tember, and flourishes until frost. Height, one foot.

The pompon chrysanthemum braves the cold, chilling winds of November, and thrives until severe freezing weather. No collection of perennials would be complete without this variety, which reaches only two feet in height.

The foregoing collection of perennials means an outlay of about a dollar and a half. No other investment could give more real pleasure, or pay a higher rate of interest, for once planted perennials thrive a lifetime, and with the passing years they increase in numbers and in added charm.

SOME PRIMITIVE CRAFTSMEN IN MEXICO: BY VERONA GRANVILLE

Silver has been the favorite metal of nearly all primitive craftsmen who work for beauty's sake. This is especially true of the Latin races, and their descendants in Mexico of today are among the most skilled workmen in the world. It is most interesting to watch a native platéro at work in his quiet little shop in some of the larger cities where few strangers penetrate, and away from the tourists' demand for the gaudy cut-out jewelry made from Mexican coins; the hideous belts, bracelets and watch fobs, and cheap brooches of butterfly and lizard designs, much of the latter coming from Italian and German factories.

I have in mind a little old half-Mexican, half-Indian, and his tiny shop in a side street in Guanajuato, where more than ten years ago there was only a local supply for silver ornaments, and the primitive workers depicted with an astonishing grasp of intimate detail only such objects and scenes as they were familiar with in daily life.

One day while sitting on a rickety bench by the side of the patient old man, he told me his story with much naïveté and charm.

"I was born," he said, "in the great patio of the Valenciana mine, the greatest but one in the world, only the Potosi mine of Bolivia showing a greater record in adding to the world's supply of silver. My father was killed when the great octagonal shaft of the Valenciana was flooded. My mother worked as an ore sorter in the patio. She was of pure Indian blood. I suppose that I inherited my love for silver ornaments from her. She always wore beautifully chased silver earrings and bracelets, and she constantly bought more, although we were very poor, and often there was a lack of tortillas and frijoles. When my mother died, her little store of jewelry was mine. Here they are. I will never part with them. They are a source of constant inspiration."

He showed me a little carved cedar box, full of silver trinkets, among them an especially beautiful little figure of an ore carrier, with a basket held by a leather strap from his forehead. "I made it," the old man said. "You may see the same young peon at the Cardones mine."

A few days later I photographed the Indian model for the little ornament, as well as an old water carrier, of whom the platéro had a statuette in clay.

"I was employed for several years about the assay office of the great mine," the platéro went on; and, quite unblushingly, he said: "I stole many of the beads as they came from the cupels, and often bits of silver wire. I learned assaying, and when my knowledge of an-
PRIMITIVE MEXICAN CRAFTSMEN

A MEXICAN ORE CARRIER; MODEL FOR THE MEXICAN SILVERSMITH.

carved rosaries, crosses and antique silver and gilt plate, old china and embroideries, books and pictures, but to the old platero the most interesting objects in the collection were the splendid hand-wrought silver stirrups, saddle and bridle ornaments.

“We Mexicans, like the Spaniards,” said the little platero, “love nothing so much as a splendidly caparisoned horse; and, oh, but it was a great sight in the old times to see from two to three hundred caballeros mounted on high-stepping horses, on fiesta days, with handsome charro suits of terra-cotta colored leather, trimmed with chased silver buttons, tassels and braid. And the saddles and bridles were heavy with silver trappings; and all of the caballeros vied with one another, especially in the choice of their stirrups. This pair,” and he lovingly touched those shown in the accompanying photograph, “was made in Guanajuato, by a famous platero of pure Indian blood. They are among the

nealing silver, drawing wire, and other work became sufficient to set up a shop of my own I came here; and here I have worked for thirty-two years. No master has taught me anything. It is a heaven-sent occupation. I would not exchange it for any other, although the profits are meager.”

