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THE WORK OF MESSRS. FRANK MILES DAY & BROTHER.

PHILADELPHIA is a city of astonishment: with a political tradition second to none, it has developed a condition of political depravity without an equal in a land singularly prolific in products of this nature. Purest in blood of all the greater American cities, with a solid foundation of honest and sturdy stock, it seems now to be the one municipality in the country where the forces of rectitude and reform are a negligible quantity. Blessed with an early architecture of the very best type developed on this continent, it sunk first of all to a condition of stolid stupidity almost unparalleled, then produced at a bound a group of men of abundant vitality but the very worst taste ever recorded in art, and then amazed everyone by flashing on the world a small circle of architects whose dominant quality was exquisite and almost impeccable taste, men who produced work of infinite refinement, who had the faculty of instilling their own high principles into their followers, and who have established a school of practitioners who resist steadily and serenely the tendencies to bad taste that for the moment have the call in the profession and with the public.

It is useless to seek for an explanation, for none is adequate. There are the facts; what to make of them we do not know, but we can at least be grateful for a notable mercy.

In the XVIII. century a type of architecture was developed in and around Philadelphia of very singular beauty. It was perfectly frank, simple, direct. Blessed with good brick and a building stone of unexampled charm, the early builders modified their inherited tradition to adapt it to local conditions, and as a result the farm-buildings of Eastern Pennsylvania became quite worthy of comparison with similar work of a century earlier in England and on the Continent. What is there in the United States more charming as an example of vital architecture than the dwellings and barns of the vicinity of Philadelphia? Frank and simple in form, the

texture and tone are fine to a degree, while there is that wonderful quality of picturesqueness that is almost wholly absent from similar work in New England and the South. A spacious and noble dignity, high-bred and aloof, is characteristic of the latter; delicate and sensitive detail, the mark of the former; but of picturesqueness of composition and charm of texture and color there is almost nothing in either.

In spite of this fine tradition, this environment that surely should have worked towards a persistence of type, Philadelphia in the middle of the XIX. century was producing by the mile a kind of architecture that was the very limit of dull formality, far worse in every way than the grave and reminiscent brick-work of Boston's Beacon Hill or even than the much scorned "brownstone front" of New York.

Then came the next transformation, and a new wonder was wrought on earth. The historian of the Philadelphia reign of architectural terror is yet to arise, but he is much to be desired, for the astonishing phenomenon that followed is well worthy of serious consideration. Bad it was, with a degree of depravity not to be measured in words, but this was not all. Underneath the evil was, I believe, a serious and laudable purpose, and the men who had their will in the Quaker City during the seventies and early eighties were entitled to something besides bitter or scoffing condemnation. Consider two buildings for example, chosen almost at random; the Library of the University of Pennsylvania and the Unitarian Meeting House in Chestnut Street. At first sight one sees only inflexible, unvarying bad taste. Well; the bad taste is there, all one could possibly claim, but besides this is something else that is more radical and demands our sympathy, or at all events our considerate recognition, and this is Personality. Bad taste is like a club-foot or a hare-lip; it is a misfortune, not a fault; it marks individuals, for example, the artistic "sans-culottes" of Philadelphia, or even whole races, as the French architects and painters of to-day. Yet a man with a club-foot and a hare-lip may be a gentleman, and a man or a race blighted by bad taste, may yet come nearer to solving the fundamental problems of artistic creation than the most consummate disciple of Walter Pater.

Bad taste is, to me, a salient characteristic of modern art in France. Yet, to take one branch of artistic creation alone, architecture, we find there a more profound sense of the basic principles of this noblest of arts, a more logical sense of its functions, its laws, and its method of development, than can be discovered in any other contemporary country whatever.

Therefore, in jeering at the Furnissic Revolt, let us remember this; that its founder and its disciples tried to be something besides



FIG. 1.—TERRA COTTA DETAIL, HOUSE OF H. K. CUMMINGS.

Germantown, Pa.

Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

cheap copyists, tracing their working drawings from Vignola or LeTarouilly or Welby Pugin; they tried to be live Americans, not dead archæologists; they sought for vitality, originality, personal and ethnic expression. If God had given them good taste they would have succeeded beyond belief; as it was they failed, and their works do follow them; but in their failure was more of honor than accrues to their better bred contemporaries and successors who could see no further than the steel engravings of classical "Fragments" and mediæval "Remains."

Some of Philadelphia's vicissitudes are inexplicable, not so the next development which followed inevitably. The salient sin of the last third of the century was against good taste; in opposition to this was raised up a group of men predestined to be the exemplars of good taste. The city never did anything by halves, and the awful taste of the "seventies" engendered the delicate sensibility of the "nineties." Within the space of a very few years four new men became active, and in the following sequence, Wilson Eyre, Cope & Stewardson and Frank Miles Day. These four became one voice crying in the wilderness, a voice proclaiming artistic salvation through the doctrine of good taste.

Mr. Eyre's work has already been considered in these pages; it falls to me to deal with that of the other two firms. In a way, however, it is almost a mistake to treat of these three separately, for their crusade has been one work, their activity has been simultaneous, their sympathies identical, their personalities closely allied, while in one instance the three firms came together to produce what seems to me the most significant structure resulting from the enforcement of the principles for the establishing of which they have been allied.

One thing we must postulate of all as of each, this same good taste of which I have spoken so continuously. Each firm is varied, each differentiated from the other by certain degrees of stress laid on certain qualities by the several firms. In the one characteristic

named above they meet on common ground. Yet even here there is a difference in degree, and Mr. Day and his brother stand forward pre-eminently as the apostles of refinement and sensibility.

The keynote is struck at the outset in the Art Club (Fig 2), unless I am mistaken the first important commission ever given Mr. Day. It is an enthusiastic revolt against the sort of thing that is lined up beside it in the photograph and against the bizarre productions of the men at that time in the fullness of their very surprising powers. It is also the unmistakable work of a young man



FIG. 2.—THE PHILADELPHIA ARTS CLUB.

Broad St., below Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

just back from Europe, and a file of sketch books is the manifest source of inspiration. Detail is lavished with a prodigal hand; variety and picturesqueness were sought at any cost; here was a chance to do a good deal, and it was done, and very thoroughly. As a result, calmness, reserve, simplicity are lost and the building fails to this degree. But consider the year, the locus. It was a manifestation of delicacy and sweetness, of fine instincts and subtle sympathies. Weak it is in mass, composition and scale, but every line of it is as refined and sensitive as possible. Too much so, of course; exquisite ornament is not all of architecture, indeed it is not even a necessity, but when it comes it is a boon, particularly when it is as

charming as holds in the present instance. Above all this building marks the entrance of a new influence in a devastated field, an agency of good taste. This is the beginning of all things, a solid foundation, and much may be builded thereon, though this may not follow inevitably.

In the case of the Art Club, French and Italian influences are dominant. In the house in 17th Street, and the block of residences in West End Avenue, New York (Fig. 3), which shortly followed, the sketch books from Holland and Flanders are more in evidence,



FIG. 3.—RESIDENCES ON WEST END AV. AND 94TH ST.
New York City. Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

and they show a keen eye for choosing the good over the bad and for assimilating this good very thoroughly. In all these buildings there is not only a strong sense for beautiful ornament, for engaging picturesqueness, but as well a new feeling for color and for texture of surfaces; the brick is chosen with scrupulous care, the stone is judiciously placed for the obtaining of what the Japanese



FIG. 4.—BUILDING OF THE AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

would call "notan." With years Mr. Day has learned that salvation is not by fine line alone, but by other and more important matters, yet his feeling for color and texture has persisted, growing stronger every day, until the crowning result is to be found in that building where all three firms met on common ground and in a common work.

It is very interesting to watch an architect "find himself," particularly in the case of Mr. Day, where the process is perfectly logical, entirely continuous, and, if one may venture the prophecy, not yet completed. Beginning with a very evident and equally dominant passion for fine line, graceful ornament and delicate colors, consciousness of composition, mass and the co-ordination of parts is a matter of subsequent growth. We find the first evidence of this in two important structures, the office building for the American Baptist Publication Society (Fig. 4) and Horticultural Hall. The former may be called a creation; it is elaborate, ambitious, magnificent. The idea of an office building as an utilitarian entity, postulating an entirely new set of architectural principles developing from a peculiar function entirely without precedent, had not yet suggested itself. Indeed, it was to wait many years yet, and until Mr. Sullivan could work out his logical and original theories. In place of this was the old tower idea; a solid and somewhat elaborate base, a plain and simple shaft, and a topping out of all kinds of splendor; an efflorescence of ballustrades, dormers, pinnacles and diaper work.

Grant the primary assumption and it is magnificent; rich, florid, sumptuous, yet in excellent taste. The composition of the splendid crown is admirable, the ornament conscientiously studied, beautiful in itself, and judiciously placed. It is hardly logical in its expression of function however, and must count as a very beautiful milestone in a progression then only begun, and even now not yet at its term. Two points are worth noting in this connection. The first is that in designing high buildings the upper stories are not the place for elaborate ornamentation; in this respect the building is in error. The second is that it is not the mark of an educated architect to lavish his luxury on the street side of a given building, treating his party walls as matter of no concern, at least he cannot do this unless he is coerced into such action by a conscienceless owner and after his own solemn protest; in this respect the building is admirably right. As matters now stand the sides of this structure are ten times more conspicuous than the front, and actually they are better in design. Here is a mark of serious purpose, of conscientious principle, of thorough good taste on the part of the architect that demands high praise.

The problem is somewhat difficult; in time these same party walls

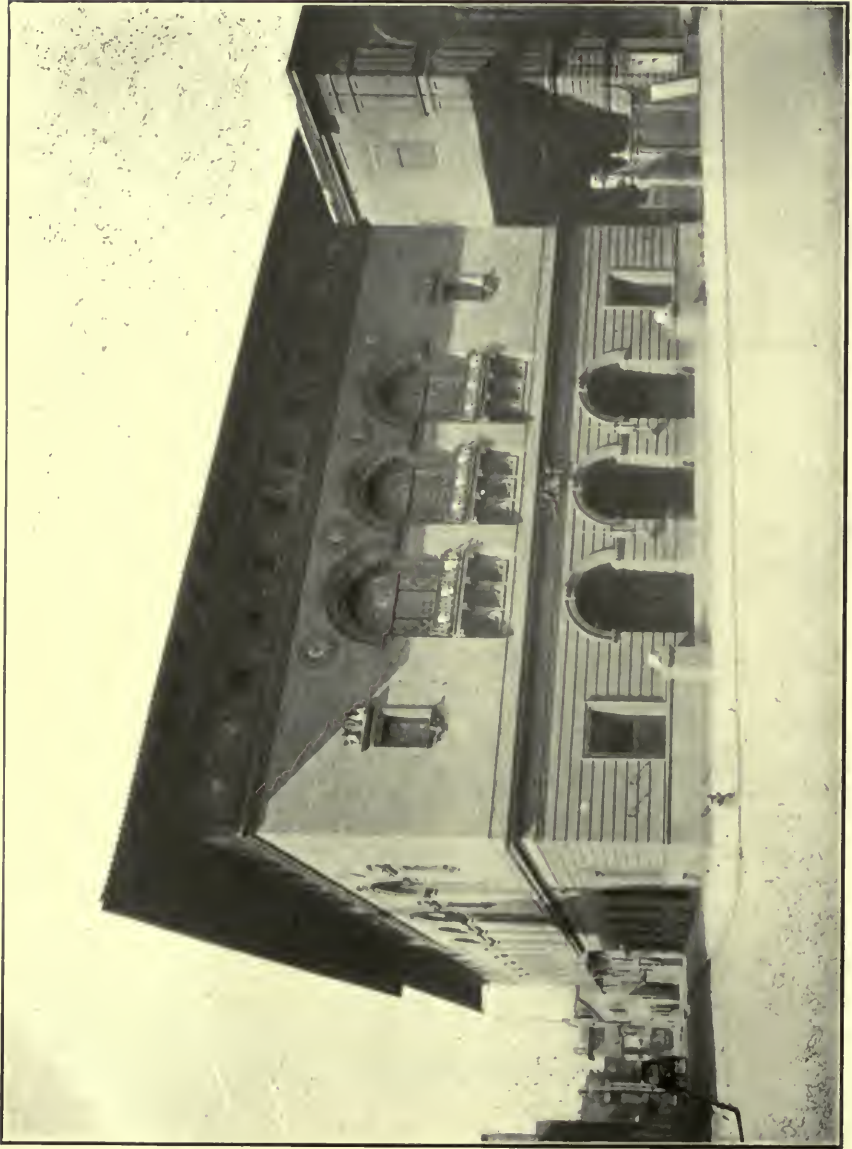


FIG. 5.—HORTICULTURAL HALL,
Broad Street, below Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

may be entirely hidden by adjacent buildings; again they may not. If they stand revealed ten years, or five, a little money and a little thought given to the side walls, are well expended. I have one case in mind which is somewhat exaggerated perhaps, but it seems to point a moral. There is in Boston a certain building with a main frontage on a narrow but important street; a second side gives on an open space full of trees and sunlight, a space that will forever remain open, though it is not a public square. From the main point of view this subordinate façade is conspicuously in evidence while the street front is seen only in the steepest perspective and is therefore most inconspicuous, except so far as its two or three lower stories are concerned. Now the almost invisible front is treated with the utmost care, the material is expensive, the windows well proportioned, the mouldings around them well thought out. But the other side, the one that stares you in the face, that never can be hidden, and that rises from a lovely base of grass and trees and shrubs, this is scamped and ignored, built of the cheapest brick, cheaply painted, with factory windows punched in the crude walls, and with boiler flues rearing their hideous length and galvanized iron bay windows of the baldest type as the only ornament.

