THOUGHT I knew Craftsman Farms pretty well before I made my first trip out to New Jersey to visit it; but the full force of its individuality, its intimate relation to the man who had dreamed, planned and developed it, I could not begin to realize until I drove up the long avenue through the deep woods, out onto the hillside, and saw the countless acres of woodland, orchards connecting the woodland with the gardens, the gardens curving down to encircle the cottages, and the Log House resting back on the curve of the hillside embowered in trees.

As I stood there facing the man whose imagination, courage and sincerity had produced—single-handed, in effect—this homestead, I realized that my early impression of Craftsman Farms had fallen far short of the truth. My first ideal might have been a more conventional and complete one, but it had lacked the strength, the individuality, the serene beauty which pervaded the stretch of land and the buildings embraced under the name Craftsman Farms. Here, with the process of development going on, with the massive stone foundation of the horse-stable before my eyes, with the busy workmen constructing roads back to the hills, with new touches of beauty being added to the place—not in matters of decoration but in the making of the right paths, essential stone walls, necessary beds of flowers for joy’s sake—all these things made me realize what I never had before: the vital splendid happiness that the man must have who creates his own home out of his own heart.

For a day Gustav Stickley and I walked over this wide estate of his on the pleasant high New Jersey hills. We talked over the home problem, the building problem, but first and foremost the school problem. For naturally my interest, being so bound up in the Interlaken School, centers on the question of the right education for boys, and the longer Mr. Stickley lives and works on his own farmland, the more assured he is that some at least of its advantages he wants to share with the younger generation. He wants boys to grow up with the chance to labor, think and see life as he did in his youth. He wants them to have the advantage of hard work, good health, happiness born of Nature’s sympathetic moods, the vigorous, wholesome joy that only the country boy with strength and right opportunity can ever feel.

We agreed that the American boy had the smallest chance for
a straight cut to sturdy, useful manhood of the boys of any nation in the world. Our parents hold him back from experience; our schools hold him back from the understanding of and the right to work; all our social systems hold him back from the truth about manual labor. We coddle his flesh, we weaken his spirit, we destroy his honest ambition. Gustav Stickley and I also agreed that the great chance for every boy is to grow up out of doors, to work on the farm, to build his own house, to plant his own garden, to see the sun rise, to hear all the manifold twilight summer music on his way to find wholesome sleep in the house he has helped to erect; that our boys must work together out of doors, learn to understand Nature and learn to love it, if we are once more to have for our social and political leaders men who can respond to the nation’s call as did Washington and Lincoln.

This need of youthful coöperation to realize all of his dream at Craftsman Farms has not come to Gustav Stickley because of an empty homestead. A happy family dwells in the great Log House on the hill: five daughters and one son, and now a grandchild—all young, happy, full of the zest that life can give young people whose minds are open and hearts full. But in spite of all the joy this means to the Master of Craftsman Farms, he is not content without encompassing those youth of the world who need or desire the life that awaits them on his hillside. The longer he lives and the more intimate he becomes with the profound beauty and greatness of Nature’s instruction, the more he desires that this same opportunity shall reach young American life, hoping to enrich if possible through his own experience the new generation, which in turn may extend the knowledge and happiness of natural living.

As we were standing together in the cool of the evening in one of the woodland-bordered pastures looking down over the good land on every side, the man said to me, with all the intensity of feeling possible:

“This is my Garden of Eden. This is the realization of the dreams that I had when I worked as a lad. It is because my own dreams have come true that I want other boys to dream out their own good future here for themselves.”

During the long talk which followed this magic day, Gustav Stickley told me of the plan that he had cherished from the very beginning of the development at Craftsman Farms, for a boys’ school; how his work in life would seem incomplete unless this school could be made to materialize. And as he presented it to me it seemed to realize in full the title which we have used at the begin-
CRAFTSMAN FARMS SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

ning of this article, a “School for Citizenship,” a place where the natural boy would have the chance to grow into the great man. With my own knowledge of the practical upbuilding of a school for boys, and with Mr. Stickley’s far vision of the farm life that would produce the real citizen, a desire to cooperate came to us, and together we planned what seemed to us the school that would furnish ideal education for the American boy, a plan which we intend to put to a practical test this coming summer.

The first outline of this plan was presented in an editorial by Mr. Stickley in the October CRAFTSMAN. Much of the practical detail, however, was not gone into, not worked out in fact at the time. In the present article I am presenting a few more concrete ideas which may appeal to the parent or guardian who desires the boy in his charge to become eventually the man whom the country needs.

