

# THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
RECENT SUBURBAN ARCHITECTURE IN PHILADELPHIA AND VICINITY—ILLUSTRATED . . .	167
PROF. THOMAS NOLAN	
THE NEW HARVARD CLUB-HOUSE—ILLUSTRATED . . .	195
HERBERT CROLY	
A REVIEW OF MR. RUSSELL STURGIS'S LAST BOOK . . .	199
JOHN LA FARGE	
OUR ARCHITECTURAL ANARCHY—ILLUSTRATED . . .	207
CRITICASTER	
PAUL REVERE'S OLD NORTH CHURCH . . .	215
WILLARD FRENCH	
BUILDING THE NEW CAMPANILE . . .	223
A. S. ATKINSON	
NOTES AND COMMENTS . . .	227
<small>The Education of a Colonial Carpenter—The Wanamaker Store in Philadelphia—Japanese Art and Architecture—Cram's Japanese Architecture—Isham's History of American Painting—The Metropolitan Museum—Municipal Progress Since 1880—A Proposed Classical Exposition—Ecton Church Controversy—Civic Art Reports.</small>	

C. W. SWEET, Publisher      R. W. REINHOLD, Business Mgr.  
 H. W. DESMOND, Editor      H. D. CROLY, Associate Editor

Subscription (Yearly), \$3.00      Published Monthly

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THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD CO.  
NEW YORK

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FIG. 1. HOUSE OF MRS. WALTER COPE.

Germantown, Pa.

Cope & Stewardson, Architects.

# The Architectural Record

VOL. XIX.

MARCH, 1906.

No. 3.

## Recent Suburban Architecture in Philadelphia and Vicinity

The suburbs of Philadelphia, and much of the country in the adjoining counties, have been often compared in their general character and appearance to the English counties in the southwest,

square miles of square corners, with the absence of diagonal avenues and the lack of opportunities or possibilities of picturesque vistas; with the want of curving roads and of hills of any kind, sug-



FIG. 2. HOUSE OF MRS. WALTER COPE.

Germantown, Pa.

Cope & Stewardson, Architects.

especially Devonshire and parts of Somerset. The city itself, at least in its older central portions, is generally flat; and, the plan of the streets, with the

gests anything but the charming, rolling stretches of land that surprise the traveler after a very few minutes' ride in any direction from the city hall.

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Entered May 22, 1902, as second-class matter, Post Office at New York, N. Y., Act of Congress of March 3d, 1879.



FIG. 2. THE HOUSE OF MR. JOHN H. PACKARD, JR.

Cope & Stewardson, Architects.

Haverford, Pa.

Some of the immediate suburbs make one think of quiet old English towns. There is scarcely a trace of the American "newness" about them; and there are lanes that wind about and lead over and beyond, lined with vine-covered walls and shaded by fine old trees. Further out still is the rolling country, hills and wooded crests, hedges and fields and meadows, with the brook at

fitting as a background and setting for American home life, that some of the very best examples of domestic architecture are to be found, just as in the business part of the city of Philadelphia itself are to be seen some of the best examples of urban work recently executed. And this, in and about a city, upon which were perpetrated, during that period between the time of the dig-



FIG. 3. LIVING ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF MR. J. WILMER BIDDLE.

Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Cope & Stewardson, Architects.

the lower end by the willows, and with the occasional and isolated oak tree half-way down.

There is something, too, about the very atmosphere of these places that at least suggests some phases of English rural home life, and it is admittedly more distinctly obvious here than in the suburbs and neighboring country of New York or Boston or any of the larger American cities. It is here, amid these happy surroundings, so appropriate and

nified and inoffensive "red-brick-and-white-marble" work, and the beginning of the present good designs, some of the most distressing structures imaginable.

It is only within the last thirty or forty years that the architecture of the United States has entered upon an independent course of development, and even this development has not yet produced what may be called a distinctive and real style. But there may be seen, as in the examples considered in this article, the

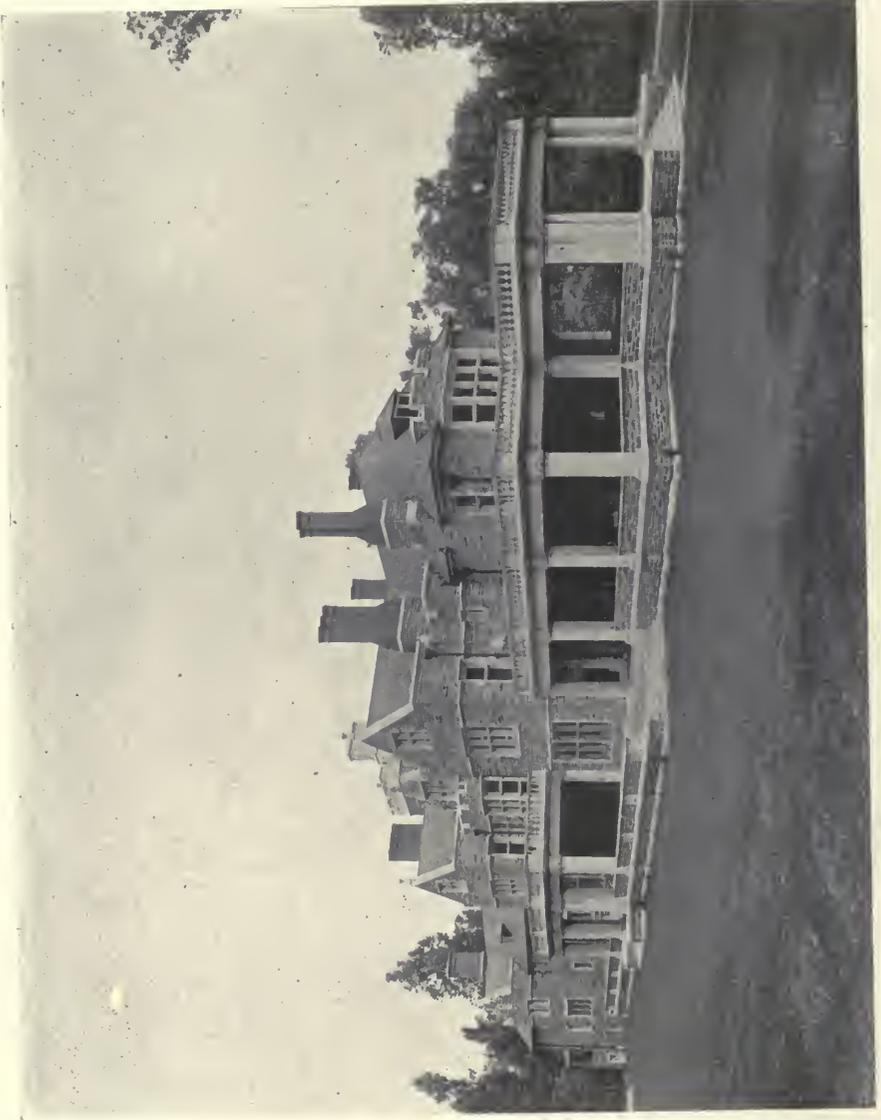


FIG. 4. THE RESIDENCE OF MR. FRANCIS L. POTTS.  
Cope & Stewardson, Architects.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.



FIGS. 5 AND 6. HOUSE OF J. WILMER BIDDLE.

Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Cope & Stewardson, Architects.



FIG. 7. HOUSE OF MR. FRANCIS I. GOWEN.  
Chestnut Hill, Pa.  
Cope & Stewardson, Architects.

employment of some new constructive methods, the beginnings of new types, and what has been well described as "a distinctive American treatment of the composition and masses, with the decorative details for the most part still derived from historic precedents." Just as it is in our commercial buildings in the cities, that we have developed wholly new types in one class of edifices, so it is in the field of domestic architecture, and particularly in rural and suburban architecture, that we meet with the most characteristic and original phases of American work; and an examination of the following examples, taken from the designs of recent Philadelphia homes, and by Philadelphia architects, will illustrate many of these interesting phases.

Included in the list of some of the more recent suburban dwellings designed by Cope & Stewardson are the excellent examples of successful domestic American architecture shown in Figures 1 to 8.

The residence of Mrs. Walter Cope, on East Johnson Street, Germantown, is built of a brownish gray stone. The front towards the street has the small entrance porch, with the seats at the sides, while the "living porch" is on the rear façade, and faces an attractive garden sunk to the depth of a small terrace. There is here, as indeed there is in many

of the other examples shown, the breadth and width and comfort, the protection of the far overhanging eaves, the single step from out of doors to the hospitality awaiting one within; while over and around all, and remaining with the artist's touch, is the memory and spirit of one who did so much for American architecture.

Designed with the same general feeling and effect, and standing on well-wooded grounds among some fine old trees at Haverford is the residence of Mr. John H. Packard, Jr. Here the material used is a rich dark red brick, laid with "the joint that is wide, and the bond that is Flemish," and called upon to do duty so effectively in bond-course and water-table, window-cap and quoin. Here, in the first story, as in the Cope house, are those solid outside window shutters so common in Eastern Pennsylvania, with the "plank front" frame, the narrow reveal, and the new moon cut in the middle panel.

The rest of the illustrations of Cope & Stewardson's work represent another division in the classification of suburban



FIG. 8. HOUSE OF MR. J. WILMER BIDDLE.  
Chestnut Hill, Pa.  
Cope & Stewardson, Architects.

domestic architecture. These houses are large and more elaborate in plan, more costly, less compact, and include the country villas, in the modern American sense of the term "villa." They suggest the "ancestral style" in England, adapted to new conditions and developed in a new environment.

The residence of Mr. Francis L. Potts, a photograph of which is shown in Figure 4, stands at the highest point of a large and thickly wooded property. The trees have been cut out on different sides, and there are vistas through the woods, but the "formal gardens," which are to come, are not yet laid

and Mr. J. Wilmer Biddle. The former is in a curious situation, seeming to be on very low ground to one approaching. But upon coming nearer, it is found that it overlooks a beautiful valley, part of the hill behind the house screening it from the road. In its coloring it is the gray of the stone in the bordering frames of the white-painted wood. In plan it is a long house, relatively to its width—accidentally and interestingly long—for it has been added to at different times, and was not conceived at first and at once as it appears in its present design.

The grounds of Mr. Biddle's residence overlook the Wissahickon Valley, and the house is planned to have a terraced garden covering the slope on the southwest side. In this house, in contrast with the Potts and Gowen houses, the color scheme is red, not only in the body with the brick, but also in the stone at the windows, doors, gable coping and elsewhere.

The residence of Mr. Wm. T. Wright, designed by Brockie & Hastings, and shown in Figures 10 and 12, is ideally situated on high and wooded ground equally distant from the stations of Wayne and St. Davids. On the eighty acres of the estate there was one best spot on which to build the house, and there it is built, with the windows and piazzas looking away to the east, south and west, down the wide sloping lawns, across the meadow and the brook to Mr. Chas. C. Harrison's charming "Happy Creek Farm" and the woods beyond. Foxcroft stone is used for the body of the house, and the Bowling Green limestone for the trimmings, while the chimneys are of brick against the green slate of the roof. The floors of terrace and porch are red with the quarry tiles, that red that complements so well the green of terrace and lawn. The windows are big for the air and the sunshine, and the porches are wide for the shade. Whatever may be the defects of composition or detail, if there are any which are of more than relative unimportance, and whether or not we choose to call the style "Americanized Elizabethan," the design of the house itself, or at least of the house without the piazza, belongs in



FIG. 9. CORNER OF THE LIBRARY.

House of Mr. E. C. Deardon.

Dähring, Okie & Ziegler, Architects.

out. The material used for the body of the house is a warm gray stone, laid in random rubble carried to the corners, but emphasized there, as it were, with a slightly stronger accent. For the rest of the work, including the porches, Green River limestone is used, while for the roofs the architects chose the dark red of the tile for the capping of the color scheme. The plan, in a word, is a hall in the middle from front to rear, with reception-room, music-room and library on one side, and billiard-room and dining-room on the other, with the kitchen wing beyond.

The two houses shown at Chestnut Hill designed by Cope & Stewardson are the residences of Mr. Francis I. Gowen

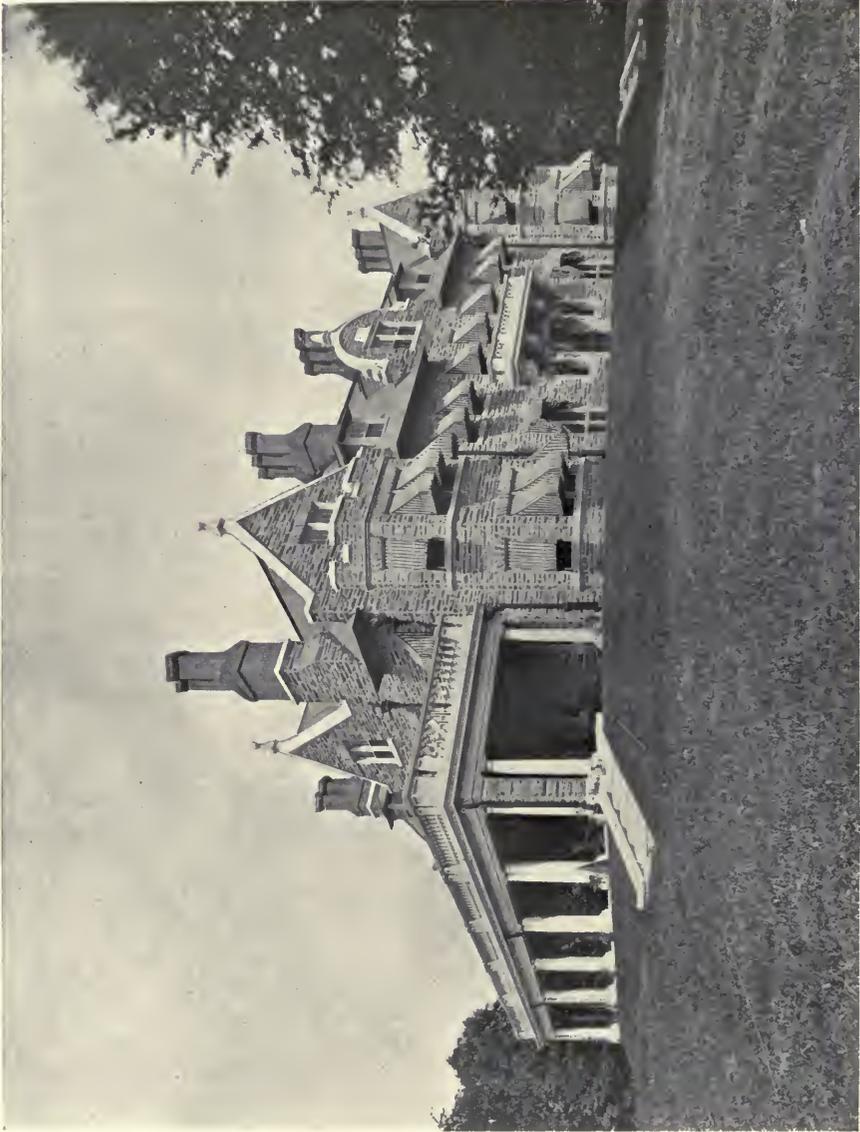


FIG. 10. THE HOUSE OF MR. WILLIAM T. WRIGHT.  
St. Davids, Pa.  
Brockie & Hastings, Architects.



Figs. 11 and 12. The upper illustration shows the entrance hall in the house of Mr. George C. Blabon, by Duhring, Okie & Ziegler, while the lower shows the hall in the house of Mr. Wm. T. Wright, by Brockie & Hastings.



Figs. 13 and 14. The upper illustration is the house of Mr. E. C. Deardon, and the lower one is that of Mr. Geo. C. Blabon. Both houses are situated at Merion, Pa., and have been designed by Duhring, Okie & Ziegler.

the list of the very interesting and successful solutions of the problem of the country villa in the United States. The detail of the piazzas, and particularly of the accompanying balustrade, is different from that of the balcony over the doorway and of the rest of the work, but undoubtedly there were good reasons for the change.

The houses shown in Figures 11, 13, 14, 15 and 16 are the work of architects,

mottled brickwork of the first story is carried up to the eaves in the kitchen wing, and to the chimney-pots in three of the chimneys; while the gray-white pebble-dash runs down to the water-table in one part of the rear façade, and to the top of the front chimney. The exterior, like all those with the change in direction of horizontal axes, suggests an interesting plan. The general effect of the composition, at least of the front façade, is



FIG. 15. HALL IN THE PATTON HOUSE.

Rosemont, Pa.

Duhring, Okie & Ziegler, Architects.