I bought four of his silver thimbles, with agate, onyx and jasper tops. Technically and artistically the work is delightful, with curiously carved and intricate designs of flowers and birds. He afterward made for me a set of six teaspoons, representing the various classes of work performed about a mine. There were Indians driving wood, and ore laden burdens; ore sorters in the great patio, ore bearers struggling up the “chicken ladders” from a depth of 1,500 to 2,000 feet with 200 pounds of ore on their backs, skilfully etched mules at work in the arrastras, and realistic pictures of rich, pompous old Don mine owners.

The little old man himself went with me to the splendid mansion of Señor Alcazar, a wealthy Spaniard, who has probably the most complete collection of curios in Mexico. There are more than 800 gold and silver watches, 200 Spanish fans of lace and gold and ivory; scores of curiously wrought old candlesticks in silver, copper, brass and bell metal, heaviest I have ever seen, each one weighing forty pounds. The silver came from the great Valenciana mine.

“All beautiful work is of the mind, the cunning hand being but a servant. All great plateros, too, are their own de-
signers; there are no specialists among us yet, thank heaven, as among modern silversmiths. We think, think; observe, observe, sometimes pondering for weeks over a suitable design for a pair of stirrupsp and the decorations for a saddle; then all in a flash comes the inspiration, and the work is quickly accomplished, while every detail is fresh in the mind.

OLD MEXICAN STIRRUPS, SHOWING THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF THE PRIMITIVE SILVERSMITH.

I always work the same way, and never alter the pattern which is accurately impressed here,” and he struck his low, wrinkled forehead. “This chain, this rosary and this thimble with Baja California pearls I made in a week, although their designs had cost me many days of serious thought.” He showed me his handiwork eagerly, and was gratified at my praise, for nothing from the hands of famous Spanish plateros could excel the patiently chased saddle trappings and the bridle decorations in the famous Alcazar collection.

In Mexico today but little of this beautiful work is left, and practically none is being made. The tourist wants too much for too little to make possible the transmuting of rare imagination through deft craftsmanship into a work of art. The souvenir craze has killed the desire, even the capacity, for skilled labor among the craftsmen of the Southwest. New designs are no longer to be secured, and the old ones are imitated by the unintelligent workmen so heedlessly that the very beauty of the original thought has vanished.

WHAT THE MOTOR CAR HAS DONE TO COUNTRY LIFE IN FRANCE

“FRANCE is of all countries the most conservative, for the people who have the secret of the enjoyment of life are in no haste to lose it. I used to think that the blue blouse of the men and the white cap of the women might pass for symbols of constancy or conservatism, so sure was I that the pleasant things they stood for would resist all change. Summer after summer I would return to the charming, well-ordered town, the friendly, comfortable inn, the courteous people, the joyous feasts, to find them as I had left them. But when I return now, I come everywhere upon the trail of the innovator. France I do believe has changed more in the last few years than in the whole century before, and one of the most immediate causes of the change is the motorist. It has been said that the motor car has restored the romance of travel; it would be truer to say that the motorist has destroyed it forever. A quarter of a century ago—I have not forgotten—Ruskin was saying the same thing of the cyclist. But the cycle brought back freedom to the traveler without demoralizing the countries through which he passed. . . . To be a cyclist was not to be a millionaire. But to motor means money, and money recognizes only one standard of comfort and insists upon maintaining it. The cyclist took things as he found them, asking of his Touring Club only to reduce the cost of life for him as he rode; the motorist will have nothing remain as it is, but clamors for the latest fashions in plumbing and upholstery, and for his own hours, and his own menu, his own table at meals, and he raises the scale of living as he goes. . . . He does not know that it is just in the old-fashioned inn he disdains that the traveler who does know is sure of an excellent dinner and a good bottle of wine, a comfortable bed at night and, most likely, a cheerful landlady and gay talk at the table d’hôte.

The motor gives to the traveler who can afford it the opportunity to see the world as it never was seen before, and the motorist is fast making the world not worth seeing at all.”

E. R. Pennell.