The craftsman. Vol. VII, No. 2 November 1904

Syracuse, N.Y.: Gustav Stickley, November 1904

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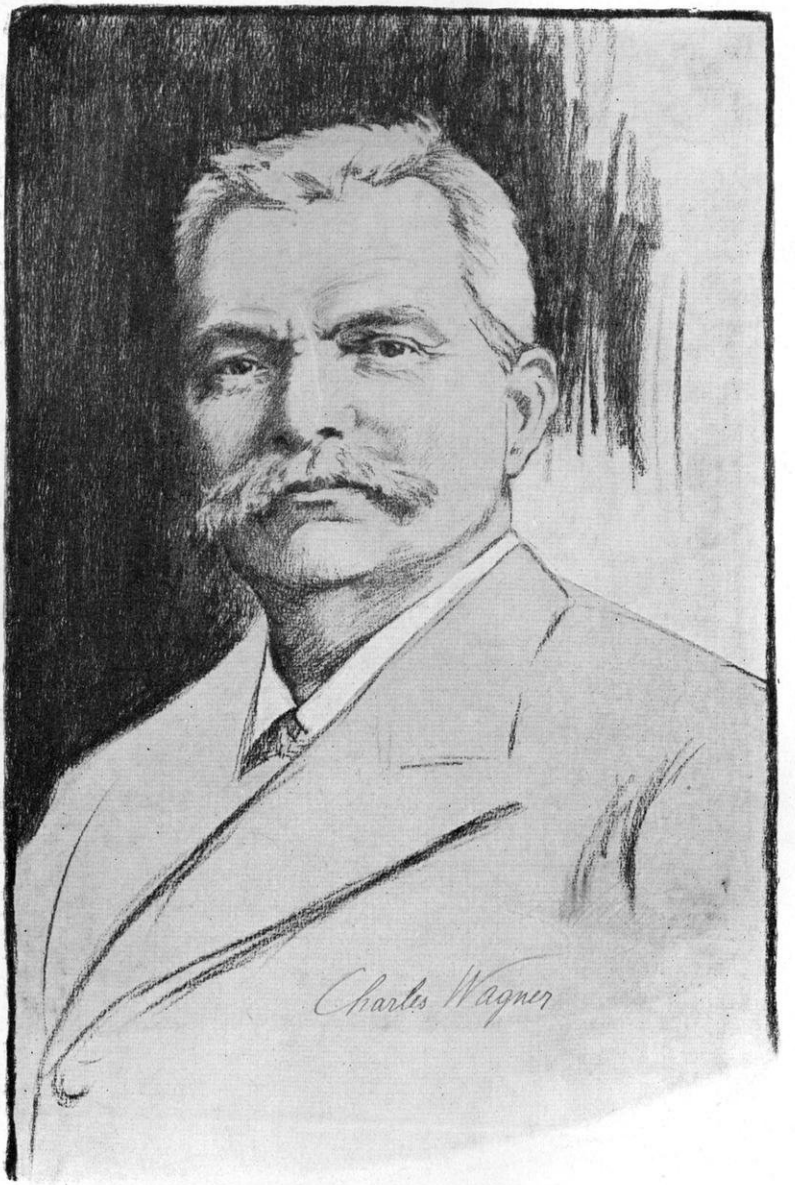
Charles Wagner

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME VII NOVEMBER · 1904 NUMBER 2

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Published by
GUSTAV STICKLEY *at* THE CRAFTMSAN BUILDING, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK
25 Cents Single Copy : By the Year, $3.00

 Entered November 18, 1902. at Syracuse, N. Y., as second-class matter

FOREWORD

THE CRAFTSMAN for November continues a series of biographies begun last month with the intention of offering to its readers salient points in the lives of certain men of "peace and good will," who are yet at the full tide of their activity, or who have but just now "passed over to the majority." The first of these sketches was a tribute to a distinguished Churchman, at the moment of his death a resident of Syracuse. The second sketch seeks its subject far afield in a man who daily treads the asphalt of Paris, seeking in the world of that capital the means by which the religion of real liberty, equality and fraternity may be propagated throughout the earth. M. Charles Wagner is here presented, first as to his position as a French Liberal Protestant, and later, by a second observer, from a nearer, more personal point of view.

In the present number also, certain aspects of municipal art, which is now regarded as a strong force for the advancement of patriotism and good citizenship, receive lengthy attention.

The high American attainments of an important branch of art-craftsmanship are treated in an article upon the display of Tiffany and Company, at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The illustrations accompanying this article can not fail to interest American jewelers, as a record of national accomplishment, and to attract foreign craftsmen in search of a standard of comparison between the Old World and the New.

A similar article of minor importance, illustrating a feminine branch of handicraft, is contributed by a critic known to the readers of all art-magazines, Dr. Heinrich Pudor of Berlin.

In the Craftsman Series of examples of domestic architecture, there will be found the illustrations, plans, and schemes of a house which, original, artistic and comparatively inexpensive, prove that it is possible to substitute the luxury of taste for the luxury of cost.

The table of contents contains further the title of an article of purely archeological interest, introduced because of the authority of its writer, the unique quality of its illustrations, and, above all, because it shows the high lineage of the much-abused modern art of pyrography.

Altogether, it is hoped that the varied composition of the present issue of THE CRAFTSMAN will gain for the Magazine many new friends, as was the case with its immediate predecessor.

In succession, the number for December will strive to surpass all former issues. It will, among many other questions of present moment, deal with municipal art under the aspect of "Garden Cities;" this theme to be treated by M. Georges Benoit-Lévy, an *envoyé* of the French Republic, now making a study-tour in the United States.

Another and fully illustrated article will discuss mural decoration as a factor in the child's education, while other departments of the Magazine will offer new features of interest.

M. CHARLES WAGNER, AS A WORKING FORCE IN "YOUNG FRANCE"

THE following verses are here quoted as appropriate to the question of M. Wagner's nationality. They gain further fitness from the fact that the elder of the two patriotic *littérateurs,* Erckmann-Chatrian, was the uncle of the eminent Alsacian pastor, the subject of our present article.—[THE EDITOR.]

Dis-moi quel est ton pays,
Est-ce la France ou l'Allemagne?
C'est un pays de plaine et de montagne,
Que les vieux Gaulois ont conquis
Deux mille ans avant Charlemagne,
Et que l'étranger nous a pris !
C'est la vieille terre française
De Kléber, de la Marseillaise

Erckmann-Chatrian.

Tell me which is your fatherland,
The Teuton's country, or fair France?
This smiling region, hill and plain,
Was conquered by the Gallic lance
Two thousand years ere Charlemain.
But now the stranger makes it stand
Subject and 'slaved, this old French land
Of Kléber and the *Marseillaise.*

HISTORICAL characters are often regarded by practical people as synonymous with mythical personages. This is because that in them one dominant quality has so absorbed all other distinguishing marks as to reduce them from persons to mere abstract principles. They have come to represent some great event, some influence which changed the course of civilization, some movement in art or literature. To employ a bold figure of speech, one might say that their photographic likeness made by the record of the small facts of daily life has disappeared, to be replaced by the portrait from the hand of that supreme impressionistic master whom we call Time. It is certain that the latter is the true rendering—therefore, the one permanently advantageous to both the individual treated and the person who would study him. Thus do Truth and Time work together as allies for the instruction of the world, correcting the broken line of petty facts, and binding together by correctly placed lights and shadows things apparently irreconcilable to one another. It is the living, rather than the dead, who are liable to be misunderstood and misjudged, not on account of the wilfulness of their contemporaries, but simply from the inability of these latter to reach the true angle of vision, or the proper atmosphere through which to view the subjects of study. As in photography, the likeness of a portrait is nullified, caricatured, or destroyed by an accident of light, while yet many will declare the picture to be a true one, because produced by mechanical

process; so, the prevailing impression of an eminent contemporary may be insufficient and, to a degree, false, because derived from a restricted class of facts. Under such conditions as these it would appear that the personality of M. Charles Wagner is considered by the larger part of Americans with whom his name has become a household word. For them he is the author of "The Simple Life" and other small volumes of a homely, somewhat ascetic philosophy, expressed with a clarity and charm which the makers of French prose alone know how to give to their writings. For them he is a species of Saint John Evangelist, clad in the modern equivalent for camel's hair and leather, and preaching in what is commonly believed to be the spiritual desert of the world.

Into this conception much error enters, owing, as it must be emphasized, from being founded upon facts of restricted significance, or of minor importance, and partially also upon a misapprehension of these same facts. M. Wagner's place in his chosen field of labor is much less conspicuous, although certainly not less great, or less useful, than the majority of his American friends, gained through his popular writings, believe it to be. His highest value as a leader of thought, as a social factor, as a man of character, resides in his participation in the Liberal Protestant movement of New France. His position and functions are best explained by saying that he is a husbandman working to fertilize the soil, rather than a horticulturist engaged in producing rare and brilliant flowers. It is also safe to assert that, outside the quarter of his residence and the circle of Protestant activity, his name is much less widely known in Paris, than in our own Boston and Chicago. Great allowance must therefore be made for the rhetoric of writers who refer to M. Wagner's plea for a return to the "Simple Life," as rising from "the greatest vortex of modern civilization, from the most marvelous and complex of the world's civic creations—from Paris, the dazzling and magnificent capital." For these statements, although effective in seizing the ear, produce among the people two erroneous impressions.

First, M. Wagner can, in no sense, be represented as a prominent visible factor in the popular life of Paris. He has been afforded no opportunity of attempting to turn the thought of the city into new and purer channels. He has not risen within the historic Church to revolt against authoritative institutions, like Savonarola in Medician Florence, or yet, like Père Hyacinthe, Canon of Notre Dame, whose

burning Biblical eloquence drove the Parisian aristocrats to penitence, and whom later we have known as the Old Catholic leader, M. Charles Loyson. No resemblance therefore exists between careers which were begun under official protection and the course of M. Wagner, which, from the beginning, has been obedient to, or rather an integral part of a movement observed alone by students and thinkers.

The second erroneous impression made by the sentences earlier quoted, consists in the scant justice done by their animating spirit to Paris as a center of thought. The quarters of the *Champs Elysées* and the *Opéra* represent but one phase of the city, and are the only ones which give it the right to the title of "dazzling and magnificent." But the most truly Parisian region, the Latin Quarter, although often maligned, constitutes one of the most brilliant foci of learning and research existing in the world. Constant, too, in patient toil, it has continued its labors from the twelfth to the twentieth century, from the times of Abélard and Héloïse down to that other pair of happier lovers who, only last year, announced the discovery of radium. But at this moment, no description of the capital, misnamed "the modern Babylon," could be so fitting as the words of M. Wagner himself, when he writes:

"Take the Paris of early morning. It will offer much to correct your impressions of the Paris of the night. Go see among so many other working people the street-sweepers. . . . Observe beneath these rags those caryatid bodies, those austere faces! . . . When the air is cold, they stop to blow their fingers, and then begin their work anew. So it is every day. And they, too, are inhabitants of Paris.

"Go next to the faubourgs, to the factories, especially the smaller ones, where the children or the employers labor with the men! Watch the army of workers marching to their tasks! How ready and willing these young girls seem, as they come gaily down from their distant quarters to the shops and offices of the city! Then visit the houses from which they come! See the woman of the people at her work! The husband's wages are modest, the dwelling is cramped, the children are many, the father is often harsh. Make a collection of the biographies of lowly people, budgets of humble family life: look at them attentively and long!

"After that, go to see the students. If you knew the toil and grind of the Latin Quarter! . . . The papers say enough of those who break

windows; but why do they make no mention of those who spend their nights toiling over problems? Because it would not interest the public.

"I should never end, were I to try to point out to you all that you must go to see, if you would see all: you would needs make the tour of society at large, rich and poor, wise and ignorant. . . . Paris is a world, and here, as in the world in general, the good hides away, while the evil flaunts itself."

From this quoted passage alone it is plain that a popular misapprehension exists in the United States, both as to M. Wagner's position in Paris, and as to the environment in which he pursues his humanitarian labors. He is simply a strong force for good, working independently, and yet allied with a recognized movement, in the midst of the most democratic city of the world.

FROM this somewhat negative treatment of M. Wagner, if we pass to consider what he is, rather than what he is not, we shall find the man, as well as the cause which he represents, to be of great interest and importance. He belongs to that worthy and distinguished element which is noiselessly and with deliberate structural accuracy, raising France from the disasters and dangers which she has incurred since 1870, to a height which shall again assure for her the name of *la grande nation,* although this time it will be the reward of suffering, fortitude, and unflinching obedience to high purpose.

To participate in this work of reconstruction, even to bear in it a nameless part, is an honor ardently desired by every true French citizen. To be a leader in the same work by force of position as a liberal Protestant, by intellectual power, by broad human sympathies, is a destiny which falls but to an occasional individual man, and even then rarely to the same degree as to M. Wagner.

In considering the position of a French Protestant, one can not do better than to define it according to the views of M. André Bourrier, who, in 1895, laid aside the *soutane* of the priest to join the Liberal movement.

This gentleman, in reviewing the obstacles lying in the way of the cause, notes that Protestant principles are popularly regarded in France with hostility, or, at least, with distrust; that prejudice confounds them with foreign and unpatriotic influences—notably with the most dreaded of all: those of German origin. He further very

justly observes that Calvinism does not appeal to the Latin races, who find its simple ritual crude, and its chapels bare of beauty. On the other hand, he points out that, in spite of the tyranny of its dogmas, the Catholic faith, for the masses of the French people, is a religion of self-sacrifice and devotion, surrounded by the sweet and tender traditions of the Christian ages, which it would be almost sacrilegious to reject. These prejudices, these preconceived ideas, will, M. Bourrier prophesies, disappear in time, and a reconciliation will be effected among the hostile principles. But the one Church will not be absorbed by the other. The good and the true of each system will be preserved, distinctions will be lost, and the clergy of the new faith will preach neither Catholicism nor Protestantism, but pure Christianity. To support the optimism of his prophecy, M. Bourrier cites the opinion, coinciding with his own, expressed by the eminent legislator and Protestant pastor, M. Edmond de Pressensé, as early as 1872. Finally, to obtain credit for a conception which, to the skeptical, might appear no nearer to realization than it stood three decades since, M. Bourrier turns to the great authority of M. Charles Wagner, who foresees the ultimate triumph of a religious system suited to the temperament of the French people, which shall be established upon Protestant principles invested in new and aesthetic forms. Then, through the realization of this dream, as M. Wagner himself calls it, there would arise a Church devoted under God to liberty, equality and fraternity, freed from the aggressions of an Italian pope, and whose clergy would not be oppressed by tyrannous bishops.

SUCH is the movement termed by foreign spectators the New French Idealism, which expressed itself more than a decade since in the "Union for Moral Action:" an organization having among its recognized leaders Messieurs Paul Desjardins and Charles Wagner, men who are sometimes reproached for their moderation unfitting spiritual reformers, and whose views are criticised as constituting a mild Tolstoyism, seeking to make compromise between a radical philosophy and the disposition of the masses.

But this criticism appears to be unjust from the fact that it makes no allowance for racial characteristics. The violent is not necessarily the strong, and restraint is but the tacit acknowledgment of reserve power. The logic of the French mind can not be compared with the impetuous spontaneity of the Russian, and the force of an argument is

not to be termed feeble because it concentrates and persists, instead of wasting itself in abortive struggle. Tolstoy has indeed stirred the consciences of men of all nations, and his auditory has become the world. But there are reforms to be effected, milder but not less necessary, than those which are preached by this prophet of wrath. And such, it may be believed, will be accomplished by M. Wagner and his colleagues of the "Union for Moral Action," especially since they are guided by that power to turn the abstract to the concrete, to reduce principle to practise, which is the sure instinct of the French.

It is to be regretted that this group of generous and brilliant men was diminished in number by occurrences incident to the Dreyfus case: a portion declaring themselves for, and certain others against "revision;" the latter being animated by an exaggerated patriotism which blinded their sense of justice.

Among these secessionists there is one whose loss is especially painful, since he may be called the Walter Pater of France. This is Maurice Pujo, a critic whose respect for moral ideas is as profound as that of Tolstoy himself, and whose exquisite literary quality strongly recalls that of the English essayist too early lost to the world.

Compared with M. Wagner, M. Pujo appeals to a limited public; for his writings lack homeliness, and savor of the midnight lamp. They bring no strong, steaming odor of the upturned clod. But the asceticism, the radiant purity which emanate from them remind one in some mysterious way of the white-robed mystical figures of Dagnan-Bouveret's religious pictures.

As a parallel to certain passages of the "Simple Life," M. Pujo's considerations upon morality may be here quoted, as showing, together with the former, the exalted spirit of the "New French Idealism." The young critic writes:

"With our moral efforts, our life becomes life, and acquires dignity and importance. What we call an accident or fatality is really our own weakness. There are no neutral deeds; every action, every moment of our life is moral or immoral; there is nothing for which we shall not be responsible to all mankind. Everyone spreads good or evil around, even among beings whom he does not know; everyone is concerned, all the rest of humanity. The strength of his moral impulse decides the strength and greatness of a man. At the beginning of our century we had great poets. They sang of great desires and great passions, but notwithstanding the brilliancy of their work,

it was not pure or great enough. Some of them surprise us by the richness of their imagination, others by the power of their sentiment, but I never found in them any will; the moral question was not marked by them with sufficient strength, and, therefore, they did not look into the depths of life. What was the great power of Christianity, if it was not a moral ideal, if it was not that unheard of discovery that this happiness might come from suffering, that it is enough to give up the joy we desired for it to come to us more fully than we could expect?"

Once again M. Pujo reveals the spirit of New France, when he thus expresses himself:

"The noble, elevated, pure soul of an artist is a powerful factor in the impression which his work has to produce. Often an artist has to travel along the road of painful effort and to fight hard to attain the state of grace, that supernatural state, in which a thought becomes a word, and a sentiment an action; in which suffering produces flowers, and life produces life."

From the examination of thoughts such as these it may be reasoned that the future of a nation cannot be dark and threatening, while it possesses a body of men who force comparison with King Arthur's Court. Numbers of these men have attained individual distinction, but it is as a body that they are best known: the spiritual command of this new idealistic France being under the command of three leaders, Messieurs Desjardins, Recolin and Charles Wagner. And of the latter, in his capacity of idealist leader, a sympathetic French critic wrote, several years since:

"No contemporary moralist has so sublime a flight, or such a fragrant freshness of sentiment as is reflected in his style and gives to it the charm of poetry"—while, later, in the same essay, we find a tribute to the broad usefulness of the Wagner philosophy among such as accept science for their religion.

HAVING now noted M. Wagner's position as a French Liberal Protestant, and consequently as a disciple of the New Idealism of that nation, we should not fail to study briefly the spirit of Protestantism, as it has revealed itself during the existence of the Third Republic. For by this means we shall deepen our respect for the man who has risen to leadership in a movement little understood, and so occult as to cause itself to be forgotten in favor of its visible effects.

To aid us in our researches, we must take as our guides students who have had opportunity to observe the workings of this religious and moral force, either from within the borders of France, or from no greater distance than beyond the English Channel. Among these authorities none seems of greater weight than Richard Heath, writing in the Contemporary Review, who declares that any inquiry into French Protestantism is met at the threshold by the singular contradiction that while the Protestant spirit has taken possession of France, Protestantism as a form of church life is declining; that, on the one hand, its influence so increases that Protestants are to be found in all sorts of positions of authority and power, far out of proportion to their numerical strength; while, on the other hand, the chapels of this faith are empty of worshipers and the ranks of its members are thinning with alarming rapidity.

In proof of the statement regarding the disproportion existing between the feeble numerical strength and the great weight of influence of the Protestant body in France, it may be well to offer a few statistics, since figures are more convincing than assertions.

If, first, we note the composition of the governing body, we shall find it to consist of eight hundred eighty senators and deputies, among whom there are approximately one hundred Protestants: a number of the latter which numerically represents five millions of people, while, in reality, there are only six hundred thousand Protestants in a population of thirty-eight millions. According to this verified proportion, the influence of Protestantism in France is, mathematically speaking, seven times as great as might be expected from the actual number of the adherents of this faith. From the moral point of view the same influence can not be measured. But it may be said that the higher the sphere, the more abundant is its evidence, especially in governmental affairs: the ministries of public instruction, finance and colonial administration showing its wise action and guidance. Wealth, education, and industry are characteristics of French Protestants, and ages of struggle for existence have fitted them for attaining success in the very things of which they have been deprived. Particularly is this true in all that pertains to finance, in which, for similar reasons, they offer a parallel with the Jews. For even in the days of their deepest depression, there were French Protestants able to loan money to the Government, and to-day fully two-thirds of the Paris banks are said to be in the hands of financiers professing the same

religion. Like the Jews also, the Protestants having changed the very obstacles set in their way into means of success, have been most unjustly accused: even of helping to bring about the ruin of the great Catholic bank, known as the "Union Générale." Indeed, the parallel appears complete, when we remember the anecdote of Michelet, who exclaimed: "Capital of no religion? That is a mistake. Capital is Protestant."

The great ability, which we have already noted in several departments of social affairs, has its source in the very force to think and act independently: in a word, in the power *to protest.* It has been well defined and summed up by a recent writer who says:

"Wherever a certain mental force is required in France, there Protestants under the present *régime* of liberty, will be found in the front rank. How entirely representative of the creative force which has brought into being modern French republican institutions, Protestantism must be, is impressively shown by its arrival at the position of molding the mind of 'Young France,' independently of all religious dogma and of every form of denominational confession."

The fountain head of these principles is that body of thinkers known as the "Alsacian School:" a natural title, since French Protestant theology long centered at the University of Strasbourg, from which the faculty professing it was removed to Paris as a consequence of the Franco-Prussian War. From this body proceeded the effort to remove public instruction from all clericalism and from every kind of denominational influence. These men have lost no opportunity to proclaim intellectual sincerity as the source of both private and national character, and, in all things, have they endeavored to set up a high standard of morals before the rising democracy.

The Protestant spirit, it cannot be denied, is the spirit of republican France. It is recognized as such by deep thinkers who have traced its course from the Revolution of 1789 down to our own times: a long period during which it has never ceased its struggle to make the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity permanent under a stable and progressive governmental policy. But if it has been recognized by friendly thinkers and writers as a supreme power for good, it has been denounced by those hostile to it under the name of the "Protestant Conquest." From both these points of view it is apparent that it is an irrepressible force, capable of adapting itself to the needs of the period: for while the Protestant spirit is constantly becoming stronger

in republican France, Protestantism as a form of Church life and as a religious denomination, is gradually tending toward extinction. This latter phenomenon has been explained by a student of the question, who observes that the Protestant ecclesiastical bodies existing in France are not the real descendants of the Huguenot churches; that they are collections of isolated individuals having little cohesion and little corporate spirit; that this individualism in its dryness, its limitation of sympathy appears to be a direct result of the secure position into which such virtues as industry and thrift, and the advantages of belonging to a highly respectable portion of the community have brought, or are bringing, the various individuals composing the congregations. The situation so outlined, would seem to offer many points of resemblance with the condition of the Anglican Church just prior to the Oxford Movement of 1830, when organic unity was at the point of dissolution, and the fulfilment of routine gave the only sign of life. But the parallel is not a complete one; for, while the French situation is attributable largely to the laity, the similar conditions in England were, to a great degree, due to the apathy of the clergy. The French Protestants, satisfied with things as they are, and dreading change, entrench themselves in their positions of material comfort, and concentrate their thoughts within a narrow circle of ideas. Therefore, to break through this entrenchment and to awaken the inactive forces within its limits, there is need of a strong, compelling power that shall bring in the warmth and fervor necessary to production, level the barriers between those who are thus fortified and the broad world outside, and vitalize the humanitarian movement in this branch of the Christian Church. To this work M. Charles Wagner comes especially prepared by his origin, his training and his temperament. Where Frenchmen of more subtile mental mold, of more characteristic national type, might fail, he possesses greater means of success. His logic gives place to his sentiment, which would never be the case had his ancestors been of unmixed Gallic blood. His primitive simplicity of thought could never proceed from one obedient to the formalism of the Latins. He is the more useful instrument in the hand of Providence, because two highly and diversely gifted races meet in him, the one balancing and correcting the other. While the other leaders in the Liberal Protestant Movement, his colleagues, may serve the cause even to better purpose than he in all that pertains to things purely intellectual, M. Wagner's usefulness is a thing apart.

His work lies with the people of all sorts and conditions. He alone can teach the rich to aid the poor, and the humble to love the great. By those who have heard him in America,—as he describes himself: "the Frenchman speaking in the name of God an imperfect, incomplete English"—he will be recalled, as he often stands bent in the attitude of appeal, and pronouncing some simple sentence like the following: "My brothers, give me your hands, that we may lift the degraded!"

Within his own country his field of work, therefore, is a broad one, and most worthy of cultivation. For the Third Republic has survived Boulangism, the Panama Scandal and—gravest of perils—the Dreyfus affair, during the progress of which France seemed at the last gasp of her greatness. But already she has entered upon a new period of existence, and, to borrow the words of Casimir-Périer, it is certain that "she will renew herself, as Nature does." Also, as Deschanel has said, "the sap is rising," and it is for such men as M. Wagner to save the prospective fruitage from blight and deformity. The results already accomplished in politics and economics have been admirably summed up by a friendly English critic, whose statements are here admissible to quotation, since they are a tribute to the Liberalism and the New Idealism of France. According to this writer—the expert in modern history and diplomacy, known under the pseudonym of Calchas—"no great nation ever rose with more spirit and determination from disaster than the French Republic has done from the defeat of 1870. The total cost of the war to France was probably more than one thousand millions sterling, and yet, the conquered nation has since built up an army which gives even the military strength of her great rival pause. She has maintained the second fleet in the world. She has achieved an immense work of colonial expansion: continuing to show in Algeria a triumph of administrative efficacy perfectly comparable with the work of England in Egypt. She has kept her place in the van of civilized intelligence and inventiveness. The Third Republic has created an educational system far in advance of anything England possesses to this day. Her genius in physical science has remained undiminished: that fact in itself furnishing perhaps the most suggestive commentary upon the assumption of her mental decadence usually suggested by the neurotic excesses of her most ephemeral literature. Her chemists and electricians are not made in Germany. She trains her own experts in every branch of modern technique.

Her schools of study in the last three decades have reconstructed her conceptions of history. The decline of intellectual originality and vigor in every sphere of literature has been less marked in France since Sedan, than in Germany during the same period. Above all, the resources and perseverance shown in the work of fighting the phylloxera forms by far the most wonderful example of national fortitude and ability displayed by any people since 1870. The substitution of the beet for the vine has, to a large extent, transformed her agriculture, and this process has been little less remarkable in the sphere of the world's husbandry than the simultaneous appearance of Germany in the economic sphere. *La Ville Lumière,* with its three millions of inhabitants, is like a lamp that throws its profound shadow over the remaining thirty-five. The bright capital exaggerates in the eye of the world the weaknesses of the Republic, and conceals its strength. But the social structure of the nation has elements of great sanity and soundness. France is striking the roots of her national life wider and deeper into the soil with the lapse of time. Her wealth is not exposed to the hazard of international rivalry, or even to the vicissitudes of war. It is exempt from German competition and from the effect of maritime enterprises like that of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. It lies in the inexhaustible treasure of her own soil, husbanded with infinite diligence and skill by her people, and renewed every spring, through the mystic operation of Nature."

TO feed this spirit of renewal, to make it penetrate into all parts of France and throughout the social structure of the nation, is the purpose of the Liberals and the Idealists, as it has been their earnest work during the past decade or more. The chief instruments which they employ in their labor are intellectual sincerity, justice, and philanthropy, and these are surely the most accurate that exist. As is demonstrated in the quotation just made, which is a tabulation of pure facts, these reformers have not to deal with a decadent nation as certain critics contend. The internal enemies of France, although subtle and persistent, are such as may be overcome by patience, forethought, and fortitude, and even the nightmare visions of a perishing race, are not justified by reliable calculation. The low birth rate in France must be judged comparatively, rather than absolutely; for, if the latter standard be accepted, the Anglo-Saxons appear decadent beside the Teutonic races, and the Teutons themselves

beside the Slavs. Nor are the external enemies of France so formidable as they seem: especially the Empire which deprived her of the Rhine frontier. Modern Germany possesses no power of assimilation and is in hostile contact with almost every stock in Europe: keeping persistently under the harrow of her government Slavs, Danes, Poles, Italians, Frenchmen and Alsacians, who but bide their time to resist tyranny. If among these races we take the Poles for an example, we shall find their national feeling to be as strong as it was at the time of their subjugation, although they have been annexed for more than a century; while the continental journals constantly print incidents which show an equally hostile spirit on the part of other peoples oppressed by the same great power. Therefore, the Third Republic rallies about her all those races who either hate the pressure of the North German Empire, or who fear the extension of its power.

So, all things well considered, the field for the labors of the Liberals and Idealists in France, is free, wide and fertile. They have but to proceed by modern methods in order to be wholly successful. The Protestant religionists have only to adapt and conform their church organizations to the traditional spirit of their cause. Their clergy have already proclaimed the duty of Christianity to consider the economic claims of the laboring classes, rather than to offer them, as in the past, a crust of bread and a strong dose of sound doctrine. At the same time, these students recognize the legitimate rights of the rich: seeking thus to build up a stable, social fabric, in which, as in Plato's Republic, the classes shall be thoroughly interdependent.

One of these idealists—and one of the most useful and distinguished of the body—it is now our happiness to welcome among us in the person of M. Charles Wagner. He can do much for us by preaching, in his individual way, against vanity, jealousy and envy, which are the special vices of republics. He further interests us as a type of man who could not be produced by the social conditions of America. German and Frenchman meet in him to create sentiment and the logical faculty, the joy of living, and the power to translate that joy into words of crystal clarity. He has the simplicity of the peasant joined to the wisdom and the experience of the *savant*. He is a true French republican, coming from the region which gave birth to the *Marseillaise,* and, later, to those two eminent patriots, who together told, in the most appealing of literary forms, the story of the rise of French freedom and of its betrayal by the Bonapartes. The work of Rouget de

Lisle and of Erckmann-Chatrian was accomplished through the song and the romances which rank among the most precious immaterial monuments of France. The work of Charles Wagner for his Fatherland, by reason of the necessities of the period, is graver and more spiritual. The scene of his activity is in the midst of the "Young France" of the twentieth century, by the side of the student, the workman, and the peasant. Removed from this place, he can not be rightly understood or appreciated. To make of him, or his books, the interest of a passing hour, as the fashionable world last year made "Parsifal," is to treat him and them lightly and contemptuously. In order that full personal justice may be done him, he must be recognized as an integral part of the liberal humanitarian movement in France.

BEFORE considering the question of a practical return to the simplicity of which we dream, it will be necessary to define simplicity in its very essence. For in regard to it people commit the same error that we have just denounced, confounding the secondary with the essential, substance with form. They are tempted to believe that simplicity presents certain external characteristics by which it may be recognized, and in which it really consists. Simplicity and lowly station, plain dress, a modest dwelling, slender means, poverty—these things seem to go together. Nevertheless, this is not the case. Just now I passed three men on the street; the first in his carriage; the others on foot, and one of them shoeless. The shoeless man does not necessarily lead the least complex life of the three. It may be, indeed, that he who rides in his carriage is sincere and unaffected, in spite of his position, and is not at all the slave of his wealth; it may be also that the pedestrian in shoes neither envies him who rides, nor despises him who goes unshod; and lastly, it is possible that under his rags, his feet in the dust, the third man has a hatred of simplicity, of labor, of sobriety, and dreams only of idleness and pleasure.

THE ESSENCE OF SIMPLICITY
CHARLES WAGNER.

THE LESSON OF SCULPTURE
BY BARR FERREE

CULPTURE is the one art whose value as a public decoration needs no argument for its support. It is the earliest of the decorative arts, for though architecture existed before sculpture, it was in carving that man seems first to have given evidence of the decorative gift. Its value as a record and as a memorial was so quickly learned and so generally recognized in the early centuries of civilization that much of the culture of past periods can be restored by means of the sculpture which they produced.

But the modern observer of art—and the observer is much more frequently met than the student—need not go back to early times to learn its value, either in itself, as an adjunct to a building, or as part of a scheme of public decoration. Such are the three aspects in which sculpture has been employed, and the examples of its use are almost without number. The modern question—the question which concerns us of to-day—is not so much what has been done, but what lessons can be drawn from past experiences for modern use.

To-day, the advocate of sculpture is likely to be dazzled by what is known of the past and what has survived until now. He will exclaim at the countless statues of imperial Rome, and bewilder his hearers by enumerating the multitude of statues, large and small, on the cathedral of Chartres. Nor will his claim rest on statistics alone, for astonishing as the record of number is, it will be surpassed by the quality of the art value.

There is small merit in the multiplicity of statues. Sculpture is the most difficult of the arts, and can be the highest expression of man's art culture. It can also reveal the utter incapability of the men who attempt to practise it. All sculpture is not good, but bad sculpture can not exist in a community in which the art sense has been so thoroughly developed as to form a critical public.

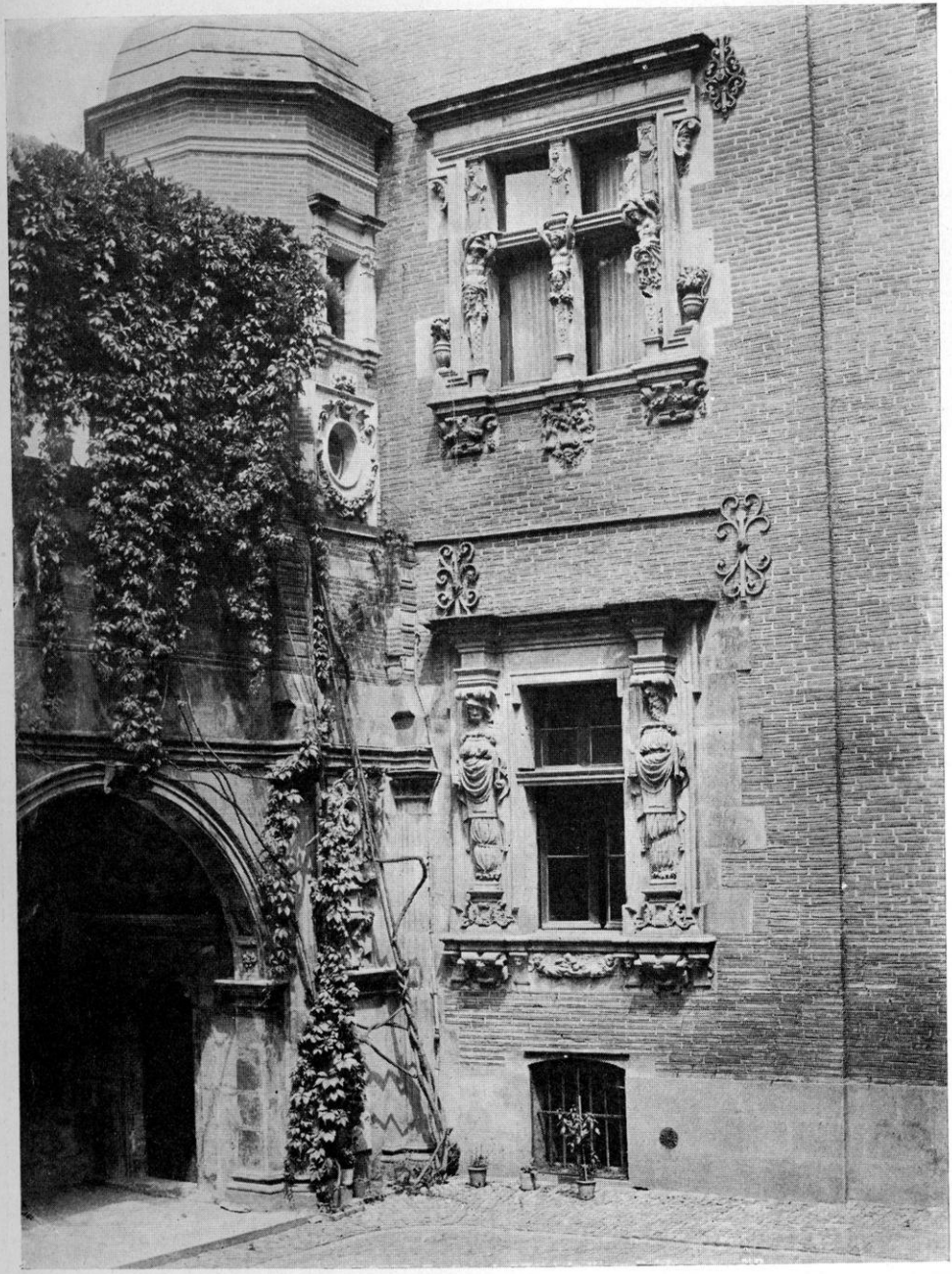
The problem for to-day, therefore, is not, how much sculpture can we have, but what good sculpture can we obtain, and display to our public? In the great sculpture periods: those of classic Greece, imperial Rome, the Middle Ages in northern Europe, the period of the Renascence in Italy, the later Renascence in France—there was no need to instruct the people in the art, nor to tell them why and how they should value it. In those days, people worked and thought in

art more than they do in our own times; more than they are likely to do again. Centuries long, art was the medium for intellectual expression, and painting, sculpture, and architecture flourished marvelously. We can not hope that appreciation and cultivation of the arts will arise again in the same way. Modern art appreciation must be different from the classic, mediaeval, or Renascence appreciation. We can not and shall not think of art in the way in which it was regarded in those past ages; nor shall we practise it as it was practised then. But we shall have modern appreciation, modern methods, and modern results; and the great problem of the day is for all art lovers and art workers so to develop and forward the cause of art that it may regain once more the high levels of the past, albeit it speak in a new and modern tongue, distinctively our own.

