

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration



Greenhouses in the Casita de Arriba, Spain.

Incorporating
THE
ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW
SUPPLEMENT

Two Shillings & Sixpence Net.

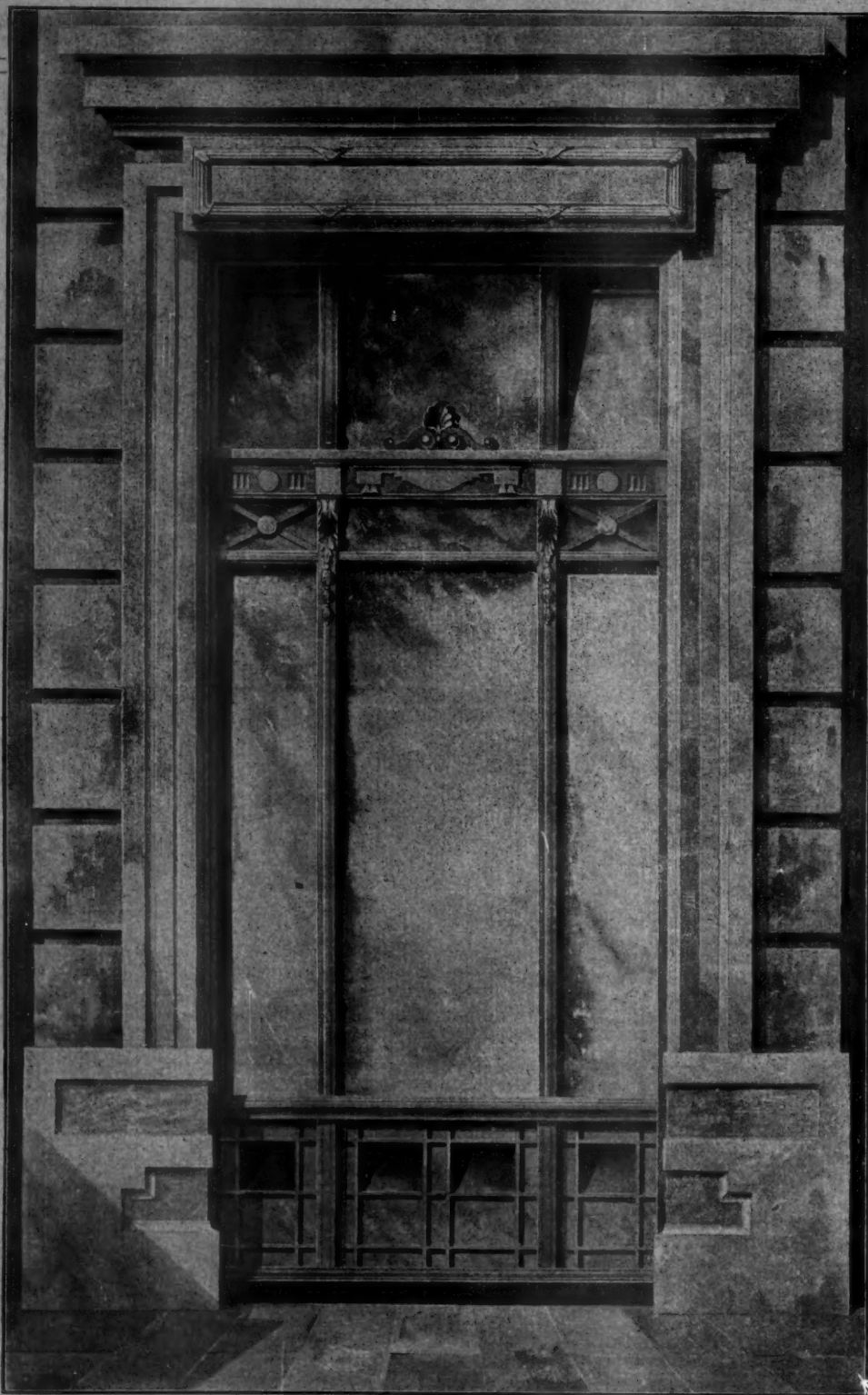
9 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.1.

Vol. LXII

August 1927

No. 369

HAYWARDS METALWORK



HAYWARDS LTD., *Building Specialities*, UNION ST., LONDON, S.E.1



Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus.



Devonshire House, Piccadilly.



*North British and Mercantile Insurance Co.,
and Lloyds Bank, Waterloo Place.*

STEEL

STRUCTURAL STEELWORK

THE STEELWORK for the Buildings
illustrated here was fabricated and
erected by
REDPATH, BROWN & CO., LTD.

OTHER CONTRACTS in London now in
course of erection include:

Bank of England (Section 1a)
Midland Bank (Head Office)
Westminster Bank (Head Office)
Lloyds Bank (Head Office)
Grosvenor House, Park Lane (Shops and Flats)
Stratton House, Piccadilly (Shops and Flats)
etc., etc.

STEEL

REDPATH, BROWN & CO., LTD.

CONSTRUCTIONAL ENGINEERS

3 Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4

WORKS AND STOCKYARDS

LONDON
Riverside Works,
East Greenwich, S.E.

MANCHESTER
Trafford Park.

EDINBURGH
St. Andrew
Steel Works.

GLASGOW
Westburn, Newton.
Office: 19 Waterloo St.

BIRMINGHAM
Office:
47 Temple Row.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE
Office:
Milburn House.

LIVERPOOL
Office:
41 North John Street.

SOUTHAMPTON
Office: Sun Buildings,
Ogle Road.

Registered Office: 2 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration

EDITED BY WILLIAM G. NEWTON, M.C., M.A. OXON., F.R.I.B.A.

ASSISTANT EDITOR, AND EDITOR OF THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW SUPPLEMENT: H. DE C. HASTINGS.

CONTENTS

VOL. LXII

AUGUST, 1927

NO. 369

	PAGE		PAGE
WILLIAM BLAKE. <i>Painter and Poet.</i> By VERNON BLAKE	59	THE MODERN MOVEMENT IN CONTINENTAL DECORATION. VIII.—NURSERIES. By SILHOUETTE	86
THOMAS SHOTTER BOYS. <i>A Great Topographical Artist.</i> By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR	61	A CRAFTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO. <i>Being Examples of Fine Craftsmanship.</i> XVI.—MODERN TABLE GLASS (<i>continued</i>)	88
IN SPAIN. <i>Some Examples of Brick, Plaster, and Granite in the Spanish Renaissance.</i> V.—GRANITE AND FREESTONE. By L. S. ELTON	66	RECENT BOOKS:	
TWO BUILDINGS. I.—SOHO FOUNDRY, BIRMINGHAM. II.—LLOYDS BANK, BIRMINGHAM. <i>Designed by BUCKLAND AND HAYWOOD</i> ..	71	The Decoration of Furniture. By JOHN C. ROGERS	xlvi
THE WAR CEMETERY AT JERUSALEM. <i>Designed by SIR JOHN BURNET, R.A.</i>	73	The Baroque in Italy. By HUBERT C. S. COLBOURNE	xlvi
No. 16 ESSEX STREET, STRAND. <i>Designed by WILLIAM AND EDWARD HUNT</i>	76	The Architectural Antiquities of India. By WILLIAM HARVEY	xlvi
SELECTED EXAMPLES OF ARCHITECTURE: A SURVEY OF SEVENTEENTH- AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. Ormeley Lodge, Ham, Surrey. <i>Measured and Drawn by TUNSTALL SMALL AND CHRISTOPHER WOODBRIDGE</i>	79	A LONDON DIARY	xlix
TALLIS'S LONDON STREET VIEWS. XXXVII.—RED LION STREET. By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR	81	TRADE AND CRAFT	lvi
EXHIBITIONS. By RAYMOND MCINTYRE	82		
Knoddler Galleries—Leèvre Galleries—Gieves Gallery—Arthur Tooth and Sons—St. George's Gallery.		PLATE ILLUSTRATIONS.	
THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW SUPPLEMENT. MODERN ENGLISH CARVERS. III.—GEORGE ALEXANDER. By KINETON PARKES	84	NOTRE DAME FROM THE QUAI ST. BERNARD, PARIS. <i>From a watercolour drawing by THOMAS SHOTTER BOYS</i>	Plate I
		ST. PAUL'S FROM LUDGATE HILL. <i>From a drawing by THOMAS SHOTTER BOYS</i>	Plate II
		THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE ESCORIAL, NEAR MADRID. <i>Designed by HERRERA in 1584</i>	Plate III
		THE WAR CEMETERY AT JERUSALEM: THE ENTRANCE TO THE RECORD ROOM. <i>Designed by SIR JOHN BURNET, R.A.</i> ..	Plate IV
		No. 16 ESSEX STREET, STRAND: THE ENTRANCE FRONT. <i>Designed by WILLIAM AND EDWARD HUNT</i>	Plate V

Articles, photographs, or drawings sent with a view to publication will be carefully considered, but the Proprietors will not undertake responsibility for loss or damage. All photographs intended for reproduction should, preferably, be printed on albumenized silver paper.

All articles and illustrations should bear the name and address of the sender, and postage should be sent to cover their return.

The Editor disclaims responsibility for statements made or opinions expressed in any article to which the author's name is attached, the responsibility for such statements or opinions resting with the author.

All communications on Editorial matters should be addressed to the Editor, THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.1.

PREPAID SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

UNITED KINGDOM, £1 5 0 per annum, post free. U.S.A., \$8.00 per annum, post free. ELSEWHERE ABROAD, £1 5 0 per annum, post free. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS, LTD., and crossed Westminster Bank, Caxton House Branch, and addressed to the Publisher, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS, LTD.,
9 QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

TELEPHONE: 6936 VICTORIA (2 LINES).

TELEGRAMS: "BUILDABLE, PARL, LONDON."

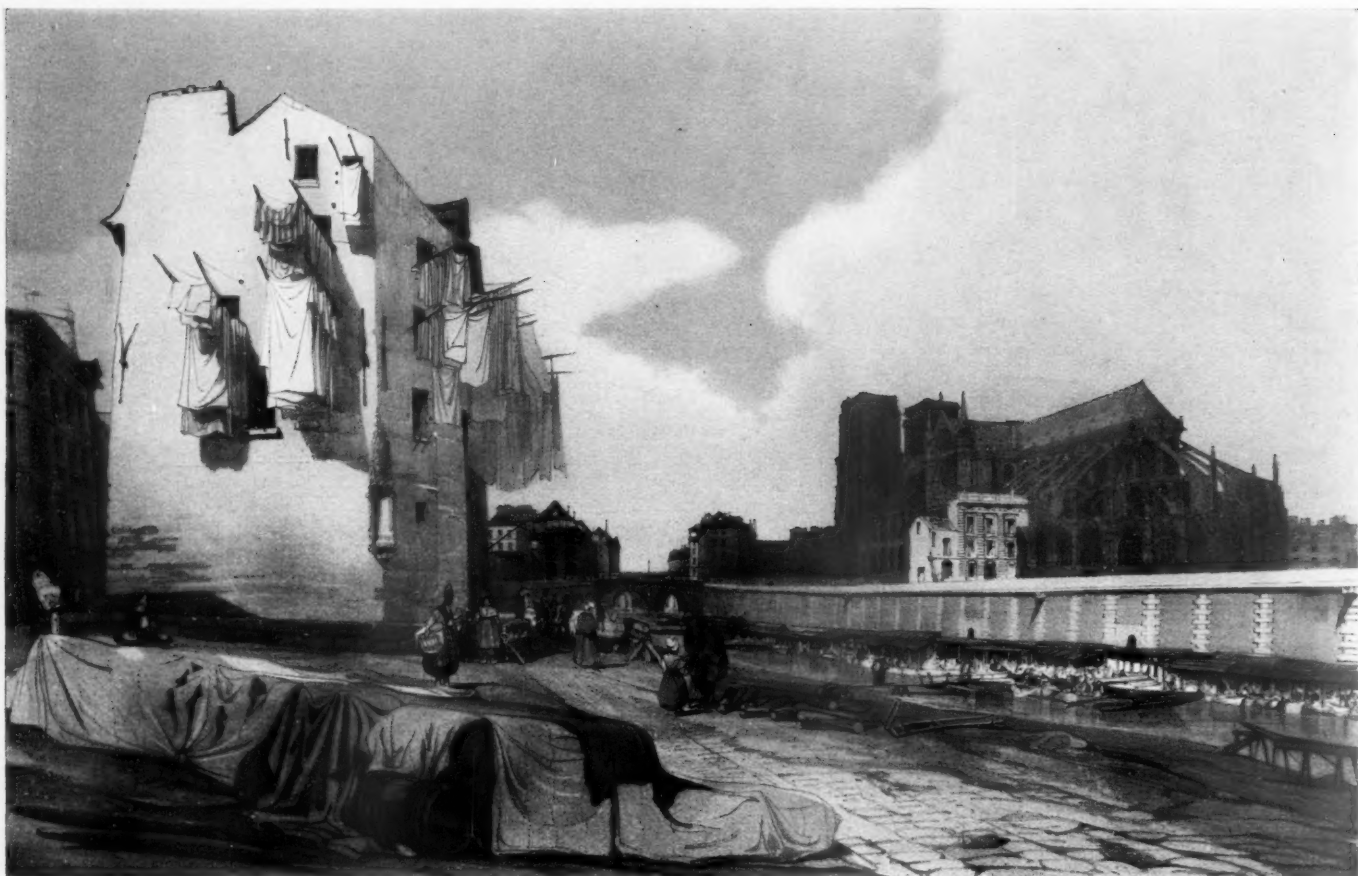


Plate I.

August 1927.

NOTRE DAME FROM THE QUAI ST. BERNARD, PARIS.

From a watercolour drawing by Thomas Shotter Boys.

William Blake, Painter and Poet.

By Vernon Blake.

The centenary of William Blake's death, which occurred on August 12, 1827, will be celebrated this month.

LABUNTUR ANNI . . . more than thirty years have slipped backwards to the past since I learnt the main facts of Blake's existence from *Gilchrist's Life*, which I found in St. Martin's Public Library; since I learnt that he was born in 1757 near Golden Square; that early, at the age of ten, he was already to be found in Mr. Parr's drawing school in the Strand; and that before he was fourteen he was apprenticed to the engraver Bazire. William Blake does not seem to have encountered the traditional family opposition to an artistic life. On the contrary, his father wished to apprentice him to a painter, and it was the youthful Blake himself who, when he learnt the importance of the premium to be paid, refused, saying that it was unfair to his brothers that he should prove so expensive to the general purse. At this moment took place the classic event of the prediction of the Court engraver's—Rylands—end. Blake was to have been apprenticed to him, but again refused, saying that Rylands had a face which foretold hanging. Twelve years later he was hanged for forgery.

Blake remained till he was twenty with Bazire, and then passed a short period in the Academy Schools. While he was with Bazire he was often sent to work in Westminster Abbey, where, we are told, he discovered traces of the old gay colouring upon "the cool grey of Gothic things." It may be that dreaming upon such possibilities was for some part in the evolution of an art wherein are so strangely mingled reminiscences of cathedral carvings with the strenuous and pagan inspiration of the Tombs of the Medici.

