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## The craftsman. Vol. III, No. 1 October 1902

Eastwood, N.Y.: United Crafts, October 1902

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*MODERN knowledge has a new issue to offer to thinking men. It tells them that in order to be rich they need not take the bread from the mouths of others; but that the more rational outcome would be a society in which men, with the work of their own hands and intelligence, and by the aid of machinery already invented and to be invented should themselves create all imaginable riches.*

*Pierre Kropotkin*

# *Manual Labor*

*WE are always in these days endeavoring to separate intellect and manual labor; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising, his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers.*

# *Practical Knowledge*

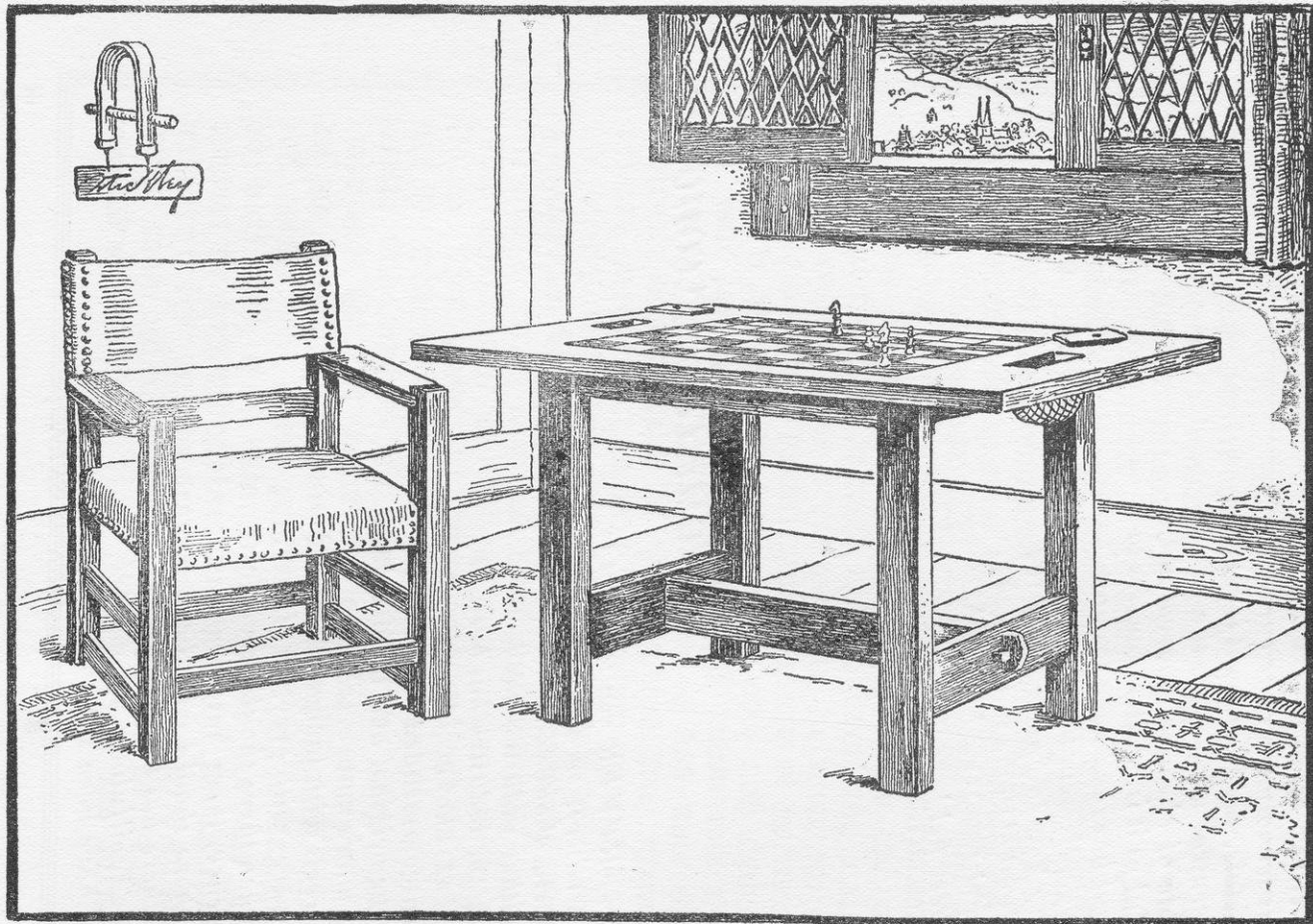
*BOTANISTS have discovered some wonderful connection between nettles and figs, which a cowboy who will never see a ripe fig in his life need not be at all troubled about; but it will be interesting to him to know what effect nettles have on hay, and what taste they will give to porridge; and it will give him nearly a new life if he can be got but once, in a spring-time, to look*

*well at the beautiful circlet of the white nettle blossom, and work out with his schoolmaster the curves of its petals, and the way it is set on its central mast. So, the principle of chemical equivalents, beautiful as it is, matters far less to a peasant boy, and even to most sons of gentlemen, than their knowing how to find whether the water is wholesome in the back kitchen cistern, or whether the seven-acre field wants sand or chalk.*

## *Political Economy*

*WHEREVER you see want or misery, or degradation, in this world about you, there, be sure, either industry has been wanting, or industry has been in error. It is not accident, it is not Heaven-commended calamity, it is not the original and inevitable evil of man's nature, which fill your streets with lamentation, and your graves with prey. It is only that, when there should have been providence, there has been waste; when there should have been labor, there has been lasciviousness; and wilfulness when there should have been subordination.*

*JOHN RUSKIN.*



Arm Chair with flexible back, Spanish leather  
Chess Table: inlaid top, pockets for chessmen at either end

## The Essence of Simplicity

**P**eople are tempted to believe that simplicity presents certain external characteristics by which it may be recognized, and in which it really consists. Simplicity and lowly station, plain dress, a modest dwelling, slender means, poverty—these things seem to go together. Nevertheless, this is not the case. Just now I passed three men on the street: the first in his carriage; the others on foot, and one of them shoeless. The shoeless man does not necessarily lead the least complex life of the three. It may be, indeed, that he who rides in his carriage is sincere and unaffected, in spite of his position, and is not the slave of his wealth; it may be also that the pedestrian in shoes neither envies him who rides nor despises him who goes unshod; and lastly, it is possible that under his rags, his feet in the dust, the third man has a hatred of simplicity, of labor, of sobriety, and dreams only of idleness and pleasure. . . . Livery counts for nothing: we must see the heart. No class has the prerogative of simplicity, no dress, however humble in appearance, is its unfailing badge. Its dwelling need not be a garret, a hut, the cell of the ascetic nor the lowliest fisherman's bark. Under all the forms in which life vests itself, in all social positions, at the top as at the bottom of the ladder, there are people who live simply, and others who do not. We do not mean by this that simplicity betrays itself in no visible signs, has not its own habits, its distinguishing tastes and ways; but this outward show, which may now and then be counterfeited, must not be confounded with its essence and its deep and wholly inward source. Simplicity is a state of mind. It dwells in the main intention of our lives.

Charles Wagner

## Contents

*London in Coronation Time* IRENE SARGENT

*The Workshop and School* OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS, Ph.D.

*The Wealth of St. Francis; a Study in Transcendental Economics* ERNEST CROSBY

*Lessons from the Expositions* FREDERICK S. LAMB

*A Visit to the Workshops of The United Crafts at Eastwood, New York* SAMUEL HOWE

*Specification for the Design Competition arranged by The United Crafts*

### Accompanying Plates

<i>Portrait of Oscar Lovell Triggs, Ph. D.</i>	<i>Machinery and Transportation Building Buffalo</i>
<i>The Trocadero, Paris</i>	<i>Liberal Arts Building, Chicago</i>
<i>Administration Building, Chicago</i>	<i>The Workshops of the United Crafts</i>
<i>Alexander Bridge and le Petit Palais, Paris</i>	<i>Cabinet Workers</i>
<i>Le Grand Palais, Paris</i>	<i>Leather Workers</i>
<i>Le Château d'Eau, Paris</i>	<i>Rush Seat Workers</i>
<i>Interior Court, Petit Palais, Paris</i>	<i>Note from John Ruskin, 4 August, 1875</i>
	<i>Chess Table and Arm Chair</i>



## Foreword



THE Publishers of *The Craftsman* in sending out the first anniversary number of their periodical, feel that they have real cause for encouragement in their enterprise. One year since, they offered as their initial number a monograph upon William Morris, the great model of the free workman: a man who in life and in art represents the principles to which *The Craftsman* and the association of which it is the organ stand fully pledged. With the course of the year 1901-2, the magazine developed beyond expectation, while it remained entirely faithful to the spirit which prompted the utterances of the first foreword. Writers of reputation, foreign as well as American, lent their pens and their influence to the establishment and strengthening of the new periodical, until it gained the right of existence among its fellows and the hope of usefulness and survival in the future. Now, entering upon the second year of its existence, it appears in a permanently enlarged form, which will permit the addition of several new departments necessary to the function of a complete organ and exponent of the arts and crafts making for the ennobling, the comfort and the pleasure of life. Among the more important of these departments will be one of criticism and review dealing with new accomplishments and movements interesting to the art-artisan and the friend of social progress. A second department will be founded in the desire to give technical and thoroughly practical instruction in the methods and processes employed in those activities which William Morris styled "the lesser arts of life"; that is, the construction and beautifying of the objects which constitute the belongings of a home: these methods and processes involving the arts of the joiner, the smith and the leather-worker, as well as the science of the chemist exerted in the more simple and popular forms. By this increase of interests it is felt that appeal will be made to a wider circle of readers that can possibly be reached by the thought which remains passive and refuses to deal with active and practical concerns.

The current number of *The Craftsman* presents a number of papers worthy to mark and make memorable the anniversary of a far

## Foreword

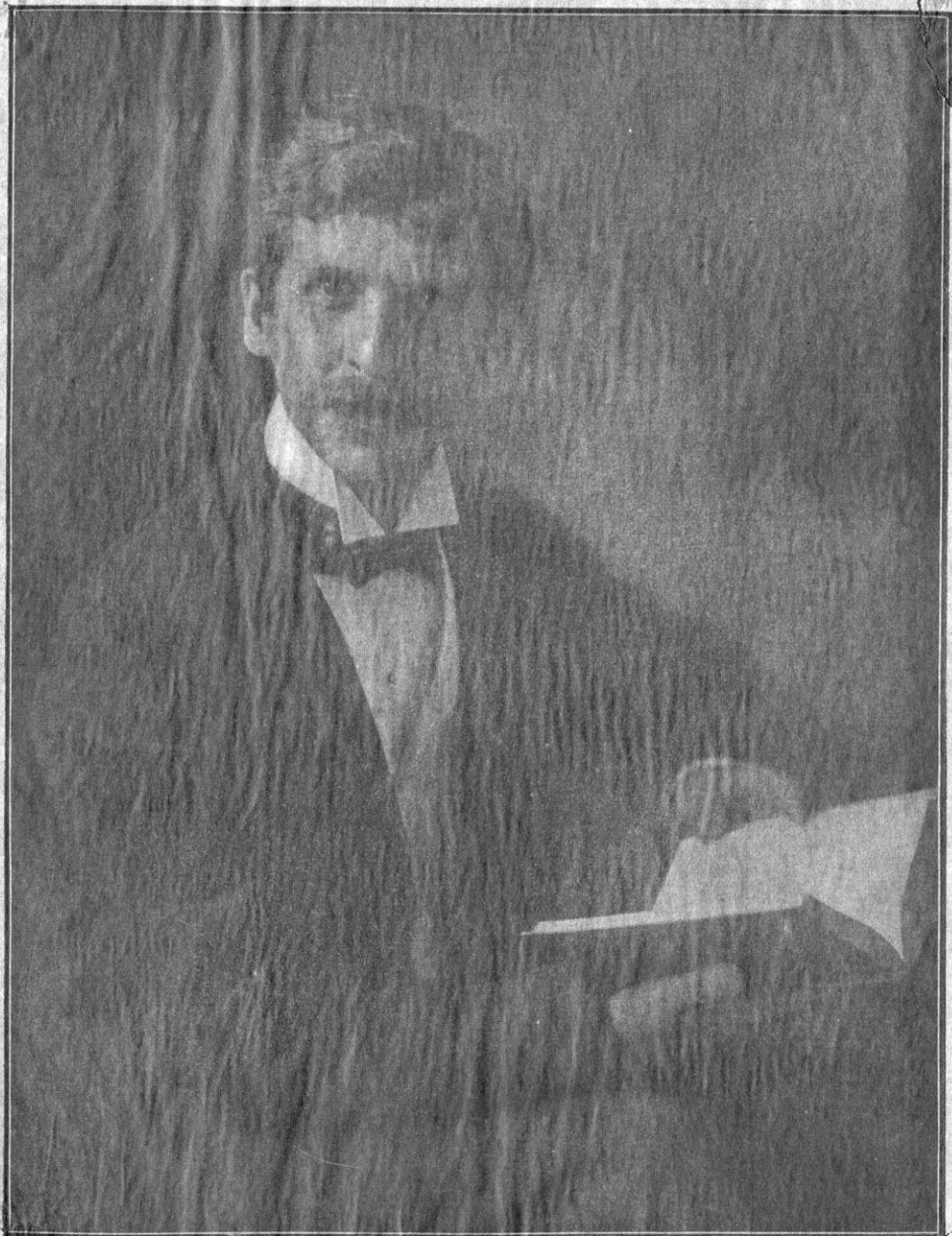
older periodical; since it will be evident to the reader that three articles of such force and value as those accredited to the names of Messrs. Triggs, Crosby and Lamb are seldom included in a single issue of a monthly publication.

The article written by Mr. Triggs, under the title, "The Workshop and School," is distinguished equally by enthusiasm and by logic: two qualities which are sometimes regarded as incompatible with each other in literature as well as in life. It is a paper which merits careful reading and consideration from persons of widely differing stations, ages and occupations. It indicates with fervor and plain honesty of intention, the crying necessity for the union in one person of the thinker and the worker. It is an eloquent and convincing plea for the "integral education" of Kropotkin.

Mr. Crosby's article will address itself to another class of readers: more especially to the ever-increasing number of those who seek in art history and criticism the story and significance of human development, rather than an exclusive and somewhat selfish means of personal culture and distinction. "The Wealth of St. Francis" as estimated by Mr. Crosby is a splendid heritage of manhood and the principles of constructive socialism.

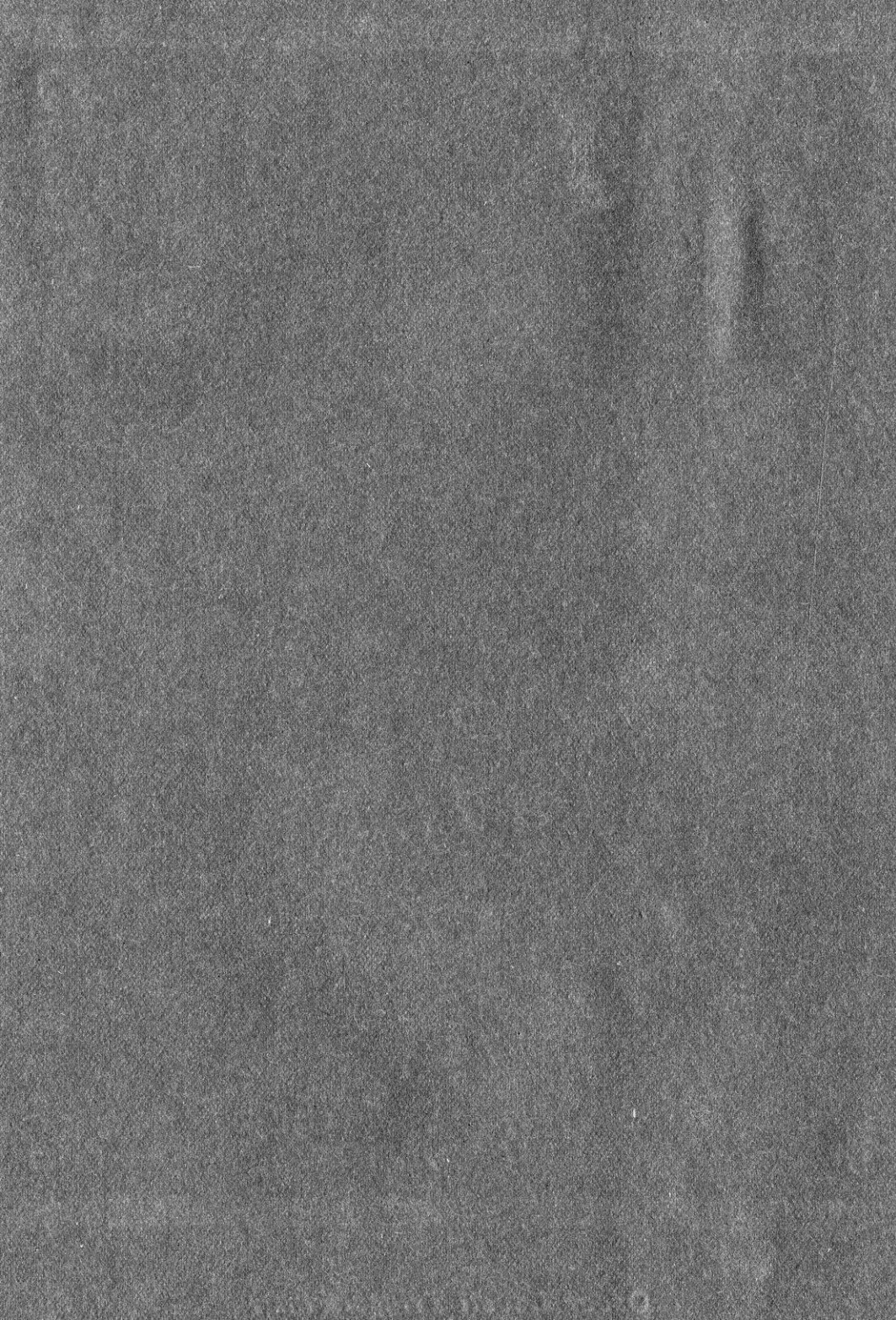
The third article, that of Mr. Lamb, is an argument for the alliance of art with labor. Its name, like the façade of a well-planned edifice, clearly announces its reason for existence, and those who examine its contents will find their pleasure and interest to increase as they advance. Mr. Lamb demonstrates that commercialism in art began when art lost touch with commerce, and that every effort to differentiate art, and to place it apart from the problems of the day in which it exists, must be a failure.