We must not decry the art of our own time. Men can only do the best they can, and they can only take advantage of the opportunities which are offered them, or which they may carve out for themselves. A goodly step forward will be the recognition of essential differences in art—in methods and in work—in our day, from the art of previous days. Classic art, mediaeval art, Renascence art, were supremely great, because they were a natural product of their own period. If modern art is to be equally supreme, it must be equally spontaneous. But it can not be classic, or mediaeval, or Renascence, it must stand alone. It can only command respect, and win admiration, if it is modern.

A word of caution is needful. Modernity in sculpture, or in any form of art, is not synonymous with oddity, with unknown and uncouth combinations, or forms. It is not strained or forced art. It is neither forced, nor a clever transcript of a respectable academicism. The living sculptor must not only feel that he is alive in the twentieth century. He must further express modern life, thought, feeling and culture in his work. It is an indefinable quality, but not the less essential because it is difficult to describe it in words.

While it is an essential requirement that modern sculptors be modern, it is nevertheless true that the only real lessons in the sculptor's art are to be derived from a study of the past, by sculpture produced before the nineteenth century. For if the eighteenth century sculpture of France is not all inspiring, that period produced much fine work which no present-day sculptor can ignore. The museums of Europe are thronged with masterpieces from the past: many of them



PALACE OF THE OLD VINE; TOULOUSE, FRANCE; A FINE EXAMPLE OF FRENCH RENASCENCE ARCHITECTURE; THE WINDOWS BEING REMARKABLE FOR THEIR BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURAL DECORATION

MEDIAEVAL HOUSE, BOURGES, FRANCE, SHOWING TRANSITION BETWEEN THE ROMANESQUE AND THE GOTHIC STYLES; NOTICEABLE FOR THE FINE EFFECT OF THE TWISTED COLUMNS AND THE GARGOYLES

of so supreme a quality that it would be folly to emulate them, and preposterous to seek to improve on them. Yet it is by contemplating just these works that the modern sculptor finds his noblest inspirations and is the more keenly inspired to greater effort himself.

But he must know how to use his study and how to profit by it. The truly great artist has no difficulty in this. Michelangelo loved, above all things, to study the remains of classic art, but save for a few minor pieces which were frankly modeled on Roman works, his own sculpture was so entirely of his own day and of such penetrating modernity that we to-day feel its living force and value. Here was rational study of the past, a proper appreciation of its works, a mastery of its secrets, and a final translation of its achievements into the master's own native tongue and that of his own time. No sculptor succeeded in so assimilating what he saw, studied and meditated, as Michelangelo, until Rodin struck a new note in sculpture with his astonishing art.

Supreme geniuses such as Michelangelo and Rodin—and I couple their names only as those of the most remarkable sculptors of their respective times—appear so rarely that epochs in art are named from them, and earlier and later sculpture is reckoned in its relationship to them. The bulk of sculpture is produced by the lesser men, for the very reason that the lesser men are more numerous. Many of these may, in themselves, be men of fine ability producing work of a very high order; but the larger amount of sculpture produced in any one century—for example—comes from chisels not handled by supreme artists. The more reason, therefore, for the study of great works by every one engaged in art workmanship! The artist, if he does not himself produce masterpieces, can at least familiarize himself with those wrought by greater hands than his, and improve himself as best he may.

The duty of the technician in art is, therefore, very clear. That of the connoisseur and art lover is not less evident. No art is possible without a public to support it. The responsibility for art rests upon the people, and of no form is this more true than sculpture, since sculpture is the most public of the arts. The patron of the painter may hang his treasures in his private gallery; the architect is so concerned with business details that he is often—and many times with utter justice—not ranked as an artist at all; more than for any other artist the public is the patron of the sculptor, since it is in public

work, in monuments and external decorations, that the latter has his most frequent rewards and wins his largest quotum of praise.

And the true artist lives on praise and appreciation: to him it is more than the nectar of life. It is life itself. A painter may gain reputation, although his work be known and loved by a few only. The sculptor must please and satisfy many thousands, and win praise, or merit dissatisfaction from very many people to whom he is not even a name. His art is not only difficult, technically and artistically, but the conditions under which it is shown are most complicated, often most disheartening.

There is need for change and progress. Modern sculpture does not suffer from lack of practitioners, nor even from lack of those who are competent. There are sculptors to-day producing work which, if not of the very highest rank, is yet so good as to promise durable reputation for them. It is not men who are needed, but rather wider appreciation of their works, broader knowledge of their achievements, livelier satisfaction in their capabilities. It is not the sculptors who need the spur, but the public, the great unwashed in art—if I may be permitted a barbarous expression—who know only what they like, and who like so little that it does not matter at all what their views may be on so important a subject.

The very first thing the public needs to know is how sculpture may be used and what it is for. Like the sculptor, it needs to study the art of the past, but for its own reasons. The public needs to study art to learn what it really is, to understand its earlier relations to the public of past times; to apprehend the conditions under which sculpture will best flourish, and to realize that art is not summed up and complete in the art of the present day and generation. It needs to learn, learn, learn. And the more difficult it is to learn, the more the records must be studied.

Art knowledge is difficult to impart. Many people think that they can get on without it, and many so exist. A very great deal of pleasure is lost thereby, but the ignorant ones never know what they have missed. Still, a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and a few energetic workers can often accomplish wonders. There is no need for discouragement. Our sculptors do not have the opportunities enjoyed by other sculptors in more favorable times, but they are more and more winning their way. The question is not so much what they can do, but what opportunities the public will give them.

A SECOND LESSON OF SCULPTURE: THE ART CONSIDERED AS A PUBLIC SERVANT

BY IRENE SARGENT

THERE occurs in Mr. Barr Ferree's "Lesson of Sculpture," a passage which commands attention by reason of the truth which it so vigorously expresses. It reads:

"The living sculptor must not only feel that he is alive in the twentieth century. He must further express modern life, thought, feeling, and culture in his work."

Then, as examples of the spirit which he advocates, the writer adduces two geniuses, Michelangelo and Rodin; saying of the former, that while he studied the antique with passion, he remained a modern; and intimating of the latter that while his work is the synthetic expression of all the great periods of art which have preceded us, its strongest quality is that which causes the spectator of his statues to feel that he is personally addressed in the language of his own time.

Dissenters from Mr. Ferree's opinions will not be found among the critics, who agree that Rodin is one of the epoch-makers in his art, such as have arisen but a few times in the history of civilization, and that generations will pass, before the vitality of his works shall be exhausted, and they shall come to be regarded as museum objects, rather than as transcripts of life.

But it must be acknowledged that Rodin occupies in sculpture much the same position that Puvis de Chavannes occupied in painting; that he is in advance of his century, having "the future in his mind;" that his works are so simplified as to fail of popular appreciation, and possess little charm for eyes accustomed to the complexity of weaker presentments of ideas and affectations of style.

Still, they are so filled with power and life that even those who are unpleasantly impressed by them, are compelled to return again and again, actually to examine them, or, if they are not accessible, to review them in thought. This fact shows that they will long remain models toward which art will tend, thus becoming more direct in statement—consequently, stronger in appeal, more significant, and more important in the daily life of the people.

The art of sculpture is coming to be recognized in America as a public servant of great value, as it has been done in all the distinctive periods of history. But in order to insure its maximum effectiveness it must be allowed to proceed upon a natural, original development.

It is too much to expect that a second Rodin will arise among us in our own time, but his works should be explained to the people, and his influence propagated, so that his point of view of work may be gained by both sculptors and people. By this means, there might be created a public art which would instruct and refine; which would play, to some degree, the part sustained by it in classical and in mediaeval times.

The quality so prominent in the work of Rodin, the point so necessary to be emphasized, at the moment when the question of municipal art is obtaining recognition as one of the greatest concerns of the people, is the force, the simplicity, the dignity with which his thoughts are clothed. They come out sharp and clear from their hard medium of expression. There is no entanglement of the idea in the marble. The critical spectator examines one of his statues, and feels himself in the naked presence of the principle underlying the work. The "Thinker" at the "Gate of Hell" is a man oppressed by all the vexed sociological questions of the hour, and smitten by the "world-pain." "The Kiss" is a primitive expression of passion which transmits to the spectator the tremulous joy quivering through the undulating lines of the marble and making it appear like warm flesh. "The Waves" are the very essence and personification of arrested motion. And so, the same criticism might be continued through the list of Rodin's works. In them the essential thing is always presented, stripped bare of all that hinders the eye and the thought.

The opposite of these works is found in the sculpture of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and the first half of the nineteenth century. Westminster and St. Paul's, London, teem with portrait statues, which are but masses of trophies and symbols, and wherein the human element is lost in details of costume. The same is true and even more apparent, if possible, in the work of the decadent Italians found in the *Campi Santi* throughout Italy. In such sculpture, the art becomes a dishonest public servant, inculcating only a love of display, and ministering to no human sentiment except that of family pride. On the other hand, when principles are seized, made visible, and presented in proper, tangible, enduring form, as through marbles displayed in public places, their educative value, their moral influence, is incalculable. One condition only must be observed, in order that this effect may be insured: that is, the works must be sincere, spontaneous, a-light with the first fire of conception; never executed under

the spur of necessity, or in obedience to some short-lived passion, or fashion of the time.

In the rôle of an effective public servant, sculpture has been always direct, even popular, in expression. That is, it has always voiced the thought of the people, however dignified the form in which that thought has been clothed. Of this truth the Greek temple carvings and statues are a brilliant proof, as well as are the stones of the Gothic cathedrals, whose façades were pictorial Bibles before the age of printing.

To cause a return to this direct expression of principle through the medium of sculpture should be an important object of the municipal art societies which are multiplying throughout our country with the object of making the small common in the town of minor importance equally as educative, as morally influential, as the great square, or the decorative avenue of a capital city.

As yet, as is inevitable in a country, young, large, and diversified in material resource, accomplishment in municipal art is confined to the older culture of the Atlantic seaboard, and to a few points of the Middle West. In these places, certain statues and reliefs have been erected which, national and original in character, bear favorable comparison with the best recent municipal art of the Old World. In the "Lincoln" of St. Gaudens, the "Puritan" of the same sculptor, the "Nathan Hale," of Macmonnies, force and simplicity are the characteristics of the artistic treatment. And it is safe to say that years, perhaps, centuries, will pass before public and critics will regard them as having lost through age their significance and strength. All these truly American works, considered in comparison with those which have preceded them, as well as considered absolutely in themselves, are steps toward the simplicity, the synthesis of Rodin: toward the presentation of a chosen principle under a form which is its natural garment, and the only one necessary and appropriate to it.

The character of the ideas or principles chosen for presentation must receive adequate attention also, if we wish to make of sculpture a faithful public servant, as a source of inspiration to patriotic, intellectual, moral and humane effort. In this study, we may gain a lesson from certain foreign towns, as to the manner in which they have recently employed sculpture as a factor in municipal art and life. This lesson we shall find to be one of both incentive and warning; of things to be emulated, and things to be avoided. It should serve to keep us

within our own traditions, and to cause us to honor and commemorate the principles which gave birth to our nation, and which have since fostered its growth and preserved its constitution.

Among these foreign towns conspicuous examples exist in Berlin, Paris, and the cities of Belgium, which latter are really separate city-republics united in a league for mutual advantage in political and commercial affairs.

From the first example, Berlin, the lesson, in spite of its beauty and dignity of presentation, is largely one of warning. To begin: the present great city is an artificial capital. It is set in a marshy plain, and on the banks of an insignificant stream. Its population, within the last three decades, has increased astonishingly, not largely because of the legitimate development of its trade and industries, but owing to the prestige gained by it as the chief city of the German Empire, through the result of the Franco-Prussian War. From these facts it is easy to argue the character of the municipal art which has there latterly received the strongest of impulses. The first object of this art, directed by the Emperor, is ancestor-worship: a primitive instinct, it is true, but, in this case, so splendidly disguised that it appears, at first thought, to be only a successful effort to beautify a great city. The *Siegesallee* (Avenue of Victory) bears a significant name, and constitutes an act of homage, expressed in artistic terms, performed in favor of the forefathers of the present ruler. Further, it emphasizes the leadership of Prussia in the great federation of German States. The marble hemicycles, offering seats to promenaders, from which they may study the portrait-statues of centuries of Prussian princes, are most skilfully arranged. The eye is gratified by the rhythm of the curves which succeed one another with wave-like effect; while the attractions of varied physiognomy and costume awaken, even in the most careless foreigner, an interest in the history which he sees illustrated with such masterful power. And this Avenue is but a detail chosen from a system of municipal art, splendid and formal, logically arranged, logically applied, and serving an important political purpose. Its effect makes for cohesion and assimilation: two qualities lacking, to a great degree, in the Empire, and yet necessary to the permanence of the organization. It can not act otherwise than as a powerful spur to patriotism and national pride. Yet the principle which it represents is not one indicative of high civilization. The art of sculpture is here used as a public servant to

exalt the memories of men of blood and iron, to glorify war and conquest. This system of municipal art is certainly mediaeval in spirit, although it is clothed in the most modern and learned of forms. It follows the policy announced by the young Emperor upon his accession to power, when he called upon his people to remember that he was their *Kriegsherr* (feudal war-lord). Nor, in certain of its manifestations, does it fail to reveal that peculiarly German sentiment of mingled cruelty and religious instinct which was satirized by some clever wit in a telegraphic message purported to have been sent from a battlefield by the old Kaiser Wilhelm to the Empress Augusta:

Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below:
Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

And this criticism is made in no carping or flippant spirit of censure: rather with due recognition of all that paternalism is effecting for the cause of art in Germany, and, at the same time, with regret for the specific character which municipal art is made to assume in the capital city of the Empire.

If now we turn to the recent public sculpture executed in America, we find at least the spirit of the work to be higher and purer. We see stress laid upon public virtue as a means of nation-building. And even when war-scenes are presented, as on the "Shaw Memorial," in Boston, an act of self-sacrifice, of supreme devotion to justice, is held up to the admiration of the people; war being incidental to the situation, and the dignity of personal character the essential. The same spirit—that is, homage paid to a principle—is equally strong in that other work of St. Gaudens, "The Puritan," which stands in a public square in Springfield, Massachusetts. This statue can not do otherwise than keep strong in the memory of the people the significance of one of the most structural elements of our nation. It is a tribute to the power of stern virtues which is well offered in an age of materialism.

If now, we again turn to foreign cities, which must, for a certain time yet, serve as our guides in the promotion of municipal art, we can not do better than to make a rapid survey of the cities of Belgium, in which a learned national society is actively displaying that combination of taste and practical sense characteristic of the race, and so admirably judged by Taine, in his "Art in the Netherlands." In all these cities, sculpture in the public squares serves the same purpose as the mural paintings on the interior walls of the town-halls and guild-

houses. It is a voice telling of the power, material or intellectual, exercised by the ancestors of the present citizens, and urging these latter to repair decay; to reach out by commerce and colonization, after the manner of their forefathers; to repeat, in a modern sense, under the government of King Leopold, all that was accomplished in a mediaeval sense, under the old maritime leagues and the civic corporations. A few instances of the use of sculpture as a public servant in these cities will suffice for illustration. In Antwerp, the fountain in the *Grand' Place* recalls a legend of the port, which, kept constantly before the minds of the people, suggests to them the possibilities of the sea yet remaining unexplored, and urges them to new efforts in their commerce already awakening the fear of London itself.

In Bruges, now appropriately named the "Dead," and which, exclusive of the English quarter, is little else than a museum, we find the statue of Jan Van Eyck occupying one of the most important free spaces of the city, and again, in the *Grand' Place,* a strong appeal is made to the corporate spirit of the town by a sculptured group of guild-masters who, seven centuries ago, defended the rights and property of the citizens against foreign aggression. As in Antwerp, the idea of commerce is presented with emphasis in the works of municipal sculpture, in Bruges the effect of unity, the honor consequent upon the successful pursuit of art, are visibly suggested to the people. In Ghent, a new idea is given prominence, because this town is, so to speak, a frontier within a nation: that is, a stronghold of the Flemish, as opposed to the Walloon, or French, element of Belgium. Therefore, calculated as an incentive to racial effort, there rises in the cathedral square, a monument to the patriot-poet Willems, who, more than a half-century ago, in the early days of the Kingdom of Belgium, awakened and led the Flemish Renascence, which is still engaged in reviving civic spirit, restoring civic art, and erecting the sectional dialect into a language worthy of current and literary use. Finally, in Brussels, always the stronghold of French influence, and for three-quarters of a century the capital of the country, we find everywhere, outside the royal quarter, sculptured monuments raised to the citizen-spirit of liberty, equality and fraternity. Altogether, the lesson in municipal sculpture offered by this teeming, laborious, practical, and art-loving people is one, which we, initiating a movement similar to the work of the Belgian National Society, can not afford to neglect.

But the final, the broadest lesson of this kind, which we have to

learn before reaching a definite success in our task, is given us by the capital city of our sister republic, France. And this is partially due to the fact that Paris is the most important municipal body in the world, not excepting the Corporation of the City of London, which, although standing for the highest principles of citizenship, is necessarily limited in its functions. Paris, as the evolutionized city, as the strong survivor of the most overwhelming disasters, as a vigorous organism delivered alike from the slavery of monarchy and the slavery of anarchy, as the spirit of democracy made visible, has much that is valuable and necessary to teach us in the lesson of municipal sculpture. In visiting her parks and squares, in threading her old *carrefours,* and turning the corners of her picturesque streets, wherever we turn, like Cicero in the Roman Forum, "we tread upon some landmark of history." Groups, single statues, busts, and tablets everywhere confront us as tributes raised to the distinguished men by the grateful country and city. It is the latest of these works of municipal art which are the most significant to us; for they show conclusively that France is once more the "soldier of God," seeking peace, and exerting herself to hasten the time when weapons shall be cast aside. These monuments celebrate in large measure, the victories of mind over matter, the conquests of philosophy, science, and art, the accomplishments of humanitarianism. From them we should learn to pursue our own municipal art movement in a parallel direction, keeping within our traditions, raising in the proper places monuments to those who have "deserved well of the Republic:" honoring the Puritan, the Hollander, the French explorer and missionary, those who preserved the Constitution, and the heroes of our own day; above all, placing before the people with simplicity, strength and synthetic power, the principles represented by all these elements of good.

M. WAGNER'S LECTURE: MY BOOKS AND MY OCCASIONS FOR WRITING THEM

CHARLES WAGNER lectured in the Craftsman Meeting Room, Craftsman Building, Syracuse, on the evening of October 11. His subject, "My books and my occasions for writing them," was, as usual, treated in English and without reference to notes. In his own language, M. Wagner is an extemporaneous speaker, preparing his matter carefully, and trusting to the inspiration of the moment for his choice of fitting words. In English, he follows the same method, as far as he is permitted by his command of our tongue. For a number of years, he has possessed a reading knowledge of English, and, in view of his visit to America, he has studied both the written and the spoken language. Therefore, while yet in Paris, he reduced to the form of a *conférence,* or lecture, all that he wished to say to his foreign audiences, and it is from this fund that he draws, when speaking among us; remaining faithful to the general thought previously formulated, but constantly reaching out for new illustrations and figures of speech, as his facility increases. His lecture, as it is here given, is reported and unified from two occasions: M. Wagner having spoken on the afternoon of October 11, at the First Presbyterian Church, Auburn, and on the evening of the same day in Syracuse.

On the latter occasion he was presented to his audience by Dr. Samuel R. Calthrop, pastor of the May Memorial (Unitarian) Church. This distinguished man who, to his profound learning, adds the broadest human sympathies, showed his appreciation of the real work of the foreigner, by saying: "M. Wagner is one of those humanitarians who are attempting to save our young men, especially the youth of the Republic of France to mankind and to God. He is one of those liberal pastors who possess the happy art of working with all sorts and conditions of men. He has delightful relations with Catholics and Protestants, Jews and sectarians; asking only that they all labor for God, and lead just, pure and noble lives. It is with great pleasure that I present to you the author of the 'Simple Life,' the one who himself proves how beautiful that life can be."

M. Wagner then addressing his audience, said:

In beginning, I must ask your indulgence. For the gray-haired man standing before you is the youngest public speaker who ever lifted his voice in your Republic. My gray hairs prove the Frenchman

in me to be a mature, almost an old man; while the Englishman in me has reached the age of but two years, and the English public speaker scarcely that of six months. The latter will behave in accordance with his youth. Serious accidents are to be expected. In using the word "accidents," I mean actual crimes. You will see me handling your strong language roughly. There will be wounded adjectives, lynched pronouns, verbs crushed, and some altogether murdered. But as these crimes will be the result of neither malice nor premeditation, I am sure that you, having recovered from your first horror, will grant me a general absolution.

I shall divide the time which I am to pass in America into two parts; taking care scrupulously to fill every hour; for if time is money, life is gold. One part I shall devote to learning and listening, in that strenuous school of men which constitutes the American nation. During the other part of my stay, I shall speak to your people from out my overflowing heart.

What I have come to study here is not your tremendous activity, the ceaseless labor of your populous cities, the wonderful accomplishments of your industry, or the physical features of your far-reaching country. All these things belonging to you, whether they are the productions of Nature, or yet the works of man, awaken the wonder of the world. But I have not come to study things which may be seen by the eye, or touched by the hand. Civilizations, cities and laws are the work of men. They issue from men's hearts. "Heart," says the Bible, "is the well-spring of life." This is what I have come to seek: the heart of America. I want to discover the hidden power which is ceaselessly carrying you onward. I am a pilgrim toward the innermost sanctuary where burns the sacred fire of your tradition, your faith, your ideals: a fire kindled long ago, and which you must tend carefully, in order that it shine upon you in the present, and lend its guiding rays to your future.

I come to speak to you of the simple life, the true life, from which proceeds all my work, and which was born from my experiences. This new conception of life grows out of life itself. I am not a recluse, a sedentary reformer, a dreamer in a narrow cell opening his spirit-wings in an impossible Utopia. I have nothing in common with those who lament constantly that they were not born in the times of their great-grandfathers. I am the son of *this* time. I find it every day more fascinating. I love it for its greatness, its labors, its

miseries and pains. And for the very reason that I so love it, I can not endure to see men wasting their strength, their money and blood for idle fancies. Of these idle fancies

"I have drunk the endearment
And eaten of the dismay."

I have tasted the witchery of them and their intoxicating bitterness.

LIFE is the highest gift that we have received. The chief lesson that I have learned is that man should make a good use of his life. That gift should not be wasted. It must be made to serve the purpose which animated the mind of the Lord of Life when He gave it to us.

In order to realize that purpose, life needs to be normal. It is normal when it is simplified, relieved from useless hindrances: effecting a maximum of beauty, justice, happiness, confidence in God, with a minimum of embarrassment. Simplicity is not confessed by signs. It is an aim, a condition of mind, a thing to be gained by conquest. To attain it many steps must be taken, many battles fought. Many times we shall halt. But we shall be willing to take the steps and fight the battles when we shall be convinced that there is nothing better than simplicity. All great things are simple: great pictures, great sculptures, great books and poems. Nothing is better, nothing is higher in all departments of life—in society, in political affairs, even in religion—than simplicity, which is the synonym of truth.

HUMAN ideals find expression in the life of man, who is by nature spontaneous. Freedom is necessary to the child, that he may develop broadly. Whether gold, marble, granite, or simple clay be employed as material, how much depends upon the way the substance is handled! A bad workman can spoil a block of the finest marble. A genius can immortalize a block of common stone, or breathe a soul into a lump of clay. This bad workman, or this genius, symbolizes education in its different forms. Some children need to be watched and tended with intelligence, rather than to be chiseled into shape like a block of marble, or modeled like clay. Too often in our homes we build barriers about our children, and give them nothing from the outside. They must take our creed, our life, our ideals. There is great danger in ultra-careful education, in which everything is planned and mapped out at the beginning. Those who

suffer most from it are the impetuous, warm-hearted children, who need a large share of liberty. To illustrate I will take my own case. My father was a country pastor, who allowed me almost complete liberty. He gave me the habit of going to church on Sunday, and explained many serious things to me; yet he did not destroy my spontaneity. I remember that often, as a child, I went to worship the moon in a little balcony at the front of our house. But never did my father come to say to me: "Little pagan, why do you worship the moon? You must worship God alone, and He is a spirit." No! He, no doubt, thought to himself: "The boy is too young to understand that God is a spirit. Let him, for the time being, worship the moon and take it for a living being. Gradually, it will develop in him the consciousness of what is Divine, and when he is older, he will worship the Invisible Light of which all visible light is only the faint image." And he was right.

This principle of education I have kept all my life. To look for myself, never to be afraid: to look alike at Nature, at God, at men, at things, at books, at thoughts, directly, and with great respect. As a child, I was naturally religious, and I never looked at an animal, a flower, a sunrise, a cloud, without lifting my soul toward God. So, now, when I need to feel the deep things of life, I turn backward to my childhood, and I look upon men and things: birds, flowers, heaven and earth with the eyes of the child that I was. I would not give up the pure memories, the serenity, the feeling of blessed safety, the sentiment of universal intimacy, in which one has a brotherly feeling for the ants that run under the grass, for the sunbeams that play on the meadows: I would not yield such treasures for all the riches of the world.

In the days of my childhood, I learned to look at things for myself; to drink from the fountains of life for myself, without even the page of a book between my sight and the source, or a glass in which to convey the water to my lips. Oh, that men would come to the spring and drink for themselves! I have learned that there are two kinds of drinkers. Those who drink with their own mouths, and those who drink with other men's mouths. We have men thinking nothing for themselves and full of the idea that others must think for them. Nobody can drink for us if we are thirsty. We must drink for ourselves.

I believe that God has given to every man, as well as to every tree,

his own roots, whereby he may obtain the sap necessary to produce fruit. I can never be satisfied with whatever is told to me about God, the universe, the soul; about the relations between the human and the Divine. I hold that there is no truth which can be obtained by proxy.

SO I came into the large world of men and women with this method: to think for myself and to speak freely what I thought. And when the time came for me to speak, I found myself an isolated man. At the beginning of my ministry, I had no place, no pulpit. I was "a voice crying in the wilderness," but I remained true to the inner voice, the voice within myself. When I was tired and sad, I went away alone; then I heard the voice speak plainly: "Trust thyself," as your own great Emerson has said; then, too, came the words of that Greater One than he: "Fear not, I am thy helper!"

I continued to speak as I felt, and soon the barrenness about me became fertile and living. You can be sure that this miracle will be wrought always, if you are simple, natural and good. Be true to yourself and God, and you will surely find your echo. In every man there is that which must respond, give echo, to the good. Let this be your rule: "Fear nothing and conceal nothing. Speak as naturally as you breathe and live. Unfurl your thought like a standard!"

You will soon come upon kindred souls who speak your tongue and who love you for fearing nothing. When I was a common, unknown man, I soon found friends. I remember with joy those first gatherings in a small room in which thoughts tried their strength, as birds try their wings. They were not large audiences, but all were earnest men representing all classes of society: souls seeking eagerly, as I myself had sought so long, for a new and living form in which to express the old truths of faith and life. Soon these good friends began to regret that the words of the gospel of simplicity were spoken to so few. They came to me, again and again, to say: "You must speak to the world. You must write a book." I laughed and said that I could not. A book to me seemed a dead photograph, and I wanted words full of life. I did not want to be seated. I prefer walking to sitting, and riding to walking. Vigor, movement, action, life! that was what I demanded. But these friends argued with me that a book goes everywhere; that it becomes a companion and friend to people all over the world who can never hear the actual voice of a speaker. So, at last, I, who preferred to speak rather than to write, wrote a

book. That was when I was thirty-eight years old, and my first book was a record of action and life, called "Justice."

I had been a fighter from my earliest years. I dare say my experience is repeated by the young men of to-day. My youth was a time full of battles; conflicts of individuals and interests; thoughts warring with one another; above all, floating in the air and ringing in my ears the cursed war cry: "I have nothing in common with thee." In religion, I was tossed about between the most exclusive, most conservative, traditional orthodoxy and that species of thought held by both laity and clergy, which was the boldest, if not the most negative and revolutionary. By birth, I was an Alsacian, and the terrible war of 1870 was hardly over. So, I found myself in the focus of one of the most vehement international conflicts of modern history. My education had led me to understand both adversaries and to appreciate in each one of them the best he had. I was living among disinherited, denationalized, and most humble people, and I had for them the full sympathy of kinship. I found in them wisdom, justice and devotion. But I had friends also in the higher social class. Each side tried to win me over to its exclusiveness. I found myself constantly between eager fighters: I suffered much, and all that I saw and felt I put into my book, "Justice," for I wanted it to be a plea for equity between man and man. I tried to show that we can do nothing without others, and for that reason we should be honest, true and just in our dealings with one another.

IN 1892, I wrote my second book, "Youth." I have always loved young people, and I hope ever to keep this love alive in my heart. Further than this, I have respected the independence of youth, never seeking to exercise undue pressure upon it. Truly to love young people is to seek to understand them, to enter into their way of thinking. In order to learn to know the youth of my church thoroughly I came in closest touch with them. At our meetings we discussed all subjects, but especially religion. Any one was allowed to declare without restraint the boldest and most subversive opinions, and all were encouraged to express themselves fully.

Our one rule of discussion was: "Proclaim fairly and fully your own ideas, but respect the feelings of others!" As for myself, I interfered as little as possible, but when the arguments were finished, I said: "Now, gentlemen, each of you has said what he thinks. Allow

me, in turn, to express my views." I read my as yet unpublished book, "Youth": thus trying its effect upon juvenile spirits which were for me the epitome of the youth of the period.

This book was crowned by the *Académie Française,* and at once grew popular. As I was leaving the session of the Academy, feeling very happy, a young printer—one of those who had learned to be perfectly frank with me—said: "M. Wagner, 'Youth' may be a great book, but it is especially a book for students and cultured persons. You ought to write another book, more concise, more simple, which might encourage those who are not cultured to effort, and fill them with noble aspirations."

Reflection soon convinced me of the wisdom of my young friend's advice, and I wrote "Vaillance (Courage):" a book which has wrought much good.

The germ-thought of the book is: Take courage! What is to do can be done by the invincible power of the human soul. Have an aim, take courage, and never relax, until you have conquered! Be just, be truthful, be honest, be energetic, and everything will open to you! It is evil which hinders. Avoid everything bad: bad action, bad thought, everything which prevents you from being just to your fellow man!

THUS I had written three books. But, as yet, I had no idea that I should ever write one on "The Simple Life." Things which are natural to us, part of ourselves, we are unconscious of knowing. One of the most important things in education is that a man should really understand what he knows. Teachers should talk only of what is in their own minds. One can be very useful in teaching boys, if only one really possesses what he knows. I had been living the simple life, suiting to it all my projects and desires; but never had I purposed to write about it. The idea of the book came to me as I shall relate.

One day I had to give my blessing to the marriage of a chambermaid and a workman. To these young people—who had perhaps four or six friends around them—I spoke upon what should come first in home life, and in my accustomed way upon such occasions, with cordial sympathy for the young couple, and with entire simplicity. The chambermaid was in the employ of Madame Edgar Guinet, who, with Mlle. Brisson (the daughter of the well-known French political

leader, Ferdinand Brisson), was present at the ceremony. A week later, Mlle. Brisson sent for me and told me that she was about to be married. In the course of an intimate conversation, she said: "I have a favor to ask of you. Will you make me happy by granting it?" I replied: "Certainly I will, if it be possible. What is it?" She said: "I want you to bless my marriage, and to repeat what you said at the wedding of the young couple last week." "Ah!" I replied, "I cannot speak in presence of the two thousand people who will be at your marriage—some of them the highest and most learned of all Paris—the same words that I spoke to those six persons." M. Brisson, who had heard this part of the conversation, and who is a very simple man, exclaimed: "Pastor Wagner, why will you not make my daughter happy by speaking as you spoke before those six persons? I think that you cannot do better." I thereupon promised to do what both father and daughter desired.

At the marriage there were cabinet ministers, deputies, members of the Academy, professors: all kinds of people whom we call select; and before those learned and rich persons I spoke of the simple life, just as I had spoken to the humble six a short time before. I urged upon my young friends my deep conviction that the true happiness of life lay in normal use made of living. My audience was very attentive, and the day following I received a letter from M. D'Armand-Collin, the publisher. He said: "I should be glad if you would write for my firm a book upon the subject of which you spoke yesterday: the simple life." When I received this letter, an idea rose in my mind like a star, and I walked through the room saying aloud: "The simple life! The simple life! This book is already written." I went into the street, and, as I walked, I indicated the heads of the chapters. When I reached the publishers, I said: "Here are the chapters for 'The Simple Life.'" He asked: "When will the book be finished," and I replied: "Oh, as to that I do not know. Give me time to write it! I must do it calmly."

Thus, I had "The Simple Life" within myself without knowing it, and this book came to the life of to-day, like a sturdy young boy, born in the very heart of his birthday.

What is in the book: The Simple Life? Only a little domestic counsel. Many people think that it is nothing for thinking people. The simple life? That is to have but one garment, with a rope to tie around it, and to return to the savage state. No! this is not the simple

life. The book merely says that if in mind we are simple, then we shall life the simple life no matter what our surroundings. To live the simple life is to have the force to be men, and to accomplish the highest aim of our lives.

Now we are here in the Craftsman's Meeting Room. This Craftsman is an artist. I will tell you how I understand what it is to be an artist. This room is full of simplicity and beauty; its lines are strong and rugged. There is one idea here expressed, and that one idea gives beauty, and is in itself beauty. All that is beautiful in Nature is simple. Look, too, at the enduring art of the ancient Greeks! It is all simplicity. The most beautiful songs are those of the people in which the soul of man shines through in the simplest words and in the simplest form. The highest eloquence in every period of humanity is the simple, spontaneous, emotional expression of what lies in the heart. A man unable to make gestures and having a broken voice, if only he be a good man, has but to say one word, and this word is immortal. Often has humanity been helped for centuries by such a word. It is the character that speaks. A simple word, with one or two simple men behind it, will give spiritual life to millions.

Nothing is greater than simplicity and one may have it free. I plead for simplicity in the household. We are often slaves to our furniture, to our books, to our curtains, to our rugs, to our ornaments. Our garments are often the sign of slavery. I would criticise no one unkindly, but you all have seen the young man with the high collar. He cannot wear it comfortably, his neck is stretched, but it is the custom to wear high collars. There is no more tyrannous power in the world than fashion. This collar, higher than the neck is long, is only illustrative of what we endure, when we offend simplicity. If a convocation of rulers should seek to force such a collar upon an unwilling world, all young men would unite to fight against such tyranny, but fashion dictates, and they yield. Many of them, indeed, seem to be in the world for little else than to wear such collars.

I cite this only as an example of what we do. A young boy should be simple. We should not "collar" him in any way. The question of our hearts should be: "What can I do for him: to keep him young; to let him develop, naturally, like a beautiful flower; to help him to become a good man?"

We make errors because we do not see simply. It is as if the shoe

should say: "The foot is for me," instead of the other way: "I am made for the foot." The teacher is for the boy, not the boy for the teacher. Youth should be kept away from the old dry pedant, full of the knowledge of books, and knowing nothing of Nature and the human heart—the boy heart. An illustration will further explain my meaning. One day, in France, I entered a public library, where I found the librarian alone, seated in a comfortable arm-chair, and reading a journal. But it was the delivery hour, and I asked for a book. The official did not reply, and continued to read. Again I spoke, when he, lowering his paper, and frowning, exclaimed: "Sir, you are disturbing the working force of the library." This man had forgotten that the books under his care had been collected for the use and pleasure of the people. He looked at things from a false point of view. He was not simple. He believed himself to be the master, rather than the servant of the public. He was the shoe to fit the foot.

Simplicity should rule in everything. For this reason, I began my book upon "The Simple Life" with the episode of a bridal couple, who, according to the decree of Fashion, have all kinds of things to live for. Under such conditions, they have no time for quiet, for the pursuit of true aims and real things. And every day they begin their useless work anew. All is wrong with them. They should first love each other, and let things of minor importance, material things—curtains, rugs, furniture—come after.

If, in the army, the first man were a simple soldier and the last, the general, and if the simple soldier commanded the general, the army would be a strange one. So, in life, if that which is insignificant give the command, the result is the same. Such conditions complicate existence. To illustrate: we make a lamp, the purpose of which is to give light. We cover it with ornament, and, by this means, impair its lighting properties. Is that right? Which is of the first importance, the ornament or the light? To care for the important is what I strive to teach in my book, "The Simple Life."

