



Vol. IV

APRIL, 1910

No. X

**THE MANTEL, TILE AND GRATE MONTHLY.**

Published Monthly by  
**EDWARDS BROTHERS**  
 WM G. EDWARDS, Manager  
 WARD B. EDWARDS, Editor  
 Suite 37-39, Arcade Building, UTICA, N. Y.

SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS EACH

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 One Copy, six months, postpaid, in advance..... .75  
 One Copy, three months, postpaid, in advance..... .50  
 Foreign Subscriptions, one year, postpaid, in advance, 1.50

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Advertising Rates furnished on application to Cohen's Admitted Publications, State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

WM. DAWSON & SONS, Limited,  
 British, Colonial & Foreign Advertising Agency.  
 Established 1809.  
 121 Cannon Street, LONDON, ENGLAND.  
 Telephone 8321 Central.  
 Telegrams: "NONNAC," LONDON.

*European Tradesmen will please make application for advertising space and send subscriptions to the above named firm.*

Entered as second class matter July 14th, 1906, at the Post Office at Utica, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

Telephone Bell, 1778-I.

**CREATING ORDERS.**

If a salesman or dealer never does any more than to accept the orders which come to him, the measure of his success can be taken with a very short rule. The creation not the filling of orders, is the thing which calls for a high order of ability, intelligence,

resourcefulness and ingenuity. The man who undertakes the career of a salesman must set it as his goal to become a producer of business. Men who can call on customers and "keep them good-natured," accepting an order whenever one develops, are plentiful. The men who can find new customers, new territory, new avenues of trade, and create new business among old customers are rare; so rare that the demand for them is constantly far in excess of the supply. In strenuous times like the panic men are put to the test. The man who can create business in spite of unfavorable conditions is not looking for a position today. He is firmer in his employer's regard than ever before. His position is secure for all time. He is independent through work, and independence through work is real success.

**AN APPRECIATION OF THE TRADE JOURNAL.**

It is a pleasure to note that the appreciation of the trade journal is given voice in the report Secretary Johnson made to the convention of the Texas Retail Hardware Association. Among other things, he said:

I am prone to believe that the man who does not subscribe for and read our trade journals is committing one of the unpardonable sins of business. The man who

## AN UNIQUE DECORATION.

(From the Upholsterer.)

Quite the latest note in the decoration of hotels is sounded in the decoration of the Norse room of the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburg. The English room, which is used as a banquet hall on formal occasions, is magnificent in its Jacobean treatment, but the Norse room, or gentlemen's grill-room, possesses decorative features so unusual that to the decorator surpasses in interest even the magnificent English room.

The mural decorations, stained-glass windows, architectural features and furniture are distinctively Norse in character, depicting the life and pursuits of the hardy Norseman, with all that makes up his rugged, adventurous life.

