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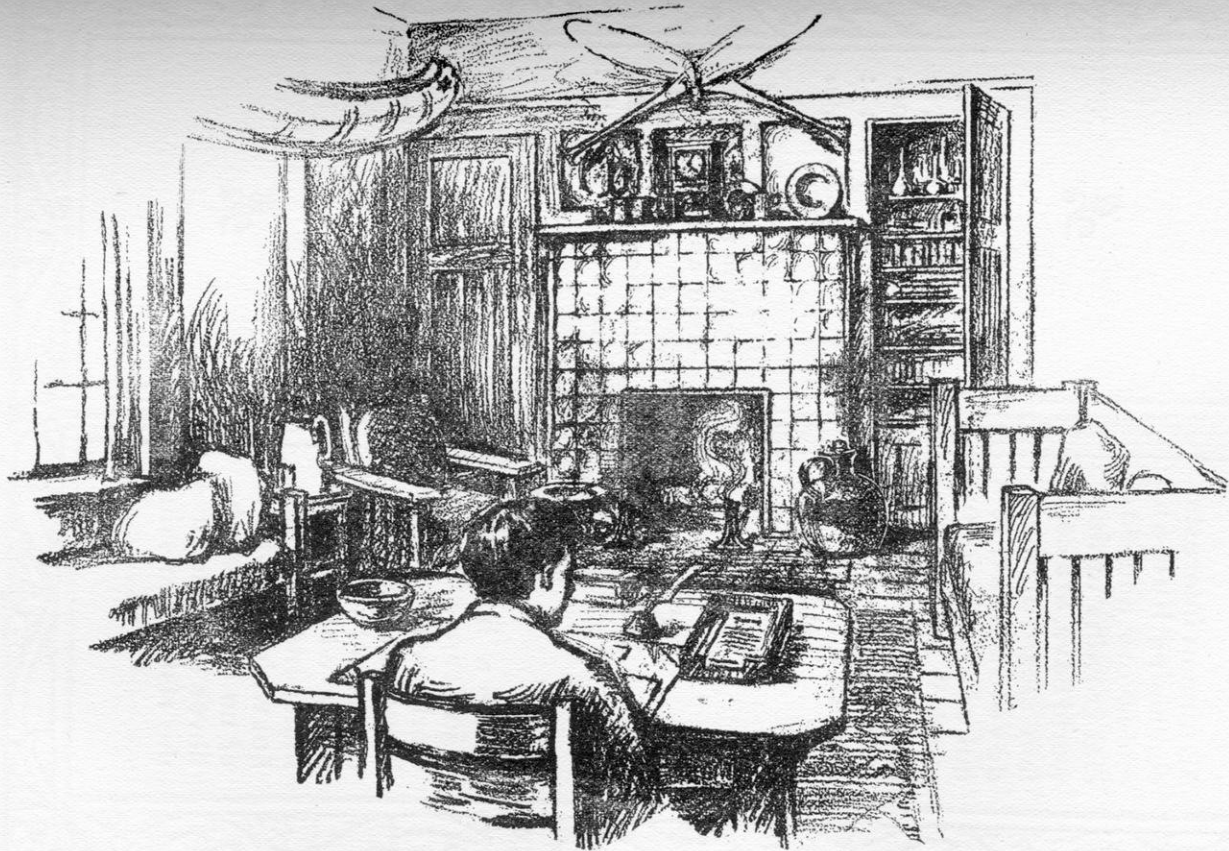
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Mr. Stickley's Room

All human interests combining human endeavors and social growths in this world have, at a certain stage of their development, required organization; and Work, the grandest of human interests, does now require it : : : :

Thomas Carlyle



Truly a boundless significance lies in work, whereby the humblest craftsman comes to attain much which is of indispensable use, but which he who is of no craft, were he never so high, runs the risk of missing

Thomas Carlyle



He that can work is a born king of something : : : : :

Thomas Carlyle

We stand for an education that is of the deed and not of the word, a training in practicality at every turn : : : : :

Thomas Carlyle

Laborare est Orare:
to work is to pray

Maxim of the Monks
of the Middle Ages





The wealth of nations, as of men, consists in substance not in ciphers

John Ruskin

Intelligence is perfected not in one, in another, or in many, but in all : : : :

Giordano Bruno



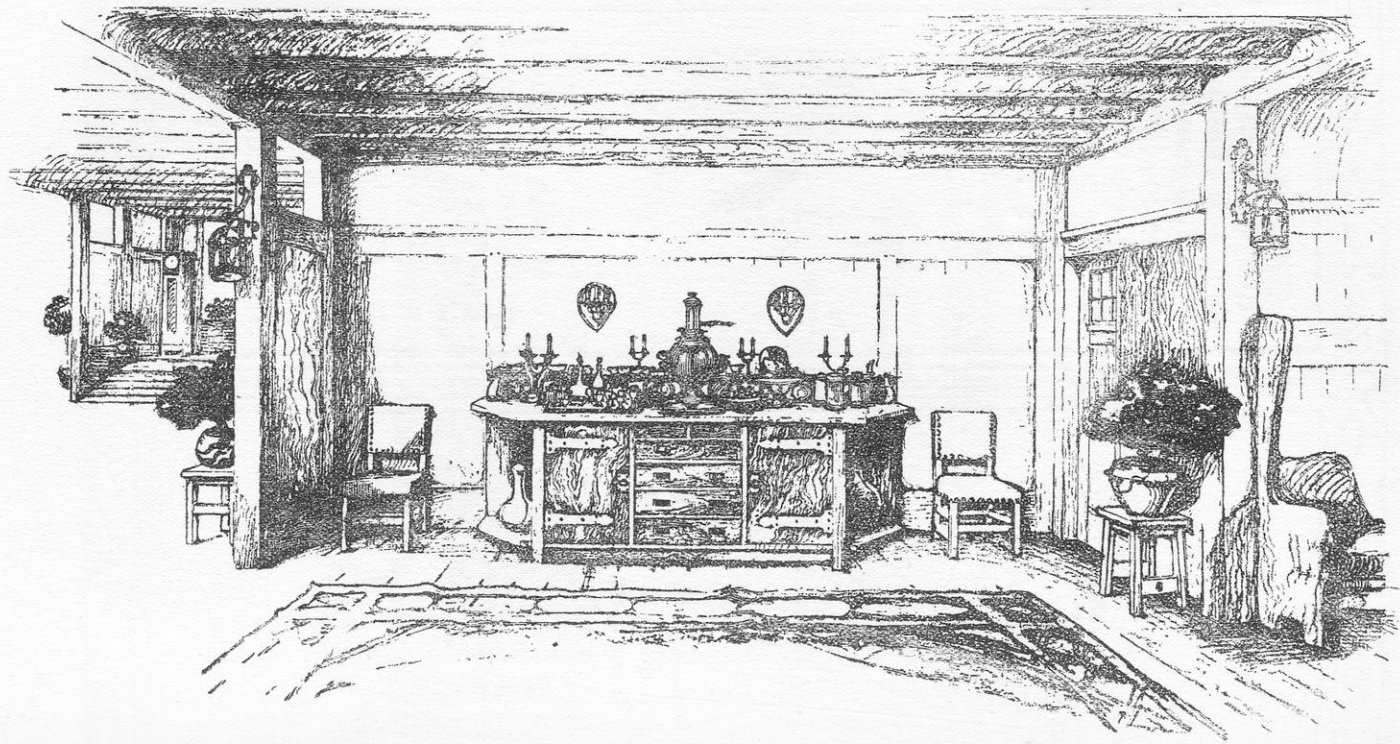
Only mankind together is the true man. The individual can be joyous and happy only when he has the courage to feel himself not the whole : : : :

Goethe

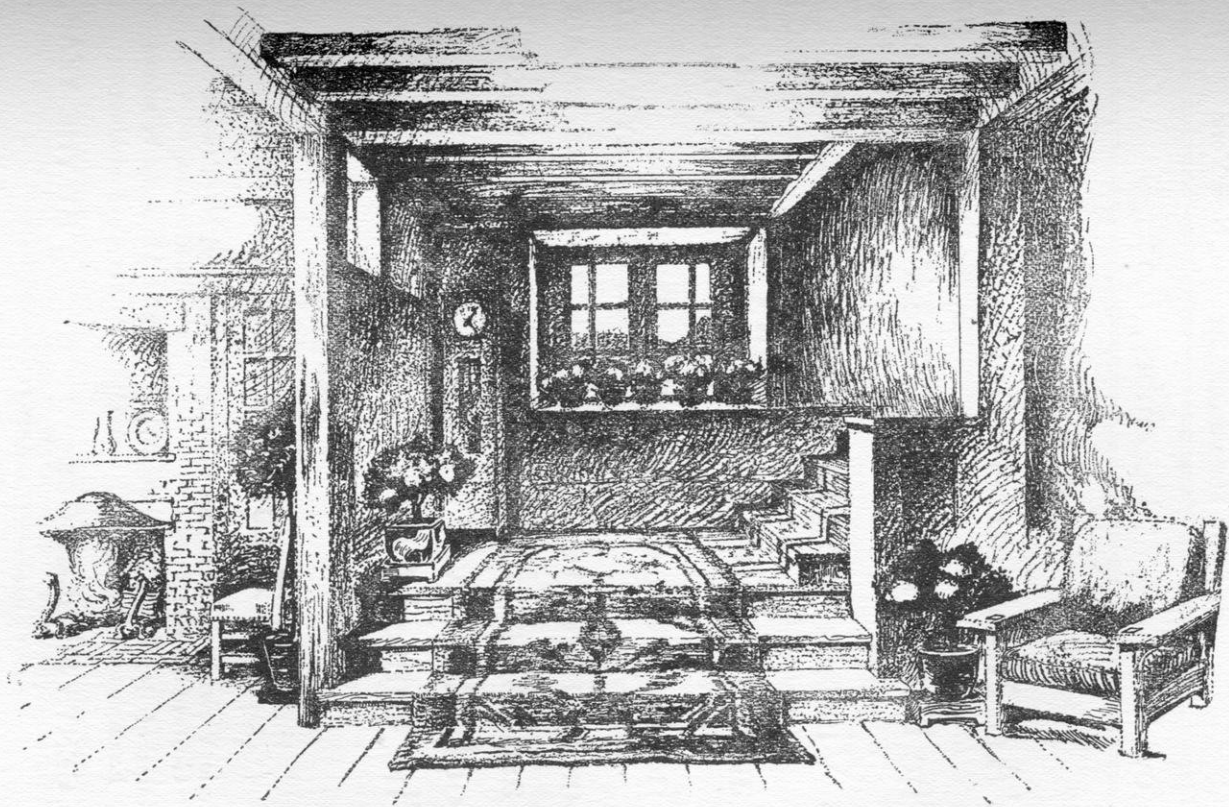


That man is richest who, having perfected his functions to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions over the lives of others : :

William Morris



Dining-room, Mr. Stickley's House



View in Hall, showing Stairs, Mr. Stickley's House

THE CRAFTSMAN

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- Groups of Bronzes, Lamps, Pottery, Examples of Leather-Work and Three Memorial Windows Leather-Covered Doors

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Foreword



THE CRAFTSMAN for December presents an article upon L'Art Nouveau, by Professor A. D. F. Hamlin of Columbia University. This paper will prove of great value to those who are interested in the modern impulse of which it treats; as it clearly and succinctly defines an elusive subject. It is no plea for or against a movement which, while it has raised up fervent adherents, has also excited the most bitter opposition and criticism. The paper is a plain statement of facts made without prejudice and with the intention of correcting error and of diffusing real knowledge. It is confined to the consideration of a single art—architecture,—but as it is through this medium that the aesthetic impulse—or, in the belief of many—that the very spirit of an age best expresses itself, the definition of L'Art Nouveau here given may be accepted as one which affects and includes the sister and the lesser arts.

By the admission of the novelette which appears in the present issue, an innovation has been made, which, if it shall prove successful, will become an occasional, although always subordinate feature of the Magazine: the requisites for the acceptance of any work of fiction being shortness, purity of style and thought, and, above all, the treatment of an artistic subject. "The Fatal Hand," as combining these essentials, is here offered in translation from the original, which was taken from "Le Magasin Pittoresque," a French periodical whose anonymous stories and articles are written by the best authors of the time. The novelette is an episode in the life of a young man who, although unusually gifted, misapprehended and despised his own powers: bringing suffering and sorrow upon himself and his kindred, until he realized the general truth that the nearest and simplest things contain the secret of success and the touchstone of happiness.

The article by Mr. Samuel Howe describing the residence of Mr. Stickley, founder of The United Crafts and of The Craftsman, will be appreciated by makers of homes and by those seeking to produce, with simple materials simply treated, interiors which shall meet the requirements of the test proposed by William Morris,

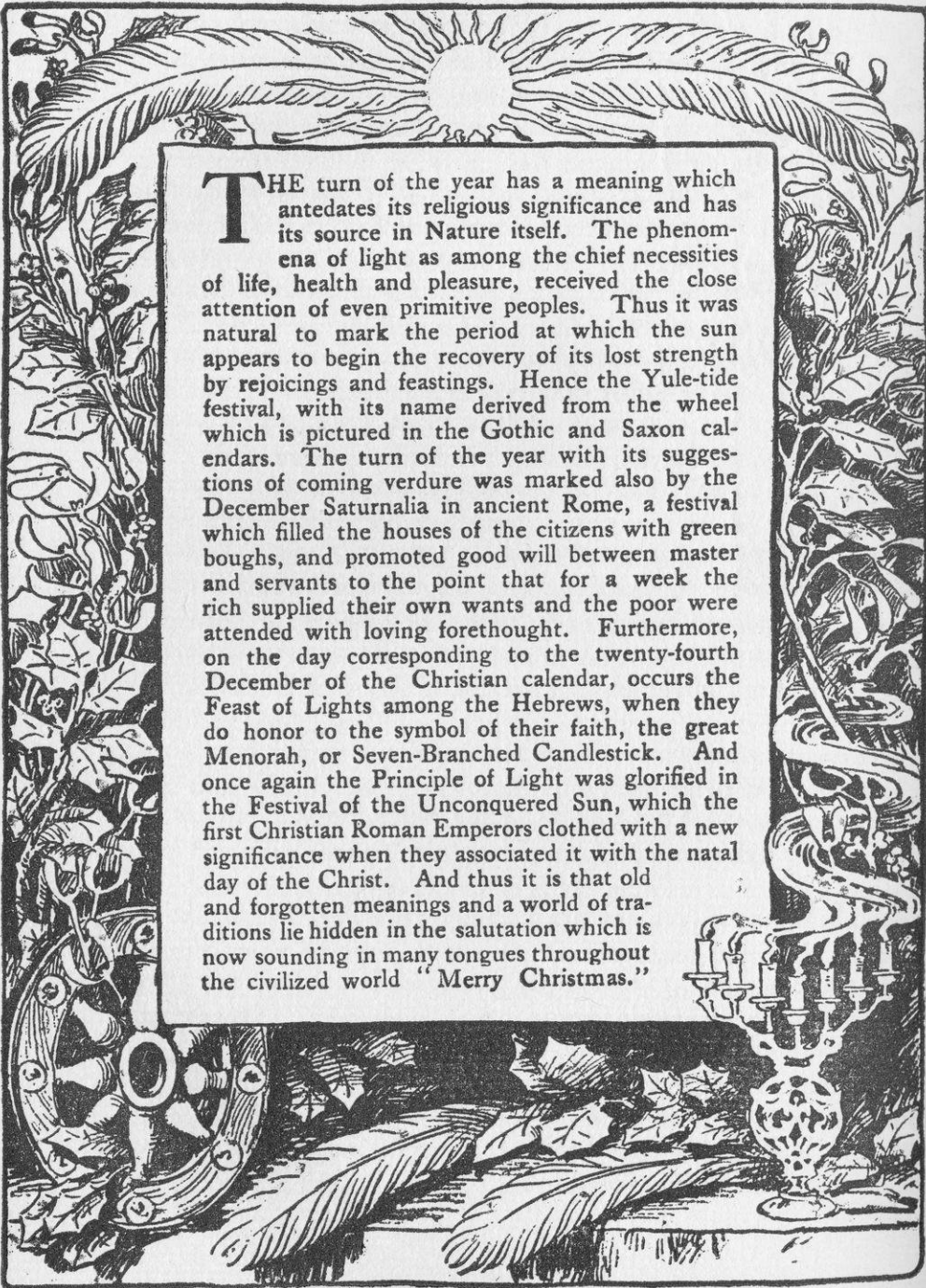
Foreword

when he said: "Have nothing in your dwellings which you do not know to be useful or believe to be ornamental."

A paper upon stained glass by Mr. Otto Heinigke of New York, a practical worker in that medium, offers information which will prove valuable to a wide public, at a time when religious, civic and educational bodies are so active in building enterprises. The plea of the writer for honest workmanship based upon examples chosen from the arts of the Middle Ages deserves that attention which translates itself into action. Mr. Heinigke desires by proper provisions of leading and other devices to ensure for the stained glass of our own time a durability equal to that of the windows of certain European cathedrals and churches which have withstood for centuries the attacks of the elements.

A suggestion from Mr. Henry W. Belknap, contained in his short paper, "The Revival of the Craftsman," is worthy of remark as offering a somewhat novel, although feasible and educative scheme: that of making the merchant's shop, to some degree, the adjunct of the art museum and of the art school. Closely connected with this article is a second short paper by Miss Louise M. McLaughlin, the Cincinnati potter, who gives interesting notes upon the origin and development of her specialty, the beautiful Losanti ware.

In the present issue *The Craftsman* opens a supplementary department of book reviews and art criticisms in which it is purposed to notice the more important publications and exhibitions which come within the limits of its scope and interests.



THE turn of the year has a meaning which antedates its religious significance and has its source in Nature itself. The phenomena of light as among the chief necessities of life, health and pleasure, received the close attention of even primitive peoples. Thus it was natural to mark the period at which the sun appears to begin the recovery of its lost strength by rejoicings and feastings. Hence the Yule-tide festival, with its name derived from the wheel which is pictured in the Gothic and Saxon calendars. The turn of the year with its suggestions of coming verdure was marked also by the December Saturnalia in ancient Rome, a festival which filled the houses of the citizens with green boughs, and promoted good will between master and servants to the point that for a week the rich supplied their own wants and the poor were attended with loving forethought. Furthermore, on the day corresponding to the twenty-fourth December of the Christian calendar, occurs the Feast of Lights among the Hebrews, when they do honor to the symbol of their faith, the great Menorah, or Seven-Branched Candlestick. And once again the Principle of Light was glorified in the Festival of the Unconquered Sun, which the first Christian Roman Emperors clothed with a new significance when they associated it with the natal day of the Christ. And thus it is that old and forgotten meanings and a world of traditions lie hidden in the salutation which is now sounding in many tongues throughout the civilized world "Merry Christmas."



L'Art Nouveau, Its Origin and Development

A. D. F. Hamlin



'ART Nouveau," or "L'Art Moderne," as it is sometimes called, is the name of a movement, not of a style. It has come into use within the past four or five years to designate a great variety of forms and developments of decorative design, which have in common little except an underlying character of protest against the traditional and the commonplace. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to frame any definition or statement of the principles, the aims, or the characteristics of this movement which would apply equally to all its productions, and among its apostles and advocates there are men whose opposition or contempt for one another's ideas is only surpassed by their common hatred of the historic styles. L'Art

Nouveau is, therefore, chiefly a negative movement: a movement away from a fixed point, not toward one; and its tendencies are for the present, as in all movements of protest or secession in their early stages, divergent and separative. Whether in the process of time these divergent tendencies will again converge towards a single goal; whether the heterogeneous ideas and conceptions that now find shelter under this broad name of the New Art will blend and crystallize into harmonious form under the compulsion of some controlling force not yet manifest,—this cannot be predicted. But upon the answer to this query must depend the permanence of the movement. It must acquire and represent positive principles, it must point toward a single, recognizable goal, if it is to live. Protest unsupported by affirmative purpose is short lived. Mere negation means final extinction.