This book, like a sturdy child, was not content to stay in France. It traveled to your country, to which President Roosevelt welcomed it with most kind greeting, sending also word to me, through Dr. Lyman Abbott, of the Outlook, that he should be glad to meet its author.

Such is the story of my book. It grew out of the simple blessing which I gave to the workman and the chambermaid. From this

proceeded Mlle. Brisson's request, the publisher's demand, and the written book. If "The Simple Life" had not come into existence, I do not think that I should have ever visited America.

We should ask ourselves: What of the future? What have we to give the children: those who come after us, who owe to us the light of day, and the teachings which are to make or mar their future? What have we to give them? Our civilization, in brilliancy and accomplishment, surpasses any that has gone before. But if we look to the consequences upon the human heart and soul, serious questions present themselves. Civilization can be a perfect instrument for making humanity better and happier, but if it be badly used, wrongly directed, it is destructive to peace, happiness, and the good of the soul. In looking at the mad struggle for material things, I remember a description of the Sahara: "Oh, this great, barren, sundried, wilderness! Oh for one drop of living water!" And as I see our civilization, which should be an instrument for justice and peace, becoming an entanglement and a bondage; as I see so many things opposing Nature, happiness, noble life, charity for every one, I own frankly that I feel as the poet did in Sahara: "It is one great sunburned, dry wilderness." The soul of man cries aloud for one drop of living water to make a blade of grass, a flower in the wilderness: one flower of love, and one flower of contentment. For our children we must look at this question, and at this moment. Now is the time for preaching the gospel of simplicity. I come to give this message to you, as I have given it to my own countrymen. You are a nation of hurrying, overworked men; yet I have looked into your hearts and they are true and sympathetic. You have simplicity in your history, in your ancestors, in your traditions. I remember the pictures of Washington, Franklin, the Pilgrim Fathers, and Lincoln, as I saw them in Philadelphia. These patriots were all simple men. I remember, with great pleasure, the simple man who is your president: a man of strenuous life, of warm heart and deep religious feeling; simple and sincere in all his acts, and therefore in his example. I have seen many of your best citizens. They are simple, and you, as a people, will return to simplicity. You will not allow a false ideal of life to deflect you from your high ideals. You will make the conquest of the simple and the real. By this means you will not only be happy, but you will lead the life of the best and noblest.

And beyond your ancestors, your history, your traditions, beyond

your material prosperity, I have looked anxiously. I have seen there your national, American Ideal, such as your noblest presidents have expressed in happy words, such as you have symbolized in your flag: an ideal so pure, so high, that you would not embody it in either the form, or the color of things that fade and vanish, but only in that which is firm and immutable—the blue of the sky and of the stars of the firmament. In that ideal resides simplicity. In realizing it, you will remain true to your best and oldest traditions, to the purest of your history, and you will be ever young, drinking of the wellspring of eternal youth.

The Simple Life is the sane life. It will remain when the vain glory of to-day shall be reduced to ashes. Its aim will endure, even when the stars of heaven, tired of their long watching in the night, shall close their eyes, like children who want to sleep.

AND first, considered in itself, with its attachments, its emotions, its sacred treasure, the home is truly a sanctuary. Like divinity it has its believers, its faithful, its altars, its festivals, its rites, its mysteries. People who no longer profess any religion, have kept the cult of the hearth: they believe in it, they cling to it, they live upon it. No sacrifice in its defence seems to them too great, an attack upon it is to their minds an attack upon the very fundamentals of life, and to pervert or profane it is to commit the crime of blasphemy. It is sad that anyone should have lost that great luminary of the soul, religious faith, but it is well if in the midst of this calamity he has been able to preserve the religion of the hearth.

THE RELIGION OF THE HOME
CHARLES WAGNER.

ANCIENT GREEK ENCAUSTIC PORTRAITS: A CRITICISM BASED UPON THE CELEBRATED COLLECTION OF HERR THEODOR GRAF OF VIENNA. BY RANDOLPH I. GEARE

TO the ancient Egyptians is ascribed the origin of the gruesome, although realistic custom of placing an effigy of the dead outside the case which contained the mummy. This effigy usually consisted only of the head of the deceased, which was molded from a composition of sand, gypsum and carbonate of lime.

The Egyptian religion did not contemplate the decay of the body after death. The perishable remains were preserved by embalming, while the immortal spirit (Ba), as was believed, departed in the Sun-Barque, and was carried to the gates of the other world, in the far west, beyond Abydos. Should the spirit then be so fortunate as to become absorbed into the divinity (Osiris), it still would not lose all its identity. It might yet return visibly in its terrestrial form, and it was especially to this end that the body was preserved as a mummy, and a statue of it placed in the tomb. Thus the features by which the person so represented had been distinguished from other mortals in life, would always be recognizable.

Certainly, as far back as the ninth century before Christ, the custom became general of incasing the mummy in a kind of *cartonnage*, or mummy-shaped shell, which latter was placed in a wooden coffin and sometimes in a stone sarcophagus, and it was on these *cartonnages* that the molded mask of the face of the dead, usually gilded, or otherwise colored, was applied. This custom, which appears to have attained its height during the years 664-525 B. C., continued through the Persian period (525-333 B. C.), and, after the conquest of Egypt by Alexander the Great, up to the rule of the Ptolemies, by which time Hellenic culture had become firmly rooted on the banks of the Nile, and interwoven itself with Egyptian usages. Then, the Hellenic Egyptians also adopted the practise of preparing their dead for the tomb in the form of mummies, but, as the art of painting had sufficiently advanced to permit the production of fairly accurate likenesses, portraits of the dead took the place of the plastic effigies already mentioned. This innovation is believed to have become generally established among the Hellenic Egyptians during the third, or the

second century before Christ. Certainly, as far back as the latter date, many Greeks were embalmed and entombed according to Egyptian rites, and not alone in Alexandria, but in Upper and Middle Egypt as well, at Thebes, and other places.

And it is from the burial-place of Kerke in Middle Egypt, in the province of Fayûm (an extensive oasis fertilized by a branch of the Nile, and lying beyond the Libyan mountain-range on the west of the valley of the Nile)—a region which, in antiquity, was largely occupied by Greeks—that convincing evidence of the practise of placing portraits of the dead with the mummies has been derived, through the discovery of a collection of pictures found at Rubayyat, about twelve miles northeast of Fayûm.

The graves in which these portraits once existed had been ransacked by thieves who, in their quest for gold, destroyed the mummies and coffins, and threw away what was of no value to them. Included with this supposed refuse was a large number of portraits, several of which are here reproduced from illustrations prepared under the direction of Herr Theodor Graf, a merchant of Vienna, and the owner of the collection.

The chief town of Fayûm, Medinet-el-Fayûm, is only a short distance from the ruins of Krokodilopolis, which under the Ptolemies was called Arsinoë. Here a flourishing Greek colony sprang up, and even later, under the Roman emperors, still maintained its prestige as the most important place in that district.

To this discovery, therefore, we of the present day are largely indebted for our knowledge of the practise already mentioned, the period, and conditions of culture to which this art owed its existence, and the manner in which the paintings were executed.

The most interesting feature of these portraits lies in the fact that apparently some of them are original life-paintings of Ptolemaic kings and queens. This matter will receive attention later at greater length.

The portraits themselves are of varying degrees of excellence, and while some of them may be classed as consummate works of art, others are of very crude character. The difference is probably due to the fact that when the persons represented were wealthy, they could afford to employ high-priced artists, while others, less favored in this world's goods, were compelled to be satisfied with a cheaper grade of work. Again, there is good ground for belief that the best pictures belonged

to an earlier period than the others; the latter showing variations in costume and peculiarities of technical execution not present in the former; while the wax colors (which will be explained later) are observed to be gradually superseded by distemper-colors.

It seems altogether probable that the portraits in question were painted during the lifetime of the subjects, and were intended to decorate homes, just as we do at the present time. Great pains were taken to give as much individuality and realistic treatment as possible to the likenesses. This principle was faithfully carried out, even when it involved the presentation of unpleasing features: such as in the sixth illustration,—believed to be Ptolemaeus Euergetes, and evidently that of a man suffering from a contraction of the muscles of the neck; or, in the last figure but one, which is believed to represent Cleopatra Tryphaena, and, at all events, depicts a woman apparently grown prematurely old with sickness, if one may judge from the careworn expression on her face.

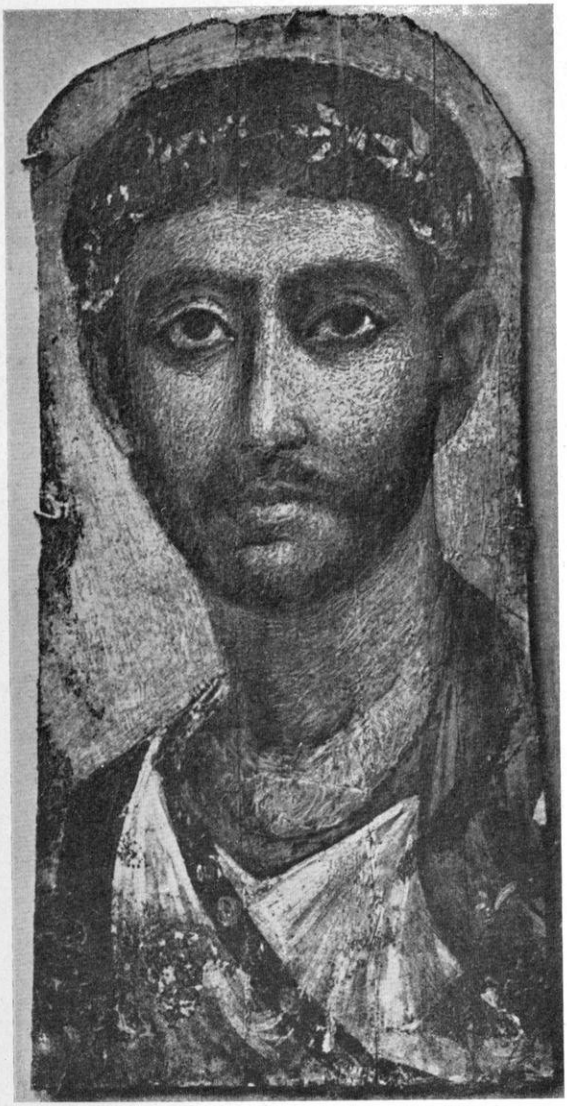
Dr. Georg Ebers, who has made a careful study of the subject, accounts for the portraits and their connection with mummies in one of the three following ways:

(1) The painter may have used the corpse as a model, endeavoring to give it a lifelike appearance. (2) The Greeks in Egypt may have been accustomed to have their portraits taken in the prime of life, the pictures which adorned the family living-room being attached to the mummies after the death of the persons represented. (3) The portrait may have been painted and hung during the life of the subject, and, after his death, a copy may have been made to be placed with the mummy.

That the models from which these portraits were painted were not the faces of the dead seems, in Dr. Ebers's opinion, to be proven by the convincingly lifelike aspect of the heads, and there is no reason to doubt that the houses of the Egyptian Greeks were decorated with portraits of the living members of the family; for even in the time of the Pharaohs the great officials had portrait-statues executed during their lives, and these were subsequently placed in their tombs.

Again, it is known that on the back of some of the portraits a layer of plaster was found, or some holes had been made; which would tend to show that the pictures had formerly hung on walls, or in the case of the holes, that pegs had been used by which to aid in suspending them.

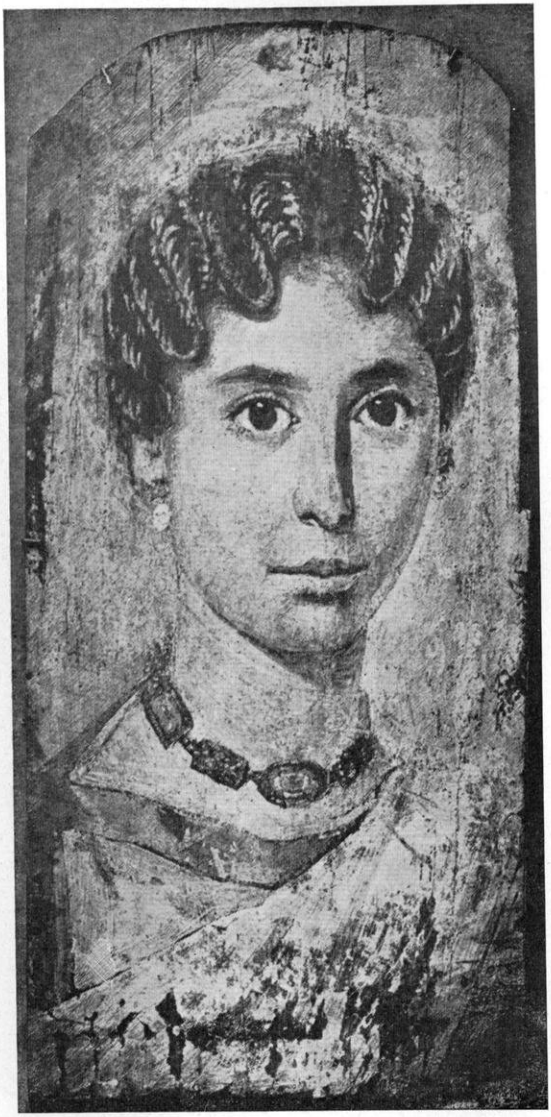
Summing up this phase of the subject, Dr. Ebers expresses his



PTOLEMAEUS PHILADELPHUS (284-246 B. C.)
See "History of Egypt," by Samuel Sharpe, Volume 1, page 1

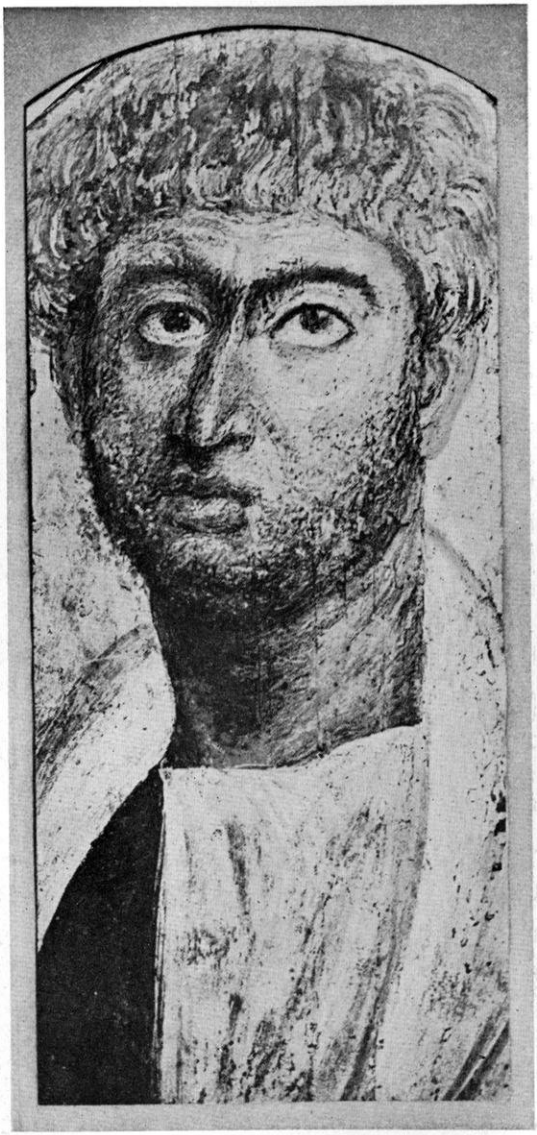
PTOLEMAEUS SOTER (323-285 B. C.)
See "Classical Dictionary" by William Smith,
page 624

CLEOPATRA (51-30 B. C.)



BERENICE, WIFE OF PTOLEMAEUS EUERGETES
See "History of Egypt," by Samuel Sharpe, Volume I., page 360

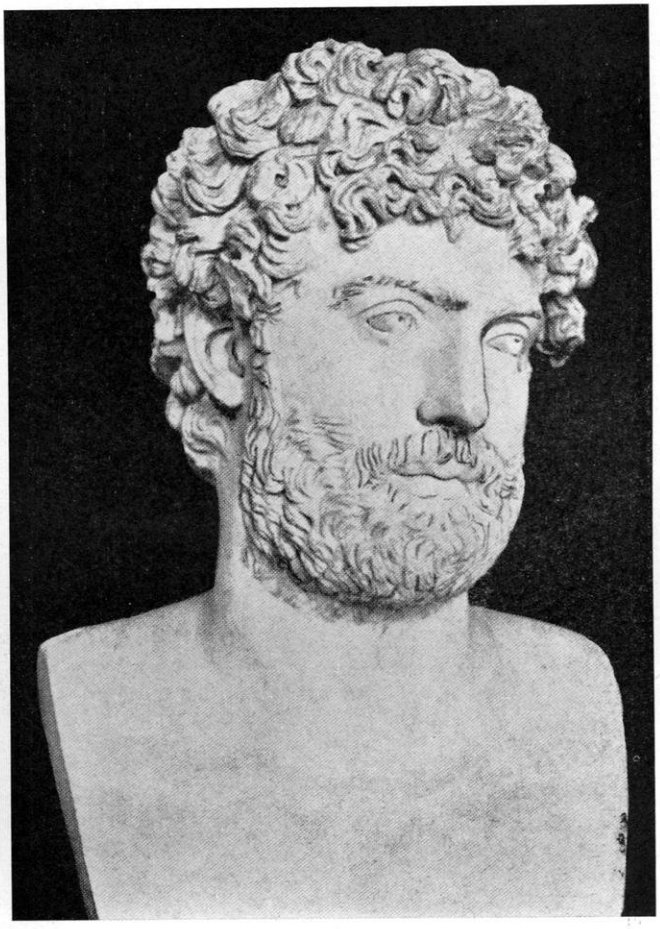
PTOLEMAEUS PHILOMETER (164-145 B. C.)



PTOLEMAEUS EUERGETES (246-221 B. C.)
See "History of Egypt," by Samuel Sharpe, Volume I., page 360

CLEOPATRA TRYPHAENA (57 B. C.)

See "L'Egypte," by George Ebers, page 313



PERSEUS, KING OF MACEDONIA (179-168 B. C.)

See "Portrait Heads upon Antique Coins," by Dr. Blumer (in German).

opinion in the following words: "I am more inclined to believe that the Hellenic Egyptians were wont to be painted in the prime of life, to place the picture in the living room, and then, after the death of the person represented, that an artist was commissioned to copy it for the mummy. Thus, when a woman died at an advanced age, the portrait placed with the body showed her in her bloom; just as we often see the memoirs of a lady of importance who may have lived to a great age, illustrated by a picture of her in her youth. . . . At the same time this does not exclude the possibility that, under certain circumstances, a portrait may have been removed for the purpose from the wall of a room."

However, until further research has been made, it will be impossible to arrive at a definite conclusion on this point, and the matter will remain in doubt; although the weight of evidence so far seems to be in favor of the theory that the pictures were made during life, and removed to the tomb after the death of the person represented.

The accounts given by ancient writers regarding the methods used in encaustic painting of Greco-Egyptian origin, are both scanty and indefinite, and the following statements on this subject are derived chiefly from the results of investigation by Dr. Otto Donner von Richter, and from the descriptions given by Pliny.

The latter states that he was unable to ascertain who first devised the art of painting in wax-colors, and of burning-in the painting. But he clearly states that in encaustic technics two operations follow one upon the other: namely, the painting with wax of various colors, and then the burning-in of the painting, which latter gave rise to the use of the word "encaustic."

It further seems clear that, from time immemorial, there were two kinds of encaustic painting, or rather two processes employed with wax by means of the *cestrum,* which was a lancet-shaped spatula, resembling an antique plaster-knife, having a finely dentated edge, and a rather long handle, the point being somewhat curved. The material forming the base of these paintings was usually a wooden panel, although ivory was occasionally used for miniature work. This latter was, of course, more expensive. The portraits with which this article deals, however, were all painted on wooden panels.

The actual painting with wax was usually done without the employment of heat, and without using the brush, although occasionally the wax-colors were melted over a fire, and then laid on with a brush.

This latter process, however, was found to be very inconvenient, owing to the rapid congealing of the hot mass, both in the brush, and on the surface to be painted. Furthermore, it allowed no great precision of execution, and could be used only for painting in plain shades, and for hasty decorative work. The wax used in this encaustic work, known as "Punic wax," was prepared by boiling natural yellow beeswax three times in sea-water with an addition of a little "nitrum," *i. e.,* mineral soda, and then skimming it. By this means, the wax was not only bleached, but it also acquired a slight degree of saponification, which made it more suitable for combination with other ingredients, while it also rendered the wax soft and pliable when once it had cooled.

In vermilion fresco-painting, a little olive oil was added to the wax, in order to prevent the latter from congealing too rapidly; but this was not suitable for *cestrum* painting alone, because, if too strong, the paint would be prevented from drying; whereas if the reverse were the case, the wax would not be rendered sufficiently ductile. It was therefore necessary to compound a mixture capable of transforming the wax into a soft paste, and yet capable of hardening in due time. The "balm of Chios" (the liquid resin of *Pistacia terebinthus*) was, according to Dr. von Richter, "the most obvious ingredient for the purpose." The spreading of the wax-paste with the *cestrum* was a very important part of the operation, and the fact that that instrument was finely-toothed, facilitated the equalizing and smoothing of the paste. The lancet-like point was useful in spreading out and blending together the separate tones of color; the curve in the back of the implement performed the service of flattening out any undue prominences; while the point served to lay on the strong lights, such as the luminous spot in the eye, the eyelashes and hair.

It is interesting to learn that Dr. von Richter has himself produced effects similar to those observable on the original portraits; but, as he admits, the picture attains its perfection only by means of the subsequent encaustic process, in which the ancients used to hold a heated rod of iron, or a vessel filled with hot coals, near the picture. The rough edges of the furrows were thereby melted away, while an even, varnish-like gloss was diffused over the whole painting.

A few of the portraits in this collection were executed, not with wax-colors burnt in, but in distemper, *i. e.,* with water-colors to which a particular binding substance had been added, such as the yolk of

eggs, or the yolk and white of eggs mixed, or fig-milk, or some other resinous material. Yet other portraits, and, among them, some of the best, were produced by a process combining the wax-encaustic and the distemper methods, and which Dr. von Richter named "wax distemper-encaustic." In this process, he explains, "no balsam is added to the wax, which is rubbed down in a heated state, with the yolk and a little white of eggs, also, a drop of olive-oil, and kneaded: the latter process being necessary to free it from particles of water in the egg. In this way, with the addition of the pigments, it is triturated to a paste, and, like the latter, may be worked with the *cestrum* and burnt in. This method offers the advantage of allowing a few finishing strokes and shades to be added with the brush and the common egg-distemper. The surface of the picture does not so acquire the gloss of the wax-balsam paste; it remains more dull and fresco-like, as may be observed even now in the originals; although the latter have lost something of their first gloss from being so long buried in the sand."

The illustrations accompanying this article are, as already indicated, representations of some of the portraits in Herr Graf's collection, and the photogravures from which they are reproduced have been furnished by him for use in this article.

Particular stress is laid by Herr Graf on the likeness which exists between several of these portraits and the heads of the Ptolemies on coins and cameos: a resemblance which has been confirmed by some of the most prominent artists and men of science in Europe.

Some of these coins and cameos are reproduced here in connection with the portraits which they resemble.

Making reference to these similarities, Herr Graf in a recent letter to the writer says:

"So many striking resemblances in a single collection of portraits discovered in one place of burial (Kerke in Middle Egypt), cannot possibly be the result of chance, and the fact that most of them bear insignia of royalty, such as hyacinth-purple, gold crowns, bandoliers[1] —distinctive marks of the priests of Isis, etc.—proves the correctness of my assumption." A list of celebrated artists then follows, and these, he adds, have compared the pictures and coins, and are convinced that in the former we have the portraits of the Ptolemaic kings and queens, painted from life. He then quotes from a letter received

[1] Bands, usually of leather, worn over the right shoulder and passing under the left arm.

from Prof. C. von Zumbusch, who writes as follows: "On comparing picture 28 (the last illustration in this article) with the bust and medal of King Perseus, I find such a strong resemblance between them, that I am convinced that they represent one and the same person."

It seems reasonable that members of royal families should have engaged the services of only the most renowned artists to paint their portraits, and these were doubtless Greek painters who practised their art in Alexandria.

The portrait of King Perseus, which, in some respects, is the most striking one in the collection, was produced in ancient Greece, as it represents him when much younger than he appears in the marble bust from the Borghese Collection (the last illustration in this article), now in the Louvre.

The following descriptions of the portraits here shown are abbreviated from the catalogue of the collection:

The first portrait (Ptolemaeus Philadelphus?) is that of a man of high birth. The hair is encircled with a golden wreath of laurels, while across the breast is a narrow, scarf-like, red ribbon, studded with gold and silver buttons. The head seems to be painted in encaustic with the *cestrum* and the garments in the same manner, but with the brush.

The second picture (Ptolemaeus Soter?) shows a man's head, florid, and full of life. From the left shoulder, beneath dark-blue upper drapery, a red sash studded with gold buttons extends to the right hip. The head is painted in wax-distemper with the *cestrum* and the drapery in distemper, with the brush.

The features of the third portrait (Cleopatra?) show a pronounced Semitic type. Large ball-shaped ear-rings and neck-ornaments are represented, the dress being of a dark purple. Over the shoulders are worn black stripes edged with gold. Both the head and garment are here painted in the encaustic style with the *cestrum*.

In the fourth illustration is shown the portrait of a handsome woman of high birth (Berenice, wife of Ptolemaeus Euergetes?), whose delicate complexion, lustrous eyes, oval face, etc., combine to form a picture of great beauty. She wears a diadem of gold, and heavy golden ornaments adorned with various colored stones. The whole picture is painted in distemper with the brush on a chalk ground.

The fifth portrait (Ptolemaeus Philometer?) is that of a man

wearing the golden wreath, scarf-like ribbon, and a blue upper garment; the costume denoting a high dignitary. The head and garments are executed in encaustic, the former with the *cestrum,* the latter with the brush.

The next one shown, and believed to represent Ptolemaeus Euergetes, is the least pleasing of all; but it attests the fidelity with which the artists discharged their duty. The peculiar posture of the head was doubtless lifelike, and due to a morbid contraction of the cervical muscle. This fidelity to nature is, perhaps, the most interesting lesson taught by this particular picture.

The last portrait but one is evidently that of a sick woman. Her appearance is that of a person suffering from a severe organic disease, probably dropsy. The process used in the picture is encaustic; the head being executed with the *cestrum* and the costume with the brush. This is another good example of the evident intent on the part of the original artist to render the features faithfully. It is believed to represent Cleopatra Tryphaena.

The concluding portrait, believed to represent Perseus, King of Macedonia, is evidently a highly realistic likeness. The penetrating glance and the closed mouth tell of self-satisfied consciousness of strength. This portrait is produced by a combination of processes. The head is painted in wax-distemper with the *cestrum,* while the garments, and also the hair, show the stroke of the brush.

A COLONIAL CRAFTS MUSEUM. BY FREDERICK W. COBURN

HAT is virtually a museum of Colonial and Revolutionary Handicrafts has been established in the old Ellsworth Mansion, at Windsor, Connecticut, by the Daughters of the American Revolution. As yet, only a beginning of the enterprise has been made, and there are certain minor faults of system noticeable in the arrangement of the collections, in the cataloguing, etc. But these, without doubt, will disappear with time, and there is so much to praise, that these slight errors should be passed over in silence. The house itself is most interesting, in both structure and location, being situated in an attractive region, and looking out upon broad meadows whose fertility attracted early settlers over the Bay Path, from Dorchester, in the neighboring colony of Massachusetts.

The promoters of the enterprise, beginning with no definite scheme of museum-making, actuated by historic and patriotic, rather than by artistic impulses, have yet succeeded in almost perfectly presenting a principle which has been the subject of much recent discussion in European art-centers. There, as is well known, attention has been given of late to the reproduction of the surroundings in which great works of art originally stood, and for which they were created; this plan having been followed in recognition of the plea made by numerous experts, among whom is Dr. F. A. Bather, that artistic and educative ideas are sure to be gained through such a policy. The institutions especially favoring this scheme are those at Hamburg, Gothenburg, Berlin, and especially the National Bavarian Museum, at Munich, in which one finds rooms designed in the styles of various periods and nationalities.

The success of these European undertakings is doubtful, in cases in which the proper surroundings for a work of art must be reconstructed in buildings which have been erected from machine-treated materials, and are, therefore, subject to artistic limitations.

Furthermore, as has been suggested by a distinguished American museum expert, the plan to reconstruct the original settings of works of art implies something of a doubt in the mind of its projector. This critic questions the adequacy of a museum to accomplish its proper educational and preservative aims. A museum, according to the more conservative school of authorities, is intended, not so much to

enhance the beauty of its collections, as to maintain them for the benefit of the people, and not, in any way, to interfere with their mission. In other words, a certain neutrality of environment is all that can be expected in a modern museum. A lack of good sense and judgment is shown—so say the conservatives—when collections of Japanese art are exhibited in rooms that, at best, can only superficially resemble the compartments of a Japanese house; or, when mediaeval paintings are displayed upon a background which does not reproduce the spirit of the days of chivalry.

When, however, it is possible to secure a building erected at nearly the same period, and under the same artistic inspiration as the objects to be exhibited, the value of the background so obtained is unquestionable. The Ellsworth Mansion is an object lesson in a special kind of museum-making. For, in spite of some slight changes wrought by time, the old house, set in a landscape which has not been greatly modified during a century or more, still deserves the praise given it by its original owner, Chief Justice Ellsworth, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who once handed down the following original decision:

"I have visited several countries and I like my own the best. I have been in all the States of the Union, and Connecticut is the best State; Windsor is the pleasantest town in the State of Connecticut, and I have the pleasantest place in the town of Windsor. I am perfectly content to die on the banks of the Connecticut."

The pleasantest place in the pleasantest town of the best State of the old days—an era when, if we may draw conclusions from the high character of popular arts, life was better ordered than it is to-day, when people were happier and the strenuous life less evident; when time was abundant in the twenty-four hours for doing a few things well and for giving attention to the normal human need of rest and recreation—what a terrestrial paradise must this have been! Every stick of old timber in the Ellsworth house bears witness to a period of honest, enthusiastic craftsmanship, free from undue commercialism.

The house, which exists in an almost perfect state of preservation, has lately been made easily accessible to visitors by a newly constructed trolley-line of the Springfield & Hartford Street Railway Company. The transformation of the house into an art museum of first importance is due to the foresight of the Connecticut Chapters of the Daughters of the Revolution, and to the generosity of the heirs and descend-

ants of Chief Justice Ellsworth. The homestead was given over to the patriotic order, October 8, 1903, when Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, State Regent, accepted the deeds from Mrs. Delia Liman Porter of New Haven; the property being presented by the heirs under the sole condition that it should be preserved, intact.

Visiting it from Hartford, one goes out by trolley, along Windsor Avenue, through the waving tobacco fields to the pleasant Green, once known as the Palisade, the central portion of the historic town of Windsor. Thence, a journey of two miles more, over the highway leading to Windsor Locks, brings one to the historic mansion. From Springfield, one can ride down along the west side of the Connecticut, through the historic towns of Agawam and Suffield, or, on the east side, as far as Warehouse Point, walking across the old toll bridge to Windsor Locks.

The approach to the house, the fine columns, the admirable doorway, with its antique brass knocker, awaken expectations, which are amply satisfied within. On every hand there are evidences of the wisdom of creating this museum of the colonial crafts in a colonial mansion of the best type. One cannot but feel that owing to the growing interest in handicrafts in this country some crafts workers may be led to establish themselves in the beautiful Connecticut Valley, where they can have daily access to such a treasure house as this museum already is; the richness of which will, no doubt, be increased as time passes. Some manufactures are carried on at Windsor Village, and there are also large industrial plants at Windsor Locks, two miles and one-half above; but the immediate region is one of great pastoral charm, and capable of inspiring with contentment any handicraftsmen who might choose it as the place of their labor. One can easily picture a community of workers in certain art industries, as forming itself here, and finding a constant incentive to effort in the good workmanship of other days.

Whether such a colony will ever be established in Windsor is a problem of the future; but there is certainly at present no better opportunity anywhere for studying the arts of our ancestors. Every one of the rooms open to the public contain priceless specimens. In the main hall, one notes chairs of various periods of craftsmanship, and in one corner, a magnificent tall clock, given by the Elizabeth Clarke Hull Chapter of Ansonia. Along the floor runs a strip of woven rag carpet, not indeed an old fabric, but made in the old time

THE OLIVER ELLSWORTH MANSION, IN WINDSOR, CONNECTICUT, IN WHICH THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION HAVE ESTABLISHED A MUSEUM OF COLONIAL CRAFTS

A CORNER OF THE DRAWING ROOM, SHOWING A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PORTAIT OF CHIEF JUSTICE ELLSWORTH AND HIS WIFE, THE ORIGINAL OF WHICH IS NOW IN THE HARTFORD ATHENAEUM

THE FIREPLACE IN THE DINING ROOM, WITH A GLIMPSE INTO THE BREAKFAST ROOM

THE DOWNSTAIRS SLEEPING ROOM

way from strips of carpet which have been in the house these many years. All the floor coverings of the mansion are of this character, and they add much to the beauty of the setting.

The main drawing-room contains several historic pieces. A rocking-chair of very good shape invites indulgence in the characteristic American habit. It formerly belonged to a Revolutionary soldier from Windsor, and one may be sure that he enjoyed many comfortable hours in it, after the stress of war had passed. There are numerous other chairs, and a tall bookcase of highly polished mahogany, containing a little library of volumes pertaining to Connecticut history. This room further contains a bust of Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth, reproduced from the one in the Supreme Court Room in Washington. Here, also, one sees a handsome lowboy of 1710, which was once the property of the Chief Justice's mother, Mrs. Jemima Leavitt Ellsworth, who afterward married Ebenezer Grant of East Windsor, and died in the old Grant house, across the Connecticut, February 1, 1790.

Every room in the mansion is filled with interesting surprises. In the little sleeping chamber off the drawing-room, on the ground floor, one pauses before a delightful sampler, admirable in color, tone and design. On an accompanying card appears this inscription:

"This sampler was worked by my great-grandmother, Ann Cates, who was born at Stapleton County, Gloucester, England, March 25, 1794, and came to this country October, 1836, and settled in Thompsonville, Conn. (Signed) Miss A. E. Holman."

In this room there are writing desks, large and small, the old Ellsworth library mirror with ornate but not pretentious carving, and a tall mahogany run-around. The mention of this last piece may excite curiosity. It consists of a long stick, running through a series of circular discs set about six inches apart; each one being smaller than the one beneath it. The visitor who does not understand the use of the article, learns that it is, in effect, a large portable tea-tray.

The great dining-room, across the main hall from the drawing-room and opposite to it, gives one a particularly favorable idea of colonial craftsmanship. The articles of furniture include a fine carved sideboard and dining-table of mahogany, with chairs of the same wood, in various styles of upholstery, and generally good in line. In this room and in the little breakfast room, which is adjacent, one finds a good collection of objects in pewter, all fine in tone, and some admirable in shape. Two cups, one from the pewter service of the

First Church, at Lebanon, and the other a kind of tankard, stand side by side on the mantelpiece. Both have that grace of outline which is the despair of the modern stein-maker. The corner cupboard in the breakfast-room, was originally the property of Mrs. Jemima Ellsworth Grant. It contains about fifty articles in pewter and china.

The main hallway up stairs is attractively arranged with various kinds of chairs and other furniture, and in the front room, at the right of the hall, appears the celebrated wall paper, which was brought by the Chief Justice from Paris in 1802, and still retains its freshness of coloring. It came in twenty-six inch sheets instead of in rolls, and these sheets had to be pasted, one by one, upon the wall. In this room and in the chamber opposite are great four-poster beds, spread with the best specimens of the colonial weaver's art. Beside one of these is the quaint mahogany cradle in which several generations of young Ellsworths have been rocked. The two dolls now reposing in the cradle are to represent the Ellsworth twins, who were born shortly after President George Washington made his memorable visit to the house, and rocked the older children on his knee, while singing his favorite song: "The Darby Ram."

What is known as the east chamber contains a collection of apparatus for weaving and spinning, and implements for use in other crafts. Among these objects is an old loom, recently brought to the mansion from one of the towns on the lower Connecticut, upon which, according to tradition, was once woven a suit of clothes worn by George Washington. Fine old spinning wheels, flax wheels, distaffs, and many specimens of the metal worker's art make the room very useful for the study of craftsman's tools which were used in Revolutionary days.

The Ellsworth mansion is now so easily reached from either Hartford or Springfield by trolley, that it is certain to become better known in the future. Surely no craftsman, who wishes to become familiar with a large number of the best specimens of colonial workmanship, can afford to be ignorant of this collection. Interesting as it now is, its value will be greatly increased, when all the exhibits shall be properly catalogued and labeled in accordance with the best museum practise. And this work should be accomplished without undue delay.

