

# THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD

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## Rembrandt

It is perhaps natural and inevitable that we who are artists or are especially interested in art should seem to overrate the importance of art to the world at large. We can hardly expect others to share our conviction that art is the only thing that really matters, the only expression of the human spirit which endures. And yet it is true that art, in some of its many forms, has preserved to us all that we care for of the nations and the civilizations of the past. The Greeks had an art more consummate, in many directions, than any other the world has seen; and in virtue of that art they are to-day a living influence, and their thoughts and their ideals are at the foundation of the thoughts and ideals of the civilized world. The Carthaginians were the founders of a mighty empire, but they had no art; and when Rome wiped out that empire their influence disappeared at once and forever with their power. Consider Rome herself, the mighty organizer, the mistress of the world, the nation of soldiers and statesmen rather than of artists, and ask yourselves whether even Roman law and Roman institutions impressed themselves as deeply upon the consciousness of men as have Roman letters and Roman architecture—whether Virgil and Horace are not more certainly our rulers and our law givers than Augustus and Justinian.

The little country of Holland played, in her day, a great part in the world. She produced, also, a band of painters whose art, within its limits, was very perfect. Does the world, to-day, care more for

An address delivered at the celebration of the Tricentennial of Rembrandt's birth, held at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, June 4th, 1906.

William the Silent or for Ter Borch? In Amsterdam, in the year 1669, died in poverty and obscurity a worn out and prematurely aged bankrupt who left nothing "but some linen and woolen garments and his painting materials," and was buried at a cost of thirteen florins. To-day we, of another race, speaking another tongue, living in a country which has grown great in what was then almost an unknown wilderness beyond the sea, are met together to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rembrandt.

The world is often slow to recognize the greatness of the mightiest genius, and the countrymen and contemporaries of this unsuccessful painter cared no more to preserve any record of his life than did the countrymen and contemporaries of the prosperous playwright, William Shakespeare. Like that of Shakespeare, the biography of Rembrandt is a mass of guesses and conjectures or of trivial and improbable anecdotes and legends. We cannot even be sure of his name, for we do not know why or by what right he called himself Van Ryn; nor of the year of his birth, for there seems to be about as much evidence that it was 1607 or 1608 as that it was 1606. What is really known may be told briefly.

Rembrandt Harmensz — Rembrandt the son of Harmen—was born on the 15th of July, in one of the years just named, in the town of Leyden, of a respectable lower-middle-class family. He was enrolled in the university of his native city, but how much he studied there we can only guess. His bent toward

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art must have declared itself early, for he began the study of painting about the age of fifteen with a bad painter, one Jacob van Swanenburch, and is supposed to have stayed with that master some three years. What he learned from him we can never know, but in 1624 he went to Amsterdam to study with a painter of greater reputation, one of the Italianizers as they were called, Peter Lastman, and from him he can have learned very little, for he stayed in his studio less than six months. Yet certain tricks of costuming and that love of oriental frippery which gives a strange accent to much of Rembrandt's work he is supposed to have acquired from Lastman. At any rate he returned to Leyden, determined "to study and practice painting alone, in his own fashion." His earliest known pictures are of the year 1627, and the earliest etchings of 1628, so that we have three years unaccounted for. Somewhere and somehow he acquired the admirable technical training of the Dutch School, for his early work is neither especially original nor experimental, but is soundly executed in the manner of the day. By 1628 he had already become sufficiently well known to attract pupils to his studio, Gerard Dou, then fifteen years of age, enrolling himself in that year as a pupil of the master of twenty-two, and remaining with him three years. In 1631, when Rembrandt went to settle definitely in Amsterdam, he was already a well known painter, and he shortly became the fashionable portrait painter of the day. The next year, when he was not more than twenty-six years old, and may have been only twenty-four, he painted the "Anatomy Lesson," which set the cap-sheaf on his brief glory and made him, for a time, the most famous of Dutch artists.

At its height his contemporary reputation seems to have been rather local and never to have reached as far as Antwerp, where the splendid Rubens probably never heard of him, but it was real enough. At this time he met Saskia van Uylenborch, a young woman of a much wealthier and better family than his own, was welcomed as an aspirant by her relatives, and married her in 1634. In 1639

he bought the house in the Breestraat that was never paid for, and filled it with the collections that figured in his inventory eighteen years later. He was fond of his wife and of his work, always busy, the master of many pupils, earning much money and spending it lavishly on his wife and on his collections. He bought paintings, engravings and bric-a-brac at extravagant prices, and seems regularly



The Descent from the Cross (1633).  
(Pinacothek, Munich.)

to have been fleeced by dealers and money-lenders. Titus, the only child of his marriage that lived to maturity, was born in 1641, and Saskia died in June of the next year. In that year, also, he painted "The Night Watch," that puzzling picture which generations of critics have fought over, and which Captain Frans Banning Cocq and his company, for whom it was painted, understood as little as the rest of the world. It increased, in a manner, his reputation, but

hardly his popularity. Rembrandt was becoming too original to be popular; and as time went on and his work grew better and better, the public neglected him more and more. He shut himself up in his work; made his servant, Hendrickje Stopfels, his mistress, and let his finances take care of themselves. The crash came, and in 1657 he was declared a bankrupt and sold up. From this time his life became steadily more miserable. He had no money of his own, and could have none, and the faithful Hendrickje, whom it is hoped rather than known he had at last married, formed a partnership with Titus to take over his affairs and make him an allowance. In 1661 he painted "The Syndics," perhaps the greatest of his masterpieces, but it does not seem to have been much admired. It is likely that his eyes were beginning to fail, for his etchings cease altogether from this year, and from 1662 to 1664 we have no work at all from his hand. Hendrickje must have died about this time, though there is no record of it. Titus married and died, both in 1668, and the next year the father sank into his neglected grave. He left a daughter by Hendrickje who did not long survive him, and in the next generation his posterity seems to have become extinct.

This is practically all that is known of the external life of the man Rembrandt. The record is meagre enough, and we might wish it were fuller, but in reality it is of little consequence that we do not know what he did or how he lived. What is of import to us is what he thought, and, above all, what he felt, and the record of this is preserved for us in his work—a record extraordinarily full and minute. For he was always at work. In his young days he set himself exercises, posed for himself and made all his friends and relatives pose for him in turn, tried myriads of experiments in lighting and handling, working for the sheer joy of it or with the set purpose of mastering his tools and acquiring the means of expression. Later, in the successful years, busy as he was with commissions, with work that was well paid for and must be executed conscientiously, the stream of work undertaken for

his own pleasure, for his own improvement, for his own self-expression, goes on almost unchecked. Sorrow comes to him and it is in his work that he finds consolation. Patrons fall away—he has more time for his own imaginings. Ruin overtakes him, but he never ceases for a moment to draw, to etch, to paint. Did he even cease for that interval between 1662 and 1664 when the world was darkest to him, or did he merely neglect to date what he produced? Certainly he began again, if not with unabated power, and continued to the end to paint pictures for which the world seemed to have no use.

The volume of his work is extraordinary and its importance not to be overestimated. No scrap of it is entirely negligible or insignificant, and often the rudest scrawls and hastiest notes of intention—jottings of ideas for pictures never to be undertaken—are full of power beyond many a finished painting; a power so great that one can conceive that this first registry of his vision was sufficient for him. The picture was there and it mattered nothing whether or not it ever took on a form more legible to others. In such an address as this it is impossible to give more than a glance at this vast production. Any detailed criticism of individual works would be out of place and I can only try to convey some notion of the character of this great genius and of his message to us of another time and country. In doing so I must necessarily draw, somewhat, on the great bulk of existing criticism on the subject. No master has been more discussed than Rembrandt, none more heartily praised or extravagantly blamed. Our thoughts of him are necessarily colored by what we have read as well as by what we have seen, and no one could hope to interpret him entirely anew and without reference to the efforts of others. I shall therefore make no apology for agreeing with, or for virtually quoting, Fromentin or La Farge, any more than for disagreeing with Gerard de Lairesse and John Ruskin.

One thing we may eliminate at once from our estimate of the meaning Rembrandt has for us, and that is any notion





THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS (1654).

that he is specially important as a recorder or an interpreter of his age and country. He seems to have had no sitters of such rank or genius that we are interested in his portraits on their account, and even in portraiture—capable as he was, on occasion, of the most admirably lucid vision—his record is so capricious and fantastic that it is never implicitly to be relied upon. Himself he

dulged his fancy for velvet caps and steel gorgets and gold chains; the forms and proportions of the features themselves are varied in so bewildering a way that it is only by certain marks—the deep fold between the keen eyes, the heavy chin, the somewhat sensual mouth beneath the bristling mustache—that the head is identifiable. And then one begins to find these same features in other pic-



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.  
(Teyler Museum.)

etched or painted some fifty times, at all periods from his boyhood to the very end of his life, and there is, perhaps, no other face so well known to us as his, and yet it is almost impossible to guess what he really looked like. It is not merely that he used his own features for the study of varied expressions, that he lighted the face in all sorts of ways, that he dressed himself in impossible costumes and in-

tures that have passed under other names, until at last one believes that even the so-called "Sobieski" of the Hermitage Museum, though he looks fifteen or twenty years older than Rembrandt was in 1637, when the picture was painted, is only another, and the most incredible, of his avatars. What was the color of his hair, and how long did he wear it? Did he ever have a beard as well as a mus-



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN (1654).  
(Hermitage Museum.)



tache? There is a canvas in the National Gallery, painted in 1635, which is so different from the ideal Rembrandt of the better known pictures that it has always passed for the "portrait of a man" unknown. Here is no bush of fiery curls, but a round and rather close-cropped head; no accoutrement of capes and chains, but a falling collar of somewhat rich lace, such as might have been worn by a young nobleman or a wealthy

time—but only once or twice; the rest is phantasmagoria. If the identifications so busily made now-a-days are correct, he treated his father and mother in the same way; and certainly he so treated Saskia and Hendrickje, who, poor girl, might reasonably complain of the effigies of her, clothed and unclothed, that have been handed down to posterity by her lord and master.

He could not often treat paying sit-



LOTH AND HIS FAMILY.

Pen sketch brought out by wash. (Collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale.)

burgher of refined tastes. Yet as you look at the picture the features assume an air of familiarity and you begin to suspect that here, again, is Rembrandt himself, painted, for once—perhaps at Saskia's desire—as he may really have looked, in his prosperous days, to the rich patrons who came to his studio or met him abroad in the town. Once or twice, late in life, he appears again in a possible guise—in the costume of his

ters thus cavalierly, but even with them he is not always above suspicion, and in the "Night Watch" he seems to have given rein to his fancy with disastrous results. A few of the principal figures are plausible enough: Captain Cocq himself is treated with respect, and his lieutenant, though badly drawn and made preposterously small, is naturally enough clothed. But in the minor personages we have trunk-hose and steel-caps and





PORTRAIT OF A MAN, SAID TO BE SOBIESKI.  
(Hermitage Museum.)

broad bonnets and all the outworn fripperies and cast-off clothing of Rembrandt's studio—costumes a hundred years out of date if they were ever worn by anyone in the way they are here put together. Compare these strange figures with Hals's perfectly authentic arque-

went to Van der Helst for something that he and his friends could understand.

It is the same with the landscape of Holland as with the costume of the epoch—Rembrandt gives us just as much truth as suits him. He is capable, now and again, of the most careful delineation



THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS (1648).  
(The Louvre, Paris.)

busiers, painted ten or twenty years earlier, or with Van der Helst's equally accurate and sober representations, and you will fancy that Rembrandt has given us a scene from some mediaeval *Cour des Miracles* rather than a picture of the citizen soldiery of Amsterdam. No wonder that Captain Cocq was dissatisfied and

tion of canals and polders and windmills, but he is equally capable of mountains and romantic ruins and impossible visions of classic architecture strangely transformed. You can trust him for nothing. If you wish to know what Holland was really like, how her citizens lived and how they looked and what they



STUDY FOR THE GOOD SAMARITAN.  
Pen sketch brought out by wash. (Museum of Rotterdam.)



wore, go to any of her masters but Rembrandt and you shall find abundant and unimpeachable testimony. You may date the fashion of a collar within a year and determine beyond contradiction the number of points that fastened breeches to doublet. From him you will get nothing but picturesque imagination or romantic feeling, and you must be content with that.

Nor has Rembrandt represented the soul of his time and country any more truthfully than its body. However possible it may be to account for the art of

workmanship; Rembrandt is slovenly or grotesque in form. Dutch art is precious or brilliant in workmanship; Rembrandt is rugged and fumbling. Dutch art tells no stories, and avoids, particularly, the Bible; Rembrandt is always telling stories, and it is the Bible stories that interest him most of all. It is only in what he taught them of light and shade that the typical masters of Holland resemble him, and even here the differences are greater than the resemblance. If ever there was one in the world, Rembrandt is the individual great man, the hero in art,



SKETCH FOR THE VISION OF DANIEL.

Pen sketch with wash. (Collection of M. L. Bonnat.)

this or that master by showing that it was the inevitable product of "the race, the milieu and the moment," it is not possible so to account for his. His position is unique in the Netherlands of the seventeenth century as it is in the world at large and in all time. His art is almost the exact antithesis of that which was practiced around him, and coincides with it only in those points where his personal influence dominated other painters. Dutch art is prosaic and exact; Rembrandt is imaginative and fantastic. Dutch art is impeccable in draughts-

influencing others far more than he was influenced, moulding his time rather than moulded by it.

