WHY I AM INTERESTED IN THE CRAFTSMAN KITCHEN: BY ALFRED W. McCANN

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USTAV STICKLEY is a reformer. All attempts to diagnose the status of this man's position with regard to the social order must fail unless the word reformer is settled upon as the most accurately descriptive term that can be applied to him.

Craftsman furniture and furnishings constitute a permanent protest against veneer and sham.

Craftsman architecture constitutes a permanent protest against the frothy incompatibles which for so long a time have menaced the beauty of American homes.

Craftsman landscaping and gardening constitute a permanent protest against the cheerless, friendless, soulless, meaningless and needless disorder with which too many American city and suburban home surroundings are cursed.

The Stickley protest is not offered destructively. He provides the Craftsman remedy. For years that remedy has been content to express itself in the form of unobtrusive suggestions and the mellow eloquence of beautiful things.

Mere suggestion, however beautiful or spiritual, while it may reach the heart of one who has acquired special preparedness for its reception, is not sufficiently aggressive to influence vast numbers, and no reform can be complete unless it influences all. Therefore, the sheer necessity of some such instrument of education as the Craftsman Building gradually urged itself into the dreams of Stickley and thus became a reality.

Throughout the Craftsman Building, on every floor, on every wall, quiet suggestion has been equipped with energy and force, and the work of reform is assuming the powers of a propaganda.

People are to be compelled to an appreciation of the Craftsman solution of grave problems, the very existence of which is, even now, unsuspected by millions.

Assembled under its roof are so many astonishing revelations of the progress which this belated renaissance has already made that, by sheer force of numbers, they swoop down like a battalion upon the defenceless visitor and, catching him up in the fury of their movement, carry him on and on until, recovering from his amazement, he finds himself not an unwilling captive but a soldier on the fighting line.

Not until he is swept into this experience can he fully grasp the largeness, the vigor, the beauty and the necessity of the Craftsman ideal, but, having comprehended it at last, he finds in it no more surprises.

Everything that grows out of Stickley's activities is henceforth obvious. It is all so sane, so hopeful, so simple and so natural that in its presence the old familiar blotches and blots and daubs fall away from their callous immunity to contempt, and stand forth, as they are, the hideous symptoms of a disease too long neglected.

THE initiated does not wonder that the dreams of the Craftsman, woven out of hatred for the ugly and the false, should penetrate to the very heart of human happiness and thus discern the fixed laws which, in the natural order, underlie that happiness. It causes no shock to learn that Stickley, by unforced advances, has arrived at that point in his development wherefrom he sees clearly that in all his work for the betterment of the American home he must begin with the kitchen and the food that enters that kitchen.

The fundamentals which have been overlooked there, as elsewhere, have disclosed themselves to his warm sympathies and his sensitive responsiveness to truth. With no fixed habits to blind his vision he has followed them to their source—the source of life.

Stickley knows that in the days, popularly called Colonial, when men, animated by stern necessity, built their strong, durable and really beautiful houses, and constructed their rough-hewn tables and chairs, they unconsciously fell under the influence of their undefiled environment and followed the lines of spiritual loveliness and physical grace and beauty and natural proportion which that environment inspired.

So well did they hew and carve and join that all New England has been ransacked for the beautiful things that have been hidden away in the backwoods houses of olden days. Stickley knows this and he knows also that when the early home-makers of America began to accumulate the riches of their industry, the simplicity of their humble beginnings faded slowly out of their consciousness and was replaced by a desire to "better" their surroundings.

Wealth, without eyes, began to associate that beautiful simplicity with the lowly necessities of life from which it had emerged and which bore unseen the imprints of a loving workmanship that was now cruelly distorted into mere reminders of drudgery. Under such blindness of purpose it soon became fashionable to despise the old, familiar glories and to search for novelty.

Comfortable, complacent and smug the newly rich thus turned their backs upon beauty and became patrons of the Mansard roof, the corner-clipped shingle, the grotesque arch, the crabbed angle and the gilded flounce.

There were to be no more ample clapboard exteriors, no more

sturdy beams, no more open fireplaces of uncut stone, no more casements on hand-wrought hinges, no more rush-covered chairs, no more classic beds.

