

THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD

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FIG. 1.—AUGUSTE RODIN.

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Rodin*

No other living artist is so much written about as Auguste Rodin, no one has been so discussed, so vehemently damned or so extravagantly praised. M. Maclair, in his recent book on that sculptor, gives a two-page bibliography which pretends to deal only with the most significant writings, and Mr. Brownell, in the newer editions of his "French Art," first published thirteen years ago, has added so much to the already disproportionate space allotted to one artist that all the art of France seems but a preface to that of Rodin. No negligible or mediocre personality ever evoked such a storm of conflicting opinion, and the very existence of such a body of literature attests the importance of the subject. Not so much what is said by admirers or detractors as the fact that it is said at all, may be taken to prove that Rodin is a great sculptor, but we should like more light than is afforded us as to the kind of his greatness. Its degree may be—must be—left to the future to determine. Some day, when the fighting is all over, the world will decide just where it ranks, as a permanent addition to its treasury of enjoyment, the works which will then be definitely classed and enumerated. What might be possible now is a discussion, divested of partisanship, of the essential character of these works and of the talent which produced them—a discussion

that should occupy itself less with estimating how far Rodin has succeeded than with defining what he attempts; that should be more concerned with his direction than with the distance he has travelled.

Such a discussion properly demands many more qualifications than belong to the present writer. Besides such general characteristics as are necessary to any profitable criticism of art, its undertaker should possess a real and practical acquaintance with the technique of sculpture, a complete familiarity with the whole of Rodin's work, and some personal knowledge of the man, his temperament, his ideas, his methods. Some of these qualifications have been possessed by critics who have already written on Rodin, but all of them by none. Mr. Brownell is a man of high intelligence and large impartiality, and his chapters on Rodin are, in some ways, the best that have been written, showing a real intellectual grasp of the meaning of Rodin's art and its relation to the art of others; but, to an artist, he seems to dwell too much in a region of abstractions, to be too aloof from the concrete, too detached from the actual. One gets, somehow, the impression that for him a work of art is a thought rather than a thing—to be contemplated not to be seen or touched or handled. The vigorous, full-blooded, almost violently sensual art of Rodin is transformed, in his pages, into something making no appeal to the senses, having no substance, conditioned not upon clay or marble but only on a mental attitude.

*AUGUSTE RODIN: The Man—his Ideas—his Works. By Camille Maclair. Translated by Clementina Black. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

FRENCH ART: Classic and Contemporary Painting and Sculpture. By W. C. Brownell. New and enlarged edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

M. Maclair is a personal friend of Rodin's, and, to some extent, the mouthpiece of Rodin's own ideas; but he is an extreme partizan, blind to all other merit than that of his hero, admiring him without limit or distinction. No one gives us quite what we want, and we must make our picture as best we can, from such material as we can get hold of, with the aid of such talent and knowledge as we possess. Out of scraps and odds and ends, by reading in and between the lines of what has been written, by study of a few works and of the photographs of others, by supplementing a scanty enough knowledge of the methods of sculpture by a larger knowledge of art in general, one may make out for oneself some tolerably clear conception of the nature of the man Rodin and of the tendency and character of his art.

We want a word which shall express, with regard to the art of sculpture, some such precise notion as is conveyed with regard to the art of painting, by the word painter. When we say of any artist that he is specially and exclusively a painter, every one knows at once what we mean. Such an artist readily takes his place on one side of any of the great dividing lines which separate artists into two classes. He is romantic rather than classic in his temper, realist rather than idealist in his attitude toward nature, occupied with representation rather than with design. He will care more for truth than beauty, or, if you like it better, more for the beauty of the actual than for the abstract beauty of harmonies and proportions; he will care, above all, for his craft, and delight in felicities of rendering and the intrinsic qualities of his material. It does not seem possible to use the word sculptor in a similar sense; it is either too wide or too narrow in its meaning and, if we try to restrict it at all, begins to signify the mere carver of stone. Perhaps the nearest word to express such a master of representation and of his tools, in sculpture, as was Frans Hals in painting, is modeller; and in the sense in which Hals was one of the greatest of

painters, Rodin is a prodigious modeller—one of the greatest modellers that ever lived.

All that we know of Rodin's person, his temperament, his training, lead us to expect just this type of artist. His portraits show us a man of great physical force, of abounding vitality, of rather narrow intellect—a bull-necked, full-blooded, strong-bearded person whose heavy projecting brow, over small, keen eyes, bespeaks unusual powers of observation, whose great, thick nose and heavy jaw show determination and force of will; a man made to see clearly and to see deep, and with infinite patience and dogged perseverance to render what he sees completely; a man who could give six months' work to a leg in order to "possess it;" a man with a passionate love for nature and a firm grip of his materials, born with a delight in the use of hands and eyes, a natural workman. And a workman all his training tended to make him. Born in 1840, in humble circumstances, he began the study of art and the earning of a living at about the age of fourteen, working with a modeller of ornaments, drawing in the classes of the *rue de l'Ecole de Médecine*, studying animals at the *Jardin des Plantes* under Barye. Then he worked six years as an assistant with Carrier-Belleuse, trying meanwhile for admission to the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* and being thrice refused. After that he worked six or seven years in Brussels, how far independently, how far as a sort of assistant to Van Rasbourg it is difficult to judge from the information afforded us. During his apprenticeship with Carrier-Belleuse, at least, and probably afterwards, he had no responsibility for the design, no cause to think much of composition. His whole time and his whole effort were devoted to the study of nature and the mastering of his tools. The only piece of original work of these years that we know of is the head called "The Man with the Broken Nose," which was refused by the Salon Jury of 1864 and accepted by that of 1876. He sent nothing else to the Salon until he was thirty-seven years old,

when he was represented there by the celebrated "Age of Bronze." During this long period he had gained, as the sculptor Boucher testified, a wonderful facility and was capable of improvising a group of children in a few hours, but he was still earning his living by working for other men. If he had died at forty few of the characteristic works by which we know him would exist.

Everyone knows how "The Age of Bronze" was attacked by sculptors who had never heard of Rodin and could not believe in his ability, and how he was accused of having made up his figure out of casts from nature. The very accusation was a testimony to its merits, as the partizans of the sculptor announce with sufficient emphasis, but it was also a criticism. It is a statue that looks like a cast from nature, and this not only because it is consummately realistic in its modelling, but because it is nothing else. If there is work that is too inefficient, too lacking in structure and solidity, ever to be taken for a casting from life, so also there is work too evidently designed and composed or too grandly synthetized to be so mistaken. No one has ever imagined that Michelangelo's "Night" or the "Ilissus" of the Parthenon was made up of castings. The "Age of Bronze" is neither more nor less than a study of an individual model. Its attitude, so far as one can see, has neither special significance nor great decorative beauty, but it brings out the structure of the figure in an interesting way, and on the expression of that structure the sculptor has spent all his energy. The name is probably an afterthought and might as well be anything else. What he wanted was to model the nude figure of the young Belgian soldier who posed for him as well as it could be modelled, and he has done it marvelously well. In its way it is a masterpiece, but it is a masterpiece neither of conception nor of design, but only of workmanship. Many of Donatello's statues are little more, and they alone would cause him to be remembered. Much such another work was the "St. John Baptist" of a few years

later, an older and heavier figure, closely studied from the life, in a pose that seems to have no other purpose than that of anatomical display—a portrait of an ordinary model, clumsy and ugly, but superbly done.

In the meantime the artist had been offered a government commission, and, we are told, answered: "I am ready to fulfil it. But to prove that I do not take casts from the life, I will make little bas-reliefs—an immense work with small figures, and I think of taking the subject from Dante." Thus was begun those "Gates of Hell" on which Rodin has been at work for a quarter of a century, which are not yet finished, which, likely enough, never will be finished. They are talked of and written of, but no photograph of the composition as a whole has ever been published and the public knows them only in fragments—this figure and that group separately completed and exhibited. For nearly all the sculptor's smaller works are connected in some way with this great undertaking. He has made of it, as M. Maclair says, "the central motive of all his dreams, the storehouse of his ideas and researches." He himself calls it "my Noah's Ark."

It is in some of these fragments of the great gates, these single groups or figures, that Rodin's very great talent shows at its best, that his qualities are most conspicuous and his defects least aggressive. Considered in themselves, and without reference to the purpose they were originally destined to fulfil as parts of a greater whole, they are among the most admirable things in modern art. One of them, the so-called "Dan-aid," I remember well, and it seems to me typical of Rodin's art in its highest development. It represents a single female figure, about half the size of life, fallen forward in an odd, crouching attitude sufficiently expressive of utter despair or of extreme physical lassitude. The figure is a slight one, and the attitude, which is not without a strange grace of its own, throws into strong relief the bony structure of the pelvis, the shoulder blades, the verte-



FIG. 2.—THE DANAID.

By Auguste Rodin.

bræ. One feels that it was chosen mainly for that purpose, and, in face of the result, one does not resent the fact. It is a fragment—a thing made to be seen near at hand, to be walked around, to be looked at from a hundred points of view, to be almost handled. It is not necessary that it should make pretence to monumental composition or decorative fitness—its beauty is intrinsic. It is a piece of pure sculpture, of modelling, as I have said, and such modelling has scarce been seen elsewhere, unless in one or two of the greatest of those figures which we associate with the name of Pheidias. Unlike the Greeks, however, Rodin makes no effort to raise his figure into an ideal type of human beauty, or even to choose it for any special perfection of proportion. In this instance it is not an ugly figure, it is even above the average—a good figure as figures go—but the beauty inherent in construction, in the make of the human figure as a figure is what interests the artist. It is the interpretation of such natural beauty as may be seen everywhere and any day, by anyone with the eyes to see it, that he has given us.

But it is an interpretation, not a copy. Apart from the scale, there could never be any question here of casts from nature. There is no insistence on detail, no worrying or niggling. Everything is largely done, with profound knowledge, the result of thousands of previous observations, and the significance of every quarter inch of surface is amazing. Such discrimination of hard and soft, of bone and muscle and flesh and skin, such sense of stress and tension where the tissues are tightly drawn over the framework beneath, such sense of weight where they drag away from it—all this is beyond description as it is beyond praise. And it is all done with admirable reticence, without the slightest insistence or exaggeration, and with such a feeling for the nature of the material employed that the marble seems caressed into breathing beauty, its delicate bosses and hollows so faintly accented that the eye alone is hardly adequate to their perception and the finger

tips fairly tingle with the desire of touch. In the presence of such a work one half understands how its author could refer, almost contemptuously, to the great Michelangelo as to one who "used to do a little anatomy evenings, and used his chisel next day without a model."

When, however, one comes to consider this figure, and others like it, as parts of the design of the great gates, one is puzzled. Here is an entirely realized figure in the round, not a bas-relief, and indeed one knows no piece of work by Rodin that is in either high or low relief; they are all practically detached. It melts into or grows out of its base in a manner that is charming, considered in itself, as if the stone were coming to life under our gaze and the process were not yet quite completed; but how could it be a part of any ordered design for a bronze door? And would the bronze have these rough excrescences that seem natural enough as a part of the marble not quite cut away—a part of the shell in which the living figure was enclosed, still remaining as a testimony of its origin? If it were not for unimpeachable testimony that the "Gates of Hell" do actually exist in the form of a rough model, one would be tempted to think of them as a myth, like Turner's "Fallacies of Hope," a convenient explanation of such fragments as might otherwise seem unaccountable. Even Mr. Brownell, who will not admit that Rodin is not a great composer, does allow that he is not a composer first of all and by nature, and says of the design of these very gates, "if Rodin had been as instinctively drawn to the *ensemble* as he was to its elements, he would not have been so long in executing it." It is the belief that Rodin is not only not a designer by nature, but that he has an innate incapacity for design on a large scale, a lack of the architectonic faculty, an inability to think except in fragments, that leads some of us to imagine that the gates never will be completed—that they are incapable of completion because they have never been really con-



FIG. 3.—THE THINKER.

By Auguste Rodin.

ceived as a whole. It is interesting to note how the method of work upon them is described by so ardent an admirer as M. Maclair.

"He is continually putting in little figures which replace others," we are told; "there, plastered into the niches left by unfinished figures, he places everything that he improvises, everything that seems to him to correspond in character and subject with that vast confusion of human passions." And again, "he will be forever improvising some little figure, shaping the notation of some feeling, idea or form, and this he plants in his door, studies it against the other figures, then takes it out again, and, if need be, breaks it up and uses the fragments for other attempts . . . if it were to be carried out it could not contain all the figures destined for it by the artist. There they stand, innumerable, ranged on shelves beside the rough model of the door, representing the entire evolution of Rodin's inspiration, and forming what I call, with his consent, 'the diary of his life as a sculptor.'" Could one conceive a clearer picture of the worker, with no general plan, with no definite conception of an *ensemble*? Can one imagine Ghiberti working so on his "Gates of Paradise?" After this we are scarcely surprised to be told that the artist who works in this confused and tentative manner, "never troubling himself about the architecture of the actual scheme," has not even settled on the scale and dimensions of the final rendering, and, having carried out "The Thinker" larger than life, "is credited with an intention of bringing up all the other figures to the same dimensions, which would represent an unheard-of outlay and a gate nearly a hundred feet high." The original commission for a door for the Musée des Art Décoratifs seems thus altogether lost sight of, and when we are finally told that "if ever Government should require him to deliver his work he would be able to do so without delay," we receive the assurance with a certain incredulity.

Or take the "Burghers of Calais," a

work actually completed and now in place. Even Mr. Brownell admits that "its defiance of convention seems à outrance" and speaks of the "apparent helter-skelter" of its composition, but he thinks the defiance of convention deliberate, the work of a man impatient of "the simple and elementary symmetry of the Medicean Tombs" and composing in a new and daring way. Was it ever composed at all, except in the sense that the assemblage of individually conceived and executed figures is necessarily an act of composition? The work had been in progress for some years, some, at least, of the figures, had been exhibited separately and praised or blamed, but the group as a whole was shown for the first time at a special exhibition in the Petit Gallery in 1889. In the catalogue of that exhibition was an elaborate description of the group, prepared, surely, with Rodin's authorization, and, at least, published with his consent, in which the order and relative position of the figures was entirely different from that actually to be seen in the group itself. It may have been a blunder, though it is a nearly inconceivable one, but I have always believed that Rodin himself had found that his figures composed better in another order than that which he had vaguely intended, and that he changed the position of them when he came to bring them together. One may like or dislike these figures; one may be troubled by their colossal hands and feet and gorilla-like type of head, or one may accept these things as part of their expression; one may find their enigmatic gestures either meaningless or full of meaning. One cannot deny that they are works of great power, but it seems to me equally impossible to maintain that they form a coherent and well thought-out design.

It was the work which Rodin had done up to that time—the work we have been discussing—which led Mr. Brownell, in 1892, to write as follows:

"What insipid fragments most of the really eminent Institute statues would make were their heads knocked off by some band of modern barbarian invad-



By Auguste Rodin.

FIG. 4.—THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS.

ers. In the event of such an irruption, would there be any torsos left from which future Poussins could learn all they should know of the human form? Would there be any *disjecta membra* from which skilled anatomists could reconstruct the lost *ensemble*, or at any rate make a shrewd guess at it? Would anything survive mutilation with the serene confidence in its fragmentary but everywhere penetrating interest which seems to pervade the most fractured fraction of a Greek relief on the Athenian acropolis? Yes, there would be the débris of Auguste Rodin's sculpture."

This is largely true, though perhaps it is somewhat exaggerated, but if the foregoing analysis of Rodin's talent is anything like the right one, it will be seen that there is more than one reason why it is true. Rodin's sculpture would better survive mutilation than that of his contemporaries, not only because of the truth and beauty of the fragments that would be left, not only because his sense of structure makes other sculpture, even very good sculpture, look structureless and flabby, but because his work would suffer as little by mutilation as any work could. It is possible, even, that some of it would be more effective, for being resolved into the parts which have not grown naturally and inevitably out of a predetermined design, but have rather been put together afterward into as good an arrangement as their author could contrive. We should be able to do complete justice to the perfection of the fragments without being worried by the artist's defective sense of design. It is not for nothing that Rodin has always been willing to exhibit his work in bits, to carry out as independent statues figures originally conceived as portions of a larger design, to show things without heads or arms and to act himself the rôle of Time or of the barbarian invader. The bits are all that really interest him, and their more or less successful combination is a matter of indifference when it is not a nuisance.

Perhaps the type of artist I have been trying to describe will be brought into

sharper relief and made more clearly comprehensible by means of a contrast with a radically different type, and for this purpose let us take another contemporary sculptor of great eminence—another Augustus, too, by a singular coincidence—our own Saint Gaudens. Here is a man as fundamentally the designer as the other is the modeller. From the start one feels that the design is his affair, the pattern of the whole, its decorative effect and play of line, its beauty of masses and spaces, its fitness for its place and its surroundings, its composition, in a word. He begins as a cameo cutter and works on gems whose perfection of composition is their almost sole claim to consideration; he produces a multiplicity of small reliefs, dainty, exquisite, infallibly charming in their arrangement—things which are so dependent on their design for their very existence that they seem scarcely modelled at all—things which it is inconceivable that one should separate into their parts, because the parts would have no independent meaning. He does angels, caryatids, in which the realization of parts is rigidly subordinated to decorative effect and beauty of *ensemble*, and his first independent statue, the "Farragut," is a masterpiece of restrained and elegant yet original and forceful design—a design, too, that includes the base and the bench below, and of which the figures in bas-relief are almost as important a part as the statue itself.

He is known for the immense amount of time he takes over his work and the number of changes he makes—some of his creations have been as long in attaining completion as the "Burglers of Calais," if not as long as the "Gates of Hell"—but his hesitations have arisen from a different cause. The infinite fastidiousness of a master designer, constantly reworking and readjusting his design that every part of it shall be perfect and that that no fold of drapery or spray of leafage shall be out of its proper place, never satisfied that his composition is beyond improvement while an experiment remains to be tried, sometimes abandoning his first design



FIG. 5.—A BURGHER OF CALAIS.

By Auguste Rodin.

for another that he believes to be better, but generally coming back to his original conception, reinforced, broadened, certified by manifold trials and variations—this is what costs him years of labor. When his work is done, you feel that it is inevitably thus and not otherwise; that each smallest fragment of it is necessary to the effect of the whole and has no existence apart from the whole; and the thought of the barbarian's hammer makes you shudder.

Gradually, by years of work and experience he grows stronger and stronger in the more purely sculptural qualities, in grasp of form and structure, in mastery of modelling; but even in such superb and balanced works as the "Shaw Memorial" or the "Sherman" statue, it is the design that counts first and last, and dominates the special interest of the details—a design free, expressive, complicated, as far as possible from the "elementary symmetry of the Medician Tombs," but nevertheless a design as imperiously conceived, as relentless in its dominance of the contributory parts, as intolerant of independent perfections. They are antipodal types of artist, these two Augusti, the natural designer who becomes a modeller through continued effort, and the great modeler who achieves, sometimes, an approach to satisfactory design. Which we shall admire or enjoy the more is a matter, largely, of our own relative susceptibility to the various elements of art. We may be thankful that two such men have existed in our epoch and that we have work so diversely accomplished to enjoy.

So far we have been dealing with what may properly be called the earlier work of Rodin, though the study of it has taken us well past his fiftieth year. This need not surprise us, when we realize that he was nearing forty when he became a recognized, exhibiting artist, so that all this work is that of little more than the first decade and a half of his independent career. In the development of his later style there is much that is more difficult to understand and to explain to oneself or to others, and

here M. Mauclair's volume, in spite of a puzzling style which may be partly or altogether the fault of the translator, becomes a real help. Through his explanations, difficult as they are to follow—above all, through his quotations from Rodin's own somewhat rambling talk or occasional writings—one gradually attains to some dim notion of the meaning and purpose of the sculptor's later experiments. To put it, as nearly as possible, into a word, from a realistic sculptor, Rodin has gradually become an impressionistic sculptor. The evolution which, in the art of painting, began with Courbet and ended with Monet—two men of considerable physical as well as moral resemblance to Rodin—has, in the art of sculpture, taken place in the work of one man.