Duhring, Okie & Ziegler, those of Mr. Blabon and Mr. Deardon being on adjoining properties at Merion, and the Patton house being at Rosemont. In the residence of Mr. Geo. C. Blabon there is a combination of brick and "pebble-dash" construction, with a bit of half-timber work in two of the gables, and suggested again in the smaller gables of the porches. The

one of breadth, simplicity, a reasonable emphasis of constructive features, and the observance of a seemly reticence in the matter of constructing useless and inappropriate ornamentation. Of course it all looks brand new, as it is, having been very recently completed. It needs the trees and the shrubs, a vine and a garden, even if they do cover up or attract the attention from some part of the architec-

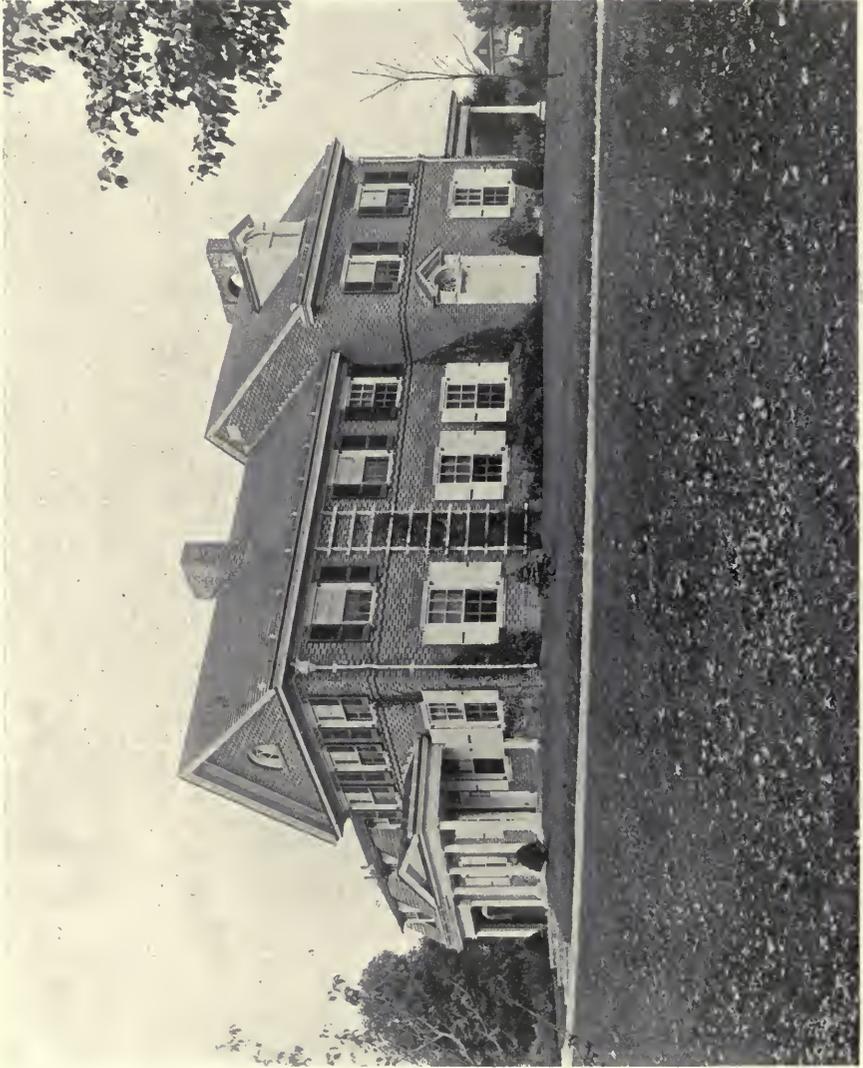


FIG. 16. THE PATTON HOUSE.  
Duhring, Okie & Ziegler, Architects.

Rosemont, Pa.

tural composition. The two photographs of the reception hall and the dining-room indicate the general character of the interior detail.

Adjoining the Blabon house is the residence of Mr. E. C. Deardon, a building whose design recalls or suggests memories of American Spanish Renaissance, as the former house undoubtedly speaks of modern English work.

there is a foreign accent, it is one of charm; if there are suggestions of the styles of other days, they are only reminiscent. It is not the purpose of the writer to attempt any classification of the designs presented in this article based upon the above. In the present state of American domestic architecture this would indeed be a difficult and invidious task. But in any examination and com-



FIG. 17. STAIR HALL IN THE McCALL HOUSE.

Germantown, Pa.

George T. Pearson, Architect.

According to their temperament, training and genius, the greater number of the architects of to-day have open to them a choice of procedures in methods of design; for some develop, in a more or less vigorous manner, purely local types; some strive for lawful adaptations of historic styles to American conditions; and some follow the commands of scholastic and academic theory. A few, to whom the gift is given, have no choice. They follow rather the instinct of the poet. If

parison of the designs of a number of architects of work which embodies the same kind of problems, it is interesting to note how often the temperament and disposition and character of the man, aside from any conventional architectural training, are impressed upon his work.

In the planning and in the composition and disposition of the masses in the Patton house at Rosemont, as in some other designs presented, the architect has not put his entire building under one and the



FIG. 18. HOUSE OF MR. J. LEVERING JONES.

Chestnut Hill, Pa.

George T. Pearson, Architect.

same roof, and there are two compositions next to each other, one facing one way, and the other the other way. But it has been said by a writer of note\* that, "it is the very artlessness of the planning, in the endeavor to meet the peculiar requirements of American domestic life—the planning which is arranged to afford the maximum of convenience rather than to conform to any traditional type—that has been the element of greatest artistic success in domestic architecture in the United States"; and that "this has resulted in exteriors which are the natural outgrowth of the interior arrangements, frankly expressed, without affectation of style." This is undoubtedly true; but perhaps it is because the designer sometimes takes this too much for granted, that the exterior composition lacks unity and does not hold together as one design, of one building, for one ménage, and under one roof.

The residence of Mr. J. Levering Jones, of which a part of the surrounding lawns and the stable are shown in the photograph, Figure 18, was designed by Mr. Geo. T. Pearson. It is situated at Chestnut Hill, on the Wissahickon Heights, on an ample site of gently rolling ground, and from its elevated position is an object of prominence in that neighborhood. The architect has broken away from the use of gray stone, seen so frequently in that locality, and adopted a

style for a long time neglected there, this being the first mansion with a portico of this kind built near Philadelphia for about ninety years. It has the stateliness of the Southern provincial style, and the warm red color of the Maryland brick set in a frame of white.

By the same architect is the McCall House in Germantown. The requirements of the client in this particular case, and particularly impressed upon the architect, were restfulness and quietude. To meet these, in the planning and constructional details, brick partitions and deadened floors were adopted, and the interior arrangements were so ordered that all noise-producing agencies of the household were set away from the family



FIG. 19. THE McCALL HOUSE.

Germantown, Pa.

George T. Pearson, Architect.

\*Professor A. D. F. Hamlin, in "A History of Architecture."



FIGS. 20 AND 21. THE HOUSE OF MR. ALAN H. REED.  
Wayne, Pa. Price & McLanahan, Architects.

portion of the residence. To meet these requirements in the exterior design, dignity and repose were the themes in the mind of the architect, and he has certainly embodied in the façades, with a large measure of success, these qualities, which are as surely architectural as they are human. This house, like others of the same general design and style shown and spoken of in this article, can without hesi-

tion, seen in perspective from different approaches, and for comparing the appropriateness of different skylines. The composition holds together remarkably well, from whatever the point of view, in spite of a considerable irregularity in plan; and one feels that it is one house, under one roof and for one family, which cannot always be said of the designs of modern American villas, especially when



FIG. 22. THE HOUSE OF MR. WHEELER JENKINS.

Mt. Airy, Germantown, Pa.

Savery, Scheetz & Savery, Architects.

tation be called in its general aspect "American." It is adapted to the special requirements of the owner, and is a simple, natural, straightforward fulfillment of those requirements.

The residence of Mr. Alan H. Reed is shown in Figures 20 and 21. This design is the work of architects Price & McLanahan, and the fine situation, with the unobstructed views in all directions, offered them excellent opportunities for observing the results of studied composi-

tion, seen in perspective from different approaches, and for comparing the appropriateness of different skylines. The composition holds together remarkably well, from whatever the point of view, in spite of a considerable irregularity in plan; and one feels that it is one house, under one roof and for one family, which cannot always be said of the designs of modern American villas, especially when the plans are somewhat complicated and involved. The fenestration is good, and the disposition and proportioning of those bands and courses which, while tying all together horizontally, still tend to give a certain feeling of breadth, are well thought out. How often a skilful treatment of horizontal elements of detail in a composition—a composition not particularly restful *per se*—seems to help out in "keeping things quiet." The surface ornamentation in diaper pattern work in

the walls is well done, and the coloring of the body of the work is rich and warm, dark red rough brick with dark headers being used; but the contrast in color between it and the limestone trimmings is too strong when seen in the building itself, just as it is in the photograph.

Two examples of the work of architects Savery, Scheetz & Savery, in suburban domestic architecture, are given in

chimney in relation to the wall surface below and the treatment there employed, is unfortunate. But this whole treatment of the rough-cast on brick, with its grayish white color, and with the dark red bricks used in occasional wall surface and trimming and chimney, is one of great interest and fascination; and those who know the work of the English architects, for example, that of C. F. W.



FIG. 23. HOUSE OF MR. G. ELWOOD WAGNER.

Germantown, Pa.

Savery, Scheetz & Savery, Architects.

Figures 22 and 23. There is a great contrast in the designs, and also in the materials employed for that phase of their outward expression which has to do with texture and color. The house shown in Figure 22 is the residence of Mr. Wheeler Jenkins, at Mount Airy, Germantown. There is nothing to hold one as a matter of great interest in the composition. The box porch had to be there, and the treatment of the side gable and

Boisey in the southwest counties, know its possibilities.

Turning now to the second example of the work of these architects, the residence of Mr. G. Ellwood Wagner, in Pelham, Germantown, we have an absolutely symmetrical, simple, and withal satisfactory design of the street front. Cornices and porch and hood are white, and the brick, in Flemish bond, is dark red, deepened in color with oil, and laid



FIG. 24. THE HOUSE AT BRANDYWINE  
MEADOW FARM.  
Chas. Barton Keen, Architect.

with a deep and wide round joint. With bricks also are fashioned terrace, window-cap and quoin. The shingles of the roof are gray, and the blinds are white and green in the two stories. Another column by the wall pilaster of the porch would look better, even if it would also certainly be a nuisance and in the way.

The three examples taken from the designs of Mr. Charles Barton Keen are the Marsden house at Chestnut Hill, the Wainwright house at Bryn Mawr, and the Mather house at Brandywine Meadow Farms.

The first of these is the residence of Dr. Marsden. The house is situated on the old historic Germantown Road of revolutionary days, where colonial or Georgian reminiscences in intelligent and consistent architectural design, as in other memories, is particularly appropriate. The site of this dwelling enjoys the advantage of fine old trees and planting, but the sloping of the ground away from the road and towards the house is



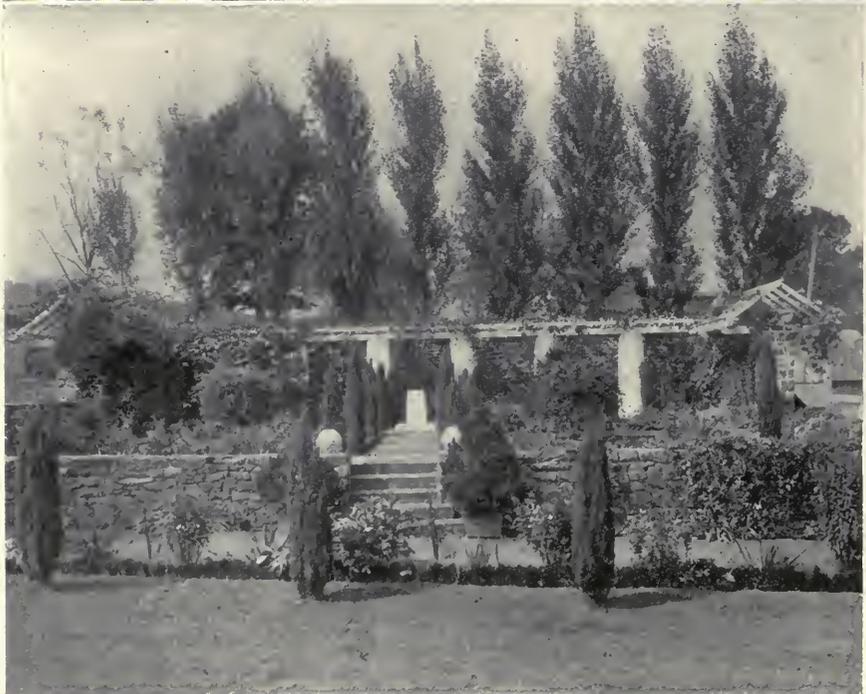
FIG. 25. THE HOUSE OF MR. F. KING WAINWRIGHT.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Chas. Barton Keen, Architect.



FIGS. 26 AND 27. THE HOUSE OF DR. MARSDEN.  
Chestnut Hill, Pa. Chas. Barton Keen, Architect.



FIGS. 28 AND 29. FARM BUILDINGS AND GARDEN AT BRANDYWINE MEADOW FARM.  
Estate of Mr. Chas. E. Mather. Chas. Barton Keen and Frank Mead, Architects.



FIG. 30. NO. 810 PINE STREET.

Philadelphia, Pa.

D. Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect.



FIG. 31. RESIDENCE NEAR ST. DAVIDS.

Pennsylvania.

D. Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect.

unfortunate. The preliminary sketches provided for, and it is still the intention to add, a wing on the left, to correspond with the one on the right, thus giving the symmetry which such a formal design requires. In the brickwork, the headers are of the same shade of color as the stretchers, the shade of the "colonial red"; and what little stone is used is the Indiana limestone. All the woodwork is white. In these views, nature and art have joined in the making of compositions and pictures altogether charming and attractive.

The second of Mr. Keen's designs is the country residence of F. King Wainwright, Esq., at Bryn Mawr. It is on the steep slope of a hill looking out towards the southwest, and overlooking the brook and the old grist mill, from which it takes its name "Mill Brook." In plan the main part of the house is a long rectangle, roofed in the simplest manner, and is so orientated that the principal living-rooms and sleeping-rooms have a southern exposure, the entrance hallways and rooms of minor importance being placed on the northern side. The manner of using the materials of exterior construction and the general effect of the result suggest the methods of the impressionist

in painting. In the lower walls, up to the half-timber work, are the native undressed long flat bed-stones, laid with wide white pointing; rough chestnut is used for the half-timber work frames of plaster panels, which are of the roughest texture and white in color. For the roofs, old-fashioned split cypress shingles are used.

The third design, representing Mr. Keen's work, is shown in the buildings of the country and hunting estate of Mr. Charles E. Mather, known as "Brandywine Meadow Farm." The estate is situated about six miles south of West Chester, Pa., in a beautiful rolling country, through which flows the "Brandywine Creek," famous since the Battle of Brandywine and "Chads Ford" in revolutionary days.

Figure 24 is a view of the house taken from one of the arches of the stable buildings. The house is an old building dating back to the year 1770, and remodeled, added to and modernized by architects Charles B. Keen and Frank Mead. The large columned porch is an addition, and other alterations and additions were made; but the plan is largely preserved, and also much of the old exterior, while, as an evidence and example

of the good construction of former days, there remain intact all the original framing timbers, and throughout the house the eight and ten inch wide, old-fashioned floor boards, all cut from the white oak trees of the timber lands of the estate. In the wing, on the left, and back of the dining-room and serving-room, is the big, old-fashioned kitchen, with its Dutch oven, and open fireplace for cooking.

The residence at 810 Pine Street, Philadelphia, was designed by Mr. D. Knickerbacker Boyd, and has its street façade built of brick, laid in Flemish bond with black headers and in the old colonial style. In design and coloring it stands entirely apart from the other houses in its immediate vicinity,—houses which were erected during the "brown-stone-front" period of American architecture; but it is directly opposite the grounds and buildings of the Pennsylvania Hospital, so well known to all admirers of colonial work. It occupies the ground of what was formerly the side garden of the building adjoining it on the right. No excavations were made below the grade line, the entire basement story being on the level shown. A small corner of the front of this story is taken off for a vestibule, which has flagstone paving and flagstone steps to the first landing of the stairway leading to the floor above. The remainder of the ground floor is given up to the space for

heating apparatus, coal, etc., and for a large kitchen. One of the interesting features of the house is the front doorway, which was taken bodily from an historic old house in Frankfort, a northeast suburb of Philadelphia, and re-set here. On the second floor, or the first living floor, is the reception-room, library, dining-room and pantries. The mantels throughout are old mantels removed from the same old Frankfort house, from which the front door was taken, and with these fine old pieces in mind at the start, as Mr. Boyd says, "it was but natural that the house should be built to conform as much as possible to them, and also to the traditions of the locality."

Another recent example of Mr. Boyd's work in suburban architecture is given in Figure 31. The house stands back some distance from the public road, and is beautifully situated on a wooded plateau, with gently sloping lawns around, which are unbroken by any roadway in front, the drives winding and curving to the side and rear entrances. The exterior walls of the building are constructed of stone of a color like the white of pine, and of a texture which is rough, and laid with white beveled joints. The motive of the two-storied portico is repeated at one end of the design, and in the latter are placed the conservatory on the first floor, and over it a balcony on the second floor. The main façade faces the



FIG. 32. THE RESIDENCE OF MR. A. P. BAUGH.

Wynnewood, Pa.

D. Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect.