The phenomenon of protest in art is almost as old as art itself, but has manifested itself with especial frequency since the Renaissance, because the Renaissance was itself a triumph of protest against ecclesiasticism and mediævalism; and it firmly established in the

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human consciousness the individual right to question, to protest, and to secede. The architecture of Palmyra and Baalbec, and the eccentricities of the architecture of Constantine's time were manifestations of the spirit of protest against the despotic domination of the old Roman imperial style.

Perhaps the most brilliant of all exhibitions of this spirit was that which found expression in the decorative style of the reign of Louis XV in France. Architecture had under Louis XIV been driven into the ruts, or pressed into the mold, of ancient Roman traditions: it had become grandiose, pretentious, formal and cold. Now, there have always existed in French decorative art two contending elements, which we may perhaps identify with the Latin and the Gallic or Celtic elements in the French character and people—the one classic, formal and academic, ruled by tradition and formulæ; the other romantic and imaginative, but always guided by real or fancied logic. In the Gallo-Roman period the first dominated; in the Middle Ages the second. In the Renaissance the two were in incessant strife, which alone explains the difficulty of characterizing the styles of the different reigns previous to Louis XIV. In his time—i. e., in the second half of the 17th century—the Latin element, the formal and classical, won a brief supremacy, but the romantic Celtic taste was not extinct. In the later years of that reign and under the Regency that followed, it broke all the bonds of classic precedent and academic tradition, in everything that pertained to the interior decoration of buildings, and drove the classic element out of doors. A curious fact resulted, of which the Hôtel Soubise is a fair illustration. The column and entablature reigned without; *within*, a riot of unfettered invention, of broken curves, shells, scrolls, palms, network, in capricious but effective protest against the monotony of right angles, semi-circles, dentils and modillions, columns and entablatures. It was emphatically an *art nouveau*; but it was an art which speedily established its own formulæ, developed its own forms and principles positively and not by mere negation of precedent, and so acquired a hold upon popular taste whose strength is evidenced by its spread into Germany and Austria, and its recent revival in

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France. The Asam house in Munich, a work of the 18th century, illustrates how completely the designers of that time succeeded in throwing off the shackles of classic precedent, and in substituting for it the creations of an almost unfettered fancy.

The same spirit again asserted itself in the highly personal style of the three men who, from 1828 to '48, sought to infuse into the pompous inanity of the official Roman-Beaux-Arts architecture something of the grace and charm of Greek art: I mean Duc, Duban and Labrouste. We call their work *Néo-Grec*: but Greek it is not in any sense or degree. It is personal and individual; not the fruit of a general movement. These men rejected all the commonly accepted formulæ of official architecture, and sought expression in a somewhat flat, dry style of design whose chief merit is less its novelty than its refinement of detail. But if it brought in no new style, it strongly affected the old, and French architecture and architects—Visconti, Lefuel, Garnier, Vaudremer—were better for its influence.

The present movement springs from like causes with those I have sketched. It represents anew the search for novelty, the weariness with whatever is trite and commonplace. While many of its roots can be traced to England, its chief growth has been in France (or rather in Paris), with offshoots in Belgium, Germany and Austria (or rather Vienna). It is in France that the domination of academicism in architecture has been most complete and most keenly felt; and it is the vivacious, impulsive, artistic, inventive French nature that has most vigorously risen to the task of originating new things in place of the old. The spread of the movement to Belgium and Germany is no strange thing. France exercised a powerful influence over these two countries in the domain of architectural style in the Middle Ages; while in the art of both these countries there has always been an element of taste for the eccentric and *outré*, for what is novel and clever, to which the French innovations were sure to appeal. In England, the movement has been partly spontaneous or indigenous, springing from seeds sown by William Morris and other artistic reformers from the Preraphaelites down: partly a reflection of the French ac-

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tivity. Vienna caught the fever partly from Germany, partly from Paris; and has promptly proceeded to the utmost extremes in the path in which the others have started. It has become a fad in the Austrian capital.

The history of the genesis and growth of the Art Nouveau must be sought in the magazines of art. What little I can tell you about it has been derived from the pages of the *Revue des Arts Décoratifs*, the *Architektonische Rundschau*, *Deutsche Bauzeitung*, the *Studio*, and other like publications. It is interesting to note the progress of the movement, at first slow and then gathering strength and speed, as one turns the pages of these magazines, from the early nineties down to the present date. Here and there in the remoter numbers, we encounter individual works, strongly personal, which express the protest against the trammels of the conventional. Later on, they became more frequent: certain artists begin to find themselves, as it were. Their style takes shape and asserts itself, attracts attention and discussion. The number of these men increases; they begin to form groups and coteries: they inaugurate propagandas and organize expositions, and the pages of the magazines are filled with their works. The movement is launched: its disciples and imitators multiply, and it spreads from land to land, invades the art-schools, and manifests itself in widely diverse fields. But it is not till 1895 that the movement takes to itself a name, and is fairly recognized under the title of L'Art Nouveau. The earliest example I have discovered of the use of this term does not, however, refer to this movement or to French art at all. It occurs in a letter by V. Champier, in 1893, from Chicago to the *Revue des Arts Décoratifs*, in reference to the exhibit of Whiting, the silversmith, especially of his spoons. "Outside of this interpretation of Nature, Whiting," he says, "shows that he has offered sacrifice to this '*style nouveau*' derived from India, and baptized 'Saracenic' by its creator, Mr. Moore, one of the art directors of the Tiffany establishment." Again, after referring to the bronze doors of the Getty Mausoleum by Louis H. Sullivan, and to Tiffany & Co.'s work, he speaks of "the impression of the very new and very personal art of the Americans." And

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many of us remember the extraordinary enthusiasm with which our French visitors hailed the originality of conception and novelty of detail of Adler and Sullivan's Transportation Building, and of the naturalistic decoration of the Fisheries Building at the Columbian Exposition, as evidence that a new note had been struck in this eminently western phase of architectural art.

For the earliest manifestations in Europe of the particular phase of the movement of protest in art which has developed into the Art Nouveau of to-day, we may go back to the works of such individualists and secessionists as Manet among the painters and Rodin among the sculptors: men with fervid imaginations and strong wills, impatient of the accepted formulæ, the conventional standards of their time in art. Not, however, until the early nineties did the same spirit assert itself in the decorative arts. In 1891, I find in the *Revue des Arts Décoratifs* these expressions in an article on the extraordinary mural decorations on the exterior of the "Samaritaine" dry goods store:

"To-day an official teaching, narrow and sectarian, obliges the youth to draw his inspiration solely from Greece and Italy."—"Our cities are sinking into colorless commonplace"—"this fetishism of ancient formulas."—"In Paris the manufacture of façades tends to become a pure industry."—"Break the old molds."—"In this path of innovation M. Toché has just made an interesting experiment which might bring about a revolution in the fashion of external decoration of buildings."

As yet, however, such outbreaks of individualism were sporadic. It has always seemed to me that what first gave vogue to this sort of originality was the poster-work of Chéret and Grasset and their lesser followers. Characterized as these were by brilliant imagination, masterly drawing, and admirable color-effects, borrowing suggestions from Japanese art, and from any and every source of inspiration, and always supremely decorative, they broke the supremacy of conventional standards in popular favor, and revealed the possibility of doing in decorative design something like what Wagner had achieved in music. Both Chéret and Grasset carried their ideas, so brilliantly advertised by their posters, into

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the domain of industrial art, and produced in stained glass, in lava enamel, in iron and silver, works of surprising boldness of design and effectiveness of execution. They were accompanied and followed by others who have since achieved distinction in those lines: Auguste Delaherche, especially distinguished in ceramic work, Emile Gallé of Nancy, Chaplet, and others. Thus in the *Revue* for 1893 I find illustrated a carved, veneered and inlaid dresser by Gallé, exhibited in the Secessionist or Champs de Mars Salon, which displays a curiously eclectic combination of Louis XV lines, rustic work, and natural forms semi-conventionalized after the Japanese fashion.

It was, I think, in the same year that the young "Société d'Encouragement à l'Art et l'Industrie" held its first competition for prizes in industrial decorative art. The establishment of such arts-and-crafts societies and the holding of public exhibitions and prize-competitions (Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs, first in 1898) were necessary steps in the developing of any concerted or general movement for reform in design. The subject of the competition was a reliquary or triptych for a precious object: the first prize went to a M. Doutreligne, a student in the National School of Art at Roubaix. This appears to have been the first of many such exhibitions and competitions the fruit of and the stimulus to the progress of the new taste in Paris and in other French cities. Meanwhile, the Arts and Crafts movement had become established in England, which both stimulated the French and German movements and was reacted upon by them. In 1894 I note in my memoranda among works exhibited in Paris in the new taste, a music room by Karbowski, a fine wrought-iron knocker, a superb silver tea-urn and lamp in silver, the last work of Chéret in *orfèvrerie*, a fireplace front in faïence by Delaherche, and cabinet-work by Sandier (the same who was François Millet's friend and was for some years associated with Russell Sturgis in New York), marked by refined taste and originality in designs thoroughly personal and novel. In this year also Jean Damppt first appears conspicuously in the pages of the *Revue* in articles of furniture of great originality and elegance.

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By the year 1895 this Secessionist movement, this protest against worn-out formulæ, had become so general and pervasive as to receive a name. No ceremonies attended its christening—the name simply dropped on it from a thousand pens and ten thousand lips, and naturally—for its products were works of art, and the style was new, and had become a subject of general discussion. Charles Génuys, himself a graduate of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and a winner of the Prize of Rome, discusses the movement under its now accepted name in the *Révue* in that year. I cannot forbear quoting from this article, entitled “La Recherche de l'Art Nouveau:” “The partisans of the new art,” he says, “affirm that our age possesses no characteristic art. They would make a *tabula rasa* of the past, even to denying it absolutely and striving to obliterate it from their memory.” “Individualism,” he declares, “is perhaps the most notable fact of our epoch.”

“Can the sentiment of personality, in art as elsewhere, and the conditions of *originality at all costs* imposed on artists, lead to the development of a true and characteristic style, . . . capable of application to all branches of art, through the pursuit of a common ideal?” He thinks the conditions unfavorable, and that “if we possess a style which we fail to recognize because too near it, it is a style whose characteristic it is to have no character.” “It must be so.” “Art expresses to-day the lack of unity, the moral disquiet common to all transitional periods, which dominate both the time and the environment.” But art must go right on; the future result may not be what we want, but whatever it is, we cannot alter the movement now.

Génuys's prophecies, as we see, were not optimistic. Himself a seceder from beaten paths, he saw little hope of unity in the new developments. His own inclinations were toward a direct recourse to Nature, as in the mantel-piece exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900; for in Nature we have a universal and ever varied yet ever uniform creation of beautiful forms. Two years later he exclaims, “Soyons français! Should we not fling this cry at our artists, now that, after several years of servitude to English art and its derivatives, we are threatened by

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an invasion of Belgian art?" The English, he tells us, enjoy Nature in one way, the French in another. "The Belgians, on the other hand, have discovered—and we are listening to them—that Nature is exhausted, that she has inspired enough artists. . . . Therefore, if we wish to be 'new,' no more Nature—no more healthy emotions! . . . No, now in order to pretend to originality, our works must resemble nothing at all." He cannot be sufficiently bitter in satirizing the lack of imagination or the "impotent and anaemic" imagination of these Belgian advocates of the fantastic and the *outré*.

During the next six years, the number of professed disciples of the new art increased rapidly. The revolt from tradition became more general, and produced many extraordinary results. In architecture a mixture of Louis XV details with incongruous and non-descript forms began to find a certain vogue. One of the most unhappy products of this tendency was the N. Y. Life Building in Paris, the work of my former atelier-mate, Goustiaux. Of this building Frantz Jourdain says: "It presents all the symptoms of the disease by which all our contemporary artists have been smitten." "Three instruments, playing at once 'Vive Henri IV,' 'Partant pour la Syrie,' and the 'Marseillaise,' could not have produced a more horrible cacophony"—than this jumble of ill-assorted reminiscences of half a dozen styles clumsily travestied. The same tendency reached its highest expression in the Exposition buildings of 1900, in which there was so much that was charming in detail, mingled with so much that was extravagant and senseless. Its amazing cleverness no one can deny, and this reached its culmination in the Electric Palace, by Hénard and Alméras. The same critic characterizes the Exposition as "an orgy of staff," "a salad of palaces."

In this exposition there was a special pavilion of the New Art. While the Pavillon Bleu, by A. Dulong, displayed the extreme limit of eccentricity of design, L. Sortais's "Pavillon de l'Enseignement des Lettres et des Arts" was not far inferior to it in singularity of conception, though far more rational in construction. In the Grand Palais there was an iron staircase by Louvet, which represents the new art in one of its happiest developments.

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The conspicuous names in these later developments are many; I can only name a few. Besides Grasset, Delaherche, and Gallé, Sortais and Louvet and Jean Damp, already mentioned, there are Alex. Charpentier, Majorelle, G. de Feure, Moreau Vautier and E. Gaillard, in furniture; Henri Sauvage, famous for his decorations in the Café de Paris; Bigaux, the designer of the Salon Moderne, Moreau Vauthier, Felix Aubert, Henri Nocq, Charles Plumet.

The three last named, with Alex. Charpentier and Jean Damp, formed an Arts and Crafts group which held its first exhibition in 1897. These were all men of marked originality, whose only formula of art was expressed in two sections, as follows:

1. The form of a work of art, destined to a given use, should always express (affirm) it and the function of the work.
2. The material employed, being by nature subject to certain rules of special manipulation, should never affect an aspect in contradiction to its own nature.

These are old and familiar maxims: the only novelty was the consistency with which they were sought to be observed. I regret having no illustrations of their works.

The mention of Jean Damp carries us to Belgium, the land of his birth, in which the New Art easily found a congenial soil. Belgian decorative art has always been more or less riotous and unconventional. As far back as 1887 the "Fountain of the Legend of Antwerp," by Jef Lambeaux, in bronze, in the great square of that city, and later his relief of the Human Passions, displayed the talent of a man gifted with a turbulent imagination and great powers of expression. As already observed, the New Art, or as it is there called the "Libre Esthétique," ignored Nature generally, and sought in fantastic curves, that is, in the movement of *lines*, the secret of aesthetic expression. While it never reached in Belgium the extreme of the bizarre which has found favor in Vienna, it must be confessed that its dependence upon line and curve, and avoidance of recourse to natural forms, have led to a striving for singular effects which are not by any means always pleasing. It displays conspicuously the development of a theory

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which makes individuality and novelty the supreme tests of excellence, relegating intrinsic beauty of form to a secondary plane or denying entirely its existence. "Vigor," "naïveté," the "personal note," "originality"—these are the passwords of the Free Aestheticians in Belgium. Thus Sander Pierron says: "The most naïve, the most vigorous works are those which most perfectly display the impress of that natural seal—the personality of a people or tribe—because they were executed outside of all external influence, free from every effort at imitation." "Ibsen says, 'the strongest man is the most isolated.'"

Victor Horta may be taken as the most noted of the Belgian architects of the new school. The house erected by him for the Baron von L. on the Rue Palmerston, is a fair sample of the product of his theories. It is a design in *charpente apparente*, an effort to design, as our theorists put it, "truthfully," or constructively. To us it seems thin and poor, destitute of elegance or domesticity. By contrast the Condict building in New York, which is quite as truthfully designed and as logical, is a vastly more interesting building, not for its size, but for its general design and detail. Yet it was never put forth as a specimen of the New Art. It simply shows that Mr. Sullivan, whose design was as personal and as novel as M. Horta's, and more elegant, has been doing "new art" in America for years without making any fuss about it. A window by Horta in the Hôtel Communal at Uccle, is far more successful, because more imaginative and more appropriate. Of Horta's work Pierron says, in the same article quoted above from the *Revue*: "The influence of the curved line in decorative art, iron work and furniture, has had in Belgium a tremendous vogue; but what is in M. Horta's work careful and studied, becomes in other works awkward and merely fanciful." In the industrial arts and in minor sculpture Philippe Wolfers is the leading spirit. A sculptor can hardly help turning to nature for inspiration: his vases in crystal and silver are good illustrations of the decorative resource and fertility of invention which he has displayed in an extraordinary variety of works in jewelry and minor sculpture. In Germany, Darmstadt appears to be the center of greatest activ-

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ity of the new school. Here there exists a colony of artists who have designed and furnished their own houses. Profs. J. M. Olbrich and Peter Behrens are the leaders among them, and Olbrich's house, illustrates the style, so far as there is anything that can be called a definite style in their work. Of Olbrich's work the *Studio* (Nov. 11, 1901) says that it is marked by "plenitude of ideas and fancies;" that "he utilizes an artistic idea to its last shreds," and that herein lies the chief fault in his manner, which, in another place, seems to "lack repose." The furniture in this colony, all strikingly novel, seems to the comfort-loving American singularly ungraceful, stiff and uncomfortable. There is, as it seems to me, a notable lack of ease and domesticity in the interiors of these houses; its place is taken by an affectation of naïveté and originality which is tiresome in the end. I cannot help comparing with it a simple American house at Lake Forest, Ill., by H. Van D. Shaw, likewise built for its designer. It is equally straightforward, but less ostentatious and affected, and inclines one to query whether we do not here already possess, as the result of a natural process of evolution, responding to national conditions, what is being sought for with much blowing of trumpets and hard labor in the Old World. And what shall we say of the resting room in the New Art exhibition at Dresden, by Prof. Gussmann? Can it be called charming, or is it merely eccentric? I think we turn with pleasure from it to such quiet and unostentatious work as the New Theater at Meran by Martin Dülfer, and to the interesting iron-work of the new elevated railway in Berlin, a model for American engineers to study, with its admirable structural lines and its sane and elegant combinations of cast and wrought iron details. Even more elegant, and thoroughly charming, is a tomb by Eisenlohr and Weigle, in the Pragfriedhof at Stuttgart. Until quite recently the Arts and Crafts movement progressed but slowly in Germany. German critics complained of the German neglect of the common and minor objects of daily use. Furniture was, and it still is to a considerable extent, pretentiously Renaissance in style or affectedly Old German. But the votaries of the "Arts and Crafts" are steadily and rapidly increas-

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ing, both in numbers and in influence, and there are, besides the Darmstadt professors, many men like Bruno Paul and Robert Macco, whose work in furniture, ceramics, jewelry, metal-work and textile design bears the impress of originality and imagination.

Vienna is German except where it is Magyar, and Vienna is a city of fashions and fads. To what extent the blending of Magyar exuberance with German love of the fantastic accounts for the eccentricities of the New Art in Vienna I do not pretend to say. But it is certain that the movement has been carried by the Viennese Secessionists to the furthest limits of singularity and extravagance. The tortuous line and the absolute rejection of everything that could by the extremest stretch of language be called classic or traditional, have here produced results so extraordinary that one is tempted to ask what has been gained by the process? If novelty alone is the aim of art, these Austrian secessionists have mastered the secret of art, and if singularity is a merit, these are works of remarkable excellence. But if beauty, grace, harmony and repose and the charm of refinement are wanted, these are not the works in which to look for them.

In marked contrast to these strange conceptions, the works of Otto Wagner display always the influence of a highly-trained taste, rarely or never at fault, and always controlled by a well-balanced judgment, thoroughly disciplined by years of practice in the use of classic forms.