In the case of so great a man there is no reason why we should blink any of his defects or credit him with any virtues that he had not; and so, when Larresse, a contemporary and rival of that master of the sweetly pretty, Van der Werff, says that "The vulgar and prosaic aspects of a subject were the only ones he was capable of noting"; or when Ruskip remarks that "Vulgarity, dullness or impiety will . . . always ex-



BLIND TOBIT (1651).

press themselves, through art, in brown and gray, as in Rembrandt," we may admit that these critics, however blind to much else, have indeed seen something in Rembrandt's art that explains,

nowhere else in art. The bandy legs, the sprawling hands, the shapeless, stumpy bodies of his Dianas and Danaes, Bathshebas and Susannahs, are a libel on humanity; and it is no explanation of



GIRL WITH A BROOM.

if it does not justify, their strictures. Rembrandt is seldom prosaic, never impious or dull, but vulgar he often is with a quite astounding vulgarity, and ugly with an incomparable hideousness. Such nude figures as he drew are to be found

them to tell us how difficult it was to obtain models in Amsterdam, or to intimate that Saskia and Hendrickje were so made. Let us rather admit that he was indifferent to physical beauty, that his figures, clothed or nude, are often ill-





THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN (1639).

drawn, that elegance was not in his province. A different man would have seen differently such models as he had, and have found beauties of line and structure in the poorest of them if beauties of line and structure were what he looked for. It is not necessary to dwell upon the deliberate indecencies of which he was sometimes guilty—witness those plates of undoubted authenticity catalogued as “broad subjects”—or upon the coarseness of incident into which he was betrayed in one or another more serious work. Take him at his grandest and most solemn moments and he is capable of a meanness and triviality of type altogether surprising. One of the most wonderful of his plates, superb in composition, poignant in emotion, is “The Death of the Virgin,” yet the angels who break through the ceiling in a burst of light, and amid clouds of glory, are so incredibly grotesque in form and feature that, were it not for the rest of the picture, one might be tempted to suspect deliberate caricature. Then there is a smaller and slighter plate—one of those amazing pieces of shorthand in which an unforgettable scene is revealed, as it were, in a flash of lightning—which represents “Abraham Entertaining the Angels.” There is no doubt about the seriousness of the master’s mood—it is even full of religious awe—but one of the angels is a strange little man, fat, and with a round, sleepy looking face, a bald head and a sparse beard. The presence of a pair of wings behind his back is altogether necessary to explain his angelic nature.

If Rembrandt was not, in the ordinarily accepted sense of the term, a great draughtsman, neither was he, if the words are to be used with any strictness, a great colorist or a great technician. It is not merely that he expressed himself, as Ruskin said, “in brown and gray,” or, to quote again the exaggerated strictures of Lairesse, that, “with his red and yellow tones, he set the fatal example of shadows so hot they seem aglow, and colors which seem to lie like liquid mud upon the canvas”; it is that he habitually sacrificed color to chiaroscuro, and was content to lose the unity of a given color in light and shad-

ow for the sake of heightening the glow of the light or deepening the gloom of shade. It is not merely that his rendering of objects and textures is rarely so sure, so adroit, so precise and explanatory as that of Hals or Velasquez, but that, with him, the object often disappears altogether and we have, not a lighted object, but sheer luminosity—light for its own sake, and with little regard to what it falls on.

Here, as so often, it is necessary to distinguish between Rembrandt and Rembrandt. The exterior Rembrandt—Rembrandt the observer, the trained painter, the Rembrandt who was popular in his own day and is still the favorite of the collectors, the painter of “The Gilder” and of the “Burgomaster Six”—was a good draughtsman, a sound colorist and a sober and admirable technician. The other Rembrandt, the visionary, the seer, the dreamer of strange dreams, the worshipper of light, was never so sure of himself. He fumbled and experimented, resorted to violences of method, thumbed and kneaded his material, handled it across and athwart. Even in so early a work as “The Anatomy Lesson” he had forgotten the cadaver in his interest in the light that fell upon it, and had produced something blown and swollen, without form and void, but phosphorescent like a glow-worm in the dark. When he undertook “The Night Watch,” that splendid failure, where the dreamer insisted on taking a hand in a work which demanded the observer only, his obsession tormented and dominated him. The rendering of the objects and accoutrements, the sword hilts and bandoliers, buffcoats and halberds, is not only far below Hals’s level, it is actually clumsy and blundering. It is only when one realizes that the objects were nothing to him in themselves, that it is light he is after, and that his method does wonderfully render the light, that one begins to understand. Once or twice, late in life, he manages successfully to reunite his two personalities, to bring to bear upon one work all he has learned and all he has felt, to pour the whole Rembrandt upon a canvas, and the result is such a masterpiece



THE SYNDICS (1661).  
(Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.)



as "The Syndics." Elsewhere you must take the master craftsman and the dreamer separately—these are his successes—or partially united and mutually obstructive—these are his failures.

It is this almost exclusive preoccupation with light and shade that explains much in Rembrandt's work which might otherwise seem inexplicable. Chiaroscuro is his one great problem, his one great means of expression. He painted himself again and again, not from vanity, but because he could find no model so patient and so submissive, so willing to subordinate his own personality to the exhaustive study of lighting. He tricked himself out in chains and ear-rings and gorgets because he was fascinated by anything that glittered and gave him points of brilliant light to contrast with the enveloping gloom which is his atmosphere. His pursuit of light led him to the denial of color, so that his latest works are almost as uniformly brown as a photograph, and to that system of rugged surfaces and heavily loaded pigment which is the reverse of the ordinary procedure of the Dutch school and contrary to the practice of all those who have cared especially for the beautiful use of their material. It is light and shade that makes etching as interesting to him as painting. It is for the complete expression of light and shade that, at the height of his power, he will spend hours of patient labor in imitating the roundings and the mottlings of a sea shell. It is the suggestion of light and shade that makes his merest scrawl significant. It is by light and shade he draws, by light and shade he paints, by light and shade he composes. He thinks in light and shade even when he seems to be using pure line. It is seldom that there is not a scratch or two of shadow or a blot for the hollow of an eye socket or the like, but even when these are absent it is not the contour which he is drawing—his line follows the mass, suggests the direction of folds or the bagging of muscles, makes sudden deviations, breaks and continues again, bounds a mass of light or loses itself where the swimming shadow would hide it. The very line is potential light and shade.

It is largely his absorption in light and shade that makes Rembrandt so indifferent to beauty of form—that make him, indeed, care for form at all only as it provides surfaces for light to fall on and crannies for shadows to catch in. It was neither by accident, nor altogether from sympathy and love of character, that he painted so many old men and old women. When he was not deeply romantic and poetical he was merely picturesque, and he loved wrinkles as he loved thatched roofs, because they afford so many accidents for the play of light and shade. He haunted the Jews' quarter, delighted in beggars and their rags, screwed his own face into more lines than the map of the Indies, and set even his beloved Saskia to mowing and grimacing that her young face might have folds enough to satisfy his desire of shadows. What had he to do with classic beauty? His nude figures are drawn, as he drew a pig, from the picturesque point of view, and the creased and flabby shapes of his ugly women were better, for his purpose, than would have been the rounded limbs of a Greek nymph.

From a purely technical point of view, then, this is the supreme distinction of Rembrandt; to have devoted himself to the study of chiaroscuro, to have sacrificed everything else to it, to have attained a knowledge of it beyond that of Tintoretto, beyond that of Correggio, beyond that of anyone else before or since; to have made himself, in this one branch of art, the unapproached and unapproachable master, and to have taught many other masters the use of a tool which, while it would not do in their hands what it did in his, was yet capable of performing tasks he had not set it. This alone would be enough for the glory of almost any artist, but with Rembrandt light and shade is far more than a technical accomplishment. It is mystery and sentiment—a means of expressing the inexpressible and of realizing the supernatural—the only means known to art of saying what no one but Rembrandt has said. Look, for instance, at the plate of "Dr. Faustus." One may not quite know what the vision means, but that blazing circle in this room of



shadows means something as clearly beyond nature as the quiet light of the window above is wonted and usual. The old man has risen and stands there, leaning upon his desk, gazing intently, with head a little tilted. He is not frightened, but *we* are. It is only a few black lines on a little square of white paper that we see, and behold—a miracle! We are there in the room and the hair rises upon our heads.

Or go into the galleries of the Louvre and look at a little picture there—not a brilliant looking picture, rather snuffy and brown and insignificant of aspect—a picture that seems to have little determinable form, no color, no visible means of execution, no comprehensible handling. In a lofty room beneath an arch of stone are three men seated at table and a boy who waits upon them. One of the men looks up in surprise. In the second, who has his back toward us, surprise has dawned into recognition, and he clasps his hands as in prayer. The third is breaking bread. There is a dim and wavering aureole about his head, and his face is the face of one who was dead and is alive again. We are with the Pilgrims at Emmaus.

This is the real Rembrandt, the great magician, the incomparable genius; the painter whose vividness and lucidity of imagination, whose depth of insight, whose fullness of sympathy, are unique in the art of the world. With such a man what would be faults in another sink into insignificance or become virtues. His drawing, faulty according to the ordinary standards of correctness, becomes the most wonderful drawing in the world, for it is instinct with life and so expressive that his countless figures are doing whatever they are about with an intensity unparalleled in art. His color, different though it be from that of the great colorists, is that most wholly appropriate and necessary to his thought. His figures, however devoid of physical beauty, are yet ennobled by the presence in them of a living soul. His handling, strange and undecipherable as it is, is the most supple and obedient of servants. In his lifelong observation and profound study of things seen, he had mastered the

current language of art and could, when he chose, express himself in it with fluency and entire propriety. For the expression of things unseen he created for himself a language of extraordinary flexibility which no one else has ever learned to speak.

It is his feeling for life, his imaginative insight, his tremulous sensitiveness and intense sympathy which give their supreme value to Rembrandt's great portraits. In all except those that are quite evidently exercises you feel his attentiveness, his humility, his lack of all cleverness or parade of mastery. He is waiting, watching, for the inner life, the real individuality, to peep out in the face, and he is almost always rewarded. You do not care in the least who these people are, or what was their station in life; an old-clothes merchant, an aged housekeeper, a kitchen maid, are as interesting—not more so—as a gentleman or a burgo-master. They are interesting because they are intensely human, intensely alive, because in each of them an individual being with its own nature, its own past, its own thoughts and emotions, looks out of the eyes and speaks with the lips. You may doubt Rembrandt's statements of mere external fact; you may doubt his delineation of features and structure, as you can never doubt those of Frans Hals, for instance; you may wonder that he never saw such elegance and such approach to beauty as Ter Borch and Metz and Ver Meer have shown us; but you can never doubt the essential fact that these people have lived—are living. This conviction of life, of real existence almost independent of ordinary representation, is such as none of these masters, such as no master—not Velasquez, not Titian, not even Holbein or Raphael, incomparable portrait painters as they are—has given us.

There are many of these wonderful portraits, painted at all periods of Rembrandt's life. Some of them are commissions from well to do patrons, some are evidently painted for his own pleasure and from people who are more likely to have been paid for sitting than to have paid the artist for painting them. There is the "Lady with a Fan" of Buck-





THE LADY WITH THE FAN (1641).  
(Buckingham Palace.)

ingham Palace, for once a person of refinement and distinction with a real charm if no great beauty. There are "Elizabeth Bas," in the Rijks Museum of Amsterdam, wealthy, severe, self-complacent, a notable housewife, starched and stiff in her respectability, and that beautiful, kindly, anxious "Old Lady" in the National Gallery. Then there is that homelier couple, "The Ship Builder and His Wife," in Buckingham Palace, and, going down the ranks of human life, there are the infinitely pathetic "Old Woman" of the Hermitage and the simple, healthy "Girl with a Broom" of the same collection. You may look at any of these portraits forever, come back to them again and again, study and restudy them and never tire of them, never exhaust their perennial interest. There is nothing like them—there never will be anything like them.

Now and then, even with members of his own household, the artist forgot his experiments and produced portraits of this quality; once or twice, in etching or painting, with himself in his years of sadness and poverty; once, at least, with Hendrickje, in that superb portrait in the Louvre which makes her a real and comprehensible person to us; once in that splendid idealization of youthful beauty, the portrait of his son Titus in the Kann collection. Several such portraits we have in this country, two of them, fortunately, in public collections where they are accessible to everyone—the "Man with a Black Hat" in the Metropolitan Museum, and "The Orphan" in the Art Institute of Chicago. There are no more perfect single figures than these in all Rembrandt's work, and you must go to Amsterdam to see, in the great group of "The Syndics," anything finer. The picture has been described too often and too well for me to describe it again, and the photographs of it are in everyone's hand. It is the final demonstration of Rembrandt's full power and, unquestionably, the noblest portrait group ever painted.

It is the very humanity and sympathy in Rembrandt which made these portraits possible that is the excuse for his infrequent indecency, his occasional

coarseness. Life and character, and the expression and movement of life, were all in all to him, and these he found everywhere. Nothing human was foreign to him, nothing real outside his range of feeling, and he could sympathize with the amours of a friar and a peasant wench in a cornfield as he could with the mingled joy and sorrow of the father who, in the little etching, has outstripped the attendants bearing shoes and garments, and almost stumbles forward in his haste to clasp in his arms the hair-grown, starving prodigal, kneeling there half naked before him, the picture of misery and compunction. His very "vulgarity" and "triviality" sometimes serve him marvelously—his entire absence of pose or of any pretense to exquisiteness of taste. Some homely incident, that no one else would have thought of, comes into his mind and is seized upon and noted with a precision that immediately converts his imagined scene into a thing which has actually happened, a thing experienced and observed. In this very plate of the "Return of the Prodigal" you see the old man's slipper, half off his foot and dragging on the pavement, and that little accuracy serves to convince you of the veracity of all the rest. That was not invented, you say,—it is so that it *was*.

