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The Ox

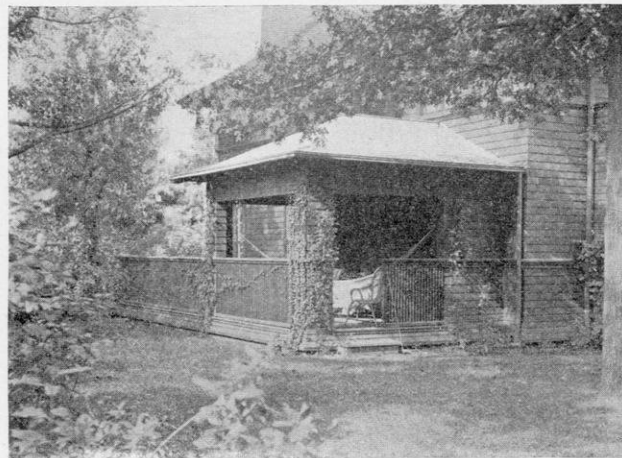
I love thee, gentle ox, since thou my heart
With sense of peace and power dost mildly fill;
Whether in free and fertile fields, apart,
Thou gazing standest, solemn, silent, still;
Or when, content beneath the yoke to smart,
Gravely man's task thou aidest to fulfil:
Goaded and driven, patient yet thou art,
Meeting with thy slow glance each offered ill.

From thy wide, black and humid nostril steams
Thy breath, and, like a hymn, resounds and dies
Thy joyous lowing on the air serene;
While mirrored broad and tranquil, forth there gleams
From out the austere sweetness of thine eyes
The meadow's silence all divine and green.

From the Italian of Giosue Carducci
Translated by Irene Sargent



C I



C I SIDE PORCH



C I INTERIOR



C I INTERIOR

Elevation, Side Porch and Interior Views, Suburban House (refer to page 275)

Myron Hunt, Architect



A I



C III



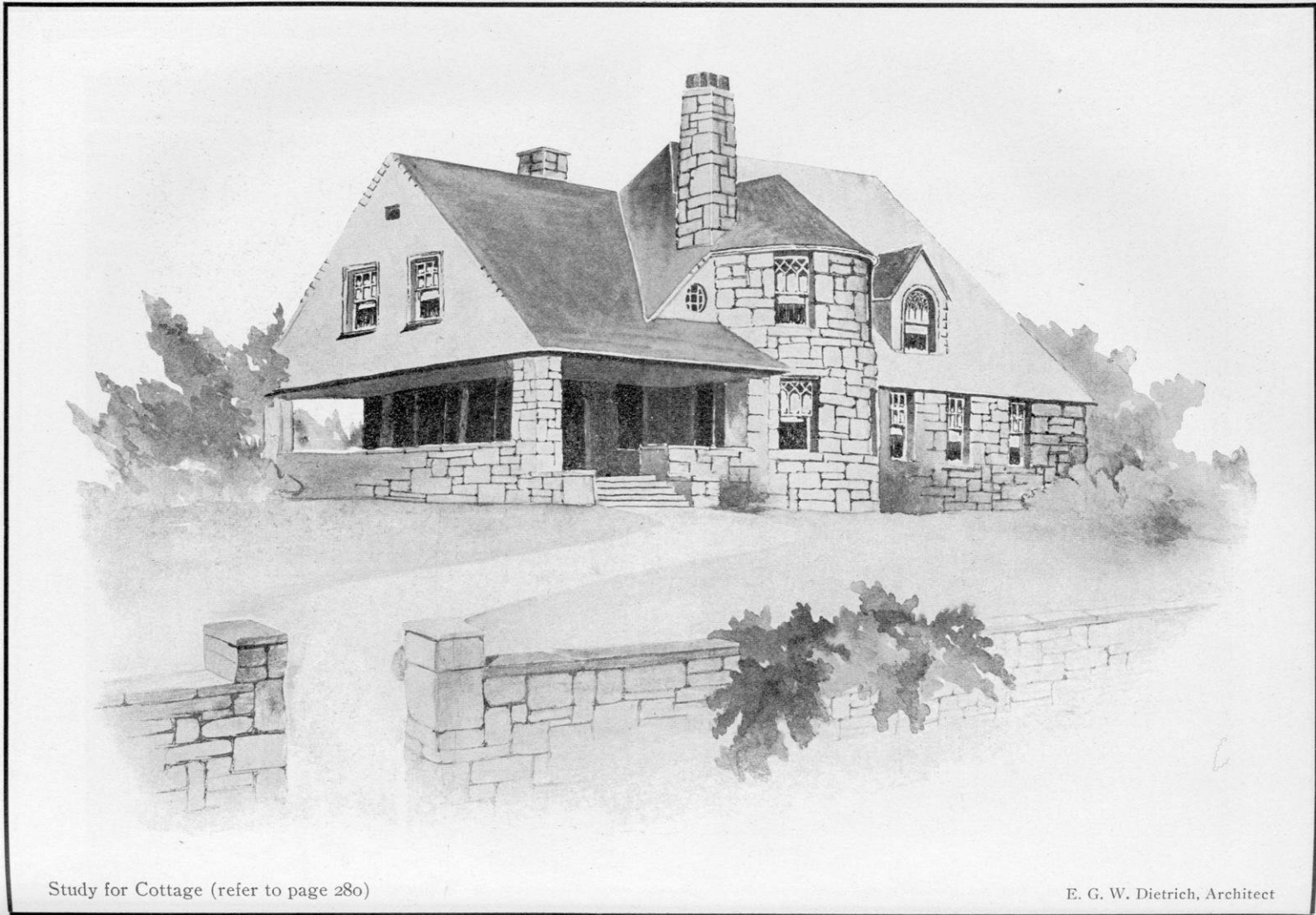
B I



B II

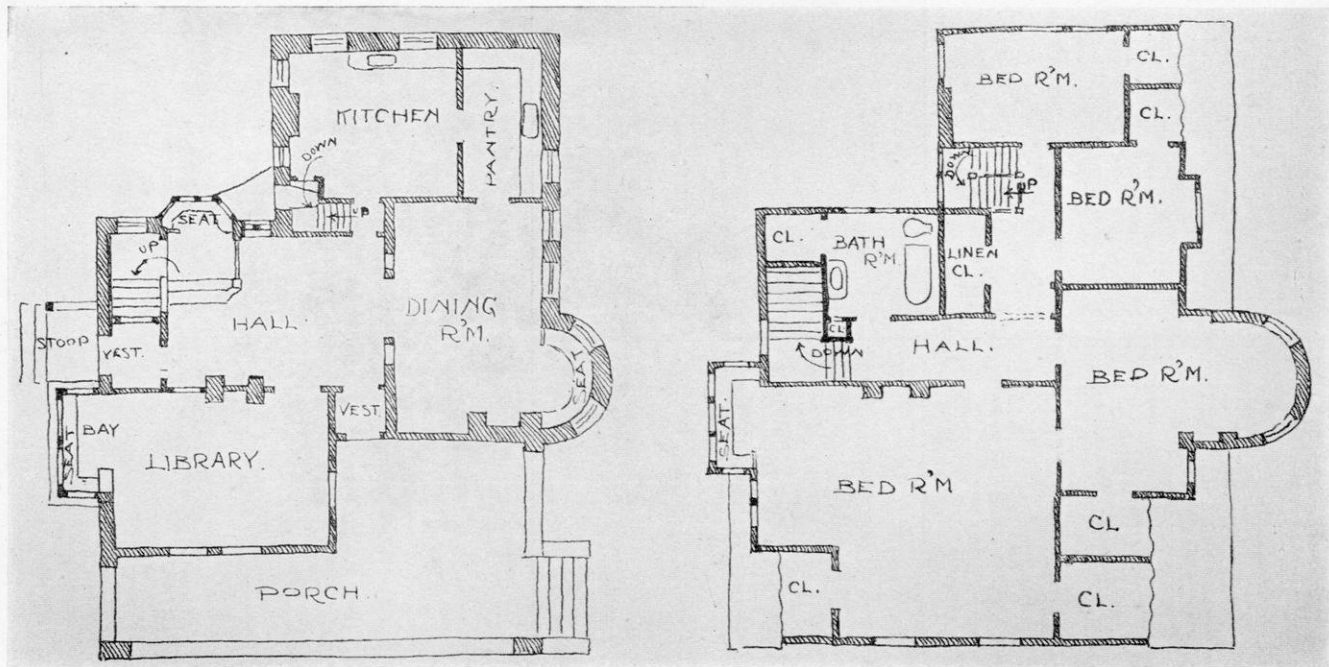
Elevations, Suburban Houses (refer to page 275)

Myron Hunt, Architect



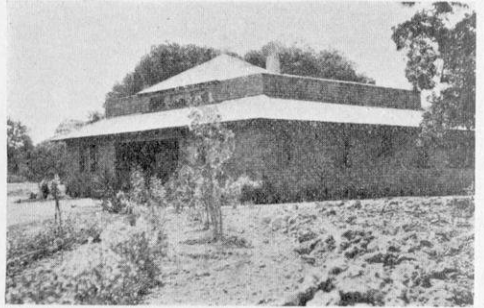
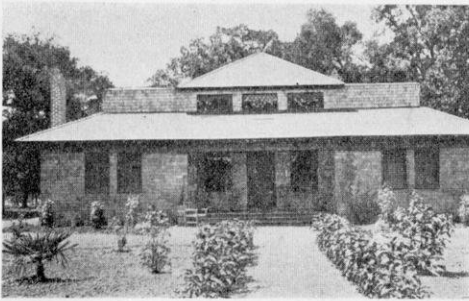
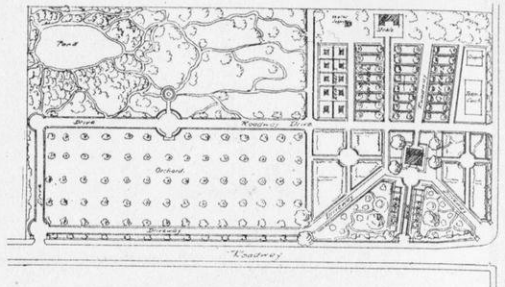
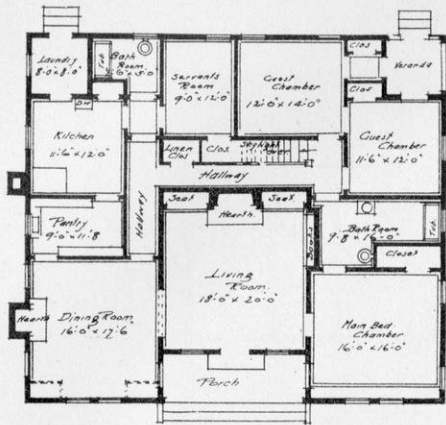
Study for Cottage (refer to page 280)

E. G. W. Dietrich, Architect



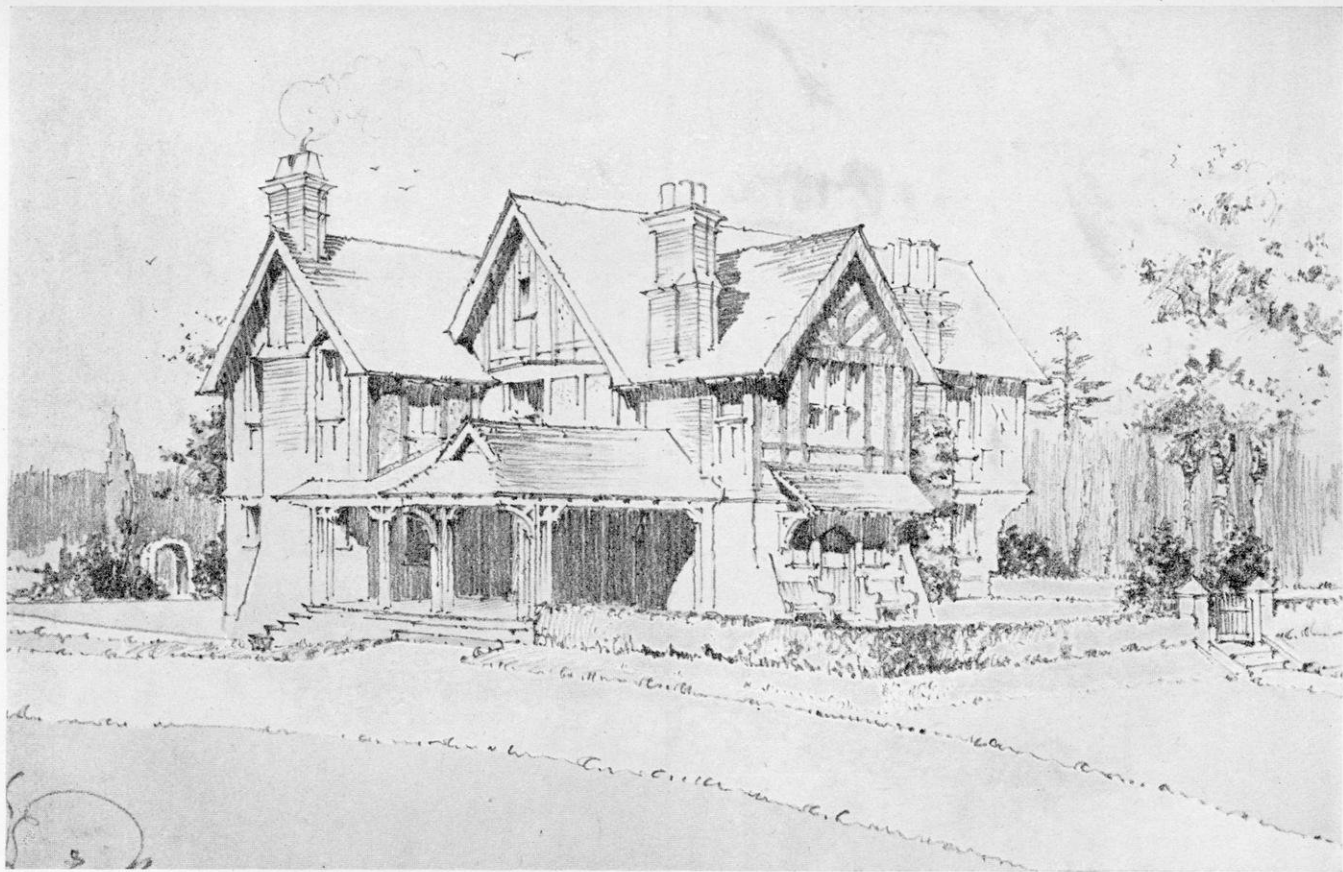
Plan for Cottage shown on opposite page

E. G. W. Dietrich, Architect



Views, Floor Plan and Gardening Scheme
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Franklin J. Hunt, Architect



A Country Residence (refer to page 297)

David Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect

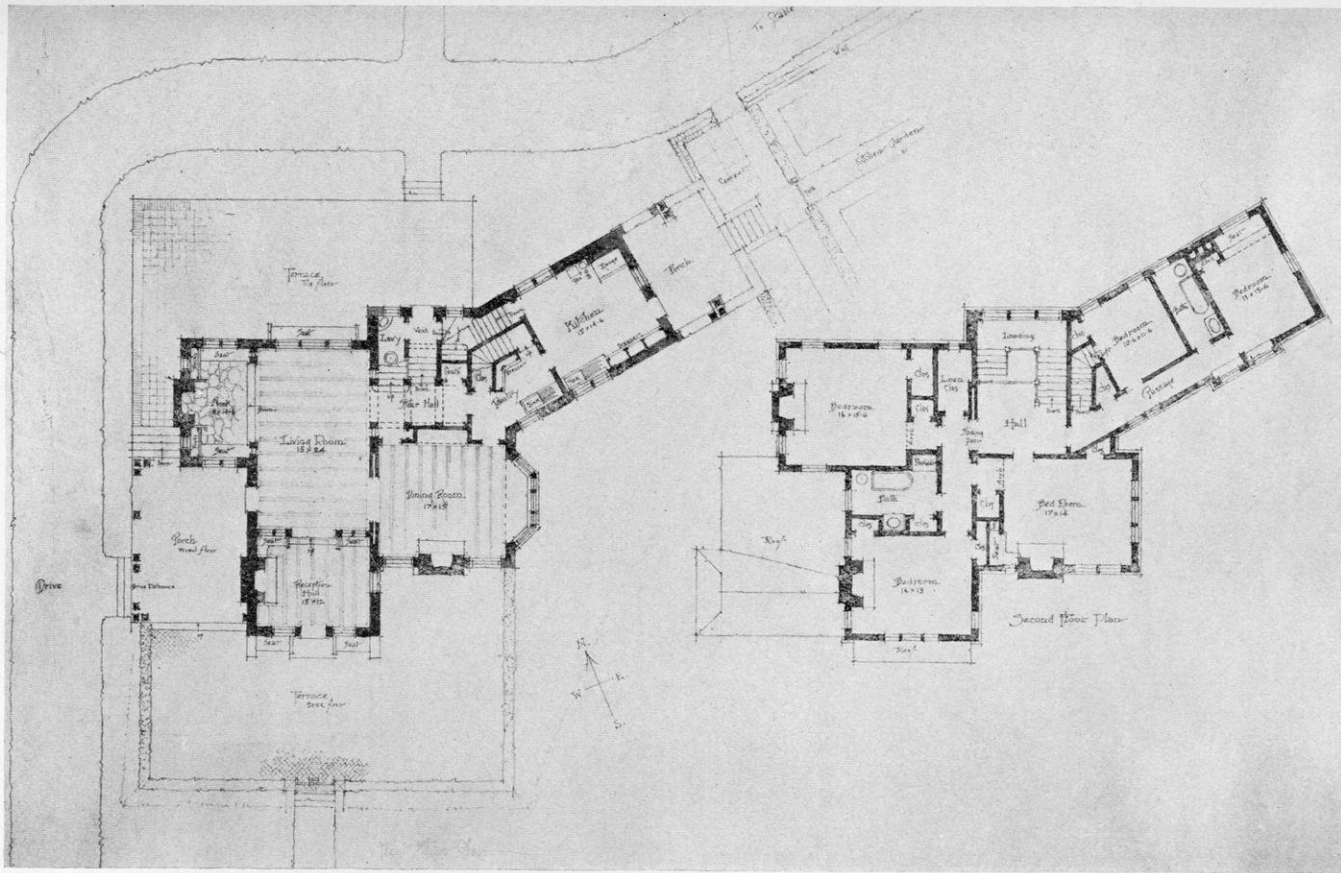


Front Elevation



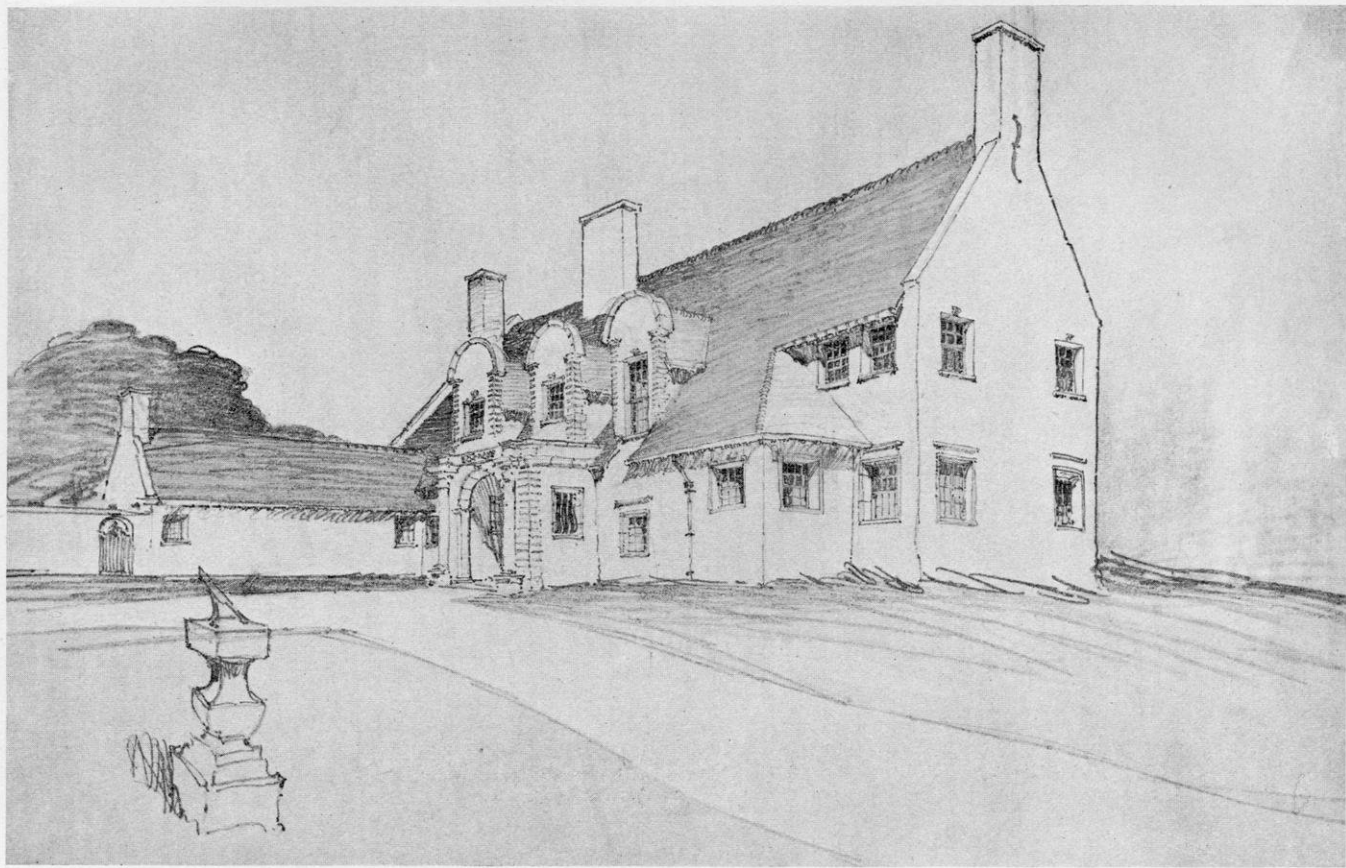
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D. Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect



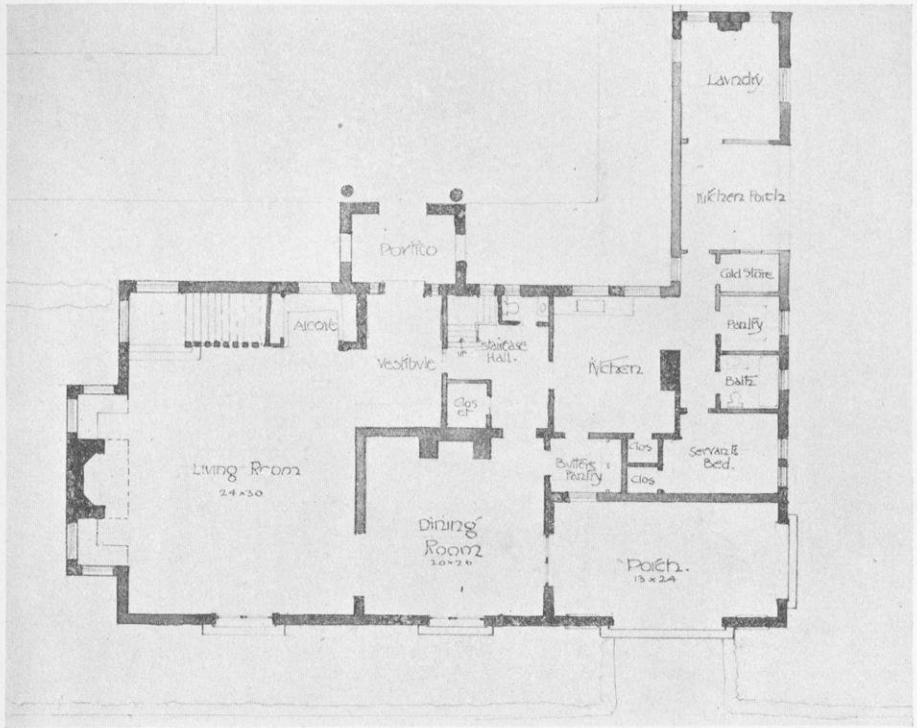
Floor Plans for Country Residence shown on opposite page

D. Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect



Study for Residence, Berkeley, California

Coxhead & Coxhead, Architects
San Francisco

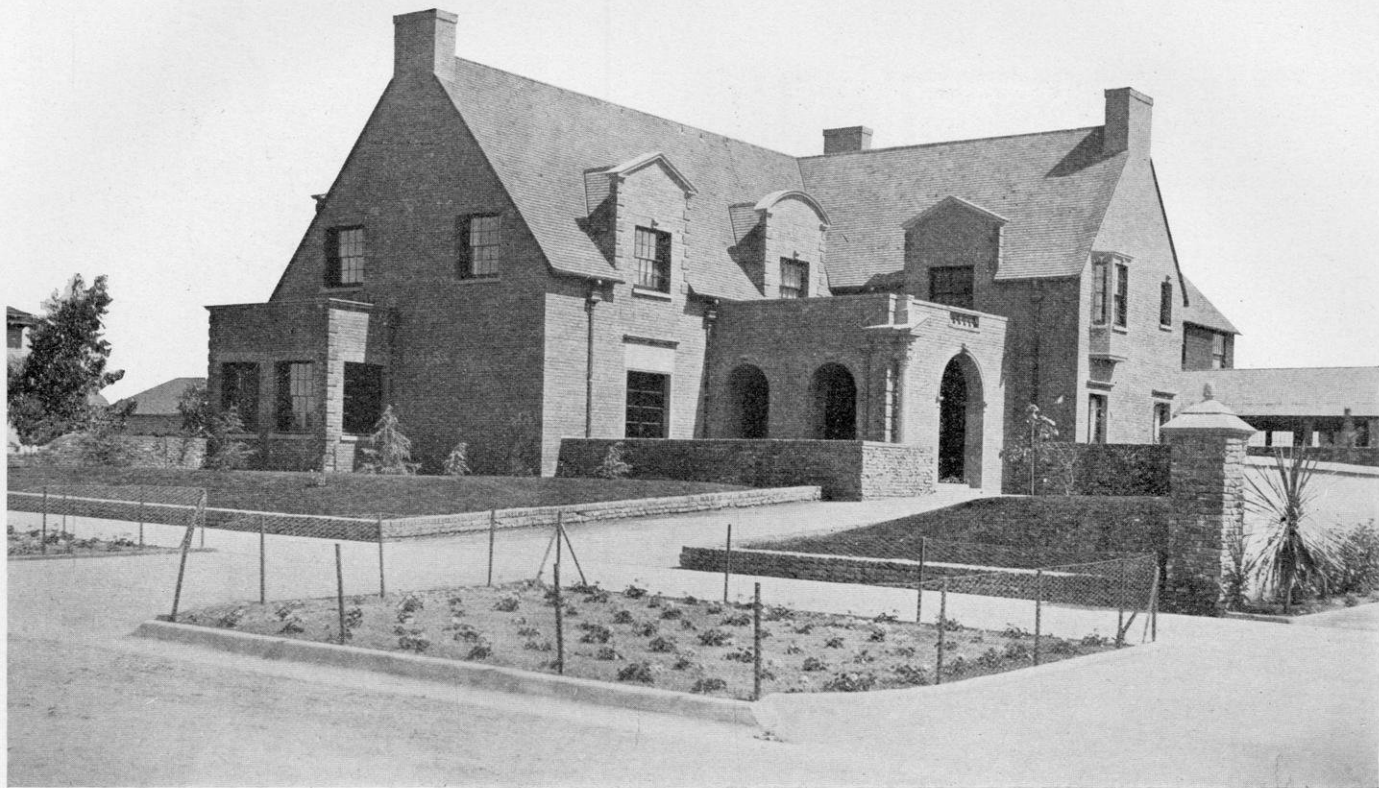


First Floor Plan



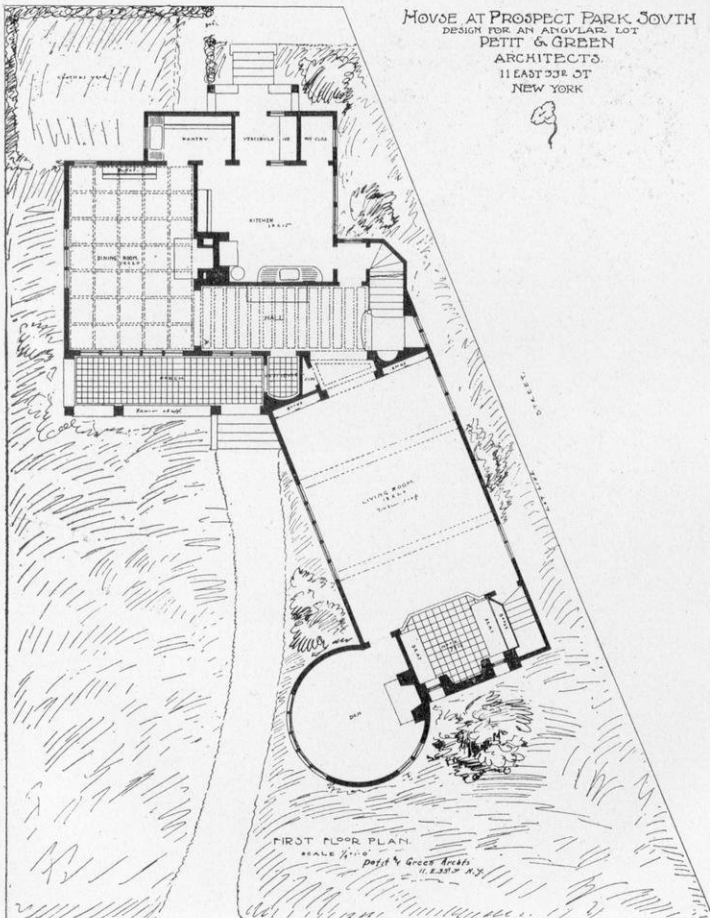
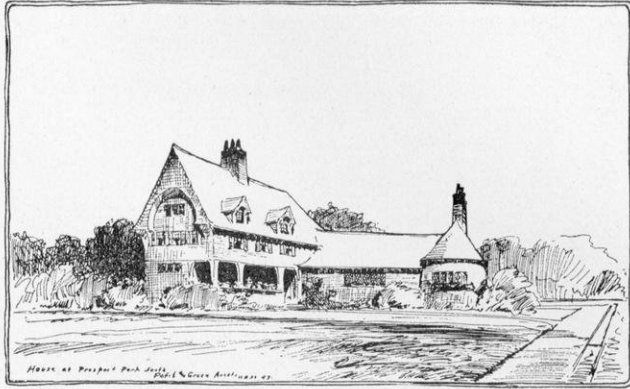
Study for Residence, Berkeley, California

Coxhead & Coxhead, Architects
San Francisco



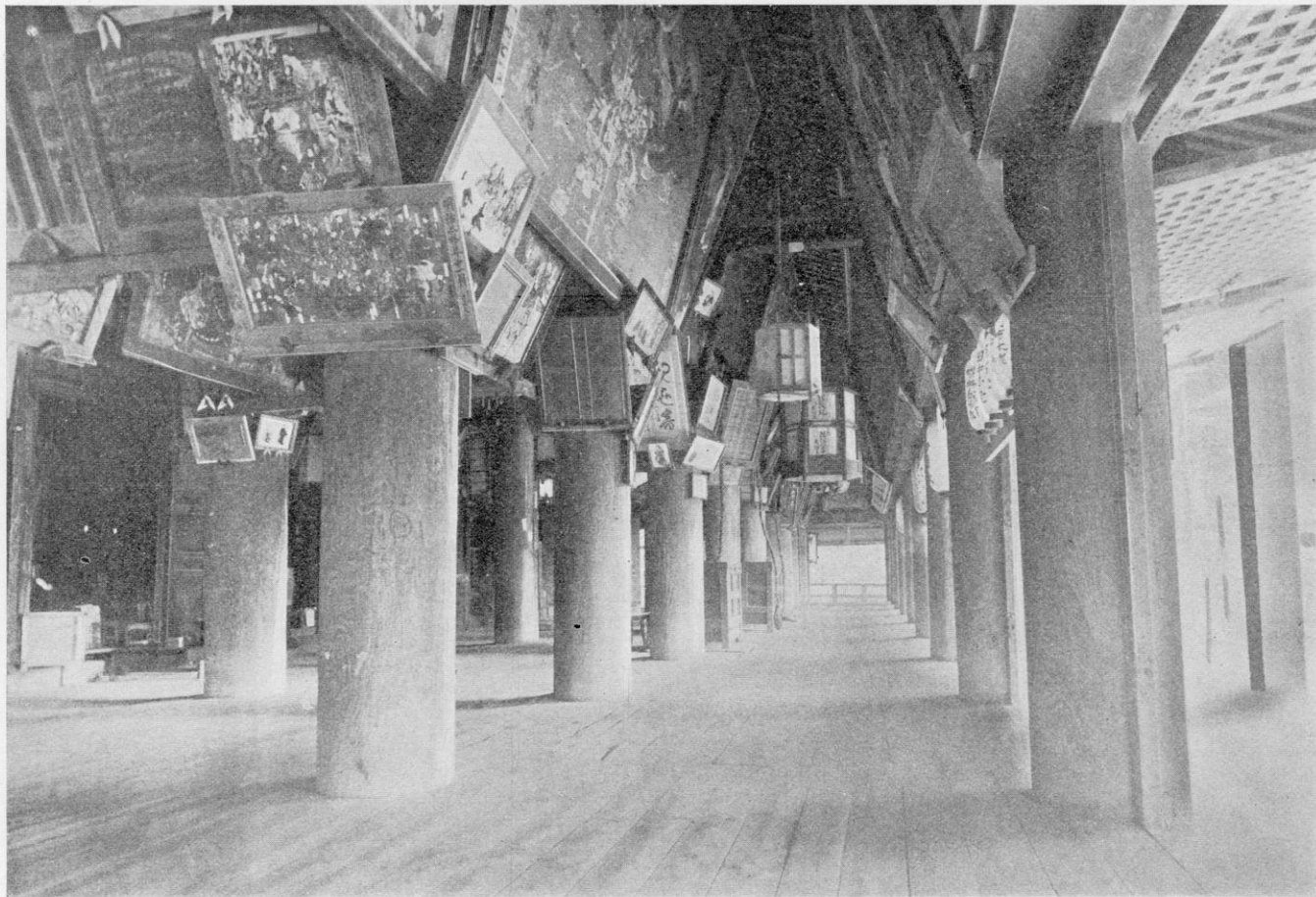
Residence, Los Angeles, California

Coxhead & Coxhead, Architects
San Francisco

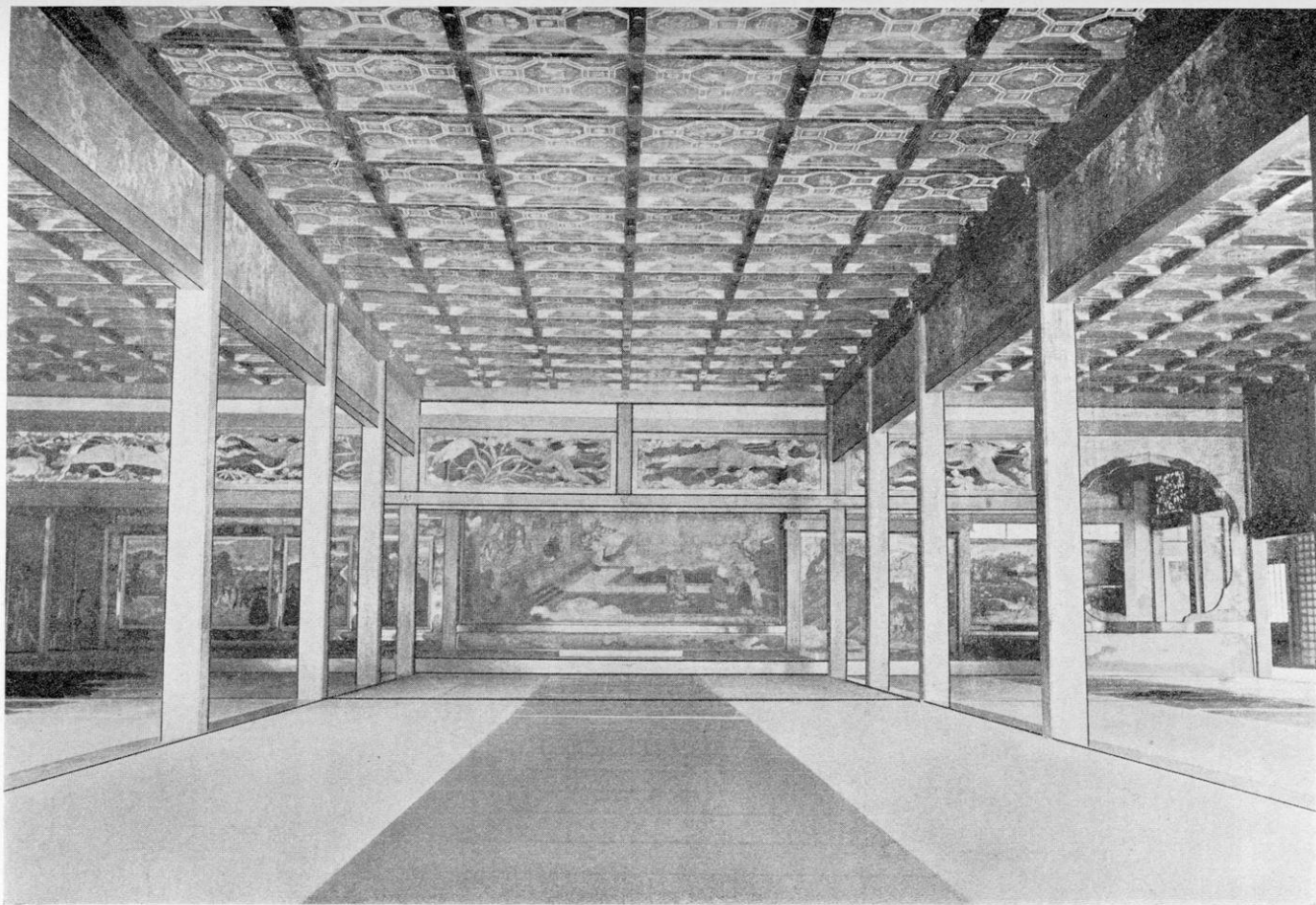


Elevation and First Floor Plan of House
 Prospect Park, South

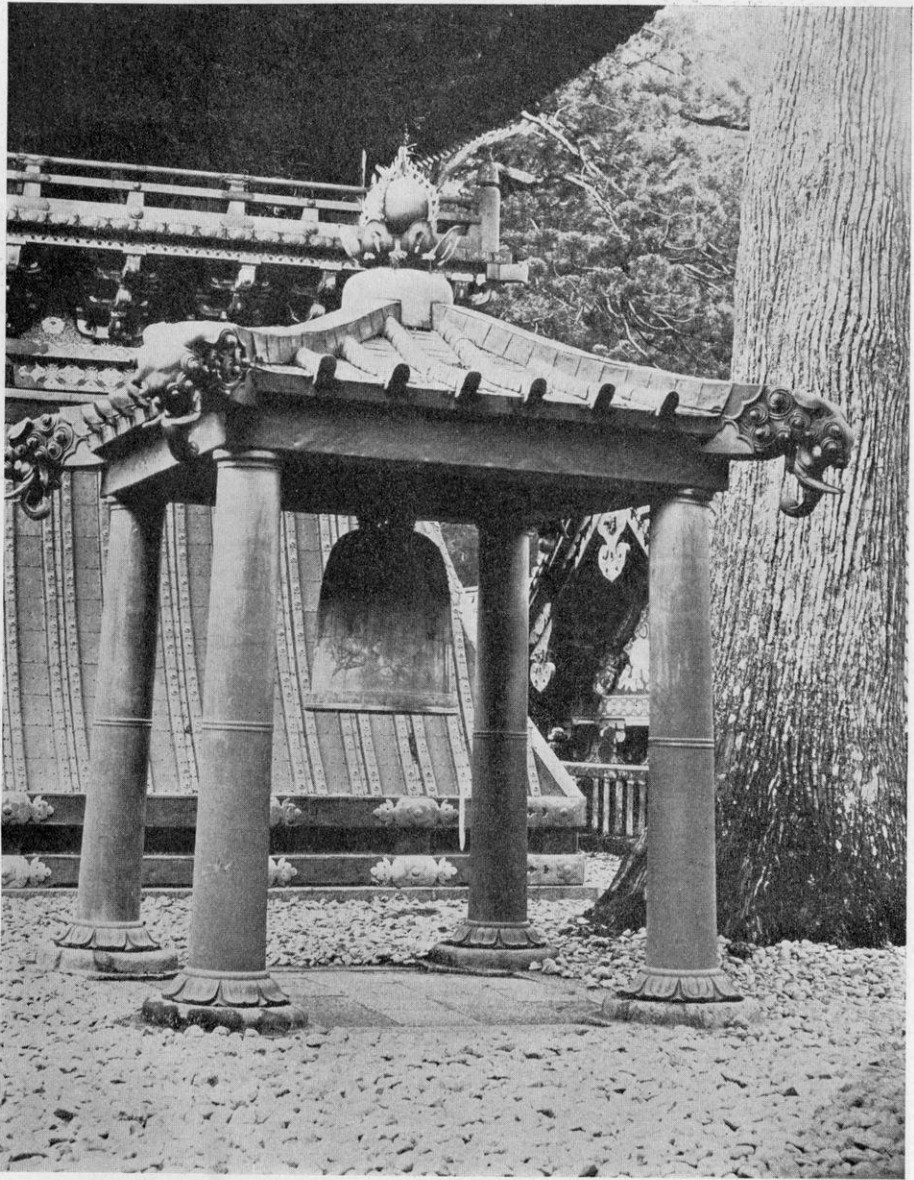
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 New York