Gustave Geffroy, a French writer in the *Revue* in 1900 (?), attributes to English influence in large measure the artistic reform in France. "To England," he says, "we were in part—let us frankly admit it—indebted for the salutary revolution whose excellent effects we are now experiencing." It is perhaps true that the artistic industries of Lewis and of William Morris were the first organized protest of our own times against the bondage of tradition in decorative and industrial art, and that out of them grew that general and healthy reaction which in recent years has found fuller expression in the Arts and Crafts movement and all allied activities. In England the New Art has only to a slight degree invaded

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architecture. The Horniman Free Museum at Forest Hill, London, built by C. Harrison Townsend, to display the art treasures collected by F. J. Horniman, Esq., M. P., represents the quiet and conservative way in which the principles of the New Art are applied to buildings in England. For the most part the New Art propaganda in England has been carried on, so far as I can ascertain, by the schools of industrial and decorative art, the Arts and Crafts Societies, and the art magazines like the *Studio*. It appears to have been more popular, more widely pervasive in England than anywhere else, but by the same token, perhaps by reason of its greater spontaneity, less freakish and extreme. We might cite C. F. A. Voysey and C. H. Townsend among the architects, and F. Anning Bell, Derwent Wood, G. M. Ellwood and Frank Brangwyn among the craftsmen, as conspicuous leaders in the movement. But every provincial art school is a center and focus of its activity, and from Leeds and Sheffield, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow are turned out every month thousands of clever designs in which flowers and figures and the inevitable "New Art curve" are blended in doylies, book covers, title pages, book-plates and what-not. Every exhibition of Arts and Crafts leagues shows the personal and independent note, as well as the mannerisms of the new movement: in works not always intensely interesting, sometimes imitative of Belgian and French eccentricities, but rarely compelling notice by extreme singularity. On the whole, it can hardly be denied that the New Art has in a quiet way more deeply affected the popular taste in England than anywhere else in Europe, because more sane and moderate, and that it has done much to attract the attention and to stimulate the zeal of European art reformers.

If we were to sum up briefly the tendencies and achievements of the New Art movement in Europe, I think it would be fair to say that it has been least successful in architecture, and that in this art its best works have been those which are the most conservative. Curiously enough, these are to be found chiefly in England and Austria. In France, the devotion to "logique" at all costs, even if at the cost of beauty, has led the adherents of the Art Nouveau into

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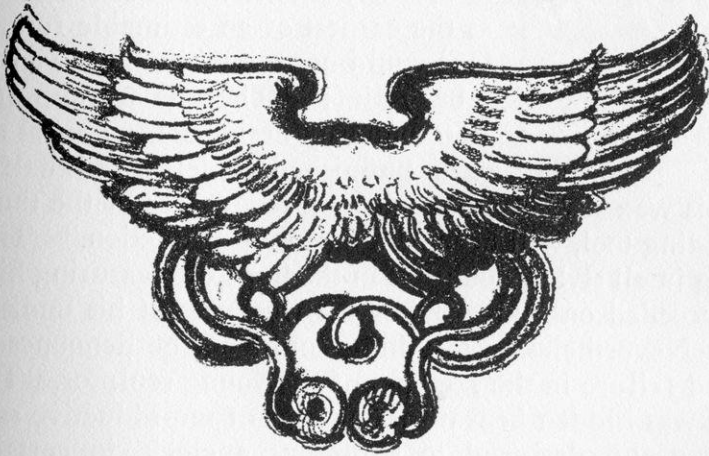
extraordinary atrocities. The Castel Béranger by Hector Guimard, a professor in the National School of Decorative Arts at Paris, is a jumble of incoherent motives without grace or harmony. It reminds us of certain atrocities in Philadelphia which the Architectural Record has been wont to illustrate and castigate as "Architectural Aberrations." If this is the matured fruit in architecture of the Art Nouveau, heaven defend our country from the sowing of that seed here! No, the successes of the movement have been rather in the field of what we call industrial design, and they have been successful in proportion as the element of fancy or caprice has been admissible. Interior architectural decoration demands subjection to structural lines and a certain repose and harmony which suffer when caprice is unrestrained. Furniture is more amenable to varied and individual treatment: still more so utensils, tableware, *orfèvrerie* and jewelry. It is in furniture and cabinet work that the new art has asserted itself most aggressively, because in these its personal caprices are most conspicuous by reason of their conflict with tradition, and yet not offensive as they are apt to appear in the more severely limited field of architecture. Thus in the doorway by Bigaux, from the Salle Moderne at the Exposition of 1900, the loop which encloses the doorway and the V-shaped wainscot panels are pure caprice; directly violating the demands of structural form and of repose, and yet in a certain sense amusing, and rendered elegant by the fineness of the accompanying detail. The same is true of a buffet by E. Gaillard, another Parisian. It is Japanese, Louis Quinze and New Art curvilinear, all in one—personal, capricious, eccentric, and obviously impossible to harmonize with any room or architecture or decoration less eccentric and tortuous than itself. And yet a certain elegance of finish and grace of detail appear through all the fantastic movement and restlessness of this design. In all this work there seem to be two conflicting tendencies: one toward Nature, toward floral and animal forms, as the true source of inspiration; the other toward pure fancy expressing itself in restless movement and fantastic curves. The careful study of the nature of the material, and regard for its special physical qualities

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in manipulating it, receive more attention in England, under the Arts and Crafts influence, than in France or Germany, except in the handling of architectural iron-work.

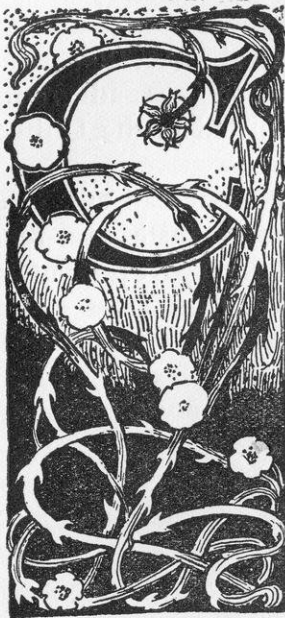
I cannot close without calling attention anew to the fact that what is in Europe a new propaganda, with a name, organs, adherents and apostles, has in fact and substance long existed in the United States.

What will be the future of the movement? No one can tell. So far as it responds to a true undercurrent of public taste, to a real demand of the multitude, its effects must be lasting. At present, it is largely personal, an art of individuals and coteries.



I

TWO ARTISTS



CONFUSION prevailed in the studio of the young sculptor, Maurice Leroy. Not alone that disorder distasteful to the eye which results from carelessness and idleness. But a moral disorder, so to speak: since it revealed the inconstancy of a morbid imagination, rather than the imperious need of varying work, in order to obey a rapid succession of sudden fruitful inspirations. The impression gained from a visit to this studio was an indefinite sense of discomfort. Amid a multitude of abortive attempts one failed to find any sketch which could be received as the earnest of an estimable future work. One could not say while noting an idea for a bas-relief: "There is a group of figures harmoniously designed!" Nor at the sight of an unfinished model: "This half-formed

clay, this wax scarcely touched by a few marks of the thumb and the molding tool, will become a figure of distinction." The artist, working in all styles, doubtless in the hope of measuring his forces, had succeeded only in proving the weakness of his undisciplined fancy. Nevertheless, everything could not be denounced as unqualified failure in the sketches of the young sculptor. The atom of gold was hidden beneath mountains of unproductive sand. In a little group designed to surmount a clock, in certain great plaster vases of a strong decorative effect which had been purposely and laboriously given to them, the trained eye recognized the natural tendency of the designer toward the practical and commercial value of industrial art.

In the disorder of the studio, in the distressing lack of taste and arrangement of the dwelling, one discovered that its occupant was unhappy, and that, pressed to the point of poverty, he was still further deprived of that spring of activity and inspiration which

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sustains the artist and aids him to develop. The fatal hour of doubt and discouragement had struck for Maurice Leroy, and the great room, lighted by the pale, dull January sun, and in which cold seized the visitor if he did but glance into it,—this room was the faithful image of the sadness which filled the soul of the young sculptor, when he compared the reality of his lost illusions with the dream of his brilliant hopes.

Pierre Leroy, his father, before his marriage with Catherine Baudoyer—she who was later to become the mother of Maurice—was already an excellent artisan, working hard as a wheelwright in his native village. An enemy of the tavern, he enjoyed wine only when he drank it at home, surrounded by his family. If the fire of the forge caused him serious thirst, he drew a pitcher of water at the fountain. Then, he returned to his work with a clear head and a joyous heart. His exemplary conduct was occasionally the subject of mockery among the young men of his own age. But the esteem of older people repaid him for their derision. One of the richest agriculturists of the region came one day to the young workman to have him mend a broken cart-wheel. And while the forge stood aflame, while the bar of iron grew red, and the workman, with vigorous blows, struck sparks from the incandescent metal, the farmer questioned Pierre Leroy upon his income, his savings and his plans for the future. When the broken wheel was repaired and again in place, the older man thanked the skilful smith, saying to him: "Good-bye, my boy, we shall settle our account next market-day!"

As then agreed, on the following Saturday, the farmer brought the sum due the smith and invited him to pass the following day on his property, that he might examine the farm implements and make note of the repairs needed. The appointed Sunday was one of those lovely days in June, when the earth seems more fruitful, the hedges more blooming than ever before, and when the song of the birds inspires within us songs which, though voiceless, yet make sweet, entrancing harmonies. Greeted cordially by the farmer, Pierre Leroy saw a beautiful girl of some twenty years enter the large dining-room at meal-time; she had just returned

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from the village church and her sweet and serious face retained a reflection of her fervent prayers. During the dinner, Catherine Baudoyer anticipated the wants of her father and his guest, superintended the servants and fulfilled quietly and with dignity her duties as mistress of the house. The young smith, who was more touched by the gentleness of the girl than dazzled by her beauty, which was celebrated far and near, returned home in a reverie, and, for the first time in his life, found his house gloomy and much too large for him alone. A month later, the farmer, Joseph Baudoyer, returned to the forge. Accompanied by Pierre, he entered the small room in which the smith worked upon his accounts and received his orders. The two men remained closeted an hour: at the end of their consultation they came out together, the smith frankly radiant with happiness, the farmer striving to affect calmness, although he was visibly moved. Three weeks later the beautiful and modest heiress of the rich proprietor was given in marriage to the sturdy and laborious smith. The young husband and wife established themselves in one of the farm buildings to which the forge had been transferred, and for four years they enjoyed that happiness which springs from useful daily labor and domestic peace. The birth of a son added to their joy, which was destined to be of short duration. The child Maurice had just reached the age of three, when one day Pierre Leroy, his father, was brought home fatally injured and about to die. A victim of his devotion, the brave young man had been mortally wounded in trying to restrain a mad bull which had already thrown down several persons. Such was the pitiable state in which the infuriated animal had left him, after trampling him upon the ground, that his wife had scarcely time to bid him a last farewell and to incline the head of her child to receive his father's blessing.

The grief of Catherine Baudoyer was not one of those sorrows that are easily assuaged. It grew calm, but it never left her. Young, beautiful and rich, she devoted herself to her son and centered in him all her tenderness and hopes. The child, it must be confessed, justified this boundless affection. Gifted with a mild and

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docile temperament, intelligent and studious, he was the pride and joy of his maternal grandfather, while the village school-master affirmed that he would distinguish himself, if his relatives could resign themselves to a separation and send him to study at a college. When Maurice had reached his twelfth year, he wished to see and to learn; therefore, when in his presence, the school-master, acting in the interest of the child's glorious future, renewed the proposal to exile him for a time from the farm, Maurice, yielding to an impulse of ambition and curiosity, threw himself in the arms of his mother, crying:

"Yes, send me to college. I promise that I will become a learned man and do you honor."

At these words, the face of the grandfather darkened, while that of Catherine was flooded with tears; then, for a week, the old farmer and his daughter had frequent consultations; he advancing certain objections and fears; while she, in spite of the sorrow which rent her maternal heart at the thought of an approaching separation, had the courage to oppose the objections of the grandfather, and the force to overcome them.

In early childhood, Maurice already showed artistic talent which, if not remarkable, was, at least, singularly precocious. The salt-boxes and the wooden shoes that he carved, the horse-chestnuts that he cut into fanciful shapes, the nut-shells that he engraved with the point of a knife, were the admiration of his family and his neighbors; and naturally these sketches were regarded as sure indications of a vocation. Therefore, it was arranged with the director of the provincial college chosen, that the boy's aptitude for the plastic arts should be developed by a serious study of drawing. An Italian cast-maker of considerable skill living in the neighborhood of the college, taught the young student the use of the molding tool, and during the four years of his first scholastic studies in the provincial town, Maurice devoted his hours of recreation to working in clay, copying all the models which chance threw in his way. This period having elapsed, Maurice was eager to gain in the *Lycée* of the Department as many laurels as he had obtained in the modest college of his district. His grand-

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father and his mother dared not set obstacles in the way of an ambition which was, indeed, justified each year by the results of the final examinations. His success as a literary student did not diminish the fervor of his zeal for sculpture. His reputation became such as to call forth from the prefect himself the opinion that, for the honor of the Department, the family of Maurice Leroy ought to make a new sacrifice and send the future great artist to study in Paris. His mother listened to this decision as to the sentence of a magistrate. She had not foreseen in confiding the child to his first masters that to her mourning as a widow and a daughter she must needs add the sorrow of an indefinite separation from her child, that grief most dreaded by all mothers.

The death of Joseph Baudoyer left the mother of Maurice at the head of a great farm. As brave and skilful as she was, she felt the presence and counsel of a man necessary to her happiness and success. For a long time, she hoped that her son would come to occupy the vacant place. But when she realized that the return of Maurice to the farm would sterilize the many sacrifices already made for his education, and would reject him from the artistic career in which he was to distinguish himself, Catherine confronted the situation. Feeling her incompetence to direct without aid the diversified labors of the farm, she resigned herself to sell the lands upon which she had been reared, and which the young artist disdained. Although these lands were fertile and remunerative, the education of Maurice had been expensive. To accomplish it, loans had been made and, as a result of two exceptionally bad seasons, the interest upon these loans had become so heavy that the resources of the farm-mistress could no longer support it. Therefore, she paid all her indebtedness, and, one day, saying adieu to her village, set out for Paris. At the sight of his mother, Maurice felt a sudden impulse of child-like joy. But slowly his face darkened. He asked himself anxiously what appearance the peasant woman would make in his Parisian artist-interior, which her continual gifts had made almost luxurious. He pictured to himself the smile of his comrades, and grew dismayed at the thought of the constraint under which his good

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mother would labor on feeling herself out of place in the home of her son.

Catherine guessed, without doubt, the hidden thought of Maurice. For she hastened to say:

"I am coming near to you, my son; but I do not seek to change in any way your way of living. Then, too, I should suffocate in this great city in which people live with doors and windows closed, under ceilings so low that one feels crushed beneath them. I have need of fresh air, of seeing the country about me, of walking on the grass and moss, and of having nothing above my head while I wake but the foliage of the great trees. So, you will rent me a house near the woods, with a garden, and green hedges, and where you can come from time to time to embrace your mother and to console her for her great losses." The following day, Maurice made a visit to Barbizon, which he had long known; having lived there with some artist friends. He found a convenient, airy house which he rented at once. Limiting his alterations to the whitewashing of a large room, which he chose as his studio, he installed his mother within a short time in her new domicile, and promised her to transfer a portion of his work from Paris to the cottage. Close by lived another widow, Perrine Rabotte, with her daughter, a peculiar child whom Maurice, at his first residence in Barbizon, had fancifully called "Muguette;" a name which had clung to the girl and which had so well pleased her that she never failed on meeting the young man to salute him as "My dear god-father!"

Certain of having provided his mother with the resources of a good neighborhood, Maurice returned to his studio in a cheerful mood and set himself bravely to his tasks. He devoted himself solely to "grand art," and worked for the *prix de Rome*. He failed. Two other attempts equally fruitless did not destroy his belief in himself; but they led him to reason thus: "Academic rules are cords which strangle talent and prevent it from taking a bold flight; the artist gifted with originality who wishes to make a name, must free himself from the school traditions which paralyze genius." Strengthened by this argument, he began to work in all mediums and styles, that he might discover the means by which he was to make his great success.

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Catherine, like all mothers, confident of the future of her son, encouraged and sustained him; meeting his expenses with a generosity which grew more and more heroic as her annual income decreased. Little by little, during the three years that followed her installation in the cottage, she was forced to draw upon her slender capital and to reduce her personal expenses which were before so modest. But she counted as nothing the sacrifices which she took great care to conceal from the artist when he came to visit her at Barbizon. She feared lest by revealing to him her future poverty, she might turn him aside from the purpose which he fancied that he might attain. At the end of the three years, the object of his desires was no nearer than at the beginning.

In spite of the delicate silence of his mother, Maurice, who knew the amount of the funds realized by her from the sale of the farm, and remaining after the payment of her debts, began to ask himself how she had so long supplied the means for his costly life in Paris. Finding no solution of the problem except by sadly calculating the privations which she must have imposed upon herself, he was reproached by his conscience, which cried out to him: "The poor woman has ruined herself for you. Now it is for you to earn money for her." To earn money! That necessity, which had never before presented itself to him, overwhelmed and crushed him. The same day, hoping for a commission, he sought a bronze merchant who promised to visit his studio, but scarcely had he reached home when he repented of his act as an insult done to the dignity of art. One morning, as he struggled between filial duty and ambition, that is to say, between sound reason and guilty folly, a gentle knock at his studio door awakened him from his feverish meditations. He hesitated a moment before opening, asking himself if he were about to stand in the presence of the patron whom he regretted having solicited, or, what was much more probable, to confront an importunate creditor. The visitor having knocked again and more impatiently, Maurice decided to allow him entrance. A moment later he grasped the hands of a young man of smiling, open countenance: "Thank God!" he cried. "It is a friend!"

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"Could you have enemies, my dear Maurice?" replied the visitor. "Yes," continued the sculptor, "enemies of my peace. People who torment me with demands for money, when I almost want for the necessities of life; enemies of my future who would willingly profit by my poverty to offer me work unworthy of me, and who would force me to crawl in beaten paths, when I wish to open a new road and to walk in the free sunlight, and in all liberty. For instance," he added, indicating to his friend, Aurèle Morin, with a disdainful smile, a little sketch prepared for the expected visit of the bronze merchant, "they would dare to condemn me to execute little commercial things, like that model."

"Why not?" replied Aurèle; "it is very pretty and successful."

"That is one of those compliments that torture an artist," Maurice exclaimed with deep feeling.

"Truly, I can not understand you," continued the friend, gently.

"So, you would scorn an open and real success in order to follow an elusive dream. Is it indeed a disgrace to produce elegant terra-cottas, or exquisite miniature statues for commercial purposes? There is a certain way of considering and of ennobling everything. Furthermore, the public taste has lately made great progress. We no longer see drawing-room clocks surmounted by conventional shepherdesses or kneeling troubadours. Accurate reductions of the masterpieces of sculpture have inspired everywhere a feeling for true art, and I assure you that one can become a very sincere and much esteemed artist, without creating equestrian statues to people the public squares of provincial towns. Take me for an example! I shall never be an historical painter, and yet I know that I am an artist. I have my hours of inspiration and my joys as a creator of ideas; nevertheless, I restrict myself to the painting of birds. But if I have rendered in a transparent water-color the lightness of their plumage ruffled by the wind; if I have faithfully reproduced their little quivering heads half hidden beneath their wings; or yet again, the joyous flight of my tiny forest musicians, I am pleased with my efforts and count myself happy. Certainly, I shall never attain the honors of the Salon Carré; throngs of critics will never stop before my canvases

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to discuss the merits of my compositions. Men will perhaps scorn to glance at them. But children, young girls and women will greet them with a smile, and as a reward for not having vainly tried to reach a high place, I shall keep for myself the modest little corner that I have chosen for myself in the domain of art."

"Beneath the transparency of this confession, I discover advice," replied Maurice. "One can not more clearly say: 'Be an honest artisan, you, who could never make yourself more than a wretched artist!' But you do not realize, Aurèle, that under penalty of being an ungrateful son, my sense of gratitude sets before me the task of becoming great and celebrated."

Then, the young sculptor related to his friend all that his self-styled vocation had cost his mother, and ending, he added: "The failure of her resources has in no wise shaken her belief in my genius, her faith in my future. She still encourages me to continue. To kill this ingenuous faith would be a crime. I have then but two courses open to me: I must either make myself guilty of wicked ingratitude, or else create a masterpiece."

Aurèle reflected a moment. Then he answered: "Certainly it would be too cruel, after so many efforts to say to your mother: 'I have sacrificed my youth to the realization of an impossible ideal, and you have been a martyr to a lost cause!' After all," he continued, after a moment's silence, "failure in the past is not always the condemnation of the future. Necessity and despair have often inspired great things. After so many deceptions, perhaps there are necessary only a last sustained effort, a firmer will and a more persistent courage."