Either the architect or the owner is to blame for this, and in either case the blame is ponderous, the offence egregious. This is not architecture at all, it is—Heaven knows what—jerrymandering perhaps; certainly it is not art.

I speak of this matter at length because it seems to me that the radically different treatment accorded the Baptist Building proves the point I wish to make in the case of Mr. Day; that whatever mistakes he may make, superficiality and errors in taste are not among them.

Horticultural Hall (Figs. 5 and 6) is to me about the best thing Mr. Day has done, working that is, alone. In detail it is just as delicate and lovely as the earlier work, but this detail is more carefully used, and disposed with far greater craft; while the primary importance of strong and simple composition, with a just disposition of voids and solids, has evidently impressed itself on its designer. The building is thoroughly delightful in its mass and its general composition. Nothing appears that does not justify itself by its inherent beauty; archivolt, mouldings, medallions, balcony fronts, all are studied to the last degree; and as a result one has the same impulse to sit down before it with sketchbook and pencil that manifests itself in Italy.

I am aware of the current theory that subordinates abstract beauty in detail to scale, relation and accent. This may be perfectly right, in a measure it certainly is, but surely these desiderata need not exclude the element of beauty. Walk up Fifth Avenue

from Madison Square to the Park in New York City and you will see that as a general thing it does; not always, but as a rule. Now in the earlier of Mr. Day's buildings beauty was allowed to destroy scale. This is particularly true of the Art Club and of the Baptist Building, but it is not true of Horticultural Hall nor of the work now in hand. Here was a lesson learned with years, with years also the prophets of the new theories will learn perhaps that strong



FIG. 6.—HORTICULTURAL HALL—INTERIOR.

Broad Street, below Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

and powerful detail that is thoroughly in scale may yet be intrinsically beautiful.

In one aspect Horticultural Hall is not wholly successful, and this is a point to which its designer evidently gave the deepest thought; I mean its color. Mr. Smith's frieze is exquisite, the manner in which gold and pigment work down through the medallions, windows and balconies to the little shield over the door is very wonderful and itself perfectly competent, but the general tone, like that of the Baptist Building, is hot and almost uncomfortable; reds and yellows and sultry browns have proved themselves undesirable as the fundamental tones of architectural compositions, and for some mysterious reason a lower and soberer key alone justifies itself; even red brick, which is as good a building material as was



FIG. 7.—RESIDENCE ON LOCUST STREET.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

ever invented, demands much gray mortar and light, cool-colored trimming stone to bring it down to the requisite pitch.

In this respect only the intensely interesting and very successful house in Locust Street (Fig. 7) seems to fail. As a piece of composition, as a study in proportion, it leaves absolutely nothing to be desired; the brickwork is admirable, the ornament intrinsically beautiful and perfectly placed; on the other hand the trimmings are of rich red sandstone and the color effect is therefore somewhat cloying and lacking in the vigor and accent that are very necessary.

Like all of Mr. Day's domestic work, this house is personal, individual and marked by just the right ethnic suggestion; not the only ethnic suggestion, but one of them. Messrs. Cope & Stewardson, in their more recent work have taken over the Colonial of Pennsylvania and, glorifying it, have made it living, local and logical. Mr. Day and his brother have harked back to the preceding English work and with this as a basis have produced something that is quite equally justifiable though its origins are so far removed in space and time.

In this particular house, I want to call attention to the two points just mentioned, namely composition and sense of proportion. I can hardly call to mind any modern example where the stylistic basis is the same, where so keen a feeling is shown for massing, for line composition, and for the proportioning of solids and voids. In considering later the dormitories for the University of Pennsylvania we shall see how grave an error it is to lose scale in window openings. This Locust Street house shows how absolutely imperative is exactness in this respect, where this particular style is involved.

Another point worth noting is the carved detail. Now only too often the ornament of Tudor, Elizabethan and Jacobean architecture is peculiarly ugly, tainted as it is by debased influences from Germany. As a general thing an architect working in one of these styles accepts the detail as inevitable, granted the primary assumption of the style itself. Not so Mr. Day. The historical detail was not beautiful; this was enough for him, and he promptly evolved something better which lacked historic precedent but had the greater merit of pure beauty. Action of this sort marks the architect of taste and conscientiousness and creative ability.

I can't quite feel that the great country house in Ambler, Pa. (Figs. 8 and 10) is as successful in its field as is the far more modest Locust Street house. The composition is crowded and casual, the parts are not co-ordinated, the windowing haphazard, the roofing tent-like and formidable. It has good points, many of them; for instance the strong base of stone terrace, the carriage porch and the gabled end adjacent, above all the magnificent stonework. On the



FIGS. 8-10.—RESIDENCE OF C. WILLIAMS BERGNER.

Amöler, Pa.

Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

whole, however, the house is disappointing. It lacks the grave calm, the "Vere de Vere" self-restraint, the poise and presence of its great prototypes, the XVth and XVIth century manor houses of England. In this regard it serves to show how rapidly Mr. Day came to grasp the essentials of a style used here, I assume, for the first time. A few years later the Locust Street house, and the gymnasium now under construction, manifest a penetrating grasp of the essentials of this most inspiring style; proportion, composition, self-restraint. It is an architecture for gentlemen, it breathes good



FIG. 9.—STABLE OF C. WILLIAMS BERGNER.

Ambler, Pa.

Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

breeding and marks good blood. Without these qualities it becomes intolerable, as witness the rank and file of American imitations recently popular. Straight classic is a style where it is hard to go hopelessly wrong, though the late Mr. Mullet and the creator of the Philadelphia City Hall would seem to prove the contrary, but in this other style it is correspondingly hard to go right, for it pre-supposes a power of keen analysis and a faculty for grasping essentials on the part of the man who handles it. No one has reduced it to a tabular statement of mathematical formulae, therefore each must delve for himself. In nine cases out of ten the practi-

tioner is content with what he sees on the surface; contours of mouldings, buttresses, battlements and gables, and this way lies perdition. The mistakes in the Ambler house are fewer than usual, for refinement of feeling will mitigate much error, but it is not what the Days would make of it now as is proved by the gymnasium for the University of Pennsylvania. Before I speak of this, however, we must take up for a moment that amazing creation where four men of singular sympathy and unity of purpose came together to bring into existence one of the most original and important buildings in the United States.



FIG. 11.—CLINICAL AMPHITHEATRE OF THE MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL HOSPITAL.
17th and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

How shall we speak of the Archæological Museum (Figs. 13, 14, 15) the building which should be era-marking and which is the result of the fusion of the brains of Messrs. Eyre, Cope, Stewardson and Day? I have tried in vain to bring home to any one of them the credit for some single thing. Independent action, individuality of product is strenuously denied, therefore the building must stand as the precipitation of five sets of brains fused in the crucible of enthusiasm. In so far as the Days were a part of this startling amalgam a portion of the credit must go to them and be recorded here.

I am a little afraid to speak of this structure at length for it makes



FIG. 12.—THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Frank Miles Day & Bro.,
Architects - Wilson Eyre,
(Cope & Stewardson.



FIG. 13.—THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

Architects { Frank Miles Day & Bro.,
Wilson Eyre,
Cope & Stewardson.



FIG. 14.—THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

Architects { Frank Miles Day & Bro.,
Cope & Stewardson.
Wilson Eyre,



FIG. 15.—THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

Architects { Frank Miles Day & Bro.,
Wilson Eyre,
Cope & Stewardson.

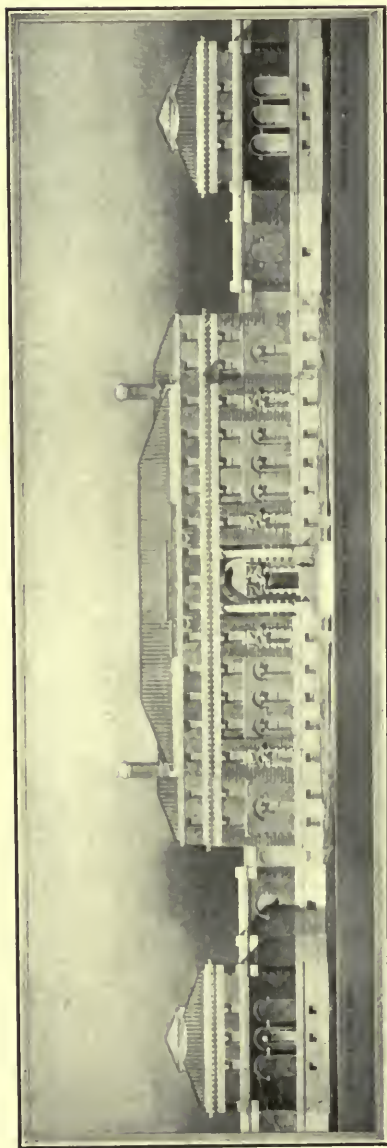


FIG. 16.—MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL.

Washington, D. C.

Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

so instant and overwhelming an appeal to me that I doubt my judgment. Personally, I feel increasingly that it is at the very least one of the most significant works of art yet produced in America. What is its basis, Lombard, Tuscan? Or are the hints of these influences accessories only, accidents? Is not the basis just keen, creative enthusiasm? The thing baffles and amazes. It is as spontaneous as the Ducal Palace in Venice, the Hotel de Ville d'Orleans or the Chapel of Henry VIIIth. It grows from its plan inevitably, impeccably. It is as logical and crystalline as great music; as the Vorspiel of Parsifal, or the Third Symphony of Brahms. It has the unity of a great tree, the directness of nature itself.

One feels that American architecture should show at least its chain of ethnic continuity. Of this there is nothing in the Archeological Museum. Does this prove that the theory is wrong, or that the building is an episode only, a sport of genius? For one I admit my inability to answer the question, but whatever the final solution, there is a living lesson here of the value of simplicity, directness and independent thought. Is genius but the power of taking infinite pains? Then this is a work of genius, for every detail in this design is studied to the ultimate limit. The brickwork with its entirely new bond and its joints an inch and a half wide; the inlaid decoration, perfectly placed and Japanese in its "naïveté" and spontaneity, the color composition and "notan," the intimate use of water, grass and foliage—all these things and many others show what results are obtainable where every point is scrupulously considered, and all is rejected that has not been studied to the point of perfection.

Right or wrong in style, significant or the reverse in the history of American architectural development, this Archeological Museum stands as a great lesson in right methods at least and in this respect at all events it must have its effect.

Mr. Day and his brother are now engaged on two projects of great importance and each shows very clearly the sureness that comes with maturity. These are the group of buildings for the Municipal Hospital, Washington, D. C. (Fig. 16), and the gymnasium for the University of Pennsylvania. The first exists thus far only on paper, the second while under construction can be illustrated only by drawings, which is unfortunate since the work itself is immeasurably finer in every way. Both show to perfection one of the strongest marks of the firm's genius, power to plan logically, monumentally and practically, and to express this plan outwardly with force and precision. This is the fundamental quality of all good architecture, and unfortunately it is not noticeably common. All that the Days' design is organic; I have already called attention to its perfect taste. The combination is invincible and when the

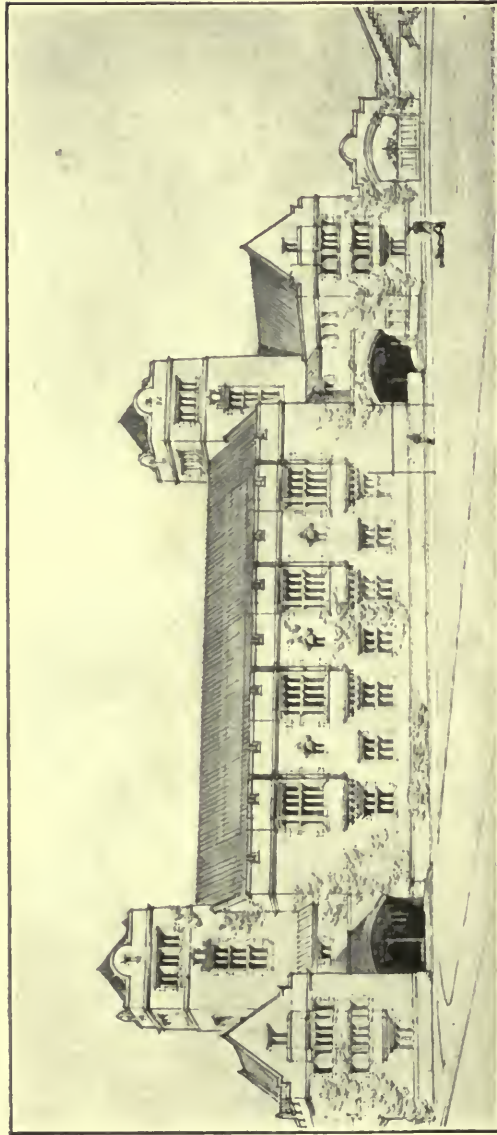


FIG. 17.—THE GYMNASIUM.

