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GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

THE CRAFTSMAN

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VOL. VI

JULY 1904

No. 4

MUNICIPAL ART: A LESSON FROM FOREIGN TOWNS. BY IRENE SARGENT

AS the municipal art movement goes forward in America, the criticism is frequently heard that it will be rendered worthless and even pernicious through the too free acceptance of foreign ideas. The criticism formulated for the most part by superficially informed or careless persons, contains a half-truth. We see, indeed, in our journeys about the United States imitations of European monuments rising on our soil, as if they were transplanted from their fatherlands. They appear as if uprooted. They have no reason for existence. They have all conditions against them: those of climate, of race, of manners and customs. They are as discordantly out of place in our landscape and art as the unnaturalized, unassimilated foreigner is in our political system.

Against such direction given to the public taste, such expenditure of the public funds the criticism is just, and it should be supported. At the present stage of our national development, we demand an art vivified from within, not one galvanized temporarily into a semblance of life; an art which shall represent and parallel our social, intellectual and material stage of evolution. Therefore, let us eliminate from our city squares the French *Hôtel de Ville* and the German *Rathaus*. Rather, as we come more and more to appreciate and honor our civic offices, let us hold to our own tradi-

tions, as we erect the buildings devoted to the exercise of their functions. Let us honor the memory of the "town meeting" by an architecture which shall suggest the times in our own Republic

"When none was for a party,
When all were for the State;
When the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great."

Let us be thoroughly American; not narrowly and aggressively so to a point which provokes ridicule and caricature, but consistent, patriotic and loyal. In the monuments of municipal art which so attract us abroad, we admire something more than externals. We are still more deeply touched, without clearly realizing our emotion, by the spirit underlying the expression, animating and giving the form by which the idea is conveyed to us. It is because these expressions of art are characteristic and representative that we pass so easily and eagerly from one to another of them. Those who plan and produce them limit their imagination within the national or the civic traditions of the community whose property they are to become. So, it is not wholly good art which awakens the enthusiasm of visitors to the famous old towns of England and the continent. To an equal, if not a higher degree, it is good patriotism; since the value and elements of good art are understood by the comparatively restricted few. It is sentiment which makes the appeal, simultaneously with the correct and pleasing solution of artistic problems. In these European monuments

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of municipal art—both the old and those which are now rising in obedience to the universally active civic renaissance—we are forced to honor an ardent, oftentimes a narrow, on occasion even, a selfish patriotism as the prolific source of beauty and grandeur. In the city republics of Italy it was the so-called “spirit of the bell-tower:” that is, the strongly developed communal sentiment, which gave birth to the great monuments of architecture. This animating spirit, emulative and aggressive to the utmost, recognized no outsiders, devoting itself passionately and absolutely to building up a municipality gathered about a church as a nucleus. It was narrow patriotism, tempered with honesty, which carried Florence forward to a unique position among mediaeval governments; the sentiment expressing itself in the embellishment of the city as the object of an unqualified love and pride. The same impulses produced the luxuriant art of the populous, laborious towns of the Low Countries, and, in our own day, the character of Paris as the most strongly organized municipality of the world is largely responsible for the beauty and glory of the city. The man called to its councils, feels himself honored, much as we may imagine the old Roman in a similar position to have felt toward his Eternal City. The first care of the Parisian official is not his own enrichment. His chief anxiety mounting to an obsession, is lest some foreign capital, like Vienna or Berlin, become more imposing and splendid than Paris, through the liberal offering of knowledge and wealth. So, too, the painter chosen to decorate a mural panel in the Sorbonne, the Pantheon, or the Hôtel de Ville, the sculptor commissioned to erect a

statue in a public square, goes to his work aflame with the inspiration derived from the masters who have preceded him in the decoration of the great city. Everywhere the idea of the municipality is supreme. It is, so to speak, a presence, a personality, as real as that of a sovereign. Its brain can be felt to think and its hand to move. For her citizens Paris assumes the character of an enlightened fostering mother, projecting her thought far into the future along paths of ambition toward which she points her children. As visitors, we enter the Sorbonne, and in the great lecture hall we are greeted by the type-figure of the ancient Parisian institution conceived by Puvis de Chavannes, as a ministering lay-sister of the people, calm of gesture, gentle of face, seated with the personified arts and sciences about her. We pass into the corridors and we see developed in logical sequence upon the walls the pictured story of immaterial conquests made by the masters of the venerable municipal schools. Elated by the eloquent story, we visit the neighboring Pantheon, only to examine a new phase of civic history. Here fable, instead of fact, dominates the art and Paris is glorified through the legends related of its patron saints. We find that the geniuses, Puvis and Bonnat, have not hesitated to put their pencils to the most ingenuous tales, like the martyrdom of Saint Denis, or the childhood of Saint Geneviève. The fact accomplished, the grandeur of the existing municipality, absorbs the poverty of the fables and transfigures it in the light of its own brilliancy. Similar conditions await us in the old church of the Patroness at the rear of the Pantheon, where the chiseled silver sarcophagus and the perpetual lights tell one story to

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the credulous faithful, and another, of broader significance, to those—and they are a multitude—whose enthusiasms are centered in the old and yet forever young city. Finally, if we stroll in the streets of the French capital, we are given material for thought other than that which—too often idle—is provoked by the life and traffic animating out-of-door scenes. The names of the illustrious, renewed in the names of the streets grouped about some significant building, are used with force and point: not, as oftentimes in American cities, where they are arbitrarily attached to a series of avenues, lacking the climax of some great public building—like a technical school, a museum, a place of worship or of dignified amusement—in which the memories awakened by the names, are gathered together and focused.

Such impressions as have been noted, constantly recurring, represent but a single idea. They are so insistent and emphatic as to present to all who visit or inhabit Paris, the fact that the city is organic, vitalized, assimilative of ideas, subject to continuous development. These impressions are but many phenomena or phases of a single existence. Behind them lies the civic principle representing civilization and progress, never failing because constantly fostered.

Out of the many phases of the city of Paris interesting to foreigners, one may be selected as capable of offering instruction and counsel to those having at heart the best interests of American cities. That is: its democratic character, which, already pronounced, shows a tendency to yet farther development. As Frederic Harrison has indicated, it is the oldest world-city which

has had a continuous civic life; since, during the Middle Ages, Rome lay inactive, her animation almost suspended; Constantinople shows a history rendering her ineligible to the rank for which Nature and her founders destined her; while London, in spite of her great memories of the City, too much resembles those natural organisms which are complete in sections and can be multiplied indefinitely, to be included in such a comparison.

From the fact of so continuous a life it may be deduced that Paris adapts itself by evolution to the wants of the people; that it is progressive and assimilative: a step in reasoning which is justified by evidences plain even to the eye of the observer careless of cause or principle. Paris is to-day socially in advance of the other capitals of Europe, in that it has progressed through a greater number of evolutionary stages. It has laid aside in its course much of that character to-day giving brilliancy to the imperial cities which are its newer rivals. The Ringstrasse of Vienna could scarcely have been realized, except through the workings of a monarchical power, like that which *Haussmannized* Paris at the middle of the nineteenth century. The Siegesallee of Berlin stands as the apotheosis of ancestor-worship, splendid in display, strong in its appeal to patriotism, but plainly a spontaneous conception of the same ruler whose despotic tendencies led him, at his accession, to warn his subjects that he was their war-lord, and as such, demanded their homage. Such expressions of public art are no longer possible in Paris. An order like that which prescribes the height of the buildings in the Ringstrasse, Vienna, fixing it so great as to preclude the erection of any unimportant

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structure throughout the long extent of that splendid thoroughfare, could scarcely be enforced for so great a distance in the Paris of to-day, since there, no one quarter is at present exclusively aristocratic, the city having been, of late years, rapidly democratized. Nor could the long line of Prussian rulers attended by their contemporaries, adorning the hemicycles of the Siegesallee, be paralleled in Paris by a display of figures of the Capetian and Valois kings. The Parisians would refuse and reject them. For however modern may be the treatment of the municipal or national art which characterizes the Prussian capital, the idea lying behind it is monarchical, belonging to a period of absolutism, and once productive in France of such monuments as the Louvre. Something of fetichism resides in the thought of glorifying in sculpture such shadowy heroes as Otto the Bear and other early mediaeval margraves. The democratic Parisian who, every day in his passage over the Seine, may tread upon the stones of the Bastille, demands that the works of municipal art, with which he must perforce become familiar, shall, while pleasing his eye, not irritate his mind. In his public statues he requires the glorification of ideas, or of persons representing some principle of progress, intellectual, social or moral. In the new buildings rising in his more important quarters, he is tolerant of the experimental, even of the *bizarre*, in order that he may be delivered from the old forms, and acquire fresher ones, which to him shall represent not alone art—as the greater part of the world understands it—but also all the important concerns of life. The statement can well bear repeating that no one quarter of Paris, not excepting

that of the Champs Elysées, is exclusively aristocratic, and that the movement of the entire city toward democratization is constantly growing more rapid. This trend differs certainly from that shown in Vienna and Berlin, not to mention other instances in the cities of Brussels, London, New York and Boston. Therefore—to cite the most familiar examples—it may well be that the “Clubland” of London, the Back Bay of Boston and certain districts of Upper New York will continue to develop as foci of wealth and elegance, while the rich quarters of Paris will continue, in equal ratio, to lose their homogeneity and exclusiveness. And in case such a result shall be reached, it can not be regarded as a permanent loss to the cause of municipal art and beauty. It will be simply a forward step in the evolution of a typical city, which has progressed through the monarchical and aristocratic stages to enter the democratic phase. It will add another proof to the many already given by history that France is in reality “the soldier of God,” breaking new paths through difficulties and dangers, in her march to the conquests of ideals. The democratic aspect of Paris has been made the subject of theses by students in sociology, and from their carefully weighed statements Americans should derive a lesson. The people—not to say the populace of Paris—appear to be the chief care of the municipality. The petty tradesman is not excluded from the districts inhabited by the rich, where he keeps his little shop much as his predecessors in ancient Rome kept their *tabernae* in the palaces of the nobles and even of the imperial families. The parks and gardens with their superb arboriculture and exquisite arrangements of flowers are enjoyed by the

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poor and the lower middle classes with that simplicity and eagerness which are so characteristic of the French. The splendid avenues of the Bois de Boulogne are thronged with men and women the modesty of whose attire verges upon meanness, yet their sense of citizenship, of pride and ownership in the privileges and beauty of the place gives them a dignified bearing altogether different from that of the humble American who, in our public places, visibly saddens at the sight of the millionaire with his horses and servants. So, too, the populace, the students and the rich meet in the museums and other great public buildings with no aggravating sense of difference in position, since their common interest and ownership in the treasures displayed renders them all companions and equals.

From these visible signs of the spirit of democracy which animates the municipality of Paris, we may gain a valuable lesson for our guidance in the direction to be given to our civic art. The example of the old city shows us that we must be original, vital and progressive; that we must appeal to the people through their patriotism, their sense of beauty and their personal pride, using all natural advantages, all national and local traditions, all dominant ideas of the period with that economy and ingenuity which we see displayed by the French. These things we may emulate with profit, preserving and even heightening by this means that honorable sentiment of individuality without which all are slaves. Along this path we have already made beginnings and they are great ones. The art of the landscape gardener, Frederic Law Olmsted, truly American, lending itself most flexibly to all permanent conditions, seizing and

forcing into prominence the element of beauty which lies in wildness and sterility—this art assimilates the best that Paris and other advanced European exponents of civic art have to offer. Truly American also, but showing the fruits of world-wide study, and accepting the heritage of the past, are the works of the masters of our new school of sculpture which adorn certain parks, squares and thoroughfares of our important cities. It is the letter that kills and the spirit that makes alive. The democratic city of Paris, as the municipality which of all others has passed through the greatest number of evolutionary stages, should be our teacher and source of inspiration in matters of social development and civic art. But it is her spirit and her methods alone which we should study and adopt: her close sympathy with the people; her provisions for popular instruction and pleasure; her constant, persistent presentation before her citizens of ideals of attainment, valor and public virtue; her gratitude toward her great men. Her warnings from the depths of social and political experience we should also heed. To borrow the expression of Cicero, we should “see that the Republic suffer no harm.” Elements of danger to the commonwealth are visible in the aspect of our cities, and these we should closely study to the end of nullifying or eliminating them. The “sky-scraper” is the visible representative of the spirit of the “trust,” and the magnificence of certain quarters of our great cities is a sure sign that a plutocracy is rapidly forming among us. As a measure of safety, therefore, and of simple justice as well, means of health, instruction and pleasure should be rapidly multiplied for the less fortunate

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classes. As a palliative to the popular resentment of imperialism, the wily demagogue Mark Antony publicly reads Caesar's will, in which the testator establishes his own gardens as open places of recreation. Humanity does not change in its primary instincts, and at all social stages all classes demand equally their rights to the pursuit of happiness. As Mr. Olmsted taught by both theory and example, the city must be ruralized and the country urbanized. And thus by the ensuing wide distribution of privileges will be attained that democratization in which Paris is our prime instructor. The armorial device of that ancient municipality is no outworn heraldic symbol. It contains a living truth. The galley riding the waves, with beneath the legend: *Fluctuat nec Mergitur*, is a type of the city which is often shaken but never engulfed. For our own political and social safety we should remember this legend as a password to the fraternity of humanity and fit our cities to the needs of all their citizens. Let us accept Paris as the representative city of democracy.

But another and important lesson in municipal art awaits us beyond the north-eastern borders of France. There, we obtain inspiration from the permanence of a civic ideal. As in Paris the lesson to be gained is one of progress, so in the cities of Belgium it is one of persistency. We may learn from these teeming, laborious towns what rich rewards, both material and immaterial, may result from fidelity to honorable traditions. By these examples of accomplishment we may judge of our own possibilities. For we, too, have brilliant historic memories from which, if we so will, we can build up an art that is truly national.

The Flemish revival now in progress throughout Belgium promises to renew the country in all that concerns civic art, citizenship and that patriotism which responds to the call of race and language. The antagonism to foreign influence is best seen in Brussels, which, although named *le petit Paris*, contains, as a distinct quarter, a true Flemish town lying typically in the valley, and owning just as characteristically some of the finest mediaeval civic structures of the world; while the sharp sounds of the Flemish tongue are heard among the buyers and sellers of the great market-place, in contrast to the polished court language of the upper French city.

In Antwerp the more homogeneous native population has proceeded to a more radical movement than is possible in the Belgian capital, where the Walloon element and French influence are powerful. In the former city, the body of the people seems to be in perfect accord with the Government Commission of learned men and artists, formed in 1894, with the object to preserve and restore the ecclesiastical, civic and domestic art once so brilliant in the towns of Flanders. As we thread the streets of the old seaport, noting the tall, narrow houses with their stepped gables, their quaint insignia, their minutely restored Flemish features, we understand the feelings with which the burghers themselves must regard these hardy survivals of their great past, which are for them an incentive, an ever-present inspiration to efforts which shall restore to them their industrial and commercial prestige in the markets of the world. Truly these stones are eloquent, as are also even the Dutch inscriptions with which many an enterprising and adroit tradesman has ac-

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centuated his shop-front, in thus taking advantage of the spirit of the times. But in Antwerp, as in all other towns of this country, in which each one is a miniature republic, the interest centers in the town-hall, the belfries, the guild-houses, and with the renewed concern for the edifices, there also rises regard for the principle of liberty and sodality which they represent. The *Vlaamsche Beweging*—to use the Flemish title of the movement—perfectly characteristic of the people who are subject to its impulse—joins the sentimental with the practical, the aesthetic with the commercial. The movement embraces the great things of life, while it in no wise neglects the small. Its most apparent effort is to renew the old municipal art, and to make sightly and beautiful all those features of urban life which are necessitated by modern ideas of convenience and progress. The casual foreign visitor regards the evidences of this active renaissance as shown for his personal profit and pleasure. If he be critical, he rejoices in the fine restorations of Gothic made by the school of Viollet-le-Duc. If he have a taste for the picturesque, he remarks the fitness of the renewed historical buildings to serve as a background for the present life of the people. The bright mosaics of the façades, the gold emphasizing structural outlines, spread something of the antique glory and glitter over scenes in which the devout *béguine*, the cloaked *bourgeoise*, the fishwife with her basket on her arm, or the smoker just issuing from the *estaminet*, adds the living figure to innumerable subjects and *motifs* awaiting but the eye and hand of a skilful master, in order to rival the canvases of Memling and Matsys.

But—to repeat—the movement reaches more deeply than externals. Its importance and significance are shown by its action regarding the Dutch language which, for certain religious and political reasons, degenerated among the Flemings into a *patois*, while, in Holland, it was purified by scholars and scientists, and embellished by writers of pure literature. The effort to regenerate the Dutch as used in Belgium, as allied with, or rather as an integral part of the civic renaissance, marks the entire movement as one of the deepest national importance. To stifle a language is to extinguish the life of the people using it as their native tongue; while to develop it means equally to strengthen the ideas and institutions of its possessors. Therefore, the prominence at present given in Belgium to the native speech, the antagonism shown toward the French as the official language of the country, is most interesting to foreigners as a social and political indication; while for the Belgians themselves it is a vital question. In the large towns, costly theatres displaying their Flemish titles in bold decorative characters upon their façades, attract enthusiastic audiences to listen to dramas introducing only racial and local types, and the novels of the Brussels advocate, Léopold Couroubles, now issuing from the press in quick succession, touch the hearts and the sense of humor of all Belgians, from the king to the peasant, by their presentments of the real Fleming, who reminds the foreigner of the tough, assimilative, sappy reed over-running the marshy lowlands of the North Sea.

The Flemish movement is adequately typified in the monument to the poet Willems, standing in the cathedral square of Ghent,

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in which the country is represented by a strong grave woman in mediaeval garb, attended by a youthful champion. The movement is leading to results whose greatness can scarcely be calculated; since the racial enthusiasm generated by it is rapidly translated into commercial, industrial and artistic schemes which carry the forces of the Fatherland to the remotest parts of the world. It is plain consequently, that the lesson to be learned by us from the civic renaissance now operative in the cities of Belgium is one of racial fidelity.

In art, the foreigner has much to teach us, but often it is in ways which we

least expect. Originality in aesthetics, as in all other things of the intellect, is the result of inspiration: the cause being absent, the effect can not be produced. Obedient to our own impulse for the development of urban beauty, let us strive to create an art for the people after the manner of democratic Paris. Let us also strenuously maintain our racial and national traditions to the exclusion of alien influence: thus following the example of the Flemish towns which, like the Sleeping Beauty, after long suspended animation, are awakening once more to a heritage of youth, wealth and blooming loveliness.

PARIS AS A LIVING ORGANISM

PARIS, as it lies before you from those old hills that have watched her for two thousand years, has the effect and character of personal life. Not in a metaphor nor for the sake of phrasing, but in fact; as truly as in the case of Rome, though in a manner less familiar, a separate existence with a soul of its own appeals to you. Its voice is no reflection of your own mind; on the contrary, it is a troubling thing, like an insistent demand, spoken in a foreign tongue. Its corporate life is not an abstraction drawn from books or from things one has heard. There, visibly before you, is the compound of the modern and the middle ages, whose unity convinces merely by being seen.

And, above all, this thing upon which

you are looking is alive. It needs no recollection of what has been taught in youth, nor any of those reveries which arise at the identification of things seen with names remembered. The antiquarian passion, in its best form pedantic and in its worst maudlin, finds little room in the first aspect of Paris. Later, it takes its proper rank in all the mass of what we may learn, but the town, as you see it, recalls history only by speaking to you in a living voice. Its past is still alive, because the city itself is still instinct with a vigorous growth, and you feel with regard to Paris what you would feel with regard to a young man full of memories; not at all the quiet interest which lies in the recollections of age; still less that happy memory of things dead which is a fortune for so many of the most famous cities of the world.

—Hilaire Belloc, Balliol Collegè, Oxford.

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THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST: THEIR INTERIOR DECORATIONS. NUMBER VI. BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

WE can not to-day determine how the Franciscans of the Southwest decorated the interiors of all their churches.

Some of these buildings have disappeared entirely; while others have been restored or renovated beyond all semblance of their original condition. But enough are left to give us a satisfactory idea of the labors of the Fathers and of their subject Indians. At the outset, it must be confessed that while the Fathers understood well the prin-

ciples of architecture and created a natural, spontaneous style, meeting all obstacles of time and place which presented themselves, they showed little skill in matters of interior decoration, possessing neither originality in design, the taste which would have enabled them to become good copyists, nor yet the slightest appreciation of color-harmony. In making this criticism, I do not overlook the difficulties in the way of the missionaries, or the insufficiency of materials at command. The priests were as much hampered in this work as they were in that of building. But, in the one case, they met with brilliant success; in the other they failed. The decorations have, therefore, a distinctly pathetic quality. They show a most earnest endea-



Figure I. Interior of San Miguel Mission: looking from the tribune

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vor to beautify what to those who wrought them was the very home of God. Here mystically, dwelt the very body, blood and

rude brick, adobe, or rubble work, left in the rough, or plastered and whitewashed, would have been preferable to their unmeaning patches of color. In the one, there would have been rugged strength to admire; in the other there exists only pretense to condemn.

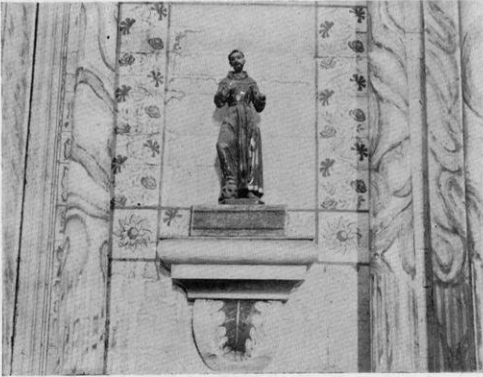


Figure II. San Miguel Mission: statue of Saint Francis of Assisi, at left of altar

reality of the Object of Worship. Hence the desire to glorify the dwelling place of their God and their own temple. The great distance in this case between desire and performance is what makes the result pathetic. Instead of trusting to themselves, or reverting to first principles, as they did in architecture, the missionaries endeavored to reproduce from memory the ornament with which they had been familiar in their early days in Spain. They remembered decorations in Catalonia, Cantabria, Mallorca, Burgos, Valencia, and sought to imitate them; having neither exactitude nor artistic qualities to fit them for their task. No amount of kindness can soften this decision. The results are to be regretted; for I am satisfied that, had the Fathers trusted to themselves, or sought for simple Nature-inspirations, they would have given us decorations as admirable as their architecture. What I am anxious to emphasize in this criticism is the principle involved. Instead of originating or relying upon Nature, they copied without intelligence. The

As examples of interior decoration, the Missions of San Miguel Arcángel and Santa Inés are the only ones that afford opportunity for extended study. At Santa Clara, the decorations of the ceiling were restored as nearly like the original as possible, but with modern colors and workmanship. At Pala Chapel, within the last three or four months, the priest judged dead white preferable to the old decorations, and, greatly to the indignation of the Indians, whose wishes he did not consult, he has whitewashed the mural distemper paintings out of existence. A small patch remains at San Juan Bautista merely as an example; while a splashed and almost obliterated



Figure III. San Miguel Mission: statue of Saint Anthony of Padua, at right of altar

fragment is the only survival at San Carlos Carmelo.

At San Miguel, little has been done to

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disturb the interior, so that it is in practically the same condition as it was left by the Fathers themselves. Figure I. shows the

provided with a tape, I was forced to estimate by paces. Therefore, the following figures are only approximate. The church



Figure IV. San Miguel Mission: altar of the Virgin

interior of the church, taken from the choir gallery, which immediately faces the altar. In making my measurements, not being

is one hundred fifty feet long by twenty-eight feet wide. Its walls are four feet in thickness, as is evidenced by the deep em-

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brasures of the windows and side door. The floor is paved with rows of large flat, burned bricks, alternating with those similar in size



Figure V. San Miguel Mission: altar of Saint Joseph

to the ordinary building brick of to-day.

In this church there are five objects which immediately claim attention. These are: the reredos and its ornaments; the ceiling; the mural decorations; the old pulpit; the ancient confessional; all of which are worthy of somewhat detailed study.

1. THE REREDOS

This occupies the entire western end of the church reaching from the floor to the ceiling (Figure II). The altar, now in use, is modern; with the remainder just as it came from the hands of the Fathers. The reredos consists of three panels: the central one containing the wooden statue of San Miguel, and the side panels showing other saints. The San Miguel, representing the

patron of the Mission, is a striking statue, about six feet in height, and much larger than the side statues. In his right hand he holds the scales and in his left a sword, on which is inscribed a Latin motto. The bracket upon which he stands is the original one cut and painted by the fathers. It is rude, heavy, and composed of simple members: namely, a slightly rounded base supporting a thick block with quarter-round, square and round molding.

Figure II. shows the statue at the left of the altar. It is clothed in the garb of the Franciscan, with beard, tonsured head, outstretched hands, and one foot upon a skull.

Figure III. shows the figure to the right. It is tonsured, shaven, and wears the Franciscan garb. The panels are divided from one another by coupled columns; those supporting the pediment of the center panel standing out about two feet in front of the others, and having two flat engaged columns at their back. The bases of these columns are simple, half rounded moldings,

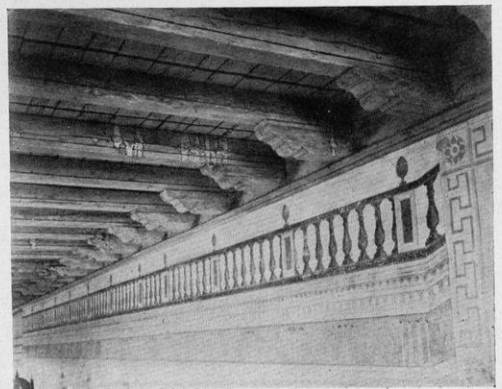


Figure VI. San Miguel Mission: corbels and rafters

the shaft is a plain cylinder, and the capital a dual leaf, as if in rude imitation of the Corinthian. The entablature is simple and

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effective, its center bearing a large All-Seeing Eye, radiating beams of light. Above this and over each side panel is a bracket sustaining an ornament in the shape of a chalice, each connected with the other across the whole face of the altar by clusters of grapes and leaves. These chalices have each a cover and two handles.. The rays issuing from the center piece bear evidences of having afforded a resting place for owls and other night birds during the days when the Mission was abandoned. Even now, as I sit writing, I hear the cooing of many doves that nest under the open eaves, through which feathers come floating into the sacred edifice.

The pillars are mottled in imitation of marble, and the altar and mural decorations are in colors, chief of which are blue, green, red, pink, and pale green. The base of the panelings is pink.

On the left, above the statue is an oval panel painted with the two crossed hands of the Christ, showing the nail holes of the cross. On the other side is a similar oval panel, decorated with symbolic figures.

There are two side altars, the one at the right sacred to the Holy Mother; and the other to Saint Joseph and the Holy Child. Figure IV. shows the former with some of the mural decoration. The figure of the Madonna is modern, but the painting is old and well illustrates the artistic ideas of the Fathers. A similar painted canopy covers the old figure of San José seen in Figure V.

II. THE CEILING

This can be studied in Figure I. There are twenty-eight rafters upholding the

roof, and extending completely across the church. Each rafter rests upon a corbel which can be seen a little more distinctly in Figure VI. Both rafters and corbels are rough hewn from the solid trees of the mountains near San Antonio, over thirty-five miles away, and they have sustained unimpaired to the present day the heavy weight of the roof. This is estimated to be not less than two hundred thousand pounds. The rafters are each ten by twelve inches in the square, and fully forty feet long. They were cut in the mountains at Cambria, forty

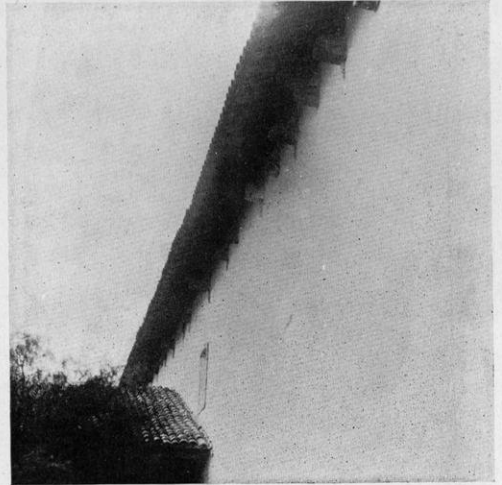


Figure VII. San Miguel Mission: wooden spikes holding rafters

miles away, and carried by the Indians to their destination. These rafters protrude some twelve inches or so through the wall to which they are fastened or keyed with large wooden spikes, as shown in Figure VII.

Over the altar, the corbels are tinted a light green, and the ceiling and rafters pink. Other colors used in the mural decorations, are blue and white. Over the altar, there is also a further decoration of the ceiling in a leafy design in blue, by which

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special honor is given to the most sacred portion of the church.

III. THE MURAL DECORATIONS

These are executed in three zones: that of the altar, and those of the church and choir. These decorations are generally called frescoes, but, as I believe, erroneously.