The essence of this evolution is the transference of interest from objects to the light that falls upon them, and Rodin has, apparently, attempted something altogether new in sculpture, the carving in marble of an atmosphere, and the rendering not so much of the actual forms of the human body as of its luminosity. Of course nothing is so new as it seems, and the methods which Rodin has adopted have been used before and to some extent for the same purpose. He has only pushed them farther than anyone else, has bent his mind more exclusively to the attainment of certain effects, and has more ruthlessly sacrificed everything else in the process. Indeed he himself maintains that so far from being new, the methods of his later work are based on the only right comprehension of the art of the Greeks, which has been misunderstood by everybody else, and that he is proceeding as they did, while others have only unintelligently imitated their works. Whether the use of large masses and united surfaces by the antique sculptors was really intended to produce an equivalent effect to the luminosity of flesh, or whether it was simply a part of the Greek conception of form—an elimination of the non-essential and a delight in largeness for its



FIG. 6.—ETERNAL SPRING.

By Auguste Rodin



FIG. 7.—NEREIDS.

A Group at the Base of the Victor Hugo Monument.

By Auguste Rodin.

own sake—its results have a certain similarity to those attained by the Venetian painters in their effort to attain light and atmosphere. When one passes from Florentine to Venetian painting, the treatment of form is perceived to be almost more radically changed than the treatment of color. It is not only that the line is disguised and the edges melted away, but all the forms become larger, rounder, smoother, less accented. The Florentine interest in bone and sinew and muscle, in joints and attachments, stresses and pressures, disappears, and we have, instead, broad, glowing masses that seem almost unorganized, so faint are their interior markings. All this was not merely because the Venetians liked fat women, nor was it, as the Florentines thought, because the Venetians couldn't draw. In the same way some critics of Rodin's later work have so far forgotten the "Age of Bronze" as to reproach him with not knowing the figure. It was an amplification of modelling for the sake of obtaining light, and this "amplification of modelling" is what Rodin has introduced into his later sculpture. To get rid of the harshness and wiriness of edges, to spread the lights into their surroundings as lights do spread in nature, he has actually thickened his forms to correspond with the apparent thickening of natural forms under illumination; he has gained breadth of effect by filling up hollows and atmosphere by diminishing shadows, and has enveloped his figures in a mystery like that from which emerge the ghostly presences of modern men and women in the portraits of Eugène Carrière. The figures of the Nereids from the Hugo monument, and the figure of the poet himself, are capital examples of the method. The forms are enlarged and nowhere sharply made out, enveloped in a veil of unremoved marble as in the unfinished works of Michelangelo, and the effect is a curious blurring such as modern photographers seek by throwing their pictures slightly out of focus.

It was a desire for escape, by mystery, from the harshness of the matter of fact

that led the Florentine sculptors to the invention of a substitute for color in their much more delicate system of reticent half-modelling. It must have been as much the relief he found in mystery as his own impatience or the impatience of his patrons which led Michelangelo to leave so many of his works unfinished. In his deliberate search for means of expressing mystery and light Rodin seized upon the abstraction of the Greeks, the low relief of the Florentines, the unfinish of Michelangelo, and has carried each to extremes never before contemplated. Our opinion of the result must depend on whether we feel it to be worth while—whether we think the novel achievement altogether compensates for the sacrifices made in its behalf. As Monet has unquestionably painted light as it was never painted before so has Rodin modelled light as no one ever thought of modelling it. In both cases the question, to which every one will have his own answer, is how far the end justifies the means? In any case it is surely a gain to have a new kind of achievement, however strongly one may believe that the old kind was, on the whole, more important.

As long ago as when he made the bust of Mme. V., now in the Luxembourg Gallery, Rodin showed the fascination that masses of unsmoothed stone had for him, using them here for the sake of contrast with the exquisitely modelled and finished head—one of the most delightful and subtle pieces of work produced in modern times. In this case he carved a part of the amorphous mass into a spray of flowers, presumably suggested by the accidental shape of the unremoved marble, which I have always wished somebody would take away; the rest of it has an undoubted value, suggesting a fur pelisse, treated sketchily as a painter might indicate it, out of which the smooth white shoulders emerge into palpitating beauty. Since then his use of such rough masses has constantly increased until, in some of his later works, there seems to be more of them than of the figures which grow out of them, and one has



FIG. S.—BUST OF MADAME V.

By Auguste Rodin.

seen, in his work and in that of some of his imitators, such unfinish deliberately prepared for from the beginning and shapeless masses of clay added to the model to show where the marble will be left uncut away in the definitive production. Finally he has allegorized this method and produced in "Thought," a female head, visible only from the chin upward, emerging from a rudely squared



FIG. 9.—BUST OF PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

By Auguste Rodin.

block, what M. Mauclair calls "the very symbol of his art." Such works are, by their very incompleteness, stimulating to the imagination, but one wonders if there is not, occasionally, a hint of affectation in all this, of strangeness for strangeness sake, of a desire to shock into attention the inattentive or the *blasé*. It is difficult to believe that there is not, at

times, an element of challenge in his ostentatious disregard of the common prejudice in favor of the completed and the intelligible, as if he felt obliged to exaggerate his own methods in order to keep up an excitement about his name; and one feels this especially when one finds him transferring this use of intentional roughness from marble to bronze, as in the unexplained excrescence upon the nose of the bronze study for the head of "Balzac," the curious little dabs upon the left breast of the magnificent bust of Jean-Paul Laurens, or the strange medley of bands and straps of clay, reproduced in enduring metal, which stand for the coat in the equally fine bust of Puvis de Chavannes. The suspicion may be entirely unjust. Certainly such maneuvers are unworthy of so eminent a talent, and certainly such works as the two last mentioned stand in no need of any such adventitious appeal to our interest. But it would not be altogether strange if an artist, fundamentally of a simple and instinctive nature, acclaimed as a poet and a mighty thinker as well as a master of masters, should become somewhat dazzled, lose, a little, his sense of proportion, and end by making a fetish of himself, his ideas, even his mannerisms.

Is the much discussed "Balzac" statue a masterpiece, an error, or a bad joke? It has been called all of these things. M. Mauclair, speaking apparently, for the artist himself, gives us an account of the reasons why it is what it is. The main point of the explanation is that Rodin wanted to avoid the frock-coat style of statuary. A statue was a proper form of homage to an athlete or a warrior, whose physical perfection was a great part of his effectiveness, but it is absurd to make full length statues of men whose bodies count for nothing in their fame, and whose costumes are ugly



FIG. 10.—BALZAC.

By Auguste Rodin.

and unsculpturesque. Victor Hugo had been transformed by the artist into a kind of nude sea-god, but Balzac's well-known physical peculiarities precluded such treatment, and his frog-like body would have been imitatively grotesque if exposed to view. The logical monument to such a man would have been a bust with an inscription, and, perhaps, with allegorical figures; but since a statue it was to be, the problem was to find some method of concentrating the attention upon the head. Rodin had made a vigorous bronze study for this head, already mentioned, but in the statue he seems to have reworked it, exaggerating his exaggerations in the rage for expression, until it looks more like the head of a Minotaur than of a human being. Then he clothed the figure in the historic bath-gown, and, on his principle of amplifying the modelling, "proceeded to simplify the folds until he had left only the two or three essential ones. The result thus obtained, with the disproportion of body and legs, led Rodin to hide the short, ugly, useless arms under the drapery, and the figure thus assumed," in M. Mauclair's own words, "pretty much the appearance of a mummy, of a sort of monolith . . . the whole work gives the impression of a *menhir*, a pagan dedicatory stone."

The description could not be more exact, but was it not permissible for the Société des Gens de Lettres to decide that a *menhir* was not precisely what they had ordered?

Mr. Brownell has said of this statue that "whatever its success or its failure, it emphasizes the temperamental side of Rodin's genius, which is here unbalanced by the determination and concreteness usually so marked in his work." Perhaps it is only another way of saying the same thing to call it the aberration of an eminently concrete genius struggling with the abstract, of a naturalist and a craftsman attempting pure poetic expression.

If, in the discussion of these works, I have spoken much more of methods than of imagination, it is because every-

body speaks of imagination and hardly anyone of technique, and because the plastic imagination—the imagination of the artist—speaks through forms, and the best way to realize the nature of an artist's imagination is to try to understand the forms he has created. But if I have given the impression that Rodin is not an imaginative artist—that his realism is of the commonplace *terre a terre* kind which copies rather than creates—I have not given the impression I have intended. I have already said that an artist of the type I am trying to describe is a craftsman, a realist, and a romanticist, and in Rodin the romanticist is nearly as strong as the realist or the technician. It takes imagination of a high order to conceive a figure as thoroughly as the "Danaid" is conceived, it takes invention of a still higher kind to produce such a wonderful and passionate group as the "Eternal Spring," and many of these smaller groups and figures are wonderfully composed also, if one considers them separately. It is only in his larger compositions, in work that should have a decorative purpose and a formal relation to its surroundings, and in occasional eccentricities and angularities, that one feels seriously the lack of designing power. The lack of imagination, after his first two or three figures, one never feels, and however unideal his work may be thought to be, it cannot be called unimaginative; however scientific it is never cold-blooded. Indeed his imagination is overheated, savagely voluptuous, not without a tinge of perversity—delighting, at its highest, in sensuous beauty and intensity of physical emotion, at its ordinary level in sheer animal force and the splendor of vitality, at its lowest in pain and horror and vice. M. Mauclair devotes some space to certain drawings of Rodin's which must, from his description, be extraordinary enough both in method and subject, and defends them from the charge of licentiousness on the ground that the artist's interest in them is pathological and quasi-scientific, and that they are no more ques-



FIG. 11.—VICTOR HUGO.

By Auguste Rodin.

tionable than anatomical plates. Moreover they are done for himself alone, as a part of his study, and are shown only to those who can understand them, while he has never "yielded to the fancy of modelling one of these subjects." Certainly his major works, full of passion as some of them are, are kept well within the limits imposed by decency in both subject and treatment, though he has done certain "sphinxes" and "nymphs" whose expression and type of feature are bestial and revolting, and one has seen other things which one does not need to be a rigid puritan to regret. Fortunately they do not form a very important part of his production, and the same heat of imagination which has produced them has endowed his finer works with an intensity of life that is as rare as the magnificent craftsmanship which has interpreted it to us.

The function of the critic is not to praise or blame, not even to weigh or measure or value, but to distinguish, to discriminate, to explain. His work is to show what a thing is, and how and

why it is so, to analyze and classify, to determine its genus and species and variety. As he is human, however, his own predilections, his likes and dislikes, will creep in to color his product, and if he is only honest there will be at least this advantage, that a real enthusiasm will give vivacity to his description of the qualities he most admires and a greater clearness to his perception of their absence. At any rate, the personal equation must be taken into account, and no one critic, however good his intention, can tell all the truth about any artist. This, then, is a sincere attempt to describe how Rodin and his art strike one person. Many other such attempts have been made and many more will be, and I have no illusions as to the definitiveness of this one. Let the reader take it for what it is worth.

Kenyon Cox.

The illustrations to this article are all derived from "Rodin," by Camille Mauclair, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., \$4 net per copy.



BELLONA.

By Auguste Rodin.

Stained Glass in Private Houses

"Why is it that in America, where such very remarkable work has been done in church windows, you fill your houses with cheap and inferior glass?"

This question was asked me recently by an English artist, who has himself attained an honored position as a designer for painted glass. Of course, I replied that we had done fine work in both branches, that he must have been unfortunate in seeing only the poorest grade of our domestic work; but the mortifying fact remains, that in spite

mit designs at a given price, and then placing the order with the one who offers the most work is in itself ruinous, and reason enough for the deterioration of a beautiful form of house decoration. Some one has truly said that "Competition is the life of trade, but the death of prices," and we may well ask the question: If the price of glass is reduced, will not the product of necessity deteriorate? Has not such been the case with us? The country has been flooded with tawdry, cheap ornamental



FIG. 1.—WINDOW FOR THE TABARD INN FOOD CO.

Designed by Nicola D'Ascenzo.

of the wonderful innovations and developments in the manufacture of leaded glass as proven by many memorial windows, very little attention has been paid to a really fine adornment of our private houses in the same medium.

To a practical designer who has been brought up in the trade, it would perhaps seem easy to lay the fault at the door of the architects, who, in most cases, have it in their hands to order and pass upon designs. Indeed, in a large measure, this is true; but the custom of allowing several firms to sub-

"Art glass," as it is called, and it is no wonder that the better class of house owners prefer to have their windows of plate glass rather than endanger the otherwise refined effect by the use of leaded glass acquired in the usual way of so much per foot; or else they confine themselves to the simplest of colonial patterns, which, if the building be in that style, must always commend itself to our sense of good taste. But is it not to be deplored that in most of our expensive residences, where there is no need to calculate the cost of beautiful

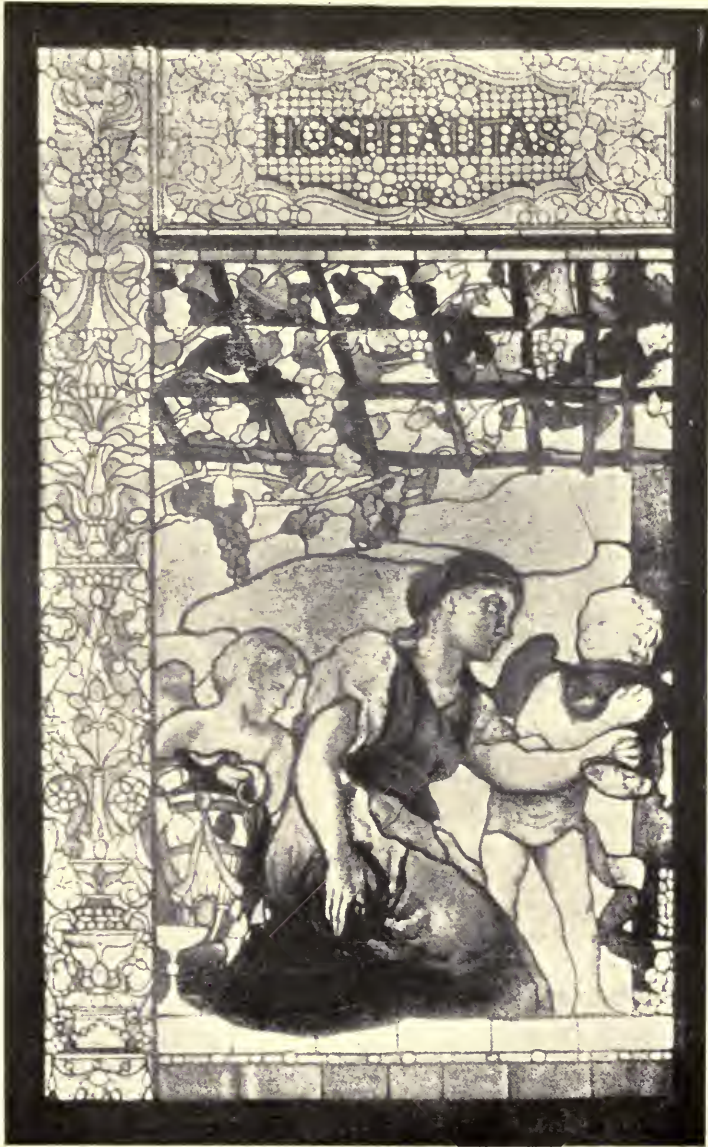


FIG. 2.—PART OF MOSAIC GLASS WINDOW.

Designed for the Residence of the late William H. Vanderbilt by
John La Farge.



FIG. 3.—MOSAIC GLASS WINDOW.

Residence of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt. Designed by John La Farge.

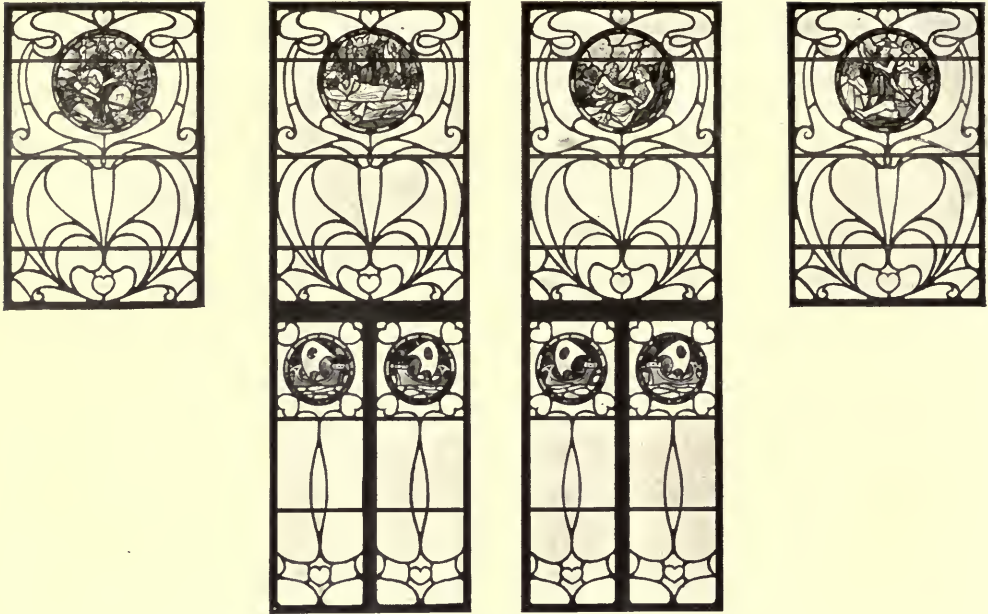


FIG. 4.—WINDOW IN THE RESIDENCE OF MR. JOSEPH F. FLANAGAN.

Newton, Mass.

Designed and executed by Harry Eldredge Goodhue.

decoration, we find so little of that art which might add a finishing touch to the loveliness of the whole?

There is every evidence that the absence of good glass is not due to lack of money. These very owners of costly houses will pay thousands of dollars for memorial windows in their churches, yet make but the slightest attempt to decorate their homes with the same material.

Should we not all welcome a time when we could point with the same pride to our achievements in domestic glass as we do now to the work which adorns our churches? Surely the opportunity given by private libraries and music rooms would be nearly as great an incentive for truly noble design as a church window. Indeed, in a few isolated cases, this has been so. Mr. La Farge has used his genius in many splendid mansions all over the country. Also, there is much work here of the better class by English glass stainers and designers. Mr. Burne-Jones and other men, whose talents have pleased

them high up in the scale where sordid commercialism can have no part nor influence, are frequently represented, but there are exceptional cases.

It is a common cry that stained glass darkens houses and shuts out the sunshine. Doubtless this impression is caused by the fact that much of our church work in opalescent glass is carried to excess in depth of coloring, without thought of what a window is primarily for, and our craftsmen in the making of house windows have often made the same mistake, but the fact that so much is wrong does not prove that all must be bad.

Consider what has been done in earlier ages. Municipal work, for instance, we find nearly always excellent and in direct opposition to the modern tendency, spoken of above, to darken and obscure the light. We can think of no better example of this good early work than the famous windows of the Laurentian Library at Florence. They are models of the skillful use of yellow stain on white antique glass, a wonder-

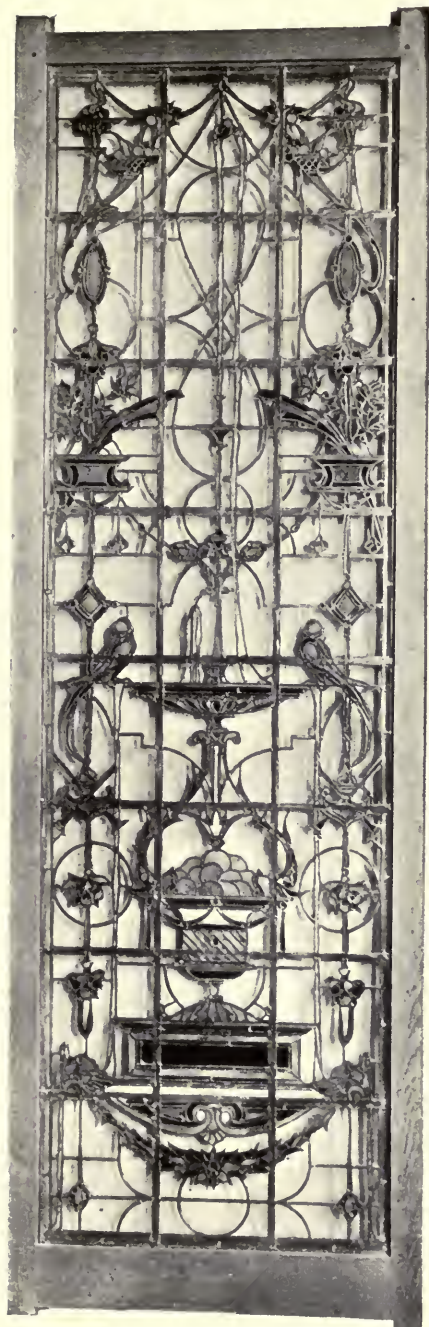


FIG. 5.—WINDOW IN THE HOUSE
OF MR. GEORGE GOULD.
Lakewood, N. J.
By Heinigke & Bowen.



