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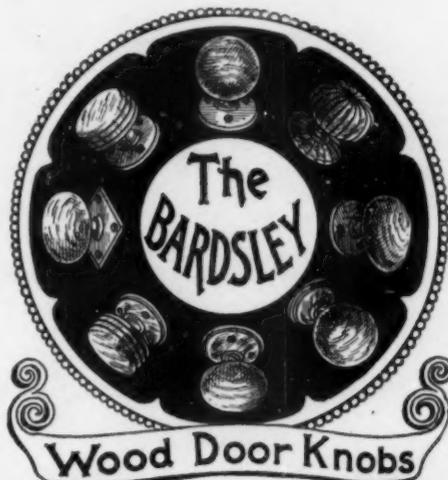
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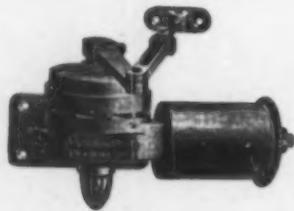
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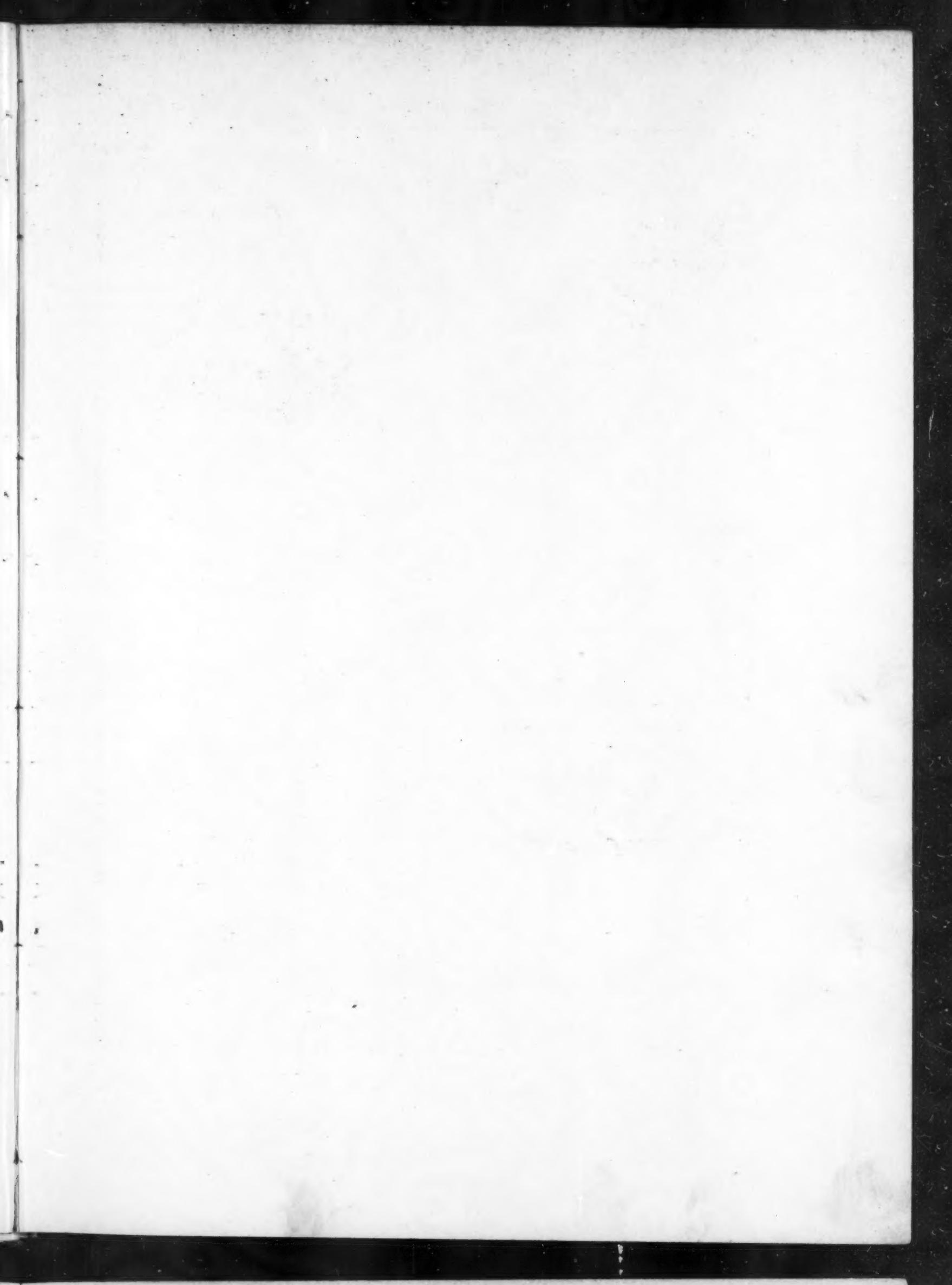


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THE LOTUS POOL OF KAMAKURA

House & Garden

Vol. II

MARCH, 1902

No. 3

JAPANESE TEMPLE GARDENS

IN the dim gardens of mouldering Buddhist temples, one may still find, as in the temples themselves, hints of the old Japan. The sacred tradition that has preserved the original forms of eighth century architecture through a long sequence of structures, built only to be consumed and again restored, has held as well in the surrounding gardens; and though nothing may remain of the ancient originals, save only the fantastic stones, far-sought and eagerly treasured, the curves of the walks are still the same, the placing of the shrubs and flowers and gnarled dwarf trees unchanged, and even the patterns traced in the silver sand are the patterns of long ago.

They are very fascinating, these temple gardens, and they have a character wonderful in its diversity. Sometimes they are nothing more than the necessary forecourts of minor temples; a terrace, a few steps, a lantern or two, a grinning stone dog, or benignant image of Jizō, "The Helper," and perhaps a crabbed tree or bush of scented box. Then they become solemn and ghostly graveyards, crowded with ranks of gray and moss-covered monuments of strangely beautiful shapes, leaning, all of them, from the jostling of endless earth-

quakes; the newer ones,—yes, and some of those hoary with antiquity,—blurred by the thin smoke of burning incense-sticks and fronted by sections of bamboo holding freshly cut flowers. Again they blossom into the full glory of the stately and hieratic garden, the domain of nature glorified by consummate art,

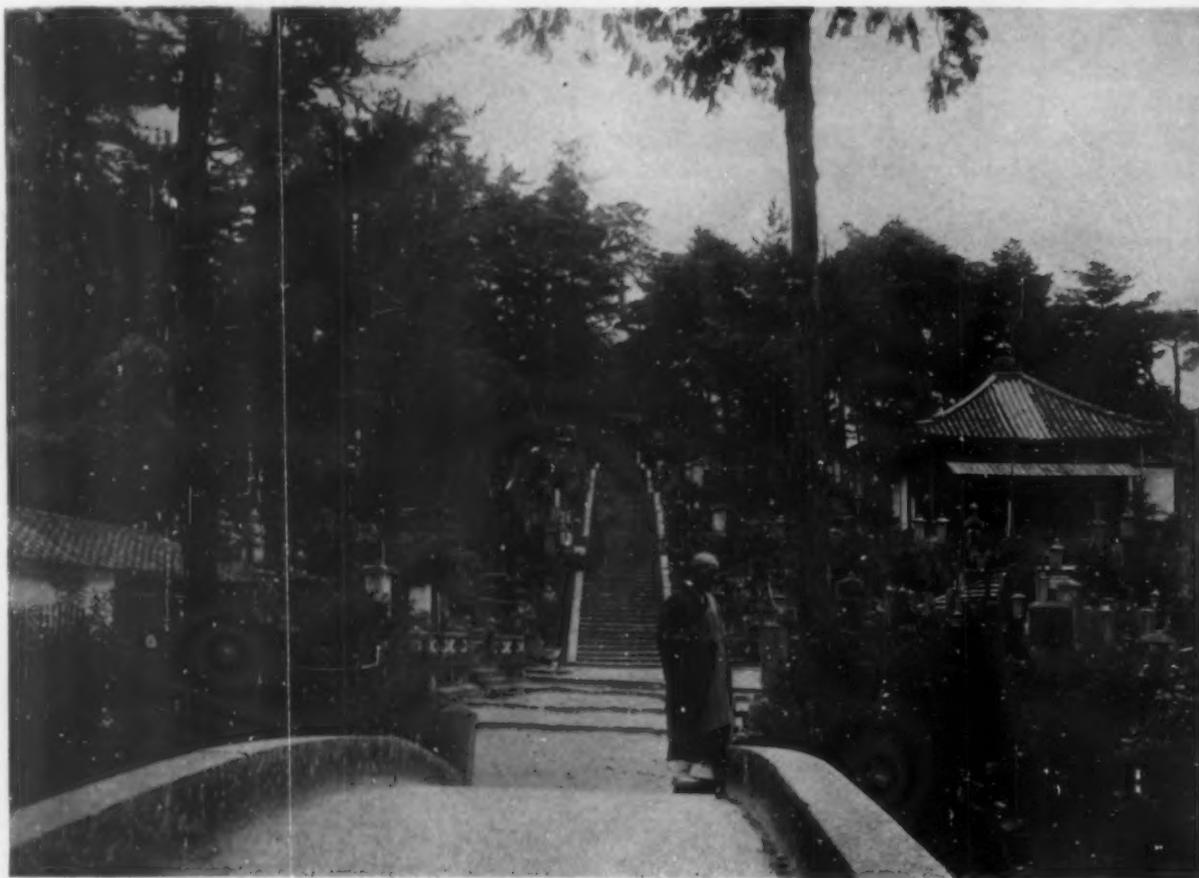
where rocks and sand and water, lotus, iris, peony, azalea and the royal fuji, box and maple, pine and cherry are all blended into one wonderful setting for the scarlet temple that flames in the midst, against its background of forest or serrated hill.

Yet whatever its estate, the temple garden is less a pleasance than a framework; it is, like every good



IN THE FOREST OF NARA

garden, a modulation from pure nature to pure art. In the old temple of Horenji at Shiogama, you may see how finely everything leads up to the lofty shrine; and the effect must have been finer yet when the temple was still Buddhist, and before the Shinto priests, who now control it, raised the rather clumsy torii at the foot of the dizzy flight of steps. Again at Nara, rocks, box, lotus, palm and pine are all placed just where they will do most honour to the temple itself, and together with this, compose into the picture that is perfect and complete.



KURODANI GRAVES

KYŌTŌ

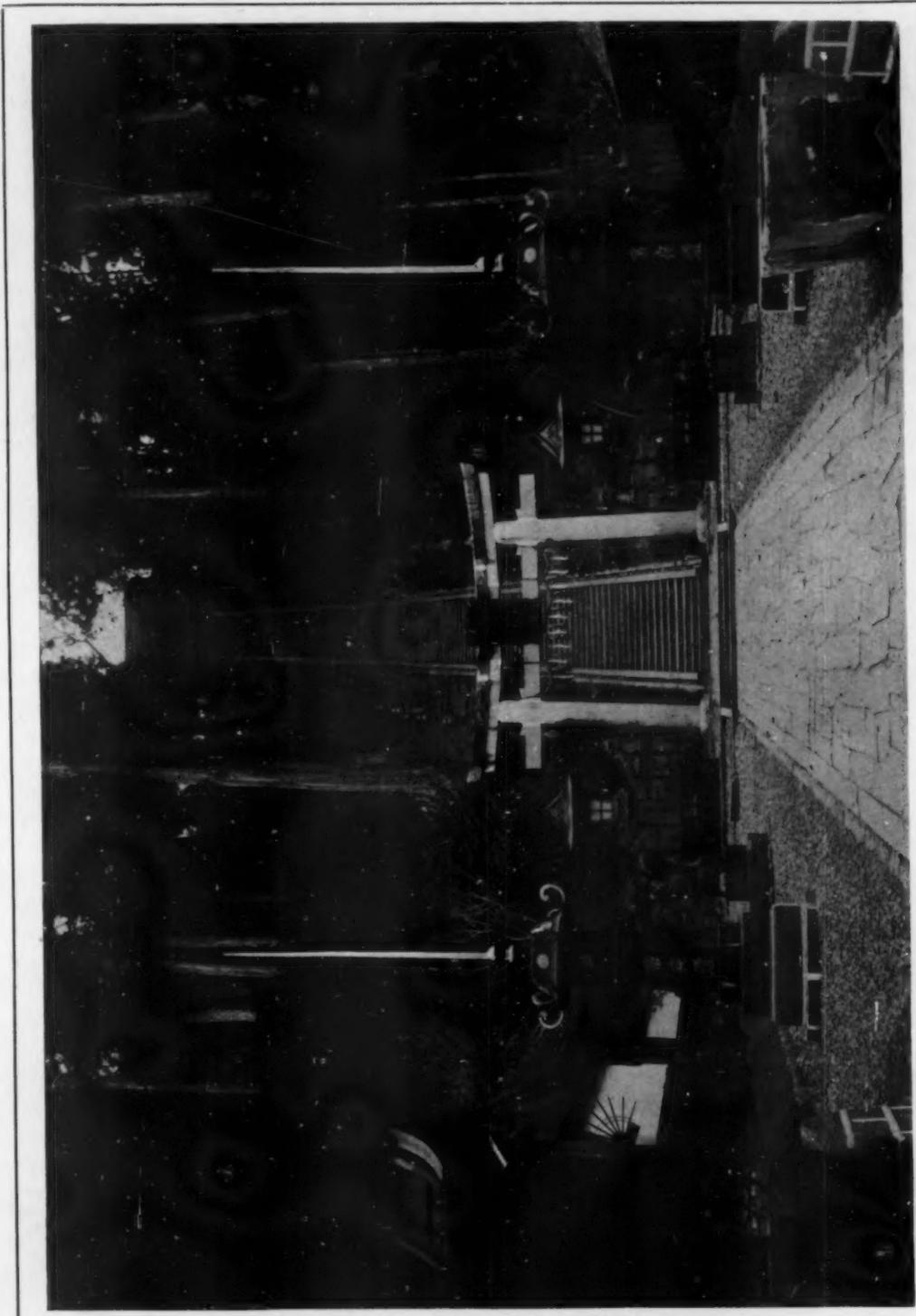
A picture always, you must note: line, texture, form and colour, all are duly and delicately considered, and a space of garden is composed with all the laborious study that goes to the making of a screen or *kakimono*. How perfectly the whole thing composes in the Narita steps, the curve of the bridge, the sharp angle of the steps, the convolutions of volcanic rock, the clean cleavages of the slate chased with exquisite ideographs; and in colour, silver-gray slate stones and lichened granite, green bronze and the deeper green of cryptomeria leaves. Or



STEPS AT NARITA

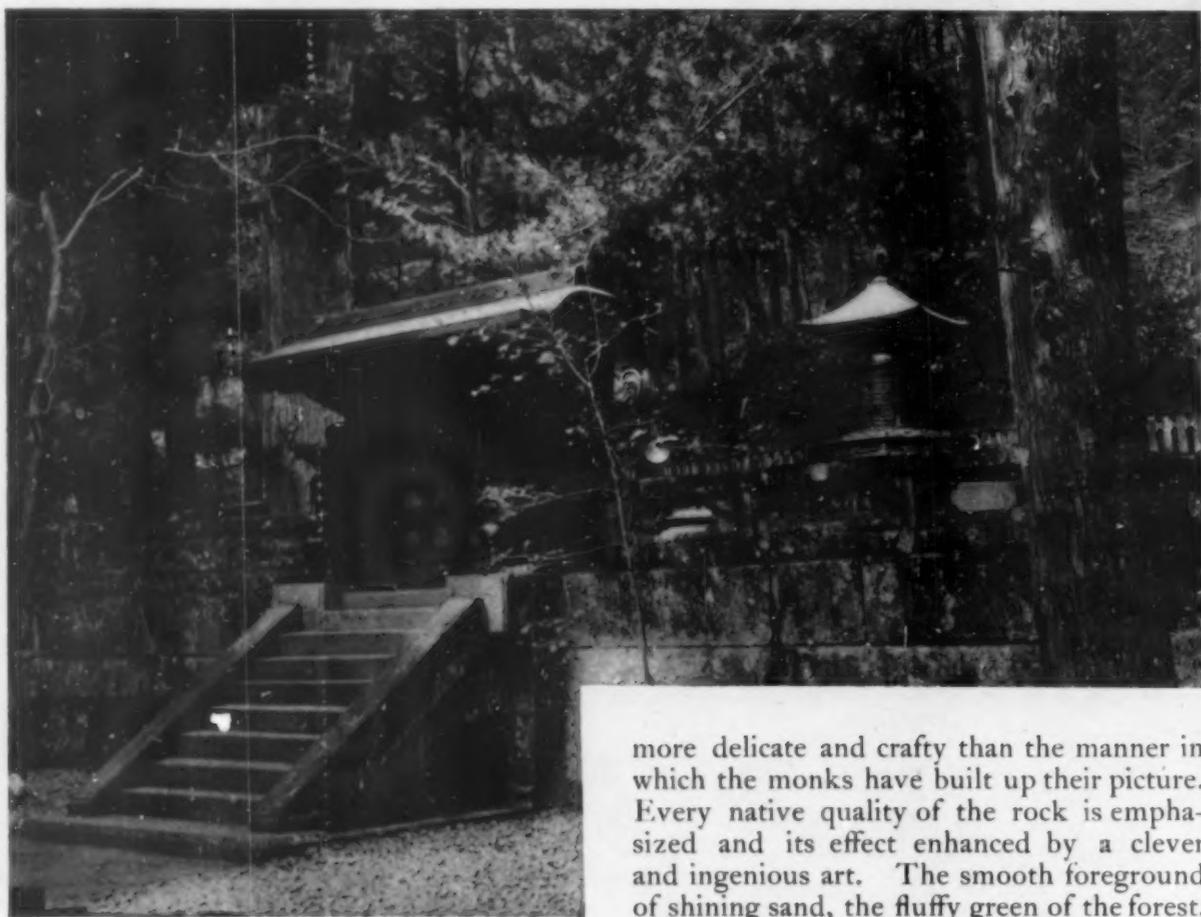
again at the shrines of Uyeno, consider how wisely the garden itself is reduced to the simplest forms, gravel and flat stones and a few big bronze lanterns. Here the cherry trees are supreme and they are given full sway: flowers and shrubs are banished, for they are unnecessary. The great trees do their full work: yet this is good gardening, and quite as legitimate as would be the case were all the flowers of the earth brought into requisition.