Usually the man who has reached the point where his income exceeds his needs, if he be a man and not merely a capitalist, at once begins to look around him in order that he may give of his plenty to others. Unintentionally this medium of bringing one’s mind to a state of self-satisfaction has done much to undermine some of the basic principles of education. For out of the desire of the successful man to help the unsuccessful boy, has been created a charity germ of astounding strength and independence-wrecking proportions. It is an unfortunate thing that those to whom we give are usually the persons of all others who can give us nothing in return. Therefore our gifts in spite of every motive become plain charity; for with the gift, we offer them no chance of reward to us. A “God bless you” and a prayer is the best usually they can do. And thus we see very clearly that giving is not a philanthropy, that giving is an arrogance.

Education should train to usefulness, and a sense of usefulness will never permit of forcing our bounty, honestly or illy gained, upon others. If the public schools were built and maintained by the users, usefulness would become the common possession of the race. If our training of the young were not a mere superficial outline of a stereotyped form of academic teaching, if it were a vital training of the boy and girl for life, usefulness would be inbred in our future citizens. The great difficulty in all attempts to teach children the real has been the insipid methods employed. Fifty per cent. of the manual training men in the schools have no real sense of manual training; eighty per cent. couldn’t frame up a house; ninety per cent. would be lost other than on the toy machines and “children” tools used in the schools. The only way to recognize the real is to experience it.
AT Craftsman Farms the necessary building for conducting a community school has been already erected for the home life. These buildings are of Craftsman mold and each is a unit standing for completeness—for we must have utility and beauty in all. The farm is well stocked with registered cattle, hogs, sheep, horses. Fruit orchards are at their prime; the vineyard is ready; the poultry numerous. Mr. Stickley has decided to use the large estate and its buildings for the development of this school which shall become as a community.

Communities have over and over again been proved failures because false foundations have inspired them. Religion has been the keynote, or commercialism, and with both these elements, jealousy plays too big a part to make success possible. It is not the walled-in, limited community that leads men to virile lives. At the Farms a rational community spirit will be engendered and the boys will carry far and wide this spirit when they leave the work to go out into life. What is a community spirit? The recognizing that this big world is inhabited by many mortals and that in order that each may have his share of the burden of life—which is the joy of life—to bear, each must do his part. And there is not full recognition of this fact unless each allows for the surety that many will be unable to comprehend the need of doing their part, thus those who do know must double their energies to make up for the laggard, until we do as the bees do—exterminate the drone, though not by destroying, but by training, forming, creating the community sense. The community spirit puts in one’s soul the doing of what is right because fairness, reason and justice say this should be so. And the man, woman or child with the community spirit knows that the soul lies not only in the heart but in the stomach and the face.

Boys who live the allotted time at the Farms will be prepared when they leave to work in any executive position, will be capable fruit-growers, good farmers, will know cattle, poultry, vegetables. These boys will be thoroughly trained in the academic studies necessary for the proper conducting of a business. The school will not prepare for the university. A boy at sixteen given the proper training should be able to earn his living from then on, or he never will earn his living as he should. The boy whose schooling is provided without effort on his part after sixteen or seventeen, is but spending time and money in becoming a parasite. It is immoral to give to a boy after the age he should do for himself.

Boys will be received at the school after June fifteenth, nineteen hundred and thirteen. But fifty will be accommodated the first year. These boys will be nine years old and over. They will live
THE LOG HOUSE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS, SHOWING THE BEGINNING OF

A DETAIL VIEW OF THE ROUGH STONE STEPS FOR THE GARDEN WALL:
THE STONE PILLARS ARE BUILT HOLLOW SO THAT LATER ON THEY
MAY BE FILLED WITH EARTH AND PLANTED WITH FLOWERS AND VINES.
SIDE VIEW OF MR. STICKLEY'S HOME AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS, GIVING AN INTERESTING GLIMPSE OF THE CHIMNEYS AND THE CASEMENT WINDOWS.
THE COW STABLE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS, BUILT OF FIELD STONE: THE GROUNDS AROUND THIS STABLE ARE GRADED AND PLANNED, BUT AS YET UNPLANTED.

THE HORSE STABLE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION: THE PLACING OF THIS STABLE IS ESPECIALLY INTERESTING ON THE SIDE HILL AGAINST THE WOODLAND BACKGROUND.
TWO SHINGLE COTTAGES AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS: THE ONE IN FULL VIEW IS NOW OCCUPIED BY MR. STICKLEY'S OLDEST DAUGHTER, MRS. BEN. WILES, AND THE SHELTERED RECESSED PORCH IS THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN NURSERY.
BACK VIEW OF THE TWO CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES, SHOWING THEIR PLACING ON THE HILLSIDE: JUST ACROSS THE ROAD IS THE FAMILY HOME SHOWN IN THE FIRST PICTURES.
A part of the herd of thoroughbred Holstein cows, grazing on the hillside of Craftsman Farms.

