



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The craftsman. Vol. III, No. 4 January 1903

Syracuse, N.Y.: United Crafts, January 1903

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Q5VII6GNL36H78T>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/UND/1.0/>

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

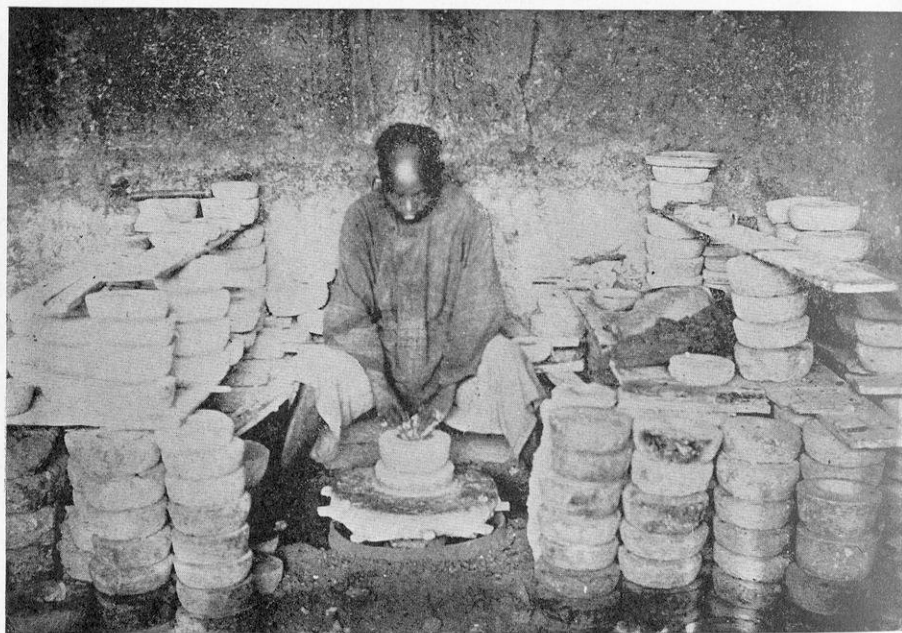
**Cover page
is not
available**

There can be no great school of art unless artistic tastes are developed in every walk of life, and this can only be obtained by fostering the taste for artistic decoration in the home.

Linda Villari



Mill for pounding the rock



Potter's Wheel
Porcelain works, Deh-hua, China

Refer to page 241

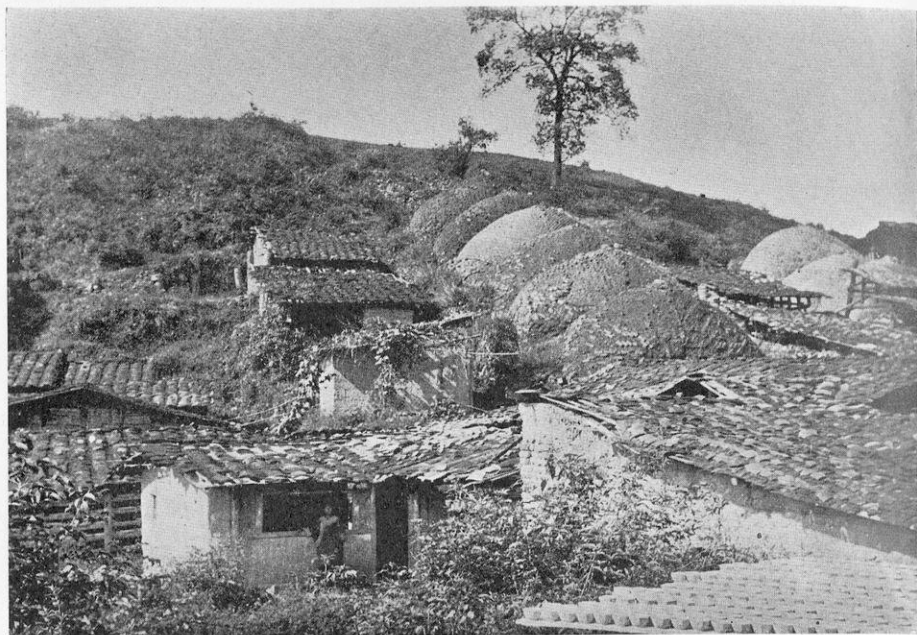


Drying the freshly moulded ware

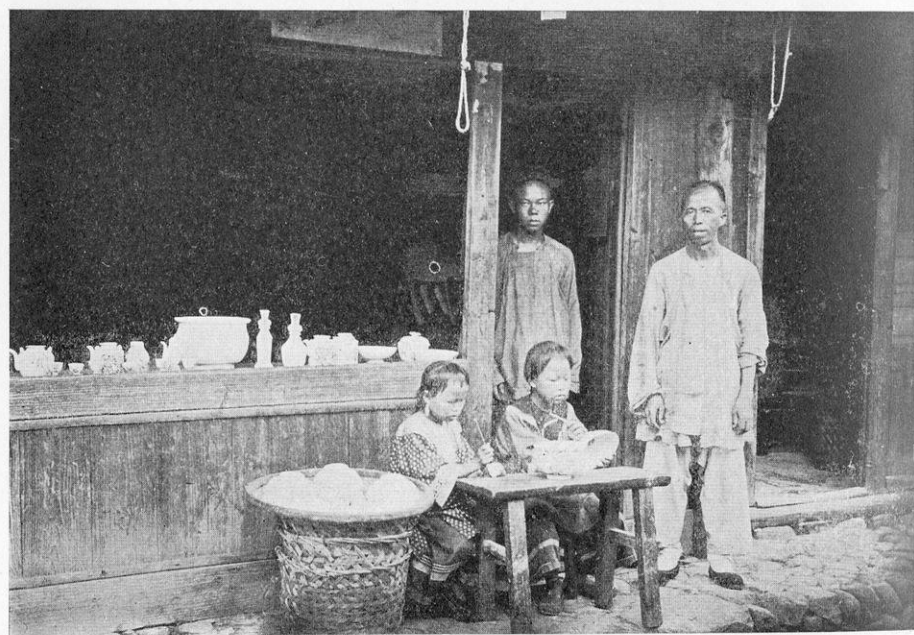


Glazing

Refer to page 241



The Kilns



Painting

Refer to page 241

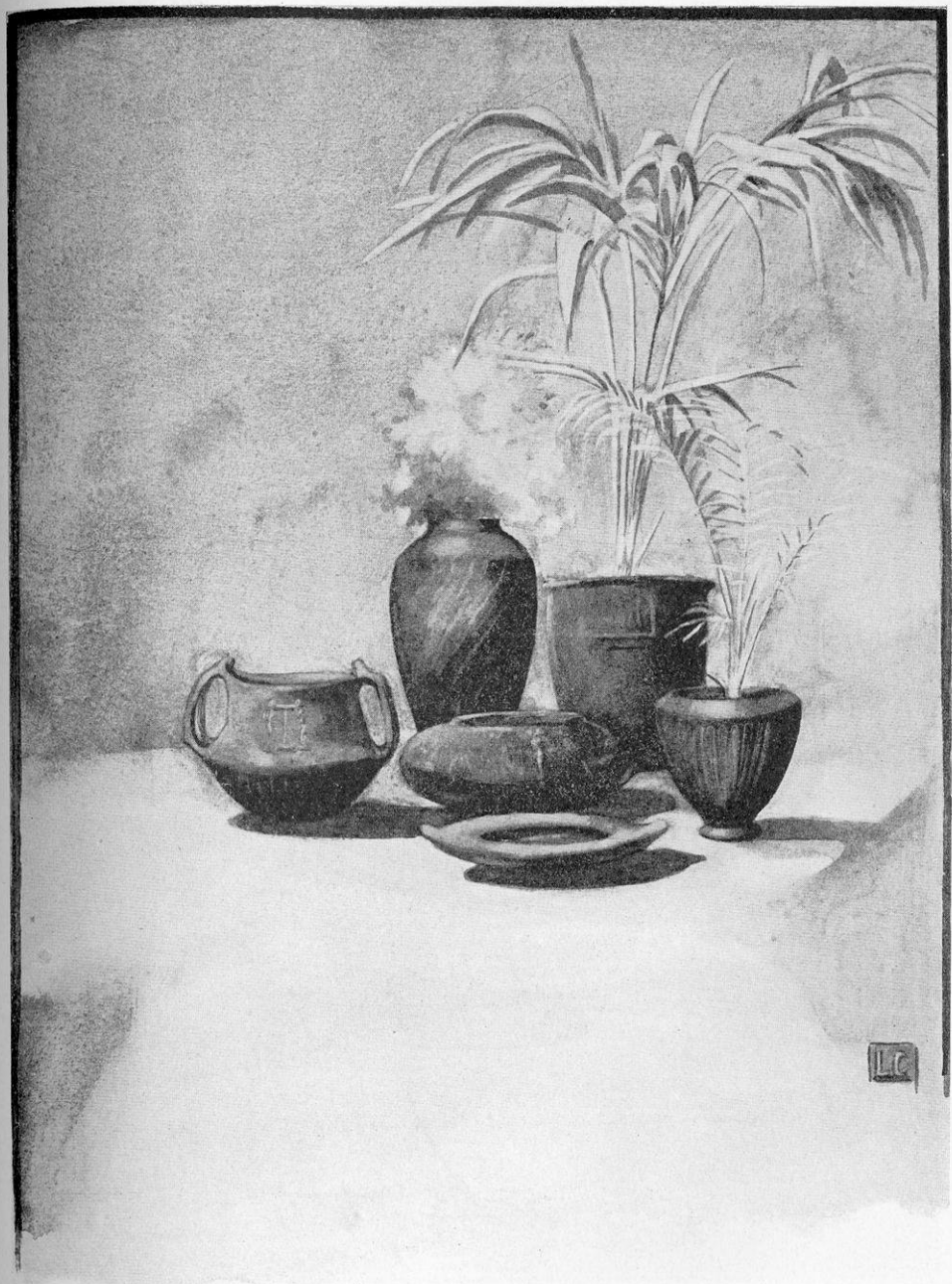


LC



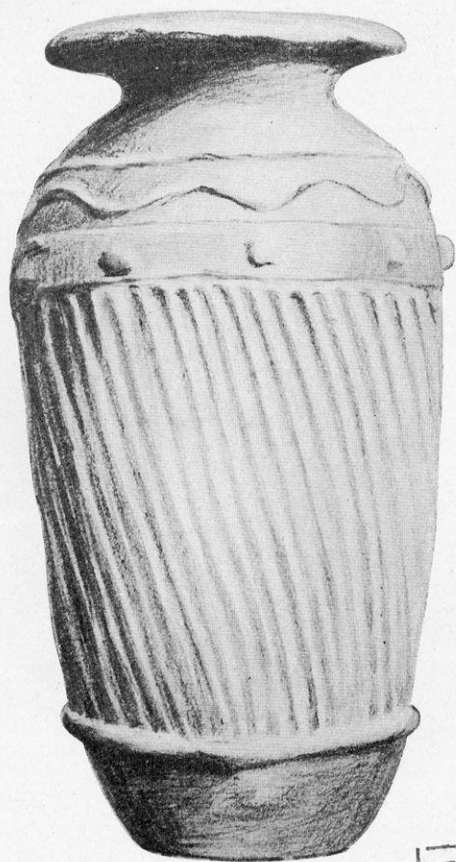
Cup—Black Pottery. Modeled by Mrs. and Miss Perkins

Refer to page 244

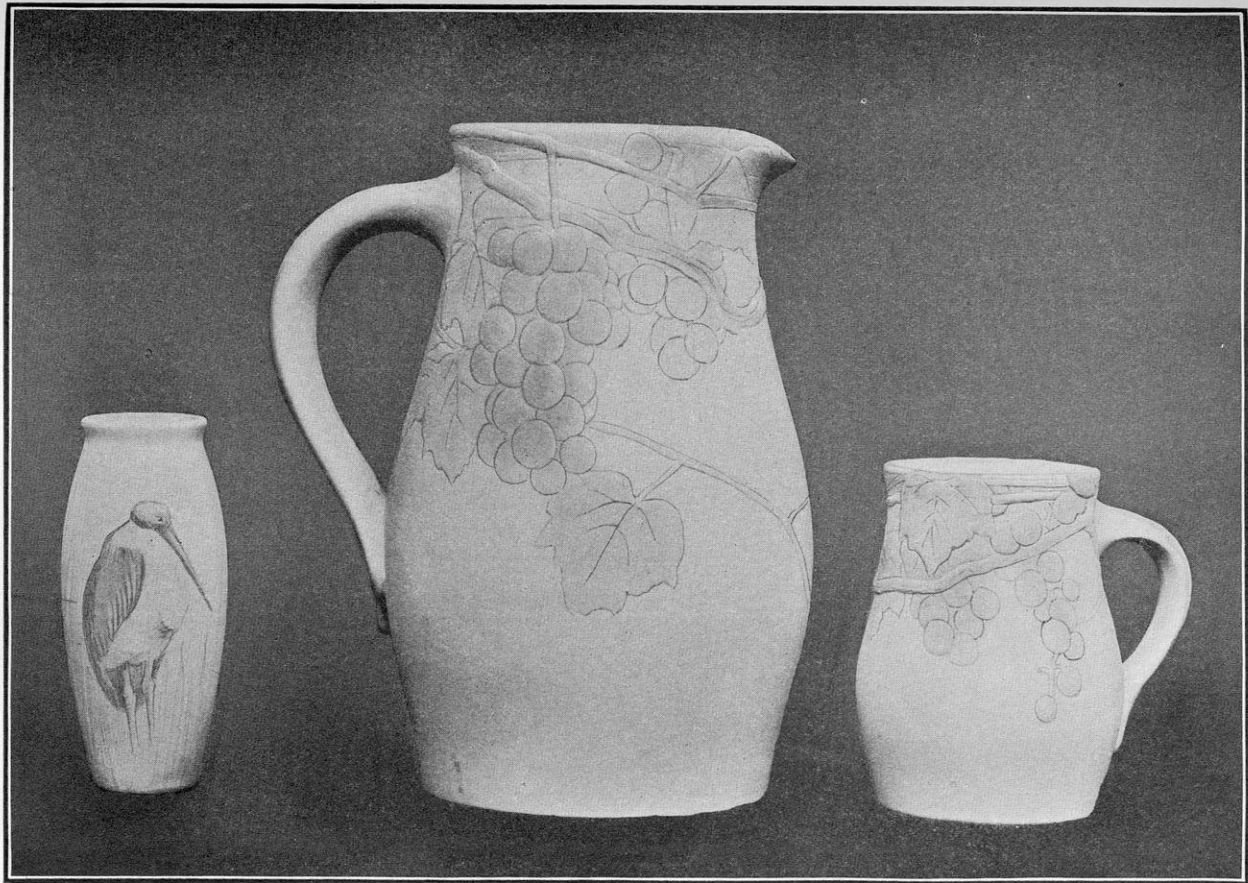


Group—Black Pottery. Modeled by Mrs. and Miss Perkins

Refer to page 244



LC



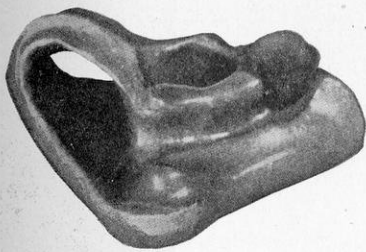
Rookwood Iris ware. Modeled in low relief

Refer to page 247



Rookwood Vase—Standard ware

Refer to page 247



Rookwood Vase and Candlesticks

Refer to page 247



Rookwood Vases—end subjects, Standard ware; middle subject, Mat glaze

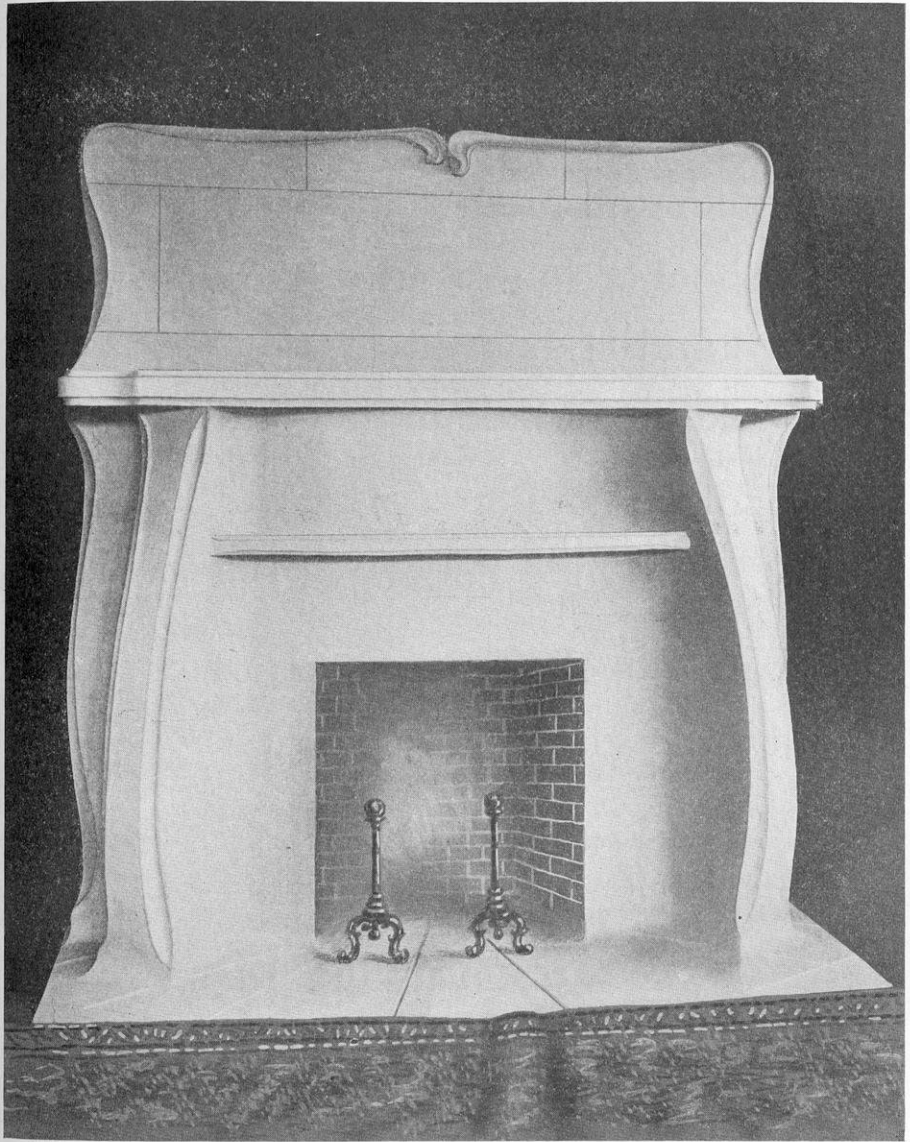


Rookwood Tile Fireplace

Refer to page 247

WELFARE

THE WELFARE COMPANY, 100 N. W. COR. 10TH & W. W. AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO.