With a line of advance thus clearly marked out by authoritative thinkers and workers, The Craftsman purposes to overcome such obstacles as always stand in the way of progress and energy, as well as constantly to broaden the area of its usefulness.



PHOTOGRAPH BY EVA WATSON SCHUBERT

*Oscar Lovell Triggs, Ph.D.*



## *London in Coronation Time : By Irene Sargent*



FROM the West End to the City, from the aristocratic quarters that make the laws, set the fashions and squander fortunes, to that little district of one square mile which is recognized as the focus and center of the financial good faith of the world, London is throbbing with patriotism. Pall Mall and Piccadilly are draped with royal red and gold, and Whitechapel even does not fail to display a few poor decorations. The ciphers of King and Queen blaze in electric lights from the façades of buildings which are household names throughout the English-speaking world, and observation balconies obscure the outlines of the great historic piles. The extent of the British Empire is suggested by the faces and uniforms of the troops who are seen in detachments and singly, in every portion of the metropolis; much as the varying races and costumes of the extreme parts of the world must have appeared in Roman thoroughfares on the occasion of a Triumph. Nor are the visitors who have been attracted by the Coronation ceremonies less picturesque and interesting than the soldiers themselves. The white robes of Hindoos are thrown out in bold relief against the smoke-stained columns of the British Museum; subtle Oriental eyes set in turbaned heads look out from private carriages and hansoms upon Western civilization; English provincials laden with hand-luggage throng the West Central district, inquiring for lodgings in terms and accents so varied as vividly to recall times before those when Chaucer prepared the parentage of our own language from his East Midland dialect.

It appears strange at first thought to the practical, democratic American that the revival of a mediaeval pageant and ceremony should awaken such wide-spread interest in so advanced and civilized a capital as London. But it must be remembered that the love of splendor is one of the strongest of human instincts, crude in the barbarian, refined, but not less passionate in the highly developed individual. And this fact alone would partially account for the eagerness with which English and foreigners alike throng about the palaces and line the parks, that they may catch glimpses of passing royalty. If examined, the concourses at Hyde Park Corner, along

## London in Coronation Time

Constitution Hill, and before the King's residence are seen to consist largely of the lower middle classes; the artisan element being present in a small minority, while the foreigners are almost wholly Americans and French. The absence of working people from these throngs is explained by the length of time occupied by the passing of royal and military processions, while here, as everywhere in modern times, the upper classes are too self-centered and exclusive to mingle with those who are socially beneath them. But other than this explanation of the composition of the Coronation throngs, there is another one both historic and rational. The alliance between kings and burghers is as old as it is friendly, and, like all lasting bonds, it arose out of mutual dependence. Protection on the part of the sovereign, intelligence, industry, economy and consequent contentment on the part of the burghers: these were the elements which produced and prolonged throughout hundreds of years a stable pact between the sovereign and those born to the condition of merchants and craftsmen. To-day, when such an alliance has no longer reason for existence, some remnant of the old feeling remains. All that relates to royalty fascinates the London tradesman and tradeswoman who still respect the persons of their sovereigns as if they were hedged about with divinity. For these unambitious citizens no breath of independence has penetrated the smoke and fog of their city. They are content with their condition, and judge themselves happy if they can but see from afar the glory of the great ones of the earth. Furthermore, a spice of self-interest flavors their loyal sentiments; for, ignorant of the first principles or notions of economics, they falsely imagine that the luxury of the Court stimulates industry and promotes trade. But they are not alone in their prejudice, since it is shared by their similars in France, who mourn the existence of the Republic which gives no occasion for elaborate ceremonies and functions. Nor are certain Americans free from the illusion that the extravagances of the rich produce the prosperity of the merchant and the artisan; misapprehending as they do the sources of wealth which can exist only in enterprises gifted with reproductive power, and never in expenditure for things that are consumed away.

## London in Coronation Time

But modern thoughts like these have no place in the London of this August day, when the course of time seems for once to be reversed, and all the old monuments take on a deep significance. It is therefore more than ever interesting to visit the memorials of the olden times that have survived fire and ravage, and that commemorate Norman, or mayhap Dane, Saxon, or even Britain. The kings and chiefs reaching back to the mythical Lud himself appear no longer as a race of shadowy phantoms, but as real persons, each having a share in the slow, solid development of the English constitution and people. And the American, at the sight of these memorials, at the thought of these old sovereigns, warriors and statesmen, feels his own heart stir with a sentiment akin to patriotism. He is as a long absent member of a great family, who returns to the celebration of a time-honored festival. So, at this moment, old symbols and customs are strongly attractive, although yesterday they were but as survivals and relics bereft of use and purpose, and to-morrow they will again lose their momentarily revived force. Among the most interesting of such symbols are those that relate to the old City of London, its Guilds and its forceful municipal organization. If one mingles with the throngs pressing eastward through the Strand toward the commercial center of the metropolis, one sees on either hand the old gray buildings brightened with the Coronation emblems, as one also sees the heavy omnibuses and vans which ply between the East and West Ends. But high above these moving masses of people and vehicles stands the civic symbol of London, the City Griffin, as it is called; a quaint mediaeval carven image marking the point east of which neither Plantagenet, Tudor, nor Stuart could advance, without receiving the permission of the Lord Mayor: that guild-member—craftsman or merchant—who was honored by his fellows with the supreme City office. And now, although the days when this custom was in force are but memories recalled only by the student, the effect of the old-time civic strength is yet potent. For from out the sterling qualities which on occasion defied the powerful, or sustained the weak sovereigns, arose that material prosperity which to-day constitutes the same small City the financial citadel of the world: a chapter of municipal history comparable in many points

## London in Coronation Time

with that of industrial Florence and the populous towns of Flanders, and showing with all the clearness of facts the practical wisdom of maintaining public morality, a strong corporate spirit and austerity in private life.

The armorial bearings of the City are seen again and again within the confines of the famous district: a brilliant red cross and the broadsword of Saint Paul marked upon a white field, with the inscription, "Domine, Dirige Nos," appearing beneath. The pennant leads one irresistibly to the Guildhall, which has lately welcomed the Viscount Kitchener to a banquet within its walls; thus honoring the new hero in life and person, as it does the memory of Wellington and Nelson in richly carven monuments.

The London Guildhall is one of a very few similar structures which claim special honors from all who are interested in social and political subjects. It is to be ranked with the Palazzo Vecchio of Florence and Faneuil Hall, the cradle of our American liberty. Furthermore, it has a fascinating civic history which is all its own, since it represents the most important corporation in the world: a body which from its very birth understood the necessity of freedom and kept the tradition unbroken from father to son and so onward through numberless generations. The vivifying principle of the City was eloquently described in a public address by Sir Walter Besant, when he said: "The necessity of freedom became the religion of the citizens; they proclaimed it and fought for it; they won it, and lost it; they recovered part of it, and lost it again. At last, they won it altogether, and, in winning it, they gained a great deal more than they had contemplated or hoped for. They won for their descendants, they won for every town where the English tongue is spoken, the rights of free men in free cities, the rights of the individual and the rights of property."

These words of praise and reverence pronounced by the well-known writer of romance are not too emphatic, as we may find by comparing them with the utterances of historians and statesmen, especially with those of Mr. Gladstone, when he said: "On every great occasion, in every great crisis of the history of the country, when there has, unfortunately, been a conflict among its constitu-



## London in Coronation Time

tional powers, it has been commonly found that the side taken by the City of London has likewise been the side adopted by the House of Commons."

The force, independence and equity to which allusion is made in our quotations, breathe through every page of English history. We see the citizens of London strong enough to make terms with the Conqueror, who granted them a Charter by which their liberties and power of self-government were guaranteed. We see them a century and a half later lending their aid to the Barons in wresting the Great Charter of English liberties from King John; and again, in a new capacity, merry-making, dining together in the Guildhall, and "going in carols throughout the City, the greater part of the night," in order to celebrate the birth of an English prince, much as the modern Londoners, only last evening, went singing through the same historic precincts in honor of Edward the Seventh's coronation. In the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Whittington, in presence of Henry V, threw into the fire-place bonds given by the king, to whom, when the latter had exclaimed: "Happy is the King to have such a subject!" he gallantly replied: "Rather, happy is the subject to have such a king!" Later, under the Tudors, the Citizens from the Guildhall issued decrees to establish the hospitals of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew, which are yet to-day great centers of human activity. And while they were thus providing for the sick poor, the aged, the infirm and the mentally afflicted, they relaxed nothing of business enterprise. The Guildhall was alive and astir with the merchant adventurers, who were determined, as Charles Kingsley has said, to "pick the lock of the New World." At the same time Sir Thomas Gresham, a worthy member of the Corporation, founded the "Burse" or Exchange, and other great schemes were conceived and matured within the precincts of the City, until the evil times of the Stuart kings fell upon England. In the Cromwellian armies the citizen-soldiers "stood their ground like stakes"; but later, when the Protectorate degenerated, the Corporation accepted Charles Second, who was proclaimed king in the Guildhall, by the then ruling Lord Mayor. During the Plague, after the Great

## London in Coronation Time

Fire, and throughout the War of American Independence, the spirit reigning in the Guildhall was faithful to the noble traditions of the place, and from thence issued the warning to His Majesty that the tyrannical measures adopted by the Government toward the colonies were "big with all consequences which could alarm a free and commercial people." In the early decades of the nineteenth century, the citizens deliberated in their Council Chambers upon the enlargement of the franchise and the emancipation of the Catholics and Jews from the political disabilities under which they had so long suffered. And thus down to our own day, we find the home of the Corporation standing as a citadel of political freedom, civic honor and commercial honesty. It is a place of inspiration, and such every one acquainted with its history must feel it to be, as he stands in the Great Hall of the old edifice, surrounded by examples of the building art of the Middle Ages, and by votive gifts acknowledging the City's charity and liberal policy.

Especially beautiful are the windows at either end of the hall, occupying the entire width and filled with stained glass of rich and decorative effect, so skillfully toned that the admitted light is softened rather than obscured. One of these (the eastern) was presented to the Corporation by the operatives of Lancashire in gratitude for aid received during the Cotton Famine of 1862-65; while a subject in a window in one of the side walls, representing episodes in the history of the Jews in England, was presented by a Hebrew Lord Mayor, "gratefully to acknowledge the impulse given to the cause of religious liberty by the Corporation of London. Also to commemorate the removal by Parliament of all obstacles to persons professing the Jewish religion holding public office."

Within the week just ended, another historic scene has been added to the many and great ones which have been enacted in and about the home of the Corporation. For on the evening of Coronation Day, the millions of London's inhabitants seemed by a common impulse to be drawn Cityward. Through the Strand, and past the Bar, the holiday throngs surged; completely filling the great ellipse of Ludgate Circus, and choking the tortuous streets, lanes, courts and passages leading to the triangle of famous structures made by

## London in Coronation Time

the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange and the Mansion, or Lord Mayor's House. Within this area appeared the most elaborate and beautiful illuminations, even surpassing the Palace District and Clubland. They are said to have been arranged by Italian artists, and their first intention was to outline the buildings which they decorated. Those of the Bank of England were the finest of all: reaching in festoons of ruby and white globes across the entire façade of the one low story, and harmonizing with the classic architecture of the building. Upon the flat roof of the façade were simulated tall incense braziers composed of small globes fitted together and producing the effect of solid masses of diamonds. Other forms familiar to students of Greek art were shown at the ends of the façade in the same jewel-like groupings of lights, and over the entrance stood the royal crown of England, supported upon its cushion and accompanied by the initial letters of *Edwardus Rex*. Similar, although less beautiful, illuminations appeared upon the Exchange and the Mansion House, while, late in the evening, from the portico of the latter building, the voice of the Lord Mayor was heard eulogizing Edward the Seventh according to the ancient custom of his predecessors in office, upon the occasion of the coronation of a sovereign. Illuminations, brilliant, artistic and symbolic, brightened the dark and narrow streets which radiate from this center and recall famous citizens of the olden time, or noted points of the Saxon or the Roman City.

Through this district, from sunset until midnight, the people passed in unbroken, regular lines, keeping their places with remarkable precision; filling not only the sidewalks, but also the roadways, which had been closed to all carriages. Provincials, tradesmen and servants, Jews from the Ghetto, men, women and children, who appeared to have stepped into the streets from the pages of Dickens and Punch, composed these throngs which could be counted only by millions. They were, almost to an individual, courteous and careful of one another's rights; they laughed, shouted, and sang Music Hall ballads, but little indecorous language was heard and there were few accidents and robberies. Altogether these good-humored "mafeking" crowds drawn from English towns and Lon-

## London in Coronation Time

don suburbs, kitchens and slums, offered a unique scene thrown against an historic background and intensely interesting as a study of human types. And for one who followed their progress and mingled with them, they did not lose their attractions, since they changed like kaleidoscopic combinations. But in spite of their changefulness, they fixed themselves like photographic pictures upon the mind and became an integral part of the Coronation of King Edward.

From popular demonstrations such as those just described, it is a relief to retire into the suburbs of London, W., where one finds a long succession of green squares planted with trees and flowers, and rows of detached houses or villas fronting the street, each preceded by a gay parterre, and a grille, through which one looks to envy the occupants. The squares and streets bear names suggestive of natural scenery, and by the Rivercourt Road one descends toward the Thames into Hammersmith, a district dear to all lovers of English art and letters through its association with famous men and women who have inhabited it, or who are now living within its precincts. The road bordering the river is raised high above the level of the water, it is paved with large flat stones, and lined on either side by very old houses. Within a short distance of each other, the signs of two small inns frequented by watermen attract attention by names such as one meets in old English romances: "The Ship," with its one-story bow window projecting far into the street; "The Doves," connected with the Cambridge-Oxford regattas, from the fact that throughout the training season the time-score is there kept, and at that point, in the actual race, the position of the contending crews determines the result. The appearance of the neighborhood is degenerate and belies its real character. Swarms of foreign children play upon the pavements and dance picturesquely in groups to the music of passing barrel-organs; parrots chatter from the cages hung in the casements; processions of leaden-eyed men and women pass in and out of the pot-houses; and altogether there are many marks discernible of a city slum. But for the initiate these are but superficial signs. A garden wall near "The Doves" masks the approaches of a house which is the object

## London in Coronation Time

of pilgrimage for art lovers from both sides of the sea. A primitive bell-pull reached from over the wall, and pointed out to the visitor by some good-humored loungee of the neighborhood, gains admission to the "Doves Bindery" of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, the most noted English maker of beautiful books of the present generation. The house is a small, two-story building, evidently a century old and is the supposed home of "Mr. Pocket," in Charles Dickens's "Great Expectations." It is adjacent to a much lower, smaller and older house, marked by a singular domed window at its top and bearing the name of "The Seasons," in which Thomson is believed to have written his poem of "Winter." The rear of the Doves Bindery gives upon a garden ending in a terrace, upon which, in summer, afternoon tea is served to the craftsmen and students employed. A small upper back room of the house serves as a studio for Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, who, for some years past, has resigned manual work to his craftsmen; occupying himself altogether with designing book-covers, selecting papers and types, and reading proof. The studio is one of extreme simplicity. It is scrupulously clean, has a bare floor, and is furnished only with a desk and chairs; a few tools being in sight upon shelves, together with a small portrait sketch of the wife of the great craftsman, and another drawing of Sir Edward Poynter, president of the Royal Academy, whose head resembles that of Michelangelo closely enough to be mistaken for it. The room also contains a chest in which are kept a few of the "books beautiful," bound and decorated wholly by Mr. Sanderson. They belong to the craftsman's wife and children, and, as inscriptions on the fly-leaves show, they are memorials of domestic events. Among them are copies of Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olive" and "Unto this Last," and Shelley's "Revolt of Islam." The bindings are in crushed levant, or straight grained morocco, decorated with elaborate tooling; the ornament being in no sense symbolic, but chosen rather for its own beauty and its adaptability to the size and shape of the volume. One cover of rich brown tint, has a symmetrical border of a variant of the lotus design; another in deep red, carries an all-over pattern introducing the Tudor rose; a third is decorated in minute garlands and stippled (pointillé),

## London in Coronation Time

after the manner of the French binders of the Louis XIV and XV periods. All of these are masterpieces of craftsmanship, exquisite in design, and wrought in superb materials. Another room contains a copy of the Kelmscott Chaucer, enriched with the autograph of William Morris, and bound in pigskin richly traced in gold; also, fine examples of the work of the craftsmen of the Doves Bindery, who are taught according to the Morris principle to take their highest pleasure in labor. The working force of the Bindery consists of two men and two women, who fill the orders of *bibliophiles* in all parts of the world; America receiving more than its share of their rare, artistic productions.

