

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

WHEN Frank Swinnerton was lecturing in New Haven last autumn, he had a good deal to say about Compton Mackenzie. Mr. Swinnerton's lecture pleased me, for it was exactly the kind of discourse I find most profitable. Instead of reading a critical essay on modern fiction, he had the courage to talk intimately about the personal peculiarities of his friends Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, and Compton Mackenzie, thus giving his audience information that only he could give and which, for obvious reasons, could not be found on any printed page. Mr. Mackenzie, who, in addition to being an original and brilliant novelist, is an authority on chorus girls and the Catholic movement in the Church of England, has lately conceived such a passion for the music of the needle that he has founded a monthly magazine, called *The Gramophone*. Not long after Mr. Swinnerton's lecture, I received by the telepathic route a message from a stranger to me, Mr. Frederic H. Powell, of Washington. He enclosed a copy of *The Gramophone* for December, with an interesting letter, from which I quote:

If you are not, yourself, interested in canned music I am sure you know some one who is, and who in turn might pass the discovery along, which I have made, *i. e.*, the superior, or at least more modern, quality of music recorded in England. I might add that the Victor, Columbia, and Aeolian companies will fill orders from their English catalogues. The 14 double disc recording of "Die Meistersinger," making it practically complete, is a tribute either to the musical appreciation or the silent heroism of the English according to one's point of view.

I myself became a convert to the gramophone by an accident. I managed in some unknown manner to acquire a severe case of pinkeye, so severe that the physician would not let me go out in the cold air, or read, or smoke. I therefore bought a machine, and spent hours listening to Beethoven, Wagner, and

other composers interpreted by symphony orchestras, as well as to opera excerpts and songs sung by Caruso, Chaliapin, and other artists. There must be an immense number of people who are forced to stay indoors for more or less protracted periods. If they cannot play any musical instrument, the gramophone is a pastime and an education—and education and happiness mean about the same thing.

There is an enormous difference of opinion about the value of mechanical music. It is never so good as the individual performer. I had always rather hear a great singer or a great pianist than hear their whirling records. But when man's presence is impossible, the disc is a good substitute; though piano records are the least satisfactory. I have never heard a piano reproduction that did not sound tinnily. The late Professor Horatio Parker, whose standards in music, as in everything else, were both lofty and uncompromising, had an absolute contempt for all substitutions. A colleague on the faculty once had the temerity to ask Parker's advice in buying a player-piano; and Parker replied in withering tones: "Why don't you consult a mechanic?"

Gramophones, like motion-pictures, books, sport, Paris, and other objects, can be a means of elevation or the contrary. The majority of motion-pictures are probably vulgar, silly, and debasing; and the motion-picture habit is more destructive to the mind than a drug; yet there are some pictures which no one ought to miss. The purpose of Mr. Mackenzie's magazine is to emphasize the educational, joy-giving possibilities of the best records. He takes pains to point out that the periodical has been subsidized by no one except himself; that it is not an organ of any manufacturer; that the editorial staff has not the slightest relation to the advertisement staff. "We are not a paper for the Trade; we are a paper for the Public; and I have myself been a ser-

vant of the public too long not to be aware by now of my responsibilities."

He and his contributors are therefore free to recommend any records that they have tried and found satisfactory; and in every number there are admirable suggestions. The fact that the whole opera of "Die Meistersinger" is now available is of first-rate importance. I am certainly going to buy it. There is a good deal about music as well as about machines in this magazine. Mr. Mackenzie says that Percy Scholes's new book, "The Listener's History of Music" (which I have just ordered), "will lend a new interest to many of your records, and teach you, as it has taught me, more about music than any book I have read for some time."

One of the most interesting articles is contributed by F. Foster Williams, and is called "Records and Music in Germany." Mr. Williams is an Englishman who fought in the war, and this article describes his recent peaceful invasion of Germany, whither he went in search of new records; he returned with a huge number, and the way he eluded the Belgian customs is particularly amusing. He speaks in the highest terms of two great German singers, now members of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, Paul Bender and Michel Bohnen, and recommends some of their records.

It is interesting to observe that two English novelists, Compton Mackenzie and Archibald Marshall, have collaborated on a book, "Gramophone Nights," which contains thirty-one programmes, selected and arranged "one for each night of the month, with introductions, explanations, and descriptions."