This extraordinary clarity of imagination, this vividness of sight, this compelling truthfulness, is the mark of Rembrandt and is present in nearly all his subject pictures, in nearly all his etchings, above all in his drawings, done for himself alone and to relieve his mind of what must have been almost hallucination. At his strangest, at his most grotesque, he forces you to believe in him—to accept his story as that of an eye-witness. When he is most happily inspired, and his vision most nearly coincides with the antecedently acceptable, no one is so touching or so august. His trick of reality captures you and you experience to the full those emotions which the actual events might have incited. Of the most wonderful of all his pictures "The Supper at Emmaus," I have already spoken; and in Fromen-

tin and in La Farge you will find elaborate descriptions of the scarcely less wonderful "Good Samaritan," but there are many more examples of his way of translating Bible stories into the language of the every-day life about him and of making them, thereby, a thousand fold more appealing and more effective. How many "Holy Families" have been painted, in Italy, in Germany and in Flanders? And where among them shall you find anything like "The Carpenter's Household" of the Louvre, with its warm interior bathed in sunshine from the open window, the father engaged in his daily labor, the gentle mother baring her breast to the child, the grandmother, homely old soul, leaning over the open book in her lap to gaze upon the baby form? Where shall you find a tragic intensity like that of "The Raising of the Cross" at Munich, or a solemn pathos like that of "The Descent from the Cross" in the same gallery, with its pitiful, broken figure, doubled together and sliding sidewise down the sheet, ghostly white in the moonlight, into the reverent hands below? But of all his pictures none is more surprising than the little "Vision of Daniel" at Berlin. The scene is a wild and rocky landscape through which a brook cuts its way deeply. To the extreme right, only partially in the picture, stands the "vision," a sheep with many horns upon its head; on the other side of the brook, timid, with reverted eye, kneels Daniel, a curly headed youth; behind him stands an angel, and it is this angel that is the picture—the most real, the most believable angel ever painted. Draped in white and with a scarf about her waist—for surely it is a young girl's, this slender figure—she leans over him, infinite tenderness in the delicate face framed between flaxen ringlets, and lays one hand lightly upon his shoulder in encouragement, while with the other, in a gesture of adorable naturalness, she points to the vision upon which she bids him look. From her shoulders springs a pair of wings, and *such* wings! So light, so strong, so quivering with life, so obviously a part of her and so necessary to

her poise and momentary action, that scepticism is disarmed. It is all very well to argue that wings could not grow there and that she could not fly with them if they did. They *do* grow there, and she *can* fly, and there's an end on't. The original sketch for this composition, in which, for once, Rembrandt mingles an ineffable charm with his usual lucidity, is in the collection of M. Bonnat, and it is one of the most striking proofs of the suddenness and completeness of the great artist's conception. It is very slight—a few scratches of the pen, a few washes for the deeper shadows of the landscape—but the whole thing is there, the attitudes, the lines, the draperies, even the expression of Daniel's face; yet there are slight discrepancies that prove to the trained eye that this is no copy of the picture but the first registry of intention, hot from the brain of its creator.

It is, perhaps, in his etchings and drawings even more than in his paintings that Rembrandt's marvelous fertility of invention manifests itself most clearly. Industrious and unremitting in labor as he was, only a few of his almost countless imaginings could be realized in painting. Many, and some of the most important in thought, the largest in extent and in number of figures, he chose rather to carry out in the slighter form of etching. Many more seem never to have got beyond the first state of expeditious notation of the idea. And in all these inventions—one dislikes to use a word of such mechanical implications as compositions—we see how his mind turned around and around certain subjects, approached them again and again from one or another side, exhausted their possibilities. There are the Old Testament stories of Abraham and Isaac, of Loth and of Joseph, there are the Book of Job and the Parables, of which he never wearied. Above all there is the Life of Christ, and there is the apocryphal Book of Tobit, which seems specially to have haunted him. From these two stories he could not escape until their every phase had been illustrated with his indubitable veracity. And always he approaches these subjects from the Bible in this new way of his own. He is not concerned



with ecclesiastical decoration or with aesthetic propriety—still less with pious revery or aids to devotion. What occupied him is the thought of how things might really have happened, of how they would have looked to one who was there, of how he himself or his neighbors would have felt about them. He could not have understood that modern doctrine of criticism which decries the art that tells a story or depicts an incident—he would have gloried in being what he was, the greatest of illustrators.

Something I have already said about one or two of these illustrations of the Bible. The great plates of "Christ Healing the Sick" and "Christ Preaching" are known to everyone. But there are other and less universally known chapters in Rembrandt's Life of Christ that are equally ineffaceable from the memory. There is the plate known as the "Little Raising of Lazarus," to distinguish it from the earlier, perhaps doubtful, plate which is more frequently seen. Here, as ever, Christ is quite undistinguished, rather mean of aspect; and his expression is less deeply studied than usual. The spectators are variously interested or astonished. All this is good, but it is not this which one remembers. What is unforgettable is the sidewise lurch of the dead man as he raises himself on one elbow from the tomb, the inquiring gaze of his sunken eyes, fixed upon his master, his hollow cheek and relaxed jaw. And all this is indicated with a few loose scratches, kept intentionally thin and delicate that they may not interfere with the whiteness of the paper which stands for the concentration of light upon this part of the subject. There is the "Christ Presented to the People," with its unwonted pomp of arrangement and monumental dignity, with its vividly seen crowd in the foreground which, altering his idea as he rarely did, Rembrandt was content to efface that the grandeur and pathos of the bound figure of the Redeemer might be heightened. There is the "Descent from the Cross" at night by torchlight, the limp figure still attached to the cross by one bleeding foot, the whole composition built upon and determined by the long stretcher which crosses the fore-

ground and which Joseph of Arimathea or Nicodemus is covering with a white sheet that it may receive the beloved remains.

As a last instance of the vigor of imagination shown in the etchings, let us take a plate from another cycle, the "Tobit Blind." The scene is a homely Dutch interior, with a great open fireplace where fishes are drying in the smoke, and Tobit's armchair stands in the chimney corner. The old man, in gown and slippers, has risen hastily, hearing without the step or voice of his long absent son, and is groping for the door. In his agitation his sense of direction has failed him, and he will not reach it. He has upset his wife's spinning wheel, which lies on the floor behind him. But the little dog, the faithful companion of Tobias in all his adventures, has outstripped his master and fawns at the blind man's feet. It is a little bit of truth so admirably observed, so perfectly rendered, set down with such economy of means—no line or touch that does not carry—that it alone were sufficient to proclaim its designer a master of the highest rank.

This, however, is a conscious work of art, addressed to the public, meant to be seen, and it is, perhaps, in his drawings, made for himself alone and meant for no other eyes, that Rembrandt's marvelous shorthand, and the fecundity of his genius, are most apparent. Here are picture after picture, each fully conceived, present to his mind in every detail, ready to paint. He has set them down in scrawls and blots and dashes, almost illegible, at first sight, to others than himself, yet needing only a little good will on our part, the sending forth of our own imagination to meet his, to reveal themselves as perfect. The rest is but a matter of time and opportunity. Some day, when he has the leisure, he will paint or etch them! But there are so many more ideas than days that the leisure never comes and the most part of them have remained forever in the form of hints and projects.

A whole set of them deals with Tobit and his son Tobias, with the angel, and the never forgotten dog. There is the departure, with the mother spinning, the

father, who seems to be recommending the angel to take good care of his son, the son himself, turning his hat in his hand and looking somewhat sheepish, and the dog jumping upon him in joy of the anticipated outing. But for the wings of the angel—always those wonderful wings such as no one else ever drew—it might be a little scene of domestic genre, such as one of our own painters has entitled "Breaking Home Ties." Then there is

the result. Finally, there is the vanishing of the angel, the whole family prostrating themselves in prayer as they recognize, at last, his heavenly nature. In all the series there is the same homeliness, the same felicitous notation of gesture and expression, the same sympathy and the same emotion; and each produces the same conviction of entire reality. It is so that the thing must have happened; it could not have happened otherwise.



JOSEPH COMFORTING THE PRISONERS.  
(British Museum.)

the journey, with the companions, angelic and human, walking amicably together and talking as they go, while the dog runs on before them. There is the fish leaping from the water and startling Tobias into the loss of his hat, the angel, meanwhile, bidding him not to be afraid; and there is the cutting up of the fish, the angel looking on with absorbed interest, while the dog profits by the occasion to take a drink from the brook. There is the healing of the father's sight, Tobias and his mother busy and anxious, the angel somewhat unconcerned, as sure of

The same qualities are to be found in many other drawings, in "Joseph Comforting the Prisoners," in "Job and His Friends," in "Loth and His Family." The latter drawing is as remarkable as anything even Rembrandt ever did. The whole family is "moving out" carrying their possessions. The father is lamenting, the daughters are sad, the maids unconcerned; but Loth's wife, aged and leaning on a stick, walks on in stony silence and turns a deaf ear to the angel who points out the way. It is not difficult



to see who it is that will disobey the divine command not to look back.

There are others and others. In his forty years of unremitting labor Rembrandt produced about four hundred and fifty paintings that we know, two hundred and sixty to two hundred and seventy etchings, and nearly nine hundred drawings and sketches of one sort or another that have been preserved. How much more he may have done that is lost or destroyed one may only imagine. Of

even make inanimate objects, an old coach or a piece of furniture, permanently interesting to us. In the contemplation of his creations all questions of technique or of taste finally fall away and become unimportant, and we are face to face with a great intellect, a profoundly human soul, a visionary who, as he grew older in years, in experience, in sorrow, and in the sympathy which is the fruit of experience and of sorrow, came more and more to "dream true"; a spirit wor-



JOB AND HIS FRIENDS.

Pen study with wash. (Cabinet de Stockholm.)

this vast output of paintings, etchings, drawings, it is not possible that all should be of equal value. There are plates and pictures, among his earlier works especially, that are deliberately picturesque or partly theatrical, compositions that are built up rather than truly imagined. On the other hand there are sketches of no particular subject, a woman in bed, an old man praying, a lame man in the street, or rough notes of animals, a lion, an elephant, that are as full of his particular insight, his penetrating imagination, as are his greatest inventions. He could

thy to rank beside that of another great man whose name I have already coupled with his, beside that of Shakspeare. In thanking you for the patience with which you have listened to my halting efforts to give some idea in words of the character of a genius only to be appreciated after deep study of the works themselves in which it is revealed, I must also thank you for the opportunity you have afforded me of laying my humble tribute before one who was not only one of the immortal masters of the art I too practice, but was one of the supreme poets of all time.





SYNAGOGUE AT TURIN.

## The Story of the Synagogue

The story of the synagogue is practically the story of the Jewish people from the Babylonian captivity through successive eras in their history in the East and West, with the alternate light and shade, to the nineteenth century of civil and religious liberty in nearly every land. Such a survey would hardly be complete without a detailed study of the rise and growth of the synagogue in the Orient,

mosque and church, adopting features from both? Or did it escape wholly foreign influences and develop along its own lines? What, further, was the origin of the synagogue's interior arrangement and what principles underlay its entire construction?

It is impossible within present limits to give any exhaustive history of the synagogue and its architecture, which



OLD SYNAGOGUE AT WORMS—INTERIOR.

its gradual spread as the Jews began to colonize outside of Palestine even before the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus, its appearance in Egypt, Asia Minor and Italy, and then in Central Europe and Spain. A careful inquiry, too, would investigate the influence of climate and conditions on synagogue architecture. How much of this was original and how much borrowed, consciously or not? Did its development run parallel with the

can be treated from many points of view, whether of art, religion, or archaeology. It will be sufficient merely to introduce the reader to the subject and sketch in outline only the synagogue's eventful story which awaits its capable historian. There is no lack of works which illustrate the church and its history from the earliest date. Stately cathedrals whose foundations were laid in the early Middle Ages still survive with all their



splendor to attract the worshipper and delight the tourist. Superb specimens of various schools of architecture, they embody a spiritual beauty and power which uplift for the time thousands of visitors. Pictures of interior and exterior appear in guide books or are

traditional site here and there in the East, with legend and history indistinguishable; a synagogue in Jerusalem which dates from the 9th century; a Romanesque specimen at Worms of about the year 1100; a humble Gothic edifice in Prague, parts of which are of the 12th or 13th century—this completes the record of the archæologist. It is a miracle that any survived in later periods of still more relentless persecution. Yet one can view synagogues from the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries in Holland, Germany, Italy, Russia, and the Orient, although but few of them are remarkable enough to attract many pilgrims and sightseers. The oldest synagogue in London was originally built in 1702; the Touro Synagogue in Newport, R. I., in pure Colonial style, was



Ruins of Synagogue at Kafr-Birim, Galilee.

made the subject of more or less elaborate volumes. Distinguished churchmen come to our shores and lecture on the historic fanes of Europe, while our artists and architects turn for instruction and inspiration to their marvellous lines beneath the open sky whether in England or Italy, France or Germany, Belgium or Spain; and they reproduce for us vital elements in the church architecture of the past.

What a contrast is offered by the synagogue! A few of the best examples of mediæval architecture were transformed into churches in Spain and Italy, and are no more distinctly recognized as synagogues in the manuals of art. Others built in times of comparative ease have long since been destroyed by fire or in popular outbreak. A few ruins in Upper Galilee, half-prophetic in their sad suggestiveness; a



The Old New Synagogue at Prague.

erected in 1762. If we exclude the splendid synagogues which have appeared within the past forty or fifty years and which represent every style from the Classic to the Renaissance but offer little, if any, original contribution to synagogue architecture, the material

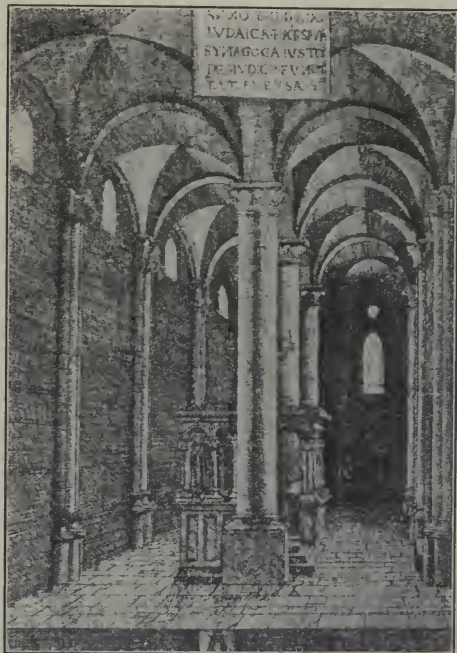


is meagre indeed for illustration and comment.