At the present holiday season, nothing of actual work can be seen in the Bindery, but the Doves Press is engaged upon the great Bible which will require three years to print, and of which Mr. Sanderson shows with much pride the already finished sheets. These are of the finest hand-made paper, printed in a clear, legible type, modified from that of the Jenson Pliny. They are solid pages, with no verse spaces; the divisions being marked with paragraph signs. To be appreciated, this superb work must be seen, and until it be finished, the Doves Press will undertake to print only occasional and comparatively unimportant books. The last named workshop is situated very near the residence of Mr. Sanderson, which is a few minutes' walk distant from the Bindery, and adjacent to the house of Mrs. William Morris, upon the river road known as the Upper Mall. The house is one of a long row, some of which were built under the reign of Queen Anne. The unpretentious door of Number 9, which is furnished with a heavy, sonorous knocker, gives entrance to a delightful home, simple, refined, artistic. The walls of the rooms and of the staircase are hung with photographs of the works of the early Italian masters and of those of the English Pre-Raphaelite group. Exquisitely bound books representing modern art criticism, poetry and prose stand in antique cabinets. In the library a large writing table in *intarsiatura* is covered with designs and proof-sheets; while the open French windows admit the perfume of the late summer flowers and the moist, invigorating air of the river which flows at the base of the garden walls.

## London in Coronation Time

But the most agreeable and kindly influence in all this place of beauty and quiet proceeds from the presence of its master and mistress. Mr. Sanderson is unlike his portrait which is current in America; having a much more winning and intense personality than is indicated by the picture. He is below the medium stature, fair rather than dark, and with blue eyes that turn to steel or melt into soft gray, according to the emotion of the moment. He is a man of simple speech, like all those who have mastered a profession or an art, and again like all others of his kind, in that he shows a lover's enthusiasm for his work. He is at his best when he speaks of the duties and pleasures of a craftsman, and of the principles of socialism as he understands it. At such times, he grows eloquent in rapid speech; pacing the floor with quick step, rapt face and nervous gesture. Then, one feels the force of a man of the deepest convictions, and his power over the remaining disciples of William Morris is easily imagined. His would be a voice and a presence to lead men to acts of enthusiasm, like those inspired by his friend, the other great craftsman, when he went singing the Marseillaise, through Trafalgar Square, beneath the banner of Socialism. Mr. Sanderson is well mated by his wife, with her early training in political and social principles of democracy and equity, which has made her a worthy daughter of her father, Richard Cobden of Corn Law fame, whose name is honored with those of Bright and Gladstone throughout the length and breadth of England. She is deeply interested in all the enterprises of the Doves Press and Bindery; and especially in two small works to be issued in the late October of 1902: the one being a lecture upon William Morris, by his son-in-law, J. W. Mackail; the other, the "Ecce Mundus" of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson himself. These are to be models of fine, inexpensive books: printed in the clear Venetian type already described, bound in mill-board, and having vellum backs. The enthusiasm shown in this home for the active, useful, not to say strenuous life, is an inspiration, and the joy of the true craftsman in his labor, as described by William Morris, is felt to be unexaggerated. It is with regret that one leaves a home and a workshop like these, animated as they are by all that is best in human nature. But such

## London in Coronation Time

a focus of high ideals of work and character projects its light far out into the world and its influence can never be lost. Between Mr. Sanderson's residence and the Doves Bindery, and also on the return way to London, stands Kelmscott House, familiar in illustration to the readers of Mackail's "Life of William Morris." By its shape, roof, windows and fan-light above the entrance, which is set in the middle of the front, it might be mistaken for a type of our Colonial houses of the best period. Preceded by a garden filled with trees and flowers, it is a place attractive in itself; while its associations further enhance its value for the visitor, who reads at the right of the great door, carven on a tablet

William Morris, poet, craftsman, socialist, lived here, 1878-1896

an inscription which, brief and comprehensive, states or rather suggests the accomplishments in literature, art, industry and political science, of the genius whom it celebrates. But no tablet is necessary to prolong the memory of William Morris. The stranger in London seeking the monument of this noble man has but to look about him. The British Museum displays the Kelmscott Chaucer and its companions at the end of a sequence of beautiful books, including exquisite Torahs and Talmuds, perfect manuscripts of Alexandrian scribes, and the patiently elaborated work of the devout monks of the Middle Ages. In an humbler way, his memory is kept in every clear-typed, well-bound book issued in the British Isles and in America; for the impetus given by him has reached out and extended into every region where the English language is read and spoken; just as his revelations in household art—in the choice of color and the use of textiles—has raised the popular taste of two hemispheres. And as one recalls his manifold achievements in literature, in the arts and crafts, in all that pertains to progress and culture, his indomitable will-power, his subtle patience and his faculty for experiment, one can but compare him with those almost universally gifted Italians, Leonardo and Michelangelo, who produced their great results with astonishing rapidity and energy and with what their compatriots and descendants term "*furia*." In reflecting upon such personalities as these, one learns to appreciate the value of lives austere and self-sacrificing, which are directed



## London in Coronation Time

toward some one unswerving and high purpose. And further, such examples prove that the great are confined to no one period or people, but rather adapted each to the needs of his place and his century; the opportunity making the man and the man bending his energy and genius to the task which lies nearest him.

The suburb of Hammersmith, so rich in memories and so filled with activities of the nobler sort, is only a unit of this cosmopolitan city, whose streets teem with representatives of all races and nations; every man speaking his own tongue in the full confidence of being understood. In the middle nineteenth century, the English capital hospitably offered an asylum to political exiles from the continent, and ways once acquired or places once chosen are not easily abandoned. In the years gone by, Italians, Austrians and Hungarians bearing well-known names, sought in Victorian London protection for their lives, and freedom in which to work out schemes for the liberation of their fatherlands. Here, Mazzini, Rossetti, Kosuth and others of their kind lived and labored, with the result that certain of them reflected glory upon the city of their adoption; this fact being very notable in the case of the Rossetti family. At the present time, Prince Pierre Kropotkin, a Russian of the greatest intellectual and social distinction, long exiled from his native country, resides in a London suburb, from which he sends out economic writings among the most scientific and advanced of our times. He has fraternized with Louise Michel, he has traveled on foot with his knapsack through the agricultural districts of England, he has observed, compared, computed; bringing together the results of his remarkable labors in his quite recent book, "Fields, Factories and Workshops," wherein he makes an eloquent plea for the union of the workshop with the school, and enumerates with great emphasis the benefits to be derived from the manual training of the higher and educated classes. The residence of Prince Kropotkin is in the town or district of Bromley-Kent, eight miles to the southeast of central London, and filled, like Hammersmith, with pleasant unpretentious homes. Judging from all appearances, the locality is one of comparatively recent settlement; since the streets are broad and paved with asphalt, while the houses, although of medium or

## London in Coronation Time

small size, bear every mark of modern comfort. Among the most modest of these houses, built in gray stone and standing somewhat apart from the more important and busy roads, is the residence of the Prince: a contrast in all respects to the scenes of luxury in which his childhood was passed, according to the descriptions contained in his autobiography, which was published a few years since in an American magazine. The "Villa Viola," as it is named, is a narrow, two-story dwelling, fronted by a miniature garden, walled, as is the English custom, and planted with wide borders of pansies, which no doubt represent the horticultural work of its tenant; since labor in the open air to the end of producing and furthering living growth, is, in the opinion of the Prince, one of the chief duties of every man, whether he be ignorant or learned, whether of high or of low estate. The noted writer and political agitator appears anxious to conceal his importance and personality from his neighbors. He is not easily located, and the few inhabitants of Bromley who have heard of his existence, believe him to be an Indian or other Oriental noble, who, for some mysterious reason of state, has laid aside his rank to conceal himself in a teeming European capital. Furthermore, he is now inaccessible to those who would wish to offer him the homage due to a man of the highest intelligence, deepest convictions and most fervent enthusiasm, who has abandoned class distinctions and prejudices to think and suffer for the people. At this season, termed in England "the Holidays," Monsieur Kropotkin is accustomed to travel that he may continue the the industrial and agricultural studies which have proven of such great statistical value. But he is a man whose work never ceases and whose mental activity never flags. He has the gift, received at birth by all Russians, of a highly assimilative mind. His reasoning powers have been trained by severe mathematical courses. He is the master of many languages, and possesses a knowledge of music and art, both technical and critical. Like Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, he stands apart as a brilliant and worthy model in an age too much abandoned to luxury, too little given to serious thought and diligent labor. Like the noted English craftsman, he is a noble example of renunciation and self-abnegation. Each has struggled with him-

## London in Coronation Time

self and with the world at large for the sake of an abstract principle. And each, without hope of reward, has gained a widely acknowledged victory. The Englishman renounced the honors of the bar to assume the blouse and the beret of a workman. The Russian broke the bonds of caste, lost his liberty and risked his life to maintain the cause of what he judged to be truth and equity. And to both success has come from an unpromised, unforeseen source. The Englishman is easily the leader of his craft in his own country, and his name will be placed in the historic sequence of those master workmen whose beautiful books form a distinctive treasure of the great British Museum; while the Russian has gained an audience as wide as the thinking, enlightened world for the voice of conscience which spoke within him, and which he first believed to be addressed to his ear alone. From personalities such as these inspiration radiates to those who are less instinct with all that makes men divine, and when it is acknowledged, as it must be, that lives of such power and activity are possible only in the great centers of population, the conception of the City clothes itself with a dignity and purity wholly at variance with the prejudice of certain narrow-minded moralists who accept vice and degradation as the proper symbols of a world-capital.

Still, it is true that the abstract City is many-sided, and that London as the largest existing focus of commerce, as the asylum of continental exiles, as offering a fertile field for the evil work of the parias of all races and nations, presents in certain quarters and at certain hours aspects most discouraging to the lover of humanity. Surely the times demand urgently more Toynbees and Besants, more University Settlements, and more Shaftesburys and Haussmanns who shall annihilate the slums and create in their place broad avenues and healthful tenements in which vice can not burrough to conceal its hatefulness.

It is perhaps safe to assert that the dangerous classes of London are more revolting in their appearance than the corresponding element in the other great cities of the world. Every criminal type known to the anthropologist is here found in its full strength; a besotted expression is common to the faces of the men, women and children

## London in Coronation Time

who populate the districts of Whitechapel, Spitalfields and the Seven Dials; diseases of the eye and the skin which tell the tale of generations of immorality and hap-hazard parentage are plainly shown in almost every individual of this swarming population, whose only homes appear to be pot-houses and dance-halls. Alleys and courts, even whole streets, are shown by the guides, where the display of a shilling at night may endanger the person of its owner, and where the livelong day brawls and blows are the rule and not the exception. Contrasting with this appalling display of the consequences of hereditary vice, the Ghetto included within the East End offers a saddening picture of the results of religious persecution.

This is the wretched district which Zangwill has described and made visible to his readers with a power equal to that shown by Charles Dickens when he wrote of Lincoln's Inn Fields and its surrounding territory. "A common grayness" has settled over everything in these tortuous lanes and alleys, which swarm with hunted refugees from the Russian Empire. They are, for the most part, crafty as to expression and servile in bearing. This is especially true of the men; although occasionally one sees among them a fine head, which recalls those superb portraits of Jewish Rabbis painted by Rembrandt, wherein the anguish of centuries seems concentrated in a single noble face. The women have a less alert expression, as if the persecutions to which their race has so long been subject had dulled their intelligence and benumbed their faculties. Another noticeable fact is that the types occurring here are many and differ widely from one another. They are blonde and dark, with flat, or with strongly curved noses; they may be florid in complexion, or yet again of an ashy paleness, which is always accompanied by dull yellow hair, and again suggests the Hebrew faces of the Dutch master of portraiture. The men are unkempt and unshorn to the point of filthiness; the women are slatternly to a corresponding degree. The district reeks with the sickening odor peculiar to the Ghetto or *Judenstrasse*, whether it be situated in London or Rome, Frankfort or New York. Still other characteristics are to be observed, which make the quarter separate and

## London in Coronation Time

foreign, in short, one which might be situated in any Jewish quarter of the temperate zone. The square Hebrew characters meet the eye from posters on the walls of shops and houses, just as one may see them in the Ghetto of any Gentile city. The Talmud-Torah schools marked with the name of a Montefiore or a Rothschild, teach the same Law in the same traditional way as do the Rabbis in the towns of the Far West. The jargon or Yiddish, familiar in sound, at least, to all who know aught of Jewish life, and which is in itself a memory of bitter persecution, is the language of the throngs pouring from the synagogues, or is understood in the angry cries of a turbulent mob collected about a ramshackle tenement. And in noting these facts, the visitor is impressed with the deep truth of the statement made with calmness, even with pride, by the Jews themselves, that they are without a country, that they are constituted into no nation, and that they have no church; in short, that as they were the most anciently cultured people, so they have first of all passed through the phases of society and religion prescribed to civilization, and are come to a point where God and man stand face to face, with no occasion or need of intermediate agencies.

The district filled to overflowing with these strange foreign exiles can not be otherwise than most depressing, more particularly as the names of the roads and streets in which they swarm, have a sinister sound; recalling as they do stories of poverty and crime related by Dickens and, as well, recent horrors of actual occurrence. For the foreign visitor Whitechapel and Spitalfields and Mile End Road have a meaning as well-defined as for the native of London East.

To linger long in this region would be a menace to cheerfulness, health and even security. The excursion is one that is best made in a carriage that does not make unnecessary stops, and by persons who can conceal their interest in the life about them; since the poorest and most wretched retain some vestige of that modesty and dignity which resents intrusion into personal affairs.

A course of a half hour by hackney coach in a westerly direction brings one into a locality of pleasant memories and great historic interest. It is the quarter made famous by Johnson and Boswell, Goldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Churches and coffee-houses,

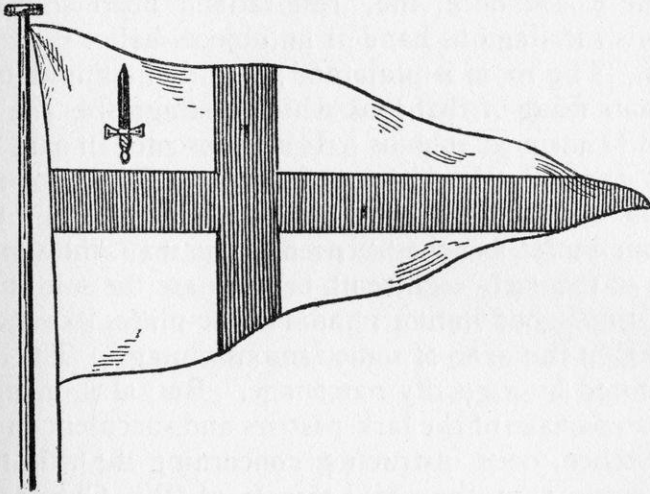
## London in Coronation Time

Fleet Street and its adjacent courts and lanes offer authentic testimony to the former presence within their precincts of these old-time worthies. Among so many points of interest, it is indeed difficult to choose, but certainly the one most strongly appealing to the every-day normal man or woman is the inn or tavern of "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, near ye Flete Prison, an eating-house for goodly fare." It stands removed from the modern thoroughfare and is reached through a sombre and narrow passage, crowded by day with men of affairs, solicitors' clerks and messengers. Its entrance gives into a square passage with an old spiral staircase, and the passage leads, on one hand, into a room made bright by the presence of pretty bar-maids; on the other, into the principal room of the tavern. Here, for once, the "restoration" fiend seems to have withheld his sacrilegious hand from objects hallowed by age and association. The room is plain and worn, but scrupulously clean, and with something of that look which distinguishes the audience-rooms of old European schools. It is wainscoted in oak, brownish-black with age, ridged and seamed deeply. The windows are of leaded glass and admit a gray and scanty light. A fireplace, a clock, a rude buffet, benches secured to the wall, the simple tables and chairs of the early eighteenth century are the sole furnishings. But the spirit of good humor irradiates the place, like the sunshine concentrated in the wine of some famous vintage. The old tavern is still honored by a goodly patronage. But, alas, many of those who come to partake of the lark-pastries and succulent chops served from its kitchen, need instruction concerning the title to remembrance and glory of the old *habitués* of "Ye Cheese;" as it is proven by hearing a citizen of New York or Chicago, opulent in appearance and with his pocket well lined with guineas of King Edward the Seventh, exclaim, as he sits beneath a shining brass wall tablet: "Who was this old Dr. Johnson?"

For him neither the neighboring portrait—a copy of the great Sir Joshua in the National Gallery—nor the labors of Johnson the lexicographer have any significance or value; but, after partaking of the noon-day meal at "Ye Cheese," he will concur in one statement made by the eccentric Doctor, if so be that these words chance to meet his eye:

## London in Coronation Time

“No, Sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness has been produced as by a good tavern.” From the old inn of “Ye Cheese,” the visitor passes on quickly to other scenes of London life; able from the variety offered by the most populous city of the world to choose the historic, the splendid, the commercial, the flippant, or the vicious. But however he may choose, he can not, through all his wanderings, lose some sense of that spirit which was responsible for placing in the City’s coat of arms the sword of Saint Paul, and beneath it the legend “Domine, Dirige Nos.”



# *The Workshop & School : By Oscar L. Triggs*

*Instructor in the University of Chicago*



SHORT time ago I received a letter from a graduate student in a certain university in which he stated that, on account of the lack of a sufficient sum of money to "carry him through," he was forced to support himself. "This I do," the letter reads, "by manufacturing a few hundred cigars a week. If you use cigars, I should esteem your patronage a great favor. I make the cigars myself and manufacture only high grade goods." The condition depicted here is one with which I was familiar, yet never before was one aspect of our education brought so forcibly and clearly to my attention. The letter betokens the complete divorcement that has grown up between education on the one hand, and industrialism on the other hand. Education, it seems, is a leisuristic pursuit which entails the sacrifice of one's trade or profession. Furthermore, one's trade or profession is not regarded as having any educational value and is at best a means of gaining a livelihood. Taking this young man's case as typical, how should such a problem be solved? Should he seek to abandon his trade altogether and win at all hazards a special and supposedly higher culture; or should he go back to the workshop and yield all hopes of becoming an educated man; or should he do what he is now doing: devote part of his time to his work (which is one thing) and a part of his time to education (which is another thing)?