Rookwood Faience Fireplace

Refer to page 247

THE CRAFTSMAN

Published Monthly by THE UNITED CRAFTS
207 South State Street, Syracuse, New York

Vol. III

JANUARY, 1903

No. 4

Contents

- German and Netherlander: Their Gilds and Art
IRENE SARGENT
- A School of Industrial Art OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS
- The Fatal Hand (*continued*) *Translated from the French*
by IRENE SARGENT
- Porcelain as Made in its Native Land
Illustrated WILLIAM N. BREWSTER
- A Sculptor as Potter *Illustrated* LOUISE C. CHARD
- The Rookwood Pottery: "Dux Foemina Facti"
Illustrated
- Art in Schools KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH
- The Frackelton "Blue and Gray"
LOUISE M. McLAUGHLIN
- Notes
- Book Reviews



Accompanying Plates

- Three Plates*—Illustrating the making of Porcelain in China
Four Plates—Vases modeled by Mrs. and Miss Perkins
Five Plates—Rookwood Faience Fireplaces and Vases

25 CENTS SINGLE COPY

::

BY THE YEAR, \$3.00

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY GUSTAVE STICKLEY

Foreword

THE Craftsman offers in its present issue a number largely devoted to the fine and the industrial arts.

The first article: "German and Netherlander," is presented as an argument to show that civic spirit and good craftsmanship were the fertile causes which produced the art of the Teutonic countries. It is hoped also that the article may suggest to those who shall read it the fact that art has a function all other than its priceless value as a means to beautify and to sweeten life; that it has a direct material and economic importance, if it be made an integral, inseparable part of daily life, as was the case in the teeming, laborious cities of the Rhine, the Elbe, Franconia and the Low Countries.

It would not be well, even if it were possible, to re-establish old conditions, but as men arise for the times, so do ideals of institutions fitted to existing necessities offer themselves to the thoughtful and the well-instructed. Therefore, the scheme of social democracy outlined by Professor Oscar L. Triggs, in his paper, "A School of Industrial Art," should command the attention of all those who have at heart the general welfare of our country. A convincing power, born of truth, lies in the words of this teacher and thinker, when he says: "The time has come for schools whose aim shall be to serve the needs of modern industrial democracy, that shall build upon that fine instinct for workmanship that is the very life of industry when not permeated by caste, schools that shall declare: 'The ideal university is a place where nothing useless is taught.' . . . The new school will start with the constructive energies; it will unite the senses with the brain; it will exalt the active over the passive life; it will love knowledge for its service; it will make a real and not a false use of books; it will test production not alone by its pecuniary results but by human values—whether it yields pleasure or pain. . . . The chief agency of popular education will be the very labor through which life is sustained."

The cause of the people is also supported in the practical paper upon "Art in the Schools," by Katherine Louise Smith, a writer who proposes simple and easily attainable means by which the

Foreword

best elements of urban life may be extended to our less prosperous and populous regions.

Lovers of the industrial arts, considered in their products, rather than in their social and economic significance, will derive pleasure from a group of short illustrated articles upon ceramics. The first of this group contains a suggestive comparison between the Chinese and the French porcelain, which is, at the same time, a commentary upon two forms of civilization, the conservative and the progressive. Then follow notes of interest upon the history and the constitution of the Rookwood Pottery, together with a short account of some of the materials and the processes there employed. The accompanying plates show that the science and the aesthetic sense of a young nation have produced objects of industrial art rivaling those created by the great craftsmen of Europe. In the same group of papers are found the records of two successful experiments: the one the work, or rather the pastime of a sculptor; the other, a patient development of a homely, despised substance into a ware which is now admitted into museums and the cabinets of amateurs.

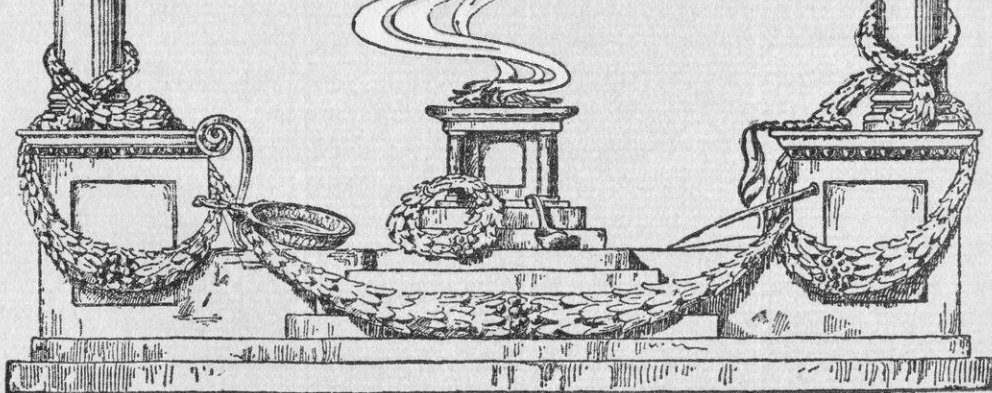
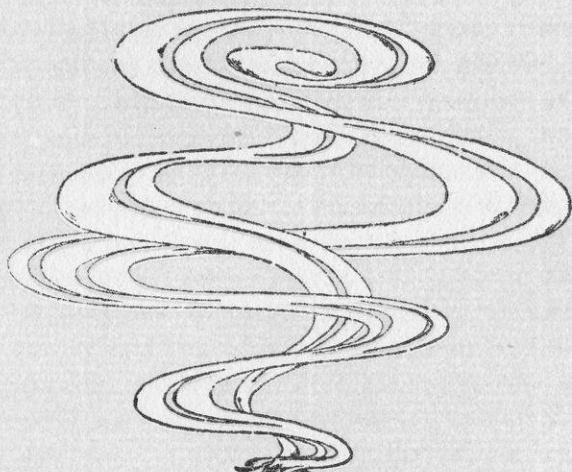
In the present issue the department of notes and reviews has been extended, while for the near future other additions are contemplated.

The February Craftsman is announced as a "Country-House Number," and it will contain a number of elevations and plans by well-known architects, which will offer, at a timely season of the year, valuable suggestions to the builder and the decorator.

O FAVSTVM ET FELICITATEM NVNC ANNVM



A SACRED BURDEN IS THIS
LIFE YE BEAR: STAND VP
AND WALK BENEATH IT
STEADFASTLY



German and Netherlander: Their Gilds and Art
Irene Sargent

CIVIC spirit and good craftsmanship were the producing causes of the rich art of Germany and the Netherlands. This statement proves itself true in the eyes of the most careless visitor to the cities of the Rhineland and the Elbe, Franconia, Belgium and Holland. While Italian art was the expression of a religious impulse closely connected with the rise of the Mendicant Orders, Teutonic architecture, sculpture and painting were the instruments used by the citizen-gilds and commercial leagues to indicate their power, their spiritual significance and their material wealth. The art of Italy was fostered by the Church, and its earliest representatives alternately prayed and painted. Teutonic art passed without delay from the cloister to the workshop, and developed among the sturdy burghers of laborious and teeming towns. It was not called into being to glorify Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, or to gratify princes, spiritual or temporal. It was an art created by and for the people. Its highest expressions are materialistic and splendid. Such was the genius of the great Fleming, Rubens, who, according to the witty saying of a famous French critic, "mounted to Olympus, with his heels weighted down with quintals of Dutch cheese." Such the genius of all these Northern artists who lived, not apart from real affairs, in convent or at court, but mingled daily with their fellows in the Rathaus, the gild-chapter and the studio-workshop. The rise and development of Teutonic art is best treated by "the comparative method": by showing how essentially this growth differed from the system which rose and flourished southward of the Alps. In common, both systems strike their roots into that most organic of all historic periods: the thirteenth century. The southern system flowered from a religious impulse. The northern developed from an equally sincere, although a less spiritual movement. Italian art, true to its heredity, was centralized. It set forth the mysteries of the Christian faith, it illuminated the stories of saints and martyrs, and, before the invention of printing, it gave the Bible to the people. It became a powerful engine of the Church. Teutonic art, on the contrary, tended toward decentral-

German and Netherlander

ization. It is an expression of individualism, it is impatient of rules and daring in experiment. It contains a grotesque element and calls nothing common or unclean. Its types were commonplace and its means simple. It was intended to be the accompaniment and necessity of every-day life.

The development of Teutonic art, in all its phases, followed upon the establishment of municipal corporations, and these bodies themselves were an outgrowth of the parliamentary system whereby the people of mediæval Europe first found voice and function in affairs of State. The parliament, the gild and the university: these three great bodies corporate, so nearly synchronous in their origin, counteracted the evil features of Teutonic individualism, just as the English Reform Bill of 1832 laid the still threatening ghost of the French Revolution. As an effect of the parliamentary system, Northern Europe, by the end of the thirteenth century, was thickly scattered with thriving towns. The commoners had conquered their citizen-rights, and proud in their new sense of ownership, they sought to beautify their possessions and surroundings. Art and literature came into bloom, as a necessary result of the wide-spread popular enthusiasm; just as, following upon the political advances of 1832 came the Oxford Movement, the rise of Victorian poetry with Tennyson and Browning, and, later, the revival of British painting.

It does not therefore derogate from the worth of Teutonic art to say that it was the outcome of an intense civic pride. And to justify this statement we have but to glance at the accomplishments of this race, during the period under consideration, in the several departments of architecture, sculpture, painting and music. In the Free Cities of the Holy Roman Empire, in the districts threaded by the Rhine and the Elbe, on the marshy plains of the Netherlands, successive generations of burghers yielded up their wealth of brain and craft and purse to build cathedrals and council halls, to set up shrines and pulpits and fountains, to educate the musical sense of the people by the chime and the chorale, and to perpetuate in painting the memories of civic pageants and festivals. Truly, this was a period vitalized by a sense of social duty and personal

German and Netherlander

faithfulness. The religion of industry pervaded the Northern cities, and is acknowledged to have produced the highest form of secular life that human society has yet reached; since master and man, wise and ignorant, rich and poor, were brought by the guilds into a state of forced interdependence, and made to feel the power of social obligation.

The scenes of this burgher life necessarily became dear to those who enjoyed so high a degree of power, freedom and material wealth. They were therefore reproduced in art, through the working of that "play-impulse" which leads men to imitate whatever is agreeable, beautiful, impressive, or grand in their surroundings. To this end the art of painting lent itself the most easily, and therefore to this single art it were best to confine our considerations and argument.

As time progressed, the tendency toward realism in Teutonic painting became stronger and stronger. All that was superlative and abstract, all that betrayed philosophic motive or literary tendency was eliminated therefrom. The earliest schools: those of Prague, Westphalia and Cologne, with their mystic masters, fell; while Wohlgemuth, Dürer and Cranach, who reached down to the period of the Reformation, left no disciples worthy of the name; for they, with all their skill and their devotion to art, were metaphysicians, theologians and *littérateurs*, rather than artists pure and simple. One German painter only can be taken as typifying perfectly the spirit of Teutonic art, and there is no need to say that this is Hans Holbein the Younger. He was the painter of secular life, his fame rests upon his portraits, and when called to produce altar-pieces, he represented sacred scenes as family gatherings of opulent burghers. The art of Holbein was sporadic. It bloomed as from a chance seed scattered by the wind and it left no successors. Imitators of the Italian schools sprang up and choked the indigenous art of Germany, while its close relative, fostered by favorable climatic and social influences, developed in the Low Countries.

The history of art in these provinces has been compared with the history of Greece, in that it has a Divine, an Heroic and a Human

German and Netherlander

period. And the parallel might be extended by adding a fourth period: a decadence, ending in servitude, when, in the early eighteenth century, the art and the political importance of Holland sank together, while the descendants of the men and women who had sustained without flinching the Spanish sieges of Haarlem and Maestricht and Leyden knew no sentiment beyond the craving for peace and material comfort. And these degenerates were content to retire from out the large atmosphere of freedom into the narrow darkness of their counting-houses, there, like Marlowe's Jew of Malta, to gloat over their piles of gold and their "seld-seen" costly gems.

These successive periods of the art of the Netherlands form an instructive evolutionary series. They show that the object of this art, unlike that of Italy, is to fit man to his surroundings. What we may name the Divine or Epic period, began with the School of Bruges, of which the chief masters are the brothers Van Eyck, Roger Van der Weyden and Hans Memling. At this time, that is, toward the end of the fourteenth century, Bruges occupied relations to the world similar to those which are held by the London of our own day. A hundred ships passed daily through her water-ways; her goldsmiths, numbering thousands and organized into a gild, formed an entire division of the territorial army. Further than this, Bruges was ranked as one of the three fairest cities of the continent. Her gilds had made her populous, prosperous and proud. They had infused her with a self-conscious, forceful municipal life, and through their influence, her skilled workmen had come to fulfill the functions which, in Plato's Ideal Republic, are divided among the artisans, the soldiers and the legislators. In this Flemish town, the artisans were the State. And the rights of citizenship, no longer restricted to a few individuals and based upon heredity, as in the ancient Republics, were the reward of honest and intelligent labor. There, at least, it was possible for man to be content with his surroundings, as both his mind and his body were engaged in healthy activity. So he conceived of Heaven and the life to come as the glorification and the complement of the material world which he knew. So, the Flem-

German and Netherlander

ish painter, himself an artisan and gildsman, when called to treat religious subjects, did not philosophize and syllogize. He simply painted what he saw about him: the beauties of Nature, the types of humanity which crossed his daily path, and the works of industrial art which his own town either produced or imported. He had no Dante to fill his imagination with heavenly presences, so wrapped about with radiance that they justified the name given to them in the *Paradiso* of "cocoon of light." The Fleming, instead, gave his angels figures and faces of solid flesh and blood, clothed them in splendid brocaded capes clasped with jewels, crowned them with goldsmith's work, in the then prevailing fashion, and grouped them about carved reading-desks wrought with all the cunning of an Adam Kraft. The meadows of his paradise were the moist low lands of restful green lying just outside his own city's walls, and over which he himself was wont to stroll in peaceful, contemplative mood, whenever a spring Sunday or a holiday closed his busy workshop. The Flemish painter, even though he belonged to the Divine, that is: the religious or early period, was not, in the true sense, mystic, or introspective. He looked out upon the world and saw that it was good, and when he speculated upon the future life, he trusted that "the best was yet to be." He felt religious faith to be "the substance of things hoped for," and he therefore joined Churchly symbolism to his racial realism. He suited the mysteries of theology to the comprehension of the people, and did not torment his art in order to set forth scholastic dogmas and subtleties. The "Adoration of the Mystic Lamb," the "Vision of the Seven Sacraments," and "Triumph of the Catholic Church," represented by the School of Bruges might have been acts of faith performed by the compatriots and contemporaries of the painters, whereby Heaven was brought near to earth, and wherein the visible thing stood as a full, perfect and sufficient type for the invisible.