FIG. 6.—LIBRARY WINDOW.
Residence of Mr. Marvin Preston.
By Harry Eldredge Goodhue.

fully satisfactory combination and here wonderfully done. All the effects of light and shade in the Renaissance ornament are produced by modelling in the



FIG. 7.—MOSAIC GLASS WINDOW.

Residence of Fred. L. Ames.

By John La Farge.

transparent stain; the light-giving properties are wholly preserved, yet the interior of the building is decorated and made radiant by the colored glass.

In England, and on the continent, tradition still holds, and a designer with imagination can carry out intricate ideas in his painted glass. A country where Heraldry has a place and meaning gives an enviable chance and the English glaziers are doing remarkable work to-day, following in the footsteps of their predecessors. There, time has stamped its approval on the use of stained glass for house decoration and no one is afraid of making a mistake in beautifying his home in the same way his forefathers did before him.

However, the question of light has not been so entirely neglected with us as is supposed, and much of the best American glass is remarkable for its absence of dark color. Perhaps no one has ever given more thought and attention to the leading of white glass than Mr. Otto Heinigke, of Heinigke and Bowen, some of whose work we are fortunate enough to have before us. He shows that charming and interesting effects can be obtained without color, or by an exceedingly spare use of it, and great refinement and style gained by a careful study of lead lines alone. It is a matter of regret to the writer that he is unable to show better examples of the work of Mr. Heinigke who has succeeded so admirably in his stand for real expression in lead that he should stimulate others to try for the same high excellence.

The two examples from the D'Ascenzo Studies also show a splendid feeling for lead and illustrate conclusively that we have in America men who can utilize and combine our own product of opalescent glass and the principles of the great work of the past. In the smaller drawing for the Tabard Inn Food Co., the arrangement of the leads is an object lesson, each strip of metal is a line of drawing; the design is drawn in lead, each piece being indispensable and not one more than is necessary. Mr. D'Ascenzo uses little or no paint, so that the effect of his mosaic of colored glass is undimmed by pigment. This work is expensive to produce, as the best of everything must always be, but not in proportion to its value as a



FIG. 8.—GOOD FOOD.

Designed for the Tabard Inn Food Co. by Nicola D'Ascenzo.

form of decoration. As before stated, this question of price has been, perhaps, the chief reason why domestic glass has not been developed with us to its fullest possibilities. The manufactur-

In the illustrations, we have endeavored to show that stained glass can be made a really noble form of decoration for houses, that its use need not be confined to church windows; that because a room is filled with leaded glass it need not necessarily be tawdry and cheap, nor out of key with its surroundings. In the other branch of the craft marvellous strides have been made, and at this day, when there seems to be a general awakening in all applied art in America, is it not time that good, really beautiful, stained glass should find its deserved place in the many fine homes that are constantly building.

Harry Eldredge Goodhue.

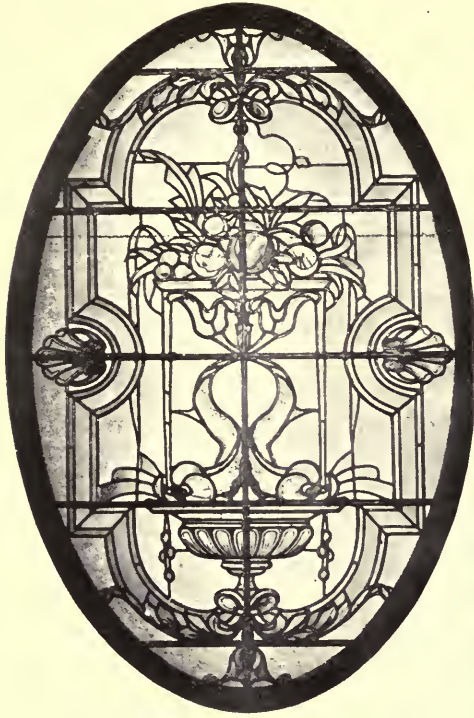


FIG. 9.—WINDOW IN THE HOUSE OF WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER.

By Heinigke & Bowen.

ers are usually men without much capital and cannot afford to give more than they are paid for; nor can the system of competition ever serve to elevate the standard; on the contrary, it cannot but lower it; for since competitions are frequently lost, men otherwise honest offer more than the allowance warrants; then, if they secure the order, when they make the actual glass instead of adding to and bettering the design, they must leave out all that adds to the expense, and usually the drawing is cut to pieces until its character is entirely lost; so we cannot wonder that the builders sometimes lose faith in the glazier.



WINDOW DESIGNED BY MR. H. L. BRIDWELL FOR HIS OWN RESIDENCE.

The Wonder of Rimini

There are certain works of art, produced at the confluence of two epochs, which focus and fix, as on a photographic plate, the moment of transition from the earlier to the later period. The Cathedral of St. Francis at Rimini, "The Malatestian Temple," is of this class. It is an ancient Gothic edifice made over into the semblance of a Pagan temple,

for Duke Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, two men highly typical, in different ways, of the time in which they lived; typical also of the beneficent intelligence and of the dominant will, for Alberti was a man of blameless life, an athlete, poet, critic, essayist, moralist, mathematician, engineer, inventor, painter, sculptor and architect, while the Duke was a



FIG. 2.—PORTRAIT OF SIGISMONDO MALATESTA.

The Church of St. Francis at Rimini.

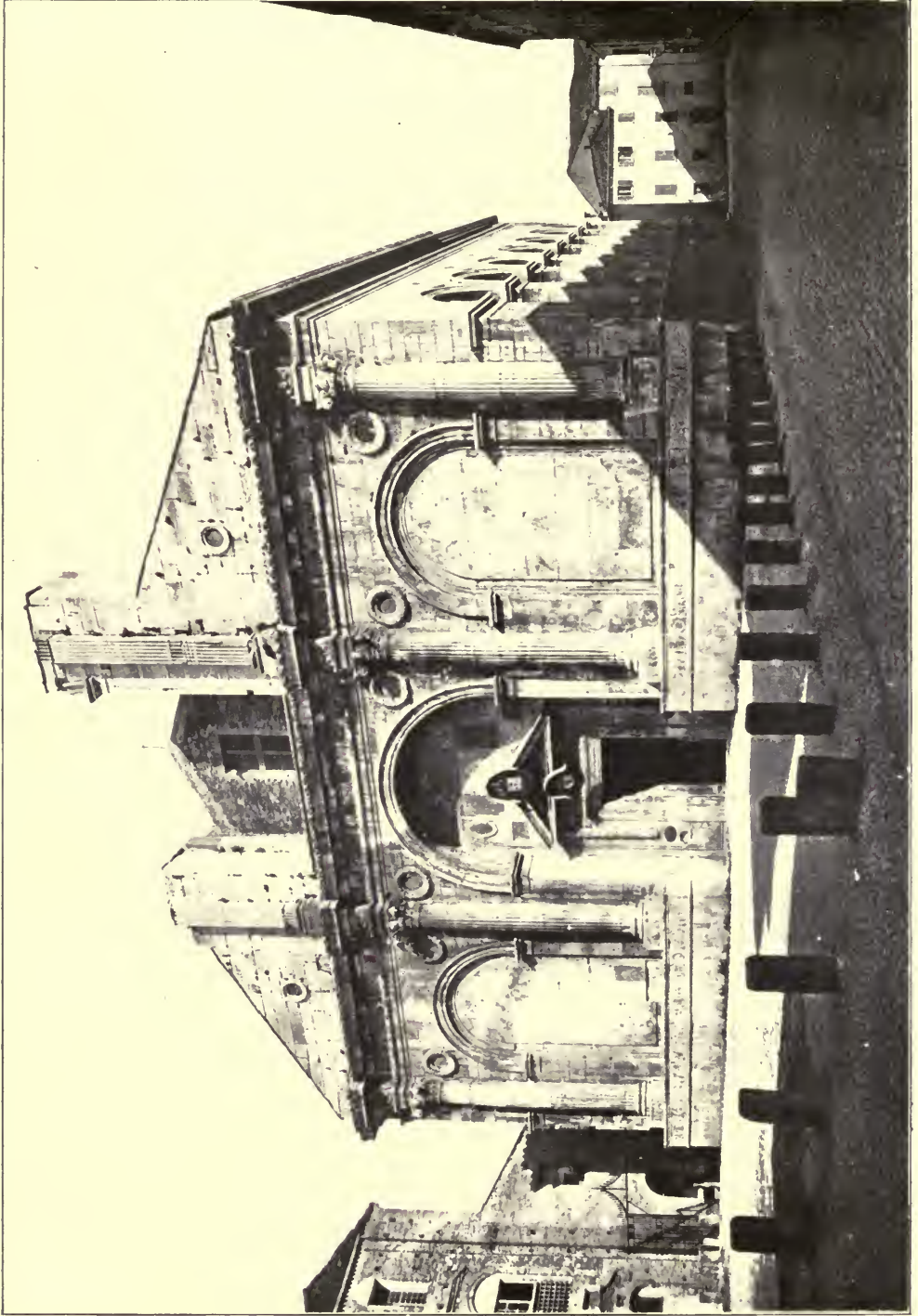
Leo Battista Alberti, Architect.

eloquent in every part of that new-born enthusiasm for classical antiquity which marked the transition Italy underwent in the fifteenth century from heroic to epicurean habits—from Christianity to that Neopaganism, which, spreading throughout Europe, persists even to the present time.

The church was built, or rather rebuilt, by Leo Battista Alberti, architect,

warrior, with a nature cruel and violent, stained by every crime, whose one redeeming trait seems to have been his enthusiasm for learning and beauty and his friendship for men of genius.

The corner-stone of the new edifice was laid in 1446. Forty years earlier Brunelleschi, standing within the Roman Pantheon, conceived his idea for the lantern which crowns the Cathedral of Flor-



Rimini.

FIG. 1.—THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS.

Leo Battista Alberti, Architect.

ence; one hundred and eighteen years later "the hand that rounded Peter's dome" was forever stilled in death. These two events, separated by so relatively short an interval of time, may be said to mark the limits of the glorious period of Renaissance architecture in Italy. Of the men who rendered it illustrious none is entitled to greater honor than Alberti,

The bar sinister carried with it no particular obloquy in those easy-going times, and Alberti was brought up and educated like a young prince. After the first period of his youth was over he devoted himself to the study of the law, but his memory failing as a result of excessive application, he addressed himself to physics and mathematics, to literature,



FIG. 4.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

The Church of St. Francis at Rimini.

Leo Battista Alberti, Architect.

not so much for what he actually achieved as for what he inspired in others. Coming before the golden noon of the Renaissance, he was its prophet and precursor. As Symonds expresses it, "He came half a century too early into the world, and worked as a pioneer rather than a settler of the realm which Leonardo ruled as his demesne."

Alberti was a scion of a noble, an almost princely Florentine family. Like Leonardo, and so many other illustrious men of the period, he was a natural son.

and to the study and practice of architecture.

Nicholas V., the reigning pope, discerning in Alberti a kindred spirit, made him his counsellor in architectural matters, and employed him in rebuilding the palaces and fortifications of Rome." It was doubtless while going up and down among the ruins of its ancient splendors that "the Grandeur which was Rome" impressed itself upon his sensitive spirit so indelibly as to impart to all his subsequent creations that something noble,



FIG. 5.—ARCADE OF THE SOUTH SIDE.

The Church of St. Francis at Rimini.

Leo Battista Alberti, Architect.



FIG. 3.—THE ARCH OF AUGUSTUS AT RIMINI.



FIG. 8.—PRINCIPAL DOORWAY.

The Church of St. Francis at Rimini.

Leo Battista Alberti, Architect.



FIG. 6.—BASE AND PART OF A PILASTER.
The Church of St. Francis at Rimini.

simple and suave which is the distinguishing mark of his genius.

At about the age of forty, and therefore at the summit of his powers, he entered the service of Sigismondo. The court of the Duke, a liberal patron of men of talent, was a radiating center of the new humanism then beginning so wonderfully to infect every similar court in Italy. In the light of contemporary chronicles and pictures it is not difficult to reconstruct in imagination the life there. Warriors in fantastic armor, ladies in jewels and brocade, grave scholars and ecclesiastics in flowing robes, and youths in tights and loose-sleeved jackets, their long hair tumbling about their faces from caps jauntily askew, as Pintoriccio's frescoes show

them, after a morning spent perhaps in hawking or hunting, gathered in some enchanting spot to witness a tournament or hold a Court of Love, to engage in arguments about the ancients, or to listen to the recital of romantic tales of chivalry. In these days of hurry and worry and ugliness it is pleasant to contemplate a society of so varied and so beautified a leisure, wherein life went forward to the splash of fountains in trim gardens, instead of to the scream of trolleys in straight, endless, hideous streets. Yet for a just view the other side of the picture must not be ignored.

"But at this court. Peace still must wrench

Her chaplet from the teeth of war."

We discern the havoc wrought by barbaric passions breaking through the thin



FIG. 7.—BASE OF A PILASTER.

mould of civilization, the clash of mercenary armies, beleaguered and sacked cities, famine, pestilence, massacre, rapine; the victors fearful still, the vanquished plotting still, or rotting forgotten in some unlighted dungeon; while about the throne a crowd of hungry parasites fattened upon the wealth extorted from a peasantry enslaved by outrageous taxes;—everywhere this contrast between squalor and splendor, exquisite art and rank injustice, civilization and barbarism.

Alberti was an accomplished courtier, and this, together with the lustre of his family and his renown as a humanist, to say nothing of his fame as an artist, made him a brilliant and important figure at the court of Sigismondo, who singled him out for especial favor and regard. Together they addressed themselves with enthusiasm to the converting of the bare old church of San Francesco into the first great masterpiece of Renaissance architecture. The Duke's ardor knew no bounds. He is said to have taken in one year thirty chariotsful of marbles from the basilicas of Ravenna; he carried away the bridge of Fano, and wrecked the antique quays of Rimini to quarry out his temple, and he plundered Greek islands of reliefs, to be built into its walls.

At Rimini there stands the arch of Augustus, with which the Romans, in a spirit and with a sentiment which cannot be too highly praised, marked the beginning of that Flaminian Way which led to their proud, far-distant capital. This arch supplied Alberti with the motif for his facade, while the south front, with its noble succession of arches, was perhaps inspired by some remembered aqueduct of the Campagna. The band of ornament which crowns the stylobate is made up of a succession of wreaths which contain the Malatestian black elephant (quaintly rendered by some sculptor who probably never in his life had seen the leviathan of beasts), alternating with the interlaced letters "I S," symbolical of the fair and learned Isotta, Sigismondo's mistress, afterwards his wife,—a theme which is repeated with variations throughout the church. On the

front this splendid plinth supports a composite order of four columns, with sculptured bases and capitals of a curious originality, flanking three arches, the central and largest of which contains the principal entrance, with its over-heavy entablature and framework of marble paneling, reminiscent, like the twisted torus of the stylobate, of the earlier Gothic manner. Even in classic architecture there are few finer episodes than the majestic arcade of the south side, particularly when it is considered that this was made to conform to a wall already built, and to openings already established.

The upper part of the pediment was never completed, nor the dome added with which we know the structure was to have been crowned, since it appears upon the Malatestian medals of the period. We cannot doubt that Alberti would have combined these various elements into one harmonious whole, for even in its unfinished state San Francesco is a masterpiece, uniting as it does a Roman simplicity and grandeur of outline with the delicate, lovely and spontaneous detail of the first and most brilliant period of the Renaissance, for later pedantry put fancy to flight, and knowledge killed originality.

Nowhere in Italy is there an interior more characteristic of the early Renaissance, with its union of eclecticism and intense personality. Symonds describes it as "a strange medley of mediaeval and Renaissance work, a symbol of that dissolving scene in the world's pantomime when the spirit of classic art, as yet little comprehended, was encroaching on early Christian taste. . . . Allegorical figures designed with the purity of outline we admire in Botticelli, draperies that Burne Jones might copy, troops of singing boys in the manner of Donatello, great angels traced upon the stone so delicately that they seem to be rather drawn than sculptured, statuettes in niches, personifications of all arts and sciences alternating with half-bestial shapes of satyrs and sea children—such are the forms that fill the spaces of the chapel walls and climb the pilasters and fret the arches."

Much of this sculpture is incorrect in



FIG. 9.—AN INTERIOR DOORWAY.

The Church of St. Francis at Rimini.

Leo Battista Alberti, Architect.



FIG. 10.—ANGEL IN LOW RELIEF.
Church of St. Francis at Rimini.



FIG. 11.—ANGEL IN LOW RELIEF.
Church of St. Francis at Rimini.

construction and detail, yet spontaneous and lovely to an extraordinary degree, wrought with such freedom, spirit and precision as to seem fairly alive. Some mystery surrounds its authorship, but it is chiefly attributed to Matteo di Pasti and Augustino d' Antonio di Duccio. As the influence of the sculptors of Florence is everywhere apparent, it is not improbable that pupils of Donatello and Benedetto da Majano, animated by the spirit of their masters, lovingly wrought the soft white stone and the red Verona marble into these strange and beautiful

forms of their romantic imagining. The Malatestian elephant, the Isotta monogram, and the palmettes and ultra-heavy Greek wreaths which are the sign manual of Alberti, occur everywhere. On one of the tombs is a fine portrait of Malatesta, and in another part of the work that of Alberti himself. The frames of the side-chapels, carved by Duccio and the rest into an army of arts and sciences, planets and signs, gods and goddesses, have crowded out every sacre image until the calendar of the seasons displaces the calendar of the saints. It is small



FIG. 12.—BAS RELIEF.

The Church of St. Francis at Rimini.

wonder that Pius II, himself arch-patron of the Renaissance, was scandalized and is said to have declared that San Francesco more resembled a heathen temple than a Christian church.

It is evident that the lucid and grave genius of Alberti had little to do with this confused interior. It is probable that having solved the problem to his liking, he turned to the solution of others, and left Matteo di Pasti and his co-laborers to complete and adorn what he had planned, in whatever manner their fancy pleased. This is the more likely from what we know of the complexion of Alberti's mind. In his philosophical outlook upon life, his scientific curiosity and his pantheistic feeling for the world he has shown himself to be perhaps the first modern; it is certain that he was the first modern architect—the man who merely plans and leaves the execution to others. Before his day the architect was an inspired craftsman, working not in the closet but in the open, with actual materials, himself overcoming the difficulties his projects involved. In such travail, we know, Brunelleschi, the last

of the old order, built his dome; Alberti, the first of the new, was a gentleman, the friend and adviser of princes, an antiquarian enthusiast, a chamber architect in point of fact. Palladio, Jones and Sir William Chambers were his logical heirs in subsequent ages. His advent marks the beginning of the divorce between design and artizanship from which we suffer to-day. The blighting effect of this divorce upon the art of architecture is unquestionable, but it did not manifest itself so long as there were still in the world able and inventive craftsmen to execute and adorn the ambitious designs of the architectural theorist. Indeed, at first there was gain rather than loss, for the early buildings conceived in the new manner showed an order and a method which their predecessors lacked. This is the great excellence of the church of San Francesco, taken as a whole: it unites the simplicity, restraint and coherence of classic work with the fecund and vagarious charms of Gothic; it is "a moment's monument"—a moment of vast significance in the history of European art.

CLAUDE BRAGDON.



TOMB IN THE CATHEDRAL OF RIMINI.

Mt. Sinai Hospital

Mt. Sinai Hospital occupies the block between East 100th and East 101st Streets—Fifth and Madison Avenues; a plot measuring 200 by 425 feet, very closely. The buildings are rather too crowded upon it, a result natural from the serious carrying out of the worthy plan to put every separate department into a separate building, and to make each building as large as could be needed. Moreover, the buildings are rather high, the main structure on East 100th Street occupying five full and very high stories with a half sunk basement, and one of the minor buildings having six full stories of more usual height. This height of the buildings increases the difficulty inherent in their being somewhat crowded. The maker of the plan has been put to it to provide such a disposition of his open spaces—his rather small courts, lanes and gangways, open to the sky—that the windows of the lower stories should receive a fairly adequate amount of daylight.