FIGS 33 AND 34. HOUSE OF FRANCIS SCHUMANN, ESQ., AND DR. SCHUMANN.  
Pelham, Germantown, Pa. Lawrence Visscher Boyd, Architect.

southwest, and the unusually wide windows afford ample light and sunshine; while those opening from the first story upon the terraces are arranged with the "jib" doors in the lower part.

Figure 32 illustrates the design of Mr. D. K. Boyd for the residence of Mr. A. P. Baugh at Wynnewood, Pa., a charming country seat in a fine setting and background of verdure. In coloring

flections of whatever kind of light happens to fall upon it. It is like the difference between the velvets and the silks. The architect has built up his half-timber work in this example, with heavy timbers constructed solidly on double interlined sheathing, and has left it rough on the faces, planing it only here and there by hand for a surface play of light and shade; and this treatment is repeated in



FIG. 35. STABLE AT GLENSIDE, PA.

Lawrence Visscher Boyd, Architect.

the building is, in the lower parts, the reddish brown of the brickwork; in the second story the white of the mortar panels in their frames of dark brown; while the roof is a tone of dark moss green. Rough brick and plaster, stained undressed woodwork and shingles, always give the tones of any color hue, and show the real texture of the materials of construction, just as paint and varnish hide and spoil a surface, giving varying tints of the hue, and re-

the woodwork of the gables and porches. The shingles of the roof are put on in an unusual manner, being laid to uneven lines throughout. The house is long and low. The porte-cochère is a driveway through one end of the building, and from it, through a vestibule, is one entrance to the main hall. On the far side, and in what is practically a detached building, is the laundry and servants' porch. Along the front of the building extends a wide and brick-paved open

terrace. The plan, as in the case of so many of the larger country houses, is long, giving the usual opportunities for a maximum amount of air and sunshine in the greatest number of rooms. The design is generally successful. The lines of the half-timber work are well disposed, but perhaps some of the gables jostle each other, and one of the second story projections seems a little "long-waisted";

The design shown of the stable at Glenside, in Figure 35, and of the house at Pelham, Germantown, in Figures 33 and 34, are by Mr. Lawrence Visscher Boyd.

Figure 35 shows really a stable and dovecote combined, about half of it being given up to the pigeon loft. The success in the solution of a "small" architectural problem may be as marked as in the



FIG. 36. CHAPEL AT SHARRON HILL.

Pennsylvania.

Watson & Huckel, Architects.

but if the stairway is there, the lines are structurally in the right place. Casement windows are in all the rooms, and is it because of the design alone, or is it sentiment, or both, that a casement window, with its little diamond panes of leaded glass and its flower-pot, appeals to us? And is it appropriate only in the cottage, and not in the big country villa? Anyway, there is no sentiment whatever in "box-frames," nor in sashes hung with weights and pulleys.

solution of one of great magnitude. This is an interesting little structure, not so much on account of any design, but because the author of it studied the conditions and constants of the architectural equation, gave proper values to the variable quantities, and offered the answer in a simple form. Given: the demand for a very small, very compact stable, with room for three carriages and two horses; with bins and compartments for grain and hay; a pigeon-loft with

nests one hundred and fifty in number; and with ample runs in the interior of the building for the pigeons, which are not allowed the freedom of the fields; and with an exterior design and treatment in composition and detail and materials and coloring in keeping with adjoining buildings. Required: To find a solution giving rise to a maximum of commendation, or at least a minimum amount of criticism. A part of Mr. Boyd's correct solution is indicated in the photograph.

Two views are given of the same architect's design of the residence of Francis W. Schumann, Esq., and Dr. Schumann, at Pelham, Germantown, one photograph showing the front and the other the side and rear. The detail in the exterior woodwork is conceived and executed with delicacy and refinement, and by taking the "run of the kiln" in the brickwork, and thus giving an opportunity for a considerable play of color, the possibility of beauty in a simple wall surface alone is illustrated. Although the full two-storied end of the house is planned for the Doctor's office and consulting room in the first story, and for his library on the second story, thus in plan forming a part of the ménage quite different in function from that of the rest of it, still one feels that in elevation and perspective this part is not an organic part of the whole as a unit, and he is tempted to put his hand over this projection on the photograph, leaving the rest to stand for the completed and finished whole. A two-story extension at one end of the cottage, which has really a "story-and-a-half" roof construction, and which has its axis in another line, is not easily made a part of the whole design, and made to look as though it naturally and obviously belonged just there. Of course the smaller bay projection at the other end of the house was easy to handle differ-

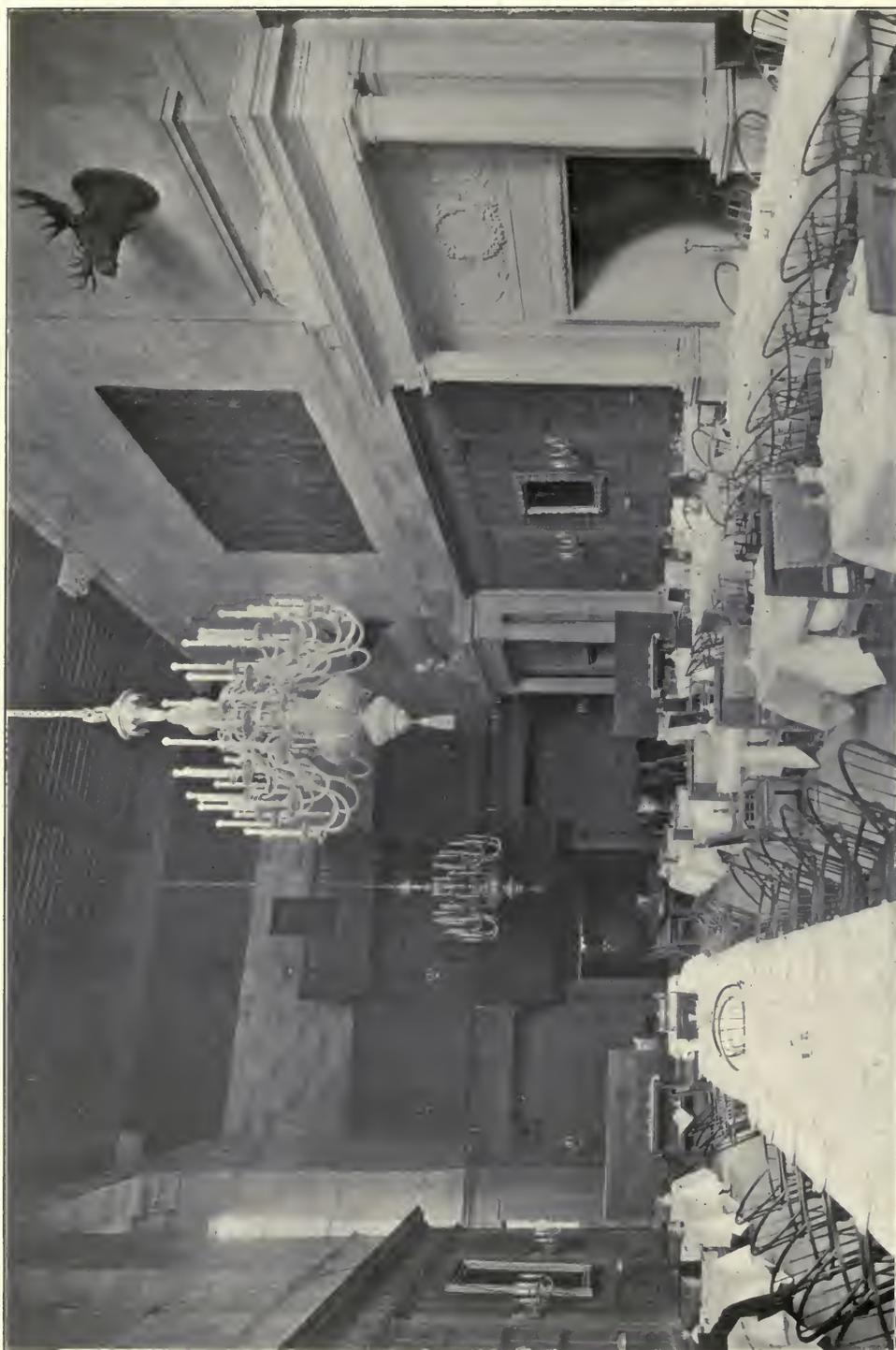
ently. The writer believes that in architectural design generally, most of the suggestions or criticisms made after the works are completed have occurred also to the designers themselves, often at the very outset; and that in innumerable cases practical or financial or cliential reasons could be given to explain "how it happened."

The interior planning of this house is worked out with great care and skill, and there are many charming bits of detail, as there are in all of Mr. Boyd's work.

The photograph shown in Figure 36 gives an exterior view of the convent chapel for the Sisters H. C. J., at Sharon Hill, Pa. The architects of the chapel are Messrs. Watson and Huckel. The sisterhood is an English foundation, having its motherhouse at Tunbridge Wells, and the style selected for the treatment of the building is English Gothic of the late decorated period. The plan consists of a nave eight bays long of twelve feet each, with aisles rather narrower than usual. The width of the nave is twenty-four feet from center to center of column, and the width of the aisles is eight feet. The nuns' choir and sanctuary occupy three bays, flanked on the north side by a Lady Chapel, while on the south is a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph, and the sacristy. The tower in the west end is the same width as the nave, the total dimensions being in plan twenty-six feet square.

The material used is, for the walls, the Port Deposit stone, while all the exterior and interior trimmings, including all the mullions and tracery, are of Indiana limestone. The wainscotings are of brick, of about the color of the Indiana stone, and the walls above are plastered on brick and tinted a warm green. The roof ceiling is of oak. The total dimensions of the chapel are sixty by one hundred and forty feet.

*Prof. Thomas Nolan.*



44th and 45th Streets, New York City.

FIG. 1. THE NEW DINING HALL OF THE HARVARD CLUB.

McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

## The New Harvard Club-House

Of all the large public or semi-public rooms recently designed and built in New York City, none have excited a more general and livelier interest than the dining-hall in the new Harvard club-house. Wherever architecture is a matter of conversation, this room is continually and, for the most part, approvingly discussed. Let its merits or its defects be what they may, it is undeniably a great popular success. Men who are rarely moved to express an opinion about the appearance of a building or of a room feel themselves safe in becoming enthusiastic over the Harvard dining-hall. The members of the club bring their friends in troops to the building so as to show it off, and when these same gentlemen sit down to a meal in the new hall, they seem to feel that the prosaic act of eating a fifty-cent dinner is sanctified by the majesty of their surroundings. If the pleasure which a piece of architecture gives to the people who use it is any test of its merit, then surely it would be different to over-praise the hall of the Harvard club.

The old Harvard club occupied a lot about 50 feet wide and 100 feet deep on 44th Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. The architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, used in designing it the free adaptation of Colonial forms which of late years they have made so much their own, and which in this instance had a peculiar propriety, because the newer buildings in Cambridge are all of them modifications of the same style. The façade on 44th Street has generally been considered one of the best, as it was one of the first, of their essays in Georgian architecture; but when it came to the interior of the old building the architects were not allowed very much of an opportunity. The club did not have a large sum to spend upon its rooms, and was obliged to be content for the time being with white woodwork and mantelpieces, and with walls plainly finished in crimson material. The club,

however, soon outgrew these accommodations, and, assisted by some of its wealthier members, it succeeded in purchasing two lots in the rear of its old building, on which to rear an extension, which would enable the club to be useful in more ways to its larger membership. One of the greatest deficiencies of the old club-house was the smallness of its dining-room. It so happens that the club serves an inexpensive dinner at a fixed price, which is exceedingly popular with the younger members of the club, and during the evening the old dining-room was wholly insufficient to accommodate the members who wanted to dine. There was also a demand for a larger number of living-rooms, and for squash courts, affording an opportunity for indoor exercise in winter. The addition was built in order to satisfy all these needs, of which, of course, the most vital was the need of more dining room. The new building is decidedly larger than the old one, and the greater part of the increased space has been thrown into the new hall. This room occupies the whole of the 45th Street frontage of the building, and two-thirds of its height. The building itself, however, does not occupy the whole width of the lot. A sizeable alley has been left vacant to the east of the extension, which serves the essential purpose of giving the large and lofty dining-hall a row of eastern windows.

It can be inferred from the facts mentioned above that money and space have been liberally spent so as to make the new hall architecturally impressive. A part of the lot has been sacrificed in order that it may be sufficiently and effectively lighted, and three stories of ordinary height might have been accommodated between its floor and its ceiling. The architectural scale of the room is, indeed, entirely different from that of the remainder of the building, and for this reason it has been impossible to make an approach to the hall, which is architec-



FIG. 2. THE NEW DINING HALL OF THE HARVARD CLUB.

Between 44th and 45th Streets, New York City.

McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

Photo by August Patzig.



FIG. 3. THE CARD ROOM IN THE NEW HARVARD CLUBHOUSE.

Between 44th and 45th Streets, New York City.

McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

Photo by August Patzig.

turally worthy of the hall itself, and which prepares the mind of a visitor for the impression which that room must make upon him. But something of this kind is inevitable when new rooms are added to an old building, and it would be mere stupidity to make the incongruity between the old and the new club-house a cause for complaint. The rooms of the old club-house are both in scale and in appearance modest, timid, somewhat conventional examples of carpenters' Colonial, whereas the new hall has the self-assurance of a fine, big, bold architectural idea. The members of the Harvard club should, as they do, glory in the difference, and return thanks that an architect who could conceive such an idea was bestowed upon them, and that they had the money to pay for it. Such a room is worth all the sacrifices of one kind or another which have been made to obtain it.

The photographs reproduced here-with afford a very much better idea of the room than any amount of description, and we shall not attempt to supplement them by a detailed account of the scheme of architectural treatment. We must be content with stating that the hall makes its undeniably great effect because of the propriety with which the scheme of architectural treatment is adapted to its ample dimensions. It is a long, somewhat narrow and very high room, and not by any means brilliantly lighted. At the north end there is a large arched window, but apart from this the only external light it receives comes from the windows to the east, opening upon a narrow court, and the illumination obtained from this source is subdued in quality. This subdued lighting, com-

bined with the great length and height of the room, gives its appearance that touch of mystery which such rooms ought to have, and this sense of mystery is heightened by the severity of the architectural treatment. The dark paneling runs to the level of the balcony at the south end, and above the walls are plainly and solidly finished in Caen stone. The beamed ceiling and the deep reveals of the eastern windows also contribute to the atmosphere of academic sobriety—to the mixed effect of substantiality and mystery which seems appropriate to the halls in which collegians dine. The details of the treatment never or very rarely obtrude. Even the big chimney pieces keep their places against the west wall, and retire pleasantly into the general effect. Certain valid objections can, I believe, be made to some of these details. For instance, the scale of the panels is not very well adapted to a room of such large dimensions, and the beamed ceiling is not, for analogous reasons, as effective as it should be. The decorations on these beams, which are faintly traceable in the photograph taken from the balcony, do not count as they should from the floor of the room. Furthermore, the moose-heads on the west wall are, to my sense, a palpable error in taste; and it ought not to be difficult to substitute for them some architectural symbols more appropriate to a collegiate dining-hall. But such details as these are, or are not, entirely right is a small matter. They do little or nothing to subtract from the high and sober beauty, which makes, I believe, the new dining-hall of the Harvard club unique among the semi-public rooms in New York City.

*Herbert Croly.*

# A Review of Mr. Russell Sturgis's Last Book

By John La Farge

This latest book of Mr. Russell Sturgis is defined by him as an "explanatory" book. His modesty, in part the result of enormous acquirement, does not acknowledge that it is in reality a manner of Encyclopaedia of Art, or of the arts directed and judged by the eye. It is true that it is also a Note-Book of a life all engaged and interested in the arts of design, either through practice or through study, and never away from the love of books and of literature in all its directions. It is also a record of curiosity—of the acquisitions of the collector, the joy of possession, and the inquiries that proceed from interest in the manner in which these many things that curiosity has loved, have been made; what their origins, what their diversities, and how the men who made them worked. The field being enormous, some of these records are slight, at other times they are carried even into the physical details of manipulation, as when Mr. Sturgis, in his description of the way that a sculptor of to-day usually works, shows us the arms plunged into the "mud" or clay, and the very blouse and trousers worn by sculptors, as well as their dusty rooms, and the accumulation of casts and other litter which encumber their workshops. When he follows a piece of incision in an engraved plaque of Japanese bronze (Figure 140, p. 372), he shows how the long leaves represented show alternately their under and upper surfaces by mere variations in the width of the incised lines; and how these incised lines vary in their shape, so that in some the section is nearly rectangular, while in others the section is that of a "V," with two different slopes, from which the light is reflected differently. This he connects with other forms of engraving, and this leads indirectly into concavo-convex sculpture, and "poker" painting, and other

forms of drawing; and the filling of these cuts first spoken of, with damascening, and so on until we connect all this with printing, with engraving on wood, line engraving, aquatint, and mezzotint, and burin work, and, of course, with etching. So that we pass through these mechanical processes, from the simplest cuts on metal to Rembrandt's most subtle works in drypoint.