Such was the "divine" or epic period of painting in the Netherlands. It extended from the Van Eycks to Quentin Matsys, who served as a connecting link between the old and the new period, since he reunited in his work the excellences of his predecessors,

German and Netherlander

while, in qualities of style, he foreshadowed even the great Rubens himself. But now in the sixteenth century the faith of Christendom was shaken; the authority of the Church was doubted and rejected by many; the day of the religious epos ended amid the gloom and confusion of a war in which Latin stood arrayed against Teuton, and racial proclivities took form as questions of belief and conscience. Through appalling persecutions and massacres, the Spanish Netherlands were purged of their protestants. The swarming marts of Bruges were swept bare of their merchants, and the gossiping looms of Antwerp lapsed into death-like silence.

As in the English wars of the Roses, the life of an entire generation was consumed in this struggle. But with what different results! Instead of consolidation, as resulted in the case of the English people, disintegration ensued, and the Flemings were forever divided from their northern neighbors, the Dutch. After the struggle ended, the Flemish provinces revived, as a human organism recovers from an almost mortal sickness. They turned with the quick eagerness of a convalescent to gratify a long-stifled appetite for pleasure. The crisis through which they had passed had deprived them of religious faith, and they entered upon a new period of existence in sore need of a substitute for this supreme guide of their earlier life. The aesthetic quality of the Flemish nature responded to the new environment of peace, to the return of material comfort, and to the encouragement offered by the Spanish masters of the provinces, now grown so mild that in order to atone for the waste of citizen-life so ruthlessly made under Charles Fifth and the Duke of Alva, they were willing virtually to restore the old citizen-privileges and constitutions. The aesthetic sense of the people being thus quickened, produced a new manifestation of art which was, first of all, faithful to the racial instinct, and which was, secondarily, the result of peculiar conditions. In its latter aspect, that is, as the product of a reactionary epoch, it may be compared with the literature of the English Restoration. But this new period of the art of the Netherlands is chiefly interesting as an effort of the Teutonic mind to fit man to his surroundings and to project him on the back-

German and Netherlander

ground of Nature. The greatest genius of the Italian Renaissance, Michelangelo, faithful also to race traditions, looked upon the universe through the distorting lens of anthropomorphism. The human figure was his universe. In the height of his fame and power as an artist, he created his mighty world on the walls and ceiling of the Sistine Chapel from a single rhythm of structural beauty in which the unit of value was the human form. In his gloomy old age, he depicted the Universal Judgment simply as a pell-mell of figures in every conceivable attitude and every possible degree of foreshortening. And the rumor runs that when sight failed him, he called in the sense of touch to represent to him the heroic proportions of the Torso of Hercules whose marble he pressed lovingly each day with his aged, trembling hands.

The Teutonic mind, on the contrary, does not seek so much to personalize the forces of the universe as to establish harmonious relations with them. An illustration of this tendency we find in Wagner's opera of Siegfried, when the hero, after eating the heart of the dragon which he has slain, comes to understand the song-language of the birds, and is able to reply to them in the same medium of communication. Siegfried, as the typical Teutonic hero, recognizes the relationship, the almost fraternal sentiment which pervades the whole scale of existence. So, when the religious period of art had come to a natural end in Flanders, the Teutonic spirit, released from all restraint, both healthful and harmful, asserted its individuality in unbridled expression. It glorified the animal part of man's nature. It pictured the faun and the satyr, not after the manner of our own Puritan romance-writer, who saw in them creatures destined, through suffering, to become enlightened and sad men, but simply as creatures innocent because ignorant, steeped in that sensuous pleasure which is awakened by the beauty of nature, or else as abandoned to the mastery of their untamed instincts.

This animalism was in the air, and its prophet was a man who is judged by the critics to have been one of the world's half-dozen supreme painters. But still, Rubens was only one of a group of painters whose artistic fertility and spontaneity suggest the spirit

German and Netherlander

of Elizabethan literature. The animalism of the Flemish Renaissance was as ingenuous, as unpremeditated, as that which vitalizes the heroes of Marlowe as they strive with herculean force after conquest, wealth, knowledge, or love. So, if we accept Ruskin's stricture, when he asserts that "Rubens is a healthy, worthy, kind-hearted, courtly-phrased animal, without any clearly perceptible traces of a soul," we must also realize that the great critic, by his trenchant sarcasm, did his subject involuntary justice. For Rubens was but the child of history: a man in whom culminated the genius of his race, nationality and epoch. He was a true Teuton because he sought to fit man to his surroundings, and not to engulf and lose those surroundings in a chaos of anthropomorphism. He was a true Fleming since he was most sensitive to the beauty of the natural world lying about him: catching its lights and shadows, its colors and effects, the characteristic attitudes of its creatures, whether human or animal, and the passing emotions of man. And this to the degree that he stands forth as the Theocritus of the North, as graphic, as sincere, as frankly pagan as the very writer of the Alexandrian idyls. But with this distinction that Rubens was no maker of miniatures, no creator of small types; for, full of the joy of life which was the heritage of the epoch, he produced at a rapid rate, in enormous quantity, and upon an heroic scale. Finally, if we accept Ruskin's verdict upon Rubens as a just one, we must make allowance for the time and circumstances of the artist's career; we must distinguish the healthy, although obtrusive animalism of the painter, from that prurient, morbid sensuality of the nineteenth century, which assumes a psychological disguise and finds expression in the literary work of certain decadents and degenerates of whom D'Annunzio is the type.

Nor can Rubens be dismissed without allusion to his exquisite art as a colorist, which ranks him only below the great Venetian masters and marks him as an inhabitant of a great maritime city, where he could constantly observe the optical phenomena of a changeful, opalescent atmosphere and study the beautiful, costly wares and stuffs which a world-wide commerce brought to his door.

German and Netherlander

The heroic period of the art of the Netherlands ended with the School of Rubens. And if we sometimes question the aptness of this qualification, *heroic*, we have but to turn to certain of its masterpieces. As we study them we shall feel a restorative, rejuvenating sensation, like a springtide sap mounting to the heart, which makes us conscious that we are earth-born: something which puts us in sympathy with teeming Nature and in the mood to listen to the strong Saxon humor of the Canterbury tales.

The Flemish Renaissance was abortive, for the reason that it contained little of the spiritual element. With the removal of the genius whom we have considered, it fell to dust and ashes.

The early seventeenth century saw the rise of a new school of painting in Holland, which began the last great period of the art of the Netherlands. This was the period which has been called the Human; since it put aside both saintly legend and pagan myth, in order to portray the incidents of real life. The new manifestation of art was essentially protestant. It revolted against precedent and prejudice, and sought out for itself new subjects and new methods of treatment. It was again an effort of the Teutonic mind to fit man to his surroundings; to represent him in the place of his daily activities: in the exercise of his civic functions, or of his profession, toiling at his workbench, or feasting in his hours of recreation; even as languishing in the Ghetto or blanching and withering in a cellar. So, it well deserves the name of the Human period. But to this characterization something further may be added. For under the influence of its greatest genius Dutch art became sociological, and no philosopher or philanthropist of our own day has felt more powerfully than Rembrandt the oppression and prevalence of the "World Sorrow." The painter reunited in himself many of the qualities of Molière, Shakspeare and Balzac. First of all, he possessed the power of synthesis which so distinguishes our great dramatic poet. He could sum up in a single look or gesture the life, the occupation, even the very heredity of the subject whom he chose to portray. He pictured the whole existence, and not merely a single moment, or crisis in the story of his characters. And for this reason, his burgomasters, his gilds-

German and Netherlander

men, his surgeons and his pariahs have come to be the perfect types and personifications of their respective callings and conditions. His resemblance to Molière may be traced in his cynicism, but he had not the fine, rapier-like wit of the French playwright. He possessed a grim, not over-refined and purely Teutonic humor to a degree which caused the critic Symonds to say that "Rembrandt produced a satire in the style of Dean Swift's Yahoos." The likeness of the Dutch painter to Balzac lies in his choice of unlovely subjects and his minute portrayal and strong accentuation of their peculiar deformities. He watched the grotesque personages of the "Human Comedy" defile before him, he observed the marks with which sin and sorrow had branded them, and he literally "painted what he saw." He has been censured for his ignoble conception of the Christ, but it was in harmony with the world in which he lived his artist-life. He conceived a Messiah of the people, acquainted with the griefs of toilers and sharing them to the bitter dregs. In this conception he was in advance of his time, and foreshadowed a later society than the one in which he was actually placed. He swept away tradition. He ignored the "Christ in majesty," covered with the imperial mantle and holding the earth-ball, the Founder of the Church and the coming Judge of the world. He rejected equally the emaciated, devitalized Christ of the Byzantine School who seems fitted only for the narrow cell of the monk. Nor was he in the least attracted by the Christ of the Veronese banquets. For Rembrandt neither the State nor the Church, nor the nobility, regarded as ruling social forces, held possession of the Messiah. Projected into the world of our own day, Rembrandt's Christ would be the Divine Missionary of the slums, who would watch over the tenement and the hospital-ward, and whose chief work would lie in the gin-palace, the brothel and the opium-joint. He is the Messiah whom Tennyson hailed when he bade his bells ring in "the Christ that is to be."

But this striking conception, like all other expressions of Rembrandt's art, owes its chief force and value to the fact that it was accomplished naturally: that is, without the conscious application

German and Netherlander

of his will, that it came to him as an observation, or a record of experience, transmuted by its passage through the avenues of his perception, both sensuous and mental. He did not attempt either to preach or to teach through his art. He simply *felt* and *knew* after the manner of geniuses. He was the master of a powerful medium of expression, and he translated his ideas to the world because he could not do otherwise.

The mental vigor of the artist was matched by the keenness of his pictorial instincts. He is believed to have surpassed all painters who preceded him in the delicacy of his optical perceptions. And his perceptions were similar to those of his countrymen past and present, differing from theirs in degree only, intensified as the peculiar property of genius and educated by constant well-directed study. He saw objects in masses emerging from the mists of the Netherlands and illuminated in spots by the sun shining through ragged clouds. Thus he *modeled* rather than *drew* his figures, justifying by his methods the title of "King of Shadows," and arbitrarily governing his lights, until the time of his scene may be questioned, as in the case of his masterpiece, the wrongly named "Night Watch," of which a French critic has said that "no one asks whether it is the sun, or a lamp which lights the people therein assembled, since there can be no doubt but that it is a flash of genius." It is this quality of viewing objects in masses which sharply distinguishes the Northern from the Southern artist, the Fleming or the Hollander from the Italian. We think of Rembrandt, and a spot of intense light glows before our eyes, alluring us to watch its phenomena, as it shoots out its rays into shadow, rendering the simplest color complex, and lending to the most familiar objects the charm of mystery. A dark chamber with its one gas-jet, or better with its one point of light emanating from a candle, affords the principle by which this wizard of the North unlocked for himself and us the last secret of aerial perspective. But the simplicity of the means proclaims the master, whether it be in art, as here in the case of Rembrandt, or yet in science, as when Helmholtz from the flash of a hand-mirror cast from the opposite house into his own, evolved the ophthalmoscope, and first of all men, looked into a living human retina.

German and Netherlander

We think of Rembrandt, and Faust rises before us, grappling with the powers of darkness, in order to seize upon and possess Heaven's light. And thus we come to recognize in the seventeenth century Dutch painter the perfect type of Teutonic genius.

If now we turn to the great Italian masters, particularly to those four supreme draughtsmen, Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo and Andrea del Sarto, we shall find them perfectly united in recognizing pure line as the first necessity and highest beauty of their art. The intricate form-symphony of the Sistine vault, the suave lines of the Francis First Holy Family are sufficient to stamp the Italians of the Renaissance as the preservers of classic tradition, as the heirs of people who lived in a world suffused with sunlight, without accidents of shadow, and whose resulting perfection of vision was acknowledged and respected by the architects of the Parthenon, when they planned the infinitesimal convexity of the stairs leading to the temple.

It is an individual matter whether we prefer line or mass, pure light, or fantastic shadows, but as time goes on, as the complexity of life increases, as the Latin races assimilate somewhat of the spirit which once they stigmatized as barbarous, the art represented by Rembrandt should seem to be the more fitting medium of expression. We have left the limited, frozen perfection of old periods far behind us. We live in a larger though gloomier atmosphere, from out whose vaporous depths emerge mysteries of thought and being, which, beginning as mere points upon our vision, loom up nearer and clearer, until their secret and substance stand fully revealed to us.

An outline of the range and lesson of Dutch art would be incomplete without mention of Jacques van Ruysdael who, by some critics is regarded as the greatest of all landscapists: a man who lived in poverty, obscurity and sorrow, and who, as he thus lived, forced Nature to pass through his brain and heart. He was, perhaps, the first exponent of what Ruskin names "the pathetic fallacy;" that is, the attempt of the artist to attune the aspect of the external world to the moods of the human mind. It was his concentrated impressions of Nature, transmuted in the alembic of a

German and Netherlander

melancholy, despairing personality which originated the belief that he was a composer, not a reproducer of landscape, or else that he found his originals amid the sterility and desolation of Norway. Ruysdael's inconscient method was once again a racial effort to adjust the relations existing between man and the universe. He, like Rembrandt, was a thorough Teuton, and, like him, an inventor and originator. In the nineteenth century, and in another province of art, his methods were used by Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning; since these poets blended or welded the soul of man, contemplative, sorrowful or sinning, together with the spirit of solitude, the tempest, or the blood-red glare of the sun. The Laureate pictures Oenone, the nymph abandoned by Paris, against a landscape gloomy enough to be the entrance to Hades; while Browning, in "Pippa Passes," put into the mouth of Sebald, the murderer:

"Morning?

It seems night with a sun added!"

In his own art, Ruysdael found a sympathetic admirer in Corot, whose second manner was a use of the technical method of the Dutch master: that is, the casting of deep shadows upon a cloudy background. And again, the poetic pictures of the Frenchman, as well as his own words, show that he gave to the world the digested effect and impression of Nature upon his senses, rather than the direct transcript of her charms. "Within my studio-walls," said he, "I hear the birds and the brooks sing, and the forest foliage rustle."

Others of the Barbizon school owe much to the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century. Especially is this true of Millet, who, in the luminous atmosphere of his "Angelus," in the spot of clear crimson light in the foreground, and the dark figures which blot the evening glow, seems to have remembered Cuyp, the artist whom Ruskin condemns as "vulgar," but whose claims to mastery are supported by Fromentin in the words, "The treatment of light can go no further."

Millet, like the Hollanders, his predecessors, was a simple, pious son of the soil. He was no propagandist who sought to stir up

German and Netherlander

strife, or to discontent the laborer with his lot. Like them, he was "vulgar" in the true sense of the word. Vulgar, that is: of the people. Like them, he delighted in humble rural life, and he owned to a sensation of delight, when he saw the sweat-beads drop from the brow of a spadesman. When taxed with revolutionary ideas, he cried out, in mingled pride and anger: "*Non, non, je suis paysan, paysan, paysan.*" And to his life's end he chanted in slow Gregorian tones his hymn in praise of labor.

Thus we see that the influence of the art of the Netherlands has reached down to our time, that the spirit of the Dutch painters, like a long-preserved bulb, took root in French soil, and therefrom received and assimilated new and precious qualities. We discover also memories of the powerful Rembrandt in the genius of Israels, the Jewish painter of Amsterdam, who, infinitely less gifted than the seventeenth century master, portrays similar types with force, pathos and truth. The German and the Dutch artists, as exponents of the people, were eloquent advocates of the "Simple Life," while the Flemings, mingling more freely with the Latin races, showed in their art a formalism and a love of splendor acquired from beyond the Rhine and the Alps.