A Japanese gardener can work with anything—or almost nothing. There is a legend of a



PROVINCE OF RIKUZEN

AT SHIOGAMA



THE TOMB OF IYEFASU, NIKKŌ

royal garden, built long ago by a man who gave ten years of his life and half the wealth of a great *daimyo* to the task, a garden that appealed to every varying emotion of the soul, that worked its will like a great symphony, where only one of the products of the earth was employed, and that was simply and only—rocks. Even now these are sought carefully from every province, and some curious or beautiful specimen is hoarded like a jewel. How valuable, indeed how quite indispensable these may be, can be seen, though imperfectly, from almost any of the illustrations of this article, particularly from those of Ishi-yama-dera. The name of this ancient temple on Lake Biwa means simply, "The Temple of the Rocky Mountain" for there is a curious outcropping here of black and contorted basalt, and every crag has been used as part of a scheme of gardening.

It would be hard to imagine anything

more delicate and crafty than the manner in which the monks have built up their picture. Every native quality of the rock is emphasized and its effect enhanced by a clever and ingenious art. The smooth foreground of shining sand, the fluffy green of the forest, the soft verdure of delicate shrubs sprouting from rocky crevices, the smooth velvet of *hinoki* thatch and weathered wood, the clean angles of chiselled stone, all these things are handled like the colours of a painter's palette; they are placed with discretion, fused



THE GARDEN OF KŌSHŌJI



LOTUS, PALM AND PINE

and blended, and finally composed into a perfectly united whole.

Almost every temple garden has a peculiar quality, some one feature that is dominant and sets the keynote, as it were. Here at Ishiyama, it is volcanic rock; at Uyeno, it is the cherry; at Kamakura, the lotus; at Nara, the purple fuji; at Nikkō, druidic cryptomeria guard the shrines of the dead Shoguns. At the Nishi Hongwanji in Kōyō again, water seems almost to play the principal part, while at the gardens of the Ginkakuji it is white sand wrought into mounds and delicate pavement patterns. Here is "the platform of sil-

ver sand," and beyond it, "the mound that looks toward the moon," consecrated by the lordly Yoshimasa and still heaped as for the great Shogun's enthronement, though four centuries and more have passed since "he became one with the gods."

Whatever the keynote it holds throughout the composition, as at Shiogama, the tall gray masts of the cryptomeria are echoed and emphasized by the vanishing lines of the enormous steps, the slim verticals of the white staffs and the uprights of the granite torii. Shinto is a barbarous anachronism, it is to Buddhism about what Mormonism is to Christianity, but it



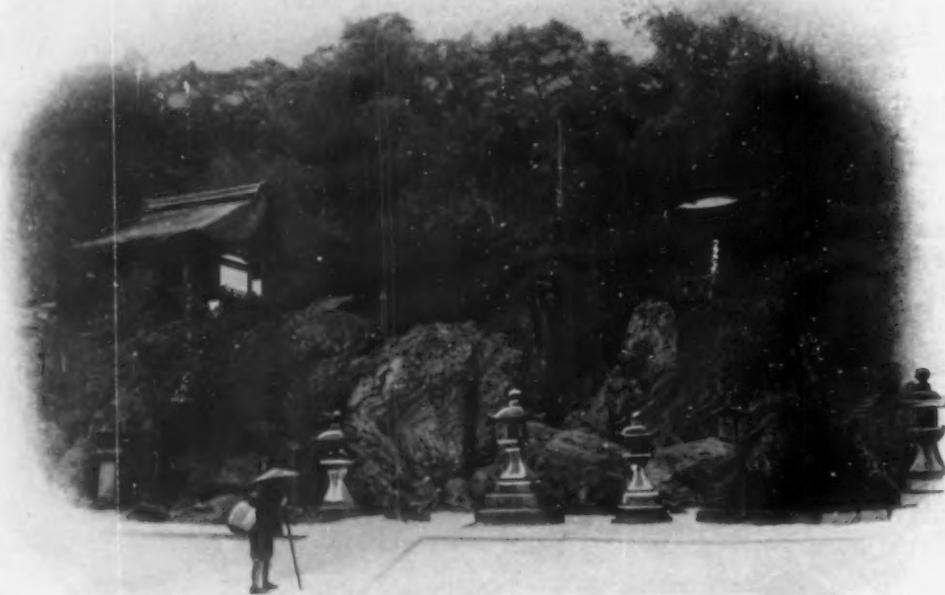
A LITTLE FORECOURT



THE SHRINES OF UYENO

produced one triumph of art, this same consummate form of the torii. It is the noblest and simplest gateway ever devised and it adds a crowning touch to many a temple garden,

though it is the sign of religious and philosophical retrogression. When scores of these vermilion torii are grouped together over gray stone steps, in the midst of bronze-



THE GARDENS OF ISHI-YAMA



THE TEMPLE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN

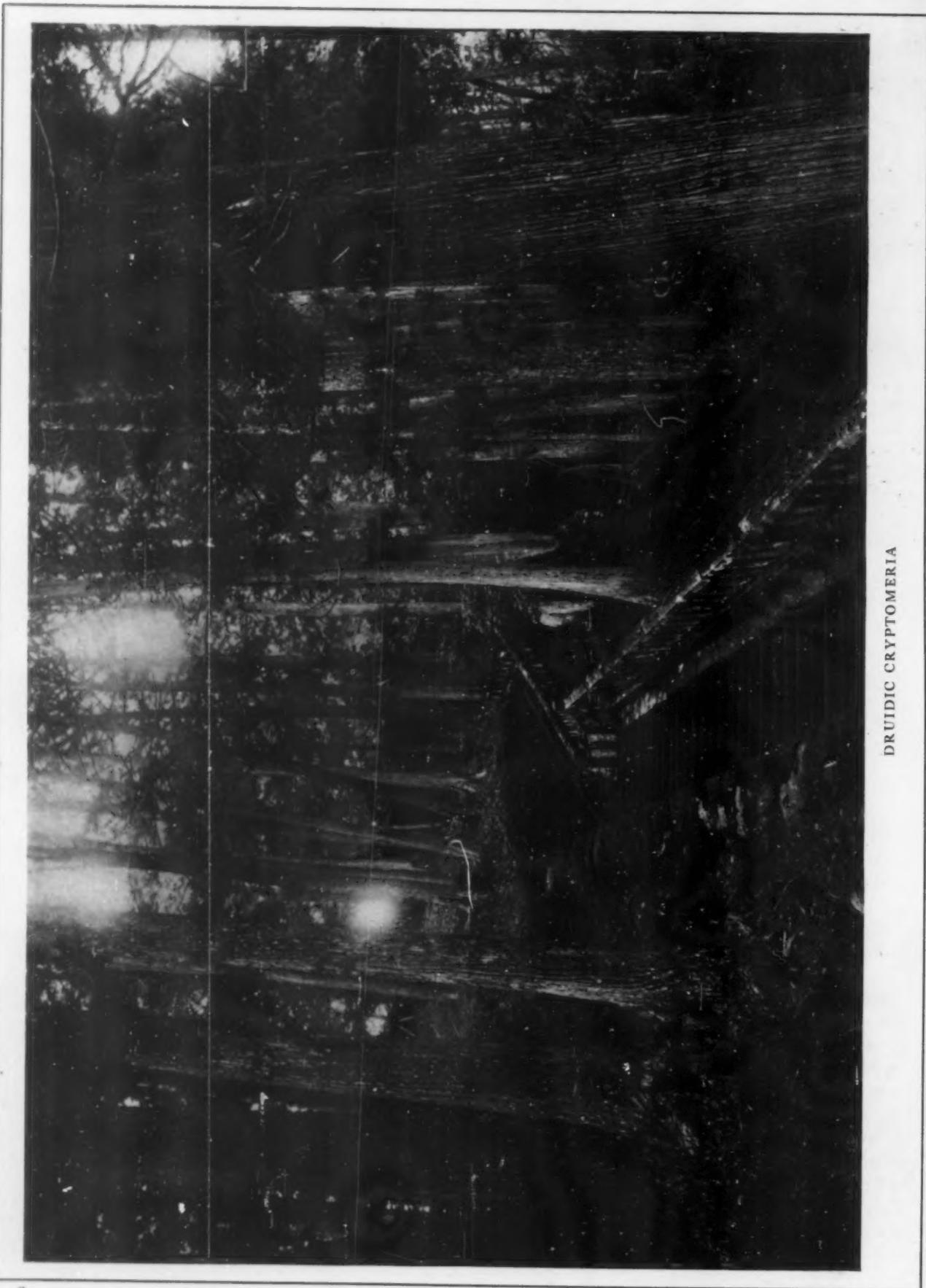
green cryptomeria, the effect is one of splendid colour hardly to be matched elsewhere.

It is not around the great and famous temples that one finds the most alluring gardens, but in out-of-the-way spots, in forgotten valleys where foreign feet have seldom trod. Across the river from Uji I found one such garden in a hill temple I had never heard named before,—Kōshōji. There is a river road up to where the tumbling Ujigawa bursts through a cleft in the hills; and



IN THE MITO GARDEN, TŌKYŌ

following this, one suddenly comes upon a long straight path, cut through dense black trees, rising steeply from the river, and closed at the summit by a gleaming white Korean gateway. As one approaches, nothing is visible but this same gate with its arched opening in the white plastered base, surmounted by the intricate bracketing of its curved roof. Long, plastered walls reach away on either hand, and above, rise low curving roofs of gray-green tile; and



DRUIDIC CRYPTOMERIA



IN A GARDEN

AT KŌBE

in April, as when I saw it, a great cloud of pink vapour poised over all, the amazing blossoming of an ancient cherry.

One comes out from under the white arch with a sudden catching of the breath. It is not a large temple, indeed it is hardly more than a toy, one of those still little monasteries asleep in a forgotten eddy of the turbulent river of "progress;" but it is the more charming for all that. The Nishi and Higashi Hongwanji temples of Kyōto, the almost terrifying monster belonging to



AT THE NISHI HONGWANJI, KYŌTŌ

the latter sect in Nagoya, the complex and amazingly elaborate Obaku-san, just a little way down the river, these vast and noble structures crush one with the very majesty of their noble architecture, but for charm and fascination and keen appeal, one must search out tiny sanctuaries like this of Kōshōji.

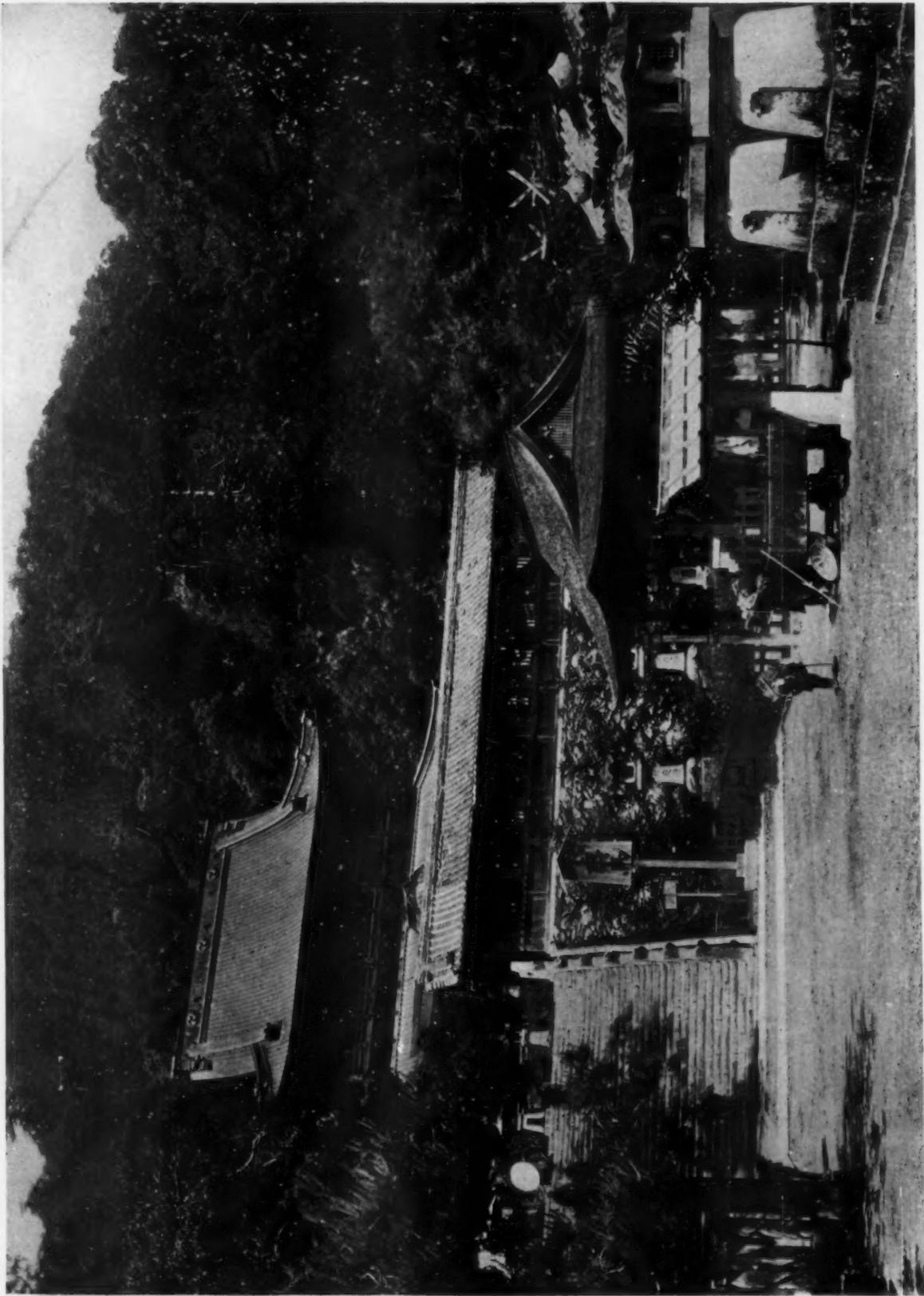
One enters first a little forecourt surrounded by buildings on three sides, the fourth being filled by the wall and gateway. The *hondō* or preaching hall is in front; a low, simple building on the left is the



VERMILION TORII

residence ; on the right, the library and the bell cage. All the buildings are raised on low stone-walled terraces ; there are few flowers, and the gardening is made up almost wholly

of box and white sand. Of course there is the great pink tree, but its glory lasts for a short ten days in the spring, and for the rest of the year, the scented box is supreme.



KOTOHIRA TEMPLE, SANUKI





IN A MONASTERY GARDEN, KYŌTŌ

Nothing could be finer than these great rounded masses of bronze green: they rise from the white sand like tropical islands from a phosphorescent sea, and their clean-cut



A LITTLE GRAVEYARD AT NAGOYA

contours come crisp and fine against the pearly plaster of the convent walls.

In this forecourt all is trim and formal, but if you pass through a little gate in the



A GARDEN BRIDGE IN TŌKYŌ



A KOREAN GATEWAY

Japanese Temple Gardens

farther left-hand corner, you come upon a very different scene. Here everything is wildly picturesque, though still on a tiny scale. The monastic buildings wander off at all angles until they are brought up standing, against the wall of a beetling hill from which the trees lean down, thrusting their twisted branches out over the tiled roofs with their long keen curves. From under the very temple, it seems, springs a minute mountain torrent, threading its way through the midst of the garden at the bottom of a Lilliputian crevasse.

Toy stone bridges are flung across it, little trees, twisted into most impossible curves and angles, jut from its banks, velvety box runs along the mossy stone embankment, and strange little wild flowers seek the edge of the water. There are bronze lanterns and vases also, and on the farther side, the moss-blackened grave-stones begin and lead one away over the flat stepping stones to the hill base, then up the slope where the whole forest is full of similar memorials of the dead.

This Kōshōji is full of some kind of enchantment; once there one would never leave. We had heard each evening down at our inn at Uji (our inn that was built far back in the days of Hydeoshi) the velvety boom of some enormous bell, a sound that seemed to draw

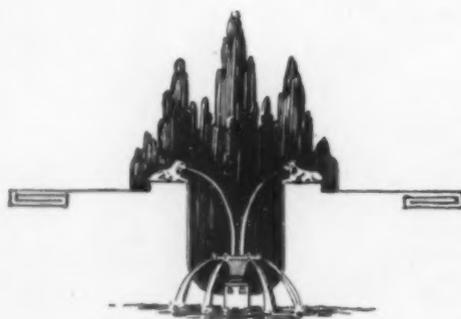
one irresistibly, to rise up in the still night and search for its source under the great pale moon. In Kōshōji we found the bell, and much more; a little oasis in the desert of steam trams, and beer, and liberal politics, and we wanted to stay there forever. The old Japan has this charm, and I think this same charm concentrates itself, and

becomes really quite irresistible, in the form of a scented temple garden in some forgotten monastery, where the odour of incense mingles with that of box, where the patterned sand retains the lines of a thousand years ago, where tonsured bonzes in yellow robes move silently through the shed petals of a pink cherry, and a thunderous bell gives tongue at the rising of the moon.