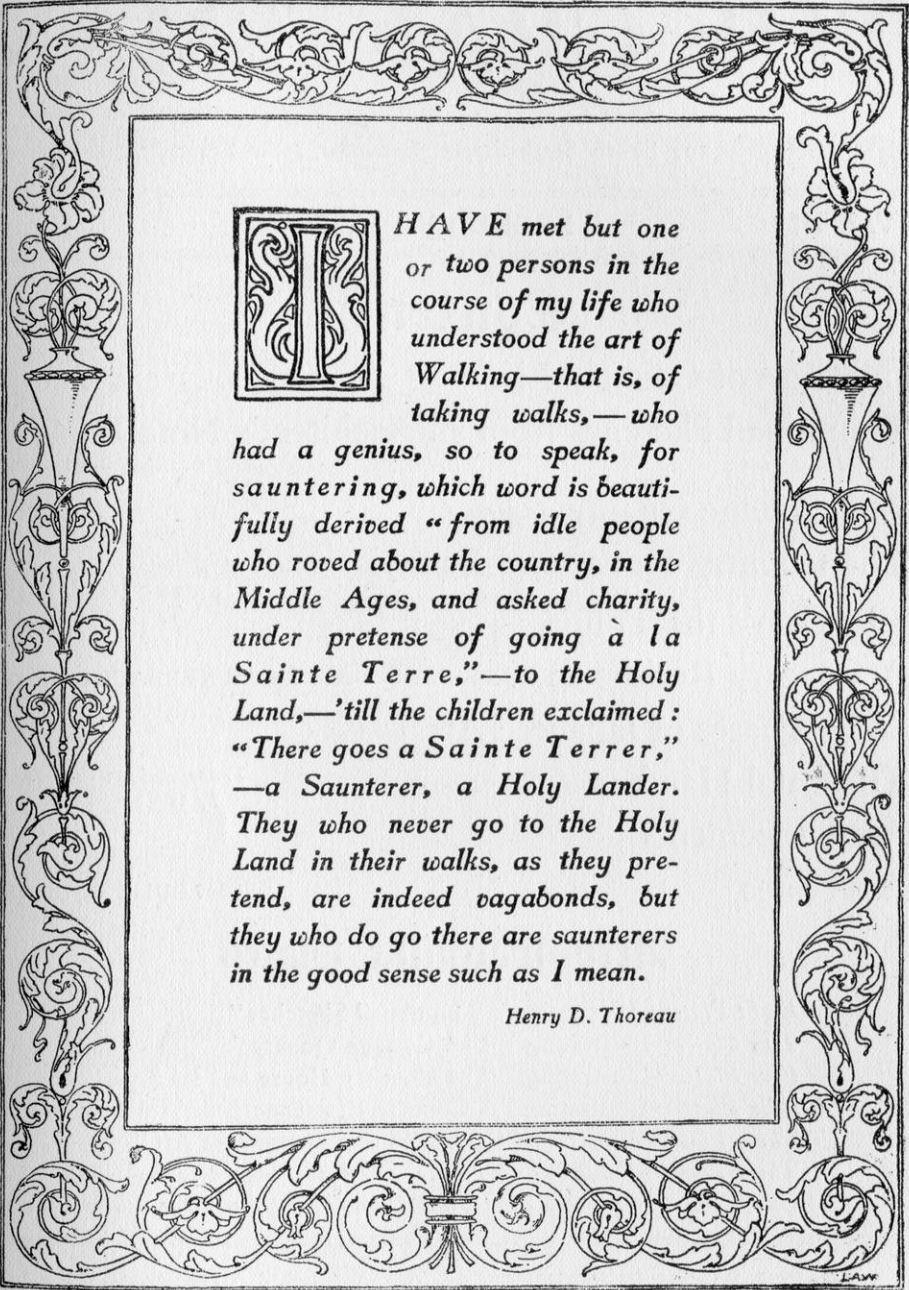
No. 1: Interior of the Kiyomidzu Temple, near Kyoto, Japan (refer to page 310)



No. 2: Assembly Room in the Hongwanji Temple, Kyoto, Japan (refer to page 310)



No. 3 : Bronze Bell before entrance of Shinto Temple, at Nikko, Japan (refer to page 310)



HAVE met but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of Walking—that is, of taking walks,—who had a genius, so to speak, for sauntering, which word is beautifully derived “from idle people who roved about the country, in the Middle Ages, and asked charity, under pretense of going à la Sainte Terre,”—to the Holy Land,—’till the children exclaimed: “There goes a Sainte Terrer,”—a Saunterer, a Holy Lander. They who never go to the Holy Land in their walks, as they pretend, are indeed vagabonds, but they who do go there are saunterers in the good sense such as I mean.

Henry D. Thoreau

LAW

THE CRAFTSMAN

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Vol. III

FEBRUARY, 1903

No. 5

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Foreword

AT the end of the holiday season, and in a month of lengthening days and fuller light, thought turns naturally to the pleasures expected when the next season of growth and beauty shall be developed. The Country House becomes a subject of interest: to the possessor of one, who seeks to preserve, modify and embellish it; to the prospective builder or buyer, who wishes to acquaint himself with the most desirable sites available, with the proper designs and plans to be chosen, and with the best structural materials to be employed.

To readers representing these classes of persons *The Craftsman* for February is addressed. It will be found to contain a larger number of illustrations than is usually printed in a single issue of the magazine. These illustrations offer elevations, plans, interiors, and details of both rural and suburban houses. The designs are adapted to widely differing localities. They are the work of men of individual ideas and of varied schools of training. But they have one essential quality in common: in accordance with the spirit of the times, they, one and all, incline toward simplicity. Indeed, they are so conceived and developed, that after studying them, one is led to believe the time not far distant when the William Morris idea of the house and of house-decoration shall be fully realized; when nothing useless or foreign to purpose shall enter into structure, treatment or detail, and no object be admitted to our daily environment whose presence is not justified by service or is not grateful and refreshing to the eye.

The sites of the country-houses proposed in *The Craftsman* represent a wide stretch of territory extending from California to Maine; the former region providing structural material and demanding treatment which can not fail to produce distinction and correctness of style. Other designs intended for less pronounced localities, attract by their pleasing, unobtrusive appearance, which recalls the modest homes of rural England and demands a landscape soft, smiling, and delicately colored.

The larger number of pictures and plans are accompanied by explanatory text, written by the architects themselves and intended to be of practical value to the builder, or the proposed owner of the

Foreword

country-house. These short articles are presented as the straightforward work of those whose time is too valuable to be devoted to occupations outside of their profession. They are the words of men who, like Mark Antony, "speak right on," and, for that reason, are the more convincing.

House and scene being thus considered, it is fitting that the meaning and trend of country life should, at the same time, receive attention. Therefore, an appeal is here made for what is named by Prince Kropotkin "the integral existence," enjoying which, the individual would become less specialized, more normal, saner and happier, and would, no less, exert a powerful agency in urbanizing the country, by which term is meant the extension of culture and scientific knowledge to remote and neglected rural sections.

In the effort adequately to deal with the subject now under consideration, *The Craftsman* will devote a later issue to a series of articles upon landscape gardening.

The March number of *The Craftsman* will contain several authoritative papers upon stained glass, considered technically and artistically; as also contributions from economic writers of force and reputation.

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring a repeating pattern of stylized birds perched on floral stems. The birds are arranged in pairs, facing each other, and the floral motifs are intricate and symmetrical.

IN MENSE FEBRUARII

LONE FLOWER hem-
med in with snows
and white as they
but hardier far
once more I see
thee bend ~~with~~
thy forehead as
if fearful to
offend ~~and~~
like an unbidden
guest ~~and~~
yet thou art
welcome welcome
as a friend ~~and~~
whose zeal out-
runs his promise
WORDSWORTH

“**H**APPY is he, who far from business cares, like the the primitive man, ploughs his paternal fields with his own oxen. . . . He avoids the forum and the proud thresholds of the powerful citizens.” To these lines, which they have construed on the benches of some venerable alma-mater, men grown famous in the learned professions, or formidable in the “City” or “the Street,” revert as to a truth forcefully expressed and worthy to be heeded. To them the sea, the mountains, the country-side, cry with compelling voices. They turn toward the free spaces of Nature as to a mighty reservoir of energy and restorative power. The inhabitants of a great metropolis, recognizing that they are highly specialized, both mentally and physically, that they have developed and are existing at the expense of a first essential and necessity, seek to simplify their lives. This fact is acknowledged and has been observed at all foci and in all periods of advanced civilization. The sincerest love of nature, the most subtle comprehension of the eternal charms of the Great Mother have been expressed through the media of art and literature by men “cribbed, cabined and confined” within the walls of densely populated towns and of darkened and tortuous streets. Moreover, this intense love of nature has always appeared at times of unrest, political and social. It has arisen at crises like those of the fall of the Roman Empire and the French Revolution; infusing into the grossest materialism a quickening impulse, a love of the beauty and pleasure which are not bought and sold on the market place, but whose possession may be gained by the poorest, provided that he have the seeing eye and the heart to feel. A sympathy with nature once strongly expressed by the agency of pen or brush, immortalizes the one who formulates it in words or color. The draught made by century after century of school-boys upon the Idyls of Theocritus has not exhausted the limpid beauty of the thought and expression peculiar to these little pictures of country life. The book, although its pages be set with the characters of a dead language, needs but to be opened, for the mimic action to begin. The bees hum in the Sicilian fields, the tunny-fish darts in the Mediterranean, the

In Praise of Country Life

flocks browse and bleat; the realities about the reader dissolve, and for him a winter night may take on an untold loveliness, composed of southern scenes. So, too, the pastoral charm of the Eclogues of Virgil has held the world since their youthful author voiced them amid the tumult of civil wars: a charm which has not diminished in the modern translation of them into rhythm of line and harmony of color made by the painter-poet Puvis de Chavannes, in whose exquisite mural picture we see the delicate grays, greens and blues of the Lombard landscape, as caught and rendered by one of the most highly developed retinas ever produced by nature. The classic eulogies of country life arose as a longing of the simplest hearts and purest souls to segregate themselves from the hot-house civilization of great, teeming cities like Alexandria and Rome, in which the vices of the East mingled with the ambitions of the West, and the luxury of the free classes offered an evil contrast to the wretched state of the slaves. A recourse to nature and to the gracious influences which flow spontaneously from her, seemed the only means of escape from the blighting tyranny of wealth and lust. A sympathy with the pains and pleasures of all living things, especially of the animals associated with the toil or the amusement of men, distinguished the Roman nature-poet, who by this very characteristic showed a decisive spiritual progress over the Greek master of the pastoral, whose extreme delight in nature was simply frank, child-like and sensuous. The sentiments of the Augustan bard toward the external universe and toward the brute creation, were new to the pagan world, since they closely approached those which were later induced by the gentle teachings of Christianity. The brotherhood which extends throughout the mighty pyramid of creation from base to apex, was more than vaguely felt by Virgil, the nature-poet, and of him might be said, as, in the nineteenth century, Matthew Arnold wrote of Wordsworth, that he found his age bound and benumbed, and his mission was that of a liberator of spirits. But for one who does not specially search the Eclogues and Georgics for a modern and moral sentiment, there is still an unique beauty in the verse of the singer of "tilth and woodland, hive and horse and herd." The lover of

In Praise of Country Life

country life, can, in appreciation, apply to Virgil himself the words attributed in one of the Eclogues to the umpire of a pastoral contest in music and verse: "Such is thy song for me, O god-like poet, as is to weary men the charm of deep sleep upon the grass; such as, in summer heat, it is to quench one's thirst in a sparkling brook of fresh water."

These figures of speech, vigorous because directly inspired by nature, are, in essence, a plea for "the simple life," which in the aristocratic circles of Rome, had found an advocate even earlier than Virgil. Lucretius, the materialist, in the last years of the Roman Republic, rejecting the national gods and marking out an intellectual path for himself, recognized that there were but two ideal states of mind capable of raising men above vulgar passions and pleasures: the one, being the exclusive possession of the learned, that is, philosophic contemplation; the other, residing in the pure love of nature and conformity with the simple beliefs and customs of country people. Like Virgil, also, Lucretius felt intensely the beauty of pasture and water-course, cornfield and vineyard. He, too, loved the animals associated with man's labor, prized human affection above the possession of riches and power, and shrank from the pomp and luxury of the city, although his hereditary rights placed him in the rich and governing class of Rome. So, in his great work, he wrote that the highest pleasure in life consisted, not in frequenting the mansions of the opulent in which silver statues abounded and great feasts were prepared, but rather in lying at ease amid the tall grass, conversing upon philosophy with chosen friends. But the "glory of the divine country" was acknowledged in pagan Rome by others than the few men whose genius created Latin literature. Villas, pleasure-grounds and orchards, fountains and flower-gardens were reckoned by the rich Romans of the oligarchy and the Empire among their most cherished possessions. Furthermore, the sterner life of the fields as a means of attaining serenity and happiness was sought by certain types of men throughout the classic period: as when, at Constantine's victory, the emperor Diocletian renounced the purple, that he might withdraw from the capital into a remote province, there to plant, rear and gather "the kindly fruits of the earth."

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Throughout the Middle Ages, the love of country life was held in abeyance. First, because the walled town or castle offered protection to life and property which were constantly threatened, and second, because fear of the elements and of the powers of nature overspread the world during these centuries of slow and imperfect communication. Furthermore, in the first half of this division of history, when the end of the world was believed to be approaching, beauty and pleasure in all their forms were regarded as snares laid by the Evil One for the ruin of human souls. So, the dark cell was accepted as a refuge from temptation and corruption; the great religious houses—abbeys and convents—became arks of safety for the speculative, the timorous and the weak; the open country played no part in the lives of men except as the scene of blood-violence carried to a degree which threatened to depopulate central and northern Europe; while the sight of the cultured fields, far from being a joy to the husbandman, was a constant reminder to him of his condition of servitude: since the feudal system, as has been pointed out by an historian, reversed the relations of man toward the planet, making him its slave, instead of its master.

But these gloomy conditions had their compensations. The very repression of the joyous animalism which had been dominant in the pagan world, occasioned, in the Middle Ages, a new attitude toward nature. In antiquity, every stream had its god or naiad, every grove its genius, every oak its hamadryad,—in short, every phenomenon of the external world was incarnated in the human form. Free space for the ingenuous, imaginative southern races was a limitless open-air theatre. But with the development of Christianity and conscience, with the entrance of the northern peoples into social and political affairs, there grew up also what Michelet named “the sentiment of the infinite,” which he regarded as the greatest gift of mediævalism to humanity. Myth and legend were lost in contemplation of the mysteries of Faith, and the natural world spoke gravely and eloquently to humanity through the spirit of solitude. So, while masses of men herded together, like timorous flocks, in the towns, beneath the protecting shadow of some great cathedral, other stronger, self-reliant, lonely souls, like Dante,

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Leonardo da Vinci and Paracelsus drew near to nature, wandering widely in solitary places and seeking to discover the secrets of God; although for so doing, they were punished by Church and State, and threatened by man with the vengeance of the Almighty. These and their kind were forerunners of the modern scientists who use what nature reveals to them for the good of humanity. They were, as well, the first minds who sought in nature response to their own moods; who looked upon the face of the earth as upon that of a sympathetic friend; and who, had they lived in the nineteenth century, would have been censured by Ruskin as advocates of "the pathetic fallacy." It was true of those who first read into their natural environment something of their own feelings that they were prophets and seers. It remains true of their successors that they are helpful, kind and loving toward their fellow-men, far beyond those for whom the seasons bring no message and the country-side contains no charm.

The succession of the true lovers of nature began in the Middle Ages. Before them, in classical antiquity, existed those materialists who speculated upon the causes, origin and essence of things, and so became careful observers of light and growth, life and species. But adoration and reverence for the powers of nature, sympathy and love for the small creatures of the animal kingdom and for the beautiful productions of the vegetable world first developed in the minds and hearts of the mediævalists, such as St. Francis of Assisi, Boccaccio, as is instanced in his hymn to light, and in the father of our English tongue, Chaucer.

The period of the Renascence opened a new era as regards man's attitude toward nature. The negative influences then everywhere at work changed grave sentiment into lighter mood. The mysteries attending the material, as well as the immaterial world lost their power to awe and to hold in check. There was a reversion, especially in Italy,—that jealous keeper of classic tradition,—to the frank animalism of the pagan. Sensuous pleasures were once more pursued as the chief end of existence. The conventual cell, the city wall became too narrow for that expansion of joy which surged through the world, when the constituted authorities weakened, and the

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human spirit attained a freedom which, unfortunately, degenerated often into license. Penance and scourge were set aside, and the world which had been for the mediæval man "a gloomy wood" of temptation, became for the typical man of the Renaissance a very garden of delights. Open-air life and recreations were sought with the old eagerness of pagan times. Architects and landscape-gardeners arose to meet the new demands of construction, which was rapid and extensive to an unprecedented degree, if allowance be made for the great difficulty of assembling and preparing materials as compared with the means available in modern times. Villas, pleasaunces and antique marbles grew dearer to the souls of popes and prelates than the spiritual treasures of which they were the guards: a condition of things which is pictured in Robert Browning's short poem, "The Bishop orders his tomb at St. Praxed's church": so perfectly pictured, indeed, that Ruskin declared it to contain condensed into thirty lines more of the spirit of the Renaissance than he was able to infuse into thirty pages of his own "Stones of Venice."