IT IS THE GLORY AND GOOD OF ART
THAT ART REMAINS THE ONE WAY
POSSIBLE OF SPEAKING TRUTH

ROBERT BROWNING—THE RING AND THE
BOOK [THE BOOK AND THE RING, LINE 842

A School of Industrial Art

Oscar Lovell Triggs

I

“**T**HE ideal university,” James Russell Lowell once said, “is a place where nothing useful is taught.” It is clear that Lowell approved a purely intellectual and aesthetic education. He meant that the school should be controlled as little as possible by practical needs, should lie outside of employments or other conditions, and be devoted to increasing the capacity of enjoying books and art and enriching passively the spiritual life. The transcendental conception of education is lordly, ideal and attractive, and in a state of society that permits the maintenance of a leisure class it is an ideal of ready acceptance. As a matter of fact it was the ideal cherished by the New England colleges throughout their early history, whose model instructor was at once a scholar and a gentleman, and as a consequence of their influence, education in America has been associated largely with the leisuristic and pecuniary classes. While nominally open to all, our schools have always been schools of privilege. The primary three Rs are fundamentals only of an intellectual culture. The New England colleges built up a genuine aristocracy, which was not less inclusive in that it was intellectual, or, as the saying is, “an aristocracy of brains,” which, in contradistinction to the European feudalism of family, was asserted proudly to be the “only aristocracy worthy the name.” Meanwhile the American people, as to their masses, were developing their vast industrial system, and the leisuristic tendency was crossed and recrossed by the industrial stream. In the effort latterly to reconstruct an education more in harmony with the social democracy, the first intention was to extend the privilege of education to all members of the social whole. During this period of reconstruction, through liberal public and private endowments, a widely extended and nearly inclusive system of popular education has been established. But for the most part the education thus extended was the same education of privilege that had its rise in the leisure class. Hence the emphasis placed upon the mere symbols of learning, reading and

A School of Industrial Art

writing. The tendency is still to create a culture representative of caste. Notwithstanding the modifications in the scope of the school forced by the industrial democracy, such as are signified by technical, commercial, and manual-training departments in the midst of cultural studies, it must be acknowledged that the leisure-class theory of education is still in the ascendent. The benefits of even the public schools, supported though they are by general taxation, accrue to an intellectual aristocracy. The divorce between the hand and the brain, which is destructive of any genuine integral education, continues in full force. The people, as to their industrial activities, remain unserved and even unrecognized. Except in certain schools for Indians and negroes it is not possible to-day to receive instruction in the fundamentals of industrial education. What is needed at this juncture is not a further extension of an education of privilege, but the complete abrogation of privilege and the establishment of schools upon entirely new grounds.

Mr. Albert Shaw, in a paper descriptive of Hampton Institute, recently made the statement that "the finest, soundest, and most effective educational methods in use in the United States are to be found in certain schools for negroes and Indians and in others for young criminals in reformatory prisons." Can it be that Hampton Institute, founded for the instruction of negroes in the fundamental employments, is the model institute for America! Such may prove to be the case. The time has come for schools whose aim shall be to serve the needs of modern industrial democracy, that shall build upon that fine instinct for workmanship that is the very life of industry when not permeated by caste,—schools that shall declare: "The ideal university is a place where nothing useless is taught." It belongs to an aristocracy to support the useless—useless garments, ceremonies, athletics, learning and whatnot—as the sign of an ability to indulge itself in reputable expenditure. A democracy justifies its existence on the ground of its usefulness, its ability to create and do, and its faculty to enjoy creating and doing. The new school will start with the constructive energies; it will unite the senses and the soul; it will employ the hand equally with the brain; it will exalt the active over the passive life; it will

A School of Industrial Art

love knowledge for its service; it will make a real and not a false use of books; it will test production not alone by its pecuniary results but by human values—whether it yields pleasure or pain. The problem of democratic education is not to give the people a culture alien to their lives, but to transform that which they have into something more rational and harmonious. The old humanities were secured by refining and secluding; the new humanities will be discovered among the people. The chief agency of popular education will be the very labor through which life is sustained. Industry employs the mind that its work may be intelligent; it provides for moral training in that its work must be sincere.

The folly of the extension of an exclusive culture is made very evident in the case of the American negro. When released from slavery he became, through the zeal of Northern abolitionists, a victim of an intellectual civilization. He was provided with schools of the Northern type, instructed in the caste distinctions of New England, and directed henceforth to live by his wits. The assumption of the superiority of separate mental training is proven by the history of the negro to be untrue. It is now conceded that the philanthropic policy of the North was mistaken. It was not access to libraries or knowledge of the classics that the negro needed; and not necessarily the ability to read the printed ballot the North placed in his hands. His field is that of the elementary employments: here alone is his energy initial and educative. Hampton Institute demonstrated the way of entrance into the promised land. When independent in elementary labor, the negro may learn an independence of wider application.

If called upon to write a prospectus of a school fitted for industrial democracy I would not have in mind a trades-school that should be simply an adjunct to the present industrial system, though I am willing to acknowledge the necessity of such a school and the importance of the present system. Calculation should be made of tendencies and growth. The domestic system of production gave way to the factory system with its machinery, and this in its turn seems destined to yield to a higher industrialism wherein the individual will have freer scope than ever before to control his hand and

A School of Industrial Art

brain, and will need therefore a more skillful hand and a more cunning brain. Under present conditions of specialization the master is separated from the man, the designer from his tool. These conditions would require that the tool be sharpened for the designer, that the man be disciplined for the master. However advantageous this relationship may be economically it has little value educationally. It destroys the totality of work and the integrity of life. It sinks the individual in the product. It permits no one in the whole series of specialized activities to be, in the full sense of the term, a creator. It tends to develop experts, but not full rounded men. It is almost totally defective in idealism. The theory of the new industrialism is that in industry the whole of life may be contained. The true workman loves his craft for its life quality, because the thing upon which he works is somehow a part of his own inner ideal. His work must be creative and in becoming creative it is also educative. If this theory of independent industry seems to be in opposition to the machine and the "trust," it will be seen that the machine, through becoming more and more automatic—and a self-acting machine is promised by physicists—and the corporation, through greater and greater centralization, will bring about the release of innumerable agents now engaged in production and control, and permit their advance to a more intelligent private workmanship. The plea for a new education is necessarily linked with an argument for a new industrialism.

The new industrialism embodies first of all as a fundamental factor the principle of self-activity. So long as a man works for another, or after another's plans or designs, he is not self-directive and his work is not therefore educative. The individual is to be treated as integral, having his own talents to employ and his own faculties to exercise. Under conditions of freedom industry changes its character and becomes aesthetic. Beauty is whatever is added to an object to make it expressive. In an object of utility it is the sign of the pleasure the maker takes in his own activities. It is the flowering of labor, the decoration of materials at the hand of a free workman. The new school brings art and labor into necessary association—labor to give substance, art to yield pleasure.

A School of Industrial Art

The same principle of self-activity provides for the inherency of design. The separation between the designer and his mechanical or human tool is detrimental to both the designer and the workman. This form of specialization implies that a brain is not motor and that hands are not intelligent. With proper care during the first stages of education the hand and the brain become coördinated and the best brain coincides with the best hands. When working in separation the brain tends to refine and to weaken its tissues, and the hand to coarsen and become mechanical. After centuries of such divorce the fine arts on the one hand have become too refined for industrial use, and industry on the other hand is too coarse for the artist. The breach between the castes is not closed when the artist condescends to design for the workman: the division ought not to exist. It would be the function of the new school to create a class of craftsmen who would have ideas to communicate and perfect rhetorical skill for their expression.

To associate art and industry: to change the character of labor so as to make industry educative, and to develop the instinct of workmanship and elicit the pleasure belonging to good workmanship so as to make the industrial life complete—such may be said to be the aims of industrial education.

II

The aim of the school is suggestive of its proper designation. The term Manual-Training has come into popular use as descriptive of institutes or departments of schools that seek to educate the hand. The objection to the title is that, having arisen at a time when the caste divisions between the hand and brain were in force, it represents the opposition between manual training and mental training, whereas the new education is not primarily manual and afterwards mental, but wholly integral. Trade School and Industrial Institute seem to emphasize too much the mechanical and professional aspects. The term Arts and Crafts is advocated as representing the fusion of mental and manual education, but while descriptive, the term is awkward. I have chosen as an equally significant and more dignified appellation, the caption: Industrial Art.

A School of Industrial Art

III

The location of a School of Industrial Art is a most important matter for reflection. It should be in the environs of a large industrial city, not so far from the city as to obscure the commercial and social bearing of industry, and not so far from nature as to lose the suggestiveness of natural forms and growths. Fields, streams, and woods should be accessible. It would be necessary to maintain a garden for the propagation of plants for scientific and industrial purposes. In order that the local flora and fauna may provide the basic motive for design it is essential that with these forms there should be intimate and loving association. Nature alone initiates. If either factor is to be ignored it should be the city rather than the country that should be abandoned.

IV

The buildings should be substantial but need not be conspicuous or in any way extravagant. The tendency of the leisure classes is to uphold their reputability by vain expense and useless display. Let an industrial school be at least sincere. The architecture should be native, its styles suggested by the buildings' use, its symbols indicative of the social environment. All evolution of structure represents, of course, growth out of the past; but it is more necessary in the case of an industrial school to create types for future use, however simple, than to employ the mature and complex modes of past stages of civilization. However, if an historic style should be preferred, study may be given to the Gothic of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when the prophecy of a people's art was first uttered, when there was the most complete coöperation between artist and workman. But happy the architect who can take his stand among the people of his own time, realize the significance of the modern forces, and create symbols and styles for democracy. The buildings should be of such size and character as to provide class-rooms, laboratories, a museum, a library, and other features dependent upon the scope of the school.

A School of Industrial Art

V

Instruction would proceed upon the belief that in work of the nature I have described, and in the knowledge attendant upon such work, the integral personality may be contained and from work and the knowledge necessary to make work intelligent the fullest democratic culture is to be achieved. A few principles will govern the emphasis of instruction. The aim of the school being to employ the creative energies, the work-shops become the central feature. From the work-shops all other interests radiate; back to them the results of laboratories and class-rooms return. As a plan, an ideal, is the initial stage of any work, especial attention should be given to the study of design—not design in the abstract so much as design in relation to given materials and usage. From general culture and science those studies will be selected which are best calculated to equip a workman with ideas and to render his work intelligent. These principles lead to a threefold division of the work of the school, according as design, construction, or instruction receives the emphasis. In the drawing-rooms training would be given in free-hand, mechanical and architectural drawing, representation of nature and the human figure, clay-modeling, composition, color and decoration. In the work-shops, equipped with hand and power tools, furnaces, dyevats, presses and other necessary appliances, would develop all the constructive processes in wood, metal, leather, stone, glass, the earths, paper and textiles. Adjacent to the designing rooms and work-shops would be chemical and biological laboratories and the general experimental rooms. In the class-rooms would proceed instruction in geography, history, psychology, the English language, rhetoric and general literature. In tabulated form the work of the school would appear according to the following scheme:

I. DEPARTMENT OF DESIGN

- { (1) Drawing
- { (2) Clay Modeling
- { (3) Composition

A School of Industrial Art

II. THE WORK SHOPS

- (1) Decoration
- (2) Printing and Book Binding
Construction in
- (3) Wood
- (4) Metal
- (5) Leather
- (6) Paper
- (7) Stone
- (8) Glass
- (9) The Earths
- (10) Textiles

A. The History Group

- (1) History
- (2) Political Science
- (3) Sociology
- (4) Economy

B. The Philosophy Group

- (1) Psychology
- (2) Ethics

C. The Mathematical Group

- (1) Numbers
- (2) Geometry

D. The Art Group

- (1) English Language
- (2) Rhetoric
- (3) Music
- (4) Literature

E. The Science Group

- (1) Geography
- (2) Physics
- (3) Chemistry
- (4) Biology

III. DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART

It is understood that the work of any pupil is to be coördinated as fully as possible. While a general course, say of chemistry, may be undertaken, yet the chief function of chemistry in the school would be to assist those engaged in work involving a knowledge of chemistry for its prosecution. Printing would be associated with composition, free-hand lettering and page decoration, illustration, the related processes of paper making and bookbinding, and the general history of language and of human culture. The history, philosophy and art groups that have reference to more general

A School of Industrial Art

ideals would be more universally prescribed. Of the cultural subjects geography and the history group which disclose the development of the earth as the home of the human race and the evolution of man in his industrial, economic and artistic aspects, are the most important. Free-hand drawing in various color media, modeling in clay, composition, music, language and rhetoric are fundamental courses in the art of expression. Training in music might be given to all in daily assembly. Architectural and mechanical drawing are subservient to special needs. The processes of the work-shop all relate to objects of social utility, and while primarily educative of personality, aim to prepare pupils for professionalism in the different crafts. No provision is made in this plan for the study of language other than English, all other literatures being used in translation. Physical culture as an independent object is rendered unnecessary by reason of the absorption of physical energy in the work-shops, though opportunity should be given for the recreation of outdoor sports.

This scheme contemplates also the complete harmonization of all the incidents of education in line with the general democratic import of the school: the centralization of administration, but fully coöperative instruction; the individual treatment of pupils according to capacity and intention; free education, under counsel, both as to choice of work and the time employed: the coördination of courses; a continuous session of the school without special assemblage or ceremonials; the giving of certificates of proficiency (but not degrees); the encouragement of independent organizations among the pupils; and instruction above all else in self-control.

Such a school may be wholly autonomous, itself a free creative activity, its initiation extending even to the writing and printing of its text-books and the invention and manufacture of its tools and equipment. It would organize a research into fields that are today almost untouched by trained explorers—the field of industrial physics and industrial chemistry. A laboratory devoted to the problem of the industrial application of energy might become a factor in racial progress. The school might hope to become a training place for inventors.

SELF-REVERENCE

Perhaps the greatest obstacle to noble living is the low view we take of ourselves. People are ashamed of honest feeling, and often consider it an indication of culture to treat the simple realities of love and work with flippant cynicism. A whole literature has grown up expressing the attitude, so poisoning to the springs of action. When this view is not present, frequently life is regarded on a wholly sordid plane, where work is merely to make a living and love to gratify selfishness. There is no hope that we can appreciate the worth and meaning of life until our love and work come to be to us great ideals to which we must consecrate ourselves.

Edward Howard Griggs—
"A Book of Meditations"

The Fatal Hand—Continued

From the French
Translated by Irene Sargent

Such were, day by day, the life and conversation of Madame Catherine and her son. After their long, laborious hours in the studio, they walked in the forest. On their return they made a visit to their neighbor Rabotte, who sometimes kept them for dinner; and while Muguette served them at table, Maurice never failed to make merry jests regarding her sudden conversion to white caps, shapely stockings, and neck kerchiefs carefully pinned at the waist line. To all this pleasantry she replied:

"Laugh as much as you please! That does not prevent the advice of your friend from having done me good, and I shall be grateful to him all my life."

As Muguette came freely and innocently to her neighbor's house, she one morning entered the studio as Maurice was working from the highest rung of his ladder.

"My dear godfather," said she, "here are some mushrooms that I have gathered for your mother; for I know that she is fond of them. I am going to put them on that old faïence plate that you prize so highly."

"Don't stir!" replied the sculptor, springing down the rungs with the agility of an acrobat. "Don't stir!"

"Do I disturb you?" asked the little girl, visibly moved.

"Certainly, you distract me from the Vercingetorix. But on the other hand you render me a service."

"With regard to the mushrooms? If you wished . . . The plate is there."

Before she could make a movement, he took her by the shoulder.

"Will you obey and keep the pose? Otherwise you will make me lose a charming *motif*. Above all, don't move your hands! Tell me, can you remain perfectly still a quarter of an hour?"

"Dear me, if that will give you pleasure, I will try, my dear godfather."

Maurice sprang toward the bucket of modeling-clay, threw a double handful of the substance on a stool, and began to knead and mold with feverish haste.

What the artist hastened to copy was not the simple and graceful pose of Muguette, but the object that she held in her hands. To

The Fatal Hand

preserve the mushrooms that she had freshly gathered for Madame Catherine, the industrious child had placed them on a bed of fern leaves as delicate in outline as fine lace. This bed of leaves, resting in the hollow of her hands, formed by its elegant curves a natural basket, unstudied and graceful. To add to the happy conceit, a tame gray lizard that Muguette usually carried in the folds of her kerchief, had left its prison, and with its supple body, belted the pale green leaves. The artistic sentiment of Maurice which had suddenly awakened, enabled him in less than a quarter of an hour to render the effect of the fern leaves and the attitude of the gray lizard.

Muguette, whom the statue of Vercingetorix had not the privilege of impressing to any great degree, uttered a cry of admiration at the sight of the exquisite composition.

"What a pretty milk-jug that would make!" said she with a shade of flattery and envy in her voice.

"Upon my word, that is true! You will not have posed in vain. I promise to finish this model for you; but, unfortunately, my poor child, you can never pour milk into it. For such use it would be necessary to fire it."