I may say that although crude and inharmonious they are exceedingly interesting, as they are so evidently a work of love and devotion. The desire to beautify the sacred house is there manifest, although the power adequately to accomplish the purpose was wanting. To the Mission Fathers the completed church was dear, beautiful and

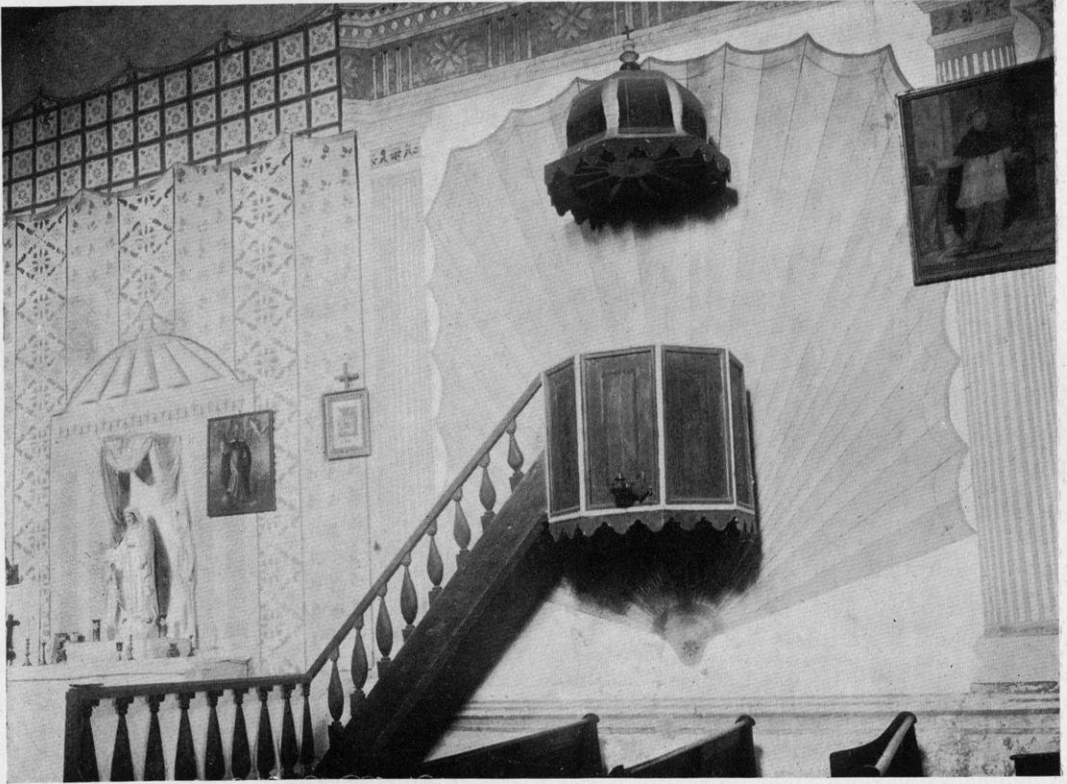


Figure VIII. San Miguel Mission: the old pulpit

ly. They are in reality distemper paintings on plaster. A true fresco is executed with mineral or earthy pigments upon a newly laid stucco ground of lime or gypsum: so that the colors sinking in, become as durable as the stucco itself. This, it appears to me, is not the case with the San Miguel decorations. As a general criticism

sacred, because beautified to the best of their ability, and raised with the ardor of their whole souls to the glory of God.

In the altar space, the mural decorations on the sides consist of thirteen bands, alternating green and brown; the green being a design of pomegranate leaf, sprig and fruit; the brown a conventional design of

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leaves arranged in a lozenge pattern. On each side, a painted panel is introduced for an altar, before described in Figure IV. In this same figure can also be seen, above the perpendicular bands a horizontal band about three feet wide; the design being of small squares set with a conventional pattern. There is a fringe or border, painted in blue to represent lace with tassels, both

right side, the pulpit is located as seen in Figure VIII. This decoration comprises a series of bands in pink and shades of green, radiating fan-shaped from a green base, situated between three and four feet above the floor. This fan design is enclosed in a painted panel, outlined by fluted columns, in blue. These columns continue, at a distance of about twelve feet apart, along the

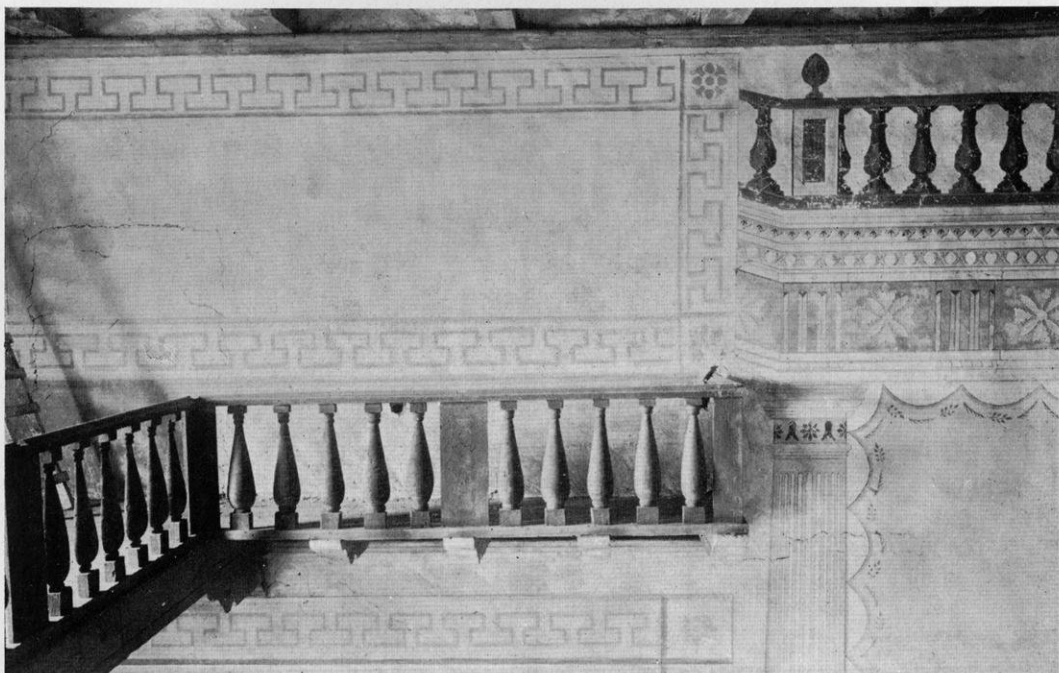


Figure IX. San Miguel Mission: arm of choir gallery, showing mural decoration

above and below this band. Still another horizontal band, about three feet wide, in gray and pink, with a painted cornice connecting the wall decorations with the molded cornice above, complete the mural adornments in the altar zone.

Beginning at the altar, there is a zone of decoration extending on each side of the church, about eighteen feet. This might be termed the pulpit zone, for in it, on the

body of the church to the choir zone, at which point an entirely different design is introduced. The columns are further decorated by a conventional leaf and fern pattern, as seen in Figure IX., which also shows the frieze and the painted balustrade, both of these extending from the altar zone to that of the choir. Above and below the choir loft, the design is the Greek key.

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IV. THE OLD PULPIT

A peculiar fascination pertains to this little structure, with its quaint sounding board and crown-like cover, which could be let down as a protection when desired: the whole resembling a bird-nest fastened upon the right wall. It is reached by a flight of eight steps from the inside of the altar rail

like a crown surmounted with a ball, on which rests a cross. The crown is painted green, gold, black and silver, with the scalloped edge in red.

V. THE OLD CONFESSIONAL

The confessional shown in Figure X. is built into the solid adobe wall, with two swinging doors opening from it. One of these has been replaced by new material, as seen in the picture; the other, except for the insertion of a new panel of redwood, is as the Fathers left it. The old iron hinges, three pairs of which remain, are originals, and good examples of the iron handiwork of the time. The decoration of the old door is the continuation of one of the fluted columns before described.

At Santa Inés the original decorations of the altar zone still remain. Elsewhere they have been destroyed with the all-covering whitewash. In this church, the ceiling beams are painted (Figure XI.) with red, yellow and green into a portion of a circle with pend-

ants at each point, and with a leaf design inside each arc. On the bottom of each beam is a conventionalized trailing vine.

The decorations of the side wall (Figure XII.) are of black and green around the window, and a rude imitation of marble in panels at each side. In each panel hangs a wooden bracket, painted in water color, and supporting oil paintings. About three

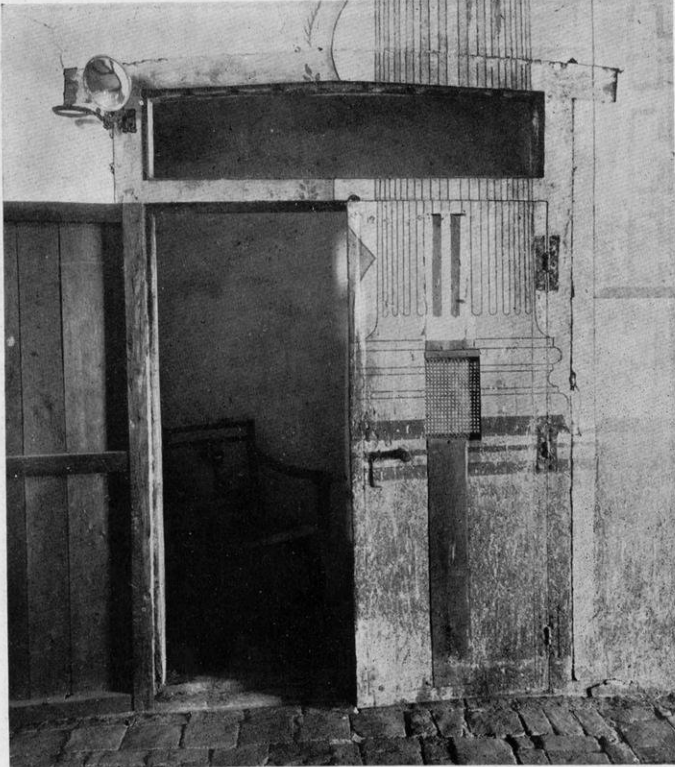


Figure X. San Miguel Mission: the old confessional

and is octagonal in form; three of the eight sides being occupied by the door and the point of attachment to the wall. It is decorated as follows: the inner panel is deep blue, with a band of greenish yellow; the outer panel being in dark green enclosed by a molding in blue, red and gray. The under scallop is in red, with a band above of greenish yellow. The sounding board is shaped

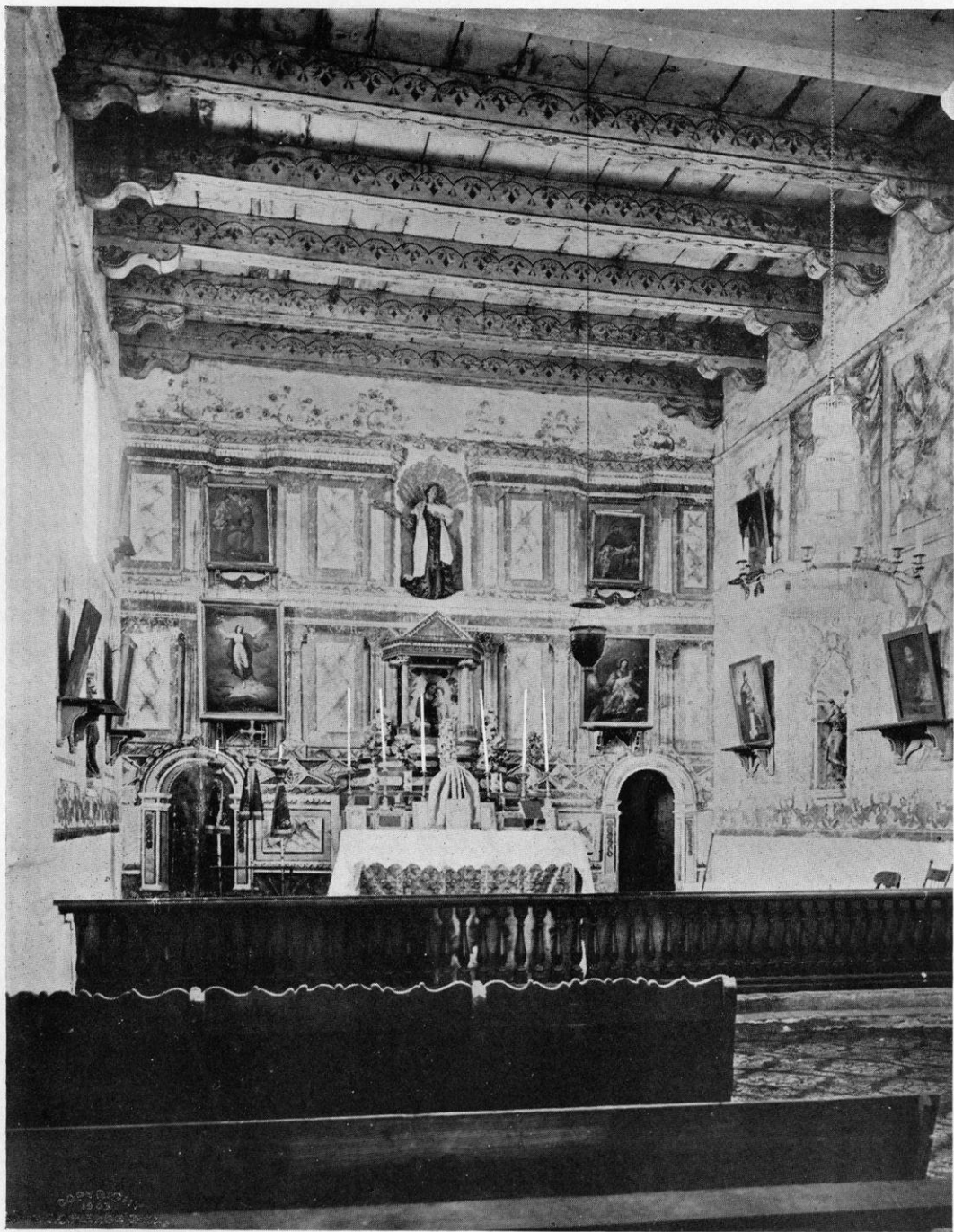


Figure XI. Santa Inés Mission: reredos, altar table, and painted ceiling

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feet from the base is a border of yellow, green and red of a large conventionalized leaf, alternating with a chalice, or vase.

The reredos is pretentious and inharmonious. Indeed, were it not for the sacred furnishings, statues and altar beneath, it would suggest a rude stage setting hastily

gives some detail of the dadoes of the reredos, with its marble paneling and conventional figures in diamonds of differing size.

The most striking and pleasing mural decoration of the whole building is found in the seclusion of the sacristy. It is done in blues, reds and yellows, and is pictured in

Figure XIV. The flower (rose?) and leaf below the Greek key, and the conventional flower and leaf above are the most artistic decorations that I have yet seen in the California Missions.

At San Luis Rey, some of the old mural decorations remain, as seen in the marbleizing of the engaged columns, the dadoes at their base, the wavy line extending about the lower part of the walls, and the designs in the doorways and arches (Figure XV). On the reredos of the side altar, also, there are remnants of decoration in distemper (Figure XVI).

The winged angels, carrying the crown, constitute a fair example of the ability of the Fathers in this branch of decorative art: the columnar design on the right and the left of the reredos, as well

as the decoration of the lower wall on the right, deserve to be examined.

Figure XVII. shows the interior wall decorations of the Pala Chapel, a dependency of the San Luis Rey Mission. The adobe walls were plastered and whitewashed; then the rude columns and arches were colored

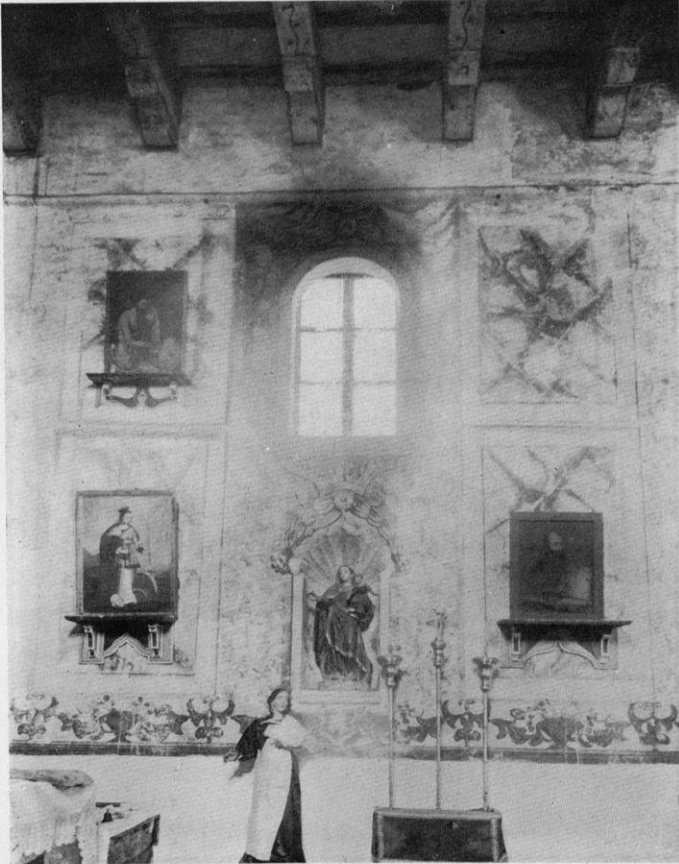


Figure XII. Santa Inés Mission: right wall of sanctuary

prepared for an emergency, rather than its sacred function. It is a series of marbleized panels, enclosed in columns, with bases and cornices. The archway leading from the sanctuary into the sacristy is somewhat elaborately, although rudely decorated, as shown in Figure XIII. This figure, also,

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in distemper to a reddish brown. When the Palating-wa Indians were removed from Warner's Ranch to Pala, they were told that this chapel would be theirs, and that a priest would be sent regularly to minister to them. Imagine their chagrin to find it leased to the Landmarks Club, of Los Angeles, the president of which they hated bitterly for his treatment of them regarding their removal! Fortunately, in Bishop J. T. Conaty, the newly appointed Diocesan of Los Angeles, they found a sympathizing friend. He arranged that services should be conducted with regularity; sending a priest to reside among them. This latter, with a zeal for cleanliness and for making all things under his control conform to his own ideas; neglectful or



Figure XIII. Santa Inés Mission: archway leading from sanctuary to sacristy

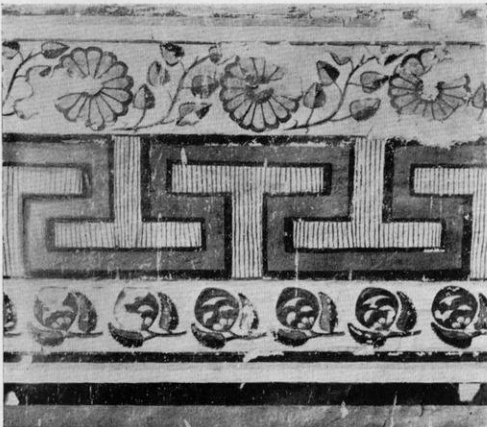


Figure XIV. Santa Inés Mission: mural decoration in sacristy

unobservant of the irritated condition of the Indians under his charge, and without consulting them (so I am informed), ordered the walls to be whitewashed. The indignation of the Indians was intense, and were it not that high feeling has been common to them of late, they would have practically resented this desecration of the time-honored wall decorations. To an unsympathetic stranger, their anger might appear unreasonable and absurd; but when it is remembered that all the Indians of this region are responsive to the memories and traditions of Padre Peyri and other early workers at the Missions of San Diego and

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Figure XV. San Luis Rey Mission: entrance arch and tribune

San Luis Rey, their feelings appear natural and almost proper.

At Santa Barbara, all that remains of

the old decorations are found in the reredos, each wall and the entrance and side arches,

as shown in Figure XVIII. This marble effect is exceedingly crude, and does not represent the color of any known marble.

Here and there on the walls of the San Juan Bautista are a few remnants of the old distemper paintings. On the further side of the seventh arch on the left is a conventional leaf design in brownish red, illustrated in Figure XIX.



Figure XVII. Pala Chapel: mural decorations



Figure XVIII. Santa Barbara Mission: Looking toward high-altar



Figure XVI. San Luis Rey Mission: side altar with statues of Saints Louis, Francis and Anthony

Francisco, the rafters of the ceiling have been allowed to retain their ancient decora-

tions. These consist in rhomboidal figures placed conventionally from end to end of the building.

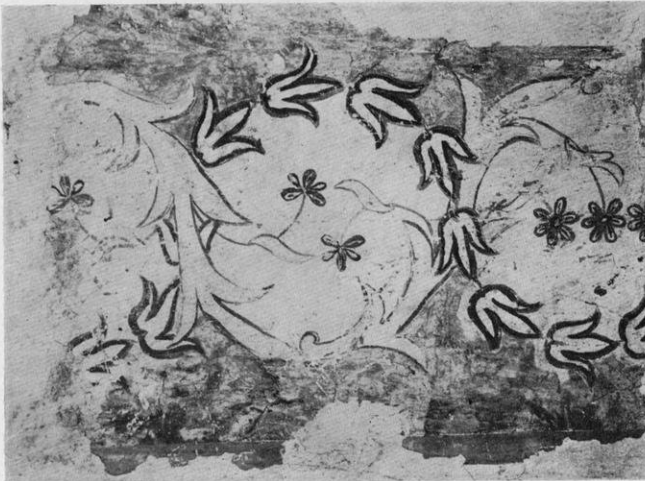


Fig. XIX. San Juan Bautista Mission: fragment of mural decoration
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I HAVE thus given to the readers of *The Craftsman* a comprehensive survey of practically all the remaining mural decorations of the Franciscan Missions in California. They are not given as examples to be copied; but as matters of history and therefore of deep interest. Personally I have never recovered from my surprise that men of architectural ability such as the Fathers proved themselves to be, should have failed so utterly in these decorations.

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A WOMAN MASTER: MADEMOISELLE BRESLAU. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT ROBERT DE MONTESQUIOU. BY IRENE SARGENT

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is said that toward the end of the Middle Ages—say, in Chaucer's time—a book required a hundred years in which to become popular. In our own day, a tenth part of that period suffices to bury in forgetfulness a book which is the passion of two continents. Little more than a decade since, indiscriminately the mature and the inexperienced, the prosaic and the romantic followed the autobiography of the ill-starred genius, Marie Bashkirtseff. Many there were who read the "Journal" in obedience to the passing fashion. Others were attracted by its artistic quality; fewer still by the race type which it revealed as in a picture; the smallest number of all, perhaps, by the morbid study in psychology which it offered. But all those who read it, whatever their initial motive, became deeply interested in the plot and action. For plot and action there were—complicated, moving and powerful. Love, jealousy and ambition were there seen feverishly at work and constituting a tragedy, although these three principles were represented by a single character and had their seat in a single human heart. But, as in the old Greek drama, the narrative of the chief actor involved shadowy persons upon whom a reflected interest was cast. The love of Marie Bashkirtseff centered in Bastien-Lepage, the pure-minded painter too early lost to France. Her ambition, wounded by destiny and disease, circled im-

potently about the personality of her fellow-student, Mlle. Breslau. To this patient conqueror of fame the Russian girl-painter gave the first prominence; creating for her rival a world-wide public anxious to follow her career and to know the outcome of her efforts. For the many she was long lost amid the throng of her competitors; her name alone remaining as a memory of her early existence. But to-day her reputation is a fact accomplished, and the stern goddess Justice leaves her as sole survivor to speak the last word in the tragedy of Marie Bashkirtseff.

IN the course of the two volumes of her journal, Marie Bashkirtseff appears to her readers under a double aspect. She is at once pathetic and vain. Indeed, she might have figured, as a typical example, in those studies of precocious children which were recently published by a European Review with the purpose of determining the results of their gifts. The Russian girl-painter was, without doubt, a prodigy, possessing both the seductive qualities and the perversities of the type; her sad end excusing her faults to the profit of her attractions. But let her troubled spirit rest in peace!

Radically different was the childhood of the grave, distinguished artist to whom I am to devote this study. And yet early, Fame touched and assured her name, at the mention of which the writer of the memoirs already cited, "heard sounded a chord powerful, sonorous and calm." The fame later acquired harmonized with such sure hopes.

"Sonorous, calm and powerful:" the exactitude and justice of these words speak in

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favor of the one who formulated them in her restless equity: that young and brilliant woman of society, ambitious to run the artistic career with the rapidity of a hare, while her prudent, patient colleague slowly, wisely, valiantly attained the successive and

painter; surprising even—it must surely be—for the painter herself. Since upon artists worthy of their title—that is, those having the necessary modesty and pride—the effect produced by the collection of their works is in itself a great surprise. And this feeling possesses a victorious, consoling quality, like the glance described by the Greek philosopher as belonging to a man who has laid up his treasures elsewhere than in the coffer hunted by the robber.

Certainly Mlle. Breslau can cast this glance upon her own work, upon herself, when relentless Time in the course of years, shall have made of her a venerable old master. For her hands will have scattered abroad many and many precious leaves inscribed with the history of as many lives. And as a legend or epigraph attached to this living, sentient gathering, the future can write:

“Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches”

Such will be the harvest of our woman master.

This harvest we shall shortly pass in review. But, first of all, I wish to emphasize the comparison previously indicated, which offers valuable instruction regarding the beneficial effects of rivalry.

In the second volume of the “Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff,” the name of Mademoiselle Breslau occurs more than thirty times. I have counted the passages and must have omitted some of them from my list. This name recurs like a haunting spirit, a besieging anxiety, a spectre of real existence necessary to be overcome—the representative of the genius ardently coveted for one’s



Portrait of a young painter

progressive stages of the same hard race.

Over these stages we have been permitted, by means of the Georges Petit Exposition, to cast a sweeping, inclusive glance, surprising even for those who have followed for years with deep interest the work of the

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self: a being which exists for many, if not for all of us, and whom circumstances endow with the power of making us realize our capabilities, which without this quickening influence would not reach so full a development:

"She is splendidly gifted and I am confident that she will succeed."

"That minx Breslau has finished a composition; if one can do things like that, one is certain of becoming a great artist. It is



"The Mirror"

I quote:

"Breslau has received many congratulations."

"How well that girls draws."

"That rogue gives me anxiety."

plain, isn't it? I am jealous. It is well that I am so, for jealousy will be a spur."

"As a matter of course, Breslau has attained a brilliant success; she draws admirably."

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"Breslau will get prizes."

"Breslau is constantly in my thoughts, and I do not make a stroke without asking myself how she would do."

"I ask no questions for fear of hearing what Breslau is doing."

"In comparison with Breslau I am like a cardboard box, thin and fragile, beside a massive, richly carved oaken chest."

"Happy Breslau: yes, truly happy, and



Madame de Brantes

to be like her, I would give all that people call my gifts."

"God has been merciful in preventing me from being wholly crushed by Breslau, at least for to-day."

"I am not favored, like Breslau, who lives in a narrow little artistic circle, in which every word, every step profits something to study . . . the evening, for instance, she spends in drawing and composing."

"She has not made her work very interesting (alluding to a fellow pupil), as Breslau would have done." . . .

And so these allusions continue in a constant minor accompaniment to the themes of the writer, swelling or diminishing, gathering or losing emphasis, winding through five hundred pages, as the *leit-motiv* of rivalry, stimulating and effective.

The quoted words were long since written. The last page of the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff bears the date of 1884. To the experiences so widely different, yet equally thrilling, of the two young girls one might apply these lines:

"After a score of years I write again:

I listen No sound breaks the stillness
dread

There is no doubt. Already you are held
Among those silent ones the world calls dead."

Alas! such words might be the tragic appeal of the restless Marie from the spirit world. It would seem thus that, at my appeal, she issues from the shades to bring, in the allusions cited from her Journal, the posthumous and continued homage of a faithful admiration, purified henceforth from all mundane rivalry and splendidly justified to-day by that which the companion who inspired it submits to our judgment.

BEFORE speaking of the striking collection of nearly one hundred works exhibited by Mlle. Breslau, in the Georges Petit Galleries, I wish to make mention of a trait of her character which accords with what I have already said regarding her disdain of reputation. When about to write my present article, and in

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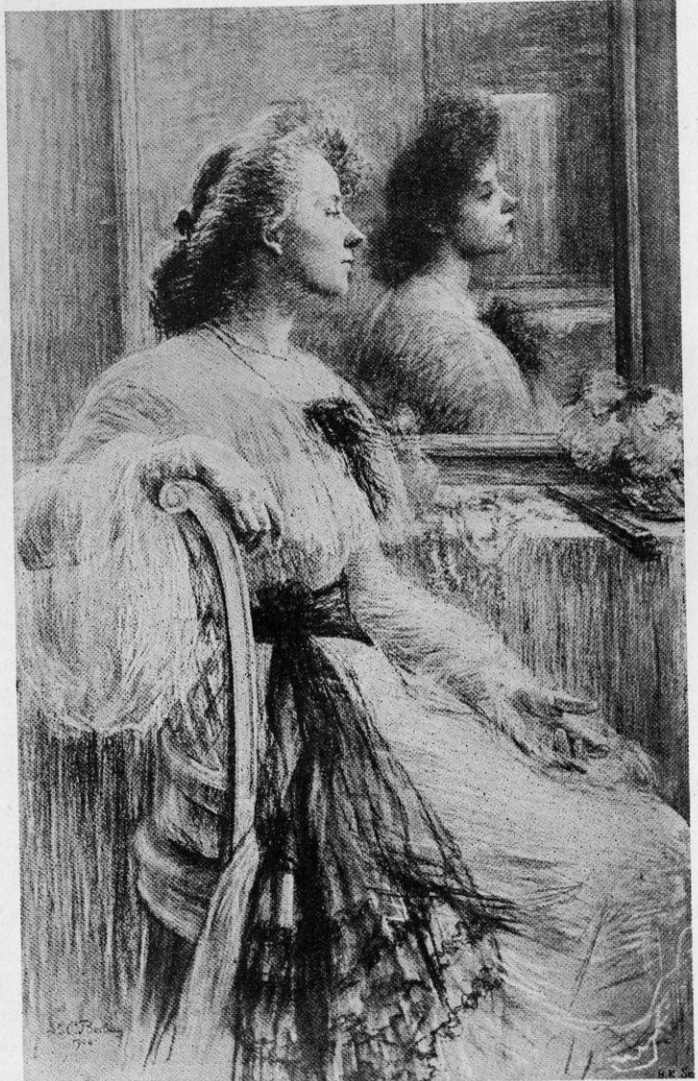
order to provide myself with facts, I asked her for the use of certain of the innumerable journalistic criticisms in which, twenty years since, her fame first appeared as a prelude and then passed on to be accentuated in continuous, infinite variations, she made me the simple answer that:

"I had, certainly, several packages of clippings, but at the time of my last change of residence, they disappeared." This ingenuous reply pleased me more than I can express. It is indeed true that these superficial judgments, "not altogether candid," as poor Verlaine, the poet, testified, lose their force at the successive and constantly more reflective stages of existence. There remains only the appreciation of certain luminous minds who have signally honored us, if they have generously infused something of sentiment into their calm judgments.