Shall we, in this brief discussion, talk of the avenue lines as if they ran north and south—the street lines east and west? They are very nearly no-notheast (as an old quartermaster would say), and the opposite: west-nor-west and the opposite. But if we must write short, then, in the block plan, the southernmost buildings, those which stand fronting on East 100th Street, are the great pavilions of the hospital proper; and the central pavilion, standing back a little from the street, is the Administration building. In the southeast corner is the Dispensary, the Out-Patients Department; and north of this the Training School for Nurses, these two fronting on Madison Avenue. Then, going from east to west along East 101st Street, stand,

The Pathological Building,

The Isolating Pavilion, for cases of contagious disease occurring in patients already in the hospital—for none such are admitted, knowingly.

The Kitchen Building, the largest of the row, and nearly in the middle of it.

The Children's Pavilion.

There remains only the "Private Hospital" on Fifth Avenue, the long building divided up like an apartment hotel, into small and larger sets of rooms given patients desiring private quarters for themselves and friends.

This completes the list of separate buildings: and it need only be said that every department is housed in a complete and perfectly well-appointed set of rooms, large and small: that communication between departments is kept up everywhere by corridors in the cellar, under the pavement of the courts, and by glazed galleries high in air: that no thought and no ability has been lacking to make of this too concentrated group of buildings a faultless modern hospital.

This is what has come of the agitation for light, wood-framed, hospital buildings which might be destroyed at frequent intervals. The advocacy of that theory, the preaching of that doctrine, dates from a time not earlier than the Civil War in the United States, when it was found, or believed, by so many physicians, that the field hospital of the lightest shacks and sheds was better for the sick and wounded than the most carefully planned building of solid structure. The sheds and shacks could be burned down, or torn down and carried away and the materials burned, at frequent intervals; and with them would go contagion; the presence in the atmosphere of the ward of those influences which the walls, floors and ceilings could not but absorb and could not but give out again. Is there any reason for the abandonment of that scheme other than the common and very natural desire to build handsome buildings which shall be a monument to the liberality of the donors?

The owners of the plot, the founders of a great hospital, wish for two things: they wish to occupy the whole tract with buildings, which they could not do if one-

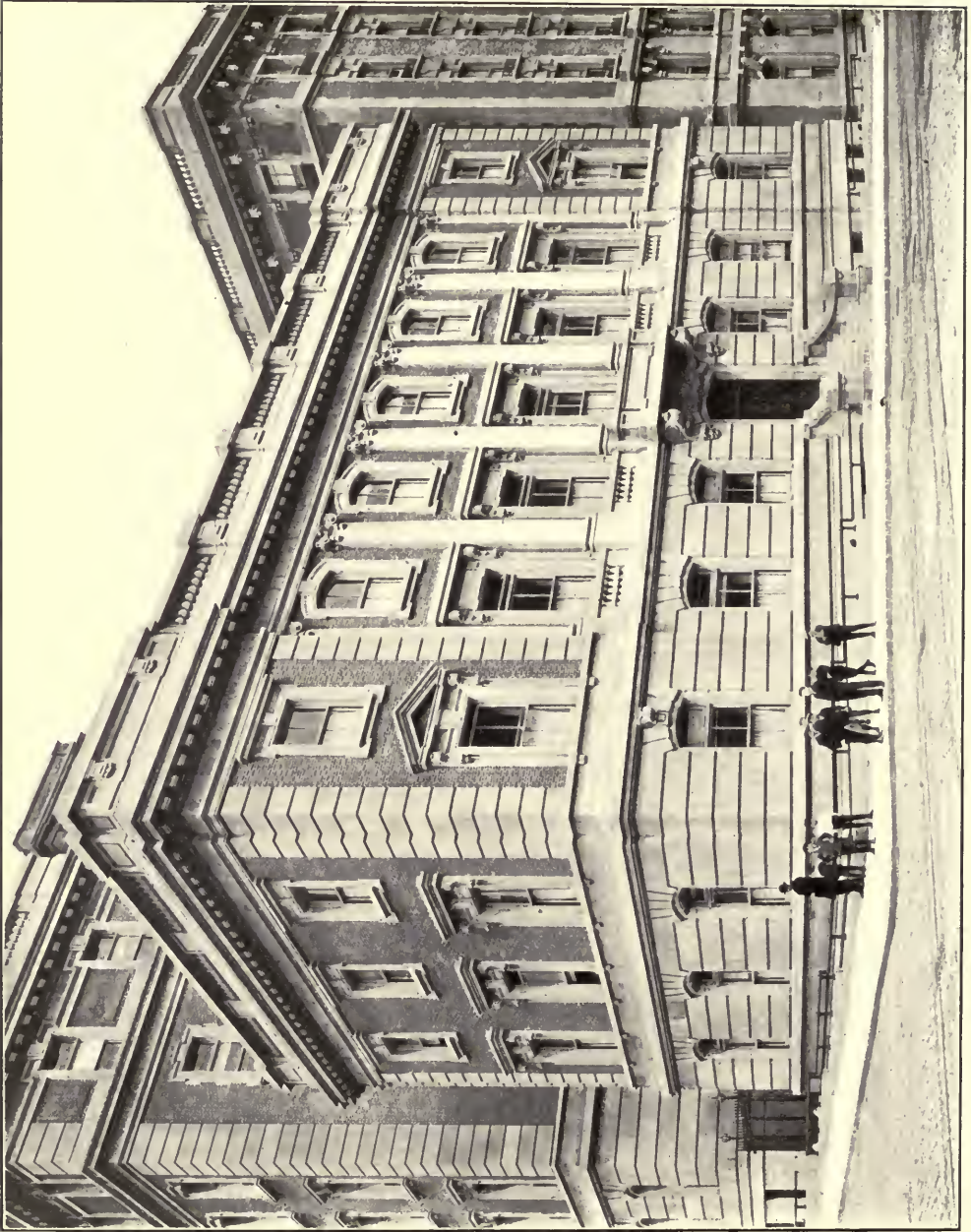


FIG. 1.—THE MT. SINAI HOSPITAL,
100th St. and Madison Ave., New York City.

Arnold Brunner, Architect.

half (say) were to serve the needs of the hospital while the other half was in process of being destroyed and renewed; they wish also for a monument. In this last desire they are exactly on the same footing as the present owners of the precious buildings left by former generations, which we, the visitors from a distance, long to see preserved in their untouched decay or lack of good repair, that their original beauty, the touch of the artist's hand upon them, shall remain unconcealed, unmingled with the additions and alterations of less artistic times and men. But the Venetian and the Florentine owner of such treasures disputes this right of the archaeologist and the worshipper of fine art to tell him how he may treat his own possessions. He, the citizen who lives in the shadow of the noble building, wants to see that building smooth and clean, spick and span, with windows fitting tight and walls that show no lack of repair. There are, after all, but few persons who are not of this mind. Is it not true that, while the doctrine of non-restoration has been preached strenuously and eloquently for fifty years, not one rich man has been found—not one—to purchase and save the exquisite private buildings with which the towns of France, Spain, Italy, England and Germany were once adorned? Every student who has travelled, or even bought photographs rather freely, during the last forty years, knows of scores of such treasures which the world will never see again, which once graced the by-streets and the narrower canals, the humbler suburbs, the less important towns; and which have since been repaired out of all character and all artistic value, even if they have not been torn down and replaced by buildings more in the modern mode.

The physicians who found that they were not to have temporary hospital buildings, in the great town at least, set themselves to providing a series of maxims for the guidance of those architects who would build the permanent hospitals. The walls were to be sheathed within by non-absorbent material—glazed tile or even plate glass; the joints

between such tiles or the like were to be filled with a cement of tested, non-absorptive material; the angle between wall and floor, between wall and wall, was to be filled with a rounded moulding of some kind, a hollow curve, a concave sweep from flat surface to flat surface so smoothly combined with the flat surfaces that no dust should lodge, that no impurities, even if invisible and intangible, should find harbor, and which should be open to the detergent rush of water from a hose. In these and in similar ways the buildings were to be made disease-proof, and it is assumed that every great hospital which we see erected in our towns nowadays has been thoroughly fortified in these scientific ways. There is no doubt whatever that in the case before us these precautions have been taken with complete and successful thoroughness.

In treating the artistical character of such a building as that shown in Fig. 1, as also in treating the whole group as given in Fig. 5, the different special conditions must be considered. What is "Architecture," the fine art of architecture, when existing in connection with a huge and costly building of strictly utilitarian plan and disposition?

When this question is asked in connection with the ordinary sky-scraper, the steel-cage building, whose thin outer shell of cut-stone is designed in close imitation of a massive tower of masonry, the answer is easy: It is *not* architecture in the artistic sense. In the case before us, however, the solid walls, pierced with normal windows, carrying floors and flat roofs in the old-fashioned way by giving direct support to beams and girders; masonry used everywhere as the carrying material and the enclosing material; in this case we may ask the exterior design to prove its right to be called good art. Some inevitably ugly things there are indeed, seen plainly in Fig. 2 and Fig. 5,—the huge rectangular masses which rise above the roofs. These are the heads of elevator towers, giving access to the "sun-parlors" or solaria and to the children's play-ground on the roofs; other smaller projections are skylights and ventilators; and the pair of

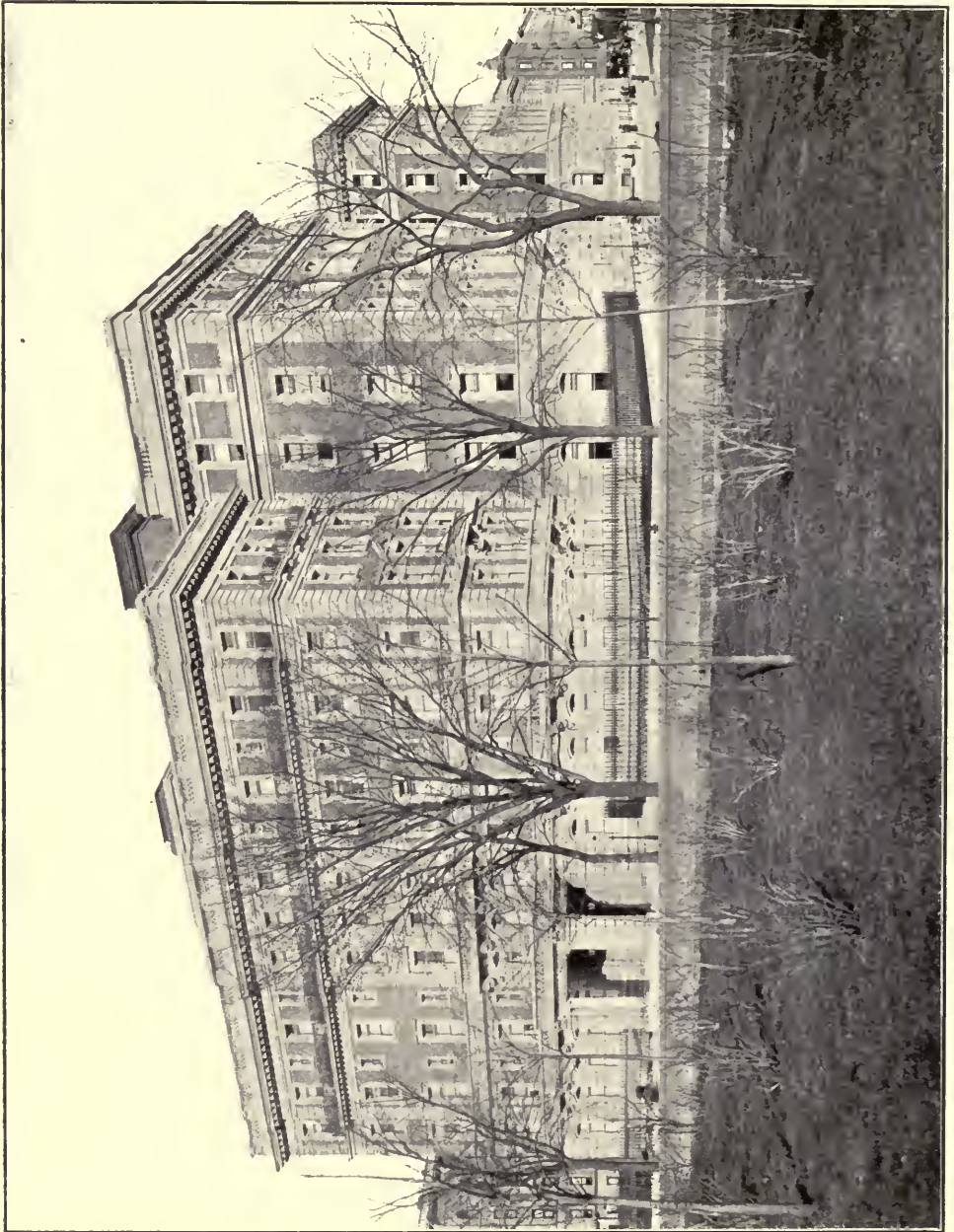


FIG. 2.—MT. SINAI HOSPITAL,
Fifth Avenue, from 100th to 101st Streets, New York City.

Arnold Brunner, Architect.

chimneys showing in the middle of Fig. 5 mark the top of the Kitchen Building. As to these ugly things, it is probable that they must be accepted—passed without comment upon their appearance. Can we ask the designer why he has not brought them into shape? Could Inigo Jones or Bramante or Jacques-Ange Gabriel have included them in the general design? Are you prepared to say that no cylindrical water-tank shall be mounted on the roof of your next stately building—or that, if it be unavoidable, you guarantee its artistic treatment? If not, are you ready, then, to say: There is no architecture, no possibility of architecture: only buildings disfigured and transmogrified by practical devices which we cannot subdue? Or do you accept the inevitable, and design your building as best you can; although it stand in a pit, because the basement-story and sub-basement, need areas for light—although it may have neither visible roof nor effective chimney-shafts—although wires in great bunches may be strung along its front and over its roof—although the iron bridge of the elevated railway may half conceal its front?

Such hard conditions confront him who would design a building to meet those modern requirements in which the beautiful aspect of things is hardly regarded. And looking at Fig. 1, and noticing the awkwardness of the three-story building set close to the six-story building, with but a very narrow recess between them, just enough to allow the return of the string-courses, the student is left wondering whether any treatment of the two structures could have reconciled them, each to the other, and have united them into one street front. Could any designer make these into one subordinate group of the whole hospital, in better fashion than is seen in the photograph? So on the other front at the left of Fig. 1, where the buildings on East 100th Street show and where an open driveway used as an entrance for ambulances, separates the dispensary building from the main hospital, the question comes up again, What would the purist in proportion, a designer who was willing and able to make something

else give way to his imaginative composition—what would he have done to better the not very significant juxtaposing of the two pavilions? Let us consider, in Fig. 2, the relations between the private hospital on Fifth Avenue and the pavilions of the main structure. It is evident that a proper consideration for economy and logic required the smaller scale, the lower story, the corresponding narrower windows, the less ponderous cornice, the somewhat smaller string-courses of this building on Fifth Avenue; and yet the question must arise and remain unanswered; What does the artistic designer find lacking here—what would he do or what would he have done to have united these buildings with others into a design?

Observe that even a complete answer to these questions would not be a complete criticism of Mr. Brunner's design. It is an objection made to criticism of a work of art by artists in the same line of work, that the critic sees how he would have conceived the design, how he would have solved this problem; and so is inclined to be unjust to him who has tried to solve the problem in a wholly different way. So here: the critic, if practiced in architectural design, sees his own design for these buildings "rising out of the ground," as the observer of Camille Corot's practice reported, when he found the master at work in the forest of Fontainebleau. He may think even that he sees the members, doors, windows and balconies, larger in the pavilions, smaller in the private hospital, and yet harmonious in a way to make one design of the whole group. At present the observer is conscious only of the feeling that here are detached and separate buildings built in the same style—or the same manner, if there is no "style" to be predicated of them—with details of the same character, built of the same materials, and having the same general aspect. These characteristics, common to all the chief buildings of the group, or to all that are seen in the photographs which accompany this article, are what there is to make one design of the whole. It is therefore a matter of regret that the central pavilion, seen from

as far in Fig. 5, and with a detail given in Fig. 3, is faced entirely with the white stone, and is treated with some slight rendering of the "colossal order" as its chief architectural adornment, having also, instead of a parapet protecting a nearly flat deck, a pediment implying (what actually exists) a double pitch roof behind it. Otherwise expressed,

Fig. 3 shows the lower part of that central pavilion of which the top is seen above the trees in Fig. 5; and the two together very nearly tell the whole story of that front of light gray stone in columnar architecture. And it is well to remember that while a non-columnar building may with perfect propriety have porticos, open colonnades, even open loggia



FIG. 3.—LOWER PART OF THE CENTRAL PAVILION.

Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City.

Arnold Brunner, Architect.

these buildings seem to be much helped by such unity among themselves as is given by this common material, common color scheme, common treatment with string-courses, cornices, parapets and the like; and that the group suffers from the injection into the very middle of it of a piece of fronting as different in character as the pavilion which contains the chief public entrance.

of columnar structure (because that is what columns are for!) it is not ship-shape to have a piece of building, in which large columns are the chief decorative feature, contrasted in this abrupt way with the simply windowed walls around.

It is whispered that it was not by Mr. Brunner's own wish that this central pavilion was built entirely of the paler material. It is said, also, that the strong

contrast between the brick and the pale stone in the other buildings is not quite of his own choosing. Let us suppose that the architect had imagined these buildings as walled with pale yellow brick, the cut-stone trimmings of a gray stone of almost the same value, though different in tint. And let us suppose further that it is true, what we have heard, that the central building was to be like

with it the decision to make the central building different, namely, of the stone alone; and the building of it in stone alone almost compels the use of what seems a barbarism in any case. It is certainly unfortunate here.

There is only one other serious consideration, namely, the character and the scale of the ornamental detail. Where the plan and working arrangements are



FIG. 4.—THE MADISON AVENUE ENTRANCE.

Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City.

Arnold Brunner, Architect.

the others, of yellowish gray and cooler gray materials, as in the other buildings of the group. Now, if the central building had been left in its brick-and-stone treatment, then the bit of columnar design would have been impracticable, and the pediment alone would not have disturbed anyone's sense of propriety. But the decision to use the very beautiful dark red and variegated black and brown brick of the walls, seems to have carried

admitted to be faultless, and where it is also admitted that this utilitarian plan has led to a not wholly satisfactory grouping—a not wholly attractive system of proportion—it remains only to think of the cornices and their consoles and corbels, the parapets with their balusters and pedestals, the string-courses with their hollow and projecting mouldings, the window-caps with their pediments or horizontal hoods and the combination of

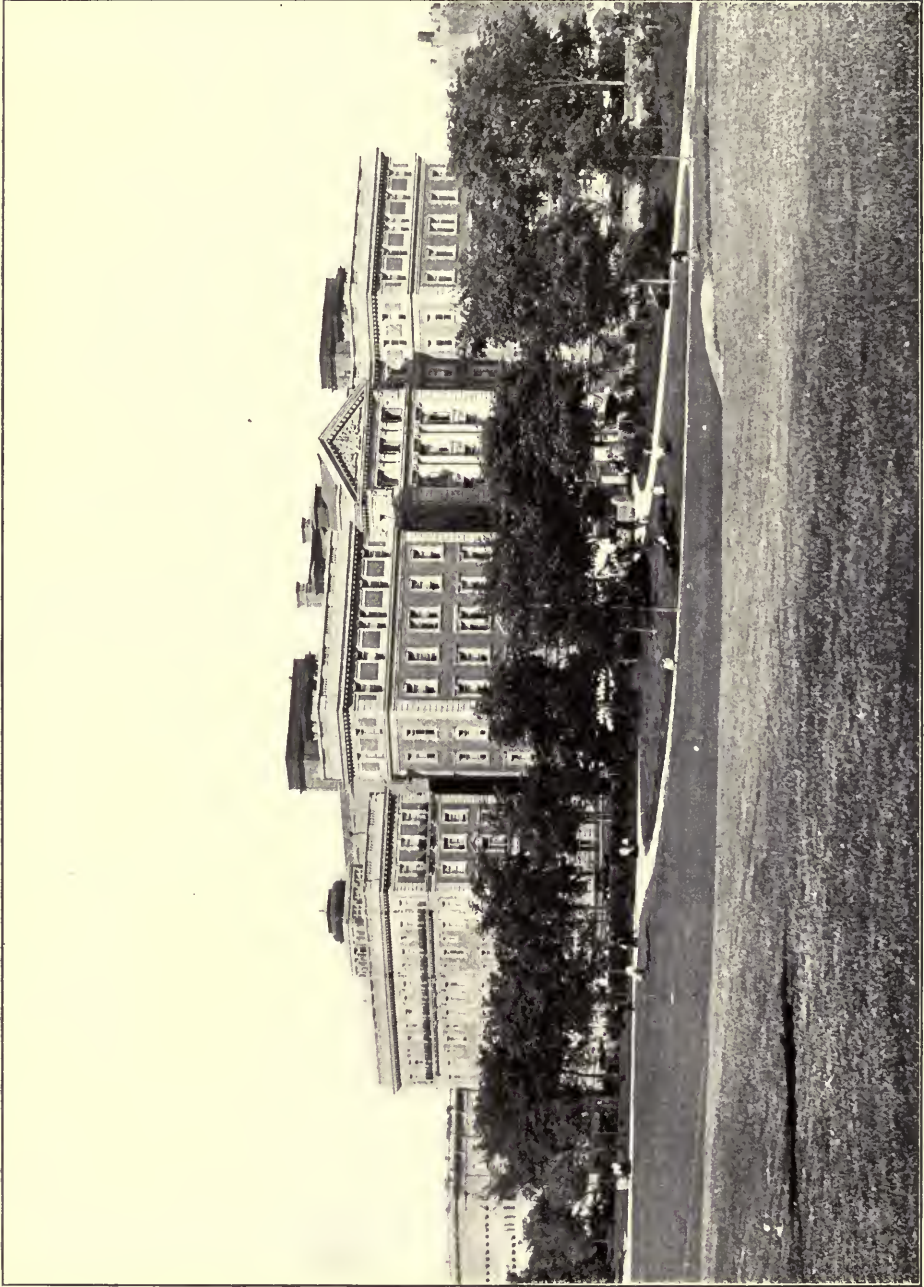


FIG. 3.—MT. SINAI HOSPITAL.