Ralph Adams Cram.



AT NARA



POLARITY IN NATURE AND ART.¹

HELMHOLTZ says, "No doubt is now entertained that beauty is subject to laws and rules dependent on the nature of human intelligence. The difficulty consists in the fact that these laws and rules, on whose fulfilment beauty depends, are not consciously present in the mind of the artist who creates the work, or of the observer who contemplates it." The aim of the present author is to set forth a few of these laws of beauty in the belief that a better knowledge on the part of the artist concerning that "Beautiful Necessity" whose instrument he is (and which is equally his instrument), may enable him to approach nearer to that ideal beauty

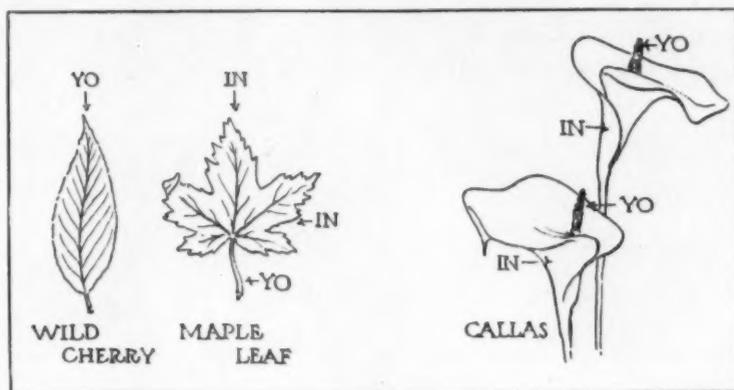
which is the end of every artist's quest: and that such knowledge on the part of the observer may quicken his interest in and appreciation of every kind of esthetic endeavor.

The first law of beauty, alike in nature and in art, is that of polarity. All things have sex,—are either masculine or feminine. This is a truth so fertile that one might almost say of it, in the language of Oriental imagery, "If you were to tell this to a dry stick, branches would grow, and leaves sprout from it." In the words of Emerson, "Balance-loving Nature made all things in pairs." In the language of mysticism, "Brahma, that the world might be born, fell asunder into man and wife." Using the terminology of science, "Polarity, or the sundering of a force into two quantitatively different and opposed activities striving after reunion, which also shows itself for the most part in space as a dispersion in opposite directions, is a fundamental type of almost all phenomena of nature, from the magnet and crystal to man himself."

Of these two activities the world is filled with symbols. They are typified in sun and

moon, in fire and water,—man and woman. They are action and reaction, the positive and the negative magnetic poles,—power and weight. In music they are the major and the minor modes: the typical, or representative chords of the tonic and the dominant seventh,—a consonance and a dissonance, a chord of satisfaction preceded by a chord of suspense. In painting and the arts of design they are lines vertical and horizontal, straight and curved: masses light and dark. They are the cold colors, which have their

pole in blue (the color of water) which calms: and the warm colors, which have their pole in red (the color of fire) which excites. In speech they are consonant and vowel sounds, the type of the first



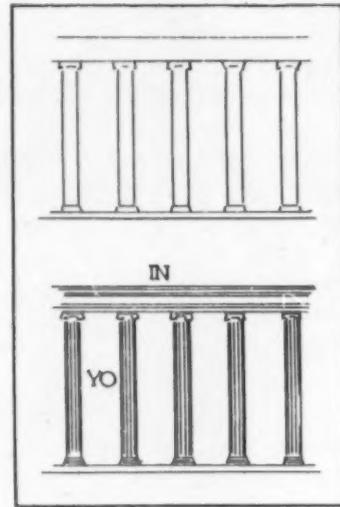
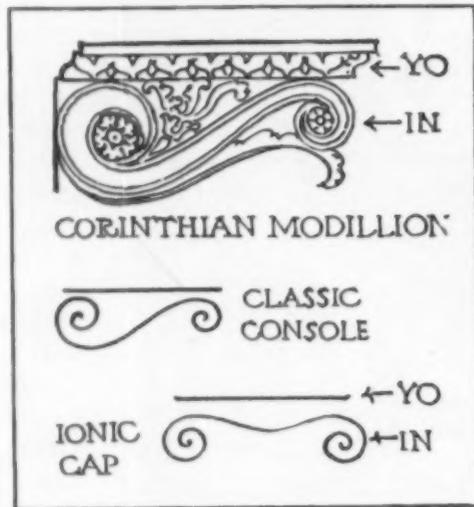
being *m*, a sound of satisfaction made with the mouth closed, and of the second *a*, a sound of suspense made with the mouth open. In architecture they are support and weight: the vertical member, which resists the force of gravity, and the horizontal member which succumbs to it.

A close interrelation is discovered to subsist between the corresponding members of such pairs of opposites, since they are all only symbols and semblances of that unknown reality which forever hides itself behind phenomena—that great hermaphroditic being which is the world, its two sexes being repeated in every great and every minute thing. In whatever form the two occur they exhibit certain constant characteristics which distinguish one from the other; those which are allied to and partake of the nature of time being masculine: and those which are allied to and partake of the nature of space being feminine,—such as motion and matter, mind and body, etc.

¹ The third of Mr. Bragdon's series of articles entitled:—"The Beautiful Necessity: being Essays upon Architectural Esthetics," begun in the January number of HOUSE AND GARDEN.

The English words, masculine and feminine, are too intimately associated with the idea of physical sex to properly designate the terms of this polarity. In Japanese philosophy and art the two are called *In* and *Yo* (*In*, feminine; *Yo*, masculine). These little words, being free from the partial and limited

vertical reeds which so often grow in still, shallow water have their complementary in the curved lily-pads which lie horizontally upon its surface. Trees such as the pine and hemlock, which are *excurrent*,—those in which the branches start successively from a straight and vertical central stem,—are *Yo*.

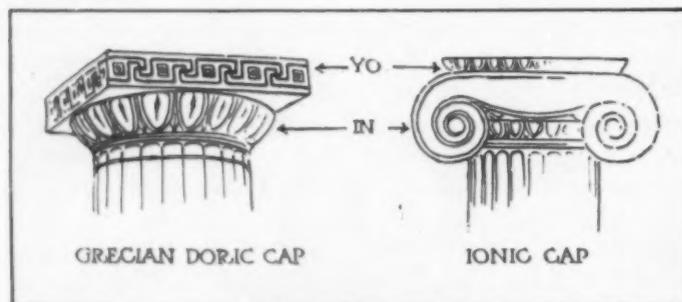


meanings of their English correlatives, will be found convenient, *Yo* to designate that which is simple, direct, primary, active, positive; and *In* that which is complex, indirect, derivative, passive, negative. Things hard, straight, fixed, vertical are *Yo*; things soft, curved, horizontal, fluctuating are *In*.

Nowhere are the two more simply and adequately imaged than in the vegetable kingdom. The trunk of a tree is *Yo*, its foliage *In*; and in each stem and leaf they are repeated. A calla, consisting of a single straight and rigid spadix embraced by a soft and tenderly curved spathe, affords a perfect expression of the characteristic differences between *Yo* and *In* and their reciprocal relation to each other. The two are not often combined in such simplicity and perfection in a single form. The straight and

Trees such as the elm and willow, which are *deliquescent*,—those in which the trunk splits up simultaneously as it were into branches,—are *In*. All tree forms lie in or between these two extremes, and leaves are susceptible of a similar classification.

The beauty of any architectural form depends not alone upon the perfection with which it expresses its peculiar nature and function, but upon the perfection with which it expresses this universal nature as well. It is



easy to show in what manner many admirable architectural forms have been developed simply through necessity, and that every increase in their fitness marked a corresponding increase in their beauty; but there remain many others whose undying charm cannot be accounted for in any such manner. The

secret of it lies somewhat in the fact that in them *Yo* and *In* stand symbolized and contrasted. Indeed, in rendering such forms, sexually expressive as it were, the construction itself is sometimes weakened or falsified.

The familiar classic console or modillion is an example. Although in general contour it is well adapted to its function as a supporting bracket embedded in and projecting from a wall, yet the scroll-like ornament with which its sides are embellished gives it the appearance of not entering the wall at all, but of being stuck against it in some miraculous manner. This defect in functional expressiveness is more than

compensated by the perfection with which feminine and masculine characteristics are expressed and contrasted in the exquisite double spiral opposed to the simple straight lines of the moulding which it subtends. By fluting the shaft of a column its area of cross-section is diminished, but it appears stronger because its masculine character as a supporting member is emphasized.

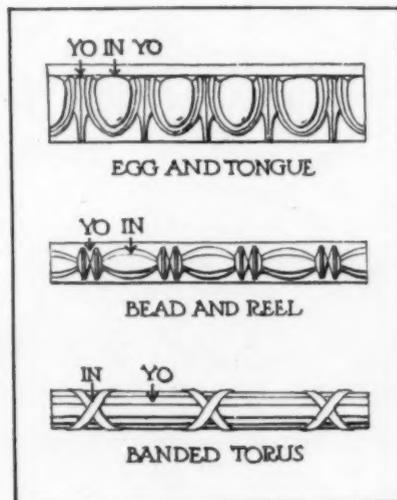
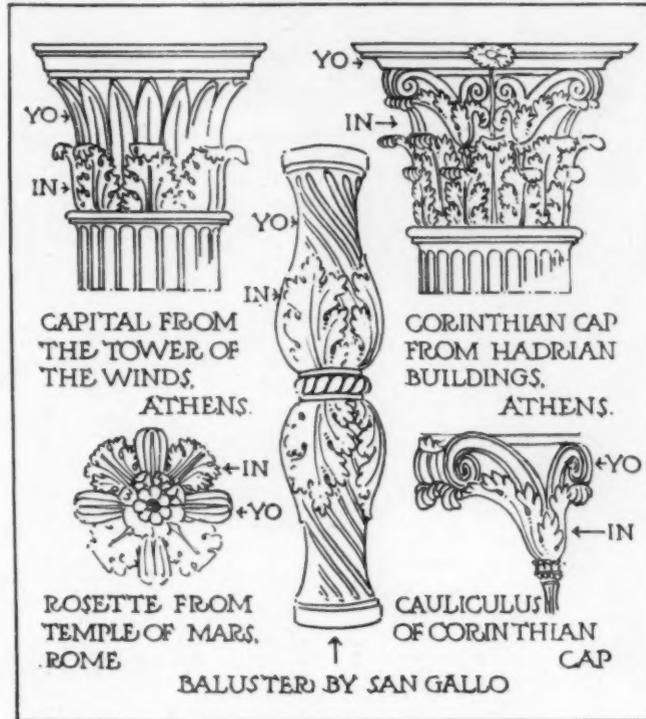
The importance of the so-called "orders" lies in the fact that they are architecture epitomized. A building consists usually of walls upholding a roof,—support and weight. The type of the first is the column, for it may be conceived of as a condensed section of wall;

and of the second, the lintel, which may be conceived of as a condensed section of roof. The column, being vertical is *Yo*, the lintel being horizontal is *In*. To mark an entablature with horizontal lines in the form of

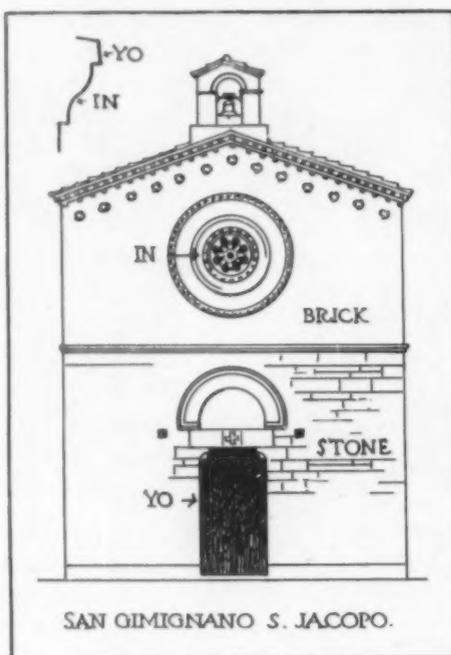
mouldings, and the columns with vertical lines or flutes is a gain in functional and sex expressiveness, and consequently in art.

The column is again divided into the shaft, which is *Yo* in relation to the capital which is *In*; and the capital is itself twofold, consisting of a curved member and an angular member. In the echinus (*In*) and the abacus (*Yo*) of a Grecian Doric cap, these appear in their utmost simplicity. The

former was adorned with painted leaf forms, characteristically feminine, and the latter with the angular fret and meander. The Ionic capital, belonging to a more feminine style, exhibits the abacus subordinated to that curious and beautiful cushioned-shaped member with its two spirally marked volutes. This, though less fitted for the position which it occupies and for the office which it performs than is the echinus of the Doric cap, is a far more perfect, and for that reason more beautiful, expression of the feminine element in nature. There is an essential identity between the Ionic cap and the classic console before referred to, although

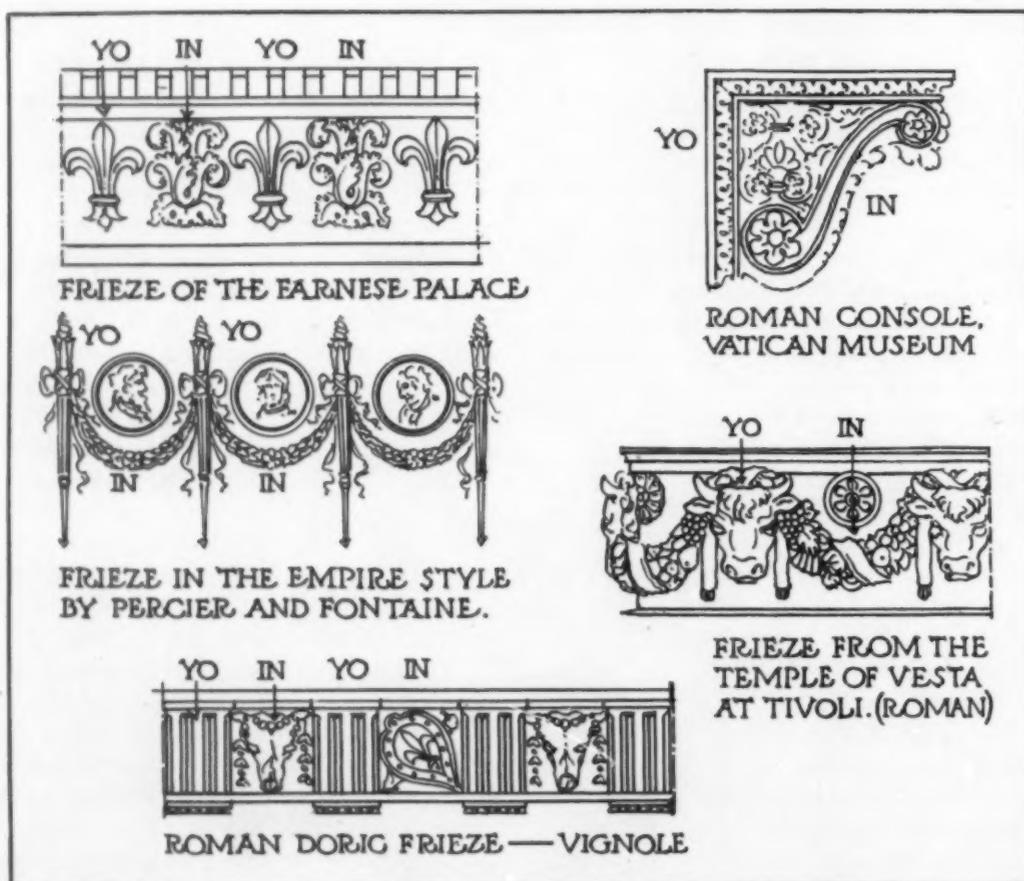


superficially the two do not resemble each other. A straight line and a double spiral are elements common to both. The Corinthian capital consists of an ordered mass of delicately sculptured leaf and scroll forms sustaining an abacus which, though relatively masculine, is yet more curved and feminine than that of any other style. In the caulicole of a Corinthian cap *In* and *Yo* are again contrasted. In the unique and exquisite example from the Tower of the Winds at Athens the two are well suggested



in the simple, erect and pointed leaf-forms of the upper half, contrasted with the complex, drooping and rounded ones from which they spring. The identity in principle between this and the Renaissance baluster by San Gallo will be noted.