During this period, from the Italian lakes to Sicily there arose those splendid country residences, with their colonnades, terraces, statues and complicated water-systems, which for beauty, effect and adaptability to site have scarcely been equaled in the history of architecture.

But stately, beautiful, enchanting, as these Renaissance villas must have been in their golden prime, there was one thing lacking in them, if they are considered from a modern point of view: that is, they were intended for retreats sacred to the enjoyment of selfish pleasures, to idleness and exclusiveness. The very inscriptions which so abound on the triumphal arches, over doorways, and in the niches of the fountains all tell a single tale. They invite the visitor to lay aside care, to forget time, and to revel in sensuous delights. And as the Renaissance, in spirit, in form of civilization, in intellectual aspiration, reverted to antiquity, rejecting the experience, the mood and temper of the Middle Ages, so an effort was made to return to the joyous, *unmoral* life of pagan times. But such retrogression was impossible. For just as the Renaissance

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statues, although repeating the subjects, and based upon the forms of ancient art, were strained and contorted, and substituted violence for the old dignity and serenity; so the life pictured in the Idyls and Eclogues could not be conjured up from the remote past. No man could exist, faunlike and without being conscious of a soul, as was possible before Christianity had saddened and uplifted the world.

Therefore, the life led in the pleasure-palaces of the Renaissance was unnatural, out of sequence, and inclined toward degeneration and vice. The modern sentiment toward nature, country-life, and the animals associated with human labor had yet to be born. This sentiment was evolved through political and social changes introduced into the relations of man to man. These relations were those of master and slave, during the period of the ancient republics; in the Middle Ages, they assumed those of lord and serf; following upon the French Revolution, they became those of capitalist and laborer; and now the signs of the times indicate that they are advancing toward those of brother to brother. The progress toward this consummation is slow, but abundant evidences of its action lie all about us. Such evidences are eloquent in all forms of literature, scientific, philosophic and imaginative, which now almost exclusively deal with social and economic problems; whether the ideas therein expressed have been elaborated by trained and accurate research, or, all otherwise, have been conceived at the white heat of enthusiasm. The same evidences thrust themselves upon us, if we examine the present tendencies of both the fine and the industrial arts. In the former, we find in the painter or the sculptor that power of insight which abstracts the element of beauty from common sights, or that sympathy with toil, suffering and loneliness which communicates to the spectator the desire to be merciful, helpful and loving to all his kind. If now we pause to consider the industrial arts, we discover therein a still more practical, if no more beneficial, tendency to lend themselves to the progress and the pleasure of society as considered in the broadest sense. The establishment of schools for manual training, the development of fireside and rural industries, the diffusion of art-knowledge, histor-

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ical and technical, among the people, point to the good impulses of those whose position, mental power and wealth include them within "the governing classes." In a word, the trend of our times is toward an *integral education*, which those in authority seek to give and which those who are subordinate are rising up to demand. The end desired is thus visible to all in different degrees of clearness. The means to accomplish the end are less apparent to the great majority of men who feel, rather than think, reflect and judge. But it must be agreed by all that a bond which should unite classes of society now widely separate, would produce the most profitable results for both the world at large and the individual. How to form, to weld and to preserve this bond becomes therefore a matter of great importance to all "men of good will," and a possible solution of the problem has not failed to suggest itself to certain distinguished and experienced minds whose reasoning, plans and methods it would require much time, space and skill to set forth adequately. Suffice to say that one may gather from a thesis built up from facts, like the "Fields, Factories and Workshops" of Prince Kropotkin, that the fusion of the classes, the integral education, the material prosperity, the moral well-being of the future is to result from a true conception and a widely extended following of country-life: a life which shall mingle the refinements, the culture, the taste for companionship which constitute what was named by the Romans *urbanity* with the artisan's power to produce manually and the husbandman's power to labor, foster and rear.

Tending toward this consummation we note everywhere to-day a public effort to bring the beauty and the pleasures of the country within the reach of all classes of the inhabitants of cities and towns. Civic improvement leagues and the enterprises to which they are devoted, are creating park and water systems, gardens and fountains, wherever natural possibilities permit and financial resources warrant the expenditure necessary. This movement, grown so strong and active in America, received its impetus from older and more thickly populated regions: as, for example, France, Belgium and England. In the last-named country, the Earl of Shaftesbury must always be honored with gratitude, when it is recalled that he

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effectively legislated against vice and crime, by cutting broad, well-lighted avenues through the London slums; that he brought a knowledge and love of nature in her simple forms to the city poor by popularizing the window garden. The good done by this scientific philanthropist increases year by year, like a well-invested capital. For, as one travels by railway through the suburbs of the greatest of cities, one observes mile after mile of cottages which rarely rise above plainness, but which have invariably their own small back-garden and often, beside, front flower-beds gay with bright-colored bloom. The love and comprehension of nature shown by the French are known to all observers; but it can not be too often repeated that this sentiment has been and is still to-day one of the strongest safe-guards of the nation. In the age of the Revolution it appeared in subversive minds, like that of Rousseau, as a flower growing in volcanic soil, might witness the productive power of the land which produced it. At the crisis of the Franco-Prussian war, the same love of nature, the power and patience to discover her secrets, preserved France both as a nation and as a geographical expression. The peasants atoned for the crimes of the reigning dynasty, and having, without a murmur, given their sons to the defense of their country, they drew from the wallets and stockings serving them as savings-banks, the immense war indemnity which, judged as an economic factor, caused more harmful results to the victors than to the vanquished: since it disturbed the financial equilibrium by its sudden influx into Germany, while its loss acted as a spur, rather than as a depressant to those who had sustained it. To-day, in the same country, appeal is made to the historic love of agriculture by such patriotic writers as the author of "The Land in Decay," who hope to arrest the financial and moral decadence of their nation by proving the fatal tendencies of the desire now so strongly shown by the rural population to abandon their heavily taxed farms and their vineyards ravaged by the phylloxera, in order to take up the enervating life and occupations of the provincial towns.

It is plain to the world outside, as well as to the nation concerned, that if France wishes to preserve her prestige and power, she must

In Praise of Country Life

go "back to the soil." And a lesson may be drawn from the experience of this nation once known in history as the "Soldier of God": a force marching in the front rank of civilization, trampling out a path, often succumbing to errors, but never lacking in courage and world-patriotism. The lesson is that a life lived near to nature is the one best fitted to the majority of men. How to urbanise this life, to raise it above drudgery, to preserve it from the sordid quality, to make it cheerful and replete with manifold interest, becomes then a problem offered to every lover of his kind. The workshop must be set up in the field, and serve for the worker as a school and a place of recreation.

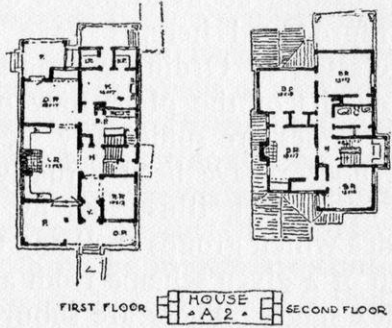
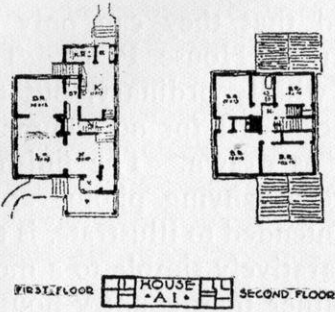
TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN LONG IN COUNTRY PENT,
'TIS VERY SWEET TO LOOK INTO THE FAIR
AND OPEN FACE OF HEAVEN,—TO BREATHE A PRAYER
FULL IN THE SMILE OF THE BLUE FIRMAMENT

KEATS
SONNET XIV., LINE I

Thumbnail Sketches from an Architect's Note Book : : : *Myron Hunt*

IN casting about to find a descriptive title for the drawings reproduced here, I have decided that they can only be classed as Ordinary Small Suburban House Plans. The details of the plans may not be wholly ordinary, but the schemes are sufficiently so, and need call for no comment. These houses have been actually built as drawn. The finished work is, in part, illustrated by the accompanying photographs. The idea which groups A, B and C are intended to illustrate, is the growth of a given scheme from a comparatively simple to a more complex stage. These are suburban, rather than country houses. One of the differences between a distinctively suburban and a country house is brought about by the comparative narrowness of most suburban building sites. The house A₁ is built upon a lot whose width is fifty feet. The property on which C₂ stands is one hundred feet wide, while the widths available for the others ranged between these two figures. The various costs ranged from three to ten thousand dollars. Differences in the market, in quality and kind of material and workmanship, as well as the more obvious differences in size, account for these variations in cost. Houses A₁, B₁ and B₂ have simple rectangles as the basis of their plans. This fact, perhaps, may not be immediately apparent. The bays and other breaks in the outside lines of these three first floor plans are deceptive. The second floor and the roof tell this fact more quickly. In order to obtain the needed room on the first floor of these three houses, space had, in each case, to be stolen from the rear porch, and in case of the smallest house B₁, space had also to be stolen from the front porch, in order to give sufficient size to the first story hall. It is not possible to make a reasonably planned house of seven rooms much smaller than this house B₁. In A₂ these first story portions, described as stolen from the porch space in the other three houses of groups A and B, are carried up through the second story, changing the initial rectangular plan by the addition of a front and rear "L." Thus a window with southern sunlight is obtained for each of the second story rooms.

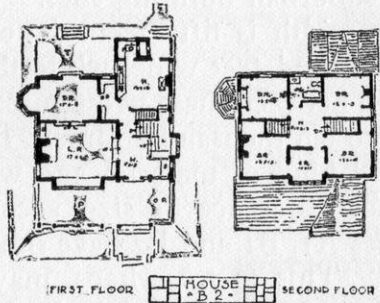
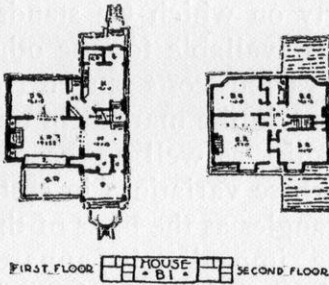
Thumbnail Sketches



THUMBNAIL SKETCHES

3. HALL
 4. KITCHEN
 5. LIVING ROOM
 6. BED ROOM
 7. BATH ROOM
 8. CLOSET ROOM
 9. PORCH
 10. TERRACE

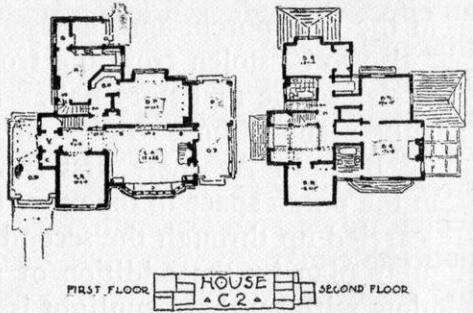
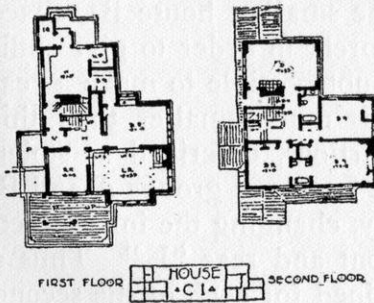
SMALL SUBURBAN HOUSES



MYRON HUNT ARCHITECT

1. HALL
 2. BATH
 3. LIVING ROOM
 4. BED ROOM
 5. CLOSET ROOM
 6. PORCH
 7. TERRACE
 8. TERRACE
 9. TERRACE
 10. TERRACE

CHICAGO & LOS ANGELES



Thumbnail Sketches

Houses A and B are too compact in scheme to allow for a "reception" room, which, after all, is only a half necessity in a small suburban residence. All the houses A and B have combination stairways, by which is meant stairways in which the main stair from the first to the second floor is joined at the first landing by the stair leading from the service portion of the house. These stairways are not only a saving in cost, but, in a small house, result in a more important saving: that of available space on the second floor. House B₁ has no room for a third floor and is even too small for a staircase to its attic. A paneled ceiling in the second story hall is so hinged and weighted as to be made to swing down by the pulling of a cord. On the upper side of this ceiling-panel is a sliding stair. When one end of the panel is swung down into the second story, this stair can be drawn on down to the floor for use and afterwards swung back into place.

In house A₁ there is but one central chimney. The flue from the kitchen is carried across the butler's pantry to this stack. This chimney is so placed as to pass through closet space on the second floor and to come out through the one long ridge of the main roof. The use of two chimneys in house A₂ makes possible the location of the main fireplaces on the outside wall, which is a more pleasing arrangement.

The extreme narrowness of the property on which these houses A are located, made impossible the most pleasing feature in each of the other four plans: the breadth of frontage toward the street. The living and dining-room suites in houses A necessarily produce an effect of length, while in groups B and C the effect is distinctly that of breadth.

Houses C, forming the third group of plans, are larger and fundamentally more complex than houses A and B. House C₁ stands on a corner lot, in a typical suburb. The entrance is from the side street. The plan of this house is worked down to a compactness which would admit of little further shrinking. This is especially noticeable in the stairway and first story hall. The front vestibule has a convenient feature. A maid may go from the kitchen to the front door without entering either the first story hall or any first

Thumbnail Sketches

story room. In this side passage there are also a lavatory, and baby-carriage or bicycle storage space. The reception room seemed a necessity in the suburb where this home is built. The reception room having been decided upon, it was incumbent upon the architect to give to the living-room as large a degree of privacy as was possible. The smallness of the house made the attainment of this effect a different problem. A certain feeling of privacy, though perhaps no greater actual privacy, is obtained by depressing the living-room floor a foot, thus setting it two steps below the main hall and the reception-room. The always pleasing effect, in a small house, of a dining-room which opens directly off the living-room, but is raised above it, is also obtained by this depression. The living-room of B₂ is depressed in a similar manner.

The initial plan of the house C₁ is so small that the projecting window seat bay in the living room becomes almost a necessity. The ceiling of the bay is only seven feet high, and the bay itself is three by twelve feet. The end of the living-room is too narrow for a fireplace centered in the usual manner. A breadth of effect is maintained by dividing the space equally,—devoting half to the windows and half to the fireplace,—and is further increased by carrying the mantel breast to the ceiling. The ceiling in turn is lowered all across the end of the room. This, in a way, serves to tie again the awkwardly divided wall space. The ceilings are all low, but the dropping of the floor of the living-room brings the proportional height of this largest room into harmony with the height of the ceilings of the smaller adjoining rooms. There was thus no necessity for obtaining an effect of length and lowness in the dining-room by the use of a wainscot. Indeed, the apparent height of the room needed to be increased. This is done by a series of thin strips about two inches wide, so arranged in connection with the cornice, base and the narrow casings, as to make one large, well emphasized panel out of each of the available wall spaces.

In the larger bedroom at the front of the house C₁, the fireplace is built across the corner of the room in much the ordinary manner, and is then flanked by a corner closet opposite; the two so arranged as to allow a seat between. Over this seat, the ceiling is lowered

Thumbnail Sketches

to the tops of the window casing, and the seat itself is wainscoted above, and built as a storage place below. In the adjoining room, a similar seat is built by lowering the ceiling between the square corner closet and the opposite wall. Over the kitchen portion of the house is a large second story room with windows on three sides, and with doors and a large brick fireplace on the fourth. The roof of this portion of the house is lower than the main roof.

The ceiling of this room, the den, by extending up into the rafters, is three or four feet higher than the ceilings of other second story rooms.

There is nothing about the mere schemes of these plans which warrants attention for any extraordinary qualities. The thought which these notes and sketches intends to illustrate is that of relationship and of the growth of each scheme in complexity. The principal further interest which these particular plans may have, results from the fact that they are plans of actual homes; each of which has proved a more or less successful solution of the requirements of a given family.

THE EARTH WAS MADE SO VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE
AND PLEASSED WITH NOVELTY, MIGHT BE INDULGED

COWPER,
THE TASK

I OFFER my design as a practical one, as a house intended for the enjoyment of domestic comfort. I have sought in my drawings to keep prominent what I believe to be the essential principle of a successful home; putting aside the temptation to produce "art for art's sake"; to create fine lines without regard for the exigencies of the life that is to be lived within the structure. In a word, I have studied to meet the requirements of our American customs and of natural conditions.

The site of this house is a picturesque one on a hillside, overlooking a wide valley, and the surrounding country abounds in field-stones, which furnish the structural material for the house. The stones are built into the walls with the weather stains and moss covered surfaces exposed; they are laid up boldly in cement, with wide joints, and penciled with black in order to deepen the shadows. The natural colors produced by time: soft, rich browns, grays and greens, in a wide variety of shades, blend beautifully together, in a mass most agreeable to the eye.

The second story, overhangings and gables, are covered with cement toned a warm gray, and the roofs with green slate.

All detail, such as moldings, etc., are eliminated; effect being sought for in outline, lights, shadows and color schemes.

The interior has been carefully planned in the interests of the housekeeper, whose efficiency and happiness are largely dependent upon the architect: special attention having been given to the utilization of space, sanitary arrangements, closet accommodations, the cheerful lighting of rooms and halls, and the convenience and ease of the stairway; while provision has been made for the proper placing of furniture.

This last is a most important consideration, and the modern advance in artistic knowledge has shown the absurdity of filling our houses with mechanical reproductions of the furniture of other times or other countries. However accurately these historic schemes may be realized, they must necessarily form an incongruous setting for modern life, and one can not too strongly condemn the crowded assemblage in a single dwelling of representatives of widely different periods and places: offering as they do the crudest and most inharmonious transitions of style.

The Cottage Quality

It may be urged that the use of historic furnishings and ornament shows, at least, a sympathy with old-time beauty. But those who best understand and appreciate the work of the past are the most painfully impressed by the false antique and the impositions of certain modern manufacturers and decorators.

The chief characteristics of the new departure in architecture and in furniture design are the careful study of proportion; simplicity of form; consideration for ease and comfort; sparing, judicious ornament, which should always justify itself by its beauty and not owe its existence to cheap and meaningless pressed machine work, or the molded putty designs. It should be well conceived, and carefully executed by skilled artisans.

We ought seriously to consider the building of a home: the desired habitation which we may hope to leave no more, and which, after our lives, will become the dwelling-place of our descendants. Having then once acquired a home with furnishings sound in construction and of such simple and unobtrusive merits as, one may hope, will outlive the changes of passing fashion, these cherished belongings may be handed down from generation to generation, re-enforced by such repairs as good judgment dictates.

The quality of permanence must begin with the house itself as a basis, and follow through furniture and decoration; producing in the whole a fitting and happy harmony, simple and restful. It is much to be desired that the furniture complete the scheme which has its inception in the house itself.

The true beauty of art lies in its usefulness. If we accept this fact, then architecture must be the most beautiful and the noblest branch of art; since it protects man from the elements. Therefore, let us perpetuate the memory of our forefathers in some other way than by adopting the silent witnesses to their lack of taste. Let us consider the home problem frankly, putting forth our best efforts in solving its demands by good judgment, based on years of careful thought and experience; setting aside the lower luxury of pretentiousness and costliness for the higher luxury of refinement. Again, let me say that my design is intended to meet the wants of those who wish to secure the cottage quality; that it does not ad-

The Cottage Quality

dress itself to those who are seeking quaintness without justification, or to those who would stamp themselves as prophets of the art of the future. I have sought simplicity and straightforwardness, trusting that they might tell their own story with little need of words.