"If that is the only obstacle, do not deprive yourself of the pleasure of giving it to me. This jug will hold its liquid as well as the best on my mother's dresser. I carry eggs to Monsieur Jacob, the proprietor of the porcelain factory of the Basses-Loges, and I am sure that he will consent to glaze my jug at his next firing."

Maurice renewed the promise which he had made Muguette to finish modeling the pretty vase of which she had chanced to furnish the subject, and the little girl, having disposed of her mushrooms, was about to leave the studio, when her glance fell upon the great statue.

"Have you observed," said she to the artist, "that my cousin, that tall boy Nicholas, who usually comes to pose here, has legs shaped something like the blade of a sickle? You must be careful about that, my godfather!"

This advice given, she disappeared with a little outburst of silvery laughter.

The Fatal Hand

Astonished at Muguettes criticism of the model whom he occasionally employed, Maurice retired at a distance from his Vercingetorix to examine it with great care, and suddenly tapping his forehead, he cried:

"That child is right! The legs are faulty. Out of consideration for my honor and that of my hero, I must dismiss my tall model Nicholas."

III

MUGUETTE'S UNCLE

Aurèle had faithfully done the errand at the shop of the curio dealer in the *rue Drouot*, M. Joseph Sèmegrain.

The latter did better than to reply in writing to his niece's letter. He profited by a visit which he was forced to make in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau, in the interests of his business, to carry his own answer to Barbizon.

Muguettes uncle was a little man of about fifty years of age. His extreme plainness of feature was accompanied by a certain astuteness so singularly accentuated that it partook at once of distrust and of cunning. His gray eyes, veiled by lids that he kept usually half-closed, his hooked nose, his thin lips, his angular movements, his threadbare but scrupulously clean garments made him the perfect type of those merchants, who, being skilful connoisseurs, scent a masterpiece of painting beneath a coat of varnish, and who sell to rich inheritors, anxious to be classed as lovers of art, collections which cost them three thousand francs at five hundred thousand. Although engrossed in his affairs, M Sèmegrain, well known as he was by the experts of the auction-rooms, by foreign curio hunters and by that class of artists who are forced to seek a market for their productions, still kept in his heart,—which had remained impressionable,—a paternal affection for Muguettes, the only child of his sister, Perrine Rabotte. As he had never married, the curio merchant, with advancing years, grew more and more attached to the heiress of the bank-notes which he was amassing in his strong box. Muguettes, without effort, exerted over him an influence which he did not try to resist. Often he debated

The Fatal Hand

whether he ought not to free her from the hard, laborious life which she led in the country to give her a place and employment in his Parisian shop. The rusticity which enveloped the healthy intellect of the girl as the rough burr covers the chestnut, and which resulted from her labors of the fields and farm, was the only cause of the delay made by M. Sèmegrain in the accomplishment of his plans for Muguette. He temporized, but he did not abandon his purpose. Every year after her twelfth birthday, the child spent a month of vacation in Paris. Surrounded by the costly wares collected in the shop, she grew to appreciate rare and beautiful things. In her, taste supplied the place of knowledge. She could not tell precisely why a certain picture was valuable, why a certain statue was perfectly successful. But she possessed to such a degree the natural gift of taste that she judged surely, and in the presence of a work of art, her sensations and impressions revealed to her the character and rank of the object. Sèmegrain took great care to develop the artistic sentiment of his niece. But unfortunately the lessons of the expert ceased at the end of the vacation period, and Muguette returned each year to the farm again to take up her hard and humble tasks. A great distance separated her pastimes in the curio-shop from her work in the fields, in the farmhouse kitchen, and in the poultry-yard. But the memory of the lovely things which she had seen in her uncle's shop did not grow dim, and she had only to close her eyes to be once more in a sanctuary of art and imagination, which in her innocent judgment rivaled the marvels of the Arabian Nights.

It was market-day. Muguette was alone at the farm-house when M. Sèmegrain arrived. His first words when he had kissed the little girl, were: "I am hungry." A few moments later, the wine was drawn, the table laid and a golden omelette smoked on the table.

"I understand, my dear," said the uncle as he honored the luncheon so quickly prepared by Muguette, "that you have permitted me to come from Paris to Barbizon in order to obtain my judgment upon an unfinished statue of your neighbor Maurice?"

"Precisely, my dear uncle, and you will not regret your journey,

The Fatal Hand

since it allows you the pleasure of seeing me before my vacation. But the object of our visit must remain a secret between us. Madame Catherine, the mother of my dear godfather, believes in the future of her son as in the Gospel itself, and she would not regard me as a friend if I dared to doubt his genius. As for M. Maurice himself, he is so certain of his powers, that when he speaks of them one might believe that he treads on air. Their confidence ought indeed to inspire me, but still—”

“Then it would appear that Muguette does not fully share the good opinion of Madame Catherine and the artist.”

“That is true, my uncle; if it were not a question of the ambition of M. Maurice, I should say to myself: ‘It is not wrong for a young artist to aim higher than he can reach, since he will never descend so low as if he had never raised his eyes above the earth.’ But I am unhappy when I see Madame Catherine, who has been so comfortable, diminish her expenses day by day. She has sold everything to make her son a celebrated man. I wish that I might interest you in our dear neighbors.”

“You are a good little girl,” said the merchant, tapping his niece upon the arm, “and as soon as I shall have drunk the last drop to moisten the last mouthful, you may take me to the studio of your artist.”

“Not now, my dear uncle. He is at home, and I don’t wish him to see you. About two o’clock he regularly takes a walk with his mother. I shall profit by his absence to show you the studio of which I know where to find the key.”

“Just as you like,” said Sèmegrain.

And moving back his plate to indicate that his appetite was satisfied, he added: “You know that I must have coffee with cream, or none at all.”

“Oh, indeed!” cried Muguette, “as if I could forget your favorite dessert!”

And immediately she removed the plate, knife, fork and bottle, which she replaced after a few seconds by a cup, sugar-bowl, coffee-pot, and finally a cream jug of distinctive appearance, which was filled to the brim with rich cream.

The Fatal Hand

The connoisseur, forgetting that coffee is best when at the boiling point, examined the milk jug carefully and slowly. It was an elegant terra-cotta model, simulating a tuft of fern leaves, forming by its regular expansion a kind of receptacle, girdled midway from its base by the supple body of a lizard.

"Isn't it pretty?" said Muguette.

"It is a jewel, my dear. Where in the world did you get it?"

"Our neighbor Maurice modeled it for me in less than two hours. I had it fired by M. Jacob, who glazed the inside."

"Indeed! Now, my child, you can congratulate yourself upon inviting me here. From this example of the skill of your neighbor, I can predict a fortune for him!"

"What happiness for his mother," cried the little girl.

Kind old Monsieur Sèmegrain drank his coffee slowly; then he strolled about the garden of the farm, awaiting with impatience the proper moment for his secret visit to the sculptor's studio. Muguette took observations. As soon as she had seen the artist and his mother leave their cottage, she ran to inform her uncle, with whom, after having taken the precaution of a thief, she slipped into the vacant studio. The key was in its accustomed place. Muguette found it, hastened to open the door which she closed still more quickly behind her, and the connoisseur walked straight toward the statue which he examined in silence.

"Ah!" said he, half aloud, "this M. Leroy, without doubt, has attempted to represent a provincial tragedian reciting his lines. The Gaul is not addressing his fellow soldiers, but the Romans of the pit. It is false, all false! Of a bad school! It is declamation in sculpture: no truth, no breadth. At once exaggerated and vulgar. It is worthless, absolutely worthless."

Then, M. Sèmegrain, examining the statuette of the Vercingetorix, added:

"How could he have spoiled so charming a model? There, that little figure is accurate, elegant and naturally posed!"

Muguette tried to catch these disjointed phrases which were articulated somewhat indistinctly. Nevertheless, she had no difficulty in understanding that her uncle did not share with Madame Cath-

The Fatal Hand

erine her favorable opinion of Vercingetorix, nor with Maurice his glorious hopes concerning the statue.

When the two visitors had returned to the farmhouse, Muguette heard her uncle mutter: "Miserable pride, ruin of countless artists who were born to create only small things! How exasperating to know that there will always be those who refuse to see clearly into their destiny, and will not content themselves with the valuable capabilities which Heaven has bestowed upon them! I know only one who has accepted his limitations with good humor, that is Aurèle Morin."

"My godfather's friend who carried you my letter?" said Muguette.

"Precisely. He is an artist after my own heart. He is content to sketch exquisite birds lightly, with a rapid stroke of his pencil, as if he were at play. He is not, in his own opinion, born to regenerate art, but he better deserves the title of artist than the poor, ambitious self-deceivers who do not know how to limit and economize their talents. Take your M. Maurice as an example! He might make a name for himself in a branch of art that he despises, while now he wastes his time in imagining the impossible: that is to say, in flattering himself that he will set up his droll figure in the square of some provincial town."

As he spoke, M. Sèmegrain glanced again at the milk-jug modeled for Muguette, and his bad humor disappeared as if by magic.

"There is Nature artistically rendered, embellished by taste and without loss of truth! Those leaves are wonderfully delicate, that lizard is alive and quivers. His little breast heaves and his round eyes question. He clings to the foliage most naturally. That is a perfectly successful piece."

M. Sèmegrain was silent a moment. Then, suddenly turning to his niece, he asked her:

"Will you sell that trifle?"

"Never," cried Muguette. "Think of it! Part with a present from my dear godfather! He would believe me cunning and designing, and what is worse, ungrateful. If you wish to have something from him, give him a commission in regular form!"

The Fatal Hand

"A commission?" replied the merchant; "his vanity would be insulted. Even were I to prove to him that he would in this way obtain the celebrity for which he is striving, he would scornfully reject a success foreign to what he calls great art. His folly will consummate the ruin of his mother and his own misfortune, and yet, I repeat, that young man owns a fortune in his dexterity of hand."

"If that be true," remarked Muguette, "we must try to induce him to change the direction of his art and become famous without being conscious of it. But it will be difficult."

"Impossible, you ought to say. He will never understand that he, who is in his own estimation an artist capable of reproducing the human figure with great genius, has been gifted only with the talent necessary for copying with grace, delicacy and truth, the little flowers and the little insects of the good God."

Smiling at a secret thought, Muguette replied, after a few moments of reflection:

"What does it matter whether he knows your choice of the plan which he should follow in order to profit by his talents, if we can make him do what we wish?"

"Can you induce him to model milk-jugs like the one there?"

"And many others, just as pretty. But on the condition that, through your influence, he will gain, as you say, reputation and fortune."

"As to that, I will give you my word of honor."

"That is enough, your word is a bond. It is like gold bullion for our neighbors. But, first of all, tell me, at how much do you value a milk-jug like mine?"

"For the merchant, at two hundred fifty francs."

"And at three hundred for the purchaser?"

"Certainly."

"And you will give an order for some?"

"For as many as he can make."

"I will receive the orders and see that they are executed." And offering her cheek, she added: "I demand my commission rates in advance!"

The Fatal Hand

"What a mind the little witch has for business, to be sure!" said uncle Sèmegrain, as he kissed her.

Muguette's mother soon returned from market, and uncle and niece lapsed into silence concerning the former's unseasonable visit to Barbizon. From that moment the conversation turned upon the affairs of the farm and the Paris shop. At twilight came another visitor, whom Muguette greeted with a cry of joy.

"The little bird charmer," he exclaimed. "I come to pay my debt."

And he drew out from a drawing-portfolio an exquisite water-color showing Muguette surrounded by the little creatures which she knew so well how to tame and make friendly. The resemblance was perfectly caught. The flock of linnets, bullfinches and tomtits fluttering about her was rendered with an accuracy of line and an understanding of motion and flight which made the drawing a real masterpiece.

"Sell me your picture, monsieur Aurèle Morin!" cried the enthusiastic merchant, whose admiration made him forget the reserve which is all essential in commercial affairs. "Isn't it fascinating? How life-like, how filled with sunshine! The young girl is actually dancing and the birds are flying. Her hair is stirred by the breeze and their feathers seem to ruffle. If you ask a reasonable price, we shall make a bargain."

"That water-color does not belong to me. Muguette consented to pose, and I promised her the sketch as the price of her exhibition of skill."

"But," insisted Sèmegrain, "this is not purely a work of imagination. It is the portrait of my niece. It is of family interest. I will put it in a place of honor in my apartment, where Muguette will find it, when I am dead; for she is my heiress."

"Let her decide," said the bird painter.

"If I am to be the judge," said Muguette, "my decision will be made equally in the interest of my uncle and to the advantage of M. Aurèle: the merchant shall order from the artist a certain number of water-colors, and the artist, upon his part, shall make for the merchant a copy of his bird-charmer."

The Fatal Hand

The contract was accepted by the two parties according to the conditions imposed by Muguette.

At the farm-house, there gathered about the supper-table, Muguette and her mother, Madame Catherine and Maurice, together with the two visitors from Paris. As the conversation frequently reverted to the water-color, the sculptor's mother, who was impatient to hear some mention of her son, profited by the first moment of silence to speak of the Vercingetorix. This led Maurice to offer to accompany M. Sèmegrain to his studio, but the adroit merchant, who knew too well the character of the statue to risk examining it in the presence of its author, made a pretext of his obligation to visit that very evening a castle situated two leagues distant, and at which an important sale of artistic things was to occur the following day. He took his leave, and Aurèle remained at Barbizon until the next morning.

Just before leaving, Aurèle entered the studio, and although it was early, he found Maurice already at work.

"I am come to salute the great Vercingetorix," said he, opening the door of the studio.

"You see, Aurèle, I am getting on."

"And the sculptor is still satisfied with his work, I suppose?" questioned the painter.

"Look and judge!" replied Maurice, standing upright upon his ladder, in order to leave the view of the statue unobstructed.

"Are you seeking a compliment?" asked Aurèle.

"No, nothing but the truth."

"Very well, then. To speak frankly, it does not satisfy me. I picture to myself the Gallic hero as stronger, that is to say, calmer. But you have represented the leader of a mob, and not a liberator of the people."

Maurice did not reply. He merely asked in a sarcastic tone:

"You still confine yourself to painting birds?"

"Yes, indeed. Nothing but birds," answered Aurèle, good-naturedly. "I confine myself to the dear little sparrows from both choice and gratitude. They do not cost seed and they are profitable to me."

The Fatal Hand

"Everyone has his task, his struggle and his portion of fame. I do not envy you, but I do not wish you to pity me."

Aurèle, at parting, offered his hand to Maurice; but it was with constraint that the latter replied to his friendly sign of fraternity. When the painter had crossed the threshold of the studio, the sculptor shook his head and murmured: "Still another one who envies me!" Then he returned to work upon his masterpiece.

IV

THE FATAL HAND

The friendly counsel given by Aurèle to the "wild lily of the valley" effected not only a happy change in the costume and manner of Muguette, but it caused the little girl to resolve that she would regularly assist her mother in the daily household tasks, in which up to that time she had taken part at intervals and according to her caprice of the moment. It must be added for truth's sake that when by chance the love of order seized the girl like a fever-crisis, it gave her mother a just cause for alarm, because these intermittent proofs of the good-will of Muguette always expressed themselves in numberless fragments of pottery and a bill from the tinker at Barbizon for riveting jugs and plates. Muguette, as the French are accustomed to say, had the *fatal hand*. She was not careless in the true sense. She did not let fall the fragile objects which she had occasion to carry in her arms or apron; but through fear lest if held loosely, they might strike together, she pressed them so closely against one another that the jugs lost their handles, the plates their fluted edges, and the soup-tureens the knobs of their covers. When she carried fine porcelain, fearing to let it fall, she strained it closely with one hand, while with the other she rubbed it with sufficient force to dislocate her wrist; so that usually the saucer was broken in two, and the cup fell into fragments. The mother hesitated to complain; for she appreciated the good will of her daughter and she would have considered it unjust to discourage her.