This law of sex expressiveness is of such universality that it can be made the basis of an analysis of the architectural ornament of any style or period. It is more than mere contrast. The familiar egg and tongue motif, which has persisted throughout so





THE FAÇADE OF TOURS



THE FAÇADE OF NOTRE-DAME

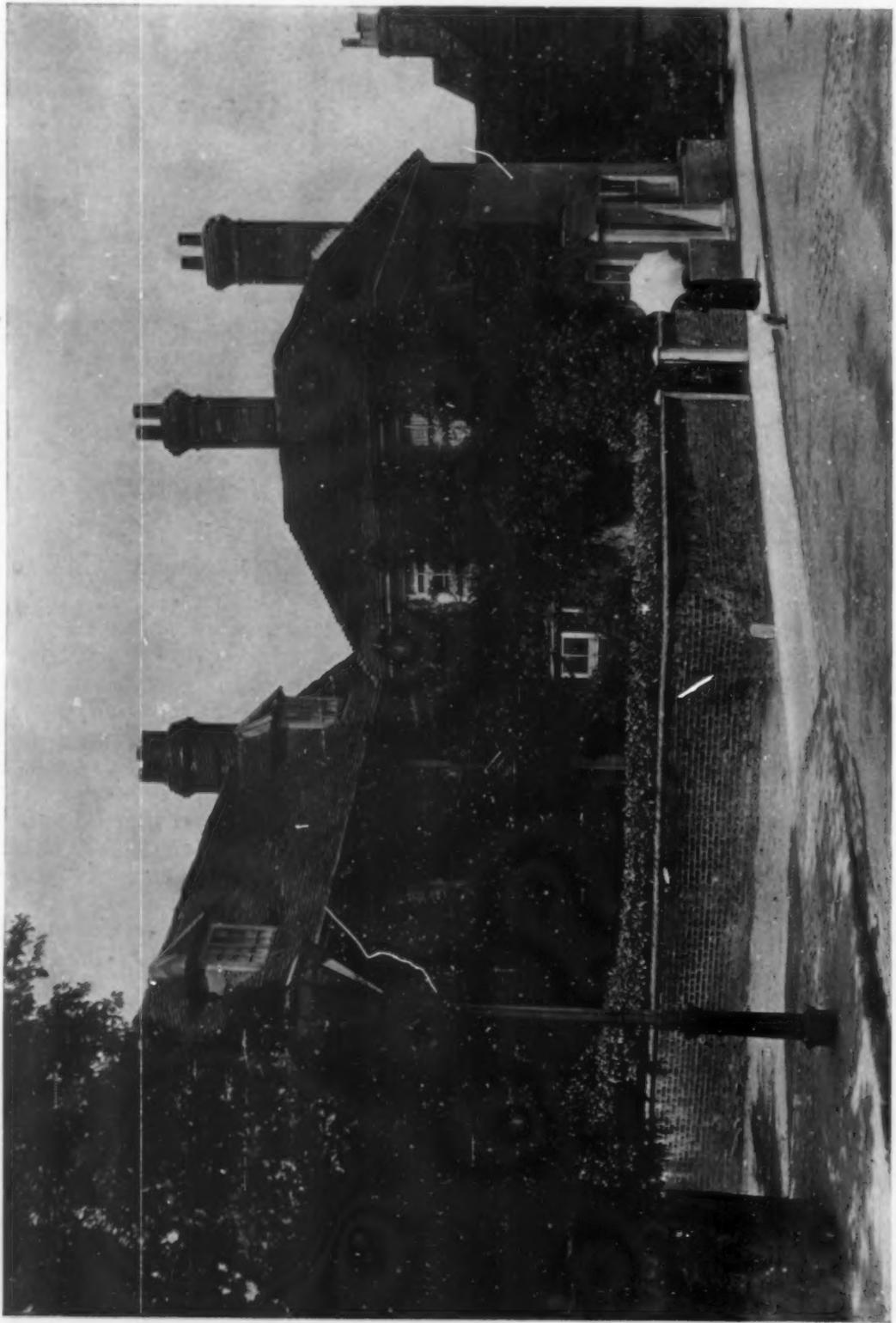
many centuries and survived so many styles, exhibits an alternation of forms resembling phallic emblems. Masculine and feminine are well suggested in the triglyphs and metopes of a Doric frieze, in the torches and festoons of the style of the First Empire, in the banded torus and other familiar ornamented mouldings.

There is evidence to indicate that during the development of Gothic architecture in France this sex distinction became a recognized principle, moulding and modifying the design of a cathedral in much the same way that sex modifies bodily structure. The north, or right-hand tower ("the man's side") was called the sacred male pillar, Jachin; and the south, or left-hand tower ("the woman's side") the sacred female pillar, Boaz,—from the two pillars flanking the gate to Solomon's Temple. In only a few of the French cathedrals is this distinction clearly and consistently maintained. Tours forms perhaps the most remarkable example; for in its flamboyant façade, over and above the difference in the breadth and sturdiness of the two towers, there is an un-

mistakable distinction between them in the character of the ornamentation, that of the north tower being in comparison with the south, more salient, harsh and angular. In the cathedral of Notre-Dame the north or masculine tower is also perceptibly broader than the south, or feminine. The only other important difference between them appears to be the angular label-moulding above the north entrance. Whatever may have been its original significance or function it serves to define the tower sexually as effectively as does the beard on a man's face.

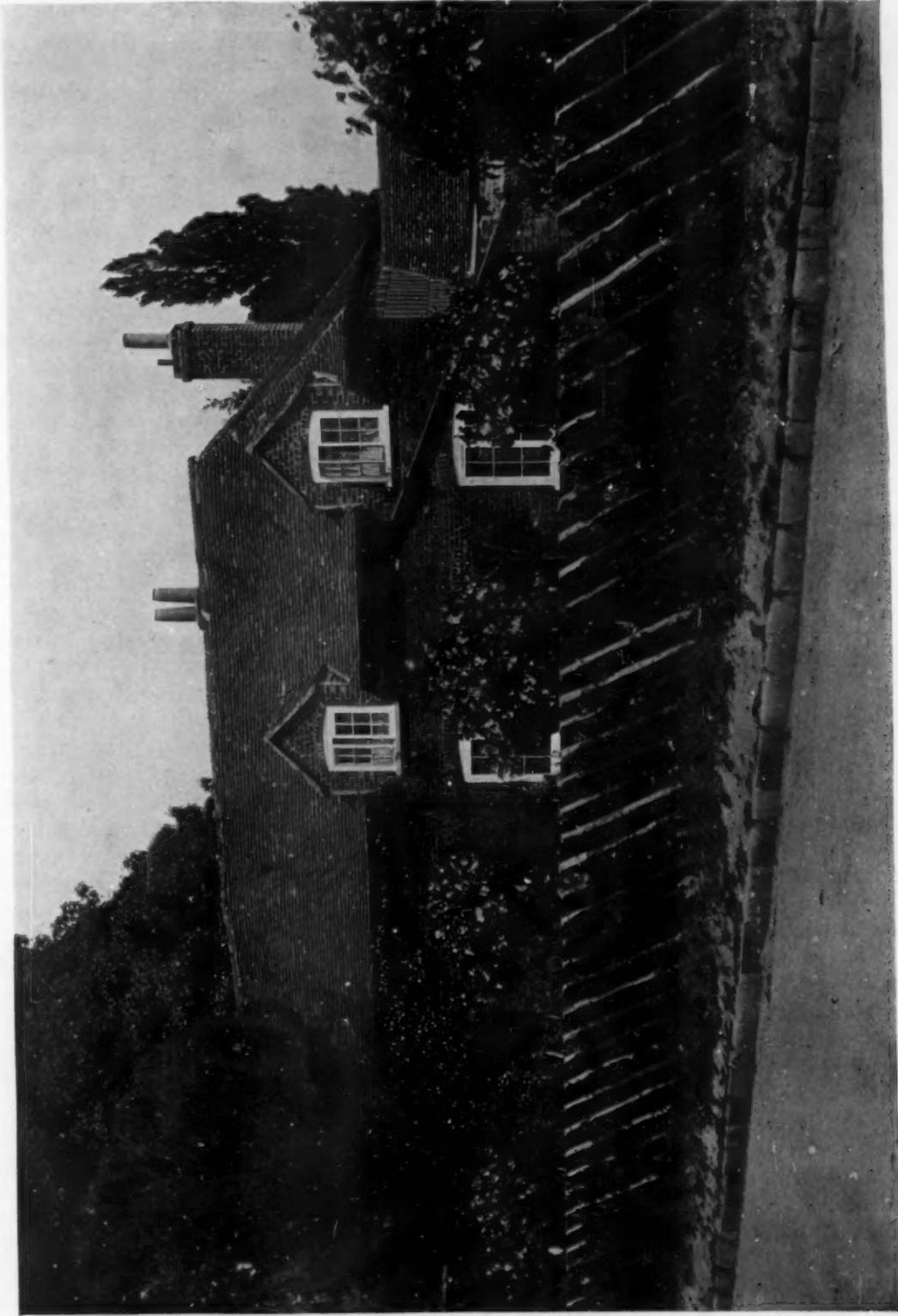
By recognizing this law of polarity in its application to architecture as something more significant than mere opposition and contrast; by a constant effort to discriminate between *In* and *Yo* in their myriad manifestations; and by attempting to express their qualities in new forms of beauty, from the disposition of a façade to the shaping of a moulding, the architectural designer will charge his work with that esoteric significance, that excess of beauty, which constitutes architecture a fine, a pure, a representative art.

Claude Bragdon.



KENT

HOUSE AT SEVEN OAKS



ENGLAND

HOUSE NEAR WINCHESTER

THE RELATION OF MURAL
PAINTING TO ARCHITECTURE.

THERE are two ways of considering the relation of mural painting to architecture. We may consider what are the properest parts of a building to be devoted to mural painting, or what kind of mural painting is best adapted to the decoration of various parts of a building. In its widest scope the term "mural painting" may be said to include all application of paint,—even all application of color,—to architecture; and from this point of view there is almost no limit to the proper use of the art. If we put aside the use of colored marbles or other rich material (though mosaic and tapestry will still remain branches of painting) and confine ourselves to the application of paint alone, and if we include everything from the coloring of architectural members and the flat tinting of walls up to the complete picture used as a central feature of decoration, it is plain that the parts of a building to be devoted to mural painting may be all parts where the architect has not placed something else which excludes it. The tinting of walls, and even the painting of pure ornament, however, is seldom confided to a painter, properly so-called. It is done by firms of decorators under the supervision of the architect. Even the completely realized human figure may be so placed upon a wall, without background or suggestion of retreating planes, as to be little more than ornament. For this the painter is called in, but more than this is generally expected. The painting which, however flat in its treatment, does yet suggest spatial arrangement, which places the human figure in its surroundings and includes landscape and buildings in its possible subject matter,—this is the kind of painting which is desired when an eminent painter is engaged, the kind of painting the proper placing of which is of importance, and the kind of painting for which improper or inadequate places are frequently provided.

The consideration of the proper placing of approximately complete painting as decoration may be considered from two points of view: that of the architect, which is the point of view of architectural appropriateness; and that of the painter, which is mainly the point

of view of visibility. I think we shall find the key to the proper placing of such decoration from the architectural point of view in the fact that, architecturally considered, such pictorial decorations—paintings which suggest spatial arrangement, which have foreground and background, and which place the figure or other principal subject in its surroundings—are *simulated penetrations*. They are such by their very nature, no matter how carefully the painter may avoid any approach to actual deception, no matter how conventional may be his treatment. Such paintings at once suggest, no matter how remotely, an opening through which the picture is seen; and the test of good placing, from the architectural point of view, is the question: is this a place where a penetration might reasonably occur without destroying structure and architectural coherence? From the painter's point of view the question is even simpler. Pictures are made to be looked at. They should therefore be visible; and visibility depends on three elements: position, distance and lighting. The test of good placing of pictorial decoration, from the painter's point of view, are the questions: is this a position in which painting can be looked at with comfort; is it within a distance from the spectator where the qualities of painting can be seen; and is it so lighted as to be really seen at all? With these two tests I wish to examine the different parts of a room (for I shall not attempt to consider the possible uses of mural painting in exterior decoration) which may be or have been used for the placing of pictorial decorations, giving such examples as occur to me of good and bad placing, and of good and bad treatment of the places given. For, as some kind of mural painting may be used anywhere, a place unsuited for the higher kinds of painting may be quite suited to the lower kinds. The more structurally important is the architectural feature, the farther must its ornament be removed from naturalism, until, in the most highly organized parts of the architecture, any use of color other than that of the material itself is of doubtful expediency.

The possible parts of a room for treatment by pictorial decoration are the floor, the piers or columns, the ceiling (vaulted or flat) and the walls. The floor we might, perhaps,

dismiss at once as obviously absurd from either the architectural or the pictorial point of view; but I believe there are instances, in Roman work, of pictorial floors in mosaic. That material makes this kind of decoration a trifle less frankly ridiculous than painting proper would be, but the essential absurdity of a penetration in the place where the spectator is to stand, or of a picture laid down to be walked over, is not much lessened. The hearth-rug of our childhood, in which a would-be realistic tiger prowled through a would-be realistic jungle, was hardly worse. The pavement of the Cathedral of Sienna contains a great number of pictorial compositions. These must be in an awkward position to look at; but at least they are perfectly flat, without modelling and practically without color. There can be no doubt, however, that the decoration of a floor in whatever material should be made up of pure ornament of a very flat, formal and conventional order.

The pier, if it have broad flat surfaces, may be tempting from the painter's point of view. Its surfaces are upright, well within the range of vision, and generally fairly well lighted. The inappropriateness of a simulated penetration in the main supporting member of the architecture is, however, so obvious that it would seem difficult to believe that anyone had ever contemplated it, were it not for some existing examples. Wherever else one should place pictorial decorations one would say it should *not* be on the pier. The best treatment of the pier, if it is to be painted at all, is to paint it with pure ornament. The Pompeian figure, which is not seen through the wall but is on or floating in front of it, is tolerable, and has been well employed by Mr. Maynard in the Library of Congress. The simulated niche, while open to the objection to all simulated architectural features, is at least not inconsistent with the function of the pier itself. But in one of the great halls of the Paris Hôtel de Ville the surface of the great isolated piers which support the vaulting is used, with only a narrow edge of gold moulding, for the display of landscape paintings typical of the various provinces of France. To place landscape, the art of space *par excellence*, in the one place where a penetration is inconceivable, this is surely the best example of what not to do.

Ceilings may be domed, vaulted or flat. In the domed or vaulted ceiling, it is plain that a penetration might be conceived of in the centre of the dome, or between the ribs of the vaulting, without entirely destroying the structure of the ceiling itself. On the other hand the pendentives are bad places for pictorial treatment. In early work the tendency was to treat the whole ceiling with ornament only, and in any case, to preserve strong ribs, whether projecting or painted, between the pictures. In the ceiling of the Stanza della Segnatura, Raphael following Sodoma's scheme, has confined the pictorial decorations to small medallions, and in the square decorations in the pendentives, has avoided depth by means of a background simulating gold mosaic. The penetrations are small and inconspicuous, and the sense of a vaulted ceiling is retained. Michel Angelo was the first man to cover a ceiling entirely with figure painting; but his infraction of the rule that pictures should be confined to conceivable penetrations is less real than apparent. He was sculptor and architect, as well as painter, and the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is to be properly regarded as a great scheme of simulated architecture and colored sculpture rather than as a painting. He came in to create an architectural setting, which the architect had failed to provide; and the main parts of his decoration, in which backgrounds are painted and into which the element of depth enters, are certain comparatively small panels between strong simulated vaulting ribs. Even in the gorgeous Venetian ceilings, which are flat and without vaulting, the painted surface was limited and was contained within enormous gilded frames of heavy carving. This alone rendered the full pictorial treatment tolerable, and maintained the sense of construction. Correggio was the first to treat the whole surface of a dome pictorially, cutting away construction altogether, and I think it was not until Tiepolo's time that the same thing was done with a flat ceiling. In Raphael's frescoes in the Farnesina the framework is reduced to the smallest possible vestige. From the painter's point of view a ceiling, flat or curved, is a bad place for pictorial treatment because it is overhead and therefore difficult to see; because it is often not a plane surface and has no natural

top or bottom; because it is frequently too distant; and finally because it is seldom well or evenly lighted. Yet the ceiling is one of the places which architects are fondest of reserving for mural painting. When Mr. George B. Post made the decision to have certain decorative paintings in the Liberal Arts Building at the Chicago World's Fair, thereby beginning the recent movement toward mural painting in this country, the only spaces available were certain pendentive domes fifty feet above the pavement and illuminated only by reflected light. The artists chosen were untried decorators, and they had to discover a treatment that should not too grossly deny structure, that should be visible in such a light and at such a distance, and that should give scope to their pictorial training. Mr. Blashfield undoubtedly solved the problem better than the others by building up a simulated dome with open top, and by painting his pendentive figures in front of this simulated architecture. The collar of the dome of the Congressional Library is much too high for painting, and architecturally considered, it seems to me a lapse of continuity. This fault is minimized by the simulated mosaic background, but the lantern still seems cut off from its natural support by the intercalated band of painting. The hardest of hard problems, however, is that of a flat ceiling like that of the ball-room of the Waldorf-Astoria. Here the ceiling, being treated as the canvas for a vast painting, is set back from and above the cornice, so that it has no visible place or architectural function, while it can only be lighted from the edge, and the picture painted upon it is invisible. Such good painting as Mr. Blashfield put there is wasted, save in so far as it adds to the splendor and luxury of the room.

After the ceiling we come naturally to the tympanum and the lunette. From the architectural point of view, there is no objection to be found to these spaces as fields for painting. Architecturally they are filled-in penetrations, and therefore natural places for simulated penetrations. Pictorially they have the merit of being perpendicular surfaces, and their forms are interesting and stimulating to invention, though somewhat monotonous in their limitations, and allowing little freedom of composition. Their position is

apt to be in an important axis of the building, and in such a situation a strictly formal and symmetrical arrangement is advisable. Minor lunettes sometimes admit of more freedom, as has been well shown by Mr. Walker in the Library of Congress. The chief objection of the painter to the lunette is that it is apt to be high and ill-lighted.

