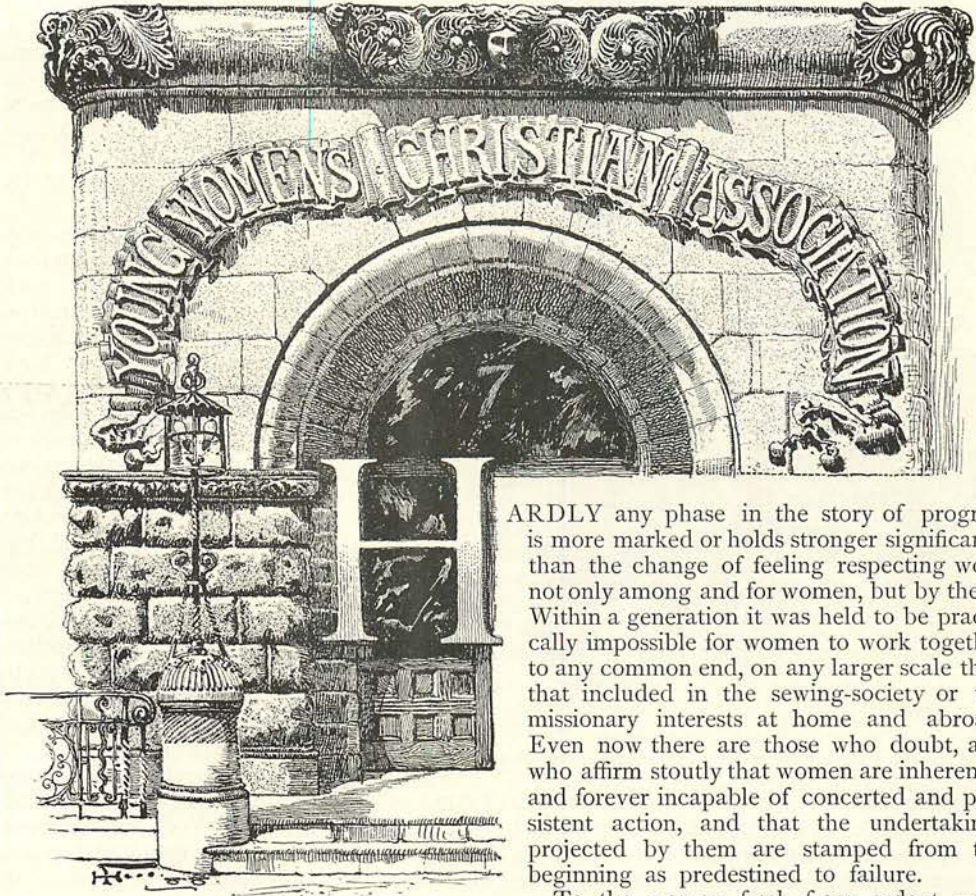


CERTAIN FORMS OF WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

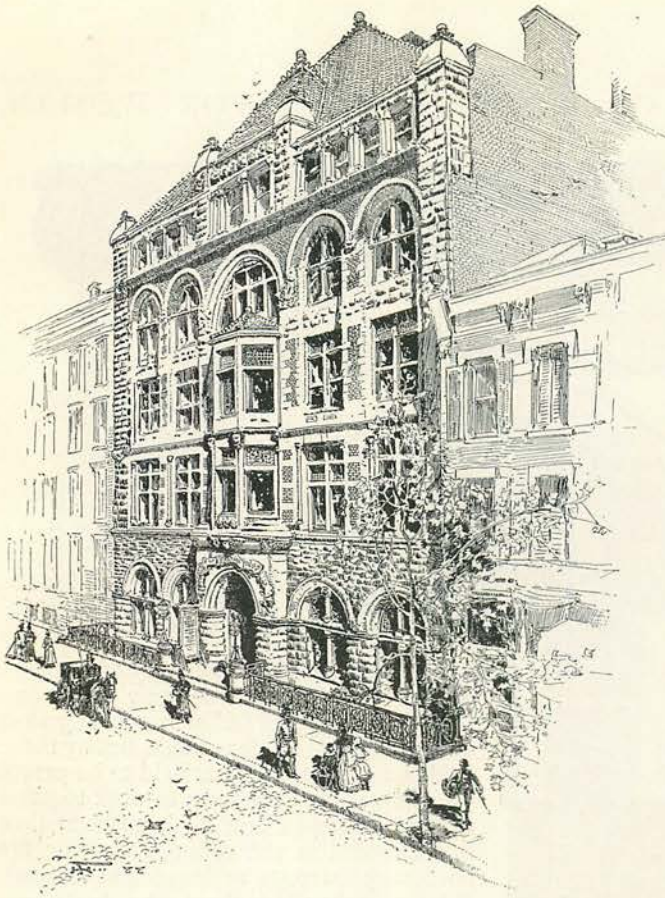


HARDLY any phase in the story of progress is more marked or holds stronger significance than the change of feeling respecting work not only among and for women, but by them. Within a generation it was held to be practically impossible for women to work together to any common end, on any larger scale than that included in the sewing-society or the missionary interests at home and abroad. Even now there are those who doubt, and who affirm stoutly that women are inherently and forever incapable of concerted and persistent action, and that the undertakings projected by them are stamped from the beginning as predestined to failure.

To the woman fresh from ardent work with and among her own sex, any doubt as to the possibility of success ceased long ago, and she may even be too absorbed to realize that the question is still asked or the statement still made with a calmness born of ignorance and an obstinacy that ignores facts and accepts no judgment but its own.

In this wonderful march of the nineteenth century it is always hard to understand how any can be deliberately standing still; or, if moving, moving merely because they are carried on by others, with neither volition nor consciousness of their own. To encounter this form of conservatism in the remote country is not so surprising. The need for organization has had small occasion to define itself there, and one therefore need not wonder at coming suddenly, in the midst of this experimental generation, upon both men and women holding with resolute firmness to some fossilized theory more akin, one would say, to the spirit of the fifteenth than that of the nineteenth century. The narrow village may be pardoned, but what shall be said to the Philistines in town and city, who, with facts before them, close their eyes and announce the same theory?