For a period of several months, that is, from the day when Mu-

The Fatal Hand

guette, fresh and radiant, returned to the farm with her jug modeled by Maurice and fired by M. Jacob, she had broken nothing, and except having nicked certain insignificant pieces of pottery, she had nothing with which to reproach herself. Her hand, usually so heavy, had become light, owing to the precaution which she was forced to take in order to handle and use several times each day the charming milk-jug which she never wearied of admiring. Thus, the masterpiece of ingenuous sculpture improvised by Maurice had cured her of awkwardness, as, once before, a simple word from Aurèle had corrected her careless toilette and carriage. Through fear of ill-treating her terra-cotta jug, she schooled herself to respect the most humble utensil, even the porringer of the shepherd dog. The mother, finding that her pottery was preserved from its former daily losses, simply thought that Muguette had given up the washing of the plates to the poultry-yard girl, and that as to the pieces of faïence placed on the shelves of the dresser and on the mantel of the chimney for the ornament and gayety of the room, she did not touch them other than to caress them with the tip of her feather-duster. No one would have been willing to believe in the conversion of Muguette as to the use of objects disquieting by reason of their fragility. Madame Catherine kept her former prejudices upon the subject, and Maurice, who shared them with good reason, laughingly promised to make wooden dishes for her when she should set up housekeeping. He was not then greatly surprised when, one morning, Muguette, who brought him some strawberries in a cabbage-leaf, said good morning to him in a sorrowful voice. The artist suspected a tragedy. "Ah," said he, "there is again misfortune at your home; that is why, no doubt, you have come here without bringing my mother's portion of milk."

"Yes, my dear godfather; for I could not bring it in a cabbage leaf, as I did these strawberries."

"So you have broken the jug?"

"I have the fatal hand. My accident was ordained to happen. I must tell you my trouble."

Maurice left the Vercingetorix, whose greaves he was ornamenting

The Fatal Hand

to excess, sat down in the great arm-chair, and tasting the strawberries, prepared to listen to Muguette, who, apparently abashed by the confession which she had to make, resumed her story:

"You remember our large black cow, with her shining coat, as silky as velvet to the hand,—a fine animal; but—she has a heavy foot, and, oh, such solid horns!"

"Oh, yes, I know the black cow,—but shorten your story if you can!"

"Now, then," continued the little girl, "this morning, my mother, who is always thinking of yours, said to me: 'It is time to milk the black cow and to take the milk to Madame Catherine.' Then I took a dish and ran to the stable."

"Then," interrupted Maurice, "you stumbled over a stone, you fell, and—the accident."

"You mistake . . . the accident happened another way. Blackey took a strange freak while I was milking. All at once she gave a leap, thrust her horns into the hay-rack, overturned my stool, and, as you said,—'the accident'—milk, dish and I—all went to the ground."

"If you were not hurt, there is little harm done."

"That is not true. The harm can not be repaired. I shall never console myself, because the broken dish is the pretty milk jug you modeled for me."

Muguette, ending her story, lifted the hem of her apron to her eyes, as if to wipe away tears, but in reality to conceal the blush which mounted to her cheeks through the shame of falsehood.

The artist, moved by her sorrow, so skilfully feigned as to be entirely successful, hastened to say:

"Do not cry for your broken jug. I will make you another, and it will be ten times prettier than the old one."

"Truly?" cried the little girl, all aglow with enthusiasm.

"Upon one condition: that you will not expose it to the rough manners of Blackey."

"And when will you replace the one which exists no longer?"

"I will begin it at once, if you will go this very instant to provide more milk for my mother's breakfast."

The Fatal Hand

"By the way," added Maurice, as Muguette was bounding out of the studio, "have you still that cunning little lizard that posed so prettily the first time?"

"Alas! no; the fickle thing has crawled away to his crevice in the wall. But, what do we care for that? We shall easily find something else."

After five minutes, Muguette returned. In one hand she held a brown porringer filled with creamy milk, and in the other, the corners of her apron, of which she had made a kind of bag.

"Do you carry about forage for your goat?" asked Maurice, who saw here and there among the folds of cloth the long stalks of plants.

"By no means, my godfather. Wait a moment, and you will understand my ideal!"

Muguette opened her apron and took from it superb clusters of irises, which she arranged in a great, graceful sheaf of flowers and leaves, tying the whole with a reed having a smooth shining surface.

"Model this bouquet and make it hollow in the center!" said she to the sculptor. "Then my milk-jug will be replaced."

While eating his strawberries, and from time to time smiling at the ingenious child, Maurice sketched the bouquet of irises, rendering it with spirit and accuracy. It would be impossible to suggest more vividly the effect of the expanded petals of the marsh flower, to model more faithfully the branch-like stem, as also more gracefully to figure the fan-like arrangement.

Muguette wished to stay with Maurice until he should have finished the sketch; but she thought it her duty to forego the pleasure she felt in seeing him work, that she might assist Madame Catherine, whose breakfast was delayed.

During the day, the impatient girl returned at intervals to the studio to follow the execution of the new masterpiece. When it was finished, she ran home, radiant with joy. Three days later, she again paid a visit to her friend, who was still occupied with his gigantic figure. Muguette appeared to be restraining an agile, slippery creature in her clasped hands.

The Fatal Hand

"What are you carrying, Muguette?" asked Maurice, "some little tomtits taken in flight?"

"No, dear godfather; but let me tell you: they said at the porcelain factory that my milk-jug was too pretty to go without a cover; so I came to beg you to make me one."

"A cover! with what? The accessory *motif* must harmonize with the principal theme, and, as far as possible, be its complement."

"That is what I said to myself," replied Muguette; "so I bring you a frog—a fine green frog, which, later, will serve you as a barometer."

"And you wish it to be represented on your milk-jug?"

"Certainly; that is its place. Each plant has its favorite animal; the frog, which is the nightingale of the swamps, will be perfectly at home in the midst of the irises."

Maurice thought the idea an original one, and he raised no objection. When, the day after, he had finished the cover designed by Muguette, the girl quickly carried it away, and returned immediately holding in her arms a pretty Cochin China hen that Madame Catherine had often admired on her visits to the poultry yard of the farm.

"I am very well paid for my trifle," said the artist to himself, as he observed the pleasure shown by his mother in receiving the present of their young neighbor.

Conclusion in The Craftsman for February

At Saintes, France, 1550

Who is it in the suburbs here,
This Potter, working with such cheer,
In this mean house, this mean attire,
His manly features bronzed with fire,
Whose figulines and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to day?
This madman, as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if hey are dead?
This alchemist with hollow cheeks
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks
By mingled earths and ores combined
With potency of fire to find
Some new enamel, hard and bright,
His dream, his passion, his delight?
O Palissy? within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or what it cannot find creates.

Henry W. Longfellow
Keramos

Porcelain as Made in Its Native Land

William N. Brewster

THE home of the Mongolian race has given its name to fine tableware the world over. The word porcelain is synonymous with chinaware. As it was with gunpowder, silk, and tea, the ancient Chinese enjoyed the use of porcelain long before the nations of the West dreamed of it. As early as the first, or perhaps the second century before Christ, the process of making it was invented. The unknown potter who produced porcelain should have a niche in the Hall of Fame together with Robert Fulton, Eli Whitney and George Stephenson. The first kilns were in the heart of the great Yangtse Valley, somewhere about the middle of the Honan province.

It is less than two hundred years since the art of making porcelain was introduced from China into Europe, at Sèvres, France, in the year 1722. It is a striking but typical comment upon Chinese civilization, that in two centuries the products of Western kilns very far surpass their oriental forebears, although the original producers have had ten times the number of years for improvement. With the spread of the Confucian doctrine of the necessary superiority of the ancients and its logical sequence, ancestral worship, the icy hand of death gripped the throat of progress in China, and the whole nation has not produced any new thing of note during two thousand years. The doctrine that it is not only impossible but positively unfilial to improve upon their ancestors' achievements has been the opiate that has put to sleep for twenty centuries the Chinese, who at first manifested powers that bade fair to make them the world's leaders in the industrial arts.

The primitive and stationary character of porcelain manufacture, in China, its original home, was illustrated in a recent visit which I made to Deh-hua, a small mountain city in the Fuhkien province of South China. Approaching the town from the south, about two miles out, we passed the mills where the white feldspar rock, quarried from the neighboring hills, is pounded into a fine powder. Nothing could be more crude than these mills. A tile roof about fifteen feet square, upon wooden posts; a water wheel a foot or more wide, and ten feet in diameter, with a small over-shot stream

Porcelain as Made in Its Native Land

for power; two wooden cogs in the wooden shaft of the wheel, alternately raising up two wooden hammers with iron facings, that drop upon the rock in the stone mortars. That is all. I saw a dozen such shanties, but not one single attendant. Someone must come and change the grist occasionally, but it is evident that it may be done in a most leisurely manner, and time is no special object.

Dr. S. Wells Williams tells us, in his "Middle Kingdom," that there are two kinds of material in all porcelain. The feldspar is strong, opaque, and endures great heat. The silex or quartz is easily fusible. When the two are mixed, the silex, in burning, imparts its transparency to the powdered feldspar or clay. The Chinese aptly call the latter the bones, and the silex the flesh of the ware. Both kinds of the stone must be pounded to dust by hammers.

By the side of each little mill are three shallow stone vats in which the finely powdered rock is soaked and washed, being transferred from one to the other. Here also the two kinds of clay are mixed together by tramping. The well ground, mixed and washed clay is then carried by men to the pottery, by means of the universal bamboo stick borne upon the shoulders.

Jeremiah's potter could not have had a more primitive wheel. It is nothing but a clay disc two feet in diameter, fixed upon a pivot, swinging five or six inches from the floor. There is not a pedal even. Cogs are put in the edge of the wheel, or a hole is made near the surface by sinking a small unfired tea-cup into the clay near the circumference of the wheel. With fingers in this cup, the operator gives this wheel a jerk. It runs long enough for him to finish a cup or small bowl. More elaborate work requires many pulls at his wheel, with a proportionate loss of time. The small boy who was turning out little tea-cups as I watched him, did not mind the time consumed. He earns only seven or eight cents a day and why should he trouble himself about improving methods to save time which is so valueless?

The freshly molded pieces are dried in a shed open upon all sides. Then the glazing, made of silex mixed with carbonate of lime and the ashes of burnt ferns, is applied by dipping the small pieces into

Porcelain as Made in Its Native Land

the mixture. The large jars are glazed by applying the same mixture with a brush. Then comes the furnace, with three days or more of careful burning. In Deh-hua no color except blue is put on before the glazing and first burning. This is black before baking, but the fire changes it to blue.

I was much disappointed in the artistic part of the manufacture. I had pictured the "cunning workman" of poetry, who toils for months, even for years, upon one "clear porcelain vase, an Emperor's gift." What I saw were slovenly women, and little children, a few as young as eight years of age, deftly daubing teapots and cups after a fixed pattern, and blending colors according to oriental ideas of taste. After the colors are put on, the ware is burned again, and the work is done. I bought a set of ten hand-painted bowls for less than six cents.

A careful examination of the output of these kilns shows that the material is of very superior grade. A specimen of the clay recently sent to an expert in Japan was pronounced to be of the first quality. More than three centuries ago, under the famous Ming dynasty, this pottery held a high reputation. Specimens of that old ware now bring fabulous prices among connoisseurs. But the workmanship has degenerated during these ten generations. What could one expect when the labor is all performed by utterly illiterate people, who have no ambition above supplying their present bodily wants? Such labor is bound to deteriorate. There seems to be no place in the whole process from quarry to sale-room where cultivated mind is used. It is merely the skill of the automaton mechanically going through the appointed task. This is characteristic of nearly all labor in China, because here the educated man never works with his hands, and the laborer is never educated. This fact makes the industrial regeneration of China difficult, if not indeed impossible.

I would not give the impression that all the Chinese porcelain manufacturing centers are so degenerate as Deh-hua. In Kiang-si province at Kingteh and other places, the work is said to be done very well; but the Japanese ware is driving out the Chinese in foreign markets, for reasons too obvious to need further emphasis.

THE expression, "Art for Art's sake," is decidedly out of fashion, and has been laid away for some time; occasionally it is taken down from its shelf, dusted and cautiously used, but when we see that it is regarded with more or less amusement, we hurriedly withdraw it.

But as regularly as we try our last year's garments, so we try this. It is after all such a splendid thing that we are regularly tempted to try to make it the fashion. We are about to dust it again, and this time we are sure that we are right in valuing it so highly.

The work of Mrs. and Miss Perkins bears proof positive that this theory has been held to; nothing more truly artistic than this work has been seen in modern pottery. Made of clay without the use of a wheel; colored with a dull black; moulded on the lines of the ancient Greek, Roman and Etruscan vases, urns, bowls, lamps or whatever is needed for the moment; decorated by the hands of one who keeps the decoration well in hand, never permitting it to become "the thing," but only part and parcel of the vessel it decorates: this pottery presents a most thoroughly artistic whole.

When we say that the color chosen is black we can convey no idea of the reflected color it bears. It is as one might say to a blind man: "a plum is purple," never giving him the delight of knowing all the grades of color purple may have.

In texture this pottery is of mat surface, which gives it much more depth of color than a glaze affords. In fact, the pottery has very much the color effect of Japanese bronze. These potters keep to one color, feeling that in so doing they concentrate the attention on the form, and as a consequence not one uninteresting form is found among their work. If our attention is called to this, we remember seeing pottery of much honor and renown, which if done into this simple flat tone would be relegated to our kitchens. Load a vase or candlestick with an elaborate, or an elaborately simple design and you catch the eye of the Philistine. Thousands of pieces of pottery are turned out every day in shops where the workman is called a "craftsman," and not one beautiful shape is to be found among them.

The decoration of the forms illustrated is suggestive for the most

A Sculptor as Potter

part, apparently very crudely modelled until, on closer observation, we find all the force and vigor of colossal proportions. One candlestick has, heading its dignified proportions, a frieze of human figures in long, sweeping draperies, with locked hands, forming, in pairs, a solemn procession. Another, a small bowl shaped like a porringer, has for its handle a sleeping bird, its great wings folded under the bowl and its head drooping on its breast. Many of the forms, though there are no two pieces made alike, have the beautiful grooving at the base, shown in the illustration, while above, around the centre of the vessel, is a design using the figures of men and women. An ink-well and tray for pens are most unusual. The ink-well is covered with a purely conventional design, the lid surmounted by the figure of a lioness at rest, the tray bordered by a beautifully interlaced design, while inside are two designs dating back to most ancient Eastern symbols. Then, there is a platter with its conventional design of the olive, and a little box on a standard, with a lid whose knob is the tiny figure of a woman crouching forward, her drapery pulled close about her.

A very beautiful form of the cross is much used by these skilful workers. Some of the shapes are rounded at the base so that a frame work is necessary to hold them, and there are water bottles, some hung by cords strung through three tiny handles on the sides of the bottles, some suspended by one loop in the centre, a spout on either side, flat flasks, long narrow ones and short ones with long necks.

Some huge "garden pots," done in Standish, Maine, and modelled after the old Italian "well heads," are superb in proportions. These are modelled in terra cotta, sand blown, making a delightful color for use in gardens or on a terrace, and with trees of Osage orange or of box, would be most decorative. One in the illustration has, on one side, the Tudor rose, on the other side, a shield with a design of three bunches of grapes, while its corners are formed of huge acanthus leaves. Twelve hundred pounds of clay are in this huge pot.

Another of these pots has straight lines, is larger at the base and

A Sculptor as Potter

has for decoration conventional borders, the Latin Cross and two birds drinking from one urn. Still another, modelled on Greek lines, has figures of men and women—water-carriers and dancers—full of motion and delightfully simple.

Miss Perkins is a sculptor and this pottery with which many would be well satisfied and at which juncture would complacently pause, she considers merely a side issue. The figurines shown at her studio are full of sentiment and, though sometimes no more elaborated than the figures on the vases and urns, are the real thought expressed. One especially admired is of an Egyptian woman of splendid strength, her baby, nude, at the back, held by a hand drawn over her shoulder. The little childish proportions melt into hers, relaxed in perfect child-confidence in the strength and patience of the mother.

Such work as this cannot be described adequately any more than a piece of music can be shared unless heard. This work must be seen. To these potters be all honor given. Certainly the medium does not inspire. All this good work has been obtained at the cost of much study and observation, with the conviction that to follow one's ideal of the beautiful and the true is the only way to have true art; that by pleasing the people we unconsciously lower ourselves and cheapen our art; that cheap art means of necessity cheap ideas, or worse, none at all. Philanthropists are disposed to quarrel with us over this "art for art's sake," and are heard to insist that art's sacred privilege is to elevate, but we insist that art must be followed with singleness of purpose and that if so followed, it fails not always to inspire and elevate. May we not have, instead of the quantities of indifferent art in our homes, one or two really beautiful objects such as these, and return in spirit to the old time when to be a craftsman was to be an artist as well? The art and the craft were then inseparable, and as much study and design were necessary before a craftsman began his snuff-box, or buckle, or button, as was thought proper for an artist before beginning his canvas or decoration, or for a sculptor before cutting one chip from his marble. We cannot all drink from Cellini's goblets, but we can have our objects of decoration few—even a single one—but good.