On August 18, 1782, he married Catherine Boucher, daughter of a Twickenham gardener. This illiterate girl proved to be the most devoted of wives and the ideal companion of the artist, who, excellent man as he was, must still, by the uncommonness of his ways, have proved an inconvenient partner in the daily intercourse of life—his prolonged hatred of Sir Joshua is said to have found its origin in a mild suggestion that he (Blake) might better his drawing!

In 1789 he published *The Songs of Innocence* and the *Book of Hell*, writing and drawing the text and illustrations on copper plates with isolating ink; the rest of the plate was bitten down etchingwise reversed. *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* followed in 1790. In 1793, Blake, whose existence seems to have been far from unknown, whatever value may have been attached to his work at the time, was offered the post of drawing master to the Royal Family, which, for quite understandable reasons, he refused.

A life of engraving as a means of livelihood, of tremendous country walks in company of the indefatigable Catherine, of inspired writing and draughtsmanship at any hour of night or day that the spirit moved him, came to an end on August 12, 1827, when, we are told, he met the coming of the Great Unknown with ringing cries of joy.

To some, but not to all, of the credos of youth does the experience of age remain faithful across the years. Hand

in hand with my earlier admiration of Blake went a still greater marvelling at the luminous and multiple vision of Turner. Then stepped in years of foreign sojourning, slow comprehension of ideals far removed from those of England. I sought for hidden intent behind the outward seeming. As I became enthralled by the clear concepts of Hellas, seduced by the profound æsthetic of China, my praise of Turner fell somewhat in diapason. Yet to William Blake I remained constant. The two artists belong to widely separated categories. Turner gives me neither more nor less than I can feel myself in presence of the more magnificent manifestations of landscape. Certainly no less an artist he, for artistry lies in the bodying forth, in plastic terms, of thought or emotion to the full. But then there is the quality of the thought, the nature of the emotion. Blake, who first and foremost seduces me by masterly handling of the nude, belongs to that rarer class of painters who, like the great Chinese monochromists, veil behind the outward seeming of their work a whole symbolism of philosophic thought, of which the skilful handling is but the inconsiderable slave. The work of Blake stays with us, and we deem it yet more wonderful as we advance towards greater knowledge of the ways of art.

To these ways of art we have, among others, two estimable guides: one is the *Discourses* of Sir Joshua Reynolds, another is the marginal remarks which William Blake added to his own copy of the book.

While looking once more through Blake's notes with a view to writing this short appreciation, I stumble upon Sir Joshua's: "An instance occurs to me of two painters—Rembrandt and Poussin . . . Rembrandt's manner was absolute unity . . . Poussin has no principal light at all." Beside this evident piece of practical criticism, written for students still studying, as Sir Joshua is careful to tell both them and us, the craft of picture-making, our transcendentalist inscribes: "Rembrandt was a generalizer, Poussin was a particularizer." The phrases arrested me at once, for do I not, in *Relation in Art*, choose Rembrandt as an example of the subjective, the emotional and, in a way, the particular, while I affirm that Le Poussin shows us a more abstract and objective, a more general outlook? None the less, I submit that Sir Joshua, that William Blake, that I, all mean in reality the same thing! The difficulties which attend upon the writer on æsthetic matters!

When Reynolds speaks of the "manner" of Rembrandt as being absolute unity, he is speaking of Rembrandt's technical method of concentrating attention on an unique light focus; he is one practical painter speaking about craft methods which another employed to obtain his results. This intense preoccupation in technique, in how it is done, in how it is presented, is the greatest weakness of the English school as a whole. And the painting of Reynolds himself might well be defined as an expression of mild and homely emotionalism by means of a conglomerated technique, carefully studied from Rembrandt and the older masters in general. To what mind type the brain of Rembrandt

corresponded is an affair quite beside the question for Sir Joshua. This is quite clear from the fact that he goes on to say that "Poussin has no principal light at all."

In *Relation in Art* I happen to have given a fairly full analysis of the light and shade distribution of that typical Poussin, "A Bacchanalian Dance," in the National Gallery, and, rather on the strength of it, class Le Poussin's mind as being of a generalizing nature. William Blake says straight out: "Poussin was a particularizer"! But what meaning do I attach to the word, what meaning does he?

Fortunately the same series of marginal notes comes directly to our aid. "Grandeur of ideas is founded on precision of ideas . . . Minuteness is their whole beauty," writes the seer, and we have at once the key to his train of thought, one with which I am far, very far, from quarrelling. In *The Art and Craft of Drawing* I devote many pages to an examination of the real precisions which go to make up the seeming carelessness of a Degas drawing in the British Museum and which precisely determine its worth. If Sir Joshua studied with success the intricacies of the masters' techniques, he garnered from his study much less concerning the precision of their observation, of constructional facts and of subtleties of modelling. That is one of the chief reasons why his canvases annoyed the delicately trained eye of William Blake. In Blake's sense of the word Rembrandt was a generalizer; that is, in later life, he treated largely with free brush-work that detail of which he was (like all truly great artists) so keen a perceiver. In so doing he was, perhaps, the greater oil-painter; which brings us to the utterance of Blake that: The invention of oil-colours was the downfall of painting. How could a man who pronounced grandeur of idea to be founded on precision not deplore the invention of a method which finds its best handling in envelopment?

The word "precision" raises another difficulty. In their authoritative treatise on William Blake, Messrs. Ellis and Yeats state that he often joined well-drawn parts of figures by ill-drawn junctions, and did not know that he did so. Possibly the latter part of this statement has its origin in the importance which Blake himself attaches to precision in art. But this is to misunderstand what he meant by the phrase. Blake never aimed at reproduction of natural shapes and effects. That is why his art has remained during a hundred years of naturalism so little understood. Blake looked upon the natural form as a kind of necessary encumbrance, the unavoidable intermediate word needful to abstract expression. Of this he had not, it may be, quite a clear perception himself; for he was a somewhat confused thinker, and European æsthetics can hardly be said to have existed at that time. To his own mystic and symbolical thinking the difficulty presented itself as follows: "Am I to copy the model, or am I to draw my 'Visions'? If I study the model, my 'Visions' grow less distinct, less vigorous; yet, as at base I am a plastic artist, I instinctively realize that knowledge of Nature is the foundation of my art." (The words are, of course, mine and not his.) At that period Blake could not know, as we now do, that precisely the same problem had been attacked and solved by the Chinese æstheticians a thousand and more years earlier. The profound reaction that the æsthetic of the Far East has had upon modern European art is, perhaps, the main factor in our growing interest in the work of William Blake. To strictly indigenous material drawn from medieval and Renaissance sources Blake has applied

plastic methods more proper to the mystic Orient. He dealt in a subtle reorganization of certain constructional facts and certain invented rhythms to produce a total symbolic and plastic effect. That this effect bears little or no outward resemblance to the work of the great Chinese monochromists does not disturb one whit the similarity of æsthetic method. The more one's eye is accustomed to reading plastic rhythm the less does it note Blake's derogations from photographic accuracy. In his work such derogations are always made with a view to constructing the plastic rhythm which is the essence of his art. He alone among British artists has dealt with art in this fashion . . . but Blake's real name was O'Neil, and he is absolved from all Anglo-Saxon ancestry, so far as I know.

Doubtless Blake's marginal notes have more than once a hint of injustice in them, yet his enmity to Reynolds is never suffered to modify the æsthetic convictions which are—at one with his mystic beliefs—all in all to Blake. Once Sir Joshua writes: "Art in its perfection is not ostentatious. It lies hid, and works its effect itself unseen. It is the proper labour of an artist to uncover and find out the latest cause of conspicuous beauty, and from them (?) form the principles of his own conduct. Such an examination is a continual exertion of the mind; as great, perhaps, as that of the artist whose works he is studying." Blake might have passed over these excellent phrases in silence; as it is he comments: "This is a very clever sentence. Who wrote it God knows!" A word concerning his supposed insanity. Blake remained an excellent artist to the end of his three-score years and ten. René Vinchon has satisfactorily demonstrated that insanity spells artistic disintegration; in a word, that the hypersensitiveness of genius may be one of the causes of mental overthrow, but that the genius founders with the rest. I am inclined to think that, like Turner, Blake suffered from want of proper elementary instruction; both gave themselves up too soon to the study of plastic art, before acquiring certain elements of balanced judgment, which might have enabled them to judge better what ideas are fitted to artistic expression and what ideas are not. Blake himself writes in his usual imaged style, founded upon the figurative language of the Bible: "The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction." We may indeed applaud their "wisdom," if it was the "tigers" that dictated to him:

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
Who the sunny beams did glide.

Yet, when we find ourselves entangled in the enormous symbolism of the longer poetic books, we may at times wish that the "horses of instruction" had taught him a little forbearance!

Above all a plastic artist, Blake rendered unto plastic art that long apprenticeship which is its due, and thus acquired, all unknown to himself, a sense of plastic fitness. In this he was, if anything, more certain than Turner, who often fails to satisfy on account of errors of plastic judgment. None the less, I find myself wondering whether Blake's art might not have gained in ultimate perfection by more refined mental culture. We come from contemplation of a drawing by Mou-hsi feeling that, there, the "tigers of wrath" have strangely and harmoniously collaborated with the "horses of instruction" to attain to far off regions of great and tranquil art.

Thomas Shotter Boys.

A Great Topographical Artist.

By E. Beresford Chancellor.



Hôtel Cluny, Paris.

TOPOGRAPHICAL draughtsmanship is at once one of the most difficult and one of the most important departments of pictorial art; one of the most difficult because the utmost care and accuracy is needful; one of the most important because where this is attained documentary evidence of the greatest value is handed down to us in terms of artistic charm. It is a commonplace that people often overlook in Nature what they recognize in art. You may walk the streets and be oblivious to details and effects which the painter's medium will reveal to you; yet when these are presented to you in terms of pictorial representation you will at once recognize what the untrained eye has been unable to see for itself. But there have been many topographical artists who have been capable of setting down the outlines of a building in the most accurate way, but who have not succeeded in making it attractive or memorable. Such representations, as being architecturally accurate, are valuable because they will appeal to the trained intelligence of those able to appreciate and understand the features of a structure as thus delineated; but for the general public such pictures too often represent little or nothing, and it is only when the born artist who has also a *flair* for architectural accuracy deals

with such subjects that they become capable of making a wide and general appeal. On the other hand, of course, there are artists who have taken a building and used it merely as a peg on which to hang a picture (thus flippantly to describe it). Turner was a striking example; and, as we all know, Turner's pictures, exquisite and unapproachable as they are *as* pictures, can hardly be relied on as accurate representations of bricks and mortar.

In the amazing roll of English landscape painters there have been many who have combined the two characteristics: Capon and Hosmer Shepherd may be instanced as examples; but no one, so far as I am aware, has so consistently combined accuracy of presentation with artistic treatment as Thomas Shotter Boys. Here and there you may find others occasionally doing this; but with Boys it was second nature; and the consequence is that his work gives a more lifelike and therefore satisfactory idea of a subject as it actually was, than is the case, I think, with any other delineator. He is the one outstanding link between the artist and the architectural draughtsman, and more than any did he combine the attributes of both. He allied broad effects with attention to detail in so surprising a way that the works he has left us are at once accurate documents and beautiful pictures.



Hyde Park, from Grosvenor Gate.

As most people probably know by this time, Boys¹ produced a series of London views which reveal to us not only the most important buildings of our city at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, but present us, as it were, with a microcosm of the life of its streets in those days which, through the efflux of time and the varied changes in manners and customs, are becoming historic. But, some years previously to the publication of this precious volume of lithographs, Boys had done something which from an artistic point of view (because the subjects he chose were in themselves more artistic) was even better; and when, in 1839, he produced his remarkable series of coloured lithographs of what he called *Picturesque Architecture in Paris, Ghent, Antwerp, etc.*,² he gave to the world a volume which, if on its technical side was not actually novel, had never hitherto been approached as a medium for water-colour work, and also a series of pictures which, from the nature of their subjects and the beauty of their artistic treatment, was at once recognized as being a supreme achievement.

Last September I wrote an article in these pages on "Boys in Paris," and although that had nothing to do with the series I am here discussing, being, indeed, an account of

certain original watercolours by the artist in the Victoria and Albert Museum, yet, as I there recalled the details of Boys' life in Paris and Brussels, there is no need for me here to recapitulate what the readers of *THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW* have already had an opportunity of reading. I may, however, remind them shortly that Boys went to Paris, at the age of twenty-three, in the year 1825; that he there became intimate with that fine watercolour painter, William Callow, and also that he came much under the influence of the greater Bonington; that in 1830 he proceeded to Brussels; and after having returned to Paris, came back to England in 1834, making visits to the Continent at subsequent times.

Many artists who have visited or lived in Paris seem to have restricted their delineations of that supremely rich field for such treatment, to painting pictures of the Pont Neuf and other outstanding features which are so well known as hardly to require perpetuation. Boys was not of this school. Wandering continually about the old streets of the capital, then more mediæval than they are today (although those who know realize how much is still to be found there in this direction, often cheek by jowl with flaunting boulevards and occasionally shoddy streets), at a time before Baron Haussmann came and drew his parallel lines through the Paris of the Second Empire, he was ever discovering picturesque features, but features, as he seems to have had a *flair* for realizing, which would be soon with the past, and



St. Chapelle, Paris.

¹ A Reissue of *Original Views of London As It Is*, by Thomas Shotter Boys, 1842. Published by The Architectural Press, December 1925. A small number of copies only are available for sale.

² A Reissue in Colour of *Picturesque Architecture in Paris, Ghent, Antwerp, etc.*, by Thomas Shotter Boys, 1839, will be published in the autumn by The Architectural Press. Limited edition.

THOMAS SHOTTER BOYS.

