

THE CRAFTSMAN

"The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne"



THE NEW CIVILIZATION: OR AMERICA
AT THE FORGE: BY MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

SPRING AND THE ONE ELM TREE:
BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

CHEERING UP THE COUNTRY: BY WALTER A. DYER.

WE ARE LOOKING TO OUR COUNTRY FOLK TO DEVELOP
NATIONAL MUSIC AND DRAMA BY ARTHUR FARWELL

THE CRAFTSMAN

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A KANSAS MOTHER AND THE BOYS' LIBRARY

UP IN THE TREES:
AN INTERIOR VIEW
OF THE NEST: A
WONDERFUL GREEN
NURSERY FOR WARM
SUMMER DAYS
WITH BIRDS FOR
PLAYMATES.



High in the sweet security of his tree-top-home, "Punkin" and woolly lamb care naught for the greed and struggles, the sorrow and pain of that big city across the way. But some day among the days that are to be, his soul reflecting the health of his body, "Punkin" will perhaps walk among the generations of men

and take his message of light and joy, learned and nurtured in his playhouse in the tree-tops.

A PRAIRIE SOD HOUSE AND THE KANSAS TRAVELING LIBRARY: BY JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB

TWO men were motoring across Western Kansas on a section road that barely scratched the prairie—the prairie that met the horizon on every side without let or hindrance. For hours they had been the center of this horizon circle. The brilliant sunlight, pouring now straight down, was wearying in its intensity. The only wind was made by the purring car.

"I believe that's it now."

"Where?"

The driver pointed to a dot on the horizon straight ahead.

"And what might you call yon speck?"

"I think it's a sod house. They're scarce these days."

"A sod house?"

"Yes. Very good houses, too. But their day is done."

"In Scotland," remarked the other man musingly, "a wide stretch of country would be having its bits of houses here and yon. And living in them, men and women with keen minds and wide interests. And in every clud o' tow-headed bairns, one at least set apart for the college. You'll not be having the like of that on these lands!"

John Blunt shrugged his shoulders. "We've raised men on these Kansas prairies, short a time as we've been at it, men that we've no call to be ashamed of."

"Aye, but look at the Scotch breed from houses no bigger than yon"—the sod house could be plainly seen—"the Moffats, the Livingstones, the Mackays and all their ilk—braw men! Here it's all culture of the soil—not of the mind. All money, money—with a dearth o' thoughts."

"We'll stop here, anyway," said Blunt. "You'll like to see a sod house."

As the machine slowed up, three little fellows in blue overalls ran around the corner of the house.

"They're tow-headed enough!" laughed Blunt.

"Oo, aye: it minds me o' Scotland—the wee hoosie!"

Bits of grass and even flowers had struggled through in spots on the sod roof. The sod walls were straight, solid and substantial. The windows shone and the general cared-for appearance made a good introduction for the young woman who smilingly opened the door.

Her blue cotton gown was clean and fresh; her blue check apron gave a homely, capable air; her round arms, bare to the elbow, wore the same ruddy tan as her face and neck, and her cheerful smile glowed a welcome

"Come in, do!" she urged. "We're just

A KANSAS MOTHER AND THE BOYS' LIBRARY

about to eat dinner, the children and I. Mr. Holt's gone to town. We'll be glad of company, won't we, Honey-Ducks?" She smiled down at the three beaming youngsters snuggling around her.

"We're glad to stop," said Blunt. "Mr. MacDonald, here, has been thinking about Scotland all the morning and I want him to see a real Kansas sod house."

"We all love our sod house," she replied heartily. "I suppose something else must come in time; but I'm in no hurry."

They had been standing in the door long enough for the men to readjust their eyes from the outside glare, and as they entered Alec MacDonald drew a breath of surprised pleasure.

The room was large and low. On the wide window sills of the three groups of windows stood as many brightly flowering plants. The short, white curtains fluttered slightly in the faint breeze. One end of the room was serving as kitchen and dining room. The table, already set, a ray of sunlight brightening the blue-and-white dishes, stood near the stove on which various cooking utensils simmered with appetizing fragrance.

"That's a braw smell," sniffed MacDonald. "It is that!"

"There's plenty for everybody," smiled their hostess. "Joey, bring a good cool drink of water to the gentlemen, the sun's hot."

"It is that!" agreed MacDonald, his fascinated eyes wandering around the walls.

Blunt smiled understandingly at the woman of the house.

Across the room two doors, partly open, gave glimpses of two shiningly neat bedrooms. At the other end was a big fireplace its vacancy holding a tumble weed as large as a bushel—an item that might have attracted the Scotchman had his eyes not been riveted on something over the mantelshelf. Then they were drawn to something else, and then to another object, until in a subdued voice he turned to Mrs. Holt, who was busy about the stove.

"And where, might I be askin', got ye the pictures? Our own Landseer—and as fine a carbon, I'm thinkin', as ever I saw of his 'Blacksmith'—and 'Dignity and Impudence!' Was I no looking at that in the National Gallery a year ago this month? And 'The Challenge!'"

He waited for no answer, but walked

toward that end of the room, commenting with increasing astonishment as he went. "Titian's 'Man with a Glove' and the 'Madonna of the Chair,' and Turner's 'Téméraire'—I'm no admirin' *him*!—and Josef Israel's 'Alone'—losh, that's a sad thought! And Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy,' and Reynolds' 'Lady Mary'—from the pentin' itsel' and not from the engraving—and Georgione's 'Concert,' and a wheen mair I dinna ken mysel'. Aweel, aweel!"