"That courage I shall have," said Maurice, earnestly. "But I have not the time in which to reveal myself clearly and fully. I must live, and I have already told you that my mother's means are exhausted."

The painter drew from his pocket a little portfolio, took from it a thousand franc note, and replying to the significant gesture of his friend, he said: "I shall not allow you to refuse it. I will lend it to your mother. Now, follow my advice! Leave Paris for Barbizon! Let your work be consecrated by the presence of

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your poor mother! If something beautiful and grand is to issue from your hands, be sure that it will be born from that pure atmosphere. Restored, strengthened by nature and by tenderness, you will doubtless find in yourself unsuspected vital forces. But if unfortunately they are destined to fail you, you will, at least, feel in this calm and healthful home greater courage to endure the final trial."

Maurice threw himself into the arms of Aurèle. "Ah!" he cried, "you are a friend, a true friend!"

"So, it is decided. You will go?"

"I will go to-morrow."

"In that case," remarked Aurèle, "I shall pay you a visit next week. I want to paint at Fontainebleau. For it is the season when the thrushes get tipsy upon the juniper berries."

II

THE STATUE

The residents of Barbizon, peasants and foreigners, colonists and natives, were astonished at the movement which had stirred for several weeks in the house of the widow Catherine Leroy. The worthy woman, ordinarily pale and sad, had regained her smile and was no longer entrenched in sorrow and silence. She spoke freely with her neighbors and to those who complimented her upon the happy change in her appearance and manner, she replied:

"My son has left Paris and has come home never again to leave me."

According to the promise which he had given Aurèle, Maurice had in reality deserted his studio on the Boulevard de Clichy. Resolved to make a final trial of his powers, he opened his Barbizon studio on the day following the interview already described. Throwing himself into his mother's arms, he confided to her his plan of beginning and finishing in her company the work which was to make him famous. Catherine immediately forgot her past sorrows, the loneliness which she had suffered and her financial ruin. She greeted her prodigal son with such an effusion of ten-

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derness that Maurice, all crushed and bruised as he was by the battle of life, felt himself purified and revived by her tender caresses.

During the first days devoted to the arrangement of the studio so long reserved for the young sculptor and which he had only visited at rare intervals, the principal care of the excellent mother was to select from her own belongings all that could make the new residence of her son comfortable and attractive. When she had experienced the joy of robbing herself to the farthest limit possible, Madame Catherine sent Muguette to gather armfuls of flowers to brighten the studio, where she had rolled her large arm-chair and spread her only rug.

The artist felt his courage rise; long strolls through the woods restored the vigor of his body and mind; the influence of his mother's tenderness inspired anew in him the loving impulsiveness of childhood. In this calm and solitary place he believed himself capable of producing a great work. And Catherine had an equal faith, because it was founded upon the words of her son repeated to her every hour of the day. The humble woman, who had never visited a museum, but whom the daily habit of prayer had familiarized with the images of saints, supposed in her ignorance that the mission of the sculptor was solely to render visible to the eyes of men the blessed inhabitants of Heaven. Therefore, she suggested that she would rejoice in seeing him execute for some fine church the statue of her patron saint. But Maurice was resolved to create an historic figure. After having sought and hesitated, he decided upon the treatment of a Vercingetorix into which he would throw all his knowledge and the whole power of his imagination. For a month he spent several hours daily in consulting books and studying plates of Roman and Gallic costumes of the period of Julius Caesar. Then, when he believed himself steeped in the picturesque portion of his work, when he had fortified himself against the danger of committing an anachronism, he modeled a statuette in wax, a foot in height. And truly, when it was finished, the little figure, firmly posed, had style and spirit. When it should be cast in bronze, it could not fail to become an ornament in the cabinet of some amateur.

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Maurice wrote, inviting Aurèle to examine his model, and the bird-painter responded without delay to the summons. Madame Catherine, informed by Maurice of the wise counsel and the fraternal loan which had preceded the removal of the studio to Barbizon, received her son's friend as if he had been her own child, insomuch that Aurèle, inspired with respect and sympathy, was upon the point of asking her if there were not in her house a habitable attic which she could place at his disposal.

After the first words of greeting, Madame Catherine retired to prepare the dinner, and Maurice led the painter into his studio. When shown the statuette, Aurèle gave it an approving glance.

"I congratulate you sincerely. It is really very good. To whom do you expect to deliver that?"

"Deliver it!" replied Maurice, somewhat taken aback by this singular praise of the miniature model of a work which he had conceived in heroic proportions. "Are you thinking of that? This is but a very much reduced model of my statue. As in the traditions of art, the stature of gods and heroes surpasses that of ordinary men, I judge that the height of the first hero of Gaul ought not to be less than two metres."

Aurèle became grave. "That is possible," he replied. "But it is to be regretted. For just as it is, this little figure is charming. I tremble lest your Vercingetorix six feet in height, appear forced and theatrical. The firmness of detail and the subtlety of expression can easily disappear in a big fellow larger than life-size. If I were you, I should not give him an inch more."

"Yes, and after that, you would condemn me to practice only microscopic art. Don't fear for my Vercingetorix, when he shall be enlarged! He will only grow prouder and more splendid. I wanted your advice upon my scheme. It is favorable and that is enough. Now let us take a stroll in the forest before dinner!"

At the moment when the two friends crossed the threshold of the studio, they found themselves face to face with a little girl of fourteen or fifteen years, delicately formed and somewhat bronzed by the sun; her hair fell upon her shoulders, and she was clothed in a white chemisette closed at the throat and belted by a short

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skirt of camelot. She wore no stockings and her sleeves were rolled above the elbow. She held with both hands a large jug filled with creamy milk, while from her left arm hung a basket of wild strawberries.

"I wager that this is Muguette!" cried Aurèle, who had often heard Maurice speak of her.

"Muguette in person," replied the latter. "My mother's chambermaid in wooden shoes: a courageous girl who does the work of two servants, on the farm of her mother, the widow Rabotte; she reads and writes better than the school-master, calculates like a mathematician and is without the foolish timidity of young girls of her age—"

"Thanks to you, my dear godfather;—you who have lent me books. And then, my uncle Sèmegrain, the curio-merchant, a man learned in all sorts of subjects, advises me to study, without counting your mother, neighbor Catherine, who also gives me lessons."

"Very well," said Aurèle. "Permit me, Muguette, to add my contribution of good advice to your varied education. You are no longer a little girl for whom it is becoming to run about the village without stockings, with twigs and leaves caught by chance in your hair. It is well to maintain order in one's brain; but on the condition that it is also kept in one's clothing." And, frowning, he added in a comic tone of reproach: "See, the fair savage! The wild lily of the valley!"

Muguette laughed for a moment; then suddenly she bowed her head and became thoughtful.

"Don't tease my godchild," warned Maurice, trying to lead Aurèle away. "If you make her sad, you will be punished for it. She will not show you one of the most charming sights that can be imagined."

"What sight?"

"The effect of the sympathy which she inspires in all the little beings that are your friends. Just as you see her, Muguette exerts an irresistible power over them. She is a charmer—a bird-charmer."

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"Is it true?" asked Aurèle. "You are loved by those that I cherish more than aught in the world, and I have been foolish enough to offend you. You are angry with me, aren't you? And you will refuse to display before me your talent as a bird-charmer?"

"I haven't said that," replied Muguette, smothering a heavy sigh; "on the contrary, I must repay you for the good lesson that you have taught me."

In speaking thus, the poor child had tears in her voice; but immediately having dried her tears, she continued: "You see that the wild lily of the valley has not a bad temper; if you wish to come into the clearing of the wood at nightfall, I shall be there as always at that hour, with my friends, the forest singers."

The appointment being thus made, Muguette entered Madame Catherine's cottage, to place on the dresser of the little dining-room her jug of cream and pour her basketful of berries into the salad bowl.

At the dinner hour, the two artists, having returned from their stroll among the rocks and beneath the great trees, took their places at the table which the widow had arranged in the garden. Their appetite did honor to the smoking omelette, the fresh cream and cheese, and the per-



The Fatal Hand

fumed strawberries; then, having smoked their after-dinner cigars, they returned to the studio, and while the sculptor flung great masses of modeling clay around the iron armature designed to support the weight of the future Vercingetorix, Aurèle drew from memory a flight of sparrows disputing over a wounded June-bug.

At twilight, accompanied by Madame Catherine, they went to the clearing in the forest. Muguette, who stood awaiting them a few steps distant, allowed them to go first. She carried a wicker basket. As soon as she had appeared, there flew from the depth of the thicket, from the tree-tops, from the tufts of high grass, a throng of birds, chattering, fluttering, alighting about her and expressing their joy in a thousand exquisite movements. Some of them perched upon her shoulders and arms. Others lightly stirred her hair by the motion of their wings which generated a soft and gentle breeze. At last, all flying about her head, formed, as it were, a great parasol of fluttering wings. Muguette talked, laughed and sang to animate their flight and song. Sometimes, wrapped about by their whirlwind, she danced with such grace and lightness that it was impossible to decide which was the swifter and more agile, the girl enthusiast, or the flock of tame birds.

At the voice of Perrine, calling her daughter home, the sport ceased suddenly. Muguette made a sign of command and the winged troupe took flight.

"Good-bye, dear godfather," said Muguette to Maurice; and addressing Aurèle, she said to him: "I thank you for your advice, sir; the wild lily of the valley will profit by it."

At the utterance of this last sentence, shot like an arrow into the air, the young girl turned and disappeared with the fleetness of a sylph.

The following day, Aurèle sketched from memory the scene which had occurred in the clearing.

"That will make a charming Salon picture for next year," exclaimed Maurice.

"That will be simply a graceful fan in the hand of an elegant woman this winter," replied Aurèle.

The Fatal Hand

The sculptor raised his shoulders with a characteristic movement of disdain.

"My dear friend," exclaimed the painter, "there will always be, whether you wish it or not, individuals of these two classes, the near-sighted and the far-sighted: those who see large and those who see small; you see large and at a distance, so much the better; as for myself, I have the misfortune to be near-sighted. I must have modest proportions and short distances. Everyone has his fate."

Two days later, Aurèle was preparing for his return to Paris, when a young girl, correctly dressed, with her blond hair confined beneath a muslin kerchief, wearing fine blue stockings and dainty shoes, made him a low curtsy and presented him a little wicker cage containing a pair of bullfinches and a pair of tomtits. The bird painter was forced to look narrowly at the beautiful donor before recognizing her.

"I told you indeed, sir, that the wild lily of the valley would profit by your counsels. In gratitude, I offer you in her name these little feathered creatures that, at her call, gaily flew into their narrow prison."

"I accept them, but on the condition that you will receive in exchange the drawing which represents you in your unbleached chemisette, with your hair floating, surrounded by our little friends, the birds."

"Willingly. Beside, I shall ask you to do me a favor."

"Twenty, of you wish, my child."

"Kindly take this letter, which I have just written, to my uncle Sèmegrain, the curio dealer of the *rue Drouot*. You will see beautiful things in his shop. Good-bye! When will you come again to Barbizon?"

"When Vercingetorix shall be entirely finished."

Although the approval given by Aurèle would have contained strictures alarming for any one save Maurice, the visit of the bird painter helped to maintain the sculptor's courage. If the optical sense was lacking in Aurèle, if he did not understand the grandeur of the work conceived by his friend, he appreciated at least the

The Fatal Hand

expression and the attitude of the Vercingetorix. The remainder was for the modeler to accomplish. He could certainly find in the vision of his genius the ideal head of the hero, and he had only to pose some robust peasant for the trunk, the arms and the legs of the valiant defender of Gallic liberty.

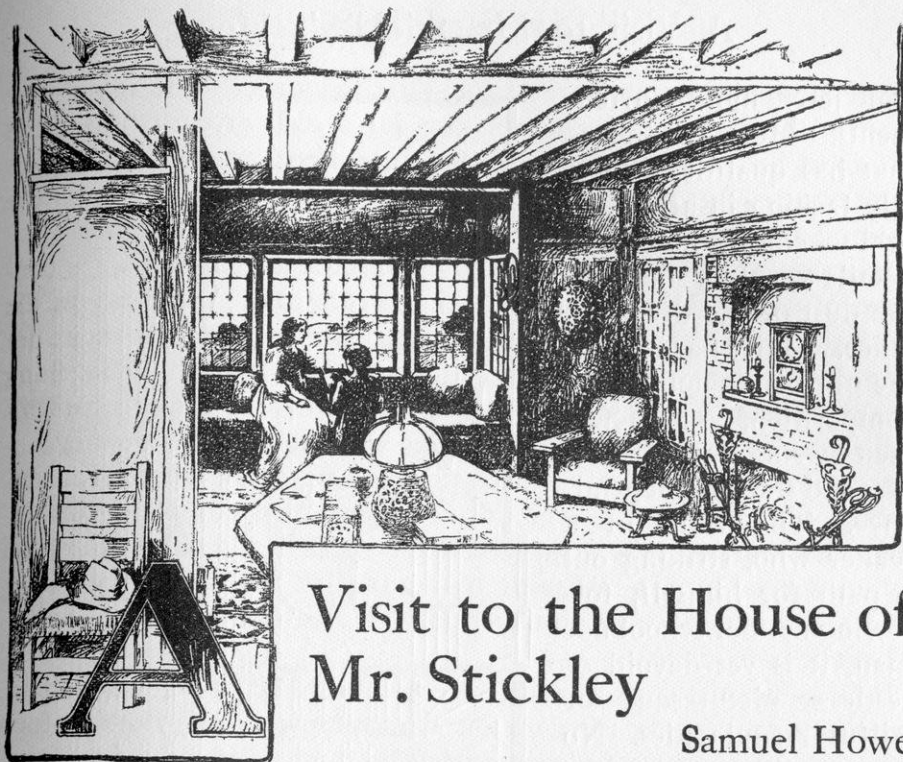
Catherine, for whom the sight and presence of her son were constant, imperative needs, passed the greater part of the day in the studio. Seated in her large arm-chair and knitting, she kept her eyes fixed upon the artist and admired his strength as he flung heavy masses of clay upon his colossal model. She perceived his agility as he ascended and descended the rungs of his double ladder. The heart of Catherine quickened with joy when Maurice, weary with the work of the day, stepped down from his scaffolding, and holding still in his hand the modeling-tool of box-wood which served him in outlining his figure, led her before the statue, and asked her in a way to exact only an affirmative reply:

"Isn't it well done?"

"It is as beautiful as a Saint George," replied the good woman, who kept in adoring memory the Christian warrior of the Golden Legend, whom she had distinguished in the half-gloom of a chapel crushing the vanquished dragon beneath the hoofs of his spirited charger. "You did well to persevere!" added the generous mother. "I am only a poor, humble woman; but I feel that you possess that gift of genius which sooner or later brings fame. And to make you rich and celebrated, I would consent to beg my bread upon the highways."

"Oh! you are indeed a true mother!" cried Maurice, "a sublime woman whose self-abnegation, great though it be, is still your least virtue!"

Conclusion in The Craftsman for January.



Visit to the House of Mr. Stickley

Samuel Howe

I PURPOSE this month to extend somewhat farther the series of considerations with which, in the October number of this magazine, I opened my plea for a rehearing of the imminent and now all important question of securing appropriate and simple decorative elements for the modern house.

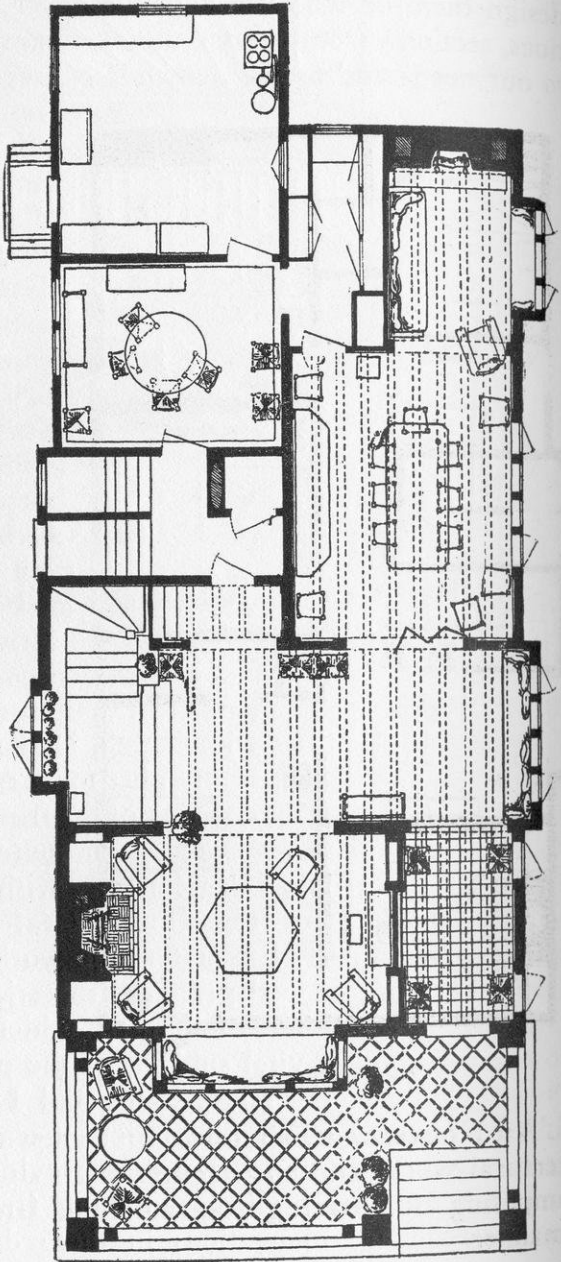
In the former article I dealt mainly with the making of furniture in the workshops of The United Crafts at Eastwood, giving a glimpse of the daily life among the workers, briefly outlining the frank handling of well-prepared material, and in a general way citing those conditions of industry which have given such flavor to one of the most vital subjects of the present day.

Now I write of the house itself, and I have selected the house of Mr. Stickley as an illustration, because it is so singularly free from pretension. It contains evidence of serious thought and honest intent, with abundant freshness and wholesomeness, which are innovations in these days of machine carving

A Visit to Mr. Stickley's House

and jelly mold enrichments. Here is a house that has qualities generally lacking in architectural schemes, where their details too often smack of the dust of the drawing-office. Quiet harmony is the prevailing note of the composition, characterized by singular uprightness and sturdy independence. The work of a leader who, striking out a path for himself, following neither school nor man, it is yet devoid of restless, picturesque or wilful irregularities. No one would accuse Mr. Stickley of being blind to the strength of ancient traditions, though he scornfully rejects their coercion.

In olden times a man in building unmistakably revealed his character and nationality, but now, thanks to Europeanized architects, whose smooth, intuitive touches exhale but little flavor of the soil, we have a cosmopolitan house, as international as the people who



First Floor Plan

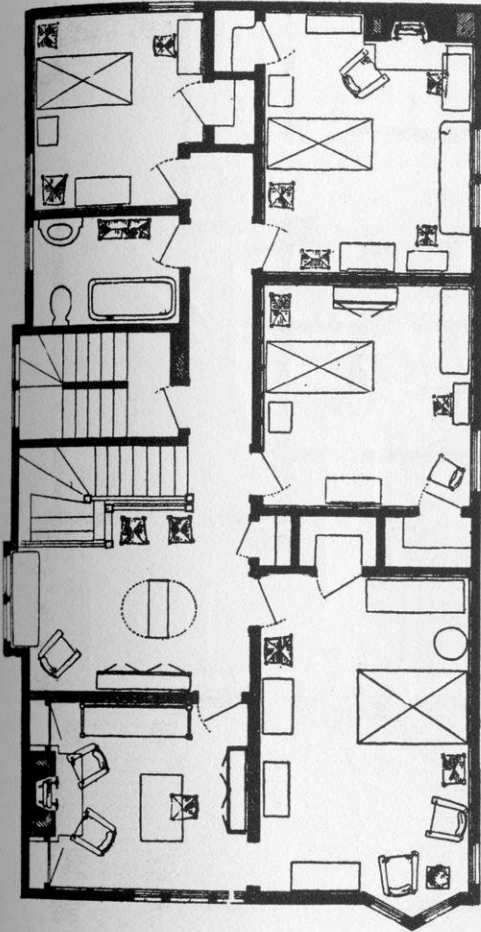
A Visit to Mr. Stickley's House

design them or who live in them. We have taken plans, elevations, sections, from every country, adapting and readapting them to our needs and to the demands of our climate. Big halls and

firesides from dear, moist old England, verandas from sunny Italy, general sense of proportion from France, robust, simple, vigorous paneling from Spain; while many of the huge beams which now support our ceilings remind us of Russia, Norway and Sweden. Yes, from the Norse we too often borrow without acknowledgment. The internationalization of the house is an entirely new feature of modern civilization. There have always been, it is true, architects who possessed a universal appeal, due in some cases to a fine, academic reflectiveness and in others, of a broader type, to a disregard of mere social distinctions.