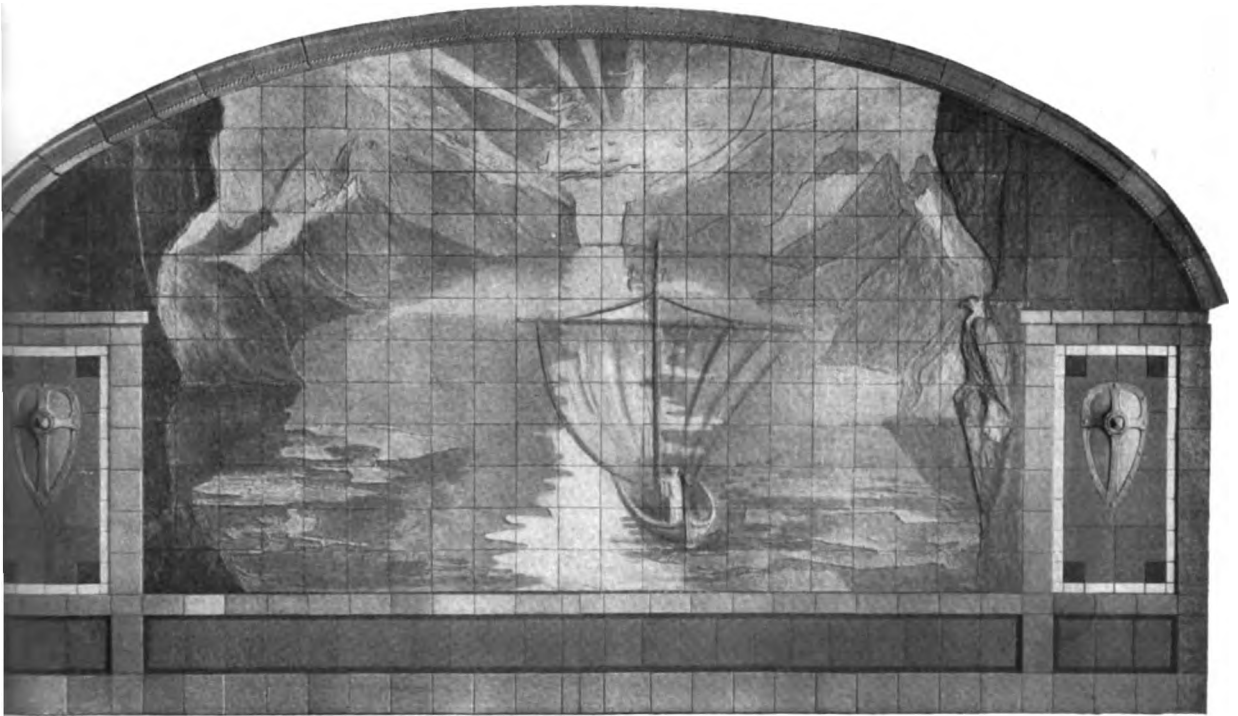
The chief decorative features of the room are a series of nine panels illustrating Longfellow's poem, "The Skeleton in Armor." These panels are executed in pottery from designs by John Dee Wareham, and while our illustrations fail utterly to

give the color value of the tiles, an idea may be gathered as to the exquisite character of the shading, which shows even to advantage in our black-and-white reproductions. The ceiling, also in tile, is a work of art, with innumerable interlacing designs strictly Norwegian in type.

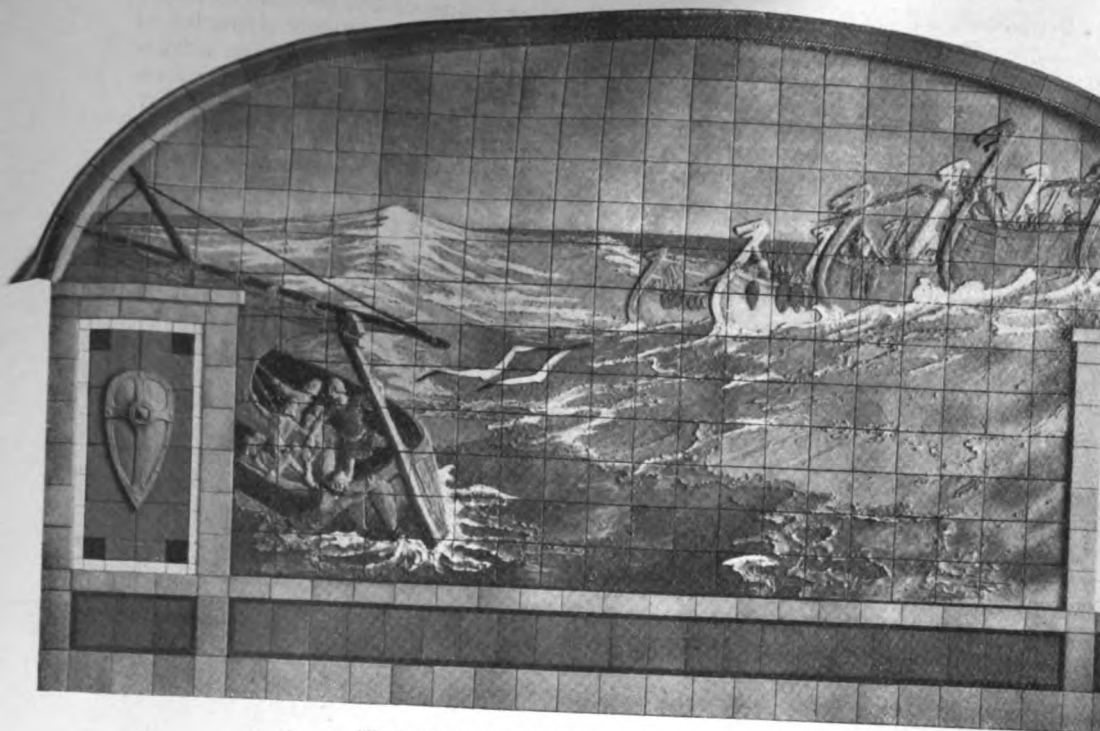
The quaint spirit of the old Norwegian Sagas has been well maintained throughout, the wild life of the Corsairs, the flight of the Cormorants, the stretches of storm-tossed waters, faint streakings of northern light, the calm on Northern Fjords over which sails the spirit boat of the Viking warriors to Walhalla, all tending to produce an atmosphere of unique charm.