The synagogue was always a living organism, an institutional church nearly from the beginning. School, house of prayer, law court, house of assembly, it was to become occasionally a fortress, where the people were to withstand the enemy or perish amid the flames of the sanctuary. One reads with horror of Becket struck to death at the altar—but thousands have fallen in the synagogues, old and young, men, women and children, uplifting their voices in praise and prayer as they were led to slaughter. The buildings were singularly plain, judging from the rude prints of many mediæval synagogues, but they produce the impression of heroic endeavor and simple living which is suggested by the thought of the old log cabin in the Ohio Valley or the New England meeting-house of an earlier generation. What need of elaborate ornament, when external splendor would only have aroused the sooner popular tumult and doomed the structure to speedier overthrow. So often in the centre of a courtyard, amid the Ghetto's narrow lanes and dwellings built in close contact, the unpretentious synagogue was reared. No pri-

humbly, so that the worshippers were most comfortable, perhaps, when they prostrated themselves literally in prayer.

In Central Europe the synagogue was the centre of communal life. Here the ancient liturgy, with its *Leitmotif* more national than individual, was recited



Regensburg Synagogue (14th Century).  
Destroyed by Earthquake, 1519.



Synagogue at Erfurt (1357).

vate house—such was the pious rule—was to surpass it in height. In the East under Mohammedan sway the synagogue could not be higher than the mosque; and in Armenia when their wily masters built the fane designedly low, the synagogue was constructed still more

with the earnestness of the Covenanters. It is as well to learn, however, that the atmosphere was not one of narrowness or repression. God was described in the historic ritual as the "God of all flesh" and "of all nations," and the lesson was enforced that all men are brethren, with religion no weekly parade but a daily exercise in godliness. If one considers for a moment that the mediæval liturgy was composed in an era of hostility and oppression its breadth and beauty are all the more remarkable. His old prayer-book is the Jew's only book of martyrs; and while it indulges now and then in "righteous indignation," as the modern theologian might express it, pious resignation is the more dominant note.

The inner history of the synagogue is intensely human. It was never inaccessible like the sacred monastery in the Himalayas, far away from the busy world, but it was close to each one's experience and reflected the joy or sorrow of everyday life. It was the meeting-place of the community, long before the modern town-hall proved the people's resort in stirring times, and it became inexpressibly dear to each individual. Here the bridegroom worshipped on the Sabbath after his mar-

riage and was "called to the Law" wearing the praying-scarf which his bride, who sat so proudly in the latticed gallery, had embroidered and given as her wedding gift. Here the tender babe was brought on its first outing and made to touch the sacred scroll of the Pentateuch. Here the grateful mother came to pray after her child's birth. Here the orphan and the mourner recited with such devotion the prescribed benediction which made them praise the Almighty even in the shadow of sorrow. Nor

was the sinner forgotten—here he did penance, of which solemn act Uriel Acosta was an illustrious exemplar; for he was flogged, although in "a retired corner," in the Amsterdam synagogue in 1633. Further proof of the popular interest in the house of worship is shown by records extant of public announcements on Saturday in synagogue of the results of law-suits and of properties in the market, while lost articles were openly cried and a proclamation of stolen goods was instituted.



SANTA MARIA LA BLANCHA, TOLEDO.

and the heads of the community stand

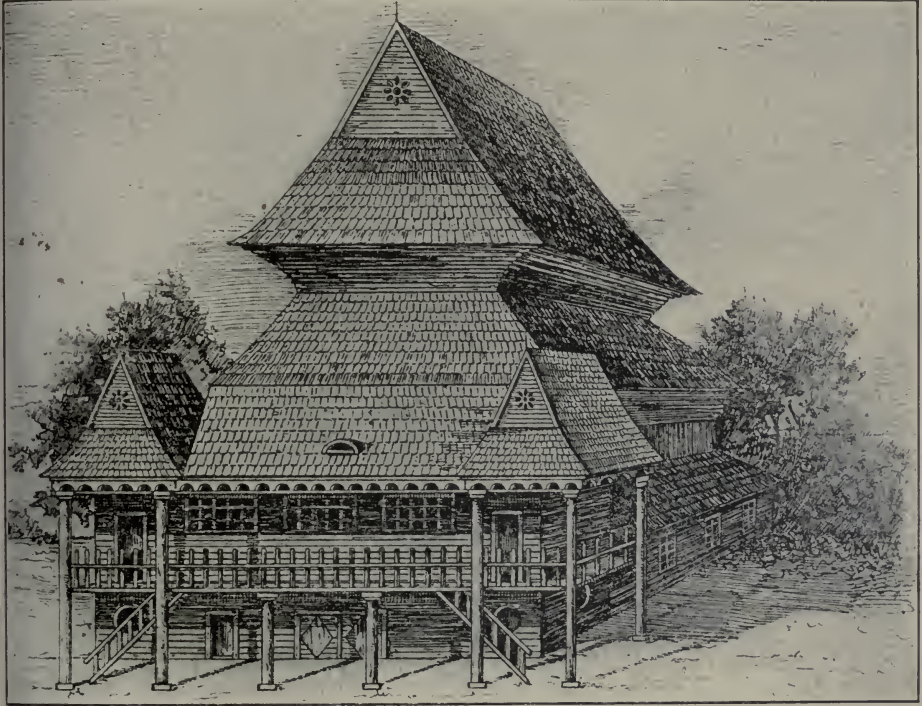
The original synagogue is traced in legend to King Jehoiachin of Judah, who, a captive in Babylonia, founded such a place of assembly in the district of Nehardea. Certainly places of worship of some character must have been established in the land of the captivity, and the institution was probably transplanted to Palestine on the return. Ezra is expressly mentioned (Neh. viii.) as calling the people to prayer and instruction, he himself reading the Law, as he



upon a wooden platform in the centre of the assembled worshippers. The intellectual character of the synagogue, which was not for prayers only, was thus early emphasized.

The spread of the synagogue was rapid, even before the final downfall of the Temple. It must have been a public necessity, to infer from references in the Talmud to 480 synagogues in Jerusalem which were required for the host of for-

outside the limits of Palestine, and to Nazareth and Capernaum upon its soil. In the reign of Augustus Caesar Rome had many synagogues, which led to the conversion of some men and women of prominence, as the Romans of both sexes found pleasure in visiting the places of worship, even if in later years the Jew and his festivals became the sport of the satirists. When the Christians of Rome in after centuries burnt down a syna-



WOODEN SYNAGOGUE, POGREBYSZCZE, POLAND (17TH CENTURY).

eign Jews who visited the Temple when its sacrificial service was in full swing. Thus in the shadow of the larger house were synagogues of the Alexandrians, Libertines, Cyrenians, Elymaeans and Asiatics. In Egypt, where there lived, according to Philo, nearly a million Jews, was a famous synagogue, the Basilica, in Alexandria, one of the wonders of its age. Many are the allusions in the New Testament to synagogues in Damascus, Antioch, Athens, Corinth and elsewhere,

gogue and Maximus, the usurper, commanded the Roman Senate to rebuild it at the expense of the state, he was termed in derision a Jew by Ambrosius of Milan. Gradually to the East and the West and the isles of the sea the synagogue spread, and whether by the running stream or seashore, to admit of ab-lutions, in crowded cities or in forest or deserted village, far distant from the track of the caravan, it resisted every at-tack and became the people's stronghold.

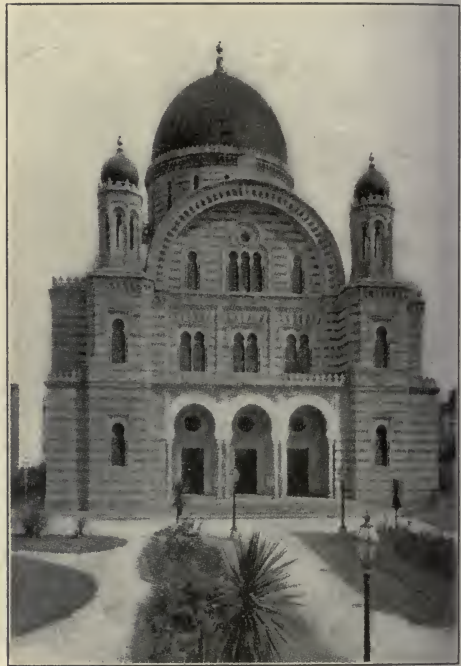


As was the custom among Christian and Mohammedan, the synagogue was often built close to the tombs of famous rabbis or ascribed to them as founders. The celebrated Petachia in his travels, towards the end of the twelfth century, tells of seeing at Nisibis two synagogues erected by Ezra the Scribe, and at Bagdad three, including the one which tradition refers to Daniel. At Tiberias he visited the synagogue founded by Joshua, and at Damascus the four reared by Elieser ben Asariah, a rabbi of the first Christian century. Petachia was no Münchhausen, but gave the story as he was told. Alexandria has a so-called Elijah synagogue which derives its name from the legend that Elijah dwelt for a time on the spot. Into its neighboring houses weak and ailing Jews and Mohammedans are piously borne in the fond hope that Elijah, who, among other traditional qualities, restores to health, may heal their wounds and infirmities. You can still be shown at Tiberias Rabbi Meir's synagogue, and near Safet the synagogue ascribed to the illustrious Simon ben Jochai.

The list of famous synagogues, while not lengthy, includes some of historic interest. It begins with the Basilica of Alexandria, which fell when the prosperous Jewish community vanished in a sudden whirlwind of persecution (about 110 of the common era). To paraphrase the description in the Talmud, he who never beheld it never saw the majesty of Israel. It was like a basilica, colonnade within colonnade, crowded often with a host of people twice as large as departed with Moses from Egypt. There, too, could be seen golden chairs inlaid with precious stones corresponding in number with the seventy elders of the Sanhedrim, the cost of each seat being estimated at twenty-five million golden denarii. On an elevation of wood in the centre stood the choir leader. Each guild—for the different arts and trades had their separate guilds before the practice arose in the German mediaeval towns, with which it is usually associated—had its own place, so that a stranger might recognize his own trade and join his comrades. The responses of the vast congregation

had to be directed by a flag signal—so immense was the edifice.

It was in Spain where synagogues of surpassing beauty began to be built. The age was called a golden one for art, science and literature, centuries before Shakespeare. But the breathing spell for the Jew was not of long continuance. When Cordova fell, in 1148, its magnificent synagogues were destroyed. Toledo had a number of splendidly built homes of worship, two of which exist after varied transformations and arouse



Synagogue, Florence, Italy.

the visitor's admiration. El Transito was constructed by the largess of Samuel Abulafia, in 1357. Partly Gothic and partly Moorish, it retains traces of its former grandeur. It consists of several naves separated from each other by columns and arches. The upper part of the walls is decorated with delicately cut arabesques, within which can be read Psalm lxxx. in Hebrew, in white characters on green ground. Inscriptions in bas-relief on the north and south sides recite the merits of the founder and of

Don Pedro of Castile. By a sudden change of fortune, Abulafia, once Don Pedro's trusted treasurer and adviser, died under the torture, only three years after the synagogue was completed (1360). He was spared the knowledge that 150 years later the edifice was to be changed into a church, which was no rare proceeding in the Middle Ages, it being easier to convert a synagogue than its worshippers. To-day it is being restored by the Spanish government, the gypsum which was plentifully employed to hide the decorations is to be removed

at Venice, whose architect was Sansovino, and which dates from the sixteenth century, in the spacious style of the time, suggesting the wealth and culture of its Jewish residents; the Old-New Synagogue at Prague, around which cluster fanciful legends; the old synagogue at Worms, with its traditions of the famous commentator Rashi, both crowned with venerable age and the dignity of pilgrim shrines—these, perhaps, complete the roll of the most memorable synagogues in Central Europe. In the far East, however, are various synagogues which have



SYNAGOGUE AT WARSAW, RUSSIA.

—a kindly act on the part of the authorities, although it is doubtful if the edifice would again be used by the Jewish community, unless the latter be considerably increased by fresh accessions.

The Portugese synagogue in Amsterdam, with its memories of Spinoza; the Bevis Marks synagogue, London, originally built in 1702, and for which the Quaker architect would receive no remuneration except its actual cost (£2,750), and in whose roof was incorporated as a gift from Queen Anne a beam from a royal ship; the synagogue

a remarkable antiquity, if we are to believe the credulous. It is very probable that the origin of most of them is draped in as much myth as the once curious synagogue at Kai Fung Foo, in the province of Honan, China, before poverty dismantled the edifice and sold its ornaments and holy equipment for bread and raiment.

In a letter from Venice Goethe tells how he succeeded in hearing anew the classical song of the gondolier, whose melody, with its memories of Tasso and Ariosto, had long since been silenced. To



gain an accurate knowledge of the synagogue, we must put ourselves *en rapport* with its conditions in every age, and then can we appreciate its powers of resistance. In the fifth century the building of new synagogues was prohibited by Theodosius II., whose decree was renewed with increased severity by Justinian, a century later. Theodoric gave no hearty assent to the request of the Jews of Genoa to be allowed to put their synagogue into better repair, but he was

84). The Jews of England were forbidden by Stephen Langton, at the Council of Oxford (1222) to erect synagogues. In 1442 the Bishop of Leon and Castile received a decree from Pope Eugenius IV., forbidding the building of new synagogues. Against the synagogues of Antioch how Chrysostom thundered, calling them infamous theatres and dens of robbers. Theodosius the Great (379-395) expressly commanded the Bishop of Callinicus in Northern Mesopotamia to re-



SYNAGOGUE AT HANOVER, GERMANY.

kindlier disposed when he condemned the Roman commune to pay for the synagogue which a mob in the imperial city had burnt. A synagogue in Sicily was destroyed by Gregory I. Omar I. showed little consideration to church or synagogue, while Omar II. (717-20), wrote to his governors: "Do not pull down a church or synagogue, but do not allow new ones to be built." New synagogues were prohibited by law in the reign of Alfonso X. of Castile (1252-

build at his own expense the synagogue which he had caused to be burnt—an act of justice which was imitated by the Byzantine Emperor Arcadius (395-408), who protected the synagogue against the clergy of Illyria. While Cyril of Alexandria, whose name will always be associated with Hypatia's death, induced the mob to destroy the synagogue in that city, Theodosius II. made the clergy and people of Antioch restore the synagogue to the Jews. Martin V., who in 1419



issued a bull wherein it was stated that Jews should not be molested in their synagogues, was not the only Pope who showed a kindly spirit. The churchmen of Sens were inflamed in the days of Innocent III. because the synagogue's structure was higher than the church, although in the fourteenth century in

times and in different places, which can hardly be realized in favored lands to-day.