Let us suppose that he despises his work as ignoble and chooses to become a man of culture—then, he rejects that which is at least real, and enters upon a path that tends toward unreality, till perchance he loses himself in abstractions and ceases, therefore, however refined he may become, to be a vital factor in the world's work. But is the other alternative any better? He gains, let us say, a livelihood by his work; he surrounds himself with the bodily comforts and indulges occasionally in luxuries; he becomes perhaps a foreman in the shop or rises to the position of proprietor, promoter and trust-magnate. But if, in this process, he is uneducated, his work is still unredeemed and is virtually unprofitable, however vast his



## The Workshop and School

worldly possessions. Recently a man who had chosen the way of business and in the pride of his success had asserted that a college education was a detriment to a man of affairs, passed his vacation in Europe. It was observed that when away from his business he was reduced for pleasurable exercise to gambling at Monte Carlo. We were a little shocked at this, not that we regard gambling as a sin, but that Monte Carlo seemed so trivial in view of the stimulus which Europe offers to a man of true culture and insight. But is the third solution a way out of the difficulty? Should our young man study half of the time and work at his trade the rest of the day? This solution is reached, of course, by way of a compromise—a compromise of the same nature as that presented in the labor world by the eight-hour day. It consists in reducing what is offensive and undesirable to its lowest terms, in order that when necessity is satisfied, the worker may be free for a season to do that which to him is pleasurable. I cannot imagine a torture more grievous than that. Indeed, the orthodox hell, as described by Milton in *Paradise Lost*, consisted in just this alternate freezing and burning. The case of this young man, or of any young man, seems to me at this time to be hopeless. There is simply no chance in the world to-day for a man to be integral, to live an entire life; he must be divided and divided according to the divisions which obtain throughout the whole range of modern life.

I see only one remedy for the class system of modern society—that is, to reconstruct the institutions that embody the social spirit; to create a school which is not so far removed from the workshop as to obliterate real processes and objects—to create a workshop which shall be so fully educative in itself that it will be a virtual school. I can conceive that even a cigar factory might be so conducted as to be instructive. If one really understood the work he was doing, the part he was playing in the world's vast intricate scheme of industry; or if one really knew in all its relations the object he was handling—in this case, let us say, the history of the tobacco plant, such a workman would not pass as a wholly uneducated man. In contact with his fellow workmen, he might develop to the full the life of comradeship: that human sympathy without

## The Workshop and School

which education of any sort is empty and unprofitable. My illustration is perhaps unfortunate. To King James, who uttered a counterblast against tobacco, or to Emerson, who thought a cigar was a crowbar thrust in among the delicate tendrils of the brain, the illustration would be unsavory. But it was of a plant of less importance than the tobacco plant that Tennyson said:

“ Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand!  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.”

But I do not wish to anticipate my conclusion. I do contemplate the creation, at no far distant time, of a combined workshop and school; but meanwhile there are certain considerations which must be understood in order that our evolution may be rational and the end desired be prepared for.

The dominant tendency in the world to-day is the industrial. Broadly speaking, the industrial issues are the vital ones. The most virile and energetic minds of the modern world are engaged in solving the problems that attach to material things. The men who, at other times in the world's history, erected altars, built cathedrals, led armies, conducted diplomacy, formulated systems of philosophy, and mastered the technique of the arts, are to-day engaged in industry. That was a sublime story of the history of mankind told at the Buffalo Exposition by the series of buildings and sculpture groups which centered in the Electric Tower. There at the focus of all paths stood resplendent the shining tower. By ways of savagery, and step by step through various forms of culture, the race reached a point where it could engage successfully in struggle with the more subtle forces of its environment. There, I say, at the center of all historic radii rose up triumphant the electric tower—a symbol of what? symbol of man's greatness in respect of religion, or art, or politics, or laws? Not of these, but of his genius in industry. It is not quite correct to say that the light

## The Workshop and School

which streamed from the tower was a "symbol" of man's genius, for it was rather the evidence of it. It was a light objective and material, a light made of the energy transmitted from Niagara. Here was the secret. Niagara had waited a million years for its conqueror, its subjection to the service of man, and this conquest was regarded by the builders of the Fair as the supreme achievement of the race thus far. For the first time, we recognized and published and celebrated the fact that an electric tower, thus devised and illumined, was worthy to stand in the place of honor where hitherto cathedrals and armies and thrones and constitutions and arts had stood. That Exposition was the apotheosis of labor; it was the exaltation of materials. And as a further evidence of our industrial civilization it was noticed that he who was then our political leader, in his last great address, spoke not of political, but of industrial problems. What do these signs indicate if not that the time has come to estimate the genius of an individual or of a people by capacity to control materials? When Sir William Hamilton asserted that Aristotle had a genius as great as Homer's, he seized upon the primary fact that genius may be exercised in many directions. Genius is not greater or smaller by virtue of the materials it works upon; genius is power, the power of an organizing, effective mind.

Accepting then the statement that the dominant tendency in the world to-day is the industrial, we are ready to carry our inquiry farther back and to ask why the place of primacy should be given to the industrial hero. The answer is not far to seek. The result appears to be due to the working of that social force we call democracy. The most democratic peoples to-day are those most successful in the field of industry—and the connection is more than accidental. America has assumed the leadership among industrial nations, much to the perplexity and alarm of competing factories. The secret of this leadership seems to be little understood. In vain do foreign manufacturers provide new machinery for their workshops and introduce new methods into their business. It is soon discovered that success is not a matter of machinery and method; it lies farther back in the social system and environment. Our

## The Workshop and School

American success in industrial enterprises is explained by the fact that immense stores of energy, latent and unemployed, are released for service through the opening of opportunity occasioned by democracy. A democratic people is not a religious people, not an artistic people, not a political people, but a working people. We are constituted of men who do things. We sweep all transcendental visions and fictions aside and start from the ground of the concrete fact. And we are discovering more and more that the successful doing of things is a form of noble exercise. It is necessary to emphasize this fact, since if we are to enter rationally into a given line of evolution we must understand what is important and what is meaningless. The significance of evolution pertains far more to the future than to the past or present. If it is clear that the industrial tendency is the dominant one, and if back of that there is to continue the perpetual pressure of democratic forces, then it is the part of wisdom to create institutions that relate to industrial democracy and withdraw our support from old and outworn ideals. Let the arts and the religions and the political systems that took their rise from, and furnished the sustenance for the feudal aristocracies of Europe—let them wither, I say, and pass from men's memories and minds!

In naming democracy as the force that is shaping the modern world and as the fact which must condition all our thinking, I imply, of course, the presence still among us of the opposite force and fact variously known as monarchy, feudalism, and aristocracy. And it appears that while the modern spirit is democratic, the forms and institutions still in evidence are derived largely from monarchy. The orthodox religions are clearly monarchic in character; for they strive to establish on earth "the kingdom of God." Thrones, judgment-seats, commands, punishments—these linger in theology, while in science and in actual affairs the universe is regarded as a republic. Especially in prayer-books and hymn-books do the feudal ideals linger. Even our National Hymn closes with a reference to "God our *King*." The art we try to keep alive in a poor, thin fashion was originally provided for the noble and leisure classes of Europe, and is still an incident of wealth and luxury.

## The Workshop and School

What can be more undemocratic than the principle of "art for art's sake," according to which most of our art is produced, and by the acceptance of which those gifted with special aesthetic taste defend their exclusiveness? Our public schools have been democratized to some extent, yet even here there is a considerable trace of foreign ideals. The emphasis still placed on culture and learning as such, and upon formal thinking, upon intellectual discipline, upon reading and writing, upon examinations and prizes, upon authority and discipline, upon athletics—these emphases are signs of the belated militarism in the American school. Strangely enough, too, our present industrial system, though modern in spirit, is formed on the lines of the military, and we speak of "Captains of Industry" and not infrequently refer to the great trust-magnates as "kings"—"sugar kings," "tobacco kings," "oil kings," etc. The "trust" is a federation of principalities, and it has been prophesied that if the present tendency continues, in twenty years an Emperor will be ruling at Washington. I do not know of a single perfected democratic institution, though there are abundant tokens of change and transition.

The purpose of my remarks thus far has been to call your attention to the conditions I have just noted. We live in a new age; we are impelled by new thoughts; yet we are trying to put up with old forms. Our interior life is one thing. Our exterior life is another thing. Is it not possible to create new institutions—institutions that will not be masks and lies, but represent what we really think and are or hope to be? One such institution I propose—the institution of the workshop; a workshop of a new type, such as may be properly the unit of organization in the industrial commonwealth we are forming.

The workshop I have in mind will embody to the full the high ideals of labor, conceived by such writers as Ruskin, and current in the world now for nearly a century. It will be a genuine manufactory where materials shall be shaped into the things we use. It will be a "studio," where work shall be creative and not devoid of a sense of beauty. It will be a school where the doing of things shall be educative, since work will there be conducted to the ends of

## The Workshop and School

expression, as art is at its best and as life is at its freest. In a sense, it will be a state, since it will be a community of self-governing individuals. In a sense, too, it will be a church, since it will be established upon the basis of co-operation and comradeship. Such a workshop is a dream, you say, impossible of realization. But let us examine the factors more in detail.

I said the workshop would embody certain high ideals of labor. For a century there has been proclaimed a gospel of labor, which came into being apparently in opposition to the leisuristic ideal of aristocracy. Carlyle was one of the ablest and most outspoken advocates of the new doctrine. There is splendid passion glowing in Carlyle's words concerning the "toilworn craftsman that conquers the earth and makes her man's." There is a passage in his writings which I can never read without a quickening of the heart: "Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the scepter of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh! but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee, hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand, with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread." From the terms employed and the feeling displayed, it is evident that Carlyle had but just made the discovery of this craftsman. But through how many cruel ceremonies he was obliged to penetrate! We have seen this workman—he still walks our streets. Yet in the same age another craftsman has appeared—a craftsman of which William Morris is the type—erect and forceful, who wins his way by sheer strength of personality, who actually realizes the ideal of the nobility of labor that Carlyle pronounced to be possible. Now

## The Workshop and School

Carlyle belonged to the first half of the nineteenth century and Morris to the second half. Carlyle simply outlined the doctrine of labor as from a pulpit. But Morris exercised his energy within an actual workshop. Will you dare to say that in the next half century the possibilities of labor may not be realized by multitudes of men and women? Is it not our function to make this realization simple and rational?

Just how the institutional workshop will arise, and in what guise it will appear, I can not say. But I conceive that in this workshop real work will be conducted, and that we shall make in it all those things we need for actual use. This institution will be at least self-supporting. It seems to me a defect of our institutions that they are really parasitic and exist by virtue of the labor of others, as represented in taxes as to the state, in contributions as to the church, in patronage as to the arts, in endowments as to the school. We do not want to add another charity to this series. This much is clear: the workshop will be a commercial enterprise. This surely will not be difficult, considering the long training the world has had in pure acquisition.

With successful commercialism as the basic fact, we may then add to that the element of art. I do not mean that the fine arts will be given place in the workshop. That is not necessary. Art is simply free creation. Beauty is not something added to an object, it is a quality of work. It comes into evidence whenever a man takes pleasure in his work, whenever his hands are permitted to do what his own desires determine and his own will directs. The difference between art and not-art is that the one is work accomplished in freedom and the other is work done under conditions of slavery. It seems we are free to-day in every respect but one—we may go where we will, we may think and speak what we will, we may worship when we will and vote for whom we will; but very few men to-day can work as they will. The workman must discover an employer, the lawyer must find his client, the doctor must wait for his patient, the preacher must be called to his pulpit, the teacher must be invited to his chair. There is almost no free work in the world to-day, and probably cannot be under our present organiza-

## The Workshop and School

tion. Recently I have learned that workmen are not desired in factories after the age of forty-five. If this be true—if a man is shut out from the world's work at forty-five, then is our industrial civilization dangerous and altogether questionable. So long as this condition lasts art is impossible. Art will enter into the workshop only when the worker is in some degree at least a free agent. As I look back upon the recent past I discover but one genuinely free workman—this same William Morris, and in all the industrial world I discover only one movement that looks towards the redemption of labor—the arts and crafts movement which Morris again was instrumental in initiating. If, then, we desire art in our workshop we must add to the system of exchange some principle of free workmanship.

The workshop as school is already provided for when work is made creative. In the truest education there is always a double activity—the primary mental activity involved in plan or design; the secondary motor activity concerned in the execution of the plan or design. The failure of the present school is that it exercises the mind, but stops at the point where thought tends to pass out into action. This error is by no means corrected when the school adds to its equipment a gymnasium, or encourages the playing of football or base-ball. The failure of the present workshop, in its turn, is that it employs the motor energies, but does not admit of original design. And this error is not counteracted when some individual is secured to do the thinking and designing for the whole community of workers. In the school we get unreal thinking; from the workshop we get unintelligent work. In both cases the education is partial, and so far as I can see, the education of the school is as imperfect as that of the factory. If the one tends to increase stupidity and ignorance, the other tends to develop priggishness and pride. I have been reading with much amusement the account of two educated men in Ernest Crosby's "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable":

"Here are two educated men.

The one has a smattering of Latin and Greek;

The other knows the speech and habits of horses and cattle, and gives them their food in due season.



## The Workshop and School

- The one is acquainted with the roots of nouns and verbs;  
The other can tell you how to plant and dig potatoes and carrots and turnips.
- The one drums by the hour on the piano, making it a terror to the neighborhood;  
The other is an expert at the reaper and binder, which fills the world with good cheer.
- The one knows or has forgotten the higher trigonometry and the differential calculus;  
The other can calculate the bushels of rye standing in his field and the number of barrels to buy for the apples on the trees in his orchard.
- The one understands the chemical affinities of various poisonous acids and alkalies;  
The other can make a savoury soup or a delectable pudding.
- The one sketches a landscape indifferently;  
The other can shingle his roof and build a shed for himself in workmanlike manner.
- The one has heard of Plato and Aristotle and Kant and Comte, but knows precious little about them;  
The other has never been troubled by such knowledge, but he will learn the first and last word of philosophy, "to love," far quicker, I warrant you, than his college-bred neighbor.
- For still is it true that God hath hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes.
- Such are the two educations:  
Which is the higher and which the lower?"

As Mr. Crosby states the case, his question can receive but one answer. The educated man is the workman, and he is educated precisely because he has combined the two factors of mental and motor activity. The farm is still a place where a workman may think out his task, but I believe we can do better in the improved workshop. I do not care whether you introduce manual training into the school, or whether you carry freedom to the factory. The modification of either institution in the direction I have indicated will result in the new workshop which educative industrialism demands. It is likely, however, that the school will be the first to suffer change. It will be easier to persuade the schools to engage in real processes than to train workmen to think about the work. The

## The Workshop and School

doom of the old school was pronounced when the first work-bench was let into the basement or garret or unused class-room. The work-bench is destined to crowd out the desks and text-books and the other signs of passive learning. Now we have a fair chance of getting what Kropotkin well calls "integral education." It is probable that the schools will be the first of our institutions to be democratized. And it may be that, by way of the school, the industrial system will itself be transformed.

I have suggested also that the workshop might be the unit of the community organization. When it becomes the function of states to develop and conserve industries—when we magnify industrial instead of legal relationships, the workmen who may unite to form a guild will have an importance not now accorded them. Membership in a guild would constitute citizenship with its duties and responsibilities. The workshop would be a place for the development of community consciousness. I perceive already in the "labor unions" the vague working of such a consciousness. A "Labor Party," however, competing with political parties for political ends and legal rights, would seem to be a very illogical outcome of such consciousness. An industrial structure can never be laid upon a political or legal foundation, industrial democracy being a co-partnership of men and not a government of laws. A State boundary line, for instance, is a legal fiction, and its truth is challenged by every railroad line that crosses it. I do not pretend to know what institutional forms will arise upon the ground of the workshop, but I can see that they must be different from those we now possess. The religious aspect of the workshop is summed up in the word brotherhood, or comradeship. Take away from labor its compulsion, let one be free to choose his associates in work as freely as he is now able to join a church or club, and an opportunity for comradeship will be given that does not now exist in the world of labor. The nexus in nearly all industrial enterprises is the wage, and men are forced to work together whether that association be pleasing or not. With a freer system of labor, it might be possible to restore to the workshop that courtesy and sympathy, once so common, but now so rarely met with. The working classes are not merely "un-

## The Workshop and School

churched"; they are, from their conditions of work, quite generally irreligious. But I am sure that it was for the members of the reconstructed workshop that Whitman wrote his poems of comradeship, the group called "Calamus," representing the new ideas of chivalry, and especially the poems entitled, "I Hear It Was Charged Against Me," and "I Dream'd In a Dream":

"I hear it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions,  
But really I am neither for nor against institutions,  
What indeed have I in common with them? or what with the destruction  
of them?  
Only I will establish in the Mannahatta and in every city of these States  
inland and seaboard,  
And in the fields and woods, and above every keel little or large that dents  
the water,  
Without edifices or rules or trustees or any argument,  
The institution of the dear love of comrades."  
"I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of  
the rest of the earth,  
I dream'd that was the new city of Friends.  
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love, it led the rest,  
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,  
And in all their looks and words."

A more practical or more beautiful religion than this I do not know.