In France, the most conservative of all countries in art, many workers have freed themselves from the cosmopolitan influence, and given us the style they call new, or

L'Art Nouveau, which, however, somewhat embarrasses the architectural world and adds rather to its difficulties by a sensational imposing of amazing contradictions presented in a fascinating manner.

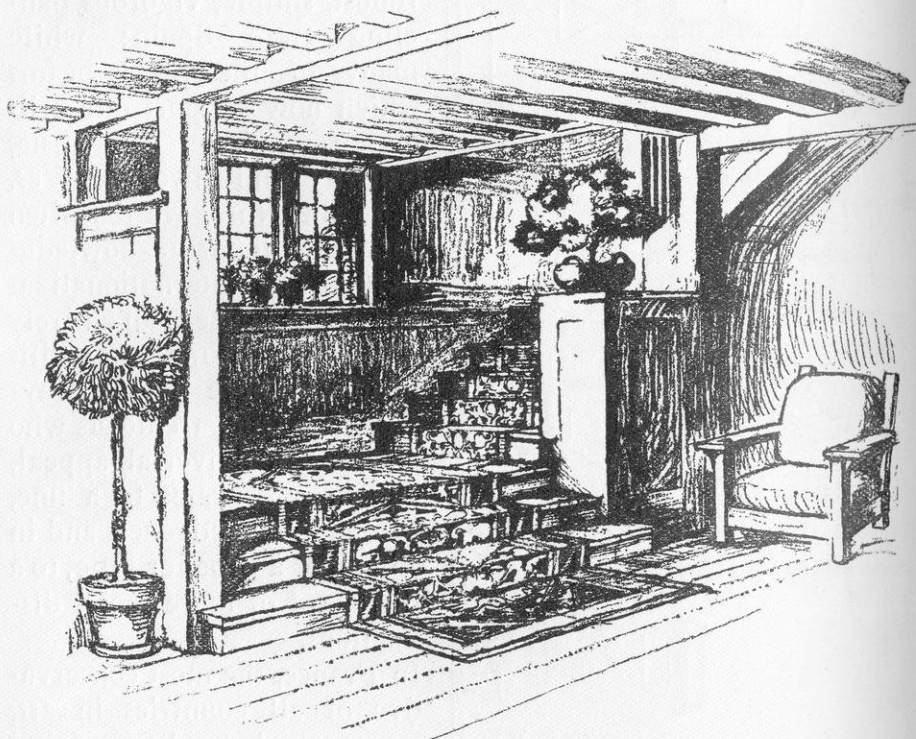


Second Floor Plan

A Visit to Mr. Stickley's House

The struggle for simplicity can never be regarded as a detached episode in house-building, or even as an unavoidable crisis in the long work of bringing together the various needs of the details and of securing a final adjustment of their proportion. It must permeate the very conception of the original design; only so can it be vitalized in the complete dwelling.

Much of our modern house building is characterized by a lack of



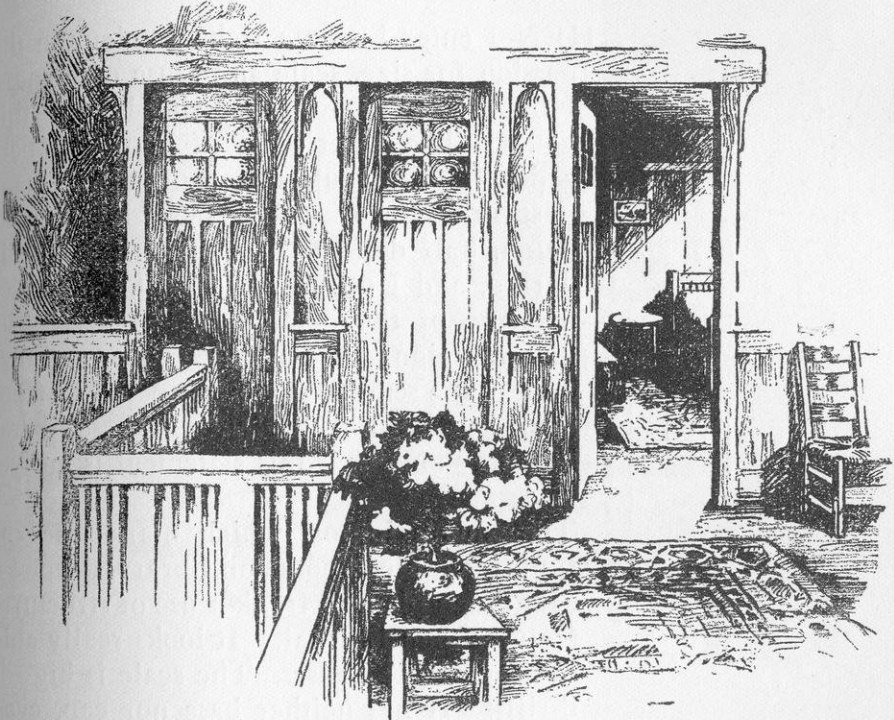
View in Hall, showing Stairs

finality. Ours is eminently a nervous epoch, too often approaching the hysterical. This latter phase is to a very great extent due to the recent, extraordinary progress of womankind. Years ago woman ceased to be submissive; to-day she is aspiring, with a high sense of responsibility and with serious thought for education. She designs, as well as dominates, the house, and so the majority

A Visit to Mr. Stickley's House

of modern houses are built to meet the ideas of women, whose tendency is still to emphasize emotion—to minimize reason. Their houses overflow with generosity, they are blind to justice. They exhibit a dearth of proportion and of discipline. They run riot.

Unlike modern literature, in which, if we are wise, we say all we can, the matter of house building needs some of the outward bar-



View head of Staircase

riers of repression against the false enthusiasm that promotes tinsel at the cost of sterling gold, and modern shams in place of sound principles. And a curious fact remains, that in spite of all our modern ease of communication, men still remain individual. Interchange is powerless to subdue it and man can still, by giving thought, stamp his individuality on his house, so that when you look at the house, you view the man. Ideals are as portable as

A Visit to Mr. Stickley's House

bonds, and individuality alone, despite the value of coöperation, frequently shapes the destiny of man and house. This is brought home to us in viewing the house of Mr. Stickley. I purpose to confine my remarks to the interior of the house, remembering certain limitations which had to be accepted because they were imposed by the general plan.



WHEN I enter I note a rich grandeur in the passion for size, scale and sense of bigness. How soothing—wistful—simple, is this house. The quiet sense of humanity pervades it. The soul of the workman is manifest in his work. We hear his rugged laugh, half defiant of criticism. There is daring, and I might say almost arrogance, in some of the detail. It has been said that the reign of the fireside is over and that with it, the sense of home has perished from among us. Surely a glance at these liberal hearths shows that this statement is not yet true.

The square impost which marks the entrance to dining room and library, denotes a very much plainer, franker use of structural features than is usual. It looks really able to support the house. The scale is big—it thrills. It has neither base nor cap, even that would be a mistake. The composition is stronger as it is.

Let us look at the casement windows for a moment. They are well proportioned, long and low, with mullions of severely simple outline, cutting the window into four equal openings. As we pass from one window to another, we note how well adapted they are for plants; how happy they would look then, with the sun streaming in, and what great secrets can the children

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tell as they hide behind the cushions in the long deep seat beside them. This hall is large for a comparatively small house and impresses one with a sense of grandness by its well-considered contrast. When it is said that the most clearly and typically expressive of modern homes do not hold us in awe with their linear dimensions, but rather cheer by the welcome they extend to us, surely, this house should be included in the category. We do not often get vaulted interiors in these days. The Anglo-Saxon has always been a lover of beamed ceilings. Here beams, row after row, mark and intensify the perspective, leaving long panels of plaster between them. Tastes differ as to the color the surfaces should show. White or shades of ivory is the tone generally in favor with the professional mind. In this instance the surfaces are white. This gives a variation of texture, a play of light and shade, which reminds us of the monastic buildings and cloistered courts of Spain and Italy. One point of unlikeness to the conventional house is in the floors, which instead of being laid with narrow boards, have broad chestnut of varying widths and lengths, frankly showing nails; the wood being darkened by aqua-ammonia and rubbed and polished with a mixture of beeswax and turpentine. The fireplaces are of common red brick, built solidly into the house, not added on as a mere lining to conceal a poorly constructed frame. When we look at the drawings of interiors here presented, we must remember how difficult it is for sketches to retain their freshness when added to the frigid zone of a page of type. They are intended to be "strong," not "pretty," and to illustrate facts rather than enthusiasm.

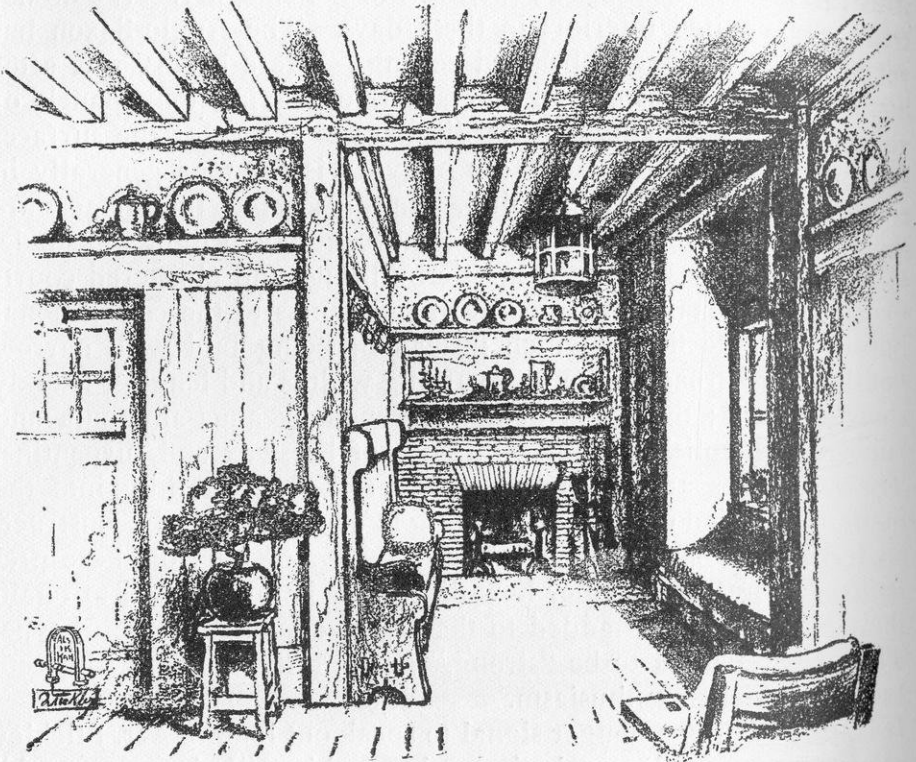
It is like hoisting a danger signal to speak out loud to Mr. Stickley of ornament, yet all people do not know this. "It is very grand," said one visitor, "but have you no ornament, carving or draperies in your house, Mr. Stickley?"

"No draperies, thank you, and as for ornament,—have we not our friends?"

"Ah! a courtier, I declare! In a measure you are right. The truest ornament to a house is the family—the wife and children, then, as you say, the friends."

A Visit to Mr. Stickley's House

No fiercer architectural battle has been fought than that in which the question of ornament supplies the field. Some ornament re-resents leadership. It affects to govern and not with a small voice, but with a shout. Not content to be seen, it must be heard. It eschews moderation. Assuming that collective ignorance represents dominant wisdom, it justifies its intolerance by its popularity.



Inglenook, Dining-room

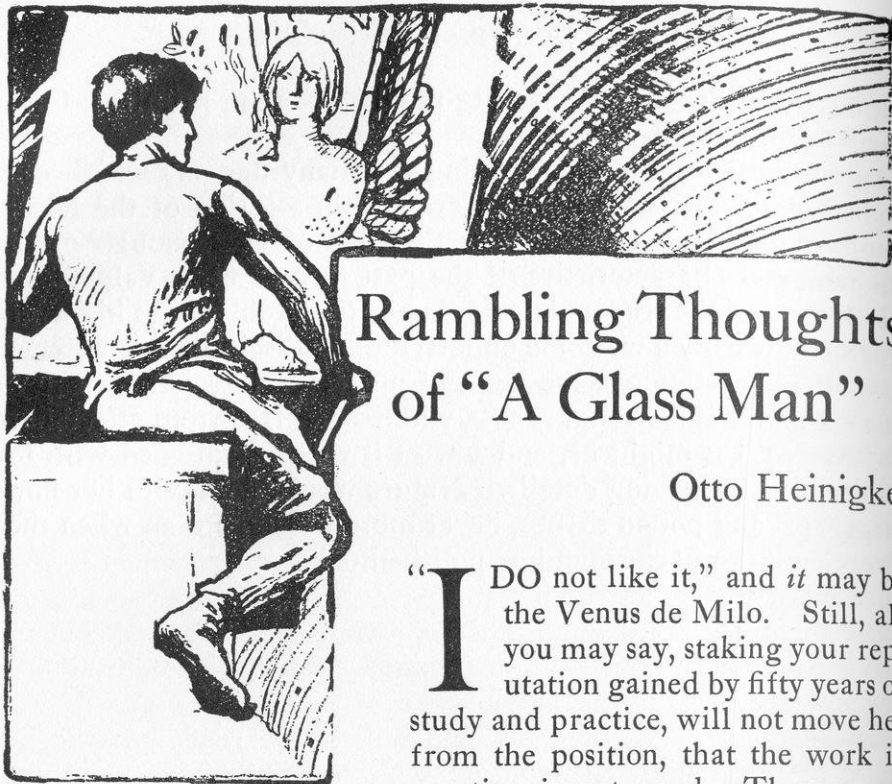
The lovers of accessive and aggressive beauty clamor for more ornament, which grows as it goes, a snowball on a muddy road. Not alone is this house remarkable because of its conspicuous absence of carving, molding, and inlay by way of ornament, but because of the singularly frank manner in which they have been omitted. No false construction is allowed to take the place of

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these popular idols by presenting rudely wrought, primitive forms as an architectural expedient.

So I salute the man who, refusing the many dangers which confront him in the search for an acceptable solution of the house-building problem, rescues from the dust of ages enough of the fundamental characteristics of the past to present so valuable an illustration of the true understanding of the problem. This severe treatment is truly a welcome understanding, disciplined, chastened, yet always wholesome, modest and noble. I like Mr. Stickley's house because it is strong, robust, wholesome, free from affectation, vagaries; yet it might be, and I trust it will be, softened with the addition of furnishing details. Nature would help with her flowers, plants and potted shrubs, never more welcome than when they show against a background of polished oak.





Rambling Thoughts of "A Glass Man"

Otto Heinicke

I DO not like it," and *it* may be the Venus de Milo. Still, all you may say, staking your reputation gained by fifty years of study and practice, will not move her from the position, that the work in question is not good. There never

enters her mind the thought that there might be some knowledge to acquire, that she cannot possibly be as well equipped to judge as a professional who has devoted his life to it, to whom its laws and principles have become the very breath of life, and who has thereby gained a world-wide reputation. This is the person who must be held responsible for many daringly good things that have *not* been done. For, the fear of her baneful influence must dwarf, does dwarf, many attempts to produce art of finer strain, whose very life depends on sympathy. Then, again, it must discourage money investment for the working out of important works of art in any but a popular vein. So some day we shall receive credit for what we have *not* done. The thousands of horrors that deface this beautiful land,—beautiful when God left it to us,—are not all to be laid to the makers.

Can the glass stainer,—who has nearly always acquired his working

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capital by painful thrift, and retains it at the price of extreme caution,—afford to invest the large proportion of the cost of a good window, which is represented by labor in what he may feel is good and scholarly, when he knows the best could not possibly be understood or appreciated by the judges that are to be, and which with the remark of "I know what I like," may be thrown back on his hands to alter, or to take the consequences? But there is a legal side to all this, and if the maker has but the self-respect to assert himself he may do much to remedy this stultifying system of unjust waste of his just profit,—if not of his capital itself. There are no sharper bargains driven than are made in the name of the Church, some in the ardor which comes of ignorance, but the larger part from pretensions. The artist who by sketches and interviews, samples and references, comes to an agreement to produce work to the best of his ability must be paid for such work when the order is filled. He is not a tradesman who can put the goods back on the shelf to await another buyer. There may be a dozen ways of carrying out a work of art, but the artist's way must be the one accepted. When will he be ready to take the stand of the humble artist-tailor, who recently told a good customer: "I wish that you would not come here. You will not let me fit you, and your clothes are no credit to anyone." The average owner or committeeman will allow his architect full swing when he is digging a hole for the foundation. But when he comes to the stone he must be consulted, especially as to the color and texture. The architect may have something to say about the roof, but when the windows are reached, never. By that time, the layman has acquired the experience necessary for directing a competition which, alas, is usually conducted with as great a sense of honor as the average Church Fair. These competitions are usually won by an unscrupulous hack of the trade who promises the impossible at impossible prices, and finally provides it. These are serious consequences; for thereby good art is thwarted, good taste insulted, good material wasted and good opportunities lost. How can it be brought to the minds of these would-be judges that the men who are capable of producing stylish church windows

Rambling Thoughts of "A Glass Man"

are very few, either here or abroad,—so few that every architect must feel it the most difficult place to fill, while the laymen find men by the dozen, any one of whom may desecrate their temple, if he will only work cheaply enough. But cheapness here, happily or unhappily, is not to be measured by their only known system,—the metric system of dollars and cents. Yet, by the tacit retreat from responsibility of the harassed architect this does be-



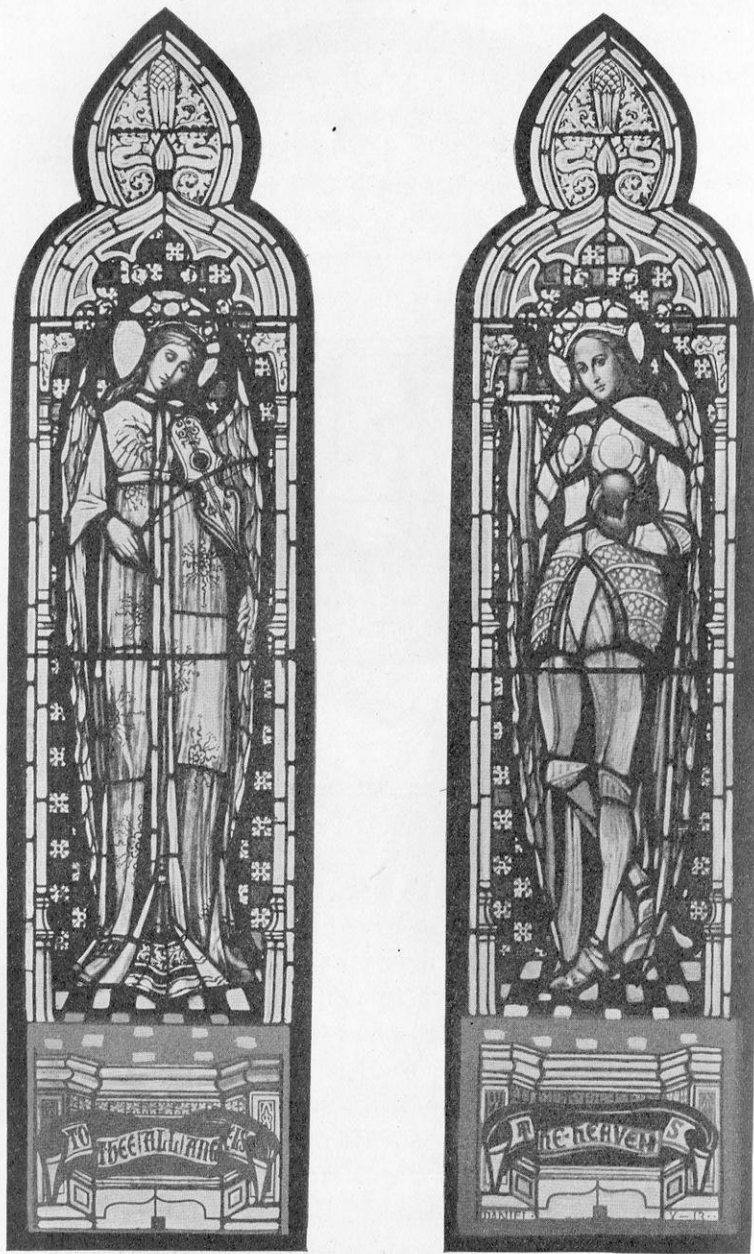
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come the factor: the only measure applied that shows any standard which the conscientious artist can adopt with any hope of pleasing his clients.

