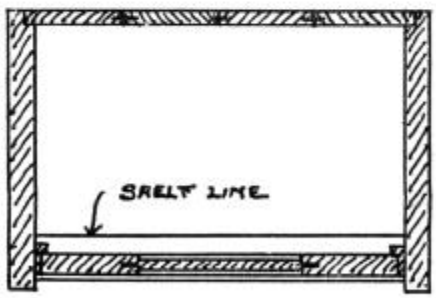
THIS is an excellent piece of furniture for a workroom, where it can stand near the desk or table of the worker and provide a place for the few books of reference in constant use, as well as for papers, drawings, etc., that might otherwise be mislaid or scattered in confusion about the room. It is easy to make and is very satisfactory in line and proportion. The shelf that covers half the top offers room for a small paper rack or any of the many things that have to be within reach and yet not in the way, and furnishes also a decorative touch in the dovetail construction at the ends.



MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR BOOK CABINET

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finish Wide	Finish Thick
Sides	2	41 in.	12¼ in.	1¼ in.	12 in.	1 in.
Top	1	19 in	6¼ in.	1¼ in.	6 in.	1 in.
Shelves	2	19 in.	11¼ in.	1 in.	11 in.	⅞ in.
Inside shelf	1	18 in.	9¼ in.	¾ in.	9 in.	½ in.
Door stiles	2	21 in.	4¼ in.	⅞ in.	4 in.	¾ in.
Door rail	1	10 in.	4¼ in.	⅞ in.	4 in.	¾ in.
Door rail	1	10 in.	5¼ in.	⅞ in.	5 in.	¾ in.
Door panel	1	13 in.	8¾ in.	⅝ in.	8½ in.	½ in.
Braces	2	19 in.	2¼ in.	1¼ in.	2 in.	1 in.
Back	4	38 in.	4½ in.	¾ in.	4¼ in.	½ in.





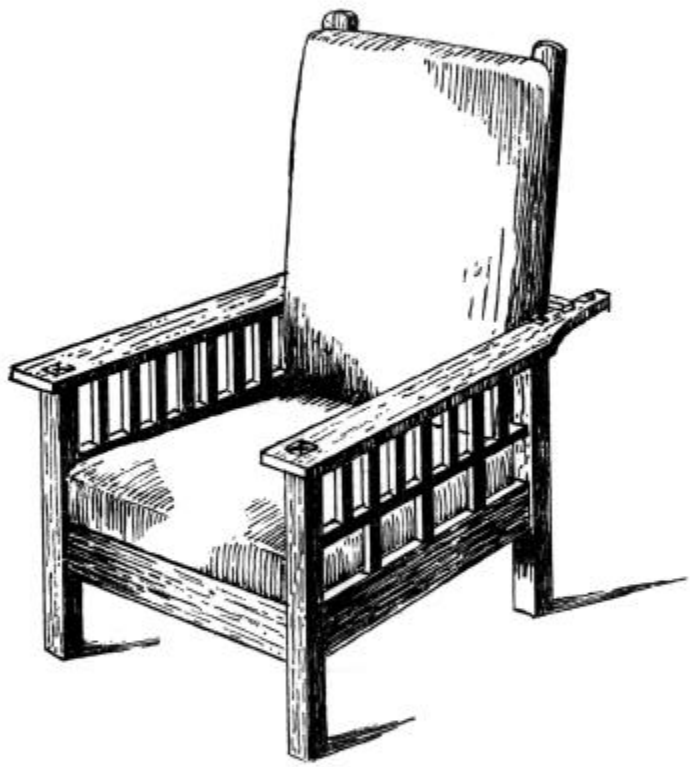
DESIGN FOR A BOOK-CABINET

SCALE · OF · INCHES

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

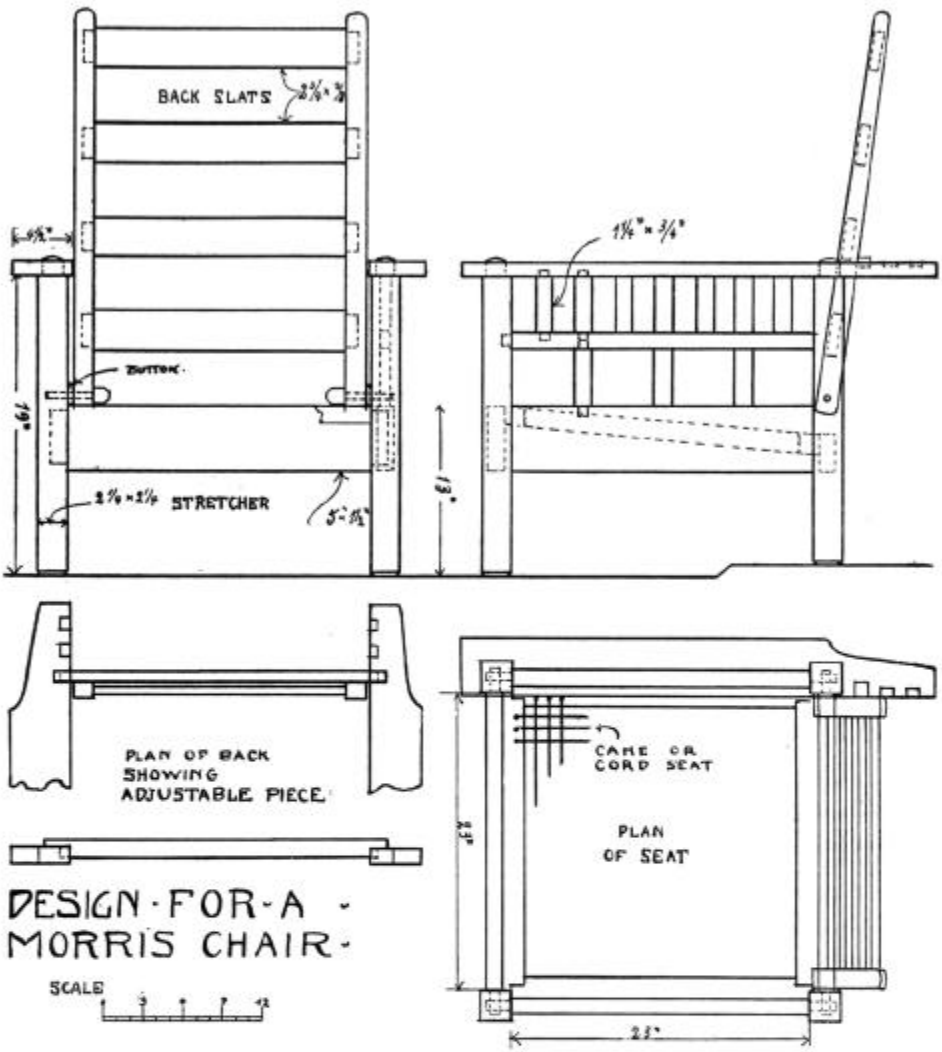
A MORRIS CHAIR

THIS model is given in response to a number of requests for a Morris chair that could be made at home. The construction is very simple. The sides are put together first, then the front and back seat rails. The seat frame is pierced with holes placed about an inch apart, and through these is to be woven cane or heavy cord to afford a firm and elastic support for the seat cushion. Either one is satisfactory, but the cane will be found more durable. The seat pillow should be from four to five inches thick; the back pillow from five to six inches thick and high enough to cover the top slat in the back.



MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR MORRIS CHAIR

		Rough			Finish	
Pieces	No.	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Posts	4	21 in.	2½ in.	2½ in.	2¼ in.	2¼ in.
Arms	2	37 in.	4¾ in.	1¼ in.	4½ in.	1⅛ in.
Front rail	1	27 in.	5¼ in.	1½ in.	5 in.	1¼ in.
Back rail.....	1	27 in.	3¼ in.	1½ in.	3 in.	1¼ in.
Side rail.....	2	27 in.	5¼ in.	1½ in.	5 in.	1¼ in.



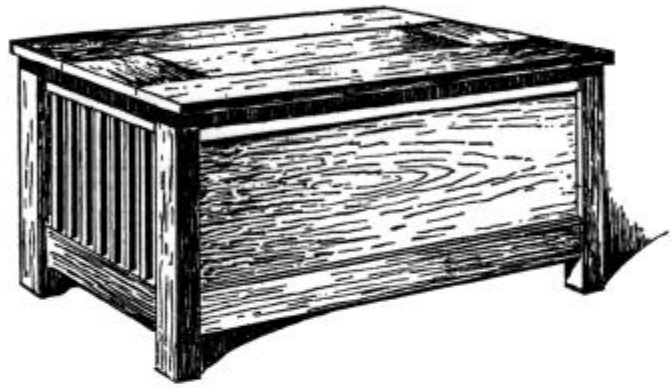
DESIGN FOR A MORRIS CHAIR

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finish Wide	Finish Thick
Side fret.....	1	25 in.	1 in.	1½ in.	¾ in.	1¼ in.
Side fret.....	20	6 in.	1 in.	1½ in.	¾ in.	1¼ in.
Back posts.....	2	31 in.	2 in.	2 in.	1¾ in.	pattern
Back slats.....	4	22 in.	3 in.	½ in.	2¾ in.	⅜ in.
Seat frame.....	4	24 in.	2 in.	1¼ in.	1¾ in.	1⅛ in.
Back piece.....	1	27 in.	1¼ in.	1½ in.	1 in.	1⅜ in.
Back pins.....	2	6 in.	1¼ in.	1¼ in.	pattern	

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

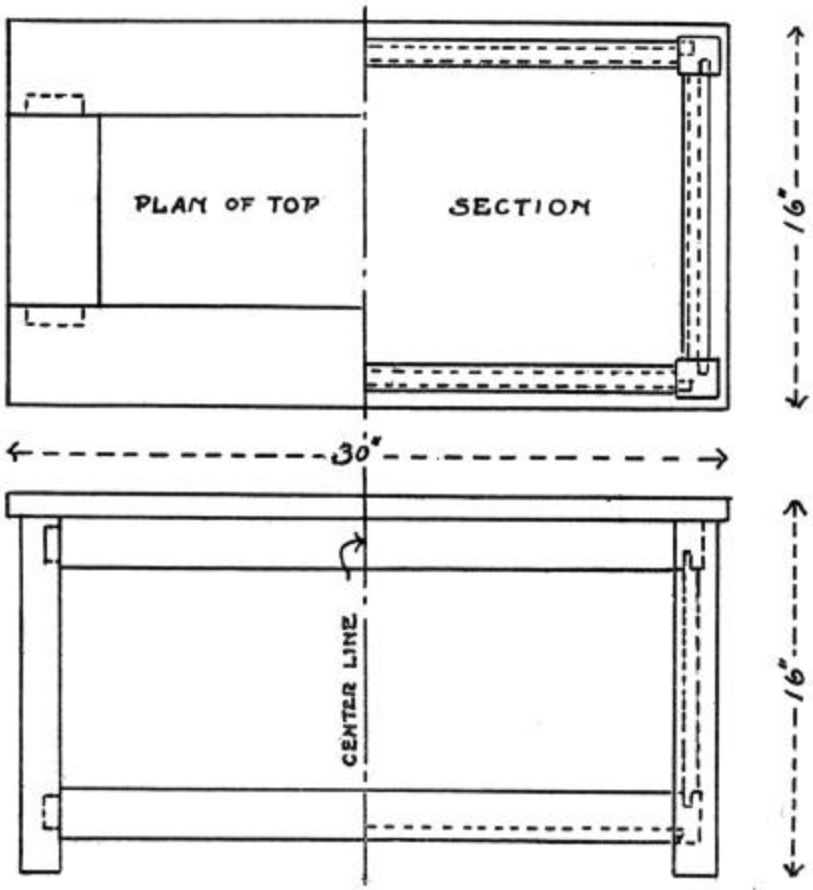
A SHOE BOX

THE construction of this convenient little piece of furniture, which serves as a seat as well as a receptacle for shoes, is very simple. The grain in the large panels at the front and back runs up and down, as the panels are very wide. They are made of boards, well glued and splined together. Three strong butt hinges are used to hinge the lid, and a chain should be fastened to the top and the end rail, inside the box, to hold the lid when raised. The panel in the lid is made flush on the outside, and the spindles in the ends of the box serve for both decoration and ventilation.



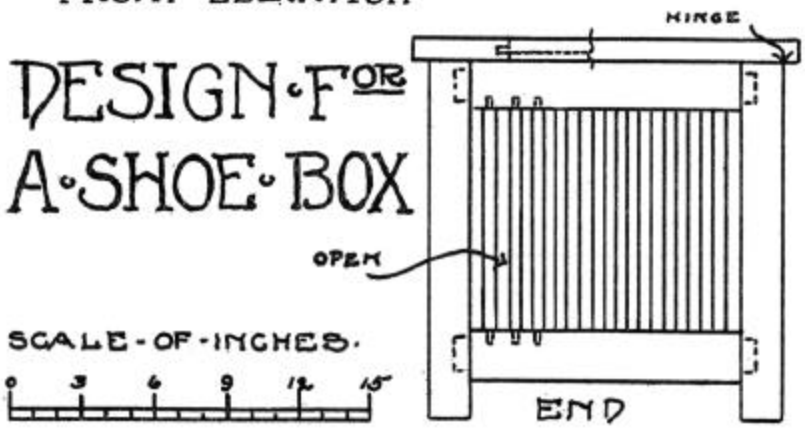
MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR SHOE BOX

Pieces	No.	Rough Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finish Wide	Finish Thick
Posts	4	16 in.	2 in.	2 in.	1¾ in.	1¾ in.
Side rails	4	29 in.	2½ in.	1¼ in.	2¼ in.	1⅛ in.
End rails	4	14 in.	2½ in.	1¼ in.	2¼ in.	1⅛ in.
Side panels	2	12 in	27¼ in.	1 in.	27 in.	¾ in.
End spindles	20	12 in.	¾ in.	1¼ in.	½ in.	1 in.
Bottom	1	28 in.	13¼ in.	1 in.	13 in.	¾ in.
Top stiles	2	31 in.	4¼ in.	1¼ in.	4 in.	1⅛ in.
Rails	2	11 in.	4¼ in.	1¼ in.	4 in.	1⅛ in.
Panel	1	24 in.	10½ in.	1 in.	10 in.	¾ in.