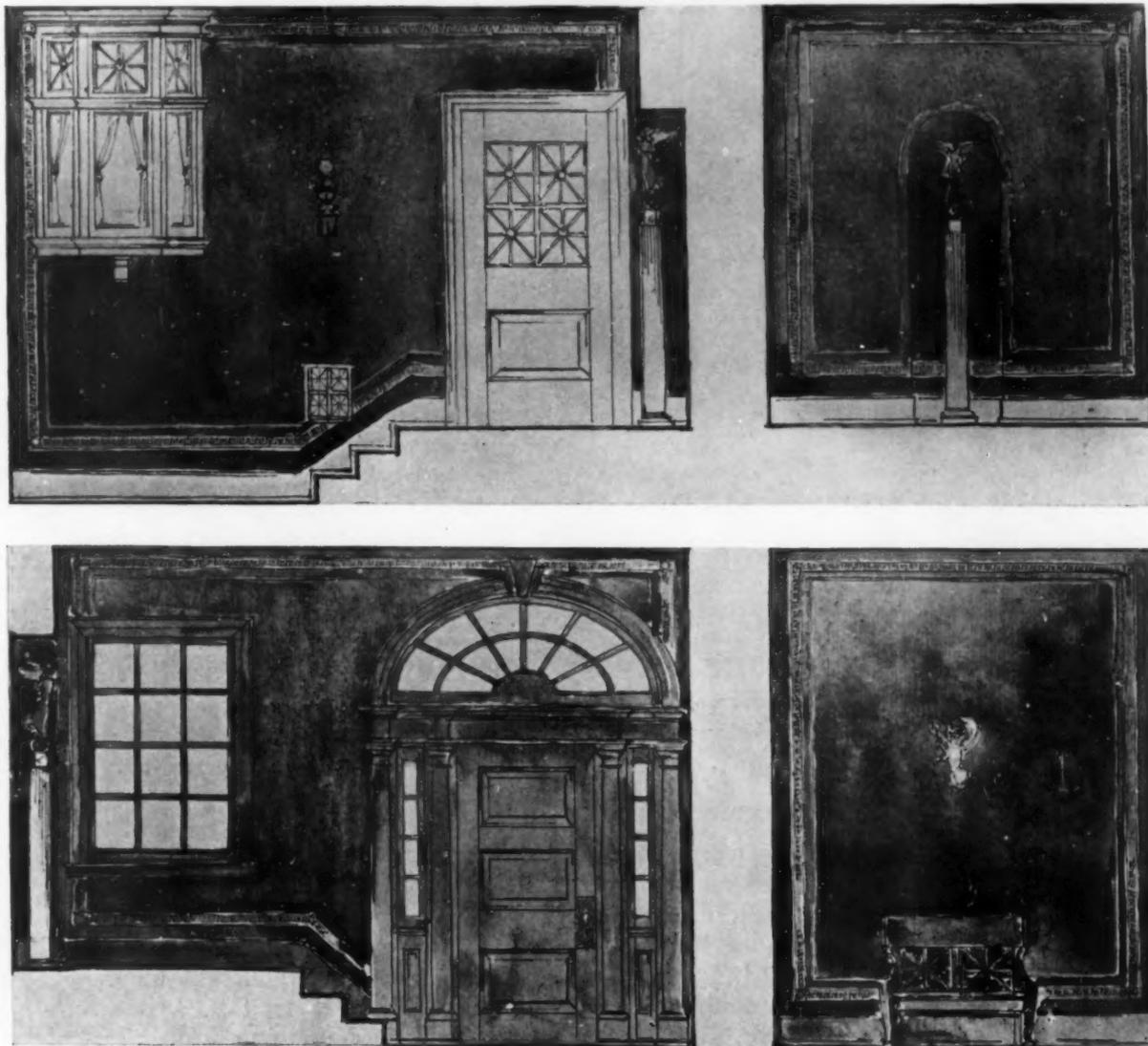
Below the lunette comes the frieze. If this is a part of the architectural framework—something in the nature of a lintel connecting the piers—it is evident that it is not better suited to full pictorial treatment than the piers themselves, and not very well suited for figure painting of any kind. The best method of treating it would be with pure ornament. If however, as is more commonly the case, the frieze is the upper portion of the wall curtain, there can be no architectural reason for not using it as a field for pictorial decoration, provided it is not so continuous as to cut the ceiling from the walls and cause it to appear hung in air. When the frieze is continuous, it would be better to avoid distance or any suggestion of space. In the entrance hall of the Appellate Court in New York, we have an admirable instance of proper treatment by Mr. Mowbray. The frieze, turning round the elevator shaft, has figures upon it relieved, against a flat tone, with stencilled monograms. Even here, however, the artist felt the need of a break at the salient angles, and introduced little pilasters there. Where the frieze is broken by engaged columns or pilasters, which seem to support the cornice, greater liberty of treatment is admissible, and such broken friezes form good spaces for paintings, though not the best. They are apt to be cramped for room, are seldom the best lighted portion of the wall and are not well within the line of vision.

There can be no doubt that the best place for mural painting of a high order is the wall screen itself. If the wall has strong features,—piers or pilasters with arches or cornice,—there is no reason why the whole space between these features should not be given up to painting. If the wall is of a continuous or united surface, it would be better to make the simulated openings cover a part of the space only, and to surround them with painted borders or flat tones. In any case the pic-

tures should be high enough from the floor to guard them from damage by ordinary accidents. Here are ideal conditions at once of architectural appropriateness and of pictorial visibility; here the greatest freedom of composition is possible; here the fullest pictorial treatment, short of illusion and compatible with general principles of decorative style, is not only possible but desirable. Yet it is just this space that architects seem most loth to give over to the painter. Whether architects prefer the evident costliness of precious

marbles or carved wood to the more recondite costliness of paint spread by a master, I do not know. But it is certain that the place where the painter could do his best, the place where in the past he always has done his best, where what he does would show to the best advantage, and where, if ill-judged, it could do the least possible harm to the architecture, is the place which the modern architect—especially the American architect—least often asks him to adorn.

Kenyon Cox.

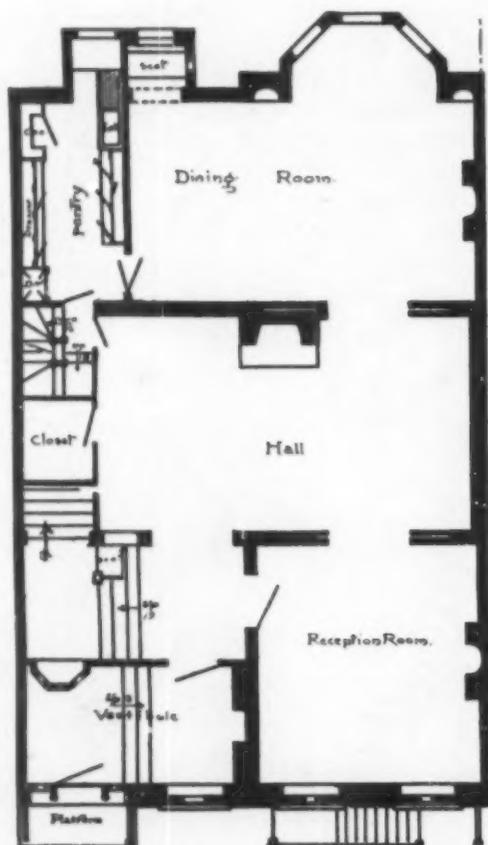


SKETCHES FOR THE VESTIBULE, AT 2123 SPRUCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA

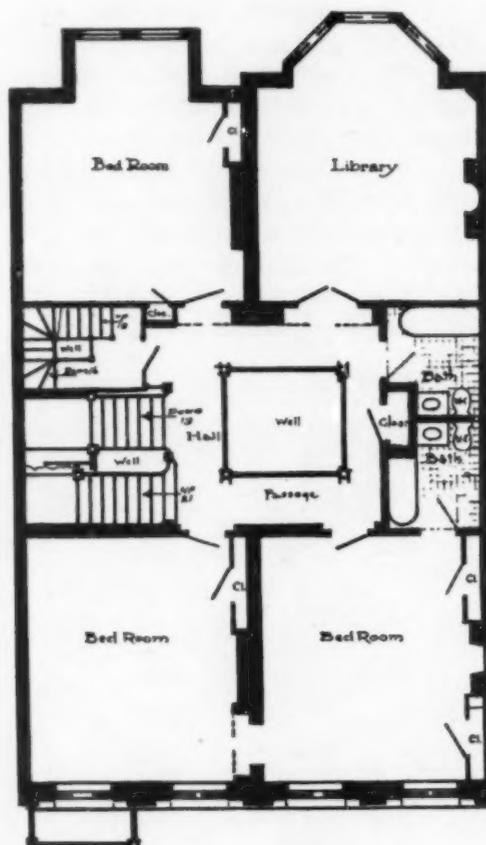
DESIGNED BY WILSON EYRE, ARCHITECT

See page 102

An Interesting Alteration



First Floor Plan



Second Floor Plan

AN INTERESTING ALTERATION.

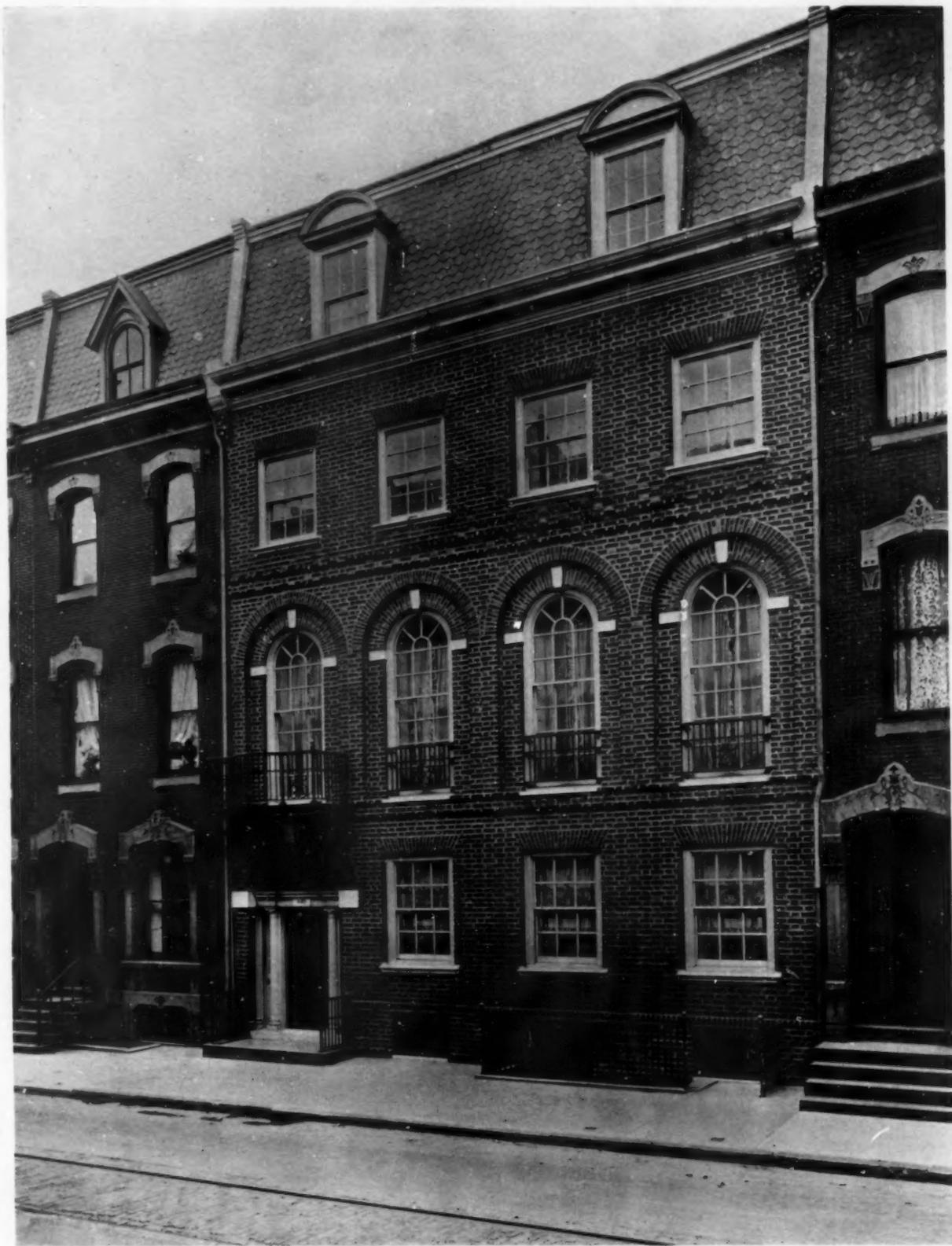
2123 SPRUCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Designed by Wilson Eyre, Architect.

TWO old houses in the middle of a characteristic Philadelphia row have been remodelled for this building and a monotonous procession of pressed-brick house-fronts has been broken. The façade has a width of thirty-four feet. It is a rather vigorous rendering of the Georgian style, and relies less upon enrichment than carefully studied proportions. A well-designed doorway, a wrought iron balcony and railings, guarding the windows, assist the effect of a very simple scheme of fenestration. The front wall is of rough red brick, laid with joints one inch wide, and the cornice is of marble. The mansard roof was retained in its old position in order to save expense and to conform with the skyline of adjoining

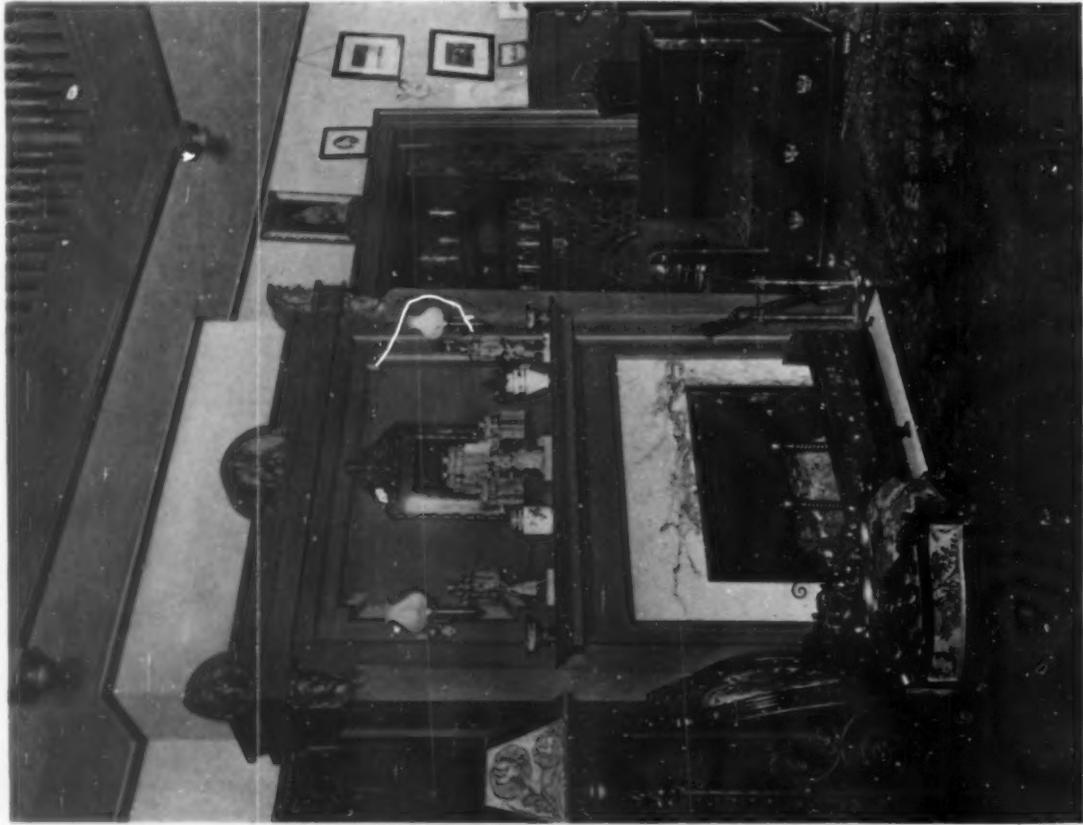
properties. The plan reveals the original two dwellings, a dual arrangement which is not suggested by the important semicircular arched windows of the second story.

For the interior an effect of space was sought. A large vestibule, decorated with a reminiscence of Pompeian walls, leads to a living-hall open to the roof and surrounded by galleries at each floor. From the first landing of the stairway a small oriel opens into the vestibule. The dining-room is gothic in feeling, and is surrounded by a high wainscot of oak framework with panels filled with red leather, above which a plate shelf is supported by brackets shaped into human figures and clustered fruit. All the woodwork is stained black. Windows are filled with plain leaded glass having an ornamental center. In the upper stories the library is in a simple Gothic style, and the other rooms become less distinct in treatment.