Of course, such elaborateness cannot be carried throughout even a book of two volumes, like this, and two of 666 pages. Such a book becomes by far too small for anything but a general mention of certain sides of the arts. Mr. Sturgis, for instance, takes up "flat" painting, and describes it, and speaks of its variations. But, as I have stated elsewhere in another notice, one mere record, in an eighteenth-century book, of the manners of painting white and grey, in eighteenth-century house painting, covers more space than these two elaborate volumes. To go on describing the possible variations, in such cases, would fill hundreds of volumes. Consequently, Mr. Sturgis abandons his descriptions of methods at certain points, and takes up some general directions of the separate forms of the arts, which he inquires into. From the irregular manner of this inquiry, he is obliged to give up a great deal of what he really knows very much of. Thus, for example, in the description of the arts of glass, he has limited what he calls his inquiry—which is really an explanation—and consequently, a reviewer, like myself, interested in the art of glass feels a jealous objection to this special inquiry not going further. This objection at bottom is unjust, because there is nothing in the scheme of these volumes which obliges the author to go any further into anything than what he may be pleased with at the moment. And yet, as the tendency of this book—as of most of our books treating of Art—is educational, there is occasionally a sense of shortcoming in the description of the methods and

\*A Study of the Artist's Way of Working in the Various Handicrafts and Arts of Design. By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

reasons, and sometimes in the history of the special form of Art. Thus—pp. 361, 362 and 363, Figs. 137 and 138—we miss the statement of the quality of the glass used in the earliest works we have in windows—the “Arabic windows” (to use this form of definition, which is incorrect, because this is already a continuation of an earlier Byzantine art). For instance, the glass of the Dome of the Rock is so nearly like the “American” glass, which I first made and introduced into art here and then abroad, that only analysis will show the difference. And the pale, transmitted light of the ancient work, is akin to the more recent work of to-day. This, as I said, would account for the statement, quoted by Mr. Sturgis, “of the most sympathetic of the writers on Moslem Art, Albert Gayett:” “The charm of this glass is singularly soft and subdued,—the light seems to come from far away.” Here also in our author’s description a point of great importance is not stated, and that is, the beveling of the plaster or stone material in which the glass is inserted. Those sloping surfaces framing the glass and which are reflected in it cause an interference of light, and consequently produce a number of complementary colors, which harmonize the color effect of the window, a result entirely missed by our system of “leading.”

It was this probability of obtaining a fuller range of complementary colors that led me to the introduction of opalescent glass into the making of windows. Thereby it would naturally be only because of a want of color sense in the makers of windows, that we should not have at all times a sufficient harmony. And, since we have touched upon the modern work, and the present Review is an architectural one, it may be worth stating also that Mr. Sturgis is in error in his statement on p. 367. This is to the effect that no windows have yet been made absolutely without painting, so that, for instance, the figure work, that is to say, the heads and faces, have never been developed otherwise than by painting. As I say, this is an error. I have myself made windows in which every detail of the face, even to the thickness of the eyelid, or of the lips, or the hollow of

the nostril, and so forth, has been made in unpainted glass, held together by metallic strips. This, of course, on the very small scale which I have used, becomes costly, because of the minuteness and extreme accuracy necessary. The result has the charm belonging to the translucent methods of work, such as translucent enamels give us.

But of course there is a charm and a beauty to the stained glass where painted surfaces play their part in the elements of decoration, which leads to the artist liking this sudden change to other surfaces, other “densities, other reflections, other tones and “values,” which can only be obtained by other material. So, in another form of Art, of which our author is fond—the lacquers of Japan, their wood, and even their “rush” work, are decorated with insertions (see p. 345, 346, Figs. 128 and 129) of mother-of-pearl, and stone, and tortoise shell, and glazes of different kinds, porcelain and metal, etc., etc., so as to bring out more distinctly the feeling of very great differences of texture at different places, to enhance the meaning, to tell the story, and, in the case of the representation of the figure, to give it greater importance and dignity, and also, in this latter case, to recall to us the fact that the human face and flesh has a special look to us, different from all else.\*

So, in the Japanese work of Korin or his followers, one comes suddenly upon these marks of an acute sensitiveness to these facts in Nature, and a strength and noble interest is added to the meaning, which could never have belonged to a surface of one texture, unless, of course, that exclusion of certain forms of beauty and of reality is carried out by grave and accomplished artists for purposes of self-control and abnegation. But one can see how the older artists trained in a previous period of Japan, or other artists of the same period, might have objected to the lacquer not being of one uniform texture.

\*For this the painters in water color and oil, etc., have striven for centuries, to give some essentially different “value” to these most interesting problems to us human beings. Therefore, I cannot agree with Mr. Sturgis in the exception that he takes to painted flesh in his stained-glass windows, of which the greater part is not painted; provided, of course, that this be done by artists, and not by tradesmen.

So that I have insisted upon this point, because it marks a whole line of growth, more or less debatable, such as occurs in the differences between the various architectural forms, and not so much for an objection to any point of view which our author should like to take. To sum up, the limitation of materials is inherent to any form of art, and is part of it. One cannot ask of mediæval northern architecture without marble, that it should be built in southern manners with inaccessible material. There is always a problem of use: the question is always how well this problem has been treated.

Pintorrichio was right in the Borgia paintings to model special details in relief. He justifies himself by the quality of his work; he had a problem, and used it for a result.

So in the case of inlay of glass in stone, which our author approves of, and which certainly destroys the unity of the stone, though it makes a pleasant change in the decorative appearance. (Fig. 135.)

But Mr. Sturgis himself has put my case still better in this way: "The criticism of a work must of necessity be an examination of what the work is. Little does the world care for the critic's opinion as to whether it might not with advantage have been something else."

It would not then be giving an account of Mr. Sturgis's achievement, to take up too many small points. Mr. Sturgis has so connected his many inquiries that though, again, one might dissent as to the method of his arrangements, he has implied more or less all the way through his inquiries the principles which he has most remarkably well studied in the parts of his book where he undertakes to explain building and architecture, and the manners of composition in the same. In architecture and writing Mr. Sturgis recognizes that either by form of circumstances or by chance the materials imply the form or excuse it or give certain opportunity. These principles of architecture, if referred to at all times, would make the student who would take up his book find his path through the other provinces of Art, for it is upon the same basis that the arts of painting, sculpture, and all ornament are based, i. e., the ques-

tions of distribution of mass and proportion, and balance of opposing lines and spaces. Even the realm of color, which is apparently infinite, is limited as to our use of it by these questions of balance and influence. Therein Mr. Sturgis's special training as an architect comes in most excellently. His example shows how valuable is the explanation given by the artist himself, who is handling the processes, and the theories, and habits, and prejudices of his own art. Of course the artist explaining must be a man of knowledge, if it be knowledge that is required; of sentiment, if it be sentiment that is required, and for educational purposes, of course, he must *know*. Knowledge does not consist of merely knowing certain things, but also of knowing what it is one does not know. So that, the mere fact of being an artist in any line would not necessarily imply an excellent teacher in anything more than a given practice. One meets, in that way, remarkable cases of ignorance of the past, and of the very principles of their art in many artists. This used to be very frequent with architects, but is much less so today, and it is still very frequent with painters, and perhaps with sculptors. Of course, in these last two divisions of Art, the constant manual practice, the giving of the whole human being, body and mind, entirely to the object, which is that of *executing* a work of art, must from this very definition give little chance for study, outside, except at the expense of production.

But when the artist in the arts of the hand has any practice in speech or writing, as every day will be more common with the spread of school and college training, what he has to say about himself and his art is of the utmost use, and, in fact, is the only authority. All people interested, that is to say, all real students—for there are no real students except those who are interested in the matter—must make the effort to learn in any direction, whatever it may be,—law, or science, or horseback riding, or art, through the wording of the teachers. These may be obscure, as they are in science and in law, but they can be mastered. The artist's views are liable to

error, as are those of critics, for we are all human. But, if the artist be a conscientious person or a liberal one, or an acute one, it is not necessary to agree with him to obtain support, and direction, and explanation. We can, for instance, in the written works of Fromentin, follow all that he says, and understand it in the most sympathetic way, and yet differ upon certain points. These are the subtle results of integrity. We have the same with the artist in writing, the historian, or otherwise, and we may trust him or not, according to how he inspires confidence, or the reverse. And, as in the case of the writer, the artist in words or in the record of facts [say the historian], there is a reverse process by which we perceive the quality or defect of the work by our appreciation of the character. It is a beautiful explanation of the ugly side of the art of Mr. Gérôme, who is but just dead, that he repeated before his death his willingness to exclude the great Millet from any chance of exhibiting his paintings, if Millet were still alive. And he also said that he thought that anybody could do work like that without difficulty. Gérôme had a military mind, and would always follow the ideas of the regiment or of the commanding colonel.

We recognize at once what an ass the great Mr. Bouguereau must have been, upon the record of his objecting to Puvis de Chavannes, as having no ideal, and we see why, in the mockery of the studios, Mr. Bouguereau was called "Perfection Itself." He had no faults whatever except himself. So that the analogy between the artist in painting, who writes upon any matter, and the artist in writing, is complete.

Mr. Sturgis is quite right in his preface when he warns us against the "statement of many moralists that the artist should teach this or that." The formula attributed to St. Thomas Aquinas is an excellent one, and one that should free us from the annoyances of "Art for Art's Sake," and the converse. The definition, as I remember the Latin, is something like this: "*Ars est locus innocentiae.*" It is a land free from responsibility, outside of morality, as if those necessities of the fall of man had not yet occurred. But

the artist can use his faculty for right or wrong. He cannot help having a moral side if he exists in this world. But that is in the expression of his art, and not in what he has to say about it, or what he thinks he ought to say about it. Hence, the painter is like his brother, the poet or the dramatist,—he can give us quite well the impression of his moral nature, of his love or hatred of right or wrong, of his sentiments and affections, of his love of virtue, and care for religion, and if we understand how to look at him—and his language is natural to us either by hereditary instinct or by custom—we feel all that side of the man in his work. He has never succeeded in deceiving us. However, when he comes to write about his art, he naturally treats it as all experts do. He devotes his attention to explaining his methods, or the methods of other artists whom he understands or prefers. He cannot give all the details of the method, as we have just seen, because they would occupy enormous spaces of writing.

Whether in the future the artist will write more than he used to must remain yet rather uncertain, but those who have written to any extent have given us most excellent work for every possible meaning. Take in this very review Mr. Cox's explanation of Rodin's work.

Part of what I have said agrees with Mr. Sturgis's statements in the matter, and another part disagrees, perhaps more externally than in reality. But it is always valuable for all concerned to have various forms of criticism proposed to them.

Although I differ again from Mr. Sturgis, in my belief that it is not through an accumulation of effort that we shall appreciate the work of art, but, on the contrary, that our perception must be extremely rapid, and that the work of art must at once fill a need or a void, so that it is a *relief* to us to appreciate it—yet the relative slowness of mind of different human beings would be difficult to gauge. What we feel, perhaps what we think at once—immediately—may be the result of long, unconscious preparation of the mind, not only in ourselves, but in our ancestors.

Still, to return to what I was saying, it would be a help for the artist as well as for all students to have some mode of criticism which would help the first-named in moments of rest and idleness, and for the student be a guide—a manner of opening the doors to the domain of which he wishes to become master or part owner. Thus, a few days ago I was delighted at the statement of a Chinese scholar, who referred to the Chinese manner of opening criticism of the work of art—in this case, painting—by the main question. "Are they original or second-hand?" This is a point which I tried to establish some years ago, in lecturing to the students at the Metropolitan Museum. But even after a long experience I should give a great deal to have an infallible criterion to make that one absolute division. Such a principle would explain why some of my Oriental friends could analyze with the rapidity of lightning the make-up of a painting by some Western artist never seen before, and belonging to some school absolutely unknown to them.

The subject of the inquiry of Mr. Sturgis, "The Artist's Way of Working," could then be divided into two different manners of inquiry. A student might find it more easy to have the mechanism of painting explained to him in the work of an imitator than in an original master or leader. Or he might be taught to see the pure gold and the outside commercial dross, or the labored effort at production. And, of course, such a division of inquiry would meet the person who really wished to know as well as the person who wished to have a polite acquaintance.

Mr. Sturgis has shown in various parts of inquiry the difference between the artistic and the commercial handling of artistic work, and he has never forgotten that the limits will overlap, at times, in the manner, for instance, of the little productions, Japanese common stuff, which is almost void of personality, and which seems naturally to us a little better than it really is, because of our lower habitual standards. Of course, in the production of wearing material, paper hanging, etc., indeed, this overlapping is part

of the question. But it goes very far into distinguishing the excellences in what are called the "applied arts." And more especially in the higher forms of decoration.

Some thirty-two or thirty-three years ago, when I used to see something of Mr. Burne-Jones, since then Sir Edward Burne-Jones, he complained to me of the gradually commercial appearance of much of the work for which he gave designs, in this case his stained-glass work. Being an American and fearless of conventionalities and the respectabilities that darken wisdom in some parts of the Old World, I told him that the reason was very simple to an American. Some of us were among the admirers of his early work, and we could remember that when it began he, himself, took an interest in seeing it carried out. But that since then he had put it into commercial hands, and that the result was evident. Even if Mr. Morris's firm did the work, Mr. Morris himself would be away, and the work carried out in the usual way—each process taking away from the original intention, which must have been to make a work of art. Now, a work of art which can be reproduced by various hands indefinitely is no longer a work of art. This was then the case of his work, and, in fact, though I had no need of establishing it with him, it was the case of almost all English work of a similar kind, that is to say, decorative work; the commercial impress of the nation was upon it everywhere. This, of course, is not a condemnation, it is merely placing the position clearly before persons interested in art. Just as at a moment before, I appealed to my reader here concerning the advantage of a division of the original and the second-hand, or much-repeated.

As Mr. Sturgis would or might explain in his pages describing lace, our ladies do not accept machine-made lace, which can be indefinitely repeated, as the equivalent of the hand-made lace. In our wall decorations, our stained glass, and so forth, even in houses costing millions of dollars, there is rarely enough such distinction. And I have sometimes had to plead with the multi-millionaire for hand-

work, when, to his mind, the machine-work would be better, as being done quick. But, of course, we cannot entirely escape the taint of what is around us, and it will only be for our best men, our decent architects, our good artists, and the more refined public, to prefer the work that is of higher grade, impossible of reproduction, to the thing that can be done in quantity. Our women see that more or less, and nothing would persuade a lady of fortune and good taste to buy her gowns ready-made, in a department store, when she can go to Pacquin, and Worth, or some personality of that kind. But, of course, for woman personal adornment is the question, and that is accepted. The features of the higher forms of art are not so visible to her, and, in fact, they might at times be annoying. As I have known a lady of great wealth prefer a cheap leather paper to Venetian leather, because of her not wishing to be *singular*, and her desire to have her great room look like her friend's, Mrs. So-and-So, a little higher in the social scale, but not so rich; or as, when I was a boy, Beethoven and Mozart were thought not fashionable, and consequently not offered.

Of course, in the improvement of public taste, and in the encouragement of either the artists who create, or who carry out ideas suggested to them, or encouragement to the public that wishes to know and use the best, the architect is a most important factor; with us here in the United States, perhaps the greatest factor. He is the great employer, but he is also the confessor and adviser of the employing public, and on him comes the main responsibility—as is evident—for the good and bad taste, the artistic or the commercial side of what is built and decorated. In fact, this is so evident that the joke of Mr. Eidlitz comes up to us all the time, and that is, that in all architectural matters the architectural mistakes are made by architects, which is a soothing statement, applicable to all the varieties of human effort.

But, very seriously, the importance of the architect cannot be overstated. His position is so important that the mere question of his filling it is always in doubt. He is, as indicated by this very

book of Mr. Sturgis, a person who ought to know everything. If he is a busy man in his own profession, he has only at the beginning the experience of a few years of school, and on the business side he is constantly harrassed by the necessity of his being merely a business man, doing art and building together. One of the best known of our architects was telling me a few weeks ago how heavy was the following out of certain styles, because they required a great deal of drawing and personal attention; while following other styles required very little personal attention, and a constant, mechanical, commercial repetition was sufficient. How many men would stand the strain of a fortune being offered to them, on condition of doing poorer work, I do not know. But it is evident that it would be almost impossible to repeat, with our modern habits, a Greek building; we could scarcely copy one if we tried. We have so absolutely lost all notion of the personality of work in the ordinary matters. We could not understand a sculptor signing his mouldings—hardly, in fact, making any mouldings at all.

If it be that our habits are so fixed, and the future is such as I have been describing, we may then hope that an average level may be reached—well known to be nothing but a level, and that, as in Eastern countries, such and such a case will be known to be at the level, and what is above it will be considered Art.