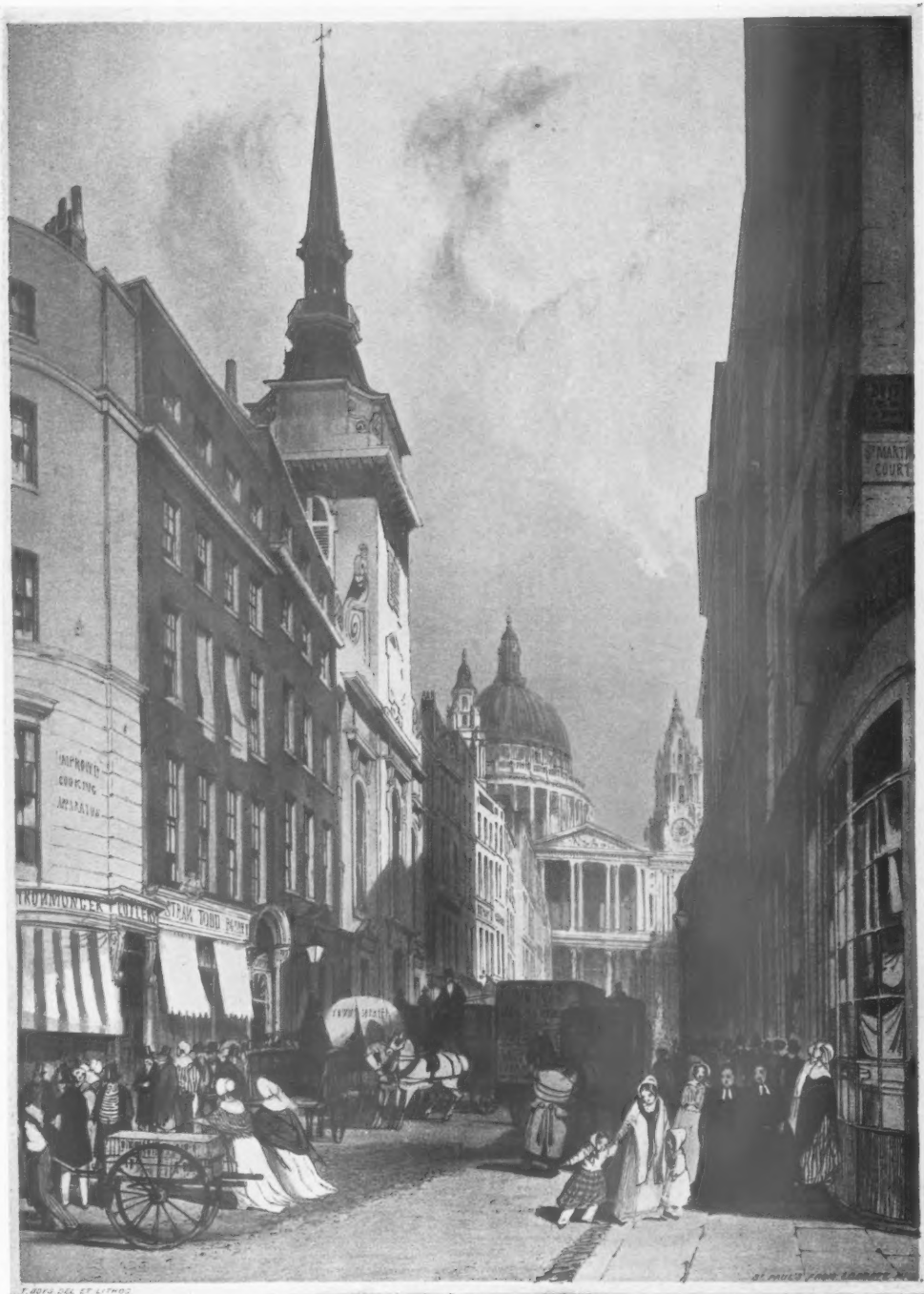


Plate II.

August 1927.

ST. PAUL'S FROM LUDGATE HILL.

From a drawing by Thomas Shotter Boys.



Regent Street, looking towards the Duke of York's Column.

he did with his brush what the great Méryon a few years later did with his graver, in recording the outlines of buildings of which today the memory alone survives. But he did even more than Méryon attempted, for whereas the great etcher gave a sort of mediæval air to his productions, whether it was when biting in the lines of his "Vieille Morgue" or his "Rue de la Pirouette," and thus, as it were, commingled the centuries, Boys set down the features of the ancient streets and buildings with the life of Louis Philippe's period about them; so that when looking at his views of Paris we not only see what their architecture was like, but can realize what was happening in the streets at that time: what vehicles were in use; what people did and what they wore; and we thus get a picture of the period so vivid and accurate that by the aid of these lithographs alone the historian of manners and customs can easily reconstruct much of the life of that day in a manner otherwise difficult

and not infrequently impossible. And what Boys here does for Paris he does likewise for other continental cities.



Hôtel de Sens, Paris.

He shows us the Fish Market at Antwerp, and who can find that fish market now? He gives us the Hospice des Vieillards at Ghent, and its so-called Byloke; he reminds those who regard Dieppe as a mere landing-place on one of the routes to Paris of its famous Tour de Remi; and at Abbeville (which so many look at incuriously from railway carriage windows on their way between Paris and the coast) that there the Rue de Rivage was picturesque enough to make a lovely picture. If here and there he records something that is still a landmark, such as Rouen's wonderful clock or Laon's remarkable cathedral, he contrives to take away what is hackneyed—the hackneyed unfortunately attached to any well-known thing, from the Sistine Madonna to da Vinci's Gioconda; from Westminster Abbey to the Tower, by showing us



The Club Houses, Pall Mall.

the old houses which ramparted these about and which have long been with the past, and the life of the streets which then obtained around them close on a hundred years ago.

The Hôtel de Ville, at Arras, that exquisite relic from the past, takes on something of a more significant air in his beautiful picture, because in our days the name of Arras has come to connote tragic memories; while the exquisite tracery of Chartres Cathedral is shown us with so striking a particularity that those who have gazed upon it as a whole have probably not realized the beauty and wonder of its details as Boys portrays them.

But it is the Paris he knew so well that forms the chief part of this wonderful collection of coloured lithographs, and it is significant of his knowledge of its intricacies and his eye for what was at once artistic and historic, that he should have chosen to perpetuate certain features which have gone, as well as to have dealt with landmarks that remain, from an original and unusual point of view. It is this selective power, as it may be termed, which adds such value to his pictures. For instance, when he includes Notre Dame in one of his views, he gives enough of it for us to recognize the well-known structure, but he chiefly concentrates on those old houses in front of it which have long since given place to a vast and rather arid space; when he places the Tuileries in another picture he selects a spot where, while doing justice to its famous Pavillon de Flore, he enables us to look along the stone coping overhanging the river to the spot which has now become

sophisticated out of all knowledge as the Place de la Concorde, but which had then hardly forgotten that it had once been the Place Louis XV; if he depicts The Institute, it is from such an angle as to embrace a delightful vista of western Paris, making the great classic structure but an incident, although an important one, in a composition which even without it would be delightful; when he gives us the Panthéon it is from a wholly original point of view, so that he can include St. Etienne du Mont, and thus place in apposition the two outstanding types of Parisian architecture—that of the Renaissance and that of the neo-Classic. But it is the little by-streets that one feels he most delights in. The Rue de Licorne, which is with yesterday's seven thousand years, and whose very name had been well-nigh forgotten had he not rescued from its then decaying structures the beautiful little doorway through which Villon may have passed, or Rabelais who once lived near by. You may, too, search long enough in the Paris of today to find the Rue des Marmousets, of the most picturesque house in which the artist gives us an exquisite picture.

And in all these views there is represented not mere historic and picturesque architectural features, but the life of the streets as that life exhibited itself when the citizen king ruled France. That life was in many respects so much akin to ours at the beginning of the Victorian era that this alone should make these pictures of value as comparative studies in the existence of two cities; while there are



London, from Greenwich.

sufficient differences in dress and so forth to give an interest to those who like to study the relative social conditions of two neighbouring nations.

Apart from the artistic and historic and topographical value of these lithographs as examples in a particular medium, they possess special value, for they are, by common consent, the finest examples in this method ever produced. Many years before their appearance colour and chromolithography had been established in this country, having been first introduced to us by Senefelder in 1803. Ackermann, that extraordinary man who did so much in the way of patronizing artists, and whose shop window in the Strand was gay with the coloured plates with which the books published by him were almost invariably illustrated, did much to popularize the new process, a process that found notable expression in the "Pacis Monumentum" issued by Barth in 1816. But it was with the publication of Boys' *Architecture in Paris, Antwerp, Ghent, etc.*, in 1839, that the fullest and finest accomplishment of it was witnessed. In a printed notice accompanying the illustrations, Boys himself thus writes concerning the methods of reproduction employed: "The present work being unique of its kind, and the process by which it is produced being entirely new to the public, some account of the means employed was felt necessary. The whole of the drawings comprising this volume are produced entirely by means of lithography; they are published in oil-colours, and come from the press precisely as they now appear. It was expressly stipulated that not a touch should be added

afterwards, and this injunction has been strictly adhered to. They are pictures drawn on stone and reproduced by printing in colours; every touch is the work of the artist, and every impression the product of the press. This is the first, and as yet the only, attempt to imitate pictorial effects of landscape architecture in chromo-lithography."

The printer, to whom Boys, in gratitude, dedicates the work, was Charles Hullmandel, a name known well to all those interested in the art of colour reproduction. This famous and now very rare work thus not only represents the highest artistic and topographical powers of Thomas Shotter Boys, but also the last word in a process which, after having sunk into some neglect, has now again become recognized as an artistic medium of the highest importance.

It is curious that the *Original Views of London As It Is* and the *Picturesque Architecture in Paris, Ghent, Antwerp, etc.*, were the only two publications undertaken by Boys. Their rarity is indicated by the enormously enhanced prices paid for complete sets during the last few years; but while the windows of print-sellers teem with examples of the former, often indifferently coloured, and in some cases actual forgeries, the latter work is seldom to be met with either in London or Paris, it being by far the scarcer of the two.

It is human nature to want more of a good thing, and it is to be regretted that Boys did not produce additional series both of his London and Paris views, for both cities are inexhaustible in providing features such as he, and few so well as he, could translate into terms of great art.

In Spain.

Some Examples of Brick, Plaster, and Granite in the Spanish Renaissance.

V—Granite and Freestone.

By L. S. Elton.

SOONER or later the Escorial is bound to be developed as a summer resort. Being so near Madrid it can hardly escape this fate; in the heat of July and early August, when San Sebastian is too far off or business too urgent to be left, the inhabitant of Madrid can take the mountain railway, and within an hour the noise, the hot streets, and the melting tar pavements of the Puerta del Sol are all left behind. Instead there appears an open upland country, with grass and trees and park land stretching away into a wild mountain-side; far up above the heat of the plains, and nearly always visited by at least the suspicion of a mountain breeze. When the inevitable happens, and when the Escorial begins to be laid out in new hotels, plazas, and paseos, will the old granite tradition of the place be preserved? Or will its atmosphere be destroyed at once and

for ever by the same Black Death in architecture which has already begun to sweep over Madrid and Barcelona?

To speak of Madrid as a noisy and traffic-ridden city may be surprising to those who have not seen it for several years. Even since 1923 it is utterly changed. The old ox-carts which used to be such a pleasure to watch seem to have been swept off the face of the earth; crossing the large boulevards is more dangerous than anywhere in London, and in the Puerta del Sol policemen with white gloves, whistles, and white-painted truncheons hold up the solid stream of new, expensive cars every few minutes to allow a hunted mass of pedestrians to dart from one narrow pavement to the other. In some places the noise of motor horns, tram bells, police whistles, shouts of newspaper and lottery-ticket sellers, and heavy motor traffic jolting over uneven streets is becoming quite indescribable, beginning at 7 or 8 a.m. and continuing for an hour or two after midnight. All this has changed the character of the city; it is becoming a place to escape from, like London or Paris or any other large, overgrown modern capital. As this process continues, then, there is likely to be a greater and greater demand for means of getting away into the space and quiet of the open country, and more and more people are likely to make their way up into the Guadama mountains, to the Escorial and elsewhere, for a summer holiday. To make a second little Madrid of the Escorial would, of course, defeat the



1. The Tower of Santa Catalina, Valencia.

whole object of such holidays; but it is just the sort of thing that is likely to happen, and to happen irreparably, before people have had time to get together and take steps to prevent it. It is easy to fling out paseos and boulevards and bandstands; difficult to refrain, and respect the faint, mysterious, poetic atmosphere of a place which can hardly be quite like anything else in the world.

Yet a precedent does exist for carrying on the old granite manner which has survived in the Escorial village since the original building of the great monastery and Pantheon itself. The illustration (Plate III) shows the main entrance doorway, as designed by Herrera; surrounded nowadays by a cheerful and high-spirited crowd, partly of visitors, partly of boys from the local school. In this modern atmosphere, the doorway stands up sheer and gigantic, like something surviving from an earlier geological period. To pass underneath is to move backwards among the centuries; and inside the church itself, the dome and vaults still seem to ring with the solemn oration pronounced when the Pantheon was finally opened in 1654: "*Yo os hallé con Altar; yo os hallé con Templo; Solum mihi superest Sepulchrum.*" "I founded for ye an Altar; I founded for ye a Temple; to me there remains only a Grave." There seems nothing left to be said; coming half a century after the death of Philip II, it sounds rather like the end of everything. At any rate for Spain it was like a last echo of the Middle Ages. Yet life went on afterwards just as usual; kings and princes succeeded Philip, and their tastes were different from his; they were human, and built themselves small pavilions or hunting-lodges, just a little beyond the shadow of the monastery itself, and in a different temper altogether; places to come up to with their friends in the heat of summer, away from the rather depressing splendour of the Royal Palace in Madrid. When these Casitas or small pavilions were designed, the surprising thing happened: instead of an attempt at granite Baroque, such as occurs all over Madrid, there was a careful and deliberate following of the original manner worked out by Herrera; only brought down to a human and domestic scale, with French windows, and gardens with small pools and fountains and clipped box hedges, and romantic views over the Castile

GRANITE AND FREESTONE.



Plate III.

August 1927.

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE ESCORIAL.

Designed by Herrera in 1584.

plain. Of the two Casitas the lower (according to legend) was originally meant to be a bull-ring, but was changed to a small summer palace by Prince Charles (afterwards Charles III) in order not to shock his father's feelings. This was in 1772. The upper (one door of which is illustrated here (Fig. 3) was erected to the order of Charles's brother Gabriel. On the whole it is an undistinguished little building, which no one notices much

as he passes by, but the doorway or French window is an almost ideal example of the pure granite manner brought down to an ordinary and everyday scale.

Lying a little outside the village, on the old road to Avila, this pavilion has (at present at least) a peculiar atmosphere of its own. It generally looks deserted; the doors and shutters closed, no one about in the grounds, the box hedges neatly clipped, and everything as if under a spell to remain exactly as it was more than 120 years ago. The granite pools are crowded with goldfish, but the fountains are not in running order; everything is silent except for the occasional chime of the Escorial bell. At the back of the building, where the garden and box hedges are, there is a magnificent view over the plain; and in front of the French window a sort of ghostly picnic—a table and benches all cut out of large blocks of granite (Fig. 2). Everything seems to be there except Prince Gabriel and the friends of his for whom it was originally designed. Even the greenhouse still remains, with all its small squares of glass intact, and a sort of arbour and gardener's cottage just in front, also in granite, with an odd set of granite columns supporting a large vine which grows overhead. In the photograph of this greenhouse (Fig. 6), Eleuterio, one of the older men employed on the estate, is standing in front; his father's, or at least his grandfather's, memory would almost reach back to the date when the pavilion was originally erected. People seem to go on for a long time in these parts, not only living but working. There is a



2. Granite tables and benches at the Casita de Arriba, arranged to command a view over the Castile plain.

granite doorway (Fig. 5), from an old house in the village known as the "House of the Queen," has the same very low relief and the large single-block doorposts as used by Herrera. The date of this house I have been unable to discover, but it has the French fleur-de-lis in the centre of the fret pattern carved on the frieze. It is a solid piece of work; but the other, the Royal pleasure-haunt, shows what happened when it was desired to express the Allegro spirit in granite. The local tradition was preserved; just as in a good battalion traditions are preserved, though hardly a man may remain of the original thousand that composed it. In Madrid architecture no such tradition

ever seemed to take root; instead, there sprang up a great collection of churches in granite Baroque, no single example of which—so far as I have been able to discover—produces an effect which is anything but unpleasant. Yet in its own place Spanish Baroque can be an unqualified success, not only in its natural materials, plaster and faience, but in a good carving stone as well. Such a style existed in Valencia, and it is curious to turn to the Southern Mediterranean town and find exactly the opposite taking place to what had occurred in the North. The old tradition of Valencia province is shown in its brilliant-coloured domes and rich Baroque stone towers; a famous and extreme example is the palace of the Marques de Dos Aguas, which has probably been illustrated in every book ever published on the Baroque style. In this city, then, whose note in architecture was something rich,



3. A side doorway to the Casita de Arriba, designed in Herrera's manner, but in a lighter vein, suited to a royal hunting lodge.