The Building of the Barn

BY ERNEST CROSBY

I.

There is a clamor of hammers striking nails into resounding wood, and of trowels clinking against stone, here where they are building the great stone barn.

It is the joyful noise of creation.

They are in haste to close it in, so that it may be launched in time to carry in its hold the ripening harvest of hay, and rye, and wheat, in another fortnight.

Though the carpenters are still at work within, and the masons finishing the east wall, yet the slaters have already half covered the long gable.

The roof-timbers stand out like the ribs of a ship, with keel turned skyward, destined, we hope, to sail down the years-to-come for a century or two, and to bear many an annual cargo of corn on its way from meadow to kitchen and manger.

Who knows but that under more brotherly skies it may become a communal barn, the centre of some better kind of great ranch-family.

The carpenters are flooring the main deck of the great farm-ship.

Half a dozen of them, on their knees, are driving long wire nails into the smooth white boards.

Their left hands are full of nails, and they thrust them into the pockets of their aprons for more.

It takes four or five strokes of the hammer to send the nail home, and each series of strokes forms a little musical motif of itself in the rising scale, with a dull thud at the end like a hand muffling the chords of an intrument.

The hollow roof, partly open to the sky, reverberates every note.

Two men are planing and sawing boards to proper dimensions on a pair of wooden horses, and the overseer is balancing himself on the bare beams and measuring the spaces with a footrule.

THE BUILDING OF THE BARN

The hoarse drone of the saw grows lower and lower, until the end of each board drops, splintered at the corner, on to the floor.

At the end of the barn we see the masons at work near the top of the narrowing wall, on a scaffold raised inside the building.

They stand in relief against the sky, like a frieze.

A cart, laden with rough stone, is backed up beneath them, and the teamster, standing on the load, lifts a stone with difficulty, and hands it up to two of the masons.

A workman brings mortar and cement by the hodful up an inclined plane.

There are two other masons engaged in laying stone:

One is a good-looking youngster just free from his apprenticeship, and evidently proud of his craft;

His cap is jauntily tipped over his curly hair, and he has stuck a geranium in the buttonhole of his waistcoat;

He looks as if he were thinking of the village girls, but not enough to interfere with his work, and he taps his trowel against the stone, harder and more frequently than is necessary, as he slashes the mortar into the crevices.

The master mason is setting a large stone at the corner, aligning it with the cord stretched along the wall above it, with blows from the handle of his tool; while he bends over and looks down the precipice outside, and then scrapes off the oozy, bulging line of mortar and deposits it on top of the stone, the back of his head nearly touching the eaves.

We must go outside to watch the slaters on the roof.

There are three of them up there, with their tools playing their own kind of music on the thin slate.

The little grey-bearded Scotchman moves up and down, sitting and kneeling, from gutter to ridge, like a kobold.

Two boys bring the slate up a long ladder from the ground, piling it on their left shoulders, and mounting slowly round by round.

The old man takes it from them, weighs each slate in his hand; giving it a finishing touch at the edges with his slate-hammer, and then, knocking two holes in it with the sharp butt-end for the fastenings, he passes it on to his companions.

II.

There is much more here than a stone barn a-building, and a handful of workmen.

The fires are here that welded the clay into blue-stone and slate in Palaeozoïc ages.

The forests of yellow-pine of Georgia that furnished the timber are here, and the great primeval trees from whose cones those forests sprang.

The men are here who first deserted their mountain caverns and built the earliest stone-cave in the open.

The man is here, too, who shaped the first knife of flint, and he who laid it aside for iron, and the one who first imitated thorns in metal and dreamed of nails, and the original tamer of horses, and the framer of ladders and modeler of wheels.

Vulcan is here and Tubal-Cain and Thor and all the great artisans and inventors.

The new stone barn is indeed the workshop of gods and demi-gods, and their very temple.

It is rooted, nave, transept and choir, in the inmost heart of the first Creation.

Here converge all the forces of the past and the thoughts of every epoch.

Our materials, tools, minds, bodies, instincts and aspirations are all a heritage, and heirship seems to be our chiefest function.

We are at the narrow neck to which all the sands of eternity are crowding and through which they are dropping.

And as all the past led down to our barn, so the future spreads out before it.

How many generations of horses and kine, brothers and benefactors of men, will be comfortably housed in the crypt of this temple!

How many animals of all kinds, two-legged and four-legged and with and without feathers, will it feed!

How it will sow life broadcast: life which will swell out forever widening in geometrical progression!

And when, sooner or later, its final voyage is over, what new creative forces will issue from every plank and seam!

The stones and slate, built into new buildings, or ground into busy roadways, the wood blazing in winter fireplaces, the smoke and dust absorbed again by new forests, and merged into new geological strata, and all surely saved forever in some strong-box of the world's treasure-house, and forever bearing interest!

This is no mere stone barn.

It is a link in the chain of creation, offspring and ancestor of all the ages.

We have the whole universe with us to-day: for all the past is here working for all the future.

TIFFANY AND COMPANY, AT THE SAINT LOUIS EXPOSITION

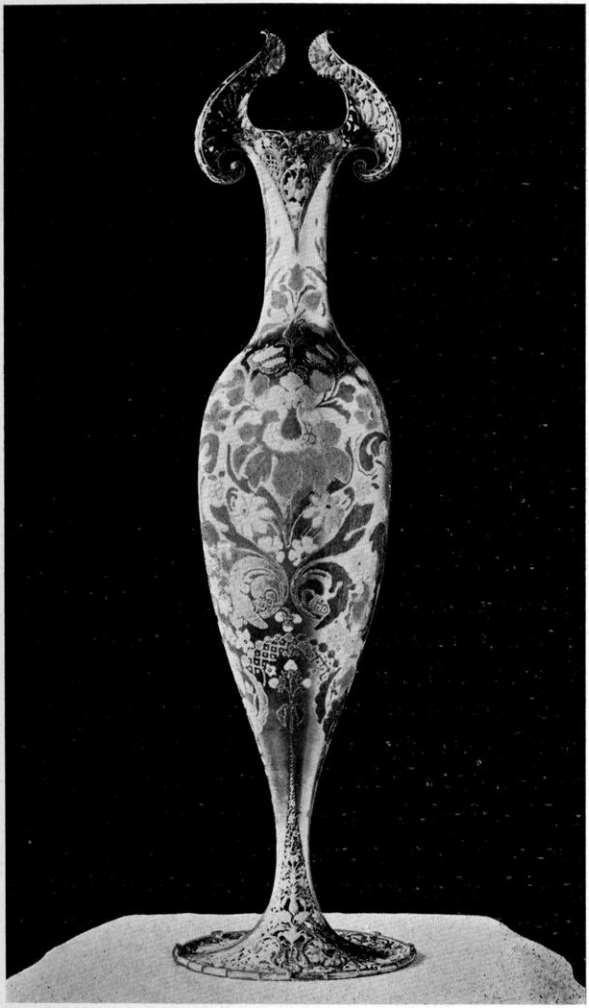
THE objects in gold- and silver-smithing and certain pieces representing the jeweler's craft, shown by Tiffany and Company, at the St. Louis Expositions, form a characteristic and suggestive collection. This display more than sustains the dignity of the old house. It is no mere *succès d'estime,* recalling former brilliant accomplishments of the exhibitors, and, because of these, winning public favor. It indicates a direct and very noticeable advance in artistic quality of design, and in technique, together with a breadth in choice of subject most agreeable to meet, since it acknowledges the claims of both historical and purely modern art. It shows the exhibitors to be conservative, and yet open to such new ideas as appear legitimate, and promise development.

To certain persons anxious for the rise of a purely American art—fine and industrial—which shall occupy the field to the exclusion of all transplanted species, the objects in gold- and silver-smithing seem too close to foreign traditions, and such as might have been produced by any European house of distinguished standing. But while the stricture is true in its last statement, Tiffany and Company can not be regarded as an American firm, but simply as one having its principal seat in America. Their resources and relations upon the continent are as extensive as those of any of their foreign rivals, and they have, like them, received ample recognition from all the international expositions of the last half-century, as well as royal appointments, and the decorations of orders of merit. Therefore, they have full right to show themselves cosmopolitan and eclectic in taste, since they participate in the art traditions and movements of the world, rather than in those of one continent. For this reason, no criticism can be addressed to their work in the historic styles, as it can be justly applied to many other American art-craftsmen who exhibit at St. Louis, and who are imitators, pure and simple; being wholly outside the traditions and inspirations of the things which they have sought to reproduce, and reaching for their sole results superficial and spiritless copies.

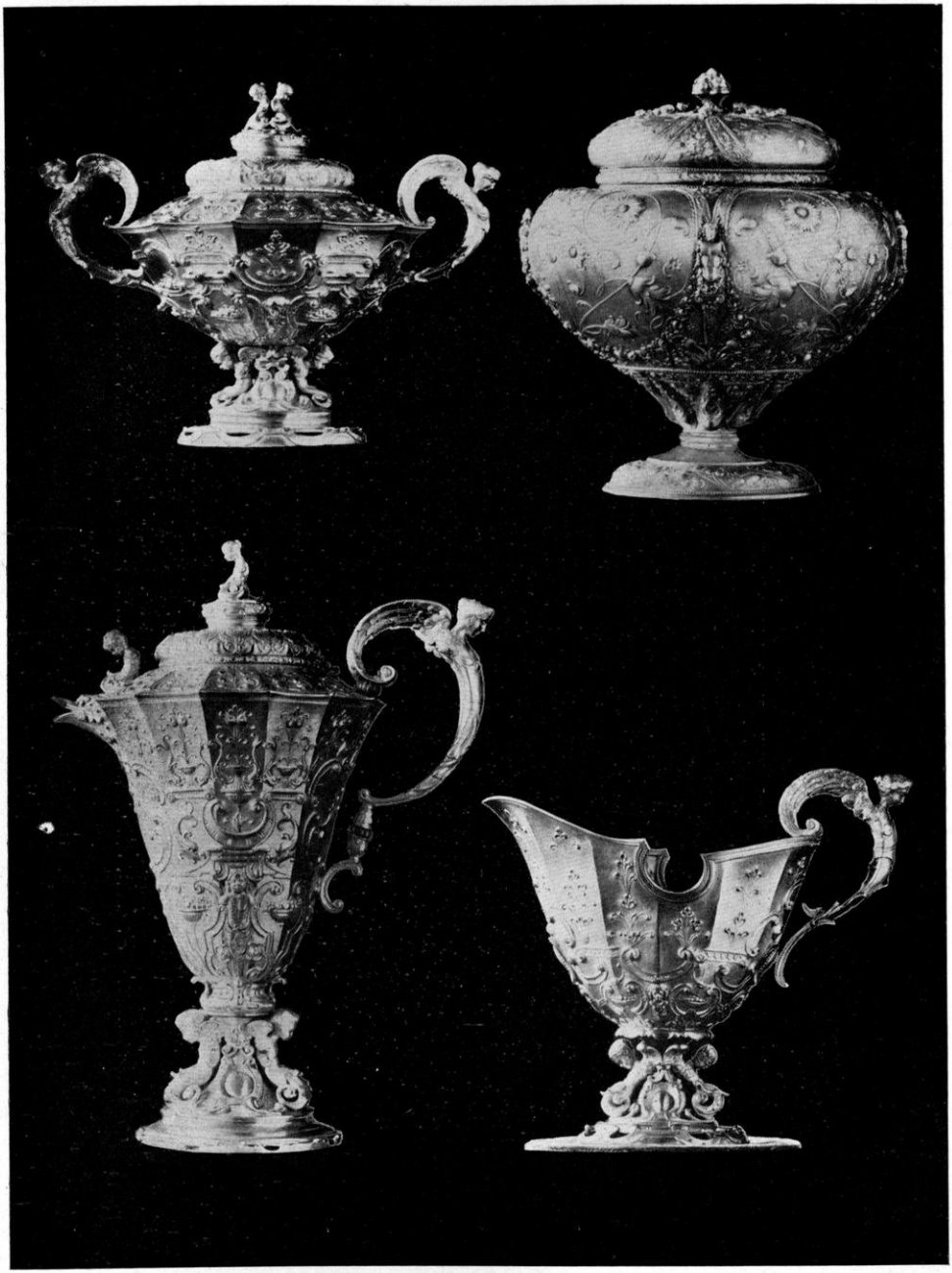
On the other hand, the few exquisite objects in the Tiffany collection which show historic influences, at the same time, reveal their designer as an artist of experience, sentiment and originality: one who uses his chosen principles and *motifs* with full knowledge of their

meaning, and who further adds to them from the resources of his own endowment. They are plainly the work of a worthy successor of those excellent artists and expert craftsmen in the precious metals who passed enthusiastic, prolific lives in the *botteghe* of the period of the Renascence, or in the booths of the old cities of the Orient. Finally, the objects prove that the American can assimilate European traditions, as perfectly as if he were foreign born, and reared with their force surrounding him; for no designer of the present time has more vividly and delicately apprehended the spirit of historic styles than Mr. Paulding Farnham has done in these examples of gold- and silversmithing. It may also be remarked in passing that this artist and Mr. Louis Tiffany have collaborated in creating a collection, standing outside of competitive exhibition, and recalling those works of noted painters and sculptors which we are accustomed to see in the Paris Salons honored with the inscription: *Hors Concours.*

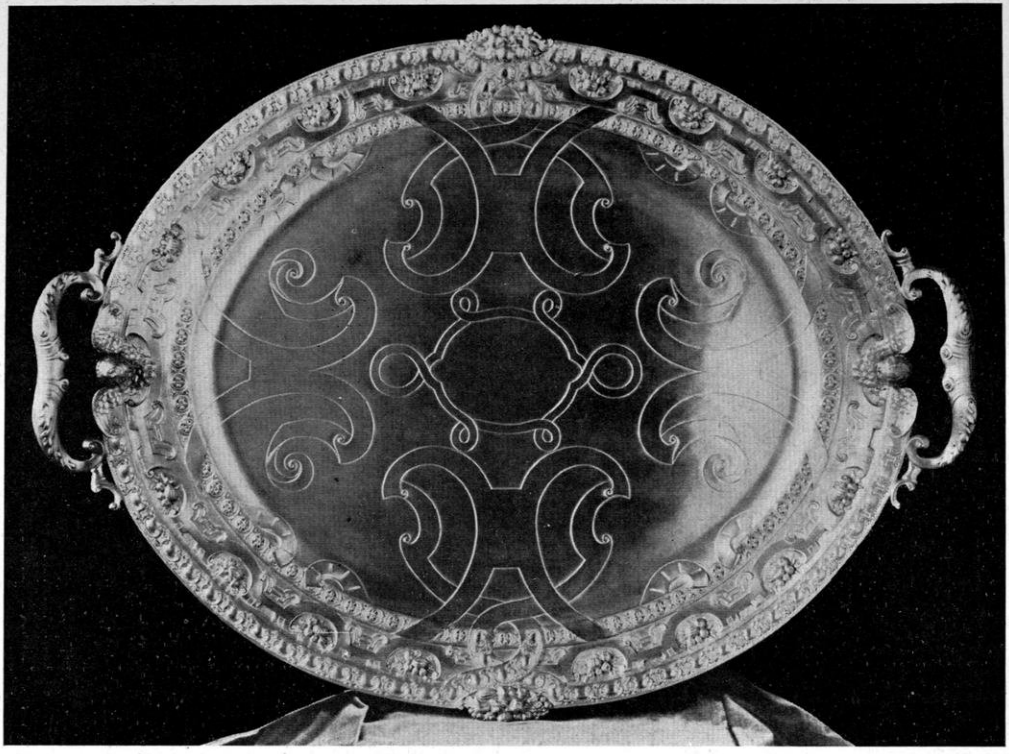
From the work of Mr. Farnham, we choose for illustration a few of his most representative pieces. Among the most originally treated of these is a gold vase of singularly delicate proportions, as is indicated by its height of two feet, two and one-half inches, as compared with its greatest diameter of five and one-half inches. Its slender, sinuous outline recalls the statues of Praxiteles, and its resemblance to a beautiful female figure becomes more pronounced in the mind of the student, when he recalls M. Charles Blanc's noted observations upon the resemblances between human and ceramic forms. Judged according to the rules of this eminent French authority, Mr. Farnham's vase is a model and canon of its kind. Its parts are sharply defined, and yet admirably articulated, as are the parts of the human frame: body, neck and foot being distinguishable at the first glance. Its curve is the refined parabola, always adopted by the Greek ceramists, which, as here employed, diminishes at the base to the semblance of a flower-stalk, and swells to an ovoid form at the junction of the body and neck, which latter rises, with columnar effect, to expand and terminate in two ear-like figures suggesting the profiles of lotus buds. By these figures the late Greek feeling is happily united with that of another period, and this harmonious mingling of styles is further emphasized by the Persian designs and coloring used in the enameling. Again, this decoration is finely contrasted with the delicate pierced work in floral and reticulated patterns, which is introduced at both extremities of the vase; the enameling taking up and developing in color the theme



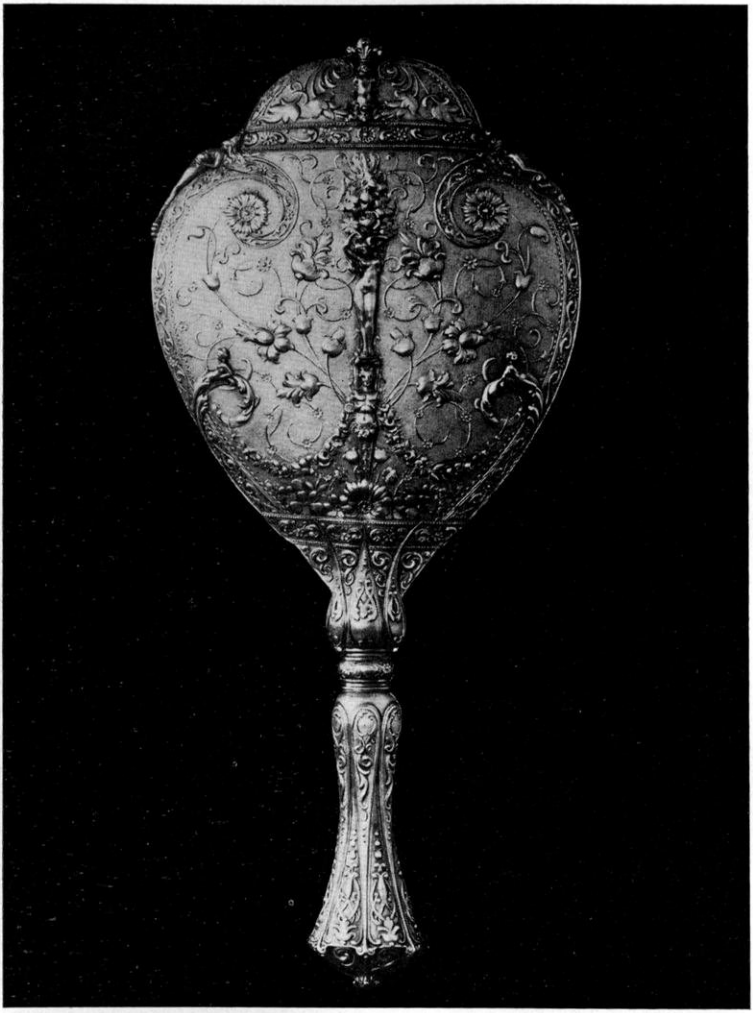
GOLD VASE: CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL AND PIERCED WORK; DESIGNED BY PAULDING FARNHAM



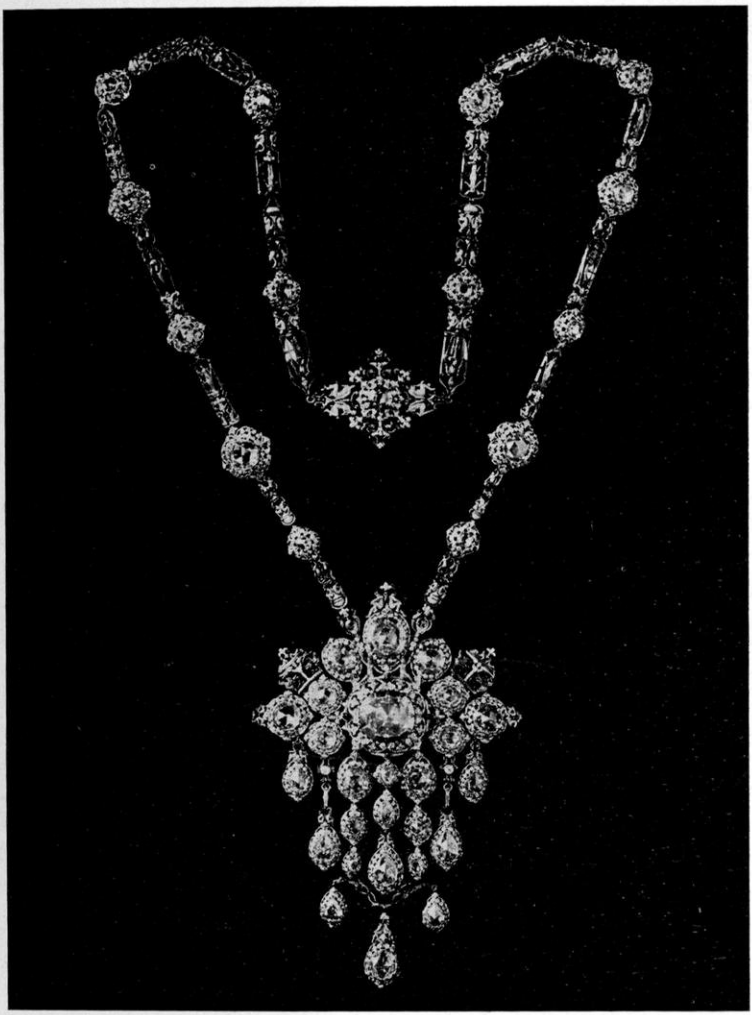
TEA SERVICE IN RENASCENCE STYLE, EXECUTED IN REPOUSSÉ SILVER: TEA POT, SUGAR BOWL, AND CREAM PITCHER; POWDER-BOX IN FLORENTINE STYLE, EXECUTED IN REPOUSSÉ GOLD; DESIGNED AND MADE UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF PAULDING FARNHAM



SALVER IN RENASCENCE STYLE, EXECUTED IN REPOUSSÉ SILVER; DESIGNED BY PAULDING FARNHAM

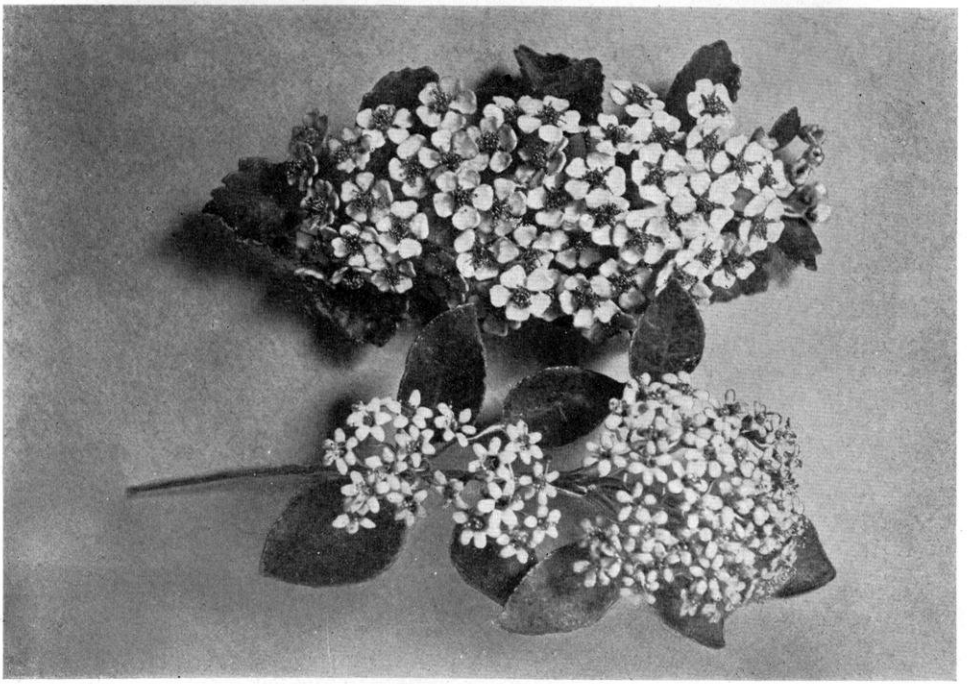


MIRROR IN FLORENTINE STYLE; EXECUTED IN REPOUSSÉ GOLD; DESIGNED BY PAULDING FARNHAM

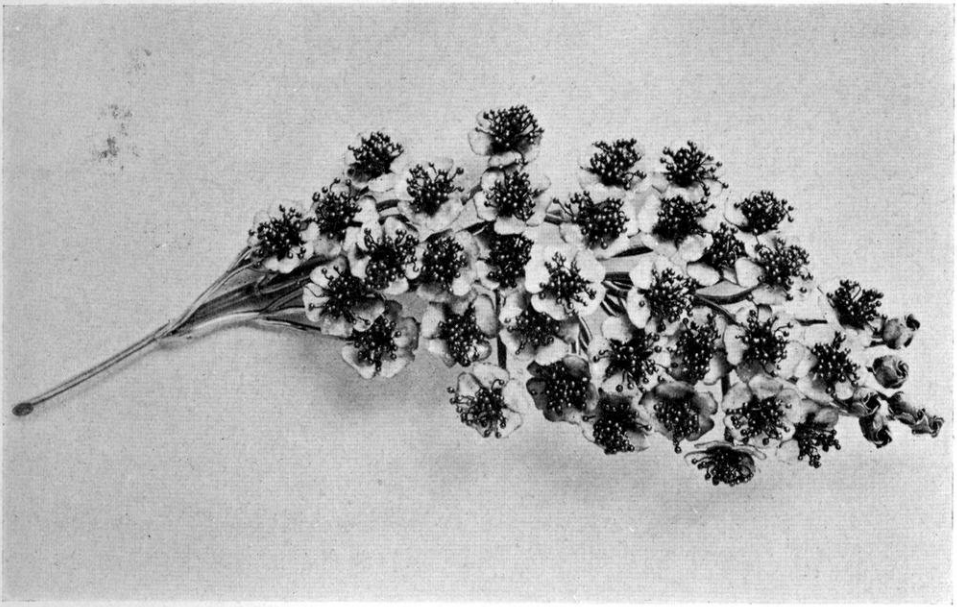


COLLAR AND PENDANT: SIXTEENTH CENTURY SPANISH; ROSE DIAMONDS; CARVED GOLD FIGURES; ENAMELED; DESIGNED BY PAULDING FARNHAM

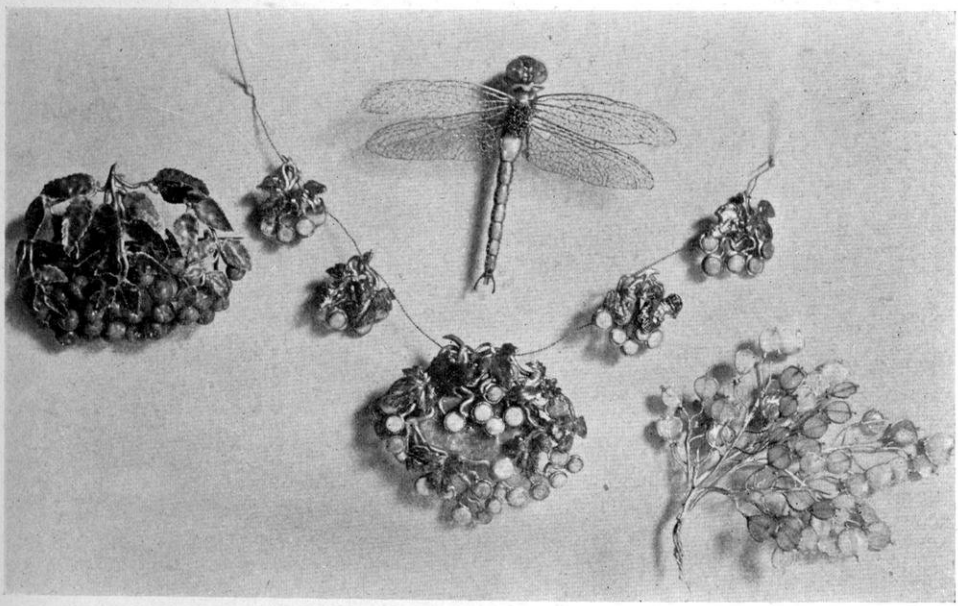
ORNAMENT: WILD CARROT BLOSSOM IN SILVER, ENAMELED, SET WITH PRECIOUS STONES; DESIGNED BY LOUIS C. TIFFANY



ORNAMENT: FLOWERS IN WHITE ENAMEL, STAMENS IN GOLD, OUTLINES AND VEINS OF LEAVES IN FILIGREE, SPACES FILLED WITH TRANSLUCENT ENAMEL; DESIGNED BY LOUIS C. TIFFANY



ORNAMENT: SPIREA FLOWERS IN WHITE ENAMEL, STAMENS IN GOLD; DESIGNED BY LOUIS C. TIFFANY



ORNAMENT: DRAGON-FLY; SILVER AND GOLD, FILIGREE WINGS, SET WITH OPALS. NECKLACE WITH BROOCH, SET WITH CARVED OPALS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES; DESIGNED BY LOUIS C. TIFFANY

COIFFURE ORNAMENT: BLACKBERRIES IN GARNETS AND CARNELIANS; LEAVES IN ENAMELED GOLD AND SILVER FILIGREE. GIRDLE: BERRIES IN ENAMELED SILVER, CARVED CARNELIANS AND MEXICAN OPALS; STEMS IN GOLD. NECKLACE: SILVER, BLUE AND GREEN TRANSLUCENT ENAMEL, GARNETS AND SAPPHIRES; DESIGNED BY LOUIS C. TIFFANY

otherwise presented in the minute voids and solids. Upon this exquisite work but one criticism can be made, and that one relates to the title of "Genoese," which is attached to it, apparently owing to the fact that the surface of the vase resembles the softly blended color- and texture-effects found in the velvets remaining from old Italian palace furnishings. It would seem, therefore, that the name, as applied to the vase, is scarcely justified, since the fabrics themselves were produced in certain cities of Italy only as a result of acquaintance and commercial relations with the industrial East; the textiles always retaining their original characteristics of material, design and coloring. Consequently it is much to be regretted that a name more suggestive and descriptive could not have been devised to mark what, without exaggeration, may be called the *personality* of Mr. Farnham's vase.

In the table and in the toilet service, executed in the style of the High Italian Renascence, we have again to praise the student-like qualities of Mr. Farnham as a designer. As to the pieces of the former service, he would seem to have thrown his first designs upon paper, when fresh from the inspiring reading of Cellini's treatises. There is a buoyant strain in the work which passes over to one who examines it, and forces from him that untranslatable expression: *"Ça coule de source."* There is a quality in these Renascence examples which proves that their designer has not only studied thoroughly in the art-school, but that he understands the joyous, exuberant, pagan period which he here treats, as only a poet can do. These small pieces recall that fragment-like poem of Browning, into thirty lines of which, as acknowledged by Ruskin, its author condensed more of the Renascence spirit than is held in thirty pages of the "Stones of Venice."

In both services, the human figure, as is inevitable in the style chosen, forms the principal decorative *motif:* the latter becoming, as in all good art, a neccessary structural element. Whether it was a question of large or of little, Renascence art adopted the point of view of the Greeks: summing up the universe in the human figure, and regarding Nature as the mere background for human action. The same principles were employed in the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel as in the minute sculptures and chiselings of a lady's brooch.

In the hands of Mr. Farnham these principles, as it may be repeated, have been correctly and vitally treated. Compared among themselves, the best pieces of the table service are the tea pot and the cream pitcher. The former vessel is adapted from the shapes of those closed

flagons, which, executed in metal or in glass, have often charmed us in the museums of the continent. The human figure here appears structurally in the base, the handle and the cover: no choice being made —contrary to the custom of many old artists—between the male and the female forms; both being used in a singular combination of man, bird and fish. The little male figures are treated with great delicacy, in what Mr. Symonds was wont to call "the female key," since they show the hair drawn into the *chignon:* a detail which is especially noticeable in the figure surmounting the lid. The conventional ornament, resembling the arabesques of Raphael and quite covering the surface of the piece, is beautifully adapted to its place, and accents the sections of the vessel which suggest the folds of a fan.

The pitcher bears a shape equally as charming and as familiar as that of the tea pot; reproducing in its accented outline the forms of the piece of Italian faïence which is said to have excited the admiration of the French potter, Palissy, and to have led to his long experiments.

Of the pieces composing the table service, the salver would appear to be the least successful. At all events, it is the least attractive, for while the border and handles perfectly preserve the chosen style, the scroll-like ornament filling the enclosed oval space strikes the eye like a discord, whether it be considered as a pattern, or yet as to its delicate line, which offers too sharp a contrast, with the ornate borders in *repoussé.*

Of the three pieces of the toilet service executed in gold, the mirror is by far the most beautiful; the fine opportunities offered by the subject having been used to the utmost by the designer. In this piece are to be noted first of all the exquisite relative proportions of the handle and of the mirror proper, as well as the graceful swells which prepare the articulation of the two parts. Another rare beauty is produced by the modulation of the structural outline into surface decoration, which occurs just below the arched top, where the heart-shaped curve of the metal flows naturally into the Roman acanthus pattern; the curve further serving as a support for the reclining female figures which form with the torso, crowned with the fleur-de-lis, a spheroid body admirably terminating the composition. In this mirror, as in the large gold vase, the structural quality is prominent, and the ornament is never applied; the latter in every instance, being necessary to

the composition, as may be determined by following the outlines, and studying the means employed to join together the separate parts.

The powder box belonging to the same toilet service, suggests a cinerary urn. Although pleasing in effect, it is developed from Roman models, which, in their turn were formed from the sphere: a much less attractive figure than the egg-shaped vessel of the Greeks. But the urn somewhat justifies its shape by the fact that, designed as a receptacle of the powder-puff, it indicates in its exterior the form of its contents.

One other piece of Mr. Farnham's work remains to be noted briefly. It is his only example shown of a personal ornament, and consists of a pendant and chain, designed in strictly historical style, and reproducing a *parure* which might have been worn by the queens of Charles V., Francis I., or Henry VIII. The rose-cut diamonds and clustering brilliants are correctly used after the manner of the sixteenth century, and the work as a whole is intended as a *tour de force* of craftsmanship; great difficulties having been met in maintaining the delicate proportions of the figures of the links throughout the process of enameling.

FROM the short examination of the work of an artist who is a deep and intelligent student—one, like Leonardo, enamored of subtile lines—we may now turn to observe that of an original experimentalist in applied science, an expert in many arts and crafts, who is also a sincere lover of Nature, as she reveals herself in plant-life. In all these characteristics, Mr. Louis Tiffany resembles M. René Lalique, but he is much less radical, less original, and far more conventional than the distinguished French artist. Still, he is in no sense an imitator of any continental craftsman. For many years devoted to the composition of glass and *smalti,* he turned naturally to the use of enamels in objects of ornament, and, in this way, found himself upon a path parallel to that which is pursued so successfully by M. Lalique. His compounds, especially those capable of giving transparency or translucence, lent themselves to the production of leaf-and-flower-forms, and here again he invited involuntarily comparison with the Frenchman. Finally, the plants most susceptible to treatment in enamels are not those which constitute the floral aristocracy, and once again, therefore, Mr. Tiffany found himself a competitor of M. Lalique, who, first of all jewelers, discovered the artistic

possibilities of field and wayside flowers, and, having discovered them, put them to brilliant use. Mr. Tiffany has, therefore, followed an independent course, using the results of his experiments in several different departments of art-industry; being, first of all, an experimentalist in glass, and a jeweler and goldsmith only upon occasion. Consequently, in this latter quality, when judged by the side of M. Lalique, he is a brilliant amateur, who brings to his work scientific education and experience, hereditary taste and culture, and who has enjoyed the most exceptional opportunities for observation and study.

The flower-pieces contributed by Mr. Tiffany to the Exposition collection are diversified in material: gold, silver, copper and iridium being used, together with encrustations of transparent, opaque and lustre enamels, in order to attain an almost limitless range of natural effects. The flowers selected for treatment are, in all cases, such species as are commonly met in the fields or woods, or yet along country roads: among them being the clover, the wild carrot, the bitter-sweet, the blackberry, the mountain ash, and the spirea.

To describe the beauty of these pieces is quite impossible. Even to picture them in black and white gives but a poor idea of their effect, which results in large measure from the color arrangements of natural stones and enamels, employed in the most skilful and varied combinations.

In accordance with the new departure in the jeweler's art, Mr. Tiffany has used in these pieces the more unusual stones and gems; choosing them always solely with a view to the desired artistic result, and setting aside all question of their market value.

