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THE CRAFTSMAN
an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in the
Interest of Better Art,
Better Work, and a
Better and More Reasonable Way of Living.
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GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR
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THE CRAFTSMAN

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"OUR COW," ERICH SCHMIDT-
KESTNER, SCULPTOR.

"HAI, JOE, WHERE ARE YOU MARCHING?"
 A STUDY OF WAR: BY WILL LEVINGTON
 COMFORT



LABOR-GANG was trenching for tile in a near field and I went to the boss to hire one of his men. Of course I could have one, he said, remarking that they were treading on one another's feet, as it were. . . . "Take Joe, over there. . . . Hai, Joe!"

A derby hat at any season is unmitigated, but in the first days of August, in the splendid fury of summer, this approach was not unlike the passing of a kitchen-range. Joe was clapped in it. The whole field had a pent and airless look—from this crown of labor, heavy, sagging and mossy. I inquired of the boss if Joe were hopelessly addicted. He feared so, but added:

"You'll forget that. Joe's a bull with a pick."

I led him to the house and brought forth a wide light straw. In firm quiet manner, I took the bleak hearse from his head and hung it from a projecting stone high against the cobbled masonry of the stable, wondering if it would affect the pigeon-crosses, as Jacob's rods of hazel and chestnut at the water-troughs ring-streaked the new-born calves. Joe's troubled face looked less lardy under the straw-thatch, though his eyes turned often to the cobble work. In the afternoon, I found the straw hat hanging there, too gentle and humane to alter Nature in any way, unless to puzzle the hawks for a day or two, and stimulate the spiders to new manners of suspensions. The derby was back in place, clamped solid under the arc of the pick.

The idea was to shelve a Roman path from the shore to the top of the clay-bluff, a fifty-foot rise. Joe, comprehending presently, tore loose at the bank with a brute strength altogether new to me. I regarded him frequently and with alarm lest he turn blue. He could forget himself in that rending labor, as one at his best forgets the instrument when typing with machine. Labor, the heaviest and least inspiring, yet it filled him so that he asked no more. Having found his work, he lost himself and the illusion, time; gave himself to his task—a celestial profit in that mystery which touches the spirit of creativeness and silently fits a man to live indeed.

It was the children who found out that Joe was Russian; that he

WAR! BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

had been in this country for a year, had a wife and baby boy at home, shortly to be sent for. In the afternoons, they would fill his dinner-box with tomatoes, radishes and cucumbers. Meanwhile the path shadowed forth from the bluff, and Joe paved it with gravel from the beach. I found it good to be with him from time to time, found possibly something of that excellent simplicity which Tolstoi turned back to re-discover. He recalled to my mind Manchuria, too, the Christless havoc of the war-days there, and the morning I awakened to hear a brigade of his fellow-peasants shouting forth its soul in song—singing, it seemed to me, as men never sang before, led singing to the slaughter of Liaoyang—faces like Joe's, miles of them, decent simple men, the stuff to make gods from, and murdered like a pestilence of vermin a few days afterward, not by the Japanese, but by the debauched appetites of their princes.

And now Russia was at it again, all Europe in frightful demolition, and the poor of the world to pay. First the flower of the people, then the stalk—all but the root to go. Every ship and shell, the last confiscations and the first by the strong hands of war, indemnities demanded by victor, wounds of pride, the cessations of almighty trade, even the infringements of neutrality, to be paid by the poor of the world—the bewildered and hunger-driven poor, first in blood and then in famine and labor. And from the undermen, from the maimed and the heavy-laden must the earth be replenished again.

A last time. . . .

IT was one of the children who very recently asked Joe if he would have to go away and fight. His pick poised and then lowered with its own weight. His hard rounded palms opened to the sky. A look of childish terror came into his face.

"No—no—no!" he said, shaking his head, as a child aroused from evil dream. I saw that there was added terror, because the little boy had spoken it.

It signified the destruction of all he had worked for, the wrecking of his dream. Not vague, nor dull, nor greedy, this dream—a clear, clean home-making, labor-giving conception rather; a dream that had found its form through thousands of tons of labor, hewn and graven in earth-clay, but clearly done in the sight of God, I think, an equitable holding.

It was not the fear of war, but the fear he would be called. Across the world, but still cornered. In the heart of a strange country, yet he was not his own law. . . . Joe lived with desperate frugality, slept in the corner of a factory, yet every stroke of his strong hand was constructive and not for self, done with simple valor for a woman

WAR! BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

and child. He was established in the beginnings of individuality, because he worked for others; heroically on his way, requiring no sentiment to call forth the honor of worthy men. For there is but one path. Genius nor prophet need ask to be more whole-heartedly on the way. One path without beginning and without end, but every path runs two ways. Those who rise against the grade, who face the East, are brothers.

Yesterday, he touched the old hat as I approached, leaned the pick-handle against the rim of the trench for he was hip-deep in the ground, and rolled a cigarette, the one fine thing that Joe does with his hands.

"I go back to Russia," he said, quietly.

"To your family, Joe?" I asked.

"No—to fight."

No terror now, not even the opposite swing to apathy. The call had come, the dream was ended, his prayer failed, his entity lost. The pressure of centuries had prevailed upon the beginnings of his personal spirit. . . . He worked until six as usual, said good-bye as usual. The children ate their supper in silence. Joe meant Russia and world-war to them; to us all, the war was more intimate and horrible. . . . "*In a space of fifty square yards,*" I read from a Belgian chronicle, "*the bodies of two hundred Germans lay crying for burial.*"

"Why, that's just the size of the vegetable garden," said one of the children.

At the end of dusk that night, last night, I went out alone to the edge of the bluff. Stillness, save for the crickets and cicadas; the trees still and the sky pure, the white magnolias blooming again. The Lake tranced the last of the light; lakes of corn were a silent background; children laughed in the distance among the pleasant lights of the neighboring cottages. The two noblest planets seen from earth were in the sky and no others yet, a rare visitation—Jupiter rising in the East, Venus setting in the West. The land teemed with richness and peace; and the white immortal reflections in the sky completed the globe of promise. Yet fifty years from now they will say (never quite comprehending) of this waning summer of nineteen fourteen, "In the midst of that year, all Europe went suddenly insane." . . . A last time.

HOW clear it is that lawless ego turns insane—and yet, so long have the multitudes lost themselves in obedience to a few families that have never learned to govern themselves, much less their race; the many fallen victim often to imperial sons who have not the intelligence to keep themselves clean, mere galvanisms of degraded

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passions. Inbred, luxury-lapped, world-fattened princes, played upon by every illusion and destructive force of the world of matter, nurtured in nests of softening, out of which any common man, not stupid, would pluck his own son as from a net of the devil; and the fortunes of whole races of men in the hands of such decadents—down-grade men, their *backs* to the East, drawn not to Heaven nor any ideal, but like other brute material, answering with little or no complication, the pull of the earth's center. Before God, that man is king only who has mastered himself, and this is the last time for the multitudes to be slaughtered and betrayed by the mock divinity of war-lords.

It was very clear (though I had been unable to perceive it before this rending of Europe and the world) that there must be a great war to end war. In no other way was that master of lies to be destroyed—that the only safe peace is in the presence of great armaments. All the seers and prophets of the world could not make themselves heard in the din of gun practice and riveting armor plate. The poor will die and the poor will pay, and then the poor will speak—that is the high and thrilling hope of this hour. Peace, not as a policy, but as a principle—the old love of man for his neighbor—that is the very essence of our future welfare and nobility. It is tragically clear now that war, in its very nature, could not die a lingering death, but must die with violence—a passing that will rend the world.

A passing, too, of the last imperial house, and all the barbarism and flunkeyism appertaining; for the spiritual deformity of kings is the breeding-bed of war. The passing of Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, Romanoff and other national parasites and baneful autocracies, all roots and lines that ramify them, not only cut down but burned afterward—the trade-cunning of Krupp and his like with them—that this may be the true and final extermination of the army worm. The strong peasant stalk and bloom where they cling and devour—this is the great sacrifice. A last time, for the poor of the world must now perceive the truth. The final tragedy of God's many—that the dream and the spirit of peace, conceived in agony, brought forth in this planetary parturition of war, may emerge not a dream, but clothed in the body and brain of flesh to move forever among men.

"In a space of fifty square yards, the bodies of two hundred Germans lay crying for burial," and on the same sheet, this cry of America, "Now is the time for us to profit!" The States of America must go to their knees to be rid of that temptation—the voice of the trade mind at its worst and lowest, a blend of green and yellow, of covetousness and cowardice, in the presence of Europe's ineffable disaster, which if not overcome now will bring us to the pass of Europe or worse, before it is done. The spirit of peace flees to fields of carnage

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from the atmosphere of that conception. But such a shame will pass. The formal neutrality and the substantial neutrality of these States shall not be fouled in such a crisis by the dollar.

There is no law to prevent us accepting in silence the inevitable advantages of Europe's disruption, but to campaign and aggressively to accumulate trade in this hour (in which it verily seems that the high God is testing the earth to find His few) such is the final debauchery of virtue.

Here is the chance for us to become workmen, not squirrels. The very streets are full of the strange new needs, because we are suddenly denied the products of European workmen. We miss their mastery in chemicals and minerals and wood. Here is the spur of need to make us workmen and masters of the secrets of matter—but to remain *masters* of matter in spirit and truth, the whole reason and purpose of manhood, adding to matter the intuitions of the spirit, and not making matter our God, for world-wars and every immortal wretchedness is the price of just that.

Never before in the history of the United States was there such time and incentive for austerity and contemplation, such need for sensitiveness to reality, for flippant and temporal things to be put quite away—such a need to burn and weep and pray for the abatement of agony and the new reign of God in the world—such a need to give and not to gain, to love and not to seize.

In the spirit of hope I tried to see clearly the demon of Russia cast out, her lofty and inimitable genius manifesting free-handed at last. . . . Miles of bayonets rusted in their fixity, miles of ashen faces and sodden gray coats—the dust of their tramping, the heaven of their singing. This was the Russian peasantry on the march, a moving storehouse of the earth's future spirit, the genius of her coming days. They leave the sane brown yielding earth, all gilded with the beauty of harvests, for the red fields of madness. They march from cosmos to chaos. . . . There is an end to the singing; the hour has come of fire and blood. Through the wind tattered smoke, there is the strewn field covered with silent men and writhing men. The remnant rises and marches on. . . . But one face to me, not in helmet nor cap, but in a derby, old and absurd—a face of torture and bewilderment—rising from the field and marching on. . . . “Hai, Joe, turn back to the woman and the boy! Hai, Joe, where are you marching?”

It is the peasantry of the world marching forth a last time to find its prophet.

REMEMBRANCE: GREEK FOLK-SONG

NOT unto the forest—not unto the forest, O my lover!
Why do you lead me to the forest?
Joy is where the temples are, lines of dancers swinging far,
Drums and lyres and viols in the town
(It is dark in the forest)
And the flapping leaves will blind me and the clinging vines will bind
me
And the thorny rose-boughs tear my saffron gown—
And I fear the forest.

Not unto the forest—not unto the forest, O my lover!
There was one once who led me to the forest:
Hand in hand we wandered mute, where was neither lyre nor flute,
Little stars were bright against the dusk
(There was wind in the forest)
And the thickets of wild rose breathed across our lips locked close
Dizzy perfumings of spikenard and musk . . .
I am tired of the forest.

Not unto the forest—not unto the forest, O my lover!
Take me from the silence of the forest!
I will love you by the light and the beat of drums at night
And the echoing of laughter in my ears,
But here in the forest
I am still, remembering a forgotten, useless thing,
And my eyelids are locked down for fear of tears—
There is memory in the forest.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

YOUTH, ART, AND THE LOVELY OLD LUXEMBOURG GARDENS: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS



IN the morning, the Luxembourg Gardens are almost empty. The women have not yet come with their embroidery and knitting; the students are in the ateliers, waiting for fame; the poets are sleeping, forgetting moonlight cafés and young girls with tender eyes from the Provence; the *goffre* man has not commenced to make waffles for the children and the birds. The fountains play very softly in the shade, and the only music is in the trees. A world of deserted beauty gathers about one. And yet the Garden is never lonely. The souls of all those who have loved it, seem to linger there. The great and the young have left their delicate imprint upon the spirit of the place. And rich memories touch the shadowy walks, the sunlit, simple flowers, the statues benign and somber.

As you walk through the green aisles toward the old Luxembourg Gallery, an understanding of the real France comes to you, the France that is wise and thrifty, imaginative and sensitive, the France of strong mothers, of gay little children, of unworldly poets, of scientific artists—a France forever young. It is this marvelous, unquenchable youth that has made France a nation of progressive experiments, a nation of eager striving for new accomplishment. Always the young poet has a hearing, the young painter with his new and amusing technique has his audience, the investigator of truth beyond magic, his following. And so the creative world has turned to Paris sure of finding there an environment sympathetic, curious, kind. There is probably no other nation in the world so eager for knowledge, so ready to give aid in the development of individuality. Hence there is no country with so rich and diversified achievement in art, science and industry.

Naturally this open-mindedness, this delight in the new and strange, has its obverse side, and the merely novel, the wholly eccentric often for the moment whirl through the Paris boulevards and are accorded a reception at once cordial, humorous and bewildering—L'Art Nouveau, for instance, Futurist clothes, purple veils and "Éggist" sculpture. But these are surely a small and amusing price to pay for the hospitable spirit that welcomed Lalique, Rodin, Poiret, Bourdelle, Carriere, Isadora Duncan, Verlaine—all splendidly liberated souls owing their freedom to French enlightened sympathy.

While Europe, as a whole, is still bound hand and foot to the formal and the classic in art, France has her great Luxembourg

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Gallery open to the men of today, to Sargent, Whistler, Henner, Corot; for not only is Paris curious and alert for the new and the individual, but she is eager to welcome and make permanent all that the new can express, all that the individual has to say. Puvis de Chavannes circles the Panthéon, Rodin has set his seal upon the Tuilleries Gardens, and within the lovely old Luxembourg Palace we find on every wall the men with strength to escape the traditions of the eighteenth century. Here is recognition of what is most beautiful and valuable in the art of today.

THE significance of a gallery like the Luxembourg is not only that it houses fine examples of modern achievement in all the plastic arts, but that it is an immense inspiration to the artists of today. The living man whose works are in the Luxembourg realizes that the world is with him, that his message has been heard. It seems to me that nothing can be more detrimental to the progress of art than the old theory that all a man's ideals, enthusiasms, joys must remain during his lifetime unappreciated, that he must always work, always strive to express the splendor of his soul only in the end to discover he is his own sole audience. Surely in the long run the lack of sympathetic contact in the enjoyment of art—even of one's own—must prove paralytic. Movement is necessary for health everywhere, whether it is a dark green pool in the forest or a stagnant reservoir of hope and imagination in a garret. Sunlight must sweeten it, art and motion purify it to be as productive as its birth into the world would warrant. For a man to walk through the vast halls of the old palace museum and find the work of his hands upon the walls or upon some well-placed pedestal, must be the kind of earthly reward for sacrifice and fine endeavor that is just as purifying and freshening as oxygen for the green pool.

We have been too slow, the world over, in granting permission for the greatness of the present century to stand erect amongst us. We have hunted new life, new dreams, new beauties into the dark corners of the world. We have refused recognition to the glories of our own time. We have been strangely without self-reliance, without courage—this especially in America, although it is true to a large extent in England, pathetically so of Italy and wholly so of Spain. France alone has practically always kept her vision clear for any access of beauty wherever or in whomever it might be born. She has been a *truc* republic in art and letters, as well as in politics. And so her museums as well as her libraries, her great buildings, her little shops, have all been open for the freshest, the most vigorous, the most original thought of the day. And the result—the widest accomplish-



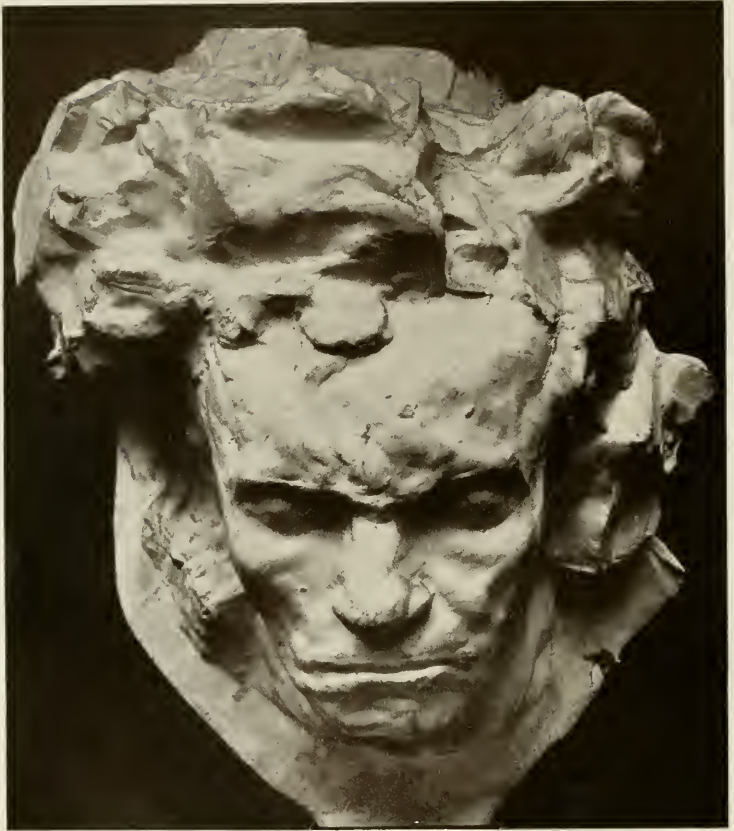
"COLD," ROGER BLOCHE, SCULPTOR: FROM
THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERIES, PARIS.



"A STUDY OF LOVE," EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE,
PAINTER: FROM THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERIES.



"THE BABY," ROGER BLOCHE, SCULPTOR:
FROM THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERIES.



"BEETHOVEN," BOURDELLE, SCULPTOR :
FROM THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERIES.

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ment for the youth of this country which stands with its hat off before all youth.

THE illustrations we are using in this article present the work of three great modern men—Bourdelle, one of the most vigorous and mighty of the sculptors of his age; Carrière, an artist, delicate and ethereal, a painter of the soul, and a man whose name is little known on this side, Roger Bloche, whose sculpture presents a depth of feeling, a tenderness, a searching emotional sympathy that has seldom found its way through marble to the human heart.

These four illustrations were selected from a large collection of photographs of the work of modern men as possibly the most significant not only of the greatness and variety of the technique of today but also of the type of subject which seems more and more to be interesting our really great men in sculpture, painting and literature. We have come far from the vague, classic ideal of purely impersonal beauty which rendered Greek art famous, to an expression of vital, soul-searching human emotions. Our artists of today are humanitarians as well as technicians, and what they are striving to present is their own impression of the beauty of all the goodness of the world, the beauty of kindness, gentleness, courage, unselfishness, devotion, the beauty of a mother's protective love, of a lover's sorrow, of a little child's happiness—in other words, an understanding of the elemental, ageless beauty of all times. And then the aim seems to be to present these wonderful qualities through a technique so fluent, so broad and free and luminous that the emotion of the artist reaches us before an appreciation of his methods. This is indeed the modern spirit in art, and the spirit which dominates the galleries of the old French museum and which lingers with one out into the lovely Luxembourg Garden, which through ages of affectionate usage has become an abiding place equally beautiful and comforting for the young and the old, the poor and the rich.



THE HERO: A RUSSIAN WAR STORY: BY EVGENY TCHIRIKOV

Translated by John Cournos



HERO? Who is a hero? Field Captain Puisin. . . . In his day he had been mentioned in the despatches from the theater of war as a hero. Leading his company, he was the first to mount the hilltop. With a dexterous blow of the sabre, he knocked, out of the hands of a Japanese, the enemy's standard.

The portraits of Field Captain Puisin appeared in his day, in many journals, with the inscription: "The hero of N—— Hill, Field Captain, etc." In these portraits he appears handsome, young, with audaciously turned-up moustaches, and the daring glance, if not that of an eagle, at least that of a hawk. His fur cap rests a little more on one ear than on the other; his head is turned a little sideways and lifted high. . . . More than one maiden in the provinces, upon looking at a new number of *The Niva*, would pause, with attention akin to rapture, to scrutinize this portrait; and sigh at the sudden trepidation in her heart. . . .

"Look, Glashenka, what a handsome fellow!"

"The hero of N—— Hill." . . . Really, a hero! One could see that at once. . . .

The Field Captain had had this picture taken just before his departure for the battlefields.

"I should like to take your photograph, with Rembrandt effect. Will you permit me?"

"How?" asked Puisin doubtfully.

"With Rembrandt effect!"

"Well, go ahead! I don't mind. I should like you, however, to catch the most prominent trait in my character. . . ."

The "Rembrandt effect" was successful.

"Hm. . . . Not at all bad!" observed the Field Captain afterward, examining the first proof; and, as he twisted with his fingers his left moustache, he passed a mental reflection upon himself: "A right smart-looking lad!" . . . Even his wife, accustomed as she was to daily contact with the future hero, flashed her eyes and whispered with tender pride:

"Volodka! What a handsome husband I have!"

"Really?"

"See for yourself!"

And looking at the portrait together they both admired it.

"What a pity you did not take a full length! Upon my word, you look a real hero here! . . ."

Liuba pressed close to her husband; they embraced each other, then gave way to tears. . . .

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"And you too? . . . Don't. . . . It doesn't become you! . . . A captain!" . . . murmured Liuba through her laughter and tears.

"Fiddlesticks! I won't. . . ."

"Heroes don't weep, and here . . . there are tears in your eyes. . . ."

And they both laughed as they looked caressingly at each other.

"I will prove to you that I am no coward, that I am exactly as I am in the portrait!"

"Well, beware! I want to be proud of you. Do you hear?"

"Yes!" answered the Captain resolutely, then shook his head and wiped dry with his handkerchief his merry eyes.

"And what are you doing here?" he asked his servant, who had become an unintentional witness to this touching scene. "What are you crying about?"

"We might die, your honor, together. . . ."

"Not 'your honor,' but 'your excellency,'" corrected Liuba.

"So, so! I, too, have a wife in the village. . . . And a little lad—Meetka, by name. . . ."

"Look here, Stepan, don't you abandon your master *there!* Keep a good watch over him!"

"I'll do my best, lady! Everyone in our company loves his excellency very much. They would do anything, . . ."

"Good! Good! Now don't stand there snivelling! We are not two women!"

"So, so, your excellency! I'll stop. . . . No, not women. Heroes, your excellency!"

The somewhat perturbed Ameeshka circled between and around their feet, and barked joyously at the heroes.

"And what is the matter with you, you little silly? As if you understood anything! Now whom are you trying to bark at? It is plain, Volodia, she does not want you to go to war! . . . You don't want him to go? . . . Yes? . . ."

"It's food she's always begging!" explained the servant.

WHAT a short time has elapsed since all this had taken place! . . . It might have been yesterday. . . . But how everything has changed! . . . Field Captain Puisin had been made full Captain at the time of his discharge; and not alone was he a captain but a hero. . . . He had kept his promise, although he little resembles now his portrait, which he and Liuba had admired so much. The captain's legs had been left behind in a strange and distant region.

The hero has been granted rank, the cross of St. George, a pension

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for life. . . . He could hardly expect to be granted another pair of legs. And since that time—it is already the third year—the Captain does not arise from his soft and comfortable chair on wheels. Now he can only sit in his chair by the window and look wearily out into the street. Like a beggar thrust out of doors, he confronts the brightly illuminated windows of the temple of life and timidly listens to the joy of existence. . . .

They had taken away from the Captain his legs. And the Captain's legs had taken away from him everything, absolutely everything. The Captain has been forgotten by everyone, abandoned by everyone; he has become like a broken toy cast aside by the children. Only two have remained faithful to him: his servant Stepan, and his little dog Ameeshka. The servant diverts the Captain with stories of street occurrences, and reminiscences of the past, while Ameeshka, as before, stands up on her hind legs before the Captain, and begs a lump of sugar; and, as before, licks his hand and continues to romp about the rooms. Of the Captain's former personal effects there remain only the clock, a double bed, and many, many portraits. . . .

And here is another day fading away. On the opposite side of the little gray house a small flame is seen to glimmer suddenly. In the room of the hero everything is impressively still. Only the clock on the wall continues its measured beat, to the accompaniment of string-like, metallic echoes. So ticked the same clock even in the old days, when the Captain was yet Field Captain.

"Tick-tack, tick-tack!" goes the clock. To the Captain it is no longer a clock, but Sergeant Mironov making his soldiers mark time, and crying exasperatingly:

"One-two! One-two!" . . .

As for the metallic echoes, they do not emanate from the clock at all; they are the sounds that come with the clank of his own scabbard.

Afterward he can hear the rattle of arms, the discharge of muskets;—he can hear cries, groans, the neighing of horses. . . . Then suddenly he feels something strike him, burn him sharply; he feels himself thrown to one side. . . . Then nothing more. . . . When at last he has opened his eyes he sees people throng around him, busying themselves with him; he hears them whisper among themselves. . . . And here from among these unfamiliar faces there emerges, as out of a mist, a fair woman's head with *retroussé* nose and blue eyes.

"Well, if it isn't Liuba's little head!"

"Listen, Volodia, be in good health and return a hero!" says the fair little head, smiling through its tears, while two hands place on his neck a small gold medallion containing a portrait and a lock of light blonde hair.

THE HERO

The Captain trembles at this importunate recollection. His blood rises to his head; he feels a clutching at his throat.

The curly-furred Ameeshka still stands before the chair, looks at the hero and wags its tail. . . . Tears trickle slowly down the hero's cheeks. . . .

"Your excellency! Your excellency!"

"Ah! What!" murmurs the hero, giving a sudden shudder and opening his eyes. "What is it, Stepan?"

"Let us forget! We are not women!"

"You, Stepan. . . . But, I've just dozed off and had a dream."

"What do you say to having tea? Just for a little cheer! I, too, am feeling a bit down-hearted . . . that is how it is, your excellency, the heart is sick! Since that day, when you lost your legs. . . ."

The hero turns his face toward the window. He does not wish Stepan to see his tears. . . . But Stepan had seen them.

"What's the good of weeping? It is all the same—new ones won't grow in their place no matter how much you cry!" mumbles the servant, wiping the steam off the windows with the palm of his hand.

"I saw our mistress in my dream."

"She'll come back . . . see, if she don't come back. I, too, had such a dream, expecting her return. . . . Simply because this lieutenant Temliakov, though he is in the artillery, is only showing off his boot-legs. . . . Against you, he is a good-for-nothing. . . . 'Pon my word! You are a hero, your excellency, and he . . ."

The hero is silent. He knows that Liuba will never return, just as well as he knows that he will never grow new legs.

Ameeshka continues to wag her tail. She whines.

"Hungry again . . . be quiet! One feels badly enough without you," grumbles Stepan.

The clock continues slowly:

"Tick-tack! Tick-tack!"

"Your lady, your excellency, will come to her senses. And there's my Avdotya. She's about the worst! I no sooner returned home than I found her grown somewhat in girth . . . well, you know. Because of them, these women, there is much sin on earth. . . . Come on Ameeshka, we'll prepare the *samovar!* . . ."



THE FRAGRANT MARIE JACQUIN.

PEONIES, THE SWEET WITCHES OF THE GARDEN: BY ELOISE ROORBACH

THE shouts of praise to the God of Beauty that once rang through the classic groves of Macedonia, as men and women garlanded with flowers, wound their way to Apollo's shrine, find an echo in our land whenever we speak the name of our garden favorite—the peony. “Pæon, Pæon!” they ecstatically shouted, repeating that charmed name over and over again as they called upon him to imbue them with his own fair spirit, or besought him to abide forever on earth. As we look at our beds of full-blown peonies, the fancy comes to us that the kindly God of Beauty must be keeping tryst with his worshippers, must be incarnated in some miraculous way in the form of these flowers that bear his name. These resplendent blossoms that perennially grace the earth, seem especially designed to reveal the presence of Beauty, to whomever believes in it and watches for its coming.

Though our peonies were christened with Apollo's name Pæon according to some writers, others assert that the genus Pæonia was named in honor of a mythological physician Pæon who ministered to the gods wounded in the Trojan War; still others assure us that it was named from the ancient island of Pæonia, where it was first discovered flaming like a fire across the mountain valleys. For in those days, before plant specialists gave it hybrid form and color, it was the color of sacrificial fire.

The Chinese call it *Hoa Ouang*, “King of Flowers,” and hold it in the greatest reverence, as symbol of the God of Heaven, exalting it as the Japanese and the Hindoos exalt the many-petaled lotus. The Chinese regard its pure white or glowing silken petals and gold heart as divinely beautiful and honor it in their poetry and in religious ceremonies as fit symbol of heavenly grace. They have brought it to a high state of cultivation, doubled its size, refined the texture of its petals, given it the exquisite tints of the rose.

Spain says this flower is the “Rose of the Mountains.” Germany, with a most amazing, inexcusable lack of poetic imagination, calls it “the Gouty Rose!” Our New Englanders speak of it lovingly as the “piny,” and can pay no dearer compliment to their fresh, wholesome

THE WITCHES OF THE GARDEN

village maidens than to tell them they are as "sweet as a piny rose."

The old-fashioned single red peony has been in cultivation since the time of Pliny, but the peony as we know it in our gardens today is of modern development. The species known as *officianalis*, indigenous to Europe, is the flower of Greek temple gardens and was supposed to drive away evil spirits, avert tempests and bring good fortune to all who dwell within a radius of its perfume. Wonderful healing properties have been attributed to the acrid watery juice and the dried and powdered roots. The Spanish Californians still consider the root of *Pæonia Brownii*, the dark red, wild peony, a sure cure for dyspepsia when eaten raw. The Indians ground the dried roots into a powder and used it for various remedial purposes. Strange superstitions hover around this wild peony of the West, perhaps because it is almost black, an unusual, supernatural color for a flower. Witches might have touched it, they say, or the Evil One set the dark seal upon it. Troubled spirits like it well and demons obey its enchantments.

It is quite interesting to trace the origin of the popularity of our common garden flowers. In nearly every case they were first valued



HOA OUANG, THE CHINESE SACRED PEONY, WITH PURE WHITE PETALS AND GOLDEN HEART.

THE WITCHES OF THE GARDEN

for their usefulness rather than their beauty, cultivated in gardens for their medical rather than decorative qualities. Miraculous as well as remedial powers have been attributed to the blood-red peony; demons were supposed to fly to the spot where it bloomed, and a bit of the root worn around the neck was believed to avert enchantment. "The ancient Greeks," so writes Dr. Coit, "when digging up the plant, were careful to do so at night only, as it was said that if any one attempted to meddle with it in the daytime the green woodpecker, assigned by the gods to protect the plant, would dart at the eyes of the intruder."

Now that the romantic days of witchcraft and superstition are at an end, the peony is being valued merely for its beauty—and is that not enough! No other flower takes just the same place in a garden-lover's affections. There is something so loyal in the way it blooms faithfully in long-neglected or deserted gardens, something so friendly in the way it rushes into its niche by the front door or its special corner of the garden at the first touch of the spring sun, something so democratic in the way it flourishes in the humble cottager's garden or a king's sumptuous park. It asks but little and gives much, making a brave yearly showing of gorgeous color once it has been given permission.

THE original form is quite likely the ten-petaled, white, cup-shaped peony with the clustered yellow stamens, that spread from China throughout all Europe and was brought to our shores by the early garden-loving settlers. The present diversity of color and form has been brought about by the crossing of *Pæonia officianalis* and *P. albiflora*—a sort of modern scientific version of the fairy story of Rose Red and Snow White! The primary red and white now runs through every possible change of rose-pink, flesh, salmon, lemon, cream and tawny reds.

Peonies should be planted in the fall after the roots have ripened. By mid-September, the foliage is dry and yellow, showing that the roots have reached their time of rest. The plants should not be disturbed until the leaves lose their greenness, for until that time they are actively feeding the roots and developing the eyes from which the next season's growth begins. If the roots are removed from the earth while the leaves are green or the weather too hot, they will lack vigor and shrivel. The vitality of the removed root can be determined by an examination of the new pinkish buds or eyes as they are called which show among the roots ready to spring through the earth as the blossom-bearer of the next year. The best root is not one with many small eyes but one with but a few round, plump, wide-awake-looking

THE DUCHESSE DE NEMOURS AT THE RIGHT OPENS FIRST IN THE FORM OF AN EXQUISITELY SHAPED WHITE CUP WITH A LEMON-YELLOW CENTER: AS IT GRADUALLY EXPANDS ITS LARGE GUARD PETALS THE YELLOW CENTER PALES UNTIL AT THE PERFECT HOUR OF MATURITY IT IS A WONDERFUL CHASTE WHITE: THIS LOVELY PEONY OF CHAMELEON HABIT IS DELICATELY FRAGRANT, BLOOMS EARLY AND PROFUSELY AND IS MOST SATISFACTORY AS A CUTTING FLOWER: IT IS ONE OF THE MOST EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL OF ALL THE PEONIES, LIKE A ROSE IN GRACE AND COLORING.



THE MARIE JACQUIN AT THE LEFT WITH ITS LARGE OUTER PETALS AND QUIVERING GOLDEN STAMENS IN THE CENTER IS QUITE LIKE OUR NATIVE WHITE WATER LILY: IT HAS ALSO BEEN GIFTED WITH A RICH, LANGUOROUS PERFUME.



AN EXCEEDINGLY LOVELY PEONY IS THE LA ROSIÈRE AT THE RIGHT: LIKE THE OTHER TWO SHOWN ON THIS PAGE IT IS PURE WHITE WITH A YELLOW CENTER, CUP SHAPED, FRAGRANT, EXQUISITE: THE FLOWER IS DELICATE OF FORM, OF MEDIUM SIZE, GROWING UPON A BUSH OF MODERATE HEIGHT: ITS CLEAR GREEN FOLIAGE AND STOUT STEM TIPPED WITH THE CHARMINGLY GRACEFUL BLOSSOM MAKE IT A GARDEN FAVORITE AS WELL AS A SATISFACTORY ONE FOR INTERIOR DECORATION.



Photographs by courtesy of George H. Peterson.

PEONIES WHEN GROWN FOR LONG-STEMMED CUT FLOWERS SHOULD BE SET THREE FEET APART IN ROWS, FOUR OR FIVE FEET BETWEEN EACH ROW: PEONIES IN WELL CHOSEN VARIETY MAKE A SUPERB COLOR DISPLAY, ARE UNEQUALLED FOR WIDE PLANTINGS OF PARKS AND ROADWAYS, EFFECTIVE IN LANDSCAPE WORK, IN LARGE BEDS, AS INDIVIDUAL SPECIMENS AT THE EDGE OF A LAWN AND INVALUABLE FOR CUTTING AND INTERIOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES: EVEN THOUGH THEIR BLOOMING SEASON IS SHORT, THEY ARE STILL USEFUL AS BACKGROUNDS FOR THE SUMMER FLOWERING PLANTS.

THE BRILLIANT RED PEONY AT THE RIGHT, FELIX CROUSSE BY NAME, IS A GOOD BLOOMER AS WELL AS GROWER: ITS FULL, GLOBE-SHAPED FLOWERS ARE VALUED FOR MASSED COLOR EFFECTS: NO PEONY CAN EXCEL IT FOR GORGEOUS COLORING.



MADAME DE GAHLAU SHOWN BELOW IS A SUPERB LATE BLOOMING PEONY: IN COLOR IT IS GLOSSY FLESH PINK, SHADED WITH TRANSPARENT SALMON; THIS SHOWY PLANT IS OF MODERN DEVELOPMENT AS CAN BE SEEN BY THE CLOSELY PACKED PETALS, FOR THE ORIGINAL PEONY, FROM WHICH ALL THE GORGEOUS VARIETIES NOW SEEN IN OUR GARDENS HAVE DESCENDED, WAS SINGLE WITH A FEW LARGE GUARD PETALS AND INNUMERABLE YELLOW STAMENS AT ITS HEART.



ARMANDINE MECHIN AT THE LEFT IS A LARGE, BRIGHT PEONY, PERHAPS THE MOST BRILLIANT AND SHOWY PEONY IN CULTIVATION TODAY: IN COLOR IT IS A TRUE DESCENDANT OF THAT FIRST WILD FLOWER THAT FLAMED LIKE A FIRE ACROSS THE ANCIENT ISLAND OF PÆONIA: IN FORM IT SHOWS THE EXTREME OF HYBRID CULTURE POSSIBILITIES.



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THE GENERAL BERTRAND AT THE RIGHT AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON BELOW ARE BOTH SHOWY, FINELY FORMED FLOWERS HELD ALOFT WITH MILITARY PERFECTION, ON LONG FIRM STEMS: THE GENERAL BERTRAND IS A DEEP, ROSE-PINK FILLED WITH SMALL SALMON-PINK PETALS EDGED WITH LIGHTER PINK: THE OTHER IS PURE WHITE.



MARÉCHAL MAC MAHON AT THE RIGHT IS ANOTHER PEONY OF STOCKY STRONG GROWTH, DARK GLOSSY FOLIAGE AND STIFF STEMS: IT PUTS FORTH AN UNUSUALLY LARGE FLOWER OF A BRIGHT RICH RED: ITS OUTER GUARD PETALS ARE VERY LARGE, THE CENTER PETALS NARROW AND RAGGED, BUILT UP HIGH IN THE CENTER, AN EXCEEDINGLY BEAUTIFUL PLANT, QUITE INDISPENSABLE FOR BORDERS AND SHOWY COLOR EFFECTS: PLANTED IN A SOLID BED IT MAKES A GLOW OF COLOR THAT IS UNSURPASSED FOR GORGEOUSNESS.

THE WITCHES OF THE GARDEN

buds. One-, two- or even three-year-old plants can be purchased which will make a satisfactory showing the following spring. But if the purse is small and the stock of patience large, a package of seeds will bring equal results.

These gorgeous herbaceous plants will good-naturedly flourish in almost any soil, in shade, sun or partial shade. Like every other living thing, however, they will only reach the height of their perfection if given considerate care. They will more than repay for a proper scientific planting. They are great feeders, for they put forth a strong stem, heavy foliage and a wealth of bloom within a very short time. The finest flowers are obtained by digging a bed two or two and a half feet deep, filling it with pulverized loam or garden soil mixed with well-rotted manure, the proportion being about one-fifth the bulk of loam. If only new manure is obtainable, it must be made fine, mixed with the soil with a flat-tined fork and thrown in the bottom of the bed. The best way is to start a new bed in the spring by mixing new fertilizer and soil together and turning it over every two or three weeks, giving the heat and rains of summer time to disintegrate and blend the bed. Peonies thrive best in a soil which is not too light with sand or heavy with clay, and in a well-drained position. Each root should be set so that the upper eyes are two or three inches beneath the surface of the bed, about two and a half or three and a half feet apart, or even more if space permits. Florists who plant for long-stemmed cut flowers set them three feet apart in rows, four or five feet between each row.

No water is needed when planted in the very late fall, for the plant must remain dormant until the spring rains awaken it. Then much water will help greatly, if applied to the roots but kept away from the leaves. Much watering, especially if an occasional feeding of manure water be given, will produce strong, vigorous growth of stalk, full glossy foliage and large richly colored flowers. The tops of the plants must be cut back each fall and thrown back over the roots to make a mulch. In the spring remove the coarser part, add fertilizer and spade into the soil, being careful not to disturb the new buds.

This beautiful flower with its blaze of gorgeous color, year after year is almost immune from disease. Few insects disturb it. The tiny ants which visit its buds when they first begin to swell simply drink the sweet sap which exudes and do not injure the blossom in the least. The plant needs no winter protection, for it is a hardy, independent garden friend well able to take care of itself.

Hardly a garden is without this hardy, dependable, easily grown and brilliant "herbaceous rose." Colors to satisfy everyone can be chosen from any reputable grower. Among the rarely beautiful ones

THE WITCHES OF THE GARDEN

may be found the General Bertrand of large rose-pink guard petals well-filled with small salmon-pink petals tipped with lighter pink, the buds finely elongated, foliage full and rich. The Duchesse de Nemours, another aristocratic beauty, has large white outer petals and lemon-yellow with greenish reflex, slashed centers. As the bud with its delicate heart expands, it gradually pales to purest white. It blooms profusely and exhales a rare perfume. The Duke of Wellington is quite like it as to form and habit of maturing its yellow center to a pure white. The stems are long and fine, making it a good flower for decorative uses. Glossy white, tinged with red is the full cup-shaped Marie Jacquin. The weak growths often are almost single with golden stamens in the center that remind one of our native water-lily—as lovely in this form as in the more vigorous double growth. The Maréchal MacMahon, a strong grower, is of a deep rich red upon opening and blooms until late, a trait that makes it a universal favorite. Felix Crousse is a gorgeous flower, with dazzling red petals guarding a ruby-flame center. The Madame de Galhau, a profuse bloomer of late habits, is valuable for border effects. Its color is soft, glossy, flesh-pink shaded with transparent salmon. La Rosière is another delicately lovely white peony with small yellow stamen center like a rose.

These are but a few of many marvelously colored American descendants of those first wild, sturdy, flame-red and snow-white peonies whose beauty filled the Old World with a spirit of reverence or of superstition. They fill our gardens with incomparable beauty, and our hearts with gladness. If color were translated into music, a peony bed would be heard shouting pæons of praise to the highest.



THE MARIE JACQUIN IN BLOOM.

ARE WE TRAINING FOR WAR OR PEACE? BY GUSTAV STICKLEY



THE war germ is latent in every nation. Its breaking out into malignant activity always depends upon the national state of mind. As a matter of fact, we may be unconsciously sickening for war when we seem most intent upon the profits of peace. In what appear the normal pursuits of a peaceful land we may be at any time nourishing the baleful spirit of destruction; for that which in its extreme manifestation is war, is also alive in all forms of pleasures and business in which the competitive spirit rules. In our athletic games, in our commercial conflicts, in our battles for social and political supremacy, the war germ is lurking. And when these aggressive forces inherent in all healthy nations get out of hand, it is time to put on the brakes and watch the danger signals.

It is well always to keep in mind that the war germ is stirring in all combats for aggrandisement, personal, national and racial. Peace conferences cannot destroy it, nor can the capture of one weary blood-stained nation by another ruthless and red, lessen its activity. Only the people of the whole nation can insure peace by developing within themselves the interests and elements that make for true progress. Trade to be sure, we must have. Well then let it be trade between nations of neighbors. Why should we build as Germany has done, so many factories that it has become in her estimation necessary to fight to make a market for her products? Why should any nation in the world permit her merchants to make three articles where one only is needed, and then find it necessary to go to war to sell the other two, resulting in a demoralization of the buyer, the merchant and, of course, eventually, the nation?

This kind of commercial struggle is fortunately for the progress of peace in this country beginning to be crushed. We are as suspicious of the merchant who can control humanity through commerce as we are of the ruler who can control it through fear. Through our recent close communication with Mexico and South America, we have commenced to realize how very close to actual warfare is the commercial battle that seeks to control, if not nations, enormous land products for personal aggrandisement.

While "he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before" is a benefactor, he who floods the markets with superfluous goods which he must fight to sell is nourishing the war germ in the most virulent fashion. How can the sane men of the nation strive for this over-production in factories when the finest farms practically all over America are under-worked? If we are going to work for peace in the future we must learn to produce constructively in-

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stead of destructively, we must realize that it is a mistake to regard all production as progress; growth lies only where the articles produced are of benefit to the world.

The poorest farmer in the world is in line with this sort of progress. When he gathers from the soil at harvest time what was not there in spring time he has enriched the world substantially and permanently, he has increased the nation's asset as no forced factory production, not needed and easily destroyed, has ever been able to. The factory when over-producing takes from human life a toll of health, strength and enthusiasm, which it converts into manufactured products; these when not needed by the world add to the care of life, provoking greed and envy. Moreover, these products made only to sell are often so poorly constructed that they cheat the people, and consequently represent a serious economic leak. Only what is needed is worth making. In our greed for commerce, we are sometimes making only to sell, we are competing with hundreds who are doing the same thing, we are fighting to get the best of them, we are fighting for markets, fighting for supremacy and trade. And as we are compelled to fight we cheapen our stock in trade in order to reserve everything for the battle. In the long run, this is like giving soldiers poor food to save money to buy better ammunition.

And we do this with our wide beautiful farms all about us, with the farmer crying for our help, with markets eager to be filled. Can we not forget the useless, the artificial, the unnecessary in our civilization for the sake of future peace, can we not give our thoughts to producing only what the world demands and so create the atmosphere which breathes peace as inevitably as oxygen breathes health? If we thus flood the national system with red corpuscles the vicious war germs must of necessity remain inert. Otherwise we of today cannot escape our share of responsibility for the wars of to-morrow. Whether we shall progress into peace or whether we shall in the future find about us such demoralization as Europe is now suffering, we are deciding today in our market-places, our schools, our factories, our politics. So much for the future—for the present is only the future in the making.

AS a result of Europe's present war, we are today facing problems which have not heretofore been ours since the republic was first established and at peace. We are once more, as in the early days of the colonies, thrown upon our own resources. If the war continues, even spreads as it now threatens to, we shall have to become absolutely self sufficient, our industries one and all must learn to stand on their own feet. For no longer can we turn to other

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nations for either raw materials or skilled labor. Whether we are making silk, wool, pottery, ceramics, furniture or fabrics, we shall have to seek our varied needed supplies at home. This is not taking advantage of a heart-breaking foreign situation. It is meeting war's adversities with what wisdom we must; if the result is good for the nation then we shall realize our added national strength. And surely in any case we shall see clearly the value and beauty of peace to America in contrast with the utter demoralization of war in Europe.

If, for instance, we find that the import of the English clay, for the glazing of our paper, stops, the science of today, coupled with the ingenuity of our Yankee inheritance, will certainly show us how to take our more porous product and find a way to refine it for such needs as we may have. If Germany will no longer send potash for our glass-making and ceramics, American capital will build the necessary factories for the production of this material which will not only help us through our present struggle, but make us permanently independent. In olden times, after peace came to us here, we learned how, in spite of all prophecies to the contrary, to design our homes, to build them, to weave our fabrics and rugs, to make our clothes, to produce our furniture. In fact these very difficulties, such as we faced in large proportion over a century ago, and as we must face in a smaller way today, all contribute in time to our power to gain commercial independence. Today we not only have the impulse to sustain the republic single-handed, but we have in our midst the inventor, the artist, the scientist, the chemist who will all flock to our assistance, and through this temporary struggle for readjustment we shall find a national growth, an increased stability.

It is a very good thing for a nation to know that she is equal to her own existence just as it is for a man to know that within himself lies the power to cope with life, that he can pay his own debt to existence every day.

May it not be that one of the by-products of this terrible struggle in Europe will be America's increased knowledge of her individual strength and resourcefulness? Is this not, as a matter of fact, just what a democracy really means if it is a success—the development of the individual; out of which is born the greater industrial progress, and that peace in the future which we must work for today?

I HAVE thought since we have heard recently of France's brave fight, and yet at times inadequate struggle with the German army, that possibly her strength as a democracy had rendered her incapable of fighting with the cohesion and the fury of the soldiers trained under the Kaiser. France has been working for the last half

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century for peace, she has been working for industrial success. Each individual has had his own opportunity to become as important as his own strength could make him, each man in France has looked to a future of health and prosperity for himself and his family. Such training for a nation, no matter how large the standing army, does not prepare adequately for war. Millions of people cannot, at one and the same time, concentrate on the sword and the plowshare. Their mind, their heart, their soul are working either for war or for peace.

If here, in America, a person of importance should suddenly say, to myself, for instance: "I feel that for you to commit suicide would be a great lesson in courage for the nation," I should be unutterably shocked. I should not have the slightest impulse to respond. I should say to this man, "My life has been used in preparing for peace, in working for my country, for my family. I have had no training to commit suicide, I have no interest in doing it, I have the courage to work, to die when my time comes." This is how my democracy trains us. If the same request were put to a Japanese man in whatever walk of life, undoubtedly, in a few moments, he would be dead. He has had the training for generations to respond to this call—not so much to work for his country, as to die for it. This is the monumental difference between a kingdom of one man, and of a government of the people by the people. In a Democracy *all the people are the government*, hence the government must be fair to all the people.

On the other hand, if our ideal is the soldier the spirit of warfare must be trained into men for generations; they must be trained to think with the mind of one man, trained to have the courage for death only, if the one man dictates it. It is thus that Germany's army has the power that is almost unquenchable. France gives her youth as gladly, as freely, as courageously, but her men are trained to use the plowshare. As we have said at the very beginning of this article, war is a state of mind; "as a man thinks so is he." If he is thinking peace, if he is thinking honesty, if he is thinking the best for the world, for his neighbor as for himself, then he belongs to a democratic civilization which demands that he do his utmost for permanent peace.

I can think of nothing so important for us today in America as to end all the little strifes, the little competitions, all the little warfares and make our nation a democracy in spirit as well as in name, the nation that believes in peace, works for peace, and in the end triumphs over all through peace.

BEAUTY HARVESTS FROM FIELD AND FOREST FOR WINTER DECORATION: BY ANTOINETTE REHMANN PERRETT

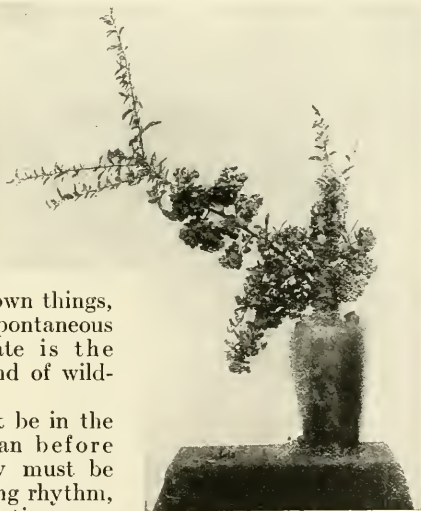


“VERY weed of thine, pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine, and every little hedge-row flower that grows, and every little brown bird that doth sing, hath something greater than itself,” said some fortunate one who could see the luminous, intangible beauty that hovers like an aura around every common object of earth. Some people easily see the fine spirit of

beauty that enfolds the humblest weed as well as the highest star, others must learn to see it, must be educated to see it. Some walking through October woods see a shimmering, immaterial beauty drifting between the trees and hovering over the distant hills that somehow conveys to them a wordless message of high import. They see opal, over-tone colors where others see but the primary reds, yellows and orange that flame in maple and sumac. They note the decorative angular turn of a weed that has hung its ripened berries above a soft gray rock, take it home with them and give it a setting in accord with its genuine artistic worth. Immediately others observe that the spray thus set apart in an honored position is a wonderfully lovely thing.

A berry wand of the forest, captured on an Indian summer day, will transform a city room. A knotted twisted branch, whose treasure of seed is so cleverly guarded with protective thorns, yields true woodland beauty. The heavy dull atmosphere catches the jubilant spirit that emanates from all forest- and field-grown things, and becomes vibrant with spontaneous light-heartedness. Fortunate is the room that contains the wand of wild-wood magic.

Even magic wands must be in the hands of a human musician before their spell is released; they must be swung with an understanding rhythm, as it were, and the authoritative com-



THE ORANGE HAW.

BRILLIANT DECORATIONS FROM FOREST AND FIELD

mand given. This is accomplished by a sympathetic arrangement of them on table, shelf, window ledge, in jar, vase, or basket. Find out what manner of bush the berry wand comes from and give it similar treatment in your room. For instance, the inkberry, or evergreen winterberry, is from a compact, well-rounded bush—give it place in an open Indian basket. The Wichuraiana needs the tall pitcher shape with a flaring top to make it feel at home.

Every shrub has characteristics that go to make up its personality. In placing branches or stems of it in a vase or basket for decoration, it is the part of a true appreciation not to soften its peculiarities, but to sympathetically interpret them, and thus retain its inherent character. Take, for instance, the silvery Eleagnus. The dull white drupes that hang loosely like tassels from slender silvery twigs are pretty enough gathered into a small silver basket, but to be really characteristic and original, their reddish brown branches, their long bare budding-end branchlets guarded with spines, their peculiar characteristic curves and angles should all be retained. Then you will have something irregular and unconventional, something beautiful in its own unique way, something that has a fresh and salutary effect upon your environment.

IT is the same way with the Hippophæa, or sea-buckthorn. It is not only the conspicuous berries alone, varying from pale yellow to deeper orange tints, translucent and spotted with brown dots, that you need to interpret this European protector of the sand dunes, this saver of the alluvium of streams. It wouldn't be the Hippophæa if its berries didn't cling so numerously to its branches, but neither would it be the Hippophæa without its silver gray bark speckled with brown spots, covered with golden brown buds, guarded at intervals with silver spines, or without its every twig and branch ending in a thorn. Compare the blunt angles of the Hippophæa with the high-bush cranberry or guelder rose. The high-bush cranberry has straight enough stems but such curving and drooping twigs that it has together with its translucent scarlet berry clusters and its deep-ridged maple-like leaves an aristocratic grace. Compare, also, the two dogwoods, the red-stemmed one, the *Cornus alba*, and the dogberry, the *Cornus sanguinea*. The one right early loves to show its bare and thick red stems. The other keeps its foliage on from top to toe until well into November. The one is rugged, the other has garden graces. The one has straight stems, the other a curved and twisted mass of twigs and branches. All this gives them their differences in characterization and should be easily distinguishable even when they are used in room decoration.

SILVER ELEAGNUS IN A ROSE RED JAR ON THE LEFT; THE CHARMING CHARACTER OF BRANCHES CANNOT BE APPRECIATED UNTIL THE LEAVES HAVE FALLEN.



HIPPOPHÆA OR SEA BUCKTHORN WITH TRANSLUCENT YELLOW BERRIES SPOTTED WITH BROWN, ON THE RIGHT IN A YELLOWISH BROWN VASE.



THE JAPANESE TRAILING ROSE, THE WICHURAIANA, NEEDS A TALL VASE TO BRING OUT THE FULL BEAUTY OF ITS CURVING STEM HUNG WITH SCARLET HIPS.



THE DOGBERRY WITH ITS SMALL CLUSTERS OF BLACK FRUIT, LATE STAR FLOWERS AND PARALLEL-VEINED LEAVES IN A TULIP VASE OF BLACKISH BLUE, AS SHOWN ON THE LEFT, MAKES A CHARMINGLY ORIGINAL NOTE OF COLOR IN A ROOM.



ON THE RIGHT IS AN ARRANGEMENT OF ENGLISH HAWTHORN IN AN OLD BRASS WATER BOTTLE: THE DARK RED HAWS AND LOBED LEAVES WITH THE GLINT OF BRASS HOLD THE VERY SPIRIT OF OUTDOOR AUTUMN COLORINGS: BRANCHES AND LEAVES WILL DRY WITH A PECULIARLY DECORATIVE GRACE IF THE JAR HOLDING THEM BE FILLED BUT ONCE WITH WATER AND NOT REPLENISHED: SLOW DRYING PRESERVES INDIVIDUALITY OF FORM.

BEFORE ARRANGING BERRIES IN VASES CONSIDER THE KIND OF BUSH THEY COME FROM AND GIVE SIMILAR TREATMENT IN THE HOUSE: PLACE THEM IN TALL SLENDER VASES OR ROUNDING, SQUAT JARS AS THEIR NATURAL MANNER OF GROWTH DICTATES.



THE RED-STEMMED DOGWOOD, CORNUS ALBA, SHOWN ON THE LEFT, FRUITED WITH WHITE BERRIES, CAN BE ARRANGED IN MANY ATTRACTIVE WAYS, FOR ITS LEAVES HAVE A PECULIARLY DECORATIVE, ACCOMMODATING, WAY OF ADAPTING THEMSELVES TO ANY SITUATION: BERRIES BEGIN TO FORM ON THIS BUSH IN MAY AND CAN BE GATHERED AS LATE AS NOVEMBER, BUT THE LEAVES DO NOT REACH THE FULL INTEREST OF COLOR UNTIL THE FALL FROSTS ARRIVE.



ON THE RIGHT MAY BE SEEN THE BEAUTIFUL TRANSLUCENT SCARLET BERRIES OF THE HIGH-BUSH CRANBERRY AMONG THEIR DEEP-RIDGED MAPLE-LIKE LEAVES, ARRANGED IN A SOFT-TONED BLUE VASE: A GRACEFUL BIT OF WILD-WOOD GROWTH THAT WOULD TRANSFORM THE FORMAL ATMOSPHERE OF ANY CITY ROOM.

THESE PICTURES ARE ESPECIALLY WORTH STUDYING, FOR THEY SHOW A VERY HARMONIOUS ARRANGEMENT OF THE BRANCHES WITH RELATION TO THE VASES; THE CLUSTERED BERRIES AND FOLIAGE SEEM TO REPEAT IN EACH CASE THE LINES OF THE POTTERY.

IN THE DEERFIELD BASKET OF HOME-DYED BROWN WILLOW ON THE RIGHT, ARE CLUSTERS OF THE LIGUSTRUM MEDIA'S SHINING BLACK BERRIES; BELOW IS THE BROAD EVERGREEN WINTER-BERRY IN AN OLD INDIAN BASKET; AUTUMN BERRIES IN OLD BASKETS, REMINISCENT OF WALKS THROUGH FIELD AND GROVE, FILL A ROOM WITH THE FRIENDLY, WINNING CHARM OF BREEZY HILLS AND QUIET DELLS: THEY ARE GOOD FOR CITY WORKERS TO HAVE WITHIN CONTINUAL SIGHT.



BELOW IS THE JAPANESE PAGODA TREE WITH ITS GREEN, SAUSAGE-LIKE FRUIT.



HOLLY BRANCHES ALWAYS CARRY A HAPPY, FESTIVE AIR: THEIR GAY RED BERRIES HIDING AMONG THE THICK PRICKLY LEAVES ARE ASSOCIATED IN OUR MINDS WITH HOLIDAY MAKING: IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO ARRANGE THEM IN A WAY DEVOID OF CHARM, FOR THEIR BEAUTY CONTROLS ANY SITUATION: THEY ARE SHOWN AT THE RIGHT IN A SMALL GRAY-GREEN VASE OF BELGIAN POTTERY.



BRILLIANT DECORATIONS FROM FOREST AND FIELD

There is great variety in the structure of the fruited twigs to be gathered. There are hips on the roses and haws on the thorns. There are dry one-seeded drupes like the *Eleagnus* or the spiked sumacs, six-seeded berry-like drupes like the inkberry, juicy drupes like the common buckthorn or the crimson elderberry. There are bright red translucent drupes like the high-bush cranberry, nut-like seeds enclosed in pulpy, berry-like cups like those of the American yew, and real berries like the *Hippophæa*. There are pomes like the chokeberries, capsules like these of the Wahoo or burning bush, and curious pods like those on the Japanese pagoda tree. All these various fruits differ not only in structure but in shape. They differ, too, in the way they group. The berries of the Indian currant, for instance, fairly hug the branches, while the inkberries hang on long petioles singly or in twos and threes from the axils of the leaves. The high-bush cranberry, the *Viburnum opulus*, grows in convex clusters, the *Viburnum cassinoides* in very flat clusters. Some clusters, like those of the common barberry, are pendent, some, like those of the *Ligustrum media*, are terminal and pyramidal in shape. Some clusters are made up of berries all the same size, while the berries of the snowberry vary in size from the size of a marble to the size of a pea. Even among hips and among haws, the differences are very noticeable. Compare the small elongated hips of the *Wichuraiana* and their characteristic grouping with, for instance, the clusters of round hips of our native climbing rose, the *Rosa setigera*. Compare, too, the clustered hips of the English hawthorn with the large hips of our native cockspur thorn or with the roundish, crowded clusters of the evergreen thorn.

THERE is, too, a much greater variety in the coloring of the berries than one would expect to find. What color do you want for your decoration? A wonderful lavender? Then use the jewel-like clusters of the *Callicarpa*. Is it a unique steel blue? You will find it in the *Symphoricarpos*. Is it a rose shading to crimson? You will find it in many of the coral-berries. The snowberries, the red-stemmed dogwoods, and the paniced dogwoods have white berries. The *Kinnikinnik*, the *Cornus amomum*, has pale blue berries with a silvery sheen. The *Hippophæa* are a translucent yellow, the bittersweet a dull yellow. The evergreen thorn is a beautiful orange at first and then turns red later in the season. The matrimony vine has large scarlet drop pearls. In September, the inkberries are a rose red, changing as they ripen to a shining black. In the same way, the *Viburnum cassinoides*, before the berries turn dark blue and wither, are at first a rose-tinged cream and then part rose and blue. There

BRILLIANT DECORATIONS FROM FOREST AND FIELD

are all sorts of red berries. The chokeberries are especially bright and plentiful in October. The black alder is one of our native hollies, and lovely for Christmas decoration. It is the Japanese barberry, however, that keeps its scarlet berries among the latest. In fact, there are a good many berries left when the new leaves appear. The same is true of the brownish black berries of Regel's and the common privet.

The twelve illustrations of this article are from photographs taken from berries gathered in a small park near our home and placed in the simple pottery, brasses, coppers and baskets that we had in our rooms. They were all used against a grayish green burlap wall and brown-stained oak. One of the best things about a soft, neutral wall is that it fairly courts decoration. We wish we could tell you, some time, of how we have used flower combinations in these rooms, but with the berries we only experimented this year with one kind at a time. The pale green pods of the Japanese pagoda tree seemed to take naturally to the Japanese fruit basket, and, together with the late panicles of butterfly flowers and against the dark green of the graceful, many-leaved foliage, were an interesting and curious sight. The shining black clusters of the privet, *Ligustrum media*,—they are very different from the berries of the common privet—were in a basket of dull brown-stained willow made in Deerfield from an old colonial model. The hawthorn was placed, on account of its size, in a brass kettle we picked up one day in the market-place of that wonderfully preserved mediæval city, Bruges, while the bittersweet was in the old Dutch turf pot made of dull brown copper with rings of shining brass. The Japanese barberry was in a hammered copper pitcher from the *Gewerbe* museum in Munich. The holly with its thick, dark green leaves was in a grayish green jar. The black clusters of the dogberries, with their parallel-veined leaves and the late clusters of four-pointed star flowers, make a rich dark scheme with the bluish black glazed tulip vase. The scarlet clusters of the high-bush cranberry with its rich deep foliage looks strikingly handsome in a Japanese vase of soft greenish blue. The reason for putting the Eleagnus in a jardinière of hazy rose red was that its white berries, as the season advances, have a faint rose brown tinge that harmonizes with the coloring of the pottery.

PEOPLÉ who do not use berries frequently in their decorations have no idea how large a variety there is to draw from. We were greatly surprised this fall to find over fifty kinds with only a single park as a source of supplies. It was, to be sure, a park planted by the Olmsteads, and one which sustains its interest the whole year round in a continuous succession of flowers and fruits.

BRILLIANT DECORATIONS FROM FOREST AND FIELD

Many are the berries that are native in different parts of our country that can be grown in our gardens. The evergreen thorn, for instance, is a very useful bush for garden decoration. It has not only lovely foliage, a bridal-like bloom, brilliant haws that stay on all winter, but it can assume almost any shape. It makes a fine hedge plant; it can be trained along walls; it makes a compact planting about the foundations of the house; it can be made to stand, a tall sentinel, by the doorway; it can be harmoniously grouped with other shrubs. The inkberry, too, is a plant to be considered wherever you want a medium-sized, fine-leaved evergreen with special winter attractions about the house or as a border. Of course, holly has a high place among evergreens. The *Wichuraiana* is lovely for trailing over walls or terraces or when it is merely allowed to lie upon the ground. The dogberry is a graceful garden bush with lovely red and purple colors in its winter stems, but the red-stemmed dogwood needs a larger place where it can be grown in stretches to form a touch of vivid red in the winter landscape. The hawthorn is a pretty tree for the front lawn or for grouping among the back shrubbery. The *Eleagnus* and *Hippophaea* are used at times, in the latter way, with much success, but they are more especially appropriate when grown with willows in places along the coast or on sandy banks, or in parks where this character is simulated along the waterways. The privet and high-bush cranberry are good wherever tall, hardy shrubs are wanted. The high-bush cranberry in our garden did valiantly north of tall trees caught in among buildings, and the privet grows well even in a smoky factory atmosphere. An interest in berries very soon forces you to an interest in winter gardens.

Our interest in berries made us hunt for them in household fabrics and design. We looked, for instance, through hundreds of samples of cretonnes and printed linens without finding one that had used the snowberry for its inspiration. Yet what could be more appropriate for a young girl's room, for instance, than these beautiful white berries of varying sizes picturesquely hugging their stems and tipped with wee pink flowers. We found hundreds of rose designs, trite and unimaginative, loosely put together, uninspired, with only the crudest feeling for design, but among them not a single hip. Yet wouldn't the *Wichuraiana*, with its decorative hips and lovely coloring, adapt itself easily to conventionalization? Of course, we are given such designs because we have so little knowledge of the great variety of plants about us. We know so few growing things intimately, and when we do, we fail to characterize them and to select those that are most appropriate for our purpose and most congenial to our personalities.

THE CITY OF LAUGHTER: BY CONINGSBY DAWSON



HERE was once a man who was dissatisfied with himself and the age in which he lived. He wanted to describe the world as he believed God had intended it—as he hoped it would become one day. He tried in half-a-dozen ways to describe it. At last, he wrote: "It shall be called the City of Truth—and the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing."

Rather a strange combination of words, *truth* and *playing!* In this strenuous day, we shrug our shoulders. We know that the only road by which truth may be obtained is the road of labor. An unpleasant road! In our youth, we have to be urged along it and lashed along it, like the soldiers of Xerxes, unwilling to go into battle; as we grow older, we get the habit of plodding forward. Some of us are promoted and, in our turn, become whippers for the Army of Progress, flogging the younger generation into the forward march toward the invisible Eldorado.

Every age has had its Better Land, for which it has gone in search. For the Jew, it was the land of truth; for the Greek, the land of beauty; for the Dark Ages, the land of emancipation from the flesh; for the Renaissance, wisdom in the concrete form of loveliness; for the eighteenth century, personal and political liberty; in our day, it is the land of individual material success. For all it has been the dream of happiness, or, religiously phrased, the belief that by pressing ever forward some sudden bend in the road will bring Man within sight of God's face. The goal of the journey has been variously called. As William Morris puts it, "Men fight and lose the battle, and the thing that they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes, turns out to be not what they meant, and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name." The name of the thing that is sought may change, but the method of its search has always been fighting. Only to this olden Eastern dreamer, sitting among his vineyards, looking down on a sun-bleached Jewish town, did it occur that the Eldorado might be a City of Laughter, the approaches to which were not roads but lanes of wild flowers and playing.

Incredible! An unacceptable gospel to our way of thinking! Almost as unacceptable as that advice of another Eastern philosopher that we should take no thought for the morrow because the hand that clothed the fields and fed the birds would clothe and feed us. "Gospels of laziness!" we say and shrug our shoulders. Or, trying to be reverent, we hunt for excuses, "Different ages have different conditions and different standards." Playing, indeed! Take no thought for the

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morrow! If we taught our children the value of idleness where would they be the day after to-morrow? So, when a noted scholar dies at forty, who had boasted that he could work sixteen hours a day, live without exercise and exist on four hours' sleep, we rather tend to applaud him as a hero. He lived in a city; it was said his light was always burning when the last of his students crept into bed; his blind was always up when the earliest of them got back to his studies. This man was so industrious that, when he went on journeys, instead of watching the country, he took his stenographer with him and dictated. He was an exaggerated example of the indomitable American toiler, after which pattern we do our best to mold our children. But how much did he see of the marvel of the world which had been given him to inhabit? Always beyond the horizon there was a fresh landscape and beyond that another and another, spreading away like woven tapestries of magic and girdling the world. He worked—he died worn-out at forty.

The city is to be called the City of Truth—its streets are to be full of boys and girls playing. Nothing is said about the age of the boys and girls. Perhaps some of them are to be eighty; at all events, they are all to be young in spirit—they are to be playing.

I LIKE to think of the man who painted such a picture of existence. He had lived within walls, been the counsellor of kings, had seen empires rise, float away and burst like bubbles, had helped to marshal armies and had watched them march out to return in triumph or defeat. He had grown tired of the useless glory of the pageant. He listened for laughter, and heard only the droning sound of work; he looked for playing, and saw only men building and destroying. He went away to his vineyard on the hill and thought. This hurrying to and fro, this selfish capturing and snatching couldn't be what God had meant. It was then that he had the vision of the land to which the world was going—a City of Laughter, where men and women had always the hearts of boys and girls—"the streets of the city shall be full of playing."

All knowledge, all achievement which is worth the having, is attained in the spirit of playing, and not of work. A sweeping statement! But true if you consider it. Every work of art is a work of play. Was a great book ever written which was not undertaken in the child-spirit of adventure? Compare Boswell's "Life of Johnson" with the hack biographies compiled by other men. Boswell was a naughty child, eavesdropping when he ought to have been in bed. He hid under tables to hear what his master was saying; he spied through keyholes to catch him undisguised. He was the make-

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believe explorer of a continental personality which was determined not to be explored.

Which was determined not to be explored! There began the adventure. If Boswell had waited till his friend was dead and had set about writing his biography in a solemn atmosphere of duty, compiling memories and hearsay facts, like a laborious ant—who would care to read what he has written? It was the impertinence, the excursionist curiosity, the holiday merriment of the man that made him write a Robinson Crusoe life record of a very fat lexicographer—a record full of hairbreadth escapes for the biographer.

Play may be the best kind of work—the difference between work and play is a difference in training and mental attitude. Teach a child to play sadly and call his play work—you make him a laborer who toils even when he is playing.

The mistake which most of our educators are making is to stamp upon play the brand of drudgery. I remember a preposterous little book that used to be found with the Bible beside English beds; it was entitled, "Blessed be Drudgery." Puritanical cant! Drudgery was never blessed and nothing could ever make it blessed. The same kind of cant that found blessedness in pain and ugliness and all the other penalties of man's folly! Go to Nature. See what haste she makes to cover up faults and barrenness—she tries to make greenness everywhere. A tree dies. Moss and creepers climb about it. A river bursts its banks and scars the landscape. Flowers grow up to hide the havoc. Ugliness and drudgery are no part of God's plan for his world. If Man insists on inventing them, God leaves Man to do the explaining. Boys and girls playing in a green City of Laughter—that was what God meant.

Contrast this with the kind of world that we are giving to our children. Fields are rife with flowers and full of birds. Do we give them eyes to see them? Instead, we herd them in a walled-in world. We teach them about Nature with withered specimens and from text-books. Their learning would be play if we allowed them to pluck the flowers themselves. Every child loves animals—we make them read about them in Natural Histories written by pedants. We change their love into work.

THERE was a book from which, as a child, I was taught to read. It was called, "Reading Without Tears." I shed plenty of tears over it and learned very little in the stuffy schoolroom, stooped over a sunlit desk while the flies drummed against the shining window-panes. But by myself, sitting cross-legged with Grimm's Fairy-Tales in the nursery, how much I learned! I picked up reading

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without knowing it, because I was doing it of my own choice. The same way with arithmetic. I hated it until some play-person told me that it was nothing more than an endless battle between King Addition and King Subtraction—then I grew interested. Education should be a directing and not a compelling.

The instincts of the child are the instincts of the savage. Every boy and girl in growing up lives through, in his or herself, the entire process of evolution that forms the history of the race. There is the love of the open, the kinship with the animals, the desire for loveliness, the herd-spirit curiously combined with a fierce sense of the right to independence. Just as the savage lived in a play-world and made his great discoveries, which advanced the world's progress, in a spirit of playing, so does the child. But our modern educators try to hurry the child's development through these early stages by hothouse processes. Competitive examinations and the fear of failure soon rob the child of its confidence, light-heartedness and originality.

The last two centuries have been occupied with social battles for the Rights of Man. In this twentieth century, the battle has only just commenced for the Rights of the Child. Its right to green places; its right to select what it loves in the world; above all, its right to exercise its imagination—to learn by playing.

Gray faces everywhere! Men and women who know nothing but how to earn bread! In the crouching tread of cities the sound of the fear of life and the terror of death! And yet always between the stone cities lies the green City of Laughter, where work is play, where birds sing as they build their nests and rivers flow silver through meadows, certain of the sea and unhurrying.

The day is coming when, one by one, our wise men like the old Eastern dreamer will steal out from the walls of work into the grassy Metropolis of Laughter. There the work will still go on, but unknowingly. No one will be old; the streets of that city will be full of boys and girls playing.



THE ARTIST'S WONDER-STONE: HOW BARON DE MEYER SEES MODERN SPAIN



HERE was once a man who ceaselessly wandered through the quiet lanes and busy highways of the world hunting for the fabled stone that endows the finder with power to look through the mask of externals, through all sophistries of the mind and allurements of the flesh, straight into the transparent heart of things. Eyes touched with this wonder-stone see the fadeless beauty that hides within the transient form; ears hear the intent of speech and not the words; lips lose their power of deceit before it and speak but truth. The man stumbled upon many strange pebbles hidden among wayside flowers or buried in the dust of highways, and bought many a glittering gem from fantastically garbed wizards of the market-place. But the magic stone was not among them. One day, as he sat talking with an age-bent peasant as they rested together by the road, he saw the fine brave spirit of a true knight-errant shining through the tired old eyes, heard a voice of kingly dignity behind the uncouth dialect, felt the soft touch of understanding sympathy in the clasp of the toil-hardened hands. Looking about him he was surprised to find that he could see a divine beauty in all common things, the fine essence of rough exteriors. Yet he had no wonder-stone in his hand! By constantly peering into every eye, listening with unbiased mind to every voice, putting the pebbles of earth to test with anxious hope, he had gradually created within his own mind the invisible stone or clear perception that gives vision. Where else would the key to understanding be lodging except in the experienced, weighing and testing, penetrating human mind!

The talisman of true insight sometimes becomes the possession of artists when they steadily strive to portray the real man or woman behind the social mask of a beautiful or ugly face; of writers who continually seek the significant motive behind apparently insignificant deeds; of travelers who with the "open sesame" of a friendly heart become able to penetrate the castes and customs of all nations to the mysterious thread that binds the many into one.

Photographers have, for the most part, been absorbed in reproducing the beauty of external forms and the charm that lies in nicely related lights and shades. They have looked for the graceful composition of a landscape rather than for the atmosphere that makes it sentient; for striking attitudes of figures and intimate details of physical life rather than for the emotion that prompts each expression. They have focussed the lens of their cameras sharply upon the texture of a rose leaf, the velvet quality of tree shadow upon a white wall, the glint of sunshine on still waters, the swift fluttering of a humming



A TYPICAL BEAUTY OF GRANADA: FROM A
PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON RUDOLF DE MEYER.



"THE SPANISH DANCER OF TODAY," FROM A
PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON RUDOLF DE MEYER.



"A MODERN CABALLERO OF GRANADA," FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON RUDOLF DE MEYER.



"DREAMING OF VICTORY." FROM A SPANISH
PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON RUDOLF DE MEYER.

SPAIN THROUGH THE ARTIST'S CAMERA

bird's wing as it hovers above a nectar-filled flower cup. They have made telescopes of their cameras and photographed the mountains of the moon; turned their lenses with microscopic force upon tiny insects of the grass, and revealed them as ferocious monsters of a trackless jungle; they have shown us with X-ray wizardry the beating of our hearts, the coursing of our blood, the flight of a cannon ball, the nervous system of an angle worm. Wonderful things indeed they have done in revealing the secrets, the inner workings, the external beauties of objects of physical life. But few of them try to photograph the soul of things—the Dweller beyond the Threshold.

It is the exceptional photographer who uses his camera with the insight of an artist, who strives to reveal not only the outward beauties of his subject but that inner significance of which the external is but the lovely shell. And such an artist is Baron de Meyer, some of whose studies inspired this article. He deliberately focuses his camera not upon the sparkle of an eye but upon the light that illumines the eye. He has somehow become possessed of the immaterial wonder-stone, the talisman of insight, and uses it as a lens! When he photographs a man the face is shadowy but the soul is clear; when he photographs a tree, its storm-resisting spirit shines through the bark of the twisted, staunchly fighting branches. He makes portraits of flowers—(not just pictures of them) a humanly modest or flaunting individuality showing in poise of stem, lift or droop of petal. A field of his photographing shows its hope or pride of harvest; a lane, its prim or sauntering air of haste or leisure, its aristocratic or plebeian way of marching proudly up a hill or shrinking shyly through a pasture lot or grove.

Readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN* are already familiar with the work of this photographer who penetrates the shell of things to the essential kernel, for they have seen, from time to time in this magazine, his inspired interpretations of humanity, his portraits of trees and flowers, his spiritual treatment of the usually lifeless, still life subjects.

Pictures of Nature are great or indifferent according to the treatment given them by the artist. He is the translator, as it were, who destroys or justly interprets their story of life. "Not all the mechanical or gaseous forces of the world or all the laws of the universe will enable you either to see a color or draw a line without that singular force anciently called the soul," says Ruskin. Baron de Meyer possesses that force "anciently called the soul," that essential quality of vision without which a picture is lifeless, inert, valueless as art. Unless a man has understanding, vision, insight, he sees but darkly. "Having eyes they see not."

His interpretations of Spanish life that we are publishing this month might easily be mistaken for reproductions of paintings instead

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of photographs. The camera does not usually pierce to the essential fact of a subject and leave the rest to its deserved second place. In its zeal for detail it generally leaves nothing to the imagination—and without imagination there is no art. When it is turned toward the face of a friend it has a diabolical way of recording any blemish of the flesh, of exaggerating every weakness of character. Some say that “the camera never lies.” The truth is that it generally bears false witness; it reports but half the truth, a most malicious, evil trick indeed. Only in the hands of the artist does the camera give things their true value.

How wonderfully it has portrayed the questioning, balancing, half-laughing, quizzical, inviting yet defying look of the Spanish woman. She is just as we would remember having once seen her. The loose, dark hair, sensuous eyes, smiling lips, soft full throat and graceful upraised hand would remain in our memory, while the folds of the dress be forgotten—if observed at all. This is true art, not commercial photography—to retain the things that should be retained and to lose the things that are of no account. And the thoughtfully peering face of the man with the soft-lipped profile! His is the face of a dreamer, looking within his own soul for solution of that which his eyes see. How sensitively the camera, under the command of de Meyer, has portrayed the still, intent gaze. That look of the seer as the significant detail, the kerchiefed head, cap, coat and chin as unimportant details have been justly balanced and truly reported.

The treatment of light in the full-length study of the dancer lifts the picture beyond the field of the usual. It is handled masterfully, also in the other two photographs reproduced. In the one of the dashing young *caballero*, the artist depends upon a mass of shadows and concentrated spot of light for his interest. In the other he has dared the full blaze of the sun, the penetrating light that permits no shadow, that softens lines and blurs all detail. The strong light that produces strong shadows is difficult to handle in photography, for the negative is apt to show but a blank flare of light beside a blurred mass of darkness. Diaphragming for detail of shadow, the lights become deadened. In the photograph of the woman sitting at the table in the direct light of a window, he has managed with consummate skill to get softness of contours and detail of fold, even the glow of light upon the face glancing from the white cloth on the table. The outline of the hand on the bottle is nicely lost—as it naturally would be against the transparent bottle. Focusing the camera with an artist's insight, he has gained a remarkable balance of those powerful contrasts—sunlight and shadow—the intangible elements from which the infinite subtleties of beauty spring.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND HOUSEWORK: THE PROBLEM PRESENTED BY THE PROPHESED DECLINE IN IMMIGRATION



EUROPE'S most valuable export to America, if we are to consider the daily comfort of man, is undoubtedly the million or so stout workers which we have been in the habit of receiving from the continent every year. Regardless of the commercial or social prosperity of any foreign land, the stream of immigrants continued to flow to this country; Russia, Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, the Balkan States, Greece, Hungary, Italy, all furnished their share of the annual million. Although as time has gone by these various nations have felt a certain depletion in their working lines, it has seemed impossible to lessen the human export. And, while much of this enormous influx of labor was unskilled, it nevertheless furnished us some fine ideals in the arts and crafts and agricultural pursuits. Even the untrained contingent found a warm welcome; the men, in our vast enterprises requiring much labor for little money and the women, however ignorant, helping to furnish leisure in American homes.

The present terrific and devastating war in Europe has brought about conditions that will put this source of supply almost out of our reach. The servant question will face us in America during the coming years as never before. With our great steamships landing in America practically without steerage booking, the question of domestic labor in this country develops into a problem so serious that it is important to consider it promptly and earnestly.

No longer can we cull our servants from the youth of our immigrants. The enormous foreign influx has stopped as abruptly as though death itself had intervened; today the nations which have been feeding us our labor, are mobilizing into their armies our farmhands, our house-builders, our road makers, our ditch diggers. As for our cooks, maids, nurses, factory girls, those that we are hoping for in the future, they are today working in Europe's fields, in the gardens and the shops. While our enterprises are enlarging, our standing supply of labor must inevitably decrease through sickness or advancement into higher fields of endeavor.

It is confusing, sociologically, to discover that in this most democratic of all nations, the great mass of our women know little of housework, that the great mass of our young men know little of farming. Back in the reign of Queen Victoria a strange futile "need of an aristocracy" developed—we trained our children to be professional, we divided all our democratic world into two classes, those who knew how to work and those who did not. Today among our American

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inhabitants the great mass do not know how to work; even those who have no money do not know how to take care of themselves. This situation has been made possible only because we have fed our unstable and shaking "aristocracy" upon the strength of foreign immigration. In no other way could we, as a nation, have ceased to use our hands for our own benefit.

It has seemed in the past as though the supply of the vigorous youth from over the waters was inexhaustible. A few people who have thought, have realized that in the course of time this flood of labor must cease, especially as the nations from which we are receiving our largest supplies are beginning to take every precaution to keep their useful workers at home; but in the main we have not looked ahead to any extent. We have thought it would be pleasant to have "professional servants," we advanced so far as to think it would be a good idea to bring up our daughters to know how to work; but, on the whole, we have gone on being comfortable, trusting to luck, and preferring idleness and indolence at any cost with our increased prosperity and increased idleness. Some of us have actually grown ashamed of labor, not labor inherently, because we are perfectly willing that *others* should work, but we have been ashamed to do it ourselves.

AT last, a man, powerful enough to change the destinies of the world, nods his head, and suddenly, without a word of warning, this seemingly inexhaustible stream of helpers from the north and south of Europe dwindles down and vanishes away. Today Europe demands the health and strength of every human being; she needs every pair of hands, every brain the continent holds.

"The wheat," said the Premier of France, in his appeal to the patriotism of the peasant women of his nation, at the beginning of the war, "stands unreaped and the time of vintage approaches. I appeal to the hardihood of the women of this land and to that of your children, whose age alone, not their courage, holds them from the fighting line. I ask you to guard the life of our fields, to gather this year's harvests left unfinished because our farmers have become soldiers. I ask you also to prepare for the harvest of the coming year. You cannot render a greater service to your country."

In response to this poignant call, we see today the blue frocks of the peasant women in the fields, in the vineyards, in the gardens. Old women and little children are helping to garner the wheat, to bind the fruit vines to the walls, to care for the cattle. The gay flowers will not be gathered this year for the Paris market, for *sous* are too precious to be transmuted into roses, bluets and thistlebloom.

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In Paris, as in many other French cities, women have been commandeered for the men's work; they are selling tickets in the subways and collecting them, they are tending the shops, driving the wagons, cleaning the streets. They have indeed answered their "call to arms" with splendid enthusiasm, and if they have not stayed the battle, and cannot prevent the awful inroads of poverty and disaster, at least they are giving substantial help to the nation and added to the country's roll of honor in this time of disaster.

Nowhere in France, Germany, Belgium, Russia, do we hear of the women seeking to emigrate to avoid the war perils of their country. There are no deserters from the desolate firesides; the women are not only holding their homes for their sick and wounded, but doing valiantly the work which has been left to them as a legacy by the departing soldiers. The only homes vacant today are those ghostly houses in Belgium and France where the husbandmen are still in the trenches, where the fields are red beds for the dying invaders, and where the women and the children and the old men have been made aliens in their own land.

If the women, young and old, remain loyal to their country, in all this agony and terror and suffering of war, how can we imagine that in the somber after years, when they have grown used to lifting the country's great agricultural and commercial burdens they will turn traitor to their own country, to any appeal we may make to greed? However much we may need these hard working, capable, courageous women in our kitchens, our factories, in our nurseries, their own worn and wounded countries will need them far more, and will have a far greater claim upon their devotion and their strength.

AS to the possibility of a fresh stream of emigration flowing over to our land after peace has come to these sorrowing nations, the opinion is a divided one. On the whole the immigration bureaus, the people who should know best about conditions here and in Europe, prophesy that we shall find very few willing to leave their native land for many years to come. They tell us that although many of the countries of Europe will be greatly devastated and without much money for the reestablishing of their manufacturing, still the call from the fields and the little shops and the small factories will be widely heeded by the humble folk. The men who survive the awful slaughter of war will be asked to return to their old trades; the old people will work in the shops and manage the immediate local business of town and country. In the great fields of France, Russia and Germany, the stout, hardy, strong-muscled women will help the returning farmers. What hope have we to draw

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these people away from their opportunity to rebuild the strength and the beauty of their own land?

The Rev. F. O. Evers, of the German Immigration Mission of New York, says decidedly, speaking for the Germans: "That he is confident the women of Germany will find so many places in the manufactories open to them at the end of the war that they will not be willing to leave their own country. The patriotism of the women," he says, "will surely keep them at home to repair the wounds inflicted by the present great struggle."

As for the nations which, up to the present moment, have not been drawn into this fearful conflict, nations which in the past have supplied us with the most intelligent and willing workers, Italy and Sweden, not only are they urging their people not to emigrate, but doing all that is possible to keep the strong and healthy young people in their own country. Should they fail, however, and should a small stream trickle to us from these two neutral countries, it will only furnish us with such a limited supply of foreign labor that it is not worth our consideration in studying the servant question as a whole. The Swedish women are, perhaps, the most developed and capable household servants that we get from Europe, but few in number; the Italians, although their steerage record has been great in the last few years, are not apt to find their way into our kitchens; the men become independent workers and the women seem to prefer to remain in their own little homes, however poor.

Up to date, we have only been able to secure the immigration statistics for the first three weeks in August, but it is interesting to contrast them with the entire month of August, nineteen thirteen, when the number which came to our shores reached one hundred and twenty-six thousand, one hundred and eighty. The figures we have for the first three weeks this past August reached only eight thousand nine hundred, and these were largely foreigners who took passage before war was announced the last week of July. The present expectation is that immigration will drop out of sight in the coming months; that while the men will not be allowed to leave the fighting countries, the women will not desire to.

THIS brings us face to face with the question of how America shall have her housework done in the future. Many vague remedies have been suggested from time to time as groups of men and women desired to experiment with theories. We have been told that the only hope for us was through coöperative living; we have been assured that eventually we must have trained servants who would come to us for a certain salary a certain number of hours

AMERICAN WOMEN AND HOUSEWORK

a day, just as our trained nurses do; we have had hotel life offered to us as a final refuge. But strangely enough it has never been suggested that the American woman should once more, as in the early Colonial days, face the problem of managing her own household; by managing, we mean that she should be capable of doing her own housework, bringing up her own children and still remain an intelligent companionable woman. This has been done in the past, both here and in Europe, why not today?

The old ways in which women met their household problems probably would not appeal to the modern woman. Hence the situation as we find it must develop new methods. If women are to be responsible for their own home-making in America, as it is very likely the mass of them must be in the future, then we must prepare a pathway which shall not be too rough and stony for the modern type of woman to tread. In other words, we must bring to her housework and home-making the architectural wisdom, the scientific ingenuity that we have brought into our commercial world, where men live. We have for the sake of business activities improved our roads, built more convenient and interesting buildings, bettered our mechanical arrangements everywhere throughout our democracy. Men have insisted that if we are to be a nation of business men, by this we mean of the businesses of agriculture as well as merchandising, the inventive capacity of the race should be brought to bear upon the comfortable adjustment and progress of their labor.

If women are once more to become home-makers, if we are to find women proud of their cooking, of the management of their nurseries, of the simple beauty of their homes, we must put it within the strength and ability of the average woman to do the work of her home happily and comfortably. Probably the greatest aid which can be rendered the woman of the future as a housekeeper will be furnished by the American domestic architect. Whether man or woman, the builder of American homes in the future will make a very special study of the convenience and comfort of women in relation to their household problems. This does not mean that we shall have houses that are only practical, and dreary as the practical sometimes is; it means rather that as houses become more convenient, more suited to the needs of an intelligent age, they will inevitably become more beautiful, more satisfactory artistically as well as practically; that the architect, the scientist, will study all kitchen problems; that we shall find clean, wholesome, expeditious methods of accomplishing tasks that formerly were disgusting drudgery. The interior of the house, its furnishing, and its fitting will be simple as well as permanent. The minute women decide to face the difficulties

AMERICAN WOMEN AND HOUSEWORK

of their own housekeeping they will do away with fashions in furniture and furnishings. They will decide upon a type of beautiful things such as homes were furnished with centuries ago, when women inherited the artistic comforts and decorations of their houses. And once more let me say that this will not lessen the beauty of American homes; it will in every possible way add to it, for articles that are made to be permanent inevitably receive imagination in conception, thought in design, and sureness in construction. One does not make or buy a poor inartistic article to live with forever.

It is possible that with the return of woman's interest in her home we shall once more develop a real sense of craftsmanship, and that the makers of the home will become the original craftsmen as they have been in the past, wherever the industrial arts have flourished.

With the reconstruction of American home life on a more humane plane of balanced happiness, there will always be found young people willing and eager to give help where they are sure of sympathy and kindness and instruction; there always will be too, the older people, the sad, the unsuccessful, who crave the opportunity of pleasant surroundings in return for service to others.

FROM the beginning of her establishment as a separate nation, America has held a beautiful ideal of womanhood. The heroism and wisdom of our pioneer mothers superimposed upon a desire for freedom and progress for all, flowered out into a conception of the American woman as a superior person, who with personal charm possessed also domestic virtues. But the very success of our nation, its wealth and ease has brought about a reaction from the more austere ideal of a century ago; our women, perhaps all unwittingly, are wasting their prosperity—accepting idleness and indolence, not as good in themselves, but as a badge of social prestige.

At this moment of heart-searching sadness and suffering in the midst of the collapse of civilizations, is it not worth while to make a new inventory of life's assets, and as we must face this intricate problem of domestic service, why not decide to reestablish a democratic ideal of home industry? Interest is essential for progress in every life—why not interest in and responsibility for the peace and beauty of homes, and the happiness and health of children?

We would ask the American woman to consider the value, not of returning to former household drudgery and isolation, but of discovering and making permanent a new ideal of democratic home life of which she is an integral part; to become the corner-stone of her own home, to develop a finer wisdom, a more balanced understanding of the essentials of progress.

BELGIUM, THE HERO AMONG NATIONS!



“THE Hour of Happiness has Struck for Belgium!” Thus wrote her great poet, Emile Verhaeren, in a brief, though wonderful, summing up of his country’s success, of her position in relation to the world, her artistic triumphs after long centuries of struggle, her heroism, her magnificent efforts in the dark places of her industrial enterprises. “At last,” says this famous poet, “Belgium has found happiness; not the superficial, the gay, the purely subjective happiness, but the joy of having overcome insurmountable difficulties, the joy of having built up a firmer industrial position among the nations, of having won the respect of the world, and of having added tremendously to the world’s permanent stock of beauty.”

And all this has been done with the lances of powerful nations pricking her, with internal conflict almost ceaseless since the twelfth century. If any nation in the world has ever grown on the foundation of its own ashes, this nation is Belgium; and not only has she succeeded in gathering up a splendid industrial army but she has given the world poets, musicians, painters, who rank among the greatest.

This was true of Belgium up to the last day of July nineteen hundred and fourteen. Today, Mr. Frank Jewett Mather, the most important art critic in America, writes that “in the city of Louvain alone have been destroyed more beautiful works of art than the Prussian nation has produced in its entire history. Not since the Teuton, Robert Guiscerd, at the end of the dark ages, sacked Rome,” Mr. Mather tells us, “has there been so great a sacrifice of the permanent beauty of the world by barbarians.” A contrast of touching import is presented in the words of Mr. Verhaeren, showing Belgium having achieved her happiest hour, and of Mr. Mather, showing us the destruction of much that Belgium has held most beautiful and sacred.

Although many of the smaller cities in this land of beauty have been sacrificed by the passing army, the deluge of devastation seems to have poured over Louvain—the most famous, the most beautiful, the most valuable city in the entire nation, if not for its size, in the whole world.

St. Pierre, the Louvain cathedral, containing greater treasures than any other of like proportion, has been ruined. Only the towers are left of this magnificent Gothic building which was flanked by beautiful chapels holding reliquaries of the saints and life-sized carved wooden figures. The Gothic stone and wood carving in the interior of St. Pierre ranked as among the finest in Europe. In addition to

BELGIUM, THE HERO AMONG NATIONS!

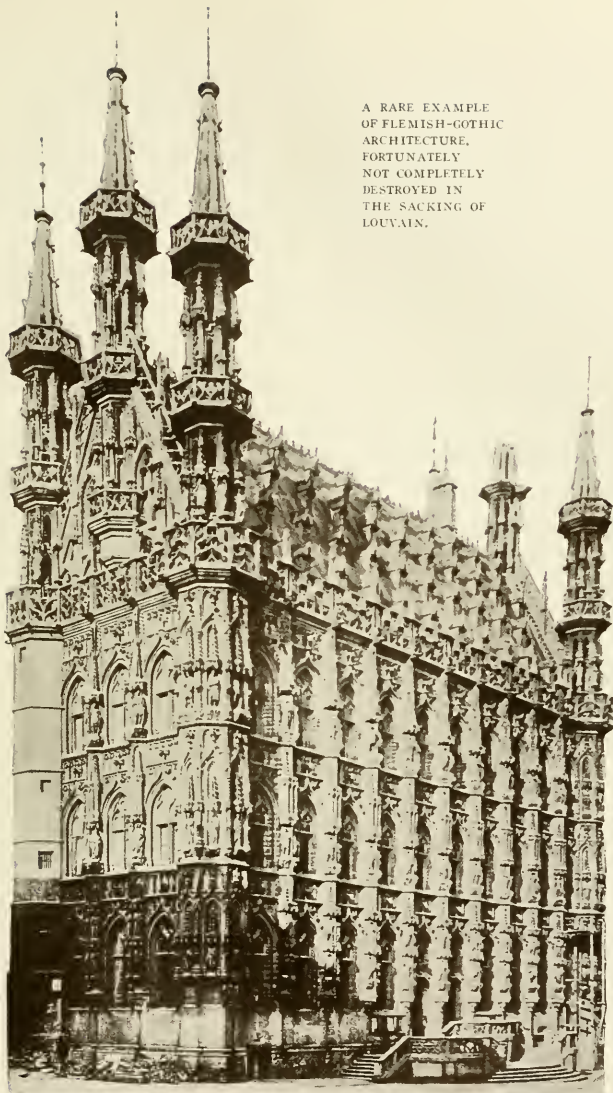
this, paintings by Van Papenhoven, Roger van der Weyden, and Dierick Bouts were destroyed. The latest news is that not only is St. Pierre in ruins, but that four beautiful churches of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries have also been obliterated—St. Jacques, St. Quentin, St. Michael and St. Gertrude.

The Louvain cathedral was erected in fourteen hundred and forty-eight by Mathieu de Laynes. Fortunately for the joy of the world, Louvain's famous Hotel de Ville, also erected by Mathieu de Laynes in the fifteenth century, has not been destroyed. It has been injured and many of the wonderful stained glass windows have been broken, but the building itself, the greatest monument of Industrial Gothic known, remains for the pride of the Belgians, as well as for the lovers of art the world over. There were many famous town halls built in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries during the days of the supremacy of the Guilds in Belgium, but none so perfect as Louvain's Flemish Gothic structure.

UNLIKE many of the very splendid ecclesiastical buildings in France and Germany, the inside of Belgium's churches were as beautifully finished as the exterior. It was rare indeed in Belgium, and especially in Louvain, to find the empty desolate church interiors that are so generally seen in the heart of Europe, where religion has so often been associated with sadness, and where the spirit of the woe of the people seems to have filled the long aisles and the shadowy corners of the magnificent buildings.

As the immediate sense of horror over the disaster of Louvain sinks back into history and one looks out upon the destruction of this great and beautiful city, more and more one is filled with astonishment. It is not as though the Germans had come fresh from disaster at the hands of the Belgians, as though Germany had suffered destruction from Louvain, as though Teutonic women and children had been hurt, prompting revenge upon this old and great beauty. It all seems, even in cold retrospect, utterly ruthless, an act of vandalism, performed for the sake of joy in destruction.

But a few months ago, we read of Belgium as "the garden of the world, her fields fertile and well-tilled, her roads beautifully paved from north to south, the gentle home of art and science, her money given freely to preserve her halls for painting, her universities dating back to the twelfth century holding wisdom not only for Belgium, but for France, Germany, Russia, America; her gardens, the loveliest in the world, her children trained to be farmers, gardeners, scientists, poets, painters. Today her halls of learning are in ashes, her cathedrals filled with soldiers, long lines of her homes burnt or destroyed



A RARE EXAMPLE
OF FLEMISH-GOTHIC
ARCHITECTURE,
FORTUNATELY
NOT COMPLETELY
DESTROYED IN
THE SACKING OF
LOUVAIN.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

HOTEL DE VILLE, LOUVAIN, BELGIUM: THIS MOST BEAUTIFUL TOWN HALL
IN THE WORLD WAS ERECTED BETWEEN FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT
AND FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE BY MATHIEU DE LAYENS,
MASTER-WORKMAN.



ACCORDING TO THE LATEST REPORTS THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD FLEMISH-GOTHIC CHURCH, ST. PIERRE, WAS COMPLETELY DESTROYED DURING THE SACKING OF LOUVAIN: IT WAS ONE OF THE RAREST EXAMPLES OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY FLEMISH-GOTHIC: THE BUILDING WAS STARTED IN FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE AND WAS FINISHED EARLY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE ARE TWO BEAUTIFUL DETAILS IN THE STONE AND WOOD CARVING OF ST. PIERRE.

THE CHURCH AT THE RIGHT IS ST. MICHAEL OF LATER DATE THAN ST. PIERRE: IT WAS A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF FLEMISH-BAROQUE ARCHITECTURE AND WAS BUILT FOR THE JESUITS IN SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY: SO FAR AS WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ASCERTAIN NOT A STONE OF THIS SPLENDID OLD BUILDING IS LEFT, A LOSS TO LOUVAIN AND NORTHERN ART, AND TO THE WHOLE WORLD; FOR NOT ONLY WAS ST. MICHAEL INTERESTING IN CONSTRUCTION BUT OF RARE BEAUTY IN DETAIL, INDEED ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF BELGIUM: IT IS HARD TO REALIZE THAT A COURAGEOUS NEUTRAL PEOPLE WITHOUT INTEREST OR GREED FOR WAR SHOULD SUFFER SUCH LOSS AS THE COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF THESE TWO BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLES OF GOTHIC ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.



By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



THE PICTURE BELOW SHOWS THE INNER ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE, LOUVAIN, AND WAS PROBABLY ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF WOOD CARVING ANYWHERE IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE: NOT AN INCH OF THE SPACE OF THIS ENTRANCE WAS LEFT UNADORNED: CHURCH HISTORY AND LOCAL HISTORY WERE CARVED ON THESE OAK PANELS WITH AFFECTION, GRACE AND SKILL.

ABOVE IS A SAMPLE OF THE RICH STONE CARVING FOUND EVERYWHERE THROUGHOUT THE INTERIOR OF THE WONDERFUL OLD GOTHIC CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE: WE UNDERSTAND THAT NOT AN ARCH OF THIS CHURCH IS LEFT INTACT SINCE THE SACKING OF LOUVAIN: PROBABLY NO MORE BEAUTIFUL, INTERESTING AND SKILFUL STONE CARVING WAS TO BE SEEN IN EUROPE THAN THE DETAILS SHOWN HERE: ALTHOUGH THE OUTSIDE OF THE CHURCH WAS DEFINITELY FLEMISH-GOTHIC THE INTERIOR SO FAR AS THE STONE CARVING WAS CONCERNED WAS VERY PURE GOTHIC: SUCH A FRAGMENT AS WE ARE SHOWING IS BUT ONE OF MANY WHICH ADORNED THE INSIDE OF THE CHURCH: INDEED ST. PIERRE WAS A TREASURE-HOUSE OF UNUSUAL AND EXQUISITE CRAFTSMANSHIP AND ITS LOSS TO THE WORLD IN INSPIRATION AS WELL AS JOY IS INCALCULABLE.



By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

AS WE GO TO PRESS THE BOMBS OF THE GERMAN AIRSHIPS ARE BEING DROPPED INTO ANTWERP THREATENING THE DESTRUCTION OF THIS RARE AND LOVELY BUILDING: ONE OF THE CHARMS OF THE ANTWERP CATHEDRAL IS THE WAY IN WHICH THE TOWN HAS GROWN UP CLOSE TO ITS WALLS: THE VILLAGE GREEN AS WE SHOW IT IN THIS PICTURE BEING JUST AT THE LEFT.



INTERIOR OF THE NEW TOWN HALL OF ANTWERP, SHOWING THAT THE JOY OF THE PEOPLE IN THEIR ARCHITECTURE AND THEIR SKILL AS CRAFTSMEN HAS NOT DEPARTED FROM THEM.

BELGIUM, THE HERO AMONG NATIONS!

by bombs; her green fields and fertile plains have been trampled into dust, her flowers are crimson with the blood of her own people."

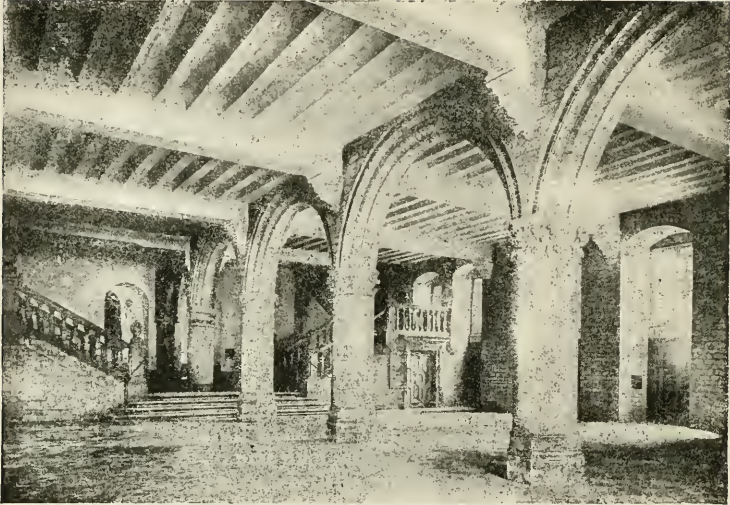
England says "we will not make peace until Belgium is recompensed to the last dollar." But how can we pay her for her sacrifice, for her lost people, for her ruined greatness? What medal is there splendid enough for her heroism, what song great enough for her mothers and widows? Her youth has been put to the sword, her beauty lighted by the torch. We may today, when we speak of Belgium, lift our heads, our hearts; indeed, for all time we shall recognize her as the most splendid, the most unselfish of all people; but how can we quench her tears, how can we stop her wounds?

THE most peaceful of all European people, Belgium has been from the beginning of her history, back in the ninth and tenth centuries, a battleground for distracted nations. She has passed through successive periods of culture as well as war since Julius Caesar established a permanent camp there during his campaign against the Belgians and the Germans. In the eleventh century, Louvain became the residence of the long line of Dukes of Brabant, and was the capital of the Duchy of Brabant, until Brussels wrested this distinction from her during an uprising of weavers against their feudal masters. In the fourteenth century, Louvain became a tremendous industrial center, with a population of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand and with two thousand four hundred woolen manufactories. But the weavers were a turbulent lot, and when they rose against the Duke of Wencelaus, he conquered, and thousands of the workers fled to Holland and England. And Louvain, with the triumph of her capital over labor, began to lose prestige, and the center of the woolen-making industry was shifted to more peaceful countries.

It was shortly after this that scholars began to pour into the lovely old town where they could glean from the parchments and the books which the Louvain castle contained facts of great interest. It was John, the fourth Duke of Brabant, who founded for these scholars the Louvain University, to which students from all over the world flocked in the sixteenth century. This university had become one of the most famous in Europe, fostering four thousand students and forty-three minor colleges. Today the old building is in ashes, not a single arch remains.

SO dearly did the people of Louvain love their town, their university, their cathedral, so valiantly had they worked in the past to sustain these works of art in their midst, that when the sound of cannonading from the German artillery was heard on the out-

BELGIUM, THE HERO AMONG NATIONS!



THE FAMOUS OLD UNIVERSITY AT LOUVAIN, DESTROYED BY THE GERMAN SOLDIERS.

skirts of the town, when the people realized that there was no hope for them, that the Germans must pass through and sack their city, in the midst of all the sadness, the sorrow, the terror, these gentle people of peaceful ways stopped to write out notices and to put them on the doors of their homes, on the gates of the university, on the entrances to the beautiful churches, begging the Germans not to burn their town, to take what they must, *but not to destroy Louvain*. This is, in a way, one of the most touching acts of sacrifice of all the many which these wonderful Belgians have to their credit during the heartrending weeks and months of torture they have been living through. There was no plea for any person, although the town should have been immune from the attack of the Germans—an unfortified town, a town without defenses, a town to which refugees had fled; but the one thought in the face of absolute personal disaster was for the city, to spare the city for the world wherever beauty lovers should be for all time. And the answer to the appeal was not only the murder of the helpless citizens but the destruction of churches, university and homes. But little is left at Louvain today but the shining spirit of the greatness of the destroyed people, a thing to remember as long as history gives space to splendid spiritual achievement.

BELGIUM, THE HERO AMONG NATIONS!

One of the interesting and rather extraordinary results of this sacking and burning of Louvain is the community of sympathy which has developed for Belgium throughout the entire world. The *London Daily Chronicle* speaks of it as something so infinitely more terrible than the death of human beings. "It is tragic," says the writer, "for individuals to die, but in a few years we must each pass away, and others will come who will replace us and others in turn to take their place; but these trophies and stepping-stones of the human soul need never have died." It is indeed a wound to civilized humanity that can never be healed.

It is like the Belgians that out of this great suffering and loss already they are looking into the future. Paul Ottet, who is president of the Union of International Associations at Brussels, has already made this vital suggestion to all nations, "that there should be some means, some truce which all nations will hold allegiance to for the preservation of museums and treasure-houses of art during war." Monsieur Ottet points out that the United States is in a position to be of great assistance in this regard by securing the coöperation of all neutral nations, and proffering to the belligerents a petition that "all parties in the great conflict now in progress should respect the wish of the whole intellectual world that priceless indicia of the world's development and civilization's growth be everywhere preserved." Again one lifts the hat to Belgium, in the midst of her struggle, the fires in her works of art scarcely cold, seeking to benefit the world as a whole through her desolating experience.

One begins to understand more and more clearly why so small a nation as Belgium has achieved so great a standing, why she ranks among the first of the industrial countries, among the most progressive educationally, among the most vigorous physically, why she decided to remain neutral to foster her own growth, why when she was attacked suddenly and overwhelmingly by a foreign power she insisted upon fighting her own battles alone and valiantly. Her spirit is indestructible, her intelligence unconquerable, and thus a future of radiant proportions seems assured to her. We feel that once more, in the future as in the past, Belgium's Hour of Happiness Will Strike!



THE HARTS: BY GERTRUDE R. LEWIS



THE Harts lived in an old place at the outskirts of the tiny town nearest the County seat, where the Honorable Josiah was the leading attorney. It was a semi-farm home, ample and interesting.

Tom Hart brought his young wife back, late in the summer, to spend a week. Mother Hart received them with open arms. It was evident that the time for some very enticing little shopping was come; but no small handiwork appeared in evidence, as they sat about, visiting, through the long pleasant afternoons. Whereupon Mother Hart announced her intention of driving to town and taking the daughter with her. As they bustled about in anticipation of the trip, Mother Hart noticed Laura's heightened color; and finally heard her ask, timidly, "Can you let me have some money this morning, Tom?" And she could hear Tom's deep, good-humored, "What do you want it for, Laura?"

Then it was that Mother Hart's voice called from the other room.

"Tom," said his mother, "come out here a minute, I want a little talk with you." They went out upon the porch. "Tom, I heard you ask Laura why she wanted money." Tom looked mystified.

"Tom, your father is the best man I ever knew—except my own—and, if I had it to do over again, I'd marry him to-morrow. But, I think I never go upstairs when he is in the house without telling him what I go up for. He gives me money whenever I ask him for it—I have sense enough not to worry him when he is hard up—but for every dollar I spend I return two dollars worth of explanation."

Mother Hart made a whimsical little mouth. "Your father wins more cases than any other lawyer on this circuit, and I am mighty proud of him as a cross-examiner. But he forgets that I am not on the witness stand. And much as I miss him when he is at the legislature, it is a real relief when I, a middle-aged woman, can use my judgment, and make my own decisions without being called to account like a child of ten. And I've made up my mind it should stop with this generation. Tom, what did you clear, over and above your expenses, last month?"

"About sixty dollars, I should think, Mother."

"Then you give twenty of it to Laura, and don't you ask her what she does with it. It's just as much hers now, morally, as it ever will be legally. And whenever she makes a mistake in buying, just call to mind one of your own. Now, go in, son, and get her."

Laura whispered, "Thank you, Tom," as he helped her into the phaeton. Mother Hart clucked "Git-ap, Whiskers." And they drove away down the town line, to revel in lawns, and laces, and bobbinet.

Tom closed the gate, and stood looking after them. "And Mother's had that up her sleeve all these years. Gee!"

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN AMERICAN STYLE OF HOME FURNISHING FOUND- ED UPON BEAUTY, COMFORT AND SIM- PLICITY

AN INTERESTING GROUP OF FULPER
POTTERY IN VARIED TONES.



WHEN Joseph Pennell was in Panama he stopped to admire the lock at Pedro Miguel. "How is it," he asked the engineer, "that you make your arches and buttresses as fine as those of a cathedral?" "Oh, that's done to save concrete," was the reply.

Economy as the basis of beauty is not so strange as it may seem. It was through *elimination of the superfluous* that the loveliness as well as strength of that Panama structure grew, and the same principle may be found at the root of every successful work whether of art or industry.

Elimination is but another name for concentration, for the self-control that holds forces in command, governing and directing, preventing vacillation and insuring advance. Elimination does not weaken, but rather strengthens, wherever it is used. A good soldier discards everything but the essentials, for he cannot afford the least useless encumbrance; a runner trains away every ounce of superfluous flesh; a wise business man employs only vital workmen, permitting mediocrity—choking excess—no place. Success depends ever upon the ability to choose wisely—another aspect of that all-prevailing law of the "survival of the fittest."

In every phase of life in America we are coming to recognize the importance of elimination, and especially is this true in the furnishing

AN AMERICAN STYLE OF HOME FURNISHING

and decoration of our homes in what may be known as the American style. We are realizing that to create an environment of convenience and beauty, we must select, from the immense variety of articles, materials, colors and designs, the few which are essential to comfort and harmony. As a lawyer discards from his argument all minor facts and details, as a painter omits from his canvas every needless tone and line, so we must eliminate from our rooms all fittings and colors which would mar the unity and restfulness of the whole.

The value of this process of elimination is interestingly shown by the following incident. A wealthy woman, before going abroad, turned over the remodelling of a certain room to a man whose work in life was to create beautiful places to live in. "Make the room lovely," she told him. "I do not care what color, style or period you choose. Take all the time you need, spare no expense, only let it be restful—a harmonious, satisfying place that looks and feels like a home." Then she went away for a sojourn among the villas and palaces of the Old World, and often as she looked at their formal grandeur she thought of the room at home that was being transformed by a master workman from an inharmonious jumble of furnishings into a pleasant haven of rest.

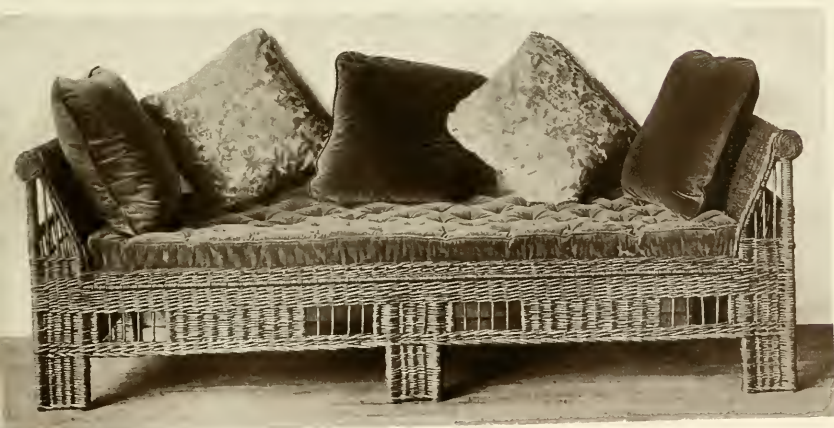
She was almost afraid to look at the room upon her return, for fear it would be a disappointment; for she had asked and was expecting much. But as she entered, every tense nerve relaxed and anxiety fell away, giving place to a most refreshing contentment. It seemed as though she were entering a still little grove. Everything was harmoniously related, nothing obtruded, yet each detail was full of a beautiful individual interest, as are the mosses, rocks, trees and paths of a woodland spot. Lights and shadows made the room seem alive with a quiet sunshine. She could not make a single criticism, could not desire a change; the place was absolutely satisfying, far beyond her hopes. And yet, throughout, the atmosphere was one of remarkable simplicity.

When the bill was presented, however, she looked puzzled. "Is it larger than you expected?" asked the decorator. "No, not exactly," she replied. "I would have expected a large bill if you had used many and elaborate furnishings; but it seems excessive to me for the few articles and for the simple effect." The decorator shook his head. "I have charged you," he explained, "not only for what I put into your room, but also for *what I left out.*"

This sifting process, this disentangling and putting in order of many factors is what the modern decorator keeps uppermost in mind when planning a room. Burbank develops thousands of plants that a perfect one may be found and brought to prominence. His whole



THE CRAFTSMAN
WILLOW OF TODAY
IS A LUXURIOUS
ARTICLE OF FURNITURE : IT IS NOT
ONLY GRACEFUL
AND WELL PRO-
PORTIONED BUT
ITS CONSTRUCTION
IS SUCH
THAT IT IS FIRM
YET FLEXIBLE,
INTERESTING IN
OUTLINE YET
MADE FOR DURA-
BILITY : IT IS UP-
HOLSTERED IN
RICH VELOUR OR
TAPESTRY IN
SHADES SUITABLE
FOR DRAWING-
ROOM EFFECT :
THE TONES OF
THE WILLOW,
VIOLET, SOFT
GREEN, WOOD
BROWN, ETC.,
FURNISH AN IN-
TERESTING BACK-
GROUND FOR THE
MATS AND CUSH-
IONS AND ARE
ALWAYS PLANNED
IN HARMONIOUS
COLORS.





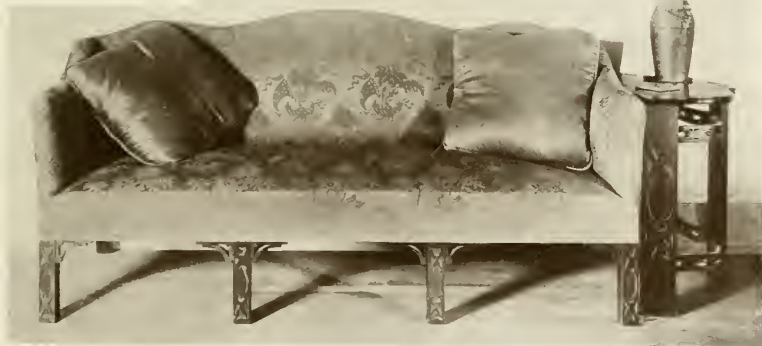
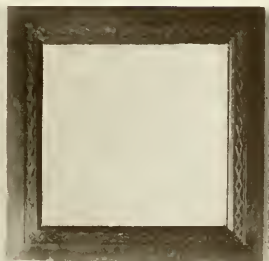
AT THE LEFT WE ARE SHOWING TWO INTERESTING PIECES OF MODERN FURNITURE, JACOBAN IN SUGGESTION: THE DARK OAK IS FINISHED IN A SOFT DULL BROWN, BEAUTIFUL IN COMBINATION WITH THE RICH TONES OF DRAWING-ROOM DRAPERIES, SUCH AS ROSE, BLUE, ORANGE AND WOOD GREEN: ALTHOUGH A NEW NOTE IN MODERN AMERICAN FURNITURE, THIS IS A STYLE THAT IS HARMONIOUS WITH COLONIAL, CHINESE CHIPPE DALE AND CRAFTSMAN.

TWO ADDITIONAL EXAMPLES OF THE DARK OAK FURNITURE: THE TABLE IS COVERED WITH A CHINESE RUG IN BLUE AND YELLOW WHICH MAKES AN EXQUISITE COLOR HARMONY WITH THE WARM GREEN TONE OF THE POTTERY LAMP AND THE FLOWERS IN THE WILLOW BASKET: THIS FURNITURE IS ATTRACTIVE FOR SUMMER WITH THE CANE SHOWING: IT IS RICHER AND WARMER IN WINTER WITH LOOSE CUSHIONS IN COLORS TO CORRESPOND WITH THE DECORATIONS OF THE DRAWING ROOM: THIS FURNITURE IS MORE DELICATE IN LINE THAN THE OLD JACOBAN, YET RETAINS AN EFFECT OF THE RICHNESS AND STRENGTH SEEN IN ANTIQUE MODELS.





THIS GROUP OF CHINESE
 HIPPENDALE FURNITURE
 GIVES BUT A FAINT IM-
 PRESSION OF THE BEAUTY
 OF A ROOM FURNISHED
 WITH THIS NEW AND
 DISTINGUISHED ADAPTA-
 TION IN MODERN FUR-
 NISHING: THE WOOD-
 WORK IS BROWN CUBAN
 MAHOGANY WITH THE
 USUAL CARVING IN
 LIGHT RELIEF, AND
 THE UPHOLSTERY IS IN
 HEAVY MODERN BROCADE
 OF CHINESE BLUE, SILVER
 AND GRAY: A NOVEL
 SUCCESSFUL PIECE OF FURNI-
 TURE IS THE LAMP OR
 LOWER STAND AT
 THE HEAD OF THE SOFA.





THOSE WHO HAVE FOLLOWED THE DEVELOPMENT OF CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE IN THE PAST WILL BE INTERESTED IN THESE FEW EXAMPLES OF OUR NEW DINING-ROOM SET: WHICH IN THEIR LIGHTER PROPORTION SHOW GRACEFUL CONSTRUCTION AND A PLEASING VARIATION FROM OUR EARLY MODELS.



THE TWO CHAIRS OF THIS SET HAVE BEEN ESPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR COMFORT AT THE DINING TABLE: THEY ARE RICHLY FINISHED AND INTERESTINGLY INLAID: THE ARMCHAIR IS AN ENTIRELY NEW MODEL, WITH SINKING ARMS IN ORDER THAT IT MAY BE DRAWN CLOSELY TO THE TABLE WITHOUT CROWDING.



AT THE RIGHT IS MR. STICKLEY'S LATEST MODEL OF A FUMED OAK SIDEBOARD: IN CONSTRUCTION AND FINISH IT MATCHES THE TABLE AND CHAIRS: THE DRAWER PULLS ARE HAND MADE WITH AN EFFECT OF ANTIQUE BRASS: IN THESE NEW MODELS THE DESIRE IS SHOWN TO RETAIN THE OLD IDEAL OF SIMPLICITY, WITH AN ADDED SUMPTUOUSNESS.



AN AMERICAN STYLE OF HOME FURNISHING

method of work is along the lines of elimination, wise selecting. People employ a decorator to help in the important part of finishing the work the builders began, because by long experience he has developed the power to choose rightly—just as Burbank can walk through large beds of flowers and see at a glance the ones to save and the ones to discard.

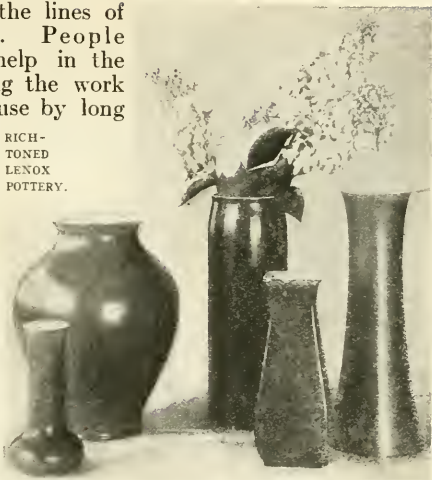
A knowledge of color harmonies is a necessity in furnishing nowadays, for the reign of the pink, blue and yellow room is a thing of the past. True, an impression of close harmony is the result, but

it is brought about by a combination of colors. The fine blue sky painted upon canvas is not made by an application of a single shade of blue, else it would look heavy, flat, like a blue porcelain bowl. The secret of painting a sky that is vibrant, alive, quivering, lies in clever touches of many tones of dark and light blues. Nature gives us the clue to the harmonious mingling of colors. Indian summer, the season when the world is glowing with the richest hues, remains in our mind as a season of soft tender lines because the infinite variety is so perfectly blended by the subtle quality of atmosphere. In a room, this unifying quality of atmosphere is good taste.

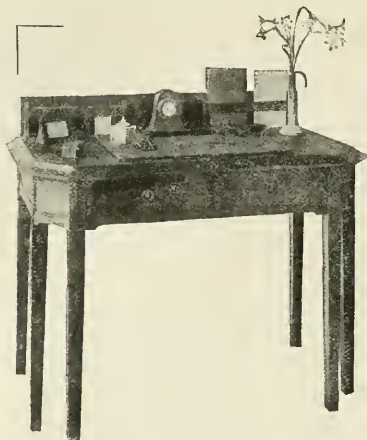
A good decorator knows what shades to gather, and puts them side by side with a sympathetic, we might say with a reverent taste. There must be some expression of authority, some point of attack, else the room will be weak, uninteresting. The attack or the first impression must be suggestive, a vision, as it were, instead of a bomb. for a vision is an incentive to thought and a bomb is destructive to thought, or to appreciation. The colors must have soft outlines. The tones of a many-hued opal cannot be defined, yet the soft fire transcends them all. The outline of a vase of strong color needed to give tone must not be obtrusive; it must be softened by a fall of a leaf or flower, before it is partially lost in a shadow.

From the beginning of the Craftsman Movement, the object has steadily been to create beauty by the elimination of the superfluous. The energy behind every Craftsman article has gone into the

RICH-
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POTTERY.



AN AMERICAN STYLE OF HOME FURNISHING



perfecting of lines, quality of materials and expertness of workmanship, instead of the elaboration of ornament. The effort of the Craftsman Furnishing Department has been to select the few absolutely correct objects necessary to the comfort of a room and to create harmonious atmosphere by color adjustment. For many objects confuse the mind, give an impression of disorder, or the sense of a show place rather than of a living room. A few choice things give an air of elegance, of classical perfection. A beautiful object needs no ornament. Applied ornament is generally resorted to as a

correction of poor lines; but these cannot be remedied by superimposed ornament, by much varnish or veneer.

The Japanese show their appreciation of a perfect article in a manner that has much to recommend it. They place but a single beautiful object in the niche reserved for it. The objects are changed to show honor to a guest, upon holidays, with the change of seasons or for any other good reason that occurs to the household. The room then is never monotonous. The involuntary glance is toward the niche where a beautiful object is to be found. It may be a flight of wild geese on a *kake-mono*, turning the memory to pleasant days spent out on the moors, or a carving of a god which gathers the mind within, or a flower that lifts one from sordid unhappiness. They say that the idea in Japan of showing but one perfect thing at a time originated from the



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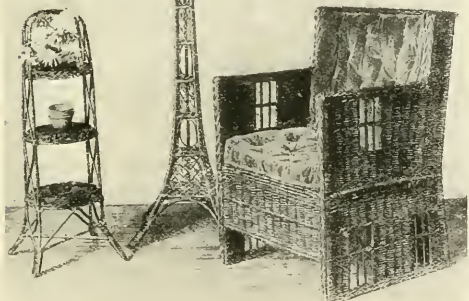
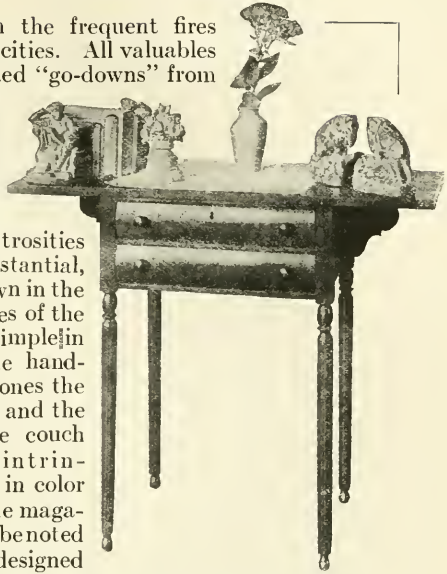
need of protecting treasures from the frequent fires that formerly swept the paper-built cities. All valuables were kept in fireproof buildings called "go-downs" from which one or two were brought out at a time. Whatever the origin of the custom, the result is a world-famed simplicity that puts the wholesale exhibition of valueless stuff in a most ignominious position. Compare the so-called ornamental monstrosities of but a few years ago, with the substantial, dignified arrangements of rooms shown in the illustrations of this article. The lines of the willow "day-bed" for instance, are simple in the extreme, yet with the exquisite hand-woven withes and the harmonious tones the result is

luxurious and the pillows are of sically and we zinerack as hav to serve upon the couch materials intrin-beautiful in color ave. The maga-must also be noted ing been designed a definite demand

—an orderly place for current literature. It is made light of weight so that it can be drawn within easy reach of an armchair by the fire, couch by the window, or swing seat on the porch. There has been an impression that if Craftsman furniture be used in a house, every other kind must be denied place, as not appropriate. This is a

mistaken idea. Articles of willow, Chinese Chippendale, or models of Jacobean suggestion give interest to a room and make for the comfortable sense of informality always brought about by the introduction of harmonious variety.

The danger of introducing, in the same interior, articles of a strik-



AN AMERICAN STYLE OF HOME FURNISHING



ingly different style is that more care is needed in their selection and grouping. Thoughtfully chosen and well-placed furnishings emphasize the beauty of every separate piece; each is complementary to the other. An infinite variety of fittings may be so harmoniously arranged as

to give the charm that flowers, ferns and paths give to a woodland grove.

Thus we see that in order to achieve real distinction and beauty in American home furnishings, we must approach the undertaking from the standpoint of elimination, or judicious selection of objects, textures and color harmonies. Sometimes the articles in a room will be perfect as to style and color, yet the result will appear awkward, coldly repellent. Or the interior may be *too* perfect, with an unpleasant air of aloof superiority, an unlovable trait in rooms as well as in people. These difficulties are often remedied by re-arrangement, the couch in better light, pillows placed more naturally, chairs in sociable relation, lamp placed on a different table, books with bronze book-end turned at more graceful angle, pictures hung in closer relation to the furniture. Those who undertake the work in this interested and earnest spirit will feel a kinship with that old Italian craftsman who, when asked what his ambition was, replied: "I should like those who examine the cupolas of St. Mark's five hundred years hence, to say 'This was the work of a conscientious artist.'"



PASSING OF THE WAR VIRTUES: BY JANE ADDAMS



“All the winged words which Tolstoy wrote during the war between Russia and Japan, perhaps none are more significant than these: ‘The great strife of our time is not that now taking place between the Japanese and the Russians, nor that which may blaze up between the white and the yellow races, nor that strife which is carried on by mines, bombs, and bullets, but that spiritual strife which, without ceasing, has gone on and is going on between the enlightened consciousness of mankind now awaiting for manifestation and that darkness and that burden which surrounds and oppresses mankind.’ . . .

“At the present moment the war spirit attempts to justify its noisy demonstrations by quoting its great achievements in the past and by drawing attention to the courageous life which it has evoked and fostered. It is, however, perhaps significant that the adherents of war are more and more justifying it by its past record and reminding us of its ancient origin. They tell us that it is interwoven with every fiber of human growth and is at the root of all that is noble and courageous in human life, that struggle is the basis of all progress, that it is now extended from individuals and tribes to nations and races.

“We may admire much that is admirable in this past life of courageous warfare, while at the same time we accord it no right to dominate the present, which has traveled out of its reach into a land of new desires. We may admit that the experiences of war have equipped the men of the present with pluck and energy, but to insist upon the selfsame expression for that pluck and energy would be as stupid a mistake as if we would relegate the full-grown citizen, responding to many claims and demands upon his powers, to the schoolyard fights of his boyhood, or to the college contests of his cruder youth. The little lad who stoutly defends himself on the school-ground may be worthy of much admiration, but if we find him, a dozen years later, the bullying leader of a street-gang who bases his prestige on the fact that “no one can whip him,” our admiration cools amazingly, and we say that the carrying over of those puerile instincts into manhood shows arrested development which is mainly responsible for filling our prisons. . . .

“Let us by all means acknowledge and preserve that which has been good in warfare and in the spirit of warfare; let us gather it together and incorporate it in our national fiber. Let us, however, not be guilty for a moment of shutting our eyes to that which for many centuries must have been disquieting to the moral sense, but

PASSING OF THE WAR VIRTUES

which is gradually becoming impossible, not only because of our increasing sensibilities, but because great constructive plans and humanized interests have captured our hopes and we are finding that war is an implement too clumsy and barbaric to subserve our purpose. We have come to realize that the great task of pushing forward social justice could be enormously accelerated if primitive methods as well as primitive weapons were once for all abolished. . . .

“INDUSTRIAL life affords ample opportunity for endurance, discipline, and a sense of detachment, if the struggle is really put upon the highest level, of industrial efficiency. But because our industrial life is not on this level, we constantly tend to drop the newer and less developed ideals for the older ones of warfare, we ignore the fact that war so readily throws back the ideals which the young are nourishing into the mold of those which the old should be outgrowing. It lures young men not to develop, but to exploit; it turns them from the courage and toil of industry to the bravery and endurance of war, and leads them to forget that civilization is the substitution of law for war. It incites their ambitions, not to irrigate, to make fertile and sanitary, the barren plain of the savage, but to fill it with military posts and tax-gatherers, to cease from pushing forward industrial action into new fields and to fall back upon military action. . . .

“It is the military idea, resting content as it does with the passive results of order and discipline, which confesses a totally inadequate conception of the value and power of human life. The charge of obtaining negative results could with great candor be brought against militarism, while the strenuous task, the vigorous and difficult undertaking, involving the use of the most highly developed human powers, can be claimed for industrialism.

“Militarism undertakes to set in order, to suppress and to govern, if necessary to destroy, while industrialism undertakes to liberate latent forces, to reconcile them to new conditions, to demonstrate that their aroused activities can no longer follow caprice, but must fit into a larger order of life. . . .

“War, on the one hand—plain destruction, Von Moltke called it—represents the life of the garrison and the tax-gatherer, the Roman emperor and his degenerate people, living upon the fruits of their conquest. Labor, on the other hand, represents productive effort, holding carefully what has been garnered by the output of brain and muscle, guarding the harvest jealously because it is the precious bread men live by.”

From “Newer Ideals of Peace:” Published by The Macmillan Co.



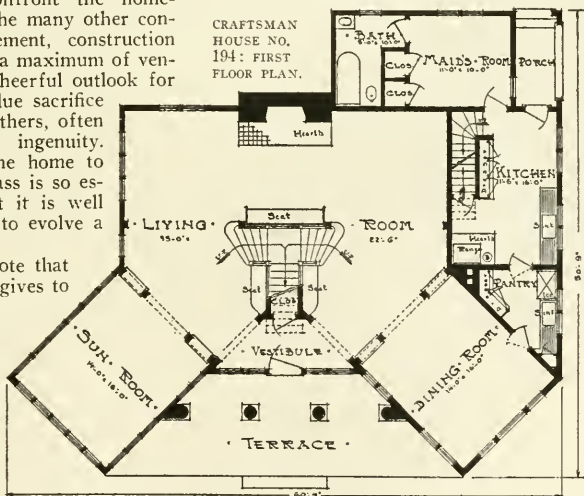
CRAFTSMAN STUCCO HOUSE WITH UNIQUE AND INTERESTING PLAN TO SECURE SUNLIGHT, AIR AND OUTLOOK

ONE of the most important and absorbing problems in the planning of a home is that of exposure. "In which direction shall the house face? How can I get the greatest possible amount of fresh air and sunshine into all the rooms? How can I take advantage of every pleasant view?" These are some of the questions that confront the home-builder in addition to the many other considerations of arrangement, construction and design. To secure a maximum of ventilation, sunshine and cheerful outlook for one room without undue sacrifice of these features for others, often requires considerable ingenuity. But this relation of the home to the points of the compass is so essential to comfort that it is well worth the extra effort to evolve a satisfactory plan.

It is interesting to note that the more attention one gives to the matter of exposure, the more original the plan is likely to become. The very difficulties to be surmounted often open up interesting possibilities for interior arrangement and exterior development, suggest fresh ideas as

to the treatment of rooms and halls, the placing of windows, porches, balconies and other features. In fact, so many delightful opportunities may occur as a result of one's efforts to overcome obstructions and achieve the desired goal, that the result is apt to prove not only practical but charming in its uniqueness. And so the house planned with unusual arrangement and irregular outline to gain a useful end, succeeds in attaining through that irregularity a certain picturesqueness which is all the more satisfying because it is the by-product, as it were, of practical conditions rather than an attempt at originality for its own sake.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 194: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



THE Craftsman house which we are presenting here—No. 194—should prove of value to many home-builders, for it suggests an effectual and rather uncommon way of solving one problem of exposure. Incidentally, by arranging the rooms so as to obtain for each a generous share of sunshine, air and outlook, we have developed an interior at once convenient, comfortable and full of possibilities for a decorative handling of structural woodwork and furnishings. At the same time the exterior, with its various angles, its window groups, porches, balcony and pergola, holds decided architectural interest.

The house is intended to face the south. The kitchen and dining room will therefore have the morning sun; the noonday sunlight will brighten the dining room, front porch and sunroom, while the western windows of the sunroom and living room will have the later rays. In like manner the bedrooms, pergola and balcony will reap the benefit of the varied exposures. Needless to say, such a plan affords ample cross-ventilation. Moreover, the angles of the walls and windows will afford many views of the garden and its surroundings that would be impossible in the ordinary rectangular design.

The construction is stucco on brick, with roof of flat tile, the round pillars and the cross-beams of front porch and side pergola being of wood. This affords not only variety of material but also an opportunity for an interesting color scheme. For instance, if the stucco is left in its natural grayish tone or tinted a pale buff, the door and window trim may be a

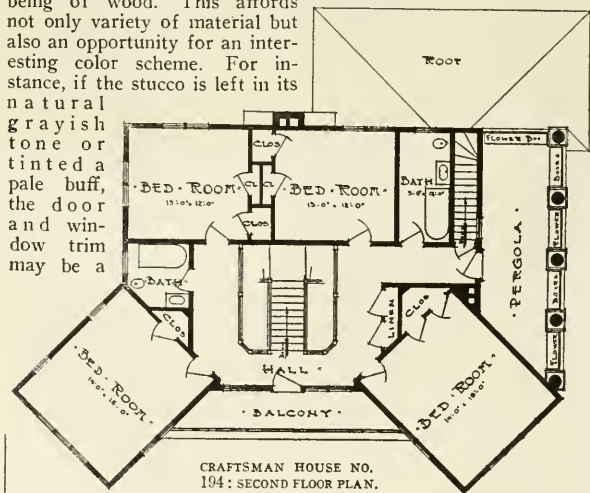
moss green with white sash, and the pillars and beams of porch and pergola either white or green, while for the roof, moss green or terra cotta would be most in keeping. An effective touch of red brick may be added in the steps and as a border around the porch floors.

The approach to the house is from a low terrace which fills the space between the front wings and adds to the air of seclusion. The rear of this terrace is roofed by the porch, as shown, with its turned columns and long beam above supporting the open balcony, which is reached by a glass door from the upper hall. Double windows on each side of the front door add to the hospitable air of the entrance and light the vestibule within.

This vestibule is indicated rather than defined by the staircase and the ceiling beams shown by dotted lines. The arrangement of the staircase is as unusual as it is interesting. Built in the center of the big living room, the lower steps ascend on each side, giving ready access from both sides of the house, and from the landing the main flight ascends to the big, light, upper hall. In the angles formed downstairs seats are built, while a third seat is placed behind the grille that separates the stairs from the back of the room. Directly opposite is a large open fireplace with tiled hearth, which can be enjoyed from every

which is yet sufficiently screened from the entrance to insure seclusion about the fire-side. The living room is well lighted by its windows in the west and north walls and indirectly by those of the vestibule, sunroom and dining room. The wide staircase well also permits light to come from the hall above.

The rooms that occupy the front wings are separated from the main room by post-and-panel construction, allowing a certain amount of privacy and at the same time leaving a pleasant feeling of openness





Gustav Stickley, Architect.

THIS CRAFTSMAN STUCCO HOUSE, NO. 194, WAS PLANNED ESPECIALLY TO SECURE THE UTMOST ADVANTAGE OF EXPOSURE; THE ANGLES AT WHICH THE WINGS EXTEND INSURE VARIED OUTLOOKS AS WELL AS A GENEROUS SUPPLY OF FRESH AIR AND SUNLIGHT FOR THE SUNROOM, DINING ROOM, AND BEDROOMS ABOVE, WHILE THE LARGE LIVING ROOM HAS THE BENEFIT OF WINDOWS ON THREE SIDES: THE HOUSE IS INTENDED TO BE BUILT FACING SOUTH



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

SIDE VIEW OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE SHOWN ON THE PRECEDING PAGE: IN ADDITION TO THE TERRACE, PORCH AND BALCONY AT THE FRONT AND MAIN ENTRANCE, THERE IS ALSO A SLEEPING BALCONY WITH PERGOLA COVERING ON THE EAST, IN A SHELTERING ANGLE: THIS DETAIL WHEN DRAPED WITH VINES WILL FORM AN ATTRACTIVE FEATURE OF THE SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL BUILDING.

PLANNING FOR SUNLIGHT, AIR AND OUTLOOK

through the whole interior. The sunroom is fairly walled with glass, as can be seen from the perspective and first floor plan, and one can imagine what a cheery retreat this will prove during the winter, especially if willow furnishings and plenty of shrubs, ferns and flowers are used; indeed, those who like growing things about them can turn this room into an indoor garden. As a place for the children to play in, it should prove most desirable, and if cement floor, grass rugs and very simple, durable furnishings are used it will have almost the air of a porch.

The dining room is also supplied with generous window groups—full length on the southeast and smaller casements set high in the southwest wall, with sufficient room beneath for chairs and sideboard. The china cabinet and serving table will find ample space on each side of the pantry door.

Although irregular in shape, the pantry is compact and convenient, with the dresser back to the kitchen chimney and the ice-box and sink beneath the windows on the right. The kitchen, also provided with dresser and sink with double drainboard, should prove a good working place, for it is light and fairly large, can be easily ventilated, and is effectually shut off from the rest of the house. The back staircase and cellar stairs beneath, being reached directly from the kitchen, will save traffic through the rest of the house, and the recessed service porch will form a sheltered outdoor resting-place for the maid. Flower-boxes along the parapet will help to link it with the garden.

Upstairs the arrangement is such as to make the best possible use of every available corner. In the center is the hall, which circles the staircase well and communicates also with the back stairs—the latter lighted by a window overlooking the pergola. The four light, airy bedrooms and two bathrooms give sufficient accommodation for a family of five or six, while the pergola affords a charming, semi-sheltered place for outdoor sleeping, and with well-filled flower-boxes between the pillars, and vines overhead, will add a picturesque touch to the home.

There is no attic, for that would have necessitated a higher roof and would have destroyed the broad, homelike proportions of the building; but the bedrooms are provided with plenty of closets.

IN a house of this character, where the interior presents so many unusual features in lay-out and in the design of the structural detail, the opportunities afforded for an interesting and original handling of color schemes, furnishings and decorations are remarkably varied. For the benefit of those who may build from the design shown here, either just as presented or with modifications, it may be well to make a few suggestions for the treatment of the interior.

The living room, being practically divided by the staircase into two parts, with a fireplace nook, as it were, between them, will naturally be furnished in separate groups. The most satisfactory arrangement of floor coverings would be as follows: A hearth-rug before the fireplace; a larger rug in the center of the space on each side; a small rug in the vestibule, and others running diagonally across the entrances into sunroom and dining room to link them with the main room; grass mats in the sunroom, and a large central rug in the dining room.

In the right-hand portion of the living room, where there are no windows to break up the wall space, bookshelves and a willow settle may be used, with a reading table and lamp in the center and a few easy chairs. A lounging chair on each side of the hearth will add to the general comfort, and another beside the living-room window near the sunroom. The piano, preferably a "baby grand," may be placed in the corner between the living-room windows, with music cabinet nearby. A central table with a reading lamp, and possibly a small writing desk near the wide left-hand window group will complete the main furnishings. Willow pieces will be most suitable for the sunroom, with a reading lamp on a central table.

The living room and vestibule, being practically one, should of course be of uniform color scheme, and the same wall tint or paper should be continued up to the hall of the second floor. Interesting effects may be obtained by having tan walls in the living room, gray-green for the sunroom, and gray-blue for the dining room. For the curtains of the living room we would suggest a two-toned Madras, of golden brown, and for the dining room a touch of tan and yellow in the draperies.

Those who wish further details as to color schemes, materials and fittings may obtain them by writing to the Craftsman Department of Interior Furnishing.



CUT VIII: TRAYS AND SHALLOW COVERED BASKETS.

REED BASKETS, THEIR MANY USES AND HOW TO WEAVE THEM: BY MERTICE MACCREA BUCK

BASKETS are, and have been from time immemorial, so essential in the carrying on of our domestic life, that it is worth considering what styles are most suitable for various purposes, and what pleasure may be derived from making them. The accompanying cuts are of simple reed baskets suitable for country use. While of unpretentious design and of inexpensive material, they offer suggestions for receptacles for flowers and vegetables which may be elaborated to suit the worker's individual taste.

The great secrets of success in basketry are careful judgment as to form (and in this the fitness for purpose must be considered) and neatness of execution. A basket may be coarse, done with large material, and yet not produce a rough effect; but it must be solid, and tightly woven or it will soon begin to yield and grow "wobbly" when it is used. The work depends so much on the care of materials and the patience of the worker, and so little on tools—all that are needed being a pair of scissors, a rule, and a coarse knitting needle—that it is well to emphasize the importance of a little time being spent in get-

ting the reeds just right before starting to weave.

A few general remarks may be helpful in regard to the choice and preparation of material. Reed, varying in size from No. 00, which is about as thick as knitting cotton, to No. 6, which is as large as a lead pencil, may be procured by the pound from kindergarten supply stores. In selecting it, care should be taken to get bundles in which the strands are white and flexible. Nos. 2, 4 and 5 are suitable for the baskets shown here. If it is desirable to introduce color, the completed basket may be dipped in dye or painted, but it is well to limit the color schemes to greens and browns.

In working in a pattern in color, dyed



CUT VII: REED BOUQUET HOLDERS.

HOW TO WEAVE REED BASKETS

reed may be used. So-called Easy Dye, of light green, affords a pleasing shade, and if the reed is boiled about ten minutes in the dye, the color will be fairly permanent. Golden brown in the same dye is satisfactory. For those who are so fortunate as to know the old methods for dyeing with walnut bark, saffron, logwood, etc., artistic effects may be promised which will more than repay the labor expended; but color should be used sparingly, and in lines and simple bandings, rather than in elaborate patterns.

Perfection of execution is due largely to the condition of the material when the work is being done. The reeds must be rolled



CONVENIENT
BIRD'S NEST
OR BIRD-HOUSE
WOVEN OF
REEDS.

two or three at a time into coils, and soaked about ten minutes in hot water until they become pliable, to insure a fine tight weave. The accompanying pen-and-ink sketches show the method of starting the round bottomed baskets. The oval-bottomed



CUT IX: LARGE REED BASKET.

flower baskets are more difficult, and should not be attempted until some skill has been attained. The drop-handled flower basket is a particularly good model, as the folding handles make it easy to pack in a trunk.

In working at any basket it is well to insert extra spokes where the basket turns up, sticking in each almost to the center of the bottom. If necessary a knitting needle may be used to enlarge the space before pushing in the spokes. If it is desirable to give a spiral effect in the natural color and



CUT IV: 1 AND 3 JARDINIÈRES; 2 BASKET FOR TRANSPLANTING FLOWERS.

HOW TO WEAVE REED BASKETS



CUT III: VEGETABLE BASKET AND MELON BASKET.

brown or green, an uneven number of spokes must be used, with one weaver of white and one of the desired color, crossing between the spokes (see Fig. 3). Up and down stripes may be obtained by using an even number of spokes, and weaving with two strands. All such designs should be bordered by a heavy band of the natural color or of the dark color or the pattern will lack character. Beginners should be chary in the use of color.

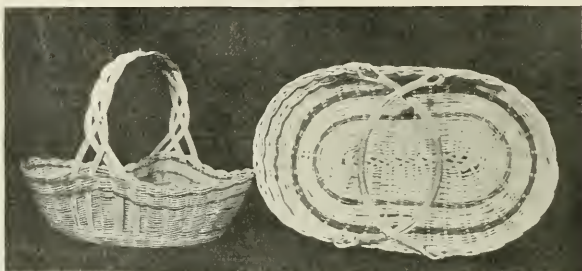
Care must be exercised in putting in handles, and in finishing the upper edge. A glance at the cuts shows the handles as being interwoven into the sides of the basket, and a close analysis of the real articles would show the ends as being carried into the bottom, so that the basket will hold a considerable weight without the handles pulling loose. In the melon-shaped basket, the handle is part of a circle forming the backbone, so to speak, of the whole structure. Another circle intersecting this forms the top of the sides. Figs. 4 and 5 show method of starting the basket.

While all these baskets are for country use, they are quite unlike in the purposes for which they are intended, and the reed bird's nest or bird-house might, perhaps, be excluded as not being a real basket. It is, however, eminently fitted for country use, and after a few weeks' exposure to sun and rain, the reed will, take on the silvery tones of weather-beaten wood, and

seem a part of the landscape. Among our wild birds, bluebirds seem particularly willing to adapt to their own use a ready-made domicile, and even, it is said, to return to the same one year after year. This nest need not be very large, and may be fastened to a bough within sight of the house, as the bluebirds do not fly from their human neighbors. In Scandinavia such nests are very common, and the return of bird couples among the smaller feathered

friends is counted upon, just as is the annual visit of the storks, who find their roof-tree homes prepared with a foundation of a cart wheel by their hosts, ready to be added to with each successive spring.

Not only birds, but their natural enemies, cats and dogs, may be provided with home-made resting places. A friend of the author's acquaintance has a tortoise-shell cat which rejoices in a hand-made basket of brown and buff, with a touch of turquoise blue, which looks particularly charming with his



CUT I: UPRIGHT-HANDLE FLOWER BASKET: AND DROP-HANDLE FLOWER BASKET.

tawny coloring. Finding this basket by the fireside, he proceeded to investigate with eyes, nose and claws, and the result being satisfactory, he at once took possession and has used it over two years.

The first requisites of baskets to hold potted plants, Cut IV, Figures 1 or 3, should be strength and simplicity; coarse materials, No. 5 for spokes and Nos. 3 and 4 for weaving, should be used. A wooden bottom may be used and this adds to the strength of the basket. Bass wood of $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thickness makes a good base. The size of the

HOW TO WEAVE REED BASKETS

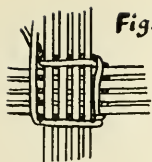


Fig. 1.

FIG. 1. METHOD OF STARTING ROUND BOTTOMED BASKET.
 FIG. 2. METHOD OF STARTING OVAL BOTTOMED BASKET (BASE).
 FIG. 3. WORKING WITH TWO STRANDS (ONE COLORED).
 FIG. 4. MELON BASKET (SIDE VIEW).
 FIG. 5. END VIEW.

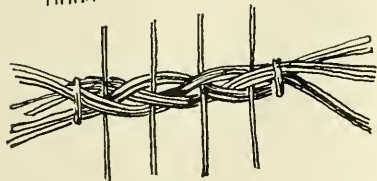


Fig. 2.

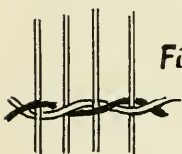


Fig. 3.

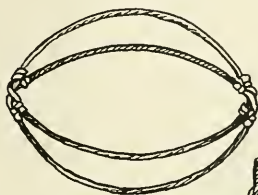


Fig. 4.

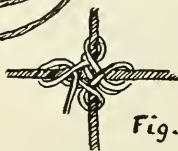


Fig. 5.

bottom having been decided on (9 or 10 inches would be suitable for a fern, or a small palm), a circle should be drawn on the wood with a compass, and the circular piece sawed out with a keyhole saw. The edges should be filed smooth and sandpapered. Inside this circle from the same center another circle should be drawn $\frac{1}{2}$ inch inside this one, as a guide line along which points can be drawn for holes to be bored. These holes should be not more than $\frac{3}{4}$ inch apart to insure firm weaving. The holes should be bored on the points thus indicated with a bit $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in diameter. If it proves difficult to mark the points with a rule the compass set to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch may be used to "step off" the required points on the guide line. To cut the spokes for a wooden bottomed basket it is necessary to first decide on the height desired, then double this and add one inch for the space between the holes, as each spoke goes from the top of the basket down through a hole, across the bottom of the wood to the next hole and then up, as shown in Cut V, Fig. 1. In a basket 12 inches high, 25 inch spokes should be allowed, for the actual height, then to each spoke 4 inches more should be allowed for the border, thus adding 8 inches

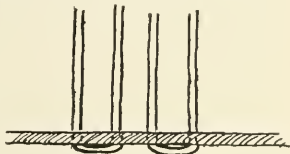
to the 25, 33 inches in all. There should of course be half as many spokes as there are holes. These long strips should be cut and rolled and soaked in hot water until pliable. The weavers must also be soft. The weaving may be done with double or triple weave, and a row of openwork adds to the effect, as the dull red of the pottery showing through adds a nice note of color. The border should be flat, rather than coiled. The pen sketch, Cut V, Fig. 2, shows an open weave strengthened by carrying down extra spokes from the border and one of the photographs shows the same style of open weave ornamented by adding spokes to form a cross in each open space. The borders illustrated are all made

strong by inserting extra spokes. Baskets to be used as jardinières may be stiffened by staining with oil paints mixed with much turpentine to prevent shininess. A very good color combination is that of burnt sienna and Prussian blue mixed

so as to give a cloudy effect of greenish brown. This coloring harmonizes with potted ferns as well as flowering plants. The baskets are made less liable to warp by protecting the surface with the oil paint, and as plant baskets are often used on a veranda, this seems worth consideration. If it is desired to conceal the edge of the wooden bottom this may be done by tacking a braid on, over the edge of the wood, or by putting in extra spokes, short ones, from the back of the basket upward, leaving ends about two inches long, on which a few rows of weaving and a border may be put as shown in the photographic illustrations in Cut IV.

Jardinières of all reed are rather difficult,

CUT
 FIVE:
 NUMBER
 ONE.



HOW TO WEAVE REED BASKETS



CUT V: NUMBER TWO.

on account of the great length of the spokes required, but this difficulty may be obviated by weaving the bottom first, on eight spokes 10 inches long, exactly like the bottom of a small basket. When the weaving has proceeded nearly to the end of the spokes, a strip 14 inches long may be inserted beside each spoke, the basket turned up *omitting* these ends, which may be cut off or used to form a woven base similar to that already mentioned.

When cut flowers have to be transported from place to place it is desirable to have



CUT V: NUMBER THREE.

them protected from light and dust. Two simple baskets are illustrated, Cut VI and Cut IV, Fig. 2, which may be used for this purpose. Cut VI represents a small basket, about 8 inches across, intended especially for the packing of a bunch of violets, the raised cover preventing the crushing of the topmost blossoms. One florist recently used five dozen similar to this. The larger basket allows cut flowers to lie loosely without bending the stems. Two upright holders for cut flowers are also illustrated.

These baskets are very suitable to decorate with color. The smaller ones are attractive dipped after they are completed in a soft toned dye bath—baby blue in Diamond Dyes gives a delicate dull blue, and Easy Dye gives tan, dull green and lavender. The latter color and old rose, however, are hard to render permanent on reed. Large baskets are liable to lose their shape if dipped in dye, and are more satisfactory stained with oil paint and turpentine as described above.

Trays are most fascinating examples of the basketmakers' art. The woven one at the left of Cut VII offers but little difficulty, as it resembles a low round basket,

but the glass bottomed one, Fig. 2, is quite complex. A wooden bottom must be used to keep the glass in place, and the weaving is done *around* this. To accomplish this, it is necessary to use a large piece of cardboard on which a line is drawn exactly the size of the wooden bottom, to hold the weaving in place. The cardboard is pierced with holes one-half inch apart through which small spokes are run, projecting both above and below the cardboard about 4 inches. The top may then be woven 1½ inches high. The upright ends of the spokes should then be worked down through as far as the wooden bottom and pulled out inside to make a border as illustrated in the photograph. The cardboard may then be pulled out, the glass, cretonne and wooden bottom put in place, and the weaving continued to form the lower part of the tray. A very good finish is made by bending the bottom of the spokes in toward the center, and weaving a border on the bottom of the tray to hold the board solid.

Space cannot be given here to directions for elaborate borders, handles and covers, as only the most elementary principles can be taught in so brief a paper. But the appended illustrations of actual baskets, most of which were made in a home for chronic invalids, will offer suggestion as to the methods of working out the more difficult problems of the fitting of covers and adjusting of suitable handles. The large basket shown in detail in Cut IX shows an interesting method of dealing with the cover; as this sinking of the handle allows the basket to be packed in a trunk without taking up undue space. The handles of this basket are wound with heavy chair cane.



CUT V: NUMBER FOUR.

It is also strengthened by corded of No. 6 weave around the sides.

The most interesting feature of all these baskets is the original manner of applying the various weaves, and it is hoped that the reader will devise still more quaint and practical designs.

All the baskets which illustrate this article were woven by Miss Buck according to the instructions given here and the result, as the pictures show, is not only practical but extremely attractive.

WRITE TO UNCLE SAM ABOUT YOUR CORN CROP

HOW UNCLE SAM HELPS FARMERS TO GROW BETTER CORN

IN the "Weekly News Letter to Crop Correspondents," issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, is the following summary of the work which one important branch is doing in coöperation with the farmers of the country:

The Office of Corn Investigations, a branch of the Bureau of Plant Industry, is endeavoring to find out how corn growers may produce larger yields per acre, of better quality and with less labor. This office investigates the fundamental principles which apply wherever corn is grown, such as the principles of corn breeding, seed corn preservation, and corn culture.

Members of this office coöperate with interested farmers on their farms in endeavoring to get better yields. Both the corn specialists and the farmer benefit from this arrangement. These specialists first take great care to investigate particular conditions in a community that they may know exactly what methods and breeds of corn may be used most profitably there.

The office is always on the lookout for foreign varieties of corn which seem to have unusual and valuable characteristics that might be of value in this country. These varieties are tested with well-selected and local varieties to determine their relative values. Systematic breeding work is then taken up with such domestic and foreign varieties as seem most useful to the American farmer to improve each variety still further. Comparative tests are repeated from time to time to determine whether the variety under the process of improvement is actually increasing in superiority.

Some high yielding varieties have been originated by cross-breeding; some have descended from foreign introductions possessing special characters, and others have resulted from ear-to-row selection work. Many of these are being taken up by seedsmen and given trade names, some are known by local names, and others are generally known by their breeding number. Among the latter are United States selections 77, 119, 120, 133, 136, 160, 165, and First Generation Cross 182. Some of these have been made sufficiently productive to outyield local strains throughout several States. First Generation Cross 182 did this throughout Virginia and Maryland.

United States selection 133, improved in southern Wisconsin, has won favor at points in Michigan and Pennsylvania.

To establish the practice of corn improvement is of much more value to a community than the mere introduction of a variety which has been improved. The office by systematic research has endeavored to work out practical methods for growing corn and to make them available for communities desiring to try them. For example, it has demonstrated the profitableness of the construction of a seed-corn house, and on application to the office suggestions for its building may be obtained.

Seed for tests or for corn breeding can frequently be supplied to farmers if requested in the summer or autumn, so that the seed may be properly selected and dried. Requests should state when and where the corn is to be planted and the date on which it is desired to have it ripen. Corn planting begins during February in the South and continues through May in the North. During this time the specialists familiar with hundreds of varieties and how they grow and yield under different conditions go from point to point planting experimental and breeding plots. *Therefore requests for coöperative work and seed corn should be sent in before February.*

In the Office of Corn Investigations the results of fifteen years' experiments are classified and filed and the information gained is available for any farmer who raises corn. The boys on the farm who have organized into corn clubs for the production of superior varieties are assisted in their corn-breeding work by agents of the office. The tabulated information of the office is also at their disposal.

The office aims to increase the acre yield of corn in the United States. The present acre yield of 27 bushels must be improved to meet the growing demand for corn on the part of our increasing population. Actual results obtained by boy members of corn clubs throughout the country have demonstrated that by using improved varieties and methods the acre yield may be greatly increased over the present general average. A more universal use of the methods employed by these successful young farmers will help solve at least one of our agricultural problems, viz., how to increase the acre yield of corn with our increase of population.

TALACHINO: A HOME FOR RUSSIAN FOLK ART



TALACHINO: A HOME FOR RUSSIAN FOLK ART: BY K. R. CAIN

FEW things are more intimately expressive of the inner life and ideals of a nation than the art of its peasant people. It is they who shelter and preserve the old traditions of craftsmanship—in their hand-woven garments, their sturdy home-made furniture, their simple pottery, carved chests, in all the primitive yet appealing decorations which stamp with individuality the humblest objects of fireside, workshop and farm.

The realization of this fact has made many a country turn from the elaborate, over-polished products of modern civilization back to the home of its simpler country and village folk as the guardians of a beauty which the cities in their commercialism have lost. And often the result has been a revival and stimulation of peasant crafts and industries which might otherwise, through lack of opportunity and encouragement, have been gradually lost.

Among the art revivals of this nature which have occurred throughout Europe during the last few years, one of the most interesting is in Russia. At Talachino, the property of the Princess Tenichef, a remarkable art center has been established, where Russian folk art, in old and new forms, has found the inspiration it needed for fresh growth and blossoming. Indeed, the work has been developed along such radical lines that it is regarded by connoisseurs as containing the elements of a new national style.

FRIEZE DESIGNED BY N. ROERICH—AN EXAMPLE OF NORTHERN FOLK ART OF UNUSUAL INTEREST AND BEAUTY.

In this unique center the Princess Tenichef has collected the best art of the world for the instruction and inspiration of every peasant on her estate, and every worker in her studios. The whole atmosphere of the place is that of a family group, where people of all classes meet for a common purpose. Thousands of laborers and students come to Talachino, which has thus become a place of considerable importance in the popularity and development of the surrounding district. All who bring the mark of talent, all who are earnest and eager in their efforts to perfect their own



THE FAÇADE OF THE *Tsermok* WHICH HOUSES TALACHINO'S LIBRARY: THE DESIGNER IS MALIOUTINE, ART DIRECTOR OF THE SCHOOL: RUSSIAN FONDNESS FOR ORNAMENTATION IS HERE EVIDENT.

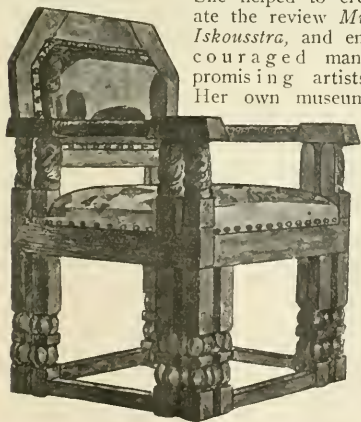
TALACHINO: A HOME FOR RUSSIAN FOLK ART

particular craft, find welcome there—students, scientists, workers in wood and metal, weavers and dyers, artists and craftsmen of every kind. At their service are the museum and the library, exhibits of the work of modern painters, the newest artistic and technical publications, while the contests and expositions are open to all. And while much is taught by the example of great achievements in each branch of art and industry, the creative rather than the imitative spirit is fostered, and the individuality of the student is encouraged toward self-expression along original lines.

To organize such an art center as Talachino requires not only a sincere love of the work but also a wide artistic and technical knowledge, initiative and creative ability, and infinite patience in carrying all the details to completion. Fortunately for the undertaking, Princess Tenichef possesses all these qualities in remarkable degree, for she has lived many years in the world of art and has carried to successful issue several important enterprises.

In the Russian Museum at St. Petersburg—or rather Petrograd, as we must call it now—are many tributes to her activity. A certain section of aquarelles was a gift from the Princess. It was through her efforts that the Museum has work by Vroubel, Blomsted, Ernfeld, Enkel, Purvitt, Mme. Yakountchekof—a fine collection constantly enriched with new acquisitions.

She helped to create the review *Mir Iskousstva*, and encouraged many promising artists. Her own museum,



ARMCHAIR OF MASSIVE PROPORTIONS AND RICH EXECUTION, AFTER THE DESIGN BY A. ZINOVIEF.

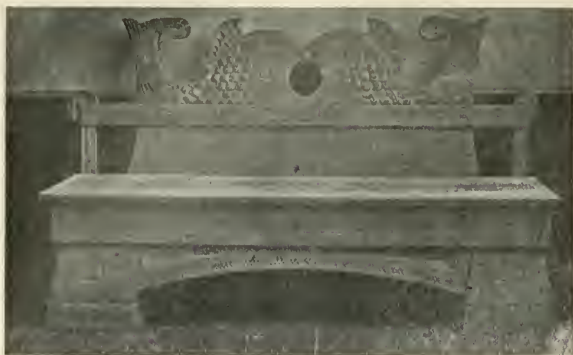


CHAIR OF CARVED AND PAINTED WOOD BY A. ZINOVIEF.

which was formerly at Talachino, has been transferred to Smolensk, and with its exhibitions of applied arts and ethnography is the joy of the old city. Everything in it—embroideries, carvings, ikons and medals—is rich in both scientific and artistic value. Nor is the collection limited to ancient objects, for it includes much incomparable work of the new masters, such as Lalique, Falize, Gallay and Colonna.

The Princess, of course, has many able and energetic helpers at Talachino, and foremost among them stands Malioutine, the Master Craftsman and Art Director of the studios. She was one of the first to appreciate his talent and to see the disadvantages under which the artist had labored. Confiding her studios to his direction, she gave him free rein to realize all the caprices of his rich creative fancy. That of which Vasnetzof dreamed in his architecture, and Mme. Yakountchekof in her toy structures, is here realized, yet nothing borrowed from either. All is Malioutine—at the same time purely rustic Russian, new, fantastic, picturesque. It is impossible to assert where begins the individual imagination, or ends the grace of the old Muscovite spirit. Malioutine, by the peculiar nature of his talent, by his clearly expressed personality, reveals only one master more original and powerful than himself—Gallen, the Finn, the son of his nation, of epic legend. Both were

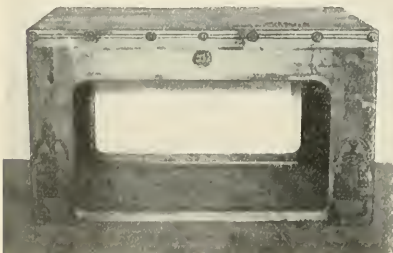
TALACHINO: A HOME FOR RUSSIAN FOLK ART



HALL BENCH WITH CURIOUS FISH MOTIF, AFTER THE DESIGN OF S. MALIOUTINE: A PIECE WHICH REVEALS BOTH SOLIDITY AND GRACE.

among the first to show forth the art of the future—northern art with all the inexhaustible beauty of the people, their customs and character, their laws and logic.

It was Malioutine who designed the original structure which contains the library of the Talachino school. This *teremok*—old Russian for “little castle”—is a spacious two-story building, with brick sub-structure, situated about a mile and a half from the home of the Princess, and surrounded by a palisade, or tall fence, of artistic design, the entrance gate strangely cut, showing through its openwork the approach to the building, from perron to summit. This gateway, opening into the forest, merges into the pine branches against the dazzling background of deep snow or sunlight beyond, according to the season. All around are scattering pine trees and interspersing birches, with their delicate white trunks;



A STURDY TABLE OF REMARKABLE DECORATIVE CHARM, MADE AFTER THE DESIGN OF J. OVTCHINNIKOF.

below extends a perspective of fields, cut by ravines.

The somber beams of the *teremok* itself are circled with fantastic girdles; multicolored ornaments flash and gleam, bas-reliefs, swans with wings uplifted, sunbursts, undulating wavelike lines, bands, stars, squares—designs reflecting every sort of animate and inanimate life. Certain details of the building astonish

by their unexpectedness, their picturesque simplicity, the boldness of their composition. One's consciousness is saturated with this peculiar beauty, very old, Slav to a

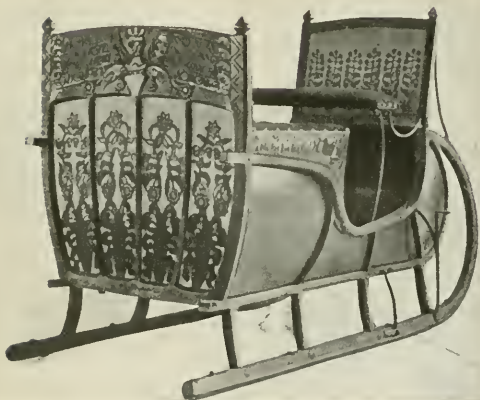


IN THIS SIMPLE DESK, DESIGNED BY N. ROERICH, RESTRAINED AND CAREFULLY PLACED ORNAMENT RELIEVES THE SOLID WOOD.

supreme degree, ingenious, barbaric, yet naïve and homely. Inside is a curious porcelain stove made after Malioutine's design; wonderful wooden settees and a sculptured stairway baluster of curious pattern. Equally successful and of very fine and positive decorative taste is a doorway executed after the design of the Princess Tenichef.

The theater as well as the library was designed by Malioutine, and is a long, one-story building with slanting roof, windows close together and framed in sculpture! wood. Every free space on the walls is covered with wood carving in relief, resembling the ornaments of certain boats on the Volga and other northern rivers, an ageless art which survives to the present day. In

TALACHINO: A HOME FOR RUSSIAN FOLK ART



SLEIGH DECORATED AFTER THE DESIGN OF THE PRINCESS TENICHEF, FOUNDER OF THE RUSSIAN ART-CENTER OF TALACHINO.

the museum of the Princess is an admirable collection of these prows, some dating from the early seventeenth century, some from the time of Peter the Great and the renowned Catherine.