4. A stone doorway in the Calle de los Caballeros, Valencia. Designed in the half-Italian Baroque of the province.



5. The House of the Queen, El Escorial, which is typical of the old granite houses in the village.

riotous, and cheerful, there was suddenly a demand for a severe church somewhat in the manner of Herrera; a memorial college, founded by Ribera, Archbishop and Viceroy, in 1604: a strict religious foundation with elaborate rules, culminating in a special rite or service, during which a series of different coloured veils are raised in succession from in front of the altar. What happened? Did the architects turn to Herrera's Doric and copy it line for line? The result (though unfortunately without its colour) is illustrated here (Figs. 9 and 10); a piece of pure Valencian design, yet so much in the Herrera spirit that it has often been described as if it were actually one of his works. A church interior of severe and noble restraint was evolved, without losing touch with the local style at all.

This religious college, the Colegio del Patriarca, (Figs. 7 and 8) is therefore in sharp contrast with the ordinary views to be seen in Valencia streets. The florid Dos Aguas palace is too unusual to be taken as a

type of the whole city; a better example is the doorway shown here (Fig. 4) from the Calle de los Caballeros. Here

the nature of a fine carver's stone is fully brought out by the deep undercutting and sharp delicate edges to the mouldings; it shows, too, the typical South Spanish habit of concentrating all the ornament of a façade on to one rich spot—in this case the shield which is placed over the centre and seems as if it were acting as a support to the balcony. The outline of the Baroque stone tower of Santa Catalina can be seen faintly in Fig. 1. To appreciate the Patriarca Church one must first have seen the city to which it is in such contrast. The usual time for a visit is in early spring, March perhaps, during the annual fair; but if one can stand it, the burning Southern atmosphere of the town is far stronger in August, when the temperature is sometimes reputed in local newspapers to reach as much as 120° (F.) in the shade. In such weather one can only sit in the sea for most of the day; but then there is no harm in that. The time for seeing



6. Greenhouses in the Casita de Arriba.



7. The patio, Colegio del Patriarca, Valencia. The statue of the founder is by the modern Spanish sculptor, Beulliuré.



8. The upper cloister of the patio. This Italian-looking design shows the mark of Valencia in its tiled dado.

anything is in the very early morning, before anyone else in the fonda or hotel is likely to be awake. A rather muted alarm clock, in a room facing on to a cool street, may make it possible to sleep, and afterwards to wake in time to see something of the town in its brilliant and dusty summer character before the heat makes it uncomfortable to move about. At an early hour, a really unearthly hour, you glide downstairs and out into a silent street where it is already broad daylight: past the empty flower-market to the other one—the large, lively and crowded place where it is possible to get a glass of weak coffee for a penny (laced with aniseed brandy, 1½d.) and chorros—a kind of fritters fried in oil, long and thin like stalactites, so that the best way to eat them is to hold them in the air and bite upwards from underneath. A foot or so costs a halfpenny, and is an extremely useful stand-by till the time of coffee, hours and hours afterwards, in the hotel. The blue smoke from these chorros spreads round for hundreds of yards and draws people from all directions—no other

advertisement is necessary. By this time it is already beginning to be hot. The dust-white façades of buildings all round the market-place seem almost to be sweating in the sun; bells toll, the blue and green domes tremble, and the whole square seems to shake a little, as if it were wondering whether it could really get through another day without fusing. Anything to be out of the sun! Inside the Lonja, the Exchange, one can see an amazing feat of masonry: a spiral stone staircase, twisted and ribbed like a snail-shell, and with a clear hole down the middle about the size of a Spanish dollar or a five-shilling bit. With care I suppose one could drop a penny right down without its ever touching the sides; but it would be too hot ever to dream of picking it up. The square becomes more crowded, bells ring still more energetically, the sky settles into a hard, dark, purply blue, the colour begins to go out of everything, and the first seller of horchata (a local drink) makes his appearance with a hawker's barrow



9. The interior of the Patriarca Church.

selling glasses of white liquid for a penny. Not far off is a man selling newspapers, describing how a whole family, including five beautiful sisters, were poisoned and died in appalling agony through drinking horchata from a barrow. People can be seen with delighted smiles, holding a glass of horchata in one hand and the newspaper in the other and carrying on a conversation with wild, whirling gestures, during which not a drop of liquid from the glass is ever spilt.

The market-place is now nearly white-hot. Clouds of dust float about; it is time either to go and see the church or to sit for the rest of the day in the sea. . . . Inside the Patriarca Church the atmosphere changes: it is cool and beautiful, but too dark at first to see very much.

After a time the interior reveals itself. A sort of grey, two-in-the-morning light filters down through the dome. What at first seemed to be vague forests peopled with angels and other creatures turn out to be large frescoes painted on the walls. A dado of green and brown tiles runs all round the side chapels; and there is an extraordinary feeling of space, considering how small the place actually is. The frescoes are mostly in a low tone of brown, green, and grey, very nearly but not quite monochrome: the whole effect is one of bright colours brought down to a quiet restrained brown, and not (as in the case of the Brunelleschi churches in Florence) a design in grey stone afterwards picked out with local spots of bright colour.

Perhaps the effect of comparative darkness is due to coming in out of a brilliantly sunlit street; but in any case it is probably intentional. Somewhere in one of his novels, Conrad makes a Malay sailor remark that "Whites cannot think in the dark." Whether this is the case or not, there is no doubt that as darkness increases emotion tends to become stronger than reason, and this fact has been realized and made use of in many Continental churches. The question is said to have arisen lately over the lighting of Liverpool Cathedral, there being some discussion as to how dense the stained glass should be in order to produce exactly the right balance between the two states of mind.

How is the effect of space produced in the Patriarca Church? Partly by this half light, perhaps, but also by the frescoes on the walls and vaults, which give the same result as mirrors, only that they are more interesting and mysterious; that is to say, one seems to look right into the wall and into the distance, instead of at a definite flat surface. The open, Roman planning helps this feeling of spaciousness, and has sometimes caused the church to be attributed to Herrera (whose plans all have this character), though it is actually by a certain Guillem del Rey, said to have been a native of Upper Aragon. Herrera may have passed the plans as Minister of Architecture.

The rest of the Patriarca College includes a patio with Italian marble columns, the bases bought at a sale but

fitted successfully into their present position; the patio is notable for its dado of green and brown tiles on both floors, showing how quickly an Italian idea changes when once it has touched Spanish soil. The stuffed crocodile which hangs in the entrance hall has a history of its own; according to Ibañez it was originally a dragon, but after terrorizing the city was overcome by a stranger, who made himself a cloak covered with looking-glasses and then plunged a spear down the dragon's throat just as it was opening its mouth unusually wide in amazement. An extremely full account of the College is given in the new Calpe guide to Valencia province: the first to appear in a magnificent series this firm are producing, based on a real study of the facts of Spanish architecture. Of the smaller chapel with its tapestried walls I can hardly speak, as I only saw it for a moment; it is not a place to take cameras into, nor,

for that matter, is the college as a whole; and one can only acknowledge the extreme kindness and courtesy of the authorities in allowing the interior to be seen and the present photographs to be taken.

The Patriarca College, then, gives some sort of a lead for the future public buildings of Valencia, which are bound to come and might reasonably follow this restrained form of the old local traditions. In the same way the Casa de Arriba gives a lead for the Escorial's future pleasure-gardens and hotels. Will this lead be followed? In Valencia there has at least been an attempt to "town plan" the new street, Peris y Valero, shown in Fig. 1, with the Catalina tower arranged to come opposite its end. This seems a hopeful sign, though the street itself swept through old Valencia like a whirlwind; like the devil M'Shimba-M'Shamba, described in African stories, who mows his way through a tropical forest without taking the least notice of anything that happens to be in his way. Valencia

in any case is an artistic city; there is a real feeling for landscape and colour among its new school of painters, and it is possible that the ceramic industry may some day arrive at the surprising pitch of vitality and freshness which has already been reached in Seville. In the Escorial village, too, that devastating self-confidence which afflicts some of the new Madrid architecture has not yet made its appearance. But whatever happens in Spain, there will still exist these two extreme examples for the inspiration of other countries: a complete granite village, ranging from the spirit of L'Allegro to that of Il Penseroso; and a city with a rich Baroque style in stone, fresco, and faience, able to be grave or gay according to what is required. In Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa there are probably sites with the same climate and the same material available; there, if not in Spain, a new city may some day grow up, built in the same warm yellow granite as the Escorial, or in the same fine freestone and brilliant-coloured tiles as the towers and churches of Valencia.

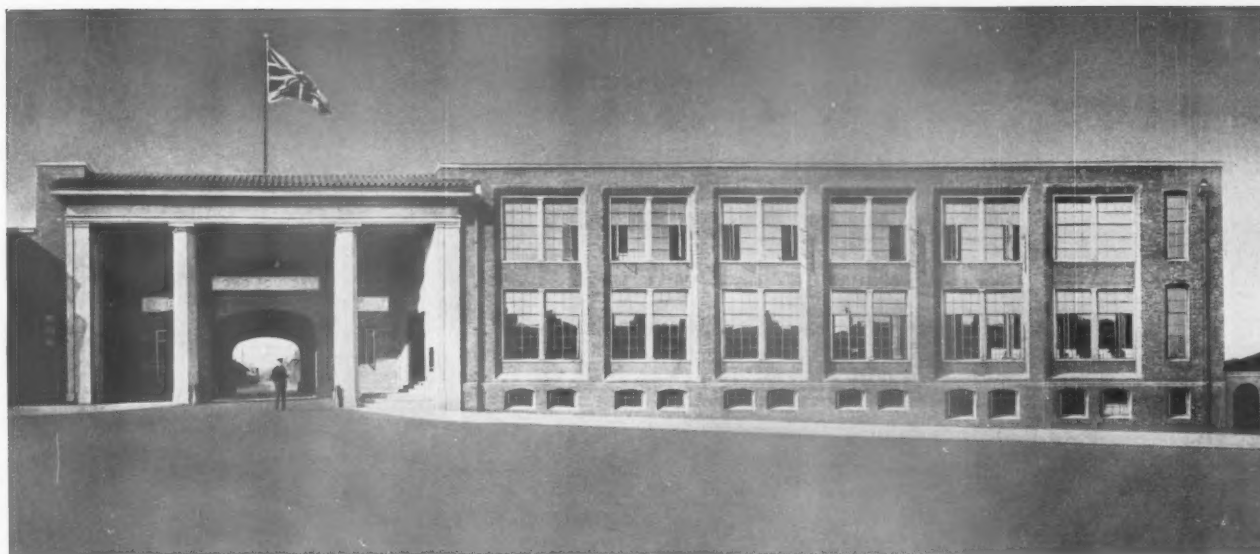


10. A detail in the Patriarca Church. The frescoes produce an effect of looking through the walls instead of at them.

Two Buildings

Designed by Buckland & Haywood.

I.—Soho Foundry, Birmingham.



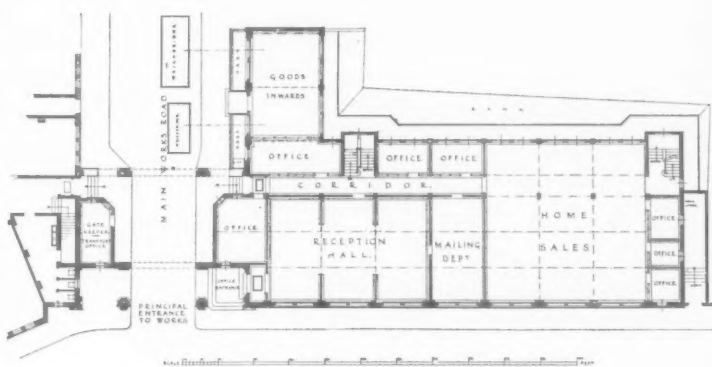
THE MAIN FRONT.