Happily it is an always lessening number who hold to this belief—a belief that not so long ago had more reason for its existence than it would now be easy to credit. It was not that individual capacity for working harmoniously with others did not exist, but that theology stood always in the way, and hedged in the worker within the sharply defined boundaries of a sect. The earnest Baptist or Methodist or Presbyterian felt always that such service as could



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, 7 EAST 15TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

be rendered belonged to the denomination, and the passage out of this conviction was slow and full of uncomfortable doubts and suspicions. Women remained under their sway long after their husbands and brothers had settled to their own satisfaction that union is strength, and that prosperous work depends upon union for its successful accomplishment.

Now and then, it is true, some cause or issue held such compelling force that persons and personalities had no place save as both urged to a common action; but this was exception rather than rule, and so the faith formulated itself, and found expression in the creed, "Women cannot work together."

The civil war opened the eyes of all women to the fact that union was not only possible but essential, the Sanitary Commission binding them to a common effort; and there has been no retreat from the position taken then. Yet, inertia is so strongly rooted, that in each fresh step there has always been the same form of opposition to encounter; and though every real worker learned long ago that it is soon silenced,

it is none the less a force to be taken into account in every new undertaking.

The war and its lessons were soon supplemented by the first attempts at organized charities, the wonderful results of which have been as powerful for the workers as for those in whom their interests centered; and as the field broadened, and mere alleviation gave way to the search for methods of prevention, one more argument for union has arisen.