The historic Old-New Synagogue of Prague furnishes a good illustration of the experiences which have been endured from age to age. Its early origin is proved by the fact that in 1142 it was



GLOGAU SYNAGOGUE, GERMANY.

Rome church and synagogue were close neighbors without awakening any ill-feeling. In Hamburg as late as 1612 Jews were not allowed to have synagogues; nor was the privilege to have a place of worship in New Amsterdam and early New York secured without a struggle. Such were the varying fortunes of the synagogue. in different

destroyed by fire, although speedily rebuilt. In 1336 King John robbed it of gold and silver; in 1389 it was the scene of ghastly persecution, men, women and children being slain within its walls. An elegy composed shortly afterwards is still recited in the synagogue on the Day of Atonement, in memory of that catastrophe. The synagogue was ever the

centre of similar scenes, as the Jews were subjected to the caprice of their rulers. In 1744, when the Prussians abandoned Prague, the house of worship suffered severely and it was plundered by Maria Theresa's troops. In 1784, when the Moldau had a disastrous inundation, the synagogue was injured. Yet amid the ravages of fire and water, and ruffianly desecration in war time, it has survived.

to the fact which Prof. Goldwin Smith once, when Disraeli's satire was still rankling, denied—that Jews can be patriots.

Many are the legends which are associated with the edifice, whose rather sombre interior has been renovated, but none is more suggestive than that of the dove—a bird which is popular in folklore. During one of the most extensive



STRASBURG SYNAGOGUE, GERMANY.

There can be seen hanging in the synagogue's interior a banner richly embroidered with gold and suitably inscribed, an heirloom in which all take pride. This was given to the congregation, according to one version, by Charles IV., and according to another it was a reward for their courageous defence of the city during the siege by the Swedes in 1648. No symbol could be happier in its testimony

conflagrations in the Ghetto, when the synagogue seemed doomed, a dove was observed alighting upon the roof's highest pinnacle and keeping its perilous place untouched and unterrified amid the smoke and flame from adjacent dwellings which came ever nearer. Through those hours of dismay the dove never left its perch for a moment, but held its post like a sentinel to repel disaster. Then

when the fire had been stayed and danger averted, the dove, as if satisfied that its presence was no longer required, took to flight and was seen no more, while the people wondered at the miracle.

Hardly less remarkable was the fate of the synagogue of Frankfort-on-the-Main. In 1241, the year of the first massacre of the Jews, the synagogue suf-

was the women's synagogue. Before the new Jewish quarter was occupied, in 1461, a synagogue was built at the city's cost, close to which, in 1603, a new edifice was erected. Both were attacked by the mob in 1614 and were burnt to the ground in 1711; but the restoration began in the same year on the old site and with the old materials. In 1854 it was



SYNAGOGUE AT TAVLATKEP.

fered severely, and its unpleasant experience was repeated in 1349. When the Jewish quarter was transferred in 1462, the synagogue was made to serve general communal purposes. In 1874 the foundations of the old structure were revealed—it consisted of a square apartment with a half-round niche for the scrolls of the Law; on the northern side

torn down to make room for the present edifice, not far from the original home of the Rothschilds.

If the old synagogues which survive breathe of the stormy past, the new synagogue at Rome, which was dedicated not many months ago and whose site was given by the municipality in exchange for a strip of ground in the Ghetto, has a



more exultant atmosphere; for its stately façade and magnificent interior suggest the new century and the progress which has been won. The oldest Jewish community in Europe, its existence for 2,000 years is little short of a miracle, for despite unhealthy quarters bordering on the Tiber, in which it has been caged for centuries, until recent decades, it has survived its more or less aristocratic foes—

steeds, in the races on the Corso, amid the shouts and ribaldry of the multitude. Here for many hundred years they had to receive each new Pope, with knees bent in homage and holding in their hands the scrolls of the Law. Here as late as 1847 Jews above the age of 12 were whipped into attendance at church on Saturday afternoons so that they might be converted. Here they were al-



ST. PETERSBURG SYNAGOGUE, RUSSIA.

Emperor, noble and prelate. While the condition of the Jews of Rome was often bearable, compared with the fate of their brethren in the greater part of Europe, when Paul IV., in 1556, officially established the Ghetto—the word is of Venetian origin—the most odious forms of persecution became the fashion. Here for two centuries the Jews had to participate with asses, buffaloes and Barbary

lowed to have only one building as a synagogue, wherein, until it was destroyed by fire in 1893, five separate congregations were housed. Here, too, their occupations were often restricted by law to dealing in old clothes, rags and iron. It was enough to devitalize any community, but the treatment did not kill, and out of their midst have gone forth the first lexicographer of the Fal-

mud, a poet friend of Dante, famous writers, physicians, musicians.

It was in 1870, after desultory efforts, that the Jews of Rome took effective steps to have the Ghetto destroyed, with the ascension of Victor Emanuel. Fifteen years later the noxious quarter was levelled. The new synagogue, built in a different section, tells the story of emancipation. If stones could speak, what could not the Arch of Titus—dating from 70 of the common era—tell of the



Breslau Synagogue, Germany.

whirligig of time which brings its revenges, but few more decisive, to rejoice the cold chiseled figures of Jewish captives from Jerusalem, than that new temple where the Law is still recited, despite the legions of Vespasian and eighteen centuries of Rome's sovereignty in varied forms! Do the old occupants of the Pantheon know of the sacrilege, and what would Horace or Juvenal or Tacitus say now of the synagogue?

One is tempted to dwell at greater

length on the varied fortunes of the synagogue and the legends that twine around the old structures, but a subject of wider interest must be considered—its architecture. One might infer from popular impressions of Jewish exclusiveness that the synagogue had its special form of architecture from which a departure was heresy. The fact is, there is no distinctly Jewish architecture—it is eclectic and varies with the environment. In Jerusalem an old synagogue has the appearance of a mosque. The interior of the Romanesque synagogue of Regensburg, which centuries ago fell a prey to the flames, has the lines of the Cathedral of Spire. The St. Petersburg synagogue has unmistakably the characteristic exterior of a Russian Greek Church. Perhaps the Gothic and Moorish in varied modifications are seen most frequently, but although the arch, the dome and the minaret are often presented, the steeple and the belfry are absent. Perhaps the synagogue is hospitable enough to adopt these in the future.

The synagogue ruins in Galilee, dating from 150 to 300 of the common era, are of Roman character in their masonry, moulding and ornamentation—proving how early current styles were adopted. Toledo's famous synagogue, changed into a church in 1405, and known as Santa Maria la Blanca, is built after the most approved Moorish-Spanish design, which can only faintly be seen in illustration. Its plan is that of a basilica, the ground floor tiled, being an oblong square about 90 by 65 feet, divided into five naves or aisles,\* divided by four rows of octagon pillars, nine in each row. Horseshoe arches of peculiar Moorish pattern rise from these columns. Over the arches, whose spandrels are carved into elegant rose-patterns, is placed a second arcade, ornamented with pure Byzantine work, appearing like stone-lace. A third series of stalactite archlets rests upon double pillarets, crowned by an elaborate frieze reaching to the roof. This roof, though of wood, has the durability of rock, and, black with age, still shows traces of gold ornamentation. The edifice was used as a Magdalen Asylum in 1550, and on the





NEW SYNAGOGUE AT PARIS, FRANCE—INTERIOR.





THE SYNAGOGUE AT ROME, RECENTLY COMPLETED.

French invasion, in 1792, was appropriated for military barracks.

Sicily has a Gothic Catholic church which was formerly a synagogue. The wooden structures to be found originally in Poland and parts of Russia, from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and somewhat later, have been made the subject of special monographs. Some of these houses of worship were built as bulwarks against Tartar inroads; others with their flat roofs and openings show indubitable signs that they could harbor cannon when the Jews were forced to defend themselves. They form a curious study for the modern architect, and are not likely to serve as models for our days.

The latest synagogues built on the broad places of the chief cities and no longer hidden in the narrow Ghetto, represent all styles of architecture. The Classic, the Renaissance, the Byzantine, the Romanesque, with a blending of the Gothic and the Moorish, can be found in all directions. The new synagogues in Szegedin and Temesvar; in Berlin, Strasburg and Cologne; in Florence, Rome and Turin; with similar edifices in Budapest, Breslau, Glogau, Hanover, Koenigsberg, Munich, Paris, Vienna and Warsaw—show freedom and beauty in their construction. The same variety of style is illustrated in American synagogues and temples.

A word only in this connection as to the interior arrangement that reproduces in certain features the lines of the older tabernacle, which itself suggested interior arrangements in Solomon's Temple. In the centre of the main floor is

usually an elevated platform from which the prayers are read. Directly facing the entrance from the vestibule, which is generally at the western end, so that the synagogue may face the east, is the Ark, or receptacle for the scrolls of the Law or Pentateuch, before which is hung a curtain. In the old synagogues there was either a latticed gallery or a special room for women worshippers. In many of the later synagogues, reading desk and pulpit are combined before the Ark, while in reformed American congregations family pews have been introduced, thus doing away with the Oriental feature of the women's gallery. It can readily be seen how Ark, curtain, gallery and columns lend themselves to splendid and unique ornamentation. Although the plastic art has received little encouragement, carved wood and rich marbles are generally employed, onyx, gold and mosaics being used with fine effect. In the Orient many a synagogue whose exterior is sombre and uninviting has magnificent interior furnishings and decorations. The Italian synagogues, in particular, in a land where artistic genius is almost universal, are remarkable for the costly embroidered curtains and architectural beauty of the Ark, in whose enrichment a generous rivalry is exhibited. In this respect a synagogue appears like a votive shrine, and elaborate gifts, often women's exquisite handiwork, are treasured from generation to generation until they acquire a venerable age, to become a powerful object lesson to the young and to the old worshipper matters for pious contemplation.

*Abram S. Isaacs.*

## Converse Manor

Converse Manor, at Greenwich, Conn., which is illustrated herewith, is an exceedingly interesting example of contemporary American domestic architecture. It has many of the virtues and some of the faults of the best work which the American architect is producing in this field. In

opportunity as he could desire. The owner of the house has evidently allowed the architect a free hand. The most durable materials and the best methods of construction have been adopted. Every detail of the design, both inside and outside of the building, has been most carefully studied, and shows the owner had practically placed himself in the hands of the architect. The latter has evidently been consulted quite as much about the furniture as about any other detail connected with the appearance of the house, and the consequence is that the hangings, the sofas, the chairs and the fixtures which have been placed in each room harmonize with its architectural character. That the architect should have been allowed so much authority may not seem strange to our readers when they remember the many houses which have recently been designed in just this way; but they should also remember that in America house-builders have only recently been treating their architects as independent and competent experts, to whom full authority should be granted. Consequently, every additional illustration of this sort of thing should be a source of congratulation, because they all make for the prevalence of better architectural standards in American domestic work.

Mr. Donn Barber has justified the responsibility which the owner has placed upon him. One may or may not like this sort of house, but there can be no doubt every detail and aspect of it is the result of intelligent and skilful designing and planning, while at the same time, with all the care which the architect has exercised, he has entirely avoided the possible fault of pedantry, and the house does not belong to any particular period or to any particular style. Probably it arouses English associations as much as any other, and yet it is in many respects entirely un-English. One might have expected that a designer with Mr. Barber's training would have found it difficult to escape the influence



Bell, Clock and Water Tower on Mr. Converse's Estate.

(Photo by Alman & Co.)

the present instance the designer, Mr. Donn Barber, has evidently had both a liberal and a trusting client. The house and the grounds, while their scale does not compare with that of the largest American country residences, are spacious and expensive enough to offer the architect as good an





CONVERSE MANOR, THE ESTATE OF MR. E. C. CONVERSE.—MAIN APPROACH TO THE HOUSE.

Greenwich, Conn.

(Photo by Alman & Co.)

Donn Barber, Architect.



CONVERSE MANOR, THE ESTATE OF MR. E. C. CONVERSE.—NEARER VIEW OF FRONT.

Greenwich, Conn.

(Photo by Alman & Co.)

Donn Barber, Architect.



CONVERSE MANOR, THE ESTATE OF MR. E. C. CONVERSE.—THE STABLES.  
Greenwich, Conn.

Donn Barber, Architect.

(Photo by Alman & Co.)



CONVERSE MANOR, THE ESTATE OF MR. E. C. CONVERSE.—SIDE VIEW AND PORTE  
COCHERE.

Greenwich, Conn.

Donn Barber, Architect.

(Photo by Alman & Co.)



CONVERSE MANOR, THE ESTATE OF MR. E. C. CONVERSE.—UPPER PART OF LIVING HALL AND GALLERY.  
Greenwich, Conn. Donn Barber, Architect.  
(Photo by Alman & Co.)



CONVERSE MANOR, THE ESTATE OF MR. E. C. CONVERSE.—MAIN STAIRCASE.  
Greenwich, Conn. Donn Barber, Architect.  
(Photo by Alman & Co.)





CONVERSE MANOR, THE ESTATE OF MR. E. C. CONVERSE.—A BEDROOM.  
Greenwich, Conn. Donn Barber, Architect.  
(Photo by Alman & Co.)