5th Ave. and 100th St., New York City.

Arnold Brunner, Architect.

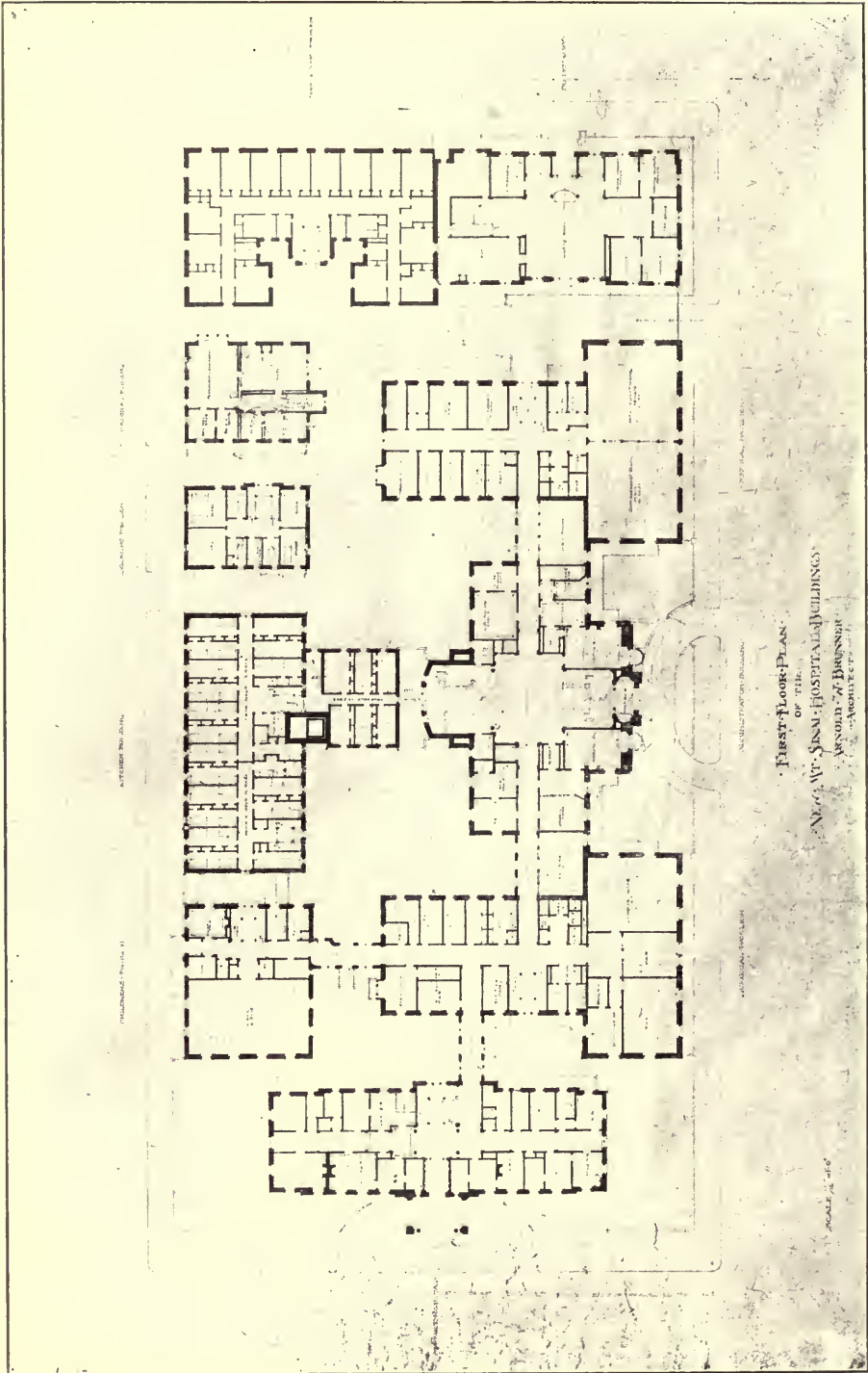
these with surprising key-stones cut on the window lintels below. The window casings, moderate and square-looking in the Fifth Avenue building but running rather to excess in some of the other pavilions, the balconies with their very large consoles of support and their heavy parapets, the porches of entrance—these are what the lover of detail is anxious about. These designs were made at a time when nearly all the well-known architects in our big cities were in pursuit of details of this sort, of a quite unreasonable heaviness. Near this hospital there stands a dwelling-house, built at the same time and absolutely without regard to cost, a house not larger than the smallest of the pavilions shown in these photographs; and yet that house has details of the same character, even more excessive in scale than those of this hospital with its many and large buildings in a close-packed mass. It is not asserted that there has been any improvement in taste since that time, for though some very refined buildings with delicate details have been planned and built—some of them by the architect of this very hospital—there are others in which this same hugeness and heaviness of the ornamental parts seem to exist even in increased measure.

What is meant is best seen in Fig. 3; where a balcony without great projection is supported by six enormous consoles carved with swags of foliage and in their own outline made so heavy that each one affords stone enough to make all six of the corbels which are really required there and which would be more

effective, architecturally speaking. Of course such a change would carry with it a reduction of thickness and weight of the balcony itself, but that is just what is to be desired. Below this balcony is the string-course which breaks around the porch, and to this are given, for apparent support, consoles half as large as those which carry the balcony above. In Fig. 4, the details of the building on Fifth Avenue are seen, and although this building is more delicate in its parts, by much, than the large pavilions, it is easy to see how the same influence has controlled. It seems incomprehensible that this excessive size and weight, this elaboration and cost, of all these pedestals, balusters, key-stones, ancones, string-courses and the like, should have been thought advisable. One is inclined to look elsewhere than to the choice of the architect or of his chief assistants. The man or the men who designed the park pavilions given in *The Architectural Record* for March, 1905, and discussed in the department of Notes and Comments there, could hardly have accepted these ponderous ornaments without protest.

It does seem evident that if one could go all over the building with a gang of skilled stone-cutters and a chance to work his will, a far more charming building would result from the cutting away of some thousands of pounds of limestone. What would have been the result of so designing the ornament that those thousands of pounds of stone would have been spared, it is still more pleasant to think.

RUSSELL STURGIS.



Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City.

FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

Arnold Brunner, Architect.

An Ideal Hospital

The meaning of the word Hospital with all its various ramifications, is an expression of welcome, shelter and care; and the ideal hospital to my way of thinking, should be one in which these qualities could be brought nearest perfection. Hospital like many another term has so far departed from its original meaning, that to be forced to seek help within a refuge so named, was, but a short time since, considered the most dreaded of evils.

In days not yet so remote as to be completely sunk in the mists of forgotten ages, the hospital so little fulfilled its mission that within its walls disease was as frequently fostered as eradicated. The ancient structures then set aside as asylums for suffering humanity became so impregnated with germs, that new diseases peculiar to hospitals assailed those unfortunates who came to be cured of wounds or fevers. With no proper means of sanitation, and small care of cleanliness, these buildings grew so unhealthy that the sole remedy was demolition.

As late as the Franco-Prussian War, sanitarians were agreed that a building, run up at so small an expense that it could be reasonably destroyed after ten years, was the only proper way to build a hospital. To obtain good ventilation, which had become recognized as necessary, these buildings were constructed only one story in height and with windows on either side. They were built in the form of hollow squares or were spread out in various ways as the ground permitted, and then connected by a long passage or outside portico with the main pavilion in which the operating rooms and offices necessary to the service with all the wards were placed. While these buildings were greatly in advance of the structures previously in use, still such a style of architecture for hospitals would be impracticable, if not impossible, in a city the size of New York, where not only is the land extravagantly expensive,

but where to be beneficial a hospital must be accessible.

The first requisite of the modern hospital, the convenience and the promptness in caring for the sick, was out of the question where immense distances lay between the wards and the main offices. The chief physicians then found visiting those patients placed in the remote parts of the pavilions a task so nearly impossible to be performed daily when the hospital was crowded, that undoubtedly much of the prejudice felt at the present day by the ignorant poor toward such institutions, is a remnant of the traditions preserved by ancestors who in times of epidemic were left to the mercy of unskilled students.

Improved methods of ventilation make it now possible to have the freshest and purest air always in circulation. Even when the windows must be kept closed tempered oxygen is forced in and the foul air blown out; making it possible to erect a hospital six stories high in the heart of the city, and one so skillfully planned that the visit of the physician is a matter of no waste of moments.

When preparing to design the Mt. Sinai Hospital, the most recent of such great institutions built in New York, the architect, Mr. Arnold W. Brunner, carefully studied all the virtues and vices of its forerunners, that he might profit thereby and attain his full desire to construct as nearly as possible the ideal hospital of the United States.

The projectors of this hospital had but one city block at their command, but they chose that block with wisdom and forethought. Madison Avenue bounds the east side; to the north and south are the One Hundredth and the One Hundredth and First Streets; while on the west stretches the length and breadth of Central Park with the waving trees of the broad Mall on Fifth Avenue.

The impression of the exterior is from an architectural standpoint, severe, but it is simple and dignified as befits the

use for which it was designed. The essentials of an ideal hospital do not lie on the outside.

There is a group of ten buildings. Nine of these are connected by a series of corridors on the ground floor above which they rise one independent of the other courting the air and light on all sides. There is no nook or cranny, no corridor, no corner, no room into which the free air of Heaven does not enter; and from every window can be seen the clouds floating in the sky above. The tenth building has no means of communication with the others from the inside. It is the Isolating Pavilion to be used in case any contagious disease creeps in among the patients. The elevators ascend as nearly as possible into the heart of each building. The struonous physician has no extra steps forced upon him nor are any of his precious moments lost while finding his way to the work he has in hand. Does a surgeon come for an operation? He has but to cross the entrance hall to find an elevator waiting to convey him to the top of the Main Building, where the operating rooms and their various dependencies are to be found within a stone's throw from the door of the car. Is it a patient in the Medical or Surgical Pavilion to whom his visit is directed? He has but to announce his wishes to the functionary at the main door, then take a short passage to the right or left, leading to the elevator in either pavilion, and in less time than it takes me to write it, he is at the patient's bedside.

It is possible to enter the Private Hospital and the Children's Hospital from the Main Building; but these have both entrances from the street, and elevators as convenient as in the other buildings. In such considerate and sympathetic care for the hard worked physician lies one of the first qualities of the *perfect* and the *ideal* hospital.

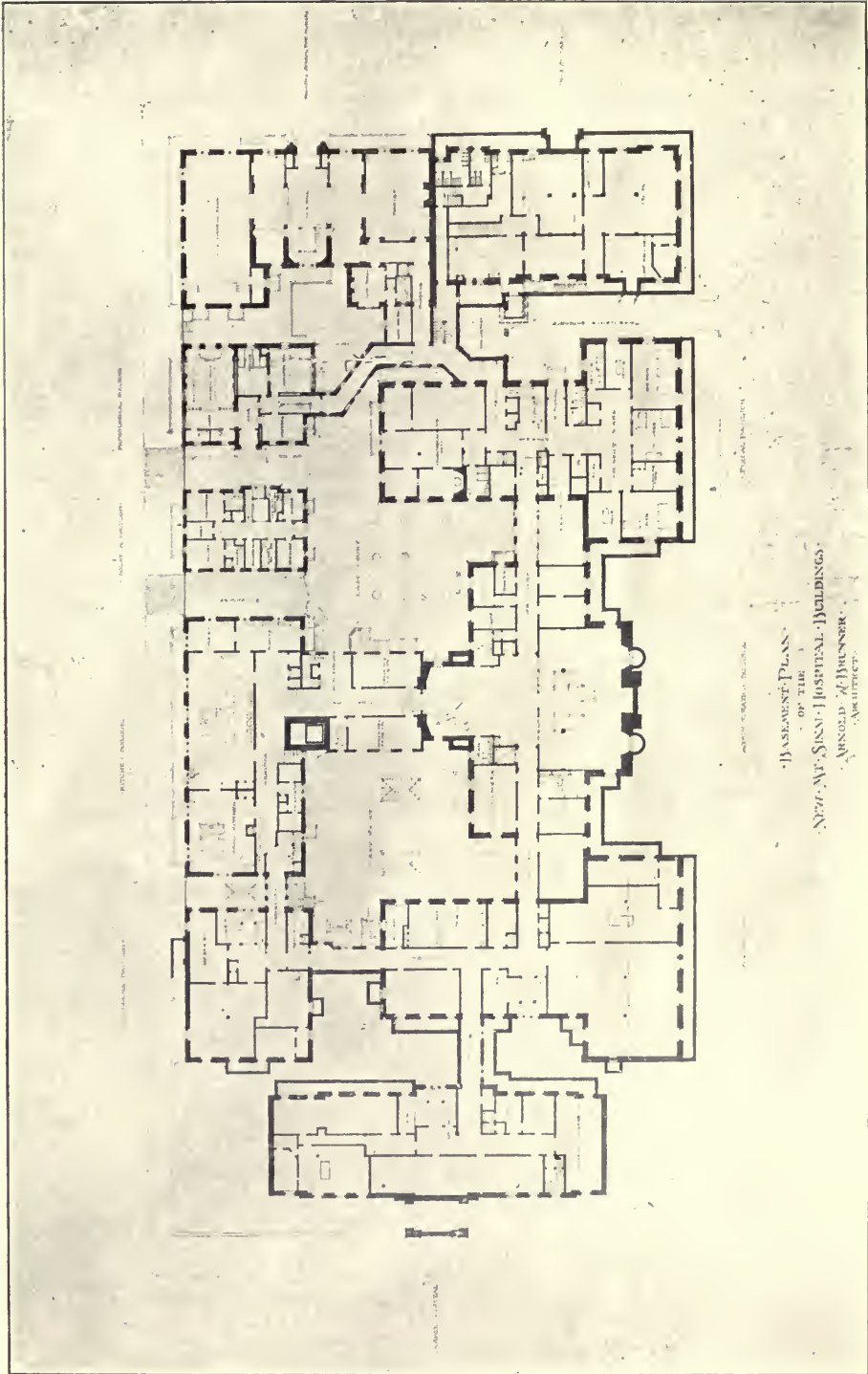
A like endeavor to secure promptness and celerity has been made to facilitate the execution of the household duties.

On every floor there are pantries fitted with all the known contrivances found by experience to be the most practical for quick and efficient service. These

connect by electric dumb-waiters with the great kitchens; while every convenience for cooking simple diet and for keeping that already prepared hot or cold according to orders, has here been installed to simplify the work of the attendants, and to minimize the patients' cause for complaint. There is no device for rapid and thorough household service which has been neglected by the architect. The marble bases join the floor at such a distance from the bottom that there are no cracks nor hiding places left for the dust loving microbe. The sinks, bathing places, and basins are surrounded by marble or alberine stone which absorbs no water. In the section devoted to the operating rooms the water in the faucets is turned on and released by a touch of the surgeon's foot.

The contempt of ignorance with which nerves were treated in past centuries has given way in the present age to a full understanding of their enormous power to kill or to cure. No hospital could put forth the smallest claim to the title "*Ideal*" where consideration for the excited nerves of physical sufferers was disregarded. The supreme thought and endeavor of the architect of the hospital which forms the subject of this sketch, has therefore been to mitigate as much as possible every jar connected with those unpleasant details of the duty of caring for the sick and wounded which so shock the sensibilities.

Delicacy in considering the abnormally sensitive nerves of the inmates and in aiming to save the patients all afflicting sights and sounds was deeply weighed in determining the plan of this institution. The ambulance, that bugbear of the poor, leaves the street on arriving at the hospital and descends a sloping driveway into the court where it turns a corner before discharging the victims of accident or disease at a secluded entrance invisible to the idle or inquisitive loiterers on the street. The department in which these unfortunates are received and cared for by the attendants and physicians is adjacent to this lower entrance and so situated that while the patients are being bathed and prepared to take their places in the wards no groans or cries



Arnold Brunner, Architect.

BASEMENT PLAN.

Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City.

can disturb the other inmates of the building.

This same sympathetic regard prompted the setting apart on every floor of "Examining Rooms." These examining rooms are an entirely new departure in the history of hospital management. The patient who needs to have a painful wound dressed, or must undergo an examination, is removed from his bed and wheeled to an examining room where all sounds of distress are buried within four walls and his companions in the ward delivered from the pain of listening to the sufferers of such trying experiences.

The dead are taken to their last resting place from a remote side of the inner court. There in a retired spot the hearse and attendant carriages may stand near The Mortuary Chapel, and the funeral goes out a secluded gateway which is on another street from the entrances for visitors or patients. From not one of the hospital windows can this departure be witnessed and the mourners are effectually shielded from the prying eyes of the street urchin and his kin.

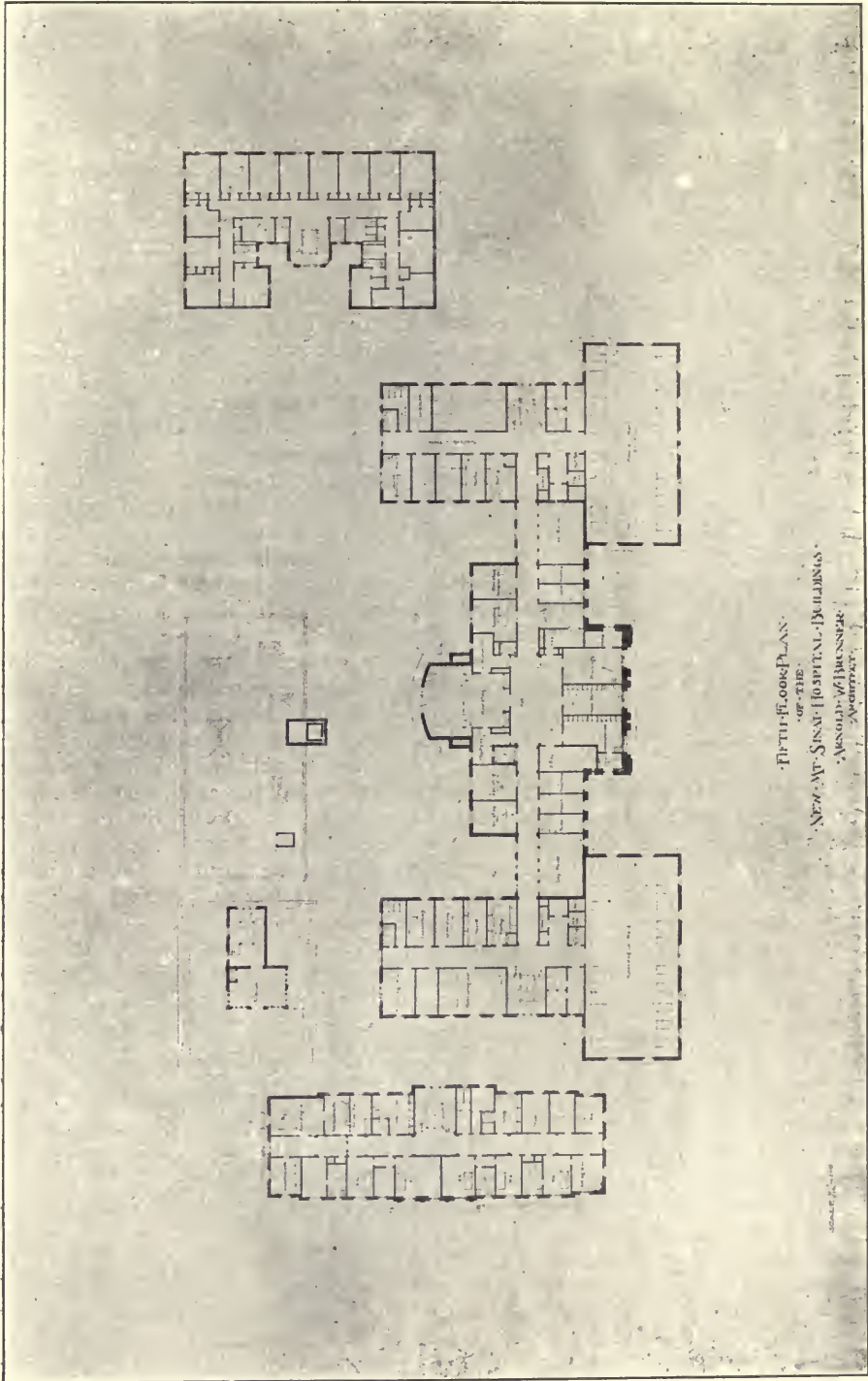
In that portion of the building devoted to operations, especial rooms are set apart for those who are recovering from the effects of the anaesthetics, and so in seclusion the patients are slowly brought back to life and consciousness before their return to their beds in the ward.