Much has been written about the Soho Manufactory which Matthew Boulton caused to be built on the barren heath near Hockley Brook, in order to extend the manufacture of buttons, buckles, silver-plated goods, medals, coins, etc., but comparatively little is known by the public of the history attached to the old Soho Foundry. When James Watt left Glasgow to join in partnership with Matthew Boulton, he settled at Soho, and there experimented, and finally built his first steam engine ordered by John Wilkinson to "blow the bellows of his ironworks at Broseley." As the possibilities of this engine became known all over the world, the demand for it was so great that further extensions to the works were necessary, and it was then that the partners decided to build the Soho Foundry. In

January 1796 the new building was "dedicated" with considerable ceremony. Business was carried on at this new branch to an enormous extent, and later, after the partnership of the two great men had dissolved, their sons, James Watt and Matthew Robinson Boulton, continued. In later years, the Soho Manufactory was deserted, and finally demolished, but its offspring, Soho Foundry, continued to "give birth to many useful arts and inventions." Many of the original James Watt workshops are occupied at the present time. The shop used for erecting the "cumbrous engines" is still in use as an erecting shop, and contains some of the old machinery installed by Messrs. Boulton and Watt. The old coining

mint is now used as a smithy, but an interesting visit might be paid to this place in order to see the arched windows barricaded by iron bars to prevent ruthless rioters or plunderers from entering. As recently as 1913, when getting out foundations for the laying down of new machinery, old coining blanks were found, and it is supposed that these must have slipped down one side of the previous foundations made over

a hundred years ago. On the other side of the Foundry, some distance from the mint, is Foundry Row, now the Foundry Drive, in which remains a number of cottages built in 1796. The house at No. 13 Foundry Row, which is larger than the others, is the place wherein dwelt William Murdock in 1817. At the end of Foundry Row, the old clock, placed over what was once the



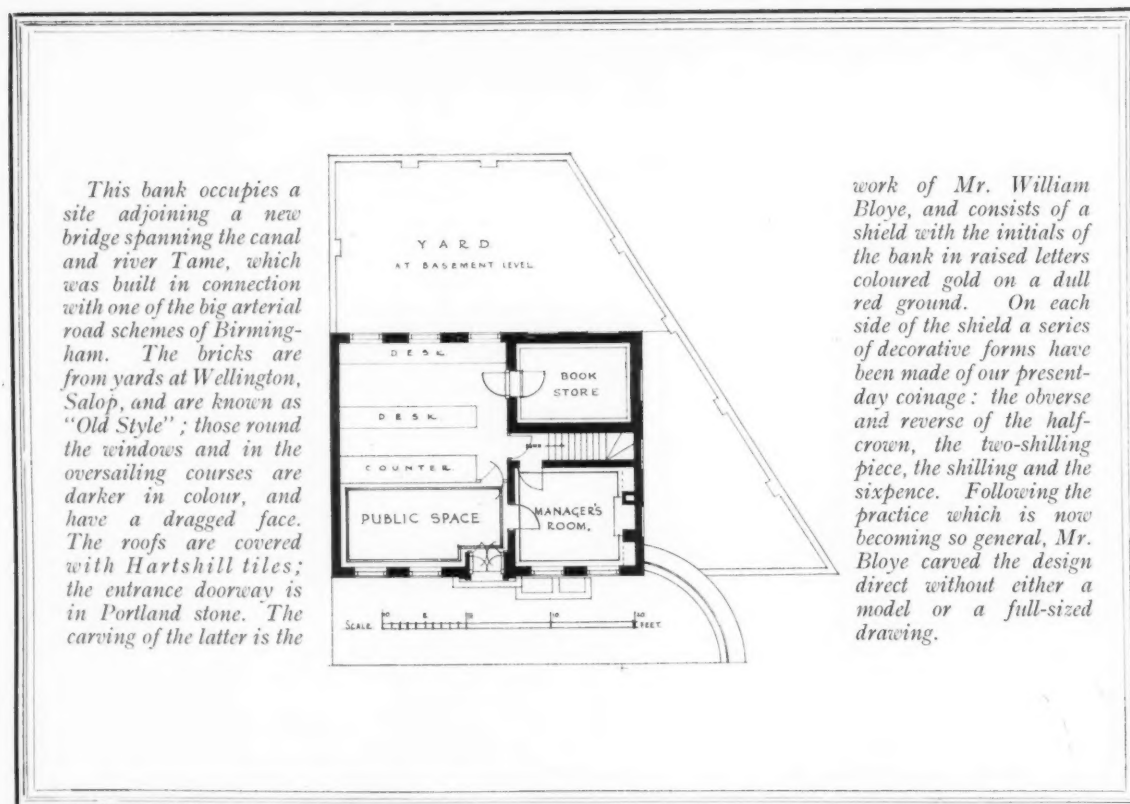
main entrance to the works, still ticks and keeps good time in the buildings first used as a lodge and in which were kept bayonets, blunderbusses, and other weapons for the defence of Soho Foundry. The private office of James Watt and the general office of the staff is still in use near the old entrance. Standing in the Soho grounds is the first gasometer ever constructed, from which pipes were conveyed across the meadow land to Murdock's house, which was the first private residence to be illuminated by "smoke." Visitors who go to see this gasometer, after due inspection, usually have their attention directed to the house in which Murdock spent his last days, which can still be seen standing on Sycamore Hill.

A PLAN OF THE GROUND FLOOR.

II.—Lloyds Bank, Birmingham.



THE FRONT.



THE GROUND PLAN.

✓ The War Cemetery at Jerusalem.

Designed by Sir John Burnet, R.A.

The War Cemetery at Jerusalem, now completed, was built by the Imperial War Graves Commission from the designs of Sir John Burnet, R.A.

The cemetery, which is built with stone quarried locally, is situated within view of the city of Jerusalem, and covers an area of about five acres.

The building is entered through a stone door bearing in the lintel, the Imperial coat-of-arms, with the badges of all the units forming part of the Expeditionary Force cut into the stonework flanking the entrance gateway.

Facing the entrance, in the



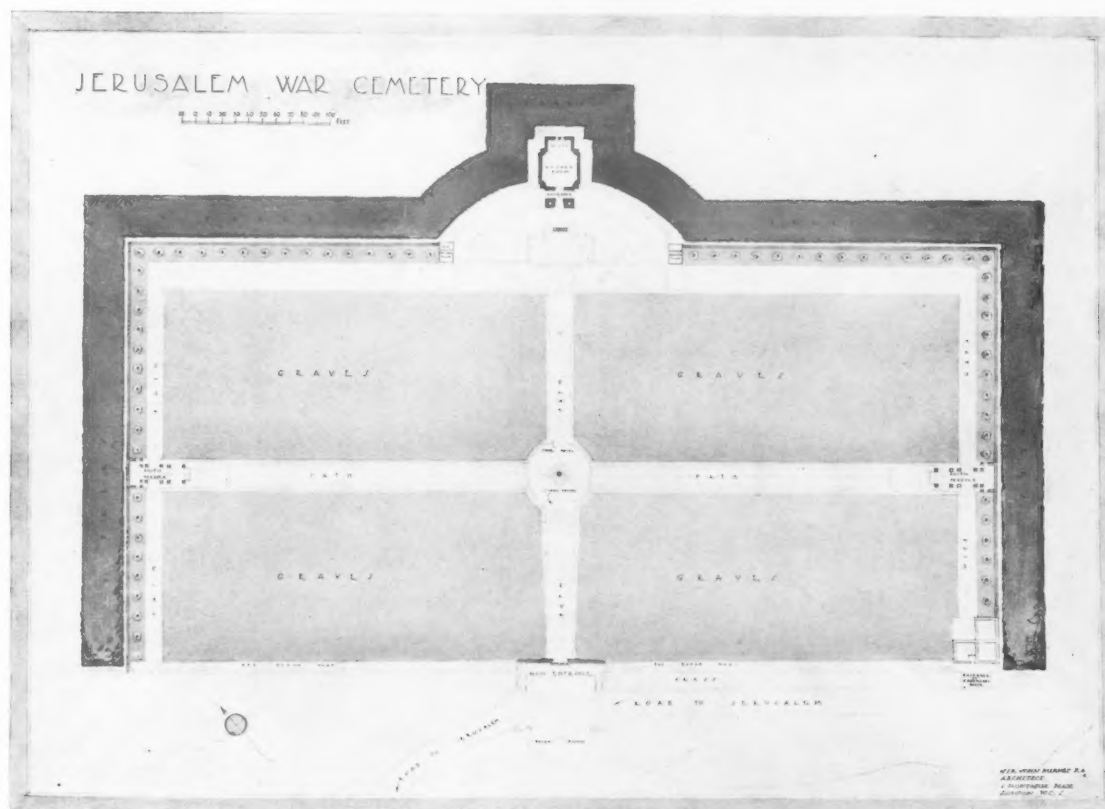
THE ENTRANCE DOOR

centre of the long wall forming the north-east enclosure of the cemetery, is the Record Room and Memorial to the Missing.

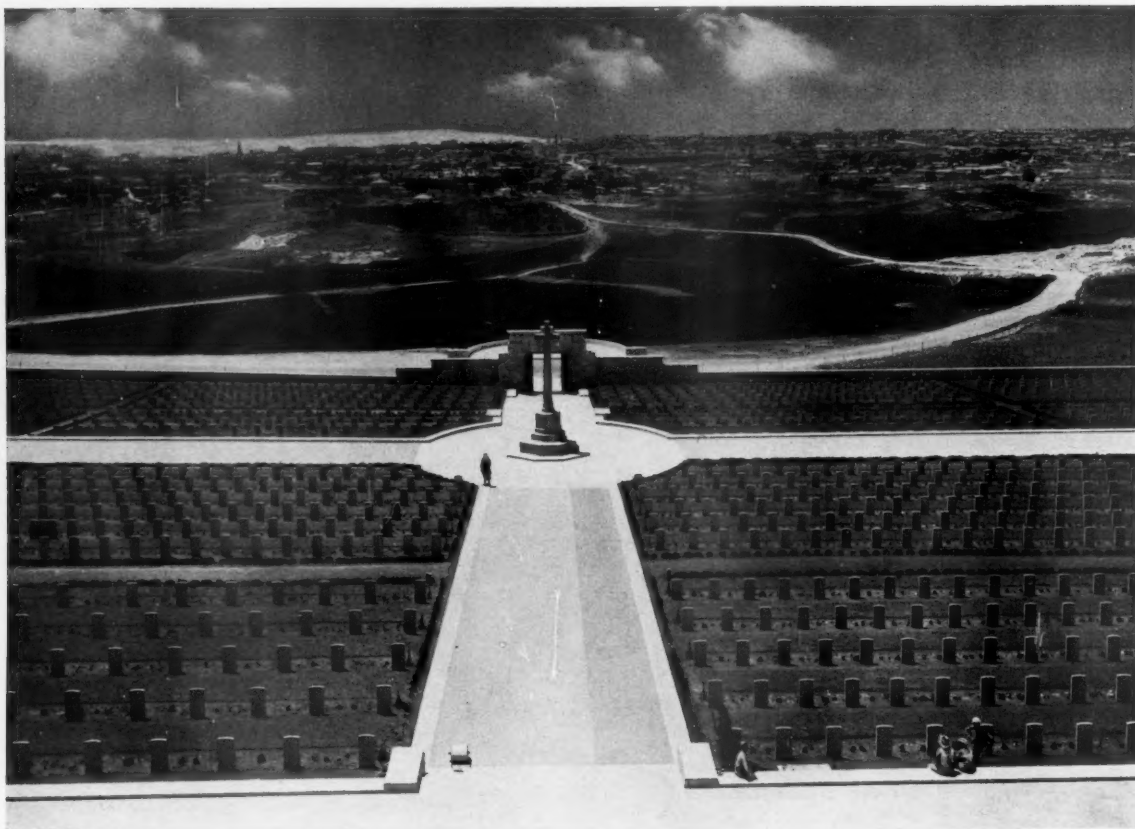
The Record Room occupies a commanding position, and is designed to give a culminating motif to the cemetery as a whole. It rises from a raised stone platform in the form of a hemicycle, flanked on either side by curved walls, on which are placed stone panels bearing the names of the missing.

The walls flanking the Record Room are terminated by stone pylons, about 22 ft. in height, bearing the crests of New Zealand and Australia.

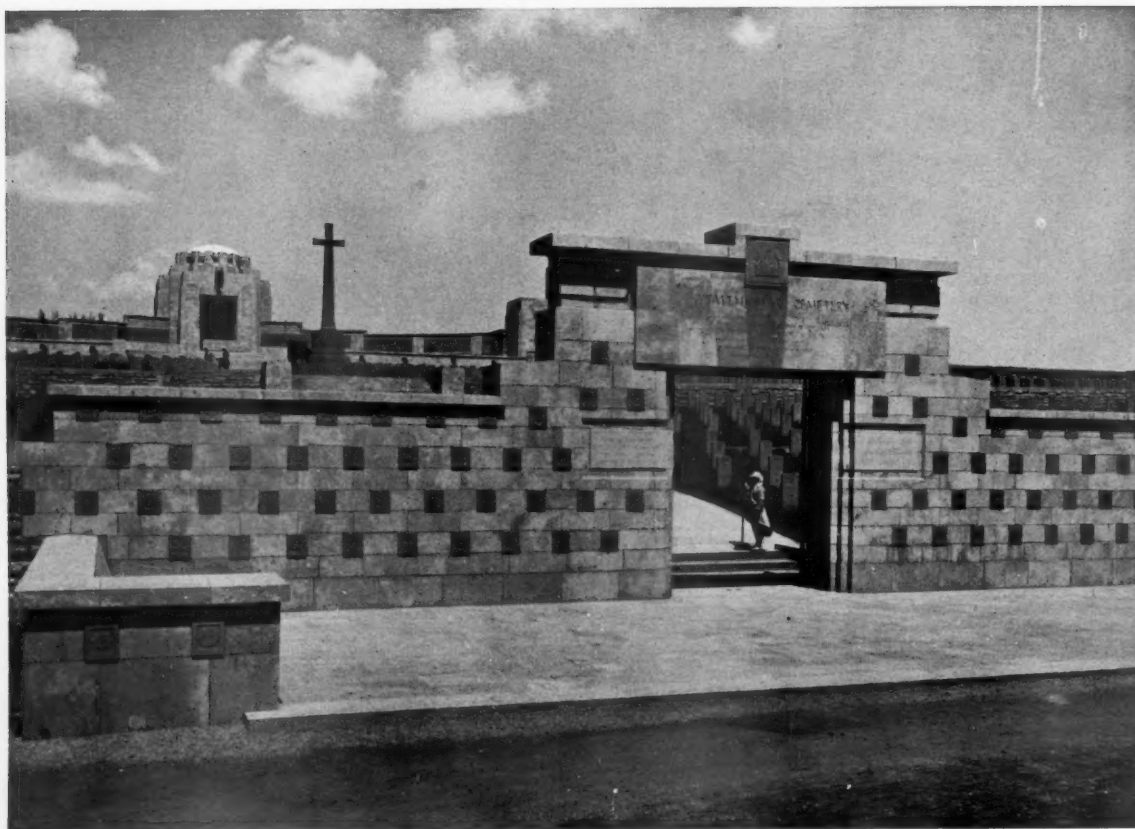
TO THE CHAPEL.



A PLAN OF THE CEMETERY.



THE CITY OF JERUSALEM FROM THE CEMETERY.



THE GATE LEADING TO THE RECORD ROOM.

THE WAR CEMETERY AT JERUSALEM.



Plate IV.

August 1927.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE RECORD ROOM.
Showing the figure of St. George and the Stone of Remembrance.
Sir John Burnet, R.A., Architect.





THE APPROACH TO THE RECORD ROOM AND THE STONE OF REMEMBRANCE.

The cemetery is enclosed on three sides by a stone wall, and outside the wall a belt of pine trees has been planted, about 30 ft. in width.

The dry stone moat forming the front boundary of the cemetery permits an uninterrupted view into the cemetery area. Pergolas have been constructed at the end of the central footpath and terrace, on the long axis of the cemetery.

The bronze figure of St. George, placed in the niche above the entrance to the Record Room, is the work of Mr. Gilbert Bayes.

The interior of the Record Room is decorated with mosaics from the design of Dr. R. Anning Bell, R.A.

The mosaic figures on the wall flanking the entrance



MOSAICS IN

door to the chapel represent Patriotism and Faith on the one side, and figures symbolical of Humanity and Hope on the other. Between the groups, the inscriptions in mosaic read as follows:

*From the uttermost ends of
the Earth.*

*In Honour of the Members
of the New Zealand Expeditionary
Force who took part
in the Operations—1916—
Sinai, Palestine—1918.*

Between these inscriptions is a decoration representing the New Zealand fern. The mosaic work in the chapel is the contribution of the New Zealand Government, and is in the form of a Memorial to the New Zealand Force engaged in the campaign.