FRONT ELEVATION

DESIGN FOR A SHOE BOX



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1906. NUMBER I

THE CRAFTSMAN House Series for 1906 begins with the model of a house that is handsome and commodious, and yet comparatively inexpensive. Its cost as estimated is in the neighborhood of $5,200, so that it is easily within the reach of the home-builder of moderate means. The house as shown here is built of cement on prepared plaster board, with the roof and gables shingled. and warm, adding much to the already charming structural effect of the house by the contrast between the cement walls, tinted to a light buff, and the shingles of roof and gables, which are of red cedar, oiled and left to weather. A needed note of darker color is given by the exterior wood trim, which is all of pine stained a warm, deep brown. At one end of the house is a large outside chimney,

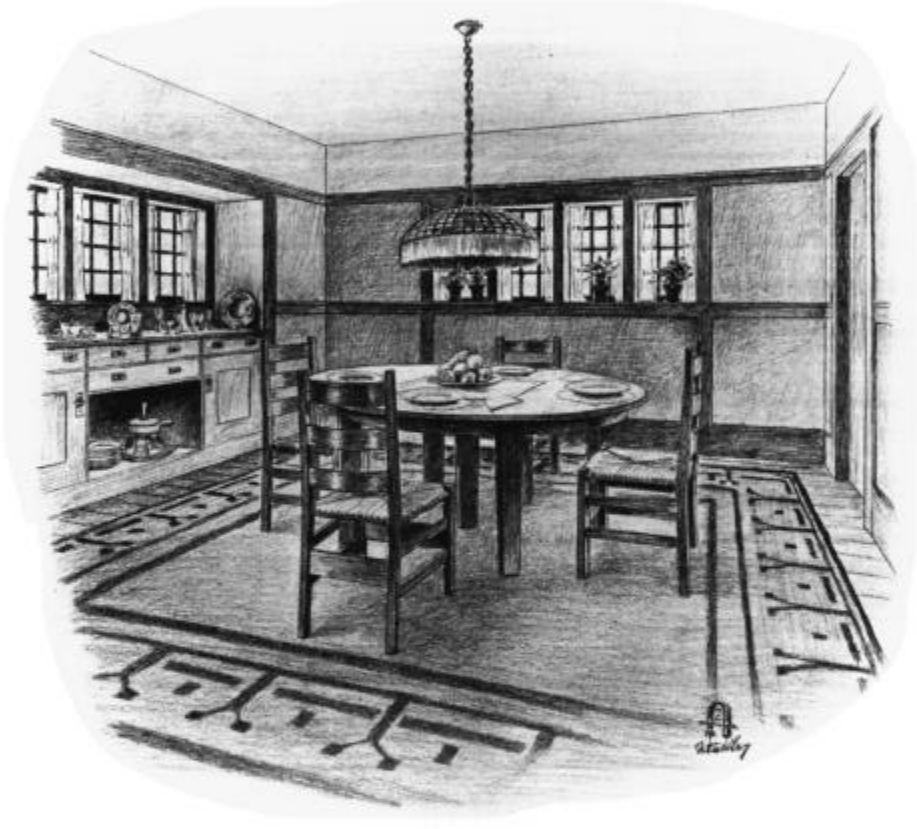
FRONT ELEVATION

The frontage is forty-six feet, the main body of the house twenty-one feet in depth, with an over-all depth of thirty-two feet, including the bay in front and the kitchen wing. Like all Craftsman houses, it shows to much the best advantage in a large lot, with plenty of trees, grass and shrubbery around, for this is the natural environment of a home such as a Craftsman house is planned to be.

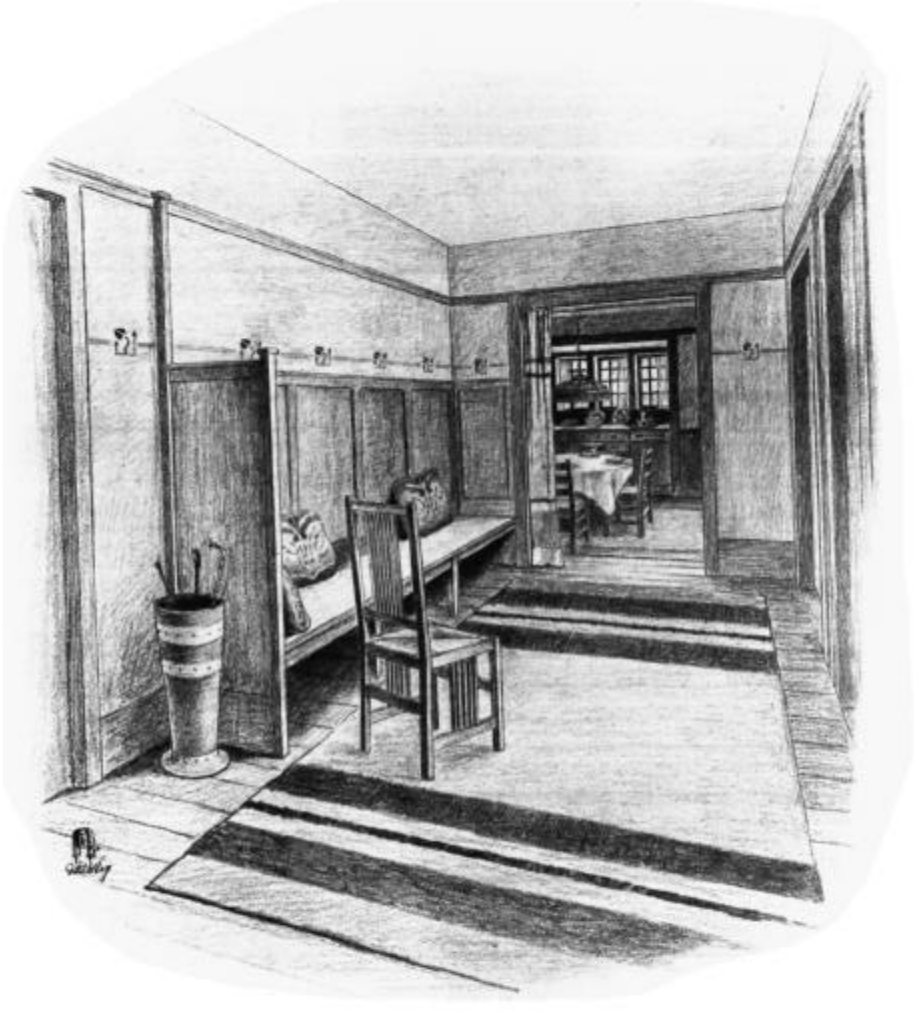
The color scheme of the exterior is rich built of ashlar or rough field stone, with chimney-pots of red. This is a most effective structural feature, as well as an interesting variation of color scheme, for the massive lines of the chimney give an impression of rugged strength, and the many tints of the stone blend delightfully with the prevailing tones of buff and brown, the red chimney-pots lending just the sharp color-accent needed to give character to the whole.

THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES
OF 1906, NUMBER I

CORNER OF LIVING-ROOM SHOWING
FIREPLACE AND WINDOW-SEAT



VIEW OF DINING-ROOM SHOWING
CASEMENTS AND SIDEBOAD



HALL IN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE
SHOWING PANELED SEAT

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER ONE

Recessed porches both at the front and the back of the house are so planned that, whatever the position of the house with regard to the points of the compass, one or the other of them will be available at any hour of the day. The front porch leads to the entrance door and vestibule, but the other forms an outdoor section of the living room, and may easily be enclosed with glass for a sun-parlor in chilly weather. The recessing of both porches gives them the protection on two sides of the walls of the building, a plan which greatly heightens their usefulness as possible sun-parlors. The arched openings in the cement walls give a charmingly quaint and sheltered effect. The floors of both front and back porches are of wood, stained brown like the floors inside the house.

On the lower story the windows, with the exception of those in the kitchen and pantry, are all casements, some small and square and placed high in the wall, and others full size. The upstairs windows are double hung, with small panes in the upper sash, except in the large dormer at the back of the house, which contains five square casements, lighting one of the bedrooms and the bathroom. The arrangement and shape of the windows add much to the charm of the exterior from any viewpoint.

END ELEVATION

The interior of the house is divided into seven rooms, a small reception hall and a bath. The ceilings on the first story are nine feet in height, on the second, eight feet six inches, and in the basement, six feet eight inches high. The house is furnace heated, and has a large basement divided into two cellars, a laundry and a furnace room.

The main entrance is at the end of the front veranda, where the entrance door leads into a small vestibule. This is properly a recess in the reception hall, but in cold weather it may be curtained off with heavy portières to avoid draughts. The vestibule is rather cool in color treatment, if the scheme as suggested here is to be carried out; the walls are of rich gray-blue and the ceiling of soft yellow. The woodwork, like that of all the rooms on the first story, is of cypress or hard pine, stained to a soft shade of green, through which the natural brown of the wood shows as an undertone. The floors throughout are stained brown.

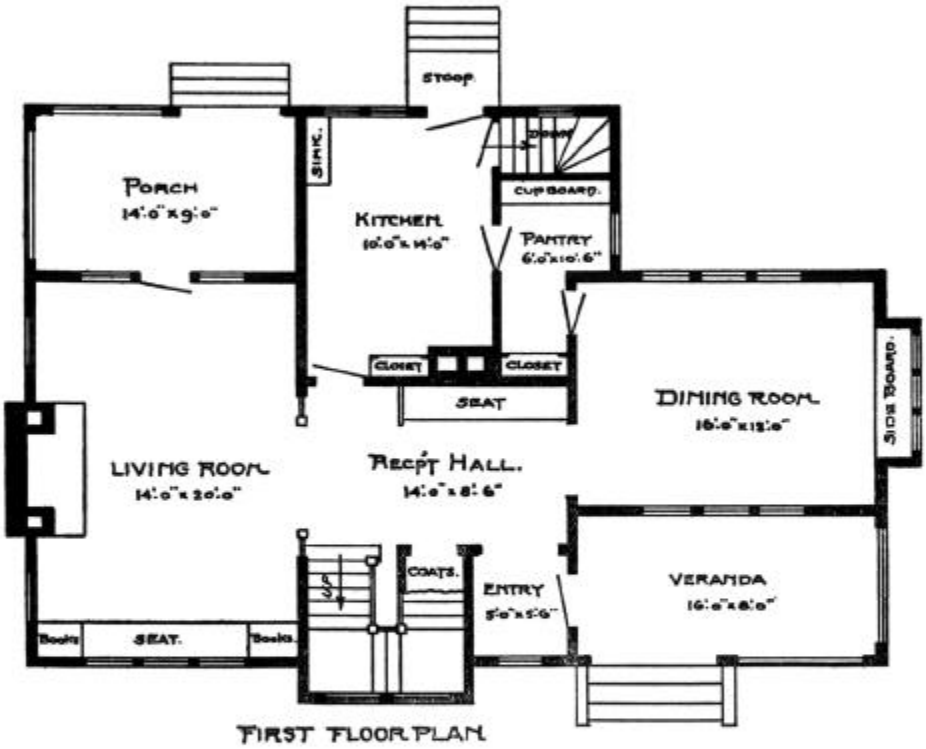
END ELEVATION

RECEPTION HALL AND LIVING ROOM

Like so many of the Craftsman houses, which are all planned to obtain the greatest amount of space and freedom and the most interesting structural effect in the division of rooms, the reception hall, living room and dining room are so arranged as to be really parts of one large room. The openings are so broad as to suggest almost no division, and yet, by the use of screens, any room may be shut off from the others as completely as may be desired without in any way injuring the effect of space given by the vistas of the three. To further heighten the effect given of one large recessed room, the reception hall and living room show the same color scheme throughout. The woodwork is all of the greenish tone already described, and the walls are golden brown, with soft yellow ceiling and plain frieze of the same tone.

Opposite the vestibule in the hall is a long, built-in seat of wood, stained the same color as the trim of the room. This has a high back, divided into broad panels. At the back these panels are of blue-gray

wall canvas, and at the ends, of wood each end of the seat being made of one large panel. A pretty structural feature is seen in the front posts of these ends, which project slightly higher than the panels, and are finished with a flat square of wood at the top. The pillows of the seat as designed here are in cool greens

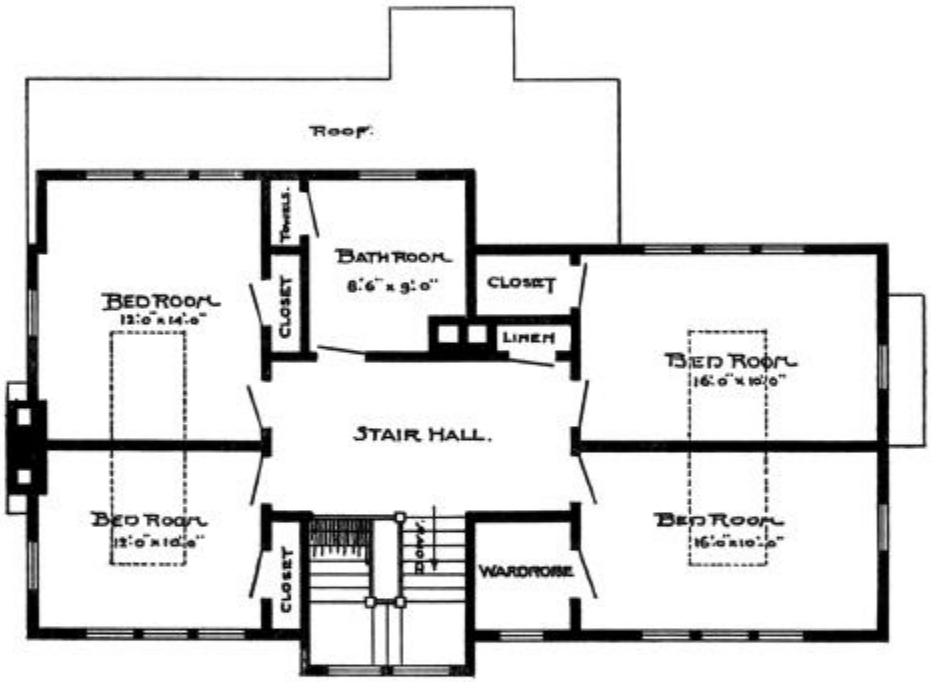


FIRST FLOOR PLAN

ano yellows, with a few touches of orange and red, the latter giving a bit of strong contrast that accents the entire color scheme. Just above the paneled back of the seat is a connected spot stencil in a simple pattern that shows touches of gray-blue and brick-red. This stencil runs at the same height all around the hall, and its design and colors are repeated on the window curtains of thin creamy fabric, which are stenciled in faint tones. These stenciled fabrics are rather expensive if bought, but may easily be made at home. The stairway is on the same side of the hall as the vestibule, that is, directly at the front of the house. A coat closet divides the space with the lower stairs. This staircase has two landings, one three steps higher than the other, and these landings are lighted with high, small-paned casements, each surmounted by a window of hammered antique glass, leaded, and showing tones of pale yellow and light, warm green.