All through the decorations of Talachino and its buildings—above the gateway to the *teremok*, in the decorations of the walls, in the old Russian ornaments, the ancient brocades of glittering gold—one sees the famous “wonder-bird,” Talachino’s tacit crest, the delight of the Princess and the sign manual of Malioutine. The decorative use of this legendary bird seems especially appropriate, for it is closely interwoven with the traditions of the people. Worshipping peasants sang of its flight, its golden plumage, its prophetic voice. It was a symbol of all magical and longed-for beauty—this sun-bird of the East which came to hover awhile over the snowy Northland, perhaps the embodiment of some bright Oriental memory of this strangely mingled race.

Serge Makowsky declares, “Never has the art of our cities more nearly approached primitive art”—writing of Talachino—“peasant art, which for so many centuries developed in peaceful villages, in the forests, in the calm of the endless Steppes, beside impassable Russian marshes. For the first time the Russian painter, permeated with European culture and experience, looks upon the people and

the far past without false sentiment, free from preconceived tendencies—looks simply with the eye of the seeker and diviner, as a poet who loves the mystery of popular beauty.” He continues, “It would be difficult to say precisely to whom is due the honor of priority in this new way.”

Then follow names scarcely heard in our country—Šwartz, with his series of illustrations and pictures borrowed from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, giving proof of a fine comprehension of historic truth, and a nice discrimination in details; Sourikof, the Titan of Russian historic painting; Solntzof, Pleckanof, and the story pictures of Vasnetzof. The impulse was given. Lost magic returned. From old churches and cities, antique carved wood, quaintly designed embroideries, all the original beauty which had slept for centuries in the tranquil immensity of far Russian spaces, every old treasure yielded something needful to our modern



CRADLE WITH BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED WOOD AND DRAPERY, THE DESIGN OF THE PRINCESS TENICHEF.

TALACHINO: A HOME FOR RUSSIAN FOLK ART



EXTREME GATE OF THE *Teremok*, DESIGNED BY S. MALIOUTINE AND SCULPTURED IN WOOD.

masters; and temple decoration and the applied arts took on fresh forms—neither entirely new, nor yet imitations. The national operas were staged with decorations and costumes in harmony with the spirit of the music, instead of with the obviously unfit; utensils for daily use were covered with designs, reminders of ancestral implements; fantastic flowers, turnsoles and ferns blossomed on the pottery, furniture and stuffs; everywhere national ornamentation was revived.

Honor is especially due to two remarkable artists, Helen Polenof and Marie Yakountchekof, who, sustained by Mme. Mamonof, an art patron, founded several studios in the village of Abramtzevo. Here were executed after their designs and ancient models all sorts of objects adapted to the comfort of modern homes. Unfortunately, their valuable activity was of short duration. Mme. Polenof died in 1898, and Mme. Yakountchekof in 1902. Their studios, little by little, gave place to those of Talachino. The intellectual class of cities, unused to the art of the people, awoke to the realization of its vitality, and the success of the productions of Talachino has been astonishing. "Hopeful breaks in the ranks of triviality," writes Roerich, who has been called the Viking painter, with his "exceptional taste, his grave twilight thought, creator of somber prehistoric men," a special admirer and friend of Talachino.

Thus, out of an evident spiritual need, Talachino has drawn together the best artists—Vroubel, Zinovief, Bechtof, Michinof,

Samoussef, Borotchersky and many others—to give birth to new forces in art. The school has especially developed in woodworkers the sentiment of ornament, that ancient fondness that still lives in the peasant of today. "This sentiment cannot be aroused artificially," says Roerich. "It hides in the obscure soul of the people like a seed, waiting centuries for a propitious soil to burgeon forth in generous growth. The people keep the elemental forms, embryos of beauty, immutable and eternal as destiny; symbols of race unity, they are more living and lasting than the temporary superpositions of history. When the time is ripe they bloom out, enduring, in splendid designs."

Even so brief a glimpse must prove that the Russian people, the peasants, are not a wretched class, doomed to misery and suffering, but a vast world concealing in its depths the wealth of centuries of knowledge, dreams, traditions, feelings, with the tangible proof of the crystallization of art life, the inheritance of a thousand years.

A nation seldom shines with all the arts at once, those of war and those of peace. Russia held germs of beauty in its barbaric days which so far have refused to bloom amidst civilization—certainly not in cities. Art, mysterious as the wind, comes not at bidding; and it often passes the haughtiest door to smile on the humblest hovel. So, out of the homes of her peasants, the folk-art of Russia has come, expressing in its own inimitable way the soul of her people.

GARDEN CITY CHILDREN

THE Imperial Health Conference at a recent exhibition in London presented some interesting facts concerning child welfare. Among the reports which showed the value of healthy environment upon children, was that of the Medical Officer of Health for Hendon. He has found that in the Garden Suburb school of Hampstead the height of the pupils from 5 to 8 years averages from $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch to $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches more than that of children living under less natural conditions. The Marquis of Salisbury has demonstrated his interest by developing on his estate at Liverpool a garden suburb on copartnership principles.

"BEAUTY-LETTERS"



"BEAUTY-LETTERS"

DOWN in Mexico City is a modest little studio papered with hand-made paper, hung with hand-woven curtains and draperies stenciled with curiously interesting medallions, furnished with quaint hand-made tables, chairs and cabinets. Torres Palomar, a designer of monograms, made this studio and all the things in it after his own ideas of beauty and the need of individual expression. He lives there in the heart of that excitable city, peacefully absorbed in combining letters of all languages into beautiful monograms or kalogramas, as he calls them, a word of his invention meaning "beauty-letters." A monogram or kalogram is in reality but a little enigma, a rebus made up of the interlaced or cleverly combined initials of a man's name, sometimes of the full name itself. To be good, says this enthusiast, it must be easy to guess else it fails its purpose; besides, complicated things are never beautiful. Monograms must be beautiful as well as useful. There is a satisfaction in deciphering a good monogram, a pleasant sense of triumph. If the design is confused so that the letters cannot be easily perceived, then it is unsuccessful, for it carries with it an unpleasant impression of failure.

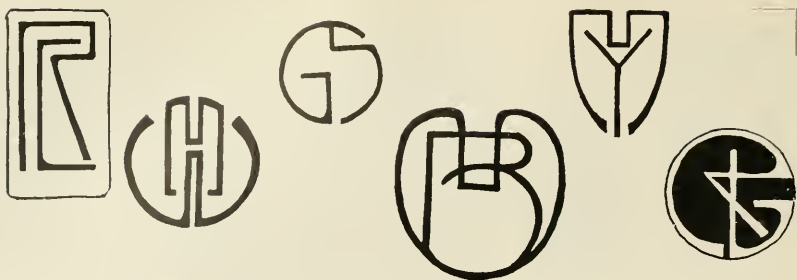
The work of Torres Palomar is distinguished for its originality of design, its harmonious coloring, its legibility and its extreme simplicity. Monograms of his designing are full of refreshing individuality, for he is a bit of a humorist, a kindly sympathetic one who cannot help but make letters fittingly suitable to different personalities. So he makes them gracious, dignified, severe, flippant, aristocratic, slender or heavy, as varied as human nature itself. To

the designing of these small intimate emblems of character, intended for use on stationery and household napery, as bookplates, crests and seals, he applies the big general principles of art.

Color and music harmonies are closely related according to him, and exercise a similar fascination. The mere repetition of a geometrical pattern or of a color note does not produce beauty or quicken the imagination any more than the repetition of a sound produces music that appeals to the emotions. There must be a harmonious arrangement or combination of form and of color to prevent monotony and bring about beauty. He has learned to improvise with letters and colors, developing a multitude of harmonious figures as a musician improvising with notes creates new and haunting melodies. His improvisations spring from a long experience as an engraver, an invaluable experience which gave him thorough acquaintance with the chemistry of colors and the technique of printing. He has played with the letters of many ages, studied ancient Egyptian, Arabic and Cufic inscriptions, examined old missiles, seals and devices of heraldry. So beneath his impromptu kalogramas is a wide technical knowledge of the principles of pure form and symbolism, as beneath the simplest melodies rest the complicated laws of counterpoint.

Monograms in the form of a single sign, representing a name, have been in use from the earliest ages. They were man's first efforts at a signature, a crude attempt to imprint his individuality upon objects, or to proclaim his ownership. More elaborate ones composed of the several initials of a name have been found upon very ancient Greek coins and upon medals and seals of Macedonia and Sicily. Popes, emperors

SANITARY PROGRESS IN THE EAST



and kings of the Middle Ages used them in lieu of signatures. In Japan even today initial monograms or those involving the full name, made up in the form of seals, are in general use for signing pictures, letters, contracts, bills, receipts, etc. They are used, in fact, wherever a personal signature is demanded, and most decorative objects they are indeed, for they are often purely emblematic instead of kalographic. A seal, with a bit of red wax, in cleverly contrived plain or ornamental cases, hangs from the girdles of all men, whether workman, merchant or scholar.

The work of the early artists, engravers and craftsmen of Germany, Flanders and many other European countries was signed solely with the initials of their makers, which were frequently interwoven with figures of symbolic character. The most widely known monogram is without doubt the ec-

clesiastic I. H. S., formed of the first three letters of the Greek name of Jesus, or, as it is sometimes explained, of the first three letters of the Latin sentence *Jesus Hominum Salvatore* (Jesus Savior of Men). The most common form of monogram is the square, which represents the foundation principle of life, or the circle, the line of perfection, which, like the infinite, is without beginning or end and incloses all. Some of the simplest ones are a primitive sort of shorthand. A rebus forming a pun upon a man's surname was once extremely popular in England. Pictorial signatures were also once in common use in England, as, for instance, the letter N between crude sketches of an ox and a bridge, which plainly stands for Oxenbridge. Many old English ideograms persist even unto today, such as lb. for pound and our own mark \$ for dollar.

SANITARY PROGRESS IN INDIA AND EGYPT

THE press of India, both Anglo-Indian and native, is championing a cause which a few years ago would have seemed hopeless in a country where progress is so difficult. To convince a people, with the prejudices of centuries behind them, that sanitation is of the utmost importance to them physically and morally, is no easy task. But in the last thirty years various advancements have been made that make more rapid progress possible now. During this period princes have had their sons educated in foreign countries; high schools have been established by missionaries; and various commissions, considering the needs of the country, have changed the occupations of the people and introduced Western ideas into the larger towns. What has been accomplished along the one line of

sanitation, with the intelligent backing of these agencies, may be inferred from the report of the health of the British troops in India, which is duplicated in the report of the native troops. The death rate of the British troops in the four years 1875-79 was 20.37 per thousand, and in 1911 and 1912 the figures were respectively only 4.89 and 4.62 per thousand.

Remarkable sanitary results have also been attained in Egypt, where the outcome of the British occupation a generation ago was enigmatical. Here the same mental prejudices to cleanliness of body and dwelling had to be overcome as in India, but Lord Kitchener's last report shows how the British irrigation schemes, which have changed the face of that great country, were able, during a shortage of water last year, to prevent the famine and misery which usually follow such a catastrophe.—From *The American City* for August, 1914.

HILDA'S PILLOW



A WOODEN TOY SKILFULLY MADE BY AN INSANE PATIENT.

HILDA'S PILLOW: HEALING THE INSANE THROUGH WORK: BY DR. MARY LAWSON NESS

MY first meeting with Hilda was in this wise. Passing through a hospital ward, a forlorn figure was noticed leaning against the side of a window, listlessly gazing out. She paid no attention to me or to my companion, who answered inquiries in regard to her by saying that she was a problem to the nurses in the ward, sometimes striking them, sometimes breaking a window, sometimes tearing her clothes to shreds. It was almost impossible to keep her tidy, while her chronic discontent, which was written on her face, made her an influence for evil. Her mental deterioration was so great that she could not work in any of the regular departments.

Under Hilda's arm was crumpled a strange-looking fabric. Bits of lettering, a quaint figure, a flower, aroused my desire to examine the production. "Will you let me see what you have made?" I asked as pleasantly as possible. "No, I won't," was the curt reply. We passed on, but a day or two later Hilda abruptly held out her precious possession, and said to the physician making his rounds, "The lady can have this." My curiosity was generously rewarded by the gift. An old flour sack, bits of cotton thread raveled from her apron, her gingham dress or her stocking had furnished her equipment. Chance ravelings from the floor, sewing cotton, a bit of tambo red, secured no one knew how, were added from time to time. The work was done at odd moments, in lonely corners, without attracting any one's attention, and lo! the pil-

low pictured in the illustration was the result of laundering the soiled and crumpled bag. This pillow was placed in an industrial exhibit, to Hilda's pride and joy. She was immediately transformed. With this clue to her interest the nurses and physicians saw that she was supplied with materials, and such a procession of pillows as flowed from her magic fingers was never seen!—A present for every employee she knew—for visitors and friends of other patients was forthcoming. At Thanksgiving gorgeous turkeys strutted out, at Christmas holly wreaths encircled bells, at Easter lilies and daffodils bloomed, on Independence Day flags waved on Hilda's pillows. No two were ever alike, and the tribute of praise and appreciation were as the water of life to the starved artist soul that lay buried under Hilda's clouded intellect. Hilda is still demented, still incoherent and



HILDA'S PILLOW.

HILDA'S PILLOW



HANDBAG OF CORD, THE MAKING OF WHICH SHOWS NO SIGN OF A DISORDERED MIND.

childish—but a smile is on her face. Her gray hair is smoothly combed, a crocheted collar adorns her fresh calico dress, and the thirty-five pounds she has gained have made her drawn and lined face comely and dimpled. No better illustration of what occupation that is self-expression means to the quite incurable insane could be found, yet doubtless scores of just such histories could be written, were the facts available.

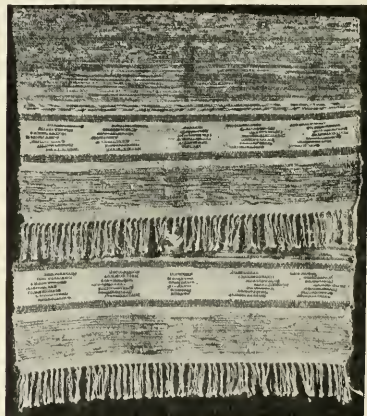
To help Hilda's sisters in the various insane hospitals in this country, a majority of institutions for the insane have now some regularly organized department to plan and provide suitable occupations. One of the most progressive has a highly trained woman, a member of the staff, at the head of this department. She has under her eight or ten paid employees, and many patient assistants. On this staff are musicians, librarians, trained playground instructors, teachers of the arts and crafts of all kinds, of folk dancing, of calisthenics, of book-binding, of painting and drawing, and of horticulture. A school under a capable teacher is maintained, and with rare good judgment placed where it is at once noticed by the incoming patients on an acute ward, thus making them aware of normal human activ-

ities close at hand, in which they can join as soon as they wish or become able to do so.

From the humane point of view no stronger appeal is needed than that made by a ward filled with idle and unhappy human beings. In being deprived of an outlet for their energy they frequently develop mischievous habits, taking off and putting on their clothing, hammering, clapping their hands, screaming, etc. These outbursts of unutilized nervous energy are not so often symptoms of their disease as the fruit of the conditions in which they are placed. To restore to these people an agreeable and natural way of carrying on a normal amount of activity is certainly contributing as much to lessen the sum total of human misery as any charity that we could mention. Many cases which have at various times come under my personal observation have been transformed from unhappy creatures to cheerful and contented inmates of a hospital, which they then come to consider almost in the light of a home.

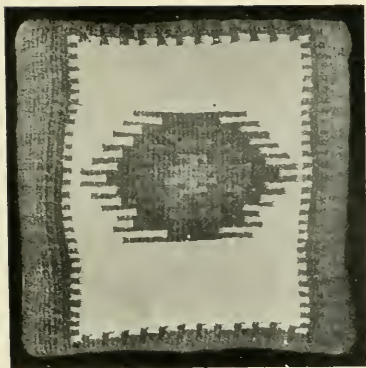
It would seem superfluous to emphasize the injury that idleness produces, and when this injury is the result of enforced idleness it is even more extensive and irreparable.

In our hospitals for the insane we have the problem of supplying not only the materials and equipment for occupation, but the motives. The question "Why do we work?" has been answered by a great philosopher,



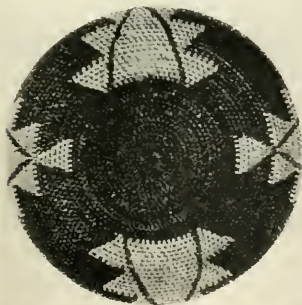
A REALLY ARTISTIC RUG WOVEN BY A PATIENT IN AN INSANE HOSPITAL.

HILDA'S PILLOW



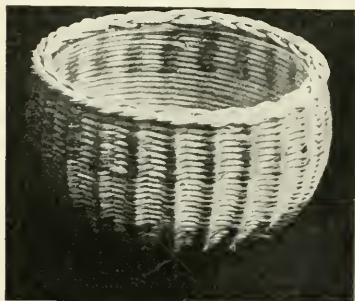
PILLOW WOVEN ON A SMALL HAND LOOM BY AN INSANE WOMAN.

when he said, "A man to be happy must have something to work for, something to hope for, and something to love." The mainsprings of action are necessity, ambition and affection. Take these away, and a vacuum is created in which we cannot function. Institutional life frequently cuts the inmate off almost entirely from these motives. The minor stimuli of life must be used instead. Of these the most potent is the play motive—self-expression in all forms, which includes invention, the desire to create, the joy of seeing the work of one's fingers grow and reach completion. This is so deeply rooted a human instinct that it can be trusted to survive in almost all degrees of mental aberration. Other minor motives should be employed as fully as possible.



BASKET IN INDIAN DESIGN, CRAFTWORK OF THE INSANE.

Praise will influence some, competition will reach a few, an appeal to the æsthetic sense will be effective with a limited number. On others, simple rewards will have a constraining influence. Altruism and affection can be appealed to largely—as largely as with children; and many patients will embrace an opportunity to make small gifts for relatives or friends. Some will enter into preparations for an entertainment—making decorations for Christmas trees calls forth almost universal interest. Many will gladly do charity work, which, in this case, will not begin at home, but will be for dependents of some other class, such as orphaned or crippled children. Some will take their first steps toward a more normal life by forming the audience which merely watches the activities of patients already able to respond to stimulation. Later some



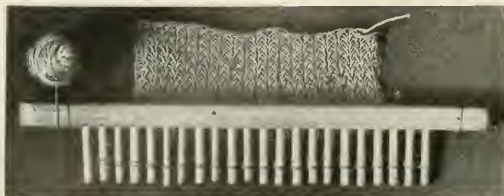
ROSE AND VIOLET BOWL WOVEN OVER A GLASS FINGER BOWL WHICH THE WEAVING HOLDS FIRMLY INSIDE: IT IS COLORED WITH THE JUICE OF WILD SMILAX BERRIES.

of these spectators will develop a desire to participate in the work they have watched.

The personal note, so easily lost in dealing with large groups of people, should be used repeatedly and to the fullest possible extent. It is far better for a patient to be asked to hemstitch a particular cover for the bureau of a nurse to whom she is attached than merely to give her material and tell her that it is to be hemstitched. If we will put ourselves in the place of the patient for a moment the force of this distinction will be very clearly seen.

One of the most successful experiences we have had was interesting patients in making little gingham aprons and other small articles of clothing for the children in an orphan asylum. The children themselves came occasionally to the hospital to sing,

HILDA'S PILLOW



RAKE-KNITTER MADE BY A PATIENT IN A NEW ENGLAND HOSPITAL.

either in the wards or in the amusement hall, and every response to the request that some small garments be made for these children was as unanimous and hearty as would have come from a group of people anywhere. Here the appeal was made to the deeply-rooted feminine instinct of caring for children, the personal note was used in asking them to work for some one they had seen and already felt an interest in, and no doubt the longing to be of some use in the world, which the more intelligent inmates of institutions frequently feel keenly, was somewhat satisfied. The work itself, moreover, was interesting, was more or less familiar, was easily done, soon finished, and of obvious use—all most desirable features.

The last of these—its obvious use—is an essential element in all occupation work. Work for the sake of work appeals to abnormal people just as little as to normal people. Trumped-up occupations that are evidently merely a perfunctory carrying out of the idea of occupation, will prove valueless. A certain amount of institutional work, however, can be utilized, especially if a personal note is added.

The articles to be made, besides being of obvious use, should be such as are quickly finished, so that results are not too long delayed. They should, whenever possible, have color and form to give them some aesthetic value. They should not require very fine muscular co-ordination. This is an important point, too often overlooked. Very simple forms of embroidery, crocheting and feather-stitching are practical, if not carried on until the patient has lost interest. The signs of fatigue should be watched for in all work with great care.

Basketry appeals to a somewhat limited number. Those who are satisfied with mo-

notonous employment will frequently work week after week at basketry. By varying colors and styles and by limiting the basket work to certain days in the week, the great objection to basketry, which is its monotony, can be minimized. Where practicable, it is one of the most

useful aids in furnishing occupation.

The simple splint baskets are suitable for the confused or deteriorated patients. Men like to make reed baskets, while the educated and skilful members of the varied community will learn to produce really beautiful pieces of work like the one illustrated, which reproduces an Indian design.

Sometimes it is difficult to find a simple occupation for unskilled patients. One of the best is rake-knitting, to which my attention was first called by Miss Tracy's charming book, "Invalid Occupations." This rake, shown in operation in the illustration, is the spool knitter of our childhood with a college education. A patient in a New England hospital who was interested in helping the "Occupation Supervisor" made a supply of rakes from the skewers thrown aside in the meat shop, with odds and ends of lumber, and the industry flourished apace. The bag illustrated is made from oyster-white linen cable cord, and is designed for



A CHEERFUL LITTLE CROCODILE MADE FOR A CHILD TO PLAY WITH.

wear with a white linen suit. These bags are salable, and will be useful where patients are allowed the normal incentive of reaping a reward from their work.

An excellent occupation for wholesomeness and human interest is weaving. A practical way to introduce this is to begin with the small hand looms used in schools, teaching to a group or class the principles of color combinations, the technique of cutting and sewing, the possibilities of bias and twisted rags and the elements of designing.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ZARATHUSTRA SIMS

Later a larger hand loom will furnish sofa pillows, such as the one illustrated, in which a simple "tapestry" weave is used. Then come the rugs for the floor, made on large looms, but still using the hand shuttle.

The rug shown gives a very effective design in dull green and white, with small flecks of red, pink and yellow in the body. This border design is "laid on." After these will come "sewed in" and "tapestry" designs. These rugs may be utilized in any institution and used for gifts or prizes. They also sell readily at bazars or from a showcase.

The making of wooden toys was a happy thought on the part of one superintendent. The patients soon learned to design for themselves, and some of their favorite creations are illustrated herewith. A few tools, bits of wood and wire, and some paints are all that are required for this industry.

All occupations for the insane should afford some opportunity for self-expression, if worthy to be ranked as therapeutic. Monotonous drudgery and unremunerated toil may be a slight improvement on *ennui* and enforced idleness, but they certainly are not therapy.

The patient who fits into the industrial departments of an institution is provided for, so far as mere employment goes, but should be carefully included in all plans for amusement, to counteract the monotony of routine work. Patients who are already skilful, and but slightly deteriorated mentally, are, of course, easy to find employment for, and many of them have enough initiative to occupy themselves if materials are supplied. These two classes, therefore, may be eliminated from the number of those who constitute the real problem. This consists of the patients unskilled in handicrafts of all kinds, absorbed in their own troubles, and often already given up to habits of inaction and apathy. There is a wide gulf between the patient who can be useful in the sewing room or laundry and the patient who is absolutely unable to do anything; yet those who fall short of being able to work several hours a day to some purpose will too often have no other resource, and what little skill they have will ultimately be lost.

Where a limited amount of work only can be done it is often necessary to choose between the attempt to rescue chronic cases of long standing, and to spend the same time and effort in fitting into institutional

life the patients who are just passing over from the acute to the chronic stage, so as to prevent deterioration as much as possible. The latter seems the more fruitful and compelling task, yet when one finds in a chronic ward a patient raveling out a stocking and knitting up the threads with a hairpin, the appeal is almost too strong to resist.

The chronic insane with some skill, the acute patient with increasing mental grasp, the disturbed or exhausted case who can only be amused, the chronic case who must be patiently led to take up very simple tasks, must each be differently environed and instructed. Whatever plan or classification is followed, a regular schedule of occupation, rest, and exercise, which provides properly for every hour of the patient's time, is essential.

In devising such a "curriculum" the various aptitudes and acquirements of different officers, nurses, attendants, and patients can be skilfully utilized.

FROM THE PHILOSOPHY OF ZARATHUSTRA SIMS

WHEN a lightning-rod agent or a nursery salesman calls I always let him do the talking, and I am likely to learn what Martin Beaman really paid for the near-Jersey cow he said he got for \$35.

Why is it that a man will swear when his wife throws away the dish of burnt matches he was saving to light his pipe with, and yet leave his side-hill plow out all winter to gather rust?

It is wonderful what the clear fall weather will do for the rheumatism. Caleb Belden couldn't do a stroke of work during potato digging time, but he was much better when the deer season opened.

I can't understand how these political grafters fool each other so neatly. It must be they aren't all on the same party wire.

Vanity is a great aid to religion. Amanda Beaman has been to church regular since she got her new teeth.

When Peterson asked Martin Beaman what he thought about Socialism, Martin said he had a calf to wean. That's about as far as you can get with a farmer on that subject.

A NEW VEGETABLE FROM JAPAN

A NEW VEGETABLE FROM JAPAN

FOR persons who like novelty in their food and in their gardens, an interesting field for experiment is offered by the new Japanese vegetable, udo.

Nurserymen have grown the udo under the name of *Aralia Cordata* for ornamental purposes, for twenty years or more, but as a vegetable it is still comparatively unknown. On rich soil it grows to a height of 10 feet or more, producing a very ornamental mass of large green leaves and, in the late summer, long loose flower clusters, sometimes 3 feet in length. In appearance it is much like a larger variety of the spikenard or petty morel, a native of our woodlands.

The blanched shoots of the udo have a characteristic flavor. Properly prepared they are delicious—or so at least they have been found by the author of Bulletin 84, just published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture under the title of "Experiments with Udo, the New Japanese Vegetable." The plant requires little care and with the same space devoted to it, yields approximately the same amount of food for the table as asparagus and is ready for use at about the same time in the spring. After the first frost it dies down each autumn to come up again in the spring, much as asparagus and rhubarb do. A patch of it can be forced each spring for at least six years and probably much longer. The flowers attract bees and flies in such numbers that a field of it is usually humming with insects. As a honey plant, therefore, the udo deserves the attention of bee-keepers.

Udo is adapted to a wide range of climate, as is shown by the fact that it grows all over Japan; but no part of Japan suffers from drought. In this country the udo has done best in moist regions, in particular in New England, the Atlantic States as far south as the Carolinas, in the rainy region of Puget Sound, and in the trucking sections of California.

Where greenhouses or cold frames are available, the seed should be planted in March or April—one-fourth of an inch deep in soil that consists of equal parts of loam, mold and sand. As soon as the plants are 3 or 4 inches high, they can be planted out in the ground or potted and set out later. Thereafter the udo needs

little attention. Its roots spread with extraordinary rapidity through loose rich soil—udo is not recommended for poor, dry land—and the crowns soon become at least a foot across. Three and a half or four feet is therefore not too great a distance to allow between plants.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty connected with the cultivation of the udo is the blanching of the shoots. It is these that are regarded as the real delicacy, for the flavor of the stems when green has a certain rankness which is unpleasant to most palates. Various methods of blanching the early shoots have therefore been experimented with. In California excellent results have been obtained by mounding up the earth in the early spring over each plant much as is done with asparagus. Elsewhere, however, the late frosts make the soil too cold and the shoots are slow in coming through.

Another method is to put a large drain tile, with one end closed, over each hill before the spring growth starts. The shoots which come up inside the tile are well blanched, but they show a tendency to produce a number of unopened leafstalks which take away from the robust growth of the shoots. To obviate this, casks or boxes filled with light material such as sand or sifted coal ashes have been tried with considerable success. In any case great care must be taken not to permit the shoots to break through into the sunlight. They can be cut when only 6 inches long, but it is better to let them grow to 12 or 18 inches.

In the cooking of udo there is still abundant room for innovators. In all experiments, however, one thing must be remembered. When raw, the stems contain a resinous substance which gives them a decided, and to many persons unpleasant, taste of pine. It is, however, easy to eliminate this by soaking thin slices of the stems in ice-cold water for an hour or two, or by boiling them in two or three waters, as is often done with strong-flavored vegetables. The author of the Bulletin, who has been experimenting for eight years with udo on his Maryland farm, suggests three recipes—udo on toast, udo salad, and udo soup—as samples of what can be done with this vegetable. Undoubtedly many other interesting and delicious dishes will be devised as more is known of this new product.

PIN MONEY FOR THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

HOW THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER CAN EARN PIN MONEY

ALADY in Richmond, Va., has made a national reputation putting up and selling pin-money pickles. She began a few years ago in a very modest way, but now her products are so popular that they can be found nearly everywhere in the United States. Another woman, in Washington, D. C., has built up a business making chowchow, for which she gets \$3.00 a gallon.

These are only samples of what hundreds of young women have done to earn pin money by putting up canned goods at home. People are continually demanding a better quality of canned goods and are willing to pay a better price for them. The farmer's daughter who desires to earn pin money may avail herself of this demand and with care and perseverance learn to put up canned goods that she may sell at a profit. Those who are interested in such a project may obtain detailed instructions on canning in *Farmers' Bulletin 521* of the United States Department of Agriculture, which will be sent free of charge to the applicant.

The bulletin, while encouraging the young woman in her efforts to make a business proposition of putting up fruits and vegetables, cautions against over-enthusiasm. It advises that the beginner experiment with a few cans before going too heavily into the project. If the first cans keep well, she may be encouraged to proceed. If she meets with a few failures, perhaps she has overlooked some important detail outlined in the department's bulletin. It is only through failures that one gets good experience, and with a little practice and care in following the directions any farmer's daughter should be able to put up a satisfactory can of fruit or vegetables.

When a young woman has succeeded in putting up a product satisfactory for home use, she may well look around for a market outside the home. The girl who starts out with confidence in herself will be more likely to find a good market than one who is diffident.

Specialize In What You Do Best.

The girl with experience in canning knows the products with which she has the most success, and should endeavor to sell only those in which she excels. It is al-

ways best to specialize and work up a reputation for some particular kind of goods, as did the women already mentioned. One girl may make a feature of catchup, another may find her best product is pickles, while another may put up a specially attractive can of peppers, cauliflower, peaches, apples, or tomatoes.

People of means are most likely to want "home-canned" products, and these are the ones to see. Many housewives living in the cities who leave home for the country during the summer months will gladly give the farmer's daughter an order to can enough tomatoes to last them all winter. It is best to take orders ahead as far as possible in order to practise real economy.

The young woman who starts out to sell her products will, of course, dress neatly and take samples of her products put up in an attractive form. Glass jars will show products much better than tins, but if tins are found to be less expensive, they may be used for all except the show products.

The managers of the best hotels and restaurants in the neighborhood, the stewards of social clubs in the cities, the managers of railroad dining cars, and many retail grocers will be glad to use the products of the girl who does her canning at home. These products are likely to show individual care and to be prepared neatly of good materials, and on the shelves of a retail store are likely to attract attention from the best customers.

If a young woman knows by experience that her products are first class, she need not hesitate to put a good price on them. Home-canned goods, canned by experienced people, are worth more than ordinary goods, and one need not compete with the other. "Fancy goods" are rarely found upon bargain counters. Even if the first samples of home canning are not such as may be readily sold, they may be used at home and from her experience the farmer's daughter may do better the following season. When she actually succeeds in getting something better than the ordinary she should be able to sell it. She may well ask her friends to recommend her to good trade. The young woman sincerely determined to make a success of canning as a business proposition with perseverance and care in following instructions should be sure of some measure of success.—From "The Weekly News Letter" published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

POTATOES TO MARKET ON TROLLEY CARS

HOW THE MAINE FARMERS GET POTATO CROPS TO MARKET ON THE TROLLEY CARS

THE interurban railways have come to a realization that their duty to the community does not consist entirely in operating so many trains each twenty-four hours. Throughout the country they are making efforts to serve the communities in larger, better ways. They have discovered that business, if it exists, needs to be stimulated, at times at least. If it does not exist, it is their duty and to their interest to create it.

Big opportunities for service exist in bringing the producer and consumer together on an equal basis. The right kind of coöperation with the parcel post will mean substantial reductions in prices of all commodities. With the education of producer and consumer in the advantages offered by direct exchange, is bound to come use of the utilities offered, with profit to all. A Maine interurban road has only to point to balance sheets to show how business has been stimulated. Several years ago it advertised that carload lots of potatoes and cordwood, the most important products of the territory it served, would be transported at a special low rate.

The president of the road, in a recent statement, showed how the plan worked: "The first year 81 carloads were shipped over the road. Of course, the price was low, but it does not take much to advertise and call the farmers' attention to these things. When the rate was cut down they took to raising potatoes. The next year, 1908-09, we gained from 81 cars to 161 cars, 91,864 bushels. In 1909-10, we gained 340 cars, or a total of 199,188 bushels. For the season of 1910-11 we increased to 436 carloads, 261,303 bushels. The season of 1911-12 was a bad year. There was but a very little crop in Maine, but we shipped 276 carloads, 173,325 bushels. In the year 1912-13, that is, last year, we shipped 438 carloads, 298,773 bushels, and this year we estimate with what we have in the potato houses and elsewhere that we will increase that to about 600 cars. Our receipts have grown in that time from \$32,000 to \$65,000. A little more than one-half is freight, and the other half is passenger business."

A commission appointed by the City Council of Chicago to study the high cost of living recommends that street and interurban railways be permitted to haul freight through the streets between the hours of eleven at night and five in the morning.

"The time has arrived," declared the commission, "when our urban and interurban railways should be operated for the benefit of the community in shortening the route between the producer of farm products and the consumer. The rapid and easy access to the new markets achieved by the establishment of street railway service to and from the city will encourage production, and the vast amount of land near the City of Chicago at present undeveloped will be divided into small poultry, dairy, and fruit farms."—From *The Public Service Magazine*.

PROFIT, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS FROM IDLE CITY LAND

THE value of the work accomplished by the Philadelphia Vacant Lots Cultivation Association is very evident from the report just published by Superintendent James H. Dix, and the title of the little pamphlet, "\$28,000 from Idle City Land," is one to arrest even the most casual attention. As the matter is of such wide interest to all who have American civic progress at heart, we are sure that readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN* will be glad to learn something of the methods by which this Association has achieved such successful results during the past year.

The vacant lot gardens in Philadelphia cost, during 1913, less than \$7,300, and this, subtracted from the \$28,000 earned, leaves a net profit of over \$20,000 in garden crops. But, as Mr. Dix reminds us, this means infinitely more than the mere money value; it has resulted in better living for hundreds of families, increased health, education and recreation for thousands of men, women and children, and a wholesome civic influence wherever news of the enterprise has reached.

"The first purpose for which our work was organized," writes the superintendent, "was the opening of an opportunity, during an industrial depression, for those in need, to acquire material supplies by their own efforts in cultivating tracts of city

HEALTH AND MONEY FROM IDLE CITY LAND

land which were lying in waste. The material improvement in the lives of those to whom we assign gardens has continued to be our main purpose during the seventeen years of our work in Philadelphia. . . .

"In judging the value of vacant lot garden work we should never overlook the fact that the results depend upon the work of the gardening families themselves. The opportunity, supervision and instruction which we offer to these people cannot be of benefit to them unless they put their minds and bodies to work. Just to the extent to which they do this, they receive their reward. For this reason, our work is free from the pauperizing effect of most philanthropic efforts. Instead of pauperizing, it inspires self-respect, encourages self-dependence, and leads to greater industry.

"We have, of course, no definite method of ascertaining the number of independent gardens started in various sections of the city during the past season, under the influence of our work in such localities; yet, judging from what we have been able to see and learn, there is evidence of a great increase in the number, and a corresponding increase in the material benefits received by the workers.

"While the larger number of those applying for vacant lot gardens seek the opportunity in order to add to their insufficient living supplies, there are some who come to us with the hope of the improvement in health which the garden work brings, which improvement they cannot afford to seek in other ways. Such applicants, as far as we have been able to assign gardens to them, have not been disappointed.

"Never before have the children of the gardening families entered into the work with greater interest and enthusiasm. In the majority of cases, the parents are taking a great pleasure in giving the children every opportunity to enjoy the educational benefits of a far-reaching and most practical kind in connection with the gardening. . . .

"The work has aroused in many of our gardeners the desire for rural life and work on the land as a regular occupation. . . . On every hand we hear expressed the desire for a chance to work a little place in the country. Especially do we hear this from those who have had a few seasons' experience on our gardens, and who there-

fore know something of what can be accomplished on a small piece of land. These gardeners, having learned to produce, by proper handling, a great deal on a very little ground, are often much better fitted to make a success when they are fortunate enough to secure the coveted opportunity in the country, than those who have been used to cultivating larger areas in a much less intensive way.

"But the financial condition of the majority of the families to whom we assign gardens does not permit them to make a start, under existing conditions, in rural districts near enough to the consumers of their products to make success probable. The very large areas of suburban land surrounding the city, which are totally unused or nearly so, and which, under different conditions, would make a natural outlet for what we might call the graduates of our city garden work, are held at such a high figure that they are entirely beyond the reach of our people. Much of this land will not be used until further development is made after a lapse of several years at least. And if arrangements were made whereby it could be had upon reasonable terms, it would be a wonderful opportunity for the betterment of the lives of these people and the development by them of a more hardy and prosperous citizenship. It would also be of great benefit to the consuming public in the city, by improving the supply of the best grade of food products, and at the same time eliminating much of the wasteful expense of marketing, transportation, etc., with which we are burdened at present.

"There is another side to the vacant lot work which is entitled to the favorable attention of all public-spirited persons. We hear much in these times of clean-up movements and city beautifying campaigns. While our work was not organized, nor has it been conducted, with that as its aim, yet the results it has accomplished along this line place us in a position to claim a share of praise. The great economy on the one hand, and the permanency and thoroughness of our clean-up work on the other, have made it, while not the only essential, yet by far the most practical of any that has been inaugurated.

"A striking contrast was afforded during this past season. Within a short distance of each other were two idle tracts of land, each adjoining a closely built-up sec-

HEALTH AND MONEY FROM IDLE CITY LAND

tion. One tract was loaned to us by the owner, the other was not. Both tracts were in the early stages of being used as depositories for miscellaneous rubbish by the surrounding population. The ground which we did not have was temporarily placed in charge of some enthusiastic citizens, who were imbued with the sincere desire to maintain a more healthy condition on the land and at the same time improve its appearance. A small fund was raised and expended in clearing the ground. This was early in the season. I saw the place after the work was completed, and while delighted with the results, nevertheless I realized from experience that the funds, energy and time had been largely wasted. Later in the year, before our garden season had drawn to a close, I again viewed this tract of land, and with much regret but without any surprise found that my early suspicions were well grounded. The final state was worse than the first!

"On the other hand, the land which the Vacant Lots Association had in charge was cleared by our own teams and workmen at very little expense, plowed and assigned as usual in gardens. It was but a few weeks before the young growing plants and cleanly weeded and well-cultivated rows made the spot beautiful. Throughout the entire season this condition continued, and at the close of the season the gardens were cleared of most of their dried plants and stakes. The land has been established as a garden site, and will remain idle but a short time during the cold weather, during which it will have fertilizer spread upon it. Then again in the spring will start the work of cleanliness and beauty.

"Aside from the very small expense of our preparation, supervision, etc., this successful clean-up and beautifying work was maintained by the workers without cost to us. They were very glad to give the surrounding neighborhood all the benefit which resulted from the more healthful and attractive condition of the land, as it was simply a natural result of their season's work, which was bringing to them a very practical return. . . .

"In addition to the large number of Americans, we assigned gardens to families of various other nationalities and races, including Italian, Irish, Russian, English, German, Swedish, Hungarian, Swiss, Armenian, Canadian, colored and West Indian. Of the total of 548 fami-

lies, 220 received gardens for the first time, while for 158 this was the second season.

"Among those who have cultivated gardens with us for eight seasons or more are a number of older men and women, some of them having passed the eighty-year mark by several years. In view of our system of graded charges to the gardeners for plowing, fertilizer and seeds which we furnish, these old gardeners who continue with us are the cause of no additional expense, aside from our general supervision. On the other hand, they are of great aid to us by way of giving instruction and advice to the younger element coming to us from year to year, and have an excellent influence by way of example upon the less experienced in our absence. These old people, who have reached an age at which they cannot look forward to much improvement in their condition, nevertheless can largely prevent themselves from becoming a burden to others by working for their own support as long as we permit them to have their gardens. While we desire to keep them on the gardens as long as possible for their own benefit, we are doubly glad to do so on account of the aid they give us. . . .

"It is greatly to be regretted," continues Mr. Dix, "that on account of the limited amount of land loaned to us, and the limited funds at our disposal, we were compelled to turn away hundreds of applicants. Many of these had come to us with great hope, having learned what an important factor the gardens have become in the lives of those who have had them. However, it is at least gratifying to know that there is such a vast number who realize the benefits our work has for them, and who are willing to labor hard and long under our direction to secure the wealth, health and happiness which the idle lands of our city hold to reward their earnest efforts."

Mr. Dix adds that the Association hopes to have both the land and money necessary to accommodate a large portion of the worthy applicants on the waiting list. The work, he says, ought to be doubled the coming season, for there is still a large amount of suitable land lying idle in the city, which could be turned to profitable use without inconvenience or expense to the owners. This is a matter of importance for every city and town, both from the social and economic point of view.

"MADE IN AMERICA!"

ALS IK KAN

"MADE IN AMERICA"

IT is just thirteen years this fall since the Craftsman Movement started. Since the beginning, it has never varied in the smallest degree from its original purpose, namely to make American goods for American people and to make them simply, economically and beautifully. Always the foremost purpose of the Craftsman Movement has been to establish a standard of excellence in American productions, to have all productions fearlessly American and the best possible specimens of art and craft.

Since the industrial complications that have arisen here, because of the war in Europe, I hear all about me the expression "Made in America." I find the talk of period furniture, of Beaux Arts architecture, of Austrian fittings declining, and suddenly the force of circumstances seems to have done for America what all the personal effort and determination in the world have not been able to accomplish. In a month's time the word "imported" has ceased to have magic meaning, and the slogan of the hour is "Made in America." Naturally I am glad to see this point of view established in this country, whosoever may have brought it about. But I do feel that it would be of interest to THE CRAFTSMAN readers in the midst of this very sudden, and, necessarily superficial, talk about America to realize how sincerely and profoundly my interest and work has been along the line of establishing in America a national standard of excellence.

My purpose in designing and building American homes has been exclusively for American needs, suited to the taste of an intelligent democratic people. In the same way I have planned and executed furniture distinctly American in type, so far as I know, the only furniture since Colonial days made in this country that has had no relation to the French periods, to the delicate beauty of Adams, to the richness of Sheraton, to the elaborate evolution of Jacobean ideals. Feeling that homes definitely American in construction, furnished with furniture essentially suitable to the type of houses, also demanded interior fittings in harmony, I have within the last year opened a department of home furnishing in the Craftsman Building with the precise intention of aiding in the development of a style of American home decoration, in which

color harmonies were carefully and imaginatively studied, in which draperies were not only thought of in terms of weaving, but as to grace and durability, with thought for all smaller detail of constructive house fitting, and this with so wide a range of variety as to permit each person the expression of definite personality.

From the first issue of THE CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE, my purpose has been to present in its pages American progress, all phases of it worth putting on record. I remember just eight years ago publishing the first article on a "National Art in America." Several art critics answered the article, some with serious disdain, some with humorous appreciation of my little *joke*. Today there is no more serious development in American life than the enormous strides that art has made along lines of national expression. But art has been only a small phase of the American growth presented in the magazine.

Everything that gave us the slightest hope for a wise and beautiful industrial art movement in this country we have sought for. In addition to our interest in the crafts, the subject of education in all its phases has been of the widest interest to us; in fact, if I am not mistaken, the first suggestion that our public school system in New York should be made more practical for the mass of the people came from THE CRAFTSMAN. We have given the widest hearing to American architecture, public and domestic; we have advocated the definite type of American garden and have urged people to study color harmony in their garden efforts. Politics have not left us unmoved, wherever questions of national importance have arisen. Not only have I been eagerly interested in expressing my own enthusiasms for America's progress in the magazine, but I have been more than glad to have the pages of the publication open as a free forum for all the progressive thought of the day.

At last, feeling the need of further help if we were to realize the ideal democratic home which I have spiritually pledged myself to help establish, I opened the Craftsman Building in New York City, a structure running from one city block to another, twelve stories high and every floor devoted to the development of a standard of excellence in home building in America. In a way, this building has been the culmination of my hope of the standardization of Amer-

ican products. I have wanted to prove to the American people that it was possible for them to design and build a home in this country, furnish it and outfit it, plan the garden, make it beautiful with garden furnishings without the help of foreign art, craft or labor.

Not that I am for one moment opposed to foreign productions, but I have always longed to see America a self-sustaining country with hopes, ideals and accomplishment entirely her own. How much we have depended upon foreign countries, I think has never quite come home to us until this terrible outbreak of war which has shut down our supplies in so many directions. How the people are coming to realize through pressure what I have so long aimed to help them to realize voluntarily, that the only way for a nation to establish itself on a firm and enduring foundation is to become her own source of supplies, to produce her own beauty, comfort and health. Only so can she develop her own standards, just as the individual and the family must develop personal standards in order to produce a strong community. And it is only when a community is struggling to express its own ideals through its own channels that the utmost social development is possible. Imitation cannot produce beyond the model furnished, and the very effort of adhering to a model atrophies creative ability. I feel that along this line of thought my own experience may be of interest:

In planning Craftsman houses, from the very start I desired to create what I call the open house, that is the house that brings in just as much of the outdoors as possible—built for fresh winds, ample sunlight, outlook in every direction. In developing this ideal I extended all my houses out into living porches with every possible practical opportunity for outdoor living. From the living porch I developed the sleeping porch, the first use of such a thing in any country, and today an absolutely essential detail of every well-built, country house in America.

Because of my desire that a Craftsman house should be a comfortable house, a place for people loving their home, for intelligent people, I made it not only simple, and easy to take care of, but I planned the rooms with ample space, for space is essential to peace. Then for the large living room I found a need of some meeting place, some center about which the family would gather and I realized that I could not make

the Craftsman house complete without the fireplace. And so from the beginning, the most important detail in every house I have designed is the open fire. This is just as inevitable as the wind or sunlight or the porch for fresh open air living. I feel quite confident that this bringing back of the fireplace to the American home, the sleeping porch development, so essential today, would never have come to me if I had given all my energies to imitating Italian villas, Swiss chalets, or English cottages. The old saying "That we may not put new wines in old bottles" is just as important today as in Bible times. It really means nothing more nor less than that any kind of imitation is a waste of effort and that in new enterprises we should put new thought.

I am glad and proud to see America assert itself as capable of self support (rather of self sustaining), and I want in every way to urge the importance of this point of view and to help its growth. I cannot but feel that the Craftsman Movement of today is the vanguard of this development, and I want not only to contribute to it in every possible way myself, but I want to ask THE CRAFTSMAN readers to take up the cry of "Made in America." I want them to investigate the reasons for taking it up, I want to ask them to find out just how good the things are that we are making for ourselves, how important it is to encourage those new to the field, and to prove how much comfort and economy can be had by a sincere participation in this movement. Everything that is valuable in the world is interdependent, everything that is progressive in America must be coöperative, and if America at this moment of suddenly discovering herself is to make progress in her industries, in her arts, she must have the help and the appreciation of those for whom she is working.

I have more than once felt that it might be advisable to form a club of Americans who would like to pledge themselves to work for and devote themselves to the progress and prosperity of their country. It seems to me that this is the moment to suggest such a club and I would like to hear from Craftsman readers as to their point of view in regard to such a movement. With our space and equipment we could easily arrange to have its headquarters in the Craftsman Building. We feel also that the building itself would contain much that was useful and valuable to those interested; not only in the luxurious comfort it would offer

THE GREAT AND HONORABLE

to club members, but in the opportunity it furnishes to study the question of home making and home fitting, from the cornerstone to the fireplace.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR

IT WAS a matter of unusual interest to THE CRAFTSMAN to find the following sermon on the dignity of labor, as a leading editorial in the *New York Herald* for September 6th. For the last thirteen years we have been preaching the importance of labor as a means of physical and spiritual development, and it is with the greatest pleasure that we see the *Herald* lining up in this movement—a movement which probably contains the very essence of democratic progress. We are proud to have the privilege of reprinting here the editorial in full.

For these workmen maintain the fabric of the world and in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer.—*Ecclesiasticus*, xxxviii, 34.

HERE is a very different idea of work from that contained in the opening chapter of Genesis. According to this prophet, labor is not a curse laid upon man for his sin, but a service so holy that the very doing of it constitutes a "prayer." Therefore does he sound the praises of the workingman as others have sounded the praises of king and soldier. The ploughman, the jewel cutter, the blacksmith, the potter—all these, "although they are not sought for in the council of the people nor exalted in the assembly, though they sit not in the seat of the judges nor understand the covenant of judgment," are still to be numbered among the great and honorable of mankind!

In order to understand the justice of this tribute we only have to remind ourselves that it is work which has made the world what it actually is at the present moment. All that we mean by civilization, in the material sense, is the result of toil in the sweat of men's brows. For ages past the men who have labored with their hands—the farmers, the woodsmen, the blacksmiths, the spinners, the builders—have been contemptuously regarded as an inferior grade of humanity, as little better, indeed, than animals! And yet while kings have fought and noblemen hunted, while gilded courtiers have twirled their scented handkerchiefs and toyed with their jewelled swords, while so-called superior classes of all ages and countries have sported, gambled and debauched, these same inferior laborers have made the world what we see it today! It is their toil which has cleared away forests, cultivated farm lands, opened mines, constructed railroads, laid out and builded

cities. It is their work which has created wealth, founded nations, redeemed the waste places of the earth, reared the vast monuments of civilization. Not more surely are the pyramids of Egypt the memorial not of the Pharaohs but of their driven slaves than are the huge piles of stone and steel in our modern cities the memorials of the unnamed toilers of this later age.

And not only is it work which has made the world what it is today, but it is work also which keeps the world going from hour to hour. I have food upon my table, clothing upon my back, a roof over my head, books upon my shelves only because a million hands are toiling in my service. Let this labor be suspended but for a little time and death and destruction would stand towering at my threshold. "Without these," says the author of *Ecclesiasticus*, "shall not a city be inhabited, nor shall men sojourn or walk up and down therein; these maintain the fabric of the world."

It is these facts which are slowly teaching the supreme dignity of labor. Carlyle had these in mind when he declared that work and work alone is truly noble; Ruskin, when he revealed the beauty gained through toil; Morris, when he preached and practised the gospel of skilled craftsmanship; Millet, when he painted the "Sower," the "Reaper," the "Gleaners;" Abbey, when he used the steel worker and coal miner for his symbolic frescoes in the Harrisburg capitol. Idleness is doomed as a badge of distinction. Work must henceforth be the sole title to nobility. Whitman is the true prophet when in his "Song of Occupations" he chants the Homeric catalogue, "housebuilding, blacksmithing, glassblowing, shipjoining, piledriving, fishcuring," and declares that there is nothing "which leads to greater than these lead to."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

—From the *New York Herald* of Sept. 6th, 1914.

FROM THE PHILOSOPHY OF ZARATHUSTRA SIMS

EVERYBODY cheers when Congressman Bellows talks about excluding the unwelcome foreigner from our shores, but I doubt if it gets him any votes. 'Cause everybody knows that when it comes to weeding onions, one bare-footed Polak woman, with a figure like a sack of feed, is worth more than a carload of congressmen, with a few college professors thrown in for good measure.

BOOK REVIEWS

CHILD WELFARE WORK IN ENGLAND: From *The American City*

THE majority of the cities in England have well-established municipal infant clinics, but probably one of the best of these is maintained by the city of Bradford. Its definite aim is to extend systematic medical supervision over as large a number of infants as possible during the first two years of life.

The babies are thoroughly examined, and detailed and comprehensive records are kept of each. Fresh notes are made on the cards at every visit, and this information has proved to be valuable statistical material. The problem of nutrition is especially dealt with in this clinic. One of the staff nurses devotes her entire time to giving demonstrations to mothers of artificially fed babies on the subject of the preparation of food, and each baby is given a separate formula according to its distinct needs. The infants' food is provided free in all necessitous cases, and a careful system of home visiting gives assurance that the directions given in the clinic are being properly carried out.

One of the very interesting activities of this clinic is the provision of model garments for infants at cost price to mothers. These garments are made from patterns designed by the clinic, and the nurse in charge of the stock has many opportunities to give talks to the mothers on baby hygiene and the proper method of clothing infants. There is a well-stocked dispensary, where medicines are prescribed and lessons in home treatment of common infantile ailments are given. There is also a medical loan system whereby various sterilizable articles, such as syringes, etc., are loaned to mothers who could not procure them.

Bradford has been the first city in England to establish an out-of-door school during the warm months. The Education Committee is about to carry into effect a plan which, because of its cheapness and obvious advantages, offers excellent suggestions to other municipalities. The equipment consists of six tents, each of which holds forty children, and a large marquee to be used as a dining room for the whole school. Dinner will be provided at the cost of 2 cents a child, and tram fares are paid where necessary. The plan at present is to have the neighboring schools transfer all of their scholars to the outdoor school for the period of a week.

BOOK REVIEWS

MIDSTREAM: A CHRONICLE AT HALFWAY: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

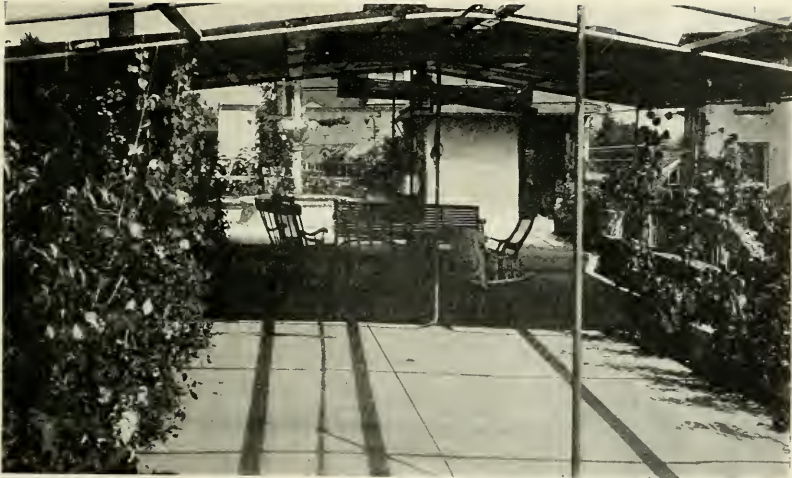
"I N every man's heart there is a story. This is mine. I do not tell it as a writer, but as a man who has found his work." These are the opening words in "Midstream—A Chronicle at Halfway," and they give one the keynote not only to the volume itself but to the author's whole philosophy—the philosophy of one who has *found his work*. It is just this understanding of life, drawn from his own rich experience and presented in forceful, convincing and original style, which entitles the book to be ranked, with its predecessors from the same pen, among the most valuable and human literary products of America to-day.

Beside the stature of this book the ordinary novel and biography are curiously dwarfed. Indeed, it is difficult to review adequately an achievement of this sort. Praise and appreciation seem but shadows before such virility of expression, and criticism seems impertinent in the face of such naked earnestness.

You open "Midstream" with a feeling of keen expectation, knowing the quality of work this man has done. You read it with a poignant interest and close it with wonder, reverence and gratitude. There is something strangely touching about words so candid, and a draught of philosophy that has been pressed from such wild and bitter-sweet fruit. The message it contains is one to sink deep, penetrating and enriching whatever receptive soul it touches.

Moreover, the theme of "Midstream" is universal. It is essentially the story, as Mr. Comfort says, not so much of a writer as a man. The first vague memories of childhood, the gropings of youth, the years of work, the adventures in journalistic fields, as war correspondent and soldier in foreign lands, the temptations and strivings of city life, the contact with men and women, and the constant struggles between senses and soul—these are all told with a curious mixture of bluntness and mysticism. One is left with a graphic impression of material realities, and at the same time with a peculiar divination of their spiritual significance. This man's words are incandescent, glowing with the sheer vitality of the thought be-

BOOK REVIEWS



A FLAT CONCRETE ROOF, TRANSFORMED INTO AN ATTRACTIVE GARDEN: ONE OF THE INNUMERABLE USES TO WHICH THIS ADAPTABLE MATERIAL MAY BE PUT.

hind them, luminous with the truth they clothe.

Some may quarrel with Mr. Comfort's unusual phrases, or quibble at his diction, and cite classic authorities against his revolutionary molding of old words to new meanings. But all must admit the forcefulness of his style, the vigor of his symbols. He has the rare gift of making you grasp his vision. And is not that art's final test? Indeed, many of us feel that his books are breathing into a language grown trite with hackneyed usage the inspiration of a quickened life.

Perhaps the most effectual way to convey an adequate idea of "Midstream" is to quote a few paragraphs from it here. Take this, for instance:

"I know that routine is deadly; that losing the dream, even from physical desire is deadly; that strong physical love, reverting, after the novelty of possession is past, to a mere magnetism of sex-polarity, is a damnable failure on the part of human beings, and that the eyes of the poor little people who are incident to this low gratification, must look down.

"I know that there is a greater than physical love—a love between man and woman so electric and potential, that the physical union is but the lowliest of its three caskets, and that immortals are eager to be born of this beautiful expression. . . .

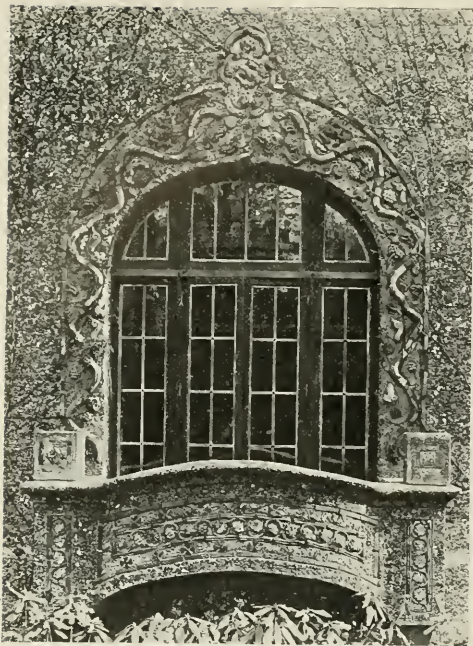
"The strangest veils of illusion are hung

between the parent and child. A father is needed for boys; a father who takes time to remember, and who has strong enough vision to look *back*, in order to reach a present adjustment to the boy-mind. The instant the man and boy go different ways, lies and secretiveness result. There is no more important business for a man than to look back from time to time—to find the boy's point of view. He cannot assume yours. You are apt to lose him, if you do not."

Speaking of his first impressions of the newspaper world, Mr. Comfort writes:

"That was a wintry afternoon of early darkness. I heard the presses throbbing below, and smelled that inimitable warm ink and paper atmosphere, but something kept warning me, 'It is not yours yet; you have not yet earned the right to these delights.'"

Certain word pictures of his army experiences are wonderful in the simplicity of their well-chosen words. This: "A tent and heavenly coolness, wooden floor, sight of low hills under the reefed walls, water in glass, cots with sheets and pillows, an orderly undressing me, and gracious God—a woman, washing my face and neck with cool soapy cloth. She had all the loveliness of this heaven, and I had not seen a white woman in so long. She helped them bathe



THIS WINDOW, IN THE RESIDENCE OF ALBERT MOYER, SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., SHOWS A STRIKINGLY DECORATIVE USE OF CONCRETE WITH TILES AND MOSAICS IN RELIEF: TRACY & SWARTOUT, ARCHITECTS.

me swiftly, perfectly, washed my mouth with a clean-tasting solution. The touch of clean cloth to my flesh was exquisite, full-length. She brought a clinking jar. She was beautiful, and moved about her work with the faintest dawn of a smile."

(Published by George H. Doran Co., New York. 314 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

THE CONCRETE HOUSE AND ITS CONSTRUCTION: BY MAURICE M. SLOAN

We show four illustrations here from "The Concrete House."

THIS practical book is likely to prove of great value to builders, architectural students and prospective home-makers, for it is clearly written, full of facts and helpful advice, and is illustrated with photographs and diagrams showing innumerable types of concrete construction. City and country homes are shown, of varying character and style, from Cali-

fornia bungalows to large Eastern residences, which are rich in suggestions as to structure and design. In fact, the pictures give one a good impression of the scope of concrete architecture in this country, and in studying them one finds a decided tendency toward a sturdy simplicity of surface and outline, with any decoration based mainly on structural principles.

The subject is treated from both a practical and artistic aspect. The fire-resisting quality of concrete, its durability and hygienic advantages are pointed out, and its possibilities for beauty of texture, form and coloring are also discussed. The chapters take up also the successive steps in concrete building, calculations for determining the strength and design of reinforced concrete, and other important considerations of a technical nature. (Published by Association of American Portland Cement Manufacturers, Philadelphia. 220 pages. Well illustrated. Price \$1.00.)

LETTERS FROM A LIVING DEAD MAN: WRITTEN DOWN BY ELSA BARKER

EVEN the most confirmed sceptic must pause before this extraordinary book, which has aroused so much argument and admiration during the last few months both in the field of psychical research and among a wide circle of general readers. Whether or not one accepts it literally as a message from the "next world" transcribed through a receptive human agent—and there seems considerable ground for such acceptance—at least one must admit that the book holds much that is both true and beautiful. From a literary as well as philosophical standpoint it is valuable, and in spite of several gruesome touches, the chapters are pervaded by a sweetness, wholesomeness and kindly humor that are unusually appealing. No one who is even remotely interested in theosophy or any branch of metaphysics should fail to read this remarkable contribution. Its sincerity

BOOK REVIEWS

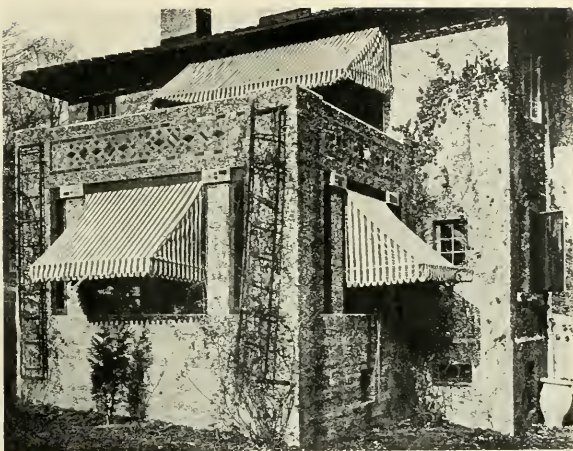
is vouched for by Elsa Barker, and additional weight is lent by the equally sincere personality of the late Judge Hatch, its "spirit author." (Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 291 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

SOMETHING TO DO

THE ambition of the editors of this very worthwhile new magazine for children is to give active boys and girls an educative as well as an entertaining outlet for their restless energies. Every child likes to make things as well as to hear stories and look at pictures. This new magazine in addition to publishing charming little stories, contains suggestions for "things to do" with paper, cloth, string and nails. There are pictures to color, to draw, to cut out, to paste together, to write about; directions for making boxes, paper mats, Indian beads, paper dolls, boats; things to make with old tin cans, etc. This fresh, attractive little magazine will be welcome to parents of energetic children needing entertainment as well as to the children themselves. (Published by The School Arts Publishing Co., 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. Price \$1.00 per year. 12 copies.)

ANCIENT AND MEDIAEVAL ART: BY MARGARET H. BULLEY

"CHILDREN had to be helped to realize that art is a *result*, the slow crystallization into form of man's thoughts and emotions." So Margaret H. Bulley gave a series of "picture talks" to her classes of elementary schoolchildren, showing them selected photographs of works of art of all ages. The children took such an interest in her pleasant method of instruction and developed such powers of observation and appreciation, that it seemed advisable to put the lessons in book form, for the help of other teachers. The story of the picture forms the first part of each lesson, then the children repeat the story, ask questions, express their opinions



DETAIL OF THE MOYER HOME, IN WHICH BORDERS OF MORAVIAN TILE ARE USED IN THE ROUGH CONCRETE WALLS WITH UNUSUALLY RICH AND INTERESTING EFFECT.

and enter into a general discussion of the subject. This book begins with the story of the first artists, the savage men who drew rough sketches of animals upon the walls of their caves before starting out on the hunt with the idea of thus putting the creature drawn under his spell so that his arrows would drive straight and true to its heart. The methods advanced by the author have been so successful in holding the children's interest while imparting information that the book should find ready entrance into all libraries, schools and homes where children are tutored. (Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. 321 pages. Illustrated. Price \$1.75.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Beginning of Grand Opera in Chicago," by Karleton Hackett. (Published by the Laurentian Publishers, Chicago. 60 pages.)

"Architec-tonics—The Tales of Tom Thumtack, architect." (Published by Wm. T. Comstock Co., New York. Illustrated. 175 pages. Price \$1.50 net.)

"Burgess Unabridged," by Gelett Burgess, illustrated by Herb Roth. Mr. Burgess describes his own book on the cover as "A dictionary of words you have always needed." (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 120 pages. 80 cents net.)



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CRAFTSMAN GARDEN SERVICE

A LITTLE path that winds from some well loved place through familiar grassy lanes, pasture lots and quiet groves holds rare opportunities, joyous romance and knowledge of wonderful realms. A garden book is about as fascinating a little path to pleasant places as this world has to offer. It not only leads the reader on in the most friendly sort of a way, but actually creates enchanted domains. Score the earth as it directs, scatter tiny seeds and set in fat bulbs, and those marvelous chemists, the earth, sun and rain, will change them into silken-petaled blossoms that nod and bow to the winds as they speed away with night-distilled perfumes.

The Craftsman Garden Service department has so many calls for aid in the planning of gardens, so many requests for information as to the best hedges, shrubs, perennials, water plants, for advice upon the matter of lawns, winged or crawling destroyers, pergolas, and fountain making, that a score of experts would be required to give full satisfaction. So we are form-

ing a library of garden books, one that has been carefully chosen for reliable helpfulness and beautiful illustrations.

This department is but just started, yet the following books are now upon our shelves. Others are on their way. Report will be made occasionally of new invoices, and if subscribers desire these books as gifts for the holidays or as little paths that show the way to the garden of their hopes, we will be pleased to suggest the one which contains just the information needed.

Garden Design, by M. Agar, \$2.00; Four Seasons in the Garden, by E. Rexford, \$1.50; Amateur Garden Craft, by E. Rexford, \$1.50; Concrete Pottery and Garden Furniture, by Ralph C. Davison, \$1.50; The Commuters' Garden, by Walter P. Hayward, \$1.00; Garden Trees and Shrubs, by Walter P. Wright, \$4.80; Hardy Perennials and Herbaceous Borders, by Walter P. Wright, \$4.80; Roses and Rose Gardens, by Walter P. Wright, \$4.80; Gardens Near the Sea, by Alice Lounsberry, \$4.20; The Garden Month by Month, by Sedgwick, \$4.20; The Human Side of Plants, by Royal Dixon, \$1.50; The Wild Flower Book for Young People, by Alice Lounsberry, \$1.25; A Guide to the Wild Flowers, by Alice Lounsberry, \$1.90; A Guide to the Trees, by Alice Lounsberry, \$1.00; The Garden Book for Young People, by Alice Lounsberry, \$1.25; The Practical Book of Garden Architecture, \$5.00; Alpine Flowers and Rock Gardens, by Walter P. Wright, \$4.80.

The Rock Gardens; Roses; Annuals; Rhododendrons and Azaleas; Dahlias; Orchids; Carnations and Pinks; Tulips; Pansies and Violets; Daffodils; Lilies; Irises; Sweet Peas; Chrysanthemums, by R. Hooper Pearson. These books are 65 cents each.



See page 135.

"THE SLAV THINKER," FROM A BUST BY THE
GREAT RUSSIAN SCULPTOR, NAUM ARONSON.



THE CRAFTSMAN



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VOLUME XXVII NOVEMBER, 1914 NUMBER 2

“BETWEEN THE POISON AND THE WORM:” A STUDY OF WAR AND THE NEW PEACE: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT



RECENTLY I rode by a field of oats where the army worm had camped for loot and outrage. The owner was making an effort to save part of the crop.

“It’s not much use,” he said. “To be a killing force, the solution must be strong enough to check the oats, too. Between the poison and the worm, there’s not much chance of harvest. I’ve a notion that I’d have done better to plow under the whole business.”

It was one more of the perfect analogies of man’s relation to the source of things—analogies that literally abound in vine and grass and shore. . . . Riding back, I thought of the fires and deluges that stand traditional in the dim background of all races of men. The revelations of geology show that there has been shuffling of elements and utter dishevelments of the face of the globe—an eye now where a tooth once lay, a nostril where an ear reposed. I thought, too, of the first and most significant realization which the reading of astronomy imposes; that of the exceeding delicacy of the earth’s present position; how, indeed, we are dependent for life and all that now is, upon the small matter of the tilt of the poles; that we, as men, are products, as it were, not only of earth’s precarious position, but of her more precarious tilt.

The oldest and most respectable of all questions now recurred: What is it for? What is life for? What *grain*—what is the desired harvest?

Man can only answer *man*. There is no other answer within his intellectual rims. It can’t be man’s body. The ultimate significance certainly cannot be the flesh of man which dies so freely. At the same time it is clear that the flesh is an instrument of manifestation, a stage of being, as the worm is a part of the cycle which attains wings in the butterfly. The desired *grain* of the tilted earth then, is the certain power behind the flesh; in fact, that power and not the flesh, is man himself. In short, the *grain* is the soul of man which puts on flesh from time to time, possibly as a traveler takes different vehicles to make his journey.

WAR AND THE NEW PEACE

That which reaches the end of the journey is the *grain*; and, since the flesh helps to forward the immortal home, it becomes a profound consideration. . . .

Sermonizing—but not in a religious mood, as such is usually considered. The thundering drive of every thought was the Great War; yet I had no thought nor care for nations and their boundaries, nor for kings, politics, dumas, reichstags, colonial interests, the almighty markets—not even for Rheims and Louvain.

I was thinking of the peasant.

Two, five, seven thousand the day just now, they are slaying the child-souled peasantry. They are herding them by the million in the midst of the most demoralizing conditions the darkened minds of men ever invented. Let us not think of the women and the fatherless—but just of the fathers.

Yesterday, today, and tomorrow, these peasant-men are slain until we have lost the relation of numbers.

And this—the darkest winter that the world has ever known—will be only a culminating misery of the peasantry. They have been wielded and massed and manhandled in the best of times and seasons. Worse than death can happen to the peasantry. The ultimate significance has to do with the souls of these children, and their souls have been steadily cruelly smothered through the fat years of peace. This smothering of souls is not accomplished by death, but by life.

THERE have appeared among us giants of desire—men literally who want the earth; strong men of baronial appetites, whose aspirations at their highest are level-eyed, never uplifted, mainly perverted. These are the soul-smotherers, the war-makers. These are the masters of the near and the obvious and the palpable; because of their very dexterity in the manipulation of heavy material affairs they are tolerated as the rulers of men. They and their agents are everywhere—first hand they move among the peasantry, and the stupid middle world calls them the great men, within the hearing of our children. What can the peasant do but believe; and in his terror and havoc formulate such an ideal for himself in the future. It is known now, even in the public schools, that the formulation of any ideal is the matrix of the action to be.

Sorrow can only sweeten, but the prolonged effects of theft and greed, the ever-tightening coercion; the noise and the shine and the meaning of coins, the loss of the love and meaning of labor; the trade-ideal ever before the fresh impressionable eye, and proclaimed by all voices to be earth's glory in the highest—such is the soul-smothering of our children, the peasantry; a kind of reptile poisoning

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that has entered and done its work; and now the devouring is on, a more loathsome, but less destructive process, for only the bodies suffer that. The low poisonous passions of the world stupefied first, before the devouring of war.

The peasantry of any race is its soil and substance; it holds the nature and the future. Hope and mystery attaches to it, and all the glowing mystery of promise that ignites the ardor of real parenthood. The true great men of our times, having put on a larger dimension of consciousness in the world, turn back to the peasantry for their ideal and symbol of simplicity; they pray for the simple healing of faith that so often is the very conduct of the life of the peasantry. If the world were ruled by the truly great, and not by the predatory, the younger-souled men would be guided and guarded with a passion and purity that would hallow the earth. For the peasant is so earnest to be led, so eager and ready to follow. That is the heart-rending pity of his plight today. *He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.*

There are men in Russia, in America, who would die for him, die daily to make him see; men who love and understand him, who would not kill him, but teach him the paths of beauty and be taught by his blessedness; but these are not the leaders of men; rather the hunted and the hanged. Still they and their peasantry are the grace of the world—the holy ones that have stayed so far the planetary plowing.

I WRITE in the midst of the greatest battle the earth has ever known—the issue as yet undecided. Yet with all the intensity of this hour, partisanship does not enter. In fact it is not without a shudder that one thinks of what a conclusive victory of either side would mean at this time. Final victory at this hour would be a triumph of militarism, an extension and revitalizing of the Old, the vile, for the same destructive forces that have been proven and branded for every seeing eye; a victory of imperialistic armaments, of field strategies, of diplomatic sagacities, and these no less than the blood-letting of men, are of the old hells of earth, and the sources of all our misery.

This war is the anointing of the grain-field. The planting must not only endure the devouring of the parasite but the withering of the poison. Yet if there is a harvest to come; if there is hope of harvest, of any *grain* or balm or future light—the parasite, at least, must be destroyed.

“Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad.” It would seem that the war has begun that, but the work is not yet advanced

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enough. Victory for either system at this hour, and all the diplomatic asseverations, evasions, rejoinders, surrejoinders, and attainders to follow, would not cleanse the field. Rather it would seem to me to start to heaven such a stench and open to the sky such a spectacle of blasting, as would send the Husbandman right quickly for the plow.

There is a line of cause and effect running truer than human vision from the breaking-out of throne-taints in eighteen seventy to the heart of the present conflict. There are no clean hands among the principals of this The Great War; and the New Era (if earth be spared the plowing under) will see it, and its heart will not soon cease to bleed for those who have paid in blood and famine. If the Allies or the Germans should win a final victory now, the poor of the triumphant connection would not be the sooner fed, nor more decently fed in the future. Yet they are being slain in such numbers that the press of the world cannot give space to the names. . . .

THEY call them serfs in Russia, sometimes *moujiks*. It is true they are children; that they require to be led; as yet they are not conscious individual forces, but talents to be accounted for by their fathers. So far they have had the steel and the leaded thong, the impregnation of every crime.

Nicholas says: "I will gain my ends this time, if I have to sacrifice my last *moujik*," as one would say "my last copper."

That alone should be enough to stop war, if men were men; yet it is not more vulgar and atrocious than the prayers of the German Caesar. . . . Less than ten years ago the peasants came in to see Nicholas; from the far country and the near; through the snow, they came, hungry, afoot, in thousands, big thoughts in their breasts. They had reached the ends of their powers and endurance, they thought, and they had come quietly to ask help of the father. They would place their story before him and all would be well, for the father would understand.

You recall that Nicholas saw them coming and fled. All his life he had fled from palace to palace. It was all he knew. Fleeing, he called to Vladimir to treat with them, and Vladimir turned the treating over to his Cossacks. That Sabbath, you remember, the red flower bloomed in the snow—covering the city streets it burst into bloom—the red flower of the peasantry which is redder than the blood of kings—the lives of thousands sprinkled upon the snow that Sabbath day.

Truly they had been taught to call him Little Father; and he, the fitting ghost of the palaces, means to use the last of them now. He

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has called them by the million—and God pity the wretched miracle of it—they seem to obey.

So long as they obey, the war must go on, and the moment they cease to obey—there can be no war again.

THERE is no spiritual vitality remaining in the entities known as Russia and Prussia and the Balkans; what remains is an obsession, a down-pulling and destroying collection of entities which have galvanized with false life and insanity the bodies represented by these boundaries. The Europe of such names is a house of madness. Germany, England and France—each is a story in itself of the struggle of good and evil, a struggle far from finished, and if finished in this hour would be a triumph of the old and the evil and insane.

The passion of the New Era must triumph from this war, or after it will come effacement and the deluge.

For the ideals of the world at this hour are not lifted ideals, and it is a late day in the world for low ideals, even for the level eye. War should have been extinct centuries ago. Our only hope is that the carnage from which we now avert our eyes is war's self-destruction, and the final rebuke upon the several peoples who have been found so blind as to allow the making of war to rest in the hands of decadents. There is but one answer to this rebuke—a refusal longer to engage.

The New Era—else what remains for a little time longer will not be worth living in, for those who have held the dream. For such—the New Era, or none here. I believe that the United States of America is as deeply concerned in this war as France or England; I believe that those of our people who are not lifted from the profound ruin of personal intents by the conditions now abroad in the world, are meaningless in this crucial and terrible hour of the earth's judgment as a spiritual experiment. And you who moan so loudly over Rheims and Louvain—I ask you, what do you think of the destruction of the peasantry? The New Era does not need ancient relics for its ideals of beauty, but very much it needs the souls of men.

Either a brotherhood or a chaos is to come. Every Voice out of the past has called us to do away with boundaries, to end imperialism and material greed. Every invention of the past fifty years has laughed at separate language, and distances and man-made boundaries and every estrangement of people from people. The planet is one in wire and voice and meaning; the oneness of God and Nature has been the cry of every seer.

We are not estranged spiritually, nor in ideal. The growth of

RAIN-SONG

our individuality is monstrous until it turns from self to service. From Buddha, from Laotse, from Jesus to the latest voice among us, so lost now in the pandemonium, the spirit of man is proclaimed to be the *grain* of the earth, and the spirit of man is one.

. . . There is to be a Fatherland in the New Era, but the blasphemous fatherlands of today shall not enter. Destroyers of children shall not enter. Except that ye become as little children, ye may not enter.

RAIN-SONG

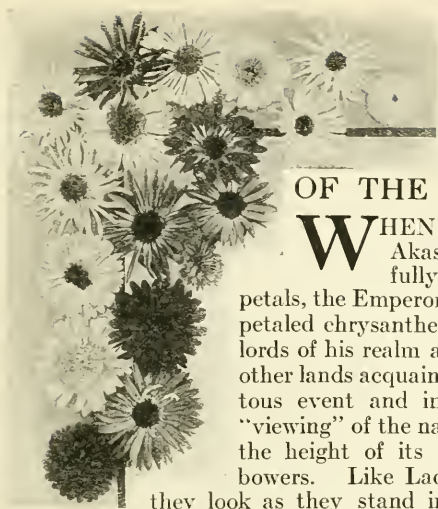
ACROSS the plain
See the blue ranks of rain,
Marching, in stern accord,
Hosts of the Lord!

Hark to the drum—
Heaven's battery: See them come,
Bright blade on brighter blade,
God's own brigade!

Their helmets shine
In many a liquid line,
As from the heights of heaven
Their strength is driven.

On the parched world
The cavalcades are hurled;
Blest are the grass and grain,
Blue ranks of rain!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE



CHRYSANTHEMUMS, THE CREST OF THE MIKADO AND THE FAVORITE OF THE LITTLE GARDEN

WHEN the chrysanthemums in the Akasaka palace gardens have fully unfurled their marvelous petals, the Emperor, whose crest is the sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum, sends couriers to the lords of his realm and to a few visiting folk of other lands acquainting them with the momentous event and inviting their presence at a "viewing" of the national flower as it stands in the height of its perfection within latticed bowers. Like Ladies-in-Waiting to a Queen

they look as they stand in rows beneath heavy silk curtains embroidered with the Royal Crest of Japan, arrayed in the most gorgeous colors known to the flower world. Each blossom, signed with the grower's name, titled like pictures in a gallery, hardly needing the cabalistic cards with which to identify them as "Sunset," "Ear'y Snow," "Quiet Morn," "Pensive," "Caprice."

As I walked from one flower court to another, on my way to the Audience Hall of the Emperor, pausing to admire the superb flowers, stepping aside to give a Korean Princess or a Native Prince better view, listening to medaled warriors as they in ceremonial English courteously translated titles for me, the stranger within their gates, I remembered another chrysanthemum fête I had attended several years before in an obscure New England village about the size of the Akasaka gardens. The homespun and calico informality contrasted vividly with the splendor of this Emperor's court, yet the spirit of the two "parties" was one—delighted appreciation, and hearty enthusiasm over a truly marvelous flower.

The invitation to the New England exhibit was modestly given with a friendly smile over a white picket fence, by the man who had, unaided, brought his fifty or more blossoms to perfection. The other was left with a flourish of gaily appareled court runners at the door of my tiny paper house in Fujimicho-Nichome Street, the street from which Fuji San can be seen—a heavy white card with parallel lines of cryptic looking symbols, beneath the rich gold sixteen-petaled crest and above the red seal of Japan.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS FOR EVERY GARDEN

The first Japanese Royal Chrysanthemum party was held in the era of Heian in the eighth century, to pray for the long life of the Emperor, in celebration of the myth of a man who escaped death by drinking wine in which lay a fairy-charmed chrysanthemum. It is even today regarded as the symbol of longevity and called *Oginagusa*, the old man's plant. After the restoration of Meiji, the chrysanthemum festival was suspended for a while, probably owing to the troubles which marked the years following the Restoration. But, at the desire of the late Emperor, who took a great interest in chrysanthemum cultivation, the festival was revived.

After the garden party at the palace is over, the flowers, at the Emperor's request, are taken beyond the close-guarded gates into Hebeya and Ueno Parks that his people may enjoy them also. At this same season, the Red Leaf Month—the curious exhibition of historical and mythological figures made of growing chrysanthemums, takes place. Few there are who call them beautiful, but all must admit their cleverness and acknowledge the supreme skill of a cultivation that can make a single root produce enough blossoms to form a life-sized figure, or a series of diminishing circles, the outer one forty feet or more in diameter and bearing hundreds of perfect flowers.

This flower that arouses the love and enthusiasm of high and low alike is doubtless of Chinese origin. It was introduced into Japan, so say some authorities, during the reign of the Emperor Kwanmu, (seven hundred eighty-two—eight hundred and six), through Korea. It immediately sprang into favor, was adopted as crest and official seal of the Mikado, crept, as decorative device on sword hilts, pottery, porcelains, lacquer-ware, bronzes and in textiles. "The Order of the Chrysanthemum" was instituted; its emblem a star in the form of a cross with thirty-two rays attached to red ribbon by a gold chrysanthemum, being reserved as an especial honor, for crowned heads and the highest dignitaries.

It is impossible to fix the date of the introduction of the chrysanthemum into Europe, for authorities differ greatly, or to give a complete chronology of varieties or records of its development from single to double, from yellow, white and purple to the multi-colored wonders of the present day. As an exhibition flower it has no equal, for it responds amazingly to the whims of experimenters. They have apparently done everything with it that interested imagination could suggest except to create a blue one. Here they are provokingly baffled, Nature being chary of bestowing the color of the midday sky, and the hues of the morning and the evening, even to this favorite of man.

Varieties succeed varieties so rapidly that only general classifica-

THE INCURVED CHRYSANTHEMUMS, LIKE THE ONE ON THE LEFT, WITH PETALS FOLDED OVER THE HEART PROTECTINGLY, ARE AMONG THE MOST SATISFACTORY OF THE MODERN HYBRIDS, FOR THEY CAN BE GROWN IN EVERY SHADE OF YELLOW, PINK, WHITE AND SHADED LAVENDERS: BESIDES BEING SHOWY OF COLOR THEY EXPAND TO AN IMMENSE SIZE.



THE PICTURE ABOVE SHOWS ONE OF THE FAVORITE EXHIBITION CHRYSANTHEMUMS OF THE JAPANESE: ITS BRILLIANT SCARLET, RICH, TAWNY OR PUREST OF WHITE PETALS TREMBLE WITH EVERY BREATH OF WIND, SO THAT IT SEEMS A CONSCIOUS THING, LIKE THE WONDERFUL ANEMONES OF THE SEA.

Photographs by Nathan K. Graves.

THE PETALS OF THESE FAVORITE FLOWERS ADAPT THEMSELVES TO EVERY WHIM OF MAN, INCURVING, OUTCURVING DURING A PROCESS OF CHANGE, SWIRLING IN EVERY DIRECTION LIKE THE RAPIDS OF A RIVER WHEN IT TURNS BACK UPON ITSELF: THE BEAUTIFUL LAVENDER, PINK CATARACT SHOWN ABOVE IS NAMED THE MRS. CHAMBERLIN.



AT THE LEFT IS A SMALL POMPON, BELLE L. ISLOISE: THE STRONG YELLOW OR VIVID LAVENDER AND WHITE VARIETIES THRIVE WITH LITTLE OR NO CARE IN THE GARDENS OF EVERYONE WHO LIKES TO SEE A FRIENDLY PLANT FLOWER YEAR AFTER YEAR IN THE SAME SPOT AS BIRDS IN OLD NESTS.



ABOVE IS A GROUP OF EASILY GROWN CHRYSANTHEMUMS THAT BLOOM ABUNDANTLY, MAKING A FINE SHOW OF COLOR IN THE GARDEN, AND ADAPTING THEMSELVES TO GRACEFUL ARRANGEMENT IN VASES: THE FANCIFULLY SHAPED BLOSSOMS RESEMBLE MARGUERITES, ASTERS OR PINKS.

ALL THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS ON THIS PAGE ARE THE HARDY FAMILIAR FAVORITES OF THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDENS, PUNGENT, REMINISCENT OF INDIAN SUMMER DAYS: ABOVE IS THE POLLY ROSE, PEONY-LIKE OF GROWTH.

AT THE RIGHT IS SHOWN A SMALL ANEMONE CHRYSANTHEMUM: THE RAISED DISC IN THE CENTER, FORMED BY MANY QUILLED FLORETS, IS SURROUNDED WITH FLAT PETALS WHICH ARE SOMETIMES THE SAME SHADE AS THE CENTER, SOMETIMES OF A WIDELY DIFFERENT TINT: BELOW IS A LOVELY SINGLE VARIETY, FREAKISH AS THE SHIRLEY POPPY IN COLOR.



THE JAPANESE ANEMONE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOWN AT THE RIGHT HAS A RAISED CENTER OF CLOSE-PACKED TINY FLORETS: ITS OUTER PETALS TWIST AND TURN IN EVERY DIRECTION, ASSUMING MANIFOLD DIVERTING FORMS OF FLAT OR POINTED TIPS, WHICH IN THE HANDS OF EXPERTS GROW IN A LONG GRACEFUL FEATHERY FRINGE: THERE IS NO LIMIT TO THE VAGARIES OF THE JAPANESE ANEMONE CHRYSANTHEMUM, FOR WHICH REASON IT IS A FAVORITE WITH ALL EXPERIMENTAL EXHIBITION GROWERS.



THESE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW THE JAPANESE MANNER OF ARRANGING THEIR NATIONAL FLOWER IN SIMPLE BAMBOO BOOTHS IN THE PUBLIC PARKS OF TOKIO: THE PYRAMID OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE UPPER PICTURE IS GROWN FROM A SINGLE ROOT.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS FOR EVERY GARDEN

tion is possible—styles in chrysanthemums being set by China and Japan as rapidly and arbitrarily as a woman's gowns are by Paris. How could their whims be fixed in a single article? But all developments are now under certain main divisions. The single with its flat disc and ray-like florets which might almost be mistaken for a Marguerite or aster are made to show regular or ragged, pointed or blunt-edged petals of graded tints, with light or dark centers at will, early and late flowering, suitable for indoors and out.

The large anemone chrysanthemum has a raised disc in the center formed by quilled florets surrounded by flat or nearly flat ones. The Japanese anemone chrysanthemum has a similar raised center but the outer rays curl, twist or droop in manifold diverting ways.

Then there are the two lovely pompons, the chrysanthemum and the anemone; the wonderful incurved ones with quilled petals turned inward covering the heart; and the reflexed, circular blossom with broad, overlapping florets, turned outward.

Chrysanthemums in the hands of growers can be dwarfed for edgings and pots, or expanded until the stem can scarce hold the weight of their blossoms. Thread-thin petals droop like waterfalls or flash upward like bursting rockets—wide petals unfurl to the sun as symmetrically as lilies upon a quiet pool, or bend and curl and turn and twist like foaming cataracts. Flat, quilled, fluted and thread-like are the petals, incurved and reflexed in an infinite variety of ways. From less than an inch to fully *a foot in diameter* can these remarkable, adaptable flowers be grown.

Every grower has his own distinguishing names and rules for growing, but certain broad laws will do for each, for they are hardy, accommodating flower friends who can be depended upon to take a hint, who are not easily offended, who, if slighted a very trifle from stress of circumstances do not sulk or lose their brightness. They are easily propagated—grown from seed within a few weeks (hardy annuals), from cuttings or even from roots stored from the previous season. They are not particular as to soil, nor do pests annoy them much. As exhibition plants they are supreme, because of their possibilities for freakish size, shape and color. For gardens they are indispensable, for their season of blooming is a long one; they are the last to hold the colors of summer in remembrance, the easiest to cultivate, the most useful for almost every need, the showiest, and because the memory of their fragrant perfume and their staunch loyal way of standing by their colors even after the frost has vanquished their leaves touches a chord in the heart of every one who ever walked in a garden on a bleak November day. For conservatories and for home decoration their popularity is unquestioned because they make

CHRYSANTHEMUMS FOR EVERY GARDEN



THE SIMPLEST OF THE OLD-FASHIONED CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

cherished and honored as are victorious generals, poets or explorers.

In both East and West, plants should

be lifted from the ground before the heavier frosts are expected. Many roots will survive a winter, but the best results are obtained from a more careful attention. Cuttings taken from lifted plants thrive better, seem to be more vigorous. By the end of February, cuttings should be started in boxes; when well rooted set in three-inch pots and transfer to cold frames. Hardy treatment being good for them from beginning to end, a little cold air will not prove injurious. When transferred out to the

THE GOLDEN YELLOW POMPON CHRYSANTHEMUMS LAST EVEN TILL THE FROST.

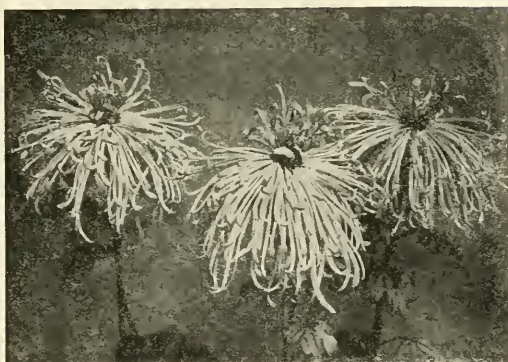
such a cheerful color and lend themselves to bowls tall or squat, gray, green or gold, of bronze, pottery or glass, and because they "last" a long time. They will bloom profusely in town or country, even come up year after year in abandoned dooryards, thrive in poor soil, though of course they develop much more wonderfully when sympathetically attended to, put forth as perfect a flower in a Bowery tin can as in a royal garden.

They have inspired designers and decorators as perhaps has no other plant, unless it Names of creators of new varieties are



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garden, the ground must be prepared by deep digging and manuring. If soil be too light add good leaf mold. Many growers set stakes in position when plants are transferred to ground. This seems the easier way, for then the matter is off one's mind and a tie need not be given again for a month or more. A little hoeing now and then is all that is needed for the ordinary garden cultivation. If especially large blooms are wanted instead of a show of color, disbudding must be attended to, even to thin the shoots somewhat.



THREADLIKE PETALS OF THE JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUMS SOMETIMES ASSUME THE PENDANT FORM OF A WATERFALL.

It is difficult to write of this flower honored by Emperors, loved by everybody, without drifting into a rhapsody.

How impossible to record all the vagaries of a plant whose nature is as capricious as the mind of man and as steadfast as the course of stars—one which freakishly improvises even upon the madcap motive of an enthusiastic breeder when released from laws, or which will bloom true to type year after year in the



ONE OF THE NEWEST JAPANESE HYBRIDS, HARDY YET GRACEFUL.

dooryard of those who like its golden yellow familiar face in the old-fashioned way. A flower that is modest in royal gardens and proud in the factory yards, though ignominiously covered with soot,

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FAMILIAR BABY BUTTONBALL OF NEW ENGLAND GARDENS.

one that has the love and admiration of every flower grower on earth is surely worthy the admiring eulogy of poets, as well as calm statements of biographers. No garden is truly complete without a display of such dependable beauty. From August to November chrysanthemums supply both home and garden with feathery blossoms of all the shades of the most romantic or critical-minded enthusiast could desire. Indeed, they seem to have borrowed nearly every note of the scale of color, from the faintest to the boldest tones. With their brilliance in the autumn, they form a splendid climax for the garden symphony that began with the snowdrops in early spring. All through the summer the different flowers have added their rich notes of harmony, until with the advent of fall the crescendo reaches its greatest height. And it is at this season of the year, when the pageant of the preceding months nears completion, that the chrysanthemums achieve their triumphant finale, which finds so grateful an echo in the garden-lover's heart.



THE SLAV: HIS SPLENDOR, HIS MISERY, AND HIS PLACE AMONG THE NATIONS OF TO-MORROW



RUSSIA is moving toward us today with one hand clasped by England and one by France. For the first time in history, the Slav is welcomed in the heart of Europe. But after this great battle of the world is over what will this stranger among European nations ask of her new friends, and what will she bring them? We have heard much of the "Slav Peril" to Europe—and but very little of the Slav culture. For years, centuries, our interest in Russia has been in the melodrama of her fierce internal conflict, her mines in frozen lands manned by political prisoners, her swift irrevocable imprisonment for the friends of the people and the enemies of the state. Russia's anarchists have sought our own shores to preach rebellion in safety. Gorky, in his plays, has told us truths about the Russian peasants that burn in the memory. Tolstoi has clanked the chains of his people with sinister music in his stories. Always Russia has come to us as picturesque and terrible. We remember long snowy roads through desolate lands and the sound of wolves at night, women with bleeding feet, old people forgotten, and the childlike faith of the people rewarded so often with massacre and exile.

The horror of all this no one doubts or questions—the shadows of Russia are deep, mysterious and full of black terror.

But what of her art, her music out of the very hearts of the people, her painting that is national and vigorous, her architecture in splendid lines and color; what of Chaliapine, Tchaikowsky, Orlénif, Aronson? And what of that strange murmuring sound that is creeping through the length and breadth of Russia—the sound of the building of a new democracy? An imperial democracy, if you will, to be given to the young of the land for an increasing intellectual and industrial freedom.

We simply do not know these things of Russia. To us she has in the past, and rightly, been the weak and cruel ruler, the weak and tyrannical aristocracy, the weak and grasping political autocracy and very largely the weak, restless, powerless people—a great morass, damp and dangerous, yet flowering out in sunlit spots into a beauty both splendid and startling. The Slavs have suffered for Russia, her prophets have been gigantic and memorable.

CHALIAPINE, Russia's greatest singer, who sang in New York two years ago, in Moussorgsky's gorgeous opera, *Boris Godounow*, writes of the genius of his own people in a few brief and intensely searching words which he has called "The Flowers of the Genius of Russia."

RUSSIA'S MEANING TO THE NATIONS

"Russia is rich," he says, "with wine, alas, spilled; with sap that has leaked away; she is the fecund mother—who will give her children? Over this beautiful earth of ours pass terrible feet, her snowy whiteness is befouled, her blossoms crushed. And the feet are the feet of the Tartar, the Turk, the Feudal Duke, the 'policeman.'

"I love," he continues, "this great garden of Russia, badly cultivated, but nevertheless at times bearing flowers of indestructible beauty. What a splendid bloom is Moussorgsky who left his work to fight for his country and died in a hospital; and Gorky, the great friend of mankind.

"Once when I was singing in Nijni early in the morning, I looked out and saw Gorky standing at a window in the same hotel, and gazing silently over the city. The sun was shining on the towers of the churches, over the silver river and turning the roofs red. 'You are up early,' I said. 'Yes,' he answered. 'Come in my room for a moment.' When I reached his window I saw that he had tears in his eyes, and I did not understand. 'Look,' he said to me, 'how beautiful it is. Just the world and not a human being anywhere. The humanity which has made its gods and its laws, built its houses and its churches, all asleep and helpless as children, powerless to change or adjust all this that it has made.'

"He spoke very softly and very sweetly, and, for the moment, he seemed to me the most perfect human being in the world. Truly one of Russia's flowers of genius.

"And these other musical flowers; how can I speak of them adequately?—the master Glazounow, followed by Rakhmaninow, and Scriabine and Ladoff. All of these men writing music for the whole world, and yet producing it in an individual manner. This is indeed the phenomena of Russia. We are like a great gulf through which pour all the torrents of the world, but when the stream has been boiled together, each drop of water which separates itself and floats upward through the air has shining through it clearly the sun of Russia. And the crystal drop must be pure if the sun is to shine through. That is the great essential for all the art of my world, possibly for all worlds."

POSSIBLY, that we may better understand all that is meant by the Slav culture, we should stop for a moment and study the derivation and the original meaning of the words Slav and Serb. The history of the Slav is indeed a fascinating study, and a part of it is written in the etymology of the race name, *Slava*, originally meaning "glorious," or "The Saint's Day" or "Glorious Day;" yet because at one time the Slavs were conquered by the Goths and

RUSSIA'S MEANING TO THE NATIONS

Germans, and the prisoners became slaves, Slav actually became the source both in fact and in etymology of the word *slave*. Curiously different is the word *serb*, meaning kinship, and the European spelling of the country Serbia is Serbia. The Serbs are said to resent the English spelling of the word as suggesting a derivation from *servus*, the Latin word for slave, from which *serf*, the Russian name for a qualified slave, is derived.

On the geographical side most persons have thought of the Slavs as inhabiting almost entirely Russia and territory to her south. But, as a matter of fact, Germany has been Slavic as far west as Berlin. The very site of Berlin was occupied by a community of Wends, the advance guard of the westward flow of ancient Slavs. Wend communities may still be found in upper and lower Lusatia.

The Wends were driven back eastward by the Teutonic knights, their migration having followed the westward line that every great race movement has taken. But Slav and Serb once occupied the whole, or nearly all, of the Elbe Basin.

Perhaps it is the size of this gigantic complex nation, which touches Europe on one side and Asia on the other, that has in the past made it so difficult a matter for her to insure justice and prosperity to her people, that has made the government of this land one of fear and the sword. But the time is coming all over the world when the individual can no longer be blindly herded in order to make such a government easy. This present war will help all the simple folk of Europe to understand that their chance for growth must lie in their refusal to be counted as a military or social unit. The massing of intelligent humanity for war and taxes we believe will never again be possible. For the aftermath of such a massing must inevitably be destructive. Humanity cannot be used by humanity for selfish reasons; Germany will find this out before long; Russia has found it so in the birth of the Nihilist, and will continue to find it so in the return from the battlefield of the Revolutionist. Unfortunately for the Russian people at large, the Czar has been willing to share with the world a low opinion of his people. He has created a blinded and wretched agricultural serf, and then discovering difficulty in managing him through fear, he has employed the sword.

To the millions of Americans the very word Czar has meant semi-savage government. This has probably been justified more or less in the past, but today it is essential that Russia, moving into new channels in close fellowship with England and France, should be better understood; we must seek to do her justice, or at the worst to realize the limitations of her wrong-doing. This is not always easy, for virtue has ever lacked the picturesqueness of crime.

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WITHIN a comparatively few years, Russia has commenced to stir with the birth pains of a new civilization. When you stop to realize that this nation numbers one hundred and seventy million people in a land nine million square miles in extent, and that the population has increased three hundred per cent. in the last fifty years, that the industrial heart of Russia has increased nearly five hundred per cent. in the same time, and that the character of its industries has changed from the small shop for hand-workers to modern factories employing in a single instance ten thousand people, you begin to understand something of the problem the government of the Slav nation has to face in order to achieve peace, justice and a moderate degree of happiness for its subjects.

"In no phase of Russian social development," we are told by an authority on Russia, Mr. Whelpley, in *The Independent*, "have greater changes taken place than in matters of education. There are, at present, over six million children at school in Russia, and the universities have been thrown open to women. Nearly six thousand are enrolled in Petrograd alone, while it is reckoned that the sum total, which the general government expends for educational purposes yearly, is nearly one hundred million dollars. There are now in existence four thousand Russian agricultural societies, fifteen thousand pupils in the agricultural schools, and at least three hundred thousand farmers have attended lectures given for the benefit of those who till the land. Over five thousand agricultural specialists are employed by the government to assist the farmer." Undoubtedly there would be found defects in these educational facilities, and in proportion to the population they are limited, but to know that they exist at all furnishes a sharp contrast to our former impression of Russia as an uninformed, uncultivated waste.

One begins to understand something of Russia's problem when one reads these colossal figures and finds them, as Mr. Whelpley suggests, "inadequate and small, but an improvement." So little that has been creditable to Russia has been published at any time that we feel it will be of interest to quote further from this article, "The Rise of Russia." We find Mr. Whelpley saying, that for five years the government has carried on a great work in the settlement of Siberia, people also being moved from congested districts in western Russia to free lands farther east; that communal ownership is being done away with, and that fifty-four million acres of farms have come under government workings; that over sixty-five million dollars have been spent in the last five years in assisting Russian immigration into southern Siberia, which district today stands to the Russians for what western America did to the alien land seekers of the eighties.



"A QUESTION:" BY M. P.
IWANOFF, RUSSIAN PAINTER.



PORTRAIT OF ANTON RUBINSTEIN, THE GREAT RUSSIAN PIANIST: BY ILJA REPIN, RUSSIAN PAINTER



A TYPICAL RUSSIAN LANDSCAPE
BY PURWITT, RUSSIAN PAINTER



TOLSTOI WITH HIS FAMILY IN THE EVENING; BY L. PASTERNAK, RUSSIAN PAINTER.

RUSSIA'S MEANING TO THE NATIONS

It seems also that Russia is taking up the question of irrigation for her vast and desolate plains, that she is becoming a great oil producing center, that she is building new railroads and increasing her river navigations. "And all this progress and stirring of new life," as Mr. Whelpley points out, "could not come about in any country, no matter how rich its natural resources, unless it arose from the awakening of the people."

Everywhere throughout Russia there seems to be this stirring of life through the mass of the people. There is a greater demand for reading matter, and many books and magazines are being published now in Russia for the common people. Printing is cheap, and there is an immense sale for all literature that touches the life of the Slav nation. Books on music, art, philosophy and social development are being especially widely read. And as the people learn to think, one finds the priesthood and the bureaucracy yielding perforce to progressive movements. Superstition is always in the vanguard of mental development; not as a herald, but in the process of being swept away, a vanquished force.

OF course in this presentation of the Slav, all we have said of the freshening and awakening of Russia, naturally relates to that part of the country that has opened its eyes and lifted up its voice. There are still dread areas of people, cowed, submissive, sullen, unsensitive. Possibly one result of this terrible war which is devastating all of Europe may be the lifting of the dead serf into a new life through revolt, through contact with differing civilizations, through suffering, through hope born of strange and bewildering enlightenment. The serf who returns from battle will never be the sullen man of the field again. Possibly a bitter man, ripe for revolution, possibly a useless man, sickened and despairing, but never again the merely dull man with eyes forever looking down. And so Russia's triumph, if that is what comes to her on the eastern side of Prussia, may bring temporary success, or may bring terrific internal struggles; but if she is to rank among the civilized (!) peoples, she must either so adjust her internal government that she precludes the possibility of this revolt, or she must welcome struggle as the birth throes of a people determined and eager to begin a new life, a life that has a mental and spiritual as well as a material side to it.

It has been suggested that in the aftermath of the war Russia's great value to those with whom she has been allied, possibly to all of Europe, will be as a connecting link between Europe, practical, over-civilized, and Asia, with social tendencies at once primitive and mystical. There can be no doubt that there is a close mental and

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spiritual alliance between the Slav and the Oriental. On the other hand the elaborateness and completeness of western civilization appeals to the Slav imagination and also to the progressives and the nation who realize that all new civilizations must be based on industrial efficiency. As yet the western world has never come in close relation with the East. The Orient has appealed to us as strange, semi-barbarous, wholly picturesque, and we have never stopped to think that the time might come when all civilizations would be one, and when we would be called upon for a finer understanding of the Oriental people, and a fuller and completer relationship with them. If Russia can bridge the chasm between the East and the West, then possibly we shall have a clearer comprehension of the use of this war. And in what other way could France and England have allied themselves with this tremendous force known as Russia except through the great emergency known as Battle. If this dream of the West meeting the East, through Slav sympathy, should be realized, then perhaps in the future we will look back upon it as a spiritual silver thread running through the red weaving of the war.

IT has been presented to us, by writers of authority, that on a material side we may expect Russia to play an important part in the economic history of the future, that no country in the world has such a food producing area as the Slav's, that we may eventually turn to Russia to aid, through her agricultural power, in keeping down the high price of living for those highly developed countries where the manufacturing interests overpower agricultural pursuits. Also we are promised Russia as a market for the labor of all western nations, as the great potential buyer of the future. The reëstablished peasant is also presented to us as a hopeful asset. We are told that as an individual he will progress far beyond the mere unit in the herd; that he is fundamentally a simple, honest and industrious man, physically virile, emotionally peaceful, that in Russia even today ninety per cent of the people owe their living to the land, that this ninety per cent on a higher social and spiritual level will be a people to reckon with in the progress of the world.

In a finer estimate of Russia we are asked by a Russian woman, who has been lecturing in our American schools, to distinguish between *Russia* and the *government of Russia*. "Russia," she says, "is a great and wonderful country inhabited by people of marvelous potentialities, but until very lately the government has feared the light, and has kept the people in ignorance." "In spite of this," she continues, "I feel that a tremendous enlightenment is coming to

(Continued on page 224)

WHAT WILL THE WAR BRING TO AMERICA?

BY FRANCIS GRIERSON

We feel that our readers will greatly value the point of view of this distinguished English musician and man of letters in regard to the effect of the war upon American social life.



OW is the terrible strife in Europe likely to effect creative thought in America? Will the reaction lead to a new renaissance? Shall American writers, artists and teachers continue to copy the manner and methods of the French and English? Shall Americans continue to imitate every freak demonstration in literature, art and music thrown off by irresponsible innovators in the leading European capitals?

We are moving through grave and eventful times. Thousands of people bewail the experiences they are forced to pass through.

In Russia, Germany, Belgium, Austria, England and France young artists, writers, poets, philosophers, musicians are passing through ordeals of blood side by side with peasants. There are no distinctions. Thousands of young people in the different countries,

men who go and women at home, are, time in their moved and profound. They are be *feel*, when months ago only faintly veil of illusion torn from before they realize what is. This, in real realism, the so-called depicted in thing is lack the brim the rors. Emo basis of all And now of people and old in tries will



MR. FRANCIS GRIERSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARENCE WHITE TAKEN IN NEW YORK, 1914.

to the front who remain for the first lives, being shaken by emotions. ing made to three short they could imagine. The ion has been their eyes had time to was happened, is the not the thing realists have novels. No- ing to fill to cup of hor- tion is the great art. thousands both young many coun- know the

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full meaning of that word as never before in this century.

In art, imagination alone is futile. Imagination is only effective when it is coupled with profound feeling. Horace declared the most effective way to make others weep is to begin by weeping yourself. In the space of forty-four years France has undergone two periods of mourning, while England is now for the first time feeling the rude stroke of fate at her very door. What will the lessons be for Paris and London? What will be the reaction? After the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo it required a period of fifteen years before the advent of a new genius. Victor Hugo appeared on the scene in eighteen hundred and thirty, ushering in the great romantic revival in art, literature, music and the drama. The war between France and Prussia in eighteen hundred and seventy lasted only six weeks and the number of slain did not materially affect the ranks of talent in either country. The only difference I noticed at the time was that it turned the optimists into pessimists. It did not produce a renaissance of art and literature in France. The war was not long enough, not terrible enough, to produce fundamental results.

After this war a wave of reaction will sweep over Europe. In Russia it is likely to bring to a close the period of brutal realism inaugurated by the young authors of twenty years ago. In Germany it will produce a new drama, a new outlook on life and art; but in France and England the changes will be far-reaching. Paris has for a long time been the Mecca toward which young American art students turn their gaze. Thousands have been converted into weak imitators and impersonal copyists, and especially American art students have imbibed in Paris in recent years the notion that everything American is inferior to everything French and European. But for this superstition America today would be the leading art country of the world.

Whence comes this difference to the surpassing opportunities for the development of native talent in America? For one thing, American children are taught to look toward Paris as the center of the intellectual universe. That vain, vague word, *technique*, is used as if it were the fundamental basis of all art instead of one of the adjuncts of art. I have heard this word used by hundreds of people without the slightest conception of what it means or what relation it has to sentiment and the far higher art of expression. The notion that technique is the all-important thing in creative work is superficial and provincial, not in keeping with the genius of France. The great masters have always based their work on deep emotion, sentiment and imagination; but in recent years lesser minds, failing to create, have set their wits to devise new and *outré* forms in all phases

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of art. Eccentric whims are mistaken for an expression of power and originality, and if the war does not purge Paris of what I call the "blue china period" in poetry, art, literature and music, then indeed the ordeals of the war will have been in vain. For there is no denying the fact that the moods and caprices of the Parisians have set the tone for all Europe and America for many years past.

Three years ago, in a London magazine, I pointed out the weakness of writers like Anatole France, and he is regarded everywhere as the most gifted of living French writers. Nothing could be more opposed to the spirit of democracy than the subtle irony of Anatole France, the romantic remoteness of Pierre Loti, and the quintessential refinement of Maurice Barrès. The great writers of the second Empire had positive convictions. Those of the present take refuge in an atmosphere of aristocratic refinement and intellectual exclusiveness, quite remote from republican tastes and democratic grooves of thought. They have much feeling, brilliant thought on a surface level, plenty of fancy, as distinguished from imagination, charming graces of style, and entertaining notions of French social life, and a superficial Voltairian quality which leaves the human spirit thirsting for psychic knowledge and spiritual wisdom. For such writers are without ideas. No good has ever come to anyone from the teachings of Voltaire. This flippant, superficial spirit has been the curse of Modern France. It produces wit that is dry and brittle. Anatole France has been called a second Voltaire, and now after a lifetime of literary fame and material success what is the outcome in the hour of national peril and change?

Here is what Anatole France has just written to the Minister of War: "Many people say my literary style is worthless in time of war. As this may be the truth I have ceased to write and am without work. I am no longer young, but my health is good. Make me a soldier."

In art and literature the decadent period and the transitional period arrive together. The first necessarily implies the second. In England decadence set in soon after the passing of Dickens in eighteen hundred and seventy. Ten years later George Eliot passed away. Victor Hugo was the one authoritative voice in France in his time, and all France had to offer in his place was the materialism of Zola out of which was developed most of the crude writing the world has had during the past thirty years.

There are but three kinds of artists and writers: the positive, the neutral and the negative. No imagination, no skill will ever suffice, for the lack of spiritual vision. London like Paris, has long been in the shifting throes of a new and negative paganism, a mere

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makeshift for the creative power of the Greeks. Observation has no Aristotle, intuition no Socrates, literature no Plato. The greatest pagans were on the positive side, but our pantheistic revival is negative, empty, ephemeral. Writers can do no more than give utterance to what they know and what they feel. A man's vision is his own, like his manner of writing; but while one man's vision may arise from fundamental principles, that of another may be the result of mere impressionistic guesswork.

The neutral writers fail because they have nothing to offer to the world but a series of transitory impressions in the guise of the drama, the novel or essay. They fail to see that impressions count for nothing in a world where fancies and whims have no vital duration. Writers who voice the fads and fashions of a particular time, or who play paradoxical tricks with the public, are headed for oblivion. The neutral and the negative writers are like people revolving on an immense wheel, ignorant of the power which causes the wheel to revolve. Their wheel of life revolves without ceasing but what they take for novelty is only new combinations of wind, temperature, barometric pressure, sunshine and shadow, all fleeting as the winds and the clouds.

The fault of London is the fault of Paris. Twenty-five years ago the witty author of "Lady Windermere's Fan" made paradox and persiflage fashionable. Artists, poets, musicians, critics, dramatists began to hide their lack of wisdom by a veil of paradoxical humor and witty illusion. As if the soul of man could thrive on paradox! To offset all this contradiction and persiflage the scientific novelist appeared with a scientific mission.

As if science could impose moral discipline on any people or nation!

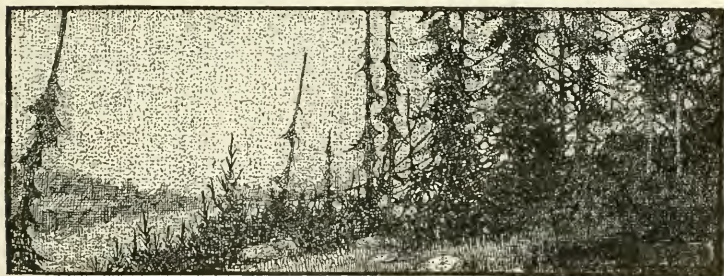
No amount of scientific knowledge will ever make great artists, great poets, great preachers or great moralists. Goethe was first a poet and thinker, a scientist last of all. The creative writers and artists have all reasoned and labored from a fundamental, spiritual basis. It is the adamant foundation of all enduring work. The supreme emotions are positive because they are spiritual. It is the fundamental feeling which gives the immortal feeling. Our popular scientific writers cannot create. They can only explain what they have learned mechanically. Our age is suffering from a new disease caused by undigested facts. Sensation has for years usurped the place of common sense and culture. The neurotic has reigned in all the leading European cities, from Rome to Petrograd and from Vienna to London. Irresponsibility has been the fashion.

For some millions of people the only reality they have ever faced is

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the reality of the present war. For years authority and discipline have had no meaning in Paris and London. License and persiflage, cheap wit and impossible paradox have been fed out to the public in newspapers and magazines until the reasoning mind wonders how long such conditions can exist without the total destruction of society. But God is not mocked. Authority and discipline, so long flouted in this world of art and literature, are now being imposed on fields of carnage in five nations far more bitter than any discipline ever imposed by any religion or any moral law.

As for new "isms" and schools—if America continues to imitate decadent Europe then the same ordeals await the youth of this country later on. It is time to throw off the European yoke. The longer America delays, the worse will be the day of reckoning. This country offers more than ample opportunities for students in every sphere of art and thought. Its riches and advantages are beyond anything ever known in the history of the world. The artist can find here all kinds of "atmosphere," the finest scenery on the globe and the greatest variety, the best social privileges, the greatest freedom for individual development, climate to suit all temperaments. In America nothing is lacking. As a matter of fact some of the most gifted people I have ever met anywhere have never been to Europe and do not expect to go there. I have never found it true that cultured Europeans possess more culture than cultured Americans. If I had to make a fixed choice I should plump for the critical, intellectual American who never saw Europe.



THE COMMAND OF THE EARTH—FOR PROSPERITY WE LOOK TO THE FARMER, NOT THE WARRIOR



WHEN the sword is rusty and the plow bright, then the Empire is well governed," is an old Chinese proverb which is well to bring again to the attention of this war-mad world. The ancient philosopher who fixed his knowledge of mankind in the form of this proverb realized that nations rise into power by the art of agriculture and fall by its opposite force of militarism. Warriors polish their swords and sweep over the land with great flourish of braggart power, leaving it depleted of life and substance. The plow of the farmer grows bright as he follows in their desolate wake sweetening the earth, reinstating nations to strength and power.

Farmers are the peacemakers of humanity. They are the great physicians who heal the scars of war, restore victor and vanquished impartially to health and hope; the very existence of mankind is in their keeping. They began the art of civilization when they gathered the seeds of the earth, guarded them through the long cold winter season, cleared fields for the planting and harvested again. Future civilization is also in their hands. "The most valuable of all arts," Abraham Lincoln says, "is the art of deriving a comfortable substance from the smallest area of soil." The knowledge of this art of agriculture is not only the most valuable possession for the future as it was for the past, but is undoubtedly so for the present. The men who command the earth will in time be honored equally with the men who command the seas, for one gives life and the other death; one deals with plows, harrows, seeds, the other with dreadnoughts, cannon and gunpowder, in an effort to gain supremacy of the world.

One man of our country has so tremendously increased the productivity of our acres and added such sums to the wealth of our people that his name has become a household word. No warrior is more renowned than this quiet man who by his keen foresight, accurate judgment and peculiar genius has benefited man beyond the possibility of calculation. Hardly a farmer but uses his method of seed selection, grows his potatoes, small fruits or nuts, not a school child but knows the name of Luther Burbank, along with those of Columbus, Washington, Lincoln and the rest of our revered countrymen. To them he is a benefactor who wears the romantic garb of a wizard, a marvelous person knowing magic secrets they would give so much to know. Gardeners rely on his creations for beauty, housekeepers for nourishing products, and scientists give him honors.



THE PICTURE AT THE LEFT SHOWS A STEM OF THE BURBANK BLACK-BERRY FREE OF THORNS, WHICH DIMINISHES THE COST OF HARVEST TO AN INCALCULABLE AMOUNT: THE BERRIES ARE LARGE, DELICIOUS IN TASTE, AND RICH IN COLOR.

THE PHENOMENAL BERRY SHOWN AT THE RIGHT WAS SECURED BY UNITING THE CALIFORNIA WILD DEWBERRY AND THE CUTHBERT RASPBERRY: A SINGLE ACRE OF YOUNG PLANTS HAS PRODUCED OVER ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN A SEASON.



*Photos Illustrating This Article
Loaned by Luther Burbank.*

THE PRICKLY PEAR AS A FOOD HAS BEEN KNOWN FOR CENTURIES: IN CERTAIN PORTIONS OF LATIN AMERICA IT PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE DAILY MENU: THE FRUIT IS CUCUMBER-SHAPED WITH FLATTENED ENDS, VARYING IN COLOR FROM A BEAUTIFUL YELLOW TO



VARIOUS SHADES OF CRIMSON: IT IS DELICIOUS IN FLAVOR, MAY BE EATEN RAW, COOKED IN MANY APPETIZING WAYS AND PRESERVED: IT IS UNUSUALLY RICH IN SUGAR, AND THIS QUALITY HAS BEEN UTILIZED BY THE MEXICANS IN THE PREPARATION OF APPETIZING CANDY OF DIFFERENT KINDS.



THE GOLDRIDGE APPLE FAR SURPASSES ITS PARENT, THE NEWTON PIPPIN, IN GROWING, STRENGTH AND BEARING QUALITIES: THE FRUIT IS PALE YELLOW WITH THE CRIMSON BLUSH ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

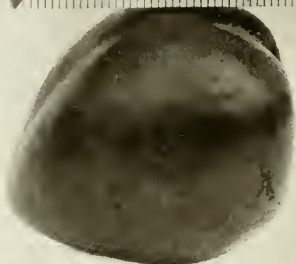
THE NEW STANDARD PRUNE SHOWN BELOW IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT SMALL FRUITS GIVEN TO THE WORLD: TWENTY YEARS AGO THIRTY-FIVE MILLION POUNDS OF PRUNES WERE IMPORTED: BUT NOW THE IMPORTATIONS ARE LITTLE MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS: THIS FRUIT IS OF GREAT SIZE AS SHOWN BY THE MEASURED RULE: ABOUT NINE OF THESE WILL MAKE A POUND, WHILE IT TAKES NINETEEN OF THE AVERAGE FRENCH PRUNES TO MAKE AN EQUAL WEIGHT.



THE PLUMCOT IS A COMBINATION OF A WILD AMERICAN PLUM, A JAPANESE PLUM AND AN APRICOT: IT DIFFERS ENTIRELY IN TEXTURE, COLOR AND TASTE FROM ANY OTHER FRUIT: IT WILL BEAR A FULL CROP EVEN IN PLACES WHERE NEITHER THE PLUM NOR APRICOT COULD EXIST.



THE GIANT PLUM AT THE LEFT IS THE LARGEST VARIETY IN THE WORLD: ITS PECULIAR VALUE OUTSIDE OF ITS SIZE LIES IN THE FACT THAT IT IS AN EXCELLENT SHIPPER, AND IN CANNING ITS SKIN SEPARATES EASILY FROM THE FRUIT WHEN PLACED IN BOILING WATER.



THE PRÉÉMINENT QUALITY OF THE ABUNDANCE CHERRY IS ITS HABIT OF PROLIFIC BEARING: THE FRUIT ITSELF IS UNUSUALLY LARGE: IT WAS CREATED BY A CROSS OF THE ROYAL ANN AND PRODUCES TWICE AS MUCH PER ACRE AS ITS PARENTS.

THE NEW AGRICULTURE

HE himself says that the art of plant breeding, the new agriculture, is but in its infancy, and that no one can foretell what wonderful evolutions of plant life will be developed in the future for the good of mankind. His so-called secrets he scatters broadcast, urging others to use them and carry on his work of commanding the soil to give generously and withhold none of its possible benefits. He says that plant breeding is simply the intelligent application of a human mind in guiding the inherent life forces into useful directions by radically improved environment, and newly combined factors in advantageous circumstances.

Every plant strives to adapt itself to environment with as little demand upon its force as possible and still keep up in the race. Constantly varying external pressure to which all life is everywhere subjected, he points out, demands that the internal force shall always be ready to adapt itself or perish. Understanding the fundamental principle that every plant, animal and planet occupies its place in the order of nature by the action of two forces—the inherent constitutional life force with all its good habits, the sum of which is heredity, and the numerous complicated external forces or environment—to guide the interaction of these two forces, both of which are only different expressions of the one eternal force, is and must be the sole object of breeders, whether of plants or animals.

Through his efforts to increase the comfort, health, and wealth of the world by growing better food plants, making the earth yield more abundantly without exhausting its vitality, making the desert a fertile field, he has created many varieties that have added annually so say statisticians, seventeen millions to the world's wealth. He has increased the possibilities of the lumber yield through his great forest walnut; ninety-five per cent of plums shipped out of California are varieties of his originating, practically all the potatoes marketed in the United States have been raised from his improved stock.

His experiments have touched almost the entire fruit field with remarkable results. Several absolutely new fruits have thus been created, perhaps the best known of which is the Primus berry, developed from the native California dewberry and the Siberian raspberry. The fruit is large and ripens its main crop with the strawberries, long before the standard raspberries and blackberries are ready for the table. The phenomenal Himalaya and Patagonia berries created by him are well established among the profitable marketable small fruits of the West. One most amazing paradox he is responsible for, the white blackberry, a waxy, almost transparent fruit of delicious flavor and great beauty, an exceedingly productive bush, the fruit of which however is too delicate for market shipping. The thorn-

THE COMMAND OF THE EARTH

less blackberry has long been commented upon by all growers and scientists as one of the most surprising contradictions known to the plant world. By some sudden upheaval of what were supposed to be unalterable laws of nature, he has given agriculturists a blackberry of perfect taste and color that can be picked with great economy of time and labor, because now that the thorns have been eliminated there is no danger of brushing the fruit against them while harvesting, so the speed of the pickers can be increased.

A NEW cherry called "Abundance," a seedling of "Napoleon" (Royal Ann) bears an earlier and heavier crop of fruit which is larger, richer of color, firmer and better in all respects than its parents. To a commercial grower this means that the "Abundance" cherry will provide just twice as much fruit as the Royal Ann, in other words a half acre of ground has been made as valuable to the owner as a full acre was a few years ago. His "Giant" is the largest cherry known in the world, four cherries weighing one ounce, eleven cherries in a row measuring twelve inches. It is also distinguished for having a very small pit, thus giving a maximum amount of flesh. It is glossy black, rich and sweet.

He has also put a new giant plum on the market, the largest plum in the world. Its especial value, outside of its size, lies in the fact that it is an excellent shipper and that its skin separates easily from the fruit when placed in boiling water in canning. The fruit itself is nearly a free stone of a golden color and the flesh sweet and delicious.

The Apex plumcot is a combination of a wild American plum, a Japanese plum and an apricot. It differs entirely in texture, color and taste from any other fruit. Sometimes the flesh is yellow, again it is pink, or white or crimson. In looks it is like the apricot and ripens with the earliest of the plums, carrying a full crop even in localities where neither the plum nor the apricot can flourish. He has introduced over twenty different varieties of plums and prunes and has continually under test many thousand prospective combinations. Sometimes six or more species were combined to secure some desired characteristic. It is of great size as shown by the measured rule. About nine of these will make a pound and it takes nineteen of the average French prunes to make an equal weight. It is sweeter also and is regarded by Mr. Burbank himself as the best prune that has ever been produced. The Goldridge apple is another of his remarkable productions, surpassing its parent the Newton pippin at every point. The flesh is pale yellow with a crimson blush on the sunny side, has a delicious fragrance, and ripens earlier.

Perhaps the most valuable of all the gifts he has for the world is

THE COMMAND OF THE EARTH

his fruiting cactus. The fruit changes in color from a beautiful yellow through various shades of crimson. In flavor it is reminiscent of strawberries, pineapples and nutmeg melon, the meat is rich and juicy and can be prepared for the table in many appetizing ways. A few of these plants which will grow almost anywhere in the great Southwest, will supply the table with an enormous amount of delicious jams, jellies and syrups.

Among walnuts he has produced one with a shell thin as paper which can be readily crushed in the hand. When it was found the shell was so thin that the nuts were destroyed by the birds he retraced his steps, increased the thickness of his walnut and put it on the market in perfectly balanced shape. He has also taken the tannin from nut meat which previously gave it a bitter flavor. The Royal and the Paradox varieties are both rapid growing walnuts, very valuable commercially for timber purposes. They attain a great size arriving at maturity in about fifteen years. The wood is of superior qualities takes a fine finish and commands a large price in the lumber market.

This wizard of the soil has produced a quince that can be eaten raw like an apple and that can be cooked tender in five minutes. In taste it is the delicate quince with the old disagreeable stringent taste eliminated, plus a delightful pineapple flavor. Jelly made from it is much like the old-time housewives' favorite blend of apple, quince and pineapple. In weight it averages about three-quarters of a pound. Besides the stoneless prune, that remarkable product developed from the wild thorny scrub tree bearing but a small and bitter fruit with a very insignificant stone, he has improved nearly all the old standard varieties. With the prunes his efforts have been toward creating a fruit that would both ship and dry to perfection, yet be fine, fresh and rich in sugar. The standard prune is a large, never failing bearer whose fruit can be shipped when dead ripe, a big point with market men.

One hybrid strawberry of his, the Patagonia, begins to ripen before all others and bears the longest. The fruit grows on stiff stalks which hold them free from the ground, yet they are kept protected from the sun by a dense shade of leaves easy to raise, with large firm berries. It bids fair to reach an exceedingly popular place among growers who try to make the most of their land.

To enumerate all the qualities and virtues of each of the small fruits he has improved or transferred or even created would be perhaps of no particular benefit other than to acquaint growers with the best of their kinds. What he has done that is of the utmost far reaching importance is to interest all growers in carrying on experiments along the line he has begun, that of better fruit and greater productiveness of the land.

HEPPLEWHITE, THE ARTIST AND HIS STYLE: BY JAMES THOMSON



OW expressive of the habit of thought and social customs of the time in which it was builded is an article of furniture such as a chair. This is true at all events as applied to the past, whatever be the facts as affecting the present. The English chair of the Cromwellian period carries betrayal of the austere folk who were wont to sit in it. The French chair of the time of Louis Quinze is expressive of a period when the pursuit of pleasure was of paramount interest.

Chippendale nurtured in the school of Queen Anne, Christopher Wren and Grinling Gibbons wrought into his product the thought of his time. His style was but an outgrowth of social conditions obtaining in the England of the early eighteenth century of which the "Hogarthian plates" and the "Tom Jones" of Fielding are exemplar. Men who were deep drinkers and hence carried long at the wine, winning or losing money at cards until day-dawn, needed just such capacious chairs as Chippendale designed for them. Being, moreover, men of education, it also was needful that the chairs should be pleasing to the eye, and Chippendale in vigorous manner met the need as no other cabinetmaker of his generation was able to do.

Hepplewhite may be said to have made his appeal at a fortunate time. He came on the scene in the presence of a desire for greater refinement, not alone in social relations but in architecture and decoration. The semi-classical style that came into fashion in France with the advent of Marie Antoinette had its influence with English designing talent. The brothers Adam had completed some notable build-

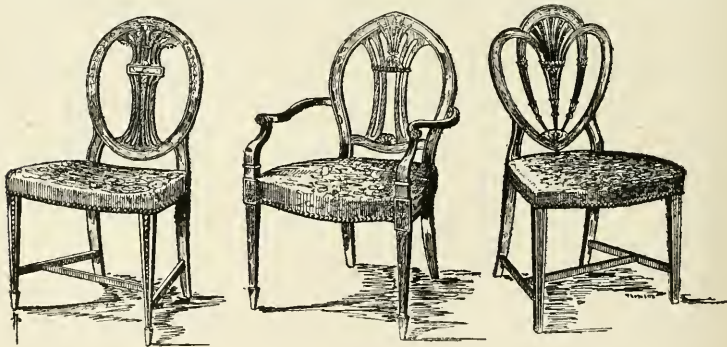


FIG. ONE: THREE AUTHENTIC HEPPLEWHITE CHAIRS.

HEPPLEWHITE, THE ARTIST

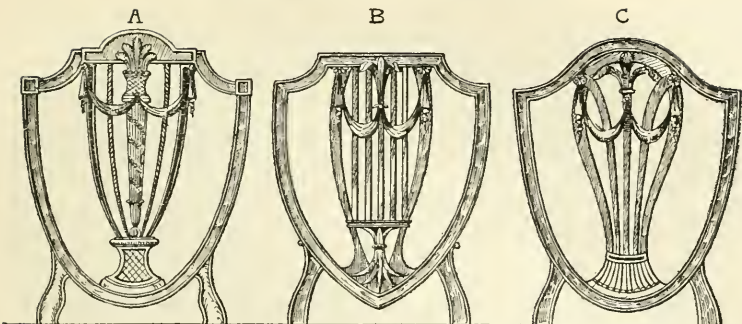


FIG TWO: A IS A SHERATON CHAIR BACK; B AND C ARE HEPPLEWHITE.

ings in London, including the chaste and refined Adelphi Terrace and adjacent streets. The influence of the work of these Scotch architects was soon apparent even in America. Whenever the Adam residence was erected there was demand for furnishings reasonably fit for it. While the Hepplewhite emanation was far from conforming with Greek and Roman architectural orders, it somehow did not seem out of place in the Adam interior any more so than in our own Georgian houses.

Here, indeed, was a cabinetmaker who pared away clumsiness to a remarkable degree; the

style of Louis Fourteenth is considered light, but is really heavy in comparison. Hepplewhite's shaping of chair backs, his curving of arms and the like assuredly pleased the eye. To work out such results

with spokeshave, gouge, file and sandpaper, required an

eye sensitive to beauty of line. The Cabinet-makers and Upholsterers Guide, by A. Hepplewhite and Company, was published in seventeen eighty-nine, just thirty-five years after the Chippendale "Director" appeared. Chippendale had died in seventeen seventy-nine, hence it follows that for a quarter of a century he had had it pretty much all his own way. While in favor, he had rung the

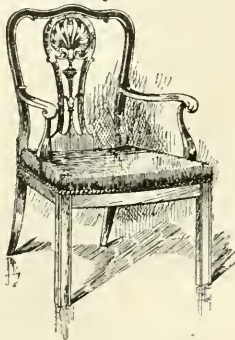


FIG. THREE: HEPPLEWHITE ARMCHAIR.

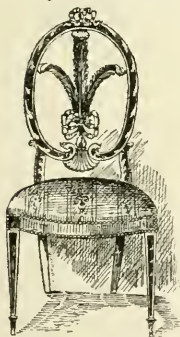


FIG. FOUR: PRINCE OF WALES' FEATHER DESIGN IN HEPPLEWHITE CHAIR.

HEPPLEWHITE, THE ARTIST

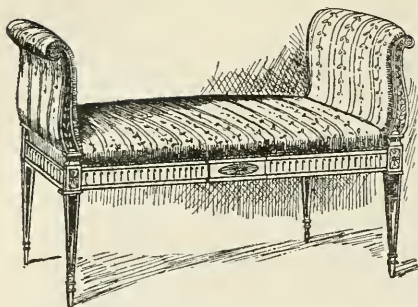


FIG. FIVE: HEPPLEWHITE SETTEE.

The structural weakness to be found in so many chairs of this maker's design is in this case absent, the connection between the seat and middle of back having been provided for.

Claim has been made of all the old shield-backed chairs for Hepplewhite, but in the presence of evidence I am about to prove that the claim cannot stand. In figure two are shown three chair backs in which the shield motive is utilized. Now Hepplewhite was responsible for but two, B and C, while Sheraton designed the one marked A. So similar in character are they one might well imagine them to be from a common source, a single hand.

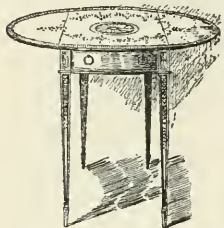


FIG. SIX: SLENDER HEPPLEWHITE TABLE.

In the presence of such similarity how is the average man to differentiate? There is difficulty it must be confessed both here and in other directions. It is fair to say, however, that in but two instances in published designs did Sheraton employ the shield motive. His general constructional practice was to use straight lines.

The Hepplewhite chair arm including the support is always curvilinear, being similar to forms used in the style of Louis Quinze, but much more slender. The Dutch chairs that became fashionable in England on the advent of William and Mary had wonderfully flamboyant arms, and from these perhaps more than the other did this designer derive his ideas. He, at any rate, whittled away at a great rate, much to the satisfaction of the eye,

changes of novelty after his kind, but his day in any event was done.

Hepplewhite designed all manner of furniture, but is chiefly remembered by chairs and sideboards. In chair backs, he affected the shield shape, but to this practice there were many exceptions as reference to figure seven makes plain. Here we have a chair that is sensible, beautiful and from the utilitarian point of view, excellent.



HEPPLEWHITE DRAWER PULL HEAD, AND DRAWER HANDLE.

HEPPLEWHITE, THE ARTIST

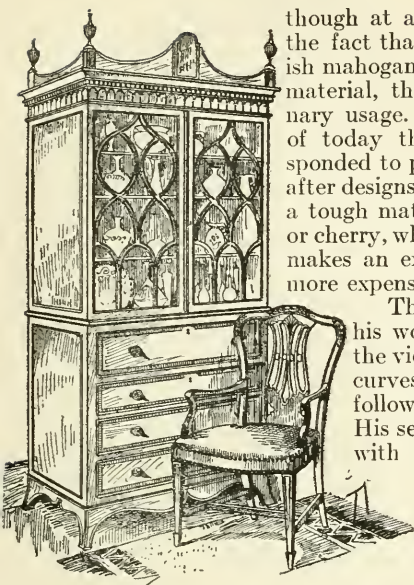


FIG. SEVEN: HEPPLEWHITE HIGHBOY AND CHAIR.

though at a sacrifice of strength. But for the fact that the chairs were built of Spanish mahogany, a heavy close-grained, tough material, they could not have stood ordinary usage. Made in the Mexican wood of today they could not at all have responded to practical purpose. Chairs made after designs here shown should be made of a tough material such as Cuban mahogany or cherry, which when appropriately stained makes an excellent imitation of the other more expensive wood.

The old-time chair-maker selected his wood with the same care as does the violin-maker. For the sweeps and curves, he chose such as had the grain following the direction of the pattern. His selection of material was always with an eye to the special purpose to which he intended it to be put.

Hepplewhite very seldom upholstered the chair back, and when in the case of the arm he did so, the pad was so ridiculously small as to be reminding of a pin cushion. In some such directions he could be at times extremely amateurish. In general he built in mahogany, varying on occasion with rosewood, both strong and close grained, admirably adapted to his design and mode of construction. Satinwood in veneer was employed for paneling, darker woods for crossbanding, while ebony and holly were reserved for division and boundary lines. Carving, inlay and painting were usual modes of embellishment. Angelica Kauffmann and Cipriana were artists called upon to lend their skill in decorating. The

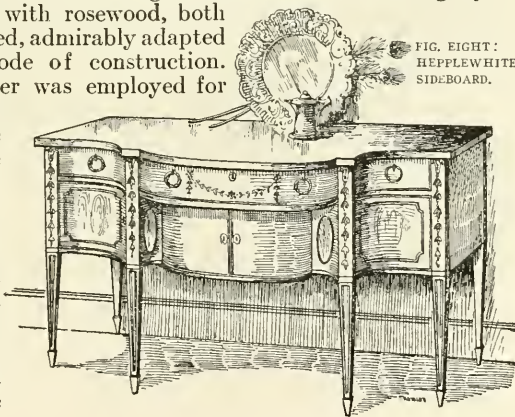


FIG. EIGHT: HEPPLEWHITE SIDEBOARD.

HEPPLEWHITE, THE ARTIST

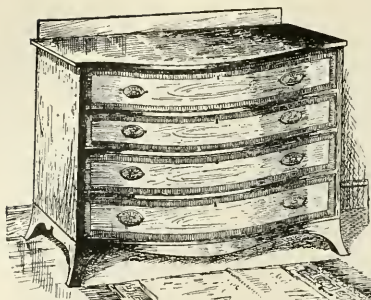


FIG. NINE: BUREAU IN SIMPLE HEPPLEWHITE DESIGN

things long ago. The best alone has stood the test of time.

In figure three, we have a chair in the best Hepplewhite manner. Here he joins seat and splat, which immensely strengthens where weakest. Most suitable for dining room or library is this pattern.

To curry favor with the then so-called "first gentleman of Europe," but who, in truth, was far from being entitled to the distinction, Hepplewhite was wont to work into chair backs the Prince of Wales feather. Here in figure four we have example of such connection, though seldom did he make the feather so prominent.

A handsome and decidedly Parisian divan is delineated in figure five. In attempt to "gild the lily," the designer had introduced some soft textile caught up into festoons along and beneath the front rail. In the interest of simplicity I have omitted this feature, and consider that as it is here shown the article

table shown in figure six, as well as the chair back designated by the letter P in figure eleven, are of the manner of patterns decoratively painted.

In figure one are shown three standard patterns that have stood the test of time in their various modifications. Published designs many of them doubtless never got beyond the paper stage.

Freak designs if ever carried out in the wood have all of them gone the way of such

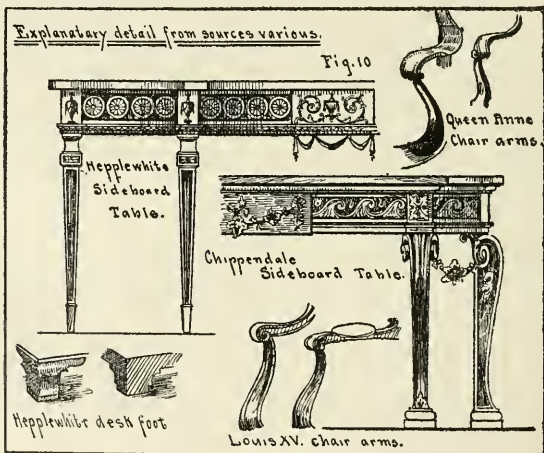


FIG. TEN: EXPLANATORY DETAIL.

HEPPLEWHITE, THE ARTIST

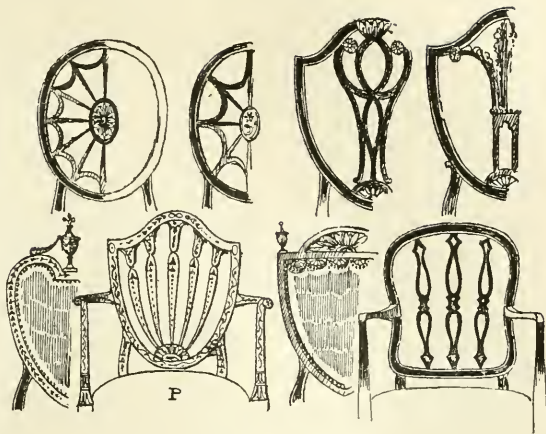
could not be improved. Hepplewhite casework was admirable; in figure seven we have an example of it. The upper drawer I presume was intended for writing purposes, the front being let down, a slide drawing out, while the usual pigeon holes, small drawers and the like were thus exposed to view. Articles of similar design

—though perhaps not quite so fanciful—are to be met with from time to time in the New England States. Made in mahogany, the customary and only attempt at embellishment is through the use of satinwood veneer, hair lines of ebony, thuya, and similar costly woods marking the divisions.

Figure eight shows a typical Hepplewhite sideboard, and here I may add that all sideboards of the concave-end variety to be found in the mother country are by this maker. In this feature they are apt to differ from the Sheraton examples which have convex ends.

The sideboard of the Chippendale period, of which example is shown in figure ten, was in reality but a table. In fact, the piece of furniture was first called "Sideboard Table." Hepplewhite, in his first period, followed the customary practice of his predecessors. There were in his first sideboards therefore an absence of closets, these being made after the manner of that shown in figure ten, a good example of the designer's ornate mood.

The cupboarded sideboard, which found its fullest expression in Sheraton's pedestal-terminated designs, had, in a few years, by process of evolution, developed



Hepplewhite Chair Backs.

FIG. ELEVEN: EXQUISITE STUDIES OF HEPPLEWHITE DESIGNS.

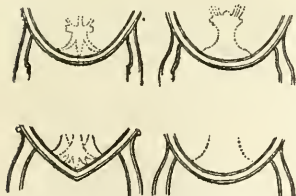


FIG. TWELVE: THE SHERATON MANNER OF JOINING THE SHIELD TO THE BACK LEGS: THE HEPPLEWHITE MANNER OF JOINING THE SHIELD TO THE BACK LEGS.

HEPPLEWHITE, THE ARTIST

from the simple side table. To T. Shearer, contemporary with Hepplewhite, whose "Designs of Household Furniture" was published in seventeen eighty-one, the credit for the closeted sideboard must be accorded. In adopting the closet idea in this connection, Hepplewhite and Sheraton simply borrowed a leaf from the Shearer book.

While Hepplewhite added closets to his sideboard he at first used them only at the ends, to the center space being allotted a drawer, beneath which was a clear space in which, resting upon the floor, awaiting the advent of the hot bird, stood the zinc-lined and ice-packed cellarette in which was the cold bottle.

The sideboard designs of Hepplewhite and Sheraton to my mind were very much improved by our Colonial craftsmen. English examples in comparison with ours look "squatty," being but three feet high, while ours are at least three feet four inches, and in one instance at least four feet from the floor. In other ways our Colonial examples show improvement over the Old Country model, diversity in the arrangement of drawers being one of them. Hepplewhite bureaus such as that pictured in figure nine were made extensively in this country. Formed either with swell, serpentine, or straight fronts, they were common in old New England households. The feet are not always in the precise form shown here. In straight-fronted pieces, the feet do not flare out at the toe.

Bureaus of this class—of which there are many at present to be found—were usually made in mahogany, the drawer fronts veneered with satinwood or, in lieu of that, some less expensive wood of native growth, maple, curly birch, or root of willow. The light wood had around it an inch wide border of mahogany or other dark wood, a neat beading surrounding the whole. Narrow strips of ebony marked the division lines between the light and dark woods. A little home-made inlay sometimes ran around the edge of the top. To all Hepplewhite casework of Colonial inception, the foregoing description is applicable.

We find instances where the likeness between the Hepplewhite and Sheraton product is so close as to be puzzling. Errors are undoubtedly made in distinguishing the one from the other. Both designers used inlay and painted decorations. In many instances, the festoons, running ornaments, patera, and the like are identical, which may be readily understood when it is known that they both went to the same source for them. Sheraton affected the turned and reeded leg in a great many cases, but he also employed the square leg in the identical manner that Hepplewhite did. The arrangement in paneling by veneer of a lighter tone than the ground is the same

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with both. As regards the shield-backed chairs in which there is so much of likeness, I would refer readers to figure twelve, where certain differences in connecting the back legs with the seat are observable. Another subtle distinction may be referred to. Where Sheraton affected the shield motive in his chairs—and there are but two known instances where he did—we shall find the top line not continuous, there being an interception in the flow of curve. Where Hepplewhite is concerned, this is not the case.

There is also a difference in the drawer handles employed by each. In the accompanying designs are two handles typical of Hepplewhite practice. Of elliptical drop handles there are a great many patterns, all very chaste and beautiful both in conception and execution.

While Hepplewhite left his mark, he cannot, in my opinion, (from the designing point of view), be classed with Chippendale. *He belonged to the mechanical rather than the free hand order of designer.* Chippendale could do with ease what his compeers failed to accomplish even with painstaking effort. There is ease, vigor, largeness of conception, certainty of touch, and prolificness of idea as regards detail, in the work of Chippendale, which there is not in that of Hepplewhite. The chair backs of the latter furnish evidence in abundance of the use by the designer of the thin wooden curves, ellipses, parabolas, hyperbolas and the like, all conforming with certain geometrical formulæ.

JOHN RUSKIN SAID:

“For observe what the real fact is, respecting loans to foreign military governments, and how strange it is. If your little boy came to you to ask for money to spend in squibs and crackers, you would think twice before you gave it him; and you would have some idea that it was wasted, when you saw it fly off in fireworks, even though he did no mischief with it. But the Russian children, and Austrian children, come to you, borrowing money, not to spend in innocent squibs, but in cartridges and bayonets to attack you in India with, and to keep down all noble life in Italy with, and to murder Polish women and children with; and *that* you will give at once, because they pay you interest for it. Now, in order to pay you that interest, they must tax every working peasant in their dominions; and on that work you live. You therefore at once rob the Austrian peasant, assassinate or banish the Polish peasant, and you live on the produce of the theft, and the bribe for the assassination! That is the broad fact—that is the practical meaning of your foreign loans, and of most large interest of money.”

THE SINGING RUSSIANS: SLAV MUSIC BORN OF FOLK SONG



FROM the very dawn of their history, the Russians have been a singing people. They have worked and danced and played to the accompaniment of music. Tourgenief, the Russian master of fiction, says of his own people: "The aching melancholy song which wanders from sea to sea throughout the length and breadth of Russia will once having been heard, forever echo in your heart and haunt the recesses of your memory." Of all the books in the peddler's pack (and the peddler is a great institution in Russia), the song book has the best sale among the simple people. During the hay-making time, songs flood through the field. The women sing as they gather and pack the fruit, and the children sing as they dig potatoes; on Sundays and high holidays the village girls walk through the streets or the fields singing, and the youths in picturesque dress follow the maidens, playing the *balalaika*. These songs of the people have been their songs for centuries, and the melodies which the young men play on the *balalaika* have been played by young lovers for a thousand years; for the Slavs more than any other people in the world hold to their folk music in their love songs, their war cries, their dances and in their funeral marches and chants—melodies as old as the memory of the people. Slav is probably the most emotional music in the world, and the older the melody, the greater the spirit of romance in it.

Quite recently the Czar has given special orders to have the Russian folk songs collected and preserved. The most competent musicians of the nation have been set to this task, and in order to get the oldest and the most beautiful of the music they will go far back into the Steppes, where the wooden plow is still used and where the men sing as they turn over the earth, and the women and children as they reap the harvests.

It is out of the old Slav music of Russia, that the *Moguchaia Koutschka* or the "Mighty Clique" of Russian musicians established what is generally known throughout the world as the Russian National Music. When the *Moguchaia* first began to write this music they were five in number and very brilliant young musicians, so brilliant that the word of their achievement soon reached France where they were known as *Les Cinq*, just as we speak of the "Ten"—meaning certain great painters of America. These five inspired musicians were Balakiref; Rimsky-Korsakow, whose music has been much heard in America; Borodine, whom we also know; Caesar Cui who is still living, and Moussorgsky whose wonderful Slav opera, *Boris Godounow*, was presented so beautifully at the Metropolitan Opera House winter



M. MOUSSORGSKY, THE COMPOSER OF THE GREAT RUSSIAN OPERA, *Boris Godounow*, WHICH WAS PRODUCED IN NEW YORK WINTER BEFORE LAST: THIS ARTIST WAS ONE OF THE FIRST MEMBERS OF THE FIVE RUSSIAN MUSICIANS WHO ORGANIZED A NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC: FROM A PAINTING BY J. RÉPINE.



N. RIMSKY-KORSAKOW, A MEMBER OF THE FIVE GREAT RUSSIAN MUSICIANS, PAINTED ALSO BY J. RÉPINE: THIS MUSICIAN'S WORK IS FAMILIAR TO NEW YORK THROUGH THE CONCERTS OF THE RUSSIAN SYMPHONY SOCIETY



C. CUI, A MEMBER OF THE FIVE FAMOUS
RUSSIAN MUSICIANS: DRAWN BY J. RÉPINE.



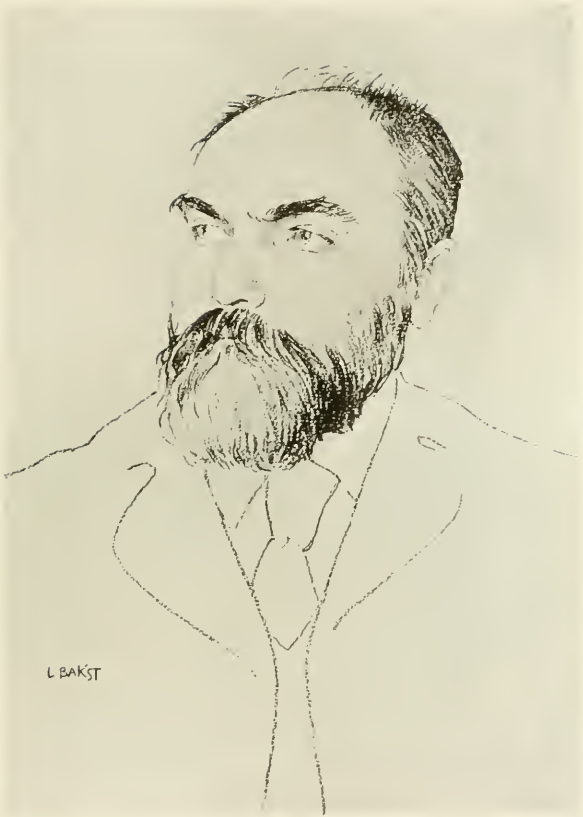
M. CLINKA, THE RUSSIAN MUSICIAN WHO FIRST INTRODUCED NATIONAL RUSSIAN MUSIC TO PARIS: ONE OF THE MOST HONORED OF RUSSIAN COMPOSERS: PAINTED BY J. RÉPINE.



P. TCHAIKOWSKY, WHO IS POSSIBLY THE BEST KNOWN AMONG RUSSIAN MUSICIANS TO US IN AMERICA; PAINTED BY N. KOUZNETZOW.



A. GLAZOUNOW, ONE OF RUSSIA'S MUSICIANS WHO IS WIDELY KNOWN IN AMERICA: FROM A DRAWING BY T. SEROW.



S. LIAPOUNOW, A RUSSIAN MUSICIAN OF NOTE: FROM A DRAWING BY LÉON BAKST, WHOSE INTERESTING WORK HAS WON GREAT APPLAUSE IN AMERICA.



A. SCRIBINE, A RUSSIAN MUSICIAN WHO HAS PRACTICALLY REVOLUTIONIZED THE MUSICAL SCALE AND WHO CONTENDS THAT MUSIC AND COLOR ARE BORN OF THE SAME IMPULSE IN NATURE: DRAWN BY E. ZAK.

THE SINGING RUSSIANS

before last. The *Koutschka* had a long battle to win recognition in Russia, as the court circles held with the older and more formal music, which had been dominated by the Italian school and influence from Germany. The Russian court was permitting itself to experience the atrophy effect of accepting foreign ideals, just as we have done in America.

These younger men who insisted upon working from native inspiration, who wanted the force and power and beauty of the Slav folk music to pour through their compositions, naturally had to have great patience. All modern nations who have come slowly into their art heritage have had to battle against the accepted classic dominance of the Continent; and although each new art development must owe much to the prestige of accomplished beauty in Europe, also there must be eventually the struggle to throw off all influence and to seek a national source in order to express the real wonder and beauty of national ideals.

ALTHOUGH we think of Russia as a very old nation, it is only within a very few years that we have grown to realize the strength and the splendid beauty of the Slav genius, especially in her music, which at its best is dominated by folk influences, an expression of emotional fire and color that stands unique in the musical world. The Slav people are a very complex nation of many traditions older than written poetry, touched at times with the rare beauty of Greece and again with the sumptuousness of the Orient. Near the Continent, yet cut away by reticence and prejudice, still Russia has much to stimulate her genius—a thousand years of national life, a thousand years of song, of the development of musical form, of an expression of vivid individuality in art and craft, resulting in an achievement at once magnificent and individual—an individualism which flowers out most fragrantly in her song.

The music of the *Koutschka* has been called the angelus melody of Europe, the melody of the humble folk, of the agricultural countries, of the people at work, of the people at twilight listening to the bells calling them to prayer, of people who create their own art as they do their own joy, who know no art except their own, no happiness except that dyed in national colors.

As far back as eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, Glinka wrote his first Russian opera called "Life for the Czar." This was definitely an expression of the music of the Russian people founded on Russian history and interspersed with ancient and beautiful Slav melodies. Glinka actually anticipated Wagner in his use of the *leit motif*. Berlioz recognized the greatness of Glinka and had his opera presented in

THE SINGING RUSSIANS

Paris in eighteen hundred and forty-four. Today there is a street in Petrograd named for this great musician, and his statue may be seen where for years he sought in vain for a hearing.

It was not until nineteen hundred and seven that the Continent really responded definitely to Russian music, national in character. And then there was a great Russian concert in Paris with Russian singers and actors and dancers, people so notable in achievement that this concert marked a musical epoch in France. Today Russian music is recognized and accepted as among the greatest not only in Paris and London, but in America. Mainly through the efforts of the Russian Symphony Society, we have grown to understand and to love the music born of the folk song of this nation of musicians.

As for Russia herself, she has accepted the point of view of the five men of the *Koushka*, and today the Russian National Music dominates the Empire. And there are many followers of *Les Cinq*. These more modern men are also building up rich music for this land out of the ageless traditions of the past, the folk music of the inarticulate serf, music which was born in the heart, in the passions, in the pain of these millions of people, and which has through the genius of the nation come to us in strains either entrancingly sweet or of wild madness—the cry of the people, of their joy, of their sorrow.

THE history of the music of Russia brings us many stories of the *bayen*, the Russian bard, who sang the heroic songs in the courts of the early Russian Princes and also of the *guslar*, the player of the Russian instrument (the lyre), who was always present at the feasts of the lawyers or the great merchants of the nation. The Russian jesters, the *Skormorokhy*, amused the people of their day in song, and were much beloved by the courtiers. In spite of the ecclesiastical prohibition of what was then known as the "devil's music," the music which expressed the sheer delight of living, the church found it impossible to take these songs of the jesters away from the people and they were handed down from generation to generation, words and melodies, linked in characteristic simple beauty.

Dr. Williams, in his recent book "Russia of the Russians," says of the Russian church: "This music is also very national and distinctive. The tang of the folk song is in it. It also shows distinct traces of foreign influences." One feels in the church music as in the social, military and funeral music that the Russian people are made up of many varying political and national elements, that the mass of the people have lived a life of great struggle against the rigor and asperity of the climate and against often torturing political experiences, so it is not only of great interest that the very quality of the people pours

THE SINGING RUSSIANS

through their music (as through their literature), but that in spite of their sadness and the grinning of their lives the delight of singing has never left them. Undoubtedly it is to the long snowy winters in Russia that we owe the splendid Epic Slav songs, the *bylings*, in which are related the exploits of the people—first of the semi-mythical personages, then the historical characters and incidents and always the love stories.

In studying the history of various lands, we must feel that the country whose national quality has saturated its art, is inevitably the country with the greatest literature, painting and poetry. And so in Russia, it is because the very heart of the nation has welled up in song that we have the music, not only of the Great Five, but of such men as Scriabine who has practically developed a new musical method in Russia, of Tchaikowsky who has won the heart of his own people, and of many others who have not only fed upon the traditions of their people but who have made such a study of music, so given their lives to it, that they have developed musical methods which are free mediums for the beauty of their own land, and which have added to the richness and variety of music in all countries. Fortunately Russia, as well as the world, has opened her eyes to the value of her traditional music, and we find the men who are strongest in their devotion to Slav inspiration at the heads of the colleges and the inspiration of the great musical centers.

One of the most interesting phases of the national Russian music has been the melody written for dancing. This you find true back as far as you can pierce into the past. Always the Slavs have danced as well as sung, danced in a spirited beautiful way, and spirited wonderful intimate music has been written for the dancers. And although today the dance has been formalized and has found its place on the stage, Russian dance music still carries a flame from the heart of musical genius out into graceful poetical motion.

No more remarkable showing of nationalism in art has been seen in modern times than the staging of the Russian operas and the Russian drama and the costuming of the Russian dancers. It is all Slav, all close to the feeling of the people, courageous, alive, poignant in its appeal to the emotions.

A splendid vivid national quality certainly is the impression we gain from the Slav music, and although there is this great national characteristic, on the other hand there is an equally strong varied individuality in the work of the different musicians. Each in his own way tells the stories of the people, whether through actual history or through legend and tradition.

Russian art is sometimes permeated with the lavish richness of

BEAUTY

the Orient, again with the old classic beauty of Greece; influences that may have come direct through war or commerce, or more subtly through immigrant or refugee. Most often, however, we feel the spell of the mysterious inheritance that each nation has of the world's original myths and legends in poetry and song. But important and varied as the foreign heritage may be, surely of all contributions to the modern spirit of music, none has been greater, fresher, more vital, more surely born in the very soul of a nation than that given to us lavishly and eagerly by the Slavs.

BEAUTY

I MOULD the poet's soul; I form the sculptor's dreams;
I shape the eagle's wing; I grace the woodland streams;
I teach the lark his song; I ride the mighty sea;
I smile and all the world beholds and worships me.
I dwell among the stars; I am the fount of things;
Men teach their souls to walk, I give to them their wings.
I come and love is born and cherry trees are white
And men go seeking God, and wrong gives place to right.
I come and swords hang sheathed and nations plow and sow,
Where conflict led to death men watch the lilies blow.
I speak and men forget how toilsome is the way
That leads to where I guide beyond earth and decay.
I speak and knowledge comes to teach men how to climb;
I speak and time is not, the universe is mine.
Some call me winged ambition, and some say I am art;
Some even call me genius and cease to do their part.
Behold me! I am Beauty, abiding in each clod.
I sing where far worlds cycle and hide in grass-grown sod.
I live in frailest blossom, I'm mightier than death;
I am the soul of builders, I am the harebell's breath.
I am of life the dayspring and only those can know
My purifying fires who follow here below.
Mine are the brave and noble from deserts, plains and marts,
Ambition claims its monarchs, mine are the kingly hearts.

PHYLLIS WARD.

“MY PEOPLE:” THE INDIANS’ CONTRIBUTION TO THE ART OF AMERICA: BY CHARLES A. EASTMAN (OHIYESA)



IN his sense of the æsthetic, which is closely akin to religious feeling, the American Indian stands alone. In accord with his nature and beliefs, he does not pretend to imitate the inimitable, or to reproduce exactly the work of the Great Artist. That which is beautiful must not be trafficked with, but must be revered and adored only. It must appear in speech and action.

The symmetrical and graceful body must express something of it. Beauty, in our eyes, is always fresh and living, even as God Himself dresses the world anew at each season of the year.

It may be “artistic” to imitate Nature and even try to improve upon her, but we Indians think it very tiresome, especially as one considers the material side of the work—the pigment, the brush, the canvas! There is no mystery left; all is presented. Still worse is the commercialization of art. The rudely carved totem pole may appear grotesque to the white man, but it is the sincere expression of the faith and personality of the Indian craftsman, and has never been sold or bartered until it reached civilization.

THE INDIAN’S VIEW-POINT.

Here we see the root of the red man’s failure to approach even distantly the artistic standard of the civilized world. It lies not in the lack of creative imagination—for in this quality he is truly the artist—it lies rather in his point of view. I once showed a party of Sioux chiefs the sights of Washington, and endeavored to impress them with the wonderful achievements of civilization. After visiting the Capitol and other famous buildings, we passed through the Corcoran art gallery, where I tried to explain how the white man valued this or that painting as a work of genius, and a masterpiece of art.

“Ah!” exclaimed an old man, “such is the strange philosophy of the white man! He hews down the forest that has stood for centuries in its pride and grandeur, tears up the bosom of mother earth, and causes the silvery water-courses to waste and vanish away. He ruthlessly disfigures God’s own pictures and monuments, and then daubs a flat surface with many colors, and praises his work as a masterpiece!”

This is the spirit of the original American. He holds Nature to be the measure of consummate beauty, and its destruction, sacrilege. I have seen, in our midsummer celebrations, cool arbors built of fresh-cut branches for council and dance halls, while those who attended decked themselves with leafy boughs, carrying shields and



DR. CHARLES A. EASTMAN IN INDIAN DRESS.

fans of the same, and even making wreaths for their horses' necks. But, strange to say, they seldom made a free use of flowers. I once asked the reason of this.

“Why,” said one, “the flowers are for our souls to enjoy; not for our bodies to wear. Leave them alone and they will live out their lives and reproduce themselves as the Great Gardener intended. He planted them; we must not pluck them.”

Indian bead-work in leaf and flower designs is generally modern. The old patterns are mainly geometrical figures, which are decorative and emblematic rather than imitative. Shafts of light and shadow, alternating or dove-tailed, represent life, its joys and sorrows. The world is conceived of as rectangular and flat, and is represented by a square. The sky is concave—a hollow sphere. A drawing of the horizon line colored pale yellow stands for dawn; colored red, for sunset. Day is blue, and night black spangled with stars. Lightning, rain, wind, water, mountains and many other natural features or elements are symbolized, rather than copied literally upon many sorts of Indian handiwork. Animal figures are drawn in such a manner as to give expression to the type or spirit of the animal rather than its body, emphasizing the head with the horns, or any distinguishing feature. These designs have a religious significance and furnish the individual with his personal and clan emblem, or coat of arms.

Symbolic decorations are used on blankets, baskets, pottery, and garments of ceremony to be worn at rituals and public functions. Sometimes a man's teepee is decorated in accordance with the standing of the owner. Weapons of war, pipes and calumets are adorned with emblems; but not the everyday weapons used in hunting. The war steed is decorated equally with his rider, and sometimes wears the feathers that signify degrees of honor.

WOMAN AND HER CRAFTSMANSHIP.

IN his weaving, painting, and embroidery of beads and quills, the red man has shown a marked color sense, and his blending of brilliant hues is subtle and Oriental in effect. The women did

"MY PEOPLE"

most of this work, and displayed rare ingenuity in the selection of native materials and dyes. A variety of beautiful grasses, roots, and barks was used for basket weaving by the different tribes, and some used gorgeous feathers for ornamentation. Each article was perfectly adapted in style, size and form to its intended use.

Pottery was made by the women of the Southwest for household furniture and utensils, and their vessels, burned in crude furnaces, were often gracefully shaped and exquisitely decorated. The designs were both imprinted on the soft clay, and modeled in relief. The nomadic tribes of the plains could not well carry these fragile wares with them on their wanderings, and, accordingly, their dishes were mainly of bark and wood, the latter sometimes carved. Spoons were prettily made of translucent horn. They were fond of painting their rawhide cases in brilliant colors. The most famous blankets are made by the Navajos upon rude hand-loom, and are wonderfully fine in weave, color, and design.

This native skill, combined with love of the work and perfect sincerity—the qualities which still make the Indian woman's blanket, or basket, or bowl, or moccasins, of the old type, so highly prized—are among the precious things lost or sacrificed to the advance of an alien civilization. Cheap machine-made garments and utensils, without beauty or durability, have crowded out the old; and where the women still ply their ancient crafts, they do it now for money, not for love, and in most cases use modern materials and patterns, even imported yarns and poor dyes! Genuine curios or antiques are already becoming very rare, except in museums, and sometimes command fabulous prices. As the older generation passes, there is danger of losing altogether the secret of Indian art and craftsmanship.

MODERN INDIAN ART.

STRUCK by this danger, and realizing the innate charm of the work and its adaptability to modern demands, a few enthusiasts have made of late years an effort to preserve and extend it, both in order that a distinctive and vitally American art form may not disappear, and also to preserve so excellent a means of self-support



IRENE EASTMAN, INTERPRETATIVE INDIAN SINGER: A GRADUATE OF HAMPTON.

"MY PEOPLE"

for Indian women. Depots or stores have been established for the purpose of encouraging such manufactures and of finding a market for them, not so much from commercial as from artistic and philanthropic motives. The best known, perhaps, is the Mohonk Lodge, Colony, Oklahoma, founded under the auspices of the Mohonk Indian Conference, where all work is guaranteed of genuine Indian make, and, as far as possible, of native material and design. Such articles as bags, belts, and moccasins are, however, made in modern form so as to be appropriate for wear by the modern woman. Miss Josephine Foard assisted the women of the Laguna pueblo to glaze their wares, thereby rendering them more salable; and the Indian Industries League, with headquarters in Boston, works along similar lines.

The Indian Bureau reports that over six hundred thousand dollars' worth of Navajo blankets were made during the last year, and that prizes will be awarded this fall for the best blankets made of native wool. At Pina, fifteen thousand dollars' worth of baskets and five thousand dollars' worth of pottery were made and sold, and a less amount was produced at several other agencies.

Another modern development, significant of the growing appreciation of what is real and valuable in primitive culture, is the instruction of the younger generation in the Government schools in the traditional arts and crafts of their people. As schooling is compulsory between the ages of six and sixteen years, and as from the more distant boarding-schools the pupils are not even allowed to go home for the summer vacation, most of them would without this instruction grow up in ignorance of their natural heritage, in legend, music, and art forms as well as practical handicrafts. The greatest difficulty in the way is finding competent and sympathetic teachers.

At Carlisle there are and have been for some years two striking exemplars of the native talent and modern culture of their race, in joint charge of the department of Indian art. Angel De



ANGEL DE CORA DIETZ, COLLEGE GRADUATE AND WORKER AMONG HER PEOPLE.

"MY PEOPLE"



WILLIAM H. DIETZ (LONE STAR), A PIONEER FOR HIS RACE.

Cora, a Winnebago girl, who was graduated from the Hampton school and from the art department of Smith College, was a pupil of Howard Pyle, and herself made a distinctive success, having illustrated several books and articles on Indian subjects. Some of her work appeared in Harper's Magazine and other prominent periodicals. She had a studio in New York City for several years, until invited to teach art at the Carlisle school, where she has been ever since.

