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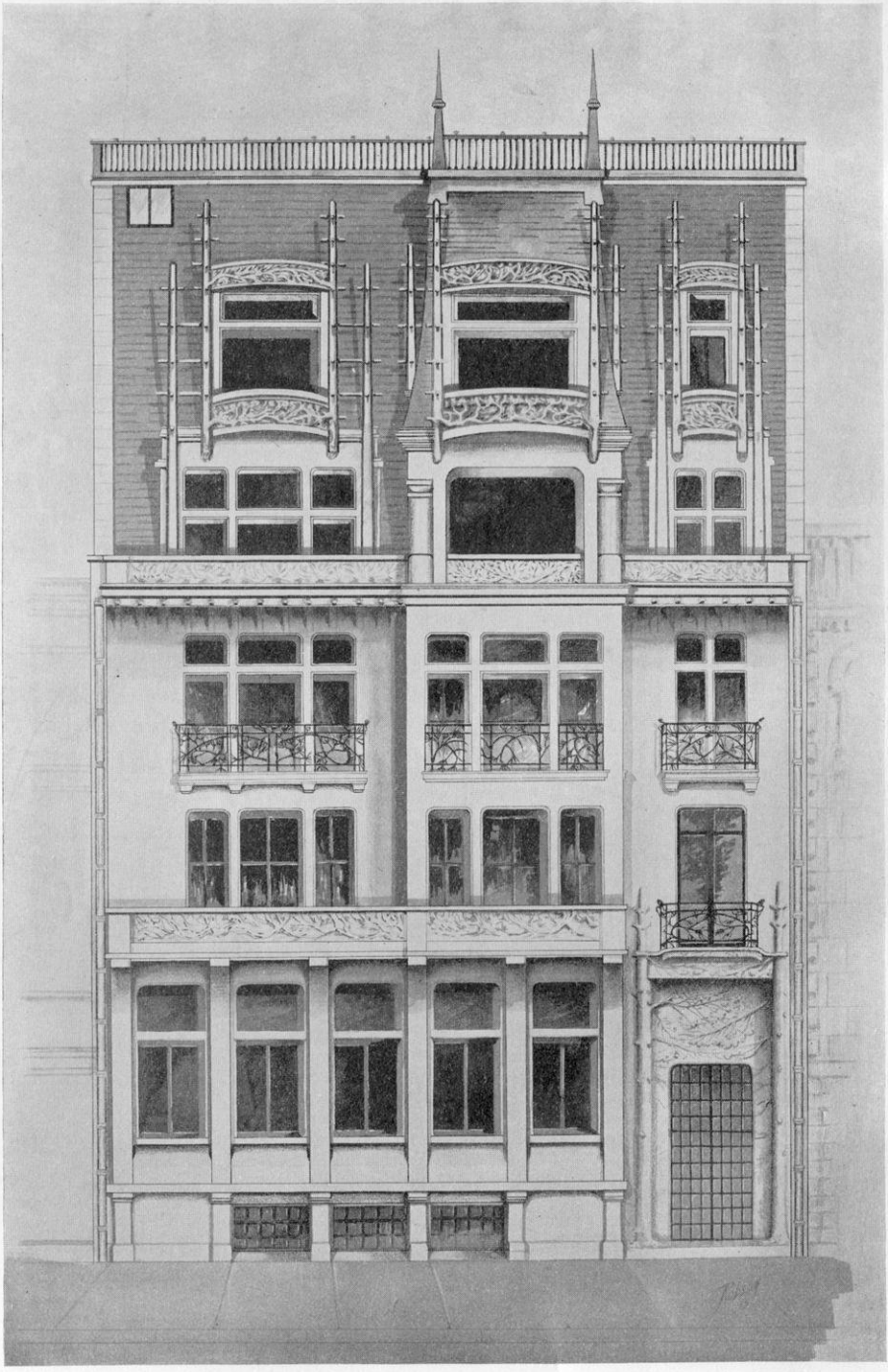

The Workshops and Residence of M. René Lalique

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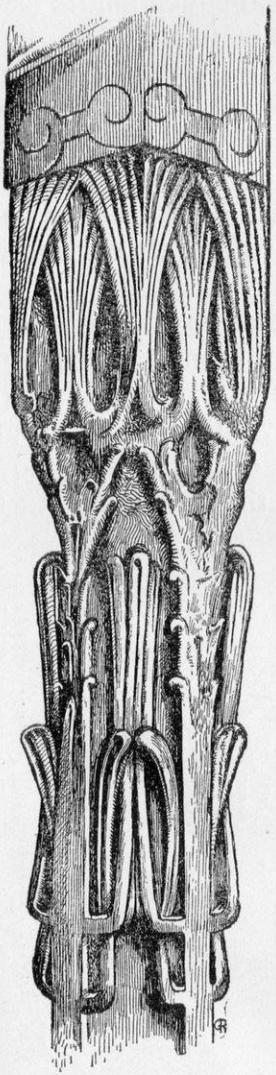


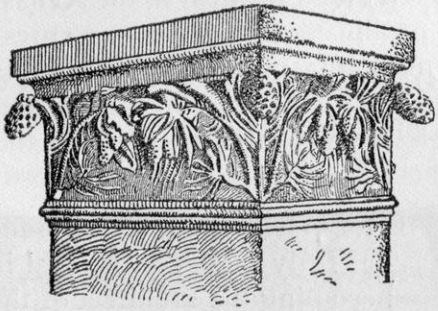
Detail of Staircase

The Workshops & Residence of M. René Lalique

Translated from the French of Tristan Destere, by Irene Sargent

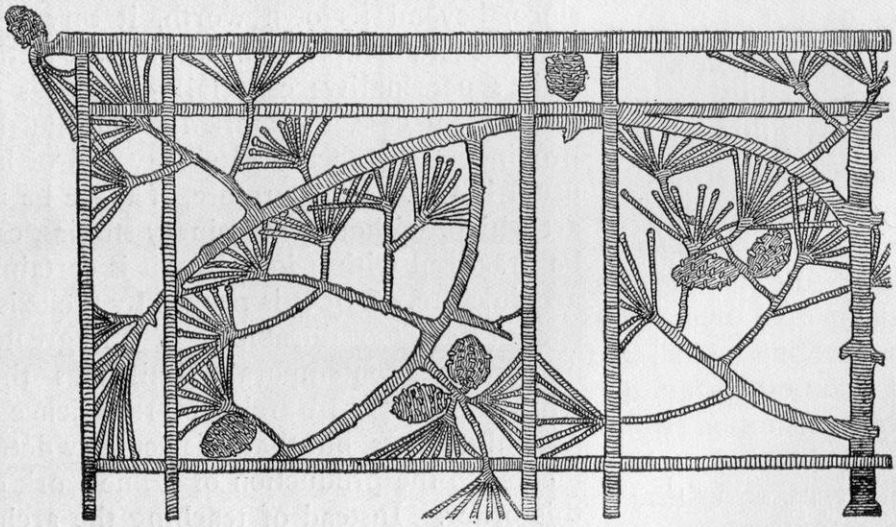
WHETHER or not M. Lalique has fully realized his ideal in becoming the architect of the house in the *Cours-la-Reine* to which he has just transferred his residence and workshops, the study of which this structure is the result, the character and talent to which it bears witness, are none the less impressive and imposing. Every work which issues from the hand and brain of a true artist ought to be valuable to us; since, beyond its own worth, it serves to increase and complete our knowledge of the artist's personality; especially when, as in the present case, the work lies outside the province of his technical ability and of his usual labors. Furthermore, if there be an art which, without preliminary studies, can be practiced with originality, it is certainly architecture. For it is proven by the existence (alas, too durable!) of the greater number of contemporary buildings that what architects call architectural science is not only useless, but that it is actually detrimental to the production of a fine work of this order. Instead of teaching the architect to allow reason, logic and economic

laws always to predominate, the schools burden his memory with old formulas, with rules and principles wholly at variance with the needs, customs and trend of the life of to-day. The fruits of this irrational education lie scattered all about us. We find them in Paris, in the Lyons and the new Orleans railway stations, the *Grand Palais* (Exposition grounds), and the *Hôtel de New York*. . . . But let us end here these general considerations!



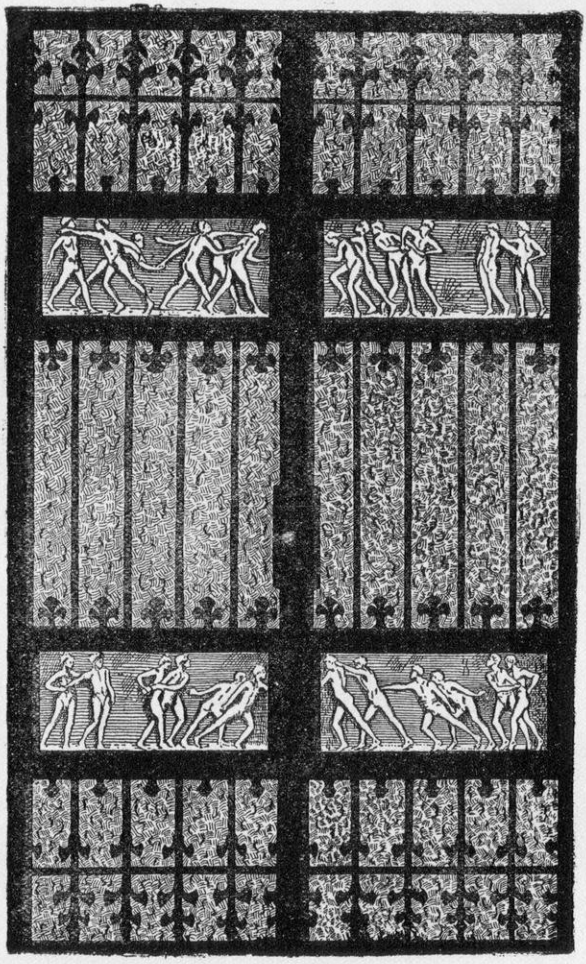
Capital: Exhibition Hall

The most serious reproach that can be addressed to M. Lalique is that he has not dared entirely to break with tradition in the conception of the façade. Whether the result shows on his part a lack of courage, a want of power to create a thing wholly new in an art other than the one in which he is a past master, or, perhaps, the love of a period and style whose productions are the most pleasing to



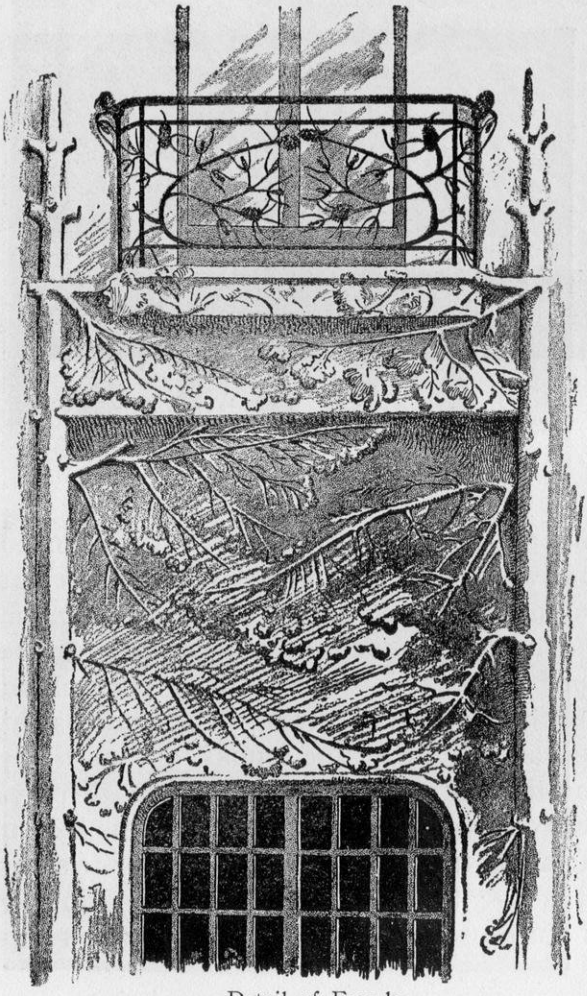
Balcony in wrought-iron

his eye and mind, it would be difficult to decide. How much it is to be regretted that he did not abandon himself to the caprices of his imagination rather than to have remained faithful to the Renascence! He would certainly have produced a work more expressive of himself, and, consequently, more interesting from all points of view, more original and more unified. For here, in spite of the decided style of decoration adopted, the greatest fault lies in the architectural lines themselves. There is a lack of unity, of absolute cohesion among the elements, of balance between the different parts of the work. I know, indeed, that the Parisian building inspectors are tyrannical and that they prevent the free exercise of architectural imagination. But, nevertheless, it would seem that M. Feine, who was the collaborator of M. Lalique, might have made a wiser distribution of parts in his façade. It appears too high for its width: which effect results solely from the manner in which the surface is divided, and it is almost certain that the impression would have been altogether different, if, instead of interrupting the projection of the balcony

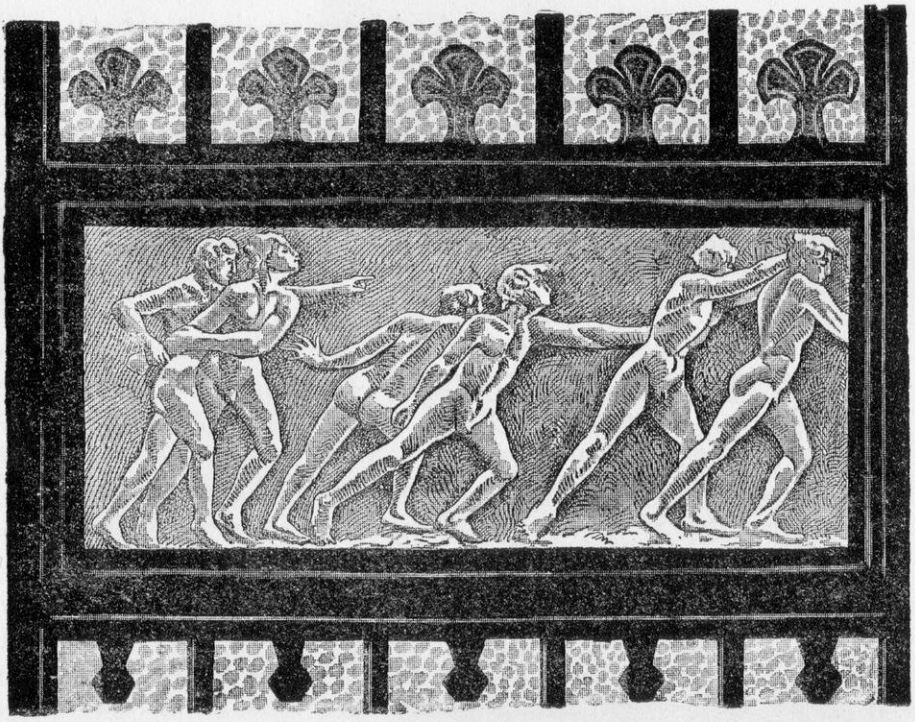


Door: wrought-iron and glass

of the first story, in order to reserve for the entrance door and all the part above it a special importance—(in itself a happy idea, but here unattainable), the same projections and the same lines had been allowed to dominate freely and fully. But certain architectural details are very successful: for example, the corbelling of the large balconies, the projections and the open work of the high dormer windows, the cornices, the fine contour of the five bays of the ground floor which indicate so clearly the purpose of the interior. The Renascence forms which here occur M. Lalique has decorated with fine logical and artistic effect; for this purpose choosing from nature the pine, in many species from the *epicea* to the forest variety, and thus giving proof of a rare practical sense. The decoration of this façade, if it is not absolutely incorporated into the architecture, at least harmonizes and associates with it most happily. One might, perhaps, desire a transposition, not to say a more decided conventionalizing of natural lines, and, in certain parts, a firmer accent-



Detail of Façade

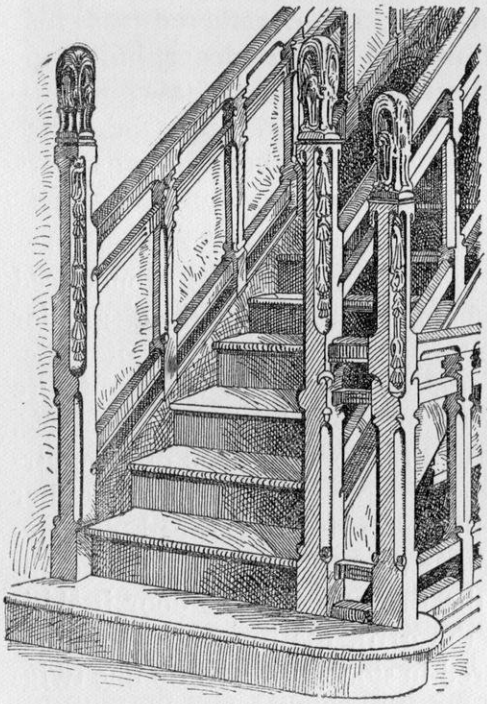


Detail of door: bas-relief in molten glass

uation, bolder relief, and, also, more ease and more pronounced modeling in the decorative scheme, together with a greater variety of interpretation in proportion to the number of materials employed. On the contrary, one observes with pleasure how every decorative *motif* appears in precisely the proper place, and is strictly justified by the structural forms. The door naturall has the greatest importance. Two pine trunks, one at either hand, flank the frame, and their branches rise and spread, displaying masses of fine ramifications above the opening, up to the height of the wrought iron balcony of the first story. The door itself is in iron and enamel, and, across the grill, the branches springing from the pine trunks and sculptured in stone, ramify into fine twigs rendered in enamel.