The principal structural feature in the living room is at the front, where the

triple casement windows have beneath them a seat nine feet long, flanked on either end with a book-case. These book-cases are square, projecting rather beyond the seat, and are built to the same height as the mantel in the center of the side wall. The tops form stands on which to set growing plants, a very necessary feature in the decoration of the room, as the green of the foliage adds much to the color effect.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

The fireplace, which is opposite to the entrance from the reception hall, is built of hard-burned red brick. It is low, broad, and massive in construction, with a wide mantel-shelf supported by sturdy corbels, and a broad fireplace opening that gives space for good-sized logs and massive andirons. A small-paned casement occupies the wall space on either side of the fireplace, and two more appear at the back of the room, on either side of the glass door opening into the back porch. The back windows are small, and are set high in the wall, allowing additional book-cases to be placed beneath them if desired. On the side wall, between the casements which flank the fireplace and the porch door, is a corner sufficiently large for a writing-desk, and opposite, between the entrance and the corner of the room, is a large wall space purposely left for a piano. This room would be amply furnished with a fairly large table, several arm chairs of medium size and one large easy chair, which should all be of fumed oak finished

in a warm brown tone, if the scheme as here suggested is carried out. The rugs in this room should show browns, greens and soft yellows, with a few strong touches of blue. The woodwork, of course, shows the brownish green as in the reception hall, and the walls are of the same golden brown. The ceiling and frieze are of the same yellow as seen in the hall, and one clever structural touch lends an odd attractiveness to the walls. This is given by allowing the uprights of the natural wall divisions to project a little above the plate-rail which borders the lower edge of the frieze, giving the effect of slender, square-topped posts. The window curtains are the same as in the reception hall.

THE DINING ROOM

The dining room opens from the right side of the reception hall, and, directly opposite the entrance so that it forms an important element in the vista, is seen the main feature of the room. a recessed sideboard with triple casements above. This sideboard is low and broad in effect. In the lower part, a wide opening in the center, below the central drawers, gives a place for chafing-dish and other large articles. On either side of this central opening is a square cupboard with paneled door, each surmounted by two shallow drawers. All the pulls and escutcheons are of heavy wrought copper.

At either end of the room is a group of triple casement windows, set at the same height as the windows above the sideboard. This peculiarity gives an attractive touch of quaintness to the room. The woodwork of the dining room is the same as in the hall and living room, and the furniture is of oak, finished in a green slightly darker than the wood trim. The walls are done in a soft, light red, and the ceiling in deep cream. A paneled effect is given by having a second plate-rail around the room at the height of an ordinary wainscot, and by carrying down the natural divisions of the wall spaces, such as window casings, etc., to the baseboard. The rug in this room is in pomegranate shades of red and yellow on a green ground. The window curtains are of natural linen, and hang in straight lines from the sash, giving a little touch of coolness and severity. The electric center fixture is in tones of green, with just a touch of red in the glass and in the copper frame and chain.

THE KITCHEN

A door from the dining room leads into the pantry, which is provided with a sink for washing glasses and with ample cupboard room for dishes. From the pantry another door leads to the kitchen, which is ample in size and well appointed with all conveniences. A built-in cupboard stands near the range, and there is plenty of wall space for movable cupboards and dressers. A door at the back leads to a small porch, and a staircase behind the pantry leads down to the cellar and laundry.

THE UPPER HALL

The upper hall, nearly the same size as the reception hall and directly above it, is done in the same colors as the hall below. A touch of light, glowing color in addition is given by the leaded glass windows on the landing. The arrangement of wall spaces in the hall gives it

a pleasantly symmetrical effect. Two doors at either end lead to the four bedrooms, and two doors in the wall opposite the stair landing lead respectively to the bathroom and a large linen closet. Between these two doors is ample space for a large chest or a table. There is plenty of closet room throughout the entire upper story.

THE BEDROOMS

The arrangement of the bedrooms in this house is the best possible for light, air and convenience, as each room is exposed on two sides. The front bedroom at the right has walls in brownish tan, with frieze and ceiling in a soft yellowish pink. The rug has a body of light gray blue, with bands of tan and yellow pink. The soft, cream-tinted window hangings are stenciled with a small *motif* corresponding in color with the tones seen in the rug. The furniture of fumed oak is finished in light brown, and the woodwork throughout all the bedrooms is stained to a soft silver gray.

The room just back of this is cooler in color. The walls are done with a figured paper showing an indeterminate figure in cream, dull violet and green against a background of gray-green. The floor of this room is covered with Japanese matting, showing a Japanese figure in violet and green. The rug is of plain green and is small. The window curtains are in plain, clear white, and of some thin fabric like dotted mull. The furniture is of silver gray maple.

At the left side of the house the front bedroom has walls of gray-blue, with frieze and ceiling of soft, creamy yellow. The rug shows a green ground with a conventional figure in green and a border of gray-blue and soft brown tones. The furniture is of dark brown fumed oak. The creamy window curtains are stenciled in faint tones of pale rose and green.

The rear room shows a greenish yellow tint in the walls, with a ceiling of pure white and the frieze of cream, showing an indefinite figure in slightly darker tones. The rug is in light blue green with bands of the same yellowish green that appears in the walls. The bed is of polished brass, and the furniture of mahogany; the bedcover and curtains showing a creamy tint with suggestions of pale rose in the design.

ALS IK KAN

"THERE are two great problems that open out before everyone: First, how to get a living, and second, how to get the most meaning out of life. Often, the first overshadows the second, until the latter has become to many a half-forgotten dream."

This trenchant summary of modern industrial conditions is quoted from a paper read by Edward Thomas Hewitt before the Technical Society of the Pacific Coast, and afterwards reprinted in pamphlet form from the Journal of the Association of Engineering Societies. The subject of the paper is Trade Schools, which are now universally recognized in this and other countries to be a leading factor in the solution of the complex industrial and social problem of modern times. The old apprenticeship system has done its work and passed. It belonged to an earlier day. With the huge modern organization, and the divisions and minute subdivisions of labor, the thorough workman of former times has necessarily given place to the man who does his appointed task with the regularity and monotony of a machine, having little or no interest in the completed work and regarding his share in it only as a personal application of the curse laid upon Adam. If he happens to be sober and industrious enough to "hold his job," it means a living for himself and his family, but that the most meaning can be got out of life through work, has indeed become a half-forgotten dream. This for the passing generation of workers; better days are dawning for that which is to take its place.

The right education of the working man or woman is a problem that affects the whole structure of society. Far more than the mere doing of the work itself, it means the right attitude toward all work,—the joy in it for its own sake,—the poignant pleasure and self-respect that come to that man alone who puts soul and brain and brawn into what he does, and who can look at his work when it is done and say: Behold, it is good. This joy of creation was known to the artisan as well as the artist of a simpler time; now, there is too much truth in the popular belief that it is the reward of the artist alone.

Present conditions are not altogether to be deplored; what is needed is not so much a return to the old as an adjustment to the new. And this is the self-appointed task of the trade schools. Under the old system of apprenticeship thorough workmen were produced, but the tradition that the shop was the best school and that a boy who meant to learn a trade would better enter it as soon as possible left very little room for the mental training that might mean mastery instead of day labor for the day's wage. In these times every parent is anxious that his children should have as good an education as possible,—better than he had himself if it can in any way be managed, and great sacrifices are sometimes made to enable the boy or girl to continue at school. The trouble is that, while education undoubtedly means far greater power for work, it is not always the most practical education for any particular line of work that is to be found in the ordinary school. To quote again from Mr. Hewitt:

"A large majority of the graduates of grammar schools entered for employment at almost anything they could find to do, having no definite plan in view. If they chose a trade, they possibly attended a night school. Many a boy has gone through life totally unfitted for any particular calling. Restrictions as to the number of apprentices still further placed him in a precarious position. * * * Boys having a natural aptitude for mechanics are now entering trade schools, as they give them a better opportunity for developing their talents and for finding out for themselves what particular line of work they are best suited to follow. * * * While there was much good in the old apprenticeship system, it is evidently inadequate under present conditions. Business is conducted by employers for profit, and it costs something to teach the apprentice his trade, so the boy often loses a great deal of time doing rough work. If he shows an aptitude, he may possibly be given some small job on which to try his skill. If he spoils it, some time may elapse before he is given another opportunity. As a rule, in the average shop, he has to shift for himself."

This question of the best training for a high-grade workman has been solved by some of the large organizations of this country by the establishment of a completely equipped training-school for apprentices in connection with the shop, but this system is necessarily limited to the largest manufacturing companies. For the rest, the trade schools supply the need, giving to young people a thorough and systematic training in a large number of industrial pursuits. As Mr. Hewitt says:

"Passing through the many different departments of a large modern school devoted to the training of young men in the mechanic arts, the question arises in our mind, What would our youth do if such schools did not exist? Observe them carefully, see how engrossed they are with their work. They have learned the secret of being happy through occupation. Greater interest is taken in mathematics and science, for the students now see their application. The knowledge of free-hand drawing enables them to make quick, serviceable sketches. The study of mechanics, including the strength of materials, helps them in machine design. Boiler and engine tests are conducted under the most favorable conditions. In the school devoted to the building trades, everything is considered that is necessary in the construction of a complete building. Agricultural schools will enable the future farmer to manage his farm to better advantage. The field of industrial chemistry is now offering abundant opportunities. Such an earnest desire is shown by the students, that the noon hour is utilized by many for work, as they do not want to lose a minute. Discipline is maintained not by severity or strictness, but by leaving the students on their honor to conduct themselves in a proper manner. The greatest punishment that can be inflicted is to compel a student to remain out of his class. The experiments in the laboratory, work in the shop, studies in the class room, track athletics, social pleasures, are taken up with enthusiasm. Under such influences a splendid type of man is produced."

In this last sentence lies the whole gist of the matter, and the secret of the rapid-

ly-growing popularity of trade schools. The business of the shop is to turn out a product of one sort or another which may be sold at a profit, the training of the apprentice is incidental; the business of the trade school is to turn out men and women technically equipped to do good work in the line for which they are most fitted by nature, and mentally equipped to get the most meaning out of life through the work that is to be done. The school and the shop has each its mission to perform, and when they work together for the same purpose, the whole status of labor and trade will be revolutionized.

That this day is rapidly approaching is seen by the marvelous growth and spread of the trade school idea. Not only are there institutions of this sort in nearly all the leading cities of the United States and Europe, but they are even springing up in the Far East. It goes without saying that the ambitious and progressive Japanese were among the first to avail themselves of the advantages of industrial training by the establishment of trade schools along with other Western educational institutions, but the establishment of the Kamehameha Schools in Hawaii and the Philippine School of Arts and Trades in Manila are significant signs of the times. In the south, Booker T. Washington is trying to solve the negro problem by this method of education, and it has already done wonders for the improvement of social conditions in the congested centers of the north.

As Grover Cleveland, in laying the cornerstone for the new building of the Hebrew Technical School for Girls, in New York said: "Public appropriations and private charity are mindful of men and women in poverty, sickness and distress; orphan boys and girls are compassionately cared for and sheltered, but it was an inspiration of genuine benevolence which led to a different field of human endeavor, and to the establishment of an agency for good which goes farther than to furnish the objects of its care food and raiment, and the things that perish with the using. Here, girls and boys, who would otherwise be shut out from opportunity for needed improvement, are to be taught remunerative occupations, and thus the thoughts and inclinations of these children will be molded so as to affect our citizenship and our country's weal for years to come."

EXPRESSIONS of opinion from nearly every viewpoint of modern thought and feeling have reached us concerning "Christ Among His Fellowmen" since the publication of that remarkable article in THE CRAFTSMAN for December. And each additional comment strengthens the conclusion reached so often and by so many roads—that human nature is much the same to-day as it was two thousand years ago, and that, if Christ walked once more among His fellowmen, His chosen companions and followers would be those who dwell among the simple realities of life,—not only those whose worship of Him is formulated in creed or dogma or churchly ceremony for the most part as alien to His teachings as were the rigid observances of the Pharisees.

One eminent and learned critic writes: "I am, I think, in sympathy with the sentiment, but I was a little disappointed

to find in it nothing that will particularly impress those who have made a special study of the recent literature concerning Jesus."