THE RECORD ROOM.

No. 16 Essex Street, Strand.

*The New Offices of the "Illustrated London News,"
the "Sketch," and other Magazines.*

Designed by William & Edward Hunt.

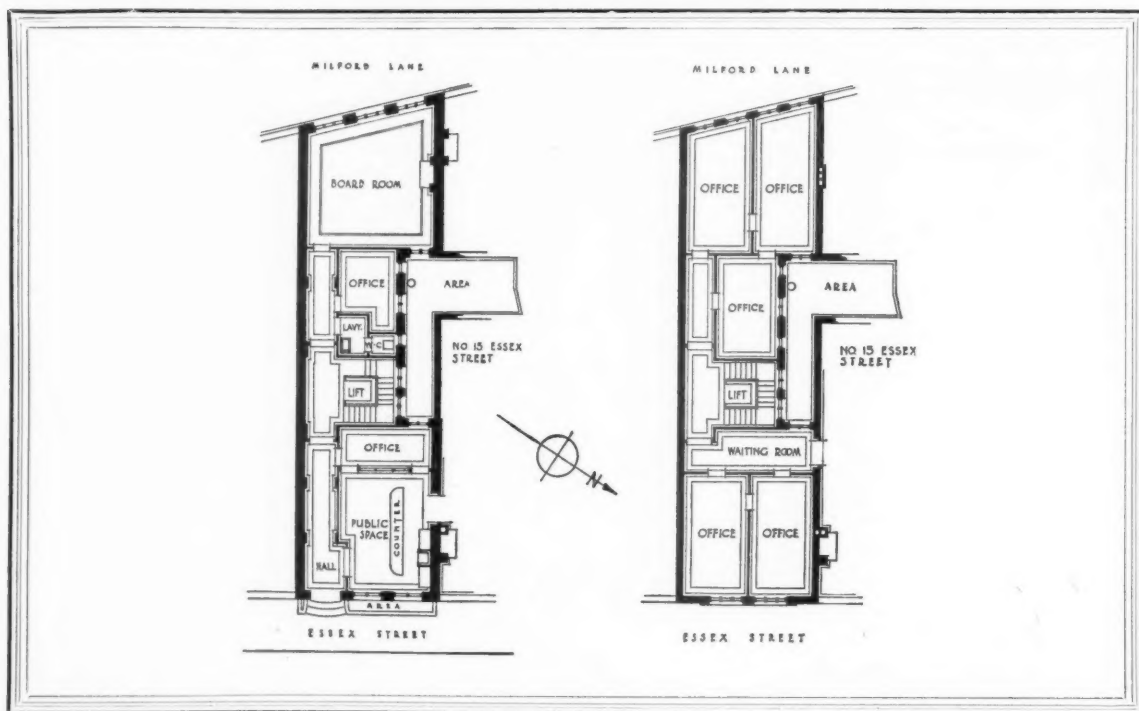
An effort has been made to introduce colour on the exterior by the application of faience work to the new publishing house built for the proprietors of the Illustrated London News and Sketch, the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, and Eve, at 16 Essex Street, Strand. The ground floor of the



building is faced with Portland stone. The walls of the upper floors are built of 2 in. hand-made bricks, and the coloured faience work is blue grey-green in tone, with gold reliefs. The outer panel "cable" moulding is of a deep blue colour with gold fillets. The roofs are covered with asphalt.

THE FAIENCE

BALUSTRADE.



PLANS OF THE GROUND FLOOR AND OF A TYPICAL UPPER FLOOR.

No. 16 ESSEX STREET.

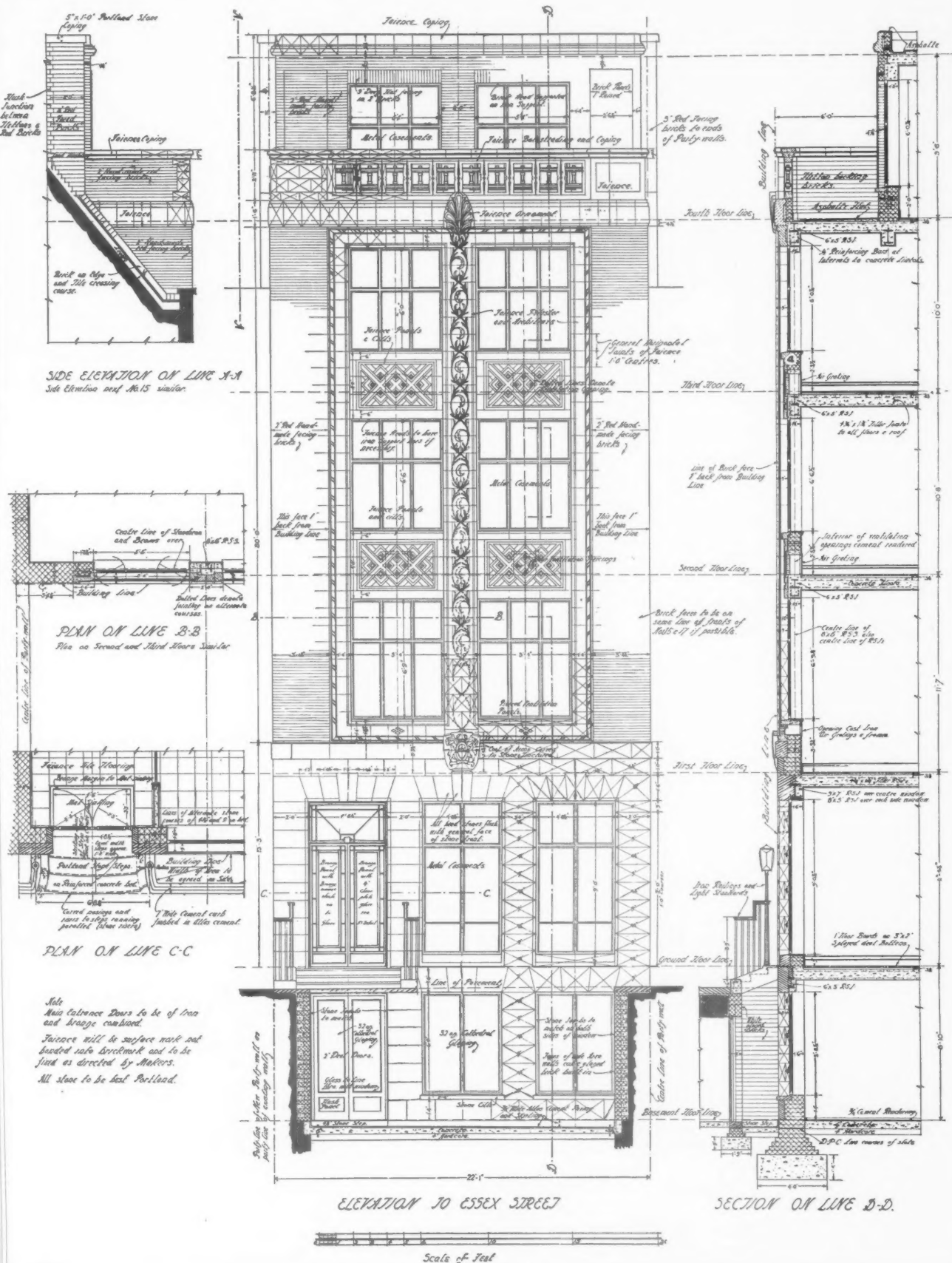


Plate V.

August 1927.

THE ENTRANCE FRONT.
William and Edward Hunt, Architects.







Selected Examples of Architecture.

In Continuation of "The Practical Exemplar of Architecture."

A Survey of Seventeenth- & Eighteenth-Century English
Domestic Architecture.

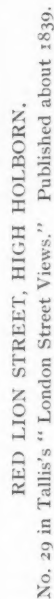
Ormeley Lodge, Ham, Surrey.

By Tunstall Small & Christopher Woodbridge.



THE NICHE IN THE DINING ROOM.

NOTE.—Further illustrations of the interior of Ormeley Lodge will appear in the September issue of *THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW*.
Photographs and drawings of the exterior were published in the June issue.



"Before the year 1689, this part was composed of fields, denominated Red Lion, and Lamb's Conduit fields. Sir William Davenant gives a curious and whimsical account of London about this time, which may not be uninteresting to subjoin: addressing the Londoners, he says: 'The roofs of your houses are so low that I presume your ancestors were very mannerly, and stood bare-headed to their wives; for I cannot discern how they could wear their high-crowned hats, yet I will enter and therein oblige you much, when you know my aversion to a certain weed that governs amongst your coarser acquaintance, as much as lavender amongst your linen, to which, in my apprehension, your sea-coal smoke seems a very Portugal perfume. Your drink is too thick, and yet you are seldom over-curious in washing your glasses; nor will I lodge with you, because your beds are no bigger than coffins, and your curtains so short, that they will hardly serve to enclose you. Your coaches are so uneasily hung, and so narrow, that I took them for sedans upon wheels; nor is it safe for a stranger to use them. If I would make a sojourn retreat, I am

stopt by one of your heroic games, called football, which I conceive not very conveniently civil in the streets, especially in such irregular and narrow roads, as Crooked Lane; yet it argues your courage, much like your military pastime of throwing at cocks; but your metal would be much magnified in drawing your archers from Finsbury, and during high market let them shoot at Butts in Cheapside. You would think me a malicious traveller if I should still gaze on your mishapen streets, and take no more notice of the beauty of your river; therefore I will pass the importunate noise of your watermen (who snatch at a fare as if they were to catch prisoners, playing the gentry so uncivilly, as if they never had rowed any other passengers but bear ward) and now steps into one of your pescod boats, whose tilts are not so sumptuous as the roofs of gundaloes, nor when you are within are you at the ease of a *chaise à bras*. The commodity and trade of your river belong to yourselves, but give a stranger leave to share in the pleasure of it, which will hardly be in the prospect, or freedom of air, unless prospect consisting of variety be made up, with here a palace, there a wood-yard, here a garden, there a brew-house, there dwells a lord, there a dyer. If freedom of air be inferred in the liberty of the subject, where every private man hath authority for his own profit, to smoke up a magistrate, then the air of your Thames is open enough because it is equally free. I will forbear to visit your courtly neighbours at Wapping, not that it will make me giddy to shoot your bridge, but that I am loath to disturb the civil silence of Billingsgate, which is always so great as if the mariners were always landing to storm the harbour; therefore for brevity's sake I will put to shore again though I should be constrained even without my goloshes to land at Pudding Dock."

Tallis's *London Street Views*.

XXXVII—Red Lion Street.



No. 64 RED LION STREET.

TODAY, Red Lion Street has lost the importance it once possessed. In earlier times it was not unfashionable as a residential thoroughfare, at the period, that is, when notable people lived in Red Lion Square close by, and Bloomsbury Square, but a little farther off, was the height of the mode. But it is a long cry from those spacious days of hoops and patches and clouded canes, and when Tallis found Red Lion Street sufficiently important to be included in his series of elevations he did so because it was then full of shops (and he had to rely on advertisements for the success of his amazingly cheap venture), and he could truthfully write (as he does) that it was "a considerable thoroughfare" and had "a bustling appearance." To some extent both these characteristics remain, but with the prolongation and enlargement of Southampton Row much of the importance of Red Lion Street as a main artery, in this area, vanished.

The street runs from Holborn to Theobald's Road, and is numbered from the former. We thus begin with No. 1 on the east side, i.e. on the third row of elevations from the top, the said No. 1 being then occupied by J. Taylor, the bookseller. The lamp in front of No. 5 indicates that it was the residence of a doctor, one Martin being the practitioner in question; while the bunch of grapes between the first-floor windows of No. 9 denotes that this house was a tavern; indeed, it was called "The Thatched House," and was kept by Thomas Jones. Bedford Street, between Nos. 16 and 17, is an easterly continuation of Eagle Street, but, like that thoroughfare, has no history; it leads directly into Bedford Row, as does the neighbouring Gray's Inn Passage, which joins Bedford Street behind the block of houses numbered 17 and 18 Red Lion Street. Continuing on the top row of elevations at No. 22, then the shop of Salmon, a linendraper, we come to another turning, Princes Street, now Princeton Street, at the corner of which the house, No. 28, was then occupied by G. Lee, who is described in the directory as "Lithographic Artist and Painter." Beyond this turning the shops and houses are all, more or less, of a commonplace character; they are all occupied by trades, and no tavern breaks their continuity. If any special calling seems more largely represented here than another it is boot-making and -selling.

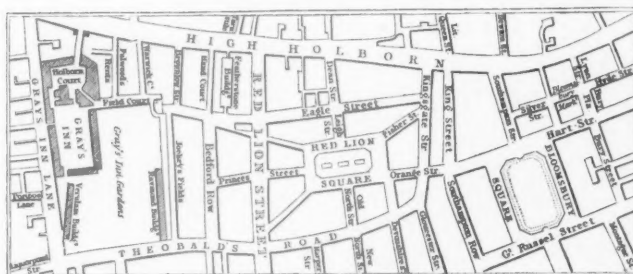
From Theobald's Road, at which we have now arrived, it will be convenient to cross Red Lion Street and return on the opposite (or west) side, beginning at No. 41, the shop of Smith & Co., wax and tallow chandlers. From this point onwards, practically every kind of business is found represented in the

various shops, from dyers and linendrapers to glasscutters and barbers. At No. 55, a gentleman with the curious name of Muckleston manufactured pattens and clogs, a form of industry you will hardly find carried on today in London. The Bennet who made watches at No. 60 had a royal patron in the Duke of Sussex, and the butcher's shop next door (we can see the meat hanging in it) was kept by one Banett. No. 51, which we have passed, was occupied by one of the few taverns in the street, this being the "Wheatsheaf," kept by Henry Roberts. The top row of elevations takes us from No. 61 to No. 79 at the corner of Holborn. At this time Nos. 62-63 were empty, and they have the appearance of being then recently reconstructed and awaiting tenants, like a good many of the lately rebuilt premises in the London of today. Next door, Robinson and Bellville's, was an important shop having a portion of its return frontage in Eagle Street, as may be more clearly seen in the vignette. There is nothing to detain us in the remaining part of Red Lion Street except the three old wooden houses, Nos. 76-78, the first of which was occupied by W. Garner's Tea and Coffee Rooms.

These ancient tenements are particularly interesting as survivals of a period when wood was the staple material used in the construction of a certain class of house. They have a marked resemblance to the old buildings in Fore Street, which stood at the corner of Milton Street, or, to give it its older and better-known name, Grub Street. This particular form of design was a rare one in London and no doubt dates from a period long anterior to the Great Fire. It is curious, by the way, that in spite of warnings and decrees dating from so early as the reign of Richard I, when houses were built of stone as a protection against fire, and so continued for two or more centuries, "of later time," to quote Stow, "for winning of ground, these were taken down, and houses of timber set up in place." Of these "houses of timber" few, indeed, remain today; and those in Red Lion Street, together with those in Fore Street, were probably the best examples then in existence; both are long with the past, needless to say.