A riot of discord, measured only by the "cost," became the new standard by which social distinction obtained envious recognition. It was no longer "All I can," but "*All I Can Afford.*" Into this barbarous bastardy, with all its spurious beatification, in which the only things real were ugliness and folly, was also dragged the lust for novelty that would titillate the palate.

Food was no longer looked upon as an essential, and cookery became a clash in which chef strove with chef to produce a startling color scheme or a fine frenzy of flavor without regard to the laws of nutrition or the capacity of the master and his guests to dispose of the abominations inflicted upon them.

As the gingerbread school of hashed houses and bazaared pabulum developed, the notional indolence of fashion surrendered the unrecognized responsibilities of the home kitchen to the food factory.

There were no laws in the land that obliged the prepared-food industry, which spread like an epidemic, to heed the meaning of sanitation or the dangers of chemical sophistication. There is no law to this day that defines for the food manufacturer the meaning of common-decency or that obliges him to recognize that foremost champion of human happiness.

Food soon became as artificial as the houses in which it was served. The artifice was not suspected. By millions it is not suspected to this day.

HARVEY W. WILEY rebuked every Congress for twenty-five years, but he did not succeed in convincing the representatives of a befuddled people that the food world had become crazed in its pursuit of gain, until June thirty, nineteen hundred and six. Then came the famous food and drugs act of that date, and the entire country shuddered for a moment at the hideous disclosures of evil which it provoked—and promptly forgot the shock and its significance.

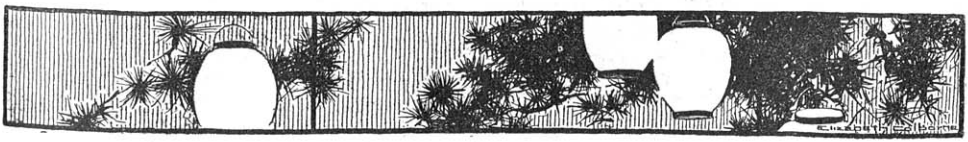
Had there been sufficient indignation in the land to rise to the disclosures of that hour, Stickley's work of reform in the cause he has espoused would no longer be necessary, for the reason that any people, capable of dealing adequately with such disclosures as were made then and as are being made still, would also be capable of dispensing with the need of reformers of Stickley's kind. Wiley's work has but commenced and Stickley's is newer still. Both are pioneers.

The Craftsman has the advantage, for he numbers thousands of

well-trained and enthusiastic followers where Wiley numbers not more than one or two in each State. Stickley knows that in the eternal destiny of things the forward movement which he has fathered will contribute impetus to the Wiley movement, and so his pursuit of truth and honesty has embraced the fundamentals of the kitchen in his scheme of perfecting the American home.

It is this amazing fidelity to the light as it has broken in upon him and this inspiringly persistent coöperation with grace which have caused him to include in the Craftsman Building a restaurant, a kitchen and a pure food emporium. Here such foods as surpass the all too meager requirements of the federal law by their own self-constituted standards of perfection, maintained in the face of corrupt competition, and which are higher than the politically compromised standards of federal and state enactment, are being gathered as fitting adjuncts to the general scheme of Craftsman reform.

Here those manufacturers who do appreciate the significance of sanitation and common decency and who refuse to tolerate the legal trickery granted to them by the law as it stands or in many instances by the actual absence of any law, have the opportunity of identifying their virtues with one of the most remarkable movements of the century.

In the Craftsman kitchen reform has been consummated. It is on exhibition daily. It stands like a beacon on a cliff and sets up an example for every eating-house in the world to follow. None of the arts of cookery which conspire to the legitimate achievement of daintiness and charm are neglected in the Craftsman pursuit of purity and wholesomeness. The legalized chemical preservatives, chemical bleachers, chemical glazes, chemical flavors, inert fillers and extenders, coal tar dyes and grossly impoverished foods, however popular, can find no place on the Craftsman bill-of-fare.

The details of this noteworthy addition to the Craftsman program of reform are so inspiring to the dietician and the connoisseur that I promise the readers of this article to explain them in all their significance in some later issue of THE CRAFTSMAN, at which time I will also present further facts with regard to the Craftsman pure food emporium.