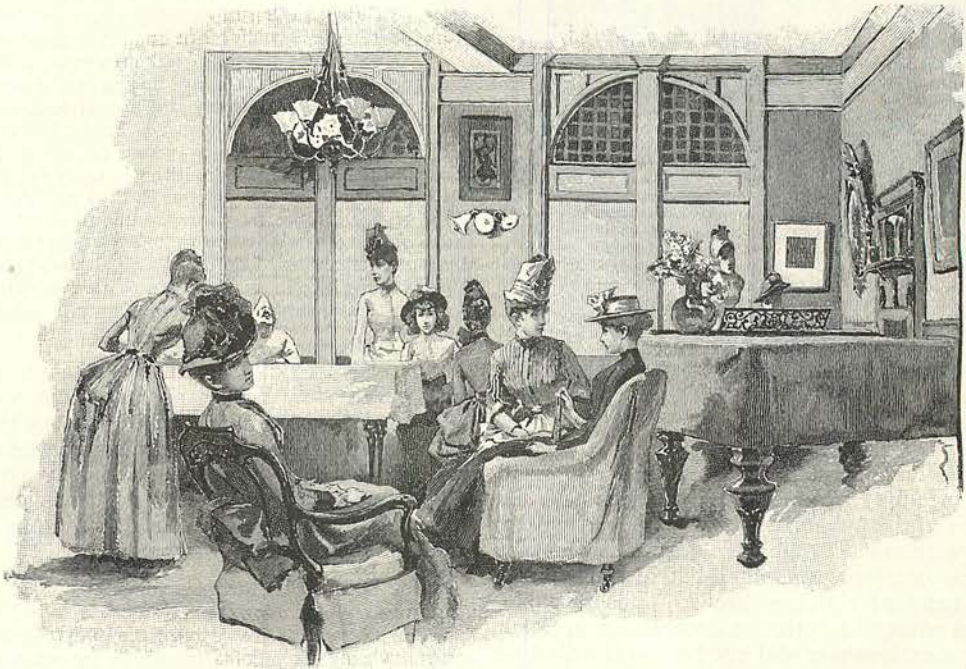
This is no place for any demonstration of this gradual process. It is rather with results that we are to deal—results and their possibilities for the future. For New York such possibilities are in ever-increasing ratio, no city on the continent facing a problem so complicated or so uncertain of solution. It is not with her own poor or her own workers alone that she must deal, but with the same classes from every nation under heaven, each with its own peculiar disabilities, national and otherwise, and each demanding separate and individual methods. There are white-haired women, whose faces may still be seen at special meetings of the con-

ference of organized charities, who remember well the days when New York had no poor save the limited number who could be disposed of in the poor-house, and whose workers in factory or at trades were either bound out, and thus secure from care, or shared the family life of the employer. Less true for women than for men, it was still true for both, and there was small occasion to ask how their lives might be bettered, since such gifts as life held were practically common property.

Save for isolated instances here and there, all this ended for New York forty years ago. With its transformation to a mere dumping-ground for the offscourings of all nations was born the New York tenement-house, a type at its lowest ranking side by side with the worst that London has to offer. With the tenement-house and its gradual degradation of the inmates, whether workers or whether objects of charity, was born also the conviction that institutions, well endowed, could, if only big enough, hold all who needed help, and thus transfer individual labor to certain fixed centers, a sub-

scription being all that the average citizen need supply. And so year by year the number swelled till the fair islands of the East River one by one were given up to wretched lives, and crime and shameful want became the only passports to such breathing-places as yet remained to the city. Year by year the worker fared worse and the criminal better, till society seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to render labor hopeless of any return save barest existence. The factories, large and small, kept pace with the institutions. Men knew the faces of their employees, and not always even this; but where they lived, or how, formed no part

tion towards the crop of home heathen, planted and carefully cultivated by ourselves, and presenting as the result a harvest of faithless and often hopeless souls, toiling because they must, and seeking where they could such gleams of pleasure and satisfaction as could by any means, questionable or otherwise, be made a part of their starved and dreary lives. Wealth has come to be more often curse than blessing, but always among its owners may be found a few who count it their own only so far as it can be made to mean good for the many as well as the few. To these few it had become plain that the pauper and the criminal were not the only