A RESIDENCE, AT 2123 SPRUCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA
DESIGNED BY WILSON EYRE, ARCHITECT

An Interesting Alteration



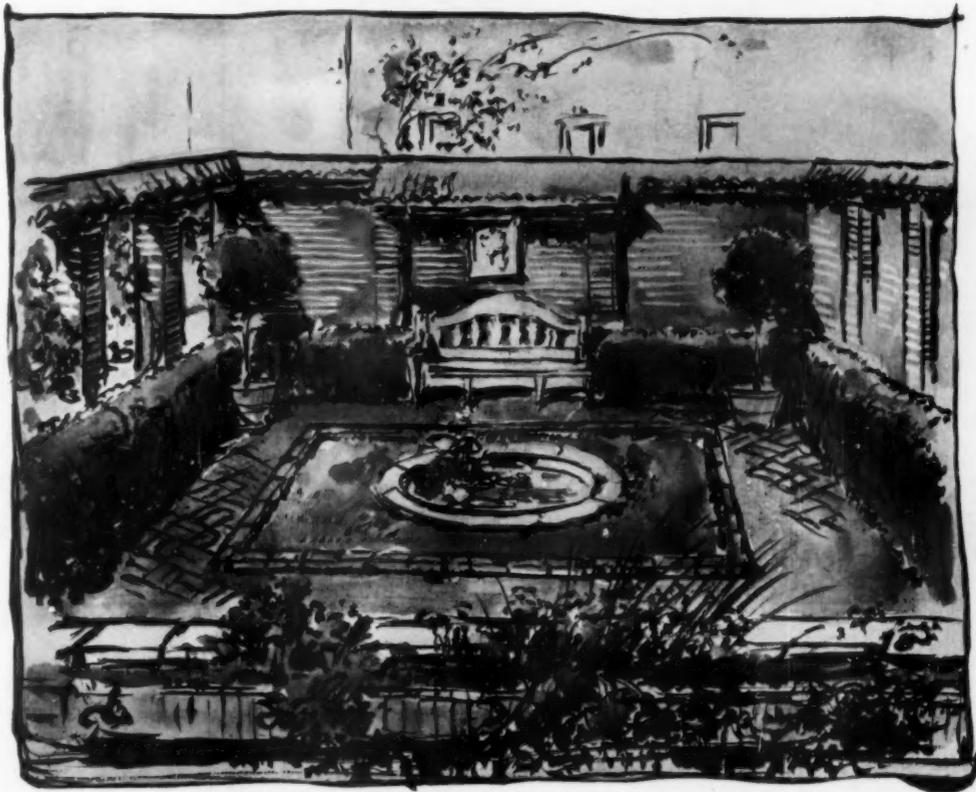
DESIGNED BY WILSON EYRE, ARCHITECT



THE HALL, AT 2123 SPRUCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA



THE DINING-ROOM



SKETCH FOR THE GARDEN.—A RESIDENCE AT 2123 SPRUCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA
DESIGNED BY WILSON EYRE, ARCHITECT

THE ART OF COLLECTING
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

FASCINATING and not altogether unprofitable is the pursuit of the antique and the picturesque in household furniture. Perhaps this species of chase is even more interesting if the devotee of the sport is somewhat hampered by the limitations of a not over-full pocketbook. He who spends freely does not derive so much pleasure from a fit or beautiful thing obtained at moderate price, as does he to whom every such indulgence is a luxury to be carefully weighed and considered. The cautious buyer soon learns that no piece of furniture is worth his ill-spared cash merely because it is old. He is fastidious, not only as to price, but also as to form and quality. Our ancestors put good material and skilled cabinet-making into some of the ugliest articles that ever disfigured a drawing-room. These the buyer of moderate means may very well leave for persons of more wealth than taste. He will watch for delicate lines, quiet ornamentation and excellent workmanship. All these things may be had at moderate price, if the buyer knows where to search and how to bide his time. They are not to be had, save at relatively high prices, in the shops of the professional dealers in antiques in our largest cities, but rather in the junk-shops and obscure second-hand furniture stores, and occasionally at sales of household effects in the country.

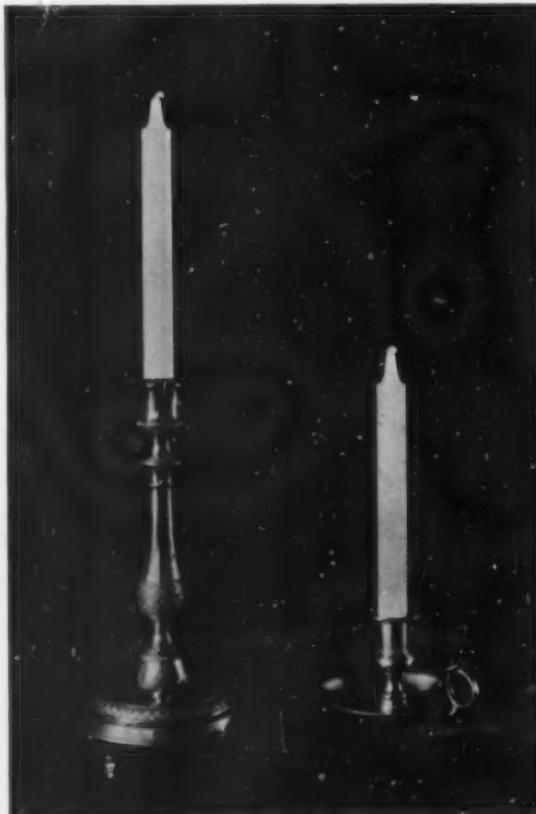
He that would meet rare opportunities must always have his eyes open, and must be content now and then to give a half-

holiday to the search. The most knowing of the dealers in second-hand furniture have regular customers for whom they save anything excellent that comes into their hands. Others instantly expose upon the sidewalk any bit of mahogany or rosewood that they may chance upon. In such cases the bargain is for the first-comer. Still others ignorantly stow away fine old pieces with odds and ends of rubbish. It is to shops of this kind that one must look, and the intelligent collector will have half a dozen of them on his list to

be visited at intervals of three or four weeks. There is always a pleasant glow of anticipation in the prospect of these visits.

Bits of furniture picked up in this fashion give a peculiar interest to a house. To every article a story is attached. The owner recalls the glow with which he came upon that delicate Chippendale sideboard, a mere wreck in an obscure shop, the ridiculously small price he paid for it, the satisfaction with which he installed it in his dining-room. A thing of beauty it now is, after the cabinet-maker has restored it to its pristine glory. That handsome mahogany arm chair, Greek in shape, and too heavy to be lifted

by any but a strong arm, was bought for half a dollar, as the purchaser was hurrying to catch a railway train. That rosewood card-table was found beneath the rubbish of a second-hand furniture dealer's shop in a suburban city, bought for less than five dollars and repaired for six. That pair of old-fashioned candlesticks, with jingling crystal ornaments, was bought in a like place for a dollar and a half, when nearly half the prisms were missing. Those two graceful brass candle-



UNMATCHED CANDLESTICKS



BARGAINS IN BRASS, GLASS AND CHINA

sticks, and those two pairs of quaint little andirons have a similar history. So, too, has the slender little serving-table (picked up on the sidewalk for three dollars) and the century-old rush-bottom chair.

It is pleasant to see the cheaper pieces of factory-made furniture disappearing one by one from the house, as their places are supplied by fine old mahogany, every article of which has its story, its association of some self-denial. The house in its furnishing and minor decoration is thus a record of the owner's taste. Perhaps a dozen years have gone to the making of such a collection, but the result is such as could have been attained in no other way, save by the expenditure of

perhaps ten times the money. Only a man very sure of his self-control may wisely undertake to indulge in such collecting. The collector of small means must sternly determine that nothing shall betray him into buying any article that is not a great bargain. The moment that he persuades himself that he can for once indulge in an extravagance he is lost. If, however, he persists in his determination to buy nothing that is not well within his means, he will soon learn that he has only to wait and watch in order to get whatever he wants, and at his own price.

There are, at the same time, a few facts especially worth knowing to him who would learn the art of picking up such unconsidered

The Art of Collecting Household Furniture

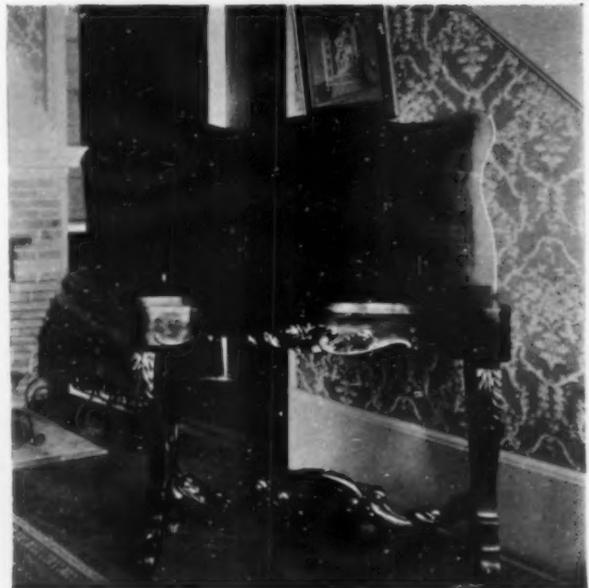
trifles in the way of household furniture and decoration. To begin with, the attitude of the buyer is of first importance. Not only must the man of moderate means sternly limit himself as to the prices he pays, but he must take care not to fall into the habit and attitude of the mere curio collector, lest he fill his house with only ugly and useless things. A poor man's home can hardly with propriety be an old curiosity shop, unless, indeed, he collect such things with a view to speculative sale. It must be borne in mind, too, that many dealers in second-hand furniture are the victims of convention and superstition. Nearly all of them believe that candlesticks are valuable only in pairs, so

Viennese coffee-pots, discarded by persons that found them too elaborate for daily use. These pots not only make excellent coffee,



A FIFTY-CENT CHAIR

that it is often possible to pick up a single candlestick at a price far below its real value. The handsomest of those illustrated in this article was bought for a dollar and a half, and the pretty little brass bedroom candlesticks for twenty-five cents. Andirons are harder to find at a bargain than almost any other article of old household furnishing, because they are steadily in demand. The second-hand shops abound in the so-called

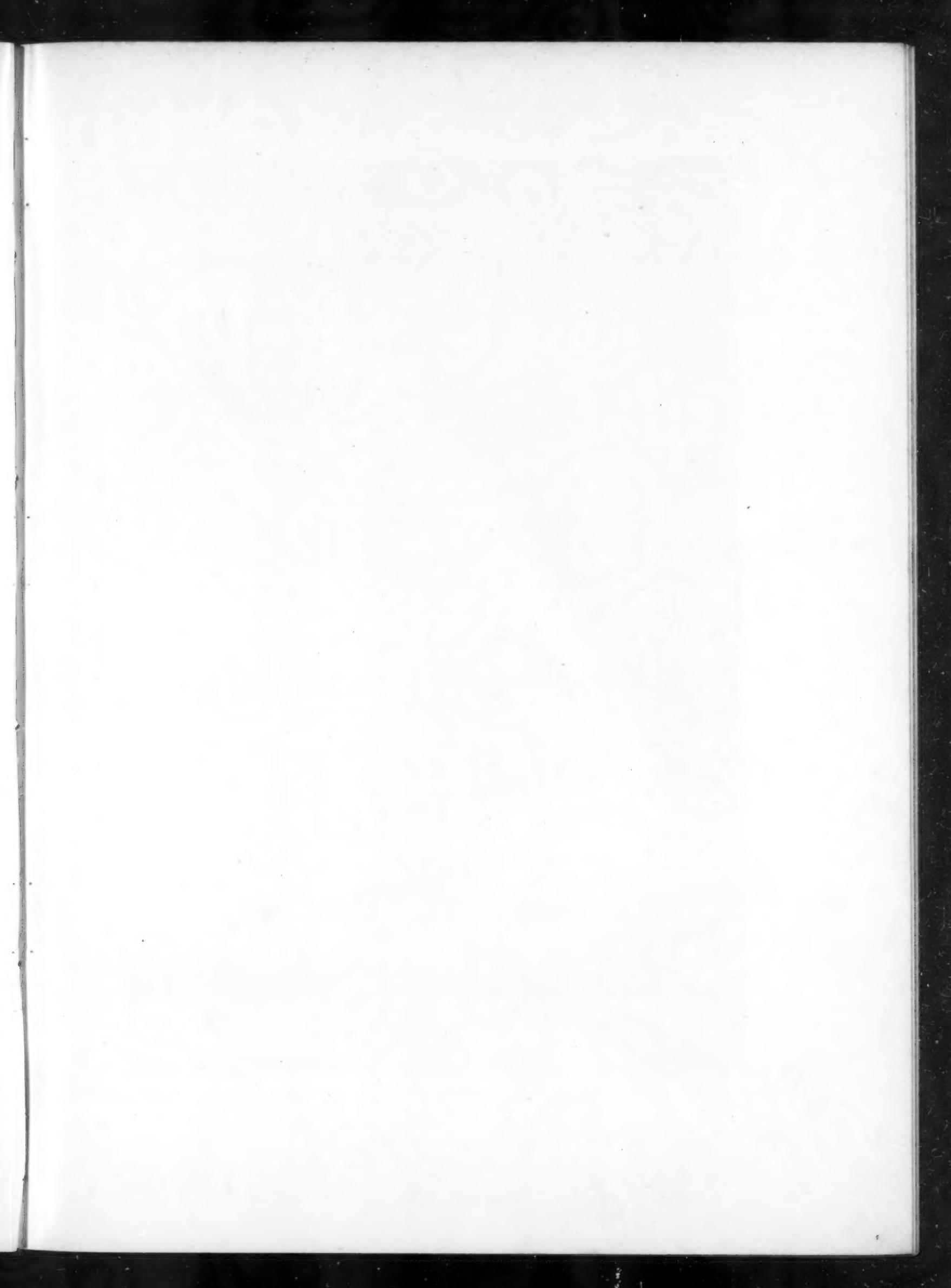


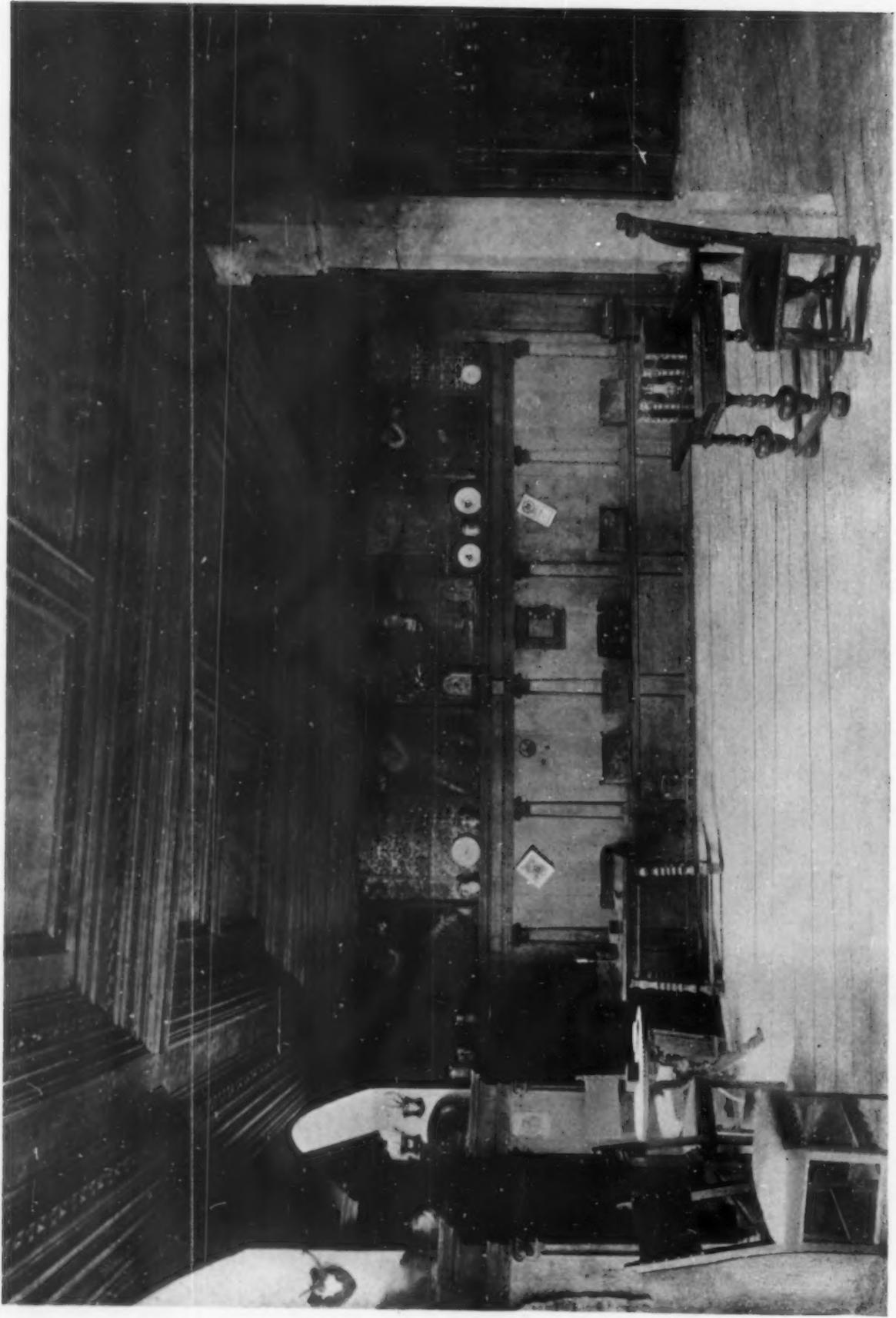
ROSEWOOD TABLE FROM A JUNK-SHOP

but serve as an extremely handsome decoration for the top of a sideboard or a china closet. They are far more appropriate as household ornaments than the brass warming-pans with which some persons incomprehensibly decorate their parlor walls, and vastly cheaper than the Russian samovars, lately so much the rage.