That is the only contention that my comments are striving for, and Mr. Sturgis's book is excellent in bringing up this question, as showing us the architect as interested in all artistic manifestations in their analyses, and when understanding them, as he does his own line, then connecting them with this art of his. In fact, once or twice in the reading of some of the more important studies of Mr. Sturgis's, I have wished to see directly the application of the architect's direction exemplified. Such a connection might, for instance, clarify some of the studies in sculpture. We would then see more distinctly the ancient manner which passed more easily under the direction of the architect; without any interference on his part, only a direction, not only just

and necessary, but desired on the part of the sculptor. For instance, in the East there is still a manner of directing the mass, and proportion, and shape of the sculptor's work by the architect, indicating the planes or the general geometric form. So that he can know beforehand whether the sculptor's will fit or not into his building, and just how. That, of course, was the very simple secret of the greater past. In a smaller way, I have seen in Japan a draughtsman make out the scheme for a sculptor, upon the basis of a certain geometric form—*within which* the sculptor's form should occur. Let us say that it might be a three-sided slab of stone, then the figure would fill the sides of this three-sided slab, as well as the top and bottom, and so forth.

This explains also the saying of Michaelangelo, which is referred to by Mr. Sturgis, and the stories about him. To-day we do not quite realize the full success of Michaelangelo's "David." We think of it as a problem in free air, in space, and we are apt to judge it that way, and criticise it or admire it in ways that are not just. The real problem should be to cut a figure representing a "David" out of a piece of marble, of such and such a shape—a piece of marble belonging to the city, and botched by a previous sculptor. Looked at from that point

of view, we are getting now to the old manner of work, and we can see Michaelangelo cutting himself into the stone, and not merely occupied in putting his arms into "mud." (This, Mr. Sturgis tells us, is the name of the clay that sculptors use.) This tendency, of course, to think of the block of marble, the mass in its shape, would make the body of artists who were sculptors certain to fall within the principles of decoration, of architectural conformity. We should think in big planes, as all big sculptors do even to-day. We see how the "divine" Michaelangelo ("*Michel pie che mortal, angiol divino*"), through eagerness and too great hope, and the impatience of old age, cut away too much of his marble to be able to finish the two great works which carry to us his last hopes and wishes. And we see also how the actual marble carries, in his work, an impression to us which we cannot get through the casts of the same.

All this, I wish that Mr. Sturgis might have added to his analyses and descriptions of work, because older work in every nation is used as a model; but even an encyclopaedia in fifty volumes might be too short a space, and this is a work of good faith, even if fragmentary by necessity.

John La Farge.



FIG. 4. THE NEW FACADE OF THE HARVARD CLUBHOUSE.  
Between 44th and 45th Streets, New York City. McKim, Mead & White, Architects.  
Photo by August Patzig.

## Our Architectural Anarchy

The Editor of the Architectural Record:

Sir: For my sins I had to wait an hour between trains the other day at Paterson, N. J. I might have hung with grooms and porters on the bridge, in the manner of a famous waiter for trains at Coventry, Eng., if I had seen any bridge eligible for pendency, and have shaped the city's ancient legend into something or other, if I had been aware that the city had any ancient legend worthy of being shaped into anything. As matter of fact, Paterson is the descendant and representative, I believe, of a Dutch settlement, "Preakness," of the etymology and origin of which, and whether Dutch or Indian, I really do not know, was the settlement when George Washington made his headquarters there or thereabouts for some months, in a house I made a pilgrimage to see. In those revolutionary days what is now Paterson was known as the Passaic Falls. But it was a settlement which grew and flourished as a market town for the Dutch agriculturists, by whom East Jersey was so largely settled.

What struck me at Paterson, and makes me write to you is the complete architectural chaos of which I saw the evidence from the station. The chaos is no more chaotic at Paterson, very likely, than at any other American town, suburban or inland, at which a traveler, enforced to wait for a train, might be fain to pass the interval in contemplating the local architecture. But the exceptionality of Paterson is, that there was a fire there the other year which made a "tabula rasa" of a great part of the business quarter. That was long after the Chicago fair might have been assumed to have done its perfect work, and the notion of aesthetics in general and city-making in particular to have penetrated the average American consciousness. I seem to remember, at the time of the fire, having seen in the daily papers some exhortations to the business men of Paterson to seize the op-

portunity to get together, and reconstruct their business quarter in accordance with a general scheme. Without doubt, if they had done that, they might have furnished an object lesson of a model suburb, architecturally speaking. And being casually in Paterson, I looked about me for some evidence of the realization of this dream.

I did not find any. What I saw in what seemed to be the main street, was the kind of commercial architecture that one sees in any American town of the size of Paterson, an architecture pretentious, squalid and depressing. It is mainly depressing, one notes, by reason of the intensity of the individualism displayed in it. Each builder or, in this case, each re-builder, does what he will with his own, does what is right in his own eyes, without the least sense of common decency or good neighborhood. And what is good in his own eyes is to make his confounded place of business conspicuous at the expense of everybody else. The great object of commercial art, Ruskin says somewhere, is conspicuousness. Naturally, one is more conspicuous the more he differs from his neighbors, not the more he agrees with them. But there is something especially nauseating about the cheap pretentiousness of the individualism of the business street of the ordinary American town. Of course the aim defeats itself. When everybody in a row is yelling at the top of his voice "Look at me," you do not look at him. You do not distinctly hear him, since everybody else is doing the same thing. You are only confused, bewildered and sickened.

Architectural historians say, by the way, that there is no such thing as a Judaic style of architecture, the traditions of Solomon's temple to the contrary notwithstanding. The saying only shows that the architectural historians do not know what they are talking about. Nobody can look at the business quarter of a hustling American town without being

convinced that there is at least such a thing as a "Yiddish" style of architecture, and that it is in full possession. It is, precisely, the architectural expression of the spirit which waylays the passenger upon the sidewalk, and drags him in, willy nilly, "to look at a niche goat." Not that the architectural solicitation is all or even mostly done by the chosen people.

should seize the business quarter of Paterson, and consume the rebuilt edifices, nobody but the underwriters would have occasion to weep. The disinterested aesthete would hear the news, if he knew about Paterson, not only with equanimity, but with rejoicing.

But who shall blame the people of Paterson? Certainly not their architect-



FIG. 1. THE COURT HOUSE.

Paterson, N. J.

Most of it is done by the Gentiles. But the original note is plainly Palestinian. As I said before, Paterson is not exceptional. Our national shame is precisely that it is typical. It is noticeable only because its leading citizens had a conspicuous opportunity to improve the situation and make a decent-looking town, and tumultuously refused the opportunity. Wherefore, if another conflagration

tural pastors and masters, who might have set them an example of congruity and deference, but who have, in fact, set them the contrary example of differentiation and rowdy defiance. There may be some good houses in Paterson. I know for a fact that there is a good church or so, decent and gentlemanlike, which is, perhaps, to say Christian erections. But they do nothing to redeem the terrible



Paterson, N. J.

FIG. 2. THE CITY HALL.

Carrere & Hastings, Architects.

aspect of the place from the point of view of the casual passenger who waits for his train at the central ganglion of the trolley cars. This passenger beholds before him one of the architectural lions of the place in the shape of the City Hall, a structure some fifteen years of age which escaped the flames. He can make out behind him that there are other architectural lions, a perfectly platitudinarian classic edifice, with a cupola which, since Paterson is not a state capital, and therefore it cannot be a state house, he infallibly infers to be a court house; and an attractive piece of Dutch Renaissance in dark brown stone, which is spotted and banded with lighter stone, and with a tall clock tower. One learns, much to his surprise, that it is the post office. The City Hall evidently is the work of the municipality. As evidently the responsibility of the Post Office is upon Uncle Sam. What "administrative entity" produced the court house I do not know. Probably the county of which Paterson is the seat.

Evidently enough the court house is the worst of the three. It is one of those common places which calls itself Greek, and would have paralyzed Pericles. It is probably the oldest of the three, though it is a building of one of the few classes which, in the United States, does not date itself within a generation. It might have been built at almost any time within the last sixty years, or since the Greek revival became the official style of this republic. There are capitals and court houses all about the land dating from the forties which look just like it. What is still called the "new" court house in Manhattan, Tweed's court house, which is just about a generation of age, would have looked just like it but for the architect employed to make additions to it, who declined to complete the absurd edifice on the lines on which it was begun, and got called a "vandal" in the newspapers for his pains. The architecture of this kind consists of two excrescences, the portico and the cupola; the former projected from the edifice at the center of one side, sometimes of two, the latter purporting to crown the edifice, but tending only to extinguish it. They may be

doing it yet in the back districts. This specimen is like a hundred others, excepting for the greed of room, which has deprived the portico of what dignity it would have had by projecting another building from the main building so as to fill up two of the intercolumniations and to give itself the air of an afterthought. This arrangement gives this edifice an uncouthness of its own. If one of the intercolumnar spaces had been added at each end of the wings, the portico correspondingly withdrawn, and the absurd extinguisher omitted, it would look as well as most of its class. But of course it would not in that case or in any case be worth talking about.

Evidently the City Hall is entitled to very different and much more respectful consideration. It is a well-studied design, apparently by a very recent graduate of the Beaux Arts; an educated and discreet work, in the then last mode of Paris, as smart and modish as you please. It would be perfectly in place as a mairie of a Parisian arrondissement or as the Hotel de Ville of a French provincial city, in which capacity I seem to have heard it alleged that it had already done duty before it was executed as the Hotel de Ville of Paterson. In a French city it would be free from the tangle of telegraph wires, which form so exasperating a foreground for it where it is. But these are quite the only incidents that denote even the hemisphere in which it is, in fact, erected. There is absolutely nothing in the architecture to relate it; I will not say to its actual surroundings, for there is nothing in them to which anybody could conform, but to any surroundings which can be conceived as growing up about it where it is. There is not a horse in the county of Passaic that would not shy at it. Paterson has been known to call itself "the Lyons of America." But the American Lyonnais and the French Lyonnais would regard this edifice with equal stupefaction, the one by reason of its intrinsic character, the other by reason of its alien surroundings. What, in fact, is it doing in this galley?

My compliments, meanwhile, to the Supervising Architect of the Treasury, under whose supervision the post office



FIG. 3. THE TOWER OF THE POST OFFICE.  
Paterson, N. J.

of Paterson was erected. The prototype, the old meat market of Haarlem, will of course be recognized by everybody. It has been the motive on which many American architects have executed varia-

tions, Mr. Gibson in the new Collegiate Church of Dutch origin on the West Side of Manhattan, Mr. Hardenbergh in a picturesque office building within the limits of the old Dutch settlement thereof, both very successful in their several ways,—and I noticed a reproduction of it in little, the other day in Princeton, where it takes its place with excellent effect. A French traveler in Holland calls it “a Spanish and Hindoo edifice,” but, in fact, it is commonly recognized as the flower of that Renaissance of the Low Countries which is common to all Northern Europe, which the present generation of British architects seem to be well advised in taking for their point of departure for the rebuilding of London, which is as recognizable in the Bourse of Copenhagen as in its native land. This, one may say, is what the earliest Dutch settlers of East Jersey “wished to say” in the stone farm houses of which so many yet remain, would have said if they had had money enough and brains enough. One can imagine a benevolent despot, if Paterson had a benevolent despot, assisted by the “genius loci,” if the locus had a genius, taking it as the style of his adoption. For, note well, Renaissance though it be called and chronologically be, it is distinctly an architecture of craftsmanship and not of formula, and has a vernacular and home-bred as distinguished from an academic and exotic air. The Passaic county agriculturist will not stare and gasp to behold it, nor will his horse shy at it. It belongs, even though nothing else belongs. It remains to be seen whether the evangelist has preached his gospel in vain. In any case he has preached it faithfully and with unction. And his work, it is to be noted, is by no means one merely of reproduction. In general, one dislikes to see the weaker color in a building coinciding with the stress of structure, although, in opposition to this dictum, Richardson used to maintain, with his customary vehemence, that it was perfectly feasible to make an artistic front of black marble “trimmed” with white. In fact, though, his own essays in that direction, as in Austin Hall, were not, so far, among his chief successes. But in this present case, the



FIG. 4. THE POST OFFICE.

Paterson, N. J.

sparkling spottiness which is the result of the disposition of the "trimming" is of the essence of the effect, and the contrast is not less successful nor more striking between the light and dark stones of this present edifice than between the red brick and white stone of the Dutch original. One really cannot make, out of a rectangle with a gable at each end, all that is required of a double rectangle, including a porch at one end, and a wing at the other, and make a success of the expansion, without taking some thought on his own account. The architect of the post office at Paterson has taken that thought to very good purpose. And, to bring his double rectangle together and to bring it into unity and subordination he has perceived the need of some central and dominant and unifying feature. This, it will be seen, he has found in the central clock tower, for which his exiguous original furnished him with no precedent whatever, but which he had to do out of his own head. I think it will be agreed that his own head was equal to the demand thus made upon it. The clock tower does fulfil the requirements made of it as a reconciling and dominating feature; and the clock tower is an effective and pretty thing, considered as an object by itself. It is quite in keeping with the style, which does not furnish any precedent for it.

The rounding and quoining of the angles, the monochrome of the shaft, the banding of the belfry stage, the pinnacles at the base of the spire and the placing and design of the spire lights in its upward progress:—all these things distinctly "belong," and all these things are the work of the modern reproducer. It is really excellent work, and always and all the more excellent for being so in keeping, not merely with the original motive, but with the surroundings, apart from the Greco-American and the Greco-Gallican, which made the original eligible for the shire town of one of the counties of East Jersey.

One hopes some successor will perceive what the architect of the Paterson Post Office meant. Even so, Paterson, in its private building, and equally in its public building, is, I repeat, a terrible sight, and all the more terrible, all the more an awful example, for not being exceptional but only typical. Paterson has a bad name as the nursery of political anarchism. It deserves a bad name as an abode of architectural anarchism. To look at its commercial and public building is to recall those famous words of Mr. Labouchere's American in London: "Sir, hell itself could not be successfully conducted upon such principles as those."

Sadly yours,

*Criticaster.*



FIG. 1. NORTH CHURCH AS IT IS.

Boston, Mass.

## Paul Revere's Old North Church

Little Italy in lower Boston is not so bad, except that it threatens the historic veteran of the once aristocratic North End. The "Dear old North" of the long-ago Dr. Crosswell, one-time rector, Christ Church, by modern preference—otherwise the North Church, sacred to the memory of Paul Revere's lanterns—is in serious danger of extermination.

More than twenty years ago I was commissioned by a magazine to write up Boston's Old North Church, and found it rather cheery work, for, though it had gone through a decade or two of hard times, there were material signs of betterment to report. Being in Boston again the other day, I wandered into North End, wondering how the promises had materialized.

O Little Italy! Garlic, sausage and macaroni! Good enough for a shift when one is short of everything but appetite; but as environments of sacerdotal antiquity—Lutheran! Catholic! anything but Episcopal.

Except the sub-let Old Statehouse, it is the oldest public building in Boston. In its silver-grey and graceful dignity it stands as firmly on its feet to-day, and fresh, as any of its ilk—with the superlative charm that it has retained its pristine atmosphere, and is still an active House of God, in the creed and fashion of its founders. Very little about it has changed since its patriotic communicants locked the door on their too Tory rector, consigning the key to Robert Newman—whereby he had it, and used it that same night for the hanging of the lanterns—or since Major Pitcairn stormed and swore in its shadow, and General Gage watched the first battle for freedom from its spire, and LaFayette stood by the altar, admiring the bust of his old friend, Washington.

The "ring of bells" chimes for Little Italy to-day as melodiously as it did for great North End, a century and a half ago. The organ, almost as old—almost as young—is as fair and free to respond.

The self-same pulpit, in the chancel and nave unchanged, extends the prayers of the founders. And so it should continue, world without end, through the intervention of some wise philanthropist. It's a pity, this talk of surrendering, before the alien inroads which are rendering the parish too weak to sustain itself. For, while the children listen to hear of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, men and women are growing up, who will feel no less the thrill, when they stand in the belfry arch, above the still-living church. Real relics of America's heroic age are quite too few to be lightly left. There's a gloomy example of living death, in the skeleton of the Old South Church, which the women of Boston have made such brave efforts to preserve, sticking its no longer sacred nose out into Washington Street; nothing more than an old curiosity shop.

We come suddenly upon the Old North, from narrow streets, full of the chatter of foreign tongues and the aroma of foreign condiments. Its massive walls, laid English-bond, are there to stay. The sturdy sash in the eighty-five paned windows, hold much of the very glass which was set in their keeping near two centuries ago. The entrance, through the square base of the spire, is not up to modern notions, because it belongs to days when straight was the gate and narrow was the way. Above it is a bronze plate set there by order of the City of Boston. It marks the end of a long controversy, which was finally carried to the Legislature and settled there, asserting, forever more:

"The signal lanterns of Paul Revere, displayed from the steeple of this church, April 18, 1775, warned the country of the march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord."

I found the front door bolted—with the same old ten-by-twenty-inch machinery, the key-hole almost large enough to crawl into—but the church has been forced to cultivate every pos-



FIG. 2. GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF NORTH CHURCH.  
Boston, Mass.

sible revenue, and a sign, on an alley, tells us how to find an open vestry door, where is an official guide, ready to sell no end of souvenirs and show the church.