CONVERSE MANOR, THE ESTATE OF MR. E. C. CONVERSE.—THE DRAWING ROOM.  
Greenwich, Conn. Donn Barber, Architect.  
(Photo by Alman & Co.)



CONVERSE MANOR, THE ESTATE OF MR. E. C. CONVERSE—THE BILLIARD ROOM.  
Greenwich, Conn. Donn Barber, Architect.

(Photo by Alman & Co.)



CONVERSE MANOR, THE ESTATE OF MR. E. C. CONVERSE—THE LIVING ROOM.  
Greenwich, Conn. Donn Barber, Architect.

(Photo by Alman & Co.)



CONVERSE MANOR, THE ESTATE OF MR. E. C. CONVERSE—THE DINING ROOM.  
Greenwich, Conn. (Photo by Alman & Co.) Donn Barber, Architect.



CONVERSE MANOR, THE ESTATE OF MR. E. C. CONVERSE—THE KITCHEN.  
Greenwich, Conn. (Photo by Alman & Co) Donn Barber, Architect.



of French models, but however much the method of the design may have come from France, the effect of the building is not French. In general form, indeed, the high-pitched roof and the two symmetrical wings and gables suggest some of the later French châteaux, and the landscape gardening is more French than anything else, but the rough stonework, which gives so much of its character to the building, is not at all French. The truth is, of course, that the form and appearance of the house is the outcome of composite influences derived from several different sources, and these composite influences are frankly expressed in the building. One can hardly say that the architectural issue of these composite influences is American, but at least it is not anything else than American, and it is as near to being American as at the present time anything architectural can be. The Converse house shows that mixture of symmetry and picturesqueness, of freedom and careful regulation, which the American architectural conscience is coming more and more to demand, and that is one reason why it is such a significant modern American architectural instance.

If, however, it has the typical merits of the good architect's houses of to-day, it also has some of their defects. A tolerably large acquaintance with such houses has resulted in the conclusion that these defects are to be found chiefly in three directions. The good American architect is, in the first place, both more experienced and better qualified to design houses than he is the grounds around a house. It is rarely that the layout and the planting of the grounds really adds either to the attractiveness of the house or to the propriety of its architectural effect; and the Converse

house is no exception to this rule. It is true that, in examining the illustrations, one must recognize the fact that the planting has not as yet had sufficient time to grow; but there is no indication that when it does grow it will fulfil its purpose. The landscape layout is uninteresting and arid, and the planting will never sufficiently fill the empty spaces and give scale to the architecture. It is, perhaps, for this reason that the general appearance of the house, in spite of the many excellent qualities of the design, is somewhat unattractive. It is, indeed, thoroughly domestic in character, and it does not in the least suggest a palace, in which a modern American family could not appropriately live. But it lacks charm. Both inside and out it wears rather an assertive and formidable air than a gracious and smiling one, and, so far as the exterior is concerned, a better scheme of landscape gardening would do much to give the house a more genial aspect, the lack of which it shares with many other American houses designed under similar conditions. The third defect, to which attention should be called, is that its design has not been sufficiently considered from every point of view. It looks very well from the several points of view whereby it is seen in the accompanying illustrations; but there are other points of view from which its aspect is not merely formidable, but forbidding. That is, of course, always the danger which an architect runs who seeks to make a house with a very irregular plan and a picturesque design symmetrical from one point of view. Such a house is not likely to look well from other points of view; and later more trees should be planted, in order to cut off some of these less attractive aspects of the house.

# A House on a Cliff

## The Residence of Mr. Livingston Jenks

MYRON HUNT, Architect

The residence of Mr. Livingston Jenks, which is illustrated herewith, is described in the title as a "House on a Cliff," and the description will doubtless suggest to the majority of our readers a building situated in the back country on a high rock overlooking a valley or river.

high hills, many of which overlook the most beautiful bay in the world, and we know of no other city which would offer a site for a residence resembling that on which Mr. Jenks' house is built. The opportunity is unique, and Mr. Jenks was fortunate in selecting an architect,



FIG. 1. FIRST FLOOR PLAN.—THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS.

San Francisco, Cal.

Myron Hunt, Architect.

But this suggestion, although plausible, would be wholly erroneous. Mr. Jenks' house is distinctly an urban dwelling, but it is situated in the one large city in the United States which contains streets which lead to cliffs. It is situated, that is, in San Francisco, which is a city of

Mr. Myron Hunt, who was capable of placing a unique building upon it.

Russian Hill, which is the name of the cliff on which Mr. Jenks' house is located, does not belong to the newer part of San Francisco, known as Pacific Heights. On the contrary, it is situated

in the older part of the city, and is second only to Telegraph Hill in its nearness to the older business district, and in its precipitous character. In times past it was used in part as a stone quarry, but of late years the quarry was abandoned,

quarry, and which contributes largely to the availability of the cliff as a site for a building. But, in addition to Mr. Jenks' house, and previous to it, other residences were situated on the hill, glimpses of which may be seen in the



FIG. 2. THE SOUTH END OF THE DWELLING, SHOWING THE ROUGH TRAIL LEADING UP VALLEJO ST. TO THE SIDE DOOR—THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS.

San Francisco, Cal.

Myron Hunt, Architect.

and a number of new houses have been built on or near its summit. Fig. 4 shows the great retaining wall, which was erected some thirty years ago in order to sustain the trail leading to the

photographs. Among these residences must be mentioned particularly that of the Rev. Joseph Worcester, who has done so much for the cause of good architecture in San Francisco; that of



Mrs. Richardson, the painter, and that of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. The hill was seized upon and occupied chiefly by people who appreciated the extraordinary beauty of the outlook it gave over the Bay, and who were qualified to enjoy it. Moreover, their houses were, for the most part, but little injured by the recent earthquake and by the resulting conflagration. All that part of the city in which Russian Hill is situated

Jenks realized that before long the water supply would probably be interrupted, and that a conflagration would follow. So he filled every receptacle he had in the house with water, and when the fire arrived he and his Chinese cook mounted the roof and thoroughly soaked the split redwood shingles of which it was made. He was finally driven away by the soldiers, as were the defenders of the other houses in the neighborhood; but in the



FIG. 3. GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOUSE LOOKING NORTHWEST, SHOWING THE FACE OF THE ROCK THROUGH WHICH THE STREET HAS BEEN CUT. THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS.

San Francisco, Cal.

Myron Hunt, Architect.

was burned the ground, but the houses on Russian Hill itself escaped, partly because of the amount of vacant property in the immediate neighborhood, and partly because the houses were well protected by the good sense of their owners and the exertions of their friends. Thus the preservation of Mr. Jenks' house was largely due to the precautions which the owner himself took when the earthquake occurred. Mr.

meantime their work was accomplished. Mr. Jenks' house and the other ones on the hill were saved, and the photographs with which it is illustrated were taken after the catastrophe.

Mr. Jenks' residence is a frame building, all the exterior walls of which are battened. A two by four was ripped diagonally, making two battens, and thus giving in the entire height of the wall a batten of from three to three and one-



FIG. 4. THE HOUSE LOOKING SOUTHWEST, TAKEN FROM A POINT IN TAYLOR ST.—  
THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS.

San Francisco, Cal.

Myron Hunt, Architect

half inches. The exterior is plastered on metal lath, with a new patented waterproof plaster, and the building must have been well constructed, because the only damage wrought by the earthquake consists of a few cracks in the interior walls, which can be repaired at a very small cost. None of the masonry was disturbed, and the photograph of the building shows not the slightest effect of this great convulsion. The house was as little disturbed by the shock as was the rock on which it is built, and with which

that the building does not parallel the street, but is placed on the brink of cliff, irrespective of orientation. The windows are concentrated at one end only of each room, a disposition which enabled the architect both to get the large, solid stretches of unbroken wall for his exterior, and to make the outlooks from the inside rooms more interesting. A small panel window of plate glass about one by three feet is the only opening towards the bay for those rooms which look north and south, while the rooms in



Fig. 5. The East Front, Showing the Concentration of the Windows.

San Francisco, Cal.

THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS.



Fig. 6. A Detail of the Brackets of the East Porch.

Myron Hunt, Architect.

its appearance is harmonized. The chief object of Mr. Hunt's design was to embody a building which would look well upon a rocky cliff, and which would define the most beautiful outlooks which the cliffs commanded; and in framing it he was much assisted by his familiarity with Tyrolese dwellings. The house has been made, consequently, somewhat rugged and substantial in appearance, with large plain wall surfaces, heavy projections, and an absence of any incongruous refinements. It will be noticed

the center of the building were handled so as to give the greatest amount of raking view.

Figure 2 shows the south end of the building, with the rough trail leading up Vallejo Street to the side door, the burned city below on the right, a steamship, the bay, and a portion of Alcatraz Island in the distance. Figure 3, on the other hand, gives one of the most interesting of the general views. It looks northwest, showing the face of the rock through which the street has been cut, a



portion of Mrs. Richardson's residence in the background, with its chimney down, and the concrete foundations of the Jenks house. These foundations were cast into a socket carefully cut into the face of the rock, tarpaulins being used to preserve the lichens on its original surface. The main entrance is situated on the other side of the house, and is shown in Figure 7. The back, or westerly, portion of the old quarry has

library. But the photograph which gives one of the best glimpses of the beauty of the view across the bay is that contained in Figure 8. It looks across the roadway leading from the house around to Green Street, a section of the Burned District below, to Alcatraz Island and the mainland in the distance.

The interior of Mr. Jenks' house exhibits at its best the character which Mr. Hunt bestows upon the rooms which he



FIG. 7. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURTYARD OF THE HOUSE, SHOWING THE BACK OR WESTERLY PORTION OF THE OLD QUARRY—THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS.

San Francisco, Cal.

Myron Hunt, Architect.

been turned into a courtyard, from which may be seen the burned city, the bay, and the hills of Berkeley on the other side. By consulting the plan in relation to this view of the entrance court, the reader will easily be able to identify the several different rooms whose windows give upon the court. The kitchen wing is on the right, while the two windows on the lower floor to the left look out from the reception room and from the

designs. He likes, as those familiar with his work will remember, a simple, consistent treatment, which runs through all the rooms on a floor, and which is, of necessity, fundamentally alike in the different rooms, because they are not sharply divided one from another by partitions. The openings are large, and are unenclosed by doors and hangings; the vistas are many, and are so open that one gets a pleasant sense of space; and



FIG. 8. A DETAIL OF THE ENTRANCE PORCH, SHOWING THE VIEW THERE-  
FROM—THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS.

San Francisco, Cal.

Myron Hunt, Architect.



FIG. 9. THE MAIN HALL FROM THE ENTRANCE DOORWAY.—THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS.





FIG. 10. THE WELL OF THE MAIN HALL, SHOWING THE STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE SECOND STORY, AND THE DINING ROOM IN THE DISTANCE—THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS.

San Francisco, Cal.

Myron Hunt, Architect.



FIG. 11. THE LIVING ROOM AND THE MAIN HALL—THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS.

San Francisco, Cal.

Myron Hunt, Architect.

yet the several apartments vary so much in size, lighting, exposure, and in means of approach, that there is no monotony of effect. In the present instance Mr. Myron Hunt was very fortunate in having a client who was willing that the architect should control as completely the design of the interior as he did the design of the exterior, with the result that there is no incongruity between the architecture of the rooms and their fur-

created a heavy and sombre effect; but such an effect has been avoided by complete propriety of the detail. The general aspect of the house is at once dignified, substantial and gracious.

The house is somewhat irregular in plan, but its irregularities are confined almost entirely to the portion devoted to service. The entrance porch leads into an entrance hall, which on the right enters into the butler's pantry and on the



FIG. 12. THE RECEPTION ROOM AND LIVING ROOM—THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS.

San Francisco, Cal.

Myron Hunt, Architect.

niture. Every detail harmonizes with the general scheme. The bare, simple, carefully colored wall surfaces are not spotted with pictures, the wood of the furniture harmonizes in color with the wood used in the finish, and in the hangings any suggestion of heaviness and stuffiness is carefully avoided. In rooms the embrasures of which are so deep and the partitions so heavy it would have been easy by heavy hangings to have

left into the reception room. Directly ahead is the main hall, which runs up through two stories, and through which one reaches the living-room on one side and the dining-room on the other, while beyond these rooms are the children's dining-room and the library. The offices are connected with the butler's pantry, and are at once conveniently connected with the rest of the house, and yet completely shut off therefrom. Figure 9



FIG. 13. THE BAY WINDOW IN THE RECEPTION ROOM, SHOWING THE VIEW OF THE BAY AND ALCATRAZ ISLAND.—THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS. San Francisco, Cal. Myron Hunt, Architect.





San Francisco, Cal. FIG. 14. THE DINING ROOM—THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS. Boston, Mass. Architect



FIG. 15. THE SECOND STORY STAIR HALL, SHOWING THE WELL AND THE LANDING OF THE MUSICIANS' GALLERY.—THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS.

San Francisco, Cal.

Myron Hunt, Architect.

shows the well of the two and one-half story main hall. The arch on the left leads to the concealed staircase, which goes to the second story. There are visible in the second story two lines of balustrades, which define and protect the musicians' gallery, while against these balustrades the lower lights of the "hanging onion clump" chandelier are indistinctly visible. The unusual piece of furniture in the foreground was the invention of the owner of the house, Mr. Livingston Jenks, and constitutes his idea of what a hat and coat rack ought to be. In the photographs the walls of the different rooms look as if they were all of one solid color, but thereby hangs a tale. Mr. Hunt wished to give each of the different rooms the distinction of a special color, while at the same time the way in which the room showed from the other rooms necessitated the adoption of a single scheme. He satisfied these two apparently conflicting demands in a novel and ingenious way. The bare, plastered walls were first sized and then oil stained. In the dining-room the color of the stain is yellow, in the main hall a deeper bronze-like yellow, and in the living-room green. The ten or twelve painters were put on these rooms at once, five different buckets-full of the stain were made, the colors of which were graduated between the two extremes, and these different colors were blended through the arches, so that the transition from one room to another was scarcely perceptible until it was accomplished. Mr. Hunt was careful to do the "boxing" or blending with his own hands, and the result is, that although each of the rooms preserves its own individual tone, it is impossible to distinguish where one color begins and another ends.