Among those who have so acted toward Mlle. Breslau I will mention MM. André Chevillon and Emile Hovelacque. Let me quote from them:

"Mlle. Breslau possesses a psychological instinct which seeks by preference women and children. It is agreeable to linger in the presence of this serious, wholesome genius, enamored of freshness and force, of goodness and delicacy, full of sentiment and

devoid of sentimentality. One must admire this sincere, thorough workmanship employed to produce scrupulously correct and complete drawing, to represent the en-



Portrait: Revery

tire physical exterior which takes its form from the inner life. Here is an art of reflection and conscience which refuses to juggle with difficulties and which the French

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eye does not always estimate at a high value, accustomed, as it is, to lightness of treatment and brilliancy of execution. Mlle. Breslau is our first woman painter, at least in portraiture—the only one, perhaps, who is not the *replica* of a masculine genius. In



"Charles Ferdinand"

the medium of pastel, the tenderness, the sympathetic intuitive intelligence peculiar to her sex, find employment. There is nothing more soothing, sweet and tender than her groups of young girls with their delicate flower-tints, their calm, harmonious

grace. Her studies of children are often masterpieces of arrangement, of simple and sure handling, successful in expressing youth with its restrained brilliancy, its reticent strength, its plant-like freshness and the quiet of its incomplete development and bloom."

This passage is one to be proud of having inspired. The woman honored by it has not suffered by losing all other printed eulogies in the confusion caused by changes of residence. Fragment though it be, it suffices. It would be useless to cite others. It contains everything and it can serve excellently as an epigraph to that "peaceful, harmonious labor," as, also, it may one day in the future, serve as an epitaph for her who will have gained the right to rest quietly, having realized her calm dream.

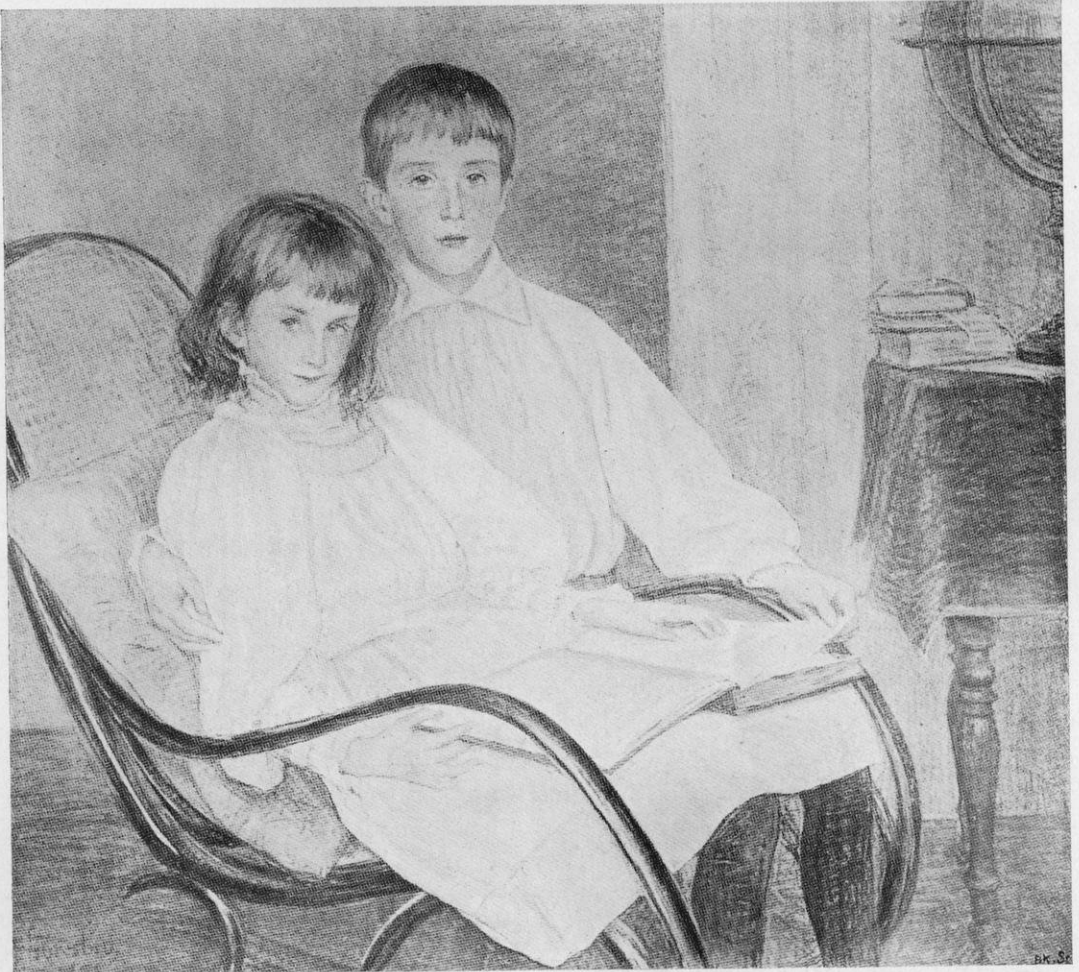
And now let us try in our turn to judge appreciatively the collection to-day exhibited, as well as the artist to whom we are indebted for it. First of all, might it not be believed that we find in the eyes of certain of these models a reflection of Switzerland, pure and powerful, in its whites and its azure tones? Mlle. Breslau is a native of Zurich.

"She descends in truth from her mountains," exclaimed the painter Degas, in one of his characteristic sallies of wit, as he stood before a singular portrait of the artist painted by herself. Certainly, this portrait is full of meaning, sombre and forbidding as it stands, with its frown apparently addressed in reproof to affectation, pretense, display—to all that is false in what to-day is called art, and what, for the most part, is but insipid, pointless imitation. Yes, truly, something limpid and refreshing, like the atmosphere of an elevated region,

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is exhaled in the dignified, tranquil room in which, among pensive flowers and sensitive animals, types of reflective men, of young women, of older ladies, and above all of *real children*, pursue peacefully their healthy aesthetic life. Of childlike grace Mlle.

In Mlle. Breslau's work there is no trickery or sleight of hand, no false style or even any style; no tailor-made elegance, or lay-figure mannerisms. There is, furthermore, no inverse affectation of simplicity which would be equally distasteful. The artist



"Rocking"

Breslau shows herself constantly as an incomparable translator into painting. Her themes, at once simple and infinite, she executes with a power so assured as to have no need to expend itself in brilliant execution.

seeks only—and this is apparent through feeling rather than through sight—the garment, the ornament, which reveals a personality, the accessory which completes it, or comments upon it. This accessory, if

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chosen by the painter, is simple and charming. It takes at times a pronounced form, and may even assume that of a peculiar hat, when such a detail of costume is able to reveal more regarding the head upon which it sits than a whole treatise upon physiognomy. But I repeat that when the taste of the painter and that of the model coincide, there follow the happiest results. As an example, I will cite as one among many the attractive portrait of M. Victor



A portrait

Klotz, which is a work of great distinction, and satisfying by its harmonious effect.

On occasion, the artist goes still farther in the choice of detail and we follow her with pleasure, since her sure judgment in what Carlyle named the philosophy of clothes, prevents her from leading us into error. It is thus, in that admirable portrait of Madame de Brantes, which will always rank as one of the richest works of Mlle. Breslau, the painter has conceived her subject as a figure with mitts. The concep-

tion was true and accurate—suggested even by the model. The amiable lady who sometimes drew on gloves with which to handle subjects of conversation, will henceforth, in our own imagination, wear mitts; this will be an advantage since they will leave visible the half of her lovely hands.

With perfect truth one may compare this pastel with the work of Perronneau. The eloquent eyes, the nose indicative of culture, the air of penetration, the subtle smile, the adroitness, the soft, persuasive grace so superbly rendered, reveal the distinguished psychological power of the painter.

And yet it is in the portraits of children that Mlle. Breslau most fully exercises this gift—then, with a greater tenderness. She calls to the mind of one who studies this phase of her work, certain verses which describe the child as leaving behind him at every step several phantoms of himself. A long procession of these attractive little phantoms defiles, smiling or sighing, along the walls of the *Galerie de Sèze*. For all these children are not gay. Some of them are far from that temper of mind. Indeed, it has often seemed to me that, in spite of the conscient melancholy, the definite sorrows which come later in life, childhood has yet one of the bitterest of lots, which resides in the impossibility of making its grievances understood by careless attendants and unsympathetic parents. I will take as an example the significant words of the model of one of these expressive canvases. The child is holding in his arms—the beloved confident of his little hatreds, of his childish spite—a thin, pugdog. And the typical phrase is added: "I like Tom. I like

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Dick. I like Médor. . . . I don't like people!"

A book might be made from the reflections gathered by Mlle. Breslau from the

sonal secret of their future individuality, which it is her task to express and make visible. In this task how expert she is! She has within her the qualities of a Kate



Portrait of the Sculptor Carriès

lips of her young models. She excels in *making* them talk, rather than in *allowing* them to talk, in order to extract the per-

Greenaway, of larger mold and higher grasp than the English original; one who by virtue of a sort of artistic transposition

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of maternal love, devotes a celibate life full of emotions to appreciate well and to describe even better the first fruits of the soul.

The reward of such intelligent, subtile application, aided by exceptional means, perfect sincerity and consummate art, resides in the fact that no one, perhaps, like Mlle. Breslau, has been able to reproduce "mortal eyes in their unveiled splendor" (to use the expression of Baudelaire), together with that which makes of them, sometimes prematurely, mirrors darkened by the breath of grief.

How much present beauty, how much future womanliness one finds in Mlle. Breslau's portrait of the little Beatrix de Clermont-Tonnerre! The eyes are two flax blossoms; the lips an opening rose; the two chubby arms have a plumpness which is already accented and modeled, just as the glance has already a dreamy quality.

As for the characteristic and infinitely varied accessory already mentioned, which the painter uses to enlighten the spectator upon what she herself is seeking to decipher, this accessory in the portraits of her little men and women is, according to the age of the subject, a map which is a steady, anchored balloon, or a balloon which is a floating world. Or again, if the accessory take a living form, we find flowers and animals whose grace and mystery are allied with sentiment or wit to those of their friends or masters. The flowers thus used as accessories, and those treated separately in panels, tell us how much and how faithfully the painter loves them: larkspurs of an intense azure; harebells of a fading carmine; velvet gilliflowers; flame-like zinnias; roses of flesh and blood. I know only one other painter, Fantin, who can give the

same air of *thought and spirit* to a handful of color notes, in a vase. These clusters of flowers painted by masters who are not specialists in this branch of art, have a brilliancy—I was about to say—a perfume which is peculiar and unique. Such are the flowers executed by Monticelli, Manet and Raffaelli.

Mme. Lemaire, that admirable flower-painter, produces faces which are like the petals of blossoms; Mlle. Breslau, the subtile painter of women's portraits, produces flowers resembling women: two processes totally different from each other, but both justified by the results attained through their exercise.

I must devote a word to Mlle. Breslau's portraits of men, less numerous, but not less remarkable. I will mention three, of artist friends: the first, a strange, fascinating figure of an English student—an early work, dating from 1880 and marking a stage in the life of the painter. For, having finished this portrait which already reveals the master, Mlle. Breslau gave up all attendance upon schools and courses. As to the portrait of Carriès—the sculptor of genius whose warm friendship is one of the proud memories of the painter who has transmitted to us his features—this work is a page of contemporary art destined to live for two reasons. It is, first of all, the final and, as I believe, the only portrait, of a master already illustrious, whose fame will continue to increase. At some future time, his native, or his adopted city will send to Mlle. Breslau's studio at Neuilly a commission authorized to obtain this priceless memorial work. Similar was the action of the city of Glasgow toward the artist Whistler in behalf of Carlyle.

A WOMAN MASTER

For another celebrated artist, Maurice Lobre, Mlle. Breslau has devoted her art and her friendship to produce a faithful portrait: a face wearing the expression at once affable and severe, which gives so much character to his face and so much physiognomy to his character.

To the names of such colleagues and friends I wish to add two others whose portraits it would please me to find numbered among the works of the painter. These two canvases would witness the old and continued friendship with which their distinguished originals honor the woman master, who, I repeat, owes it as a duty to her period, to preserve their features. I refer to MM. Degas and Forain. Such men as these rarely praise. Their words of

commendation are worth a wreath of laurel. This wreath I would cast, with its bloom and fragrance, at the threshold of the present article, joining to it the nosegay of a sonnet. The last, less significant and valuable, is my own.

She is a master whose sagacious hand
Raises from out the grave the long dead past
And joins it with the hour now fleeing fast:
Seizing the shapes as waves do sky and land.

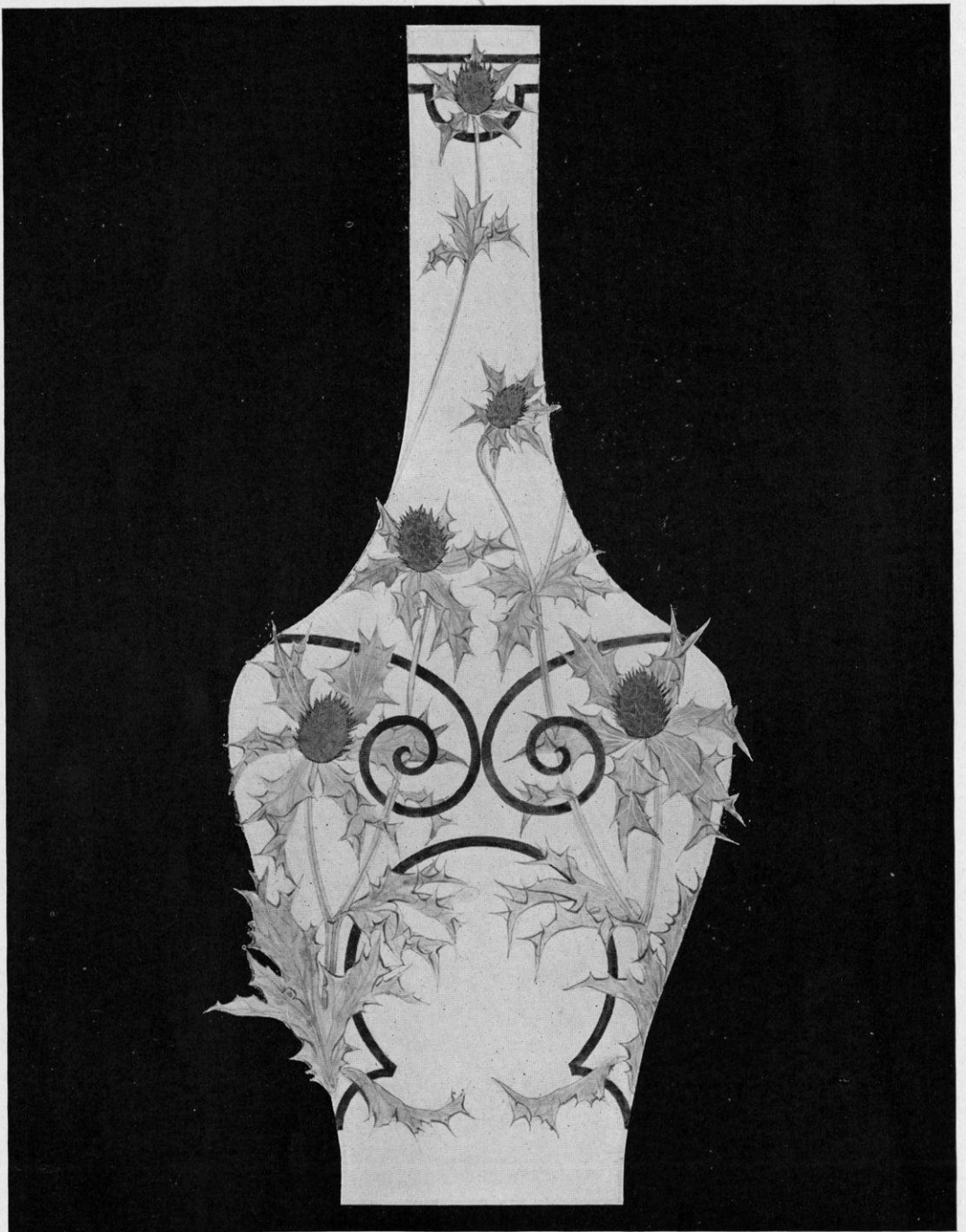
Her works the searching tests of time shall stand;
Since they are types of race, or person, cast
Clearly and simply, made to serve and last;
Not to adorn a court or castle grand.

Departed masters look on her below,
Her toil severe approving, since they know
The task to seek a soul demands a heart.

But woman-painter, joined with theirs, your name
In crystal clear shall guarded be, where Fame
Honors th' eternal victories of art!

—From "*Art et Décoration*," May, 1904.





Design for a Sèvres vase (porcelain), L. Carrière

STUDY OF SEVRES METHODS

A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF SEVRES METHODS. BY PAUL CRET

IN France and elsewhere, the usefulness or fertility of state manufactories has been very much discussed, both at the present day and in former times. The opponents of such establishments accuse them of being permeated with the bureaucratic spirit. This malady, they say, is hostile to all innovations, and stands in the way of all bold experiments. It has rapidly dried up inspiration, and substituted labeled formulæ for research. The privileged position places them outside of competition: hence they grow drowsy in self-contentment. They ignore changes in public taste and the new processes of production going on about them. They maintain that progress always comes from investigators being left to their own independent methods, but loving their art or profession for its own sake, and not as a simple sinecure.

These opponents can sustain their position by the following facts: In the history of Sèvres, which we shall study, we do not find that the first discovery of soft and hard porcelain was made by that institution, but by private manufacturers, who, later, were restrained by many vexatious regulations made to fortify the privileges of the Royal Manufactory. Later, in the movement to improve the decorations, the official producers lagged far behind; only adopting the new ideas under the constant fire of criticism, and being obliged to ask help from private producers disdained at other times. These are certainly weak points.

Now what do the defenders of state man-

ufactories say? They ask how, without the help of the State, can you afford the long and expensive experiments which enable you to bring a product to its brightest perfection? Also, how will you secure purchasers willing to pay for the careful execution

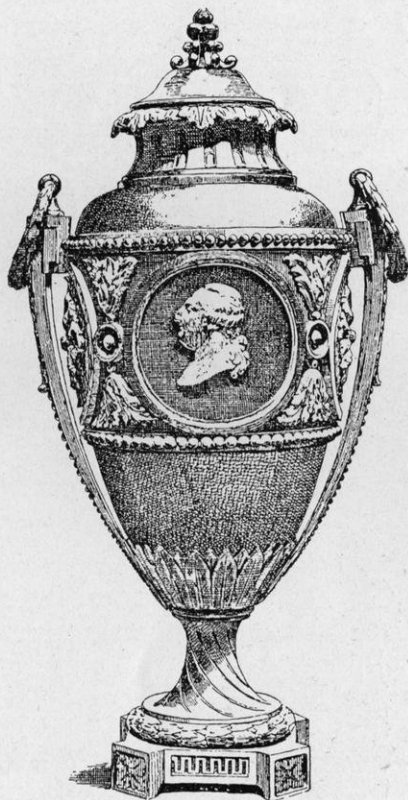


Plate I. Sèvres vase, with profile portrait of Louis XVI.

attained by official workmen, who are not embarrassed by the haste of commercial conditions?

As in all discussions, the truth lies between the two extremes, and we shall see later how people have tried to reconcile the two points of view by a compromise—imperfect, it is true, but still superior to the old conditions.

The State Manufactory we take as an

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example, not because Sèvres has always been ahead of the innovator, but because its work, on the whole, has been superior to every other institution of its kind. For

and a half is comprised the history of porcelain among occidental peoples.

IT is well known that the earliest discoveries in porcelain manufacture in Europe date from the second half of the fifteenth century. At this time, porcelain was imported from China. This fine ware awakened the interest of *savants* and pottery makers, who tried to reproduce it. From certain documents we learn that they succeeded first, at Venice. Later, the porcelain of the Medici—recently discovered—marks a new impulse which dates from the first year of the seventeenth century.

A century later, in France and Saxony, experiments were renewed which finally yielded satisfactory results.

In 1707, Boetticher made hard porcelain in Meissen for the first time. In France, at this time, they were making soft porcelain. Then, in the middle of the eighteenth century, Louis XV. founded Sèvres which, in a few years, attained its highest renown.

Its first purpose was the production of useful objects, that is to say: table-service—plates, cups, coffee pots, soup tureens, etc., whose graceful forms were often inspired by the exquisite models of the handiwork of the silversmiths of which *The Craftsman* gave, some time ago, very good reproductions.

Their decorations are very simple. A light relief, accentuating the shape, gives to the composition the suppleness and carefully studied aspect to be found in all the furniture of this period. In general, no color is used. The white of the porcelain—which is of a fine quality—is made to predominate. Sometimes, however, we find

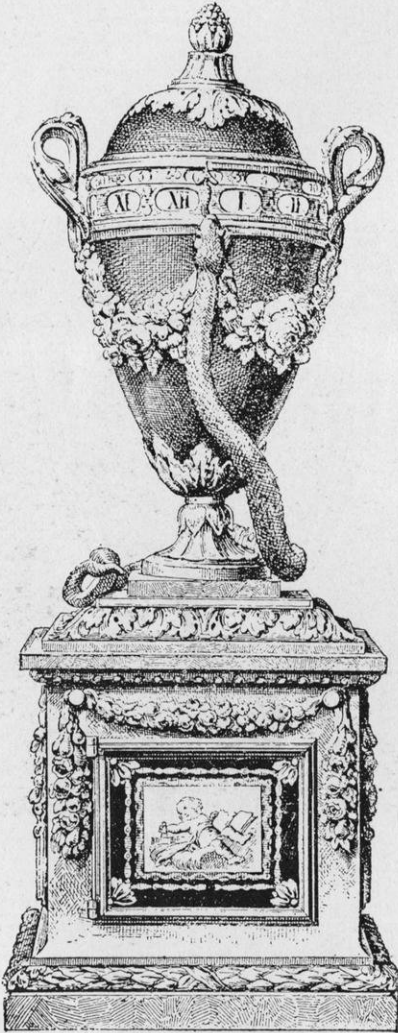


Plate II. Turning clock of Sèvres porcelain: period of Louis XVI.

this reason it is the best subject of study. We must admit, that after all, its universal renown is well merited, in spite of some weaknesses. In its existence of a century

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flowers distributed over the surface, light ribbons flying, or a border enhanced by touches of gold. The simplicity and taste are perfect; so perfect that to-day those models are still most often employed.

If studied technically, the designs of these pieces show so perfect a knowledge of composition that there seems to be no effort. Those delicate curves appear to have been made by a happy, spontaneous movement, unconscious of any end in view.

It is the distinctive character of all great periods of art, that their creations, far from being limited to the attempts of a few isolated investigators, are produced by the collaboration of a whole school. These artists employ the same motive over and over; always refining it and finally condensing it into its essential lines. This work which seems groping and arid for many of our contemporaries—whom the fever of individuality has driven to the *bizarre* in order to avoid repetition—has been the only productive method. We owe to it Greek art and the art of the Middle Ages, those two summits of the art of humanity. The announcement, which we have too often heard, of the necessity to create a modern art in two or three years seems ridiculous to those who have studied the evolution of artistic types and have seen a capital insensibly transformed during a period of six or eight hundred years in order to reach the Ionic of the Eretheion, or, the small modifications from church to church, which, after three centuries of continuous effort, developed into the completed cathedral of the thirteenth century.

Art never changes its course abruptly, except to the eye of the superficial observer. Its transformations are very slow in spite

of the caprices of fashion, which, in the last sixty or eighty years, has been able to travesty art, if not to change it.

Table-service was disguised in this way in the Napoleonic period. The expedition to Egypt, the interest in the explorations there made, caused the introduction of the geometrical forms of the lotus and the Sphinx. But we must not forget that the love for rectilinear forms marked the period

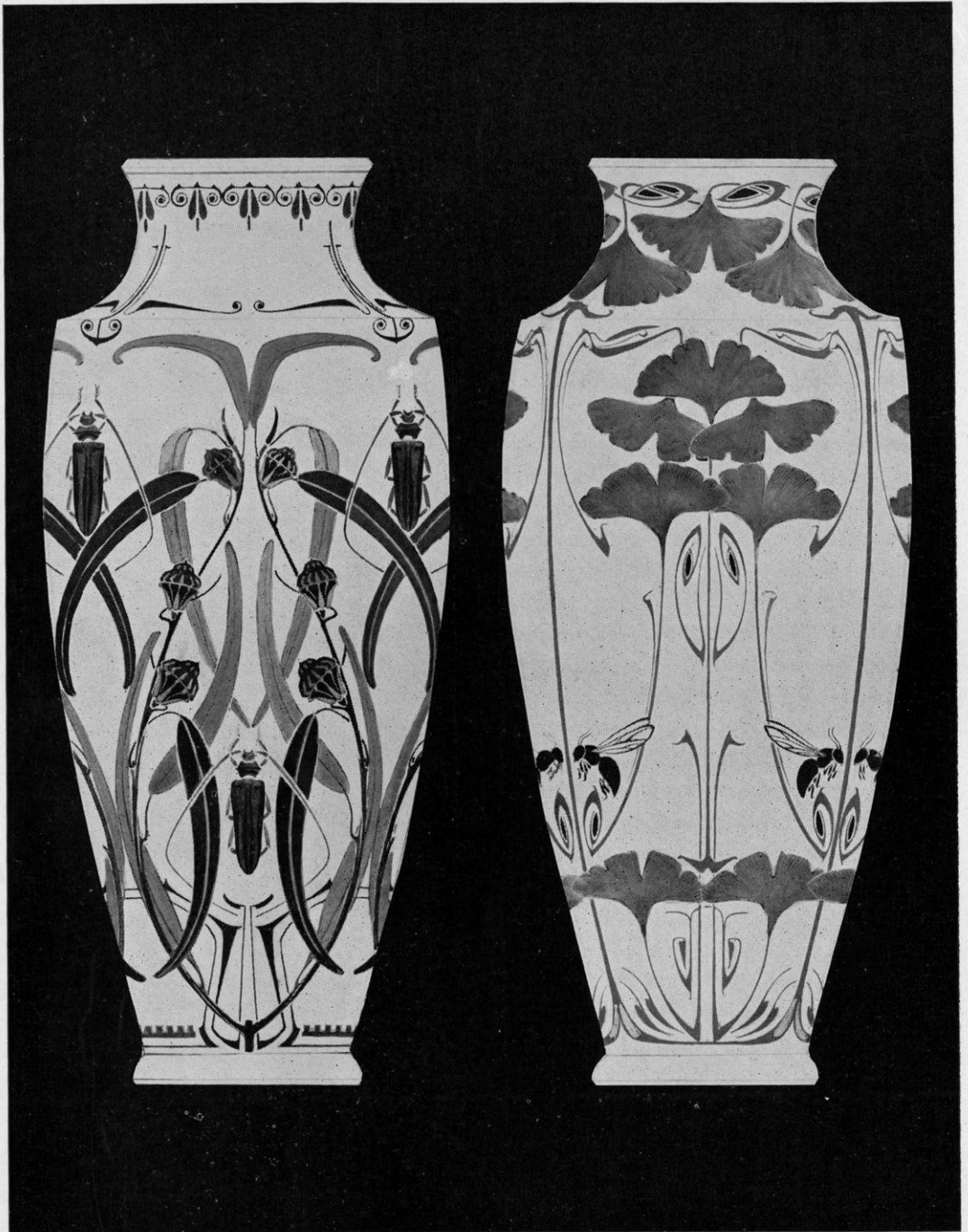


Sèvres competition, 1881: centerpiece, height, one metre. First prize, M. Forgeron

of Louis XVI, although they soon became dry and lifeless; that the false Romanesque in vogue during the Revolution and Empire had prepared the way for the introduction of the Egyptian.

Objects begin to be covered with gold. There is no longer any play of fancy in the drawing; but sometimes a happy repetition of the decoration makes us indulgent to its super-abundance.