The tiling is the product of the Rookwood Pottery Co., and the room is reported by those who have seen it to possess in unique coloring and rich glaze textures an ensemble startling in its warmth and subdued richness.

The enduring and sanitary features of the tile surface add not a little to the satisfaction of the proprietors in their possession of a room of unusual beauty.



"Thus seam'd with many scars, bursting these prison bars,  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul, Skoal! to the Northland! Skoal!"



"But when I older grew, joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew, with the marauders."

By courtesy of the "Upholsterer" we are enabled to reproduce several of the half-tone illustrations of the panels, and that the pictures may be better appreciated, we reprint a portion of Longfellow's poem.

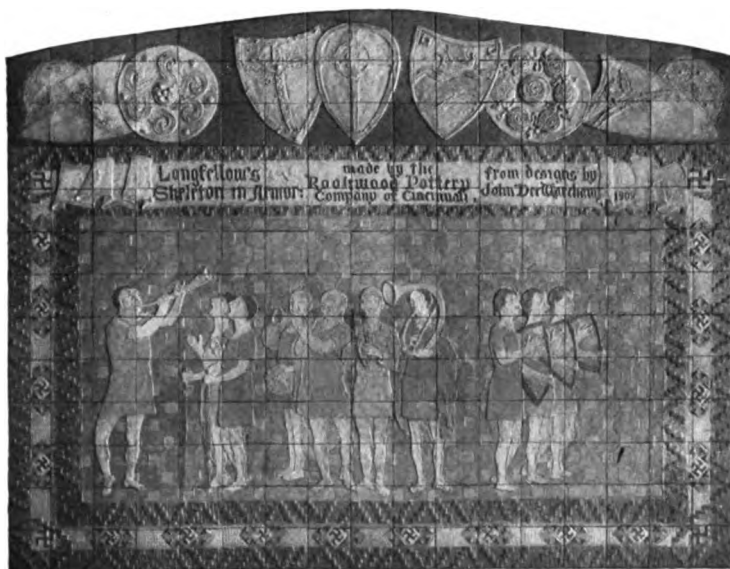
*The Skeleton in Armor.*

Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!  
Who with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armor drest,  
Comest to daunt me!  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched as if asking alms,  
Why does thou haunt me?  
Then from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
Gleam in December;  
And like the waters flow  
Under December's snow  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber.  
I was a Viking old!  
My deeds, tho manifold,  
No Skald in Song has told,  
No Saga taught thee!

Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse;  
For this I sought thee.  
Far in the northern land  
By the wild Baltic strand  
I with my childish hand,  
Tamed the *gerfalcon*;  
And with my skates fast-bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on.  
Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
Fled like a shadow;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
Sang from the meadow.  
But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsairs crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
With the marauders,  
Wild was the life we led,  
Many the souls that sped,