The Rookwood Pottery: "Dux Foemina Facti"

THE greater number of admirers of this beautiful faïence which has so quickly risen to an enviable rank among modern ceramics, do not know that the enterprise was first led by a woman. The Rookwood Pottery was founded in 1880, at Cincinnati, Ohio, by Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer, who named it from her father's country estate, situated near the same city. Three years after the establishment of the works, Mrs. Storer received into active partnership Mr. W. W. Taylor, to whom she transferred her interests upon her retirement in 1890. Mr. Taylor then formed the existing company, and under his direction as president the buildings now occupied were erected.

The presence in the neighboring soil of certain clays which made the enterprise possible and practicable, inclined the color quality of the ware from the beginning toward yellows, browns and reds: a fact pledging the accompanying ornament to rich arrangements of warm colors, which through the transparent glazes appeared softened into deep, mellow tones. From year to year the command of material was extended, although the clays are still drawn largely from the Ohio Valley, and always from native sources.

By patient and continued experiment the beauty of the ware is constantly heightened and the range of effects widened. Thus to the early yellows, browns and reds there have been added dark, rich greens and blues, and, still more recently, an interesting series of light pieces in "Iris" and "Sea Green."

The glazes at different periods of the Rookwood production offer an attractive study. A considerable number of early pieces were characterized by a dull finish technically known as the Smear Glaze, which gave, in the most successful cases, an exquisite texture quality; the offsetting defect being crudeness of color. Later, the production turned entirely to different varieties of transparent glazes in the colors already noted; but a recent revival of the dull finish has evolved the Mat Glaze, of which the essential quality is beauty of texture, although the range and variation of color are very great.

Other than the materials used and the glazes obtained, there are

The Rookwood Pottery

many other points of interest to be noted in the Rookwood faïence. Prominent among them are the decorative elements employed: these consisting of the application of metals skilfully adapted to the painted decorations and unified with them; of modeled figures forming an integral portion of the general contour of the piece; or of ornamental motives, always significant in themselves, and executed in either relief or incised lines.

Interesting also to collectors and to the many who delight in book-plates and devices and potters' marks are the signs manual adopted by the artists at Rookwood. The regular mark of the pottery impressed in the clay has undergone several changes. Thus from 1882 to 1885, inclusive, we find the word, "Rookwood," in somewhat irregular Roman capitals, with below the Arabic numerals of the year, stamped upon every piece of the product. In 1886, this mark was discarded for a curiously designed combination of the Roman letters R and P, very attractive and suggestive in form. In 1887, the new device received the addition of a little flame-like mark set at the top of the double letter. Each year thereafter appeared a new flame, until in 1900 their number reached fourteen, when they entirely surrounded the monogram, forming about it the figure known among jewelers as the "sun-burst." For the new century, the mark of 1900 was continued, a numeral being added below the monogram to indicate the year of production.

Passing now from the production to the producers, we find the great pottery no less interesting in its organization than in the work which it sends forth. It is, of course, conducted upon sound financial principles, and gives large annual returns to its owners. At the same time, it protects the interests of art; being practically an enterprise for the production and sale of the work of forty or more individual decorators, who, in obedience to the rules of the pottery, constantly vary their shapes and never repeat their decoration. The more distinguished and experienced of these decorators work in individual studios, while the younger are distributed in three larger rooms: all of them forming a community resembling in constitution the workshop schools of the master artists and craftsmen of the Middle Ages.

THERE are few healthier indications of public progress than the efforts to increase the attractiveness of our public schools by filling them with good works of art. This work has been prosecuted in different ways in various towns and cities. Much has been done in this direction in England, and, in this country, interest has found fruit in exhibitions, notably those of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Brooklyn. In other cities and small towns considerable progress has been made. The surroundings of the daily life of American young people are so wholly inartistic, except in so far as fine art in literature appeals to them, that this new movement is a notable one. No more important work in introducing art into the general life of Americans has been undertaken, for it means bringing it directly before the children, many of whom are without artistic home influences.

Early in 1896 the Public School Art League and Art Students' Association and Educational Workers of Boston began to agitate the necessity of artistic decoration for school houses. In pursuance of this idea they decorated rooms in that city, and also in Salem, Malden, Medford and Brookline. At about the same time, a similar movement was begun in New York by the Public Education Association. The chief aim of the committee appointed by the Association was to transform the barren and repellent school room into an attractive room which should cheer the eyes and spirits of teachers and pupils. One of the rooms in the boys' grammar school was devoted to Mediæval and Renaissance art, including reproductions of buildings, statues and paintings. One was given to literature, as illustrated by portraits and pictures of the dwellings of famous writers and of scenes which they have immortalized. One was hung with European views, varied by copies of famous monuments and pictures in noted galleries. Another with Asiatic and African scenes and works of art, while still another showed American scenery in pastoral and picturesque aspects including, of course, Niagara Falls and the Natural Bridge of Virginia. In each room an explanatory catalogue was hung. All this was done carefully and critically, for the very enthusiasm

Art in Schools

as to art in schools has in it an element of danger. Every community which attempts to accomplish anything in the way of art education in the schools must realize that comparatively few people know the difference between the true and the false in art. It is imperative that nothing should be hung on the wall of a public school without having been subjected to the highest art criticism of the community in which the school is situated. The confusion of the art objects in the houses of even refined people demonstrates how superficial our art education as a nation has been. It was to raise this art standard and to bring side by side the best subjects of eight or more of the greatest art producers of Europe and America, with a view to arousing interest in art decoration in schools and homes, that for a few years past a collection of pictures has been exhibited in a number of the larger cities of the Middle and Northwestern States. This collection consists of over two hundred carefully selected subjects of proper size and suitably framed, and on their first journey they took in a country reaching as far east as Springfield, Mass., and the State Library at Albany, N. Y. Later, to the framed pictures were added one thousand neatly mounted unframed pictures of the Berlin, Munich, Soule, Foster Bros., Elson, Solderholz and Detroit Protochrome Companies, and a selection of some four thousand subjects in unmounted cabinet and medium photographs to aid in selecting subjects. In several cities a representative selection of casts was added. This exhibit has been given under the patronage of school boards, art institutions and art societies, and the finances have been left wholly in the hands of the school boards and patrons. A series of talks by local artists added to the value of the exhibits. In this way it has been hoped that a new impulse will be given to art study and the decoration of the public schools, and that public taste for art will be elevated, for it must be borne in mind that it is better to have bare walls in a school room than poor pictures, and there can be no more disastrous form of education than a collection of pictures having no relation to one another, and no influence in the education of taste.

The good that can be done, however, must not blind us to the fact

Art in Schools

that we are dealing with elementary materials. The untrained mind can hardly appreciate a picture with whose theme and art it is unfamiliar. The object in the decoration is to increase an interest in art and an appreciation of it, and we must not soar above the comprehension of the children.

In a sense all subjects are suitable for school room decoration, but that it is well to have limitations is shown in a memorandum sent out with a list of photographs suggested for use in the schools by the Regents of the State of New York. It is pointed out that religious expression is to be guardedly used, because of the likelihood of offense to persons of a different way of thinking; that the nude in art is to be avoided, because, again, of the peculiar ideas of some persons in this respect, and that subjects tending to dignify or to ridicule particular doctrines are to be avoided. "If this is carried out," "it will be readily seen that the elimination of religious legend makes it hard to choose pictures and the prohibition of the nude bars almost any chance of showing sculpture rightly."

Patriotic, historical, pictures of places, photographs of famous people, architecture, prints, sculpture and plaster casts are certainly admissible. The simplest range of subjects would appear to be that of a patriotic nature. Christopher Columbus and the great names in American history are familiar to all, and pictures of Washington and Lincoln pave the way for more pretentious and artistic attempts. It has even been suggested that such pictures in the school rooms would foster the formation of patriotical ancestral organizations which are now in vogue. Next in elementary value are pictures of historic events. A picture of Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation appeals to all Americans, educated or uneducated, and so, in a greater or less degree, do illustrations of great events in the history of the world at large. Questions can be asked about these pictures which the teacher will feel called upon to explain.

Portraits of authors, such as Longfellow, Holmes, etc., form another important class and an extended list may be chosen in this field. Photographs of familiar places may be supplemented by pictures of notable places the world over. Art is especially suited

Art in Schools

to history and pupils should connect the cities with art galleries. Geography can be made of living interest in the hands of a teacher interested in the subject. As long as twenty years ago this branch was taught in the Worcester, Mass., Normal School by means of lantern slides. The principal of one of the grammar schools in the same place has been doing a similar work for ten years. For example, he has a series of pictures which he has taken, showing the various points of interest in Concord, Mass. These pictures are shown and the connection of the place with the Revolution and the town's distinguished residents are mentioned and talked about. Interest is thus excited and an endeavor has been made to introduce this method of teaching into other schools. In No II of Papers from the Physical Geography Laboratory of Harvard University is a list of geographical lantern slides, prepared for use in the Cambridge public schools by Professor William M. Davis of Harvard University, who has of late years been much interested in this method of instruction.

These topics may be open to the objection of not being strictly artistic, but they accustom the child to seeing pictures and talking of them; beside being of an educational value. With sculpture we have a subject that can be illustrated both in photographs and in actual form by casts. That these last are less common than photographs gives them a special interest. If extensive decorations are desired in a Greek room, there could be photographs of the Acropolis with casts of Hermes and the Venus of Milo. The bas-reliefs of Luca della Robbia and of Donatello would be appropriate to a room devoted to art of the Renaissance and the endless series of the Virgin and Child, of angels and cherubs could decorate another room. A legend of twenty words or so can be painted on a card and the result is a frame within which all that is needed would be told of an important work of art. What child is not delighted with pictures? The children should become as familiar with the master pieces of painting as they do the gems of poetry. Photographs can, when means are limited, be sent from room to room in the school to accompany talks on artists and their work, and teachers can plan courses of study. With so many text books

Art in Schools

there need be no hesitation where to begin. To Mr. Farrar's "Art Topics" can be added "History of Painting," by J. C. Van Dyke; "Handbooks of Painting," by Kugler, and Mrs. Jamieson's and Mrs. Clement's works.

In selecting photographs not alone the original merit of the painting, but also the fitness of the photograph must be considered. The photographs must be attractive and impressive. Realizing this, the New York State Board of Regents have distributed carbon prints, that the dealing of the artist with the subject can be pointed out to beginners, and the Public School Art League of Worcester, Mass., has lately purchased objects to be used in decorating the school room walls. It is one of the first conditions in all these movements that the work of art shall be as far as possible perfect.

These movements are not confined to the East. The West also is doing good work and Chicago and other cities are interested in this same line. For several years past a collection has been taken in the Minneapolis schools for what is known as the "Piano and Picture Fund." Pupils are asked to contribute whatever they may desire, and the money so received is used for paying rent on the pianos and for the purchase of pictures. In our city for the past year this fund has amounted to two thousand five hundred dollars. It is also the custom in some places for eighth grade and high school scholars about to leave a building to present a memorial, which is usually in the form of a picture. In the efforts to provide suitable pictures much assistance has been rendered in different communities by the Public Libraries. A short time ago, an exhibition of mounted pictures, designed chiefly for school room purposes, was displayed at the Denver Public Library. It was held during the annual session of the state teachers' association, and its purpose was to show what can be done with material that costs but little and is easy to get towards decorating walls.

The Boston Public Library is also showing a marked interest in the cause of education and is using its great resources and powerful influence effectively in these lines. A portfolio of half-tone reproductions from paintings and sculpture and gelatine prints is issued monthly to teachers for use in the schoolroom; the portfolios

Art in Schools

being so arranged that they may be used as easels to show the pictures from the teacher's desk. This and many other libraries have collections on exhibition to be viewed by pupils and teachers whenever a particular topic is being studied.

There are other phases of artistic decoration fully as suitable for schoolroom decoration as photographs. Cheap bits of pottery, especially Japanese, are available for the purpose. Italian and French photographs are cheap, and illustrated books can be taken apart and the plates framed. Full page illustrations of our leading illustrated magazines, colored supplements from our art journals, colored cartoons and book posters can be utilized when money is scarce, and a comparatively large collection made at a very little cost. Exhibitions have been given in our large cities to show what excellent decorations can be obtained from such magazines as Harper's, Scribner's, The Century, Ladies' Home Companion, Art Amateur, Art Interchange, Puck, Life, etc.

One finds everywhere to-day the craving for the beautiful. In years gone by not only was no attention paid to it, but the school house itself was devoid of beauty. Later, costly and sanitary, but cheerless buildings were erected. While pictures may help to embody higher ideas, we should go further and erect attractive school houses. The entrance should be made inviting and within ceiling, walls and floor, should be treated to make a perfect whole. In this way, a first source of beauty would be found in the building itself and the photographs, casts and other decorative features would have a suitable and appropriate setting.

The Frackelton "Blue and Gray"

MRS. S. FRACKELTON, a Milwaukee potter, bears the distinction of being the first American who has raised stoneware from the most common utilitarian uses to the rank of an artistic product. Unlike porcelain, this material is not poured into a mold, but is turned upon a wheel; therefore, the vessel fashioned from it comes directly from the hand of the maker.

The experiments resulting in the new artistic value of the ware were prompted by circumstances connected with the organization by Mrs. Frackelton of the "National League of Mineral Painters." While engaged in this work, the artist constantly heard protests against the great expense involved in the production of ceramics. She was thus led to suggest to members of the society the possibility of creating from inexpensive, homely materials something of worth and beauty, if only idealism and individuality were brought to bear upon it.

At that time, about ten years since, there were scattered throughout the country small potteries at which churns, butter-crocks, or at least drain-tile and bricks, were manufactured. Accepting such a pottery as a foundation, Mrs. Frackelton began her work with a purely educational intent. And so honest were her efforts and so successful her results that the first piece of pottery sold in the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition was a great olive-jar of the Frackelton ware, bought for the Pennsylvania Museum of Fine Arts by one of its directors.

During a year or more, Mrs. Frackelton worked in the "blue and gray," at the end of which time she was forced to turn her attention elsewhere. But later accepting an invitation from the N. N. Commission to exhibit under its auspices at the Paris Exposition of 1900, she returned to her experiments with the result that her pieces were cordially received and even medalled at the Exposition; some of the most appreciative judgments concerning them coming from conservative German critics.

The ware in its present stage of development is most attractive and artistic. The product is small and no duplicates are made. Among the pieces may be mentioned "wedding bowls," inscribed

The Frackelton "Blue and Gray"

with names and dates; "college bowls," bearing characteristic legends and symbols; articles conveying some sentiment or impression, such as the candlestick ornamented with the poppies of sleep, the pomegranate jar suggestive of plenty, the buttermilk jug with cowslips, the cider mug wreathed with apple boughs, and the grape-juice tankard with vine branches and clusters of fruit. There are beside tiles for Dutch fire-places, showing funny, fat little Holland babies; also windmill and ship designs which harmonize with Flemish oak, good linen and old silver.

Much more might he said in praise of this "blue and gray" stoneware, but perhaps its chief quality lies in the fact that it is the patient, intelligent development of humble and almost despised materials.

TURN, TURN MY WHEEL! THIS EARTHEN JAR
A TOUCH CAN MAKE, A TOUCH CAN MAR;
AND SHALL IT TO THE POTTER SAY:
WHAT MAKEST THOU? THOU HAST NO HAND?
AS MEN WHO THINK TO UNDERSTAND
A WORLD BY THEIR CREATOR PLANNED,
WHO WISER IS THAN THEY.

LONGFELLOW
KERAMOS

Notes

THE New York Water Color Club, which holds its thirteenth annual exhibition this year, in the rooms of the American Society of Fine Arts, will remain open until the fourteenth of December. It is not too much to say that this is the best exhibition this society has ever given and certainly has less bad work than is usually shown in so large an exhibition of water colors in this city. The extremist is here, of course, but he is less in evidence than usual.

The first room, on entering, is not used for pictures, but an aisle is made by the use of burlap screens, festooned with laurel, and at regular intervals are pedestals supporting portrait busts by J. Scott Hartley, Sergeant Kendall and others, the whole making a charming entrance to the middle room, which is used, together with the Vanderbilt gallery, for the exhibit.

The place of honor is given this time to Winslow Homer, the king of marine painters. There are eighteen water colors, of a vigor and transparency of color calculated to fill with delight the heart of every water color painter. They are, as it were, "in lighter vein;" being, with the exception of the five loaned by separate owners, rugged studies, full of the spirit of the subject, and with all the gorgeous color of the tropics, they having all been done in Bermuda.

Mr. Colin Campbell Cooper exhibits work interesting not alone as water-color, but as examples of old-world architecture. One is of the Grand Canal,

Venice, and another from Laren, Holland.