Blunt laughed aloud, unheard, and the mother said softly to the children, "Mr. MacDonald likes our pictures, too, doesn't he, buddies! You'll have to ask him to tell you about some of them."

Mr. MacDonald's eyes had lowered to a bookcase. It held just fifty books, but he did not know that. He began reading the titles with enthusiasm. "Uganda's 'White Man of All Work'—a gran' book for the laddies. And have you naught about Livingstone? And 'Ivanhoe' and 'Lady of the Lake' and a life of Scott! Burns, and a life of Burns—grand readin'! And 'A Window in Thrums' and 'Bonnie Brier Bush' and 'Margaret Ogilvie'—a wunner of a book! And 'Little Minister'—poor trash, I'm thinkin', poor trash! And a wheen o' Dickens—he did as well as he could—he might hae been waur—and Stevenson! The Scotch could people the world and write all the books. We'd never miss the rest, harrin' ane or twa wha sud hae been born in Scotland. Ah—'The Promised Land'—a book I've long been wantin' to read mysel'."

The littlest boy was pulling him by the hand. "Dinner's ready—dinner's ready," he was insisting.

Mr. MacDonald roused himself. "I've been makin' a gran' fool of mysel', I'm thinkin'," he said apologetically as he took his place at the table, "but your pictures are so good, and your books—I'd like to stay this afternoon and have a good read!"

"None of *that*," laughed Blunt; "we must go on."

"Those pictures and books are not ours, Mr. MacDonald," began Mrs. Holt. "They belong to the State of Kansas."

"To the *State*?"

"Kansas has a Traveling Library and a Traveling Art Gallery."

"What is it you're tellin' me?"

"We can get the use of fifty books for several months for two dollars—where there are ten or more people to use them."

CAMPING WITH COMFORT

I am the librarian because our place is the most central."

"Central!"

"Yes, there are two houses in sight out there—on the edge of things—and three others. We make out a general list, and this is filled out for us at the Traveling Library headquarters in the State House at Topeka. When each new library comes we have the greatest jubilation! You have to live this way to *love* books!"

"And the pictures?"

"They are sent out in the same way. They are not so easy to carry back and forth as the books, so most of them stay right here; but we all enjoy studying about them."

"Woman, it's grand!" cried Alec MacDonald enthusiastically.

"Yes," she laughed, "I think Kansas will prove before long that there is a way to raise artists and writers along with wheat and corn and alfalfa. These libraries make life wonderfully rich for many a Kansas prairie home."

"Losh, I'm fair amazed!"

"Turn healthy little people out on these prairies of ours, so full of light and color and fragrance—and—and—the sound of silence—and give them interpreters in pictures and books like these—well, I don't ask anything better for my boys. It's chance enough."

"I'll be seeing what it means to the bairnies," said Alec MacDonald persuasively to Joey; "bring me a book of Sir Walter Scott's." Quick as a flash the youngster scudded across the room and brought back "Ivanhoe" and "The Lady of the Lake."

"You haven't read these, I'm thinkin'?"

"Mother read us 'The Lady of the Lake,' but I read 'Ivanhoe' myself," was the eager reply.

"Name me a braw Scot who did great deeds in Africa?"

"Alexander Mackay!" shouted all three of the boys.

"Losh—weel done a'! Have you no books about the United States?"

"Parkman's 'Oregon Trail'!" was Joey's quick reply. "I read it myself."

"And the pictures, now—which might you be likin' the best?"

"Landseer's 'Blacksmith'!"

"And why now?"

"Oh—somethin' doin'."

"A canny callant! How about the Madonna?"

But Joey showed no enthusiasm. "She isn't half so sweet as our mother holding Davie!"

"Oh, Joey!" exclaimed his mother.

"Well—it's so, anyway," he said stoutly.

The Scotchman was laughing. "You've done weel. I'll no examine you further. Blunt will be hailin' me oot by the scruff o' me neck."

As the car started the men looked back at the smiling mother in her gown of blue, with her three little overall boys beside her, in the low sunny doorway of the sod house. The Scotchman gave a deep sigh of content. "I've widened my horizon, Blunt, man," he said; "*widened* it."

CAMPING WITH COMFORT

WE who work in cities, who find steady growth and continuous joy in our city living, need to get into the country as often as possible for the complete rejuvenation of those mental and physical powers without which our work is of little worth. Our imaginations and courage would smother under the continuous nervous strain of city living unless contact was made occasionally with the magnetic currents of energy stored in the rush of winds, the sweep of hill slopes, fragrance of growing things, sparkle and snap of clear waters. Life would narrow to a dwarfing rut, harden to the breaking point, shrink to a miserable effigy of its large possibilities if we did not look up occasionally from the details of our particular life to the great universal work going on in mountain, sea and sky. Every time we look with reverent wonder at these untrammelled great forces, we unloose a strand of the cord that binds us down like slaves to the particular existence we center in.

A walk in the woods is not a waste of good money-making time. When a man throws himself down under the shade of a noble tree and yields himself to reverie, the solution of some of his business worries comes to him. Definite thought is born of reverie, new ideas spring into life when the mind, unruly from utter weariness, is allowed to relax, to run down and get a fresh start. Mental activity always follows a deliberate passivity. Men do not go to a river's bank merely to sit for a day with rod in hand just to catch a rainbow-hued