Therein lies the whole meaning and value of the article. It was never intended to "impress those who have made a study of the recent literature concerning Jesus," but to remind those who toil amid the pitiless rush and jostle of modern conditions, of that gracious living Presence which once "touched with new meaning all the dusty ways of life." The literature concerning Jesus is ample and very learned; it is filled with ingenious interpretations of His teachings and with applications of them to all personal and social conditions. The simple story of "Christ Among His Fellowmen" is written upon "the homely page of daily existence" for us today as it was for the fishermen of Galilee, and to him who will understand it will bring anew the same message of cheer and calm. It is as new —and as old—as the blossoming of a spring flower which, heedless of the botanist's classification, lives only to add its share to the sum of the world's beauty.

Christ Himself paid scant heed to the wealthy and the learned of His day, but "everywhere the country folk, yet sensitive to the intuitive leadings of love, heard gladly this new teacher who answered to an instinctive need of their natures." His message was brought to the poor,—to the working people for whom He dignified the common things of life, teaching them a just appreciation of its values. To receive that teaching again in all its simple purity and deep wisdom would go far toward solving the social problems of today. No man reaches out more eagerly or more intelligently after the best than the working man. His line of thought is straightforward and vigorous and he has an almost intuitive grasp of the truth. He thinks much, hears much, reads much, upon religion, politics and sociology. The trouble is that he so often gets dross instead of gold, and unconsciously acquires false standards which feed his discontent. If the church today could teach what Christ taught, and could bring home with living force its message, stripped of all dogma, to the same class of people to whose faith and love was entrusted the germ of Christianity, the work of reforming social conditions would be done. The whole social structure is founded on the common things of life, if these are right the accessories will take care of themselves. Create higher standards at the foundation of society and the influence will sweep like a flame to the top. If churches relied less upon theology and more upon the everyday lesson taught by the humanity of the living Christ,—a lesson as near to the hearts of the people of today as it was when Christ walked among men as one of them, there would be less "literature concerning Jesus" and more response to "the instinctive need of their natures."

Another critic, and this a busy newspaper man, comes closest of all to the meaning of the article and the reason why it was not only given such prominence in THE CRAFTSMAN, but has been issued in book form that it may have longer life and wider distribution. In fact, he explains it all when he writes: "Those who

are accustomed to think of Christ as a man of sorrows, an ascetic, sometimes wonder how his disciples could have been so drawn to Him. In this article such persons will find an answer to their wonder. One reads it from page to page with a growing sense of, and delight in, the companionship and lovableness of the Nazarene, and lays down the magazine quite sure that he will never again look upon Christ in the same light as formerly."

NOTES

IN connection with our editorial on Trade Schools, this account, by Livingston Wright, of the benefits conferred upon wage-earning girls by the Boston Trade School for Girls, seems very pertinent as a practical example of what is being done in this direction.

While Gov. Douglas's commission is holding hearings and talking about giving the working people education in the trades, public-spirited women are running the Boston Trade School for girls at 674 Massachusetts avenue, where sixty girls at a time are taught dressmaking and millinery, and are thus enabled to earn an honest living without being exposed to the dreadful physical and moral conditions which so often beset the untrained working girl.

From half-past eight in the morning until five in the afternoon the school house, which is a former lodging house refitted, is crowded with happy and industrious girls. In the basement is a kitchen and lunchroom. Here every noon a division of the girls prepares and serves a simple lunch for the others. A teacher of cooking is provided and each girl contributes ten cents a week for materials. They cook soup, gingerbread, and occasionally ice cream, to supplement the lunches brought from home. The girl by this means learns the lesson of simple nourishing food; that if she is not properly fed she cannot work efficiently. She learns, too, how to set a table and to serve her meal neatly and attractively; she has constantly before her an object lesson in coöperation, for by clubbing together many girls get substantial additions to their lunches at an expense of two cents a day per girl. Already a great improvement appears in the sort of lunch a girl brings from home, for pies and pickles have largely given way to sandwiches and wholesome bread and butter. It is hoped eventually that this kitchen may be the means of training efficient house servants; up to the present, however, the aim has been the training of the girl herself and the development in her of a desire to have healthy, clean conditions in the lunchrooms of whatever establishment she may work in.

On the first floor a class of girls is busy at millinery. These girls do about everything involved in the making of a hat except to make the frame. They cover and trim, they braid strips of cloth and ribbons into fancy coverings, in short they turn out hats that can be and are worn.

On the floor above is a class in plain sewing and dressmaking. A girl is first taught how to sit at her work and how to hold and handle a needle. She is then set at learning how to make plain garments, and from that she passes to the cutting and making of dresses. Every girl learns how to operate a sewing machine, both foot power and electric power.

On the upper story is a designing room. Here the girls are trained in the principles of design as applied to dressmaking and millinery, including a thorough course in colors and their combinations. Each girl receives weekly instruction in domestic science, one hour and a half, designing, three hours, physical culture one-half hour daily, and the rest of the time she devotes to her trade, which is dressmaking or millinery as the case may be.

No girl is taken who is not old enough to work under the state law, which places the limit at fourteen, and graduates of the grammar school are preferred. Indeed, in a short time graduation from the grammar school will be required for admission. The school is full and a waiting list is kept of girls seeking admission. Last year ninety-four girls were trained in the school. A girl is put into a position as soon as she is competent, the length of time needed of course varying with the individual, but generally not less than six months. The managers intend as soon as possible not to take any girl for less than a full year. The school is in no sense a neighborhood institution, the girls coming from all parts of the city and from neighboring towns.

The monetary value of the training to the girl may best be shown by actual illustrations. The other day three girls were placed in dressmaking establishments at $4, $5, and $6 a week respectively. The untrained girl usually gives the first six months of her time, and then receives $2.50 a week for the remainder of the first year, $3 a week for the second and $4 a week for the third; in other words, of these three graduates the girl who commenced at the lowest wage earned, as the result of her training, wages she could not otherwise have worked up to until her third year of employment. Another girl, who was going into a chocolate factory at two or three dollars a week, was persuaded to study millinery at the school. She obtained a position and at the end of her first week found she had earned $9 by piece work.

These girls are almost all of them the daughters of men earning a small daily wage,—teamsters, day laborers and the like. To keep them in school represents a real sacrifice on the part of the parents. One girl who lived in the suburbs earned, with the aid of her mother, about $100 in the course of the summer, by taking in washing, to pay her railway fare to school during the winter. In some cases the parent has been able to afford the time of the girl, but has been quite unable to pay her car fares. A number of girls have been helped by the school sufficiently to make possible the completion of their training. In one case a girl's father came to the school and said that he must take her out; his wife was ill, there were younger children, and her labor was needed. The principal of the school persuaded him to permit the girl to continue for a little time and help was given her until she could support herself. She is now helping an invalid mother and her younger brothers and sisters.

A beginning of the school was made in the summer of 1904, when a course of nine weeks was planned as an experiment. Inquiry had developed the astounding fact that seventy-five per cent. of the girls graduating from Boston grammar schools were going to work in trades in which the physical or moral conditions were fre-

quently bad. Many children of fourteen were going into the laundries, where the work of eight or nine hours in a day, without a single opportunity to sit down, was too severe for the strength of a growing girl, stunting body and mind. Hundreds were going into the chocolate factories, where the work is of the most mechanical sort, paying at best only $6 a week, and, in the smaller factories, with many temptations added to the insufficient wage. Thousands more were securing employment in the great department stores as cash girls, where the opportunities for advancement amount to almost nothing. Most of the department stores were taking girls in as cash girls, keeping them a few years, and then discharging them to shift for themselves upon the streets or elsewhere.

It is in the protection it has afforded to the girl against the dangers which beset the untrained worker, and in its consequent help toward the solution of the economic problem: "What shall we do with our girl?", so perplexing to thousands of homes, that the Trade School has done its most interesting and valuable work for the community. One girl came with a note from her mother saying that it had hitherto been impossible to keep her persistently at anything long enough to make a success of it. She entered the school, getting up at half past six in the morning to reach school in season. It took a good deal of persuasion to keep up her courage, but she finally graduated and is now earning good wages. For such a girl the life of a cash girl would have been most injurious.

Another, whose personal attractiveness had produced bad habits of impudence and forwardness during a brief department store experience, was admitted and carefully trained for three months, without much appreciable benefit. Finally, as a last resort, she was set to work for a dressmaker, who, after two weeks, sent the girl back with the message that she was absolutely useless and probably always would be. The situation was talked over with the girl, whose ambition was at last aroused. She went to work with a will and after a few months the same dressmaker was persuaded to give her another trial. This time the message came back "send six more girls like her."

This school is making women and efficient workers in the community out of these girls. At least one graduate has developed sufficient talent to justify interested friends in giving her a course of instruction at Pratt Institute. What shall we do with our girl? If she is to work in the trades, give her preliminary training.

REVIEWS

STUDENTS of ancient pottery will welcome a most valuable addition to its literature in the shape of an exhaustive historical and technical treatise on Greek, Etruscan and Roman pottery, by H. B. Walters, M. A., F. S. A. The book is based on the work of Dr. Samuel Birch, which, since its first edition in 1857, has been the recognized authority on this subject. A second and enlarged edition of Dr. Birch's work was brought out in 1873, but, as Mr. Walters notes in his preface, the succeeding years have seen not only a trebling of the bulk of material available for this work, but such a marked advance in the facilities for accurate study

that now Greek ceramics have become one of the most advanced and firmly based branches of classical archaeology.

Hence the present work, which, while following in the main the plan adopted by Dr. Birch, supplements it by bringing the subject up to date. Oriental pottery has been omitted from this treatise, partly from lack of space, and partly because the subject is of such importance as to need a separate work which shall deal with it alone, and for the same reason the pottery of the Celts and of Northern Europe has also been ignored.

Part I is chiefly technical and deals with Greek pottery in general, the sites and circumstances of the discovery of Greek vases, the various uses of clay, the uses and shapes of Greek vases, and the technical processes that produced them. A history of Greek vase-painting follows, dealing with the primitive fabrics, the rise of vase-painting in Greece and Ionia, the Athenian black-figured and the red-figured vases, closing with the white-ground painting and the later fabrics and designs.

The second volume includes both Greek and Roman pottery. The subject of the decorations on Greek vases is handled at length, showing the use made of representations of Olympian deities, of demigods and the denizens of the nether world, and of heroic legends, as well as a multitude of subjects from ordinary life. One chapter is devoted to the details of types, arrangement and ornamentation, and another to the importance, character and chronology of the inscriptions on Greek vases.

Under the head of Italian Pottery are included Etruscan and South Italian pottery, the use of terracotta in Roman sculpture and architecture, Roman lamps, the technical processes, shapes and uses of Roman pottery, the pottery of Arretium and the different provincial fabrics.

The two large volumes are enriched with three hundred illustrations, including eight colored plates of especially important pieces. An extensive bibliography of French, German, English and American books on pottery is included, giving all the reliable authorities on the subject. (History of Ancient Pottery, Greek, Etruscan and Roman, by H. B. Walters, M. A., F. S. A. Two vols. 1092 pages. 300 illustrations. Printed by Hazell, Watson and Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury, England. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price $15.00 net.)

FOUR exquisite little volumes are among the latest contributions of Thomas B. Mosher to the choice editions of literary masterpieces. All are printed on Van Gelder hand made paper, with luxuriously wide margins illuminated initials and perfect typography,—four little marvels of the printer's art that would rejoice the heart of any bibliophile. The largest, which is bound in stiff covers of delicate blue-gray, is another edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous open letter to the Rev. Doctor Hyde of Honolulu, in defense of Father Damien. The bibliography of this masterpiece of fiery eloquence is given in full, and Edward Clifford's beautiful portrait of Father Damien, reproduced on parchment, is shown as a frontispiece.

A selection of Walt Whitman's poems, compiled by Horace Traubel from

"Leaves of Grass" and entitled "The Book of Heavenly Death," is issued in the same style. Only five hundred copies have been printed, and the type distributed, which is a pity, for thousands of the worshippers of Whitman would be delighted with this wonderful little volume of the poet's loftiest utterances. The frontispiece is the "Lear" portrait of Whitman.

The third volume is Oscar Wilde's "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," with Thomas Maitland Cleland's portrait of the poet as a frontispiece. The book is bound in limp green-gray paper, with lettering in scarlet and black. The last and smallest of the group is Richard Jefferies' idyllic bit of prose, "The Pageant of Summer," with a preface by Thomas Coke Watkins, a tiny book that could almost be carried in a waistcoat pocket, bound in limp gray-blue paper with lettering and design in scarlet and black. [Father Damien," by Robert Louis Stevenson, 87¼x9 inches, 34 pages; "The Book of Heavenly Death," by Walt Whitman, 5¾x7¾ inches, 94 pages; "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," by Oscar Wilde, 5x6¾ inches, 90 pages; "The Pageant of Summer," by Richard Jefferies, 3x5¾ inches, 52 pages. Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.]

A SECOND edition has appeared of "The Iberian," an Anglo-Greek play by Osborn Rennie Lamb and H. Claiborne Dixon. It is a charming little volume, printed in scarlet and black on deep cream hand made paper, and bound in leather and boards of soft wood-brown. "The Iberian" is a play in one act, written with the idea of combining the characteristics of the ancient Greek drama with those of the modern romantic play. The ancient drama has been followed in the unities of time, place and theme, as well as in the simplicity of the plot and the appearance upon the scene of the Chorus and Semi-Chorus. The scene is laid in Athens, 435 B. C., when the city was at the height of her glory. The play, which is dramatic in the emotions depicted, rather than in incident, is in verse, of which many different forms are skillfully employed. The verse is by Mr. Lamb, and the musical score, which is published separately, by Mr. Dixon. The blending of the ancient and modern form has been so cleverly and subtly done that the effect is most interesting. The value, however, seems chiefly literary. Many will read it with pleasure, but if staged it would be likely to appeal only to the elect who have an appreciation of the spirit and form of the ancient drama. ["The Iberian," by Osborn Rennie Lamb and H. Claiborne Dixon, 5½x7¼ inches, 79 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Published by Ames & Rollinson, 203 Broadway, New York.]