This, then, is my conception of an ideal workshop—a conception made of the specialized ideas of factory, studio, school, state and church—a synthesis that is forced upon the mind from the desire to counteract the terrible divisive and disintegrating forces in modern life. I feel certain that we are approaching a period of synthesis and correlation. The competitive system is nearing its fall. Specialization has been carried to an extreme and in the future we must co-ordinate specialties. We are beginning to think with Ruskin that men may be of more value than products. If you think that what I have presented be unpractical, let it be noted that I have introduced no factors that do not really exist, and that I have but read the perfect logic of the situation. In some way, we shall

## The Workshop and School

arrive at this conclusion—must so arrive from the very pressure of social forces.

Whitman was once asked to write a poem for the opening of an industrial exposition in New York city. The theme was to him an inspiring one, since beyond all other seers, he cherished the vision of an industrial commonwealth. From the Song of the Exposition he wrote for that occasion, I take these lines:

“ Mightier than Egypt’s tombs,  
Fairer than Grecia’s, Roma’s temples,  
Prouder than Milan’s statued, spired cathedral,  
More picturesque than Rhenish castle-keeps,  
We plan even now to raise, beyond them all,  
Thy great cathedral, sacred industry, no tomb,  
A keep for life, for practical invention.”



## *The Wealth of St. Francis; A Study in Transcendental Economics : : By Ernest H. Crosby*



NE of the frescos of Giotto in the upper Church of St. Francis at Assisi represents the saint at the turning point of his career, when he abjures all rights of property forever and determines to devote his attention to matters usually considered less important. You may remember that Francis had contracted the highly reprehensible habit of giving his money away to all who asked, regardless not only of his own needs, but of the pauperizing effect of his alms on the recipients. There were no Charity Organization Societies in those days, but the saint's father, Bernardone, naturally scandalized at his son's behavior, did his best to anticipate their functions. He summoned the young man before the magistrates, but as the culprit claimed to be the servant of the church, they handed him over to the bishop. Giotto's painting depicts the trial before this prelate. Francis, instead of denying the charge, has just renounced all right to his inheritance. He has even stripped off his clothes and returned them to his father. The old man stands on the left with his son's garments on his arm; with his other hand he is striving to strike his rebellious boy, but his friends hold him back. On the right we see the good bishop, covering the youth's nakedness with his mantle. Francis himself is looking with rapt countenance up at the sky whence we see the hand of his Heavenly Father emerging. The crowd watches the scene with idle curiosity, and two children armed with small stones are waiting an opportunity to cast them at the "*pazzo*."

The same artist has represented the event allegorically in a large fresco in the lower church. Here we see the marriage of Francis and Poverty. The bride, whose fair features are emaciated, stands in the centre clad in rags. The saint, standing on the left and clad in monkish garb, is placing the wedding ring on her finger while he gazes at her lovingly. Between them is the figure of Christ who joins them in matrimony and supports the arm of Poverty with his hand. A dog is barking at the maiden and a boy is throwing stones at her, while another is threatening her with a stick. The hands of God are again seen above, accepting from two angels the

## The Wealth of St. Francis

property of the bridegroom, namely, his purse and tunic, and his house and garden. Over the head of Poverty lilies and roses are blooming. It would be impossible to assert positively what Giotto intended to symbolize by the flowers growing above the head of Poverty. He probably had in mind the various Christian virtues for which Francis was justly famous. It did not strike him perhaps that his own artistic triumphs—that the very picture he was painting—were blossoms which drew their life from that same act of self-devotion, and that much of the wealth of Christian art, poetry and philosophy for centuries would be the dowry of this most unpromising of brides.

The influence of St. Francis upon art has been noticed by several authors. Ozanam calls him the inspiration of his age and notes the fact that he left behind him a school of poets, architects and painters. A writer in the *Nuova Antologia* traces at length his relations to Giotto and Dante. Hermann Hettner, in an article entitled *Die Franciscaner in der Kunstgeschichte*, ascribes to the saint a preponderating influence in the artistic and literary history of the subsequent centuries. But the fullest and most suggestive appreciation of the significance of St. Francis in the world of art and letters is to be found in the great work of Henry Thode which bears the title, *Franz von Assisi und die Anfänge der Kunst der Renaissance in Italien*. This volume, with its many illustrations of paintings and churches, gives, in most interesting form, a clear view of the marvellous results upon civilization in all its breadth and depth of the Franciscan movement. It was with genuine sympathy for Francis that Thode went to Assisi, "the home of that great man in whom as in no other the inmost spirit of Christianity shone forth." Indeed, it would be difficult for any one to visit the "Galilee of Italy," as Renan calls the Umbria of Francis, without sharing that sympathy, as the present writer can testify from his own experience. Thode tells us that as he sat in the quiet church in which the saint is buried, he seemed to see dimly the meaning which St. Francis and his boundless love had assumed for humanity—nay, he felt the influence living in himself. The familiar legends which he read here again, the old frescos before which he passed hours and days, ap-

## The Wealth of St. Francis

peared now in a new light. A mysterious connection between Francis and Giotto—between the essential truth of the Franciscan movement on the one hand and that of the young Tuscan art on the other—became clear to him. He recalled Jacopone's songs, the mystic writings of Bonaventura, the preaching of Berthold of Regensburg; he saw in his mind's eye the great Franciscan churches, the innumerable paintings representing the life of the saint, and at last the manifold relations between the Italian culture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and the deeds and ideas of St. Francis stood out definitely before him, and he was deeply impressed with the vast indebtedness of the world of art and literature to the saint of Assisi.

The Franciscan movement was more than, according to Thode, than a mere religious phenomenon in the ordinary sense of the words; it was rather a movement of humanity. Mankind was gradually waking to a consciousness of the value of the individual, to a realization of individuality, to an appreciation of the relations of the individual to God, to nature and to other men. This feeling culminated in Francis in a burning love for God, man and nature, which afforded a new basis for union and communion between them. All his feeling was summed up in love. The love for God extended itself to all creatures; beasts and plants and inanimate objects became his brothers and sisters; the animals themselves showed a strange confidence in him and seemed to know that he loved them. For him all nature was the face of God and from the narrow limits of sense he rose to a timeless and spaceless feeling which he called the love of Christ. It was in fact a feeling of communion with the Eternal. In preaching such a love to the people, Francis and his disciples were really freeing them from the bondage of the circumstances in which they were living, and he was pointing them to a spiritual liberation which had its social as well as its religious aspect. He gave to the lower classes a sense of individual freedom for which they had been yearning, and he gave it to them in the bosom of the church, without running into the excesses of the heretical sects. His aim and methods were quite dissimilar from those of his great contemporary, Peter Waldo. Fran-

## The Wealth of St. Francis

cis preached a holy life, Waldo, the ten commandments; Francis proclaimed the love of Christ, Waldo, the law of God; Francis spread abroad the joy of the children of God, Waldo reprimanded the sins of the world; Francis attracted to him those who longed for salvation and left the rest alone, Waldo attacked the godless and exasperated the priests.

In many ways the teaching of Francis produced an effect upon art which the more austere doctrines of the sects could never have had. His religion of love became the ideal of the burghers of the towns. The Franciscan friars needed churches and convents, and these burghers built them. This was the opportunity of art. Francis also reconciled religion with nature. Hitherto earthly love had been considered impious, but now comes the saint, and with a poet's vision sees in it only a reflection of the divine love. Everything temporal is but the likeness of something eternal, and he who feels himself one with all that lives and moves, sees in creation the image of God. The old daylight of ancient culture appears again, but it radiates from a warmer sun, the all-embracing divine love. The oneness of God and the world was the ground-thought of St. Francis's teaching, and the idea was everywhere received with joy and became the fundamental conception of modern thought and of modern art.

Francis was the prince of peace-makers. As he had reconciled nature and religion, so he brought together the burghers and the nobility, the Church and the reformers. His democratic institution of beggar-monks bridged the chasm between an aristocratic clergy and the common people. Nor did he intend that his monks should beg except in case of necessity. He labored with his own hands and taught his followers to do the same; for idleness, he said, was the enemy of the soul. Francis inspired thousands of his disciples with his universal love and they preached his ideas to all Europe. Their preaching, in so far as it has come down to us, is marked by the same invariable features; they all glorify love, declare the unity of God and the world and the pure humanity of Christ, while the language used is simple, popular, and rich in striking similes and parables.



## The Wealth of St. Francis

The first department of art which responded to the quickening power of Francis was architecture. He had from the time of his conversion taken a deep interest in church-building. One of his first tasks was the restoration of the little chapel of San Damiano near Assisi, and he afterwards performed the same service for the neighboring churches of San Pietro and Santa Maria-in-Portiuncula, laying and fitting the stones with his own hands. Thode calls attention to the fact that these three churches differ from other Italian churches of the period in having pointed arches which resemble those of southern France. On July 16th, 1228, two years after the death of St. Francis, Gregory IX came to Assisi to canonize him, and on the following day he laid the first stone of the great double church of St. Francis. It was one of the earliest examples of Italian Gothic art and marked an epoch in the history of Italian architecture. Filippo da Campello was probably the designer and he seems to have come from Lombardy, although Vasari assigns the honor to one Master Jacopo Tedesco. Thode gives a detailed account of the spread of this new style of architecture throughout northern Italy, and he goes so far as to say that to study the history of the mendicant orders is to study the course of Gothic architecture in Italy, and that to the Franciscans is due the greater part of this influence, which may be traced back to Umbria and Assisi.

One peculiarity of the Franciscan churches was the large extent of wall-space which they afforded and which naturally invited fresco-painting. The best artists were called in to decorate the walls of the new church at Assisi. Some fifty years after the saint's death we find Cimabue painting in the upper church with a number of his pupils. Among these Giotto has his place, and he alone paints there twenty-eight scenes from the life of St. Francis. Giotto's art is incarnated in this church, and the names of Francis and Giotto are the two, says Thode, which come to the lips in grateful remembrance as one sits there in silent contemplation. Here the hand of Francis blessed the new-born Christian art in its cradle. Tradition tells us that St. Francis was a painter too. On the antependium of the altar of the little church of St. Mary which he built, he is reported to have painted the figures of angels, boys, birds, and other

## The Wealth of St. Francis

creatures, with an inscription beneath, calling upon them all to praise the Creator. The Tuscan people were artistic by nature and the seed sown by Francis fell upon good ground. They were ready to accept the harmony of religion and nature and to sympathize, to some extent at least, with the saint's consciousness of God in His world, although they could not follow him to his lonely height of self-renunciation and ecstatic meditation. The earliest paintings in the church at Assisi show the new influence, if we compare them with the contemporary art of Siena. They already exhibit freedom from the conventions of the past. But the first monumental work of the new art is to be found in Giotto's rendering of the legend of Francis. This series really celebrates the reconciliation estranged hands in each other and blessed the union. Thode of man and nature. Francis embraced both in his love, laid their thinks that an allegorical picture of the kind would have formed a fit pendant to the Marriage of Poverty, and that it would have been equally worthy of the genius of Giotto. Now that the figure of Francis has made its appearance in art, it becomes at once a favorite subject of the painters. It is not by accident that the earliest portraits of the new art are those of St. Francis, for his features had seized upon the imagination of the artists of the day. Thode gives a list of these portraits and traces the likeness of the saint from the first attempts which represent him as a man of middle size with a blonde beard and a thin, long face, to the later idealized portraits in which the beard has disappeared and the features have become more ascetic. The art of portraiture, thus revived in Francis, is called by Vasari a "*cosa nuova*."

It is however not in portraiture, but as a subject for popular art, that Francis becomes especially conspicuous. His legend affords the first popular material for the artist since the life of Jesus. In his youth Giotto was fortunately captivated by this legend and it freed him from the close atmosphere of the old art. It provided him with many artistic and dramatic scenes, exhibiting all the feelings and passions of the heart in turn—love, sympathy, pity, hope, gratitude, devotion, humility, as well as fear, horror, misery, despair and rage. As the subject was new, he felt at liberty to treat it

## The Wealth of St. Francis

in a novel way; nor was this all. Francis had brought the man Jesus to the foreground and this involved the deifying of man. It became necessary to form a new ideal of the human body worthy of the divine, and to this end to study the human form afresh. This impelled the artist to examine nature for himself. When afterwards Giotto went to Padua, he applied his new method to the life of the Madonna, and again to the life of Christ in the lower church at Assisi—a liberty which he could never have taken if he had not learned the lesson from St. Francis. Thus the whole field of Christian art was made to bloom anew.

The Franciscan legend also introduced Giotto to the real form of mountains, trees, houses and cities. He was depicting scenes which were familiar to the public and it was necessary to paint them so that they might be identified. This necessity cut him loose from the conventional backgrounds in which the scenes from the life of Christ had been set from time immemorial. Through Giotto, Francis opened the way to Christian art. Nor should we forget in this connection that Giotto became also the greatest of architects and designed the incomparable Campanile at Florence. Thode declares, and with good reason, that to him who contemplates the frescos in the upper church at Assisi with sympathizing love, the secret of the development of art reveals itself as nowhere else in the world. This church is indeed the cradle of the new art; here we find the key of the great artistic movement, namely, the loving study of nature. Giotto started out upon a path which led eventually to the master-pieces of Raphael and Titian. The figure of Francis remains a favorite—we may almost say, after Jesus and Mary, the favorite—of the painters. We might, by following his familiar form, construct a history of Christian art from the predecessors of Cimabue down to Guido Reni, Rubens and Van Dyck, and some artists, such as Cardi da Cigoli, devoted nearly their entire lives to him. The same spirit speaks in the frescos of Giotto at Assisi as in the highest art of the Renaissance. The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries form a single art-epoch, and there is one progressive, logical evolution from Giotto to Raphael, which makes it impossible to draw the line anywhere between them. And Thode

## The Wealth of St. Francis

extends the influence of Francis to the art of sculpture, which was especially in request to provide pulpits for the new orders of preaching monks. Niccolo Pisano is for him no belated representative of the ancient Italian art, but he too was inspired by the new conception of God and nature which he had learned directly or indirectly from St. Francis and his friars. Our author likewise contends that it was due to the saint that the art of the fifteenth century continued to be Christian in spite of the pagan influences of the Renaissance.

If from painting and sculpture we turn to poetry, we shall still detect the all-pervading inspiration of the monk of Assisi. He was himself a poet. His "Hymn to the Sun" is one of the earliest and most beautiful examples of Italian poetry, and Renan calls it "the finest religious poem since the Gospels." "The Lord be praised," the saint cries, "for brother Sun and sister Moon, for brother Wind and sister Water, for brother Fire and for our sister, Mother Earth, nay, even for our sister Death." Among all the poets no one but Whitman has shown an equal tenderness and affection for death. Walt sings of "the joy of death, the beautiful touch of death," and indeed there is much in his verse that recalls St. Francis. No nobler expression could be given to the unity of God, nature and man than in the "Hymn to the Sun," nor could a more powerful stimulus have been applied to the composition of poetry in the popular tongue rather than in Latin. Thode calls his hymn the *réveille* of Christian art. Two of the immediate disciples of Francis were also poets: Fra Pacifico, who had been a troubadour before his conversion and had been crowned *Rex Versuum* by the Kaiser, and Thomas of Celano. The latter was the author of the grand *Dies Irae*, a poem which, although it is written in Latin, is full of genuine popular feeling. St. Bonaventura, better known, as we shall see, as a mystic and philosopher, was a poet too. The Franciscans wrote most of their poetry in the vulgar tongue, Giacomino for instance making use of the Veronese dialect. Umbria became the special home of religious poetry. A popular kind of song called *Lauda* was in vogue there, passing from mouth to mouth, and its origin was undoubtedly Franciscan.

## The Wealth of St. Francis

The poems of the great Franciscan poet, Jacopone da Todi, give a good idea of these songs. Crazed by the sudden death of his wife, he gradually recovered his reason, and in 1278 he gave away all his property and joined the order. In his poems he ridicules the learning of his time and satirizes Pope Boniface VIII, who imprisoned him in 1298. After five years of confinement, he was released by the death of the Pope, and in 1306 he died, his heart broken, it was said, from too great love for Christ. The idea of love had gained full possession of him. Asked once why he wept, he answered, "Because love is not loved." "The greatest joy which the soul can possess in this life," says an old chronicler, "is to be continually fixed on God, and it is believed that his soul attained to this condition." Jacopone was one of Italy's foremost poets. Written in the language of the people, as most of his poems are, they are marked by rude originality and impetuous feeling. In this they differ radically from the stilted rhymes and plays upon words of the Troubadours. Eternal love, the mystic union of the soul with God, these were his constant themes. His best known Latin poem is the *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*. Among the other Franciscan poets we may mention Fra Ugo Panziera, Fra Francesco da Fabiano and Fra Angelico da Camerino. The poetry of the Troubadours, which began to flourish in Provence about the time of Francis's birth, never appealed to the Italian populace. Their instinctive preference was for the native-born religious hymns of the Franciscans, and the depth of its feeling raised this Umbrian poetry far above the artificial conceits of the Provençal bards.

While Jacopone was composing his last verses, Dante was at work at his "Divine Comedy." Some authors have gone so far as to call this a Franciscan song, and, although this is doubtless claiming too much, there is some truth in the statement. If Dante owed his philosophy to St. Thomas, he learned his "*amor divina*" from St. Francis, or from his follower, St. Bonaventura. To the influence of Francis we may perhaps also attribute the fact that the great poet chose the Italian language in preference to the Latin. At any rate, the common spirituality of the Italian people found a voice in Dante and this spirituality had been called to life by the Umbrian

## The Wealth of St. Francis

saint. It is interesting to note the connecting links between the poet and the monk. Tradition has it that Dante became a member of the third order of Franciscans, but this statement, to say the least, is dubious. Vasari is authority for the statement that Dante suggested to Giotto some of the subjects in the Francis series of frescos at Assisi, and the poet writes of that town in the *Paradiso* as if he had visited it. In the same poem he shows his great admiration for St. Francis, and in naming him with Benedict and Augustine places his name first. In the eleventh Canto he gives an account of the saint's courtship of Poverty, who had lost her first husband, Christ, eleven hundred years before, and had never been sought in marriage since:

*"Questa, privata del primo marito,  
Mille e cento anni e piu dispetta e scura,  
Fino a costui si stette senza invito."*

Among the many converging circumstances which produced the "Divine Comedy" we may safely assign a commanding place to the influence of St. Francis.