A few years ago, she married William Dietz, Lone Star, who is half Sioux. He is a fine manly fellow, who was for years a great football player, as well as an accomplished artist. The couple

have not only the artistic and poetic temperament in full measure, but they have the pioneer spirit, and aspire to do much for their race. The effective cover designs and other art work of the Carlisle school magazine, *The Red Man*, are the work of Mr. and Mrs. Dietz, who are successfully developing native talent in the production of attractive and salable rugs, blankets and silver jewelry. Besides this, they are seeking to discover latent artistic gifts among the Indian students, in order that they may be fully trained and utilized in the direction of pure or applied art. It is admitted that the average Indian child far surpasses the average white child in this direction. The Indian did not paint Nature, not because he did not feel it, but because it was sacred to him. He so loved the reality that he could not venture upon the imitation. It is now time to unfold the resources of his genius, locked up for untold ages by the usages and philosophy of his people. They held it sacrilege to reproduce the exact likeness of the human form or face. This is the reason that early attempts to paint the natives were attended with difficulty.

MUSIC, DANCING, DRAMATIC ART.

A FORM of self-expression which has always been characteristic of my race is found in their music. In music is the very soul of the Indian; yet the civilized nations have but recently dis-

covered that such a thing exists! His chants are simple, expressive and haunting in quality, and voice his inmost feelings, grave or gay, in every emotion and situation in life. They vary with tribes and even with individuals. A man often composes his own song, which belongs to him and is deeply imbued with his personality. These songs are frequently without words, the meaning being too profound for words; they are direct emanations of the human spirit. If words are used, they are few and symbolic in character. There is no definite harmony in the songs—only rhythm and melody; and there are striking variations of time and intonation which render them difficult to the “civilized” ear.

Nevertheless, within the last few years, there has been a serious effort to collect these folk-songs of the woods and plains, by means of notation and the phonograph, and in some cases there has also been an attempt to harmonize and popularize them. Miss Alice C. Fletcher, the distinguished ethnologist and student of early American culture, was a pioneer in this field, in which she was assisted by Prof. J. C. Filmore, who is no longer living. Frederick Burton died several years ago, immediately after the publication of his interesting work on the music of the Ojibways, which is fully illustrated with songs collected, and in some instances harmonized, by himself. Miss Natalie Curtis has devoted much intelligent, patient study to the songs of the tribes, especially of the Pueblos, and later comers in this field are Farwell, Troyer, Lieurance and Cadman, the last of whom uses the native airs as a motive for more elaborated songs. His “Land of the Sky Blue Water” is charming, and already very popular. Harold A. Loring, of North Dakota, has recently harmonized some of the songs of the Sioux.

Several singers of Indian blood are giving public recitals of this appealing and mysterious music of their race. There has even been an attempt to teach it to our schoolchildren, and Geoffrey O'Hara, a young composer of New York City, made a beginning in this direction under the auspices of the Indian Bureau. Native melodies have also been adapted and popularized for band and orchestra by native musicians, of whom the best known are Dennison Wheelock and his brother James Wheelock, Oneidas, and graduates of Carlisle. When we recall that, as recently as twenty years ago, all native art was severely discountenanced and discouraged, if not actually forbidden in Government schools and often by missionaries as well, the present awakening is matter for mutual congratulations.

Many Americans have derived their only personal knowledge of Indians from the circus tent and the sawdust arena. The Red Man is a born actor, a dancer and rider of surpassing agility, but he needs

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the great out-of-doors for his stage. In pageantry, and especially equestrian pageantry, he is most effective. His extraordinarily picturesque costume, and the realistic manner in which he illustrates and reproduces the life of the early frontier, have made of him a great romantic and popular attraction, not only here but in Europe. Several white men have taken advantage of this fact to make their fortunes, of whom the most enterprising and successful was Colonel William Cody, better known as “Buffalo Bill.”

The Indians engaged to appear in his and other shows have been paid moderate salaries and usually well treated, though cases have arisen in which they have been stranded at long distances from home. As they cannot be taken from the reservation without the consent of the authorities, repeated efforts have been made by missionaries and others to have such permission refused on the ground of moral harm to the participants in these sham battles and dances. Undoubtedly, they see a good deal of the seamy side of civilization; but on the other hand, their travels have proved of educational value, and in some instances opened their eyes to good effect to the superior power of the White Man. Sitting Bull and other noted chiefs have, at one time or another, been connected with Indian shows.

A pageant-play, adapted by Frederick Burton from Longfellow's poem of “Hiawatha” was given successfully for several years by native Ojibway actors; and individuals of Indian blood have appeared on the stage in minor parts, and more prominently in motion pictures, where they are often engaged to represent tribal customs and historical events.

USEFUL ARTS AND INVENTIONS.

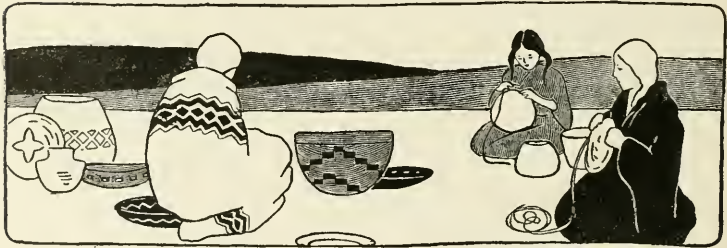
AMONG native inventions which have been of conspicuous use and value to the dispossessors of the Indian, we recall at once the bark canoe, the snowshoe, the moccasin, (called the most perfect footwear ever invented), the game of lacrosse and probably other games, and the conical teepee which served as a model for the Sibley army tent. Pemican, a condensed food made of pounded dried meat combined with melted fat and dried fruits, has been largely utilized by recent polar explorers.

The art of sugar making from the sap of the hard or sugar maple was first taught by the aborigines to the white settlers. In my day, the Sioux used also the box elder for sugar making, and from the birch and ash they made a dark-colored sugar that was used by them as a carrier in medicine. However, none of these yield as freely as the maple. The Ojibways of Minnesota still make and sell delicious maple sugar, put up in “mooocks,” or birch bark packages. Their

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wild rice, a native grain of remarkably fine flavor and nutritious qualities, is also in a small way an article of commerce. It really ought to be grown on a large scale and popularized as a package cereal, and a large fortune doubtless awaits the lucky exploiter of this distinctive "breakfast food."

In agriculture, the achievements of the Indian have probably been underestimated, although it is well known that the Indian corn was the mother of all the choice varieties which today form an important source of food supply for the civilized world. Indian women cultivated maize with primitive implements, and prepared it for food in many attractive forms, including hominy and succotash, of which the names, as well as the dishes themselves, are borrowed from the Red Man, who has not always been rewarded in kind for his goodly gifts. In eighteen hundred and thirty, the American Fur Company established a distillery at the mouth of the Yellowstone River, and made alcohol from the corn raised by the Gros Ventre women, with which they demoralized the men of the Dakotas, Montana and British Columbia. Besides maize and tobacco, some tribes, especially in the South, grew native cotton and a variety of fruits and vegetables. The buckskin clothing of my race was exceedingly practical as well as handsome, and has been adapted to the use of hunters, explorers and frontiersmen, down to the present day.



LIVING WITHOUT OUR IMPORTS: WHAT THEY ARE—HOW WE CAN DO IT: BY JOSEPH FRENCH JOHNSON, DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY



EW men realize what this country imports or where these imports are made. Americans are apt to over-estimate the economic independence of this great country and, without a situation such as exists in Europe at the present time, are likely to feel that no event could deprive them of the little conveniences of every-day life. The United States, equipped with millions of acres of unused land, with an abundant supply of raw materials, with men of energy, foresight and daring, in less than a century and a half, has developed into the nation richest in wealth, supreme in resources and more independent economically than any other. But we are not entirely independent, as a glance at the accompanying table proves:

Goods which the United States purchased abroad in 1913.

Sugar	\$103,640,000	Potash	\$10,465,000
Chemicals and Drugs.....	101,538,000	Wines	10,079,000
Linen Goods	58,514,000	China	9,658,000
Laces and Embroideries.....	53,277,000	Toys, Dolls and Games.....	7,936,000
Woolen Goods	44,484,000	Gloves	7,602,000
Fruits and Nuts	41,827,000	Machinery	7,479,000
Iron and Steel Goods.....	33,630,000	Glass	6,553,000
Paper and Wood Pulp.....	25,698,000	Canned Goods and Preserves..	6,185,000
Cotton Cloth	22,913,000	Brooms and Brushes	5,595,000
Silk Goods	19,658,000	Carpets and Rugs.....	4,890,000
Fish	15,330,000	Clocks and Watches.....	3,425,000
Dairy Products	10,693,000	Hosiery and Knit Goods.....	3,089,000
Hats and Caps	10,610,000	Total listed	635,451,000
Clothing	10,554,000	Total Imports 1913.....	1,813,008,000

Up to the beginning of the European war we cared but little who made our goods. Today people are wondering whether they must do without their prettily dyed gowns and colored shirtings, whether their children can have their usual allotment of German-made toys for Christmas, whether they can secure French wines, German lager, Belgian glass, Austrian china, Russian furs, English hats and caps, German medicines for winter colds and the thousand and one other things which enter so closely and so vitally into our daily life. Yesterday we had these things. Today they cannot be secured, regardless of our ability to buy or our craving for goods made in any country except the United States.

The grim reality of the war for which the European nations have been preparing for years, is now upon us. Our imports of manufactured goods have been largely suspended. Salesmen of imported goods will soon be without stocks, as the government warehouse re-

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ports show, and, unless we go without, American manufacturers must supply many of the millions of dollars' worth of goods which we formerly bought abroad.

In this era of rising prices and partial curtailment of income we shall not worry about the loss of certain luxuries. But we cannot easily do without the necessities of life which have been coming from Europe, the clothing, chemicals, food-stuffs, light hardware and most of the other products listed. Nor will we. Unable to purchase in Europe, we must look for new sources of supply and most of these things can be found here at home. Give us time enough and we will raise and manufacture right here everything that is really needed.

We must get out of this habit, for the present at least, of using imported goods. There is no reason why "Made in America" should not inspire as much confidence and a great deal more patriotism than "Made in Europe." Today many an American business man is awakened in the morning by a German clock; slips out of his English pajamas; bathes with French soap and a German brush; dries himself on an English towel; shaves with an English razor honed on a German strop, with French or Italian shaving cream and a German dauber, combs his hair with a German comb and brush; puts on a French shirt and tie, an English suit and American shoes with German laces and other findings. Perhaps his hose are American; but they may be woven with a foreign yarn. He eats his breakfast of foreign fruit, Irish bacon, Brazilian coffee and Cuban sugar while reading a paper printed with German ink, the wood pulp of which was prepared with German chemicals. He lights a Cuban cigar, calls his Swedish chauffeur and is carried to work in a French automobile to spend the day marketing foreign goods over Belgian glass show cases.

This can no longer be our national policy. Already New York has assumed the rôle of financial capital of the world and it will not be long before America assumes a similar rôle in many industries, for which we have an abundance of raw materials.

Constructive activity designed to meet and offset the effects of the war is extremely dangerous. No one can foretell the duration of the present period of financial stress during which capital expenditures are practically impossible. During the Napoleonic wars the United States passed through a somewhat similar experience. Our ports were not more effectively blockaded during our second war with England than they are today. From eighteen hundred and eight to eighteen hundred and fifteen we established a large number of new industries because we could not get European goods. But after eighteen hundred and fifteen the industries of Europe were not

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depleted and their goods poured into our markets with such rapidity that a protective tariff was needed and our first tariff act of eighteen hundred and sixteen was passed.

This war may not be of such long duration, but its results will be more disastrous. However, if we do not want to go through a similar experience, it is necessary for us to proceed with caution, carefully analyzing our own and other businesses. We must adopt a war policy which will leave our industries in sound financial condition even though the war should be of very short duration.

Because of the wonderful opportunities offered us—for nature has been most bountiful—we have neglected many lines of industry and have purchased our requirements abroad. In many of these lines, because the products are those requiring a large outlay of both skilled and unskilled labor, we have found it more economical to buy from Europe.

IN order that we may fill this gap left by the shutting off of our imports, American manufacturers have begun a nation-wide campaign of education, to ascertain what foreign goods were used, in what quantity, and the possibility of making suitable substitutes. Data already in hand shows that in many lines which we have been getting from abroad, beginnings have already been made here. These small American factories, mostly owned and manned by foreigners, possessing all the skill and technique of their more prosperous European brothers, need only to be fostered with liberal patronage.

For example, there are many German toy manufacturers in this country. They have brought with them their skilled mechanics and special machinery. But up to the present time, Americans have demanded German toys made not only by Germans, but in Germany. Our buyers had formed a habit of going abroad for them. While we may have German toys for this year, we shall not be able to import eight million dollars' worth.

American toy manufacturers will experience their greatest difficulty in providing substitutes for German dolls, but there are many kinds made here, such as the natural baby or "character" dolls, which will be supplied in larger quantities. Other toys can be replaced more easily, as it is merely a matter of substituting other kinds. Domestic orders are about double any previous years, and our manufacturers are running their factories night and day to fill orders. One large Brooklyn plant has recently started constructing a new building which will enable it to more than double the present capacity. But Winchendon, Massachusetts, in reality is the

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Nuremberg of the United States. There Mason and Parker have increased their output fifty per cent. during the past few weeks. Atherton D. Converse, acting head of the house of Morton E. Converse and Son, the most extensive toy factory in the world, said recently:

"Except in mechanical toys of the cheapest sort, we shall have no real shortage in the quantity of our Christmas toys. If we cannot get the materials to make the Noah's ark roof blue we can make it brown."

Much has been said recently about the shortage of manganese ore and its effect upon the iron and steel industry. While it is true that most of our ferro-manganese comes from Europe, there are extensive deposits in North Carolina and Tennessee which have been neglected because of the cheaper imported product. Importations are no longer cheap, and action has already been taken to develop a domestic supply.

Secretary Lane, who has charge of Uncle Sam's minerals, said recently:

"We have a great store of manganese in this country which has been largely untouched because it is somewhat inferior in quality. To bring this home supply into use means merely the adoption of methods for its purification which are known and can be successfully used, and then we can continue making manganese steel without regard to foreign wars or sources of material."

The United States has long been a large importer of glass and glassware from Belgium and Germany. The effect of the war and the opportunity offered our own industry are well illustrated by a recent dispatch from Kane, Pennsylvania, headquarters for our domestic industry. It is as follows:

"The window and plate glass manufacturers are receiving an increased volume of business. In this city . . . every plant is operating at full capacity, this being the first time in history that all the plants have operated so late in the season."

There is some difference of opinion as to whether the glass manufacturers will be affected by the absence of certain raw materials. Domestic potash and manganese may be needed.

WE need have no fear concerning manganese and, if Secretary Lane's prediction comes true, we shall have a domestic supply of potash before the close of the present year. The Geological Survey has been spending thousands of dollars annually in a search for American potash. It has found that the ash produced from the burning of kelp, a sea plant that is found in abundance

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from California to Alaska, five or six feet below the surface of the water, is extremely rich in potash. A plant is being erected at Searles Lake, California, which will have an initial capacity of five tons a day, but when larger producing appliances now being constructed are completed, it is expected that it will be one hundred and twenty tons a day. The potash salts in Searles Lake were discovered some ten years ago by C. E. Dolbear, a chemical engineer of Berkeley, California. Mr. Dolbear estimates that the bottom of the lake contains enough potassium chloride to supply the United States for sixteen years. In addition to these sources there are countless saw-dust burners scattered throughout the United States, wasting the ashes which are said to contain a large amount of potash.

We can grant the ability of American glass manufacturers to secure both potash and manganese. They, therefore, have a wonderful opportunity not only in plate and window glass, but in the optical glass field as well. The cheapness of European blanks for lenses will not be a handicap, and the war may cause the creation of a new industry here.

Since the war began it was learned that several of the glass manufacturers in this country have adopted the suggestion of the opticians and have actually started meltings in the hope of producing optical glass that will come up to the required standards, and thus meet the present demand. Making due allowance for delays in experimentations, our opticians expect to see within a few weeks some samples of American-made optical glass. The chief technical difficulty is in getting the glass entirely clear, without color, of uniform density, and free from the silk-like threads known as striae. These striae are seen on expert scrutiny in all ordinary glassware, and there is no objection to them except in optical glass.

One of the chief difficulties confronting the domestic manufacturers of high grade china and fine stationery has been the scarcity of kaolin, a mineral substance, snow white in its pure state. Vast deposits have recently been opened up in Texas, however, which may revolutionize these industries. The clay has been tested by Ohio china makers, and pronounced equal to, if not better than, the foreign product. While much of the clay used in the production of pottery in this country is imported, it is said that local manufacturers have a sufficient supply to last them for many months. At the end of that period, providing it is impossible to make importations from abroad, it may be that a sufficient quantity can be secured from Tennessee, Florida, North Carolina, and Delaware to make possible a continuation of manufacture.

Sulphite pulp book and writing papers have been imported from

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Germany, Russia and Norway. The recent development of the American sulphur industry and the opening of the Texas kaolin deposits should enable our paper manufacturers to supply this shortage. As yet no definite steps have been announced.

In the arts and crafts papers which are used for fancy booklet covers, however, a substitution of domestic natural colored wood fibers for the German dyed stocks is taking place. We have an abundance of suitable woods possessing sufficient natural color to supply our needs.

In the field of drugs and chemicals, Germany is supreme. For example, virtually all of our carbolic acid comes from that country. I have it upon good authority that there never was a ton of it manufactured in the United States. About twenty-five per cent. of our quinine comes from Germany, although we manufacture it here in large quantities. However, the bark can be imported direct from South America and the Dutch possessions, and there should be no scarcity felt for the manufactured product.

Glycerine is a contraband of war and cannot be shipped under any circumstances. For some of its uses, such as the manufacture of printers' rollers, syrup of molasses may be used as a suitable though inferior substitute.

Germany supplies the world with such drugs as "Veronal," "Trional," etc., and there will certainly be a shortage if the war continues any great length of time. She also supplies us with a great part of our coal tar preparations which are the base of thousands of medicines, and which occupy an important place in the field of chemistry. E. W. Parker, Chief of the Division of Mineral Resources, United States Geological Survey, says that the imports of coal tar products from Germany last year amounted to more than eighteen million dollars, although we produce forty per cent. of the world's coal. Our annual production of coal tar products amounts to approximately four million dollars. Continuing, Mr. Parker says:

"There is no reason why we should not keep this money at home because, if proper utilization were made of the chemical products derived from coal, we could secure from the coal tar obtained in the manufacture of coal gas and of coke—and which we now permit to go to waste—all the aniline dyes and colors, the drugs and dozens of chemical products which we now obtain from Germany."

Rare drugs derived from organic chemicals and produced by synthesis are manufactured in many places in the United States and others could be easily produced provided the industry could be organized on a scale sufficiently large to compete with the German

(Continued on Page 221.)

HOME-MAKING IN AMERICA



HOME-BUILDING, in its deepest sense, is an art—the most important form of individual human expression. Like every other art, to achieve a satisfying result it needs not only the inspiration of an ideal, but also the skill and patience to mold it into concrete shape.

But many people, although they look forward to this undertaking with great enthusiasm, neglect to prepare for it sufficiently in advance. They are apt to forget that such an enterprise—one of the most significant in their lives—should not be postponed until the eleventh hour, or left wholly to architect and builder. If the ambition is not merely to build a house, but to create a home, it should be a subject for practical consideration long beforehand. Whether a house is to be built next spring or years ahead, the time to begin studying and planning is now. Indeed, even those who have no hope or prospect of building, will find it worth while at least to study the possibilities of this delightful subject. Moreover, when they once discover how absorbing is the problem, when once their deepest interest is awakened and they realize all the comfort and beauty that can be attained through the building of their own home, they are likely to feel that it is really essential to their life happiness and development, and that sooner or later they must find some way of achieving it. And so the dream becomes a reality after all.

In spare hours and moments lies the opportunity to store up all the information that will help when the time for planning and building is at hand. Future home-makers should start at once to familiarize themselves with the first principles of home-building, and gather ideas and suggestions for the arrangement, design, construction and interior finishing of their future home. In this way not only the general scheme but each little detail will receive careful thought; every corner of the house will be planned for the utmost convenience and permanent comfort; every feature will be designed from the triple standpoint of utility, economy and beauty. Only in this way can mistakes and disappointments be avoided and obstacles overcome.

While the subject is one that can be studied at any convenient time, fall and winter seem essentially the seasons when spare hours can be devoted with most profit to this interesting task. With the lengthening days comes the opportunity for these long-cherished dreams to take more definite shape. Around the lighted lamp on long winter evenings, the future home-builders will find leisure to work their first vague plans into tangible form. Architectural books and magazines, building catalogues and house plans will supplement

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RETURN OF THE MARKET BASKET: HOW FARMERS AND HOUSEWIVES MAY REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING BY THE SPREAD OF FREE MARKETS IN AMERICA



It is a matter of national interest that the present high cost of living may be lowered by the opening of free markets throughout the country—markets that will bring farmer and housekeeper into direct relation. The plan has already been tested in a number of places, the most notable of these experiments being the recently established open markets of New York. So enthusiastically have they been received, that not only is their own local success assured, but they have already inspired similar achievements in neighboring towns, and have set an example by which the whole country may profit.

Each day brings to light some striking instance of the actual saving the free market has brought. One man and his wife have been able to take their two children from a city institution and support them at home—thanks to the Fort Lee Ferry market and its low-priced foods. Another significant statement comes from a housewife who has patronized the same market ever since it began. "I find," she says, "that I have been filling the larder with better vegetables and fruits, and saving on an average six dollars and a half a week!"

A visit to Fort Lee Ferry market in New York showed that farmers and housewives had entered the campaign with zeal. In the crisp morning air, under a sunny September sky, this marketplace beside the Hudson was a picturesque and satisfying sight, and for an enterprise that had been started only a few weeks before, its activity was most encouraging. Lined up along the cobblestones stood the farmers' wagons, from Westchester County, from Long Island, from New Jersey, loaded with the freshest produce of orchard, garden and field. And although the inevitable peddlers and hucksters were also there, with well-laden pushcarts and stalls, the farmers and their produce had the center of the stage for once.

The freshly gathered fruit and vegetables looked so wholesome and inviting that the owners did not need to proclaim their luscious quality. Placards were everywhere setting forth the reasonable and often amazingly low price. Fresh green corn, plump round cabbages and cauliflowers, dark green, shining peppers and rich purple grapes, all at farmers' prices, fairly coaxed one to purchase. The fine ripe peaches, big red apples and crimson tomatoes also formed a colorful and tempting array. Butter and eggs, too, were at figures that caught the thrifty housewife's interest, while meat,

THE MARKET BASKET AND CHEAPER LIVING

fish and poultry, thirty or forty per cent. below store prices, showed the advantage of bringing producer and consumer into this close contact.

Evidently the people of the neighborhood appreciated the opportunity for there was a continuous stream of purchasers. Housewives of all ages and nationalities were there, eager to take advantage of this chance for fresh, low-priced food. Bare-headed, check-aproned marketers mingled with smartly dressed women from the nearby Drive. And those who stepped from their carriages and automobiles were just as eager as the busy women who had come by street car, subway and "L." Some had market baskets on their arms; others carried leather bags, string bags, even suitcases! One enterprising man did a thriving business selling bags to those who had come inadequately armed.

One of the farmers apologized for the lack of a great crowd so early in the morning. "It's a bit early for them yet," he explained. "The women have to get breakfast, send their husbands off to work and the children to school, so most of them can't get here much before nine o'clock. Saturday's the best day, of course. Last Saturday I guess there was two thousand people here when the market opened! Another thing," he added, "the men all seem to take a pride in keeping the place tidy. They clean up their stands when they leave, and they're always ready to help each other. Ah—here comes a lady who bought of me the first day the market opened!" And he turned to wait on her with a friendly smile.

The customers, too, were enthusiastic. One stout old lady, puffing toward a crosstown car, laden with bulging bags of poultry, apples and corn, remarked, "Yes, I know there's the carfare, but I consider I save that and a good deal more. Why, I bought a leg of lamb the other day for eighty cents that would have cost me a dollar or more at the store!"

Friendly policemen were there to keep a fatherly eye on the proceedings; foodstuffs were inspected by the Department of Health, and scales by the Bureau of Weights and Measures, so that the public was pretty sure of getting fair play.

A visit to the Harlem Bridge market also proved very interesting. Here, however, the main purpose had not yet been realized, for peddlers and hucksters predominated and only a few farmers' wagons were to be seen. Pushcarts with fruits and vegetables appetizing in appearance and moderate in price were lined up along the curb, beneath the shadow of the thundering "L," out in the open, sunlit spaces, and under the spacious shelter of the bridge. In the latter place, stands, stalls and counters of various kinds had been erected

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for the display and sale of produce, and provision had been made for storing meat, fish, butter and eggs. Here again the string-bag man was in evidence, and another individual with a good eye for business had erected a lunch counter that was well patronized.

One of the most striking features of the Harlem market was the home-made bread stand. Here a big, jovial man and his tiny, pleasant-voiced helpmate were wrapping large delicious-looking loaves for the eager customers who clustered round the stall. And no wonder the supply, "fresh twice a day," found ready market! What housewife would not be glad to buy a twenty-three ounce loaf for the small sum of six pennies, or one half that size for three? "Why, we have people come in 'way from Westchester, with big pillow slips to take home all they can get!" said the little woman behind the counter. "They come from Yonkers and Pelham and even Long Island, and when the hot bread gets here at two o'clock we can hardly take it off the pushcart onto the counter, there's so many want to buy!"

On the whole, the spirit of the free markets was one of friendly interest and coöperation. Mixing with the busy crowds among the stalls and wagons, chatting with friendly housewives and good-natured farmers, one felt that aside from its practical value, there was a certain picturesque and human quality about the scene. How much more satisfactory, too, to start out, basket on arm, and buy beans or onions, celery or tomatoes, right off the farmer's wagon, than to get them at some conventional store or order them coldly and impersonally over the telephone! There is something fresh and inspiring about a marketplace. Potatoes bought from the man who grew them seem to hold more of the flavor of the soil. A talk with the farmer as he wraps up the radishes and beets seems to bring one into closer contact with the country and all its good, earth-grown things. One feels, even while returning to the city apartment, not quite so remote from the great Nature-source upon which even the most self-sufficient city-dweller ultimately depends.

The return of the market basket to its rightful place among American housewives will bring back something of their lost heritage, and quicken their interest in wholesome, democratic things. Surely they will better appreciate the importance of the farmer as the nation's great producer, and try to coöperate with him in securing a more friendly, profitable and efficient distribution of his produce. The farmer, too, may gain much from such contact with the city and its people. To discuss the effect of last month's drought or rain, the prospects of crops or the price of poultry, with customers

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THOMAS CARLISLE AND THE THIRTY SOLDIERS OF DUMDRUDGE



THAT tremendous glowing subject War has at one time or another inspired most of the world's great writers. Its devastating horror has been often expressed—the tragic irony that lies behind its seeming splendors, and the sad futility of arguments that seek to justify its existence in a so-called civilized age. Perhaps few have registered their conviction with more forcible simplicity than Thomas Carlisle. In three blunt, vigorous paragraphs in his "Sartor Resartus" this clear-sighted thinker has told us what he thinks of the religion of the sword. He has shown us the utter inconsistency of its principles, the terrible absurdity of its methods, and the hideous brutality of its results.

These words of Carlisle's are quoted below. We have omitted his reference to specific nationalities, because at the present moment the countries he mentioned are fighting side by side. But as a general indictment of war and its methods, his message rings at this moment with the same clarion truth as when it was first uttered.

"What," he says, "speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these there are successively selected, during the war, say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; dressed in red; shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles or say only to the south of Europe; and fed there till wanted.

"And now to that same spot are thirty similar foreign artisans, from a foreign Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand.

"Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another, and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anon shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governors had fallen out; and instead of shooting one another had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot."



A CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW WITH GLASS-ROOFED GARDEN ROOM

THE bungalow has been so effectually adopted in this country as a type of American architecture, that its Asiatic origin seems a long way off. It is interesting, however, to trace in both the building and its name the Eastern ancestry. In India, and generally throughout the Orient, a bungalow was a detached house or cottage, usually one story high, built of unbaked bricks, covered with a roof of tile or thatch, arranged with the rooms opening out of a central hall or court, and having a veranda on one or more sides—frequently all around. It might be a private dwelling, military quarters, or a government rest house for travelers; it was large or small, simple or pretentious, according to its purpose. And the Anglo-Indian name came from the Hindu *bangla*, literally “of *Banga* (Bengal).”

We find this low-roofed, homelike type of building in many other lands, and in its adaptation to the varying climates, the local needs and customs of the people, it has passed through many stages of development and found expression in countless forms. Especially is this true in our own country. Most of our modern architects have felt comparatively free from the traditions of an older civilization, and thus have allowed their fancies freer rein. Under their ingenious hands the bungalow plan has proved delightfully elastic, capable of many variations to meet individual and local needs. A wide range has been achieved in structural materials, interior arrangement and exterior design. Living porches and patios, outdoor dining rooms, sleeping balconies, sun-rooms and pergola-covered shelters have added to the semi-outdoor living space; great open fireplaces and cozy inglenooks, built-in seats and furnishings and various

practical and decorative forms of structural woodwork have given the rooms an atmosphere of genial comfort and charm. And with the absence, in many instances, of staircase and second story, the housework has been simplified to a remarkable degree.

In fact, the possibilities for originality seem endless when one is dealing with the bungalow style, especially in the provision for open or sheltered outdoor retreats—those friendly “architectural hyphens” that link garden and house into a pleasant whole.

In planning Craftsman bungalows, we have tried to take advantage, as much as possible, of this chance for unique arrangements, without sacrificing the comfort and practicality of the plans. Indeed, we have found that as a rule it is by laying out the rooms with very practical aims, and contriving to adjust each detail with a view to the utmost convenience and comfort, that unusual and interesting results are most likely to be forthcoming.

For instance, in the present bungalow (No. 195) the main idea was to provide a central, glassed-in living place that would be sufficiently protected for use all the year round, and would have windows all along one side which could be thrown open during warm weather. Around this, the living rooms, kitchen and servant's quarters and the family sleeping rooms were to be grouped in such a fashion that each section would be separated from the others. This arrangement has so many attractive points that a little study of the floor plan and two perspective views is likely to repay the prospective home-builder to whom this type of dwelling appeals.

THE bungalow, which is shown here of stone with slate or shingle roof, is intended to face the east, as this will insure morning sunlight for kitchen and dining room as well as library and living



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN FIELD-STONE BUNGALOW, NO. 195: A SPACIOUS, COMFORTABLY PLANNED AND WELL-EQUIPPED HOME, ESPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR COUNTRY SURROUNDINGS: THE MOST ATTRACTIVE AND UNUSUAL FEATURE IS THE CENTRAL GLASS-COVERED COURT OR GARDEN AROUND WHICH THE OTHER ROOMS ARE PLANNED, AND WHICH PROVIDES A DELIGHTFUL PLACE FOR SEMI-SHELTERED LIVING IN SUMMER: IN WINTER IT CAN BE USED AS A SUNROOM.



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

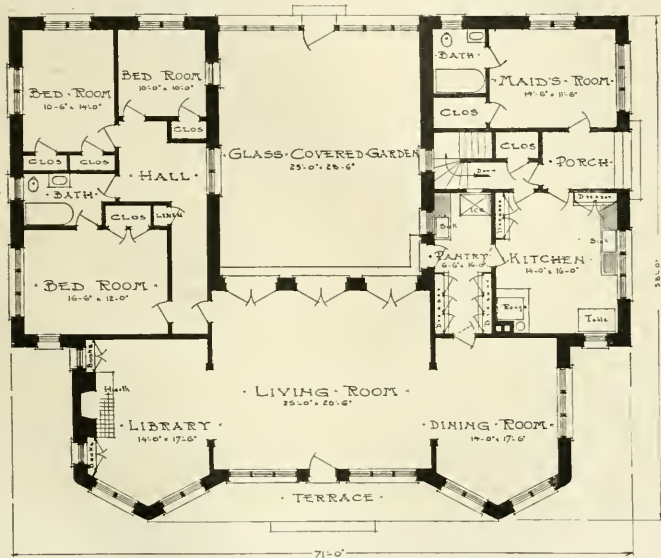
THE REAR VIEW OF CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 195 IS SHOWN HERE: IN THE CENTER IS THE BIG WINDOW GROUP AND GLASS ROOF OF THE COVERED GARDEN, AND IN THE WINGS ON EITHER SIDE ARE THE SERVICE AND SLEEPING QUARTERS; THE FLOOR PLAN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE INDICATES HOW PRACTICAL THIS ARRANGEMENT OF THE INTERIOR WILL PROVE.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE WITH WINTER GARDEN-ROOM

room, and the latter will also receive sunshine later in the day through the glass doors and roof of the covered garden at the rear. The bay windows of the dining room and library also provide variety of exposure as well as outlook, at the same time recessing the entrance somewhat—a device that always gives an inviting touch to the building as one approaches. The space between the bay windows has been utilized for a terrace, which forms a gradual transition from garden to house and emphasizes the entrance in a simple way, while the roof projecting as a hood

this is planted with flowers, shrubs and vines, and provided with a few simple, serviceable willow furnishings and grass rugs, on a floor of cement, brick or tile, it will not only form a delightful garden-living-room, but will also provide pleasant glimpses and vistas for almost every room in the house.

The dining room will be exceptionally cheerful with its three window groups and the wide opening into the large central room, while the library on the other hand is made hospitable by an open fireplace on each side of which bookcases are built into the wall. As this fireplace can be seen



FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN FIELD-STONE BUNGALOW, NO. 195.

above the front door gives shelter from the weather.

The plan of the interior results in a somewhat irregular contour for the outer walls, a point especially desirable in a building that covers so large an area—and the roof lines also are pleasing to the eye. The glass windows and top of the covered garden at the back make an interesting break in the exterior.

From the front terrace one enters direct into the big light living room, at the rear of which are three pairs of glass doors opening out into the glassed-in court. If

from the other two rooms, it really adds a note of friendliness and good cheer to the whole front part of the bungalow.

If the plan were used for a larger family than the one in mind here, and another bedroom were needed, the space now devoted to the library might be utilized for that purpose and arranged to open out of the hall. In this case, the chimneypiece and bookcases now indicated in the library might be built instead in the left-hand wall of the living room.

The placing of the sleeping and service quarters on opposite sides of the house, each

PROTECTING HARDY PLANTS

shut away from the rest of the rooms, is one of the most satisfactory features of the plan. On the right is the large kitchen with its two built-in dressers and the sink and table by the windows where they will get plenty of light, while the pantry, equipped with sink, ice-box and generous cupboards, forms a means of access to both dining room and covered garden. (The latter will no doubt be often used as a place for meals.) Behind the kitchen is a small service porch which affords a convenient entrance for tradespeople, and nearby is a good-sized closet and the cellar stairs. The maid's room and bath are at the rear, so that she will have her own little private apartment.

In the left wing are the three bedrooms and bath for the family, with plenty of closets, including one for linen in the hall. Each bedroom has windows on two sides, so that ample ventilation is provided, and the hall likewise has a double window opening onto the covered garden. The bathroom, it will be noticed, communicates with both the hall and the front bedroom, but if this extra door is not desired the space can be added to the closet.

In planning the layout of the grounds, very picturesque effects can be gained by a repetition of the field stone in a low wall around the garden, along the edges of the paths or in a terrace bank. It would be a delightful plan, moreover, to build a stone fountain in the center of the covered garden, or possibly a rockery where ferns transplanted from some neighboring wood might add their note of rustic charm to the place. In fact, there are many ways in which a home of this sort can be brought into harmonious relation with its surroundings, and given those little intimate touches that make both interior and exterior a source of perpetual joy to the owners.

HOW AND WHEN TO PROTECT HARDY PLANTS, SHRUBS AND VINES FOR WINTER: BY ADELINE THAYER THOMSON

JUST *how* and *when* to cover the perennial plants, shrubs and vines that they may be safe from the ravages of winter, troubles many a worshiper of the garden at the approach of fall. There is, indeed, reason for anxiety on this question, for a large per cent. of valuable hardy stock

is sacrificed *needlessly* each season because of ignorance on the part of the grower.

That perennials need protection in the fall is a fact pretty generally understood, such information being touched upon in almost all of the seed catalogues. On account of this very bit of wisdom, however, more plants perish under a thick covering of manure or litter than actually succumb from too scanty shelter. Now, to use manure as a mulch is all right, but there is a right and a wrong way of employing it; the *time* it is spread and the *state of the manure*, constituting all the difference in the world as to whether the effect on the plants will be good or bad.

It is never safe to mulch hardy stock with manure until after the ground freezes. Even then, it should be well rotted, rest upon a foundation of dry leaves and either be raked off in early spring or at that time dug well into the soil about the plants. Most hardy varieties possess top growth until after freezing weather. To cut off all air and sunshine, therefore, with any kind of an impervious coating before growth becomes dormant either smothers life entirely, as has already been said, or induces rapid and sure decay of root development. When life in the stalk, on the other hand, has been checked by a hard freeze, manure may be used to great advantage, for it not only provides a warm and safe covering, keeping the plants secure from thawing upheavals throughout the winter, but the fertilizing qualities of the manure soaked into the soil by the melting snow, ice and rain of early spring, stimulate the plants to a stronger and thriftier growth the following season. There are two or three varieties among the hardy garden plants which resent the manure mulch—the foxglove, canterbury-bell, hollyhock and the iris family thriving only under a covering of leaves or dry litter, their crowns exposed to the air.

A three or four inch covering of leaves raked from the lawn will also furnish a safe shelter for all hardy stock. Indeed, many gardeners prefer this mulch to any other, using a dry commercial fertilizer or the rotted manure for enriching purposes in the spring. The leaf mulch may be started earlier in the fall, as this is a shelter perfectly porous in nature. The first frost is a good warning. Yet, much the safest plan to follow is to start operations when Dame Nature commences in earnest to

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spread over the earth her thick brown coverlet of leaves, as frost oftentimes is belated and severe weather sets in immediately afterward. As early as mid-October and not later than the second week in November should find the perennials tucked away for their long winter's sleep.

Regarding the protection of vines, a close warm mulch about their roots (preferably of manure) generally is all that is needed. The long branches of the tender climbing roses, however, winter in better condition if they are released from their supports, laid flat on the ground and covered well with leaves or coarse litter. The hinged supports now on the market for hardy vines will be found very convenient for tender varieties that need ground covering.

To be sure, it takes time and forethought to care for the perennials in the fall. But, after all, what is there in life worth having that does not require both? To plant and to be happily successful for one season is joy indeed to the flower lover. But to be able to greet the same old favorites year after year at the return of spring is a sweet privilege that repays a *thousandfold* for all of the paltry time and work that were expended in bringing such beauty to pass.

RETURN OF THE MARKET BASKET

(Continued from page 106.)

to whom he sells his produce in person—this lends an interest to the day's trip that would be lacking in a lump disposal of his load to a wholesale firm. By bringing his produce to the market and selling it at retail to the housewife herself, he has not only saved money for them both, and insured a delivery of fresh food to the very kitchen where it will be prepared, but he has also helped to establish a closer bond of sympathy and understanding between city and country. He has paved the way for a more efficient adjustment of the laws of production and distribution, demand and supply.

After all, it is only natural that such contact should be established through the marketplace. Ever since men and women first came together for barter and exchange of wares, this was the place of meeting—a social and political as well as commercial center. Legends, customs and traditions clung about it; the pavements and cobblestones, stalls and bazars, merchants and merchandise were all invested with an



CITY HOUSEWIVES AT THE NEW YORK FREE MARKETS.

THE MARKET BASKET AND CHEAPER LIVING



HIS FIRST DAY AS A CITY DEALER.

atmosphere of prestige and romance. It was an integral and vital part of the lives and thoughts and activities of the people. In its well-worn stones the very pulse of the city beat.

Those who believe in closer coöperation between city and country, housewife and farmer, have therefore welcomed New York's recent innovation of the open market system, and are watching its growth with keen interest. There are four of these markets at present—at Fort Lee Ferry, and at the Harlem, Manhattan and Queensboro bridges. And in spite of the short time they have been installed, and the difficulties their organizers have had to contend with, the results have been so successful that Jersey City and Tompkinsville, Staten Island, have followed suit, while Brooklyn and the Bronx are contemplating a similar adventure.

New York's four free markets were opened Tuesday, September first. They

were the combined result of the efforts of the Housewives' League and various city officials, including Mayor Mitchel and Borough President Marks. The idea was to establish, at convenient points, open markets for foodstuffs where all who wished to display their wares could do so without the expense and red-tape of obtaining licenses. The main object was to provide a place where farmers, vegetable gardeners, poultrymen and dairymen could bring their produce from the country and sell it direct to the public. This would eliminate both intermediate profits and needless handling of food. And as the farmer would be able to sell his produce below the average retail price, while still making a greater profit for himself than formerly, both producer and consumer would be benefited and the high cost of living reduced.

To interest local farmers in the undertaking, two hundred telegrams were sent out, urging them to join the movement and bring their produce to the free markets on the opening day. Many replies and promises were received, and although the number of farmers who appeared was not so large as the organizers had hoped, the succeeding days and weeks revealed decided improvement. At the time of writing, the last week showed an increase of $33\frac{1}{3}\%$ in the volume of business over the week before.

Housewives, too, were notified and urged to coöperate for their personal advantage as well as for the general good. Over four hundred of them appeared at Fort Lee Ferry the second day. Recent Saturdays have brought them in several thousand strong, armed with the good old democratic market basket (or its equivalent), which seems to be coming into its own again. For those who come a long distance, or purchase more than one pair of arms can carry home, a moderate-priced delivery system is provided.

On several occasions farmers sold out their wagon loads so early that they were

THE MARKET BASKET AND CHEAPER LIVING

able to return with a second load the same day. At the Fort Lee Ferry market one farmer sold sixteen hundred ears of corn at retail; another disposed of six hundred bunches of celery; still another sold eleven hundred chickens in one day and took orders for five hundred more; and a fisherman from Port Monmouth, New Jersey, sold eighteen hundred pounds of fish one Friday, with an average of eight hundred pounds on other days. At Tompkinsville many farmers made from \$25.00 to \$30.00 more on each truckload than if they had sold to commission men or market stands in Manhattan and went home at noon with the cash in their pockets. At the same time the buyers also profited by the lower prices.

There are still several problems that demand attention—such as the provision of winter shelter for the Fort Lee Ferry market, and the building of refrigerators for those who wish to sell fish, meat and butter permanently. More “missionary work” is needed among the farmers of surrounding districts, that the open markets may be as efficient as originally planned. But with the steady growth of public interest, with the realization of the immense opportunities that the free markets hold for both farmers and housewives, there is every reason to believe that the undertaking will not only prove of lasting value locally, but will serve as a model for the nation at large.

Already many stores near the markets have lowered their prices to compete—now that the farmers are selling broilers and loin chops at 20 cents a pound, cauliflowers at 7 cents a head, potatoes and tomatoes at 50 cents a half-bushel basket, and big crisp bundles of celery at only 5 cents—far below the former prevailing prices. And the New York, Jersey City or Staten Island housewife who buys her Thanksgiving turkey, cranberries and pumpkin from one of the free market farmers, will find not only a great saving in cash, but a wholesome satisfaction in the thought that she is getting as close as possible to the “source of supply,”



SEVEN A. M. AT FORT LEE FERRY FREE MARKET.

and encouraging a movement that benefits the workers of both city and farm.

It is interesting to note that the success of the free markets has not only made possible direct coöperation between producer and consumer, and consequent reduction in the cost of food; it has also been the means of giving needed publicity to other important matters. For instance, the Mayor's Food Supply Committee is considering the necessity for active and progressive measures for securing more efficient distribution of the city's food supplies. At a recent meeting in the City Hall, Mr. George W. Perkins voiced the general sentiment as follows:

“The committee feels,” he said, “that the public attention attracted to the new markets clearly shows the broad interest in plans looking toward a simplification of the present antiquated and inadequate system by which foods are brought to the city and distributed.

“These open markets also show that there is an enormous waste in every direction under the system now in vogue in the city. Now is the time to move forward plans of a practical nature that will at least help solve the great question of transportation.”

A BUNGALOW WITH INTERESTING FITTINGS



A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW— UNIQUE, PRACTICAL AND PICTURESQUE: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

Photographs by H. H. Livingston

ALTHOUGH bungalows have become plentiful in this country, and most of them make delightful homes, it is not often that one finds this style of architecture combining so many attractive features, in both plan and design, as the one shown here.

Seen from the street, the rambling, low-roofed dwelling presents an unusually homelike air, and indeed, from whatever angle one views it, the building possesses that quality of picturesqueness which is so apt to result from an irregular plan. Conforming to the usual characteristics of the style, the roofs are comparatively flat, and very wide in their overhang at eaves and gables. There is an extensive sweep to their lines that is particularly graceful and dignified, and the white cov-

A CHARMING BUNGALOW IN PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, THE HOME OF JOSEPH M. MAIDENBERG: COBBLESTONES, BOULDERS, BRICK AND WOOD HAVE BEEN COMBINED IN THIS PICTURESQUE EXTERIOR: EDWARD E. SWEET, ARCHITECT.

ering—an asbestos-like composition—repeats the tones of the white cobblestones and boulders used in the masonry work. The latter, in turn, forms an effective architectural link between the house and ground.

The bungalow rests on an unexposed foundation of concrete. The lower parts of the front and part of the side walls, up to the bottom of the windows, are built of cobblestones, boulders and clinker brick, with a coping of concrete. The outside chimney and all the entrance and porte co-



LIVING ROOM IN THE PASADENA BUNGALOW, WITH A GLIMPE OF THE MUSIC ROOM BEYOND: THE FIREPLACE OF PAVING BRICK IS QUITE IN KEEPING WITH THE SIMPLE, HOMELIKE FURNISHINGS AND WOODWORK.

A BUNGALOW WITH INTERESTING FITTINGS

chère pedestals are of similar construction, rugged and massive in form. The brick-edged walks, the porch flooring and steps, and the mortar used in the masonry, are all of black cement—which likewise harmonizes in color with the coping of the wall.

With the exception of the window sashes, which are painted white, the exterior woodwork is stained a dark brown. The siding is of cedar shingles, evenly laid, and the framing and finishing timbers, which are square sawed and undressed, are of Oregon pine. A rather decorative panel effect results from the use of perpendicular boards in the gables, relieving any plainness, and the walls are lightened with windows of various types.

A hospitable and charming entrance is created by the front porch. This extends also a distance of over thirteen feet along one side, forming a sort of "L." In addition to this porch, there is a little sheltered court or patio at the right, with cement walk passing through the porte cochère seen in the illustration.

At the rear of the little breakfast room on the opposite side of the house there is a small piazza with wood floor, from which leads a pergola-covered path into the garden. While the grounds in front are simple and dignified, to conform to the usual city custom, the garden in the rear is rich in flowers and shrubbery, and the pergola with graceful tracery of vines adds especially to the charm of the place.

Too often one finds homes in which the interior has been sacrificed in favor of the exterior, or vice versa. Such, however, is not the case with this bungalow, which has been developed with equal consideration in both construction and layout. The floor plan deserves careful study, for it shows an arrangement of rooms and fittings that is especially convenient. In fact, compactness, economy, convenience and homelike

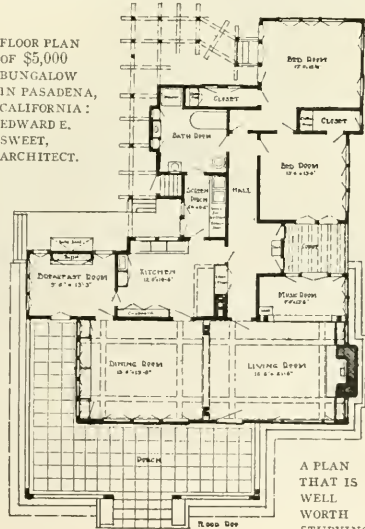


DINING ROOM IN THE MAIDENBERG BUNGALOW, SHOWING A DECORATIVE AND MASSIVE USE OF WOODWORK IN CEILING, ARCH AND WALLS, AND INTERESTING BUILT-IN FITTINGS.

atmosphere have all been achieved, and a great deal of comfort has been provided at a very reasonable expenditure.

The main front entrance is from the porch directly into the living room, but glass doors are also provided into the dining room at the left. These two rooms are connected by a broad open arch with built-in book-

FLOOR PLAN OF \$5,000 BUNGALOW IN PASADENA, CALIFORNIA: EDWARD E. SWEET, ARCHITECT.



A PLAN THAT IS WELL WORTH STUDYING.

A BUNGALOW WITH INTERESTING FITTINGS

cases on either side. Off the living room there is a small music room, with a similar arch. These three rooms are finished and decorated in the same style, which adds to the spacious air of this part of the house. The woodwork is of vertical-grained Oregon pine, finished the color of fumed oak, and the walls are papered. In the dining room, however, they are paneled to a height of about four feet, above which runs the plate rail. The ceilings in this room and the living room are beamed in a very simple but effective style, and the overhead beam of each of the connecting arches is made to curve upward, as may be seen by referring to the illustrations.

Aside from the built-in bookcases between the three front rooms, there are also several other permanent features which deserve mention. The living room contains a very attractive fireplace with mantel of paving brick, which is quite in keeping with the simple sturdy woodwork and furnishings. On each side is a small window seat, with a hinged top. The music room also has a built-in seat at one side of the entrance, and the dining room possesses a buffet which, with the china closets, extends entirely across one end of the room. Above the counter shelf of the buffet is a long narrow mirror, and five pairs of small high casement windows are placed across the wall above.

Opening from the dining room is a small breakfast room from which doors lead to the rear end of the front porch. Two other glass doors open onto the piazza or terrace in the rear. This breakfast room also contains a simple but decorative little buffet. The woodwork is enameled white and the plastered walls are painted the same tone, while the table and chairs are of white wicker. This is an unusually cheerful room, and on account of its windows and glass doors it receives much of the morning sunlight.

The rooms in the rear of the house are all connected by a hall, which contains, besides the usual linen closet, a sort of alcove with a small seat. Doors lead from this alcove into the side patio, which also communicates by glass doors with the music room.

Each of the two bedrooms has a closet and clothes press; the bathroom fittings include a shower, and the kitchen is equally modern in its equipment.

Throughout the bungalow the flooring is

of hardwood. Polished oak is used in all the rooms except the bedrooms, where white maple is employed. The house is heated from a hot-air furnace, located in a roomy basement, the stairway to which leads from the pergola just outside the screened porch. This basement has concrete walls and cement flooring, and is twelve by fourteen feet in size.

The bungalow is the home of Joseph M. Maidenberg, of Pasadena, California. It was designed and built by Edward E. Sweet, an architect of Los Angeles, and represents a total cost of exactly \$5,000, its contract price.

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

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Gustav Stickley, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1914.

Fred A. Arwine,

(Seal)

Notary Public, No. 69,
New York County,
My commission expires
March 30th, 1916.

THE COTTAGE-BUNGALOW

COTTAGE-BUNGALOW: A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN INTIMATE HOME ARCHITECTURE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

THE cottage-bungalow is the newest development in the small American home. We are presenting in this article two designs for this most interesting and intimate variety of domestic architecture. As is the case in many very practical ideas in modern building, these houses have been built in California, yet in spite of their perfect adaptability to the climate there, they furnish us throughout the eastern section of America a most valuable inspiration for home-making. The California architect, Sylvanus B. Marston, has, as examination of these floor plans shows, been able to combine the best points of the simple, old-fashioned cottage and the more elaborate and modern bungalow idea.

In working out this interesting and successful experiment—which may have been quite an unconscious one on the part of its originator—Mr. Marston has chosen from each style those characteristics which are most in keeping with modern American ideas of home comfort, health and beauty. He has retained the simple, sturdy, democratic air of the cottage, with its suggestion

of solid indoor comfort and wholesome living; at the same time he has combined with it the airy porches, the ample living rooms, friendly firesides and craftsmanlike woodwork and fittings of the bungalow. And while placing most of the rooms on the ground floor to save unnecessary housework and stair-climbing, he has also utilized the space beneath the roof for sheltered open-air sleeping.

The result is a new type of intimate home architecture which is likely to prove wide in its appeal. And as it is capable of endless modification to meet the diverse tastes and requirements of different families, and the demands of varying climates and environments, the cottage-bungalow should prove a fresh inspiration for the home-builders of our land.

Two examples of this style of dwelling are illustrated here, both of them revealing a practical and sympathetic treatment of design and plan. They bring together, in an original and delightful way, the most desirable traits of the cottage and the bungalow. Neither word alone would accurately describe them; their qualities can only be expressed by employing both. The low long roof lines, the wide eaves, the placing of the main rooms on the ground floor, would seem to assign the buildings to the bungalow category. Yet the construction of the walls, porch pillars and



COTTAGE-BUNGALOW IN PASADENA, CALIFORNIA: A NEW TYPE OF DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE WHICH COMBINES MANY PRACTICAL AND CHARMING FEATURES: COST OF CONSTRUCTION \$4,000: SYLVANUS B. MARSTON, THE ARCHITECT, HAS ACHIEVED HERE AN UNUSUALLY SATISFYING EXTERIOR AS WELL AS PLAN.

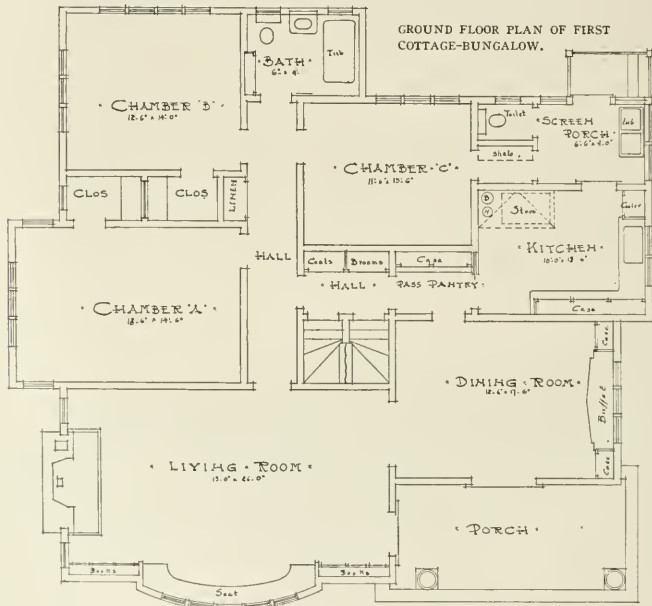
THE COTTAGE-BUNGALOW

pergola are suggestive of Colonial cottages. But whichever influence predominates, they are certainly satisfactory "hybrids," and will be found worth studying, for they have been arranged and built for real comfort, pleasure and durability. Their compact simple layout, moreover, will appeal to housewives who wish to dispense with the services of a maid.

THE cost of construction of the first cottage-bungalow was \$4,000. Its walls are of pearl-gray siding with white trim; the chimneys are dark red brick, and the roof is covered with moss-green shingles. The ventilators in the roof, the heavy barge-board molding at the eaves, the curved group of small-paned windows at the front, and the inviting recess of the porch

room is especially attractive with its open fireplace and small windows on either side, while a seat fills the curve of the bow window, flanked by built-in bookcases. In the dining room, buffet and china closets extend across one wall with windows above.

The arrangement of pantry, kitchen and screen porch is unusually practical, for the space is utilized to the best possible advantage, and is shut off from the rest of the plan. A small hall off the pass pantry gives access to cellar and attic stairs, and in this hall a coat and a broom closet are provided. The long hall at the left communicates with the three bedrooms and bath, which are thus separated from the remainder of the house. One of these bedrooms has a door onto the screen porch, however, so that it may be used for a maid, if necessary.



are all interesting structural items. A decorative note is added by the wooden frame for vines on each side of the window group.

The building is 45 by 46 feet in area. The plan shows a very convenient arrangement of living and dining rooms, which open from the front porch. The former

Although one would hardly guess it from the front view, there is considerable space beneath the roof of this cottage-bungalow, which is lighted by windows in the gables and in the rear roof. In the latter, moreover, is an extension which makes full head room possible. This gives space for a large screen porch and dressing room up-

THE COTTAGE-BUNGALOW



SIMPLE YET DECORATIVE EXTERIOR, AND COMPACT, HOMELIKE ARRANGEMENT WITHIN, MAKE THIS COTTAGE-BUNGALOW IN PASADENA WORTH STUDYING: COST OF CONSTRUCTION \$3,500; SYLVANUS B. MARSTON, ARCHITECT; THE ARCHED ENTRANCE AND PERGOLA-ROOFED PORCH ARE PARTICULARLY INTERESTING.

stairs, increasing considerably the sleeping accommodations and value of the house without adding much to its cost.

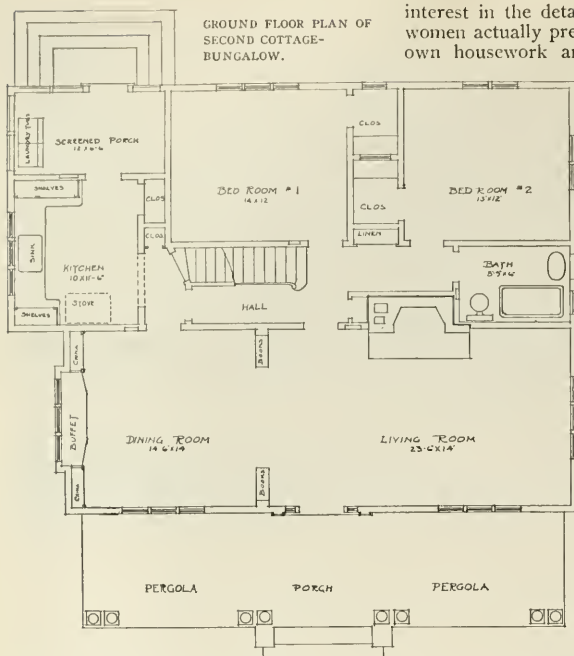
THE second house required even less outlay—\$3,500—for it is somewhat smaller, having only two bedrooms on the ground floor. And while the style of the building reminds one of the first, it is quite different in plan. The exterior is provided in this case with a long porch across the front, the central part roofed and arched gracefully to shelter and emphasize the entrance, and the space on each side being of open pergola construction.

This cottage is 43 by 40 feet, with 14 by 16 cellar and concrete foundation. Heat is furnished by fireplace and furnace. The outside walls are of resawed redwood siding, painted dove gray, and the trim is white. Out-swinging lattice windows are used, and the entrance door, with its long narrow windows, is heavily cased, with curving bracketed top following the lines of the hood. The interior woodwork is of straight-grain Oregon pine, kitchen and bath being all in white with hard plastered walls and enameled woodwork.

The living room is large, with pleasant window groups and open fireplace, and the dining room with its built-in buffet and china cabinets is separated from the other room merely by bookcases and posts. In this cottage-bungalow no pass pantry is provided, but a small hall separates the kitchen from the front of the house. A screen porch with laundry tubs is built beyond. The two bedrooms and bathroom are also shut off from the other rooms by a hallway from which the cellar and attic stairs ascend. Upstairs are two sleeping porches and a dressing room, all built under the rear raised roof.

These cottage-bungalows furnish, moreover, interesting examples of that significant feature of modern home-making—the architectural solution of the servant problem. For many years we have been growing more democratic in our ways of building as well as in our manner of living. American women have been coming to feel that a large house and several servants are luxuries that have a superficial rather than a genuine value. Many have begun to discard elaboration for simplicity, to prefer a small, comfortable home to a large preten-

PHILOSOPHY OF ZARATHUSTRA SIMS



interest in the details of the home. Some women actually prefer to do much of their own housework and cooking. The difficulty, too, of procuring competent helpers and the higher cost of living has brought increased interest in domestic channels.

These things, naturally, are gradually being reflected in our architecture. Homes are being planned to meet the new conditions. The wide popularity of the bungalow and cottage types is evidence of the growing desire for the small, intimate, compactly planned home. Elimination of all needless halls, passages and stairways, to save the housewife's steps; the simplifying of all the woodwork and fittings to make dusting and cleaning as light as possible; the building of many furnishings, such as side-

boards, china closets, bookcases and seats, as integral parts of the interior to reduce sweeping and moving to a minimum—all these features are part of the general and wisely democratic trend.

boards, china closets, bookcases and seats, as integral parts of the interior to reduce sweeping and moving to a minimum—all these features are part of the general and wisely democratic trend.

FROM THE PHILOSOPHY OF ZARATHUSTRA SIMS

PARSON HUBBARD says that the most immoral thing he saw in Boston was the wife of a traveling shoe salesman. She spent her days at bridge parties, country clubs and matinees, and her evenings goodness knows how. She served no useful purpose, and Parson says she was an economic parasite because she never did a stroke of work, but was just supported by a man.

If work is a virtue, then Hannah Belden must be an angel of light. Sunday night she cleaned up after a houseful of company and went to bed at eleven. She got up at 2:30 and got all the washing out before

breakfast. Then she got four different breakfasts, put up seven lunches, got the children off to school, made a firkin of butter, baked eight loaves of bread and four pies, swept two rooms, and then got dinner. After washing the dishes she drove down to the village for a hundred of oats, because Caleb's rheumatism was bad and the boys were off fishing. Then she got supper, and after supper did all the ironing.

And yet I heard Hannah swear like a trooper at little Jim for mixing sand with the paste she'd made for papering the front hall.

We all have our failings, Parson says, and even the drummer's wife may have some hidden virtues.



A NEWLY FORMED AUDUBON SOCIETY.

**THE GUN, THE WILD BIRD
AND THE BOY: THE WORK
OF THE JUNIOR AUDUBON
SOCIETIES: BY T. GILBERT
PEARSON**

ONE day last summer a twelve-year-old boy was out in our street with an air gun shooting eagerly at every bird he could see. Recently the same boy came to me with a bird which had been hurt, and in the most sympathetic tone said: 'Who do you suppose could have been mean enough to hurt this dear little bird?' Our study of birds in the Junior Audubon Class brought about this change in the boy."

So writes Miss Edna Stafford, a teacher in the public schools of Albany, Indiana. In similar strain many of the six thousand two hundred and two teachers who formed and conducted Junior Audubon Society Clubs the past year have registered their approval of this nation-wide organization among the children, for everywhere these children are being taught to be kind to the wild life about them.

Quite aside from the humanitarian spirit which runs through this Audubon movement the awakening of the minds of young people to the fact that live birds are of esthetic interest and also are enormously valuable as aids to the growing crops most

certainly renders the task quite worth while. It is comforting to reflect also that if the present generation can be taught to love the wild birds there need be no apprehension as to what legislatures in the future will do in reference to game laws. In establishing this work in bird study in the schools, the National Association of Audubon Societies has based its efforts upon the principle that all printed material supplied to children should be of simple but sane and scientific character. Hence, the leaflets given these young folks are all prepared by ornithologists capable of presenting the subject on a luminous and convincing plan. No sentimental matter is ever printed by this organization. With every four-page leaflet there is also one of the best colored pictures which art and science can produce. The colors of the bird are as accurate as it is possible to achieve in this country. In order to impress on the mind of the pupil the correct coloring of every bird studied, an outline drawing of each species is furnished and this the pupil fills out with crayons, using the colored picture as a model. The Audubon button which is worn is often regarded as a warden's badge, for thousands of their Audubon boys are serving as volunteer game wardens in their communities.

In order that full opportunity for accomplishments with these young enthusiasts may be afforded teachers, the Association

AUDUBON SOCIETY WELCOMES CHILDREN'S AID



supplies them with detailed advice for presenting all branches of bird work; among other things, how to teach children to make and place nesting-boxes for the wild feathered creatures in spring, how to place water where it can easily be found in the hot days of summer, and what kind of food the birds like in winter, and just how it should be put out for them. These things all give definite point to their work and provide the children with something which they can do to advance their work outside of school hours.

Without doubt the greatest problem to be solved by those actively engaged in meas-

FIFTH GRADE AUDUBON CLUB OF CHAGRIN FALLS PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ures which make for civic righteousness is how to rescue the children of the country from evil influences and to divert their curiosity and restless energy into safe and productive channels. The teacher occupies a strategic position in this matter, and one of her problems is how to excite the interest of the child in subjects which are both entertaining and beneficial.

Simple lessons in nature study seem to be the best method by which to accomplish this end, and a study of all out-of-door life should begin with birds.



THE JUNIOR AUDUBON SOCIETY AT THE WILLIAM MCGUFFEY SCHOOL IN THE MIAMI UNIVERSITY.

AUDUBON SOCIETY WELCOMES CHILDREN'S AID



MISS M. L. BURENS' JUNIOR AUDUBON SOCIETY.

Birds have bright feathers and striking voices. In their emotions they show love, fear, anger, all the symptoms of which the children can readily understand. Birds select mates; they build nests and have bird babies. Few things are regarded by the child as more appealing than a little bird. Then, too, birds may be found everywhere. At all seasons of the year they may be seen about the home or the schoolhouse, and wherever the child goes in after life birds are continually observed as they flit before his vision whether he journeys by land or sea. Birds are thus a branch of nature study of unflinching and universal interest.

Bearing in mind, therefore, that much pleasure and good are to be derived from a study of the habits and activities of wild birds, there is small reason to wonder at the remarkable success and popularity of the Junior Audubon work, which, although begun only four years ago, has grown to such proportions during the past year that clubs were organized among schoolchildren of every State in the Union and most of the Provinces of Canada. Over fifteen thousand pupils during the past school year were enrolled in these clubs, and all of these thousands of children were taught that the wild birds are their friends.

This work will continue to grow, for the Audubon Association expects each year to increase its expenditures to support this important phase of its activities. While the children each pay a fee of ten cents, this is only a small part of the actual cost of the material with which they are provided. The Junior work for the past year entailed an

expenditure of over nineteen thousand dollars more than the children's fees amounted to; and for the coming year pledges have been received from members of the Association who have agreed to support this work to the extent of, at least, twenty-five thousand dollars.

This undertaking is meeting with the most hearty approval of principals and superintendents of schools everywhere. In reference to it, Hon. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, has written:

"I consider the work of the Junior Audubon Classes very important for both educational and economic results, and I congratulate you upon the opportunity of extending it. The bird clause in the Mosaic Law ends with the words: 'That it may be well with these, and that thou mayest prolong thy days.' The principle still holds. I hope that through your efforts the American people may soon be better informed in regard to our wild birds and their value."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Those who have read the foregoing article by Mr. Pearson, and whose sympathies are with the bird protection movement, will be interested also in the article on the following pages, by Ned Dearborn, Assistant Biologist in the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Most of the bird houses, nests and shelters described and illustrated by Mr. Dearborn are so simple that they can be made by children either at home, or under the teacher's supervision at school.

DO YOU WANT BIRDS AROUND YOUR HOUSE?

BIRD HOUSES AND HOW TO BUILD THEM: BY NED DEARBORN, ASSISTANT BIOLOGIST, UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

BIRDS may be gathered about us in all seasons of the year with ease and certainty merely by offering what they desire. In winter they are often pushed for food, and if we supply this need they will report daily at the "lunch counter" and help to relieve the tedium of our indoor life. In summer they care less for food provided by their human friends, and other means must be sought to attract them about the home. They appreciate fresh water for bathing and drinking. A shallow pool of varying depth, even if only a foot across, becomes on hot days a center of attraction for all the birds in the vicinity, and it may be made with little effort and material; only a small amount of cement is required, or if that be lacking, a pan with stones in it set in the ground will be equally serviceable. Trees, shrubs and vines bearing fruit relished by birds are great attractions in their season.

Birds are desirable about one's grounds not only on account of their beauty and song, but because of their economic worth. They are especially useful as insect destroyers during the breeding period, when they have to work early and late to obtain sufficient food for their nestlings, and their movements at this time are more interesting than during any other season. There is, therefore, a double purpose in offering them special nesting facilities. If mud is available, swallows, robins and phoebes will found and wall their nests with it. If we put out feathers, bits of wool or twine, a dozen different kinds of birds will make

FIGURE ONE:
HOLLOWED
GOURDS STRUNG
ON A POLE MAKE
A SATISFACTORY
"TENEMENT
HOUSE" FOR A
COLONY OF
MARTINS.

use of them. If we furnish safe retreats in which they can rear their young comfortably, most of these shelters will be occupied. In fact, no attraction for summer birds is more effectual than a series of houses suited to the needs and habits of the various kinds of house birds.

A few years ago only four species were commonly regarded as house birds—the house wren, the bluebird, the tree swallow and the martin. Since the movement to protect birds and make neighbors of them began, however, their natures and needs have become better understood, and it is now known that many other species will avail themselves of houses constructed for them. The practice of erecting bird houses in this country, while now nationwide, is not so common and uniformly distributed as it should be, and more extended provisions of this nature cannot fail to result in a largely increased number of house birds.

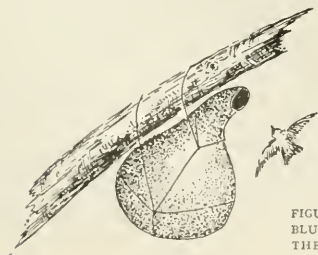
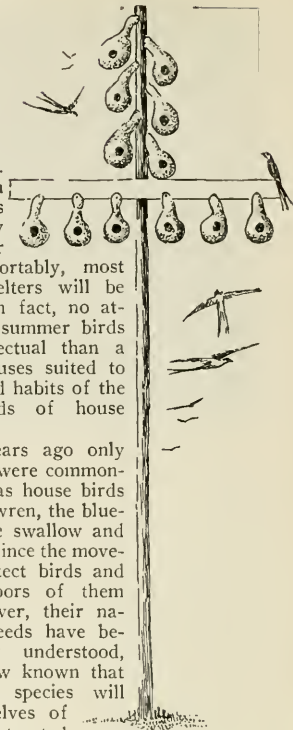
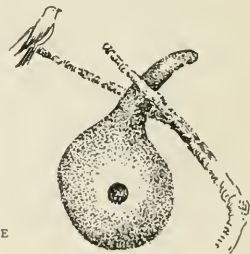


FIGURE TWO: WRENS AND
BLUEBIRDS WILL PATRONIZE
THESE GOURD HOUSES.



DO YOU WANT BIRDS AROUND YOUR HOUSE?

The habit of nesting in bird houses has been adopted by individuals of many species which would not ordinarily be expected to make use of such homes, and this may be taken as indicating that it will become more general from year to year, as facilities are afforded and as the number of birds hatched in houses increases.

That Western wrens and bluebirds should take as naturally to artificial shelters as did their Eastern relatives was to be expected. On the other hand, the use of houses by birds which until recently had persistently ignored them is surprising and must be considered a victory for those who have studiously attempted to enlarge their circle of feathered neighbors.

Woodpeckers, nuthatches and titmice excavate their own houses, usually new ones each year, leaving the old homes to less capable architects. Builders of artificial houses generally go to the woodpecker for designs, and by varying styles to suit the tastes of different kinds of birds, have been rewarded by such tenants as chickadees, tufted titmice, white-breasted nuthatches, Bewick and Carolina wrens, violet-green swallows, crested flycatchers, screech owls, sparrow hawks, and even some of the woodpeckers, the master builders them-

selves. Flickers readily accept houses built according to their standards. Red-headed and golden-fronted woodpeckers are willing occupants of artificial houses, and even the downy woodpecker, that sturdy little carpenter, has, in one instance at least, deemed such a home a satisfactory abode in which to raise a family. Shelters having one or more sides open are used by birds which would never venture into dark houses suited to woodpeckers. They have been occupied by robins and brown thrashers, and in one instance by a song sparrow.

The number of house birds may be still further augmented as time goes on. All of the commoner woodpeckers are likely to be included, as are several of the small owls and wrens, and a few of the wild ducks, such as the golden-eye. The wood duck is already known to use nesting boxes. Houses set close to streams in the Western mountains will probably be occupied by osuells or dippers. Florida grackles sometimes breed in flicker holes and may be expected to occupy houses now and then. In every locality having trees there is a group of birds ready to appropriate houses when they have the opportunity.

House birds differ decidedly in their requirements. For those which usually excavate homes for themselves, the diameter of the entrance and the depth and diameter of the cavity must be in accord with their specific standards. Some birds are satisfied with almost any sort of lodging. Bluebirds and wrens, for example, are content to build in tomato cans, although chickadees and nuthatches disdain them. Wood is a better building material than metal or earthenware. Entrance holes should be countersunk from the outside to exclude rain. Heads of nails and screws should be set rather deeply and covered with putty. All houses should be easy to open for cleaning. A perch at the entrance is unnecessary and may even be an objection, as it is frequently used by English sparrows while they twitter exasperatingly to more desir-

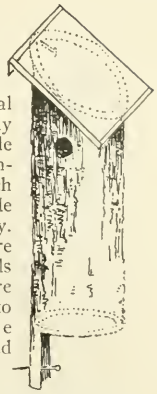


FIGURE THREE: A HOLLOW LOG MAKES AN ALLURING HOME FOR BIRD TENANTS, ESPECIALLY IN RUSTIC SURROUNDINGS.

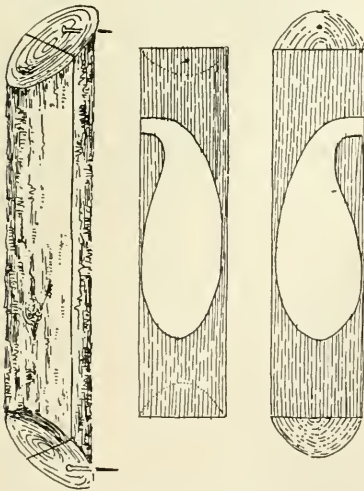


FIGURE FOUR: STAGES IN THE MAKING OF A LOG BIRD HOUSE: THE HALVES ARE GOUGED OUT TO FORM A CAVITY, THEN SCREWED TOGETHER AND THE TOP COVERED WITH TIN OR ZINC.

DO YOU WANT BIRDS AROUND YOUR HOUSE?

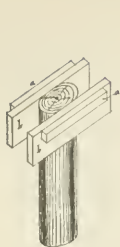


FIGURE FIVE: FOUNDATION FOR HOUSE SHOWN IN FIGURE EIGHT.

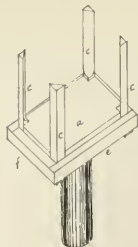


FIGURE SIX: FLOOR AND POSTS ADDED TO FOUNDATION SHOWN IN FIGURE FIVE.

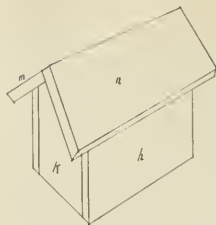


FIGURE SEVEN: SWALLOW OR BLUEBIRD HOUSE READY TO PLACE OVER FLOOR AND POSTS SHOWN IN FIGURE SIX.

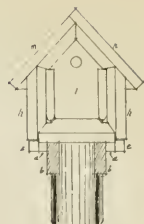


FIGURE EIGHT: A LITTLE HOUSE FOR SWALLOWS AND BLUEBIRDS, SHOWING CROSS SECTION AND INTERIOR OF FRONT HALF.

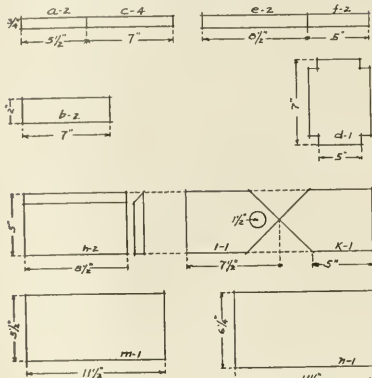


FIGURE NINE: LUMBER DIAGRAMS FOR BUILDING BIRD HOUSE SHOWN IN FIGURES FIVE TO EIGHT; THICKNESS OF BOARDS $\frac{3}{4}$ INCH.

Species.	Floor of cavity, Inches.	Depth of cavity, Inches.	Entrance above floor, Inches.	Diameter of entrance, Inches.	Height above ground, Feet.
Bluebird.....	5 by 5	8	6	$1\frac{1}{2}$	5 to 10
Robin.....	6 by 8	8	(¹)	(²)	6 to 15
Chickadee.....	4 by 4	8 to 10	8	$1\frac{1}{4}$	6 to 15
Tufted titmouse.....	4 by 4	8 to 10	8	$1\frac{1}{4}$	6 to 15
White-breasted nuthatch.....	4 by 4	8 to 10	8	$1\frac{1}{4}$	12 to 20
House wren.....	4 by 4	6 to 8	1 to 6	$\frac{7}{8}$	6 to 10
Bewick wren.....	4 by 4	6 to 8	1 to 6	1	6 to 10
Carolina wren.....	4 by 4	6 to 8	1 to 6	$1\frac{1}{8}$	6 to 10
Dipper.....	6 by 6	6	1	3	1 to 3
Violet-green swallow.....	5 by 5	6	1 to 6	$1\frac{1}{2}$	10 to 15
Tree swallow.....	5 by 5	6	1 to 6	$1\frac{1}{2}$	10 to 15
Barn swallow.....	6 by 6	6	(¹)	(¹)	8 to 12
Martin.....	6 by 6	6	1	$2\frac{1}{2}$	15 to 20
Song sparrow.....	6 by 6	6	(¹)	(²)	1 to 3
House finch.....	6 by 6	6	4	2	8 to 12
Phoebe.....	6 by 6	6	(¹)	(¹)	8 to 12
Crested flycatcher.....	6 by 6	8 to 10	8	2	8 to 20
Flicker.....	7 by 7	16 to 18	16	$2\frac{1}{2}$	6 to 20
Red-headed woodpecker.....	6 by 6	12 to 15	12	2	12 to 20
Golden-fronted woodpecker.....	6 by 6	12 to 15	12	2	12 to 20
Hairy woodpecker.....	6 by 6	12 to 15	12	$1\frac{1}{2}$	12 to 20
Downy woodpecker.....	4 by 4	8 to 10	8	$1\frac{1}{4}$	6 to 20
Screech owl.....	8 by 8	12 to 15	12	3	10 to 30
Sparrow hawk.....	8 by 8	12 to 15	12	3	10 to 30
Barn owl.....	10 by 18	15 to 18	4	6	12 to 18
Wood duck.....	10 by 18	10 to 15	3	6	4 to 20

¹One or more sides open. ²All sides open.

able occupants. To provide for proper ventilation a row of small holes is sometimes bored just below the eaves, but there should never be a ventilating hole lower than the entrance, and joints should be made tight, as drafts of air are dangerous. In case there is danger that rain may be driven through the door, a small drainage hole, which will be covered by the nest, may be made in the middle of the floor.

The appearance and durability of houses are improved by a coat of paint. A neutral shade of green or gray is suitable for houses mounted in trees; others may be painted white.

The dimensions of nesting boxes shown in the following table are based on the experience of successful builders and measurements of woodpecker holes.

DO YOU WANT BIRDS AROUND YOUR HOUSE?

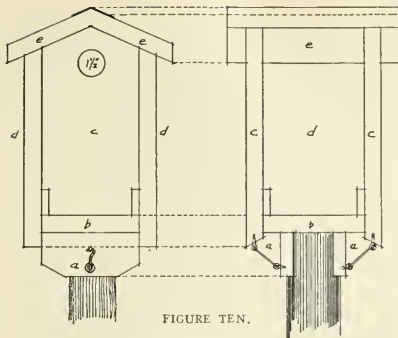


FIGURE TEN.

A tomato can with a circular board fitted in one end will make an excellent house to attract bluebirds or wrens. The board should have a hole in its upper half as an entrance. The cans may be hung by wires to the limb of a tree, and ought always to be placed in shaded places, as the metal becomes very hot in the sun.

Bird houses in the Southern States have long been made from gourds. The entrance is in the side and there is a drain hole in the bottom as shown in figure 2. A piece of wire through the neck for mounting it completes the house. A number of gourds thus prepared, and strung on a pole seems to make a satisfactory tenement house for a colony of martins. Used singly they are equally well adapted to wrens and bluebirds. While gourds are not durable when exposed to the weather, they are easily replaced.

Ordinary wooden boxes, if clean, can be made into bird houses by merely nailing on a cover and cutting out an entrance hole.

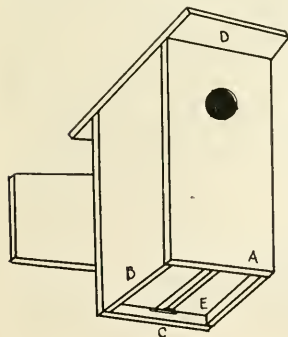


FIGURE TWELVE: HOUSE SUITABLE FOR SPARROW HAWKS, SCREECH OWLS, BLUEBIRDS AND WRENS; DESIGNED TO BE PLACED IN TREES; BOTTOM CAN BE REMOVED BY TURNING BUTTON.

FIGURE TEN: DIAGRAMS OF A BLUEBIRD HOUSE THAT CAN BE REMOVED FROM ITS FLOOR BY UNFASTENING TWO WIRE HOOKS.

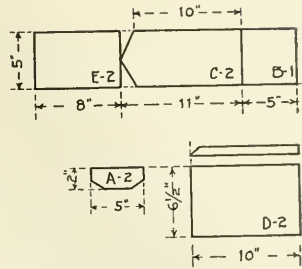


FIGURE ELEVEN: LUMBER DIAGRAMS OF HOUSE SHOWN IN FIGURE TEN; BOARDS $\frac{3}{4}$ INCH THICK.

Such makeshifts, however, are rarely weatherproof and are never pleasing to the eye. Branches containing real woodpecker holes, when obtainable, are perhaps the best attraction that can be offered most house birds in the breeding season. By carefully fitting such a branch to a fruit or shade tree, its foreign origin will scarcely be noticed.

The house shown in figure 3 is suitable for use in trees. It is made from a log or large branch, hollowed by decay, and fitted with a top and bottom as illustrated. The cover is to go on after the log is fastened in place. Either the top or bottom should be removable, so that the interior can be readily cleaned.

Another way of making a log house is to split through the middle a straight-grained log, 2 feet or more in length, and then to cut out a cavity with a gouge. The excavations in the two halves can be

FIGURE THIRTEEN: SECTION OF HOUSE SHOWN IN FIGURE TWELVE.

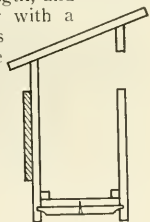
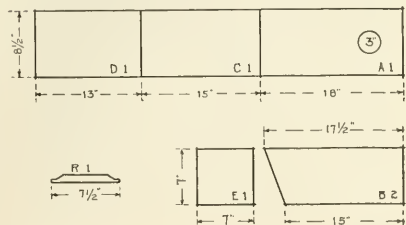


FIGURE FOURTEEN: LUMBER DIAGRAMS OF HOUSE FOR SPARROW HAWKS AND SCREECH OWLS, SHOWN IN FIGURE TWELVE; BOARDS $\frac{3}{4}$ INCH THICK.



DO YOU WANT BIRDS AROUND YOUR HOUSE?

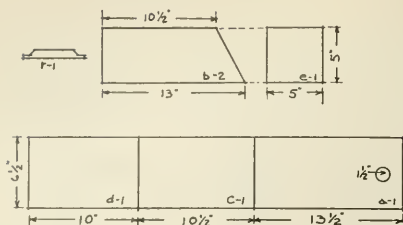


FIGURE FIFTEEN: DIAGRAMS OF HOUSE FOR BLUEBIRDS, SHOWN IN FIGURE TWELVE; BOARDS $\frac{3}{4}$ INCH THICK.

made to match exactly by means of a pattern or template having the size and shape desired for the proposed cavity through the plane of cleavage. Figure 4 shows the appearance of such a house and how to place the template symmetrically on each half of the stick. The top of this house should be covered with tin or zinc to keep out moisture, and the halves should be fastened together with screws to allow the house to be taken apart and cleaned.

Phoebes like to nest about buildings, and a simple shelf under the roof of a porch or shed is all they require. If, however, it is desirable to have them stay outside, the shelf must be shielded from the weather by one wall and a roof. Such a shelf if placed high under the eaves of a two-story building may attract barn swallows; phoebes and robins also are likely to build upon it if it is not less than 8 feet from the ground. In some cases it will be advisable to leave only one side open.

Nest shelters may likewise be placed in shrubbery for catbirds, brown thrashers and song sparrows. As a shelter of this type requires little lumber or labor, one may well be placed in every patch of weeds or brush frequented by these birds. Fastened to a large horizontal branch or in the crotch of a tree it is likely to be used by robins.

The house shown in figures 5 to 8 is designed to be set on a pole or a tree stub for the use of swallows especially. It can be cleaned by simply lifting the box from its base. Bluebirds and wrens, as well as swallows, nest in this style of house, though they prefer a deeper cavity. Another pole house is shown in figure 10. This is essentially after the woodpecker model and is suitable for bluebirds. By releasing the hooks which fasten the box to the base, cleaning is made easy.

Figure 12 illustrates a house attached to a tree. It can be opened for cleaning by turning a button and removing the bottom. This house is easy to build and if suitably proportioned is adapted to a great variety of birds. Plans are furnished for two sizes—one for bluebirds and the other for screech owls and sparrow hawks.

The flicker house shown in figure 16 is designed to be placed on a post or the stub of a tree. The roof can be lifted in the same way that a stopper is removed from a bottle.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Additional information regarding the construction, care and location of various kinds of bird houses and food shelters, as well as a note on the enemies of house birds, will be found in Farmers' Bulletin No. 609, from which the foregoing article and many of the illustrations are reprinted. This bulletin can be obtained from the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

FIGURE SIXTEEN: A POST OR THE STUB OF A TREE IS THE BEST SITE FOR THIS FLICKER HOUSE.

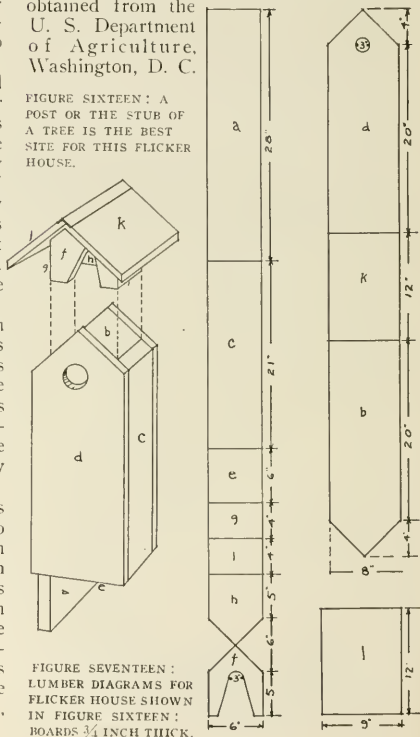


FIGURE SEVENTEEN: LUMBER DIAGRAMS FOR FLICKER HOUSE SHOWN IN FIGURE SIXTEEN; BOARDS $\frac{3}{4}$ INCH THICK.

LIVING WITHOUT OUR IMPORTS

LIVING WITHOUT OUR IMPORTS

(Continued from page 192.)

makers after the war. It has been reported that the Standard Oil Company, which produces many of the basic products, is contemplating the erection of a large chemical and dye plant. Mr. I. F. Stone, President of the National Aniline and Chemical Company, said recently that his company stood ready to invest more than one million dollars immediately, and be ready to supply customers within six months' time if the Government would guarantee sufficient protection to the industry. He says that his plant is ready to supply the general line of dyes for the textile mills at prices somewhat higher than formerly because of the increased cost due to using domestic raw materials.

We have been relying upon Europe for antimony, a low grade metal used in the manufacture of type metal. As was recently pointed out by Secretary Lane, it can easily be extracted from many low grade ores, which we have in great quantities in at least seven States, and there is no reason why we should not make this extraction and be independent of other countries both as to supply and prices. Similar conditions hold in the case of arsenic, and it is only within ten years that we have freed ourselves from Sicily's monopolistic control of the sulphur supply.

The National Association of Finishers of Cotton Fabrics appointed a committee a few days after the war started to learn what could be done toward producing dyes in this country. It is generally admitted that we have the raw products here, if we consider coal tar and the benzoate derived from it, which is the real basis, as the raw product. Many of our leading chemists believe that, if our manufacturers once take up the question of competing seriously with German-made dyes and other coal tar products, chemicals and drugs, the advantage of the cheap foreign labor can be overcome through more efficient management and a greater abundance of raw materials.

Domestic textile mills should prosper from the present situation. The only serious difficulty confronting them is the scarcity of dye stuffs, and this I believe will not prove lasting, for American manufacturers will not sit idle and wait until Germany can again supply us. We have our

own cotton. Our domestic supply of wool can be supplemented by imports from South America and Oceanica. Some raw silk can be secured from France, while large amounts are available in Japan and China. The textile mills of Europe have long been successful competitors and have been able to undersell the domestic mills both here and in foreign markets. This condition is more than likely to be remedied, and a long period of prosperity is bound to result.

In linens, laces and embroideries the situation is somewhat more difficult. We have been almost entirely dependent upon Europe for both our raw and finished products. Recently, however, a Canadian agricultural implement company succeeded in inventing a machine for fulling flax from the ground, thus enabling us to accomplish by machinery what Russia has done by hand. We should soon be in a position to compete with Europe in the raising of flax, and there is no complaint concerning the quality of the flax which we can produce. Our direct labor costs have been too high. To some extent we may be able to substitute cottons and cotton and linen mixtures for the higher priced European goods.

The war has stimulated the hosiery and underwear industries, in which America is supreme. Large export orders have been received by a number of mills, and it seems likely that the little competition which we have had from Europe in our domestic markets is a thing of the past.

The United States has been importing cabinet woods in large quantities from England, where they have been shipped from Central and South America and other countries to be dyed and partially finished. Manufacturers of musical instruments are, however, finding very satisfactory substitutes here for many of the woods used in making piano and organ cases, and other cabinets. For example, red gum, of which we have large quantities, is being used instead of Circassian walnut. Other domestic woods can be utilized in their natural colors or dyed with American dyes.

Hides and leather are imported into the United States in large amounts. So are leather manufactures. While it is true that our American tanneries are in a serious condition at the present time owing to the lack of materials with which to work, the condition is not likely to continue. Instead

LIVING WITHOUT OUR IMPORTS

of coming from Europe, hides and skins will be imported in an unfinished state from producing countries rather than in the finished state indirectly from these countries through Europe. The demand for beef to feed the armies will induce a resumption of activity in South America. Large stocks of hides are now accumulating in some of the foreign shipping centers, particularly in Latin America, and stocks are beginning to pile up in the domestic market owing to the continued inactivity of the tanneries. With supplies of the raw material fairly liberal, it is not likely that the heavier grades of leather will advance materially in price. Fifty per cent. of our calf-skin supply is now cut off, coming as it does from Russia, Germany and France. Skins from China and India—the latter the largest market for supplies in the world—can be secured just as soon as our bankers make arrangements to finance the shipments which have been handled heretofore with London exchange. We can reasonably expect that this will soon take place under our new banking law, and when it does, the domestic tanneries should profit.

During 1913, the United States imported seven million dollars' worth of leather gloves, mostly for women. Our glove industry will not need to meet this competition this year, and an expansion is probable. The fine glacé goods from Europe probably cannot be made in this country because of the absence of skilled workmen. The scarcity of the finer grades of kid gloves, together with the strike among American glove cutters, will have a strong tendency to cause the substitution of silk gloves, in the manufacture of which America stands supreme.

In food stuffs of almost every kind, we have been offenders against American industry. Instead of growing sugar beets occasionally in order to loosen the soil, we buy dynamite and jar it loose. The Germans plant beets, benefit the soil, and make a large per cent. of all the sugar produced, but not so with us. We must have cane sugar and go to Cuba for the cane. The dyed French peas are already under the pure food ban, because the sulphate of copper used to color them is a deadly poison. Why should they be preferred to ours? In the making of dairy products we are infants, yet we gave the world the milk and cream separator. The cheeses of Herkimer County and New York State are made

in plants much more sanitary than those of Europe. We have not been successful imitators of the imported grades, but the quality of our own product is high. The protein and heat caloric content of American cheese is greater than that of beef—a fact which comparatively few housewives are aware of, and which, if better known, might lead to more frequent use of this cheese in our home menus.

For years we exported cotton seed oil to Italy only to buy it back refined and labeled "olive." We paid the freight both ways, paid for a Belgian bottle and a German label, and lost the profit in refining. American cotton seed oil is used extensively in the manufacture of soaps and cooking oils. But Europe has taught us how to use it and has furnished us with much of the product. It has been in disrepute in our markets solely because it was sold as olive oil for so many years.

European lentils, perhaps the most nourishing and oldest of foods, have not been successfully produced in this country. Our Southern coalfield or "cow" peas, of which we have an abundance, are nearly as nutritious and very cheap. The pearl onions from Germany are a luxury, but none are superior to our own "Texas Bermudas." The *Strangenspargel* (asparagus) from Germany finds a ready substitute in the California white or Long Island green products. The Southdown mutton from England is no better than our own, when raised with equal care. Red German sauerkraut is largely an American product, being manufactured here successfully. Servian prunes are better than the Californian product only because the domestic article is bleached with sulphur. The Servian product comes unbleached.

These are only a few of the many things which we have been importing from the war zone and which can be got in America or for which a satisfactory domestic substitute can be found.

But we must not forget that in the long run it is quality that wins. "Made in America" will be a conquering trademark if American goods are the best that can be got at the price. The law of the survival of the fittest will continue to operate.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Additional weight is lent to the foregoing authoritative article by the fact that the School of Commerce has been appointed by the Government to investigate and report on this important subject.

TEACHING MOTHERS AND CHILDREN HOW TO MARKET

"HOW to Buy" is the title of a circular which is arousing considerable interest among the teachers, schoolchildren and housewives of New York. It is addressed "To the Purchasing Public," and is issued by the Mayor's Food Supply Committee which has been so active in the free market campaign—described in another article. Copies of the circular have been sent to public and parochial schools and children's aid societies, and Borough President Marks hopes through this means to revive enthusiasm in marketing, which he has intimated is a lost art so far as the housewives of the city are concerned.

As the information set forth in this brief but important document is not merely of local but of universal interest, we quote it in full as follows:

"Go to the store yourself.

"Select for yourself the article you desire to purchase.

"Inquire its price.

"If the quality and price please you, be sure that you get in weight or measure the amount you buy. Watch the scale. Watch the measure.

"If the meat you purchase is weighed in a piece of paper or anything else, be sure you are not charged for the weight of the paper.

"You are entitled to all the bone and the trimmings of the piece of meat that you buy. You should take home and make use of such bone and trimmings. The fat can be rendered and used for cooking purposes; the bone and trimmings used for soup or stew. When the trimmings are not taken home the butcher throws them into a box under the counter and sells them to some one else for about 6 cents a pound. They belong to you and you should have them.

"In buying meat, don't go in and ask for 25 cents worth of meat and leave it to the butcher to decide how much meat you should have for a quarter. Select your piece of meat; ask the price per pound; say how many pounds you want; have it weighed; see that you get your weight and that the butcher's calculation as to how much meat you have, at a certain price per pound, is correct. Many a penny is lost to the customer by neglecting the above simple precautions.

"Don't allow your dealer to weigh the wooden butter dish in weighing your butter unless he deducts the weight.

"Don't buy in small quantities if you can possibly avoid it. Make every effort to get together \$2 or \$3. This will enable you to:

"Buy for cash, buy in larger quantities, buy where you can do the best. In this way you can save \$2 or \$3 in a very short time.

"Under the laws and regulations of the city you have definite rights in the matter of getting full measure and full weight for everything you buy, and the City's Bureau of Weights and Measures stands ready to help you get your rights. This is a protection that is due the honest dealer as well as yourself.

"Cheapness does not always mean quality or full weight. Be sure you get both.

"A pamphlet entitled 'What the Purchasing Public Should Know,' covering this entire subject, will be mailed to any one on application to The Mayor's Food Supply Committee (George W. Perkins), City Hall, New York."

This circular has been followed by another, "What to Buy," which is headed by the diagram of a cow, showing from what part of the animal the various cuts are taken. The less expensive cuts, it is explained, such as flank, chuck or round, are really more nourishing than porterhouse or sirloin.

"We must begin at the beginning," says Mr. Marks, the head of the open market campaign, "if we are to teach the people how and where to buy their food so as to get the most for their money. Among the very poor, who are the chief sufferers from high market prices, this education is especially needed. The poor pay more in proportion to what they get, and they have been getting a poorer article. If they are taught how to buy and how they may avoid wastage, they will have better food at lower prices.

"I would suggest as a supplement to the circular a system of prizes for the schoolchildren. Let each child be given a small sum of money—25 cents, 50 cents, \$1—and then let him or her go to the market accompanied by the teacher and select supplies for the family. Then let the purchases be brought to school and the prize awarded to the one who can secure the best 'value' for the money, the greatest quantity of tasty and nutritious food. Out of this competition would come the true marketing spirit."

THE SLAV: HIS SPLENDOR, HIS MISERY

(continued from page 144.)

Russia, whether through this present war or through the revolution that may follow. Intelligent Russian men and women are everywhere working together for an harmonious government and for complete equality in the development of such a government."

Naturally all progress toward a higher civilization among the Slavs must come from wider education, there as everywhere. But it is essential, in the meantime, that we should realize what is already being done along educational lines, what progress is being made industrially and agriculturally, and also that we should give full credit to the Russian culture which has existed for many generations and which has practically always been born out of the heart of the simple people. We find the Russian painters today vitally sympathetic to the Russian country, their greatest portraits of Russians; their development, their technique along national lines; their most brilliant and vivid landscapes are of the Russian rivers and fields and towns. The Russian drama, both in subject and in presentation, is vitally Slav.

The Russian dancing, in spite of the encroachment of the Italian ballet, is still essentially and beautifully Slavic. We hear, in America, most often of the Russian Imperial Ballet which dances in the theater of the Czar. But this really is an exotic in Russia and not the dancing that you see in ninety-nine per cent. of the villages and the theaters. The Russian dancers as a whole are still keeping time to the old *czardas*, and the costume is still the warlike dress with boots and spurs and cossack hat.

Of the Russian literature one scarcely needs to speak, so well known is it as the embodiment of the Russian progressive spirit of the day. It is difficult at the moment to recall a great Russian writer whose subject and presentation have not been entirely "home spun." And not only do the Russian writers present the lives of their own people, the environment in which they themselves have been born, but practically always the stories are written for the purpose of bettering the lives of the people, of in some way righting wrong, encouraging enterprise, or bringing the sorrows and calamities of the humble folk

before the eyes of the mighty. And this is not done in a perfunctory manner, it is never the moralist writing—it is the prophet. Gorky has practically always told his stories with a white light shining through them. Tolstoi's fiction, essays, his everyday speech were all for the people. And this has not prevented either of these men from ranking among the great novelists of their age. Turgenev, whose purpose is perhaps more veiled to the outlander, is an open page of pleading for Russia to those who know the Slav country and people.

The same intensity, the same thrilling national spirit pours through the sculpture of the land. We are showing as a frontispiece this month the head of a "Russian thinker," a great impersonal masterpiece; yet with all its interest for the world, as Chaliapine says of the art of his people, "The sun of Russia has poured through the work. It is not a French thinker or a statesman of England or a thoughtful man of America, it is the serious, spiritual Russian contemplating the life of his people, conscious of the tragedy of it, looking into the future with the eyes of hope."

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE UNEMPLOYED?

Those who are interested in solving the unemployment problem and in reducing the cost of living, may consider the practical suggestions of a New York newspaper.

"On the one hand," it is stated, "we have the city with its thousands of families compelled to live economically, and therefore unable to afford the fresh fruits and vegetables that health demands. On the other hand we have the country, where enormous quantities of food rot in or on the ground for want of picking. No statistician has yet estimated the wastage of this nation. It would be hard to find anywhere a garden patch that is picked clean or an orchard in which a large part of the fruit is not allowed to decay. Our seas and estuaries, our rivers, streams and ponds would, under scientific propagation and care, yield enough fish and crustacean food to bring down the price of beef to a reasonable figure.

"There are also a sufficient number of the unemployed to perform the work of collecting and distributing these supplies. The proper direction of their energies is a problem that should engage the attention of practical philanthropy."



HELPING THE HOME-MAKERS OF AMERICA

(Continued from page 193.)

amateur knowledge with technical facts, figures and advice. Chats with friends and neighbors who have evolved successful dwellings of their own will warn them of many architectural pitfalls to be avoided and suggest countless benefits to be gained. And thus, without imitation, without loss of originality, they may profit by the experience of others and gather hints that will guide them in their own home-making adventure.

The average person, however, cannot alone do more than map out in a general way the design and arrangement of the new home. The difficulty is to find some reasonable source of authentic information and practical help in the solving of the various problems of layout, construction and design, before taking up the matter with the architect or builder who is to supervise the work.

CRAFTSMAN HOME-BUILDERS' EXPOSITION.

It was to fill this need, to give prospective home-makers a chance to study and investigate materials and methods at first hand, that the Craftsman Home-Builders' Exposition was established. Readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN* already know of this organization, its aims and scope; we have described and illustrated it in previous articles, explaining its systematic arrangement, the

HOUSE AT OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND, N. Y., IN WHICH FISKE TAPESTRY BRICK HAS BEEN USED WITH REMARKABLY PICTURESQUE RESULT: CARRÈRE & HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS: EXAMPLES OF THIS STYLE OF BRICKWORK ARE SHOWN IN THE CRAFTSMAN HOME-BUILDERS' EXPOSITION.

wide range of products displayed, and the active service that is being rendered through this means to the home-loving public. Many of our friends, however, do not know how this Exposition has been constantly growing and improving, and it seems worth while, therefore, to mention here a few of the recent developments which are making it more and more helpful to all who seek its aid.

One of the most important of these changes is the moving of the Craftsman Architectural Department from the tenth to the eighth floor, in order that it may be in close touch with the building material exhibit. This, we believe, will prove a great convenience, for prospective builders who wish expert advice in connection with the products displayed, can now readily consult one of our architects and receive reliable information that will help them to decide upon the most appropriate, durable and economical material for the particular purpose in mind.

For those who expect to build in the near future and who desire all the authentic information possible on this important problem, a member of our architectural staff will act as guide through the entire Building, explaining each exhibit and discussing every

HELPING THE HOME-MAKERS OF AMERICA



CHIMNEYPIECE OF ROUGH-TEXTURED BRICK LAID IN GEOMETRIC DESIGNS: THE WORK OF THE COLONIAL FIREPLACE CO., ONE OF THE CRAFTSMAN EXHIBITORS.

feature of design, arrangement, materials, methods of construction, equipment and furnishing of the future home.

In developing this Exposition, and in striving to make it as widely helpful as possible, we have brought together not only the materials and articles themselves, but also a large collection of the most authoritative books and catalogues available on every phase of home-building—including a reference library in one of the Club Rooms on the eleventh floor, which is at the service of our visitors. Illustrations and descriptions of the best modern building materials, exterior and interior finishes, furnishings, fittings, household devices, etc., are to be found in the catalogues, and we are always glad to supply copies free to those who are interested, or to send them by mail to those who live too far from New York to visit us.

MODEL KITCHEN AND LAUNDRY.

Another valuable innovation is the establishment, now under way, of a Model Kitchen and Laundry, furnished with the most efficient and hygienic of modern equipments. This department, which is on the sixth floor, will be under the supervision of Miss Helen M. Logan, who outfitted the Columbia University and the Barnard College

kitchens, and whose twenty years' experience as a specialist in this important branch of domestic science gives her unusual qualifications for the present undertaking. Miss Logan will be at hand to answer questions, to offer suggestions to visitors in regard to kitchen equipment and methods of working, and to plan, without charge, kitchen outfits for those who are building new homes or refitting old ones. This department of the Exposition must



THIS CHARMING BRICK FIREPLACE IS EQUIPPED WITH A "COVERT" IRON THROAT AND DAMPER—A MODERN INVENTION THAT CAN BE SEEN IN THE EXPOSITION AT THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING.

HELPING THE HOME-MAKERS OF AMERICA



CHILDREN'S PLAYROOM IN THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING, IN CHARGE OF MRS. HELEN SPEER, THE DESIGNER OF THESE UNIQUE AND FRIENDLY TOYS AND FURNISHINGS: THIS DEPARTMENT IS ON THE ELEVENTH FLOOR.

inevitably prove of great service to every housewife who visits it.

A VARIETY OF BUILDING MATERIALS.

On each of the four floors occupied by the Exposition, similar additions and improvements have been made. For instance, the varied display of building materials on the eighth floor now includes an exhibition of modern brick work which claims the admiration of every visitor. The rough-textured, richly toned units have been used with remarkably decorative effect, giving the home-builder a chance to study the artistic as well as practical possibilities of different bonds, joints, patterns and color schemes. A number of brick fireplace models have been constructed which are full of inspiration and suggestion for the lover of the open hearth.

Another popular feature of the eighth floor is the collection of architectural models—houses, cottages and bungalows which illustrate in unique, charming and practical fashion several interesting types of homes. These miniature dwellings suggest an effective means by which both architect and owner may see, before the building is begun, just how the house is going to look when completed—a form of experiment which affords a chance for modification in plan and design before it is too late to make such changes, and thus often avoids many future disappointments.

INTERIOR HOME EQUIPMENT.

Equally interesting has been the development of the seventh floor. Here may be seen examples of interior finishes and fittings, such as paints and stains, ornamental mantels, and floorings of linoleum and cork in which both durability and beauty are combined. Fabrics for wall coverings are also shown, serviceable, sanitary, and artistic in color and design. There are innumerable fittings, too, as useful as they are lovely—articles of pottery, copper, brass and other metals—flower holders, desk sets, lamps and candlesticks that recall, by their simple, decorative handling of materials, the craftsmanship of olden days. Interesting uses of wood are shown in walls, book-cases, doors and other interior features, while model rooms with simple, artistic furnishings offer the visitor many a hint for the arrangement and decoration of a home interior. A collection of Copley prints, with their reproductions of the best art of modern and old-time masters, suggests a charming and inexpensive way of adding to the beauty of the walls.

Many new household equipments and labor-saving devices have been added to the exhibition on the sixth floor. There are refrigerators that are models of compactness, convenience and sanitation; fireless cookers that eliminate much of the discomfort and labor of old-fashioned methods; furnaces

HELPING THE HOME-MAKERS OF AMERICA



AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF MODERN ROOFING IS SHOWN HERE: TRANSITE ASBESTOS SHINGLES, MADE BY THE JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., FORM THE FIREPROOF COVERING.

and hot water heaters that are as efficient and economical as twentieth century invention can make them; and gas radiators, plate warmers, kitchen ranges and cabinets that prove how effectively modern science can aid the housewife in every department of her work. Electric-light bath-cabinets, tool chests, wall safes, window screens, ventilators and adjusters, weather strips, dust-ers—these are also among the exhibits, and the home-builder who is interested in electrical appliances will find a collection of the latest devices in this line for lightening the household labor. Here, too, we are establishing the model kitchen and laundry referred to before.

OUR GARDEN DEPARTMENT.

The Garden Department is likewise proving more and more helpful to prospective home-makers, and indeed to all who live or are planning to live in the suburbs or country where there is opportunity for outdoor life. The fifth floor, where this department is located, has been rearranged to include many new and charming features, so that one now finds there a veritable garden atmosphere. There are pergolas and arbors, with rustic seats and tables that suggest many ways of securing shelter and comfort around the home. Sundials, fern jars and other forms of garden pottery are to be seen, while concrete bird basins for porch and lawn, and tiny bird houses, perched invitingly on post and branch, remind the

visitor that there are many charming means of attracting these little feathered neighbors and coaxing them to become regular garden tenants. Portable houses for the summer camper and greenhouses for those who have room to grow things under glass are also among the attractions, while flower baskets, watering pots and outfits of garden tools are likewise at hand. A collection of illustrated volumes on garden lore affords a reference library for the wisdom-seeking amateur, and to this is being constantly added newly published books on gardening, farming, fruit and vegetable growing and kindred occupations.

Readers may also be interested to learn that this department has been placed in charge of Mrs. Eloise Roorbach, whose name is already known to CRAFTSMAN subscribers as an authority on garden topics. Mrs. Roorbach is always glad to talk with garden-loving callers, to advise them about the laying out, planting and care of their grounds, to give them, in short, the benefit of her own experience. And as she has only recently returned from the Orient, where she studied the homes and gardens of Japan, a chat with her on these and similar subjects adds to the pleasure as well as the information of the Exposition visitor.

Another point of interest on the fifth floor is the "Eye-Comfort Lighting Shop," where the home-maker can study at leisure innumerable styles of lighting fixtures for table, desk, wall and ceiling, artistic in de-

HELPING THE HOME-MAKERS OF AMERICA



BUNGALOW OF HOLLOW WALL CONCRETE, BUILT BY W. H. RILEY AT RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA: A DEMONSTRATION OF THIS TYPE OF CONSTRUCTION, KNOWN AS THE VAN GUILDER SYSTEM, IS AMONG THE INTERESTING FEATURES OF OUR EXPOSITION.

sign, and arranged with thought not only for the utmost beauty of effect, but also for the greatest possible eye-comfort and restfulness.

THE "CHILDREN'S PLAYROOM."

A recent innovation among our exhibits is the Children's Playroom, under the direction of Mrs. Helen Speer, whose experience as a designer of nursery furnishings and toys has won her wide appreciative recognition among both the little people and their parents. The photograph on page 227 gives some impression of the charm of her unique playthings and fittings. The tiny chairs and tables, painted and enameled, are stenciled with geometric or conventionalized animal, bird and tree designs. The painted canvas screens display equally attractive decorations, while the see-saws, Noah's Arks, rocking horses and friezes for the nursery walls are all resplendent with the Mother Goose characters so dear to childhood's imaginative heart. Owls and squirrels, chickens, elephants, cats and other furred and feathered friends of the children appear in various guises and colors on furniture, draperies and walls. Even the rug has a border of small Dutch figures, and the doorsteps take the form of wooden birds and animals painted in alluring tones. There is a "Boy Scout" tent, too, especially designed by Mrs. Speer for nursery or garden, of a size that is easy to handle and just large enough for the little folks. And

all these furnishings are made in the simplest, sturdiest fashion, with the fewest possible crevices for dust to gather, and with the corners thoughtfully rounded so that their small owners may encounter as few bumps as possible during even the most boisterous games.

This delightful Playroom is proving almost as fascinating to the grown-up visitors as to the children. Mrs. Speer is always ready to design new furnishings and toys for those who desire them, or to help plan the arrangement, furnishing, color scheme and decorations for nursery or playroom; mothers, kindergarten teachers and others who need help along such lines will find this branch of Craftsman activities very useful.

A WELCOME FOR VISITORS.

Space does not permit the use of many illustrations, although we might fill volumes with photographs of the various materials shown in our Exposition, and the different uses to which they are put. But more convincing than photographs is a study of the products themselves. We are always glad, therefore, to welcome to our Building all who are interested in seeing what we have brought together for the benefit of American home-makers. And we feel sure that those who avail themselves of this opportunity to become familiar with the actual materials and methods of building, furnishing and household equipment, will find the time well spent.

A NEW TYPE OF FIREPROOF GARAGE

A NEW TYPE OF FIREPROOF GARAGE

THE garage illustrated here will be of interest, we believe, to every builder and automobile owner who wishes to combine durability and pleasing design with an absolutely fireproof structure. The materials and method of construction are particularly worth examining, for they are as practical and scientific as they are unique. At the same time, the building is so simple that the owner can erect it himself if he desires, with or without help.

The garage is intended for a single car, and as the plan and elevations show, it is light, airy and convenient. There is a large double door at the front for the car entrance, and a single door at the side near the work bench at the rear. Six double-hung windows are also provided, and the front doors are made with glass in the upper portion.

The foundation and lower part of the wall, up to the window sills, are of con-

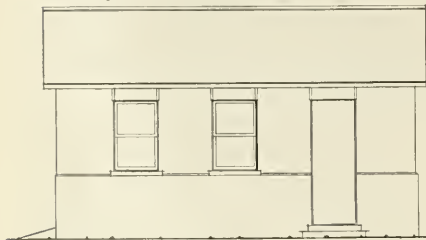
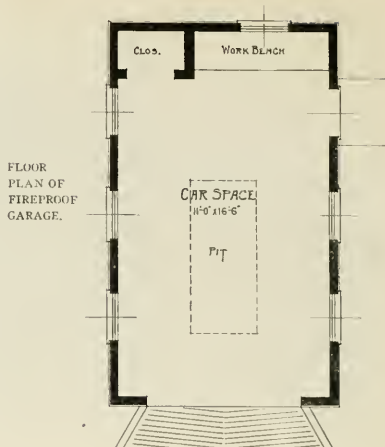


FIGURE ONE: SIDE ELEVATION OF FIREPROOF GARAGE, BUILT OF CONCRETE, STEEL AND ASBESTOS: THE FRAMEWORK OF "METAL LUMBER" IS MADE BY THE BERGER MFG. CO., AND THE "TRANSITE ASBESTOS LUMBER" SIDING AND CORRUGATED ASBESTOS ROOFING ARE MADE BY THE H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

crete, for this not only provides a solid base for the building and presents a surface that will not be injured by accidental bumping of the car, but it is also satisfactory from the standpoint of design. This concrete wall is 6 inches thick, with an 18 inch footing.

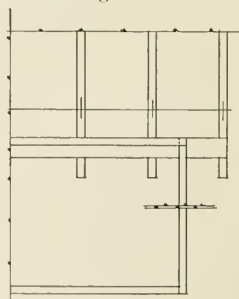
The upper portion of the wall consists of "metal lumber" covered inside and out with "transite asbestos lumber," and the framework of the roof is also of "metal lumber" with a covering of corrugated asbestos roofing. The doors have a wood core over which is sheet metal (painted tin is the most economical), and the window



frames may be either of wood or metal, as preferred. The floor is of cement, with the usual pit in the center.

The "metal lumber" consists of lightweight pressed steel made in sheet form with the edges bent to make channel irons and I-beams—a style of framework which is both strong and cheap. These irons, which are made by the Berger Mfg. Co. of New York, may be ordered in any lengths required, the best plan being to send the manufacturers the working drawings of one's garage, so that they may know the exact amount and sizes of "metal lumber" needed. The channel irons and I-beams shown here are $1\frac{1}{2}$ by 4 inches, and are made with holes at convenient intervals so that they may be easily fastened to each other, to the concrete, "asbestos wood" and asbestos roofing.

FIGURE TWO: ENLARGED DETAIL SHOWING INSIDE OF GARAGE WITH "METAL LUMBER" FRAMEWORK EXPOSED: THE BOTTOM LINES REPRESENT THE CHANNEL IRON THAT RESTS ON THE CONCRETE WALL.



AMERICA'S THANKSGIVING

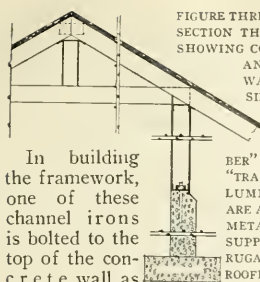


FIGURE THREE: VERTICAL CROSS-SECTION THROUGH GARAGE, SHOWING CONCRETE FOOTING AND FOUNDATION WALL UP TO WINDOW SILL; ABOVE THIS ARE SEEN THE CHANNEL IRONS OF "METAL LUMBER" TO WHICH THE "TRANSITE ASBESTOS LUMBER" WALL PANELS ARE ATTACHED; SIMILAR METAL FRAMEWORK SUPPORTS THE CORRUGATED ASBESTOS ROOFING.

In building the framework, one of these channel irons is bolted to the top of the concrete wall as seen in figure 3, and upright pieces are fastened to this at the proper distances. In the same manner the rest of the framework of roof and walls is put together.

After the metal frame is in place, the walls are covered with the "transite asbestos lumber." This is a form of strong sheeting made from asbestos fiber and binding cement, and is not only proof against fire but is unaffected by moisture or changes of temperature. It is manufactured by the H. W. Johns-Manville Co.

This "transite asbestos lumber" is readily screwed or bolted in panel form to the steel frame, as shown, and strips of the same materials are fastened over the joints. The panels are fastened to both sides of the wall, making a neat finish for exterior and interior. If a cheaper construction is desired, the inside panels may be omitted.

The corrugated asbestos roofing is also



FIGURE FOUR: FRONT ELEVATION OF GARAGE SHOWING METAL COVERED DOORS, CONCRETE FOUNDATION WALL, AND PANELS OF "TRANSITE ASBESTOS LUMBER" ABOVE WITH BATTEN STRIPS OVER JOINTS.

made by the H. W. Johns-Manville Co. It is a composition consisting of several layers of pure asbestos felt, thoroughly impregnated with non-volatile, long-lived asphalt, reinforced in the center with heavy perforated sheet metal. Being solid, fireproof and weatherproof, this roofing is practically indestructible. It can be had in various convenient lengths, from 6 to 10 feet, 28 inches wide, and can be easily overlapped and fastened to the metal roof frame.

The "metal lumber," "transite asbestos lumber" and asbestos roofing can all be adapted to garages of any size and style. Those who contemplate the building of a garage by this simple and effective method will find it advisable to send their drawings not only to the Berger Mfg. Co., but also to the H. W. Johns-Manville Co., who will inform them how much siding and roofing will be needed and how much it will cost.

ALS IK KAN

AMERICA'S THANKSGIVING

ALTHOUGH here in America we are three thousand miles away from the hideous conflict that is going on between friend and friend, brother and brother on the other side of the water, nevertheless a veil of sadness seems to have fallen over our own land. It is not only that so many of us individually love France, or England, or Germany, not only that we have many friends, and some of us relatives, in the heat of the battle; it is rather as though the very vibrations of the air were bringing us waves of sorrow from the bleeding hearts of the wounded and stricken. The more courageous of us have, from the start, refused to accept this burden which is not our own, which we cannot lessen by our tears, and yet in spite of this there seems to be everywhere the need of foregoing pleasure, the talk only of the war, a tendency to think only of the difficulties it has brought us—permitting ourselves to mourn where we cannot mend.

I should be the last person in the world to advocate any exhibition of heartlessness toward the unescapable sorrow of all Europe. In my birth heritage am too close to the heart of the struggle to feel anything but profoundest sympathy and understanding,—that far I think it is safe to go. It is only the heartless and selfish in this country who can ignore Europe's suffering today.

But what I want, what I feel we must have in America is courage to face life as it exists for us during the struggle and in the aftermath of the war. For practically all the rest of the world to be in the midst of carnage must affect this country; not only our sympathies but our prosperity. It need not of necessity *lessen* our prosperity, but it must somewhat change its course. The wise people amongst us will look at this condition as it is, not through tears, but

AMERICA'S THANKSGIVING

with a level, well directed gaze in order to understand where we lose, where we gain, where we must adjust.

In an article which we have succeeded in getting for this issue of the magazine, "Living without Our Imports," which was especially prepared for us by the research workers in the Chamber of Commerce of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, we set forth very clearly some of the essential changes which must come about in our businesses. And almost without exception do we find that what we had felt an irreparable loss in certain business lines may be adjusted without too great effort in this country, working in the long run even a wider prosperity.

All changes of industry naturally must be undertaken calmly and pressed forward judicially and patiently. And we must accept and be prepared for intervals of work without immediate result. In other words a result cannot precede a reorganization, as one would like it in this country. We have got to have new manufacturing interests, new factories, able investigations made for glazes and dyes and many other products; all of which means an investment of capital and a certain cheerful optimism until we find ourselves pressed into a wider self-sustaining field than we have ever known before.

If we cannot have so much wool for manufacturing uses from abroad, we will do more wonderful things with cotton; if we cannot have imported decalcomania prints to put on our pottery, we may become better craftsmen and seek more beautiful and more interesting designs for our work. In other words if we face intelligently the immediate deprivation through the cutting off of our foreign supplies, we will on this very account develop as artists and industrial workers. We will have a bigger field of usefulness in this country, our scientists will have fresh opportunities, and business openings will in the course of a number of months be greater than ever, especially for the man with keen brain and some imagination.

All of this brings me to the point I wanted to make, that we have no right to destroy our capacity for activity through futile mourning. Let us get together and do the utmost that we can for all of Europe, for her Red Cross workers, for her hospitals, for her children. Then let us turn our faces eagerly toward the

needs of our own country, the increasing of our business enterprises, the meeting of fresh opportunity as well as unexpected difficulties. No business ever suffered in any country through a demand for enlargement, for greater wisdom, investigation and activity. A fresh need for struggle in the American business world will be productive of far-reaching and purifying as well as stimulating conditions. We should not express anxiety about it, we should not wince over the moment's deprivation; we should turn our faces as our pioneer ancestors did toward the field that needs our plowing.

From this point of view, I find myself thinking almost unexpectedly of Thanksgiving Day, and at the first thought, the word seems an irony. How can we give thanks? It seems so selfish to be glad that we are better off than others. We are still Puritans enough to feel that we should not be grateful if there is suffering anywhere, and yet we must be. We must face our Thanksgiving Day this year with perhaps a prouder spirit than ever before in our history, for in the midst of today's universal sorrow we have proved the strength and solidarity of our own land. In the past we have fought for our democracy and worked peacefully for it, talked of it and written of it; but just now, in the last few months, the strength of it, its integrity has been put to the test as never before, and in the midst of the greatest conflict the world has ever known America has stood forth as the great peace-nation. We have extended our sympathy and our handclasp to every country, we have offered partisanship to none; we have given our money to aid the suffering, and our Red Cross Societies are for all the struggling, fighting, dying nations.

Surely if we have achieved such a prodigious national success as this, then we should be capable of the greatest impersonal Thanksgiving we have ever offered up. Let us in this particular year, close to so much that is terrible and heart-rending, be very grateful indeed for our nation's triumph. Let us for once forget our individual reasons for happiness or sorrow, our own distress over foreign conditions, our own personal suffering; or perhaps through them, let us as one voice utter a great hymn of praise for the peace that remains within us, and which we feel is born out of the soul of the greatest Democracy civilization has yet developed.



Courtesy of Art et Décoration.

MOTHER AND CHILD, FROM A
BAS-RELIEF BY ANNING BELL.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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THE MIRACLE OF CHRISTMAS: A GREETING: BY CONINGSBY DAWSON



IT'S odd that this madness for giving only comes upon us in its full sincerity at Christmas. Most of the year we spend in getting—*we must*. Only by getting can we get on, and only by getting on we get more on—and getting more and more on is one of the first principles of modern life. The man who doesn't get on, gets left.

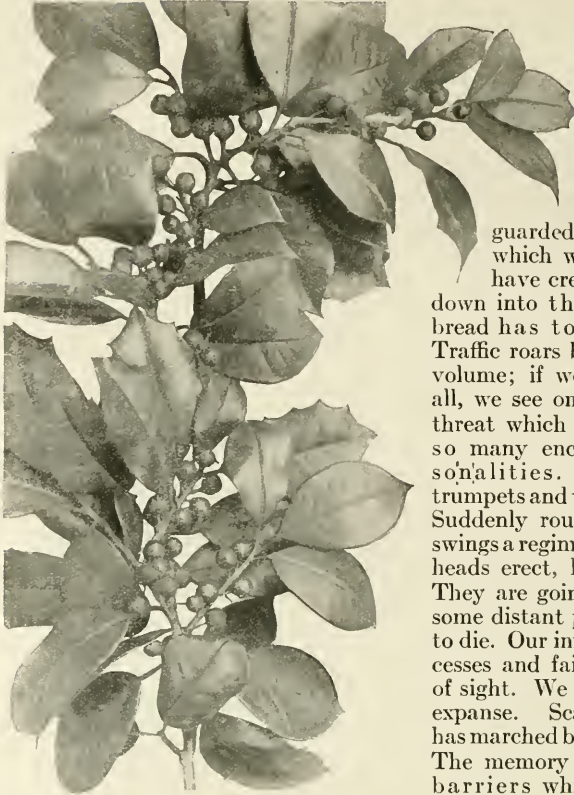
Behold the miracle. About the fourth week in December, for one day out of so many, the world turns its back on its necessary selfishness and deliberately retraces its steps to the first generousities of childhood. And why?

That question can be asked of most of our finest moments. Why does a man hamper his pleasures and give to old affections a secondary place for the sake of a girl chance-met? Why does the landscape alter for her sake, so that where yesterday he saw rutted roads of prose today he sees field-tracks and mist-mountains of romance? The same transformation may be attained by witnessing the mysteries of birth and death. More momentarily a stampede of music and the beauty in some flash of phrase may shatter the delusion that life is commonplace.

The truth is we are mystics and as secret in our faith as anarchists—so secret that sometimes we forget. In a society which seeks material ends the mystic is a heretic and has to travel in disguise. Often he disguises so well that he deceives himself. But the soul is full of revolts and surprises.

We have suffered defeat and are tired of the long struggle for unworthy prizes. Life, from the first wide vision we had of it like a sky spacious with sunrise, has narrowed and narrowed until at last it seems a walled-in pathway leading from one locked door to the next. A morning comes when we waken to a day full of liberty—a liberty

THE MIRACLE OF CHRISTMAS



which was in all the other days and of which we have grown un-ware. We set out as prisoners to our self-seeking, guarded by the fears which we ourselves have created. We go down into the city when bread has to be earned. Traffic roars by, imperial in volume; if we notice it at all, we see only the dreary threat which is entailed by so many encroaching personalities. The blare of trumpets and thud of drums! Suddenly round a corner swings a regiment of soldiers, heads erect, lips smiling. They are going laughing to some distant place, perhaps to die. Our imprisoning successes and failures sink out of sight. We have gazed on expanse. Scarlet heroism has marched before our eyes. The memory breaks down barriers which selfishness

has raised—for that day, while the thud of drums is remembered, life seems dignified.

But why? Having found that men are nobler than we fancied, we are led to hope that our individual destiny may be larger than we suspect. The effect of any glimpse of splendor—whether the splendor of courage or of tenderness—is the same; it makes us want to share. The sharing spirit is the Christmas spirit.

Most of the clamors which arise in the soul are unpremeditated. With Christmas it is different—it can happen only on the one day. Have you ever tried to hold a Christmas on

THE MIRACLE OF CHRISTMAS

any other date than the twenty-fifth of December? I have, and it was a dismal failure. As children, I and my sister would desperately feign that certain days in spring and summer were additional Christmases. We would bring all our imagination to bear on the pretense. Going to bed early, we would hang up our stockings and try to conjure up the strangling sense of happiness and expectation. Presently a little white figure would creep in at the doorway and there would be a rustling of paper. When the figure had disappeared, it would be my turn to slip out of bed and put my gift into my sister's stocking. By strict agreement examination of stockings must not take place until the exchange of presents had been effected. For this there was a reason, born of experience: usually the presents were of unequal value and quarrels followed, the more generous person making a determined effort to recover his or her gift from the meaner party. We often cheated—a thing we should never have done on the real Christmas. I can remember an occasion when I received a ball of paper in return for my best pen-knife: my sister can remember occasions when I was equally unworthy. Our faked Christmases rarely ended happily; generosity was usually supplanted by anger and embitterment.

But the real Christmas, that visited us on the one and only date! It seems to me that always, as the day of the twenty-fourth commenced to shorten, the white fleecy snow began to fall. When the street lamps flickered up like candles on an altar, they gazed on a world that was white. The strife of the city was muffled. Carts went by, but you had to peer out through the blinds to know that they were passing—they made no sound. An atmosphere of gentleness had descended. Everyone in the house went about with stealth, as though planning some secret kindness. And then the night and the trying to keep awake till Santa Claus should come. And the




THE MIRACLE OF CHRISTMAS

waking up, with the frost weaving patterns on the panes. Somewhere far away a harp was being played and a cornet was challenging the silence. The tune they played was an accompaniment to the most beautiful legend in the world. At first dreamily you tried to remember why for once the darkness was not frightening, and then, 'Ah, it's Christmas!' As you turned your feet made the paper crack, and at the end of the bed you were too content and happy even to look at your presents. Why was it that next day everybody and everything was different? The air was full of bells singing riotously. Everyone, for this one day, ceased to think of his own happiness and found happiness in bringing cheerfulness to others. The stern gulf which is fixed between children and grown-ups had vanished—there weren't any grown-ups. Somewhere in your childish heart you wondered why every day couldn't be made a day of kindness.

And that wonder of a child's heart is the Christmas message. Once a year, by a divine conspiracy, all the ships of our hopes and fears turn back from their voyagings to the harbor of tenderness. They are borne back on the crest of a white tide of mysticism that sweeps round the world. A truce of God is declared to all fightings, and men and women walk as children through a world that is kind. They commence to give and cease to annex; they act in the belief that God is in His Heaven. The result is one tremulous white day of unselfishness—a day which gradually all the other days in the year are learning to envy and imitate.

In a story of the *Gesta Romanorum* the wisdom of Christmas is written above the dead: '*What I kept I lost; what I spent I had; what I gave I have.*'





THE CHRISTMAS ROSE: THE
SNOW-FLOWER OF AMERICA,
WHICH SHOULD FLOURISH
IN EVERY NORTHERN WIN-
TER GARDEN



HERE is a rose that loves the snow of winter as other roses do the suns of summer, a wild thing that dauntlessly pitches a green shelter-tent of leaves beside a rift of ice and unfolds pink, white-lined blossoms therein in safety. This flower recluse, like a fair novice, delights in austerities, in pale sunshine and a gray world, in a solitary contemplative life, in the nave of cloister-chilled groves, living its lovely sweet life apart from all its kind; with its pure white face upturned to the light, it seems a holy thing. As its five petals, rayed like a star, open at a season when any other flower would perish, when the sacred festival of the Nativity is fresh in the remembrance of mankind, it seems to bear some half-perceived symbolic connection with the star of Bethlehem, perhaps bearing a flower promise of imperishable life.

Should one unacquainted with this white Christmas rose chance upon it in a walk through wintry leafless woods, blooming serenely by a path of snow, he might be excused for pausing, lost in astonishment, thinking he had happened upon some lovely Michaelmas miracle or pretty trick of the Jack Frost fairies. That fabled creature the fire salamander, reported to live in the heart of a flame, seems to

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

be no more marvelous an invention of man's imagination than this sweet rose that lives beneath a coverlet of snow.

This Christmas rose as it is called, whose existence is such a strangely contradictory one, is really not a rose at all but a hellebore, that queer family with the unenviable reputation for deceptive wickedness. The hellebores have not a very exalted name, in fact they are said by some to possess quite deadly qualities. From the leaves and the roots a poisonous draught may be brewed of the *herbe enragée*, but since no one nowadays ever brews such a drink for a hated rival and since there is no berry for little children to find and eat, there is no possible danger in growing this rare, little appreciated, winter blooming flower. Its unenviable reputation has come about from a confusion in the minds of many who associate it with a really poisonous plant, the *veratum album*, erroneously called the white hellebore. The hellebore, known familiarly as the Christmas rose (*helleborus niger*) is pink in reality though the open petals are white within. Even here we stumble upon another contradiction, for those five pink petals lined with white are in reality not petals at all, but sepals, the true petals being curled into small two-lipped tubes full to the brim with nectar. In this regard of showy sepals it resembles another Christmas flower, the poinsettia, whose scarlet bracts designed by nature to attract attention to the almost colorless tiny flowers that are mistaken for its stamens, are generally supposed to be the petals.

THERE are two varieties of this lovely flower, *angustifolius* (St. Bridget's Christmas rose) a pure white strong grower and the Madame Fourcade. Both of these bloom early, sometimes even before the holidays. The *helleborus orientalis* sometimes called the Lenten rose which, as its name implies, blooms much later in the season, is a native of Greece and not of Austria as is the Christmas rose. It and its hybrids planted with the *helleborus niger* give a succession of surprising flowers during the long months when no flowers are expected. Among the pretty hybrids of *helleborus orientalis* is the purple spotted Frau Irene Heinemann, and the Gretchen Heinemann, which is purple with red streaks; Persimmon, a white spotted with red, and the Apotheker Bogren, another splotched purple one.

Several green helleborus may be grown but they cannot be compared with the Christmas or Lenten rose for beauty. Yet according to Gerard it is "good for mad and furious persons, for melancholy, dull and heavy men, for those that are troubled with the falling sickness, for lepers, for them that are sick of a quartane ague and for all them that are troubled with black cholera."



THE CHRISTMAS ROSE, REJOICING IN THE STILL CLOISTER COLD OF WINTER, BLOSSOMS SERENELY BENEATH A COVERLET OF SNOW LIKE AN UNEARTHLY FAIRY THING.



THE TRUE
FLOWER OF THE
CHRISTMAS ROSE
IS THE INCON-
SPICUOUS
CENTER IN
THE FIVE
SEPALS THAT
ARE GENERAL-
LY MISTAKEN
FOR THE
PETALS: A
VASE OF THESE
RARE FLOWERS,
WHICH COULD
BE GATHERED
FROM THE
GARDEN ON
CHRISTMAS
DAY WOULD
ADD FRESH
OUTDOOR
CHARM TO THE
HOUSE, ONE
OF NATURE'S
CHRISTMAS
GIFTS.



IF THE CHRISTMAS ROSE IS PROTECTED AND CAREFULLY CULTIVATED, THE STEMS WILL GROW LONG AND THE BLOSSOMS BE LARGER; UNLESS SOME CARE BE GIVEN THE SEVERE WINTER STORMS WILL BEAT THE PLANT DOWN AND SPLASH THE FAIRY BLOSSOMS.

THE FIVE-
PETALED
CHRISTMAS
ROSE IS TRULY
ONE OF THE
SURPRISES AND
BLESSINGS OF
THE NORTHERN
WINTER: BLOS-
SOMING WHEN
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ITY IS BEING
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STAR OF
BETHLEHEM,
PERHAPS
BEARING A
FLOWER-
PROMISE OF
ETERNAL LIFE.



*Christmas
Rose
illustrations
are
from
photographs
by
Nathan R. Graves.*

QUITE LIKE THE NEW ENGLAND WILD ROSE IS THIS WINTER BLOSSOMING PLANT, THOUGH IT DOES NOT BELONG TO THE FAMILY OF ROSES, BUT TO THE RACE OF HELLEBORES.



SHELTERED BY A GREEN TENT OF LEAVES, THE CHRISTMAS ROSE PUTS FORTH WHITE BLOSSOMS AS CONTENTEDLY BENEATH A RIFT OF SNOW AS OTHER ROSES DO BENEATH SUNNY JUNE SKIES.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

OUR beautiful Christmas rose, which looks so like our New England wild or sweetbrier rose, should be planted in September, for even this hardy plant needs warm days in which to establish roots in a new home. Like everything else in nature it will do better if given a sheltered position. In a little grove is best or at the side of a house or scattered among the winter ferns. Buffeting winds, though they cannot destroy it, yet give it more to fight against, and blossoms will not be so large or perfect, nor the stems so tall. People who wish to force them for the holidays give them the help of a cold frame, but even when thus forced they must not be deprived of bracing cold air. If planted alone in a bed, fern fronds spread over them help a bit if the season is exceptionally trying, and keep the fair white blossoms from being splashed with the soil spattered upon them by heavy rains. Any soil will do for them so it is well drained. In the spring they put forth new beautiful palmately-lobed leaves, the flower stem is simple or but once branched, flowers fifteen to eighteen lines across. They are propagated by division, fall and spring. Seedlings will bloom the third year.

The snow plant of the West, a flaming parasite, does not blossom under the snow, but so immediately follows after the spring has melted the winter snows that it sometimes gets caught in a little flurry. The trailing arbutus also comes so early in the spring that it is sometimes picked beneath a late snowstorm. But the Christmas rose that develops in stillness, blooming in peace on Nativity night is the only flower that keeps alive the yearly procession of garden flowers. Berries there are and beautiful leaves, but this flower is the only one that blooms on bravely in spite of wintry blasts. It should be better known, for it is a lovely thing.





A BALLAD OF THE THREE WISE MEN: BY MARGARET WIDDEMER



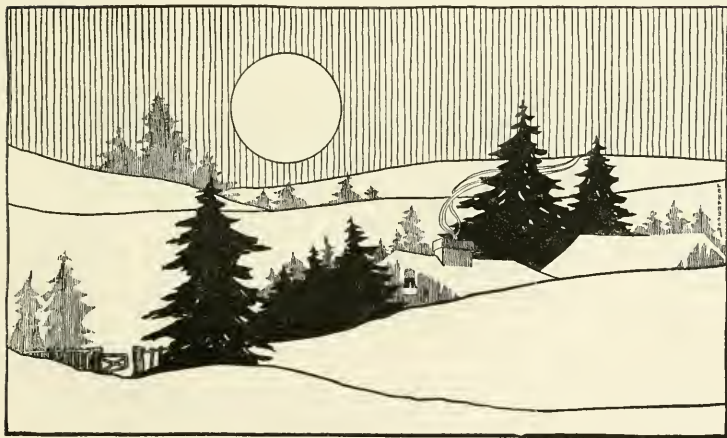
HE Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem,
And the Wise Men gave Him gold,
And Mary-Mother she hearkened them
As they prayed in the cattle-fold:
"Smile, then smile, little Prince of Earth,
Smile in Thy holy sleep,
Now Thou art come, for want and dearth
There shall be plenty and light and mirth
Through lands where the poor folk weep."
But Mary-Mother was still and pale,
And she raised her gold-ringed head,
"Then why have I heard the children wail
All night long on the far-blown gale
While my own Child slept?" she said.
*(But far overhead the angels sang:
"There shall be joy!" the clear notes rang.)*

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem,
And the incense burned for Him
That the Wise Men swung on its silver stem,
And prayed while the smoke burned dim:
"Sleep, then sleep, little Son of God,
Sleep while the whole world prays;
All of the world shall fear Thy nod,
Following close Thy staff and rod
Praising this Day of days."
But Mary-Mother turned whispering,
There by the manger-bed:
"Then why do I hear the mocking ring
Of voices crying and questioning
Through the scented smoke?" she said.

A BALLAD OF THE THREE WISE MEN

*(But high overhead the angels sang:
"There shall be faith!" the pure notes rang.)*

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem,
And the Wise Men gave Him myrrh,
And Mary-Mother she hearkened them
As they prayed by the heart of her.
"Sleep, then sleep, little Prince of Peace,
Sleep, take Thy holy rest:
Now Thou art come all wars shall cease,
Thou who hast brought all strife release
Even from East to West!"
But Mary-Mother she veiled her head
As if her great joys were lost,
And "Here is only a manger-bed,
Then why do I hear clashed swords?" she said,
"And why do I see the tide of red
Over the whole world tossed?"
*(But still overhead the angels sang:
"There shall be peace!" the high notes rang!)*



THE VALUE OF FAIRIES: WHAT ARTHUR RACKHAM HAS DONE TO SAVE THEM FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE WHOLE WORLD: BY CLARA T. MAC CHESNEY



AN any people afford to sacrifice the fairies? Quite apart from the great use which fairy folk are in making child-life rich with romance, do we not need the fairy spirit to stimulate all progress in the really living arts? Among the more elemental people of the world, the Welshmen, the Irish, the Icelanders, we find these little folks revered in not only the religion, but in the very essence of the art of the country. Yeats writes of them so that we know they are living creatures in that wonderful golden imagination of his. And surely with all our interest in purely commercial civilization today, we can spare a little room for them in our poetry, painting and music, a little shelter for their playtime in our gardens and a welcome for them at twilight on our hearths.

Happily we do not need to plead with our children to make room for the fairies in their day-dreams and twilight hours. For little folks still have the vivid imagination that fills the so-called inanimate world with mysterious life. That is why a perfectly natural little child is never lonely. The woods, the fields, the sands of the sea shore, the winds blown from far countries, even the stars and always the gardens are trembling with life, with infinite romance for really simple normal childhood.

Surely we can all remember when we found friends in the flowers and enemies in the shadows; when we did not need stories to make us dream and live with these tiny kindred folk. Rather we listened to their voices and were patient and quiet enough to be allowed their merry companionship. Today we forget, and the fairies are easily disturbed by the blundering ways of grown-up people. It has always



"HUSH-A-BYE BABY, ON THE TREE TOP."

THE VALUE OF FAIRIES

seemed to me that no child had been quite fairly treated who had not lived with the fairies in an enchanted garden. There must be walls about such a garden to hold in memories and tall trees for mystery, and much fragrance—and shadows, and the child must sometimes play alone that his delicate joy may not be marred. What peace this garden will bring in the old, dry years to come, what ineffable tears, what longing!

Pierre Loti found his first touch of romance in a sweet French garden where there were friendly old aunts, much color, perfume and long idle still days.

Coningsby Dawson has written



"HERE AM I, LITTLE JUMPING JOAN."



"PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

tenderly in *THE CRAFTSMAN* about the "Haunted Wood" of his boyhood. This was in Duncird, Scotland, where he spent three months of every year. There, too, the wonderful spirit of childhood had a chance for freest development, and in this place he found all the enchantment that the fairy world ever brings to the eager, believing, childish heart.

Barrie, I am sure, could tell us exquisite stories of youthful days in gardens somewhere in the old Thrums country. Where else indeed could he have found *Peter*

THE VALUE OF FAIRIES

Pan and those other lovely friends of youth? I cannot imagine what would happen to little children if we were to take away the fairies out of our books and pictures and lock up or destroy the elfin haunts in shy gardens and solemn woods.

I remember a wonderful haunted wood in Holland which rested at the edge of a Queen's garden, and was all a soft translucent green. The trees met overhead and sent down pale green shade, and the little stream that moved so slowly through the woods was like a narrow strip of jade. Even the air was green, and heavy with stories, and I knew that there were fairies everywhere, hiding under the leaves, peering at me from the thick fern beds and sailing silver boats down the jade river.

I WAS told in a recent talk with Arthur Rackham, the greatest living painter of child romance, that, strangely enough, he was a city boy, but being a city boy in London is not the same as being a city boy in New York or Chicago, and one can readily imagine how Arthur Rackham must have been led, when he was a child, through the parks, down the shady streets, into some of the strange old living spots of this wonderful city. Possibly he played along the bank of the Thames or in some mysterious corner of Hyde Park. In some garden place he must surely have found the inspiration that must easily touch the soul of man if it is to be reborn into permanent beauty.

This wonderful, naive imagination which dominates Rackham's art today surely found stimulus in some spiritual flowering spot when he was too young to question and just young enough to believe. In facing Rackham's marvelous, fanciful art you feel always that he is reproducing the quivering, tender beauty that dominates only youth. His is not the mature art save in exquisite technique; it is rather the fine whimsical exuberance of unquenchable youth that is not atrophied because it was never suppressed.

First of all, he told me that he loved to draw animals. This we can readily understand, for children are really in their sympathies much nearer to animals than to people. There are fewer barriers between childhood and those real friends of childhood known as pets. Later Mr. Rackham went to night school to study drawing and in an amazingly short time he began to exhibit at the Royal Academy, the Royal Institute of Painting and in various other large London exhibitions.

I liked finding Mr. Rackham gay and humorous. All people who know the hearts of little folks should have brightness and rich humor. Life is giving these people so much more than to most



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"THE FAIR MAID WHO THE FIRST OF MAY:"
FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.



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"BYE, BABY BUNTING." FROM A
DRAWING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.



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"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN LIVED UNDER A HILL!" FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.



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"LITTLE MISS MUFFET, SAT ON A TUFFET:"
FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

THE VALUE OF FAIRIES

mortals that surely a very real and permanent joy is theirs. Real modesty I should have expected from this painter of the fairy world. It is the inalienable possession of the great; only the fearful and incomplete are pretentious. Talk for a twilight hour with John Burroughs, or sit for a few minutes in Rodin's studio while he tells you the philosophy of his life, listen to Robert Henri when he is talking to his students and you feel at once that you are close to the big fundamentals of humanity.

The world over, Arthur Rackham really stands alone. His imagination seems to know no bounds. His sense of humor is unique, not only for children but in the animal world, and often he displays a delightful tenderness and a sympathy with the weaker forms of life, as in "The Rescue," where some tiny elves are helping a fly to escape from the clutches of a fearsome spider. In summing up Mr. Rackham's work you realize that in dealing with human nature, he is a gentle satirist. Ingenuity, great sensitiveness and refinement are inherent in all his work as in all the fairy reaches of his personality. In seeing him in a workshop, he is essentially a man whose work gives one vividly the impression of spontaneity, yet one also with careful attention for detail in work. Here in America we know his illustrations better possibly than those of any other English draughtsman, we know well his "Undine," his "Alice in Wonderland," "Rip van Winkle," "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Gulliver's Travels." THE CRAFTSMAN readers will recall a presentation of some of Mr. Rackham's illustrations for the Wagner operas, showing a very splendid understanding of the philosophy of this great musician and the symbolism of the great gods of the Valhalla, an extraordinary contrast with the Midsummer Night's Dream pictures which are so fantastic. so the product of delicate whimsicality.

THE latest work of Mr. Rackham that has come to America is his illustration of "Mother Goose," which we are showing in this article. It is hard to imagine any but a child presenting Mother Goose with such sympathy and understanding. It is the Mother Goose of our baby days, dramatic, fearsome, amusing and wonderfully stimulating. Mr. Rackham's art is difficult to compare with any work in America. Howard Pyle possibly has most nearly suggested him, and yet Howard Pyle is really not an American Rackham because first of all we think of him as a colorist. He had the fairy imagination, but lacking the naïve quality which is so essential in Rackham's work. In the French illustrators who rank highest today, Forain, Steinlein, Caran d'ache, Huard, there is not a trace of the fantastic genius of Rackham.

THE VALUE OF FAIRIES



"COCK-A-DOODLE, DOO! MY DAME HAS LOST HER SHOE."

older people delight in, which might however bewilder children. The genius of Glackens goes out into a larger and fuller presentation of life as it really is, and this demands imagination of the highest order, but not of the fantastic variety. Jerome Myers has painted children who have appealed to all lovers of childhood, gay and sad, but the appeal is given to the grown-up mind, not to the children themselves. The art of these important Americans belongs to our civilization, not to the land still haunted by memories of earth romance. The older people, the people whose civilization goes back through many centuries, must carry in their mind today, no matter how sophisticated, the legends of the early fairy lore; Greek mythology still haunts the architecture, the art, the poetry of the southern land, and the Celtic spirit flows out through England, just as the magic and the marvel of the Valhalla has permeated the heart of Germany in her most vital poetical expression.

I WAS greatly interested in Rackham's studio. It was of the ordinary size, with both side and top windows. Its walls were stained a



"ONE A PENNY,
TWO A PENNY,
HOT-CROSS
BUNS."

It is hard to find a hint of it among the men whose work we know best here. Some of John Sloan's illustrations, those wonderful drawings for his pirate stories, possess a vivid whimsical note, but of a mature quality which



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"LITTLE BO-PEEP HAS LOST HER SHEEP:"
FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.



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"RING A RING O' ROSES:" FROM
A DRAWING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

THE VALUE OF FAIRIES

light brown and it contained a few good rugs and pieces of furniture, among them a bookcase filled mostly with illustrations, of which he has an interesting collection, all so exquisitely fresh and in good order. A bar ran across the room from which hung a trapeze. He looked at it smilingly. "I do not use it as much as I used to. It's really for my little daughter now."

There were fine drawings on the walls, one or two of his wife's pictures, but no special studio furniture, such as one finds in the workshop of the unknown. The center of interest in this room is the work-table. Here are being conceived and brought into existence the innumerable fantasies which delight and amuse Mr. Rackham's admirers. The table is adjustable in height and angle, unusually small for a work-table. Over it hung, on a level with the eye, an electric light.

"But you do not work at night?" I said.

"Not much," he answered dubiously. "Altogether too much," his wife answered quickly.

I was interested in his method of work. As one would imagine, he does not work with labored preliminary studies. "I dash off an idea," he said, "which comes to me and often very vaguely. I build as I go on, and the idea develops as I work. I always, however, plan beforehand and always use models."

In talking with Mr. Rackham, I felt him to be a man of the richest interest in life, with a great love of good music and a wide-reaching understanding of the art of his day. "Strangely enough Uccello's 'Battlepiece' and Francesca's 'Baptism' and 'Adoration' are my favorites among old paintings," he told me. "Fra Lippo Lippi, yes, all the Italian School, and the Flemish. I often study Michael Angelo's 'Entombment,' and all the Holbeins and Albert Durer's wood engravings." These old friends he spoke of with great enthusiasm, as he did of the big modern men of power—a most charming personality indeed, eager, kind, not unlike some of the humorous gnomes he is so fond of producing—a man whom children must of necessity love as they have loved and thriven by his most valuable and stimulating contribution to the art of his day.

The illustrations shown in the text, from the "Mother Goose Book," by Arthur Rackham, give some idea of the charm of this wonderful volume. The "tree-top" baby, swinging happily in its cradle—airy little *Jumping Joan* with her flying locks—the famous Pussy Cat—the inimitable Cock-a-doodle and the dame who lost her shoe—the funny old woman with the hot-cross buns—all are drawn with that whimsical fairy quality that is so delightful an element of Mr. Rackham's work.



**"MILT'S" WISDOM:
A WORD TO THE
NATIONS: BY WILL
LEVINGTON COMFORT**



WENT out to find a happy man, named Milt; came at length to an eight or ten acre piece under glass—the gusty shine of late October upon it—a day that didn't know just what to do next. Milt came toward me, a collie pup in his arm and a little girl tugging at his free hand. This is a glimpse of the story:

"We came out here five years ago, a bit whipped in health and otherwise from the city," Milt said. "We dared to be poor—had our faces fixed for that. The second fall I found a tomato-seedling sprouting out of due time in the dooryard, and transplanted it under our small bit of glass. I couldn't have been very busy that morning. . . . Well, that turned out to be the legacy—"

"I heard you were making a vulgar lot of money," said I.

"No, I almost fell for that, but thought better of it. I'm making enough. The seedling came along fine and husky. About Christmas I saw where to begin for next year—to market a fine tomato just long enough after the northern season so that people have a relish for them, and before the southern producers begin to ship north in quantity. But a man could do it with berries or melons or asparagus."

"You say you almost fell for making a lot of money?" I asked curiously.

"Well, you see it opened big. I found myself in a tension for more, more. I planned vast acreage, even a glass works. Then I began to feel lame in the head along the same old routes that the town had worn so deep. Finally it dawned on us—what had we come out here for? We talked it over, decided to call in all the wild

“MILT’S WISDOM”

expansion stuff; allowed that we had better leave some of the country for other men to play in, and slowly the fever subsided.”

I was thinking that the city must have bitten Milt rather deep. Then it occurred to me that he would never have noticed that tomato-seedling if his brain had been full of fortune dreams that morning. He had come close to smashing the jewel afterward, by his own word. . . . Now his holdings were proportioned generously to the needs of his house; he had them gratefully in hand, also well in hand his squirrel and beaver instincts, and the barn madness. Milt’s eyes were not held to the ground; he was not dependent upon others; his lines of interest were not stretched out unduly; in fact, he was in a safe and sane relation with mundane things. *Not in a single detail, so far as I could see, did the analogy break between Milt’s establishment and a happy nation.*

Milt was bringing up his own children.

“I don’t care for the schools,” he said. “They didn’t do a good job for me; and while they may be a lot better now, they’re not right. At least, I don’t think they are right. Thinking that way I certainly ought to gamble on the education of my own children. A man doesn’t want to use too much glass for this kind of seedling, however.”

Milt wouldn’t have time for this, had he been caught in the great fortune dreaming. . . . A nation should bring up its own children. No individual would dare to risk himself as a teacher in a true Fatherland.

JUST so surely as Milt would have ruined the unique vitality of his house by falling into the dream of great expansion, just so surely does an intrinsically small power with a passion for wealth and colonization, threaten, in its most amicable moments, the very principles of peace; and in the end destroy itself and all suspected tissue surrounding.

Milt has land proportioned to the needs of his establishment, a free highway to the market, also time and disposition to develop the particular values and potencies of the entire scheme; having these he is a successful and happy man, who can laugh, if he were of that temper, at all ulterior insanities. A successful and happy nation must have these. But that nation which in its proper self is but a capitol and suburbs, which becomes a formidable power through an aggressive policy and mastering the destinies of alien peoples; its interest sprawled over the several seas; one of the necessities of its mastery an enforcement of the conviction upon the alien peoples of their own inferiority; the processes of its mastery being frequent displays of power and a steady system of artful diplomacy;—such a

"MILT'S" WISDOM

nation is not making of itself a fatherland, but something very much like a spider-land, acceptable only to such gods of the universe as delight in pure spider-like tendencies.

If Milt were to ride forth on a conquest of the country, he would first be compelled to make his house into a citadel, thoroughly to barb his lands, set watch-dogs and arm all the hands. Rivalry of material interest abroad enforces domestic defence. Tenuous lines of conquest, the concentration of riches at home—these call for jaws and claws and fighting instincts, without which no spider can keep up a prosperous lair, pleasantly hung and strewn with drained carcasses.

NEVER was there such a time for a statement of simple truths. America stands with senses sharpened by illness; yet she is hearkening dangerously to the Prussia of America—that military party which would like to become an autocracy. Its voice is raised:

"Let us seize the non-belligerent world-trade now. Let us build, buy and lease ships for this trade. Let us spend the next few years in a forced growth of our navy; by every sacrifice to accumulate such a navy as will stand with Europe in strength, and protect our new world-trade, when damaged Europe returns for her markets."

What a voice from Prussian America,—with neighboring Europe gashed open—the stench around the world from her uncovered dead—and every scream of the European tragedy now and in the more terrible months to come—the *result* of that identical predatory instinct and no other.

There is also an America, not Prussian, which is acquiring a new mind and heart from the moaning and misery of the neighboring continent, and is striving to put away forever the tarantula from its breast. This America has seen that the affairs of an upright man among his neighbors do not compel him to live in a fortress; and that this is a national verity also. Neither man nor nation can honestly or decently overrule another and continue to be a power; for the lie which makes me say, "I am superior to you," will destroy me in due time before your eyes, though I drive you daily with goads, and take the milk from your babes.

England, Germany, France, Italy and Spain represent different stages of decay in structures not fashioned to endure. From the ripe decadence of Spain to the sharpening of wits' ends in England, each name tells the story of the rise of imperial passion, the flatulence of predatory strength, and just as surely will tell the story of miserable empty ending.

Spain now is a dull red dot in the western sky; Italy not so low nor

red, though her people are scattered, without especial dominance anywhere, without coherence of principle or coördination of action, a sapped and ridden Rome, very far from an "eternal city," a smile instead of that. France has not the vitality of her enemy, nor of her allies. She will be able to cope with neither at the end of this war. One need look no further than her own physical sterility to turn to the low west for France. She is there—part of the waning constellation which might be called *Mediterrania*. Even though her all is at stake, her fighting during the first fall days in her own vineyards will be her greatest fighting, for the stamina has been drained from the French spine.

CARLYLE believed that Germany would some time *be* Europe, but he judged from the Germany before eighteen hundred and seventy, the Germany of Goethe, Schiller, Schopenhauer, possibly in part from the Germany of Bismarck. The Germany Carlyle loved had not ceased to build its empire in the sky; but the Germany of the last fifty years has sadly forgotten the stars, and will become the example for future ages of all that a Fatherland must not be. For it has been a Fatherland that turned the eyes of its children to the ground. Men of Cain's breed come from looking down—slayers and madmen, frenziedly getting, for that is the meaning of Cain—not pastors.

The gods of matter are the devils of men. These gods are manifesting now afield, because the Fatherland did not teach its children to subdue matter, rather to become machine-men, slaves to matter, men of disgusting efficiency in small things and blinking deaf as the bandar-log to immortal things.

With all its mighty engines and perfected detail the German war-machine will break of its own weight. It is that high mystery, roughly named *morale* which wins wars.

The nation that looks down finds first of all its stomach. You can estimate the value of a soldier by the size of his girth; the larger the belt-line the poorer the soldier. The men who will win this war will win through famine. Enlarged stomachs and fatty hearts are not formed for that. Spirit, the white fire, is the stuff of *morale*, not sentiment. Sentiment is purely a red flesh matter which dies with each body, and does not lend itself to augment the heroism of survivors.

England is not a sentiment, but an institution. She is in at every case of obstetrics within her dominion, and by some subtle prowess becomes identified with the personality of her subjects. She is not a part of the white fire of her people; in fact she maims her genius by

“MILT’S” WISDOM

enslaving him to England and blinding him to the world. There is always her adhesion in the soul of a British genius which keeps it an Englishman instead of a cosmic force. Her commonest subject treated to every abomination at home, is no sooner abroad than he lifts his head in serene contempt for all who are not English—a divine-right sort of self-conviction now denoted because it is a kind of *morale* afield, and a better thing to fight with than sentiment; also the British ranker in many cases has been inured to famine at home.

England, at this moment, has three fears. I believe in the breasts of those who see farthest, the least of these three fears has to do with Germany. There is devouring terror in the British heart as to what may be taking place under the yoke in India. The key to the length of the British future is India; and London which rules the English press of the world today, as she did ten years ago for Japan against Russia, has so far been able to keep us from hearing India’s voice. If the spirit of India remains crushed through the war, her physical tributes together with the solid British adherence, will reckon with Russia long after France and Germany are silent.

Russia, her present ally, but ancient and structural foe, is England’s third and possibly her greatest fear.

SHE does well to fear Russia, who holds the whip hand of the whole argument according to this outlook. Russia has commensurate land for her population. She needs sea-doors and she will get them. Petrograd isn’t the only city that will lose “burg” from its name. Russia is the vast new surface upon which the future of Europe is to be written. Nature is sick of writing history upon the defiled surfaces of small predatory powers. . . . Not the Russia of Nicholas—but the peasant millions of Russia, holding in its great mass the finest genius of today, as a clustered beeswarm shelters its queen-mother, the future—these are the men of Europe’s to-morrow. They are not yet defiled because they are still children. These vast throngs move slowly.

They come from the north like all invaders; they come from the cold broad lands of poverty; they have been kept clean by the rigors of Nature, and moderate in their appetites by the thievery of their masters. These red-blooded millions have not yet had their voice in the world, and Mother Nature gives a voice to every people before it passes. They represent the spirit of youth which must be served. This that we hear is not Russia’s swan-song, but the anthem for the birth of her new soul.

The leavening of the mass and the spirit of the future (which will be pure at least in its conception,) is represented by the genius of

THE HAPPY DEAD

Russia today—not all of which has been shot and hanged. These are men who have heard the mighty music of humanity. They will sing their dream and grave their message upon the peasant soul.

Not the Russia of Nicholas Romanoff. Red Sunday was the beginning of the end forever of Little Father. His passing and all the princes of his tainted blood will be but an incident of the Great War. Very low in the west among the red blinking points of *Mediterrania* is Nicholas and that Russia. In the east is the Russian *novae*, before the sun, commanding the dark before the dawn.

THE HAPPY DEAD

THE Place of the dead is fair and still,
The grave-stones gleam like doors in the hill,
When the sun goes red,
And the moon comes white.

The trees on the hill are kingly high,
Their plumes swing proudly against the sky
In the blaze of noon,
In the ghostly night.

Why moan you there by the peaceful dead,
And cry on the earth and hide your head,
On the stormless hill,
By the tearless bed?

Oh, rest, sweet rest for the quiet dead,
Beneath the grass in their lovely bed—
Not a twinge of pain,
Not a hunger pang!

I weep for those in the place of life
Whose hearts have died of the bitter strife—
Not the sleeping dead,
Not the happy dead.

MARJORIE SUTHERLAND.



MISTLETOE,
THE QUEEN
OF THE
CHRISTMAS
GARDEN.

THE CHRISTMAS GARDEN: PLANTS AND SHRUBS THAT GIVE COLOR TO THE WHITE LAND- SCAPE

ON the night before Christmas when Kris Kringle comes dashing over the snow and brings his prancing reindeer to a halt at our chimney-tops, he finds

but little color in the landscape, except that furnished by the toys piled high in his sleigh destined for all good children and in the lights from our windows left burning to guide his way. The flowers that give such wealth of beauty in the summer are sleeping, gardens are like deserted villages. But out in the wild places

things are a little better; true, there are no flowers there either, but many plants have left little lanterns burning to let the world know they are within their houses, just napping a bit until their morning of spring comes again. These lanterns are the bright berries that sparkle the whole winter through, keeping alive the promise of another summer.

Berries may not rank with flowers for beauty of color in the summertime, but on gray winter days or against sun-bright snow-banks, they scintillate like jewels. We who make gardens have been very thoughtless about their winter effects. We have allowed them to be sorry looking places, all tied up in sacks or covered over with

THE CHRISTMAS GARDEN

straw. But we are making a mistake about this. We should plan for winter effects as the Japanese do. They plant a pine tree or a graceful branch that will cross a stone lantern so that when the snow falls they will have a beautiful picture, or they place some bush that bears bright berries where the low winter sun will touch them, or set a shrub with colored branches where it will make a fine lacey tracery against a dark evergreen tree. There are many ways to get cheerful color in winter gardens other than by flowers and leaves.

The red dogwood, cardinal willow, golden ozier, have respectively red, orange and yellow bark of rare beauty. Several other willows have bright purple or scarlet stems that can be grouped to advantage for winter effects. The spindle tree and whortleberry show bright spring-green branches throughout the winter. There are many bull-rushes and flowers with conspicuously formed seed pods that should be planted for decorative effect against snow evergreen hedges or ice ponds. Many of the pines, junipers and cedars bloom in the winter, but folk do not go out to notice their orchid-like beauty. The large-leaved evergreens, rhododendrons, laurels, also can be depended upon for the enlivening green.

“LET holly have the maystry as the manner ys,” among the plants which should be found in our winter gardens. Its berries, red as any rose, must be taken into the house, so says tradition, before Christmas Eve as protection from witches and gnomes; but must be removed before Candlemas Eve else misfortune will follow. A bush of holly was planted by the ancient Celts near their homes to ward off evil, for its sharp leaves afforded welcome cover and safe retreat for kindly elves and fairies.

Though we buy English holly wreaths to festoon our churches and hang at our windows, and feel that the feast of Christmas is not celebrated without some berried spray of this beautiful bush in evidence on our table, yet we do not fully appreciate the holly as it deserves. We admire it heartily enough when it fills the florists' windows and we make every effort to obtain a generous amount of its cheery beauty for our homes, but we could have an abundance of it in our own gardens if we had been provident enough to plant it.

The true English holly is not dependable north of Philadelphia, but we have the American holly, *Ilex opaca*, which is frequently sold as English holly, which thrives well as far north as Boston. There is a Japanese variety that can be trained into delightfully stiff, prim, decorative little forms that will even stand the severe winds that blow across our sea-coast gardens. This “tree that is green upon Christmas day, the bush with the bleeding heart” is grown in England as a hedge. Several noted historical holly

THE CHRISTMAS GARDEN

hedges, cared for almost as national treasures, have come to be many years of age. Indeed, a holly hedge is slow of growth, which is one of the chief reasons for its rare use in this delightful form.

But the holly family is a large one and varieties can be had that will readily adapt themselves to our impatient demands and to our varying climates. The black alder, *Ilex verticillata*, is an imposing shrub which will flourish from Florida to Nova Scotia, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi Valley. This native holly, which generously hangs its branches with strings of coral beads, almost equals its English cousin in beauty of leaf and surpasses it in the number of berries that cling well into the winter.

The leaves of the smooth winterberry, *Ilex laevigata*, a graceful little shrub which takes kindly to a life in our gardens, have a pretty trick of turning bright yellow in the autumn just before they fall and leave the berries alone. The evergreen winterberry, *Ilex glabra*, a more slender, delicate bush, though cultivated and valued in English gardens for more than a hundred years, has not yet received proper appreciation in its own land. Its leaves remain glossy throughout the winter, and the shining black berries clinging in thick clusters, like jet ornaments among them, add distinct charm. The familiar mountain holly is not strictly a holly, but its bright red drupe seems to give it a right to bear the name.

THE guelder-rose has three strong claims to our attention as a garden plant. First, its white flowers, which make showy clusters at the apex of almost every stem, are as much to be desired as its relative the old-time snowball. The leaves turn metallic lustered browns, purple and dull red in the autumn. Its berries begin to turn yellow with suggestions of red soon after the flowers drop, and continue to deepen in intensity and brightness, until by the time the leaves have turned the whole bush is a flame of color. As one appreciative writer says "if the tree be caught by the level rays of a crimson sunset you will behold a shrub that seems to have come from the garden of Aladdin, where the fruits of the trees were jewels."

The *Viburnum lantana*, better known as the Wayfaring tree, also shows beautiful scarlet berries against a background of reddening leaves. It is the first of the viburnums to bloom. The *Viburnum dentatum* is now extensively used in large estates and parks because of the effectiveness of its flat clusters of white flowers in the early spring and of its rich dark blue berries in the fall. All the viburnums are coming into the favor they so well deserve, ranking with the already popular cassinoides or white-rod.

The wintergreen needs no introduction to most people, for who



THE TOYON IS
THE RECOGNIZED
CHRISTMAS
BERRY OF THE
WEST: WHOLE
HILLSIDES FLAME
WITH THIS BUSH
WHICH BURNS
WITH HARMLESS
FIRE: BRANCHES
OF TOYON, LIKE
FLASHING TORCHES,
DECORATE CHURCH
ALTARS, WREATHS
OF IT HANG AT
ALL DOORS AND
WINDOWS: PEOPLE
OF THE WEST GO
TO THEIR OWN
GARDENS INSTEAD
OF TO THE FLOR-
ISTS FOR THEIR
CHRISTMAS DEC-
ORATIONS, FOR
THERE THE TOYON
IS A FAMILIAR
SHRUB.



GRAY GREEN BRANCHES OF MISTLETOE STUDDED WITH PEARL WHITE BERRIES PLAY A PART IN MOST CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES: IN THE WEST AND IN THE SOUTH IT MAY BE FOUND IN GREAT PARASITIC CLUSTERS CLINGING HIGH ON THE BRANCHES OF OAK TREES: THE ENGLISH BERRIES ARE LARGER, BUT DO NOT MASS THICKLY UPON THE BRANCHES, AS DO THE NATIVE AMERICAN SPECIES: MISTLETOE WANDS IN THE HANDS OF THE LORD OF MISRULE AND THE ABBOT OF UNREASON HAVE DECIDED THE FATE OF MANY A DAINY MAID CAUGHT UNAWARE BENEATH ITS HIDING PLACE IN THE CHANDELLER.

WHEN MISTLETOE IS USED IN THE WINTER GARDEN THE VIGOROUS TREES MUST BE PROTECTED FROM ITS PARASITIC HABITS, FOR UNFORTUNATELY IT IS LIKELY TO KILL THAT WHICH IT FEEDS UPON; SO TO GAIN A CHRISTMAS CROP OF LIVING PEARLS, SELECT SOME GNARLY, TIRED OLD APPLE TREE OR AN OAK THAT HAS SEEN ITS BEST DAYS AND OFFER THEM AS A SACRIFICE FOR THE WONDERFUL GLOWING GREEN BRANCHES OF THIS MID-WINTER BLOSSOM: OF COURSE IT CAN ALWAYS BE HAD FROM THE FLORIST, BUT IN CERTAIN WILD PLACES OF THE SOUTH AND WEST IT HANGS IN CLUSTERS ON THE SIDES OF THE MOUNTAIN RANGES: THE WESTERN MISTLETOE IS EASILY GATHERED, AS IT IS APT TO SELECT A LOW GROWING, WIDE BRANCHING TREE FOR ITS SUPPORT.