From the threshold one enters the large vestibule of white stone

without ornament, at the rear of which rises the great staircase; while, at the left, but a few steps, one may enter the exhibition hall and the studios of M. Lalique, through the singular door of wrought iron set with bas-reliefs in glass, which is here reproduced. The effect is charming: of exquisite simplicity and, at the same time, of the most subtle refinement. On the ground floor, which is fully lighted by the five windows with bold imposts giving upon the *Cours-la-Reine,* the large exhibition hall is most artistically treated. Engaged pillars divide the wall space into a series of panels, and continue, so to speak, above the bronze capitals composed of pine branches and cones, up to the ceiling, from which they again spring out in ribs to meet the pillars which separate the windows. The walls are draped with a serge fabric quite pronounced in tone and perfectly plain, while a frieze composed of pine branches completes the decoration. At the left of the entrance door a wooden staircase ascends to a small reception room raised a half-story above the exhibition hall, after the manner of a miniature *loggia,* from which the visitor may obtain a fine idea of the hall beneath. Here again, in the capitals, in the pillars of the railing, the pine furnishes the ornamental *motif.* The detail from the pillar, reproduced in one of our illustrations, shows the very original manner in which M. Lalique has treated this unit of decoration.



Staircase: Exhibition Hall

Four electric chandeliers, in bronze and molten glass, formed of serpents and chameleons, and suspended from the ceiling by heavy chains of wrought iron,

are the means provided for the artificial lighting of the hall. Such is in outline the latest and most important work of M. Lalique, which unites architecture and decorative art. In many parts, it reveals the refined and sometimes singular taste of the creator of so many exquisite jewels, of so many marvelous pieces of craftsmanship in the precious metals, and the love of the artist for sumptuousness and costly materials. Thus, the door of wrought iron and molten glass, which he has placed between himself and the outer world, clearly denotes his strongest characteristics. M. Lalique is an austere hermit, who lives, without, it is true, despising life, in a kind of laborious dream. The solidity and, at the same time, the fragility of the barrier which he has decorated, as if symbolically, with a procession of nude youths emphatic in gesture, and apparently seeking to force entrance into his sanctuary of inspiration and labor, will appear to all imaginative persons to be deeply expressive of the idea of the artist, as it is gathered from his work and from intercourse with him. In this residence, built, no doubt, according to an ideal long cherished by him, he has chosen to live very near the earth and very near the sky: through the great bays of the exhibition hall contiguous to his workshops, he can study the ordinary realities of existence; while, leaning from the balconies of the high dormer-windows which light his private apartments, he can intoxicate himself with the blue sky, and see reflected, at evening, in the glistening waters of the Seine, the clouds in their slow passage.

However this artistic effort of M. Lalique may be judged, it will remain characteristic of his thought and genius. It will testify also to a progressive tendency upon his part toward rational simplification and logical construction. Ten, or even five years ago, M. Lalique would have built all otherwise; he would have constructed a fantastic palace peopled with disturbing forms and striking polychromy. Those who know his ardent love of nature, the rare qualities of his imagination, the infinite variety, the pliancy of his talent, those who have admired him without being blind to his faults, feel true satisfaction in seeing him modify and develop in the direction which we have indicated. The art of decoration is

the one which demands the greatest tact and, consequently, the deepest knowledge of balance and logic. The mediaevalists and the Japanese are the most original, perfect and exquisite decorative artists only because they possess, in the highest degree, these essential qualities. Therefore, their works contain lessons of supreme beauty. And it is through the study of these incomparable masters that all contemporary decorators of merit have trained themselves, have acquired knowledge of their own powers, and have developed their personality.

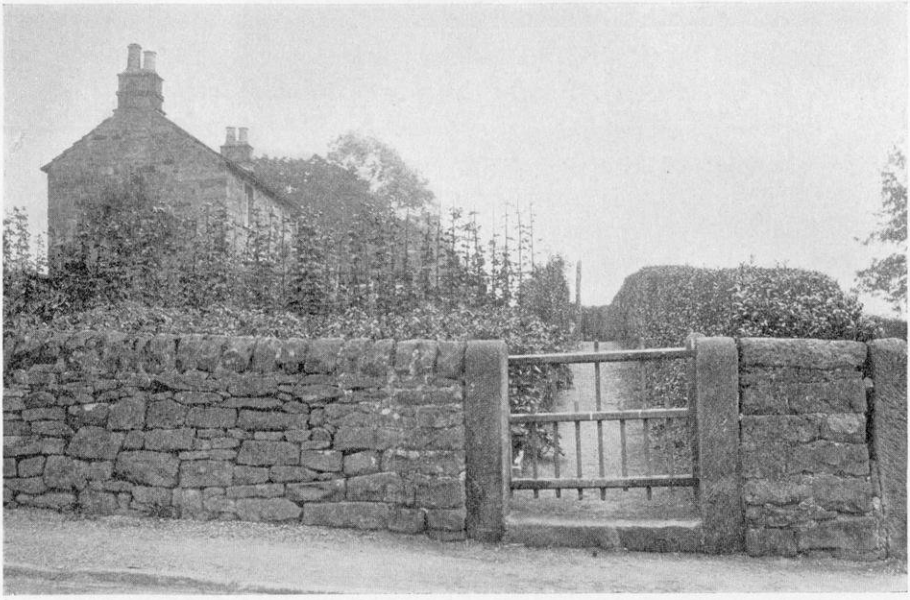
The architectural effort of M. Lalique gives rise to the reflections which we have noted: a common-place and conventional work would certainly not have called them into being.

A MAN IS CLOTHED IN THE GARMENTS HE WEARS AND THE HOUSE HE LIVES IN, FOR A HOUSE IS BUT HIS GREAT OUTER GARMENT. AND THE MAKING OF CLOTHES AND THE BUILDING OF HOUSES ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL HANDICRAFTS

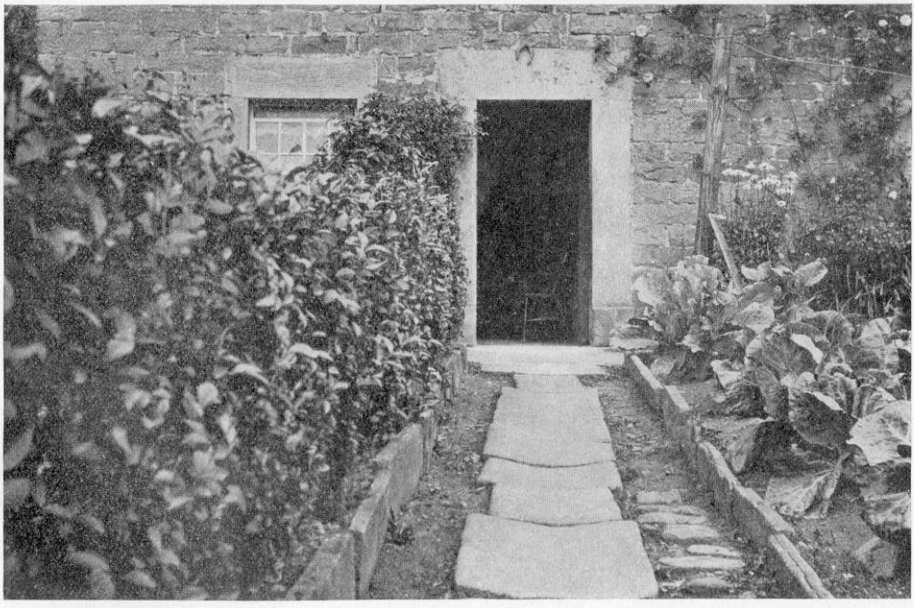
ARTHUR JEROME EDDY
DELIGHT THE SOUL OF ART

IF YOU GET SIMPLE BEAUTY AND NAUGHT ELSE
YOU GET ABOUT THE BEST THING GOD INVENTS

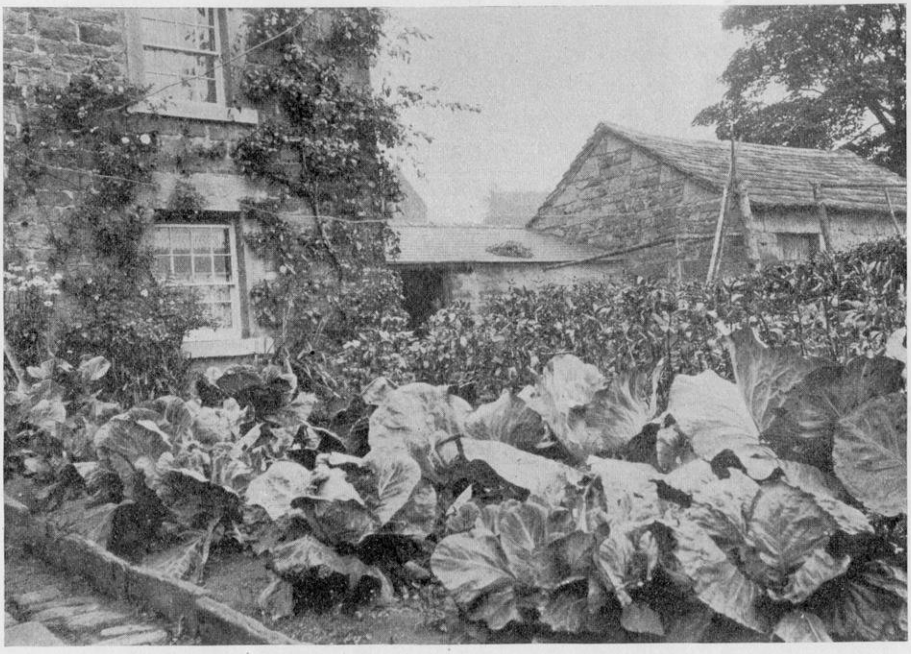
ROBERT BROWNING
FRA LIPPO LIPPI



The Cottage and Gate from the Street



The Doorway Path



Looking northeast toward the Tool-house

The Cottage Front

The Grounds of an English Villager's Cottage

ARTHUR A. SHURTLEFF

IF a man be poor but thrifty, and if he live so far from manufactories and lines of commerce that he must depend upon his own efforts and those of his near neighbors to build and furnish his house, to make his farming tools, to cultivate his land, and to help in church building, he will become a craftsman as naturally as we of the cities become clerks. Such a craftsman, using materials offered by his countryside and inspired by no other precedents than those which have proved practical within his own horizon, and have therefore become traditional among his friends, is likely to become an artist in the sense that his work is almost sure to receive great praise. Most of the praiseworthy characteristics which may be discovered in such a man's work generally depend upon their allegiance to that fundamental quality of fitness which we so quickly forget or neglect in our work immediately we assume the role of creators. A man, who for his comfort's sake and the happiness of his home, is led to pursue fitness with serious attention, is little liable to suffer with us in this regard. Any object, be it a house or a candlestick, which is adapted in size, strength, material, form, finish, and cost to its uses, is assured a large part of the eye's favor. If to these qualities be added a personal factor, expressing in terms of subdued ornament or symbolism the individual fancy or imagination of the workman, the eye is still more inclined to dwell upon such an object with satisfaction. It is a happy circumstance that in most countries of the world a craftsman of the type which we have described is rarely so hurried or uninterested as to consider his work properly finished until it bears ornamentation of some kind to seal its organic fitness with evidence of personal regard. We who are less happily bound by necessity, are too liable to conceive and elaborate ornament and afterward to satisfy the practical requirements of the implement or object in a half-hearted and imperfect manner.

In many countries of Europe where machine manufactures and trade facilities are comparatively undeveloped, one may find communities of craftsmen which have earned merited fame for their handi-

ESTATE OF
MRS ANN HIBBS
AT ROWSLEY
DERBYSHIRE ~ ENGLAND

A RUINS OF BARN
B WALL ~ 4½' HIGH
C HEDGE ~ 4½' HIGH
D WALL ~ 4'
E SIDEWALK
F WALL ~ 4'
G WALL ~ 4'

⊙ = CLOTHES LINE POLES

SCALE
10 0 10 20 30 FEET

N

1 LIVING ROOM
2 KITCHEN
3 TOOL ROOM
4 SHED
5 W.C.
6 ASHES BIN
7 HEN YARD
8 WORK YARD
9 RUBBISH
10 CATCH BASIN
11 CESS POOL
12 ARBOR
13 POTATOES
14 CABBAGE
15 LETTUCE
16 ONIONS + CARROTS
17 FLOWERS
18 LILAC BUSH
19 PRIVIT HEDGE
20 MINT BED
21 CURRANTS
22 POLE BEANS
23 APPLE TREE
24 SPRUCE TREE
25 GATEWAY

FLAGSTONE WALK
EARTH PATH

FROM PACED MEASUREMENTS OF A.A.S. SEPT. 7, 1902

A²S.
NOV. 1902

CHURCH STREET

work and which owe this success to comparative poverty and their dependence upon resources and traditions confined to the districts in which they live. To an American who believes that success and advancement depend upon a lively trade intercourse between communities, and who has lived under conditions which approximate such a state, the appearance of many of the Old-World towns which have not suffered oppression or embraced degradation and the characteristics of their inhabitants are a revelation. He sees fields, houses, furniture, clothes, faces and manners which are so beautiful and captivating as to make him feel a new regard for the human family. He may not, upon the whole, retract his belief in the desirability of machine manufactures, and trade, but he will be led inevitably to reconstruct his notions of what ultimate ends his own efforts and his times should try to achieve.

Happily we need seek a foreign shore no more distant, and one no farther removed from us by race and language than England, to find communities of this character. That our own country possesses many such communities is well known to those who have sought them beyond the beaten paths of the tourist, but a keen appreciation of what we should worship and cherish in our own land is often awakened and stimulated on seeing its counterpart upon foreign soil. In England one finds villages by hundreds which are much older than the earliest settlements of our country, and which alone on account of their associations with the colonization of the New World should be of great interest to us. While the advancement which they have enjoyed during the last three hundred years has been very different in outward appearance from our own, the interest of their inhabitants in the successes of life and their participation in the privileges of the new centuries, are, in many respects, as great or greater than ours.

Of the many shires of England there are few which have maintained so much of the charm of the past while pursuing the opportunities of the present, as Derbyshire. In this region, upon the banks of the Wye and near the famous baronial estate of Haddon Hall, long since deserted, lies the meagre network of streets comprising the village of Little Rowsley, which we may take as an

example of the kind of community we have been considering. The country about Rowsley remains in many ways unchanged in appearance from its aspect a hundred or more years ago, and its inhabitants are perhaps as much concerned to-day with the ancient occupations of the farmer, stock-raiser, joiner, smith, and millwright as they were in the period of the early Georges. Rowsley village, with its stores, inn, and water-mill, comprises about half a hundred houses, while dotted along the white roads and green hedgerows defining the blossoming fields upon its outskirts are as many more dwellings, barns, and thatched stacks. All the buildings and bridges of the village and the near countryside are made of stone which is quarried near at hand. Hardly a dooryard is to be found which is not walled with material of the same kind carefully laid in cement and capped with rounded copings. The roofs of almost all the houses are of heavy slate shingles so weighty as actually to bend the heavy oak rafters upon which they rest. The window sashes are often of iron having turn-bolts and glazed in lead frames. Thorough construction, lasting material, and careful workmanship characterize all the houses, and yet the income of the average villager is a very small pittance. Within the houses one finds floors clean to a fault, white curtains, bright cupboards, glittering copper, tin, and pewter, fancifully carved chests, chairs, and canopied beds. Reigning over such households are well-spoken housewives, ruddy-cheeked and matronly, bent on housekeeping as a delight to themselves, to their sturdy children, and to the lords and masters of the little domains of which they are queens. Rooms there are few, but orderliness makes such use of shelves and corners that very elaborate establishments can be maintained at small cost and with comparatively little labor. Strong bodies, bright faces, and pleasant voices are evidence that such humble living satisfies. Although the circumstances of the villagers are much alike and their occupations similar, the houses vary widely in plan, though not in material. Almost without exception, the grounds about the houses are turned to account as vegetable gardens, pasturage spaces, or flower gardens. Land is so costly and its possible economic returns are so great, that

every foot is utilized for the good of the household. The need of such economy tends to reduce the size of buildings and the width and extent of paths, and lends an interest and virility to the places, making them contrast favorably with the grounds about the average American artisan's house, which are too often decorated in a manner either inexplicable, or neglected altogether.