Finally, it is well to remember that only the best, modern, cabinet-made furniture equals in durability the furniture of fifty and a hundred years ago. Most modern, factory-made chairs and tables will rack to pieces years before a well-repaired old piece shows any sign of wear. It would be easy to prove that the truest economy for those of moderate means lies in the patient watching for what is sound and beautiful in second-hand furniture rather than in the purchase of modern imitations, however cheap or attractive in appearance they may be.

E. N. Vallandigham.





INTERIOR OF SCHLOSS TRATZBERG, NEAR JENBACH, TYROL

TYROLESE ARCHITECTURE.

III. FEUDAL.

Personal details in the lives of the Hapsburgs are set forth on a gaunt family tree in the Castle of Tratzberg. A solemn procession of stately Leopolds, Albrechts, and Elizabeths innumerable, covers the walls of an entire room. Each branch of the family is a group by itself, and under its armorial shields, deeds good or ill are lettered on a scroll in old German words and characters. A stag, shot on the mountainside, tells of a favorite Tyrolese sport as much loved to-day as it was, centuries ago, when the castle knights refused to rise at the sound of the chapel bell, but were ever ready to spring at the blast of the *jäger's* horn. Tradition has it that an impious warrior, when yawning at the call to mass, and covering his head with the bedclothes, was frightened by the crash-

ing of the castle's foundation and the trembling and shaking of the walls. Casements were shattered in their frames; and sharp echoes they must have waked, for as many windows as the year has days, has been a boast of Tratzberg. The reluctant knight was called to the homage the bell enjoined, and the castle folk, who rushed into his room and found his corpse, saw another vision for their fireside myths.

The building of the Castle of Tratzberg in the XII Century has been ascribed to one of the powerful Rothenburgs. Three hundred years later, its master was Christian Tänzel, a prosperous proprietor of the neighboring mines. He was ambitious to bear the proud title of the "Knight of Tratzberg," and its bestowal upon him meant good fortune for the castle. No means were spared in beautifying the building with paintings and marbles, and in making it a wonder of the

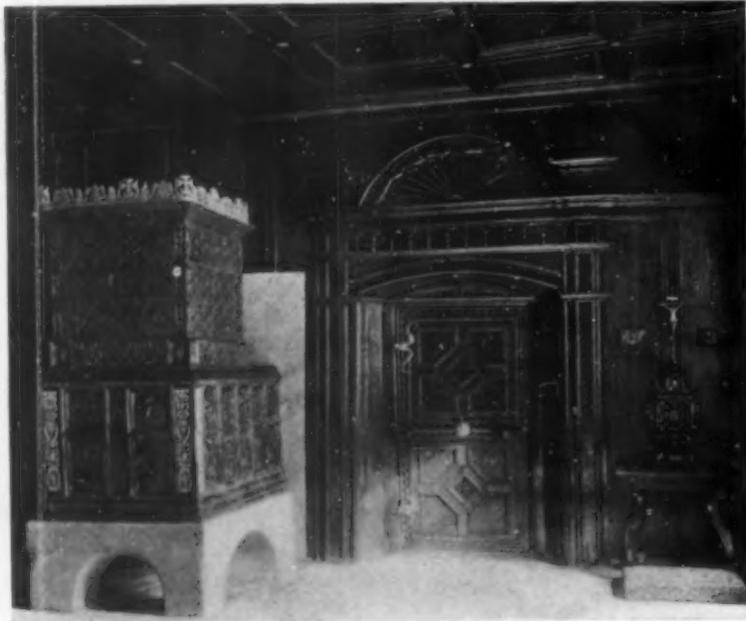


THE COURTYARD OF SCHLOSS TRATZBERG

NEAR JENBACH, TYROL

Tyrolese Architecture

country round. In 1573, it passed to the Fugger family; it is now owned by Count Enzenberg, who has appropriately placed in the different rooms a collection he has made of old furniture and objects of native handicraft. He keeps the building in good repair, and occasion-



INTERIOR

SCHLOSS TRATZBERG

ally makes it his home. The castle stands between Jenbach and Schwaz, on a wooded hillside descending to the north bank of the River Inn, and three hundred feet above the surface of the water. In the name of the little village of Buch, on the opposite shore, the abundance of beech trees



A GALLERY

SCHLOSS TRATZBERG



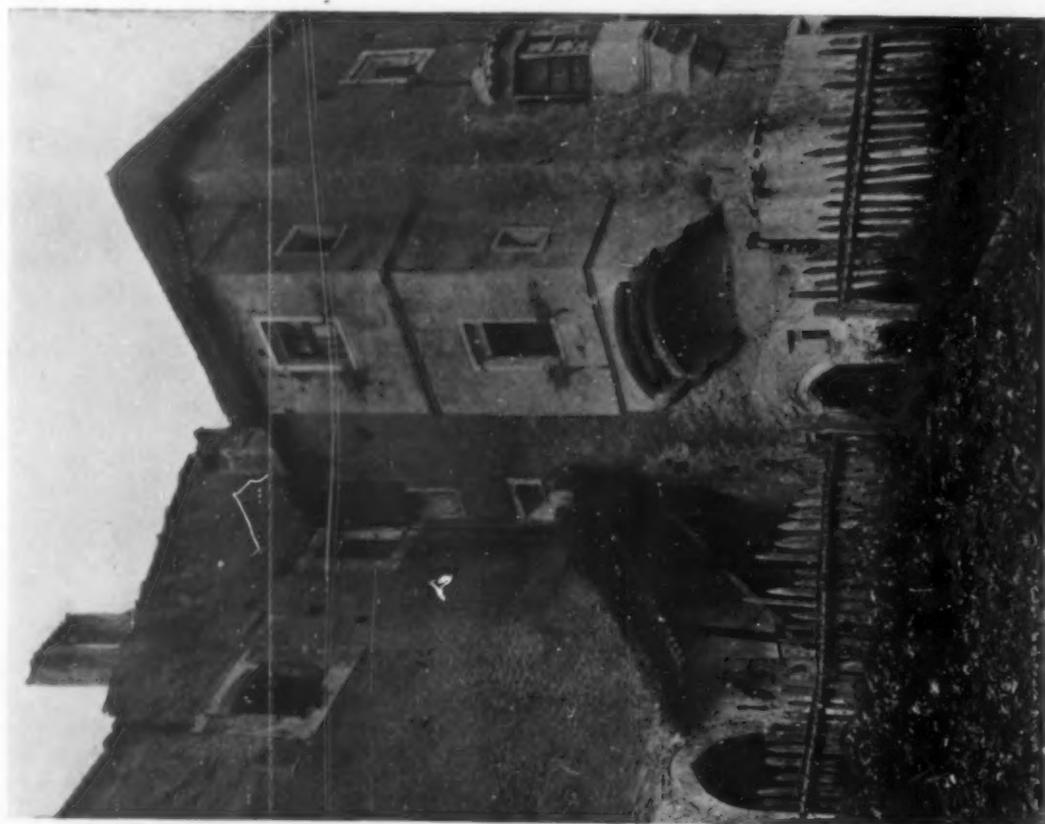
THE ARMS ROOM

SCHLOSS TRATZBERG

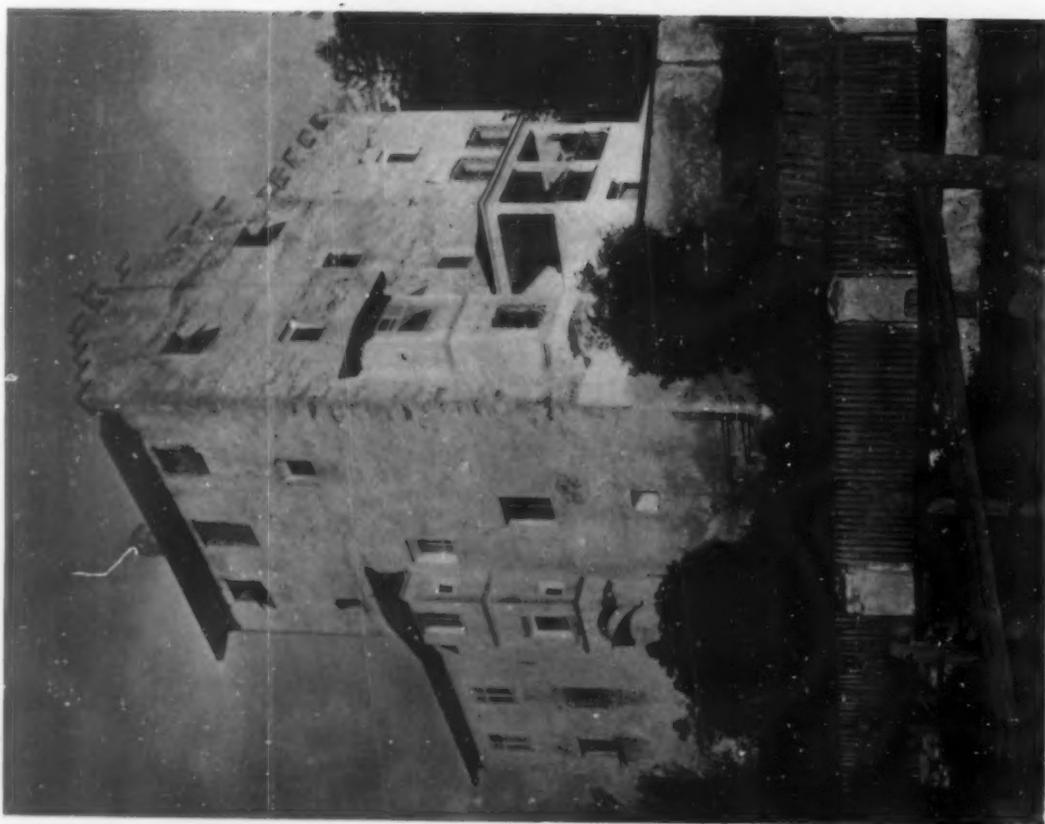


THE HAPSBURG ROOM

SCHLOSS TRATZBERG



BURG REIFENSTEIN



SCHLOSS THUMBURG

in the neighborhood is celebrated. They outnumber the pines on the low green summits which surround the castle, and agreeably diversify the scenery of the Alpine foothills, making them seem like green gardens. Here and there amid the verdure rises a château, a ruin, or the green copper roof of a curious village church.

Tratzberg is justly celebrated for its intrinsic rather than its historic interest. Its construction was neither prolonged



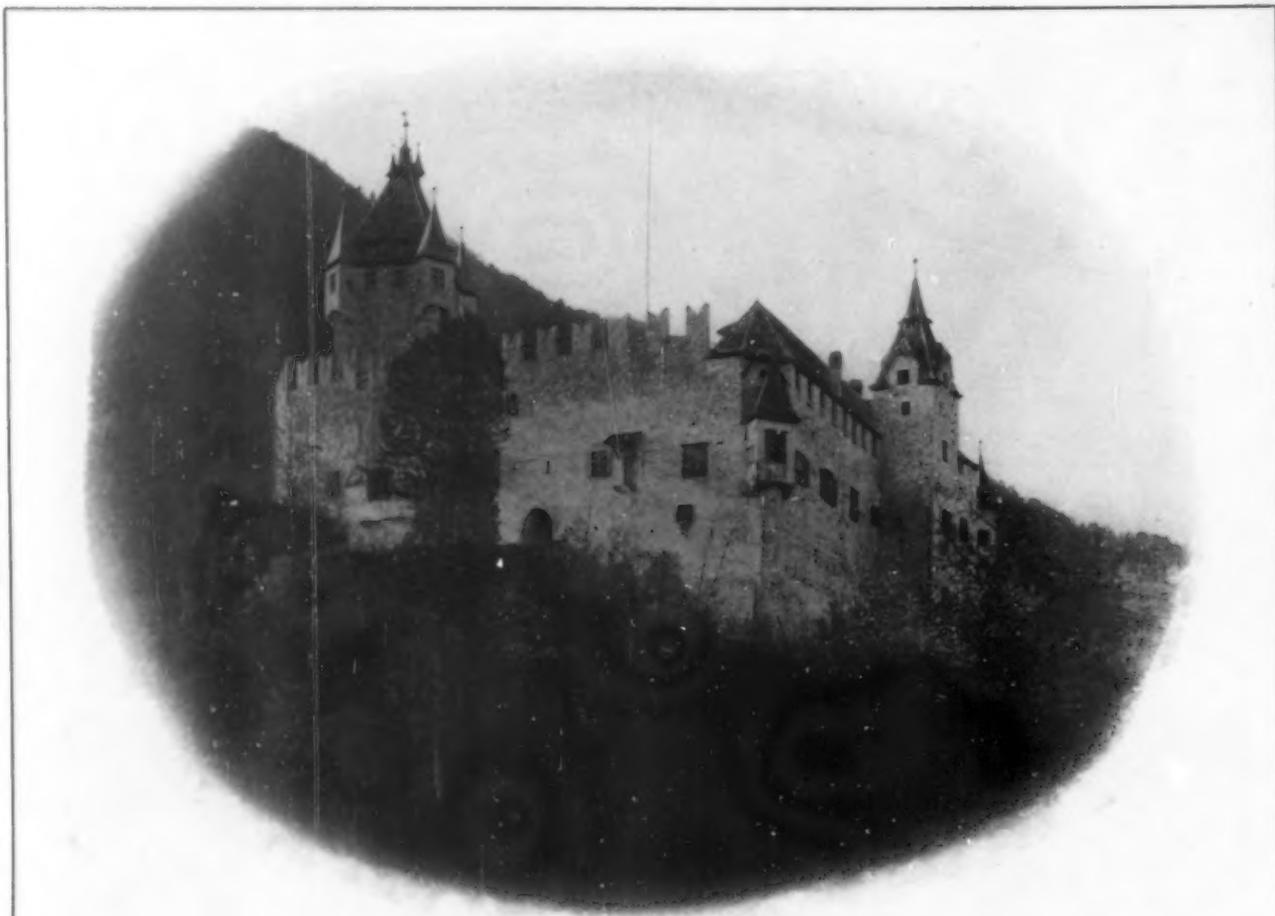
INTERIOR, BURG REIFENSTEIN

nor interrupted. The building, as a whole, was completed at one time; and is unusually coherent and uniform, partaking alike of the Renaissance and the Gothic. There are vagaries of interior detail, to be sure, but the whimsical use of motifs in minor parts is quite redeemed by the dignity of the larger apartments. The "Arms Room," which now contains a collection of ancient implements of warfare, is of fine simple parts less ornate and pretentious than the