University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

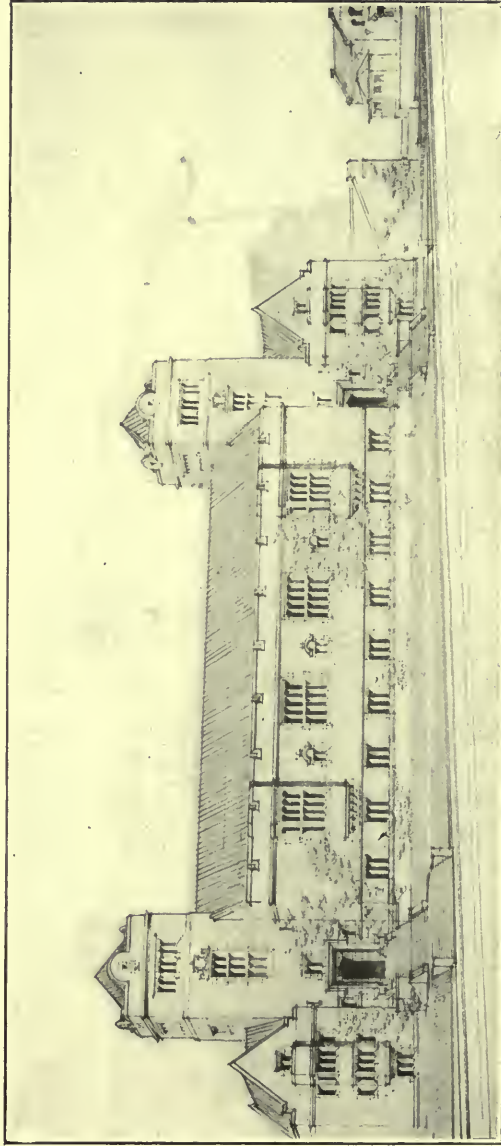


FIG. 18.—THE GYMNASIUM.

University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

great opportunity comes, as it surely will, the result will be notable.

The Washington hospital scheme is as I have said a masterpiece of practical and monumental planning. In style it is of a vital and noble colonial, dignified, competent, convincing; sufficiently

historical, adequately modern, a strong essay in the development of ethnic style.

The gymnasium (Figs. 17 and 18) is even better as an example of organic planning and the outward expression thereof. It shows the most mature restraint, grasp of the components of architectural design and their relationships, certainty and confidence of touch. It is an essay in architectural logic. Outwardly it is based on the best type of English collegiate work, remotely suggestive of St. John's College, Oxford, one of the buildings that proves finally that composition is as important and as highly developed in Mediaeval as in Classical design. Mass, outline, proportion, all are just and calm and sure. The surfaces are just broad enough, the structural lines just sufficiently emphasized, the oriels and



FIG. 10.—RESIDENCE IN PHILADELPHIA.
Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.

Mullioned windows shaped with exactness, right in their openings, placed where composition demands them and where the plan requires them. There is no straining for effect at any point, no sketch-book detail, no affectation, no self-consciousness. The whole thing is grave, serious, solid and logical, sure in every touch, the work of men that have found themselves.

Measured by recent standards the Days have not done an excessive amount of work, but their influence has been profound and far-reaching. Why? Simply because they have stood unflinchingly for good taste and for intrinsic beauty, and because they have done nothing that was half studied or for revenue only. They treated

their art with respect, they never forgot that an architect must be first of all a gentleman, and they held faithfully to the gentleman's creed "Noblesse oblige." They, with Mr. Eyre and Messrs. Cope and Stewardson, turned back the tide of "Sans-culottism" that was overwhelming Philadelphia, and they set up their standard as a rallying point for all men loyal to good taste, to seriousness of purpose, to faithfulness in the small things of architecture as in the great.

Ralph Adams Cram.



CARVING OVER MAIN DOOR.

House on Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Frank Miles Day & Bro., Architects.



MURAL PAINTING AT THE SOUTH END OF SARGENT HALL.

John Sargent, Painter.
 Copyright by the Trustees of the Public Library of Boston, 1903. From a Copley print, copyrighted 1903 by Curtis and Cameron, Publishers, Boston.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The South End of Sargent Hall.

THERE is at last a mural painting in America worth a journey across the continent to see; and this forms part of a large scheme of wall decoration, promising much—claiming greatness—and not likely to be disputed in this claim by art lovers of whatever predilection. Those who are able to visit Boston for two days, or to “stop over” for the time between two trains, may add definitely to their happiness in life—such happiness as the great achievements of literature and art are capable of giving—by a visit to the Public Library.

Mr. Sargent is the most swift and dextrous of portrait painters. His readiness, his resource, his command of every device known to the modern painter in oils, all are recognized by the artists of his epoch; all are admitted or asserted ungrudgingly by painters who talk about one another's work. The peculiar swing and dash, and the graceful dexterity of this portrait painting of his have been especially notable in the recent exhibition of his portraits which was held in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in September last. There were seen about twenty-five of his most recent works, life-size portraits all, some full length, as in the case of the astounding picture of Mr. Higginson painted for the Harvard Union, others of half length only, some of ladies, some of the ladies' husbands, all brilliant, all swift and slight in their manipulation, all suggesting the work of a mind and hand so trained in what might almost be called sketching in oil, that the temptation to make and develop a sketch and to try for nothing more might well be irresistible. And this is noticeable—that, in the mural paintings of eight years ago, at the north end of Sargent Hall, something of the same swift and clever manipulation was visible, and also much of the same realism of pose and gesture which the recent portraits show so strongly. The Frieze of the Prophets which comes below the lunette at the north end, is not a frieze of decorative quality, it is not an organized group or a series of groups, it is not architectonic nor subdued to the conditions of an architectural adjunct. It consists of seventeen standing figures and one crouching or seated figure, in addition to the centre piece in relief, in which a grandiose Moses surrounded by the spread wings and the serpents of Eastern mythology rests his hands upon idealized Tables of the Law and stands full front as the only architectural or elaborately composed figure of the whole series. All the rest are clothed in that abundant, that super-abundant, that incomprehensibly full and flow-

ing drapery of which painters of the figure have the secret; and each of these figures is in action, as it were. There is gesticulation, there is beckoning, there is prayer and lamentation, there is drawing of swords and clenching of fists. The crouching figure is overwhelmed by his grief; the standing figure next him hides his head in a vast black cloak. Each one of the prophets is employed in some individual and active movement, or occupies some emphasized pose expressing personal feeling, rather than aiding in a united movement or emotion; and, from the painter's point of view, each is the study of a nobly conceived human figure rather than one part of a great decorative composition. On this account it has never been possible for the lover of mural painting, as such, to accept that frieze as entirely and in all respects the thing to be desired. But now the aspect of the great decorative scheme for Sargent Hall is changed. In the work done during the winter of 1902 and 1903, namely the putting into place of the pictures of the south extremity of the hall, a mural painting is given us which is to be described in very different terms from those used above and which is, until further notice, the best thing for its purpose which our public buildings contain.

Sargent Hall is the third landing place of the main stair. The great square staircase hall of the ground floor, with its memorial pedestals supporting marble lions, is only high enough to contain that single set of stairs which leads to the landing place where are the paintings of Puvis de Chavannes. From that landing place open two square lobbies through which you go northward to the children's room and southward to the "Issue" department. From one of those lobbies the stairs go upward, and reach Sargent Hall, which is figured on the plans in the guide book as 23 ft. wide and 85 ft. long. The staircase with its well-hole and high parapet occupies one-third or rather less of the floor space. The Hall is higher than it is wide, for the vertical height of the walls is about 14 ft. and above that the chord of radius of the vault is of 11 ft. 6 inches more. The room is all light gray, walls, floor and vault, either built of the pale limestone used generally for the interior of the library or plastered in close imitation of it so far as the color is concerned. The only exception to this uniform grayness is at the two ends. The north wall from the top of the dado to the crown of the vault is covered with the painting of eight years ago; and of the same date is an adjoining band painted upon the side walls and the vault above them; a band six feet wide measured horizontally, and seeming to frame the composition of the end wall. Now, too, the south end is painted, but the terminating wall only, without any setting or framing such as the band above described supplies to the north lunette and its frieze. If, now, these end paintings were

conceived with a view to the painting of the whole gallery, as to which there is no doubt, then they are intended to look and they will look very differently, this painting once completed, than now, or so long as this pale gray tint embraces everything except their own surface.

Then, there is the lack of sufficient daylight. The side walls may perhaps find themselves enough in daylight for their pictures when put into place to be seen; but assuredly the paintings of the end walls are not seen aright, and as certainly the light upon them will be still more dim when the side walls no longer reflect light as freely as they do now. It is one of the misfortunes of the hard-and-fast Neoclassic style design chosen for the interior of this building—a style contrasting so decidedly with the free Parisian work of 1840 which was imitated in the exterior, that no such thing as a proper skylight could be endured for a moment by the designer or his assistants. How can you make a skylight in a tunnel-vaulted gallery? Apparently in only one way—the mere cutting of a series of square holes, as if a carpenter had gone up there with a saw after the vault was complete. Nothing else is allowed to you as a faithful classicist; and yet nothing else that pretends to be a skylight could be quite as feeble in actual decorative effect or quite as unsatisfactory for the admission of light, as that row of rectangular holes. The result of this arrangement is that the light which impinges upon the upper part of one of these lunettes has been reflected upwards from the floor and diagonally sideways from the long walls—that almost no light reaches these paintings direct from the sky, and that the light which does so reach them comes at a thousand different angles, much of it flashing back directly into the eyes of the spectator in a way that would be at once recognized and at once voted insufferable if the surfaces were more glossy, but which even as they are is injurious to their best effect.

Under all these conditions the painting of the south wall has been put into place, and it consists of a lunette decoration in which are represented the personages of the Trinity, with seven haloed doves which it is possible perhaps to explain as the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit; and a band below, corresponding in position and in size with the Frieze of the Prophets at the north end; and of a great sculpture in low relief representing Christ on the cross, which relief sculpture invades the crowning lunette and to a less degree the frieze below, crossing also the band of separation between them and forming the central figure of the composition. This central piece, then, presents first the body of the Saviour on the cross, and on either side of it our first parents who, by an unusual



FIGURES OF THE SAVIOUR AND OF ADAM AND EVE.
(South end of Sargent Hall, Boston Public Library.)

John Sargent, Painter.

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piece of symbolism, are themselves collecting the blood which flows from the wounds in the hands. The feet of Christ bear upon the coiled and twisted serpent, of whose body, however, one fold passes around the feet of Adam. The red drapery which hangs from the shoulders of the Saviour passes also around the crouched figures on the right and the left. This drapery is dark red; the bodies themselves are colored in a rather cold gray which is perhaps to be considered an injury to the composition; at least, one who learns to love the color scheme may find himself troubled a little by the chill of those gray and shining, rounded limbs. The cross itself is framed, as it were, in strongly emphasized mouldings which, as they are solidly gilded, and are echoed by the gilded frame of the curious square in which Adam and Eve are placed and which serves as a background for the cross, makes the metallic glitter of this part of the picture very decided indeed. This golden gleam is repeated in the crowns of the Divine Persons of the lunette, in the angelic wings and weapons below, always placed upon details which are modelled in relief. Now the present writer can never join in thought with those to whom gold is a glaring or an aggressive thing in decoration. Gold is the greatest of all harmonizers, the most perfect of softeners and reconcilers. There is nothing like gold for the use of the man who does not quite know how to harmonize bright colors; nor is gold to be shunned by any artist of decorative purpose until his figures approach realism in their treatment, and the placing of his picture with regard to its lighting and the approach of the spectator to it have been perfectly calculated. In other words, Paul Veronese does not demand gold for any part of his Marriage of Cana, but the men of Florence, still greater as mural decorators than Veronese if much less powerful as painters, could hardly dispense with gold and were always ready to use it freely. The use of it in this instance in large masses is a part of that admitted and obvious return to the principles of an earlier school of decoration which is so welcome in the superb composition which we have now under consideration. A peculiar charm is found in this frank return to decorative principles, this frank adoption of a decorative purpose, on the part of a consummate modern painter.

The Frieze is made up of the Angels of the Passion, of whom two support, or seem to support, the cross. They hold the reed, the spear and the nails of the cross, the crown of thorns; while on the right hand side one supports the pillar of flagellation and the scourge. There is nothing individual about these figures. They are the Angels of Passion and are to be taken together; no one of them is a personality. It is to be noted that in like manner no effort has been made to distinguish by facial expression the person-



FRIEZE OF THE ANGELS.

(South end of Sargent Hall, Boston Public Library.)

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John Sargent, Painter.



FRIEZE OF THE ANGELS.
John Sargent, Painter.
(South end of Sargent Hall, Boston Public Library.)
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ages of the Trinity, for, according to an account which has been published, the three being in low relief were cast in the same mould with the deliberate purpose of making them exactly alike in expression. They are crowned differently; the Papal crown on the central figure, the Imperial and the Royal crown on the side figures, in a way capable of being interpreted as sufficient distinction for the three Persons, but as to the exact significance of such details difference of opinion may exist. It is of comparatively little consequence to the student of decorative art what school of theology has had the most weight in inspiring these symbolic representations. The thing for us all to consider is rather the magnificent glow of solemn color, the splendid treatment of the separate parts of this color scheme in the really stately draperies, the exquisite gradation of hue in the sombre red garments of the angels, the harmony of the whole thing when looked at from a sufficient distance to see it all as one composition, and the almost equally splendid quality of a single part which one may select and enjoy for the moment as a separate picture.