Among the cottage places in Rowsley is one which may be called typical of the village and the near countryside, and which on account of its compactness and the practical return which it brings its owner, not to mention its attractive appearance, may be of sufficient interest to merit description. The accompanying plan, together with a series of photographs made last autumn, will show how compactly, and with what ingenuity this place is arranged, and will perhaps indicate to a degree its remarkable charm. That it is home-made and that its design is an outcome of the adaptation of the ground surfaces to practical uses sufficiently modified to give visual pleasure to the owner, is evident. Better motives of design could not have been applied. This small estate lies upon a gentle hill slope a few hundred feet north of the village just beyond the church. It is surrounded by orchards and fields belonging to more fortunate neighbors. The house is placed fairly against the north side of the lot to expose its long front to the sun and to shadow the remainder of the property as little as possible. The adjoining shed and tool-room are also disposed against the boundary for the same reason. The entire group of buildings occupies the rear portion of the lot in order to enjoy a degree of privacy from the street—a characteristic placing of most English village dwellings, but one which we find difficult to appreciate at home, so anxious are we to see the street, and to be seen in turn from it. For economy's sake, the footpath occupies a space immediately in contact with the hedge-fence bordering the southerly side of the lot, where on account of shade, the ground could not be made to yield if devoted to planting. The path junctions are made right-angular in alignment in order to leave the cultivable area in a convenient outline for ploughing and other gardening operations. To prevent the higher growing vegetables from shadowing the

lower growing kinds, they are arranged in north and south rows, as seen in one of the photographs showing a prominent line of bean poles. These poles and their drapery are moreover intended to afford a degree of seclusion for the house from the street. The plan makes evident the disposition of the other vegetable beds about the place. It also indicates the presence of an arbor at the western end of the house, where shade may be enjoyed out of doors without too great a waste of space. Flowers arranged in rows, together with neatly clipped hedges, border the vegetable beds near the footpaths, and in consequence of their presence the visitor feels that the aesthetic delights of the garden have not been forgotten. Upon the walls of the house are trained roses, plums, and peaches, while immediately about the base of the walls are grown a great variety of small flowers, thriving in slight shade. It should not be supposed that the flag stone walk shown in the photograph has been hollowed alone by the wear of feet, since it has been concaved quite as much by the vigorous sand and soap scrubbings which it undergoes every few days, as it has by the shoes of the household. The stones leading to the tool-yard follow a diagonal course to allow greater room in the woodyard where fire-wood is sawn and split, and where washing is sometimes carried on in tubs of a fine day. Clotheslines are arranged on poles south of this yard in such a manner that they can be reached from the footways without endangering the garden. The hen-yard and ashes bin are placed at the northern end of the lot where they are conveniently at hand from the kitchen door and farthest removed from the heart of the grounds. The absence of fruit trees is to be explained by the small size of the lot and the need of open sunlight. The owner has afforded two trees, however, near the westerly boundary, although their eccentric position indicates that they were chance sown. A small patch of currant bushes and a mint bed find a place near the arbor.

Only the hands of naïve craftsmen educated in the school of necessity and thrift could build and furnish a house like this one and encompass it with such an entablature. Self-consciousness and affectation did not hamper them because they knew only one way to

build, could secure only one familiar group of building materials, and had only one standard of workmanship. But even with such a fair beginning the design would have failed had the household not been of the same fibre. Only a household made wise and constant in the same school could secure such hands to build for it, and could take untiring childlike delight in such happy surroundings. The best of human self-reliance and constancy were needed to inspire the craftsman to such effort and to be the making of the home.

OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND
NOW THAT APRIL'S THERE,
AND WHOEVER WAKES IN ENGLAND
SEES, SOME MORNING, UNAWARE,
THAT THE LOWEST BOUGHS AND THE BRUSH-WOOD SHEAF
ROUND THE ELM-TREE BOLE ARE IN TINY LEAF,
WHILE THE CHAFFINCH SINGS ON THE ORCHARD BOUGH
IN ENGLAND—NOW!

ROBERT BROWNING
HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Garden and Park

EUGENE SCHOEN

I

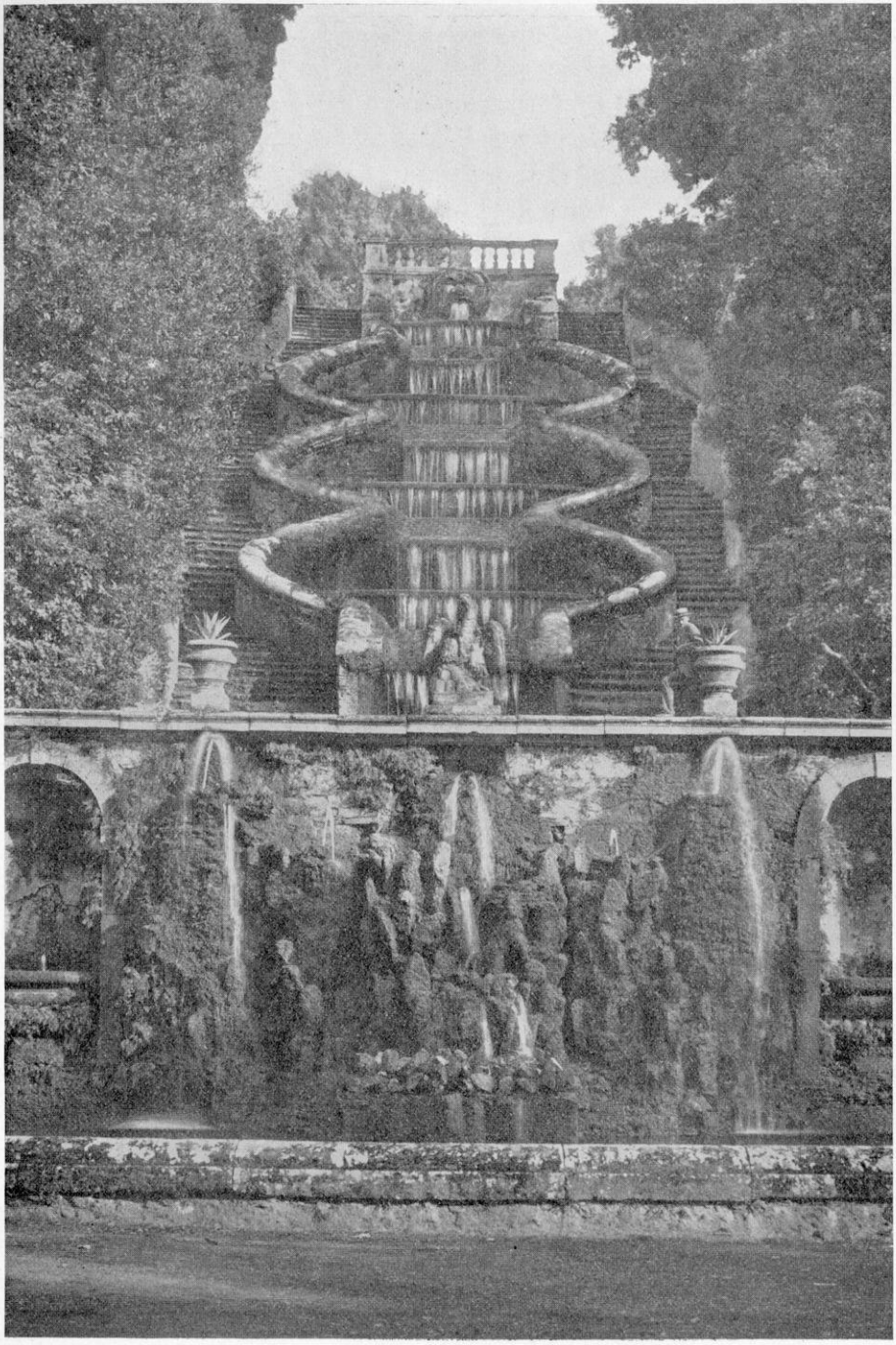
THE art of gardening has been practiced by both ancient and modern peoples in different ways. Except for some notices in the Bible, and a few other sources, very little is known about the gardens of the progenitors of modern civilization. The Greeks, and more especially the Romans, seemed to practice gardening for more than agricultural purposes.

The very wealthy of these, who occupied villas in the fashionable country-seats about them, used their garden practically for the same purpose and in the same way as did the wealthy during the Renascence. In fact, the Italian gardens in their incipient stages, were modeled after those ruined country places on the outskirts of Rome and elsewhere in Italy, that came to be observed by the early landscape architects.

During the Dark and the Middle Ages, the garden naturally assumed an agricultural aspect. The large landed estates belonging to the barons, either ecclesiastical or temporal, with a great number of retainers to take care of, demanded such a use of the land, for this would produce the most revenue. Besides, a part of the land was apportioned off for the use of serfs, and since these, the only agricultural servants at the disposal of the lord, were generally poor, they had very little time and means to develop artistic gardening. The barons' pleasure grounds, in time of peace, were immense uncultivated forests used for hunting.

In times unquiet and inartistic, little can be expected from a craft requiring so much good taste. Artistic gardening is essentially an art of luxury and peace, and is to be looked for in time of stability and culture. This came to view in the early part of the thirteenth century, when the dawn of the Renascence brought about the assertion of the individual, not only in public affairs, but in the arts and sciences as well.

Italy was the first country to escape from the Middle Ages, because the Italians always looked with pride and a feeling of kinship at classical institutions. While most of Europe was still laboring under Mediaevalism, the Italians were busying themselves with



Frascati (near Rome, Italy): Fountain at the Villa Torlonia

Rome: treatment of lake and grove at the Villa Borghese

problems of political government, and, in a short while, small republics were making their influence felt upon one another, and upon the outside world. These small states, by the very nature of their constitution, developed powerful families who had much wealth at their disposal. Later, these families became the protectors of the intellectual life and gradually harmonized their domestic surroundings with the cultured atmosphere which they had created. The meeting places, for the scholars, were soon their patrons' houses, which in warm climates meant the garden, as well as the house itself. The architectonic ruins of ancient Rome were sought after and gave the tone and character to the decoration of the houses and gardens. It was, therefore, not strange that the Italian garden should be extremely formal. Trees, shrubs, flowers and water were formalized and set off by architecture and sculpture. This was the practice of the Greeks and the Romans.

The Italian villa is usually placed on a sloping terrace, surrounded by a wall, and the garden becomes an extension of the house, into the open air. A formal terraced treatment is not necessarily always adhered to, for sometimes, as in the Villa Albani, at Rome, the ground is nearly level. But the characteristic garden is built on a terrace with a villa at its head, overlooking the entire estate. Terraces lend themselves to good architectural treatment by means of ramps, surmounted by balustrades, with niches and grottos underneath.

The trees are treated both formally and naturally, the formal ones being usually placed within the garden, and the tall, naturally shaped ones outside of the enclosing wall, so as to give a picturesque effect, because of the light and shade cast upon the walls, during the different hours of the day. Furthermore, this gives indefiniteness to what is outside, obscuring the view of uncultivated land, or of undesirable parts of the city in the distance. The effect of nature beautified remains, consequently, undisturbed. The formal trees, that is, trees planted in rows and clipped with great regularity, are employed to make alleys and shaded walks and to prevent the entire garden from being seen all at once. The flower beds are usually arranged in simple geometric patterns and are sur-

rounded by narrow walks, bordered by formally-treated hedges. They are carefully selected, so that the beds continually change in hue and blossom, and are placed around a fountain, more or less elaborately treated. The flower garden is commonly placed on one of the lower terraces at the termination of an unobstructed cascade, the water of which flows down either over rocks, or from one carved basin into another. These devices put a little water to much service. (Fig. I.) The cascades give a fine vista and are bounded on either side by formal trees or walls. They are usually placed on the long axis of the grounds and form the central feature of the whole composition. The entrance from the villa into the garden is generally through an open-air loggia, treated with columns and decorative paintings. The walks from it are interspersed with marble statuary, either antique or copies, which through age, and because of the dampness about them, have become beautifully toned and colored. They contrast charmingly with the green trees. Marble seats, small drinking fountains, vases on pedestals, etc., give additional interest and comfort to these creations. The path is usually ended with either a group of statuary, a large fountain, or a grotto.

The exquisite proportion of some of the architectural and sculptural details, the beauty and refinement of the ornament placed upon them, often show great knowledge and a correct understanding of the relation of things. Even though some of the villas, as the Medici and Borghese at Rome, are fantastic in design, they lend themselves admirably to their surroundings and would seem out of place anywhere else. The small "temples" that sometimes are placed upon the banks of the lakes (Fig. II) enhance the beauty of the garden surrounding them. Not only is the question of vista in the garden itself one of importance, but the site of the neighboring country is also given due consideration. Trees are clipped of certain branches, so that from a particular point, the beautiful panorama of the city may be taken in. The walls surrounding the gardens are interrupted here and there by highly architectural and artistic gates. They open upon broad pathways, leading in a circuitous way to some interesting feature of the garden. The whole

atmosphere of the Italian villa and the garden inseparable from it is one of secluded, almost languid quiet and beauty, well adapted to the hot climate and significant of a highly sensitive temperament.

English gardens, while originally taken from the Italian, in their final form bear but a faint resemblance to their models. The peculiarities of the Anglo-Saxons are well exhibited in their gardens, which combine art and practical usefulness. Every English estate contains its vegetable garden connected with the kitchen, and the larger gardens also have their orchards and pastures. This emphasizes the domestic element.

The type (Fig. III) is well defined and usually consists of a large house in the midst of the garden, the whole oftentimes being placed on a gently sloping hill. In this respect England has advantages over many countries, because the sites are so well adapted for vistas and terraces and have, in a way, clearly stamped the arrangement of the whole. The garden is surrounded either by a low wall or more generally, by a formal copse or hedge. A principal gateway leads to the main, broad road. This gateway is usually a part of a lodge, in which the overseer of the garden lives. From it the driveway winds about, flanked on either side by trees and brushes, or by open lawns, which give a vista into the surrounding country. The path leads to the main entrance of the house, and the formal garden is placed on its principal side or front. This is terraced, as in Italy, but the terrace is not so broad, nor so high or secluded, for the whole garden may sometime be seen from the house, and in this way shows an essential difference, when compared with the Italian treatment. In front of the house is a long, finely kept lawn, sometimes called the bowling green. (Fig. IV.) This is bordered by low clipped hedges, next to which is a gravel path, that is bounded by a terrace railing. A short flight of steps leads down to the next level, which may be the flower garden. This garden contains flowers, arranged in geometric designs, bordered by rows of plants, set closely together, which differ from each other in the color of leaves or flowers, and thus the beds have the appearance of a finely bordered carpet. Through these run narrow, winding paths to

the centre, where either a statue or a fountain is usually placed. The surrounding path is bordered on the outer side by the railing of a still lower terrace, and at the foot of a highly decorated staircase may be found the Dutch garden. (Figs. V and VI.) For this Holland importation, the English showed great fondness, and few of their gardens lack it. It consists of trees, generally yews, cut into curious solid shapes, either geometric or naturalistic, resembling mounds, vases, flowers and animals. These give the garden an odd appearance, and, were it not for their color, trees could hardly be recognized. Hedges of box or yew, three or four feet high, and sometimes arched over, are also used. They run straight or zigzag, and sometimes are made to form alcoves, planted with flowers.

Behind the house, usually a short distance from it, and secluded among trees and bushes, are to be found the stable and barn. These have a hidden path, by means of which they communicate with the kitchen, and somewhere in this vicinity, usually on the south side, is placed the kitchen garden. Art exhibits itself here, for care is taken in planting, and even geometric designs are introduced in the different patches of the ground. In back of the house is often found a well-developed orchard, which gives it a picturesque background, and screens from view the country behind. At the side of the orchard is placed the pasture, easily reached by a path from the barn.

English gardens are famous for the way in which the practical and beautiful are combined. The system is much to be commended, and has been emulated by the Americans in their large country seats. What remains to be said about them is with regard to the treatment of the architecture which forms so essential a factor in the composition. The lodge, the house, the barn and the stable, are all harmoniously treated in the style which was prevalent at the time of their erection. To make the association more complete, clinging vines, generally of ivy, cover the walls and give the house the green color characteristic of its surroundings.

The gardens of France, also modelled upon those of Italy, differ from the ones already described. The best gardens were laid

out for the king, but occasionally those of private persons closely resemble these. Louis XII. and Francis I. were the patrons of Italian culture in France, after their expeditions into Italy. They brought back with them, not only the manners of the Italians, but also the best artists that they could obtain. The greatest French landscape architect lived during the reign of Louis XIV. His work at Versailles, St. Cloud, the Tuileries and the Louvre, and also at Chantilly, give the characteristic types of French gardening. This was Le Nôtre, born in 1613. He perfected what his predecessors had commenced, thereby showing his great constructive genius. The essential features of a French garden, are first, an immense tract of land, sometimes several miles square, making of it, rather a large private park, than a garden. The ground is rarely terraced, the effect of the garden depending more on level, picturesque stretches, than upon slopes. Paths are long and broad, interrupted occasionally by large fountains, containing fantastic bronze or marble groups. They are flanked by formal arbors, under which seats are placed, and often, statuary, as well. The water ways are pools instead of cascades, with geometrical flower beds along the sides. The French showed great inclination for these, and often carried them to fantastic extremes.

Much water is used and many parks as well as palace grounds contain lakes which afford opportunities for landscape effect. Small buildings usually skirt these lakes. A broad terrace is built in front of the principal building, with a small flight of steps extending across the entire width, leading to the principal paths. These branch out into the different parts of the park, several of them meeting at points of interest. Large plazas and squares are also features and contrast with the wooded portions. The promenades are sometimes bordered by hedges or expensive foreign trees in boxes, carefully clipped and spaced at regular intervals. The cultivated park is an open garden with trees spaced wide apart, and the ground is planted with well-mowed grass; a good place in which outings might have been held. The question of vista is treated differently from the Italian manner. The promenades usually lead to the wings of a building, so that the architectural mass has space enough

to be well set off. This may be seen in a walk in the Tuileries, where the wings of the building face the long promenade, and the full beauty of the sky line, as well as the general appearance of the buildings, may be obtained. With but a few exceptions, French gardens may be considered as the forerunners of modern public parks.

Summarizing what has been said about the gardens in the countries described, it may be stated that those of Italy are famous for their picturesqueness and seclusion, those of England for their domesticity and usefulness, and those of France for their extent and monumental character.

It is unnecessary to talk of oriental or other gardens, because of their comparative unimportance in this connection, and because of the lack of space. It may, however, be said that eclecticism is displayed in America in the selection of styles, and that no truly American gardens have as yet been developed. English models take precedence, followed by Italian, while the French are rarely employed, except in large public parks.

II

A feature in public gardening that has aroused the eastern section of this country is well worth attention, because it may be regarded as the beginning of a new era in the use of water, trees and flowers.