Among the pieces most worthy of mention, but not here illustrated, is a cluster of clover blossoms and leaves, skilfully arranged to form a tiara, in which the flowers appear in hammered gold, overlaid with yellow enamel, while the leaves and stems, of *repoussé* and filigree silver, are enameled in green. The effect of the piece is much increased by means of a shower of dew-drops simulated in diamonds, which, scattered over the leaves and flowers of the cluster, suggest that it has been gathered in the morning.

Another beautiful coiffure ornament, which does not appear among our illustrations, is the wild-carrot flower, realistically treated and shown at the height of its bloom. In the center of each section of the flower, fine opals are massed for the production of color-play, and each petal is worked out individually in minute detail; while the

center of the entire blossom is set with garnets and diamonds, which emphasize the sectional divisions, and serve to increase the fire of the opals.

But the most distinctive and beautiful objects of this collection are a necklace, girdle, and coiffure ornament, illustrated at the end of these comments. The ornament, a cluster of blackberries and leaves, recalls, as to the treatment of the fruit in carnelians and garnets, certain examples of Russian art occasionally seen in this country; but the leaves with their framework outlined in silver, and the intervening spaces with translucent enamels, are distinctly of the new art.

The necklace suggests the metal work of the Etruscans, and is beautiful enough to have been exhumed from a tomb of Chiusi or Volterra. As will be seen by reference to the plate, the collar is an arrangement of minute metal (silver) cups set in rows; the neckband suspending a series of parallel bands gradually diminishing in length, from the last of which hang pear-shaped sapphires. In this piece, the new art has lent a charm unknown to the old work. The translucence of the green and blue enamel upon silver, the deep color-quality of the sapphires, and the green of the garnets, set at the center of the flower forms, combine to gratify the eye as the intense unrelieved yellow of the Etruscan gold could never do.

The girdle, using as its *motif* the bitter-sweet (Solanum Dulcamara), is the design which least of all needs description. Its boldness counterfeits the hand of Lalique himself; while its delicacy and availability to use places it beyond many of the productions of that master, which are museum objects rather than articles fitted for personal adornment and use. It is a masterpiece of American craftsmanship and, at the same time, an artistic creation of great value.

TWO DAYS WITH M. WAGNER ~ BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

ONE of the most satisfying pleasures of my life, as it will be always one of my dearest memories, was the two days' intimate association which I recently enjoyed with M. Charles Wagner. I met him at the home of Mr. Gustav Stickley of The Craftsman, and there came to know this great and simple man, as I have known few persons, even those for whom my close friendship has extended through a long term of years. He brought with him into this home, filled with children, a spirit as innocent as that of a child. His presence there was a benediction, and his words remain as an incentive to the "simple life" and the "better way."

In studying the man, one quickly discovers the source of his power. It lies in his faith, his candor; in the honesty, the benevolence, the sympathy, with which he thinks, speaks and acts. He recalls constantly the words of Christ: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." It is as if he walked constantly with the Divine Vision before him. The atmosphere which he spreads about him is the clear and cloudless one of confidence, and, as he glances about, interesting himself in the details of domestic life, there come into the mind of one who watches him, those other words of Scripture: "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." His is the clairvoyance of the unspoiled soul, which pierces the dark mysteries of existence, while the purely intellectual vision remains as lead, dull and opaque, before them.

M. Wagner's personality which, since his arrival in this country, has been so much discussed and so variously described, was to me most attractive. It grew in charm as time went on, and, at last, had for me the force of fascination. At the same time, I can understand that for many it may be repellent, by reason of its strength and primitiveness. It is liable so to affect two classes of persons: those who, trained in the ways of the world, have no affinity for the things which are represented by the words "plain living;" those, also, who are unacquainted, either by means of travel, or literature, with the peculiar type of man which he personifies: a type impossible to produce in America, and which is rapidly disappearing in Europe, never more to reappear, always to be regretted.

M. Wagner's face is now so familiar to the American public that

it were labor lost to describe it minutely. Yet, as it has come to be acknowledged, through the efforts of artists, that a portrait does not consist in a mere record of features, I will note several characteristic details of that face, hoping in this way to give a truthful impression of my subject. The eyes I have already mentioned, although with regard to their spiritual power, rather than their physical aspect. These form the best feature of M. Wagner's countenance, as they also prove to be its lasting charm. At first, noticeable for their penetrating quality, and apparently rather small—since they are deeply set in the orbits and beneath a projecting brow, in effect like a right-angled triangle set apex downward—they expand, when fixed; becoming soft and kindly, and turning from black to a deep sapphire tone. When the man had passed from my sight, into the next room, or yet, when he had departed altogether, I associated his name, his words, and his acts with these powerful eyes. For me they summed up his whole existence. A second and minor detail of his face impressed me as a very characteristic, an almost unique mark. This lay in the furrow, which, ordinarily disguised beneath the ruddy tone of the flesh, grew sharply defined on brow and cheek, like the cross-hatchings of an engraving, when he sank into deep thought, or as he advanced into an earnest argument.

Another fact of his countenance which I found most interesting, was its changefulness—the sudden transformations which it underwent: passing instantaneously from a self-reliant or aggressive expression to one of great tenderness. The latter overspread his face always as he spoke of the son whose loss was the occasion of his writing "The Better Way," which has carried consolation into hopeless households in all parts of the world.

It was plain that the memory of the boy recurred to the father, whenever he found himself surrounded by youth. It appeared almost to overcome him at the moment of an incident which I witnessed. M. Wagner, being about to speak in the First Presbyterian Church, at Auburn, N. Y., was waiting to be escorted to the place of his lecture, and, in the mean time, was conversing with a company gathered in the drawing room of the Pastor of the Church by whom he was entertained. There, a deputation of students from the Theological Seminary came to greet him, and the young men, filing into the room, were met by M. Wagner, as if he had been their instructor and friend for years. He gained their attention by a few lively words

which revealed the man of French blood. Then, turning to Dr. Stewart, President of the Seminary, he said: "Your students show that you give them good, paternal care. They appear to enjoy life. They have no look of pessimists or skeptics. They surely believe in life and the joy of it. Yes, and they are serious, too, for they laugh so heartily."

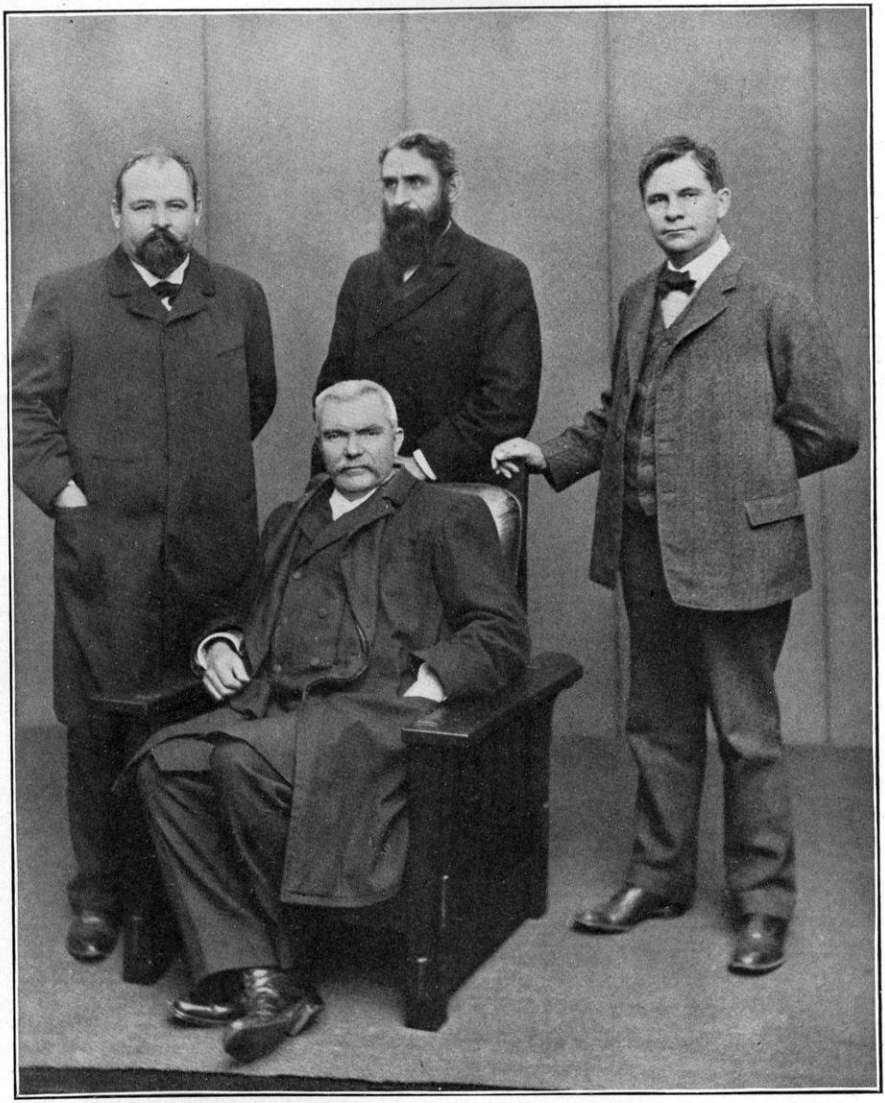
Glancing anew at the students, his eyes overflowed with tears, and in a broken voice he exclaimed: "Yes, to laugh is the most serious thing in life. To laugh properly is a test of manhood. One must not laugh at wrong doing, at sorrow, at poverty, at disgrace. One must laugh innocently and only at kindness."

Dr. Stewart replied that the students were prepared to greet their distinguished friend so sincerely and heartily, because they were earnest disciples of the simple life. He added that, during his charge as president, he had made many announcements of lectures and discourses, but never any with the degree of pleasure that he felt in making known the coming of the writer of "The Simple Life."

M. Wagner was evidently touched, and replied: "I am glad that your students have come under the teachings of my little book. Into that I have condensed the deepest feelings, the most significant experiences of my life. And I long with my whole heart to be useful to the young. To them my fullest sympathy has always reached out. My dear son, whom I lost, would now have been of their age. And as I look at them, I see him. My feeling is the same, whether I meet young workmen, or young students. The state, or condition, is nothing to me. I wish to be useful and friendly to those who are passing through the most important period of their lives: the period when they make thier final decision to take the right, or the wrong way. It is to me a consolation for the loss of my son, that I can give my fatherly love to the sons of other men; that I can be to the inexperienced in life a good friend, a real elder brother."

FROM the lecture that followed, I gained my first impressions of M. Wagner as a public speaker, who, in that capacity, has been judged in this country from various points of view. And here I will say that, in such judgments, allowance should be made, at the beginning, for the disabilities under which any person, not a professional linguist, labors, in speaking a foreign tongue; since in him a large share of mental force is deflected from the reasoning faculties, in the effort to clothe the thought with words. This disability being regard-

M. CHARLES WAGNER



M. XAVIER KOENIG MR. GUSTAV STICKLEY

DR. GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

M. CHARLES WAGNER

ed in its true character—that is, as a superficial, unavoidable defect—the listener ceases to stop at the minor considerations of accent and grammatical construction, and proceeds to follow the thought of the foreigner as he would do that of the native speaker. Regarding these principles in the same light as the premises to an argument, I sought to judge M. Wagner essentially, and to pass over his racial characteristics, as well as his personal mannerisms. I, therefore, without prejudice, as, also, without favoring the subject of my study, gained what I believe to be an unbiased opinion. To my mind, then, M. Wagner gives, as he should do, the impression of a man who has a direct message to deliver, and to whom the manner of its delivery is a thing of small concern. His gestures are violent, and his voice is not studied. But the former, when accompanying his English speech, labor under the same disadvantages as his tongue, and bear equally with his language, the marks of a foreigner. But his voice has the ring of sincerity, and one hears in it the quality belonging to a son of the soil; of a man whose fathers have sung at their labor in the fields, driven their cattle with lusty calls, and shouted vehemently in the forests, as they felled the trees and chopped the wood. As I listened to the voice of the foreign speaker, I was led to think of the great painters of his country who, within forty years, have written upon immortal canvases what may be called a Hymn in Praise of Labor, chanted in crude, Gregorian tones. I remembered Jules Breton, L'Hermitte, and, most of all, Millet, whose sole books of instruction were the Bible and Virgil, and whose counsellors were his peasant grandmother and his uncle, the village *curé*. The face, the manner, the voice of the speaker, considered together with my acquaintance with certain typical individuals of his race, convinced me that I had gained a correct idea of M. Wagner, toward whom his hearers in America, taking from the duties of their busy lives scant time in which to study him, have directed so many indiscriminating words, as well of praise as of blame.

The impression of sincerity and good will made upon my mind by M. Wagner, in his discourse to the students, was rapidly deepened by my study of him during the short railway journey upon which I was his companion. Among other qualities observable in him, I noted his kindly manner when he was approached by strangers, his willingness to grant small favors and courtesies—in short, his constant effort to maintain in his life all that he advocates in his writings.

TWO DAYS WITH M. WAGNER

IN Syracuse, M. Wagner spoke upon "The Simple Life" in surroundings which he and his audience as well, felt to be fitting to his theme. As was to be expected, he was pleased by the plain, solid architecture and fittings of the Craftsman Meeting Room, and he expressed himself as gratified at the opportunity to observe the trend of the industrial arts in the United States. The frankly emphasized construction of the room and the cabinet-making he commented upon as truthfulness translated into material objects. He found, as he acknowledged, his own ideas expressed at the opening of "The Simple Life," here forestalled and realized. He noted the harmony which naturally resulted from the balance of the most easily attainable lines, and, as he spoke, drew thence interesting parallels of thought, which he used in illustration of his argument. In these instances, I was reminded of that constant power of observation, which is so pleasing a feature of his books, and which seems equally to serve him in all surroundings: in his study, in the street, and upon his journeys.

This power of observation, in his case, is but the prelude to sympathy. It would seem that he notes but to discover how he can best teach, counsel, and comfort. It was thus interesting to listen to his responses to persons who came to greet him at the close of his lecture. A mother who had lost a son, had but to allude to her grief, when, his eyes filled with tears, and extending his hand, he exclaimed: "We are brother and sister in such a loss. God has made a bond of sorrow between us. Go out and translate your sorrow into sympathy and love for those who need it." A second mother remarked to him that her child was a moon worshiper, as he himself had been, according to the anecdote related in his lecture. "Leave him to himself," he replied. "Don't teach him *not to worship*. Bye and bye, you will be the object of his adoration; that too will be right. During the early years of life, the father and the mother are to us as God himself. Let your child worship you, and soon he will be ready to worship the great God above and around him and incarnate within himself."

A new phase of M. Wagner's character delighted me when I came to study him, as he revealed himself as a guest in the home of Mr. Stickley. When he entered the house for the first time, he was weary, and his childlike gratitude for the hospitality offered, was pathetic to witness. It was unlike any manifestation of the same sentiment that I have seen shown by an American, and it would not have been understood by one unaccustomed to observe foreigners. It was a natural

expression of the simple life led by the peasant-born, which can be met with, any day, in the fields of France or Germany, and in the mountain hamlets of Switzerland. Enthusiasm, confidence and reliance upon the kindness of one's fellow-beings are sentiments peculiar to the man who lives near to Nature's heart.

With entire ingenuousness M. Wagner looked about him in the large room which he first entered. He remarked upon the architecture and furnishings, similar to those of the Craftsman Meeting Room, and then, seeing an inviting, roomy arm chair, he approached it, examined its structure and cushions, and, with a gesture of approval, seated himself, relaxing his frame and closing his eyes. In this attitude, he remained for several minutes, and when he again spoke, it was to say: "I am quiet and happy. This chair is no temporary resting place. I feel as if I had secured a permanent situation." Then, glancing at the smooth surface of the arm, upon which the grain showed its beautiful markings, he exclaimed: "I love the direct wood. Here is something wrought by the hand of Nature herself. The tree knows the secret of growing old gracefully. Wood is like a child, because its best qualities are apparent. It makes no pretences and carries no deceit. It is like a child, too, because it may be spoiled by varnish—which is another name for false education. If a surface polish be given to either, it will not mature agreeably. In the case of the child, the contact of the world will produce defacement and scars; in the case of the wood, the hand laid upon it will leave disfiguring marks. But this chair is hospitable and humane. It is willing to support your weight; your hands might be soiled and perspiring from labor, but it would, like a gracious friend, fail to observe them. It would receive no impression from them. It is one of those enduring things which deserve to be heirlooms; to be a center around which family memories cluster; to become dear to successive generations, like the homestead and the legends of domestic honor."

This chair so attracting him, he afterward received as a gift from Mr. Stickley, who also expressed himself ready to direct the appointments of the new home which M. Wagner is anxious to possess in the suburbs, or rather, the neighborhood of Paris.

STILL another phase, or—I would rather say—facet of M. Wagner's character appeared, when on the morning after his arrival, he was asked to say grace at breakfast. This he did in a few beautiful, poetic words which recalled the pastoral poems of those

men of simpler lives than our own, the Hebrews and the Greeks. Bowing his head, he said, not as if he were repeating a formula grown tiresome through use, but with that accent which comes from eagerness alone: "We thank thee, O Source of Life, for the lordly gift of bread. It comes from Thy sunshine and man's labor. May we eat it in love, and thus possess Thy sunshine within our souls! Amen."

IN connection with the table, there is one thing which I wish to note in passing. That is the freedom from etiquette, the almost peasant-like simplicity which M. Wagner retains, seemingly as an hereditary mark. He uses his bread as we know it to have been used in Biblical times as a sponge or sop for liquids, and as we still see the European peasants employing it, as they sit at their homely tables, gathered about the steaming soup-tureen, after their day of hard toil. So, there is nothing that offends or repels in M. Wagner's action, which perfectly fits the man and adds to him one more touch of the son of toil.

The comments which I have just made, may be naturally followed by the quotation of a fragment of conversation which illustrates M. Wagner's radical ideas of society. In a discussion of the simple life, as the source of democracy, I happened to quote the words of Walt Whitman:

"I do not ask who you are. That is not important to me:
You can do nothing and be nothing but that I will enfold you.
To cotton-field drudge, or scavenger I lean,
On his right cheek I put the family kiss,
And in, my soul I swear, I never will deny him."

My listener immediately asked the question: "Who is Whitman? I have never heard of him until this moment. But I recognize in him a brother in spirit. For I must tell you that I never meet the scavengers of my quarter, without lifting my hat to them; and once, every year, I invite them to my house, that I may pay them special honor. One day, as I was walking with my little girls, who were just beginning to observe the things about them, one of them said to me almost as if in reproach: 'Papa, why do you bow so respectfully to those dirty men?' I replied to the child: 'Those men go about the streets stained and soiled, in order that we may be clean. Without them health and life would be impossible for us.' By this explanation the little girl was made to understand that the outside does not neces-

sarily indicate the value of a person, and I think that she will carry the lesson throughout her life."

FROM the salient characteristics recorded, and the words directly quoted, it might be inferred that the spirit of M. Wagner is aggressive, seeking to turn those about him to his own opinions and ways of thought. But such is not the case. He is personally the same gentle spirit whom we have learned through his books to love and honor. In definition of his attitude toward evil, he said to me:

"Does it do you any good for me to point out to you the wrong that I see in a man? Does it do me good to tell of it? Does it do him good? Ah, no! Let us discover that which is true and noble within him, and declare it, so that the higher nature within him may be awakened and cry out: 'Do other men think me upright and true? Then, in the name of God, let me try more than I have ever tried to be what they believe that I am!'" "This," M. Wagner said, "is the practical way to help men to be better."

IN speaking of the typical citizens whom he had met, M. Wagner naturally mentioned Theodore Roosevelt. He spoke enthusiastically of the President's interest in Luther's definition of faith: "It is not knowledge, nor even certitude. It is the complete gift of everyone commending himself to the unknown goodness of God. I have nothing to know. I commend life, death, all to God. I am sure that all will be well." But among all his experiences in Washington, M. Wagner was most gratified by a conversation which he had had with the President, regarding the friendship which should be established among the nations as a path to universal peace. He quoted Mr. Roosevelt as saying that he trusted the time would come, when England, France, Germany, and the United States would unite in a permanent alliance. For against such a union no nation or race would dare rise in opposition. M. Wagner had then set forth the obstacles standing in the way of such an alliance. He said: "It took me back to the dear home of my childhood, the *Reichland,* or better, Alsace-Lorraine. There, as I indicated to the President, lies the pivot upon which rests the perpetual peace of Europe. I have long believed this. If Alsace-Lorraine were to become a link of friendship uniting France and Germany, instead of the subject of dissension and hate which it is now, the course of history might be changed. By this, I do not mean

that the fact of German annexation should be annulled. That is definitely settled. But there are misunderstandings which forbearance—which is the highest wisdom—might quickly and easily remove. Germany is determined to wipe out the French language in Alsace-Lorraine, and her persistency is a constant source of irritation to the region. If now, the government would say to the German students at Strasbourg: 'You may learn French here,' and equally to the French students: 'You may learn German,' the youth of the two nations would mingle in friendship at the University; they would come to understand each other's characteristic excellences; the spirit of amity would spread, and the establishment of good feeling between the two great hostile nations would create a new era." . . . . "My ideas met the approval of the President," continued M. Wagner, "and I finished my argument by suggesting that when peace and good-will should be firmly established in the border-land, there might be founded, at some proper point, a University in whose faculty Germany and France should receive equal representation."

YIELDING to his instinctive love for youth, M. Wagner consented to address certain classes at the Syracuse High School, at which Mr. Stickley's daughters are pupils. His discourse at this institution was confined to a few reflections upon the relations between thought and speech. It recalled those detached paragraphs of the Simple Life which have proven to many so serviceable in the conduct of daily life. Among the other sentences of this discourse the following ones stood out clear and prominent: "To speak is a consequence, and every consequence follows something else. Before speech there should be thought. Speech is loud. Thought is silent. Be silent, reflect, look, touch! Then, remember that speech is the art of translating the silent thought into the loud word! This process is no artificial act. It is natural and spontaneous. The most concise words are the best. They are like the elixir of life. A drop of such liquid may suffice to strengthen the weary; but, if cast into a glass of water, its effect will be lost in the diluting volume. It is the same with thought and speech. Therefore, be concise! Do not cover paper for the sake of writing! Be as sparing in your use of words as clearness will permit! But, above all, be clear! Remember that from misunderstandings arise sorrow, misery, war, and, thus, early in

your lives, lay your foundations for being understood by your fellowmen!"

RETURNING from the school, M. Wagner paused to examine the façade of the Syracuse Carnegie Library, just approaching completion. He read the name of the donor inscribed above the entrance, and exclaimed with the air of one whose thoughts are held to a single, fixed center: "How I wish that he would buy a building site for my people in Paris! I have money for the edifice itself, but as for the site, it will be much more costly than the structure. . . . And we can not build in the air. . . . But God will send us friends and riches, all in His own good time." Then, he added quickly and with French spirit: "And you, Mr. Stickley, when the day comes, will teach us to build with your simple, direct, honest lines. For it seems to me that you have done and are doing for the house and home of man, all that I am trying to do for man himself. We both have difficult, sometimes, even stubborn material with which to deal, but may God bless our tasks."

FROM this subject, he passed to offer some general considerations upon American home life. "This," said he, "I have found characteristic and most active. I have seen examples in sufficient number to make me realize that one of your chief dangers as a people is that you may lose real things in pursuit of shadows. Home life is essentially intimate and secluded. But with you it is in peril of decentralization. If the fire at the hearthstone be divided into a number of sparks, the vitality of these will not continue long. You must, to use the old classic words, look to 'your altars and your fires.' If your religious faith be lost, apathy will spread over your young nation as it has already done over older peoples. If your home life be decentralized, there is little hope for you; since the Family is the State in small."

WITH these words falling from his lips, I shall ever remember the author of "The Simple Life." In this expression he seemed to reach the climax of his feeling and effort, and the picture which is fixed in my own mind I would gladly transfer to that of my readers.

ARTISTIC HANDICRAFTS FOR WOMEN, BY DR. HEINRICH PUDOR ❧ TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY IRENE SARGENT ❧ *All rights reserved*

AMONG all art industries, the weavers' craft is the one upon which, comparatively speaking, modern influences have least exerted themselves. And again, within the latter more restricted department, the worst conditions observable are those attendant upon the weaving of *passementerie.* A glance at the shop-window of a large, active establishment devoted to the production or sale of ornaments of this nature, is sufficient to show the miserable state of the craft. The color sense is altogether absent. The designs, almost all, have been chosen without regard for either material, or technical treatment. Modern, in a good sense, there is either nothing at all, or so little that it counts for nothing. Such, at least, is the case in Germany. In France, where the people are possessed of extraordinarily sensitive taste, conditions are, of course, better. But even there, the modern Arts and Crafts movement has reached the textile art last of all. In this industry, the most noted craftsmen are E. L. J. Tixier, Lucien Payen, Paul Malescot, and further Georges Martin, Warée, Lefébure, Figues, and Guyonnet. The Parisian firm, Supplice and Company, have recently produced magnificent decorations for windows, some of which were illustrated in the May number of the French Review: *L'Art et Décoration.* Long since, the *Compagnie des Indes* became famous for its exhibits of a similar kind. Beautiful laces of exquisitely tasteful designs, which can be favorably compared with those of the Austrian Government Lace School, have been executed by the previously mentioned artists, Tixier, Lefébure, and Paul Malescot; the finest examples of these being now possessed by the *Musée Galliéra,* Paris.

In illustration we offer several specimens of the work of Ernest Louis Joseph Tixier, in whose fertility of design and artistic diligence we recognize a pupil of Eugène Grasset. From the latter he has derived decorative ability and activity of imagination. But the highest quality of his work is his fine sense of the individuality of materials and processes. Each one of his designs can be executed only in a definite and distinct medium; while, especially among ourselves, art-