The cow stable which Mr. Stickley designed and built; it is finished on the inside with many innovations for the health and comfort of the animals.
THOROUGHBRED HOLSTEIN HEIFER, "WOODCREST RACHEL," THREE YEARS OLD: HER YEARLY RECORD AS TWO-YEAR-OLD WAS AN AVERAGE OF 27 QUARTS A DAY FOR 365 DAYS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE FIRST THOROUGHBRED HOLSTEIN CALF BORN ON CRAFTSMAN FARMS: IT ACHIEVED ITS DISTINGUISHED NAME FROM THE FACT THAT IT WAS BORN ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.
MISS MILDRED STICKLEY, SECOND DAUGHTER OF GUSTAV STICKLEY, FEEDING HER CHICKENS AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS.
BUILDING ROADS ON ONE OF THE HILLSIDES AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS.
in Craftsman houses which they have helped to build, and each house will be a real home for the boys who have had the joy of helping to create it. Each house will conduct its own domestic affairs under the leadership of a woman. The entire estate will be maintained and developed, the entire proposition conducted by the boys, guided and taught, of course, by their companions, the teachers. The school work will not be in schoolrooms, but lessons will be taught in the fields, the barns, the orchard—wherever things are being done.

The product of the Farms will be marketed in the neighborhood, and each vegetable and egg, each pint of milk that reaches the consumer will bear the Farms’ guarantee. This will be no play school where paper money and make-believe will enter—these children will be business men, producers. We see no reason why a large sum cannot be earned each year by the school, for we believe that a better product, less waste, more originality will be forthcoming from this group of boys learning to do, than if the same enterprise were handled by so-called “skilled” labor.

The charge for tuition, board, laundry, clothing, lodging for the first year of twelve months will be one thousand dollars. At Christmas time, if desired, or during July, if desired, the boys can be away for two or three weeks; indeed throughout the year when it seems best the fellows may visit home or go elsewhere for a change. School will be, in the nature of things, constantly in session.

The second year the boy’s tuition will be eight hundred dollars, the third year four hundred dollars, the fourth year three hundred dollars. If he plans to go out on his way after the four years, a sum proportioned to the amount of the school earnings will be placed at his disposal. After a boy has been at the school two years he will have the privilege of selecting some boy unable to pay the tuition charge, as a member of the school—this to insure democracy.

As there will be but fifty boys admitted the first year, applications should be sent at once to Craftsman Farms so that details can be gone into and plans of the boy or his parents may be considered.

Already three boys trained at Interlaken—Rolland West, Clarence Hallopeter, Harold Peterson—are at the Farms and are working with Mr. Stickley to prepare for the newcomers. We are going to miss these boys at Interlaken. They have been our right-hand men. But just now the new Farms School needs them most.

Do you know that fear of doing something without apparent remuneration has put indolence into the bodies and selfishness into the souls of the American people? Have you ever thought the power to purchase comforts, ease, praise, false scholastic
standards has demoralized the integrity of private school education? Can’t you see that the unfairness of Unionism—and Unionism is the one safeguard the worker has to prevent his entire domination by capital—in prohibiting a man from doing as much work as he wishes, rather than forcing the incompetent to learn how and the indolent to do a man’s share, has had its beginning in the public school and is carried into public and home life? There is nothing flexible in our school system—there is nothing flexible in any so-called system. A good system is like man’s mind should be, adaptable. Do you not see that this school at Craftsman Farms will give to boys the opportunity that men seek when they start out to earn a livelihood? The assets of the business world are the tools of these children at school. The boys at this school will be busy doing, and observation has doubtless shown you that business of this character gives no thought or chance for tearing down the work of others. School spirit becomes accomplishment, not the waving of banners or splitting of vocal chords. School honors are to the successful doer or the patient plodder, not to the fast runner or the poster football player. And that does not mean that these Stickley boys will not play. Of course they will, and win, too; but they will first lend their minds to the care of the animals and not to the keeping or making of athletic records.

Have you ever thought of the men who built this country—the men whose deeds stirred us as we read of their youth and their manhood? Those fellows did chores, cut wood, milked cows, planted, curried, sowed and sang the songs of labor. They married women who worked and who, therefore, bore healthy children. Those men were known and revered as doers and as honest men. Their schooling was of the soil, they knew Nature, their work made them men. They did not need to read of great deeds and fair ladies; they did great deeds and that woman to them was fair who could be their mate and their home-maker. But today—how few men our schools and our universities have really given us. We have temporarily successful bankers; some pulpit orators; many shrewd lawyers; quite a large collection of politicians and contractors—but where are the men? Conventionality has bred a false pride not alone for the individual but for the Nation; prosperity has built false standards; the university and its demands have culled the life out of the lower school; teachers have disappeared and wage-gatherers taken their places; the big interests are now trying to garner the school possibilities through a sham-slogan of vocational training. Don’t you really think it will be worth while to have a school for citizenship where honest boys will be nurtured into honest men?