In large cities, not many years ago, it was sufficient to have one well built park for the inhabitants. Houses were not crowded, and besides, each generally had a little flower garden of its own. Streets were bordered with shade trees, and fresh vegetation purified the atmosphere. But this, in many cities, has given way to closely built houses, densely populated, with very few open green spaces. As cities gradually extend farther into their suburbs, this becomes alarming, because these places, consequently, become destitute of vegetation. Furthermore, a large park, while a great advantage, is not easily accessible to everybody living in a city covering much territory. The natural result is that a number of small parks are advantageously distributed over the city and then connected by a series of broad, grass-planted boulevards, well-shaded by trees.

This has been carried out, more or less, in most of the large cities and is not an improvement over older, European customs.

Not many years ago, a Bostonian applied himself to the problems of increased population in that city, and saw that something must be done quickly to prevent the beautiful scenery, about Boston, from being destroyed by commercial enterprise. This was Charles Eliot, landscape architect, who died in 1897, at the height of a calling that up to his time was, in this country, only of secondary importance. He conceived of the scheme of obtaining the waterways within a certain radius of Boston, and with a park commission, appointed by the legislature, purchased so much of the ground on either bank of the rivers, as to make the water practically useless for commercial purposes. He also connected in his scheme the different parks already established, by boulevards. Finally, he obtained the large picturesque tract of land, known as the "Blue Hills," for the maintenance of a public park. In wooded places, where too thick a growth prevented a vista to a point of interest, some trees were removed and others clipped of interfering branches, so that the interesting view might be unobstructed. The Charles river ran through an already highly developed section of the city, and it was difficult to buy more than a strip on either side of the river. Closely built houses come very near to the border of the land purchased, but it is broad enough to make a fine boulevard, on either side. This is now known as the "Charles Embankment," and resembles the "Thames Embankment" in London.

Another movement was to purchase all the available historic spots for the city and to maintain them in as nearly their original condition as possible. In this way, the city of Boston has been surrounded and cut up by a net-work of green spots that will enable the population to spread out over a great area and still to enjoy the beautiful green of untrammelled nature. All the places purchased were improved and beautified, and much time and care was spent in cultivating the growth of pines, elms, oaks and birches, that are so common in the New England States.

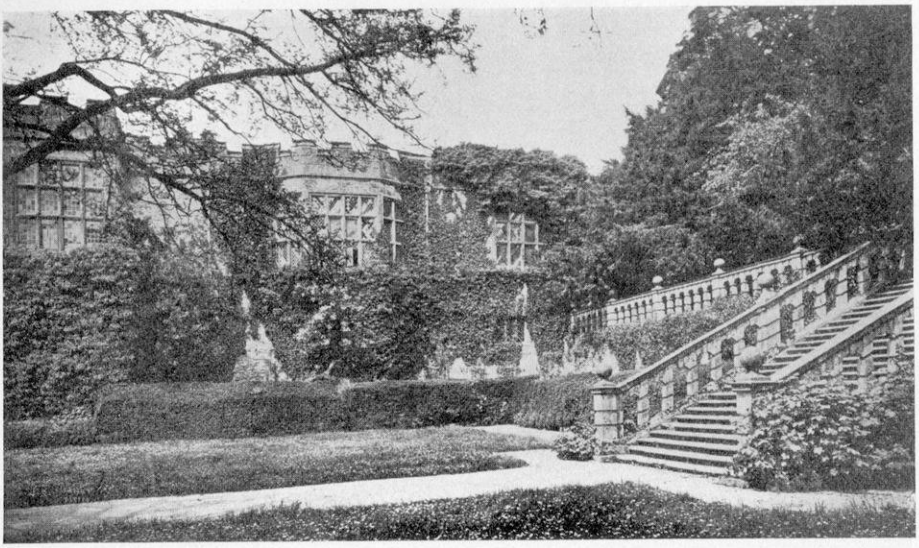
In other cities this same endeavor has taken different forms; the conditions, for instance, in New York, being different from those

in Boston. In places where land cannot be readily purchased, schemes must be developed that will make the most of the opportunity offered. New York city has approached the problem of public gardens heroically, and from time to time, besides the Central, Prospect and Bronx Parks, modeled after the gardens of France, small breathing spaces have been laid out in the overpopulated neighborhoods. But so much more than public parks is needed for the development of people that schemes have occasionally been formulated for economically combining the park with other public necessities. Until very recently, only Zoological Gardens were placed in the parks, and these have been followed by a Botanical Garden. Recently, playgrounds and recreation parks have been laid out, but only to a limited extent. The time has, however, come when public buildings, such as school houses, for instance, should be placed in gardens, and thereby have their usefulness increased. It may be boldly conjectured that the character of modern landscape gardening will be epitomized in the movement for the construction of public gardens, containing public institutions for the mass of the people.

As a summation of the present demand for the increase of public institutions in parks, the following outline is presented. It is a public institute park, designed for the eastern section of New York city. It aims at the cultivation of a high standard of citizenship, through the establishment of a place, belonging to the citizens, devoted to the development of the higher side of life.

The park in which such buildings are to be placed must represent the spirit of American democracy. It must be open to everybody and contain such equipments as will, with economy, meet the needs of the greatest number. These needs may be summarized under three headings: moral, intellectual and physical, and any scheme that boasts of completeness must amply provide for the development of these.

The park is placed at the water front and contains buildings used for social purposes, intellectual pursuits and physical development. These buildings may be grouped together at the head or entrance of the park. Next to these may come a large open-air stadium



Haddon Hall (Derbyshire), showing Terraces and Stairways

Salisbury (England), showing treatment of lawn in front of house

Blickling (Holland), showing Dutch garden

Blickling (Holland), showing garden, lawn and back-ground

with seats and trees to set it off. In the Renascence this was very well shown in the Boboli Gardens, where just this thing takes place, although the stadium was used quite differently. Then may come a large open-air playground, skirted by paths and trees, so that parents, or nurses, may be comfortably seated while watching their charges at play. At certain points, portions of the grounds may be set aside for a well-planted park, containing fountains, pergolas, statuary and the like, all of which, as has already been seen, are the delights of an artistic garden.

Centrally placed, preferably near the water-front, should be a large, open-air amphitheatre with a rostrum and music stand. This would meet a need of the present time, providing an artistic gathering place for free speech, and for the cultivation of aesthetic emotions. To these, at the water front, may be connected a large recreation pier, like those recently built by different cities. The park might be built in a space 500 feet by 1,000, and could naturally be beautified or spoiled, according to the taste and judgment of the designer. It would contain all the elements of a good park with regard to comfort, vista, beauty of surrounding, all of a high standard of execution, and contain, besides, a feature that is essentially modern, namely: the democratic expression of utility and beauty. It would be like the gardens of the Renascence, so far as its artistic effect is concerned, but differ from them in being a public institution, used for the good of the greatest number. As time goes on, the demand for culture increases simultaneously with the demand for economic freedom. These are the two great movements of the present day. The freedom of the intellectual and moral nature of man is just as important as the movement for economic emancipation, and both must go hand in hand, leading to a higher and better life.

Landscape Gardening

JOAKIM REINHARD

A VERITABLE wonder was thought to have been wrought when, sometime in the first half of the eighteenth century, Kent, the Englishman, discovered beauties in nature outside the walled garden with its rectilinear, gravelled roads and trimmed hedges. Presently there was inaugurated a sort of crusade which in comparatively short time swept away countless old nooks, lustrous, shady and fragrant with rose and tulip, linden and boxwood. It was as if the meadows had become liquid and flooded the adjoining gardens, submerging all dainty flowers, every dignified shrub, stopping short only at the very entrance door of the mansion itself.

Where a brief while ago ladies decked out in silk and lace could walk with no fear of soiling as much as their white shoes, dusty grass and damp moss now made anything but a hunter's outfit incongruous. The marble basins, where fountains had splashed and hummed and chattered, were relegated to the lumber room—for had anybody ever seen real water, in nature's own bosom, disport itself in marble, carved marble at that? The trellis work was chopped down from under the climbing vines, which henceforth had to cling for support to such trees as might happen within their reach, or else trail along the ground, as is, and ought to be, the wont of all decent, uneducated vines. For the comfortable, straight paths curvilinear walks were substituted, as whimsically crooked as the footsteps of a reeling drunkard—for is not nature always uncomfortable and devoid of self-restraint? Flowers were all but banished, while trees were lavishly displayed, sometimes in robust luxuriance, sometimes decaying, or even dead beyond all possibility of resurrection—for does not nature exhibit many such corpses?

This new fashion was called "the natural style of landscape gardening"—a name suggestive of its origin: "landscape painting." The avowed object of Kent and his immediate followers was to attain in nature kindred effects to those produced on canvas by such painters as Poussin, Claude Lorrain, Gainsborough, Correggio and Salvatore Rosa. Landscape scenery has a varying character: it may be "grand, picturesque, romantic, beautiful, or rural." The romantic scenery calls for rocks, the interesting terror of which

may be heightened by the introduction of a ruined stone bridge. A medieval castle is the proper structure for this kind of landscape, while "beautiful" scenery should be ornamented with an Italian edifice—etc., etc.

It will be seen that, at the outset, Kent's school demanded harmony between architecture and landscape. This is an important point of which later exponents of the "natural" theory lost sight. Or perhaps one had better say: they tried to solve the problem in a manner which ultimately proved fatal to the very ideals which the school professed as its own.

After all, the vast majority of houses with grounds adjoining are neither romantic castles for robber knights, nor pastoral shanties for shepherds, but everyday dwellings inhabited by average individuals. The architecture of such houses is apt to be of a kind with which no landscape of strongly marked characteristics would harmonize, if, indeed, such landscapes were found with anything like frequency in those suburban regions with which gardeners, most days, have to deal. It was probably some such consideration which, perhaps more or less unconsciously, gradually led to the adaptation of a set of good-in-any case rules which one soon found applied everywhere with scarcely any modification. We are all familiar with the rules; we have seen them put into practice in all American and English suburbs:

The grounds near the house, as well as those farther away, are subjected to the same treatment. All undergrowth is dug up, all rocks carted off. The entire surface is plowed and raked into uniform smoothness and sown with lawn seed. The boundaries are marked with shrubs and trees, while the centre of the lawn glows with gaudy colored plants and flowers. Where extraordinary efforts have been made, some tree with pretty blossoms will allow the eye a welcome rest, but the one predominant note is and remains lawn, lawn, lawn.

This is called the "natural style of gardening." It would seem, then, that, on some unknown occasion, the champions of this style had received a revelation to the effect that lawn—lawn flat and smooth as a billiard cloth—constituted the crowning glory of

Mother Nature, who, after achieving it, settled down in Buddha-like quietude, gazing raptly upon her own work, and demanding that everybody else henceforth do likewise. And so it came to pass that at the bid of the apostles of nature emancipated, that same nature was forced into a green straight jacket—smothered under a lid of greensward.

One need only take a stroll along one of our fashionable suburban roads to be convinced that the boasted freedom of the "natural" landscape arrangement has degenerated into a monotony as persistent as that of the 17th century French gardens, but lacking wholly the well-bred repose and exclusiveness of those delightful haunts. Of late the recognition of this truth has been gaining ground, slowly, to be sure, but incessantly. Unpleasant altercations between the advocates of the two schools of gardening have not been wanting; as usual on kindred occasions, fat words have been noisily bandied about, with little or no understanding of their real signification. It should soon be possible, however, to reach a point where one might examine with justice and equanimity the claims of the two warring factions.

Why should these two schools ever have been allowed to clash? Each has its realm upon which the other need never encroach. An attempt to reproduce in a narrowly limited garden the beauties characteristic of a large area is manifestly absurd. There the charms of carefully planned design and color scheme are the only ones obtainable, and they ought to be deemed sufficient, great and abiding as they are. The naturally beautiful landscape, which scorns design and grading, must always be one of large dimensions. Hence it is in spacious parks that the "natural" school finds its proper field, so much the more that here no one house or structure demands consideration at the hands of the gardener.

Even in such parks the indispensable condition for the successful application of the natural style is the presence of an appropriate natural basis. The practice of turning nature into Claudes or Ruysdaels has long ago been discarded as absurd; at the present hour the school professes to study one piece of nature in order to reproduce it elsewhere. But no intelligent gardener would ever

think of reproducing the beauties of mountain scenery in meadow land, or the charms of a Dutch landscape among the Alps. The main features of some ideal landscape type must be present, or, at the very least, suggested, if this particular type is to be bodied forth by the naturalist artist. The task before him will chiefly consist in working out the potential beauties which for the moment are more or less obscured by accidental externalities. In other words, he may, and should, add or substitute such elements of picturesqueness as would naturally have existed, under ideal circumstances. Throughout his possibilities are limited by the material in hand.

Certain striking traits of a natural landscape, such as massive rocks, cannot be reproduced artificially without floundering into the lowest depths of the ridiculous. But ponds and streams may be enlarged and set more attractively by judicioius planting in their vicinity. It will indeed soon be found that almost the sole decisive improvement which a gardener has in his power to make in a landscape consists in planting.

There, indeed, lie untold possibilities for the gardener's art, most of which have all too long been neglected. To be sure, most gardeners know that trees and shrubs should not be planted in continuous, straight lines, but in groups with curving boundaries, and that a lot of one kind of plants, if grouped together, produce a better effect than a heterogeneous conglomeration. The importance of shade trees is also, as a rule, duly considered. But as yet only a minority of parks here in America betray any extensive study of the numerous color effects which may be produced in all but uninterrupted succession from February until late in the fall. The New York Central Park, for instance, bears witness to careful contemplation of the forms of trees, but far too little of their colors. It is not within the scope of the present article to furnish anything like a complete guide for the selection of trees and shrubs, such as may be found in the excellent works by Samuel Parsons, Sedding, and others, but a few hints may here be inserted. One of the very earliest harbingers of spring is the yellow jasmine which blooms in February. It is hardy and bears transplanting well. Some spe-

cies of Rhododendron also display their dark, red flowers at this early date. The scarlet maple will parade its bejewelled branches a trifle later, and then come, budding and blooming close enough to each other to form one continuous chain of highly decorative trees and shrubs: the birches with their smooth, silky sheen; the larches in their softly green modesty; some Japanese importations, such as *Cydonica Japonica* (a quince) with pink and white blossoms; the American *Azalea mollis;* the always graceful lilacs and syringas; the glorious torchlight procession of the blooming horse chestnut in May; and the solid pomp of the reddish purple Norwegian maple in June.

June is also the season for the Japanese snowball, the climbing hydrangea and wistaria, and all the other climbing vines which go to make up the particular splendor of this month.

Of the trees which, while always decorative, grow more so as summer declines and fall comes into its own, the Kentucky coffee tree deserves particular mention; its peculiar trunk and branches, its light, feathery foliage, never fail to attract and delight the eye. It is, however, the maples that should always form the staple trees of those planted especially for fall effects. The Norwegian maples are a perpetual delight, but of them all the red maple bursts forth in the richest hues in its many and surprising changes. Why is it so rarely used on our lawns? It grows more slowly than the sugar maples, but is sure in the long run to repay amply the time and trouble expended on its culture.

Some of the oaks are scarcely less gorgeous than the maples—the Turkey oak, for instance, and the pyramidal oaks; dazzling tints are also displayed by some of our American oaks.

A tree which in this country is but little used, while in Europe it is as frequent as it is beloved, is the rapidly growing linden. A large, cupola shaped linden, towering in the center of a lawn, is a sight at once majestic and graceful. During the time of its bloom it perfumes the surrounding air with a fragrance than which there is none sweeter, while hundreds of bees, attracted by its blossoms, make an organ-like music. Then, again, the linden lends itself better than most other trees to the purposes of what the French call

an *allée*—a road hedged in by two parallel rows of trees. The tall, erect trunks rise like cathedral pillars; the finely curving branches meet away up in the air, screening the walk with a green vault which the sunbeams gild, but rarely penetrate.

It might here be objected that such an *allée* would be a legitimate feature of a formal garden, but that just here and now we were speaking of a park laid out in the natural style. Now it is very true that downright mingling of the two styles produces irritating results, but I am inclined to believe that to large city parks some features of a formal character may advantageously be added, for the purpose of setting apart and emphasizing such sections as, for obvious reasons, must ever bear a strong imprint of intention and deliberation. Riding and driving paths can in no possible way be made to look "natural" in the technical sense of the word. A mall such as we see in New York Central Park is another such feature; here parallel rows of lindens would be as appropriate as ornamental. It should not be overlooked that even in those parks where the natural style inevitably commends itself, it will be found impossible all the time to remain "natural" in the sense that no palpably artificial features whatsoever be added. Even in our most pretentiously "natural" parks, roads and paths have been made—made by the labor of engineers and workmen, not allowed to make themselves under the soles of pedestrians, the hoofs of horses, and the wheels of carriages. It is, then, beforehand given that while a virgin forest style may indeed be the ideal, it is one forever unattainable.

Why not, then, proceed one or two steps farther, and admit that such parts of a park as cannot help rubbing shoulders with civilization—its edges, for instances, or the sections close to the entrances—may fittingly be treated in a style suggestive of the transition from town to country? Why is a dressed lawn natural, but a trimmed linden, or several of them in a row, unnatural?

This question of transition is, indeed, one of paramount importance. The civilized atmosphere of the house in the midst of a garden—or a park—that of a city pressing close upon all sides of a park, should not be cut short abruptly, but allowed gradually to lose itself

in, and unite with, the ever-increasing freshness and ruggedness of nature. In some of the American country places which such masters of their craft as Samuel Parsons, jr., have had in hand, this principle has been respected, but, alas! these form still but a small minority.