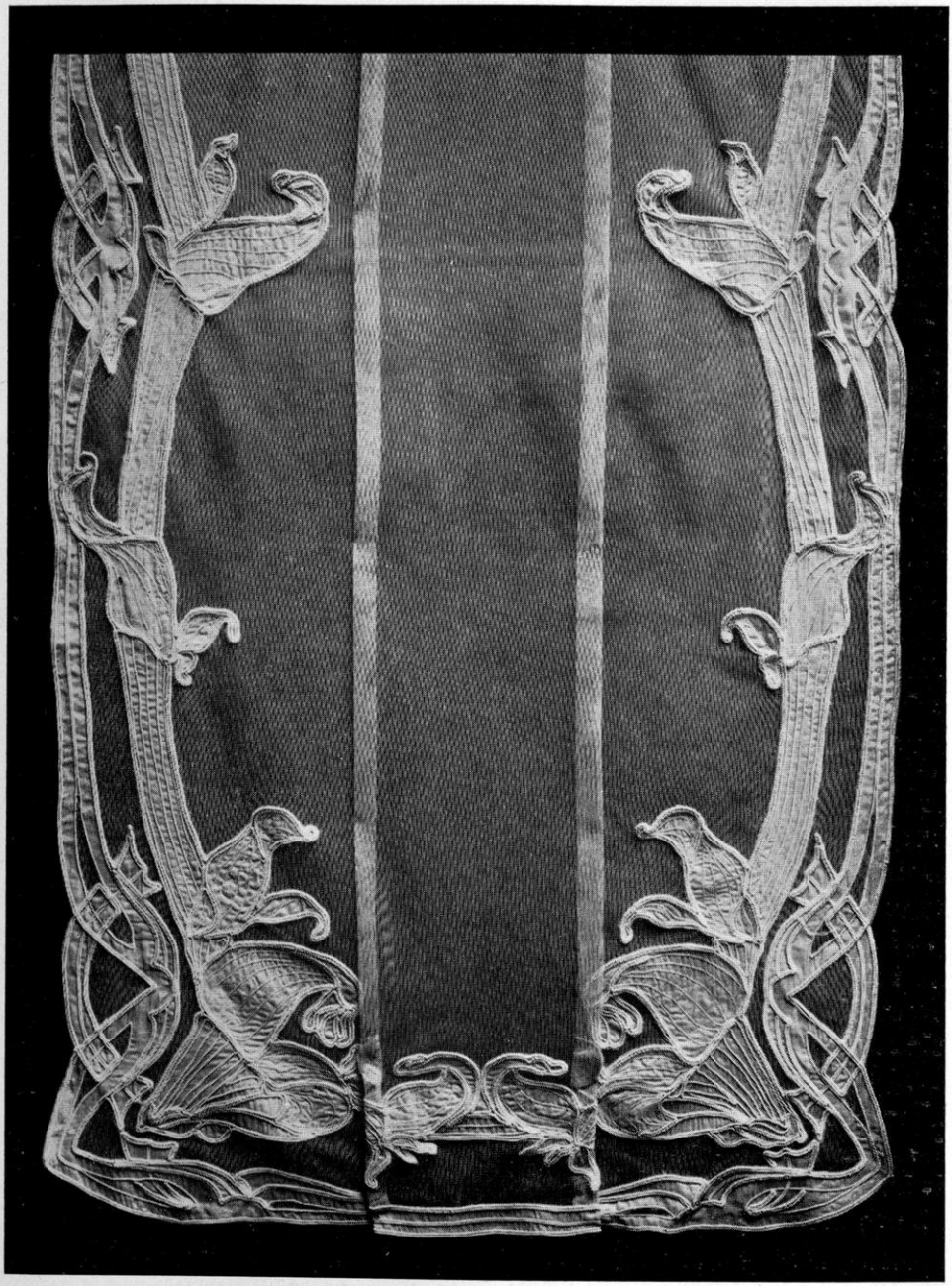


PLATE I: WINDOW DECORATION, DESIGNED BY E. L. J. TIXIER

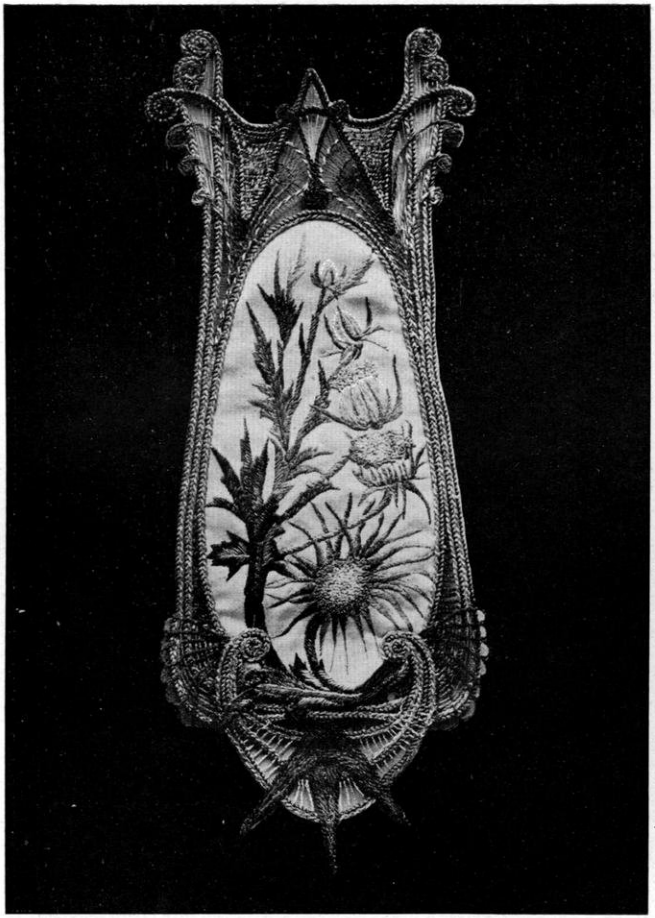


PLATE II: PASSEMENTERIE, DESIGNED BY E. L. J. TIXIER

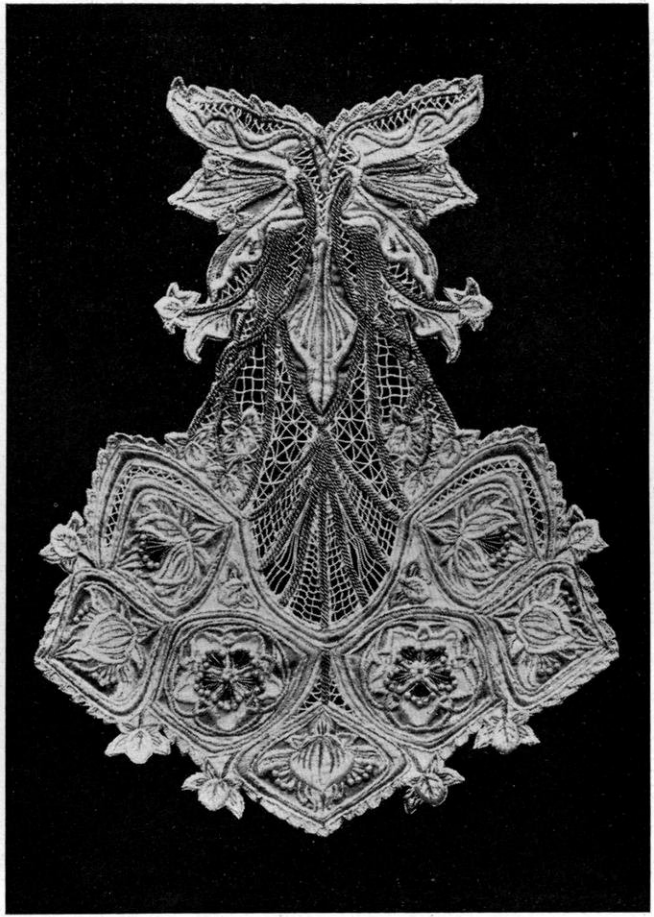


PLATE III: BERTHA, DESIGNED BY E. L. J. TIXIER

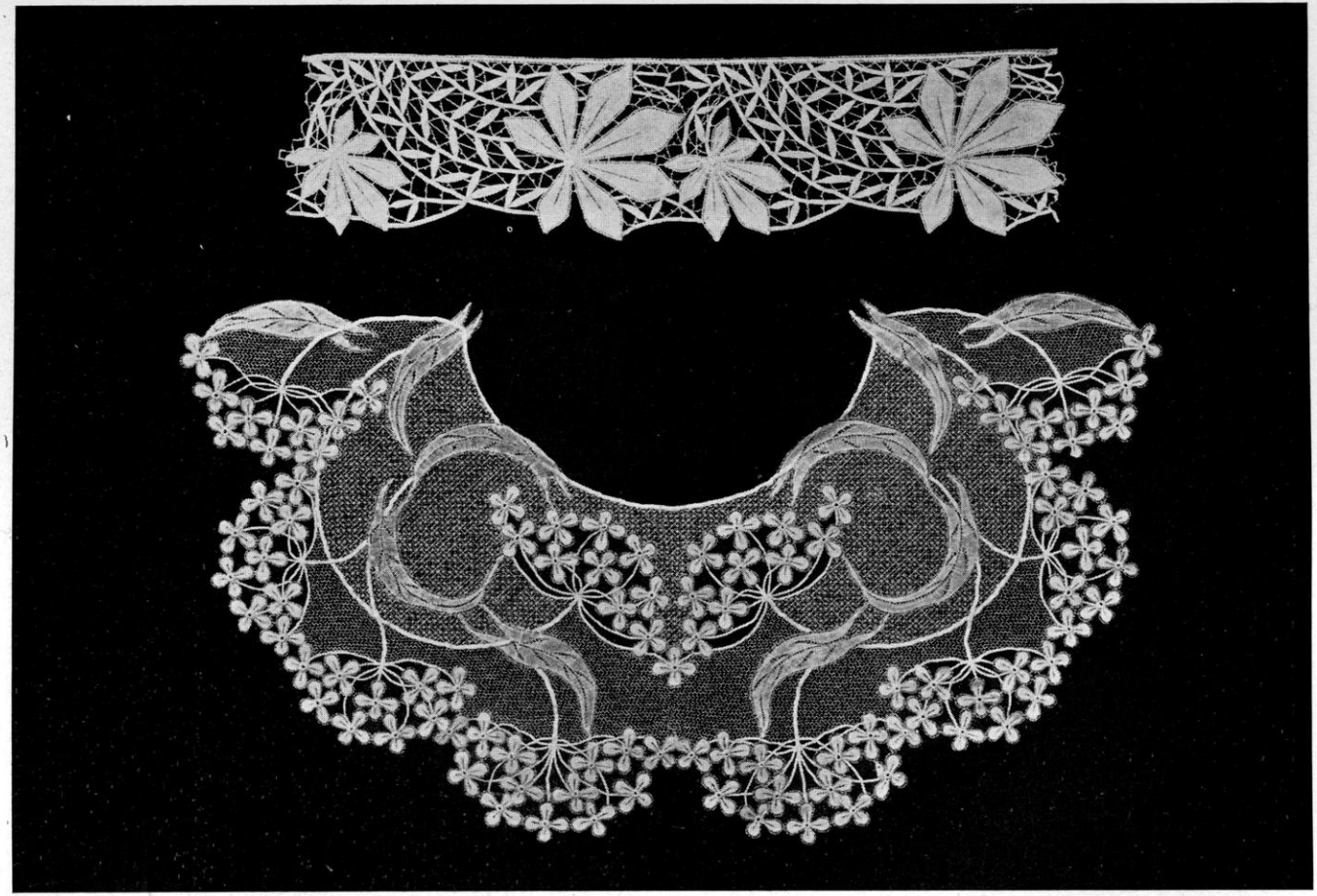


PLATE IV: LACES DESIGNED BY FRAU M. HRDLICKA, VIENNA LACE SCHOOL

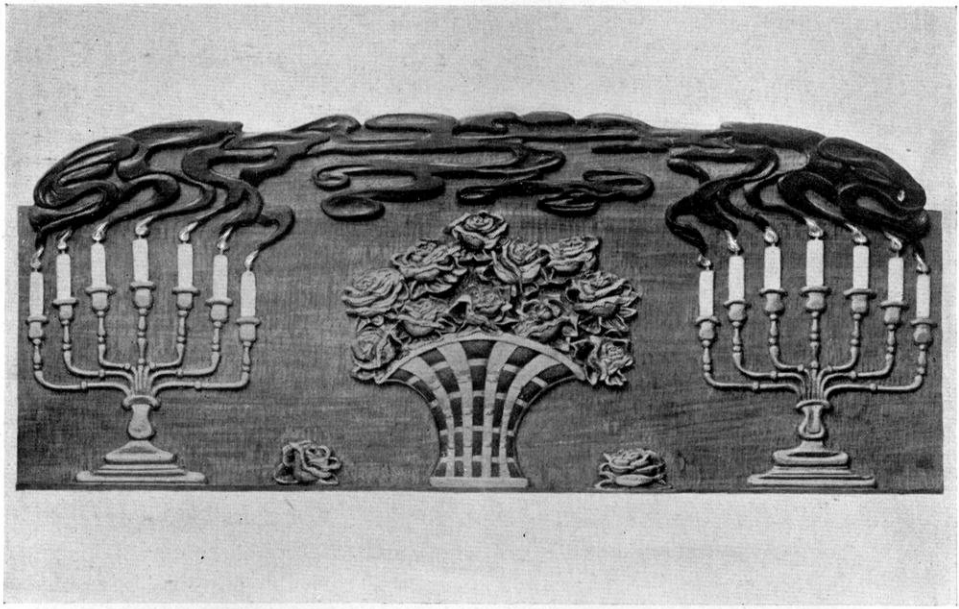


PLATE V: DECORATIVE FRIEZE, DESIGNED BY URBAN GAD, ARTS AND CRAFTS UNION, COPENHAGEN

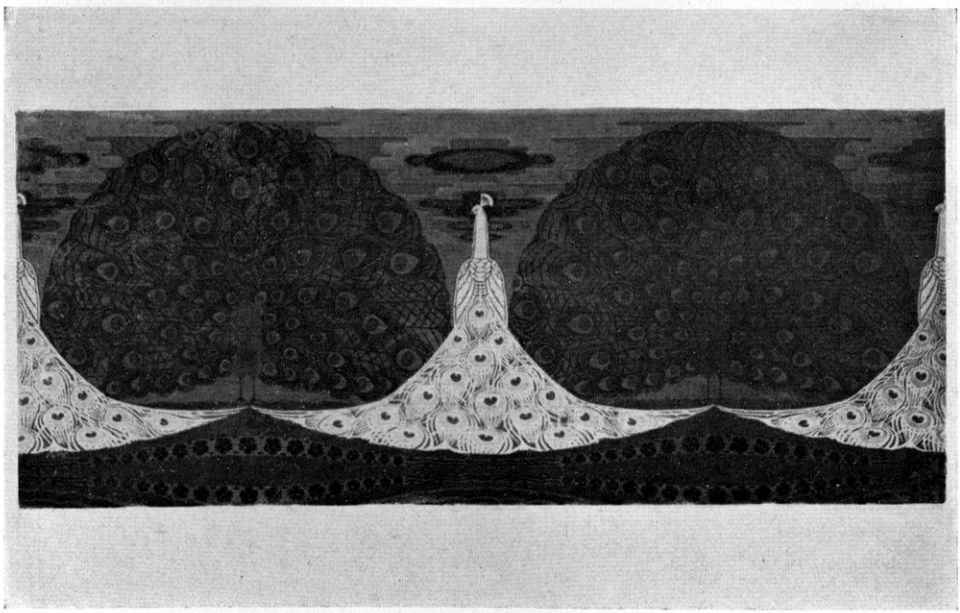


PLATE VI: DRAWING ADAPTED TO EXECUTION IN TEXTILES, BY THEODORE LAMBERT

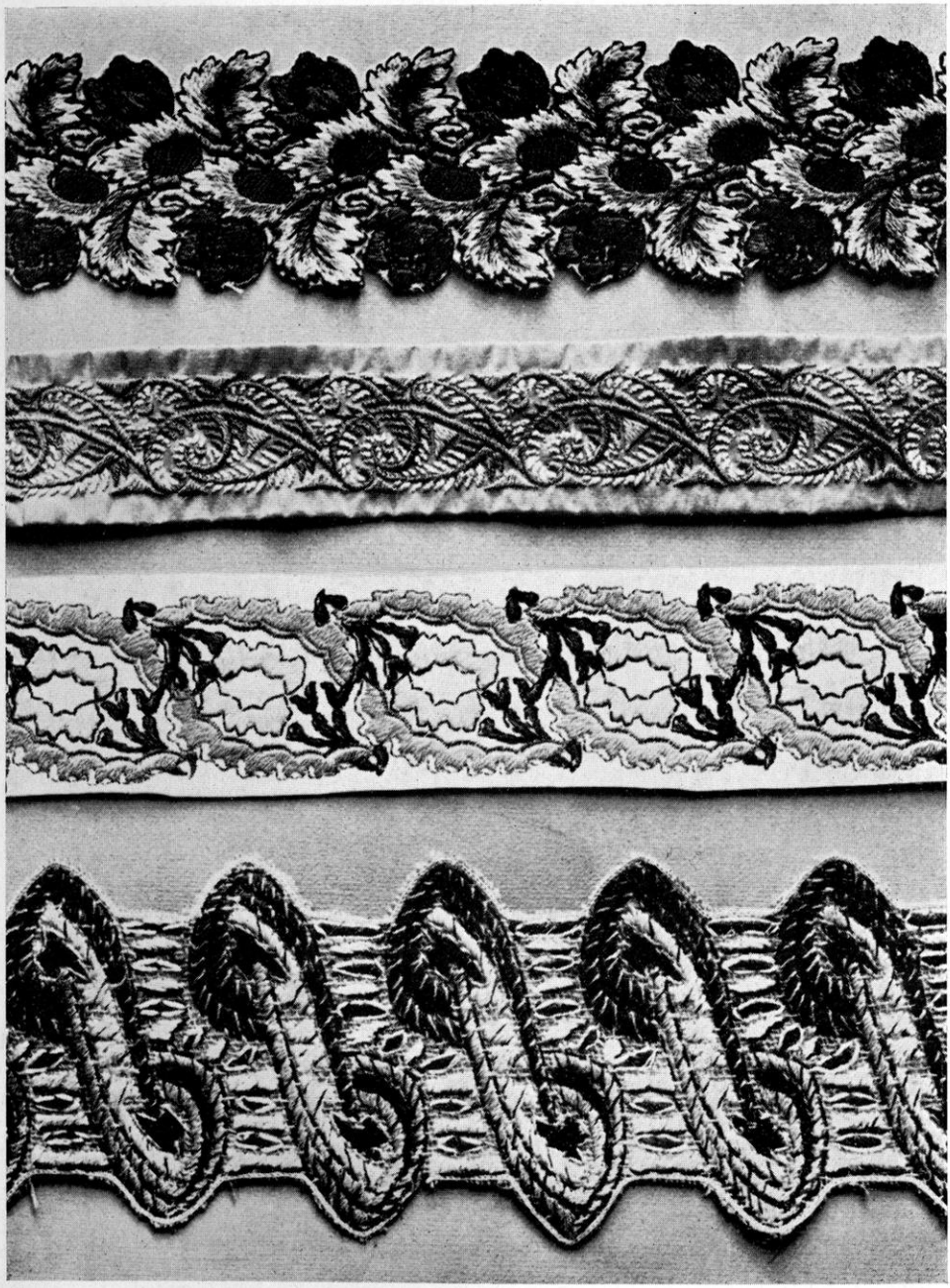


PLATE VII: PASSEMENTERIES DESIGNED BY E. L. J. TIXIER

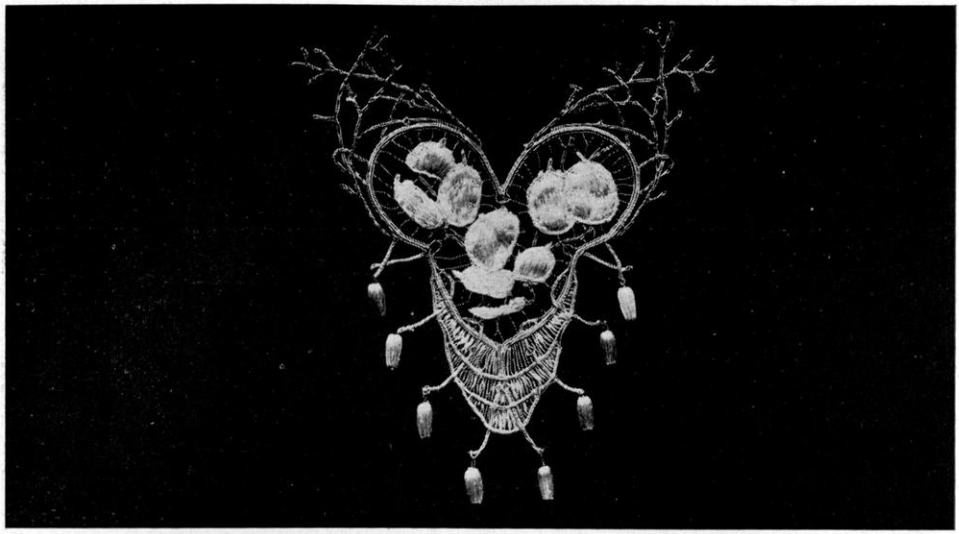


PLATE VIII: BERTHA, DESIGNED BY E. L. J. TIXIER

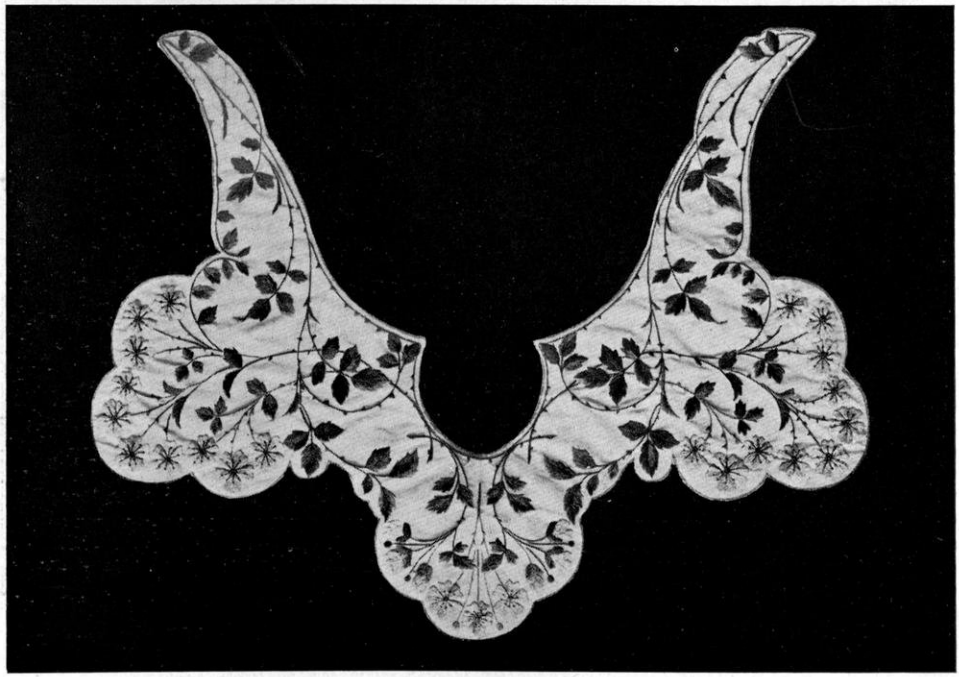
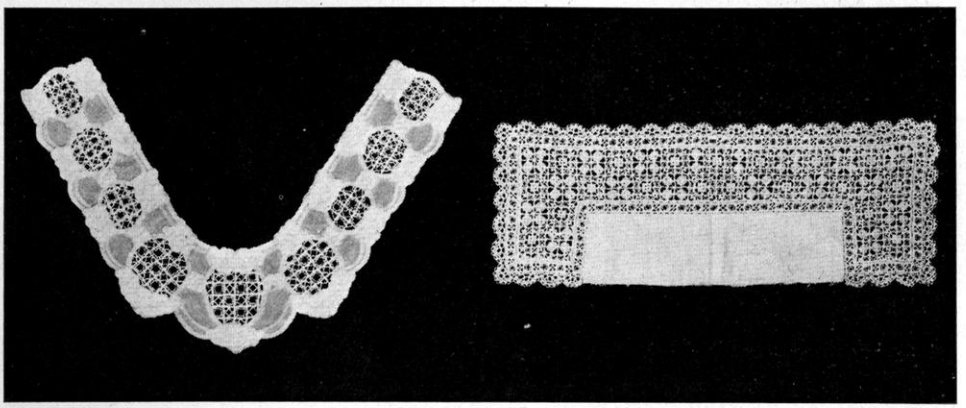
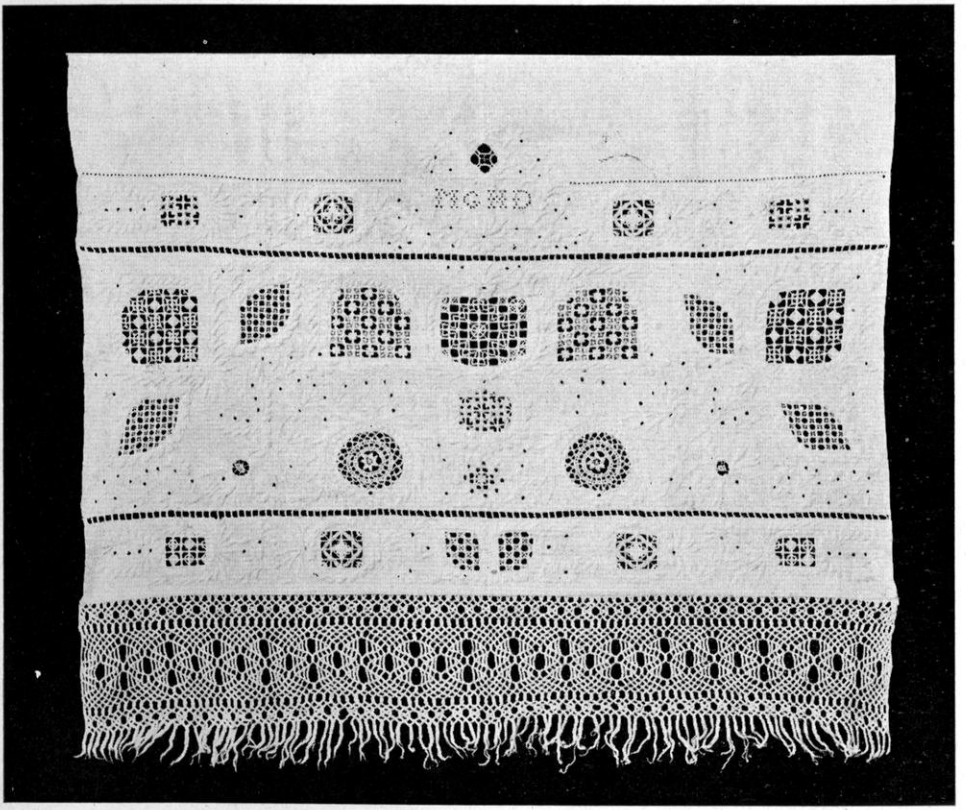


PLATE IX: COLLAR, DESIGNED BY JACQUES BILLE





PLATES X. AND XI.: OLD AND MODERN EXAMPLES OF DANISH PEASANT WORK (HEDEBOSYNING); THE HANDKERCHIEF AND SCARF, OLD; THE COLLAR, MODERN, AND DESIGNED BY URBAN GAD, ARTS AND CRAFTS UNION, COPENHAGEN

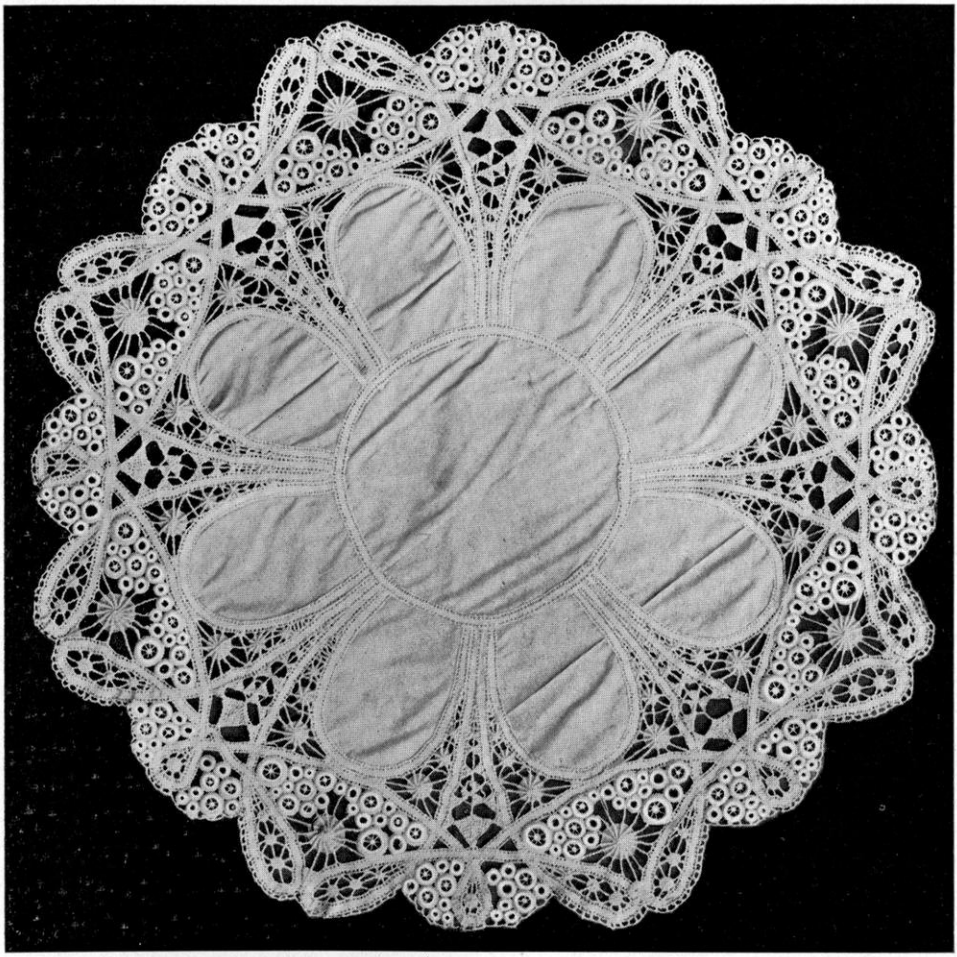


PLATE XII: CENTERPIECE, DESIGNED BY HERR LEIPHEIMER, DARMSTADT

ists, for the most part, make their designs for interchangeable execution in metal, porcelain, wood, or silk.

On the contrary, a good artistic design should be so composed that it appears to have condensed and crystallized, as it were, from the material and the processes employed; that it seems, not to have been created, but rather to have developed itself. Such is the case, in the design for a bertha (Illustration VIII.), as also in the designs for garnitures (*passementeries*), (Illustration VII). Illustration II. is noticeable for its fine conventionalization, while another design for window decoration (Illustration I.) is extremely delicate, although broad in treatment. In the latter, also, the respect paid to the qualities of the material employed is worthy of remark. The same may be said of a second design for a bertha, shown in Illustration III. The artist rarely uses definite figure- or plant-forms, and further these must be introduced with great care into textile designs. It is necessary, therefore, to select such plant-forms as show certain structural features which offer resemblances with textiles. Again, these forms must be so apprehended that they easily and without opposition allow themselves to be adapted to treatment, as in the example by Tixier, in the upper design of Illustration VII. But the plant-forms constitute special cases; while geometrical patterns are now the favorite means of decoration used in textiles. It might be believed that the linear system of Van de Velde might have provided us with very interesting scroll-ornamentation. However, nothing of this is observable. "The cult of the wavy line" has set up its pretences, for the most part, where it has no reason for existence; bookmaking, perhaps, apart. But England has afforded us excellent work in linear ornament for textile designs. I should not here omit to remind my readers that, in his time, the great Leonardo summoned artists to study the cracks of crumbling, ruined walls, just as the Norwegian women must have studied the lines of weakened ice. Furthermore, the Japanese master Hokusai took the traces of birds' claws in the sand, as the model for his textile designs.

Even purely realistic *motifs* have been employed by the modern French textile designers with much effect. The familiar peacock design is shown in an original drawing, excellently adapted to textiles, by the well-known Parisian architect, Théodore Lambert (cf. Illustration VI.). A pattern of exceptional grace is seen in the design for a woman's collar by Jacques Bille of Paris (Illustration IX.).

As is well known, Vienna, in recent years, has shown excellent artistic craft-work, particularly in lace industries. To the Aulic Councillor von Skala belongs the honor of having formed the Lace School into a corporate body, the work of which has quickly attained an international reputation. Frau M. Hrdlicka is the author of the excellent designs here chosen for illustration from the productions of this school.

Darmstadt, the modern art Mecca of Germany, has most creditable examples to show in the department of industry with which we are now concerned. From the fertile productiveness of Leipheimer we select a most successful design for a point lace centerpiece.

Finally, I present a few examples of Danish art-activity. A year since, a *Kunstflidsforening* (Arts and Crafts Union) was founded in Copenhagen, with the worthy purpose of fostering the art of tapestry-weaving. The directress of the Union, which has opened a school in connection with the club, is Frau Emma Gad, the well-known writer. But it does not seem to me that this Union has, as yet, entered upon the right way. I visited the school, examined the looms, and all the hitherto accomplished, as well as the projected work. Certain of the pieces shown me were finely executed, and the greater number of the designs of the directress of the school were creditable. But in my judgment, the organization is not pursuing the right aim, and, although the same kind of establishments present an urgent problem for Germany, I cannot let pass this opportunity to express my opinion. These schools, as modern institutions, must, before all else, consider individuality. Furthermore, the pupils must not be taught to work mechanically, according to models, but rather to create for themselves. The modern, highly developed loom with shuttle-devices, which the Danish organization has imported is, therefore, a hindrance. The Scherrebeker Art-Weaving Association has very accurately perceived this, and reverted to the primitive loom, which makes possible the development of the individual. The same thing has been done in Austria. Yet these are only isolated cases. In Copenhagen, I received the impression that it was desired to form weavers of the greatest possible mechanical skill, but not self-reliant artists. To be an artist is to display individuality. In accordance with this principle, the *Kunstflidsforening* must reform its school, provided that it wish to preserve Danish art.

In spite of my strictures, I grant that the productions of the Copen-

gen Union, up to the present time, have been creditable, especially in the *hedebosyning,* old Danish peasant, and modern Danish work. From the latter I have chosen for illustration two vigorous designs for women's collars executed by Frederika Hegel, a handkerchief adapted from an old model, and a decorative frieze by Urban Gad, who furnishes the greater number of designs used in the new art school.

THE LINDEN TREE *From the German*

I

I know a sturdy linden,
With branches wide outspread,
Whose thick, green foliage whispers
Of fair days that have fled.

II

And near by flows a streamlet,
Whose silvery waters shed
A murmur passed down ages
Of fair days that have fled.

III

By hope's own lovely visions
Forever am I led,
So there I sit and ponder
On fair days that have fled.

I. S.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1904, NO. XI

DESIGNED to meet the requirements of a home for a family of average size, at a cost not excessive when we note the area in square feet of the first floor, and consider the materials employed, Craftsman House Number XI. presents a plan which has much to commend it, and an exterior as unusual as it is pleasing. In a setting of greens and browns, marshaled by the trees, shrubs, lawns, and the gravel of the paths, the greens and browns of the house itself cannot fail to be effective.

Perhaps the first detail to hold the eye, as one contemplates the façade as a whole, is the porch or terrace which leads to the main entrance of the house. The middle third of the façade is recessed so as to give a pleasing shadow, as well as additional area to the floor space of the terrace, which springs in the form of a semi-circle from either side of the recess.

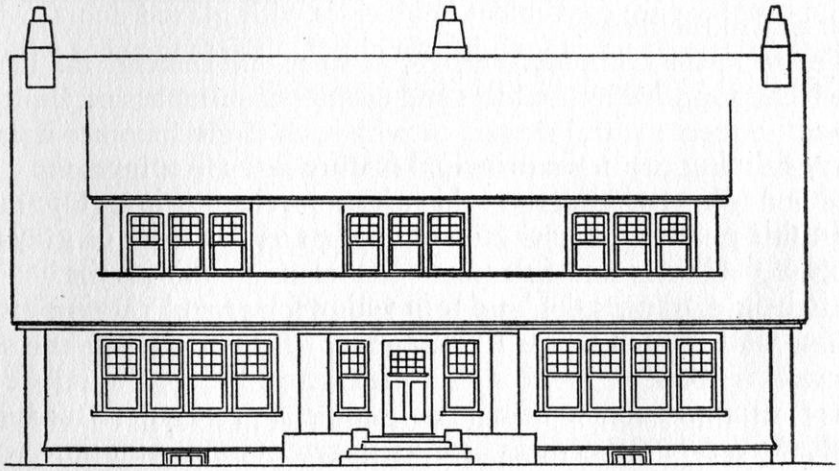
The terrace is composed entirely of stone and cement: the item of stone being supplied by boulders and cobbles of suitable size, built into the wall in their natural shapes, or with such slight hammer-dressing as may be necessary for structural stability and for alignment. The broad and low steps leading to the terrace level are of roughly shaped stones, laid end to end; the intervening spaces, often of considerable size, being filled in and brought to a surface by the cement. From the extremities of the steps, and following the curve of the semi-circle, is a low wall, which forms the boundary of the terrace at the sides. This wall is about eighteen inches wide across the top; a unique feature of its construction being the gutter, or trough, following its length, shaped of the cement, and arranged to hold earth into which are transplanted the favorite flowers in season. A number of ducts are left within the wall when it is constructed, and these provide proper drainage from the trough to the ground below.

Two boulders of large size are selected to terminate the walls at the steps, and these having roughly shaped faces, afford admirable locations for potted shrubs or plants.

Cypress shingles form the covering for the entire expanse of side walls and roofs: those for the walls being of extra length, laid wide to the weather, and treated with a green stain of Cabot's No. 303; the roof shingles are laid in the usual manner and receive a brown stain (Cabot's No. 141). The same brown is applied to the window casings and to other parts of the exterior woodwork, which is also of

cypress. The windows are arranged to produce a well-lighted interior, and are quite effective, with their upper sashes glazed in small lights; while the lower sashes, with their large single glasses, give an unobstructed view from within. The house-wall and the chimneys bring again into use a construction similar to that of the terrace, and the latter terminate in tapering pots of a deep red color.

THE plans show a series of well-arranged rooms of good size. The main hall, which has a width of twelve feet, is entered through a roomy vestibule from the front, and leads, under the main stairs, to a study at the rear of the house. On one side, the vestibule has a seat; on the other, a space for a hat rack and an umbrella stand.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XI., SERIES OF 1904: FRONT ELEVATION

From the hall, stairs lead to the second floor; while convenient doors give access to a coat closet, to the cellar stairs, and to the kitchen; while wider openings, one at either side, open to the living room and the dining room.

The living room is large, having dimensions of eighteen by twenty-six feet, with an added space, at either end, which is occupied by low and comfortably cushioned seats. The fireplace opposite the entrance from the hall, is of hard burned brick, selected for their grays, dark browns, and blacks, and laid up in full struck joints of dark-colored mortar. A red sandstone lintel spans the fire opening, and another

lintel of the same material, cut to show a shallow pointed arch, is placed across the recessed shelf above. The hearth is of the same brick, and the andirons are of hand wrought iron; the finish harmonizing with the blacks of the brick. The study is situated behind the living room, and both these rooms have doors opening upon a broad veranda, protected by a continuation of the main roof. The veranda being at the rear of the house, is, for this reason, secluded, and so forms a pleasant sitting-porch for the family.

THE study, easily accessible from the hall, or the living room, has a fireplace constructed of brick, similar to those used for the fireplace in the living room, and having a copper hood of graceful lines, ornamented with a rose-*motif* in hammered pattern. Flanking the fireplace are convenient book cases with glazed doors; while, under the stairs, space is found for a closet, an arrangement which is always useful in a room of this kind.

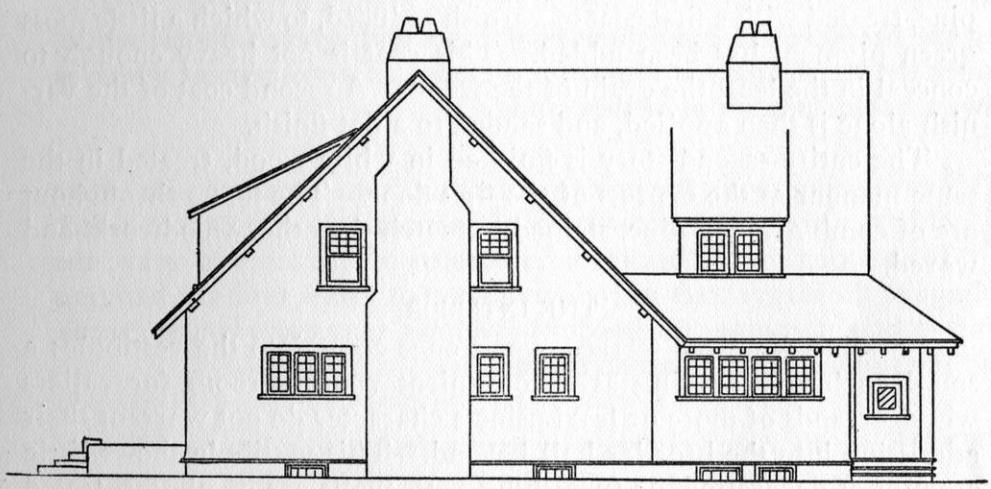
IN the dining room, the principal feature is the fireplace; the entire chimney breast being treated in glass-mosaic showing a tree-*motif*. In this picture the background consists of flat tones of gray; the foliage of the larger trees introducing tones of green, with the hanging fruit in bright orange; the border in yellows, tans and varying greens, and the small trees in tones of violet.

THE dining room, eighteen by twenty feet in size, has a wide window seat, similar to one in the living room; while in common with the latter, the living room and the hall, it has a beamed ceiling, as may be learned from the plans.

Access is had to the kitchen from the dining room through the butler's pantry, which has well arranged cupboards and the necessary sink; or, from the hall, the kitchen may be reached through the passage under the main stairs. From this passage stairs lead to the cellar, where the heating apparatus is located, together with the laundry, the vegetable, and the preserve closet, etc. The kitchen is thirteen by seventeen feet six inches in dimensions, and affords ample room for the range, table, sink, etc. At the rear, there is a cold room of good size, arranged to allow the icing of the refrigerator from the adjoining rear porch.

From the kitchen, service stairs lead to the second floor, and reach the second story hall directly opposite the head of the main staircase.

ON the second floor, we find two bed rooms of somewhat more than average size, and two smaller ones; also, an alcove from the hall, which, fitted with a low couch and dresser, can be made into a very comfortable sleeping room. The two larger rooms, in addition to being irregular in plan, and having their side walls and ceilings somewhat broken by reason of the low roof, possess an added attraction in their fireplaces, which are faced with tile; the one in the room treated in green showing a deeper shade than is found on the side



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XI., SERIES OE 1904: SIDE ELEVATION

walls. In the other room, which is in light Delft blue, the tile are dark blue in tone, with an occasional one showing an old Dutch *motif*.

All the bed rooms have large closets connected with them, and there is also a convenient linen closet opening from the hall. The bath, at the rear of the hall, is of ample size to afford space for all necessary fixtures.

The attic is reached by stairs from the hall over the main staircase, and offers considerable storage room. A broom closet is a convenience found on this floor, and another exists in the placing of the kitchen at the foot of the service stairs.

CYPRESS is used for the "trim" in the hall, vestibule, the living and dining rooms. This wood is treated with a distemper, greenish-brown in color, and made by dissolving gum tragacanth in a small quantity of glycerine. This preparation is applied, when mixed to the consistency of boiled linseed oil. When dry, the surface is sandpapered, then a coat of shellac is applied, and the wood is again sanded, this time with No. oo sandpaper, after which it is wiped with a cloth dampened in "clean up"—consisting of linseed oil one-third, and turpentine, or benzine, two-thirds.

THE study is finished in hazel; the wood receiving the same treatment as that which has been just described. The kitchen and other rooms of the service department are finished in Carolina pine, treated with a first coat of varnish reduced, to which a little moss green pigment has been added. This coat is not heavy enough to conceal in the least the grain of the wood. A second coat of the varnish alone is then applied, and sanded to a flat finish.

The entire second story is finished in white wood, treated in the same manner as the cypress of the first floor. The floors throughout are of comb grained pine, stained to match the other woodwork, and waxed.

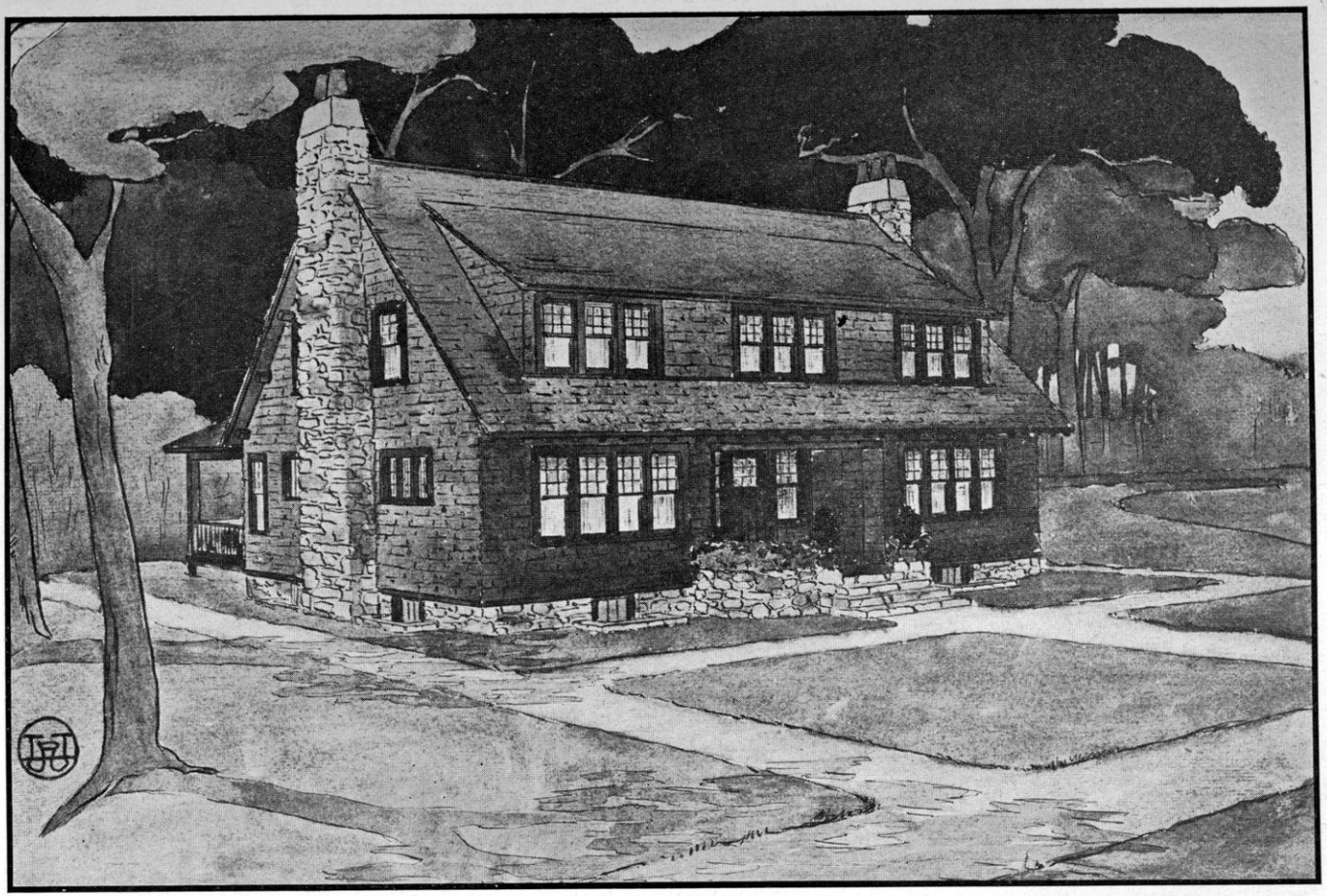
THE INTERIOR

Entering from the terrace, we at once come into the vestibule: a small enclosure, serving as a convenient waiting room for callers whose errands of more or less business character do not warrant their admission into the broader hall beyond. This vestibule shows little attempt at decoration, or furnishing. Its walls are of plaster, tinted like those of the hall and living room to a warm cream color: a tone not yellow, but rather suggested by the blendings found in old ivory, or parchment. The floor is stained a darker tone than is seen in the remainder of the woodwork, and a wooden settle, at the left, is of the same shade.