A GROUP of clever and somewhat iconoclastic art criticisms by Kenyon Cox is entitled "Old Masters and New." It is in two parts, the first devoted to the greatest sculptors and painters of the Renaissance, and the second, to a few of the painters of the nineteenth century and one sculptor, Mr. St. Gaudens. Mr. Cox's criticisms of some of the idols of the academic heart are daring, but they sound honest and trustworthy and they are certainly interesting. Mr. Cox has the

courage of some very sensible convictions, and he expresses them without fear or favor, Ruskin and many others to the contrary notwithstanding. Of the older painters, he enters rather energetically into the defense of Perugino, and sees to it that he has fair play in the matter of his morals and religion, which are popularly supposed to have run a close second to those of that picturesque rascal, Benvenuto Cellini, although along much less precipitous ways. As to art, Mr. Cox admits the never-ending "dolly" angels and madonnas of Perugino, but maintains that in the rendering of space in landscape he was the greatest of all masters, save only Raphael.

In a broad and just appreciation of both Michelangelo and Raphael, he brings out clearly the individualistic and romantic genius of the former, both in temperament and in work, throwing it into strong contrast with the sunny, classic temperament of Raphael. Of the Venetian painters, the favorite of Mr. Cox is Paul Veronese, whom he exalts far above Titian and Tintoretto, even while acknowledging the mastership of both. The paintings beloved of Ruskin in the Scuola di San Rocco, with the exception of one little Titian, "high over a door and nearly invisible," Mr. Cox denounces with especial vigor, declaring that there is "scarcely a picture that has any value other than as an awful warning, or that is worth five minutes of the time of any one but the professed critic and historian of art." Further he enunciates the startling heresy: "If Titian is often mediocre, Tintoretto is often, perhaps most often, downright bad—bad with a thorough, uncompromising badness that is surprising." Yet, on the other hand, he says of Titian: "He was the greatest of portrait painters and of the painters of the nude. Give him a limited space and a model, and he is unsurpassable." And of Tintoretto: "One of the first painters of all time when he took the time to be so."

Dürer, Rubens, Frans Hals, Rembrandt and William Blake represent the German, Dutch and English schools of the Renaissance in Mr. Cox's book, and all are handled as much without gloves as the Italian masters. Among the nineteenth century paintings, one chapter is devoted to Ford Madox Brown and the Pre-Raphaelite school, followed by criticisms of Millais and Burne-Jones. Of the French painters, Meissonier, Baudry and Puvis de Chavannes are chosen, the highest niche being given to Baudry. With his contemporaries, Mr. Cox is pleasant and diplomatic, as is proven by his essays on Whistler, Sargent and St. Gaudens. Altogether, the book is delightfully vivid and interesting, besides presenting several new viewpoints of well-known art-idols. ("Old Masters and New," by Kenyon Cox. 311 pages. Published by Fox, Duffield and Co., New York. Price $1.50. Postage 10 cents.)

THE CRAFTSMAN'S OPEN DOOR

SUGGESTIONS OF INTEREST TO HOME-BUILDERS AND HOME-MAKERS

BEFORE the Happy New Year dawns THE CRAFTSMAN hopes to be prepared to welcome its friends to its New York Exposition Department and Business Offices at 29 West Thirty-fourth Street, a few doors east of Broadway at Herald Square. As the readers of THE CRAFTSMAN have already been informed, this Exposition Department is intended to be in itself a practical illustration not only of Craftsman ideas and principles, but others naturally allied to them, in all that relates to home-building and furnishing.

The Open Door extends a special invitation to its business friends and patrons to come and see just what The Craftsman Movement means in its latest and growing development all over the country. As an indication of this growth it may interest our business patrons to know that over four hundred of the Craftsman house designs, with plans and specifications, have been selected by members of the Homebuilders' Club, and furnished by The Craftsman's architectural department during the past year, and the demand for these modern homes, ranging in cost from two to fifteen thousand dollars, is steadily increasing from month to month. Also, that sixty or more of the representative firms in the leading cities of the United States are Craftsman Associates, handling the products of The Craftsman Workshops, and at all times prepared to furnish the latest productions of Craftsman designs.

The courtesies of this Open Door department are cordially extended to our business patrons, all of whom are invited to make it interesting as a feature of home education by affording definite information not always obtainable from the formal announcements in our business pages.

SANITARY PLUMBING FOR THE HOME

Many practical conditions enter into the making of a model home, none of which is of more vital importance than safe and sanitary plumbing. With this condition neglected, the household risks and invites the ever present danger of turning the home into a hospital or a house of mourning. The science of public sanitation has made great progress of late years, but this alone does not protect the home. For these reasons the Open Door welcomes the opportunity of presenting to its readers, from time to time, the results of long experience by The Standard Manufacturing Company, one of the foremost firms of sanitary plumbers in the country.

Standard Porcelain Enameled Baths and One-Piece Lavatories are now recognized not only as the ideal and perfect sanitary fixtures for a modern house, but it is admitted that their installation represents an asset which largely increases the value itself of the building.

A large number of architects and builders throughout the country specify Standard fixtures because of their snow white purity, because of the perfect enamel surface,

because of their indestructibility, because of the invariable exterior beauty of the fixtures, and finally because they represent the highest point of modern sanitation in the home. All dangers of defective plumbing, odors, etc., caused by such plumbing, are entirely eliminated by installing Standard ware. No home can be considered comfortable, modern, nor even healthful, unless equipped with this beautiful ware. The cost of installing Standard fixtures is moderate enough to satisfy the most economical, whilst the variety of patterns and styles is large enough to please the most fastidious. The time is already here when a house containing old fashioned baths and lavatories is considered not only out of date, but unhealthy.

The Standard people also make complete fixtures for kitchen and laundry. Porcelain enameled, one-piece kitchen sinks and laundry trays are being fitted in all modern houses.

The handsome booklet of the Standard Sanitary Mfg. Company entitled "Modern Bathrooms" can be secured by any person writing for it and enclosing six cents in postage. This is undoubtedly the most beautiful book ever issued on this most interesting and educational subject.

ARTISTIC HOMECRAFT STAINS

A distinct advance has been made by The Sherwin-Williams Company in the manufacture of artistic stains for interior woodwork and fine furniture. In Handcraft Stains they have improved the tone of a number of popular shades and have added some new creations that are handsome indeed. The list of nine oak stains includes a Cathedral Oak Stain which gives the deep reddish brown effect of ancient cathedral furniture; a Tavern Oak Stain which produces a soft grayish brown effect with a distinct green undertone; an Old English Oak Stain, a deep rich reddish brown with a more distinct red undertone than Cathedral Oak. The entire line is sure to be popular with "Craftsman" readers since the shades have an individual richness of tone and a transparency which brings out the natural beauty of the grain of the wood. They have no difficult working qualities and are easy to apply. The Company will send anyone interested a color card showing the actual stains on veneer.

OLD FURNITURE
OLD CHINA AND
OLD LACES

A series of publications of educational value and exceptional interest to lovers of the antique is announced by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, in our business columns. Each volume contains all that one needs to know about the special subject treated, whether it be Old Pewter, Old Furniture, Old China, beautiful Laces or Oriental Rugs. These books have been prepared by experts, with special reference to the needs of the amateur and to guard the collector against deception. A great amount of trustworthy information is given in simple language and at a reasonable price. Descriptive circulars of the several publications will be sent upon application to the publishers.

OPEN DOOR

CALIFORNIA'S MISSION HOTEL

An ideal location for winter rest and recreation is "The New Glenwood" at Riverside, California. Its only drawback seems to be that "The New Glenwood" is a hard place to tear yourself away from and is apt to tempt the visitor to poetize in prose and verse in order to fittingly describe the peculiar and varied charms of the hotel and its setting in this garden spot of the Sierras, with its "invigorating but unobtrusive climate." We quote from a charming tribute in verse to California's Mission Hotel, rechristened by the poet "The New Alhambra," the following stanzas by Miss M. M. Eliot, which is only one of many enthusiastic utterances showered upon the genial and accomplished proprietor, Mr. Frank A. Miller, by departing visitors:

The cherished volume of my youth was one
That held the legends of a Moorish king,
Who built a palace in the hills of Spain.
It stood, when battlement and tower were done,
Protected and environed by a ring
Of vast Sierras and wide verdant plains.

It seems so strange in this far Western land,
To find my childhood's palace of delights;
The mountains glistening in the summer air,
The fragrant orange groves, the valleys fanned
By cooling breezes from the snowy heights,
With roses upon roses everywhere.

It is the same, the terraced roofs, the towers,
The arched portal and the massive walls.
The overhanging balconies and courts,
The gay crowds idling through the happy hours,
In open gallery and pillared halls,
The music, and the revels, and the sports.

What flash of genius caught the grace and charm
Of those enchanting stories of the Past.
And wrought them in the Glenwood of to-day,
Which stands a living picture, clear and warm,
Of that far time, and on its walls are cast
The splendors of an age long passed away.

—*M. M. E.*

CROWN SANITARY FLOORING

The adoption of sanitary floorings in the home, as well as in public buildings, especially for kitchens, bathrooms, pantries and lavatories, is one of the marked and growing features in house building.

Non-absorbent, fire-proof, durable, elastic to the tread, smooth but not slippery, are some of the practical features of the combination known as Crown Sanitary Flooring, and in addition to its utility special attention has been paid to the artistic needs by securing a variety of colors to permit the flooring to harmonize with its surroundings. The standard red is a warm, beautiful shade, neither glaring or dull but having the quiet glow found in the reds of Persian carpets or rugs. The buff and gray tints are especially suited for rooms with southern exposure, giving a cool and pleasing effect. The darker shade of gray is well adapted for borders, and many artistic combinations and designs may be obtained by using these various colors in conjunction. The use of the Crown Sanitary base eliminates all joints and cracks between the floor and wall, preventing all accumulations and permitting thorough cleansing. Its flexibility makes it easy of adjustment to corners and the material can be applied over wood, iron, granolithic cement or good concrete foundations. The Robert Keasbey Company, New York, will gladly send their booklet on this subject and other forms of sanitary flooring, upon application.

OPEN DOOR

TIMELY GIFT FOR THE "HAPPY COUPLE"

Something more than a gift, in the ordinary sense of the term, is realized by the selection of the Safecraft Dower Chest for the "happy couple" in completing the outfit for a new home. Such a selection provides an heirloom for the preservation of other heirlooms and treasures around which clusters so many tender associations as time goes on. Of all the devices in modern safecraft the bride's or dower chest appeals to both sense and sentiment and is a most appropriate gift for the Christmas season or the Happy New Year. These dower chests vary in size to suit requirements, and, as will be seen in the illustrated announcement in our business pages, in external appearance resemble a handsome oaken chest or one in any other style of finish desired. The chest is lined with cedar and upon lifting the lid an open tray is disclosed. A further examination shows that the whole panel at one side is easily removable, and behind this is concealed a convenient steel safe. Here safe from harm and loss can be stored many costly treasures and priceless keepsakes, always easily accessible to the owner but secure from loss by fire or the cunning of the sneak thief or burglar. Illustrated catalogue of other Safecraft Furniture will be sent to either of the addresses given in the announcement.

BLACKPLATE AND TIN ROOFING

When Messrs. N. & G. Taylor discuss the manufacture of Tin Roofing they are always interesting to builders and owners. This time the special feature is "Blackplate" which plays an important part in the production of their Taylor's "Old Style."

The blackplate used in making roofing tin must not only be soft and pliable, but it must have a clean, absorbent surface so as to take the coating thoroughly and evenly, without pinholes.

It is a very difficult matter to turn out just the right quality of blackplate for tinning purposes, and carelessly made blackplate has no doubt been responsible for some of the trouble that has been experienced with cheap roofing-tin. We have better facilities than other makers for turning out a special grade of blackplate, and we have given this subject long and careful study in order to get the best results. The blackplate we use in making "TAYLOR OLD STYLE" tin is vastly superior to Bessemer steel with its hard, irregular nature; also "charcoal iron" blackplate, which always contains minute particles of slag mixed with it that act as a slight protection against rust to the black sheet, but that cause pinholes when a tin coating is applied. Ignorance of this fact has been responsible for a great deal of trouble of late with so-called "charcoal iron" roofing-tins, although this material was discarded in the early days of the tinplate industry as soon as a better material was found.

A flux must be used in applying the coating to make the tin stick to the blackplate. Acid is very generally used for this purpose, as it is cheap, but experience again has shown that the acid is likely to impair the durability of a roofing plate. In making the Taylor "OLD STYLE" brand we use pure vegetable palm oil only.

OPEN DOOR

A SIMPLE HALLWAY IN SANITAS

On the treatment of the hall much of the atmosphere of a house depends. In a great measure the hall furnishes the key-note to the whole character of an establishment,—a trifle more reserved of course than the intimate rooms devoted to household uses, but still offering a foretaste of the hospitality to be found within the real fastnesses of the home. Unfortunately, the circumscribed dimensions of the average city hallway offer little scope to the imagination. Even a long, narrow passageway, however, can be made reasonably attractive. In the cleanly house Sanitas is the necessary wall decoration and there are many Sanitas patterns which make admirable hall combinations.

The simple hallway suggested by the pencil drawing in the advertising pages of this issue of THE CRAFTSMAN, was worked out in a combination of plain green Sanitas used as a low wainscot, with a printed pattern in green and fawn on the upper walls. The ceiling is cream. Such a color scheme provides a harmonious background for almost any furnishing, but especially for the quaint old mahogany once despised as old fashioned, now coveted as artistic. The buffet of other times makes an excellent hall stand, with a three part colonial mirror above. Quiet colors and small patterns are essential in the narrow hallway; and these can be obtained in a sufficient variety in Sanitas. Samples and sketches are furnished to correspondents by the manufacturers of this popular and sanitary wall covering.