Just at present, when our multi-millionaires are building up huge country estates, a vast field is opening up before the American landscape gardener. He will, of course, primarily have to consider the conditions of his own country, but it will but benefit him to accept hints from abroad, where here and there landscape gardening has been attempted on a scale rarely approached in the United States.

I have in mind one such undertaking, in that little kingdom, Denmark, which of late now and then has surprised far greater countries by its achievements in art—pottery, for instance, and jewelry. The specimen of landscape gardening, to which I have reference is of far earlier date, begun—if I mistake not—over forty years ago, and not finished until some twenty years later.

In the northern part of the large island Sjaelland, about twenty miles from Copenhagen, lies the castle Fredericksburg. Built in the first half of the seventeenth century, in Dutch Renascence style, of red brick and gray sandstone, it soon gained universal recognition as the most meritorious structure of its kind in Northern Europe. It had, as all castles in those days, a garden with straight, gravelled walks, boxwood hedges, trimmed lindens and gorgeous flowerbeds, and doubtless for a couple of centuries was considered incapable of improvement. In 1859 it was destroyed by fire, and was rebuilt only by popular subscription. The king possessing no funds with which to restore the interior, Fredericksburg remained for some years an empty shell. Then a rich brewer, Mr. Jacobsen, donated a large sum toward the furnishing and decorating of the castle, on condition that it be used as a National Historical Museum—a sort of Danish Versailles. It was then that it dawned upon the good people in the little town which clusters round the castle, that it would be to their advantage to make this stately pile the centre and cynosure, not only of the town, but of the whole landscape—thus

carrying to its finish a scheme long ago conceived by the late King of Denmark, Frederick VII, and his landscape gardener, M. Rothe. It is, indeed, to the latter that the lion's share of the honor belongs for having solved so ably the problems here involved. It goes without saying that the landscape with its gentle slopes and many trees, but no hills of any considerable rise, met the artist halfway, but his light touch, his tender regard for nature's own forms, must forever remain a matter of admiration.

The main approaches to the city are by a railroad line and a highway, which run into, and through it, somewhat in the manner of a Greek cross. It has now been so arranged that from whichever side one comes towards the town, the gilded spires of the castle greet one, stretching above the tree tops, peeping through openings in the thicket, or mirrored in the placid sheets of the little ponds and lakes which dot the landscape. Then, as one comes nearer by rail, and finally alights at the station, the castle looms in all its quiet majesty, a giant at rest in a camp of pygmies.

But it is when reaching the city by the highway that the art of M. Rothe and his assistants is fully appreciated. A couple of miles from the town is the huge Grib forest, the largest in the country. Straight roads are run through it in all directions—in one place eight of them meet, forming a star—but otherwise it is allowed to retain an uncivilized luxuriance and uncouthness. Nearer the city other woods begin, running along on both sides of the road. These are considerably thinned out, and, while still in nowise gardens, have a park-like appearance with their neatly raked paths and numerous wooden benches. One of them, on the left side of the highway, adjoins the royal garden proper, separated from it only by a fence with an always open gate. The royal garden—which now belongs to the public—is built on sloping ground, laid out in terraces, the last of which is on a level with the road separating it from the lake in whose midst Fredericksburg is built on a small island. The style of the garden is, as already said, in the main seventeenth century severely, but modified by skilfully added national features, such as firs and pines, grouped in lawn, hedged in with boxwood. On one of the upper terraces, a circular pond is

surrounded by a road shaded by two rows of lindens. The design is everywhere simple, the color scheme striking without any visible striving after effect. Unforgetable is, for instance, the sight of blooming fruit trees—apples and cherries—on a fresh, bright lawn, set in a flame of severe, blackish green boxwood. The flower beds contain dahlias, hollyhocks, roses and tulips—not many species, but profusely and intelligently distributed. From this side, even more than from the railroad, the castle is revealed by degrees, in a teasing curiosity-whetting manner. I regret my inability to add at least one more to the accompanying illustrations which might render one of the first peeps at Fredericksburg, vouchsafed the stroller through the royal garden. Some faint idea of how the matter is managed may, however, be had from the two illustrations.

To the best of my knowledge, nowhere else in the world have architecture, formal gardening and landscape been adjusted and blended into one so perfect, so rich and so alluring harmony.

CERTAIN OF US HUDDLE INTO CITIES TO SHUT OUT THE SIGHT OF WOODS AND HILLS SAYING: "A GOD IS THERE." ETERNITY IS SYMBOLIZED YONDER. LET US GET TOGETHER AND DEAL WITH OUR OWN AFFAIRS OF WHICH GODS AND ETERNITY ARE NOT YET APART.

CHARLES N. SKINNER
NATURE IN A CITY YARD

Shakespeare's Working Classes

ERNEST CROSBY

"SHAKESPEARE was of us," cries Browning in his "Lost Leader," while lamenting the defection of Wordsworth from the ranks of progress and liberalism,—"Milton was for us, Burns, Shelley were with us,—they watch from their graves!" There can indeed be no question of the fidelity to democracy of Milton, the republican pamphleteer, nor of Burns, the proud ploughman, who proclaimed the fact that "a man's a man for a' that," nor of Shelley, the awakened aristocrat, who sang to such as Burns

> "Men of England, wherefore plough
> For the lords who lay ye low?"

But Shakespeare?—Shakespeare?—where is there a line in Shakespeare to entitle him to a place in this brotherhood? Is there anything in his plays that is in the least inconsistent with all that is reactionary?

A glance at Shakespeare's lists of *dramatis personae* is sufficient to show that he was unable to conceive of any situation rising to the dignity of tragedy in other than royal and ducal circles. It may be said in explanation of this partiality for high rank that he was only following the custom of the dramatists of his time, but this is a poor plea for a man of great genius, whose business it is precisely to lead and not to follow. Nor is the explanation altogether accurate. In his play, the "Pinner of Wakefield," first printed in 1599, Robert Greene makes a hero, and a very stalwart one, of a mere pound-keeper, who proudly refuses knighthood at the hands of the king. There were other and earlier plays in vogue in Shakespeare's day treating of the triumphs of men of the people, one for instance which commemorated the rise of Sir Thomas Gresham, the merchant's son, and another, entitled "The History of Richard Whittington, of his Low Birth, his Great Fortune;" but he carefully avoided such material in seeking plots for his dramas. Cardinal Wolsey, the butcher's son, is indeed the hero of "Henry VIII.," but his humble origin is only mentioned incidentally as something to be ashamed of. What greater opportunity for idealizing the common people ever presented itself to a dramatist than to Shake-

speare, when he undertook to draw the character of Joan of Arc in the Second Part of "Henry VI.?" He knew how to create noble women,—that is one of his special glories,—but he not only refuses to see anything noble in the peasant girl who led France to victory, but he deliberately insults her memory with the coarsest and most cruel calumnies. Surely the lapse of more than a century and a half might have enabled a man of honor, if not of genius, to do justice to an enemy of the weaker sex, and if Joan had been a member of the French royal family we may be sure that she would have received better treatment.

The question of the aristocratic tendency of the drama was an active one in Shakespeare's time. There was a good deal of democratic feeling in the burghers of London-town, and they resented the courtly prejudices of their playwrights and their habit of holding up plain citizens to ridicule upon the stage, whenever they deigned to present them at all. The Prologue in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," gives sufficient evidence of this. The authors adopted the device of having a Citizen leap upon the stage and interrupt the Speaker of the Prologue by shouting

"Hold your peace, goodman boy!"

Speaker of Prologue: "What do you mean, sir?"

Citizen: "That you have no good meaning; this seven year there hath been plays at this house. I have observed it, you have still girds at citizens."

The Citizen goes on to inform the Speaker of the Prologue that he is a grocer, and to demand that he "present something notably in honour of the commons of the city." For a hero he will have "a grocer and he shall do admirable things." But this proved to be a joke over too serious a matter, for at the first representation of the play in 1611, it was cried down by the citizens and apprentices, who did not appreciate its satire upon them, and it was not revived for many years thereafter. It will not answer, therefore, to say that the idea of celebrating the middle and lower classes never occurred to Shakespeare, for it was a subject of discussion among his contemporaries.

Shakespeare's Working Classes

It is hardly possible to construct a play with no characters but monarchs and their suites, and at the same time preserve the verisimilitudes of life. Shakespeare was obliged to make some use of servants, citizens and popuace. How has he portrayed them? In one play alone has he given up the whole stage to them, and it is said that the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was only written at the request of Queen Elizabeth, who wished to see Sir John Falstaff in love. It is from beginning to end one prolonged "gird at citizens," and we can hardly wonder that they felt a grievance against the dramatic profession. In the other plays of Shakespeare, the humbler classes appear for the main part only occasionally and incidentally. His opinion of them is indicated more or less picturesquely by the names which he selects for them. There are, for example, Bottom, the weaver, Flute, the bellows-maker, Snout and Sly, tinkers, Quince, the carpenter, Snug, the joiner, Starveling, the tailor, Smooth, the silkman, Shallow and Silence, country justices, Elbow and Hull, constables, Dogberry and Verges, Fang and Snare, sheriff's officers, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, and Bull-calf, recruits, Feebee, at once a recruit and a woman's tailor, Pilch and Patch-Breech, fishermen (though these last two appellations may be mere nicknames), Potpan, Peter Thump, Simple, Gobbo, and Susan Grindstone, servants, Speed, "a clownish servant," Slender, Pistol, Nym, Sneak, Doll Tear-sheet, Jane Smile, Costard, Oatcake, Seacoal, and various anonymous "Clowns" and "Fools." Shakespeare rarely gives names of this character to any but the lowly in life, although perhaps we should cite as exceptions Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek in Twelfth Night, the vicar, Sir Oliver Mar-Text, in "As You Like It," Moth, the page, in "Love's Labour Lost," and Froth, "a foolish gentleman," in "Measure for Measure," but none of these personages quite deserves to rank as an aristocrat. Such a system of nomenclature as we have exposed is enough of itself to fasten the stigma of absurdity upon the characters subjected to it, and their occupations. Most of the trades are held up for ridicule in "Midsummer Night's Dream," Holofernes, the schoolmaster, is made ridiculous in "Love's Labour Lost," and we are told of the middle-class Nym,

Pistol and Bardolph, that "three such antics do not amount to a man." (Henry V., Act 3, Sc. 2.) But it is not necessary to rehearse the various familiar scenes in which these fantastically-named individuals raise a laugh at their own expense.

The language employed by nobility and royalty in addressing those of inferior station in Shakespeare's plays may be taken perhaps rather as an indication of the manners of the times than as an expression of his own feeling, but even so it must have been a little galling to the poorer of his auditors. "Whoreson dog," "whoreson peasant," "slave," "you cur," "rogue," "rascal," "dunghill," "crack-hemp," and "notorious villain,"—these are a few of the epithets with which the plays abound. The Duke of York accosts Thomas Horner, an armorer, as "base dunghill villain and mechanical" (Henry VI., Part 2, Act 2, Sc. 3). Gloster speaks of the warders of the Tower as "dunghill grooms" (Ib., Part 1, Act 1, Sc. 3), and Hamlet of the grave-digger as an "ass" and "rude knave." Valentine tells his servant, Speed, that he is born to be hanged (Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 1, Sc. 1), and Gonzalo pays a like compliment to the boatswain who is doing his best to save the ship in the "Tempest" (Act 1, Sc. 1). This boatswain is not sufficiently impressed by the grandeur of his noble cargo, and for his pains is called a "brawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog," a "cur," a "whoreson, insolent noise-maker," and a "wide-chapped rascal." Richard III.'s Queen says to a gardener, who is guilty of nothing but giving a true report of her lord's deposition and who shows himself a kind-hearted fellow, "Thou little better thing than earth," "thou wretch!" Henry VIII. talks of a "lousy footboy," and the Duke of Suffolk, when he is about to be killed by his pirate captor at Dover, calls him "obscure and lowly swain," "jaded groom," and "base slave," dubs his crew "paltry, servile, abject drudges," and declares that his own head would

> "sooner dance upon bloody pole
> Than stand uncovered to a vulgar groom."
>
> (Henry VI., Part 2, Act 4, Sc. 1.)

Petruchio "wrings Grumio by the ear," and Katherine beats the same unlucky servant. His master indulges in such terms as "fool-

ish knave," "peasant swain," and "whoreson malthorse drudge," in addressing him, cries out to his servants, "off with my boots, you rogues, you villains!" and strikes them. He pays his compliments to a tailor in the following lines:

> "O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
> Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
> Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou;
> Braved in my own house by a skein of thread!
> Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant!"
>
> (Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 3.)

Joan of Arc speaks of her "contemptible estate," as a shepherd's daughter and afterwards, denying her father, calls him "Decrepit miser! base, ignoble wretch!" (Henry VI., Part 1, Act 1, Sc. 2, and Act 5, Sc. 4.) It is hard to believe that Shakespeare would have so frequently allowed his characters to express their contempt for members of the lower orders of society if he had not had some sympathy with their opinions.

Shakespeare usually employs the common people whom he brings upon the stage merely to raise a laugh (as for instance the flea-bitten carriers in the inn-yard at Rochester, in Henry IV., Part 1, Act 2, Sc. 1), but occasionally they are scamps as well as fools. They amuse us when they become hopelessly entangled in their sentences (vide Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 2), or when Juliet's nurse blunderingly makes her think that Romeo is slain instead of Tybalt, but when this same lady after taking Romeo's money espouses the cause of the County Paris,—or when on the eve of Agincourt we are introduced to a group of cowardly English soldiers,—or when Coriolanus points out the poltroonery of the Roman troops and says that all would have been lost "but for our gentlemen," we must feel detestation for them. Juliet's nurse is not the only disloyal servant. Shylock's servant, Launcelot Gobbo, helps Jessica to deceive her father, and Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, brings about the disgrace of her mistress by fraud. Olivia's waiting-woman in Twelfth Night is honest enough, but she is none too modest in her language, but in this respect Dame Quickly in Henry IV. can easily rival her. Peter Thump, when forced to a

judicial combat with his master, displays his cowardice, although in the end he is successful (Henry VI., Part 2, Act 2, Sc. 3), and "Stephano, a drunken butler," adorns the stage in the "Tempest." We cannot blame Shakespeare for making use of cut-throats and villains in developing his plots, but we might have been spared the jokes which the jailors of Posthumus perpetrate when they come to lead him to the scaffold and the ludicrous English of the Clown who supplies Cleopatra with an asp. The apothecary who is in such wretched plight that he sells poison to Romeo in spite of a Draconian law, gives us another unflattering picture of a tradesman, and when Falstaff declares, "I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything," we have a premature reflection on the Puritan, middle-class conscience and religion. In "As You Like It," Shakespeare came near drawing a pastoral sketch of shepherds and shepherdesses on conventional lines. If he failed to do so, it was as much from lack of respect for the keeping of sheep as for the unrealities of pastoral poetry. Rosalind does not scruple to call the fair Phebe "foul," and as for her hands, she says,

> "I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
> A freestone coloured hand; I verily did think
> That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
> She has a housewife's hand."

No one with a high respect for housewifery could have written that line. When in the same play Jaques sees the pair of rural lovers, Touchstone and Audrey, approaching, he cries, "There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here come a pair of very strange beasts which in all tongues are called Fools." (Act 5, Sc. 4.) The clown, Touchstone, speaks of kissing the cow's dugs which his former sweetheart had milked, and then marries Audrey in a tempest of buffoonery. Howbeit, Touchstone remains one of the few rustic characters of Shakespeare who win our affections, and at the same time he is witty enough to deserve the title which Jaques bestows upon him of a "rare fellow."

Occasionally Shakespeare makes fun of persons who are somewhat above the lower classes in rank. I have mentioned those on whom

he bestows comical names. He indulges in humor also at the expense of the two Scottish captains, Jamy and Macmorris, and the honest Welsh captain Fluellen (Henry V., Act 3, Sc. 2 et passim), and shall we forget the inimitable Falstaff? But while making every allowance for these diversions into somewhat nobler quarters (the former of which are explained by national prejudices), do they form serious exceptions to the rule, and can Falstaff be taken, for instance, as a representative of the real aristocracy? As Queen and courtiers watched his antics on the stage, we may be sure that it never entered their heads that the "girds" were directed at them or their kind.

The appearance on Shakespeare's stage of a man of humble birth who is virtuous without being ridiculous is so rare an event that it is worth while to enumerate the instances. Now and then a servant or other obscure character is made use of as a mere lay figure of which nothing good or evil can be predicated, but usually they are made more or less absurd. Only at long intervals do we see persons of this class at once serious and upright. As might have been expected it is more often the servant than any other member of the lower classes to whom Shakespeare attributes good qualities, for the servant is a sort of attachment to the gentleman and shines with the reflection of his virtues. The noblest quality which Shakespeare can conceive of in a servant is loyalty, and in Richard II. (Act 5, Sc. 3) he gives us a good example in the character of a groom who remains faithful to the king even when the latter is cast into prison. In Cymbeline we are treated to loyalty *ad nauseam*. The king orders Pisanio, a trusty servant, to be tortured without cause, and his reply is,

> "Sir, my life is yours.
> I humbly set it at your will." (Act. 4, Sc. 3.)