The Sunday-school room, which we enter from the alley, is narrow and long, for it was only patched on, with what room was left, across the back of the church. But there was convened the second—quite probably the first—Sun-



FIG. 3. NORTH CHURCH AT IS WAS.

day-school in America; and it is still in active service. Only, between times, it is now transformed into a souvenir sales' shop. Beyond it, we enter the church—the little Colonial oblong, fifty feet by seventy-five and thirty high, surrounded by a deep gallery, the organ opposite the altar. Everything was as it if were yesterday when I saw it—not a quarter of a century ago. It seemed to take me back, and make me young again, for the time being—young as the old, unchanging church.

It strikes one oddly, at first glance, being so out of the sacerdotal fashions of

the day; but look again. Wait a little, till it grows on you. Inimitable grace. Absolute harmony. He who seeks the perfection of church architecture will find it in this little Colonial oblong, buried in Little Italy, in lower Boston. There is no internal evidence to discredit the claim that it is the work of Sir Christopher Wren. In fact, without the claim, one who knows the masterpieces of the great architect would feel it instinctively. The consideration which has made the contention a laughing-stock is the poverty and impecuniosity of the founding fathers, who, for example, because the first organist, after donating his services for a year, asked for a small stipend, sent, forthwith, to England, for a player of organs who had some trade, preferably a barber, that he might make his living at it, through patronage of the parish people, and play the organ for nothing. Such cupidity precludes the proposition that the early worthies paid his price to Sir Christopher Wren; and while Sir Christopher did many magnanimous things, it is hardly probable that he presented the plans to the embryo parish with the condition that the fact and his connection with them be kept a secret, only to creep into legendary lore in ages unborn. But here is an explanation that explains, and I hold it in firm faith as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: The Old North Church is identical with St. Anne's, Blackfriars, England. St. Anne's is one of the ideal miniatures wrought by Sir Christopher Wren. It antedates the Old North not many years, and two members of the original Old North parish came from St. Anne's parish, Blackfriars, England, over to the New World. There is much evidence extant that members of the North End clique were not over-scrupulous about some little things, in those great days, and I think it only requires the facts—which of course can never be obtained—to add the surreptitious borrowing of the plans of St. Anne's for the North Church of Boston. So much of glory has hung about the church as the holder of the spire that held the lanterns for Paul Revere, that the rest has been

neglected. But I believe it to be a fact—a most important fact, too—that we have, right in the Hub, one of the finest examples of Sir Christopher Wren's mastery in architecture. To save the fee, our worthy sires secreted the fact. Therefore is there no record.

In this same pulpit, there have stood all of the good and great since the day the church was dedicated. It was higher up in the air, then. It has gradually come down from a level with the gallery; necessitated by the high-walled pews which were then in vogue, giving the preacher a chance to look over into them. The heavy Prince-of-Wales feathers, which now form the base of the pulpit, were once the suggestion of a canopy over the reading desk beneath it; and under that, again, there was the clerk's desk. The pews are not so high-walled now, but they are primitively straight-backed still. Sit for a moment in one of them, and verily you will think yourself in the lap of old Colonial days.

Opposite the altar, in the front of the organ gallery, is a clock which has been ticking there since 1726. On either side of it are—what on earth are they? On spindling minarets there stand four chubby things, holding long trumpets to rosy lips, with puffed-out cheeks. Behind them, very small and solid, are many-feathered wings, thrust through heavy folds of drapery. Drake, in his "Memories of Boston," calls them Cherubim. Heaven knows—they may be something of the kind. Their record, too, is incomplete, for they were consigned to a Roman Catholic church in Canada, on board a Spanish vessel which was captured by the Queen of Hungary, one of the pirates of the high seas, by which our forbears used to profit, under letters of marque, as privateers. The Queen of Hungary was commanded by Captain Grushae, who was also a vestryman of the Old North, and as these winged trumpeters appealed to no one, in the division of the spoils, the good captain turned them over to the church. I'm thinking it's rather a pity that the Spaniard did not escape the Queen of Hungary.

Half-way up the height of the organ

there is a narrow and almost invisible gallery, clinging to the rear wall. It is entered by a small door from the way to the belfry. A quarter of a century ago, in faith believing, the old sexton of the church told me that this was the "Slave-pen." They had such things in the old days; where white souls, lodged in black bodies, could sneak in and catch the crumbs. It is only a floor, a front and a single plank set against the wall. I tried to sit on the plank—as one slips, if he can, into an empty throne or into a great preacher's pulpit, to feel that he, too, has been there—but my knees bumped badly against the front before the deed was half accomplished. I pitied the poor slaves, and wondered how they did it, long ago. Since then a saving light has illumined that gallery; but I heard the official guide telling the same old tale to a band of lady delegates from a Christian Science convention, as I wandered, this time, in the nave. I am sure that he knew better. He probably considers the exhibit too effective to discard; but for the honor of the Dear Old North, I pray you remind him, if he tells the same to you, that the signal-lights of freedom hung from the spire, and that slavery was never recognized by a slave-pen, beneath it. The gallery was built no longer ago than seventy years. A letter has recently been discovered concerning it, written by a warden to the superintendent of the Sunday-school. Till then the children had been quartered, during services, in the gallery nearest the pulpit. The letter says:

"You told me, if I built the gallery, that it would take all of the children from the minister's ear and relieve the church of the nuisance."

The poor little slaves. No wonder my knees were bumped.

To the right of the altar, in a space which once was a window—the window through which Newman crawled, after hanging the lanterns, because, meanwhile, some red-coats had come lounging about the door—there is the marble bust of Washington. Like pretty well everything about the church, its authenticity has been questioned by jealous



FIG. 4. THE NORTH CRURCH—DETAILS OF THE INTERIOR.



FIG. 5. NORTH CHURCH—DETAILS OF THE INTERIOR.

ones. Indeed, it is rather difficult to recognize, at first. Stewart has so impressed us with florid youth and square-set jaws, out-strained by badly fitting false teeth. There is ample evidence, however, that at the time of its production it was considered an excellent likeness. It was loaned to the City of Boston and carried in the procession at Washington's funeral. It was com-

mask. Obviously this could not be true, for he told them next—what was true—that it was carried at the head of the Boston procession, at Washington's funeral.

At the back of the altar there is a conception of the Lord, breaking bread, by Penniman. It lacks in manipulation, but in thought it is a masterpiece. It repays a visit to the church—that face



FIG. 6. NORTH CHURCH—DETAILS OF THE INTERIOR.

mented on by LaFayette, not only at the time of his visit, but in a letter afterward. It is the face of an old man, without the teeth, but strong and bold, and full of energy. After a moment's acquaintance we find in it all of the cardinal points of Stewart's Washington, and other traits which Washington possessed, that we miss in the Stewart face. I heard the guide telling the Christian Scientists that it was made from a death

alone. Then the church service has a volume of interesting history. Many of the pieces were presented by King George. Some were cast from the coin contributions—silver and gold—made at the weekly offerings. They have all been pawned, more than once, for the church debts, and once the entire service was—confiscated by an irate warden who had it in charge; hidden, and in his death lost sight of altogether. Years

later it was discovered by Philips Brooks, afterward bishop, stored in the vault of a jewelry house.

King George also presented the church with several prayer-books, and a large Oxford Bible of the print of 1717, which has become famous among bibliographers as the "Vinegar Bible." They are all on exhibition now in the Sunday-school room.

After the church, the crypt and belfry remain to be seen. Choose the belfry first, I warn you; for one hardly feels up to much, after the crypt—and the belfry is very much up—while, anywhere, "Facilis descensus Averni est." The way is narrow but not straight, up to the bells. It twists about by all manner of treads and risers, dodging great oak beams and slipping through shadowy holes, in and out the ringing room, where eight ropes come down, and through the bell room above it, where the bells are so thick that one must climb edgewise between them, up through the famous chime. Drake says that these bells have the power to dispel evil spirits; so have a care, in going up, if you possess any which you particularly prize. Each bell bears some message in its casting. The first reads:

"We are the first ring of bells ever cast for the British Empire in America."

Above the bells is the belfry arch. The upper part of the spire blew down, some hundred years ago, and is only supposed to have been replaced upon the same lines and with much of the same material by Bulfinch. Curiously enough, the only record of it all, after being carefully written up, was sealed in the metal globe, on the top of the spire.

Now then, the crypt. Down into the dark cellar, where an old man waits with a huge bit of candle, giving a particularly small flame, to light—no, not the way. That remains a dim uncertainty to the end—the bones! There are thirty large vaults in the crypt. Most of them are filled to the limit, with coffins of all sorts and sizes. One gets an impression that they were thrown in rather helter-skelter, towards the end. There are plain pine coffins, with wooden pegs. They have held together best of all. And there are rose-wood and mahogany coffins, silver mounted. Some of them have almost deserted their occupants, making very interesting exhibits in the flicker of that ghastly candle-flame.

Sometimes a stray and narrow shaft of sunlight finds its way through a crack in the dust on a small cellar window above. It pierces the darkness as far as it dares, and, in its light, see the little flecks of white dance up and down. One need not watch for long to see them start off with a rush together, and disappear. They will all come back again and go on with their dancing; but what makes them do it? Do you suppose that the ghosts of those dry bones go wandering up and down the darkness, watching out over their last remains?

When you breathe the air above again, you can go on, if you like, to Copp's Hill, the old Colonial cemetery. It is only a step, and is mostly above-ground. Among other things it is rife with memories of Cooper; the grumblings of poor Job, the warnings of Polwarth, the blessings and cursings of Abigail over her idiot boy, and of Lionel Lincoln. Go there and dream.

*Willard French.*

## Building the New Campanile

The preservation of objects of beauty is a matter of present-day importance, and the efforts of modern art and science to retain intact the products of the past which represent the highest achievements of another age have been generally successful. In only a less degree has been the recognition of the need of preserving buildings and statuary of purely historical interest. Sometimes the crude and ugly are thus preserved, but the historical associations which cluster around the commonest structure may fully justify the expensive work of checking decay and ruin.

Next to the preservation of articles of historic and artistic worth is their complete reconstruction. If this can be done while the object is fresh in the mind, with full data and information at hand concerning the minor details of form and character, the results have intrinsic value for present and future generations. In this particular the reconstruction of the Campanile of St. Mark's at Venice is a matter of world-wide interest. The fall of this historical structure on July 14th, 1902, was a calamity which artists and architects fully appreciated. It emphasized acutely the inevitable disintegration and decay of the best works of art. The destruction of the campanile, however, enabled architects and engineers to make comparisons with the methods of construction in vogue in the tenth and eleventh century with those generally adopted to-day. Whatever may be said about the wonderful progress of architectural engineering of the present century, it must be admitted that the builders of the Middle Ages worked according to their lights with remarkable skill and ability.

The Campanile of St. Mark's at Venice was begun in the tenth century, and completed up to the belfry about the middle of the twelfth century. This latter was finished in 1517. Brick was used in the construction of the campanile from the level of the piazza to the belfry

stage, and the belfry and surmounting pyramid was of marble. The total height was 323 feet, with the base 42 feet square.

The total weight of such a campanile was enormous, and the foundations should naturally be sufficient to carry at least one-third more tonnage than was actually demanded. However, recent investigations of the foundations show rather conclusively that the foundations were the weakest part of the structure, and that here rather than in the building itself the early designers made their mistakes. No architect of to-day would think of building such a tall, heavy structure on such insecure foundations as supported the campanile in the great square in front of St. Mark's Cathedral.

The reconstruction of the campanile was decidedly upon shortly after its fall, and the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new structure was performed on April 25th, 1903. The work since then has been carried on more or less rapidly every day, and the foundations are now nearing completion. The shaft itself will be constructed this year, so that by next summer a fair estimate of its likeness to the old campanile can be obtained by summer visitors to Venice.

The foundations of the old structure was found to be very insecure for a number of reasons. The area of the foundation extended only four feet beyond the spring of the shaft. Piles of white poplar had been driven into the clay to a considerable depth, and on top of them a platform was laid consisting of two layers of oak beams. The foundation proper was then built on this platform. Various kinds of stone were used for this work, held together by mortar and shallow-biting clamps. There were seven courses of these stones, and below the sea level the mortar was found in very poor condition. It had in most instances completely lost its cohesive power. On top of this

foundation of stone the base was built, with five courses of stone set in step-wise. The distance from the platform to the top of this base was sixteen feet. Owing to the hydraulic thrust the whole of this foundation was raised one and three-sixteenths of an inch when the weight of the tower was removed by the fall.

The construction of such a tall, slender column of masonry is as much an engineering as an architectural problem, and before the new plans for reconstruction were adopted experimental borings were made. It was found that the square on which the campanile rested was carried on a thick cushion or bed of compact clay. This sand bed was pierced by the wooden piles. Below it was a deep stratum of watery sand. If the borings extended below the clay stratum geysers of water belched up from below, and the piles gradually lost their carrying power. It may have been that the early builders ascertained this fact and took particular care not to go below a certain level.

In deciding upon the foundations for the new campanile the condition of the soil had to be taken into consideration. It is possible that the unfavorable soil was partly responsible for the adoption of the plan, which is a compromise between removing the old foundation entirely and building on it without material change. The old foundation is simply enlarged and strengthened, and thus the early work of the builders is preserved underground as well as reconstructed above.

The method of rebuilding or strengthening the old foundation was to excavate around the stone base to the level of the pile heads. This ditch was about sixteen feet deep and twelve feet in width. When the excavation was finished, and the old piles carefully bratticed, piles were driven into the subsoil to a considerable depth. Although white poplar piles were used in the early construction, and many of these showed remarkable preservation, it was decided to use Cadore larchwood for the new campanile support. About 3,076 of these piles were cut with the resin in

them, and at an average of eight inches in diameter. Larchwood with an abundance of resin resists decay much better than most woods when buried in clay.

The piles driven in the ditch around the old foundation were thirteen feet in length, and when driven to almost absolute resistance they formed a total strength equal to a carrying power of 90,000 tons. A remarkably wide margin of safety is permanently established thereby, for the estimated weight which they will have to carry is not more than 20,000 tons. The foundations of the campanile were thus enlarged in area to something like 240 square metres.

The driving of the piles was slow and primitive work. Instead of adopting modern steam pile drivers, the contractors chose to use the old hand-rope and pulley and weight. Driving over 3,000 piles by this method required nearly ten times as much effort as by machinery, and nearly ten times as many days. The last pile was driven and cut off square a year and a half ago, and work was begun on the new platform. This was laid over the old platform, and the union of the new and old was made with considerable skill. Two layers of Montello oak beams were laid across the pile heads. The lower layer was placed parallel to the sides of the foundations, and the upper layer was run across. The platform layers were fastened together with wooden pins of dog-wood, a peculiarly hard and valuable species found in Italy. The interstices of the platform layers were filled with best Portland cement and porous Monselice stone. By bonding the new and old platform resting on the heads of the piles, the old foundation is relieved of a good deal more than half of its load, and the question of strength is permanently settled so far as this portion of the new campanile is concerned. In fact, the old foundation, while preserved intact, is practically limited to a nucleus around which the modern one is constructed.

The masonry work on top of the wooden platform is of more interest to the architect than the pile foundation, but it has been carried on with the same regard to modern engineering necessi-

ties. Strength has not been sacrificed at any step in order to preserve any sentimental feature of the structure. Faithful reproduction of the original campanile, however, has been required throughout, and the two ends in view have been obtained through a satisfactory harmonizing of details.

The first courses built on top of the wooden platform are composed of massive blocks of Istrian stone. This stone is of special value, both by virtue of its compact grain and beauty of coloring and appearance. It resembles marble in many particulars, and can be highly polished. Its crushing strength and compactness of grain render it of great value for a work of this kind. The stones were cut in the form of parallelepipeds, and carefully laid in courses and cemented permanently in the finest concrete mortar. The stones were bonded into the old foundation to the depth of six feet, and they were stepped in from the external limit of the new foundation. The blocks were cut in size of

nine feet and nine inches long and four feet and seven inches wide. There are eleven courses of these stone blocks, and they are so bounded with the old that the weight is evenly distributed.

From this blending of old and new foundation the campanile proper will spring. The construction of this latter will contain points of special interest both to architects and engineers, but as the campanile will always be on view, while the foundations will be covered up, a description of the latter is worthy of study. In this work the primitive methods of construction may strike Americans with special force. Even the heavy stones for the foundations were carried from the quarries to the mole in barges, and then carried up the length of the piazzetta with wooden rollers and ropes. They were then slowly hauled by hand block and tackle to the foundations. Sentiment was partly responsible for this, as it was believed that nearly the same methods were employed by the builders of the original campanile.

*A. S. Atkinson.*



THE SIGN OF PAUL REVERE.



THE NEW WANAMAKER BUILDING.

Philadelphia, Pa.