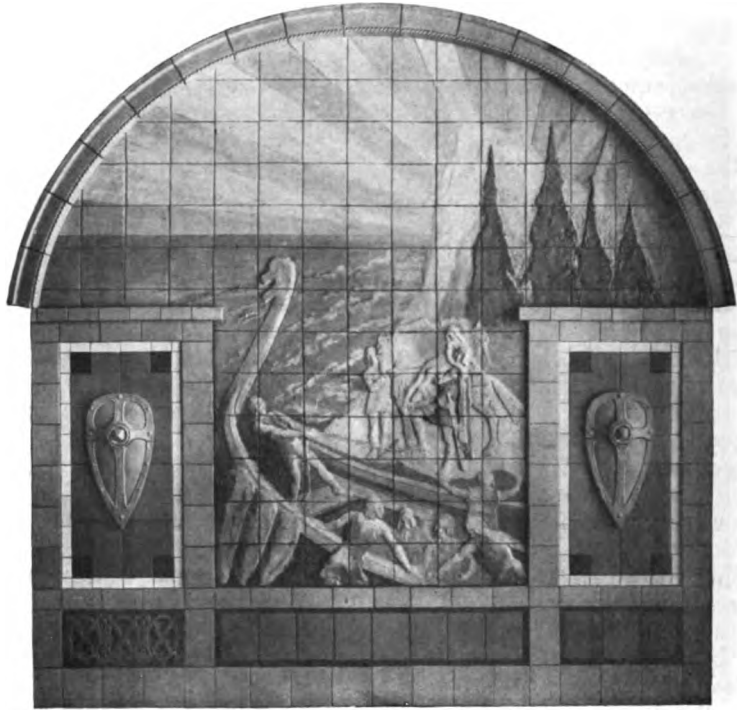
Many the hearts that bled,  
 By our stern orders.  
 Many a wassail-bout,  
 Wore the long winter out ;  
 Often our midnight shout  
 Set the cocks crowing,  
 As we the Berserk's tale  
 Measured in cups of ale,  
 Draining the oaken pail,  
 Fill'd to o'er flowing.  
 Once as I told in glee  
 Tales of the stormy sea,  
 Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
 Burning yet tender ;  
 And as the white stars shine  
 On the dark Norway pine,  
 On that dark heart of mine  
 Fell their soft splendor.  
 I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
 Yielding, yet half afraid,  
 And in the forest's shade  
 Our vows were plightd.  
 Under its loosened vest  
 Fluttered her little breast,  
 Like birds within their nest  
 By the hawk frightd,  
 Bright in her father's hall  
 Shields gleamed upon the wall.  
 Loud sang the minstrels all,  
 Chanting his glory ;  
 When of old Hildebrand

I asked his daughter's hand,  
 Mute did the minstrels stand  
 To hear my story.  
 While the brown ale we quaffd,  
 Loud then the champion laughd  
 And as the wind-gusts waft  
 The sea foam brightly,  
 So the loud laugh of scorn,  
 Out of those lips unshorn  
 From the deep drinking-horn,  
 Blew the foam lightly.  
 She was a Prince's child,  
 I but a Viking wild,  
 And tho she blushed and smiled,  
 I was discardd !  
 Should not the dove so white  
 Follow the sea-mews flight,  
 Why did they leave that night  
 Her nest unguarded ?  
 Scarce had I put to sea,  
 Bearing the maid with me  
 Fairest of all was she  
 Among the Norsemen !  
 When on the white sea strand,  
 Waving his armed hand,  
 Saw we old Hildebrand,  
 With twenty horsemen.  
 Then launch'd they to the blast,  
 Bent like a reed each mast,  
 Yet we were gaining fast,  
 When the wind failed us !



"Bright in her father's hall shields gleamed upon the wall,  
 Loud sang the minstrels all, chanting his glory."

"Should not the dove so white, follow the sea-mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night her nest unguarded.