In King Lear a good servant protests against the cruelty of Regan and Cornwall towards Gloster and is killed for his courage. "Give me my sword," cries Regan. "A peasant stand up thus!" (Act 3, Sc. 7.) And other servants also show sympathy for the unfortunate earl. We all remember the Fool who, almost alone, was true to

Lear, but then of course he was a fool. In Timon of Athens we have an unusual array of good servants, but it is doubtful if Shakespeare wrote the play and these characters make his authorship more doubtful. Flaminius, Timon's servant, rejects a bribe with scorn. (Act 3, Sc. 1.) Another of his servants expresses his contempt for his master's false friends (Act 3, Sc. 3) and when Timon finally loses his fortune and his friends forsake him, his servants stand by him. "Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery." (Act 4, Sc. 2.) Adam, the good old servant in As You Like It, who follows his young master Orlando into exile, is, like Lear's fool, a noteworthy example of the loyal servitor.

"Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty." (Act 2, Sc. 3)

But Shakespeare takes care to point out that such fidelity in servants is most uncommon and a relic of the good old times.

"O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, nor for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
When none will sweat but for promotion."

Outside the ranks of domestic servants we find a few cases of honorable poverty in Shakespeare. In the play just quoted Corin, the old shepherd, says:

"Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck,"

(As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2)

in short an ideal proletarian from the point of view of the aristocrat.

The Winter's Tale can boast of another good shepherd (Act 3, Sc. 3), but he savours a little of burlesque. "Macbeth" has several humble worthies. There is a good old man in the second act (Sc. 2) and a good messenger in the fourth. (Sc. 2.) King Duncan praises highly the sergeant who brings the news of Macbeth's victory and uses language to him such as Shakespeare's yeomen are not accustomed to hear. (Act 1, Sc. 2.) And in Antony and Cleo-

patra we make the acquaintance of several exemplary common soldiers. Shakespeare puts flattering words into the mouth of Henry V. when he addresses the troops before Agincourt:

> "For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
> Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
> This day shall gentle his condition." (Act 4, Sc. 4.)

And at Harfleur he is even more complaisant:

> "And you, good yeomen,
> Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
> The metal of your pasture; let us swear
> That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
> For there is none of you so mean and base
> That hath not noble lustre in your eyes." (Act 3, Sc. 1.)

The rank and file always fare well before a battle.

> "O, it's 'Tommy this,' and 'Tommy that,' an' 'Tommy, go away;'
> But it's 'Thank you, Mr. Atkins,' when the band begins to play."

I should like to add some instances from Shakespeare's works of serious and estimable behaviour on the part of individuals representing the lower classes, or of considerate treatment of them on the part of their "betters," but I have been unable to find any, and the meagre list must end here.

But to return to Tommy Atkins. He is no longer Mr. Atkins after the battle. Montjoy, the French herald, comes to the English king under a flag of truce and asks that they be permitted to bury their dead and

> "Sort our nobles from our common men;
> For many of our princes (woe the while!)
> Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood;
> So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
> In blood of princes." (Henry V., Act 4, Sc. 7.)

With equal courtesy Richard III. on Bosworth field speaks of his opponents to the gentlemen around him:

> "Remember what you are to cope withal;—
> A sort of vagabonds, rascals and runaways
> A scum of Bretagne and base lackey peasants." (Act 5, Sc. 3.)

But Shakespeare does not limit such epithets to armies. Having, as we have seen, a poor opinion of the lower classes taken man by man, he thinks if anything still worse of them taken *en masse,* and at his hands a crowd of plain working-men fares worst of all. "Hempen home-spuns," Puck calls them, and again

> "A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
> That work for bread upon Athenian stalls."

Bottom, their leader, is according to Oberon a "hateful fool," and according to Puck, the "shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort." (Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Scs. 1 and 2, Act 4, Sc. 1.) Bottom's advice to his players contains a small galaxy of compliments:

"In any case let Thisby have clean linen, and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onion or garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy." (Ib. Act 4, Sc. 2.)

The matter of the breath of the poor weighs upon Shakespeare and his characters. Cleopatra shudders at the thought that

> "mechanic slaves,
> With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall
> Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths
> Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
> And forced to drink their vapour."
>
> (Antony and Cleopatra, Act 5, Sc. 2.)

Coriolanus has his sense of smell especially developed. He talks of the "stinking breaths" of the people (Act 2, Sc. 1), and in another place, says:

> "You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate
> As reek of rotten fens, whose love I prize
> As the dead carcasses of unburied men
> That do corrupt the air, I banish you,"

Continued in The Craftsman for May

My Last Memory of Tolstoi

ALEXANDRIA NICCHIA

"COUNT TOLSTOI, madam, is out cutting hay." Those outwardly respectful words were eloquent of nameless things to me, as the deep-shouldered maid-servant stood in the doorway of the man who is great to all the world but his own kin, and allowed a slow smile of remembrance to break over her heavy Slav face.

I had just driven the fifteen long and rugged versts from Tula to Yasnaya Polyana. For all that distance I had been tossed about in a harrowingly antiquated *telyaga,* under the sweltering open sun of a Russian summer, to the nerve-racking accompaniment of my *iswotschik's* endless profanity.

The Countess herself and six of the children, the servant added, were bathing down at the River. I knew enough of that half-pagan household to deem it wiser to seek out the Count amid his hay-cocks, than the Countess amid her nymphs.

So, with the deep-shouldered servant-maid swinging stolidly on before me, I gathered up my dusty skirts—that Russian dust, how deep it can lie!—and strode across the open fields, swimming in their mid-day heat.

Count Tolstoi's estate is of rolling land, in places, and at last before me, on the crest of a long slope of rising ground, I could see the little group of laborers where the master was mowing among his men—where the hand that penned "War and Peace" was hacking determinedly at a few *kopeks* worth of hay-crop. Moujiks and master seemed to stand out before me there, almost Titanic, in the pulsating mid-day heat, silhouetted against the pale blue sky-line. Even at a distance I saw and recognized the scholarly sloping shoulder, the great bent frame that seemed to have shriveled so in the last five years, the time-furrowed and thought-lined face which no peasant's costume could disguise. And as I looked at him, swinging that ponderous, primitive, incongruous scythe, outlined against the hot turquoise sky, stubborn even in his defeat, determined even in what all his life had sealed as a mockery, a passing sense of the Great Man's inward isolation, of his loneliness of soul, of a spiritual despair which he had not always hidden, swept over me.

Just why it did, I scarcely know; but that moment it came to me; and from that moment it has remained with me.

Although we had met before, more than once, the Count did not know me as I came up and stood before him. He straightened his bent back, but not without difficulty, I remember, and mopped his dripping face with his huge *platok*. As he did so, I caught a passing odor of violets; and then I remembered his old-time child-like love of perfumery.

He leaned on his heavy scythe, his breath still coming in gasps, and looked at me from under his shaggy brows, out of those small, close-set, penetrating, almost wolfish grey eyes. I was about to recall my name to him, embarrassed for the moment, and to explain my mission, when the petulantly wrinkled brow of a sudden relaxed. He caught up my hand, with what I have every reason to believe was genuine pleasure, dropping his scythe, and leaving it there forgotten, for the men to carry back when, half an hour later, we took our way to the house.

That, my last day at Yasnaya Polyana, was a happy one for me. A merry one I had scarcely expected it to be. Just why this was so I vaguely realized that night as we sat at dinner. Only that afternoon the Countess—I could exhaust my vocabulary in praising that sternly noble, simple, far-seeing, solicitous wife and mother and woman!—had confessed to me, with no taint of bitterness, that with her own hand she had written and re-written for her husband the manuscript of "War and Peace" twenty-one times. And she the mother of sixteen children, the manageress of an estate, the secretary of a novelist, the patient wife of an impatient genius! But as I was about to write, young people are young people the world over. And six out of the Count's nine children, who were then at home, made the company, during that meal, merry enough at times. But the shadow of a life's melancholy, the gloom of a nation's renunciated sorrows, still seemed to dwell in that big, bald, crudely furnished dining-room, dominated by the grim presence of the master himself. It is true he talked a great deal that night; I even remember that he sent me down to the kitchen to have the sugar-bowl refilled. I sat at his side, where the ever-watchful Countess

has the habit of placing the honored visitor, and I also ate meat, though I saw that my host was eating what I strongly suspect was cabbage soup, afterwards heaping his plate with his inevitable buckwheat mush. And as he devoured that penitential dish he volleyed keen question after question at me, listening intently, his pale grey eyes always alert while doing so, his massive head bowed in what might seem to the unknowing an attiude of abject humility. This appearance of humbleness, indeed, I had noticed more than once that day, as I watched him sit with his lap-board on his knees, looming ponderously over a pair of badly-made soles for a pair of badly made boots,—and I knew even then that it was all a quiet but none the less passionate oblation to those gods whom he held highest and best. Yet at most times it is his impatient strength, his rugged virility, that impresses one.

It was toward the end of that memorable dinner—memorable it shall at least stand to me—before the younger children had been sent to bed and we older people had clustered about the *samovar* of the Countess, that a burst of half-suppressed laughter broke out from the little ones farthest away from the Count and myself. The Count talked on, preoccupied and unheeding, until a stern word or two from his wife to the children caught his attention. Then he asked, almost querulously, I thought, what it all was.

The Countess gently protested that it was nothing, and was for talking of other things, until a youthful voice piped up (I am translating quite freely) : "No, no! We must tell papa!"

Again the Countess interposed, but it was ineffectual.

"Oh, mama," (it was really the *"maman"* of the French) "oh, mama, we must!" And then, amid some protest, the laughing girl went on:

"It's what Count K——— told us yesterday, papa, about you. He said that 'our Little Father' (Tzar Alexander the Third) had said to Pobedenostzer (Procurator of the Holy Synod) that it's no use bothering about you. He said that *you* couldn't help being just *you,* wherever you were, and that you wanted to be a *moujik* just because you happened to be born a Count! But if you'd been born a *moujik,* he said, you'd have wanted a heap worse to be a Count!"

My Last Memory of Tolstoi

The pale grey eyes looked in studious silence at the loquacious girl. They looked at her, I believe, for several moments. I could see the toil-hardened hand drum impatiently on the rough table. Then the great leonine man seemed to shrink back into himself, and once more I had a passing and painful sense of one lonely dreamer's isolation of spirit, of the eternal aloofness which cut him off from that more intimate world which, indeed, should have been so much to him. It was only for a moment, but the memory of it will stay with me for all time.

SERVICE INVOLVES SACRIFICE, AND, THEREFORE, IF PEOPLE REALLY WISH TO IMPROVE THE POSITION OF THEIR BROTHER MEN, AND NOT MERELY THEIR OWN, THEY MUST BE READY NOT ONLY TO ALTER THE WAY OF LIFE TO WHICH THEY ARE ACCUSTOMED, BUT THEY MUST BE READY FOR AN INTENSE STRUGGLE AGAINST THEMSELVES AND THEIR FAMILIES.

LEO TOLSTOI
THE SLAVERY OF OUR TIMES

[1]William Morris : A Recent Study by Elizabeth Luther Cary

IRENE SARGENT

THE life and work of William Morris seem not to lose interest for the reading and artistic public. Any word concerning him, any fragment of design from his hand are seized and discussed over the seas, in France, or in America, with perhaps even greater eagerness than in his native England. The latest study upon him in his triple aspect of poet, craftsman and socialist is, without doubt, the one of all thus far published which will remain the best adapted and the most pleasing to the large majority of his admirers: to those who are not specialists in the arts or the theories to which he gave his many-sided, active and impetuous life. The student pure and simple will prefer the critical estimate of "William Morris, his Art, his Writings and his Public Life," by Aymer Vallance; the lover of accurate biographical detail will delve in the volumes of Mr. Mackail, which are compiled with the minuteness of a mediaeval chronicle. But the one seeking a just idea of the man rapidly conveyed, because conceived with sympathy and enthusiasm, will choose the most recent of the three studies: the one finished last autumn by Elizabeth Luther Cary, whose previous writings upon Tennyson, Browning and the Rossettis, had given her position and authority. To this woman the mediaeval quality, which is more easily recognized than described, appeals with peculiar force; as may be learned from her slight but penetrating criticism of "Everyman:" the fifteenth century morality play which has, this year, brought back to our stage with vital power the spirit of the Pre-Reformation age. Therefore, this new study of William Morris has about it nothing of task or toil. It is filled with a sympathy and an enthusiasm which are rarely found in writing outside of personal letters. And since enthusiasm is contagious, it passes from the writer to the reader, who gains a clearer, more concrete idea of the man and artist treated, than from the more laboriously compiled and necessary works which preceded it. But it must not be understood that the new study is a eulogy rather than a just

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criticism. It is a frank, unbiased statement of facts, fitted to an appreciation of the surroundings in which these facts were accomplished. The title-page, indeed, bears a quotation from Canto One of Dante's Inferno, which apostrophizes Morris with the well-known "O degli altri poeti onore e lume" (O, of other poets thou honor and light!). But the manner in which the allusion is made and the title given is justified in the first paragraph of the study. One there finds an estimate of Morris sufficiently strong and precise to create a fair idea of the man and his work in the mind of one who should take up the book ignorant of the very name of its subject and who should lay it down again, having but turned the page. This passage will be especially appreciated by the always-increasing number of those who are interested in the history of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. It reads: "There is, perhaps, no single work by William Morris that stands out as a masterpiece in evidence of his individual genius. He was not impelled to give peculiar expression to his own personality. His writing was seldom emotionally autobiographic as Rossetti's always was; his painting and designing were not the expression of a personal mood, as was the case with Burne-Jones. But no one of his special time and group gave himself more fully or more freely for others. No one contributed more generously tc the public pleasure and enlightenment. No one tried with more persistent effort, first to create and then to satisfy a taste for the possible best in the lives and homes of the people. He worked toward this end in so many directions that a lesser energy than his must have been dissipated and a weaker purpose rendered impotent. His tremendous vitality saved him from the most humiliating of failures: the failure to make good extravagant promise. He never lost sight of the result in the endeavor, and his discontent with existing mediocrity was neither formless nor empty. It was the motive power of all his labor; he was always trying to make everything 'something different from what it was,' and this instinct was, alike for strength and weakness, says his chief biographer, 'of the very essence of his nature.' To tell the story of his life is to write down the record of dreams made real, of theories brought swiftly to the test of experiment, of the spirit of

the distant past reincarnated in the present. But, as with most natures of similar mould, the man was greater than any part of his work, and even greater than the sum of it all. He remains one of the not-to-be-forgotten figures of the nineteenth century, so interesting was he, so impressive, so simple-hearted, so nearly adequate to the great tasks he set himself, so well beloved by his companions, so useful, despite his blunders, to society at large."

As the narrative of the life of Morris proceeds, facts are used as can be done only by a well-trained mind; giving the reader a definite, accurate result, such as is obtained from a mathematical process. This quality alone would remove the study from the great mass of biographical writing which, as a rule, is a crude, undigested mass of facts, discouraging to the general reader, and valueless except to the seeker after specific points. For example, the writer sees in the early letters of Morris a proof that in him the boy was father to the man; that every turn in his career was due to the strong, persistent influence over him of the tastes and occupations of his boyhood. Viewed in this way, the various activities of the poet, craftsman and socialist no longer appear separate and dissociated, but arrange themselves into component parts of a simple purpose and a fixed ideal. Again to quote the words of the study: "With most men, who are on the whole true to the analogy of the chambered nautilus and cast off the outworn shell of their successive phases of individuality as the seasons roll, the effect of early environment and tendency may easily be exaggerated, but Morris grew in the fashion of his beloved oaks, keeping the rings by which his advance in experience was marked; at the end, all were visible. His education began and continued largely outside the domain of books and away from masters. His wanderings in the depths of the quaint and beautiful forest, his intimate acquaintance with the nature of Gothic architecture, his familiarity with Scott, his prompt adoption of Ruskin: all these formed the foundation on which he was to build his own theory of life, and all were his before he went up to Oxford." The facts furnished by the biographer are once more used to advantage in describing Morris's attitude toward his life-work. The writer of the study observes that Mr. Mackail

notes with surprise the preference for Kingsley over Newman among the Anglo-Catholic group of students, of which Morris and Burne-Jones were fervent members. But for her the reason is plain, because to Newman religion as a mere sentiment was "a dream and a mockery," while for the youths who turned aside from Holy Orders to become artists and poets, *"all life was a sentiment."* This revulsion of feeling, this change of purpose, in the case of Morris is thus explained: "It was much more in accordance with his ideal of a vocation, a ministry to man, that he should contribute to the daily material comfort and pleasure of the world, that he should make places good for the body to live in and fair for the eye to rest upon, and, therefore, soothing to the soul, than that he should construct abstract spiritual mansions of which he could at best form but a vague conception. It was, then, with a certain sense of dedication, an exchange of method without a change of spirit, that he gave up the thought of Holy Orders, and turned to the thought of furthering the good of mankind by working toward the beauty and order of the visible world."

In commenting upon Morris's choice of architecture as a profession, the writer of the study does not, like the biographer, content herself with a plain statement of facts. To show a rational decision and a purpose unbroken to the end of a long, eventful career, she quotes the words of the man himself, when he expressed his views upon the relations of architecture to the lesser arts. She proves that as a decorator of houses Morris began rightly in acquainting himself with a knowledge of the construction which must exist before any ornament may be applied. And here, indeed, the homely words of the Englishman stand out from the printed page like the figure of a bluff old Saxon warrior must have appeared among his Norman opponents. There is something primitive and elemental in these words of Morris that recalls the forest, the swing of the woodman's axe and a liberty from convention unknown to the Latin races. It is good to hear his simple, strong, for the most part, monosyllabic words when he says: "If we did not know how to dye or to weave, if we had neither gold nor silver, nor silk, and no pigments to paint with but half a dozen ochres and umbers, we

might yet frame a worthy art that would lead to everything, if we had but timber, stone and lime, and a few cutting tools to make these common things not only shelter us from wind and weather, but also express the thoughts and aspirations that stir in us. Architecture would lead us to all the arts, as it did with the earlier men; but if we despise it and take no note of how we are housed, the other arts will have a hard time of it indeed."