To accept this as a decorative painting of the highest possible quality is much. To study it farther is to find in it something still more remarkable as artistic achievement, in that a skilled and daring portrait painter should have bent his genius and his exceptional facility to so grave and so reserved a work. Perhaps even more important still is the triumphant solution of the difficulty which must have harassed every painter at different times during his career, and which is always present in the mind of the student of modern art—the difficulty of treating well drawn and well posed and anatomically correct human figures in a highly decorative spirit. In connection with this view of the case one might cross Copley Square to the front of the porch of Trinity Church, a porch erected only six years ago, and study there a similar effort in sculpture of life-size and smaller. There was a sincere and even a successful attempt at treating sculpture of Romanesque design with modern knowledge of the human body, and this was, as there has been occasion to say before, a partial success greatly encouraging to the makers of such designs for the future. In the Sargent composition, however, a further step is taken, and the highly trained technician has found in his spirit the thought, which as he has known how to embody it, will remain a permanent example of the way to treat the human figure in painted decoration.

Russell Sturgis.

A "MODERN CLASSIC."

GREAT have been the vicissitudes, within living memory, of the plot at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. About a full generation ago, the late A. T. Stewart found it brownstone and left it marble. Before that was it not the "palatial residence" of one Townsend, patentee of a sarsaparilla, long forgotten, or remembered only by Artemas Ward's "quotation from old man Townsend's advertisement." At any rate it was, in the estimation of a man who could afford to take his choice, precisely the most eligible site for a residence in the City of New York, though only across the avenue from the residence, a conventional brownstone front, which the millionaire already occupied. The residence itself which he "left marble" was and remained, so long as it remained at all, noteworthy for the extreme massiveness and solidity of its construction. A member of the club which occupied it after the millionaire vacated it by death, and who must have been of Irish extraction, complained of the expensiveness of the necessary alterations in it, entailed by the fact that "the wood work was all marble"—barring what was iron, he might have added. In design it was far more ambitious and far less successful than the conventional brownstone front which it supplanted, being the result of the millionaire's infatuation for an architect who was little better than an "architect," and whose works have mostly, to the relief of the judicious, followed him, the only conspicuous monuments of his art left being the "up-town store," at Broadway and Tenth Street, and the "new" court house in City Hall Park, the demolition of which the judicious await with some impatience. The club, in adapting the interior to its uses, "incredibili labore" as already set forth, refrained from tampering with the unsuccessfully pretentious exterior and it stood until it was pulled down, also "incredibili labore," as a monument of the architectural uncultivation of the most conspicuous New York millionaire of A. D. 1870, having in the meanwhile witnessed strange changes in its environment—having seen the fashionable centre for residence shift a couple of miles to the northward, and itself confronted across the way by the towering caravanserai of the Astoria. The millionaire's pecuniary instinct had served him well as to the "investment," for in the interval the ground had become too costly for any man or even club to keep house in, and been marked out by the progress of events, as the proper place for a "financial institution."

The financial institution is to be congratulated by all lovers of architecture upon refraining from turning its premises into a speculation in real estate by putting up a skyscraper on them, with



THE BUILDING OF THE KNICKBOCKER TRUST CO.—FIFTH AVENUE FAÇADE.
34th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City. McKim, Mead & White, Architects.



BUILDING OF THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.

34th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City.

McKim, Mead & White, Architects.



THE BUILDING OF THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.—DETAIL OF THE EXTERIOR.
34th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City. McKim, Mead & White, Architects.



THE BUILDING OF THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.—THE CANOPY OF THE
ENTRANCE.

34th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City.

McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

only one floor reserved for its own use. That would have given us another of the sort of buildings of which we have already, for architectural purposes, several hundred times too many. The attractiveness of the actual result proceeds primarily from the dignified determination of the owner, the Knickerbocker Trust Company, to erect a building chiefly for its own use, a modest three stories with a partly visible and partly inferable attic which may serve for janitor's quarters. And, secondarily, it proceeds from the perception of the architect that this building project gave scope for a really classic building, as very few building projects do which are fitted in a Procrustean manner to what it pleases their architects to regard as a classic scheme, or oftener are decorated with classic members divorced from their natural and appropriate belongings and surroundings. This latter process is very ancient as well as very common, but it does not on that account become venerable. It dates back to the architecturally bad old times of the Roman Empire, when the inartistic Roman engineers, for all the world like inartistic modern architects, built their buildings as they practically had to, in such forms as the construction naturally took, and then, instead of expounding and decorating this construction into architecture, which they had neither skill enough to do nor perception enough to attempt, plastered upon their fronts the "orders" of another construction, which had been developed to an architectural result, but which were entirely irrelevant to what they were doing. Of the two classes of architects, the class which took part in the Greek revival of the early nineteenth century, and frankly sacrificed their buildings to their architecture, as, for example, by designing windowless Parthenons for the uses of modern custom houses, seems more respectable than the compilers of the things of shreds and patches.

It is by no means often that a modern architect has a project which will allow itself to be simplified to the Greek construction, and in which a single system of uprights and cross pieces can be made the whole visible structure of the modern building. When that exceptionally happens, the most convinced mediaevalist or modernist can hardly cavil at the adoption of the "order," in which that construction was once and for all so beautifully developed and expressed that no construction more complicated has attained an equal perfection. A case is clearly made out for classic when the architect can employ the order as the structure, instead of reducing it to the place of a superficial decoration, or of taking it apart and undertaking to reassemble its elements in other connections than that for which they were devised. There are few recent works, and not many modern works, in which that opportunity is legitimately offered. When it is offered it is a pleasure to see it embraced and made the most of, and to see how immensely the order gains in



THE BUILDING OF THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.—DETAIL OF THE INTERIOR.
34th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City. McKim, Mead & White, Architects.



BUILDING OF THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.—THE BANKING OFFICE.

34th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City.

McKim, Mead & White, Architects.



BUILDING OF THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.—BANKING OFFICE.

34th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City.

McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

effect by being restored to its structural significance. The typical example of this true and appropriate use of the classical construction is that truly "neo-Grec" edifice, the Faculty of Medicine in Paris. Here, above a basement of one moderate story, and between wings of two moderate stories, is enclosed the main motive of the building, the Ionic colonnade which is the actual framework, and which is so much more impressive, because so much more expressive, than any superposition of orders, each with its own entablature, or than any hybrid of the Grecian colonnade with the Roman arcade. The wall here becomes the mere screen that it must be in a truly "classical" construction. Speaking of the great Basilica of the Giants of Agrigentum, Viollet-le-Duc says, very pertinently: "To use columns as points of resistance, piers, or buttresses, and then to shut up the intercolumniation with a light construction was to reason very wisely; but to treat the voids as if they were the solids, the screen walls as if they were the necessary construction, and the buttresses as mere decorative features, as was done habitually by the Romans at a later day, was, with all due respect to the Romans and their infatuated imitators, very barbarous reasoning."

In this country, there are recent examples of this true method of employing the classic construction, which commend themselves alike to those who are in the habit of analyzing architectural arrangements, and to those who are not, but who feel the truth of a just arrangement without reasoning upon it. One is the Memorial Hall at West Point, which may or may not have been inspired by the Faculty of Medicine or by the Basilica of the Giants which was the prototype of both. It now (by the addition of the wings) resembles the Parisian building more nearly than when it stood detached. But it differs from the Parisian building, in that it has no supporting basement, but that the order is not only the structure but the whole structure, and that besides the essential structure there is only the "screen wall" of Agrigentum. All this is beautifully and classically carried out, and is calculated to meet the views of Gibbon's celebrated friend, "the rational voluptuary." Another success in the same kind is that of the New York Stock Exchange, where the order is equally the structure, but where the "sweet reasonableness" of the arrangement is perhaps a little obscured by the fact that, in order to reduce his order to classical proportions, the architect has found it necessary to introduce, under the order and above the basement, a low arcaded story which is sufficiently accounted for on the interior by a gallery, but is scarcely satisfactorily explained on the outside. All the same the Stock Exchange, like Cullum Hall, is a very distinct success and equally a success upon rational lines.



BUILDING OF THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.—THE WAITING-ROOM.
34th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City. McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

And now we have to add a third success in the building of the Knickerbocker Trust Company which is the subject of these remarks. The site is something like 75 feet on the avenue, by 125 on the street, and the primary merit of the architect lay in perceiving that upon the narrower front he could erect an order which would be ample in scale for effect, and which would accommodate and embrace all the requirements of a three-story building (unless part of his merit was to persuade his clients that a three-story building for their own use was the dignified minimum to which to limit themselves). Such at any rate is the fact. The order is ample in scale for purposes of impressiveness. Since it holds its own against the huge mass of the many storied Astoria, it is not likely to be put out of



VAULTS OF THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.

34th Street and Fifth Ave., New York City. McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

countenance by any succeeding erection. And it is well spaced, with ample but not excessive intercolumniation, columns neither huddled nor scattered but effectively detached—in the Vitruvian terminology neither “araeostyle” nor yet “pyncostyle,” but simply “eustyle.” This “tetrastyle” front is one of the most impressive visual objects in Fifth Avenue, or indeed in the street architecture of New York, and we ought to feel very much obliged to the architect for giving us something so good to look at. It is perhaps a pity that he could not have continued his colonnade along the longer front, without being obliged to subdue the order into a series



BRONZE DOORS OF KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.'S BUILDING.

Photo by courtesy of John Williams.

McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

of pilasters, necessarily less effective than the great fluted columns, but we owe the owners so much for what they have allowed him to do that it would be ungrateful to labor this point.

The accessories and the details are all elaborately and artistically carried out "in the high Roman fashion." For though the scheme of the building is unquestionably Hellenic, the detail is as unquestionably Romanized. And rightly so—rightly at least, when one concedes the Corinthianism of the order. For it is pretty clear that while the Romans undoubtedly degraded the other two orders which they imported, they improved the third by heightening its inherent expression of elaboration and sumptuousity. The "light construction" framed by the order is not here as in Cullum Hall, a "screen wall" in masonry but a mere trellis in glass and metal, a close grillage in the lower or banking floor, an expanse above of plate glass with just enough frame to hold it. The exception brings up the one unfavorable criticism one is moved to make, the one apparent solecism in the treatment. For the pedimented doorway in masonry pretty plainly does not "belong." It is not and could not be really allied to the main construction, the great framework of the order. Why, then, should it not be frankly treated as part of the filling, with some elaboration and emphasis, if you please, of the treatment of the very successful projecting openings that flank it. There seems to be a failure here of the rigid logic that prevails elsewhere, and in the diminution of rationality a diminution of the pleasure of "the rational voluptuary." One would like to see this central interstice filled, like those that flank it, with a frank filling which shall disavow connection with the main structure.

The interior is for the most part as classic, as Hellenic, in effect as the exterior, and the columns which are to make their effect by sumptuousity of material are very properly reduced to the simplest possible expression in design. The canopy of the doorway on the inside it is true, partakes much more of the fantasy of the Italian Renaissance than of Attic simplicity, but that is comparatively a trifle. One has to congratulate the architect upon attaining the rare success of a "modern classic."

Montgomery Schuyler.

THE ART OF THE HIGH BUILDING.

FEW phrases have included such a miscellaneous collection of facts and statements as this—the art of the high building. For much of the phenomena to be classed and discussed under this head has no artistic quality or value whatever. It is sheer ugliness, uncouthness, misunderstanding and absurdity, if judged by artistic standards; and the true artistic elements—so far as they exist—are often of a singularly undeveloped nature. One has but to mentally compare the great high building of to-day—the typical and most noteworthy architectural creation of our time—with the great typical building of the Italian Renaissance or of the French mediæval period to realize how very different modern standards of art in things architectural are compared with those of more genuinely artistic epochs.

The erection of the high building has been a recognized branch of our architectural industry for some time. For nearly a quarter of a century it has occupied the minds of our architects, given them their most important monuments, on the whole, and lined their pockets with the largest fees ever obtained in general practice. The participants and contemporaries in a movement are not apt to be competent judges of its tendencies and results, and yet so much thought and treasure have been poured out on the high building, it has become such an intimate part of the commercial life of our time, that it is by no means impertinent to ask, even at this early day, if some definite steps have been reached in the solution of the artistic problems involved in its construction, or if—and perhaps this is the more rational question—if tendencies have been shown which look anywhere, and whither is the direction towards which they tend.

It is more than right to insist on the artistic conception of the high building. Engineers will doubtless maintain that the chief problem is that of engineering. I am not in the least disposed to discount the importance of the engineering problems in buildings of this description; but I respectfully submit that in a building that covers a considerable area, that raises its head as high into the upper strata of the air as the engineers will carry it, which cries aloud for attention and consideration, which invites criticism because of its vast cost, and in which, moreover, the engineering part is carefully hidden and covered up from view—in such a building, surely, the artistic expression, the form, the covering, the outer aspects, are of supreme public importance.

One of the most interesting views in New York may be had from the junction of Liberty street and Maiden lane. Standing there



THE JUNCTION OF LIBERTY STREET AND MAIDEN LANE.



LOOKING UP BROADWAY FROM BOWLING GREEN.



THE BUILDING OF THE METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Madison Square, New York City.
This building will eventually occupy the whole block and will contain more floor space than any office building in the United States.