Mr. Bok's peace prize has been awarded, and there is, as there was bound to be, much disappointment; for there were many who seem to have expected some ready and easy solution of the greatest problem in the world. Nevertheless, the offering of the prize was itself a valuable contribution to the cause, for which all lovers of civilization should be grateful. Only good can come from constant discussion; for the more war is discussed, the more absurd it will appear. The campaign of education will be greatly assisted by a huge referendum; and if an

enormous majority should declare themselves to be in favor of some practical plan of peace, the pressure on Congressional and Presidential opinion ought to be productive. The real difficulty is of course, in the human heart; until that time comes when the majority of people will actually be willing to make one one-hundredth of the sacrifices for peace that they joyfully make for war, all peace plans will have a flavor of impracticability. Even now, it is unfortunately true that the man who invents some new destructive weapon seems to the average citizen more *practical* than the man who proposes some scheme for world-peace.

There is much talk of outlawing war; of declaring war to be a crime and those who promote it to be criminals. But alas! the moment war breaks out, no matter for what reason—and there was no reason for the World War—those who then oppose it seem to the vast majority of their fellow citizens to be worse criminals than robbers and murderers. Fighting is a natural instinct, which, like all natural instincts, must be controlled by reason, morality, and religion. When nations adopt the code that now prevails among enlightened individuals, war will cease. In my judgment, the only way to stop war is to believe in Christianity. The Founder of Christianity has given us all the knowledge that is necessary on this as on every other moral problem; he was the wisest and most practical teacher that the world has ever known.

A valuable book has recently been written by Philip Kerr and Lionel Curtis, called "The Prevention of War." A long review of it in the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* ends with this astounding paragraph:

But if the other nations will not willingly accept the Anglo-Saxon gospel, then indeed we have left for us as the sole resource the last tremendous conception—one which we feel convinced is far from the conscious thought of our authors—that the time will come when the English-speaking race, tired and wearied of the follies of the rest of the world, will join together to impose their will upon it and by sheer force create a unity which will give to them the opportunity of teaching the lessons of freedom.

For sheer national conceit, for an exhibition of the religion of nationalism which has done more to cause modern

wars than any other impulse, for self-righteous Pharisaical complacency, I do not know anything that can surpass this pronouncement. Are we then spotless, and all the rest of the world living in sin? Is war a monopoly of Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians? How about the Mexican War, which, in the opinion of General Grant, brought down upon our country the tragedy of the Civil War? How about the Boer War, which was assuredly one of the causes of the World War? I believe with all my heart in the union of English-speaking people, but we should first repent of our sins before presuming to instruct others.

It is just such paragraphs as I have quoted that inflame the resentment of other nations. I did not know whether to laugh or to swear when I read in Lloyd George's recent volume that standing armies must everywhere be abolished, because they are a menace, an incentive to war; but that navies should not be abolished, because they are purely defensive.

I do not agree with the common saying that the next war will destroy the world; this old world has lived through so many appalling catastrophes that I think it will go on existing after the next big war. The Thirty Years War set Germany back two centuries; but she became rather formidable again by the year 1914. Still, it will be such a disaster that what we call civilization will not deserve to survive, whether it does or not. If the black or yellow or brown race secures the control of the world, it will be because the white race has demonstrated its incapacity. It is internal strife, and not the foreign foe, that conquers any country or any organization. When William was making his plans to invade England, Harold was engaged in a fight to a finish with his own brother. In a world full of sin, scepticism, and downright unbelief, we find the Christian Church in the twentieth century engaged in an incredibly silly civil war between parties that call themselves Modernists and Fundamentalists.

Although the Bok prize plan has many merits, and was selected by a competent jury as the best out of a vast number, and was won by a man who commands universal respect, Charles H. Levermore, it has

been greeted by some "practical" men with ridicule. It is well, therefore, to remember that even the silliest plan to promote peace is not nearly so silly as war. A competition among idiots in a lunatic asylum could not produce a scheme more absurd than the one which has been generally adopted by statesmen.

As a candidate for the Ignoble Prize, I suggest all pictures of Still Life. You know what I mean, for it is, for some unknown reason, a common mural decoration, especially in dining-rooms. There is a table, usually covered with a checked table-cloth. On this stands a large basket of fruit: oranges, peaches, bananas, apples, and grapes. This basket is usually overset; so that out of it come tumbling apples, peaches, oranges, bananas, and grapes. This is thought to be Art; it is in reality so stupid and tiresome that how people can endure looking at it three times a day and every day in the year is an unanswerable question. There is only one thing worse in a dining-room than pictures of fruit, and that is pictures of huge dead fish, with their horrible mouths agape. *De gustibus non disputandum*. Some people love to have large fish served on the platter with the head conspicuously there; I have seen game-birds and chickens brought on in that fashion, which makes the taste of Salome more intelligible.