And for eighty years nothing new has



Designs for Sèvres vases. (porcelain), L. Carrière

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been created in this branch of ceramics. It is in the composition of vases that all effort has been absorbed. Thus, it is here that we must look for the dominating spirit.

Since 1890, the production of vases has become the aim of the successful artist at Sèvres. This has, at all times, been the chosen field, wherever the decorative arts have tried their own strength—tried, indeed, to rival the old masters. Their history is a faithful reflection of the artistic taste of a nation. In their forms, pure or mixed, plain or overcharged with ornament, centuries and races have written their ideals, aesthetic, military and commercial. The dance of the satyrs and of the antique flute-players encircle the marble of the Greek vases, leaving the form itself like the curve of a beautiful body. On them all antique life with its worship of the beautiful has drawn its harmonious, robust profile. The Middle Ages gave to sacred vases the type which they still keep, and the Italian Renaissance tried to return again to the love of form for its own sake, adding to it the imprint of the complex modern spirit.

The vases of the time of Louis XVI. naturally bear the marks of the new fortunes acquired during this period, which, through the Roman spirit, was so near the Revolution. But the personality of the eighteenth century is expressed in the incomparable distinction of the form and a judicious distribution of the decoration. Perhaps one could reproach the models of this period for being too often derived from architectural ornament; for being adaptable indifferently to every kind of material, without taking account of the delicacy of modeling to which porcelain is susceptible,

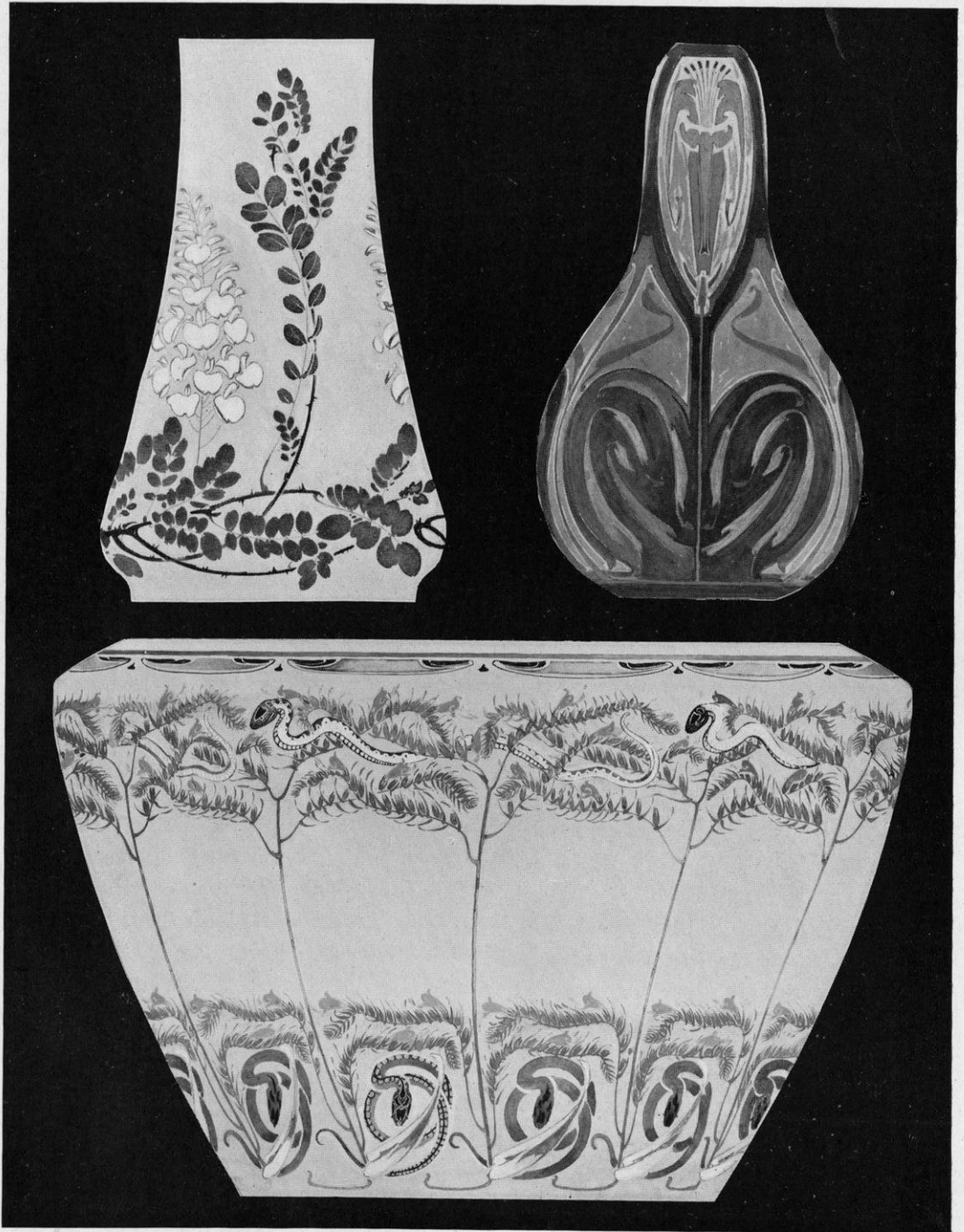
according to the fineness of the clay and the hardness of the enamel. But these defects are forgotten when one feels the charm of the objects. Their color is very pure: the backgrounds of turquoise, green, blue and pink are unrivaled. The medallions are decorated with genii and flowers, painted with a light and vital touch. We give two reproductions of these vases, one decorated with a profile of the King; the other used as a turning clock and set upon a pedestal.

During the Revolution capital for manufacturing purposes became scarce, and old models were employed; the only modifications introduced being the change of the royal emblems for those of the Republic.

The Empire gave a new impulse to the making of vases, fine examples of which were sent as presents to great personages. Their styles are inspired by the antique, and sometimes by the Egyptian; nevertheless, the design is always a personal creation, and never a mere copy. Vases of about six feet in height and of very difficult production are the aim of the manufactory. The somewhat dull color does not enhance the qualities of the material.

During the period of the Restoration, the decadence is accentuated. This fact is indicated by the numerous and intelligent copies from the antique. The romantic reaction in literature produces indeed a temporary infatuation for the Middle Ages, but the kindest action toward the Gothic of 1830, is to keep silence regarding it.

We witness the same tendencies under Louis Philippe. At this time, the painters to-day illustrious in landscape—Millet,



Designs for Sèvres vases (porcelain), L. Carrière

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Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny and others—begin a return to Nature abandoned by the classicists. But half a century will elapse before we shall see this movement exerting an influence upon the decorative arts.

We will pass over the period of Napoleon III., during which the compositions were uninteresting. We come now to the period of our contemporaries.

In 1875 was founded the prize competition of Sèvres. Its results have been, as was natural, unequal, but they have given some very good models to manufacturers. We see an evolution: the compositions become more interesting, more personal, without, however, seeking motives of ornament in nature alone. The works of MM. Mayeux, Chéret and Sandier are chaste and charming in composition. It is impossible not to see in them very modern tendencies, in spite of the reproaches of the apostles of *L'Art Nouveau*. In their work, two architectural elements play an important part. This is a natural result, when we consider the education of the artists of whom we speak. But there is sufficient delicacy in their work and the classic reminiscences serve to give the severity necessary in larger pieces, or in pieces which must be an integral part of an architectural scheme.

It is to be regretted that Carrier-Belleuse, director of the department of art at this time, was deficient, because of a similar education. In spite of his talents as a sculptor, manifested in some interesting pieces, his lack of study of design proper, is only too apparent in all that is not statuary pure and simple.

The Manufactory, at about 1880,

reached a point where it could become very fruitful under intelligent direction. We have seen that it possessed elements able to produce pieces which might be called noble works of art. It would have sufficed to add to those elements another scale, more familiar and better adapted to the designs of small pieces of *bric-à-brac*, which grew more and more in favor.

Designers were not scarce, because the movement of the new spirit in decoration began to give most promising results. Owing to what influences and circumstances the impulse ceased there and why the mixture of those new elements was delayed, I know not. But in 1889, at the Paris Exposition, the manufacturers made a poor showing: the good works of which we have spoken not being in sufficient number to balance the poverty of the entire exhibit.

At this time, also, the supporters of *L'Art Nouveau* began to be clamorous. Rejecting all that was favorable to them, they easily demonstrate that vitality was outside of official art. Acute criticism of Sèvres arose, which reached the point of asking for the suppression of the manufactory. But fortunately, these radical demands were not granted. However, they produced a desirable effect, viz.: the organization of Sèvres was modified; its activity was enlarged; it tried to put itself in touch and on a level with the new taste which became dominant at this time. New designers were appointed; the old models were ignored; in a word, so much was accomplished that eleven years later, at the Paris exposition of 1900, the manufacturers gave unanimous praise to the old institution. In perfection of product, it could sustain every comparison. The elegance of the objects

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exhibited caused them to be all purchased by European museums of decorative art, especially by those of Austria, Germany and the northern countries in which the

in porcelain manufacture would require a special and very extended study. We refer the reader interested in this phase of the subject to special books, among which the treatise by M. Georges Vogt, for example, contains in elementary form all that is essential.

We have now to study more carefully the product of Sèvres during the last fifteen years.

As the finest utterances in an art discussion can never equal in value the reproductions of the works themselves, we give here some designs for Sèvres, made by a Parisian artist, M. Carrière. These designs here published for the first time—unfortunately without the charm of their color and the clever study of their relation of values, which photography always changes—will afford, nevertheless, the best explanation of the present tendencies in designs for porcelain. They do not represent the whole range of the production of Sèvres, but only the work of a single artist with his peculiar strength and his individual weaknesses. For, since the recent reorganization of the manufactory, in order to avoid the lack of originality resulting from the employment of resident designers, Sèvres now obtains its designs from a number of men, who keep their freedom and work for themselves in any direction they may choose.

M. Carrière, like many modern decorators, began his artistic career with the study of flowers and their conventionalization. There is a marked difference between M. Carrière and the men mentioned above, whose early training was purely architectural. From this difference arises what may be called the two modern schools whose



Design for a vase (*grès*), L. Carrière

modern art movement is strongest. The public also evidenced great interest in them. In short, they obtained a signal success.

WE are now at the end of this brief historical review of the manufactory, by which we have tried to explain the character of its products from the point of view of composition. For to speak of the progress of the technique

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foundations are, respectively, architecture and Nature.

M. Carrière first applied his study to decorative painting, to designs for fabrics, wall-papers, etc. He then produced decorative drawings for porcelain, on flat surfaces. In these different mediums of work the principles which he applied, and which are common to nearly all the artists of *L'Art Nouveau*, can be summed up as follows: The source of ornament is almost exclusively plants and their elements, only occasionally, animals and the human figure. Traditional forms inherited from the past are purposely discarded. The composition, above all things, seeks to adapt its processes to the material to be used and to the form of the surface which is to receive the ornament.

As can be seen in the reproductions, the humble plants of the forest and field, with their forms clearly and firmly defined, furnish, by far, the largest part of the inspiration. The attachment of the stems, the disposition of the leaves and flowers upon their stems give the most characteristic elements of the drawings. The elements of the flower, itself, its petals, pistils, stamens and seeds, will often give simpler motives of ornament which are well adapted to purposes of decoration.

These forms themselves are *stylisées* (conventionalized). People have often had difficulty in agreeing as to the meaning of this word. Hence the reader will pardon me, if I cite a passage from a book by Paul Sourian of the University of Nancy: "What is then, finally, this mysterious operation of which some decorators never speak without shaking the head with a profound air, as if it were their professional

secret in the great field of decorative art? It can be defined in a word: To conventionalize (*styliiser*) the form is to give to it linear beauty. The line, as we have seen, is only an artificial method of expression, a summary and practical means of cutting clearly the sky-line of the object. In realistic painting where the forms are sufficiently shown by the play of lights and shadows, the line disappears absolutely. In decoration, on the contrary, the artist takes pleasure in marking it strongly."

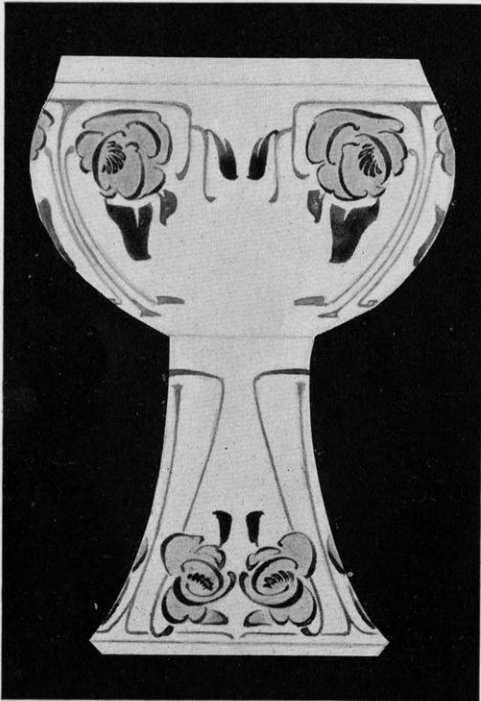
This conventionalization of form becomes for some artists an absolute geometrization. For others, it is simply an arrangement demanded by the composition: the natural forms being too complicated to be used directly in ornament. Between the two there is a wide margin. M. Carrière stands nearer to the geometrization than many other designers at Sévres. But with these conventionalized (*stylisées*) forms he produces the most ingenious effects: making them curve on the necks, and groove themselves in the bands, without distracting the eye from the general harmony, by the execution, more or less brilliant, of such and such parts.

This is one of the advantages of *stylisation*. Eighteenth century decorators were obliged to put their flowers only on certain parts of the composition, designated by conventional forms, as a frame, in order that the decoration might not destroy the general effect of the design. Otherwise they were forced to use their flowers in garlands or in other prescribed ways, so that they should not attract attention; while the decorator of to-day, with conventionalized (*stylisées*) flowers is able to produce all his ornament without the use of other elements,

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still giving to each part the exact value necessary.

LET us now examine in these drawings the qualities which are especially adapted to porcelain. We first notice the great importance given to the back-ground, which is white or but slightly tinted. The manufactory of Sévres is,



Design for a Sévres vase (porcelain), L. Carrière

indeed, proud—and with good reason—of the delicacy and whiteness of the products of its furnace. It is, therefore, desirable to preserve—without falling into poverty of invention—as much free space as possible in the composition, in order to display properly the beauty of the material. [It is well known that the statuettes in white

bisque are among the products which have contributed most largely to the renown of Sévres.]

The drawings also allow the delicate execution permitted by this material, to be plainly seen. The color is a little gray, a concession to the modern taste for soft shades: a taste rejecting the vibrating harmony of primary colors which gave joy to the people of former times. The color is, nevertheless, good in quality, especially if we take into account the relation and value of tones in juxtaposition.

There is little or no modeling. Modeling, in fact, is employed for the purpose of giving the impression of relief, and should be excluded from a decoration whose chief aim is to become as intimate as possible with a smooth surface, to be incorporated with it, and not to be interesting in and of itself.

This almost total disuse of modeling, in my opinion, is entirely justified, and in accord with tradition. It has been one of the greatest obstacles met by *L'Art Nouveau* in its conquest of the general public. This public which does not pretend to know archaeology; which, for several centuries, has seen ornament composed of motives which may be called artificial; which, *vice versa*, has seen the living motive, when it appeared, presented in a form so realistic that it could be recognized at the first glance: this public was and is still somewhat reluctant to accept this return to conventionalized (*stylisées*) forms without modeling, and has a tendency to judge them as simply imperfect.

The public will have some difficulty in breaking the habit of bestowing the highest praise on a work, because "it is so well done that it seems as if one might touch it."

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THIS art, then, seems a little cold to the public. No one, however, can doubt its merits and its perfect adaptation to small objects. We have just seen that its chief source of inspiration is Nature; that the principles governing and guiding this inspiration are: the form of the object to be decorated, and the desire to make that form, already precious on account of its material, still more precious by the work added to it.

WE have still to consider the influence which came in with the birth of this art and the tendencies which it has shown. As we mentioned, incidentally, above, it is almost impossible to fix the origin of a given art, because, in reality, art which began with the first man, will end with the last one; passing during the interval through a series of transformations. To set bounds to one of these transformations is nearly as difficult as to say at what hour an individual passed from youth to maturity, and from maturity to old age. One can merely single out along the road certain facts characteristic of primary importance.

So, in the history of *L'Art Nouveau*, which I intend to sketch here, one can cite a book published in 1860, I believe, by Ruprich-Robert, on the use of the plant in architectural decoration. This book retires the birth of *L'Art Nouveau* farther back than its admitted limits, if limits there are.

I think that the fatigue of repeating out of place the classic motives was a large factor in this reaction. I say out of place, for the ancients took great care not to

repeat, for example, on the charming work of Pompeian silversmiths, the motives employed in monumental art.

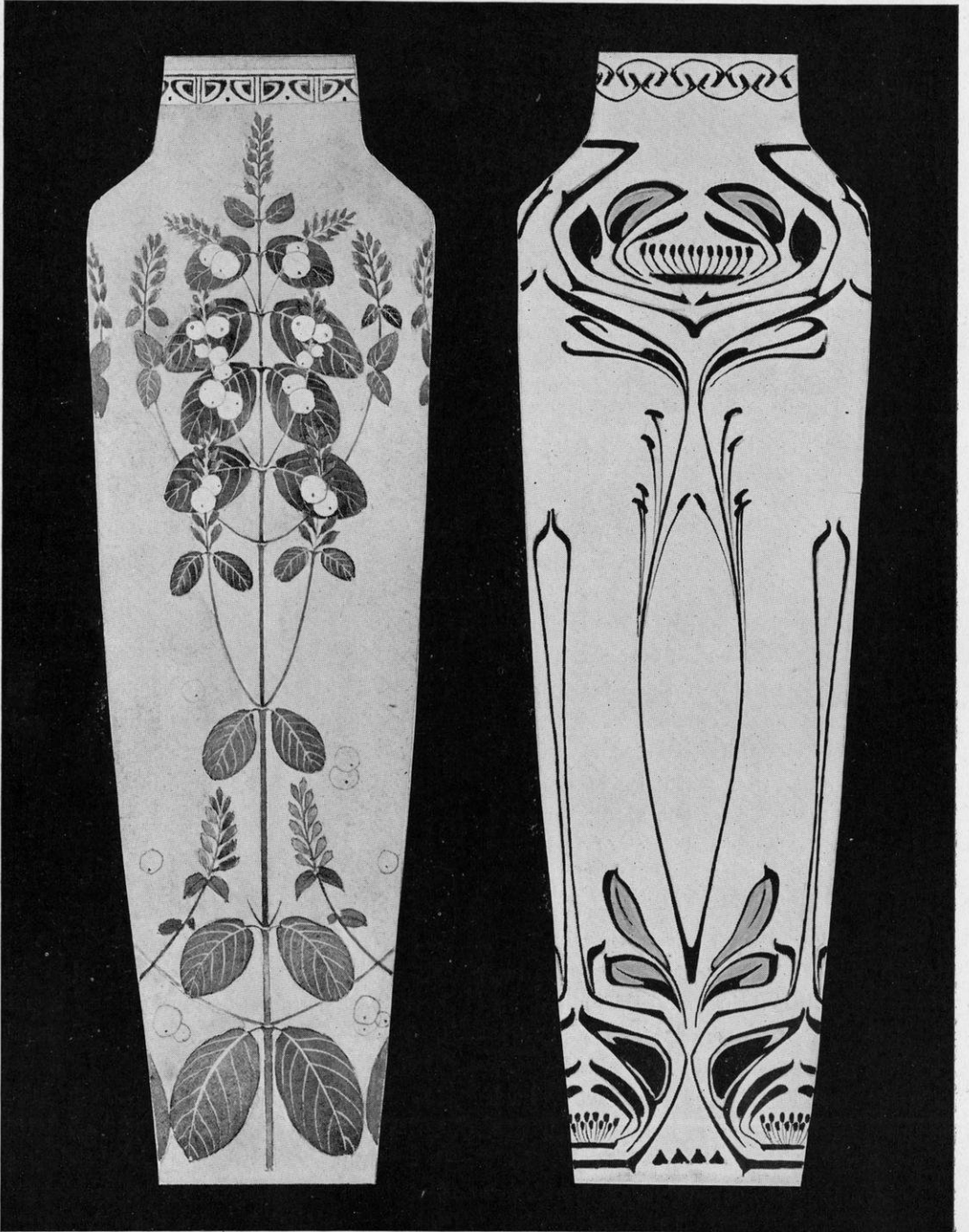
A more painstaking study of antique and of oriental art, made easier by the new processes in photography, had also its influence. Also the vogue of Japanese art must be given its due weight. I think that Japanese art had but feeble influence at first, especially, during the period in which *styli-Japon* or better geometrization, was excessive. But, little by little, the artist became tired of the linear contour: the flexibility of the Japanese flowers, their expression of character by a few essential lines, offered a fruitful field for study.

This enumeration of influences would be incomplete, if we omitted to mention the Arts and Crafts movement in England. This movement is certainly very different in idea from the impulses evidenced in the other European countries. It remained stationary after a very promising beginning. Nevertheless, its influence, up to the present, is still apparent in certain German and Viennese productions.

SEVRES is now completely under the influence of *L'Art Nouveau*, but an *Art Nouveau*, after all, which is very conservative. It is not embarrassed by the exaggerations of its beginnings and is perfectly adapted to the decoration of simple objects.

Is this way absolutely right, or, in other words, is it the only path? The relative successes of *L'Art Nouveau* in the designs for things connected with monumental art, seem to show that it is not the only way.

About the year 1875 we have seen mani-



Designs for Sèvres vases (porcelain), L. Carrière.

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fested another spirit which, for a time, seemed ready to take the lead. But people did not know how, or had not the will to encourage it. This spirit, since excluded from Sèvres, has, nevertheless, always remained alive outside. And without breaking with tradition, without also being fettered by it, it still produces works possibly more national than its competitor. This kind of work is, perhaps, inferior in the small objects for use in our houses: that is, they are less domestic. But domestic art is but one aspect of a great whole, and we have to satisfy all the various needs of life.

Would it not be desirable to see the two tendencies conducted simultaneously; gaining from their mutual contact? And instead of being irreconcilable enemies, become intimately united in a really complete art? This evolution would conform to the histories of all revolutions. And I hope to see it realized.

Always, in fact, revolutions, slowly prepared, explode; breaking every bond with the past, and then claiming for their profit unusual spontaneous generation. At such times, to have even a slight connection with the past is a crime. Little by little, people come to see that even though the new state of things is good, it has its own inconveniences. They long, also, for many things of the past. From this longing to taking them again, within certain limits, is but a step. In a word, after a few years, the new conditions have lost all their keen flavor; all that was useful in the old is again in place, and after the commotion things resume their peaceful course.

So, little would be necessary to bring about this union. The over-zealous de-

fenders of ancient art recognize that, even if—to quote a celebrated saying—“all has been said”—the manner of saying it differs from time to time, and that it is better for one to speak the language of his time, even inelegantly, than not to be understood. It is necessary for the eager supporters of modern art to be convinced that the men who preceded them—not being necessarily foolish because earlier than they—attained results which it is necessary to borrow, in order to go forward; and that the merit of a work does not consist in being new, but rather in being good and beautiful.

Is this union as distant as it seems to be? I, myself, have seen a number of pupils of the School of Fine Arts in Paris—a school considered by many as the citadel of the opposition—become later distinguished producers of modern art. And a still larger number, I have observed to be, at least, interested in it. I have seen, also, among the artists of repute in *L'Art Nouveau*, several revert to a study of the art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, thus tying together again the broken traditions.

The truth arising from the facts presented here, in a manner too summary to show their complete significance, is, that every time a period tries to express itself in its own language (I will say its own design—no matter what the name of the ideas it defends, for the time will make them right), it attains an interesting and useful result which marks a step forward in the general history of human effort.

The only uninteresting periods are those in which, for one reason or another, the spirit of research stands still, resting contentedly on the past. Even though this past be most brilliant, to copy it is a con-

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fession of weakness. Such abdication of individual power can not be fruitful.

It is good, also, to note that in design the detail is of secondary importance, and that with purely Greek detail one can produce a work as little Greek as possible, and *vice versa*. I am well aware that this is not the common view of many art critics, who, unable to understand the significance of a whole scheme, are satisfied in labeling details. This is what the study of the product of Sèvres will have permitted us to see, as, in fact, every other branch of decorative art would have shown.

THE BEST FRUIT OF A GARDEN. BY ALICE M. RATHBONE

LONG and serious discourses upon happiness have ended without a word for the value of gardening as one of the very simplest means to that end. The truly wise, however, know full well this happy secret, and rejoice accordingly in the best of all the fruits of garden labor.

To Emerson's "Give me health and a day," let us add a little garden. "The pomp of emperors" is indeed "ridiculous" compared with the bliss that comes from "a few and cheap elements" within reach of almost all of us. One condition only is to be met, if we would grow this fruit called happiness to perfection, and pluck it with unmingled joy. It must flourish in a garden not too large to be under its fortunate owner's personal care. No factotum, be he never so well disposed really to help, should be allowed to invade the little garden after the turning of the earth is accom-

plished in the spring, lest opportunities for happiness escape us. The sowing of the seed, the tucking comfortably away of the wonderful bulbs in the fresh earth, the staking and training of plants, even the weeding of borders and the sweeping of walks, are all so many means of grace to the garden-lover.

Is a fit of the blues impending? Then sally forth well armed with trowel, rake, hoe—all the needful weapons—and the demons will fly before you, quite dismayed by the variety of fresh interests to be found even in a garden reduced to its simplest terms.

A neighbor, transplanted from her maiden home into new and somewhat uncongenial surroundings, found unfailing relief from homesickness, in her garden, through the summer, among her window-plants, in winter. Resolutely would she turn to Mother Earth for the comfort denied her elsewhere.

Equal to its efficacy as a mind cure, is its effect for good on physical ills. Yet gardening as a remedial proposition is, unfortunately, not half so popular among us as patent medicines.

"In half an hour," says Charles Dudley Warner in "My Summer in a Garden," "I can hoe myself right away from this world as we commonly see it, into a large place where there are no obstacles." That "large place" should be the inheritance of all who can compass the use of a bit of earth, and to this end a taste for gardening should be encouraged among children. Whoever succeeds in planting in a child's mind a love for "the green things growing," deep enough to reach a willingness to work for

THE BEST FRUIT OF A GARDEN

them, makes for the greater happiness of one life throughout all its stages.

Gifts of seeds, roots and tools will help the little Adams and the Eves to realize the delights of a Paradise which may lie, perchance, in some neglected corner of the back yard, and as the little folk cultivate, at the same time, their gardens and their tastes, they are providing themselves with a pleasant resource for their declining years. Lady Mary Wortley Montague tells us "Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading, and as my sight will now permit me little of that, I am glad to form a taste that can give me so much employment, and be the plaything of my age, now that my pen and needle are almost useless to me."

In a garden, if anywhere, "the little arts of happiness" do certainly abound. As one goes out of a morning, the opening of a long-watched-for blossom may change the aspect of a whole day, and it is precisely this simple, natural coming of the garden pleasures that makes them never-ending, while the happy garden hours last. Nowhere, however, does staid old Father Time allow himself to take on such flighty ways as in a garden—the pleasant hours are gone before one knows—and this trick of his is the nearest approach to a flaw in the joy of the summer-time.

Our good old Henry—factotum, philosopher and friend in one—summed up this question of the best fruit of a garden in his own wise way: "You don't want a garden too large," said he, "just large enough to make you happy. It'll do that. I've tried

it many a time. *It makes you feel good when you feel bad.*"

"Who loves his garden, still keeps his Eden."

THE ROOF-TREE

THERE are classes of men to whom nothing is lacking of what goes to make up the external trappings of a residence. Civilization has heaped their hands with treasure, given them comfort, room, peace, everything necessary to the setting up of this material home. But they possess it only to desert it. Parents and children go each his own way, and the family dissolves.

Elsewhere the contrary happens. I know a bridge in Paris where every day you may find a woman selling soup at two sous a plate. Her stand consists of three or four planks and an umbrella-like awning, and it would be hard to imagine a less convenient place for a family reunion. No matter! Under this precarious shelter, open to all the winds of heaven, there gather every evening, round a smoky torch, all the children, some of them studying their lessons, and the father, resting after the toil of the day. These people have the spirit of family, and that is the essential thing. This spirit it is that must be saved, nourished, strengthened; and it is tenacious, strikes root in the most ungrateful soil.