A GALLERY, BURG REIFENSTEIN

NEAR STERZING, TYROL

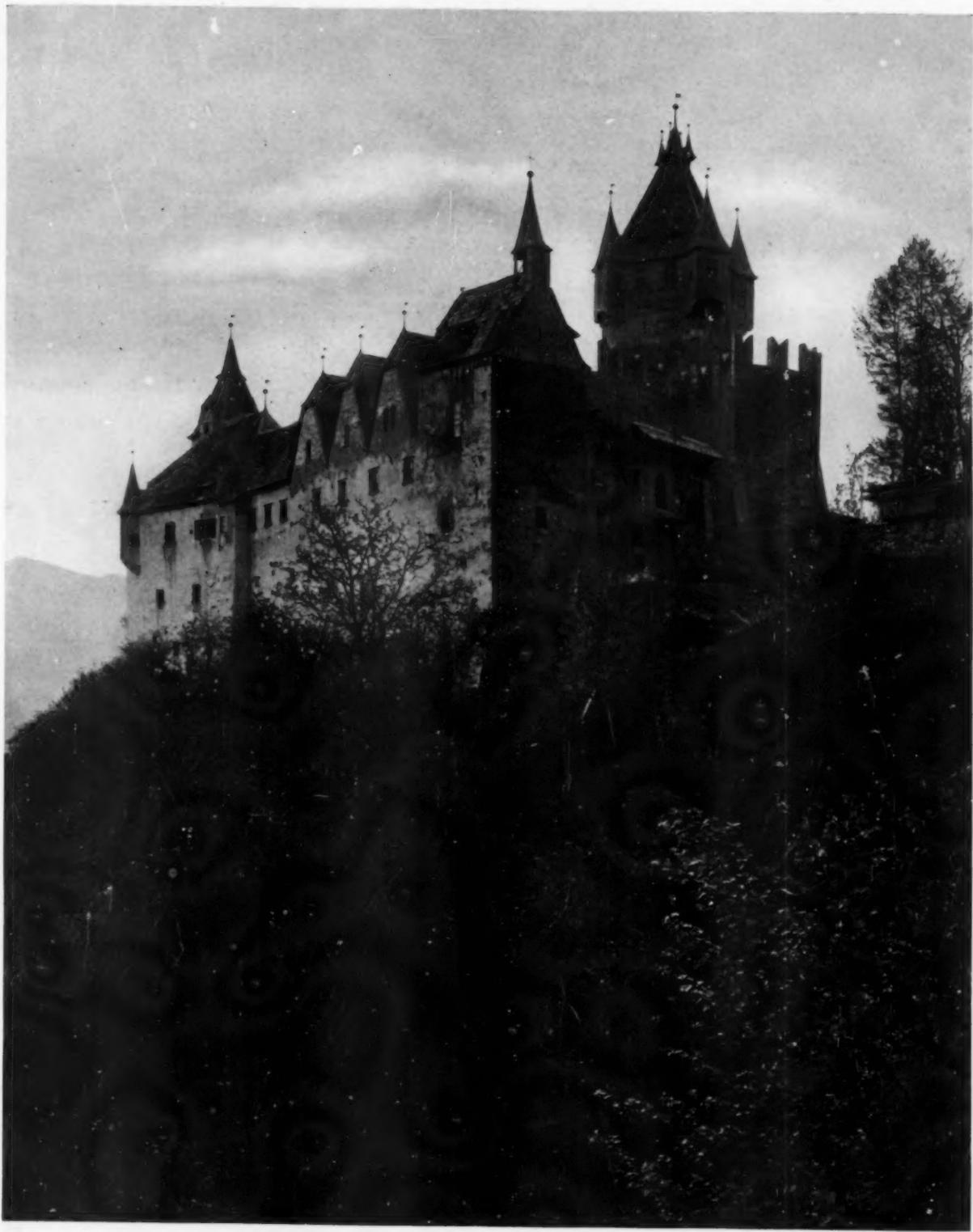


SCHLOSS ENN

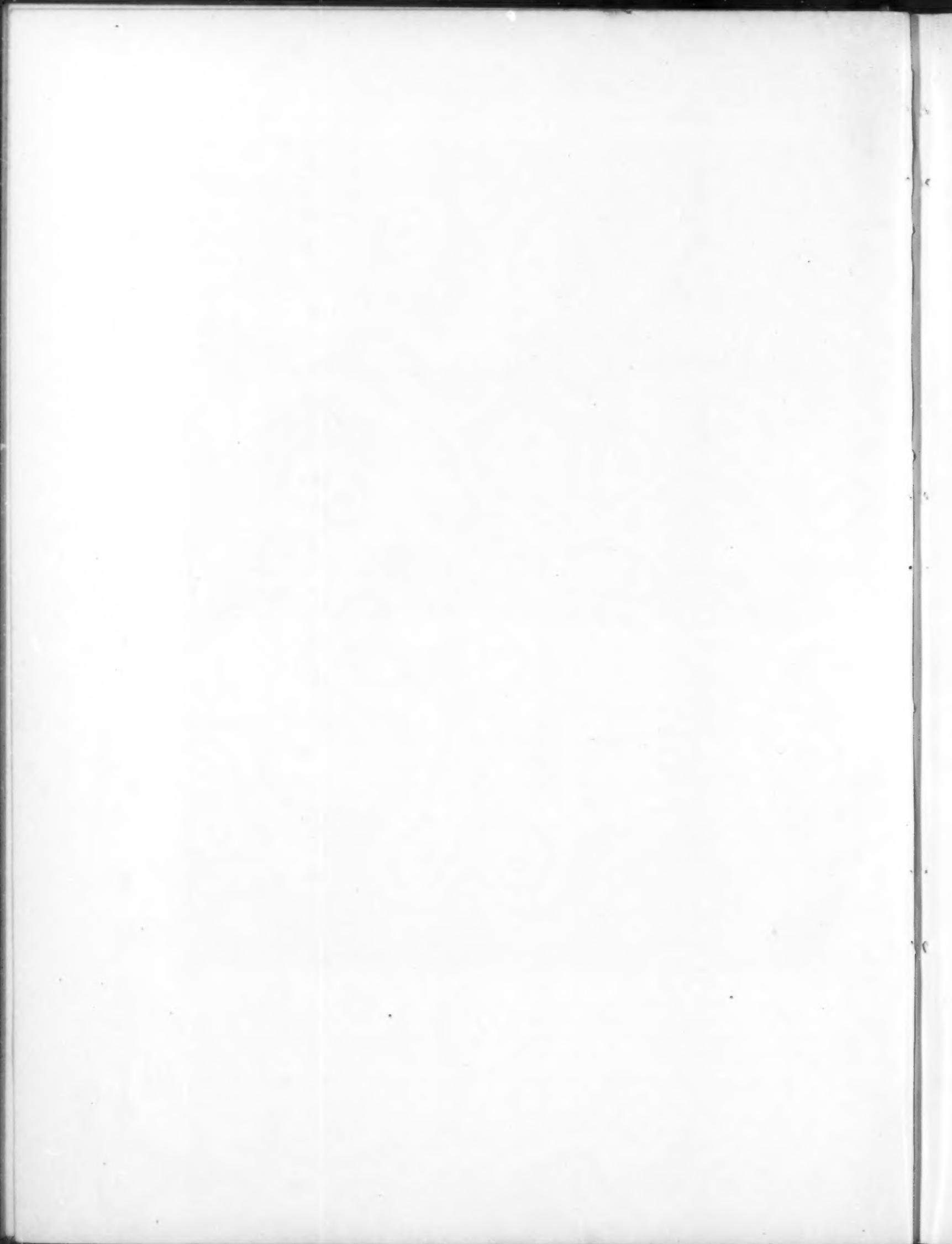
"Fugger Room," whose ceiling is of unwrought beams, but whose walls are wainscotted to a third of their height; and against the plaster above huge dim portraits stand out in sharp contrast. The "Hapsburg Room" has the ugly ceiling which usually results where the Tyrolese abandoned plain wide planks in their woodwork, and aimed at an outward show by intricate and awkward paneling in which narrow beaded boards, thoroughly commonplace, are used.

Schloss Thumburg overlooks the Eisak at that part of the river's course which has made the neighboring town of Sterzing of great strategic importance, and has given it renown in Tyrolese annals for the conflicts which occurred there between Austrians, French and Bavarians. Though upon the southern slope of the mountain divide, the castle is thoroughly northern in its character; but like the picturesque chateau, photographed by the writer in the Pusterthal, neither in size nor in formida-

ble appearance does it pass far beyond the minor domestic buildings. Reifenstein stands near by, and is larger and much more interesting. Old chronicles relate a melancholy history of its jealous master who, envious of his neighbor's beautiful châteline and discovering the happy couple sitting under the hornbeam in their garden, drew his arquebuse and killed the innocent lord. The devil, it is said, strangled Reifenstein for the crime and banished his spirit to the mountains, where with sudden storms and forest fires, he still mystifies the credulous peasantry. The gloom of the legend seems to linger in the castle. The exterior is without ornament,—bald and shadowless. Inside, the use of wood administered to the scanty comfort that a rough age needed. Plain wainscots of pine, lining entire rooms, mitigated the chill damps that were felt in the repose that followed the rush to arms, the clattering of mailed feet over wooden galleries and the confusion of attack.



SCHLOSS ENN, NEAR MONTAN, TYROL





THE COURTYARD

SCHLOSS ENN

In traveling southward toward the first straggling streets of Neumarkt, the towers of Schloss Enn appear proudly inaccessible on the dark, green hillside above the little village of Montan. The outer works have crumbled away and the road which leads to the gate is scarcely discernible. High battlements, a picturesque succession of gables, the little belfry of the chapel, are dominated by graceful towers with *erkers* at each corner. The whole exterior depicts as much elegance as is afforded by any feudal building of the country. In the courtyard is a picturesqueness of a different kind, not obtained by a too facile surface elaboration, or by painted ornament, but by chimneys of capricious shape, cleverly-turned balusters, tall posts and lank brackets supporting far-overhanging roofs.

At the little village of Wälsch-Michael the Adige is left behind, and turning westward through the narrow Rochetta defile, guarded by the lofty Torre della Visione, the broad

Val di Non is entered. At the sight of an isolated eminence, crowned by Castle Cles, one imagines oneself in Italy. The frontier of two races has been passed and the ponderous northern *burgs* are no more. The spirit of the buildings has defied the shifts of political power which placed Austrian rulers over a Latin people. Renaissance and Italian Gothic are so intermingled that the combination is sometimes nondescript, but always original and suggestive. The radiance of Italy has dispelled the somber clouds which shadow the lives of the Teutons, and listless ease seeks surroundings of a brighter kind. Surfaces are decorated more elaborately and skilfully than before, pilasters and light mouldings appear, and proportions become more attenuated. The column is slender, and its cap is no longer a shapeless cube; but an abacus has been added, and the bell is fairly well carved. Interior wainscots have been discarded, for warmer

Tyrolese Architecture



THE COURT

CASTLE VALERIO



WALL DECORATION

CASTLE VALERIO

airs have waked the desire for the cool shelter of bare walls. Roofs are flat, and project to form a considerable eave, from which the noon sun casts long shadows.

The characteristics of the Italian Tyrol,—differing from those common to the North,—are well shown in Castle Valerio, and even clearer at Trent. At that town the Tyrol is

a mere name. Like everything in and about it, the Castello Buon Consiglio is thoroughly Italian in all but the skill with which its features have been executed. The building has grown around a tower reputed of Roman origin; but in the castle itself, there is no rudeness of such a distant age. It was occupied for many years, by the famous



ROOM IN CASTLE VALERIO

VAL DI NON, TYROL



CASTLE CLES, VAL DI NON, TYROL





WALL DECORATIONS



CASTLE CLES

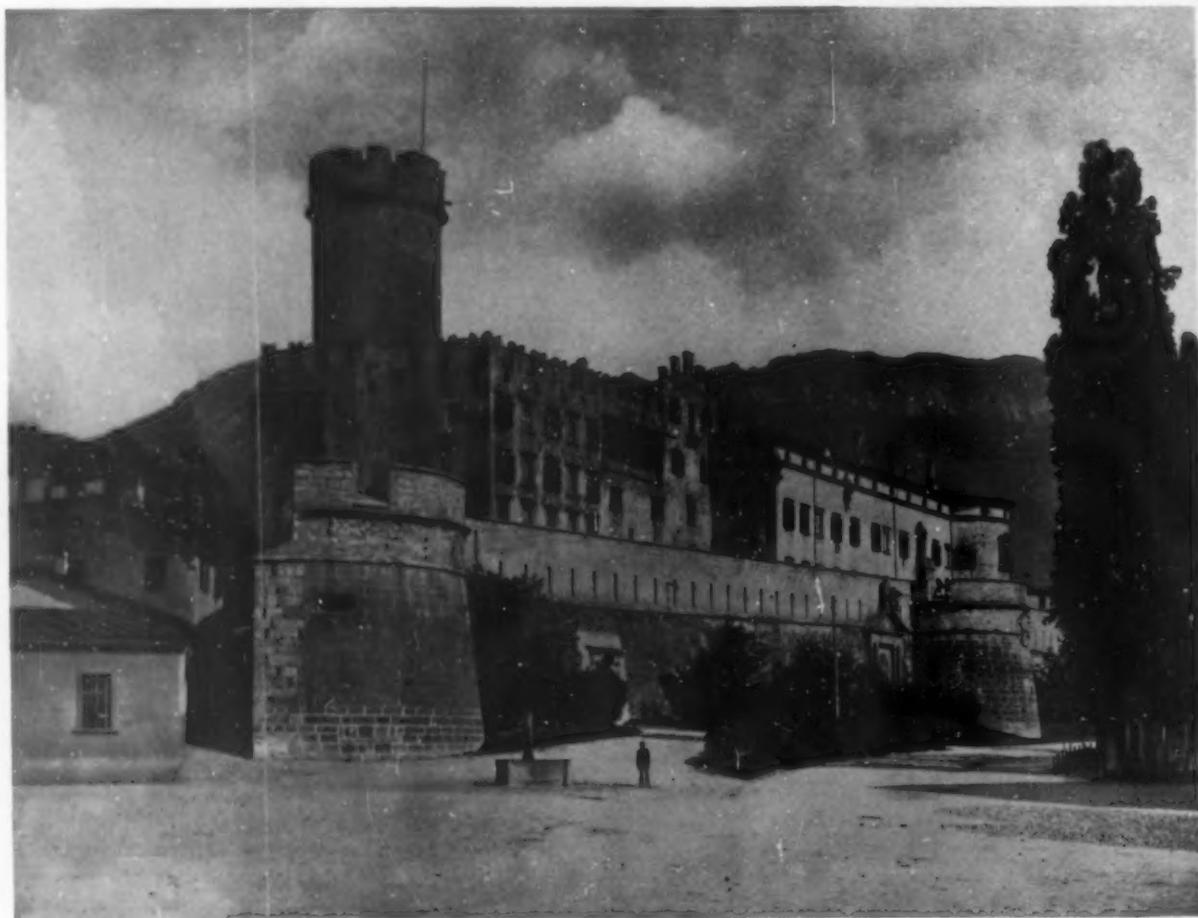
Bishops of Trent. The four wings enclose a court where lounging soldiers of an Austrian garrison wonder at the castle's past splendors as they are revealed by delapidated frescoes on the vault of the colonnades; and doubtless they give thanks that their own lot, however poor it may be, has not cast them into the dark cells which penetrate the sub-basement. Still more completely the Italian spirit shines forth in the façade of the Palazzo Salvatori (formerly Tabarelli), a city palace, said to have been designed by Bramante, and in many street-fronts of smaller buildings in Trent; while Castle Toblino, on a point of land extending into the lake of that name, beside the road to Arco, illustrates the buildings of the open country as it approaches the Italian frontier. That so many feudal buildings of the Tyrol have survived to the present day is the more surprising when we remember the strife

that surged about them during the Middle Ages and continued even to the beginning of the last century. By terms of treaties or force of arms European monarchs repeatedly took over the province; and quite as often did

Austria, with the help of the Tyrolese themselves, regain it. The ruins of once redoubtable strongholds exist in every section of the land, and so complete is their decay that with difficulty are their walls distinguished from the rocky heights from which they rise, and with which they have become one. The remains are too fragmentary to have an architectural beauty; but associations of poetry and of legend reign over them undisturbed. Straggling herds wander through their courts, and in the shade of wild growths of trees, which creep up to their foundations, disport the disembodied spirits of former lords. The hobgoblins of cradle songs issue from them at



THE COURTYARD, CASTLE CLES



CASTELLO BUON CONSIGLIO

TRENT, TYROL

night, in moonlight shadows dealing vengeance or misfortune, and repair to them at dawn. Destruction has been wrought as often by shocks of nature as by human violence. The granite masonry, well withstood the attacks of early arms. With implicit faith in it, did the commander of Kufstein taunt the Emperor who demanded his surrender by leaning from the bastions and sweeping the walls with a broom after each futile volley of the attacking guns. But the strength of a superstructure availed nothing when foundations themselves gave way, or land-



COURT, CASTELLO BUON CONSIGLIO

slides from heights above precipitated tons of yielding mountainside.

Prosperity of one kind or another is needed that the art of a country may appear; and though the highest art has been brought forth when prosperity included luxury and enlightened ease, the victors who wrested power from others, and reared castles and fortresses, had their own artists to express the character of their epoch. The prosperity of peaceful pursuits, of manual skill, of mining and of trade, which steadily increased in the Tyrol as the feudal system was weakened, is another



CASTLE TOBLINO



PALAZZO TABARELLI

matter; and as we shall see, it too was surrounded by beautiful outward forms peculiar to itself. That they served their purpose is not the least that we can say of the forms of the military building art—many of them uncouth as they are—which exist in the Tyrol. The infantine decorations which unlearned hands strew over the

halls of knights or upon altars, which roused to fighting rather than to prayer, were the ultimate skill of the time. They uttered the keenest feeling of a semi-barbaric day, when strife was pleasurable work, when bravery was enthroned and contemplation was disdained:

Herbert C. Wise.



CHÂTEAU IN THE PUSTERTHAL

MR. GOTCH'S "EARLY RENAISSANCE IN ENGLAND."¹

FEW architectural subjects have been more thoroughly discussed, or profusely illustrated,—especially in recent years,—than the English Renaissance; but the fact that its earlier history has been less fully dealt with accounts for the recent appearance of a handbook by Mr. Gotch, in which he has endeavored to trace systematically the growth of architectural style in England, from the close of the Gothic period (1500) to the advent of Inigo Jones (1625). To a considerable extent the book is an exhaustive discussion of the brief text in Mr. Gotch's earlier work in two large folios, "Architecture of the Renaissance in England," published in 1894; but while those two volumes contain a series of large photographic reproductions of Elizabethan and Jacobean buildings, with a brief account of each, the present work is primarily a description and critical history of the very gradual appearance of the Italian style in England. Its sole object is to explain "the effect of this foreign influence upon our native architecture up to the point when it became predominant, and stamped our buildings with a character more Classic than Gothic"; and in this the book is quite successful.

The presentation of the author's thoughts and his statements of facts are not always so happy as could be desired, but his opinions are of authoritative value. There is scarcely a type of building, an architectural feature either external or internal, or a relative circumstance typical of the times, which Mr. Gotch has not treated of at considerable

length, although the environment of buildings and the subject of gardens is but briefly alluded to, and only in so far as architectural design was bestowed upon the terraces, walls and garden-houses.

The illustrations include drawings, half-tones, and collotypes, (a few of which have been reproduced from the previous work) and represent the best examples under the various headings of the book. Details of the buildings are unusually well set forth and many of the illustrations are from photographs made by the author himself. A chapter is devoted to John Thorpe and his drawings, without further discussion as to the sixteenth century "surveyor's" authorship of most, if not all, of the two hundred and eighty drawings in the Soane Museum; and in the final chapter, which is in substance the theme of a paper read by the author several years ago, it is quite evident that the idea of an architect, as his position is understood to-day, received its first striking embodiment in the person of Inigo Jones. On the whole Mr. Gotch has given us a comprehensive volume,

valuable either to the student of architecture or of history. He has appended a useful bibliography of selected works, dating as far back as 1450, and also a complete index to the text and illustrations. An unfortunate mechanical defect is the inferior manner in which the book is bound.



THE "SWAN" INN LECHLADE
From "Early Renaissance Architecture in England"

¹ Early Renaissance Architecture in England: A Historical and Descriptive Account of the Tudor, Elizabethan, and Jacobean Periods. By J. Alfred Gotch, F. S. A. 231 ills. in the text. 87 full-page plates. B. T. Batsford, London, 1901. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$9.00 net.



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