ART IS THE CHILD OF NATURE; YES,
HER DARLING CHILD, IN WHOM WE TRACE
THE FEATURES OF THE MOTHER'S FACE,
HER ASPECT AND HER ATTITUDE;
ALL HER MAJESTIC LOVELINESS
CHASTENED AND SOFTENED AND SUBDUED
INTO A MORE ATTRACTIVE GRACE,
AND WITH A HUMAN SENSE IMBUED.
HE IS THE GREATEST ARTIST, THEN,
WHETHER OF PENCIL OR OF PEN,
WHO FOLLOWS NATURE. NEVER MAN,
AS ARTIST OR AS ARTISAN,
PURSUING HIS OWN FANTASIES,
CAN TOUCH THE HUMAN HEART, OR PLEASE,
OR SATISFY OUR NOBLER NEEDS,
AS HE WHO SETS HIS WILLING FEET
IN NATURE'S FOOTPRINTS, LIGHT AND FLEET,
AND FOLLOWS FEARLESS WHERE SHE LEADS.

LONGFELLOW
KERAMOS

The Country House and Its Style

Franklin J. Hunt

IN all architectural design the careful study of style is a most important element; but in country houses the consistent development of style may be carried to a very high state of perfection: there is greater opportunity for doing so, and there are fewer obstacles in the way than in any other department of house architecture.

Style, in this instance, is not necessarily chosen from the accepted classic and Renaissance periods, but a style that is a frank expression of locality and the material at hand.

The country house that may be built in either Virginia, or Maine, or California, should express distinctly in its character every dominant feature of its locality. Style would then really be synonymous with locality, and the locality of a country house would be an expression of local traditions, local necessities, limitations and possibilities of climate and landscape.

A strict observance of this principle would give us country houses that were as much a part of the country in which they stood as the very trees and rocks of that country.

This feeling of locality should be expressed in the treatment of both the interior and the exterior of such a house. For the reason that interior arrangements must, of necessity, conform more or less to personal requirements, the designer may find the expression of locality here a rather harder task than in the treatment of the exterior. But the outside, the inside and the surrounding country all should strike the same note.

The evidence of a sincere effort to apply this principle of locality may be observed in a country house recently built at Menlo Park, California; this place is about thirty miles south of San Francisco.

The conditions under which the work was done were in most respects ideal; inasmuch as the client, after expressing his special needs, placed the development of the work wholly in the hands of his architect. Even to the extent of consulting him as to the site.

The amount of money allowed for this work was thirty-five hun-

The Country House and Its Style

dred dollars; the building actually cost, when completed, thirty-three hundred, sixty dollars: including all fixtures, in fact everything, except landscape gardening.

The site that was chosen is a level, ten-acre field, with roadways along the east and south sides. About one hundred and fifty feet back from each of the roadways stand four splendid elm trees, forming a nearly square enclosure, approximately ninety feet each way. In the center of this, and facing the southeast, stands the house.

The conditions which give this building its locality are an expression of the local climate and building materials. In this section of California, the cold is quite severe from about the beginning of December to the end of February, therefore, the houses must be built to withstand low temperature. California is an earthquake country; this requires that its buildings should be low. During certain months there are terrific wind storms which come out of the northwest; this feature of the climate necessitates that important rooms be protected by location on the southeast, south and southwest sides of the buildings; and another prominent reason for an observance of this arrangement is the great value of sunshine in California, even at some distance south. On warm days, during midsummer, one is compelled to avoid shady spots, and seek the sunshine, or run the risk of colds and aches. The need of direct sunlight is so great that, in some sections of California, lots barren of trees are considered most choice building sites. In view of this, the reason for avoiding also covered verandas is obvious.

So much for climatic necessities, limitations and possibilities. As to the architectural traditions of California, whatever is left of them were of Spanish origin, and the low, gable-roofed mission houses, built of tile and clay, were the exponent of their style. It therefore follows that to preserve traditions, the Californian country house should be a one-story building, and to be still further consistent, tile and clay, or cement, which has replaced clay, should be used as materials; though the materials must always be selected subject to the builder's financial condition, and where economy is a consideration, timber construction is of course the necessary choice.

The Country House and Its Style

Of the various woods used in building the one most distinctly Californian is redwood. This is a wood of many peculiarities uncommon to others. Its most important characteristic is its resistance to fire; it burns very slowly, and for this reason alone is an invaluable building wood. Weather affects it slowly; therefore, it is an excellent material for outside work. In both grain and coloring it is equal to mahogany, and capable of similar finish, though much softer. This makes it suitable for interior finish, and the fact that it shrinks laterally with the grain instead of transversely, is a reason why sections of it, placed edge to edge, make panels that are less likely to separate at the joint, than those made of any other wood, unless they are first carefully kiln dried. It is apparent from these features of redwood that it ought to be the very first selected for Californian houses. Oregon pine or Douglas fir is the usual timber used in framing. Given these features of climate, tradition and materials, the country house at Menlo was designed and executed with the purpose of expressing them.

As already stated, the building was located within a natural enclosure of trees, in a level ten-acre field. It is a one-story structure about fifty feet wide and forty feet deep, and the trees stand a sufficient distance from the building to allow the sunlight to reach it.

The arrangement of the rooms was contemplated with strict consideration of symmetry. Entering the building, one passes from the entrance porch, which is open in summer and enclosed with glass in winter, into a room, eighteen feet wide by twenty feet deep, which serves as a living room, reception hall, library and music room. These separate uses are clearly demonstrated in the work of the interior decorator, as will be described in a later article.

At the north end of this room, facing the entrance doorway, is an arrangement of three arched recesses, formed by eight-inch square redwood posts. The centre one of these recesses contains a wide-mouthed clinker brick fireplace, above the opening of which is laid a heavy redwood log, that forms a shelf. This log is fastened against the brick work with iron bolts having ornamental wrought

The Country House and Its Style

iron heads. In the recesses, on either side of this fireplace, are two broad seats.

The frieze of this room is pierced by windows, three on each side, which open above the level of the main roof; thereby allowing sunlight to reach this room, during the entire time between sunrise and sunset.

Notwithstanding that this is a room sixteen feet high, with windows close to the ceiling, there is a minimum of draughts, which condition is partly due to the fact that the room stands practically in the middle of the building.

All the interior wood work is of rough hewn redwood, showing adz marks. The structural ceiling beams are exposed, being covered on top with narrow redwood boarding.

On the right of the living-room are the main bedchamber and bathroom; these have a southeast exposure. Herein also is redwood used, with the ceiling treated like that of the living-room. This same treatment is carried out in the dining-room, which opens at the opposite side of the living-room and has a southwesterly exposure. The fireplace in the dining-room is of clinker brick. These brick, by the way, are selected from those that lie closest to the fire in the brick kiln, and are consequently baked very hard and burned black in places.

Double windows open to the south and west from the dining-room.

North of this room are a hallway and butler's pantry; directly beyond, the pantry, is the kitchen, and, again, beyond that, the laundry, which stands at the northwest corner of the building. Along the north side are the servant's bath and bedroom, a guest chamber and a small back porch. On the east side of the house, between this porch and the main bathroom, is another guest chamber. In the centre are corridors and a staircase which leads to the roof. These corridors and staircase hall are lighted through a sliding skylight, placed over the stairs. The roof of the building is what is generally known as a deck roof. It is covered with heavy boarding laid over building felt, and protected by coarse canvas tacked in place, and painted with three coats of rich white lead. The entire roof is surrounded by a closed railing.

The Country House and Its Style

The purpose of the owner was to cover this deck with awnings supported by a frame work, which, when out of use, could be folded out of the way, and to use the roof as a veranda; since it is very large, it was also his idea to serve suppers there, on the occasion of lawn parties; for this latter use, a dumb waiter from the roof to the kitchen is provided.

It is evident that this general scheme has resulted in a building which is strictly peculiar to all the needs and virtues of Californian climate and building material; the fact that the building is but one story high removes part of the danger of collapse from earthquake. Covered verandas are avoided and every effort made to let the sunlight into the building, as may be noted particularly in the living-room, which continues through the roof and has windows above it. This room also has windows opening to the south, but being under the entrance porch, they seem hardly adequate.

The distinctive feature of the plan, beside its symmetry, is the grouping of its various parts. The service quarters, with the laundry and kitchen are grouped about the northwest corner, which by reason of the northwest winds, is the least desirable part of the building. These rooms, since they are most of the time provided with heat, could naturally be placed at this point of the plan with greater good results than any of the other rooms. The guest rooms are located at the northeast corner, which is, by a few degrees, more desirable than the northwest. The very important rooms of the house: namely, the living-room proper, the dining-room, and the main bedchamber, have been placed on the south, southwest and southeast sides of the building. These rooms, with this arrangement, would seem to be very nearly ideal. In the morning, a sleeper in the bedchamber is greeted by the sunlight as the sun rises. All day long, the sun shines into the living-room and, at evening, one sits at dinner in the peaceful glow of its setting.

Reverting again to the principle of locality, we may observe that this principle has been followed in this country house, not only in respect to the selection of the site, the use of local material, the respect for local necessity, the appreciation of local possibilities,

The Country House and Its Style

but also in the arrangement of the plan which definitely locates every department of the scheme at the point where local necessity demands that it should be placed.

The general construction of the building may be of little or no interest, except perhaps the fact that no plaster has been used at all. The 2-inch by 6-inch wall studding, which stand three feet on centres, are sheathed both sides with heavy sheathing. This is covered with building paper and over this paper, on the outside walls, cedar shingles are nailed. All the interior walls are covered with burlap and heavily painted canvas. The latter being used on the laundry, kitchen and bathroom walls. All redwood is finished in wax.

The roof is shingled with oil-dipped redwood, which turns a splendid deep brown color as it weathers; while the cedar shingles turn white.

The foundations are made of six-inch redwood posts, covered with asphalt and standing upright in half-barrels of concrete.

The general layout of the property, detailed plan of the house, and perspective drawing, which accompany this article, may assist the reader to a fuller appreciation of the working-out of the principle of locality attempted in the Menlo house. I would better say: the careful study of style.

GOD MADE THE COUNTRY
AND MAN MADE THE TOWN

COWPER

The Plan's the Thing

Samuel Howe

IN considering the country house problem, I have always been a firm believer in the importance of the plan. It is doubtful if anything can be compared with this vital asset of architectural prosperity. The plan holds the same relation to an architectural proposition as does Wall Street to the financial end of things.

It is first. It is the beginning of the house building problem. There is a leading spirit, a controlling center in everything. And that center in the country house problem is unquestionably the plan. Some people think otherwise, and point to the detailed elegance of delicate carvings, claiming some mystic virtue in ornament, the varying roof lines, the turreted gables, the decorated chambers, the stately entrances, the palatial ball-rooms and halls, for it has come to this nowadays in Newport and elsewhere; while others claim that some hypnotizing quality exists in the whole host of small points which go to make up the jumble, artistic and at times beautiful, which to the man of the world is known as modern architecture—that fascinating though unmeasurable mixture of art and science.

But no, the plan's the thing, and it is the plan which determines the value of the house in the eye of the professional man. The architect looks at the plan; he examines, measures, studies it again, and again. Truly he glances at the trimmings. He is not unconscious of their value, and assigns to them their proper place, but no more. He is doubtless human enough to smile at the pretties, at the color and texture of things; he is not indifferent to stone adornments; but it is the plan at which he really looks. He searches also for the axis—the center of everything—and not until he finds it does his hand feel the pulse of the scheme.

Go into any architect's office, visit the architectural department of any university here or abroad; "their projects" are exhibited first by plan. That is the first point on which rests the skilled eye of the professor—the last, or almost the last, point to attract the attention of the layman.

And as these lines are addressed to him, and as it is desirable to

The Plan's the Thing

select some definite portion of the country house problem, I have selected the plan as a subject, because it brings us face to face with the heart of things.

The actual size of the house has, of course, much to do with its cost, but the principle under discussion remains the same.

The aesthetic side of country house building is being developed gradually and has already reached the point where it is attracting considerable attention from every one who loves the country and the country house. The problem of the hour is how to build the one so as to make it take part with the other without too much sacrifice of the essential charm of either. In other words, that the country remain beautiful, that the house be comfortably ensconced, surrounded by green fences, walks, terraces and gardens.

The plan's the thing. Yet we must remember at all times that when we ask the public to consider the plan, it is almost like asking it to read a page of Sanscrit or to study the intricacies of a Chinese puzzle. They are so frequently misleading that the layman cannot understand. How many of the perspective views are corrupted by the temptation to exaggerate the scale or to produce showy advertisements of startling color! Verily, their art is not easy to illustrate.

Any skilled artist can prepare an elevation or perspective sketch which shall be effective on paper. A few have sufficient ability to make a sectional drawing, even going so far as to indicate the plumbing, lighting, heating and water supply, with a possible note on the drainage or levels; but who can lay out the plan making the most of everything, involving as it does a certain percentage of area to each varying room, studying the aspect of that room, noting its use, so placing it that it receives its portion of sunlight and a correct approach from other rooms? Or who can let loose the long constrained passion for beauty so as to make the most of the site, controlling and shaping the water courses that they run pleasantly, husbanding their strength so as to feed instead of drown vegetation, spreading into an ornamental pool large enough for a decorative "spot" and yet keeping the stream moving to avoid stagnation?

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Who can adjust the levels to form terrace lines, long sweeping, graceful and withal easy, in sympathy with the main outline of the house, without an effect which is theatrical or artificial, but which shall lead to a definite climax? Who can select materials which shall be natural to the location without being foreign to the scheme as a whole, contriving fences and entrances, simple, yet big in scale, without attracting too much attention to themselves and which shall have the quality of tying the various features together in a harmonious whole? Who can locate the trees, selecting only the right kind, centering them correctly, providing for all likely additions, picking out the plants and shrubs which look well when matured? Who can grade the road, gutters, walks, steps and borders, so that sudden rain storms do not destroy them and wash them out, providing blind drains and other arrangements to receive overflow of water-tanks? And do all this ingeniously, quietly, correctly and gracefully, without causing general friction to everybody concerned?

It is a great thing to be a house builder on your own account, working out a scheme that shall be more than an embodiment of good effects from various styles, which shall have the right relation to the view, to the sun, and to the general center of things, remembering that the soul of the house plan is its relation to the sunlight. For without the sun some portion of the day in each room, no happy hour can be spent in it.

What constitutes a good house plan? A house is not a mere collection of rooms tied together. It is not an arrangement to secure a special view of some specific landscape; it is not merely shelter from the weather and accommodation for man and beast; it is not merely an artificial creation—a sort of skeleton framework or collection of bones—first fashioned and then clothed. Nor is it a habitation on which the utmost care must be bestowed for fear of the ultimate possibilities of rebuilding from end to end. It seems much more easy to write what a good house is not, than to find words to say just what it is—in brief a good house and its plan resembles the life of a man; it is an adaptation to general conditions, an adjustment of rooms to site.

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Sir Henry Wotton, writing many years ago, says: "Every man's proper mansion house, and home, being the theatre of his hospitality, the seat of self-fruition, the comfortablest part of his own life, the noblest of his sonne's inheritance, a kind of private principedom, nay, to the possessors thereof, an epitome of the whole world, may well deserve, by these attributes, according to the degree of the master, to be decently and delightfully adorned. . . Architecture can want no commendation, where there are noble men or noble minds."

Mr. Halsey Ricardo, writing to-day, says:

"That a man be honest—honest to the heart, honest in word and deed—we do not doubt: if evidence thrust itself forward to trouble our confidence, we are in arms to rebut it, and if it deepens into proof, we will have no further to do with a man who is not as good as his word. His house must be the same. Not only honest and soundly constructed, solid and firm—it must be well planned. All the makeshifts that come from ill-planning are as mean and unworthy as the shifts of an ill-regulated mind. Evasions are always suspicious. The planning should be open, straightforward, and direct, but, like the human individuality, not wholly open or comprehensible at the first glance of an observer. There should be romance, imagination, and suggestion—something to attract one, some parts yet to be explored. In the recesses of the mind there lurk the choicest treasures of the brain, however frank the owner seems to be; so the entrance of the house should be large, smiling and debonair, giving greeting to the incomer; but one should not be able from there to rake the house fore and aft, discover the whole arrangement and estimate the apportionment. It is delicate steering between imagination real, and imagination affected. To recognize and determine the fancy that is individual, and the fancy that it imported. Such reticences as there may be must grow out of the conditions of the planning; to deliberately construct them is futile—there can be nothing permanent about them then. The house should look quiet and dignified, the masses well distributed and balanced, expressing in its way the reserve and restraint we expect in a man."

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Yes, this is very good, but where do we find the man to help us, to lead us? Can the architect accomplish all this?

The plan's the thing, let the architect and client study it together. There will always be a barrier between architect and owner, due to lack of entire confidence between them. What counts in these days is action; and when a man of action takes hold, something is accomplished. Eccentricity is often the running mate of genius and common sense requires to be added. That this quality appears quite frequently at the economic promptings of the owner goes without saying. Common sense may not be a particularly spectacular proposition when applied to house planning, but it tells in the long run, because we are a common sense public and our needs are commonplace. The craze for something pleasant to the eye is embarrassing when we overlook the logic of the situation. Drawings, block-plans, models and paraphernalia will not do everything, but they will point out a channel through which ability must be directed in order to produce the best results.

Again it is one thing to say the plan's the thing, and another to find the man capable of making the plan, or when made, to know that it is good. Where is the critic competent to judge of the merits and defects, and to prompt an alternative or to outline improvements?

This is an age of specialists. Why not accept it as such? We do not hesitate to call in for consultation physicians or lawyers, yet the least educated consider themselves amply able to pass judgment on the delicate subject of ethics and of architecture. Why not take the plans, photographs showing the lay of the land, rough clay models, together with memoranda of existing surroundings, abstract of specification, together with approximate estate, and submit the whole "layout" to the tender mercies of expert criticism? Is not this the common sense thing to do? The man of the street does this very thing piecemeal, by consulting every friend he has, too often being guided by incompetent persons and occasionally leaving the final issue to the judgment of a man or woman who examines the plans for the first time in their lives. Do we wonder at the number of ill-designed homesteads which dot the hillsides of our country?

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Again, how often is the skilled plan maker a good man to carry out the scheme? Does he not persistently, obstinately decline to adopt the stratagems, the self-sacrifice, necessary to out-manceuvre the great unsoaped, to fraternize with union and non-union workmen to carry a point or to force a concession sometimes amounting to only a few dollars, but enough to embarrass if not to endanger the happiness of much of the scheme? In this sense many of our architects are not schemers; they are more concerned with purity of style than purity of tactics.

The friendly and temporary partnership between architect and owner leads to a situation which is often extremely difficult for both. The architect, be it remembered, works in secret and in a language of his own. Many of his efforts are achieved in obscurity, influenced by facts which are not visible and which cannot well be understood by the public. Many of the best known architects can ill afford to take up country house problems at all. The sky-scraper, be it office building or apartment house, is a much more lucrative venture, frequently requiring less work and less personal study. How does the architect rule? Wherein lies the secret of his triumph? He stands between owner and contractor. He is the swing of the pendulum, adjusting blunders, dissensions, and above all the short-sighted, misplaced intrusion of the owner and his friends, well meaning, but so often aggressive and ill-advised.

Doubtless the greatest of all forces at work for the good of the cause is the architect's ability to think out things for himself and to guide rather than to follow those about him. He must have a grasp over things, tempered by a correct apprehension of the relative importance of facts, conditions to which principles are to be applied. His drawings must breathe the spirit of earnest and practical sympathy, his acts be prompt and energetic. The striking feature of his leadership is the consistency of his own ideals. To which should be added a display and daily exercise of tact, firmness and occasional touches of humor. He must decide each issue on its merits, and when considered as to what is right, ignoring all opposition, must he go ahead. Still the architect is human

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and he errs at times. In spite of his eloquence and ingenuity he is occasionally measureless in ambition, often erratic, and, while displaying dashes of real genius, is he often brilliantly dramatic yet sometimes foolish. Fevered by Oriental imagination, he disappoints, even disgusts some of his clients by his apparent disregard of their social and financial position and the natural order of their daily lives. And when the architect loses himself, the final adjustment of troublesome questions falls to the lot of the owner to equalize expenditure with revenue.

