

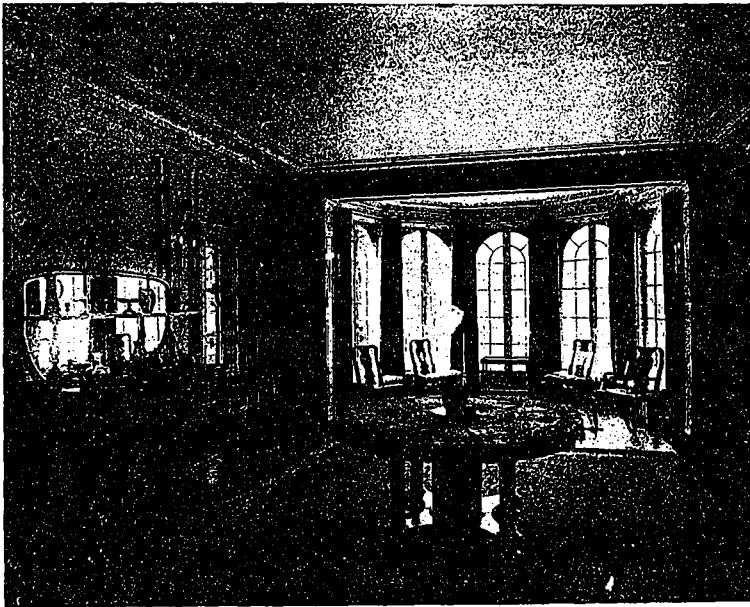
architectural lumber of the ages, are quite useless to us in themselves. The only thing that really matters is the spirit which inspires the producers of the buildings. Given a group of craftsmen, working not only for material gain, but inspired by some noble ideal, and their work, in spite of themselves almost, will reveal to the discerning eye something of the quality of the spiritual force which created it. The old Trades Guilds were combinations of craftsmen for the purpose of building, and the most striking fact about them was that the bond which united them was not a money bond. In these brotherhoods of workers there was nothing equivalent to our system of capital and labor—of masters making profits and laborers taking wages. It is true that the material in-



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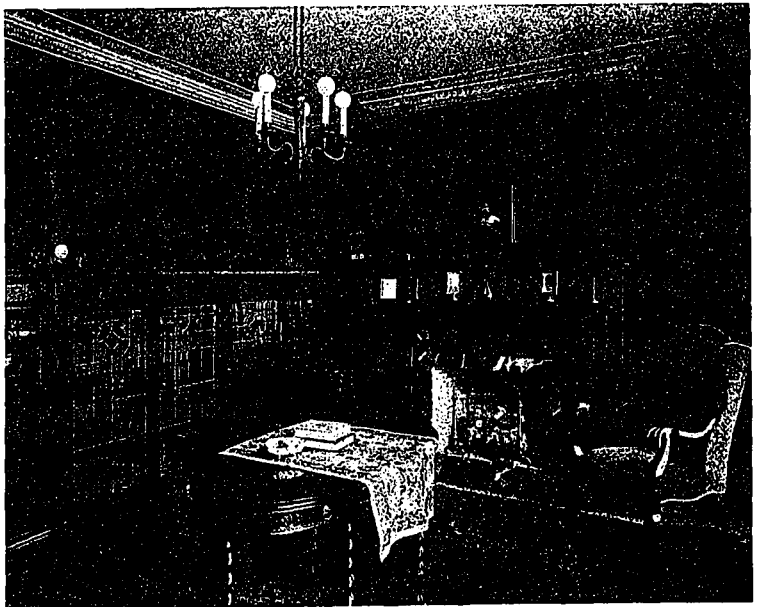
of every workman in our service, it is idle hope that we shall produce any sort of building or architecture worthy of the name. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, and the ugliness of modern building is the inevitable and natural result of the ugliness of the methods that produce it. In a word, while the normal modern house is the confessed symbol of greed or profit, the old one stood for delight in work. And this delight in work was fostered by the Guilds, and there was no outside power then to step in and say, "No, you are to work for my profit, and not for your own delight."

I have no wish to pose as a reformer, and I have no "Morrison's Pill" to cure the ills of the labor world; but I cannot help wishing that, when we once more



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terests of the craftsmen were looked after by the Guild. The livelihood of the members was secured whether they happened to be working or not. They were free to work not merely to live, but for the honor and glory of their Guild. That, and not mere cash payment, was the bond which held them together. Can we wonder, then, that their work was something radically different to modern building? The value of the knowledge they accumulated and bequeathed to their successors was of a kind which in these days of book learning we can perhaps hardly appreciate. It was instinctive rather than reasoned, and was a thing too subtle to be formulated by any words. Until we can get work done again in the old way, and enlist the hearts and heads, as well as the hands,



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