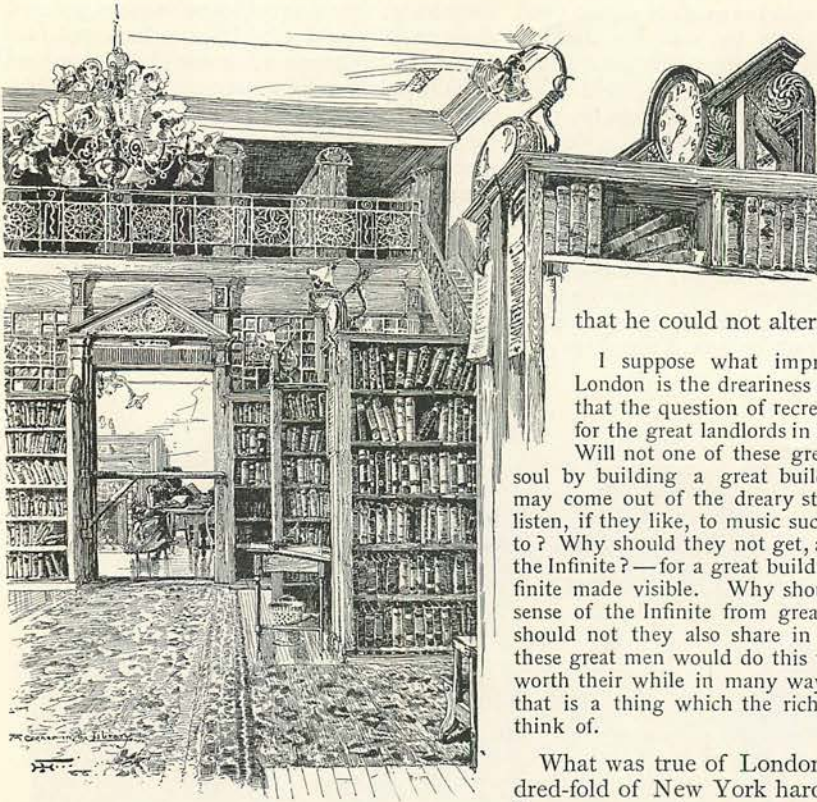


PARLOR OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

of the contract. Here and there some "Home" sprung up, gray and cheerless, hedged about with sharp restrictions, and ignoring most of the real needs of the dwellers within its walls. But the mass of working-women, reinforced perpetually by the stream of country girls whose faces turned always towards that Mecca in which for them all good was enshrined, had neither homes nor teaching that could give them better outlook for the future, nor any good thing save what their own dull eyes and weak hands saw and held as good.

Men were too busy making money to spend thought on any conditions that might underlie the process; but women had begun to think, and to realize that the energy given chiefly to the heathen needed immediate diver-

members of the community demanding attention. Imperceptibly had come up among us a class whose existence was denied, whose needs were ignored, and who found no standing-ground save in the Purgatory which made up the only life the worker seemed likely to know. Evil fortune might thrust her still lower into the Inferno we devote to our poor, but to the Heaven of opportunity and freedom to grow there was no access. It appeared impossible for those who lived at ease to take in the new conditions or to accept the fact that more than one class must be dealt with. We had so assiduously repeated the old formula, "All men are born free and equal," that there had been no time to observe the class distinctions defining themselves more and more sharply every year.



THE LIBRARY.

"We have no class divisions; there is equal chance for all," piped the politician; and the wife of the politician sounded the same note, supplemented by the mass of women who take their opinions at second-hand, and wonder vaguely why things are so uncomfortable, and what had better be done about it. Such wonder, however, did not begin till evils had grown to such dimensions that further ignoring was impossible. It was not alone the poor and the wretched who were pouring into the city, but an equal stress of half-trained, ambitious, eager girls, who looked to factory or shop, or the trades opened up to women, as the road to fortune, and who, as the dream faded and they came face to face with increasing toil and pitifully small reward, turned, many of them, to the life which means temporary ease, and some flavor at least of what the century counts as chief good. Here and there a voice sounded a note of warning. Here and there a worker affirmed that for any such result society was directly responsible; yet neither church nor any method current in society seemed able to control the situation or to make life more tolerable for the mass of women, who, for want of a better term, must be called middle-class. No Palace of Pleasure existed anywhere save

in the brain of some persistent dreamer; and facing this lack and this obtuseness of perception, Arnold Toynbee, who spent his high young life in a vain struggle with conditions

that he could not alter, wrote:

I suppose what impresses us most in London is the dreariness of life. I do think that the question of recreation is a question for the great landlords in London to consider. Will not one of these great men ransom his soul by building a great building where people may come out of the dreary streets and rest, and listen, if they like, to music such as Milton listened to? Why should they not get, as we do, a sense of the Infinite?—for a great building is really the Infinite made visible. Why should they not get a sense of the Infinite from great buildings? Why should not they also share in our pleasures? If these great men would do this thing, it would be worth their while in many ways. I do think that that is a thing which the rich at any rate might think of.

What was true of London was true a hundred-fold of New York hardly ten years ago. One woman, whose name stands high on the roll of those whose mission is something more than alleviation, said deliberately in a meeting of those who had projected special missions, "midnight" and otherwise, to a class of women popularly considered unreachable:

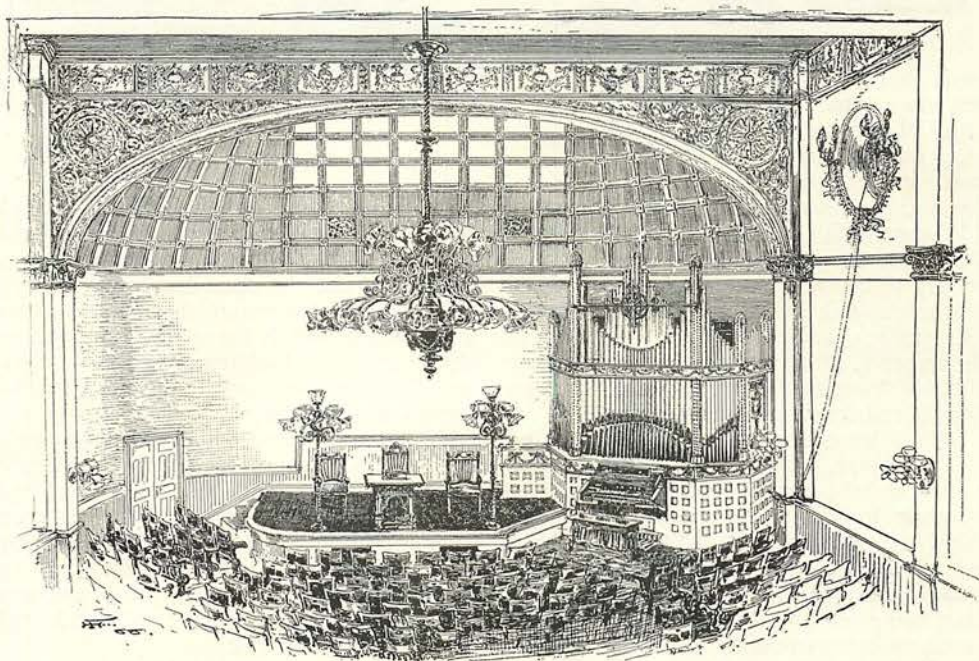
I think, friends, that there are women even here — I certainly will include myself—who, if forced to live their starved and dreary lives six months, would accept anything that seemed to offer larger outlook. Until we provide some means of interesting and guiding them, give them a few at least of the things that make life worth living, we stand as their impulse towards ruin, and are responsible for every one of these wandering souls. It is not alone for them, but for the thousands we are driving in the same direction, that I speak. Something must be done. Let us consider what.

It was from such thought that the most tangible and fruitful work for women was born, and that the year 1871 saw the first formal report of the Young Ladies' Christian Association, known in the beginning as the "Young Ladies' Branch of the Ladies' Christian Union," the old-fashioned title carrying with it the flavor of Mrs. Ferrer's "Young Ladies' Guide," and being actually a barrier between its holders and the work they most honestly desired to do. But conservative women looked upon the name as in itself a guarantee against unpleasant criti-

cism, and the thirty-one members who formed the little corporation were too busy and too much in earnest to spend any time upon a question of such apparently slight importance. Some common meeting-place was the first essential, and this was found in the room rented for that purpose, furnished, and put in charge of a superintendent who filled all the offices of all the embryo departments.