Possibly there is no more direct or pertinent method of illustrating the strength of my contention than to cite some of the recent houses built in England, sufficient illustrations of which appear before us in recent magazines to justify their placement as clever solutions of the modern country house problem, and to win the respect of the professional men throughout this country. And when I ask you to look for a moment at some of the country houses of England it is not for lack of beautiful or cleverly designed houses here in America. It is no reflection on our architects or due to any lack of skill in their conception or construction, but simply that our own people lavish too much money on their schemes. Their houses become too frequently expensive playthings, bespangled, belittled and overfed with both attention and embellishment; while the houses in England have been characterized by an exquisite simplicity, largeness, repose and wholesomeness that win all who see them. "Tighbourne Court," Witley, "Munstead Wood," Godalming, and houses like "Orchards," "Goddards," "Home-wood," also a house at Sonning for which no further name is yet given, shows every one that Mr. Edward L. Luytens is an architect of no mean ability. Mr. Halsey Ricardo, Mr. Ernest Newton are surely men of more than ordinary skill whose work is big, vigorous and manly, marked by nice proportion, extreme simplicity, pleasing outline—the work of strong, consistent men, fearless of modern criticism, who win respect by earning it, and who establish a link of sympathy between the claims of the house and the general lay of the land.

I have written at this length on the matter of site for the country

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house—gardens, terraces, and what not—the frame, so to speak, of the house, because so much depends on it. It is comparatively easy these days to secure a house of fair accommodations, exhibiting average ability and good in itself; it is also easy to lay out the garden which is “pretty.” That is not enough. What we require is so to scheme the whole property as to tie everything together. Starting from center of road running to rear fence line—even keeping an eye on the neighbors and their houses.

There are houses—often even of small dimensions—that exhibit such fulness of thought as to take possession and win us by their charm, helping us to solve the riddle of existence by adding more than creature comforts to our daily needs, which so belong to their site, being part and parcel of it—seeming to grow from the ground up—yet which would have but little interest to anyone were they removed, and set down in the larger world elsewhere.

So I say at the end, as at the beginning, study the plan, because the plan's the thing.

ORDER IS THE SANITY OF THE MIND
THE HEALTH OF THE BODY, THE PEACE
OF THE CITY, THE SECURITY OF THE
STATE. AS THE BEAMS TO A HOUSE,
AS THE BONES TO THE MICROCOSM OF
MAN, SO IS ORDER TO ALL THINGS

ROBERT SOUTHEY

A Country Residence

David Knickerbacker Boyd

THE builder of a home who seeks to impart something of his own individuality in his dwelling, finds that a long, low, two-story building is the one which is most susceptible of variation and most easily made to express his own tastes and character. The many other advantages, in convenience as well as in appearance, of the two-story form of structure are becoming widely realized, and it is to be hoped that this type will steadily grow in favor.

In the house here illustrated, the absence of dormer windows and the studied disposition of the chimneys and gables,—the latter without windows,—are effective features of the composition which would be impossible of attainment in a three-story structure.

This house is intended for a small family of unconventional requirements. Its keynote is a dignified simplicity. The interior details should harmonize with those of the exterior in being strong, vigorous and direct. Nothing extraneous should be admitted, nor should anything savoring of pretentiousness be introduced into the furnishings. The character of the inside should deepen the impression of restfulness and hospitality given by the exterior, and repeat the welcome that is conveyed by the approach to the house. For as the visitor passes through the little gate of the hedge-enclosed court, and enters the doorway under the low hood, each shadowy gable seems to beckon him, and he feels that he is penetrating into an inviting and agreeable retreat.

Within, he is ushered through an informal reception hall, on the side of which, opposite the entrance, are leaded casement sash in a partition which screens the inner precincts from view; then he passes up two steps into the spacious living-room itself. Here, everything speaks of comfort and privacy and the little nook at the back invites to rest. Its quaint, flat stone pavement, below the floor level, and its broad fireplace with seats and bookcases make it an attractive spot. Here one can lie at ease and enjoy the charming rural scenes framed by the long, low windows at the back; for it is presumed that an extended view of the surrounding

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country is commanded from the rear of the house; so, a large open terrace and rows of low silled windows are placed at the back of the hall or nook.

The orientation of the house has received careful attention. The dining-room contains a large bay window filled with small casements, which, on bright mornings, admits a flood of light. The warmest day of summer cannot deprive this room of a delightful current of air. The same may be said of nearly all portions of the house: the great desideratum, "cross-draughts," having been fully considered in the disposition of the windows, all of which are casements, filled with leaded lights of clear glass and of varying shapes; the sash in most cases being effectively clustered in groups. It is safe to say that no one of the innumerable practical features making for convenience in housekeeping and comfort in living has been slighted.

Certain features of the composition call for special comment. The gable above the entrance is used in the design as a foil to conceal the porch roof with its flat slope; such a porch being an anomaly in this style of architecture. The sketches portray the house as it should appear, and are not unduly imaginative, for, in the actual construction, all lines should be softened and all surfaces roughened and dulled in tone, in order to do away with the appearance of glaring newness. The first story is of reddish brown bricks, or of irregular field stones, or of both, intermingled, as in the chimneys, to accentuate the harmony of tone by offering the needed contrast: the stuccato notes, as it were, of the composition. The plastering between the rough-hewn timber work is white, while the timbers themselves, as well as the other wood-work, are almost black. The shingles of the roofs are of varying sizes, laid with uneven lines, and stained to give the effect of age. These component materials assembled by the hand of man cannot, however, be made to blend immediately with their surroundings, but with the aid of time, clusters of roses and hanging vines, trees and trailing arbors with their color and shade, will come to add distinction to the whole picture.

WHEN in doubt how to begin his narrative, the novelist often refers to the weather. Tragedy and grim human nature are so traditionally allied to bad weather that such accessories as thunder, lightning, moaning wind, et cetera, are made to emphasize the darker deeds of life. The crimes of the stage villain are often attended by very violent weather indeed; for the playwright knows the value of such uncanny adjuncts as a shrieking tempest and that, when properly employed, they aid him in impressing the spectator. Critics are constantly dwelling on the *atmosphere* in fiction, though not always on the merely physical kind.

Outside of fiction, the weather plays an infinite role. The landscape or marine painter cannot produce a work that does not represent some kind of weather. If it be an autumn scene, the questions arise (and possibly a little thoughtful study of the picture itself will furnish the answers) in what clime, in what month of the autumn, and in what definite locality? In short, a hundred artists each might paint a picture entitled "A Storm at Sea," no one of which would minutely resemble another, and yet all might be essentially true. Each artist would draw upon his fancy, his experience or acquired knowledge and represent some conception or remembered phases of the ocean during the progress of a storm. Marcus B. Huish, in his admirable book, *Japan and its Art*, says: "If there is one thing more than another in which Japanese artists excel, it is in the portrayal of wind, whether it be the soft breeze fluttering through the bamboo canes, or the furious typhoon raging through the trees and making everything quiver with its force."

Now in estimating Japanese art we must take into consideration not only questions of atmosphere, and the physical features of the country itself, but those of heredity, racial characteristics, religion, and the customs of the people. It also should be borne in mind that the Japanese obtained their knowledge of the graphic arts, as nearly everything else, from the Chinese. Some of these, of course, were more or less modified to suit the genius of the people. Shintoism, not in Japan itself a ritualistic religion, but the oldest established

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sacred cult in Japan, was so deep-rooted that it simply absorbed the doctrines of Confucius when they were introduced, in the third century. When, however, Buddhism found its way into the country, in the seventh century, conditions began to change. Here was a religion that took hold of the Japanese imagination, appealed to the love of pomp and display among the people. Of Buddhism, Huish remarks: "It bears a strong resemblance to Roman Catholicism, with its army of saints, its love of decoration, incense, vestments, professions, celibacy, fasting, and legends." It gave an impetus to native art which aforesaid had been sluggish and vague.

Followers of the Shinto faith inherit a sense of what Mr. Osman Edwards calls *dutiolatry*, and the reverence of ancestors and their tombs amounts to a species of fanaticism; but they do not worship graven images, like the Buddhists. Their temples are austere simple, as they are taught to be in their lives. *Per contra*, the old Buddhist temples and shrines were marvels of magnificence. No jewels were too costly for their altars, no decorations or carvings or mosaics too elaborate for their pretensions. Hence, for centuries there was a strenuous rivalry among artists to cater to Buddhist needs and ideals, with the result that Japanese art at this period was strongly tinged with a purely pagan influence.

The modern period of Japanese art begins with Nobunaga, at about 1542. Under the sway of his successor, Hideyoshi, a code of rules was formulated for the observance of the *cha-no-yu*, or tea ceremony; and an association was founded, whose members were, as Mr. W. Anderson puts it, "the critics and connoisseurs, whose dicta consecrated or condemned the labors of artist or author, and established canons of taste, to which all works to be successful in their generation, must conform." Originating seven hundred years ago, according to Professor Chamberlain, the *cha-no-yu* has not only fixed Japanese etiquette but esthetics. It is only within the last hundred years that Japanese artists could indulge in free-hand drawing, without ruining their chances of a career. Formerly, if they did not follow the rules laid down in mouldy manuals by ancient authority, they were censured and their works banned.

The employment of subjects relating to Buddhist gods and mythic

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heroes served not only to perpetuate them in the minds of the people, but to keep alive the fervor of their religion. There are too many of these *tengu* (gods) to catalogue here, but I may be permitted to name some of the more important ones—those most often depicted by native artists. Some of them were really secular divinities, so to speak, that were accepted by Buddhist priests and teachers, who wished to avoid conflict and controversy as much as possible, their policy being not literally to fight their way to supremacy, as some of the Western creeds have done, but to make concessions wherever temporal advantage would accrue to them.

Daikoku is the god of riches; *Hotei*, the spirit of goodness and kindness; *Jurojin*, the serene old god of longevity—usually represented with a white beard, mitred cap, and staff; *Tukurokujin*, the lord of popularity and wisdom; *Ebisu*, the god of plenty, chiefly of products of the sea; black-faced *Bishamon*, the god of war and force, holding his lance and miniature pagoda; *Hachiman* is another, a lesser god of war. *Benten Sama*, goddess of grace and beauty, is sometimes portrayed as playing the lute; again she is pictured as the Lady of Mercy, with an hundred hands—the better to alleviate pain and abate wrong in the world. Occasionally you see how much more humanistic is the Japanese than the Greek and Roman mythology—as in the example of *Benten Sama*. The terrible god of the winds is *Kazé-no-kami* or *Futen*. Like some of the wind gods of the Greeks, he is represented with a bag of wind on his shoulders. *Susano* (*Godzu Tenno*) is god of the tides; *Kagutsuchi*, the god of fire; *Ama-térasu*, the beautiful goddess of the sun, sister of *Susano*, with whom she had a quarrel which led to her hiding in a cave. The dancing goddess, *Okamé* or *Uzumé*, by her witching *divertissement* before the mouth of the cavern, lured the goddess out of her solitary confinement. A perfectly burnished circular steel mirror in which she saw her beauty still untouched by time or sorrow, also served to reconcile her to the world again. This pretty legend is told in more detail by several writers, including Griffis. In Ise are temples to the Sun-Goddess, which are visited by many devout pilgrims every year. *Ukemochi-no-Kami*, or *Toyouké-himé* is goddess of Plenteous Food or

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of Earth; and *Inari Sama* is the rice god. *Jizo*, the patron of travelers, the protector of pregnant women, and friend of children, is naturally a popular deity—and so on. Some sixteen hybrid personages termed *Rakan* or *Arhats* were often depicted; also, the *Rishis* or *Sennins*, who were neither spirits, genii nor divinities, but with something of the supernatural about them. Then there were the Seven Gods of Good Fortune, and mythic animals and folk lore, which figure again and again in Japanese art. I might also mention the frequent celebration of the varied prowess of the half brothers, Yoshitsumé and Yoritomo, who lived in the twelfth century. With such a pantheon of fabled worthies, it will be seen how fecund this class of art became in the course of time.

But a revolution in public taste was brought about in the eighteenth century. Hokusai was one of its supreme masters and his most notable competitor perhaps was Sosen, the famous monkey painter. In one of his last letters Hokusai wrote: "If it be possible to carve or paint in the other world, I shall not fail to do so where no one becomes old." This bit of unconscious humor, written when he was eighty-nine years old, expresses the aspiration, the eternal longing of all men who consecrate their lives to art. Hokusai was not fully satisfied with his work, highly as it was admired by others. He wanted to live long enough to achieve a masterpiece which he himself could feel was without a flaw. But this was not to be—he died in 1849. The most prolific book illustrator and engraver of his time and race, he left *One Hundred Views of Fuji*, and scores of clever sketches and paintings, many of which are now in Paris, London and New York. He was all the rage in feudal Yeddo, where his New Year's cards, each with a unique cartoon or bit of landscape, were eagerly bought and kept as family heirlooms. It was Hokusai who first broke away from the old methods of drawing on a surface ruled off in squares; it was he who did so much to emancipate the art of his country from austere conventions. Like most of his people, he had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and in much of his work he let his humorous fancy have full play. He was not afraid to poke fun at the august gods themselves, making them comically hideous and giving them the most absurd postures

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and grimaces. In this way he relieved superstition of some of its terrors, and soon many artistic imitators ventured into similar modes of caricature of these sacred themes.

The Japanese formerly were not wont to regard painting as a distinct vocation by itself, but as a branch of decorative art. Some writers, however, have divided Japanese painting into five schools, representing different periods, from the sixth century. The Shinto, or Naturalistic, was founded by Okio, and dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. Okio copied nature with graceful realism, using washes and quiet tones and outlines in preference to strong body colors and sharp edges. Among the most noted of this school were Sosen, Hôyen, Gantai, Yosai, Zeshin, Ganku, Ippo, Yusei and Kuburo. One authority (Huish, that whom there is no better) asserts that the paintings of the old Japanese masters which now command the highest prices, are those of Kasan, Hoitsu, Chiuзан, Buncho, Tanyu, Tsunenobu, Yosai and Zeshin. Many other artists of the old schools, including bronze workers, carvers in wood, ivory and stone, enamellists, lacquerers, and engravers in metals, occur to me, but mention of them would scarcely illuminate the subject without going into details of their individual work.

But special attention belongs to the genius of Kyosai, who died some twelve years ago. Mrs. Hugh Fraser, in her delightful Letters from Japan, states that Kyosai at nine "captured the severed head of a drowned man from a swollen river, and brought it home to study in secret, as any other child would treasure a toy or a sweetmeat. The horror was discovered by his family, and he was ordered to take the grisly thing back to the stream and throw it in. Reluctantly the little boy trudged back to the river bank, the poor head in his arms; but before he threw it away, he spent long hours, sitting on the ground, copying every line of the awful countenance." Other curious stories are told of his early passion for drawing and of the many ways in which he justified his later reputation as one of the greatest artists Japan has produced.

To-day Japan has art schools of her own. She no longer has to send promising students to the academic, realistic and impressionist schools in Europe. Many, however, go on their own account.

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But there is a conservative faction in Japan which would keep her art in the old grooves and not assimilate foreign methods and principles. It sturdily contends against the progressive coterie who wish to abandon entirely the old calligraphic system, the brush held at arms-length, and to adopt foreign colors, canvas, pencils, brushes and paraphernalia. Foreign influence has created a new school of Japanese art, in which such men as Yeto have been received with considerable favor in England and the United States. There is room, if not a need, for these two schools. Certainly for many years to come, purely native art will not cease to flourish. And in the meantime, we who attempt to judge it from an impartial point of view, should remember the sweeping contrasts between Japan's civilization and our own.

By giving a brief running account of certain every-day customs and usages in Japan, the contrasts will be obvious enough. For instance: fatness is admired in Japan; weddings are celebrated at night; the husband and wife do not eat together, as a rule; kissing and shaking hands are practically unknown. A wave of the right-hand palm downward is their mode of flirtation. I have seen, by the way, an old Irish woman, who wished to be coquettish, make a similar gesture and say, "Och! go long wid yez!" Japanese carpenters pull the plane towards them; the threads of their screws turn to the left; their keys turn inward; small children are strapped on the backs of larger ones and so carried about; the Japanese sit down before distinguished men, in token of respect; they remove their shoes when they enter a house; their books begin at the right, and their footnotes are placed at the top of the page; they write vertically down a sheet of paper; their color for mourning is white; the best rooms in their houses are in the rear; they mount their horses from the right; they back a horse in a stall and hitch him in the front—and so these opposite ways of doing things might be continued to a sizable volume's length. Another detail of difference, with which we are more immediately concerned here, lies in the fact that Japanese artists shade downward, while we shade upward. Now, does it stand to reason that, if in nearly everything their processes are antipodal to our own, they should

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produce the same kind of paintings we admire? Certainly not. And at this point, it may be frankly admitted that the adoption by the Japanese ladies of European dress has not improved their shapeliness. They appear to better advantage in their natural garb—the charming *kimono*. Western toilettes give them a dowdy, bizarre, slatternly appearance, in most cases; and I am inclined to believe that, sooner or later, there will be a revival of their former dress among Japanese women.

Occasionally you see in the modern pictures of Japanese artists a wonderful piece of perspective. But their ideas of proportion and ours are quite at variance. They do not go in for classic Greek symmetry. As I have said, occidental influences are betrayed here and there, though certainly not in dry point etching; for nearly all we know about that we have learned from the Japanese. In the use of colors they sometimes seem to violate the semblance of nature, yet seldom fail in being effective and artistic. In not following the tenets of conventional painters of the West, they have the authority of no less a master colorist than Turner, whom Ruskin ranked above all other English handlers of the brush; for Turner did not always copy the tints of nature as they appear to the average human eye.

Professor Chamberlain says: "In the days before Japanese art became known to Europe, people then used to consider it essential to have the patterns on plates, cushions, and etc., arranged with geometrical accuracy. If on the right hand there was a Cupid looking to the left, then on the left there must be a Cupid of exactly the same size looking to the right, and the chief feature of the design was invariably in the exact center. The Japanese artisan-artists have shown us that this *mechanical symmetry does not make for beauty*. They have taught us the charm of irregularity, and if the world owe them but this one lesson, Japan may yet be proud of what she has accomplished."

It has been pointed out by several writers, among them Mr. Henry T. Finck, that the Japanese have produced no great examples in the nude. For centuries they have ignored their countless opportunities to study, for artistic uses, the nude in all its unconscious grace

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and beauty. They exploit, with rare skill, Fujiyama, Nikko shrines and scenery, storks, dragons, fishes (some of our American artists, who have been in Japan, say that the native painters portray the finny tribes better than all else), birds, flowers, etc., but leave the art of the nude to the Western nations.

Their position in this matter is not very strange, when we apply our own common sense to it. Several reasons account for the fact that Japanese of the rank and file used to have no scruples about being seen in a nude or a semi-nude state. One was the excessive heat in summer, which made garments an additional discomfort. Within the last few years, we have seen in this country a sensible effort on the part of shirt-waist men to keep cool in sweltering weather, when perspiration, lassitude, and nervous ennui have it all their own way. Now, these little people of Hondo were as unconscious of evil in the exposure of their person as the primitive savage. They were as free from incontinent thoughts in thus seeing each other as the clean-minded animals of the forest. But to them the *décolletée* gown and the scanty bathing suit of the foreigner seemed suggestive and vulgar, and do still among many of them. To paint a nude woman would seem to a Japanese artist a sacrilege—not to the woman—but to his vocation; to his mind, it would be pandering to sensuous passion, and can it be doubted that such is the effect of art in the nude on many weak and salacious minds? Another thing: he has been taught by his religion that the human body is a vile carcass of no worth, a frail and corrupt mass, which is only destined to rot and waste away. Why then should it be glorified? he argues.