—Charles Wagner, in "By the Fireside"

THE CRAFTSMAN

NATURE AND ART IN CALIFORNIA. BY GUSTAV STICKLEY

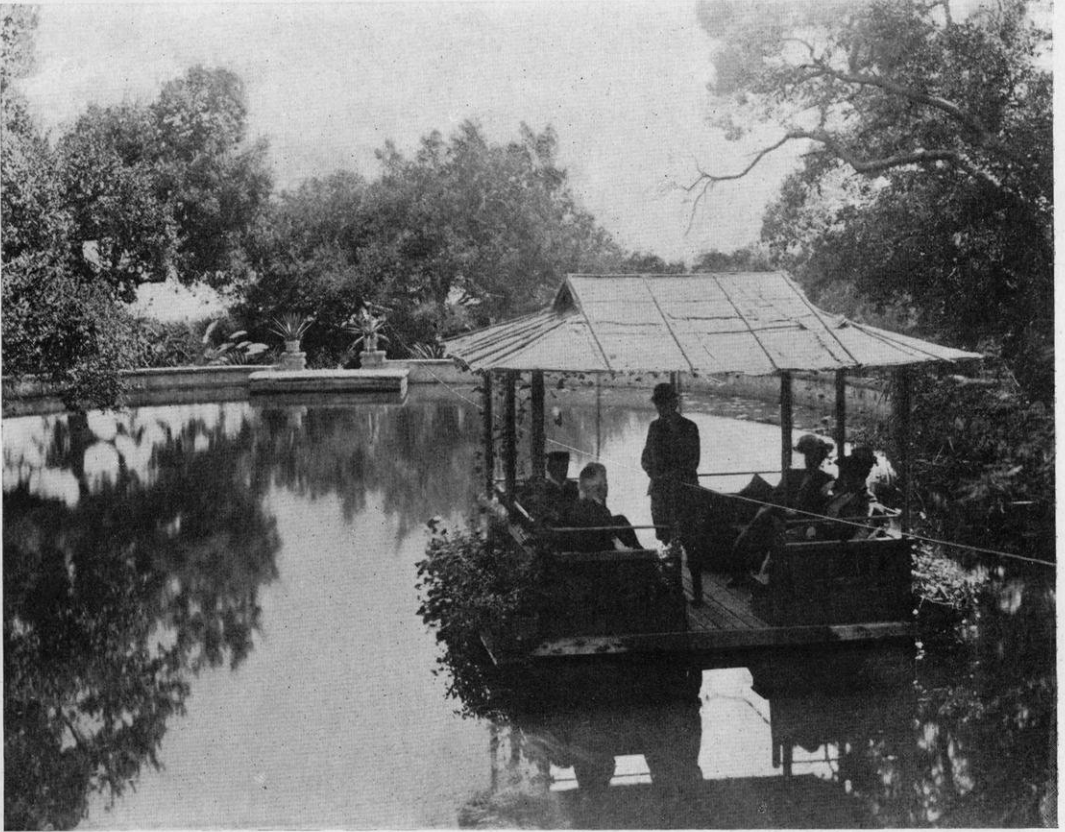
IT IS a threadbare truth that advantages enjoyed without price or effort are unappreciated. Yet when this truth is forced upon us in some specific case which interests us, it becomes once again fresh and new. Thus it appeared to me, as I observed the domestic architecture at many points of the California coast. In order to assure fitness and beauty in their works, it would seem as if, in this region, the builders of dwellings had but to follow the sure, clear indications given by Nature. The climate invites to out-of-door life. The vegetation is magnificent and rare. The atmospheric effects are too

beautiful to be wasted. These facts alone should suffice to determine the style of California dwellings, as they have already done in several countries of similar situation. But in the majority and the more important of the instances which I noted, the architects had followed precedents established in other parts of the country; neglecting the regional and local traditions which would have assured them brilliant successes, since history, art and fitness would have concurred in the result. I was especially impressed with what appeared to me a misuse of the Colonial style, which upon the Atlantic seaboard possesses every feature of appropriateness. The severity of "the rock-bound coast" of New England comports admirably the purity of the Col-



A colonnade of palms: garden of Mr. Charles Frederic Eaton, Montecito, near Santa Barbara, California

NATURE AND ART



The house-boat on the reservoir

onial line, to which the chaste ornament lends a grace comparable alone to a smile worn by a face of strict classic type. We remember with extreme pleasure the old mansions of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with their simple plan which, like that of a Greek temple, can be included in a single glance; with their columns and fan-lights, their oval gable-windows and their finely paneled entrance doors. These houses thoroughly gratify the sight. They are as much a part of the place as the old trees which line the shady walks of the town, and the hand which should be raised to destroy them would be as ruthless and guilty as

that one which should strike at the heart of the elms. They are landmarks and memorials. So, also, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the colonial yellow gives point and accent wherever it occurs, whether in the superb old Craigie House, which mingles the memories of Washington and Longfellow, or yet in the humbler dwellings where it becomes, as it were, a patent of nobility.

But in California, where English traditions are wanting, the Colonial style is false as a matter of art. It is also false in principle, since it is there illy adapted to the conditions of climate and scenery. In-

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stead, the street-wall pierced with comparatively few windows; the general *introspective* character of the house, if such I may be permitted to call it; the inner court with its fountains and plants, with its covered and continuous balcony projecting from each successive story: these are ways of building suggested by regional conditions and, at the same time, altogether within the

variation of the Colonial style really appropriate to the Pacific coast is the Spanish, occasionally found in New Orleans, a successful modern application of which I remember in the Pottery School of Newcomb College in that city.

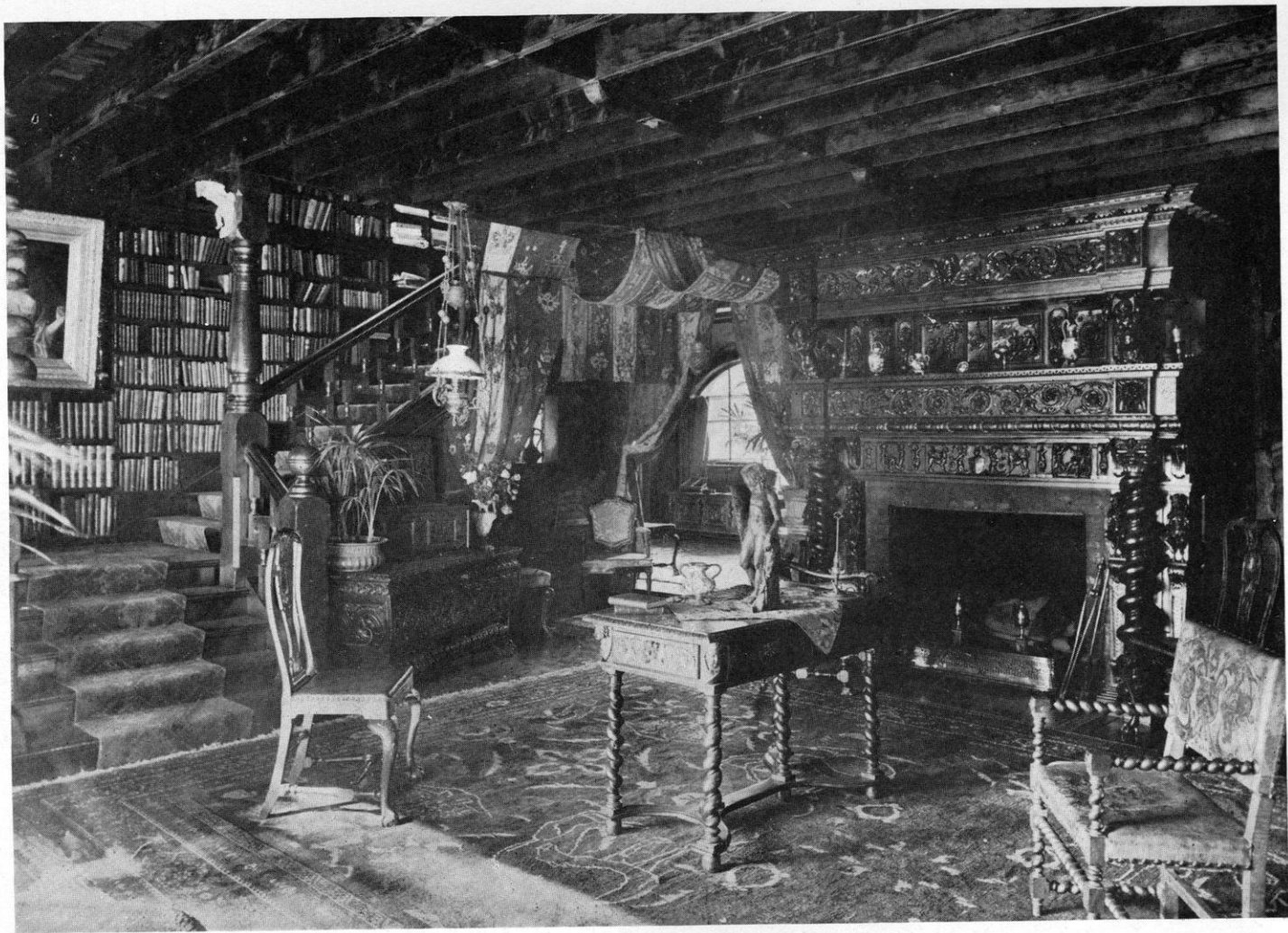
This failure to emphasize, or even to accept the rich existing advantages of climate, scenery and tradition, I observed in



A Montecito jungle

traditions of the country. The Franciscans of the Missions, following certain architectural principles practised in Spain, produced among the Sierras of California buildings whose structural lines harmonized with the landscape, and the interior arrangement of which, as far as the materials at hand allowed, gave the maximum of comfort to their inmates. The only

Pasadena, Los Angeles and their environs. My surprise and pleasure, which would, in any case, have been great, were consequently much increased when I reached the home of Mr. Charles Frederic Eaton, in the suburbs of Santa Barbara: a spot where the intentions of Nature, instead of being thwarted, have been studied and developed with most gratifying results.



373 The library on the staircase; residence of Mr. Charles Frederic Eaton, Montecito, California

THE CRAFTSMAN



A beamed and transomed ceiling: residence of Mr. Eaton

This villa-residence is situated at Montecito, a settlement lying along a scenic drive among the foot hills of the Sierra Santa Inés. It is a locality of many trees, accented, as its Spanish name implies, by little elevations, and reaching down to the yellow beach of the Pacific. In the spring-time, having been watered by the winter rains, it becomes a labyrinth of natural growth and a fascinating, bewildering scene of color. This picture—with its great spots of brilliant red and yellow, each supported by modified tones of the same color, with superb greens, dark chocolate shades and creamy whites winding through the landscape—seems one which might have recurred again and again to the imagination of Titian, as he fixed upon

his canvases his intricate orchestrations of color.

At Montecito, the golden brown of the live oak forms a charming background for the red clusters of the pepper trees. The yellow notes proceed from the oranges, lemons and the acacia blossoms, contrasted with which we find the soft lilac of the *Ceanothus*. The cream-tints are added by masses of eucalyptus flowers, and the varied greens by the foliage of the trees already mentioned, together with that of the olives, and of innumerable shrubs mingled with lush grasses like the alfalfa, or luzerne grass.

Away from the picture, the eye travels southward to the sea, pearly-faced and glistening in the sun, and still onward to the Channel Islands,—Santa Cruz, Santa

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Rosa, Anacopa, San Miguel—lying at a distance of twenty miles from the shore. To the northward, the Sierra justifies the Spanish meaning of its name, as it projects against the intense cobalt of the sky its sharply pointed steel blue peaks, bare of all vegetation.

This was the splendid panorama which unrolled before me as I stood in the garden of Mr. Eaton, whose work as architect and landscape gardener differs so radically, as I have before indicated, from that of the majority of his competitors of the region. The history of his efforts, taken with the results which he has attained, is of great interest as showing that success in matters of art is never a chance occurrence; that it is only attained by preparation, experiment, and knowledge; that it comes not from an inspiration of genius, but rather by cunning and patient labor.

Mr. Eaton was born in New England, which, in spite of its sterility as compared with other regions, has produced more horticulturists, landscape gardeners, and impassioned lovers of Nature than all other sections combined. From early times, horticultural societies have labored with such enthusiasm and success that many of those benefited by their work, appear, like Solomon, to know every plant from "the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall." Such as these have long constituted a critical public capable of appreciating the deep students or the distinguished artists who have occasionally arisen in men like Asa Gray, Charles Downing, Frederick Law Olmsted, Charles Eliot and Charles S. Sargent.

To the artist-type Mr. Eaton belongs; possessing at the same time much scientific

knowledge of the subjects which so interest him. These subjects he has studied since his early childhood; his father having been a horticulturist, and his mother a woman of much cultivation. Becoming the owner of a garden in his twelfth year, he developed his skill by constantly rearranging it according to original designs. This exercise so early begun, proved an excellent preparation for his later studies, pursued during his extensive travels in Europe, particularly in France and Italy: there, along the Riviera, among the Italian lakes, and farther south in the peninsula, where the villas



Lamp in metal and shell by Mrs. Burton

of the Renaissance period retain in their formal gardens much of their old-time magnificence.

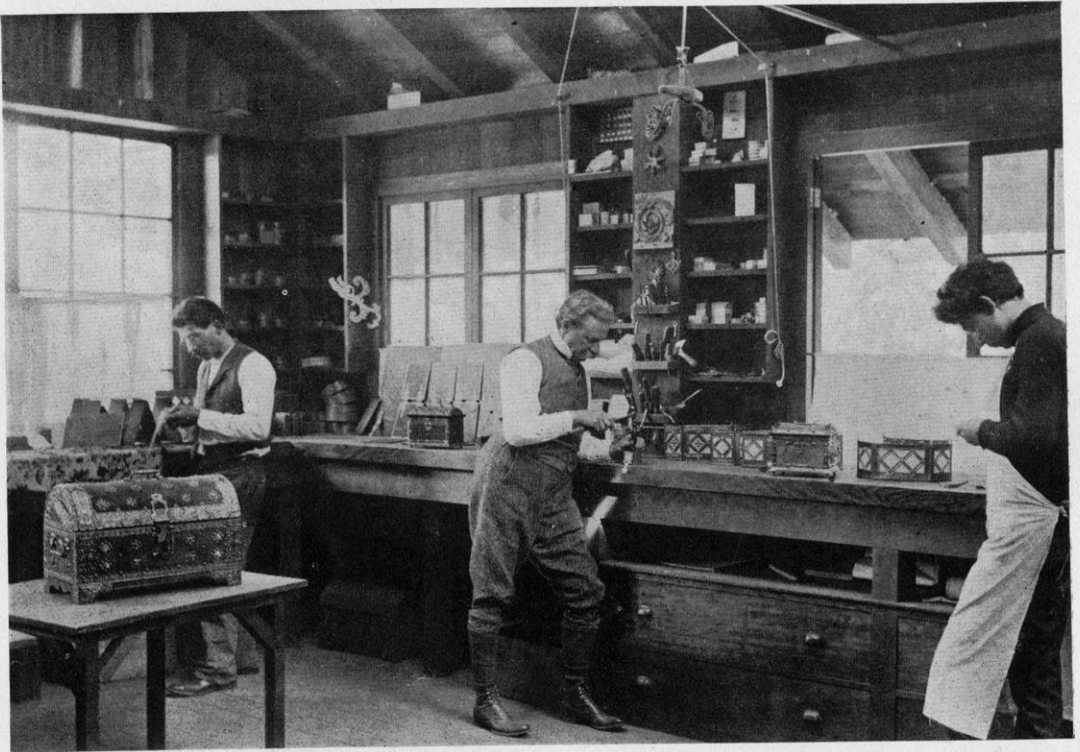
Among these places, the education of the American student was completed; since the soundness of the principles there generally

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prevailing, the economic use of means, the symmetry and brilliancy obtained, could not but have a salutary effect upon his mind. He rapidly advanced beyond the period of the learner, putting into practice his acquirements with self-reliance and originality. He revolted against the formality, the severe training and repression

Renaissance theory of over-training and over-elaboration.

From Nice he removed to Montecito, California, where he purchased an area of several hundred acres among the foothills, which, for a period of nearly twenty years, he has embellished in accordance with his individual theories, or—to speak more ac-



In Mr. Eaton's workshop at Montecito

of Nature which constitute the first principles of the French and Italian systems of landscape gardening. He felt that the modern system of education could be applied to the plant as well as to the child. Enthusiastic with this theory of development and again the owner of a garden—this time situated in Nice—he set to work to practise his theory of development, as against the

curately—which he has allowed to beautify itself. With the passage of years he has become more and more the advocate of the simple, as he has remained constantly in the presence of Nature, without subjecting himself to the influence of men and books. He has developed his theories progressively and has suffered no reversions, so that his ideas of twenty years since appear



In the studio of Mrs. Burton

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to him as extremes of conventionality. His development as a landscape gardener he detailed to me, as he led me through his estate; describing his experiments and the means by which he had attained his successful results; explaining also with the appreciation acquired by long familiarity what elements gave the peculiar beauty to the brilliant scene before us.

"When I began my work here at Montecito," he said to me, "I arranged my lawn with geometrical flower-beds, and soon I had an Italian garden. I saw my error quickly. My effects were too formal and artificial. I was misapprehending Nature, repressing her and following the example of those whom I had sharply criticised. As a measure of reform I removed the beds; resolving for the future to control Nature, but never to resist her. From this resolution I have never since swerved. The present beauty of the estate results from the fact that it has never been subjected to the tortures of a professional gardener's methods."

The lawn at Montecito, as at present arranged, receives great effect from what may be called a colonnade of palms. These trees are five in number, tall of their species, and well matched. Beautiful in themselves, with their slender trunks and graceful crowns, they are further most interesting by reason of their associations and the architectural suggestions which they afford. Near them stands a specimen of the rare lemon-scented eucalyptus, which is a fitting contrast and companion to the palms. This singular tree is as straight as a mast, and fully sixty feet in height, with its trunk bare of branch or leaf up to within fifteen feet of its summit; at which distance small

branches or twigs begin to be put forth, following in close succession and forming a heavy crown of verdure. The tree is at home in the densely wooded, crowded, but "shadeless forests" of Australia, where the marked absence of lower branches is a wise provision of Nature; since the sunlight may shine through the small leafy twigs at the top and thus promote growth. Persisting in its original habits, although, in its new surroundings, it has no need for economizing space, it awakens a singular interest in the spectator for whom it acquires a personality, as he begins to speculate upon that much vexed question of heredity and environment.

The eucalyptus, as here employed, does not appear in its quality of "foreign missionary," as an absorber of miasma, a healer of disease. It is used purely as an agent of decoration, to break the monotony of view, which, according to Mr. Eaton, is the greatest evil threatening the landscape gardener. "There must not," he commented, "be too much sky, or too much ocean—too much, for that matter—of any one element. In this scene, the tree trunks with here and there a bushy or a leafy tree break up the sea-view, while the eucalyptus, stately and singularly tufted, does the same for the sky-view. Indeed, I call it my *sky-tree*," he concluded, as he indicated several other specimens of the same species, rearing their tall figures at different points of the estate, and in each instance adding accent and interest to the locality.

The analysis of the view thus begun, became more and more attractive as my guide continued his comments. Lingering upon the lawn, like a painter anxious to seize an elusive, evanescent effect, he ob-

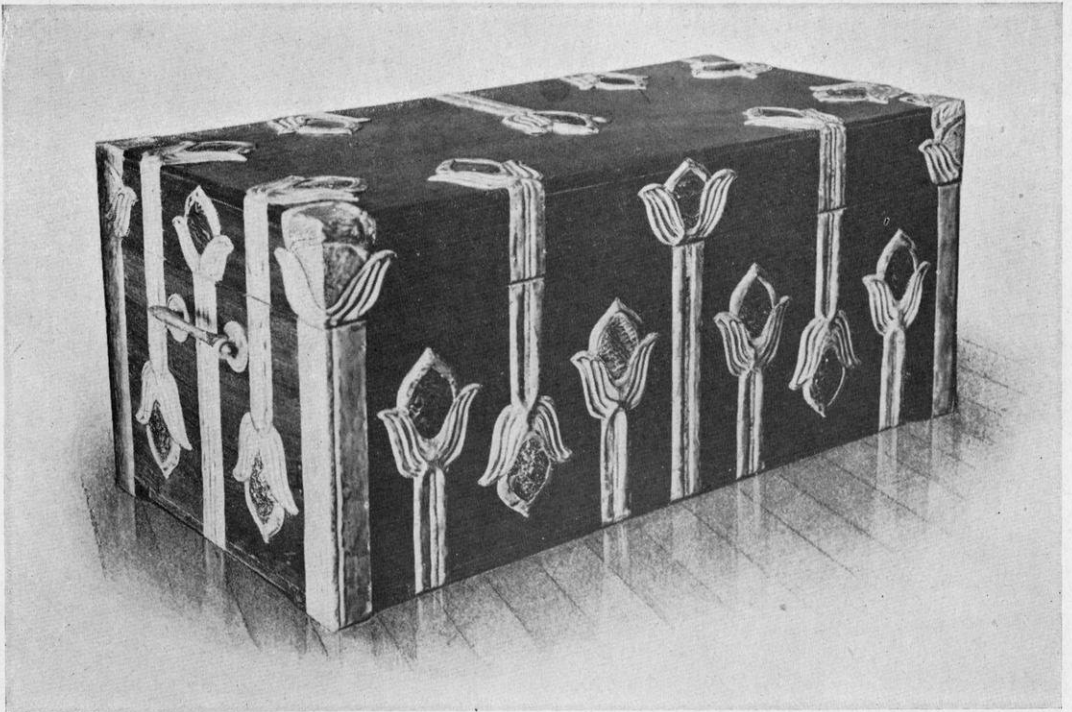


In the studio of Mrs. Burton

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served: "There is a color quality in a California landscape which occurs nowhere else in the world. At least, in no country with which I am familiar. I mean that rich, golden bronze. Turn whatever way you will, it presents itself to the eye! In the live oak, it is the predominating tone, and when the tar-weeds fade and die, they give the same character to the entire 'floor' of the valleys in which they grow. From this

My guide then pointed to the south, where lay a scene, beautiful and brilliant, resembling and rivaling the world-famous one at Sorrento. Through the tree trunks and across the shaded, rich green, gentle declivities of the foot hills, the eye was slowly led to the ocean line, at which each curve and point became clearly outlined. Thrust out into the Pacific lay the rocky ledge, upon which the railway has cut its

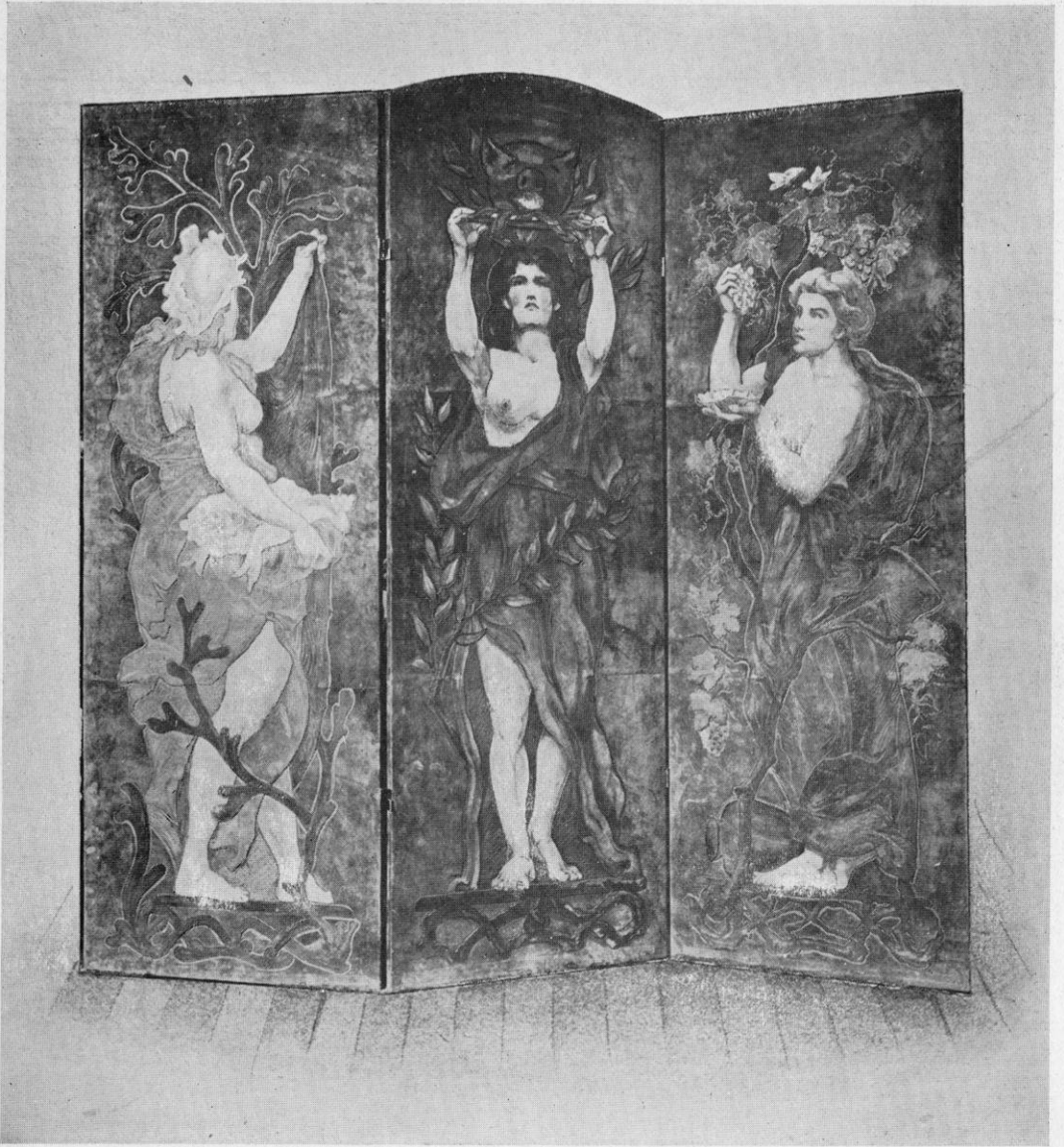


Camphor-wood chest, with ornament in brass and shell: executed by Mrs. Burton

rich, sonorous background the oranges and lemons obtain greater fullness of color, as do also the great yellow masses of mustard, jasmine, sun-flower, golden rod and California poppies, those 'cups of gold' which so delighted the Spaniards. Indeed, California is the Golden State, and far more truly so, when no reference is made to her mineral wealth."

way to Ventura and more distant points. Beyond, lay the infinite blue of the ocean, toned here and there to a golden brown by floating beds of kelp and other *algae*; while towering over all, into the bright transparent atmosphere, rose the Rincón mountain, itself projected against the background of the softly indistinct Sierra Santa Mónica, fifty miles away.

NATURE AND ART



Products of the garden, chase and sea: leather screen; side panels after design of a French artist; central panel designed, and the whole executed by Mrs. Burton

After the manner of those truly devoted to a profession, Mr. Eaton returned again and again to his theories of arboriculture and landscape gardening, always emphasizing his principle of "Nature under control." Possessed of a Virgilian love of

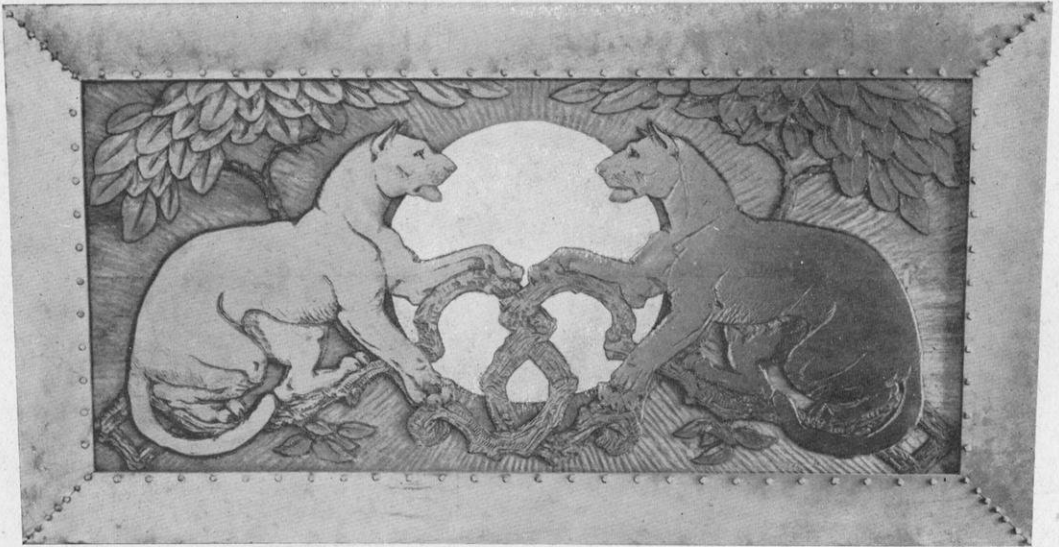
husbandry, he is versed in methods of trimming and training which he has evolved somewhat from tradition, but much more largely from sympathetic observation of plant life. Taking the live oak as an example, he said:

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“You will have noticed that this is generally a well-clothed tree; the lower limbs and leafage forming a circular mass, even and regular, six or seven feet above the ground and parallel with it. In many places, this regularity becomes monotonous, and must be changed, in order to give the tree what I may call personality. Such effect can be secured only by accentuating the limb system as the most attractive and imposing feature of the species. There-

Now, also, examine that long stretch of live oaks! That is my cathedral view! Nothing is wanting: the columns, the collar beams, the vaults! I learn to build from them. Still in spite of my intense love for them, I can sacrifice them readily when monotony of effect threatens me, or when they obstruct the vision. I do not yield to sentiment.”

Having thus approached the question of effect and symmetry, Mr. Eaton continued:



Leather panel by Mrs. Burton

fore, I cut away everything except the leader at the end of all the lower limbs. I leave nothing that hangs down; no opportunity for masking foliage. This leader then induces the limbs to grow outward and upward, so that the branch system remains sharply revealed. And yet there are plenty of leaves higher up to play and glisten in the sunlight! On that tree alone (indicating a venerable growth) I have spent long thought and two days of actual work. But see, the old monarch is grateful to me!