Viewed in the light of modern science the most interesting portion of this hospital is that which is devoted to the operating rooms and their dependencies; it being placed on the top floor of the Administrative Building and the large operating theatre, the pride of the architect, is supplemented by five smaller operating rooms. It will be unnecessary to state that in this section the strictest sanitary conditions prevail and the only visible materials of construction are marble, porcelain and glass. All the operating rooms face the north, and between double sashes of the great windows lighting them, heaters have been inserted in order that at no time the chilled air may strike the unconscious patient on the operating table. The students admitted to see an operation enter their places from above: there is no communication be-

tween the seats of the operating theatre to the floor on which the surgeons are engaged. The anaesthesia rooms, the recovery rooms; rooms for consulting physicians; retiring rooms for the surgeons; the sterilizing apparatus; the department and developing closet for the X-ray photographs and the roomy glass cupboards for the necessary instruments are the other divisions of this section. It is separated from the pavilions on either side by thickly padded doors.

Here while the daylight lasts, and at urgent need even later, the suffering patients are continually being brought up on the elevators to be taken to the anaesthesia rooms, prepared to receive help from the surgeon's knife; after the operation is performed led back to life in the recovery room; and finally taken down again to be replaced by the next sufferer whose turn it is to be alleviated.

In the pavilions on the right and left of the operating rooms elevators run noiselessly down through the centre to the main floor. The one on the right is the Surgical and that on the left the Medical Pavilion, each has a capacious sun parlor and a roof garden, while every floor through which the elevator passes is a perfect little hospital in itself. There are on each story rooms for one or two persons and the general wards capable of receiving twenty-four inmates. The shape of these main wards is so nearly rectangular that the room gives a greater idea of breadth and space than it really possesses. There are windows on three sides where the sun can look in all day long from the time he rises over the housetops until the hour of his setting behind the trees in Central Park. At night his duties are performed by carefully shaded electric lights which, unlike the sun's rays, the least touch can control. Another humane thought for the comfort of the inmates, has suggested an electric attachment behind each bed, by which it is possible to connect a portable bulb and thus afford illumination, if needed, when an individual examination must be made without disturbing the surrounding sleepers. The pantries and examining rooms are on each story, sitting



Arnold Brunner, Architect.

FIFTH FLOOR PLAN.

Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City.

rooms for the convalescents, drying rooms, linen rooms, and baths, all of which are flooded with light and air let in by the broad windows. If dust or dirt collect on the tiled flooring, no fitting excuse can be made for not detecting its presence.

The children have a pavilion looking out on Fifth Avenue which is in every respect a miniature replica of those built for the grown-up patients. They have their sun-nursery on the roof, and a playground with a balustrade so high and so carefully constructed, that though the sun can peep between the columns, not the slimmest tot of them all could fall out, nor can the tallest or most active boy climb over the protecting parapet. From the cribs in the children's main wards the little ones can watch the birds nesting in the Park, and see sunbeams dancing on the leaves in summer, and the squirrels playing on the bare branches in winter.

In the little parlor where children are received or dismissed is a modest bronze tablet framing the likeness of a fine specimen of young manhood to whose memory this pavilion was erected by: "Those whose love reaches beyond the Tomb." What more tender and fitting monument could be devised to preserve the sweet remembrance of a beloved son! The picture of the youth here enshrined is a photograph; evidently enlarged from a small amateur print. It represents him resting as though fatigued by his sport; his dress a college sweater: leaning with his elbow on his knee he looks down with earnest eyes on the children and the glad mothers and fathers to whom they have been restored through the medium of his parents' love and anguish and in remembrance of his own release from the suffering of this world.

The Private Hospital is practically a "Hotel for the Sick" where also accommodations are possible for the well who wish to share the seclusion of their afflicted friends. The windows look out on Central Park and on either side is a grass plot embellished with flowers and shrubs and plants. The entrance to this Private Hospital is through a richly adorned vestibule and an inscription

states that it is a loving memorial to the memory of a parent. The Private Hospital has its own operating room. Within its walls those luxuries, perfect peace and perfect quiet reign supreme. The elevator is noiseless, the omnipresent telephone makes its call only by a dull b-r-r-r, and no bells exist; instead a red disk outside each door falls at the touch of a button in the room when the occupant desires the attention of the nurse on watch in the corridor.

Wherever human beings are gathered together for joy or for sorrow there also must be kitchens; and this hospital-kitchen is an important and busy centre. Much thought was expended upon the kitchens of this institution. The most practical and experienced of managers and matrons were consulted; the culinary departments of busy hotels and crowded institutions were visited; and finally all the most modern and economical devices for saving time and labor and yet fulfilling perfectly the exacting demands of the hospital regime were adopted. There are two kitchens, both spacious and lofty, both supplemented by capacious pantries with sculleries and the whole built of enameled brick. One kitchen is reserved for the preparation of food ordered to be especially prepared, and the other for the routine work of the establishment. These kitchens are connected with the pantries throughout the group of buildings by electric dum-waiters. That useful servant—electricity—is made to aid in the celerity with which the patients are served their nourishment at the proper time, and to heat the little closed vehicles which convey the cooked dishes from the fire to their destination. The work in the kitchens goes on like an endless chain. The food is prepared, cooked, served and delivered for this great assemblage of the sick and their various attendants, the utensils sent back to be washed, and then immediately made ready for the next requirement. The kitchen building has all its service entrances on One Hundred and First Street, its connection with the rest of the hospital group is by passages beneath the court yard. Like the other buildings of the institution, light and air enter it

on all sides and on the floors above the kitchen are the servants' quarters. An extensive and splendidly appointed model laundry, where the work of receiving, sorting, washing, drying, and mangling the vast quantities of linen needed in such an institution occupies the top.

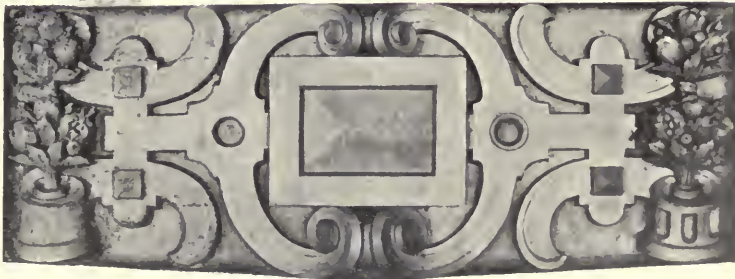
The Pathological Building is for the students who are ever busy hunting the dreaded microbe, and searching for truth with ardent minds; it occupies the upper part of that little building in which lie the dead and the Mortuary Chapel from which they are buried. This building with its laboratories, as an assistant to the advance of modern medical science, is one of the most important sections of a modern hospital.

The Dispensary is completely isolated from the General Hospital. The patients who visit it have no excuse for lounging about any of the entrances intended for the inmates. Their way to relief is from Madison Avenue where the Dispensary and the Nurses' Home are the only buildings which have entrances on this thoroughfare. There are two

doors; by one the patient enters, is expeditiously assigned to the office of the physician best able to cure his complaint; the remedy is quickly prepared for him and he departs by another door from that by which he came.

Such a hospital as this was not conceived in a day. To design one of its kind meant months of concentrated thought, a minute and careful examination of all other institutions of like order; long consultations with experienced physicians, a feeling of sympathy for the ill of the flesh and a mind sufficiently broad and methodical to glean the best knowledge from all these sources and to choose from the mass so collected only the best; to make plans by which all advanced scientific improvements can be added for years to come; to prove an example to those designing hospitals in great cities, a comfort to both rich and poor an invaluable auxiliary to modern science, and a sanctuary for all suffering mortals who are ill with the ills of the flesh, an Ideal Hospital!

JOSEPHINE TOZIER.





Narbeth, Pa.

THE HOUSE OF MR. PERCIVAL ROBERTS, JR.

Cope & Stewardson, Architects.

The House of
Mr. Percival
Roberts, Jr.

COPE & STEWARDSON, Architects



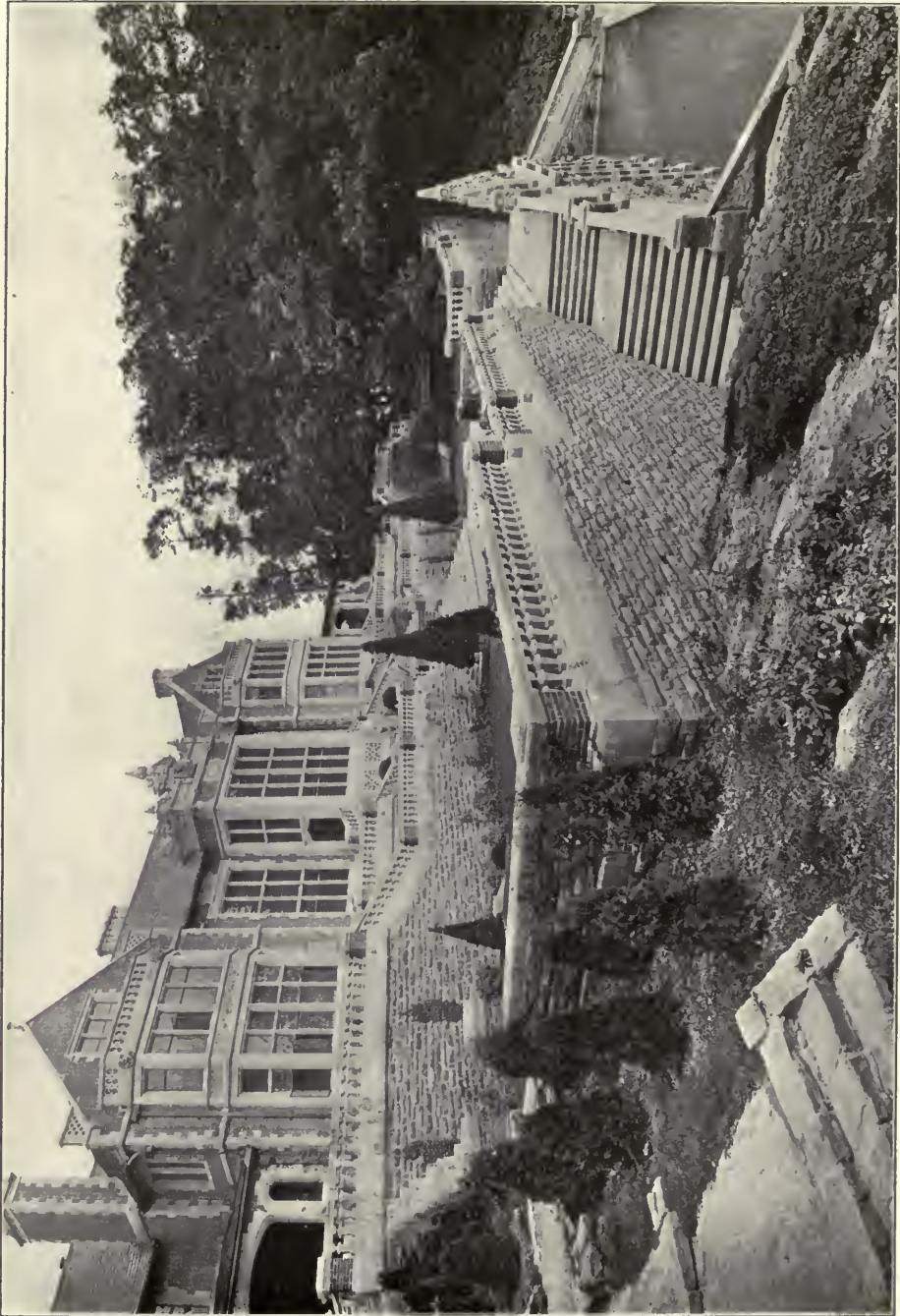
NARBETH, PA.



Cope & Stewardson, Architects.

THE HOUSE OF MR. PERCIVAL ROBERTS, JR.

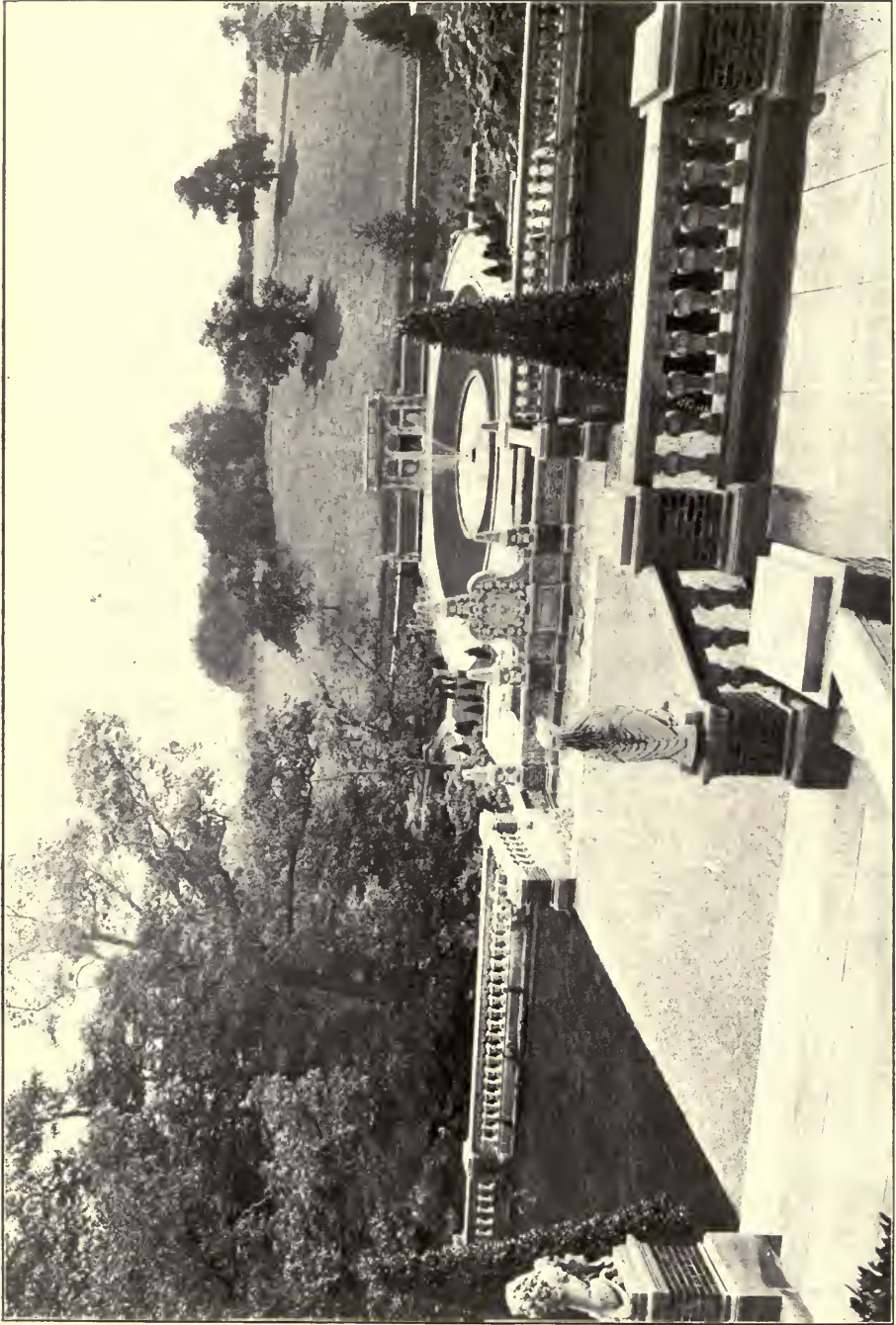
Narbeth, Pa.



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THE HOUSE OF MR. PERCIVAL ROBERTS, JR.

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Cope & Stewardson, Architects.

THE HOUSE OF MR. PERCIVAL ROBERTS, JR.

Narbeth, Pa.

NOTES & COMMENTS

U. S. LEATHER COMPANY'S BUILDING

The New York City warehouse building, No. 28 Ferry street, is one more of that very interesting series which the Record is making, of brick-built, simple, manly, straightforward business structures.

Several of these buildings have already been described, and others will follow undoubtedly. But we have to stop now and then and speak generally of these buildings—to recall what has been said of them already—to insist upon their extreme interest as a class. Apart from the warehouses treated in two "body articles" eighteen months ago (Record for January and February, 1904), the recent numbers of Notes and Comments have contained many photographs of this class of building, and some analysis of each design. In the present instance it is, of course, most regrettable that no adequate view of the building can be had. The streets are narrow in the quarter where this building stands, for Ferry street is in an old part of New York, into which the approach of the new Brooklyn Bridge has thrust itself, increasing the real and apparent crowding of that section of the city. Still, perhaps, a comparison of the very interesting door-piece with the general view will explain the building sufficiently to our readers, accustomed as they are to the strange tricks played by the photograph sometimes in substituting its own single point of vision for the varied opportunity given the student who is on the ground in person. He, the student on the ground, may walk about the building, look at it from many points of view, and gradually "size it up"; and so he may come away with a clear sense of the whole edifices, derived from no one single aspect of it; but the camera stands fast, and records only what it saw with its one eye in that one moment.

The view of the entrance (p. 401) shows that the designer's feeling for mouldings has been

partly gratified by the series of square bricks within the deep reveal and surrounding the doorway proper by a series of offsets. I count six steps of this kind, each measuring four inches each way. Then the tympanum above the stone-piece is laid in zig-zags—in a kind of herring-bone construction, but always of common hard brick. These details are described, one by one, for fear they should not be quite as visible in the half-tone print. The smaller details of such buildings resemble one another almost of necessity, and it will not do to repeat in every separate notice the remarks that it seemed right to make once or even twice about the effect of square bricks used in corbelling and in "rustication," nor yet the plea that one who loves mouldings and who wishes for simple adornment, must needs be impelled to make, for the use of moulded bricks. Really, one would think that these were rare and precious articles, which had to be brought from distant lands! As a matter of fact, they can be got from any brick-maker and at very short notice, besides which, it is really an entertaining pursuit for the architect who loves design to see what he can make that is fresh and interesting, by this very simple appliance.

But for what is new in the building before us, it is to be found in the very interesting and vigorous use of the horizontal band. Above the third horizontal row of windows there comes a band which is adorned in a kind of checker made of bricks stepped out a little and throwing shadows on the recesses between them. The treacherous white efflorescence which has disfigured many of these brick defeats for a moment the effect of light and shade which the designer has wished for, but that will come right in time. Then above the seventh tier of windows there is a very interesting string-course somewhat resembling an entablature, and resting like an entablature on the capitals of pilasters, though, indeed, there is no affectation of classical formality in any of this



BUILDING OF THE U. S. LEATHER CO.
No. 38 Ferry St., New York City.