THE PARTRIDGE BERRY, SHOWN AT THE RIGHT, A CREEPING EVERGREEN WHOSE BERRIES LOOK LIKE TWIN GLOW-WORMS, SHOULD BE USED AS A BORDER PLANT OR ALLOWED TO CARPET A PORTION OF LAWN : THE RED BEARBERRY OR WHITE SNOWBERRY COULD BE PLANTED WITH IT TO ADVANTAGE, FOR WITH THESE THREE TRAILING PLANTS BEARING WINTER BERRIES THE BIRDS WILL GLADLY BE INDUCED TO STAY IN THE GARDEN.



THE FOLIAGE OF THE BITTERSWEET SHOWN AT THE LEFT, SHOULD WIN IT A PLACE IN OUR WINTER GARDENS EVEN THOUGH ITS CHIEF BEAUTY LIES IN THE CURIOUS SCARLET BERRIES WITH THE ORANGE PODS THAT BURST OPEN AND STAY UPON THE VINES ALL WINTER : THIS VINE WILL GROW WELL IN SHADED PLACES AND REACH A HEIGHT OF TWENTY FEET OR MORE, MAKING IT INVALUABLE FOR BIRD BASINS AND PERGOLAS.

AT THE RIGHT IS A BRANCH OF BLACK ALDER, A NATIVE HOLLY WHICH WILL FLOURISH AS FAR NORTH AS NOVA SCOTIA : IT STRINGS ITS BRANCHES WITH CORAL BEADS WHICH GLOW AGAINST THE SNOW-LIKE SPARKS OF FIRE : IT ALMOST EQUALS ITS ENGLISH COUSIN IN BEAUTY OF LEAF AND SURPASSES IT IN THE ABUNDANCE OF ITS BERRIES.





ON MOONLIGHT NIGHTS, SLENDER SPIKES OF THE DESERT HOLLY FLASH LIKE BRIGHT SPEARS OUT ON THE GREAT SOUTH-WESTERN DESERTS; WHEN GATHERED AND BROUGHT HOME THEY LOOK LIKE FROSTED SILVER ORNAMENTS DESIGNED BY SOME CLEVER JEWELER,

THE SHORT STEMMED THICK HOLLY-SHAPED LEAVES CLUSTERING TIGHTLY ALONG THE VELVETY GRAY STEMS OF THE DESERT HOLLY KEEP FRESH A LONG TIME AFTER GATHERING; THEY ALSO MAKE CHARMING BOUQUETS OR WREATHS TO HANG AT THE DOOR

THE CHRISTMAS GARDEN

has not noticed this evergreen carpet studded with scarlet berries thickly laid upon the floor of our Eastern groves? From Newfoundland to the Gulf its aromatic leaves and spicy twin berries have furnished woodland memories to most of us who have stopped to gather a sweet-tasting spray of this creeping evergreen. It should be used as border plants in the winter garden if a woodland slope cannot be given over to it. Some people call it partridge berry or checkerberry, but botanists have named it *Gaultheria procumbens* in honor of the Canadian physician, Gaultier.

Kninikinic or red bearberry is another creeping evergreen which will trail its scarlet berries in thick mats through our winter garden. Indians smoke the leaves and bears love the berries as much as they do the sweet wild strawberries. The creeping snowberry, *Chiogenes*, meaning snowborn, might be grown with it, for it is another evergreen creeper and its snowflake berries contrast finely with the scarlet ones. You can do much to attract the birds to your home if these three low-growing evergreens are given chance to furnish them with berries during the season when food is scarce.

THE foliage of the bittersweet should win it a place in home gardens, even though its chief beauty lies in the scarlet berries that burst open after the leaves have fallen. The outer brilliant orange-yellow covering of the berries, curve back from the scarlet fruit, but cling to it in gay clusters of color that hang in knotted tangles on the stems attracting the birds all winter. This vine will grow well in shady places, a most valuable characteristic, reaching a height of twenty feet or more. The leaves are dark rich green with a scarlet rim. It should be pruned in the early spring if good berries are wanted. This *Celestrus scandens* is a native vine that could, however, be purchased from most nurserymen, by those denied the pleasure of going to the woods for their own plant. *Celestrus articulatus*, is a vigorous Japanese variety of great beauty.

The Mahonia or Oregon grape, a native of the Pacific Coast looks a little like holly only the leaves turn a rich bronze as winter comes on. In the West it is an evergreen, but in the East it must be protected a little or the leaves will turn brown. They keep well a long time after picking and are wonderfully effective as decorations for all winter festivities.

The graceful Barberry has been so long established among the wild shrubs of New England that it is commonly supposed to be a native, though there is no certainty about the matter. Its bright berries, hanging in long drooping racemes long after the leaves fall, make it a valuable feature of the winter landscape both when in its

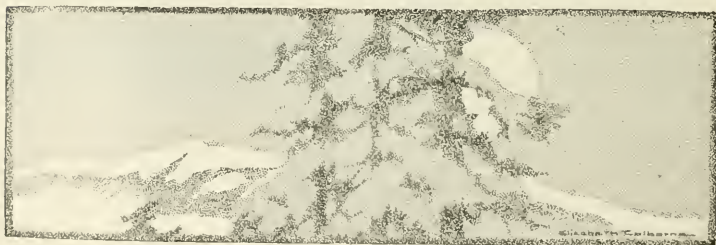
THE CHRISTMAS GARDEN

natural haunts or when transplanted in borders along our garden walks or drives or against our houses. It is easily cultivated, adapting itself gracefully to low hedges or terrace edges.

For trees there is the beautiful Mountain sumac, which grows as a shrub when in unfavorable wild position. When given good soil and proper care, however, it will achieve a notable size. Great clusters of red berries tempt the birds to spend the winter within easy reach of its bounty. Long panicles of late blooming flowers add to the interest of this glossy-leaved tree.

In the West the Toyon is the recognized Christmas berry. Whole hillsides flame with this bush which burns with harmless fire. Branches of Toyon, like burning torches decorate the altars of churches; wreaths of it hang at all windows and doors in the homes of Westerners, as holly does in the East. And best of all, nearly everyone in the West can go to the hills instead of to the florists for their Christmas decorations, or even to their own dooryards where it is an honored garden shrub.

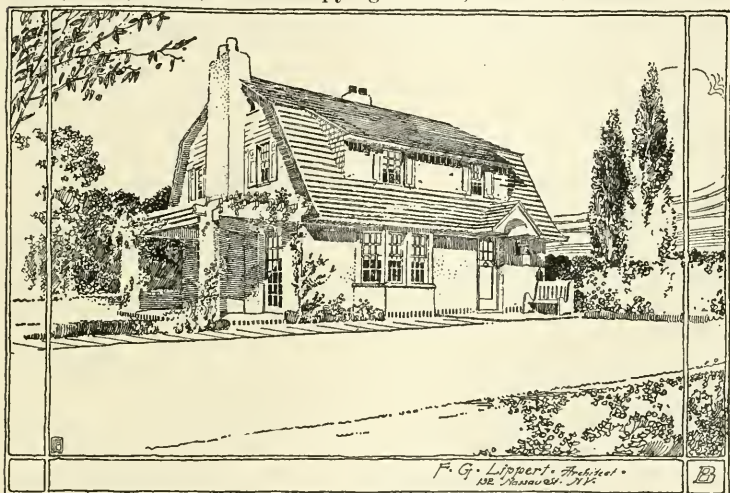
To gather Christmas decorations from one's own garden would indeed be an added joy to the beauty of the Christmas season. Of course in many sections of this country it is possible to bring in lovely winter ornaments from the wild gardens which are still undestroyed. Mistletoe can be found in the South, creeping pine through all the New England woods and holly on many unexpected hillsides; but alas, most of Nature's wonderful American gardens have been destroyed heedlessly, so that most of us who want our winter decorations outside of a shop must plan for our own garden. The Christmas garden really can be made a very great comfort to the lover of winter color, for practically all of the shrubs and flowers continue their growth from year to year and bloom through every white season with but little care.



BRINGING OLD-FASHIONED CHARM INTO MODERN SUBURBAN HOMES, SOME INTERESTING MODELS: BY F. G. LIPPERT.



WHEN one recalls the air of homelike friendliness that lingers about so many English cottages and manors, or the gracious dignity that radiates from our own Colonial mansions and farms, one can hardly wonder that the modern American architect, in spite of his desire to break away from old traditions, finds himself turning often, for inspiration and suggestions, to both of these old-fashioned styles. Each holds its own quiet, convincing lessons in graceful symmetry or informality of outline, in sturdy simplicity of construction, and wisdom of plan. And without imitating a single line, without copying a detail, one can still draw from a



A SUBURBAN COTTAGE OF STUCCO AND SHINGLES WHICH SHOWS COLONIAL INSPIRATION: THE HOODED DOORWAY AND INVITING SEAT, THE PLEASANT WINDOW GROUPS AND GRACEFUL PERGOLA ARE INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE CONSTRUCTION.

study of such examples an understanding of architectural beauty and real home comfort that may serve as guide in the designing of many a modern home.

It was in such a spirit of appreciation that I planned the houses here presented. Two of them show the influence of old English dwellings, with their massive stone work and heavy timbers, their big chimneys and generous fireplaces, leaded casements, beamed

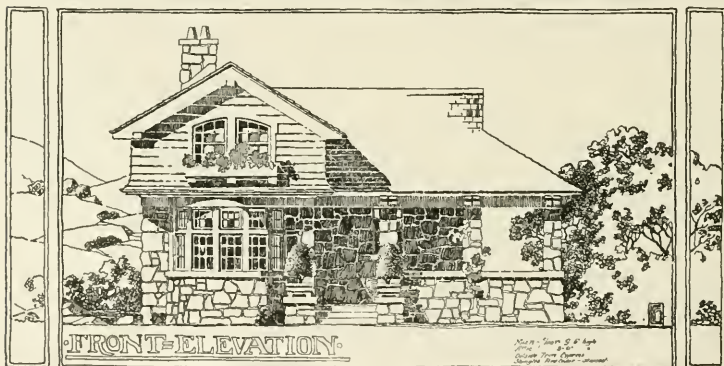
AN OLD CHARM IN NEW SUBURBAN HOMES

ceilings and solid trim. In the others, the Colonial feeling is dominant. Stately yet friendly entrances, sheltering pergolas and pleasant windows, break the severity of the simple roof and walls. And in all of them I have striven to combine the old-time characteristics with practical modern construction and arrangement. I have aimed to sacrifice nothing in my effort to gain picturesqueness, and I feel that if the interiors are harmoniously finished and comfortably furnished they will fulfil the promise of the exterior design.

A small suburban cottage, somewhat Colonial in style, is shown in the first illustration. Red brick is used for the foundation, and stucco over wooden frame construction for the walls above. The roof and gables are covered with white cedar shingles, which will be particularly pleasing if they are left unstained, to weather to a beautiful silver gray. The piazza columns are of cast concrete, recalling by their substantial lines those one finds among the vineyards of Italy, where this type of column was used all through the Middle Ages.

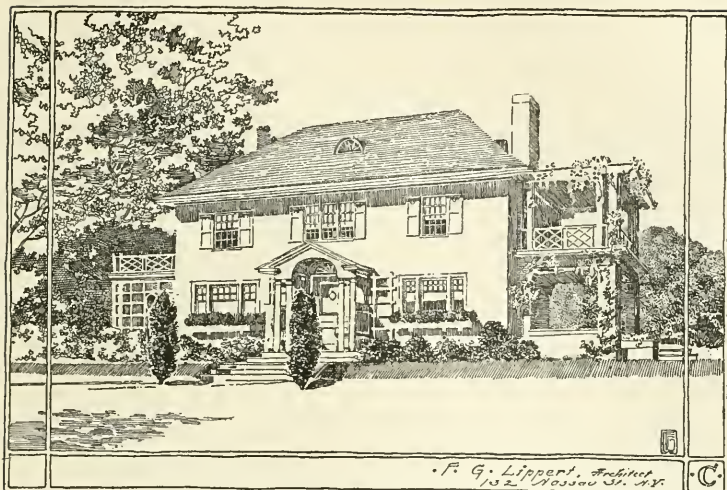
These materials naturally result in a soft and attractive color scheme—cream stucco in walls and chimney above the low line of brick, with silvery gray shingles above—and this may be brightened by a touch of green in the blinds and in the seat beside the front door.

The first floor plan, with its cheery rooms, corner fireplaces of brick, built-in seats and desk and pleasant windows, is worth noting. The living room will be most effective if trimmed in weathered oak, with the head trim of doors and windows carried like a band around the room. Any kind of wall paper or fabric may be used between the base and this line, but above it the ceiling should be continued



FIELD-STONE BUNGALOW ESPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR A HILLY SITE; THE DESIGN IS SO SIMPLE THAT IT CAN BE BUILT BY A LOCAL CARPENTER OR MASON; F. G. LIPPERT, ARCHITECT.

AN OLD CHARM IN NEW SUBURBAN HOMES



SUBURBAN RESIDENCE OF STUCCO AND SHINGLES DESIGNED ALONG COLONIAL LINES; THE ROOMY PORCHES AND BALCONIES PROVIDE AMPLE SPACE FOR OUTDOOR LIVING AND SLEEPING.

right down, thus giving a rather low appearance to the room, and at the same time producing an effect of increased spaciousness. The dining room may be treated along the same lines.

There are four bedrooms and bath in the second story, located so that each room can be well ventilated, and very little space is given to the hall. The attic room might be used for the servant's bedroom.

The second sketch shows a small bungalow best adapted for hilly or mountainous country, and designed so that it can be constructed by any local carpenter or mason with a little building experience.

The whole first story is built of local field stone, such as might be found in the woods or fields, or bought from farmers who no longer needed it in their pasture walls. The same material is used for the chimney and big open fireplace in the living room, while shingles are used in both gables and roof. The inside partitions are constructed in the usual way, with wooden studding plastered over. An interesting plan would be to leave the floor joists of the second story exposed in the ceilings of the lower rooms, and stain them a dark brown. This would give a very homelike appearance to the interior. The paneling of the wall shown in the sketch might be of cypress, stained dark brown, and the hood of the fireplace would be most effective in copper.

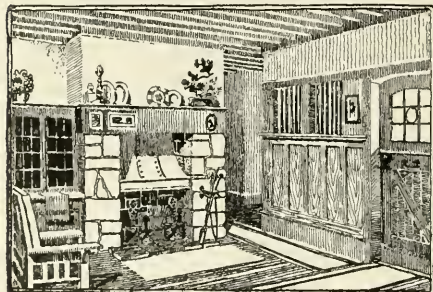
AN OLD CHARM IN NEW SUBURBAN HOMES



A SPACIOUS SUBURBAN HOME OF STONE, STUCCO AND HALF-TIMBER, THAT REMINDS ONE, IN MATERIALS AND DESIGN, OF AN OLD ENGLISH MANOR HOUSE OF ELIZABETHAN TIMES: THE WING AT THE LEFT IS A PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE FEATURE: F. G. LIPPERT, ARCHITECT.

This chimneypiece is the central feature of the bungalow, and with the big bow windows and inviting seat opposite makes the living room a delightful place.

The staircase is placed so as to open from a passage next to the living room, and is only partly screened from view. The rest of the floor is taken up with a small, compact kitchen with closets and space for storing wood. Besides this there are two small bedrooms with built-in bunks. A big veranda extends on two sides of the building and adds considerably to the living area, while upstairs are two spacious sleeping rooms with an open balcony over the kitchen porch.



FIREPLACE CORNER WITH INTERESTING USE OF WOODWORK, IN FIELD-STONE BUNGALOW SHOWN ON PAGE 276.

The next illustration shows a suburban residence designed along Colonial lines, but modified somewhat to comply with the modern demand for outdoor living and sleeping. *Hollow* (Continued on Page 335.)

YOUR OWN HOME: TWELVE LESSONS IN PRACTICAL HOUSE CONSTRUCTION: NUMBER ONE: THE HOUSE AND ITS SITE



THE most vital things in life are those that have both a practical and sentimental value—that grip our affections as well as our common sense. And few undertakings combine these qualities more strongly than the making of a home.

A well-built house is a wise investment, just as a diamond is, and as the perfected automobile will eventually be. In fact, it is even more satisfactory than either of these. One has a feeling of peculiar permanency and reliability about it. It represents a solid, tangible return for the money expended. Nothing, one feels, short of earthquake, flood or fire, can erase its value—and in these days of durable, weatherproof, waterproof and fireproof materials, even those elements of risk are reduced to a minimum. Indeed, the modern house of stone, brick or concrete, if properly built and wisely located, is likely to increase rather than decrease in worth, and to grow more beautiful as well as more desirable as the years go by.

At the same time, apart from its intrinsic, marketable and security value, one's home has another quality which cannot be measured in financial terms—namely, the subtle individuality, the human interest, that comes with daily usage, intimacy and affection, with associations of a local, personal or historic nature. G. K. Chesterton, writing about the fireplace, expresses just this picturesque and spiritual phase.

“A queer fancy seems to be current,” he says, “that a fire exists to warm people. It exists to warm people, to light their darkness, to raise their spirits, to toast their muffins, to air their rooms, to cook their chestnuts, to tell stories to their children, to make checkered shadows on their walls, to boil their hurried kettles, and to be the red heart of a man's house and hearth, for which, as the great heathens said, a man should die.”

The same sort of thing applies to the homestead—to use the quaint old English term which is so full of meaning. It is more than a mere shelter, “a place of permanent family abode,” as it has been legally defined. It is a part of ourselves, an expression of our personal taste and convictions, a place where children may grow and learn and play, where men and women may find work and rest and happiness, and where old age may come with understanding, comfort and peace.

This is the ideal toward which America today is looking. We are regaining our architectural sanity, building for utility, comfort and lasting beauty, and leaving behind as useless and encumbering

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details all those ornamental frills that were once considered so essential to every house. Indoors and out, we are making our dwellings as simple and durable, as hygienic and restful as modern science, skill and care can make them. And in evolving and perfecting our architectural standards, our houses are becoming not only more comfortable places to live in, but also more satisfactory and substantial investments for the present and succeeding generations.

THE building of a successful home, however, is no small undertaking. Most people, face to face with this important task, find themselves unprepared. They have a lot of enthusiasm, but no experience. They have an ideal, but lack the knowledge necessary for carrying it out. Unless they can turn to some authentic source for advice and information, they find their home-building a rather experimental affair.

It is to furnish such readers with practical help that we are preparing the present series of twelve articles—of which this is the first. And we believe that our experience as architects, builders and furniture makers as well as our recent work in bringing together the exhibits in the Craftsman Home-Builders' Exposition, qualify us to offer such advice.

We have gained our knowledge through the planning and designing of hundreds of houses of many types, and through much actual work of construction. We have experimented with various kinds of building materials, and tested different methods. We have investigated the most scientific and efficient modern products for exterior and interior that are used in home-building today—all of which wide and practical experience enables us to speak with authority upon these important matters.

The object of these articles is to help others to build in the most economical and beautiful fashion; to show them how to get the best results for the money expended; to save them the delay and disappointment of experiments and mistakes. At the same time, we do not want to force our own opinion, theories or tastes upon our readers. We prefer to suggest, not to dictate—to point out the best way of expressing their own ideals along original, not imitative lines. And if there is any point not mentioned in the articles on which they wish advice or information, we hope they will feel free to consult us through personal correspondence, so that we may be as helpful as possible in every phase of their enterprise.

In considering this matter of home-building, we wish to emphasize especially the need of thorough study, of long and careful planning. The chief reason that American architecture has been lacking, as a



Courtesy of the Atlas Portland Cement Co.



EVERY LINE OF THIS HOMELIKE DWELLING SHOWS THAT IT WAS PLANNED ESPECIALLY TO CROWN ITS HILLTOP SITE, WITH SLOPING ROOF ECHOING THE CURVES OF THE LAND; THE HOUSE IS OWNED BY MR. ROBERT C. BRIDGE, NANAPASHAMET, MASSACHUSETTS.

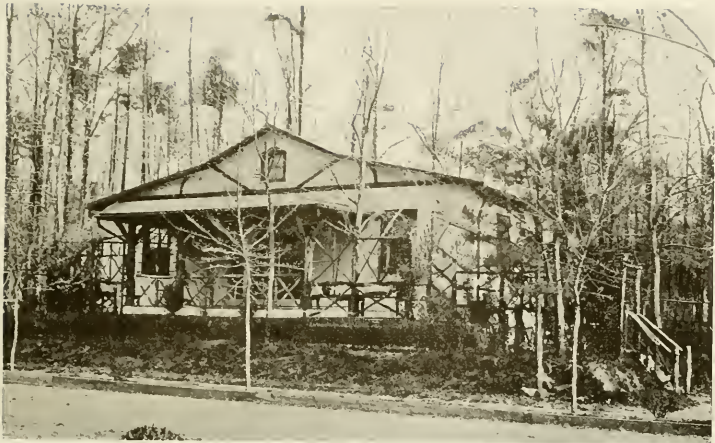
AN UNUSUALLY EFFECTIVE DESIGN FOR A HILLSIDE SITE IS SHOWN HERE: THE HOUSE SETS SNUGLY AGAINST ITS ENCIRCLING BACKGROUND, AND THE BROAD EAVES REPEAT THE SLOPING LINES OF THE HILL.



Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Heals.

IN ITS PLACING AND PROPORTIONS, AND IN THE LONG LOW LINES OF ITS BROODING ROOF, THIS BUNGALOW IS ESSENTIALLY SUITED TO SEASHORE SURROUNDINGS: IT IS THE HOME OF MRS. BARKER AT ANNISQUAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE LOWER HOUSE, BUILT ON A ROCKY SHORE AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS, IS AN EQUALLY CHARMING ILLUSTRATION OF HARMONY BETWEEN A HOME AND ITS ENVIRONMENT.



Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

THIS RUSTIC BUNGALOW, SET AMONG THE WOODS, IS AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE ADAPTATION OF A HOME TO ITS SITE.

THE BOWMAN HOUSE AND GROUNDS AT KATONAH, NEW YORK, SHOW DELIGHTFULLY SYMPATHETIC ADJUSTMENT OF HOUSE AND GROUNDS TO A ROLLING COUNTRY AGAINST A WOODLAND BACKGROUND.



THIS SIMPLE STUCCO DWELLING, SET IN ITS QUIET GARDEN, SEEMS ESPECIALLY IN KEEPING WITH THE WOODED ENVIRONMENT; WITH ITS ENTRANCE IN THE GARDEN IT SUGGESTS A STYLE THAT WOULD BE EQUALLY APPROPRIATE FOR A VILLAGE OR SUBURBAN STREET.

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rule, in both comfort and beauty, is that we have planned and built too hastily. We have not given our homes the thoughtful attention they deserve. Most of us, besides, have had the mistaken impression that we could *buy* our homes—ready-made. That is impossible. You cannot pay people to build you a home any more than you can pay them to build you a character. You can, however, pay an architect to help you carry out your own ideas, to express your individual ideals and wishes in practical form. And it is only through such intelligent and sympathetic coöperation that really successful homes can be achieved.

The house and its environment, however, must be considered as a whole. Exterior and interior, design and plan, must be harmonious not only with respect to each other but with relation to the garden, the surrounding landscape and neighboring buildings. For permanent and individual beauty can result only from a wise adaptation of a house to its site.

IN these articles we shall discuss the different steps of home-making in logical succession, taking up first the question of the choice of a site and the relation of a house to its environment. Then will come the planning of the home itself—whether bungalow, one- or two-story house or cottage, for country or town, mountain or shore—including the arrangement, size and exposure of the rooms and porches. Floor plans and photographs showing a variety of practical and charming interiors will be presented—the best we can obtain.

The selection of materials will be considered next—brick, concrete, stucco, hollow tile, wood and shingle. Interesting examples will be reproduced, so that the home-builder may judge of the effect of each material both in detail and in relation to different types of houses. The most durable and economical modern methods of construction will also be reviewed, and suggestions will be offered to the reader that will help him when the time comes to coöperate with architect and builder and supervise the actual erection of the home.

Attention will likewise be given to the numerous architectural details—roofs, chimneys, doors and windows—which are so important from both a practical and artistic standpoint. The homelike charm and permanent beauty that can be attained through the wise designing of these interesting features will be shown in many lovely illustrations that will furnish both practical hints and real inspiration to the beauty-seeking home-maker.

The interior of the house will be considered with equal care. The designing and finishing of the woodwork and various structural
(Continued on Page 331.)

THE MAKE-BELIEVE WORLD OF TOYS: HUMOROUS DOLLIES AND MERRY ANIMALS



SHIP of dreams, of little children's dreams come true, with toy soldiers and sailors bunked in boxes before the mast, rocking horses champing impatient painted bits down in the hold, wooden elephants the size of squirrels, yellow ducklings as big as dogs, square cats, swinging parrots, beautiful dolls, gay rubber balls, skates and kites and many other amazing and delightful toys, sail the Atlantic Ocean this Christmas season bound for the European children whose fathers are far away from home hiding in trenches, unable to smuggle funny things in their little ones' stockings or wooden shoes simulating the jolly Santa Claus.

This marvelous ship, freighted as never a ship was freighted before unless it was the real Noah's Ark laden with real elephants, ducks, lions and kittens, carries invisible wealth of love and kindness and sympathy packed in with excelsior and tissue paper, ready the instant lids are lifted to spring out, bearing joy for unknown lonely little ones and comfort for anxious mothers who had thought their babies would have to go without their usual Christmas cheer.

Santa Claus' magic pack could not begin to hold all the delightful toys that are packed into this big Christmas ship, nor did his kindly loving heart beat with greater love for all little children than that which animated the hearts of the women of America who have set this ship afloat. Mothers are thus cheerily speaking to mothers across the seas with a tender language of jolly toys. The dove of peace that was loosed from the ark bearing an olive branch, carried no finer symbol of universal good will than these merry, funny toys.

Some easily troubled people have thought that there might be a toy famine in our land since Germany was not making its usual

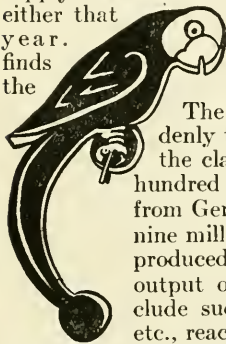
quota of overlooked adaptability. Am to fore shorta for no



toys this year, but they the ingenuity and lity of their own peo-ericans were quick see the unusual ge of toys, matter what comes and goes in this world of ours, children must somehow be given their

THE CHILDREN'S SHIP OF DREAMS

toys, so little back bedrooms, basements and attics of New York, and whole villages of New England have been turned into impromptu toy factories. They forgot also that the very greatest toy factory in the whole world is at Winchendon, Massachusetts, in fact, the sign of this village is a huge rocking horse, the first thing seen by visitors as they step from the depot. And perhaps also they did not know that when the war broke out more than one-fourth of the usual consignment of toys had already been received from Germany, and the other three-fourths of the Christmas supply was sent out before the end of July, and they didn't know either that the toy dealer doesn't sell all his stock in one year. The coming of the next Christmas rush always finds the toy dealer with a huge stock of toys left over from Christmas before.



The new toy industry that has sprung to life so suddenly the last few years is making many changes in the class of toys planned for children. In nineteen hundred and thirteen, the entire importation of toys from Germany was valued at wholesale rates at almost nine million dollars. The factories of the United States produced toys worth almost the same amount. The output of what are called real toys, which did not include such articles as sleighs and velocipedes, skates, etc., reached a figure amounting almost to four million

dollars,—so America has been manufacturing more toys than its people had any idea of, toys that delight the children and educate also in subtle ways their taste, and develop their ingenuity. The line between amusement toys and education and now an invisible have found out that one indeed. People give them a list of toys that can be put together, cut out, and built up in many practical ways so that the children, when the game is finished, find themselves in possession of some really useful article, and their pride in



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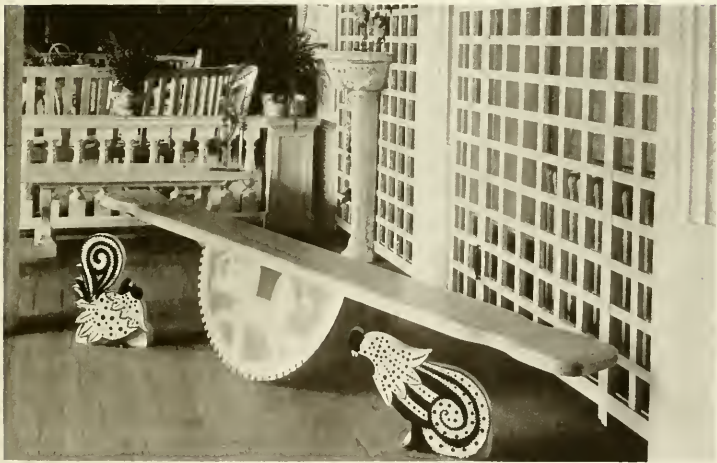
THE CHILDREN'S SHIP OF DREAMS

their own skill leads their minds into other inventive channels.

Perhaps the greatest change that has come into the toy world in recent years is in the matter of dolls for the little girls. The modern doll has a happy quality which its predecessor lamentably lacked,—it possesses a sense of humor. This magic gift bestowed upon it by its maker is one of the chief tributes that distinguishes it essentially from the dolls of the past. Unlike its phlegmatic ancestors it does not merely acquiesce in its fate, it seems to actually enjoy being a doll, it enters into the spirit of the thing regarding its surroundings, its owners and its fellow-dolls with an air of half-suppressed amusement, as though it appreciated the humor of the situation. But the facial expression of the modern doll is not limited to a smile. On the contrary they have a wide range of emotion and varying ways of betraying it. Some are eager and vivacious, veritable little chatterboxes and gossips you feel assured; others are pensive, even melancholy, and others still are petulant, pouting a trifle like little children whose faces will brighten the next moment into smiles.

The dolls that are made for the delight of Germany's children are especially worthy of respect, for they possess a remarkable degree of human likeness and are almost as fascinating to grown-ups as to little folk. Some recent productions along this line are shown here, the pictures being reproduced from the pages of the German publications *Die Kunst* and *Deutsche Kunst und Decoration*. The most striking feature of these illustrations is the costuming. The fastidiously gowned ladies in their voluminous skirts and high perched bonnets bring us remembrance of our grandmothers in their picturesque attire. Note the baggy trousers, checked aprons and big caps of the peasants, and the characteristic garb of the coachman, porter, squire and dame. What interest and care each detail denotes on the part of the designers and what an atmosphere of marked reality is imparted to each group.

The modern child would surely have been envied by its ancestors, for not only has it the utmost loving care, but actual wisdom enters into the development of mind and soul. And with this there is liberty for all kinds of individual growth. Also it is given fascinating wonder-tale rooms to sleep and to play in. One reason for the originality and great beauty of American toys is that they are being designed by women, by mothers who know what their little ones like. Some original work has lately been designed by Helen Speer, who has devoted her talents to planning children's playrooms and nurseries. She has made playrooms whose color scheme is soft ivory, gray and



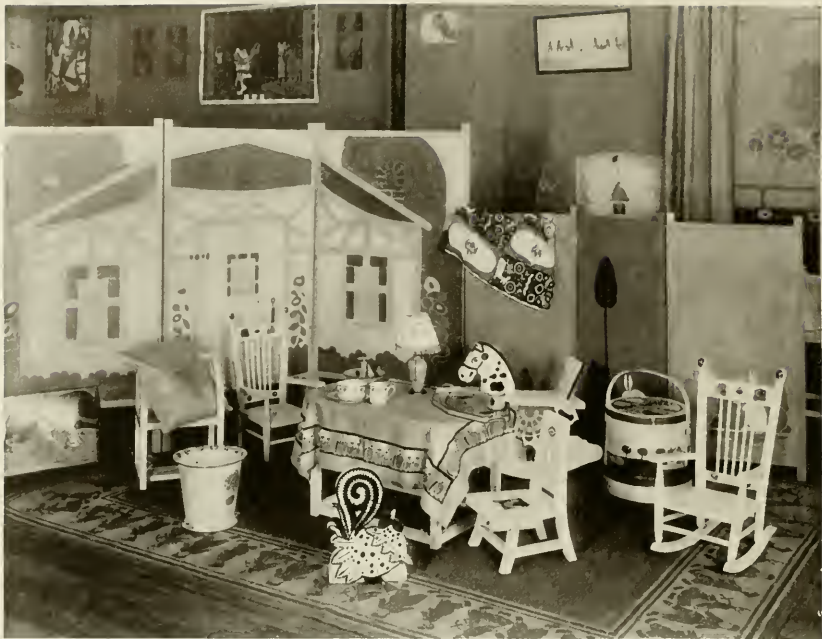
EXAMPLES OF NEW AMERICAN TOYS DESIGNED FOR THE FURNISHING OF NURSERIES AND ROOF GARDENS FOR CHILDREN: THEY ARE EMINENTLY PRACTICAL AS WELL AS PICTURESQUE IN COLOR AND DESIGN: EXAMPLES OF THEM CAN BE SEEN IN MRS. SPEER'S DEPARTMENT IN THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING.



TWO GROUPS OF THE NEW GERMAN DOLLS, QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THE OLD CONVENTIONAL IDEA OF THE RED-CHEEKED, FLAXEN-HAIRED DOLL BABY: THESE EXPRESS A CERTAIN GENUINE HUMAN INTEREST AND ARE OFTEN DELIGHTFULLY HUMOROUS IN EXPRESSION.



THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWS DOLLS' FURNITURE DESIGNED IN GERMANY AND IS FULL OF THE TEUTONIC TENDERNESS FOR BABYHOOD AND ALL ITS JOYS: THE LOWER PICTURE IS A GROUP OF DOLLIES PLAYING GAILY AROUND A WREATH OF MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS: THERE IS A SUGGESTION OF REAL BABY LIFE IN THE MOVEMENT AND COSTUMING OF THESE CHARMING LITTLE TOYS.



A CORNER OF A NURSERY DESIGNED BY HELEN SPEER; THE FURNITURE IS STURDY, PICTURESQUE, AND PAINTED IN VIVID COLORS FROM MERRY DESIGNS; THE BACKGROUND FOR MOST OF MRS. SPEER'S WORK IS WHITE; THE TOY ROOM IN THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING IS PARTLY FURNISHED AND WHOLLY DECORATED FROM IDEAS OF MRS. SPEER'S.

THE CHILDREN'S SHIP OF DREAMS

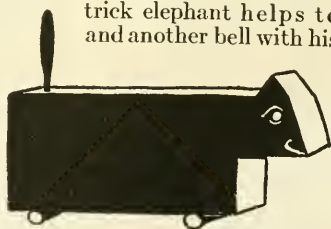


blue or bright yellow, white and green, with a painted river of dreams flowing through shady, gnome-haunted groves and green outland meadows. In her rooms are daisy fields where white rabbits live, and Three Bears' houses, King Arthur's courts and boy scout camps.

The quite contrary Mary, Mary, and the other Mary, who has a little lamb, Red Riding Hood with her basket of goodies, Little Bo-Peep with her white woolly sheep and Cinderella in her pumpkin coach, all live again in artistic humorous form on the walls of rooms filled with tables and chairs, beds and bureaus, bookshelves and chests of drawers, decorated with funny roosters, with parrots, squirrels, pouter pigeons and owls all in a row.

There are arks where toys may be put at night and stay until marched out again in the morning; thus tidiness is learned unaware. Butter-tubs painted white, decorated with flowers and trees, lined with bright colors, where little shoes may be kept, lovely green trees with branches in which caps and coats may be hung, picture trays bearing bread-and-milk bowls with funny things inside that can only be seen after the bowls are empty. There are sand boxes and sand toys without end, see-saws that a rock, ringing a bell with his trunk tail. And there is a comical horse that would make anyone want to ride to Banbury Cross.

There are sand boxes and sand trick elephant helps to and another bell with his



Perhaps one of the very best things that is being done for the children is the beautiful books,—books from A. B. C.'s to fairy tale land into history and the delightful world of poetry, art and drama. Josephine Emerson has created a new profession by selecting childlore libraries for children of all ages, for boys or girls or schools, hospitals, playrooms. The best artists of our land have devoted their talents to illustrating our Mother Goose, Aladdin's lamp, Shakespeare's religious history.

In practically all the toys seen this year there seems to be a new spirit, and one very important in the development of childhood—a combination of simplicity, friendliness and humor; one feels that children themselves might have designed just such toys—they are so real, so fresh, so vivid.

CREATIVE WAR: BY JOHN RUSKIN

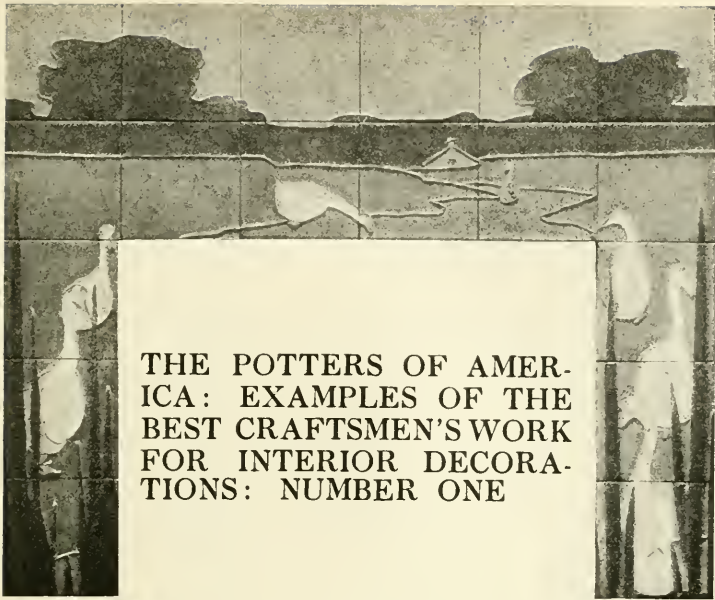
“



WHEN I tell you that war is the foundation of all the arts, I mean also that it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men.

“It was very strange to me to discover this; and very dreadful—but I saw it to be quite an undeniable fact. The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together, I found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the *vices* of civil life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, and of peace and plenty, and of peace and civilization; but I found that those were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together: that on her lips, the words were—peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, peace and death.

“Yet now note carefully, in the second place, *it is not all war of which this can be said*—nor all dragons’ teeth, which, sown, will start up in men. It is not the ravage of a barbarian wolf-flock, as under Genseric or Suvarrow; nor the habitual restlessness and rapine of mountaineers, as on the old borders of Scotland; nor the occasional struggle of a strong peaceful nation for its life, as in the wars of the Swiss with Austria; nor the contest of merely ambitious nations for extent of power, as in the wars of France under Napoleon. . . . None of these forms of war build anything but tombs. *But the creative or foundational war* is that in which the natural restlessness and love of contest among men are disciplined, by consent, into modes of beautiful—though it may be fatal—play: in which the natural ambition and love of power of men are disciplined into aggressive conquest of surrounding evil: and in which the natural instincts of self-defense are sanctified by the nobleness of the institutions, and purity of the households, which they are appointed to defend. . . . No king whose mind was fully occupied with the development of the inner resources of his kingdom . . . ever entered into war but on compulsion. No youth who was earnestly busy with any peaceful subject of study, or set on any serviceable course of action, ever voluntarily became a soldier. Occupy him early, and wisely, in agriculture or business, in science or in literature, and he will never think of war otherwise than as a calamity. . . . Now, remember, whatever virtue or goodness there may be in this game of war, rightly played, there is none when you thus play it with a multitude of small human pawns. If you, the gentlemen of this or any other kingdom, choose to make your pastime of contest, do so, and welcome; but set not up these unhappy peasant-pieces upon the green fielded board. If the wager is to be of death, lay it on your own heads, not theirs.”—From “The Crown of Wild Olives.”



THE POTTERS OF AMERICA: EXAMPLES OF THE BEST CRAFTSMEN'S WORK FOR INTERIOR DECORATIONS: NUMBER ONE



IN the beginning," said Whistler in his famous "Ten o'clock" lecture, "man went forth each day—some to do battle, some to the chase; others, again, to dig and delve in the field—all that they might gain and live, or lose and die. Until there was found among them one, differing from the rest, who stayed by the tents with the women, and traced strange devices with a burnt stick over a gourd.

"This man, who took no joy in the ways of his brothers—who cared not for the conquest, and fretted in the field—this designer of quaint patterns—this deviser of the beautiful—who perceived in Nature about him curious curvings, as faces are seen in the fire—this dreamer apart, was the first artist.

"And when, from the field and from afar, there came back the people, they took the gourd—and drank from out of it.

"And presently there came to this man another—and, in time, others—of like nature, chosen by the gods—and so they worked together; and soon they fashioned from the moistened earth, forms resembling the gourd. And with the power of creation, the heirloom

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of the artist, presently they went beyond the slovenly suggestion of Nature, and the first vase was born, in beautiful proportion.

"And the toilers toiled, and were athirst, and the heroes returned from fresh victories, to rejoice and feast; and all drank alike from the artist's goblets, fashioned cunningly, taking no note the while of the craftsman's pride, and understanding not his glory in his work; drinking at the cup, not from choice, not from a consciousness that it was beautiful, but because, forsooth, there was none other. . . .

"And history wrote on, and conquest accompanied civilization, and Art spread, or rather its products were carried by the victors from one country to another. And the customs of culture covered the face of the earth, so that all peoples continued to use what the artist alone produced.

"And centuries passed in this using, and the world saw arise a new class, who discovered the cheap and foresaw a fortune in the facture of the sham.

"Then sprang into existence the tawdry, the common, the gew-gaw. . . . And what was born of the million went back to them, and charmed them, for it was after their own heart; and the great and the small, the statesman and the slave, took to themselves the abomination that was tendered and preferred it—and have lived with it ever since."

Thus, according to the master-painter, rose, flourished and fell the craftsman's art. And at the time the words were spoken, there seemed little hope of its permanent resurrection, either in England or America. Here and there efforts were being made to revive the methods and quality of workmanship that characterized the old-time products, to awaken public interest, and "educate" people to an appreciation of beautiful things. But as a rule such attempts were of a dilettante nature, a mere fad among the would-be cultured and the so-called artistic, with no real root in inborn taste and daily needs. Moreover, the craft work produced by those who tried to spread the movement was generally priced at so high a figure that it could be purchased only by people of ample means. And so long as a movement depends upon such limited patronage, it can never make a wide appeal or real progress.

In the past the artist and the craftsman worked, not for profit, but for the joy of expression, the love of fashioning a beautiful thing. A Chinese potter of the sixteenth century, for instance, wanted to make an exquisitely shaped and colored vase as a gift for a friend. He made first one vase, then another, and still another, each a little closer to his ideal. At last, after a dozen or more attempts, he achieved the perfect vase he had imagined, and throwing all the rest

THE INTERESTING TILE DESIGN AT THE RIGHT IS FROM THE GRUEBY FAIENCE AND TILE COMPANY AND IS A PANEL IN THE BATHROOM OF MRS. SEARLS IN SAN FRANCISCO; IN COLOR, ARRANGEMENT AND DECORATION THIS IS PROBABLY THE MOST ELABORATE AND BEAUTIFUL BATHROOM IN AMERICA: IT IS ENTIRELY FITTED UP WITH GRUEBY TILES: THE FLOOR IS IN DULL GREEN TILE WITH A BORDER IN A POND LILY DECORATION: THE DESIGN ABOUT THE WALLS IS OF GROWING FLEURS-DE-LIS IN RICH NATURAL COLORS: THE BACKGROUND OF THIS VARIED AND BEAUTIFUL DECORATION IS IN HARMONIOUS SOFT TONES: SO WELL IS THIS FLEUR-DE-LIS PATTERN DESIGNED THAT THE VERY SENSE OF THE PLANT GROWING UP FROM POOLS OF WATER IS MANIFEST: A MORE APPROPRIATE DESIGN FOR AN ELABORATE BATHROOM COULD HARDLY BE IMAGINED AND IF EXTRAVAGANCE IS TO BE SHOWN IN HOUSE FITTINGS WHAT MORE DELIGHTFUL THAN TO BATHE IN A ROOM SURROUNDED BY RICH-HUED FLOWERS IN THE MIDST OF VERDURE.

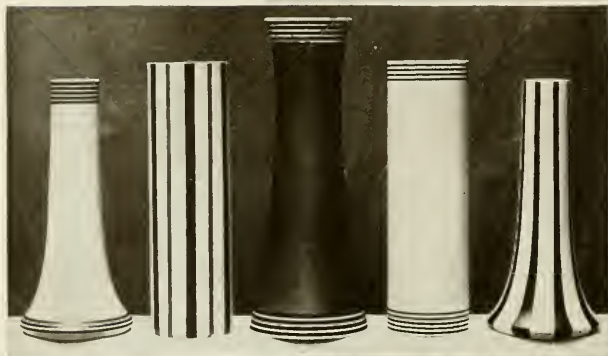


THIS CONSERVATORY WAS PLANNED BY THE GRUEBY FAIENCE AND TILE COMPANY FOR AN INTERESTING HOME IN MONTREAL: THE FLOORS ARE COVERED IN SMALL RICH GREEN TILES, THE BODY OF THE FOUNTAIN IS IN DULL GREEN AND BLUE, AND EVEN THE HEATING PIPES ARE COVERED WITH GREEN TILE: A RARELY FINE BACKGROUND FOR GROWING PLANTS AND BRILLIANT FLOWERS.

THIS GROUP OF FLOWER HOLDERS FROM THE LENOX POTTERY IS OF EXCEPTIONAL GRACE AND ORIGINALITY: THEY ARE IN RICH SHADES OF BLUE, ORANGE AND GREEN AND IN THE MORE DELICATE BLUES AND PINKS: IN THEIR MANIFOLD OUTLINE AND COLOR THEY MAKE AN INTERESTING COLLECTION FOR HOTHOUSE FLOWERS THROUGHOUT THE HOME.



*Photographs by
Technical
Photo
Company.*



UNIQUE COLLECTION OF NEW DESIGNS IN LENOX POTTERY IN WHICH THE VIENNESE INSPIRATION IS FELT IN THE USE OF BLACK AND WHITE: SINCE THE DAYS OF THE OLD GREEK POTTERY THIS COMBINATION OF BLACK AND WHITE HAS NOT BEEN IN VOGUE: IN THIS INSTANCE THE DESIGNS SEEM ESPECIALLY SUITED TO THE OUTLINE OF THE POTTERY.

A THIRD COLLECTION OF LENOX IN RICH DARK TONES, EQUALLY INTERESTING FOR FLOWER HOLDERS OR AS A BASIS FOR LAMP CONSTRUCTION.



THE COLLECTION OF FULPER POTTERY SHOWN BELOW IS QUITE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE VARIETY AND RICH INTERESTS OF THIS WARE: THE CUCUMBER-GREEN JARDINIÈRE AT THE LEFT IS LINED WITH YELLOW AND IS A SINGULARLY INTERESTING BACKGROUND FOR WILD FLOWERS: THE TALL FLOWER HOLDER IN DULL GREEN IS SUITED TO ANY LONG STEMMED VARIETY OF TABLE DECORATION AND THE TURTLE FLOWER HOLDER IN THE FOREGROUND IS USEFUL EITHER IN THE GREEN JARDINIÈRE OR IN ANY LOW OPEN VASE FOR A CENTERPIECE IN THE DINING ROOM.



THIS COLLECTION OF POTTERY SHOWS, TO THE MOST DELIGHTFUL DEGREE, THE MAT FINISH FOR WHICH THE FULPER PEOPLE ARE FAMOUS: THIS RICH SOFT FINISH IS SHOWN HERE IN BROWN, GREEN AND YELLOW, ALL THE PIECES BEING APPROPRIATELY AND HARMONIOUSLY LINED.





THE TOP OF A FIREPLACE DESIGNED BY THE ROOKWOOD POTTERY COMPANY WITH SEA MOTIVES IN BOTH PANELS: THE UPPER DESIGN IS RATHER A REMARKABLE FEAT FOR A POTTER TO ACCOMPLISH, FOR WE SEE A WONDERFUL DESIGN OF WATER BABIES PLAYING GAILY THROUGH CIRCLING WAVES: ONE CAN IMAGINE WHAT THE BEAUTY OF THIS MUST BE IN RICH COLORS: IN THE LOWER PANEL SEA-WEED, SWIMMING FISHES AND TINY FLOWERS MAKE A LOVELY COMPLIMENTARY DESIGN.



THESE TWO ROOKWOOD JARS ARE REPRESENTATIVE OF THIS ARTISTIC MAKE OF POTTERY: THE COLORS ARE IN THE RICH DARK TONES FOR WHICH THE ROOKWOOD WARE IS FAMOUS: THEY ARE INTERESTING AS ORNAMENTS AND PRACTICALLY BEAUTIFUL AS FLOWER HOLDERS OR LAMP JARS.

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away, gave the final, finished piece of workmanship to his friend. Today, that vase is valued at seven hundred dollars—and yet, when it was made, there was no thought of its commercial worth.

Such cases, however, are exceptions. Objects of art are becoming largely a thing of the past. Fictitious values and arbitrary prices are inconsistent with our practical commercial age. But that does not mean that we can no longer have the beautiful. Beauty is not necessarily expensive. It needs no more clay, no more color, no more time or energy to make an attractive vase than an ugly one. It is simply a question of using the materials in the right or the wrong way. When once our potters cultivate their sense of proportion, when they understand the requisites of good design, and the laws of harmonious coloring, it will be just as easy for them to produce pleasing shapes and colors as it was for them to produce mediocre ones. And when our home-makers awaken to a clearer and more sympathetic understanding of the principles that underlie good workmanship and harmonious design, they will refuse to accept anything that falls short of their ideals of utility and beauty.

That both of these improvements are taking place in America today is convincingly shown by the examples of workmanship illustrated here, and by the fact that these new developments in pottery are being widely welcomed and appreciated throughout the homes and gardens of our land.

It is significant, too, that in these tall, slim flower-holders and low-spreading bowls, these gracefully turned vases and sturdily made jars, the dominant note is always simplicity. There is no attempt at ornamentation. The texture of the clay or cement, the contour of the object, the smoothness or irregularity of its finish, or the mellow richness of its coloring—these are the elements out of which its decorative worth is born. One feels in each piece that quiet charm, that curiously appealing frankness, that invariably seems to grow from an unaffected use of the materials. Each object conjures up a picture of the potter's wheel, and the rough lump of clay. One can almost watch it taking form under the hand and tool, and evolving from the raw material into the finished bowl or vase. And it is this very closeness to its origin, this freedom from all that is pretentious or ornate, which gives it such genuine interest.

At the same time there is a certain air of dignity in the rounded surfaces and flowing lines, that gives them distinction in almost any environment. They would be as appropriate, one feels, in the richly upholstered interior as in one of simple furnishings. At the same time, one realizes that the simpler the background, the more at home this pottery will appear. An orange bowl, for instance, placed on shelf

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or bookcase against a wall of deep, restful blue, would lend a note of warm, vivid color contrast to one's living room. A tall vase of soft green or brown, holding a spray of rich crimson berries, would grace the plainest desk or mantel with a touch of autumn loveliness that would be a continual pleasure during months of snow, and richly colored tiles inlaid in the stucco walls of the exterior, set in panel form above the chimney-piece, or used in the hearth, would give one's home a touch of picturesqueness that would be a source of lasting joy.

It is interesting to note the development of American potteries. Among the earliest were the Fulper kilns, at Flemington, New Jersey, founded in eighteen hundred and five. Beauty and simplicity of design, combined with mellow finish and coloring, give their products a distinction and individual charm that have contributed much to the growth of the craft in this country.

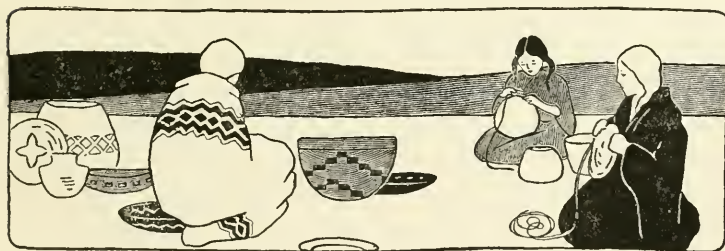
The name of Rookwood has also become widely known within the last few decades. This pottery was founded in eighteen hundred and eighty by Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer, a Cincinnati woman, who called it by the name of her father's place. Her idea was to produce with native clay an original type of pottery in which the color decoration was applied in the material itself before firing. The product was then enriched with appropriate glazes. The enterprise was of a distinctly pioneer nature; new processes and styles were worked out, and instead of importing foreign decorators with fixed methods, a staff of American artists were brought together to solve the various problems of technique and design. Indeed, the beginning of Rookwood pottery may be considered as marking a new era for the craft in America.

Another important development in this field began in eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, when William H. Grueby discovered the glaze which bears his name and which has made the work of his kilns justly famous. As Mary White says in her interesting book, "How to Make Pottery," "Although for many years, dull-finished pottery has been produced by sand-blasting ware with a glossy finish, or by taking a piece of glazed pottery and treating it with acid to make it dull, the Grueby potteries were the first in the history of ceramics to make a dull-finish pottery in their kilns. The surface thus obtained has a deep, velvety look, unlike any other finish made—such as that which was possessed by old Corean pottery. The ware was first exhibited in Paris, in nineteen hundred, where it made quite a sensation, and the French Government awarded the Grueby Potteries a gold medal for enamels and glazes, as well as a silver medal for design, and gave Mr. Grueby personally a gold medal for the work he had accomplished in dull-finished enamels."

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To the Lenox potteries, at Trenton, must also be given credit for beautiful and interesting work, as the examples reproduced in this article show. The Paul Revere products, of Boston, with their sturdy shapes and mellow finishes, their rich colorings and quaintly humorous animal and bird designs, appeal especially to the little folk. The Glen Tor Studio, at Grand View-on-Hudson, Nyack, New York, is another pottery that has produced exceptionally beautiful designs—decorative tiles for walls and fireplaces, lamps, flower-pots and other ceramic fittings. The Gates potteries, near Chicago, the home of the well-known Teco ware; two New England kilns, the Dedham, where such artistic tableware is made, and the Merrimac, in Newburyport, noted for the charming form and color of its products, most of which are thrown on the potter's wheel; the Volkmar kilns, in Metuchen, New Jersey, where gracefully designed, richly colored, mat-glazed pottery is produced; Newcomb College, New Orleans, where artistic pottery is made by the students—these are some of the most important of our American industries in this branch of craft work.

For pottery of this simple, decorative character, there is in our country today an almost unlimited field. And with the growing interest in well-made, beautiful and serviceable home fittings, there is every reason to believe that the time will eventually come when "the tawdry, the common and the gew-gaw" will be a thing of the past, and the pottery that graces our homes will be as beautiful, in its way, as the handiwork of those early Old World craftsmen whose art has long survived them.



WORKING FOR PLAY: THE COUNTRY SCHOOL DEVELOPED INTO A SOCIAL CENTER: BY WALTER A. DYER



ANNAH BELDEN is an ardent church-goer. The little white meeting-house on the hill is seldom opened to a gathering of any sort that does not include Hannah. She contributes her cake or chicken, her pan of scalloped oysters or baked beans to every church supper, and is invariably on hand to help eat them. The church furnishes Hannah with all the social life she gets outside of the half dozen houses along our valley road.

But church socials have lost their charm for Hannah's children. They are mostly "young folks" now, and they have their own parties and other affairs. As for Caleb Belden, he drives Hannah up to church, ties Fanny in the shed, and drops around for a game of whist (and maybe a glass of something) with Joe Barker and Sam Ward. Music and intellectual entertainment is conspicuous for its absence in the social life of all the Beldens.

The same lack of common interest that more or less disrupts the family life of the Beldens is at the bottom of our whole town's disintegration. We really aren't a town; we're a group of hamlets and school districts, and the old deserted town hall on the hill stands as a monument to a once vigorous but now departed community spirit.

Ours is not the only disorganized rural community in the United States. In fact, our condition is typical. And something has got to be done about it if America is to breed a race of stalwart yeomen and keep alive the fires of democracy.

The difficulty is fundamental in our rural American life. Most of the forces of progress have tended toward the disintegration of the country community as a social and political entity, and this has seriously reacted on the character of the members of those communities. Isolation has stunted them; they

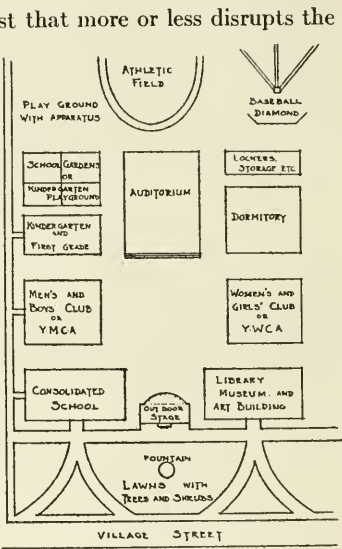


FIG. 3
SOCIAL CENTER PLAN BY THE AUTHOR

WORKING FOR PLAY

have not kept abreast of the times. Our rural districts are "backward." Our rural citizens have gotten out of touch with the world and with each other; and as John Stuart Mill has said, "A neighbor not being an ally or an associate, since he is never engaged in any common undertaking for joint benefit, is therefore only a rival." Hence the disorganization of rural society.

City life is by nature organized; country life, under the conditions of modern civilization, is not. The city's natural force is centripetal; that of the country, centrifugal. The rural community's first need, therefore, is organization and centralization of interests.

INEVITABLY one must recognize the need in our rural districts of some sort of center for cooperative community life—a definite place where that life may find and express itself. Professor George H. Betts, of Cornell College, Iowa, says, "One of the most pressing needs of country districts is a common neighborhood center for both young and old, which shall stand as an organizing, welding, vitalizing force, uniting the community on a basis of common interests and activities." Four things, he says, are essential in the upbuilding of the rural community: "First, educational facilities must be improved for rural children, and their education be better adapted to farm life; second, greater opportunities must be provided for recreation and social intercourse for both young and old; third, the program of farm work must be rearranged to allow reasonable time for rest and recreation; fourth, books, pictures, lectures, concerts, and entertainments must be as accessible to the farm as to the town." These things constitute a fundamental demand of human nature. The town is already organized to provide them; our national task is to organize the country to provide them. The need is for a community-supported institution to focus the life of the community and break up the isolation and provincialism of farm life.

The effort to supply this need has already become a nation-wide movement, vigorous today in such widely separated States as California, Texas, Wisconsin, Tennessee, and New York. It was started in Rochester, New York, as a city movement in nineteen hundred and seven, its promoter being Mr. Edward J. Ward, now adviser in civic and social center development to the extension department of the University of Wisconsin. Since then civic and social center work has been undertaken in two hundred and seven American cities, of which forty employ paid workers.

The rural aspects of the problem soon claimed attention, and were discussed at the first social center conference, held at Dallas, Texas, in February, nineteen hundred and eleven. Texas at once

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became active in the movement. Dallas started a Playground and Social Center Association. San Antonio and Fort Worth soon followed, and Houston in that year spent half a million dollars socializing her schools.

The following October, the first national social and civic center conference was held at Madison, Wisconsin. Delegates were present from all parts of the United States, and the Social Center Association of America was organized "to promote the development of intelligent public spirit through community use of the common schoolhouse for free discussion of public questions and all wholesome civic, educational, and recreational activities." In this association, Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson is an active leader, and a magazine, "The Social Center," is published at Madison, with Mr. Ward as editor.

The Playground and Recreation Association of America and the Russell Sage Foundation enlisted in the movement, the Roosevelt Country Life Commission and the National Education Association endorsed it, and other organizations have taken part in it, as well as National and State agricultural and educational departments.

ATTEMPTS to make the country church a genuine social center have not been widely successful. The church appears to have lost something of its hold on the life of the people through sectarian narrowness, and the rural church seldom has a constructive social program, though there are notable exceptions, such as at Plainfield, DuPage County, Illinois, and at Proctor, Vermont. The county work divisions of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have solved the problem in some localities, and the grange and other societies elsewhere. But these are isolated instances, and the social center workers have come to accept the country school as the logical nucleus of the movement.

The school is purely a public institution. It has no hint of charity, paternalism, or sectarianism. The proudest and most independent citizen can accept with a clear conscience whatever the school may have to offer. More than that, he has a right to demand service from this institution—greater service than it now offers. The present conduct of the country school is an offense against the laws of economics. Here is the one genuinely free, public institution, owned by the whole people, but seldom operated to the advantage of the people. Have we become careless of our democracy?

"Why," asks Professor Betts, "should not the public school building, now in use but six hours a day for little more than half the year, be open at all times when it can be helpful to any portion of the community?"

WORKING FOR PLAY

Two generations ago the district school building was often used for spelling bees, singing school, farmers' meetings, socials, and meetings of the lyceum, literary or debating society. But with the development of American civilization, the organization of the cities, the changes in agriculture and in politics, there came a shifting of the centers of rural life and a breaking up of its social organization.

With this loss of community consciousness and the spirit of democratic participation, the schoolhouse has become merely the half-used education place of the children. To restore its function as a civic and social center will be a work of patriotic service.

AT the Madison conference, in October, nineteen hundred and eleven, Woodrow Wilson, then governor of New Jersey, threw much light upon "The Social Center, a Means of Common Understanding." It fits in admirably with the Wilson theory of democracy: "The study of the civic center," he said, "is the study of the spontaneous life of communities. . . . There can be no life in a community so long as its parts are segregated and separated. . . . That is the problem of modern life which is so specialized that it is almost devitalized, so disconnected that the tides of life will not flow. My interest in this movement has been touched with enthusiasm because I see in it a channel for the restoration of the unity of communities.

"What I see in this movement is a recovery of the constructive and creative genius of the American people. . . . And it seems to me that the schoolhouses dotted here, there, and everywhere, over the great expanse of this Nation, will some day prove to be the roots of that great tree of liberty which shall spread for the sustenance and protection of all mankind."

All eyes are looking to the country school to rise to the occasion and meet the national need. Already the consolidated schools have been upsetting rural equilibrium and breaking up rural isolation. Two courses are open: to equip the schoolhouse as a more or less complete social center, or to develop it as the nucleus of a community center group.

Most country schoolhouses are quite inadequate to serve as social centers, though the movement may well have its beginnings there. Sooner or later, if the movement makes anything like healthy progress, a new plant will be required, more or less elaborate according to the needs and means of the community.

In no case should the school itself be slighted in this development; rather it should gain materially and spiritually by the drawing toward it of all the community interests. Having fulfilled this prime duty,

WORKING FOR PLAY

attention may be paid to the demands of the intellectual, political, and social life of the community. On the recreational side there should be well equipped playgrounds and, if possible, gymnasium, baths, and provision for games. "When every schoolhouse," says Mr. Ward, "is equipped with gymnasium and baths, with bowling alley and games, with music and other forms of entertainment for the evening, the property of the neighboring dissipation places will be 'for sale cheap.'"

The Farragut School, at Concord, Tennessee, is a good example of this sort of school center. Situated in a farming community, it provides the best place available for lectures and entertainments. For five years, monthly meetings, called "Moonlight Socials," have been held at the schoolhouse, at which music, discussions, addresses and social gatherings are enjoyed. Refreshments are prepared in the domestic science kitchen. An auditorium, piano and stage furnish facilities for concerts and theatricals, and there is a school library and periodical table. Farmers' institutes are held at the school, and the annual commencement is made the occasion for a big community outing and field day. During the vacations, the school playgrounds, tennis and basket ball courts, and baseball field are freely used by the people of the community, and the shower baths are open to the public two days a week during the summer.

In Wisconsin, the school boards are required by law to open the schoolhouses to community uses, and Wisconsin, consequently, has many effective social center schools. One of the best of these is the village high school at Sauk City, where a hundred dollar playground, a cooking school, and lecture course are open to all the people, and where society meetings, etc., are held. A community institute is held for four days each year, to discuss such problems as public health, recreation and farm homes.

Another good civic center school is at Lexington, Kentucky, where a model building has been erected, equipped with auditorium, class rooms, library and reading room, gymnasium, kitchen, laundry, carpenter shop, swimming pool and showers, all used by the public.

The requirements of the country school as a social center have been briefly summarized by Mr. W. H. Smith, rural school supervisor, Jackson, Mississippi. This excellent outline has been published by the National Bureau of Education as "Rural School Letter Number Six," and may be obtained on request.

It is very easy to expand the one-building idea. A good site of several acres is first suggested, to include a picnic grove, ornamental planting, school gardens, playground, athletic field and agricultural

(Continued on Page 316.)

“PROPERLY APPOINTED AND BECOMING DWELLINGS:” THE INTRODUCTION TO A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON HOME DECORATION



HAVE always felt that the best security for civilization is the dwelling,” said Disraeli, “and that upon properly appointed and becoming dwellings depends more than anything else, the improvement of mankind.” Disraeli’s use of the word dwelling in this instance is peculiarly fine, for it emphasizes the true meaning of the word home—a vantage ground for security,

a trusted place where one rests after labors, a refuge in time of stress, a rallying point for depleted spiritual, mental and physical forces, a beautiful place where one abides with satisfaction and delight, ceasing from restless, dissatisfied wanderings. Upon the security and beauty of this place of refuge man has not only spent the best part of his energies, but will continue to do so until the end of time, for the home feeling is the greatest, the most fundamental force of life.

The instinct for a beautiful home cannot be crushed out of any of us. If storms cast us upon a desert island our first thought is to find a safe place to call a home. The next is to beautify it by a border of shells about the path or by the transplanting of a vine at the entrance. If life casts us upon the mercy of a hotel or furnished apartment we cannot endure it until some article of dear association is set about the dreary place to give anchor to our hungry desire for a home.

The assurance of our happiness and comfort, of a more far-reaching improvement and growth for ourself and children than we can possibly foresee, depends as Disraeli says, upon the proper appointing of our dwelling houses, after, with the help of architect and builder, we have made them reliably safe. The uplifting influence of beauty is a necessity of all lives. If we could daily see the sun rise and set or occasionally walk over flower-bright hills or through quiet groves we could perhaps get along fairly well with an ugly square box of a house for an abiding place. But since we have elected to live shut away from these natural beauties, we are forced to surround ourselves with beauty of our own making, for without vision, which means without uplifted thought, we perish.

THE CRAFTSMAN, recognizing that in everyone’s life there must be some positive expression of beauty within continual reach that the best development of the race may be assured, has always sought to direct efforts to secure it along the surest path, that of simplicity. The experience of years in designing, building, furniture making,

“PROPERLY APPOINTED DWELLINGS”

the production of all the details of house furnishings, we are preparing to put in detail at the service of our readers in a series of articles. These articles will consist of suggestions for the finishing of woods, the floors, the walls, plumbing, heating, lighting and all that goes to make a practical and enjoyable home.

THE January number will deal with interior use of woodwork for walls and floors. Walls are not only a necessary means to secure privacy to enclosed space; doors are not only essential in affording security; windows to give light and air; but all are important notes in bringing about harmonious beauty in a home. This first article will deal with their placing, balance and proportion. Also with the characteristics of different woods, their appropriate uses in the home, their finishings, whether of stain or paint, how to bring out the beauty of natural grain and take advantage of natural color. Under the heading of floors will be included various kinds of serviceable floorings for porches, sun rooms, etc., as well as of rooms, such as tile, brick, cement, wood and their coverings, rugs, carpets, grass mats, etc. The keynote of many modern decorators is taken from the floor coverings, noticeably the rug. From this important start the key to the fittings of the whole room may develop, plain tint of wall chosen, decorative ornament introduced in the curtains, chair coverings, sofa pillows, etc. This article will cover some of the important principles of color harmonies and importance of suitable textures.

IN February we will take up the introduction of suitable furniture. We will make clear that since any beautiful thing is an expression of truth, beautiful things from many ages can be gathered together by proper selection with artistic result. Rooms should not be historical collections of period furniture, for then they would be too formal, too much like a show room instead of an inviting place to live. Neither should they be simply flat blue, red, or yellow rooms for then they are monotonous and lack that intangible charm known as variety. The selection of furniture for a home is of the utmost importance. Many things must be considered; it must be in keeping with the house, thoroughly made, of good design and finish, furniture which one would want to preserve in the family for the enjoyment and use of future generations because of its beauty and the honesty of its making, articles that are of lasting worth, not those that are the fad of the hour, and novelties that have no permanent value.

The universal move toward standardizing affects furniture as well as almost anything else that must of necessity be in constant

“PROPERLY APPOINTED DWELLINGS”

use. Experience gradually determines the worth of sizes, proportions and line, holds on to what is good and discards that which is proven worthless and unfit. Certain chairs, tables, desks, beds, etc., made at various periods found to be good then are good today and have never been improved upon. The form of a curved leaf may have been changed perhaps, but the style of the article has become fixed, standardized, so that for all time it is known as Jacobean, Chippendale, Empire, Early English, etc. A Windsor chair, beautiful in itself, would look out of keeping in a strict period room, say an early French period, but carefully selected pieces from many periods could be grouped to advantage in one room. One foreign object of a period is out of place, but a room made up of selected periods can be made unusually harmonious.

Why is it that an experienced decorator can go into a house that is distressingly stiff and unhomelike and by simply rearranging the furniture, re-grouping corners, transferring articles from one room to another, changing the position of pottery of emphatic notes of color, transform it into a hospitable, informal, homelike place? Why is it that charm radiates from the decorative work of some people and not from others? By what net of selection or rearrangement of objects is beauty caught?

THE finishings of the room, the draperies, pillows, pictures, potteries, etc., will form the subject of the March number. At this time the subject of lighting will be elaborated upon,—the lighting of the room, that final touch of coziness and homelikeness, will receive especial attention. The success or failure of any room depends in great part upon the way the lighting is handled. The chandeliers, hanging lamps, those for table or wall are questions of the utmost importance in the final finish of a room; choice of pottery or metal base must be considered and the size and shape of shade, whether it shall be of silk, or figured cretonne.

All of these articles will be illustrated by beautiful photographs, photographs so explanatory that but small text would be necessary. These articles may perhaps be followed by others upon the furnishings of the summer homes. These will depend upon the interest and suggestions we receive after the publication of this first series, for the purpose of these articles is to further the home spirit, helping people to develop homes along economical lines of beauty as well as durability. We hope these articles may give rise to many inquiries on the part of our readers that will lead to a more personal helpfulness.

NEW RUSTIC CABINS

RUSTIC CABINS: A NEW METHOD OF SLAB CONSTRUCTION DESIGNED BY GUSTAV STICKLEY

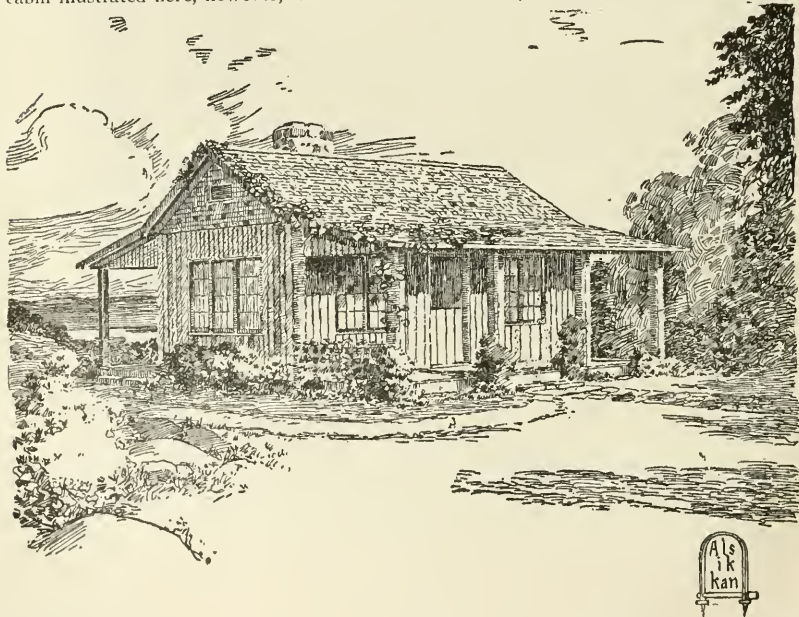
READERS of THE CRAFTSMAN may recall an article by Julian Burroughs which we published in March, 1911, and in which he described the construction of his rustic bungalow up the Hudson. "For the summer home in the woods or mountains," said Mr. Burroughs, "slabs make an ideal house covering, cheap, easily obtained at any saw-mill, and harmonizing with both the surroundings and the purpose of the building. . . . Chestnut makes the best slabs, oak and butternut next, hemlock is excellent."

We have always shared with Mr. Burroughs and other Nature-lovers this fondness for rustic construction, and our designs for Craftsman houses include a number of log and slab dwellings. The little cabin illustrated here, however, is different

from any previously designed, and the construction is so simple that any one who is used to handling tools can put it up, either alone or with the help of a carpenter. And as it is so well built and so easily heated, it can be used through every season of the year if desired.

The cabin is of course especially suitable for summer or week-end use among the woods or mountains, but it might also be used as a temporary home preparatory to the building of a larger house. For instance, if one had a half-acre or so in the country—where there were no building restrictions to interfere with the erection of a cabin of this simple type—one could put up this little shelter and live there until the time came to build the permanent home. The laying out and planting of the grounds, the designing and planning of the future house, could all be done at leisure, and one would have a comfortable place to stay, right on the spot, when the actual work of building began.

Moreover, if the cabin were built on



CRAFTSMAN RUSTIC CABIN WITH SLAB WALLS AND SHINGLED ROOF, ESPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR THE WOODS OR MOUNTAINS; THE CONSTRUCTION IS SO SIMPLE THAT THE BUILDING CAN BE PUT UP, ALONE OR WITH THE HELP OF A CARPENTER, BY ANY ONE WHO IS USED TO HANDLING TOOLS.

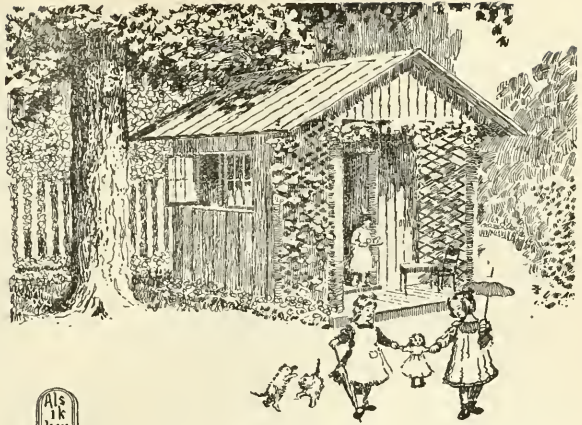
NEW RUSTIC CABINS

some part of the land where it would look picturesque—at the edge of the woods or at the far end of the garden—one could leave it there after the larger house was finished, and use it as a sort of summer-house, as a garage, or as extra accommodation when week-end parties or unexpected guests made additional quarters desirable. Or if it were not needed for any of these purposes, it could be rented as an all-year or summer home.

Meantime, however, there would be the pleasure and interest of building the cabin, and the satisfaction of having a place in the country to which one could come for a few days or weeks whenever the opportunity arose. And a very comfortable, attractive little home it could be made, both inside and out, with only a very modest expenditure.

BUILDING THE RUSTIC CABIN

WE are showing the rustic cabin built on a foundation of field stone, with a chimney of the same material—

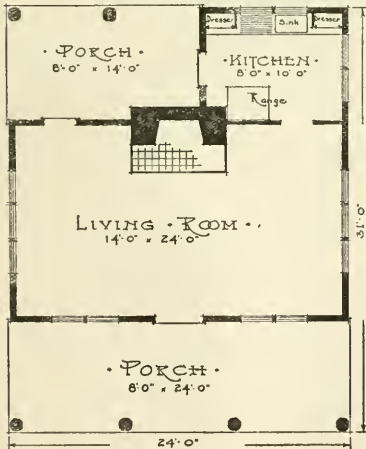


A RUSTIC PLAYHOUSE FOR THE CHILDREN: THE SLAB WALLS AND ROOF, THE LATTICED PORCH AND CASEMENT WINDOWS MAKE THIS LITTLE BUILDING VERY ATTRACTIVE.

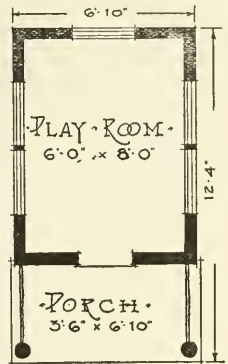
for this would be the most appropriate if it were built where stone could be found. In other localities, however, brick or concrete or wooden piles might be used, and the cabin could of course be set either on piers or on a continuous foundation. Such piers should be about 8 feet apart, and in any case an air space should be left under the floor.

As the drawings show, the walls are made of upright slabs, and since the construction is somewhat unusual it may be well to describe it in detail.

First the sill is laid on the foundation, and then come the 2 x 6 floor joists, laid 16 inches apart on centers, and nailed to the sill in the usual manner. Over these double flooring should be used. Before putting up the slab walls, the outside angle formed by the sill and foundation (or plate) is flashed with

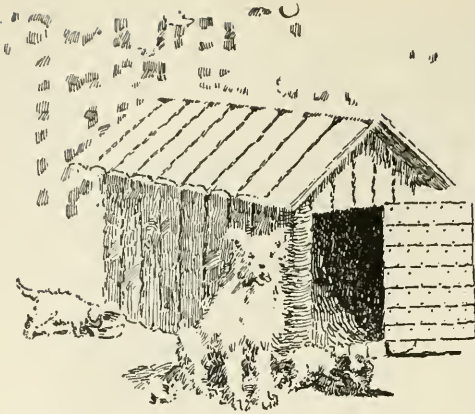


FLOOR PLAN OF THE RUSTIC CABIN.



PLAN OF PLAYHOUSE.

NEW RUSTIC CABINS



DOG KENNEL OF LOGS AND SLABS THAT WOULD BE ESPECIALLY IN KEEPING WITH THE RUSTIC CABIN SHOWN ON PAGE 312.

waterproof paper, which is afterwards given a coat of tar. This makes a waterproof joint.

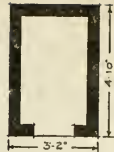
The upright slabs—cut from logs, and trimmed slightly at the edges to give a better joint—are then set upon the foundation (or upon the plate, if wooden piles are used), and fastened to the wall, nailing from the inside. Horizontal boards, 8 inches wide and $\frac{7}{8}$ inch thick are nailed to the inner surface of the slab wall—around the top and bottom, and just above and below the window openings. Over the inside of each joint of the slabs is nailed a narrow lath which serves to keep out the draught and to prevent the oakum with which the joints are afterwards chinked from coming through.

To the horizontal boards are nailed panels of "compo-board." This forms a smooth, neat finish for the interior, and may be treated in any way the owner desires—painted, or covered with paper or fabric, either plain or marked off into panels by strips over the joints.

Along the top of the slab wall, beneath the roof, is spiked a 2 x 4 plate, which projects a trifle on the outside to afford a flat surface against which the sheathing of the eave rafters may be nailed.

At the window and door openings, the heads of the frames are nailed to the slabs as shown, and the joints are flashed with waterproof paper in the same manner as at the foundation. These precautions, how-

ever, are necessary only where there is no porch protection. All nailing should be done from the inside, so that the heads of the nails are not exposed to the weather.



PLAN OF THE DOG KENNEL.

In the door and window construction, it will be noticed, the jambs are wider than the wall—or rather their inside surfaces project a trifle beyond that of the "compo-board." These jambs are left exposed on the interior, producing a rather interesting structural effect that is particularly in keeping with a building of this rustic character.

The rafters are shown with the ends boxed in. This is an economical form of construction, as it allows the use of comparatively thin rafters, which do not have to be planed.

The roof is shingled, over strips or laths as shown, and if a rich golden brown or moss green stain is used it will harmonize admirably with the slab walls, which can be stained brown or left to weather, as preferred.

Rough-hewn logs with the bark stripped off are used for the porch posts, and the porch ceilings are sheathed or ceiled with matchboarding. The flooring of the porches is of wood.

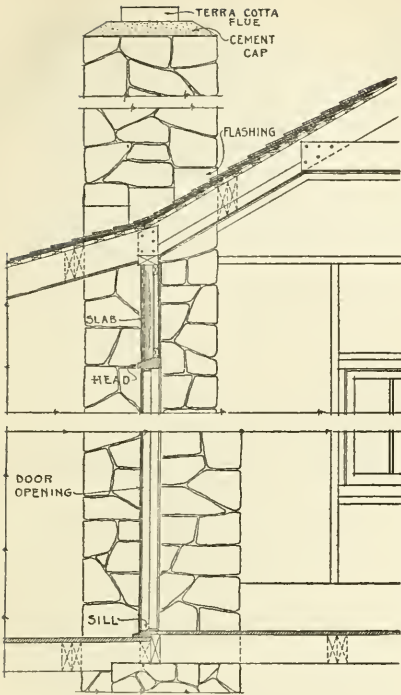
The chimney is of stone, laid up with cement in the usual manner, and having flashing of zinc or tin where it emerges at the roof. If the cabin is built without a fireplace, the chimney for the kitchen stove may be cheaply and easily constructed of sections of tile pipe, with sheet-iron piping inside.

COST OF LUMBER

THE cost of the materials, without counting stone work, paint or labor, which would vary in different localities and cases—would be about \$400.

For those who are interested in this type of cabin and who wish to build one for themselves, we have prepared complete working drawings, details and specifications, as well as a lumber bill, which can be obtained from our Architectural Department. These instructions are so complete that any one who has a knowledge of car-

NEW RUSTIC CABINS



penry will be able to build the cabin, either alone or with a little help.

Moreover, as we have more timber than we can use on Craftsman Farms—chestnut and other trees scattered through the woods, all ready for cutting—our plan is to utilize it for the building of rustic cabins like the one shown here. We will therefore ship, to any one who wishes to build from this design, the requisite number of slabs for the walls and logs for the porch posts, cut and trimmed the right lengths, all ready for building. The other materials for the cabin can be procured in the locality where it is built.

CHILDREN'S RUSTIC PLAYROOM

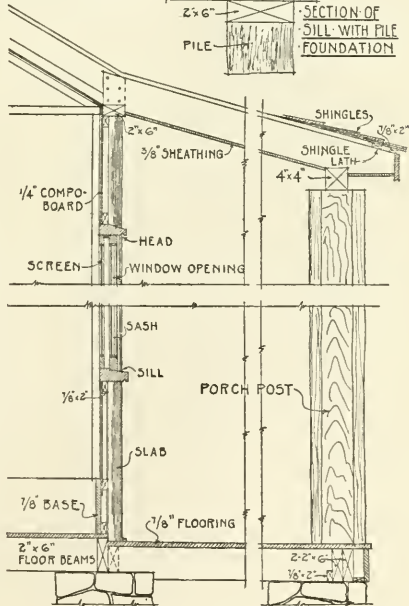
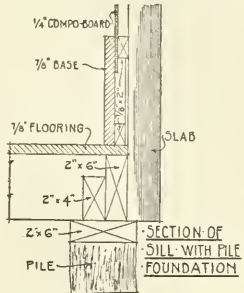
WE are also showing here the plan and perspective view of a children's playroom, which could be easily built in any garden, and which would be particularly in keeping with the rustic cabin just described. There are few things that afford greater delight to children than a tiny house of their own, where they can in-

stall a family of dolls, play school or house-keeping, or any of those romantic and adventurous games that they are so fond of inventing. And there are few forms of construction that appeal to their active imaginations more keenly than the rustic cabin. It suggests pioneers, Indians, and deep shadowy woodlands; about its logs still clings the mystery of the forest in which they grew.

For these reasons, we think the little playhouse with its slab walls and roof and latticed porch will appeal to many children. It can be easily and cheaply put together, and will speedily repay, in the pleasure it affords, the little time and energy spent in its construction. The simplest way to build

ON THE LEFT IS A VERTICAL SECTION THROUGH ONE END OF THE RUSTIC CABIN, SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF WALL AND ROOF.

BELOW IS A VERTICAL SECTION THROUGH WALL AND PORCH OF RUSTIC CABIN, INCLUDING WINDOW OPENING.



it would be to set the slabs upright about an inch apart with tar paper and sheathing inside. The playroom is 6 x 8 feet, and would really be large enough to hold a cot and use as an extra sleeping room if one needed another bedroom at any time.

THE DOG KENNEL

THE dog kennel, which is included among the drawings, is also of log construction, and for this either slabs or solid logs might be used.

As suggested before, a letter to our Architectural Department will bring further details as to construction, cost of plans and materials, etc., and we shall be glad to write personally to any one who wishes our advice on any other point in the erection of these little rustic buildings.

WORKING FOR PLAY

(Continued from page 308.)

demonstrations. Other buildings become desirable. At Farragut, for example, the school barn and sheds and the principal's cottage are on the school grounds.

As the idea develops, we find the schoolhouse no longer adequate to contain it, and the school becomes the nucleus of a community center group, in which are focused all of the social and intellectual interests of the community. Such a group should include the library, reading-room and historical museum; a Y. M. C. A. or men's and boys' club; a Y. W. C. A. or girls' and women's club; a general auditorium and theater. In connection with the group of buildings there should be playgrounds, park, school gardens, athletic field, picnic grove (with bathing and boating facilities if it is near a lake), and possibly the cattle show and fair grounds. The rural hospital or headquarters of the district nurse might well be located here. If the group is located in a village, it would be well to take into consideration the location of existing centers, such as town hall, post office, fire department headquarters, court house and churches, and arrange the group, if possible, to include or be adjacent to some of these.

This social center group idea is so new that there is scarcely a good example of it yet in existence, though a number of them are planned. The nearest approach to it that I know of is at Deerfield, Massachusetts, and La Salle, Illinois, where active work along this line is being accomplished.

Plans for three types of social center groupings are mentioned herewith. The first is prepared by the Department of Agri-

cultural Extension of Cornell University, and is designed for a rural, farming community. The plan is fully described in Extension Circular Number One, of the New York State College of Agriculture. The second plan, prepared by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, is suited to a similar environment but does not include the fair grounds. It is to be found in Experiment Station Circular Number Eighty-four.

The third plan is one which I have based on the Deerfield idea, giving the group of buildings a quadrangular arrangement. It does not include agricultural demonstration plats within the social center grounds. They and the fair grounds, race track, cattle show buildings and grand-stands, might be placed beyond the athletic field. Picnic grove, boat house and bathing pavilion might be located as near as circumstances permit. The group should face on the main village street, where post office, stores, town hall, churches, etc., are most likely to stand. Along the side street, opposite the group, might be located the parsonage, homes of the principal and teachers of the school and Y. M. C. A. director.

The auditorium, a roomy, one-story structure, should have a good stage and scenery and movable seats, so that it may be used for plays, dances, concerts and flower shows. In the men's club building I would place the manual training, and in the women's club the domestic science equipment. Both buildings should have gymnasiums and baths. The center of the quadrangle I would keep open, with shrubbery close to the buildings, and use it as an outdoor theater and meeting place. It should be provided with a stage and facilities for outdoor lighting.

Justice Charles E. Hughes, of the Supreme Court, says, "I am more interested in what you are doing and what it stands for than in anything else in the world. You are buttressing the foundations of democracy." Said Judge Ben B. Lindsey, "We have been fighting the beast; you (social-center promoters) are making the dirty animal impossible." Mr. Edward J. Ward, of the University of Wisconsin, has summed it up thus: "The modern social-center movement is the conscious building up of the characteristic institution of America which the pioneers spontaneously began when they established the public schoolhouse and made it the common place of the whole neighborhood group, as the home is the common place of the whole household."

THE BUNGALOW COURT AND COÖPERATIVE LIVING



THE BUNGALOW COURT IDEA SHOWN IN PRACTICAL OPERATION: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

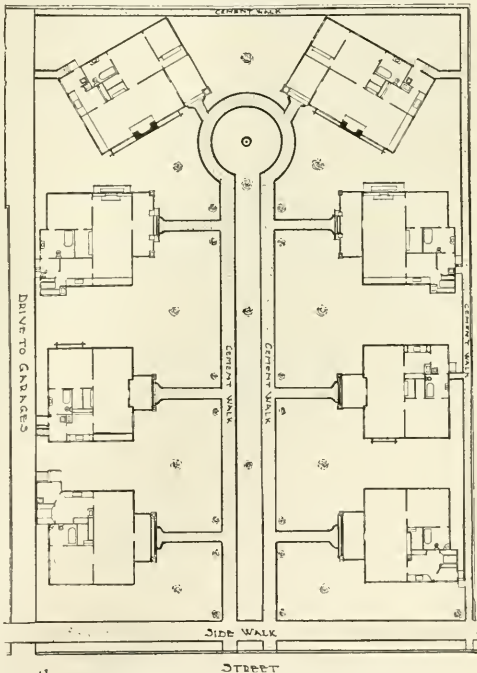
THE bungalow court idea, which had its inception in California about five years ago, has met with considerable favor throughout the country. Its object, primarily, is to furnish for the same money greater comfort and independence than is possible in an apartment, and it has, if we may judge from the court shown here, manifestly filled a real need in home-building. There is no doubt that the bungalow court, sometimes called "community court," possesses many advantages over the ordinary apartment house, and these advantages will unquestionably assure for it lasting popularity. It has also proved a good investment for the builders, especially in residential districts, and most particularly in resort cities.

Such a court is composed of a group of small bungalows, each entirely separate from the others, but associated in a sort of common parking scheme. The one here illustrated is an excellent example of the practical aspects of the idea. It is located in South Pasadena, California, occupying a plot of ground 145 by 185 feet, and comprising eight bungalows. There is also a garage—not included in this plot—large enough to house one automobile for each bungalow occupant. A single driveway leads thereto from the street along one side of the park. A cement walk borders the court upon the three remaining sides, and two similar walks, running parallel, lead

BUNGALOW COURT IN SOUTH PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, DESIGNED BY EDWARD E. SWEET: AN EXAMPLE OF COMMUNITY OR GROUP BUILDING THAT IS RICH IN SUGGESTIONS FOR HOME-BUILDERS AND ARCHITECTS.

from the street down the center toward the rear, where they are joined together with a circle. Individual walks connect the various bungalows with these parallel walks.

The architecture of each bungalow varies somewhat, but all adhere to a certain gen-



GROUND PLAN OF BUNGALOW COURT, SHOWING INTERESTING GROUPING OF THE INDIVIDUAL HOMES AND ARRANGEMENT OF THE COMMUNITY GARDEN.

THE BUNGALOW COURT AND COÖPERATIVE LIVING



eral style which seems to bind them together in one harmonious scheme. This connecting link is noticeable in the roof lines; also in the fact that the outside walls of all the bungalows are shingled. In structural lines, however, they differ considerably, and in the masonry work they are widely varied. Concrete is employed in four of them, brick in three, and cobblestones in the remaining one. Cobblestones are also introduced, in hit-and-miss fashion, into two of those in which brick is used. The styles are characteristic of the true bungalow, and these charming little houses constitute cozy and comfortable homes, entirely independent of one another except that they have a claim in common upon the court space.

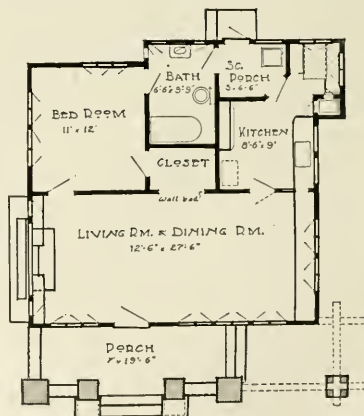
Each bungalow possesses three rooms—a combination living room and dining room, one bedroom and the kitchen—besides the bathroom and a rear screened porch. The living room contains either a fireplace or a gas grate, and a built-in wall bed; the bedroom has a large closet, and the kitchen, the customary conveniences. The interior finish is in good taste, and the equipment is modern and complete. In the living room the walls are papered, and in most instances there are built-in bookcases and a window-seat.

ECONOMY OF THE BUNGALOW COURT

The bungalows are completely furnished in an appropriate manner, and the tenants are entitled to the use of the garage. The court is kept in order by the owner's attendant, who mows the lawn, cultivates

and prunes the shrubbery and trees, irrigates and otherwise renders the same service that is guaranteed to the occupants of an apartment house. This means that the court is always kept in an attractive condition, and at night it is illuminated by an ornamental electrolier stationed in the center.

Exclusive of the furniture, each bungalow represents an average cost of \$1,500, which includes its proportion of the park-



FLOOR PLAN OF THE BUNGALOW SHOWN ABOVE.

THE BUNGALOW COURT AND COÖPERATIVE LIVING

ing and landscape work and the construction of the garage. In other words, the total contract price for this work was exactly \$12,000. The furniture of each bungalow cost approximately \$300, or a total of \$2,400. The price of the land is not included, for the reason that this is a matter in which the cost would vary according to the locality, and would consequently be of no benefit to the prospective builder elsewhere. It is easy to realize that such an investment should be very profitable under proper conditions, for bungalows are always in demand.

Of course, "close-in" property, because of its high price, could not be considered for an investment of this kind, except possibly in a small resort town, where the cost of lots is not great and where a higher rental charge could be made. In the larger cities a location in the residence districts would have to be selected instead, to insure a satisfactory revenue to the builder.

The court here described was designed and constructed by Edward E. Sweet, an architect of Los Angeles, California, whose work is already familiar to readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. Although this particular court is located in a suburban city several miles from the business district of Los Angeles, the little bungalows are nearly always occupied, yielding to the owner a gross income of \$280 per month.

COÖPERATIVE BUILDING

As one studies this interesting development in group building, and sees what definite advantages it holds for owner, tenants and community, another suggestion occurs to one. Why not carry out the same idea along coöperative lines? Suppose, for instance, that a number of congenial families wish to build in some pleasant suburban spot where they will be sure of having desirable neighbors, plenty of garden space and attractive surroundings. Let them join forces, select their site, plan with the help of their architect the location, design and arrangement of the several bungalows or cottages, and the laying out of the grounds. Then, after selecting the materials for the different buildings and planning all the details, let them supervise the actual construction, employing preferably the same builder for the entire work. By handling the undertaking in this manner, by buying materials and equipment in large quantities, instead of for each separate house, a considerable saving should be possible.

If the tastes of the various families are more or less similar in the matter of interior fittings and decoration, the buying of many of the furnishings may also be done on a coöperative basis, without sacrifice of that variety and individuality which are the rightful charms of every home. And when the bungalows are completed and ready for their occupants, the same principles may be applied to the purchasing of coal, wood, groceries and other supplies that can be ordered in fairly large quantities.

A caretaker may also be employed to take charge of the furnaces, mow the lawn, and attend to other "odd jobs" around the place, as in the California bungalow court illustrated in this article; only in the case of a coöperative scheme, he would be paid, of course, from a common fund contributed by the various families. When new trees, shrubs or flowers are needed for the grounds, or the services of a professional gardener are desired, these expenses may be divided among the different households.

By working along these community lines, very satisfactory results may be obtained, for when the expenses are shared by six or eight families, the proportionate cost to each will be comparatively small. Moreover, through such joint action many advantages will be possible that would have been out of reach of a single home-builder. The using of the ground in common will permit much more attractive landscape treatment, and give an air of greater spaciousness and freedom around each home than would be possible on a single lot. At the same time, the planting of shrubbery and flower-beds, and the building of pergolas, arbors and rustic seats, will give an atmosphere of friendly intimacy. If they desire, of course, the owners may plant little individual gardens around their own homes without interfering in any way with the general landscape scheme.

In fact, the idea is worth considering from many standpoints—for the sake of both economy and beauty—and it is quite possible that Mr. Sweet's bungalow court idea may not only prove successful for builder and tenants, as originally devised, but may also furnish a suggestion for home-builders who are interested in coöperative plans. At all events, it is an unusually practical and delightful variation in modern architecture; and marks a progressive step in this important art.

THE PEOPLE'S COMMUNITY HEADQUARTERS



A CIVIC CENTER OF REAL BEAUTY FOR THE PEOPLE OF SANTA BARBARA: BY MARION CRAIG WENTWORTH

TO those who understand and appreciate the subtle influence of harmony of line and color in every-day surroundings, it is always a matter of rejoicing when a building dedicated to the common needs of the people is erected in which there has been frank and adequate recognition of the large part beauty may play in the happiness and good of the people. Such a building is the new Civic Center of Santa Barbara, completed last August.

The townspeople of this charming old California coast city have every reason to be proud of their Recreation Center. Not only is a great civic idea accomplished, but its embodiment is of such structural dignity and is so worthily adorned as to come near realization of William Morris's dream of the "noble communal hall of the future."

The purpose of the Santa Barbara Recreation Center is well in accord with the dominant social movement of the day, which is to develop the recreational facilities of the people, both old and young. It is now universally recognized that the wise provision of opportunities for wholesome pleasure is not only the sane, constructive method of dealing with vice but it is also a most potent means of brightening and enriching the general social life. Working towards this end, the California legislature has appointed a commission to investigate facilities for recreation throughout the State—both in city and country districts.

In Santa Barbara however the center is to serve more than recreational needs,—it is to be the focusing point for manifold civic and educational activities. The old-

CIVIC CENTER OF SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, WHERE YOUNG AND OLD FIND REST AND RECREATION AMONG HOMELIKE AND BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS: J. CORBLEY POOL, ARCHITECT.

fashioned New England town meeting is to be revived, and citizens will here gather to discuss various questions pertaining to the welfare of the city. Indeed the walls were scarcely dry when they crowded within them to overrule the city council's plan for a cheap sea wall. A few weeks later the teachers thronged there to consider the Red Light Abatement Act, proving at once what a big place The Civic Center will fill in the life of the community.

But the unique and impressive part of the achievement is that a building so obviously democratic in its uses should have been made to express beauty—both architectural and decorative.

Merited tribute is paid Mr. J. Corbley Pool, the architect, for his admirable plans, his choice of proportions, his masterly handling of all the features that go to make a good-looking structure; and after this is done, credit must be given the decorative skill and social ideals of a young woman of Santa Barbara, named Donna Youmans. To her was entrusted the decoration of this civic center—the supervision of the painting and tinting, the selection of all the fittings, appointments, hangings and furnishings.

Miss Youmans started out with this wise principle firmly fixed in her mind: that there is nothing too beautiful for the people; no arrangement of colors too subtle or rich for their appreciation; also that no single detail should be overlooked—for it is the combined wealth of detail that makes the harmonious whole. It was for this—an atmosphere of richness and simplicity that Donna Youmans worked—and successfully—and which she meant should consciously or unconsciously enter into the joy and

THE PEOPLE'S COMMUNITY HEADQUARTERS

well-being of all those who might gather within the walls of the center. Consequently the color scheme, starting from the outermost bricks and the mortar that holds them together to the last rug in the hall, from the highest lighting bowl in the auditorium to the—what shall we say?—the china cups and saucers in the kitchen pan-

THE IMPORTANCE OF COLOR

These lights are the satisfying point in the scheme. They might so easily have been white. Indeed the workmen said they had to be white—that the color Miss Youmans had in mind could not be done. But the unerring instinct of Miss Youmans insisted.



try, is in harmony, made up of a few soft deep tones, blending perfectly by gentle gradations into one another.

The Recreation Center you find near the town's center, a little beyond the library, off the main business thoroughfare, facing the mountains. It looks even better than it sounds. It is solidly constructed of brownish red tapestry brick with a red tiled roof, two stories, built on Spanish lines with an open patio on the street. This patio is to be bricked and decorated with a fountain and English planting.

The first thing that strikes you is the richness and warmth of the general effect, and the way the three shades employed are held together; not a jarring note,—the red of the tiles toning in with the brownish red of the bricks and the deep cream of the surrounding woodwork; heavy roof rafters under the eaves and French window sashes. The opaque globes of the big egg-shaped lamps suspended at the outer cornices are of the same cream color—"recessed ivory" is the more technical term.

ROOF GARDEN OF THE CIVIC CENTER, WITH HAMMOCKS AND HICKORY FURNITURE: IN THIS PLEASANT AIRY RETREAT THE FOLK OF SANTA BARBARA FIND REFRESHMENT AND COMFORT AT NOON OR TEA-TIME.

You enter the auditorium and find that Miss Youmans has kept to this plan of matching the woodwork and the lighting bowls in the color of "recessed ivory." (In fact continuing the idea throughout the entire building, with the exception of the club rooms and dormitory.) The result is most effective—particularly in combination with the raspberry velour of the stage curtain and entrance hangings. A noticeable feature of the woodwork is the carving of rows of California poppies on the pilasters. The hall is large and commodious, seating about nine hundred, and has a stage well equipped with theater lights and large airy dressing rooms.

Here the young people of the city in the habit of going to "Neighborhood House"—the long low picturesque Spanish adobe on a back street, of which the present Recreation Center is the outgrowth—will have

THE PEOPLE'S COMMUNITY HEADQUARTERS



FIREPLACE CORNER IN THE RECREATION CENTER, WHICH SHOWS WHAT A HOMELIKE QUALITY PERVADES THIS DELIGHTFUL COMMUNITY HOME.

their entertainments—theatricals, dances, fairs, carnivals and concerts. Here also will be held public functions, conventions, lectures, town-meetings and various gatherings of business men and public spirited women to discuss affairs of mutual interest. On Sundays there will be a "quiet hour" of good music and reading for all the people. After the program, if any wish to stay for an evening chat with friends they may go into the kitchen and make their own toast and tea.

Out of this hall, through a series of French doors curtained in ivory linen and overhung with raspberry velour opens a large hall-like room, a sort of parlor or social meeting place, known as the Assembly Room, suitable for classes, smaller lectures and receptions. The furnishings here harmonize with the auditorium;—the same color scheme of walls and curtains—mahogany pieces—a large brown seamless rug. A long mahogany table made by a local German workman, beautifully designed and proportioned, stands in the center. Before the fireplace is a huge Davenport upholstered in raspberry rep.

The interest of the room finally centers in a painting by Lundgren,—*"The Sentinel"*—a picture of an Indian standing guard on the walls of his pueblo at the sunset hour. The fireplace was built to suit and bring out the picture. Under Mr. Lundgren's

direction it rose without a break to the ceiling. In the upper half he set the painting, framing it with wide, laid-on panels of Flemish oak.

The Auditorium and this Assembly Room are so inviting that new organizations have suddenly come into being and old ones have taken on new life, in their eagerness to avail themselves of the privilege of meeting in such attractive quarters. Thus the building bids fair to be an "inspirational"

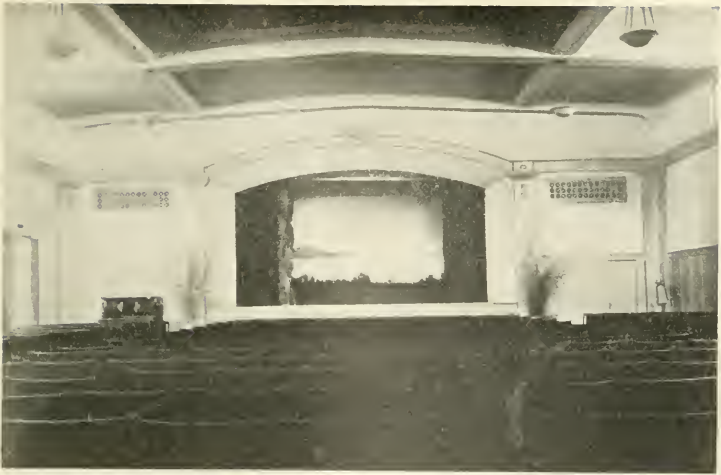
as well as a recreational center.

FOR THE BUSINESS WOMAN

Beyond the offices is the Business Woman's Club Room with adjoining baths and showers. The room is spacious, well lighted, with a large fireplace and accompanying Davenport, long window-seats, comfortable couches and chairs in upholstered wicker, reading and writing tables and a piano. The prevailing colors are mauve (the walls) and brown (the woodwork); while the windows are hung with pretty flowered English linen. The room has an air of space and elegance—yet without homelike—in which any club in the country might take delight.

Here the members—business girls, teachers and professional women—may come for rest and recreation, privileged at any time to prepare for themselves a meal in the kitchen.

Opposite this room is the club room of the Forty Fellows—the name by which the young business men's club is known. Here the colors are bolder. The woodwork is brown, the plaster panels are tinted green, the lighting bowls have a faint greenish tinge, while the curtains at the windows are a striped green and black, daring but effective. To present such a room with its perfect and handsome appointments—billiard and pool tables, tables for cards and reading and writing—to the young men of the city is to offer inestimable opportunities for normal social expression and comradeship.



FOR HOME COMFORT

Upstairs are the apartments of the Resident Director and the dormitory for transient women. This dormitory is a series of bedrooms and baths for the use of young women who may come as strangers to the city, who are not able to afford or who do not wish to go to hotels. At thirty-five and fifty cents a night! With the privilege of preparing their own meals in the kitchen.

The charming series of bedrooms are done in white and dove color, with dainty chintz curtains and rag rugs to match. Comfort and cleanliness pass into an atmosphere of beauty—for what else would one call it to be surrounded with lovely color, though all else be simple, even austere.

On the top of the house is a roof garden, with hammocks, hickory furniture and tea

A SPACIOUS AUDITORIUM FORMS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE "PEOPLE'S HEADQUARTERS" AND PROVIDES A MEETING PLACE WHERE LECTURES, CONCERTS OR PLAYS MAY BE GIVEN.

tables—and a glorious view of both mountains and sea . . . an opportunity for rest and pleasure for the girls who work 'round the corner, to run up here for their noon hour and tea!

Coming out on the street again one realizes what an achievement is here. The possibilities of what it may mean to the people—rich and poor alike—loom up. Not only in the growth of the communal spirit (of which Santa Barbara has much when tried out—heritage of old mission days) but because it is a civic center which expresses a sense of the fitting and beautiful at every turn.

GOOD ROADS AND THEIR BUILDING: MODERN PROGRESS IN AN ANCIENT ART

THE value of good roads has been recognized practically ever since civilization began. Commerce, travel and warfare, as well as the developing and military control of distant countries, have all been largely dependent upon the length and quality of the world's roadways. The word itself shows how ancient was the origin of this important means of communication, for it comes to us

through the Anglo-Saxon, from the German *reiten*, to ride, and is connected with the Gallic *reda*, wagon.

Three great highways, says the historian, ran out from ancient Babylon. The Carthaginians, too, were skilled in this art—in fact, to them the earliest systematic road-making is credited. But the most famous road-builders of the olden days were the Romans, whose broad highways through Gaul and Britain still survive as examples of fine workmanship and records of the trail of conquest during those early centuries. Probably the best known road of

GOOD ROADS, OLD AND NEW

that period is the Appian Way, which was begun by Appius Claudius, 312 B. C. "In general," says one writer, "Roman roads were built in straight lines, regardless of ordinary grades, and were paved to a great depth, the several layers of stone and concrete sometimes aggregating three feet in thickness."

As the making and maintenance of roads grew to be an important subject of public welfare, laws were passed regarding them. One of the first and most curious of these, in England, was enacted by Parliament in 1285. It directed that all trees and shrubs be cut down to the distance of 200 feet on either side of roads between market towns, so that there might be no places of ambush for highway robbers—a danger of those days which was by no means to be ignored! The first toll for the repair of roads was levied by the authority of Edward III in 1346, on roads which now form part of the streets of London.

France, it seems, did not take a governmental interest in this matter till somewhat later, for we find that in 1508 Louis XII ordered an inspection and record of roads to be made, and late in the same century Henry IV appointed the "Great Waywarden of France." Although that country was the leader in modern road construction, it was soon surpassed by England, and even adopted the English macadam system of road improvements.

ROAD-MAKING IN AMERICA

The work of organized road-making in the United States may be dated from about 1800. In 1786 Francis Baily, in his "Journal of a Tour in Unsettled Parts of North America," wrote "there is at present but one turnpike road on the continent, which is between Lancaster and Philadelphia, a distance of 66 miles, and is a masterpiece of its kind; it is paved with stone the whole way, and overlaid with gravel, so that it is never obstructed during the most severe season."

In the middle of the last century, however, the various States began to take a serious and active interest in road construction; local laws were passed, old roads were repaired and new ones made. And the last few years have seen a vigorous campaign in this field.

The *Southern Sportsman*, in a recent issue, summarized the situation in a comprehensive manner, as the following paragraphs will show:

"Approximately \$206,000,000 was spent last year on public roads in the United States, according to statistics prepared by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. In 1904, the total was only \$79,000,000. In nine years, therefore, the increase has been over 250 per cent.

"This awakening on the part of the country to the importance of good roads has, experts say, been due in great measure to the principle of State aid to counties and other local communities. New Jersey began the movement in 1891 when it passed its State Highway Law. Massachusetts and Vermont followed a year later, but for the most part the other States were slow to move. In 1904 only fifteen had State highway departments; today there are only six that have not.

"The value of this State aid is, however, not to be measured by the figures alone, for the bulk of the money comes from the counties and townships. Last year, local communities contributed, in round numbers, \$136,000,000, as against appropriations from State treasuries of over \$38,000,000. The true importance of this thirty-eight millions lies in the fact that it means expert supervision of the expenditure of a considerable portion of the vast sum of two hundred millions. When each county built as it chose and when it chose, the services of trained engineers were usually out of the question. There was little opportunity to test innovations, little advance in the science of road-building, and there was also difficulty in arousing each county individually to do its best to improve conditions within its own limits. State aid has changed all this. The best engineering skill is available for all works of importance.

"At the present time there are in the United States 20,741 miles of roads improved either wholly or in part by State aid. This is nearly the mileage of the French *routes nationales*, the system of great national highways which is the envy of every civilized nation. . . . Of the 2,226,842 miles of roads in the United States approximately 10 per cent. are classed as improved.

"To improve the remaining 90 per cent. may well seem a big job. It is, in fact, only made possible because the work really pays for itself. From material gathered by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, it is now possible not only to prove that good roads

GOOD ROADS, OLD AND NEW

are a profitable investment, but to determine exactly what dividends they pay.

WHY GOOD ROADS PAY

"An investigator assigned to this problem in any given locality first ascertains the extent of the territory that is tributary to any main road, much as one might ascertain the territory tributary to some river. The next step is an accurate estimate of the total products of this territory; so much grain, so much tobacco, so much garden truck, etc. Of this quantity a certain portion is consumed on the farm; the rest is shipped over the road in question. The whole calculation can then be checked by investigators at the shipping point to which the road leads. In general it has been found that the two methods yield much the same information—the total amount of produce hauled over the road. Next, the length of the average haul is calculated, the size of the load permitted by the character of the road ascertained, and the cost of teams and drivers figured.

"With these facts before him, the investigator is now able to state positively the cost of hauling a ton of produce on that road, to express in terms of these 'ton-miles' the freight traffic on the road, and finally the total cost to the community served by the road of hauling its goods to market. Armed with these data, it is easy to decide how much money can be profitably spent in improving the road, and what are the returns that the investment yields to the community.

"These returns are of various kinds. First and foremost is the reduction in the actual cost of hauling, the plain fact that it takes less time and labor to haul a load over a good road than over a poor one. Less obvious is the effect of improved roads in increasing the total output of a community. In the case of one county in Virginia where particularly thorough records have been kept, this output was more than doubled. The farmers found that with a market always and readily accessible to them, it paid to work the land to its maximum production.

"This explains the very remarkable rise in farm land values which nearly always accompanies road improvement. The rise is not a fictitious one. The land is more valuable because it can profitably be made to produce more. In other words, the money that goes into the road comes back with interest from the land."

MODERN METHODS IN ROAD-BUILDING

Additional information on this subject is to be found in an article in *Concrete-Cement Age* for September, entitled "Industrial Railway for Conveying Materials in Concrete Road Construction."

"One of the most serious of road construction problems," says this writer, "is the economical hauling of materials. In the development of a system of county highways it is very apt to be the case that the construction progresses outward from a city which is the center of the system. As the road development continues the material hauls are constantly getting longer, due to the increasing distance from the base of supplies. This problem is an important one in the construction of the concrete roads in Wayne County, Michigan.

"Traction engines and trains of six or seven dump wagons have given excellent service in Wayne County work, very materially reducing the cost of conveying materials from stock piles to the job, as compared with the cost of similar work with single teams and wagons. Traction engines have frequently been used to get the materials only as far as the end of the grading work on the road under construction. Sometimes it has been possible to go farther than this, but it has been found best not to use the traction engines over a finished subgrade any more than necessary. Wagons have been used to relay this material to the exact location of the work in progress. Sometimes, side roads have made it possible to get the materials very close to the operations, and again there has been width enough on the road to carry on hauling operations without seriously interfering with the grade. As superior as traction engines are to team haulage, there have been times when they could not be used, due frequently to deep sand or to very bad weather. . . .

"It was the increasing length of hauls on the Wayne County road construction which finally led to the trial of the industrial railway equipment with track in portable sections, dump cars and locomotive. This trial is being made in the construction of the Eureka road, where traction engines and teams would be at a disadvantage owing to the fact that the material has to be conveyed about six and a half miles from the beginning of the road, and for the entire road over an average haul of about four miles."



IF YOU CAN'T GET BEEF, EAT POULTRY: QUICK PROFITS FROM MODERN METHODS IN RAISING CHICKENS, TURKEYS, DUCKS AND GEESE: BY FRANK W. GAYLOR

VERY few people realize the substantial profit that can be made from poultry raising, as compared with other branches of the farming industry. There is no other live stock that will give as good return for the money invested, in such a short time or on such a small area. The raising of cattle, especially, requires a much greater capital, more acreage, larger and more expensive buildings, and more costly feeding; and as three or four years are needed for beef production, it also means a longer delay before the product is ready for the market. Chickens, on the other hand, require little space or outlay, and are ready for sale in three or four months.

This comparison is particularly significant now that the extension of our beef market and growing scarcity of the product in this country are raising prices that are already uncomfortably high. The suggestion naturally presents itself—since beef takes so long to raise, and since eggs and

COLONY COOP FOR GROWING CHICKENS AFTER THEY LEAVE THE HEN OR BROODER: THIS SIZE HOLDS 40 CHICKENS: BY PERMISSION OF E. F. HODGSON CO.

poultry meat mean speedy returns for the grower, why not increase our poultry industries—either as by-products or specialties.

The matter is worth serious consideration, and those who are not familiar with the latest developments in this field will be surprised to learn how profitable poultry raising may be for any one who is ready to devote the necessary time and energy to this interesting occupation. The following facts, based on my own experience and knowledge, will give some idea of the situation.

EGG PRODUCTION

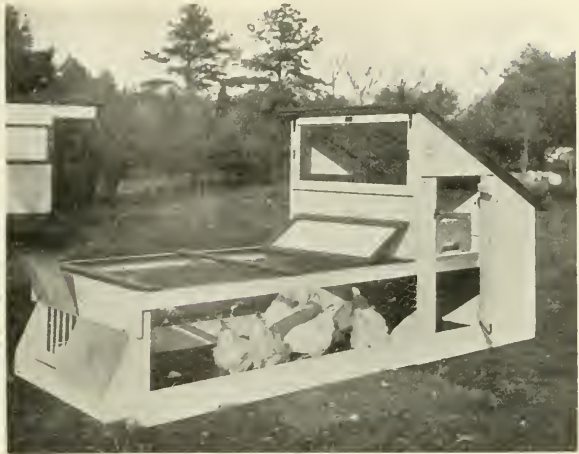
I know a man in Flushing, Long Island, who went into the business four years ago last spring. He had had no experience whatever in this line, and when he decided to take it up he was ignorant of even the most essential principles. But he made inquiries among his farmer friends, visited poultry supply establishments, investigated various kinds of equipments, examined different breeds, and made himself as familiar as possible with the technique of the trade. He used to come to me and spend hours talking over his plans, asking advice on different problems.

When he had accumulated all the infor-

IF YOU CAN'T GET BEEF, EAT POULTRY

mation he could, he began work, set and hatched a batch of eggs, and by the first of October had 250 white Leghorn pullets. These he put into laying quarters for the winter. From the pullets he produced sterile eggs for table use, and catered to private family trade. During one year—1910-1911—he made a net profit of over \$1,000 (not counting his labor). Then he increased his stock to 800, and maintained an annual profit of over \$2,000. This was done on a village lot, the total area of which was not more than a quarter of an acre.

Of course, this man specialized on poultry, and gave practically all his time to the undertaking. Such a record cannot be maintained on a farm, where other branches of work demand attention; but it illustrates what can be done by any one who devotes himself to the work. And it is worth noting that the smaller the flock, the more in-



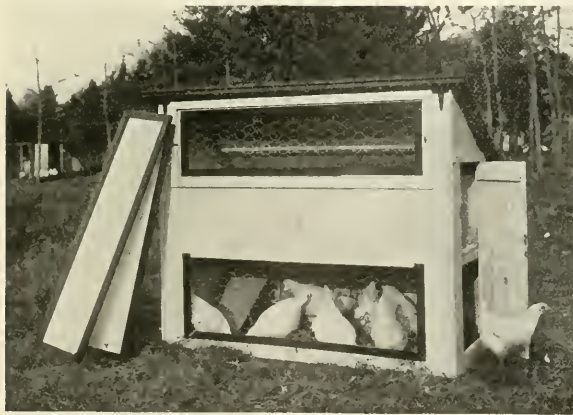
THIS COLONY CHICKEN COOP IS MADE WITH YARD AND FEED HOPPER AND IS ESPECIALLY PRACTICAL AS IT CAN BE READILY MOVED TO NEW GROUND: BY PERMISSION OF E. F. HODGSON CO.

dividual care the birds receive—which accounts for the fact that small flocks pay in better proportion on the investment than large ones.

COST OF FEEDING

During his experiment, the owner of this Flushing plant kept careful account of actual expenses and results, and found that the cost of feeding a laying hen was \$1.88 a year. He also found that hens kept for egg production made an average record of 160 eggs per bird during the year—and as he received from forty to seventy-five cents a dozen, according to the season, it is easy to see how the profits mounted up. Since that time, however, the price of feed has risen, and the present cost of feeding a hen

is about \$2 a year. But even with this difference, a large margin of profit remains. Indeed, the maximum profit, in poultry-keeping, is in egg production rather than



COLONY LAYING HOUSE WITH UPPER STORY FOR ROOSTING AND LAYING, AND LOWER STORY FOR SCRATCHING PEN: THIS TYPE IS PARTICULARLY SUITABLE FOR WINTER QUARTERS: BY PERMISSION OF E. F. HODGSON CO.

is about \$2 a year. But even with this difference, a large margin of profit remains. Indeed, the maximum profit, in poultry-keeping, is in egg production rather than

IF YOU CAN'T GET BEEF, EAT POULTRY



meat. The white egg brings a premium in New York markets, and the brown egg in New England.

THE BROILER MARKET

The broiler end of the poultry business is not so profitable as egg production for the Eastern producer on account of cheap Western products and cold storage. The farmer who raises poultry in large numbers, therefore, had best get rid of his surplus cockerels as broilers just as soon as the

INCUBATOR ROOM IN DUCK PLANT AT SPEONK, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.: BY PERMISSION OF FRANK W. GAYLOR.

market will take them—which is when they weigh about a pound and a half each, alive. It does not pay to care for them beyond that age in the East.

Some practical pointers on this branch of the business were given recently by Michael K. Boyer in an article in the *New York Sun*.

"In order," writes Mr. Boyer, "that the broiler raiser in the East may have ship-



PEKIN DUCKS IN THE FATTENING YARDS AT THE SPEONK PLANT: BY PERMISSION OF FRANK W. GAYLOR.

IF YOU CAN'T GET BEEF, EAT POULTRY



TWO-PEN SECTIONAL POULTRY HOUSE, FITTED WITH DROPPING BOARD, ROOSTS, NESTS, FEED HOPPER, SHELL BOX AND FOUNTAIN: BY PERMISSION OF E. F. HODGSON CO.

ments ready by the opening of the market and during the season, he must start hatching in October, and continue on until about the middle or even last of March.

"The market in January, while not so good as that of February, is still a profitable one. The hatching is done in September. While it is possible to grow two-pound broilers in twelve weeks, the average time required will be nearer sixteen weeks—or, roughly speaking, four months instead of three. One-pound broilers will require about six or eight weeks, and one and one-half pounds from eight to ten weeks. . . .

"To grow good broilers there should be dry quarters provided, thoroughly cooked food, comfortable heat, not too high nor too low, regularity in feeding, cleanliness and good light. The chicks must be induced to take plenty of exercise. . . .

"One of the most practical broiler experts the first day gives nothing but wheat bran to peck at. The next day rolled oats are given, and this is continued until the chicks are ten days old, keeping dry bran, charcoal and fine oyster shell by them all the time. The chicks are fed every two hours all they will eat up clean. After ten days he feeds a moist mash in the morning and evening composed of cornmeal, middlings, bran and ground oats, with meat scraps in proportion to the age of the

chicks. It is best to give these parts by weight. At noon he feeds wheat or cracked corn and keeps green stuff by them, so they can eat all they want, until the last two weeks."

CAPONS

There is some profit to be made in capons, but this branch of the industry requires a knowledge of the operation, extra care, and special quarters for the poultry, and it is problematic whether it is advisable for the average farmer to take up this work.

SELECTING THE BREED

The selection of the right breed for the particular purpose is an important one for the poultry-raiser to consider. When egg production is the main object, Leghorns will be found the record holders. Anconas, Campines, Houdans and Buttercups are also good breeds for this purpose, as well as the Minorcas, which lay a very large egg. All these hens lay eggs with white shells.

Equally good for both meat and egg production are the Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Wyandottes, Buckeyes, Sussex, Faverolles and Orpingtons, the last-

IF YOU CAN'T GET BEEF, EAT POULTRY

named being especially satisfactory as winter layers.

The best breeds to select for meat production alone, are the Brahmas, Cochins, Games, Cornish, Dominiques, Langshans and Dorkings.

BABY CHICKS

There is one phase of poultry raising that has developed within the last four years—and that is the baby chick trade. This has almost supplanted the eggs for hatching, the majority of people today buying one-day old chicks. On Long Island I found quite a few large chick-producers, the smallest producing and selling 15,000 and the largest, 35,000.

Baby chicks can be shipped 200 or 300 miles without risk. They ship better the first day than when three or four days old, as they require no food the first forty-eight hours of their life.

THE DUCK INDUSTRY

The most profitable branch of poultry meat production is the duck industry. Ducks as a rule command good prices in the market, and a Pekin duckling, properly fed and cared for, can be made to weigh from five to five and a half pounds, dressed, at ten weeks of age—which is the proper time to market.

Very few people have the slightest conception of the size of the duck industry—especially around New York. In a recent canvass of all the duck plants on Long Island, I discovered that the total hatch of ducks during the last season was 1,163,261. The largest Long Island grower produced 100,000, and the next largest 81,000. Many of them raise from 20,000 to 50,000, and very few fall below 10,000. They are specialists, however, in this particular industry; only two of them raise chicks for broilers, and one of these produced this season 5,000 and the other 8,000.

THE GOOSE TRADE

Geese can be raised cheaply and a good profit made, if one has a piece of land with natural advantages—that is, low, marshy ground, where there is a continuous growth of tender young grass. Goslings properly fed and cared for up to a marketable age, which is about nine to twelve weeks, can be made to show one pound for every week of their lives. The goose industry is not carried on much in the vicinity of New York,

but through the New England States, and especially in and around Rhode Island, it has reached a considerable development.

TURKEYS

The turkey, which is such a popular bird at this season of the year, may also be a source of profit to the poultry-grower. To quote Mr. Boyer again—"Ever since 1585 the turkey has been recognized as an ideal table fowl for the Christmas feast. Years afterward, when a Thanksgiving Day was proclaimed, it became the center of attraction for those dinners.

"The turkey still retains much of its wild nature, and is the last of our poultry to become domesticated. Its natural food is insects, grass and seeds as found on a range through a rough woodland. The Rhode Island and Connecticut turkeys feast on chestnuts, which impart a very attractive flavor.

"There are seven varieties of turkeys, of which the bronze is the largest and most popular, the adult cock bird weighing thirty-six pounds. The other varieties follow in this order: Narragansett, Bourbon Red, White Holland, Black, Buff and Slate.

"Turkeys cannot stand confinement. They must have range and be taught to come home at night to roost.

"For marketing they are bled from the mouth and are then dry picked and packed in barrels, with or without ice, according to the condition of the weather. Corn is the great fattening food."

GUINEA FOWL

As a word of warning to the amateur, it may be added that guinea hens are not apt to be a satisfactory investment. They are difficult to care for, noisy to have around the place, and usually the mortality of the flock eats up all the profits.

INCUBATORS

The poultry-raiser who uses incubators should start them in January and continue until August. The most satisfactory results are obtained in a cellar about five feet deep, as this gives a more uniform temperature than a room on the surface. The cellar shown in one of the accompanying photographs contains thirty-two incubators, each of which holds 300 duck eggs. This room is part of a large duck plant at Speonk, Long Island, shown in the lower picture.

YOUR OWN HOME: TWELVE LESSONS IN PRACTICAL HOUSE CONSTRUCTION: NO. ONE, THE HOUSE AND ITS SITE

(Continued from page 285.)

features will be discussed. Photographs of open fireplaces and cozy inglenooks, roomy window-seats and staircases will give an idea of the varied decorative effects and lasting comfort that can be embodied in the home interior.

Advice will be given, too, upon the urgent questions of plumbing, lighting and heating, with reference to the most efficient modern methods and apparatus. Here, too, plans, diagrams and photographs will add to the helpfulness of the text.

The planning and equipment of a model kitchen will be a chapter of interest to the housewife who wishes her new home to be as satisfactory as possible in this important respect. Especially shall we consider the needs of the woman who does her own work, and who wishes to so arrange her kitchen and so plan her duties as to eliminate all unnecessary friction and reduce the household problems to their simplest terms.

Particular emphasis will be laid upon the planning, furnishing and decorating of the nursery, which will be treated from the triple standpoint of comfort, hygiene and beauty. Views of attractive modern nurseries and playrooms will suggest various satisfactory arrangements; photographs of new and delightful furnishings and toys, designs for nursery friezes, wall panels, screens and draperies will open up fascinating possibilities for the development of decorative schemes and color combinations, and will suggest countless quaint and humorous ways of using the bird, animal and flower motives and the Mother Goose characters that children always love.

The garden, also, will be a subject for interesting discussion. Its planning with relation to the house; the planting of flower, fruit and vegetable plots; the laying out of walks and terraces; the building of walls and garden entrances, pergolas, summer-houses, arbors, rustic seats and other inviting features which make the place so friendly and livable. Pictures will be shown of many gardens, old and new, formal and informal, broad, imposing grounds of country homes and manors, and small

intimate gardens for tiny cottage homes; gardens for plain, hillside and valley, for narrow town or suburban lots, for woodland, mountain, lake and seashore—gardens, in short, of rich enough variety to appeal to all sorts of individual tastes and to suit widely divergent local needs.

In preparing these articles, we shall be interested to hear from any of our readers who may have suggestions to offer on some particular phase of home or garden-making in which experience has made them wise; and those who have achieved unusually beautiful and satisfactory results in any of the features outlined above are invited to send us whatever facts and photographs they think might prove of interest and service to other CRAFTSMAN readers. In this way, the benefits they have gathered from their own experiments, and the comfort, convenience and beauty they have obtained in their own home-making adventures, may afford help and inspiration to other pilgrims and pioneers starting on a similar quest.

CHOOSING THE SITE

The first thing to be considered, of course, is the choice of location and site—a matter on which few rules can be given, for it must be determined mainly by individual preference and circumstances. Happy the man or woman who does not feel obliged to build in the narrow confines of a town or on some suburban tract, where the limited imagination of a real-estate development company has marked off the land in geometric fashion, with checkerboard streets and gardens, and where the houses all seem to have been methodically cast in the same unoriginal mold. Such monotonous precision of surroundings must be reflected, surely, in the lives of those who dwell within that constant influence. For how can we expect to develop characters of personality, initiative and interest when the eye is continually registering impressions that are utterly lacking in individuality and devoid of natural charm? We know—alas, too well!—those rows of prim, symmetrical houses, or carefully leveled, tree-shorn land, facing a street of unimpeachable straightness. They may deserve some credit for their neat appearance, but they fail lamentably in imaginative appeal. There is no element of surprise; we know beforehand just what to expect in street and house and garden. And we feel instinctively that the people, too, must bear the subtle but unmistakable imprint of their uninspiring environment.

YOUR OWN HOME

Contrast with that, a landscape in which Nature is still the controlling spirit of the place—a colony in which human habitation has added to rather than diminished the original loveliness. How friendly and informal are irregular groups of individual homes scattered among winding roadways, nestling against rugged hillsides, sloping down to lake, river or shore, or peeping out from among the trees! Every unexpected bend and corner opens up some new vista; every little hill or clump of shrubbery or bit of woodland suggests the delights that lie beyond. Each house, too, as one comes upon it, holds its own message or invitation, and proclaims in its own quiet but convincing fashion the ideals of those who planned and built it as a part of this particular spot. And when we remember the hardy, enterprising, courageous type of people nearly always to be found in a rugged natural land—the old Scotch Highlanders, for instance, the Swiss or Norwegian peasants and craftsmen, or the early settlers of our own New England—we cannot help feeling that the qualities which found expression in their lives and work were in some measure due to the wildness of their surroundings and the simple individuality of their homes. These helped to breed in them a spirit of sincerity, originality and daring that a conventionalized environment and "ready-made" architecture would have spoiled.

In choosing the location for one's home, therefore, it is well to keep these things in mind, and to seek some spot that has been allowed to retain its natural beauty—whether in the form of rocks, trees, slopes or hollows. It may be necessary to cut down a few trees to make room for the house, or the ground may need a little grading if it is too steep for comfort. But usually, the more irregular the site, the more attractive both home and garden will be.

HOUSEHOLD AND LANDSCAPE

The wise home-maker, moreover, instead of erecting upon the chosen ground some arbitrarily designed house, will conform his dwelling to the landscape and let the nature and contour of the site suggest the type of building most harmonious. For instance, beside the sea-shore or on a level or rolling plain, a low-roofed wide-eaved bungalow, set close to the soil, will look most in keeping. For a steep mountainside the house should nestle against the slope of the hill, with terraced garden to link it more closely to its surroundings. When placed on knoll

or hilltop, it should conform, in roof lines and general shape, to the lines of the hill, seeming to crown and complete the elevation. And where the environment is less rugged, and there are other houses nearby, these must be considered also, and a style of building evolved that will fulfil the owner's requirements in a practical and beautiful fashion without appearing too self-assertive or too different from its neighbors.

CHOOSING THE MATERIALS, ETC.

The site will often suggest, besides, the materials of which the house is to be built. Woodland surroundings, for example, demand a more or less rustic form of construction—logs, shingles, or boards, with possibly heavy beams and log pillars, and rustic structures for the garden. Where the ground is rocky, the rough stone excavated for the foundation can be used to advantage for the lower walls and sometimes for the entire building, as well as in the garden walls. Or if the soil contains sand, clay or gravel, it will supply one of the elements for cement construction, while on reddish soil brick is always appropriate.

Another point to be considered is the size of the house with relation to its site. Needless to say, the more ground one can purchase, the better, for even the most attractive house will look cramped, and its interesting features will be lost sight of if the lot is very small and other houses too near. The further out one gets into suburbs or country, therefore, the more chance one has of being able to "spread out" the new home over a comfortably large area without encroaching too much on one's income.

Good roads, local improvements, the general character of the neighborhood, building restrictions, proximity of schools, transit facilities, fire and police protection—these are all items to which due consideration must be given if the enterprise is to be permanently satisfactory, and the owner will need to investigate for himself in each case.

The illustrations used in this article include a wide variety of homes adapted to many different sites, and should prove of considerable help to the prospective home-maker, for in each case the design and placing of the house has been worked out in close relation to the contour of the ground and general character of the landscape. Indeed, this collection of photographs illustrates in a delightfully convincing way the beauty and homelike quality that our mod-

FEEDING AND CARE OF LITTLE CHICKS

ern American architects are achieving. True, these artistic homes are still the exception rather than the rule; but their number is constantly increasing. And when popular opinion is more widely and enthusiastically awakened, when people realize that comfortable, beautiful architecture is within reach of even the very moderate income, provided the house is wisely planned—then we may expect to find in our towns and villages, our suburbs and country districts, an interesting variety of individual, original and attractive homes.

FEEDING AND CARE OF LITTLE CHICKS

MR. FRANK W. GAYLOR, poultry expert, and author of the article on page 326, recommends the following method in the feeding and care of little chicks.

When twenty-four to forty-eight hours old, they should be placed in the brooder or (if hen hatched) in the brood coop with the mother hen, and given their first food. If in a brooder, the brooder must have previously been warmed and regulated to a temperature of about 90°. The animal heat of the chicks will raise this temperature to about 95° or more, which is the proper heat—90° to 100°—for the first ten days.

Everything about the brooder must be thoroughly clean, and the floor covered with dry, sharp sand, except under the hover, where a litter or bedding of cut clover should be provided. A clean fountain that the chicks cannot get into to get wet, should be filled with water that has been slightly warmed and placed within easy reach. The chill should be taken off the water for at least a week, as extremely cold water given newly hatched chicks is liable to cause trouble.

The first feed should be a good, clean, dry, grain chick food, with a little chick grit scattered over it. For the first few days this is best fed on boards about six inches wide and fifteen to twenty inches long, with a lath tacked around the edge to form a shallow box or tray. After that it may be fed in a hopper if desired. If hand feeding is preferred, the use of the feeding board may be continued, with a little food scattered in litter for them to scratch for. Chicks should be fed four or five times a day until four weeks old, when three times is sufficient. When they are five or six

days old, grit, charcoal and beef scrap should be placed before them in hoppers where they can help themselves. The supply should never be allowed to run out.

At a week old they should be supplied with green food daily in the form of lettuce, spinach, beet tops or sprouted oats. Do not feed hard-boiled eggs to newly hatched chicks. It is better to beat up a raw egg until the yolk is well broken, and thicken it with stale bread crumbs. The chicks will relish this, and it is an excellent food, promoting growth and aiding digestion; whereas hard-boiled eggs impair digestion.

Fresh water should be provided twice a day and the fountains washed out daily, and once a week the fountains should have a thorough cleansing with water in which a half pint of crude sanitas has been put to each two gallons of water. Use a sponge for this weekly washing, and do it thoroughly, as many an epidemic among chicks can be traced to unclean drinking fountains.

Little chicks should be let out on the ground every day that it is not stormy, after they are ten days old. In February and March, even, the snow should be kept cleared from in front of the brooder house or brooders, and on every pleasant day the chicks should be let out, if for no more than an hour or two at midday when it is warmest. Chicks must have access to the ground to thrive and do well. Much of the so-called leg weakness in brooder chicks is caused by being off the ground too long.

Shade during hot weather is as necessary as warmth in cold weather. The former can be best provided by low-growing shrubs or fruit trees, or by frames covered with heavy muslin and placed so that the chicks can get under them.

In changing the food ration, do not make too radical a change, or it may prove disastrous. At about four or five weeks of age the safest method is to change from chick food to developing food. At first give one feed daily of the developing food for a few days, then two feeds daily, and finally take away the chick food entirely. The composition of the two foods is such that no harm will result from such a method. Cleanliness, warmth (not too high a temperature under the hover), freedom from lice, access to Mother Earth after they are ten days old, and the use of a good quality of food, will insure the successful raising of little chicks.

PROTECTING FLOWERS FROM JACK FROST

TO PROTECT YOUR FLOWERS FROM JACK FROST

WHEN Jack Frost has visited the garden and checked or blighted the vegetation, the flower lover will consider what shall be done for the various plants and shrubs. Jack Frost usually makes himself decidedly evident in the vicinity of Washington about the first of November, but farther north his arrival may be expected earlier. Different plants demand different treatment. Such flowers as peonies and hollyhocks will come up again the following year if they are properly protected during the winter, while others, like cannas and dahlias, which are more accustomed to warmer climes, must have their roots or bulbs dug up and stored in a cellar. At this season many inquiries come to the United States Department of Agriculture regarding the treatment needed by different plants, and the Department's specialists have given the following suggestions regarding some of them.

HARDY PERENNIALS

Hardy perennials that are expected to live through the winter, should be covered with a good coating of manure or other litter to a depth of three or four inches. This in more southern localities will hold the frost in the ground during the winter and keep the plant from alternately freezing and thawing; in more northern regions the manure will keep the plant from freezing to so great a depth that its water supply would be cut off and the plant would perish. This treatment is good for peonies, larkspur, hollyhocks, columbines, iris, palycondones and perennial poppies.

CANNAS, DAHLIAS, ETC.

As soon as the tops of cannas, dahlias, gladiolas, caladiums, and similar plants are killed by the frost, the roots or bulbs should be dug and stored in a cellar, where the temperature will remain about 55° and should never go below 50° or above 60°. No more earth should be shaken from the clumps of cannas and dahlias than is necessary to remove them from the ground. The plants may be placed on racks or in slat boxes so the air may circulate freely through them. No frost must reach the roots, nor must they become too warm or dry.

With bulbous plants, such as caladiums, gladiolas, tuberoses, it is desirable to re-

move all the soil and dry them in the open air a day or two before storing.

The killed tops of all vegetation may well be removed from one's flower beds after Jack Frost has visited them. This is merely for the sake of appearance, as it has nothing to do with making the garden more successful the coming season.

PANSIES

If pansies are expected to do well in the South they must be set out in the fall, and need the protection of manure as do the perennials. In the South, pansies make the best showing in the early spring, and later in the summer are burnt up by the hot sun. North of the region from New York City to Springfield, Illinois, pansies do better if set out in the spring than if planted in the fall, for in these regions the flowers will not be affected by the strong sunlight and they should blossom all summer.

GERANIUMS

The ordinary method of carrying geraniums over the winter as used by florists is as follows:

A few vigorous young plants are taken into a conservatory or greenhouse and cuttings are taken from these during the winter from which a new supply of plants is grown for spring use. The cuttings for the spring supply should not be made later than January, if good stocky plants are desired for the next summer's use.

The ordinary householder who desires to keep his or her plants through the winter is not usually the possessor of a conservatory where he can follow the method outlined above. The following suggestions may help him to keep a part of his geraniums, at least, throughout the winter season. Before the frost has killed the plants, dig up the geraniums and place them in a cool, damp cellar. This cellar should be cooler than that in which bulbs are kept, ranging in temperature from 40° to 50°; in other words, such a cellar as is suitable for storing potatoes.

The plants may be placed in deep boxes, standing up and packed close together with a little dry soil about the roots. Geraniums are also sometimes hung up by the roots on the wall or from the joists. In spring, the tops of these plants should be cut off within two or three inches of the ground and the roots again planted. A loss of half the plants may be anticipated in following this procedure.

OLD-FASHIONED CHARM IN SUBURBAN HOMES

BRINGING OLD-FASHIONED CHARM INTO MODERN SUBURBAN HOMES

(Continued from page 278.)

tile with stucco covering might be used to advantage in this house, as the simple lines of walls and roof would make this material very economical. The roof might be covered with white cedar shingles, and the trim painted a light cream color, with green blinds in the second story.

The Colonial entrance at the center of the front leads into the stair hall, which has a coat closet on each side, and which is planned so that it communicates easily with all the rooms of the first floor. The living room with its big fireplace and pleasant

and arches. Through this room one enters the two principal bedrooms in front, both of which contain fireplaces and communicate with open balconies that utilize the roof space of the piazzas below. There are two smaller bedrooms taking up the rear, and two bathrooms, while the attic is big enough to contain two or three rooms and bath.

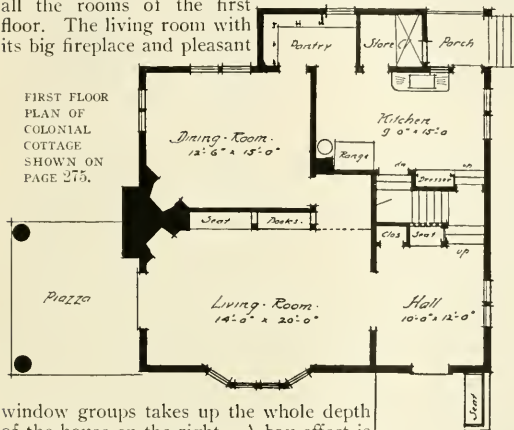
In the last sketch is seen a suburban residence in which have been followed some of the best traditions of the Elizabethan rural type of architecture. One of the great charms of such old English dwellings was the variety in shape, color and arrangement of the stonework, and this effect can be attained by selecting carefully the most

interesting stones and laying them in rugged, informal fashion so as to bring out the richness of texture and coloring.

The upper parts of the chimneys are of red brick, and remind one of the days when English masons vied with one another in using this material in unique and pleasing forms.

The walls of the second story show a typical half-timber treatment that carries out the structural lines of the building. It would be particularly interesting if, instead of using the usual modern construction of shallow planks nailed to the surface, one could use the real old English construction, in which the solid timber was an actual carrying part of the

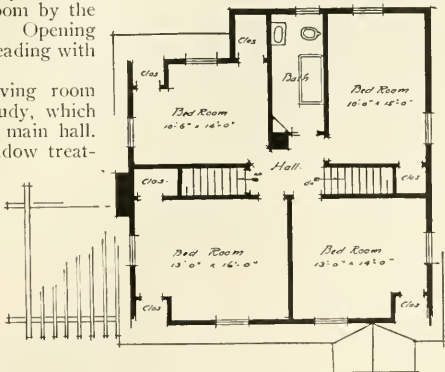
FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF COLONIAL COTTAGE SHOWN ON PAGE 275.



window groups takes up the whole depth of the house on the right. A bay effect is obtained at one end of the room by the building of corner bookcases. Opening from this room is a big piazza leading with broad steps to the garden.

Communicating with the living room through a sash door is the study, which can be reached also from the main hall. The dining room shows a window treatment similar to that in the living room, and opens likewise onto a piazza that might be used as a breakfast porch. The rest of the first floor is occupied by the kitchen, pantry and usual modern accessories, all convenient in their arrangement.

In the second story the staircase leads to a breakfast room, screened off by columns



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF COLONIAL COTTAGE SHOWN ON PAGE 275.

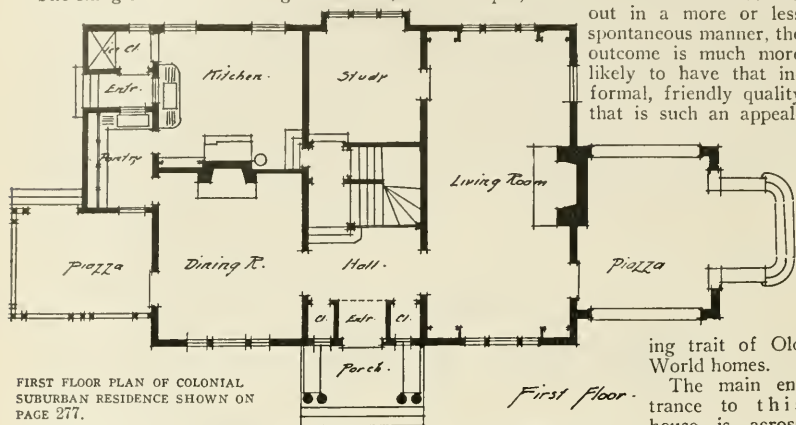
Maid's Room in Attic

OLD-FASHIONED CHARM IN SUBURBAN HOMES

walls. In a building of this type, moreover, mill work should be avoided as much as possible, and replaced by timbers hewn with the axe. This would be especially appropriate if the house were built in a thickly wooded, mountainous part of the country, where timber could be had for the cutting, and where a mill was out of convenient reach.

The shingles are laid in irregular widths,

In a building of this sort, it will be noticed, any deviation from symmetry and severely straight lines is an advantage. A certain charming informality results from irregular outlines, and for this reason it is often well not to plan every detail in advance on the draughting board, or to build in strict accordance with the drawings. If some of the structural problems are solved on the spot, and the various details worked out in a more or less spontaneous manner, the outcome is much more likely to have that informal, friendly quality that is such an appeal-

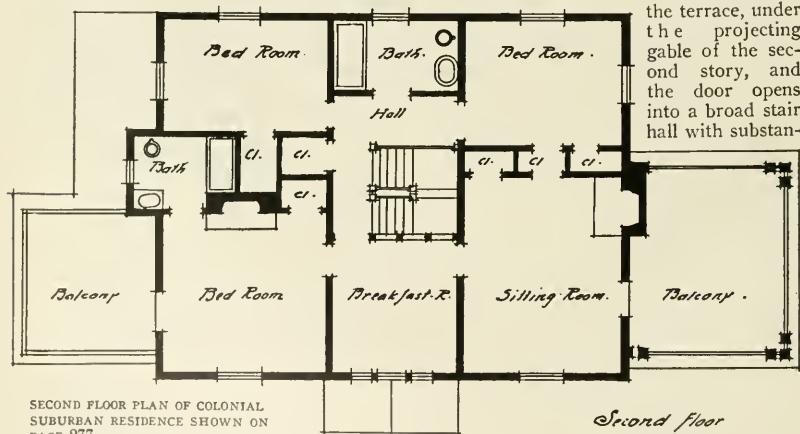


FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF COLONIAL SUBURBAN RESIDENCE SHOWN ON PAGE 277.

First floor.

ing trait of Old World homes.

The main entrance to this house is across the terrace, under the projecting gable of the second story, and the door opens into a broad stair hall with substan-



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF COLONIAL SUBURBAN RESIDENCE SHOWN ON PAGE 277.

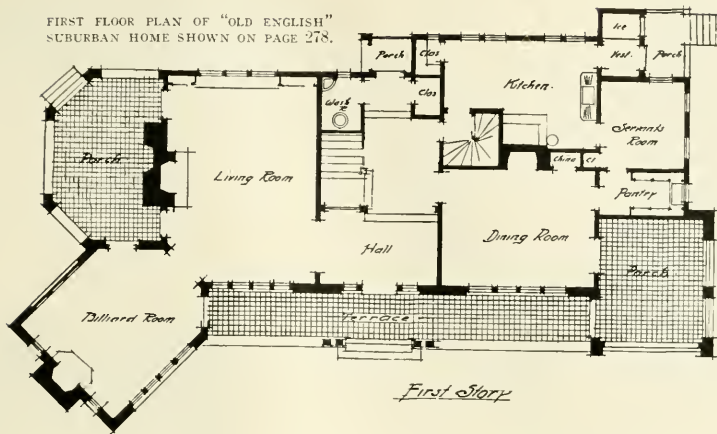
Second floor

and in the eaves and sides of the gables they are bent over, giving a rounded effect and suggesting somewhat the soft lines of old-fashioned thatch.

tial oak trim. This hall passes through the house to the small covered porch in the rear that leads to the formal garden, thus providing a pleasant vista through the interior.

OLD-FASHIONED CHARM IN SUBURBAN HOMES

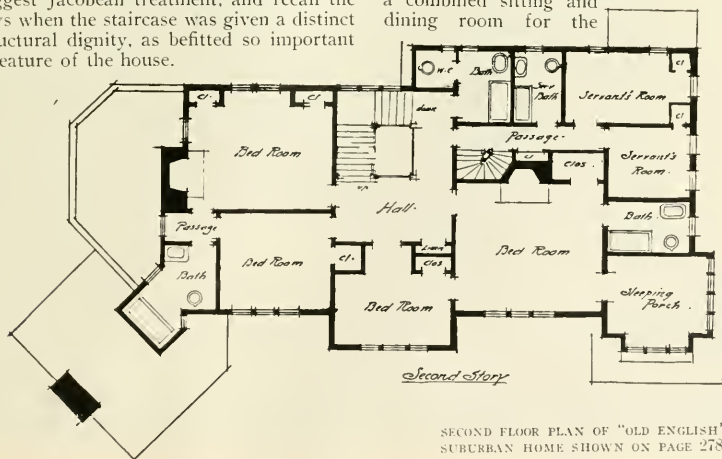
FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF "OLD ENGLISH"
SUBURBAN HOME SHOWN ON PAGE 278.



At one side of the hall is the main living room with its big fireplace, its groups of leaded glass casements, and heavy beamed ceiling—all of which remind one of its English prototype. The billiard room, built on at an unexpected angle, seems a sort of architectural afterthought, and is reminiscent of the old English buildings that were added to from time to time as necessity demanded, in a naïve and unconventional manner that gave them a peculiar rambling charm. The broad steps of the stairway suggest Jacobean treatment, and recall the days when the staircase was given a distinct structural dignity, as befitted so important a feature of the house.

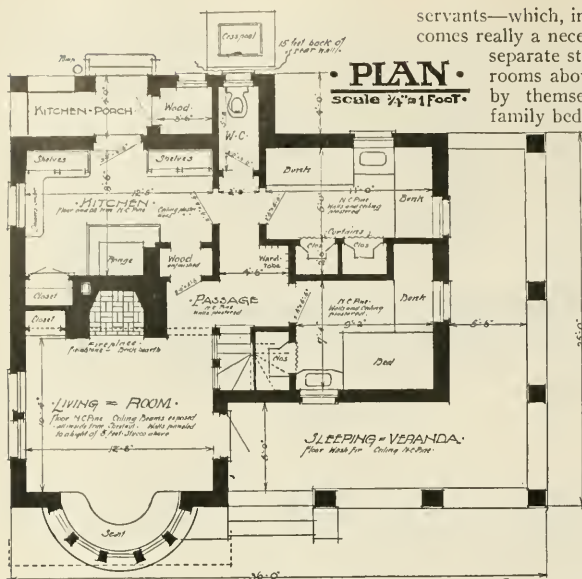
Opening from the living room and billiard room is a big porch with either stone or tile flooring, and having a brick fireplace built behind the one in the living room.

On the other side of the hall is the dining room, its floor raised two steps above the living-room level, and here also a chimney-piece is built. Nearby is a porch so constructed that it may be easily glassed and used as a sunroom or conservatory. In addition to the kitchen and pantry, there is a combined sitting and dining room for the



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF "OLD ENGLISH"
SUBURBAN HOME SHOWN ON PAGE 278.

THE AMERICAN SANTA CLAUS AND HIS GIFTS



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF FIELD-STONE BUNGALOW SHOWN ON PAGE 276.

servants—which, in a house of this size, becomes really a necessity. From the kitchen separate stairs lead to the servants' rooms above, which occupy a wing by themselves. There are four family bedrooms, two of them containing an open fireplace, and there is also a sleeping porch that can be screened or glassed as desired. Three bathrooms are provided.

The landscape treatment around this house is an interesting example of the formal style. The paved court at the front is bounded by a clipped privet hedge, and at the rear is a formal garden which should of course be laid out with special reference to vistas from the doors, windows and porches of the home—an important consideration in garden planning.

THE AMERICAN SANTA CLAUS AND HIS GIFTS

“A T Christmas play and make good cheer, for Christmas comes but once a year,” quoth the old English rhymier, Thomas Tusser, of sixteenth century fame. Long before, as well as long after this reminder, the world has been following the couplet’s advice, and one of its happiest methods for such celebration is the gift custom.

With December regarding us cheerfully from the calendar, with the holiday spirit already brightening the windows of the stores and toy shops, and bringing the joys of anticipation into the hearts of old and young—it is high time that we begin our annual

COPPER BOOK ENDS FROM THE KARL KIPP SHOP: AN INTERESTING COLLECTION OF THIS WARE WILL BE FOUND IN THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING.



COPPER SMOKING SET FROM THE KARL KIPP STUDIOS, conspiracy with Santa Claus. Some of us are fortunate enough to have leisure to work into each gift the friendship that is in our thoughts. But there are many whose busy lives cannot make space for this holiday luxury. Yet, even in the presents that one buys, there is so much chance for the exercise of individual taste, and such endless variety to choose from, that the delight of selection almost equals that of actual making.

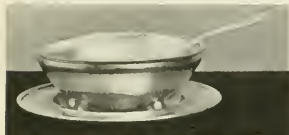


THE AMERICAN SANTA CLAUS AND HIS GIFTS



COPPER JEWEL CASE DESIGNED BY KARL KIPP.

This season, the world of Christmas gifts appears more entrancing than ever before. Toy makers, publishers, potters, jewelers, artists and craftsmen of every kind, seem to have put forth their finest and most enthusiastic efforts, and so many beautiful and ingenious things confront one that it becomes difficult to choose.



MAYON-NAISE SET OF STERLING SILVER, FROM THE KARL KIPP SHOP.

And yet, throughout all this variety and gaiety and color, it is interesting to find that there is one dominant and significant note—namely, *usefulness*. Instead of the pretty, frivolous articles and the fragile bric-à-brac that were displayed on the Christmas counters of a few years ago—in-
stead of charming but useless gifts that

were obviously made only for the holiday season, and that in a few months you were ready and even thankful to discard—you find today things that are both well made and beautiful, fashioned for real service, designed to stand the wear and tear of daily usage—gifts, in short, that will last.

Side by side with this practical Christmas feeling, we find another significant element in the gift-world of today, that even the most ordinary objects have been invested with dignity and charm. Things that in the past were regarded as merely useful, have become beautiful as well. Simple trays and boxes, cake tins, tea caddies, sugar jars, candles, toilet articles—these are found in gay and decorative forms and colors, often with quaint and humorous designs, waiting to brighten a shelf,



WALL SCONCE OF HAND-WROUGHT COPPER.



THESE SLENDER LENOX VASES AND SIMPLE FULPER CLOCKS AND THE WELL-DESIGNED FULPER CANDLE-STICK SEEM ESPECIALLY APPROPRIATE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.





table or dresser, in kitchen, dining room or bedroom, as the case may be. After all, why should not every article in one's home, no matter how prosaic its purpose, be made beautiful and interesting instead of dull and commonplace? And why should not the spirit of Christmas find its way, in this simple, kindly fashion, into every nook and corner of the house?

"Who's afraid of Color?" asks the Forest Craft Guild—that cheerful society of craftsmen whose workshops are filled with such delightful and amusing things. And the challenge is one that is being widely echoed all through the world today, in art, furnishing, decoration, dress and countless other im-



THIS COZY BIRD HOUSE MAKES A CHARMING GIFT FOR THE GARDEN-LOVER.

RUSTIC GATEWAY, PORCH AND GARDEN FURNISHINGS ON THE GARDEN FLOOR OF THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING—A DELIGHTFUL PLACE FOR A CHRISTMAS SHOPPER. portant branches of household activity.

Poiret, the famous French designer, whom all the world accepts as an artist, says only untrained children are fearless enough to be imaginative, and daring enough to use pure color. If that is so, then we are recapturing something of our lost child-courage and imagination; for certainly color is today



A WIGWAM BIRD HOUSE OF TINY LOGS: ONE OF THE MANY NEW AND UNIQUE MODELS ON THE GARDEN FLOOR OF THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING.

THE AMERICAN SANTA CLAUS AND HIS GIFTS



USEFUL AND RICHLY COLORED LACQUER GIFTS MADE BY THE FOREST CRAFT GUILD.

everywhere in evidence—flaunting bold banners of audacious orange, blue and purple, vermilion, black and green, over every article that is capable of decoration, from elaborate and costly furnishings and draperies down to humble flower-pot or tray.

And the result of this riot of color is a freshening not only of our homes, but of our lives. This spontaneous and often naïve

article cannot, of course, give any idea of the color beauty that is so distinctive a feature of these gifts, they nevertheless prove what useful and attractive things await the holiday shopper. And as these articles have been selected from among the many charming displays on the various floors of the Craftsman Building, they show what a varied and interesting collection has



CRAFTSMAN LETTER RACK, BOOK ENDS AND REVOLVING BOOK RACK OF MELLOW BROWN FUMED OAK, WHICH MAKE SERVICEABLE AND INEXPENSIVE HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR LIBRARY DESK AND LIVING-ROOM TABLES.

outburst of color gives fresh impetus to our minds. In the bold use of pure pigment, and vividly contrasting hues, we find reflected something of the modern *zeitgeist*—the spirit of frankness and of daring, of revolt against outward traditions, and readiness for fresh adventures and experiments in many fields. And today, when Christmas is so near at hand, this festivity of color seems, somehow, especially appropriate.

While the photographs that illustrate this

been gathered together here for Craftsman friends.

Among these displays are found simple, well-made pottery—Fulper, Grueby, Rookwood, Lenox, Paul Revere—sturdy yet graceful in design, rich in texture and mellow in tone, presenting a wide range of choice for those who wish some of their Christmas offerings to take the form of flower holders, nut bowls, candlesticks or fern jars. And one can readily imagine how

THE AMERICAN SANTA CLAUS AND HIS GIFTS



OATMEAL SET, TEA SET, LOAF SUGAR DISH, AND CHILD'S BREAD-AND-MILK SET OF LENOX CHINA: OTHER GIFTS OF THIS NATURE MAY BE FOUND ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING.

acceptable these gifts would be to those who appreciate the value of such useful and decorative pieces in the home interior.

The copper ware, too, from the Karl Kipp, Heintz and Forest Guild studios, as well as from our own Craftsman shops, will be found full of interest. Book ends, vases, desk sets, smoking sets, lamps and sconces—it would make a long list to enumerate the different fittings into which this adaptable material is wrought. And from the three studios just mentioned, as well as from the Alchauquin Studio and that of Miss M. H. Peck, come also very attractive handwrought jewelry, of simple and distinctive designs, with colorful stones in unique and craftsmanlike settings. Leatherwork, basketry, hand-woven draperies of durable texture and unusually attractive patterns; holiday cards and calendars of

original and graceful design—these are likewise included in the exhibits of the Craftsman Building.

One of the most enjoyable features of the place—so at least our visitors tell us—is the Children's Department on the eleventh floor, just below the Restaurant. This unique room has already been described in the magazine, but we cannot resist reminding our readers once more about it, for Helen Speer, its manager, has been aiding and abetting Santa Claus in the busiest and most ingenious manner, devising countless new and humorous toys and furnishings with which to stock that far-famed reindeer sleigh.

Miss Emerson, too, is an active Christmas conspirator, who has brought together innumerable joyous surprises for the little folks—the Child Lore Library, and holiday books from John Martin and various other publishers; pictures and cards, toys and playroom fittings that recall with whimsical humor the days when the legends of Mother Goose were more thrilling and impressive than any subsequent history book has proved.

HAMMERED COPPER FITTINGS OF CRAFTSMAN DESIGN, THAT MAKE DISTINCTIVE YET INEXPENSIVE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



THE AMERICAN SANTA CLAUS AND HIS GIFTS

And the Gardencraft toys of Frances Duncan's also suggest another amusing and instructive form of nursery gift.

In our Furnishing Department on the third floor will also be found attractive and serviceable presents for the home—beautiful willow furnishings, pillows, scarfs, table linens, lamps and other necessary fittings. And on the eleventh floor we have just brought together some remarkably interesting Indian rugs and baskets, lamp shades and leather work, with all the rich coloring and wonderful craftsmanship for which this work is famed.

Another fortunate addition to our exhibits is a collection of Copley prints, both in sepia and in colors, framed and unframed, as well as etchings—from the most moderate priced to the most luxurious pictures. These well-known reproductions, which include the finest work of our American artists, are invaluable in adding to the beauty of one's walls, and are particularly appropriate gifts for art-lovers.

Those whose minds run along practical household channels will find many gift suggestions among the dining-room and kitchen furnishings, while a visit to the Model Kitchen and a chat with Miss Logan, who is in charge, will prove full of interest and help.

Then there is the Garden Department, with its fascinating fittings—rustic furniture, decorated flower-pots, jardinières and other forms of porch and outdoor furnishings; bulbs and ferns and garden books; smock frocks for milady to don when weeding, planting or hoeing is to be done; tiny bird houses of wood and bark to hang in

trees or rustic shelters, and brightly painted wooden parrots to amuse the children and add a note of vivid color among ferns or branches.

Another important feature is the collection of tool outfits on the sixth floor—tool boxes, cabinets, work benches, large and small, for grown man or boy. An exhibition of beautiful mirrors and picture frames has also just been arranged by Messrs. MacCabe and Little, who are ready to help visitors with the selection and designing of appropriate frames of all kinds.

A delightful display on the eleventh floor likewise invites attention, for Miss Morse and Mrs. Stebbins have installed here their hand-loom, so that visitors may watch the actual weaving of lovely scarfs, table runners and other fabrics. Hemp-fiber pillows dyed in wonderful shades, decorative boxes, leather work and bead necklaces are included in this gift collection.

These, then, are the sort of things you find in the Craftsman Building, when you visit it on your Christmas shopping tour. And, as can be imagined, the displays include so many different objects, that one can find here almost everything that the imagination of the holiday shopper can conceive.

At all events, a visit to these exhibitions will prove a pleasant if not a profitable pastime, and will convince you that America is quite capable of creating objects of utility and beauty that will please even the most fastidious taste. And if, either through correspondence or by personal visits, we can help you solve your Christmas problems, our work in gathering these displays together will not have been in vain.



A CORNER OF THE ALCHOUQUIN STUDIOS: THE WOVEN DRAPERIES, BASKETS, LEATHER WORK AND JEWELRY MADE HERE CAN BE FOUND IN THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING AMONG THE MANY OTHER INTERESTING DISPLAYS.

IS CULTURE A COMMODITY?

ALS IK KAN

IS CULTURE A COMMODITY?

THE whole world seems to be terribly stirred up these days over a single word—culture. The nations stop throwing bombs long enough to claim its exclusive possession, or to deny it to their neighbors and enemies. Suddenly it has become a national vogue to have culture, like being the largest city in the world or the greatest fashion center.

There are many definitions to this popular word. Von Bernhardt, the fearless German says, "War is the greatest factor in the furtherance of culture." Ruskin felt quite differently about it. "Giving up wrong pleasure," said he, "is not self-sacrifice but self-culture." The dictionary, to which we turn whenever we want to contradict any one, presents culture as "a finer state of mind, taste and morals"—which seems nearer to Ruskin than to Von Bernhardt. In one of the older intellectual magazines of the month we find a writer who is unhappy because America is "humble about her culture," evidently feeling that if it exists it is worth advertising. And this point of view offends a metropolitan newspaper, which assures us that a person proud of culture hasn't got it.

All of which has set me to thinking a bit. What is this popular characteristic which every one seeks to possess and which seems to become personal the minute it is acquired?

I have wondered more than once if after all culture might not really be a man's own development through what he gives the world rather than the elaboration of self through what he gets from the world. It seems to me that an artist grows not by what he takes from nature, but by that which he puts into his work of himself. Painting, literature, drama, all seem important and lasting to me as an expression of a man's emotion about life, and I have always thought that art was great or small according to the individual artist's ability to get directly at great truths.

The world is quarreling about culture because it has been accepted as an external ornament, something to be got outside of one's self, even something to be bought, and the more expensive the better. We have imagined that culture was housed on library shelves, that you could acquire it by the chapter, that it was the distinguished

possession of the rich and idle, of the student, the cloister. And of course very wonderful things are on the library shelf and wise men have walked through gray cloisters. But it is the personality of the wise man and of the student who seeks the library which enables them to transmute what they find through the alchemy of their own emotions, before culture can result.

Everywhere the world over, facts are but the shell of truth, and the kernel is only found through the emotional understanding of the fundamentals of life. It is impossible to think profoundly about this matter and not realize that real culture must be understanding illuminated with spirituality,—that is to say, a mere knowledge of given conditions, a memory that holds all the incidents of the world's completion, are not enough; all of these things are good and make for a strong, brilliant background to existence, but the subtle thing which develops in a man "a finer state of mind, taste and morals" is a vision of the great truths which must act as a solvent on all the material possessions of the brain.

Culture is far mightier than the foolish mannerisms that have sprung up about it (its false limbs as it were) and which really should be lopped off if the finest growth is to be achieved. And so it seems to me so futile to *seek* culture, for it is not to be found for the mere looking. We should aim rather for the conditions of mind, of soul and body that produce it. It cannot be picked out of the heart of a song, from the pages of a book, or achievement of art, a bit of scientific research, for it is in the soul of the men who have accomplished these things. It has come to each through the struggle of his own development. You cannot buy the flame that inspires poetry, that is turned into music, that lights up the soul of the painter, and this flame is the essence of culture. You may be warmed by its fire, you may be encouraged to develop your own ideals, you may have your confidence in the progress of man restored, but that is as far as any other man's culture can help you.

As for yourself, you must achieve it personally. It often illumines the life of the very simple, it is often totally lacking in the existence of the successful and pretentious. Least of all is it ever the essential possession of a nation or of any one class in a nation. It is no more inevitably

the right of a king than of a peasant, it is not royal or democratic, antique or modern, Oriental or Western. It is just a single man's relation with the universe, the gift to one brother and not to another, to one parent or one child. And because it is so evanescent, so subtle, so intangible, we have somewhat formed the habit of accepting its externals, not demanding its soul, satisfied with the dress of culture, so easily satisfied, indeed, that we have almost forgotten the realities. No man can give you culture, and neither man nor time can take it from you once you have found the secret channels of its attainment.

And so all this confusion and irritation and unhappiness as to which nation is really the most cultured seems very futile and unthinking if once we are in contact with the great human beings who possess and express culture in all the activities of their lives. Such men, for instance, as Confucius, Walt Whitman, Richard Wagner, Millet,—they are of no land, no station in life; they never strove consciously for this beautiful possession, but lived close to the springs of life, accepting great truths very simply and bearing them with splendid banners out to the world.

BOOK REVIEWS

FORTY-FOUR TURKISH FAIRY TALES: COLLECTED AND TRANSLATED BY IGNACE KUNOS: ILLUSTRATED BY WILLY POGANY

AROUND Christmas, which is so essentially the children's festival, even the most staid and grown-up people feel the lure of the fairy tale. They recall with affectionate gratitude those wonderful days when Anderson and the Grimms—those wizards of the imagination—were their favorite authors, and when they feasted for hours upon the barbaric splendors and delicious horrors of the "Arabian Nights." And now, at this appropriate season, comes to us, old and young, another book of fairy legends that bids fair to take its place among those well-loved classics and to share with them the wide-eyed wonder and rapt attention of the little folk.

"The stories comprising this collection," writes Dr. Kunos, "have been culled with my own hands in the many-hued garden of Turkish folk-lore. . . . They are such

as may be heard daily in the purlieus of Stamboul, in the small rickety houses of that essentially Turkish quarter of Constantinople where around the tandir the native women relate them to their children and friends. . . . They are mostly woven from the webs of fancy, in that delightful realm, Fairy-land, since it is there that everything wonderful happens, the *dramatis personæ* being, as a rule, supernatural beings."

The pages of this fascinating volume are indeed an interesting example of the writer's, illustrator's, engraver's and printer's art, and one's admiration is about equally divided between the dramatic and poetic quality of the stories, and the unique, fantastic charm of the pictures, in line and color, which enliven almost every page. Here one finds maidens and youths, garbed in the picturesque and flowing attire of the Orient, radiant with that inimitable beauty and gifted with that unparalleled courage in which the folk of fairy tales abound. Mighty dervishes, peris and magicians, gigantic "dews" and many-headed dragons, figure largely among the tales. Magic castles perched on unscalable crags confront the adventurous heroes, while talking lions, flying horses and similar fanciful creations appear and vanish in the casual but startling manner that seems to be one of the prevailing traits of legendary beasts.