If any apology for strong language is necessary, let me here quote at length that pre-eminent apostle of good art, William Morris, who, with his sledge-hammer blows at existing pretensions, opened a way for the influence of his own practical renaissance in the many branches of decorative art which he, at different times during his



Memorial Window to S. T. Stranahan, Congregational Church
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Two windows Church of S. Martin's-in-the-fields, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rambling Thoughts of "A Glass Man"

productive life, piloted back into their own legitimate courses from which they had drifted centuries ago: drifted so far and so long that no one seemed to know from whence they came or whither they were bound. He says: "I know that the public in general are set on having things cheap, being so ignorant that they do not know when they get them nasty also; so ignorant that they neither know nor care whether they give a man his due. I know that the manufacturers (so called) are so set on carrying out competition to its utmost,—competition of cheapness, not of excellence,—that they meet the bargain hunters half way and cheerfully furnish



Designed and made by Author, showing Value of Lead

them with nasty wares at the cheap rates they are asked for by means of what can be called by no prettier name than fraud." These words, spoken a quarter of a century ago in his "Hopes and Fears for Art," while they have served well, are still as true and useful as the many other tools he bent to his purpose of forcing the public to stop and think in their mad career of ignorant waste and pretence. To prove the measure of his success, we have only to bring forward as witnesses, the Morris wall paper, the Morris chair, the Morris rug, the Morris tapestry and embroidery, the Morris windows and the Morris printing press. But do these things not

Rambling Thoughts of "A Glass Man"

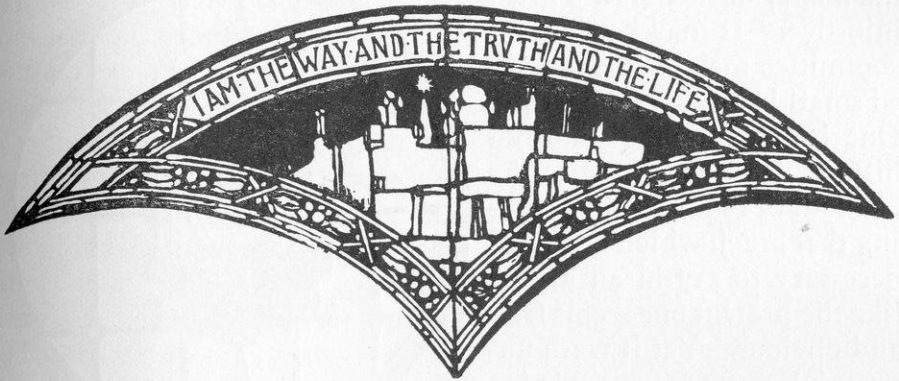
stand out among productions of to-day almost as solitary as examples of what is good in art, as they would have done in the Philadelphia Centennial exhibition, or at about the time his words were written? Sadly we must confess that they do, so much so, that we hail with pleasure as our only escape the plain cartridge paper, as, at least, it has no offensive pattern on it: or the simple-lined furniture, simple almost to barrenness, but a thousand times better than the gaudy and cheap imitations of richness, that are totally impossible. Is the course that Morris found for us again to be lost sight of? We hope not; and yet we cannot expect to keep it by drifting. It is only by stemming the tide of greed and ignorance strenuously, incessantly, by word and deed, that the small gain our craft has made can be retained. There has been too much ease taken in our pleasure in drifting. We have allowed those who are unfitted, unequipped, to come abreast of us, to pass us, to direct our course. There has been too much pretty writing and stringing together of idle words for words' sake, for the fear of controversy, or oftener still from the lack of practical knowledge governing the subject, until it almost seems a proper question to ask, whether writing ever helped art? The greatest artists have talked little and written less. It is mostly done by men who have not produced what they write about. We must meet a Morris to regain our faith. Is it because he first produced and then wrote what he felt was vital? And we are obliged to quote a great man to prove that this is not an impolite thing to do, to-day.

But we have rambled. Let us return to our subject.

The effect of the glass in a church is the first and last impression taken away by a visitor, yet how seldom is an adequate sum appropriated for it at the writing of the specification for the building. It means the final making or marring of the finest building, on account of the natural prominence and aggressiveness of glass. Yet, how often, even when the original allowance for it is good, after the extras for the rest of the building creep in, are these latter provided for by clipping down the glass fund, until there is not enough left to provide the proper size lead for the plainest quarry design! Then the honest maker must drop out,—the artist

Rambling Thoughts of "A Glass Man"

has long ago become useless,—and the dishonest hack comes in, or, what is as bad, the man who does not know what it will cost him, until he has begun, and must then starve his work to avoid starving himself. This may be his first criminal offense, and some day he will be forgiven for what he did *not* do. For an object lesson in the consequences of this kind of ignorant interference, although the appropriation in this case was sufficient to provide a perfect, but simpler scheme, I must reluctantly point out a flagrant and unusually important instance in the case of the large windows in a prominent synagogue in upper New York City: there the designing was excellent, the architect worked loyally for what he thought the



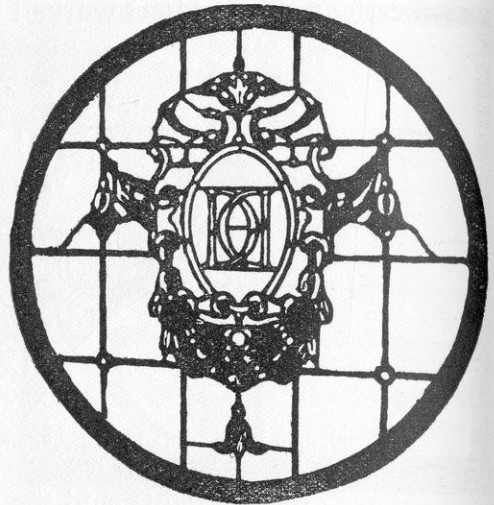
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best interests of his clients, and the poor maker soon after suffered business starvation. But not before he had apparently tried to save himself by starving his work: firstly, by the use of leads inadequate in size to support the glass in such large surfaces he saved not only the difference in the cost between these and proper leads, but the much more important items of nearly double the time of labor which it would have taken to do it properly. The fact that wide flanges of the H-shaped leads close up while being handled by the glazier keeps him continually spreading them open to insert his pieces of glass, which means time; whereas, the narrow flanges need no spreading at all; being slipped on the glass as fast as it can be handled. Then, the barring is hopelessly insufficient. Such

Rambling Thoughts of "A Glass Man"

large windows should be supported in short sections on T bars running across the openings (on which these sections rest); if not, by upright irons to which these T's are fastened to prevent sagging. In place of all this, the whole wide sheets—something like twenty feet high—were held up (in single sheets) by the small copper wires soldered on the leads, which were bound to tear away from the glass. And now, after but a half dozen years, the exterior of the building resembles more than anything else, drapery, or the remains of drapery—rags—as pieces early began to drop out.

But I am here warned by experience that in the items of lead and barring I may easily do the maker of this glass a great injustice. It may be that the committee may have demanded small leads and no barring. One has so often disinterred history and vivisected the methods of modern-glass making that much which one finds necessary to say in an article like the present one seems trite and obvious. Yet it were ungrateful not to acknowledge the possible vital importance of the influence of the Art Periodical in striking again and again at vicious practices



Designed and made by Author, showing the Value of Lead

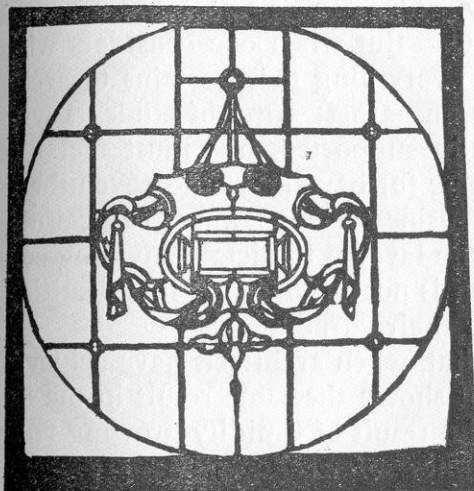
that would otherwise be accepted as necessary evils, and which must affect the use of any material afflicted by such practices. The above mentioned case of what we will call "misplaced ardor" (for the sake of the decorative quality of these fairly printed sheets) is by no means a rare one, for one half the churches in the City of New York will be found to be double glazed, with outside sash of plain glass to protect the poor leaded work of the windows proper from leaking or being blown to fragments by the winds. The extra expense goes for the owners' edu-

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cation, but he seldom gets a second opportunity to continue his studies.

This manner of speech may sound bitter, but it is the bitter drop in our cup, and poison must be fought with poison. We have the living evidence that well-constructed leaded glass will last seven hundred years and more, and that under most trying conditions of wars and neglect: as witness the 12th Century windows. But they are all made with *expensive* large leads and are properly barred; in many cases, bars having been added from time to time; which fact accounts not a little for much of the richness of tone of the old

glass; the contrast of their blacks giving much of the jewelled brilliance to the glass showing between them. This inherent dislike to bars that one hears of so often is again the criticism of the ignorant, and of the person who is responsible for that abomination, the so-called metal sash that needs no bars and is as interesting as a tin ceiling, as artistic as beveled plate glass. The old makers well understood the worth and added beauty which were derived from their sustaining bars.



Designed and made by Author, showing the Value of Lead

They often made them much heavier than structural necessity demanded, or ran them in large geometric patterns over the openings; the spaces between being filled with leaded glass, and the black value of the iron being frankly used in the play of values.

Now let me acknowledge that the committeeman can be a most useful instrument. If only he will not attempt to divide the responsibility of the building-operations proper with the architect, but oblige the latter to bear it all, make him responsible if he is worthy of it, if he is not, refuse to employ him. A worthy archi-

Rambling Thoughts of "A Glass Man"

tect will be a man who has made deep studies of the various materials, methods and costs which relate to his profession. He is the man who, in all probability, has learned to choose an honest contractor and is not above benefiting by that man's advice as to the details of his particular trade, and that contractor will respect the professional man. And here let me bear the testimony based upon a twenty years' acquaintance with the architectural profession, and covering intimate business relations with hundreds of architects, that I have yet to find the first one who has betrayed his client's trust. It gives me the more pleasure to testify to this because there is much idle talk to the contrary. One can find pretenders here as in any other field, and in plenty. But when one considers what changes have been wrought in everything that pertains to architecture in the last ten years by an earnest army of students with their honest convictions valiantly supported, one must feel that men of affairs can well trust them; for have they not proven themselves capable by stupendous business undertakings successfully carried out? The attempts of the layman to dictate anything concerning architecture to such men is not wrong only, it is insulting. What splendid men they are in their earnestness!

We have sometimes wondered that, when architects have achieved grandeur in scale, they have not shown the same result in the use of full color. Often, it seems the result of timidity growing from bravely acknowledged consciousness of weakness in that field,—surely commendable; but may it not be again the fear of "I do not like it"? Ruskin somewhere writes to the effect that one cannot appreciate more in a work of art than his mind is prepared by education to receive. He might have added that the false pride of the uneducated usually condemns what it does not understand. But in these days of infinite detail it is no disgrace to acknowledge ignorance of, or weakness in, any of the many branches of a profession. It is pretence that contains the danger element, and no professional to-day knows it better than the architect, and accepts it more frankly than when he calls in the lawyer, the financier, the engineer, and craftsmen of every kind to assist him in developing his immense problems.

Rambling Thoughts of "A Glass Man"

It was some years ago that the veteran art writer, Charles DeKay, said that if some of our American windows were transportable they would undoubtedly win the praise of Europe. America is now shipping thousands of tons of Opal Glass to Europe: the probable result of the above prophecy, as a number of windows were sent to the last Exposition at Paris and received the highest awards; Mr. LaFarge, the undoubted founder of this American art, gaining the decoration of an officer of the Legion of Honor. In this case the decoration is honored in the man: the real genius follows laws, others make laws from his work. One of our architects, known for his scholarly Gothic structures, when inspecting a tracery window making for him, showed his breadth by remarking: "I appreciate that you are forced to invent new methods of using the new materials to reach what is admirable in the old work." Here is the field for new designers. It is not new principles of design, not new styles of ornament, but the taming and training of a wonderful new material according to the abundant laws and principles left us by those remarkable old pathfinders of the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, in the pomp and pageantry of their undying art, as shown in the cathedral windows.

There is endless room for the display of inventive powers in filling the new demands made on the new material to meet all the conditions of light and want of light that govern the problems of building our closely surrounded modern city churches, with piercing sunlight on one side and hopeless gloom on the other: edifices unlike the old architecture, erected, not merely to look beautiful, but to satisfy a most practical generation of didactic, creature-comfort loving worshippers. The governing directions for making the windows will probably be: "They must not be too light nor too dark." With this sunlight-and-gloom-problem—How to begin! The artist may be certain of finding as many different judges on the bench when the glass is finished, as there are members to the congregation, and their friends who have a friend whose friend is an artist.

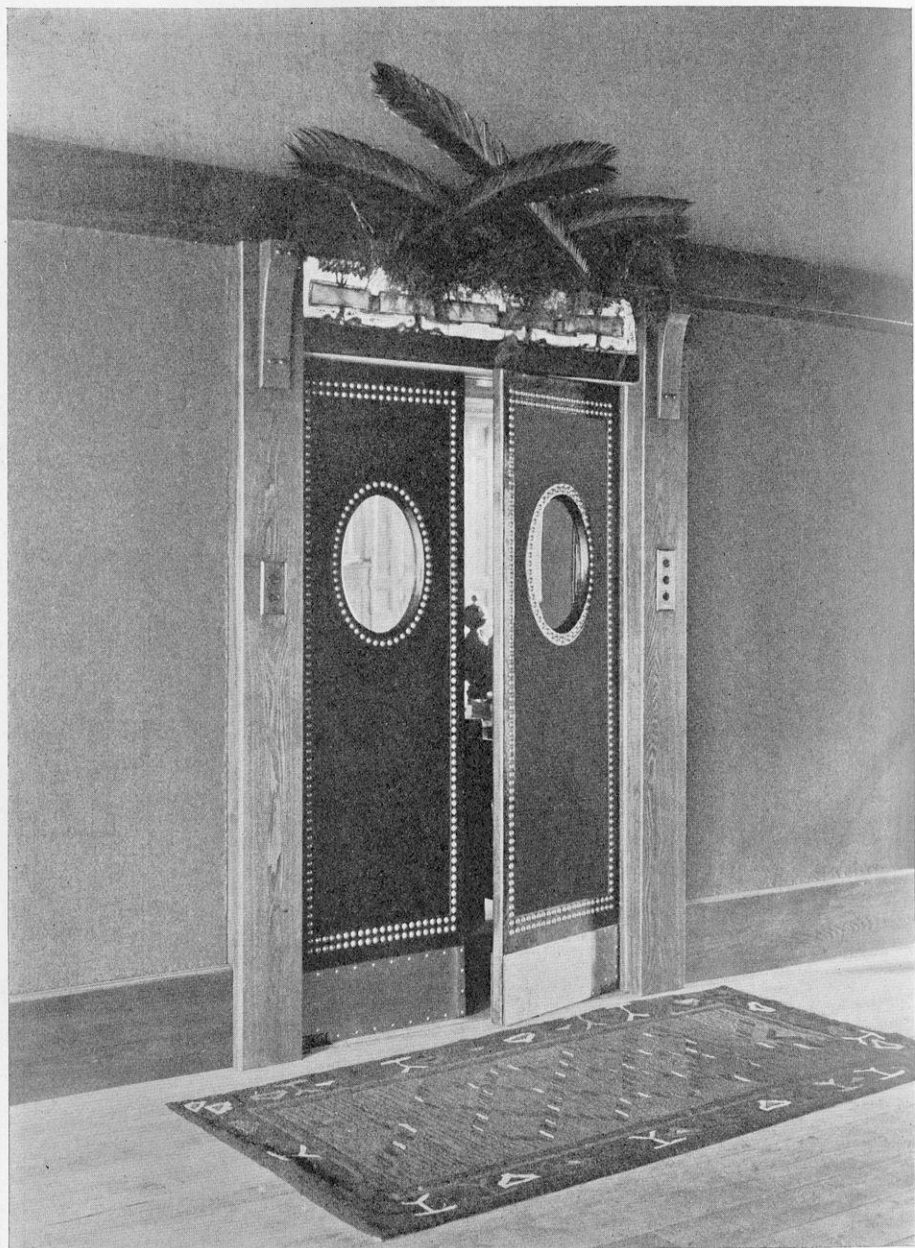
Restraint is probably the first lesson for our small modern churches. The barbaric Hindoo can and does carve his material to end-

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less elaboration; the ancient Greek was able to do the same, but showed a restraint which never palls. Restraint in the use of Opal Glass for its own sake and for joining it to the requirements of good architecture seems the difficult lesson to master. Winston, a true lover and writer on the art, says that "glass painting did not decline for want of encouragement, but from a confounding of its principles with those of other systems of painting." Who can doubt that he has read his lesson rightly? Certainly not the student who has seen the wonders of Fairford and Chartham in England; those of the Netherlands, France and Italy of the 15th Century. Their aims are different from those of the earlier periods, but they set forever the laws of painted work. Another authority says: "There is a consolation in the melancholy fact that the enamel-painted surface of those German windows is rapidly giving way (notably in Glasgow Cathedral), and not for sordid narrow motives, but for art's sake alone." The giving way of the enamel comes from careless firing and from too much forcing of the effect by loading on the blacks so much indulged in by the German school; thereby sacrificing the sappy glassy glory which is the crowning beauty of the old painted glass. While the modern Englishman errs on the other side by the use of his too feeble hair lines, it is curious that between those two extremes both lose the luscious translucence of the Cinque Cento glass. Colored glass is the ideal of materialized color. It is color in suspension; it is what the easel painter is continuously sighing for and striving to attain with his mediums and varnishes, and yet these glass painters kill this very quality in their glass "from a confounding of its principles." After this can there be any doubt of the positive necessity of the designer being at least fully conversant with the material, if not being himself the maker of the window. The best results in the finished windows are usually obtained in humoring the glass at hand, not in torturing it to alien purposes—hence vital the sympathetic working together of the designer and the maker, when for any good reason they are not one and the same. And this seems to bring us to the true cause of the failure of the latter-day painted glass; the demands being much in excess of the power of



Group of Losanti Ware



Leather covered doors in the Lecture Hall, The Craftsman Building
Syracuse, N. Y.

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supply, that is, of the autographic kind, and to be finished on time kind. Methods have been introduced of needs which have made machines of the workmen, banishing all individual feeling. While their technical skill could only be surpassed by machinery, the result is quite as good artistically as oil cloth and quite as interesting. Such is the production from Munich to-day, where children are taught to do one thing, without more mental force than an ape employs in his attempts at imitation. And how few are the exceptions to this rule in England! The creative power is lacking, the nervous virility of touch, in short, the mind that one feels in every line of the old masters.