N. Le Brun & Son, Architects.

the spectator sees before him a little old brick building, five stories in height, placed at the intersection of Maiden lane and Liberty street. It is a simple little structure, absolutely devoid of ornament and detail, but with a flat, rounded end, a recognition of the site that was as much as its builder cared to consider. The windows are plain, flat-topped openings of the old style; the fifth floor is manifestly an attic floor since it contains fewer windows than the lower stories, and the roof is slightly pointed. How much of this structure may be modern or restored I do not know; but it is distinctly of the old type, and it bears the date "1823."

Here, then, is a fair starting point, a building eighty years old, standing in a district long since given up to commercial purposes, and itself used in the same way. And what strange things this little old house has seen grow up around and behind it! The buildings in the foreground are of a later date, but still entirely antiquated as commercial buildings go to-day. But behind it, what marvels and miracles of contrast! Directly at the back is the sheer solid brick wall of the John Wolfe Building, a structure moderate enough in height, as high buildings are built to-day, but colossal compared with the little old house of 1823. To the left, on Liberty street, is the generous facade of the Bishop Building—twelve stories, tier upon tier of windows—a building wholly different in material, in design, in expression, in use, from the old structure with which the neighborhood, as we now know it, started. Here is effort at architectural treatment, a great building, with a basement in design, a superstructure and a narrow attic, a building so different that the barest analysis of its parts shows how tremendously we have moved in eighty years.

But there is more than this; for still further off, and so huge as to almost overwhelm our little brick building, is the mighty tower of the new part of the Mutual Life Building, a building with piers and columns and cornices lifted so high in the air that, we may be very sure, the builders of 1823 could never have conceived of such things or of such possibilities. The entire progress of commercial architecture in seventy-five years is here brought into one view, and one may note the change and advance without moving a step from one's original standpoint.

There is another panorama in New York which is almost as instructive in illustrating progress—not perhaps so picturesque, yet better known—and that is the spectacle that may be viewed from the lower end of Broadway, looking up from Bowling Green. It is a wonderful sight, one of the most astonishing views in the metropolis. Starting with the vast facade of the Produce Exchange, the eye meets just beyond it, looking up the street, with an old brick building, five stories in height—the single antiquated note

in this array of splendor as it is understood in commercial New York—then the Wells Building, the Standard Oil Building, with the later addition Mr. Kimball has so cleverly added to it, the Hudson Building, No. 42 Broadway—the newest of the series—No. 46 Broadway, a brick building of later type than the one at Beaver street, but already so out of date as to be quite comparable to a wedding guest without the wedding clothes in the sumptuous company in which it now finds itself; then an old type four-story building, brick—a veritable derelict—then the Tower Building—the first structure in this country, so an inscription tells us, in which the steel cage construction was used—Exchange Court; the Consolidated Exchange, and the vast bulk and height of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company's Building. There is more beyond, but surely there is more than enough here for the philosophic observer, more than even the casual critic can well digest and ponder over on a winter's day.

Surely, then, with these contrasts and this great activity in building, it is time to ask if anything has been accomplished towards the solution of the artistic expression of the high building, or if tendencies have been started which would seem to indicate definite results. Let me frankly admit that I am entirely skeptical on both these points. Progress in architecture does not consist in the multiplication of buildings, but in real artistic achievement; and progress is not obtained by a hundred individual efforts, each originating separately, each overlooking what has been done by others, each failing to note where others have failed, each ignoring where others have succeeded. Yet a survey of the modern commercial buildings bring out no clearer fact than that this is just what has been done, and, more's the pity, it is just what is being done, and what would seem likely to be done for some time to come.

I am speaking generally, of course, and of high buildings as a whole; for in the case of individual architects very genuine steps of progress may be noted. The Blair Building, in Broad street, is a much franker and truer expression of the high building than the Mail and Express Building in Fulton street, both by Carrère & Hastings; the Empire Building, overlooking Trinity churchyard is a much more interesting building than the Manhattan Life across the street, on Broadway, both by Francis H. Kimball. But does the Park Row Building proclaim any note of progress over the building of the American Tract Society? Or do any of a score of buildings erected in the last two years indicate that their designers have profited by the experiments of other architects or taken the lessons of other buildings to heart? Is the Atlantic Building any more notable contribution to art than the building of the National Bank of Commerce? Does the Broad Street Exchange



BUILDING OF THE LAND TITLE AND TRUST CO.

Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

D. H. Burnham & Co., Architects.



THE NORTH AMERICAN BUILDING.

Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

James H. Windrim, Architect.

sum up any nobler thoughts in architecture than the St. Paul Building?

These are pertinent questions, for the gentlemen who have built these structures have thrust them upon us for all time, so far as living man can see; they have spent huge sums in their architectural doings, and they have given our city—for limits of space in this discussion restrain me to New York—a new and characteristic aspect. It is quite beyond the question to point out the beauty of Manhattan's skyline—that has nothing to do with the case—and a building whose chief merit is that it out-tops its neighbors is necessarily wanting in most of the characteristics we are accustomed to associate with good architecture.

That the commercial building is a commercial enterprise is well known; that it is an architectural enterprise is a circumstance all architects would have us believe. Architectural it is, of course, being concerned with iron and stone, brick and glass; but is it architectural in any other way? Even in its short life of twenty-five years several steps or periods may be noted.

First, the introductory period; the first steps, in which such buildings as the Tribune Building and the Western Union Building were erected. The possibilities of high building design as they were afterwards made known were not at all understood in this remote epoch; but these first efforts were manly and straightforward, and still command respect.

Second, the advertising period. It was suddenly realized that a showy building was a good advertisement for its chief occupant. It attracted attention, it drew tenants, it became a profitable venture. The Pulitzer Building is a fair type, the Broadway front of the Mail and Express an extreme instance; the Manhattan Building a third example. The chief aim of the buildings which may be classed under this head was to be impressive by sumptuousness of parts, by splendor of appointments, by richness of effect. A great financial corporation felt that it might stand better in the community if it had a fine house, and the greater the wealth the more splendid its abiding place—a natural proposition to which no dissent can be taken.

It was a type of building that gave architects their greatest opportunities, for they were not merely required to build, but they were commanded to build well and sumptuously, a certain artistic character was required of them; and if the architects failed to rise to their opportunities it was simply and solely because they failed to comprehend the problem presented to them. It is true they have endeavored to proclaim that the fault was not in them, but in the problem; but the bitter fact remains that they gladly accepted



THE FARMERS' DEPOSIT BANK BUILDING.
Pittsburgh, Pa. Alden & Harlow, Architects.

these impossible problems, and gleefully signed their names to designs that proclaimed their own incompetency.

Third. Then came the third period, which I take to be the present. A change has certainly come over the designing methods of high buildings within a very few years. The buildings are bigger, higher, broader, more costly; but there is less external art, less visible splendor, less effort to create interesting structures; on the contrary, the high building as illustrated in many of its most recent examples in New York, is a frigidly severe edifice, a sheer brick wall, lit with numberless windows, and with the smallest possible efforts to give it architectural form or rhythm.

As an illustration, let me take a group of buildings in lower William street. The Woodbridge Building has a front filling an entire block. Its facade contains no ornamental detail, and yet it is a very excellent effort to treat a commercial front in a dignified and architectural manner. It starts out with a basement of two stories in stone; then an intermediate story, in which the windows are in pairs and round arched; then a superstructure of eight stories, in which the walls are treated as piers carrying round arches; finally an attic story; all above the basement is in warm, yellow brick. The structure, as will now be perceived, is not a "high" building, as such structures are understood; but it is notable for the fact that its architect undertook to treat his front in an architectural way; he discarded ornament, but retained form; and he produced a design of considerable interest and of much architectural merit.

Pass down the street and compare it with the Wyllis Building, the Bishop Building, and No. 68 William street; compare it again with the Kuhn, Loeb & Co. Building, with the Wall Street Exchange, with the new structures in the lower part of Wall street. A basement of one or two stories is still retained; but above there is nothing but wall and windows, windows and wall. There is no effort to group the openings, no wall treatment, no piers; even the attic story fails to emphasize itself, or is so far removed from the street as to be actually out of the design. If these latest buildings are the last word in high design, as it is understood in New York, it is obvious that the artistic architect is out of the effort altogether, and the high building has become a simple box, with openings in it to admit the light.

An economic restraint has, apparently, come over our high buildings which is most detrimental to them in an artistic manner. Whether the architects have given up the problem in despair, whether clients have despaired of the architects, whether there has come a realizing sense on all sides of the utter commercial character of these structures and therefore, of the apparent folly of



"THE WHITEHALL"

Battery Place, New York City.

H. J. Hardenbergh, Architect.



THE RAILWAY EXCHANGE BUILDING.

Chicago, Ill.

D. H. Burnham & Co., Architects.



THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

Chicago, Ill.

D. H. Burnham & Co., Architects.



STORE AND OFFICE BUILDING.

Minneapolis, Minn.

F. B. & L. L. Long, Architects.

making them artistic, I do not know; but here are the results, and very unpleasant most of them are.

Yet rigidity of treatment is not incompatible with successful and interesting results; huge height is not inconsistent with interesting efforts; a barren wall, the piling of windows one on top of another is not necessarily devoid of merit; all of which is most pleasingly and successfully illustrated in the Whitehall Building. Simplicity of parts could hardly go further than here. The stone basement is as devoid of unconstructional parts as the plainest building in New York; the tremendous superstructure has not a single note of ornament, and the walls are sheer brick fronts. But success here has been obtained by a clever use of color; the central walls are red brick; the end pavilions of light colored brick, with thin lines of red; the stone of the base is gray; the attic is simple and restrained. In plain words, this elevation was studied, and studied intelligently and well; no one would think, for a moment, that its parts were thrown hastily together and the topmost course of brick laid with the utmost haste, that an unpleasant task could be completed as speedily as possible, and with the smallest effort. Yet New York has not a few such buildings, and some of the latest and biggest are distressful examples of such unarchitectural proceedings.

Are we getting anywhere? Apparently we have run the gamut of ornamental structures and settled down—or is it up?—to useful ones, in which there shall be plenty of utility and the smallest possible amount of art. The basic type of design is still adhered to—basement, superstructure and attic—but the basement is hardly more than the protrusion of the foundation above the soil; the superstructure is a shapeless tier of windows; the attic a mere finish. The latter has long been a favorite feature with New York architects. The logic of their proceedings is quite irresistible; the lightest parts cannot be below, and a building must come to an end; let us, they have cried with one voice, adorn our buildings at the top. By this time, apparently, they have awakened to the fact that the tops of their structures are so remote from the ground that no one can see them, and it has become absolutely true that the enriched attic story is becoming a feature of the past. But they still remain with us, and as one travels down Wall street quite a series presents itself; the Atlantic Building, the Sampson Building, and the structures below Pearl street, all characterized by a lower severity and enriched crowning, much of which, owing to the low altitude of the adjoining structures, is still visible, but seemingly destined, in the near future, to be well hidden from the view of posterity.

The ornamental entrance story has disappeared even more quick-



THE CORN EXCHANGE BANK BUILDING.

William Street, New York City.

R. H. Robertson, Architect.

ly than the decorated attic. The Atlantic Building boasts a crowning member of considerable richness, but the basement story is quite bare in its simplicity. The single feature is a heavy entrance portico, which is in striking contrast with the delicate carving of the United States Trust Company Building, immediately adjoining it. The latter is not a high building, although the time is not far past when it was proudly labelled a "modern office building." The contrast is most impressive. The United States Trust is a building of moderate height, treated in an architectural manner, and decorated with finely carved capitals and bands. The Atlantic Building is several times its height; has the barest of porticos as its chief lower ornament; has a featureless superstructure, and flares out above with a crowning member of several stories quite elaborately treated, a system of design that has become almost typical in New York.

The change towards simplicity in design, it should be thoroughly understood, is quite for the worst. Mr. Hardenbergh has shown, in his Whitehall Building, that simplicity is not incompatible with dignity, and that this dignity may have a decided quality of beauty; but the lesson has not been generally learned, nor its possibility appreciated. The featureless high building—the front that is merely, built up, story on story, tier upon tier—until the appropriation gives out—is no embellishment to our thoroughfares. Wealth of ornamentation is not embellishment; the prefixing of unnecessary parts is perhaps needless; but lack of interest is altogether inexcusable, and of this there is still a plenty and to spare.

A plain wall, however, has merits which the variegated treatment entirely fails in. Our architects are apparently moving away from the repetition of motif illustrated in the American Tract Society Building, the Park Row Building, the St. Paul Building, in each of which a large feature of several stories is repeated several times. It was an unfortunate system that should never have been tried more than once, for it quite ignored the idea that the high building was a unity, requiring to be designed as a whole, and not treated as a series of buildings piled one on top of the other. Yet the horizontal line remains in high favor, buildings which are without any other effort at architectural treatment, being erected with each story carefully indicated by bands and string courses repeated "ad infinitum."

It is strange, this cutting up of buildings into layers. There is a new building going up at Pearl and Beaver streets, unfinished when these words are written; but a building with a sharply rounded end, as befits the site. Each floor of the otherwise unmarked superstructure is indicated by bands of darker brick, as though the breadth was the element to be insisted on in a building

whose greatest distinction is its height. The attic member of this structure promises to be a brilliant piece of polychromatic work, one of the most striking novelties in high building design.