The Ignoble Prize continues to draw many candidates. I have just received a letter from Mr. Gordon Paul Grainger, a Harvard graduate, who suggests Rodin's Thinker, "because, like Rodin, he is a faker. Only a Rodin would ask you to believe that such an individual could think. Rachmaninoff's Prelude, because in the scale of gloom it represents absolute zero. It should be adopted as the official anthem of the Despair School now so rampant." I can easily understand these suggestions, but I was bowled over by the following sentence in the same letter: "'The Canterbury Tales,' because there is not a single poetic epithet or simile in the entire poem." And this proposal comes from Harvard—the home of Child and Kittredge! My own belief accords with that of Walter Savage Landor, who said that Shakespeare, Chaucer, and

Browning were the greatest of the English poets as interpreters of human nature.

The death of Basil Gildersleeve removes one of the best classical scholars. His appointment at the new university of Johns Hopkins was an illustration of the foresight, insight, and judgment of Daniel Coit Gilman. Gildersleeve had in a high degree the three qualities that, taken together, make the ideal college professor. He was a profound scholar; he was an inspiring teacher; he was a striking personality. He was a poet and a humorist; his influence was as wide as the world. It has always seemed strange to me that any man could devote his life to the study of Homer, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Plato and yet be dull. There are, however, many melancholy examples. How do they, living in daily contact with such poetry, drama, wisdom, humor, philosophy, with such immortal representatives of all that is most human in humanity, contrive to be themselves either inhuman or dehumanized? Of the enormous number of undergraduates exposed to scholarship, only a small proportion catch it; but this fact is not nearly so astonishing as the fact that teachers of classical literature, who are exposed every day to the finest illustrations of men and women, should themselves remain as juiceless as a Saratoga potato.

I suppose the answer is to be found in the tragic capacity of nearly all persons to live two lives that never harmonize—the ideal and the ordinary. Many a clergyman who is really inspired in the pulpit and when reading the Bible in his study, shows in daily life petty vices of meanness and jealousy and conceit; how astonishing that one who lives in the spirit should be so picayune! Many a business man who is kind, considerate, even jovial outside of business hours, wears a hard mask and is merciless when dealing with any “business proposition.” I shall never forget an occasion when I entered the office of a bank president who was a friend of mine, and we talked for some minutes in the easiest, most agreeable manner. Then, although I wanted no favors, I merely happened to make some allusion to business. Instantly his face hardened, his lips came tightly together,

and there was a gleam in his eye like a sword. He was exactly like a duellist suddenly challenged. I said to myself, “Thank God, I am not in the power of this man!” There were two men before me, the unofficial good fellow and the official man in armor. So, I suppose, there have been many professors of Greek, who, alone with their great authors, are full of inspiration and elevated by beauty; while in the routine of the classroom, and in their daily dealings with men and women, betray no sign of possessing a human heart. I hate a professional manner. I see no reason why so many individuals should put on an expression as a soldier dons a uniform. I do not see why persons should not be natural at all times and under all circumstances.

There must be many professional teachers and preachers who would love to be good fellows, would give everything in the world to be natural, only they don’t know how. Dickens said that a common mistake in judgment was the confounding of shyness with arrogance.

However this may be, Gildersleeve was always and everywhere as human as Euripides. The most exacting scholarship never quenched his humor and his sympathy. One of the chief inspirations in the life of Walter H. Page was this classical teacher; and Page was only one out of so many!

I hope that somebody at Gildersleeve’s obsequies read Browning’s “Grammari-an’s Funeral.”