Dare we hope that the time is near when our American church builders and patrons will appreciate that there are in this country a few men fitted by their studies and experience to return to the beauties of the old work? Who, at least, will not start hopelessly wrong; who understand the beauties of the old "grisaille" windows, with their simple field of painted quarries, their glorious borders, and medallions of preciously luscious colors? But these windows cannot be produced in a day, nor for a dollar. Why is it that a liberal American will pay twenty-five dollars per square foot and 40 per cent. duty in addition to the price of setting to a foreign maker, with years to carry out the contract, and that to a man who has never apparently designed a true Gothic window, if he be judged from his book, although he has had hundreds of opportunities, in this country alone? Whenever Gothic ornament is demanded he introduces brick work, or what for lack of a better name we may call a running Acanthus leaf border around the window, across it, or in panels. Another of our Gothic specialists having had a series of painted windows made here for one of his churches, started for Europe well pleased, but determined to see the best. He visited all the European workshops of which he knew, but at his return he generously confessed that he had seen nothing abroad—modern, of course—that could compare with his American windows, for their juicy and translucent quality, as contrasted with the usual hard, dry, oiled-paper-look usually seen in modern painted glass. They were, at least, not started wrong. But this

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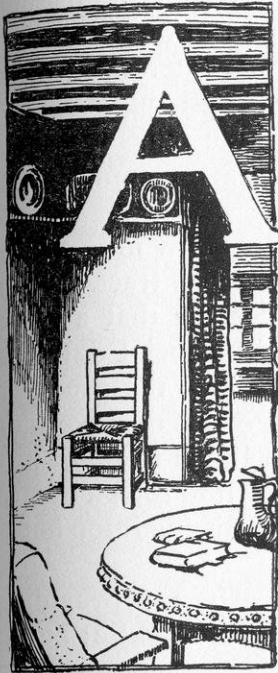
class of window, in which so much personal work is necessary, hinges, without a chance for compromise, on time; and in these days of rapid construction that is a rare commodity. The only practical solution of this problem seems to be that the contract should include the setting of the simplest kind of temporary windows, to be replaced as the elaborate ones are completed. This method would relieve good art of its worst enemy, the Twentieth Century rush. But there is another—we all should like to produce for a thousand dollars what resembles old work that would cost twenty thousand to-day, and then at completion we wonder why it is not the same. Old glass is becoming extremely rare, and yet I saw a collection of a dozen pieces of rich Thirteenth Century French glass for sale in Paris last year at a comparative bargain—thanks to some restoration somewhere. I did not ask the name of the place,—for one dreads to find a spot where murder has been committed. But it is to be regretted that we have not more good examples here. With all our wonderful growth of Museums, is it not strange that we have little or no old window glass in, for instance, the three principal ones in the country? Boston has one noticeable triangular piece with a demon's face remarkably like the demons of Fairford. It proves to be a copy, but full of style. Philadelphia has one, a fine painted piece, "Adam and Eve," done with great personal dash. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, has two small pieces, but what they are I defy anyone to guess, as for ten years they have been kept in glass cases with no possibility of their being seen by transmitted light, as they are carefully laid against a black background. This is not accidental, for attention has been drawn to it, and they have just been moved to a new and still darker place. But I must remember the injunction of a good old friend, "Cultivate a gentle spirit!" I have scolded enough.

The Revival of the Craftsman

Henry W. Belknap

The illustrations accompanying Mr. Belknap's article are photographs from artistic objects exhibited at the International Gallery, 1 East 40th Street, New York.

—[The Editors.]



T the present time, Arts and Crafts Societies, Gilds and other similar Associations promise a revival of that interest in the lesser arts, which was so strong a feature of the Middle Ages, and which has always played an important part in China, Japan and throughout the East, but which for some generations has so far declined as to indicate a feeling that in Architecture, Painting and Sculpture, the end of Art is reached.

Slowly and with uncertainty at first, but of late with rapidly increasing speed, the movement has gained impetus to the encouragement of the artisans in every trade, and to the satisfaction of the founders and supporters of the many technical schools, who are ready to extend their work, to make their courses more comprehensive, if only students will present themselves to make use of the new opportunities.

These schools are many of them already well equipped, and all have, at least, a good foundation which needs only to be built upon to enable them to impart a valuable education in the various branches of art-craftsmanship.

Doubtless much that is taught is not perfect, and the standards may not be so elevated as might be desired, but, upon the whole, good is being done, and the healthful influence exerted in certain places is very marked. If we turn over the sketches and designs of any fairly gifted pupil of some of these schools, and note the restraint and simplicity of the ornament, and the tendency to use conventionalized natural forms, rather than the realistic treatment which has produced such painful results, we shall discover that real progress is making.

The Revival of The Craftsman

There seems always to be a supply of those who, with more or less talent, are ready and anxious to adopt some form of Art as a calling, even though it necessitates life in a garret and uncertainty as to where and when the next meal is to be found.

There is also a fairly large, and of late years a rapidly increasing number of persons, who are more or less cultured in their taste for artistic things, together with others who feign an interest, in their effort to appear sophisticated. Many of these last quite unconsciously learn discrimination, and actually join the ranks to which they aspire. It is to both these classes that the craftsman must look for encouragement and support.

The garret-haunting proclivity of the artist of narrow means calls for time and energy on the part of those who would track him to his studio, and it is unfortunate for all concerned, that a large number of the patrons of art are so hampered by social duties as to have little time to search out the workers; while the producer of artistic wares is either a very poor salesman of his own work or else too proud to exploit it. He is more than liable to think that if his productions do not proclaim their own merit to such a degree as to compel a purchase, the ignorance of the Philistine is too hopeless to be worth an effort to correct it.

In many places, the Societies of Arts and Crafts are providing means for bringing together the craftsmen and the public; but in some of these organizations the standard of excellence necessary to the admission of work is so high as to exclude all save a very few, and to discourage many workers who need only the incentive of a little help and a small increase in their income in order to do better work. Beside this, too many of these societies are dependent upon the financial support of a few enthusiasts and philanthropists, and are liable to fail at any moment if this aid is withdrawn, since they have no means of self-support.

It would seem, therefore, that a field is open for an enterprise which, while having its commercial side, is yet upon a higher plane than the ordinary shop, and in which the articles shown shall be selected with discrimination and taste.

It is probable that in order to make such a place sufficiently profit-

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able to attract capital, work must be admitted which is not strictly that of the individual craftsman: a step likely to accomplish the very desirable result of improving the quality of production in factories and shops, by creating a greater demand for well-designed, and well-executed machine work.

No one but the idealist imagines that we can eliminate the machine. Nor would it be desirable to do this, for the cost of hand-work must always place it beyond the reach of all save the wealthy. But we may reasonably expect to see marked advancement in many kinds of mechanical products. It is not the manufacturer who is slow to improve. It is the lack of refined taste in those who buy his wares; which conditions render it unprofitable for him to produce artistic things.

Our public schools are doing much and can do still more to refine the taste of the public. Once this influence is felt, the support of the craftsman, working alone in his attic-studio, or in the designing room of some great factory, will be assured.

We believe that this influence is now active, and a visit to any one of the splendid museums which are rising throughout the country will prove the great interest which they have awakened in the public.

Too much can not be done for the education of the popular taste, since it may be proven again and again from history that the cultivation of the arts and crafts is a sure index of the moral, intellectual and material well being of a people. The museum, the school and the wisely controlled shop have each a part to perform in advancing this most dignified cause. The part of each is a separate and different one. But who shall say which is the greatest and which the least?

This ware is porcelain, made after the manner of the variety known as "hard porcelain" (*pâte dure*), having a feldspathic glaze, although it is fired at a lower temperature than some other similar wares; the necessary degree of heat being about 1300° Centigrade or between 2300° and 2400° Fahrenheit: a temperature about the same as that required in the production of the more recent Sèvres. The substance thus obtained is a highly translucent body capable of decoration in an extended scale of color which no photograph can show. The possibilities include not only the usual greens, blues, browns, etc., of high temperature underglaze decoration, but also yellows, reds and pinks of tones quite full and deep. The temperature employed leaves but small difference between the degree which will bring out the translucency of the clay and that which will cause it to melt.

My experiments which led to the production of this ware extended through a number of years, and it is only within the past three or four months that I have obtained a satisfactory body. Before undertaking to produce this porcelain I had worked in clay, but my experience was limited to the decoration of earthenware which had been made at a pottery where it was afterward fired.

To accomplish the entire process, to build the vessel from the raw materials up to the firing which finished it, was a new work for me. I had also to accommodate the process to particular conditions which were imposed by my limited facilities for production.

During my experiments I think that I have broken every cardinal rule laid down for the ordinary use of potters. But I have succeeded in producing a ware having certain individual and pleasing characteristics which might not have been obtained through a strict obedience to law and precedent. I have tried eighteen different bodies and about forty fire glazes. I usually give the ware but a single firing instead of the customary two: the biscuit and the glaze. The former practice requires great care in handling the pieces, as before firing, the paste is extremely fragile. But I have found my method perfectly practicable, since in the making of porcelain the firing of body and glaze is desirable because the heat necessary to mature the body is at the same time the agent which

Losanti Ware

fuses the glaze. Beside, to justify my work I have the precedent of the Chinese and of recent successful experiments at the Sèvres factory. Furthermore, I may say that the colors of the decorations are more brilliant when applied in the raw body, and that experts now uphold the Chinese who were formerly believed to have worked from impulse, rather than from knowledge acquired by thought and experiment.

I will add that my work is all done at my home: a kiln with small workshop attached having been erected in my garden, where all the processes are executed, from the handling of raw material up to the firing of the vessel; from six to twenty-four pieces being finished at each firing.

As to the decoration, one thought is, perhaps, timely. I do not think it well that art should be the subject of passing fashions. What is once good in a decorative sense is good for all time. What is bad should have no opportunity to exalt itself into a fetich which all blindly worship. But new ideas, when time shall have modified their eccentricities, will lift Art to a higher plane, and the element of novelty introduced into time-worn motifs of ornament is not to be despised. The movement known as "L'Art Nouveau" will and must have influence, but it cannot be followed without reason or moderation, except to the detriment and degradation of the Beautiful.



Vasili Vereshchagin, Realist

Louise C. Chard

About ten or eleven years ago, New York had its first view of Vereshchagin's pictures; now, as we go to press, another is imminent—on November 19 a view, to be followed on November 20 by a sale.

We should like to call Vereschchagin a great painter, so good, apparently, are his intentions; but undoubtedly his intentions in regard to painting are misplaced. Literature must long ago have stretched out her arms to embrace him—in vain.

His scenes of carnage, his canvases setting forth the childhood of Christ, his historical paintings, are so well known that it seems idle to mention them individually, or to attempt to recall them to the reader's memory. No one, unfortunately, who has ever seen any of these can forget it. We recall Von Moltke's trite remark: "My soldiers shall not look upon his canvases. My generals—that is different; they are supposed to have learned self-control. But the private soldiers must not know before hand that war is thus."

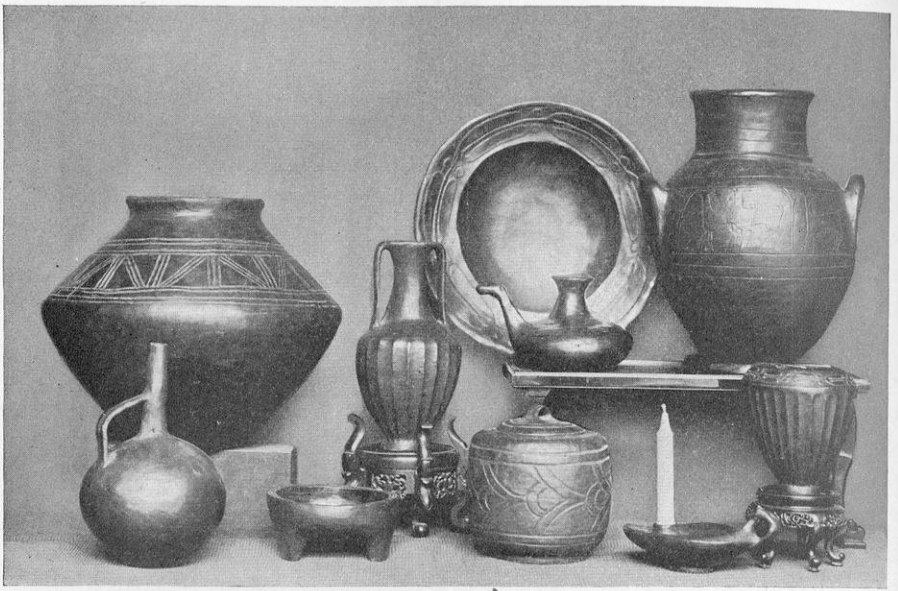
Nothing that is dreadful or loathsome in war has been omitted. All its horrors, in most sickening portrayal, are there. And it is so even in regard to the subjects which he aims at treating poetically. In the series of paintings depicting the boyhood of Christ we find this most beautiful figure in all history, not, as our sense of fitness would find him, amid simple but cleanly surroundings—the clean smells of the carpenter's shop, the picturesque disorder of new shavings, the signs of honest, homely living, but by chickens which we dare not touch, and live stock that would disgrace any Tennessee mountain farm yard! It is too real. The artist's belief that art, quite as much as literature, should be the exponent of the present-day life leads him to strange lengths.

Even in portraiture his sense of realism runs all poetry out at the point of the sword. His portrait of an old Jew reminds us of Sir Henry Irving's *Shylock*, than which nothing more filthy can be imagined. In the canvas entitled "On the March—Bad News from France," we find Napoleon, by strenuous use of our eye-glasses, in the midst of most gorgeous surroundings. Who could



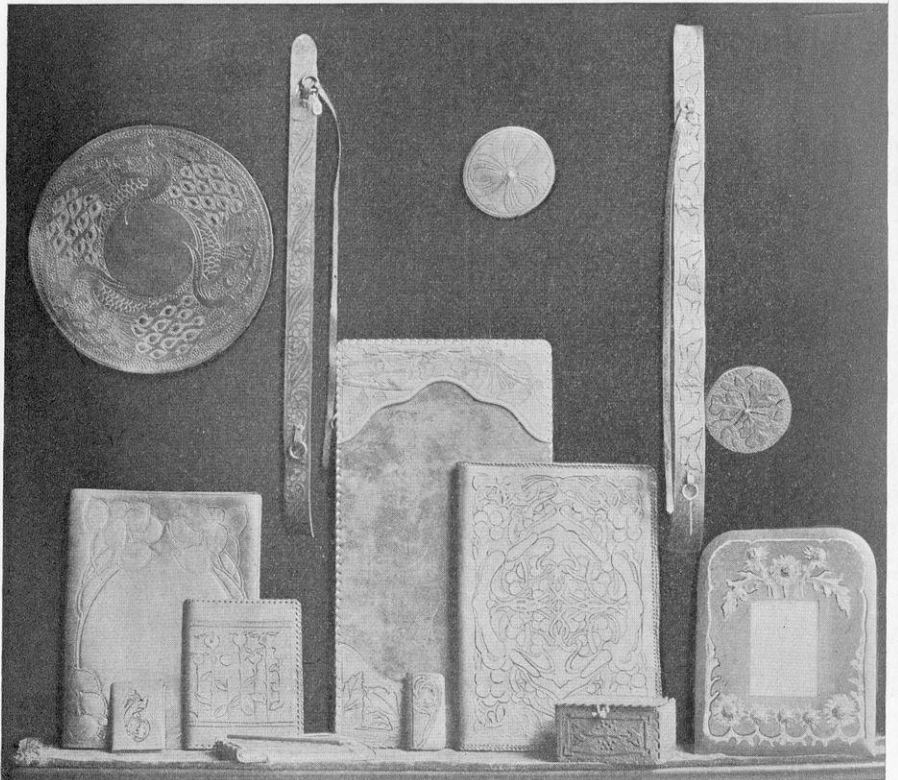
Group of Bronzes

By various Artists



Group of Pottery

By Mrs. and Miss Perkins, New York



Collection of Leather Work

By Madame Fritz Thaulow and other artists

Vasili Vereshchagin, Realist

possibly have noticed the surroundings, gorgeous or otherwise, if Napoleon were there to be seen!

No, Vereshchagin, or Verestchagin—you are offered the choice in spelling—is not a painter; he usurps all the provinces of literature. History and description are not art. The pictures of the great masters are interesting not because of the story they tell, but in spite of it, and we insist upon the fact, established in artists' minds, that the subject makes no difference; that the charm and merit are in the manner of painting. Take for instance the still life of the old Dutch painters! Who can say that cabbages and copper cooking utensils are in themselves interesting? But as presented by these masters who will deny their interest and charm?

Vereshchagin is also a writer, as perhaps few know. He is a good one, of course, for all the elements of his strong personality bend toward literature. His father destined him for the navy, and to that end he was educated in the naval school at St. Petersburg. But the fascinations of an artist's life outweighed those of the navy, and we soon find him studying at the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris, and later with *Gérôme*. He traveled through Turkestan, China and India; served in the Caucasus and Russo-Turkish war; was present at the storming of Plevna; was secretary in the negotiations for peace; and we find him again in India in 1882 and '84. A great many of his paintings are to be found in Moscow, among which are about twenty historical subjects of India, as many from Turkestan, and the same number from the Russo-Turkish war; the sacred subjects also cover a large space.

The collection to be seen at the Waldorf shows all the versatility and much of the best work of this very interesting historian. His handling, brush work, and glorious color are undisputed. Talented he certainly is, but one could wish this talent turned in better directions.

The man himself gives one the impression of tremendous force—a force never to be exhausted by anything, and his keen eyes look through to your very soul, to find sincerity, if it is there. One knows from his work that he is daring, and honesty itself. A Russian, a fighter, a worker, nothing but oppression is too hard

Vasili Vereshchagin, Realist

for one of his race. He has frozen in the Himalayas, lain wounded on the fields of the Russo-Turkish war, and sweltered in India.

The province of The Craftsman is now well established. Simplicity and beauty are its aim. Let us then do all we can to encourage the beautiful, not the things which exist merely by necessity. The horrors of war, the degradation of filth, the tawdriness of over-decoration, these must seek their portrayal in something less sacred than art. To that large majority of people, however, to whom "the play's the thing," Vereshchagin's pictures will always be very important and Vereshchagin a good painter.

The most important exhibit of the month, so far, is the portrait of Mr. Chase by John Sargent, shown at Knoedler's Galleries, a marvellous piece of execution. We are familiar with and expect always the execution from Sargent, but such a portrait as this cannot be achieved often in a man's career. The portrait, a three-quarters length, was painted last summer and in an extremely short time.

The pupils of the New York School of Art, which was founded by Mr. Chase, wishing to give a portrait of him to the Metropolitan Museum, wrote to Mr. Sargent to ask his price. The answer was that Mr. Sargent would be most interested in painting the portrait of his contemporary—it will be remembered that Mr. Chase and Mr. Sargent were colleagues in Paris—and would not accept money for it. This was not what the art students wished, and, writing to that effect, they paid a nominal price; the portrait was painted during the summer.

The effect of movement in this portrait of Mr. Chase is startling. To those familiar with this gifted painter and teacher, it is as if they were the subject, he the painter, who has just whirled about in one of his flashes, palette in one hand, brush in the other, to catch once more the expression he wants. Or, it is as if Mr. Chase were painting Mr. Sargent while Mr. Sargent was painting him—in a neck to neck race.

Vasili Vereshchagin, Realist

We are loath to leave the scene and go on up the Avenue to Durand Ruel's, where is an exhibition of the work of Victor Huguët, a Frenchman whose work in this country is so little known as to need explanation. He was born May 1st, 1835, and died August 16, 1902. A pupil of Marilhat, Delacroix, Decamps, Rousseau and Troyon, while apparently absorbing but little of all these masters, he is decidedly a mixture of all.