THE MONARCH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER

The advance made in recent years in the manufacture of typewriters is notably illustrated in the Monarch Visible, which is the product of The Monarch Typewriter Company of Syracuse, New York.

The people who designed and are promoting this machine are among the pioneers of the typewriter industry, and have been successfully manufacturing and selling typewriters for the past twenty-five years. With this wealth of experience is coupled the highest mechanical skill in this line, the result being that the Monarch Visible meets all requirements of modern and progressive business methods. This typewriter appears to have been designed and constructed with the object of giving absolute visibility and accessibility, ease of operation, beautiful and perfect typewriting, coupled with a form of construction ensuring great durability. It is a full-sight writing machine in every sense of that expression, at the same time giving perfect accessibility, for the reason that there are no bars or rods or other construction in front of the line of writing, so that every letter the moment it is impressed upon the paper, and every line of writing from the beginning to the end of the page is at all times absolutely visible and easily accessible. The advantage of this in the saving of time and the unnecessary expenditure of force and energy will be readily recognized. Visibility of the sheet being written upon commends itself instantly to the man whose dictation is taken directly upon the typewriter.

Because of the time saved by reason of visibility, ease of operation and speed, the

Monarch makes possible the saving of at least one-third of the operator's time and as well effects a saving of more than one-third in nervous force and energy in manipulation. To the busy office man and the rushed stenographer this means much. Few employers and not many stenographers fully realize the amount of nervous energy consumed in typewriting. This applies with great force to the users of the old style machines, and will commend itself to purchasers and operators. The machine is new in improvements, but it is old in its fundamentals and methods of construction. In a word, it combines all of the advantages of the old standard machines without sacrificing any of their well-tried, long-used mechanical principles.

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL HOMECRAFT

Almost any of the useful and ornamental articles which find a place on the home writing desk may be made of Sanitas. The use of this material for home handicraft has been previously demonstrated in this department of THE CRAFTSMAN. It is pliable, dirt and waterproof, and its surface is already prepared for decoration with oil paint, any of the gilts and bronzes in general use and India ink. Distemper can also be used on Sanitas with satisfactory results. It will not take clear water color however. This material can be had in ten different tints, any one of which is adaptable to the uses of the deft home worker. There are also a number of printed burlaps which can be used with good effect. Even some of the printed wall patterns in small artistic designs are possible for photograph frames, candle shades, portfolios, blotting pads, etc.

By way of suggestion to the individual home worker, we print in the advertising pages of this number of THE CRAFTSMAN, the detail ornament for the various articles composing a desk set; a standing calendar holder, a hand blotter, a stamp box and a blotting pad. The reproduction is reduced one-half. Any one with a gift for drawing can make the enlargement to any required size. The manufacturers of Sanitas furnish a tracing in full size with each order of Sanitas for one of these desk sets. Particulars may be obtained by writing to this Company.

THE TIFFANY BLUE BOOK FOR 1906

The annual reappearance of the little Tiffany Blue Book comes as usual with the approach of the Christmas Season. The 1906 edition just out is the first to be issued from the firm's new Fifth Avenue marble building, and it concisely describes the largely increased stock, special manufactures and rich importations assembled for the first season on Fifth Avenue. The problem of bulkiness developed by the annually increasing number of pages has been met successfully by a superior and much lighter weight paper. Although the new book has many more pages, it has been reduced one-quarter of an inch in thickness.

As heretofore, there are no illustrations of Tiffany & Co.'s wares, a convenient

alphabetical side index giving quick access to the diversified stock of this great establshment. Tiffany & Co. always welcome a comparison of prices, and the freedom with which the minimum and maximum prices are quoted throughout this little catalogue is an evidence that the house as cordially invites a comparison of prices up on Fifth Avenue as it always did in its old home on Union Square. Altogether there are 530 pages with 1750 sub-heads, under which the range of prices is given on upward of 6000 articles.

Upon application, a copy of the book will be sent to intending purchasers without charge by addressing TIFFANY & Co., Fifth Avenue and 37th Street.

HIGH GRADE DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING

The H. J. Ormsbee Engraving Company, the excellence of whose work is shown in THE CRAFTSMAN pages from month to month, has a very complete and modern plant, turning out high grade work in half tone and line engraving. The firm makes a specialty of magazine illustrations and general commercial work, and has a competent Art Department for original designing and the re-touching of photographs for reproduction. Specimens of work and estimates for all kinds of designing and engraving will be gladly sent to all interested in getting first class work at reasonable prices, upon application to the Company's offices, No. 322 South Salina Street, Syracuse, New York.

HE LIKED THE BELLECLAIRE HOTEL

A Southern editor from San Antonio, Texas, who has recently sampled "The Luxurious Hotels of Greater New York" pays the following compliment to The Belleclaire: "Further up on Broadway among the aristocrats of the 'west side,' at the corner of Seventy-seventh Street, stands the beautiful Hotel Belleclaire, which is in the opinion of travelers, as well as Gothamites, a perfect gem.

'Not as large or ponderous as the Hotel Astor, nor yet so pretentious as the St. Regis, but still exquisite in every particular. Nowhere in Greater New York can either the 'palm room' or the Louis XV dining room be duplicated. But what is calculated to please the traveler most is the genuine personal interest which the proprietor, Colonel Milton Roblee, takes in the welfare of his patrons. It is the disposition and he couldn't be otherwise if he tried to, and this has richly rewarded him, for he has made a great success of the Hotel Belleclaire and it is now one of the landmarks of upper New York."

"A THING OF BEAUTY" IN A RANGE

In again referring to the Cabinet Glenwood Range we gladly invite attention to the beauty, simplicity and compactness of its external design as shown in the announcement of the Weir Stove Company. So much interest has been shown in the search of a range that would harmonize with the Craftsman interior, that it is a pleasure to note the tendency along so many different departments of household utilities to meet this demand for lines of

simple beauty, untortured and unobscured by needless and meaningless decoration. In addition to its beauty of design, the interior construction of the Cabinet Glenwood is so arranged that everything is accessible from the front and thus compactness of arrangement is accomplished without reducing the capacity. To the many who are naturally interested in this subject, we suggest the sending for the Weir Stove Company's illustrated catalogue, which will give a better idea of this advance in range building than any verbal description.

THE GARDENS OF ITALY

Italy, with its classic past, its mediaeval history and the Renaissance, its architecture of the great masters, has been exhaustively studied and made familiar to American readers. It is curious, however, that comparatively little attention has been paid to the delightful villas and gardens of Italy by writers or travelers. Few Americans are familiar with their present features and beauty, and for this reason the recent publication by Charles Scribner's Sons of "The Gardens of Italy" should be more than welcome to the professional or general student. Italy is pre-eminently the earliest home of the garden, less for display of flowers than the pleasure ground consisting of the symmetrical disposition of foliage, fountains and stonework. This, those garden builders understood perfectly, and in this book of selections Mr. Charles Latham, by his careful use of the camera, has succeeded in seizing all their most fascinating features. To all those who love gardens, this book will make a strong appeal; to those who are making or remodeling theirs, it should be of real service, for here we have a wealth of examples left us by men who were past-masters in their art, and at every turn these pages are rich in suggestion, both of composition and detail. The book serves too as a guide to those who are inclined to study this peculiarly attractive side of Italy, for the same care and fastidious selection which distinguished Mr. Latham's art "In English Homes" has been exercised in the book of Italian Gardens, and the spirit and atmosphere of the scenery have been caught with entire success.

PRIZES FOR DESIGNS AND COLOR WORK

It is a frequent practice nowadays for manufacturers to offer prizes for various competitions in design and color work of different kinds, in order to obtain suggestions and different view points from students in art and design schools, which can be made use of in various ways by the manufacturers.

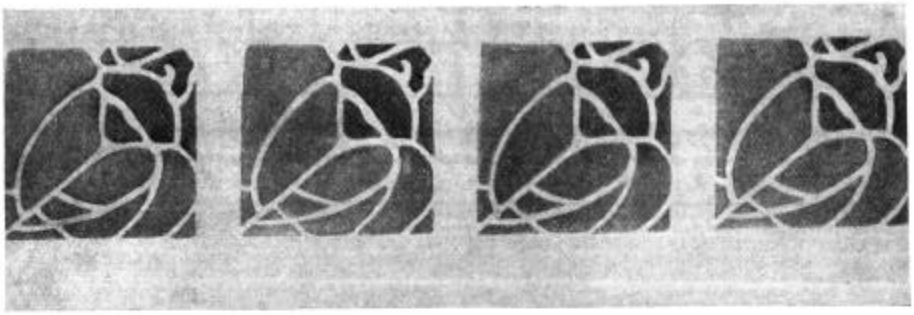
Recently, for instance, the Alabastine Company of Grand Rapids, Michigan, manufacturers of the sanitary wall coating, offered $250.00 in prizes for the best designs in color for interior wall decorating. The competition proved to be interesting and helpful to the students, who find that time in off hours devoted to work of this sort, is well worth while for the practice it affords, even if all do not succeed in winning one of the numerous prizes offered.

School directors are inclined to encourage the Prize Competition idea, because it interests and stimulates the students.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

THREE methods of ornamentation on fabrics have come to be generally accepted as the most desirable for adding the last touch of grace, the delicate finish of color accent to the furnishings of a room. These are embroidery, appliqué and stenciling, and they are used either singly or in combination as the taste of the worker may dictate. The blending of embroidery and appliqué has been so much used in the Craftsman designs that it has become associated with the Craftsman needlework, but stenciling is equally effective and for some uses is found even more desirable. Especially is this true when a thin fabric is to be ornamented, for a good stencil design worked out very lightly in well-chosen colors often

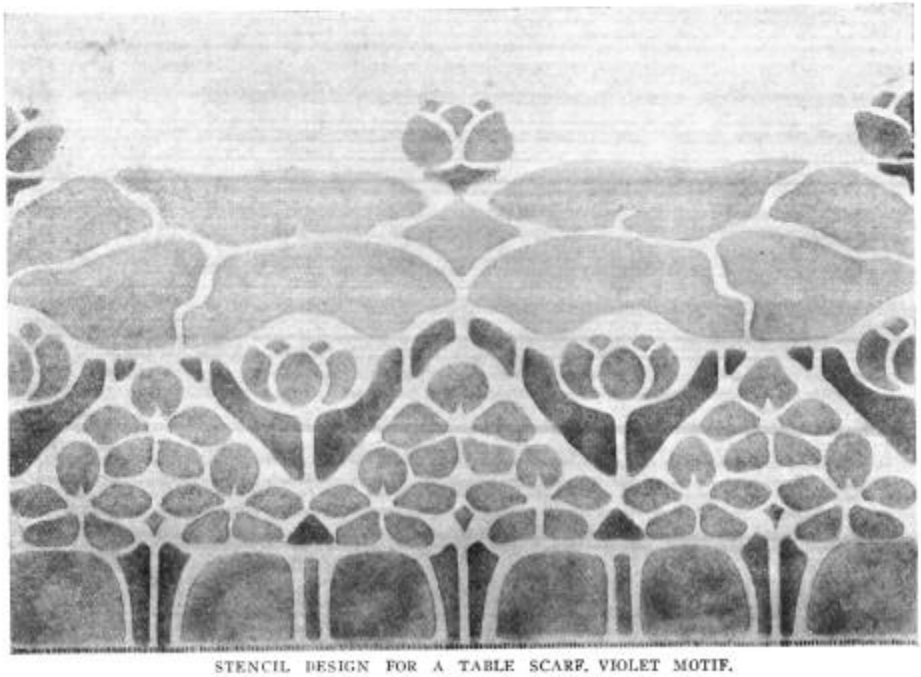
STENCIL DESIGN FOR PORTIERE, CONVENTIONALIZED CHRYSANTHEMUM TREATED IN JAPANESE STYLE.



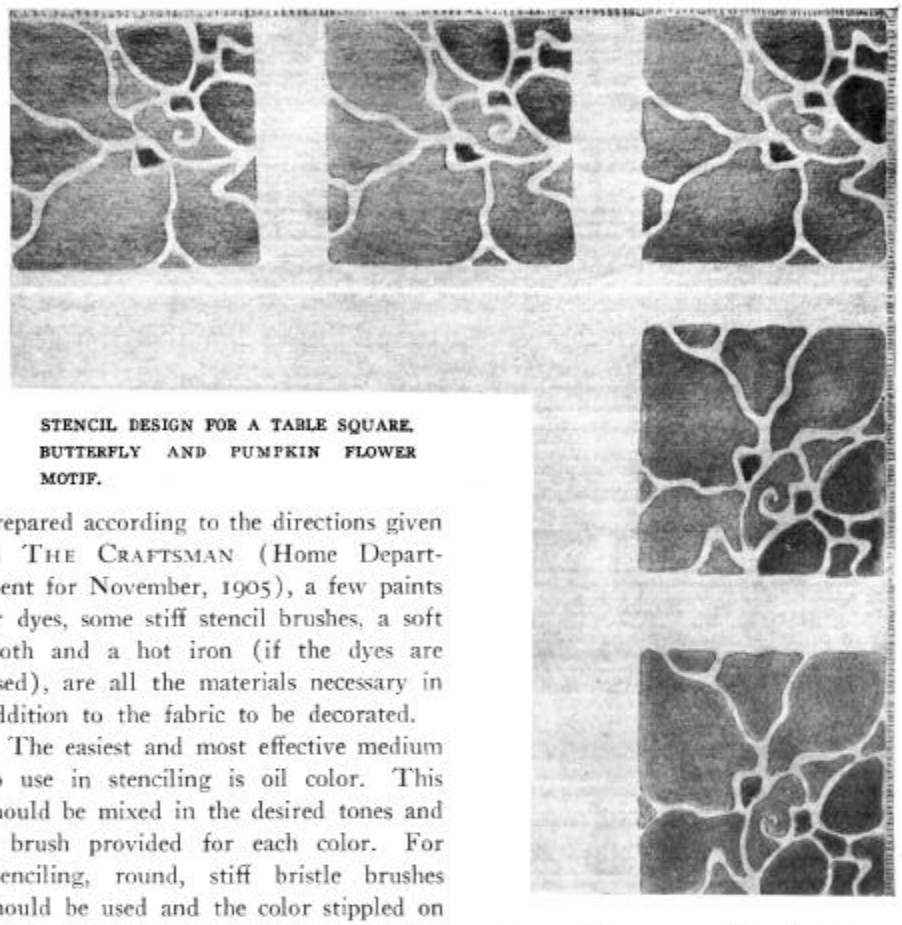
STENCIL DESIGN FOR THIN WINDOW DRAPERY. BEETLE MOTIF.

has a touch of subtlety impossible to find in any form of needlework. For instance, a thin window hanging that shows a shadowy, indeterminate design stenciled on in delicate tones, has an indescribably airy effect when the light that streams through it gives more the feeling of melting, changing hues that shape themselves into the ghost of a design, than of any deliberate effort at decoration. The same is true of the dark, rich tones that seem to blend with the fabric of a heavy portière, showing plainly in some lights and in others almost imperceptible. For table squares, scarfs, and other small accessories to home furnishing, a touch of color and fresh daintiness of effect is often obtainable by stenciling when it eludes the most ingenious combination of fabrics and the work of the deftest needle.