In fact, the stories combine the usual incongruous ingredients that all true wonder tales should hold—and at the same time both text and pictures are full of originality, rich in whimsical humor, and brimming with those romantic impossibilities which only the childlike mind of a primitive and mystery-loving people could have conceived.

As a Christmas, New Year or birthday gift, this book will bring joy to many youthful hearts, and older eyes will find its decorative contents a source of genuine delight. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 363 pages, profusely illustrated. Price in cloth, \$3.00 net; in leather, \$6.00 net. Postage 30 cents.)

THE RAFT: BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

MR. DAWSON is already well known to a wide circle of readers. In his short stories, his essays, and his first novel, "The Garden Without Walls," they have found an unusually broad understanding of human nature, a quiet humor, a deep,

sympathetic quality, and a frank recognition of facts combined at the same time with a certain fine idealism. And all these one finds in "The Raft."

The story starts with an interesting contrast in temperament, presented by the two girls—*Jehane* and *Nan*—whose matrimonial experiences form the two main threads of the book. Their common predicament is put into a few outspoken words by the former, when she says: "We girls are adrift on a raft, and we can't swim. Over there's the land of marriage with all the little children, the homes and the husbands. Unless some of the men see us and put off in boats to rescue us, we'll be caught in the current of the years and swept out into the hunger of mid-ocean."

The first part of the book is full of interest and promise, suggesting possibilities for unusually dramatic situations and psychological developments. But the succeeding chapters are disappointing. True, these two women, their husbands and children, and the various minor characters, are all drawn in skilful, sympathetic manner, and the pages are rich in understanding comments on human nature, in whimsical and tender passages, and in romantic appeal. But one feels a certain confusion, a lack of unity. The book reminds one of a picture in which each separate detail is full of color and charm, but which lacks the essential quality of composition that alone can make its message clear. (Published by Henry Holt & Company, New York. 466 pages. Price \$1.35 net.)

THE GYPSY TRAIL: AN ANTHOLOGY FOR CAMPERS: COMPILED BY MARY D. HOPKINS AND PAULINE GOLDMARK

THE very spirit of the open is in this inviting little book, with its friendly, well-chosen verses—some of them old and familiar, and many of them new. Those who love the winding trail and the gypsy campfire, the beckoning highways and quiet lanes, deep-shadowed woodlands, lifting hills or sandy shore—will find here almost every phase of Nature interpreted in some poet's lines. It is the sort of book one can slip companionably into one's pocket and take out during a pleasant, lazy hour under the trees, beside the riverbank—wherever the wanderlust calls one.

Shakespeare, Browning, Tennyson, Keats,

Shelley, Wordsworth and other English poets are represented, while Emerson, Walt Whitman, Stevenson, Bliss Carman and Hamlin Garland are among the American names. A few appropriate extracts from the German, French and Latin are also given. (Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 385 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

THE AMERICAN BOYS' WORKSHOP: EDITED BY CLARENCE B. KELLAND

IT would be difficult to imagine a more welcome holiday gift for the boys of America than this interesting, practical and comprehensive book. Every conceivable phase of boyish activity seems to be represented between its covers, and the lad who loves to make things with his own hands and tools—and what youth does not?—is sure to find the volume a source of endless help and inspiration in outdoor and indoor work and play.

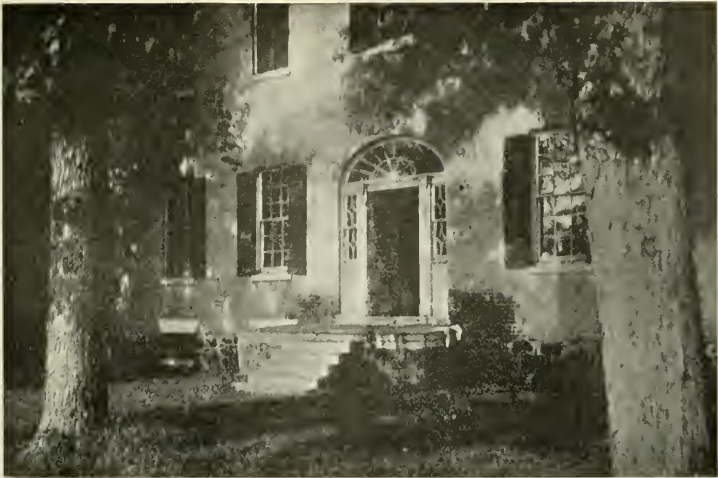
The first part is devoted to "The Outdoor Boy in Summer," and directions are given for the making of various forms of camp equipment. Then comes the building of a log cabin, and after that the needs of the boy fisherman are considered, and the youthful enthusiast is told how to make his own fishing rod, minnow trap, fish wheel, marine telescope and other devices.

"The Aquatic Boy" is the subject of the next few chapters, and here are described the building and management of a flat-bottom row boat, canoe, sail boat, punt, etc. Swimming instructions are also given.

"The Outdoor Boy at Home" is shown next how to build a sail cart, coaster, wheelbarrow, aeroplane, kite, gymnasium and dozens of other articles for utility and sport. Under the heading of "The Outdoor Boy in Winter" is discussed the making of sleds, ice boats and other articles.

Countless forms of indoor activity are described—the making and equipment of a workshop and workbench, the designing and constructing of furnishings and fittings, gymnasium apparatus, toys and gifts of many kinds, while the book concludes with a few chapters on rope work, including the making of a hammock.

As every subject is handled by an expert, and supplemented with innumerable sketches and working drawings, each page is as practical as it is interesting. (Published by David McKay, Philadelphia. 336 pages, well illustrated. Price \$1.25.)



GARDEN ENTRANCE TO BURLEIGH, HOWARD COUNTY, MARYLAND: ONE OF THE STATELY, BEAUTIFUL OLD HOMESTEADS ILLUSTRATED IN "COLONIAL MANSIONS OF MARYLAND AND DELAWARE," PUBLISHED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

COLONIAL MANSIONS OF MARYLAND AND DELAWARE: BY JOHN MARTIN HAMMOND

IN this well-illustrated volume are presented photographs and historical descriptions of many old and picturesque Colonial homes, of interest not only to the folks of their locality but to all architects and students of this classic type. The material was gathered from personal visits and studies at first hand, and much of the literary matter has come, as the author says, "from private papers and from the recollections of the older generation of the descendants of builders of Maryland and Delaware mansions." The chapters, therefore, contain much human as well as architectural and historical interest.

The photographs are by Mr. Hammond himself, and the ones reproduced here give some impression of the beauty of those stately dwellings, with their dignified yet friendly entrances, their stately columns, their winding stairways, spacious rooms and ample hearths. As a record of their history and traditions, the book deserves a place among the annals of American architecture. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. 294 pages, 65 illustrations. Price \$5.00 net.)

CHATS ON OLD COPPER AND BRASS: BY F. W. BURGESS

LOVERS of the old, the curious and the beautiful will find in this plump and fascinating volume a wealth of craftsman's lore. Fact and fiction, history and legend, technique and romance rub elbows in the carefully and pleasantly written pages. Delightful and unsuspected vistas are opened up into the past of the ancient metal-working art.

In the illustrations of antique bronzes from Greece, Rome and the East, one reads something of the lives of those early peoples. A bronze buckler from the Thames Valley conjures visions of the Britons of a prehistoric day; caldrons and urns of surprising preservation and strangely appealing beauty bring us echoes of the Age of Bronze and its primitive happenings, while a *couvre de feu* of brass recalls the times when fires were covered at the curfew's toll. Weathercocks, door-knockers, lamps and candlesticks of odd designs show what skill and love of decoration existed far earlier than we are wont to imagine. And always we find these metal objects and fittings closely related to the hearth and home. The massive long-handled saucepans, the carved brass well-bucket, the foot and hand



CLASSIC ENTRANCE TO BELMONT, "THE ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF THE DORSEYS AND HANSONS," IN MARYLAND; FROM "COLONIAL MANSIONS OF MARYLAND AND DELAWARE."

warmers of unique pattern, the measuring cups, lanterns and candle-molds—all show how closely interwoven was the craft work of olden days with simple household needs and customs.

For the collector this volume is full of interest and information; but its appeal is by no means limited to the connoisseur. Its pictured treasures will be equally appreciated by all who wish to widen their knowledge in this delightful field of workmanship. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 394 pages. Well illustrated. Price \$2.00 net.)

**EVERY MAN HIS OWN MECHANIC:
BY JOHN BARNARD**

"A COMPLETE Guide for the Amateur to all Constructive and Decorative Work" is the subtitle of this very practical volume. As the author explains, it is put forth not as a text-book for skilled craftsmen, but rather as a guide to those who are inexperienced and therefore stand in need of advice and assistance. The book is carefully and clearly written, and illustrated with photographs and drawings

that show the various kinds of tools and machines and the correct manner of using them. Different forms of construction, and articles for indoor and outdoor home equipment are likewise shown.

The first part of the book is devoted to household carpentry and joinery, including the various woods and their uses, the work-bench with its tools and fittings. The second part takes up ornamental and constructional woodwork—wood-turning, fret-work, veneering, inlaying, marquetry, carving, as well as the making of windows, doors, gates, fixtures and furnishings for both home and garden. The last part is entitled "Household Building Art and Practice," and here will be found practical advice on the many problems of building—excavating, bricklaying, masonry, roofing, plastering, metal work, plumbing, and gas-fitting; also bell-hanging, painting, paper-hanging, and glazing.

For those who contemplate taking up any of these branches of work, the book should prove a very helpful guide. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 485 pages, illustrated. Price \$1.50 net.)

GARDEN BOOKS FOR XMAS GIFTS

For sale on the Fifth Floor of the Craftsman Building 6 E. 39th St.

The American Flower Garden, Neltje Blanchan, \$1.50; Colour Schemes for the Flower Garden, Gertrude Jekyll, \$3.75; Gardens in the Making, Walter H. Godfrey, \$2.00; Gardens Near the Sea, Alice Lounsberry, \$4.20; The Garden at Home, H. H. Thomas, \$2.00; The Ideal Garden, H. H. Thomas, \$2.00; The Amateur Garden, Geo. W. Cable, \$1.50; The Home Garden, Eben E. Rexford, \$1.25; The Garden Book for Young People, Alice Lounsberry, \$1.25; The Happy Garden, Mary Ansell, \$2.00; The Small Country Place, Samuel T. Maynard, \$1.50; How to Plan the Home Grounds, Samuel Parsons, Jr., \$1.10; Garden Planning, W. S. Rogers, \$1.10; Garden Profits, E. L. D. Seymour, \$1.10; Cassell's A. B. C. of Gardening, Walter P. Wright, \$1.25; Wall and Water Gardens, Gertrude Jekyll, \$3.75; The Herbaceous Garden, Alice Martineau, \$2.75; The Hardy Flower Book, E. H. Jenkins, \$1.00; Our Garden Flowers, Harriet L. Keller, \$2.00; A Garden of Simples, Martha B. Flint, \$1.50; Vines and How to Grow Them, Wm. C. McCollom, \$1.10.

We regret to say that an error crept into THE CRAFTSMAN of November, page 181, in the statement that Miss Irene Eastman, daughter of Dr. Eastman, "was a graduate of Hampton College." She is an interpretive singer of Indian music, but has received her training in the schools of Amherst and Springfield, Mass.



*A Group for the Court of the Universe
at the Panama-Pacific Exhibition.*

"THE GENIUS OF CREATION:"
DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, SCULPTOR.



THE CRAFTSMAN



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VOLUME XXVII JANUARY, 1915 NUMBER 4

THE TEST OF AMERICA: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT



AMERICA has always been considered the child of Europe, but the time is at hand for the child to become the father. The nations of Europe are fighting for themselves, and they do not see clearly yet that they are destroying themselves, but America must see that; and America must see that what the nations of Europe are fighting for, is without significance to a free people who dare to dream of a New Age.

This is less a war of Germany against the Allies, than a life or death war of the world's soul.

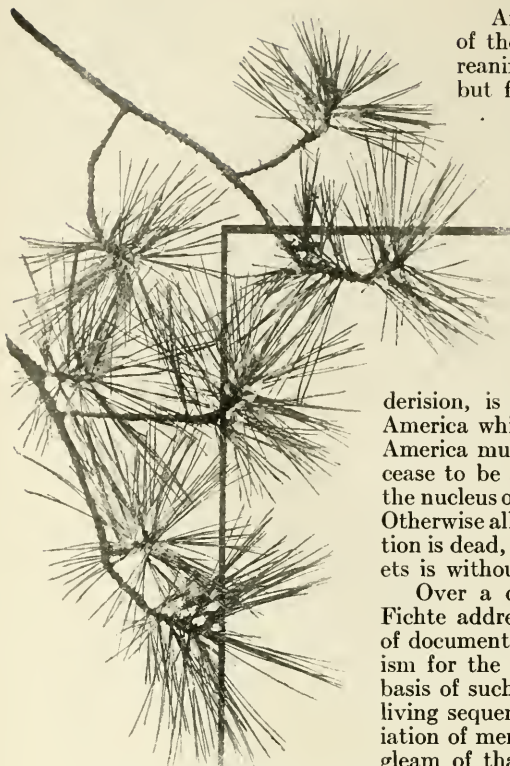
The hard thing for this country is to reach first of all the state of non-partisanship. It is a silent and a deadly struggle, and during the first ten weeks of the war, it appeared that America was deliberately thrusting away her heroic opportunity. The many were identifying themselves with the different causes, with the different national souls, when the apparent spiritual plan of the European tragedy is to do away utterly with these institutions which the bewildered armies are struggling so frenziedly to preserve.

America is exempt only from the physical plane of the war. This is the hour indeed of her highest test. She belongs to the causes of none of the unclean entities destroying themselves in their inevitable madness across the sea, but with all her old and a freshly ignited passion, she belongs to the spirit of the New Age which flames the east.

The wreckers are now at work in Europe—the preparers, America, must conceive and preserve the plan of the new structure, or there will be no task for the builders after the tearing down.

Unless this war be structurally different from all other great wars, there will be no valiant voice out of Europe for at least a decade after the last slaughter is told. Not only are the nations exhausting themselves, genius and all, but war in its very nature suppresses the voice of truth. There will be many national voices, but they are devoid of reality and meaning because the national souls must die, even to be born again. How futile are statements of the British case, and statements of the Prussian case, when their end is hate and death.

THE TEST OF AMERICA



America, alone, is the temple of the new spirit. America must reanimate the world after the war, but first she must be quickened.

. . . I believe America is being born again. . . .

America was bred right.

There is that to fall back upon. She was founded upon the principles of liberty and service to the distressed, upon the principles of giving, not getting. No other nation can say that. But the derision of other nations, and a still higher

derision, is the portion of that part of America which is not true to her dream. America must lose the love of self; must cease to be a national soul, and become the nucleus of the world-soul of the future. Otherwise all that was holy in her conception is dead, and the passion of her prophets is without avail.

Over a century ago the inspired Fichte addressed the Germans in a series of documents charged with exalted idealism for the future of his people, on the basis of such a Fatherland that the only living sequence could be the superb affiliation of men. For years and decades the gleam of that spiritual ignition endured

there. Carlyle, not a countryman, saw it and made it blaze with the fuel of his genius. It is dead to Prussia now, but that gleam will never die. Some strong youth on the road to Damascus will be struck to the ground with its radiance—and arise to carry the gleam to the Gentiles.

TH**E**R**E** is a time for nations, as there is a time for strange houses in a neighborhood. There is a time for a man to be lost in the romance of his own household; indeed, the world smiles approvingly for a time, but counts him a little thing at the last, if he has not emerged for his task. There is a time for a man to be

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lost in the needs of his street, of his town, of his state, but if he hold to any of these with such rigidity that he cannot regard with justice the conduct of other localities—well, his trance and his little orbit are in God's hands.

There is a time for nations, but ahead on the road are the world-men. The precious whisper is abroad that more sins have been committed in the name of patriotism than any other. The time will come when that illusion will be well-back among the provincialisms; not a bad word in itself, rather a lost meaning through abuse.

Whenever a man does a great work in the arts, or in any way electrifies matter with his vision, the achievement becomes a usage in other countries than his own. In a truly fine sense he is a world servant, whether his soul catches the big harmony or not. That is his concern and a very vital one. During a man's apprenticeship, his individuality must be encouraged. He loses none of that in becoming a master, but he is a perverted master if he does not lose the intensity of self-seeking. His end is the pitiful passing of a stylist, and his are the latter days of a creature cracking with vanities, secret and offensive.

One must become an individual, for the world's service is not a clerkship; the world's progress rises upon labors that are never duplicated. The herds are still bond-men; even machines do away with their labor; and their elders have heretofore spoken to them of patriotism with large and bloody results; in fact all the tragic pressures of nature and human artifice are turned upon raw human material to hasten its emerging into individualism—but the pressures do not end there. Becoming an individual a man must



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turn out from self, must realize that he is *one* in the great cause of life, that the prime purpose of his being is for him to give all he can to the world, and not to get all he can from the world. Failing, he meets an evil magic matched for individualism—more poignant in its affliction than the herds can ever know.

The same is exactly true with the developed individuality of a nation. It was true with Germany when Fichte addressed his countrymen. It is true with America in this hour. All the psychic pressures of the European disruption are turned upon the temple of America to drive out the money-changers and make it a house of God.

THERE is a new genius in America, not yet in its prime, hardly articulate as yet, but rapidly maturing in these days of unparalleled stimulus. They will interpret the New Age, the spirit of it, not the emotion, for they deal in white fire, not in red. Men in their twenties now will rule the world in the next ten years. They will be terrible in their calm, for they will not express the personal self and its desires, but rather a phenomenal self, in touch with the source of power, and whose splendid energy is to give its all to the world, and go.

Heretofore they have bruised against the markets. You have heard them cry, "They will take me only at my worst!" But the war is changing that. To them the first weeks of the war was a valley of unutterable death, but it has become the plateau of great promise. For this huge fusing mass, America, is changing now faster in a month than formerly it changed in half a decade, and changing differently. America seems breaking in two. There is good and bad, but the channels are separating into black and white—no longer a blend of sodden gray.

The stage is stricken. It is falling even to lower levels of appeal, seeking to find its own—which has begun to climb instead. Indeed there is a havoc upon all panderers, pleasant to contemplate. They will be the last to answer the new spiritual receptivity in America, for they are the farthest from it. Nothing will last through this war that is not touched with reality. The tens of thousands of worthless books printed in the past ten years have already shaken down to their final value as masses of soiled paper. It was a deluge; much cleverness and paradox a part of it, but mainly a vain competition of the "movies." The pictures themselves are changing faster than the newspapers can keep up. They are on the move as nothing under the sun before, exhausting the world of one-dimension, under the supervision of the police. But even the tired little shop girls,

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the city's unfathered, are finding how little after all, the lens can catch of man and woman.

It is a time for heroics. America is emancipating her genius, not only from herself, but from the thrall of the Old World's decadence. Do you think there is nothing fateful in the destructive energy that is rubbing out ancient landmarks? Rather it would seem that the old and the unclean has played its part, and may not be used in the new spiritual experiment.

. . . Letters are moving to and fro, "*Are you dreaming out the New Age?*"—a sort of giving of accolade between those who belong. You must put aside each day for a time (if you would belong) your self-sense, your business sense, your domestic sense, and by all means look deep and sceptically into your substance called patriotism. You may not be the same afterward. . . . In a house that I know where there are several children, the word "mine" is eliminated from all speech. Little antidotes and preventatives for war.

THERE is suffering enough in the world in this hour to make heroes of us all. In the face of this atrocious reversion to animal types on the part of Europe, is it not incontrovertible that the red man of blood and desire in us all, is not the last word of humanity? If that were true, there is no philosophy that will cover the nearest edge of the slaughter. There must be a white

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immortal to carry the story on. I believe that the white fire of the human soul is breaking through the flesh of America now.

. . . I have heard the new song. Already the unspoiled workmen have found their task. They sing as they lift. Listen and you may hear the song of the New Age. Since the pilgrims sang together, no such thrilling harmony has moved this western land.

A young workman in the East recently did a poem that was due in the world. In fact he struck the spirit of the hour, and something glorious flashed back through him from the future. It broke the grim finality of these days—but it was for the few. He hated that, rebelled against it—not for himself, because he had freed himself from the red man, and had turned to make the dream of World-Fatherland come true. This is what he said to certain companions:

“Let us not be so blind as to vision a Fatherland of poets and singers and painters, for the work of the world is to do. At our best we artists are but igniters of other workmen. We seek to interpret men, but we require men to interpret for us. We need world-trained men to steady us, men who do not wing away from the comprehension of the average. That’s our trouble—our wings. We shall fail now if we are out of touch with the millions. It has been our fate heretofore to wing and pass, to dream and trust another generation to en flesh the dream. That’s because we lost ourselves—because we

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felt ourselves apart. We are not apart. There are rarer men than artists in the world—holier groups of men than we are, who do not make claim nor great talk of world-brotherhood, but from whose daily movement and service, the splendid reality is gleaming. We must belong to them. We love men through the arts, *but they love men straight*. We must stand with the workmen, with statesmen, lawgivers, with the conservers and the constructors, with men of force and acumen and kindness everywhere, for they are the wall of the Fatherland. We are but the tapestry.”

You see he was great enough to forget his poem.

THERE is a great perfect story in the world. It will bear the deepest scrutiny from any plane of body or mind or soul. Physically it is exact; mentally it balances; spiritually it is the ultimate lesson. You will find in it all you need to know about Christianity, for it is the soul of that. You will learn in it, who is your Father, and who your Brother is, and your Neighbor. You will learn in its lines the hatred of sham and office, the peril of fancied chosen peoples; and from it you will draw the cosmic simplicity of good actions, and a fresh and kindling hatred for the human animal of grotesque desire. . . . It is a thrilling comprehension for children; it silences the critical faculty of the intellectuals, and animates the saint to tears of ecstasy, even to martyrdoms. It expresses the dream of peace alike for nations and men. It is a globe. You can go it blind and win—following the spirit of the Good Samaritan.



WATER-COLOR PAINTING, CHILDREN AND WAR



CHILDREN seem to flower out most naturally and bewitchingly through water-color sketches. Their fresh, evanescent beauty, their tender, brief moods, all seem to flow most fluently through the delicate permanence of water-color, until it seems reasonable that the aquarelle should be, of all mediums, most closely associated with the presentation of youth.

The man who stands too long before his canvas is likely to miss the subtle whimsicality of childhood. This, of course, is not always so, and yet oil painting offers such an opportunity, such a temptation to change and improve that there is always in it the risk of elaboration or of too great a conventionalization of children. And youth needs simple treatment in portraiture as in life. In our present kind of civilization we so quickly rob it of simplicity, of its close natural intimacy with nature. A child drifting back from dreamland, does not apologize effusively for sleeping in your presence or try to win your interest by telling you long dream stories. It is more apt to look you searchingly in the eyes and say with a face full of wonder, "I wake up." And then if you know children and love them and if you are just even a little weary with the world your heart melts and your love overflows its high boundaries and you feel yourself very, very close to the most beautiful thing in the world. Of course children are not always simple with grown people. If they are, it is through some wonderful God-given directness that has somehow staid in the mature nature. For indeed, you must become as a little child; simple, loving, patient to win their real companionship.

And so too, if you would possess for the world their exquisite beauty and charm, you must strive to present them, through whatever medium employed, gently, clearly and simply; and somehow water-color seems to offer the best opportunities for this presentation. Whatever is done through aquarelle must be done swiftly, which means more or less spontaneously and which enjoins upon the artist the task of capturing a mood rather than delaying to work over outline and proportion. And it is really the mood of childhood that tells its story and that is most lasting in one's memory of children's beauty.

IN visiting the Twenty-fifth Annual Exhibition, apart from such vivid stirring work as that of Maud Squire and Carl Johansen, street scenes vividly and beautifully painted, we were most arrested by the portraits of children and perhaps, too, of the old people, which is much the same thing when it comes to painting.



"ABOVE THE MILL:" FROM A
PAINTING BY A. E. ALBRIGHT.



"THE VILLAGE." FROM A
PAINTING BY W. FAIR KLINE.



"THE EMPTY BOWL." FROM A
PAINTING BY NAOMI B. GREGSON.



"YVONNE:" FROM A PAINT-
ING BY H. C. MERRILL.

WATER-COLOR PAINTING, CHILDREN AND WAR

I do not mean technically, for the fair faces of youth are most difficult to transcribe. But old age and youth touch the same chord in the sensitive heart. They exact the same desire to help, to protect, to encourage. They carry an equal pathos because of the too great confidence of one and the ruined confidence of the other. And so the painters who have felt life most keenly, who have suffered most over humanity, are most likely to turn to the fresh face of youth and the shattered beauty of very old age.

For this reason we have selected from the recent exhibition pictures that seemed to us to carry the spirit of the times in the use of this medium. We are showing children at play, quiet children, and the wonderful old woman who stands in front of the city she has loved. A picture which must have been painted long before the war, and yet which somehow holds the great tragedy of all the war in Europe, the sorrow of futile age. For when civilization is given up to destruction, age and youth are of no value. It is only strength that is needed, strength to stand back of the cannons and direct the fire, strength to stand in the trenches and receive it. Age, which holds a valued experience of settled conditions in life, has nothing to give; it is hurried about and forgotten. Youth, which needs peace and plenty, has nothing to give; it is destroyed in its cradle for fear of its strength in days to come. And so in this picture which we are showing we find the great tragedy of the war in the old woman, whose shadow falls back on the city which bred her and to which she has given the fulness of her life. There is no compensation for age in war. That all development of the soul, all the enlarged experience of life should mean nothing, is one of the most terrific commentaries on savage combat as a means of adjusting life.

It is a joy for us to present happy youth, also youth that is playing out of doors, youth unhurt by the torture of the monstrous iniquity of this century. Probably the one thing above all others that one cannot really face for a moment is the hurt to the little children of Europe. And so we are very glad that the artists of America have given us memories of joyous childhood.

Perhaps one of the comforts we shall possess in America this year, is that as yet the war spirit cannot touch our art. We do not know if it will overwhelm all art in Europe or if a much greater art will be born from the trenches and hospitals and red rivers of France. But at least here in America we may contemplate beauty achieved through love of peace, through need of it, through joy in it. And it will be a good thing for us to see very much of this art, to save for all America and perhaps even for Europe, a complete, free manifestation of an art unadulterated by hate and suffering and tragedy.



THE BEEHIVE: FEMINISM CONTRASTED WITH THE ZENANA: BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Translated by Basanta Koomar Roy.



THE strifes and the struggles of the battle are over. Come, beautiful woman, come to wash me clean, to heal my wounds, to comfort and bless me with your soothing presence. Come beautiful woman, come with your golden pitcher.

The morn is over. I have left the crowd and built my cottage in the village. Come, noble woman, come with a celestial smile and a vermilion line on the parting of your hair, to bless and grace the lonesome home. Come noble woman, come with your jar of sacred water.

The sun shines sultry at noon, and an unknown wayfarer is at our door. Come, blissful woman, come with your pitcher of nectar and with the pure music of your bridal bracelet, to welcome and bless the unknown guest. Come, blissful woman, come with your pitcher of nectar.

The night is dark, and the home is quiet. Come, devout woman, come, dressed in white, with the sacrificial water, and in dishevelled hair light the candle at the altar; and then open the gates of your heart in secret prayer. Come, devout woman, come with your sacrificial water.

Now, the time of parting is at hand. Come, loving woman, come with your tears. Let your tearful look shower blessing on my way away from here. Let the anxious touch of your blessed hand hallow the last moments of my earthly existence. Come, sorrowful woman, come with your tears.

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NO doubt when the woman of the Western world sees the small rooms with crude furniture and old-fashioned pictures in our zenanas, she imagines that the men of the Orient have made slaves of Hindu women. But she forgets that we all live together the same way. We read Spencer, Ruskin and Mill; we edit magazines and write books; but we rest on a mattress on the floor, and we use an earthen oil-lamp for study. We buy jewels for our wives when we have the money, and in warm nights fan ourselves with a palm-leaf fan.

We have no sofas or upholstered chairs, yet we do not feel miserable for not having them. Surely without them we are quite capable of loving and being loved. The Western people love furniture, entertainments and the general luxuries of life so much that numbers of them do not care to have wives or husbands, and often if married no children. With them, comfort takes preference over love. Whereas home and love are the supreme things in our life, and it is for this that quite often we sacrifice comfort.

Our women make our homes smile with sweetness, tenderness and love. . . . We are happy and count ourselves blessed indeed with these priestesses of our household.

When I am asked of Feminism in Europe I at once think of des-

serted beehives. In Europe homes are disappearing and hotels are increasing in number. When we notice that men are happy with their horses, dogs and guns, and their clubs for smoking and gambling, we feel quite safe in concluding that woman's hives are being gradually broken up. In the past the man-bee



"NOT BY VIOLENCE CAN
WE RECOVER THE HOME."



"OUR WOMEN MAKE OUR HOMES SMILE WITH SWEETNESS, TENDERNESS AND LOVE."

THE BEEHIVE

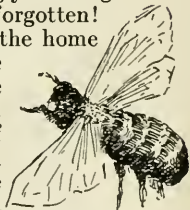
used to gather honey outside, and store it in the hive, where the queen-bee ruled supreme. Now the bee prefers to rent a cell, and live by himself, so that he alone may drink all the honey in the evening, which he gathers during the daytime. Consequently, the queen-bee is obliged to come out into the world of competition to gather honey in order to live. She is not yet accustomed to the changed conditions of life and society. The result is uneasiness and buzzing. . . . It is called feminism.



The present-day civilization of Europe is imperceptibly, but surely extending the *arid zone* in its social life. The hives everywhere are empty. The superabundance of luxuries is smothering the soul of the home—the home that is the very abode of love, tenderness and beneficence, all most essential for the healthy development of the human heart.

JUDGING as an alien, I feel that in proportion as European civilization progresses, so woman is being rendered increasingly unhappy. Woman acts in society as does the centripetal force in the planets. But in Europe today this centripetal force of woman's energy fails to counterbalance the centrifugal force of distracted society. Men are seeking shelter in far corners of the earth to avoid the crushing struggle for existence, due mainly to wants artificially created. In Europe the man-bee is more and more unwilling to burden himself with a family, consequently the queen-bee's occupation is decreasing. Young women often wait long for a husband, and the wife suffers from love-sickness. The son early leaves his mother's home, and even though training, tradition and nature are opposed to it, the woman in the West must increasingly often go out and work and struggle for existence. The home is forgotten!

Social discord always follows the abandonment of the home ideal. Feminism springs up by the deserted hive. The women in many of the plays of Ibsen show impatience with the old state of affairs, while the men favor them. This leads one to think of the inconsistent position of woman in the present-day European society. There man is loath to build a home for woman, and at the same time is stubborn in refusing her equal rights to enter the arena of fruitful work. At the first thought, the number of women in the Nihilistic armies of Russia may seem appalling, but mature reflection convinces one of the fact that *the time is about ripe for militancy among the women of Europe.*



Strength is the watchword of European society today. There is no place for the weak, male or female. That is why women are

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getting ashamed of their femininity, and are striving to prove the strength of both their body and mind. . . .

I HAVE in the fulness of thought come to the conclusion that in the life of man there is not the richness that characterizes the life of woman. There is unity in woman's language, dress, deportment and duty. The chief cause of this is that Nature, through centuries, has fixed her realm of activity. Until today no change, no revolution, no transformation of ideals, of civilization has drawn women from their path of continuity. They have served, loved and comforted, and have done nothing else. The skill and beauty of these functions have been charmingly expressed in their form, language, and demeanor. The sphere of their activity and nature has been blended, as the flower and its perfume. Nothing but harmony has prevailed in them.

There is a great deal of unevenness in the life of man. The marks of his passage through the various changes and functions of life are noticeable in their form and nature. The abnormal elevation of the forehead, the ugly protuberance of the nose, the ungraceful development of the jaws, all are common in man, but not in woman. Had man followed the same course all through ages; had he been trained to perform the same function, there might have grown a mold for him, and a harmony might have been evolved between his nature and his functions. In this case he would not have had to think and struggle so hard to perform his duty. Everything would have gone on very smoothly and beautifully. He would have developed his nature, and his mind would not have been tossed from the path of duty upon the least provocation.

MOTHER Nature has molded woman as in a cast. Man has no such original tie, so he has not evolved around a central idea to his fulness. His diverse, untamed passions and emotions have stood in the way of his harmonious development. As the bondage of meter is the cause of the beauty of poetry, so the bondage of the meter of fixed law is the cause of the all-round fulness and beauty of woman. Man is like disconnected and uncouth prose, without harmony or beauty. That is why poets have always compared women with song, poetry, flower and river, but have never thought of comparing man with any of these. Woman, like most beautiful things in Nature, is connected, well-developed and well restrained. No irrelevant thought, no doubt, and no academic discussion had formerly broken the rhythm of a woman's life.



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But the hive is overturned and the bees are scattered!

Not through warfare, not by violence can we recover the home. Love alone will bring Woman, the Comforter back to make fragrant and peaceful our lives. I believe that to love is to worship. Every kind of love is part of the great force that expresses itself through the human heart. Love is the temporary realization of the bliss of becoming a part of the vast current of life. In the physical world gravitation attracts the large and the small alike. Similarly, in the realm of the spirit, there is a universal attraction of joy. It is by virtue of this attraction that we perceive beauty in Nature and love within ourselves. The limitless bliss that is in the heart of Nature plays upon our hearts. If we look upon the love in our hearts independently of that in the universe, it becomes meaningless.

Love, not struggle, must animate Woman, the Comforter.

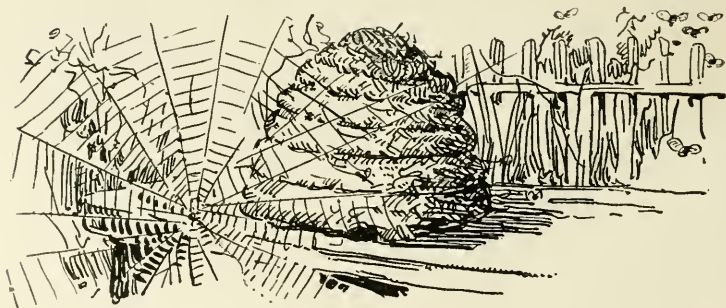
O woman, you are not merely the handiwork of God, but also of men; these are ever endowing you with beauty from their hearts.

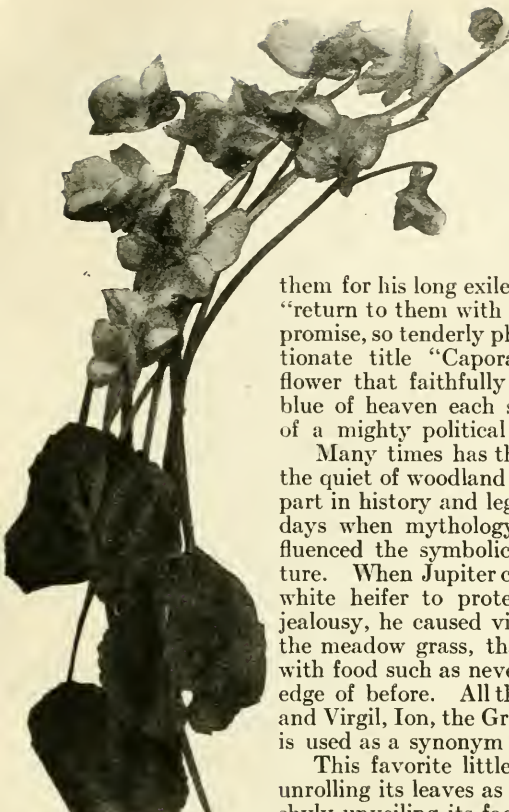
Poets are weaving for you a web with threads of golden imagery; painters are giving your form ever new immortality.

The sea gives the pearls, the mines their gold, the summer gardens their flowers to deck you, to cover you, to make you more precious.

The desire of men's hearts has shed its glory over your youth.

You are one half woman and one half dream.





VIOLETS: THE
WORLD'S FAVORITE FLOWER:
JUPITER'S GOD-CHILD: BY ELOISE
ROORBACH

NAPOLEON'S last message to his followers, as he parted from

them for his long exile in Elba, was that he would "return to them with the violets." This warrior's promise, so tenderly phrased, won for him the affectionate title "Caporal Violette" and the little flower that faithfully touches the earth with the blue of heaven each spring came to be the badge of a mighty political party.

Many times has this shy blue flower that loves the quiet of woodland nooks, played a conspicuous part in history and legend. Away back in the dim days when mythology was in the making, it influenced the symbolic imagery of the new literature. When Jupiter changed his beloved Io into a white heifer to protect her from Juno's wicked jealousy, he caused violets to spring to life among the meadow grass, that she might be daintily fed with food such as never god nor mortal had knowledge of before. All through the writings of Homer and Virgil, *Ion*, the Greek name for this little flower, is used as a synonym for modesty and sweetness.

This favorite little plant has a curious way of unrolling its leaves as they develop so that it seems shyly unveiling its face at the bidding of its lord, the sun. Its blossoms, according to the interpretation of the poets, face the ground demure as any nun. The scientists say that this appearance of diffidence is not from a sense of humility, but from the desire to protect precious pollen from the rain. It has many clever little tricks and seems to possess an uncanny intelligence in outwitting scientific scrutiny.

With all its simplicity, the violet is a subtle flower. Its way of guarding honey sap, yet at the same time inviting winged visitors shows both caution and boldness. After it has flowered and all attention to its beautiful life is over, way down below its leaves, far out of sight, it produces clear, half-formed flowers without perfume,

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE FLOWER

honey or petals, but each one bearing stamens and seed germs, which somehow develop the seed from which the new plant arises. When the seed capsules are ripe, they split into three parts, shooting the seeds far into the air, much as little birds are pushed forcefully from the nest and made to fly far from home, that the circle of beauty may be forever widened.

Botanists say that some plants reproduce by walking from place to place, that is, by sending out suckers that root some distance from the parent plant, as the strawberry, for instance. Some seeds ride away from home on the backs of animals, clinging to the fur with curling or hooking seed pods, like the burdock. Some build airships and float away, like the dandelion, others grow wings, like the maple and ash. The violet is an archer, shooting its small seeds from its capsule as from a springy bow.

The demand for violets is luring both amateur and professional into experimental attempts to increase the yield per foot, size of flower and length of stem. Various indeed have been the results of cultivation, though all show a portion, at least, of success, for this popular flower is exceedingly easy to cultivate. In the West, florists plant whole fields to violets. Blue as a lake is such a field in spring-time, the air for miles around telling its presence.

The method of cultivation, whether in field or hothouse, varies but little. Well-rooted runners with good crowns must be set out in a rich soil mixed with lime and manure. The plants must be at least a foot apart allowing free space for cultivation. The ground must be kept well hoed, the runners clear. For winter blooming the violet roots should be transplanted after the first frost to a cold frame that is at least twenty-four inches from the glass to the solid ground. As all violets have very long roots much care must be exercised in transplanting. The roots of a full-grown plant reach deep into the ground so that the soil of the cold frame should be two feet in depth. The roots must be set straight into the ground, not tangled in a bunch in a cramped way. In very cold weather the frame must be covered to keep the severe frost away. If properly planted, flowers should bear three or four weeks after the plants have been removed to the cold frame. Double violets are much more tender, and harder to cultivate than the single ones, and flower later in the fall.

The chief enemies of the violet are the red spider and the black fly. These can easily be kept in check by the sprinkling of tobacco dust over the entire plant just before a vigorous spray with fresh water.

The Marie Louise, the long stemmed, double Italian violet, and the Swanley White, a short-stemmed Russian variety, are perhaps the most popular of the double violets for amateur cultivation.



The photographs used in this article are by Nathan R. Graves.

SELDOM DOES ONE SEE A MORE APPROPRIATE SETTING THAN THIS FOR A CLUMP OF VIOLETS: THE MOSS-GROWN ROCKS AND STONE, THE TUFTED GRASS, THE BLOSSOMS AND FOLIAGE OF TINY WILD FLOWERS ALL ENHANCE THE BEAUTY OF THESE MODEST CHILDREN OF THE SPRING.



FOR AN INFORMAL GARDEN NOTHING GIVES A MORE PLEASING TOUCH THAN WILD VIOLETS, TRANS-PLANTED FROM THE WOODS, AND SET IN CLUMPS OR BORDERS OR SCATTERED AMONG OTHER GROWTH: THEIR ORIGINAL NATURAL SETTING SHOULD FIRST BE STUDIED, HOWEVER, SO THAT ONE CAN GIVE THEM IN THEIR NEW HOME JUST THE SORT OF SHADE AND SHELTER, MOIST OR LEAFY MOLD, ROCKY OR GRASSY SETTING IN WHICH THEY BELONG.

THESE THREE PHOTOGRAPHS SUGGEST HOW EACH DIFFERENT VARIETY OF VIOLET LENDS ITSELF TO SOME SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WHEN GATHERED FOR THE DECORATION OF THE HOME: THE LUXURIOUS LITTLE BLOSSOMS JUST BELOW SEEM TO FALL NATURALLY INTO THIS COMPACT BUNCH; THE SLENDER, LONG-STEMMED FLOWERS ON THE RIGHT LOOK BEST WHEN SOMEWHAT LOOSELY GROUPED; THE DOUBLE VIOLETS IN THE LOWER PICTURE ARE PARTICULARLY CHARMING IN THEIR TIGHTLY CLUSTERED BALL.



THE SHY BLUE VIOLET HAS PLAYED A CONSPICUOUS PART IN HISTORY AND LEGEND, AND HAS ALWAYS BEEN LOVED BY THE POETS FOR ITS FRAGRANT, MODEST WAYS.

THE DOUBLE RUSSIAN VIOLETS SHOWN AT THE LEFT ARE MUCH MORE TENDER AND HARDER TO CULTIVATE THAN THE SINGLE ONES.



CLUSTERING SNUGLY
AROUND THE FOOT
OF A TREE, THEIR TINY
BLOSSOMS SHINING
LIKE STARS AMONG
THE GREEN LEAVES,
THESE FRIENDLY
VIOLETS SEEM THE
VERY EMBODIMENT OF
WOODLAND BEAUTY.

THE GROUP BELOW
SHOWS AN EQUALLY
PICTURESQUE GROWTH,
THE GRAY STONES
FORMING A WONDER-
FUL CONTRASTING
BACKGROUND FOR THE
FRAGILE FLOWERS AND
SLENDER STEMS.
VIOLETS ARE FOUND
IN MOST PARTS OF
THE GLOBE: THERE
ARE ABOUT ONE
HUNDRED SPECIES
ALTOGETHER, MOST
OF WHICH GROW IN
NORTH TEMPERATE
ZONES: THE VIOLET
RANKS THIRD IN
COMMERCIAL IM-
PORTANCE AMONG
THE FLOWERS OF
THE UNITED STATES.



THE WORLD'S FAVORITE FLOWER

California and the Prince of Wales are the most desirable as single violets.

In the West the presence of spring is shown in the hills by myriads of little yellow violets that fleck the green hills with bits of gold. The two upper petals of this small flower are brown, so that the tiny yellow face seems hooded with a wee brown fur cap. This little round-leaved violet, first of all the tribe to appear, is a favorite with the children, who liken it to funny little gnomes.

The common blue violet of the East, full of whims as Lady April herself, is loved in a corresponding way by the children of the East. The dog violet is not such a favorite because, though it is low branching, long stemmed, larger than all others and with a longer blooming season, it is without scent. The sweet white violet of the wet woods and boggy meadows well deserves its name, heartsease. The bird's foot violet with a velvety blossom like a pansy, though too frail for cultivation, is one of the prettiest of all the woodland species.

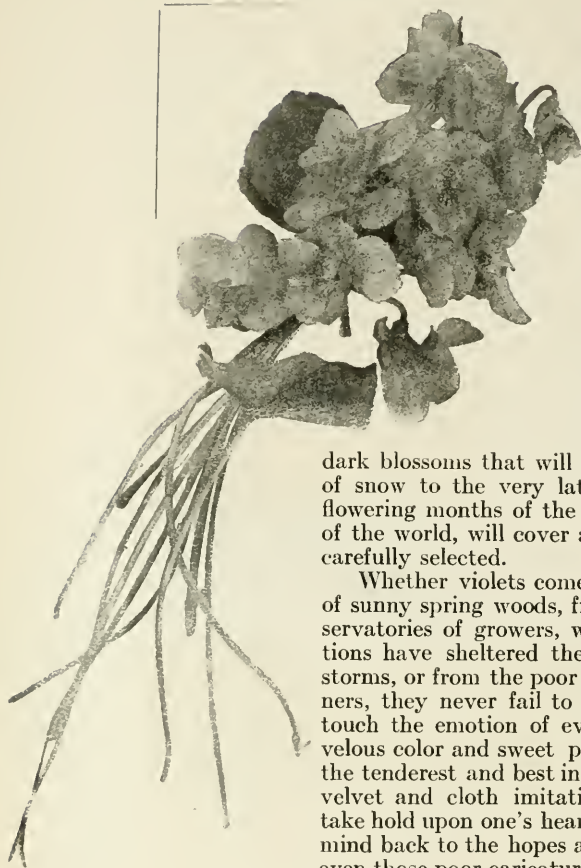
The *Viola canadensis* grows to an unusual height in moist, shady situations, so that it is especially desirable for rock gardens or borderings of brooks, natural or artificial. With its whitish flowers tinged with purple, rising above heart-shaped leaves which are fully a foot to two feet in height, it makes a showy addition to any wild garden. The sweet white violet, *Viola blanda*, should be planted with this larger violet because it is much smaller and will fit in informal planting among its larger cousin, *canadensis*.

The common blue violet, a strong growing plant, with flowers deep or pale violet blue, is best for massing on banks or through a grove or bordering a walk. It will grow well in half shade; filtered sunlight and shade giving it just the atmosphere it needs for it to put forth its most perfect blossoms. The horned violet, sometimes called horned pansy, an old garden plant, sweet perfumed, also should be found in all violet gardens. It is exceedingly hardy, flourishing either in dry or boggy situations.

For window-box gardening no violet is as satisfactory as the large single, deep blue California violet. It is a profuse bloomer, forms



THE WORLD'S FAVORITE FLOWER



large clumps of beautifully shaped, rich green leaves on stiff stems. It needs little protection in the winter, will grow within doors in a sunny window or if covered slightly with brush or fern fronds will bloom early in the spring in its natural condition outdoors, even in Eastern climates.

In any florist's catalogue will be found a number of old-fashioned favorites under unfamiliar names. These lists from reliable growers give one choice of double or single, pale or

dark blossoms that will grow from the first melting of snow to the very latest blooming, so that the flowering months of the violet, this favorite flower of the world, will cover a period of many months if carefully selected.

Whether violets come fresh from the cozy nooks of sunny spring woods, from the steam-warmed conservatories of growers, who with commercial ambitions have sheltered them expensively from winter storms, or from the poor little vendors on street corners, they never fail to quicken the memories and touch the emotion of every beholder. Their marvelous color and sweet perfume make an appeal to the tenderest and best in everyone. Even the cheap velvet and cloth imitations sprayed with perfume take hold upon one's heart, unconsciously leading the mind back to the hopes and fine ambitions of youth; even those poor caricatures recall fresh woods, beauti-

ful pastures, free winds, sunny skies and the great out-of-doors.

One reason why violets are the favorite flowers of the world is that they belong to sweet woods and dooryard gardens. We can plant, tend and pick them ourselves, make borders for our walks, fringe a brook or star a corner of the lawn with their flecks of deep rich blue. Year after year they will come to remind us of our first planting.

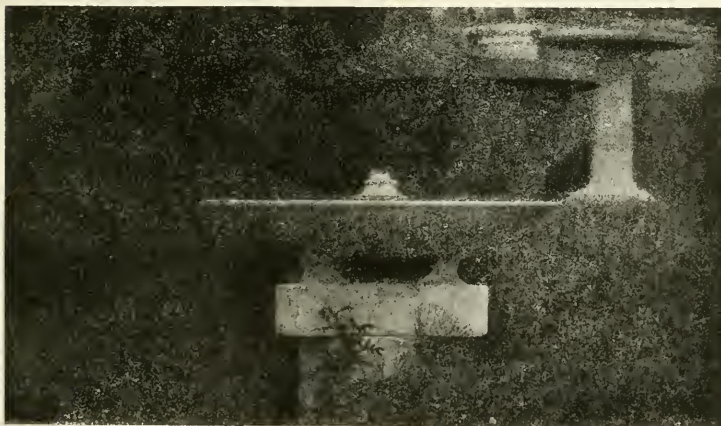
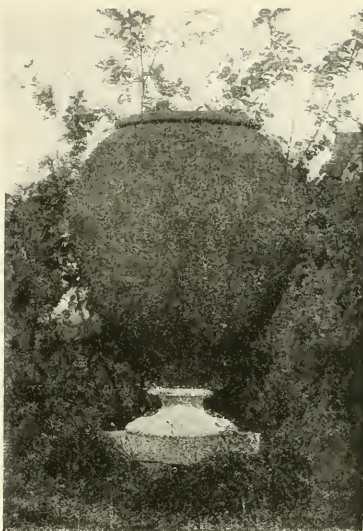
THE POTTERS OF AMERICA: CRAFTSMEN'S WORK FOR GARDEN DECORATION: NUMBER TWO



“EARTH I am, et is most true, desdan me not, for so ar you.” Thus quaintly runs the motto on an old platter

—and perhaps it is this traditional kinship with the clay that lies at the root of mankind’s fondness for ceramic art. Certain it is that poets and symbolists of many lands, as well as the potters themselves, have often felt and voiced this curious sentiment—from the

prophets of the Old Testament, and Omar with his vivid Persian metaphors, down to the philosophers of our own day. They seem to take a certain satisfaction in reminding us that we were formed “out of dust of the ground.” “We are the clay, and thou our potter,”



GARDEN DECORATION BY CRAFTSMEN

said Isaiah—while David sang, "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." And oddly enough, if we look with the eyes of symbolism, we can find in our own nebular hypothesis and our theories of evolution, these same ancient legends of creation restored to us in scientific guise.

In a practical and very charming book on pottery, sketches from which are scattered through our text, George J. Cox, of Columbia University, gives us this picturesque resumé of the origin of the potter's craft. "It was, probably," he says, "the first form of handicraft, if we except the fashioning of flints and clubs. Accident or the funeral pyre may have suggested the extraordinary durability the clay shape obtained when burned, and doubtless siliceous glazes were first the result of chance. All early work was built up by hand and for that reason possesses wide mouths and simple forms. The introduction of the wheel is lost in a mist of time, but drawings from the tombs of Beni Hassan show the potter at his wheel substantially as he works in Asia to this day. The wheel-made or thrown shape is distinguished by far more grace and symmetry than the built shape, and by an infinitely greater variety of form.

"In burial mounds from prehistoric Egypt are found many bowls and platters rudely scratched, and the earliest examples from mounds, lake dwellings, and tombs show the quick development of the pot, not only as an object of utility, but as a vehicle of art. The first kinds of decorations were incised lines followed by strappings and bandings, painted stripes and scrolls and hieroglyphs, with later additions in slip and modelled clay. Primitive wares from their method of production exhibit an interesting similarity of shape and style in such widely divergent countries as China, Egypt and Peru.

"From Egypt and Mesopotamia the craft spread east and west to Phœnicia, Attica and Greece; through Persia and Arabia to India. Here it mingled with currents from China, then invading Korea, Japan, and Siam, the united flood rising until the potter was a power in every land."

The development of pottery in our own country was outlined briefly in the December number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, and illustrations were given of some of the most original and beautiful productions of our kilns.

IN this issue we are reproducing photographs of garden pottery, heavier and rougher in texture than the indoor fittings, but equally graceful in proportion and line. And here we no longer see "the potter thumping his wet clay;" the wheel is not employed for work of this character. Instead, it is made by casting. These

THE GARDEN POTTERY SHOWN HERE AS WELL AS ON PAGE 382 IS DESIGNED AND MADE BY MR. E. E. SODERHOLTZ, AND WAS DISPLAYED RECENTLY IN THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION IN BOSTON AS AN INSTANCE OF EXCEPTIONALLY FINE AMERICAN WORK: THE PIECES ARE OF CAST CONCRETE, WITH A RICH MELLOW SURFACE, IN VARIOUS VELVETY TONES OF WARM GRAY AND RED.



THE SIMPLE BIRD BASIN AND PEDESTAL SHOWN ABOVE MAKES A DELIGHTFUL ADDITION TO ONE'S GARDEN, AND IS PARTICULARLY EFFECTIVE AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF DARK GREEN SHRUBBERY.



A CLASSIC PURITY OF LINE DISTINGUISHES THE MASSIVE JAR ABOVE AND LOW, ROUNDED VASE AT THE RIGHT: ROCKS, FERNS AND EVERGREENS MAKE A MOST APPROPRIATE SETTING.



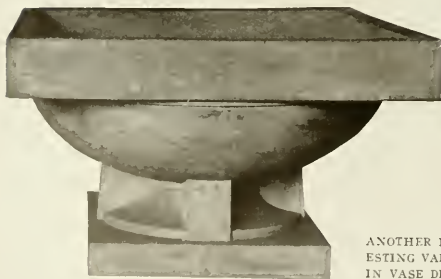


EVEN WITHOUT THE GRACIOUS TOUCH OF FOLIAGE OR BLOSSOMS THIS SIMPLE VASE IS VERY PLEASING.

FIVE PIECES OF HARTMANN-SANDERS GARDEN POTTERY ARE SHOWN ON THIS PAGE: THESE, LIKE PRACTICALLY ALL MODERN OUTDOOR POTTERY, ARE MADE BY CASTING: THE VASE ABOVE SHOWS AN INTERESTING USE OF DECORATION WITH RELATION TO THE DESIGN.



BELOW IS A RATHER UNIQUE VASE WITH ROUNDED BOWL AND SQUARED RIM AND BASE: PLANTED WITH TRAILING IVY OR DROOPING FERN IT WOULD ADD A PLEASING TOUCH TO THE GARDEN.



THE LARGE CONCRETE BOWL ILLUSTRATED ABOVE WOULD BE ESPECIALLY EFFECTIVE PLACED UPON AN ENTRANCE POST OR UPON THE CORNER OF A PORCH PARAPET.

ANOTHER INTERESTING VARIATION IN VASE DESIGN IS SEEN AT THE RIGHT.



SHARONWARE, THE "POTS THAT BREATHE," ARE SHOWN HERE—SIMPLE, RICH-TEXTURED, MELLOW-COLORED PIECES SUITABLE FOR EITHER IN-DOOR OR OUTDOOR USE.



THESE DECORATIVE FERN JARS AND WINDOW BOXES ARE MADE SO THAT THE PLANTS CAN BE SET RIGHT IN THEM, WITHOUT ANY INSIDE POT, AND THE SHARONWARE, BEING POROUS, INDICATES WHEN THE ROOTS ARE THIRSTY OR DRY.



THE SHALLOW BIRD BATH SHOWN ABOVE PROVES VERY ATTRACTIVE TO FEATHERED VISITORS, BESIDES ADDING A DECORATIVE NOTE TO THE LAWN.



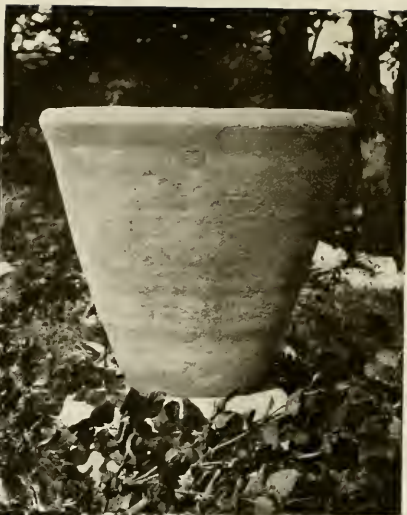
WHETHER SIMPLE AS THE LITTLE JAR ON THE RIGHT, OR ENRICHED WITH ORNAMENT LIKE THAT ON THE LEFT, THIS UNIQUE POTTERY IS ALWAYS PLEASING.



THREE EXAMPLES OF SODERHOLTZ GARDEN POTTERY WHICH REVEAL THEIR CHARM OF SIMPLICITY AND THE BEAUTY OF PROPORTION AND LINE.



THE TALL, GRACEFUL JAR WITH ITS TINY HANDLES ILLUSTRATED ABOVE, REMINDS ONE OF AN ANCIENT WATER HITCHER: MADE IN SOFT TONES OF RED OR TERRA COTTA, IT WOULD BE A VERITABLE BEAUTY SPOT IN SOME LEAFY CORNER OF THE GARDEN: SO SATISFYING ARE THE LONG SYMMETRICAL LINES AND INTERESTING TEXTURE, THAT ONE FEELS NO NEED OF ANY DECORATION TO COMPLETE THE BEAUTY OF THIS PIECE.



THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE SHOWS ONLY THE CONTOUR AND ROUGH, RICH TEXTURE OF THIS GARDEN VASE, BUT ONE CAN IMAGINE HOW EFFECTIVE ARE ITS WARM GRAY TONES AMONG THE TREES AND VINES: EQUALLY PLAIN YET LOVELY IS THE WELL-PLACED JAR ON THE LEFT.



GARDEN DECORATION BY CRAFTSMEN

fern jars and urns, bird basins, pedestals and seats, are usually of cement—natural rock, crushed, pulverized and burned—mixed with volcanic sand in proper proportion to make a durable cast, and then moistened, mixed to the right consistency and poured into molds. For simple shapes—such as shallow bowls or jardinières with wide openings—a single form is used, while those of more elaborate design are cast in two pieces and joined. Sometimes crushed granite or other natural stone is mixed with the cement to add to the interest of coloring and texture, or mineral colors are introduced where special shades are desired to harmonize with the masonry of the house, porch or garden walks. The pieces are often reinforced by wire mesh, embedded in the concrete.

In other cases, the material is terra cotta—literally “burned earth,” as its Latin name denotes—and its rich tones are especially effective against a background of garden greenery. The plastic unburned terra-cotta clay lends itself readily to ornamental treatment; its wide range of colors makes it adaptable to any scheme of decoration, and after it has been fired to a high temperature, great durability is insured and it possesses a moisture-proof and frost-proof quality that renders it safe from disintegration during even the severest winter cold.

White Portland cement is also used with crushed marble when a marble effect is desired, and sometimes the cast pieces are so cleverly tooled afterwards that it is almost impossible to distinguish them from sculptured work.

It is surprising what a decorative effect can be obtained in even the most modest garden by the use of a few pieces of cement or terra-cotta outdoor pottery. A simple, massive jar holding an evergreen shrub, placed on each side of the porch steps—a concrete bowl planted with geraniums or nasturtiums and trailing ivy, upon the corner of the porch or parapet or on a pedestal in the garden—a low drinking basin on the lawn to attract the birds—a concrete bench of classic lines placed invitingly against a clump of dark shrubbery or beside a garden pool—any of these features will add a distinctive note to their surroundings, bringing into the domain of Nature the contrasting but sympathetic handiwork of man.

We are presenting here a number of different types of garden pottery—all remarkably interesting in texture, coloring and design. Particularly unique are the pieces made by E. E. Soderholtz, for although devoid of any ornamentation, the classic lines, graceful proportions, rich surface effects and mellow tones give them great distinction and beauty. This pottery comes in various shades of warm gray as well as in soft reddish colors that are most decora-

GARDEN DECORATION BY CRAFTSMEN



Égypt. B.C. 2000

This is the "Sharonware"—a concrete pottery that is made porous, so that it can indicate when the plant has received sufficient water and thus prevent the rotting that is liable to set in from over-moisture. It also indicates by its dry appearance when the plant is thirsty.

These ingenious "pots that breathe" are as decorative as they are useful, for they are made in all sorts of simple, sturdy, graceful shapes, from the tiniest jars to the largest jardinières—for living room, porch, sun-room, conservatory or garden. There are also hanging bowls of various sizes, that one can suspend from the ceiling by stained or natural colored raffia braids. And as this pottery comes not only in pale gray and buff but also in a soft pinkish and greenish tone, it affords an interesting contrast against green foliage and the varying colors of flowers.

Another interesting fact about this pottery is its origin, for it is made in the Industrial School for Convalescents in New York—the outgrowth of the Home at Sharon, Connecticut, which cares for cardiac patients after they have left the hospital, and teaches them a trade or handicraft suitable to their physical condition. The sceptical have said that one could not teach a truck-driver or a day-laborer to do light work, and that such men, when handicapped by



Early Greek Kith

GARDEN DECORATION BY CRAFTSMEN

a crippled heart, could not find a trade at which they could earn a living wage. But this school, with its charming "Sharonware" seems to have found at least one practical solution to the problem. One of its best artisans was formerly an ice-man!

In all the pottery that we are showing here, three things are particularly noticeable—the frank use of the material, the tendency toward simple, massive forms, and the reliance upon the proportion, texture and natural interest of coloring for the decorative effect. In some cases, such as the fluted window-box or the grape-encircled jar, actual designs are used to ornament the surface; but these are not at all elaborate, and are carefully related to the contour and structure of the piece.

As a rule, it will be found that pottery of this rather simple style is most in keeping with the informal American garden. In fact one finds that it is coming to be given preference almost everywhere—a sort of outdoor reflection of the simplicity and harmony that is beginning to reign within our homes. We are leaving the complex ornamentation and classic effects borrowed from Italian and other Old World gardens, for the large and formal estate, where they may be perhaps more appropriate—choosing for the intimate outdoor nooks and corners of our smaller homes such unpretentious and friendly fittings as are pictured here. And in doing so, we are making our gardens more and more beautiful and inviting, adding to their interest not only through the summer months but all the year round—in the days of bare branches as well as in the time of leaves and flowers.



"He wrought a work upon the wheels, and the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hands of the Potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the Potter to make it." — (JEREMIAH.)



India. B. C. 2000



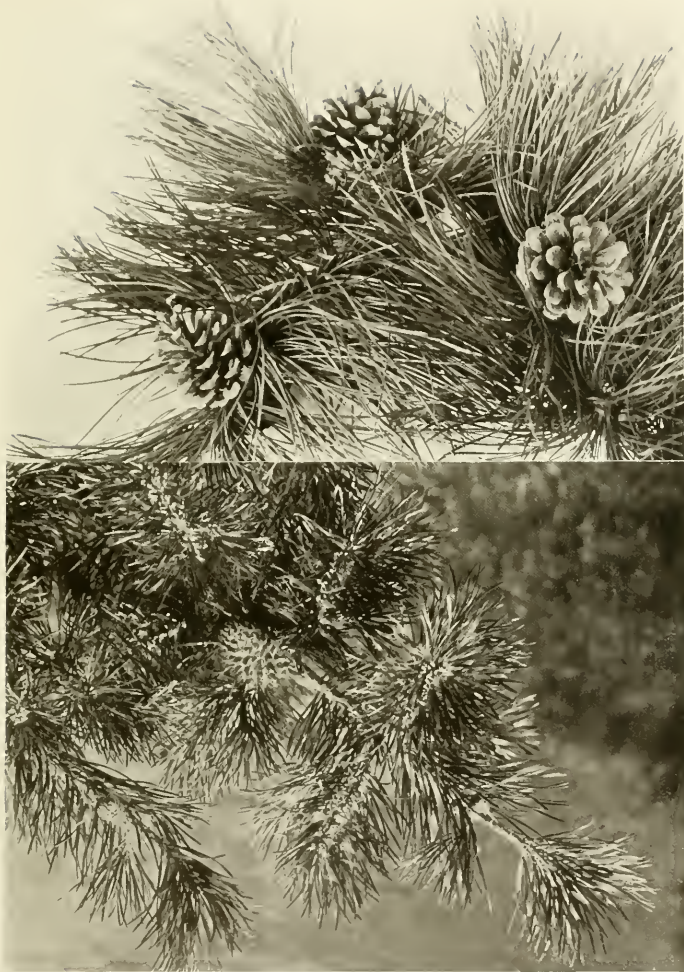
THE GREEN WORLD IN WINTER: A GARDEN THE YEAR ROUND



IN the long struggle for possession of the earth, the oaks, maples, elms and trees of their kind have forced the pines, firs, spruces, the cone bearers, to the waste places, to the wall as it were, where they now stand sternly at bay defying farther pursuit of their vigorous foes. Their Norse-like hardiness has become as a magic ring of protection, for they endure in a region and under climatic conditions that strike death to the very trespassers who have crowded them to their present vantage ground. They have been pushed to rocky headlands, sandy wind-swept shores, up mountain sides to the very margin of the eternal snows and into the deserts where they patiently mature large cones, filled with nuts which furnish sweet food to wild tribes in these almost arid lands.

Recently mankind has come to notice that these trees that stand like priests upon our hills, warriors upon the mountains, martyrs along our coasts, saviors in our deserts, have not been appreciated as they deserve. National laws for their protection have called the attention of individuals to their worth, made them realize how barren the world would be without their brave show of green throughout long winters, their majestic beauty in wild places, and their haunting æolian music in our gardens. So we are going to the forests and deserts, bringing them home to our gardens, even into our houses where, in dwarf form, they give cheer in our window-boxes, adorn our tables or stand as green sentinels at our doorways.

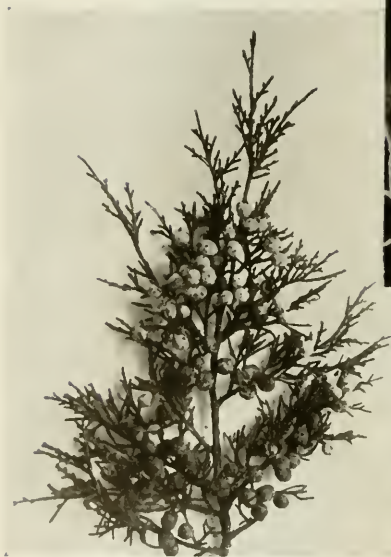
Many are the reasons why evergreens should have welcome places in our gardens, in the streets of our cities, in our parks and playgrounds; for beauty of coloring, texture and marking of bark the evergreens cannot be surpassed, their branches sweep over roadways with a picturesque grace we can hardly do without; their foliage adds variety and rich color both summer and winter; we use them as



Photographs by Nathan R. Graves.

A SPRAY OF AUSTRIAN PINE CONES AND A BRANCH OF THE FRAGRANT PINUS PUNGENS—TWO BEAUTIFUL SPECIES OF EVERGREEN THAT HELP TO KEEP THE GARDEN LOVELY THROUGHOUT THE WINTER MONTHS.

AT THE RIGHT IS A BRANCH OF JUNIPER WITH ITS TINY DECORATIVE FRUIT, WHICH LOOKS EQUALLY CHARMING EITHER ON THE TREE OR WHEN PICKED AND PLACED IN SOME GRACEFUL VASE INDOORS: THE FANCIFUL FERN-LIKE QUALITY OF ITS FOLIAGE IS CURIOUSLY REMINISCENT OF THE PATTERNS THAT JACK FROST TRACES UPON THE WINDOW PANE.



ANOTHER VARIETY OF JUNIPER IS SHOWN HERE, MORE SYMMETRICAL IN GROWTH THAN THE KIND IN THE UPPER PICTURE, BUT JUST AS BEAUTIFUL IN ITS OWN WAY.



THIS GRACEFULLY DROOPING BOUGH OF HEMLOCK REMINDS ONE HOW MUCH WARMTH AND FRIENDLINESS THE EVERGREENS CAN GIVE TO A BARE WINTER GARDEN, KEEPING THE NATURE SPIRIT ALIVE THROUGH EVEN THE MOST RIGOROUS SEASON OF THE YEAR.



BELOW ARE THE GRACEFUL CONES AND NEEDLES OF THE HIMALAYA PINE, WHICH MAKE SUCH A LOVELY CONTRAST OF BROWN AND GREEN IN THE GARDEN: LIKE ALL THE EVERGREENS, THEIR PRESENCE THROUGH THE MONTHS WHEN OTHER TREES ARE BARE AND WHEN THE GARDEN BEDS ARE FLOWERLESS, BRINGS A NOTE OF WARMTH AND COMFORT FOR PEOPLE AND BIRDS ALIKE.



THIS DOUGLAS SPRUCE CONE SUGGESTS THE SUBTLE GRACE ONE FINDS IN A JAPANESE PRINT—SO WONDERFULLY HAS THE GREAT ARTIST, NATURE, DRAWN IT.



AT THE LEFT IS A BRANCH OF THE PINUS PUNGENS, SOMETIMES CALLED THE TABLE MOUNTAIN PINE: IT IS FOUND IN OUR EASTERN AND SOUTHERN STATES FROM NEW JERSEY TO GEORGIA.

FEW PEOPLE APPRECIATE AS KEENLY AS THE JAPANESE THE POETIC QUALITY OF EVERGREENS: THESE BEAUTY-LOVING FOLK PLANT THEM CAREFULLY AND TENDERLY IN THEIR GARDENS, JUST WHERE THE VELVET GREEN LEAVES AND RICH BROWN CONES WILL GIVE MOST PLEASURE TO OWNER, GUESTS OR PASSERSBY: THEY TRAIN THE BRANCHES, TOO, SO THAT THEY WILL STRETCH OUT LIKE GRACIOUS ARMS TO BEAR THE SOFT WHITE BURDEN OF THE SNOW: AMONG THE ANCIENTS THE EVER-GREEN WAS BELIEVED TO ATTRACT NOT ONLY THE BIRDS BUT ANY KINDLY SPIRITS THAT MIGHT BE HOVERING AROUND THE HOME.



ABOVE IS SEEN THE FOLIAGE OF THE BALD CYPRESS, FEATHERY OF GROWTH; ON THE RIGHT IS A SPRIG OF WHITE SPRUCE, WHILE IN THE UPPER CORNER ANOTHER OF THE MANY EVERGREENS — THE TAXUS BACATA — IS SHOWN.

THE GREEN WORLD IN WINTER

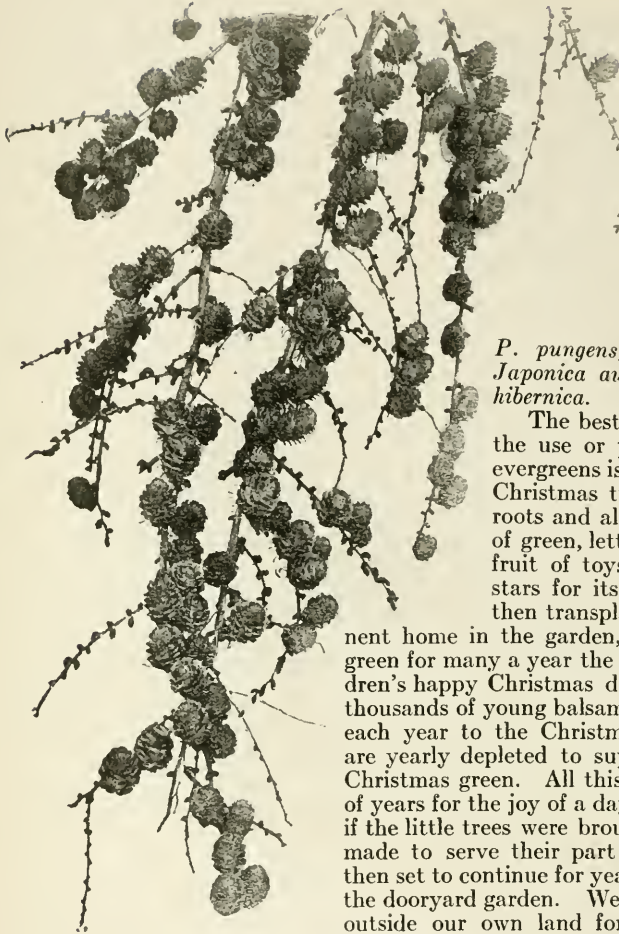
wind breaks; screens for unsightly back dooryards; as hedges to insure privacy to garden rooms; to frame vistas; emphasize gateways; we group them irregularly over hillsides; set them in formal rows along driveways or walks; plant them as shelter-tents for birds; set individual specimens such as the round Scotch pine or weeping hemlock where the full beauty and form can best be appreciated, or encircle our houses with dwarf species. We trim them high leaving a round green crown in memory of the pines of the old Appian way or leave them tall as any wand, as in the gardens of modern Italian villas.

For wind breaks, screens, enclosed walks of winter gardens, the Nordman fir is most practical for it is strong and hardy. Its leaves form compact masses through which the bitter winds cannot find as easy a passage as through a hedge of pines. They should be set out never less than one foot apart, just so the branches touch one another. This will give them ample opportunity to overlap and adapt themselves to a massed growth.

Our native arbor-vitæ, *Thuja occidentalis*, makes a graceful hedge when left unclipped and yields itself quite naturally to severe pruning. Since it will stand much shearing it is in great demand for formal gardens where hedges of greater heights are required. Double hedges of it are sometimes planted so that seats may be indented. Hemlocks and Norway spruce are in quite general use for hedges for they will thrive under varied conditions, but the white spruce, *Picea alba*, is only at its best in the cold northern regions; for the pleached arches or even the long pleached alleys, cedars could be used for their branches are both tough and pliable. From our own arbor-vitæ also a living arch may be grown, the branches rising evenly above this supple bole.

For window-box use they are comparatively new, yet a wide range of dwarf species is now within easy reach which will supply both variety of color, height and form. The Japanese cedars, *retinosporas*, which come in round, square or pyramidal form, *Tsuga canadensis* and *T. Sieboldi*, Chinese arbor-vitæ, Chinese juniper and mist cypress, dwarf mountain pine, could be had from any florist's for this purpose. The *retinospora plumosa* and its golden varieties, *sulphurea* and *aurea* in conjunction with the dark, rich green of the English ivy trailing down from the boxes are often seen along the railings of winter porches. The pyramidal box and standard bays keep the note of green in vestibule of both city and country houses. Another favorite use for evergreens, rapidly coming into favor, is their formal planting in tubs, set at the corners of beds, or along garden paths.

THE GREEN WORLD IN WINTER



For their use in tubs can be recommended the arbor-vitae, *Thuya occidentalis*, *T. Columbia*, *T. globosa* and *T. Rosenthalii*. Among cedars the *retinospora Youngii*, *obtusata*; among spruce, *Picea alba*, *P. excelsior*,

P. pungens; among junipers, *Japonica aurea* and *juniperas hibernica*.

The best of all the plans for the use or preservation of our evergreens is that of bringing the Christmas tree into the house, roots and all, planting it in a tub of green, letting it yield its magic fruit of toys, candles, gifts and stars for its brief week or two,

then transplanting to its permanent home in the garden, where it will keep green for many a year the memory of the children's happy Christmas day. Thousands and thousands of young balsam pines are sacrificed each year to the Christmas market, hillsides are yearly depleted to supply the demand of Christmas green. All this waste of the work of years for the joy of a day could be controlled if the little trees were brought in roots and all, made to serve their part in the festive day, then set to continue for years to live their life in the dooryard garden. We do not need to look outside our own land for shapely evergreen

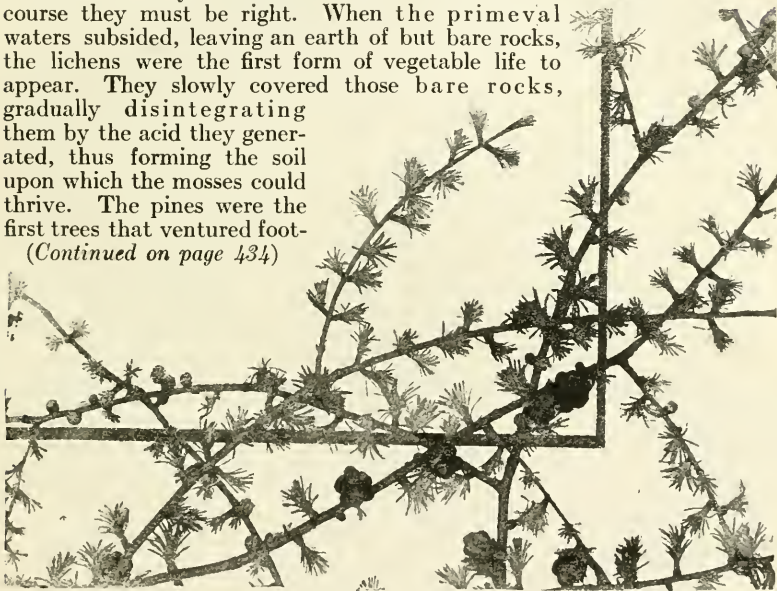
trees, for avenue, hedge, coppice or individual specimens for lawn, beside a house or at the gateway, for in the United States there are at least thirty-eight species of pine alone, ready to bear the hardy banner of green through the brown season and white of winter, many

THE GREEN WORLD IN WINTER

spruces with beautiful crowns and long, graceful branches hung with glossy pendant cones to make pictures against an evening sky, many firs whose brown cones stand up from the tip of dripping branches as though they were gifts upon a perpetual Christmas tree, as in very fact they are, as winter birds bear grateful testimony. From Alabama to Nova Scotia are lovely conical hemlocks which graciously bear transplanting from wild, free canyons to small dooryards. Everywhere are sweet-scented, delicately-foliaged firs, cedars whose beautiful bark and flat, frondlike foliage is jewelled with spicy, aromatic little cones. There are creeping junipers whose branches are continuously spread with inviting berry banquets, to train over walls, to mat over terraces, to be used as borders and edgings or in combination with evergreens of conical, bushy or rounding form against the foundation of a house or angle of driveway.

The evergreens or cone bearers are not ranked high in the order of plants by botanists, for though they are survivals of the earliest ages they have not changed their simple form of floral structure. Scientists classify them with the club mosses and cattails, so of course they must be right. When the primeval waters subsided, leaving an earth of but bare rocks, the lichens were the first form of vegetable life to appear. They slowly covered those bare rocks, gradually disintegrating them by the acid they generated, thus forming the soil upon which the mosses could thrive. The pines were the first trees that ventured foot-

(Continued on page 434)



A NEW PLAN FOR BIRD SANCTUARIES ALL OVER AMERICA: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON



AMERICA is planning new homes for her birds, homes where they can live with unrestricted freedom, where food and lodging in abundance, and of the best, will be supplied, where bathing pools will be at their service, where blossoming trees will welcome them in the spring and fields of grain in the fall, a silent place where they will bring much joy and contentment.

Throughout this country there is to be a concerted effort to convert the cemeteries, the homes of our dear friends who have gone away, into sanctuaries for the bird life of this land. And what isolated spots could be more welcome to the birds than these places which hold so many sad memories for human beings?

Why should we purchase great bird reserves and spend vast quantities of money in making them habitable for our birds when the little cemeteries of the land so need their presence? And why should not every person who visits so often the green home of mother and father, brother, sister and dear friend, delight in planting the kind of flowers and plants which will woo the birds? Why should there not be a society in every town for beautifying the cemetery for bird occupation?

In reality they would be beautifying it to hold more tenderly and lovingly their own memories and to make a spot more friendly to welcome the sad and the heartbroken. Surely if any place in the world should speak of the resurrection, in whatever form it may come to us, it is the cemeteries of our land. There we should seek lovely bird songs, the nesting of birds, the sight of the little ones preparing for the world in their flight; there we should find all the beautiful flowers and the waving grain which somehow always is associated with the spiritual harvest and should be associated in our minds with comfort and peace as well.

Many of us have felt in the past that we have done much to make "God's acre" beautiful everywhere, in the putting up of monuments, in the planting of evergreens, in the building of vaults, but this is not what we mean today by making a home for the birds. We want it all intimate and friendly and full of color and life.

Not long since, I visited one of the old-time cemeteries which was the pride of the neighboring city. It was indeed a region of beauty to the eye, but to my biased mind there is always



AN
ORIOLE
FOR
BEAUTY.

AMERICA'S PLAN FOR BIRD HOMES

something flat and insipid about a landscape however charming, if as one passes among its beauties there is not borne to the ear the music of singing birds. For my feathered friends I looked and listened. Some English sparrows flew up from the drive and I heard the rusty-hinge squeaks of a small company of purple grackles which were nesting, I suspected, in the pine trees down the slope. But of real cheerful bird-life there was none in this artificially beautified forty acre enclosure. There is no reason to suppose that birds would under normal conditions shun a cemetery any more than does the traditional graveyard rabbit.

It was not fear such as we mortals have which kept the song-birds from this place, it was the work of the living which had driven them away. From one boundary to another there was scarcely a yard of underbrush where a thrasher or chewink might lurk, or in which a vireo or dainty chestnut-sided warbler might hang its nest. There was not a drop of water discoverable, where a bird might slake its thirst. Neither in limb nor bole was there a single cavity where a titmouse, wren or bluebird might construct a bed for its young. There were no fruit-bearing trees to invite the birds in summer. So far as I could see there were no berry-bearing shrubs which birds enjoy nor were there any weed patches to invite the flocks of white-throats and juncos which come drifting southward with the falling leaves of autumn.

Had my visit to this place been made in April or early May there might have been a different tale to tell. September would also have yielded more birds than June, for those are the seasons when the migrants are with us for a time. It is then that the little *voyageurs* of the upper air are wont to pause after a night of tiresome flight, and rest for the day in any grove which chances to possess convenient home comforts. They are hurrying on to other lands and do not have time



SCARLET TANAGERS
FOR COLOR AND CHEER.



THE EVER WELCOME
WOOD THRUSH.

AMERICA'S PLAN FOR BIRD HOMES



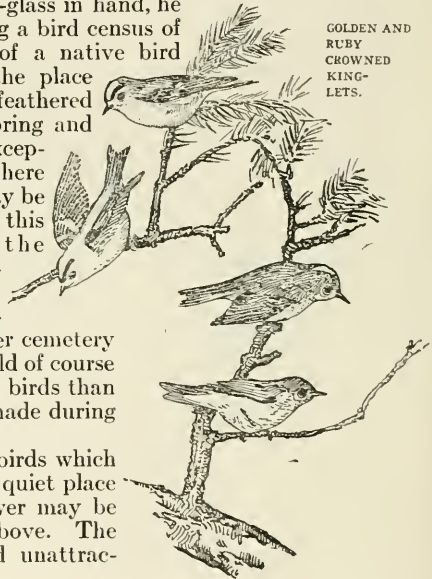
INDIGO BUNTINGS.

or opportunity to seek out and use only the most inviting places. It is at these seasons that we sometimes see a rare forest bird hopping among the scraggy limbs of a knotted shade tree along a busy street, but we would never expect to find one of those birds loitering there in June.

Not long ago B. S. Bowdish, a busy New York man, made a careful study of the bird life of St. Paul's Churchyard in lower New York City. This property is three hundred and thirty-three feet long and one hundred and seventy-seven feet wide. In it there is a large church and also a church school. Along one side surge the Broadway throngs. From the opposite side there comes the roar and rumble of an elevated railway. The area contains, according to Mr. Bowdish, three large, ten medium, and forty small trees. With great frequency for two years, field-glass in hand, he

pursued his work of making a bird census of the graveyard. The nest of a native bird rewarded his search, for the place was absolutely destitute of feathered songsters during the late 'spring and summer, and with a single exception he never found a bird there in winter. In passing, it may be interesting to note that in this noisy, limited area during the periods of migration he discovered three hundred and twenty-eight birds, embracing forty species. The larger cemetery which I visited in June would of course yield a much larger series of birds than this, had observations been made during migration.

Why do not more of the birds which pass in spring tarry in this quiet place for the summer? The answer may be found in the facts stated above. The cemetery has been rendered unattrac-



GOLDEN AND
RUBY
CROWNED
KING-
LETS.

AMERICA'S PLAN FOR BIRD HOMES

tive to many species by the activities of a mere human committee in charge of the property.

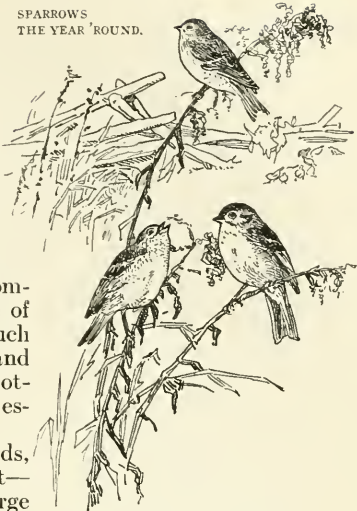
During the season when birds are engaged with their domestic duties they are usually a very wise little people. They know perfectly well whether a region is calculated to provide them with sure and safe nesting sites and whether there is sufficient food and water accessible for their daily wants. A little of this same wisdom on our part and a comparatively small expenditure might make of almost any cemetery a bird paradise. Such places are not usually frequented by men and boys who go afield for the purpose of shooting, which is an important point in the establishment of a bird sanctuary.

There is one great enemy of the birds, however, which must be guarded against—the domestic cat. It is the greatest scourge which civilized man has ever loosened upon small wild life, and in virtually every cemetery in the land, you may find these feline destroyers skulking among the grassy mounds. They pounce upon the old birds that light on the ground in quest of insect food. They note the nest on the swaying branch above, and also seize the fledglings in their initial attempts at flights. A cat has been known to destroy as many as twenty birds in a day. It is as natural for the average healthy cat to hunt as it is for the sparks to fly upward. So if we are going to make a bird sanctuary out of the cemetery, pussy must be excluded from its confines. This may be done effectively by means of a cat-proof fence, or to a large extent, by the help of humane box-traps.

Gunners and cats having been eliminated there are few enemies of birds which need be seriously considered. Bird-catching hawks are not often numerous in the neighborhood of cemeteries. Red squirrels have a wide reputation for pilfering birds' nests, and if abundant they may constitute a danger of secondary importance.

Properly constructed bird-boxes wisely placed have often proven to be a means of increasing bird-life to a most astonishing degree, and this is absolutely the only means of getting hole-nesting varieties to remain during the summer in the cemetery from which all dead standing wood of every character has been removed. Even the strong-

SPARROWS
THE YEAR 'ROUND.



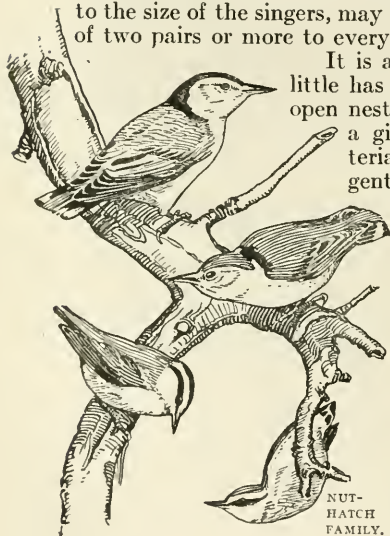
AMERICA'S PLAN FOR BIRD HOMES

billed woodpeckers will not abide in a region where the only trees are living ones, unless, perchance, an artificial nest entices the resplendant and dashing flicker to tarry. Many a bluebird with its azure coat gleaming in the sunlight, visits the cemetery in early spring. From perch to perch he flies and in the plaintive notes may be detected the question which every bird asks of its mate, "Where shall we find a place for our nest?"

The bluebird cannot build a cradle of twigs and sticks on some leaf-covered limb or hide it in the long grass of a neglected grave. The only place it knows where baby bluebirds may be safely hatched is in some snug cavity. But in the well-kept cemetery there is no such retreat. The caretaker with his pruning hook and cement has carefully removed such places. So when the roses and lilies bloom, the visitor is deprived of the bluebird's cheery song, for the little fellow and his mate have departed for the neighboring farm where we may find them perhaps in the old apple orchard. A few cents expended for lumber, a very little labor in making a small box to be attached to the side of a tree or erected on a post was all that was needed to keep the bluebirds where they may be seen and enjoyed by hundreds of sorrowing people. In the same way the quiet little wrens, whose loud bursts of song are entirely out of all proportion to the size of the singers, may be attracted in summer to the number of two pairs or more to every acre.

It is a curious fact, of which I believe but little has been written, that birds which build open nests may often be induced to remain in a given locality if attractive nesting material is placed within easy reach. A gentleman residing in one of the Southern States has told me that one of the most effective means which he employed to induce a large colony of herons to nest near him was to haul annually, to his little swamps, many wagon-loads of twigs suitable for nest composition. There was a dearth of such material in this region and the herons greatly profited by his thoughtfulness.

In many a cemetery orioles may be tempted to weave their hanging cradles among the swaying elm limbs, if strings and fragments of brightly colored yarns



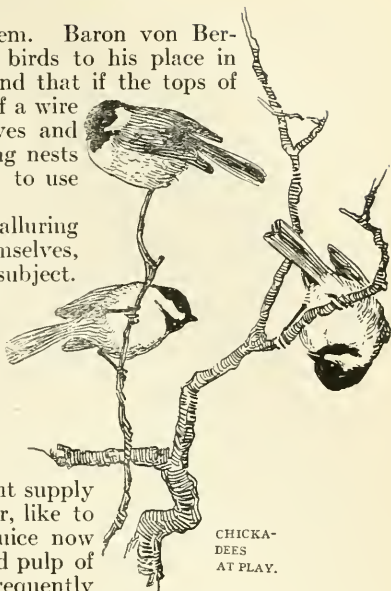
AMERICA'S PLAN FOR BIRD HOMES

are placed where the birds may find them. Baron von Berlepsch, whose experiments in attracting birds to his place in Germany have been widely heralded, found that if the tops of bushes were drawn in closely by means of a wire or cord, the resulting thick mass of leaves and twigs offer such a fine place for concealing nests that few birds can resist the temptation to use them.

Other means of rendering a cemetery alluring to nesting birds will readily present themselves, when one develops an active interest in the subject. It takes only a little thought, a little care, and a little trouble, to make it possible for many birds to nest in a cemetery, and it must be remembered that unless they can nest there, the chances are that no great abundance of bird music will fill the air.

The young of most song-birds are fed to a great extent on the soft larvæ of insects of which there is usually an abundant supply everywhere. Many mother-birds, however, like to vary this animal diet with a little fruit-juice now and then, so it transpires that the ripened pulp of the blackberry, strawberry or mulberry, frequently cheer the spirits of the nestlings. Such fruits in most places are easily grown and for the birds they make a pleasant addition to the menu. In a well-watered territory, birds are always more numerous. You may find a hundred of them along the stream in the valley, to one on the mountain-top. A cemetery undecorated with fountains and through, or near which, no stream flows, is too dry a place for the average bird to risk the exigencies of rearing a family. A few simple and inexpensively constructed fountains or drinking pools will work wonders in the way of attracting birds to waterless territory.

Anyone who takes the trouble to induce wild birds to remain in a cemetery during the summer will, in all probability, feel so abundantly repaid for his labors that there will develop in his mind a strong desire to do what is possible to increase also the numbers of fall migrants and winter visitors. The means of accomplishing these ends are even simpler than those necessary to hold the summer birds. The thoughtless gunner and the marauding cat must still be dealt with, but in addition to keeping at bay these enemies, the one necessary thing to do, is to provide food, either by natural or artificial means. In many graveyards there is considerable un-



CHICKADEES
AT PLAY.

AMERICA'S PLAN FOR BIRD HOMES

occupied space which might well be planted in buckwheat or other small grain. If uncut, the quantities of nourishing food produced will bring together many kinds of grain-eating birds.

There are numbers of native shrubs and bushes which grow berries that birds will come far to gather. Look over the following list which Frederick H. Kennard of Newton Center, Massachusetts, has recommended and see if you do not think many of them would be decorative additions to the cemetery. Surely some of them are equal in beauty to many of the shrubs usually planted and they have the added value of furnishing birds with wholesome food. Here is part of Mr. Kennard's list: shad bush, blue-, gray-, silky- and red-osier cornels, dangleberry, hackleberry, inkberry, black alder, bayberry, shining-, smooth- and staghorn-sumachs, large-flowering currant, thimbleberry, blackberry, elder, snowberry, dwarf bilberry, blueberry, black haw, hobble bush, and arrow-wood. In the way of fruit-bearing shade trees, he recommends: sugar maple, flowering dogwood, white- and cockspur-thorn, native red mulberry, tupelo, black cherry, choke cherry, and mountain ash. For the same purpose he especially commends the planting of the following vines: Virginia creeper, bull beaver, frost grape and fox grape.

Such shrubs and bushes are usually well stripped of their berries

after the first heavy snowfall. Then is the time to begin feeding birds in earnest. The more food wisely

placed where the birds can get it, the more birds you will surely have in winter. Seeds

and grain with a judicious mixture of animal fat, is the best possible ration for the

little feathered pilgrims. Rye, wheat, sunflower seed and cracked corn mixed

together in equal parts and accompanied with a liberal sprinkling of

ground suet and beef-scrap, makes an excellent food for birds at this season. This may

be placed on shelves attached to trees or buildings, or on oil-cloth spread on the snow, or

on the ground from which the snow has been scraped. On

one occasion the writer attracted many birds by the simple means of providing

them with finely pounded fresh



THE
ROBIN
IN SPRING
BLOSSOMS.

LOVE

beef-bones. Furnishing food of this character might well be made a pleasant and profitable duty of the children who attend Sunday school in many a rural church.

Why should we not make a bird sanctuary of every cemetery in America? Why leave the cemetery to the English sparrow and the grackles, when the bluebird and the thrush are within hail and eager to come if the hand of invitation be but extended?

The National Association of Audubon Societies has issued an illustrated publication entitled "Bulletin Number 1. Attracting Birds About the Home." This will be found to contain much advice, useful to those interested in the subject of increasing bird-life. Usually a small fee is charged for this bulletin, but for the present a copy will be sent free to any reader of *THE CRAFTSMAN* who may forward a two cent stamp to cover the postage. Letters should be sent to the writer at nineteen seventy-four Broadway, New York City.

LOVE

IF you love your friend better than your friend loves you,
Do not grieve with the pain of pride!
Know yourself fortunate.

You are the happier of the two.

For it is good to be loved:

It is better to love.

It is sad to be hated:

It is sadder to hate.

You are as weak as your hate is strong.

Resolve it to nothing!

Hate is a costly thing and not worth the price.

You are as strong as your love is strong.

Let it take in the whole world,

Some as your heart's dearest,

Many as your brothers and sisters,

All as worthy a kind thought, a salute and a comradely touch
of the hand.

ETHEL MARJORIE KNAPP.

YOUR OWN HOME: NUMBER TWO: PLANNING FOR COMFORT, ECONOMY AND BEAUTY



WILLIAM L. PRICE, in "The House of the Democrat," gave us a description of his ideal dwelling in words so genial and simple, and full of such picturesque feeling, that they seem a fitting preface to an article on the planning of a home: "The rooms," he said, "shall be ample and low; wide-windowed, deep-seated, spacious; cool by reason of shadows in summer, warmed by the ruddy glow of firesides in winter; open to wistful summer airs, tight closed against the wintry blasts: a house, a home, a shrine."

One cannot but wish that every home-builder and architect would learn these words by heart, and hold them as a constant reminder—for in that one prophetic sentence seems to be condensed the very spirit of home.

This atmosphere of comfort and restfulness cannot be attained, however, without much wise and thoughtful planning. Its roots are in the practical, the seemingly commonplace—which, rightly treated, results in lasting, homelike charm. And for this reason the plans should be worked out with the utmost care.

In the present article we are illustrating, for the help of the home-builder, floor plans and views of modern houses, large and small,—bungalows, cottages and two-story dwellings of various types—together with suggestions as to the most practical way of arranging different kinds of interiors.

The first thing to be decided, of course, in one's home-planning, is the size and general character of the building, which will be determined partly by the income of the owner, the size of the family, and the nature of the locality and site. The relation of the house to its surroundings was considered in the preceding article.

Whether it is to be a cottage, a bungalow or a two-story house, certain essen-



HOUSE AT CEDARCROFT, MARYLAND, MORRIS AND ERSKINE, ARCHITECTS: AN EXAMPLE OF IRREGULAR PLANNING FOR VARIED OUTLOOK AND LOW ROOF LINES: FOR PLANS SEE PAGE 431.

PLANNING FOR COMFORT, ECONOMY AND BEAUTY

tial principles should be adhered to if a genuine home quality is to be achieved. In planning, for instance, one should keep in mind the design of the exterior, taking care especially to so arrange the rooms that the building will not be too high for its breadth and length; for as a rule, the lower the roof



LEA COTTAGE, CHARNWOOD FOREST, LEICESTERSHIRE, ENGLAND; ERNEST GIMSON, ARCHITECT: AN INTERESTING TYPE OF OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOME: PLAN ON PAGE 431.

line, the more hospitable and homelike the place will appear. An unusually interesting illustration of this will be found in the plans and sketch of the house at Cedarcroft, Maryland.

The points of the compass must likewise be considered, for much of the comfort of the interior will depend upon the exposure of the various rooms. It is always pleasant to have the morning sun in the kitchen and dining room, while in the living room one appreciates the midday and afternoon light. The living porch should be sheltered from the north, with a chance for plenty of sunshine, so that it can be used as many months in the year as possible, and if it is to be glassed in for the winter as a sunroom it should have a southern exposure. "Rosebriers," at Llanfairfechan, in North Wales, among

our illustrations, gives an example of irregular planning for variety of exposure and outlook.

The matter of the living porch is an important one, and deserves considerable attention. As a rule, this feature is not nearly so valuable as it really should be, for we do not take full ad-



ANOTHER VIEW OF LEA COTTAGE AND GARDEN.

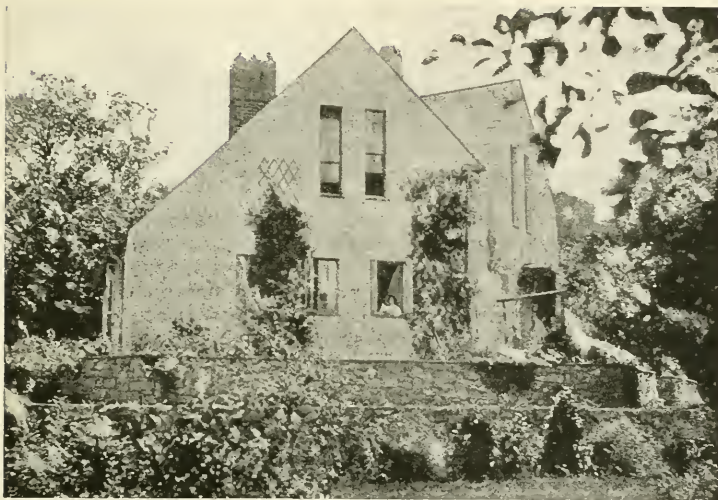
PLANNING FOR COMFORT, ECONOMY AND BEAUTY

vantage of its possibilities, limiting its use to the warm months. Now, few things give the house a more desolate air in winter than a cold, empty, unused veranda. It means just that much wasted space for half the year, and its roof is probably darkening the windows of the living or dining room behind it without giving any compensation for the drawback. Then, too, there is the original cost of the porch to be considered. Why not make it pay for itself by continual, all-year usefulness? Why not glass it in, heat it, furnish it with a few simple, comfortable pieces, and thus add an extra living room to the house? An oak settle or a swinging seat, a table, a few willow or hickory chairs, grass mats on the cement or tile floor, one or two well-placed lighting fixtures, and some ferns or blossoming plants—these will transform the most cheerless porch into a livable and attractive spot. Here, in even the stormiest weather, amid rain or snow or blustering autumn winds, you can sit in sheltered comfort, with only a pane of glass (unobscured by curtains and reaching to the ceiling) for your invisible but effective barrier against the elements. And if the house is in the country, this nearness to Nature will bring a delightful outdoor friendliness into the home. Such a "glass room," moreover, forms the most natural and inviting entrance to the home,



ENGLISH DWELLING PLANNED FOR A LONG NARROW SITE: H. G. IBBERSON, ARCHITECT: PLANS ON PAGE 432: THIS USE OF STONE IS PARTICULARLY INTERESTING.

PLANNING FOR COMFORT, ECONOMY AND BEAUTY



"ROSEBRIERS," LLANFAIRFECHAN, NORTH WALES: H. L. NORTH, ARCHITECT: THIS PICTURESQUE TERRACED HOME OVERLOOKS ITS GARDEN FROM MANY ANGLES, AS THE GROUND PLAN ON PAGE 432 SHOWS.

and by sheltering the front door effectually from draughts, enables one to dispense with the usual vestibule—another welcome economy.

In laying out the first floor, it is always well to keep it as open as possible, so that on entering the house one has a sense of wide hospitable spaces. Nothing should be more carefully avoided than a series of separate cell-like rooms, opening out of a long dark hall—a type of plan that was so popular in formal, old-fashioned houses. In a small, simply planned home or in a farmhouse where the kitchen is used for meals, it is not necessary to shut even this room from the rest of the house, provided a large ventilating hood is used over the stove to carry off all cooking odors. Such an arrangement will be found described and illustrated in the article on page 430, which may afford various helpful suggestions to the home-maker who is interested in this democratic type of plan.

The key to true economy and convenience in house planning may be summed up by saying that every bit of space should "earn its own living." In other words, there should be no unused corners, no needless passages and halls, no rooms that are not really essential to the general well-being and happiness of the owners. Time was, when a vestibule and front hall were deemed indispensable to every

PLANNING FOR COMFORT, ECONOMY AND BEAUTY

house—but that is no longer an architectural axiom. Likewise, a curious superstition was current that the staircase must be kept carefully out of sight of the living room or “parlor”—whether because of its plain utility or its suggestion of bedrooms above, remains unknown. But that too, is fortunately an exploded theory.

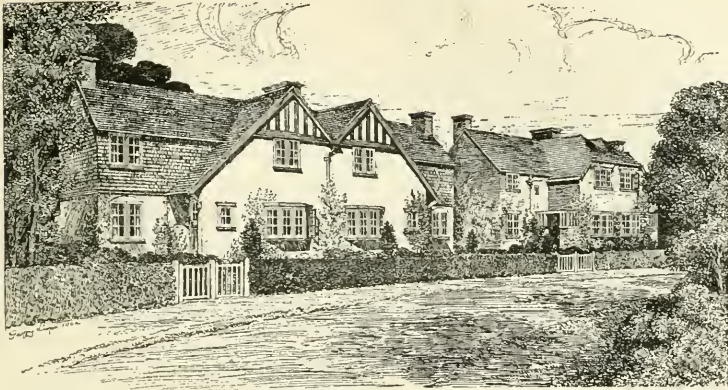
Instead of these cut-and-dried arrangements of a few decades ago, the front door of the modern house is quite apt to open directly into the living room, or if not, then into a wide, light hall whose division from the rest of the house is merely indicated by a slight partition or friendly woodwork, or an interesting arrangement of panels, posts or grilles. And the staircase, instead of hiding ignominiously in the background, ascends frankly from the living room or cheerful hall, a pleasant and often a very decorative part of the interior. The plans used herewith suggest a number of practical and charming ways of treating this feature.

The living room should always be as large as possible, for of all places in the house, this is sure to be the most used. The fireplace, of course, is the central and most important feature, and its position will determine usually the general layout as well as furnishing scheme. It is well to locate it, if possible, where the chimney will serve also for the kitchen range. This can generally be accomplished in a small house by having a central rather than an outside chimney. The latter, it is true, adds a certain decorative interest to the exterior, but it is really not the most practical. The best place for the chimneypiece is against a dark inside wall, away from the windows, where the glow of the fire will be most appreciated on dull or stormy days. The hearth should always be so arranged that there is ample room around it for the grouping of chairs and possibly a settle, and it is a good plan to build it where the warmth and glow of the fire can be enjoyed from the rest of the interior. If there is to be a fireplace

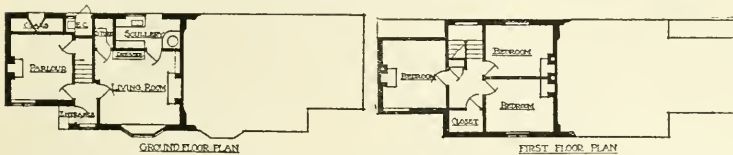


COTTAGE AT MEDMENHAM, ENGLAND, SHOWING SYMMETRICAL GABLE DESIGN AND FRONT COURT, THE RESULT OF AN UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE PLAN: ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT.

PLANNING FOR COMFORT, ECONOMY AND BEAUTY



SEMI-DETACHED COTTAGES, BYFLEET, SURREY, ENGLAND: NIVEN & WIGGLESWORTH, ARCHITECTS: THE FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR PLANS ARE SHOWN BELOW.



in the bedroom above, it will naturally be just above that in the living room.

Broad, well-placed window groups that give as much variety of exposure and view as is possible without breaking up the wall spaces too much, add to the atmosphere of good cheer, and a glass door opening onto the porch will give a long pleasant vista of road or garden.

Most people, nowadays, prefer to have the dining room so open that it is almost a part of the living room, indicating the separation only by an arch, or post-and-panel construction, or perhaps by low bookshelves built on each side of the opening, with a shelf for ferns or pottery above. The dining alcove, in either living room or kitchen, also presents an interesting solution of this problem for those of simple tastes and modest means. Several different combinations of these three rooms will be found among the floor plans accompanying this article, as well as in the article on page 430, already referred to, from which many unique and practical suggestions may be gleaned.

PLANNING FOR COMFORT, ECONOMY AND BEAUTY



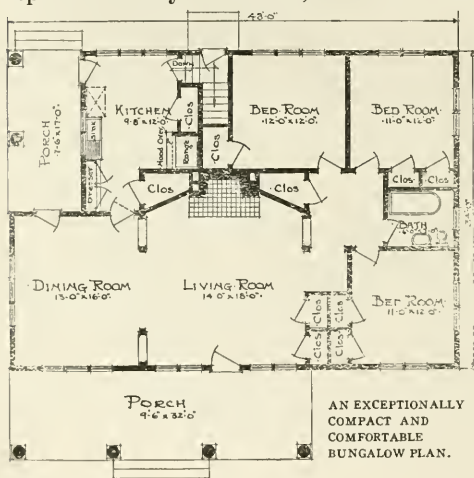
FIREPLACE NOOK IN BUNGLOW PLAN SHOWN BELOW, WITH CHIMNEYPIECE DESIGNED BY THE COLONIAL FIREPLACE COMPANY.

In a small home, where the housewife will do her own work, and where considerable economy must be exercised in the planning, a butler's pantry between dining room and kitchen would be an unnecessary expense, and would increase rather than lessen the labor. The size of the kitchen, too, will depend upon individual circumstances; but in any case, it should be so planned that the range, sink, dresser and work table are all conveniently placed and well-lighted. Whether wash tubs are to be installed here, or placed in a separate laundry at the rear, or in the basement, is another important question.

A good plan is to use the kitchen porch for this purpose, building it so that it can be screened in summer and glazed in winter as a sort of outdoor kitchen.

If a maid is to be kept, her room should be near the kitchen—opening out of it, reached through the service porch, or if on the second floor it should be within easy access. Many steps can be saved by having the main staircase accessible.

(Continued on Page 431)



“PROPERLY APPOINTED AND BECOMING DWELLINGS:” NUMBER TWO: WALLS FLOORS AND WOODWORK AS HARMONIOUS BACKGROUNDS



“DECORATION,” said Morris, “is the expression of man’s pleasure in successful labor.” And this simple definition is particularly applicable to the art of home-making—from architecture down to the smallest furnishings and fittings of the interior. The office of decoration, he adds, is two-fold: “To give people pleasure in the things they must perforce use,” and “to give people pleasure in the things they must perforce make.”

It is interesting to study these words—“pleasure in successful labor”—for they suggest an important principle—namely, that beauty, to be permanently satisfying, should be a natural, joyous outgrowth of practical conditions; that, like the flower, it should have its roots in the ground. The phrase recalls, too, that other axiom—that one may decorate construction, but never construct decoration—a rule that every home-maker should keep in mind.

“The world is still deceived with ornament,” lamented Shakespeare, and for many years this has been widely true. But the deception is one that is being gradually and steadily discarded, especially in the building of our homes. We are no longer satisfied with the kind of architectural frills that can be “nailed on.” Ornate designs and gilded imitations are ceasing to attract us. The lure of the fake antique, the fascination of the imported product, and the charms of the once-popular but useless bric-a-brac, are on the wane. Instead we are building and furnishing and decorating for permanency. Good taste and intrinsic beauty are guiding our choice of fittings—not the ephemeral and unreliable tyrant known as “fashion.” More and more we are doing our own thinking and planning and selecting, and expressing our own individuality in an environment that we ourselves help to create.

And in place of the restless, over-furnished, over-decorated rooms that were in vogue a few decades ago, our homes are growing more gracious with the beauty of simplicity. Elimination, blowing like a refreshing breeze through open doors and windows, is sweeping away that which was needless or ugly, leaving the useful, the comfortable and the beautiful behind.

That this is the general trend today, and that permanence, simplicity and individuality are becoming more and more widely the American home-maker’s ideal, we know not only from observation but from practical experience. As publishers, furniture-makers and

INDIVIDUAL BEAUTY IN HOME INTERIORS

decorators—indeed, through every phase of Craftsman activity—we have our fingers on the pulse of the country, so far as the home and its equipment are concerned. And the recent extension of our Department of Interior Decoration has brought us into particularly close touch with this interesting phase of American life. We have found that those who come to us for advice about their home problems are seeking not for the novel or the unusual or the fashionable, but for the thing that is appropriate for their special needs, that expresses their personal taste in design and color, that will bring comfort as well as beauty into the home, and—above all—that will last. They have had enough of temporary furnishings, of objects that were made to endure only as long as the fad or fashion that devised them. And today they are seeking wall and floor coverings, finishes, furniture and fittings that, once installed, will become satisfying and permanent elements of the home.

IN taking up the matter of interior decorating from this standpoint, one of the first and most important things to be considered is the background. This includes walls, floors, ceilings, as well as doors, windows and other woodwork—whatever forms the setting in which the furnishings of the room are placed. It has been said rightly that “the first impression of a room depends upon the walls.”

The character of these features will of course be largely determined by the size, purpose and exposure of the rooms. For instance, in a very simple, rugged bungalow or summer home, rough plastered walls and somewhat coarse-grained woodwork—oak, chestnut or cypress, will be most in keeping. Or perhaps panels of burlap, beaver or compo-board may be used. In a sunroom, where a semi-outdoor atmosphere is desired, and where the furnishings are such as one would use on a porch, flooring of brick, tile or cement, and walls of brick or stucco, plain or in panels, are most effective.

For the living room of a suburban or country house, the plastered walls may be papered or tinted, with or without stencil or other decoration, according to the owner's preference; or the lower part may be paneled in wood. The latter is particularly suitable for a dining room, where a plate rail is desired, or for a library, where one wishes to carry out the solid structural effect of the bookshelves throughout the entire room. The bedrooms, on the other hand, will be most satisfactory if the walls are kept very simple, painted or papered in rather light tones, without much woodwork. And in the kitchen, it is always a good plan to have painted or enameled woodwork, walls that are painted, tiled or covered with some easily washable paper, and linoleum upon the floor.



Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

THIS COOL, SHELTERED PORCH, WITH ITS WELL-PLANNED VISTA OF THE GARDEN, AND COMFORTABLE WILLOW FURNISHINGS, IS AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF HARMONIOUS ARRANGEMENT FOR A SEMI-OUTDOOR RETREAT.

A LIVING ROOM WINDOW GROUP THAT REVEALS AN EXCEPTIONALLY DECORATIVE AS WELL AS PRACTICAL USE OF CASEMENTS AND WINDOW-SEAT: THE paneled walls are PARTICULARLY IN KEEPING WITH THE REST OF THE INTERIOR.



A SUGGESTION OF THE COLONIAL IS FOUND IN THE MANTELPIECE, PILLARS, LATTICE-WINDOWS AND THE CUPBOARDS BELOW THEM, WHICH FORM SUCH DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF THIS GRACIOUS DINING ROOM.

ANOTHER ATTRACTIVE FIREPLACE IS SHOWN IN THE LOWER PICTURE, AND THE CORNER SEAT, BOOKSHELVES, CASEMENT WINDOWS AND WOODWORK ARE ALL TYPICAL OF THE MODERN TREND TOWARD REAL COMFORT AND A WISE SIMPLICITY.



BOTH THE STately STAIRCASE AND THE FIREPLACE, DOOR AND FURNISHINGS SHOWN BELOW, DENOTE CAREFUL THOUGHT FOR HARMONIOUS DESIGN AND PROPORTION, AND A PLEASING TREATMENT OF WALL SPACES ALONG COLONIAL LINES.



MODERN ENGLISH COTTAGE FURNITURE HAS EVIDENTLY BEEN THE INSPIRATION FOR BOTH THIS DAINY BEDROOM AND THE SUNNY DINING ROOM IN THE PICTURE BELOW: IN EACH OF THESE INTERIORS THERE IS A FRESH, WHOLESOME ATMOSPHERE THAT SUGGESTS THE SIMPLE AND GENUINE COMFORT OF A COUNTRY OR SUBURBAN HOME.

INDIVIDUAL BEAUTY IN HOME INTERIORS

For the woodwork of living room, dining room and hall, where serviceable and fairly heavy furniture is used, it is well to choose wood that has a somewhat rough texture and pronounced grain—such as oak, ash, elm, chestnut or cypress; while for bedrooms, sitting rooms or boudoirs, where the furnishings are of lighter, daintier nature, woods of a smoother texture and less defined grain—as poplar, maple, birch or gunwood—are more appropriate. This, of course, does not apply to painted or enameled woodwork, in which the grain is not noticeable.

In finishing the woodwork, we believe—and American architects, decorators and home-makers are coming to share our opinion—that stains rather than varnishes are preferable—soft mellow tones of brown, green and gray that protect the surface and deepen the color of the wood without obscuring its natural beauty of grain and texture. And here we may learn much from the homes of the Orient, where wood is used in such a decorative and sympathetic way. Cram, in his "Impressions of Japanese Architecture," says:

"To the Japanese, wood, like anything that possesses beauty, is almost sacred, and he handles it with a fineness of feeling that at best we reveal when we are dealing with precious marbles. From all wood that may be seen close at hand—except such as is used as a basis for the rare and precious lacquer—paint, stain, varnish, anything that may obscure the beauty of texture and grain, is rigidly kept away. . . . The same respectful regard is shown toward plaster. With us of the West, plaster is simply a cheap means of obtaining a flat surface that afterward may be covered up in many different ways; with the Japanese plaster is an end in itself, and well it may be! We ourselves know nothing of the possibilities of this material. In Japan it has the solidity of stone, the color of smoke and mist and ethereal vapors, and the texture of velvet."

IN the woodwork of the kitchen, pantry, bedrooms or bathrooms, where paint and enamel are generally used, poplar, basswood or pine may be employed. And the floors likewise must be treated from a different standpoint, for here a smooth, durable surface rather than a decorative grain, is the object. For this reason they should first be filled to give a non-absorbent surface, and then stained, shellacked and waxed. Quartered or plain-sawn oak is the most satisfactory wood for flooring throughout the lower portion of a house, and maple for the upper part, although some cheaper wood, such as pine is often used for economy. The floor, moreover, should not be too light in tone or it will be too prominent a note in the room.

INDIVIDUAL BEAUTY IN HOME INTERIORS

In determining the color scheme for the walls, there are many things to be considered. For example, if the room is a very small one, the background of walls, floor and ceiling should be as light as possible, to give an effect of space. Whereas, in a very large room, darker colors may be used without danger of making the place seem prisonlike. For a south room, where there is plenty of sunshine, blue, mauve or gray is restful and cool, while for north rooms where no sun can penetrate, yellow, golden brown or rose-color gives to the walls that warm, cheery glow that can do so much to compensate for the lack of actual sunlight. Sometimes, of course, one can make exception to this rule, and use a rich blue paper in a north room; but it must be brightened with splashes of yellow or burnt orange in pillows and window draperies, to introduce the needed touch of "artificial sunshine" without which the atmosphere would be austere and cold. Rich browns and buffs and mossy greens that remind one of the branches and foliage of the woodland are always welcome colors in living room, dining room and library, while in the bedrooms soft tones of blue or violet, gray, cream, yellow or pale rose seem most suitable as a background, and give the rooms a clean, wholesome, dainty air.

Whether a plain or figured paper is chosen will depend on the size of the room and whether pictures are to be hung. A small room, as already suggested, will seem larger if the walls are light and plain, while in a large room a darker, figured background may be used. But if the walls are to be a setting for pictures, the plainer the surface the better, for any definite pattern or variation of color will detract from their value.

Another thing to be remembered is that the lighter the ceiling the higher the room will seem; also, that a room in which the ceiling is too high can be given a fairly cozy air by papering the walls only up to the picture molding, or within two or three feet of the ceiling, and tinting the space above either the same tone as the ceiling or a shade between the ceiling and walls.

The relative size and arrangement of wall space and placing of windows and doors are other important elements in the decorative scheme, and for this reason it is always so much more satisfactory to plan and build one's own home, for then all these features can be worked out harmoniously from the beginning, and the whole interior, however simple, handled in an interesting way. Convenience, of course, will be the ruling factor in this matter; but at the same time, it is always possible to achieve an attractive result without sacrificing the practical. For instance, one's living room needs a certain amount of window space, to insure plenty of light and air; but there is no

INDIVIDUAL BEAUTY IN HOME INTERIORS

need to break up the wall into unpleasing patches by placing these windows each separately. Instead, let us group them together as much as possible, in such a way that the walls, both indoors and out, will be divided into agreeably balanced spaces, with the woodwork and panes of the windows so designed and related as to make the group an interesting structural feature of the room, a decorative frame, as it were, for the view of garden or landscape.

WHERE one wishes to have a wide unbroken vista, a large "picture pane" may be used in the broad central window, with a transom above and long narrow windows on each side. And where, on the contrary, the windows overlook a neighboring house or a view that is not particularly attractive, small panes may be used with very satisfactory result, for they draw the eye to the window itself rather than to the outlook beyond, and give a latticelike effect to the room that is very pleasing.

The materials, colors and designs chosen for the window curtains have also much to do with the success of the interior—but that must be left for a later article.

There is another element that enters into this matter of background, and may rightly be considered along with the walls, windows and floors—namely, the floor coverings. The observant homemaker does not need to be told that the modern tendency in this respect is toward great simplicity. The heavy carpet, fitted and tacked down into every corner, removed and cleaned and replaced perhaps at spring and fall—this, even with the refreshing advent of the vacuum cleaner, is no longer considered a sanitary covering by the housewife of today. The plain, well-finished, easily cleaned hardwood floor with serviceable rugs, neither too large nor too many, is considered now the ideal solution for this problem. And whether such rugs be luxurious Orientals, bright-colored Navajos, or domestic rugs, for living room, dining room or library, Scotch wool or rag rugs for the bedrooms, grass or fiber or bullock's wool rugs for sun-room or porch—they should be chosen always with the idea of appropriateness for the particular purpose, durability of material and weave, interest of texture and design, and beauty of coloring.

In fact, the prevailing color in a rug, if at all strong in tone, is one of the most noticeable features in a room, and with the walls may give the keynote to the whole decorative scheme. It is often interesting to study the various colors in the rugs and repeat them in the different furnishings, draperies and fittings of the interior. Care should be taken, however, not to get so much variety that the effect is spotty and uncertain, for although many contrasting and comple-

AFTER

mentary colors may be used with rich effect, they should be harmonious units in a general scheme, with one dominant color effect prevailing. This will help to bring about that restful atmosphere which is one of the essentials of a satisfactory home.

Such endless variety of combinations is possible in handling the walls and woodwork, windows, floors and their coverings, that a whole volume of illustrations would be inadequate. We are suggesting here, however, a few of the many ways in which these matters may be successfully adjusted, and in the photographs that accompany this article the home-maker may study a number of modern American interiors which have been treated in an interesting, harmonious manner. In all of them the main idea is comfort and simplicity, carried out along practical, individual lines. And although in each case there is a definite interest resulting from the texture and tone of the walls, woodwork, floors and furnishings, we feel that, as Dresser says, "it is the art which gives the value, and not the material."

AFTER

DRENCHED, after rain,
The lilacs tremble again
In the cool wind, and pour
Their fragrance round my door.

Crushed, when Love dies,
Bravely her spirit cries;
But through Life's empty room,
O the perfume!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.



COLOR: THE MAGIC SPIRIT IN THE HOME: BY MARIE HALL

"Color is an agent able to produce effects which to the thoughtful mind must always remain wonderful."



IN no other field has the right use of color been so neglected as in the furnishing of the American home, and nowhere else could its influence be so wide or beneficent. For this reason, it is worth while to consider the countless possibilities for its application to our home environment, and to glance at least briefly at its early uses, its picturesque and usually symbolic meanings.

Color was first used symbolically in the hieroglyphics of Egypt. In them, the color of an object meant as much to the reader as the object itself. For instance, a certain king, who had always been well and strong, lost his mind in the latter part of his life. In the hieroglyphics, his portrait was colored entirely red in the story of his early life, but later his head was changed to yellow. The red symbolized strength and vitality, while yellow signified disease and pestilence.

Color played an important part in the religious rites of early peoples. All the colors woven into an Oriental rug were symbolic. The Turk regarded green as a holy color, not to be profaned by believers' or unbelievers' feet—which accounts for the absence of all green from Turkish rugs. Different countries did not always give the same meaning to colors, but to all white was Purity; black was Evil; blue was Virtue and Truth; and yellow, in China, was Royalty.

As we study the historic periods, we find color holding a very

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significant place in the furnishings of the royal palaces, chateaux, English halls, and in the homes of the people. The colors used in the court of Louis Quinze and also in the chateaux of the late eighteenth century express the gay frivolity and sham of the ruling classes. One cannot imagine dark colors in a Louis Seize room; neither would the light colors of Marie Antoinette have been pleasing to Elizabeth, who loved the somber massiveness of a Tudor hall. The different styles were the temperamental expressions of those who created or lived among them.

This individual, spontaneous choice of color, however, is not always best or wisest in the furnishing of a home. First, the mental influences of color must be taken into account. Consider, for example, the effects of the three elemental primary colors—yellow, red and blue.

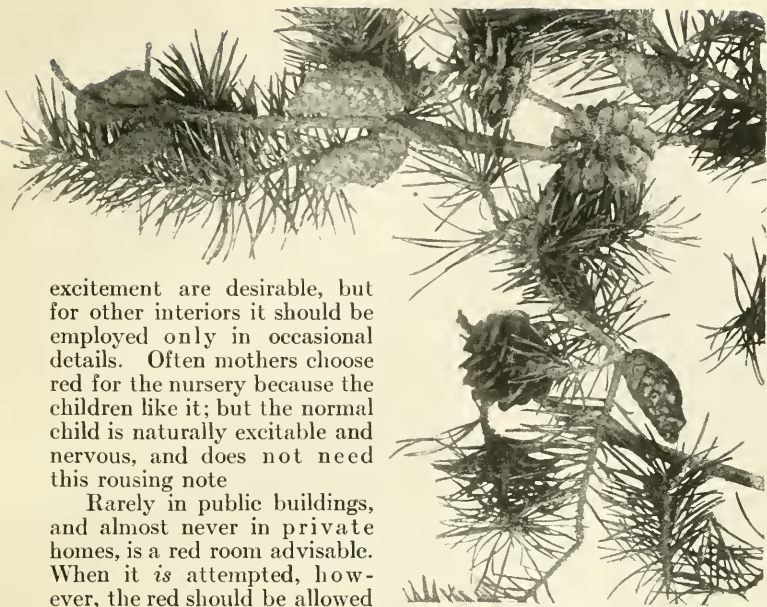
Yellow is nearest to sunlight. Morbid dispositions require this color, although they do not choose it. Yellow brings cheer and light into a dark, gloomy room. I have in mind a small breakfast room in a city house which is a particularly pleasing example of this fact. Although high buildings shut off the sunlight, there is a light, cheerful, sunny atmosphere. For the walls are hung with a striped cream and yellow paper; the enameled woodwork, furniture and rugs are in tones of old ivory; a printed linen with a decorative pattern on a bright yellow ground is used at the French windows, and repeated at the opposite side of the room in the covering of a comfortable chair; the yellow tones are echoed in the seats of the other chairs, while the lamp and candelshades are of black-and-yellow striped silk. The room has been carried

out almost exclusively in one tone, yet monotony has been avoided, and the place possesses not only light and cheerfulness, but also an air of definite distinction.

Red is symbolic of blood, fire and excitement. Even an animal is excited by red, for the sight of it actually irritates the nerves. Therefore, since the keynote of all homes should be rest, and red in any large area destroys restfulness, it should be handled with special caution. It may be introduced successfully into drawing rooms, club rooms and dance halls, where gaiety and a certain amount of



COLOR



excitement are desirable, but for other interiors it should be employed only in occasional details. Often mothers choose red for the nursery because the children like it; but the normal child is naturally excitable and nervous, and does not need this rousing note

Rarely in public buildings, and almost never in private homes, is a red room advisable. When it *is* attempted, however, the red should be allowed to completely dominate. There is a large Italian Renaissance dining room in one of the New York hotels which all decorators consider a success. Its color scheme is red, and the fact that the room has a distinctly architectural quality makes this treatment pleasing. The ceiling is beamed in Italian walnut, the walls are hung with red velvet, and the same coloring is used in the floor covering. At one end of the room is a large stone fireplace, and all the furniture is heavy in design, the Italian chairs having red velvet seats. The whole effect is rich, luxurious and dignified.

Turning now to blue, we find that it is calm, retiring, repressing in character. It is the coldest color note, and makes a room restful and cool. For this reason it is especially pleasing in warm sections of the country, in summer homes, in sunny south rooms, and also in bedrooms—for it is always suggestive of rest. An entirely blue room may prove rather monotonous; but this can be avoided by the introduction of orange, the complementary color, as a decorative note. The orange adds both warmth and interest.

In addition to these primary elements, there are three equally

COLOR

powerful ones known as binary colors—orange, violet and green—each of which is formed by two primaries combined. Orange, the combination of yellow and red, is symbolic of light and heat, which makes it the hottest color possible. Since it is the strongest and most intense of colors, it should be used only in small areas, for emphasis.

Violet, composed of red and blue, suggests heat and cold combined—which results in ashes. It is the color of shadows; it expresses restrained heat, or mystery and gloom, and this is the psychological reason for its use in mourning and in religious rites. The use of violet is not often practical in home furnishings, although it may be used to dim a room having too much sunlight. Violet hangings are pleasing where there is a large window expanse.

Green, the result of mixing yellow and blue, expresses light and coolness. Generally speaking, it is the most successful color that can be used in interior furnishing, for it eliminates the nerve-exciting red, and combines rest and cheer—than which nothing can be better for a home.

Just as musical sounds differ in loudness, quality and pitch, so may colors differ in intensity, value and hue. One color changes into the next by a vast number of barely perceptible steps, and these steps are called hues. Thus, the steps between orange and yellow, called yellow-orange, are hues of orange.

A hue is more interesting than a primary or even a binary color, as the mind unconsciously seeks to solve its composition. Primitive people always choose primitive colors, but as culture develops the more subtle variations are used. Hues were employed for the first time by the Greeks, when their country was at the height of her civilization; before that time there had been only unmixed primary colors. A home in which the hues are used is more pleasing than one in which there are merely the "plain fact" colors. In rooms where single schemes dominate, hues are especially valuable in preventing monotony and adding interest and variety.

Every color has a certain strength or value, and these values are the steps between the lightest and the darkest possible tints of that color. Blue-black is the darkest shade or value of blue, while pale pink is the lightest value of red. Any two colors may be made to correspond in value by adding the right proportion of either white or black to one of them. Strong value contrast is apt to be harsh and vulgar, if incorrectly used. The wood trim in a room is not, as a rule, especially decorative, and should not, therefore, be allowed to contrast too greatly in value with the walls, which it does when either much darker or lighter than the latter. A spotty appearance

COLOR

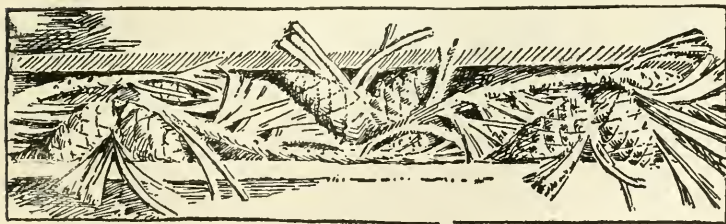
is created, likewise, when the furniture in a room is dark and the walls light. And on the same principle, pictures, when used in a home, should be of the same general color value as the wall on which they are hung.

Color value should be consistent also with scale. That is, pale colors are appropriate for small rooms and for furniture which is light and delicate, while dark colors should be used in large, "architectural" rooms and with furniture which is heavy in build.

The vitality of a color is denoted by its intensity, or its relation to the neutral—gray. Intense color should be used with restraint, for brilliant coloring is pleasing only in small areas, just as "the flash of diamonds is more tolerable on account of their insignificant size." The ceiling, walls and floor of a room are the background or setting for its furnishings, and should always be neutralized. At the same time, their colors should be kept fresh and clear. A bold use of intense coloring is often necessary to make a textile design decorative; but masses of such color should not be allowed to come into contrast in a room, although they may be used to emphasize decorative notes. It should be remembered, also, that "the attempt to emphasize everything emphasizes nothing."

Both intensity and hue change with the variation of light. Therefore, before any fabric, article or color is finally selected for interior furnishing or decoration, it should be viewed in three lights—sunlight, shadow, and artificial light.

If the foregoing points are kept in mind, the home-maker will be able to introduce charm and cheerfulness into even the most unpromising rooms, through a wise use of color. Indeed, when people give the subject a little scientific study, and when a sensitiveness to color harmony is more widely developed, this important element will become a vital factor for beauty and restfulness in our homes.



“STRENGTH AND BEAUTY ARE IN HIS
SANCTUARY”: BY WILLIAM ALLEN WOOD

ONE night I travelled over mountainous ways
And feared the menace of Almighty Power;
His terrors in the lightnings were ablaze,
His crashing thunder made the summits cower—

When o'er my path, from out the dark, there blew,
Making my heart leap up in sheer delight,
The thrilling scent of roses cooled with dew.
Thy beauty, Lord, is stronger than thy might.





CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES DESIGNED FOR THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER WHO WANTS SIMPLICITY AND COMFORT

IN Thoreau's friendly and discursive "Walden"—which one appreciative critic has called "the log-book of his woodland cruise"—the hermit philosopher has a good deal to say about the home and its building. Although his words present the viewpoint of one who may be called an extremist in simplicity, we shall find them well worth pondering; for both the directness of his thought and the naïve, almost affectionate, manner of its expression are peculiarly refreshing. And in these days of complicated living it is well to turn back sometimes to such frank recognition of fundamental principles, and rediscover the sincere and satisfying quality of plain, homespun things.

Here, then, is Thoreau's description—not of his own beloved hut, but of that "larger and more populous house" of which, he said, "I sometimes dream"—a dwelling built "of enduring materials and without gingerbread work."

It shall consist, he wrote, "of only one room, a vast, rude, substantial, primitive hall, without ceiling or plastering, with bare rafters and purlins supporting a sort of lower heaven over one's head . . . such a shelter as you would be glad to reach on a tempestuous night, containing all the essentials of a house, and nothing for housekeeping; where you can see all the treasures of the house at one view, and everything hangs upon its peg that a man

should use; at once kitchen, pantry, parlor, chamber, storehouse and garret; where you can see so necessary a thing as a barrel or a ladder, so convenient a thing as a cupboard, and hear the pot boil, and pay your respects to the fire that cooks your dinner, and the oven that bakes your bread. . . ."

Such an unpretentious, homely dwelling, wherein all formality is banished, and household labor is reduced to its lowest terms, might prove a little too primitive for the modern home-lover. And yet this vision of Thoreau's holds a blunt sincerity, tempered with a fine idealism of the commonplace, that may guide us to wiser solutions of our own home problems and saner adjustment of our lives.

Take, for instance, his feeling about the comfortable, picturesque charm of the kitchen, with its useful, kindly fire, and all those necessary fittings and utensils that contribute to the well-being of owner, family and guests. Thoreau's idea is that instead of being shut away from the rest of the house, as though one were ashamed of it, the kitchen should be a frank and friendly part of the home, and the preparation of meals a pleasant and hospitable rite that all may witness—not a mysterious or ignominious task performed by "menials," and either condescendingly appreciated or politely ignored by host and guests.

When we recall the old-fashioned farmhouses of Europe or those of our own New England, with their simple plastered walls and beamed ceilings, their huge fireplaces and ample rooms—we find that it was invariably the kitchen that played the most important rôle. The "parlor" was a cold, formal place, set apart for funerals, wed-

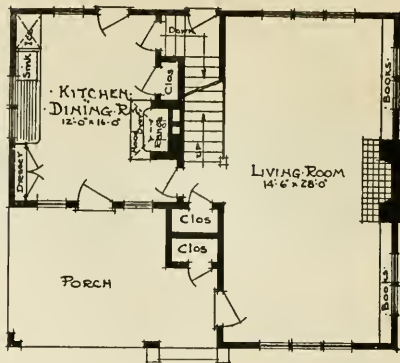
CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES FOR PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPERS

dings and other solemn occasions. It was in the kitchen, around the huge range or open hearth and brick oven, that the family life clustered. Here, at the big solid table, the meals were prepared and eaten; here, in deep fireside settles, by the light of log or coal, candle or dim oil lamp, the long winter evenings were spent. And the visitor shared with the rest the plain, hearty fare and enjoyed the warmth and cheer of this homelike place.

But now, "Old times are changed, old manners gone." The farmhouse kitchen with all its solid comfort and hospitality is relegated to the past. And yet—why should not those of us who really love such homely, democratic ways of living, plan and build our houses with some such ideal in mind? Why not omit, if we really wish to, that modern feature—the separate dining room—and eat our meals either in the kitchen or in the living room, wherever best suits the housewife's convenience? We can eliminate then both the pass pantry and much of the usual dining room equipment, lessening our steps and household labor, as well as the original building expense.

For those who wish to build their homes in such simple fashion, we have designed this month two small Craftsman houses—one a cottage, the other a bungalow—both of them economical in arrangement and construction, and especially suitable for young couples who wish to begin their housekeeping on a modest, unassuming scale.

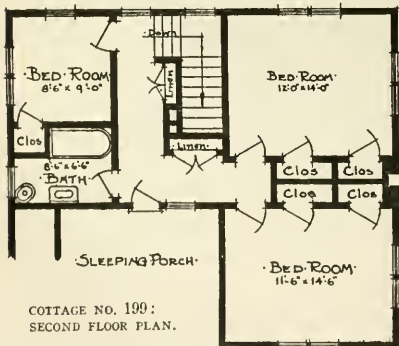
THE first design, No. 199, is two stories in height, with shingled walls and roof, and brick chimney. As the plans show, the space has been utilized to the best



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED COTTAGE NO. 199.

possible advantage, and although the house is a small one, the great living room with its wide window groups, central fireplace and long bookshelves gives one a sense of spaciousness as one steps inside from the porch. Not an inch is wasted on vestibule or hall, the only passage being between the living room and kitchen, where the stairs ascend. Opening from this passage is a closet that will be convenient for coats, and another closet is provided in front, which may be made to open from either the porch or living room. In the present plan, we have intended it for the storage of hammock, porch mats, garden tools, etc.

The kitchen is a big, light, airy place, with windows on three sides and a door at the back leading out to the garden, and nearby is the entrance to the cellar stairs, which can also be reached from the outside, the landing being only one step above the garden level. Along one wall are the dresser, sink, drainboard and ice-box, and against the opposite wall stands the range, with a closet for pots and pans close by. Over the range a large brick hood is provided, supported by an angle iron, lined with cement, and provided with a vent through which all cooking odors will pass instead of escaping into the room. In the vent is placed a register, which may be kept closed when the heat is needed in the house, the register being regulated by a chain that hangs down against the wall over the range. In order that this construction may be quite clear, we are showing here three drawings—a front elevation of the range and chimney-piece with the hood opening shown by



COTTAGE NO. 199:
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN TWO-STORY SHINGLED COTTAGE, NO. 199: THE LIVING PORCH IS SO BUILT THAT IT CAN BE GLASSED IN FOR THE WINTER IF DESIRED, AND THE RECESSED SLEEPING BALCONY ABOVE IS ALSO WELL SHELTERED BY THE WALLS AND ROOF: THE ROOMS ARE PLANNED FOR SIMPLE, COMFORTABLE HOME LIFE AND A MINIMUM OF HOUSEWORK.



Gusta: Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN STUCCO BUNGALOW NO. 200: THE SLOPING ROOF LINES GIVE THIS LITTLE BUILDING A PARTICULARLY HOMELIKE AIR, AND THE GROUPS OF CASEMENT WINDOWS FORM PLEASANT BREAKS IN THE PLAIN STUCCO WALLS: INDOORS THE ARRANGEMENT IS UNUSUALLY COMPACT, AS A GLANCE AT THE FLOOR PLANS WILL SHOW.

CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES FOR PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPERS

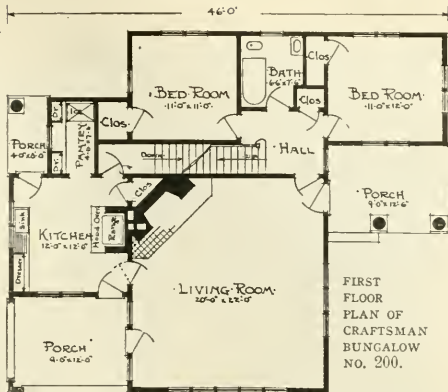
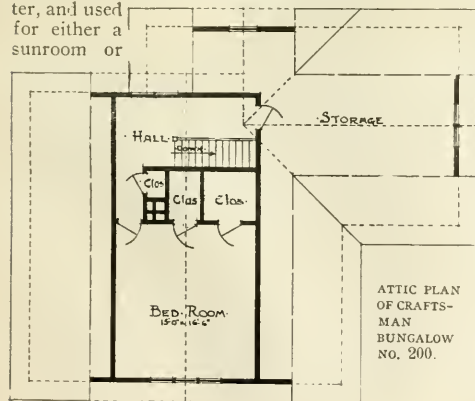
dotted lines; a vertical section taken on line B—B, showing the arrangement of smoke pipe, flue, hood and register—also a horizontal section taken on the line A—A, looking up into the hood.

We have made the kitchen 12 by 16 feet, so that it will be large enough for meals to be served there whenever desired. Or if the owner prefers, the rear end of the living room may be used for dining purposes.

Upstairs there are three bedrooms and bathroom opening out of a central L-shaped hall, and plenty of closets are provided. The hall is lighted by windows at the rear and one in the front overlooking the sleeping porch. As this porch is, sheltered by the angle of the roof and walls, and is sunk into the roof, it forms a pleasant and private place for outdoor sleeping, in spite of being at the front of the house.

THE bungalow, No. 200, is quite different in construction, design and arrangement. Stucco walls are used, with shingled roof, and all the rooms except one are on the ground floor.

The entrance is from the side porch into the big central room—which is living and dining room combined. The walls are pleasantly broken by carefully grouped casements, and a glass door leads out onto a small corner porch which is built so that it may be screened in summer, glazed in winter, and used for either a sunroom or



extra dining room. For the latter purpose, we have made it accessible also from the kitchen.

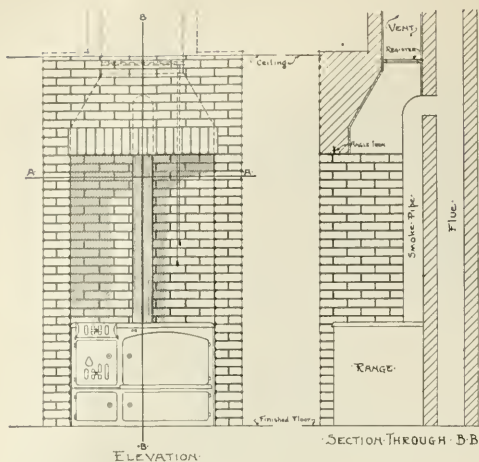
The range—which in this instance likewise is provided with a big ventilating hood—is placed where it can use the same chimney as the corner fireplace in the living room, and the sink, drainboard and dresser are placed opposite, beside the windows. There is a little service porch at the rear, and a small well-equipped pantry, while on the right are the cellar stairs descending beneath the main flight.

The two bedrooms and bath are shut away from the front of the house by the staircase and a hall in which a linen closet is provided. Upstairs there is one large room which may be used as a bedroom, playroom, or studio—according to the needs of the family. And if an extra bathroom is required here, it may be built in this attic, over the one downstairs.

Following this will be found the continuation of another article on "Your Own Home," which includes several bungalow and cottage plans that show various simple and economical arrangements of living room, dining room and kitchen, somewhat similar to the designs which we have just described.

ALTHOUGH the cottage and bungalow presented here are very simple in both exterior design and interior plan, they can both be made very attractive

CONVENIENCE IN THE KITCHEN



THESE THREE DRAWINGS SHOW THE SPECIAL CONSTRUCTION OF THE VENTILATING HOOD OVER THE KITCHEN RANGE IN CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE NO. 199 AND CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 200.

through a wise use of color outside and in. The cottage, for instance, would be interesting if the shingles up to the line of the gables were stained a rich golden brown, and those above a darker tone, with a mossy

home, with special reference to the backgrounds formed by walls, floors, woodwork, etc., on page 409, may likewise be helpful to home-builders when they are ready to consider this stage of the work.

CONVENIENCE IN THE KITCHEN

IN "The Book of Little Houses," which the Macmillan Company has just published, are many practical hints for the home-builder, the following of which seem particularly worth quoting in reference to the foregoing article.

"Next to the plumbing, the greatest attention of all should be given to the kitchen. . . . The kitchen is the business part of the home. No matter how beautiful our entrance, how charming our open fireplaces or how artistic our dining room, if our facilities for getting food in comfort and in plenty are inadequate, the aesthetic side of the house will suffer. If it requires too

much time to accomplish what must be done in the kitchen, little energy will be left to enjoy the rest of the house.

"Tiled or cement floor is the unanimous verdict of those who have struggled with paint and varnish, mops and linoleum. Tiled, or at least washable walls of a soft color, preferably buff or dull yellow. Cross ventilation should be thought of, for successful disposition of smoke and smells.

"By all means have a porcelain sink, for cleanliness and appearance both. Do you know how high the sink ought to be for comfort in dish-washing? Measure and find out before you have it installed. There is a regulation height, which may not suit your needs at all."

PLANNING FOR COMFORT, ECONOMY AND BEAUTY

YOUR OWN HOME

(Continued from page 408)

ble from the kitchen as well as from the front of the house, with a few steps going up on each side to a central landing. This obviates the necessity for separate back stairs. In planning the staircases, of course, if the cellar stairs do not descend beneath the upper flight, the extra space above one and below the other can be utilized for storage, coat closets, etc.

THE BEDROOMS

If the house is a bungalow, with all or most of the rooms on the main floor, care should be taken to group the bedrooms so that they will be away from the rest of the plan. This can usually be accomplished by

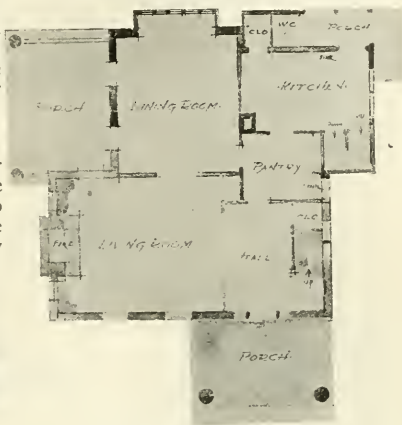


SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF HOUSE AT CEDARCROFT: SEE PAGE 402.

having a small hall out of which the bedrooms and bathroom open. If they are all on the second story, the shape of the plan and placing of the stairs will suggest a practical arrangement, and if there is any extra space off the hall, it may be used as a sewing alcove or playroom for the children. The bathroom should be placed over or near the kitchen if possible, so that the plumbing may be carried down in one line, and if a second one is provided, it may be used in connection with the owner's bedroom, or made to serve for two adjacent rooms. The planning, exposure and equipment of the sleeping porch or balcony is another matter of interest to the modern home-maker, and this will be taken up in a later issue.

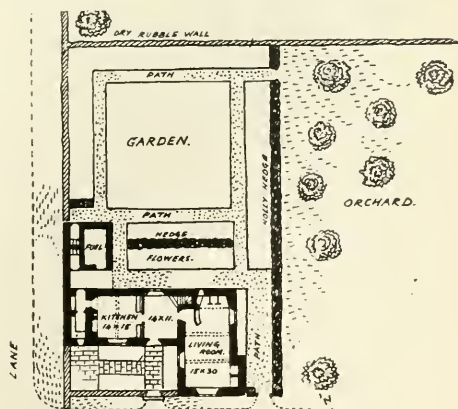
THE ATTIC

An attic, of course, is always useful for storage—and besides, there is a certain old-fashioned picturesqueness attached to the idea, that brings to mind the attics of our

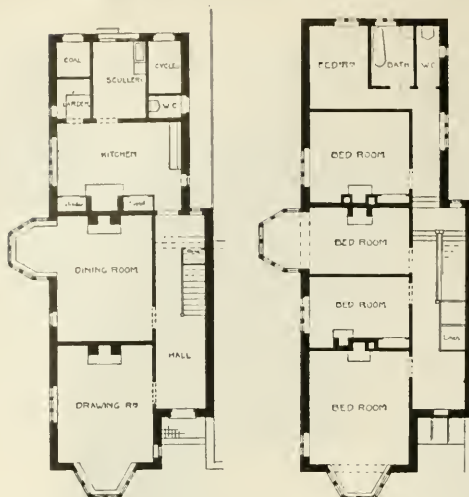


FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF HOUSE AT CEDARCROFT: SEE PAGE 402.

childhood, when long rainy days were brightened by adventurous explorations among the treasure-holding depths of grandmother's trunk, or among quaint books and toys that belonged to our mother's childhood. The attic of today, however, is likely to be a neat and hygienic



PLAN OF LEA COTTAGE AND GROUNDS: SEE PAGE 406



FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR PLANS OF ENGLISH DWELLING SHOWN ON PAGE 404.

place, rather than a musty and mysterious one. And often, if one is planning a small house, it is advisable to omit this feature altogether, in order to retain a low roof line—in which case a generous amount of storage and closet space should be provided in convenient corners beneath the slope of the roof.

These, then, are the general principles that should guide the planning of every modern home—principles that must be worked out in each case according to individual tastes and circumstances. The plans, photographs and sketches shown here—and indeed, the illustrations of houses in every number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*—will suggest many variations on this universal theme. And if we can help in a more personal way those of our readers who are beginning the actual planning of their homes, we shall be glad to do so.

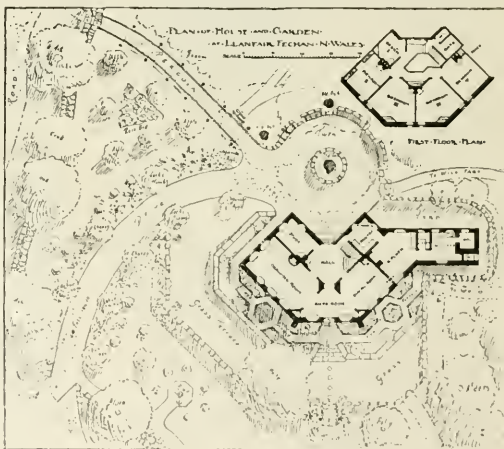
ILLUSTRATIONS

It will be noticed that a number of the photographs and plans which we have selected to illustrate the various points of

this article are those of English dwellings; for the architects over there, both in the past and at the present time, have proved themselves peculiarly ingenious in the way they have worked out their plans, from the standpoints of exposure, and variety of outlook, convenience of interior arrangement, as well as in the picturesque quality of the exterior which was so apt to result from a more or less irregular and original design.

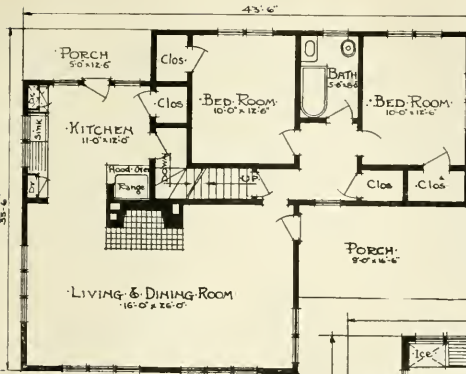
The illustrations of *Lea Cottage* (page 403), the house on page 404, and "*Rosebriars*" (page 405), were reproduced from the pages of "*Country Cottages and Week-end Homes*," by J. H. Elder-Duncan, a charming volume published by Cassell and Company Limited. The cottage at *Medmenham*, on page 406, and the row of semi-detached cottages on page 407, are from "*Modern Cottage Architecture by Well-Known Architects*," by Maurice B. Adams, published by John Lane Company.

An interesting example of American architecture which recalls somewhat the English cottage type, is shown in the house at *Cedarcroft* on page 402, and the plans of which are given on page 431. For these



PLAN OF "ROSEBRIARS" AND ITS GARDEN: FOR EXTERIOR VIEW OF HOUSE SEE PAGE 405.

PLANNING FOR COMFORT, ECONOMY AND BEAUTY



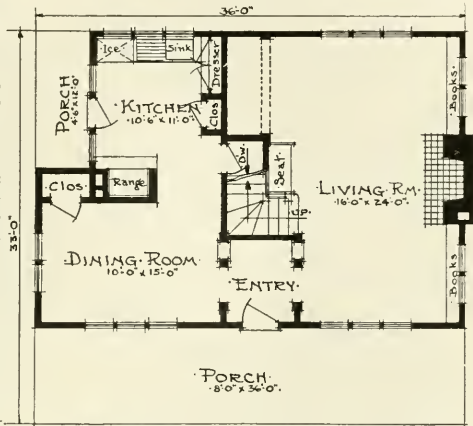
PLAN FOR A SIMPLE BUNGALOW: THE BIG MAIN ROOM CAN BE USED AS BOTH LIVING AND DINING ROOM: NOTE SEPARATION OF BEDROOMS FROM REST OF PLAN.

illustrations we are indebted to the "Year Book and Catalogue" of the T Square Club, the design in question having been included in the Club's Sixteenth Annual Architectural Exhibition in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, in 1910.

For instances of cottage and bungalow plans, we have introduced a number of Craftsman designs, which were specially prepared to exemplify the various features of interior arrangement discussed—

which plans will be found here and on the following page.

In all of these plans, we have kept in mind the fact that the general tendency among American home-builders today is toward simplification in practically every department. A few large rooms, conveniently arranged, with simple woodwork that will not catch the dust, with a fairly central fireplace, and possibly a few built-in book-cases and window or fireside seats where the wall spaces and natural

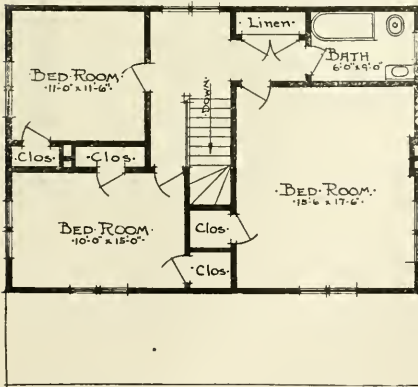


FIRST FLOOR PLAN FOR A TWO-STORY COTTAGE ARRANGED FOR SIMPLE HOUSEKEEPING.

nooks suggest such construction; plenty of room for sheltered outdoor living—these, generally speaking, are the lines along which modern home-makers are thinking and planning.

Moreover, as in many instances the family cannot afford to or does not wish to keep servants, the housewife often preferring to do most of her own work, we have remembered the need for very simple and compact arrangement of the various household facilities, so that the labor of housekeeping will be as light as possible, consistent with efficiency and comfort.

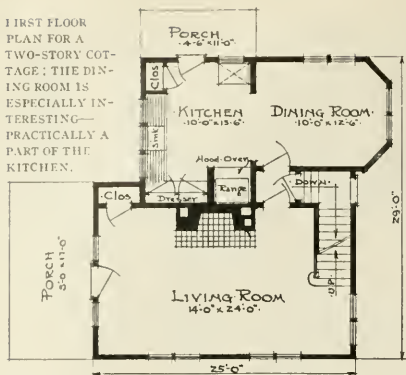
We have not included among our illustrations any exterior views of the Craftsman cottage and bungalow plans shown here, but if any of our readers



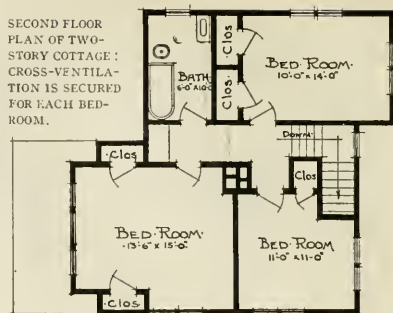
SECOND FLOOR PLAN FOR A TWO-STORY COTTAGE ARRANGED FOR SIMPLE HOUSEKEEPING.

THE GREEN WORLD IN WINTER

FIRST FLOOR
PLAN FOR A
TWO-STORY COT-
TAGE; THE DIN-
ING ROOM IS
ESPECIALLY IN-
TERESTING—
PRACTICALLY A
PART OF THE
KITCHEN.



SECOND FLOOR
PLAN OF TWO-
STORY COTTAGE:
CROSS-VENTILA-
TION IS SECURED
FOR EACH BED-
ROOM.



happen to be interested in such special designs they can get in touch with our Architectural Department and have the desired elevations, working drawings and specifications prepared. We are, however, showing on page 408 an interior sketch of an especially attractive fireplace ar-

range in one of the bungalows. As the plan denotes, the angles of the walls on each side of the chimneypiece, which give such a cozy effect, are the result of the closets that had to be provided just behind.

The materials used in modern home-building and their most appropriate uses, illustrated with an interesting variety of photographs, will be the subject of our next article.

THE GREEN WORLD IN WINTER

(Continued from page 303)

hold upon the new earth. They are the pioneers of the vast family of trees that now clothe the earth with so marvelous a garment of green. That hardy, venturesome spirit of theirs has not diminished with time. They still venture into the untried life of cities and small gardens as staunchly as they did into the primeval world and set about making it green and beautiful. From the very first, they and the winds have been comrades. Storm winds bend them into patriarchal forms of beauty, but have never conquered their insistent vitality; gentle winds play upon them as upon a harp of many strings. The winds carry the pollen from branch to branch and toss the cone full of new seeds far down a canyon or into a brook that carries them into a new valley.

To the wild places we must also go for the broad-leaved form of plant life that keeps the note of evergreen in our gardens. Instead of the music of pines and the sweet nuts of cones the broad-leaved evergreens give us flowers as fair as any annual; instead of spicy aroma they give us perfume sweet as any rose. The large family of

rhododendrons, laurels and azaleas that now are drawn upon to make our garden beautiful in winter, are mostly hybrids, creatures of the florist's art; though the native rhododendron is still the hardiest of all its kind and the most magnificently leaved, and therefore most useful for grouping and massing purposes, it cannot compare with the new varieties for size of blossom and glory of colored petals. This native rhododendron, *Catawbiense*, must not be confused with the plant of the same name imported from Europe and grown upon a single stem.

The beauty of these broad-leaved evergreens is in their informal irregularity of growth and the dependable regularity of their blossoming. Seldom is a spring unheralded by their beauty. Boxwood, holly and privet, each of many charming varieties, help to make up a list of indispensable evergreens which can be counted upon to keep in memory the green world of summer. Thus, by the help of these friendly plants, we may keep our gardens, throughout the colder months, warm with masses of green foliage, bright with clustered berries, and fragrant with the incense which these children of the earth are always offering up on Nature's shrine.

A NEW WAY TO SHOP IN AMERICA

"**B**ACK of the gift stands the heart of the giver," said some wise person whom life had taught to see through trivial outward things to the important inward meanings. Back of the gift also stands the vision and skill of the maker. Every article that is chosen to be the visible sign of love and friendship, the gift that proves forethought and remembrance has a bit of personal history, character, experience, patient care or self-denial indelibly impressed upon it. Even the cheapest of the machine-made articles that are bought with hoarded pennies has a halo about it when it is chosen as a gift of truest sentiment, of real affection, of kindness, of generosity. Gifts are really wonderful things no matter from what angle they are viewed and the marts from which they are chosen are most fascinating places.

I was freshly impressed with this the other day when I happened by chance upon the Craftsman Bazaar. The place at first sight reminded me of the old guild halls, those wonderful old places where craftsmen proudly displayed the things they had made, publicly standing as sponsors, as it were, for the thought of their mind and the work of their hands. The personality of the makers was stamped upon the chair, jar, jewel, article of ornament or clothing, their character was expressed in every detail of its design and construction. One could see where the vision failed, the hand trembled or the faith halted, and such marks of human strength or frailty was what made the thing so lastingly beautiful. The skillful stroke or the slip of a tool a hundred years ago recorded upon a bit of engraved metal, embossed leather, carved wood, added lasting value to the object. One's sympathy and interest always goes out to those old records of personal struggle.

A warm vital individuality pervaded that modern guild hall, the eleventh floor of the Craftsman Building. The walls were decorated with copper and brass, pottery, crystal, rich brocades and sheerest of gauzes; tables, informally placed, held beautiful things made by the hands of careful workers instead of by whirling machinery. A woman sat at a loom, tossing a shuttle back and forth, weaving fine fabrics, with a rhythmic click-clack of treadles; pillow covers, table covers, curtains and scarfs of

colored silks, linens and hand-dyed cotton were piled up on benches and tables as proof that civilization hasn't taken the weaver's cunning from the hands of women.

An Indian woman surrounded with Navajo rugs, with baskets and pottery from many tribes, sat shaping baskets of sweet grass and reed, quiet, industrious and dexterous as her ancestors who sat under a tent on the great Western plains. All through the room were beautiful things, made or being made by skilled workers, things not to be found in the usual shops.

There was a fascination about the place, difficult to analyze, the same fascination that is around the bazaars of the old countries. Half the pleasure of a trip abroad lies in the anticipation of actually visiting all the bazaars. The visitor feels the same stirring of romantic interest as though he were on a voyage of discovery. The Old World way of centering things wanted and needed in one merry, holiday-spirited, picturesque center has been revived and established in the Craftsman Building. It has shown this city the new way to shop in America, to save much of the confusion and indecision; for the objects displayed there have already been carefully selected. They are the result of experienced winnowing, so that there is not a discouraging number of things confronting one to add to the indecision already in one's mind.

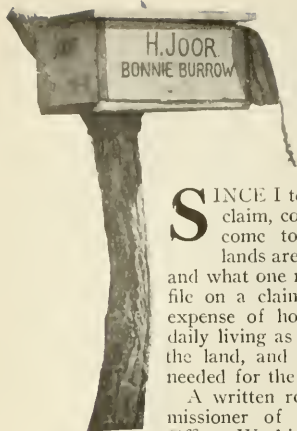
I overheard a conversation that seemed to me the keynote of the whole plan of the Craftsman Bazaar. A woman turned to the saleswoman asking, "Have you any necktie holders?"

"What kind do you want?"

"I don't know exactly what I want. Just the kind you'd have, if you had any at all."

She felt that whatever was displayed in that skyscraping bazaar would be sensible, and in good taste.

In no section of this block-long "market-place" is the matter of careful selection more apparent than in the children's room. Here, the funny, amusing animals that children love are made of wood instead of germ-nourishing imitation wool. Everything from the little bed, the toys, the books, furniture, sand boxes, screens, curtains, lamp shades has been made simply and is therefore beautiful. Children play in the sand, rock upon the see-saws, while the mothers shop, exactly as they do in bazaars across the water. To me it was more than an object-giving lesson in a new way to buy.



THE WIN- NING OF A HOMESTEAD: BY HARRIET JOOR

SINCE I took up a homestead claim, countless letters have come to me asking what lands are still open for filing, and what one must do in order to file on a claim. Others ask the expense of homesteading, of the daily living as well as the cost of the land, and what equipment is needed for the life on the plains.

A written request to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., will bring to the home-seeker a list showing roughly the character of the land now open for filing in the different States, and the name of the city or town in each of these States in which the U. S. Land Office is located. By writing, then, to the Registrar of any of these offices, general information as to the land under its jurisdiction may be obtained.

Each man or woman who would take up a homestead claim must first personally inspect the quarter section on which it is desired to file, and then present to the Land Office of that district an application made out before the appointed authorities. Within six months after filing, one must put up a shack and actually begin living on the land; else one's right to the quarter may be contested when final proof is made.

The settler may then commute, after fourteen months' continuous residence; or make homestead proof, after a residence of from three to five years. In the latter case a five months' leave of absence is permitted in each of the three years, with seven months of residence between each absence.

The commuter, when proving up at the end of fourteen

months, is now expected to have ten acres under cultivation, and such other simple improvements about his home as show an honest intent to make it a real home. He must also pay a certain amount for his land; this amount varying in different localities. Here in Perkins County, South Dakota, it is fifty cents an acre. Thus, when my neighbor commutes on a claim of a hundred and sixty acres, with the publishing of the application for proof, official fees and price of the land, the final proof costs him altogether from \$95.00 to \$100.00.

The homesteader who proves up after three years' residence has a little more to pay in the way of commissions, but pays nothing for his land; so the final proof costs only from \$18.00 to \$20.00. He, however, has put much more money into the land itself, as he is required to have ten acres under cultivation the second year, and twenty acres the third year, if he has a quarter section. The requirements for a five-year proof are much the same as for the three-year, only that there shall be



TWO WOMEN HOMESTEADERS IN SOUTH DAKOTA.



OUR PETS ARE ALL PRACTICAL.

twenty-five acres under cultivation when proof is made.

HOMESTEAD EXPENSES

Women homesteaders have usually to hire help for most of their farm work; and for the many would-be home-seekers who are anxious to know the actual cost of the whole undertaking, I have noted down roughly my own general expenses.

Cost of filing homestead entry.....	\$14.00
Cost of lumber in floor and roof of soddy	50.00
Cost of work in building soddy.....	50.00
Cost of plastering soddy (with sand and clay)	7.00

A shack in any neighborhood costs much less now than when mine was built, as labor is not in such demand, and the lumber need now is hauled only thirty-five miles instead of seventy-five, as when I filed. In many localities, also, a frame shack may be bought second-hand for twenty-five or thirty dollars and hauled across country to the new claim.

Cost of digging and curbing my well	\$37.00
Cost of fencing in house and well with barbed wire.....	7.00
Cost of running the farm for three years (preparation of soil, seed, harvesting, threshing), about. . . .	\$200.00

Here the returns have not nearly equaled the output; but I did not expect them to, during these first years. The expense of making final proof is about \$18.00.

Clothes out here on the plains are a negligible expense, as we wear our clothes until they really wear out, regardless of the cut of sleeve or skirt; and, as was said of the Kansas pioneers a half century ago, we "dance blithely in the cast-off finery of our kinsfolk" back in the world! A little old red woolen frock that I brought out with me to make into a braided rug, served me instead a whole year as a "party gown!"

FOOD AND EQUIPMENT

Living expenses, as nearly as I can estimate, average three dollars a week for food, wood, coal, and oil for the lamp. Some things, like canned goods and coal-oil, are higher here than they are back in civilization; but milk, butter, and eggs are cheaper out here—when they can be gotten at all.

One can live much more expensively than this, even out here, where luxuries do not exist—especially if one lives on canned goods. Or one can live more cheaply by eliminating fresh milk, eggs and a liberal use of dried fruits; but in the lack of fresh meat and fresh fruit, these are really needed to make a balanced diet



ONE OF OUR FRIENDS.

Let no one who comes a-homesteading expect luxuries; for these, and even many simple comforts, cannot be had. Once, for four months on a stretch, I could not buy a single egg: the hens were not laying! And sometimes during the winter, for weeks at a time, butter cannot be had, while fresh fruit and fresh meat are always a rarity. These things, however, mean very little in the daily happiness of the plucky prairie-people, and the "needfuls" can always be found in some form. Canned milk can be kept on hand; or milk in a powdered form, which is cheaper than that in cans and equally good for cooking. There is an egg-powder, also, tested by experts, which will help tide one through the winter; and a wide variety of dried beans, peas and lentils, doubly precious in a meatless land. One grows weary of the sight of a tin can out here where there is a motley heap of them beside every abandoned shanty; so, whenever possible, I get things in the dried form instead of in cans or jars; corn, beans, fruits, bacon and dried beef. They are equally palatable this way, and much less expensive. Except in the worst years of drought, you can raise your own potatoes, lettuce, corn, beets and beans, drying your own sweet-corn for the winter, and harvesting your own winter supply of dried beans.

For those who inquire what equipment is needed, I would say, bring out very little besides clothes and bedding. The few things that are needed to furnish a shack (cot,

table, small stove, camp chairs, a few dishes and cooking utensils) can usually be gotten second hand from settlers who are proving up—or from the nearest town. For food supplies, some you will get from the country store, and others you will probably have freighted out from the East. I usually send an order East each fall.

Out on the plains, a woman must be her own laundress, so bring simple clothes; also a sweater coat, pair of strong shoes, and strong walking skirt.

Each woman homesteader should also have a light rifle, and know how to use it—to frighten hawks and coyotes from her chickens, and jack-rabbits from her garden patch, and add toothsome "cotton-tails" to her bill of fare, as well as to insure her own safety.

PRAIRIE FOLK

Tramps are never seen out here, for our little new hamlets are too far from the railroad; but folk of every station in life and every nationality drift to the prairies in quest of homes. One morning a Syrian peddler will pause at the door, the next a Russian peasant will inquire in broken English, direction on his way, or ask help in finding his wandering cow; or a blue-eyed Swede in a white-topped prairie schooner comes seeking a drink of water. Never have I met aught but perfect courtesy and frank kindness; but where strange folk are continually drifting past her door, no woman is warranted in living

TWO WOMEN HOMESTEADERS

utterly alone with no means of self-protection.

LIFE ON THE PLAINS

Several eager girls, yet in their teens, have written to ask how old they must be before they can file. There is a movement now on foot to lower the age limit to eighteen, but at present no one under twenty-one can enter a homestead claim; and, indeed, both men and women need the maturity of their full twenty-one years before entering upon so isolated and lonely a life. Even older folk occasionally have their heads turned by the first intoxicating taste of such wide, unwonted liberty; and the draught is sometimes too strong for young, untried natures, whom life has not yet inured to self-control. Besides, to bear with equanimity the loneliness and the inevitable discouragements and disappointments of frontier life, one needs that steadiness of courage and good cheer that usually comes only after the fitful enthusiasms of early youth are past.

Most difficult of all to answer are the letters from elderly women wistfully seeking a home, and from women broken by illness or grief, asking if it would be well for them, also, to seek a new life on the plains.

No one can solve this problem for another. Ask yourself—you who would be a homesteader—whether you are fitted for the life. Can you draw your happiness from within, or are you dependent upon

constant stimulus from without? Some natures cannot endure solitude, and to such the very immensity of the plains becomes in time a menace to sanity; the silence, that to another is fraught with healing, becomes a horror and a dread.