Oratory is an art of itself, and the preaching of the Franciscans is worthy of notice, not only as the main factor in reviving the other arts, but also for its own sake. Preaching was the principal occupation of the begging friars, and by it they gave currency to their new Gospel, the good tidings to the poor of the almighty power of love to make men free, happy and great. All true Christian preaching is the preaching of love, Thode asserts; and he asks, "Was there ever such preaching of love as that of the Franciscans?" By means of it they took Europe by storm. Men felt their noblest sentiments quickened; they came out into the open air from the shelter of their conventions and saw the whole world changed before them. How beautiful it all was; how happy mankind might be; how great was the kindness of the Lord! Hitherto preaching had usually been confined to the churches and had treated of doctrinal subjects in the Latin tongue. Now all this was altered. The friars preferred to preach out-of-doors; they spoke the dialect of the people, and they addressed themselves to the affections of their audiences. After Francis, St. Anthony of Padua was the most distinguished

## The Wealth of St. Francis

preacher of the Franciscans, having joined the order some years before its founder died. When he was to preach before the gates of Padua, the people gathered together from great distances round, coming in, on the night previous, from all the country-side. As many as thirty thousand sometimes listened to him at once, and he touched their hearts so effectively that crowds were eager to confess, and priests enough could not be found to hear their confessions. Salimbene, the Franciscan historian, mentions other preachers of the order, such as Girardo da Modena and Ugo da Bareola, but in fact nearly all the friars were preachers. Berthold of Regensburg, who was a Franciscan as early as 1246, was the orator of the order in Germany, and his sermons are still an ornament to German literature and might be read with profit in the village churches of to-day. Their spirit, like that of the Gospel, is ever young, for they breathe the same artless, universal Christian love and inculcate the same practical morality. They have something of Luther's eloquence, but a broader basis which fits them for Catholic and Protestant alike. He taught that God had revealed himself in two ways, to the clergy in the Old and New Testaments, and to the laity in two other "great books," namely, the earth and the sky, in which they can read all wisdom, "on the earth by day, and in the sky by night." Thus, true to the Franciscan tradition, he unites religion and nature. He pictured Jesus as an elder brother, to be loved as such, and he aroused a new interest in every event of his life. All men were equal before God, he said, and the great were to answer in the presence of the Judge of all for their oppressive conduct. The idea which Berthold held up before the people was the reign of peace and love, for war and strife were abominations to him. We may readily conceive the effect of such preaching upon the imagination of the public and of its ultimate results in art. The story of Jesus took on a new life and called forth a new love. New living pictures were presented to the fancy and it was but natural that artists should be inspired to paint them. The dramatic element predominates in all the artistic productions which can be ascribed to the influence of St. Francis. Giotto's painting is dramatic in the extreme and so is all the Franciscan

## The Wealth of St. Francis

preaching of which we have any record. The allegory, too, holds an important place in the literature of the order. The saint delighted in suiting his action to his thought. He founded a Christian festival at Greccio which Salimbene calls a *repraesentatio*. Thomas of Celano relates how Francis read the Gospel, the people responding with singing, how he then knelt before the manger and took the babe in his arms. This is the first mystery-play of which we hear in Italy, and it seems likely that St. Francis contributed to the revival of the drama. Ozanam finds in certain poems of Jacopone the earliest efforts of the Italian popular stage. These were dialogues prepared for feasts of the church. In one of them the characters are St. Francis, Poverty, and the poet; in another we see Christ, Mary, Mercy, an angel and others. It is probable that the passion plays performed at Pra della Valle near Padua in 1243, at Treviso in 1261, at Rome in 1264, at Cividale in 1298 and 1304, and at Florence also in 1304, had their origin in the Franciscan movement.

The influence of the order of St. Francis upon the learning of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was far reaching. Alexander of Hales, the irrefragable doctor (died 1245); Roger Bacon (1214-1292), the *doctor mirabilis*, founder of modern science and first of modern investigators and inventors; Duns Scotus (died 1308), the *doctor subtilis* and leader of the realists; William of Occam (1270-1347), the *doctor singularis et invincibilis* and champion of the nominalists, all of them Britons, were Franciscans. They were the greatest thinkers of their time and hardly a name of equal rank is omitted from the list, while their various theories covered the whole field of contemporary philosophy. Thode draws a comparison between Occam and Giotto. They flourished at the same time and Occam's philosophy, like Giotto's art, was essentially true to nature, placing the individual fact above the abstract idea of scholastic logic; both of them did what they could to free the human mind from the trammels of a conventional past. Occam did for thought what Giotto did for art, and both are children of Francis of Assisi.

A few words must be devoted to St. Bonaventura, the *doctor seraph-*



## The Wealth of St. Francis

*icus*, who became general of the order in 1256. He was born in the year 1221, and at three years of age was cured of a disease by St. Francis. At two-and-twenty he fulfilled a vow which his mother had made on that occasion, and joined the Franciscans. He studied at Paris and became distinguished as a mystical philosopher, absorbing to a high degree the spirit of the founder of the order. He was a man of noble character and exerted a deep influence on Italian poetry and art. Thode maintains that the true mystic has within him all the attributes of a painter, poet and musician. He has the power of visualizing his impressions and thus of picturing things as an artist. In his boundless feeling of oneness with God lies the source of the highest poetry, and when the mind altogether loses itself in contemplation of the divine, music remains the only form of expression possible. The mysticism of Francis and Bonaventura led naturally to allegory and to a life-like representation of the life of Jesus. The *Meditationes Vitae Christi*, usually ascribed to Bonaventura, were widely read by the people and did much to stimulate poetry and art among them. The time for the greatest triumphs of music had not arrived when Francis was alive. He was, however, very fond of the art, and when he was ill he would call for his lyre. Salimbene says that music was much cultivated in the Franciscan convents, and he mentions Fra Enrico Pisano and Fra Vita da Lucca as famous musicians and composers. It remained for Luther, however (says Thode), to do for music what Francis had done for the other arts. Bach was his Giotto, and as in Giotto the spiritual emotion of Francis found articulate expression, so in Bach the deep faith of Luther uttered itself forth, and as Francis introduced the great age of Italian art, so Luther inaugurated the era of German music. "Francis and Luther!" he cries. "When will the third come? The time is ripe and he that hath ears to hear must needs give heed to the longing cry of the people—this time the fourth estate—demanding its rights. What else does it require but a new power of faith, a new invigoration of feeling? Mankind stands once again in need of a Francis—a Luther."

We may now form some conception of the enormous influence

## The Wealth of St. Francis

which St. Francis exercised upon the history of his own and of succeeding times. All the threads of civilization in the subsequent centuries seem to lead back to him. Various authors, as we have seen, have pointed this out, but none of them has, I think, called attention to the fact that much of the most precious wealth of the world, including the priceless works of art of the great galleries of Europe, the architectural wonders of Italy, the beauties of the "Divine Comedy" itself—nay, even many of the fruits of our modern scientific progress—that much of all this is due to the beggar-monk of Assisi and was actually produced by his disregard for property. Thode remarks that it was "only by freeing himself from earthly cares and by following the example of the propertyless apostles," that Francis was enabled to give full scope to his love for God and man. Francis, in replying to the question of a bishop, said, "Sir, if we wished to own property, then we should be obliged to have arms to defend it, and in that case we should have quarrels and strife, which often hinder love to God and neighbor, and for these reasons we desire to own nothing in this life." It is true that the artistic spirit, which sprang from this all-renouncing love, at last demanded rich material upon which to work, and that the new art took shape in magnificent buildings and decorations. Francis did not appreciate to what an extent expenditure for beauty might be justified when devoted to public uses. When the brothers sent to Siena, where he lay ill, asking him for advice as to how to build a church and convent, he told them to construct huts for themselves and always to make their churches small and narrow and not to ornament them. In 1260 the Chapter General of the order, under the direction of St. Bonaventura, adopted rules for securing simplicity in the building of churches, but what, asks Thode, could even a Bonaventura do against mankind's new delight in color and form for which they were indebted to the Franciscans themselves?

The lesson which we must draw from St. Francis's example is quite subversive of all orthodox principles of political economy. If he had kept his property, and bought with it in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest, and if his heirs had preserved it intact until

## The Wealth of St. Francis

to-day, would not the world be much the poorer for it? We may have different opinions on the subject of poverty; even Giotto, loyal as he was to his saint, was disgusted with some of the beggar monks of his day and wrote a poem against them and their vow of poverty; but the fact remains that Francis, by his love which rose above all considerations of mine and thine, endowed the world with its greatest riches. We should do well to remember this when we hear it stated, as we often do, that civilization with all its triumphs, literary and artistic, is bound up in private property—that communism and socialism are impossible because they do not give free scope to the instinct of possession, in short, that living and getting are one and the same thing. These arguments need not disturb us, for we can still point to St. Francis, who enriched the world for all time by refusing to possess anything for himself. He had that supreme virtue which Walt Whitman admired in animals.

“Not one is demented with the mania of owning things.”

And is our civilization, founded as we see it upon this most miserable of manias, so necessary after all to the success of art and letters? If we look about us, we shall see that during our scramble for ownership, the highest art and literature have well-nigh departed from among us. Even music, the youngest of the arts, is gradually withering away like the belated chestnut blossoms in summer, and genius no longer flourishes in the land. We need a new creation in the realm of thought and beauty, and it must come as it did in the time of Francis, from the moving of the spirit of love on the face of the broad waters of humanity. Art and literature with us have become the idle amusement of a sickly few, leading an unnatural life by themselves, subsidized by private wealth more or less unjustly amassed and cut off from the only real base of supplies, the common people. The tongue cannot sing nor the right hand wield pen or brush, when head and arm are lopped from the trunk. The first condition for true art is that men should become conscious of their solidarity and convinced of the value of simple manhood as over against all other values whatsoever; and then that, imbued as St. Francis was with this new esprit de corps,

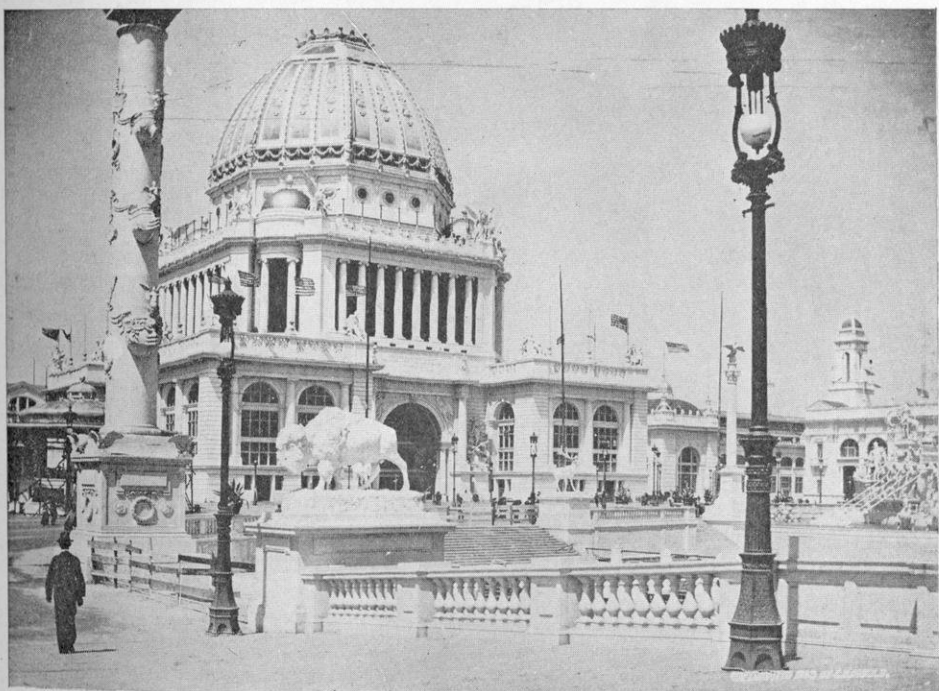
## The Wealth of St. Francis

they should proceed to live the truth as they see it. The result would be, now as then, that the life itself would become the crowning work of art and that its strong current would fructify the coming ages with the truest wealth.





The Trocadero, Paris Exposition, 1878



Administration Building, World's Fair, Chicago, 1893



## *Lessons from the Expositions*

*By Frederick S. Lamb*



COMMERCIALISM in art commenced when art lost touch with commerce; when art ceased to answer the legitimate demands of the age in which it existed, decadence set in. Art degenerated into an aristocratic adjunct and was viewed with distrust by the people. It is difficult to determine the exact epoch in which the ideals of the Middle Ages were set aside and the new interpretation of art developed. The early part of the sixteenth century saw Titian, Raphael, Holbein, Angelo and Veronese, whose work is the culmination of ages of training and tradition. They are the lineal descendants of the craftsmen, the last exemplars of the old traditions; they were the last apostles of the belief that the result produced was more important than the method of production.

A new era followed. Art slowly but surely drifted from its direct contact with the working, living world. As long as art dealt directly with the patron or consumer, it prospered; but with the growth of the middle-man, competition was engendered, and competition was the death of art. The test of ability shifted from production to exploitation, and the artist sunk to the level of a machine while the man of commerce became the man of ability.

Art, instead of answering the healthy demands of the masses, pandered to the wants of the luxurious few. "Art for art's sake," became the cry. Class distinction was engendered until the artist constituted himself producer and consumer, defining the conditions which should govern both. Then, because what he considered to be ideals were not recognized, he bemoaned the lack of art appreciation in the age or country in which he lived.

From the seventeenth century to the present day, art, so called, has pursued a course which has slowly but surely drifted from the main line of the world's progress. No generation can successfully resist the influence of its age; nor can art prosper without the sympathy and support of the public. In framing our legal codes we recognize that no law can succeed without the consent of the governed. In art we have refused to recognize the same principle, until to-day

## Lessons from the Expositions

the artist is no longer the bard, the minstrel, the historian, but, instead, the self-constituted arbiter of his own fortunes.

Isolated cases may exist; but from Poussin to the present time there has been a gradual divergence, and to-day the artist graduating from the school with a knowledge of Claude Lorraine, Ingres, David, Couture, Bouguereau, even Baudry, finds himself versed in a language unknown to the age in which he lives, and at a loss how to learn that of his fellows of the new.

The age that produced the varying styles from Delacroix to Manet, from Manet to Monet, must have sacrificed the purposes of art to the development of mere mannerisms.

Inheriting our schools and deriving our education from the old world, we of the new stand aghast at the predicament in which we find ourselves. Where is help to come from? How is art to be revitalized by us? Certainly not from the countless exhibitions of easel paintings, each more tiresome than the last, for here is found but the endless change of fashion; not from sculpture, for the same influences have affected its progress as have governed painting; not from architecture, for architecture, as "practiced in modern times, is not a manual art, but is a combination of an intellectual but non-artistic study with science, and with artistic tradition now embodied in books."

But we do find hope for the future in a careful analysis of the lessons of our expositions. Here, for the first time in ages, we note a tendency to again unite the aesthetic and the practical—to redeem art by making it real and vital.

We find a desire to show in transient form the possibility of permanent improvements. Where we might expect a servile adherence to commercial precedent, we find a distinct desire to get the very best, and an effort in every possible way to advance and improve the real art interests, not only of the city, but of the nation.

While in the earlier expositions, owing to restricted expenditure, we have but limited effort, in the later, we have most elaborate and grandiose attempts to solve difficult problems. The earlier expositions materially advanced and improved methods of construction, while the later have demonstrated the possibility of inter-artistic



## Lessons from the Expositions

co-operation and its beneficial results. All have endeavored to secure the benefit of the widest comparison of methods and products, but the later have demonstrated beyond discussion the advantages of a comprehensive plan, carried out with the aid and assistance of the best professional ability.

Thus, in the first great international exposition at London, the initial experiment in the use of glass and iron was made; and the Crystal Palace, still extant, was the forerunner of many buildings of a similar character. This was not the only benefit derived, for a careful study by England of her manufactures, led her to realize, in comparison with the continent, her inferiority in design. The South Kensington schools were the outcome of this realization, and art throughout the world has been distinctly benefited. The work of Morris and the school which has followed in his footsteps received much of its impetus from this opportunity to view at once the craft-work of the world at large.

Many still claim that the Centennial gave the first art impulse to the United States; but be this as it may, we know that the Art Gallery of Philadelphia was a permanent asset, and that from this developed the Fairmount Park Association, which has contributed each year more than any one other factor to the embellishment of that city.

In the Paris Exposition of '78 a grander scheme was tried. The exposition was not removed to a great distance from the city, but was kept as a component part. The Trocadero and its surrounding park still stands as a monument to its designers. A careful study of this building shows that a type of architecture was produced which would have been impossible under other conditions. While architects may try to classify it as Renaissance, every one feels the subtle touch of Eastern influence, and realizes the desire of the designers to perpetuate in lasting material that charm so beautiful, yet so elusive. The Trocadero, admirably placed, is not only a public museum of great value, but has acted in more recent expositions as a focal point for future design.

Thus, in the following French Exposition of '89, this building controlled the placing of that greatest of all experiments of steel cage

## Lessons from the Expositions

construction—the Eiffel Tower; the Hôtel des Invalides, the Eiffel Tower and the Trocadero, forming the three marked points in the plan and controlling the location of other buildings and monuments. What finer vista could be obtained than that of the great sculpturesque fountain seen through the arches of the Eiffel Tower! This was the day of the engineer, and *his*, the greatest triumph. While the architectural effort was interesting, no part of it has been considered of sufficient importance to be retained in permanent form. The engineer's work, however, still stands and calls forth as much praise to-day as on the day of its creation. Yet when first projected it was considered an impossibility—a tower a thousand feet high was a wild dream never to be accomplished. And now that it is accomplished, it dominates the situation and still holds the imagination enthralled.