Another advantage of stenciling is that it can be made very inexpensive. The work can easily be done at home and the cost is ruled entirely by the price of the material chosen for decoration. A design drawn on stencil paper, or on paper



STENCIL DESIGN FOR A TABLE SCARF. VIOLET MOTIF.



STENCIL DESIGN FOR A TABLE SQUARE. BUTTERFLY AND PUMPKIN FLOWER MOTIF.

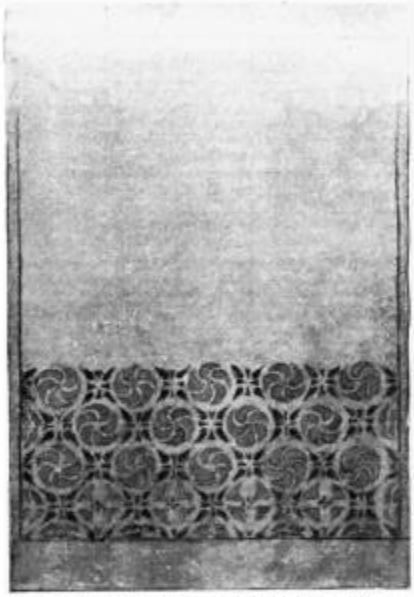
prepared according to the directions given in THE CRAFTSMAN (Home Department for November, 1905), a few paints or dyes, some stiff stencil brushes, a soft cloth and a hot iron (if the dyes are used), are all the materials necessary in addition to the fabric to be decorated.

The easiest and most effective medium to use in stenciling is oil color. This should be mixed in the desired tones and a brush provided for each color. For stenciling, round, stiff bristle brushes should be used and the color stippled on with quick, firm taps instead of the usual brush-strokes. The least possible amount of pigment should be used. After filling the brush with paint, wipe it with a soft cloth until very little color is left, then apply through the stencil opening to the material. If applied in this way the color never runs and the fabric may be washed if very little soap is used and the stenciled part is handled with care. Hard rubbing or the direct application of soap will remove the paint entirely. Another method is to use some "fast" dye. This can be "set" with a hot iron after being applied to the material, and will stand many washings without destruction of the color effect. For all linens, though, oil paints should be used, as it is very difficult to apply water-colors or dyes to any linen fabric on account of the nature of the material. Any moisture will follow the threads in both directions, ruining the clean edge which is one of the chief beauties of a stencil.

For stenciling on fabrics clear color should always be used, and a thin, absolutely flat tone obtained. Never "pile on" the color, for body color always makes stiff spots in the material and gives a hard surface that is most undesirable. The great charm of a stenciled design is that it melts into the fabric, leaving the surface of a different color where it is applied, but in all other respects the same. For this reason dark contrasting tones are best on dark materials. A rich effect is thus produced by exactly the same means that are

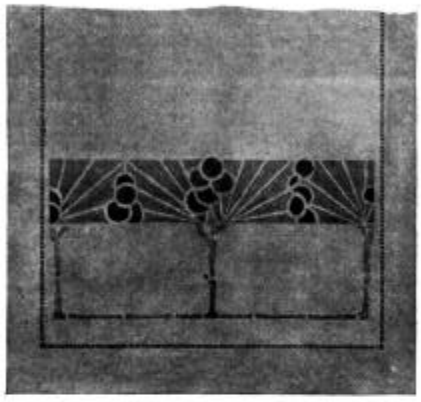
used to obtain the lightest and most shadowy designs, and with no sacrifice of the peculiar subtlety of this method of decoration. If colors lighter than the material are used, a painted effect is inevitable for the reason that body colors must be used and applied thick, changing the whole character of the decoration.

For light, thin window curtains that are to be stenciled in pale tones, cheesecloth is a very effective material as well as one of the most inexpensive that can be obtained. It hangs in beautifully soft folds, and no creamy tones are finer than that of unbleached cheesecloth. Thin linens, scrim and plain muslin are all good, especially if unbleached or in the natural color, and raw silk of the Japanese make is really exquisite if a more expensive material is desired.



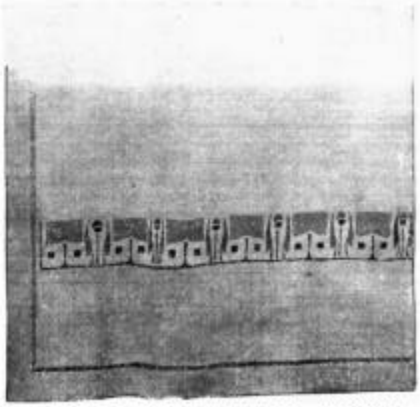
PORTIERE, SHOWING EFFECT OF CHRYSANTHEMUM DESIGN STENCILED ON CANVAS.

One design that is especially good for a window drapery is the water-weed *motif*. It is very effective when stenciled on a heavy quality of cheesecloth in yellowish tones of green and brown, with touches of soft brick-red. The large leaves should be done in a light tone of yellow-green, with the arrowhead leaves in a darker shade of the same color. The stems should be in yellow-brown, with a snap of brick-red in the small seeds and a lighter tone of the same color in the squares. The whole design should be kept very low in tone, so that the shadowy play of color is produced by the light through the curtain.



STENCIL DESIGN FOR TABLE SCARF. HORSE-CHESTNUT MOTIF.

Another window curtain design to be worked out in blues or greens is the beetle *motif*, a spot pattern with the units placed close together. It can be done in two or three shades of gray-blue, or in dark tones of greenish blue, with the beetle



STENCIL DESIGN FOR THIN WINDOW DRAPERY. WATER-WEED MOTIF.

wings in two tones of pale yellowish green. Of course, these are the merest suggestions for color combinations. Conventionalized designs like these can be worked out in any color scheme with equally good effect, provided the shades harmonize and the relative values are maintained.

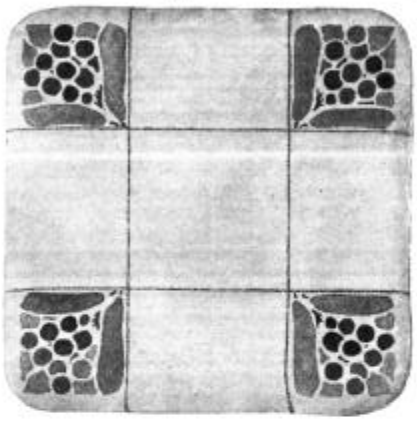
For a portière, a delightfully rich and harmonious effect is produced by working out the stencil design of a conventionalized chrysanthemum in dark, rich colors on a dark-toned canvas. One model made in The Craftsman Workshops shows a

STENCIL DESIGN FOR PILLOW. CONVENTIONALIZED LEAF AND BERRY MOTIF.

portière of dark gray-green canvas,—the color tone suggesting pine-needles in the winter,—with the chrysanthemum *motif* stenciled on in a dull purple that blends wonderfully with the green of the material. The"whorl" of purple petals is very Japanese in effect, especially as it is strengthened by a touch of dark, strong blue in the center. The highly conventionalized leaves are in brownish green,

DETAIL OF WATER-WEED MOTIF.

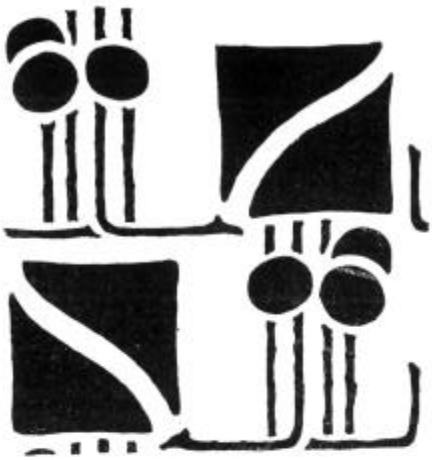
with the groups of smaller leaves in dark blue. In the center of each of these groups is a single cross stitch of tan-colored linen floss, that gives a sparkle of high



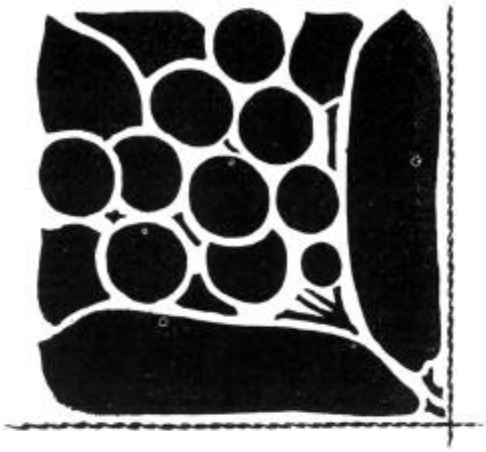
STENCIL DESIGN FOR PILLOW. MOUNTAIN LAUREL MOTIF.

light almost orange-hued in its warmth and vividness among the very low tones of the stenciled design. Crispness and character are given to the whole design by this one slight touch of needlework, and the whole is held together and defined by a heavy couched line of green along the hem. The effect is both rich and shadowy, and it is a decoration so unobtrusive that one would never tire of it in a room.

A table-scarf of natural-colored homespun linen shows a decoration in faint tones of green, dull brick-red and pinkish violet. This is a very Japanese combination of color, and is beautiful when done just right. As it is equally hideous when the tones are out of key or the colors are put on too heavily, it is a scheme to be used with great care. The stencil design given here is called the violet *motif*. The larger leaves are in very faint green, and the smaller leaves and stems in blue-green. The violet design is highly conventionalized, and is worked out in the rosy-violet shade, while the upper clusters of blossoms are in the brick-red tone.



DETAIL OF LEAF AND BERRY MOTIF USED ON PILLOW.



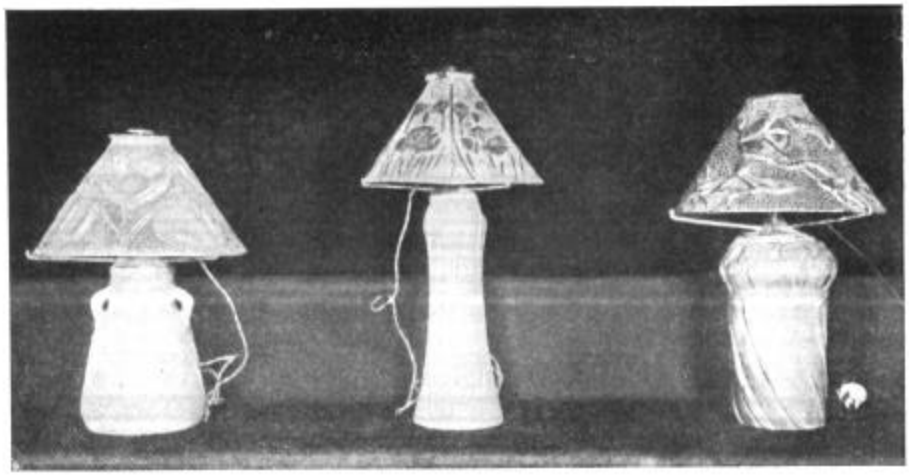
DETAIL OF MOUNTAIN LAUREL MOTIF USED ON PILLOW.

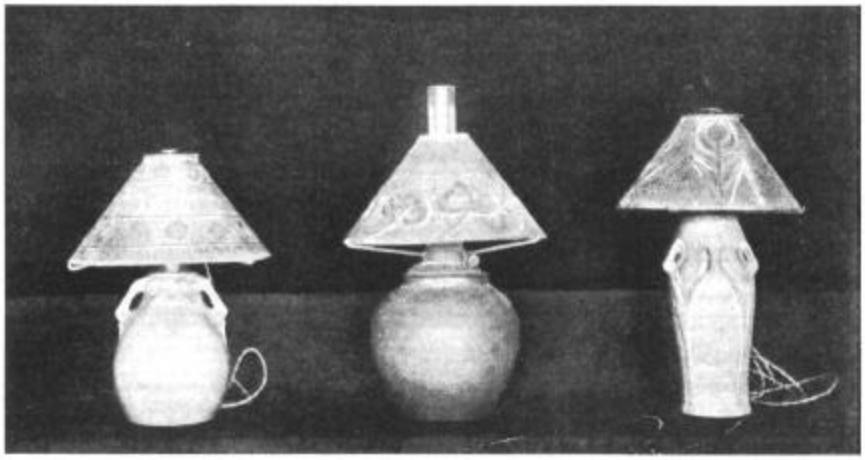
Another table-scarf of homespun linen is stenciled with the horsechestnut *motif*, with the leaves in light moss-green, the nuts in golden-brown and the stems in greenish brown. This is more decided in form than many of the stencil designs and is very effective where a marked touch of decoration is desired. A table square in paler tones shows a design conventionalized in the Japanese fashion from a butterfly and pumpkin-blossom, done in faint tints of brick-red and dull blue, with touches of violet,—all very pale and shadowy. The material for this also is of homespun linen.