The homesteader's need not be a hermit-life; it may be warm with neighborly human interests; but there must come many lonely hours. Twilight, when the day's work is laid aside, seems ever, to me, the hardest time, and most full of wistful home-memories. But there are lonely hours in the city, too; and there, as here, one has to make one's own happiness. Always the days may be cheerily filled with work and gardening, books and sewing. Two brides-to-be wrought beautiful household embroideries for their wedding-chests while holding down their claims; and a group of college girls embroidered for themselves lovely lingerie which they never had found time for "back in the world." One girl carried on a long-postponed course with a correspondence school; another busied herself with her camera; while a dear old neighbor of mine pieced quilts for the grandchildren "back home," and cut and dyed countless balls of carpet strips to be woven into a rug for her daughter's home.

HARDSHIPS—AND COMPENSATIONS

There are hardships which you who would be a homesteader must face. Hail



ONE OF THE TASKS FOR THE WOMAN HOMESTEADER.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ZARATHUSTRA SIMS

may beat down your fields of grain, and drought may parch your green stretches of corn; the beans over which you have toiled so hard may be devastated by jack-rabbits, and your green peas laid low by cut-worms. And sickness may come—but kindness, then, comes, too; such delicate, understanding kindness as only folk who have the same hopes and the same handicaps can show one to another.

For the first weeks, the manual work is hard for muscles that are all unused to service; even the drawing of a pail of water seemed at first beyond my power. Washing has ever been my Waterloo; while cooking and housework seem always like a game, and my soddy like a playhouse of child-days. The very crudeness of our housekeeping equipment out here on the plains only makes it seem more like the old play-house time.

Yes, there are hardships; but there is health in the faces I meet upon the prairie-trails, and content in the clear eyes that smile frank greeting into mine, and hope—the miraculous, ever-renewed hope of the pioneer—behind the smile.

For every precious thing in life we must pay a price; and all the deprivations of homesteading have seemed to me but a little price to pay for air that is clean and pure as golden wine; and sunlight, straight from heaven, flooding plain and hill; and dim blue distances for the healing of weary eyes; and the big, blessed prairie silence for the healing of tired nerves.

"ON THE JOB"

From one of our friends.

THE most sensible word yet spoken within the English war zone was that of Lord Roberts—"Bobs." He counseled the British to stop inventing atrocity yarns about the Germans and to get on their job as fighters.

In different circumstances the advice is equally good here.

America has work to do. Get on the job.

If we never did another dollar's worth of business with the peoples at war, the loss wouldn't be one per cent of our total volume of business. Get on the job.

Our soil, though yielding this year products worth nine billions of dollars, is capable of yielding twenty billions or thirty billions every year. Get on the job.

Beneath Old Glory nature's resources are limitless. Get on the job.

Prosperity is what we make it. Get on the job.

As a man thinks, so is he. Think that the bottom is dropping out, that there's nothing ahead but trouble and, sure enough, the deuce is soon to pay. But chirp up, smile and go to the task of the hour with hope's banners flying, and sunshine soon clears the mists away.

As a matter of fact, there are mathematical proofs that business is on the rebound. Note the bank clearings, the foreign commerce figures, the car movements—all surer indexes.

Prosperity is plainly billing for a return engagement.

On the job, everybody!
Get busy!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ZARATHUSTRA SIMS

I DON'T know which is more ridiculous, a farmer trying to mail a letter in a city fire alarm box or a summer boarder trying to get maple syrup out of a hickory tree in August.

PARSON HUBBARD preaches "Love thy neighbor as thyself," but he admits that it isn't so easy when thy neighbor is an ornery cuss that never oils his windmill.

A SENSE of humor is a fine thing to have, but a good deal depends on whose corn it is and whose cow gets scratched up with barbed wire.

CALEB BELDEN says it's all right to be forehanded, but what's the use of cutting hay before the timothy's ripe, or shortening your life by overwork? But I notice he doesn't object seriously to Hannah's lopping off a couple of years of her life that way, if occasion offers.

HALF-WITTED KELLY can neither read nor write, but he exhibits a great admiration for education when he sees Eddie Thompson enjoying the post cards in the R. F. D. boxes at the cross roads.

I NEVER knew any one with a more abiding faith in Providence than Susan Beaman, but I notice she puts her trust in a feather bed during a thunder storm.

A NEW HOME IDEAL FOR THE ORPHAN



A NEW HOME IDEAL FOR THE ORPHAN: BY CLARA DE L. BERG

EUROPE is already stricken over her homeless, fatherless and often motherless children, and every month increases their number. Never, probably, in the history of the world, has humanity been confronted with a more vital and difficult problem than that presented by this widespread devastation which has deprived so many little ones of the comfort, care and even bare necessities of life that should be their rightful inheritance. And never before, surely, has there been a time when the world was ready to offer wider and more eager sympathy.

When we stop to consider that it is largely from these very thousands—nay, millions—of unfortunate children that the manhood

THE LOVELY CHEERFUL PLAYROOM IN THE NEW TYPE OF ORPHAN ASYLUM IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NEW YORK.

and womanhood of Europe's future must be drawn, we realize with peculiar poignancy how essential it is that they should receive the physical, mental and ethical training, and the wise, loving care needed to fit them for the tasks ahead—for the work of upbuilding a finer, saner citizenship and government in which such international disasters as the one we are now witnessing will become impossible.



THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE GROUP OF COTTAGES IN THE NEW HOME PLAN FOR CHILDREN: NOTE THE INLAID TILES BETWEEN THE UPPER WINDOW GROUPS.

A NEW HOME IDEAL FOR THE ORPHAN



COULD YOU PICTURE A MORE CHEERFUL PLACE FOR HOMELESS LITTLE FOLKS TO EAT IN?

In view, therefore, of this widespread orphan problem, the example presented by the Home which this article describes, seems particularly pertinent, for it holds a suggestion that should prove of value not only to America but also to Europe.

THIRTY little boys had just, after more or less tumult, been transported from the large brick barrack, which had sheltered their orphaned or destitute little lives, to the big cottage which was hereafter to be "home" to them. Thirty boys, ranging in age from six to sixteen, had inspected the thirty little white beds of the dormitory, each with its bordered counterpane, had gazed with lively interest at the sunny kitchen, where they were to cook their own food, and at the cheerful dining room where they were to serve and eat it, and had happily tried the chairs and acquainted themselves with the bookshelves in the many-windowed room where they would study or play. Twenty-nine boys were in high feather. But the thirtieth was sorrowful. He was a little chap—one of the youngest—and as he could not quite conceal his grief, he took refuge behind one of the flowered scrim window curtains and blinked mournfully out at what, had he been in a state to see clearly, would have appeared a very lovely stretch of country. Here a "visiting lady" found him.

"Why, Isaac, dear, what is the matter?"

Isaac swallowed a sob; then came the cause of his grief.

"I haven't any 'duties'!" he lamented.

Shades of *Oliver Twist*, shades of *Sara Creve!* Pathetic shadows of all mournful little creatures to whom this beautiful world has been a dreary prison house; for whom existence was a soul-killing and body-racking grind of toil! Here was a little child, child of a persecuted race, inured, in all probability, to poverty if not hardship since his birth, actually grieving because he was not to be allowed a daily stint of cooking, bedmaking, dishwashing, and housecleaning in this home which had offered to shelter him.

Nothing illustrates better, I think, the spirit in which the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society has wrought than this quick recognition, on the part of a young child, that life was to be truly a community affair not only in deed but in spirit, and that one is truly a member of a family when he shares not only its pleasures but its responsibilities.

The Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society is by no means a pioneer in achieving the physical expression of its ideal of the "cottage plan" and family life for the five or six hundred children confided to it. The movement started some years ago in England and has been adopted by three societies caring for children in the neighborhood of New York. However, the home of the Society, at Pleasantville, Westchester, opened just two years ago, is the latest of these cottage colonies for children and is most interesting and admirable in its adap-

A NEW HOME IDEAL FOR THE ORPHAN

tation of architectural and natural beauty to the needs of its big family.

Perhaps it would be better, in this connection, to use the word "families." Despite the maintenance of an *esprit de corps*, and the congregating of all the children in schoolhouse, workshop, and synagogue, the fundamental idea of its Director, Dr. Ludwig B. Bernstein, and of the men who have given him loyal and generous support, has been a real family and home life for each child, possible, of course, only in comparatively small groups, and to this end the seventeen cottages, each housing thirty boys or girls, and each under the care of a house-mother, are designed. The children are not allowed to visit from cottage to cottage, but they meet of course in school and on the playground, and within each cottage life is as unrestricted as is consistent with unselfishness and good manners. Under the direction of the housemother the children prepare and cook the food, which is of course sent from the central storehouse, serve it, wash the dishes, make the beds, and clean house. None of these duties interfere with school or with the studying of lessons, yet there is an hour of recreation every afternoon and half of Saturday for play or reading, either out of doors or in the cottage living room—a real living room, with bookcases, chairs for big and little people, tables, and games.

Planned and executed as a whole, the colony, set on a hill-encircled plateau in a

beautiful section of Westchester County, N. Y., is both impressive and pleasing. At the far end, approached by a broad driveway, stands the school and administration building, a two-story edifice of stucco, with red tiled roof, flanked by curving colonnades terminating in low buildings which serve respectively for workshop and domestic science hall. Behind and practically concealed by the central structure are the storehouses, bakery, power house, and the like. To the left, at the termination of another roadway, lies the white hospital building, used, as it has turned out, rather for the care of anemic children than for cases of illness, of which, in this healthful, active life, there are few. Ranged between the entrance and the school building, about the great, grassy quadrangle, lie the seventeen cottages, of stucco with roofs of red or green tiling, and insets of colored tiles. They are of two types, rectangular, with entrance in the middle, or consisting of two L's, set at right angles. However, a certain individuality is secured through the various potted plants and flowers that adorn the porches, and on one cottage there flaunts a large American flag. The cottage so distinguished is the "Honor Cottage" of the week, whose members have attained the highest mark for excellence of work and deportment.

Despite the dissimilarity in outward structure, the two types of houses are practically the same in interior arrangement, the



THEIR BEDS ARE IMMACULATE AND THE CHILDREN TAKE CARE OF THE SLEEPING ROOM THEMSELVES.

ground plan of each comprising a living room and a dining room, each running the entire depth of the house, with a staff member's room in the front and the kitchen in the rear. Above are two dormitories, separated by the hallway, the lavatory, and the housemother's apartment. On the attic floor are rooms and bath for teachers. Of one possibility—that of air and sunshine—the architects, Messrs. Harry A. Jacobs and Max G. Heidelberg, seem to have been keenly conscious. On three sides of each large room, close set windows admit sunlight, the clean air of Westchester, and a view over woods and meadows to the hills beyond. If bad behavior is the result of tired nerves—and how often it is!—a boy or girl must be indeed incorrigible who cannot find rest and sweetness in the call of a robin or savor of the new cut grass; who can look out at night from the security of a little white bed to the star-sown sky and the solemn, moonlit woods.

Fortunately for all concerned, a happy rule was adopted as to the furnishing of the cottages. The only gifts acceptable and indeed accepted were those in the form of money. Thus the possibility of the houses becoming dumping ground for discarded chairs and unsightly bureaus was avoided. In the second place, the Society, instead of leaving the purchase of its equipment to the haphazard supervision of a committee, or the more or less self-interested care of agents, accepted the services of Miss Elsa Oppenheimer, who not only was a trained decorator, but who had been connected with the Society as a club leader, knew its wants, and understood its spirit. Though limited in money and forced to conform to general outlines in all the cottages, Miss Oppenheimer has nevertheless succeeded, by various arrangements of color and material, in imparting a certain individuality to each. The floor rugs of one living room may be brown, with a general color scheme in window drapings and flower vases, of browns and yellows; in another, the tones may be green and dull red. One very successful room shows a floor painted a dull terra cotta, with Auburn made rugs of olive green banded in terra cotta, and green hangings of linen scrim. The walls are tinted the color of putty. One dining room shows willow-ware on its cabinet shelves, with hangings to match, and table runners of Russian crash embroidered in Delft blues (these last done by the girls them-

selves), another has white china and rose-bordered hangings. The dormitories suggest hospital rooms, with their white walls and little white iron beds, but on each bed is a white muslin cover banded with roses, and at the windows hang rose-dotted scrim curtains.

It might seem at first sight that this method of furnishing, involving, as it does, the salary of a decorator and variety in the articles bought, might mean undue expense, but this does not seem to be the case. While chairs, rugs, and the like are durable, as they needs must be, they are inexpensive. Furthermore, as the furnishing was planned as a whole and approved, down to the last detail, before purchases were made, unnecessary expenses were avoided.

Yet even were the cost greater, it would seem worth it to create in a child who has known only sordidness, ugliness, and poverty, a respect and understanding of beautiful things, no matter how simple. A teacher of the school recently observed that one of the hardest problems he had to contend with in the children under his care was their utter lack of respect for *things*. Having had practically no property of their own, and no proprietary interest in their former institutional home, the children showed no care or respect for the property of others. Of course it is early yet to boast of a decided improvement in this respect, but certainly the cottages are immaculate, and in view of the fact that thirty active children have lived, worked, and played in each, show remarkably few signs of wear.

Indeed, when we contrast this charming, homelike place with the average institution, we cannot help feeling that a very distinct and significant advance has been made, not merely in the matter of architecture, interior arrangement and beauty of furnishing, but especially in the spirit in which the home is conducted, and the methods by which the children are encouraged to take a personal interest and an individual responsibility in the various details of their environment.

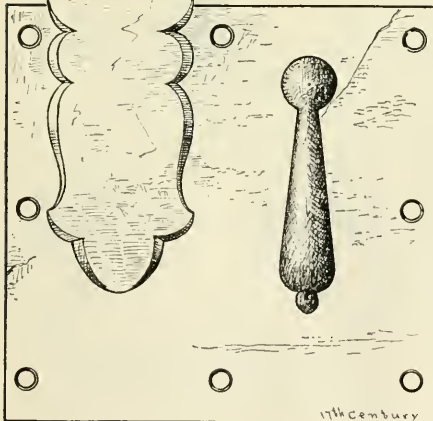
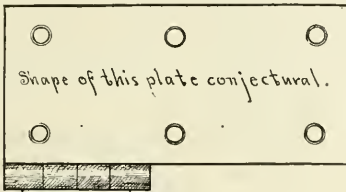
Surely a home wherein regular work, order, and cleanliness are not incompatible with a healthy, happy, mentally alert child—where and where to be deprived of one's "duties" is to be defrauded of honor and enjoyment, is a home from which shall come forth not only "useful citizens" but well-rounded, wholesome, and happy young men and young women.

CRAFT WORK IN BRASS

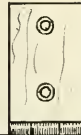
OLD ENGLISH BRASSES: BY JAMES THOMSON

TO round out and complete any architectural or cabinetmaking work, it is essential that visible metal work such as drawer handles, lockplates, etc., should accord with the style in which the article of woodwork is made. When representing some historic period it is the height of folly to fit a piece of furniture metal trimmings out of harmony with it. Colonial furniture is to be met with to which brasses of an altogether different period, if not character, have been at some time added. The Chippendale handle but ill accords with the more refined work of Hepplewhite and Sheraton, yet in many a modern instance the connection is observable.

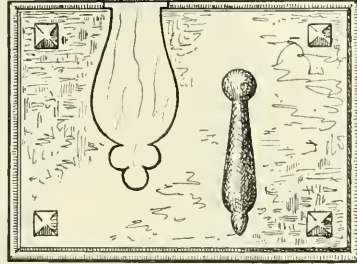
A quarter of a century ago there was difficulty in getting cabinet metal trimmings of good design. The makers of outside door trimmings imagined that the "usual thing" which was of no particular style



LOCKPLATE FROM A JACOBEOAN CHEST.



THESE LOCKPLATES WERE MADE FOR UTILITY AND STRENGTH, PRIMARILY: OUT OF THESE QUALITIES THEIR DECORATIVE OUTLINES GREW—AN EXAMPLE THAT MODERN WORKERS MIGHT WELL FOLLOW.



JACOBEOAN LOCKPLATE—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY



ELIZABETHAN LOCKPLATE, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

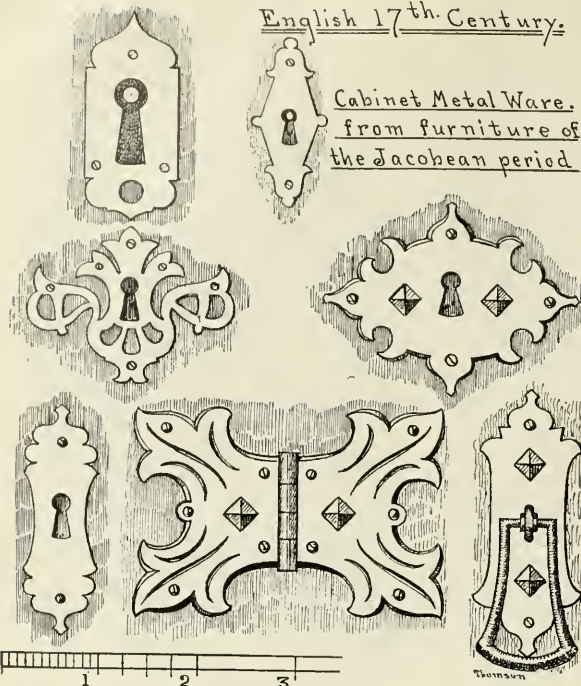
would adequately serve architectural purposes, which it in numberless cases most assuredly did not. In this exigency a well known Connecticut firm of lock makers sprang into the breach and began making a line of door hardware that was most artistic as regards design and beautifully executed. Such work of course was costly, but the time had arrived when people of taste with the means of gratifying their desires were willing to pay the price. Ten or twelve dollars for a single finger plate for an outside door seems a large price to pay, but all such hardware besides being beautifully cast, is hand chased and clean and sharp as a piece of jewelry.

There must have been a time in this country when cabinet metal trimmings were common enough, for on old Colonial pieces we rarely meet with handles and lockplates other than good. The beautiful elliptical handles of infinite variety to be met with

CRAFT WORK IN BRASS

English 17th. Century.

Cabinet Metal Ware.
from furniture of
the Jacobean period

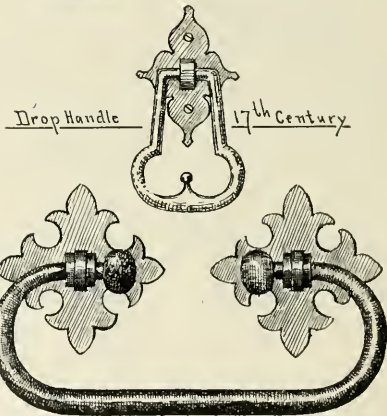


London Victoria and Albert Museum. From the illustrated, descriptive catalogue we learn that the development of the present immense brass-foundry trade in Birmingham had inception somewhere between the years 1689 and 1702. The manufacture of stamped goods as distinguished from articles that were cast was begun in 1769. A local brass founder at a later period improved the methods and adapted them to the manufacture of handles, escutcheons, etc. It is quite plain from these facts that Hepplewhite was quick to grasp the opportunity presented, where by appropriate handles and the like could be obtained at moderate cost to grace his case work. The Hepplewhite elliptic-shaped handles are always to be found of chaste design and beautifully executed.

on old Hepplewhite and Sheraton furniture must have been imported from England, and moreover, must have been especially designed for the products of the respective men. Be that as it may, there came a time when the fine and desirable brasses went out of fashion, and ugly wooden pulls of the rustic order of architecture became the rage. In Civil War times, and for many years thereafter, a tremendous business was done in producing the grape and vine-leaf atrocities.

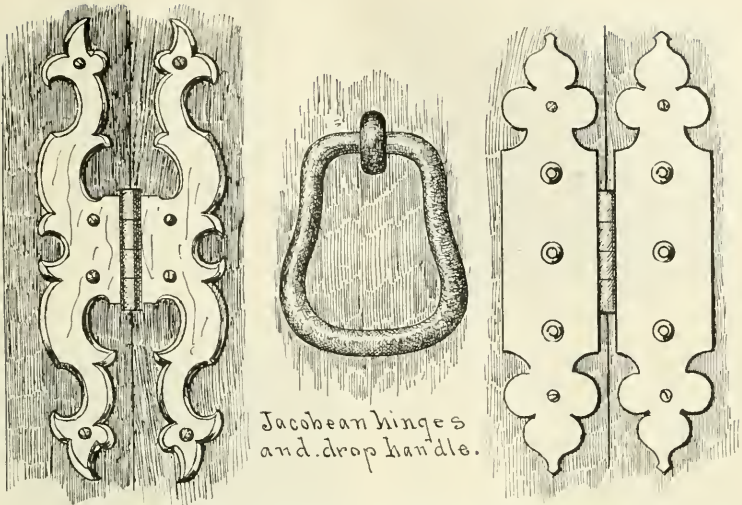
The drawings which illustrate this article are of old cabinet metal hardware from a variety of sources. The seventeenth century examples are well adapted for case-work designed on simple lines. The chest lockplates in all probability were fashioned in iron, but all other pieces were cast in brass.

The brass hinges of the year 1777 are representative of a collection of old English pattern books at present in the

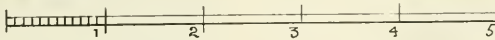


Seventeenth Century
Chest Handle.

CRAFT WORK IN BRASS



*Jacobean hinges
and drop handle.*



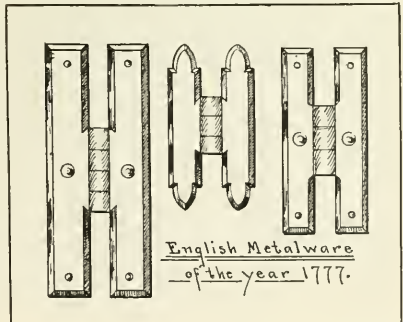
The men who made the steel dies from which such brasses were struck must have been men of taste. They did their work well.

The substantial qualities of these eighteenth century hinges are apparent from the sketches. Compare them with the flimsy "stamped from sheet metal" affairs that often do duty today. Present-day castings may frequently have a fair face, but the outlines are so rough as to set one's teeth on edge at appraisal of them. The beveled edge in the eighteenth century examples carries implication of prismatic quality not otherwise attainable. Careful filing is needed so that the miters shall be true. All this attention to detail tends to richness of effect.

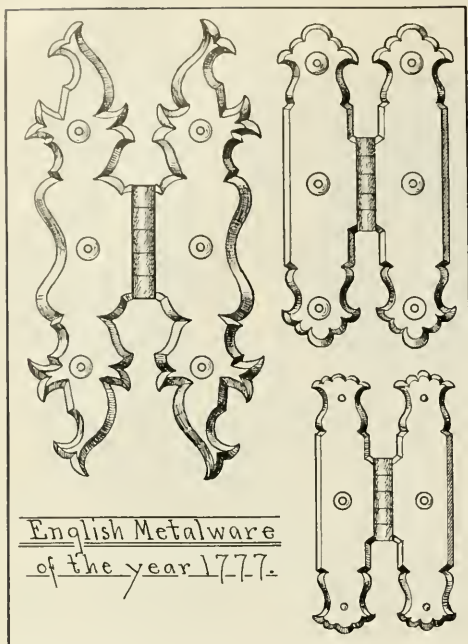
Up to a comparatively recent time cabinet doors were made flush with the pilaster. This explains the reason for the double hinge plate in these old-time examples; one plate being accorded the door, the other the pilaster. A hinge thus became a very symmetrical and decorative feature. The French designers of the Louis XIV and XV period changed all this, deeming the hinge plate but a relic of a ruder age. Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton and compeers followed suit, and not until the

time of the Eastlake craze in the seventies of the last century were brass hinge plates again to be seen on English furniture. The fashion lasted but a decade.

The late Jacobean style has a multiplicity of miters, but little carving. When made in ebonized oak and trimmed with handles and lockplates of oxidized silver the effect is particularly fine. A satisfactory greenish black can be imparted to oak by an application of a solution of copperas. Silver mounts most admirably round out such a scheme. In old European buildings the



CRAFT WORK IN BRASS



English Metalware
of the year 1777.

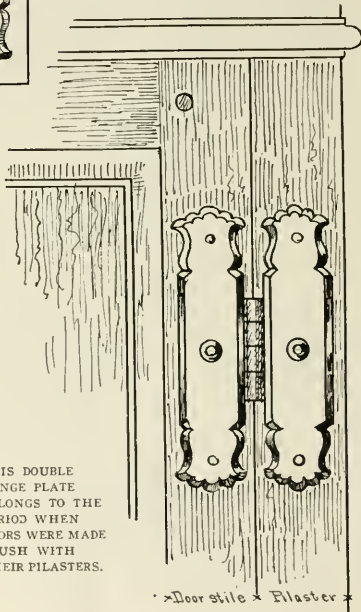
oaken woodwork is frequently to be found of a greenish black. Rain water from copper and iron gutters and conduits, operating through the centuries, is doubtless responsible for the black effect.

F W. BURGESS, in his recent book "Chats on Old Copper and Brass," makes the following note: "The metal work of the interior, such as lock plates, hinges, and door knobs, was frequently of brass, and very ornate some of these quaint old fittings are. Perhaps the most interesting are those which were much used on the more portable sideboards, corner cupboards and chests. It would appear that the extravagance in design reached its height when Chippendale's influence extended to the metal ornaments on the furniture, as well as to the scroll-work and carving of the woodwork. Some of this metal work gives evidence of Chinese influence, or as it was then called, Chinese taste, shown in the landscapes, palanquins, and Chinese trees and flowers, even in English metal work. The collector of

such things finds a wealth of brass in even escutcheons and handle plates.

"There is some very rich brass-work in the frames of the old banner screens, made of beautiful needle-work panels, over which so much time must have been spent. A remarkably fine banner holder in the Victoria and Albert Museum is typical of many others. We have only to look round the house and imagine how it looked a century ago to discover that the collectable objects of copper and brass, even when domestic utensils and curios have been removed, included many other objects besides those referred to which may be secured among the old shops and builders' odds and ends.

"It may at times be necessary to polish parts of curios which have been subjected to rough wear and are, therefore, badly scratched. A very fine file will remove scratches; fine emery will then make the surface quite smooth, after which it can be polished with rotten stone and oil, some adding a little turpentine."



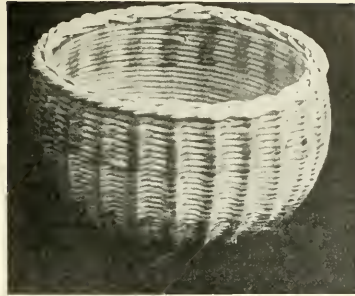
THIS DOUBLE
HINGE PLATE
BELONGS TO THE
PERIOD WHEN
DOORS WERE MADE
FLUSH WITH
THEIR PILASTERS.

* >Door stile * Pilaster *

THE WEAVING OF A POMO BASKET

A LESSON IN UNIQUE AND SIMPLE BASKETRY: BY CARRIE D. McCOMBER

IT was the tee weave of the Pomos, the famous Northern California basketmakers, of a giant jar-shaped basket in the Natural History Museum in New York which inspired the basket-covered bowl illustrated here. Prompted by the spirit of invention and a love for experiment, the writer departed from the Indian's way of putting the coil of her basket on the outside, and adopted the easier and more attractive method of using it on the inside with the

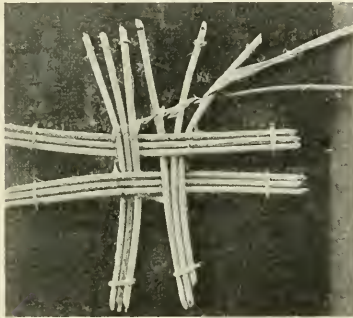


THE FINISHED POMO BASKET WOVEN TO FIT AND COVER A BOWL.

The wrapped twining weave and the Pomo tee weave, the latter one of the most famous basket stitches, are alike in being three-ply, each having warp, weft and wool, or, in amateur vernacular, spokes, coil and twiner.

Wrapped twining is far more easy to do than the tee weave. The coil of wrapped twining being inside is held in shape while working by the spokes which are outside. But in the tee weave, the coil being outside, its continual tendency is to escape. Moreover, to hold the coil taut, the tee weave requires two twiners, while one twiner is sufficient for wrapped twining.

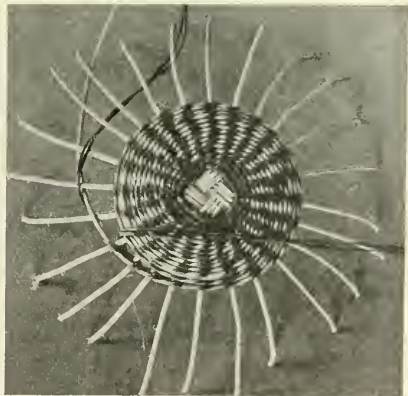
The Indian woman's patience and disregard of time were brought to the writer's attention when she counted the number of spokes in the big museum piece. In the



DETAIL NO. 1, SHOWING THE BEGINNING OF THE TEE WEAVE.

spokes outside. While imagining that she had discovered a weave all her own, she chanced upon a picture of a Smithsonian Institute basket which had come from Vancouver Island. And there was her own weave, well known to students of Indian basketry as "wrapped twining." Still further, it transpired that she was not even the first white woman to practice the weave. Yet she has never seen the weave except as she has produced it, and has never met any one else who has seen it, although she has trailed baskets all her life as naturally as the hunter tracks his quarry.

It is surprising that wrapped twining is so little known not only to Indians but also to white basketmakers. It is singularly tough and strong, easy to do, most attractive in appearance, and lends itself to any shape that suits round reed basketry. The only Indians to use it are a few tribes in Washington and on the ocean side of Vancouver Island.



DETAIL NO. 2, SHOWING THE COMBINATION OF REED AND RAFFIA IN PROCESS OF WEAVING.

THE WEAVING OF A POMO BASKET

seventy inches around the biggest part there were six hundred spokes. In a pretty basket of the wrapped twining which she herself had just finished there had been seventy spokes and it had taken an hour to make four circuits. Moreover, the coil of the Indian woman's basket was considerably finer, involving more coils in the same space. Some one else more mathematically inclined may calculate the weeks and months required for the Indian's great task, and add to it the labor of fetching the carex and willow from the edges of streams, and stripping, barking, curing and dyeing it.

The tee weave, though more difficult to accomplish than the wrapped twining, is very effective done with natural reed spokes and coil, and with brown or green raffia—a detail of this kind is shown. Spokes for this weave cannot be too close. The closer, the easier it will be to hold the coil in place. Work-baskets for hard wear and jardinières are particularly attractive in it.

Wrapped twining is at its best in fine work. The spokes as a rule should be coarser than the coil, the larger the spokes the more prominent the ribbed effect. A fine coil, on the other hand, makes the work close and strong. The spokes should never be more than $\frac{3}{8}$ inch apart.

The bowl shown was made for a flower holder over an ordinary plain glass finger bowl. No. 2 reed was used for spokes, and No. 1 for coil. To cover a bowl in this way, measure from top edge to top edge across the bottom of the bowl and allow eight inches more for spoke finish. The bowl here was eight inches from top edge to top edge around the bottom, and it was four inches across the top. Twelve spokes were cut sixteen inches long. They were interlaced in groups of three as shown in detail 1. Then a strand of raffia was looped over one group and woven around, over and under the groups twice, to bind them securely. Next a full-length reed sharpened at one end was placed back of the spokes and held firmly against one of the groups. A strand of raffia was looped over a spoke, the short end was held down with the coil and the long end was brought outside. It was passed across one spoke to the right, passed back between it and the next spoke, over and under the coil, and brought back outside through the opening that it went through in going back. This is the whole story of the weave.

Bend the spokes the shape of the bowl,

as the weaving progresses, and when the top is reached bend them in for a couple of rows to encase it firmly. Then sharpen the coil, cut off and finish off the raffia end. To make the spoke finish, have the spokes wet and supple. Bend each in front of the one at the right and in all the way around, threading the last through the loop made by the first; second row, bend each across the one at the right and out all around, threading it through the nearest opening; third row, pass each across the next at the right and in through the nearest loop. Draw the spokes very tight and cut them very short under the twist.

Few tools are needed for the work—a sharp knife, scissors and a coarse knitting needle or stiletto to make openings through which to thread the spokes. The reed should always be damp in working.

A basket of this kind may be begun in any way suited to a round reed basket. In making a larger basket where more spokes are needed than the ones used at the start, introduce new ones when the spokes begin to be too far apart. To do this, sharpen the ends of the new reeds and with a stiletto or big knitting needle to force an opening in the raffia stitchery, push the new spokes well down. Then continue as before.

To piece a coil, splice the ends of new and old by flattening both with a sharp knife and using the two ends together like one reed.

To piece the raffia, loop a strand over a spoke, hold the short end and the discontinued end down with the coil and work over them with the coil several times. Or the raffia may be threaded into a needle and caught into the weaving—this is sometimes the neater way.

The bowl shown here was stained with the juice of wild smilax berries gathered in the fall and simmered for several hours. Two shades were obtained by using the dye at different strengths. It was strained through cheesecloth before using. There is a strange difference in color, one being a greenish gray and the other a flesh tint.

A simple glass-lined basket of the character described seems somehow especially appropriate for holding wild flowers, as the plain yet decorative material and weave are naturally suggestive of outdoor things. But whatever purpose such basketry is put to, it will be sure to add a charmingly craftsman-like touch to one's home.

"THE NEW WORD—DEMOCRACY"

ALS IK KAN

"THE NEW WORD—DEMOCRACY"

The quotations in this article are from "Towards Democracy," by Edward Carpenter, the Great Democrat.

IN all directions, gulfs and yawning abysses, the ground of society cracking, the fire showing through, the old ties giving way beneath the strain, and the great pent heart heaving as though it would break—at the sound of the new word spoken—at the sound of the word—Democracy."

It is difficult to believe that these prophetic lines were written two years before the beginning of Europe's great tragedy. "In all directions, gulfs and yawning abysses." Certainly this is the condition in which we see a whole continent today. And if there is any hope out of this hideous blood-drenched contest for supremacy it must be found in "the new word—Democracy."

Every man in every nation is seeking to understand the meaning of this world-wide catastrophe. We have all gone past the time when we thought it worth while to blame any one nation or any one motive. We have ceased to ask whether England or Germany furnished the underlying cause. We have ceased to consider whether it would be better for the world if England should win, or if Germany should establish a universal militarism. We have, strangely enough, almost ceased to argue about it. And those who look beyond the mere news of the day are one and all turning their faces eagerly to the future. What can it mean? Where is our hope? The people of imagination have begun to insist, to demand, that out of all the torture, the slaughter of the young and old, there shall dawn some great spiritual triumph.

For the first time some of us have opened our eyes to the fact that there must be significances in the world beyond the material. We are compelled to say, this is not a war between France and Germany, Russia and Austria; it must be more, if "the ground of society is cracking, the fire showing through."

Surely the face of the whole world is changing, "the great pent heart heaving as though it would break." It is the universal heart that is breaking, and the great hope that must come cannot be born in any one nation. It must be universal. If all the

nations are being sacrificed in this holocaust of mankind, there can be only one sediment—brotherhood. We must seek a condition where "the riches of the Earth may go first and foremost to those who produce them . . . building up all uses and capacities of the land into the life of the masses."

If this fearful upheaval, this digging of trenches for the living, is but the spirit of the people wrenching itself free from the manifold bondage of ages, we may at last take heart. If each nation is struggling subconsciously to be placed "squarely on its own base, spreading out its people far and wide in honored usefulness upon the soil," we may dare to take breath, and the waiting, for those of us who must remain inactive, becomes conceivable.

With what shaking hearts we remember the boasts of our civilization, our talk of the superman, our superiority, our culture,—that poor, futile, mental ornament! How we have laughed at the lovely simple ways of primitive folk, scorned the joys of minstrel and bard and holy knight! We have put laurel leaves on our own brows and offered the acid cup to our brothers.

"On the outskirts of a great city, a street of fashionable mansions well withdrawn from all the noise and bustle; and in the street—the only figure there—in the middle of the road, in the bitter wind, red-nosed, thin-shawled, with ankles bare and old boots, a woman bent and haggard, croaking a dismal song.

"And the great windows stare upon her wretchedness and stare across the road upon each other, with big fool eyes; but not a door is opened, not a face is seen, nor form of life down all the dreary street, to certify the existence of humanity—other than hers."

Our civilization has for centuries cost us "women on the street," children in the shops, boys wasted with riches. Our true freedom has been lost, and our souls have been for sale in the market places.

"Who will learn Freedom? Lo! As the air blows, wafting the clinging aromatic scent of the balsam poplar, dear to me, or the sun-warm fragrance of wallflowers, tarrying here for a moment, then floating far down the road and away; or as the early light edging the hills, so calm, unprejudiced, open to all; so shall you find what you seek in men and women,"—in *the people*.

"Do you understand? To realize Freedom or Equality (for it comes to the same

thing)—for this hitherto, for you, the universe has rolled; for this, your life, possibly yet many lives; for this, death, many deaths; for this, desires, fears, complications, bewilderments, sufferings, hope, regret—all falling away at last duly before the Soul, before You . . . possessor of the password. . . . For this the heroes and lovers of all ages have laid down their lives, and nations like tigers have fought, knowing well that this life was a mere empty blob without Freedom. Where this makes itself known in a people or even in the soul of a single man or woman, there Democracy begins to exist.”

Everywhere today the seeing men and women are apprehensive; even those who have hope, fear complications and “many deaths,” and only if they can realize freedom in the future will it be possible to endure the tragedy that seems today circling the world. Do not misunderstand that I dream or believe that our own democracy, if it survives, will be equipped to tame the whole disorganized sorrowing world abroad and instruct it with the new spirit. The new birth of the old nations in Europe must come through their own travail; the new hope must be found in the heart of the people who have suffered. They alone can understand their own liberation, their own needs. The work for the reconstruction of a continent can only be undertaken by the reddened hands of its own tortured mankind.

America may advise, may help; from our blunders, which are many, the people of Europe may profit; our failures may stand out as sentinels to beckon them a new way. But a new and true democracy ever flourishes in the blood of the heroes sacrificed for her growth and is only fully nourished by mothers leading their children to the altars of their country. The flame cannot be handed from one nation's hearth to another's. The fire must be struck by each people in the terrific conflict which has destroyed old conditions. “Except the Lord build the House, their labor is but lost that build it.” The Lord is the fire burning deep in the hearts of men, clarifying and keeping pure and bright the essential need for freedom, and everywhere, in the course of time, aiding the soul's disentanglement.

Here in our own land if we survive all this bewilderment, if even further success should come to us through it, I feel that we must not look upon our added prosperity

with merely selfish joy, but seek to purify our own nation, from church to market place. We should demand for ourselves out of our own experience of generations a finer freedom, a more glorious democracy. We have had our own wars, our terrible birth-throes, and we should not forget them in our man's stature. If the promise of great prosperity which we hear all about us for the coming new year is realized, if we, almost alone among all the nations called civilized, are to survive, let us insist that this prosperity be for the whole land. Let us gain from the suffering of our friends on the other side of the ocean a higher understanding of the need of a world-brotherhood. If we are a nation governed by the people and for the people, may we truly prove it now as never before. With our eyes wide open through sympathy and sorrow, let us begin a new work for our country with our vision turned once more to the ideals for which our own fathers battled and died.

If the whole world across the ocean—Russian serf, Bavarian peasant, Austrian slave, British factoryman—are all giving their bodies for the torch which shall illumine the world, let us not stand back in the shadow, self-satisfied, inert. If our pride closes in upon us at this time and our own lamps burn low, we surely shall be the next called to account by that implacable master-workman—Fate.

Because at one time, at the beginning of our self-support, commercialism was so essential to this nation, we have to an extent let it master us. We have made it a god which we gladly worship rather than a means of establishing our country on a sure foundation for the benefit and comfort of the people. Why should we not at the beginning of the year permit ourselves to see sanely and wisely what is best for us all—claiming again for our people the simple life with beauty, the cultivation of art before affluence, the development of our children, strong, fair and happy, with muscles equal to the plow, with fingers supple for fine craft work, and with souls fearless and confident—the true children of a new democracy?

“Are you a carpenter, a mason, a grower of herbs and flowers, a breaker of horses? a wheel-wright, boat-builder, engine-tender, dockyard-laborer? do you take in washing or sewing, do you rock the youngest in the cradle with your foot while you knit stock-

BOOK REVIEWS



"A DUTCH GREENGROCERIE:" AN ETCHING BY SIR FRANK SHORT: FROM GEORGE T. PLOWMAN'S BOOK ON ETCHING, JUST PUBLISHED BY THE JOHN LANE COMPANY.

ings for the elder ones? It is well—weaning yourself from external results, learn the true purposes of things.

"With joy over the world, Democracy, born again, into heaven, over the mountain-peaks and the seas in the unfathomable air, screaming, with shouts of joy, whirling the nations with her breath, into heaven arising and passing.

"Government and laws and police then fall into their places—the earth gives her own laws; Democracy just begins to open her eyes and peep! and the rabble of unfaithful bishops, priests, generals, landlords, capitalists, kings, queens, patronisers and polite idlers goes scuttling down into general oblivion. Faithfulness emerges, self-reliance, self-help, passionate comradeship. Freedom emerges, the love of the land."

BOOK REVIEWS

ETCHING AND OTHER GRAPHIC ARTS: BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN

"THE fact that most etchings do not tell a story, lack the assistance of color, are not concerned with the mere copying of facts, thus leaving much to the imagination, tends to make this art less easily understood by the amateur," says Mr.

Plowman in the foreword to his practical book on the various processes of this interesting art. "The more numerous the conventions, the greater is the knowledge required for intelligent understanding. . . . The finest thoughts of the great Masters have often been expressed by a few lines and with the cheapest materials."

This peculiarly subtle quality of the etching is revealed in many of the reproductions with which the author illustrates his text, and especially in the two that we are showing here. The little street in Rome, with its group of dark figures in the foreground, the old lantern projecting from the shadowed wall at the left, and the irregular buildings beyond, all convey an appreciation of the picturesqueness which dwells in simple things when viewed by the artist from the angle of beauty. The "Dutch Greengrocerie" is equally appealing in its informal presentation of this intimate Old World scene.

The book contains chapters on pencil drawing and composition, pen drawing, wood engraving, lithography and line engraving, as well as eight chapters on the materials and processes of etching. Several examples of pencil and charcoal drawing are given, the most beautiful being that of the "Woolworth Building at Night," in which the pale tower rises mystically from



"IN ROME:" FROM AN ETCHING BY MR. PLOWMAN, THE FRONTISPIECE OF HIS NEW BOOK.

among the dark buildings. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 139 pages, with original etching frontispiece and 26 illustrations. Price \$1.50 net; postage extra.)

THE BOOK OF LITTLE HOUSES

THIS practical, handy little book will prove helpful to many people who are contemplating the planning and building of a home. It is written in a simple, non-technical style, and at the same time is full of useful facts and suggestions. The first chapter, on "What Experience Has Taught House Builders," contains numerous hints as to general planning as well as minor but important details, attention to which may save future disappointments. The book is illustrated with views and floor plans of various types of small houses, cottages and bungalows for suburbs and country, a study of which reveals many ingeni-

ous and attractive features. Especially interesting is the last chapter, on "The Sleeping Porch—As It Should Be," which includes several diagrams showing convenient arrangements and forms of equipment. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 107 pages, with eleven plates and many text cuts. Price 50 cents.)

MANUAL OF PLAY: BY WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

MOTHERS, kindergarten teachers and all who are interested in children and their play, and who realize the need for directing the play spirit into wise channels, will find this well-written, comprehensive book an invaluable aid. Perhaps the most significant thing about it is that it is not written from the standpoint of scientific, organized recreation which has been so much talked of recently. Rather it deals with the subject in a spontaneous, natural manner, and although the chapters are systematically arranged and the treatment of each topic is based on sound psychological principles, the author advocates not so much the application of cut-and-dried scientific rules to children's games, but more the development, through sympathetic supervision, of those imaginative powers which every child displays.

The pages are full of suggestions showing how parents may join in the games of the little people as well as help the latter to play by themselves. Dolls, toys, balls, imaginative play, constructive play, laughter play, games with pets, games of experimentation, neighborhood play—these and other delightful phases are handled in an understanding, interesting and often humorous manner. (Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 348 pages. 18 illustrations. Price \$1.50 net.)

PERSONALITY PLUS: BY EDNA FERBER

THIS entertaining book is full of amusing and philosophical sidelights on American commercial life. *Emma McChesney*, that up-to-date business woman who "also was old-fashioned enough to be a mother," and her sprightly young son *Jock*, fresh from college, are the main personages, and their various experiences are recorded in the author's characteristic snappy style—with which readers of the current magazines are by this time familiar. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Com-

BOOK REVIEWS

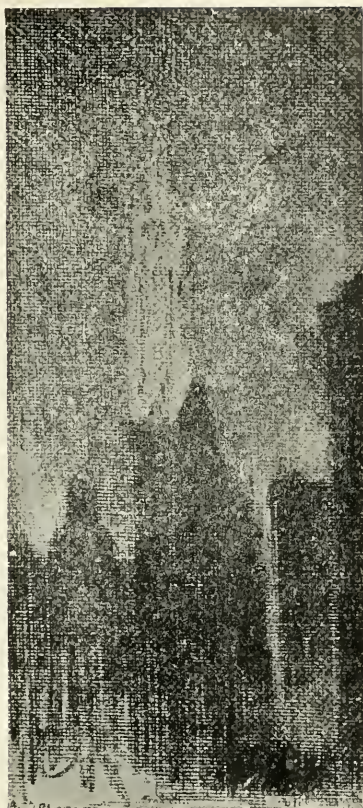
pany, New York. 161 pages. 15 illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg. Price \$1.00 net.)

POTTERY FOR ARTISTS, CRAFTSMEN AND TEACHERS: BY GEORGE J. COX

A BRIEF historical sketch of this interesting craft, and fifteen carefully written chapters upon its various technical phases, illustrated with many practical and decorative drawings, will be found in this convenient little volume. Different kinds of glazes and pastes are discussed, the building up of pottery shapes is described, and the processes of molding, casting and pressing are set forth in detail. Jigger and jolley work, thrown shapes, turning or shaving, are also among the subjects treated—likewise, the art of tile-making, and the processes of drying, finishing, firing, glazing and decorating. A plan is given for the arrangement of a small pottery, and its equipment is described in a way that should be most helpful to those who intend to launch a project of this nature. Indeed, the book is full of practical advice and useful hints to the student and amateur who wish to familiarize themselves with the technique of this delightful work. A few quotations and illustrations from the book will be found in a special pottery article on page 377 of this magazine. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 200 pages, with illustrations by the author. Price \$1.25 net.)

ART METALCRAFT WITH INEXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT: BY ARTHUR F. PAYNE

THE first portion of this practical treatise on metal work deals with materials and equipment, tells of the production of copper, ores, methods of extracting and how to color and finish metals. But the main portion treats of the processes to be followed in making articles, from the simplest watch fobs, hat pins, paper knives, blotter backs and corners of copper and brass to the elaborate shaping and engraving of silver spoons and jewel boxes. It gives detailed instruction in soft soldering, straight bending, lapping, saw piercing, riveting, seaming, raising of design, beating down, fluting and modeling, and shows ways of chasing designs for engraving, etc. In fact it is a complete and helpful text



"WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK, AT NIGHT:"
FROM A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN.

book, written by a teacher of many years' experience for use in schools and home workshops. It is profusely illustrated, clearly written, well printed. (Published by The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Illinois. 187 pages. 159 illustrations. Price, post paid, \$1.50.)

STORIES FROM WAGNER: BY J. WALKER MC SPADDEN

WAGNER enthusiasts will welcome this pleasantly written volume of legends, which are illustrated with sixteen color plates by H. Heindrich and F. Lecke that add a vivid note to the romantic tales. The following themes are

covered: The Ring of the Curse (The Rhine-Gold, the War Maidens, Siegfried the Fearless, and the Downfall of the Gods); Parsifal the Pure; Lohengrin, the Knight of Song; the Master Singers; Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes; the Flying Dutchman; and Tristan and Isolde. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 282 pages. 16 illustrations. Price \$1.50 net.)

BULFINCH'S MYTHOLOGY

IN this compact and delightful volume are included Thomas Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," "The Age of Chivalry," and "Legends of Charlemagne," revised, enlarged and supplemented with many illustrations. Both the student and the general reader will welcome this mythological treasure-house, with all its classic tales, its humorous and tragic legends, grotesque and whimsical traditions that have gathered around the names of the characters of ancient myth and early history—legends which run, like vivid-colored threads, through the world's literature, past and present.

Stories of the gods and heroes of Greece and Rome; romances of King Arthur and his Round-Table Knights; folk-lore of the Welsh and the ancient Britons; adventurous recitals of knightly deeds in the days of the great Charlemagne—all are told in simple, picturesque and interesting fashion (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company New York. 912 pages. Illustrated. Price \$1.50 net.)

SOUL-SPUR: BY RICHARD WIGHTMAN

THIS friendly book, in spite of the trace of affectation in its title, holds some charmingly informal essays and talks on various topics of general interest. There are pleasant reminiscences, philosophical discussions, comments on men and things, with here and there some brief verses, written very simply and with a human, kindly feeling. As a gift for a friend, the book would be particularly welcome.

Here is an extract that gives some idea of the flavor of the pages:

"There are two sorts of discontent. The first of these is named Complaint. . . The second form bears a sweeter name—Aspiration. . . The sons of aspiration—the children of this dear discontent—are the salt of the earth. They save and savor the life

of every human community. They are calmly busy with the deeds of the present hour, and when, by industry and experience, they add skill to skill they are gratefully glad. They have made certain discoveries and thereby gained certain wisdoms. They have found that art is work, and that good work is always artistic; that though a necessary task may be menial it need never be mean; that the only way to adorn a profession is to practice it well; that fidelity in little things holds the promise of big things and the qualification to do them with honorable efficiency." (Published by The Century Co., New York. 204 pages. Frontispiece. Price \$1.25 net.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"THE Renaissance of the Greek Ideal," by Diana Watts. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company. 180 pages. 104 full-page illustrations from photographs and cinematographs. Price \$5.00 net.

"The Man Napoleon," by William Henry Hudson. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 230 pages, with 16 illustrations in color. \$1.50 net; postage 15 cents.

"Women of the Classics," by Mary Sturgeon. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 288 pages, with 16 photogravures. Price \$2.50 net; postage 25 cents.

"Drift and Mastery: An Attempt to Diagnose the Current Unrest," by Walter Lippmann. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 334 pages. Price \$1.50 net.

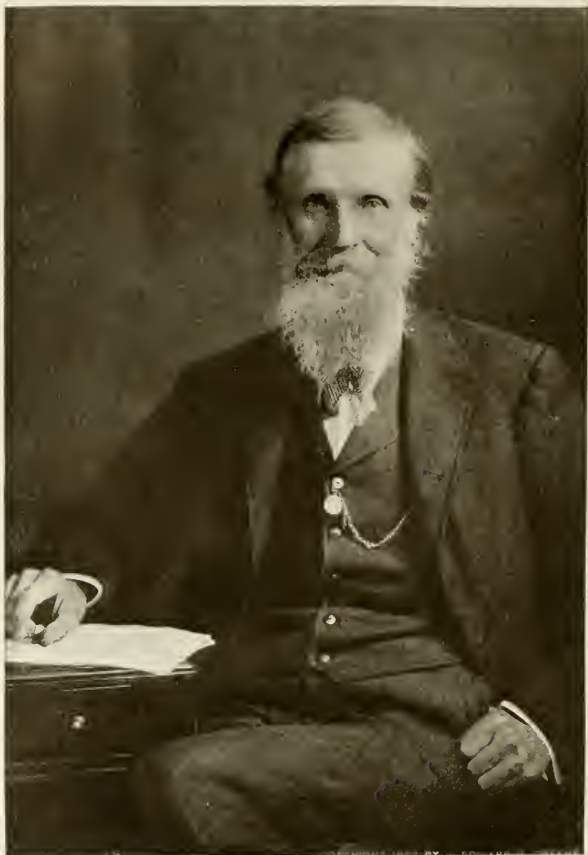
"The Great War: From the Assassination of the Archduke to the Fall of Antwerp, with New Maps," by Frank H. Simonds. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 256 pages. Price \$1.25 net.

"The Spirit of Life," by Mowry Saben. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 253 pages. Price \$1.50 net.

"The Way of the Strong," by Ridgwell Cullum. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 447 pages. 4 illustrations. Price \$1.35 net.

"Art Talks with Ranger," by Raley Husted Bell. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 180 pages. Price \$1.50.

"The Sport of Collecting," by Sir Martin Conway. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company New York. 147 pages. 26 illustrations. Price \$2.00 net.



See page 470.

JOHN MUIR OF CALIFORNIA, POET,
NATURALIST, PHILOSOPHER, FRIEND.



THE CRAFTSMAN



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“MY PEOPLE:” BY ROBERT HENRI

EDITOR'S NOTE—Robert Henri's paintings of the people of France, Holland, Spain and Ireland are famous the world over. During the past summer he painted the people of most vital interest to him in California and the Southwest. The following article was written at the request of THE CRAFTSMAN, that our readers might more fully understand and enjoy his point of view as a painter of people.



THE people I like to paint are “my people,” whoever they may be, wherever they may exist, the people through whom dignity of life is manifest, that is, who are in some way expressing themselves naturally along the lines Nature intended for them. My people may be old or young, rich or poor, I may speak their language or I may communicate with them only by gestures. But wherever I find them, the Indian at work in the white man's way, the Spanish gypsy moving back to the freedom of the hills, the little boy, quiet and reticent before the stranger, my interest is awakened and my impulse immediately is to tell about them through my own language—drawing and painting in color.

I find as I go out, from one land to another seeking “my people,” that I have none of that cruel, fearful possession known as patriotism; no blind, intense devotion for an institution that has stiffened in chains of its own making. My love of mankind is individual, not national, and always I find the race expressed in the individual. And so I am “patriotic” only about what I admire, and my devotion to humanity burns up as brightly for Europe as for America; it flares up as swiftly for Mexico if I am painting the peon there; it warms toward the bull-fighter in Spain, if, in spite of its cruelty, there is that element in his art which I find beautiful; it intensifies before the Irish peasant whose love, poetry, simplicity and humor have enriched my existence, just as completely as though each of these people were of my own country and my own hearthstone. Everywhere I see at times this beautiful expression of the dignity of life, to which I respond with a wish to preserve this beauty of humanity for my friends to enjoy.

This thing that I call *dignity* in a human being is inevitably the result of an established order in the universe. Everything that is beautiful is orderly, and there can be no order unless things are in their right relation to each other. Of this right relation throughout the world beauty is born. A musical scale, the sword motif for

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instance in the Ring, is order in sound; sculpture as Donatello saw it, big, sure, infinite, is order in proportion; painting, in which the artist has the wisdom that ordained the rainbow is order in color; poetry,—Whitman, Ibsen, Shelley, each its supreme order in verbal expression. It is not too much to say that art is the noting of the existence of order throughout the world, and so, order stirs imagination and inspires one to reproduce this beautiful relationship existing in the universe, as best one can. Everywhere I find that the moment order in Nature is understood and freely shown, the result is nobility;—the Irish peasant has nobility of language and facial expression; the North American Indian has nobility of poise, of gesture; nearly all children have nobility of impulse. This orderliness must exist or the world could not hold together, and it is a vision of orderliness that enables the artist along any line whatsoever to capture and present through his imagination the wonder that stimulates life.

It is disorder in the mind of man that produces chaos of the kind that brings about such a war as we are today overwhelmed with. It is the failure to see the various phases of life in their ultimate relation that brings about militarism, slavery, the longing of one nation to conquer another, the willingness to destroy for selfish, unhuman purposes. Any right understanding of the proper relation of man to man and man to the universe would make war impossible.

The revolutionary parties that break away from old institutions, from dead organizations are always headed by men with a vision of order, with men who realize that there must be a balance in life, so much of what is good for each man, so much to test the sinews of his soul, so much to stimulate his joy. But the war machine is invented and run by the few for the few. There is no order in the seclusion of the world's good for the minority, and the battle for this proves the complete disorganization of the minds who institute it. War is impossible without institutionalism, and institutionalism is the most destructive agent to peace or beauty. When the poet, the painter, the scientist, the inventor, the laboring man, the philosopher, see the need of working together for the welfare of the race, a beautiful order will be the result and war will be as impossible as peace is today.

ALTHOUGH all fundamental principles of Nature are orderly, humanity needs a fine, sure freedom to express these principles. When they are expressed freely, we find grace, wisdom, joy. We only ask for each person the freedom which we accord to Nature when we attempt to hold her within our grasp. If we are cultivating fruit in an orchard, we wish that particular fruit to grow in its own

BY ROBERT HENRI

way; we give it the soil it needs, the amount of moisture, the amount of care, but we do not treat the apple tree as we would the pear tree or the peach tree as we would the vineyard on the hillside. Each is allowed the freedom of its own kind and the result is the perfection of growth which can be accomplished in no other way. The time must come when the same freedom is allowed the individual; each in his own way must develop according to Nature's purpose, the body must be but the channel for the expression of purpose, interest, emotion, labor. Everywhere freedom must be the sign of reason.

We are living in a strange civilization. Our minds and souls are so overlaid with fear, with artificiality, that often we do not even recognize beauty. It is this fear, this lack of direct vision of truth that brings about all the disaster the world holds, and how little opportunity we give any people for casting off fear, for living simply and naturally. When they do, first of all we fear them, then we condemn them. It is only if they are great enough to outlive our condemnation that we accept them.

Always we would try to tie down the great to our little nationalism; whereas every great artist is a man who has freed himself from his family, his nation, his race. Every man who has shown the world the way to beauty, to true culture, has been a rebel, a "universal" without patriotism, without home, who has found his people everywhere, a man whom all the world recognizes, accepts, whether he speaks through music, painting, words or form.

Each genius differs only from the mass in that he has found freedom for his greatness; the greatness is everywhere, in every man, in every child. What our civilization is busy doing mainly, is smothering greatness. It is a strange anomaly; we destroy what we love and we reverence what we destroy. The genius who is great enough to cut through our restraint wins our applause; yet if we have our own way we restrain him. We build up the institution on the cornerstone of genius and then we begin to establish our rules and our laws, until we have made all expression within the commonplace. We build up our religion upon the life of the freest men that ever lived, the men who refused all limitation, all boundaries, all race kinship, all family ties; and then we circumscribe our religion until the power that comes from the organization blinds and binds its adherents. We would circumscribe our music, we would limit the expression of our painter, we would curb our sculpture, we would have a fixed form for our poet if we could. Fortunately, however, the great, significant, splendid impulse for beauty can force its way through every boundary. Wagner can break through every musical limitation ever established, Rodin can mold his own outline of the

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universe, Whitman can utter truths so burning that the edge of the sonnet, roundelay, or epic is destroyed, Millet meets his peasant in the field and the Academy forgets to order his method of telling the world of this immemorial encounter.

I am always sorry for the Puritan, for he guided his life against desire and against nature. He found what he thought was comfort, for he believed the spirit's safety was in negation, but he has never given the world one minute's joy or produced one symbol of the beautiful order of Nature. He sought peace in bondage and his spirit became a prisoner.

TECHNIQUE is to me merely a language, and as I see life more and more clearly, growing older, I have but one intention and that is to make my language as clear and simple and sincere as is humanly possible. I believe one should study ways and means all the while to express one's idea of life more clearly. The language of color must of necessity vary. There are great things in the world to paint, night, day, brilliant moments, sunrise, a people in the joy of freedom; and there are sad times, half tones in the expression of humanity, so there must be an infinite variety in one's language. *But language can be of no value for its own sake, it is so only as it expresses the infinite moods and growth of humanity.* An artist must first of all respond to his subject, he must be filled with emotion toward that subject and then he must make his technique so sincere, so translucent that it may be forgotten, the value of the subject shining through it. To my mind a fanciful, eccentric technique only hides the matter to be presented and for that reason is not only out of place, but dangerous, wrong.

All my life I have refused to be for or against parties, for or against nations, for or against people. I never seek novelty or the eccentric; I do not go from land to land to contrast civilizations. I seek only, wherever I go, for symbols of greatness, and as I have already said, they may be found in the eyes of a child, in the movement of a gladiator, in the heart of a gypsy, in twilight in Ireland or in moonrise over the deserts. To hold the spirit of greatness is in my mind what the world was created for. The human body is beautiful as this spirit shines through, and art is great as it translates and embodies this spirit.

Since my return from the Southwest, where I saw many great things in a variety of human forms,—the little Chinese-American girl, who has found coquetry in new freedom; the peon, a symbol of a destroyed civilization in Mexico, and the Indian who works as one in slavery and dreams as a man in still places—I have been



"TAM GAN," FROM A PAINTING MADE
IN THE SOUTHWEST BY ROBERT HENRI.



"YEN TSIDI" (GROUND SPARROW),
FROM A PAINTING MADE IN THE
SOUTHWEST BY ROBERT HENRI.



"RAMON—A MEXICAN," FROM A
PAINTING BY ROBERT HENRI.



"JIM LEE." FROM A PAINT-
ING MADE IN THE SOUTH-
WEST BY ROBERT HENRI.

BY ROBERT HENRI

reproached with not adding to my study of these people the background of their lives. This has astonished me because all their lives are in their expressions, in their eyes, their movements, or they are not worth translating into art. I was not interested in these people to sentimentalize over them, to mourn over the fact that we have destroyed the Indian, that we are changing the shy Chinese girl into a soubrette, that our progress through Mexico leaves a demoralized race like the peons. This is not what I am on the outlook for. I am looking at each individual with the eager hope of finding there something of the dignity of life, the humor, the humanity, the kindness, something of the order that will rescue the race and the nation. That is what I have wanted to talk about and nothing else. The landscape, the houses, the workshop of these people are not necessary. I do not wish to explain these people, I do not wish to preach through them, I only want to find whatever of the *great spirit* there is in the Southwest. If I can hold it on my canvas I am satisfied, for after all, every race, every individual in the race must develop as Nature intended or become extinct. These things belong to the power of the ages. I am only seeking to capture what I have discovered in a few of the people. Every nation in the world in spite of itself, produces the occasional individual that does express in some sense this beauty, with enough freedom for natural growth. It is this element in people which is the essence of life, which springs out away from the institution, which is the reformation upon which the institution is founded, which laughs at all boundaries and which in every generation is the beginning, the birth of new greatness, which holds in solution all genius, all true progress, all significant beauty.

IT seems to me that this very truth accounts for the death of religions. The institutionalized religion doubts humanity, whereas truth itself rests upon faith in humanity. The minute we shut people up we are proving our distrust in them; if we believe in them we give them freedom, and through freedom they accomplish, and nothing else matters in the world. We harness up the horse, we destroy his very race instincts, and when we want a thrill for our souls we watch the flight of the eagle. This has been true from the beginning of time. It is better that every thought should be uttered freely, fearlessly, than that any great thought should be denied utterance for fear of evil. It is only through complete independence that all goodness can be spoken, that all purity can be found. Even indecency is bred of restriction not of freedom, for how can the spirit which controls the ethical side of life be trusted except through the poise that is gained by exercise? When we think honestly, we never

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desire individuals bound hand and foot, and the ethical side of man's nature we cannot picture as overwhelmed and smothered with regulations if we are to have a permanent human goodness; for restrictions hide vice, and freedom alone bears morality.

I wonder when, as a nation, we shall ever learn the difference between freedom and looseness, between restriction and destruction, —so far we certainly have not. When people have the courage to think honestly, they will live honestly, and only through transparent honesty of life will a new civilization be born. The people who think and live sincerely will bear children who have a vision of the truth, children living freely and beautifully. We must have health everywhere if we are to overcome such civilizations as we see falling to pieces today, not only health of body, but health of mind. Humanity today is diseased, it is proving itself diseased in murder, fire, hideous atrocity.

THE more health we have in life the fewer laws we will have, for health makes for happiness and laws for the destruction of both. If as little children, we were enabled to find life so simple, so transparent that all the beautiful order of it were revealed to us, if we knew the rhythm of Wagner, the outline of Pericles, if color were all about us beautifully related, we should acquire this health and have the vision to translate our lives into the most perfect art of any age or generation.

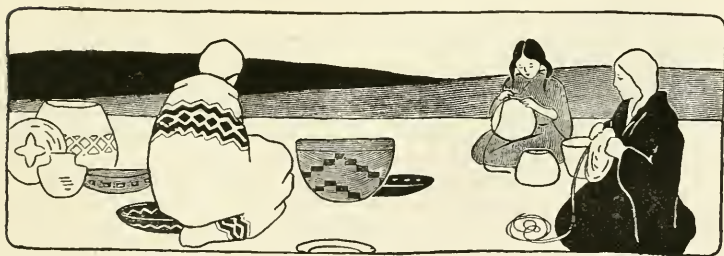
I sometimes wonder what my own work would have been if I could as a child have heard Wagner's music, played by great musicians. I am sure the rhythm of it would have influenced my own work for all time. If in addition to this great universal rhythm, I could have been surrounded by such art as Michaelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, where he paints neither religion nor paganism, but that third estate which Ibsen suggests "is greater than what we know;" if these things had been my environment, I feel that a greater freedom of understanding and sympathy would have come to me. Freedom is indeed the great sign which should be written on the brow of all childhood.

There are other things I should like to speak of which have been important to me as a painter. In addition to a sense of freedom, a sure belief that only the very essence of the universe was worth capturing and holding, perhaps one of the most valuable things for the painter to study is economy, which is necessary in every phase of life, almost the most valuable asset a man can possess. But in painting especially a man should learn to *select from all experience*, not only from his own but from that of all ages, essential beauty.

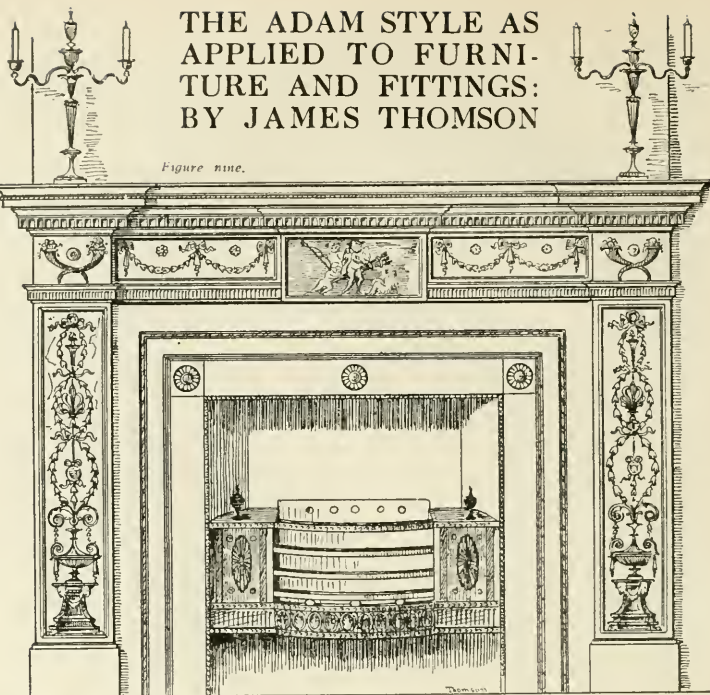
BY ROBERT HENRI

He should learn through wisdom to gather for his work only the vital and express that with the keenest delight and emotion. The art that has lasted through all ages has been culled in this way from often what seemed meager opportunity. Beethoven must have captured his Ninth Symphony only through the surest understanding of what was essential to hold and translate to the world. He was not listening carelessly or recklessly to the melody which is held on the edge of the infinite for the man with spiritual ears; rather he was eager, intense, sure, wise and economical as he gathered beauty and distilled it into that splendid harmony which must forever hold the world captive. And so all great music, great prose, everything beautiful must depend upon the sure, free measure with which it is garnered and put into language for the people, for each lovely thing has its intrinsic value and belongs in its own position for the world to study, understand and thrive upon.

In various ways the free people of the world will find and translate the beauty that exists for them; the musician most often in the hidden space of the world, the sculptor closer to nature, feeling her forms, needing her inspiration; the poet from the simple people in remote countries; the painter it seems to me, mainly from all kinds and conditions of people, from humanity in the making, in the living. Each man must seek for himself the people who hold the essential beauty, and each man must eventually say to himself as I do, "these are my people and all that I have I owe to them."



THE ADAM STYLE AS APPLIED TO FURNITURE AND FITTINGS: BY JAMES THOMSON



A beautiful Wedgwood-decorated Adam Mantelpiece in pure statuary marble. Panel decorations by Flaxman.



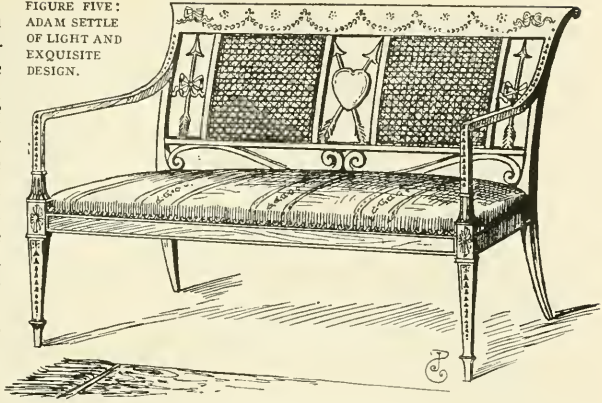
HERE is a veritable patrician amongst the styles, chaste, refined and possessor of character and distinction. An Adam dwelling is in fact but expression in the concrete of inward feeling refined, artistic and intellectual. Even in its hour of dilapidation, decadence and neglect, there is an air of gentility about it. The Adam style, therefore, whether in architecture or furnishings is one for the few rather than for the many. The appreciation of it implies some measure of cultivated feeling.

The product of a mind classically trained, of an eye sensitive to beauty of line and mass, of excellent judgment in the field of decorative endeavor, in the Adam style we have a most successful adaptation of ancient classic form to modern needs. It found favor with the cultivated Englishman of the latter half of the eighteenth century, as it

RARE EXAMPLES OF ADAM FURNITURE

also did with our own Colonials. The New England builders of the last quarter of the eighteenth century and first decade of the next were in large degree influenced in their operations by the publication in sev-

FIGURE FIVE:
ADAM SETTLE
OF LIGHT AND
EXQUISITE
DESIGN.



enteen hundred and seventy-eight of the Adam work on architecture. The fine old dwellings—of which fortunately many still remain to us—in Salem and Boston most admirably reflect the Adam taste. For this reason Chestnut Street in Salem, and the Beacon Hill district of Boston, are in aspect essentially English.

It is not however my present purpose to consider the purely architectural side of the style. The brothers Adam while distinguished architects and best known in that capacity, also designed carriages, sedan chairs, balustrades, ceilings, plate, firegrates, furniture, and usually succeeded in beautifying everything they touched. As they

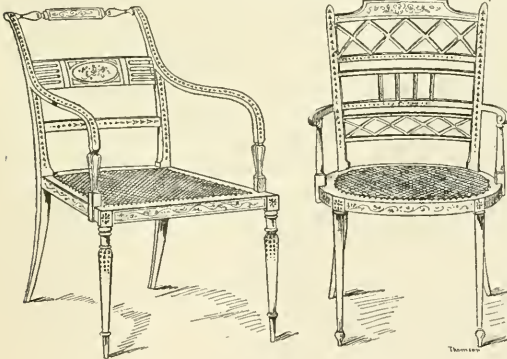


FIGURE SEVEN.

Chairs in the Adam style. Painted decoration.

published a book of designs in seventeen hundred and seventy-eight and reprints are now to be had, the character of the furniture for which they were responsible is easily established. The sketches which illustrate this article however were made from a private collection of prints from copperplate some quarter of a century old.

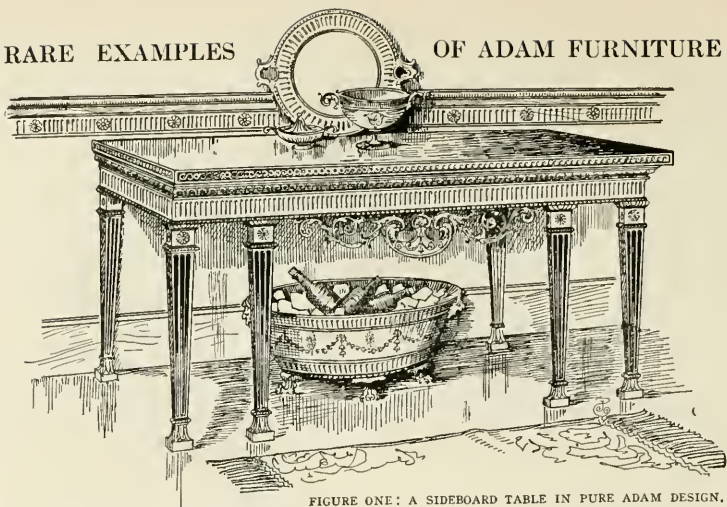


FIGURE ONE: A SIDEBOARD TABLE IN PURE ADAM DESIGN.

Robert Adam was the second of the four sons of William Adam and was born in Kirkealdy, Scotland, in seventeen hundred and twenty-eight. He came of a family of excellent social standing and condition. Early exhibiting a marked talent for drawing, and deciding to be an architect, he went to Italy and France in order to get a full grounding in the classic orders. At the expiration of four years, with a full notebook he returned to his native land and formed a partnership with his brother James. The names of Robert and James are usually coupled in published works; it is generally understood, however, that the quartet of brothers were in partnership, though perhaps not all draughtsmen or designers.

The Adam architectural influence was destined to be widespread and important. Among noted buildings that at present stand to the credit of the talented Scots is the Adelphi in London which was built in the year seventeen sixty-eight. It consists of the Terrace overlooking the river and neighboring streets, the names of which are respectively, John, James, Robert, William and Adam. Thus is the family name and those of the four brothers perpetuated.

To be adequately viewed, and appreciated at true worth, the Terrace must be taken in from the embankment, or better still, by a boat trip on the river. The haunting beauty of the Adam ceilings and mantelpieces has been testified to by many. They can of course only be correctly judged by a survey of the noted interiors which should not be difficult, considering that the buildings, many of them, are now devoted to business purposes.

RARE EXAMPLES OF ADAM FURNITURE

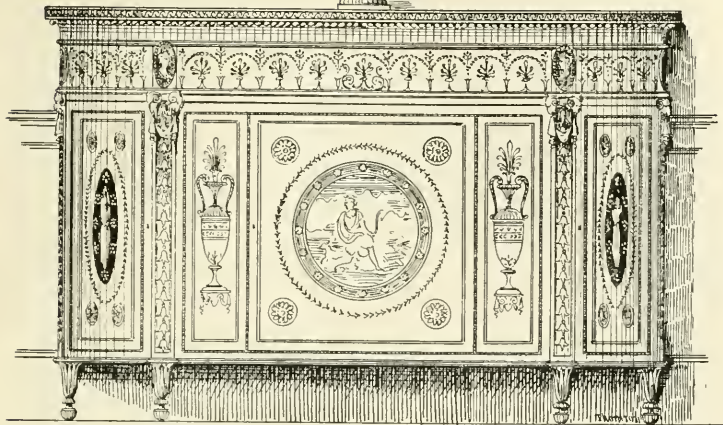


FIGURE EIGHT: DRAWING-ROOM CABINET, CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF ADAM PANEL DESIGN.

While the Terrace has fallen somewhat from ancient estate, there are still many distinguished people domiciled there, among the number being James M. Barrie, George Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, and Granville Barker.

Coming down to a consideration of the Adam examples which I herein have the pleasure of submitting, I would remark that the nearest the Adam brothers came to a sideboard is shown in our illustration the "Sideboard Table." In the center space, resting upon the floor, was sometimes placed the cellarette, in which, while diners were in action were kept the wines. In designs of sideboards by Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton the cellarette is in evidence.

In regard to the sideboard as a piece of dining-room furniture there are several in the South Kensington Museum that may pass for such, being catalogued under the name of *dressoir* or *dressoir de salle à manger*. They are small cupboards and would be called cabinets but for the drawers half way down and the rows of shelves at the top. In the Middle Ages the dressers were but covered boards or shelves against a wall on which plate was set, and were made three or more stages according to the splendor of the occasion. The cupboarded dresser of more modest pretensions was considered a piece of dining-room furniture. It was ordinarily covered with a piece of embroidery.

In this year of grace in the face of these easily ascertainable

RARE EXAMPLES OF ADAM FURNITURE .

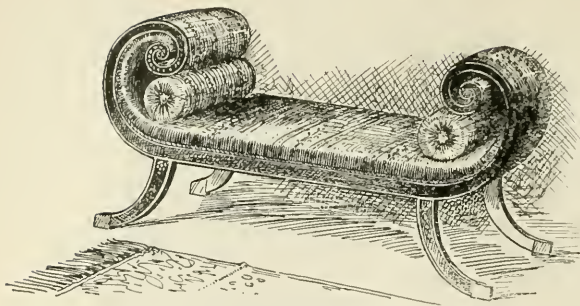


FIGURE SIX: ADAM SEAT SHOWING EMPIRE INFLUENCE.

difficult to improve on it. The legs are especially graceful, full of variety and altogether well thought out. "Repetition with variety" is the legend the Adam brothers ever kept in the foreground.

To more fully exemplify the beauty of Adam ornament I have in figure four submitted an enlarged drawing of a section of the framework of this table. The honeysuckle ornament is intended to be an inlay of wood which may be either lighter or darker than the ground.

Seats (and sofas of the kind with backs) after the manner of the one shown in figure six were designed by the Adam brothers, but in the Empire style are also to be found seats with similar scroll arms. This is not to be wondered at when we consider that the basis in both

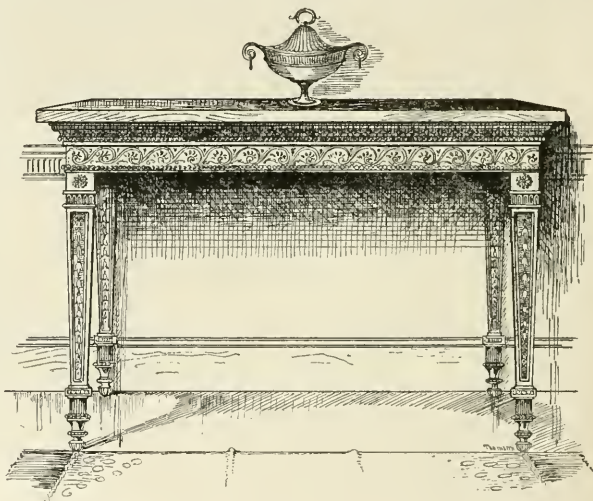


FIGURE THREE: A SECOND EXAMPLE OF THE BEAUTIFUL SIDEBOARD TABLE.

RARE EXAMPLES OF ADAM FURNITURE

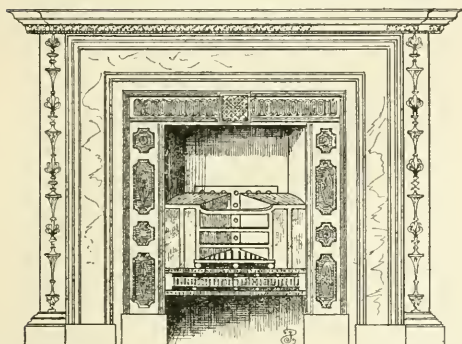
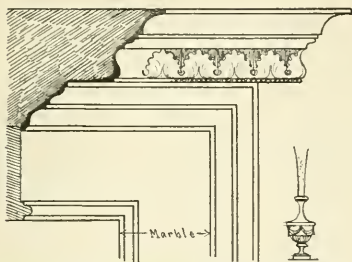


FIGURE TEN: ADAM MANTEL AND DETAIL FROM AN EXAMPLE TO BE SEEN IN THE GEFFRYE MUSEUM, LONDON.

ing on outline for effect, is to be commended for this class of work. There is little beauty in some decoration to be found on Adam chairs where the work is treated in a broad manner, the colors being jumbled and outlines scarcely noticeable.

In figure seven are two exceedingly graceful and withal substantial examples in the designers' daintiest mood. Cane was quite extensively employed, not only for seats and backs of chairs and sofas but for decorative purpose also.

instances was classically the same. Empire seats however were beautifully embellished with ormolu mounts. In the present instance the only brass is in the terminals or toes of legs. The woods used are mahogany and satinwood.

Adam chairs and sofas were in general light and graceful but nevertheless substantial, the material mahogany or satinwood, the ornament inlaid, and perhaps a little carving. When painted, lacquered or gilded, birch or cherry were employed. Painted or enameled chairs were embellished by ornament done in oils by the most celebrated artists of the day. Painted decoration after the Greek manner, depend-

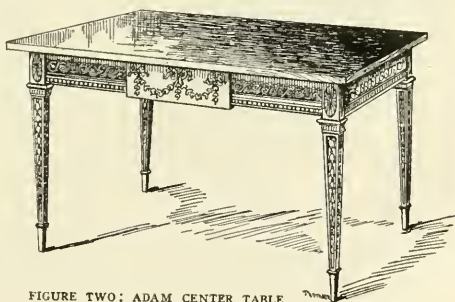


FIGURE TWO: ADAM CENTER TABLE.

RARE EXAMPLES OF ADAM FURNITURE

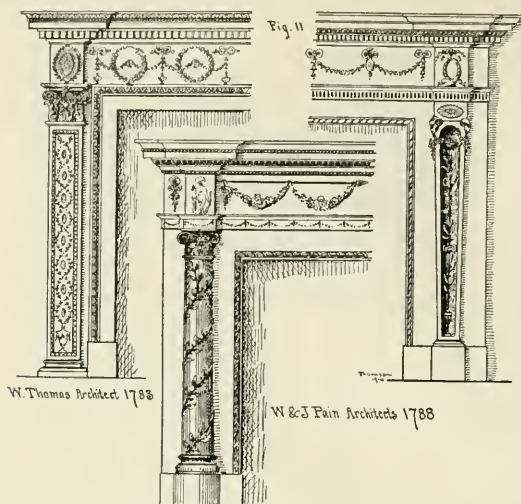


FIGURE ELEVEN: DETAILS IN DESIGNS OF MANTELS OF THIS PERIOD.

is a clumsy instrument compared with the tool of the copperplate engraver, hence at best the drawing but inadequately renders the spirit of the original.

No article on this subject would be complete without some reference to the Adam mantelpieces of which the talented brothers are credited with a large number. It was their custom to design the firegrates also, and many fine examples in that line are today to be found. From the art point of view these steel grates are far above the ordinary effort in that direction.

In figure nine is shown a very beautiful example in statuary marble. The drawing, made from a photograph, cannot of course convey any impression of the beauty of modeling in the Flaxman plaques. Some idea may be gained of the qualities of such work by examination of the decorations of Wedgwood ware.

Figure ten exhibits another Adam mantel of greater simplicity but equally as meritorious. The original is in the Geffrye Museum, London.

To Robert and James Adam is no doubt credited much that is fine which in all fairness should be assigned to others. In figure eleven are shown specimens of the product of eminent architects contemporary with the brothers. Without a doubt such designs

RARE EXAMPLES OF ADAM FURNITURE

would, in nine cases out of ten, be credited to the latter. Nor could the work be much bettered by anyone. The example of the designing skill of W. Thomas is particularly pleasing. To improve on it would be difficult.

Mantels, too, of an earlier period, save for a certain flamboyance in ornament, might pass for Adam product. The early Georgian work made use of the "five orders" but engrafted upon it was ornament of a naturalistic order. Early Colonial examples in this country are of this "Free Classic" order and just as beautiful and desirable as the product of Adam. Robert Kent (sixteen eighty-five to seventeen forty-eight) has left designs of some fine mantels. His outlines are as severely classical as are those of Adam, but the carving is of the school of Grinling Gibbons.

Adam furniture has been little known in this country which may be ascribed to the fact that the brothers worked for a clientèle essentially aristocratic. Made for the nobles and gentry, it became a fixture in the homes of the great until the breaking up of collections made it known to the public. A survey in the shops of antique dealers disclosed but very little furniture of the Adam stamp.

How little indeed was Adam furniture regarded, may be judged from the fact that in "Art Decoration Applied to Furniture," a book published by the Harpers in eighteen seventy-seven, the author being Harriet Prescott Spofford, there is no mention of it. "After exhausting the resources of the Congressional Library in the preparation of this book" the distinguished author devotes but a single paragraph to description of a looking-glass which after all seems to have been the work of another but equally skilled hand. From the naturalistic style of the carving, the frame obviously was not the work of Adam brothers. B. Pastorini and Pergolisi, contemporaries of Adam, were responsible for a lot of fine work of this character. The latter in seventeen seventy-seven published a book of designs of ceilings, looking-glasses, sconces, etc., which are characterized by felicity of line and airy grace. The fact is, that many talented compeers of Adam have been lost sight of in the shadows of a greater name. Everything of English eighteenth-century production that resembles

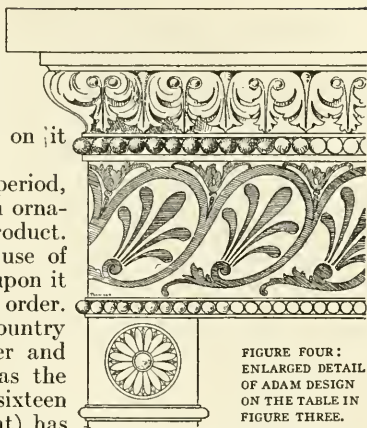


FIGURE FOUR:
ENLARGED DETAIL
OF ADAM DESIGN
ON THE TABLE IN
FIGURE THREE.

EXERCISE

the work of the Adam brothers has been forthwith assigned to them. Our cabinetmakers are today turning to the Adam style for inspiration. The charming center table shown in figure two when shorn of the elaborate running ornament around the frame, would come nearest of the submitted illustrations to the Adam furniture as at present offered in the American market.

Robert Adam has been acclaimed a genius. He was at least a most skilled adapter. Out of complex materials of a bygone age he erected a fabric that was new. Many another has attempted to do as much and failed. It is not given to all designers to know what to avoid. Robert Adam had the capacity to choose wisely. Delicacy and restraint are always in evidence in his work. It is the same qualities that supply the charm in our Colonial style. Once we begin to add ornament of a flamboyant kind the charm vanishes.

EXERCISE

EMMY brought in an armful of wood for the fire. "My dear," said her husband, "you shouldn't do that."

She lifted the heavy case of berries to the table and sat down to look them over.

"I'd help you if I wasn't waiting for Bates to come over and look at the new filly."

The grocer's boy deposited a dollar's worth of sugar on the floor and Emmy took it up and put it in the sugar pail on the lower pantry shelf.

"You really shouldn't," said her husband.

Finally she lugged the iron preserve kettle to the sink for the last time and went out for another pail of water.

"I hate to see you lift so, Emmy. My, how many glasses have you got? It's my favorite jam. I'll get you a case of cherries to-morrow."

Emmy went on getting up a hearty supper.

"Seems as if you didn't eat much," commented her husband. "Don't you want to walk down with me to-night while I finish that rubber with Stetson? The exercise will do you good."

GERTRUDE RUSSELL LEWIS.

JOHN MUIR: BY ELOISE ROORBACH



WHOEVER has had the memorable experience of sleeping for a night at the foot of a sequoia gigantea watching the moon peer through its branches, and the sugar pines like priests upon Sierra ridges, the stars sweeping over them with ordered march, heard the water ousel singing with the waterfalls, heard the thunderous booming of rivers leaping and plunging down mighty gorges, listened to the chant of storm winds, waded waist deep through flower meadows, seen the Douglas squirrels scamper up a yellow pine, the summer patch of snow upon the top of Half Dome, a storm breaking over Cloud's Rest,—whoever has learned to call the western trees and wild flowers by name, holds the name of John Muir in reverence. His name will be forever associated with mountains, forests, glaciers, storms, with the big, fundamental facts of nature, and, too, with its delicate, evanescent, poetic beauty.

His love and deep appreciation of the majesty of Nature was so intense it gave him interpreter's power; understanding her message he translated it so that all could understand. Many a novice has received initiation into Nature's sanctuary through the pages of his books. Before even Sierra's crags, forest trees and flower fields became mirrored forever upon my heart I had learned to call them all by name through the reading of his books. Through his writing I also became acquainted with the towering sequoias, the wonderful markings of the yellow pine, the storm twisted, fox-tail pines. His descriptions so exact, poetical, inspiring, caught my fancy, and remained so indelibly in my mind that I recognized them all on sight. Through his books I learned of the beauty of chrysoprased, ice-bound lakes, became enamored of dangerous passes, hungered and thirsted to see sphagnum meadows, yearned to hear the boom of distant waterfalls.

When at last I actually trod the trails he had described and saw for the first time flowers, trees, birds and animals he had spoken of they were all as familiar friends. When I first saw a rattlesnake crossing the trail just ahead of me, within easy striking distance, I had no fear, only intense interest, for John Muir had assured me it was a gentleman, would not strike unless I struck first. That serpent never coiled into a defensive circle, but gazed at me with the utmost dignity. I bore it no grudge for the trick its ancestors played mine when the world was young, though an avalanche of trouble fell upon the head of all my kind because we dared seek wisdom—a realm most jealously guarded by the sons of Adam.

When I met a funny brown bear, scraping the bark from a fallen log, hunting a luscious breakfast of ants, again I had no fear, for John Muir had taught me that bears were more fond of strawberries

THE PUPIL OF THE WESTERN WOODS

than of women for a diet, would not trouble himself to make a meal of us unless food was scarce and hard necessity forced him to a bitter meal. The knowledge gained from John Muir's books robbed me of fear, taught me what to do and what not to do out in the untried wilds, opening up a marvelous, beautiful, new world, where I could wander steeped in wonder and delight.

WHEN I actually met this world-renowned scientist, naturalist and poet face to face in his own realm, the Yosemite Valley, I knew him at once. The trumper's pack upon my back was introduction enough, it proclaimed me without the use of social ceremony one of the "initiated." As we talked of our familiar friends, the giant forests, Mt. Whitney, Kearsarge and Harrison Passes, the Tuolumne and Hetch Hetchy Valleys, of glaciers and national parks, of trees and butterflies, of desert nights and mountain sunrises, I became conscious of his unusual personality. His eyes were as clear as a mountain lake, bright as a delighted child's. It is the life of cities, not the weight of years that dulls our eyes, robs them of the divine gift of sight. His forehead was high, unwrinkled by anxious struggle for an easy place in the race for gain. His nose was sensitive, finely chiselled, the chin firmly modeled, step light and buoyant. He reminded me of a Douglas squirrel, that embodiment of vitality, that flash of joyous vigor. There was no doubt about his ability to climb mountains, explore treacherous glaciers; his whole personality radiated confidence, fearlessness and delight of life.

Once having heard that his favorite reading was the book of Job, I reread it trying to discover wherein lay its especial charm for him. This verse discovered everything to me: "Speak to the earth and it will teach thee." Who else has taught him? The wolves made Mowgli one of them, taught him the jungle password, "We be brother of one flesh, thou and I." So he walked the earth in charmed safety—"little friend of all the world." Some such password must have been given John Muir in the far vastnesses of the mountains. For he walked among them unharmed, possessed of all their secrets.

What Thoreau has done for the East, Muir has done for the West. Thoreau wrote of pastoral hills, the small wild life driven into woodlots and along the shore of little ponds by encroaching civilization. His careful observations were made within sound of a locomotive; John Muir wrote of wide, wild, primeval spaces, never before visited by man, far from the shrieks of locomotive. He followed the track of big game, sang of cataracts swirling and fuming over towering crags, of giant trees and jagged peaks. Both men have written accurately, poetically of things they knew and their works are monuments to eternal truths.



ORANGE, PURPLE AND WHITE ARE THE COLORS OF THIS GRACEFUL ORCHID, THE DENDROBIUM WARDIANUM.

THE MYSTERIOUS ORCHID: BY ALICE LOUNSBERRY

“**M**YSTERIOUS as an orchid, incomprehensible as its ways!” Perhaps it is this mystery in the haunts and growth of the orchid that have made her seem the Cleopatra among flowers, for more than any other growing thing she has cost men their peace of mind, their strength, even their very lives. In her natural haunts she is protected not by fire as Brunhilde in the woods of Valhalla, but by miasma, by seclusion, by the fury of wild beasts, by her inaccessibility and sometimes by the poisonous life which blooms about her, to which she clings, giving grace and destroying personality, for the orchid is not only a rare, proud, mysterious beauty but also a parasite. In the great kingdom of flowers she is among the few who seldom will work for her living, who will not stoop to gather strength from the earth. Wherever she rests, that tree, shrub or wasted trunk becomes a thing of joy, but in return

THE CLEOPATRA FLOWER

its individual life must be sacrificed to the alluring, white-winged, open-mouthed beauty who has selected it for support. The orchid indeed is a flower of the air, an ethereal, marvelous, living poem whose waywardness and strangeness, whose remoteness and exotic loveliness are the despair as well as delight of the gardener. "The rose looks fair, but fairer we deem it for that sweet odor which doth in it lie." And yet the rose with all her variety, delicacy of plumage, her heart of memories, her fragrance that lives in the thought of man through a life time, has never so completely captivated the imagination of the flower grower as the heartless, scentless, unresponsive orchid.

Because of her infinite beauty the orchid has become among flowers a symbol of luxury and inaccessibility, and has brought in individual instances the highest price of any flower. Whole green-houses have been given up to her cultivation, special exhibitions have been reserved to show her priceless wonder; all this has brought about in the mind of the public the impression that only very rich people could undertake indoor orchid growth, and many who have marveled at her romance, loved her beauty, dreamed of her possession have felt her quite out of reach except through heroic sacrifice, following her into her own mysterious realm through swamps and clinging underbrush, by sleeping animals, deep in poisonous gloom.

It is a matter of fact that rare orchids imported from the tropics or produced through hybridization have so excited competition among dealers and amateur growers that their price has been run up to figures far out of the reach of the flower-lover possessing possibly only a single glass house or a sunroom of small area. But the prices brought for these reigning beauties have no more relation to the general schedule of orchid values than the cost of the peachblow vase to the few shillings paid for lovely potteries made by simple folks.

Even in this country there are now established several great plant emporia, besides nurseries, exclusively for orchids. Among all tradesmen competition is keen, and it is not too much to say that many beautiful orchids may be cultivated as cheaply as, for example, carnations. Certain kinds of orchids have, moreover, through the knowledge of seed-production, attained to immense numbers and can no longer be classed among the rare varieties.

A point more important in orchid growing and one which must unflinchingly be solved is that of their accommodation. Yet even this formerly formidable obstacle is being overcome. A leaf in this connection may be taken from England's book of experience, since there the cultivation of orchids has progressed steadily for more than a century and a half. Even England has been criticised because she



Photographs by Nathan R. Graves.

TWO OF THE MOST CAPTIVATING VARIETIES OF ORCHIDS: THE *DENDROBIUM TOMSONIANUM*, OF DELICATE TONE AND RICHLY MARKED LIP, AND THE *CATLEYA MOSSIAE*, WHOSE TRANSPARENT LAVENDER SEPALS ARE SEEN IN FLORISTS' WINDOWS THE GREATER PART OF THE YEAR.



ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MEMBERS OF THIS EXOTIC FLOWER FAMILY IS THE LELIA SUPERBIENS, A SPRAY OF WHICH IS SHOWN AT THE LEFT; THIS PLANT REQUIRES THE SAME TREATMENT AS THAT GIVEN TO ITS SISTERS, THE CATTLEYS, AND LIKE THEM CAN BE SUCCESSFULLY CULTIVATED BY THE AMATEUR GARDENER —A FACT UNKNOWN TO MANY, WHO HAVE BEEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT ORCHIDS, LIKE RARE AND PRECIOUS STONES, ARE ACCESSIBLE ONLY TO THE PRIVILEGED FEW.

A MADAGASCAR SPECIES IS SHOWN ON THE RIGHT—A WHITE, STAR-LIKE ORCHID OF STRIKING LOVELINESS, THOUGHT BY MANY TO BE THE MOST NOTABLE OF THE GENUS; WITH SUCH FLOWER WONDERS FOR THE REWARD, ONE CAN HARDLY BE SURPRISED THAT ENTHUSIASTS HAVE BRAVED THE TANGLED AND GLOOMY DEPTHS OF MANY A STRANGE COUNTRY IN SEARCH OF NEW MEMBERS OF THIS WAYWARD AND ALLURING TRIBE.



THE STRONG UPRIGHT ORCHID IN THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW THRIVES IN THE WARM CONSERVATORY OR "INTERMEDIATE HOUSE," WHERE IT SHOULD BE POTTED IN EQUAL PROPORTIONS OF LOAM, PEAT AND SPHAGNUM MOSS: FROM ITS GROWTH, ONE MIGHT ALMOST THINK IT A RELATIVE OF THE DAFFODIL.



THE ORCHID SHOWN ABOVE IS LITERALLY A FLOWER OF THE AIR, FOR IT BELONGS TO THE CLASS KNOWN AS EPIPHYTES: IT IS AN EVER-GREEN, WITH FLOWERS THAT COMBINE STRENGTH WITH WONDERFUL DELICACY OF COLORING: DENDROBIUM CHRYSOTOXUM IS ITS BOTANICAL TITLE.

ORCHIDS ARE DIVIDED INTO TWO CLASSES: THE TERRESTRIALS, WHICH GROW IN THE SOIL, AND THE EPIPHYTES, WHICH GROW ON BLOCKS OR RAFTS AND DRAW SUSTENANCE FROM THE AIR.



THE OPEN MOUTH AND OUTSTRETCHED PETALS OF THE LUXURIOUS ORCHID ON THE LEFT REMIND ONE OF SOME STRANGE, LARGE INSECT ALERT FOR PREY: IT IS A TERRESTRIAL ORCHID, ROOTING LIKE A CONVENTIONAL PLANT IN THE SOIL: ITS NAME IS CYPRIPEDIUM HAYNOLDIANUM.



ONE POETIC FLOWER-LOVER HAS LIKENED THE ORCHID ABOVE TO A "HUNGRY NIGHT MOTH:" UNLIKE SOME OF ITS RELATIVES IT IS EASY TO CULTIVATE: IT IS PROLIFIC IN GROWTH AND BRILLIANT IN COLORING: DENDROBIUM FINDLAYANUM.



EXQUISITELY COLORED ARE THE FAIRYLIKE BLOSSOMS OF THE ORCHID IN THE PICTURE ABOVE, WHICH BURST FORTH FROM THE BARE STEMS LIKE LITTLE BUTTERFLIES: LIKE ALL THE "DENDROBES" THIS FLOWER IS NOT DIFFICULT TO GROW, AND SHOULD UNQUESTIONABLY BE CHOSEN BY BEGINNERS: IT IS CALLED THE DENDROBIUM MACROPHYLLUM ALBUM.



THE WAXEN WHITE BLOSSOMS OF THE ORCHID AT THE LEFT DRAW THEIR NOURISHMENT FROM THE AIR — A CURIOUS CHARACTERISTIC WHICH HAS HELPED TO GIVE THIS MYSTERIOUS PARASITE ITS ROMANTIC REPUTATION: CHYSIS BRACESCENS IS THE NAME OF THIS PARTICULAR PLANT.

THE CLEOPATRA FLOWER

has sacrificed the lives of innumerable courageous men in order that these rare plants might be collected and added to her possessions and her brilliancy of display.

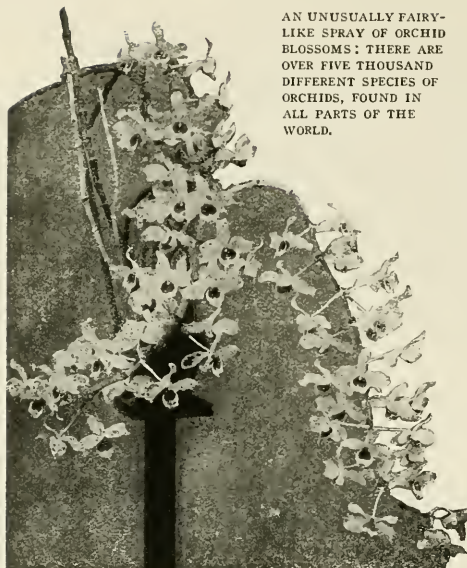
The British specialists divide their orchids into four classes for which are provided four types of houses. The first of these is called the "cool house;" its winter temperature ranging from forty-five to fifty degrees during the night and some ten degrees higher in the day. This house approximates the ordinary greenhouse of the general grower of plants and in it certain *Cypripediums* and *Odontoglossums* have been found to live happily. The second house is called the "intermediate," its temperature kept at five degrees higher than that of the cool house; the third is the "Cattleya house" with a temperature ten degrees higher than that of the cool house and the fourth is the "East India house" with an average temperature of fifteen degrees higher than the cool house. An equipment of houses that seems somewhat luxurious to the mere amateur who has probably no desire to specialize in orchids, preferring to leave such an occupation to the clever nurserymen of the country.

Happily to one who feels the lure of this flower coquette, it is also possible to woo her in a single house of moderate size, provided it is divided into compartments, one of which is kept more moist and warm than the other. By following this simple plan suitable accommodation can be given to a variety of the most important genera. In fact to concentrate on the four great and important genera is the only sensible scheme for the amateur. These may be cited as *Cattleya*, *Dendrobiums*, *Cypripediums* and *Odontoglossums*. Naturally other worthy genera may be included provided discrimination is used in their selection and the fact established that their comfort will be absolute in one or the other of the provided compartments. As much consideration as this is given to plants of far less mysterious charm than orchids.

The orchid tribe is divided into two great classes: those which grow in soil like conventional plants and which are called terrestrials; and those which grow on blocks or rafts, drawing their sustenance from the air. These latter are designated as "epiphytes."

AMONG the wild woodland plants of North America the terrestrial species have a generous representation. The pink lady's slipper, or moccasin flower is an orchid of history and romance. It follows the haunts of the whippoorwill, rests shyly hidden in deep, moist woods and sends forth in May, in the vicinity of New York city, its flower of mystery and grace. Both the large and the small yellow lady's slippers are native *Cypripediums* well known to the

THE CLEOPATRA FLOWER



AN UNUSUALLY FAIRY-LIKE SPRAY OF ORCHID BLOSSOMS: THERE ARE OVER FIVE THOUSAND DIFFERENT SPECIES OF ORCHIDS, FOUND IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

flower gatherers of spring. The species *reginæ*, a rare find now among American wild flowers, is, however, the veritable beauty of the family. It is shy, yet coquettish in personality and radiantly colored. The *Habenarias*, entirely different in appearance from the *Cypripediums*, were also known to the North American Indians, who regarded certain varieties as an antidote to rattlesnake poison, and from the roots of the plants brewed a draft which they gave to their little papooses. A small spring orchid, *Orchis spectabilis*, is picked in the woods

by many a country child who has no knowledge that he holds in his hand one of the most human of plants. On many chalky uplands of Great Britain the bee-orchid, the spider- and the fly-orchid are found, and the student of wild flowers who loves best these terrestrial species, recalls that they are so named because of their resemblance to these respective insects. Makers of gardens of special interest and sentiment are also pleased to introduce these plants among their treasures.

THE real orchid enthusiast, however, goes in for the cultivation of exotic species and finds overwhelming delight when in aerial, fantastic fashion the whimsical plants respond to his will. The greater number of exotic orchids are epiphytes, those most incomprehensible. Among them the leader of the four most conspicuous types is *Cattleyas*, which, owing to their large size, their luxurious coloring and distinctive personalities, are known to every lover of flowers. They may be used to exemplify the method of potting in favor for this type of orchid.

Cattleyas are imported to this country. They arrive in a so-

THE CLEOPATRA FLOWER

called dry state and between their roots and leaves there are to be seen greenish-gray, swollen growths which pass among the initiated for pseudo-bulbs. Cattleyas should be set in pots; but they do not require to sink their roots into a mixture composed of leaf mould, sand, manure and loam, or such as is commonly associated with plant nourishment. They should be placed uprightly in good-sized pots and surrounded with crocks, that is, pieces of broken flower pots. These should be cleansed before using and kept fairly moist. In the pots the Cattleyas must be held firmly by means of stakes, otherwise the plants will move about and their rooting be retarded. But when placed, after proper potting, in a suitable temperature rich in moisture the plants take hold quickly. As soon as it is observed that they are well started, both at top and bottom, the pots should be filled in the following manner. Two-thirds of the pot is already supplied with crocks, on top of which is now placed a layer of sphagnum, then a mixture of two-thirds fibrous peat and one-third sphagnum should be stirred in and packed firmly with the fingers until the pot is filled and rounded over its top. And not until this has been carefully done can the plants be regarded as potted. Then as long as their pseudo-bulbs keep robust and unshrivelled they may be looked upon as in good condition.

Such, briefly, is the general method of potting these uninteresting looking leaves and pseudo-bulbs which are Nature's accompaniment to flowers renowned among men for translucent loveliness.

These pseudo-bulbs of orchids act in many cases as a sort of thermometer, registering their welfare.

While they continue fresh and round-looking, the danger signal is at rest; but when they begin to shrivel and dry, the skilful grower scents trouble

and bestirs himself to locate the reason for their derangement. His hope is to keep them from shrivelling throughout the winter, an undertaking which, when accomplished, indicates that the plants are all right. Some orchids are without these wea-



THE BLOSSOMS OF THIS ORCHID, THE BRASSAVOLA, ARE SUGGESTIVE SOMEWHAT OF LILIES.

THE CLEOPATRA FLOWER



WHITE FRAGRANT FLOWERS WITH LONG GREEN SPURS BELONG TO THIS ORCHID, *ANGRÆCUM SCOTTIANUM*.

imported in large quantities and can at times be bought very cheaply. It blooms in late spring and summer. *Citrina*, small, fragrant and yellow throws out its bloom in spring. *Labiata vera* in rose or purple with yellow, reserves its flowers until the autumn. Of these and other species there are now many varieties, and owing to this very wide range in the time of their bloom amateurs frequently specialize in Cattleyas as giving them the most extended delight.

DENDROBIUMS are likewise epiphytal orchids and among the most beautiful. In growth they are free and prolific and in coloring exquisitely brilliant. The blooms are not as large as those of Cattleyas, but they grow in drooping spikes heavy with numbers of elfinlike flowers. *Wardianum*, which blooms late in the winter, is one of the best varieties; *Nobile* has a number of fascinating forms; *Superbum* shows purple blooms in spring, and there are also a great many others since specialists have been very successful in their hybridization.

The Dendrobes are not difficult to grow and should unquestionably be chosen by the beginner. The imported pieces should be treated much like Cattleyas. When they cease to throw out fresh leaves it may be taken as a signal that their resting period is at hand. Like other orchids, at this time they should be placed in cool places and given less water.

Odontoglossums are essentially cool house plants, also those which with judicious treatment are among the most readily grown. *Odontoglossum crispum* in disporting its spray of bloom is one of the

ther signals, and hence need very special attention from the grower. Fortunately Cattleyas do not all flower at the same time. The widely known *Mossia*, varying from white to purplish red or crimson, is

THE CLEOPATRA FLOWER

fairest sights, a fantasy of the forest. The flowers come forth as if on the wings of the air since their foliage gives no hint of the beauty that will one day spring from the same base. Their pseudo-bulbs, as is true of those of other orchids, should be kept above the level of the rim of the pot in which they are grown. This genus is especially impatient of dry air and insufficient ventilation.

Cypripediums, another of the great orchid families which should appeal to amateurs, require for the most part a warm house, in fact a night temperature which in winter does not fall below fifty-five degrees. There are a few which grow under very little heat. *Insigne*, the best known member, is one of the few orchids that amateurs need not hesitate to introduce among a general collection of hothouse plants.

Cypripediums are terrestrial orchids and it is their strange forms which attract attention rather than any brilliancy of coloring, green, bronze, purple and silver being among their leading tones. They are easy to grow and while they do not immediately catch and dazzle the eye they hold the interest through their apartness from one's usual conception of flowers.

In England a few years ago, a craze sprang up over the Cypripediums. Extraordinary prices were paid for certain species and there are still growers who cultivate them to the exclusion of all other genera. Cypripediums have in fact been more crossed and recrossed than any other orchids, and their varieties are endless. The common name of *Lady's Slipper* clings to them because of the shape of the lip, more like a sabot however than the modern slipper.

USING these four genera, *Cattleyas*, *Dendrobiums*, *Odontoglossums* and *Cypripediums* as a basis for a collection, the amateur will find range of color and form enough to satisfy his desire and to give him a legitimate, if not an over arduous, experience in orchid cultivation. He will avoid the flagging interest of



THE PETALS OF THIS ORCHID REMIND ONE OF THE FLAUNTING LINES OF CERTAIN TULIPS.

THE CLEOPATRA FLOWER

those who begin on too elaborate a scale, enter too many unsuitable genera, and who find themselves doomed to watch with discouragement plants failing to present the same quality of bloom that has turned the eye toward the florist's window.

Orchids are really among the most responsive of plants. Certain conditions they demand, it is true; good ventilation, warmth and moisture and to be potted according to their peculiar taste. Mainly they grow during the summer, rest in winter and flower in spring. When growing they need much water; when resting they require very little. These requirements however have been so closely studied and such hard and fast rules concerning them have been established that uncertainty concerning their treatment no longer exists. A visit to one of the orchid nurseries of the country will greatly assist the amateur grower, the systematized knowledge to be had on orchid culture then being enlarged by individual, practical experience. The things that through observation and care one finds out about these exotics render them especially interesting and precious.

No "glass house" is more attractive than the one filled with orchids. Herein the plants are seen in various stages of growth, in pots, or hanging in baskets from the rafters. For several months of the year a world of peculiar texture and coloring is here represented, one in which the thoughts may wander to distant and romantic fields. In truth, no other flower has a like power to carry the mind into strange and far countries.

Scientists have argued long over the curious, often distorted orchid shapes. It is now generally believed that these flowers, which are dependent on insects for cross-fertilization, have achieved the shapes of certain large moths, flies, bees and other insects in order to attract unto themselves these agents of creation. Aiming at self-preservation, others take the forms of creatures that destroy them, frogs, lizards and snakes, since by assuming the appearance of their enemies they secure immunity from attacks. The native *Cypripedium reginae* and a larger, related South African species have the form of a great spider, the habit of which was to catch small birds and to sting them to death with its bite. It also was thought that humming birds observing this resemblance of the orchid to the dreaded spider passed it by and that thus its nectar was preserved from their pilfering.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to connect a spray of Dendrobiums, Odontoglossums with a flight of butterflies; and a large Cattleya might readily seem a tropical night moth on the wing seeking its prey. Indeed with these hints freely given by orchids themselves florists have learned to play the bee or fertilizing agent so success-

A STATELY HOUSE

fully that orchids have been crossed and recrossed and a vast number of hitherto unknown types placed on the market. Tropical orchids have been raised from seed both in England and in this country with as much facility as the newer types of gladioli. The operator acquaints himself first with the individual structure of each flower and then imitates closely the ways of the insect world. The pollen taken from one flower is placed on the stigmatic surface of another chosen to be the seed-bearing parent. The bloom selected for cross-fertilization should have its own pollen removed; it need not be destroyed, however, but used to cross another plant. The golden dust of the orchid world must indeed be valuable. Sustained care and delicacy of touch are needed in the successful fertilization of orchids. The work is not difficult. But to the amateur who tries it for the first time the excitement is great when the bloom that he has fertilized fades to be replaced by a capsule containing seed. Patience then must not forsake him for the seed must still be sown and its offspring tended carefully before the flower that he has helped to create is unfolded for his delight. Will it fulfil the high hopes of the operator, adding one more to the already long list of orchid marvels; will it line his pockets with gold; give his name to posterity? Such are the questions he asks himself while pondering perhaps on the mystery of an orchid capsule, a South African species containing over a million and a half of tiny seeds.

A STATELY HOUSE

THEY built a stately house and dwelt therein and men said, "All their tastes are gratified, how happy they must be." And they came and went and were not satisfied, for they felt that they had no abiding place. And they bought more things for the house. Not until there came a birth did they begin to feel the sheltering walls.

But once came Death, who took the best beloved, and as he went he set the great seal upon the house where they had lived and made it Home.

GERTRUDE RUSSELL LEWIS.

A MOUNTAIN PALACE FOR OUR PRESIDENTS: BY ROBERT H. MOULTON



THE announcement that President Wilson has consented to lay the cornerstone of a proposed castle of granite upon Mount Falcon, in Colorado, places an official stamp upon the plan to dedicate the structure as the "Summer Capitol" of the United States—as the residence of the President and his staff during the intolerably hot months which afflict the city of Washington. The castle is to cost fifty thousand dollars and its approaches two hundred thousand dollars more. It is promised that the main part of the building will be completed in time for President Wilson to spend there the summer of nineteen hundred and fifteen.

This plan would, for a part of each year, effect a transfer of the seat of the national executive power from the Potomac, in the East, to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, in the heart of the West. For a part of each year, except when emergency legislation should require (as it has this summer) the presence of Congress and the President in Washington, the Capitol of the United States will be upon the peak of a Western Mountain, which is several hundred feet more than a mile higher than the level of Washington.

The foundations of the building are already in place, and everything is in readiness for laying the cornerstone. The site is upon land donated by John Brisben Walker who gave up for the purpose a part of his big estate on Mount Falcon.

Not the least of the advantages promised by the Rocky Mountain Capitol is that, for a portion of each year, the President would be in intimate touch with the West and in the best possible position to interpret its problems and needs. In turn, the West would enjoy for the first time the honor of possessing a resident President of the United States.

Presidents have hitherto had to shift for themselves in the matter of summer homes. John Wanamaker gave Harrison a house at Cape May. Cleveland owned his own summer residence at Buzzard's Bay, as did Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. McKinley went back to his home at Canton, Ohio. Taft rented a house at Beverly, Mass. Wilson rents a house in Cornish, N. H., and at Washington has taken refuge from the heat in a tent, which is pitched on the White House lawn.

According to the architect's plans, the castle's north terrace, upon which the drawing room and library will open, will look down over a precipice which has a sheer fall of two thousand feet. To the south looms Pike's Peak and to the northeast lies Denver, fifteen miles away as the crow flies, but forty miles distant by a winding road.



LOOKING
WEST SHOWING
THE DESCENDING

THE GRANITE CASTLE TO BE BUILT UPON MOUNT FALCON, IN COLORADO, AS A SUMMER HOME FOR OUR PRESIDENTS: THE CORNERSTONE IS TO BE LAID BY PRESIDENT WILSON, WHO EXPECTS TO MAKE IT HIS WESTERN CAPITOL DURING THE WARM MONTHS OF THE COMING YEAR, WHEN THE MAIN PART OF THE BUILDING WILL BE COMPLETED: THE SITE WAS DONATED BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER, AND THE DESIGN MADE BY JAMES B. BENEDICT.



THE PROPOSED SUMMER CAPITOL ON MOUNT FALCON WILL COMMAND MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OF GRANITE CLIFFS, WOODED VALLEYS AND MOUNTAIN TOPS, WITH PIKE'S PEAK LOOMING TO THE SOUTH: THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWS THE PRESENT TRAIL, TO BE TRANSFORMED INTO A GREAT AUTOMOBILE HIGHWAY TO DENVER: THE LOWER ONE PRESENTS THE PANORAMA TOWARD THE NORTHWEST.

A MOUNTAIN PALACE FOR OUR PRESIDENTS

THE finest view from Mount Falcon, however, lies to the west. Granite cliffs drop perpendicularly into a wooded valley. Thence the eyes follow a billowing succession of green mountain ledges, spreading out like waves of the sea and mounting gradually higher and higher until they reach a climax in the snow-covered peaks of the distant Rockies.

As the sun goes down in the West the landscape becomes a vast sweep of beauty—the sky above opal, amethyst, topaz, turquoise or aquamarine, and a hundred ridges displaying every shade of green, from the bright emerald of the mountain meadows to the tourmaline depth of the pines.

Mount Falcon is not one of the high peaks of the Rockies, but is some hundreds of feet higher than Denver. It lies about midway between the extreme foothills on the east and the Continental Divide. Within sight on clear days is Mount Evans, fourteen thousand, three hundred and twenty-one feet high, or more than two hundred feet loftier than Pike's Peak. Mount Evans is crowned with a perpetual snow, and chill exhalations from it and other heights cool Mount Falcon and lesser peaks in its vicinity.

The mountain scenery visible from Mount Falcon is beautifully diversified by water. No less than seventy lakes are discernible from its summit. At its base winds Bear Creek, a typical Rocky Mountain trout stream.

The natural loveliness of the scene is, according to the plans, to be enhanced by a magnificent system of approaches and terraces which will soften and adorn a thousand-foot precipice which the castle will overlook on one side. It is planned to make the castle a distinctive and impressive edifice, which will nevertheless be exceedingly attractive and comfortable. Ample quarters will be provided for the President's family, his attendants, secretaries and assistants.

To make the project national, or at least Western, its promoters plan to raise by popular subscription the funds necessary to erect the castle and construct its approaches. The building, according to present plans, is to be held in trust by the Governors of the twenty-two States west of the Mississippi River, all of whom have enlisted as official sponsors of the undertaking.

The plan, as suggested, will make Mount Falcon the permanent summer residence of the Presidents, and will be for a portion of each year the center of the American Government. Important governmental news would bear a Colorado date line instead of those of the District of Columbia, or New York, or Massachusetts, or New Hampshire.

OUR FRIENDS, THE PLANTS: HOW WE CAN GROW THEM AND WHAT THEY CAN DO FOR US



PLANTS being living, breathing things exercise a positive, almost personal influence upon the atmosphere of the home. Your interest in indoor plants must of necessity be something quite different from that which you feel in your furniture, rugs and beautiful ornaments—one you like as a possessor, the other as a friend. As a matter of fact it goes even further than this. It is because plants demand so much of one that it is important to have them growing wherever it is convenient indoors. There is the same question of responsibility and interest between you and your plants that there is between you and any human being with whom you come into intimate, friendly contact. Your association with all plant life must be mutual. You must give your thought and wisdom and care and effort for the life of your plant and in return a plant will give you beauty and fragrance and joy. A beautiful peachblow vase may give you a great deal of interest, but it demands nothing from you for its growth and loveliness, and for that reason it cannot, except in a very vague way hold your interest, because interest must be a living thing, a thing that grows with the demands made upon it.

Take, for instance, the cut flowers that we buy by the dozen or by the box from the florist's. They may be full of charm and may add just the needed touch of color and fragrance to our rooms. But somehow, with all their richness, with all their highly cultivated beauty, the product of years of professional experiment and care, they lack that peculiar intimacy, that friendliness which is one of the most lovable qualities of the home-grown plant. The flower that we ourselves have sown or planted, tended, watched in each stage of its development and unfolding up to the time of blossoming, has acquired an individuality that no outside product can possess. In the same way, the wildflowers that we used to gather when we were children were invested with the special halo that clings to things eagerly waited for, lovingly sought. Half the pleasure of the bunch of arbutus that we buy today from a vendor on the city street in early spring, lies in the fact that it recalls so poignantly the days when we wandered through the woods in search of the tiny pink and white blossoms, half-hidden among last year's leaves—exquisite starlike faces whose tender perfume well rewarded our careful quest.

Rooms without growing plants are never really perfectly satisfactory in spite of the change of furniture from one place to another, its readjustment with fresh color from time to time. There must

OUR FRIENDS, THE PLANTS



ONE VALUE OF HOUSE PLANTS IS THAT THEY KEEP THE FLOWERING FIELDS, BLUE SKIES AND WHOLESOME JOYS OF SUMMER FRESH IN OUR REMEMBRANCE: WHO DOES NOT LIKE TO BE REMINDED ON WINTRY DAYS OF DAISY FIELDS?

OUR FRIENDS, THE PLANTS

always be moments when the inanimate room bores or stifles one, but never a time when a plant lifting up its branches for the blossoming time will not win your response, your desire to aid it, your joy in its triumph.

Indeed, a very cold, bare and plain room can be made cozy and inviting by the introduction of a few blossoming plants. In the summertime they connect you with the garden, in the winter they shut you away from chill and frost; with color and fragrance they welcome your friends.

And as a matter of truth, they are one of the best means of ethical training that can be imagined, because you cannot neglect your plant and have it live, you cannot be whimsical with it, overfeed it one day and starve it the next, you cannot treat it badly and hope for forgiveness. It demands, in fact, a very high ethical standing. You will find this out if you ever put plants in the keeping of a child; plants and little animals can do more to train growing children to a real understanding of generosity, patience and devotion than all the precepts ever uttered.

They are in no sense of the word an expensive luxury, but they do demand thought and care. Of course, blossoming plants can be brought from the florist, and with no more care than an occasional watering be made to last a week or two, but plants raised from seeds, bulbs or clippings require a continual, intelligent nursing. They are as sensitive as children to cold draughts, must be fed regularly, washed occasionally and their little peculiarities given considerable attention, but they more than repay for any expenditure of time.

Plants out of doors experience great changes of temperature, of light and of shade. Those in the house to be healthy need similar variation to keep them in the best condition. Their location in a room must be changed occasionally, now a bit of quiet light, then a bath of direct sunshine. They must have plenty of fresh air, yet not be left in a draught; light also is a necessity to their being. They can do without direct sun, but never without plenty of light, for without light the foliage will be but a sickly, pale green and the plant lack vitality enough to produce blossoms. The leaves must be washed occasionally with soap suds and rinsed with clear water to keep them free from dust and parasites. They require an annual repotting to allow fuller root growth and to provide fresh soil from which they may feed. At such times the old soil should be removed carefully so that the roots will not be injured and fresh, lightly sifted soil added. Unless this attention is given them they will become pot-bound, too firmly packed for growth; the earth must be left open and porous, not allowed to become sour.

THE BELL-SHAPED GLOXINIA, A POT OF WHICH IS SEEN BELOW, MAKES AN EXCELLENT HOUSE PLANT, AND WELL REPAYS BY ITS FRIENDLY BEAUTY THE LITTLE CARE NEEDED FOR ITS CULTIVATION: IT GIVES A CURIOUSLY RICH EFFECT IN BOTH FORM AND COLOR, AND A SINGLE PACKAGE OF MIXED SEEDS WILL BRING A SURPRISING ARRAY OF LUXURIANT BLOSSOMS AND VELVETY LEAVES INTO ONE'S HOME.



THE CYCLAMEN, SHOWN ABOVE, IS A VERY DECORATIVE FLOWER FOR THE HOME: IT IS DESCENDED FROM WILD FLOWERS WHICH THE COUNTRY CHILDREN CALL "SHOOTING STARS" BECAUSE THEY BLOSSOM SO QUICKLY AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE SPRING SUN, AND BECAUSE THEY SEEM TO SHOOT TO EARTH LIKE A ROCKET WITH A TRAIL OF SPLENDOR BEHIND THEM: "MADCAP VIOLETS" IS ANOTHER OF THEIR FANCIFUL NAMES: THE CULTIVATED VARIETY RANGES IN COLOR FROM PURE WHITE, THROUGH PINK, ROSE, MAGENTA AND CERISE TO DEEPEST REDS, WHICH FORM A RICH CONTRAST AGAINST THE BEAUTIFULLY VEINED LEAVES.



CINERARIAS ARE TO BE HEARTILY RECOMMENDED FOR INDOOR GROWING: THEY ARE VARIED IN COLOR, EASY TO CARE FOR, VERY HARDY AND BLOSSOM THE FIRST SEASON FROM SEEDS: ONE OF THESE LOVELY ANNUALS IS SHOWN ABOVE, ANOTHER AT THE RIGHT.

THE CINERARIA, TWO OF WHICH ARE SHOWN HERE, SENDS UP MANY STEMS BEARING FLOWERS WHICH REACH, UNDER PROPER CARE, TO A CIRCUMFERENCE OF FROM SEVEN TO NINE INCHES: MOST OF THE COLORS ARE PRIMITIVE, WITH FEW HALF TONES TO SOFTEN THEIR BARBARIC SPLENDOR: THEIR GAY PRESENCE IS ESPECIALLY WELCOME IN DARK ROOMS, TO BRIGHTEN AN INVALID'S TABLE OR ADD BEAUTY TO A WINDOW SILL.



THE INDOOR GARDENER FINDS IN THE LARGE FAMILY OF PRIMULAS CHARMING FLOWER FRIENDS: THEIR STARRY FACES, VELVETY STEMS AND SOFT GRAY LEAVES BRING A DELIGHTFUL OUTDOOR NOTE INTO WINTER ROOMS, AND THE DELICATE PERFUME ADDS TO THEIR ATTRACTION.

THE CURIOUS BLOSSOMS OF THE CALCEOLARIA ARE TO BE SEEN BELOW: THIS COMPACTLY GROWING, STRANGELY LOBED PLANT, WITH ITS ORCHID-LIKE MARKINGS AND HEART-SHAPED LEAVES WILL HOLD ITS FLOWERS FOR MANY WEEKS WHEN PLACED AWAY FROM DIRECT LIGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE DINING TABLE.



TWO INTERESTING VARIETIES OF GLOXINIA ARE SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE: SOME OF THESE PLANTS ARE OF TUBEROUS GROWTH WITH DWARF HABITS, AND THESE THRIVE PARTICULARLY WELL INDOORS: CARE SHOULD BE TAKEN IN WATERING NOT TO WET THE LEAVES, AS THIS WOULD SPOT THEM AND MAR THEIR BEAUTY.

INDOOR PLANTS ARE AS SENSITIVE AS CHILDREN TO COLD DRAUGHTS. MUST BE FED REGULARLY, WASHED OCCASIONALLY AND THEIR LITTLE PECULIARITIES MUST BE GIVEN THOUGHTFUL ATTENTION: THEY MORE THAN REPAY, HOWEVER, IN THEIR COLOR, GRACE AND PERFUME, THE CARE EXPENDED UPON THEM.





A CLUSTER OF ORANGE BLOSSOMS IS PICTURED AT THE LEFT: UNDER FAVORABLE CONDITIONS THIS GRACEFUL FLOWER WILL GROW INDOORS, AND THOUGH IT SELDOM MATURES FRUIT IT FILLS THE AIR WITH SWEET PERFUME AND GIVES A FESTIVE NOTE OF DECORATION.

THE PLANT SHOWN AT THE RIGHT HAS A PROFUSION OF SOFT PINK BLOSSOMS WHICH APPEAR IN SEPTEMBER: AS A RULE, IT DOES NOT ATTAIN MORE THAN A FOOT AND A HALF IN HEIGHT: THE BOTANICAL NAME IS BAUERA RUBLEDES: IN A ROOM WHERE GREEN, GRAY OR ROSE PREDOMINATED IN THE DRAPERIES AND DECORATIONS, A POT OF THESE GRACEFUL FLOWERS WOULD ADD A CHARMING COLOR NOTE OF CONTRAST OR HARMONY: INDEED, IN SELECTING THE INDOOR PLANTS FOR THE VARIOUS ROOMS, THIS QUESTION OF COLOR SHOULD BE KEPT WELL IN MIND.



OUR FRIENDS, THE PLANTS

When plants are taken up from the garden in the fall the earth must be left clinging to the roots as much as possible, for then it is sweet and full of vitality; but after the plants have lived in the house for some time the soil must be replenished or else enriched by some of the many excellent plant foods placed on the market. The best soil for indoor plants consists of undecayed, organic matter like leaf mold, mixed with a little sand. The earth must never reach to the top of the pot, but enough space be left to hold water and an occasional application of plant food.

Most people water their house plants too generously. More of these beautiful, living plant friends are lost through too much water than too little. When they are growing rapidly of course they require more frequent watering than at their resting times. The condition of the soil at the top gives indication of their need. When the soil is dry it pulls away from the sides of the jar, then water should be applied until it runs through into the saucer. No more water should be given until the plant is dry again. This holds good with nearly all plants with the exception of ferns which need a continual moisture, though not a soggy condition. The pots themselves even must be kept free from mold and dirt so that the plants can breathe naturally.

Among the plants suitable for home growing the cinerarias are to be heartily recommended for they are of an infinite variety of gay colors, easily grown, very hardy and, being annuals, blossom the first season from seeds. Each plant sends up many stems bearing flowers which reach, under proper care, to a circumference of from seven to nine inches. Most of the colors are crude and primeval-looking, with few half tones to soften their barbaric splendor. Their jaunty gaiety is much in demand to enliven dark rooms, give beauty to a window, brighten a sick-room table. Many good hybrid mixtures can be had at only five cents a package. *Hybrid gigantea*, a large showy species, is, as the name indicates of unusual size. It is popular for greenhouse displays as well as for individual house plants. *Maritima diamond*, "Dusty Miller," makes a good bedding display for outdoor gardens; *Grandiflora stellata*, a star cineraria, is one of the most popular species. There are large-flowered white, dark blue, azure blue, pink, scarlet, shaded and rimmed varieties, standing well above deeply veined, beautifully shaped leaves.

The bell-shaped gloxinias, startling of form and coloring, make magnificent house plants. One package of mixed seeds will fill the house with Oriental color. There are also wonderful tuberous plants of dwarf habits, which thrive accommodatingly indoors. Their trumpet blossoms held aloft on stout stems as though gnome buglers

OUR FRIENDS, THE PLANTS



THE
LARGE
WHITE
FRAGRANT
FLOWERS
OF THE
CARPENTERIA
CALIFORNICA
ARE
SHOWN
HERE.

were about to pipe a merry tune upon them are of every conceivable rainbow shade, from dark wine and deep scarlet to light blue and violet. Sometimes they are white-edged, variously striped or even spotted finely like the breast of a thrush. Emperor Frederic is red with

a white border; Mt. Blanc, pure white; Emperor William, violet blue with white throat; Defiance, a rich, crimson scarlet. In watering this wonderfully colored plant care must be taken not to wet the leaves, else they will spot and lose much of their beauty.

Calceolaria, a compact, strangely lobed growth, with orchid-like markings of blossoms, and heart-shaped leaves is another plant which will thrive willingly in sunny windows and hold its matured flowers for many weeks when placed away from direct light in the center of a dining table. They look as much like harmless little tiger kittens cuddled peacefully among green leaves as the blossoms of the willows, like soft Maltese kittens scampering up a yellow stem. There are several dwarf varieties as well as many giant ones, all notable for freakishly rich coloring. A tiger-spotted superba and a shrub rugosa are favorites for outdoor growing.

Among the giant-flowered cyclamen, that greatest of all house favorites, may be mentioned the Aigburth crimson, white perfection, the Princess May, a white with rose tip; the lilac, peach blossom,

OUR FRIENDS, THE PLANTS

rosy morn and salmon. These names like the names given by the Indians, being descriptives, need no explanation. There is no limit to the shades of cyclamen to be had, for they range from pure white, through pinks, rose, magentas and cerises to the darkest of wine.

The great family of primulas make charming house plants, for their sweet star faces, velvety stems and soft gray leaves can be depended upon as nearly as can anything in the whole flower world to brighten winter-dull rooms. There is a delicate perfume to most of the primulas which gives them additional charm. *Malacoides* is of a delicate shade of lavender, growing in whorls on tall spikes; *Forbesi*—baby primrose, a dainty rose color with golden eyes. Primroses show beautiful lavender and lilac strains which give them value to people insistent upon certain color harmonies in rooms.

And what can be said in praise of the faithful geranium, that humble flower which blossoms as gaily in an old tin can as in the finest of porcelain jars, that good Samaritan of flowers which goes down to the tenements, filling dull rooms with warm glory of coloring! The red geranium in the kitchen window transforms a kitchen into a living instead of a drudgery room. When all else fails the geranium, pink or red, is to be had for but a few pennies and a trifling amount of care.

Schizanthus wisetonensis, the bridal veil, is much in demand for pot culture and exhibitions. It grows well in greenhouses or in a sunny window. The glossy-leaved *dracæna*, almost more of a favorite than the rubber plant, will stand apparently any amount of neglect, continue to thrust its wine-colored new leaves above the dark green older ones in a way that makes it seem in blossom. Some with brilliant crimson foliage, suffused with pink and white make almost as gorgeous a display as blossoming plants. Then there are the *araucarias* which look much like dwarf pines and do well in cool rooms or veranda sun parlors. The graceful asparagus fern, its cousin, *springerii*, are invaluable as decorative plants.

The dwarf citrus fruits, the orange and lemon, under favorable circumstances will blossom indoors, filling the room with penetrating perfume though seldom being able to mature fruit.

Beside the large number of dwarf palms and pines, lacelike ferns, ivies and bay trees, there are the great race of bulbs, the tulips, daffodils, crocuses, hyacinths, narcissus and jonquils which can be made to bloom continuously from Thanksgiving until Easter. All of the plants just mentioned are distinctly house plants which will grow in rooms without the aid of conservatories. Many other plants including azaleas, anterrhinums, nicotiana, pansies, require the warmth and light of glass houses.

VINTAGE, NINETEEN FOURTEEN: A STORY:
BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT



BOYLAN, of the Polar Failure especially, but an old head for the war stuff, with young Darnton had pulled together through the waiting days in Belgium—nothing much going out, but pale death and red war making pictures in their brains that burned for answer. Between them they had seen the butcheries and blackenings of Liège, Namur and Charleroi; of many lesser towns besides, and were hung up now in Laraffy, which had escaped wrecking so far, and was still trying to pursue its regular business in the mighty tension. The two correspondents had come in two weeks before with a German reserve column, which was now anointing the French vineyards. They lived together, under the eye of the German garrison, in the club room of socialists who no longer foregathered.

Darnton was out on the night that Major Ulrich, their official suppresser, called with the announcement that two would be permitted to go on into France with a column leaving to-morrow.

"It may be you will watch us enter Paris," he said to Boylan.

"My young friend Darnton will be glad to hear that, Major."

"Where is Mr. Darnton to-night?"

"He's calling on a lady—"

"Ah, yes, Miss Coolidge of America—the paint-tube lady. She is going on up to Holland to-morrow with other foreigners who have remained thus far."

Major Ulrich was a bit bright with wine, but not so as to rock. He would have remained longer, but Boylan wanted to see Darnton and to do other work, so did not suggest opening anything. He liked the younger man more than Darnton knew, and likings of this sort were not even occasional. Boylan was nearing fifty—a man all in one piece—thick, hard, scarred with *la viruela*, a saber sweep, a green blue arc in his throat where some dart or arrow had torn its way in between the vital columns. His head was bald and wrinkled, but very big, his neck and jaw to match, his eyes a soft blue that once had been his secret shame—a man often called to the glare.

Just now Boylan was in the street—on the way to the house where a few courageous Americans beside Miss Coolidge had stayed as long as permissible. Darnton would be there. . . . A certain dead cavalry horse was powerful in the air. Boylan knew exactly where it lay, for it had called attention for three days—saddled and all. . . . He pushed open the hallway door, and heard Darnton's voice. The place was dim. They neither saw nor heard him. The huge scarred head of the old warwolf withdrew jerkily.

VINTAGE, NINETEEN FOURTEEN

What he had to say would have to wait until Darnton came.

Boylan went to his own quarters and sat by the open window. He was accustomed as any man can be to unremoved horse by this time. It came steadily to his nostrils, mingled with the leathery smell of his own field-outfit in the room. Presently he looked at his watch, and snapped the case shut with a crack. The strength of his fingers would have broken a filbert.

Then he muffled his machine in a blanket and went to work.

DARNTON was thirty with a year or two, a strong quiet force, though his only previous war-work had been the Balkan preliminaries. All these years, though he had made many men like him, he had moved to and fro without a touch of the crippling emotions which Marthe Coolidge had so suddenly called. Without many words she had made him ashamed of the present work, for he had been an exploiter of war, considering it the ranking adventure, the big gun sport which called brave men. With her in his mind—and she had not been elsewhere of late—there was something gross and unendurable in the ravage everywhere.

“These are not times for a man to whimper,” he was saying (about the time Boylan ducked his head back from the hallway door), “but I haven’t done so hard as to let you go —”

He had not heard of his own leaving—only that she and the others were going north to Holland the next day —.

“I’ll watch for your work,” she said. “I’ll probably get down toward Paris—if it holds. Anyway I’ll watch—”

“ . . . It was queer to find you here—queer, and has been hard sometimes to remember that we are in the heart of The Great War. You’ve spoiled everything —”

She smiled. “That had to come—I mean for you to see it all differently.”

“We need each other’s eyes to get along —”

“ I’ve moved about here for days in some kind of a dream,” she whispered, “as if something were dead inside. The world has gone insane —”

“Go up into Holland—to Flushing or Rotterdam and wait —”

“Yes, I’ll wait and watch for you. . . . Good-by. . . . Oh, we’ll meet again—eye to eye —”

Darnton found the big belted one at work when he reached quarters, was growled at, heard the news and was glad.

Deep afield with the German reserves and caught at last in the edge of the great battle. . . . After eternal days it seemed to both Boylan and Darnton that they were forgotten—as a pair

of buttons on the German uniform—forgotten because they served and were not in the way. All that had not to do with Marthe Coolidge was black as the Belgian night to Darnton's thoughts, but Boylan was always by. He could not have managed but for that. There were days in which it appeared that half the world was down and bleeding; the other half trying to lift, pulling at the edges of the fallen, as one would pull at a stupefied body in a burning house. At night, through the silence between the cannon, sometimes over the vineyards through cold rains, there came to their ears the sound of church-bells. The German officers declared there were no such sounds.

"If I ever get out of here, I'll write one thing—one battle till I die—one story—and I'll call it *Vintage 'Fourteen.'*"

For they were fighting in the vineyard of France, and what a fertilizing it was—phosphor and potash and nitrogen in the perfect solution of human blood. . . . Boylan saw more and more that Darnton was queer.

"I can't write," the younger man said. "I feel like one man dying under a mountain of dead. I don't want to live. I don't want to die. I believe it's all one, and that this is the end of the world."

Darnton could work, however. Day and night he tugged at the dead and the dying in the field and in the field hospitals.

"The world calls this the great German fighting machine," he would say, "but we're inside. We can't call it that. It's the most pitiful and devitalized thing that ever ran up and down the earth. And it doesn't mean anything. It's all waste—like a great body killing itself piece by piece—all waste and death."

He tried to make death easy for a soldier here and there, but there was so much. His clothing smelled of death; and one morning before the smoke fell, he saw the sun shining upon the vineyard—and the thought held him that the vineyards were immortal, and men just the dung of the earth. . . . One night Boylan asked as they lay down:

"Who are you?"

"Darnton."

"Yep, and I'm Boylan. You're at liberty to correct if wrong. Are we ever going to die or get out?"

"I don't know. . . . Boylan, you've been good to me. We're two to make one—eye to eye—"

"You're making a noise like breaking down again—don't Darnton. I've gone on a bluff all my life. I'm a rotten sentimentalist at heart—soft as smashed grapes. It's my devil. If you break down I'll show him to you —"

VINTAGE, NINETEEN FOURTEEN

"It wouldn't hurt you to beller like a girl."

"Maybe not, but I'd shoot my head off first."

"Did you see the old leprous peasant today? He was humpbacked, and he had no lips, but teeth like a dog. He pulled at the soldier's stirrup as we rode into town. The soldier was afraid and shot him."

"Shut up, Darnton, or you'll get me. I've shown you more now than living soul knows—"

"You ought to show it to a woman. A man isn't right until a woman knows him in and out."

"For the love of God—go to sleep!"

THEY sank into restless, haunted, death-ridden dreaming; and so it was many nights, until the dawn that they fronted an abrupt rive, saw the rising vineyards opposite and were swept possibly by mistake into the center of comprehensible action—a picture lifted from the hundred mile ruck.

The little town, so far nameless to them, stood on the slopes about a half mile up from the river, overlooking the vineyards and in the midst of them. A quick-fire gun or two was emplaced in that vicinity, and two batteries of bigger bores (that they knew of), higher on either side. Infantry intrenchments that looked like mole-tracks from the distance corrugated the slopes in lateral lines, and roads came down to the two bridges that spanned the swift stream, less than a mile apart.

The morning was spent in artillery duelling. The French seemed partly silenced at noon. At no time was their attack cocky and confident. The Germans determined to cross in the early afternoon. This movement was not answered by excessive firing. German cavalry and small guns on the east bridge, heavy masses of helmets took the west. Boylan and Darnton rode with the artillery. Even as the German forces combined for position, the firing of the French was not spiteful. There seemed a note of complaint and hysteria. There was no tension in the German command; it was too weathered for that.

Now the cavalry went into action and guns moved away farther to the east for higher emplacement.

"They're going to charge the horses up into the town. They haven't much respect for the infantry trenches," said Boylan.

At that moment, Darnton got a clearer mental picture of Marthe Coolidge's face than had come for weeks. Often at night he had tried to think just how she looked, but it was easier to remember something which Darnton designated secretly as her soul. She passed in a flash.

His body was bent in the concussion from behind; the turf rocked with it. He turned and saw the middle stone abutment of the nearer bridge lifted from the stream, the whole background sky black with dust and rock. Then, just as he thought of it, the west bridge went. He spoke before Boylan, and rather unerringly, as one does at times coming up from a dream.

"They've trapped what they think they can handle—and fired the bridges by wire."

Boylan said: "I can't call it German stupidity, because it didn't occur to me that the bridges were mined. . . . Oh, God, it's to be another leisure spraying. We're in the slaughter-pen. . . . God, man, look at the horses!"

It had been too late to call back the cavalry. Darnton's eyes followed Boylan's sweeping arm. The horsemen were in skirmish among the grapes, just breaking out into charge. The town above and the emplacement adjoining which had kept their secret so well, were now in a blur of sulphur from *mitrailleuses* turned upon the cavalry charge. The whole line went down in the deluge—suddenly vanished under the hideous blat of the machines—whole rows rubbed into the grapevines—a few beasts rising empty! shaking themselves and tumbling back—no riders. Darnton turned to the infantry in formation on the western slopes. The French fire was not lax now, not discouraged in the least, nor hysterical. It was cold-blooded murder in gluttonous quantity.

Boylan and Darnton forgot themselves. Cavalry gone—they turned to the west and saw the poor men-beasts in rout. Even the infantry comprehended the trick, and felt something superhuman behind it. They rushed back towards the river—swift, ugly with white patches and unfordable, requiring a good swimmer. . . . The eyes of Boylan turned back to the horse. He had always loved the cavalry—ridden with the cavalry always by preference—but Darnton was watching the river—the hands up from the center of the river. . . .

They were alone, and now the French machines were on the German batteries not yet emplaced, none unlimbered. It was as if the wind carried them the spray from the sweeping fountains, turned from the horse to put out the guns. Darnton was hit and down—hit again and the night slowly settled upon him, bringing the bells.

"Who are you?" someone piped sharply in French.

"Two American correspondents. I can take care of this man."

It was the voice of Boylan, very weary. Darnton felt the heavy, hard hands that had been tugging at his flesh for hours.

VINTAGE, NINETEEN FOURTEEN

The Frenchman said: "American correspondents . . . search . . . if true, conduct them to the English camp."

Then Boylan's voice. "Yes, he's hard hit and heavy as hell. Passports in hip-pocket. . . . I'll carry him. . . . thanks —"

It seemed part of an eternal night. Darnton only knew, and that from time to time, that he had messages to carry.

"There's no other way—I've got to get through the lines —"

"Quite right," Boylan panted.

"I don't want to fail. She wouldn't look twice at a man who failed —"

"Hell, child, sit still. She'd look twice if you failed a thousand times. . . . Hai, don't tear open a man's bridle-arm. What is it?"

"He was humpbacked—no lips—teeth like a dog—and the trooper shot him."

"I know, but he's dead. His back is straight now—don't look any worse now than ten thousand other. . . ."

Boylan was trudging after a French sentry—the English camp ahead. They passed sentry after sentry each time deadly waiting.

"Hai, you," he called at last to the soldier, "I can't go any further. Send a wagon. Tell the English two American correspondents are sitting out here—one with a bullet or two through his chest."

He sank down with Darnton, badly bandaged across his lap.

"I never knew it to fail," he muttered. "The man who wins a woman gets the steel when it's anywhere in the air, but bullets fly wide and knives curve about a lonely maverick who has lost all his heart winnings."

They found Boylan so, the jaw clenched, the huge scarred head bare and covered with night dew, his friend breathing. It was all on the wire that night.

SOME unique thing, Boylan that rock of a man, had found in Darnton. For seven days and nights—(though broken with incredible fatigues, a yellow line of bone-color showing across his nose under his eyes)—Boylan sat by in cars and ambulances until they reached the city of the womenfolk and a regular Parisian bed. What he gave to Darnton was clear, what he took from a man down, and a woman's property at best, is not known. Perhaps in the great strains and pressures of the campaign he had seen Darnton's soul, the mechanism and light effects appertaining, and found it true. It may be that Boylan had never been quite sure that a man-soul could be true, and having found one, was ready to go the limit. That's only a hazard.

Darnton himself didn't know. He was a lump—one little red

lamp burning in that big house of a man—flickering, at that, its color bad, its shadow monstrous. Every one but Boylan had declared that he would die from that wound in his chest.

Boylan was sitting now—the seventh afternoon—at the edge of the Parisian bed, when he heard a voice below. His jaw clenched as it had done that night outside the British camp. The woman had found them. ———

“I was waiting in Flushing, as he said, when I read the story of his wound, and the way you brought him through to the English lines, I can’t get over that.”

“Humph,” came from Boylan, as he watched her, for her eyes were upon the bed.

Darnton was still afar off.

The woman saw the situation at once; in fact, she saw the *woman* in Boylan, the mysterious draggled secret creature, which he designated his devil on occasion. The great war-man gave her credit for no such penetration. Miss Coolidge kept herself second, never played the love-lady, advised, assisted, would not let Boylan go.

“He is knit to you. He will die if you go,” she said.

Another time she told him: “Oh, you won’t understand. I know what you are and what you’ve done. You can hate me all you wish, but you’ve got to take what I give you—”

“You’re an all right young woman,” Boylan remarked. “I knew that before Darnton did.” In something like panic, he added: “He’ll know you to-night. He’s cool. He’ll pull through. He’ll know you to-night, and then I go.”

“Not until he sees you —”

It wasn’t that night, but the next morning Darnton opened his eyes with reason and organization back. He saw Boylan.

“Hello,” he said.

“Hello, boy.”

Darnton looked beyond him, and around the room.

“Go to sleep,” said Boylan.

“I won’t.”

“Then wait a minute.”

Boylan came back with her. Darnton managed to get his knuckles up to rub his eyes.

“He’s back with us,” Boylan whispered.

“Don’t go,” she pleaded.

“Don’t be a fool,” said Boylan.

She bent over Darnton, lower and lower. It was against nature for them not to forget themselves for a moment, and Boylan was away and in the streets.

ABSENCE

He saw Paris with eyes that seemed to have dropped their scales. It was very early and still wet. An old charwoman was sitting in the entrance of a dairy shop, weeping for her only son. Boylan stopped. She was very poor and weak.

"Come, Mother," he said, lifting her.

She looked into his face in a way that rowelled the man.

"Come on," he said softly. "We'll have breakfast, and you'll tell me. I belong to the widows and fatherless, too."

So they rocked away together.

ABSENCE

YOU need send me no costly presents

To remind me of you.

Momently I am reminded.

I hear a snatch of a song.

Oh, it puts me into the mood I was in one tender

September evening when you sang to me.

I hear no more of the song that is near,

Only your voice which is far away.

I catch an odor from a rose garden and remember all
the sweet rosebuds you have fastened into my hair
with kisses.

Everything beautiful speaks to me of you.

In everything, beautiful or no, I feel the essence of
you, the strength of you, the broad humanity.

Weary, I lean upon you, Happy, I drink deep of you,

Ambitious, I work alongside you, Climbing the hills,

I catch hold of your hand, my comrade, Loving, I

kiss you fervently.

Thus am I with you in spirit

Until that moment of happiness

When I hold you close to my heart,

And know that, for a time at least,

No space can separate us.

ETHEL MARJORIE KNAPP.

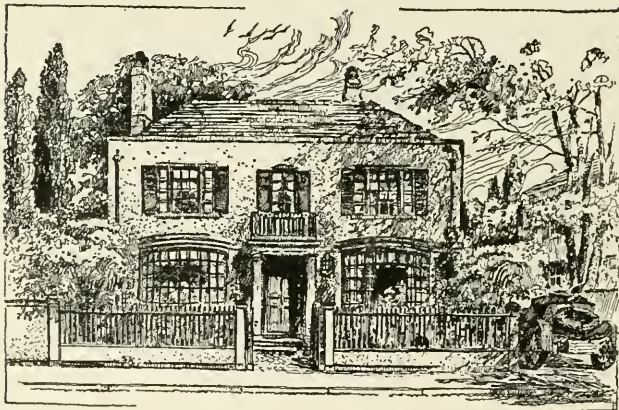
AN ARCHITECTURAL TOURNAMENT: SUCCESSFUL DESIGNS FOR AMERICAN SUBURBAN HOMES



THIS is undoubtedly an age of domestic architecture—in America, at least. Never before has there been such widespread interest in home-planning and building, or such eagerness on the part of thinking men and women to bring real comfort and beauty and permanence into their environment. Architects, builders and draughtsmen all over the country are coöperating toward this end, and opportunities are constantly being opened up for the public to study this important subject, and to acquire inspiration and practical help in their own home-making projects.

One of the most effective and interesting ways in which this is being accomplished is through the various competitions held from time to time by technical magazines and progressive institutions. By such means, architects, young and old, all over the country, are encouraged to bend their finest efforts toward the creation of modern homes suited to American conditions and needs. Individuality is fostered; fresh ideals, new and ingenious plans are brought forward, and the general public as well as the professional builder gains wider knowledge and enthusiasm from a study of the competing designs.

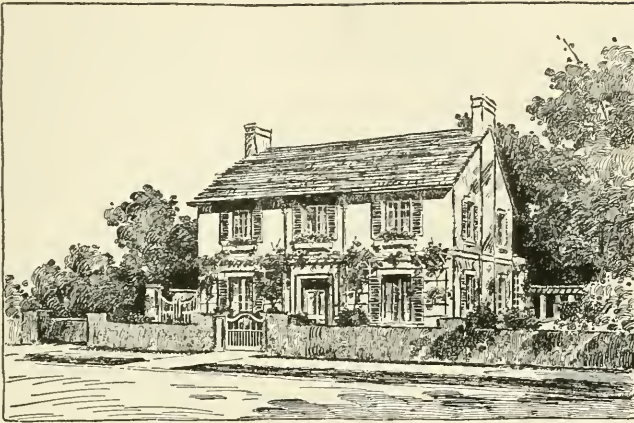
A short time ago *The Brickbuilder* held an unusually interesting competition for designs of fireproof suburban cottages. About three hundred architects from all parts of the country entered with zest into this draughting tournament, many excellent and ingenious plans



FIRST PRIZE-WINNING DESIGN IN *The Brickbuilder's* COMPETITION: BY WILLIAM G. RANTOUL OF BOSTON: FLOOR PLANS AND DETAIL SKETCHES ON PAGE 574.

PICTURESQUE DESIGNS FOR FIREPROOF HOMES

JERAULD
DAHLEK
OF NEW
YORK
WAS THE
DESIGNER
OF THIS
FRIENDLY
HOUSE
WHICH
WON THE
SECOND
PRIZE:
FOR PLANS
AND DE-
TAIL
DRAWINGS
SEE PAGE
576.

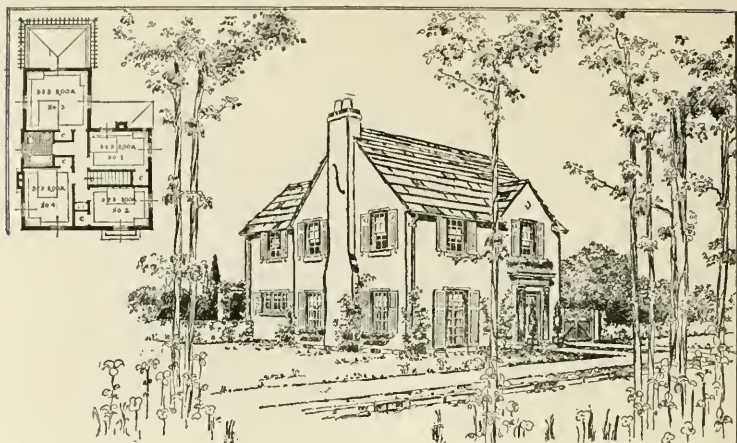


and picturesque sketches being submitted. And as the matter is one that holds many attractions for the modern home-builder, we are glad to have the opportunity of presenting here the four prize-winning houses, for we are sure that our readers will find in the plans and perspectives many a wise suggestion for the arrangement and construction of their own homes.

The designs are especially valuable because the terms of the competition outlined conditions which apply in a great many cases today. The size of the given plot, for example, had a frontage of fifty feet and a depth of one hundred feet—which, as a general rule, may be considered the usual size purchased in the suburbs of a large city. The terms of the competition, moreover, called for a fireproof house—a point that the modern suburban builder is giving serious consideration. It was also stated that the house must be of a type suitable for a suburban as distinguished from a country site, and that it must be planned with the idea that the lots on either side had already been built upon. Another important feature was that a garage should be provided, this being almost essential now that so many suburban residents have their own motors and prefer to keep them on the premises rather than in a distant garage. No limit of cost was established, but naturally, for a lot of the dimensions given, most of the competitors kept economy as well as convenience and beauty of design in mind.

The jury chosen by *The Brickbuilder* to award the prizes was composed of Frank Chouteau Brown of Boston, F. Ellis Jackson of

PICTURESQUE DESIGNS FOR FIREPROOF HOMES



THE HOUSE THAT WON THE THIRD PRIZE: AN ATTRACTIVE SUBURBAN HOME DESIGNED BY J. IVAN DISE OF NEW YORK: THE GROUND PLAN, DETAIL OF ENTRANCE AND CROSS SECTIONS SHOWING CONSTRUCTION WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 576.

Providence, Calvin Kiessling of New York, Linn Kinne of Utica, and F. R. Walker of Cleveland, who were unanimous in awarding the first prize to William G. Rantoul of Boston. His design and the three other prize-winning houses are presented herewith, and as the drawings include not only perspective sketches and details of the exterior but also ground plans showing the arrangement of each home with relation to its garage, garden walks, hedges, flowerbeds and other outdoor features, a little detailed study of them may be worth while.

The house that won the first prize, although very simple, symmetrical and formal as to the front elevation, shows considerable irregularity on the left side and at the rear, while the plan is particularly notable for its unusual treatment of the interior. The broad curving bay windows add to the interest and give a more varied outlook to the living and dining room in front, which have also the advantage of fireplaces so arranged that the furniture may be comfortably grouped around them. Although the central hall is so long and narrow, the openings into the various rooms and the arrangement of the curving staircase prevent it from seeming at all cramped or dark. A vestibule shields the front rooms from draughts from the door, and at the end of the hall a coat closet is provided. The arrangement of kitchen and pantry with relation to the rest of the

PICTURESQUE DESIGNS FOR FIREPROOF HOMES

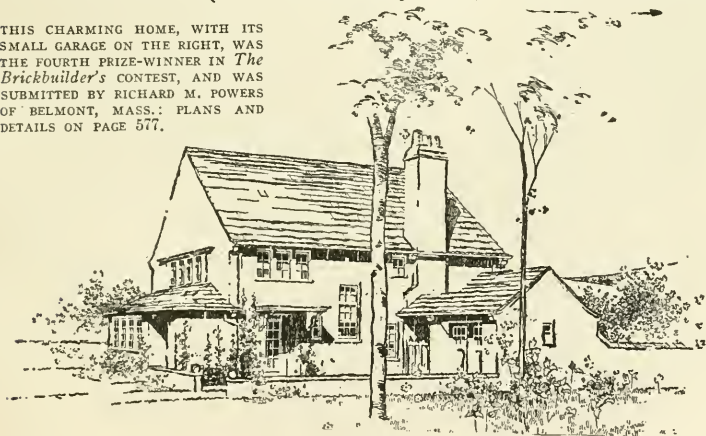
plan is especially convenient. The second floor shows an equally compact and wise use of the space, with cross-ventilation for each bedroom and ample provision for closets.

Admirable, also, are the placing of the garage and layout of the grounds, which are particularly in keeping with this type of lot and dwelling. The arrangement of the walk leading through the flower garden to the vegetable garden, on a line with one of the openings of the piazza and one of the living-room windows, shows thoughtfulness for that vista effect which adds so much to the charm of a home. It gives an opportunity, moreover, for a pleasing arch or gateway at the end of the flower garden, and interesting treatment of the path, both as to paving and borders.

The house faces approximately east, giving a desirable southern exposure to the living room and piazza, and, as *The Brickbuilder* said, "the designer had so frankly accepted the narrow frontage and yet treated his logically resulting design so quietly, simply and attractively that his drawing was accepted as easily the best all-round solution of the problem received."

THE second prize was given to Jerauld Dahler of New York, whose house is as symmetrical and dignified as the first in its design, but quite different in the arrangement of the interior. The layout is based on the assumption that the lot faces north, and the architect has for this reason located his kitchen in the front
(Continued on Page 574.)

THIS CHARMING HOME, WITH ITS SMALL GARAGE ON THE RIGHT, WAS THE FOURTH PRIZE-WINNER IN *The Brickbuilder's* CONTEST, AND WAS SUBMITTED BY RICHARD M. POWERS OF BELMONT, MASS.; PLANS AND DETAILS ON PAGE 577.



INDOOR GARDENING: HOW TO KEEP SUMMER THE YEAR ROUND



It has been quite an understood thing for some time now, that real homes, not just city houses, must have an outdoor room, a fragrant place under shady trees or a blue vault of sky, the "walls" hung with living tapestries, vines and roses, with a green grass carpet,— a place in which one can really live, rest, sleep, breathe, dine and meet friends. People spend more time on their porches, terraces, pergolas and in their garden houses than of former years, finding there health, inspiration and continual joy. Houses have extended wings into gardens and gardens creep close to the outer walls of houses, even climbing up porches and looking into open windows.

We have grown so attached to garden life and to the plants we have tended through the long pleasant summer days that we cannot be perfectly contented to be shut away from it all through the long, dark winter. So architects are being kept busy nowadays devising ways of including garden rooms in house plans. This is comparatively easy for those in the West, but in the East nothing short of a carefully considered planning of glass walls and domes, sealed and heated will suffice. Conservatories were comparatively scarce a few years ago, but nowadays they are becoming almost necessities. Old houses are being remodeled to provide indoor garden rooms, porches extended, verandas enclosed, rooms turned into sun parlors, houses floored, and closed and glassed over, heating systems enlarged that the winter may not shut us entirely away from the pleasures of gardening.

Many are the ways of outwitting winter's severe decree against gardens. Summer can be coaxed to remain as guest by a little judicious management. Plants by careful selection will provide a continuous succession of bloom throughout the winter season, but this is not accomplished without experienced forethought. Cold frames must be resorted to, to guard the clippings and to start seed.

The begonia, that half-hardy perennial, is a prime favorite for greenhouse use because of its beautiful foliage, freakishly interesting and charmingly colored blossoms. Begonias have been a favorite winter plant since the Puritans attempted to found a home in the bleak, new land. Their culture is of the simplest and they will thrive cheerfully in the partial light of a window-box as well as in a glass-roofed conservatory. The blossoms, in many shades of pink, rose, orange, scarlet, crimson and white, sometimes measure six inches in diameter. When in good condition the plant will continue in bloom very often for weeks at a time. Among the fibrous-rooted varieties



CHRYSANTHEMUMS MAY BE LIFTED FROM THE GARDEN,
BROUGHT INTO THE GLASS HOUSE AND MADE TO EXTEND
THEIR TIME OF BLOOMING THROUGH FALL AND WINTER TO
THE MONTH OF JANUARY.



PALMS, IF GIVEN PLENTY OF LIGHT, WILL STAY IN THE BEST OF CONDITIONS EVEN WHEN THE ATMOSPHERE IS NOT AS WARM AS IN THE FULL CONSERVATORY: THE PORCH EXTENSION THEREFORE MAKES THE MOST SATISFACTORY PALM GARDEN, FOR IT CAN BE HEATED EASILY FROM THE ADJOINING ROOMS: LIGHT AND AIR ARE MORE OF A NECESSITY THAN WARMTH; THE GREEN BANK OF PALMS AS SEEN FROM WITHIN THE ROOM EASILY PERSUADES ONE THAT THE SUMMER IS NOT FAR AWAY.



These pictures are used by courtesy of Nathan R. Graves.

A NEW POSSIBILITY OF INDOOR GARDENING IS SHOWN IN THE ABOVE PICTURE: THE WHOLE PLOT OF A SUMMER GARDEN CAN BE LAID OUT IN MINIATURE DURING THE WINTER: SUCH A BENCH GIVES EXCELLENT PLAY OPPORTUNITIES TO CHILDREN.



FERNS AND EVEN MANY VARIETIES OF ORCHIDS CAN BE GROWN BY AN AMATEUR IF FULL LIGHT AND AIR CAN BE PROVIDED: THEY REQUIRE A MOIST ATMOSPHERE, NOT TOO MUCH SUN NOR GREAT HEAT.

AZALEAS, SPIREA, CHRYSANTHEMUMS, CARNATIONS, FERNS AND MOSSES CAN BE HAD IN AS GREAT PROFUSION WITHIN DOORS AS WITHOUT BY A LITTLE CAREFUL FORETHOUGHT AND EXPENDITURE OF BUT A SMALL AMOUNT OF MONEY: THE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE RIGHT SHOWS ONE EXAMPLE OF A SMALL INEXPENSIVE GREENHOUSE WITH LAVISH BLOOMING: AS THE FLOWERS MATURE THEY CAN BE CARRIED INTO THE DIFFERENT ROOMS OF THE HOUSE.





THERE IS NO FLOWER WHICH LENDS ITSELF MORE MAGNIFICENTLY TO CULTIVATION IN THE GREENHOUSE THAN THE CHRYSANTHEMUM : THE SMALL ONES GROWING IN MASSES OR THE INDIVIDUAL SPECIMENS FORCED FOR EXHIBITION ARE NEVER MORE PERFECTLY DEVELOPED THAN WHEN UNDER GLASS.

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is the *mignon gracilis*, popular because of its profuse fiery scarlet blossoms and sure growth. There are many rex varieties, with variegated red bronze, red and silver white leaves and dwarf vernal flowering at a height of four inches which makes it especially valuable when begonias are to be ranged in graded heights. The tuberous-rooted begonia flowers with a perfect rosette of form, either single or double and in every possible color variety.

BEGONIAS are seldom strictly true to type, having an apparent delight in individual experimenting. The blossoms may often be seen rising from mid-stem of a beautiful leaf or showing freakishly from the side of the main stalk. The plant seems to have an unusual degree of individuality, temperament if one may so express it, so that its friend can never be sure of its mood from day to day.

Azaleas make another fascinating conservatory plant. An azalea house in full bloom makes one of the most beautiful of all indoor gardens. They are one of the most satisfactory of all flowers for forcing and for gorgeous range of color. They have the virtue also of being in full bloom for the Christmas holidays so that they not only make excellent gifts but are much in demand for decorative purposes of all kinds. The varieties are too numerous to be mentioned, each grower having his own special list of names.

Antirrhinums, almost the rival of the sweet pea for delicacy and variety of coloring, if started in a cold frame will make a delightful showing through all the winter months. The tall graceful spikes give them decorative value as a house plant as well as for greenhouse display.

The long, tube-shaped, fragrant nicotiana can be grown in the greenhouse from seed. An arrangement of nicotiana in a vase is peculiarly effective. As potted plants they are not quite as satisfactory; but massed in the greenhouse with the splendid mixture of crimson, lilac, purple, violet, flesh color, they make a splendid showing. There are many hybrids now on the market, the growers endeavoring to make the flowers larger and the plant more bushlike. There is a small flowering dwarf nicotiana now on the market. The flowers remain open all day, are delightful and fragrant, and the tip of the highest flower will not be over eighteen inches in height.

The old-fashioned gillyflower or stock as it is better known, is a half-hardy annual, that if started from seed early enough can be made to furnish profusion of bloom during almost the entire winter. It can be massed in a large bed or grown individually for a pot flower. The ten-week stock is a splendid, strong, pyramidal plant, bearing thick spikes of yellow, crimson, blue or white flowers and should

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THE BLOOMING TIME OF CONSERVAT GRIES CAN BE EXTENDED BY A START IN COLD FRAMES.

be in every greenhouse. The Dresden perpetual stock or "cut-and-come-again" has many strains, canary yellow, Alice blue mixed with its other well known shades. There is a giant perpetual snow-white, a gloria, Empress Augusta Victoria, also a dwarf variety, snowflake, by name.

Schizanthus is valuable where profusion of varied tinted bloom is wanted. Heliotrope, pansies, fuchsias, pink, yellow and white oxalis, white and yellow calla lilies, primulus, geraniums, forget-me-nots, the large, matchless mignonette for greenhouse forcing, gloxinias, gaillardis, cinerarias, cyclamen, calceolaria, celosia (Pride of Castle Gould), sweet alyssum, and the gay-leaved coleus plants are all dependable greenhouse favorites which can be raised from seed, cuttings or repotted from the outdoor garden to furnish color and fragrance for the indoor garden. The many carnations and chrysanthemums are too well known to need special description; also the many bulbs, the parrot tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, etc.

The fragrant freesias also accommodate themselves to indoor gardening. There is a magnificent white variety, Purity, and a *refracta alba*, pure white with yellow blotch, Leichtlinii Major, which bear beautiful golden yellow flowers. There is also the *freesia*

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hybrida ragionierii, a new race of freesia, free flowering, unusual shade of coloring, long stemmed, capable of strong forcing and which does not require a very high temperature.

The dark-foliaged spireas, with their wonderful feathery sprays of flowers, bloom profusely during February and March and under careful forcing can be had during the Christmas holidays. There is a delightful soft pink Queen Alexandra, deep carmine rose Rubens, feathery pure white, fragrant Japonica, and *astilboides floribunda*, a white plumed variety with rich bronze foliage. Spirea also has its dwarf form suitable for greenhouse arrangement when a tier effect is desired.

ANOTHER branch of indoor gardening which can be pursued with great profit and delight is the fruits and vegetables; both apple and pear tree can be grown in a pot to a height of from six to eight feet; peaches, nectarines and cherries also are capable of luscious development in glasshouses, especially if great headroom be given them so that they can be assured of plenty of fresh air and light and sun. They can be grown espalier-wise, following the contour of the greenhouse almost as perfectly as though they were vines.



AN INDOOR GARDEN CAN BE HAD SIMPLY BY AN EXTENSION OF A PORCH.

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PERFUME AND COLOR NEED NOT BE ATTRIBUTES OF SUMMER ALONE, AS CAN BE SEEN BY THIS WEALTH OF BLOOM PRODUCED UNDER GLASS.