The desire [read the first report] to extend Christian kindness to the multitudes of young women who come from quiet country homes to this city in search of employment or educational advantages

185,000 young men for whom clubs and gymnasiums and libraries had grown up were offset by 200,000 young women for whom there was nothing save this one oasis, and to most of whom it was still unknown. Five hundred places of business where women were employed were visited in 1872 and the purpose of the Association made known, and as fast as means admitted facilities for work were enlarged and improved. By 1875 the report announced the "Young Women's Christian Association of the City of New York," and thenceforth the woman who helped and the woman to be helped stood side



THE CHAPEL.

led to the formation of plans by which employment and safe boarding-places in private families might be secured for them; also church privileges with social and intellectual pleasures.

Here, for the first time, was to be found "an accessible free circulating library for women," and the providers announced with gentle pride the fact that it numbered "five hundred bound volumes." An employment bureau, with a paid secretary, was also opened; but superintendent and secretary and the thirty-one members together had no power to deal adequately with the flood of applicants pouring in upon them. Swift and sudden as the tide of Solway Firth these pent-up lives massed and rushed towards this new haven. The room became a house, the "five hundred bound volumes" doubled, various training classes proved themselves indispensable, and all within the first six months.

By 1872 statistics had been taken, and the

by side, with no self-erected barrier of name between, and in mutual effort learned more of the underlying facts of human nature than had often found place in the scheme of any organization. It seemed the smallest, most trifling, of matters to a few of those who discussed the change; to others, a momentous departure from tradition, certain to bring disaster. But the point once gained demonstrated at once the wisdom of those who had urged it as vital. A year or two longer in the always narrowing quarters, and then the final move to 7 East 15th street, where the work went on with unflagging enthusiasm, demanding imperatively at last something more than any one house could offer. Friends and funds were equally ready. The ground occupied by the old house, 75 by 103 feet, offered ample room for more generous accommodations, and these were planned after long deliberation as to what were the chief



A CLASS IN PHONOGRAPHY.

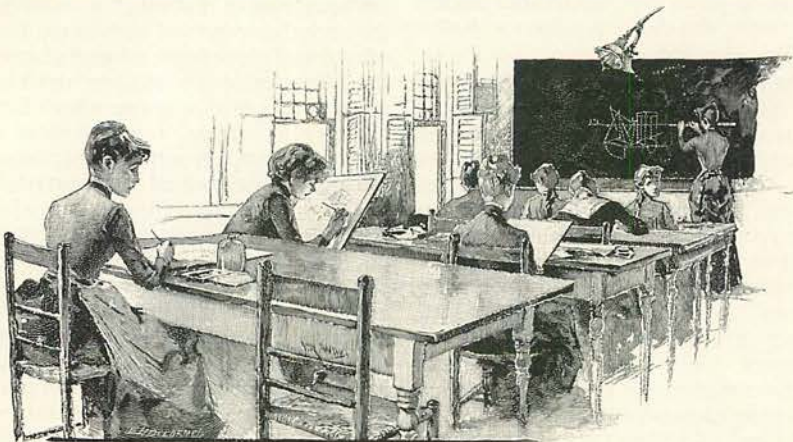
needs to be met, more space for social purposes being one of the most imperative.

Necessarily silence had been the rule in the old library, which, for want of space, had served also as reading-room, and the girls begged for any room, no matter how small, where they might talk freely. Plans were studied with anxious deliberation, but it was not till December 1, 1886, that the corner-stone was laid, the Association resigning itself to many months' restriction in a smaller house.