The death of Maurice Francis Egan, poet, critic, diplomatist, American gentleman, was a distinct loss to our age. He was a man of the world and a man of God. Religion in him illumined his whole life; if, as Samuel Butler the novelist said, “the chief duty of a Christian is to be happy,” Egan did his duty thoroughly. I am glad that he published in his old age his “Confessions of a Booklover,” and no one enjoyed more than he the typographical error of his lecture announcement in Virginia, which made the book read, “Confessions of a Bootlegger.” He loved books and he loved people. He was a perfect dinner companion. He was American Minister to Denmark when the University of Christiania celebrated its

centenary, in 1911; and I am quite sure that many delegates remember how much he did to make his colleagues enjoy that memorable week. That was the most charming academic festivity I ever fared forth to see—what fun we had! Minister Egan, Provost Smith of Pennsylvania, Dean Carpenter of Columbia, and I were all in the hotel immortalized by Ibsen—I shall not forget Egan's comic despair at the sight of his bill, which, because of the dignity of his office, was longer than his arm. There too I met those splendid British scholars, W. P. Ker and C. H. Herford, both of whom filled me with envy by their knowledge of Norwegian. I grew even more yellow when Ker was called upon to speak, and addressed the polyglot assembly in "marble's language, Latin, pure, discreet." That was also the only occasion when I shook hands with a king and queen, and I bethought me of the Scriptural phrase, so happily quoted by Franklin: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings."

Among the new books, there is one in French which should not be overlooked or unbought by any one interested in modern drama. This is "Henry Becque, sa Vie et son Théâtre," by Eric Dawson, formerly professor of French literature at the University of Mississippi. It is a volume of about 250 pages, with a valuable bibliography, and contains the best account of the life and career of the founder of the modern school of French realism. "Les Corbeaux" is one of the most powerful and one of the most germinal plays in the French language. It leaves an indelible impression, and unlike most plays of its time (1882) seems to-day not old-fashioned or obsolete. Its author had a bitter and tragic life, and, although he "fished the murex up," he was forced to dine on porridge, whereas the modern Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes, and Nokes have terrapin and claret. Had the later French dramatists followed Becque in sincerity and truth, they might to-day command the intellectual respect of the world. As it is, they are clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, while French drama is bankrupt. Professor Dawson has written an admirable book, one that ought to increase the num-

ber of Becque's readers. Henry Becque was strangely neglected by the public. I remember when I was in Paris in 1903, Antoine making a public protest. He said that Becque's grave had fallen into decay with the body it contained. His protest accomplished something; for, a few years later, a monument was erected to Becque in the city of Paris; his tomb was restored; and now his fame grows brighter every year. Becque found the persons in his plays more real than the people on the street, and he made them so. He lived with them. Just as Barrie, while writing his dialogue, grimaces and attitudinizes as his speakers are supposed to do, so Becque wrote his plays in front of a mirror, where he tried out every gesture. I do not know why such a ridiculous colloca-tion of words should occur to me, but I shall never get rid of them unless I write them down, so here they are. Remembering that La Fontaine wrote fables and that Becque wrote "Les Corbeaux," I cannot get this absurdity out of my head:

"Maître Corbeau, sur un arbre perché,
Tenait en son Becque un fromage."

In the summer of 1913 I made a pilgrimage to Château-Thierry purely to do homage to La Fontaine, little knowing what the immediate future held in store for that town.

The latest travesty on the Bible is described in the *Reformed Church Messenger*. It is a book by a woman of good intentions, called "Bible Stories in Rhyme." The reviewer quotes a columnist, who adds the volume to the Worldsworst literature:

"Why can't bunglers leave the Bible alone? And why must innocent children be treated as idiots?" and adds:

This, of course, is strong language; but if you doubt that there is provocation for it, take a look at this stanza:

"Lot's wife was changed to a pillar of salt;
She disobeyed God, so it was her own fault.
She turned back, her old wicked city to view
While fleeing from Sodom, how sad, but how true."

Or this:

"Shadrach, Meschach and Abednego,
Are three funny names, but this I know—
Of three braver boys you never heard tell;
When thrown into a furnace they didn't even yell."

Among the scores of autobiographies recently published, I have obtained much delight out of "Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor," by the famous publisher, Henry Holt. Although he never forgave the faculty of Yale for their bad teaching, or the students because they did not elect him to a Senior Society—curious how that latter disappointment rankles in the minds of so many men—he has done one loyal and valuable service to Yale of which I find no mention here in his book, though it deserves recognition. During his long career, he has given to the Yale University Library a copy of every book he has published, a gift now amounting to many thousands of dollars. Let me recommend his example to all other publishers who are college graduates. Let every publisher give to the library of his college one copy of every book that bears his name. Mr. Holt's book suffers by the repetition of facts and conversations, owing to his method of making his chapters verbatim reprints of his magazine articles; he should have gone over the entire copy before final publication and cut out the dittos. But, notwithstanding these and other defects, it is a splendid record of a splendid life. The author is so lovable, so warm-hearted, and possesses such a genius for friendship, that his account of the men he has known would restore even a cynic's faith in human nature.