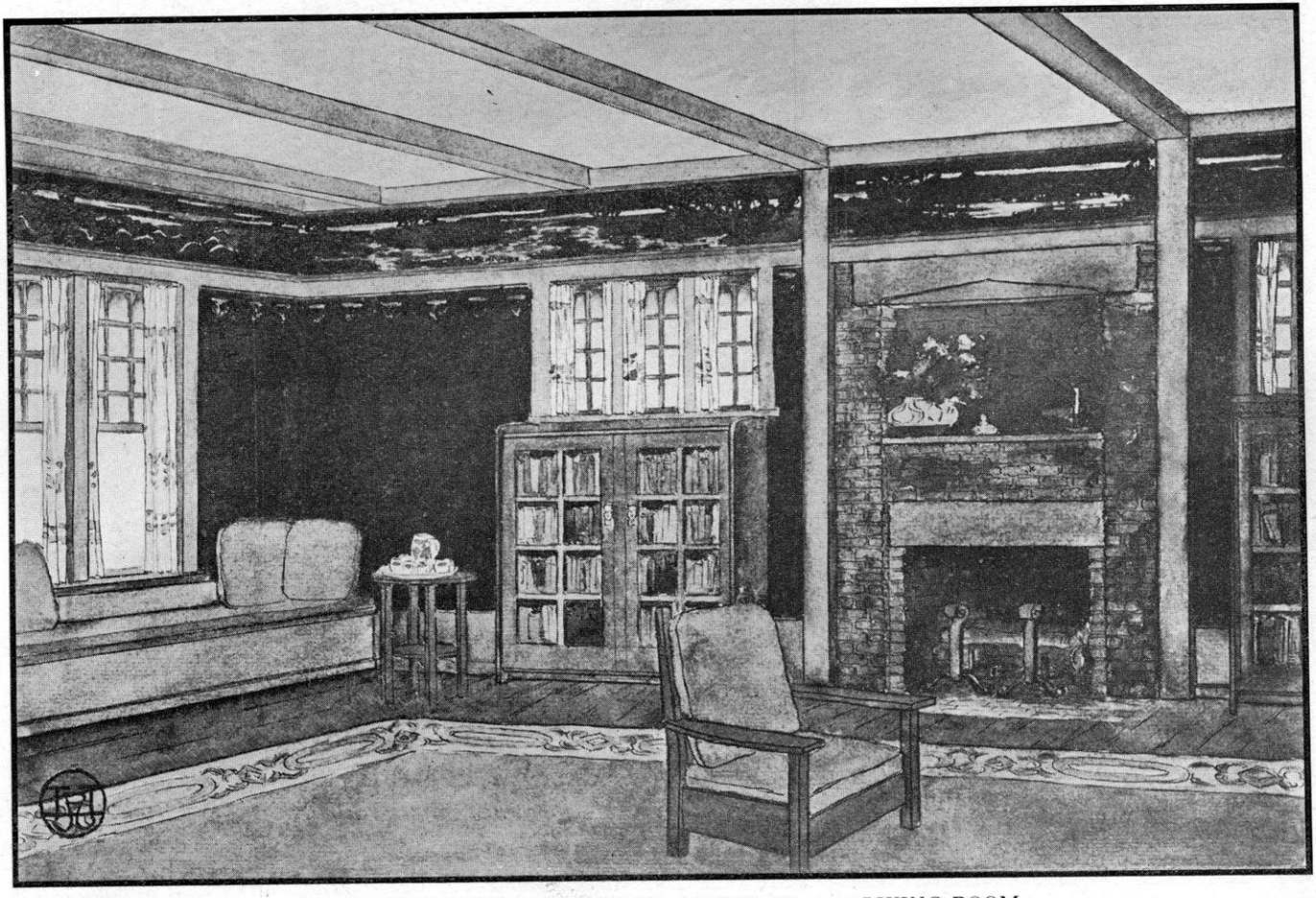
The open space on the right of the vestibule may be prettily furnished by some palms, or flowering plants. The appointments of the vestibule are completed by a coat rack and an umbrella stand.

THE HALL

This ample room, or space, is separated from the vestibule by *portières* of canvas or similar material, heavy enough to shut out all



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER XI., SERIES OF 1904



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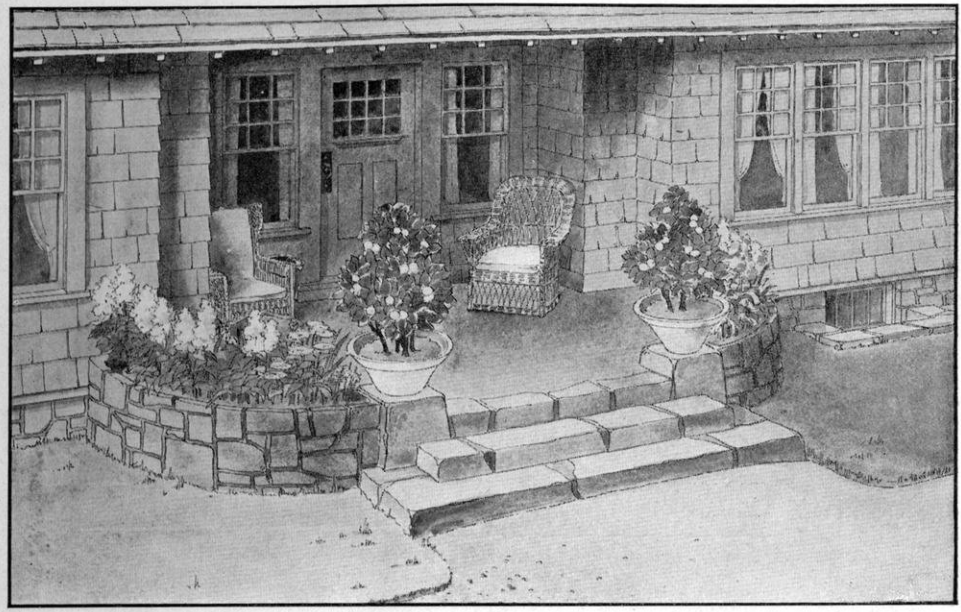

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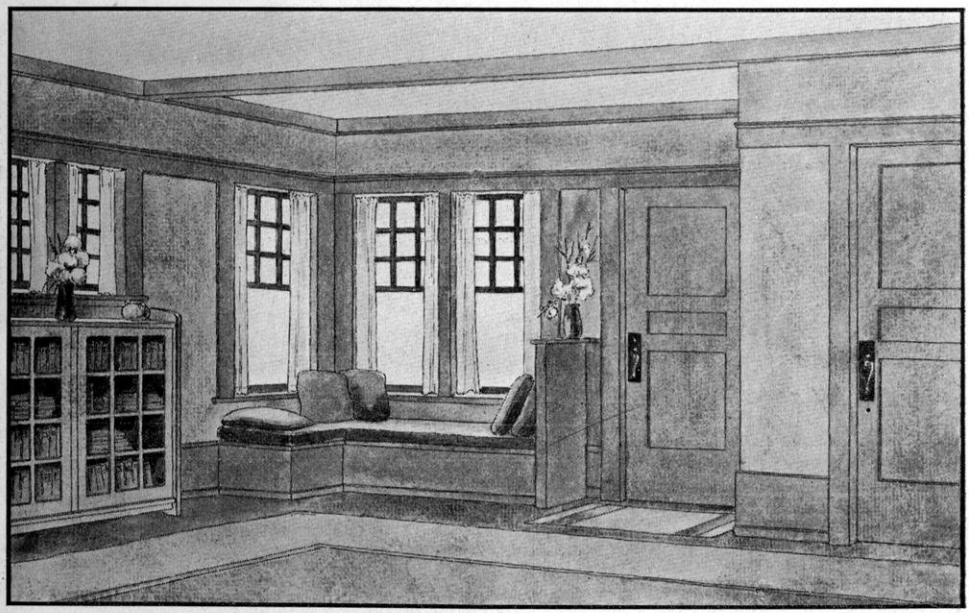

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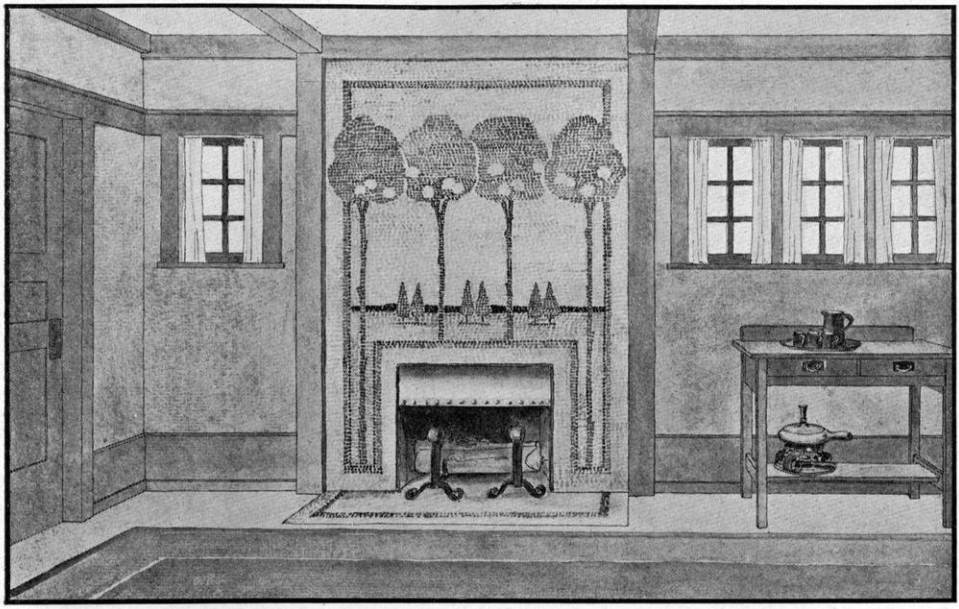

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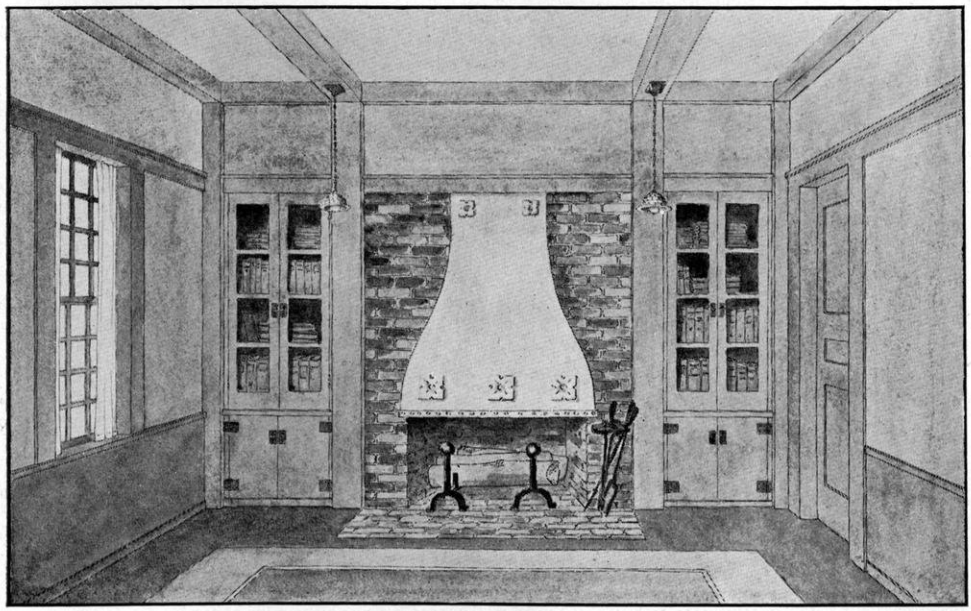
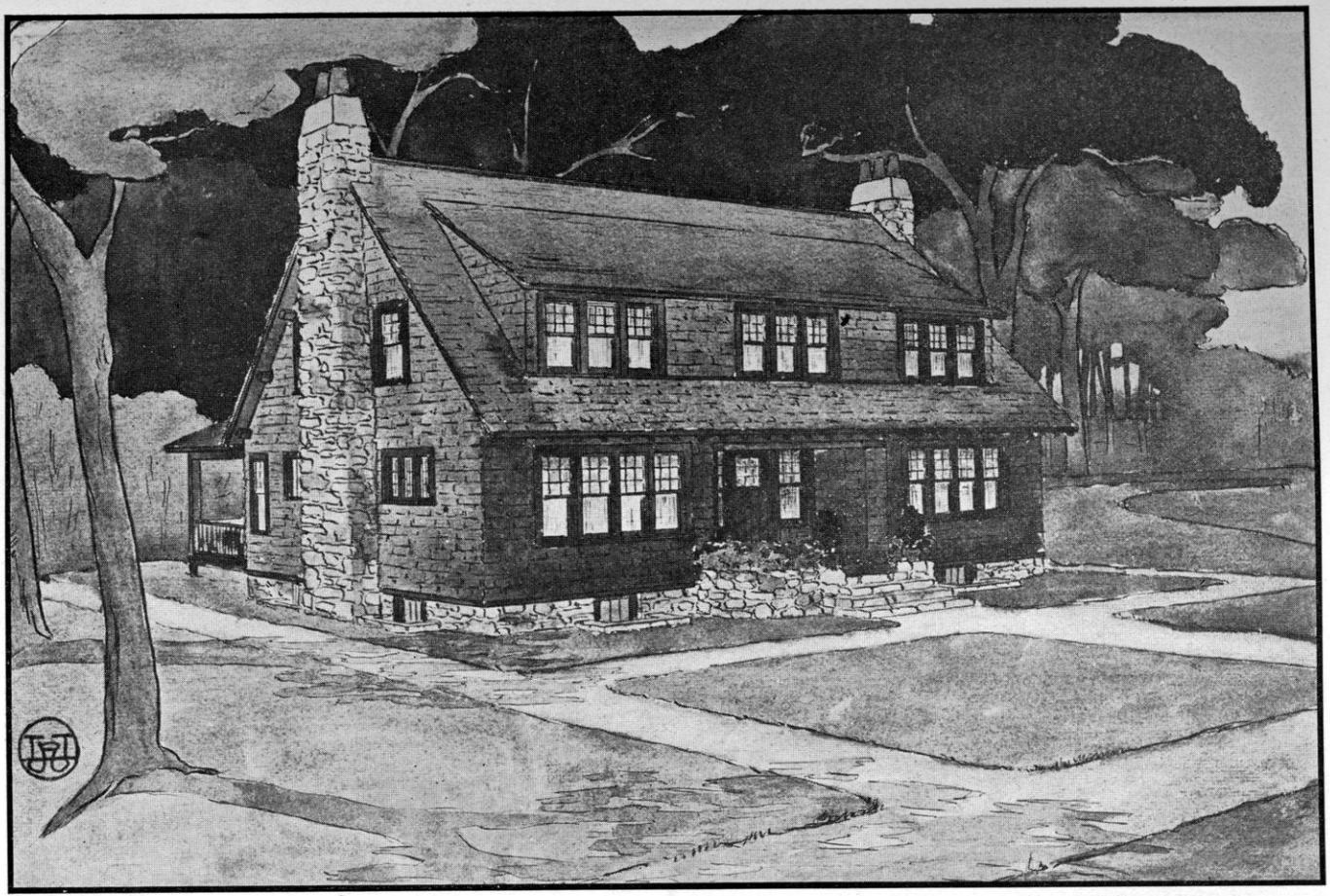


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XI., SERIES OF 1904: STUDY



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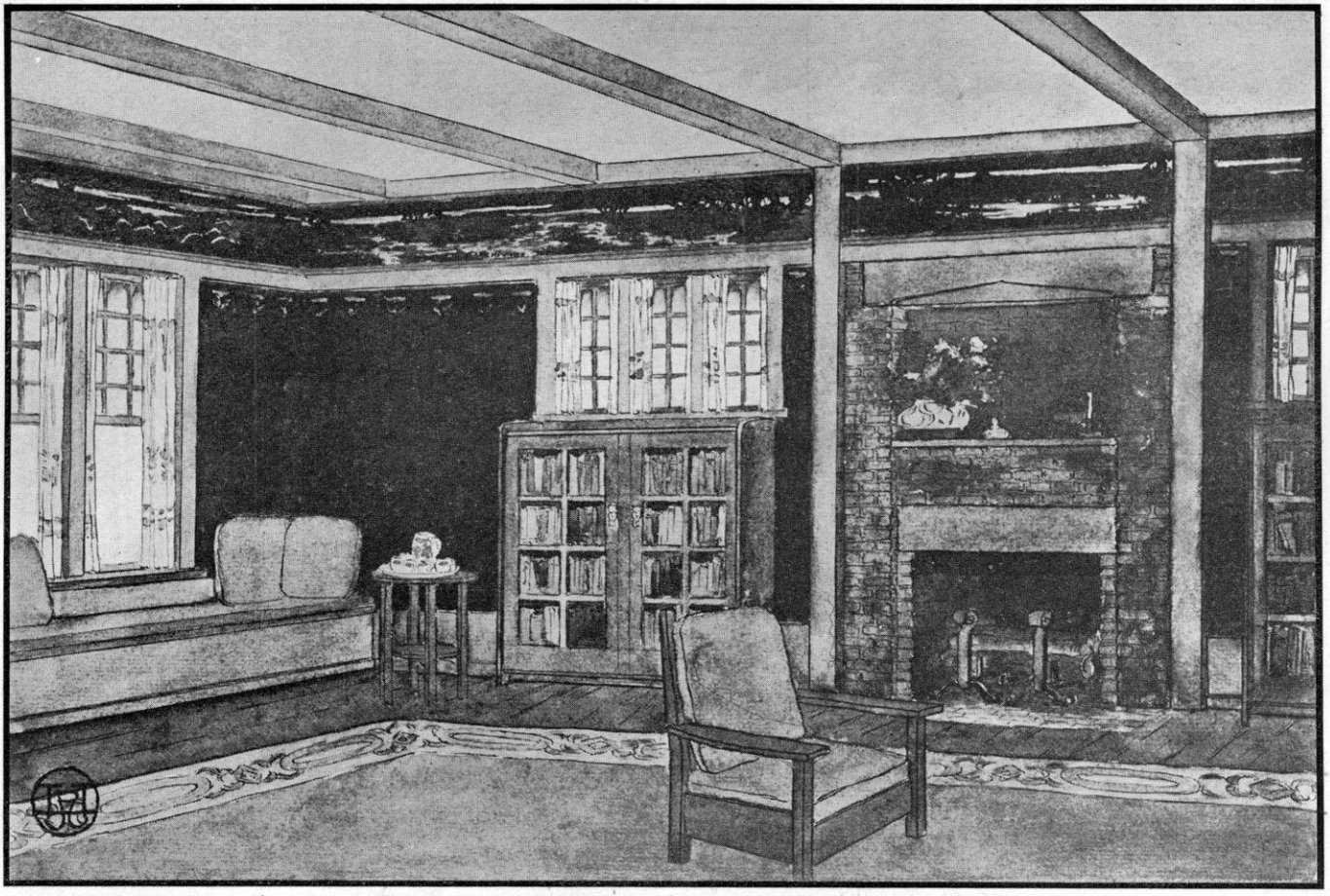

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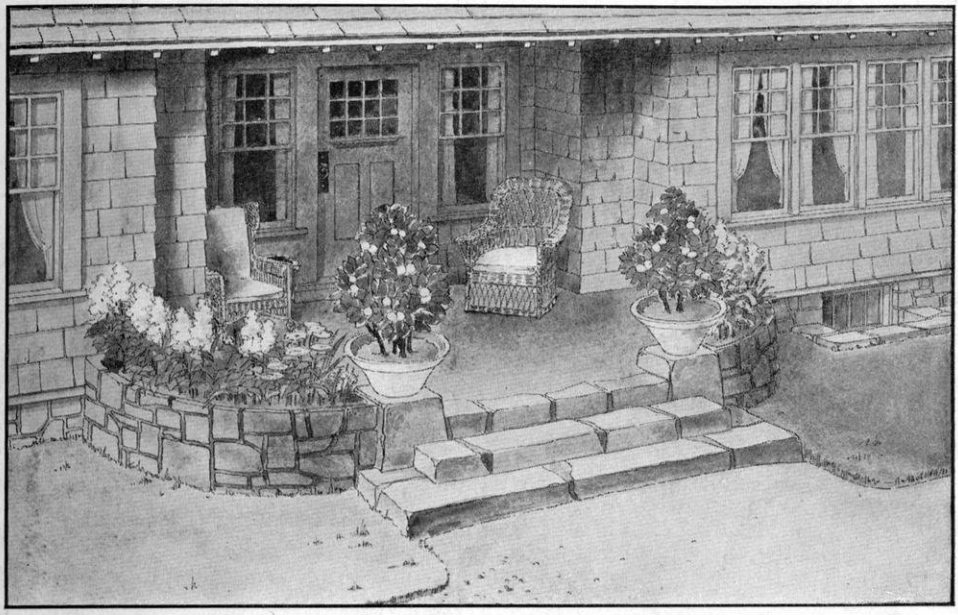

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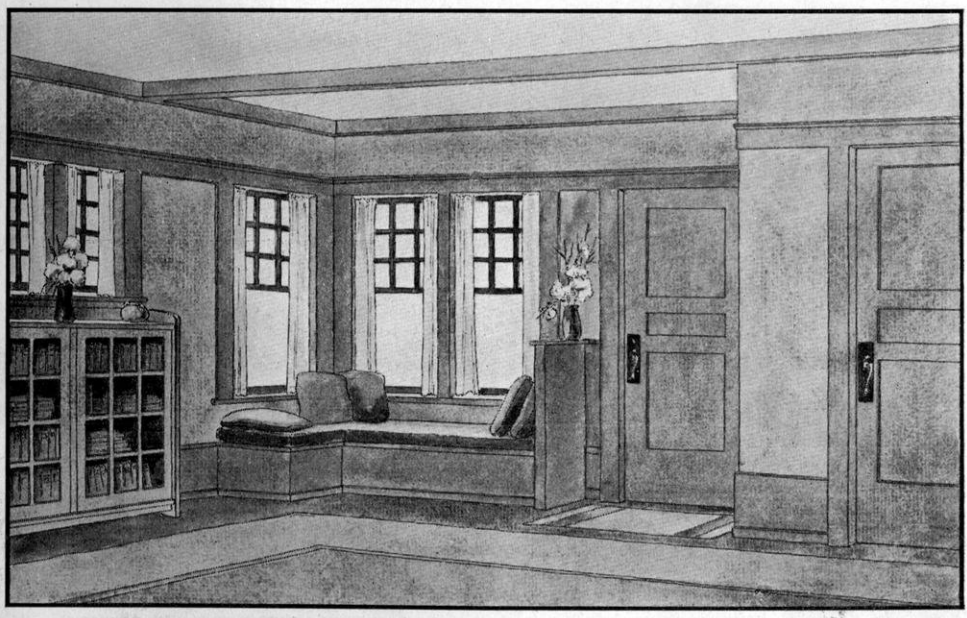

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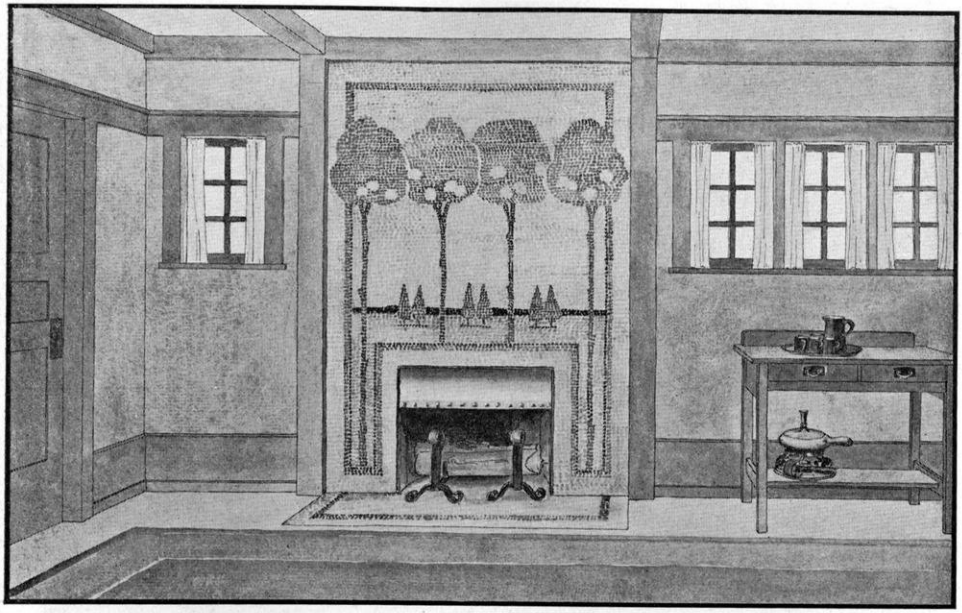
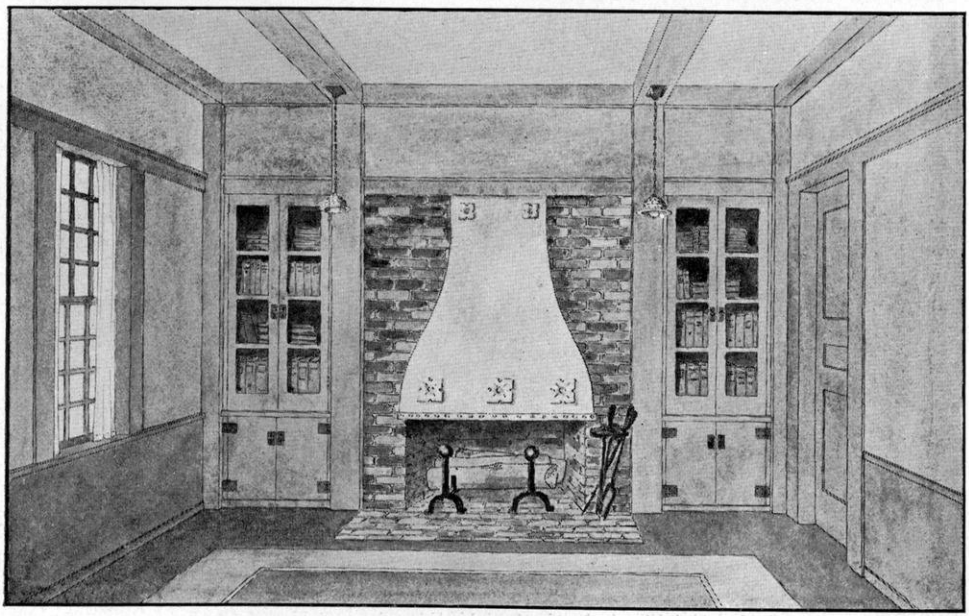
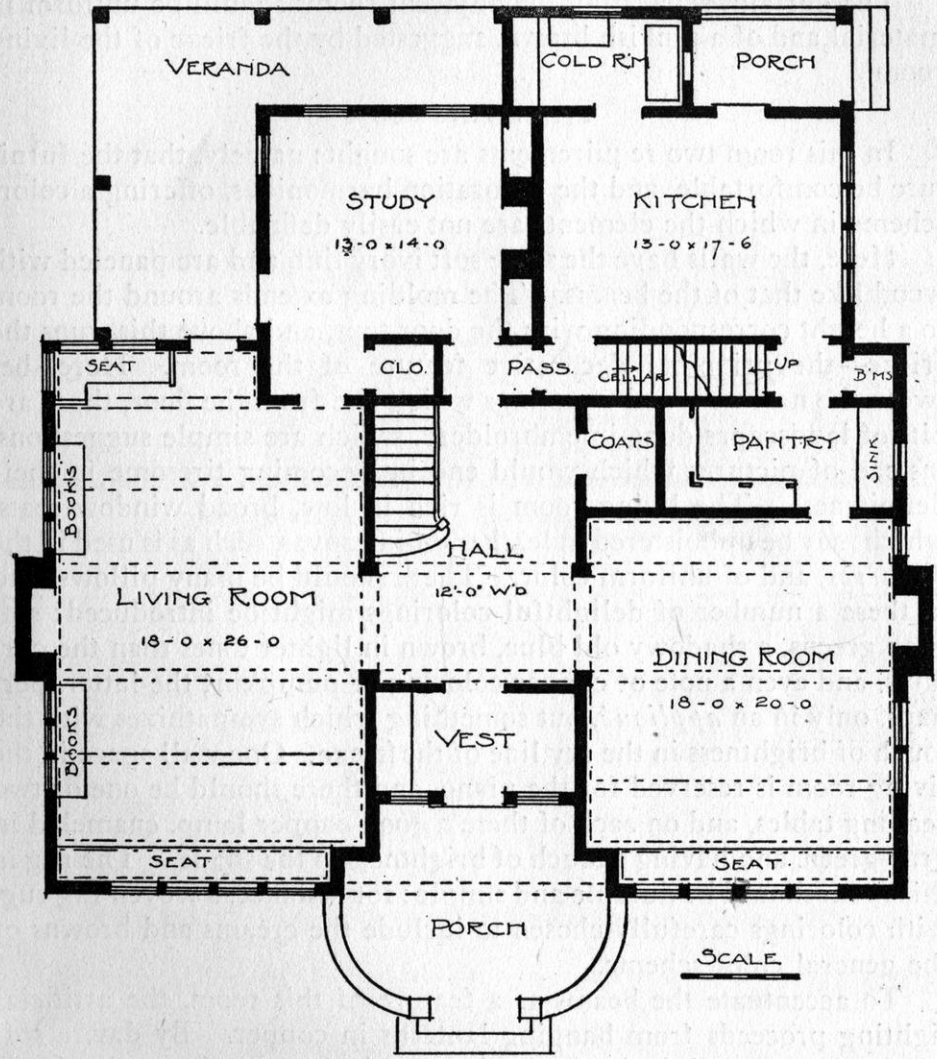


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XI., SERIES OF 1904: DINING ROOM



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XI., SERIES OF 1904: STUDY

draught. The ceiling is beamed; the walls are tinted the tone already described in the treatment of the vestibule; and the floor stained like the floors of the living room, the dining room and "den," to a greenish



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XI., SERIES OF 1904: PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR

brown. A small table and one or two chairs constitute the furniture required; but a settle, fitted in leather, with a number of soft leather cushions (brown tone), may be added with good effect. The rug should be simple in design, but rich and warm in coloring, in order

to give proper accent to the room. The artificial lighting comes from copper lanterns hung from the beams of the ceiling, and having opalescent glass shades of soft opaque yellow.

The curtains separating the adjacent rooms should be uniform in material,and of a pinkish brown, suggested by the frieze of the living room.

THE LIVING ROOM

In this room two requirements are sought: namely, that the furniture be comfortable, and the decoration harmonious, offering a color-scheme in which the elements are not easily definable.

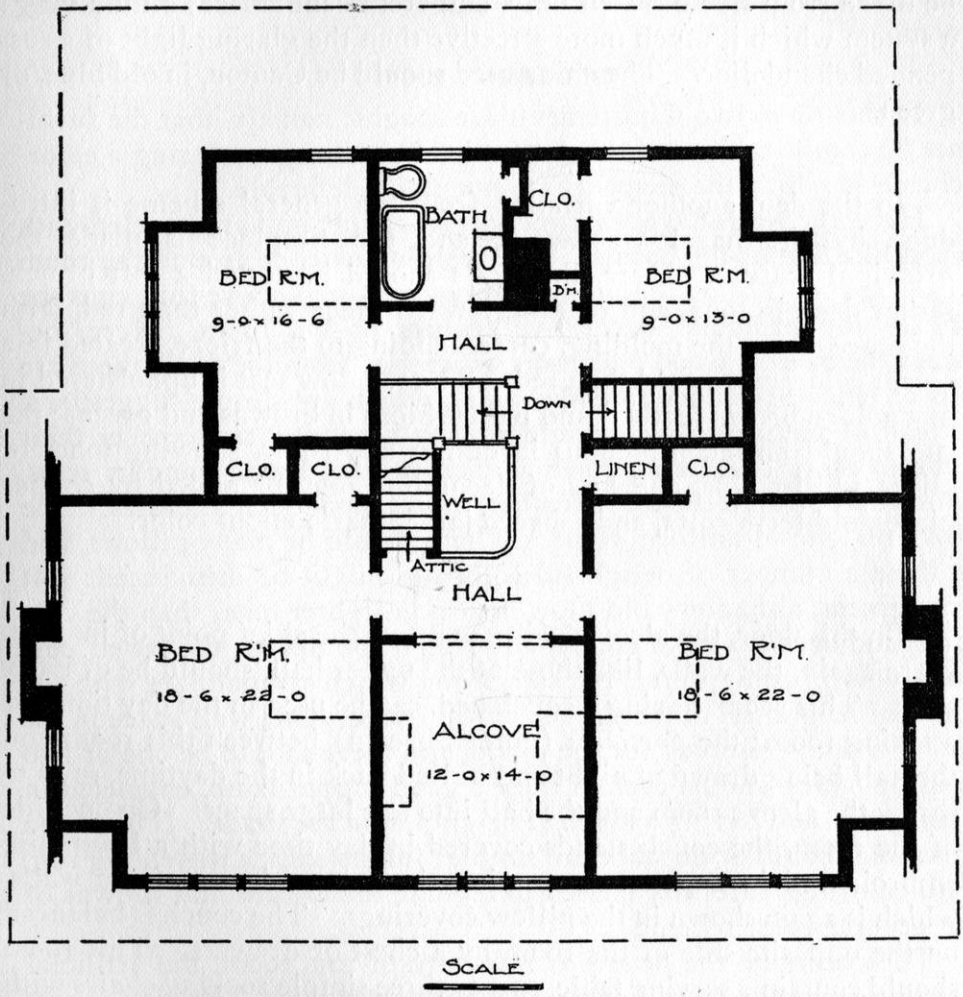
Here, the walls have the same soft ivory tint, and are paneled with wood like that of the beams. The molding extends around the room to a height corresponding with the door tops, and above this, runs the frieze—the principal decorative feature of the room. Here, between the narrow wood panelings which rise from the floor, there are bits of landscapes done in embroidery, which are simple suggestions, instead of pictures which would end by becoming tiresome in their definiteness. The living room is rich in low, broad window seats, which may be upholstered in leather, or in canvas, such as is used in the *portières,* and of uniform color. There should be many pillows, and in these a number of delightful colorings might be introduced: soft gray greens, a shadowy old blue, brown in lighter tones than the curtains, and even a note of copper coloring or pumpkin; the latter, perhaps, only in an *appliqué,* but something which sympathizes with the touch of brightness in the sky line of the frieze. One wall space in the living room is reserved for the piano, and there should be one or two reading tables, and on each of these a good copper lamp, enameled in gray-green, and having a touch of brightness in the shade. The rug in this room should be durable and simple: for instance, a woven rag rug, with colorings carefully chosen to include the creams and browns of the general color scheme.

To accentuate the beams as a feature of this room, the artificial lighting proceeds from hanging lanterns in copper. By day, a soft effect of natural light is obtained through the use of curtains in an ivory tone of Shanghai silk.

THE DINING ROOM

Again to this room much careful thought has been given in all that concerns the decoration. We find here the beamed ceiling and a

pleasing variety introduced into the wall finish. As in all the other rooms, the plaster between the ceiling beams has been left untouched; care having been taken at first to avoid a cold, bluish cast, by adding to the mixture, when ready to be applied, a small quantity of yellow pig-



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER XI., SERIES OF 1904: PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR

ment. The walls of this room are tinted a warm ivory tone down to the line of the molding, and below this, from the molding to the four-inch baseboard, they are covered with gray-green burlap, which may be of plain color, or else show an unobtrusive design. Care must be taken to insure a perfect harmony, which may be based upon the tone

of the wall canvas, and the color of the glass mosaic, which shows rich old gold, copper, and bronze greens on a background of cool, flat color. The window curtains in this room are of homespun linen, with a little golden brown introduced into the hem. The artificial lighting should be made from side brackets only, and from candlesticks on the table: a system which is much more effective than the glaring light of a suspended chandelier. The china used should be Canton, in old blue, or green.