In alluding to Morris's description of Amiens Cathedral, which holds so high a place among the criticisms of the great edifice, the writer notes the master's singular ability to convey the significant quality of what he admires: since from mere verbal repetition he gives, in one passage, the effect of massive modeling and the sense of weight, in another the effect of repose and sweetness, and in a third, with far more subtle power, the effect of color.

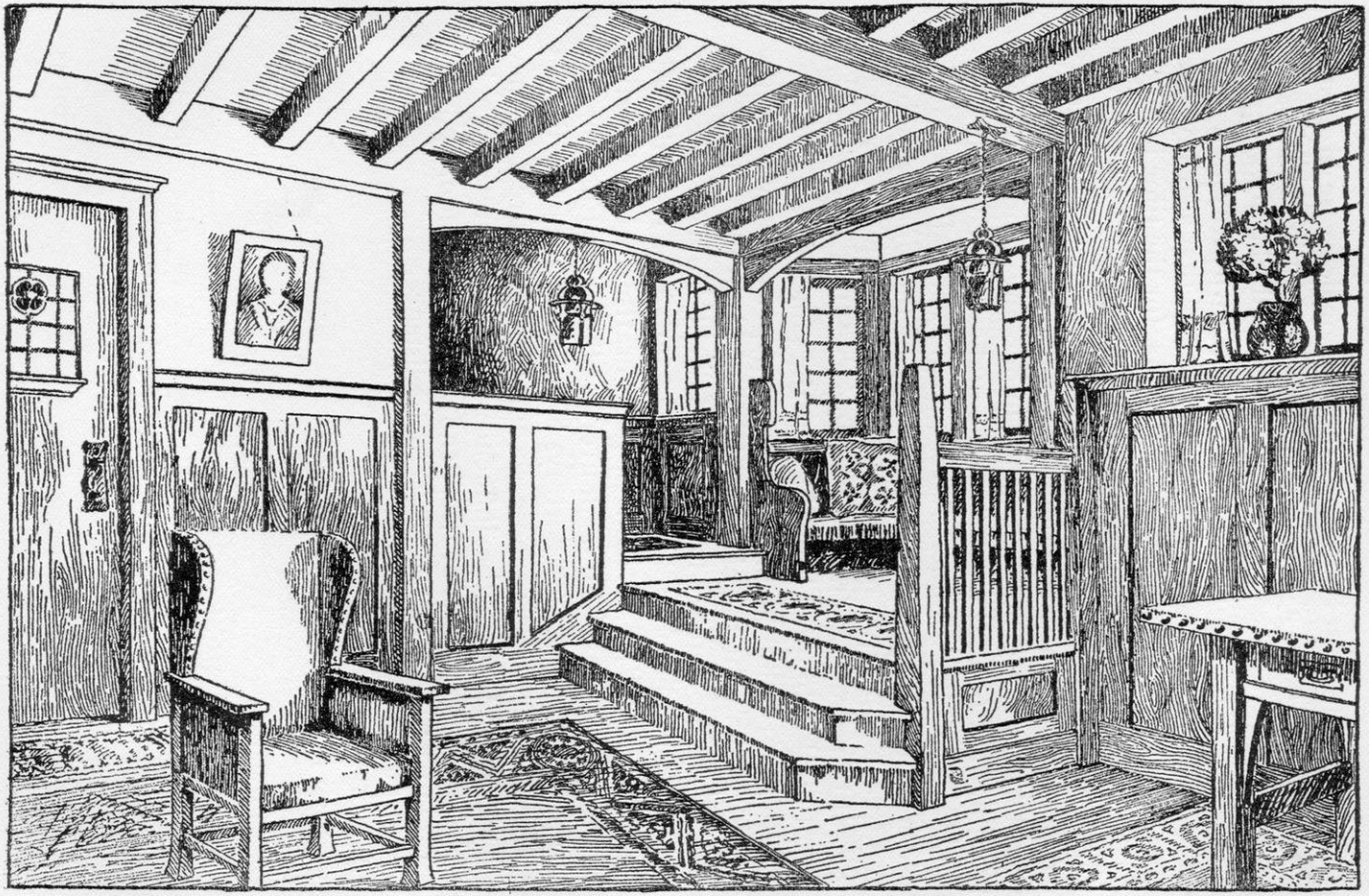
The writer of the study is, perhaps, at her best, when she discusses the poetry of Morris, between whom and Browning she offers a comparison: saying justly that the latter poet's effort was always to render an idea which was perfectly clear in his own mind; that his volubility, obscurity and roughness frequently arose from his eagerness to express his idea in a variety of ways; but that all his stutterings and broken sentences failed to disguise the fact that an intellectual conception underlay the turbulent method, giving substance and life to the poem, however much it might lack grace and form; on the other hand, that with Morris the intellectual conception was as weak as with Browning it was strong, and apparently existed chiefly to give an excuse for the *pictures which follow one another in rapid succession through every poem, short or long, dramatic or lyric, of both his youth and maturity.* The strictures refer, of course, principally to the first manner of Morris when he strove "to copy Gabriel as much as possible," and they least of all touch the "Life and Death of Jason" which the critic characterizes as "simple, certain, sweet," and pre-destined to popularity. Later, her justice and scholarship are shown in her collation of important opinions regarding the Morris translations of Virgil and Homer, which certain noted men of letters have unsparingly ridiculed for their clumsiness and affectations.

The chapter in the new study treating the history of the firm of Morris and Company is of course drawn from the writings of Mackail and Aymer Vallance, and suffers the disadvantage of being secondary work. But even here sympathy with the subject and critical acumen have produced passages which deserve to be widely known and to be taken to the heart. Among such passages the strongest describes Morris, who "conforming to the truest of principles, raised his work by getting under it. Nothing was too laborious or too lowly for him. Pride of position was unknown to him in any sense that would prevent him from indulging in manual labor. His real pride lay in making something which he considered beautiful take the place of something ugly in the world. If it were a fabric to be made lovely with long disused or unfamiliar dyes, his hands were in the vat. If tapestry were to be woven, he was at the loom by dawn. In his workman's blouse, steeped in indigo, and with his hair outstanding wildly, he was in the habit of presenting himself cheerfully at the houses of his friends, relying on his native dignity to save appearances, but entirely happy in his rôle of workman, though frankly desirous that the business should prosper. 'I have not time on my hands,' he said, 'to be ruined and get really poor.' "

The criticism regarding the disadvantage of secondary work may be extended to the chapter upon the socialism of Morris, but as the topic is, in some sense, a gloomy one,—since Morris consumed in the great cause a large amount of time and of unproductive thought —the information once gained, concerning the socialistic writings, speeches and efforts of the whole-souled philanthropist and patriot remains too vivid in the mind of a reader to need renewal or addition.

Among the later chapters of the study one is prominent for its practical quality, giving a clear, concise idea of the establishment, work and standing of the Kelmscott Press, with explanations of technicalities fitted to the popular misunderstanding. Were it to be printed alone, it might serve as a welcome manual for incipient bibliophiles who could gain much from its simple, direct teaching. Interesting facts gained from the book-market here find a legitimate place and are stated in passages such as the following:

"Whether the Kelmscott books will increase or decrease in money value, as time goes on, is a question that stirs interest in book-buying circles. They have already had their rise and ebb to a certain extent, and the prices brought by the copies owned by Mr. Ellis at the sale of his library, after his death, indicate that a steady level of interest has been reached among collectors, for the time being at least; only five of the copies printed on paper exceeding prices previously paid for them. The presentation copy on vellum of the great *Chaucer* brought five hundred and ten pounds, certainly a remarkable sum for a modern book, under any conditions, and nearly a hundred pounds more than the highest price which Morris himself, up to the summer of 1894, had ever paid even for a fourteenth-century book. The paper copy of the *Chaucer* sold at one hundred and twelve pounds, and a paper copy in ordinary binding sold in America in 1902 for $650, while a paper copy in the special pigskin binding brought $950 the same year. The issue price for the four hundred and twenty-five paper copies was twenty pounds apiece, and for the eight copies on vellum offered for sale out of the thirteen printed, a hundred and twenty guineas apiece." And thus it would be possible to quote *ad infinitum* from this admirable study of "William Morris, poet, craftsman and socialist, with profit to each class of the admirers of the great Englishman; who was plainly, as the study portrays him, one of the great figures of the nineteenth century; whose accomplishments, great as they were, stand secondary to the influence toward beauty which he exerted in all the lesser arts of life," and which is still more powerful to-day than it was during his actual existence.



An Interior, by Mr. Dietrich

An Interior

E. G. W. DIETRICH

THE February issue of The Craftsman contained an elevation and plan of a suburban house designed by Mr. E. G. W. Dietrich, and illustrating an article by the same architect entitled: "The Cottage Quality." The issue for that month was largely devoted to descriptions and illustrations of country houses, and space was insufficient for the matter offered. This fact occasioned the regrettable omission of Mr. Dietrich's interior, which is now given in compliance with requests received from numerous sections of the country.

The interior here shown will bear the test of good architecture and of sound decoration. The constructive features are plainly visible without being obtrusive. There is no applied ornament; everything intended for the pleasure of the eye being an integral part of the structure: such as the spacing of roof-timbers, the adjustment of the arched openings of the stairways, the splay of the casements, the glazing of the windows and doors.

By the employment of such legitimate means of producing the beautiful, the necessity for portable works of art becomes reduced to the minimum, with the resulting gain of free space, which in itself is an ally of the decorator.

The practice of the principles involved in this design will produce sanitary, habitable, and delightful interiors in which it will become a pleasure to work out the problems of daily existence. Such were the surroundings advocated by William Morris when he wrote the sentence: "Have nothing in your houses which you do not know to be useful, or believe to be ornamentable:" a text from which he preached throughout his active life his eloquent sermons upon the beauty born of simplicity.

The movement begun four decades since, has advanced far beyond the conception of its projectors. To-day, Morris is honored for his impulses, rather than for his accomplishments. But the spirit which animated the group, being transferred to America, is creating a building art which shall satisfy the needs, physical and aesthetic, of the people, and shall eventually substitute the luxury of taste for the luxury of costliness.

Critical Correspondence

THE receipt of much correspondence similar to the subjoined letter has decided the Editors of The Craftsman to print, as occasion may demand, criticisms upon questions which may be summed up in the happy expression of William Morris: "Hopes and Fears for Art."

All friends of The Craftsman are invited to participate in these discussions. Their communications will be carefully considered, and when of sufficient interest, they will be published in this department.

THE BEACONSFIELD
Brookline, Boston, Mass.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE CRAFTSMAN,"
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

During the last two or three years, I have had the privilege of seeing something of the "Art Nouveau," also, of the Austrian Secession movement and of the modern Dutch, German, Norwegian, and English art work, the furniture, fabrics, jewelry, etc., of Messrs. Liberty & Co., London, and of others; (nearly all as yet tainted to some extent with "mannerism" rather than pure spontaneity, perhaps). I am glad to see that the movement has taken such hold here; but, since my arrival, a few months ago, I cannot help noticing with some surprise the elephantine proportions, exaggerated crudity and rectangularity, the ponderous and frigid austerity, the almost aggressive plainness, not to say ugliness, in fact, of some of the arti-craftural furniture of which I have seen pictures, so different from the lightness and grace one always associates with American productions.

Granted that simplicity is a condition of mind, rather than any specific outward manifestation, true simplicity cannot be necessarily divorced from grace and beauty of form, such as one finds in the old Elizabethan and Jacobean periods, and later in the classic and beautiful forms of Sheraton, Chippendale and Adams, compared with which the square ponderosity of some of the designs I speak of suggest that a railroad-wreck-equipment, a crane, would be needed for the spring cleaning of a house furnished in that style; unless perchance it might prove easier to move the house than the furniture. These signs of the times cannot imply a reversion to log houses, saw-horse furniture, and homespun.

I speak with much diffidence, not being an artist (and only so much of a craftsman as is required in a locomotive building establishment, where neither art nor grace cut much figure), but it seems to me that an otherwise admirable movement may run some risk of being misunderstood and perhaps burlesqued through being confounded with a wholly unnecessary severity or sheer ugliness: a consummation, I think, devoutly to be deplored. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and we need all the joy there is.

Yours sincerely,

I. G. RAINSBOTTOM.

MARCH 10, 1903.

THE CRAFTSMAN
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Editorial Rooms

MR. I. G. RAINSBOTTOM, THE BEACONSFIELD,
BOSTON, MASS.

My Dear Sir:

I am indebted to you for your thoughtful letter, as one of the many expressions of interest which encourage me in the work which I have chosen. I shall value your opinions as coming from one fitted above the ordinary man to judge the value of modern tendencies in the decorative arts and handicrafts.

Your strictures have in them an element of truth. But in justification of what you characterize as the "aggressively plain, elephantine style" there is, also, much to be said. All revolutions, political, social and aesthetic, are violent. Reformatory measures to be lasting, must be strong, even extreme.

In reverting to the primitive ideas of articles of household furniture we find simple and even crude lines. These, in accordance with sound, artistic principles, we have preserved; since in architecture—the first of the building arts—the constructive features must be plainly visible and declare the purpose and use of the work. Furthermore, ornament must not be *applied*. It must result from such modifications of the structural features as do not impair their validity. Applied ornament is a parasite and never fails to absorb the strength of the organism upon which it feeds; as is witnessed by the history of the *Decorated Gothic* in both France and England, which succumbed beneath the luxuriance of floriated design.

It is true that our severe and simple style now errs upon the side of crudeness. But it suggests vital force and progress. It is yet in its formative period, and, in time, its asperities will be softened. Still, all modifications should proceed slowly and a middle course is always the safest.

Thanking you again for your letter, and assuring you of my willingness to continue our friendly argument, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
GUSTAV STICKLEY.

MARCH 12, 1903.

Art Notes

THE opening of the 18th Annual Exhibition of the Architectural League, held at the Fine Arts Building on February 14th, presents no particularly striking features. There is the same kind of thing we are accustomed to see, only this year it is not so good of its kind.

The work which is being done in architecture and decoration all about us is not represented here as it should be. This is due partly to the difficulty an architect or designer finds in getting his designs from the firm he has drawn them for. It is much to be deplored both for the craftsman and the student and lover of the allied arts.

There is much that is interesting, how-

ever, in spite of this deficiency, for, for the first time, one of the municipal departments considers its work of sufficient value to exhibit it to the public.

Among the works of most interest and merit, we may mention first the great plaster model by Lorado Taft: "The Solitude of the Soul," a group of four figures around the base of a pedestal done with great expression and poetry. The charcoal studies of Edwin Blashfield, done for the decoration of a music room, are superb in drawing and the dancing figures have delightful rhythmic swing; photographs are shown by Mr. Blashfield also of his decorations for the Courthouse in Baltimore, Maryland.

A group of decorations which should attract the craftsman are three "Allegories of Industry"—No. 1, "Dusk," No. 2, "Earth yields her Treasures" (the mines), No. 3, "Pittsburgh," all cleverly done; the modern industrial motive being used in a very decorative way. The one of Pittsburgh is too awful in its theme, but we suppose necessary as typical of labor; the great half nude bodies of the workers in metal are too superb to be wasted in this never elevating labor.

A "First Sketch" for Otis: State House, Boston, by Robert Reid, is fascinating in its treatment of light and shade, and the judges in their white wigs and red robes, lighted from a point below them somewhere, makes flickering and sometimes weird shadows.

A strong costume study by Taber Sears: "Boy with Falcon," is worthy of special notice, and, in the same room, are shown ceiling decorations by William Mackay, and drawings in color by Sidney K. Hartmann, very French in treatment. In the central gallery are several plaster and wax models, one of especial interest, "Orpheus," by Isadore Konti, and two other well-balanced, well-modeled figures by A. Ciani, and a magnificent head of a buffalo by A. P. Proctor.

In one of the other rooms are shown other pieces of sculpture and some garden pots of interesting design by Miss Lucie Perkins.

A new name in this exhibition is that of Miss Josephine Pitkin, who shows extremely clever and well thought out drawings in flat tones, of animals and birds, her pelicans being most expressively treated and her studies of white cockatoos most characteristic and very decorative. There are, as usual, a great number of indifferent book covers, and book plates, a few pieces of wood carving, and one room entirely devoted to tooled leather, brass candelabra, and an exhibit of the Rookwood Potteries, including two mantels of faïence, and two beautiful panels, one of fish and one, a flight of wild geese.

The designs for gardens shown by C. O. Leavitt, Jr., are charming, recalling old Italian gardens; other designs for gardens are shown, also; many of them very interesting. Especial interest circles about the collection of drawings by George B. Post, drawing and color excellent: a fact rather unusual in an architect's work. The same may be said

about the "Main entrance to Fine Arts Building, for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition," drawn by Cass Gilbert.

The plans of the New York Fine Arts Federation are made public, and the Federation expects to have a large building in the center of the city to provide a social centre for local patrons of the arts. A sum has been offered to start the enterprise, by one of its wealthy citizens, whose name is, for the present, withheld. The city is expected to give the site and it is hoped that New York will not fall behind her sister cities of Europe in public-spirited support of such a measure. The new gallery is not to be for permanent exhibition, as the Metropolitan is, but rather a place to exhibit contemporary work, sculpture, painting, mural decorations, stained glass, and products of the allied arts, and to be a common centre for those interested in the fine arts.