The most impressive element in the high building is its height; that is the single feature that distinguishes it from all other structures. Of all the architects who have essayed to solve the problem of high design, Mr. Louis H. Sullivan, of Chicago, has alone frankly expressed the vertical element and given the high building logical, as well as genuinely artistic expression. New York is fortunate in possessing in a building in Bleeker street, a fine example of Mr. Sullivan's work. It would be interesting to transplant it to Broad street, set it up before Carrère & Hastings's Blair Building, and ask them to exchange views on each other's aspect.

The architects of both structures studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris; the Western architect has long been our most conspicuously individual practitioner; the New York firm is easily one of the most distinguished practitioners in the academic style. Their buildings are as far apart as the poles; both are fine examples of their kind; both well illustrate the characteristics of their designers. And both are vertical buildings. It is a triumph of principles over art; for Mr. Hastings has not previously given us a vertical high building, having contented himself with the repetitive method. Mr. Sullivan can not count Mr. Hastings as a disciple—they are much too far apart artistically for that—but at least he has pointed the way which Mr. Hastings has gladly taken in this most distinguished design. One has but to compare it with the immediately adjoining Cable Building, to become aware of how much better things can be done to-day than were done a few years since.

The Kean, Van Cortlandt & Co. Building in Cedar street is another structure whose chief interest is the frank way in which it displays its Beaux Artism. Here again a vertical design, in so far that the chief part, the superstructure, is treated in great bays of seven stories, that emerge from a base and intermediate story of three floors; the attic is a single story. It is an honest effort to apply Beaux Arts ideas to the high building, although lacking in interest. Like many other new high buildings the ornamental enrichment of the lower stories is heavy and large; more vigorous by far than that which any French architect would produce, and heavier than seems called for in a building of such moderate dimensions.

It is a difficult problem, this of the scale of ornament. The buildings are so huge, the basements necessarily so heavy to seem to carry the weight above them, that the architect who would seek



BUILDING OF KEAN, VAN CORTLANDT & CO.
Pine Street, New York City. Warren & Wetmore, Architects.

to treat the question logically from the standpoint of the whole, has a sorry task. And his difficulties are not lessened when classic detail is employed, for his capitals and ornaments increase with diameters, and the laws of Vignola were not drawn to solve such problems as the modern Beaux Arts architects set out to illustrate them with.

The sightseer very soon learns to realize that there is little within the high building to see—the more reason, therefore, it would appear—to make the outside beautiful and impressive. The problem of the interior is chiefly one of plan and of construction. Yet our great commercial buildings are not entirely without interior interest. The entrance and lobby, the elevator hall and vestibule, are legitimate spaces for the display of the architect's personal taste. Make them as splendid as possible, was once the universal rule; I doubt if this is quite so general now.

Take the Mutual Life Building as an example. The entrance hall on Nassau street—the oldest part of the building—is quite splendid with its columns and arches, its walls and ceiling, all of polished and carved marble. The entrance is up a flight of steps within an outer porch, and one enters a rectangular vestibule, large enough to give a decided sense of space. The Metropolitan Life has a larger and more sumptuous vestibule than this, but that of the Mutual Life is comparatively large and is by no means recent. It is in striking contrast to the entrance of the National Bank of Commerce—a later building—just across the street. One stumbles there almost into the elevators, so narrow is the space; but even this shallow entrance is sumptuous with polished marble, as are most of the hallways and corridors of the large buildings.

But the Mutual Life Building has received several successive additions, and it would seem entirely proper to utilize them as types of progress. Around in Liberty street, the first entrance is No. 32. One goes in almost directly from the street level. There is nothing of the splendor of the entrance on Nassau street; only a small, compact corridor; marble walls, it is true, but the slightest decoration. Further down, No. 26, is another type. The elevators are in a branch corridor to the right; directly in face is a partly hidden stairway; rich marble again; but restrained. This, then, would seem to be the type of the high building entrance way: rich materials. These materials in older buildings were richly treated; in the newer they are still rich in surface treatment, but the architectural parts have almost completely disappeared. Apparently, no more money is being lavished on these great buildings than can be absolutely avoided.

The outlook is not cheering. There is no standard of artistic excellence. There is no indication of general appreciation of the

real problem involved. There is plenty of haphazard effort, a good deal of well meant effort, an occasional success. We had as much ten years ago; and we have to-day a vast quantity of uninteresting building which harms through its very negativeness. Surely every possible expedient and experiment has been tried. The time for such ventures has passed. The high building problem is not one that will solve itself, but it can only be solved by the most painstaking care, by the most thorough study of past efforts and failures, and by a thoroughly artistic meeting of the conditions involved. There never was a type of building evolved yet of which it can be better said "the more haste the less speed."

Barr Ferree.



THE MAJESTIC BUILDING.

Detroit, Michigan.

D. H. Burnham & Co., Architects.

THE ART OF WHISTLER.

THE Whistler Memorial Exhibition, which is open in Boston while I am writing, is what will likely prove a unique occasion for the study of Whistler's art. It is not at all probable that so many of his works will ever again be got together in one place, or that so ample an opportunity will be offered for seeing him in almost every phase of his career and in almost every branch of his practise. The exhibition is, indeed, incomplete in one important particular, for it could not contain three or four pictures which are his most uncontested successes. The portrait of his mother is in the Luxembourg Gallery, that of Carlyle, belonging to the Corporation of Glasgow, has been lent to the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy now open in Edinburgh. The former is generally admitted to show a more perfect balance of the qualities personal to Whistler with the qualities common to good painters of all times than anything else he has produced, and is therefore rightly, in a sense, considered his masterpiece. The "Carlyle" is of nearly the same time and of much the same character. Another picture which is thought by those who care especially for the Whistlerianism of Whistler to be finer than either of these, the "Miss Alexander," is also in the exhibition at Edinburgh. These omissions, serious to be sure, are almost the only ones of importance. Of Whistler's beginnings and tentative efforts in this or that direction before he made sure of that which was to be his own; of his early and charming successes in the first works that defined clearly his artistic personality; of the later work, entirely personal, in which his peculiar qualities become more defined and all other qualities gradually cease to occupy him; there are abundant examples. There are works in oil, water-color, pastel; there are drawings, lithographs, etchings, dry-points; works in every medium which he used, and subjects of every kind which he attempted; portraits, figure-subjects, marines, "nocturnes"; and works of every date from his schoolboy sketches to canvases left unfinished at his death. Even for the absent portraits there is the best substitute attainable in the "Rosa Corder," which is of about their date and nearly of their quality, ranking only just below the portrait of the artist's mother in the opinion of some connoisseurs, while "The Fur Jacket" marks the beginning of the transition to the later manner.

Such an exhibition naturally incites one to attempt some sort of estimate of Whistler's artistic production. It is too early for any definite decision as to its ultimate value or as to this artist's relative rank in the hierarchy of artists, ancient and modern; but one may

at least try to define the nature of his art—to show what it was and what it was not, wherein it failed or succeeded, what are the qualities which it did or did not possess. I the less regret my inability to speak with any authority as to Whistler's etchings, because in this field his superiority seems to be less contested. The variation of judgment seems to be between the opinion that he was the greatest etcher since Rembrandt and the opinion that he was the greatest etcher that ever lived. Mr. Pennell, who has strongly stated the latter view, begins by ruling all Rembrandt's more important plates out of the count as "pot-boilers," a term which he makes synonymous with compositions, and having thus eliminated, almost entirely, the intellectual and imaginative content of Rembrandt's work, bases his judgment, as far as one can gather, on technical considerations alone. One may accept expert testimony as to the great technical excellence of Whistler's practice as an etcher without feeling that this alone is sufficient to secure for him, permanently, the supreme position assigned him. The inexpert may feel that his art is, after all, of the same kind and quality in his etchings as in his paintings, and that his limitations are not, in themselves, reasons for praise, until it is proved that the world would be gainer by the absence from all art of the qualities he had not. With the general statement that Whistler's etchings are to-day considered by the best qualified judges as among the finest ever produced, I am willing to leave them, and to give my attention to his work in color as represented in this collection and in such examples as I have been able to see elsewhere.

One of the feelings most commonly expressed by visitors to Copley Hall is that of surprise at the variety of the work shown; and the pictures certainly do cover a considerable range of subject-matter. Yet the limitation of this range in certain directions seems to me quite as remarkable as its extent. I do not remember a single figure-picture by Whistler in which anybody is doing anything in particular. His figures stand or sit or recline, but they never act. And I do not remember a landscape with a tree in it, or a hill, or, except in one or two early works, so much as a rock. From the beginning he shows a tendency toward that elimination of definite subject and of definite representation which he justified theoretically in his "Ten O'Clock," and elsewhere—a tendency to extract from nature a few notes of color, a few lines and shapes, and to give these with as little else as possible. This tendency affirms itself more and more until it assumes its extreme form in some of the later "nocturnes," where mist and darkness so disguise all forms that definite drawing becomes not only unnecessary but impossible, or in some of those pastels in which there is but a hint of anything actual, a line or two and a touch or two

of color, suggested by and suggesting something in nature, but imitating nothing. The nineteenth century has been an epoch of shifting and uncertain standards, of confused efforts, in which each of the arts has been reaching out for the effects proper to the others. Music has become more and more pictorial, and has attempted to convey definite ideas and even to represent external facts. For more than forty years Whistler was engaged in the effort to make painting resemble pure music as nearly as possible—to make it a matter of tones and harmonies and intervals of intrinsic beauty, acting directly upon the senses and the nerves independently of the intellect. His titles, which seem affected and are certainly inconvenient, being hard to remember and helping little in the identification of particular pictures, are yet perfectly logical. In practice we find ourselves neglecting them, and seizing on those sub-titles which answer our purpose better. But the musical titles he chose do show what his art constantly tended to become, even if they do not answer in all respects to what it was. It would seem that painting can go no farther in the direction of Whistler's later work without ceasing altogether to be the art we have known by that name.

It is of no special significance that Whistler began the serious study of art as a pupil of Gleyre; it is much more significant that the earliest of the paintings exhibited by the Copley Society shows him as an admirer of Courbet. This is a portrait of himself, the head only, in a large black felt hat, and has been frequently reproduced. It was painted about 1859, and the rather violent light and shade, with black shadows, the yellowish tone of the flesh, and the attempt at powerful modelling, point unmistakably to the influence under which it was produced. Courbet's vigorous naturalism and rather coarse and boisterous strength is as unlike the spirit of Whistler as anything one can well conceive; but Courbet was the most prominent opponent of the old academic formulas at the precise moment when Whistler and Manet, Whistler's elder by one year, were beginning their careers, and they could but be attracted to him. Both impressionism and the radically different art which seems, just now, to be superseding it as an influence on the younger painters, owe their origin, in a manner, to Courbet. He proved that good painting could be done without regard to "the rules," and he set students to looking at nature for themselves; and we are therefore indebted to him for more than his own pictures. His direct influence on Whistler, however, was not very deep or lasting. Traces of it may perhaps be found, now and then, in the pictures painted within the next few years, but they soon disappear. Whistler may have been thinking of Courbet when he painted the *Coast of Brittany* in 1861—there may be even

a lingering reminiscence in "The Blue Wave" of 1862. Later than that one can find no specific resemblance to Courbet in Whistler's work. For still a year or two he occasionally produces a piece of representation, more or less realistic in intention, like "The Thames," in 1863, but by this time he is finding himself, and ceasing to attempt the things which it is not in him to do.

"The Coast of Brittany" and "The Thames" are not pictures which any one would be likely to care much about except for the after-work of the man who painted them. They are interesting because he did them, but they are not beautiful. It is different with three pictures painted in 1862, "The Blue Wave," "The Building of Westminster Bridge" and "The White Girl." Each of these remains a remarkable and beautiful work, not in all respects surpassed by anything the artist did afterwards. That which is most unlike the things which were to follow is the "Westminster Bridge," which, if it stood by itself, would seem the work of an artist of an entirely different type from that of Whistler. Its virtues are other than those which came specially to characterize him, while it is weakest in just those qualities in which he became strongest. It is not particularly fine in color, being of a somewhat conventional brownish tone throughout; neither is it distinguished by charm of linear pattern, though its intricate linear structure is interesting. As straightforward painting of nature it is vigorous and skillful, showing much clearness of vision and power of representation. But it is its treatment of subject and its attitude toward humanity that mark it as something apart in the production of its author. Here, for once, there is something going on, and something very definite. The figures are very small, and insignificant as figures; but the power of humanity over nature, the many and strange inventions of man, loom large in it. This is no "arrangement" or "harmony"; it is a picture with a subject imaginatively conceived and powerfully rendered—a picture by an artist partly realist, partly romanticist, who seems destined to carry on in new fields and in a personal way the work of the school of Barbizon. Never again did Whistler do anything resembling it or show any signs of the kind of energy that it witnesses to.

In "The Blue Wave" we have more of Whistler as we know him, but we have at the same time both more naturalism and more conventionalism than we shall see later. Essentially it is an arrangement in blue and brown, but the brown is richer and deeper, the blue more intense, than he will ever make them again; and there is more occupation with the precise notation of form than in his maturer work. He is beginning to experiment with color, but he uses it in strong oppositions and with the aim of attaining fulness and force rather than refinement; while he hesitates to break too

sharply with realism or with the traditional methods of painting. It is rich and handsome, a fine and most effective picture, but besides the marines he painted some years afterward it seems a trifle heavy and sombre.