Grapes are never more perfectly grown than in a small greenhouse for the reason that there is better control of moisture, heat and nourishment. They are not so apt to be infested with scale or insects, birds, wasps and bees, are shut away from the possibility of spoiling. Grapes may be forced to bear in the early spring or held over through December and January merely in a lean-to room put up on the windowless side of a house. In addition to the benches filled with earth in which seed is sown much as though in an outdoor garden there is the possibility of increasing area by many pots set along the aisle or beneath the benches, by vases and baskets hanging from the roof. The spaces beneath the benches are often utilized for ferns and the beautiful mosses and orchids; ivies and palms also may be started beneath a bench, later brought out into more direct light.

Another form of indoor gardening, affording endless pleasure and delight is imitation of favorite bits of the outdoor world in miniature. This art of miniature gardening has long been known in Japan, for the Japanese can make a garden suggesting mountains, shrines, forests and lakes in a dish the size of a saucer. One of our illustrations shows a corner of a greenhouse devoted to this fascinating science of landscape gardening. With such a space at one's disposal the whole summer's garden may be planned in miniature. This is much more satisfactory than any paper-planned garden,—the hills,

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dales, rivulets, paths and driveways can quickly be created and destroyed until the desired effect has been decided upon. Little rustic bridges, lanterns, boats and tiny houses may be bought from almost any Japanese store if one is unable to make the little models at home. Bits of artificial flowers, pine seedlings, mosses, quickly grown grasses, tiny sticks and twigs can produce the effect of a garden. This miniature garden planning will prevent many a mistake in actual gardening, suggest many ideas that might have been one or two years in forming. A garden can be built, approved or rejected in a day.

The kitchen porch, enclosed in glass, heated with an extension of pipe from the house heating system, can be made to grow enough lettuce, radishes, parsley and similar small vegetables to keep the table supplied with fresh greens. This is of especial value to people who live away from the city markets, and the cost of such an enclosure is very trifling considering the pleasure obtained. After the lettuce and radishes have been gathered the seeds may be sown for the spring garden, thus making sure the chances of an early garden. Tomato plants can be matured fully six weeks earlier by starting them in some such indoor room. The business side of growing vegetables for market, of course, is very small unless special greenhouses are constructed for the purpose; but one's own table can be provided with three or four crops in a winter if desired, by using a little indoor garden room.

The allotted space of flower and vegetable garden can be quickly determined and planned to scale, paths, pools, fences, pergolas and

all. Besides the usefulness of such a table for grown-ups it affords one of the most delightful pastimes for the children of the family. All children like to make gardens, love to handle little things. One corner of the greenhouse bench could be given over to instructive and entertaining gardening games for children.



ALL PALMS AND FERNS REQUIRE MUCH AIR AND FULL LIGHT: THEY CAN ONLY BE GROWN THEREFORE WHERE A HIGH DOME IS POSSIBLE.

WHY I AM INTERESTED IN THE CRAFTSMAN KITCHEN: BY ALFRED W. McCANN

Reprinted from *The New York Globe*, Jan. 16, 1915.



USTAV STICKLEY is a reformer. All attempts to diagnose the status of this man's position with regard to the social order must fail unless the word reformer is settled upon as the most accurately descriptive term that can be applied to him.

Craftsman furniture and furnishings constitute a permanent protest against veneer and sham.

Craftsman architecture constitutes a permanent protest against the frothy incompatibles which for so long a time have menaced the beauty of American homes.

Craftsman landscaping and gardening constitute a permanent protest against the cheerless, friendless, soulless, meaningless and needless disorder with which too many American city and suburban home surroundings are cursed.

The Stickley protest is not offered destructively. He provides the Craftsman remedy. For years that remedy has been content to express itself in the form of unobtrusive suggestions and the mellow eloquence of beautiful things.

Mere suggestion, however beautiful or spiritual, while it may reach the heart of one who has acquired special preparedness for its reception, is not sufficiently aggressive to influence vast numbers, and no reform can be complete unless it influences all. Therefore, the sheer necessity of some such instrument of education as the Craftsman Building gradually urged itself into the dreams of Stickley and thus became a reality.

Throughout the Craftsman Building, on every floor, on every wall, quiet suggestion has been equipped with energy and force, and the work of reform is assuming the powers of a propaganda.

People are to be compelled to an appreciation of the Craftsman solution of grave problems, the very existence of which is, even now, unsuspected by millions.

Assembled under its roof are so many astonishing revelations of the progress which this belated renaissance has already made that, by sheer force of numbers, they swoop down like a battalion upon the defenceless visitor and, catching him up in the fury of their movement, carry him on and on until, recovering from his amazement, he finds himself not an unwilling captive but a soldier on the fighting line.

Not until he is swept into this experience can he fully grasp the largeness, the vigor, the beauty and the necessity of the Craftsman ideal, but, having comprehended it at last, he finds in it no more surprises.

WHY I AM INTERESTED IN THE CRAFTSMAN KITCHEN

Everything that grows out of Stickley's activities is henceforth obvious. It is all so sane, so hopeful, so simple and so natural that in its presence the old familiar blotches and blots and daubs fall away from their callous immunity to contempt, and stand forth, as they are, the hideous symptoms of a disease too long neglected.

THE initiated does not wonder that the dreams of the Craftsman, woven out of hatred for the ugly and the false, should penetrate to the very heart of human happiness and thus discern the fixed laws which, in the natural order, underlie that happiness. It causes no shock to learn that Stickley, by unforced advances, has arrived at that point in his development wherefrom he sees clearly that in all his work for the betterment of the American home he must begin with the kitchen and the food that enters that kitchen.

The fundamentals which have been overlooked there, as elsewhere, have disclosed themselves to his warm sympathies and his sensitive responsiveness to truth. With no fixed habits to blind his vision he has followed them to their source—the source of life.

Stickley knows that in the days, popularly called Colonial, when men, animated by stern necessity, built their strong, durable and really beautiful houses, and constructed their rough-hewn tables and chairs, they unconsciously fell under the influence of their undefiled environment and followed the lines of spiritual loveliness and physical grace and beauty and natural proportion which that environment inspired.

So well did they hew and carve and join that all New England has been ransacked for the beautiful things that have been hidden away in the backwoods houses of olden days. Stickley knows this and he knows also that when the early home-makers of America began to accumulate the riches of their industry, the simplicity of their humble beginnings faded slowly out of their consciousness and was replaced by a desire to "better" their surroundings.

Wealth, without eyes, began to associate that beautiful simplicity with the lowly necessities of life from which it had emerged and which bore unseen the imprints of a loving workmanship that was now cruelly distorted into mere reminders of drudgery. Under such blindness of purpose it soon became fashionable to despise the old, familiar glories and to search for novelty.

Comfortable, complacent and smug the newly rich thus turned their backs upon beauty and became patrons of the Mansard roof, the corner-clipped shingle, the grotesque arch, the crabbed angle and the gilded flounce.

There were to be no more ample clapboard exteriors, no more

WHY I AM INTERESTED IN THE CRAFTSMAN KITCHEN

sturdy beams, no more open fireplaces of uncut stone, no more casements on hand-wrought hinges, no more rush-covered chairs, no more classic beds.

A riot of discord, measured only by the "cost," became the new standard by which social distinction obtained envious recognition. It was no longer "All I can," but "*All I Can Afford.*" Into this barbarous bastardy, with all its spurious beatification, in which the only things real were ugliness and folly, was also dragged the lust for novelty that would titillate the palate.

Food was no longer looked upon as an essential, and cookery became a clash in which chef strove with chef to produce a startling color scheme or a fine frenzy of flavor without regard to the laws of nutrition or the capacity of the master and his guests to dispose of the abominations inflicted upon them.

As the gingerbread school of hashed houses and bazaared pabulum developed, the notional indolence of fashion surrendered the unrecognized responsibilities of the home kitchen to the food factory.

There were no laws in the land that obliged the prepared-food industry, which spread like an epidemic, to heed the meaning of sanitation or the dangers of chemical sophistication. There is no law to this day that defines for the food manufacturer the meaning of common-decency or that obliges him to recognize that foremost champion of human happiness.

Food soon became as artificial as the houses in which it was served. The artifice was not suspected. By millions it is not suspected to this day.

HARVEY W. WILEY rebuked every Congress for twenty-five years, but he did not succeed in convincing the representatives of a befuddled people that the food world had become crazed in its pursuit of gain, until June thirty, nineteen hundred and six. Then came the famous food and drugs act of that date, and the entire country shuddered for a moment at the hideous disclosures of evil which it provoked—and promptly forgot the shock and its significance.

Had there been sufficient indignation in the land to rise to the disclosures of that hour, Stickley's work of reform in the cause he has espoused would no longer be necessary, for the reason that any people, capable of dealing adequately with such disclosures as were made then and as are being made still, would also be capable of dispensing with the need of reformers of Stickley's kind. Wiley's work has but commenced and Stickley's is newer still. Both are pioneers.

The Craftsman has the advantage, for he numbers thousands of

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well-trained and enthusiastic followers where Wiley numbers not more than one or two in each State. Stickley knows that in the eternal destiny of things the forward movement which he has fathered will contribute impetus to the Wiley movement, and so his pursuit of truth and honesty has embraced the fundamentals of the kitchen in his scheme of perfecting the American home.

It is this amazing fidelity to the light as it has broken in upon him and this inspiringly persistent cooperation with grace which have caused him to include in the Craftsman Building a restaurant, a kitchen and a pure food emporium. Here such foods as surpass the all too meager requirements of the federal law by their own self-constituted standards of perfection, maintained in the face of corrupt competition, and which are higher than the politically compromised standards of federal and state enactment, are being gathered as fitting adjuncts to the general scheme of Craftsman reform.

Here those manufacturers who do appreciate the significance of sanitation and common decency and who refuse to tolerate the legal trickery granted to them by the law as it stands or in many instances by the actual absence of any law, have the opportunity of identifying their virtues with one of the most remarkable movements of the century.

In the Craftsman kitchen reform has been consummated. It is on exhibition daily. It stands like a beacon on a cliff and sets up an example for every eating-house in the world to follow. None of the arts of cookery which conspire to the legitimate achievement of daintiness and charm are neglected in the Craftsman pursuit of purity and wholesomeness. The legalized chemical preservatives, chemical bleachers, chemical glazes, chemical flavors, inert fillers and extenders, coal tar dyes and grossly impoverished foods, however popular, can find no place on the Craftsman bill-of-fare.

The details of this noteworthy addition to the Craftsman program of reform are so inspiring to the dietician and the connoisseur that I promise the readers of this article to explain them in all their significance in some later issue of **THE CRAFTSMAN**, at which time I will also present further facts with regard to the Craftsman pure food emporium.

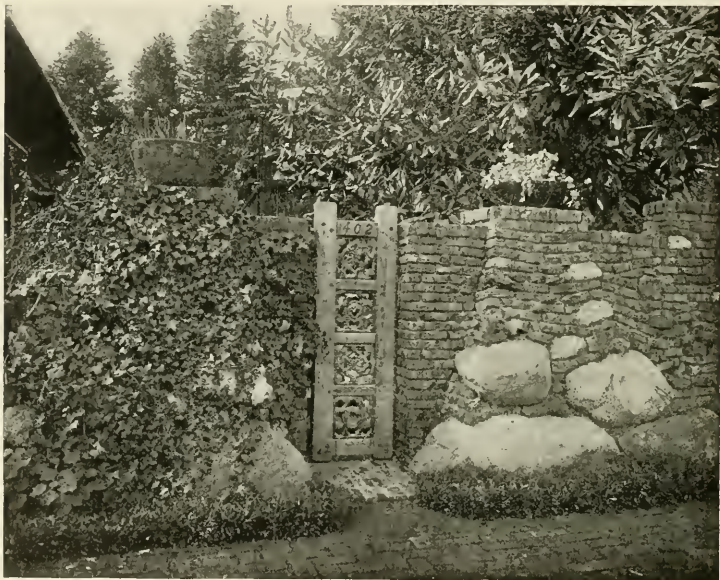


YOUR OWN HOME: NUMBER THREE: SELECTING THE MATERIALS FOR DURABILITY, ECONOMY AND PICTURESQUENESS



THE architect has been referred to as a person who "charms beauty out of sticks and stones;" but although this molding of the raw materials into pleasing form is so distinctive a feature of the art, there are other points that must be first considered. For this very quality of beauty, to be wholly satisfying, must rest upon the practical basis of utility. Wisdom of plan, strength of construction, durability, economy and appropriateness of materials—out of these must grow the picturesqueness that we love to find in our homes. Only in this way can our architecture be natural and sincere.

The important part which materials play in the final value and effect of a building becomes very graphic if we glance at a few salient types of primitive and modern homes. In the crude simplicity that



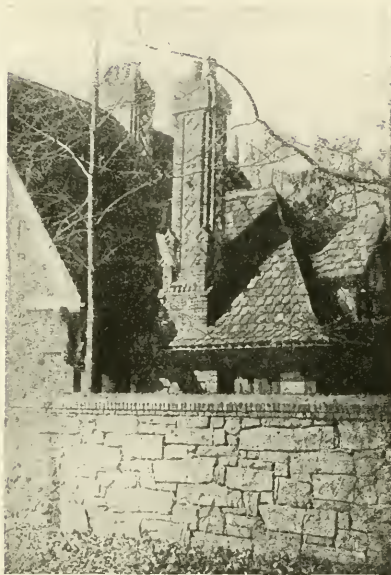
THIS GARDEN WALL OF BRICK AND STONE, WITH ITS CURIOUSLY CARVED WOODEN GATE, ILLUSTRATES WELL THE INTEREST OF COMBINED MATERIALS: IT IS TYPICAL OF CALIFORNIA, AND ENCLOSES THE HOME OF J. W. NEILL, AT PASADENA: GREENE AND GREENE, ARCHITECTS.

SUCH STUFF AS HOMES ARE MADE OF

marks the adobe dwelling of the Pueblo Indian, the ice hut of the Eskimo or the log cabin of the pioneer, or in the more civilized walls of a modern brick cottage, shingled bungalow or stone and concrete house, we find that next to the interest of the design comes that of the materials. The smoothness or irregularity of texture that marks their surface, the colors and tones that give them variety, the shapes and contours to which they lend themselves—in fact, all those inherent qualities that give to each material its own distinctive charm, are vital factors in the architectural result. And for this reason, the selection of those materials merits the home-builder's careful attention.

Many practical considerations enter into this problem, besides the owner's personal taste. The size and design of the house, the amount that can be expended upon it, the nature of the site and the surrounding buildings, the question of permanence, fireproof qualities, repairs—these will be among the determining elements.

For example, if the house is to be a fairly large one, built upon a rocky site, the rough stone excavated for the foundation may be used with good effect in the walls, while a roof of slate or tile will be in harmony. In certain rocky districts near New York and around Philadelphia, the native field stone has been used with particularly interesting effect, as some of the illustrations reveal. The varied shapes and sizes of the stone, the rich veins of color, which range from pale tones of bluish gray to darker streaks of rusty red and mossy green, combined with the rough, irregular texture of the surface and the contrasting white or black of the mortar joint, produce a wall of unusually rich and rugged simplicity. Moreover, this use of a local material gives to one's house a peculiarly sympathetic touch, making



STONE, BRICK, HALF-TIMBER AND TILES, IN THE VANDERBILT LODGE AT DEEPALE, LONG ISLAND: JOHN RUSSELL POPE, ARCHITECT: REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF THE CENTURY CO.

SUCH STUFF AS HOMES ARE MADE OF

it seem at home in the landscape, a harmonious part of its environment.

When the house is a small one, walls of solid stone might seem out of proportion to its size, and in this case the stone may be used only for the foundation, chimney and perhaps the porch pillars, with some other material for the walls.

Cobblestones are sometimes used with interesting effect, laid in irregular fashion with plenty of cement. But unless very carefully handled, they are apt to look unstable and spotty, destroying that air of strength and restfulness which should always pervade the exterior design. In many of our California bungalows, where a somewhat rustic appearance is desired, cobblestones have been successfully combined with cement, brick and wood construction.

Cut stone and ashlar (the latter used for facing) are less widely employed today than formerly in domestic architecture, and are confined mainly to the town or city residence, the rougher stone being preferred for suburban and country homes. While the various-sized rectangular shapes of the ashlar make an interesting and dignified surface, the effect is a formal one, and until mellowed by weathering and softened by vines, the walls lack that picturesqueness which belongs to the rougher material.

As to "artificial stone"—a concrete composition with a surface like that of natural stone—the less said about it the better. The concrete block, however, which is frankly concrete and does not seek to imitate anything, has a rightful place in modern architecture, but is used more for large public and office buildings than for homes.

The advantages of a stone house are that it is fireproof, moisture-proof, cool in summer, warm in winter, and very durable, indeed practically indestructible, so that it never needs repairs—unless perhaps it be an occasional replacing of the mortar here and there where storms have worn it away. Its cost, as compared with other building materials, can hardly be estimated here, as it varies in different localities according to the facility with which it can be excavated, blasted or hauled, as well as the local cost of labor. Comparative prices of other materials, however, will be given at the end of this article.

BRICK has always been popular in both home and public buildings in practically every land where it could be made, and it has been said that "the history of England is written almost without a break in brick architecture." How ancient is the industry may be gleaned from the fact that the Children of Israel were made to work among the kilns of Egypt, and that brick was used for the

BRICK, TILE, TIMBER AND SHAKES ARE USED WITH ESPECIALLY DECORATIVE EFFECT IN THIS UNIQUE CALIFORNIA HOME AND GARDEN: THE OWNER IS J. H. THORSEN, OF BERKELEY, AND THE ARCHITECTS WERE GREENE AND GREENE.



STUCCO AND SHINGLE ON A FOUNDATION OF STONE WITH OCCASIONAL TOUCHES OF BRICK FORM A DELIGHTFUL AND PRACTICAL COMBINATION OF MATERIALS IN THE HOMELIKE RESIDENCE SHOWN BELOW—THE CULBERTSON HOUSE AT PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.





ANOTHER VIEW OF MR. NEILL'S HOME, THE GARDEN WALL OF WHICH IS SHOWN ON PAGE 534: AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF BRICK AND COBBLESTONE.

A HOUSE IN BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, DESIGNED BY GREENE AND GREENE: NOTE THE IRREGULAR PLACING OF THE BRICKS, AND THE TERRACED ENTRANCE.



A VERY PLEASING USE OF IRREGULAR FIELD STONE WITH STUCCO ABOVE IS SHOWN IN THIS HOUSE AT MERION, PA., DESIGNED BY DAVID KNICKERECKER BOYD.

THIS SEMI-RUSTIC HOME, WITH ITS MASSIVE LOG WALLS, SHINGLED GABLES AND DORMERS, ROUGH STONE CHIMNEYS AND STONE KITCHEN, HARMONIZES WELL WITH ITS WOODLAND SURROUNDINGS: AS SOME OF OUR READERS MAY REMEMBER, IT IS THE HOME OF MR. STICKLEY, AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS, N. J.



THE BRICK WALLS, STONE-FLOORED TERRACE AND "SHINGLE-THATCH" ROOF OF THIS HOUSE AT LAKE FOREST, ILL., SHOW AN EXCEPTIONALLY CHARMING COMBINATION OF MATERIALS; ALBRO AND LINDBERG WERE THE ARCHITECTS.

SUCH STUFF AS HOMES ARE MADE OF

walls of ancient Babylon and the Great Wall of China. It was the Romans, however, who brought the manufacture and use of burnt clay "to a point little short of perfection."

No wonder this richly colored material, which can be produced in such convenient and adaptable units, has held so prominent a place in the architectural history of the nations, for it is not only durable and fireproof but capable of great and varied beauty in construction, growing more mellow and harmonious as the years go by. In localities where a reddish soil is found, nothing can be more appropriate for the walls of one's home, but it can be used in almost any locality and for almost any type of building with interesting effect, and can be combined successfully with stone, concrete or wood.

The home-builder who selects brick for the main walls of his house will find a bewildering number of kinds, colors, textures, bonds and mortars from which to choose, for there are few materials that are capable of more varied combinations. The tendency today is toward the use of a rough-textured brick rather than the smooth-faced or pressed; irregularity instead of uniformity of coloring; wide joints with rough mortar in place of the narrow smooth joints formerly used; and bonds that, while simple, include occasional decorative variations, or mosaic inserts of Tapestry brick or tile.

In "Successful Houses and How to Build Them," by Charles E. White, Jr., published by the Macmillan Company, and in the illustrated booklets of Fiske & Company, as well as in back numbers of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, will be found more detailed information as to the use of brick, which the home-builder will find well worth studying. Meanwhile, we are presenting on the opposite page, a photograph showing an interesting detail of recent brick construction which gives an idea of the decorative effect that can be obtained with this material. One needs to see the actual structures, however, to appreciate their full beauty, for so much of the charm of modern brickwork lies in its coloring—in the soft tones of brown and buff, the warm terra cotta shades and deeper notes of purple that are being used by architects today.

A different but equally interesting medium is found in cement or rather concrete, which is becoming so popular in the building world for houses both large and small. Its surface can be made to vary from the smoothest to the roughest texture, and may be given a remarkably decorative air by introducing into the mixture or "throwing" upon the surface tiny many-colored pebbles. The concrete may be colored either by using in its composition clay of the desired tone, by adding color to the mixture, or by applying it to

SUCH STUFF AS HOMES ARE MADE OF



THIS PLEASANT COTTAGE IS OF A TYPE PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO CEMENT CONSTRUCTION: IT WAS DESIGNED BY HOWARD GREENLEY FOR THE ESTATE OF MR. C. A. COFFIN AT LOCUST VALLEY, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK: REPRODUCED FROM "THE HONEST HOUSE," BY RUBY ROSS GOODNOW AND RAYNE ADAMS.

the finished surface with a brush. The first methods are the most desirable, for in these the coloring is permanent, unaffected by weathering or injury to the surface of the wall.

Additional beauty may be given to concrete by the insertion of decorative tiles, either in plain colors or in relief, used in geometric patterns to emphasize some point of structural interest or to brighten a plain surface.

THERE are several practical and economical forms of concrete construction in use today. It can be cast in solid or hollow blocks and laid up with cement, like stone; or it can be cast in forms, on the spot, the walls being built up in successive layers.

In the latter case, the wall may be either solid, or made with a continuous air space in the center, to insulate the inner from the outer surface. This prevents heat and cold from penetrating, and also prevents the condensation of moisture on the inner wall due to changing temperatures. When an air space is provided, the plaster may be applied directly on the inner concrete wall, but where the concrete is solid, the usual furring and lath is necessary in order to provide insulation. In any case, unless the wall is of exceptional

SUCH STUFF AS HOMES ARE MADE OF



THE WIDE CLAPBOARD WALLS AND SHINGLED GAMBREL ROOFS OF THIS DIGNIFIED, HOSPITABLE-LOOKING HOUSE ARE WELL SUITED TO THE DESIGN: IT IS THE HOME OF HENRY S. ORR AT GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND, AND IS AN EXCELLENT INSTANCE OF THE WORK OF AYMAR EMBURY II, WHO HOLDS TO THE BEST COLONIAL AND DUTCH TRADITIONS.

thickness, the concrete is reinforced, generally by strips of metal embedded at intervals in the mixture when it is cast.

A concrete effect may also be obtained by using stucco (cement and sand) on wood, brick or hollow tile, or on any of the new forms of metal reinforcement that are being so widely used today where an economical structure is needed.

Those who are interested in hollow tile—and a good many people are nowadays, for it has many commendable qualities—will find much enlightenment in a chattily written and well-illustrated book by Frederick Squires, called "The Hollow Tile House," published by The William T. Comstock Company of New York. In this volume Mr. Squires shows not only many examples of modern buildings constructed of hollow tile with stucco covering, but also others of "texture tile"—which is made with such an attractive surface that no covering is needed to enhance its charm. Incidentally, the pages carry numerous other photographs of houses, old and new, European and American, of various materials and designs, a study of which would well repay the home-builder who is seeking inspiration or suggestion for his own enterprise.

Turning now to wood, we find that although it does not share the extremely durable and fireproof virtues that characterize the

SUCH STUFF AS HOMES ARE MADE OF



THE HEAVY TIMBERS AND SHINGLES OF THIS OLD-FASHIONED MODERN HOME, AT TUCKAHOE, NEW YORK, SHOW A SUCCESSFUL USE OF WOOD: THE BUILDING WAS DESIGNED FOR JEROME C. BULL BY AYMAR EMBURY II.

materials just described, it is usually cheaper, and possesses sufficient-ly adaptable and friendly qualities to give it a secure place in the architectural field.

The simplest form in which this material can be used is that of siding or clapboards, and although walls so covered are sometimes monotonous and uninteresting unless well relieved by window groups, verandas and other features, the cottage, farmhouse and stately home of Colonial design lend themselves admirably to this construction, as the example on the preceding page testifies.

Shingles, for both walls and roof, are always attractive, either when left to weather to a silvery gray or when stained some soft tone of reddish or golden brown or mossy green; but for a very large house shingles are likely to prove monotonous, unless combined with other materials. One of the pictures shows an unusually charming use of shingles for the hipped, dormer-broken roof. In California, redwood shakes, or extra large shingles, are employed for the walls of cottages and bungalows with remarkably pleasing result.

Needless to say, wood construction is especially appropriate among woodland surroundings, and where a distinctly rustic type of architecture is desired logs or slabs may be used, although these are usually confined to summer homes. In the December number of *THE*

SUCH STUFF AS HOMES ARE MADE OF

CRAFTSMAN an illustrated article on slab construction will be found, and Mr. Stickley's own homestead, included among our illustrations, is an interesting and successful example of a permanent log dwelling.

As to the use of half-timber, we can hardly do better than quote J. H. Elder-Duncan, who, in his delightful book of English "Country Cottages," says: "Half-timber work is one of the most abused methods of building now extant. The beautiful effects achieved by its use in former times can be seen in many countries, notably in Kent, Warwickshire and Worcestershire. But the beauty obtained by sound and honest workmanship is rarely seen nowadays. Half-timber should be a substantial framework, consisting of uprights tenoned into horizontal sills and heads, which in their turn are secured to substantial corner posts, the framework being strengthened by diagonal pieces. These diagonals were usually curved in the old work, and these curved pieces are best if they are so grown. The tenons should not run through the timbers, but be secured by wooden pins, the heads of which are left projecting. All the timbers should be left rough from the saw—they are better if only roughly squared—and are simply treated with boiled oil or thin tar. The joints should be made with a mixture of red and white lead, rendered workable with a small amount of boiled oil. In the old work the spaces between the timbers were filled with brick, usually set on edge and left plain, or covered with plaster.

"Modern half-timber, in nine cases out of ten, consists of thin slats of carefully planed timber nailed to the brick wall and provided with projecting pin-heads, the brickwork showing between the slats being covered with rough-cast or plaster in imitation of the old work, the whole thing," adds this author emphatically, "is a disgusting sham for which no possible or valid excuse can be advanced."

In many instances—especially in a large house—a combination of two or more materials may be advisable, such as concrete or stucco walls above a foundation of brick or stone; stone walls with stucco in the gables; or clapboards for the first story and shingles for the second. Naturally, the heaviest-looking material should be used below. Additional variety may be added in the chimneys, porch pillars, steps and flooring, and in the timber and trim.

The question of roofing must also be decided when the building materials are being selected, and here again there is a wide range of choice. For a frame house, wood or asbestos shingles are usually most appropriate, although they cannot be used unless the roof has a fairly steep slope to insure proper drainage. With concrete or stone construction, tile or slate makes an effective covering, while the different forms of sheet roofing made today can be had in colors to

SUCH STUFF AS HOMES ARE MADE OF



STUCCO AND TILE ARE USED HERE WITH CHARMING EFFECT IN HOUSE, GARDEN WALL AND HOODED ENTRANCE: FROM ONE OF THE MANY INTERESTING SKETCHES IN "THE HONEST HOUSE."

harmonize with practically any building material, and are especially suitable for flat or slightly sloping roofs. Further details on this subject will be found in an article "Among the Rooftops" on page two twenty-nine of *THE CRAFTSMAN* for May, nineteen fourteen.

As the matter of cost is such an important item to the home-builder, the following table, prepared by the National Fire Proofing Company, may be helpful.

Comparative building costs of different systems of building, based upon an average frame dwelling costing ten thousand dollars, complete, located in the vicinity of New York:

The frame house costs about ten thousand dollars, while one with brick outside walls and wood inside, would be eleven thousand. Brick outside walls backed up with hollow tile would be ten thousand eight hundred dollars. Stucco on expanded metal, wood inside, would cost less—ten thousand two hundred and fifty. Hollow tile, stuccoed, wood inside, requires ten thousand five hundred dollars, and hollow tile, stuccoed, fireproof throughout except roof, raises the price to twelve thousand. Fourteen thousand dollars would be the cost of a house with hollow tile walls faced with brick, with fireproof floors and roof, while one with brick walls and fireproof floors and roof would be about fifteen thousand. These figures are based on an average taken from two architects and two builders, who have had experience with the methods of construction designated.



SINGLE AND SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES THAT LEND THEMSELVES WELL TO STUCCO CONSTRUCTION: FROM THE CENTURY COMPANY'S RECENTLY PUBLISHED BOOK, "THE HONEST HOUSE."

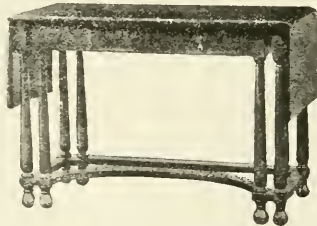
AFTER THE ARCHITECT, FURNITURE AND FITTINGS: NUMBER THREE

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AFTER the architect—what? When the house of dreams stands, a piquant reality, calling to the owners to experience its joys, what comes imperatively next? The very thing that has been put off as long as possible, the fittings and furnishings. And the cause of the postponement is fear, fear of buying furnishings which would be regretted later. The life-blood of fear is ignorance. We fear to buy furniture because we know too little about it. Let us quickly to work then, and with many a good book and many an excursion into homes and museums feed the eye with example after example of furniture in good styles, that the underlying principles of construction and outline may become ours.

This is not with the idea of furnishing the house with the boasted museum piece of each dealer in antiques. Far from it, for antiques are both frail and expensive, and are main-

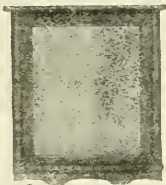


DROP-LEAF TABLE OF MODIFIED JACOBEAN DESIGN.

ly for those who do not mind hearing

chairs crack under the visit of a fat friend; or of losing ormolu mounts and Boule inlay under the duster of the arduous maidservant. But what is gained by knowledge is the ability to select such modern furniture as is built on time-honored lines of construction, furniture that has the proper silhouette as it is shown against light walls and carpets.

If the purse and the inclination permit of filling the house with antiques, turn the pages of this magazine to some other article, for this treats of another sort of furnishing. We are looking to give the new house at once the appearance of *home*. One way to arrive at that is to avoid high novelties of the moment in furniture, except it be those which are founded on the lines of the antique. In this lies the secret of the whole matter. Spring would not be spring if we found not



MIRROR WITH AMERICAN-COLONIAL-JACOBEAN MOTIF.



TABLE WITH AMERICAN-COLONIAL-JACOBEAN MOTIF.

FURNISHINGS FOR THE MODERN HOME

the same flowers in it each year; houses are scarcely homes that do not contain the time-tested outlines of furniture that has been loved through centuries.

It may be that a little old furniture has been got by means fair or foul, and this strikes a clean, true note, like a tuning fork, set as the pitch for the entire room. The plan is excellent.

Deep in the heart of the house-owner lies the picture of the evening lamp and the easy-chair, which is the symbol of the big heart of the house, its living room. We have finished with the drawing room in these days. Those who have space enough in the house to neglect a part of it include one, that real friends may avoid it. But ordinarily it is replaced by the living room or library or both, to the encouragement of brotherly love.

How shall it be furnished? First and always it shall have a huge cushioned sofa and at least two chairs that look like its offspring. In what style shall these be? In the simplest and most comfortable as well as the strongest. Mother and all the youngsters will pile on that sofa at times, and the squire will impose his relaxed weight on the chairs. Their construction must be rectangular, then, but the old wing-chair may be the inspiration for the arms and legs of both, giving them style and enduring beauty.

After the comfortable seats, the table, the big table that holds the lamp, the latest magazines, the unread post, mother's war knitting and father's ink and blotter. What shall this table be? It shall have a smooth and spacious top and such honest rectangular support that the young daughter may perch on its edge in her laughing play, and the boys may lean on it heavily without reproach. Two proper models for such usage time has given us, one has legs descending straight from the edge—this includes the gate-leg—and the other is supported at either end with a stretcher through the middle. The Renaissance gave these models, but Greece and Rome and Egypt were back of them. These tables of the Renaissance were carved and ornamented with the highest talent, and thus became works of art, but in these latter days we can do without the embellishment and take only the constructive lines of the table, getting just as tasteful an effect and much more appropriateness. In this way we can furnish with simple pieces which never alter in value and of which we never grow tired.

This is the day of the copy, the reproduction, in furniture. But in general more attention is paid to copying detail than in getting correct proportion. And the proportion of the old pieces is a subtle thing. It were better to copy that than to copy ornament.

For the big table then choose a design that follows in outline the



*Photographs
by Mary H.
Northend.*

A NEW ENGLAND ROOM FITTED UP IN GENUINE COLONIAL STYLE, WITH GATE-LEG TABLE, COLONIAL-EMPIRE MIRROR, BUILT-IN MAHOGANY CHINA CLOSET, AND DELIGHTFUL EFFECT FROM FLOWERED CHINTZES AND LANDSCAPE WALL-PAPER.

A SIMPLE INTERIOR IN WHICH THE COLONIAL FINISH OF THE ROOM AND FIREPLACE IS PERFECTLY SUPPLEMENTED BY THE STYLE OF FURNITURE AND RUGS: EVEN THE CLOCK AND CANDLESTICK ARE HARMONIOUS IN DESIGN.



A LATER COLONIAL DINING ROOM WITH COLONIAL FIREPLACE, WINDOW AND CHINA CLOSET WELL COMBINED; THE EMPIRE MIRROR IS SIMPLE ENOUGH TO SEEM APPROPRIATE OVER THE LATER ADAM MANTEL, AND THE SIDEBOARD IS EXACTLY SUITED IN CONSTRUCTION AND FINISH.

A ROOM WHICH MIGHT BE A BEAUTIFULLY FITTED-UP END OF A CHARMING OLD NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN; ALTHOUGH THE DUTCH TABLE AND THE NEW ENGLAND CHAIRS CAN HARDLY BE SAID TO BELONG TO THE SAME PERIOD, THE EFFECT IS HARMONIOUS, AND THE CHINA CLOSET AND LOW SIDEBOARD COMPLETE A MOST FRIENDLY DINING ROOM.



DINING ROOM FITTED UP WITH ENGLISH COTTAGE FURNITURE: FOR A SIMPLE ROOM NOTHING COULD BE MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN THIS PLAIN WHITE ENAMEL: IT HAS REALLY PRODUCED A PERIOD OF ITS OWN: THE SMALL-PANED WINDOWS, WITH THEIR CASEMENT CURTAINS AND SHELF FOR PLATES ABOVE, SEEM ESPECIALLY SYMPATHETIC.

A BEDROOM ALSO FITTED IN THE ENGLISH COTTAGE MANNER: THERE IS A HINT OF THE COLONIAL IN THE MIRROR, CHAIR AND WINDOW DRAPERY: THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE ROOM IS AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION FOR THE BEST POSSIBLE USE OF THE SPACE.



A COLONIAL BEDROOM WITH CHINTZ-STRIPED PAPER AND RICH MAHOGANY PIECES, SHOWING THE FINE SIMPLICITY WHICH CHARACTERIZED THE FURNISHINGS OF THAT PERIOD.

A SIMPLER ROOM OF A SLIGHTLY LATER PERIOD WITH A COZY WINDOW SEAT: THE BED AND DRESSER WITH THEIR SLENDER GRACE ARE REMINISCENT OF ADAM DESIGNS.



THE PICTURE ON THE LEFT SHOWS EXTREMELY WELL-THOUGHT-OUT REPRODUCTIONS OF JACOBEOAN DESIGNS: ORIGINAL MODELS HAVE BEEN COPIED SO CLOSELY THAT NONE OF THE FINENESS OF CONSTRUCTION AND RICHNESS OF FINISH FOR WHICH THE JACOBEOAN FURNITURE IS FAMOUS IS MISSED IN THESE UNUSUAL PIECES FROM THE CENTURY FURNITURE COMPANY: ALTHOUGH OF MAHOGANY, THIS FURNITURE IS FINISHED IN DULL NUT-BROWN TONES LIKE THE OAK AND WALNUT IN WHICH THE ORIGINAL MODELS WERE MADE.

BOTH OF THESE PIECES OF UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE ARE EVIDENT REPRODUCTIONS FROM ADAM MODELS, INFLUENCED, IN THE COUCH AT LEAST, BY THE EMPIRE STYLE: THE WOODWORK IS MAHOGANY, CARVED, AND THE COVERING IS OF A DELICATE FAWN BROCADE WITH A RICHER NOTE IN THE PILLOWS: THIS FURNITURE HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF GIVING REAL COMFORT AS WELL AS DECIDED BEAUTY OF OUTLINE.





A VARIETY OF NEW CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE DESIGNS IN GUMWOOD, MAHOGANY AND OAK AS WELL AS UPHOLSTERED WILLOW; THESE SHOW A FEW OF THE MANY DEPARTURES FROM OUR ORIGINAL MORE SIMPLE AND STURDY OAK MODELS—NOT TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE OLD FURNITURE, BUT TO ENRICH THE VARIETY WHICH THIS GENERAL STYLE HAS PRODUCED.

FURNISHINGS FOR THE MODERN HOME

Italian tables or the English refectory tables, and you cannot go far wrong, no matter how great the simplicity. As an example of simplicity and strength, study the table in the dining-room view, that having grape wall-paper. One could fancy even this much improved with twin uprights at the ends in place of one to relieve the length on the floor.

Tables need not be confined to one use, for such as this may be used for dining or for the living room, or in the bungalows serve for both. This is true too of the smaller chairs of the living room, which may be whisked from one room to another as the time demands.

Models for the small chairs make one of the most perplexing subjects in the world. A while ago we would have nothing but mahogany, either antique or new. Now we are possessed by the styles of England in the seventeenth century, all of which we loosely call Jacobean. In the originals they have an undying beauty, and the simpler ones bear reproduction retaining their charm and dignity.

But as the styles we call Chippendale and Colonial were usually in mahogany, and the Jacobean were in walnut and oak, there comes a repugnance to putting them together—that is the copies. With the antique all is different. Time has softened the finish, has brushed the pieces over with a patine which tones the woods and softens sharp edges. It is easy enough to group together heirlooms of different styles with elegant effect, as in the plate showing a gate-legged table with Chippendale cupboard. This room is a rare example too of the hominess caused by such grouping.

But if the new home must be furnished with new things then the ideal to strive for is not having everything in sets, but to make selections that mix harmoniously and that have no startling contrasts in the finish of the woods. Mahogany need not be a glossy red; oak need not be a shiny yellow; both can be finished in melting tones of brown, as soft as the petal of a flower to touch, and as subtle in color as the changing lights in a forest where the wood spent its tree-life.

If then, when it comes to the small chairs of the house, there is a fancy for both Chippendale and Jacobean, do not hesitate to have them both, nor to put both in the same room, or in all rooms if you like, for we do not hold to the department store principle that the dining chair is for meals and that the living room and hall must have special models. A good chair is good anywhere.

That last is a rash statement unless you understand that we speak with a mental reservation about class. Class in furnishing the ideal house has to be regarded as punctiliously as the school principal observes the class of mental development he forms into groups. You

FURNISHINGS FOR THE MODERN HOME



REPRODUCTION OF ARM-
CHAIR OF FARTHINGALE
DESIGN.

rivals, all others in sympathy on furniture is a luxury of the styles used to cover attained a perfection not times to repeat. Better great periods only in structure get our effects by beauty

Peasant furniture—word peasant over here us the mere toiler of occasion. But we must apply the certain class without off tasteful simplicity. In all examples we study were the possessions of kings and nobles; but running parallel with these was a line of furniture on the same structural



EARLY COLONIAL WINDSOR
CHAIR, FROM COLLECTION OF E. R. LEMON,
WAYSIDE INN, SUDBURY,
MASS.

cannot have the inharmony we call bad taste if you regard class and line and color. Line and color (or finish) have been discussed. Class is much regulated by the amount of money to be spent. In this article we are not considering the millionaire, but the average. Furniture for the palace is not included. If a piece has been presented, it were better to present it again to someone whose whole house it will not throw out of key.

The class which concerns us is not the "Palatial," but the restrained, the simple. Our effects of beauty are not to be got by gilding, carving and in structural lay, but by good structural lines, and by a finish thathetic loveliness. Ornamentation, or is even in some faults, and in the past has desirable for these active far is it to follow the structure and silhouette and of finish and color.



REPRODUCTION OF
FARTHINGALE SIDE
CHAIR.

we are not fond of the in America. It means a national picturesque dress. word to furniture of a genre. It is a class of the great periods the examples of kings and nobles; but running parallel with these was a line of furniture on the same structural lines, having the same silhouette, but almost unbelievably simplified. This we are beginning to appreciate and in one modern manufacture to use as inspiration. We call it peasant furniture when made in Europe, but cottage furniture when adapted to our American uses. It must be added, however, that the copy in this sort of furniture far exceeds in elegance the original. But the point to be made is, that if all the furniture in your home



BATES HALL CHAIR, BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

FURNISHINGS FOR THE MODERN HOME



TABLE WITH COLONIAL ADAM MOTIF.

comes from palaces, the cottage furniture is out of place; and if your home is made homelike in the simple style, the gold console from Venice brings discord. This is what I mean by not mixing the classes in furnishing. By keeping to one class you may change the things all about the house, whenever the whim strikes you, and the result will always be tasteful. The mixing of "styles" is of far less importance, for that is done pleas-

ingly. A dining room and a bedroom are among the plates which show the simplest styles of cottage furniture in painted wood. Another picture gives a peep into one of those rare kitchens that are really a living room, with an annex for the real cookery. This has its cottage furniture in the styles of long ago New England.

The dining room has special pieces for the reception of silver, linen and breakables. Such pieces are permanent, and yet the most effective of side tables are often those which have been diverted from other uses. We have seen a Jacobean coffer and opened on the side like a cabinet.

The dining table may be like the big living-room table, which is ornament omitted. Or, the English table of the variously called Colonial all know by its round which are placed around without carving and are good proportion for its beauty. And this sort of table is just as appropriate in the living room in smaller size. There was once a good old fashion of clearing early the dining table and of turning loose on its top all the school-books, while a set of eager children littered it and sat at lessons for the next day's quiz. Such tables as we recommend for the dining room take well the hard pressure of elbows and restless young bodies.



DROP-LEAF TABLE BASED ON JACOBEOAN DESIGN.

be like the big living-Italian in form, with all it may take the lines of late eighteenth century, or Sheraton, the table we top and its tapered legs the edge. This table is lies on fine finish and



SEAT WITH ADAM MOTIF.

Bedrooms are fascinating to furnish; they are so much less serious in expense that ones dares to be

(Continued on Page 581.)



TABLE OF MODIFIED ADAM DESIGN.

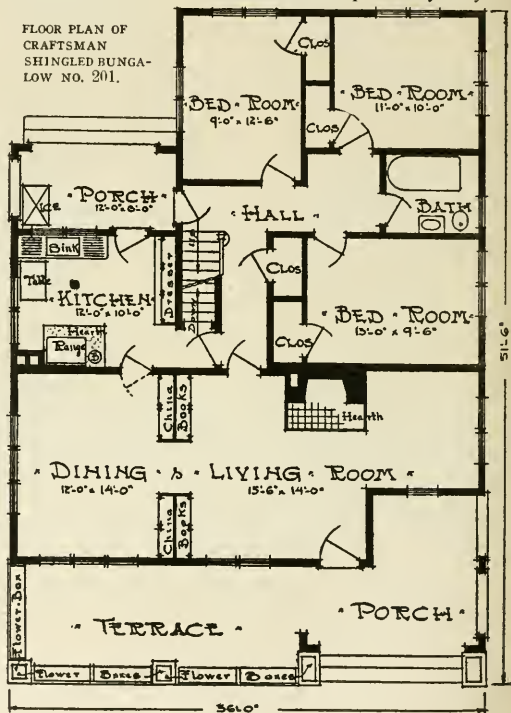


COMFORT AND ECONOMY COMBINED IN SMALL CRAFTSMAN HOMES

ONE of the greatest charms of most old-fashioned dwellings—Colonial homes, for instance, or English farm or manor houses—lay in the generous size of their rooms, especially the main or living room. They were built in the days of large families, and before the concentrative energies of modern civilization had made men measure real estate by the square foot instead of by the acre. Today, many of our home-builders, particularly in the suburbs of the larger cities, find themselves confronted with the problem of obtaining the utmost modern comfort in a moderate-priced house on a narrow lot—and it sometimes needs considerable ingenuity to devise a plan which will utilize the available space to the best possible advantage.

One difficulty in planning a small cottage or bungalow is to provide a sufficient number of rooms in the limited area given, and yet prevent the interior from seeming cramped and small. It is desirable that a feeling of openness should be insured above all for the living and dining rooms, since this part of the house is sure to be the most used. A practical and pleasant way to accomplish this is to have the two rooms communicating with each other, with a wide opening between them. In the Craftsman bungalow and cottage which we are showing this month, we have introduced a variation of this

method which may offer a timely suggestion to those of our readers who are planning homes. We have made the division between the rooms even less than usual, so that they have substantially the effect of one long room. A study of the plans will show just how this has been done in each case, and will reveal a compact and economical use of space throughout the rest of the interiors. The arrangement of rooms should make the housework comparatively easy.





Gustav Stickley, Architect.

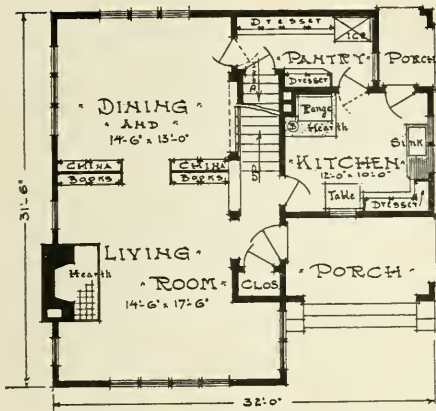
CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED BUNGALOW NO. 201: THIS SIMPLE, COMFORTABLE HOME HAS BEEN PLANNED TO MEET THE NEEDS OF A SMALL FAMILY, AND COULD BE BUILT ON A NARROW SUBURBAN LOT; THE ATTIC SPACE MIGHT BE FINISHED OFF FOR MAID'S ROOM, GUEST CHAMBER OR NURSERY, AS DESIRED.



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

THIS TWO-STORY CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NO. 202, IS BUILT WITH THE LOWER WALLS OF STUCCO, AND SHINGLES IN THE GABLES AND ROOF: THE FLOOR PLANS, ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, SHOW AN UNUSUALLY COMPACT AND ECONOMICAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

COMFORT AND ECONOMY IN SMALL HOMES



CRAFTSMAN CONCRETE AND SHINGLE BUNGALOW NO. 202: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

THE first design that we are presenting here is a bungalow, No. 201, planned for a small family of moderate means who wish to combine real home comfort with simplified household arrangements. The building is particularly suitable for the suburbs, and being only 36 feet wide could easily be placed on a 50 foot lot without crowding too close to possible neighbors.

The shingled walls and roof have been kept fairly low, both for economy of construction and to emphasize the homelike air of the exterior. Rough stone is used for the foundation and chimneys, to give a note of variety in texture and coloring, although brick would accomplish the same result if stone did not happen to be available in the locality where the bungalow was built.

The entrance is especially inviting, for one steps up onto a sheltered porch, one corner of which is cosily protected from winds by the walls of the living room. The parapet on the right, and the arrangement of pillars and roof, make it possible to enclose the space by screens in summer or glass in winter. A terrace extending across the rest of the front also provides a pleasant space for open-air life, separated a little from the garden by the low stone wall and flower-boxes between the small brick posts—a device which makes the outlook from the dining and living room windows very pleasing. Brick has also been used above the stone steps of the porch.

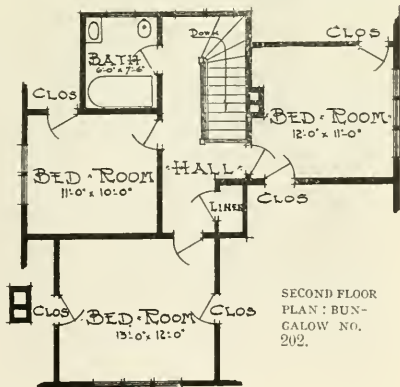
As the roof of the porch shelters the front door, no vestibule is provided, so that

you step directly into the living room and are greeted by the welcome sight of the big open fireplace with its tiled hearth. At the right of this is a sort of alcove off the main room, with two casements overlooking the garden at the right and another on the recessed porch. The rear wall of this alcove provides an appropriate place for the piano, while the music cabinet could stand either beside the chimneypiece or in the front corner.

As we have indicated on the plan, this room and the dining room are practically one, for the division between them consists merely of low cabinets, with shelves for books on one side, and for china on the other. The dining end of the room has a group of three casements in the front and side walls, and as there is no projecting porch

roof except at the entrance corner, the place will be light and sunny, especially if the bungalow is built facing south. If the owner prefers to have the entrance at the left-hand side, and the morning sun in the dining room and kitchen, this can be attained by simply reversing the plan. Another modification, which some people might desire, and which would probably be necessary in a cold climate, is the utilization of the recessed corner of the front porch for a hall or vestibule. In this case, of course, the entrance door would be arranged here instead of where indicated at present.

The idea being to keep the bungalow as simple and economical as possible, no pass pantry has been provided; the kitchen,



SECOND FLOOR PLAN: BUNGALOW NO. 202.

though only 12 by 10 feet, is quite large enough for a dwelling of this size, and the range, dresser, sink and work-table are well-lighted and convenient. The ice-box is on the service porch, which is so constructed that it can be screened or glassed in, according to the season.

In the center of the bungalow is a hall which affords convenient communication between the front and rear, and separates the sleeping rooms from the living portion of the house. From this hall, also, descend the cellar stairs, with those to the attic just above, and a closet for coats or linen against the opposite wall. If the three bedrooms and bath on this floor did not afford sufficient accommodation, the space beneath the roof, which is lighted by windows in the gables, could be finished off and used for maid's room, guest chamber or nursery, according to the family needs.

THE second design, No. 202, shows a two-story cottage, with the lower walls of stucco, and shingles in the gables and gambrel roof. If built with the living room facing south or east, plenty of sunlight will be insured for this room and the dining room. The entrance is well sheltered by the angle of the walls, and the living room is further protected from draughts by the small passage or hall, with its coat closet, which is arranged here. This hall also gives access to the stairs, and permits one to answer the front door bell from the kitchen without passing through the other rooms.

The same type of combined living and dining room is shown here as in the preceding house, and the arrangement of the groups of casement windows and open fireplace adds to the decorative interest as well as comfort of the place. The staircase is partially screened from the dining room by a grille and from the living room by a half-height partition with a shelf for ferns or pottery, giving an opportunity for an effective use of the structural woodwork. A pass pantry with two built-in dressers and an icebox forms the communication between dining room and kitchen, and from this pantry the cellar stairs descend beneath the main flight. In the kitchen, the sink and work-table are placed beneath windows, and a dresser is built into the corner between. A small recessed porch is provided at the rear.

The second floor has been planned so as

to obtain three bedrooms with full-height ceilings, and plenty of closet space is provided beneath the slope of the roof. There is also a linen closet in the hall.

THE INFLUENCE OF SURROUNDINGS

SEE if you can preserve a happy and contented disposition when you walk through some of the noisy city streets, where ugliness and shabbiness vie with vulgarity. I need not select the streets, they have their counterparts in all cities.

"Fatalism is the last refuge of the shirker. We can destroy exaggerated ugliness in our cities if we decide to do it. And we will decide to do it when we realize the tremendous influence that our surroundings exert on us. . . .

"In the hospital of today, great care is taken to prevent a distressing and gloomy atmosphere. The wards are light, sunny, and well-proportioned. Flowers, a pleasant outlook and an air of cheerfulness, are considered potent factors in aiding the work of the physicians and securing a larger percentage of cures.

"There has been a revolution in factory buildings, for it has been found that the condition of the workshop counts. Men and women are depressed or stimulated as the workshops are ugly and unhealthy—or bright and sanitary.

"Taking the city as a whole, the same principle obtains. The efficiency of the citizen is impaired or increased in proportion to the amount of friction and wear and tear that he endures. . . .

"There is no reason why our cities should not be sensibly planned. There is no reason why they should be allowed to run wild and grow without care and scientific regulation. There is no reason why commercial considerations should ruin the beauty of a city; and there is no reason why considerations of beauty should interfere with its commercial prosperity.

"I believe that our newer ideas of social justice will produce better cities. Cities will be cleaner, healthier, more beautiful, for even the untrained already feel that their rights are not recognized, and realize vaguely that their sensibilities are hurt by unsightly surroundings."

From an address by Arnold W. Brunner, printed in *The Countryside Magazine*.

PLANTING YOUR GARDEN TO ATTRACT THE BIRDS

BIRDS, as well as trees, shrubs and flowers, add to the charm of a country home. Birds, also, are practically essential to the welfare of trees, and in selecting the plants for your home grounds it is well to include among them those which will particularly attract the little feathered folk.

By consulting the following lists, the gardener will know what plants to choose for the benefit of certain kinds of birds. First we are giving the names of birds that feed upon the fruits of the trees, shrubs and vines enumerated later. The numbers indicated in front of the bird names will be found in the second list after the names of the plants that attract them.

THE BIRDS

1 Blackbird, 2 bluebird, 3 bobolink, 4 catbird, 5 cedarbird, 6 chickadee, 7 crow, 8 cuckoo, 9 finch, 10 grosbeak, 11 grouse, 12 jay, 13 junco, 14 kingbird, 15 oriole, 16 phoebe, 17 quail, 18 robin, 19 sparrow, 20 swallow, 21 tanager, 22 thrasher, 23 thrush, 24 vireo, 25 warbler, 26 woodpecker.

THE PLANTS

Shad Bush (*Amelanchier botryapium*) attracts birds numbered 1, 2, 5, 7, 10, 12, 15, 18, 21, 26.

Woodbine (*Ampelopsis*, including *A. quinquefolia*, *A. Engelmanni* and *A. Veitchii*), 2, 7, 11, 14, 17, 18, 19, 26.

Spice Bush (*Benzoin odoriferum*), 11, 17, 19, 26.

Barberry (*Berberis*, including *B. Thunbergii*, *B. vulgaris* and *B. vulgaris purpurea*), 5, 7, 11, 14, 17, 18, 19, 26.

Bittersweet (*Celastrus*, including *C. paniculata* and *C. scandens*), 2, 11, 17, 18, 26.

Nettle-tree (*Celtis occidentalis*), 1, 2, 5, 7, 18, 26.

Cherry (*Cerasus*, including *C. avium*, *C. Pennsylvanicum* and *C. serotina*), 1, 4, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 15, 18, 22, 25, 26.

Cornel or Dogwood (*Cornus*, including *C. alba*, *C. alternifolia*, *C. Florida*, *C. paniculata*, *C. sanguinea*, *C. sericea* and *C. stolonifera*), 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 14, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 24, 26.

Hawthorn (*Crataegus* including *C. coccinea*, *C. cordata*, *C. crus-galli* and *C. oxyacantha*), 7, 11, 12, 18.

Strawberry or Spindle-tree (*Euonymus*, including all varieties), 2, 18, 19, 26.

Holly (*Ilex*, including *I. opaca* and *I. verticillata*), 2, 7, 17, 18, 26.

Juniper or Cedar (*Juniperus*, including *J. communis* and *J. Virginiana*), 2, 5, 7, 9, 10, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, 23, 25, 26.

Mulberry (*Morus*, including *M. alba pendula*, *M. Tatarica* and *M. var. New American*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 24, 26.

Bayberry (*Myrica cerifera*), 1, 6, 7, 11, 14, 17, 18, 19, 20, 25, 26.

Sour Gum or Tupelo (*Nyssa sylvatica*), 4, 7, 11, 12, 18, 22, 26.

Mountain Ash (*Pyrus*, including *P. Sorbus Americana*, *P. Sorbus aucuparia*, *P. Sorbus pendula* and *P. Sorbus quercifolia*), 2, 5, 9, 10, 11, 18, 19, 26.

Buckthorn (*Rhamnus*, including *R. Carolinianus* or *frangula*, *R. catharticus* and *R. crenata*), 4, 5, 10, 12, 13, 14, 18, 22.

Sumach (*Rhus*, including *R. glabra* and *R. typhina*), 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 14, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 24, 25, 26.

Rose (*Rosa*: hips of the following varieties are eaten by many species of birds: *R. blanda*, *R. Carolina*, *R. lucida*, *R. multiflora Japonica*, *R. nitida*, *R. Rubiginosa*, *R. rubrifolia*, *R. rugosa*, *R. rugosa alba*, *R. setigera*, *R. spinosissima*, *R. Wichuraiana*).

Elder (*Sambucus*, including *S. Canadensis*, *S. nigra*, *S. nigra aurea* and *S. racemosa* or *pubens*), 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 24, 26.

Blueberry or Huckleberry (*Vaccinium*, including *V. corymbosum* and *V. Pennsylvanicum*), 4, 5, 7, 11, 12, 14, 18, 19, 26.

Viburnum (including *V. acerfolium*, *V. cassinoides*, *V. dentatum*, *V. lantana*, *V. Lentago* and *V. opulus*), 2, 5, 7, 11, 17, 18, 19, 22, 25, 26.

Grape (*Vites*, including *V. heterophylla*, *V. Labrusca* and *V. riparia*), 1, 5, 7, 11, 12, 14, 17, 18, 19, 22, 26.

When the birds have been coaxed to one's garden by the planting of some of the vines and shrubs listed above, the next thing is to encourage them to stay and build their nests. If there are few trees or sheltered nooks where they would feel safe in making homes, a delightful plan is to construct, from hollow bits of log, twigs, branches or a ball of twine, little bird houses which can be hung under a protecting eave, nailed to a porch post or a pole in the garden, or half hidden among the shrubbery. If the gardener has not the time or inclination to make these tiny dwellings at home, they can be purchased for a reasonable sum.



A HOUSE WITH A GARDEN ROOM

A SAN DIEGO HOUSE WITH A GARDEN ROOM: DESIGNED BY I. J. GILL AND OWNED BY MRS. GEORGE T. FULFORD.

IT seems as if Californians could never get enough of gardens. They are not content with building a home that is bounded on the north, south, east and west with gardens, one that is like an island entirely surrounded with a sea of flowers connected with the main land—the city street—by only a narrow strip of path. They turn all the roofs sometimes into gardens and wonderful fairylike places they are, blossoming with stars at night as *Peter Pan's* garden sparkles when *Tinker Bell* summons his playmates and *Wendy* flies home over the trees. They put deep boxes at upper windows, on veranda railings, on sleeping-porch ledges and plant them to gay flowers that reach up into the sky and to vines that trail down to the ground, so that their houses are splashed with garden spray as a rock is splashed with the spray of in-rushing waves. Their fences are but trellises for vines. Their chimneys seem to be woven of creepers.

In San Diego is a house that carries the garden one step further, for it is not only entirely surrounded by gardens but it also surrounds one. It has a garden room right in the very heart of it. This was accomplished by building in the form of a hollow square, with the square filled with flowers and a fountain. The house is white—a most excellent and delightful tone for a home in a sunny land. A bright green lawn, smooth as a mountain lake, separates it from the street. Where the lawn meets the house all sorts of shrubs and plants that blossom in shades of

lavender and violet have been irregularly planted. There is the shining-foliaged rhus, heliotrope that climbs like a vine and blossoms summer and winter, rows and rows of lavender stock and sweet peas, borders of nemophila and of the new sprangling dwarf verbenia. *Wistaria* is there, and clematis and plumbago over the pergola, with pansies, violets and asters beneath it. There are purple and violet-tinted foxgloves, larkspurs, mariposas, lilies and daisies and a host of other flowers that only California can grow.

The effect of all these lavender and purple flowers in their green foliage against the white wall of the house is so ethereally lovely that it is a miracle there are not more white houses hedged about with amethyst hues. On the east side, where the stepping stone path is laid, there is a quiet little flower-tangled court enclosed by shrubs.



A GLIMPSE OF THE GARDEN FROM THE ARCADE.

HOUSE WITH A GARDEN ROOM



THE CENTER OF THE GARDEN ROOM.

There is a round fountain where the visiting birds love to drink. It is a charming place, entered through an arched gateway of a high white wall. Slender gray-stemmed *Coccoloba plumosa* and the wide-spreading date palm are in the yard, dripping pepper trees border the street.

The driveway leading to the garage and storerooms, as can be seen from the accompanying plan, is a long one. It has been treated in a most interesting manner. The high wall at the right, that the terraced yard of the neighbor necessitates, is artistically buttressed. Vines and creepers climb up these buttresses and also hang down from them, for they are hollow and filled with earth. The driveway is lined with green, and flowers crowd along the base.

The house was designed by Irving J. Gill for Mrs. George T. Fulford. It is of hollow tile and concrete and is most unusual in plan, for it is of but one story and built entirely around the court. Many California houses have courts built after the general plan of the Missions and of *Ramona's* birthplace and marriage-place, which means that the houses are built around three sides of a square, the fourth side being a long garden. The rooms of this house, however, touch one another on but one side and are entered always by passing

across the inner court or from the roofed arcade. In the plan this garden room is called a "screened court." An arcade, roofed in with the rooms, extends all around it. This is arched on the inner side. Creepers (*Ficus repens*) at each pillar have pushed their way along the ceiling until it has made a network of slender green lines as finely marked as the ceiling of the Alhambra.

The garden room is tiled with large square brick and is covered with a copper wire fly-screen, supported by light trusses. A wall fountain tinkles from one side. This is the main living room of the house. Meals are sometimes served here and afternoon teas. Swinging couches and hammocks, some across a corner, some under the arcade, are often used for the rest at night as well as the afternoon siesta. A screen or more in front of the arches sometimes converts a portion of the arcade into impromptu bedrooms when week-end guests are numerous. Potted plants are set all about, other plants are grown in the corners where the earth was left uncovered for them. Vines trail from the trusses. Rugs, chairs and tables with books, magazines and writing materials offer attractive comfort. No indoor sitting room could

HOUSE WITH A GARDEN ROOM

compare in beauty and home charm with this delightful open-air compartment.

A few points about the construction of this unusual house should be of interest to whoever contemplates building a home. Three things are demanded of the modern home. It must be beautiful that the children may develop normally into an appreciation of all that is finest in life and that their elders may be made happy and able to live their lives under the best conditions. It must be perfectly sanitary. "Let the dwelling be lightsome," says the philosopher, Pierre du Moulin. Fresh air and sunshine must fill each room, else the dwelling will not be lightsome and wholesome. It must be substantially built so that the beating of storms and the march of days will not injure but mellow it finely.

This house answers these requirements. It certainly is beautiful to look at with its pure lines, the square of "preëminent power" as Ruskin calls it, broken with the



THE PICTURESQUE OUTER WALL.

graceful arches. The window and door frames are square, indented by arches. Flower boxes are set on the deep sills. The garden room is a series of pictures framed by the arches of the arcade, as a glance at the illustrations will prove. The form of the outside, the color scheme of its planting, the idea of an inner secluded room that can be called a garden or a room with equal truth, constitute some of its elements of beauty.

It certainly is sanitary, for all the wood-work of the interior is flush with the walls, preventing the accumulation of dust. The

sink and bath tubs are sunk in magnesite, which rounds into the walls so that there is no crack in which grease can collect, nor exposed wood to become damp and sour. Ventilation is from the upper part of the windows, where it rightly should be. It is certainly substantially built, for it is of hollow tile and concrete.

M. Victor Laloux, president of the French Institute of Architects, considers that America is producing the best architects of the world because they have ambition, plans, ideas and the will to carry them to completion. This original little home, so well designed, justifies his opinion of America's ideality and workmanship.



THE ARCADE WHICH CONNECTS THE GARDEN WITH THE HOUSES BY A SERIES OF SPACIOUS ARCHES.

HELPFUL FACTS IN BUILDING A SUMMER CAMP: BY A WOMAN CAMPER WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT

WE call it Camp Dogwood, from the high-piled drifts of white, which, in late March and early April, make it seem a lodge in fairyland; but we might just as appropriately call it by any other of a hundred fragrant and suggestive names. For every month has its symbol, its herald to the ear and eye; and to us who know it well, our Haunt in the Woods changes its aspect with every moon.

Its inception, as so often happens, was somewhat in the nature of an accident. When we were married, Peter owned stock in a small artificial lake about seven miles from town, which—in default of beaches, mountains, or navigable rivers in the vicinity—furnished about the only outlet for our longing for “all outdoors.” At first this met all our needs, and we used often to come down with our guns and minnows and bird-glasses, sleep at night in the plain little club-house, and have an early morning fish; or spend a quiet Sunday reading and bird-gazing in the woods. But with the advent of Peterkin our outings took on a more complicated and less distinctively “sporting” character. It was mutually uncomfortable and embarrassing for us to run into a party of young men taking their ease with pipe and tackle. Often the howls of our month’s-old Peterkin would throw a whole party into consternation. We began to wish for, presently to speculate about, a camp of our own. One other member of the club had obtained permission to build him a little cabin on a pleasant wooded point; and it occurred to us that we might do the same. The Bachelor Uncle became interested. Before we knew it we were sketching rough plans; our wistful debates as to whether we could properly afford the outlay grew more sanguine as imagination warmed to the project; and finally the little house was built. It was finished in “the month of dogwoods,” the spring Peterkin was a year old.

Since economy was decidedly an object, and comfort—owing to Peterkin’s tender years and my rather precarious health—indispensable, we put our whole investment into that, and held our æsthetic yearnings



UP THE TRAIL TO THE CAMP.

sternly in check. The result was a small frame house on the slope of one of the little wooded hills that rise from the lake. We made just enough of a clearing to minimize the danger of forest fires, leaving even the underbrush on the hillside, to avoid a “civilizing” effect. If you were fishing on the lake, a thread of blue smoke above the tree-tops, or a friendly beam at night, would be the only indication of its existence till you put your boat in at the ferny landing-place and followed the winding path up the hill to our steps. Peter and the Bachelor Uncle found a fine spring and sunk an eighteen-inch pipe, so that we have a supply of clear, sweet water that has never failed us. The house faces south, and consists of two well-built, weather-tight rooms, with a ten-foot hall between, and a porch the length of the front. Above the two main rooms are two attic-rooms, each with a window in the end, and the other end closed only by cretonne curtains. We put the ceiling in the two lower rooms above the rafters, thus making floors for the upper. These quaint upper chambers, looking out into the tree-tops, are especially dear



LOOKING INTO THE CAMP PORCH.

to my heart, and now and then an occasional guest shares my enthusiasm; but most people, it must be confessed, look somewhat askance at the ladder by which they are reached! As they are a utilization of space which would otherwise have been wasted, however, such advantages as they possess are clear gain.

As I have intimated, both the finishing and the furnishing of our establishment are sadly unæsthetic; but, as our pocketbook spoke in no uncertain tones, we console ourselves for the crudeness within by Nature's munificence without. The furniture is lamentably and frankly cast-off, or else the cheapest procurable. But there are plenty of cots and beds, and "stacks" of bedding; and the kitchen, with comparative lavishness, is equipped with everything which any reasonable camp-cook can desire. The rooms and hall are carefully screened, and all the demands of comfort and sanitation squarely met.

The original cost of this little establish-

ment was less than three hundred dollars. Within the last year an automobile has been added to the family. The question then arose of a place to keep it; and Peter was inspired to add a strongly built back porch, ten feet wide, the entire length of the house in the back. This entrance is on a level with the ground, and we simply run the machine up on the porch when we arrive. It makes quite sufficient shelter for it in our mild climate; and it has proved, rather unexpectedly, to be the most delightful feature of the camp. We began by calling it "The Garage," but we now call it the "Living Room." It is always shady and always cool. All through the open weather our dining table stands at one end; the children play on it all day long; and I suppose the rest of us spend five-sixths of our time there.

But no mere enumeration of details such as these can give any conception of what I love to call "our permanent vacation." During the first three years or so of its possession I was in the condition of so many young wives and anxious mothers: desperately and almost chronically in need of a vacation, and yet in no condition to enjoy or profit by an orthodox one. Twice a summer in Colorado was planned and given up, solely because I did not have the strength and courage to undertake it with the babies. Pinafore arrived before Peterkin had ceased to be a most absorbing care; both had their full share of infantile ailments; and it sometimes seems to me that I could not have weathered the soul-trying gales of this period without those blessed, healing intermissions in the familiar routine, those "visits home" to the wise old untroubled mother who has never failed to give me of her courage and her calm.

During the first "big flight" after Pinafore was weaned, when I was able to leave her for a whole golden October morning with the nurse, while I lay in the dry sedge with Peter and the Bachelor Uncle and watched for the whirring flocks to "come in" from the North, I felt the wrinkles smoothing themselves out of my forehead and my spirit, and the physical and nervous waste of four momentous years being repaired in a day. And, as the seasons pass and the strain lessens, I am able to add many active delights to the mere passive process of recuperation. I have learned to manage a row-boat in a safe and dependable, if not a finished manner; I carry



TWO HAPPY YOUNG CAMPERS.

lovely things from the woods and set them out in favorable spots at home; I train wild grapevines, and try fascinating experiments in naturalizing "tame" things and transplanting wild ones from the roadside and the other shores of the lake to the neighborhood of the camp. And this summer Peterkin and I added swimming to the list of our achievements. The other day I discovered and "named" the rose pogonia, daintily flourishing with its feet in the water at the edge of the sweet, ferny "wash-place" where I rub out Peterkin's portentous overalls with my own hands; the day before, I found an ahinga's nest; and this morning I killed my first snake!

As for the children, if Nature has been to me the soothing mother, she has been to them the doting grandmother—she of inexhaustible treasures and ever new delights. They are getting many things, besides the fresh air, which I consider supremely good for them. Before Pinafore was two, she began to notice and imitate the owls and frogs, and to develop a sense of direction; and Peterkin, at three and a half, eagerly offered to take a fish off the hook for me—and succeeded! In grubby overalls and cast-off hat of his father's, he made a picture of an absorbed man-baby which I shall remember, I think, when he is old enough to have barefoot boys of his own.

And the crowning comfort is, that it is always there. Whenever an especially delicious morning suddenly stirs up the gypsy mood, whenever the tyranny of telephone and doorbell begins to "get on the nerves," whenever there is a visitor to be amused, whenever one of us gets "puny" for no

definite reason—we have one unfailing resource. Sometimes it is only for a day, with a sketchy and unpremeditated lunch-basket; sometimes for a single moonlight summer night; frequently for a week or two, or even longer. For my longer stays, I owe much gratitude to Peter. He cannot leave business and stay with us; but he is always glad to have us migrate, and comes down every evening to return to work every morning—by car, buggy or horseback, according to the state of our precarious roads. If Peter's love of nature were of the parlor variety we should have distinctly fewer family outings. As for me, the long days are never long enough for my multifarious affairs. I have spent three weeks with no company, in the daytime, but the babies and a negro cook, who slept at night in the attic-room over the kitchen. It is true that our friends sometimes shake their heads over us, and wonder frankly what we find to do, and "what sort of folks we are." But most of them avail themselves joyfully of our primitive hospitality, and go home with improved spirits and digestions.

As I said in the beginning, each season has its distinctive charm, each month, even, for the watcher and lover, its characteristic bird and color; and one of the great delights of a permanent camp is in being thus enabled to know intimately one bit of wild nature through the round of the year. Last month it was the whistle and flash of the cardinals against the dogwood drifts, and the gold festoons of the yellow jessamine, lighting the dim gray woods. This month (April, with the woods in full leaf) the



AUGUST IN THE PERMANENT CAMP.

noisy crested flycatcher, that diverting Wild Irishman among the birds, is dominant; and the waxen cups of the sweet-bays empty their faint, delicious fragrance into the morning mist above the lake. So far, on account of the babies, we have sought fair weather; but even so, many a gray day of blustering rain has caught us; and "Father," splashing through the mud at nightfall, with shining face, has found us snug and safe. And, as they grow older, we mean to pass on to them our own love of the good earth in all weathers. The woods are never bankrupt, even in December. They always keep something in store. Some of the months flaunt their gifts, some love to hide their special treasures for us to hunt for; but none comes ill-provided. We have learned to name each month for its unique delight, and through the happy outdoor lessons that Nature, with her woods and streams and changing seasons, has taught us, we have learned far deeper and more wonderful truths than any school-books could hold.

HOW ONE STATE IS ENCOURAGING TOWN FORESTS

UNDER the new Town Forest Law recently passed in Massachusetts, cities and towns may own and operate forests of their own. It is to encourage the movement in this direction that the Massachusetts Forestry Association is offering to plant 60,000 three-year-old white pine transplants on fifty acres of the land acquired for the town forest, of the city or town that wins the prize. The young trees will be spaced six feet apart.

In order to enter the contest, a municipality must own and set aside at least 100 acres, under the new Town Forest Law, and fifty acres of that area must be planted to forest trees. In Massachusetts the white pine is the best commercial species, and most of the places entering the contest will plant white pine.

A committee appointed by the Association to judge the contest will visit all the forests. It will determine the standing of the contestants on the area acquired, the amount of planting done, the quality of the trees planted, extension provisions, advantages for lumbering, and water and soil protection, fire protection, recreation and aesthetic possibilities, and general improvements. Appropriate scores are allowed on each point. As a result of the requirements, the city or town having the best possibilities for a permanent and efficient town forest wins the prize. At least ten entries must be made before the prize will be awarded. The contest opened June 1, 1914, and will close June 1, 1915. This allows for fall and spring planting.

When we consider the splendid advantages which a town forest will bring to a city or town, and the small outlay required to start such a forest and to maintain it, we should expect to hear of many places entering this public-spirited contest. They have nothing to lose and much to gain.

Many places already own considerable areas on their water-sheds to protect their drinking water from pollution. They could do nothing better than to plant these areas to trees. Besides getting the best protection for their water supply, they will be growing a crop of timber. It is to be hoped that many cities and towns will avail themselves of this opportunity to beautify their surroundings and conserve their resources. Is not the idea worth carrying out in other States also?—From *The American City*.



WHAT TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS WILL ACCOMPLISH IN BUILDING A COMFORTABLE HOME: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

Photographs by the Author.

IT has often been declared that an attractive house need not cost any more than an unattractive one. This seems especially true of the bungalow, for there is no type of building that lends itself more easily to economical and at the same time beautiful construction. Our California architects, particularly, have proved this in their many successful designs. They seem instinctively to appreciate the decorative possibilities of their materials. In the exteriors they use brick and stone, cement, shingles and timbers, always in a way that brings out the natural beauties of texture, coloring and form. And in the design and finish of interior woodwork and structural features, they work along equally simple and artistic lines. In the arrangement of the rooms, too, they evince a delightful originality without being at all eccentric, and by solving each problem from an individual standpoint they manage to achieve a remarkably distinctive and homelike result. And all this they accomplish at a surprisingly reasonable outlay.

The home-builder, therefore, who seeks economy as well as comfort, finds it worth while to study California bungalow plans,

THE BUNGALOW HOME OF MR. R. H. DREW, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, DESIGNED BY E. B. RUST, ARCHITECT, AND COSTING ONLY \$2,000.

and the one presented here serves as an excellent illustration of the principles that underlie most of the buildings of this general type.

This charming little five-room home cost only \$2,000 to erect, and when one notes its many admirable points one wonders how it could have been built for such a comparatively small sum; for it is not only pleasing in appearance, both outside and within, but also substantially constructed and well equipped.

In style it has all the characteristics of the Western bungalow—a roof that is almost flat, wide eaves, rough sturdy timbers, and generous window groups. The outside walls are shingled, and the masonry work is of brick and cement, while a white composition is used for the roof. The main woodwork of the exterior is stained a dark brown, with white trim, and these, together with the red brick, white cement and white roofing, produce an interesting color scheme.

There is a small front porch and a pergola on one side, both of which have cement steps and flooring. In the rear is the usual screened porch with its stationary wash tubs.

The interior is very compact and cozy in its arrangement. The living room, in front, contains a chimneypiece of old-gold brick, with a built-in bookcase on one side and a seat on the other. The top of this seat is

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A SIMPLE HOME



CORNER OF DINING ROOM IN THE DREW BUNGALOW, SHOWING PANELED WALLS AND SIMPLE BUILT-IN BUFFET: THERE IS JUST THE SORT OF HOME ATMOSPHERE ONE WOULD EXPECT IN A BUNGALOW OF THIS TYPE.

hinged so that the space underneath may be used as the fuel receptacle. The woodwork, which is of Oregon pine, is given a finish like Flemish oak, and the walls are covered with a paper of soft brown. In this room as well as in the dining room and small library, the flooring is of polished oak.

The dining room opens from the living room and has glass doors leading into the side pergola, in addition to the group of four windows on the right. An attractive and convenient buffet is built at one end, as shown in the photograph. The walls are paneled to a height about four feet six inches, along the top of which is a narrow plate rail. The paper used in this room is olive green, but the woodwork is finished like that of the living room.

There are two bedrooms of ample dimensions, between which the bathroom is placed, and a small hall separates them from the rest of the house. The woodwork in these rooms and in the hall is enameled white, and the walls in the two sleeping rooms have paper of moiré pattern in delicate shades.

The kitchen possesses an unusually complete and practical arrangement of cupboards and other fittings and is of convenient size for a home of this kind. Behind the kitchen is a little breakfast room with a built-in cupboard. White enamel is used for the woodwork of both these rooms, also for the kitchen walls.

As indicated by the view of the dining room, the interior of this bungalow is very simple and homelike. The furnishings are few, but well chosen and the whole arrangement is such as to make the household work light.

The bungalow is the home of Mr. R. H. Drew, of Los Angeles, California, and was designed by E. B. Rust, an architect of that city. Costing but \$2,000 in Los Angeles, it should be duplicated for approximately that sum in almost any locality. It does not possess a furnace, however, and this would be needed in other climates. But a furnace for a building of this size should cost less than a hundred dollars—not counting the excavation, which would naturally vary according to local conditions.

Being only 28 feet wide, the bungalow is particularly suitable for a narrow lot, and for this reason as well as for the convenience of its arrangement and economy of its construction, the plan merits careful consideration from those who contemplate the erection of an inexpensive home.

To those who expect to build on a corner lot, and need a design of this simple, economical type, the plan would also appeal, for it could be placed with the living room and porch fronting one street, and the dining room windows overlooking the other, with the bedrooms at the rear for quiet and privacy. If it seemed preferable, in

CIVIC PROGRESS IN SPITE OF WAR

CIVIC ACTIVITIES IN ENGLAND IN WAR TIME

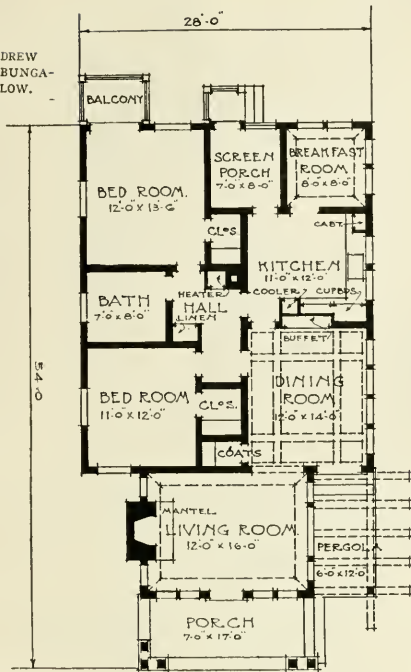
AS THE CRAFTSMAN has published, during the last few years, so many articles relating to England's Garden City and town planning movements, our readers may be interested in knowing how the war is affecting this important work. The following extracts from a letter written to the Editor of The American City, by Ewart G. Culpin, Secretary of the International Garden Cities and Town Planning Association, gives an encouraging account of the recent activities. It is significant to note that this movement has taken such a vital hold upon the nation that even in the midst of war it continues to command support and enthusiasm.

"New societies," wrote Mr. Culpin, at the end of November, "are being formed in several parts of the country for the purpose of promoting garden suburb and garden village schemes, . . . and now that the Government has agreed to lend money up to 90 per cent. of the value of the property, including 10 per cent. as a free grant, we may hope for enormously increased activity in all our busy centers. The provision of this money will operate in the steadying of unemployment and also in the solving of many difficult housing problems. . . .

"If you walk through our streets in the centers or the suburbs, or visit the parks and open spaces, or look over our schools or museums or art galleries, there is no sign of lessened activity.

"Far from abandoning their works, local authorities are being encouraged to push on with them. Many new schemes for housing, baths, town halls, etc., are being set on foot, and the whole country is acting up to the motto we see displayed everywhere—'Business as usual.' Some trades providing luxuries only may have been hard hit; but on the whole trade is normal, and has been so since the first fortnight of alarm. . . .

"We realize we are face to face with a world tragedy—a tragedy that every now and then comes home with the news of the death of another friend. But the nation is taking it wonderfully calmly, and we are all convinced that the only possible ending to this war is the absolute crushing of those conditions of things which made it possible."



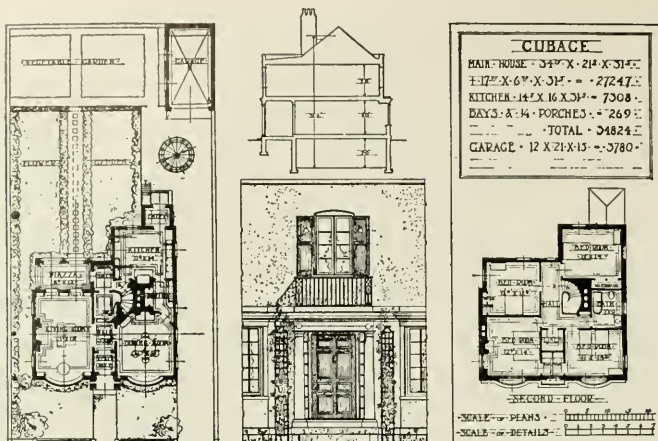
FLOOR PLAN.

such a case, to screen the kitchen and breakfast room more effectually from the street, the pergola which is now indicated in the corner could be projected and extended along the dining room, kitchen and breakfast room wall. This would increase the outdoor living space, screen the bungalow better from the view of passersby, and add considerably to its architectural interest. In order to avoid darkening the kitchen windows, the planting of vines might be omitted at this point.

For a wide but shallow lot, the plan would also be practical, in which case also the pergola arrangement just suggested would be desirable across the front—which is now the side.

Needless to say, a home of this character is equally suited in design, construction and interior arrangement to an Eastern as to a Western site. Indeed, the influence of California architecture is quite noticeable among our modern Eastern bungalows.

PICTURESQUE DESIGNS FOR FIREPROOF HOMES



AN ARCHITECTURAL TOUR-NAMENT

(Continued from page 510.)

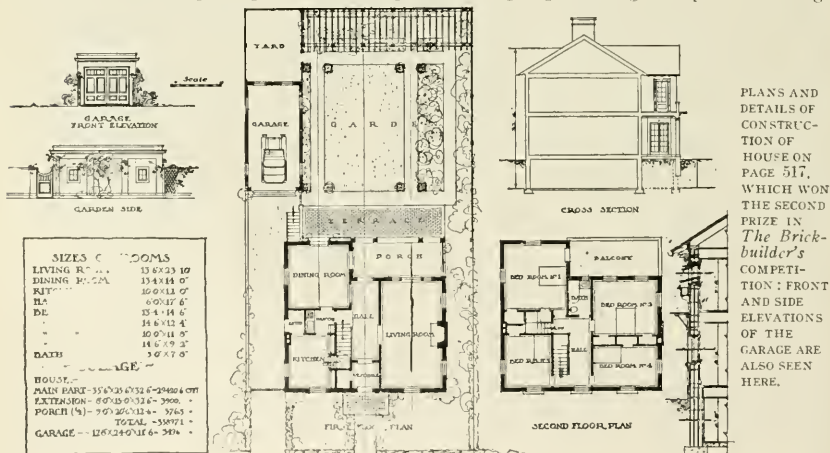
left-hand corner, reached through a little entry off the driveway leading to the garage. A pantry with sink and drainboard connects the kitchen with the dining room at the rear, and the latter in turn has steps leading down to a broad terrace overlooking the garden.

The dining room and kitchen are separated from the big living room on the right

by a vestibule with a convenient coat closet, and a hall from which the stairs ascend and which leads onto the sheltered porch. The living room is particularly homelike, with its windows on three sides and fireplace in the center of the long wall.

Upstairs four bedrooms are provided, all leading out of the light central hall, and having plenty of closet space and provision for cross-ventilation. An interesting feature is the balcony, which is reached from the large rear bedroom.

The garage, although a separate building,

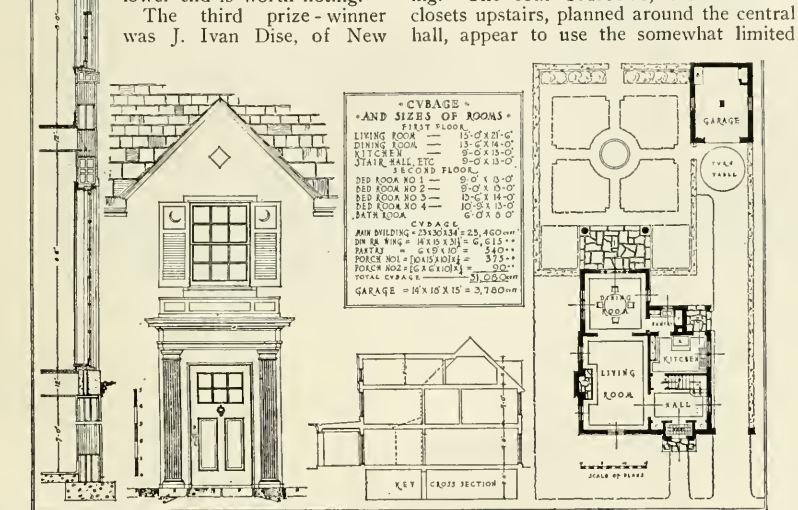


PICTURESQUE DESIGNS FOR FIREPROOF HOMES

is conveniently near the house, and as the sketches of the front and side elevations show, lends itself to a charmingly decorative treatment through the paneling of the walls, placing of windows, provision of lattice and gate and planting of vines. The garden, too, with its walks in line with the windows of living and dining room, and its pleasant pergola across the lower end is worth noting.

The third prize-winner was J. Ivan Dize, of New

York, whose plans show another practical way of developing a comfortable home on the given lot. As the jury said, in summing up the pros and cons of this building: "It has a simple yet convenient plan, although it would be more suited to a closely built suburb if high casement windows had been used each side of the living-room chimney in place of the long windows proposed. . . . The designer was thoughtful enough to indicate a turn-table directly in front of his garage, a convenience, for a small car, that was not thought of by many other contestants when placing their garage on the rear lot line."



GROUND PLAN AND DETAIL SKETCHES OF THIRD PRIZE-WINNING HOUSE SHOWN ON PAGE 518: NOTE THE LAYOUT OF GARDEN WITH RELATION TO HOUSE AND GARAGE.

York, whose plans show another practical way of developing a comfortable home on the given lot. As the jury said, in summing up the pros and cons of this building: "It has a simple yet convenient plan, although it would be more suited to a closely built suburb if high casement windows had been used each side of the living-room chimney in place of the long windows proposed. . . . The designer was thoughtful enough to indicate a turn-table directly in front of his garage, a convenience, for a small car, that was not thought of by many other contestants when placing their garage on the rear lot line."

The plans are compactly and economically worked out, the first floor being particularly fortunate in the open arrangement of hall,

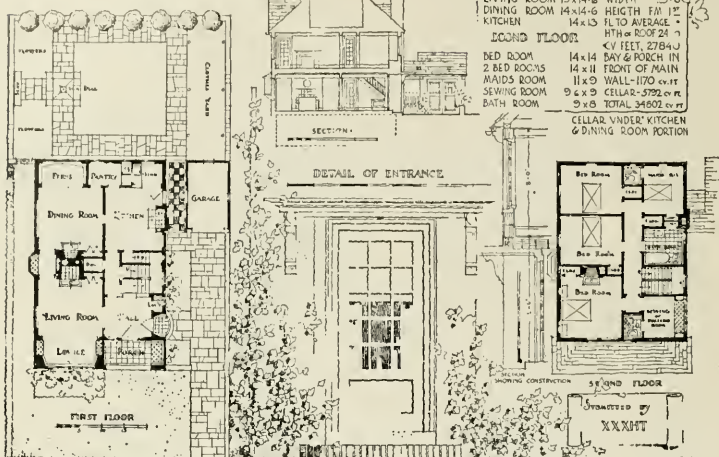
space to the best possible advantage.

Richard M. Powers of Belmont, Massachusetts, was the winner of the fourth prize, and his design reveals an especially charming treatment of the problem. In this case, the garage is built as practically a part of the house, the only separation being the covered passage or alley indicated on the ground plan. This addition, which tapers off so gracefully into the garden wall on each side, helps to give the house that quaint, rambling air which reminds one of an English cottage or farm. The construction of the front porch and projecting alcove, with the interesting roof and parapet, the hooded entrance at the side, the small-paned windows and broad chimney are all decorative and practical features. Even

PICTURESQUE DESIGNS FOR FIREPROOF HOMES

DESIGN *f. 4*

A. SVENREAN, HOUSE AND GARAGE
TO BE BUILT OF NATCO-XXX HOLLOW-TILE



PLANS AND DETAILS OF SUBURBAN HOME WITH GARAGE ATTACHED: FOR PERSPECTIVE VIEW SEE PAGE 519: THIS DESIGN WON THE FOURTH PRIZE.

the irregular handling of the stone walks shows with what interest the architect has considered those minor details which are after all so important in the general effect. The arrangement of the central garden plot or lawn, the flower-beds on the left, the seat and sun dial, the clothes yard on the right and row of trees along the rear wall—these, too, are worth-while suggestions for home-builders who appreciate the value of friendly garden surroundings.

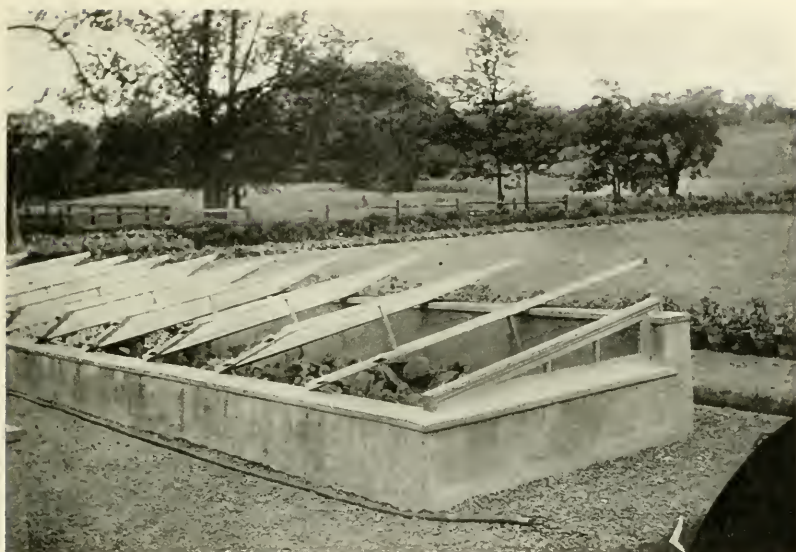
Turning again to the house and its plan, we find that the entrance is into a large light hall with a convenient lavatory in one corner, and a few steps ascending to a broad, well-windowed landing. The living room is especially pleasing, with its lounge or alcove, casement windows, built-in seats and open fireplace, on one side of which closets or bookcases are indicated. Behind this fireplace is another in the dining room, and here also a charming alcove arrangement is seen—a pleasant, windowed nook intended for ferns.

A pass-pantry leads to the large kitchen, which is planned with the range and chimney against the outside wall and the sink in a light recess at the rear, while a small pass-

away from which the cellar stairs descend leads to the front hall. It will be noticed, also, that a few steps from the kitchen lead up to the main staircase landing—an arrangement which is almost as convenient as separate back stairs and considerably less expensive.

Three bedrooms, maid's room and sewing or dressing room are provided on the second floor, and in addition to the bathroom there are lavatories in the maid's room and dressing room. The latter has, moreover, a long window seat, and in the front bedroom a fireplace is built. The architect has not indicated any window in the front gable, but judging from the height of the roof and the indication of stairs above the main flight there is sufficient attic space for storage.

IN the December issue of THE CRAFTSMAN we published an illustrated article on Santa Barbara's Civic Center. Unfortunately, through an error, a photograph of the original old building was reproduced instead of the new one of brick and tile which Mr. J. Corbly Pool designed as the present spacious home of this progressive community meeting place.



HOW TO MAKE A COLD FRAME: BY DAVID DON

Photographs by Courtesy of the U-Bar Greenhouse Co.

WHEN the impatient arum attempts to push its vivid green sheaf of leaves through the ice-bound banks of little brooks that run through the sheltered groves and woodlots, then it is time for us to trust its faith in the coming summer and begin our gardening in cold frames. With a little forethought and good management the blossoming and fruiting time of gardens can be advanced several weeks, an item well worth attention especially in regions where the slow-ripening vegetables are in danger of being harvested by the hoary-fingered Jack Frost instead of by us.

The location of a cold frame, of first importance, may be on the south side of a wall, board fence, greenhouse, barn, earth bank or even on the lee of a hill in some place which is easily reached from the house, for sashes must be frequently opened and closed following the changeful lead of bright or stormy weather. Good drainage must be considered, else water from melting of snows or the spring rains will get caught in them and destroy

COLD FRAMES FOR FORCING EARLY VEGETABLES: AFTER WARM WEATHER SETS IN THESE SHOULD BE OPENED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY AND CLOSED AT NIGHT.

the plants. A drain dug around the frames will remedy the trouble if natural slope cannot be had.

With the aid of a hotbed, the amateur gardener, as well as the professional, can raise his own early vegetable and flower plants from seeds; and with a little care and attention, can force under the frame some early vegetables such as lettuce and radishes.

Last spring, when you were buying your tomato plants, egg plants, lettuce, etc., it perhaps occurred to you then that some one had to start these plants from seed back in the cold months of February and March. To enable the florist to grow these plants, he had to have a greenhouse or a hotbed. Then, why not, with a little attention and comparatively little expense, have a hotbed and grow these plants yourself?

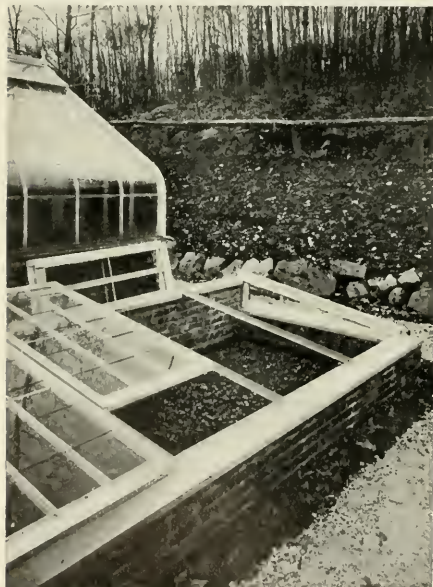
A hotbed is a very simple affair, easy to handle, does not get out of order, and is good for many years. It is composed of a sash set on a frame, which is placed over a manure pit. The heat from the manure makes and keeps the bed hot and keeps the frost out. The hotbed should be in the sunniest spot in the yard and should slope to the south. It would be an advantage to

THE COLD FRAME—NATURE'S ASSISTANT



have it protected from the north by a board fence or the side of a barn.

The sash is generally 6 feet long by 3 feet wide and can be bought for about \$4.50 each.



STARTING SEEDS IN A COLD FRAME WITH A DOUBLE SASH ADVANCES THE GROWTH OF THE GARDEN FULLY SIX WEEKS.

WHEN IT IS THE PURPOSE TO DEVOTE THE GREENHOUSE TO FULL-BLOOMING PLANTS IT IS AN EXCELLENT PLAN TO BACK UP A COLD FRAME AGAINST IT TO HOLD ALL THE SLIPS AND SEEDLINGS.

To prepare the ground for the hotbed, dig out the soil from two to two and a half feet, the area to accommodate the number of sash you use, and fill this in with fresh horse manure. It is advantageous to dig the foundation two feet wide all around, and fill it in also with manure; this will prevent the frost from creeping in. However, for spring use, a foundation half this depth is sufficient.

Over this manure foundation the frame is set and the corners nailed to upright posts placed at each corner and driven in about 2 or 3 feet. This frame can easily be made of one inch boards 12 inches wide. To get the best slope for the sash, cut off 6 inches from the top of the south-side frame and nail it to the top of the north-side, thus forming a slope from 18 to 6 inches, then adjust the remaining sides accordingly, making sure that all corners and joints have a good snug fit. Place the sash on top of this frame, and the interior will get the full benefit of the sun.

When the seed is sown in February or March, the hotbed must be protected at night and in severe weather, by a burlap or straw mat spread over the top. On bright days this covering should be removed and in the middle of the day the sash should be raised

THE COLD FRAME—NATURE'S ASSISTANT



a little to give the plants fresh air. Close up the bed about two hours before sunset, and put the coverings on at sunset. Take the chill off the water before sprinkling the plants, and water only on bright days in the morning, as this gives the leaves of the plants time to dry off before night. This will prevent all possibility of the plants damping off.

Much satisfaction and enjoyment may be derived from starting your own egg plants, peppers, tomatoes and vegetable plants from seed, during the months of February and March. With care and attention you can secure sturdier plants and as the warm days come along, can give the plants a gradual hardening-off, so that they will not suffer severe set-back when they are transplanted to the open garden.

Another use of the hotbed is for forcing vegetables such as lettuce, varieties like "Ideal" or "May King" planted in the hotbed in February will be ready for use early in May. Radishes may be had in from four to six weeks if varieties such as "Carmine-forcing" and "White-tipped Scarlet Turnip-forcing" and carrots, if varieties such as "French-forcing" and "Half-long forcing" be used.

Perhaps this seems to involve too much care and attention, but the results obtained will more than repay the effort spent.

Portable frames placed over asparagus or rhubarb plants early in the season will give them several weeks start. Melons

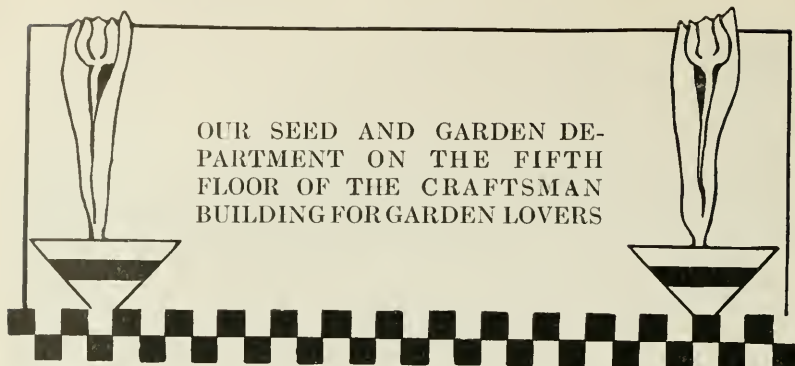
WHERE THE SEASON IS SHORT IT IS AN ADMIRABLE IDEA TO START ALL VEGETABLES IN COLD FRAMES: THIS GREATLY INCREASES THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF A GARDEN.

started in the small square frames that can be lifted without disturbing the plant will have stronger roots and therefore better flavor as well as earlier start.

Daffodils and tulips will surprise you with perfection of blossoms if protected during the fitful early spring weather with a small portable frame. Zinnias, marigolds, stocks, asters, cosmos can be planted in large cold frames and transplanted later. Pansies and violets sown in cold frames during August will give plants which will bloom in the conservatory during the following March and April. Cold frames are also invaluable for starting Christmas bulbs. Plant them in pots and place them in rows in the cold frames and cover with about a foot of dirt. Beginning in August, plant every two weeks up to November. Do not disturb them for at least eight weeks, so that they may make a vigorous root growth. Fulness of bloom depends on state of root growth. For forcing, place them in a hotbed, half submerging each pot.

Gardens under glass are in more danger of becoming injured by the too ardent sun than of being nipped by the frost. Especially is this true of hotbeds, for they are warmed from beneath by fermentation. They should be closely watched, and fresh air admitted at the right time.

GARDEN-MAKING AT THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING



OUR SEED AND GARDEN DEPARTMENT ON THE FIFTH FLOOR OF THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING FOR GARDEN LOVERS

THE parable of the sower has always held an especial appeal for humanity, for we are by nature tillers of the earth, garden makers. We know well that some seed, no matter how carefully sown, will fall upon rocks or barren ground, that rains will wash them away, suns dry up tender new leaves, untimely frosts and innumerable pests rob the sower of his harvest. But we also know that some at least of those wee brown seeds will reach fertile ground, beautify our particular corner of the world and reward us immeasurably for all our hopes. No amount of failure really discourages us or makes us lose faith in an ultimate harvest. No sooner does the frost drive us out of our gardens into winter quarters than we begin planning a triumphant return to its delightful free life. The lighting of the winter fire upon the hearth is a signal for seed catalogues and garden books to appear, plunging us into happy bewilderment of choice. As we turn the pages we become surrounded with as fascinating a company of flower temptresses as ever confused the mind of Parsifal. I doubt if any printed book holds a more irresistible charm than a seedsman's catalogue unless it be a plant grower's.

As we read we are hypnotized into believing that every seed will grow and every plant bear fruit. Sickening doubt never enters our minds to drive us from our temporary paradise. Even though we can only buy a five-cent packet of mignonette seed to sow in the window box or an equally small envelope of morning-glory seeds for the back fence or are restricted to a single hyacinth bulb in a glass at a window, still we have our hour of Elysian bliss. We shall

never outlive the exalted impression that we are witnessing miracles when handling seed. Indeed, is there anything in nature more wonderful to consider than that tall plants, bearing multi-colored fragrant blossoms, trees laden with luscious fruits, are coiled up within a single, tiny brown atom smaller than the head of a pin or into hard nuts no larger than our thumb!

Another miraculous thing to consider is that cities, mankind's winter quarters as it were, are of necessity centers for the distribution of all the seeds and plants needed to feed the people of the world and beautify their homes. Cities are really the result of the country's need. They exist because of man's need of the products of the country. They are the gathering and distributing centers of the harvest regions.

Time is so valuable a factor in present-day living that all needed things must now be gathered into easily reached centers. Different articles of human needs are classified and assigned to one locality so that there may be little time wasted in running to and fro seeking information or the actual thing wanted. The Craftsman Building is one example of this classifying plan of modern business arrangement. Home-makers can go directly to this center and with no loss of time find everything needed to build and furnish a home and its garden. This building is, as it were, a seed, from which homes and gardens may develop. Not only this, but each department of a home is classified so that there is no necessity of wasting one's valuable time and energy.

When gardens are to be planned the fifth floor is to be visited. Here information upon every possible requirement, of gar-

FURNISHINGS FOR THE MODERN HOME

den, farm or outdoor life, can be gleaned. Of course every individual object cannot be seen here, for even a modern skyscraper is not large enough to contain the infinite variety of things grown in this amazingly complex world, but there are products from the best seedsmen, plant growers, nurserymen, planters, florists, the best makers of garden tools and implements of all kinds, furniture, pottery, fountains, gateways, baskets, etc. A library of garden books and tables filled with catalogues pertaining to the garden are to be found, with comfortable chairs close by, and an experienced garden designer to talk to and advise with. Pergolas, porch furnishings, Colonial and rustic garden furniture, sundials and gazing globes, concrete and terra cotta pottery, tools, baskets, seeds, bulbs, plants, nursery stock, can be seen with prices, and information may be obtained on everything not actually on view.

A new departure for this floor will be seasonable flower and vegetable plants on sale. Hammocks and swinging seats of rustic birch and willow will also be found, flower pots painted to order with motives similar to the pattern of your porch or sun-parlor cretonnes; mats and cushions for the piazza steps, smocks, sun bonnets, garden gloves, decorative and useful watering pots, humorous and serviceable flower sticks, in fact everything that is needed to make the garden practical and beautiful.

Bird lovers will find here the most charming of bird houses, bird basins and bird fountains, as well as a comprehensive library of books on bird life, how to attract, care for and identify those delightful and useful feathered guests.

Campers will not only find just what they need in the way of tents, canoes, camp stoves, cooking kits, canvas clothing, etc., but will be able to consult with an experienced camper as to how to camp, what to take, what to wear, what books to have handy, that will give them more intimate knowledge of the flowers, trees, birds, animals, likely to be met with, and of trails, tramping, packing, etc.

Now that sowing and planting time is near at hand we wish again to remind our readers of our free garden service department. We are glad to help you plan your garden, to suggest the best plants, shrubs and trees for your especial locality. Write to us and we will endeavor to give you any information you may need.

AFTER THE ARCHITECT, FURNITURE AND FITTINGS

(Continued from page 557.)

individual in them, knowing that if mistakes are made they are no great loss. With a mint of money to spend the room turns out almost invariably the pretty French style of Marie Antoinette. But throwing this aside as undesirable for our homey room, let us see what remains.

Can anything be prettier than painted furniture for a bedroom, when it is well done? Primarily the forms of the pieces must be good, that is, well-proportioned, and founded on some of the old styles that the centuries have proved good. The decoration is arbitrary, but the forms must be right. It is a mistake to think of painted furniture as necessarily white. Some of the prettiest are in low tones of green, in strange apricot reds, and there is always gray, and shades of tan. When such colors are used a soft polish is necessary and the ornament may be confined to bands of a different color or gilt, or even silver.

Often the prettiest effects can be got by making a harmony of chintz and painted furniture, using the chintz colors as the inspiration for the furniture. One who knows how to paint, copies the pattern of the chintz on the head-board of the bed, on the bureau drawers, on the chairbacks, but a worker of lesser talent may well take the dominant flower color of the chintz for the furniture and use it in stripes on a suitably colored ground. One of the plates shows two bedroom chairs similarly treated. The ultra-modern designs made now in this country in hand-blocked linens help to make fascinating bedrooms. This is the place of all others to use them and show one's own taste and skill.

Among the illustrations given is a fine old veneered mahogany bed of the time when Napoleonic furniture was falling into a decadent bulk. This bed agreeably dominates the room, and with the dressing bureau sets the note of quaintness and hominess that is carried above the inharmoniousness of ill-chosen chair and table. Similarly, in the attic bedroom, the old-time chairs and mirrors give a note of simplicity and sincerity which the owner has kept throughout, notwithstanding the iron bed and other modern bits. Simple as it is, this room has harmony and is a good example of what can be done with light paint, a

FURNISHINGS FOR THE MODERN HOME

knowledge of furniture styles and a sensitive feeling for appropriateness. Both these rooms breathe the spirit of home.

The other plan for furnishing the bedroom which could be recommended is to stay closely by the "Colonial"—that word which is made to cover the furniture of our country in the span of the Martha Washington's life. Almost everyone has or can get a piece or two of very simple old furniture. Put then, a chair or table of old make in the bedroom and work up to that. Never buy what clashes with it. Add to that, a wall-paper of big flowers, or one that makes a solid-color background, and you cannot go astray.

All the old styles are reproduced, but careful copies are expensive. Excellent effect can be got by choosing furniture with good lines, but great simplicity. The matter to be avoided is not a plain chair or bed, but one that will not soon become uncertain and shaky, trembling under its own avoirdupois.

The bed may well be a bed with posts. Nothing prettier was ever devised in all the centuries, but whether the tester encloses it or not is a matter for each to decide. If you have a space and means, put in the bedroom a long, comfortable sofa of some sort, so that the mistress of the house may be tempted to take during the day the bit of rest that lubricates toil. How many a weary body has sat upright in a chair for fear of "mussing up the bed."

In talking of furniture, or of fitting the house, one naturally falls into a way of using the names of the great periods of decorative art. It is no more possible to avoid it than to avoid speaking of vegetables in the kitchen. So we must all have at least a speaking acquaintance with the words. We all have already that acquaintance, but we are lazy about pursuing the matter, and we forget to recapitulate. Renaissance furniture means simply the application of Greek and Roman ideas to the elegant life which Italy started about A. D. fourteen hundred, and which spread over Europe. England in the sixteen hundreds gave us the wonderful things in oak and walnut which the technical divide into Jacobean, Cromwellian, Restoration, Stuart and William and Mary. France in the next century, the eighteenth, gave the styles we loosely call "French," under Louis XIV, Louis XV, Louis XVI and the beginnings of the Empire. And, most loved of all,

England gave to the world the styles which she made from these French designs. These are what are too easily denominated Colonial, or Georgian, and embrace the several styles of the eighteenth century, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite and Adam brothers.

If you know what these styles mean when they are mentioned you are fitted to pick out furniture for the new house from amongst the uncomfortable masses of "novelties" and "newest things" of the market, for you will then instinctively choose the pieces of fine structural composition and beautiful outline, letting ornament go and taking beauty of finish in its place.

A house is not furnished every year. We live all our lives with one furniture. Is it not then, worth while to take pains, infinite pains in selecting?

Here are the important points, honestly made furniture, simplicity, elegance of proportion, beauty of finish, all this, added to outlines founded on the well-tried styles of the centuries.

A house furnished with such movables, softened with appropriate textiles, enlivened with tasteful walls is a peaceful harbor, an inspiring temple, and, best of all, a home.

ORIGIN OF THE "CLAW-FOOT"

THE earliest forms of household furniture are those left us by the Egyptians. . . . This furniture inclines toward animal forms more than vegetable in its construction.

The principles were sound, based on the requirements of the inexorable laws of gravity and the fragility of household goods; but so harmonious was the drawing of chairs and stools that man has been pleased to copy certain of them in modern times. There is a bit of humor in the fact that when explorers recently opened the tomb of the parents of Queen Tii, and found there two superb chairs, the specimens were promptly named Empire and Louis Seize.

Seeing how firmly the beasts stood upon four pads, the designer of that time gave to man, the two-footed and fatigued, the luxury of rest on four feet, where no laws of balance persecute the weary muscles. In other words, his favorite model for chairs was fitted with animals' legs or feet, and a couch of them represented an entire beast.

From "Decorative Styles and Periods," by Helen Churchill Candee.

THE BIRD CORNER OF OUR GARDEN FLOOR

THE BIRD CORNER OF OUR GARDEN FLOOR: BY ELOISE ROORBACH, HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT

GARDENS, no matter how perfectly laid out and planted, remain far short of the ideal unless little birds are nesting among the flowers, drinking at the fountains and singing in the trees. Gardeners, no matter how experienced, alert or industrious they are, can never bring their plant charges to the fullness of harvest without the expert aid of the little feathered "wardens of the field." They are better than any poisonous spray for ridding flowers and vegetables of destructive parasites; peering under every leaf, their bright eyes discover the tiniest hiding enemy, they patrol the rose bushes and cabbage plants with active vigilance. Not an enemy can escape their watchful eyes.

Knowing well the very life of flowers and fruits and birds depends upon a mutual service, upon the divine taking and giving service that keeps all life sweet and wholesome, we have given the birds their just place in the plan of our garden department. Among our garden furniture, under the eaves of our portable houses, among the branches of our cedar trees, are perched charming houses designed to please the house hunting feathered gardeners, to help them reach a decision about the important matter of a safe nesting site, to make them feel at home with us. The best of bathing basins and fountains are displayed. Upon our tables are books about the birds, those that introduce them by name, reveal their pretty ways of life and tell us how to keep them in our dooryards.

All through February we will make an especial appeal for the preservation of these beautiful, cheerful servitors of our gardens. The National Association of Audubon Societies with their usual readiness of help when appealed to have agreed to place on exhibition beautiful water-color drawings of the New England birds most apt to visit our gardens. They will also show helpful identification charts so that a better knowledge of these little friends may be had. Best of all will be a talk upon bird life by T. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies, on Thursday, February 4th, at 2.30 p. m.

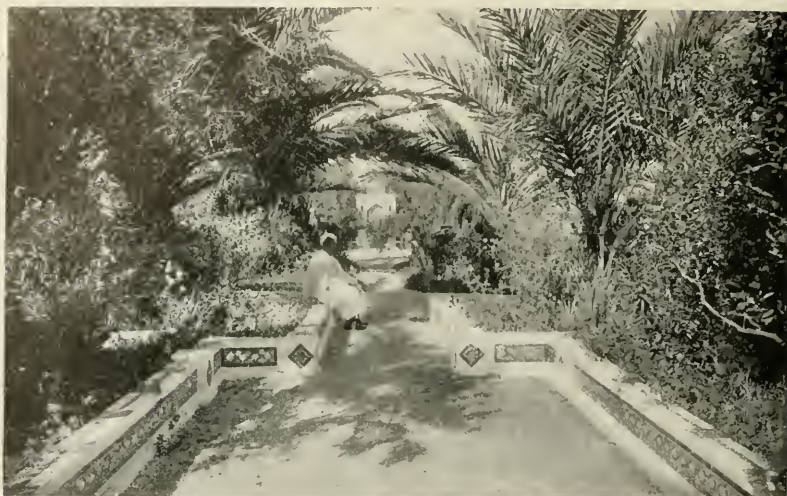
Some one will be in constant attendance to talk with about the planning of gardens and ground, that the birds may be assured of a winter crop of berries. Information will be given about the berry-bearing shrubs that should be planted in sunny places, such as the bayberry, junipers; in the shade of groves such as mountain ash, partridge berry; moist places such as the shadbush and hawthorn and about the woodbines and bittersweet and other creeping things. And help will be given for the asking about the planting of the margin of the bird pools, tying of bushes for better shelter, about winter seed boxes, tables and feeding sticks. So write or visit our garden department during the month of February and get acquainted with the needs of the feathered friends who are soon to start their northern migration, hunting for nesting sites and feeding grounds.

March will be our special wild flower month and April the time of flowers and plants.

The shrubs, trees, plants, seeds, stock of everything grown that will feed or shelter the birds will be on sale or to order in the bird corner of our garden floor. Basins of just the right depth for these winged gardeners' daily bath will be shown, those that are perfectly safe for the smallest bird and delightfully decorative as well, low shallow basins to place on the ground or on the stump of a tree, basins upon graceful pedestals of concrete or terra cotta.

Nothing could be lovelier for a garden than a slender bird basin twined about with roses, little birds perched along its rim, chattering or singing, preparing for a plunge or flying back and forth through the fine spray of a fountain springing from its center. The center of a garden's interest is always where water flows or plunges, or remains quiet in the form of a little pool. The pool should be margined with flowers that bloom successively through the summer, and the fountain be constructed so that it is safe for little birds to drink from.

We will be glad to help you give so attractive an invitation to the birds that they will not only abide happily for a summer under the bounty of your hospitality, but return again and again to the safe and happy feeding ground. Beside adding to your own personal pleasure, you will also be knowing that you have added to the beauty and joy of our land by aiding in the preservation of our "singing gardeners."



TILES FROM THE POTTERS OF TUNIS: SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AMERICAN LANDSCAPE-GARDENER

ENTRANCE TO THE VILLA PERSANE, TUNIS; SHOWING AN UNUSUALLY DECORATIVE USE OF BRILLIANT COLORED TILES IN THE CONCRETE WALLS.

EVERY craft has its own tradition, its own historic romance, and few can claim a more ancient and picturesque one than ceramics. Like most useful arts, moreover, it is associated with special countries and localities where it has been practised generation after generation. Its secrets have been handed down from father to son, each seeking, with a craftsman's pride, to keep his work up to the high standard of his predecessors, or even to surpass their handiwork through his own skill.

Such a spirit as this lies back of the pottery of Tunis, which, from ancient times, has been one of the country's principal industries. The high degree of excellence that had been achieved even in early days has been revealed by the excavations made on the site of Carthage, where rich vases, funeral urns, lamps, tiles and even large statues have been found.

"In the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries of the Christian period," says one writer, "the Princes Aghlabites and Fatimitis decorated their palaces and religious edifices with tiles of faience, and employed for domestic use vases artistically decorated.

On the arrival of the Spanish Moors in Tunis, and later that of the Turks, a great interest and impetus was given to this industry. The ceramic art flourished until the end of the reign of Hamouda Pacha, who died in 1790."

Tunis Nabeul, and the old town of Kairouan, were the chief centers of the craft, and their mosques and old palaces are still covered with tiles whose beauty testifies to their makers' skill. The old houses and monuments, however, have been largely stripped of their faience decoration, which admiring travelers and collectors have been able to buy from the impecunious owners. Indeed, so many of these wonderful tiles have been carried away that they have become quite rare, and the industry itself has also been decreasing.

Recently, however, the Tunisian government has taken an active interest in the craft, and has tried to encourage the natives to revive it, and to conserve its ancient loveliness for future generations. Thanks to this official effort, many of the old models of pottery and tiles to be found in the Museum of the Bardo at Tunis can now be reproduced in all their old-time beauty.

But the phase of the movement which is of special interest to us here in America is

TILES FROM THE POTTERS OF TUNIS

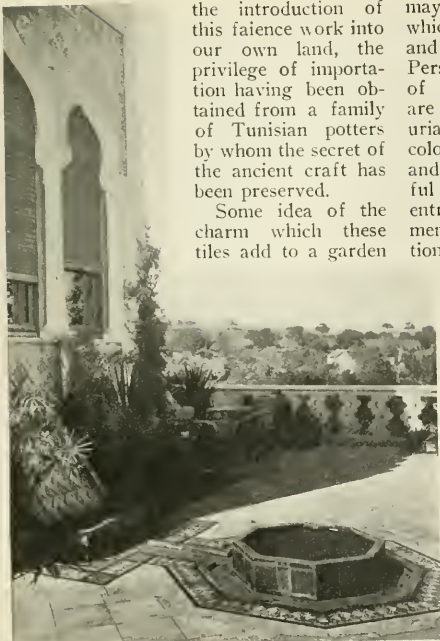
the introduction of this faience work into our own land, the privilege of importation having been obtained from a family of Tunisian potters by whom the secret of the ancient craft has been preserved.

Some idea of the charm which these tiles add to a garden

may be gathered from the photographs, which show the foliage-sheltered grounds and low-walled pathways of the Villa Persane, Tunis. The rich mosaic effects of the inserts in the concrete surfaces are peculiarly decorative against this luxuriant background, and even without the color give one an impression of the warmth and interest which they lend to each restful garden spot. The construction of the entrance, the rounded seat and tiled pavement are all worth noting, and offer suggestions to American gardeners for architectural effects around their own homes.

Indeed, there are no doubt many home-makers on this side of the Atlantic who will be only too glad to know that pottery, tiles and faience work of this rich Oriental character are obtainable here. Not only is the material suitable for all kinds of outdoor uses, being thick, strong and unaffected by the weather, but it can be employed with delightful results indoors, since the colors will blend admirably with the tones of Oriental rugs, tapestries and old furniture. One can easily imagine, for example, how decorative some of these tiles would prove if inserted in geometric designs—as panels, or diamond-shaped mosaics in a chimneypiece of concrete,

above the mantel-shelf and on each side of or around the fireplace opening. They could

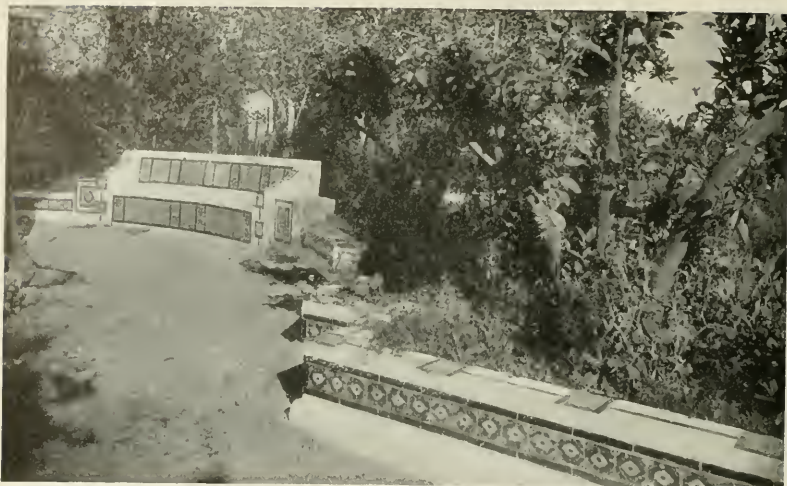


TUNIS COURTYARD WITH TILED POOL AND WALLS THAT REVEAL A DECORATIVE HANDLING OF THIS BEAUTIFUL FAIENCEWORK.



VISTA THROUGH THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA PERSANE: MODERN REPRODUCTIONS OF THESE WONDERFUL TILES HAVE BEEN RECENTLY INTRODUCED INTO AMERICA.

TILES FROM THE POTTERS OF TUNIS



be used, too, in connection with brick, where very rich color effects were desired. For the fireplace hearth, the border of a porch floor, the walls or floor of a sunroom, the garden walks and entrances or the edge of a lily pool, they would also be appropriate.

Architects would likewise find them invaluable for adding a note of color and variety to otherwise plain walls, and a group of tiles inserted between or above the windows, over the doorway or in the gables would brighten even the simplest or severest building with a touch of Eastern splendor. Roof tiles of various shapes, in Empire green, are also to be had in this unusual ware, so that it would be possible to work out both house and garden decorations in harmonious color schemes.

Those who visit the Garden Department on the fifth floor of the Craftsman Building may find examples of this pottery, in the shape of jars, bowls and vases of simple and unusual forms. The designs that ornament the mellow, grayish earthen surface are more or less primitive in outlines, coloring and execution. And it is this very childlike, naïve quality that gives them such unique charm, and distinguishes them so widely from the ordinary machine-made objects of more civilized manufacture.

The patterns on many of the pieces are semi-geometric, with here and there a leaf or plant form, suggestions of the pome-

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE GARDENERS AND HOME-MAKERS MAY FIND HERE A CHARMING SUGGESTION FOR THE USE OF RICHLY COLORED MOSAICS IN LOW CONCRETE WALLS AND GARDEN SEAT.

granate and the seed pods of the lotus, which give a touch of local character to the designs. It is interesting, too, to note the influence of beads—so loved, always, by the people of African countries as well as by the Orientals. On many of the jars one sees a repetition of round and oval bead-like forms, which remind one of the curious necklaces of the Tunisian country. Occasionally there occur some of the conventionalized leaf forms that one finds in Persian designs.

The colors are somewhat unusual. The background is of an uneven grayish, earthen tone, while the designs are in deep, dull blues, emerald greens with warm splashes of yellow and orange. As a rule, the patterns are outlined with a dark brown line, fine or heavy according to the delicacy of the ornament, which follows or harmonizes with the general lines of the objects. Although there is little attempt at fine or elaborate detail, the general effect is remarkably rich. Indeed, it is the kind of work that adds a note of real distinction wherever it is introduced, whether in home or garden. And in its own way it may hold inspiration for American potters and designers in many branches of craft work.

Illustrations loaned by Robert Rossman Co.

ALS IK KAN

REAL ESTATE AND A HOME

WHETHER a man builds his home and plans his garden merely for himself and family or for future generations, he should always plan so carefully and construct so practically that if his home has to become real estate he will find it a valuable asset, having a significance beyond the merely sentimental one. No man can afford to put a great deal of time and energy and some money into a proposition that would not possess a marketable quality in case of emergency, and a house is no more yours, no nearer and dearer because you could not sell it if you wanted to and needed to.

Every wise man really wants respect for his home as well as admiration, and it does not mean that you are without poetry and romance if you decide to build the best kind of a house and produce the most practical as well as loveliest garden in the neighborhood. In fact, the better standard you have for your home in its architecture, fittings, grounds and garden, the more you will enjoy it yourself, the more you and your family will develop in producing it, and of course the better bargain it will become if Fate should ever turn her face from you.

Perhaps the best way would be always to build the kind of a home you would like to buy from a neighbor. You must make a careful study of the site in relation to sun and wind, the design in relation to comfort and economy, heating and ventilation in relation to health; for home-making today means more than shelter, it means a place in which you intend to grow and prosper. It is safe to make elimination the keynote of the whole theme, for extravagance is responsible in America today for the production of more unsightly architecture and uncomfortable homes than poverty is; a moderate income will often force people to a point of elimination that will result in real beauty. But if you possess money and wish to spend it in your home it is essential that you should make a special study of the art of leaving out the superfluous. The lack of money somehow seems to breed thought and the possession of it recklessness; and wise thought is the only inspiration for beautiful architecture.

Having decided to build your house for the real estate market, as well as for pos-

terity, plan an intimate relation between your garden and your home. They must belong to one family and both to the landscape. Of course, you will want a great deal of help in this most important undertaking of your life, but in the main you must be your own head architect, builder and gardener. Talk with people who know the art of building and garden-making, read the best books on the subject; and make many plans for your home. After you have given a lot of time and study to the matter, then follow every step of the work as though you were the architect and contractor. It is impossible for any one else to develop for you your ideal of a home. They can only help you do it.

Since I built my own home at Craftsman Farms I have come to the conclusion that this is the most important step in a man's life. Nothing can mean more to him than the surroundings in which he is to live day after day—the hills that he is to see from his porch, the pasture that lies below the bedroom window, the glimpse of the vineyard through the south windows, his own fireside where he plans his life, the porch where he sleeps in the starlight. These things are more or less immutable, once established, and so you must know what you want before you begin to build, and then you must build intelligently to achieve it.

It is because these things are so overwhelmingly vital to me that every year I decide to devote two entire issues of the magazine to gardening and home-building. This year, as usual, the March number of *THE CRAFTSMAN* will be given up to gardens and the April number to home-building. Each issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN* publishes a certain number of articles on both building and gardening, but I feel that that is not enough. Once a year I want to crowd the magazine with the most practical and interesting material available for beginning and extending gardens, for planning and fitting houses.

In the March number for 1915 we shall have an article by Julian Burroughs, talking about the way he and John Burroughs, his father, make the gardens around their homes, and we shall have a portrait statue of John Burroughs himself by Sciarrino Caraino Pietro, sculptor. The most beautiful photographs of lotus blossoms ever published have come our way, and these will appear with an article about the grow-

PROFITABLE GARDENING FOR CHILDREN

ing of this Oriental plant in America. If you happen to live in a land where rocks abound you will find good material for the making of a rock landscape garden. New England wild flowers in their original habitat and transplanted into New England home gardens will be the theme of an article by Eloise Roorbach, illustrated by Charles Lincoln, who knows more about the wild flowers of New England than any other botanist we know of.

We shall have an American-Japanese garden from California, with picturesque photographs and the mysteries of the making of these wonderful gardens revealed. One of the most practical articles will be Vine-Clad Bowers, in which the beauty and the shade will be the important thing and not the architectural structure of the arbor. Every one owning a home should have gateways and summer houses and lattices covered with fragrant vines. A most unusual garden topic will be handled by Wilhelm Miller, the first editor of *Country Life in America*. It is called "Wild Gardening," and he will show our readers how to turn farm land and the adjacent woods into a beautiful garden, a thing not to be done by a professional gardener, but by the farmer, his boys and his neighbors. We have secured from Mr. Lincoln also four of the most remarkable flower photographs that we have ever seen. These will be published with a word about Mr. Lincoln, and his own garden, which is all New England. The fourth of the series of "Your Own Home" will take up the question of the relation between house and garden, planning and planting of the grounds, and outdoor architectural features. We find these articles on the building of homes are being widely read and much appreciated because they are written for the people who want beautiful homes at moderate prices. If you want to have your lawn filled with daffodils in the early days of May, *THE CRAFTSMAN* for March will also tell you how to do this, and will show you some lovely daffodils growing in the garden at Hampton Court. Of course, in addition to these very special articles we will have many on small gardens, on vegetable gardens, on practical and profitable little suburban gardens, all interestingly illustrated and of real value to the garden lover.

In the March number of *THE CRAFTSMAN* we will publish a detailed list of the table of contents for April, which will in-

clude the work of the best American architects, not only in public buildings, but in domestic architecture. We shall have all kinds of detail articles in regard to the finishing of homes, on lighting, plumbing, heating, etc. Modern porches and pergolas will be shown in beautiful pictures. William Price, one of the most poetical of all architects, will write us a foreword in regard to the American home, and Will Levington Comfort will tell us something about his own development through the building of his home. As usual, both magazines will be filled with pictures not only for the practical illustration of the articles, but to add to the beauty of the publication.

GARDENS VERSUS FACTORIES FOR CHILD WORKERS

A NEW experiment is on foot which should interest all who are concerned in the country life movement and in the abolition of child labor. The Welfare League, in Westchester County, New York, is planning to utilize vacant lots as gardens for children who would otherwise be in factories. The gardening is to be done under the direction of the schools.

"Practical work will begin about the first of February," announces Mrs. Walston Brown, "and will be in charge of former President Jarvis of the Connecticut School of Agriculture. There will be a survey of the land of the county, and vacant lots platted to ascertain which owners will be willing to allow the lots to be used.

"We believe that to abolish child labor we must do constructive work. It has been found by actual practice that *where children have taken up gardening they can earn more in a summer in that work than they can during an entire year in a factory*. The garden products of the children are used first for the family and the surplus is then marketed. . . . There are now one and a half million children in the factories and there are a million unemployed adults. When we are able to take the children from the factories we will leave their positions for the adults who are now idle. . . .

"It is estimated that by turning the force of the children of the country into gardening there can be an increase of \$200,000,000 of wealth to the country. It is not only the factory children who will work, but others who will utilize their time out of school."



JOHN BURROUGHS: FROM A PORTRAIT-
STUDY BY C. S. PIETRO, SCULPTOR.



THE CRAFTSMAN



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MY FATHER'S GARDEN AND MINE: BY JULIAN BURROUGHS



ANY times I have heard my father tell of our first experience at gardening together, I being too small at the time to remember anything about it: "I had gone down to the garden to weed out my cabbages," he would say with a laugh, "and you had followed me; you were a little shaver then, just big enough to walk. Well, I had my row of cabbages neatly weeded out and when I straightened up to rest my back and I looked around and there you were, standing over the row with a young cabbage in your hand, the last one; you had pulled up every one. I asked you what you were doing and you said 'weeds'—well, I have a mind to spank you for it yet." This last he would always add with a threatening flourish.

Later I have come to realize that even at that time I had begun to express my disapproval of cabbages and hand weeding, a vegetable and a labor that should have little place in a well-managed garden. The proper use of the wheel hoe and the hoe will eliminate most of the laborious hand-weeding, and as for the cabbages one can usually buy them just as good and just as cheaply as one can raise them, thus leaving the ground and time for the more precious garden products that are both expensive and inferior in quality when bought. The very fact that my father was weeding cabbages by hand will tell those who are garden wise that he was not a really good gardener. And here at Riverby-on-the-Hudson he was not; at Woodchuck Lodge on the summit of the Catskills, where the hot, enervating days of July and August are cool and stimulating, he has become almost an ideal gardener. This very coolness of the days, which made it a pleasure to work in the garden, also made it possible to have the most delicious Telephone peas and head lettuce all summer; the peas especially were a joy to father; picked while the dew was on and at just the proper age, they were sweet and tender, being one of the treats of the summer. This same coolness kept the weeds in check as well; yes, and the garden was within ten feet of the house, right in sight constantly where it could beckon to father every hour; every weed that tried to grow had to do so in plain view of the easy chair on the porch—he simply could not help having a good garden!

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But here at Riverby in the Hudson Valley it was different; father fell into the common error, the pitfall of the average home gardener,—he made garden with joy in spring. When the grass became green and the robins came, until the orioles began to nest and the oaks were in full foliage, he had the gardening fever in earnest; he planted and hoed daily; his hoes, bright from use, hung in the pear tree at the end of the garden; packages of seeds were scattered over his study table or the seat in the summer-house. How he did enjoy it! The fragrant spring days, the apples and cherries in bloom, the birds he knew and loved so well keeping him company, all out of doors tender and inviting, the moist, brown earth of the garden freshly plowed and cultivated—it was all irresistible and father found in “making garden” the best pleasure of the season. The ground, too, was mellow and soft from the winter frost, the spring rains and the plow; it was a pleasure to hoe and dig in it; the entire garden was free from weeds; it was a clean slate on which anyone would have found pleasure in writing with rows of peas and corn. Soon, however, the weather got hot, weeds got a “start,” there was rust on the hoe where it hung in the pear tree, and by August the weeds had the upper hand and were going to seed; the ground was baked hard, the rows of corn were wilted and dusty, the beets small and tough, the peas could no longer grow in the hot weather. Only a Mexican peon under the eyes of his master could have hoed out these waist-high weeds in the hard ground, and they not only sucked up the scanty moisture from the vegetables but they sowed their seeds by the million, making the work of the next year doubly hard.

AND this is the fault of too many amateur gardeners: they spend too much time on the garden in spring and then neglect it too often the remainder of the season. The ideal plan is to work a little every day, or at least three or four times a week, from the time of the first planting in spring until the ground freezes in November. By doing this not a weed can go to seed, making the work easier every year. Weeds rob the soil of everything the vegetables need.

For those who have little time to work outdoors the best way is to plan their garden on paper, marking the kind and quantity of each vegetable, according to their needs, putting the entire garden in rows running north and south, leaving room between the rows for the passage of the wheel-hoe. Plan to put the short-growing vegetables between the tall, the late between the early, and plan to follow up one crop with another; as for instance the winter celery can be planted in the row of the early peas, the tomatoes can be set in the

BY JULIAN BURROUGHS

row of early lettuce; the winter turnips can fill the row vacated by the early corn, and so on. It is a fascinating thing to do, to thus plan one's summer campaign and it pays in the end.

After planning the garden thus, it is well to get the seeds for the season. Get them of one of the old and well-known seedsmen; not only are better seeds, as a rule, obtained thus, but these firms send out for the asking practical booklets and leaflets on all garden questions, giving nearly complete instructions for the growing of everything. It is true the seedsmen in their leaflets do not give any of the discouraging features; they speak glowingly of the fine quality and number of home-grown Hubbard squash and say never a word about the squash vine-borer! Nor in their interesting and enthusiasm-rousing talk on cauliflower do they mention the cabbage-root maggot! For all of that, their seeds and advice are better than that of the corner grocery. It is not only wise to get seeds for the season early, but the seedsmen of national reputation do not sell last year's seeds or those not true to name—both my father and I have found that others do.

WHILE waiting for the ground to be ready to work out of doors, many things can be started in a box in a sunny window—or a storm sash can be taken from the house and a little cold frame made in which a surprising number of things can be started. Father would never do any of these little aids to nature that are such joy to most gardeners; his gardening fever exhausted itself in the natural out-of-doors planting season. With one storm sash, four old boards, some manure and a piece of canvas for a night cover, I was able to start lettuce, tomatoes, cauliflower, and even some corn and muskmelons, and gain a month on the season. Paper boxes, unsoldered tin cans, paper-lined fruit baskets, anything available can be used. For tomatoes I found empty breakfast-food boxes the best; these would hold together long enough to be set in season in the ground, simply setting box and all into the earth, where it would rot and let the roots spread out into the soil. Plants set in this way, provided they have been hardened off, as the gardeners say, by gradually accustoming them to the outdoor temperature, receive no check at all and lose no time in the transplanting. I have had tomatoes by July fourth, corn the last day in June, muskmelons by July tenth. Even lima beans, the hardest of all vegetables to start here in the north, can often be successfully launched in paper boxes two weeks in advance of the season.

Some of the roofing paper manufacturers have made paper flower pots; these are neat, light, do not break, and unhook for opening. These pots are cheap and when only used for spring planting will

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last a long time—being round and tapering they take up more room than do the square paper boxes. A regular hotbed is considerable trouble and requires some practice for successful management, the damping off, a fungus that attacks the stems of many plants grown in a hotbed, is quite likely to play havoc with the vegetables in the hotbed of the inexperienced gardener. After running a hotbed for two seasons I gave it up and simply converted it into a cold frame where I raised a supply of radishes, young onions, beets and the like, two or three weeks in advance of the season. I found it did not pay for me to try to force the hand of Nature too much—hotbeds were for professionals and those who could devote much time to them.

The plans made, seeds bought, and perhaps some vegetables started under glass, the gardener waits eagerly for the day when the garden can be plowed and the real out-of-doors planting begun. The old rule is to test the ground for "fitness to plow" by taking a handful of the surface soil and squeezing it firmly; if it sticks together into a lump it is still too wet; the mold made in the hand should crumble and fall apart.

My own experience with one of the most difficult of gardens, a low, heavy, clay soil, to which had been added, to make matters worse, a quantity of subsoil or "hard pan" from a near-by cellar, may be of help. First I raked into heaps all the stones, shoveling them into a wheelbarrow and wheeling them away, then I added all the sifted coal ashes we had, also muck, and once a year manure and such other humus as I could get. In ten years I must have added ten inches of sifted coal ashes, the ground improving in texture all the time. Some soils are harmed by coal ashes, as sandy or very light soil, or muck land, for instance; other heavy soils are improved. The improvement in the heavy soil of my garden was unmistakable and apparent in every way. The muck from the swamp at Slab-sides I added whenever I could get it; it is really better than ashes for heavy ground; the supply however is limited and few people can get it at all. All the refuse from the garden that the cow and chickens would not eat I composted and added when it was fully rotted. From being one of the hardest of gardens to work, damp, sticky, from wet in spring to hard and hot in summer, my garden became so mellow that it could be worked as soon as the frost was out in March, and no matter how hot and dry the August soil never baked or hardened. Everything grew surprisingly well except onions. The delicious muskmelons and corn and other vegetables more than made up for the smallness of the onions. In a garden it often seems as though one vegetable tried to make up for the failures of others.

FOR the intelligent working of the garden a knowledge of the relation of the condition of the soil to the growth of plants is useful. The soil is simply a mechanical medium to hold the nitrogen, potash, phosphoric acid and moisture in such form that they can be taken up by the fine feeder roots of the plants. These feeder roots of practically all the plants of the north require a soil that is cool, moist, and porous—they cannot flourish in a hot, baked soil. And the one paramount thing that makes a soil best adapted to plant growth is humus. Humus is simply vegetable matter so finely rotted that all the fermentation and sourness have leaked away, leaving it like meal, like the dark soil or leaf mold you find in the woods. This cool black earth of the woods, how moist and pungent it is! Matrix of orchids and ferns—if we all had enough of it to mix with our garden soil how our gardens would flourish! Next to it is the level black muck land, which when drained, sweetened and given potash muck makes the ideal garden. Unlike clay, sand will not become hard; it gets hot and dry, however, and as a rule needs humus.

After the garden soil has been made loose in texture, and is provided with humus the next thing is cultivation. For this the wheel hoe that has a breast attachment is best; here again we come to the original proposition; a wheel hoe is useless unless used frequently—several times a week. If this is done no weeds can grow big enough to be pulled or hoed with the hand hoe. And the ground cannot dry out half as quickly as if neglected, for the constant stirring of the surface forms what we call the dust mulch, a dusty layer over the top of the ground which prevents the escape of the moisture and the entrance of the heat. In fact were it not for the vegetables which are constantly drawing up the moisture from the soil and giving it off from their foliage, such a soil would not get really dry in any drought. Weeds also give off the moisture they have drawn from the soil by their leaves; this is the reason why the weeds should be kept out of the garden. When weeds are in the seedling stage one passing of the wheel hoe kills every one. And how rapidly one can go over a garden with a wheel hoe, once or twice in a row and then in the next one and so on, fine exercise, good stand-up-to-it work that gets wholesale results quickly. Once neglect it, let the weeds get rooted and the ground hard, and you might as well hang up the wheel hoe in the shed until next year.

Of course the rows of beets and carrots have to be thinned and weeded by hand, and the hills of corn must be reduced to four stalks, and such weeds as come up in the hill will have to be pulled up; the melons have to be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture; brush or poultry netting has to be put up for peas; poles set for lima beans. There is

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always work enough in a garden; that is why one should plant the whole garden in rows that admit the entire ground being worked by the wheel hoe.

OF the three mentioned plant foods, nitrogen makes stalks and foliage; it is best for lettuce and cauliflower and all vegetables of which we eat the leaves, such as spinach, rhubarb and the like; though corn and melons, and in fact all plants except peas and beans require some nitrogen. Peas and beans will sometimes refuse to grow in a soil that has too much nitrogen. Potash, especially the sulphate of potash, is the best fertilizer; it is what gives size and sweetness to the melons, strawberries, beets and the ears of corn; it can be used liberally on all fruits and vegetables with good results. Phosphoric acid is needed for seeds and flowers; it is not as important as the other two, though almost nothing will do well in a soil entirely deficient in phosphoric acid. Though some plants will not grow in a sweet soil, as huckleberries for an example, all the common garden vegetables require it. Swamps and wild land on granite rock are apt to be sour, but the average soil is sweet. If not, it can be made so with applications of lime.

Every real gardener and true countryman loves the soil; the smell of it when turned over in the sun, the feel of it under foot, its welfare is his own; he loves to patch up the thin places, blast out rocks, deepen and enrich it. The soil is our priceless heritage from geologic time; it is the insoluble residue from the crumbling of the rock; on its maintenance depends the prosperity of the race of man. And how we have misused and neglected our soil! The earth has been plowed down the hill against the fences, where it is allowed to grow brush, leaving the hillsides and ridges bare; it has been washed away and let choke up the rivers and harbors with the finest and fattest of its substance; it has been burned over, and its fertility wasted in many other ways. My father, like the true countryman that he is, always loved, indeed almost worshipped the soil. He has had more real fun and satisfaction in late years in improving pieces of land than in anything else. This last summer he found huge delight in clearing up a stony, broken pasture, blowing out the rocks and building a fence with them, leveling off the ground and getting it ready for the plow, saying: "Fifty years and more ago my father wanted to clear this field and make a meadow of it; now I am able to do it—what a fine, deep soil it has!" He would pick up a handful and rub it between his fingers or thrust the crowbar down into it to show the depth. Not to clear away any more forest, but to build up and improve some of the land already cleared, that is truly an occupation worthy of any man!

A PLEA FOR THE WILD GARDEN: THE BEAUTY AND USEFULNESS OF OUR VANISHING WILD FLOWERS

Illustrated by wild flowers that bloom in New England early in the spring.



THE FOLDED LEAF OF THE BLOODROOT HAS A DECORATIVE QUALITY QUITE EQUAL TO THE LOTUS.



THE shadow of a flower on a rock, the curve of a wind-touched grass stalk, the silhouette of a falling leaf, half-opened bud or unfurling fern frond, have from the beginning of time lifted men's imagination and given them vision. All the craftsmen, artists, architects, metal workers, lace makers, embroiderers, in search of fresh inspiration for decoration of building, for jewelry or textiles, for anything in fact, that requires ornamentation, have ever at times left their easels or draughting tables for a walk in their gardens, or lacking this beautiful stimulus, to wander in the city parks or gaze into the florist's window.

Lines of beauty must of necessity be adaptations of things seen in the natural world, for, as has been said by one renowned thinker, "it is beyond the power of man to conceive beauty without its aid." Builders have patterned our homes from the nests of birds and burrows of animals; they have made the vaults of cathedrals in imitation of the dome of the sky and arches to copy the "termination of every

A PLEA FOR THE WILD GARDEN

leaf that shakes in summer wind;" shafts of trees have suggested the flutings of columns; flowers of the meadow the wreaths upon the capitals.

The wild flowers of New England are one of our most precious inspirational inheritances, yet we have driven them to the fence corners with our plows, dried up with our factories the ponds and meadows they once fledged; carelessly uprooted myriads of them to gratify a momentary whim for possession. Now that their delicate beauty is in danger of vanishing completely from our land we are awakening to an appreciation of how barren and bleak the world would be without their rifts of color and wandering breaths of perfume. So a vigorous campaign in their behalf is being inaugurated by our Government and by every individual who loves beauty.

In the West schoolchildren are encouraged to raise wild-flower seed in their school and home garden. Men and women who are in sympathy with the movement to preserve the wild flowers, whirling by the school gardens, stop, buy a packet or so of seed, receive the benefit of a small gardener's newly acquired experience as to the best soil for planting, then motoring far away to a dry meadow or marsh land, scatter them again where they will take root. California's highways, fence corners, hill slopes, bogs, rocky shores and deserts are already showing the effects of the people's generous zeal in this practical method of preserving the wild gardens. The marvelous flora that once made a carpet over the State, ventures again to clothe the earth with glorious color.

THERE is a noticeable movement throughout the East toward a similar active protection of the flowers that formerly made one vast, unbroken garden of the land. Our forefathers had of necessity to plow the wild meadows under in order to plant their maize, and grub up the flowering shrubs and fell the blossoming trees to make new dooryards. Today we take endless pains to discover the haunts of such flowers as the trailing arbutus that we may give it care, double and treble its yield that its exquisite beauty may not vanish forever from beneath the lee of our lichen-soft boulders. Nothing in all the lists of gorgeous hothouse plants gives us so sweet a thrill of joy as the first, lavender-blue hepatica or the unexpected encountering of a patch of white bloodroot or quivering anemone.

Europeans have been quicker than we to appreciate the wonderful beauty of our New England wild flowers. Great quantities of our unvalued native plants are exported annually. Our trilliums, azaleas, laurels, viburnums, lilies, brier roses, orchids, are given honored place in Dutch, English, Belgian and Italian gardens. They gladly pay high



From a Photograph by Edwin Hale Lincoln.

THE GRACE OF STEM, FORM OF MODEST BLOSSOM, SHEEN OF VEINED LEAVES OF THE FAMILIAR NEW ENGLAND WILD FLOWER, THE MAY APPLE, HOLDS INFINITE DECORATIVE POSSIBILITIES FOR ARTIST AND ARTISAN.

WHO CAN SEE A CLUMP OF HEPATICA SUCH AS IS SHOWN ON THE RIGHT WITHOUT A THRILL OF JOY OVER THE SHY SWEET BEAUTY OF THE FLOWER THAT SO SWIFTLY FOLLOWS THE SNOW, ANSWERING THE SUMMONS OF SPRING, AND GROWING IN OUR ROCK GARDENS AS DAINTILY AS IN ITS NATIVE ROCKERY BY THE SIDE OF A RUNNING STREAM OR IN THE SHELTER OF WOODLAND GROVES.



ONE OF THE FIRST WILD BLOSSOMS TO ATTRACT THE LOVE OF CHILDREN IS THE DELICATE FLOWER SHOWN AT THE LEFT, COMMONLY KNOWN AS DUTCHMAN'S BREECHES OR SOMETIMES SQUIRRELS' CORN: NO MORE FAIRYLIKE A BLOOM OPENS TO GREET THE SPRING THAN THIS FRINGE-LEAVED PLANT, WHICH WILL GROW UNDER THE LEA OF A ROCK IN A CORNER OF THE WILD-FLOWER GARDEN.

Photographs by Edwin Hale Lincoln.



THE CATKINS OF THE WILLOWS THAT HANG OVER BROOKLETS STILL IN THE ICY GRIP OF WINTER, ARE LIKE LITTLE FROLICKING GRAY KITTENS: EVERY COUNTRY SCHOOLCHILD WATCHES FOR THE PUSSY WILLOW TO START THE PROCESSION OF FLOWERS: THE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE LEFT SHOWS THE DECORATIVE QUALITY THAT CHARMS THE WORLD OF OLDER FOLK.

THE FIDDLEHEADS WRAPPED IN THEIR WARM MANTLES OF FLOWER WOOL ARE THE FIRST TO VENTURE ABOVE THE WINTER GROUND: THEIR DECORATIVE QUALITY IS NEVER SEEN TO BETTER ADVANTAGE THAN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE RIGHT, TAKEN ESPECIALLY TO BRING OUT THIS QUALITY.



Photographs by Edwin Hale Lincoln.



Photographs by Edwin Hale Lincoln.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS IS OFTEN FOUND UNDER THE SNOW, SO IMPATIENT IS IT TO LIFT ITS SWEET BLOSSOMS INTO THE SUNSHINE AND TO CARPET THE WORLD WITH BEAUTY: IT IS BELOVED BY EVERY NEW ENGLANDER AND SHOULD BE VIGOROUSLY PROTECTED.

A PLEA FOR THE WILD GARDEN

prices for a single root of the lovely flowers we openly spurn or carelessly neglect. Our growers have long seen the commercial value of supplying Europeans with "American gardens." Lately growers are getting requests for plants and seeds from our own as well as European admirers. It is not the easiest thing nowadays to find the few remaining haunts of our wild flowers nor to uproot, carry them long distances and make them grow again in a modest corner of our own gardens. So we are glad to know that growers can furnish us with stock to make a wild rock garden or fill a sedgy meadow with color.

The eminent danger of loss has called our attention to how impoverished we would be without spring's courier, the shadbush, without the Joe Pyeweed, purple asters, harebells, butterfly weed, dog's-tooth violet, cardinal flower, pansies, all the shy, solitary flowers that seek the covert of the woods, and the brilliant, fearless host of blossoming shrubs that camp in conspicuous masses upon the hills. Without the inconspicuous flowers that fill the air with perfume as we crush them in our walk, gauzy petaled ones that rush over our pastures so gorgeously, without those that yield us succulent roots and edible seed or those that bear healing in their leaves, existence would be impossible. They feed and warm our bodies, purify the air and water sources as well as develop and æsthetically enrich our minds.

Every garden should have a corner or sunny slope planted to wild flowers. They make the best of rock garden displays. Beside the many lovely ferns and mosses without which a rock garden would not be complete, are the native saxifrages, columbines, hepaticas, crane's-bill, harebells, coral bells, anemones, stone-crop, fire pinks, ragged robins, penstemon, trilliums, bloodroot, mist-maidens, shooting stars, fringed gentian, violets and wintergreen.

WHERE the rock garden meets the water garden plant cardinal flowers, butterfly weed, wild iris, all the graceful, nodding brown, white and yellow lilies, arums, yellow fringed orchids, pickerel weed, lady's-slipper, meadow rue, cattails and rushes. In the pond itself drop roots of the bladder wort, water clover, cress, water arum and poppy, hyacinth and water shield. No fairer flowers bloom than our native pond water lilies and white lotus. Out in the sunny places scatter seeds of the Great Willow herb, wild sweet-William, blue phlox, sneeze weed, speedwell, mallow, goldenrod, closed gentian, blazing star, black-eyed Susans and New England asters. At the edge of the grove plant such shrubs as azaleas, mountain laurel, rhododendron, barberry and bayberry, dogwood, highbush,

A PLEA FOR THE WILD GARDEN



THE WINDFLOWER SHOULD BE TRANSPLANTED FROM THE WOODS INTO A SHELTERED CORNER OF THE ROCK GARDEN.

wide-awake growers who have been quick to see their beauty. Why should we not exalt our own flora, why should Europeans be bending every energy to raise the exquisite flowers that they insist belong to the "American garden," while we import from Italy, Japan, China, or Holland, plants no more beautiful than those already growing in the undisturbed corners of our country?

Many charming books have been written on how to know our wild flowers and how to naturalize them in our gardens. These books give minute directions as to how these flowers may be planted and cultivated, where stock can be bought and long lists of plants suitable for different localities. An abundance of instruction and stock is within easy reach for whoever wishes to join the fast increasing hosts of those who wish to preserve the incomparable American flora. And those who undertake the task not only will find it full of pleasant gardening adventures and surprises, but will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are adding their own contribution, however small, to the beauty of their native land.

cranberry, flowering currant, hazel, spiræa, spice bush, wayfaring tree. For trees use all the native conifers, maples, birches, elms, beech. For vines to twine all these together choose wild cucumber, honeysuckle, bittersweet, convolvulus, clematis, woodbine and grape.

These are but a few of the thousand beautiful native wild flowers, shrubs and trees that can be made to feel at home in our gardens, transplanted from the wilds or purchased from

THE LOTUS, SYMBOL OF THE WORLD



THE lotus, springing from the mud and slime of the lake, lifting its golden-hearted, white blossom high above the restless reach of the waves that it may open pure and spotless to the sun, is indeed the very symbol of the evolution of the world. The whole story of creation; the genesis and fulfilment of life is imaged in this beautiful plant that takes its rise from the lowliest places, passes through dark and troubled waters, yet brings to maturity a pure, a spiritually perfect flower.

To the Buddhist it is also an emblem of the soul of man—though resting in eternal calm above the surging activities of the world basking in the light of the sun, it exists, pure and undefiled, because its roots are firmly fixed in the world of experience. "The lotus springs from the mud," is their mystic answer to those unbelievers who think the human heart is corrupt or that it must of necessity become soiled during its journey through life.

The lotus is regarded as a sacred thing by some people, as the home of the gods by others or as the throne of beauty. Buddha is generally represented seated upon a lotus flower, lost in meditation, or as standing within the lotus heart, teaching all people, as father of the world, of the Way, the Truth, and the Life. In Japan this flower is seen on every temple altar, of gold or silver paper it is carried in every funeral procession, a symbol of the immortality of the soul; cast in bronze it catches the water from temple roofs. Wherever religion is taught, in India, Japan or Egypt, the lotus is held in reverence as typical of divine beauty. One reason for this, apart from its mystic significance, is that its calyx is a triangle whose base is a circle—symbols of spirit and form, of eternity and tri-unity.

The ancient Greeks and Romans used the expression "to eat the lotus," meaning to drowse in a happy languor, forgetful of disagreeable things. There is an old Greek legend of a people who lived on the north coast of Africa and subsisted upon the fruit of the lotus tree. Homer relates that these strange people received Ulysses and his followers with a great display of hospitality, offering them choice fruits, among which was the lotus. The sweetness of this fruit filled the travelers with delight, with such a delicious feeling of happy stupor that they forgot their native land and drowsed their days away in dreamy idleness.

The lotus, known by the Romans as Libyan lotus, was probably a native of the elm family as it was planted for shade and bore a small fruit, like wild cherries. Though the lotus is a name generally applied to a species of water-lily, especially of the African and Asiatic species, it is a popular name for a large number of unrelated plants,

THE LOTUS, FLOWER AND SYMBOL

also the generic name for plants of the order leguminosa. The lotus or nelumbiums, gigantic in size, exquisite of hue, delicately perfumed, easily hold a foremost place among our garden aquatic flowers. Their great concave leaves like green shields, heavily embossed beneath, are beautiful enough to win them general admiration, even without their "thousand-petaled" blossoms. Their brown seed pods, rising above the waters after the flowers have gone, are so strikingly decorative none can pass them unobserving.

Nelumbiums differ from nymphæas in that they lift both leaves and blossoms high above the water. Water-lilies float serenely upon the water tugging at their stems like moored boats. Lotuses spring well above the water like huge gulls rising for flight.

LACKING a natural pool, lotuses can be grown in half-barrels sunk in the ground to within a few inches of the top. These should be half filled with aquatic soil, that is, well rotted vegetable matter from pond and swamp mud mixed with one-third manure, top dressed with two inches of sand. Six inches must be allowed for water. A number of tubs each holding a different variety can be sunk in one large pool to advantage, thus lessening danger of mixing species. Another effective plan is to use the space between tubs set in the ground for a rock garden. When a natural pool is not to be had an artificial basin can be constructed of concrete, stone, brick or even well-tamped clay. The depth must vary to accommodate the requirements of the different species, for some need but a few inches of water, others must have three feet or more. There must always be a foot or more of soil on the bottom of artificial ponds and a small outlet and inlet that the water may be kept perfectly pure. Water-lilies thrive best in quiet water for they, like the lotuses, are distinctly flowers of the "eternal calm." They love to lie motionless upon a rippleless surface, their myriad quivering golden stamens unruffled by the idle zephyrs. Their peace must not be disturbed by splashing fountains or swift moving currents. All pools, both natural and artificial, are the better for a few submerged plants to aerate the water. Fish also are needed to destroy mosquito larvæ and keep the plants free from insect pests. Goldfish serve every purpose for garden pools as their bright flashes of color add beauty to their really valuable service.

The Egyptian lotus, *speciosum*, is the best of all the nelumbiums for naturalizing in ponds, especially in the ponds of large estates where its sumptuous foliage and magnificent blossoms can have the most effective settings. The superb rose-colored flowers fading to a creamy white at base, are often ten inches in diameter. The



These Four Remarkable Lotus Photographs Are by Mary Northend.

THE LOTUS AS SYMBOL OF THE WORLD IS NEVER MORE FULLY APPRECIATED THAN WHEN SEEN UNDER THE HIGH LIGHT OF THE SUN, AGAINST THE STRONG SHADOWS OF ITS OWN MAKING: IT IS LIKE A CHALICE OF SILVER SUCH AS PARSIFAL MIGHT HAVE SOUGHT FOR.



THE DEEP ROSE OF THE EGYPTIAN LOTUS RISES LIKE A MYSTIC FLAME FROM THE DARK WATERS OF SLUGGISH POOLS: AS IT OPENS TO THE SUN THE INNER PETALS ARE SEEN TO BE CREAMY WHITE AT THE BASE: IT IS ONE OF THE FINEST LOTUSES FOR NATURALIZING IN PONDS.



AS THE LOTUS PASSES ITS HOUR OF PERFECTION THE PETALS
DROP AWAY LEAVING THE SEED POD THAT HAS BEEN A MOTIVE
FOR DECORATORS FOR MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS.



THE YELLOW BUD OF THE AMERICAN LOTUS RISES ABOVE THE WATER
LIKE A FULL MOON: IT IS EASILY CULTIVATED IN ARTIFICIAL PONDS.

THE LOTUS, FLOWER AND SYMBOL

Shiroman, a variety producing immense double white flowers, vigorously borne high above the water, is fully as free flowering and hardy. *Album grandiflorum* is distinguished for the unusual size of its great shield leaves. The blossoms, white and fragrant, are among the most impressive of all flowers. *Album striatum* bears a smaller, more exquisite flower, whose white petals tipped with carmine give forth a perfume reminiscent of our southern magnolias. There is a dark carmine lotus of superb proportion, *Pekinensis rubrum*, distinguished also by having outer reflexed petals. *Roseum plenum* is a bright rose and *Osiris* an early blooming, deep rose.

We have a native lotus familiarly known as water chinquepin, which bears yellow flowers. It is indigenous to the western and southern States, but since its introduction into the East it is often regarded as indigenous there as well. It is a beautiful and striking plant with large, round blossoms and rich greenish leaves borne on thick vigorous stalks. The Indian or false lotus grows in such masses that the leaves crush together and the pink blossoms rise like a sunset cloud above them. The magnolia lotus is a beautiful, white, native variety.

Thus we see the varied appeal the lotus makes to our interest and love. First of all is its apparent personal beauty,—beauty of opening bud, of full, expanded flower with its quivering heart of gold held up to the sun, far beyond the reach of impurities; the giant leaf, intricately veined as insignias on a shield. Then there is its poetic appeal of beauty, the way it poises above the water, covers a turgid pool with radiant beauty, fills the night with perfume, centering the interest of a garden; there is its symbolic appeal stimulating imagery of religious thought. The Buddhas love to portray the body as a crystal vessel through which the rainbow of the Great Existence is to shine; the mind as a great lake reflecting the clouds that hover over it. So the lotus to them is the light of the soul that exists calmly in spite of the fretful disturbances of the mind and impurities of the body. Since all Oriental nations love the beauty of symbolism, the lotus makes an imaginative appeal to them which re-expresses itself in all Eastern art.



THE ARTIST
IN THE GAR-
DEN: RECENT
AMERICAN

FOUNTAIN
SCULPTURE:
BY EDWARD
HALE BRUSH



SEAWEED FOUNTAIN, BY JANET SCUDDER, FOR GARDEN OF MRS. ARTHUR SCOTT, HICKSVILLE, N. Y.

"And beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face."—*Wordsworth.*



FOUNTAIN to really fulfil its destiny must have the power through beauty of structure or environment to create in the beholder genuine emotion. A fountain that merely decorates a plot of grass, or stands in an isolated bed of concrete, or appears inartistically and incoherently in the side of a wall is by no means a true fountain. It is missing its opportunity to give the sort of tender pleasure that we associate with the word in its fullest meaning. A simple "fringed pool" can do all that is demanded of it, provided it is planned by an artist and placed where nature needs and receives its loveliness.

Who that has felt the poetic charm of the wonderful fountain in the old Luxembourg Gardens in Paris, will ever forget its beauty and its power to stir the imagination? It is half hidden away where you come upon it unexpectedly; it makes but little show and little noise. Just when you are tired and need a green spot in which to rest, you come upon this little stream of water flowing down from its source out into a pool over a mossy ledge into a shallow basin, and the sight and sound of it will linger with you as long as you live.

THE ARTIST IN THE GARDEN

It is such a simple means to bring so much pleasure and is a lesson in fountain-making to which all should take heed if they ever intend to indulge in the comfort of one on their own grounds.

Mainly in America we are a little afraid of planning for fountains in our gardens; they seem to be elaborate, too expensive and showy. We feel that we must have an immense sculptural display and terrific force of water pyrotechnics to astonish our neighbors. And all we really need is just what we found in that wonderful corner of the green garden in Paris—the marble slab, the peaceful little stream, vines, a bit of wall and the mossy pool. We are too apt on our large estates and even in our small gardens in America, to separate the fountain from the garden, just as we separate our gardens from our houses, and this is a grievous mistake, for it is the destruction of all romance and gentle charm to the fountain lover. One must come upon a fountain unexpectedly, one must be loathe to leave it. It is well if a rustic chair is near or a concrete bench, for a fountain properly placed, simple, intimate to the garden, will furnish the utmost rest and peace which one can imagine.

A fountain, especially of a simple type, brings such a friendly and poetic note into a garden that one wonders that it is not more frequently met with. It has many charms to commend it to the garden-maker. The soft splash or trickle of the water reminds one of the music of woodland creeks and tiny waterfalls, and the fountain structure helps to harmonize house and grounds, for sculpture is a connecting link, a transitional step, between architecture and nature. Through it, a note of distinction is added to the place, and especially is this true when the fountain stands at the intersection of paths, framed against a vine-covered wall or alcove, or gleaming against a background of shrubbery.

WE are apt to think of the fountain as a more or less expensive luxury, to be indulged in only by the owner

of an elaborate garden or large estate. As a matter of fact, it is within reach—in some form—of practically anyone who has a garden and a water



FOUNTAIN GROUP BY ISIDORE KONTI, ON THE ESTATE OF SAMUEL UNTERMYER, GREYSTONE, N. Y.

THE ARTIST IN THE GARDEN

supply. When there is a natural spring upon the grounds, the cost of harnessing it for a continuous fountain flow will be very small, but where an artificial supply is relied upon and the question of one's water rate is to be considered, it is usually advisable to arrange the pipes so that the fountain can be operated and turned off at will, or to devise some way by which the same water may be pumped back into a tank and used over and over again.

There are so many types of fountains, suitable for different gardens, that no rules can be given for their selection, which must be left to the owner's individual taste. Innumerable hints, however, can be gathered from a study of existing fountains, photographs and books, and one of the most helpful descriptions we know of is contained in Phebe Westcott Humphreys' charmingly illustrated volume, "The Practical Book of Garden Architecture," just off the Lippincott press. The following suggestions may serve to guide the enterprising amateur into wise channels, and to lay the foundation for original arrangements and designs.

“**A** LITTLE low figure of a swan, a nymph or a dolphin, poised on the water in the center of the basin or pool is the simplest form of fountain; and it is especially pleasing in a low-lying garden with slightly rising terraces. The fountain with tall figures requires a green background of trees or shrubbery to bring out its beauty. The planting about the pool must be carefully considered, according to the layout of the grounds. The low-growing plants and blooms of the comparatively flat garden should have a low, broad spray to the fountain jet. The fine, high stream spouting up from a tall figure will show to good effect through a vista, or from a garden structure on upper terraces.

“For the stone or concrete basins of amateur construction, shape, depth and proportion should be considered. Entirely satisfactory basins may be constructed at slight expense by anyone who is capable of building a little garden pool or lake. It is best to keep the basin round where it is to have a small central figure, rather than to attempt any fantastic design. A square or oblong basin may have the figure poised on its edge with a clump of evergreen shrubbery in the background to throw it in relief. A long, square-cornered basin, with jets of water spouting up in many places, over the surface of the water, will not require figures. For decorative value these various sprays should glint and sparkle to a height of only a foot or eighteen inches, and then fall into the midst of water-lily clumps, or other aquatic plants, which are apparently benefited by the overhead watering.

DESIGNERS OF SCULPTURE FOR GARDEN FOUNTAINS HAVE ALWAYS FOUND INSPIRATION IN THE FANCIFUL IDEA OF CHILDREN AND DOLPHINS AT PLAY: IN THE TWO GROUPS WHICH WE ARE SHOWING HERE THE SPORTIVE FIGURES ARE FULL OF MOTION AND CHARM, FAIRLY RADIATING THE HAPPY FREEDOM OF BUOYANT AND ADVENTUROUS YOUTH: ONE CAN EASILY IMAGINE WHAT A DELIGHTFUL NOTE THEY BRING INTO THE GARDEN WHEN THEY ARE IN PLACE AMONG THE SPOUTING WATER AND BROKEN REFLECTIONS OF FOUNTAIN OR POOL.



The Fountain Group. Above Is by Sherry E. Fry, and Was Used for the Wall Fountain on the Brewster Estate, Mount Kisco, N. Y.: The One Below Was Designed by Mrs. Carol Brooks MacNeil.





A DELIGHTFULLY PLANNED AND EXECUTED WALL FOUNTAIN IN THE HOUSE WALL OF FELIX WARBURG, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., THE WORK OF EDWARD MCARTAN.

THE ARTIST IN THE GARDEN

“When the fountain basin is to serve as a water-lily pond in the garden of limited space, it should be made sufficiently deep to provide for the boxes of rich soil in which the lily roots are planted. The basin that is not intended for growing aquatic plants may be quite shallow; but it should have a good, solid foundation beneath the concrete or stone-work, to prevent cracking or sinking. Both the deep and the shallow basins should have a slightly outward flare at the brim, so that it will not be cracked with sudden freezing; and provision should be made for thoroughly draining the basins when there is danger of hard freezing.

“Iron basins in various forms, which may be bought at little cost, ready for setting in place, and with iron or terra cotta figures in keeping with the basin and its position in the garden, require very little work except the annual cost of paint necessary to preserve the iron work and give the whole a fresh, well-kept appearance. Low flower planting close around the rim of an iron basin will be desirable to give dignity to what would otherwise present a frail appearance. For an inexpensive fountain that is easy to install, an iron basin may simply have its central pipe for spouting the water, emerging from a rockery with floating water hyacinths among the stones and the exposed rocks glistening in the spray constantly showered over them.

“Whether the simple fountain of home-made construction or the elaborate affair of rare sculpture and coloring is considered, it is of first importance to have a satisfactory water supply. When there is a copious spring or stream on the grounds to provide this with sufficient pressure, the plumbing and the piping will be very simple and well within the capability of the home gardener. The fountain that is fed from an adequate house supply will be equally practical at little cost. When it is necessary to provide additional sources, the hydraulic ram with pneumatic tank is considered the best means of accomplishing the purpose, and expert advice will be required to insure satisfactory results.”