It may be of interest to notice that applied painting was not forgotten; a most able scheme was projected and carried out by that eminent master, Lemaire.

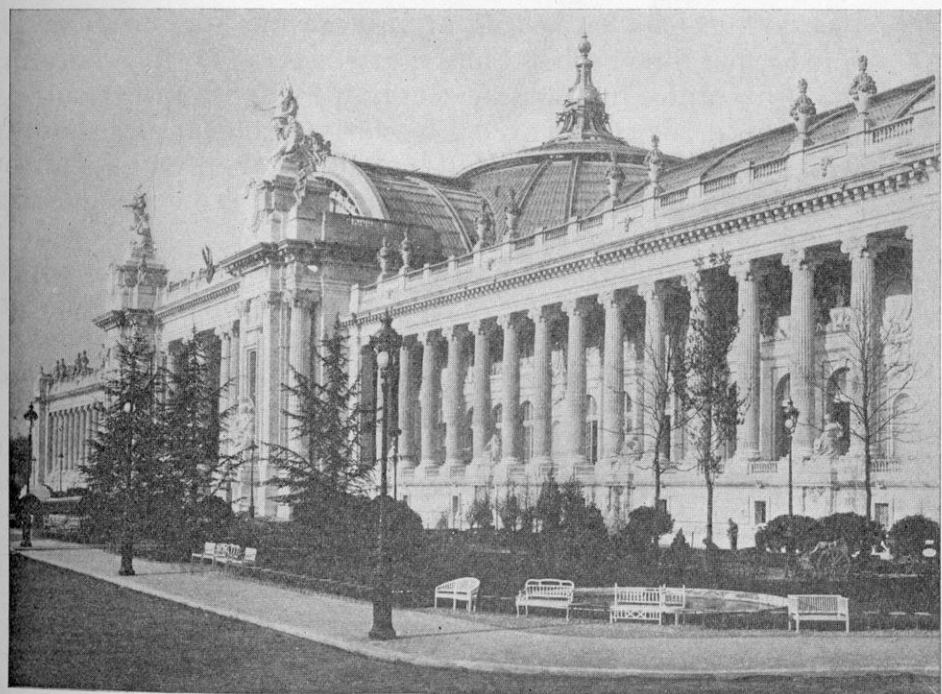
But all previous efforts in the use of applied sculpture and painting were to pale beside the masterly results obtained in the World's Fair, Chicago. So great was the success achieved, that even to-day the "White City" is spoken of with awe and admiration. Here for the first time in this country, architects agreed to conform to a uniform cornice line, and the Court of Honor was the result. The peristyle at one end showed a masterly treatment of a shore front, while the Administration Building at the other, with its surrounding plaza, columns and statues, demonstrated the possible dignity of a public building properly located.

American sculptors, fired with enthusiasm, seized their opportunity, and the Statue of the Republic, the Columbus Monument, the groups in the Court of Honor and the statues on the Lagoon showed the possibilities of sculpture properly placed in relation to architecture.

Mural painting, in a small way, was given a trial, and many artists now famous gained their first experience in the domes of Chicago. Nor was the use of exterior color forgotten, for in the Transportation Building, a daring, if not successful attempt was made.



Alexander Bridge and le Petit Palais, Paris Exposition, 1900



Le Grand Palais, Paris Exposition, 1900





Le Château d'Eau, Paris Exposition, 1900



Interior Court, Petit Palais, Paris Exposition, 1900



## Lessons from the Expositions

Owing to the unfortunate fact that the location of the Exposition was at some distance from the heart of Chicago, little beside the Art Building was retained as a permanent tribute to the men who conceived and executed this work.

In the French Exposition, 1900, this mistake was rectified. An effort was to be made to design the exposition near the center of a great city. Competitive plans were called for, and the successful one proved a marvel of daring and ingenuity. It placed the buildings on either side of the Seine, starting at the Place de la Concorde and ending at the Champs de Mars. The old salon buildings, long antiquated, were removed, and their sites utilized. The open space on either river-side connected these buildings with the Trocadero, the Eiffel Tower and the great plaza of the Champs de Mars. A diagonal boulevard was created, a new bridge built, and as if by a touch upon Aladdin's lamp, a great Exposition City sprang up in the heart of old Paris. The main features of the '78 and '89 Expositions—the Trocadero and the Eiffel Tower—were retained as component parts; and the new factors were to remain as permanent assets to the city. Thus Paris gained the new Alexander Bridge with its noble pylons, the Grand Palais and Petit Palais.

This exposition, possibly the last of the greater international expositions, tried every experiment in advanced architectural styles, even to the verge of the bizarre. The East was again drawn upon for inspiration, and the celebrated Chateau d'Eau was the result. Great vistas were successfully planned, and opportunity for comparison was found in the restoration of old Paris and the characteristic architecture of other countries as exemplified in their national buildings. Exterior sculpture was used even to excess, and exterior mural painting, as in the case of the Manufactures Building, was again an experiment.

But the interesting, novel note was found in the Manufactures. While the general classification was defective, in that it specialized too much, thus forcing the separation of work intimately related, and necessary to the proper exposition of the subject, there were still exhibits of which the proper study gave a presage for the

## Lessons from the Expositions

future. The German section of the Manufactures Building may be cited as a case in point; here, dignity and beauty were given to a commercial display and craft-work seemed again to be regaining its lost position. The wrought-iron entrance gates had the true touch, and the general ensemble combines the best of the new with a recollection of the old.

Another interesting experiment was from the works of Sèvres. It was a combination of form and color for exterior effect—an experimental effort to combine in faience, sculpture and painting. While perhaps only a qualified success, it was still interesting as an indication of the trend of the times.

Grand in every sense of the word, the French Exposition of 1900 was so successful as to demonstrate the impossibility of extending effort further along these lines of classification. A new era must come—what will it be?

Our recent Pan-American Exposition did not attempt to compete in size or scope with the French, but still did not fail to apply and emphasize anew the advantages of points previously proven; and it added as well two lessons never to be forgotten. With a logical, comprehensive plan, with an American style of architecture, the California Spanish Mission, the founders of the Exposition endeavored to obtain, and succeeded in obtaining, the most elaborate and artistic exterior sculpture, color and illumination, yet attempted.

In this small Exposition the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was expended for sculpture alone; and no expense was spared to make the great electrical display an unqualified triumph. No one who has seen the twilight fade and the Exposition slowly come into illuminated life, each building silhouetted against the sky, with an infinite number of tiny lights, will ever forget the impression. No praise is too great for the engineers who achieved this success, or for the directors who made possible the experiment which will undoubtedly revolutionize all future systems of lighting. No one who has seen the "Rainbow City" fade imperceptibly from view but will have a fuller conviction of the possibilities of making the most common necessities beautiful and dignified.



## Lessons from the Expositions

And so for fifty years have our expositions been bringing the best the world has to show, not only in products, but in ability, to the attention of thousands and hundreds of thousands. Millions have been expended each year, but the results well justify the effort. Careful analysis shows a steady, progressive development. Construction has here had its severest test; the use of iron and glass in the Crystal Palace; the highest tower at Paris; the largest building the world has ever seen at Chicago. Who can estimate what benefit in the planning of cities has been derived from such masterly results as the World's Fair and the French Exposition! Architects have had opportunities to give us of their best and to try varying styles, impossible to attempt, if the results were to be permanent. What does it matter if many of the experiments failed? Why worry if some of the results were so hideous as to deserve immediate annihilation? The effect as a whole has been elevating and ennobling. Exposition architecture will soon die, but such creations as the Trocadero, the Alexander Bridge, and in our own country, the influence of the Court of Honor, will live forever.

In no other way could such results have been obtained. When one thinks for one moment of the difficulty of securing an appropriation, either national or civic, for even practical and essential utilities, we can see the utter impracticability of obtaining money for mere experiment.

Sculptors were no less eager to seize the opportunities offered by the expositions. While the Continent was less in need of these opportunities, this country has derived untold benefit from the dignified placing of sculpture in connection with architecture, as at Chicago. The beautiful statuary of the Lagoon and the Court of Honor was far excelled by the masterly disposition of sculpture and the logical sequence of subject at the Pan-American. Here, for the first time, the placing, as well as the enlargement from the preliminary models, was under the control of a Director of Sculpture. This Director was selected by the sculptors themselves, and all details of the enlarging and placing of the work were in his hands. A quarter-sized model was made by the designer. These

## Lessons from the Expositions

preliminary models were carefully criticised in committee and forced to conform to the general scheme. By this judicious arrangement, not only variety in design was obtained, but a uniform scale and treatment in the enlargement. No more comprehensive or intelligent effort has as yet been attempted. Its success indicates the lines upon which the work of the future may be carried out.

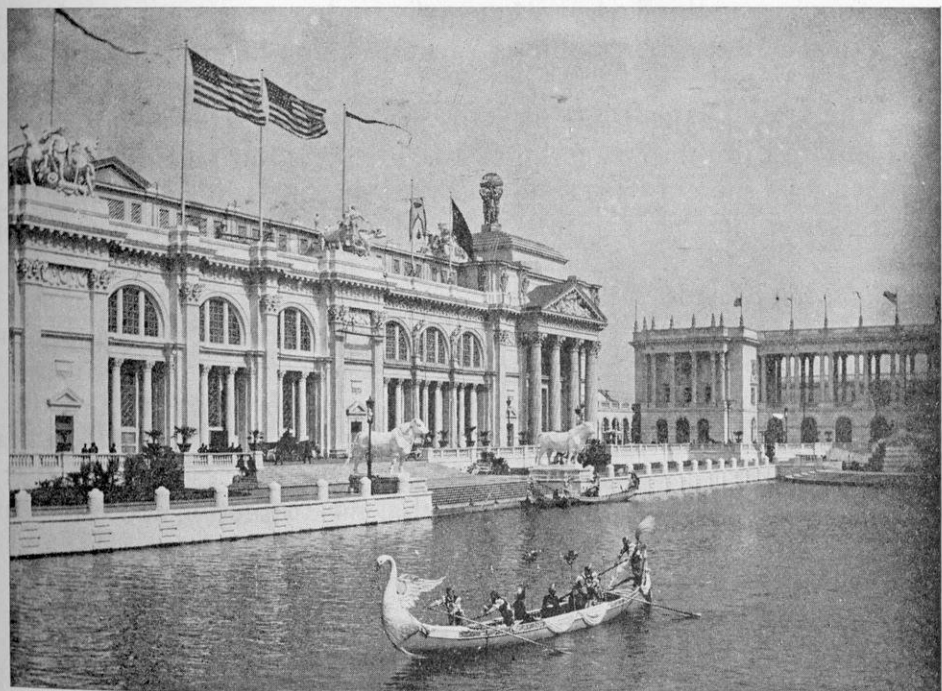
The appreciation of color must always follow that of proportion and form, and it is therefore not surprising that mural painting, even in the Continental expositions, has had but a limited trial. Still, such opportunities as have existed in this country have been seized with avidity by our artists. The series of entrance-ways in the Manufactures Building at Chicago, the dome of the Government Building, the chaste decoration of the Agricultural Building and the New York State Building, all gave promise for the future, and made possible the work of the Congressional Library and the Appellate Court House of New York city.

The qualified success of the use of exterior color in the Transportation Building at Chicago undoubtedly led to that most interesting experiment, the "Rainbow City." Successful or unsuccessful, it has so placed the possibility of color before us as to make it obligatory upon those who follow to determine the exact relation of color to architecture. Color as a factor can no longer be ignored in exterior work.

And while these advances in architecture were being recorded, interest in the Arts and Crafts was slowly but unconsciously awakening—showing itself in the carpets and textiles in the Crystal Palace; in the furniture and wall hangings in the Exposition of '78; and the glass, faience and repoussé in the Exposition of '89. And now comes the good news from St. Louis that at the next World's Fair, in 1904, not only these crafts but many more are to be exhibited—not as at previous expositions in out of the way corners, as after thoughts, but as part of the exhibition of the Department of Art. A classification on a plane broader than that of any former international exposition has been established. It has been felt by those in authority that no distinction should be made between "what has been commonly considered as Fine Art and that



Machinery and Transportation Building, Pan-American Exposition, 1901



West Façade of the Liberal Arts Building, World's Fair, Chicago, 1893



## Lessons from the Expositions

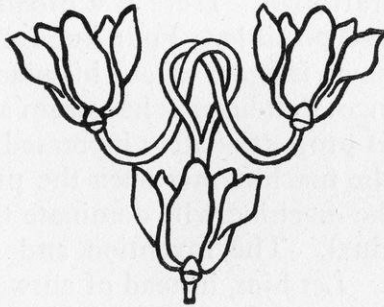
which has been termed Industrial Art." When the artist producer has worked with conviction and knowledge, his work is recognized "as equally deserving of respect in proportion as it is worthy from the standpoints of inspiration and technique." It will be eligible whether on canvas, in wood, marble, plaster, metal, glass, porcelain, textile, or other material. All art work done in connection with the buildings of the Exposition may be entered in competition for awards if so desired. Special galleries will be provided for the models of buildings, sculptural decorations, mural painting, leaded and mosaic glass, mosaics, drawings and photographs of projects already completed. It will be the endeavor to have the exhibit comprise examples of the best work representing the schools of modern technical expression of every art producing country. It is the desire to give the fullest opportunity for the recognition of all those who are producing art work worthy of the name, whatsoever be its direction, and independent of the media of expression. Is it to be wondered that the projectors of the Exposition believe that it is "destined to have a great influence upon the artistic growth of the entire nation"?

The action of the authorities at St. Louis has thus given official recognition to the craftsman. Here is a broader definition of art than has been believed possible. Four hundred years have rolled around and the craftsman is again to take his place among the artists, but with this difference: that he now has steam and electricity as his aids and his power is proportionately increased. To make beautiful the product of the machine has been the problem given to us, and unless solved, the machine will dominate the age to the detriment of the individual. The invention and imagination of the artist is appealed to. Let him, instead of answering unasked questions, meet the conditions of the times. Art is tempered and purified by use; by use it becomes real and vital. Art and labor should go hand in hand. "The emancipation of labor is accomplished by changing the character of labor." No one wishes to be free from work, but it is the right of all that work should be elevating and not debasing. Industrial art is a misnomer. There is but one art and that, the science of the beautiful. Every effort to differentiate art,

## Lessons from the Expositions

every effort to place it apart from and unrelated to the problems of the day in which it exists, must be a failure. History emphasizes this in every age in which art was a factor in the community. What architecture there is exists but as an answer to some legitimate demand. What finer combination of art and labor could be found than the cathedrals, when each workman loved his work! What age could desire finer paintings than those produced as wall paintings in the early part of the sixteenth century! All great art is public art, and as such, a great educational factor in the community.

This, and more, have our expositions been teaching us. Have we learned their lessons?





View of Eastwood. Workshops of United Crafts in middle distance





## *A Visit to the Workshops of The United Crafts at Eastwood, New York*



HE lives and the work of many foreign leaders of artistic, economic and social movements have been somewhat extensively treated in the pages of *The Craftsman*. Through these articles it was hoped to combat the spirit of commercialism which is the worst peril of our prosperous new century. But in

the first anniversary number of the periodical founded in the interests of art allied to labor, and designed to be the organ of a body of sincere and forthright workmen, known under the name of *The United Crafts*, it is well, nay, necessary, to acquaint those who shall be interested, with the work, the aims and the principles of the company which has newly been formed in a village of Central New York.

The workshops of the *United Crafts* are situated among the green hills of Onondaga, three miles from Syracuse, in a country which is beautiful, refreshing, varying in every direction, yet always restful. Surely, if there be anything in the claim that a beautiful environment adds a tonic to the worker and is a stimulant to his ideals and ambitions, this band of workers has all that nature can supply. The shops are modern, accessible by both electric and steam railways, and we paused a moment to contrast them with that half ruined group of buildings selected by William Morris at Merton Abbey, where the River Wandel often caused appalling disaster by frequently driving the laborers out of house and home. But no floods can reach the workshops of the *United Crafts*.