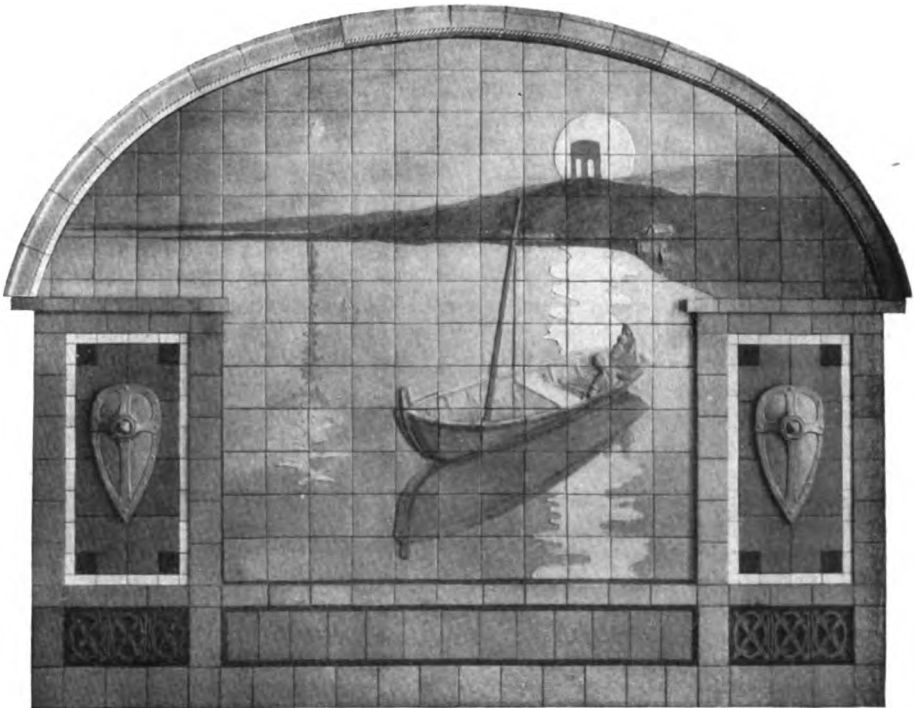
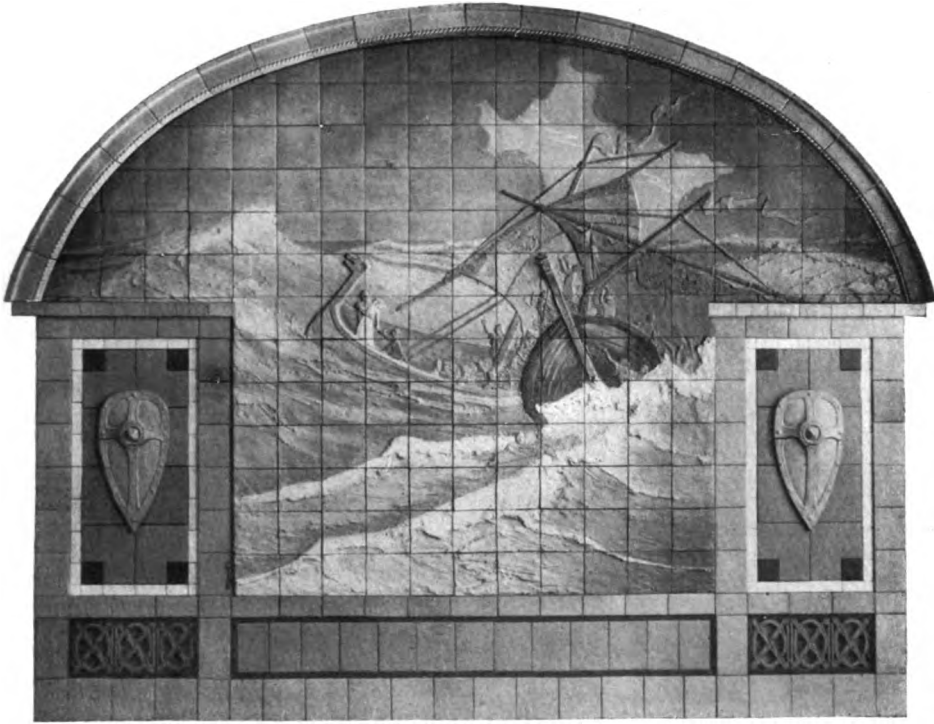


And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
Laugh as he hail'd us.  
And as to catch the gale  
Round veer'd the flapping sail,  
Death! was the helmsman hail,  
Death without quarter!  
Midships with iron keel,  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
Through the black water!  
As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt  
With his prey ladened,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again  
Through the wild hurricane,  
Bore I the maiden.  
Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore,  
Stretching to leaward:  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,

Which, to this very hour  
Stands looking seaward.  
There lived we many years,  
Time dried the maiden's tears;  
She had forgot her fears—  
She was a mother;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes;  
Under that tower she lies,  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
On such another.  
Still grew my bosom then:  
Still as the stagnant fen!  
Hateful to me were men,  
The sunlight hateful!  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
O, death was grateful!  
Thus seam'd with many scars,  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
My soul ascended!  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
Skoal! to the Northland! Skoal!  
Thus the tale ended.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

"Mid-ships with iron keel, struck we her ribs of steel,  
Down her black hulk did reel, through the black water!"



"There for my lady's bower built I the lofty tower,  
Which to this very hour stands looking seaward."