It is interesting to observe all through Mr. Holt's books his continual onslaughts on Christian dogma, which he thinks utterly incredible, while believing with all his might that the Society for Psychical Research has proved the doctrine of human immortality! I have seldom known any one who rejected religious creeds who did not swallow something which to the religious mind is either very shaky or absolutely incredible. Such tricks are played with reason. We cannot live without faith. Those who have no Christian faith will often believe in spirit séances, and those who believe neither in religion nor in mediums will have supreme faith in themselves, which is perhaps the funniest thing in the world.

Yet, after all, Mr. Holt is a good Christian, though he does not know it; for he believes that love is the greatest of all

forces, which is the one fundamental Christian doctrine. That, as Browning says, is the one fact best worth knowing, the only fact that makes us truly wise. And so far as I can see, Mr. Holt lives up to his creed. Any one who believes that and follows it is a genuine Fundamentalist.

Speaking of religion, there is a small but important book recently published called "The Comfort of the Catholic Faith," by the Reverend Doctor Frank M. Clendennin. This is not Catholic propaganda, but a broad-minded, spiritual book. I heartily recommend it. I have also been interested in reading a novel by a Catholic priest, Father Barrett, of Hartford, called "The Winter of Discontent." It is a story written to oppose the increasing fashion of easy divorces, but, although the moral and religious bias of the author is clear, he tells an interesting tale, and his characters are living people. I shall await his next book with high expectation.

For those who like a rattling story of adventure with an ingenious plot, let me recommend "Cat O' Mountain," by Arthur Friel. I had never heard of such natural scenery in the State of New York, but the author makes it real. Every chapter has a thrill.

I have received, as was to be expected, innumerable letters about cats and dogs. Many of these came from cat-lovers, commending me for my cat eulogy in the January number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Others were from dog-lovers, who felt that I had not treated the canicular question with due justice. In opposition to my statement that the dog will not hunt alone, two correspondents wrote that they had dogs which went off hunting woodchucks. Yes, but they went in pairs, not alone. One of the worst things that can be said about dogs is that they are like small boys—they draw each other into evil. It is a commonplace in a sheep country that if you own two dogs you must either keep them in sight or keep one tied up. No man could possibly admire my splendid Irish setters more than I; but any of these noble dogs, absolutely trustworthy alone, will, if left unwatched near another dog, steal away with his col-

league by some secret signal and kill sheep. It was a terrible sight to me to behold a lamb, with its throat torn to pieces by my dog, who, when in my company, seemed to possess all the virtues. But he sneaked off with another dog, and lacerated and killed a number of lambs and sheep. I paid the indignant farmer, and did not kill the dog, for I regard an Irish setter as more valuable than a sheep. He may not be so commercially valuable, for he is not so good to eat; but he has a greater and therefore more valuable personality. It may be that dogs have saved many human lives; but it is certain that they have killed more human beings than they have saved. They are by nature destructive of both inanimate and animate objects. One woman wrote me, giving an instance where a cat had tormented a little puppy; but for one instance of this, think of the number of beautiful cats that have been wounded and slain by dogs. Yet, in a fair fight, the cat will often win. Mr. John S. Coburn, the admirable New Haven apothecary, used to have a long yellow cat that was a match for any dog in the world. One day, when the cat was apparently asleep in a chair, a student came into the shop with a bull terrier. He warned Mr. Coburn to look out for his cat; but he was told to look out for his dog. The terrier made a sudden rush at the apparently sleeping cat; when, just as he was about to bite, a yellow paw, moving swifter than the arm of Sullivan in his best days, caught the dog on the side of his face and, the door being open, the terrier ran a mile at his best speed.

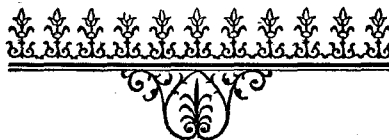
At this moment I receive a letter from a dog-owner, who informs me that she knows of a dog who will hunt rabbits *alone*. So that's that.