From the drafting office in New York to the workshops in Eastwood is a great step. Here surely is the place to handle the problems before us. No genuine artist can visit this hive of workers without being impressed with its healthy condition. Here is the co-operative force of the old guilds with less of the speculations with which most of our commercial offices are crowded. It would be foolish to claim for any colony of workers in this country the inherent ability displayed by the great craftsmen in the Normandy, Tuscany, or Bavaria of the Middle Ages, or in the colonies established by William Morris and his followers in England,

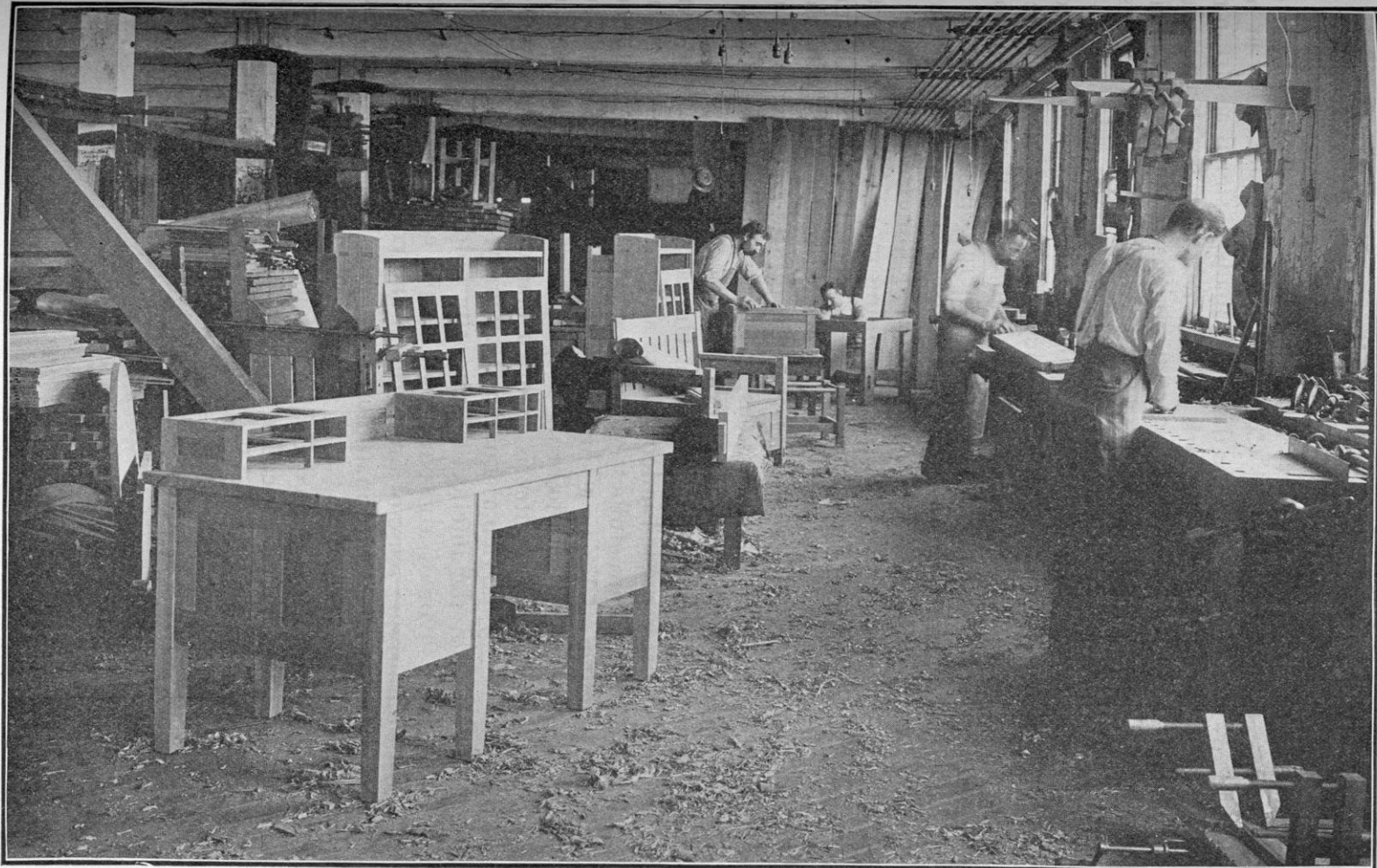
## Workshops of The United Crafts

which in our own day have flourished to so wonderful an extent. The claim of the United Crafts to serious consideration at our hands is established because they have made so signal a start in the right direction. Their work is excellent. It has been tested. There is something bold, clear and distinguished about these chairs, tables and interiors. The workers have a knack of giving flash-light pictures with a few bold strokes. There is evidence of no little thought. There is freedom about the shapes, a breezy independence, a sturdy human democracy. This furniture is made to withstand daily use. It is the product of a quaint, moving, strong personality. These craftsmen are no mere copyists.

Mr. Gustave Stickley, of Syracuse, will succeed; he is the leader of the United Crafts, controlling their destinies. If he has done but one thing in the world, and nothing more, he has prompted many of us to review the simple lives of a great people. This man rose, as it were, out of the forests, in answer to the cry: "Who shall deliver us from the expensive living, the thralldom of extravagance, the hereditament of conventions?" This man helps us because he is a student of life in all its phases and aspects.

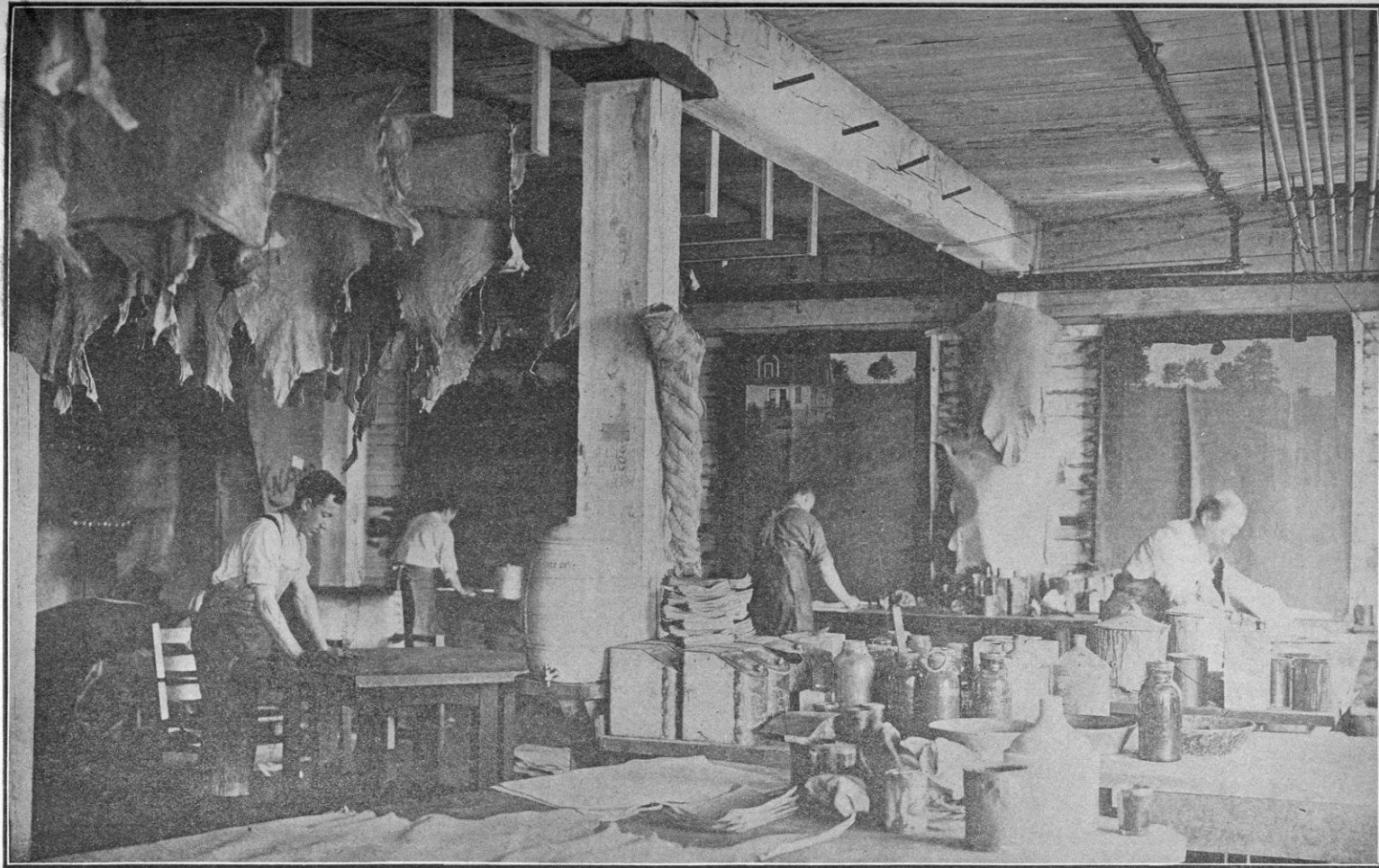
The severe furniture made by the United Crafts has done something to foster rugged independence and masterful resolution, and to exhibit a resourcefulness greatly needed in these times. Because the problem of living a simple life is the easier for simple surroundings which tend to bring people closer together, and because the press of this country is so often clamoring against the over-indulgence of the rich as a national calamity, it is refreshing to find a member of the intellectual minority bold enough to raise the banner in favor of a grave, sober, simple environment, pregnant with underlying sense of brotherhood and community of interests. It has been said that a man must first make himself before he can make others.

The control of the United Crafts is secure in the hands of so sagacious and resourceful a leader. In these days we are compelled to seek distinction in the field of commerce as well as in that of art. These enthusiasts exhibit consummate tact; using material which they understand, which is in itself a protest against the false ap-



Joiners





Leather Workers



## Workshops of The United Crafts

pearance of the modern world in its insatiable love of novelty and glitter. It is significant of the material used by the United Crafts that it is as old as the everlasting hills. These workers have no secret compounds, no manipulations or trade secrets to divert attention from the essence of their work. The materials are frankly handled.

The general character and tone of their furniture is wonderfully healthy, soothing and refreshing. It is very difficult to estimate the permanent value of work such as this which captivates at the first glance. The work of the United Crafts produced dismay among the furniture dealers, when it was shown at their annual exposition two years ago, and the first temptation was to copy. This led to exaggeration and crudities wholly out of keeping with the original. There is a frankness of construction everywhere evident. Pins, wedges, mortise and tenon frankly appear, not unlike the method adopted in Mediaeval days and again reminding us of Spanish work. There is a ring and rhythm in this work when at its best. Wood, metal and leather unite in melodious chorus; the whole treatment showing great skill, strength and delicacy.

Few things have been more interesting than a summary of the search for the oak: the seasoned timber with which so much of this furniture is made. Its excellence calls for special mention. It is delightfully subtile in appearance; while a closer examination leads to the discovery of other qualities. In the first place, it is curious to note how regularly it cuts. It might be alive, it is so willing to be shaped, as if endowed with life, that one is greatly tempted to carve it, or to test the addition of some quaint inlays of metal, ivory or bone, as used by the early guilds. This oak accepts color, is strangely sensitive to the chemical action of spirits, is vigorous, beautifully marked, yet delicate to a degree. The hunt for this oak was well worth the trouble, because of the bitter clamor against the ordinary material doing duty for that name. American oak has been unjustly maligned, in spite of the coarseness and rankness of the wood offered in the open market.

Among the productions of the Eastwood craftwork, metal and leather play almost as important a part as that filled by oak.

## Workshops of The United Crafts

The utmost care has been taken to secure metal workers who can shape handles, door knobs, hinges, metal bands, nail heads, and a thousand and one enrichments invited and required in this work. Iron and copper seem on the whole to have suffered less by the change of fashion and to be more workable than any of our commoner materials. Difficult of course it is, but not impossible, to secure a man who will hammer out of the simplest materials shapes that are delightful, free, vigorous, and which do not involve complicated conditions at every turn.

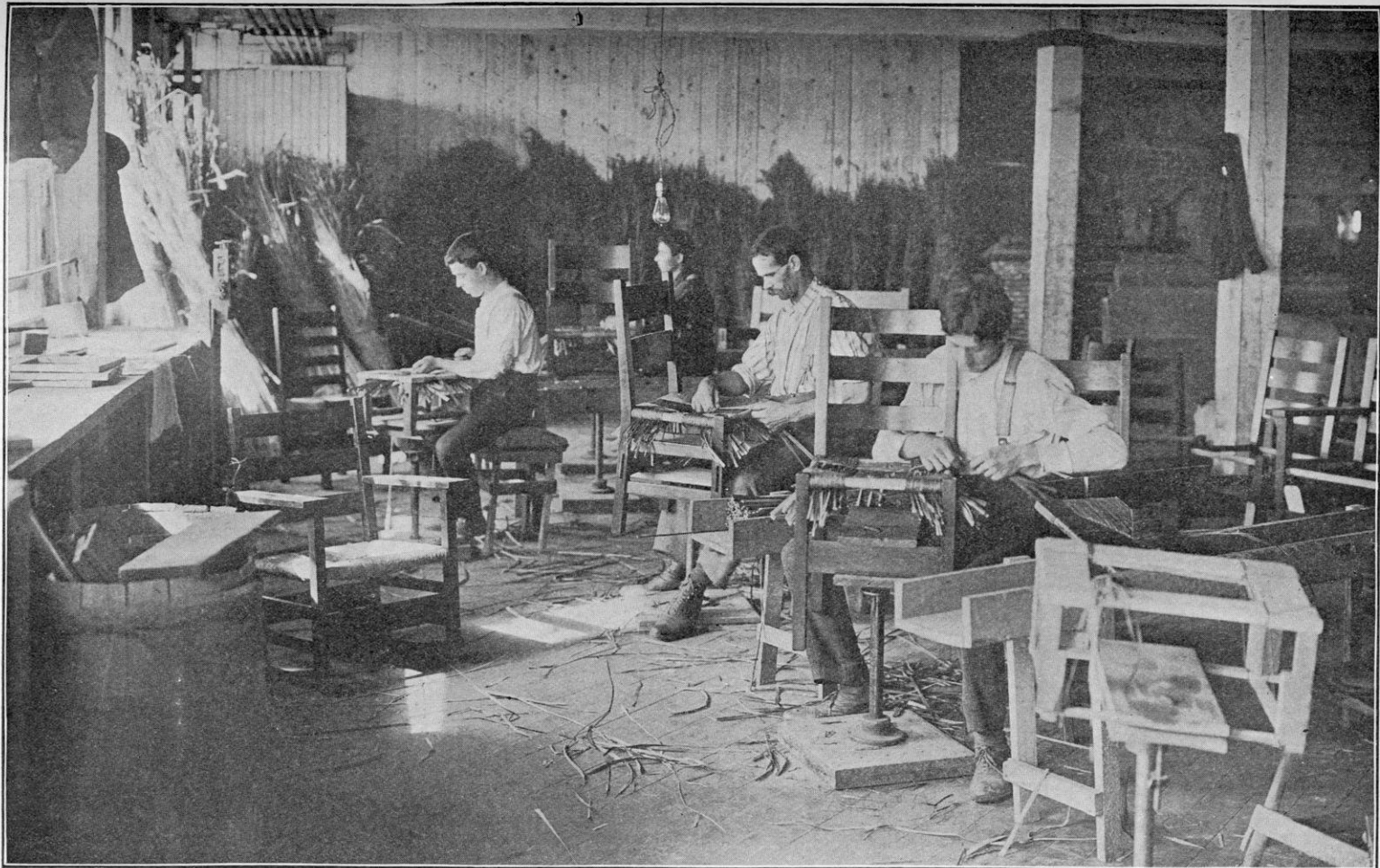
As to the tanning of leather, I greatly regret not being able to write intelligently about this. Not that I feel ignorant of the result, but despairingly so of the cause. An examination of the leather used by the United Crafts discloses a material of singular charm. The leather is not only yielding to the touch, beautiful to handle, but elastic and distinctly *leathery*, if I may coin the last word.

The leather workers have undoubtedly discovered some process by which the hides of sheep and cattle can be tanned; preserving, at the same time, the grain, the fibre, and the softness, yet retaining the strength, durability and wearing properties of a live hide. Again, this leather seems susceptible to the influence of any color and resembles oak in this respect. Ornament is scarcely welcome as a proposed enrichment. The leather is good enough to leave alone. At the same time, experiments are making with such ornaments as lacing and rough modeling of the surface and back in a crude fashion, resembling the quaint markings of the Mexican Indians on their green hides.

There is certainly a strange fascination in seeing rushes, reeds, and other tenants of our swamps run through a small hand press to extract the water and air, and in watching them as they are twisted in various plaits and deftly woven into a solid surface for the seats of chairs and panels for screens.

The designing and making of furniture and metal work, the tanning of leather and weaving of fabrics are by no means the main contribution to the furnishing of the home. The main strength of the United Crafts, in the future, will lie in preparing the house itself. It is intended that staircases, partitions, panels, door and window





Rush Seat Workers



## Workshops of The United Crafts

trimmings, floorings, and in fact everything that contributes to the interior of the house, shall be made at these shops. This the craftsmen have been forced to do, in order that their furniture may be acceptable, and because of the poverty and singularly misleading background of the average home. It is not enough to preach simplicity or to illustrate charming and skilfully contrived interiors; to discourse learnedly or otherwise about "the atmosphere," and, at the same time, be blind to the knowledge that much of the furniture made here will ultimately be found crowded into some modern interior, very expensive possibly, and very beautifully made, but often inconsistent and singularly out of harmony with the cult of simplicity of which we all have just now so much to say.

The United Crafts believe in the brotherhood of man. In the hope that to an extent their workmen may be inspired with the same feeling, it is intended to hold weekly meetings for them in the new establishment in Syracuse, where friendly debate, brief addresses, and genial discussion will be used as methods to secure harmony and unity of effort. Meanwhile, an irresistible enthusiasm is evident to all who visit their workshops.

Much will be done during the coming winter to make the lives of the workmen pleasant. There will be music, brief lectures illustrating subjects of current interest, and some intelligent attention will be paid to the social and personal requirements of the men and women workers.

This is one way of solving the problems of the workshop. It is luminous and thorough. It charms with rude sturdiness of character, with directness of things, and exhibits a freedom of spirit. This wholesome, happy company curiously assorted, breathes mountain air which does much to break the passion of discontent. To leave the United Crafts at Eastwood and to return to the city is like relinquishing so much power and inspiration.

The United Crafts in their efforts to preserve the character of their work, think of it as a whole, in that it should harmoniously express an idea and an emotion. Whatever may be the ultimate policy of the public in employing workers to assist them in the construction of their houses, the claim of the workshop should certainly always

## Workshops of The United Crafts

have the preference. Workmen may not always succeed in the clever manufacture of sketches—pictorial art is not their strong point,— but their ability to grapple with the practical needs of the moment, their close touch with the requirements of the occasion, their intrinsic and inherent knowledge of the cost, nature and character of the work itself, is an evidence of their fitness to do it. Their work is vital.