A new name to the most of us is that of James H. Gardiner-Soper, a painter represented by one picture, and that one a very beautiful portrait of a beautiful woman. The delicacy and tenderness with which his tones are managed is charming. We shall look with interest for more from the same source.

On the same wall are shown two interesting decorative drawings by Charles Livingston Ball. Clara Weaver Parrish shows two excellent decorative panels, of color as brilliant as jewels, much real sentiment, good composition, and mounted in old Florentine frames. Excellent work is shown by May Washburn, Rhoda Holmes Nicholls and Jane Emmet. Childe Hassam sends a very minutely handled water color with all the brilliant "spotting" of color of his best work.

That the "one-man exhibit" is a severe test is fully proved on viewing the work of John W. Alexander at the Durand-Ruel Galleries. When this work has been shown, one piece at a time, with other exhibitors, it has given distinct pleasure, and has had a certain charm, which led us eagerly to the present exhibition. How disappointing, then, it is to find that we have seen the best of these under conditions which gave more importance to each other than we can now allow.

The portrait of Mrs. Alexander is by far the best of these, and is an exquisite piece of work, with its quaint dress

Notes

and quainter face, framed in a huge hat, making a beautifully decorative portrait with which no fault can be found. Next to this, in line and in merit, is the three-quarter length portrait of Dr. Patton of Princeton University, in robes of office, the head with its touch of gorgeous orange, relieving the monotony of the black gown.

A spirited portrait of a man in gray homespun suggests an alert and interesting type of American.

Photographs of paintings not on exhibition are hung, grouped together, among which we recognize *Isabella and the Pot of Basil*, shown several years ago at the exhibition of the Society of Fine Arts, and we realize that the decorative quality, after all, is the gift of this painter, and that the portrait is not always a portrait. His color is subdued and sometimes even dull, his textures are stiff and unyielding, but altogether the exhibition is interesting and full of suggestion.

At Knoedler's are found three collections of pictures. That in the main gallery a group of drawings by Walter Mac Ewen, in what the artist in his catalogue calls "two chalks." But we recognize a third. These drawings are all illustrations, or if not so intended, are illustrative. They are done with much delicacy and tenderness, are full of color, warmth and texture in spite of the limitations of his red and brown chalk.

The whole collection, framed uniformly in white and gold, is hung against a background of tan colored burlap, gar-

landed at the ceiling with laurel—if a trifle too pretty, at any rate an *ensemble* which charms.

This artist is represented in many museums, including our own Congressional Library at Washington, and has a list of medals nearly as long as the list of pictures.

In the room next to this are found a few large and very poor portraits by an ambitious young woman from Washington, Juliet Thompson. We shall hope later, when this young woman has found herself, to report on better work.

In the lower room are some water-colors by J. A. Josephi. They are little more than sketches of a summer's work. The painter has no idea of textures and uses body-color so much that the drawings might be called gouache instead of water color, thereby losing all brilliancy. We feel that, though some of these are interesting in color schemes and a few in composition, we are asked to view this man's experiments; they certainly are not pictures. And right here, it may not be amiss to suggest that some of the great art houses in this city desist from showing indifferent work. We are willing to give our time to view good work, such as we expect when the names of the firms giving exhibition rooms are mentioned, but time is too precious to spare for poor work.

At Keppel's there is an interesting exhibit of studies from the sketch-book of the late Kate Greenaway. This is a small but delightful collection. The drawings, for the most part, are not

Notes

very different from the printed page which I hope no one is so lost as not to take interest in. The studies of flowers are exquisitely drawn and colored, and some of these, as well as some of the figures of children, are so minute as to be easily mounted on a postage stamp. The drawings give one more of an idea of the artist's technique than one would have credited her with.

Miss Greenaway, whose death several years ago, brought sincere regret to her admirers in America as well as in England, was the daughter of a London engraver on wood; from her father she must have learned her art, and with it the painstaking method of working that these drawings show. Her work is so well known and the originals differ from the published work so little that it is only worth while to mention that they are more exquisite in the handling which the printed page misses.

Kate Greenaway held, and still holds, an important place in the illustration of children's books. None of the abnormal and grotesque drawings of the Rhead brothers—nor even Walter Crane—can possibly charm the child as these do. Her work, while not equalling in merit the illustrations of Boutet de Monvel, holds the same place in England that his does in France.

At Kraushaar's are found nearly twenty different pictures by Dutch painters—three by Joseph Israels, two by William Maris, two by Jurres and the remainder by artists not so well known. They are all the indifferent

work of good painters. This idea of having paintings by a foreigner instead of one of our own painters has still such strong hold on the picture buyers that, with the exception of Clausen and of Macbeth, who has always been in close touch with American art and artists, one may walk the length of Fifth Avenue, and find no pictures of any value by Americans, but many by the Dutch, French, English or Italian painters of no value whatever, for it is always easy to find ready buyers for these. Mr. Macbeth, in his admirable little pamphlet, "Art Notes," for this month, says: "The American artist who deserves success to-day, seldom suffers from neglect, whether or not he has been approved of abroad. Those who have not yet earned success are wont to blame everything and everybody for their condition." But while we are fully convinced that this is true, we are still firm in our opinion that our own statement is also true.

There is a rumor that we are soon to have a Society of Portrait Painters; the first exhibition of this society to be held in the galleries of the Fine Arts Society. This should put a quietus on the foreign portrait painters' gains in this country. A collection of paintings by H. W. Mesdag, of the Hague, will be in this country early in December, and will be shown in several museums, including those in St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Pittsburgh. Another loan exhibit of portraits is to be held here during the winter.

Notes

The United Crafts opened their new lecture hall on the evening of December 1. The occasion was a lecture given in French by M. Germain Martin, the first *conférencier* of the American branch of the *Alliance Française*. M. Martin's subject was "The Gothic Churches of France," which he illustrated by a large number of unusually fine lantern slides. He proved himself to be a learned man and an eloquent speaker.

The place of the assembly was at once felt by the audience to offer a dignified background for the treatment of artistic and literary subjects and it will, in future, be often sought. The hall vividly suggests a Rembrandt interior, in which the charming fire-place offers the necessary focus of color; while leading up to it are rich and varying tones of soft brown woods and leather, accentuated here and there by strong, characteristic metal work rivaling the thorough craftsmanship of Florence and Nuremburg.

The pleasant occasion of M. Martin's *conférence* was followed by another of greater popular interest. On the evening of December 13, Mr. Stickley invited the entire body of his workmen with their families to partake of his hospitality at The Craftsman Building. The earlier part of the evening was devoted to a program composed of musical numbers, rendered by the members of the Mandolin Club of Syracuse University, and of short addresses upon economic and social questions given by the Rev. Mr. Mundy, chief of the Syracuse Public Library, the Rev. Dr. McChesney,

Dean of the College of Fine Arts, and other members of the faculty of that institution. Later, a bountiful and elegant supper was served, and an orchestra furnished music for dancing. By these gracious means, master and craftsmen were brought into close relationship and made to feel the strength of the bond which joins them in a great and successful economic and social enterprise.

The craftsmen of Syracuse extend a warm welcome to Miss Margaret Stirling, who comes to establish a book bindery in their city. Miss Sterling has benefited by the instructions of Miss Florence Foote, and therefore follows the Cobden-Sanderson methods and traditions. She has already done successful work and she sets before herself a high ideal of "the book beautiful."

Mr. L. H. Meakin of Cincinnati, Ohio, whose fine, sympathetic and vigorous landscapes have been attracting considerable attention at the exhibition by Western artists now at the National Arts Club, gave a very delightful talk on the evening of December 10 to the members of the Club and their friends on the Development of Art in the Middle West. Mr. Meaken reviewed in an entertaining way, interspersed with reminiscences of that unique and attractive personality, Frank Duveneck, and the late Hiram Powers, the growth of art in that part of the country from the early part of the Nineteenth Century up to the present date. He brought to mind such names as that of Matthew

Book Reviews

Harris Jouett (1787-1827), a pupil of Gilbert Stuart, and Joseph H. Bush, who were noted men in the early days of the West, and whose names are but a memory to many of us now. Others who came East, later, were such men as the veteran James H. Beard, and his brother and nephews, as well as men like Twachtman, the noted landscapist, William H. Chase, Frank Duveneck, Tarbell and Benson. These are names more frequently seen in the East, but J. H. Sharp and Farney, who have done the Indian so well, Barnhorn, the sculptor,

Theodore G. Steele and L. H. Meakin himself, have restricted their work more to the Western field.

At Eastertide, 1903, the United Crafts propose to hold an important Arts and Crafts Exhibition. Many well known men and women of our own country have already promised their active coöperation, and Mr. Stickley, who is now abroad, will bring with him, on his return, many fine specimens of the most recent industrial art work of France, Germany and England.

Book Reviews

AMERICAN MASTERS OF PAINTING, by Charles H. Caffin, is a series of monographs upon thirteen representative men, chosen with no reference to chronology or school, but by reason of their marked individuality and brilliant accomplishments. The entire series is the work of one man, a critic of singular insight and ability, who judges, compares and argues, instead of praising or denouncing without restraint, after the manner of too many of his profession. Mr. Caffin understands and fills the function of the art critic, which is to teach art principles and to popularize art knowledge, rather than to produce fine writing. Often, by means of a single sentence he brings the man whom he is studying into such bold

relief that we see him in all his relations with his century, his work and his brother artists. A case in point is found in the essay upon John La Farge, when Mr. Caffin indicates as his subject's greatest contribution to art his application of opaline glass to the making of stained windows; saying in this connection that to the *chantlike* simplicity of the color and structure of mediæval glass La Farge has added the complicated harmonies of *modern music*; thus perfecting an art which brings the decorator within measurable distance of the musical composer. The estimates of Sargent, of Abbey, and of Inness are equally valuable as offering suggestions to the art-student and instruction to the general reader; while the monograph upon George Fuller does more to explain the

Book Reviews

character, the work and the artistic failures of that unique painter than perhaps anything else that has been written regarding him.

In his judgment of Sargent, Mr. Caffin shows deeper penetration than the majority of even competent critics who are blinded by the brilliancy and *bravura* of the American master of whom we read: "His virtuosity, though French in character, is free of the French manner, as indeed of any mannerism. For example, his English men and women, his English children especially, belong distinctly to English life. Though he may portray them in terms of Parisian technique, he never confuses the idioms, being far too keenly alive to the subtle differences of race."

Thus, throughout the book, are found fragments of condensed, closely-reasoned thought, which inspire the certainty that art-criticism is as necessary as translation from foreign tongues. And in leaving the book the reader can make but a single censure upon it: which is that, at times, expressions echoed from the street are allowed to mar the simple harmony of Mr. Caffin's well-constructed English. [Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Illustrated. Uncut edges. 8¾x9½ in. 196 pages. \$3.00 net.

Linda Villari, the translator of Professor Pasquale Villari's great work upon Florentine history, and more recently known for her writings upon modern Italian art, maintains her high literary position by her latest book, which is the

story of the life of GIOVANNI SEGANTINI. This Italian painter, whose name is familiar to students and connoisseurs, rather than to the public, was the first successful painter of High Alpine scenery. He was born in poverty and obscurity, and under these conditions he worked at his art for many years. He was self-educated and an experimentalist, untraveled, and a lover of solitude. He knew little of other artists—either of the old masters or his own contemporaries—and he died painting among the snows of the Engadine, at eight thousand feet above the sea level. He deserves very extended notice from the art-critic by reason of his original and successful treatment of the phenomena of light at high altitudes, and also because of the comparison which may be made between him and the French painter, Millet: a resemblance growing out of the similarity of influences to which the two men were subjected. An authoritative critic, quoted by Madame Villari, has said of Segantini that "he has grasped as no one before him, save Millet, the deep harmony which exists between man and beast;" while the artist himself wrote on the subject of animal painting:

"I wish that men should love the kindly animals, those that provide them with bed, and meat, and skins; therefore, I painted 'The Two Mothers' (woman and child, sheep and lamb), 'The Mothers' (woman and child, cow and calf), and the good horse under the plough, working with man and for man, I

Book Reviews

painted toil, and everywhere I painted good animals, with eyes full of gentleness."

Segantini's treatment of truly idyllic subjects belongs to the second artistic period of his short life of forty-one years; when he lived in the Brianza district of the Lombard plain and studied to master the method of expressing sentiment. Before the Brianza period lay his years of struggle with technical difficulties at Milan, and after the idyllic manner followed his discoveries as a colorist and his full mastery of harmony of composition, technique and imagination, which he gained in the silence and solitude of the regions of perpetual snow.

His chief contribution and legacy to his art grew out of his desire to obtain light in his canvases, and during his Milanese period he made unconsciously the first experiment in a method of painting based upon scientific truth and now known under the name of *divisionism*. In treating the interior of a church with sunlight pouring through a window of the clere-story, the young artist observed that the secret of producing luminous effects lay in *dividing* the colors, that is, in putting them upon the canvas side by side: not mixing them upon the palette, but leaving them to be blended naturally in the retina of the spectator, in accordance with a law of nature. An example of this treatment is instanced in a study called "La Vacca Bruna," ("Dun Cow"), where the "divisionist process" is applied in parts requiring the deepest shadows and the most brilliant lights: such as a

stretch of sunlit grass, which is made to appear more vivid by placing a variety of colors—blue, yellow, red, green and brown—side by side, and allowing them to intersect one another. This system, at first unconsciously followed by Segantini, was openly advocated by John Ruskin in his "Elements of Drawing," and it forms the basis of the first successful treatment of Alpine effects. But Segantini went still farther; resorting to the division of line as well as to the division of color. He painted in short, rapid strokes and points of light, and divided the colors on his canvas. As his biographer states, "he found what he wanted at one stroke, not so much from instinct as from inspiration." But he never used his method as a mannerism, like the French impressionists who have adopted similar means of expression. His work as idyllist and symbolist can not be forgotten, and as a painter of the High Alps he is supreme and unique. His chief defect was lack of education of mind. His mental training was imperfect, but he had within him the foundation for a great thinker. The story of his life deserves to be widely read, both as a record of original investigation, and also as a study of the typical modern artist who demands of himself the coöperation of brain and hand, who works and thinks, and in whom the delight derived from sensuous perception is tempered by grave thoughts upon human life and progress. [E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Illustrated. Uncut edges. 7½x11 in. 208 pages. \$6.00 net.

Book Reviews

OLD ENGLISH MASTERS, engraved by Timothy Cole, is the title of the third volume of a series which, as Mr. John Van Dyke writes in his preface, can not be regarded as other than monumental. All lovers of Italian and Dutch art remember with pleasure and admiration Mr. Cole's rendering of the masterpieces of those schools, by means of which the galleries of Europe are brought within the walls of our own homes.

For seven years, beginning with 1894, the engraver was constantly engaged in cutting blocks after the famous portraits of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney and others, and the landscapes of Turner, Constable, and their contemporaries. The result is, again to quote Mr. Van Dyke, a translation of English pictures such as has never before been made and will never be attempted in future.

The subjects represented are chosen broadly enough to include a Scotchman like Raeburn, who was English in his art, and narrowly enough to exclude Bonington, who showed French tendencies and mannerisms. The text accompanying the plates consists of historical notes written by Mr. Van Dyke, and of comments made by the engraver upon the works of art which he has so carefully studied. [The Century Co., New York. Illustrated. Uncut edges. Gilt top. 8x11 in. 224 pages. Price \$8.00.

HOW TO MAKE RUGS, by Mrs. Candace Wheeler, is the title of a valuable series of essays in miniature upon various forms of weaving, dyeing and design adaptable to domestic manufactures.

Mrs. Wheeler's foreword is a model of good logic, sound economic principles and terse expression, and she is wholly right in saying that *the subject of our domestic industries is one which should fall naturally* within the objects of women's clubs. Her present efforts should enlist the interest of all those who have at heart the general welfare of our country. [Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Illustrated. 5x7½ in. 138 pages. Price \$1.20.

A BOOK OF MEDITATIONS, by Edward Howard Griggs, is composed of beautiful concepts, delicately expressed, which have arisen in the mind of the author as he has stood upon historic ground and before famous works of art, or again as he has sat in the solitude of his study. Mr. Griggs unites in himself the gifts of acute sensuous perception and clear, philosophical thought. He enjoys by nature all that Browning's Paracelsus struggled so painfully to attain. [B. W. Huebsch, New York. Uncut edges. Gilt top. 5x7½ in. 226 pages. Price \$1.50 net.

Reserved for Criticism:

William Morris, Poet, Craftsman, Socialist, by Elizabeth Luther Cary. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Tolstoi as Man and Artist, by Dmitri Merejkowski. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Letters and Lettering, by Frank Chouteau Brown. [Bates & Guild Co., Boston.