The interior of the house is finished in redwood, excepting only the ceilings. The beams of the ceilings are of Post Oxford cedar, and the boards covering the beams of Oregon pine. Both the

beams and the ceiling boards of the rooms on the first floor were burned with a torch, and the slight difference in the appearance of the wood which resulted from the burning of the cedar and the pine has resulted in a pleasing difference of texture between the beams and the soffit. The beams of the ceilings were treated in this way in all the rooms, no matter what the finish on the redwood trim happened to be, but the prevailing tone of the finish was everywhere made to blend into the burned wood.

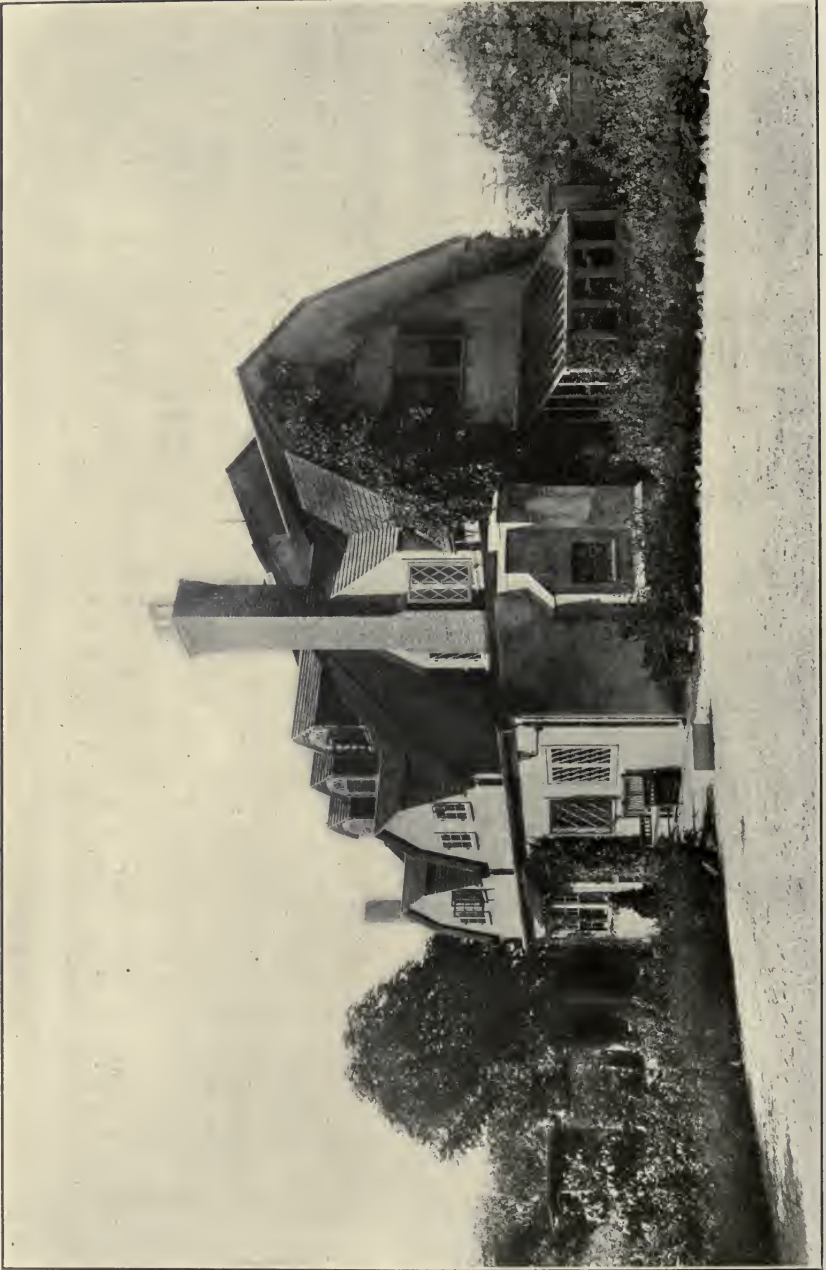
One of the most interesting illustrations reproduced herewith is the view of the main hall from the living-room, which is shown in Figure 11. The photograph gives an extremely attractive glimpse of the skylighted main hall of the living-room itself, and of the devastated city seen through the glasses of the bay window. This photograph also shows more plainly than any other the effect of the burning upon the timbers of the ceiling and the latter's contrast with the wall surfaces. The actual effect of the burning is rather less harsh than one might infer from the photograph, but it is interesting because the marks of the process can be so plainly seen. The cedar timbers were delivered saw-surfaced, were put into place, and were then scorched with a painter's torch until the entire surface of each beam was perfectly black. Then a rather soft steel brush and in some cases an ordinary scrubbing brush was used to rub off the charcoal, after which the woodwork was washed down with clear water and rubbed and polished with woolen rags. The elaboration and the care with which these beams were finished will give some idea of the amount of painstaking attention which was given to the details of this house. It is one of the very few dwellings in this country which have been designed in a spirit of severe, almost puritanical, architectural consistency, yet which still keeps a genial and a pleasant atmosphere.



# A Successful Country House Alteration

A successful country house alteration is the house of Mr. Grafton St. L. Abbott, at Concord, Mass. It is situated on a tract of about two hundred and fifty acres, which has in a few years been made very attractive by a little care and the application of good sense combined with an eye for the beautiful. The illustrations show the house situated in the midst of a sward, a portion of which has been treated as a garden and surrounded by a young and flourishing hedge of arbor vitae. Figure 3 is a view from the house toward the road, and shows a naturalistic and effective arrangement of paths, grass beds and walks, which are entered through a little rustic pergola on brick piers, by a narrow path for pedestrians, and a carriage drive running parallel and terminating at the side of the house alongside the conservatory. The first impression of the house is one of lowness, the first floor being but a step above ground level. This is made possible, that is, from a sanitary point of view, by the sound construction of the floor, which is of concrete and finished appropriately to the different rooms, either in cement, tile, or covered with wood. Only a part of the house has a cellar under it, and in this part is located the heating apparatus. The remainder of the floor rests on battens. The plan of the house was not composed with a view to the exterior appearance, it being developed solely as might best suit the owner's convenience and fancy; and considering this limitation (for such it must be) on the architect, the result is very successful in its entirety. The exterior indicates plainly a small house with additions (Figs. 1 and 2). It is an acknowledged alteration, and as such the architect has tried to make the most of the conditions. Its different parts are of various constructions, the central wing or original four-room house, with the dining-room addition, is of ordinary frame construction, covered with wire lath and plastered, while the

large ell, which in Fig. 2 is partly hidden behind a tree, is of brick. The resulting plan is accordingly so drawn out that a vista of over ninety feet runs the entire length of the house from the dining-room and conservatory at one end to the drawing-room at the other end. It is in the interiors that the architect, Mr. Philip B. Howard, of Boston, has done himself proud. The free and idiomatic use of wood and the low general effect of the rooms is very admirable; many of them have timber ceilings, the beams for which were obtained right on the estate. The general interior treatment still further accentuates the already low rooms, and produces a very pleasing effect of domesticity. The floors, too, assist in producing this effect, especially those in the reception and dining rooms. The hallway shown in Fig. 7 is the only room in which any kind of formal treatment has been indulged in, and here the projection of the mouldings is slight and the color white, producing the effect of almost smooth walls in contrast with the heavy, dark ceiling timbers. The door to the right in Fig. 7 leads to the staircase hall, which reveals some splendid wood wall timbering, and the round-headed entrance door, with two very attractive iron hinges (Fig. 6). The reception room (Fig. 4) is an unusually large-looking room for a house of this size, and is in fact a large room, and far too wide to be safely spanned by the light ceiling beams, which are, in reality, only casings hiding the real supports of steel. The fireplace wall is here very effectively treated, displaying to good advantage some beautiful tapestries. The windows at the farther end of the room are happy, in that they give, with the deep window-seat recess, a feeling of strength, and restore one's confidence in the construction, contrasting with the thin ceiling beams mentioned above. In the dining-room (Fig. 5), again, there are beams to support the ceiling, but they are real in this instance, and one of



Concord, Mass.

FIG. 1. MR. GRAFTON ST. L. ABBOTT'S HOUSE—SIDE VIEW FROM CARRIAGE DRIVE.

(Photo by M. H. Northend.)

Philip B. Howard, Architect.



Concord, Mass.

FIG. 2. MR. GRAFTON ST. L. ABBOTT'S HOUSE—FRONT VIEW FROM THE GARDEN.  
(Photo by M. H. Northend.)

Philip B. Howard, Architect.





FIG. 3. THE GARDEN OF MR. ABBOTT'S HOUSE.  
(Photo by M. H. Northend.)

Concord, Mass.

Phillip B. Howard, Architect.



FIG. 4. MR. GRAFTON ST. L. ABBOTT'S HOUSE—THE RECEPTION ROOM.  
Concord, Mass. (Photo by M. H. Northend.) Philip B. Howard, Architect.



FIG. 5. MR. GRAFTON ST. L. ABBOTT'S HOUSE—THE DINING ROOM.  
Concord, Mass. (Photo by M. H. Northend.) Philip B. Howard, Architect.



FIG. 6. MR. GRAFTON ST. L. ABBOTT'S HOUSE—THE STAIR HALL.  
 Concord, Mass. (Photo by M. H. Northend.) Philip B. Howard, Architect.



FIG. 7. MR. GRAFTON ST. L. ABBOTT'S HOUSE—THE ENTRANCE HALL.  
 Concord, Mass. (Photo by M. H. Northend.) Philip B. Howard, Architect.



them is supported over the fireplace by a cement arch, presumably to carry some concentrated load transmitted from the second floor along the line of the arch. Beyond the arch the ceiling beams become smaller, and increase in number, being merely decorative. The latticed window seen in this room gives a glimpse of the conservatory, which, during cold weather, is abloom with rare chrysanthemums and tropical plants.

The altering and enlarging of old houses is so often an ill-advised opera-

tion, seldom producing results commensurate with the trouble and expenditure, that it is generally discouraged by the profession. But the result in this case will, no doubt, commend itself to the attention of many house owners who are contemplating alterations. The results in such cases must, however, depend entirely on the rationality of the clients' requirements, and the ability of the architect to successfully resolve the resulting difficulties, which are often not easily overcome.



THE CHIMNEY BREAST IN THE LIVING ROOM, LOOKING THROUGH INTO THE LIBRARY.—THE HOUSE OF MR. LIVINGSTON JENKS.

San Francisco, Cal.

Myron Hunt, Architect.



William A. Bohnard, Architect.

"SCRAMBLE INN."

Cleveland, O.

# NOTES & COMMENTS

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## UNIVERSITY OF THE FENWAY

They are beginning to talk in Boston of "the University of the Fenway." There are 5,000 students this year at the various educational institutions which — without common president, faculty or administrative office—are there gathered together. The unity of the group is in its appearance, not in organic connection, but already this architectural unity is, it is claimed, such a reality as Yale or Harvard or the "Acropolis" on New York's Morning-side Heights cannot even dream of. Not that there are no discords. There is a red storage warehouse on Huntington Avenue, a dwelling with light basement and flaunting red brick above, and the "well proportioned but aggressively scarlet Tufts Medical College" annoyingly near at hand, writes Frederick W. Coburn in the Boston "Transcript," while "the key in which this new university ought to be kept is"—the Harvard Medical School having struck the note—"that of gleaming white marble and soft limestone amidst sombre poplars and maples." These are the same color effects, he notes, as those of a glorified New England village, where one finds elm-shaded streets with white houses that have green blinds and stand back from the street amid masses of privet, of Norway spruce and of apple trees. The Gothic is barred from the Fenway University, and the style is formal and conventional, dignified and restrained. Some vistas have yet to be opened, especially of the new Christian Science Cathedral; some roads laid down that will accent various axes; some adequate approaches made; but, considering the lack of co-operation, even the beginning is amazing in its promises.

## FINE ARTS EXHIBITION

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the T Square Club of Philadelphia propose to hold a joint exhibition in the galleries of the academy during the present month.

The exhibition will cover the field of architecture in its broadest sense, and will in-

clude all the allied arts, of which she is the mother.

As in the twelve previous annual T Square Club exhibitions, the Department of Architectural Design will dominate. It will include not only the technical drawings of the most distinguished American and European architects, produced during the last year, but will also include a large number of models and photographs of finished work.

The department of mural painting will be conducted with the co-operation of the National Society of Mural Painters. This will include a large number of mural paintings by the foremost members of the profession. Photographs of executed work too large to be hung in the galleries, and a large collection of preliminary sketches and cartoons.

The Department of Architectural Sculpture will be conducted with the co-operation of the National Sculpture Society, and will include full size and sketch models of the most important work of the year.

The Department of Landscape Architecture will be conducted with the co-operation of The American Society of Landscape Architects, including models, photographs and drawings.

The Department of Arts and Crafts will be divided as follows:

Art Metal Work.—Wrought and cast iron, bronze work, lighting fixtures, hardware, lead work.

Terra Cotta.—Architectural details, garden pottery, tiles.

Architectural Woodwork.—Cabinet Work.

Stained and Leaded Glass.

Interior Decorations.—Drawings.

Garden Decorations.—In all materials, shrubs and flowers.

The Juries of Selection will admit only works of the first importance. Juries of Award, composed of the most distinguished workers in the several departments, will be appointed at the opening of the exhibition, but not announced until after the awards are made. It has not been determined as yet what form these awards will take. Believing that the intrinsic value of an award bears little relation to its importance, the award may consist only of a public announcement and a personal notification.