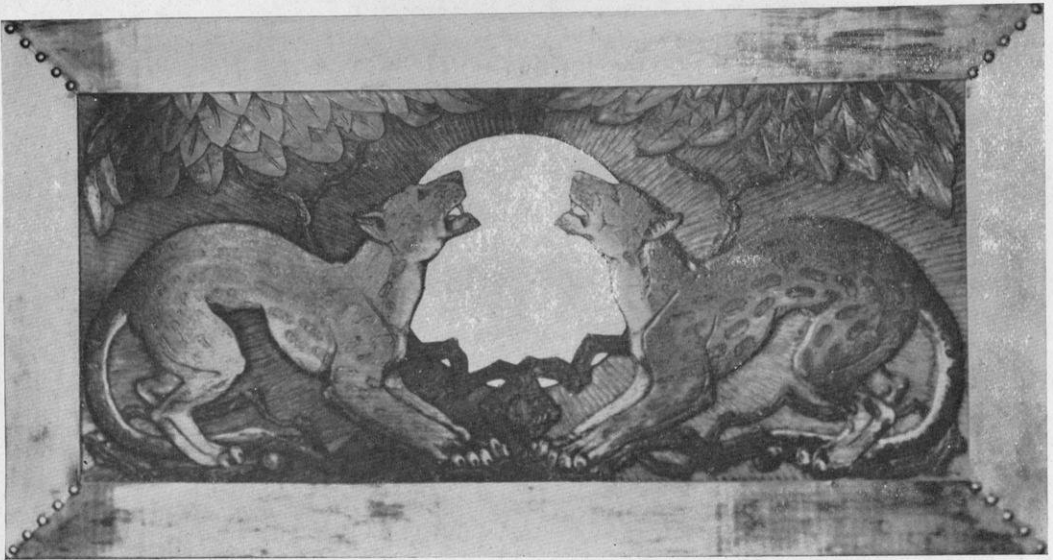
“My method is to unite the plan with the labor. It is impossible for the landscape gardener to work intelligently in an office. He should not be concerned with draughtsmanship, with the accurate design of flower beds. He has to deal with life itself. He should keep in constant communication with it. As an example, let us take the problem which I have here treated! It was one of superposed parallel lines. Down yonder is the shore line of the Pacific. Beyond is a twenty mile reach of ocean. Still

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more distant the long horizon line of the island of Santa Cruz. Over all, the superb California sky. We have then four distinct parallels which, if unbroken, would, in the end, fatigue the eye and irritate the brain. To destroy that monotony, or rather to transform it into pleasing diversity, I planted 'sky-trees,' palms, auracarias, cypresses and oranges, just as the leader of an orchestra arranges his instruments, so that the strings, the wood-winds and the

one finds the condition of the plants in botanical gardens.

The variety of the palms alone was such as to cause surprise. Among them I noted the plumed palms with their delicate feathery fronds; specimens with leaves bent backward, or inclining peculiarly from their edges; finally a variant of the more familiar date palm with its widely extended, attractive semi-tropical leaves. Beside, there were numbers of bamboo and camphor



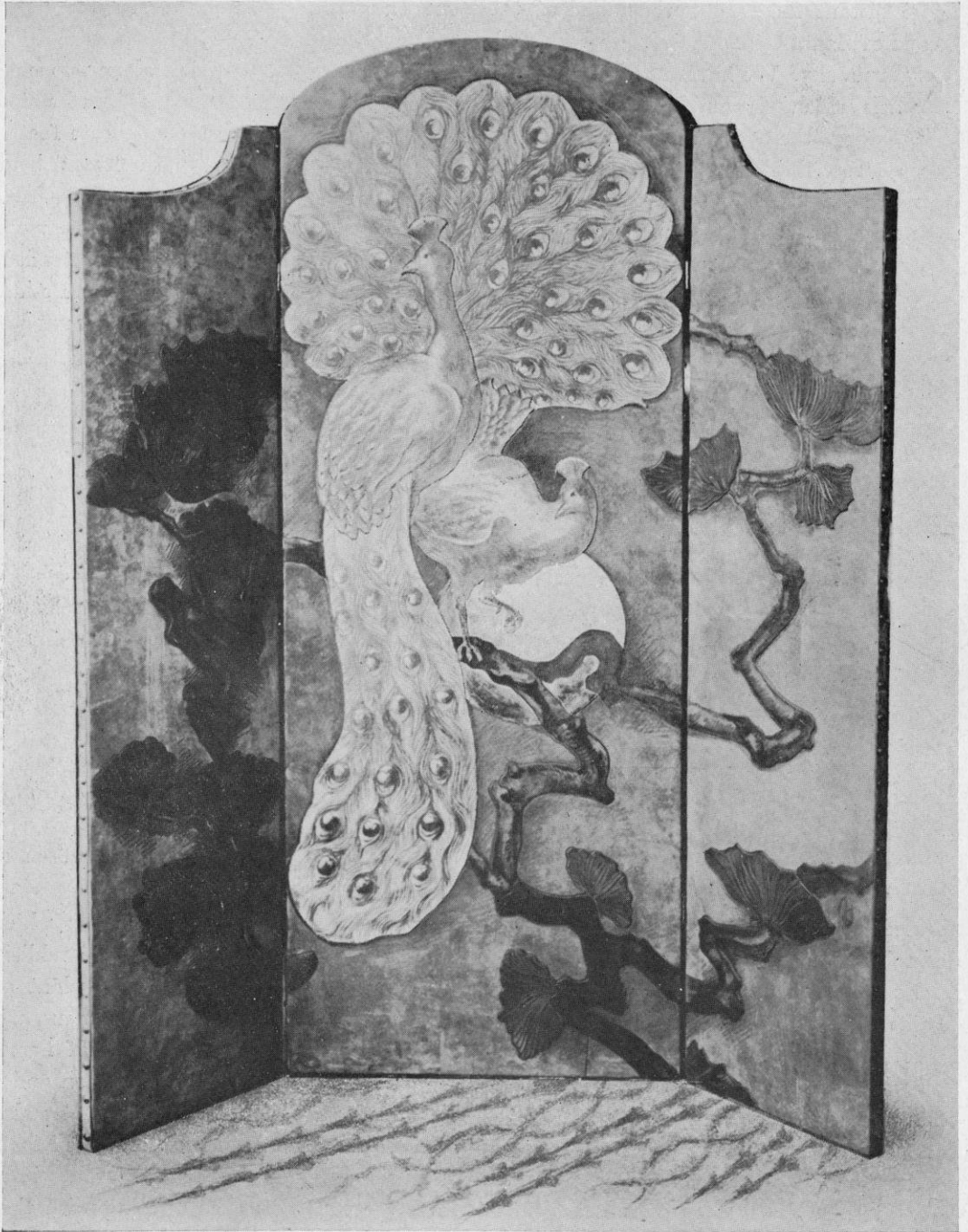
Leather panel by Mrs. Burton

brasses may best contribute to the general complex effect."

From this observation upon complexity I was led to note more carefully than I had before done, the multitude of rare plants by which I was surrounded. To enumerate them would be to offer a dry list of scientific names, but to see them was a delight which comes rarely in a life time. Each tree or shrub stood growing as if for its own delight, wearing no appearance of an exile, or of being coaxed into bloom, as

trees; a variety of the eucalyptus which distributes its own seeds; the *Buddleia Madagascarensis*, a large leafed plant of striking beauty; an Abyssinian banana and a Chinese paper plant; a group of flame-trees; an alligator pear, a cinnamon and a candlenut tree, the latter from Guatemala; the wild bay in abundance, and the Monterey pine which Mr. Eaton preferably joins with the eucalyptus, as offering with that tree an admirable contrast.

Having thus realized the great number



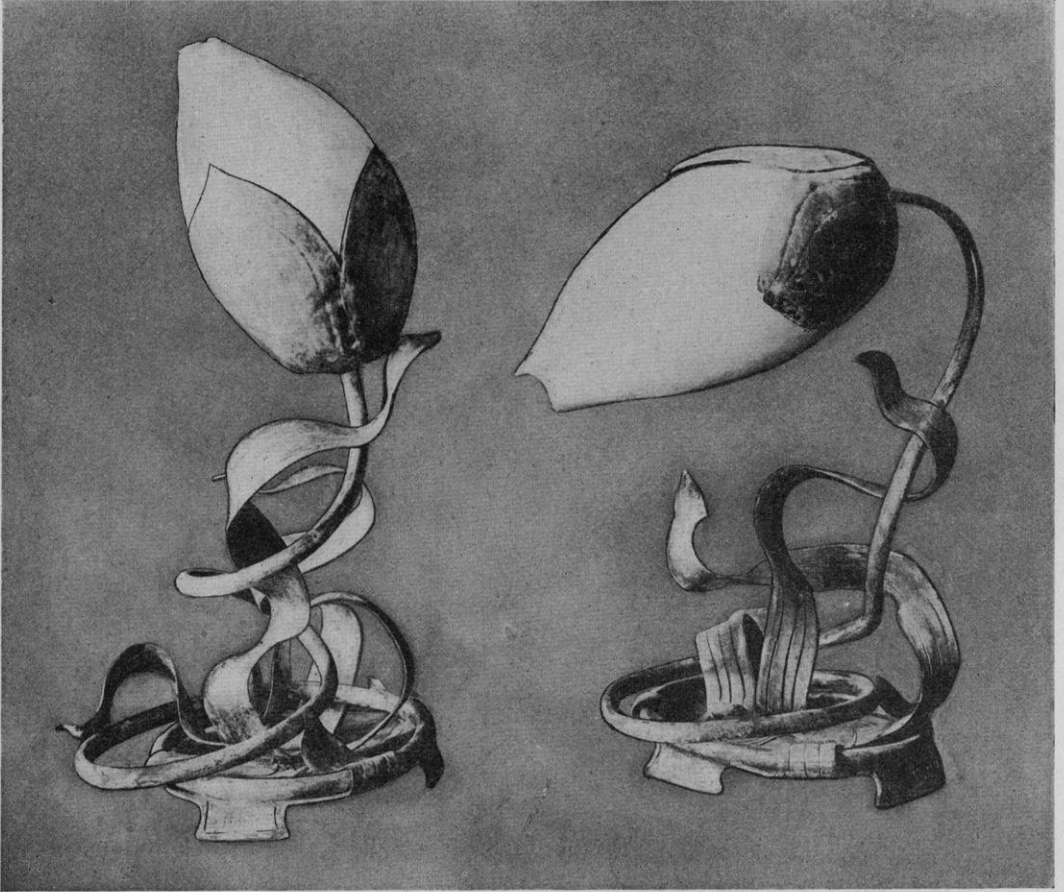
Leather screen by Mrs. Burton

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of strange species here represented—enough to have served as the original of the collection described in Hawthorne's tale of "Rappaccini's Garden"—I came also to realize the care and expense attendant upon their selection. Out of my surprise grew a question to which Mr. Eaton replied with

could in no wise lessen my admiration for the methods of tending and treating them here displayed.

As I was especially impressed by the play of light and shadow in the densely-planted grove, I asked the secret of this successful result. My guide replied that



Lamps in metal and shell by Mrs. Burton

the information that his estate was formerly the place of experiment for the Southern California Acclimatization Society, of which himself and Dr. Franceschi were the founders. This fact then accounted in part for the presence of the plants, but it

it lay in the rule observed in planting the trees and shrubbery which composed it. He explained:

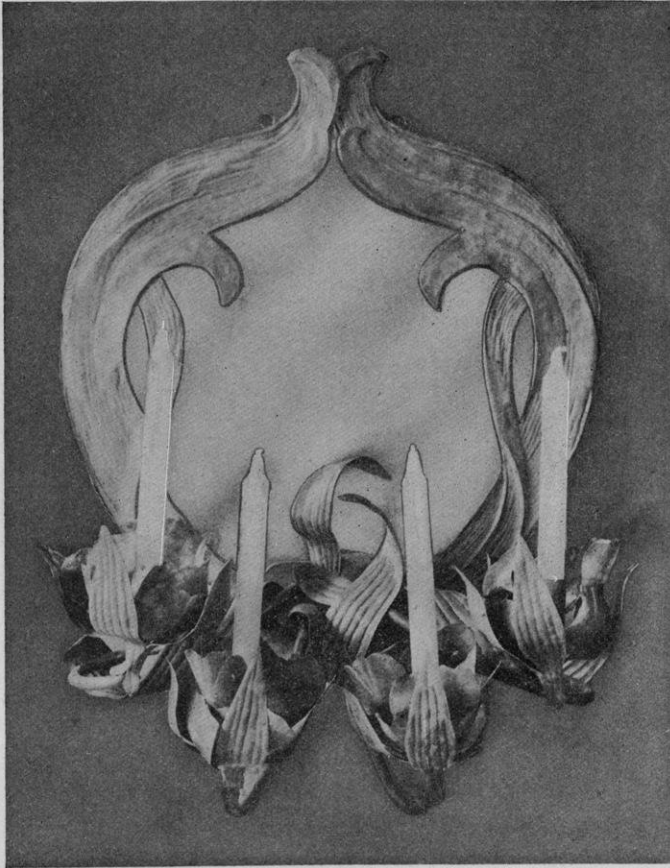
"When the sun shines upon that grove in the morning, one gets the rich beauty of the leaves and flowers. In order to

THE CRAFTSMAN

enjoy the sun's rays among the trees, one must not look directly toward them, but, instead, at the objects upon which they fall. For this play the palms, eucalyptus trees, cosmos, laurel and live oaks, with their varied foliage, offer fine opportunity. As the wind moves them, how they glint and

tained in artificially lighting a room. Beauty is never secured when one looks directly at the electric light. The lamps should be so turned that their direct rays strike the ceiling only. Then the softened, reflected light reveals and creates beauty everywhere."

From the observation of the plants, I was led naturally to examine one of their sources of nourishment: the water-supply, which in California, is a question of even greater importance than elsewhere. To this portion of his work my guide came well prepared by his studies of gardens in Italy, where no drop is wasted and small volumes or cascades are used with spectacular effect. In order to secure a supply adequate to his requirements, Mr. Eaton deeded to the town of Montecito a certain water-tunnel from which he obtained the first right to a flow of twenty thousand gallons the day. He then constructed a channel to receive the supply into his estate,—so defining the course of the water-way as to give it the appearance of a natural stream which hurries and stops, which rushes over

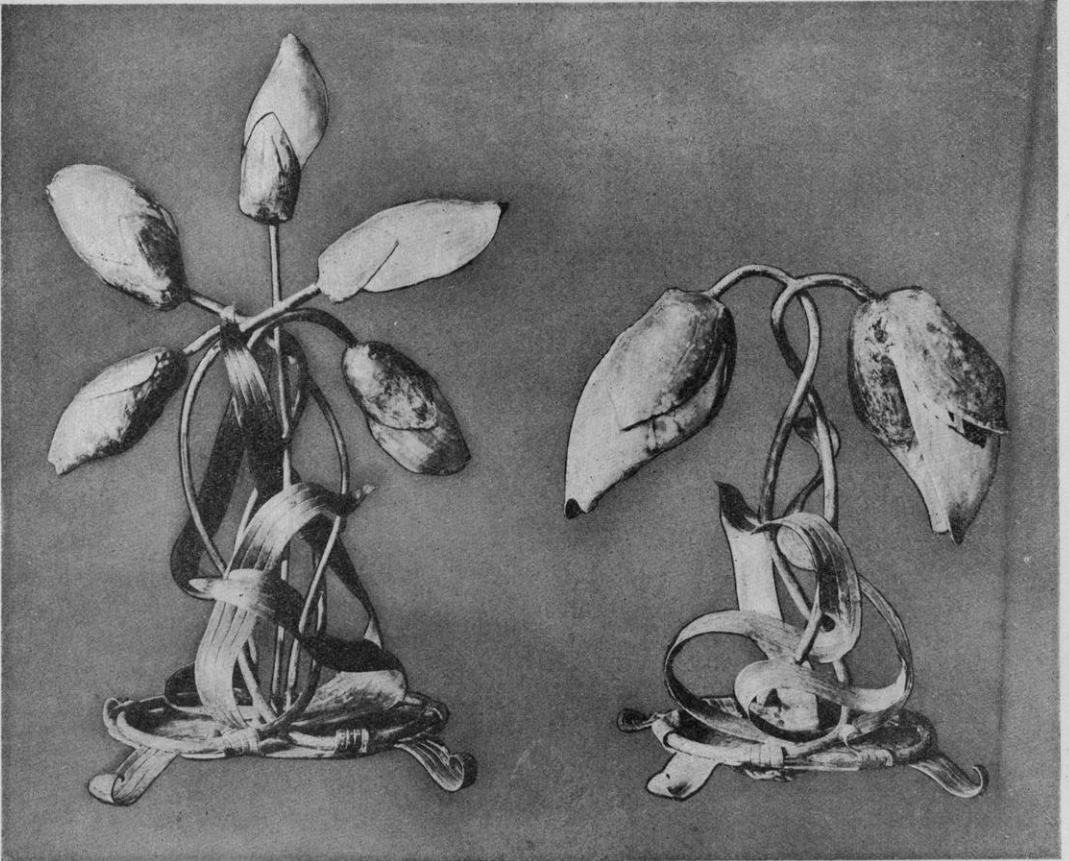


Brass sconce by Mrs. Burton

color! The fact involved in this phenomena must be considered in all landscape gardening. Therefore, as here we never desire to look westward, I planned my grove to have its forest effect in that direction and opened its view to the east. I may add that the same principle should be main-

stones in tiny cascades, only a moment later to expand into lakes and pools, as if with every step it changed its purpose. To form this channel, the bed was cut and thoroughly cemented, after which boulders were tumbled into it at selected points; the stones firmly fixing themselves in the paste

NATURE AND ART



Lamps in metal and shell by Mrs. Burton

as they fell. Early each morning, the artificial water supply is started upon its course from an upper reservoir, whence all day it "sings a quiet tune," on its passage to the large cemented reservoir which serves as a lake; thence it falls to accomplish its final work of irrigating the orchard below. The little lake is most attractive with its house-boat, and its surface starred by clusters of the splendid African lily which there blooms seven months of the year. At one side, also, there is a mass of the tufted papyrus of the Nile, and near it large bouquet-like groups of calla-lilies.

The presence of water is further secured

in small quantities at various points of the estate, by devices such as sprinklers connected with faucets, placed high up among the trees; so that the feathered friends of Saint Francis regard Mr. Eaton as a rain-maker, and, judging by their songs of praise, we may believe them to be as grateful to him as they are represented in picture and legend to have been to him of Assisi.

But this paradise is detaining me with its memories even as it did with its exquisite realities. Work is the natural sequence of the Garden of Eden. Expelled therefrom, "Adam delved and Eve span." I must

THE CRAFTSMAN

hasten onward to describe the handiwork of the craftsmen who created this place of enchantment.

IT is seldom that a person artistically gifted, evidences his abilities in a single form. This is especially true of those endowed with the capability to conceive, plan and construct; those in whom the reasoning faculties exceed the emotional power. What is judged to be versatility in such individuals is but the exercise in many forms of one talent. Thus I found my host and guide at Montecito to be equally a landscape gardener, an architect, and a craftsman producing peculiar objects of household decoration.

A small structure used by him as his workshops up to the still recent time, when he established new ones at Santa Barbara, attracted me by a quality which, at first indefinable, I afterward knew to be a perfect fitness to the landscape. It was built from local materials by Mr. Eaton himself, aided by one Mexican man-of-all-work; these limitations contributing to good results, instead of preventing them. The gray-brown stone combined with a wood harmonizing with it, the floor-beams of the second story projecting over the first, the low-pitched roof with deeply overhanging eaves, unite in a whole so satisfying that one does not question whether the effect is due to form or to color. The roof, like that of the residence at Montecito, expresses the builder's idea regarding this prominent feature, which in his belief, should be flat in a mountainous country, as exemplified in the Swiss chalet, and pointed with sharp incline, only in regions lying low and

level, like sections of France, the Netherlands and England, which so admirably comport the Gothic.

Judging by both his comments and his work, I recognized in Mr. Eaton, as a craftsman, the same originality which characterizes him as a landscape gardener. But I shall not here speak of the objects produced in his shop—his use of the native shells in screens and lamps—which have acquired for him a wide reputation. I shall rather devote my remaining space to do what slight justice I may to the beautiful work of his daughter, Mrs. Burton.

The illustrations which I have here introduced of these charming things fail signally to show the beauty of the originals, because they are wanting in color. But the line remains to reveal the hand of the master-craftsman.

Mrs. Burton's treatment of leather is unique; since she employs it as a painter uses his pigments: that is, in masses, to represent features of landscapes, parts of the body and drapery. Indeed, she may be called a mural painter in leather. Possessed of the sense of her art to a high degree, she never confounds the decorative with the pictorial, and to attain her effects she reaches out for material in all legitimate directions.

Like her father, she is also a metal worker, using bronze in a gamut of greens and yellows, in combination with the abalone, melon, and Philippine shells, to produce lamps and sconces in floral forms. In these the exquisite choice of the shells, the intelligent use of the *patina*—or iridescent coating of the metal, such as would result from inhumation—as well as the studies of line offered by the design awaken the ad-

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miration of one who carefully examines them even to the point of surprise.

Among the pieces most interesting to me was a camphor-wood chest, the material of which after having been stained green,

had received a high French polish; the whole process producing a beautiful brownish tone, recalling the California landscape.

But in the leather screens the artist is seen at her best. Here the material em-



"The Redwood Forest"; leather screen by Mrs. Burton

THE CRAFTSMAN

ployed is white ooze, decorated in water color and by burning, for the attainment of a mottled effect of singular beauty. The leather is colored as desired, cut, and "applied" by sewing. Layers of this material are thus couched, one on the other, until they oftentimes reach twelve in number; certain parts of the edges being left exposed, if necessary to the desired effect, and other cunning devices used to secure contrast, which is the decorator's substitute for perspective.

Most successful of all, perhaps, was a screen showing as its subject a redwood forest, conceived in the spirit and—I had almost said—with the mastery of Puvis de Chavannes. The materials used were, beside the wood, leathers of various admirable tones and the Philippine window shell, which gives an opalescent effect softer than that of jeweled glass. The wood was carved into the semblance of tree-trunks, burned and stained; so reproducing the appearance of the bark by broad and general suggestions in which there was no touch of the feminine or the trivial; while the soft lights and tints of the sky were rendered in leather and pigments.

Before this exquisite work of art I lingered long and in deep thought. It was a small object made by the human hand, and I was fresh from the contemplation of the mighty, overpowering works of Nature. Yet for that reason the picture did not condense into insignificance. The mission of art is to represent, not feebly to imitate. And the idea of a great forest was here visibly represented to me, without confusing details and in strong, sensuous terms. The picture made a fitting climax to one stage of my California journey.

THE ROOF-TREE

BUT let us get back to reality. Let us not give ourselves over to discouragement or regret, but face the actual situation and try to make the best of it. What can be done to give a more permanent exterior setting to family life, to atone for the absence of a stable roof-tree?

First, we must aim for a minimum of change, become less and less birds of passage, not leaving for trivial reasons a dwelling which has become a part of our life, and to which the first impressions of our children are perhaps attached. It is not a matter of indifference whether or no a man be faithful to his dwelling. There are two divorces that are doing our society to death: man's divorce from the soil and his divorce from the home. But if imperious reasons condemn us to "move" in spite of ourselves, in default of a house, in default of an apartment, let us cling to our furniture. Let us preserve with care everything that could perpetuate a tradition or preserve a memory. Let us not disdain an arm-chair we have always seen about, a table beside which we grew up; such things, however simple, have for us and for our children a spiritual worth that is incalculable. Some old bit, without significance to profane eyes, is equivalent to a title of nobility; to take it to the bric-à-brac dealer dishonors us. The more life buffets us, casts us out upon the world, the more need for holding fast to these tokens, which are so many planks of safety on the flood. And yet we must not be materialistic; in spite of its capital importance, it is not after all the house that makes the home.

—Charles Wagner, in "By the Fireside"

THE INDIAN WOMAN CRAFTSMAN

THE INDIAN WOMAN AS A CRAFTSMAN. BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS

SINCE their contact with civilization has deprived the Indians of almost all their native industries by destroying the balance of primitive economies, and robbing them equally of materials and opportunities for work, the introduction of the white man's industrial arts has been tried of late as a means of salvation for the remnants of a perishing race. In some instances it has accomplished its purpose.

The destitute Mission Indians, robbed of their lands, and deprived of all the advantages gained by industrial education in the Spanish Mission communities, now live in desert canyons, or on stony mountain sides, where agriculture is almost forbidden by the nature of the soil; while the white man has seized and occupied all the fertile valleys, once the site of Indian villages, and still acts as a relentless aggressor, turning his cattle and swine to fatten on the pitiable patches of corn, or beans, which, with Chinese-like industry, the Indian coaxes to grow in the most sterile places.

Under these circumstances, the white man's industry, however exotic or inappropriate in theory, becomes a means of salvation both to life and character, and a whole community in the mountains of San Diego County, California, has been uplifted by the introduction of lace-making for the Indian women, by Mrs. Sophie R. Miller, under the auspices of the Episcopal Church Missions.

The fabrics wrought by the bronze work-women are the marvel of their white-skinned

sisters who purchase them, and who never fail to remark: "It is astonishing that Indians should be able to do this sort of work."

This surprise at the fine craftsmanship possessed by primitive workers is only one of many misconceptions concerning their capabilities, held by educated people.

It need surprise no one who realizes that civilization is not an uninterrupted advance upward; but that, on the contrary, we lose much in order to gain more.

The race gains at the expense, to a certain extent, of the individual. Degeneracy, insanity, and crime increase on the one hand; the individual qualities of courage, self-expression, original invention, insight into the visible workings of Nature, sincerity and fidelity to an idea are lost or diminished: all these qualities being found, perhaps, in an ignorant old Indian basket-maker; while the average society woman may possess not one of them.

Thus, it is easier for the hand trained for generations to acts of individual expression to acquire new arts than for the idle fingers of the rich to excel as quickly in similar occupations.

The woman whose every need or whim is satisfied by the products of elaborate machinery set in motion the world over to do her bidding, can not conceive of the condition of the first Indian woman who, to meet the needs of her family, invented baskets and pottery, twine, and woven fabrics; and, not content with bare utility, set to work to adorn her handicraft with decorative forms learned from no school but that of Nature, that supreme teacher of the untaught. All early art forms, being true, please the intelligence. All primitive art

THE CRAFTSMAN

is debased, not elevated, by contact with civilization.

The modern appreciation of good handicraft which is gaining ground among the intelligent few, can not offset the degrading tendencies of a commercialism whose watchword is cheapness; the imperative desire for which is forced upon the many by the conditions of a struggle for existence which includes as necessities a thousand artificial wants.

The lesson of Indian art, however, will not be entirely lost upon this generation. Spasmodic efforts of doubtful efficacy, to introduce craftsmanship into the public schools, sacrificing the three Rs to the rudiments of needlework, basketry, etc., show, at least, a striving towards the lost liberty of the individual as a worker, and the lost ideal of Nature as a guide.

When the patrons of art shall found endowed schools for the cultivation of delicate handiwork to which this public schoolwork may serve as an introduction, and when markets shall be opened for the product, craftsmanship may gain a serious value in modern life. Meantime we must turn to the Indian worker as an instance of what may be done in singleness of purpose, with innate intelligence, and no workshop but the wilderness.

In surroundings destitute of the means of satisfying a single requirement of civilized life, where the white man could see only a tangled thicket or a desert waste, the Indian woman found material for food and clothing, and a dozen artistic developments arising from these primitive necessities of the race.

Two species of milk-weed grew in the Southern California mountains beside the

beaten trails, and the keen eye observed that when the stalks became dry, the outer bark hung in thread-like fibres.

Observation, deduction, action made a logical series. The stalks were soaked, beaten, dried; spun by hand upon the bare thigh, or ankle, with a curious twisting motion, first in one direction, then in another; lengthened, by the addition of other fibres, into a cord, white from the white milkweed, or a beautiful shade of old rose from the red-stalked variety; woven and knotted into tasseled fringes for petticoats, nets for the carrying of loads, sacks for storing of grain, and many other useful articles for the home.

A sack of this kind, valued as a rarity in the Washington National Museum, is remarkable not so much for the beauty of its decoration, (although the alternate bands of white and red, softened by age into a neutral tone, are satisfying to the eye), as for the honesty and durability of the workmanship. It has lasted a hundred years, having been in active use the greater part of the time.

Basketry, that universal primitive art, is still practised among the Mission Indians, although it is worthy of note that baskets from the remote Manzanita region show much greater variety and individuality in design than do those specimens of the art made in places nearer civilization, and more under the influence of the white man's ideas.

Turning from primitive to modern artistic industries, we find admirable work among the laces made by Mrs. Miller's class of Indian women at the La Jolla reservation, in the mountains of San Diego County, California. Later on, the class will exhibit and have for sale pillow-lace and

THE INDIAN WOMAN CRAFTSMAN

Venetian cut-work. The latter, curiously enough, will be a revival of one of the industries taught to the Indian women in the early Mission settlements, by the Spanish missionaries, who, with a wisdom far in advance of all other American pioneers, included industrial training, in both mechanics and art, among their other methods for the instruction of their Indian converts.