Lafcadio Hearn says that old Japan made morality instinctive. However that may have been, the female peasant, stripped to the waist, may look up from her daily drudgery and justly say, in effect, to the leering tourist, *honi soit qui mal y pense*. But suppose she were beautiful and equally free to show her charms as a model for money? Then, by all the traditions of her country, she would be committing a crime and disgracing herself. But in the rice fields or the tea fields, with no more on than Mother Eve herself wore, the Japanese woman could be and still can be as innocent morally as a

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young fawn. What we call indecency is to her a simple matter of convenience and relief from the discomforts of a very high temperature. More than a generation ago, when he was the English ambassador to Japan, Sir Rutherford Alcock said: "Where there is no sense of immodesty, no consciousness of wrong-doing, there is, or may be, a like absence of depraved feeling."

The historian Black also remarks, anent those working people who went abroad with only a loin cloth: "No Japanese ever saw any impropriety in it until we pointed it out to them. And they altered it to please us." Miss Bacon has argued the case very cogently, in the following words: "According to the Japanese standard, any exposure of the person that is merely incidental to health, cleanliness, or convenience, in doing necessary work, is perfectly modest and allowable; but an exposure, no matter how slight, that is simply for show, is in the highest degree indelicate." Nudity then in its practical relations to bathing, working, health and convenience is a matter of absolute indifference to them.

Satan has helped the highly civilized man to spur his jaded nature by suggestion—the low-cut gown, the bare voluptuous arm, the skirt dance and many other saltatorial performances which aim to tempt man across the border of his own self-respect. But there is nothing sirenic in the géisha dances; they are quite innocuous; and those who look for Carmencitas among the géishas of Japan are doomed to disappointment. They will come back home saying that the *No* dances are stupid, and the *Kiogen* anything but comic. The Japanese have a quick apprehension of the dramatic in their renderings of life. Like children, they love to make believe and pretend things. But they also have a dominant sense of the ridiculous, which the popular artists cultivate. Hence they are no more successful as portrait painters than as painters of the nude.

To give a faithful representation of the human face divine, according to our canons, is not an impossibility to them, but is outside of their *métier* and temperament. Indeed they have not done the women of their race justice on canvas; and I quite agree with Herr Rein that "in reality, the female sex is more beautiful than the ideal of their native artists." The Japanese artist will see to it that his

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ladies have long noses; for it is a notion among the race that to possess a long nose is aristocratic—a badge of good blood and high birth. In this respect, they envy Caucasians—their own noses usually being short and stubby.

We have learned not to look for photographic or mechanical accuracy in the best portraits. What we expect in them is some glimpse of the sitter's soul, some revelation of the real character, as interpreted by the clairvoyant genius of the artist. Now the Japanese go into psychology in their work with the brush, but it is the psychology of action, violence; in other words, it is dramatic. They are among the original symbolists, I fancy. They give us stories, legends, parables and apologues in color—rich in hints of creative power, though to a Whistler or a Sargent out of drawing and hopelessly commonplace in composition. In the words of Sir Edwin Arnold, "the people have the nature rather of birds or butterflies than of ordinary human beings."

Is it because they are not altogether spoiled by the sham refinements of modern society, because they are closer to the primal heart of life, that fauna of all kinds from mice to whales are so well depicted by them? And so definitive is the work of the masters that they have no noteworthy successors. The proverb, of Chinese origin, "there is no seed to a great man," Doctor Griffis says has been exemplified time and again in the history of Japan. One exception is Danjiro, the great actor, who is the seventh, some erroneously say the eighth, of that name and profession in succession.

As miniaturists, ivory-carvers, and in very delicate work the Japanese have shown the most exquisite skill. They have thoroughly imbibed the Chinese love of figures and precision. Even to-day a finely-executed piece of calligraphy is valued higher by them than only a fairly good painting. Here the mathematical nicety of the Japanese mind asserts itself. A perfect specimen of an engraved signature of a famous man, on metal-work, lacquer or porcelain, has to them the merit which we attach to a supremely wrought canvas. But more and more they are studying and translating nature. Look at their paintings on tapestry and silk, lacquer and fine earthenware; their marvelous embroideries, their mosaic

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triumphs in *cloisonné*, their handling of colored illustrations in *éditions de luxe!*

It is not to be denied that Walt Whitman could have written his lines in rhyme, had he so wished and willed; but think how much strength of expression would have been lost, how much individuality! So the Japanese artist could draw as accurately as we, were he to receive the kind of training Americans and Europeans have; but what would he lose? His work would not glow with those drastic personal touches; in short, he would be like ten thousand other men whose superb talents are warped and shackled by rules and the cant of the schools. But then if he is strong enough, he will be independent in striking out for himself and producing something in genre or impressionist work intrinsically worthy of warm praise.

In glyptic art the Japanese have reached more harmony and correctness than in painting and in managing *chiaroscuro* effects. Mr. Theodore Wores pronounces the anatomy of some of their sculpture to be quite beyond criticism. Xylography among them has made great strides. The range of subjects of contemporary Japanese art is very wide, including every conceivable phase of their life. For instance, they paint the *Hina Matsura*, or Feast of Dolls, the little girls' gala time, during the first week of March. The corresponding holiday for the small boys is on the fifth of May. It is made symbolic with heroic toys—to inspire in the youth courage and patriotism. The sign of this festival is a tall pole surmounted with an open basket-work ball from which hang cloth or paper effigies (very natural they look, too) of *nobori* or carp, one of the strongest fish—famous for its ability to stem swift currents, to mount waterfalls and to attain a great age. Variations of this sign are extended sometimes to a school of flying carp on a group of poles on which the fishes are so arranged that their fins wag and give them a motion as of swimming.

Almost countless are the subjects of the Japanese brush: pedlars, jugglers, professional story tellers, scenes from popular plays, monsters of the deep, goblins, demons, flower fêtes, lotus ponds, pergolas of wistaria, patches of iris, tea house dinners, jinrikishas, coolies,

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boating parties, géishas, priests, blind shampooers, peasants, artisans, family life, and so on *ad finem*. What native art is capable of becoming under Western influences it is scarcely safe to predict. There are many who believe the national spirit will keep Japanese art from falling into mongrelism. And in that view the writer is quite willing to share.

[The explanations made by Mr. Mead regarding the pictures accompanying his article are so full of interest that it has been thought best here to give them in full. The figures used refer to the plates which will be found among the illustrations printed in the fore part of the present number of *The Craftsman*.

—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

No. 1: Interior of the Kiyomidzu Temple, built on a hill overlooking Kyoto. One side is supported by trestle-work, about sixty feet in height. Formerly, despairing lovers were wont to hurl themselves over the railing. But when several tragic deaths had occurred, the Government wisely placed a large net beneath the spot, in which to receive the falling bodies, and, thereafter, no more suicides were attempted. The sacred and votive paintings seen upon the walls were presented by famous native artists and are now old and warped. They are further disfigured by balls of chewed paper which are thrown on them by fanatical pilgrims. In the room beyond the door, on the left, are many bronze and wooden idols, and stationed there, also, are several priests who sell fortunes on printed slips, by a method that is really a game of chance.

No. 2: Assembly room in the Hongwanji Temple, Kyoto. Painting, carving and gilding are its chief artistic features. The floor is covered with *tatami*: that is, straw mats, three by six feet in dimension and bound neatly with a wide, dark blue braid. The pictures were executed by celebrated artists of the country.

No. 3: Bronze bell at the entrance of a Shinto temple at Nikko. It may be rung by any visitor who will pay a small fee to the attendant priest, and it is supposed to call the attention of the gods to the prayers offered by the ringer.

The Fatal Hand—Concluded

From the French
Translated by Irene Sargent

Every day the visits of Muguette grew more frequent. Her skill in finding new pretexts to realize her artistic fancies was remarkable. One morning she arrived, holding in her apron a small white kitten as agile as a squirrel; it pleased the mother of the sculptor by its grace in tangling her skeins of wool, and she asked it freely of Muguette. The sly girl, who had foreseen this request, replied, keeping back her secret thought:

"I would willingly give it to you, but its mother, which it still nursed last week, would mourn for it."

"That is a pity," sighed Madame Catherine.

"We might arrange it, after all," resumed Muguette. "Although these animals are very knowing, they can be deceived. If Monsieur Maurice would only make a figure of the little kitten, we could place it on the mantel, and the mother cat, seeing it always there, would not be anxious any more."

The good woman approved this idea, at which Maurice shrugged his shoulders, but, that same evening, a figure of a little cat, playful and slender, rolling a ball of yarn, became the property of Muguette.

Madame Catherine grew more and more attached to the young girl, as her health, which had been so robust during her farm life, declined from day to day. She scarcely left her cottage, and her conversations with Maurice, grown much less frequent, were often impressed with sadness. The Vercingetorix advanced slowly, because the artist was not always satisfied with himself: at times even, he threw damp linen about his great figure, as if he desired to hide it beneath a winding sheet.

Long intervals elapsed between the visits of Aurèle to Barbizon, and even when he came, the bird-painter seemed to enjoy himself more at the farm than in the studio of his friends. He had close conferences with Muguette, and sometimes, at his departure for Fontainebleau, he carried voluminous packages. Arrived in Paris, he procured a pine box upon which he wrote *fragile*, and which he invariably addressed to Joseph Sèmegrain, now his friend and zealous protector. One afternoon, when Maurice was struggling against a rebellious curl on the forehead of his hero, Muguette,

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seated near Madame Catherine occupied in knitting, looked up from a portfolio of engravings whose leaves she was mechanically turning, to utter an exclamation of joy and admiration.

"Oh," answered the artist, turning from his work, "may we know the cause of this joy?"

"A picture, my dear godfather. It represents a little girl of my own age, dressed in white, with a kerchief crossed at the throat, daisies in her hair, flowers in the folds of her apron, and, what pleases me most, she carries a jug upon her arm."

"I know," said Maurice, "that is 'The Broken Pitcher,' by Greuze," and brusquely throwing aside his modeling-tool, he murmured: "Oh, that obstinate curl! It will never, never obey me." Then, resuming the conversation, the artist asked:

"What do you admire so much in the broken pitcher that the little girl carries on her arm?"

"Oh, because it has something which reminds me of an awkward, unfortunate friend of yours."

"In truth," observed Maurice, approaching Muguette in order to examine the engraving, "the girl does slightly resemble you."

"I only need the jug. How I want one! But not broken at first, because everything comes at the proper time. I should feel great pride in going to the fountain with a jug coming from your hand, shaped like that. Only, its body and neck might be more slender, with ivy leaves twined in a garland about it; and instead of a handle plain like that, we might have a large adder, such as one finds in the forest, and its head could form a spout."

Having said all this in an insinuating, caressing tone, Muguette raised her head and fixed upon Maurice a coaxing glance, so imploring and adroit that it could not pass unheeded.

"If I could be persuaded again to accept one of your singular commissions, how long would it take for your jug to become the Broken Pitcher?"

"That I don't know," modestly replied Muguette, "but you may be sure that when the misfortune shall happen, I shall tell you."

Whether the idea of the charming suppliant seemed original to him, or the resistance of the rebellious lock of Vercingetorix made

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him turn willingly to other things, Maurice began to model a large vase rising from a tangle of ivy, with a darting adder in the midst, forming at once handle and spout: the whole executed as conceived by Muguette.

When, on the evening of the same day, the goddaughter of Maurice returned to learn the state of advancement of her commission, Maurice said in a gruff tone, as he showed her his finished work:

"Take that away, this instant, and never ask me for anything more! You will end by making me a potter of vile clay."

"I beg your pardon, dear godfather, there is no vile trade. Beside, I saw at the porcelain factory a large dish on which there were vipers creeping, in the midst of plants and shells, and M. Jacob told me that it was worth a plate of solid gold. It appears that the workman who made these dishes for the kings of France is still famous throughout the world, and since his time, I am sure, there have been many sculptors and painters who have neither name nor fame."

"I repeat, don't ask anything more!" said Maurice to Muguette, as he gave her the pitcher *to be broken*.

In spite of this warning, the inventive girl did not fail, at each new inspiration, to picture her ideas to the artist, and to besiege him, until weary of warfare, he put them into execution. One day, furious at having allowed himself again to be turned aside from his great figure, he sought Muguette in her cottage to tell her firmly:

"If you can not come to my studio except to make me use my clay for fashioning household utensils, I beg that you will henceforth deprive me of your visits."

He paused, having spoken these few words, astonished to find the cupboards and dressers bare of the small objects which he had modeled for Muguette.

"Where in the world," said he, at last, "do you keep your collection of models?"

The girl dropped her eyes with a confused manner, and replied, pointing to her left hand: "There is my enemy!"

"I understand all that, for the milk-jug, the soup-tureen, the large pitcher, . . . but the little white cat . . . you had no occasion to

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use it; therefore, it is not probable that this innocent victim could have been included in the general massacre."

"The little white cat was gray with dust . . . I tried to clean it, and . . . cra! . . . the darling fell to the floor. I felt so grieved that I did not even try to save the broken pieces."

She absented herself a moment, and returned bringing a pair of ruffled pigeons.

"I promised these yesterday to Madame Catherine," said she; "it will please her to receive them so early in the morning."

"Give them to me, Mademoiselle Break-All," replied Maurice, affecting an air of bad humor, which his smile contradicted; "if you were to carry them yourself, you would very likely kill them."

"Remember," said Muguette, as she left Maurice at the gate of the farm, "remember that if I have the fatal hand, I use it with good intention. You will one day do me justice."

V

THE TRIAL

The statue of Vercingetorix was sufficiently advanced to be judged artistically, and consequently to show its commercial value. The artist, spurred by the necessity of providing for household expenses, and free from the doubts which had often beset him, proclaimed his coming success in presence of his mother and her neighbors. The latter encouraged Madame Catherine in her hopes: the elder woman in good faith, and Muguette, out of pity for the weakened health of the self-deceived mother. As for the summer residents of Barbizon, for the most part painters, who had no reason for saddening a pleasant companion,—especially as he was not a competitor,—they made no effort to destroy his illusions. "The jury will do that," they reasoned.

In spite of the economy of Madame Catherine, who was furthermore aided by daily gifts from the farm, the thousand francs lent by Aurèle were nearly spent. Therefore, the poor mother saw with horror approach the moment when she would be forced to confess the truth to her son. Anxious and a prey to conflicting

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emotions, she fell into a slow fever. And as she knew only too well the cause of her illness, she did not call a physician, but devoted all her strength to conceal her condition of suffering. Meanwhile, Muguette perceived her grief and understood her action. The artist, touched by the attentions lavished upon his mother, was not ungrateful toward the girl. Although he knew the end reserved by the fatal hand for his small creations, no week passed unmarked by a gift to his goddaughter of a terra-cotta piece, modeled with grace and spirit, and representing some scene in the life of the smaller creatures of the earth, among species of birds, insects or reptiles. He, indeed, ended by loving his labor, and he observed, but without pride, the progress that he was making in the application of his skill to humble objects. As a return, the chickens of the farm emigrated to the poultry-yard of Madame Catherine, and, consequently, fresh eggs came in abundance to the table of the artist without forcing him to account too strictly for the arrangements between his mother and Muguette. As he vaguely felt under obligations to his young neighbor, she had no longer any reason for asking favors. Unsolicited, he gave her cups and vases, which Muguette carried away with the feverish haste of a miser who has just seized a treasure.

After a long interval, the bird-painter reappeared at Barbizon, but for a day only. When Maurice received him, he dared not question him concerning the work of sculpture which was to decide his future. But he confessed to him that if he failed in the struggle, he should never recover from his grief. He added that, as a climax of grief, and at a time when the decisive moment was still so distant, his mother had told him that before the end of the week the thousand francs would be exhausted.

"Reassure your mother, and do not be anxious yourself!" replied his friend; "in order to provide for your present needs it will be necessary only for you to be the day after to-morrow, at three o'clock in the afternoon, in the *rue Lepelletier*, in the neighborhood of a curio-shop which has for its sign: '*A la Renaissance.*'"

On the morning of the day but one following, Maurice left Barbizon. He entered the *rue Lepelletier* at half after two o'clock, and

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began to stroll up and down, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the bird-painter. Weary of passing and re-passing before the shop-window of the curio-merchant, he stopped, half with the intent to kill time, half actuated by curiosity, and began to study in detail the objects there shown. He found old yellow ivories, dating from the fifteenth century, rare Limoges enamels in gray-blue faïence, authentically marked with the cipher of Henry Second and Diana of Poitiers, Chinese chessboards graven with infinite pains; here, great platters of Rouen faïence large enough for shields; there, minute boxes of ivory, studded with copper-inlay; then, porcelains of the "Vase family," with gold reliefs. All these precious things stood in friendly confusion behind the glass front. The age of the objects gave to them that delicate bloom called *patine*, which no artifice can impart and which is the record of the flight of years. The glance of Maurice, wandering hither and thither, fixed itself suddenly on a terra-cotta vase composed of fern leaves, around which twined a lizard modeled from life. Maurice had a dim remembrance of the object. He seemed to see Muguette, on a bright morning, entering his studio, carrying mushrooms in similar leaves, which, encircled by a tame lizard, formed a natural basket. Nevertheless, he hesitated to establish such an identity. What likelihood was there that the vase modeled by him should be exhibited in this shop? Beside, had it not been broken? Maurice recalled the details of the accident: the story of the caprices of Blackey, hard of hoof and high of horn. Decidedly, the artist was dreaming. As he was trying to discover in the vase the marks of his modeling-tool, his eye chanced to fall upon a sort of amphora, formed by placing one upon another three leaves of a meadow plant. The shape and the choice of the species were quite original enough to awaken still another remembrance in the artist's mind. He felt that he must probe the mystery. Still enough time remained before the arrival of his friend for him to question the merchant regarding the source of the objects which reminded him of Muguette's fanciful creations. He turned the copper knob of the merchant's shop-door: at the sound of the annunciator, there was a responsive movement upon the upper floor, and immediately a little old man descended the spiral stair-case.

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"I beg pardon, sir," said Maurice to him with a suppressed feeling which was only too apparent, "can you tell me who is the artist of the two terra-cotta vases in your window?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the merchant. "I never take advantage of youthful genius, and try to conceal the personality of an artist in order to profit by his work. Since these vases please you, examine them at your leisure," continued he, drawing them from the window, in order to place them within reach of Maurice. "It palpitates with life like the work of Bernard Palissy. The artist has done nothing better."

"The artist?" replied Maurice; "he must have a reputation. I don't see his signature."

"It is there, on this stem . . . a simple monogram; like the masters."

Maurice saw an M and an L, at the point indicated by the merchant. "I remember now; I am certain," slowly reasoned Muguette's godfather: "M. L.: Maurice Leroy, but how could it get here?" He interrupted his aside, and again addressing the merchant:

"These initials signify . . . ?"

"That the terra-cottas are the work of Mario Latini, an artist whom I have, so to speak, created and formed, and who is, I am certain entering upon a fine career."

"And what is the valuation of these vases?"

"Separately, they are worth five hundred francs, taken together, I will consent to give them to you at the same price, but only on condition that you will become my patron."

"Permit me one question," resumed Maurice, struggling with a remembrance which falsified the apparent sincerity of the merchant; "frankly, do you know this Mario Latini?"

"Certainly, I have good reason to know him: we have frequent relations with each other."

To show doubt after a similar reply would have been impolite. Maurice did not persist in his inquiries; but, thinking of his mother impoverished by the sacrifices which she had made for him, and of the high price placed by the merchant on the work which he felt himself capable of executing for a pastime, he continued:

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"These vases interest me, especially because I devote myself to sculpture. I am quite successful enough to produce models at least as good and as valuable as these. If I should submit some to you, how much would you offer me for them, in case they pleased you?" "Models for objects such as these?" said the merchant, "I could probably take them at thirty francs each."

The artist stifled his indignation.