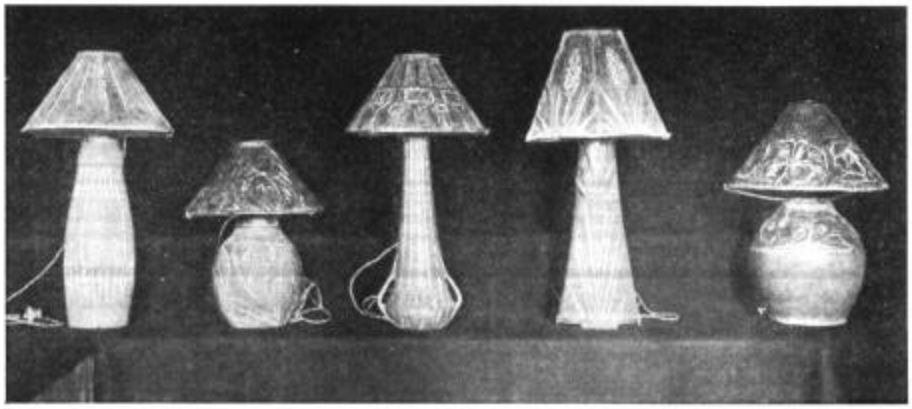
For a pillow of soft brown material, the conventionalized leaf and berry design is charming with the leaves in a darker brown than the material, the stems in dull green and the berries in varying shades of dull red. Another pillow has the mountain laurel *motif*. If the material should be of a dull yellow, the all-over stencil design would be charming with the leaves worked out in faded green and the berries in varying tones of violet, the darkest being almost purple. The bits of stem are of bright green, to give accent, and the embroidered lines show a darker shade of the background color.

THE CRAFTSMAN'S SCRAPBOOK

"THE very limitations that small incomes impose on husbands and wives, strangers to social ambitions, bring into the relation an independence and *camaraderie* that possibilities of wealth would bar out. When a father and mother have one object in life, their children, they have no personal ambitions; their minds run in the same groove; they live of necessity a unit. When the aim is to give their children a better education than they had; to place them on a firmer foundation in the wage-earning world than the one on which the father and mother started; to save the children from the contaminating world as they had to meet it, there of necessity is a welded interest that bars out a world of distractions. The world in which such fathers and mothers live may seem narrow, but the smallness of the world makes the companionship the closer. As one gets into the inner circle of these homes, the small part that wealth plays in happiness is realized, and







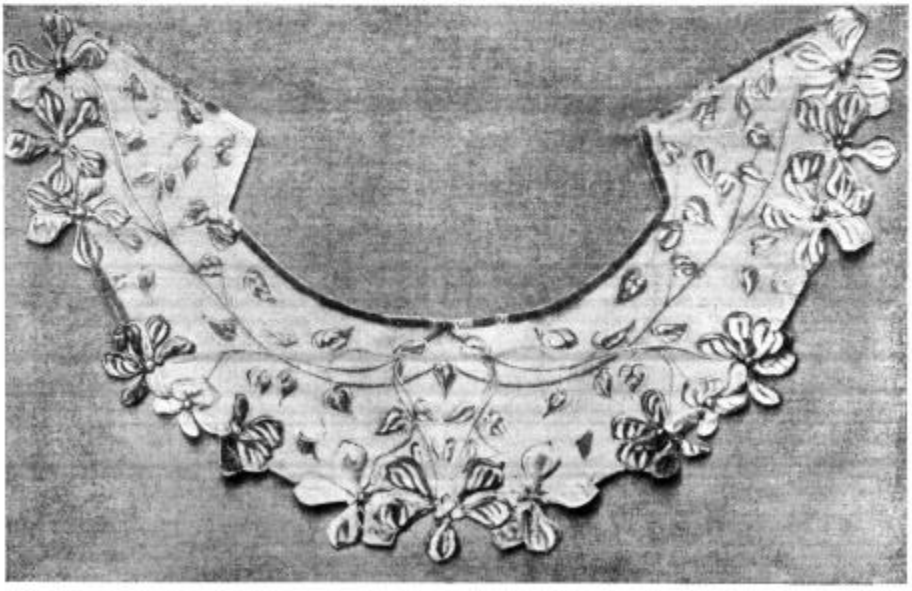
SOME NEW ART LAMPS AND ELECTROLIERS OF AMERICAN POTTERY WITH SHADES OF HAMMERED COPPER AND BRASS IN REPOUSSE EFFECTS. REPRODUCED FROM DER MODERNE STIL.

the comprehension of what constitutes essentials is gained. The man who knows the measure of his wage-earning power does not waste his nerve and vitality to earn more; the family grows to have fixed habits of expenditure, and content is attained that the social strugglers never know. The victim of nervous prostration is not found in the working-man's world; the fixed rate of wages relieves the nerves, but exercises the muscles and the balance of health is kept. The exceptions to this happy attainment are those whose mental or moral natures have not been adjusted to the happy, even life of the skilled, sober, industrious, thrifty working-man's family." (*From "Leaven in a Great City."*)

"OUR good friend with a million dollars a year cannot eat much more or better food, or drink much more or better drinks, than we can. If he does, he will be sorry. He can have more places to live in, and enormously more and handsomer apparatus of living, but he can't live in more than one place at once and too much apparatus is a bother. He can make himself comfortable, and live healthfully. So can we. He can have all the leisure he wants, can go where he likes and stay as long as he will. He has the better of us there. We have the better of him in having the daily excitement and discipline of making a living. It is a great game,—that game of making a living,—full of chances and hazards, hopes, surprises, thrills, disappointments, and satisfactions. Our million-a-year friend misses that. We may beat him in discipline, too. We are apt to get more than he does,—the salutary discipline of steady work, of self-denial, of effort. That is enormously valuable to soul, body, and mind. He can't buy it. We get it thrown in with our daily bread. We are as likely to marry to our taste and live happily in the domesticated state as he is. We have rather better chances than he of raising our children well. We are as likely as he to have good friends worth having, and to find pleasure in them." (*Edward S. Martin, in the December "Atlantic."*)

"THE declaration of Equality was no idle dream of the founders of this government; it was a prophetic vision that we, our children and our children's children, are to work out and make an actual reality. Do not, I pray you, think it is something beyond your understanding. It is a very simple statement and I wish I might hope that everyone would commit it to memory. Here it is: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of those rights it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it and institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as may seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.'

"Since these words were written we have made tremendous strides towards the realization of this ideal. The most striking example of it is found in our public-school system that, taken all in all, is said to be the best in the world. In the common schools we have absolute equality of opportunity for every child without any regard to race or sex. The teacher in the common schools is not supposed to know any rich or poor, high or low, black or white, and the best evidence of the spirit of Equality that we find there is shown



SOME GERMAN NEEDLEWORK SHOWING THE LATEST MODES OF EMBROIDERY AND DESIGNING AFTER THE NEW ART FORMS. REPRODUCED FROM DER MODERNE STIL.

in this fact; let it once be known that a teacher shows partiality and that teacher's usefulnesss is at an end. Now the business of every one who loves his kind is to do his best to make the equality of the common schools accessible to the people in later life. It is equally important to the well-being of the whole family that the child shall have an opportunity to use its talents on a basis of equality when it leaves school. It is not the purpose of the common schools to equip a child with an education that it may oppress its fellows, but rather that it may assist those who are weaker. It is simply an inhuman cruelty to teach a child how to be useful in the world and then turn it out to find every door of opportunity closed against it." (*From "Letters of Labor and Love" by Samuel M. Jones.*)

"COMMERCE is a great school of morality. Business, in its organized relations, compels elementary morality and tends to develop the higher and nobler ethical qualities of life. Business requires men to be sober, honest and industrious; it requires promptness, patience, accuracy and courtesy; it demands honor, truthfulness and fidelity to trust. Vast business interests depend upon the fidelity of some obscure servant who moves the complex machinery by a word or a sign. The man who serenely lies down to sleep in a Pullman palace car that travels at the rate of fifty miles an hour has implicit faith in the loyalty of the man at the switch and the skill of the man at the throttle. All business and all labor is essentially moral; and the exceptions are, after all, only the more conspicious by contrast. We live each day by faith in the goodness of men we have never seen, and exceptional treachery or baseness should not shake our faith in the moral order of the world nor in the essential goodness of mankind." (*John Herbert Phillips.*)

"HUMAN work, all of it, is a means to further expression. If we ask 'to what end,' we can only reply that as far as our little circle of perception goes life has no end. But its direction is plain, and its method; to receive more and more of the forces of life as the brain becomes more widely and delicately susceptible, to express more and more of the forces of life in our work, and so further to develop that brain,—that is the process. The savage has not brain development enough to 'see God' with even as much as we, or as little; he is but dimly and narrowly affected by the currents of divine force. But such energy as he does receive prompts him to work, and as he works he develops further brain power. In working is human growth, and in its visible forms is the permanence and transmissibility of each advance." (*From "Human Work."*)

"THE doctrine of redemption through ennobling labor represents the sum of William Morris's life and experience; it was no mere theorizing, he was no preacher who taught but lived not but with hand and brain he worked day and night, joying both in the dream and the dream's expression. If he had left nothing more to the world than this conception of the inherent nobility of honest toil, in the fields, the market place, the shop, as well as in those spheres of effort which require the exercise of the higher qualities of the mind, he would still have given the world a legacy of immeasurable value." (*Edwin Wiley.*)

Thirty-Year-Old Taylor Old Style Tin Used for a New Roof

This is a picture of the Tremont Hotel, of Houston, Texas, as it is to-day. The original building was built in 1873. At that time the building was roofed with "Taylor Old Style" roofing tin. In 1903, when they came to tear down the old building to erect a new one, O. H. & P. Rudisill, the architects, found the "Old Style" tin on the old building in such perfect condition that the old tin was taken off and relaid on the new building. The tin is to-day in as perfect condition as it was thirty-three years ago.

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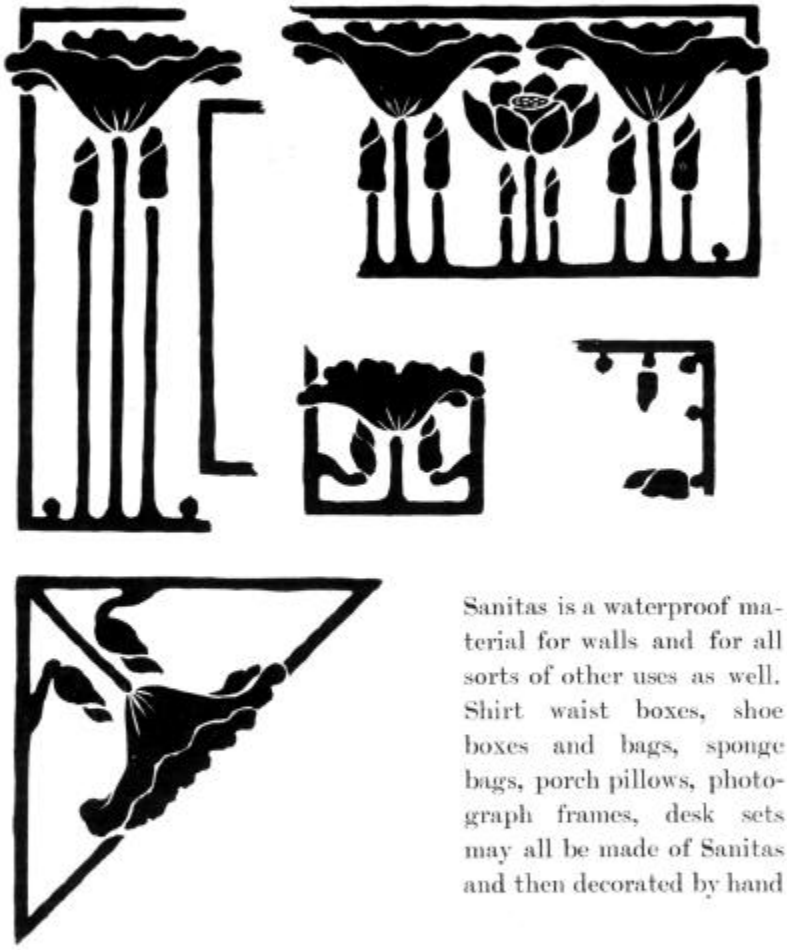

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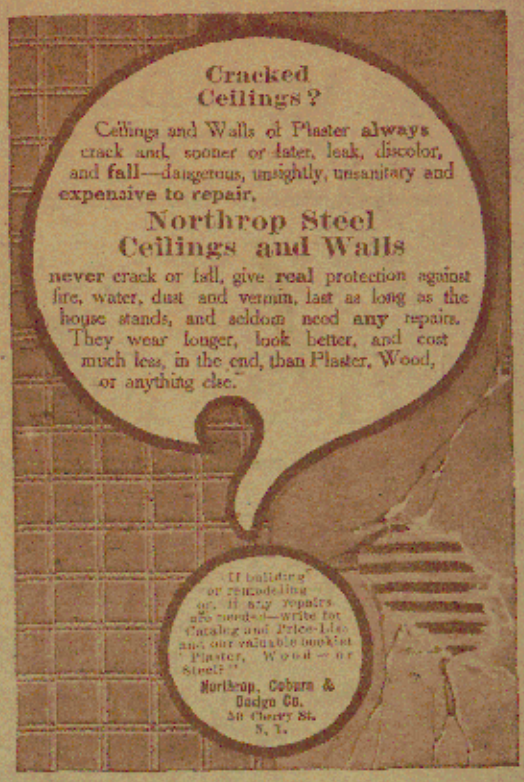

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