Mr. Karl O. Bonnier, the leading pub-

lisher of Sweden, resembles all other intelligent men in being a reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE; he has just sent me a book of 250 pages, called "En Katt," by Henning Berger. I shall have to learn Swedish in order to read this. But every one should buy this book for the sake of the remarkable cat-pictures, of which there are forty. No knowledge of Swedish is necessary to enjoy these illustrations or to discover that the cat is highly appreciated in the Venice of the North. As Mr. Bonnier has a branch house in New York, this brilliant book may easily be obtained by Americans. Mr. Bonnier, who was an intimate friend of Strindberg, and who publishes a beautiful edition of that writer in nearly a hundred volumes, is about to print all his hitherto unpublished letters. They will certainly make interesting reading.

To return to dogs and cats: As Keats said of Greek mythology, I hope to touch the subject once more before bidding it farewell. Let me merely say now, in answer to scores of letters defending the dog, that my tribute to cats did not mean that I had ceased to love the only worshipper of man. Notwithstanding his grave faults, the dog is irresistibly lovable. Even the worst dog is far better than the worst man; in this respect resembling many of the old Calvinists, who were in many respects superior to the God they adored.

My present Irish setter, Rufus H. Phelps, is, so far as I know, entirely free from blood-guiltiness. He is a beautiful and wholly admirable dog. Furthermore, he is the most literary dog I have ever known. He has been stroked by W. B. Yeats, patted by Hugh Walpole, petted by G. K. Chesterton, caressed by Joseph Conrad, and kissed by John Galsworthy.





FURNITURE—if I may risk a figure that through the association of ideas might seem a little absurd—furniture is in the air. So is wall-paper. So is silverware and so are window hangings. In fact, all the appointments of a well-regulated American home are being discussed as they never were before. The American home is being made over, and the interesting thing about the transformation is that it is proceeding not on an artistic impetus alone, in the strict sense, but from the adjustment of the practical and mechanical genius of the country to ends both artistic and commercial. How irrelevant that last word must sound in the ear of the dilettante and how wholesomely apposite it really is! Undoubtedly, when Benvenuto Cellini fashioned the great saltcellar at Vienna he made it beautiful because he loved his craft, but he did the best he could with it, too, because he was “filling a job.”

It is possible to be too romantic, too sentimental, about the ideals of the craftsmen of the past. Good art in industry has always been a matter of good business, and disciplinary pressure from without has been pretty nearly as important as inspiration surging from within. I do not doubt that when Oeben and Riesener labored across the years on the prodigious desk in the Louvre they had a salutary consciousness of the fact that they were carrying out a commission for the King. In short, artists though they were, they had a sense of trade responsibility. It is an ancient faith. Observe, in M. Saglio's concise summary, the rule of law followed by the mediæval French *huchiers*, or cabinetmakers:

No one could aspire to the title of a master cabinetmaker who had not served an apprenticeship of six years, at the end of which he would have to submit to an examination before a selected jury, and be called upon to execute in the house of one of them, without any assistance, a masterpiece on some prescribed theme that should test to the uttermost his power of dealing successfully with the difficulties of his profession. The manufacture of any furniture in wood except in

the licensed *ateliers* was strictly forbidden, as was also the buying or selling of anything produced elsewhere. To set against these restrictions, master cabinetmakers were bound to send forth none but work of the highest quality, alike of material and execution; it must all be in *bon bois loyal et marchand*, under penalty of having anything inferior publicly burnt before their doors, and having to pay a fine of ten crowns.

Now it would of course be appropriate to dilate upon the artistic conscience of the cabinetmaker here suggested, appropriate and just. But do not let us forget his solicitude for his bill. He knew perfectly well that if that was to be cheerfully and promptly paid it would be because he had satisfied a customer, met an obligation in the open market.



I KEEP the economic aspect of the subject in mind because it made so deep an impression upon me when I saw at the Metropolitan Museum in New York this winter a remarkable exhibition of American industrial art. It was an exhibition of beautiful things, and what made them significant was their representation of that intensely American factor in modern life, quantity production. They came in a series of shows having a certain historical status. The American craftsman is no new type. We have had our famous pioneers in carpentry and cabinetmaking, in glass and pewter, and so on. Paul Revere is remembered not only for his historic ride but for his silverware. There are collectors who specialize with something like religious passion in the furniture of Duncan Phyfe. In 1909, when the Metropolitan Museum held its great exhibition commemorative of the tercentenary of the discovery of our river by Henry Hudson and the centenary of Fulton's first use of steam in its navigation, a goodly proportion of the space was given to early American furniture and utensils. These things could not promote the revival, out of hand, of Colonial ideas and types of craftsmanship, but they did have a constructive in-