The merchant continued: "I assume in speaking thus that you are not known; I pay large prices for the work of Mario Latini, because he is almost celebrated. If you doubt his commercial worth, go to the *Salle Drouot*, on the fifteenth of March. There is to be a sale of terra-cottas, and if you should care to profit by this rare occasion, I counsel you to line your purse well, for competition will be strong."

At that moment an old clock struck three. Maurice remembered his appointment, stammered an excuse to the merchant for having delayed him, took a hasty leave and left the shop. A moment later he came upon Aurèle.

"You will pardon me for having made an appointment with you in the open street," said the painter. "But when time presses, one must economize it. I am about to deal with your affairs and mine at the same time. Tell me your needs. What sum do you require?"

"But," replied Maurice, hesitating, "it is not for me to fix the sum. I am as bold as I dare to be when I say: 'Advance me what you can.'"

"That is no answer. Speak, without fear of being indiscreet! The money that I shall give you now will not burden my accounts."

"Your affairs are very prosperous then?"

"Moderately so; my birds have families. But we will speak of that later. Wait here for me a moment!" said Aurèle, advancing toward the shop-door of the curio merchant.

"You know that dealer?" asked Maurice.

"Certainly. He is my banker, a benefactor of artists. He has given me his friendship, and, as it is a pleasure for him to make me earn money, I try to make him happy as often as possible."

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Aurèle entered the shop, appeared to speak privately with the merchant for a few seconds, received from him a package of little white papers of a pleasing appearance, and gaily thrust the roll into his pocket.

When the bird-painter was again in the street with his friend, he put the notes into his hand and added: "You must give me the remainder of your day: we will dine together, and then, to-night, you can return to your hermitage, where to-morrow you will be ready to begin new studies."

During the dinner, enlivened by the sherry and the thought of the bank notes that swelled his portfolio, the sculptor recovered something of his old vivacity. But at times he seemed troubled by an insistent idea which he dared not communicate to Aurèle.

"What is it that troubles you?" asked the painter, surprised by his friend's recurring moments of silence.

"Do you believe in illusions?" resumed Maurice.

"Not fully. But still one can not deny their existence, since there are people who pretend to have them."

"I am one of that class," cried Maurice. And without further explanation, he continued in a tone of interrogation: "Do you believe, that at the sight of a work of art one can lose the sense of reality to the point of affirming that one is the author of that work, even though it be signed with a name other than one's own, and, in spite of the fact that the true author exists? Do you believe in the *doubles* of genius? Do you believe that at the sight of a group, of a statuette, of a vase to which it is affirmed that I am a stranger, my false conviction can deceive me so grossly that I feel myself authorized to say: 'That is my work?' Would not such a claim be clearly the act of a madman? I am not insane, and yet I have been on the point of committing that rash act in seeing a collection of terra-cottas in the window of the curio-shop where you went to speak with the merchant."

"I understand," replied Aurèle. "You mean the work of Mario Latini."

"Do you know him?"

"As well as I do you."

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At this name, which confirmed the testimony given by the shopkeeper, Maurice passed his hand several times across his forehead, as if to drive away what he called an hallucination. Then, he continued: "Let us speak no more of it. If I should persist in thinking of it, I should fear for my reason, and I do not wish to take home with me any sad impression; above all, this day when, thanks to you, I have the assurance of being able to finish my great work. In two months it will be finished, and the jury will have, by that time, perhaps, awarded me a first-class medal.

"I have nothing to say about the medal," said Aurèle, smiling; "but I am sure that, if you wish, in two months you will be on the path toward riches and fame."

VI

THE AUCTION HALL

When Maurice returned to Barbizon, he found Muguette in attendance upon Madame Catherine, who, since mid-day, had suffered from a violent fever. The mother, after fifteen years of constant devotion and sacrifice, had reached that weariness of mind and body which does not allow even the strength or the will to hope. The thought that Maurice was reduced to borrow for the second time, was her principal grief.

She did not question what would become of her if the artist, justly condemned or misunderstood, should see his future ruined on the day of the contest. She only asked herself if the consolations and effectual succor of friendship would have power strong enough to save him from the temptations of despair. All these problems, unhappily incapable of solution, working at once in the mind and heart of the poor woman, weakened her with startling rapidity; so that Muguette, on one of her visits, which she took care to make several times daily, found her lying on her bed, shaken with chills and alarmingly pale. Muguette having brewed for her a cup of herb tea, ran to the farm to beg her mother that she might install herself as nurse to the invalid. This permission she easily obtained, and with it the gift of a chicken, of which to make broth for her patient.

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Seated at the bedside of Madame Catherine, the girl, while plying her knitting needles industriously, talked softly to the sad, exhausted mother, and sought to revive her courage by means of affectionate words.

"My child," finally exclaimed the poor mother, unable longer to restrain the expression of her doubts, "you constantly tell me that Maurice has a future! Are you sincere in saying this?"

"As to that, I am sure," replied Muguette, "and such is not my opinion only, but that of my uncle Sèmegrain, a noted connoisseur, one who has made a fortune simply in judging and appraising the works of sculptors and painters."

"He must have seen Maurice's statue then?"

Muguette blushed and stammered; then her natural sincerity and the need of giving consolation to the invalid gaining supremacy, she frankly confessed the indiscretion that she had committed with the design of learning the opinion of the expert upon the work of the artist.

"So," questioned the mother, suddenly regaining animation, "his opinion was favorable?"

The girl was about to pursue her confidence, but was interrupted by the return of Maurice; she therefore contented herself with replying in a whisper, and leaning over Madame Catherine:

"My uncle, who is always right in his judgments, has assured me that your son has only to wish, in order to become a rich and famous man."

Three weeks passed, during which Maurice was forced to divide his time between work in his studio and the duties occasioned by the alarming condition of his mother. Meanwhile, the term granted to the artists for the presentation of their works for the annual Salon was approaching its extreme limit. It became urgent to mold the Vercingetorix. Maurice wrote to Aurèle to beg him to send him, with the plaster necessary for molding, two skilful Italian workmen, whom he designated, and in whom alone he had full confidence. Aurèle replied that these men, overburdened by orders, refused to leave the city; but that the sculptor could be put into communication with others, if he would consent to visit Paris and treat with them in person.

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"Come to my rooms to-morrow, March 15," wrote the painter, in ending his letter: "having arranged your business affairs, you can, in the afternoon, attend a sale which can not be otherwise than interesting to you."

The date indicated reminded him that the same sale had been mentioned during his interview with the curio merchant of the *rue Lepelletier*. The necessity of securing, without delay, the services of the cast-makers, decided Maurice to confide his mother to the already tried guardianship of Muguette, and the following morning he arrived at Aurèle's rooms, receiving the most gracious welcome and a command rather than an invitation to remain the whole day.

"The whole day, that is impossible," demurred Maurice.

"There is nothing impossible except a refusal from you. The occasion is so important for me. I have a *first representation*, my dear boy! That surprises you, and very naturally. I have until now concealed my secret. You have believed me to be a simple painter; I am, beside, a dramatic writer, author of a comedy which is to be played to-day."

"And what is the name of your comedy?"

"The Auction Hall. That I consider a fine title, but I did not devise it alone. I had two assistants."

"I hope that you have reserved an orchestra chair for me?"

"Certainly. You figure in the *dénouement*. You understand, dear friend, that an artist can represent to advantage only the men of his own species. Now, you are a type, without suspecting yourself to be such, and I have taken the liberty of setting you in action."

During the breakfast to which Aurèle invited his friend, the comedy of the bird painter was discussed, and the latter drew the conversation to the sale which was to occur that very day.

"If you wish to come, Maurice, you will see a collection of terracottas that are truly remarkable."

"Yes, I know; from the studio of M. Latini, are they not? Of course I will go; for I wish to assure myself . . ."

"Of what? Of the existence of a sculptor who signs the same initials as you? I have already told you that your double as a

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sculptor is my friend. To-night, I will answer for it, you and he will be on the best of terms. Mario is a frank, honest fellow, who loves Nature and renders it with truth and force. He, too, could make great ugly statues before which the indifferent throngs would pass without a glance. But he prefers to attach his name to little masterpieces which, although not sufficiently prized by him, nevertheless attract and charm true connoisseurs, because they recognize the deep sentiment of art and the originality of talent which they represent."

"I understand," replied Maurice, bitterly; "your praise of Mario is an indirect censure of me."

"You will yourself be the judge, and that directly. Come, it is time to go to the Auction Hall, if we wish to be there at the first stroke of the auctioneer's ivory gavel!"

Aurèle took the arm of Maurice and led the way to the *rue Drouot*. A great number of carriages stood ranged in line in the street. Elegant women, club men, distinguished artists, conversed with one another in animated tones while ascending the broad flight of steps to enter the well-known hall, number two. The appearance of the merchants was not that of the ordinary curio shopmen. Only the grandees of the trade had assembled. They stormed the hall and took the reserved seats by assault. To reach these latter it was necessary to leap over rows of benches, an act which was accomplished with difficulty by the bird-painter and the still unknown sculptor of the ignored Vercingetorix.

"Do you think," queried the latter, "that your friend Latini will be present at the sale?"

"There is no doubt of it. He will be brought here to enjoy his triumph."

From the place in which he was uncomfortably seated, as if wedged into the throng, Maurice cast his glance upon the tables, the stands, the dressers, and the columns which he found fronting him at a distance, and the feeling of surprise which he had experienced before the shop-window of the curio merchant, again seized him at the sight of the vases, the statuettes, the groups of animals, and the fantastic figures exhibited. A number of these objects, multiplied by casts, seemed destined for a great popular success.

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The agitation of the sculptor became feverish: the light of evidence dazzled and blinded him. The pitcher that Muguette had so fervently desired,—the pitcher garlanded with ivy and of which the handle simulated an adder,—stood upon a column-pedestal; farther on, he recognized the little white kitten playing with its ball; then, the two cocks disputing over a grain of wheat. Still beyond, was a squirrel nibbling a filbert, which Maurice had modeled by the bedside of his mother; while near this little portrait from life was a charming statuette of the boy snake-charmer of the forest of Fontainebleau. The head of Maurice burned and his heart beat to suffocation; he asked himself whether he were the dupe of a conspiracy, or whether madness were invading his weary brain.

“Aurèle,” said he, pressing nervously the arm of his friend, “answer me! What does all this mean?”

For reply, Aurèle simply pointed to the auctioneer seated at his desk, and demanding silence. A little old man, with a very business-like air, was preparing to direct the sale. It began. It was a struggle, a battle, a frenzy. The smallest objects attained exorbitant prices which caprice alone justified: fashion had decidedly set its seal upon the terra-cottas of Mario Latini. Maurice no longer thought of questioning; he followed the bidders with his glance, and unconsciously sharing the general madness, his feelings rose and fell with those of the throng. The sale ended and the company dispersed. Maurice, advised to remain in his place, asked why. Five o'clock struck. “Already,” he said, much surprised, for he had no idea of time. He rose with effort and reeled like an intoxicated man.

“Take me away from this place!” cried he to Aurèle, who, seeing him about to fall, had seized him about the waist.

“I will directly,” replied Aurèle, and he led Maurice toward the desk of the auctioneer who was in close conversation with the curio merchant, while his secretary was finishing his accounts. The sum total having been announced, the two old men were plainly gratified at the result, and Aurèle, beaming with joy, said to Maurice, in indicating, turn by turn, the public officer and the merchant:

“M. Frappart, auctioneer, and our most learned judge of objects of

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art, M. Sèmegrain." And without replying to the cry of surprise which this name drew from Maurice, he added, presenting his friend to the men whom he had just named:

"Monsieur Mario Latini."

At the same moment, a young peasant girl, who was standing a few paces behind the group, advanced and said gaily to Maurice:

"Confess, my dear godfather, that my *fatal hand* is not so much to be dreaded as you thought."

"And my little comedy has succeeded finely at its first representation."

"I understand at last," said Maurice.

The sculptor pressed the hand of Aurèle and, smiling, tried to threaten Muguette with a gesture, but emotion filled his eyes with tears of gratitude.

"But for you, my friends," he said, "I should have continued to be an unthankful son. To-day, I owe you a great happiness. I have the power of making my mother's last years easy and happy; and, owing to your forethought, my foolish pride escapes a terrible lesson. It is all over! My Vercingetorix will never be cast."

The return of Maurice and Muguette, whom the painter and uncle Sèmegrain wished to accompany to Barbizon, occasioned Madame Catherine so much joy that one may say that it was the cause of her sudden recovery. The following day, her son began to work with modeling clay; but it was to seek in its substance inspirations like those which had been so generously paid for at the hall of the *rue Drouot*.

For the following two years the curio merchant did not allow a single month to pass without arranging with Maurice for some new production. Later, when he had sold his business and retired, the sculptor continued to make a splendid and lucrative exhibition of his work at the sign of *La Renaissance*, a shop which passed into the hands of Aurèle Morin, as a result of his marriage with Muguette.

Announcements

THE Arts and Crafts Exhibition to be held under the auspices of the United Crafts, in the Craftsman Building, Syracuse, N. Y., from March 23 to April 4, inclusive, will be an occasion of great interest. It will be the first exhibition of its kind ever held in Central New York. The enterprise is attracting wide attention and receiving cordial support from both professional and lay people. The exhibits will be classified under the divisions of ceramics, glass, metal work, leather work, textiles, photographs, book-binding, and printing. There will be, also, an educational exhibit of work in various branches of industrial art, which will be made under the direction of Mr. Theodore Hanford Pond of the Mechanics Institute, Rochester, New York. The ceramics to be shown will represent all the best native potters and potteries, including those whose merits entitle them to a wider recognition than they have yet attained, as well as those of assured reputation. It is expected that the exhibit of glass will be very interesting, as it will be thoroughly representative and exclusive: showing the highest results as yet obtained by our brilliant American artist-craftsmen. Similar care will be exerted in the choice of textiles. These will represent foreign, as well as American makers, peasant and fireside industries, and the results of individual artistic experiment. The crafts of book-binding and printing, which have so rapidly and recently risen to public favor, will be represented by beautiful specimens contributed by the few men and women who have really distinguished themselves in their work. In short, each department of the exhibition will contain only objects that are able to please the artist and the amateur by their high aesthetic and technical qualities, and to educate the less-instructed many, to the end that an intelligent public may be found: a body which shall lend cordial support to the sincere efforts of the artist and the workman, and cast out the spirit of commercialism from craftsmanship. At the close of the exhibition in Syracuse, the entire collection will be removed to Rochester, where it will be again shown under the auspices of the Mechanics Institute of that city; a committee composed of officers of the Institute, artists, and ladies interested in educational movements lending themselves to the active support of the enterprise.

The Editors of the Craftsman regret that they are compelled to reserve the book reviews prepared for the current number of the magazine. The omission is occasioned by the lack of space consequent upon the printing of a large number of articles upon country houses; but it will be repaired in the March issue, which will contain notices of several recent and important works relative to the arts and crafts.

In the December number of the Craftsman, an error occurred in the legend attached to the illustrations of leather work facing Page 189. The examples shown were attributed chiefly to Madame Fritz Thaulow, while, in reality, a large proportion of the work came from the studios of the Misses Busck.

Notes

THE National Academy exhibition, which is open from January third to January thirty-first inclusive, contains this year more good and interesting pictures and fewer bad ones than heretofore. It is a very large collection, and occupies the entire gallery of the Fine Arts building. The prizes this year are awarded as follows: the Thomas B. Clarke prize to Amanda Brewster Sewall; the Halgarten prizes—1st to H. M. Walcott, 2nd to William Fair Kline, and 3rd to Belle Havens. The Inness gold medal to Leonard Ochtman.

These pages do not afford space for lengthy description of the pictures, and in choosing we would mention in the place of honor the landscape of Leonard Ochtman. This is done in all this artist's directness and quiet manner—with all the poetry he can use in a landscape which, without this, is a perfectly stupid and uninteresting one. On one side of this is a portrait by Loring Wiles, done with much dash and spirit. On the other side of the place of honor is a portrait of Elihu Vedder by John F. Weir, and next this a delightful children's garden party (one of the prize pictures), by H. M. Walcott.

The next picture of interest in line is one of F. A. Bridgman's—one of two—Oriental in subject, with all the brilliant color attendant. Another prize picture is a portrait of Mrs. Charles S. Dodge—by Amanda Brewster Sewall, a beautiful portrait. Near this a very pensive study of two women, by Edward Bell, which he calls the "Fire Dreamers." The

name is explanatory enough of the subject, and the whole picture is handled with much tenderness.

Another picture, a huge canvas done as a matter of decoration, by Amanda Sewall, and named the Sacred Hecatomb, is most charming in color and study of sunlight—the sacred bull to be sacrificed is followed by a joyous dancing crowd of men and women and youths.

The most beautiful of all the paintings in the room is the one by Louis Loeb, "Le Crépuscule," and is named exactly—a string of dancing girls, pulling one another in ecstasy of movement, and the light is that of the moment between daylight and night, or sunrise and daylight; the play of light on the textiles which, though all are white, no two are alike in tone, is excellently managed.

Four of the most interesting canvases are Douglas Volk's "A Girl of the Colonies," Emil Carlsen's "A May Afternoon," George R. Barse, jr.'s, "Day Dreams," and a portrait of Emil Paur by William Chase, done in this artist's best manner. There is a charming portrait by F. Luis Mora called "The Old Black Shawl," and portraits by Louise King Cox, Bryson Burroughs and Edwin B. Child, which we must mention as important pictures in this exhibition.

The Warren collection, which has been exhibited at the American Art galleries, is to go on sale the eighth of January. There are many pictures by famous men, some of them masters, but some are the very indifferent work of very good painters.

Notes

Those who appreciate that most artistic illustrator, Maxfield Parrish, and have enjoyed the illustrations seen this summer in the *Century Magazine*, have had the opportunity of seeing the originals at the Fifth Avenue Book Shop during the past month.

These are shown together with illustrations for Kenneth Grahame's "Dream Days."

We had thought the illustrations by Mr. Parrish for "the Golden Age," by the same author, could not, as illustrations, be surpassed, but these certainly are as much more excellent in treatment. We are accustomed to grow despondent when the matter of illustration is mentioned—there is so much, too much, illustration done now which does not in the least illustrate, but whenever we fall to generalizing about it, and remember Mr. Parrish's charming little creature in "The Golden Age," standing looking after the older girls who "make me walk behind, co's I'm too little and mustn't hear," we take hope again for that much abused word illustration.

At Durand Ruel's galleries are drawings in crayon and pastel. We say drawings advisedly; they are nothing more clever as they are, though the pastels are called portraits. Most of the best ones are of the Duchess of Marlborough, and most attractive has this piquant personality lent itself to just the kind of treatment for which Helleu is so well known. The drawing in most of these is so very bad that nothing but the very clever hand-

ling could excuse it. In the same galleries are portraits by Adelaide Cole Chase, almost flat in treatment of the portrait, but very much modelled as to draperies. One or two are interesting, but one is impatient at the lack of serious motive and carelessness of drawing. One, the most interesting, we can remember, was hung several years ago at the Society of American Painters, and then gave much promise, which in these later portraits has not been fulfilled. At Knoedler's are pictures by Richard Hall—portraits of well known figures in society—interesting in treatment, as so many of these fashionable portrait painters are for a few clever tricks—sleight of hand—almost.

The Pennsylvania Academy has been getting itself into hot water, and is charged with the crime of taking advantage of the excitement of the summer of the Spanish war—and the hope of being overlooked in their scheme—to sell several of the pictures they thought not worthy the wall space. Now four years later, the son of one who bequeathed some of these works of art, attacks them in court, on the ground that the paintings were presented on terms forming a contract since broken. This is a serious charge, of course, and still what a blessing if it makes possible a clause which certainly ought to be slipped into every contract made by museums when accepting a picture—that the picture belongs to the museum to do with as it likes.

LOUISE C. CHARD.