It will be seen that, with this exception, Red Lion Street does not provide much in the way of historic or topographical interest. In fact, so hard up was Tallis for material to fill up his descriptive notes that, apropos of the site near Red Lion Square, in Princes Street, where Cromwell's body was supposed to have been buried, he gives a quite voluminous extract from *Granger's History* concerning the character and influence of that remarkable man; which is interesting but hardly germane to the subject of Red Lion Street.

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.



A PLAN OF RED LION STREET AND
HIGH HOLBORN.

Exhibitions.

KNOEDLER GALLERIES, 15 Old Bond Street, W.1. Exhibition of Flower Pictures, 1568 to 1927.—In the first room were excellent examples of the flower-pieces of the Dutch painters, the "dew-drop" school, whose chief claim to our admiration is the skill by which they could produce the illusion of drops of water on petals and leaves, and casual flies and wasps and other insects. Most people "fall for" this kind of thing: the minute particulars and the polished surfaces tend to so occupy the mind as to exclude criticism, and they are admired much as one would admire the mahogany surface of a piano.

The paintings by Jan Van Huysum (1682-1749), Johannes Linthorst (1745-1815), and a number of others are all astonishingly well preserved; especially is this the case with the small panel of flowers painted by Clara Peeters (1590 *fl.*), which looks as though it had been quite recently painted. Certainly those old Dutch Masters did understand the properties of paints and oils, and knew how to mix and prepare them.

There are many examples of French art in the inner gallery, some modern and some only moderately modern. Some of these have worn rather badly, not only aesthetically, but physically.

One is liable to do these pictures less than justice if one does not remember that they blazed the way for much that is best in present-day art, and that the more consciously and intelligently conceived art of our time is at the end of a line of pictorial clarification that went before.

Manet's flower-pieces are nearly always merely virtuoso displays of the handling of paint, with but little love for the flowers for their own sakes or for their disposition as patches of colour in a composition. On the other hand, it is the humility of Henri Rousseau's approach to his flower-subjects that is their attraction; he is concerned to find out their beauty and to transcribe it as simply as he can into a painted surface. His two paintings (62, 63) are beautifully fresh and clear in colour, and as they are thinly painted they would seem to bear out Mr. Sickert's contention, in a letter which he contributed to the Press, that one coat of paint is more permanent than many.

There are some examples of Renoir, Picasso, Van Gogh and a weird and fantastic Gauguin "Noa-Noa" (37), and a very successfully treated flower-subject by Miss Marie Laurencin.

Among those representing England, Mr. William Nicholson is the most accomplished; his "Dahlias" (53) is a superb example of his craftsmanship as a painter of still-life; other English painters have imitated Mr. Nicholson, but none have approached him in the steadiness and poise of his placing and the beauty of his surfaces, which cannot be counterfeited by mere slick brush-work.

Mr. J. B. Manson's "Flowers" (47) is rich in colour; there were also indifferent specimens of the works of Mr. Duncan Grant, Mr. Lee Hankey, and Mr. Keith Baynes.

LEFÈVRE GALLERIES (ALEXANDER REID AND LEFÈVRE, LTD.), 1a King Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Exhibition of Works by Henri-Matisse.—This was one of the most vital exhibitions London has had for a long time. Apart from the stimulating works in oil, with the quality of which we are familiar, a new side of Matisse's talent has been exposed (as the Americans say); this is seen in a series of pastel drawings, which are drawn with an entire disregard for anything that was not relevant to the pictorial impulse which prompted them.

Matisse, in his figure-work, does not, like most artists, become unduly interested in the character of his subjects, but distributes the interest equally all over, the general scheme being arrested and held in place and given significance simply by accents of light or dark colour, which may or may not happen to be the fact. At the same time his works are never just the effect of a calculated artistic theory, but are the result of a sensitive response to the stimulation excited by observed things.

GIEVES GALLERY, 22 Old Bond Street, W.1. Portraits and Some English Types by Mr. Alfred Jonniaux.—In this exhibition we were suddenly put back into the atmosphere of the Victorian academi-cian. Most of the works seemed very sticky and varnished; one imagined very strongly the presence of Mr. McGilp.

Mr. Jonniaux's English types are his best works, perhaps

because in them he had more freedom of expression; certainly he seems to have had more interest in painting them than is shown in his society portraits. But they are rather saddening illustrations of things we would wish otherwise; we smile, but with an uneasy feeling that we would rather our day had not produced them.

Mr. Jonniaux's society portraits are of little artistic interest. Where he has resorted to tricky lighting effects in order to introduce an interest which he found lacking in his sitters, he has defeated his own ends. In some cases where the light is thrown upon a shoulder or catches the lower part of an arm and hand, the rest of the picture, including the face, which is surely the most important part in a portrait, is thrown into a gloomy half-tone.

He should resist the temptation of these accidental effects unless they enhance and amplify his original conception.

It is uncertainty of intention which makes a painter seize any chance effect that will help him to a decision.

Mr. Jonniaux's best portraits were those of Mrs. Rosita Forbes (25) and the study of the Marquis de Bryas (32).

ARTHUR TOOTH AND SONS, 155 New Bond Street. Spanish Bull-Fighting by Mr. Roberto Domingo.—A friend of mine living in a country village was one day talking to the local butcher, who regretted that so much of his time was wasted retailing meat. My friend, under the natural impression that the butchery business was an uncongenial one, was about to sympathize with him upon this score when, much to his surprise, the butcher finished his remarks by saying: "Yes, sir, I want to devote more time to the killing; my heart is in the killing, sir!"

When Mr. Roberto Domingo paints subjects which are more or less normal, or quiet or domestic, they are very tame and lacking either in characterization or interest; but as a recorder of impressions from the bull-ring his work is simply marvellous in its dexterity.

The movements of the bull are given with various undulating lines and splashes of colour; a curve will denote the tense action of the bull driving home with finality its impression of victory; other lines and splashes denote its limp acquiescence in flabby defeat; various intermediate stages of bellowing fury and gory defiance against hopeless odds; dusty upsets and narrow escapes are all vividly given with the barest of means; undoubtedly in his own line of business he is supreme.

Mr. Sargent greatly admired Mr. Domingo's work when, some years ago, he gave his first exhibition in London at the Baillie Gallery. When I was there I was told that he had just been in and had purchased one. This was recently sold among his effects at Christie's.

ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, 32a George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Drawings and Caricatures by Mr. Sidney H. Sime.—This show, immediately following the visit to the previous one, had almost a vegetarian feeling about it, in spite of Mr. Sime's rather bumptious letter to an "Esteemed Contemporary," printed as a foreword to the catalogue.

His impressions of local celebrities are very clever studies of character, and are quite amusing, though a great many might have been done in Whitechapel; the fatuously vacant country bumpkin type is the best, being very familiar to us, though not at all hackneyed.

Some of the landscapes are effective in a stippled, miniature kind of way; others are inclined to be turgid and heavy. His decorative works are rather too elaborate; but here and there, where they are clarified to a definite intention, he is seen to have a good sense of decoration.

In many ways Mr. Sime's early work done in London of theatrical and music-hall performers is on a higher artistic level than his more recent caricatures, which are, after all, rather on the plane of journalistic smartness; whereas his earlier works, as, for instance, his etching of Little Tich, and the drawing of what looks like Marie Lloyd, show a talent akin to that of Toulouse-Lautrec.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.

Craftsmanship

Views and Reviews
A London Diary



The
Architectural Review
Supplement
AUGUST
1927

Modern English Carvers.

III—George Alexander.

By Kinton Parkes.

SINCE the days of the unsophisticated work of the Gothic craftsmen, sculptural embellishment of architecture has undergone a radical change. The initiative and primal impulse of the workman has been replaced by the artistry of the sculptor; the modeller has usurped the function of the direct carver. There is all the difference between the untutored pre-Renaissance glyptic decoration and the highly-developed plastic of Grinling Gibbons and Alfred Stevens. The latter particularly raised the technique of the ornamental modellers to a higher, broader, and more naturalistic statement.

George Alexander travels a similar journey to that of Stevens, who, designing for a reputable firm of Sheffield ironworkers, kept the craft of ironfounding from utter degradation in those decadent Victorian days. So Alexander has rendered the Crittall Manufacturing Company similar service, and has helped to raise present-day metalwork into the honourable position it now holds among the crafts. George Alexander is a highly-cultivated artist, whose love for his craft is seen not so much in an emulation of the spirit of the Gothic workers as in the advancement of modelling in clay and wax, and its application to carving. For this he has developed an individual technique. He carves with his own hand from his own modelled or drawn designs, with a result the beauty of which cannot be denied, nor can its legitimacy be questioned. It is his special virtue that he combines the plastic and glyptic qualities of his work convincingly.

Another form of combination relevant to his case is his sympathetic collaboration with architects. There are sometimes difficulties in such co-operation, but when these are overcome the finest results in the sculptural decoration of buildings are achieved. For success it is essential that the sculptor shall be possessed of the architectonic sense. His study and innate feeling must enable him to carry on architecturally with the single idea that he is not just a subordinate, but is actually adding to and completing a self-contained and homogeneously designed scheme. It is a vulgar error merely to add ornament to architecture, and a work of supererogation. Architecture



1. An oak newel finial at the head of the lady members' staircase in the London County Hall.

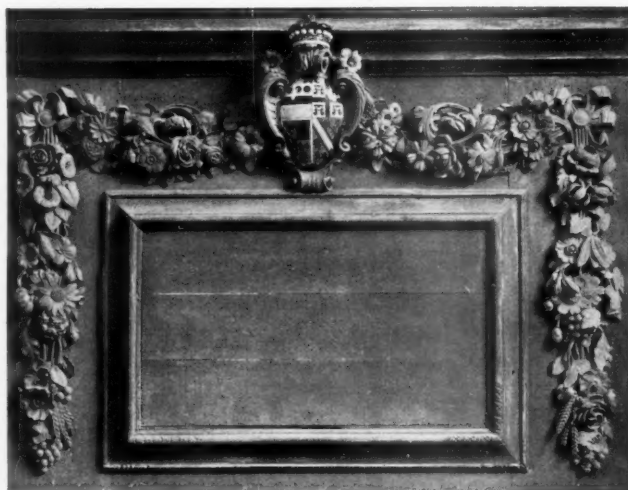
is better without such treatment; its own ornamental qualities suffice. If there is to be sculptural or other decoration it must be organic; part of the conception, not an excrescence upon it. If it is not, it fails in completing and accomplishing the original design, in realizing the intention. Where it does not fail, architecture and sculpture, hand in hand, are fulfilling their natural function of satisfactory creation.

A notably successful example of this is afforded at the County Hall on Thames-side by the co-operation of Ralph Knott and George Alexander, resulting in the production of some of the finest applied sculpture of the revival inaugurated by Stevens, a monument of plastic decoration worthy of comparison with those of the later Renaissance in England and on the Continent. The large bronze gates of the two main entrances of the Hall give the note to the interior decoration. Their design is centred on very large bossy medallions, to which are added richly decorated lintels and embellishment on the architraves. In the vestibules a feature is the extensive glazed bronze screens. Bronze and wood are the prevailing materials of the decorative work, Indian laurel being largely used in the lobbies.

In the council chamber the magnificent marble pillars and pilasters are surmounted by finely modelled composite capitals in manganese bronze, which is the material of the balconies and the well-designed radiators with their modelled details. An

almost continuous belt of boldly carved acanthus ornament forms the front of the balcony linking up the columns and piers. The principal feature of the chamber is the great chair, elaborately carved in black oak made from logs dug up during excavations at Villiers Street in the Strand. The chair stands on a dais which is supplied with a carved moulding and lions' heads. The members' benches are decoratively treated as to their ends, which are beautifully shaped and grateful to the touch, a not unimportant point in furniture.

Apart from the council chamber, woodwork and wood carving are almost exclusively used in the other important apartments. In the main committee room the panelling is mostly plain and, consequently, dignified, and where Alexander's



2. An overmantel in Lord Hereford's house in Wales. The carving is of cedar, applied to oak.

CRAFTSMANSHIP.

carving is added the effect is harmonious. The ceiling and galleries are supported by twenty free columns of oak with Ionic capitals, and there is a complete carved acanthus cornice. The apartment is divisible into three, and at the ends are magnificently carved swags at the springing of the ceiling vault. The ends of the gallery balconies consist of spirited carved pine finials. There are large marble fireplaces at both ends, and over each is a carved oak tympanum of triangular form, finely designed to represent, in one, the symbols of the industrial arts with a floral setting, and in the other an open book surrounded by large naturalistic leaves held by a wide connecting ribbon; these are surmounted by a floral trophy, and include carved frames, pilasters, and drop ornaments (Figs. 3, 4, and 5).

Over the fireplace of the dining-room is a rose and leaf panel, and there are carved bosses on the walls and pillars; and in the reading-rooms this scheme is repeated. In the refreshment room extension there is a great oak fireplace with massive trusses with rams' heads boldly carved, in two tiers reaching to the roof. In the chairman's room is another oak fireplace with a mantel supported by substantial trusses with life-sized lions' heads skilfully worked in to the line of the trusses, forming a beautiful contour. At the wall-angles on the mantelpiece are two carved owls; above is a panel, and the room is decorated with an acorn and leaf frieze. In the vice-chairman's room the owls give place to eagles.

At the head of the lady members' staircase is a very handsome trophy in the form of a vase surmounted by a pine-cone and supported by two heads of fauns with flowers and fruits—a very handsome newel finial (Fig. 1). In various other rooms there is a fair amount of carving, generally over the fireplaces, and in the whips' room are beautiful floral festoons, delicately yet strongly sculptured in limewood.

Oak carving of an important description is the feature of the handsome sliding doors at the Glamorgan County Hall, by Vincent Harris and Moodie, of Cardiff, a striking work of figure



3. A carved oak tympanum over a fireplace in the main committee room of the London County Hall.



4. Another carved oak tympanum in the main committee room of the London County Hall.



5. A carved oak drop ornament on the gallery balcony dies and trusses in the main committee room of the London County Hall.

George Alexander.

sculpture, with two undraped women representing Governance and Industry, and two mermaids. Among other things in this building, the bench-ends are fine examples of the carving craft, probably the finest work in wood that Alexander has done.

Other of the artist's works are at a house at Walmer, Kent: a carved pine chimney-piece of exquisite floral, naturalistic ornament; an overmantel of cedar

carving applied on oak, which includes a heraldic shield with swags and terminals of flowers, fruits, and ribbons (Fig. 2), and an important architectural detail is a complete Corinthian capital for a square pier in oak.

A long series of varied character, of panels, medallions, shields, mouldings, cornices, and wreaths, includes not only

flower, but fish, bird, animal, human, and mythical motives, in naturalistic, Japanese, and fanciful styles in wood and stone. A fine group in the latter material is to be seen over the new doorway, by Sydney Tatchell, of Cassell's publishing house in La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London; and a richly modelled bronze panel with vine leaf and grape border, with a heraldic device at top, is in Westerham Church in Kent.