Frank Freeman, Architect.

decoration. It is a good string-course, and the little dentils are used with effect. Above this, again, the piers between the windows of the eighth horizontal tier are adorned very slightly by recessed blocks of shade, and from these piers springs the bold projecting cornice carried on brick corbels which support very flat segmental arches, with the usual scrap of walling five courses high above the crown of the arches, and then again a corbel-table of five successively projecting bands. This is a piece of decoration pure and simple, for higher still comes the thin, flat wall of the attic rising until the nearly unbroken sky line is reached. But such a cornice is far more effective seen in that way, below the attic, than it is when thrown against the sky. The pronounced wall-cornice of great projection is not, however, an ideal termination of a city front. The Florentine palaces which developed it were massive and of few parts, not thin and slight and cut into small sub-divisions. One feels continually in looking at our high buildings, how great is the mistake when a broad projecting wall cornice is set upon ten stories or more of flat walling. Costly buildings are now approaching completion in Fifth avenue with that mistake marking every one of them; and other costly buildings exist, having their broad hat-brims throwing shadows below which can hardly be otherwise than objectionable and which the community ought to prohibit, as indeed such things are prohibited in Boston. Do any of our readers remember the fight over the Tremont House there? As to the matter of design there is no question—that the upright effect, the appearance of the wall-finish got by continued verticality, is vastly more useful to the designer than the topping of lofty walls by a scrap of roof stuck out horizontally above the street.

R. S.

ON
"LETTING
IT
ALONE"

"Quieta non movere" is recognized to be a good maxim in a large variety of human affairs. It was Lord Melbourne, whose prime ministry is mainly now remembered by a city in Australia,

that was named after him, who made it, according to Walter Bagehot, a kind of universal solvent in politics. "Can't you let it alone"?

The advice may be overdone in politics. Possibly it may be overdone in architecture. But there is at least no doubt that the present tendency is not in that direction. Buildings are not, as a rule, sufficiently let

alone. It is the interference and not the abstinence that is commonly overdone. Architects do not sufficiently bear in mind that any construction which will stand up and do its work has a certain expression of stability which is valuable so far as it goes. The architect's business is to bring out and emphasize this inherent effect, never to cloak and dissemble it, on the chance of getting the expression of something else that is not there. Sometimes it requires what may fairly be called courage to leave a big brute mass to tell its own story; but sometimes that is the very best thing to be done. There is one recent instance which every sensitive passer must have observed with pleasure in the bald flank of the stage wall of the new Hippodrome. An unbroken expanse of brickwork it is, over a hundred feet, one guesses, in lateral extent, and three-quarters of that in height. The architect has had the luck and courage to "let it alone," crossing it only with a string course, high up, making his brickwork expressive by emphasizing its bonding, and using good rough brick. Verily he has his reward. The huge stretch of wall has a necessary effect of its own which he would have run a great risk of destroying, without substituting anything like so impressive if he had undertaken to "treat" it, as for example, he has treated his front on Sixth avenue. Of course, he could not have left that blank and let it alone. The conditions forbade. Nevertheless, the spectator of the front, seeking for something upon which the wearied eye may repose, can step around the corner and view this great blank wall with much refreshment and satisfaction. And not far away, there is the Metropolitan Opera House with a highly ornate front on Broadway and a perfectly plain back on Seventh avenue, consisting, like the side of the Hippodrome of one huge and virtually unbroken wall. It was so high and wide and, by the necessary conditions, so unsupported by floor beams within, that the architect felt bound, as a matter of security, to reinforce it with two buttresses which are the only "features" it shows. The result is that the sensitive spectator in this case, as in the case of the Hippodrome, gets much more aesthetic comfort out of the wall which has been let alone than out of the wall which has been elaborately treated.

A more recent instance than either of these is an instance of which the moral is the same. But this is profitable only for reproof. The provisional Grand Central Station, which has been for some months in the course of erection, was, as it now appears, designed to be of rough brick

covered with stucco, "masticated" according to the joke that prevailed when that mode of building was customary here, as it has never ceased to be in Central Europe. But the rough brick nucleus of the proposed building was so unexpectedly picturesque and effective as to attract the attention and admiration of every sensitive beholder. The projections and recesses of the brickwork, though intended only as "cores" for the plastering to come, possibly in part by their very lack of finish, gave an extraordinary animation to the building. A great arch, thirty feet in span and nearly twice that in height is an impressive object almost necessarily, quite necessarily when its structure is exposed and apprehensible, and such an arch, at the southern corner on Madison avenue, was the chief feature of this front. It was hailed with great satisfaction by every sensible beholder, architect or layman, excepting the very person whom one would have expected it chiefly to delight by its unexpected effectiveness, the architect, to wit. Evidently it would not have done, practically, to have quite let it alone, with its joints all yawning an invitation to the elements to disintegrate the structure. But what one would have expected the architect to do, upon finding that he had "scratched" a piece of architecture, was to cancel his cement contract with the utmost speed, and set workmen to closing up the joints, which indeed would have been a pity, since the picturesqueness of the effect sensibly depended upon the emphasis given to them by leaving them open. But no such notion seems to have entered the head of that insensitive man, whoever he may have been. On the contrary, he hastened to hide the attractive object by hurrying up the cement men, and now the building, smeared all over with an equable and inexpressive coating which hides the structure is entirely proof against anybody's admiration. It is too bad.

Rather worse, as involving impudence as well as insensibility is the alteration of the building at the southeast corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street. One cannot call the architect of the provisional Grand Central Station a Vandal, since it was with regard to his own work that his insensibility was exhibited. Boeotian appears to be the characterization of him. But Vandal fits the director of these alterations with great accuracy. The building, originally designed by Mr. Hardenbergh for the Western Union Company, was one of the many examples of an unforced and quaint picturesqueness with which he has embellished Manhattan. It was especially noteworthy for the skill with which the sup-

ports were attenuated, in deference to commercial requirements, to the architectural minimum, and with which the arch on the avenue had its inadequate abutments reinforced by a visible tie-rod, itself treated as part of the architectural composition. Attenuated as they were, the supports were not thin enough to suit the new owner, who has removed them all and stood his superstructure on metallic stilts quite irrelevant to it, entirely destroying the architecture of the basement. For this vandalism he might plead utilitarian necessities, though the plea would hardly avail, in view of the pains the original architect had taken to meet those necessities. But the superstructure, which was in an attractive red brick and terra cotta, with sills, lintels and string courses of sandstone, he has also deprived as much as possible of its expressiveness and its effectiveness by smearing it over with white paint, not only defacing the careful and effective decoration in terra cotta, but obliterating, to the extent of his ability, the sense of structure. And all this is plainly sheer wantonness, a childish pleasure in disfiguring what one could not produce, and in showing contempt for one's intellectual superiors. And this is the essence of Vandalism.

M. S.

**THE
DISREPUTABLE
ARTIST**

We are informed by a paragraph in "American Homes and Gardens," that "American artists, as a class, do not form a highly respected portion of the community." This sweeping condemnation to unrespectability by such an authority is in itself enough to discourage the great majority of American artists, "as a class"; but there is worse to follow. It seems that they deserve their lack of respectability. "The work they do," continues their cautious critic, "contributes nothing to the physical necessities of mankind, and its intellectual value, counted as mental food, is not much considered. They are of a jealous and quarrelsome disposition, attaching unusual importance to minor things, working in a way that no one not an artist thinks laborious, doing pretty much as they please, and when they please. They do not seem to be governed by the ordinary rules of life, and eke out a precarious existence in a way that few understand and appreciate. It is a significant fact that the most successful art exhibitions in America—those of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia—have been arranged and conducted by a layman, while the exhibitions in New York, which are en-

tirely controlled by artists, are only important because they happen to be held in the metropolis."

The reader will now understand why we have called this critic cautious as well as severe. He treats the American artist, not as a domestic animal with whose habits he is entirely familiar but as a strange beast, just out of the woods, whose appearance is disreputable, and whom people living in "American Homes and Gardens" cannot pretend to understand. These artists look like the rest of us, to be sure. They wear the same clothes, they doubtless eat three meals a day; but they are none the less damned by the fact that they do not "seem to be governed" by the ordinary rules of life." They prefer to "eke out a precarious existence" "by doing pretty much as they please," than to become comfortable and secure by respectable office work of "a truly laborious kind."

It is, no doubt, an extremely unfortunate condition; but we are afraid that it will have to endure. We claim to be more familiar with American artists than do the majority of people who follow the ordinary rules of life, and we feel absolutely certain that they will never do what their critic considers necessary in order to qualify them for the position of highly respectable members of the community. They are perverse enough rather to relish the fact that their work does not contribute to the physical necessities of mankind; and the task of providing "mental food" for the hungry American people is one which they prefer to leave to periodical publications. Their "jealous and quarrelsome disposition," "as a class," is something over which personally they have no control; but we have heard them say that the disposition to be quarrelsome and jealous would not of itself be sufficient to prevent them from being highly respectable members of the community. On the other hand, their ignorance of the ordinary rules of life, their precarious means of support, and their preference for accomplishing their work how and when they please—all these characteristics undoubtedly impair their respectability; but inasmuch as the artists of all modern communities, when they have not become "professors," have tended to share these defects; they must simply be classed as belonging to the nature of the beast. As to the final indictment—their inability to arrange successful art exhibitions—that, also, is a deficiency which they share with so many respectable members of the community that it cannot be considered a social disqualification; but it is also a deeply rooted defect. They will persist in saying that it is the calling of an artist rather to paint pictures and model figures than to organize exhibitions;

and they might be quite willing to leave a large part of that work to an efficient layman—if only he could be found in New York as well as in Philadelphia.

CHEAP COTTAGES EXHIBITION

On a site granted by the Garden City, Limited, at Letchworth, in Hertfordshire, England, there was held during the summer "The Cheap Cottages Exhibition." It was opened by the Duke of Devonshire on July 25th, and its object was to show at what relatively trifling cost, if planned by a trained architect, cottages of convenience and taste can be secured. The purpose, partly sociological and partly artistic, was thus to offer a counterblast to "Jeremy the Builder" and to the abominations of desolation which he creates on the outskirts of large cities. When it is said that many of the cottages pictured and planned could be built for £150 or less, it will be realized how vast was the clientele to which such an exhibition made vigorous, concrete and pertinent appeal. And the vastness of the interested clientele suggests the civic art possibilities of such an exhibition in its potential changing of the aspect of the town. The cheaper cottages were provided with two to three bedrooms, the material of the walls was usually brick or concrete, and the aim of the designers—sometimes perhaps a little too obviously—was picturesqueness. Where this was coupled, as required, to cheapness and convenience with success, something of a triumph was secured. The event suggests the possibility of exhibitions here that might be similarly interesting and productive of great good. Popular, for example, as the annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York has become—too popular and educational for one to consider its abandonment—there is, nevertheless, little that the ordinary lay visitor can take to himself. He goes to gaze in wonder—we will not say always in admiration. He associates architecture with the grandiose and costly, and when, a few weeks later, he and his wife consider the erection of a simple cottage by the sea or in the hills, he is too probably content to let the Jerry Builder draw the plans, as if architecture were concerned with another world than his. Thus one more blot is added to a lovely landscape. That there is a demand for suggestions for inexpensive, pretty and convenient homes, we can learn from the publishers of the pictorial weeklies—who would not give to the "designs for \$1,800 cottages" the space they do, if it did not pay them. An annual exhibition of this kind in March, even in New



THE WANAMAKER BUILDING.

Astor Place, New York City.

D. H. Burnham & Co., Architects.

York, would soon create a great deal of interest. It would redound to the benefit of the architects, who need not give their plans with great detail and who would still have the task of fitting building to site, and in time it would do a lot of good.

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The new Wanamaker Store, the one nearing completion in New York City, is an interesting example of a method of design which we think may be named very properly "the Unit Method." Arch-

**THE UNIT
METHOD
OF
DESIGN**

itectural practise in dealing with the problem of the skyscraper has tended of late steadily toward the evolution of some fixed scheme or formula of design, and, as in the case of so many other labor-saving devices, the work of the final discoverer was little more than the task of seizing and defining the suggestions and vague attempts of others floating in the air unrealized. Of course this does not detract in the least from the credit due to the ingenuity of the present inventor of the Unit Method, who has certainly and in a most elegant manner brought the design of the most spacious skyscraper within the easy attainment of even the most commonplace talent. Hitherto, it has been somewhat of a difficulty to "compose" your eighteen stories, more or less, on a frontage of whatever dimensions it might be. By the old method of design the problem of making the façade was attacked as a whole, or in other words the façade was treated as the unit—a method by which the difficulties of design were obviously augmented beyond a certain point almost in direct proportion to the increase of the dimensions. It is easy now to see how absurdly laborious and how needlessly exacting upon a limited capacity for design such a method of practise is, precisely as the conjurer's trick is so obvious once its mysteries have been explained. The reader is invited to turn for a moment to the illustration herewith of the Wanamaker Store.

Here is a facade—that on 4th Avenue—of nine members and thirteen stories, apparently a composed, studied, highly developed front, but yet a second glance will disclose the fact that we have before us nothing more than a simple unit of design repeated ninefold without accentuation or variation of any degree or kind. Could anything be more simple, or adapt more admirably the means of an artistic parsimony to the ends of infinity? One feels that nothing but the obstacle of two thoroughfares and the high

price of New York City real estate could possibly have prevented Mr. Wanamaker building on forever once he had got started with his limitless unit of design. Indeed witnessing the end piers, no wider, mark you, than any of the intermediate piers, is not the beholder left with the delightful impression of an anticipated "to be continued in our next?" A tenth bay—that is the addition of another "unit of design"—of fifteen or fifty more would neither increase the difficulties of the architect or mitigate the effectiveness of the composition. Even the addition of half a dozen more stories in the central section would not tax the flexibility of the project or stale its variety. What shall be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honor and what should the Profession do to the inventor who by so singularly a simple device rendered the hitherto thorny path of design one of easy dalliance and the noble art of architecture a vocation for the novice?

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Although the movement to preserve the Paul Revere house in Boston appeals to the public almost wholly on historic and literary grounds, the house is authoritatively stated to be the oldest now standing in Boston. As such, it has an architectural and archæological interest that must steadily increase, and that in time may exceed its literary attraction. It was built as early as 1631, and with its two and a quarter centuries it must be not only the oldest house in Boston but in the front rank of all the old houses round about. As the purpose of the Paul Revere Memorial Association is not only to purchase, but to protect and strengthen the structure, its few peers may gradually fall away, while it remains as a relic of the past. There is this to be said, from the architectural point of view, in favor of these efforts to preserve the structural remains of other days: As time goes on, the architectural history written in their brick and timber will be far more legible and accurate than the story of the events for which they merely offered once upon a time a stage. For the latter they are only stimuli to the imagination; in regard to the former they are records of fact, and as such derive from the lapse of years a halo of interest, however simply built and plain. For this reason architects have good professional justification, if no other, for encouraging and aiding so far as in them lies, all efforts for preserving whatsoever was sincere and genuine in the building of the

**PRESERVING
ANCIENT
ARCHITECTURE**

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Chicago.

BUILDING OF THE CHICAGO & N. W. R. R. CO.

Frost & Granger, Architects.

past. If we stop to ask ourselves what Europe would be without its ruins and architectural relics, and consider how many of these are younger than the house of Paul Revere, we shall realize what, in the aggregate, such movements as this can add to the interest, charm and architectural instructiveness of our own land.

**COLORADO
SPRINGS
AWAKING**

Through the generosity and enterprise of a few public-spirited citizens of Colorado Springs, Charles Mulford Robinson was brought to that city in the summer to advise about the parking of the streets. The problem presented there was unusually interesting, the town having been laid out on a scale of true Western lavishness, with streets one hundred to one hundred and forty feet wide, when the traffic required roadways of only about thirty feet. As no manufacturing is permitted in Colorado Springs, the traffic that offers is light in character as well as in volume, and as the line of development is wholly in the direction of a tourists' resort and of a home for the leisurely well-to-do, there was every inducement to beautify the waste spaces of the street. Over against this logical development lay a practical difficulty in the necessity of providing for irrigation if a single blade of grass was to grow where dust had been before. Mr. Robinson went into the subject very carefully and comprehensively, taking up the streets one by one in his report, and providing a scheme for each. The city administration, which was at first inclined to be suspicious, was so well pleased when the report was made that the Council unanimously passed a vote of thanks, and work on the improvement was at once begun. The report, which was published in full in the newspapers and sent in pamphlet form to every resident, called attention to many things—such as fine architectural accents now closing the vistas of certain streets, and street views and possibilities—of which the people, as a whole, had not stopped to think, and it has had the effect of stirring their civic pride as it opened their eyes. Indeed, a section of the vigorous Women's Club has taken civic art as the subject of its study this year. Through the immense generosity of General William J. Palmer, who not only gives the land for parks and boulevards, but improves it, Colorado Springs is already rich in municipal beauty. It is good now to see the people

doing something for themselves in that direction. It has a chance to become one of the beautiful and attractive resorts of the world. When it does—if one may safely judge from the present promise—one of its chief charms will be the variety and interest of its domestic architecture.

**CITY
PLANNING
IN
TORONTO**

Speaking of comprehensive plans for cities, the Ontario Association of Architects has undertaken the preparation of such a plan for the city of Toronto on what is probably entirely novel and original lines. At the last annual meeting a great deal of emphasis was placed upon civic improvement, with the practical purpose of obtaining a share of it for Toronto. The importance was recognized of securing a report that should offer an ideal, a picture of what Toronto ought to be and might be, toward the realization of which every future step should count; and a committee was appointed to arrange for this. The members of the committee, after consultation, decided that local conditions were such that the architects themselves would have to take a large part in directing whatever plans were approved, and it decided to recommend the appointment of one of the Association's own men. The member selected was a Beaux Arts man, who has had considerable experience in large projects, and a committee meets him once a week to discuss his suggestions, approving, changing them, or turning them down, as the majority decides. Practical engineers and street railway men are also called in, to advise on engineering and transportation questions, as they would be by the ordinary expert. There is thus being evolved a plan which it is hoped will give general satisfaction, and which it will not be easy to criticise with entire impunity. That, at least, is the theory. How it pans out remains to be seen, and promises an interesting and instructive spectacle. The man who is doing the planning, however patient, must have—one would think—an uncomfortable task with every tentative detail held up to critical discussion, and his undertaking the pleasing of a majority. To choose an expert in whom there is confidence and await his fully matured and completed plan, would seem the easier as well as the wiser course. However, since there is willingness in Toronto to try the experiment, the outcome may be awaited with interest.

**WHERE
TREES
ARE
WANTED**

Boston, with all the fine things it has done—a list that must include the far extended Commonwealth avenue, with its pleasing undulations and numberless curves—strangely neglected the planting of the extension of that avenue with trees. It is easy to delay about trees, since their benefits are never immediate; but for that very reason delay is especially regrettable since it takes so long to rectify it. A notable item of news, then, in the gossip of city development, is that the first steps were taken this spring to secure proper tree planting on the extension of Commonwealth avenue and on certain other similarly important streets. Once the trees are started, the better building up of these avenues may be expected. As is well known, the lower part of Commonwealth avenue, where it forms a connecting link between the Public Garden and the Fens, is in charge of the Park Commission, and is shaded by many beautiful elms. Beginning in the city of Newton, also—to which, and then to the Charles River, six miles from its beginning, the avenue was extended in 1897—trees were planted eight years ago and have now well established themselves. But the intervening three and a half miles have remained, through a remarkable perversity, still treeless. Yet this part of the avenue is from one hundred and sixty to two hundred feet wide and spaces were specifically provided for trees.

**CATHEDRAL
BUILDING**

The proposal brought forward by Justice Harlan, at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church this year, that the Presbyterians should build in Washington a great cathedral church, is of much interest to architects. The proposal was deferred, but by no means defeated. Indeed, it is expected that it will be adopted after a year or so of consideration, and in any case it has the significance of further evidencing the general and growing appreciation of Washington as the capital of the nation in more than the narrow political sense. Methodists, Roman Catholics, and Episcopalians are already concentrating ecclesiastical and educational enterprises there. Great laboratories, universities, colleges, scientific collections, and churches are gathering in Washington, as well as the great office buildings for public administration. It is becoming more and more of a winter residence for the intellectual class and the leisure class of the

country, and so is becoming more distinctly a "capital" city. As the most beautiful city in the country, it is showing the attractive power of beauty, and the trend toward it is likely to increase steadily for many years. Justice Harlan's proposal has also the significance of adding weight to the question, lately asked with much earnestness, are we becoming cathedral builders? A Protestant cathedral has just been finished in Berlin, a Roman Catholic in London, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is rising mightily in New York. Boston is agitating the subject, and a number of smaller but ambitious and costly cathedral churches are under way. The question is one of such import as to make the architect catch his breath.