Delays lengthened the period of waiting, but January 18, 1887, saw the dedicatory ceremonies, and the simple, but beautiful building, five stories in height, was thrown open for public inspection. Brick, with red freestone arches and trimmings, was the material employed, terra-cotta ornamentation being freely used, the result being one of the most attractive façades among the many examples of good work which New York now offers in this direction. A vestibule with tiled floor gives access to a broad hall, finished, like the entire interior, in ash,

stained to produce the effect of antique oak. Wide double doors open on the west side to the social parlor, thirty feet square, with carved mantel and cheerful open fire; on the east, to the employment rooms and their various offices; while back of both is the chapel, running completely across the building and some 70 by 40 feet. On the second story is the library, running across the entire front, two small rooms at each side being partitioned off—that on the east as reading and reference room; on the west, for magazines and periodicals. Something over 10,000 volumes are now on the shelves, space having been allowed for 50,000; and any woman may use the library as she would the Astor, only working-women, using the term in its largest sense, being allowed to take volumes from the building.

The third, fourth, and fifth stories are devoted to the class-rooms, including type-writing, stenography, machine and hand sewing,



IN THE DESIGNING-ROOM.

dress cutting and fitting, book-keeping and arithmetic, and technical design; in short, all the branches in which women engaged in over thirty trades may desire to fit themselves for more efficient work. In all these, save dress cutting and fitting, instruction is free to members, whose small yearly fee gives opportunities in every direction. On the fifth floor are two art rooms with artists' skylights, one of them occupying the entire back of the building, which is slightly narrower than the front. Altogether the Educational Department occupies more space than any other, and is doing invaluable work, not only for the numbers who seek the city as their working-ground, but for the other numbers

prayer-meetings, monthly evening meetings, and various special services. A relief committee cares for the sick and needy among the members, and sends tired women to the country, ten thousand having had this opportunity last year, at an actual cost of less than a dollar per head. The yearly expenses are slightly over \$10,000, and it is safe to say that no system of education as applied in our public schools gives in any degree so valuable return for the same expenditure. With more money better work could be done, but the sum handled is made to yield the utmost that a dollar can accomplish. Had our legislators any training in real political economy, every ward in the



THE SEWING-CLASS.

who graduate from our public schools, helpless as babies for the real work of life: to such the Association gives the first hint of real education, four hundred having graduated from its classes in 1886, all of whom found positions. These are not included in the 12,000 who found work by means of the Employment Bureau, which in 1886 registered 1985 applications, the successful proportion making 66 per cent. An Industrial Room gives seamstresses an opportunity of exhibiting their work, fancy and otherwise, and orders are taken for every variety. Monthly entertainments, concerts, recitations, etc., give needed diversion; and a small gymnasium with a skilled teacher is the satisfactory climax of the work undertaken.

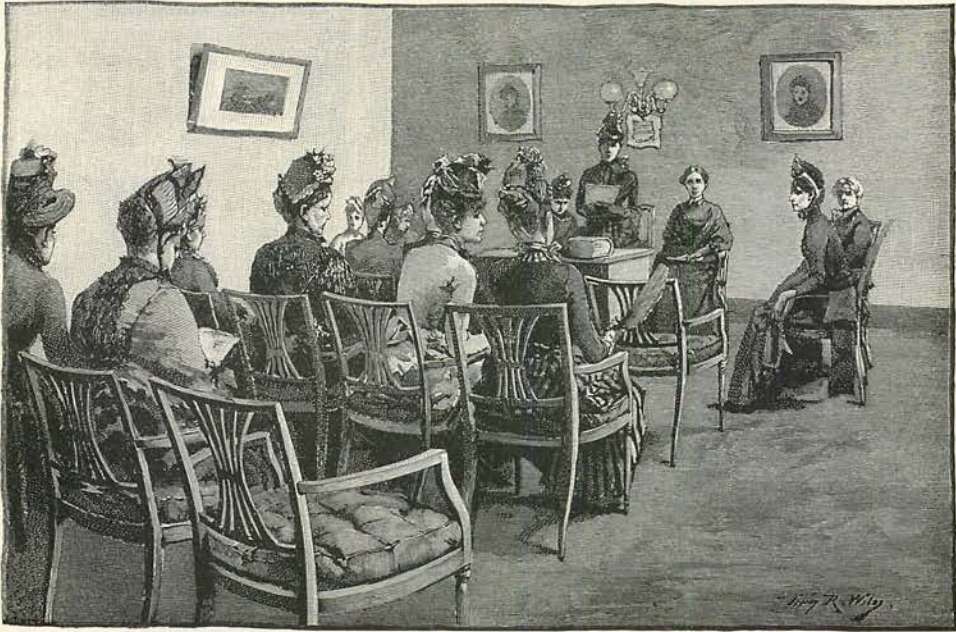
This is the temporal side. The religious includes as varied help. The great Bible class has 750 regular members, transient ones running it up in 1886 to 1263. There are weekly