In these two pictures we have two phases of an interesting and highly promising artist, whose future course is not yet certain. In "The White Girl" Whistler definitely announces himself as the painter he is to become. Here there is no more subject than in any portrait, no strong oppositions, no great amount of realization. The picture represents a girl in a white dress standing on a white skin before a white curtain, the only color, apart from the tones of flesh and hair, being a bit of blue in the matting on the floor and the hues of a few flowers which she has let fall. There is little firmness of construction or solidity of modelling in the flesh, which is reduced almost to one flat tone, and there is no especial ease or brilliancy of handling. The painting has evidently cost trouble in parts, and the color is a little lacking in perfect purity, the conventional brown not being yet entirely eliminated from the palette. The greatest charm of the work is in the sympathetic rendering of the face, not beautiful, but young and pure and sweet, and in the natural grace of the erect figure. It is somewhat timid and awkward work as yet, but in its reliance for artistic effect upon the decorative division of space, on grace of line, and on the delicate opposition of nicely discriminated tones, it is already very characteristic. The artist has found the road he was destined to tread, and henceforth steps aside from it but seldom.

In the years from 1861 to 1864, according to Mr. Freer, were painted a number of small sketches, owned by him, which show Whistler experimenting on the lines suggested in the "White Girl," and prelude such delightful early successes as the "Little White Girl" and the "Symphony in White No. 3." They are sketches only, without heads or hands or definite form, not completed pictures in any sense; but as sketches they are delicious, and the chance to see them in relation to the work for which they were a preparation is one of the things for which we are most grateful to this exhibition. When one remembers how lately Whistler himself had been under the influence of Courbet—remembers, also, that Manet was in the midst of his black manner, and that the later impressionism was not yet heard of—one realizes the great originality of their delicate, pure color and high key of light. In composition they remind one of Japanese prints, but there is something Greek about the figures, as if Tanagra figurines could be flattened and painted upon a screen. Not only much of the later art of Whistler is here in germ, but all the art of Albert Moore.

In the ten or twelve years following Whistler produced almost all of the works which have ever achieved anything like popular success. In 1864 he painted the "Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine"; in 1865 or 6 the "Little White Girl," and about the same time "The Music Room"; in 1867 the "Symphony in White, No. 3," which seems to be the last picture he signed with his name, and also the first which he signed with the butterfly which here appears in the first of its many forms. To the late sixties or early seventies belong the earliest of the "nocturnes" and of the later marines. The portrait of his mother and the "Carlyle" must have been done before 1874, and probably, also, the "Miss Alexander" and the "Rosa Corder," while the date of "The Balcony" is, conjecturally, about 1876. I know of no instance of a dated picture after 1867, and it is very difficult to make certain of one's chronology. It is to be hoped that someone will take the trouble to search all available records and gather all scattered information, and will give us, as nearly as possible, a chronological list of Whistler's works. In the meantime it may be safely stated that the period from his thirtieth to his fortieth year was that in which he produced those pictures which, if they do not necessarily show his special qualities at their highest and finest, show them in the best balanced combination with others which have generally been considered desirable in art. It is the period in which his work, if not in all ways most characteristic, is most complete as we generally understand completeness.

Whether or not the work of this decade is considered Whistler's best will always be largely a matter of the personal equation of the critic. It is also, in a sense, a matter of small importance. The career is ended, the work is all done. The painter's reputation will stand upon what is best of him, whether it came early or late. If the work be fine and great, the man was a great artist, and whether he was greatest at forty or at sixty is, indeed, a matter of some interest, but one that does not and cannot affect his essential greatness.

"The Little White Girl" is, perhaps, the general favorite with visitors to Copley Hall, pleasing more people than any of the other pictures there shown. It owes this distinction partly to its very great merit, partly to what its author would, a little later, have thought to be extrinsic and eliminable qualities. Its appeal lies partly in the painting, partly in the things painted. It has no very definite subject—it is essentially an arrangement of exquisite tones in a delightful pattern—but the objects represented have more than their relative value as elements of the pattern; they are things capable, in themselves, of arousing interest and of giving pleasure. In the first place, there is physical beauty. Whistler

is thought to have painted it under the temporary influence of Rossetti, and certainly he never again produced anything which shows the same feeling for the beauty of womanhood. Character and expression continued to occupy him more than he would admit, but pure beauty of form and feature he never again represented with the same interest. The figure leans against a marble mantel, her head, in profile, pensively inclined, one arm stretched along the shelf, the other falling by her side, the hand holding a Japanese fan. Behind her is a mirror, and the reflection of her face therein is not beautiful, but her profile is, and the lines of her throat and of her graceful left hand are admirable. The dress is of some filmy substance, and its white, with that of the marble, contrasting with the black of the grate and the mysterious grays of the reflections in the mirror, are the main elements of the harmony; but there are pure and vivacious blues in the fan and in an Oriental vase, delicate tints of rose in the flowering azalea which fills the lower right-hand corner. These notes enliven the scheme, while the objects that make them are, as I have said, interesting things apart from the role they play. The azalea, particularly, charmingly drawn and painted, is altogether delightful. The painting is flat, almost without shadows, a little dryer and sharper-edged than later work, a matter of justly discriminated values and simple silhouettes; but there is substance in the figure, subtly expressed, everywhere but in the left hand, which is rather thin and papery. The art of choice and arrangement is greater than the ability of rendering, but the latter is not so noticeably deficient as to interfere greatly with one's enjoyment. The total effect is of extreme refinement and exquisite loveliness.

In "The Music Room" we have again a mirror in an important role. There are two figures in the room, a woman in a black riding habit who seems to be holding up something, the nature and position of which one does not quite understand, and a little girl in white buried in a book. In the mirror is the reflection of a third figure, whose place in the real room is also rather enigmatical,—that of an elderly lady apparently playing on the piano. The girl is a charming figure, not quite realized, but very adequately suggested. The riding habit is perfectly flat, but its rich black is pleasant to look at. The head and hands of its wearer remind one of Corot's flesh-painting—rather vague in form, a fine gray-pink in color, absolutely just in value. The great beauty of the picture, however, is in the wonderful painting of the accessories, the curtains and vases, and their reflections in the glass. One ceases to care what the figures are doing, or almost whether they are figures or not, as one studies the delicate color, the perfect tone, the fascinating lightness and fluidity of touch with which

these things are rendered. In spite of Whistler's query, his admirers are ever prone to "drag in Velasquez." Here, at least, is a bit of painting that the great Spaniard might have been proud to own.

Was it because he felt that in such a picture as this the still-life was, in a manner, better than the figures, that Whistler never makes so much of it again? For complete representation of objects this picture is perhaps his high-water mark. And in only one important picture of later date that I can remember, "The Balcony,"—a picture more purely Japanese than any other, in which representation has almost ceased to exist—does he put two or more figures on one canvas. Except as mere spots or suggestion of crowds his figures hereafter exist alone. He confines himself to the portrait-painter's problem of the single figure or even the single head. In the "Miss Alexander" there are still a few accessories—a panelled wall, a garment thrown over a stool, a few daisies at the side—in the "Mother" there are only a straight curtain and a framed print, and in the Carlyle even the curtain is gone. In the "Rosa Corder" there is not even a wall, the black figure emerging from blacker space, and this is the commoner condition in his later portraits, though a gray wall or a curtain filling the whole background is now and then suggested. In the use of anything like positive color, also, Whistler becomes more sparing during this period. The "Mother" and the "Carlyle" are arrangements in black and gray, the Rosa Corder is an arrangement in black and brown. He even loses his interest in white, and the "Miss Alexander" seems to be the last picture in which white plays an important part. In "The Balcony" there is a bouquet of bright colors, but it is the last. The earliest nocturnes have still a powerful blue, though far less positive and intense than in earlier work, but it becomes less and less decided, fainter and grayer, or shifting into black. The variations of gray become his dominating preoccupation, and he distinguishes them with extraordinary subtlety.

The purely artistic elements of such a picture as the "Mother" are few and simple. A gray, a black, a little low-toned white, and the dim pink of the flesh, this is all of color. The right lines of the curtain and the baseboard, cutting the parallelogram of the canvas, are echoed by the smaller rectangle of the frame upon the wall, and diagonally across this background is drawn the austere silhouette of the figure, its boundaries simplified into long curves, delicately modulated, but with scarce a break or accident in all their length. Everything is sober and severe except for the one outbreak of capricious fancy in the dainty embroidery of the curtain, which lights up the picture like a smile on a grave face.

It is the masterly management of these elements—the perfect balance of the spaces so frankly outlined, the quality of the few tones of black or gray, the fine gradation of the curves—which gives the picture its rare distinction. These purely artistic matters were, perhaps, all that Whistler was consciously occupied with—this beautiful arrangement of tones and lines and spaces was all he would admit he had produced—but the picture owes its popularity to quite other qualities. The public has insisted on “caring about the identity of the portrait,” or at least about its character and humanity, and in feeling that such a “foreign” emotion as love has, somehow, got itself expressed on the canvas. The gentle refinement of the aged face, the placid pose, with hands folded in the lap, the sweetness and strength of character, the aroma of gentility, the peace of declining years—all these things have been rendered or suggested by the artist with reverent care and sympathy. One feels that he has so painted *his* mother that she becomes a type of *the* mother as she is for all of us, or as we should wish her to be, and we accuse him, in spite of his denial, of having made something finer and nobler and far more important than any “arrangement in gray and black,” however exquisite.

It is ten years since I have seen this picture, and I have never seen the “Carlyle” or the “Miss Alexander,” but I am fresh from seeing the “Rosa Corder.” Here the scheme is black on black, a bit of gray in the gloved hand, and a single note of brown in the low riding-hat and feather. It is a canvas of the narrow, upright form which becomes henceforth so characteristic of Whistler’s portraits, and the lines are more sinuous and graceful than severe, though with no slightest tendency to floridity. They are admirably expressive of the firm elasticity of youth and strength, and of the easy poise of a body in its prime. The head, turned over the shoulder, is again in profile, and in its low tone and lack of modeling seems, at first, somewhat sacrificed, but as one looks at it it grows more elegant and distinguished. Here also we have something more than mere arrangement—a sympathetic presentment of a human personality.

It is in such pictures as these that the comparison to Velasquez, so frequently made, is, if anywhere, justified. If any Western artist exercised anything like a permanent influence on Whistler it was the great Spaniard, but it seems to me more just to say that Whistler’s talent resembled one side of that of Velasquez than that there was anything like imitation. Some of the things which Velasquez had done it was natural for Whistler to do, as it was natural for him to attain some of the qualities of Japanese art, and in the arrangement and division of space, the elegance of silhouette, the beauty of quiet tone, the richness of his blacks and

grays, the younger painter is nearly or quite the equal of the elder. The comparison, then, is natural, but it is rather overwhelming. Putting aside the mere abundance of Velasquez; putting aside his ability as an organizer of great spectacles like "The Lances" or his mastery of large compositions like the "Maids of Honor" or the "Spinners"; neglecting his horses and his dogs and everything but such single portraits as in their simplicity of scheme may be fitly compared with those of Whistler; and we have only to remember that another painter of our day, and a very different one, is also constantly compared to him to see how much of Velasquez is outside Whistler's range. If to all the qualities of Whistler's best portraits could be added all Sargent's sure notation of form and brilliancy of execution, we should have, not yet Velasquez, but something liker to him than anything done in two centuries past. How far the balance may be redressed by those things in Whistler's work which are not to be found in that of Velasquez, or of any one else, we may not yet say; but in the portrait of his mother Whistler is one of the most refined and delightful artists of the nineteenth century; Velasquez is one of the greatest painters of all time.

How far the absence from these portraits of Whistler's of substance, form, construction, modelling, is consequent on inability, how far on deliberate choice, is a question that perhaps admits of no definite answer. After all, if desire is not necessarily ability, a lack of desire is disability. One may not be able to do what one likes, but one cannot, in art, do what one does not like; and to say that an artist does not care for certain qualities is the same thing as to say he cannot attain them. It may be true that he could do this or that if he chose, but he cannot choose. He lacks the first essential ability, the ability to desire. Either from a lessening of physical vitality or a greater concentration on the purely musical elements of his art, then, Whistler did not choose—could not choose—to give us, after the early seventies, anything so complete as these three or four portraits; anything with their human interest, their quality of characterization, their degree of realization. "The Fur Jacket" is already slighter and looser, and after that his later portraits become more and more the "arrangements" he called them. The pigment grows ever thinner and more fluid, the edges disappear after the modelling, the figures grow ghostlike and unsubstantial, the hands cease to exist, and the heads become only a note of flesh-color in the general harmony. Perhaps the weakest of them all is the "Comte de Montesquiou-Fezensac," which is not even an agreeable arrangement either in line or color; one of the best is also a very late one, "L'Andalousienne," graceful in line, delicate in its differentiation of closely related grays, but with a face almost devoid of features.

