THE MOTOR CAR AND COUNTRY LIFE IN FRANCE

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 stirrups 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 Alcázar 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'ôte.

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.