There have been, during the past two weeks, three important collections of Chinese and Japanese carvings, embroideries and tapestries sold at auction. Such a chance is not often given to see so much of the really fine old art of Japan. It has been of extreme interest to all lovers of the art of these two wonderful peoples to note the similarity and dissimilarity of these two.

The Japanese, in the year 540 A. D., we may say, had no art. Therefore, when the religion of Buddha brought into their temples the Chinese art in full, it took a good many years for the Japanese to acquire a distinct art of their own. This they have done with more or less improvement on the Chinese art, but in these exhibitions of early temple hangings, robes, and carvings, we find very little variation from the Chinese. What we call Japanese art has been shown in a collection of Japanese prints at Taft and Belknap's.

At Doubleday & Page's show-rooms, on Fifth avenue, are some original illustrations by Orson Lowell, done with much delicacy, and at the Fifth Avenue book shop are drawings by Louis Rhead, illustrating Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," Bunyan's "Mr. Badman," and Daniel Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe;" they are all done in imitation of the seventeenth century wood cuts and are not much of an improvement.

Some of the water colors Mr. Rhead shows prove him to be a beautiful colorist.

LOUISE C. CHARD.

Arrangements are now completed for the Arts and Crafts Exhibition to open in The Craftsman Building, Syracuse, on the evening of Monday, March 23. The large and fine structure in which are situated the offices of the Magazine, has been carefully decorated for the occasion. The United Crafts Hall, situated upon the ground floor and with a seating capacity of several hundred, will be the place of the evening entertainments, of which several are announced. The Hall, since its opening on December 1st, last, with a lecture in French, by M. Germain Martin, *conférencier* of the *Alliance Française,*

has rapidly grown in local favor, by reason of its adaptability and its picturesqueness. Its effect is roomy and inviting: an effect in part due to a grave harmony of color and to the low ceiling which apparently increases the area. The ceiling shows open timbers and is supported by squared pillars of fine-fibred brown oak in natural finish. These pillars are clasped at three-fourths their height by wrought iron bands from which spring brackets carrying electric lanterns. At one end of the hall rises a low stage, elevated two steps above the floor, and again, at the back of the stage, appears a tall chimney-piece with a deeply-overhanging hood. On either side is a window glazed with small diamond-shaped panes, the central one of which bears the device of the United Crafts: a joiner's compass accompanied by the legend in Dutch, *Als ik kan* (If I can). The windows are provided with cushioned seats and the stage is further furnished with movable settles, tables bearing lamps in Grueby faïence, and a fine grand piano. The side walls of the auditorium are wainscoted in wood finished like the pillars, and are hung with burlaps of a soft, deep green, which forms an admirable background for sketches and photographs, large collections of which are lent for long periods to the United Crafts by the Scribner and Century Companies. The wall opposite the stage is pierced by a series of windows, also with cushioned seats, and the floor-space is occupied, not crowded, by the simple, hospitable settles and chairs made in the workshops of the organization.

The first function of the Exhibition to occur in the Hall will be the formal opening and private view, when short addresses will be made upon the Arts and Crafts Movement, its history and its significance to the people of our country as a means of dignifying their homes and of adding pleasure and beauty to their lives.

On the following evening (Tuesday, March 24), a second occasion of interest will be the meeting of the Fortnightly Club of Syracuse, a literary and social body, whose members will be entertained by Mr. Gustav Stickley, the founder and director of the United Crafts. For this occasion a short but very choice musical programme has been provided, to be given by several promising students of the College of Fine Arts, Syracuse University, and an address will be given by Miss Irene Sargent. At the conclusion of the programme, the guests will visit the various departments of the exhibition, which occupy large suites of rooms upon three floors of the building. It is expected that other and more informal entertainments will be offered during the fortnight of the exhibition, and to further the profit and pleasure of these several authoritative speakers, teachers and craftsmen have kindly offered their coöperation. Among such are Mr. Henry Turner Bailey, director of industrial art in the public schools of Massachusetts, and Mr. Theodore Hanford Pond of the Mechanics' Institute, Rochester, New York.

Much enthusiasm, both local and distant, has been created by the coming Arts and Crafts Exhibition, and much good to the community as well as to the country at large must result from the long and generous work of the projectors of the scheme. A revival of art, the handicrafts and the finer industries follows an important exhibition as surely as harvest follows seed-time This fact being recognized in its relations to the economic interests of our people, ought not sectional enterprises to multiply and extend the benefits of invention, skill of hand, and beauty, beyond our great centers of population and culture?

Book Reviews

IT were carrying coals to Newcastle to say that on opening "THE MEANING OF PICTURES," by John C. Van Dyke, one feels the power of a master critic and of a fine stylist. And yet the truth must be repeated, for the sensation is so rapid and forceful. The work done by this writer is distinguished by an independence which shows the self-made critic, rather than one who is the product of schools, one who has been taught to admire and to despise by time-honored rules. Every page of Mr. Van Dyke's studies upon art is stamped with the fearlessness of statement which is acquired by accurate knowledge. He uses no conventional expression, he flaunts no trickery of phrase by which to hide poverty of ideas, after the manner of so many of his *confrères,* European as well as American. In reading his criticisms one feels the offering of something worth the writing and worthy to be treasured in the memory. There can be no doubt of his ability or his honesty. And this confidence is almost sufficient in itself to ensure complete acceptance of his opinions, in these days when every false prophet is raising his banner in the cause of so-called art and striving to call about him adherents and combatants. Indeed, one stricture only can be made against Mr. Van Dyke, and that is the rigid system to which he fits his facts. He resembles in this quality the eminent Frenchman Taine, who was the victim of his own logic. Of him it is said that before actually writing his studies upon art and history, he not only planned each division and chapter, but that he fitted to its place every paragraph, just as a mathematician marks each step in his process or theorem. The same strictness of method is apparent, and, on rare occasions, aggressive in Mr. Van Dyke's studies: causing the reader unwillingly to recall in the presence of so much that is admirable, the old fable of Procrustes, who fitted his guests to his bed by lopping off or stretching their limbs, according as these were too long or too short. But to criticise work of this quality is to appear ill-natured. It is best to praise and to enjoy without restriction.

Throughout the book, "The Meaning of Pictures," occur passages quite as inter-

esting for their suggestiveness as for their direct statements. Of such the following offers an example: "Perhaps Ingres's rigid outline contains less truth—less important truths than Monet's color patch. Why? Because the figure in full light really has no rim about it. It looks more like a patch of color relieved against other colors. The rim or outline is childish, primitive, and originally came, not from a direct study of the model, but from studying the model's shadow or silhouette. People of childish intelligence, like the Egyptian fellaheen, for instance, understand it very readily, because of its simplicity and its arbitrary utterance; but the more complex sign that deals with sunshine rather than with the flattened shadow contains the greater truth."

The suggestion here made is touched upon several times during the course of the passage. Monet's "color patch" is a manner of "seeing" peculiar to the individual living in a delicately tinted, and more or less clouded atmosphere, like that of northern France and the Low Countries. The manner of "seeing" is dependent upon climatic conditions. The inhabitant of a region in which the atmosphere is suffused with light, sees objects projected upon the luminous background with a loss of local color. For this reason, Nature, in tropical countries, gives to the birds, insects and flowers more intense hues than in the temperate zones, so that they may still be "patches of color." And the fellaheen, noted by Mr. Van Dyke as "studying the model's shadow or silhouette," see similarly to the great Italian draughtsmen of the Renascence and their disciple Ingres, who drew their figures with rigid outline as they saw them against the brilliant sky of Italy; never modeling the faces of their subjects in planes like the Dutch painters; never spotting their canvases with the color patch in the way so dear to the French impressionists.

Throughout the length of the book, only one slight and probably wholly unintentional injustice is apparent. But as this involves the memory of the Swiss-Italian Morelli, to whom scientific art criticism owes so large a debt, it may be well to indicate it.

Mr. Van Dyke says: "If you are acquainted with pictures, you can enter a gallery in which you have never been before, and, standing in the middle of the room, you can pick out at a distance the Corots, the Diazes, the Monets, the Millets, the Delacroixs—yes, the Rubenses, the Van Dycks, the Holbeins, and the Titians . . . You are very likely to be right in your ascriptions. Why? Because you know the artistic individualities of each one of these painters. . . . And this quite *aside from any Morellian theory of tools or methods, or models.* Does the work reflect the spirit of Raphael? Is the impress of his individuality to be felt in the canvas? If it is genuine, yes, if by a follower, no. The sugary little 'Reading Magdalene' in the Dresden Gallery, so long attributed to Correggio, gives not the slightest hint of that great painter's individuality; the

alleged portrait of Raphael by himself in the Louvre shows all the blundering stupidity of Bacchiacca."

Alas for the individuality of the artists of the two well-known pictures to which allusion is made by Mr. Van Dyke! It lay hidden, in both cases, until Morelli with his "theory of tools, methods, or models," himself proved that the "sugary little penitent" was a Flemish copy of the Italian master, and that an inferior hand had limned the face long supposed to be that of "the divine painter."

In certain phases of criticism, Mr. Van Dyck exercises his functions in the broadest and soundest way. This is especially true when he writes of the Barbizon school, and of Millet in particular, whom he characterizes as a painter and a peasant, rather than as an agitator and a discontent, as sometimes latterly he is made to appear. It is but just to say that the hour of pleasure afforded by "The Meaning of Pictures" culminates in the moment devoted to the page descriptive of laboring types:

"These gleaners in the fields as they bend forward to gather the stray stalks, how fine they are in their great simple outlines, how substantial in body, how excellent in motion! And see how they harmonize with the coloring of the stubble and fit into their atmospheric place, so that they are of a piece with the foreground, background, and sky—cemented, blended into one, by the warm haze of a July afternoon! Is then this flat space of stubble under the burning summer sun, this bare, treeless field 'La belle France,' which every Frenchman and many a foreigner raves about? Yes; only doubly intensified. This is the substance and the solidity of France—the yielding, arable soil that makes the wealth of France. And this sower moving silently in the shadow of the hill, moving with such rhythmic motion, tired and worn, yet swinging and sowing—the sun gone down and twilight upon him, yet still without a murmur, without a falter, swinging and sowing the grain—is this the brave Frenchman whose kith and kin fought at Waterloo? Yes; only doubly intensified. He is the brawn and muscle of France—the original producer, the planter and the sustainer of the race. And the land he has broken and made so productive, the soil that he sprang from and is so intimately associated with, has it not a character of landscape peculiarly its own and again pictorially beautifully." [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼x7½ inches. 161 pages. 31 illustrations. $1.25 net.

"Swords and Ploughshares," by Ernest Crosby. This book, as its publishers announce, is "a collection of poems and word pictures by the leading disciple of Tolstoi in America." Therefore, it could not be expected to breathe the peaceful, pastoral spirit of either the Hebrew prophecy or the Latin idyl from which the rhetorical figure connoted in its title is derived. Mr. Crosby's thought, as here expressed, is revolutionary, depressing, and at times grewsome. In his dismal view of civilization he is a

twentieth century Rousseau. In expression he recalls Walt Whitman, although he is neither copyist nor imitator. A trenchant sarcasm runs through the division of the book named "The Military Creed," appearing most plainly in "Cuba Libre," which although sometimes verging upon doggerel, is still a powerful bit of writing. But "The Anglo-American Alliance," "Rapid Transit," and other pieces which might be mentioned, provoke the reader to exclaim: "O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" "The Collection" is so realistic and full of horror that it parallels the most awful of Verestchagin's pictures; while "The Machines" is a companion study to Zola's "Germinal." But Mr. Crosby has a kinder, nobler mood when he turns "Godward" and Natureward. Then, a touch of Robert Browning appears in his thought; he studies types of "Grand Old Men," he talks to the oak and the ox, and utters such hopeful, inspiring words as these: "Dear Nature, I have well observed your friendliness to the stranger, and, knowing you as I do, how can I fear the voyage which you will call upon me to make into the great Unknown?" [Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5½x8 inches. 128 pages. $1.

"Twentieth Century Cover Designs" is the first book to treat of American book covers and special bindings in an exhaustive and comprehensive manner. It is divided into two sections: the first containing a series of essays by successful designers and binders; the second, composed of fac-similes of book and brochure covers, many of which are reproduced in color. The essays are of practical value to craftsmen in any way connected with the making of books, and should create a widely spread interest. The subjects treated are: "The use of colors on covers;" "The cover in advertising;" "Book covers and cover designing;" "Pyrography as a fine art;" "Concerning cover papers;" "The cover page;" "Book-lovers' bindings;" "The art of cover designing;" and "Viennese inlaying." Among these short treatises three deserve special mention. The first of these is upon "The use of color on covers," by Frederick Sheldon, who advises the artist-printer "to spend much time with nature; thus learning how to blend colors and to contrast tones." The second, written under the title of "Book-lovers bindings," by J. Samuel Hodge, is an epitome of history, clearly and briefly stated, ending with this appreciation of a great craftsman: "It would seem invidious to draw comparisons between the binders of the present day, but there is one above all who, by his own work, has aroused such a spirit of emulation, and brought about such a revolution in decorative design, that we may be forgiven in anticipating history to give deserved praise to Cobden-Sanderson. To him may be ascribed the renewed interest now felt among women, a few of whom are doing work that reflects great credit upon themselves." Mr. Hodge, while acknowledging the beauty and durability of the old

continental bindings, inclines to the belief that, to-day, his craft is in its golden age: a belief which must be shared by all those who visit historic collections of books with the view of comparing them with modern productions of their kind. A scientific interest centers in the paper by George French upon "The art of cover designing," which should be obtained and studied by those whose occupations ally them to the subject here treated. The paper is at once thoughtful and practical, presenting, at the same time, high artistic ideals and the means of financial success. It is among the best things of a book which will certainly do much for the promotion of an art-craft now in most active revival. [Briggs Brothers, Plymouth, Mass. Uncut edges. Profusely illustrated. 19x12 inches. Price $5.00.

"Americans in Process" is a collection of vitally interesting studies upon economic and sociological questions. These studies deal according to scientific methods and accurate knowledge with the life of the poorer quarters of Boston. The aims of the various students and philanthropists who have devoted themselves to these long and fatiguing researches are thus set forth in the preface to the book, which is not the first of its series:

"The purpose of this volume, as of its predecessor ("The City Wilderness") is to contribute toward building up a contemporary conception of the city, as the groundwork of a type of municipal and social improvement which shall be accurate in its adaptation to detailed facts, and statesmanlike in its grasp of large forces and total situations. It seems to the writers that such a conception may best be gained by the analysis of affairs in one after another of the congested districts of the city, presenting those districts in their measure of separateness and individuality as against the remainder of the city, while showing, not in the language of exhortation, but in terms of ascertained reality, the complex connections which bring those districts and the other sections of the city into a living ensemble."

It would seem that these few words sum up all that is best in the ancient, mediaeval and modern conception of the city. The passage is worthy of Frederic Harrison, whose historical studies in the field of social and civic organzation have created interest and produced good results wherever the English language is spoken. The preface does not promise more than the body of the book fulfils. The studies, although each one is filled with local allusions not to be understood save by those having an intimate sectional knowledge of Boston, have, all of them, a popular interest which is greater in those named: "The Invading Host," "Traffic in Citizensip," "Two Ancient Faiths," "The Child of the Stranger," and "Assimilation: A Two-Edged Sword."

The first of the chapters noted: "The Invading Host," deals with the Irish, Jews and Italians, who have established

colonies in the North and West Ends of the city: showing the effect upon these districts of their successive invasions and giving details of their moral, intellectual and financial condition; accounting also for their assimilation with the native element, or for their isolation from it. This essay is accompanied by an ingenious colored map, illustrating the predominant race factors in the districts discussed.

Perhaps the most valuable section of the book is the chapter upon "Traffic in Citizenship," which is at once scholarly and simple. It is a grim commentary upon our electoral system.

"Two Ancient Faiths" and "The Child of the Stranger," are, in parts, picturesque and pathetic enough to be extracts from Heine and Zangwill.

"Assimilation: a Two-edged Sword" by the editor of the book, who is also the writer of "Traffic in Citizenship," is a study which should command the attention of every thoughtful inhabitant of an American city; since racial problems throughout our country are practically the same. In treating of the foreign population of Boston, Mr. Woods says: "The waste of ability and genius is coming to be recognized as a dangerous form of public profligacy. The productive capacity of a nation or a city is the fundamental source of its wealth."

"In England and France it is now publicly recognized as essential to the general advancement in wealth and welfare that the education of specially capable boys and girls should not be hindered by such an adventitious circumstance as the poverty or ignorance of the parents."

To read this essay is to be enlightened and convinced. Would it not be a wise and practical investment of public funds to promote, under such scientific directorship as that of Mr. Woods and his associates, the education and moralization of our foreign element to the end that the government founded by our fathers may be lasting, sound and beneficent? [Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 5¼x7½ inches. $1.50 net. 383 pages.

Reserved for Criticism:

The Citizen in his Relation to the Industrial Situation. Bishop Potter. [Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Leaven in a Great City. Lilian W. Betts. [Dodd, Mead & Co.

Nature Study and Life. Clifton F. Hodge. [Ginn & Co., Boston.

Mutual Aid a Factor of Revolution. Prince Pierre Kropotkin. [McClure, Phillips & Co.

Book Plates of To-day. Wilbur Macey Stone. [Tonnelé & Co.

Birth of Berea College. John A. R. Rogers. [Henry T. Coates & Co.

The Gentle Art of Making Happy. G. H. Morrison. [Fleming H. Revell Co.

Delight the Soul of Art. Arthur Jerome Eddy. [J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Star Dreamer. F. & E. Castle. [F. A. Stokes Co.