D. H. Burnham & Co., Architects.

# NOTES & COMMENTS

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## THE EDUCATION OF A COLONIAL CARPENTER

I have been lately getting some new light on a subject on which I have long lain in darkness, and I hasten to share its beams with the readers of the *Architectural Record*. Nobody, I suppose, who considers the work of the colonial period in America can have failed to wonder from what literary sources the work of those artisans was derived. There were no architects in any modern, or in any distinctive sense—distinguishing them, that is to say, from craftsmen. It is necessary, of course, sharply to distinguish the politically from the architecturally colonial period. The former ended, say, in 1783. The latter endured certainly until 1830. During these two generations, while we were politically emancipated, we were architecturally provincial, following the latest British fashions in this as in all the social arts, and absurdly sensitive, for even a good while longer, to the opinion of the "metropole." In fact, it was only about the middle of the nineteenth century that the American carpenter became really emancipated, and began, in Emerson's phrase, to "trust himself." Also in Emerson's phrase, his buildings began to "vibrate to that iron string." Terrible buildings they were, as their melancholy remains attest. They were not Bourbons, those terrible jig sawyers. Not Bourbons because, while they had learned nothing all right, they had forgotten everything. It was only when the book-learned architect came in to repair the ravages of the unbook-learned carpenter, that we began to get again the architecture we had lost with the disappearance of the book-learned carpenter.

The carpenter had by no means been book-learned from the first. Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," published in 1784, had been written in 1782, the year of the Independence of the United States the minus one, in point of fact, though the sixth according to the Declaration. In that famous chapter, in which Thomas declared that "the genius of architecture seemed to have shed its maledictions over this land," Thomas also com-

plains that it would be difficult to make an "attempt at elegance," since "a workman could scarcely be found capable of drawing an order." But Jefferson was a Virginian, even then engaged in the beginnings of Monticello, and Virginia was already remarkable among her sisters for "the scarcity of handicraftsmen." He might have secured his prize, perhaps, in Pennsylvania, though, in fact, the colonial buildings of Pennsylvania, the public and pretentious buildings, were the work of amateurs and cognoscenti, as Christ Church, in Philadelphia, of a Dr. Kearsley; Independence Hall, of Lawyer Hamilton, and so forth. Jefferson, as an amateur and connoisseur, might have been expected to acquire this particular accomplishment for himself, instead of clamoring for a "workman" who had it. But doubtless he would have had some trouble in finding his thus accomplished workman in any one of the colonies.

How are we to account for the fact that the workman who could "draw an order" was a rare bird in 1782, and even ten years afterwards, when a physician and "elegant amateur," Dr. Thornton, made the prize design for the Capitol, or divided the prize with a professional architect, while, a few years after the beginning of the nineteenth century, there was so plainly an abundance of workmen who could draw an order. The obvious explanation is that, during this interval, somebody had introduced manuals, from which workmen were able to derive the rudiments of an architectural education, as architectural education was at that time understood. The inference is so obvious that for a good many years I have been inspecting old book stalls in the hope of coming upon one of these manuals. I have never succeeded in landing one in my cursory quests. But an antiquarian friend with more patience, to whom I had confided my belief, has promptly confirmed it by producing from his stores two of the manuals on which the colonial carpenter unquestionably relied, and they are before me now, two quartos in old calf, 10 x 8. One is "The Practical House Carpenter, or Youth's Instructor, containing a Great Variety of Useful Designs in Carpen-

try and Architecture, the Whole illustrated and made perfectly easy by One Hundred and Forty Eight Copperplates, with Explanations to Each. By James Pain, Author of *The Practical Builder and British Palladio: The sixth edition, with additions.* Philadelphia. Printed by Thomas Dobson, at the Store House, No. 41 South Second Street. 1797."

The British Palladio evidently intended his work for home consumption. Apparently Dobson bought the plates "as is," and merely reprinted, or perhaps even imported the sheets and put his name to them. For the work is not at all adapted to American wants, and one even notes a design "For a Gateway to a Nobleman's or Gentleman's House," at a date when a Nobleman's house had become unthinkable in Pennsylvania. In truth, the designs which make up the bulk of the volume are of houses much too elaborate and costly to be available to the Pennsylvanian carpenter, or to any other variety of the then American carpenter. But the book can have done no harm to any carpenter of that period. To a certain chosen kind of carpenter it may have done great good. It would have given him, among other things, "The Five Orders laid down by a new scale," and to draw the five orders over and over again, by any scale, would have done the American carpenter of 1797 no harm, and would even now do the promiscuous American architect, much more the promiscuous American "architect" no harm. The orders, partly foreign to Vitruvius, but wholly familiar and domestic to the British Palladio of 1797, are, of course, the "Tuscan," the Doric, the Ionic, the Corinthian, and the Composite, which last, in James Pain's version, is of a special queerness, being a kind of shallow mockery of what we moderns know better as the order of the choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens. The ambitious young American carpenter, for whose instruction and benefit the reprint was intended, must mainly have derived from the study of it a nation of the superior opportunities of the British carpenter, whose usual employ must have seemed to him the designing of "seats" and town houses beyond the dreams of any but a trivial fraction of the citizenship of the United States.

The other manual is evidently far more practical. Its title page is worth transcribing in full: "The Young Carpenter's Assistant; or, a System of Architecture. Adapted to the style of Building in the United States. By Owen Biddle, Housecarpenter and Teacher of Architectural Drawing. Philadelphia. Published by Benjamin Warner, and sold at his Bookstores in Philadelphia and

Richmond, Virginia. William Dickson, Printer, Lancaster, Pa. December, 1817."

What number of edition this of 1817 may be I have no means of knowing. But the copyright notice on the next page assures us that the work was originally entered, according to act of Congress, in July, 1805. The special illustrations at the end might all have been prepared for the first edition. The Bank of the United States, "by Samuel Blodget, of this city" (1795), the Bank of Pennsylvania, by Benjamin H. Latrobe (1799), Christ Church, Philadelphia, already two generations old, and the wooden bridge across the Schuylkill, with a central span of 194 feet, in which, although the conception seems to be mainly that of "Timothy Palmer, of Newburyport, in Massachusetts," "the Editor" bore a not too modest part. But these things are given as exceptions. The rule is the proposition and solution of problems within the ordinary purview of the "Young Carpenter" to draw the orders, "the proportions of which I have taken from Pain's work, with but little variation," though they have shrunk in number to four, by the omission of the Composite, "to describe an ellipsis with a trammel," "to find the form of raking cornice which shall mitre with a level one, with the return at top for an open pediment": these things, and the like of these things, are, in the words of Owen Biddle, "some of the most useful geometrical problems which every carpenter ought to be acquainted with." For the solution of all these problems, Owen, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, gives aid to the otherwise self-instructed but ambitious "Young Carpenter," for which, one infers, the young carpenter would be long and far to seek for instruction at the beginning of the twentieth.

The inference carries much further. The young carpenter of the beginning of the nineteenth century was, one goes on to infer, an educated man, trained to reason about what he was doing. He was the kind of mechanic who would naturally develop, by the mere force of his schooling in these exercises, into an architect, and not by any means, as now, if at all, into an "architect." His taste was cultivated as well as his reasoning powers. The classical examples of success in his handicraft that were presented to him in this manual were really classical examples. We laugh at them now for their narrowness. But we can laugh at them for nothing else. These old-fashioned examples, to which our newest-fashioned designers nevertheless recur, were of a single set of forms, accepted by all concerned as inveterate and final. But all the same, to know them was a liberal education

for the embryo architect that every carpenter was then, for the embryo carpenter, one may almost say, that every "architect" is now. Looking over these "geometrical problems" that constitute the bulk of Owen Biddle's book, one asks himself how many carpenters are there now alive in this favored land who could solve them. How many who could read, with understanding, Owen Biddle's book? In remote New England villages, "in deep wet ways by gray old gardens," perhaps here and there one. In that case, one explains to himself why the social and civic status of a carpenter is still so much higher there than that of the artificer whom we know in the city by the same name. This latter draws far higher wages than the colonial carpenter would ever have dreamed of demanding, and, in virtue of his membership in a rigorous trades union, far higher wages than the country carpenter thinks of demanding now. But anybody who knows the two varieties knows that the old-fashioned country carpenter is as immensely the intellectual as he is the social superior of the modern town-bred carpenter, who has been reduced to become, in his day's work, a dreary specialist whom it were juster to call an automaton, and whom no sane employer would any longer think of invoking for the solution of a practical mechanical problem. The interval is vast. The colonial carpenter was an educated and thinking being, to whom, within the sphere of his special information, the community deferred. The modern urban carpenter is the wage-devourer that we know, whose opinion no sane being would think of invoking on any mechanical question outside of his daily routine. No wonder the colonial carpenter became, by an easy transition, the architect of his time, and had no need to add that designation to the designation of his trade. He was quite, as to trained intelligence and mechanical equipment, what we now mean by an architect, while his successor is the automaton and tool of his "union." When we reflect that, for fifteen years, "The Young Carpenter's Assistant" was the vademecum of the trade, art, or profession to which it was addressed, and when we consider what kind of technical pabulum has supplanted it with the generation of carpenters that now is, we shall find no difficulty in explaining to ourselves how the "young carpenter" of 1805, or of 1817, was so much more professional a person, and so much more respected a citizen, than the ordinary urban members of a carpenters' trade union is in 1905. The question is much larger than one of the practice of architecture.

M. S.

**THE  
WANAMAKER  
STORE IN  
PHILADELPHIA**

We reproduce here- with an illustration of the new Wanamaker store in Philadelphia, which has recently been completed from the designs of D. H. Burnham & Co. The new store only covers a portion of the block occupied by the old store, and it will at an early date be extended to include the whole block. So far as the design goes, however, the existing section indicates just what the whole building will be, and it shows some interesting variations from the similar skyscrapers most recently designed by Burnham & Co., viz.: the Wanamaker Building in New York and the building of the First National Bank in Chicago. In all three structures a certain unit of design has been adopted and realized, more or less completely. In the several facades of the buildings. In the Philadelphia store, however, the unit is constituted by two instead of three windows, as in the other buildings; and its smaller width and fewer openings bring out more emphatically the vertical dimension of the facades. The Philadelphia edifice is not any taller than the one in New York, and it is much shorter than the one in Chicago; but this disposition makes it look taller. Furthermore, the vertical dimension is also emphasized in the Philadelphia store by the treatment of the corners, which are pierced by one instead of two windows, as is the same space along the rest of the facade. Finally, the treatment of the crowning member of the building intensifies the same effect, for this division of the facade is pierced only by narrow arched openings, with much deeper reveals than those of the openings below, and the combined narrowness and depth of these openings, contrasted with the plain wall above, adds a convincing touch to the effect which has been sought. Of the three facades, the design of the bank building in Chicago is most entirely satisfactory, but the Wanamaker store in Philadelphia is more interesting than the Wanamaker store in New York. Both of these stores, it may be added, are examples of the successful use of terra cotta as the covering of a skyscraper, and both are an improvement over the design of the Fuller building in New York. It is a pity that such a spectacular edifice as the Fuller Building was not designed after Mr. Burnham had worked out more completely the advantages of his method of skyscraper design. The method has its disadvantages, but it is eminently business-like and appropriate.

**JAPANESE  
ART AND  
ARCHITECTURE**

Japanese art occupies this curious position with regard to the West—that we, the Westerners, admire with enthusiasm and collect with eagerness, the slighter and less significant products of that art, while remaining ignorant of the more stately, the greater and more enduring monuments. It is altogether as if some sagacious nation of the Far East should collect the character sketches and the caricatures in our Sunday papers, while knowing nothing, or very little, of our painting—while knowing nothing of our larger works in that art, as on the walls of our public buildings, and nothing of our sculpture of serious purpose. We should look with a pitying toleration on their criticisms of Western art, if they wrote any which came our way. And it is, we know, much in that spirit that the Japanese accept the admiration of our writers who call attention to the delight and charm of Japanese art. Mr. Okakura calls the glass, the pottery, the carvings in wood and ivory, the delicate products of the art which we call, by a misconception, lacquer-work, and the books with wood cuts by famous men of the past—he calls them all “playthings,” in comparison, of course, with the temple paintings and the statues of the divine guardians at temple doors. And in like manner, if we were to take more seriously the writings of those people who have praised the Japanese dwelling-house for its lightness and simplicity, for the delicate and restrained sense of decoration which it expresses, we, the readers, and they, the writers of such remarks would be open to the charge of too hasty an assumption if we pronounced upon Japanese architecture from that point of view.

But few are the persons who have been able to make themselves so familiar with the spirit of Japan as embodied in her fine art, or even in her poetry and her legendary history, as to speak with any confidence of the purpose and significance of the fine art in question. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, although not a professed student of fine art, is yet cited by every Japanese who has spoken on the subject, as the one man whose opinion of Japanese art should be listened to, and this because he became almost a Japanese in feeling. Rightly, the Japanese claim for their fine art an expressive utterance of the national feeling, even as the peoples of Europe did at certain past times of their existence. Nowadays, of course, there is no such expression of national spirit to be looked for

in Western art, and this is for good as well as for evil. Cosmopolitanism has its advantages. The freedom of intercourse between nations, and the study of young foreigners in France, helps in certain ways. It will, however, not produce that unity of the art spirit which Japan still possesses, though its existence is, we believe, limited by associations with the West.

It is our business to cultivate to the full all the feeling of sympathy which we find in ourselves or in others, for that wonderful people who have retained their traditional feeling and their traditional expression of it in fine art and in poetry for so many centuries, and Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, the Boston architect, though busy with those late-Gothic churches which he and his partners design and build according to a carefully thought-out principle of action, with the reformatory zeal and the religious interest which to him are a part of the same propaganda, has yet found time to visit Japan and, during a short stay there, and by thought and observation since that time, to become a faithful and enthusiastic exponent of Japanese ideas in some developments of Japanese architecture.

**CRAM'S  
JAPANESE  
ARCHITECTURE**

Some of Mr. Cram's papers have been gathered from the journals in which they first appeared, and to them has been added a paper read before the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts, and four new papers. These are published by the Baker & Taylor Co., in New York, in a very handsome form, under the title “Impressions of Japanese Architecture and the Allied Arts.” Now, if there is one art which, more than another, must be studied in Japan, it is the architecture of the country; for what photographs can give, even to the mind of the trained thinker upon such subjects, a full sense of the significance of wooden building carried so far toward artistic perfection? On several occasions Japanese architects and students of architecture have come to me with requests for guidance in the study of architecture in Europe and America; and it has been sad to see them here in the attempt to transplant to the Far East the entirely decadent architecture of the West—an architecture without unity, without significance, a congeries of ancient ideas misapplied in modern times. Why, if they have their very noble art, founded upon framing

in oak and embodied in the Kon-do and Ho-o-do and that many-roofed tower which we call improperly the Pagoda—why not translate it into such incombustible material as suggests itself? The permanence of the oak-wood structures has been proved—they are 600, they are 900 years old, as easily, according to record and document, as are those few stone-built structures of Europe which can still claim a comparable antiquity. But they are capable of being burned up; and that by any careless or mischievous starting of a fire in the temple grounds. To exclude combustibility would be the demand which their possessors would make for them, even as it is made to-day by the residents of our cities. And why, then, should not that framing be translated into terms of bronze—of bronze, which material is more familiar to the Japanese than to other peoples? Bronze they handle as they handle wood, with a like dexterity and sense of its fitness. Why, the very torii, the bird-perch gateway of the temple entrance, is made of bronze in one or two instances—it is made of granite also in at least one instance, and without apparent unfitness—but this would not apply to the framing of a temple, as seen from within. That system of bracketing cannot be carried out in a material like granite or marble, or other stone; but bronze, with its tenacity, its ductility, its power of lending itself to all the purposes of frame-construction, would seem to be the ideal material; and an architect with a passion for his art could hardly wish for a better thing than the permission to construct a frame building, with members of bronze. If some great millionaire would finance the undertaking and enable the Japanese to build a pagoda near one of their ancient towns entirely of metal, it would be a delightful experiment.

But this consideration carries us far from Mr. Cram's book. He, writing in the form of separate and detached essays, has been free to consider his subject from a dozen points of view, all different, all interesting, and all suggested by the immediate study of the monument. Thus, I am delighted with Chapter IV., "Temples and Shrines." Of this the first paragraph deals with that strange Western habit of mind, now obsolescent, which takes Buddhism as one form of "horrid idolatry lightly to be overthrown," and its temples as "the foolish haltings of poor savages"; and then the second paragraph deals with that worship of the jade carvings, netsukes, the embroidery and the lacquer, while ignoring (yes, and even despising) the architecture and the sculpture of the land. I will

not go on to consider the paragraphs which follow immediately, because they deal with that question which is outside of our scope—the suggested Christianizing of that ancient land of the East. There follows the assertion which I, for one, cannot accept in full, of the derivation of Chino-Korean art from Greece—indirectly, of course. That assumption will need a deal of proving before it can be accepted by students who believe in the independent thinking out of problems by different people. But the discussion of the early temples as they now stand—the temples of Horiuji, Nara, Uji and Kyoto—is faultless. It is my great regret and hindrance that I have not seen them with my own eyes; but through the eyes of La Farge and Cram, Okakura and Shugio, and through the glass held up to me by photographs of all sizes and from all conceivable points of view, I seem to perceive what the wooden towers have to say. And so I venture to consider in this semi-critical way the criticism of Mr. Cram, who has seen them. It is not hard to accept, for instance, this statement with all its consequences: "In St. Mark's are tawdry anilin paper flowers against the pala d'oro. Our Lady of Chartres is decked out in cheap finery of the theatrical costumer. St. Albans Cathedral is desecrated by the Brumagem 'Gothic' of the modern Vandal, the late Lord Grimthorpe; but here in Japan, the temples themselves still remain virgin and undefiled. If a man wants to see what good art can mean and be when it is unspotted by modernism, he must go, not to Italy, or France or England, but to the Buddhist temples of Japan." Moreover, in the paragraph which follows, with its discussion of those inferior though still most attractive buildings, the temples of Shiba and Uyeno and Tokyo, and the tombs and shrines of Nikko, it is easy to accept the statements as to the exuberance of those later structures, "the apotheosis of colored and carved decoration." On the other hand, the remark which follows immediately, that all this "is beauty gone mad, and bursting beyond all bounds," is one of those statements we love to limit as being statements of opinion. You, dear reader, and I, may love an exuberant style more than does Mr. Cram. If one has revelled in Japanese decorative art for many years without ever wearying of it—I mean such graphic and such decorative art as has been transported to America, France, England and Italy, and which our houses may contain—he would have a right to say that he would accept the late Tokugawa designs with all their faults upon their head, as an immense delight

and as charming things to live with. He might say this while admitting that there is a nobler beauty still in the earlier designs, as there is also in the reliefs of the Parthenon. There, in Greece, was a beauty which Japan never attained, either in character or (it is safe to say) in nobility.