It is not in his later portraits, which show no new invention of harmony to balance their loss of humanity, that the best work of the last thirty years of Whistler's life is to be found, but in that series of small canvases, "harmonies," "notes," "arrangements," "nocturnes," which are among the most characteristic, if not in all respects the finest, of his productions. They rarely exceed a foot or two in dimensions, and many of them are only a few inches square. They are occasionally small single figures, more often merely heads—or they are bits of streets and shop fronts, river scenes, marines. Whistler was a city-dweller who took occasional trips to the sea-shore, and there is no sign of love for the country in any work of his; indeed, one can hardly say that there is any love for the sea, as such, in these later works—one can hardly imagine a yachtsman caring for Whistler's sea-pieces because they represent his favorite element. He treats the sea, as he does everything else, as a pretext for a harmony of two or three subtly discriminated tones, and it lends itself admirably to his purpose because of the lack of solid objects or of definite and generally recognizable forms. Definition and realization have become irksome and distasteful to him, and, whatever his subject, he gives as little of them as possible. Many of these things are true sketches, nearly instantaneous in execution, painted, almost, in an hour or two. Others have been long retained and worked over again and again, but never with the preoccupation of "finish." The labor has gone to the gradual refinement of the tones, the achievement of more perfect harmony, and the work is left, at the end, as vague and floating in its forms as at the beginning. It is even possible that the vagueness has increased with the progress of the work, and that the least definite statements are those which have been most pondered. The painter has come almost as nearly as is conceivable to a realization of his personal ideal—the ideal of painting purged of its representative elements, and brought to the condition of what is called "absolute music"—painting in which color, pattern, line, exist for themselves, with the least possible reference to anything external. But if we are refused so much that has hitherto pleased or interested us in painting, what we get we get with a singular intensity. Clear your mind of prepossessions, forget about meanings and intentions, forget about nature, forget about form or substance or definition—let the artist play to you, and you shall find his airs ravishing in their sweetness.

And they are airs which no one else has played. For this art differs from all the art of the past not only in that everything but the purely musical elements has been banished from it, but in that these elements are treated differently and are of a different kind and quality. It is not only that color and pattern and the material

beauty of paint are to stand alone, but that we are given a different color, a different pattern, a different material beauty from any we have known. In all these things the characteristic note of Whistler is extreme refinement and tenuity. To its extraordinary sensitiveness and delicacy of perception any fulness of sound is almost as distressing as noisiness, and splendor is perilously akin to vulgarity. In color he gives us no crashing climaxes, no vibrant, full-orchestrated harmonies—his is an art of nuances and shadings, of distinctions scarce to be followed by the ordinary eye. What he calls blue or green or rose, violet or grenat or gold, are the disembodied spirits of these colors, tinges and intimations of them rather than the colors themselves. Sometimes the tinge is so faint that no one else can perceive it, and sometimes what, to his consciousness, is the keynote of his composition, is so faintly sounded that, to another, it seems the least important note of all. Finally he wraps everything in the gray mystery of night, and his picture seems composed of nothing more substantial than the atmosphere itself.

So his lines are reduced to the fewest, and modulated with the most imperceptible fineness, and his actual use of material has been similarly sublimated. Not only could he not abide the rough hatchings of the impressionists or the heavy masses of paint of the modern Dutch or the followers of Dupré, but the rich textures of the Venetians, the close enamel of Holbein or Van Eyck, the crisp touches of Hals, are equally foreign to him. He has a strong sense for the beauty of material, but it is of material brought to the verge of immateriality. His paint is fluid, thin, dilute; his touch feather-light and melting. There may be twenty successive layers of pigment on the canvas, but it is scarce covered, and its texture shows everywhere. It is almost as if he painted with thought.

One feels thick-fingered and clumsy in trying to distinguish among these later works of Whistler—works in which a kind of art by suggestion has gone so far that one catches oneself wondering whether one has not been hypnotised into a belief in pictures which have no objective existence. It is to rub the bloom off them to examine them too closely. There are many of them in Copley Hall, and by no means all of the same quality, but they all seem too slight to bear handling, too lacking in the positive for description, too evanescent, almost, for separate recollection. They blend in one's memory like past twilights, and have, in the retrospect, little more individuality than last year's violets. Is it worth while to catalogue and annotate, to say that this is beautiful and that not so beautiful, this successful and that a failure? I have my notes, and even without them I recall a few things with

some distinctness—"Grenat et Or—*Le Petit Cardinal*," one of several variations in dim reds; "Symphony in Violet and Blue," a marine in which the violet is little more than gray, and the blue is but a faint blue-green; "Blue and Silver—*Trouville*," dainty and clear; and "Nocturne in Blue and Silver—*Cremorne Lights*," lovely in its pale opalescence. Then, "Nocturne in Black and Gold—*The Falling Rocket*," with its sprinkle of gold-dust on the blue-black darkness; and, most ghostlike of all, two nocturnes, "Grey and Silver—*Chelsea Embankment*," and "Blue and Silver—*Battersea Reach*," so much alike and so devoid of nameable color that one fails to see how one has more blue or less gray than the other, but quite wonderful in their feeling of mystery and of palpable air. So one recalls other things, not so perfect, where the harmony has been missed, be it ever so slightly, and there is nothing to take its place. But it is not this or that picture that one remembers most clearly, it is the total impression of an art infinitely subtle, infinitely fastidious, tremulously intense; an art of exquisite sensibilities and fine nerves, of reticences and reservations; a music of muted strings.

Slight as are Whistler's later oils, his watercolors and pastels are yet slighter. Pastel is the slightest and most evanescent-seeming of materials; but surely no one has used it with such slightness as he. A few square inches of brown or gray paper, a few chalk lines, lightly set down, a touch of color here and there—this makes up a pastel as Whistler conceived it. The subject is generally the figure, nude or lightly draped, but these are figures from which all the things on which the great figure-painters spent their efforts have been eliminated. Here are no attempts to express structure or stress or pressure, still less to render solidity or the texture of flesh or even its color. The lines are of beautiful quality in themselves, but their charm is that of their own curvature as abstract lines and of their arrangement, their relative distance from each other, and the way in which they subdivide the space of paper. The touches of color are delightfully placed, but they represent nothing, though nature may have given the hint for their placing and the relative intensity of their hue. Light and shade, for which Whistler has never greatly cared, is eliminated entirely, and even truth of values, which he has retained longest of the qualities common to great painting, is now abandoned. Pretty much everything of our Western art has been left out as non-essential, and even that composition of light and dark, upon which the artists of the far East have always laid so much stress, has disappeared. With infinitely greater deftness and mastery, and now of set intention, as the ultimate expression of his ideal in art, Whistler has come back to the condition of those early sketches, already mentioned, which were the prelude to "The Little White

Girl" and "The Balcony." His material aiding him, he has sloughed off, more completely even than in his latest nocturnes, everything that can be sloughed and leave a vestige of painting as an art of representation. To this he was bound to come at last, if he lived long enough. It is impossible to imagine any further step that shall not lead to the tracing of purely meaningless lines and spots for the pleasant diversification of a surface. The Whistler who is most like the great artists of all times, as our Western world has known them, is the Whistler of the "Mother." The Whistler who is most entirely himself, pushing his own theories to their possible limit and relying exclusively upon his own special gifts, is the Whistler of the nocturnes and the pastels—a dainty, winged spirit, as light and as graceful as the butterfly he chose for his emblem.

Two or three interesting beginnings in directions which were to lead to nothing, a few captivating early pictures, perhaps half a dozen fine portraits, a hundred or two little pictures and pastels of ethereal charm—such is the baggage, slender enough it must be confessed, and, perhaps, a trifle fragile, with which the painter begins his voyage down the ages. One can imagine some of the abounding geniuses of the past, henceforth his fellow-travelers, looking at him with raised eyebrows. "Was, then, your time so impoverished that this seemed wealth to it?" It is, indeed, probable that in no other century could so great a reputation have been founded on work of this texture, but there are certain considerations which lead to a reasonable expectation of permanency for it. For it is not the men who do many things well, and achieve a high average of merit, whom the world most delights to honor, but the men who do one thing better than anybody else. Whistler has done certain things that no one else has done, given us certain sensations not to be had from other works than his. No one else has so well painted night, no one else so suggested mystery, no one so created an atmosphere. In no other art we know has the pleasure to be derived from tone and from the division of spaces been given so purely and so intensely. Even should these things be done again, and done better, he will have been the first to do them, and that of itself is a title to fame. And apart from the value of his own achievement, Whistler has been, and is, a potent influence on others, and such influences have their own special glory. He has had, and will have for a time, mere imitators who copy his methods and vainly hope to become great artists by painting everything in black, but there are thousands of others whose perceptions have been quickened by contact with his, who have learned to see more delicately because he has shown them how, whose eyes have been opened to beauties before unnoticed.

Was he a great master? Posterity will decide. At any rate, he was a true artist, and in an age too much dominated by the scientific spirit—an age given up to experiment and the desire to know and to record—he consistently devoted his beautiful talent to those things in art which are farthest removed from naturalism and from science, and in his impatience of a painting that is not always art created an art which almost ceases to be painting.

Kenyon Cox.





GROTESQUE MASK.

On the Façade of the Art Gallery at Bâle.

Arnold Böcklin, Sculptor.

A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF RAPIDITY IN CONSTRUCTION.

PROBABLY the best part of the transformation observed in the ways and means of modern building has been in the direction of greater dispatch in operations and consequent lessened costs and earlier returns for investments. With the types of the latest era now very well settled, plans do not



Dec. 15, 1902.—Excavation complete and column bases set.



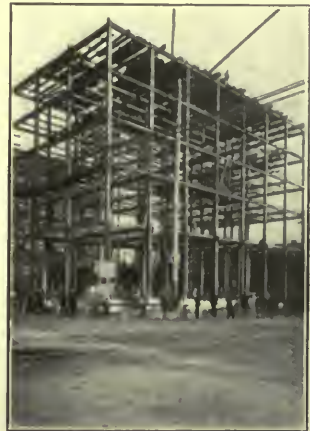
Jan. 2, 1903.—Foundations complete and steelwork carried above first floor.

change substantially between one building and another of the same class; and units, forms and equipments become susceptible of being reproduced, multiplied and knit together with increasing facility and quickness at the hands of skilfully directed operatives. The present type of office building will probably not be essentially changed for a generation. The desire will be to reproduce it in many cities, and it is important for investors to know the shortest period in which a great building can be erected and who are the contractors that have had the qualifying experience and possess

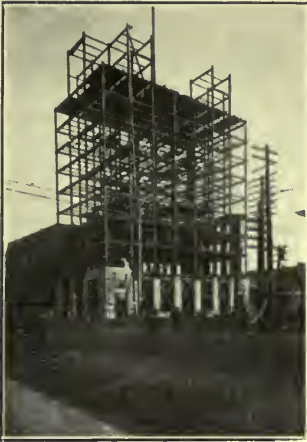
the means for rapidly executing such work.

An office building being purely a commercial enterprise, everything that adds to the cost of constructing it beyond what is absolutely necessary is a waste; and therefore it makes a great difference to investors and owners whether their building is two years in course of erection or only six or eight months, and whether the interval during which the investment is bringing no return in the form of rents is long or short.

There is a case in point at Columbia, S. C., where the Columbia Real Estate



Jan. 15.—Granite water-table set and six tiers of beams in place.



Feb. 4.—Limestone one story high and ten tiers of beams in place. Fireproofing in fourth tier.

as possible. It was the first real skyscraper to be erected in that section of the South, therefore regarded as a particularly important operation. Should it prove a satisfactory investment, it will soon have neighbors of its own kind.

The speed with which the work was carried on by the Tidewater Building Company is shown in the accompanying illustrations. Begun about December 15th, the building was entirely finished about the first of September



Feb. 15.—Limestone to height of second-story window sills. Roof tier of beams in place and fireproofing in six stories.



March 13.—Brickwork seven stories high.

& Trust Co., otherwise the Loan & Exchange National Bank, of which Mr. Edwin W. Robertson is president, having a twelve-story building to erect, gave the contract to the Tidewater Building Company of New York. The directors knew and realized that they had purely a business proposition before them that having decided on a certain type of building, slightly varied to suit their particular locality, it was their duty as trustees to arrange for as quick a return from the surplus space

following. This would have been nearly record work even for New York City, and was a marvelous feat for the South, though not the best the same builders have accomplished. On January 1st of this year, 1904, a group of manufacturing buildings, covering twelve acres, of steel, concrete and brick work, was finished by the Tidewater Building Company at Wilmington, Del., after having been in course of erection only since the preceding April. The contract for the Republican Club Building in New York City,

a twelve-story steel frame structure, was taken by the Tidewater Building Company on May 6th, 1902, and in slightly more than five months from that date the building was enclosed. The Collier Building in New York, costing four hundred thousand dollars, was started by the Tidewater Building Company on March 1st, 1900, and was occupied by the owners in the January following.

So far as he could, President Napier of the Tidewater Building Company used for the Columbia contract such help as was obtainable locally, but the expert foremen were brought from New York; and the company did its own ironwork, masonry, carpentry and painting. Brite & Bacon were the architects.

The Tidewater Building Company does work with dispatch in any part of the country, and in a style uniformly satisfactory.

Mr. A. Milton Napier, the president and chief executive, was trained in the office of McKim, Mead & White, and his associates are, like himself, all practical men of high-class experience. Mr. H. Stevenson is vice-president and Mr. Jos. P. Ranney is secretary and treasurer. This company recognizes the value of time in purely

commercial projects, and from long practice in the best methods, in organizing large forces, and collecting and handling material, it can so lay out work that operatives can labor together without interruption, and by orderly progression and sequence produce the finished edifice in the shortest space of time and yet have it all well done. With the steadily increasing investment in single buildings it is a vital matter for owners to have their work done expeditiously. This company has also erected a number of fine private dwellings, including Mr. George Crocker's at Ramsey's, N. J.

The main office of the Tidewater Building Company is at 25 West 26th Street, New York City. Branch 227 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.



April 1.—Brickwork to lower tier of cornice.



July 1.—External construction finished.