THE wall fountain is usually the easiest to install, and one designer who has had wide experience in this line states that there is no more difficulty or expense in installing the plumbing than for an ordinary wash-basin faucet. “Nothing more is required,” he says, “than a small supply pipe, and a slightly larger one to drain the basin or pool. And, contrary to the wide-spread impression, the supply pipe seldom needs to be larger than one-half inch in diameter, and may often be even less.”

Not only for the garden wall, but for that of porch, sunroom, court or conservatory, may the wall fountain be made a source of

THE ARTIST IN THE GARDEN



FOUNTAIN IN THE COURT AT FOREST HILLS GARDENS: DESIGNED BY A. K. HANKS.

pleasure and decoration. And like any pool, fountain or other form of water, it will prove an effective means of attracting the birds around one's home.

Many a charming retreat has been created by planting in the center of a well-kept garden, shrubbery or hedges partly screening from view a fountain basin where the water gurgles out through a dolphin's mouth, or a chubby bronze or marble boy plays with a fish, as in the case of a fountain by Mrs. Carol Brooks MacNeil of College Point, Long Island, N. Y., modeled after one of her own children and possessing an irresistible appeal. Or it may be the fountain is the setting for even a more ambitious work of sculpture like that of Isidore Konti for Greystone, at Yonkers, formerly the home of Governor Samuel J. Tilden, now the country seat of the famous lawyer, Samuel Untermyer. The subject of this work is a mother and babe, and the tender figures, with their interpretation of youthful and beautiful motherhood and childhood's innocence, seem to gain added significance from their peaceful woodland surroundings.

On the grounds of Robert S. Brewster, at Mount Kisco, Westchester County, N. Y., a niche in a wall leading down to an Italian garden has been filled with a wall fountain by Sherry Edmondson

THE ARTIST IN THE GARDEN

Fry, whose work has created such favorable comment in recent exhibitions of the Architectural League. The boy and dolphin, against the wall with its covering of crimson rambler, are unusually decorative, and are quite in keeping with the marble balustrades, classic temples and other architectural features of this forest-circled estate.

Another delightful fountain by Mr. Fry is on the country estate of Dr. Walter B. James, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. In the center of a travertine basin stands the bronze figure of a boy, supported by four frogs from whose mouths water spouts into a pool. The boy's face is turned so that at noon the sun shines directly into it, the whole impression being one of youthful health and joy in living.

We owe much to recent expositions and garden city developments for their suggestions in the beautifying of extensive areas by means of landscape gardening and architecture, and such park and garden schemes have included many interesting and original fountain designs. The work of the Sage Foundation Home Company at Forest Hills Gardens, Long Island, is one instance of the admirable effects that can be produced when architect and gardener work in close harmony.

The estate of Felix Warburg, at White Plains, N. Y., contains an example of the fountain sculpture of Edward McArtan who won the Barnett Prize of the Architectural League of New York in nineteen thirteen with his fountain design. In the one at the Warburg home, a piping boy Pan stands in a limestone niche set in a wall of Tapestry brick on a terrace overlooking a rose garden. The hedge that sweeps down in front to the garden below, the mosses, vines and potted plants, and the sound of the trickling water, all blend in creating a sylvan atmosphere in which the youthful god must surely feel at home.

Miss Hyatt, Paul Manship and many other sculptors of fanciful and poetic temperaments are devoting their attention to garden fountains and figures for American grounds, and it seems likely that with the increasing interest in country architecture and gardening, this branch of art will find room for wide and beautiful development throughout the land. And one cannot help hoping that its growth will be of a simple and naturalistic rather than formal kind; that it will concern itself not merely with large estates and elaborate private grounds, but chiefly with public parks and small home gardens. For, as J. H. Dillard wisely wrote, "the word art ought to carry as common and universal a meaning as the words life and love." And should not the artist in the garden, above all, work to bring beauty and peace and inspiration within reach of all the people?

A JAPANESE GARDEN IN AMERICA: GARDEN-MAKING THAT IN FORMAL MANNER EXPRESSES HISTORY, ROMANCE AND POETRY: BY ELOISE ROORBACH



THE Japanese garden is, strictly speaking, a background to imagination, a direct appeal to poetic fancy. Its purpose is to lead the mind along the mystic paths of religious tradition, to guide it back to episodes of national history or to personal events of greatest moment. It is much more than the placing of objects in effective relation, laying of paths and planting of seeds and trees, or arrangement of stones. These are but means to an end, but the strokes, as it were, of the painter's brush intent on carrying out some subtle ideal of color or sentiment. The objects in a Japanese garden represent the words of a sentence embodying

some great or lovely thought, the words being of little worth, the ideal or poetic thought everything. Without words of course there can be no sentences of truth, no poems of romance, but they must be chosen and grouped with the greatest of care along rigid, grammatical laws, rhythmically spaced to bring out the full beauty or force of the thought.

We Americans enjoy the external beauty of our gardens, the Japanese the internal beauty. We take pleasure in things as they are, in the effective grouping of trees, graceful contour of bushes, brilliant masses of harmonious color; they enjoy their thoughts as they enter the Garden of Fancies through the Gate of



WALKING UP THE STONY WAY THROUGH THE GATE OF IMAGINATION.

AN AMERICAN JAPANESE GARDEN



THE IRIS BY THE WATER'S EDGE MUST SUGGEST POETIC THOUGHT.

Summer Sleep, stroll over the Mount of Fragrance, rest by the River of Loveliness, gaze into the Pool of the Sky. Looking over their tiny plot of ground they see the broad expanse of Lake Hakoni, the Hama-Matsu Isles, the mighty plunge of Kegan Falls, the great wars, fairy tales, incidents in the lives of their Emperors. The iron crane standing among the grasses by a tiny lake, the funny porcelain badger beating a merry tune upon his round drum of a stomach, the stone tortoise crawling along a path, the wooden fox-god watching alertly from a corner, Buddha sitting upon a lotus, are all placed in these gardens, not because they cleverly carry out an effective superficial plan, but to hold some beloved event or tale or truth in constant remembrance.

This "invisible" garden-making should be understood by us. We should have something at heart besides a fragrant decorative beauty spot. True enough, our American gardens are lovely beyond words, they uplift the imagination, give rest to tired minds, feed the soul and clothe our land with beauty; yet they lack a certain delicate, subtle, super-beauty that should be hovering like a halo of light around every little flower and arch. We must learn to create inner as well as outer charm. Even as the flowing, graceful sonnet is built upon unalterable laws, so must the airiest, apparently most impromptu of gardens be developed upon irrevocable laws.

There is a system, a set of rules if you like, around which a Japanese gardener works. He plans the garden to be seen from all

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THE LOTUS, LIKE A STATUE OF BUDDHA, MUST BE THERE TO UPLIFT THE MIND.

sides as though it were a bit of statuary instead of a flat canvas. The illusion of space is uppermost in his mind, thus plants and trees are dwarfed. Paths winding in and out approach a vista or a lake from many angles, giving sense of countless vistas and innumerable lakes. The appearance of spaciousness in even the smallest garden is brought about by perfect proportion. Reverence for the past, for old people and things, is shown by a carefully propped up, gnarly, lichen-covered branch of a tree. Old, half-dead trees offend *our* sight, so we chop them down; they are choice possessions in Japan, carefully guarded, well taken care of, not as grotesques but as character studies, that one may see and appreciate how the tree has weathered storms, how it has borne the weight of years; and the gray branches forming lace against the dark background of young green trees make a beautiful picture.

In proof of the fact that the principles upon which the Japanese garden can be understood and applied to advantage here in America we are showing a group of photographs taken from a Japanese tea-garden at Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, designed and carried out by Mr. G. T. Marsh of San Francisco. These photographs might have been taken from the gardens of Japan, so perfectly have their spirit and form been reproduced. The clean lines of the cottages are as simple and full of charm as those which furnished the inspiration;

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the pine trees bend over the running, tumbling water with the desired, sympathetic twist, or stretch out one long arm paralleling the quiet level of the pool. There are the stone lanterns holding no light, placed in memory of temple gardens, and wooden ones that hold the real lights, on tall standards bearing the charming legend "Who goes there?" All the details, without which a Japanese garden is incomplete, are to be found here,—quiet iris fields, wistaria arbors, lotus pond, bamboo groves, curved bridges, "pebble rivers," two-storied gateway, the ground swept and raked into the neatest of patterns about the doorways, the "shoe removing stone" at the door, shrines, wells, stepping-stone paths, meditating stone gods and jolly animals. Hills and dales, winding streams and lakes, make a lovely detail, apparently formed in the graceful mood of nature, yet every inch molded to the wish of a man deeply appreciative of the charming decorative appeal of the Japanese garden ideal.

A characteristic Japanese atmosphere has been created from a level strip of land, an unimaginative corner of an American park. Mr. Marsh has built this whole portion of Japan from the level background as a sculptor forms a group, the entire plan being definitely in line before the first stream bed was dug and the first hill piled up.



MASSES OF WISTARIA WILL SUGGEST TO THE JAPANESE THE CLOUDS OF A SUNSET SKY.

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This is not the only bit of real Japan he has created in America. There is a wonderful garden of his making on the Silver Strand, Coronado, California, entered through an arched roof gateway guarded by a peaceful Buddha (an account of which was given in *THE CRAFTSMAN* of September Nineteen-thirteen). This Oriental enclosure was created from the sand dunes, and made to simulate the lakes and islands of the flowery land of Nippon.

"The keynote of successful treatment to any plot of ground," he says, "is to know what not to do, as well as what to do." Want of knowledge and the craving for display has ruined many a naturally charming spot. In a wooded or hill site the aim should be to preserve all that is beautiful and carry its suggestions on in a natural way without apparent effort.

He says that once he was taken by a friend to inspect a tract of some forty acres which was being prepared for the erection of a costly home. From a somewhat bare stretch of ground rose a hill devoid of any natural beauty, excepting at one of the four shoulder points, which formed a most beautiful knoll crested by a few grand old oak trees, and studded over with some of the most interesting boulders possible to find anywhere,—stones weighing from five to fifty tons, charmingly figured with lichen on a weather-worn surface, the work of the elements for thousands of years. The first work for the preparation of the expenditure of a hundred thousand dollars or more was the destruction and removal of those wonderful stones. Nothing that man could do would compensate for the destruction of these boulders—the Japanese would have regarded these as his choicest possession.

One of the chief things that we learn from the Japanese beside the simulation of nature is the handling of small spaces. No plot of ground is too small for a garden according to the Japanese. If he cannot have a real garden he has the suggestion of one in a saucer by his elbow as he works, in a pan by the doorstep, in a three-foot square dooryard, in the strip of earth between path and house—somewhere he will have ground heaped into hills, miniature trees upon them to remind him of such wonderful things as groves at twilight, marsh lands at sunrise, flower fields at midday, the holiness of temple gardens, the joy of running brooks. Where we fill window-boxes with flowers he would lay the small amount of surface into a landscape that would remind him of broad, free spaces.

We may not wish to reproduce the quaint atmosphere of Japanese gardens, yet we could introduce to advantage some of their attractive features, such as tall memorial lanterns and the three-legged, squat, flat roofed ones called "snow-scene lanterns," because they make a



A JAPANESE GARDEN IN THE GOLDEN GATE PARK, CALIFORNIA: FROM THE *Zashiki*, OR RESIDENCE, THE JAPANESE GARDENERS WALK TO THE POOL AND DIP WATER FOR THE CEREMONIAL TEA EXACTLY AS IN THEIR NATIVE LAND.



THE FULL-MOON BRIDGE OR *Sori-Hasi*, HAS BEEN REPRODUCED IN THIS GARDEN IN ALL ITS DECORATIVE BEAUTY, DUPLICATING THE FAVORITE FORM OFTEN SEEN IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS OF JAPAN.



THIS IS THE LOVELY GATE IN THE COURTYARD THROUGH WHICH THE LITTLE MAID-OF-ALL-WORK GOES TO HER SERVANT'S QUARTERS LYING BETWEEN THE *Zashiki* ON THE RIGHT AND *Kuri*, OR FIREPROOF GO-DOWN, ON THE LEFT.



WITHIN THIS TWO-STORY GATEWAY OF THE GARDEN THE ATMOSPHERE OF JAPAN HAS BEEN CREATED,—DWARFED TREES, STONE LANTERNS, LITTLE BROOKS AND ALL.

AN AMERICAN JAPANESE GARDEN

beautiful picture in winter. A Japanese garden is never without water (or a suggestion of it) to reflect the sky and the marginal flowers. We should bear this in mind in our own gardens. We can very easily make miniature pools, tiny brooklets or waterfalls fed by concealed lead pipe, for water is easily obtained in this land. A spraying fountain or thin jet of water springing into the air is a center of witchery. Birds stay contentedly where they can fly back and forth through the iris veil of descending water. We also enjoy drifting spray, rainbow falls. Our gardens are more beautiful because of the silver water mirror for the sky and the flowers that grow only where they, like Narcissus, may continually gaze upon their own reflection.

Then we should have their fine reverence for rocks, we should appreciate those already established in our garden as tremendous assets and introduce others when possible to do so in a naturalistic way. Rough stone walls, stepping-stone paths, lichen-gray heaps of them, garden moraines, as it were, interspersed with the masses of Alpine flowers whose nature it is to make thick carpets of blossoms and outline every crevice with color, boulders hollowed for bird baths, or set with sun-dials or stood on end as name posts. We cannot well do without these rugged, gray backgrounds to enhance the delicate beauty of our flowers. We have also overlooked the æsthetic opportunity of little bridges. The Japanese have reminded us of their usefulness, charm and suitability. We should study their devices of curved, rustic, arched paths of faggots and the flat heaps of stone irregularly angled. It is impossible to avoid pictures if little bridges are in gardens. We have much to learn of the use of statuary. We may not care for meditating gods and funny animals, yet there is great picturesque possibility in stone or carved wooden ornaments, such as sun dials, fountains, bird baths, dogs' drinking basins and seats. They are needed for color, texture, form and contrast. We should make use of their rippling, never fading plushy grass of the Japanese that wrinkles like the surface of a lake their cherry trees cultivated for blossom rather than fruit, the long, dripping wistaria blossoms, marvelous iris beds, weeping maples, twisted pines. It would be well for us to introduce their pleasant trick of giving names to the various objects in their gardens. We lack fancy and romantic imagery in this matter of fact, commercial age. These are but a few of the points of garden art that we are overlooking. Gardening is not a haphazard planting, filling the ground with seed, it is one of the fine arts that has yet to reach its perfect hour of development. As Hewlett says, "Horticulture is, next to music, the most sensitive of the fine arts."

A NEW ENGLAND FLOWER LOVER



THE real flower lover is, strangely enough, not always the person with the largest garden or the one most often seen bearing flowers about with a delight in their perfume and beauty. He is rather the guardian of the flowers, who protects their natural haunts, who knows them in the depths of the woods, hidden under the edge of stony crags, who has become sympathetic to their reticence, whose joy is in their growth, their native beauty and who is tender of their surroundings and their life, as one would be of human beings.

The flower lover is usually a poet and poets are often sympathetic flower lovers. Bacon has put on record his sentiment that "because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand, nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air." We, of modern times are most apt to think of what flowers will best grow in the house, what will last longest worn for the corsage, what will best ornament our dinner tables and so on. We think of them as a decoration for our lives and we study to use them for our benefit. To be sure, this love of flowers is better far than no understanding of them, no appreciation of what they contribute to the well and the sick, to the busy and the idle. But Bacon's way after all is the way of the thoughtful man, of the philosopher, of the human being with whom Nature stands first.

Our early New England poet, Lowell too, loved flowers as they grew naturally and humbly. "Dear common flower," he said, "that grow'st beside the way, fringing the dusty road with harmless gold." Not blossoming to be bought with gold or to enrich the grower, but of its own free will giving good gifts to every weary traveler.

I think perhaps there were more flower lovers in the world before we had conservatories and hot houses, and yet we imagine that our effort to grow more flowers, to grow them more elaborately and eccentrically proves us to be artists full of love of the beautiful. But these poets who really see straight, who know Nature, who are inspired by her, do not write of floral exhibitions or prize chrysanthemum shows or the height and depth of conservatories; rather they, as did Spenser of old, tell you of "roses red and violets blew and all the sweetest flowers that in the Forrest grew."

It is only occasionally today that we encounter what we would call the old-fashioned flower lover, the man who seeks the flowers by brookside, on the top of a crag, blossoming timorously under a snow bank or lifting their beauty shyly through faded leaves. Mr. Edwin Hale Lincoln is such an one, and fortunately for the world he not



From a Photograph by Edwin Hale Lincoln.

"GO DOWN TO KEW IN LILAC-TIME, IN LILAC-TIME, IN LILAC-TIME;
GO DOWN TO KEW IN LILAC-TIME (IT ISN'T FAR FROM LONDON!)
AND YOU SHALL WANDER HAND IN HAND WITH LOVE IN SUMMER'S
WONDERLAND;
GO DOWN TO KEW IN LILAC-TIME (IT ISN'T FAR FROM LONDON!)"

ALFRED NOYES.



From a Photograph by Edwin Hale Lincoln.

"KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND WHERE THE LEMON-TREES BLOOM,
WHERE THE GOLD ORANGE GLOWS IN THE DEEP THICKET'S GLOOM,
WHERE A WIND EVER SOFT FROM THE BLUE HEAVEN BLOWS,
AND THE GROVES ARE OF LAUREL AND MYRTLE AND ROSE?"

GOETHE.



From a Photograph by Edwin Hale Lincoln.

"I KNOW A BANK WHERE THE WILD THYME BLOWS,
WHERE OXLIPS AND THE NODDING VIOLET GROWS,
QUITE OVER-CANOPIED WITH LUSCIOUS WOODBINE,
WITH SWEET MUSK-ROSES AND WITH EGLANTINE."

SHAKESPEARE.



From a Photograph by Edwin Hale Lincoln.

"BOLD OXLIPS AND THE CROWN IMPERIAL;
LILIES OF ALL KINDS, THE FLOWER-DE-LUCE BEING ONE."
SHAKESPEARE.

THE FLOWER LOVER AND THE CAMERA

only loves the flowers, but he leaves them to grow in peace and visits them year after year as the season for their beauty comes round, occasionally gathering a few blossoms very carefully and tenderly so that the growth may not be disturbed. And these flowers he takes to his studio where he makes lovely photographic studies of them that the rest of the world may know the New England wild flowers and enjoy them with this man who undoubtedly is their greatest friend and historian.

IN this issue of the magazine we are presenting two groups of Mr. Lincoln's flower studies, the one that illustrates this note about his work—unusual prints of beautiful flower detail, and the pictures illustrating a "Plea for Wild Flowers," which show some of the New England flora that blossom earliest in the spring time, which Mr. Lincoln has found ready to welcome him in his walks through the woods and over the hilltops those very first kind days in March and April when the rest of the world is talking of winter and hovering about firesides.

Mr. Lincoln has always been a flower lover and a gentle friend of all blossoms that grow. He has been accused of being very reticent, even mysterious about his flower friends, and this he acknowledges to be true. But he says, "I find that many people who love flowers, love them only for their immediate beauty, and forget that by ruthless plucking, they may be forever taken away from their natural home; that to keep our woods and hills and dales full of bloom and perfume we must guard the root of every plant whose beauty we appreciate."

Although as a rule he refuses to give the address of his flower friends, occasionally under special circumstances he will reveal the nook of some fragrant blossom, where real joy and real sympathy will meet his revelation.

He tells a charming story of a young man, a native of Sweden, who once asked him if the lannaia grew anywhere in the Berkshire hills, for this is the locality where Mr. Lincoln lives and makes most of his excursions into the flower world. He hesitated at first to reveal his secret, but when the young foreigner told him that he and his wife were born in Sweden where the meadows are carpeted with this loved blossom, and that just now his wife lay near the point of death and was begging constantly during the spring days for a bit of the beauty that she remembered in the spring woods of her native land, Mr. Lincoln relented and went with the young man out to the one spot where this foreign blossom chanced to grow in New England.

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VINE-CLAD BOWERS AND GARDEN VISTAS



AS frosty February melts away and March blows merrily in, our thoughts turn instinctively to outdoor things. Spring is in the air, with promises of warm south winds and sunshine, budding leaves and flowers. And so, whether our grounds consist of a great estate, a modest suburban garden or even a tiny backyard, we know that the time has arrived to begin planning the year's campaign, to lay out our space, prepare the ground, dig, plant and sow for the coming season.

For some of us, the garden is already an established possession with lawns and flower-beds, walks, trellises, seats and other features only awaiting the addition of a few new bulbs, seeds or plants, and the warmth and moisture of spring days, to be clothed again with foliage and blossoms. Others, whose homes have been built only recently, have the more extensive task of developing an entirely new garden. But in either case, the main ideal should be the same—to make this outdoor spot as livable, friendly and inviting as possible.

The day of the showy, formal garden is passing. The American home-maker as a rule cares less for an imposing horticultural display than for an arrangement of walks and shelters, vines and flowers, grass and shrubbery that offers a quiet open-air retreat and brings an atmosphere of rest and harmony about the home. The idea today is to have the sort of place in which one can live and work, relax and play, take one's meals when the weather permits, and spend happy hours with children or with friends. In short, the garden is becoming a real adjunct of the house, an exterior room, as it were, which it is the task of the wise gardener to make so attractive and so hospitable that the very glimpse of it from porch, door or window will coax our footsteps toward its shady pathways and sunny lawns.

One of the simplest and most effective ways in which the grounds can be made attractive is by the use of arches, bowers and arbors which serve the triple purpose of supporting vines, affording shade and framing vistas through the garden. There are few outdoor architectural features that offer a wider range for imagination—the combinations of materials, designs, location and planting being practically endless. The individuality of the gardener, therefore, can find full play, and charming results can be attained even if only a very modest sum is expended upon such structures and their vines.

Indeed, in one of the photographs which we are showing here the support consists merely of two firmly planted upright posts, with the bark left on to give a rustic appearance, and a crosspiece fitted and spiked to the top. A simpler or more economical arch can hardly be imagined; yet when crimson, white or yellow ramblers



Photographs by Mary H. Northend

THIS LATTICED GARDEN BOWER, WITH ITS ARCHED ROOF, SHELTERED SEAT AND COVERING OF VIRGINIA CREEPER MAKES A CHARMING OUTDOOR RETREAT AND ADDS A DECORATIVE STRUCTURAL NOTE TO THE GROUNDS.



A SLENDER TRELLISED ARCHWAY ALMOST HIDDEN BY LUXURIOUS CRIMSON RAMBLERS, WHICH FRAMES A PLEASANT VISTA AND EMPHASIZES THE GARDEN'S PERSPECTIVE.



IN AN INFORMAL GARDEN NOTHING CAN BE MORE APPROPRIATE THAN RUSTIC CONSTRUCTION FOR ARCHES AND BOWERS: IN THE ONE SHOWN HERE, A BRIDGE OF LOGS SPANS THE TINY GRASS-HIDDEN STREAM, AND SIMPLE UPRIGHTS AND CROSS-PIECES WITH A RAILING OF BRANCHES AT EACH SIDE FORM THE SUPPORT FOR CLIMBING ROSES: THE RUSTIC NOTE IS REPEATED, WITH PERGOLA EFFECT, IN THE GROUNDS BEYOND.



SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL AND VERY DECORATIVE USE OF RUSTIC WORK IS REVEALED IN THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH: THE WALK IS CARPETED WITH GRASS AND A NEAT LITTLE ROW OF PLANTS ON EACH SIDE LEADS UP TO AN IRON FENCE WHICH, COVERED WITH VINES AND FLOWERS, LINKS THE ARCHWAY TO ITS SURROUNDINGS.

A SIMPLER OR MORE INEXPENSIVE GARDEN ARCH THAN THE ONE PICTURED BELOW COULD HARDLY BE IMAGINED, FOR IT CONSISTS MERELY OF TWO UPRIGHT LOGS, WITH A THIRD SPIKED ACROSS THE TOP: YET HOW EFFECTIVELY IT FRAMES, WITH ITS ROSE-COVERED LINES, THE LONG ALLURING GARDEN VISTA.



VINE-CLAD BOWERS AND GARDEN VISTAS

have twined their luxuriously growing leaves and flowers about the brown bark, and begun to drape their graceful clusters from the log overhead, what a friendly note is added to the grass pathway, and what a delightful frame is given to the long vistas beyond!

A somewhat more decorative variation of this type of log arch is seen in another photograph where the design is in latticework, with lighter branches between the supporting logs. Here again the walk is carpeted with grass, and a neat little row of plants on each side leads up to an iron fence which, almost hidden by leaves and flowers, serves to link the larger rustic arch with its surroundings.

Still another form of rustic construction is shown in the rose-covered bridge of logs which enables one to cross with safety the miniature glen and tiny grass-hidden streamlet that helps to irrigate the informal garden. Here, the ramblers have grown so profusely over one end of the bridge that the rectangular lines of the posts are concealed and the top seems like a curved archway. The home gardener who seeks suggestions for unusual designs will find a pleasant hint in the arrangement of irregular branches which form the sides of this picturesque structure. The logs are used, it will be noticed, with a simple pergola effect farther on, the uprights almost concealed by rose vines.

THE use of lattice or trelliswork for garden bowers and arches is always popular, for it is easily constructed, makes an excellent support for vines that like to interlace their tendrils and stems about a firm but open surface, and the crossed bars, whether diagonal or vertical and horizontal, add a decorative note to the grounds.

An arched bower, covered with crimson ramblers, shown in one illustration, reveals a somewhat unusual use of latticework, the diagonal strips being placed close together between the narrow vertical corner pieces. And in the arbor with its arched roof, sheltered seat, and drapery of Virginia creeper, a combination of fine trelliswork and heavier wooden framework makes a distinctive garden feature.

A different type of garden architecture is shown in the picturesque entrance, where a white lattice gate of decorative design is hung between the massive rough-stone pillars. A white wooden pergola covering is used overhead, and when the vines have climbed a little higher and have covered this with their foliage a very pleasant shelter will have been achieved. The old-fashioned lantern that hangs over the gate gives a hospitable note at nightfall, and adds to the charm of the entrance by day.

These, of course, are only a few of the innumerable ways in which

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garden bowers can be erected, and outdoor vistas framed. The home-maker who wishes to beautify his grounds with structures of this sort has a wide scope. When only a small sum can be expended, arbors and arches can be improvised from even such simple materials as clothes poles, or saplings and branches from some nearby wood. Or the materials left over from the building of the house may be utilized—brick or rough stone for pillars and walls, finished with a pergola covering. Even the tiny backyard of a city home may be made inviting by building a plain board seat in one corner against the fence, and training vines at each side and above it, over inexpensive poles or wire netting. On the other hand, if a more elaborate bower is desired, in a larger garden or estate, very dignified and friendly shelters can be designed with classic columns of wood or concrete. These are especially in keeping with a Colonial house.

THE question of vines is an important one, and here again the gardener finds a bewildering variety. A little study of florists' catalogues, however, will soon reveal to the amateur those plants which are most suitable for the purpose.

For walls and pillars of brick, stone or wood, the woodbine makes a rich covering, the best known varieties being the common woodbine or Virginia creeper, whose vigorous growth and brilliant autumn coloring make it very popular, and the Veitchii—Japan or Boston ivy—which also assumes gorgeous and varied tints in the fall. Young plants of the latter require some covering in winter for a year or so.

The Dutchman's pipe, with its immense heart-shaped leaves and curious brown pipe-shaped blossoms affords dense foliage and when well established is of very rapid growth. Another large-leaved and quickly-growing vine is the Kudzu, which bears small racemes of rose purple, pea-shaped flowers toward the close of August.

There are many varieties of clematis which make a charming covering for garden bowers. The *coccinea* is a strong climber, with light green foliage and a profusion of bell-shaped, brilliant scarlet flowers which bloom all summer. *Clematis Montana* is also a vigorous climber, with large glossy leaves and white, sweet-scented flowers that appear in June, while the *paniculata*, which was originally introduced from Japan, likewise spreads quickly over large areas, and bears fragrant white flowers the latter part of August. Then there is the variety known as Virgin's Bower, which, in addition to its white summer blossoms, produces bunches of seed with long woolly tufts that add a decorative touch to the winter garden. There are several other red, white and purple flowered forms of clematis, all of which

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LISTENING FOR THE LARK! A STORY: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."—Song of Songs.



NE of the very first mornings of spring! The north light from the roof blended with the yellow virginal essence of warmth, beaming in from the southern windows, which opened, alas, upon a side street in the center of New York. Carlotta looked down upon the hotel-entrance opposite, and the fat unpleasant line of horses' backs. The noise came up in a detached fashion, but the sky was warm, an indescribable dazzle of yellow and pearl that made her listen for a lark. This reminded her of Europe and of her almost disintegrated patrimony. It had been altogether too long since she had heard a lark.

Painting had failed her. She had given most of her bit of a fortune to Paris in exchange for the conviction that she had everything but a certain divine, or mannish, quality that drives the woman to individualism and victory. She had the impulse, the application, the temperament, but lacked the one-pointed spoiling fury which bulks the career. Her sense of humor intervened in the place of that ambition which imperils the soul to gain its ends.

City life exhausted her. The three years since she was twenty-five, had seemed possessed to show her all the vulgarities of the human race. . . . A happy woman living in the country with her own babies was the only remaining unbroken illusion. Heaven had been stripped from everything else. Of late she had known moments of such tension, that she felt like giving up and becoming a married woman.

If she could shut her eyes—would that other dream go, too? For three years there had been a dreary burning within. The country and voices of children had called to her secretly, continually. Was that but another art which Mother Nature designs woman to learn the tragedy of, forcing her to accept a Bluebeard in the bargain, before she can become an Initiate?

It wasn't because she had found modern men stupid that Carlotta was afraid. One can mother stupidity. But there had been here and there within recent months, revelations of callousness that froze the sources of her vitality for the time. She tried still to believe that these were matters of her personal ill-luck, and did not mean a hard and general waywardness of men.

She had become interested in pottery, but it was not prospering. Pottery would doubtless go the way of the rest. . . . She might go to the country to live, but that was only half the dream. Country meant children; each meant the other to her. Her greatest sorrow was the wasting street-bred thousands—the myriad little souls of

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New York who were not given their chance. . . . She might take the children of other women, and go to the country, but that was not the full dream. Perhaps it would come to that. . . .

PRESENTLY the elevator-door in the hall sounded with a tiny clatter, and her knocker dropped. She admitted a stranger who believed he spoke the Anglo-Saxon, but did not; a young man, elbows pinned to his sides, as if to retain valuable pamphlets. He made it clear to her with some difficulty that the old mansion of which her studio was the loft, was to be torn down; that the wreckers would arrive very early on the morning of the first of the month, less than a fortnight away.

"But I have a lease," she repeated. "It was to run for three years!"

His face seemed to inquire as he stood there, "Why do you speak of lease or personal convenience when the wreckers are coming?" Also he testified that the woman who had supplied Carlotta with her lease (having given up the studio for a man) meant well enough, but did not have the authority to grant leases, her own tenure not being established. . . . Carlotta could not speak. The air was sick with him, with wreckers and commerce. He smiled, tightened his elbows and went his way.

She sat in the center of the floor and wept. An attorney, after examining her lease, had expressed his opinion that the tight-elbowed creature was right. It was not so much that she needed a studio—the relics of her failures were everywhere—but she needed her house. This was all she had. . . . Carlotta felt herself too long upon the vine—would have been surprised and incredulous to hear that this was far from true. The city turmoil came up and the noon suffocation. . . . Her knocker fell. For no particular reason, Carlotta thought it was the lease-man again, the native of New York. She allowed him to wait, pictured him waiting there, his elbows tight. The knocker fell again before she opened.

It was the Tyronian.

"Hello," said he. "What's the matter?"

He built bridges. He had come just twice before; once with another woman, when he had sat speechless for an hour; a second time, for five minutes in which Carlotta was forced to talk. . . . He had ranged like a maverick in her mind since that second call. There was something to him; yet she could not tell whether it was pure pose or pure poise. . . .

"You've been crying," he said, as if there was nothing else to expect from her at eleven-forty-five in the morning. There was

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something peremptory and proprietary as well in his manner of speech.

"I thought it was some one else at the door. I would not have let you in—"

"I'm glad you expected someone. I really wanted to come in."

It was restful, with a forbidden restfulness,—this arrogant will-power in the fated studio. A pilot had been taken on. But it would be all the worse when he went away. She was ready to cringe, to lean, to weep. She hated herself, but the passion was not potent enough to count. All her thoughts were now clinging; all the man-hunting heredity of her species had risen. Carlotta had been drawing toward the door of the inner room. Suddenly she disappeared. Alone, it occurred to her not to be a coward at any cost.

"I'm washing my face," she called steadily.

She heard him pacing up and down the studio. Presently he sat down, and by the squeak of the little cane chair, she knew he was at her table of the clays.

"Better put on your hat and coat while you're there," he called, in a tone of absorption. "We'll go out somewhere—"

She didn't obey, though she wanted to go forth above all things. When she emerged, he was finishing to suit himself, the small figure of a girl which she had begun; in fact, he was fashioning a waist of sensuous loveliness with his thumb, stroking it sideways over the wet clay. The figure itself was held in the same hand—a large brown authoritative hand that she had not noted before. Carlotta had struggled over that little figure. All the stiffness was gone from it now; something of the rigidity from her own life-struggle, as well.

"I suppose you paint, too," she said in rebellion.

"I do, but not as you might say, for a living. Clay and paint are *play* matters. I'll show you some of my things. You work too hard—"

AND this was the instant that she really looked into his face. It was the first time, a wonderful look, never quite to be duplicated. The Tyronian was still seated, and she was still standing. His hair was thick and close-cropped, the eyes deep and steady, the forehead lined, as if puckered often to shield the eyes from the sun. All she had seen from passing glances before, was but a mask for the blithe tenderness of the man. There could be no effrontery in what he said, after this penetrating look of hers. He spoke what he saw, a trained man, and meant it, no more nor less. He must have been brought up by some woman of exceeding great wisdom, never to lie to himself, never to speak other than the thought.

LISTENING FOR THE LARK!

Who had a better right to criticise her work than this man whose hands were full of wizardry? Stiffness and strain of her own work were everywhere in the room. She had worked too hard. She had talked too much of effects, and like most talkers she had failed to produce effects. When one is a rhythmic instrument of one's art, one does not talk technique. But the background of all his fascination for her was the open spaces that he breathed. He seemed to mean the Country—to have come from country gardens on this first real day of spring. . . . She found herself telling him of the creature who had called earlier, the preparer for the wreckers.

"He seemed afraid a deep breath would fill his lungs, if he loosed his elbows," she added.

He put down the clay figure, and held his sticky hands clear of the table. She ran to get him a basin and towel. He washed thoughtfully.

"You didn't put on your hat and coat," he said. "To-morrow we will talk about this property man."

As Carlotta searched for the full significance of the last remark, she discovered that she had brought her wrap. He took it from her hand and helped her. . . . As they passed the piano to the hall-door, Carlotta's card-tray reminded her that she knew him only as "The Tyronian." The other woman had spoken his real name but once. For the present at least, it was utterly gone from her. "Tyronian" had sufficed for all her thinking. . . . She halted, fingered the tray, making it possible for him to leave his card with the others. He slapped his pockets, concluding hastily:

"I haven't one with me. Come on!"

She narrowly missed imploring him to take one more look.

He did not seem to be concerned by the occasional silences now, though Carlotta's mind groped for words. Once when they had not spoken for five minutes, her self-consciousness swooped down with all its manners, fears, conventions and crudities. She became almost a polite person, and turned at last to the Tyronian. He was like a horse-lover, with a colt along. Playfully he managed—with lightness and little concern, with a fine enjoyment for the stages of the journey.

"Come on, we go this way," he said, turning her by the shoulder toward a particular car, after they had ferried over the river at the top of town. She was sure the car would leave before they reached it. . . . He didn't run, but they caught the car. All the way along, it was the same. . . . He was on the one side; the world on the other. Mainly, the world was utterly and perversely wrong. In certain moments she touched the mysterious peace of great companionship. This was Man, inclusive, reliant. . . . There were

LISTENING FOR THE LARK!

moments of intense concentration, moments of rippling fun, moment aghast at herself. They passed another Jersey town, and were walking along the river. It was very high and noble.

"Why, look at you—you're a little girl again! Not the same at all that I found this morning—the City making you cry. You don't belong to that. Only the races that have failed and the races that haven't had their chance yet—belong to the City. When one is ready for reality as you are—and doesn't go forth to find it—that one dies—"

She was thinking of the return to the studio—the different loneliness. "But one can't wander abroad day after day," she said. "No work would be done."

"You don't understand. The City isn't the place for us to work. The City is the temple of trade. Producers should bring in their work. It's the same as going to a temple to pray—one doesn't live there."

She waited for him to talk more.

"This morning while I was at work," he said presently, "all at once I thought of you back there. It was as if you were calling for help—"

"Perhaps I was," she breathed. This man meant the Country to her.

"I got it. . . . I was in the garden—uncovering roses. Only once a year the earth smells as it did this morning. It came to me that it would not do for you to wait another day. So I went to town for you. . . . We're nearly there—"

It took her breath away.

"Why, don't you see—we do very well there for a time in the struggle, but think of the children—"

They had passed along the wall of large 'private grounds, following a path to the very edge of the land. He pointed across to Manhattan.

"I have thought many times of the children," she said.

"They can't touch the earth and they can't see the stars in the City. I have passed whole streets full of children—everywhere the drugged look about their eyes. You would get it if you stayed. And then one does not do well with paint where others are working. One must get out of the market to learn to play. Good work is play. . . . There is nothing like a garden to steady the hand—roses, anything. . . . See, I was working here when you called—"

The soil had been turned along the path, and the winter wrappings of straw removed from the pruned bush-roses.

"But where is your house?" she asked.

LISTENING FOR THE LARK!

THE Tyronian smiled, and took her hand. They began a steep descent of the bluff. He laughed at her fears, half-lifted her down certain stony steps, when she hesitated. They turned to the right, along a seven-foot ledge, and before her was the weathered door of a stone cottage, coppery brown like the splendid wall itself, and vined. On her left hand was the brilliant etheric divide, the Hudson below.

"It's an eyrie!" she whispered, and her soul loved it.

The world was forgotten. Everything she had ever known was unlike this, yet she wanted it as it was. As he turned the key in the ancient oaken door, she looked up into his face. It was a place of power.

He smiled, held the door open, his eyes laughing but tender. She would never see the mask again. . . . All that she had known before was unfinished, explanatory. This Tyronian was what a human adult should be in this year of our Lord. Somewhere within was a far small terror at her own instantaneous adjustments, but in her deepest soul she nestled to the place—as the stone cot to the cliff. The one terror was lest the dream should end.

The windows slid back like carriages under his hand, and the wind and the light came in. The vine tendrils came trailing through, and light from the waning east, over the shadowed river. Carlotta thought of morning through those windows—facing the east over Manhattan, from the very frontier of the east. She saw his books, his pictures, his desk and bed. The rock of the wall had been hollowed out, so that the place was large within. And they were alone. He took her coat, and came toward her again.

"This morning, up there with the roses, it came to me that this was the day to go for you. . . . The first time I saw you, I knew you were the one. I had never really thought of a woman until then. I went again to be sure. You were the one. I am glad the arts have not given you all you wanted. That would have spoiled you. They are not the way to happiness. They are ways to play. The world is to play in. I have enough for us—"

He stopped. She could not speak.

"Do not be afraid," he added quietly. "Your laws are my laws. I love everything that you wish."

SHE drew back from him. The east was fading. "A man and woman should not mate with less beauty than the eagles, Carlotta."

"As we neared this place, it came to me," she said. "I began to understand that you had come for me. I wanted it just this way. If

THE HUMOROUS GARDENER

a man and woman are to be one—she and her lover alone can make it possible. A woman knows that. . . . I love it here—”

She led him to the door, and pointed across.

“But let us never forget the children—the thousands with the drugged look about the eyes!” she whispered.

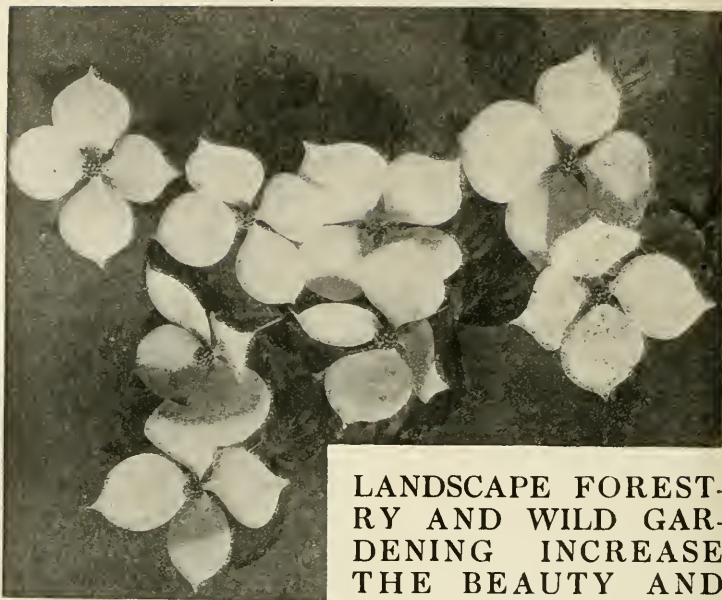
She felt as if the world were hers to love and lift with her own and this man’s strength. . . . Suddenly she laughed—threw back her head and laughed.

“It doesn’t matter—but tell me—I only heard it once—your name—”

THE HUMOROUS GARDENER

“I AM one, you must know, who am looked upon as a humorist in gardening. I have several acres about my house, which I call my garden, and which a skilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower-garden, . . . mixt and interwoven with one another. . . . My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriance and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its rarity, and if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a stranger walks with me, he is surprised to see several large spots of ground covered with ten thousand different colors, and has often singled out flowers he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties of the place. The only method that I observe in this particular is to range in the same quarter the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety. There is the same irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wilderness as their natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil; and am pleased when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple or oak; an elm or pear tree. . . . You must know . . . that I look upon the pleasure we take in a garden as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature to be a laudable if not a virtuous habit of mind.”

JOSEPH ADDISON.



JAPANESE FLOWERING DOGWOOD, THE PETALS OF WHICH, UNLIKE OUR OWN VARIETY, END IN A SHARP POINT.

LANDSCAPE FORESTRY AND WILD GARDENING INCREASE THE BEAUTY AND VALUE OF THE FARM: BY WILHELM MILLER



AN important movement is on foot in this country, led by the enterprising State of Illinois—a movement that promises to bring beauty, happiness and profit to thousands of homes all over America. And the plan is so simple that one wonders why nobody started such an undertaking before. For it consists merely in beautifying the farm—not by any elaborate or costly schemes of landscape architecture or gardening, but by the easy and inexpensive planting, in the right place, of a few trees, shrubs, vines and flowers. Just why this work of transformation is needed, and how it is being carried on, is a matter of interest not only to farmers throughout the land but to every home-maker and citizen who has the welfare of the nation at heart.

It seems, at first glance, a curious paradox that the country should need beautifying. Surely the farmer, who lives in the very midst of Nature, has the greatest chance, of all people, to enjoy her beauties, and to surround his homestead with lovely growing

WILD GARDENING

things! And yet, strange to say, an attractive farm is the exception, not the rule, as a glance from the windows of a train through any country district will testify. The land itself may be fair enough, with woods and dales, winding creeks, ferns and wild flowers. But the farm and its surroundings are often uncouth and desolate-looking, the walls of the house and barns and outbuildings unsheltered by foliage, their lines unsoftened by vines or shrubbery, and the grounds devoid of interest or beauty in layout or planting. Instead of being a pleasant spot in the landscape, a comfortable home nestling among shady trees and bright flower-beds, fertile fields and fruitful orchards, the farm is too often a place from which the beauty-loving eye turns promptly away.

Only a moment's reflection is needed to see the disadvantage of such bare, unlovely grounds and buildings, for not only is the value of the place minimized, and the possibility of sale decreased, but there is also a depressing effect upon those who live and work there. What wonder that the young people on many farms today prefer to leave them as soon as they can, for the attractions of the city?

In seeking, therefore, to transform farms into places of real interest and beauty, both the æsthetic and the practical are kept in mind. The leaders of the movement are inducing the farmer to plant sheltering windbreaks and to keep smooth green lawns; to hide unsightly buildings



THE FARTHER BANK OF THIS STREAM NEEDS ONLY THE REMOVAL OF A FEW YOUNG, SHORT-LIVED TREES TO GIVE AN INTERESTING VISTA THROUGH THE WOODLANDS.

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with evergreen trees; to beautify the walks and driveways with borders of flowering plants or bright-berried shrubs; to soften the hard lines of severe, gaunt buildings with the redeeming mantle of vines, and to encourage and preserve the native beauties of the nearby woodlands.

The result of these improvements is far-reaching and manifold. The financial value of the property is raised in a few years to a figure far above its previous worth—the outlay of a few dollars often yielding remarkable future profits. The health, comfort and beauty of the home are increased, and the farmer's family and helpers all feel the beneficial influence of their attractive surroundings. Personal enthusiasm and pride, moreover, are awakened in all who take part in the enterprise, and the children, instead of looking forward to the day when they will be able to leave it for other work and pleasures and other scenes, begin to take an active interest in their home and its grounds.

This helpful attitude may be encouraged by giving the little folk their own miniature flower and vegetable gardens to cultivate, and investing them with small responsibilities in caring for various minor features of the farm. For they are usually just as eager to "play garden" as they are to "play house," and the more opportunity they have for such horticultural adventures when they are young, the more interest and skill they are likely to develop later in this field. Indeed, the country schools can help the parents in this movement by teaching their pupils how to apply the principles of gardening and forestry around their own homes.

By working along such lines as this, in coöperation with the Agricultural Experiment Station of the State—which is always eager to give advice and aid to all who seek it—the farmers of America can turn their hitherto unattractive or neglected property into beautiful homesteads, veritable country estates, of which each district as well as each owner may be justly proud.

TO further this ideal, the Department of Horticulture of the University of Illinois, at Urbana, has issued a special illustrated booklet—Circular Number One-Seventy—copies of which are sent free to anyone in the State "who will sign a promise to do some permanent ornamental planting within a year."

There are many ways in which Illinois is beautifying her farms and neighboring woodlands, and the methods should be of general interest, for they are applicable not only to farm grounds and buildings but to any country home that needs the gardener's or forester's sympathetic touch to give it an atmosphere of charm and friendliness.



A COLONY OF AMERICAN BLUEBELLS, *MERTENSIA VIRGINICA*, WHICH BLOOM IN MAY, CARPETING THE WOODS WITH TINY FLOWERS. THE PRESERVATION AND PLANTING OF DOGWOOD WILL ADD GREATLY TO THE BEAUTY OF THE FARM GROUNDS AND NEIGHBORING WOODS.



THE TREES OF THIS PICTURESQUE ILLINOIS WOODLOT STAND KNEE-DEEP IN A TANGLED MASS OF FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE OF AMERICAN BLUEBELLS: THE BUDS OF THESE GRACEFUL LITTLE SPRING BLOSSOMS ARE A TENDER PINK AND TURN LATER, AS THEY OPEN, INTO A WONDERFUL BLUE.

CLUSTERS OF AMERICAN BLUEBELLS AND STRIPED WHITE VIOLETS ARE SHOWN AT THE LEFT: THIS IS ONE OF NATURE'S FLOWER COMBINATIONS WORKED OUT IN HER WOODLAND LABORATORY THROUGH AGONS OF EXPERIMENT: CAN MAN DO BETTER THAN TO PRESERVE, RESTORE AND IMITATE SUCH GROUPINGS IN THE WILD PLACES AROUND FARM AND FIELD?



AT THE RIGHT IS
A FLOWERING DOG-
WOOD, A TREE THAT
ADDS MUCH TO THE
BEAUTY OF THE
SPRING WOODS: THE
DOGWOOD HAS A
SPLENDID CHANCE
TO DOUBLE ITS
SIZE AND BEAUTY
IN A FEW YEARS,
NOW THAT THE
CHESTNUTS WHICH
KEPT IT DOWN
HAVE PERISHED.

BY FENCING IN A
PORTION OF ONE'S
WOODLOT THE WILD
FLOWERS WILL SOON
FLOURISH ONCE
MORE: BELOW IS
SEEN A ONCE DE-
VASTATED HILLSIDE
WOODLOT COVERED
WITH WILD BLUE
PHLOX.





A DECORATIVE BORDER OF WILD GRAPE IN HIGHLAND PARK, NEAR CHICAGO, BESIDE THE HOME OF E. L. MILLARDS: THIS LUXURIOSLY GROWING VINE IS AN INVALUABLE AID IN BEAUTIFYING FARM GROUNDS.

IN LEVEL, WIND-SWEPT COUNTRY THE PLANTING OF EVERGREENS NOT ONLY SERVES AS A WINDBREAK BUT ADDS A NOTE OF WARMTH AND COLOR TO THE LANDSCAPE THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND.

WILD GARDENING

"The greatest enemy of the farmer," says Theodore Roosevelt, "is the wind." And the first step in Illinois is to provide shelter from the biting winds of winter and the drying winds of summer. The pioneers did this before they built their cabins, but many of their descendants are cutting down big trees because they believe trees are not worth the space they take—especially on land worth two hundred dollars an acre. Opinions differ widely as to the best trees for windbreaks, and the best way to arrange them; but much help can be had from "Windbreaks," by Carlos G. Bates (Bulletin Eighty-six of the Forest Service), which can be obtained at a small price from the Superintendent of Public Documents, Washington, D. C., by those who wish authoritative details on this matter.

The value of removing or screening unsightly objects on one's grounds is evident from the following instance. An Illinois farmer wanted to sell his farm, but could not find a buyer. The reason for this, which no one realized, was the ugly, unpleasant barnyard right across the road from the house. One night the barn burned down, and after that the farmer sold his farm for more than he had asked before. Not only was the disagreeable barnyard removed, but its absence made possible a fine view of the prairie.

If you cannot remove an unsightly object on your grounds, why not plant the windbreak so that it will act as a screen? Buildings can be covered in a single season, without cost, by the aid of wild cucumber vines. Wild grape or trumpet creeper proves even better, while sumach and evergreens are also effective, especially the latter, which keep their foliage the year round.

The first impression of the house or farm from the road is an important consideration. Often, by a rearrangement of the drive, or by the planting of trees or shrubs on each side of the entrance, a pleasant glimpse of the buildings is obtained from the street. The background also should receive attention. A house seen against the sky usually looks bare and cheerless, whereas if it nestles against shrubs and trees it has a homelike air. The views from and toward the porch likewise should be made as attractive as possible, and in planting the grounds vistas from the windows should be kept in mind. The placing of bushes on each side of a pathway, or the erection of a simple arch or bower will often accomplish this.

It is a mistake to suppose that flat land must be uninteresting, for it is capable of very beautiful treatment. The most valuable plants for framing prairie views are the Western hawthorns and crab-apples. Rich men will often pay fifty to sixty dollars for a pair of hawthorns, such as the Illinois farmer can move from his own pasture near the house at no cash outlay.

WILD GARDENING

ONE of the most effective ways of beautifying a house and making it look homelike is by foundation planting. Shrubs and permanent vines are best, for flowers die in the winter and leave the foundation bare. It is well to choose different vines for the various farm buildings—Virginia creeper for one, trumpet honeysuckle for another, bittersweet, wild grape or wild clematis for the next. The porch can be covered the first year without spending a cent, by sowing seeds of wild cucumber vine or collecting seeds of morning-glory in regions where it runs wild.

An open lawn with shrubbery grouped at the sides is more valuable than one broken by individual plantings. It is wiser, too, to have low borders of various shrubs rather than hedges, for the latter afford less variety and need more care. And in planting trees, it is better to choose those of permanent value, like the tulip tree, sugar maple, sweet gum, white ash and oaks, rather than the more quickly growing varieties.

Every farmer's wife wants a flower-garden, to brighten the grounds and to provide cut flowers for the rooms. But it is not necessary to make this a separate or costly feature. Each flower can be where it is most needed and where it can easily be cared for. For instance, lilacs, sweet shrub, weigelia, golden bells and Tartarian honeysuckle may serve as borders for the lawn. Mock orange may hide the outbuildings. Spiræa, deutzia and barberry may conceal the foundation of the house, while perennial flowers—iris, peony, phlox and chrysanthemums will bloom beneath the kitchen window where they can be easily watered.

Bird gardens, wild gardens, winter gardens and arboretums—any of these can be cultivated by the farmer at small expense and with delightful results. The wild woodland garden is especially charming, and since its possession is within reach of so many country homes, the following details for its achievement may prove of service to woodland-loving readers.

Health. The first thing is to banish mosquitoes, because some of these carry malaria and all of them are a nuisance. Since mosquitoes breed only in stagnant water, the problem is usually one of drainage. There is often a wet spot in the woods that can be made an enchanting feature by excavating a pond large enough to contain some goldfish—enough to control the mosquitoes.

Evergreens. The next step is to screen unsightly objects and secure privacy and charm. In such work evergreens are more valuable than deciduous trees, because they are effective the year round. It is not easy to plant evergreens in the depths of the woods and make them thrive, but they will do better at the edge, and that is

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where we need them most, since they can hide unsightly buildings or other objects which we do not wish to see from the woods.

Walks and drives. It is possible to ruin the sanctity of the woods by too great enthusiasm in making them accessible. At Detroit, for instance, there are some famous woods which have lost a great deal of their picturesque wildness, because the visitor is continually coming upon new drives. There should be an orderly system—not a bewildering maze. It is delightful work to survey the woods in order to discover the finest features and how to connect them in such a way that they will all be revealed by a single “round,” or easy walk of fifteen to thirty minutes. The best features in woods are usually big trees, fine bushes, a brook, well-massed rocks, or if you are very lucky, an outlook toward some mountain, hill or river. Sometimes you can lay out a simple trail, as Mr. Warren H. Manning has done at North Billerica, Mass., by blazing saplings along the proposed route. Sometimes it pays to get a long rope, outline a curve, and drive stakes where you wish a path to be weeded, dug, or carpeted with pine needles.

Weeding. By far the worst weed of woodlands is poison ivy, since this is poisonous to the touch and causes great distress to those who are sensitive. Brambles tear the flesh and clothing, so that in spite of their pleasant fruits and beauty, it is best to root out most of them. There is a great variety of burrs in the woods and these spoil many an autumn walk because they are so hard to remove from clothing.

Thinning. Other “weeds” in the woods are the trees themselves—the crooked, diseased, and spindling trees which will never become vigorous, and which serve only to destroy the beauty of the best specimens. One of the greatest joys of the wild gardener is to get a can of red paint and a brush, put on old clothes, and mark the trees that ought to be cut out in winter when that work can be done more cheaply and conveniently. This joy is exceeded by the pleasure of seeing the great increase of beauty that comes when every dead or crooked tree falls. And you soon learn to sacrifice the short-lived species to the long-lived. It hurts little to cut out birch, poplar, and willow, in favor of an oak or pine which will live through the centuries.

Shrubbery. After your thinning is done the woods will seem very bare, and the need of shrubbery becomes apparent. You will want a great variety of shrubs so as to have flowers, fruits, or vividly colored twigs the year round. Especially do you need to have shrubs thickly planted at the edges of the woods to give privacy, and cut off

(Continued on page 694.)

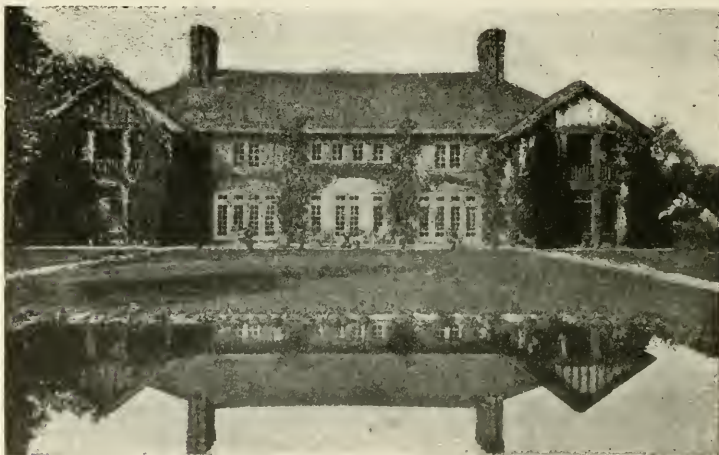
YOUR OWN HOME: NUMBER FOUR: THE PLANNING OF THE GROUNDS

As the March issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN* is so essentially a "Garden Number," we have decided to postpone our article on the various architectural details of the home, in order to present here, at this appropriate season, the planning of the grounds and the relation of garden to house.



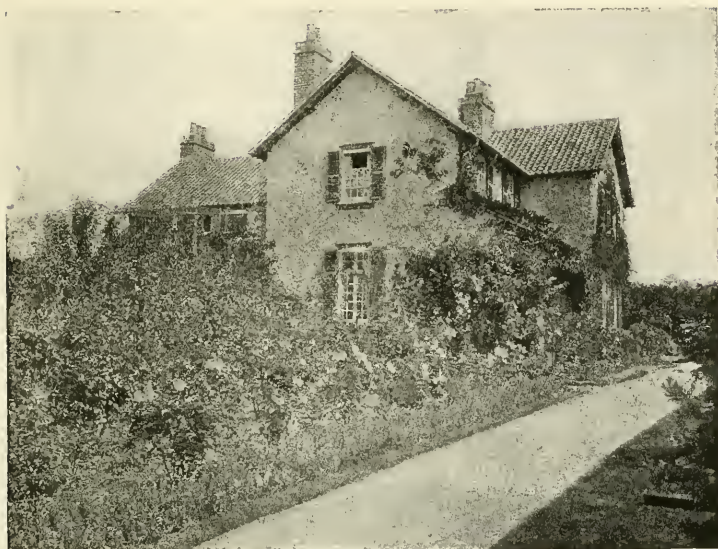
THE importance of a garden is threefold—its practical value as a place to grow one's vegetables and flowers; its contribution to health and comfort, as a spot in which to enjoy the fresh air, sunshine, exercise and rest of outdoor life; and especially its æsthetic purpose, as a setting for a house, the completion of the architectural scheme. Through the gardener's care and wisdom, Nature is induced to set her gracious seal upon man's handiwork, softening its lines, enriching its surfaces, enhancing its beauties, and—if need be—covering its mistakes with a kindly mantle of green.

As Kipling gently reminds us, "Gardens are not made by singing 'Oh how beautiful' and sitting in the shade." Knowledge and energy are needed as well as enthusiasm, and many a practical point must be considered before a satisfactory plan can be evolved. The layout of the grounds will depend largely upon the size, shape and position of the lot; whether it is smooth or level, bare, or having trees, bushes, rocks, water or other natural features; the position of the house and



A SIMPLE VINE-EDGED POOL REFLECTS THE SYMMETRICAL ROOF AND GABLES OF THIS WELL-DESIGNED HOUSE, GIVING A PECULIARLY INTERESTING ATMOSPHERE TO THE LEVEL GROUNDS: THE HOME OF ORVILLE E. BABCOCK, LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS: ALBRO AND LINDBERG, ARCHITECTS.

PLANNING THE GROUNDS OF YOUR HOME



"THE WHITE COTTAGE," ENGLEFIELD GREEN, EGHAM, SURREY: AN ENGLISH HOME THAT HAS BEEN CHARMINGLY LINKED TO ITS SURROUNDINGS BY VINES AND BORDER PLANTING: FROM "COUNTRY COTTAGES," BY J. H. ELDER-DUNCAN.

that of neighboring buildings; the points of the compass, need of protection from cold winds, and possibility of taking full advantage of summer breezes; likewise the opportunity for vistas from doors, windows and porches through the garden or out toward the landscape beyond. The arrangement will also be influenced by the proportion of space needed for vegetable and flower garden, lawn, tennis court, drying yard, swimming pool or other features.

The ground itself and the style of the house will suggest more or less the style of treatment—whether formal, semi-formal or naturalistic. The tendency in small American gardens today is toward the last; formal landscape effects being left mainly to the owners of extensive gardens and large estates, who can afford the services of the professional landscape architect and gardener in the laying out, planting, and upkeep of the place.

Where the land is irregular in contour, broken by miniature hills and depressions, outcroppings of rock, and growths of various kinds, advantage should be taken of these features, by preserving and enhancing their original beauty. For instance, if there is an old apple-

PLANNING THE GROUNDS OF YOUR HOME

tree in one corner, lead your path toward its shade, and place a rustic bench beneath it, or build a circular seat around the trunk. If a clump of bushes stands near the house or at the end of the lot, make it a part of your garden scheme, either just where it stands or transplanted to some other spot. A group of rocks may serve as inspiration and practical basis for a charming fernery, by the addition of moss, ferns and decorative grasses brought in from the woods, while irregular flat slabs may be used as a stepping-stone path across the lawn, or as rustic steps up some tiny hill.

THE MAKING OF THE GARDEN PATHWAYS.

Garden paths should be planned both for convenience and for vistas, the latter framed occasionally by an arch, a pergola or a clump of tall bushes whose upper branches are trained to meet and mingle, forming a natural bower overhead. The material for the walks may be gravel, asphalt, tar paving, ash and cinders, cement, flagstones or brick. The last named is capable of very decorative handling, being particularly appropriate where the same material is used in the house and garden walls. After a few years of weathering have softened the surface and mellowed the tones of the pathway, and moss has gathered in the crevices, it acquires quite a picturesque and old-time air. More secluded paths, those that are not constantly used for traffic between house and street, are delightfully soft and yielding to the tread if covered with turf, while for the seashore house, paths of sand, pebbles or shells are most in keeping with their environment. A chapter on paths and their making will be found in "Garden Design in Theory and Practice," by Madeline Agar—a book which contains very helpful directions on the laying out and planting of one's grounds.

THE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES.

If the owner has a carriage or automobile, the driveway, *porte cochère*, and location of stable or garage must be considered, and in designing the building the general style and materials of the house should be adhered to fairly closely, and the two linked more or less by hedges, trees, shrubbery, pergola or possibly by a garden wall. In our February number, pages five nineteen and five seventy-six, were published the perspective and plan of an unusually interesting home in which the garage was built as an extension of the house, tapering off into the wall that sheltered the drying yard, in a way that effectively linked the building and its grounds and gave the house that low, rambling air which renders so homelike Old World cottages and farms.

Since the architectural features of a garden naturally precede the planting, after the general layout has been made, one of the first

PLANNING THE GROUNDS OF YOUR HOME

details to be determined is the entrance. If the house is built along symmetrical Colonial lines, with the front door in the center, the best plan as a rule is to lead one's pathway through a simple, dignified entrance—an iron or wicket gate between pillars of the same material as the house, or possibly a white wooden archway—straight up to the door, with perhaps a narrower walk branching around to a side porch or kitchen entrance. When the house is of irregular outline, with the main entrance at the side, set in an informal garden, a winding path bordered with shrubs or flowers is in effect most friendly.

DESIGNING THE GARDEN ENTRANCE.

The design of the entrance is of importance, for unless the house is in plain view of the street, it is the first architectural note that greets the visitor, and should, therefore, set the keynote for both home and garden. For a fieldstone house with white trim, nothing can be more appropriate than a white wooden gate hung between stone posts capped with cement and flanked by a low stone wall with cement coping. Or if the house is of brick with a tile roof, brick posts and wall with sloping tile caps may be used. On the other hand, for a house set among wild woodland surroundings, and built of shingle or logs, a rustic entrance is most in harmony with the spirit of the place. The rustic note may be repeated, too, in pergola, summer-house, arbor or other garden shelter, and even in a bridge if one has to cross a creek or small ravine.

PLANNING THE GARDEN SHELTERS.

A delightful way to tie house and grounds into one harmonious unit is to build a pergola from the side or rear entrance to some especially inviting garden spot—a summer-house or tea pavilion, or an open lawn with a fountain in the center and shrubbery and trees in the background. Suggestions for the design, placing and operation of garden fountains will be found in another illustrated article in this issue.

In any garden structure—arbor, archway, summer-house, tool house, terrace or steps—both materials and design should harmonize with those of the house. And it is best not to place such features in isolated positions, but to connect them with the main building by paths, trellises, low borders of bushes, shrubbery or other forms of planting. Several excellent examples of this principle are shown in the illustrations.

THE VALUE OF THE LAWN.

In planning the lawn, amateurs should resist the temptation to make it a setting for individual flower-beds or specimens of interesting shrubs and plants, for such a method is more showy than artistic,

PLANNING THE GROUNDS OF YOUR HOME

and deprives one of that restful, unbroken expanse of green which adds so much to the dignity and peace of the grounds. The lawn with trees, shrubs and flowers sheltering and encircling instead of interrupting it, proves far more satisfying in the long run.

The application of fertilizer in the shape of superphosphate of lime, bone-dust or well-rotted manure, the plowing and harrowing or raking of the ground just before the grass seed is sown, are matters that require attention if a successful lawn is to be made, and the best quality of grass seed, free from weeds and chaff, must be bought. In "How to Plan the Home Grounds," by Samuel Parsons, Jr., directions for the design, grading, sowing and care of lawns will be found, with other chapters on important phases of gardening.

PLANTING AGAINST THE FOUNDATION.

One of the most important forms of planting is that around the base of the house. No matter how interesting the architecture, the building will appear new, detached and unrelated to its surroundings if the entire foundation line is visible. A few well-placed shrubs, vines and tall perennial flowers will soon provide the needed link. Lilac, spiræa, barberry, weigelia, deutzia, laurel, rhododendron, azalea, Japanese quince, dogwood and mixed evergreens are among the shrubs most suitable for this purpose. An occasional vine—ivy, Virginia creeper, rose or trumpet-creeper—trained up the bare wall or against a simple trellis, will furnish variety, decorate a plain surface and give the house that gracious, mellowing touch which even the best of architecture needs for its completion.

THE BACKGROUND OF THE HOME.

Another feature that contributes largely to the homelike atmosphere of the place is the provision of a friendly background against which the house may be seen from street or garden. How inviting appears the home that stands near the edge of a bit of woodland, against an old apple orchard, or in the partial shadow of nearby trees! If no such pleasant guardians exist upon the property, the owner will do well to provide for the future and plant a group or two of young foliage or fruit trees, and a clump of evergreens, to prevent the house and grounds from looking new and bare. Evergreens, either trees, shrubs or both, should be included in every garden scheme, for their presence will insure a note of warmth and color during the winter months, bridging the gap between the seasons.

TREES AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

The size, color, hardness, speed of growth and other characteristics should be considered in selecting trees for the grounds, and the gardener will find an interesting and helpful chapter on this subject



FOUNDATION PLANTING IS ONE OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE MEANS OF PRODUCING HARMONY BETWEEN HOUSE AND GROUNDS: THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HOME OF MRS. JOSEPH BRIGHT AT BRYN MAWR, GIVES A DELIGHTFUL SUGGESTION FOR THE PLANTING OF VINES AND SHRUBS AGAINST THE WALLS: THE GRASS-BORDERED PATHWAY OF BRICK AND THE WELL-PLACED TREES WHICH EMPHASIZE THE GARDEN VISTA ARE ALSO WORTH NOTING.



A GENEROUS GROWTH OF VINES OVER THE WALLS AND LUXURIOUS PLANTING OF FLOWER-BEDS SEPARATED BY WIDE GRASSY WALKS, BRING THIS PLEASANT HOME INTO CLOSE COMPANIONSHIP WITH ITS GARDEN.



CALIFORNIA ARCHITECTS AND GARDENERS REALIZE HOW ESPECIALLY VALUABLE VINES ARE IN SOFTENING THE NEWNESS OF RECENTLY ERECTED WALLS AND PROVIDING A TRANSITIONAL STEP BETWEEN HOUSE AND GROUNDS: THE ABOVE PICTURE SHOWS HOW THIS WAS ACCOMPLISHED IN THE HOME OF MRS. GEORGE W. FULFORD AT SAN DIEGO, DESIGNED BY IRVING GILL.



A CLASSIC AIR DISTINGUISHES THE PERGOLA-COVERED WALLS ON THE GROUNDS OF J. H. BARNES AT PASADENA, CALIFORNIA: HUNT AND GREY, ARCHITECTS.

THIS SIMPLE COTTAGE GARDEN WITH ITS NODDING HOLLYHOCKS ON EACH SIDE OF THE LOG RAIL MIGHT WELL AFFORD INSPIRATION FOR MANY AN INFORMAL AMERICAN GARDEN, LARGE OR SMALL.



THERE IS A SUGGESTION OF THE EXQUISITE ART OF THE JAPANESE IN THE STONE FOUNDATION AND VINE-HUNG WINDOW OF THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH, WHICH SHOWS A DETAIL FROM A PASADENA HOME DESIGNED FOR J. W. NEILL BY GREENE AND GREENE.

ENTRANCE TO A NEW JERSEY HOME IN WHICH VINE-COVERED LATTICE WORK AND FLOWER-FILLED WINDOW-BOX TAKE AWAY ANY LOOK OF BARENESS FROM THE WALLS.



ARCHITECT AND GARDENER HAVE WORKED TOGETHER IN A REMARKABLY SYMPATHETIC FASHION IN THE HOME PICTURED ABOVE: THE GRACEFUL LINES OF THE WELL-PROPORTIONED HOUSE ARE ENHANCED BY THE TRACERY OF VINES, THE ENTRANCE IS MADE EVEN MORE INVITING BY THE INFORMAL STONE STEPS, AND THE TALL SHRUBS ON EITHER SIDE SERVE TO FRAME THE APPROACH AND REPEAT THE LIFTING LINES OF GABLES AND CHIMNEYS: CLOSELY MASSES PLANTING ABOUT THE FOUNDATION LIKEWISE HELPS TO MAKE THE BUILDING SEEM AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE LANDSCAPE.

FOR A CALIFORNIA HOME OF MISSION STYLE, BUILT ON THE TOP OF RISING GROUND, FEW APPROACHES COULD BE SO APPROPRIATE AS THE STEPS AND PERGOLA SHELTERED TERRACES THAT LEAD IN GENTLE STAGES UP THIS GARDEN HILL: THE RESIDENCE OF D. C. W. LEFFINGWELL, PASADENA, DESIGNED BY HUNT AND EAGER.

PLANNING THE GROUNDS OF YOUR HOME

in "Garden Design." Among other things, the author reminds us that the shape of a tree has a distinct bearing on its fitness for certain situations, each having its own typical contour or silhouette. "Some are globular, such as oak and sycamore, some are oval, as the lime; others are triangular in outline, from a broad base as the horse-chestnut, narrower in the spruce and still less in the larch. Tall, slim trees, of which the Lombardy poplar may be taken as the extreme type, are admirably suited to levels. . . . Round-headed trees suggest solidity, and suit with gently undulating ground. Drooping or weeping trees are lovely by still water because their reflections complete a curve. Trees with rugged contours, such as Scotch firs, accentuate broken ground. These observations apply to single specimens whose outlines are well defined. In groups one relies more on color and texture for effect.

"A few fast-growing trees," adds the same writer, "and those patient of removal when large, should be chosen in the planting, for the look of a garden where everything is immature is uninteresting. Poplars can be shifted when quite a good size, and grow fast; sycamores and limes are also useful. But these must not be planted to the exclusion of grander and more permanent trees. The designer should aim to introduce at least one fine timber tree into every garden he lays out—a cedar, oak or beech for the sake of posterity, for we who inherit so much beauty in old trees in old gardens are doing very little for our successors."

Those who possess fairly extensive grounds may like, in addition to the general planting, to devote some of the space to special flowers or forms of planting—a rose garden, for instance, or an iris garden, a water garden, a rockery, or a Japanese garden. But those who have only a limited area usually prefer to treat the whole as a unit, and to plant beds, borders or groups of flowers wherever a note of rich color and the delicate grace of blossoms are needed.

The fruit and vegetable garden should naturally be within easy reach of the kitchen, the space devoted to this purpose depending upon the area available, the needs of the family and the amount of care that can be given to the work of cultivation. It is usually advisable to wall this garden, not only to keep out human and animal intruders, but also to provide surfaces for the training of fruit trees.

The foregoing merely indicates the general principles to be followed by the American gardener. For more detailed instruction on each point specialized articles and books must be referred to. And those who wish advice and help in their undertaking will always find our Garden Department ready to aid them in achieving just the sort of place on which they have set their hearts.



*Modern American mantel designed
by Jacobson & Co.*

**PROPERLY AP-
POINTED DWELL-
INGS: NUMBER
FOUR: COMFORT
FROM SMALL FIT-
TINGS IN HOMES**



WHAT makes rooms look like a hired-by-the-day suite in a hotel? The lack of all those small wares in furnishing that express the personal touch. And what makes a room tasteful and lovable? A proper selection of those small wares. All of which means that delightful work is ahead of the home-maker, after the first essentials are secured,—the house itself and the absolute necessities in furniture. With the big work out of the way one can set about choosing the little things, and therein lies much joy and satisfaction, for artist and artisan spend their best talent on these little things just to please our fancy and satisfy our desires.

A plan made beforehand always assists to a good result, so it is an enormous help in buying the accessories to a happy life in the new home. Such a plan needs be mental only, and decidedly sketchy. It has its central motive in the word "corners." A house that is lived in with satisfaction always resolves itself unconsciously into corners. But the wise furnisher will do the trick consciously, knowing from the start the placing of the objects bought.

One of the first corners to fit out is the lounging corner, where one may rest from labor—and plan more corners. Also it is a cordial place in which to receive the first guests. Its primal necessity is a great all-embracing humanity-loving sofa.

This piece of furniture tells at once whether the house is for show or for comfort, for the frigid atmosphere or the sympathetic. To

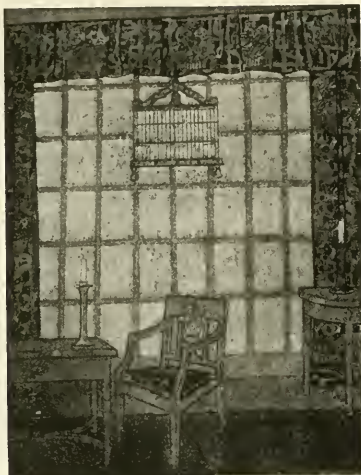
COMFORT AND BEAUTY IN SMALL HOUSE FITTINGS

serve one well it should have the generous lines that suggest comfort and rest, and the size that suggests hospitality. Of what it shall be made depends on the purse. There are styles which are upholstered over all, styles with loose-cushioned seats, and styles in both wicker and wood which rely upon cushions for their appearance of soft luxury. These former styles mount up to one, two or three hundred dollars, according to elegance and quality, but a modest expenditure will get a wood or a wicker sofa of fine size and proportion which can have a handsome seat cushion of Tudor velvet or velour and as tempting a pile of smaller cushions as ever soothed a troubled head or a lazy back.

Flank this sofa with a lamp. That is imperative. Some one will want to lie there and read, or cuddle in the corner and knit.

There must be besides some sort of low stand, following the method of the Turks, for the after-dinner coffee, or for the flowers and books of the lounge. The lamp may be on a standard, one of those tall movable affairs that may be moved at pleasure and which shed such abundant light on the spot where most needed.

At the very name of lamp there comes up such a host of suggestions that one is swamped by them. The lighting of the house is a department over which architects and decorators are always puzzling. But after reading all the books, and examining thousands of lighting fixtures, the matter seems to show only two or three fixed principles which are of practical value to the one who is



AN INTERESTING AND NOVEL TREATMENT OF AN UNUSUAL SQUARE CASEMENT: SILK OF BLACK LINE WOULD BE EQUALLY EFFECTIVE.



HERE THE COLORS OF THE DRAPERIES ARE REPEATED IN THE DECORATIONS OF THE CHAIR.

COMFORT AND BEAUTY IN SMALL HOUSE FITTINGS

making a real home. There are two large classes of lamps, those which supply light for use, and those which supply light for decoration.

The ideal is the lamp which both lights and decorates, and *that* we may have by taking thought about the shade, its color and its degree of opacity. Not long ago the idea of indirect lighting seized us. We were told that every low lamp was a relentless menace to the optic nerve, and were cautioned about the danger of the lamps around which we love to gather when night falls and the family sits at peaceful amusements. The correct thing, said the lighting experts, was a high bowl of lights thrown against a whitened ceiling, the reflected rays of which blest the room with a beneficent radiance.

Now, indirect ceiling lighting is an excellent thing in its proper sphere, but it does not take the place of the cozy table lamp. We need the low, intimate lights around which we can gather to read, chat or sew—especially in the living room, where the plan should form itself into corners or groups.

Lamps for oil, or lamps for electricity vary only in their mechanical contrivances, so no choice is to be made except when the base-plugs in a room are less numerous than the lights. But the shade is a matter of serious consideration, and has rules of its own, which must be followed, the primary one of which is that no shade should ever be thin enough to allow the lamp to hurt the eye on looking at it. Other rules are those of color. If you are the least puzzled about this, try various transparent colors over a lamp and see the alteration made in your walls and fabrics—as well as on the human countenance. Green one should avoid wherever possible, but a rosy light has charm. If the lining of the shade is white the power of reflection is greater.

The light for the dining table—it is hard to be too emphatic in insisting that a “dome” is a horror. Either it hangs high and dazzles the eye, or it hangs low and oppresses like a screening rock swung between you and the opposite face. No table looks prettier than when lit by candles or candle-lamps with pale shades of pink, orange or other festive color.

Somewhere in the ideal house is the tea corner, devoted to the gentle art of friendship and of knowing one's family. Its first requisite is a table. Choose it well, for it belongs to the class of furniture that is adaptable to more uses than one. It is the little handy table that with wings spread can be dressed to appear permanent and important, or it folds into modest inconspicuousness against the wall waiting its time to serve for cards, sewing or its primal object—tea.

If all my tables were to be taken from me save one, I would choose to retain the gate-legged table. It has virtues all its own

THIS GROUP OF MODERN REPRODUCTIONS OF ADAM FURNITURE SHOWS TWO OCCASIONAL CHAIRS WHICH WOULD BE APPROPRIATE FOR ALMOST ANY CORNER OF LIVING OR DRAWING ROOM: THE SAME MAY BE SAID OF THE SLENDER BUT FIRMLY MADE TABLE.



THESE PIECES ARE OF SAN DOMINGO MAHOGANY, CARVED IN THE SOLID WOOD, AND GIVEN A SOFT NUT-BROWN FINISH: THE CANE SEAT AND BACK ARE HAND WOVEN.



A CONVERSATION CORNER WITH COLONIAL CHAIR, ARMCHAIR AND GATELEG TABLE, MADE IN THE SAME WOOD AS THE ADAM PIECES ABOVE—SAN DOMINGO MAHOGANY WITH MELLOW BROWN FINISH: A CRAFTSMAN LAMP WITH MAHOGANY BASE AND SILK SHADE PROVIDES A FRIENDLY LIGHT.



SOME MODERN REPRODUCTIONS SHOWING THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH INFLUENCE ARE SEEN IN THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH, AND IN THE DOORWAY BEHIND IS A SIMPLE AND DIGNIFIED ARRANGEMENT OF DRAPERIES, THE MATERIAL BEING SILK REP OF A RICH CORAL TONE.

NEW AND DECORATIVE EXAMPLES OF BLOCK-PRINTED LINENS ARE PRESENTED IN THIS COZY LOUNGING CORNER: THE RICH DESIGNS AND BRILLIANT COLORS OF THE PILLOWS AND DRAPERY AFFORD AN INTERESTING CONTRAST TO THE SOFTER TONES OF THE WILLOW COUCH AND LAMP.



THESE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS WERE MADE IN ONE OF THE MODEL ROOMS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR FURNISHINGS, IN THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING, AND SUGGEST AN ATTRACTIVE WAY OF ARRANGING A BEDROOM, DRESSING ROOM OR BOUDOIR: THE COLOR SCHEME OF THIS ROOM IS PALE GREEN AND SOFT ROSE, THESE TONES BEING REPEATED IN THE DELICATELY STRIPED WALL PAPER, THE FLOWERED CRETONNE CURTAINS IN THE DOORWAY AND IN THE TINY WINDOW HIGH IN THE WALL, AS WELL AS IN THE CUSHIONS OF THE CHAIRS: THE WILLOW ARMCHAIR, WHICH IS STAINED A PALE GRAYISH GREEN, IS COMFORTABLE AND ROOMY, AND GIVES A PLEASANT NOTE OF VARIATION TO THE FURNISHINGS: THE OTHER PIECES ARE OF GUMWOOD, DESIGNED ALONG SIMPLE, LIGHT AND GRACEFUL LINES, AND FINISHED IN MELLOW GRAY-GREEN TONES: THIS WOOD IS PARTICULARLY SUITABLE FOR USE IN ROOMS OF THIS CHARACTER.



AT THE RIGHT IS THE DRESSING CORNER OF THE BOUDOIR, WITH ITS SMALL BUT CONVENIENT DRESSING TABLE, TRIPLE MIRROR, CANDLESTICKS, AND CUSHIONED CHAIR: ON THE STAND NEARBY IS A LAMP WITH STAND-ARD OF LENOX POTTERY, PALE GREEN TO MATCH THE FURNISHINGS, AND HAVING A SHADE OF FLOWERED CRETONNE LIKE THE CURTAINS AND CUSHIONS: THE ROCKER IS JUST LOW ENOUGH TO BE CONVENIENT FOR FASTENING ONE'S SHOES, OR FOR SEWING.

THE DESK AND CHAIR SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE RIGHT ARE UNUSUALLY SATISFACTORY REPRODUCTIONS OF ADAM PIECES, MADE IN MAHOGANY: THE CHAIR WITH ITS TAPERING LEGS AND COMFORTABLY UPHOLSTERED SEAT, SIDES AND BACK, IS COVERED WITH A RICH BLACK-AND-GOLD BROCADE WITH A SMALL ALL-OVER PATTERN: AT THE WINDOW IS ONE OF THE NEW BLOCK-PRINTED LINENS IN WHICH DECORATIVE STRIPES ALTERNATE WITH CONVENTIONALIZED POTTED FLOWERS; THE LIGHT IS FURTHER MELLOWED BY THE SOFT NET CURTAINS THAT COVER THE WINDOW PANE.



AN EXCEPTIONALLY CHARMING WINDOW CORNER IS REPRODUCED AT THE LEFT— THAT SHOWS HOW VARIOUS TYPES OF FURNITURE STYLES AND MATERIALS CAN BE HARMONIOUSLY COMBINED: OPPOSITE THE MAHOGANY ARMCHAIR, WHICH REVEALS ITS ENGLISH ORIGIN, STANDS A CRAFTSMAN TABORET OF FUMED OAK, WHILE BEHIND THEM, ACROSS THE WINDOW, IS A WILLOW BOX FILLED WITH GERANIUMS: PRINTED LINENS OF RICH COLORING ARE USED AT THE WINDOW OVER LIGHTER CURTAINS OF WHITE NET.

MOST OF THE GROUPS SHOWN ON THESE PAGES WERE SPECIALLY ARRANGED AND PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR FURNISHINGS ON THE FOURTH FLOOR OF THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING.



AFTERNOON TEA WOULD BE DOUBLY REFRESHING SERVED IN THIS TASTEFUL CORNER: THE ARMCHAIR, TEA WAGON AND MUFFIN STAND REPRESENT SOME OF THE MOST RECENT DESIGNS IN WILLOW FURNISHINGS.

A SEWING CORNER IN WHICH WORK WOULD BE A PLEASURE: THE HASSOCK, IT WILL BE NOTICED, IS COVERED WITH THE SAME MATERIAL AS THE ROCKER CUSHION.



A READING CORNER THAT SUGGESTS CURRENT MAGAZINES AND THE LATEST NOVEL: THE LIGHT WILLOW BOOKSHELF COULD BE MOVED IN SUMMER ONTO THE PORCH.

WHITE ENAMEL FURNITURE, PALE STRIPED WALLS AND ROSE-COVERED CHINTZ DRAPERIES BRING A DELIGHTFUL FRESH AND DAINTY ATMOSPHERE INTO THIS SIMPLE BEDROOM.

COMFORT AND BEAUTY IN SMALL HOUSE FITTINGS

which endear it to its possessor. For tea, nothing could be more practical. It is steady but light, takes up as little room as you like, or spreads with hospitable intent, and when all is finished retires slim and demure from the scene. With the proper finish to the wood, a finish that defies heat, this is the ideal table for the tea corner.

But as tea is sometimes served out of its special place—on the piazza or the lawn, for instance, a great pleasure is taken in a tea-wagon, a table with wheels that seems to give it cousinship to the baby's perambulator. It is a pretty labor-saver and where one cannot have a maid always in attendance it comes in with tea all ready to serve and no favors to ask of a tired or busy servant. This sort of table is prettiest in wicker.

Of the tea-service itself one might talk all day, describing the varieties of loveliness it may display, but to be entirely practical and condensed, let us take the word of old tea-servers that a china pot is the only pot in which to brew tea. Place the silver pot on the table for show, if you like, but keep the insidious tannin of the fragrant herb from contact with metal. The porcelain glaze offers no menace to its flavor nor to the human digestion.

Next, among the essentials is the hot-water kettle. Let it be large, large enough to serve even the unexpected guests. And let it have one of those generous lamps whose alcohol never gives out and whose light flames ardently over the entire bottom of the kettle, in order that the moments of waiting for the boiling may be curtailed.

The "curate's assistant" is the best of devices for serving all eatables with one turn of the wrist. If you cannot buy one, suggest to others that your birthday is near. Then, if you can, have a screen to shut off draughts from the kettle, and you have all that is necessary.

No, one thing more—the chair that can be moved about from place to place, the occasional chair. It is always wanted at the tea-table. It is wanted all over the house, in fact. If it is made of beautiful wood in reflection of some old style that is dear to us, it is fitly transferred to almost any room in the house. There are chairs made in the lines of Adam, those late eighteenth century chairs that are always in style and always lovely. The lines in these are graceful and the detail fine, running into the flutes and lozenges of classic origin.

Bedroom chairs are simpler, the straight construction being preferred, but light in type. A slipper chair has shortened legs to make the bend less arduous in lacing boots. Chairs for the living room are more generous in construction, such chairs as the stranger is not afraid to repose upon. And all of these occasional chairs may differ from the furniture of the rooms in which they are placed.

COMFORT AND BEAUTY IN SMALL HOUSE FITTINGS



SUGGESTION FOR A DRESSING-ROOM WINDOW CORNER SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF MODERN DECORATIVE ART IN WINDOW DRAPERIES AND FURNITURE.

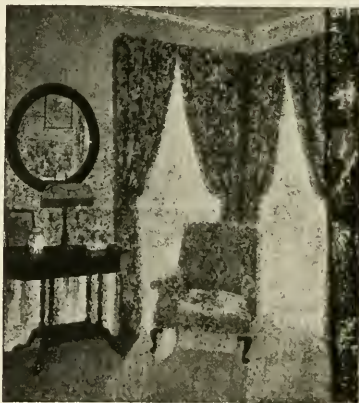
for smoking, for candy, or any other dear and vicious indulgence, and the reader's corner will chain the most restless by its insidious charm.

The ideal house has also its corner for sewing and for conversation, for these two things go together as naturally as bread and honey. To "sit on a cushion and sew up a seam" is bothersome work indeed, if one is alone at the task.

What must one have, then, to make sewing a pastime instead of a grind? A table and two chairs are enough—but such an equipment the barest hotel room might give. Add, then, a work

The reading corner declares itself to the reader who has always his eye on books. He asks these first then looks for the easy chair, and then the proper light. That is all he asks before oblivion overtakes him. But there must be a case to hold the books, one of those temporary, movable shelves that suggest the current magazine, the latest book, rather than treasurers of well-tryed literature that binds itself proudly in sets. The heavier shelves are where the architect has placed them, but this trifle is for intimate and personal use, and for moving about if you like.

The lamp must be always good, simple in taste, with a Mazda burner well-shaded. The reader's chair should hold well and comfortably him who forgets his caving chest in the interest of his book. Add a tiny table



A SUNNY CORNER IN WHICH THE LIGHT IS SOFTENED BY HANGINGS OF RICH CHINTZ MATCHING THE ARMCHAIR.

COMFORT AND BEAUTY IN SMALL HOUSE FITTINGS

table, with pockets that may be filled with unsewn stuff, or with flowers to lift one above the sordid, and with a top that holds a lamp to defeat the shades of night when night is falling fast. A hassock or two to hold a knee well up while working, is an old device appreciated now. Add a waste-basket for scraps, and lo, another corner is made to show the tasteful and practical intent of the home.

Mounting the stairs to the bedroom, the corner where one's careful grooming is done merits consideration. A dressing table is needed to start with, not a tall bureau at which one must stand, but a friendly little shrine which in place of a Van Eyck triptych has a triple mirror. Here are displayed all "the pretty tiny little kickshaws" that



INTERESTING TREATMENT OF DOUBLE WINDOWS AND DOOR, WITH THE SAME FABRIC REPEATED IN THE VIENNESE FURNITURE.



FORMAL AND GRACEFUL WINDOW DRAPERIES THAT HARMONIZE WITH THE FURNISHINGS.

one accumulates in a life of birthdays, Christmases and card parties, all in silver or ivory, and here one is allowed to make oneself a little prettier than Nature intended.

All over the house are textiles, and over these one spends anxious hours. The first in order of necessity are the rugs. If the purse is big, the matter simplifies itself into selecting the most temptingly beautiful antique rugs from the Orient. But setting this idea aside, the choice lies between coarse but artistic modern rugs and squares of solid color carpet. China is sending us cheap rugs full of character, with plain fields broken with an ornament, and bordered with a swastika repeat. They are made of jute, of wool, of cotton—the latter for the bathroom. Plain carpets are woven in extraordinary widths for rugs without seams, and make tasteful floor coverings of great durability.

After the feet have a soft surface under
(Continued on page 698.)



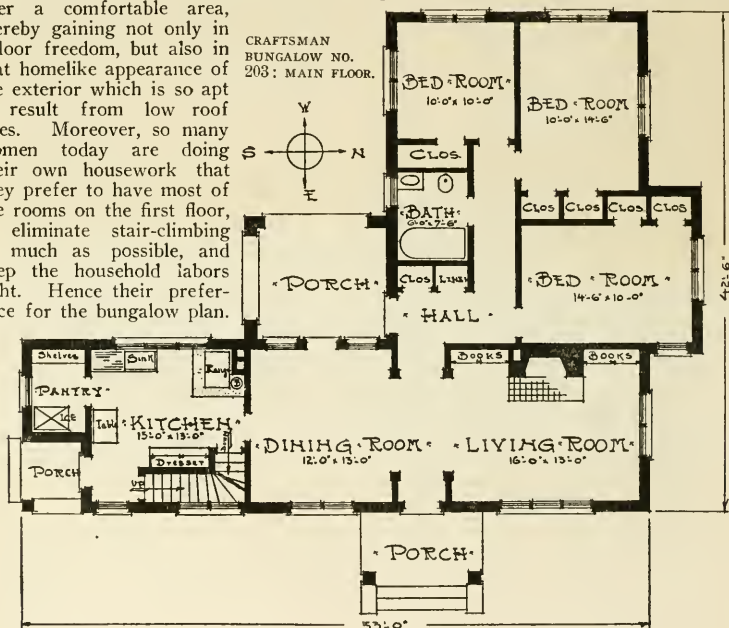
TWO UNIQUE AND PRACTICAL DESIGNS FOR CRAFTSMAN COUNTRY BUNGALOWS

WITH the increasing interest in country living there has come a corresponding enthusiasm for the bungalow style of architecture.

And this is very natural, for several reasons. The further one gets from the city, the more reasonable becomes the cost of land, and with the possession of a larger lot there is no longer the necessity for a narrow design and several stories. It becomes possible to spread out one's rooms over a comfortable area, thereby gaining not only in indoor freedom, but also in that homelike appearance of the exterior which is so apt to result from low roof lines. Moreover, so many women today are doing their own housework that they prefer to have most of the rooms on the first floor, to eliminate stair-climbing as much as possible, and keep the household labors light. Hence their preference for the bungalow plan.

Since the majority of our readers who are contemplating the building of summer or all-year homes in the country are interested in bungalows and cottages not more than a story and a half high, we are presenting this month two designs of this character. And although they are both simple and economical in arrangement and construction, they are quite different in appearance and interior layout, each having distinctive and unusual features which give it an individuality of its own. This originality is the result of planning for variety of outlook, advantageous exposures and pleasant views of garden and landscape, as

CRAFTSMAN
BUNGALOW NO.
203: MAIN FLOOR.





Gustav Stickley, Architect.

BRICK AND SHINGLES ARE USED IN THIS HOMELIKE CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW, NO. 203; MUCH OF THE CHARM OF THE EXTERIOR RESULTS FROM THE IRREGULAR ROOF LINES, AND THE CURVE OF THE ENTRANCE PORCH HOOD WHICH IS ECHOED BY THE EYEBROW WINDOW ABOVE AND THE SIMPLE WOODEN GATE IN THE FOREGROUND: THE HOUSE IS PLANNED FOR A COUNTRY SITE, WITH ALL THE ROOMS FOR THE FAMILY ON THE GROUND FLOOR, AND AN EXTRA BEDROOM AND BATH FOR THE MAID IN THE ATTIC.



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

THIS SHINGLED CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW, NO. 204, IS UNIQUE IN BOTH EXTERIOR DESIGN AND INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT: IT IS PLANNED FOR A RIVERBANK, MOUNTAINOUS OR WOODLAND SPOT WHERE THE OWNERS WISH TO TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THE SURROUNDING VIEWS, AND THE WIDE VERANDA THAT EXTENDS AROUND THE BIG OCTAGONAL ROOM OFFERS PLENTY OF SPACE FOR SHELTERED OUTDOOR LIVING, SUPPLEMENTED BY THE BALCONY ABOVE: AS THE PLANS SHOW, THIS CENTRAL ROOM EXTENDS UP TO THE SECOND STORY, WITH AN INDOOR GALLERY CIRCLING IT, REACHED BY A STAIRCASE IN THE ROOM AND LEADING TO GENEROUS STORAGE SPACE IN THE ATTIC.

CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOWS WITH NOVEL FLOOR PLANS

well as for interior comfort and convenience. We feel that, in many respects, these two houses are the most unique and satisfactory, of their particular type, that we have ever designed.

THE first bungalow, No. 203, is of brick veneer on frame, above a stone foundation, and the roof is shingled. The stone is repeated in the low garden wall with coping of cement, and the brick is used again in the entrance posts. The wooden gate completes, in its design, the curve of the lifted hood over the entrance porch, and the latter in turn is echoed by the line of the eyebrow window in the roof above,—details which, though simple, contribute much to the charm of the exterior.

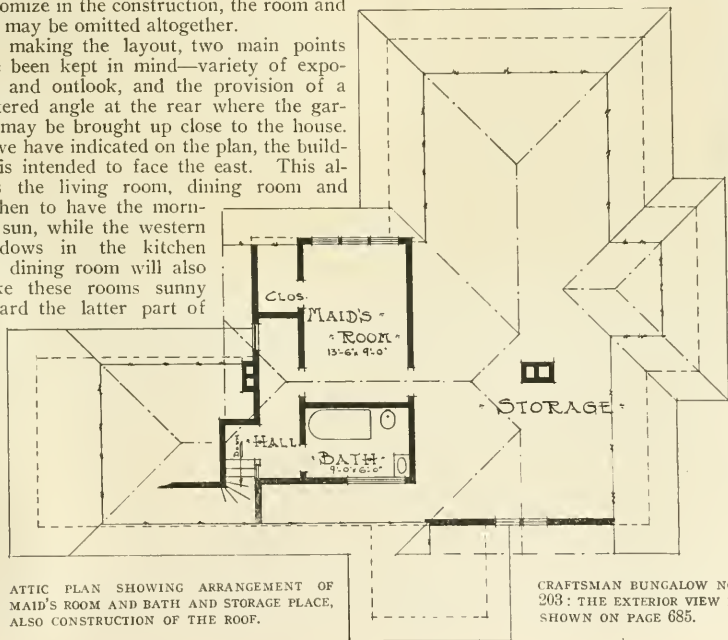
The rooms are all planned on the ground floor, except the maid's room and bath, which occupy the space above the dining room and porch, and this allows the roof to be kept comparatively low. If no maid is kept, this upper bedroom may be used as a playroom for the children, or as an extra guest chamber—or if the owner wishes to economize in the construction, the room and bath may be omitted altogether.

In making the layout, two main points have been kept in mind—variety of exposure and outlook, and the provision of a sheltered angle at the rear where the garden may be brought up close to the house. As we have indicated on the plan, the building is intended to face the east. This allows the living room, dining room and kitchen to have the morning sun, while the western windows in the kitchen and dining room will also make these rooms sunny toward the latter part of

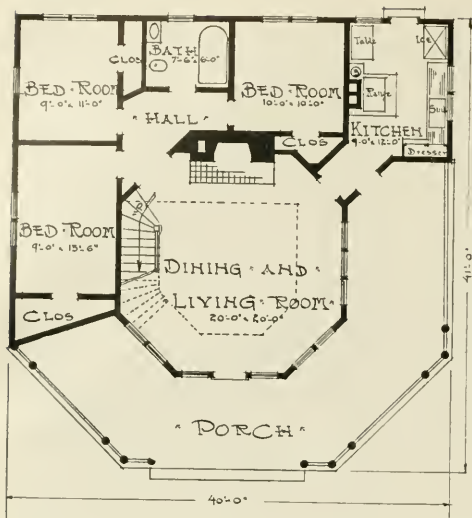
the afternoon. The portion of the garden lying in the angle of the house will be protected from both north and east winds, and will have plenty of sunshine, while the porch in the corner will provide a shady and secluded spot for outdoor life.

Entering the front door one finds the living and dining room on either side with the openings between them so wide that the effect is of one long room. At the same time the arrangement of the partitions leaves an open passageway through to the hall in the rear.

The fireplace with built-in bookcases on each side and the pleasantly grouped casement windows combine to make these two rooms very attractive, and if the door leading from the dining room to the rear porch is of glass, a vista through the garden will be provided. Moreover, as the kitchen is so convenient of access, meals may be served on this porch with very few extra steps. An unusual feature of this plan, it will be noticed, is the location of the kitchen, which has a window overlooking the street and another group of three fac-



CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOWS WITH NOVEL FLOOR PLANS



CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 204: MAIN FLOOR PLAN. ing the rear garden. The staircase likewise has double windows high in the front wall. A small service porch in the corner provides a convenient entrance for tradesmen, and may be made attractive by a lattice screen and by the planting of vines.

The rest of the ground floor is devoted to the three bedrooms and bathroom, which are shut away from the living rooms by the central hall. Windows in two sides of each bedroom insure plenty of cross-ventilation and views of garden and country. In addition to the closets on this floor there is plenty of space for storage in the attic, beyond the maid's room and bath.

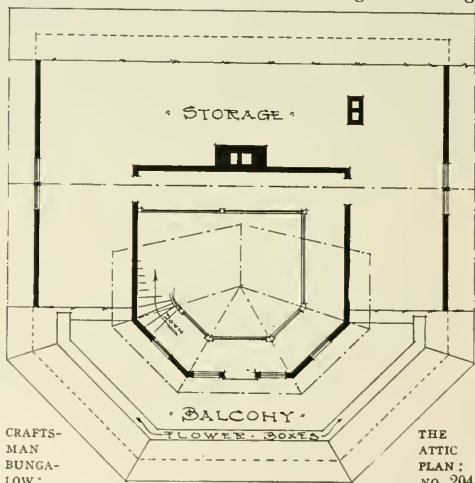
THE second house, No. 204, is also shown on a foundation of field stone, but in this case both walls and roof are shingled. We have pictured this bungalow at the edge of a stream or lake in hilly country, with an informal stone pathway leading from a little boat landing up to the front porch; but the design is suitable for any locality where it is desired to take advantage of wide views from the generous windows, encircling porch

and narrower balcony overhead.

Both the construction and interior arrangement are distinctive and unusual, as the plans and perspective view indicate. The main feature of the bungalow is the octagonal room in the middle which serves as living and dining room combined. Directly opposite the front door is the fireplace, on one side of which is an entrance to the kitchen, and on the other one to the bedrooms, while the staircase ascends on the left to a gallery that runs around the entire room and leads to the storage space in the attic. This gallery receives light and headroom from the bay window which projects from the roof, and a door in the front leads to the balcony. Aside from its practical purpose, this inside gallery forms a very interesting feature of the living room, giving an appearance of coziness around the walls and about the fireplace, and permitting

a decorative use of the structural woodwork. At the same time the open space in the center gives an unusual height to the room, and the windows in the upper portion flood the place with air and sunshine.

Particularly convenient is the arrangement of the other rooms, for the kitchen communicates with the living and dining



CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW: NO. 204.

THE ATTIC PLAN: NO. 204.

A LOVER OF WILD FLOWERS

room through a short passageway and is entirely shut off from the bedrooms, which are reached by a separate hall on the opposite side of the fireplace. Three good-sized bedrooms and bath are provided here, with closets that make the utmost use of the irregular corner spaces. The kitchen equipment is especially compact, a built-in dresser occupying the front wall, with sink and drainboards beneath the double casement window at the side, the ice-box in the rear corner, the work table opposite, near another window, and the range nearby. A door at the back leads down to the garden. There is also a door leading from the kitchen passageway onto the side porch, so that meals may be served in this sheltered outdoor spot whenever the weather permits.

A LOVER OF WILD FLOWERS

(Continued from page 625.)

There a few blossoms were carefully culled and in a short time they were resting on the pillow of the sick woman, giving such happiness as only a flower laden with memory can bring to the human soul. The young man himself wept with joy as he picked the flowers, and his wife in turn shed tears as they were put in her hands.

Such episodes as these are not rare in Mr. Lincoln's life and neither are the incidents few in which he is compelled to turn away schoolchildren and even parties of botanists, who he finds do not protect the plants and flowers they imagine they love. Much of his life is spent out in search of new flowers, new shrubs, whatever may add to his interest and delight in New England flora. And his books on the Wild Flowers of New England are recognized authority on a subject dear to the heart of all real lovers of the New England country. Probably no text on flowers has ever been so completely and beautifully illuminated as in these volumes which stand at once as works of art and floral text books.

THE CRAFTSMAN has had the good fortune to secure from Mr. Lincoln a series of pictures of the flowers which bloom in April, May and June throughout our North-east country. These will appear in our magazine in the months in which they appear in the New England wild gardens and we feel sure that they will meet with the response that such simple beauty must always win from Nature's true lovers.

Mr. Lincoln tells a sad little story of the ginseng, which is very rare in any country,

and for which today the Chinese pay large sums. There is one spot in the Berkshire hills where it grows, which he has known for years and where he has gone annually to make photographs. There were just five plants growing there when he first discovered the hiding place, and in 1914 the number had increased to twenty. He was very proud of this little ginseng garden and often spoke of it to other flower lovers, though never in any way identifying the locality. Last June he made a second visit to these little friends for further illustrations which he needed, and discovered that not a plant remained. The flowers had appealed to the casual interest of some passerby and the whole twenty plants had been pulled up, not a stalk left to propagate and beautify the place for future generations.

Whenever Mr. Lincoln speaks of his flowers he makes an urgent plea that all people who gather wild blossoms or plants should do so with all possible care, that they should go out to the woods with penknives or with scissors, gathering only the stalks bearing the flowers, even as they would in their own gardens. He finds it hard to understand why people will treat the great free garden of nature with such utter lack of respect and courtesy, when they tend their own little flower plot often with so much affection and love.

Mr. Lincoln's work in connection with the wild flowers of New England we think will not only bring great pleasure to the world through his really beautiful photographic studies, but will also in time awaken toward flowers that wonderful New England conscience, which up to the present has never been appealed to in vain for the protection of any principle.

"I NEVER had any other desire so strong, so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of nature. . . . But several accidents of my ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden." A. COWLEY.

FURNISHING YOUR GARDEN



A GROUP OF SEMI-RUSTIC GARDEN FURNISHINGS OF NEW AND DECORATIVE DESIGN, IN WHICH SMOOTH BOARD SEATS ARE USED FOR THE CHAIRS AND SETTLÉ: THE PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH ILLUSTRATE THIS ARTICLE WERE SUPPLIED BY COURTESY OF THE NORTH SHORE FERNERIES COMPANY.

FURNISHING YOUR GARDEN: STUDY TO ACHIEVE COMFORT AS WELL AS PICTURESQUE- NESS IN OUTDOOR FITTINGS

NO matter how beautiful one's garden may be, with lawns and flower-beds, shrubs, vines and shady trees, it is incomplete without some form of seat, some resting place where owner and guests can enjoy the surrounding loveliness. No one would consider finished, a room with tastefully tinted walls, well-placed pictures, curtains and rugs however charming, if chairs were absent—unless perchance it might be a visitor from the Orient who would prefer a few mats or cushions on the floor.

Yet how often does one see a garden which has inadequate provision for rest—or even none at all! Such an omission implies either that the owner has considered the place merely one in which to grow flowers for decoration of the table and vegetables for use in the kitchen, or that he has planned and planted the grounds as a pic-

torial setting for the house, overlooking the fact that a garden only attains its full value and significance when it not only fills these practical and æsthetic needs, but also, and above all, provides a pleasant, comfortable place for open-air living. And this it certainly cannot do unless it contains an occasional bench, chair or arbor-sheltered seat.

The first thing is to decide just where, in one's garden, such resting places are most desirable—whether on the lawn beneath a wide-spreading tree, in some sheltered corner against a wall or background of shrubbery, beneath a group of fragrant evergreens, beside a pool or fountain, or on a knoll or hillock from which a pleasant view of the landscape can be seen.

Then, when the location is decided upon, comes the question of materials and design—which will be answered partly by one's pocketbook, and partly by the general style and materials of the house. When a somewhat rustic type of furnishing seems most appropriate, seats and tables of the kind illustrated above will be found both durable and decorative. Although these are made of logs with the bark left on, they are not

FURNISHING YOUR GARDEN

so rough as most rustic ware; the lines are straight, the designs symmetrical, and the seats, made of planed boards, present a smooth surface that will not injure the most fragile of summer frocks. At the same time, they hold a sufficient suggestion of the woodland spirit to be in place beside the friendly foliage of evergreens. They can be had with the seats stained either green or brown, the former shade presenting a pleasant contrast with the natural tones of the supporting logs and cross-pieces.

Another instance of this modified rustic construction is to be found in the gable-roofed arbor, in which logs are used for the main structure and boards for the seat. The design is especially practical as it combines a seat, a shelter and a support for vines all in one, and when placed in some appropriate garden spot—in the center of a rustic fence, at the edge of a little copse, or beside a pathway—and planted with wistaria, honeysuckle, trumpet vine or other flowering creeper, it will prove a very distinctive as well as inviting retreat.



A SEMI-RUSTIC ARBOR WHICH COMPRISES SEAT, SHELTER AND SUPPORT FOR VINES ALL IN ONE STRUCTURE.



FOR THE GROUNDS OF A COLONIAL HOUSE THIS LATTICED ARBOR WOULD BE ESPECIALLY APPROPRIATE.

In the grounds around a formal house, and especially one of Colonial design, where rustic furniture would seem a little unconventional, smooth wooden arbors, seats and tables, with paint finish to protect them from the weather and to give them coloring, will be found in keeping. Above is an arbor of this character, planned to arch a garden walk, with a seat on each side having a lattice back, and a rounded roof of pergola construction. The structure is shown here before the vines have been planted, but one can readily imagine what a charming bower it will present when crimson Rambler or some other garden favorite has softened the lines with foliage and flowers. This arbor can be had painted white, light green or dark green, to match the trim of one's house.

The last illustration shows a group of particularly attractive pieces which, while solidly built, are distinctly decorative and graceful. In the backs of the chair and settle and the center of the table the wood is used in a latticelike fashion, forming both a firm brace for the rest of the construction and an ornamental asset in the design. A very interesting effect could be

VINE-CLAD BOWERS AND GARDEN VISTAS



ARMCHAIR, TABLE AND SETTEE OF WOOD SHOWING AN UNUSUALLY DECORATIVE LATTICELIKE DESIGN: THESE PIECES CAN BE HAD PAINTED WHITE, LIGHT GREEN OR DARK GREEN TO MATCH THE TRIM OF ONE'S HOUSE.

produced by repeating the same pattern in a nearby trellis, fence or gateway. Like the arbor previously described, these pieces

can be obtained painted white, light green or dark green, according to the surroundings in which they are to appear.

VINE-CLAD BOWERS AND GARDEN VISTAS

(Continued from page 642.)

need rich soil and are benefited by heavy mulching in summer and fall.

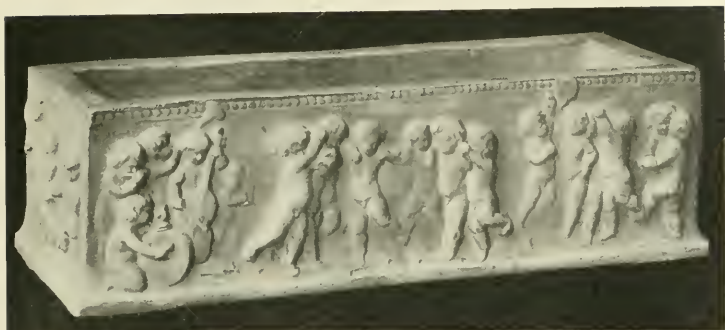
The bittersweet, with its clusters of orange and crimson fruit which brighten the days of autumn and winter—the handsome trumpet vine with its scarlet flowers—the old-fashioned honeysuckle—the beautiful purple-flowered Chinese wistaria—the decorative-leaved hop vine, the wild cucumber, the tiny smilax,—and, of course, the rose—these are a few others which, planted about arbors, well repay the gardener's care. Nor must we forget the graceful Allegheny or maidenhair fern vine, which looks the first year like a clump of ferns, and starts again the second season, making a fast-growing covering for a garden shelter, with its lacy veil of leaves and tiny, fairylike blossoms.

The canary-bird vine also deserves con-

sideration; it bears a dainty yellow flower, with a tiny hook that resembles a bird's beak. Both the wild and cultivated grape form luxuriant coverings for garden structures of all kinds, and if they grow too slowly the first season it is a good plan to plant gourd vines beside them. A five-cent package of these seeds will make an attractive mass of foliage in a short time, and later on the gourds can be hollowed out and converted into sugar bowls, dippers and other useful objects, with or without decoration.

One of the most inexpensive and swiftly-growing vines is the morning glory, and its cousin the evening glory, and if these are planted with the moonflower vine—the big white blossoms of which unfold at night—a delightful succession of bloom is insured. Like the gourd vine, these three may be used with excellent effect to cover a garden structure while one is waiting for more slowly growing vines, such as roses, wistaria, grapes, etc., to mature.

NEW DESIGNS IN CLAY FERN-HOLDERS



A CLAY FERN-HOLDER WHICH, WITH ITS REMOVABLE ZINC BOX, IS EQUALLY SUITABLE FOR WINDOW SILL OR TABLE: THE LENGTH IS FOURTEEN AND ONE HALF INCHES.

NEW DESIGNS IN CLAY FERN-HOLDERS

FLOWERS and ferns have so much to commend them to the home-maker that it is surprising we do not use them even more in our rooms. Aside from the note of outdoor friendliness which they always bring, there is their value from a purely decorative standpoint. The simplest or severest room is lent a touch of grace by the presence of spreading leaves and opening fronds, or the more ephemeral buds and blossoms, while the rich restful green of the foliage or gayer note of flowers, seen in the right spot, against a fitting background, may prove just the detail needed to complete and emphasize one's color scheme. And needless to say, the selection of an appropriate pot or jar is of importance.

We are showing here two new designs in clay fern-holders that will please those who like modern adaptations of antique classic motives. Indeed, the old Greek and Roman mythologies were so closely allied with the whole outdoor world of nature that there always seems a peculiar kinship between flowers, ferns and vines and the decorative designs of that period. In the present instance the tiny figures in high relief that encircle the pieces are those of children, some with garlands, others with musical instruments, others dancing—all symbolizing the joy of youth and outdoor freedom.

The fern box at the top of the page is $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by 5 inches wide—outside measurements—and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches high.

and is lined with a zinc box in which the ferns are planted. This box is provided with handles at each end, so that it can be easily inserted into or removed from the holder. The other jar is $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches high—a convenient size for the average flower or fern pot.

This pottery looks especially effective when filled with ferns, for the delicate green of the overhanging fronds finds a pleasantly contrasting background in the antique buff finish of the jars, the irregularity of which gives an effect of age.

A point that may be of interest to our readers is that the long fern box shown above may be obtained without extra charge with a year's subscription to *THE CRAFTSMAN*, and the round jar illustrated below with a four months' subscription.



A CIRCULAR FERN-JAR, FOUR AND ONE HALF INCHES HIGH, WHICH SUGGESTS IN ITS DESIGN AND SOFT BUFF FINISH SOME ANTIQUE CLASSIC PIECE.

WILD GARDENING

WILD GARDENING

(Continued from page 659.)

the underview. Shrubs can be chosen so as to give flowers enough.

Grouping. But the finest use of shrubbery is to tie your trees into groups or pictures. One reason why your woods look bare after thinning, is that there are no groups, for the trees are isolated, unrelated objects, like so many lead pencils. They will compose better if you have a clump here and a specimen there. A good way to plan these groups is to put a conspicuous string around say three, five, or seven trees that ought to be seen as a unit. Then plant viburnums, or other native shrubs, inside this string and the unrelated tree-trunks will be tied into a group that has some meaning.

Edging. Few of us have the money to carry out all these ideas. We would like to fill our woods with shrubs and flowers, but we may have to content ourselves with edging the paths, where we can enjoy to the full all the work we have done, and let the colonies spread gradually and naturally to the depths of the woods. It is very pleasant to get a wagon load of maidenhair ferns and plant big colonies of it near the path. This same method may be employed with partridge berry, ground pine, club moss, wild ginger, hepaticas, bloodroot, and other carpeting plants. Virginia creeper is very pretty as a ground cover and it is pleasant to have the birds carry the berries of this and other desirable plants to all parts of the woods.

Birds. It is easy to fill the wild garden with music by planting shrubs that will furnish edible berries the year round—viburnums, shrubby dogwoods, and hawthorn. The longevity and health of your trees depends largely upon woodpeckers—the greatest enemies of borers—and it pays to send to the American Association of Audubon Societies, nineteen hundred and seventy-four Broadway, New York, for Hiesemann's book on attracting and protecting wild birds, with a list of dealers who are authorized to make the Von Berlepsch bird houses and apparatus.

Wild flowers. Big, nature-like masses of wild flowers require little or no care after planting—no staking, watering, or any sign of the spade. It is best to have ninety-five per cent of the planting composed of species that are most abundant within ten miles of one's own house. It is allowable

to use foreign species that have run wild in America, like sweet-briar, orange day lily, and sweet rocket; also a few others that have proved their ability to increase without care in wild gardens—daffodils, snowdrops, poet's narcissus, and English bluebells. But it is contrary to the spirit of wild gardening to use any horticultural varieties that seem artificial or man-made, such as double-flowers, Darwin tulips, plants with purple, golden, silver, or variegated foliage, or cut-leaved and weeping varieties of familiar trees and shrubs.

Shall we collect native plants or buy them from the nurserymen? The joys of collecting are very great, especially since the advent of the automobile, which is an ideal instrument for "scouting," or locating all the best available species within twenty miles. Also it is possible to fit up an automobile so that you can bring home in it a considerable quantity of plants.

A code of ethics for collecting is now growing up. It is considered wrong to take any plants from public property, and it is the proper thing to offer remuneration to owners of private property. For example, farmers will often sell ferns at a dollar a wagonload, if you dig and carry them away. Again, it is not right to take rare plants from the wild. One great advantage of collecting is that you can get much larger colonies than you can afford to buy from nurserymen. There are also professional collectors in all parts of the country from whom you may secure practically every tree, shrub, and flower native to America which is suitable for wild gardening.

Conifers or narrow-leaved evergreens are attractive the year round, and are invaluable for screens and shelter. Many of them grow tall and are long-lived, and since they are relatively slow-growing and costly, it is well to consider this list first. In limestone regions some of these are to be preferred to the broad-leaved evergreens, most of which are lime-haters. The conifers include:

Balsam fir (*Abies balsamea*), hemlock spruce (*Tsuga Canadensis*), white pine (*Pinus Strobus*), red pine (*Pinus resinosa*), pitch pine (*Pinus rigida*), red cedar (*Juniperus Virginiana*), trailing yew (*Taxus Canadensis*).

Ground pine and club moss are evergreen, but are rather difficult to transplant successfully. They are excellent for edging woodland paths and match the texture of several evergreen trees.

PERMANENT GARDEN FITTINGS



CONCRETE GARDEN FURNITURE SHOWN IN ONE CORNER OF THE GARDEN FLOOR OF THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING.

CONCRETE FURNITURE AND FITTINGS FOR GARDENS

ONE of the most interesting problems which the garden-maker has to consider, is the provision of outdoor seats and practical as well as ornamental fittings, which add to the comfort of the place and by their architectural character help to link house and garden together. And those who are seeking to add to the friendliness of their grounds this spring, or who are planning and planting new gardens, will find many attractive concrete designs from which to choose.

There are concrete benches, some of them severely simple in design, and suitable for Colonial and very formal places, while others are adorned with egg-and-dart borders, conventionalized leaf and flower motives, and patterns suggestive of the Italian Renaissance. Some of the seats rest upon curiously carved lions—those useful and decorative beasts which, tamed and petrified by craftsman and builder into various classic poses, have upheld through the architectural ages so many burdens of marble, concrete and stone.

Those who feel that their garden would be incomplete without the old-fashioned presence of a sundial, will find concrete pedestals for this purpose made in various simple and elaborate forms. One of the

most unusual has around its base several turtles which—if the designer's intention may be humorously interpreted—seem eager to climb up and find out the time.

Many good designs can be found among the big jars and vases, some cast in simple, lotuslike forms, others festooned with concrete leaves, flowers and grapes.

Fountains and bird basins also come in concrete, some low and shallow, others of more pretentious air held high on pedestals.

An original and charming use to which one of these concrete bowls may be put, is to place it on a support in the center or corner of the porch, fill it with ferns, and drop into it, among the foliage, a single electric light bulb, stained a rich blue, rose or orange. Then at night, when the light is turned on, a soft rich glow will be diffused through the ferns, shedding a wonderful radiance over the whole porch.

Such pieces as we have just described may be found among the furnishings on the Garden Floor of the Craftsman Building, and the visitor will discover upon examining the concrete surfaces that they have a pleasant, rich and lustrous quality, due to the fact that ground marble is included in the mixture before it is cast. The ware can be had in three shades—light, medium and dark gray. Another point of importance is that rain, frost and changing temperatures have no disastrous effect upon it.

RUSTIC FURNITURE AND GARDEN SHELTER



OLD HICKORY RUSTIC FURNITURE AND GARDEN FITTINGS SHOWN ON THE CRAFTSMAN GARDEN FLOOR.

RUSTIC FURNITURE AND GARDEN SHELTERS

THERE is a curiously appealing and picturesque quality about rustic work. More than any other type of wood furniture or architecture it seems to hold the spirit of the forest. Its sturdy lines recall the solidly built cabins and rough chairs and benches of the pioneer. Its frankly uncivilized surface, whether stripped of bark or left with the original brown covering of nature, conjures up visions of the woods from which it came, and the irregular decorative designs to which the logs and branches lend themselves so readily suggest the friendly informality of the woodlands.

It is no wonder, therefore, that rustic work is popular around our country homes, for both porch and garden, and fortunately it is possible to obtain today furnishings and shelters of almost any kind—from the simplest chairs and tables to the most elaborate tea house or bungalow.

One of the most satisfactory forms of rustic work we know of is the hickory, a

group of which we are reproducing here. These furnishings and garden structures are made from sturdy young hickory sapplings, cut in the fall so that the bark will adhere to them, and the various parts of the frame are mortised firmly together.

In addition to the chairs, armchairs and rockers, the long settles and swinging seats that add such a livable air to porch, sun-room and garden, there are taborets and tables of various shapes and sizes, suitable for innumerable uses around the home—some to hold ferns and flowers, others that are just the thing for sewing, and others still that are handy for books and magazines or for the serving of afternoon tea.

Rustic arches and arbors with inviting seats, gates and fences with trelliswork of branches, pergolas, bridges, and sundials can all be had in portable condition, ready to put in place wherever they are needed in the garden scheme. And it is even possible to order an entire portable log bungalow of this character, which can be put up for the summer in some woodland place and taken down and stored away until the following season.

“HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?”



A CORNER OF THE GARDEN FLOOR OF THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING WHERE SEEDS, TOOLS AND VARIOUS FORMS OF GARDEN EQUIPMENT ARE TO BE FOUND.

“HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?”

“THEY say you have such a fine garden,” somebody remarked once to a friend. The man with the garden smiled a bit wistfully. “It is a mighty nice garden,” he said, “but I merely own it—I don’t possess it. You see,” he added, “I haven’t time to work and play in it myself, and until I do it will never be really mine.”

It is not always the man with elaborate, well-kept grounds and a hired gardener, who gets the most enjoyment out of his property. It may be a source of satisfaction and pride, but it can never give him that thrill of personal achievement, that absorbing interest, and that sense of adventure which comes with the mingled difficulties and joys of the amateur home gardener. To dig and hoe, plant, weed and tend one’s own place, however small, means to work hand in hand with Nature, to assist, however humbly, in her endless miracles of growth and unfoldment. And surely it is only human to discover a superior flavor in

the fruits of our toil, to deem the fragrance of our own flowers doubly sweet!

The outdoor gardening season being now at hand, the matter of tools and other equipment is one of timely interest, and those of our readers who are within reach of the Craftsman Building will find some helpful suggestions on this subject by visiting a certain corner of the Garden Floor, a glimpse of which is shown above. Here they will see some of the newest and most practical devices for the aid of the gardener—especially for women, who want things that are light and easy to manipulate, making the work a pleasant task rather than a heavy labor. First, for the protection of her frocks, there are linen smocks of blue, gray, pink and buff, stoutly worked in various charming patterns, while serviceable gloves of Oxford tan are ready to cover her busy hands. Nearby will be found the various tools essential—steel spades with light wooden handles, plain steel rakes and others that are made reversible, with the teeth arched for leaves; wooden rakes for the lawn; weeders and cultivators of hard steel wire, strong, light and durable; some

PROPERLY APPOINTED DWELLINGS

with short handles for working around flowers, others with long handles, and some with weeder and hoe combined. Then there is the ever useful trowel; the garden reel in three sizes; raffia for tying up growing plants and vines; scissors for flower-gathering that hold the cut blossoms; neat labels on which one's writing is protected from the weather by a transparent covering; pruning knives of many sizes; small lawn mowers, light and convenient garden sprinklers, rubber hand-sprinklers and brass syringes for spraying plants and destroying insect enemies. There are also wheelbarrows, large, medium and small, and willow baskets of sundry shapes and sizes, the deep ones for vegetables, the shallow ones for flowers.

The watering pots are enameled in gay tones, decorated with old-fashioned flowers and figures, and brightly painted flower pots may also be had. But perhaps the most captivating of all are the painted sticks upon which perch brilliant wooden birds to mark some special seed bed or planting.

PROPERLY APPOINTED DWELLINGS

(Continued from page 683.)

their tread, we think poignantly of the staring windows which cry for screening drapery. Dressing the window is not much of a problem if one keeps in mind the simple scheme of sheer net sash curtains, and colored hangings outside of these, which give coziness and comfort to the room. The fashion of the moment is to be commended, that of hanging a short valance across the top with a long breadth falling straight at either side. It gives color and decoration without detaining much light—for after all a window is primarily for the purpose of admitting light.

A country house may be fitted entirely with block-printed linens and cottons, those attractive fabrics which are shown us in new designs every few months. They are full of feeling, as the artist expresses it; they are quaint and reminiscent of more romantic times than ours. So we love to have them about us. The schools of Vienna and Paris which started the new movement in color and design in these fabrics being incapacitated by the present war, the inspiration has come to our own artists to carry on the work, so we now have block-printed fabrics designed by American artists and executed by American workers. Without

prejudice we may say that our goods now equal the foreign in originality and beauty.

A glance at the photographs illustrating this article will reveal many new and charming things in the way of furnishings and draperies. Block-printed linens hang their richly patterned folds at the windows, their brilliant colors mellowed by the light. Gaily flowered cretonnes and chintzes give both comfort and decoration to the softly stained willow chairs; plump and inviting cushions give an air of homelike restfulness to the upholstered couch, while Scotch wool and Oriental rugs add their notes of warmth and color underfoot. The lamps, whether rising from the floor on a tall willow standard, or resting with their wood or pottery bases and soft silk or cretonne shades on desk, bookshelf or table, all show that they are made and placed for real comfort and service.

Among the window curtain materials not included in the pictures must be remembered the various plain filet nets of white, cream and écreu, and those that carry borders in darned work—a form of embroidery that seems particularly appropriate for this purpose, since it provides a pleasant pattern along the edges without being too heavy for such thin material. Fortunately for the permanency-loving home-maker, practically all modern curtain and upholstery fabrics are being made in sunproof colors. Plain striped and figured papers can be had with decorative friezes that are repeated in various fabrics, so that one's walls, curtains, portières and cushions can all be brought into close harmony.

The furniture question has already been spoken of in a preceding article, but a word about the willow is in place at this season. It comes in many delicate shades of green, brown and gray as well as the natural color, with cushions of velour, linen or cretonne in colors and patterns to harmonize with the rooms. One of the most striking combinations recently evolved is the black-stained willow, upholstered in burnt orange velour—a contrast that gives a peculiarly warm and vivid touch to a dark corner. Among the more solid types must be mentioned the new gumwood furniture, built on simple, graceful lines, with mellow gray-green finish.

These are merely a few suggestions—those who wish practical help may turn for advice and aid to the Department of Interior Furnishings in The Craftsman Building, by which the illustrations for this article were supplied.

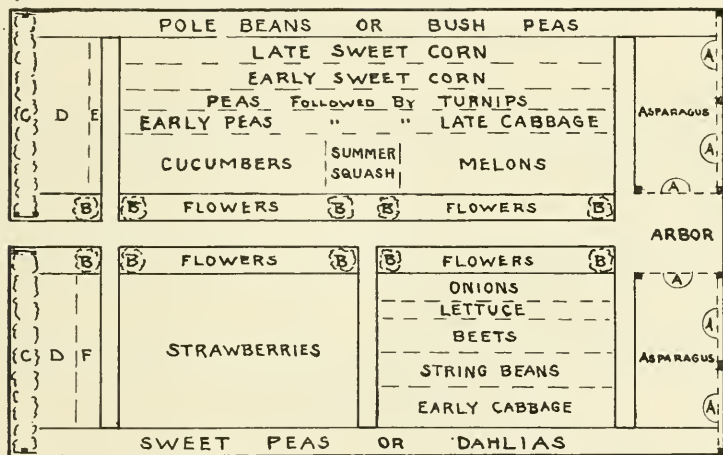
PLANTING PRACTICAL GARDENS FOR BEAUTY

PLANTING PRACTICAL GARDENS FOR BEAUTY: BY HAROLD D. PHELPS

MOST gardens are made for the useful things which may be grown in them, vegetables, fruits and flowers; but that is no reason why they should not be beautiful at the same time. Just as it is a principle of Craftsman homes to obtain the beautiful by the proper treatment of the structural necessities rather than by added ornamentation, so in our gardens we should strive to use the things we grow for utility in such a way that they contribute an additional crop, beauty. And this beauty should be a con-

ments and the space available. Making a plan insures consideration for the garden as a whole. This is the keynote to success. When your whole garden, rather than some particular spot or planting, brings favorable comment from those who see it, you may know you have achieved unity and harmony. So in starting your plan consider how things will look and grow in relation to each other.

The boundaries and paths of a garden are its framework, and attention should first be given to these. Paths should be as many only as are necessary to aid in the garden work, and should be arranged to lead the gardener where he desires to go as quickly as possible. If the garden has but



TYPICAL GARDEN FOR AREA 50X80 FEET
SCALE 

A. GRAPEVINES
B. CURRANTS BUSHES
C. BLACKBERRY HEDGE

D. STAKED TOMATOES
E. PARSLEY BORDER
F. RHUBARB ROOTS

stant crop, changing in its charm as the plants develop. Even the humblest patch of vegetables may have artistic merit, as many of our tiny school gardens show. But when the garden is extensive enough to include fruits and flowers for cutting, its beauty should be one of its valuable harvests.

The surest way to have a beautiful garden is to begin now, before it is warm enough for outdoor work, and make a complete plan suited to your individual require-

ments and the space available. Making a plan insures consideration for the garden as a whole. This is the keynote to success. When your whole garden, rather than some particular spot or planting, brings favorable comment from those who see it, you may know you have achieved unity and harmony. So in starting your plan consider how things will look and grow in relation to each other.

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one entrance the main walk will usually lead from there to the opposite side of the garden, and its terminus is a good location for some permanent feature. From this side, paths may be made to divide the garden into plots for the various crops. Plots of different sizes should be made for convenience. If a wheel cultivator is to be used often, long rows lighten the garden labor, but the length of the rows should always be proportioned to the habit of the crop and the quantity grown. Each variety

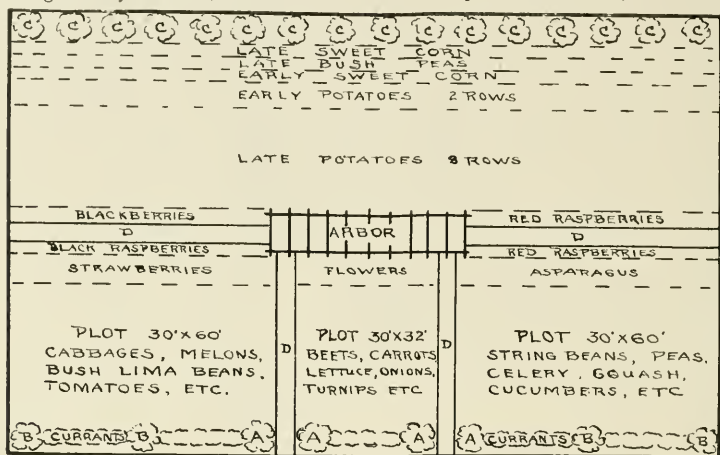
PLANTING PRACTICAL GARDENS FOR BEAUTY

should have at least one full row the length of its plot.

Boundaries should always be strengthened and emphasized with the tallest growing crops, unless there is one particular spot from the outside of which it is desired that a partial or complete view of the garden be obtained. In such a case plants should be chosen which do not impede the view beyond. Whenever we plant the largest growing things other than at the edges, with something else beyond them, we at once cut

variety of each crop must be studied in relation to the locality. Advice on this point may usually be obtained from some reliable person in the vicinity who has tested several varieties under similar planting conditions. If the area is limited, staple crops, such as potatoes and onions, of which good supplies may be purchased, should give place to the more perishable crops which taste so much better from one's own garden.

Garden plans should always be made for



TYPICAL GARDEN FOR AREA 100X160 FT.

- A. DWARF CHERRIES C. DWARF APPLES
B DWARF PEARS D DIRT PATHS.

the garden into two parts and destroy its unity.

Often the boundaries of the garden may be used permanently for trellises on which grapevines, beans, peas or flowering vines may climb, or for rows of dwarf fruit-trees and cane fruits. Such planting as this adds interest, because it gives height to the garden. In larger spaces, where the framework is more complex, it should be remembered that the borders of the paths are the boundaries of plots and may require special treatment as such. The borders of the main walk are often the best places for such flowers as will not hide the crops behind them.

The choice of vegetables, fruits and flowers to be grown will depend upon family preferences, while the selection of the best

the individual area they are to occupy and for the family they will supply. Two typical plans are given here to illustrate the principles set forth and serve as guides on which to base a plan or as foundations which may be changed to meet special conditions.

A PLAN FOR A GARDEN 50 BY 80 FEET.

The typical plan for an area 50 by 80 feet is designed for a fairly complete garden in a limited space, but may be lengthened or widened as desired to give additional variety or quantity. In this plan, permanent boundaries are used at the ends; on one, blackberry hedges at each side of the entrance, and on the other, a simple grape trellis of posts and wire construction, with

PLANTING PRACTICAL GARDENS FOR BEAUTY

an arbor of the same material terminating the main walk. Room is afforded for six grapevines, which may be of one or more varieties. The blackberry hedges should be supported by setting posts at each end on which have been spiked crosspieces of 2 by 6 material about 18 inches long, 3 feet above the ground, from which stands of No. 10 galvanized wire run along each side of the row. If the new shoots are kept pinched back to a height of about 4 feet during the summer and the old canes which have borne fruit are cut out at the ground in winter, no further pruning will be necessary to maintain an attractive hedge, well trimmed for fruit production. At the sides of the garden the tallest-growing crops may be raised, and, if a permanent support for these is desired, posts supporting a wide woven wire fence may be used. Woven wire fencing is preferable to chicken wire, but for peas a close meshed fencing should be selected.

At each side of the main walk a 3-foot border for flowers is reserved, broken at the corners where the work paths diverge by currant bushes; low growing flowers, either annual or perennial, may be used. Space for permanent crops such as asparagus and rhubarb is obtained at the ends, and the remaining space on one side is given over to long rows of the largest growing crops. On the other side, where the smaller crops may be grown, shorter rows will be found more convenient, so an extra path is used, dividing this area into two equal plots. Both may be used for such crops, but if a strawberry bed is desired one plot may well be devoted to that, using the hill system of culture and the following rotation.

Starting with the vegetables, as shown in one plot on the plan, as these crops should all mature by August 1, potted strawberry plants may be set at that time about 18 inches apart each way. These should give a moderate crop the first spring and be left for another season, no new bed to be set the second year. This allows the other plot to be left free for vegetables that entire year, and a late crop of celery, beets or cabbage may follow the early vegetables. The following year the strawberry plants will again be set to follow the early vegetables, while the late vegetables may follow the old strawberry bed after it has fruited and been turned under. Some other rotations which can be used to secure two crops from the

same ground are indicated on the opposite side, and experience will show many tricks of this kind by which a skilled gardener increases his harvest. Only the commonest plants are used in these typical plans, that they may be simple and easy for the amateur to experiment with.

PLAN FOR A GARDEN 100 BY 150 FEET.

The larger garden is planned for an area of almost one-third of an acre, and is especially arranged to permit house cultivation if desired, as well as plowing all the area except that devoted to permanent crops. This means a great saving of hard labor in a garden of this size. Dwarf fruit-trees are a feature of this garden; at the back a full row of dwarf apples, which may be grown as standards or trained to a trellis; the dwarf cherries and pears at the front do not form a continuous boundary, as it is intended that partial view of the garden may be obtained from outside. Hence the trees, which should be standards in shape, are spaced at sufficient intervals to allow vistas between them, and these intervals in the rows are utilized for currant bushes, which will not grow tall enough to obstruct the view.

Small fruits of considerable variety and quantity are included, and additional rows paralleling these may be added if desired. This fruit border partially obstructs the crops beyond it, just sufficiently to hide details and show distances. Because of the provision for house cultivation there are no real boundaries at the sides, but if desired the ingenious gardener can provide these by planting at the end of each row, where it will not obstruct cultivation, one or more staked tomato or other plants of desired height.

Will not gardens laid out in this manner be more attractive than those which are planned at the time of planting, the seed at hand being used with little or no thought for the appearance of the plants grown or for the later planting? And will not a plan made now, before outdoor work can be attempted, save us labor during the growing season, when the gardener's time is so precious? Surely by taking thought now we can add beauty to utility without detracting from our harvests or adding to our labors.

And if we lay out our garden with thought for attractive grouping and harmonious color schemes, the hours spent in its cultivation will prove doubly pleasant.

ANY GARDEN YOU LIKE

YOUR OWN GARDEN: ANY KIND YOU LIKE

TO encourage the making of gardens, one of the most delightful pleasures of life, we have collected and classified seeds and plants in certain groups with a view to covering the needs of city, suburban and country garden makers. This list of ten gardens includes flowers of the easiest culture to those requiring trained experience in management. In this way readers may make choice of any garden that comes within the scope of their ability to handle. That these gardens may be set off to advantage we include the lawn, without which a home is never seen at its best. Flowers should be planted as borders to the paths and roadways, about the base of the house, or as irregular borders around the outside of the lawn. Only under the rarest circumstances should a lawn be cut up with flower beds.

We are also offering cash prizes for the most successful garden grown from one of these groups. Practical planting directions are here given, but the arrangement is left to the pleasure of the individual gardener. The photographs of gardens must accompany a short description. Reports of sales of vegetables, the quantities of seeds saved for the following year, will all be taken into consideration when the prizes are given. A committee of experienced gardeners will pass upon all work sent in and an account with photographs will be printed in the November issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. Detailed account of this cash offer will be sent on application.

TEN CRAFTSMAN GARDENS. THE BEGINNER'S.

Both annuals and perennials will be found in variety in this collection, that the beginner may gain garden experience. A generous mass of blossoms will give quick reward the first year, and some will return spring after spring to remind the owner of the first experimental days. Perennial plants are to be recommended, for once the roots are established they require comparatively little care except giving winter protection, digging about the roots in spring, and division of tubers for increase. They are the showiest and most satisfactory of all flowers, but are more difficult to grow from seed than annuals.

But every gardener loves the annuals, for they supply all deficiencies with magic

quickness. They make excellent borders for the perennials and fill in spaces left between perennials that have finished blossoming. Hollyhocks do not bloom until July of the second year. Since they are unsightly immediately after this, cosmos should be started to take their place. They attain to an equal height and are selected to blend with the same color scheme. The seeds of hollyhocks taken from middle of the stock, soaked in water until they burst and planted as early as the season will permit, will bloom late in the fall. By this management the blooming time of hollyhocks may be prolonged until the coming of frost.

WILD FLOWER GARDEN.

The wild flower garden collection can be used in several ways. The best of all is a natural planting, that is, an avoidance of rows or formal borders. Larkspur, black-eyed Susan, lupin, delphinium, asters, goldenrod, and the packet of mixed wild flower seeds can be carelessly scattered in the early spring while the ground is soft and rains frequent—out in sunny fields, along the driveway, at the edge of a grove. Phlox, sweet William and evening primrose look at home in fence corners. Wild pinks, mimulus, columbine, campanula, forget-me-not, monk's hood, saxifrage, lobelia, make wonderful additions to the rock garden. Pyrethrum, with its twice a season blooming, its striking pink and deep red blossoms, will grace almost any sunny location.

On each packet individual planting directions will be found. Every one with a garden space of any size should aid in the national movement for the preservation of our native wild flowers by giving them shelter of gardens, gathering the seeds and scattering again. The roadways of New England will once more be a mass of color and beauty as they were in the early days. This collection forms a generous nucleus for a wide circle of beauty, and when planted in ravines, fence corners, roadways, sunny pasture or boggy fields will spread and increase without measure.

VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Plant the lettuce in rows. When well started thin out and transplant the young plants about 18 inches apart. A sowing should be made every three weeks to provide stock, part of the bed covered with brush, tent fashion. This will retard growth of covered part so that the period of white

ANY GARDEN YOU LIKE

and tender heads will be extended. Lettuce and radishes sown in alternate rows can be started in cold frames, thus advancing the season several weeks. Enough seed has been included in this collection to provide salad for the whole season if planted as per directions. But few turnips should be planted for a small family, as they are apt to become wormy and pithy unless grown quickly and not allowed to remain in the ground too long.

For winter use we have added parsnips. They are late bearers and will keep well for the winter. Salsify is easily grown if directions on packet are followed. Boiled, grated finely, rolled in small oblong patties, they make excellent imitations of oysters. Okra must be sown in rows, transplanted about 3 feet apart to give chance to branch out well. Melons and cucumbers must be planted in opposite ends of the garden so that the pollen will not mix. Rocks, brick or a pan placed under the melons while young will not only keep them from getting stained with earth, but enable them to ripen evenly, be more perfect in shape. Frames placed over the early sown melons give protection from possible frost and hasten growth. Squash should be planted with the corn; between every five hills is a good average. We have not included tomatoes, peppers, cauliflower, egg plants, cabbage and celery in this list, for it is better to procure young plants than to attempt to raise them from seed without the aid of a cold frame.

CHILDREN'S GARDEN.

This collection provides the children with enough vegetable and flower seeds to make a practical as well as beautiful garden. It follows the list recommended for school experiments, so that the children may use the knowledge gained at school in their home work. We hope many of the children receiving this collection will try for the cash prize offered for best garden grown from the seeds, but we make no suggestion as to the best way to plant, for we wish each child to exercise its own taste in arrangement. The vegetables can be grown in the center with flowers as border, in alternate squares, in rows, in different parts of the garden or in showy borders. Good reports of sale of vegetables to parents or neighbors and the amount of flower seed saved for future seasons will weigh favorably in the balance for prizes, for we wish to encourage practical gardening.

VINES AND CREEPERS.

All the vines of this collection are rapid growers except the lovely Allegheny vine. This vine puts forth no runners until the second year. The first year it resembles luxuriant clumps of maidenhair ferns, the second year it early begins to climb and very swiftly makes a delicate lacy curtain hung with dainty white bells. It is one of the most beautiful vines grown and comparatively little known. The Japanese hop is excellent for kitchen door screens. *Lineria* with its violet flowers is fine for the rock and wall gardens; so also is the pink and white lathyrus. The free flowering hyacinth bean hung with rich, red-bronze seed pods does well on an arbor or trellis for the garage or stable, for it covers the surface quickly. The balloon vine also has curious decorative seed pods and quickly forms a dense shade. The morning and evening glories with the moonflower provide fairy blooms at all hours of the day and night. *Cobæa scandens* is valued for its rare blue flowers; the canary vine for its odd orchidlike flowers of a clear canary yellow. The ice plant will thrive in sandy soil and the trailing nasturtium is a reliable standby for terrace covering. The gourds will cover an arbor and hang it with decorative fruits, both useful and ornamental.

FRUIT GARDEN.

This stock has been carefully selected and inspected for scale and blight. The raspberries bear their fruit on the cane of previous year's growth. After bearing it dies, new canes springing up each year. Plant where sun can reach. Support on wire and keep top down to 5 or 6 feet in height. Remove dead canes each year. Grapes will give much better result if, after fruit sets, they are enclosed in paper bags that no bugs or fungus can attack. The bunches will then be full and sound. Apple, pear and peach when received must be cut back one-third to encourage low heading. This makes picking easier and there is less liability to damage by heavy gales. Keep some bees if possible, as they are a great help in setting the fruit. A few bird homes near the fruit garden will keep down possible scale and rid the tree of injurious insects.

If old trees are already in your possession and do not bear good fruit take scions from the apple and pear of this collection and graft on old trees as follows: Saw off limbs not over 4 inches in diameter and 2

ANY GARDEN YOU LIKE

to 3 feet from the main bole. Split down 3 or 4 inches across center. Cut scion wedge-shaped on one end, place in cut made so the outside bark and the inner skin exactly meet that of the tree. Cut scions in 5-inch length, graft just as the sap starts flowing. Do not try to graft the whole tree in one year. Do one-half one year and the other half the next. When the scion is placed cover all cuts with grafting wax. A full article on the different methods of grafting, budding of hard and soft woods will follow in an early issue of this magazine.

HERB GARDEN.

Spearmint prefers moist, heavy, black soil. Plant in a frame, 12 inches deep in ground, to prevent spreading too much. It increases by layering. From peppermint and spearmint a good oil is easily distilled. Chives, so desirable for flavoring, should not be allowed to seed. Blossoms should be cut as soon as they appear. It is increased by division. It can be potted for winter use and brought in the house. The thyme and sage should be picked in the fall before frost, dried in the sun and hung in bunches in a dry attic where they cannot mildew. Seeds should be saved for the following season's planting. The lavender stem, leaves and flowers should be dried in the sun and air and used for sweetening linen closets. Oil for perfume can be distilled.

Hyssop should be cut before the frost, dried and stored in the herb closet. Medicinal tea is often brewed from hyssop, as well as from rue and balm. Tarragon, closely allied to dill, is valuable for flavoring vinegar. It needs plenty of sun while growing. Cut while in bloom, tie in bundles, hang in the attic out of the sun. It can stay there until used. Seed should be saved for next season's planting. We suggest that all these herbs should be planted near the kitchen door, so that the housewife may take her flavoring from the fresh plants instead of from inferior goods purchased from the grocer. All do well in any soil which will grow the garden vegetables.

ROSE GARDENS.

On receipt of plants cut the stems back to two, three or four eyes, to equalize root and branch growth. Dip the roots in water and spread them out naturally in a hole deep enough to cover the marks left by the nursery planting. Sprinkle finely sifted

soil over the roots, then fill in, packing firmly by treading. If planted early in the season heap the dirt into a mound about the stock to save from too heavy rains; if planted late leave the soil lower than surrounding ground so as to hold all moisture. The soil should be well sifted, mixed with well rotted manure. Cover the American beauty with straw or rough litter for winter protection, not too deeply, however, else mice will nest and destroy the plant. When blooming, a generous handful of bone meal increases their perfection; for mildew use sulphur.

The rambling roses, often miscalled climbing roses, if left to their natural inclination do not grow upright. The buds are borne stiffly erect, and as they mature gradually tip down, preventing destruction of pollen by rain. When planting select a projecting rock ledge or hillside, plant at top and allow to grow over and down. They will spread in all directions, and you have the combined effect of gray rock, grass and roses. If planted in this manner as trailers instead of climbers, the blooms will last longer, the leaves be less liable to mildew, and there will be very little blind wood. Giving the plant its natural swing it will build a thick screen about its roots and so conserve moisture for dry weather, and provide a snug and safe home for our song birds, as no predatory animal will brave this retreat.

WATER GARDEN.

This collection will be delivered only between May 1 and June 15, because the tubers cannot be supplied in dormant state after June 15 and are not ready before May 1. The pond must be in readiness to receive them the moment shipment is made.

All the plants in this group prefer still water and full sunshine. They are not at their best in pools where a fountain plays or where outlet and inlet is very perceptible. They will thrive in tubs sunk in the ground when a natural or artificial pool is not available. Pools should be graded to a depth from 3 to 4 inches to about 2 to 3 feet. Plant the water lilies in the deepest part of the pool. Soil covering the bottom of pool should be about 1 foot deep of rotted vegetable matter from swamp if possible. If this is impossible to obtain, then mix good leaf mold with well decayed cow manure. Water hyacinths float upon the surface in colonies. Flowers are beautiful lilac rose in color. The water poppy also

ANY GARDEN YOU LIKE

floats upon the surface and bears yellow flowers like the California poppy. Water lotus forms velvety rosettes and light green leaves. Parrot's feather extends long trailing stems, clothed with whorls of fine, lace-like foliage. At the edge of the pond plant the water arum and the wild rice that furnishes food to water fowl in graceful panicles of seed. Marsh marigold will grow also at the edge of ponds. Each pool and tub should have a goldfish or two to keep the water pure. If these plants are grown in a tub the water must be drained off and roots covered with leaves or litter and boarded for winter protection. In spring, litter must be removed, plants given top dressing of bone meal and a little sand over this to keep it from floating away.

OLD-FASHIONED GARDENS.

It is impossible for horticulturists to create more lovable flowers than those old-fashioned ones made dear to us through personal memory or through the romance clustered around first Puritanic efforts to make this new land like the gardens of home. Plant breeders have created marvelously lovely flowers, importers have introduced wonderful new ones, nurserymen have doubled the size of old favorites, trebled the number of petals, increased the brilliancy of colors and given us valued additions to our list of garden frames, yet nothing can displace those old-fashioned ones loved by our grandmothers.

So we have arranged for an old-fashioned corner in our garden plans made up of a generous amount of the old-time favorites that can be propagated from seed. This collection will provide masses of bloom from spring until late fall. Planting directions are on each packet, but no general plan of arrangement is suggested because there is no one way better than all others to plant a garden. Individual taste fortunately differs widely. Yet we have made selection of varieties graded in sizes to give succession of bloom for a planting of a wide blue and yellow border and a pink and red border. Cosmos, a late bloomer, should be planted among the hollyhocks, which finish blooming in July, at the back of the border where they are the tallest. Sweet alyssum and mignonette make good borders, then antirrhinums, dwarf phlox, larkspur, foxglove, cornflowers, love-in-a-mist, nicotiana. The sweet peas should be planted in a row by themselves; poppies also make a

better showing in a bed of their own or scattered thickly in a fence corner or down a sunny slope, among the grass. Nasturtiums, marigolds, gaillardias, make satisfactory borders for paths and driveways. Salpiglossas, one of the showiest of annuals, should be given a conspicuous slope to themselves. From July until frost they put forth a profusion of yellow, crimson and purple funnel shaped flowers. Nicotiana makes an excellent flower for indoor use. Lineas also are fine for cutting, as they last a long time in water and brighten a room with their rich colors.

THE LAWN.

A top dressing of about 2 inches of clay mixed with manure must be used as a surface to receive the seed of a sandy soil. The soil excavated from the cellar that is so often spread upon a lawn to level the surface of ground supplies no valuable plant food, consequently never should be used as filler. A top dressing must be put over it. Under no occasions should soil from excavation of cellar or ponds be spread upon the surface of ground expected to bear lawn or flowers. A strong clay loam or a sandy loam with a clay subsoil is the best possible condition. It can be artificially provided with little expense. No lawn should be exactly level, not only because the grass does not grow so well, but because a slight grade increases the apparent extent of the lawn. This should be carefully considered. A rise of only a few inches, almost unnoticeable to the naked eye, will make a great difference in the health of the lawn and its impressiveness.

If the ground for the lawn be well plowed up in the fall and allowed to remain in the rough condition the soil will have become well aerated and in good condition for final harrowing and seeding. Of course, all stones should be removed and ground raked finely, rolled so that the uneven spots will become apparent. Too much stress cannot be laid upon this first preparation of ground. Good draining for soil is absolutely necessary. Seeds should be sown early in the morning or about sundown, when there is no wind to scatter it unevenly.

Take one-half of the seed to be sown and sow in parallel strips until the whole lawn is covered. Then take the remaining half and sow equally in the other direction. Soil should be rolled immediately after sowing of seed. The first clipping of grass should

INCREASED EFFICIENCY IN OUR GARDEN DEPARTMENT

be done with a scythe instead of a mower because the mower is apt to uproot tender young plants. Future cutting should be performed frequently enough to allow the clippings to remain on the lawn to form a mulch around the plants without being too heavy to bleach them. Cuttings must be made very often in the formation of a lawn. Additional seed should be applied at least every spring to give the lawn a rich, velvety thick growth. Chemical fertilizers are sometimes used to advantage after the grass is well started, but should never be applied at the seeding time. Since there is no humus added to the soil with the application of fertilizer, soil is never improved. It is simply a food stimulant. The best forms are fine ground bone and wood ashes.

INCREASED EFFICIENCY IN OUR GARDEN DEPARTMENT

WE take pleasure in announcing that the Craftsman Outdoor Garden Department is now in charge of Mr. Frederick Hollender, a gardener of wide experience, who understands every phase of practical horticulture and of landscape gardening. He will be glad through correspondence or personal interview to give help to all our readers desiring aid in the laying out of country estates, planning formal or informal gardens, large or small. With a varied knowledge of garden experience back of him he is able to help you with planting, pollenizing, pruning and grafting, in short, give practical help in the outdoor garden department. Instead of poring over seedsmen's catalogues trying to determine how much grass seed is needed to cover a lawn, say 80 by 100 feet, how many rows of corn should be planted to supply a family of five, what flowers to plant that will provide succession of bloom throughout the season, what roses will do best in the north, east, south and west, what vines to plant over sunny or shady arbors, what hardy or flowering shrubs to use about the base of the house, what to plant in a rock garden, how to prepare the water garden, how to treat retaining wall, the north side of the house, how to remedy too clayey soil, write to our Garden Department and Mr. Hollender will give you practical advice.

The first of March will find our Garden Department in readiness to supply every need of the garden, not only the seeds, bulbs, plants, stock, tools and implements, but the

furniture and fittings to make it beautiful. Here you may make selection of bird basins, dogs' drinking basins, sundials, gazing globe, rose arbors, both iron and wood, screens for the kitchen gate and Colonial, rustic, willow, rattan, concrete and terra cotta furniture.

Free lectures will be given on gardening, and exhibit of wonderful photographs by Edwin Hale Lincoln of our New England wild flowers, that people may not only enjoy their decorative beauty, but become acquainted with the names of the flowers that belong to our natural wild New England gardens. Garden and flower books from the best authorities are to be found on our tables, books that cover every phase of the garden subject, including commercial growing, books that identify the birds and tell how to attract them to the garden, how to build homes for them, how to provide nesting sites, etc. In addition to the portable houses to supply the needs of campers we have the outdoor couches covered with individual tents, those suitable for sleeping porches, those that give comfort and are easily packed for transportation.

We will be glad to welcome visitors and give any aid within our power toward the beautifying of city or country home.

“CITY men can make farming pay, and they should heed the call of the soil. In view of the social and economic questions involved, a shift of population from town to country is greatly to be desired.

“For many years the towns have been growing at the expense of the country. People born and bred in the farming districts have been deserting the land, so that in numerous rural communities, and even in whole States, the migration has resulted in a decrease of farm population. Sentiment now appears to be ripe for reversing this situation. Not only are many of our large cities excessively crowded, so that conditions are almost unbearable, but agriculture has become highly attractive, and is strongly appealing to urban residents. The high level of prices for all farm products, improved transportation facilities, and a general increase of the advantages of rural life make farming both pleasant and profitable. At least, the possibilities are there to a greater extent than ever before, and it remains for practical men and women to work out a substantial success.”—From *Wealth from the Soil*, by C. C. Bowsfield.

PLANTING IN RELATION TO COLOR

PLANTING IN RELATION TO COLOR

THE best color furnished by each class of plants for every month in the year is listed here. The color may be supplied by flowers, berries, twigs or foliage.

This chart was prepared for a gentleman

in New England who wished to show graphically the foreign plants and plants out of his range. Therefore, names in italics signify plants not native to New England or common enough to collect there. Names in capitals signify those foreign plants that have run wild in America or proved their ability to multiply indefinitely without care in woodland wild gardens.

MONTH	BROAD-LEAVED EVERGREENS	DECIDUOUS TREES	SHRUBS	VINES	PERENNIALS	BULBS
MARCH	Trailing arbutus	Red maple	Spice bush		RUSSIAN VIOLETS, Hepatica, Bloodroot.	Dog-tooth lily, Scilla, GRAPE HYACINTH, GLORY OF THE SNOW, SNOWDROP.
APRIL	<i>Leucothoë</i>		Piuxter flower, Shadbush, Aromatic sumach, <i>Vasey's azalea</i> .		Bellwort, Wild blue phlox, Shooting star, White violets.	TRUMPET DAFFODILS, CUP DAF-FODILS, JONQUILS.
MAY	Mountain laurel, <i>Catawba rose bay</i> , <i>Mountain fetter bush</i> .	Flowering dogwood, Cockspur thorn, Washington thorn, Mountain ash.	Highbush cranberry, Arrowwood, Mountain azalea, <i>Flame azalea</i> .	WIS-TARTA	American bluebells, Moccasin flower, LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.	POETS' NARCISSUS, ENGLISH BLUEBELLS, SPANISH BLUEBELLS, TRILLIUM, STAR-OF-BETHEHEM.
JUNE	Wintergreen, Partridge berry, Prince's pine.	Locust, Tulip tree, Japanese flowering dogwood.	Sheepberry, Hobblebush, <i>Sweetbriar</i> .	Allegheny vine, Sweet-scented wild grape.	LEMON LILY, WHITE FOXGLOVES, Yellow lady's slipper, Lupines.	Canada lily, American Turk's cap lily.
JULY	Great rose bay, <i>Galaz</i> .	Lily-of-the-valley tree.	Shining sumach, Single hydrangea, Tree azalea.	Trumpet creeper, Wild clematis.	ORANGE DAY LILY, Bugbane, Bee balm, Solomon's seal.	Canada lily, American Turk's cap lily.
AUGUST	Heather, <i>Yucca</i> .			Ground-nut.	Scotch bluebells.	AUTUMN CROCUS.
SEPTEMBER		Flowering dogwood, (autumn colors and berries).	Witch hazel and other autumn colors and berries.	Virginia creeper.	Closed gentian.	
OCTOBER	Bayberry (half-evergreen).	Oaks and other autumn colors.	Autumn colors and berries.	Summer, fox, and frost grape.		
WINTER	American holly, inkberry, FIRETHORN, EVERGREEN BITTER-SWEET.	Washington thorn, Cockspur thorn, Mountain ash, Birch.	Red chokeberry, Yellow willow, Winterberry, Red and silky dogwood.	Bitter-sweet, Partridge berry, Wintergreen.	CHRISTMAS ROSE.	

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GARDENS AND THE UNEMPLOYED

DO not see how the "problem of the unemployed" can continue to exist after the sap begins to run. Lately the newspapers have been full of all the troubles and sorrows of people out of work, and it seems to me that this question of unemployment is largely a metropolitan one. We cannot get opportunities for labor in our cities sufficiently great and varied to meet the immense number of inefficient laborers who complicate city statistics. There never has been and never can be, as I see it, labor enough to meet the demand of unskilled laborers in any seaport town; least of all in a town like New York which holds out such tremendous inducements to workers from foreign countries and to our own rural communities.

All our societies and personal efforts and public charities to adjust the problem of the unemployed are born of a more or less unthinking impulse,—an effort to accomplish an impossible philanthropy. We may be able to help support the unemployed in cities, but at no time can we find sufficient work for them there. To me the solution is, and always has been, the Garden and the Farm. Once the frost is out of the ground there is labor enough in our orchards and vineyards and fields for every unemployed worker in our entire land. It is an extraordinary fact that the farmer has as much difficulty to get the laborer into the country as the laborer has to find work in the city, and if all the societies would form themselves into a bridge to connect the metropolitan poor with farmers' employment bureaus in rural districts we should have a flourishing condition in the country and a less harrowing one in our cities.

In spite of the fact that Shakespeare believed that "there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners," most of the newcomers to American soil seem to prefer the peanut stand to the plow, and this phase of the question has to be coped with. Most of the new-born "Americans" imagine that their chance of progress lies in the city, and they seem willing to sacrifice health, happiness and family life for a quick return from the little cart on the side street. What we really need in our cities is, in place of charity organizations, an educational campaign directed toward the immigrant, not only when he first arrives in this country, but as

his children are growing up and as his boys are coming out of our public schools unprepared for practical existence. In addition to teaching the people the advantages of the country, we should plan actually to help those who are not needed in cities out to the land; we should make this effort so widespread, so intelligent, so practical, that America would become one great garden, supplying all her own needs, and those of foreign countries as well, with no more effort than is made today to cope with deadly city conditions and depleted farmsteads.

Of course something is already being done along these lines. Towns and cities have cooperated with the State in forestry, in park making, in road construction, all of which means employing labor. The State and the Federal effort to preserve our water supplies and natural landscape beauties, to develop college and experiment stations, the splendid work of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, all mean an understanding and a widespread effort to improve rural conditions by preventing the devastation of our natural wealth and beauty.

But not to any great extent as yet, has the surplus population of our cities been forced out into wholesome, sane, practical and profitable country life. Our city schools have made occasional efforts to interest children in gardening; here and there a city has casually organized a society for window-box and vine-planting and for garden-making in the poor quarters; but these sporadic efforts rather tend to make life more endurable for the poor in the city than to get them away from degrading metropolitan conditions. And the whole matter as it stands today is absolutely uneconomic. A supply of labor far beyond the demand is allowed to remain in cities and city suburbs, the result being that the price of labor is forced down, the price of food forced up; children sent into the factories, boys into the criminal courts and girls into the sweatshops.

Garden-making, from my point of view, can change all this. Indeed it seems to me that the redemption of the world, the social and economic world, can only be achieved through gardening. It has been shown by statistics that if the one-half million children who now work in factories were allowed to cultivate gardens they could produce (with very much less effort) an annual income of more than two hundred million dollars, earning more in a summer than they at present can during the entire year;

GARDENS AND THE UNEMPLOYED

thus reserving their winter months for adequate study and progress, leaving factory work for grown men and women; and gaining not only their living through their gardens, but health and that sure mental and spiritual development which labor with nature rightly wrought is bound to produce. This would release all our children from the factories and solve three economic problems, indeed a fourth—the health of the child, the high cost of living, the value of the factory product better-made, and in addition an increase in our farming output sufficient literally to change conditions throughout America. If in addition to reclaiming for the garden the factory children, whose bodies and souls are being stunted today, we should add a working force of all the unemployed of our cities and villages, we should have a standing army of farmers great enough to convert America into one blooming garden, to increase our export trade beyond easy calculation, to increase the health and happiness of the people, the strength and beauty of the nation.

If the miracle which the garden could work were fully comprehended, if it were taken in the right spirit, it would not only furnish occupation without sentimentality, but it would lessen throughout the world that thing most subversive of morality—idleness. The unemployed are likely sooner or later to accept idleness as a necessity. The two most disintegrating evils in modern civic conditions are idleness and charity, for idleness forces charity from the sentimental and charity produces idleness in the ignorant. Dionysius, the elder, must have realized this when he replied, to one who asked him whether he were at leisure, "God forbid that it should ever befall me." There can be no development in civic progress where any number of the citizens are idle; whether the idle are rich or poor, makes no difference. Always when the body and mind and soul are unemployed the nation suffers.

We must see work in its true light, we must see "that honest labor bears a lovely face," if we are to meet our problems in America by the development of gardens in America. If we are to reduce complexities and anxieties of civilization to order and beauty it must be through something as simple and natural as garden making. "Come forth into the light of things, let Nature be your teacher," wrote Wordsworth, and we

shall find after all our mistakes and our wanderings that as a nation it is to the universal mother we must go if we are to find a wise and sane fulfilment of our democratic aspirations.

Here in America it was through our original great need of organization, of capital, or machine-made commodities that forced upon us a world of cities, of machines, of books, of *things*; and this has become so powerful (in answer to our great need) that we are almost in the position of being managed by the terrific forces that we have created.

But alas, when we turn to this dynamic storehouse of food necessities, of shelter, of mechanical energy, and ask it for beauty of mind, for spiritual wisdom, for strength of body, for inspiration that our poets and artists may live, we are astonished and wounded to find that it gives us no response, that it stands above us and about us, immeasurable, implacable, immovable. It is only when we turn away from this man-made world and move back into our gardens, when we get up with the sun in the morning, and till the soil, when we watch the seeds develop, the stalks springing up, blossoms opening, that we find again real loveliness, real solace for our spirits, and "thoughts that often lie too deep for tears."

All over America today there is an enormously increased demand for the product of the ground; Nature is in need of laborers as never before. We ourselves are complaining of the cost of living, we need more fruit, more garden truck, an enormously increased wheat production, we need the quick raising of poultry, live stock that will give us speedy returns. There has never been a time in America's history when such enormous and profitable opportunities have been offered to the gardener and the farmer. If we could turn the tide of all our surplus city population toward our rural districts, labor would be found for every man, woman and child, profitable labor, and in addition to that, a better way of living,—health for the children, good schools and the use of humanity for the actual betterment of the whole world. And yet we hesitate and we form societies and organizations to support the people out of work, instead of forming societies and organizations to teach them where work lies, to help them to get to it, to train them to understand and believe in it.

It is our own fault if our cities are over-

GARDENS AND THE UNEMPLOYED

populated with the poor and the weak. We do not tell them the truth, we do not make them understand what the Garden holds for them. We are forever talking of our factories, we take our beautiful young life and thrust it into our sweatshops, we destroy by these very sweatshops and by our charity bureaus what we should develop for the nation's wealth. And when I say the nation's wealth, I mean the mental and spiritual wealth of America, as well as the increase of her gold. We need schools and societies and lectures to remind the people of every city in the Union that America is essentially an agricultural land, that we should be a people of the vastest agricultural interest in the world and that our foremost citizens should be our gardeners, our shepherds, our laborers in the vineyard.

We cannot expect our poor, our sick, our unfit, our hungry in the city to get together and say how fine a thing it would be to live in the country, to train their children to be contented farmers,—this is quite beyond them; we have only to realize how far it is beyond ourselves even as thinking people. It is our business today if we know how to think, to go among these people with the message, to find out just what openings there are throughout the country, just what can be done with the city's hungry surplus, to form a connection between them and the new rural life and to see to it that not only it is made possible for them to become a part of this life, but to help them see the truth so that they want to get there, and that after they reach the promised land, it shall in truth make good to them.

It would be impossible to imagine anything more horrible than that we should awaken in the poor and needy a love of the country, that we should tell them the realities of what it holds for them and then in some dreadful way gather them up and take them away to Nature's heart only to exploit them for man's gain. This has been done many times to the poor who come to us from other lands full of hope and courage. We have exploited them in our mines, in our railroads, in our sweatshops; but let us make good to them in our Gardens; let Nature recompense them and reward them for coming to us; let Nature feed them when our cities fail, let our Gardens grow to be not only the hope of the poor, but the hope of the nation.

At the very start we could begin this work, in fact it has already been begun, by

finding vacant city lots, roofs and backyards in which the city poor may work. This can be done with profit to the city, with wages for the poor; and if such work is properly supervised, the first lesson in gardening to men, women and children can be given in the environment of the city in which they have been starving. Already this has been proved practicable, and if the mayor of every town, the civic improvement societies, the schools, the employment bureaus, the owners of vacant land, the public spirited, young and old, would join hands in a Universal Garden Movement, nothing could stay the success of the work. The bread line would become an ugly tradition and charity organizations a forgotten blight on our civilization. It is not necessary to speak of what would be accomplished in the way of actual health and strength and contentment. Every child belongs in a garden and every woman who is doing her own housework has a right to look through the window of her kitchen out into her garden, and every man who cares for his wife and his children should eventually become a landowner with his house resting on the soil which he has won by his own activity. We have come a long way from such a condition as this, but the final prosperity of the country demands a return to it, or possibly, an *advance* to it, for we do not wish to see again the old, sordid, sad New England farming days in which the people and the soil seemed struggling one against the other. We want the new garden spirit, where the people cultivate what the world needs and the world in return gives abundantly to the source of its comfort and profit.

“MY garden, with its silence and the pulses of fragrance that come and go on the airy undulations, affects me like sweet music. Care stops at the gates, and gazes at me wistfully through the bars. Among my flowers and trees Nature takes me into her own hands, and I breathe freely as the first man. It is curious, pathetic almost, I sometimes think, how deeply seated in the human heart is the liking for gardens and gardening. The sickly seamstress in the narrow city lane tends her box of sicklier mignonette. . . . The author finds a garden the best place to think out his thought. In the disabled statesman every restless throb of regret or ambition is stilled when he looks upon his blossomed apple-trees.”

ALEXANDER SMITH.

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