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**MR. CRAM'S  
BOOK  
CONTINUED**

Chapter VI. deals with domestic interiors, a subject which has been treated in a practical and common-sense manner by Mr. Edward S. Morse, and is treated here from a purely artistic point of view by Mr. Cram. It pleases the reader to note that he, this latest writer on the subject, is not astonished by the severe plainness of these interiors. He does not find them uninteresting. He describes and praises, in the same breath. On page 126 there is discussion of that decoration which the Japanese affect in their interiors. The *chigai-dana* and the *tokonoma* (that is to say the two adjoining recesses—that with shelves, for small objects, and that with raised floor for the flower vase and wall for the hanging picture) are the parts which are richly adorned, though in modern houses they are left more plain. And then the custom often described by travelers, of changing almost daily the pictures and the articles of decorative art, is insisted on here with full explanation of its meaning. The *kakimono* which is hung to-day must have its peculiar bronze vase and special flowers set in front of it. And if this refinement of feeling which contrasts so markedly with our Western habit of lavish showering of our possessions upon our sitting rooms, be taken as an evidence of more leisure and a more tranquil life than we in the West possess, this evidence will not be rejected.

It is indeed that leisurely movement through life which Japan has put aside that she may enter into the whirling contest for a position among the powers of the earth. In short, this book is stuffed with information for those who are in search of it—with food for thought addressed to those who have some hold upon the facts already, and are desirous to draw the proper conclusions therefrom. It is one of the most attractive books imaginable. Each paper is good to read aloud to the family circle if its members have thought about artistic subjects.

R. S.

**ISHAM'S  
HISTORY OF  
AMERICAN  
PAINTING**

The historian of American painting has one advantage over the historian of American sculpture and architecture. His subject matter has a greater continuity and a more persistent significance than has the subject matter of the other arts. Neither is this advantage due merely to the fact that during the nineteenth century painting was a more living art than either architecture or sculpture. Much more was it due to the circumstance that American interest in art has been hitherto a special interest, and that the art of painting is the one that thrives best upon special patronage. If a painting pleases a single person who has the will and the money to buy it, that painting has satisfied the necessary economic condition of its production, while a few hundred men, who are willing to spend a few thousands of dollars a year upon pictures can give the same number of painters enough of a public and sufficient means of support. Sculpture, on the other hand, requiring as it does more expensive materials and methods, and depending as it necessarily must to large extent upon official patronage, has a more difficult set of economic and social conditions to satisfy, and architecture is bound to the industrial art of building, with which it cannot dispense, but which it is far from completely dominating. Painting, on the other hand, does not require very much capital; it *can* get along entirely without official recognition, and thus it possesses a peculiar independence of unkind social and economic conditions. It loses less by a divorce from general appreciation and patronage than do the other fine arts, and this independence has enabled it to preserve some life at a time when American architecture was dormant, and when the barest beginning had been made by American sculpture. Its historian has a continuous story to tell, which begins practically with the Revolution, and which is never entirely lacking in interesting material.

But this independence is, of course, only comparative. The historian of American painting would make a grave mistake in case he treated his subject too much as a special interest. The whole history of painting may be properly treated from such a point of view, but the history of American painting is inseparably connected with the general intellectual and social development of the community. Our painting has been the creature, or, if you please, the victim of alien conditions and of general ideas that were sometimes relevant and sometimes irrele-

vant. Its comparative detachment enabled it to live upon a social and intellectual diet, which for a time almost starved architecture to death; but it was none the less constantly and radically modified by the food on which it lived. It could not develop, as a well-established art should, according to a consistent inner principle of growth. It was never really sure of its footing, either intellectually or technically. The American painters have never inherited a body of pertinent ideas and established traditions which they could instinctively accept or consciously reject. They have been obliged to formulate their own ideas, and select the technical or intellectual tradition, to which they gave their allegiance, and as neither painting nor any other art can thrive when it is the outcome of a moral and intellectual struggle, its history in this country is largely the history of men who have been thwarted and led astray. They have not had to contend against opposition so much as indifference and misunderstanding, and at any particular time their work has, as a rule, been of more significance as an indication of the stage which had been reached in American artistic amelioration, than as an exhibition of happy and triumphant technical achievement. This rule is not universal. Certain individuals have escaped from its influence. But the writer of the history of American painting cannot give his story complete continuity from any other point of view.

It is one of the merits of Mr. Samuel Isham's "History of American Painting," recently published by Macmillan & Co., that it is something more than a book about American painters and their work. "A history of American painting," he says in his introduction, "should have its importance not through its description of isolated men or their works, but as a record of the growth of the country in intelligence and culture, as a part, in fact, of that 'History of Taste' which still awaits its author. The lives of the early painters have consequently been given in some detail, so that it may be seen, not only what manner of men they were, but also how they were formed by their surroundings and the sort of public to which they catered. For the same reason, an attempt has been made to note the rise and growth of the different art organizations and their social and intellectual character, and also to give some record of the foreign influences which have been brought to bear upon them. The artists have changed their ideals, but not accidentally or arbitrarily. Even when some of them seemed to be opposing the taste of their countrymen, they were, in fact, but aiding it in a neces-

sary and inevitable advance. It is this development of painting and of the appreciation of painting which it has been the aim of this book to trace, and mention of the lives and work of individual painters has been made as they seemed to illustrate such development."

Not only, however, has Mr. Isham's point of view in relation to his material been most edifying, but he has succeeded in applying it with good judgment and with literary skill. His task was not an easy one. His is the first history of American painting, which attempts to tell the whole story, while at the same time maintaining the standards of the best contemporary criticism. He was obliged consequently to classify, practically for the first time, the work of many hundred individual painters, and to indicate their significant relations both to one another and to the prevailing tendencies in American intellectual and social life. Many of these painters are still living, and probably the most difficult of all Mr. Isham's tasks was to make his account of the work of these contemporary artists interesting, just, and at the same time, inoffensive. Upon the adequacy of his specific estimates of the great majority of American painters, living or dead, the present writer is not competent to pass; but whether adequate or not, they are certainly fair in spirit and suggestive in substance, and Mr. Isham's fundamental standards, when he is appraising either the general course of American intellectual life, or the work of individual painters, are illuminating and sound. The uninstructed reader will obtain from the book an essentially trustworthy and a genuinely interesting outline of the whole subject, while the best instructed reader cannot fail to profit by an account of American painting, which imparts so much meaning to so many details.

It has been said that the history of painting in this country was largely the history of men who have been thwarted or led astray in their work; but it must not be supposed that the obstacles and the misguidance from which our painters have suffered has been during the different periods of American art anything like a constant quantity. On the contrary, Mr. Isham's method of treatment is peculiarly valuable, because it shows so clearly that, misguided and sterilized as has been so much of the work of American painters, the movement has been on the whole towards the establishment of better technical standard and a sounder body of ideas. Social and intellectual conditions remain, indeed, extremely unfavorable to the present

day; and the union of innocence, optimism and good intentions, which forms so large a part of the American character, still bears strange and outlandish children; but the result of a survey of the whole course of American painting leaves no room for discouragement. The good American painter of to-day may still be partly sterilized by alien conditions; but he is no longer misguided. The technical standards which he has adopted are the best available; his ideas are both formative and pertinent. He is establishing an American artistic tradition which is bound to bestow upon his successors a better chance for wholesome and untrammelled self-expression. The adoption of this technical standard has not, indeed, increased his popularity. The Churches and the Bierstadts of a former generation were more generously patronized than are contemporary painters of corresponding position; but he has the satisfaction of knowing that the men who paint to-day after the manner of Church and Bierstadt have no position at all. When the contemporary painter is approved, it is for sound achievement; and there is every reason to suppose that such achievement will finally bring with it popular as well as critical appreciation. It is to be hoped that Mr. Isham's book will prove to be the beginning of a genuinely constructive criticism of American painting. It is well qualified to play such a part, and the future critical historians of the work of our painters will have to build upon the foundations which Mr. Isham has laid. H. D. C.

THE  
METROPOLITAN  
MUSEUM

Indications multiply that under its new direction the Metropolitan Museum of Art will become not only the best collection of historical and European art in this country, but

also, as is equally important, a national gallery of American art. This obvious duty and destiny of the New York museum was wholly neglected under its former management, and it will require both considerable energy and a large and wise expenditure of money to repair the mistake at the present time; but it is not too late, and the new director, Sir Purdon Clarke, seems fully equal to the task. It is not too late, because a very complete collection, including typical pictures of the American painters of the past, could still be obtained at a cost which would not be exces-

sive, particularly in case certain public institutions which now own many important canvases could be induced to hang them in the Metropolitan Museum. New York has fortunately been the art centre of the United States for fully two generations, and its public and private collections contain a full representation of every phase of American painting, except, perhaps, the very first. As to the additions to the national gallery which should be made year by year from the material offered by current exhibitions, that is merely a matter of spending with good judgment a certain amount of money. The sum need not be large—not so very much larger, indeed, than the interest on the \$100,000 which Mr. George Hearn has recently donated to the museum for the purchase of American pictures—but it requires the exercise of a good deal of discretion in spending it. The pictures purchased should be selected according to the arbitrary ideas of any one man or group of men. They should be representative of the approbation of the majority of the good American artists of to-day, and it should not be difficult to make the selection on these grounds. Of course, the body of American artists is not without its divisions; but a committee that was familiar with the best work of all the best men could assuredly accumulate little by little a thoroughly representative collection—one which in the course of a generation would become of inestimable value. It looks as if something of this kind would be done, and that the present director was the man to do it. He certainly has the right ideas, and he will doubtless soon have sufficient knowledge. Moreover, if he succeeds in achieving the collection, its value for American art will extend far beyond the value of the pictures. It will give American art more dignity in the eyes of well-to-do Americans, and it may persuade some of them to spend at home more of the money which they devote to the purchase of pictures.

MUNICIPAL  
PROGRESS  
SINCE  
1880

One of the most significant of the papers at the recent convention of the American Society of Municipal Improvements was that in which T. Chalkley Hatton, of Wilmington, Del., reviewed municipal work dating since 1880 in the Atlantic States. The group of improvements to which he gave first importance was that dealing with the water supply. He said that in the Atlantic States there are now 693

cities and towns of 3,000 or more population which have public water systems. Of those that are not new practically all have been largely extended and improved in the 25 years. Since 1880 there have been constructed 151 water purification plants in these States, most of them for water works operated under franchises, as if, he suggests, communities were more particular about the quality of the water supplied to them by private interests than where they have to pay the bill themselves. Next to water supply improvements has come the construction of enormous sewerage systems and provision for the proper disposal of the sewage. On this point Mr. Hatton says: "Prior to 1880, with but few exceptions, sewers were primarily built by cities and towns for carrying off the storm water, and, incidentally, they were used to carry off the liquid household and manufacturing wastes. The writer has knowledge of eight of the larger towns, one a city of over 300,000 population, which up to a few years ago prohibited by ordinance the discharging of any sewage into the sewers of the municipalities. Few sewer systems were designed as an intelligent whole, but were mostly designed and constructed for immediate needs. The larger cities carried the storm water and sewage through the same conduits to the nearest available natural water course." All this is now changed. "From the replies to his circular letter, the writer believes that there have been more miles of sewers built in Eastern cities since 1890 than of water mains, and that the money expended for them has been of larger amount than for any other municipal improvement, except street pavements." Since 1880 at least 83 municipal plants for the purification of sewage have been constructed, and Mr. Hatton believes that within a few years now there will be few cities and towns in the populous North-eastern States that do not purify their sewage. On pavements more money has been spent than on any other improvement. Since 1890 the cost of the various kinds of pavements has decreased, Mr. Hatton finds, 30 per cent., although the cost of labor has considerably appreciated. He believes this due to a smaller margin of profit for producers and contractors. Nearly all the regular and systematic cleaning of streets has developed, he says, within the 25 years. Another great improvement is in street lighting, for which electricity was only beginning to be used in 1890. The cost of electric lighting has decreased 30 per cent. in 15 years, and is expected to decline further. The burial of electric wires has also taken place almost

wholly since 1890. Twenty-five years ago there were no trolley cars; now every city and town has its trolley system. The most pressing question to-day, in Mr. Hatton's opinion, is the disposal of garbage. He states that in the Atlantic States 88 cities are now reducing, cremating or otherwise disposing artificially of their garbage, but the whole effort, he thinks, is still in an experimental stage and far from satisfactory. The conclusion of his paper, of which this has been only the barest summary, is that "public progress has kept pace with private improvements, in spite of the handicap which politics always places upon it"—an opinion that is encouraging and probably correct.

A  
PROPOSED  
CLASSICAL  
EXPOSITION

The suggestion has lately been made that Rome join the list of cities that organize great expositions for the attraction of tourists. A sufficient excuse might be found, it is pointed out, in the inauguration of the colossal monument to Victor Emmanuel II., that has been so many years in building; and then the proposal, of such indifferent interest otherwise, is imbued with vitality by the character suggested for the exposition. A writer in the "Nuova Antologia" argues that since Rome can scarcely hope to excel in a commercial exposition, this one—for which he chooses 1911 as the date—should be purely artistic, and its site should include the Forum, the Colosseum, the Palatine Hill, the Circus Maximus, the Baths of Caracalla, and as far as St. Paul's Gate on the Aventine. There the galleries for ancient art should rise, looking on the Tiber and the Alban hills; and sacred art should find housing in the cloisters of the churches of St. Saba, St. Alessio and St. Sabina. He would have all the structures in keeping with their classic surroundings and of the highest artistic impress. He suggests a monumental portal to the Aventine, a boulevard from the Arch of Constantine and the Circus Maximus, and another from the Circus to the Catacombs. The landscape gardening, if rightly carried out, would forever enhance the attraction of the splendid ruins. And only two things are needed, he says, for success—a genius and 40,000,000 francs. But what great things, more permanent than an exposition, might be done by money and a genius! If, however, this cause serves where others fail to bring them into union, there will be a result well worth, indeed, the seeing.

**ECTON  
CHURCH  
CONTRO-  
VERSY**

Speaking of restorations, the discussion that has been dragging along for some months about the restoration of Ecton Church, England, is illuminating and instructive. It is particularly so in this instance, because Americans, who have not many opportunities for such discriminations, have borne a part. Ecton Church had close connections, it will be remembered, with the father of Benjamin Franklin, and on that ground appeal was made to Philadelphians for subscriptions for its restoration. Of those appealed to one at least wrote to the secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, in London, to know what was thought of the plans; and another, Henry Phipps, when abroad last summer, conferred with him. The result of these communications was the discovery that the society disapproved of the plans, and, having tried in vain to have them amended, desired to have its opinion made known that the proposed restoration would detract from the building's value, both artistically and historically. This was because, as those familiar with the society's dicta will readily surmise, it was proposed to bring the building back to what it may have been at some particular period of its history by the introduction of misleading work, which, it was claimed, could only cast doubt upon the authenticity of the genuine ancient work. Because of the society's disapproval of the plans on these grounds and the rector's un-

willingness or inability to secure their modification, a good many American subscriptions were withheld. At the expense of the Ecton Church restoration fund some good lessons were learned in this country.

**CIVIC  
ART  
REPORTS**

Distant Honolulu has fallen in line with the many American cities now making conscious efforts to enhance their beauty, that strangers may find them more attractive and residents better to live in. To this end the Board of Supervisors lately sent to the United States for Charles Mulford Robinson, who is now in Hawaii making a report on the opportunities of the city. On his way to the coast Mr. Robinson stopped in Denver to prepare an elaborate report for the Municipal Art Commission there, and other engagements await his return. There has been few municipal developments so agreeably significant and so widespread as this turning of towns and cities to a practical civic art ideal, their recognition that always a concrete and distinctly individual plan of development is needed, and their willingness to seek expert advice in obtaining it. That Honolulu should voluntarily join in the movement at this time would not have been commonly expected. It is such a little while since the Sandwich Islands were a missionary byword. They have now given proof of a full measure of civilization.