The women take kindly to the work, the more so since it is almost their only means of livelihood. Unfortunately, in this sort of industry, done under direction, with forms and designs dictated by market demand, the workers are prevented from the free exercise of fancy and invention. Sooner or later, they must fall under the sway of the white man's commercialism, in which pride and satisfaction in handiwork, the native birth-right of the primitive craftsman, is lost and forgotten.

In vain do our educators anticipate, as a result of the socialistic uplifting of labor, the modern workman's conscious joy in the digging of a ditch. A man can take only so much satisfaction in his labor as shall correspond to the personal intention which it expresses.

The Pima Indian knew that joy, when years before the coming of the white man, he dug his irrigating ditch, and watched the life-giving water flow from level to level as his inventive skill had decreed.

To stand shoulder to shoulder with other hired laborers digging a trench under the direction of a "boss," can give a man no possible cause for satisfaction. This condition is a mental result and can not be induced from without.

Let our students of industrial conditions consider the factors of primitive industry,

and reproduce them so far as is possible in modern life. Only by an effectual resistance to the leveling tendencies of industrial organization, as at present practised, only by a return to the freedom of individual expression, can we regain that blessing to the craftsman, the lost joy in labor.

THE MORAL VALUE OF HAND WORK

THE worth of work with the hands as an uplifting power in real education was first brought home to me with striking emphasis when I was a student at the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, which was at that time under the direction of the late General S. C. Armstrong. But I recall with interest an experience, earlier than my Hampton training, along similar lines of enlightenment, which came to me when I was a child. Soon after I was made free by the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, there came the new opportunity to attend a public school at my home town in West Virginia. When the teacher said that the chief purpose of education was to enable one to speak and write the English language correctly, the statement found lodgment in my mind and stayed there. While at the time I could not put my thoughts into words clearly enough to express instinctive disagreement with my teacher, this definition did not seem adequate, it grated harshly upon my young ears, and I had reasons for feeling that education ought to do more for a boy than merely to teach him to read and write.

—Booker T. Washington, in
"Working with the Hands"



Craftsman House, Number VII, Series of 1904

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NUMBER VII. SERIES OF 1904

THE House numbered VII. in The Craftsman Series for 1904, is designed to be erected in suburban districts, or yet in any city where the conditions of population permit of detached residences.

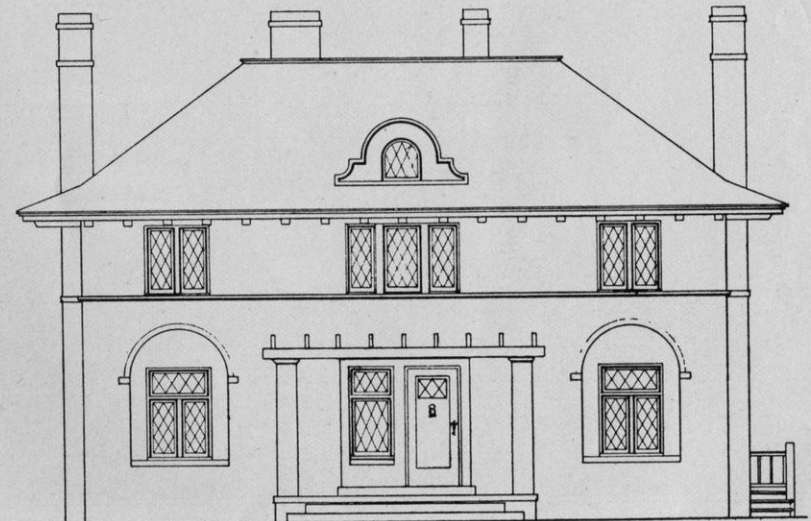
The structural lines of the house are such as to prove very effective in localities where the air is pure and bright, since they invite the play of light and shadow. Especially is this true of the roof with its bold eaves, and the porch with its open timber roof and Tuscan columns.

The materials used in the construction of the exterior are brick and plaster, the former extending to the base-line of the windows of the second story and being "hard burned" and uneven in color. The plaster is applied over metal lath, and contains in its last coat a pigment which gives it a soft green tint. Its surface, while yet soft, is stippled with a dry broom, in order that it may acquire a slightly mottled effect. Beside constituting the covering of the upper section of the exterior walls, the plaster again appears in the arch-forms surrounding the window openings of the first story, where it contrasts agreeably with the brick. A green

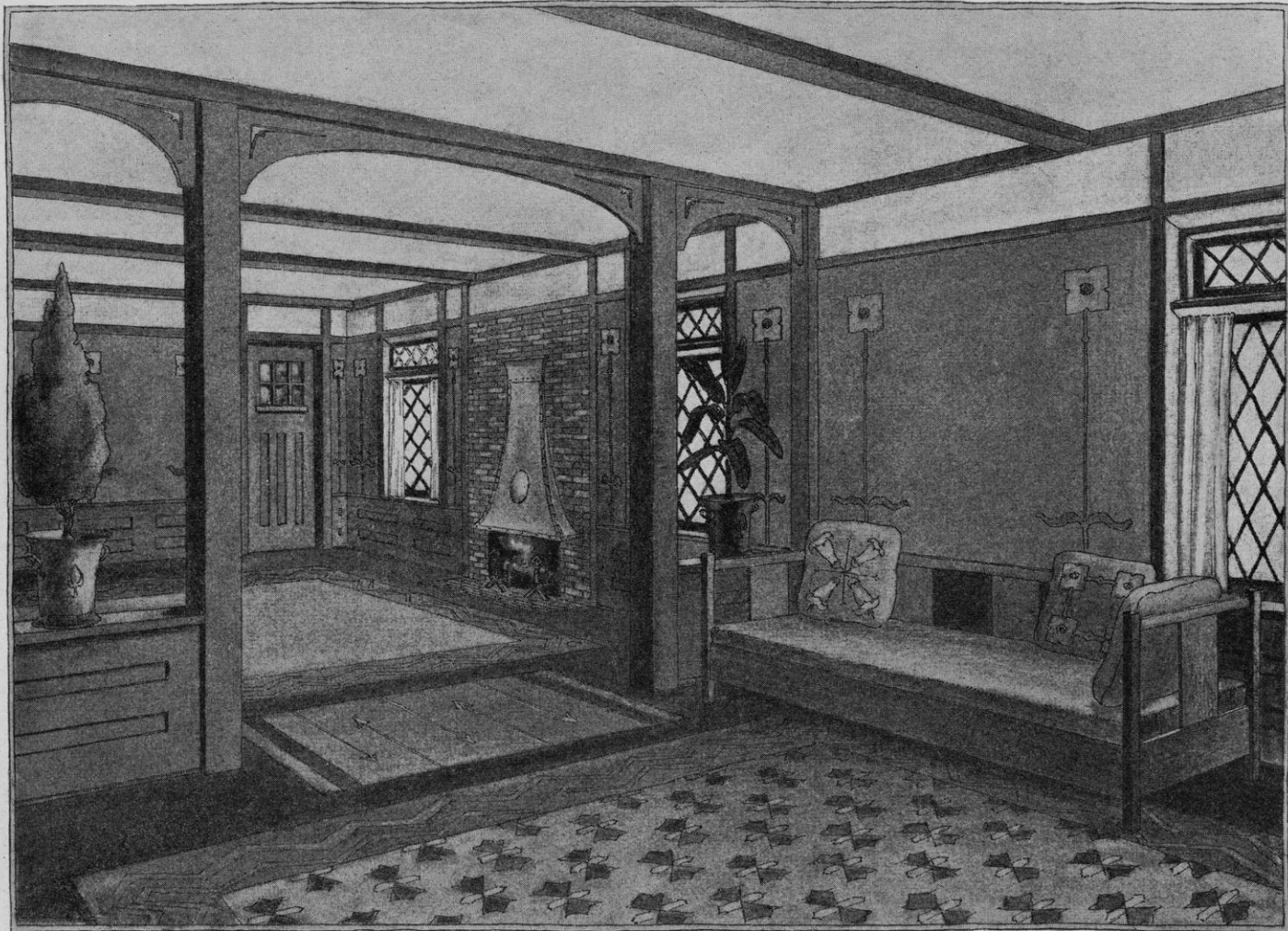
stain, darker than that used for the plaster, is given to the cypress roof-shingles, and, as well, to all the exterior woodwork, which is of the same material. No stone is used except in the construction of the steps leading to the entrance porch and to the rear veranda, both of which are floored with brick, or, if so preferred, with cement.

The veranda and the porch, now of great importance in American domestic architecture, in this instance, have received careful study. The first adds accent to what were otherwise a too monotonous treatment of the façade. It is made suggestive, as has before been indicated, by the open-timber construction of the pseudo-roof, and it may become in summer, through the addition of vines, a miniature pergola.

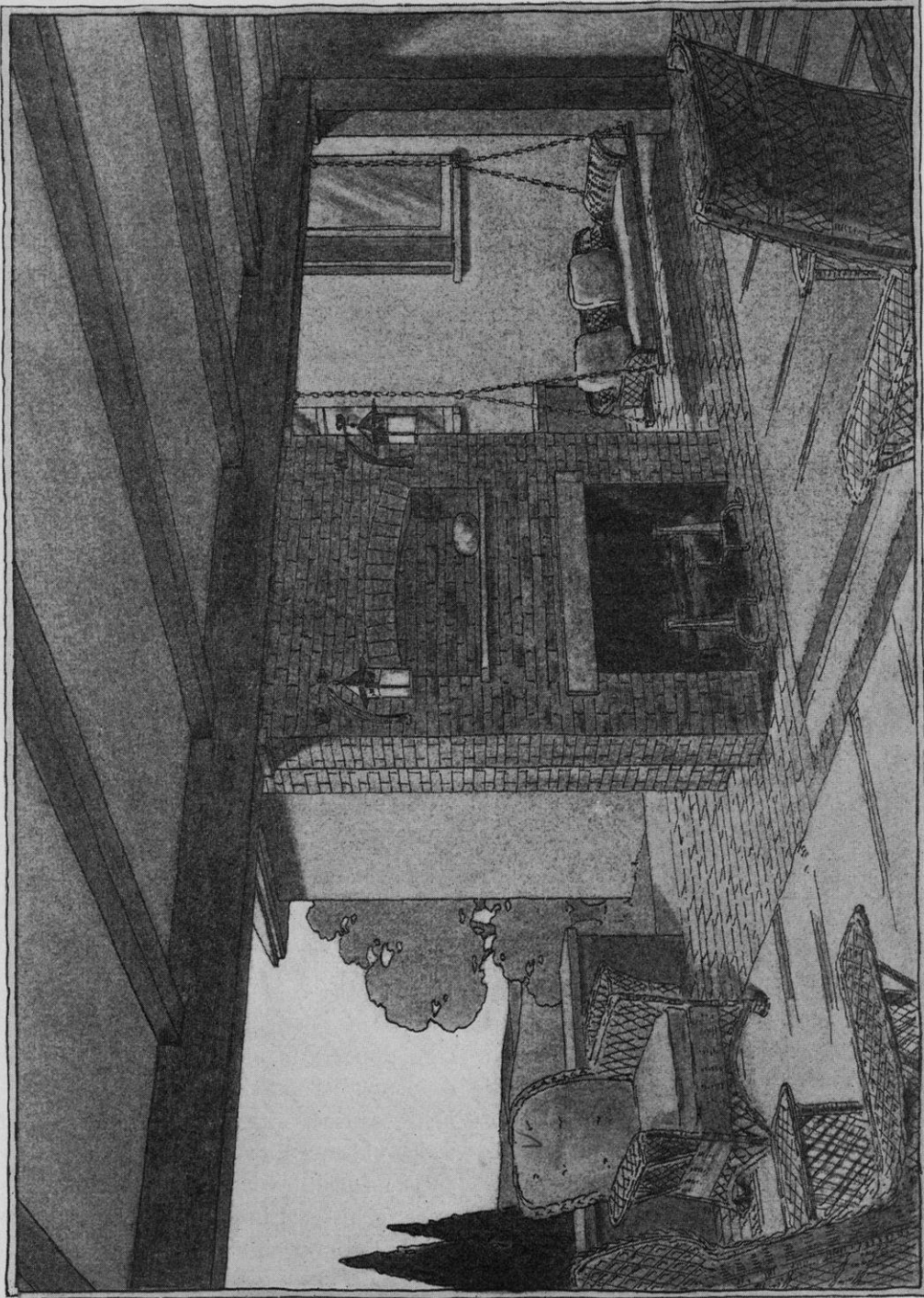
The veranda is still more important, if it be judged from the point of view of the occupant, rather than that of the architect of the house. It may be entered from the living and dining rooms, through windows extending to the floors, it faces the garden,



Craftsman House, Number VII., Series of 1904. Front elevation



Craftsman House, Number VII., Series of 1904; Library and Dining Room



Craftsman House, Series of 1904, Number VII. Veranda Fireplace

THE CRAFTSMAN



Craftsman House, Number VII., Series of 1904. Side elevation

and it is partially roofed by the projecting second story. The most interesting feature of this portion of the building is the fireplace, specially shown in illustration, and which, beside being very decorative, with its open vistas at either hand, will be appreciated in evenings of "chill October," when the "open-air habit" is still too strong to be resisted. The veranda may, also, if the orientation of the house permit, be converted into a winter sun-parlor by fitting it with sash.

THE interior of the house compares favorably with the exterior in both style and attractiveness, as may be judged from a diagonal section of the library and the dining room, seen in our illustration. Here the "trimmings" are of dark hazel wood, so treated as to insure color and figure resembling those of Circassian walnut. The ceiling beams are broad, flat and infrequent, showing be-

tween them large areas of rough plaster, which is used also in the frieze.

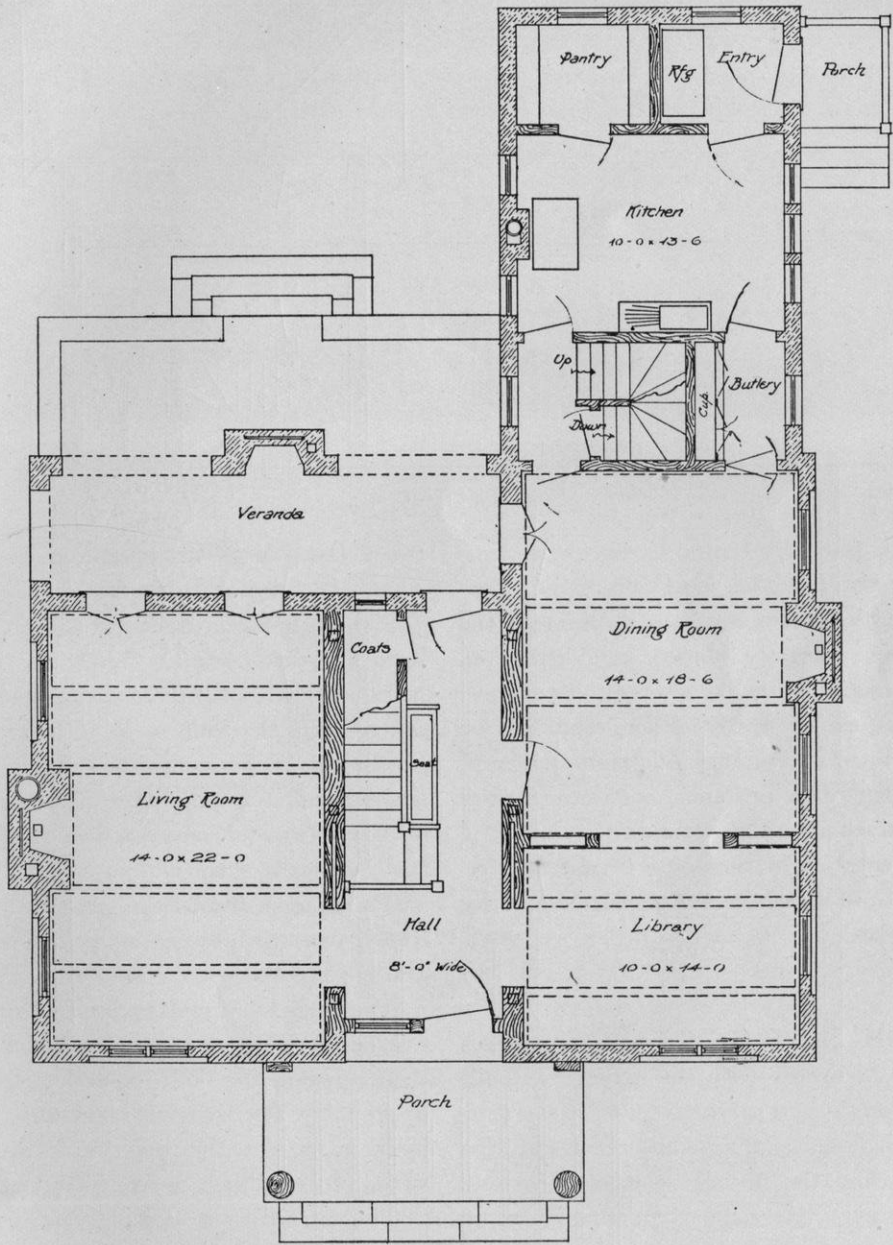
The fireplace, built of dark "hard burned" brick, has a very slight projection; being carried out only one and one-eighth inches from the wall, so as to be even with the bands of wood of the same thickness, which divide the wall space perpendicularly at intervals, and separate the frieze from the side walls proper.

The window frames are glazed with small leaded panes, white in the upright sections, and clear yellow in the transoms.

The walls are tapestried with Craftsman canvas in gray-green, upon which a design appears in old rose and green linen *appliqué*. The window curtains are of lustre canvas, with drawn-work hems into which old rose threads are introduced.

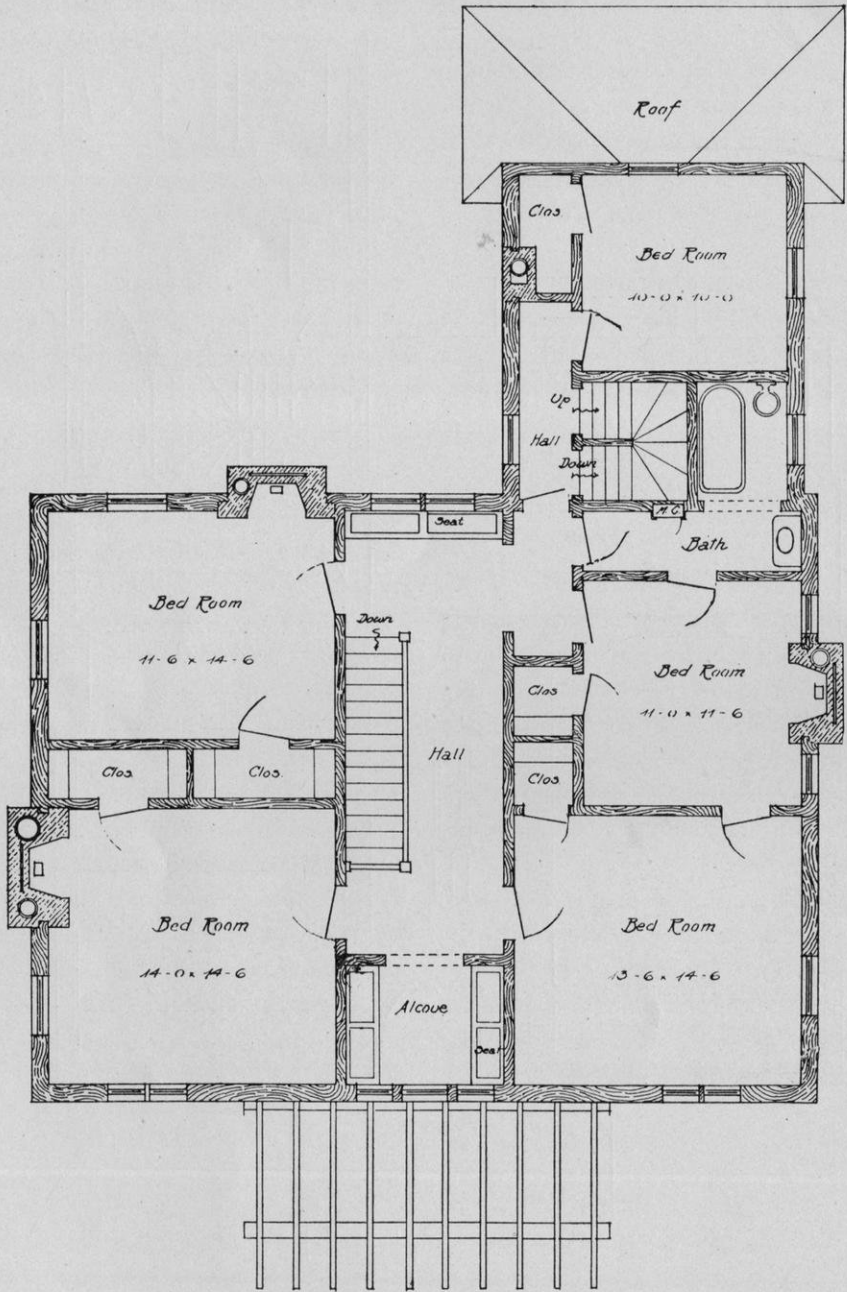
The furniture is here of brown fumed oak, upholstered in canvas of a warm, rich wood-brown, against which, in the pillows, the repeated rose and green *appliqué* is very effective.

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE



First Floor Plan
Scale

THE CRAFTSMAN



Second Floor Plan
Scale

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

The rugs used, with one exception, are of goats' hair in gray, brown, deep red and orange yellow; the exception being an old-time "rag-rug," lying between the library and the dining room.

It may be here mentioned that the floors throughout the house are of Georgia "comb-grain" pine, stained to a green-brown.

In the living room and the hall the "trim" is chestnut, fumed to a brown-gray, with the wainscoting carried to a point even with the tops of the doors. The rough plaster walls

are lacquered with brown shellac, which produces a rich mellow tone, is very durable, and harmonizes with the dark red brick of the fireplace.

Altogether, the House Number VII. will not be found lacking in the simplicity, solidity and adaptability to general needs which, it is believed, have characterized its predecessors in the series. Its cost, varying, of course, according to the locality in which it may be erected, is estimated approximately at \$6,800.

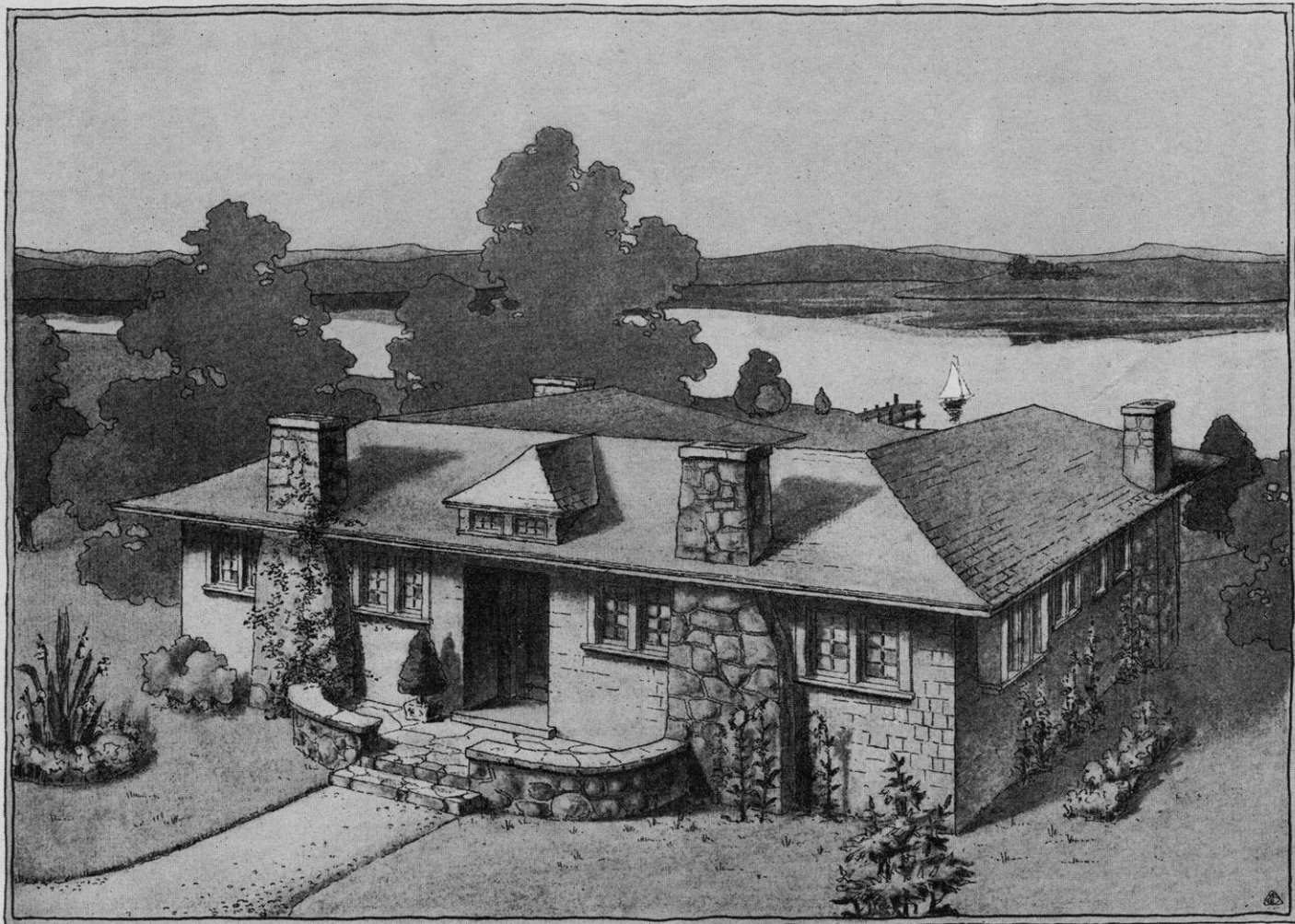
THE ROOF-TREE

AS an inevitable consequence of the concentration of modern society in great cities and their suburbs, man's abode has undergone profound modifications. It has lost its individuality, and like everything else, has fallen into anonymousness and become impersonal. The man and his dwelling disappear in the crowd.

This is most apparent among the laboring classes, who can no longer procure for themselves, even with money, what Nature provides gratuitous and unstinted, namely, space, light and air. And many of their dwellings are not only defective from the point of view of hygiene, they are scarcely a protection against the changes of the

seasons, while still less do they respond to the higher and infinitely more interesting conditions of the home. As family meeting places, as a setting for affection and education and the normal development of life, they fall lamentably short. How is a true home possible where one room must be put to all kinds of service, and there is no place for rest, or solitude, or relaxation? A too communal life degenerates into disorder; its members incommode one another; in the too narrow space their intercourse becomes distressful, and poison, physical and moral, lurks in the close atmosphere. It is not astonishing that such dwelling places cease to attract, and are often deserted.

—Charles Wagner, in "By the Fireside"



Cool and quiet days

COOL AND QUIET DAYS

COOL AND QUIET DAYS

THE building here presented in illustration is particularly fitted for a country dwelling in a warm climate, although it contains no feature which could prevent it from answering every requirement of a summer home in any section of the United States.

The exterior and the interior, while differing from each other in suggestiveness by all that separates the North from the South, are pleasing in combination from their very contrast.

The exterior is of a pronounced cottage-type, original, refined and distinctive, plainly not intended as the dwelling of the humble, yet preserving a simplicity equal to that which marks the rural districts of England and Belgium.

Upon analysis, the interesting features are found to be the bold projection of the roof-line, the contrast of the stones and cement with the mortar, but most of all, the perforation of the roof by the chimneys, which gives a strong, structural appearance, pleasing in the same way that, in the natural world, are those plants whose stems perforate the leaves.

The chimneys, together with the low wall surrounding the porch, are built of field stones, left in their natural state, as far as is consistent with their proper "laying up;" the porch is paved with large flat stones; while the step leading to it is formed of rough boulders deeply imbedded in cement.

The exterior walls are covered with cypress shingles stained to a rich green, with the windows, doors and "trim" of the same wood, showing a darker color.

The roof is covered with redwood shingles without artificial stain, and by its wide projection protects the casement windows, which are glazed with small panes.

The deep shadow thus caused and which has before been noted, is suggestive of rest and coolness, as is also the recessed doorway, always an effective architectural device. These two features, although unobtrusive, together compose a fitting prelude to the interior; giving, as it were, the key to its secret.

The entrance opens into a narrow hall having lateral doorways giving into rooms on either hand, and leading to the large rectangular court which is surrounded on three sides by the building, and is without enclosure at the rear. The hall is paved with brick, and the court, like the porch, with flat stones set in cement; this pavement being placed above the level of the ground surrounding the building, in order to secure proper drainage. The roof, projecting widely into the court, is supported by the boles of trees trimmed bare of branches, stripped of their bark, and bearing on rough stone bases. This device forms a colonnade or portico, shaded from the sun, and from which to enjoy without inconvenience the benefits and beauties of the open.