All inquiries in regard to this exhibition



may be addressed to either of the under-  
signed.

T SQUARE CLUB.

C. L. BORIE, JR., Secretary,  
251 So. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF  
THE FINE ARTS.

JOHN E. D. TRASK, Secretary,  
Cor. Broad and Cherry Sts.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**SUMMER  
USE OF  
CHICAGO'S  
SMALL  
PARKS**

The South Park Commis-  
sioners of Chicago have  
kindly supplemented the sta-  
tistics that were printed in  
this Department in Septem-  
ber to indicate—as far as  
figures could—the social  
service of the small parks.

The attention of the country is upon the Chicago experiment, since it is the most systematic and costly attempt ever made to perform a comprehensive social service by this means. The figures of the latest annual report, quoted in September, could be regarded only as an index—none of the parks having been run with every department complete for a period of even six months at the time when the figures were compiled; and in some of them all departments had been in operation less than one month. The supplementary statistics, covering every phase of social activity in each of the twelve parks during the months of June, July, and August, 1906, and for nine months of the fiscal year, fill many typewritten pages. They may be briefly summarized as follows, though in going over them it should be considered that "visitors, and those who merely look on at games, etc., are not counted;" and that the indoor gymnasiums are used, generally speaking, only in bad weather or after dark—in other words, are at their minimum of usefulness in summer months. June, indoor gymnasiums, 4,236; outdoor gymnasiums, 317,356; July, indoor gymnasiums, 2,705; outdoor gymnasiums, 493,999; August, indoor gymnasiums, 3,715; outdoor gymnasiums, 693,842. Three summer months total in gymnasiums and ball fields, exclusive of onlookers: Indoors, 10,656; outdoors, 1,505,197; nine months' totals: Indoors, 307,641; outdoors, 1,802,982. As to bathing, the June figures show a total of 92,650 in the gymnasium baths and 134,261 in the swimming pools; the July figures, 130,511 in the gymnasium baths and 228,389 in the swimming pools; the August figures, 188,853 in the gymnasium baths and 325,527 in the swimming pools—a total for the three months of more than a hundred thousand



THE BORLAND BUILDING.  
Chicago, Ill.  
Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge, Architects.

in excess of the million. In reading rooms, lunch rooms, assembly halls and club rooms during the three months the total attend-

ance was 364,773. Altogether, the counted active use, during June, July and August, of what may be called the social facilities of these twelve little parks, was about two million. Some of the most popular of the parks are only ten acres in extent, and the total area of the twelve is under four hundred acres. As the earliest of these statistics are seven months later than the latest given in the last annual report, it is clear that the parks have not suffered through ceasing to be a novelty. It should also be remembered that by the transfer of outdoor gymnasium and bathing attendance to the facilities offered indoors, and the greater winter use of assembly halls and club rooms, there need be



The "Children's Playhouse," Destroyed by the Earthquake.  
Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, Cal.



"THE PANORAMA," A CONCRETE STRUCTURE WRECKED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.  
Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, Cal.

no appreciable lessening of usefulness in winter as compared to summer. In fact, the figures of nine months show a total active attendance in these little parks of four and a half million. Thus is the experiment justifying itself.

#### **INJURY TO BUILDINGS IN GOLDEN GATE PARK**

An account of the damage wrought by the earthquake in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, is not only a sorrowful tale from the landscape artist's point of view—for that pleasure-ground represented a very notable conquest over discouraging natural conditions—but it recounts much archi-

tectural destruction. Incidentally, it shows to what degree the erection of buildings in the park had gone. The "Temple of Music," built of sandstone and variegated marbles and said to be the largest and costliest music stand in the world, will have to be nearly reconstructed. It was a gift from Claus Spreckels, and cost \$75,000. The "Children's Playhouse," which stood near, was almost totally wrecked. It was built of brick, concrete, granite and sandstone, and was a very substantial appearing building. On Strawberry Hill the "Panorama," a structure of reinforced concrete, is much worse off than is the Colliseum in Rome—which in its present state, judging from photographs, it considerably resembles. It



was built some ten years ago, at a cost of \$25,000, and like the music temple was a gift from a citizen. In front it was a little lake, with concrete sides and bottom. These were cracked so badly in the earthquake that all the water disappeared. The art museum, an Egyptian structure, was so shattered that for months it was closed to the public. The collections also suffered considerably. Over against these damages may be put, as illustrating the freakishness of earthquakes, the fact that the great cross presented by George W. Childs, the Goethe-Schiller memorial, the McKinley memorial, and the immense conservatory, were not injured at all. It should be said, as apology for the presence of so much pretentious construction, that Golden Gate Park was of that sumptuous type—like Central Park—that seems to be as truly demanded in the large and rich city as is the country park and the children's playground. It is not a type to be advocated carelessly; but it has its uses.

**IMPROVE-  
MENT  
OF  
ALBANY**

The City Engineer of Albany, Walter Melius, has completed plans and specifications for a river-front improvement that would be more than usually effective. Its realization would be not only a great thing for the citizens of Albany, but it would delight the eyes of the innumerable army of tourists to whom that city, with its dreary river front, is annually the transfer point to the Adirondacks, Saratoga, Lake George, the East and the West. We all know the "pier," or seeming island that lies close to the city, with its dilapidated and ancient warehouses. This, in the new plan, is swept clear of buildings; and State Street, with the capitol crowning its hill, is brought down to it, broad and straight. The street crosses the river margin, where are railroad tracks and heavy teaming, by a viaduct and then extends by a handsome concrete bridge out to the pier. This will be made—if the scheme is carried out—an esplanade, with pavilions, ornamental boat landings, etc. The plan is creditably worked out, with due attention to the practical details of prevention of flood and ice damage. But whether staid old Albany will show itself sufficiently alive to the civic spirit of the day to authorize the execution of the scheme is another question. There are not wanting signs, of which the mere making of the plan is one, that the city is awakening. And as one by one the other State

capitals—Harrisburg, Columbus, Providence, Columbia, Denver, St. Paul—are ordering their development in accordance with comprehensive and beautiful improvement plans, something of the sort must soon be demanded of Albany. The city has elements of singular picturesqueness, and in this waterside improvement, in the location and construction of the new State Library, and in the development of the Capitol Park, a good beginning could be made.

**PARK PLANS  
IN  
PROVIDENCE**

The second annual report of the Metropolitan Park Commissioners of Rhode Island, representing the district in and around Providence, has lately come from the press. It is a large volume, beautifully printed and profusely illustrated, and very convincing in its widely gathered argument. The completeness and thoroughness with which it has been prepared, need no comment for those who know the commission's secretary, Henry A. Barker; for the benefit of others it may be said that in addition to the previous extensive collection of photographs, the report mentions that in the year he has secured nearly 1,500 more, mainly taken by himself, so that there is a photographic record, reasonably complete, of all the lands considered. Furthermore, a series of thirty-six plans, generally on the scale of three hundred feet to the inch, has been prepared to show the contour of the land and the location of streets and buildings in the whole metropolitan district. As to finances, it is figured that the quarter million dollar bond issue, asked in the report for the purchase and improvement of lands, will cost the people at the outset—increased assessments must soon pay it all back, and almost certainly a large profit besides—2.95 cents apiece, which does not quite equal "the price of three striped sticks of candy." Furthermore, as the report points out, "the proceeds of the bonds used to buy land would to a great extent go to the people of the district, who, it is presumed, would re-invest it in other property, so that there would be nothing lost." Thus is the financial argument presented with directness and simplicity. The beauty of the country surrounding Providence, with the bay, the streams, the woods and hills, will lend itself singularly well to the creation of a system of beautiful parks and drives, and we may rejoice that there is to be another system planned on so large and generous a scale.



**MUNICIPAL  
ART  
IN  
SYRACUSE**

A letter from a citizen to the Syracuse Post Standard pictures what in the future—a sufficiently broad, vague term—will be the estate of municipal art in Syracuse. To be sure, the conjunction now seems antithetical; but the future is long and primrosy, and the citizen hopes much of municipal art in the United States as a whole. He surmises that in the good time coming “beauty will rise to the high place in governmental affairs, national, state and municipal, it held in ancient Greece and now holds in Japan, and will become one of the chief inspirations of governmental as well as of individual concern and expenditure.” About that time, Clinton Square, in Syracuse, relieved of canal and bridges, will be the location, he predicts, of many beautiful statues. Syracuse will one day, he promises, be as distinguished for its treasures of art as were Athens, Delphi, and other Greek centres of culture; and he calls for a beginning of the transformation by the erection of memorials now to the men and women who have made Syracuse what it is. All this would be passed over without much thought, except that the citizen who writes it is Dr. George F. Comfort—a dreamer, no doubt; but a dreamer whose dreams have been known to come true. This is witnessed by the recently established Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts, of which he is the director. A year ago the same square was seized upon by Mr. Robinson, in his series of articles on Syracuse Opportunities. He found it “quite unique” and affording fine possibilities for immediate attractive development, and he pointed out what this should be. Conditions have been improved a little since then; but it is still a striking chance that is unavailed of and one in which local architects would do well to interest themselves. It is again the very chance that was given, and beautifully grasped, in the mediaeval cities of Belgium.

**MEMORIALS  
IN  
PARKS**

Speaking of sculpture in the parks, there has arisen—naturally enough in itself; and yet, strangely, at direct variance with the happily increasing distrust of sculpture as an appropriate park ornament—a tendency to make cemeteries of the parks by putting memorials in them. If this went far enough, it would be a great deal worse

than art sculpture. But as yet it has been done warily, so that the protest needs to be rather against the tendency than against existing facts. Two illustrative items which come to hand together are the erection of a memorial bandstand in a park in Cleveland; and of a memorial bench in a park in Wilmington. The Cleveland memorial is to the man who originated open-air concerts in that city. The stand is thirty-five feet square. Its mosaic floor, which is at an elevation of five feet, is approached at each side by a flight of steps. A pier at each corner, two engaged and two detached Corinthian columns support the flat, balustraded roof. The superstructure is cypress wood painted white. Of the cost, \$1,000 was contributed by the city. The bench is in memory of a former and active park commissioner, and is of white Barre granite. It is located at a picturesque overlook, and its chaste and simple design is the work of Guy Lowell. When one thinks of it, it is strange that benches are not a more frequent form of memorial—if there must be memorials in parks. Except in the more pretentious guise of an exedra, one seldom finds the bench, and yet in what other shape does a memorial so invite to meditation?

**STUDIES IN  
ARCHI-  
TECTURE**

By  
**Reginald  
Blomfield,  
A. R. A.**

A book of essays on architectural subjects has become something of a rarity in English. This is due in part to the curious lack of intelligent interest evinced these days by even the educated laymen in the only really public art. But the layman is not the only individual responsible for this indifference. Those who do attempt from time to time to expound architecture in literary terms are extraordinary perverse in their treatment of the subject. One might believe they were sworn to reduce it to technicalities and de-vitalize it of all esthetic and personal interest. Architecture in their hands becomes a dry affair of dates, measurements and the morphological facts of construction. Up to a certain point this is all very well for the student, but the reader's interest drops by the way. The latter must be forgiven if he concludes that a discourse on architecture is about as entertaining as a book on mathematics. The result, as Mr. Blomfield says, has been that architecture, considered as an art, has dropped out of the main stream of educated thought, and has lost touch of that intelligent interest which is freely accorded

to the sister arts. It is partly at least in a spirit of protest against this condition that the present book of essays was undertaken. We cannot say the result is exactly "popular" reading, or reading in any sense for the uninitiated, but the chapters are most decidedly of a sort that will engage the interest of readers of this magazine. They are distinctly literary, and constitute one of the few eminently entertaining books on architecture that have appeared in recent years. The Macmillan Company are the publishers. The volume is well and sufficiently illustrated.

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**EVENING TECHNICAL COURSES AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY** Teaching of Columbia University announces a series of nine evening technical courses, which will be given at the University this winter, beginning November 26 and lasting twenty weeks. The courses are under the immediate direction of Professor Walter Rautenstrauch, of the Faculty of Applied Science, and are to be given by professors and instructors of the university and other persons especially qualified. Moderate fees (\$7.50 to \$15) are charged, and most of the courses are for two evenings a week. The courses are as follows:

Engineering Physics: As illustrated in the mechanical plants of modern buildings. (1) An elementary study of physics; (2) a practical study of steam and electrical machinery, heating, ventilating, water system, wiring, elevators, etc., included in the plant of Columbia University. For two classes of students—those wishing an introductory study of physics as preparation to advanced study in electricity, steam, etc., another winter; those desiring practical training for posi-

tions as superintendents of buildings, engineers, janitors, etc.

Elementary Mathematics.—Those parts of arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry used in technical work. Practice with engineering hand-books, tables, etc.

Drafting.—A beginner's course. Fits for positions as draftsmen, reading of drawings, etc.

Strength of Materials.—A lecture course for those who design or manufacture machinery or modern structures. With this course should be taken either the first or second of the two following courses in design.

Machine Design.—Advanced drafting, computations and designing for persons engaged in the design and manufacture of machinery.

Structural Design.—Advanced drafting, computations and designing for those who do structural work.

Electrical Engineering.—A course especially for those engaged in electrical work of any sort.

Steam Engineering.—A course for those engaged in the management of steam machinery of any sort.

Special Engineering Problems.—A study of any special elementary or advanced engineering problems desired by the student. Individual instruction will be arranged for such a period of time as the special problem may demand.

The courses will be given in the buildings of Teachers' College, Columbia University, at West One Hundred and Twentieth street and Broadway, which affords necessary lecture rooms, laboratories, drafting rooms, etc. A complete catalogue of these courses will be sent on request by addressing Evening Technical Courses, Extension Teaching, Columbia University. Personal information may be secured, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, between 7.30 and 9 o'clock, from Mr. Benjamin R. Andrews, Room 111, Teachers' College.