Alexander's modelled figure-work includes a conventional Christ among his later pieces in the Parish Church of Maidstone; earlier ones being gracefully robed figures of Atalanta and Fame, while in a group of two wrestlers he provides a simple study in anatomy. Alexander is both a modeller and a carver, but he has no theories as to the rival claims of sculptural authenticity. He

is a careful, thoughtful, independent Scottish soul, who labours alone with the one idea of producing honest work, mostly in the great traditions of the craft he practises. Modelling to him is a means to the efficacy of his carving; he makes the service of both interchangeable; but in his carved work it becomes evident that plastic form appeals to him rather than glyptic. Alexander's method is justified by the result, because it is sincere. To the purist this is heresy; but in art, as in other spheres, there is often compromise without loss of probity.

The Modern Movement in Continental Decoration.

VIII.—Nurseries.

By Silhouette.

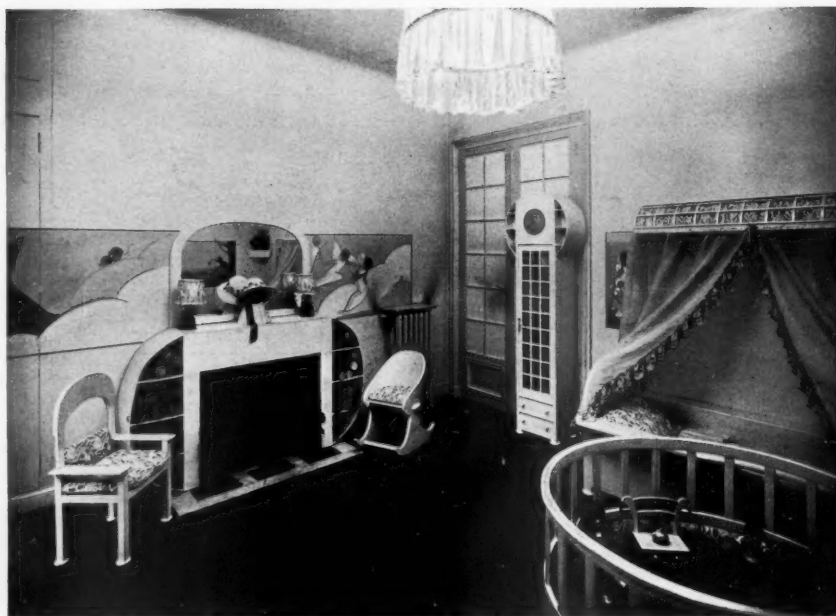
THE psychology of the child must necessarily dominate the design of any room exclusively dedicated to juvenile uses. First of all the creator, whether architect, colourist, decorator or designer, must realize that a child—any child—is a very logical person, has an abiding faith in its parents and guardians—at least during its earliest years; above all, children are imaginative beings conjuring up a veritable world of comprehensible things. For them a band of colour may become a range of hills—a river—a railway train.

Perchance a wall decoration such as that by Maurice Dufrene—Fig. 5—suggests rolling clouds with birds and insects on the wing; or Chareau's background—Fig. 6—with its repetition of a bold pattern in vivid colour may become a swarm of giant butterflies, or degenerate into fearsome beasts.

This quality of imagination may be over-stimulated by some such devices as those adopted by Louis Bureau—Fig. 3—where a fierce horseman with his club rides rough-shod through a fanciful world. Obviously it is necessary to consider the temperament of the child when devising the scheme of decoration; a deep appreciation of their needs, feelings and moods is necessary if well-balanced mental growth is to be associated with physical developments.

Perhaps this is why the woman—particularly the mother—is so often successful with a nursery design; she has been fitted by Nature to respond more readily to the subtleties of the child mind, and is better able to strike the correct average between excessive mental stimulation and poverty of idea.

Madame Klotz's scheme—Fig. 1—is a case in point; the background of walls and ceiling is plain—practically white—but decorative panels at the eye level are introduced quite consciously and purposefully to



1. The walls are dull white and decorated with hand-painted panels in black, green, and pink. The curtains are of Cambridge blue and the carpet is dark grey.

Designer: MADAME. KLOTZ.

arrest the child's attention, to stimulate imagination and teach a lesson. Similar devices adopted by Paulette Richon—Fig. 2—are pleasing enough to adult eyes, but lack imaginative inspiration for a child and compel attention on the dado and furniture; they are far too matter-of-fact, too lifeless for a child.

On the other hand, some weight must be allowed for the argument that the child speedily grows, and even in big families a special nursery for the youngest child is only necessary for a few years. All too soon comes the time when fairies cease to dance around the cot; fierce horsemen, roaring lions, and floral phantasies fade into nothingness, returning perhaps in after life with a sad wistfulness, with longings and regrets, perhaps with shuddering terror—who shall say which was the dream, which was the reality?

The woollies, the silks, and all the cuddlesome garments are hidden, stored away with loving care, even as our own perchance were cherished by our mothers (God bless them!), who year by year as the summers passed laid the fragrant lavender amidst them—a silent tribute to departing childhood—and—with a catch in the throat, with shining eyes but firm lips—closed the drawer. From somewhere about the age of seven and onwards, the child demands a storage place for its own particular treasures, for sporting things and his manly little garments—for dainty frocks, books, and a host of knick-knacks. An *armoire*, wardrobe or commode of some kind now becomes a most desirable asset, something of the character devised by Mdle. Richon—Fig. 4—is decidedly called for in the nursery.

Such in brief are some of the changing phases of the nursery—depicting but a few of the problems surrounding its design and decoration. The task is heavy, but who would not strive to give their very best to evolve an apartment fitted to these purposes? Let the architect



2. The dado is covered with wallpaper embodying Vandyke and Prussian blue, relieved with orange and grey. The carpet is grey.

Designer: PAULETTE RICHON.
Craftsman: M. DORIAN À TOURS.



3. The entire scheme is emerald green and white, the walls are painted in softer tones and the figures are grey, white and black.

*Designer : LOUIS BUREAU.
Craftsmen : ATELIERS D'ART PRIMAVERA.*

provide a room hygienically sound; light, airy, sufficiently spacious, a room that receives the early morning's sunshine—for children are awake betimes and it is bad for little eyes to be greeted by grey, cold walls and cheerless windows—still, in shadow. Next, let the room be well ventilated, but free from insidious draughts; let the decorations strike a restful note in the night nursery, and in combined day and night nurseries aim at a modicum of mental stimulus with spaces of cool quietude.

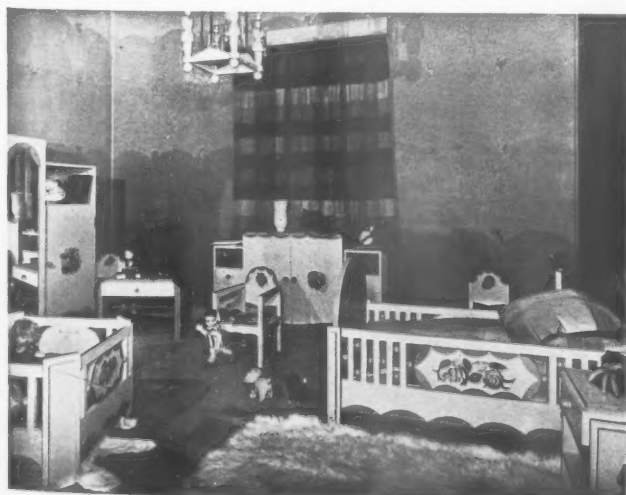
Furnishings for baby's room may properly be somewhat



4. A cupboard of light oak decorated with panels in low relief, coloured in blues and greens, with relief in white and orange.

*Designer : PAULETTE RICHON.
Craftsman : CARIN À LOUIS.*

fanciful, bordering on frivolity; in later years the fanciful gives place to utility, and afterwards, as childhood passes, the keynotes should be refinement, chastity, a certain modest luxury with the purest kind of beauty. In short, a good nursery reflects the mentality of the child, but goes farther and helps to guide the growing intellect along its perilous path of development. See to it, therefore, that nothing is done, or can be imagined, that will leave an ineffaceable scar on the world's most precious heritage—the mind of a growing child.



5. The furniture is enamelled white, ornamented with hand-painted motifs of white, red, blue and green. The painted walls are of maroon, blue and fawn.

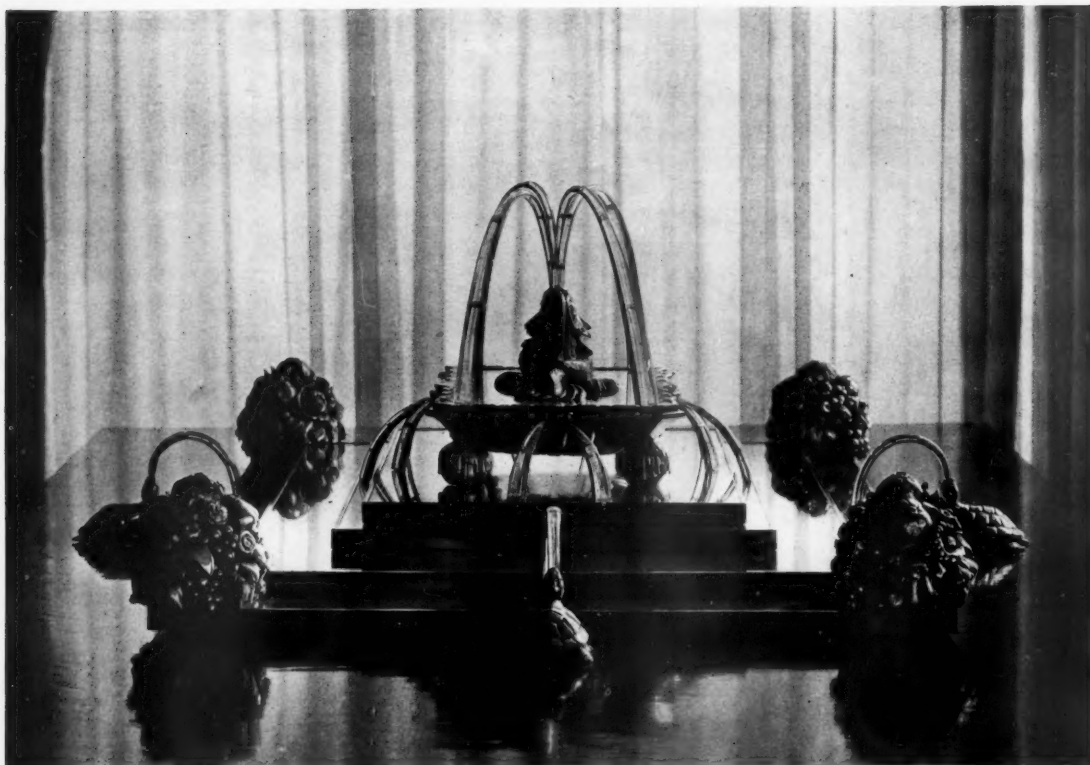
*Designer : MAURICE DUFRENE.
Craftsmen : GALERIES LAFAYETTE À PARIS.*



6. The woven cane furniture is in its natural colouring. The wallpaper has a bold design in grey, brown, orange and black. The carpet is fawn.

*Designer and Craftsman :
PIERRE CHAREAU.*

A Craftsman's Portfolio.
Being Examples of Fine Craftsmanship.
 XVI.—Modern Table Glass (*continued*).



A centre-piece for a table, representing a fountain. The "water" is composed of glass, with gilded enrichments. The base is of dark-green marble, and the corner vases and flowers are gilt.

Designers: SUÉ ET MARE.

Craftsmen: COMPAGNIE DES ARTISTES FRANÇAIS.



The clear glass is banded with black.



Some vases in black and white clear glass.
 A cubist design.

Designer and Craftsman:

RÉNÉ LALIQUE.



An example showing Chinese influence.



The Sea Horses.

A table screen in engraved glass.

Designer and Craftsman: **RÉNÉ LALIQUE.**

A table centre-piece of glass and crystal. Many of the flowers are in naturalistic colours fired into the glass. An electric bulb may be inserted within the bowl to illuminate



the flowers. The base and basket skeleton are of wrought iron.

Designers:

SUÈ ET MARE.

Craftsmen:

COMPAGNIE DES ARTISTES FRANÇAIS.



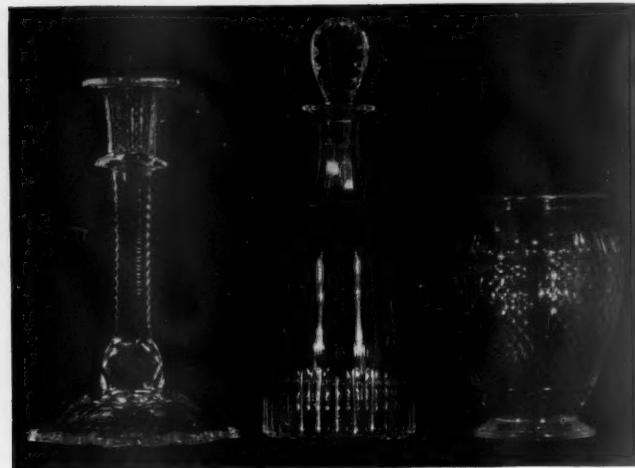
The Peacocks.

A table screen in engraved glass.

Designer and Craftsman: **RÉNÉ LALIQUE.**



Left: A decanter with tears and rigorees, fitted with a silver-mounted cork. *Centre:* A decanter with a silver-mounted cork. *Right:* A bottle with shallow cutting and silver cap.
 Designer and Craftsman: H. J. POWELL.



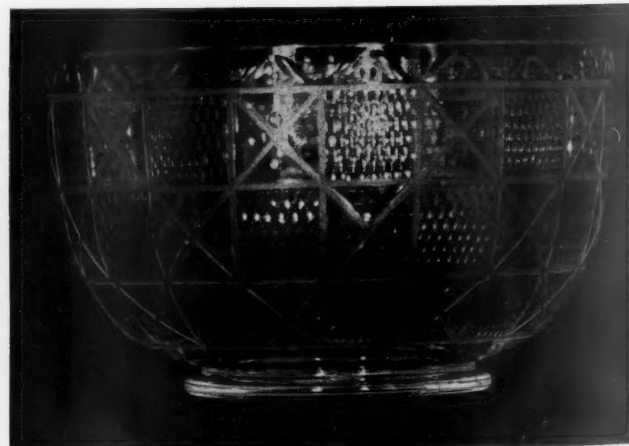
A candlestick,
 a decanter and stopper,
 and a vase in engraved glass.
 Designer and Craftsman: H. J. POWELL.



An oval basket in statuary marble on a rectangular plinth, with various coloured crystal fruits. Inside the vase is a lamp, the wire being led in through a hole drilled through the plinth.
 Designers and Craftsmen
 BAGUES.



Designer: GORDON RUSSELL.



Two glass bowls with shallow cutting.

Craftsman: J. LEE (JAMES POWELL AND SONS).