**MONUMENT
PLACE,
INDIANAPOLIS**

At the request of the Indianapolis Civic Improvement Association, Charles Carroll Brown has prepared a report on the regulation of building heights around Monument Place, the topographical and commercial center of Indianapolis. As it is also, practically, the "civic center," the suggestions are of no little interest and applicability. It appears that the construction has been proposed of one or two tall buildings on the south side of Monument Place, and the fear that these would dwarf the monument created the demand for a report on the whole problem involved. Mr. Brown finds that "with no expenditure beyond that which is necessary in any event and with the minimum of regulation, a handsome architectural symmetry can be secured" in a district already largely devoted to public buildings and one which will compare favorably with any which have been obtained "in older and wealthier cities by the expenditure of many millions." He urges that the new city hall, which he thinks Indianapolis will have to begin to construct within a dozen years, should be placed on the square diagonally opposite the post-office—i.e., between Meridian and Illinois, Ohio and New York Streets. The east side of Meridian Street, opposite the public library, is, he says, the logical location for the Art Institute, and to secure for it so central, convenient and artistic a location, he suggests that the city purchase the small and valuable park at its present site. He advises that these and any other new buildings on the north side of Monument Place be restricted to the height of the buildings now standing there, so that the prospective of the latter and the view be blocked. He would add a restriction of the height of buildings hereafter to be

erected on Illinois and Pennsylvania Streets, from Market north, so that their back walls shall not overtop the buildings that face upon the circle, or else some regulation of the architecture of the back walls. A similar restriction of building height on the south, he thinks impracticable; but he would require "as good architectural decorative treatment" on the back of any building so constructed in that area that its rear can be seen from Monument Place, as is given to its front, and would limit buildings directly on Monument Place on this side to a height of seven or eight stories. The significant part of the report is the insistence it places upon the importance of considering the backs of distant and overtopping buildings.

BRIDGES IN PITTSBURG

Pittsburg, along with its other peculiarities, is a city of bridges. The municipality is said to own about fifty; and all one side of the city is bounded by the broad Allegheny River, the great bridges of which are not included in this total since they are otherwise owned. Nor are the many bridges over ravines or for railroads in the City of Allegheny, or in the several other communities that make up the area of Greater Pittsburg, though all these unite in impressing the stranger. It is said that in Pittsburg one can study every type of bridge. Yet the general effect—owing no doubt to the prominence of the big river bridges—is old-fashioned and of ugliness. No accurate estimate of the cost of the structures can be secured, for several were privately built and simply bought by the city, but one cost a million dollars and two others nearly half a million each so the aggregate must have been large. What a pity it is that for this opportunity and for this money a better effect was not secured! It would have been such a fine thing for Pittsburg, the city of steel and the city of bridges, to illustrate the possible beauty of a steel arch, or the pleasant effect that may be given by harmonious lines, or the decorative possibility of reinforced concrete, and especially the opportunity for the architect to work in association with the engineer in making the modern bridge a work of art. All this would have been an advertisement, in the great steel center where numerous hideous structures now cry out to the inquirer, "Don't use steel if you can help it. Go back to masonry or wood!" It is a comfort to find a writer in a paper, locally so influential as "Construction," urging that good taste in the designing of bridges is as

essential as in other public works. In Pittsburg it would be also an especially good business policy.

ANOTHER MINUTE MAN

Another pretty town of Massachusetts, where an improvement society is very active, has added to its historical and artistic interest by raising an excellent figure of the Minute Man. There is a sort of poetic justice in this artistic glorifying of the uncouth and desperately patriotic and earnest Minute Man, so that picturesque sculptured figures, as their memorials, add beauty to lovely and peaceful villages. How little they could have anticipated such a fame! The Minute Man of Framingham, the latest to be dedicated, represents the old time village blacksmith. He has just been summoned for duty, and as he leaves his work, still wearing his leather apron, with his shirt sleeves rolled above the elbows, showing the superb muscles of the arms, he pours from the antique powder-horn into the pan of his old flint-lock gun. The action is happily chosen and is said to be graphically rendered, giving a very effective combination of lines to the composition. The head is described as especially fine and noble. The statue is the work of Mrs. Kitson.

SAN FRANCISCO'S AMBITION

Of fine and high significance is the well directed movement for the beautifying of San Francisco. Considered as a dream, the project isn't new. From the early days when San Francisco's destiny could first be anticipated, there have been those of her children who pictured to themselves a development so in harmony with the picturesque natural conditions as eventually to create a city that should challenge the admiration of the world—thus says the "Sunset Magazine." And it may be said in proof that Golden Gate Park had its inception long ago, as time runs in the brief chronology of San Francisco. But such men seldom have dominated municipal affairs, and the earnestness of the few who wished for the city beautiful could not hold and direct commercialism. To-day has been such a busy time in San Francisco that there has not been much thought about to-morrow. Yet parks, beautiful parks, came into cultivation in many parts of the city; gradually the artistic as well as the strictly utilitarian crept into the architecture of new business blocks, and men with their fortunes made stopped

to think about the splendor of the bay and to build stately, elegant homes upon brows which best commanded it. Neither was public spirit lacking—Charles Crocker gave the conservatory in Golden Gate Park; Thomas Sweeny donated the classic observatory which crowns Strawberry Hill; C. P. Huntington made possible the majestic falls which bear his name; Claus Spreckels gave the costly music stand to the people. Five years ago a zealous mayor led the fight for a \$5,000,000 issue of bonds for the purchase of a solid mile of residence blocks and the conversion of their sites into an extension of the Park Panhandle from Baker street down to the heart of the city at Van Ness avenue and Market street, giving a splendid approach to a noble park. Because of an illegality, the Supreme Court had to nullify the procedure; but the bonds had carried by a three-fourths majority and the will to make San Francisco beautiful became conscious of its power. Almost simultaneously, heartening the people and vastly stirring their civic pride, came the opening of the Orient to American enterprise and the realization that San Francisco must speedily become the gateway to an enormous commerce. From a Western town, the popular conception changed to that of a world port—to a rich and splendid city.

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**THE
ADORNMENT
ASSOCIATION**

In a recent issue of the monthly paper published by the Merchants' Association of San Francisco—one of the strongest civic bodies in the United States—there is a long article on the work of the "Adornment Association." This is the familiarly shortened title of the Association for the Improvement and Adornment of San Francisco. The organization was formed in January, 1904, with twenty-six members—all prominent men. Ex-Mayor Phelan was elected president and the membership to-day exceeds four hundred. As a first step toward the attainment of its object there was established an advisory council in which auxiliary societies, such as the California Chapter of the A. I. A., were represented by two delegates each. Thus matters of common interest requiring united action are brought up for the general discussion and for that broad approval and support which is so much more effective than championing by a single society can be. The September before the association was formed the city had voted bonds to the amount of seventeen and three-quarter millions for various practical improvements. When the sale of these

failed, the president of the association took up the matter and the bonds were successfully placed in November, 1904. They have made possible the creation of a park drive, a block wide, connecting Golden Gate Park with the Presidio, two playgrounds, a park opposite the Mission high school, and a site for the new library and the funds with which to begin its construction. Sewers, street paving and an addition to the Hall of Justice have also been provided, further bonds having been issued in February of this year. But the thing for which the Association is best known in the East is its engagement of D. H. Burnham to make for it a comprehensive report on the improvement of San Francisco. The details of that report, which is to look far into the future, are still awaited; but the "Merchants' Association Review" names the following as among the projects that are known to be under consideration: A plaza at the foot of Market Street; the creation of a civic center (which it may be supposed will include the city hall, library and post-office, these being within three blocks of one another); a system of boulevards and avenues planned to facilitate the circulation of traffic and to prevent future congestion; the improvement of ocean and harbor fronts; park improvement; the preservation and architectural treatment of important viewpoints; some modification of street grades; a bay and ocean shore boulevard; the extension of Market Street to the ocean; a boulevard approach to Golden Gate Park from the Mission and from the heart of the city; the treatment of Twin Peaks for park and residential purposes, and a typical system of terracing and roadways for hilly districts. Although this list by no means exhausts the subject, it is clear that San Francisco has steered her auto for a star; and when one remembers the enterprise and courage of the Western cities and the rapid growth of San Francisco in importance and wealth, it seems not too much to expect that a beautiful city is to rise on our Western coast.

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**WHEN
ART
IS
LONG**

The committee having in charge the construction in Pittsburgh of a memorial to the late Senator Magee, has awarded to Augustus St. Gaudens the designing of a magnificent drinking fountain surmounted by a bust or containing a medallion. A certain sense of relief on the part of the committee, in the acceptance by St. Gaudens of this commission, can be understood; but their delighted promise that the work will be

completed in three years, because the contract calls for such result, may be added to the humorous sayings of innocent committees. Those who deal with St. Gaudens usually end by learning that *ars est longa*. That is because he is more conscientious with regard to the demands of art than of committeemen—e. g., the Shaw Memorial, or the ancient and still bare pedestals before the Boston Public Library; but the committees also learn, if they live long enough, that art is worth waiting for. Pittsburgh, as a city of double turns, night shifts, and the "quantitative analysis" in the matter of record breaking outputs, may find such teaching hard to appreciate; but where this lesson is hard to learn it is the better worth the learning.

**GROUPING
PUBLIC
BUILDINGS**

The Municipal Art Society of Hartford has issued as its second bulletin a pamphlet on the Grouping of Public Buildings. It has been prepared under the auspices of Frederick L. Ford, the city engineer, and

is a reprint of a series of twelve articles on

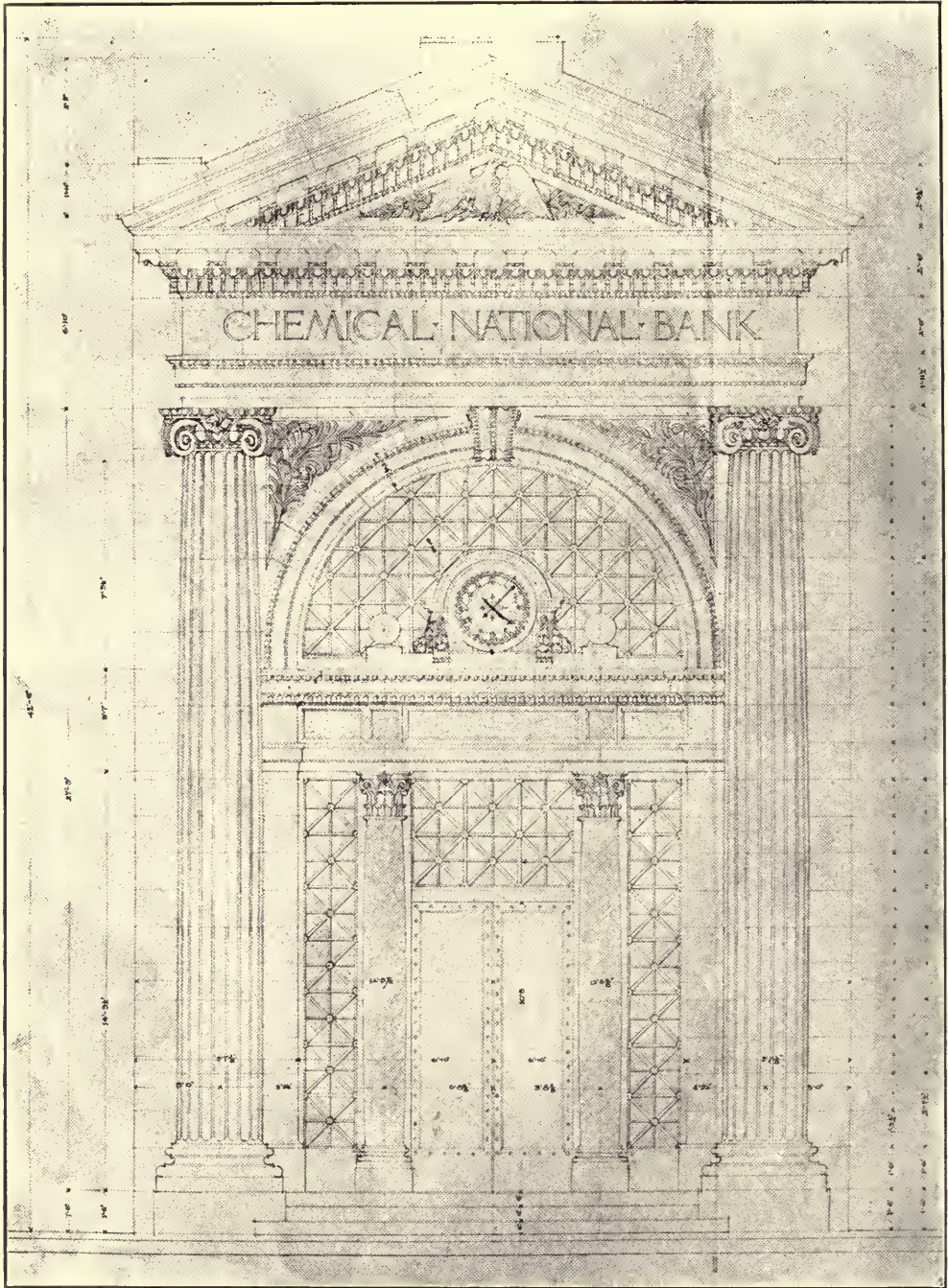
this subject, obtained by Mr. Ford from eight men "eminently qualified by special training" to treat of the matter, and nearly all of them men of national reputation in their special field. The articles were first syndicated through the press of Connecticut, so reaching a very large circle of readers, in an effort to have the commonwealth seize the opportunity offered by the building of a new arsenal to make a beginning in rendering the State Capitol the center of a conspicuous group of public buildings. The site commission originally selected a characterless location on the side of a street, and it was this weak and unimaginative course, so lacking in foresight, that stirred Mr. Ford to make his fight for the proper grasp of the opportunity. If the argument has accomplished nothing else, it has had a broadly educational effect, and has brought together a group of illustrated articles on the grouping of public buildings that may well be of service elsewhere. It is rarely that a city includes among its officials one who, out of public spirit, will throw himself into a contest with so much enthusiastic earnestness, resource and energy.



ENTRANCE TO THE BUILDING OF THE U. S. LEATHER CO.

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Frank Freeman, Architect.



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"SWEET'S" "The Book of the Catalogue"

A Department Devoted to Items of Interest Regarding
"Sweet's Indexed Catalogue of Building Construction"

"Sweet's Index" is now on the press, and will be distributed this Fall

We print herewith another fac-simile letter in regard to "Sweet's Index." The publishers have received several thousands like unto this one. All testify to the same fact, namely: That the old catalogue has become almost valueless; first of all, by reason of its numbers which are too great for any architect to read, or even to handle, and secondly, by reason of its contents which are usually too verbose, too full of "hot air," too indefinite, too full of matter that cannot possibly interest any architect, and too free from definite prices, definite statements, and definite facts of any kind whatsoever. It is interesting to study some of these catalogues. A certain firm has just issued an expensive hardware catalogue. A great many dollars were spent upon it. One would naturally think that before expending thousands of dollars a careful inquiry would be made among the very people for whom the catalogue was intended, asking them or discovering from them what information was of the most value. We saw one of these books recently on the desk of an architect. It had been delivered with a mass of other mail matter, four-fifths of which were catalogues. We asked the architect to examine the book with us and his judgment finally was that the greater part of the catalogue was of no possible interest to him whatever. No architect, he asserted, specifies padlocks, or trunk locks, or drawer locks, or key blanks, or cheap iron keys, or trunk key blanks, or any one of a number of other articles which went to make up considerably more than one-half of the volume. These things were, of course, intended primarily for the hardware trade, but rather than reach the dealer separately giving him the information suited to his case, and the architect separately giving him the especial information in which he is interested, both tradesman and profes-

sional man are lumped together and a single book is sent out to both of them, apparently on the assumption that the bigger the book the bigger the impression created on the recipient. To a certain extent this may be so. The book arrives in a pompous way in the office of the big architect. But the office boy takes hold of it and leads it to some remote shelf where it remains almost as undisturbed as the big annual books of Government Reports. It is supposed that they may be of value—some day. Nine-tenths of this expenditure is wasted. These big books are not built for reference and the more "mixed" they are and filled with heterogeneous matter the more difficult it is for the architect to make any use of them. This is an age not of big books but of small books, and while publishers all over the world say it is the small handy pocket binding that sells best, building material firms are almost, one might say, striving to increase the bulk of their catalogues and to get them bigger and bigger each year. Why not split them up into sections and then distribute these sections where they belong, giving to the architect only the information that he needs?

One of the difficulties, no doubt, with some of these big books is that in each case there is usually some man "sitting on the job." He tells the "boss" that the big book is a great thing, and the "boss" is too busy with other matters to look into the question. He does not go out among the architects himself and rarely scrutinizes how far they use his gigantic catalogue. He sits in his own office instead and justifiably enough, feels a certain amount of pride in seeing the big book go out, and the thought does not occur to him that this feeling of pride may really not have very much to do with a far more important mat-

THE COMMISSION:
 NON. JOSEPH G. CANNON, ILLINOIS.
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OFFICE BUILDING
 HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 29th 1905.

Index Department,

The Architectural Record Co.,

14-16 Vesey Street, New York City.

Gentlemen:-

I note in the Architectural Record your description of "Sweet's Index Catalogue of Building Construction" which seems to promise to be a very useful device. Kindly advise me if there is any expense attached to the installation of this catalogue, as I believe it would be of considerable use in this office for reference in connection with the work on the House Office Building the Senate Office Building and the Power Plant for the U. S. Capitol and adjacent Buildings.

Very respectfully,

Oscar Reudwath

OW-H.

.....
Head Draftsman.
 SENATE AND HOUSE
 OFFICE BUILDINGS.

ter to him—that of efficiency. It is in this way that “the old catalogue method” has run to weed. None has sought for the facts, or for that matter, cared about them. Money has really been thrown out in a routine manner for pamphlet after pamphlet and book after book, 70% or 80% of which have gone directly into the waste paper basket.

Is there any wonder that the archi-

tect asks for “a new catalogue system?”—for Sweet’s Index? And mind you, the common idea is that the architect is an impracticable person and it is the business man that is the fellow of solid horse sense! “Sweet’s Index” is now on the press and shortly will be issued to the architectural profession and to others.

Here are some of the Building Material Firms that are represented in “Sweet’s”:

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|---|
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| American Art Marble Co. | Chicago Varnish Co. | Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co |
| American Enameled Brick & Tile Co. | Churchill & Spalding | Goulds Mfg. Co. |
| American Encaustic Tiling Co. | Cliff & Gilbert Co. | Graf, Frank H. |
| American Luxfer Prism Co. | Clinton Wire Cloth Co. | Graff Furnace Co. |
| American Machinery Co. | Cole, George N. | Grand Rapids Carved Moulding Co. |
| American Mason Safety Tread Co. | Colt Co., J. B. | Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co. |
| American Porcelain Co. | Columbia Heating Co. | Grant Pulley & Hardware Co. |
| American Prismatic Light Co. | Columbian Fireproofing Co. | Griffin Roofing Co. |
| American Terra Cotta & Ceramic Co. | Consolidated Rosendale Cement Co. | Gross & Horn. |
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| American Varnish Co. | Corbin, P. & F. | Haines, Jones & Cadbury Co. |
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| Anchor Post Iron Wks. | Covert Co. H. W. | Hart Mfg. Co. |
| Andrews & Johnson Co. | Creamery Package Mfg. Co. | Hartmann Bros. Mfg. Co. |
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| Artists & Craftsmen Co. | Dahlstrom Metallic Door Co. | Hayes Mfg. Co. |
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| Asbestos & Magnesia Mfg. Co. | Davis Acetylene Co. | Hecla Iron Wks. |
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| Atlantic Terra Cotta Co. | Decorators' Supply Co. | Heine Safety Boiler Co. |
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| Bassett-Presley Co. | Davidson, M. T. | Howard Clock Co., E. |
| Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co. | Detroit Fireproofing Tile Co. | Humphrey Co. |
| Bernstein Mfg. Co. | Eastern Sheet Steel Wks. | Huntington Roofing Tile Co. |
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| Binswanger Co., H. P. | Economy Drawing Table Co. | Imperial Clay Co. |
| Bird & Son, F. W. | Economy Paving & Const. Co. | Instantaneous Water Heating Co. |
| Bird & Co., F. A. & F. | Edison Portland Cement Co. | International Fence & Fireproofing Co. |
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 New Jersey Zinc Co.
 New York Asbestos Mfg. Co.
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