Within the rectangle thus enclosed upon three sides by the colonnade, a still smaller rectangular space is described, which is sunken below the pavement, walled with field-stones roughly laid in cement, and strewn with white sand, gravel or pebbles, except in spots where it is desirable to grow water-lilies or aquatic grasses. In the basin thus formed, a fountain is built from large mossy rocks selected from some local

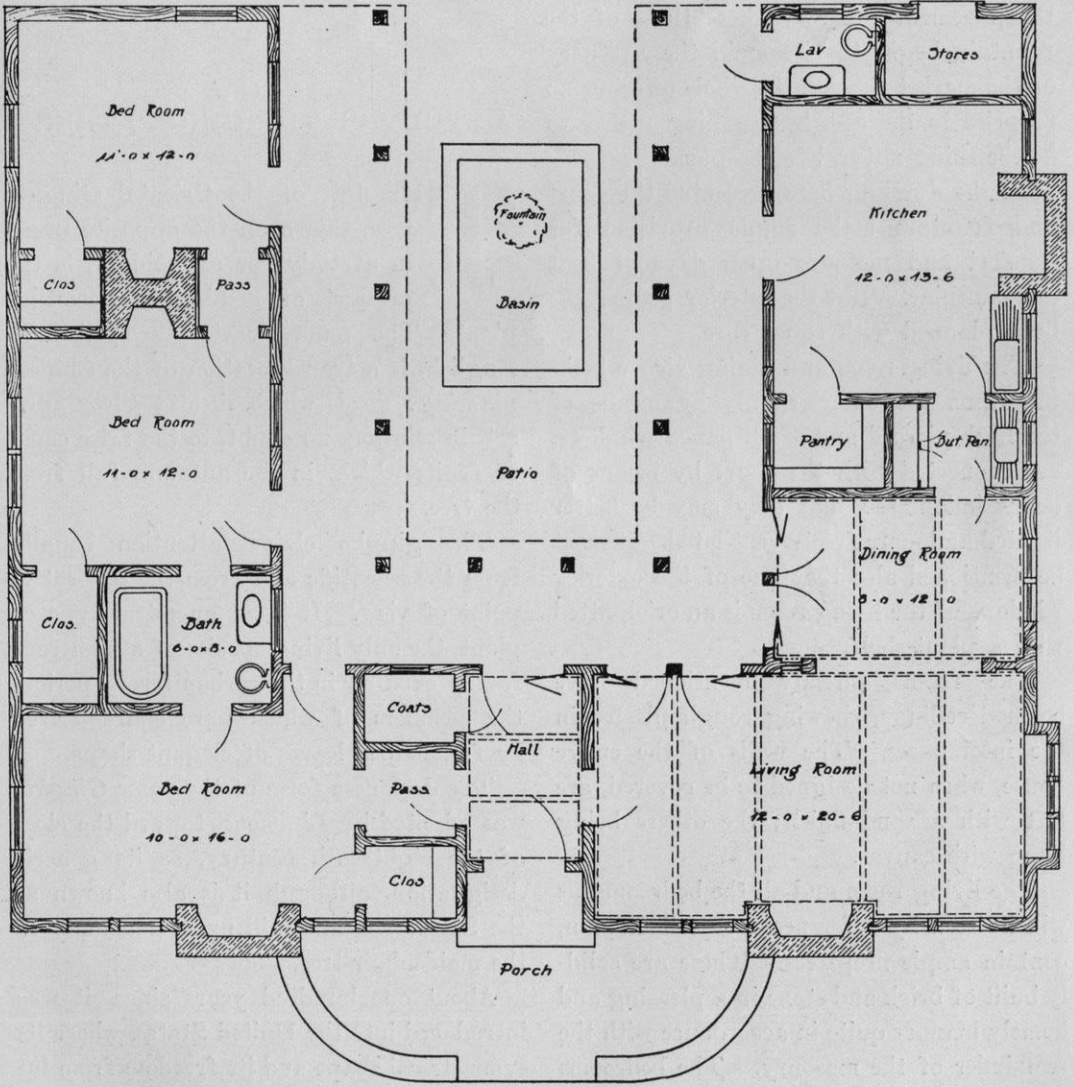


The Court and Colonnade

COOL AND QUIET DAYS

stream, and the water jet is so arranged as to issue from their midst, to fall over them in a thin cascade, and thence into the basin, which is piped to be relieved of surplus water and even to be entirely drained. The effect of a fountain such as this differs al-

together and happily from that produced by those formal compositions of sculpture, burdened with figures grown so familiar as to generate contempt in the minds of those who are forced to look upon them. Instead, rough, mossy stones are closely asso-



Floor Plan
Scale

THE CRAFTSMAN

ciated in the minds of all with falling water, and, of late, sculptors of fountains, even in their most ambitious attempts, have profited by this association; as, for example, is witnessed by Lambeaux's composition in the Grand' Place at Antwerp, in which it is impossible to tell where the weathered stones of the pavement end and where those of the fountain begin to rise amid the greenery of the market booths: the whole offering no surprise to the eye, but seeming rather to be the thing natural to the place.

In the dwelling here presented the court and fountain make ample provision for comfort and pleasure upon days of heat and sunshine. But the interior proper has been planned with equal care.

The living room and dining alcove looking upon the exterior only by means of the high-pierced and small-paned windows, are connected with the court by means of door-windows, so that they may be better lighted and more freely ventilated. It must be mentioned also that one of the exterior windows of the living room is an oriel, fitted with a plant-shelf.

The rooms already mentioned have beamed ceilings, showing rough plaster in the interspaces. The walls of the entire house, when not designed to be covered, are left with a sand finish; the others being hung with canvas.

The living room and all the bedrooms, as will be seen by reference to the floor-plan, contain ample fireplaces. These are solidly built of brick and stone in a pleasing and homely manner quite in accordance with the remainder of the masonry. The bedrooms occupy the entire side of the building at the left of the entrance, and, connected with each one, is a large closet; while a fine bath

may be reached from two of the rooms and from the court.

The plan, as well as the exterior, will gain, rather than lose in attraction through close examination, and the cost of its construction is not prohibitive, since it can not exceed \$2,000.

A STUDY OF THE GINGKO-TREE

THE leaf of the Oriental Ginkgo-tree, shown on the opposite page, in a study for embroidery, is the product of a highly interesting plant. The name, variously spelled in English, is a transliteration of the Chinese *yin-hing*: words which signify silver apricot, in allusion, no doubt, to the false cones or fruits which, in the autumn, fall from the tree.

The ginkgo claims attention equally from the scientific and from the decorative point of view. It is an ancestral type of plant, the only living species of a numerous family existing in the carboniferous period, the members of which were characterized by fan-shaped leaves of elegant shape.

The Japanese form of the name *Gingko*, was adopted by Linnaeus, toward the close of the eighteenth century, as its generic designation, although it is also known as the *Salisburia*, and still more commonly as the maidenhair-tree.

About one hundred years since, it was introduced into the United States, where its symmetrical shape and its freedom from injurious fungi, recommended it for use as an ornamental street tree.

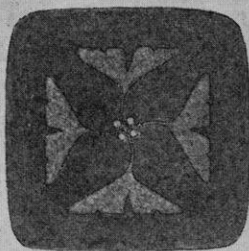
It grows without difficulty as far north



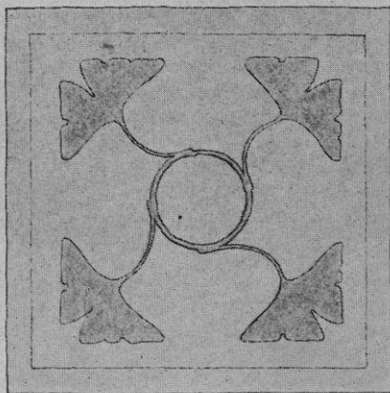
A YOUNG SHOOT

A MATURE LEAF

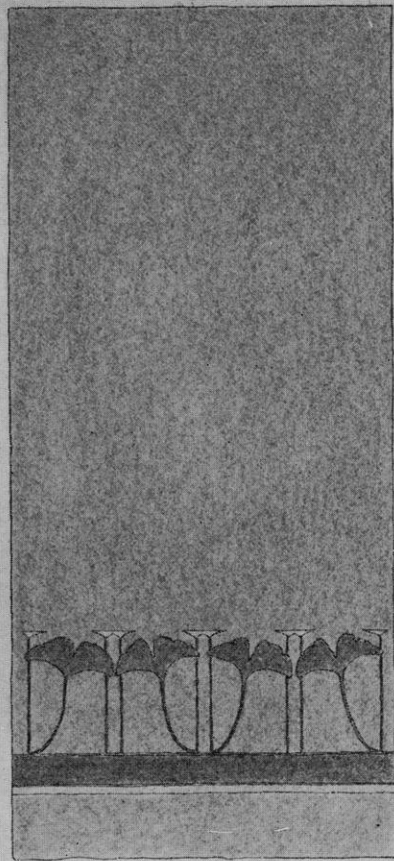
THE GINGHKO TREE



DESIGN FOR A PILLOW



DESIGN FOR A TABLE COVER



DESIGN FOR A CURTAIN

THE CRAFTSMAN

as Massachusetts, and is seen in the gardens, public and private, of Boston and its suburbs; while in Washington, D. C., several entire streets are planted with it.

In China it has been for centuries a sacred tree, groves of ginkgo being cultivated about the temples, and when discovered by Chinamen in America, even though it stand in private grounds, it is made by them the object of religious rites. Its dignified character can be deduced from the fact that Li-Hung-Chang, as the highest tribute possible, planted a ginkgo at the tomb of General Grant at Riverside.

The capabilities of the ginkgo for entrance into decoration can scarcely be overestimated. They are apparent at a glance, and have been widely recognized by designers, as well Western as Oriental. The articulation of one stem upon another, the young shoot, the mature leaf, the fruit, and what may be termed the attitude or carriage of the plant, all unite to form a whole of great interest and beauty.

The qualities of the ginkgo are such as lend themselves especially to designs for ceramics and embroideries. In the former branch of art, the present number of *The Craftsman* presents a drawing by Léon

Carrière for a Sèvres vase, in which the plant occurs as the only *motif* of decoration; the soft yellow green of the leaf harmonizing exquisitely with the faintly tinted background; while the delicacy of the stems and the lines which they can be made to assume without torture, accord equally well with the tall, slender shape of the vase.

In designs for fabrics the use of the ginkgo is even more familiar; the form being sometimes employed as an all-over pattern, with the leaf enclosed in a disc, and the use of any two contrasting or harmonizing colors to indicate the peculiar markings which are characteristic to it. But in the accompanying study, the stems have been retained and an imitative drawing has been made of the leaf, with the purpose of serving any needleworker who may care to employ the *motif* in an original way. The materials here used are Craftsman canvas for the body of the articles, linen for the *appliqué*, and linen floss for the couching; the color scheme being composed of greens, ranging from dark and brownish to light and yellowish, and a deep red band forming the base of the curtain design.

THE CENTURY OF UGLINESS

THE CENTURY OF UGLINESS. BY
ERNEST CROSBY

THE Nineteenth Century may be known for many things in the future, but it cannot well escape one uncomfortable name, that of the Century of Ugliness. I am reminded of the fact by a picture in an illustrated journal of a military scene in the streets of Tokio, and the most conspicuous thing is the multitude of telegraph poles, in half a dozen rows, of all kinds, sizes and angles of incidence. The effect is hideous, and yet so accustomed are we to such abominations that it is doubtful if one reader in twenty noticed them, and it is quite certain that the good people of Tokio, representatives of one of the most artistic races that ever existed, have long since accepted them as matters of course. The fact is that for over a hundred years Christendom has been busily at work making the world ugly in every conceivable way and with the most remarkable ingenuity. Cities have grown enormously and their sordid suburbs are forever eating into the countryside. Some one (was it William Blake?) called London a wen, and it may have resembled a wen in his day, but he made his diagnosis too early. Examine the edge of the economic disturbance called London at any point you please. Look at the beautiful lawns and gardens, the noble trees, the exquisite green, and then watch the wretched suburban streets swallowing them all up and pushing relentlessly on, and tell me if it does not remind you of a cancer devouring the face of a pretty woman? The similar phenomenon in the case of New York or Chicago is not so shocking, for our surroundings are not

so consummately finished, yet a cancer on the cheek of a sturdy backwoodsman is bad enough. And these cities, everlastingly attracting what is best in the country to themselves—the country people, to be bleached and enfeebled—their forests to be scattered about the streets as waste paper—their lakes and streams, to be used for any purpose but purification and cleanliness—these same cities are perpetually belching forth in return black smoke, cheap suburbs, Newports, Coney Islands, cemeteries, summer boarders, excursionists, vulgarity, false ideals and every other unnatural monster. Our mining regions have devastated whole countries, condemning men to work in endless night, piling up mountains of refuse and eventually covering counties with a sooty pall. Half the attention bestowed upon the invention of dynamite and battleships might by this time have learned how to store a little of the wasted heat of the sun. And as for the digging of gold and silver and diamonds, we should be much better off without them. We have well-nigh destroyed the forests of the world. No man with a soul can traverse the Adirondacks to-day without suffering more than he enjoys, as he looks upon the thousands of acres of barren stumps. And in Wisconsin and Michigan it is worse. This is the work of “practical men,” save the mark, and I, who protest, forsooth am a sentimentalist! Is it necessary to speak of the ugliness of machinery, with its noises, its smells and its monotony, of railways and blackened railway yards and terminals, and trolley-wires and gongs, and narrow twenty-five story buildings interspersed by buildings of five? The pretty costumes of the peasant have gone and chalet and log-

THE CRAFTSMAN

cabin give place to shapeless boxes and tenements. We have robbed the poor of their sole wealth, the quality of being picturesque. And not content with this work of uglification at home, we have ruthlessly carried it across the sea. We have inflicted a death-wound upon the art of India and China and Japan. We are waging war against turban and galabieh in the name of top-hat and trousers. We are converting graceful Orientals into aping mannikins, and the telegraph poles of Tokio stand as witnesses of our triumph.

This is the story of the Nineteenth Century. There may be items to our credit also, but they are not in the line of beauty. What building erected in the Nineteenth Century would the world miss? But let by-gones be by-gones. The practical question is: Shall we allow the same epitaph to be written over the Twentieth? It will require high ideals and resolute action to prevent it.

CHIPS FROM THE CRAFTSMAN'S WORKSHOP

THE Craftsman sat in his workshop, surrounded, nay rather overwhelmed by the literature of the month which is sacred to students. The journals and periodicals piled upon his bench to be read in his hour of recreation, were filled with baccalaureate sermons, with the counsel and the warnings of the learned to those just possessed of their new degrees.

In all this literature the old toiler found vital interest, since he regards his workshop quite as a sentry-box in which, like a hum-

ble soldier, he daily mounts guard in the service of humanity.

Having familiarized himself with the printed matter before him, he thought as he wrought, until his conclusions regarding all that he had read assumed a definite form. His judgment, which, in view of his lowly position in life, has little importance for the world, is yet, perhaps, worth recording as a sincere expression of "good will to men." It was in no spirit of dissatisfaction, or of revolution, in no temper of mind common to the workingmen of to-day, that he disapproved of the trend of thought evidenced in the mass of this "commencement" literature. Much of it he dismissed summarily from his thought as verbiage, in which ideas were clogged, as light is imprisoned in an imperfect medium of transmission. Behind other utterances lay the evident desire to separate the scholar from the world, to the end of continuing an aristocracy of the intellect, like that which in old New England days, preferred the man who painfully spelled out his Greek, above one possessed of twice the other's brain power, and whose knowledge of books was confined to those dealing with the three Rs. Another portion of the discourses dealt with questions of the hour, sometimes approached sincerely, but often treated brilliantly and superficially, with the desire of bringing the speaker into prominence and of eliciting applause. Exhortations there were also, earnest and eloquent, instinct with the spirit of a Cicero defending the Republic, as when the president of an important university denounced the graduate who should shirk the duties of a father and family bread winner, in order to entrench himself in a citadel of selfish culture.

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So approving or disapproving, the Craftsman selected his documents, reaching by careful steps his final opinion, according to his custom acquired through the patience necessary to his labor; according also to the slow habit of his brain, less responsive and active than his hand. And thus the fact was gradually borne in upon him that among this multitude of hortatory discourses there was no simple plea for the practical; no warning to the student, about to become his own master and teacher, that success for him lies in his instant ability to transform the idea into the thing, the thought into the word, the "airy nothing" of the plan into the three dimensions of solidity.

More than twenty years since, the Craftsman remembered that the first effort to bring the American student into quick and constant communication with the outside world, was begun at Harvard by one of the great name of Adams, when he denounced mediaevalism in education, and sought to give to modern languages the dignified place which they at present occupy in the curriculum. "Without these tools of the trade of an international arbitrator," he said, "I have been an inferior among my peers."

"This," mused the Craftsman, "was the breach made in the Roman wall. Afterward, the Garibaldis of education invaded the sacred places and unified a liberal scheme which has diminished the historic power. But the great work for the people yet remains to be done. The world demands of the latter-day scholar that he shall understand the relations of the things committed to his care—whether they be small or great—and that he shall coördinate them into usefulness. It demands for the masses,

at the instance of the scholar, 'the integral education,' championed by Kropotkin: that is, the simultaneous training of the brain and the hand, the elevation of the workshop to the place which it occupied beside the school, in that most organic and unified of historic periods—the thirteenth century."

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"**T**HE SOCIALIZATION OF HUMANITY," by Charles Kendall Franklin. As the preface states, the object of this book is to trace physical, organic and social phenomena to their sources, in order that human energy may be expended for human welfare, in accordance with the laws discovered. The investigation is conducted with such broad-minded liberality that the deductions sometimes seem almost shocking, as is the case in regard to the treatment of theology. A system of monistic philosophy, such as this is, is founded upon a naturalistic conception of things; that is, all things are due to natural causes, and we ascribe certain things to supernatural agencies only because of our ignorance, and our inability to comprehend their real origin. The argument of the book may be summed up in a few words. Under the individualistic system, men work at cross purposes, and much energy is wasted. This is caused by lack of understanding and of an intelligent oversight. Energy will seek the line of least resistance, and in time, when men become more social, it will be seen that there is least resistance when men work in harmony for the good of all. Thus will come about the socialization of human-

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ity. Individualism has proved its inability to perfect man, although it has greatly aided. The time has now come when a new system must displace it—a new system based upon a desire to aid society, rather than the individual. Theology, also, is outgrown, the time for superstitious worship of an unknown, unmanifested idea has passed. We can, if we search with an unprejudiced mind, find the natural cause for everything—why be blindly, wilfully ignorant, just because our ancestors were? They ascribed thunder and other phenomena to their God, but we pity their superstition. We ascribe to God the origin of life—but if we look, we cannot fail to find the answer in Nature. Are we more advanced than our primitive forebears? The volume abounds with definitions, making it extremely easy to follow the thought. A distinction is made between religion and theology: religion is defined as an emotion resulting from the performance of acts which are conducive to collective human welfare. The acts are instinctive. Religion binds the human race, it organizes mankind. “It is the only invincible emotion the race possesses, the only emotion that can conquer death!” We may be deprived of our belief in immortality by our loss of theology, but the soul will find its immortality in the life of the race. Love is an individual, selfish passion; religion is the only unselfish emotion. The new, scientific religion, based on knowledge, not on blind relief, will be much grander and more uplifting than the present systems. Deep thought and honest purpose are manifest in this work, and however one may look upon the conclusions, it must be admitted that they are logically and fearlessly

reached. [The Socialization of Humanity, by Charles Kendall Franklin. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company; size 6 x 9 inches; price \$2.00.] L. B.

While the “Civil War” destroyed many a promising youth, and probably lessened the number of geniuses that America might have produced, yet it was the means of making other men great, transforming a quiet tanner, like Grant, into the first general of the age. Many a lesser genius also resulted from that war. Among them is a face and form familiar to the church-going people of America, Samuel Chapman Armstrong. His biography, by Edith Armstrong Talbot, is well worthy of study. One learns in this story, how birth and breeding helped General Armstrong to find himself. Born of missionary parents in the Sandwich Islands, he early learned how to deal with a race different from his own. These chapters are interesting for the man and the country we now claim as American. Williams College brings its usual inspirations, its helpfulness to a higher life. Then came the war. Armstrong is not quite satisfied as captain of men of his own race. His life work begins where that of Colonel Shaw, the brave New England martyr’s ended,—as colonel of a regiment of blacks. The war ends, Armstrong waits and watches a little time for a career, but his career came to him instead, as it ever does to the man who waits on Providence. General Howard selects Samuel Armstrong as one of his chief aids in the Freedmen’s Bureau. Thenceforth, his life is familiar to most of the American people; but all will enjoy reviewing the speeches, letters, plans, work in these pages. [Samuel Chapman

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Armstrong, by Edith Armstrong Talbot. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company; price \$1.50.]

J. K. C.

In the Harvard Monthly for March, 1904, Mr. G. C. Hirst wrote regarding Dr. von Mach's recently published book upon "Greek Sculpture: Its Spirit and Principles:" "trained in the severe school of the archeologist and fortified by it against the misconceptions of insufficient knowledge, Dr. Mach has treated the subject with a much broader vision, and his book is the result of a happy combination of the archeologist's grip on the facts with the artist's scent for what is beyond them. Compared with this new book of his, former histories read like mere collections of notes." From this intelligent criticism may be gained an accurate idea of the book, which, as its preface announces, "is addressed to all students of art, to executing artists, and to the general public." The latter element, rarely benefited to any great extent by works such as this, will find here not only valuable material, but also material so arranged as to be ready for use in those many popular ways in which today a knowledge of art finds employment. Dr. von Mach has written an interesting book, which many of those who have preceded him in his subject, have evidently hesitated to do, in the fear of becoming popular in style—that is, serviceable to the public; believing themselves to be learned when they have only been dry in the presentation of crude and inarticulate facts. Dr. von Mach's arguments concerning important disputed points of his subject, while valuable, first of all, because they are illuminating in a special sense, afford, beside, much

general information, and are, furthermore, interesting as skilful discussions. Such, for example, is his chapter upon "The Coloring of Greek Sculpture," and the one which deals with the debatable subjects of the figures in the pediments of the Parthenon. Another valuable chapter of the book discusses the human body as the principal theme of Greek sculpture, and in this Dr. von Mach becomes as well worth reading as the English Symonds, from the point of view of fact, while remaining far more direct and simple in statement, since he uses his erudition but as a simple tool, and seeks no style but such as results from clearness and good English. The book also deserves comment for the excellence of its mechanical execution: the beauty of type, the dimensions of the page and the disposition of the margins. Further, the scholarly nomenclature and the careful proof-reading are delightful in these days of carelessness and haste.

[Greek Sculpture: Its Spirit and Principles, by Edmund von Mach. Boston: Ginn & Company; illustrated; pages 357; size 6½ x 9½; price \$4.50.]

"WORKING WITH THE HANDS," by Booker T. Washington, is a sequel to his widely-read autobiography "Up From Slavery." The newer book gives, as its publishers announce, "both facts and theories drawn from Mr. Washington's work of building up the negro school of industrial training, at Tuskegee, Alabama." The aim of the present writings can best be described by a quotation from the preface of the author, who says: "For several years I have received requests from many parts of the United States, and from foreign

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countries as well, for some detailed information concerning the value of industrial training and the methods employed to develop it. This little volume is the result in part, of an attempt to answer these queries. Two proven facts need emphasis here: First: Mere hand training, without moral, religious, and mental education, counts for very little. The hands, the head, and the heart together, as the essential elements of educational need, should be so correlated that one may be made to help the others. Second: The aim to make an industry pay its way should not be made the aim of first importance. The teaching should be most emphasized. At Tuskegee, for example, when a student is trained to the point of efficiency where he can construct a first-class wagon, we do not keep him there to build more vehicles, but send him out into the world to exert his trained influence and capabilities in lifting others to his level, and we begin our work with the raw material all over again." As a development of the principles here succinctly stated, the book should be studied by all who are interested in economics and sociology.

[Working with the Hands, by Booker T. Washington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company; illustrated; price, \$1.50 net.]

In a review of Charles Wagner's "BY THE FIRESIDE," which recently appeared in a well-known publication, the writer asks the question: "Can it be possible that a citizen of the gay and rushing French capital, with all its fashion and frivolity, is pleading for the simplicity of our fathers? We should rather expect such utterances from the pastor of a retired rural parish—

'far from the maddening crowd.'" This question is a natural one for the foreigner for whom Paris is contained in the districts of the Champs Elysées and the great Opera House. But there is another city lying in the laborious Latin Quarter to the character of which M. Wagner himself has paid a high tribute. And for one who has seen the home of the Protestant pastor, on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, the utterances of the "Simple Life," the "Better Way," and "By the Fireside," are no longer a surprise. Near the site of the Bastille and in a quarter where the blouse and cap, the alpaca gown and apron clothe nine-tenths of the passers in the streets, M. Wagner pursues his work. His own modest lodgings are a sermon in themselves, and his *concierge* must certainly be also his disciple—so much of the infinite riches of brightness and comfort has she condensed into her narrow room.

This, the third book of its author, although pure and elevated in thought, and perfect in expression, when compared with the "Simple Life," appears as a *succès d'estime*, a work which must be specially honored, because conceived by the same brain and heart as those which coöperated in the birth of that first masterpiece. The "Simple Life" flowed from a deeply hidden source of its author's being, rich and impetuous, careless of waste; while the thoughts of "By the Fireside" are like drops of distilled water, carefully gathered and guarded.

The book, in a series of twenty-two chapters, traces the evolution of a family; the first chapter being picturesquely named the "Roof-Tree," and the last, the "Religion of the Home." The delicate sense of observation, the strict logic of the French-

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man is apparent on every page, and the beauty of the language—which is a transparent medium of expression—we do not find wholly lost in English. A characteristic passage occurs in the description of a dozen homes on the same corridor of a great tenement-house of the poorer quarters: "They are identical in size, plan and exposure, yet how marked and how very strange the contrasts! In no two do we breathe the same atmosphere, and so different are the impressions everywhere received, that we might be crossing frontiers, or passing from continent to continent. It is simply that a room, even a prison cell, takes on the aspect of its tenant. The same gloves on different hands, the same costumes on different women, are transformed by differences of figure, mind and culture; and the same walls housing different people, produce totally different effects." In visiting and describing these dwellings of the poor, the English philanthropist would have noted facts, the German would have tabulated statistics, the Italian would have discussed abnormal and criminal types. Who but the Frenchman would have recorded with sensitiveness the artistic impression made upon him? French to the core also is the chapter upon old age, entitled: "What those do who no longer do anything." And in following it, pictures come to the reader of the streets, railway-stations and parks of France, in which it is a familiar sight to observe an elderly man giving his arm to an aged and feeble woman, at whom he glances with an affection different from, but not less than that of the lover, as he eagerly converses with her and calls her *Maman*. But the section under the caption of "Our Servants," certainly

contains the passage which of all the book deserves to be longest remembered and most often used as an aid in the hard places of life. It is vital with a philosophy as independent as that of Browning. It has, beside, a tender grace of thought and expression which are partly racial, and partly individual to M. Wagner. It may be chosen as a representative quotation in which to sum up the impressions created by the book: "I have assembled in the depths of my remembrance a band of admirable people whom I have had the fortune to encounter as I passed through life. They belong to all the social classes, all religions, all professions. When I am wearied by narrowness and prejudice, disgusted with the sight of pretension, ambition, and stupid egoism, I take refuge among this society within me. Then my spirit is soothed and re-inspired. And among these upright souls, the thought of whom is so strengthening and so preventive of pessimism, are some humble servants. I find it impossible to express the veneration they inspire in me, or the good I have got from contact with their simple and faithful spirit, but I rejoice that at least in the inner sanctuary, where all fictitious greatness and conventional values fade away, I can offer them the fulness of a pure and religious tribute."

[By the Fireside, by Charles Wagner. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company; pages 300; size 5 x 7 inches; price \$1.00.]

With the contents of the book, "MAN-KIND IN THE MAKING," by H. G. Wells, the readers of the British Fortnightly Review and of the American Cosmopolitan, are already acquainted. These essays have

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excited wide discussion and, according to the testimony of the author, have occasioned active and extensive correspondence. In view of the wide reputation acquired by them, it seems almost unnecessary to state that they attempt to deal with social and political questions in a new way and from a new starting point, "viewing the whole social and political world as aspects of one universal evolving scheme, and placing all social and political activities in a defined relation to that." This explanation, written in grave mood and contained in the preface, may have the effect of deterring from reading the book many who would enjoy it, and, furthermore, profit by it. The writing of the body of the work is more sprightly, quite untechnical, and well calculated not only to attract attention, but also to result in good by reason of its popular quality. It is the earnest, spontaneous expression of the thought of an educated, not to say, specialized thinker upon the most important concerns of life. As such it demands serious attention. One paragraph we may choose from the "Beginnings of Mind and Language," which deserves to be copied infinitely, and posted in places where the people congregate. It reads: "Of course there is a natural and necessary growth and development in a

living language, a growth that no one may arrest. In appliances, in politics, in philosophical interpretation, there is a perpetual necessity for new words to express new ideas and new relationships, free from ambiguity. But the new words of the street and the saloon rarely supply any occasion of this kind. For the most part they are just the stupid efforts of ignorant men to supply the unnecessary. And side by side with cheap substitutes for existing words and phrases, goes on a perpetual misuse and distortion of those that are insufficiently known. These are processes not of growth but of decay—they distort, they render obsolete, and they destroy. A language may grow—must grow—it may be clarified and refined and strengthened, but it need not suffer the fate of an algal filament, and pass constantly into rottenness and decay whenever growth is no longer in progress." Where can we find a more just and severe arraignment of the defilers and destroyers of one of our most precious inheritances as Anglo-Saxons: our common language, which should be as precious to us as our own hands and brain?

[Mankind in the Making, by H. G. Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; size $7\frac{3}{4}$ x $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches; pages 400; price \$1.50.]