THE DEN

In the den, another variation from the general scheme is introdued by the hazel woodwork, and the fireplace is made the principal feature. Here, the walls should be tinted a soft brown, rather deep in tone, and tending toward green rather than red, with the space above the molding, corresponding to the frieze, treated in a cream color, more gold than red. The window seat is upholstered in in a golden brown leather, and has cushions in browns and greens; the rug should be inconspicuous in design and color, showing tones of olives and browns, and bits of decoration may be added by copper pieces, old terra cotta, and tobacco jars in harmonious color.

SECOND STORY

On this floor, the alcove bedroom offers the chief point of interest. Here again, the walls, like those of the upper hall, should be of ivory tone. This room, having a couch bed, can be used in the day time for a sitting room; the *portières* (golden-brown) between this room and the hall being drawn at night and pulled back in the daytime, so as to throw the alcove room and the hall into one large space. On one side of the room, the couch stands covered in day time with a linen slip, embroidered in a pattern repeating the color scheme of the walls, which is again shown in the pillow coverings. The couch is balanced on the opposite side of the room by a chest of drawers. This room should contain a serving table, two or three simple rocking chairs with rush seats, a writing desk, and a copper reading lamp. The curtains are of china silk in pale *écru* color.

The bedroom at the left—probably the guest room—has its walls tinted in pale and very soft green. The furniture is light in frame, of green wood, and provided with rush seats. The window curtains are of muslin and very simple, offering hints of old blue and rose. The

same colors are repeated in the linen bed spread. All the china in this room should show the gray green, blues, and rose tints of hydrangea blossoms. The rag rugs are in soft tints of green and blue. The bedroom opposite forms a pleasing contrast; its walls being tinted a soft and very light Canton blue. The furniture has a gray, silvery finish most agreeable to the eye. The bedspread is done in old-fashioned cross stitch, worked in darker Canton blue; while the curtains carry out the same idea; being linen of a simple basket weave, embroidered in cross stitch.

The lighting in both these rooms is from sconces, one at each side of the mirror, and the scheme is completed by old Canton china ware and a quaint brass candlestick. A further addition is suggested in the use of window boxes filled with Chinese asters in soft blue and violet tones, and the floor is covered with a matting in a Japanese design introducing blues and greens.

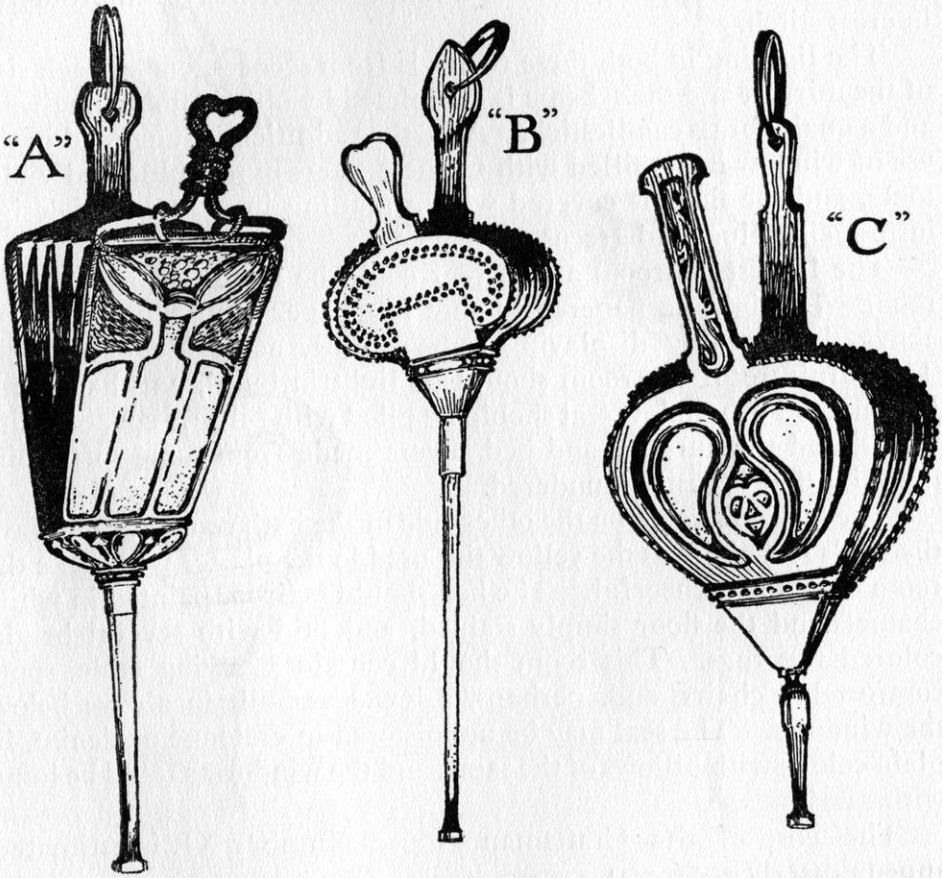
The largest bedroom at the rear could be furnished as a child's room. It might be papered in rose felt paper with a paper frieze above the molding displaying some simple, agreeable decoration. The furniture of the room should be light in build, and have rush bottoms. The window seat should be piled with pillows covered with linens, and the curtains and bed covers made from some soft white material that is easily laundered.

The servant's room on the other side of the bath room, should have the walls left plain, as the yellow tint used in the plaster will make the room bright and cheerful. The bed should be iron, painted in white enamel, and the floor simply stained, and laid with several bright colored rag rugs. This room should contain a sewing table, some comfortable chairs, and, perhaps, a low seat built in alcove below the windows. The seat may be upholstered in cretonne or denim, in plain colors, with pillows of the same, and the windows should be hung with muslin.

The cost of the Craftsman House Number XI. is estimated approximately at $6,300.

SOME PICTURESQUE BELLOWS

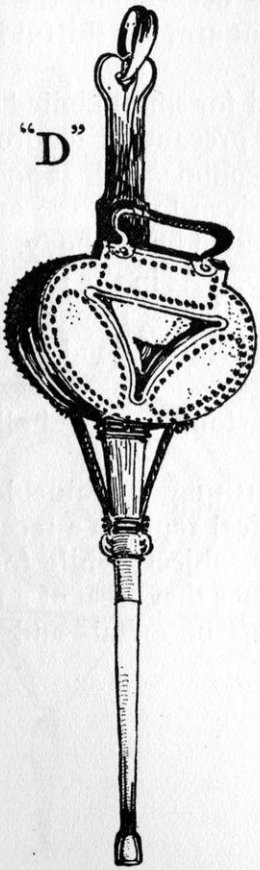
THE bellows is a good servant in picturesque attire. At one time, to handle it delicately was regarded as a sign of good breeding; whether it was used to keep the hearth clear of ashes and cinders, or to trim the fire. This adjunct of old-time country fireplaces and wide hearths, has an important function, wherever heavy, damp air makes difficult the keeping of a small, permanent fire. Bellows should

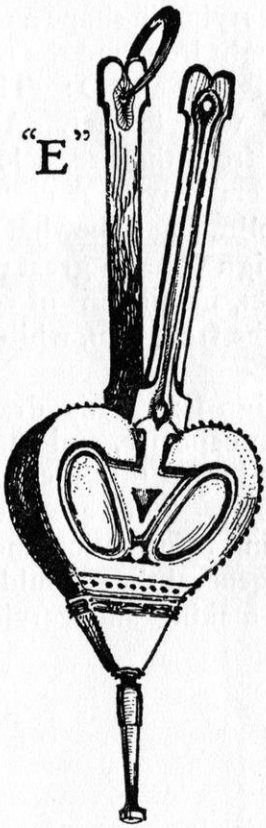


be worked gently and rhythmically to insure a continuous, steady breath, strong and far reaching. Sometimes, however, a sturdy bluntness is needed: a brisk succession of short, vigorous puffs, producing a shower of sparks. This skill of handling can hardly be transferred to the ignorant and the careless. Fires are strange elf-like creatures; at times resenting trimming or blowing, often sulking, and becoming

inert; often tyrannical and capricious. It is said that one must first make friends with the bellows, before one can drive the fire, which, too vigorously excited, fills the room with smoke, or, perhaps, goes out altogether. It must not be scolded. It must be coaxed.

To assure good service, bellows must be carefully built: great attention being given to the proportions of parts, the shape of the air





chamber, the length of the arms, the construction and details of the hinges, and the length of the nozzle, which latter is usually of cast metal. A nozzle which is slender and graceful, requires to be securely blocked into the end of the back section of the body, and so adjusted as to feed well. The supply of air proceeds from holes bored in the back section of the bellows, which, in turn, are protected from down draft by a tongue, or flapper, of leather, hinged upon the inside.

SOME PICTURESQUE BELLOWS

Design A:—The shape of the body, the shortness of the handle, and the length of the nozzle, unite in creating a good blowing capacity, adapted to provide a steady current of air. The leather gussets allow the bellows to open wide—some eight or ten inches—and thus give both lifting and driving power. The oak body is partly covered by a tracery of iron, made interesting by the ingenious use of the hammer, so directed that its blows produce simple decoration; the hammer marks varying in shape and size. The front arm is a skilful interlace of wrought iron, and the rear arm is of oak.

Designs B and D: These are intended for small bodied bellows, covered with leather. As a measure of precaution to protect the leather from the fire, a long nozzle is recommended, supported by short metal stays. A certain freedom is given by the use of copper nails, following somewhat the outline suggested by the body.

Design C has a great working capacity. As in the three former examples, its hinge is of copper. A suggestion of smoke is roughly cut on the front arm, while the rear arm provides a good grip for the hand.

Design E: This drawing shows a long-armed bellows, of medium capacity, and easily inflated.

It is hoped that these notes and designs may be valuable to our subscribers. They are intended as a practical reply to a recent letter requesting information and ideas upon the subject; while for craftsmen in general they should offer interest, since they treat of a union of cabinet-making and carving with the craft of metal- and leather-working.

CHIPS FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS

THE Craftsman has latterly heard much discussion regarding degeneracy—physical, mental and moral—since his workshop is a meeting place much frequented by the students of the medical school hard by. As he works, he listens and meditates, adapting to his humble personal views and use the ideas which he hears explained from the point of view of knowledge and science.

One day, when the conversation turned upon hereditary influences, he heard it remarked that the Puritan principle had disappeared from our country; that its old stronghold, Massachusetts, was rapidly becoming an alien State, considered as to its population; that the industrial activity of this section was declining, never again to revive; that new elements were rising to replace that expended force which once had been regarded as the leaven of the nation.

The Craftsman, in his simple way, revolved these utterances in his mind. He associated them with other statements concerning the decadence of the Latin races which he had not altogether accepted, since he had found them unsustained by facts: the theory in the latter instance having been based upon the case of Spain, whose great temporary power and activity were never vital, but, instead, might be compared with a factitious display of life produced by galvanic action.

This discrepancy between theory and fact—as the humble, practical worker has a number of times proven through his own experiences—is only too liable to occur in the views expressed by students, whose lives, spent largely among books, and in comparative solitude, are not sufficiently modified by the influences of other men; whose opinions show that uncompromising self-centered quality, which, translated into conduct, would become selfishness.

Therefore, in view of his own convictions, the Craftsman resolved to study the present social conditions of Massachusetts, as best he could, from a disadvantageous point of view, and with untrained powers; his interest arising partially from his eagerness to investigate the social questions of the day, but, to a greater degree still, because of the strain of Puritan blood coursing through his own veins.

His opportunity was not slow in presenting itself. A Boston newspaper fell into his hands containing an eloquent editorial upon what it fittingly named "the prelude to the Peace Congress." This, in other words, was the first meeting of those idealists representing many nations, who recently convened in the Puritan City, to discuss means for substituting arbitration for war, for suppressing tyranny, and bringing on the bloodless triumph of equity.

The Craftsman at first read almost breathlessly, anxious to possess himself of facts. Then, he weighed evidence, and made comparisons. Finally, he could not but acknowledge that he found the Puritan principle as active, as characteristic, in modern Boston, as in the Colonial times; the intensity being now exerted in more complex and far wider surroundings, and, therefore, rendered less noticeable.

But in what other community of the country, reasoned the Craftsman, could this opening programme of the Peace Congress have been so perfectly arranged? Where else could ideality have been kept pure from commercialism? Where else could have been effected a similar union of

classic literature with new art, which tells of continuous tradition and uninterrupted culture? Where else could have been found that grim humor, whose function it is to relieve the tension of prolonged emotion? The descendants of the Puritans alone could have devised and carried into effect so enthusiastic a scheme as the plan involved in the Peace Congress: a plan as problematical as the foundation of a State in the wilderness, yet which, perhaps, will be realized as fully as the Commonwealth now nearing the completion of the third century of its existence.

The "prelude" or programme of the first assembly of the Congress was so exquisitely fitting that the Craftsman for some days could not dismiss it from his mind. He enjoyed it number by number, as if he had listened to the actual musical notes, and experienced the force and pathos of every word uttered. He felt that he must share his emotions, and therefore confided to certain appreciative friends the thoughts awakened in his mind by the memories of the masterpieces of music and literature there rendered.

He recalled the great "Gallia" of Gounod, the wail of the stricken French after the Franco-Prussian War, which was chosen to open the assembly, in order that it might fit the auditors to its own mood of prophetic exaltation. The Craftsman listened to its minor harmonies and understood the grief and despair attendant upon war, as he had never before done.

Then, in contrast, he heard the clear notes of hope struck in the Mendelssohn chorale and chorus from "St. Paul":

"How lovely are the messengers that preach us the gospel of peace," which prepared the entrance of the venerable Edward Everett Hale, whose voice, when the music ceased, freed itself from the weakness of old age, to ring out, organ-like, in that Hebrew idyl, whose beauties have reappeared, although dimmed, throughout the long course of literature down to our own day: Greek, Roman, mediaeval and modern:

"And God shall judge between the nations,
And arbitrate for many peoples.
And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares,
And their spears into pruning-hooks,
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more."

Then, following, the Craftsman actually heard a chorus from the "Messiah": that structural music which always recalls to him the buttresses, the architectural balance of Canterbury cathedral; and, like a burst of light through the jeweled glass of the flame-shaped windows of the transept, the waves of sound came to him bearing the words:

"And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

In all these adequate renderings of the work of human genius our humble worker recognized the ideality of the Puritans which, in Colonial days, carried them, with unshaken faith, through the most bitter trials. At the end, he observed the entrance of that quiet humor which we find often mingled with doctrine and dogma, in the austere writings of the old divines and worthies. The Craftsman felt the modern Puritan to be complete, when Dr. Hale reminded his audience that the greatest peace society of the world was

organized one hundred sixty years ago, under the name of the United States; ending his discourse by the quotation:

"Convention did in State House meet,
And when it wouldn't hold 'em,
They all went down to Federal street,
And there the truth was told 'em."

And truly these are rhymes which offer the portrait of the Puritan, more truthfully than could be done by the most skilful brush: for here the yeoman-like manner of speech is preserved, and the characteristic, high-pitched voice seems really to utter the words.

At the close of his investigations, the Craftsman was convinced that the degeneracy of New England is a subject assigned by professors to students, in order that the latter may learn without danger to maintain their own points and parry the thrusts of their opponents, just as children are taught to ride upon wooden horses before they are trusted with a live animal. He was convinced that the modern representative citizen of the Puritan capital is as faithful as the original colonist of Cape Cod to the spirit of the Latin legend appearing on the seal of Boston, which a student-friend of the Craftsman translated for him:

"As God was to our fathers,
So may He be to us."

NOTES

THE CRAFTSMAN announces to societies intending to hold Arts and Crafts Exhibitions during the present season, that it will participate in such by sending examples of metal work and embroidered textiles wrought in the Craftsman workshops: these articles to be sent under certain conditions, which will be made known to applicants. One of these conditions is that, during the progress of the Exhibition requesting the coöperation of THE CRAFTSMAN, an illustrated lecture upon "The Founding and Adornment of an Ideal Home" be given by George Wharton James, now upon the editorial staff of this Magazine. Mr. James is widely known in the United States as a lecturer and writer upon "Americana." He is the author of the standard book upon "Basketry and other Indian Industries," and of deservedly popular works treating the "Grand Canyon," the scenery and architecture of the Southwest and California, and the "Indians of the Painted Desert." Into his new departure, Mr. James will carry his characteristic enthusiasm and sympathy, which never fail to convince his audiences of the truth and importance of his utterances upon any subject chosen by him for presentation.

In the October number of THE CRAFTSMAN the copyright notice was omitted, through oversight, from the "Corn-Grinding Songs," by Miss Natalie Curtis, printed on pages 38-40, both the music and words of which are reserved by the author.

Mr. Henry J. Baker, President of the Buffalo (New York) Guild of Applied Arts, is now directing classes in handicraft, at the Albright Art Gallery, in that city. Mr. Baker, for years, has made the most generous efforts to further the Arts and Crafts movement in his community, and

his cherished hopes would now appear to be approaching realization, since the Guild in which he is interested constantly increases its membership and its enthusiasm for concerted action and work.

An Arts and Crafts exhibition of an unusually interesting character is now being held in Buffalo, in the art shop of George W. Benson. Mr. Benson has collected examples of the work of many of the best craftsmen in the country; thus assuring the artistic value of the enterprise, and removing it from commercialism. The exhibition is particularly rich in ceramics, showing no less than thirteen kinds of American art pottery: the Grueby, Newcomb, Rookwood, Dedham, Volkmar, Merrimac, Moravian, Bronner, Ohr, Barman, Frackleton, Warrick and the McLaughlin porcelain. There are many beautiful examples of hand-wrought jewelry; Mr. Thresher of Dayton, Mrs. Wynne and Mr. Bennett of Chicago, Miss Carson of Cleveland, Miss Winlock of Cambridge, Miss Luther of Providence, and Miss Folsom of Winchester, being among the craftsmen represented in this department. Among those who have contributed handiwork in bronze, copper, and brass are Mr. Saint-Gaudens, Miss Hyatt of New York, Mr. Stickley of Syracuse, Miss Holden of New York, Miss Ogden of Milwaukee, Mr. Jarvie of Chicago, and the Art Crafts Shop of Buffalo. The workers in leather who exhibit are Mrs. Burton of Santa Barbara, the Misses Ripley of New York, the Arts and Crafts Society of Baltimore, the Wilro and Kalo shops of Chicago, Miss Smith of Philadelphia, Mr. Grinnell of New Bedford, and a number of other men and women.

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE FRIENDSHIP OF ART," by Bliss Carman, is a collection of independent essays of unequal merit; some of them showing a spontaneous expression of thought, and others being simply skilful combinations of words, arranged for the sake of writing. Of the latter division it is not necessary to speak further, except to say that these writings belong to an immeasurable yield of literary products possessed of scant vitality, which are brought into existence in an age of wide-spread culture and of inexpensive bookmaking. Included in the first division, on the contrary, there are both wit and wisdom, expressed tersely with specific words, such as fix themselves easily in the memory. The climax occurs in the essay "On being ineffectual," which is really a masterpiece of observation, and at the same time, a lesson which it would be well to take to heart. The fragment here quoted from the essay deserves to be studied paragraph by paragraph, for it is filled with the honey of a homely philosophy: "I have an idea that evil came on earth when the first man or woman said: 'That isn't the best I can do, but it is well enough.' In that sentence the primitive curse was pronounced, and until we banish it from the world again we shall be doomed to inefficiency, sickness and unhappiness. Thoroughness is an elemental virtue. In nature nothing is slighted, but the least and the greatest of tasks are performed with equal care, and diligence, and patience, and love, and intelligence. We are ineffectual because we are slovenly and lazy and content to have things half done. We are willing to sit down

and give up before the thing is finished. Whereas we should never stop short of an utmost effort toward perfection, so long as there is a breath in our body. Women, of course, are worse in this respect than men. Their existence does not depend on their efficiency, and therefore they can be almost as useless and inefficient as they please, whereas, men have behind them a very practical incentive to efficiency, which goes by the name of starvation. And there are ineffectual men, certainly. It is not a matter of large attempts, but of trifles—the accumulation of trifles—that makes ultimate success. For character, like wealth, may be amassed in small quantities, as well as acquired in one day. If you watch a woman dusting a room, you will know at once whether she will ever be able to do anything more important in the world, or whether she is destined to keep to such simple work all her days, going gradually from inefficiency to inefficiency, until she gives up at last in despair and falls into the ranks of the great procession of the failures in life. Watch a man harness a horse, or mend a fence; you can tell whether or not he will ever own a horse and a farm." It would seem that a man capable of holding so virile a pen would do well to restrain its facility, lest it lose its force. ["The Friendship of Art," by Bliss Carman. Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Size, 8x5½ inches; pages, 302; price, $1.50.]

"The Old Masters and their Pictures." This is a book prepared, as its title page announces, "for the use of learners and schools." It is unpretentious in plan, and yet it possesses a far higher value than many art-treatises which are presented under a form of apparent erudition. It is simply and clearly written, and its subject matter is authoritative, since it proceeds from the study of a critic whose learning and judgment have matured during a very extended residence abroad. The author covers the ordinary field of historic art, devoting much space to the description of celebrated pictures, but never falling into the rhetorical commonplaces behind which half-instructed writers seek to hide the poverty of their art knowledge. Beside being thus valuable to the beginner, such descriptions are most pleasing to those familiar with the old masters, since they revive the pleasures of lapsed acquaintanceship. ["The Old Masters and their Pictures," by Sarah Tytler. Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1905. Size, 8x6 inches; pages, 369; illustrated; price,

"A Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York" is a book most attractive even to one ignorant of the subject which it treats. It further possesses a quality necessary, but not always belonging to works of this class, since the knowledge offered by it is presented in clear and systematic form. It is intended, as its author states in his preface, for "the growing class of beginners in bird study." It contains preliminary chapters upon "birds and their seasons;" "migration;" "distribution," that is, a definition of the breeding areas of the birds common to the region under observation; "hints for field work," and "how to use the keys." This last named chapter immediately precedes the keys, which are arranged to be used in connection with the student's note book. There is

also a map showing what the author names "the zones of life": that is, the *habitats* of the different species. Having given in a plain way this extended information, the work develops into a true guide-book, illustrated by profiles of the birds described, and so printed as to present the principal facts in an easily accessible form. It is a book which even the weary reviewer does not willingly let escape from his hand, and, in chill November, it makes one long to take "the key of the fields." ["A Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York," by Ralph Hoffmann. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1904. Size, 5x8½ inches; pages, 350; illustrated by plates and cuts; price, $1.50 net.]

"Among English Inns" is an attractively printed and illustrated volume, in reality a guide to rural England, having its character successfully disguised under a narrative form, introducing a number of women who are types of travelers. Each of these is interesting to one who would follow the route described, because through her are indicated certain things to be enjoyed, avoided, or endured. No other book has as yet given such practical information upon this subject in so agreeable and so assimilative a form, and it is a work to be welcomed equally by those who wish to avail themselves of it as a guide, and by those whose use of it is to be limited to the pleasure derivable from its pages. The head pieces of the chapters with their gable ends of inns and their well-drawn initial letters will repay an hour's study on the part even of those who are familiar with such designs, and the illustrations are representative, recalling vividly to the old traveler his delight in the hedge-rows and village streets of England. ["Among English Inns," by Josephine Tozier. Boston: L. C. Page & Company; size, 8x5½ inches; pages, 255; illustrated; price, $1.60.]

MEMORABLE IN THE MAGAZINES

In "Harper's Bazar" for October, Miss Elia M. Peattie tells the story of the work of Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago. To quote directly, she says: "It is a fact that this little, dark, soft-voiced woman is one of the strongest forces for good in all Chicago. Her clear, direct mind, her simple, aspiring spirit, her gentle personality, spell out kindness. She has come without creeds or formulas. She has merely had the patience to hear the other side. If there is a minority report anywhere, she wants to know what it is. Truth, she has discovered, so frequently dwells with the minority." The publication printing this sketch is to be commended for its action in giving to the world the facts of a life so unusual and significant.

In the "Contemporary Review" for September, Erik Givskov gives the result of his observations upon the "Small Industries of France." After briefly indicating that unnatural social conditions are always produced by injustice, and illustrating his point by referring to the lack of small holdings in Great Britain, the author compares the life of the English, with that of the French peasant. He writes: "That

France is one of the richest countries of Western Europe is, without doubt, largely due to the great number of its peasant farmers, who cultivate their little plots of land with a love and care found only among small holders, and, at the same time, carry on some petty industry. Almost every house lies half hidden behind a thicket of fruit and rose trees, and behind the flower-pots in the large windows, or sitting on the threshold, as the case may be, one sees the whole family in busy activity, turning out ribbons, laces, brushes, combs, knives, baskets, or whatever may be the special industry of the district." While all these peasant farmers are not represented as prosperous by Herr Givskov, he further states: "Wherever a waterfall has been made to yield its energy for the production of electric motive power, or a few peasants have coöperated to purchase a gas motor, or a streamlet has been utilized to turn a water-wheel, wherever coöperation has enabled the peasant farmers to secure those advantages in the way of buying and selling which, at one time, seemed to be the inevitable monopoly of the great manufacturers—wherever, in short, modern processes have been adopted, there local industries are thriving, and the peasant farmers are prosperous." Certainly, from a survey apparently as thorough and as truthful as this, we have one more proof that "the woolen stocking" has become one of the great factors in the world's finance.

In Ireland similar industries are in process of organization. Their probable beneficent effects are discussed in "Donahoe's Magazine" by Seumas MacManus, from whom the following passage may be quoted: "I believe that the cottage industries, whereat boys and girls would perform their work around the sacred stones of their father's hearth, would bring with them by far the greatest amount of truly happy prosperity. When I look to the great manufacturing centers of England and Scotland, and know, as I do, the appalling amount of drunkenness, wretchedness, misery and vice of all kinds in these manufacturing cities, I say in my heart: 'May God preserve us from such aggregations of factories, miseries and degradation! And I say, rather than introduce such degradation into our country, I should prefer to see our people remain in abject poverty, since in that poverty they have ever retained an elevation of soul and a gentleness of heart that is beyond all riches.'" It is true that the conditions of the Irish peasantry can in no way be compared with those existing in the rural districts of America. And yet we could wish, as fervently as the writer just quoted, for the establishment of village and fireside industries throughout the United States.

THE CRAFTSMAN'S OPEN DOOR NEW DEPARTMENT

TO meet the increasing demands of its patrons, THE CRAFTSMAN, with this number, adds a new feature to its already crowded pages, with the purpose of still further broadening its campaign of education in all that relates to the building, equipping and furnishing American homes, and to better standards of municipal and decorative art.

The Publisher's "Open Door Department" will be chiefly devoted to topics relating to the crafts or industries naturally allied to these purposes, and presented in the main from the view-point of the individual or firm representing the particular art, craft, or industry noted in these pages.

THE CRAFTSMAN assumes no responsibility for any special claims which may be set forth by interested parties, other than that which is implied in the fact that only reputable and responsible concerns will be recognized under any circumstances.

The already established character and circulation, and the steadily increasing influence of THE CRAFTSMAN among a large clientèle directly interested in home building and furnishing, have brought it in close contact with the wishes and needs of many correspondents all over the country.

Every mail brings scores of requests for information or suggestion in regard to collateral features and details, not included in the utilities attempted in The Craftsman Workshops, and we are assured in advance that the "Open Door" opportunity will prove of practical advantage to our patrons and ourselves by enabling correspondents to get their facts at first hands.

While reserving the privilege of preference and opinion, when solicited, THE CRAFTSMAN is always glad to refer inquirers to the representative concerns in these collateral branches, and especially as a reciprocal courtesy to those who are disposed to help themselves by using the business pages of THE CRAFTSMAN for business purposes and business profit.

THE KELSEY HYGIENIC HEATING

The health and comfort of a home depend so largely upon the heating apparatus, that a heating plant which furnishes an artifical warmth and temperature nearest to natural summer air, is a vital sanitary need. After fifteen years of practical test, with over twenty-five thousand of the Kelsey Warm Air Generators now in use, the Kelsey Heating Company of Syracuse, N. Y., confidently invites careful attention to the principles employed in warming the air, the construction and arrangement by which ventilation, as well as heat, is secured, and the scientific basis upon which the hygienic conditions are fully met.

The principle of the Kelsey Generator is to warm great volumes of fresh air by bringing it into actual contact with very extensive and properly heated surfaces. This is accomplished by sending the air in separate channels through corrugated cast iron flues and sections which surround the fire.

By dividing the air into as many flows as there are sections, it is more thoroughly

and evenly heated than by simply passing a body of air over, or next to a hot surface. But an ounce of fact is worth a pound of explanation. In a Kelsey Generator of average size, there are 65 square feet of heating surface to every square foot of grate area, which is more than double that of any ordinary furnace.

The manner in which the air is brought into contact with these heating surfaces gives the proper quantity of properly warmed, but not superheated air, insuring even heat in every room, pure breathing air, and a minimum consumption of fuel.

The Kelsey principle of ventilation is also of the highest sanitary importance, affording fresh air without the risk of opening doors and windows; causing draughts and sudden changes in temperature, only less dangerous perhaps, than breathing vitiated air.

Seven hundred dealers now selling the Kelsey Hygienic System of Heating, representing the exclusive agency in their respective localities, scattered all over the country, will afford easy opportunities for those interested in hygienic heating, to see this system in practical operation, and where it has been put to that best of all tests, actual experience and its results.

THE CARE OF BOOKS

Is there anything more delightful, after the possession of good books themselves which one loves to read, than to have proper "housing" for them?

Good books are like good people; they need good care, and he who shows the book-lover how to best care for his books is a friend indeed.

The designers of the Globe-Wernicke Bookcases are entitled to this meed of the book-lover's praise and thanks. The ingenuity with which these cases are constructed, so that they are adaptable to all places, conditions and sizes of books, make them additionally precious. How often there is a nook in one's library, sitting room, or even dining room, where there is plenty of space for books, but where an ordinary book shelf would seem incongruous. Here it is that one of these adaptable "Elastic Bookcases" can be placed, and with an easy chair, one can sit in this cozy corner and enjoy to the full the delight of reading one of his favorites. This is to forget the cares of the world. This is to forget the "flesh and the devil," for in the company of one of the great minds of the past, or the present, soul touches soul, and one is lifted above the petty and mean things of this life.

But this is not all that the Globe-Wernicke does for the business and literary man. Order is Heaven's first law, and these people, with an eye to business, have furthered on earth this divine principle. How much time is lost because papers and letters are not in order! A man is in the habit of making notes of all sorts of subjects, and wishes to refer to them at any and every turn. The Globe-Wernicke shows him how to do it with the minimum of trouble.

They are good people to deal with. We know them well. We can vouch for their reliability and can certify to their promptness and patience in dealing with the most difficult questions in their lines. Our readers will make no mistake in writing to

the Globe-Wernicke Company for any information they may desire, and they may rest assured of honorable treatment in all their business dealings.

The poet, Tennyson, is responsible for the euphonious expression of the fact:

"There are no birds in last year's nests."

While this is obviously true of birds' nests, it has no application to the back numbers and files of THE CRAFTSMAN, and just at this season the thoughtful librarian and others, will allow us to suggest the prudence of checking up the back numbers, supplying the missing links to complete the files of the year just closed, and ordering the bound volumes since 1901 while they are still available.

TECO POTTERY AND THE HOLIDAYS

As Christmas time approaches, the old and never settled question as to what is the best present to make arises anew. It is a question that cannot be settled, except on each fresh occasion. Conditions change, tastes change, but it is a never-failing index of refinement that the giver make his present one which will please by appealing to the taste of the receiver. Choice pottery of elegant form, pleasing to the eye and satisfying to the artistic instinct, is always suitable for such a purpose as a Christmas gift, and Teco Pottery is made with especial reference to such ideal purposes. Flowers never look so well on the dining, or library table, as when suitably placed in a piece of dainty Teco ware. A lamp of Teco ware in itself sets off a room, gives that fine, dainty, delicate hint of color that is so pleasing to the eye, and soothing to the nerves. We are a nervous people, made so by our strenuous life. In our quieter moments we should so surround ourselves with objects of subdued tone, beautiful form and generally pleasing appearance, that they will have a direct and soothing influence upon our rasped nerves. To give such a gift is to be a true friend, one whose thoughtfulness goes beyond the pleasure of the moment and sees the lasting joy and comfort in the very nature of the thing he gives. The Gates Potteries, of 633 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago, will gladly correspond with any who wish to know more about Teco ware.

It is both a pleasure and an encouragement to receive orders for sample copies of THE CRAFTSMAN, or letters asking information about the Homebuilders' Club. In many cases THE CRAFTSMAN would enjoy the privilege of giving fuller particulars of special departments, if the correspondents would give some hint of their individual needs or wishes, especially when remitting for special copies of the handsome brochure, "What is Wrought in The Craftsman Workshops."

SAFE-KEEPING OF HOME-TREASURES

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true," can be said of many things in life beside those referred to by Shakspere. It is true that there are burglars and thieves, and it is a pity it is true. Yet sensible men and women face the facts of life, no matter how unpleasant they are, and seek to guard against the evils they cannot prevent. So to foil

the attempt of the burglar, safes are made, into which precious things are placed and carefully locked up. A safe is not an agreeable thing to look at, but it is growing more and more a necessity. So to provide the necessity, and yet remove as far as possible the unpleasant features of its appearance, the Herring-Hall-Marvin Safe Company and THE CRAFTSMAN have joined intelligences, and the result is a line of household furniture of various kinds in which the safe is securely concealed and hidden. Thus it serves two purposes. It gives the sense of safety for one's valuables, and at the same time hides the method of securing that safety.

But not only does the Herring-Hall-Marvin Safe Company make this kind of safe. They are the representative safe manufacturers of the United States. Everything in safes from the tiniest to the vast vault for the guarding of a nation's treasures is in their line. So, if you need anything of that kind, write to them, and, our word for it, you may feel absolutely "safe" that your "safe" interests are all "safe" in their hands.

THE CRAFTSMAN invites and appreciates the good will and co-operation of all interested in the world's progress, and in its determination to make THE CRAFTSMAN a magazine with a well defined purpose, and so thoroughly in earnest, so loyal to its ideals, that those who read it, will catch the inspiration and share in a new born courage and hope for the up-building of a nobler civilization, based on the spirit of truth and love, and the great law of mutual aid.

THE ROBINEAU POTTERY

Mrs. Alsop-Robineau, editor of "The Keramic Studio," has just completed, in a beautiful location on the hill overlooking Onondaga Park, Syracuse, the building of a small pottery, where she will make porcelain which will be an entirely new departure in the fictile crafts of this country.

The body she is using is porcelain fired at about 2400° F., the same temperature at which the modern Sèvres ware is fired, and at which most of the old Chinese monochrome porcelains were made. This is much lower than the temperature used at Copenhagen, but the disadvantage of a too high firing is that it destroys most colors and the decoration is confined to the use of blues, greens, greys and pinks; while below 2500° the range of colors is practically unlimited.

The decoration of Mrs. Robineau's ware will be almost exclusively in the modeling and colored glazes. Her experiments have been mostly made on mat glazes, which are opaque and prevent any decoration under the glaze other than designs modeled in the paste.

To her individual work in vases and other ornamental pieces will be added the regular production at the pottery of tiles, door knobs, and other articles for interior decoration, and garden pottery, made of the same porcelain body, and decorated with the same mat, crystalline and flammé glazes. There is a great demand at present for fine artistic tiling, and it seems strange that practically all the work done so far in this line is of a comparatively low fired faïence body, which is not durable, being affected by

changes of temperature, frost and moisture, while the thoroughly vitrified body of *grand feu* porcelains and *grès* will remain intact for centuries, as is shown by the old Chinese wares.

The great difficulty of handling and firing these *grand feu* porcelains is evidently one of the reasons why pottery craftsmen prefer to use the low fired clays. Kaolinic clays are not so plastic, they require much more care in handling and firing, coal can not be used as fuel, and the slightest mistake in the regulation of the firing may irretrievably injure the colors. Besides the proportion of losses in the kiln is much greater. Consequently, porcelain cannot be produced as cheaply as ordinary earthenware, while the buying public is, as a rule, still unable to understand why a small piece of porcelain should be worth as much as a large piece of pottery, or more. This is the most discouraging feature to the artist potter: the difficulty of finding a large buying public at remunerative prices. But there is a fascination in this *grand feu* work which is not found in ordinary potting. If disappointments are frequent, there is also an unlimited and unexpected range of beautiful color effects, and there is a special charm in the colors and texture of the ware which cannot be obtained with ordinary clays and low temperature firing.

Free membership in the Homebuilders' Club is included in the annual subscription price for THE CRAFTSMAN, and enables every subscriber to command, free of cost, ripe professional skill, practical suggestions or advice on home building, or furnishing, which is in itself a valuable asset.

Complete plans and specifications for any one of The Craftsman House Series are furnished without charge, when desired, during the life of the subscription. To those who are not prepared to build, and yet may be indulging in the ambitious hope of some day being able to own a home, or furnish one to their minds, these privileges and advantages would both encourage and educate the individual, and have a shaping influence in forming correct ideals and standards in all that relates to home surroundings.