This exhibition is entirely of subjects done in Egypt, where, we are told, most of his work was executed. Yet while his pictures have been bought and he has been recognized and medalled by many French museums, we cannot help the feeling that having done so well, he might have done much better. The work gives us no pleasurable emotion, we are disposed to believe that the exhibitors have decidedly overestimated his importance, and we go on to the next on our list, the Woman's Art Club—a most unnecessary club—which is this year exhibiting at the National Arts Club on 34th street. For if woman's work is worth anything, there are many exhibitions open to it, and if not worth anything it should not be shown.

There are only a few good water-colors here and the artists are well known. Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, the only one who seems to understand fully the province of water-color, sends the study of a clear transparent bowl of roses, worth all the Gray Days, the Foggy Nights and Portraits of My Mother in the show; and the stained glass designs shown by Mrs. Clara Weaver Parrish are delightful in their color schemes. Some interesting work on ooze leather in color is also shown, with specimens of burnt-wood—some rather good bowls picked out in water-color of dull greens and pinks; and a candle-stick with a design in color of that much abused beauty, the peacock feather.

Quite the most interesting feature of this exhibition is a small collection of pottery by Mrs. H. Van Biggle.

The opening of that young but interesting body, the New York Water Color Club, falls on November 29th, just too late to be noticed in this number of *The Craftsman*. Coming later than usual, it does not surprise so many artists who are still in the country with unframed work, and loath to come into town while the fall coloring lasts.

Notes

DURING the year 1901, a number of Art Schools in different parts of the country offered a department in their courses to the Evelyn Nordhoff Bindery. Learning this, the authorities of the Art Students League asked that the Bindery have its workshop in their building. This invitation was accepted, and Miss Florence Foote was appointed manager and instructor. The Bindery has opened in its new quarters with as many pupils as can be accommodated in the limited space available, and this, the fifth year of its existence, promises to be its most eventful one.

The pupils of the Bindery begin by taking a book apart and re-binding it, and at the end of the seven months' course, they have covered the technique of forwarding and finishing. They are then able to work independently, having acquired a foundation upon which to build with experience and application.

A delightful spirit prevails in the Bindery, for Miss Foote has the power of identifying herself with the thought and interests of her pupils, while she holds before them the highest ideals of work. Technically she is well qualified for her position, having worked in several departments of applied art before becoming a binder. She was one of the first American pupils of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, and she still spends a portion of each summer at Hammersmith. She will send to Scribner's November exhibit a specimen of her recent work: a book bound in golden brown levant, with inlay of light blue and conventional gold tooling.

The Hammersmith Publishing Society has recently sent out from the Doves Press and Bindery two tracts in the interests of the higher Socialism and of good craftsmanship. One is a lecture upon William Morris, written and delivered by the son-in-law of the great Englishman, J. W. Mackail; the other is two-fold, consisting of the "Ecce Mundus" and "The Book Beautiful" of Cobden-Sanderson; the first outlining industrial possibilities and the constitution of a bookbinders' gild, the second treating of calligraphy printing and illustration, and finally of The Book Beautiful as a whole.

Book Reviews



THE Art of Walter Crane" is a large, beautiful volume, written by P. G. Konody, published by George Bell and Sons, London, and printed at the Chiswick Press in the same city. It is illustrated with photogravures and colored plates, as well as with line cuts which are set into the text. The book is at once a history and a criticism of the life and work of the artist whose name it bears. It treats every phase of Mr. Crane's many-sided activity, and while it is thoroughly sympathetic, it is in no sense an unqualified eulogy. Its most important chapters are entitled: "Art and Socialism;" "Art for the Nursery;" "Book Illustrations;" "Walter Crane the Painter;" and "Walter Crane the Craftsman."

The passage in the course of which the author places and ranks Mr. Crane among English artists deserves to be remembered as one which succinctly describes a period of great importance. It stands at the head of the first chapter and contains the following appreciation of two noted men:

"During the last decades of the nineteenth century the art of England has passed through the initial stages of a movement which may well be likened to the great Renaissance of Italian art, a movement the importance of which it must needs be difficult to gauge for eyes which are as yet in such close proximity to the object under observation, that it is wellnigh impossible for them to get the right focus and to avoid a distorted

impression. To the historian of the next generation must be left the task of allotting their correct position to the leaders of the English Renaissance; but to whatever place the majority of our reformers in artistic matters may then be relegated, there can be no possible doubt that two names will stand out conspicuously, like isolated high peaks about the minor summits: they are the names of William Morris and Walter Crane."

In defining Mr. Crane's characteristics and rank as a painter and draughtsman, the author gives utterance to several truths of wide application and great pertinence. For example he writes:

"Mr. Crane's accumulated knowledge has in many instances proved anything but beneficial to his work. He knows too much and has not enough inspiration. . . . Furthermore, the great facility acquired by constant practice has made him discard the model and rely entirely on his faculty for retaining visual images in his memory. Although this habit of constructing a design without the aid of a model may be of some advantage to the decorative character of his work, it has frequently resulted in faulty drawing, and it would be easy to point out a number of instances in which the proportions of his figures are hopelessly incorrect. . . . His pictures are intended to teach, to educate, to elevate: they have a 'tendency,' and tendency in a work of art is like a millstone round a swimmer's neck."

Under the head of "Art for the Nurs-

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ery" there also occur certain passages of interest to the educator and the parent. Mr. Crane is here called the "academician of the nursery," and surely the title is most justly conferred. His work as deviser and illustrator of children's books is ranked as the most direct expression of his genius. To borrow the words of the critic: "There is something in these drawings of even greater educational value than the grafting of the shoot of refinement on the naturally wild plant of the infantile taste: the scrupulous correctness in every slight detail of the archaeological setting of the scenes enacted, by means of which invaluable instruction is conveyed in an agreeable and playful manner." The truth of this judgment can not be doubted. For in reviewing even the small choice of illustrations from Walter Crane's children's books contained in Mr. Konody's volume, one is deeply impressed with the tendency therein shown to give accurate artistic instruction by the eye, with the endless variety of decorative color-schemes, and with the symbolism of the color itself so well calculated to excite the imagination, which is the mental faculty of the child first to be quickened and developed. In the chapter upon Book Illustration much emphasis is laid upon the spacing, lettering and title pages characteristic of Mr. Crane's work. And in this connection one meets the statement that "the great improvement in the printing of books during the last two decades is mainly due to the artist under consideration."

Later in the book, Mr. Crane is represented as "a fiery advocate for the union of art and industry, and for the introduction of artistic beauty into every-day life, into the dwelling-house and into every article of daily use." He is shown to be a thorough craftsman, influencing the world by his visible and material accomplishments, and working with hand and brain rather than by propaganda for the revival of the old-time and happy relations between the useful and the beautiful.

Taken all in all, Mr. Konody's volume upon "The Art of Walter Crane" is a solid contribution to "Arts and Crafts" literature and one which no interested spectator of the movement can well afford to ignore. (George Bell and Sons, London.)

"European and Japanese Gardens" is the title of an interesting and scholarly book consisting of a series of essays by members of the American Institute of Architects. These papers were read at a meeting of the above-named organization held in Washington, three years since, and they have been published with the view of furthering a closer connection than now exists in America between the architecture of the house and the design of the garden.

Italian, French, English and Japanese gardens are here criticised, the special type of each national art being treated by a separate writer. The first essay by Professor A. D. F. Hamlin of Columbia University, opens with the definition, original and pleasing, that "a garden is

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a portion of the earth's surface humanized." The subject of this paper is the "Italian Formal Garden," in considering which the author clearly brings out a fact noted or at least implied by critics in every other branch of the art of the peninsula: namely, that the Italians, as the holders of the classic tradition, regard the landscape simply as a decorative setting for man's action and social life; that they, with few exceptions—notably that of Horace among the ancients, and of Carducci among the moderns—have small sympathy with Nature and little sentiment for the infinite. And in reading Professor Hamlin's essay one can not but recall Robert Browning's "Fra Lippo," as he says in allusion to the city of Florence:

"Do you feel thankful, ay or no,
For this fair town's face, yonder river's
line,

The mountain round it and the sky
above,

*Much more the faces of man, woman,
child,*

These are the frame to?"

Having thus accentuated the purpose of the Italian formal garden and the special conditions under which it was designed, the writer discusses the chief features which compose this place of beauty and refined pleasure: terrace-walls, balustrades, stairs and gate-ways, *loggie* and *casini*, and the treatment of fountains.

The last feature is especially interesting as discussed by Professor Hamlin, who shows by both word and picture how a very small volume of water is made to

produce a maximum effect by repeated interruptions and changes of its movement: issuing from a reservoir above and passing downward through a series of basins, until it reaches a flower-garden.

Altogether, this essay is most satisfactory, since it thoroughly defines the thing of which it treats, and would make plain to one wholly ignorant of the subject the plan, characteristics, essentials and *raison d'être* of the Italian garden. The essay is also equally valuable to those who are familiar with the palaces, villas and parks of Rome, Florence and Naples. For such persons it will clarify and coördinate memories which without such explanations would remain confused and fragmentary.

A word of praise must also be given to the diction of Professor Hamlin, which is simple, elegant and suited to painting a landscape accented by the stone-pine, yew and ilex, and exhaling the same spirit that animated the Roman Horace, when he wrote "In praise of Country Life."

Another interesting paper contained in this book describes the French garden. It contains the appreciative and accurate judgment that "the French people seem always to have felt an instinctive delight in the simple pleasures of the open air: in flowers and trees, and vistas and running waters—which led them to bring all these things into their own homes, to add them as so many intimate features of the greater house."

The writer of the essay, Mr. John Galen Howard, specializes and condenses his

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thought into the consideration of a single artist: the creator of the gardens of Versailles, Le Nôtre, whom he calls the Shakspeare of the art of gardening. Mr. Howard justifies his classification by saying that throughout the history of gardening "there is one man, and one only, of such commanding genius that his name is a household word and his chief work a recognized classic." He continues the comparison by showing that Le Nôtre further resembled Shakspeare in that he was content to take the material ready at hand and perfect it; that he did not search in remote places for new motives on which to build. To quote directly a most inspiring passage, Mr. Howard says: "The poise, the insight, the imagination of genius of the first order was his; but he saw his field large enough in perfecting and in interpreting what his predecessors had prepared for him. The quintessence of genius and of wisdom, this,—not to throw away as nothing worth the skill of preceding ages and his own, but to seize it, treasure it, transmute it in the alembic of his own personality,—put it forth at last pure gleaming metal of creative power. Of such stuff was the originality of Shakspeare in poetry and of Le Nôtre in gardening. Of what immense interest it would be to show how this principle holds through the history of all the arts—that he is greatest who can take what other men have done and better it, perfect it,—not he who presumptuously shatters traditions, trying, as it were, what no one has ever

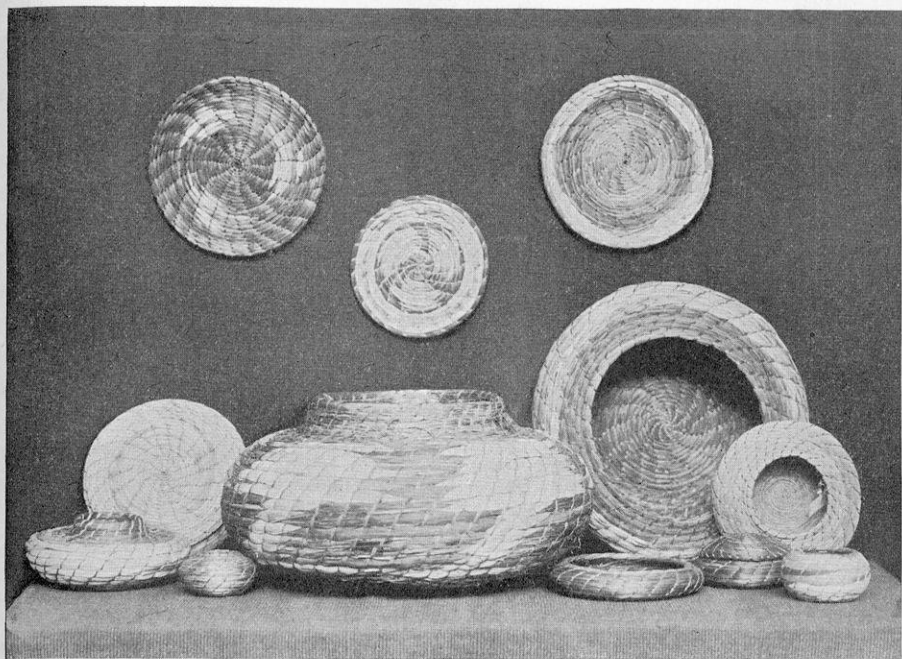
succeeded in doing, anew and alone to construct an art out of his inner consciousness."

In meeting with writing such as this, which is plainly the spontaneous expression of thought rather than something laboriously wrought out, the reader is made to feel the sisterhood existing between all the arts, and to rejoice that sculptors, painters, architects and craftsmen are again becoming all that they were in the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance: through scholars and men of deep thought. (Henry T. Coates and Co., Philadelphia, 1902.)

"Bookbinding and Care of Books," by Douglas Cockerell, is one of a series of manuals upon the artistic crafts edited by W. R. Lethaby. This series is published in the effort to provide from the point of view of experts trustworthy text-books of workshop practice. A secondary object is to place artistic craftsmanship before the people as a means of reasonable, remunerative and agreeable occupation, as also to influence men and women of education to enter the productive crafts.

The volume upon bookbinding is a complete text-book giving detailed processes with full illustrations. It is intended to aid craftsmen and librarians in the selection of sound methods of binding books and to supplement, not to supplant, the training of the workshop. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"Mountain Playmates," is the title of a



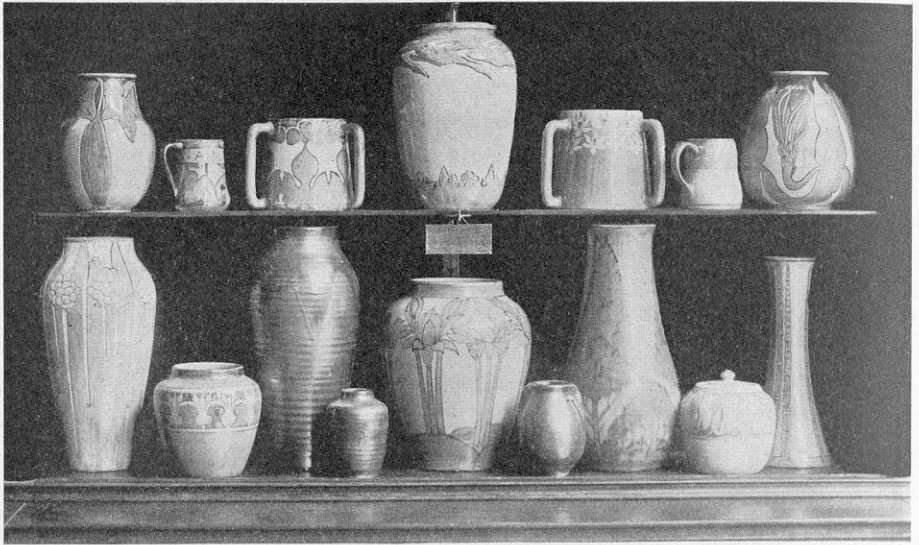
Group of Baskets

By the Misses Francis, Plainfield, Conn.



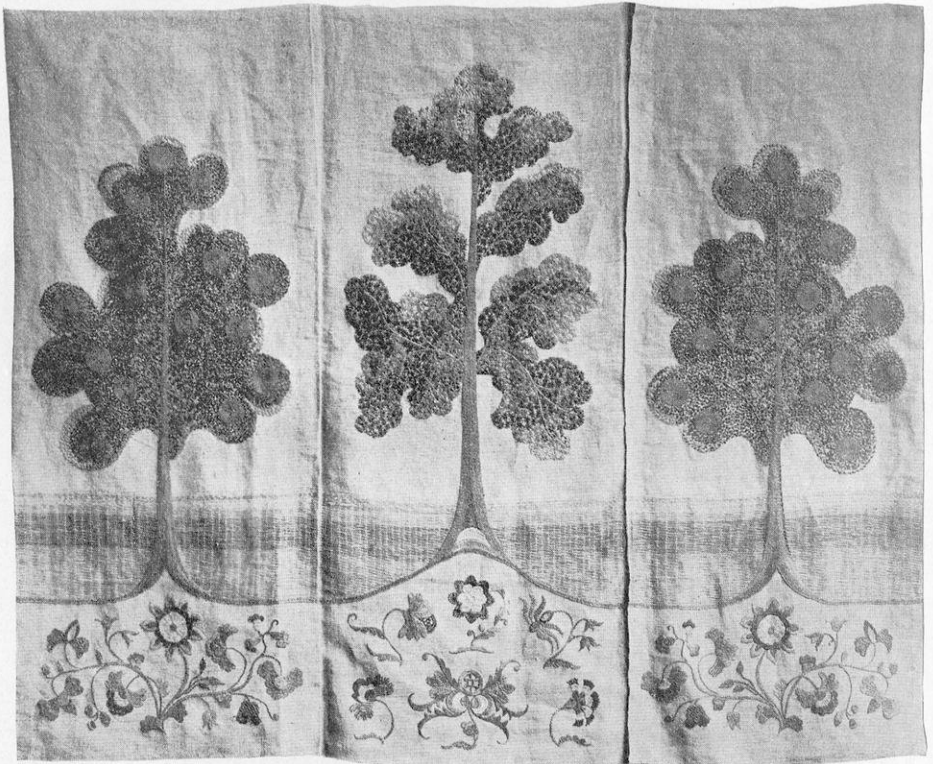
Group of Lamps

By Joseph H. Taft, New York, Gustave Guerschner, Vienna, Austria, and other artists



Group of Pottery

By the Art Department of The Sophie Newcomb Memorial College, New Orleans, La.



Needlework Screen

By The Deerfield Society of Art Needlework, Deerfield, Mass.

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volume of short papers by Mrs. Helen R. Albee, who is known in the world of craftsmanship for her development of the Abnakee Hooked Rug. The book is a chronicle of the simple, cultured life of two persons in the mountain district of New Hampshire. Many of the headings of the papers have a classical flavor, as for example: "Bucolics;" "Works and Days" and "Pagan Rites," while the writing shows a thought not unlike that of a once much-read and always charming book of Alphonse Karr's: "Journeys about my Garden." Mrs. Albee's book should do a real work among people whose lives are confined to rural places difficult of access, since it indicates simple, available means for filling lonely days with interest and beauty. Among all the papers "The Enchanted Rug" is the most pleasing and practical, since it is the story of real experience and of work actually accomplished.

"How to Make Baskets," by Mary White.

The great attention now given to the art of basketry in school, training-class and society, justifies the appearance of this manual, which is said to be the only complete guide to the work. To quote from the descriptive notice: "Miss White describes in detail the few necessary implements and materials, and then tells how to weave, first the simpler forms, next, the more complicated patterns, and finally the complicated and beautiful work for which the Indians were once famous, but which is now rapidly becoming a lost art."

At the end of the manual and like a happy after-thought, a chapter is added upon "What the basket means to the Indian." (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, 1902.)

"A Painter's Moods" is the title of a volume of sonnets and lyrics written by the well-known painter, Mr. Frederick Crowninshield. As might be expected, the subjects are, in most cases, artistic, and the treatment is invariably refined. The acute sensibility of the writer would at once impress a reader ignorant of Mr. Crowninshield's profession, and the diction of each fragment displays fine scholarly attainments. . A glance at the table of contents reveals the eclectic taste and large sympathies of the writer, and the sonnets of which the greater part of the book is composed are ideas or motifs delicately sketched out, which doubtless have occurred to Mr. Crowninshield as he has stood in the presence of an historic scene, or some famous statue or picture, as he has mingled in society, or sat alone in his studio absorbed in work. The book will not rise above a *succès d'estime*, but some few of the sonnets deserve to be known; as for example, the one named: "At Evensong," which renders rapidly and truly the impression made by the interior of a Gothic church at twilight. Two others entitled: "To an Actress," are subtle character-studies in miniature. But the best, perhaps, of the entire volume is one which describes the Italian language within the narrow frame of verse and rhyme more strikingly than a philologist could do in a hundred pages of scientific writing.