city would have a similar building, supplemented by kindergartens and industrial schools for those not yet compelled to earn, and thus abolish forever the necessity for the enormous appropriations now demanded by asylums and reformatories and the myriad engines of philanthropy. Here, in the Association, is demonstrated again the fact that when brain and hand work together, in conditions that mean rest as well as stimulus, there is neither room nor time for vicious thought or vicious action. The day's work, long and exhausting as it often is, has no power to quench the enthusiasm with which these girls labor at their self-elected task, coming to it in all weather and leaving it reluctantly. Watching their enthusiasm as well as patience, and the steady development of unsuspected powers, one can only long for a time when an earlier beginning may be made possible, and cry shame upon the system which

wastes the most susceptible years in mere routine, and makes any genuine education of brain and heart and hand the almost unattainable thing.

Few of the recruits who fill the new building have any knowledge of the various forms of industrial training which have kept pace with the work of the Association and are now

The educated poor — the thousands who have "seen better days" and who have no training which can serve them when evil days have come — form often the most hopeless class of would-be earners. Cultivated, yet cultivated in that half-way fashion which is one of the curses of American society, they had ample power for pretty work which could not stand before any genu-



A COMMITTEE MEETING.

in more definite shape than anything yet attempted since the organization of Dr. Felix Adler's most successful work. Such training for the children of the poor began as a branch of practical philanthropy, and the endeavor to teach domestic industrial arts to children whose home-life held no possibility of such knowledge. The Kitchen Garden Association, formally incorporated in 1880, had its origin in the endeavor of Miss Emily Huntingdon to apply some of the principles of Froebel's kindergarten system to domestic service, her theory taking form in an admirable little book published in 1878. Twenty-nine classes and 990 children were taught in New York alone during the first year, the results demonstrating the entire practicability of the idea, and 13 other cities at once organized similar classes.

Here then stand two phases of the work already accomplished for women in New York. They deal chiefly with a class to whom self-support was from the beginning a necessity. For another class no less needy, yet shrinking from any public recognition of such need, there was no provision, until wise heads and gentle hearts a few years ago made a way of escape.

ine criticism. So long as it meant merely the production of ornamental nothings for their own houses,— sketches, draperies, embroideries, decorated china, and the myriad possibilities of bric-à-brac,— they were safe, for critics and criticized were alike ignorant. But when an artistic production to be judged by artists became the question, once more the inherent falsity of the system of modern education demonstrated itself, and the wretched victims found themselves compelled to accept a fresh training and to demolish with all speed such foundations as they had counted firm and sure. The Decorative Art Society and the Associated Artists came to the rescue of the best order of intelligence in these directions, and with the Woman's Exchange have acted as a high training-school, the work accomplished in the last ten years showing what quick perception and patient effort have worked together to produce the results we see. In the Woman's Exchange the object was simply to offer a place where the handiwork of gentlewomen, of whatever nature, might be put on sale. Later, when success had become certain, the clear-headed projector of the undertaking told of her conster-

nation at the first meeting, when "thirty almost worthless articles covered a small table, and letters in great numbers waited to be answered, from anxious women, wanting to know what would sell."

Naturally the Exchange became instantly a school. General intelligence did its usual good service as background, and out of sharp necessity was born the inspiration that gave invention and skill. Anything and everything good of its kind, from a pickle to a portière, found place in one or another department, and the

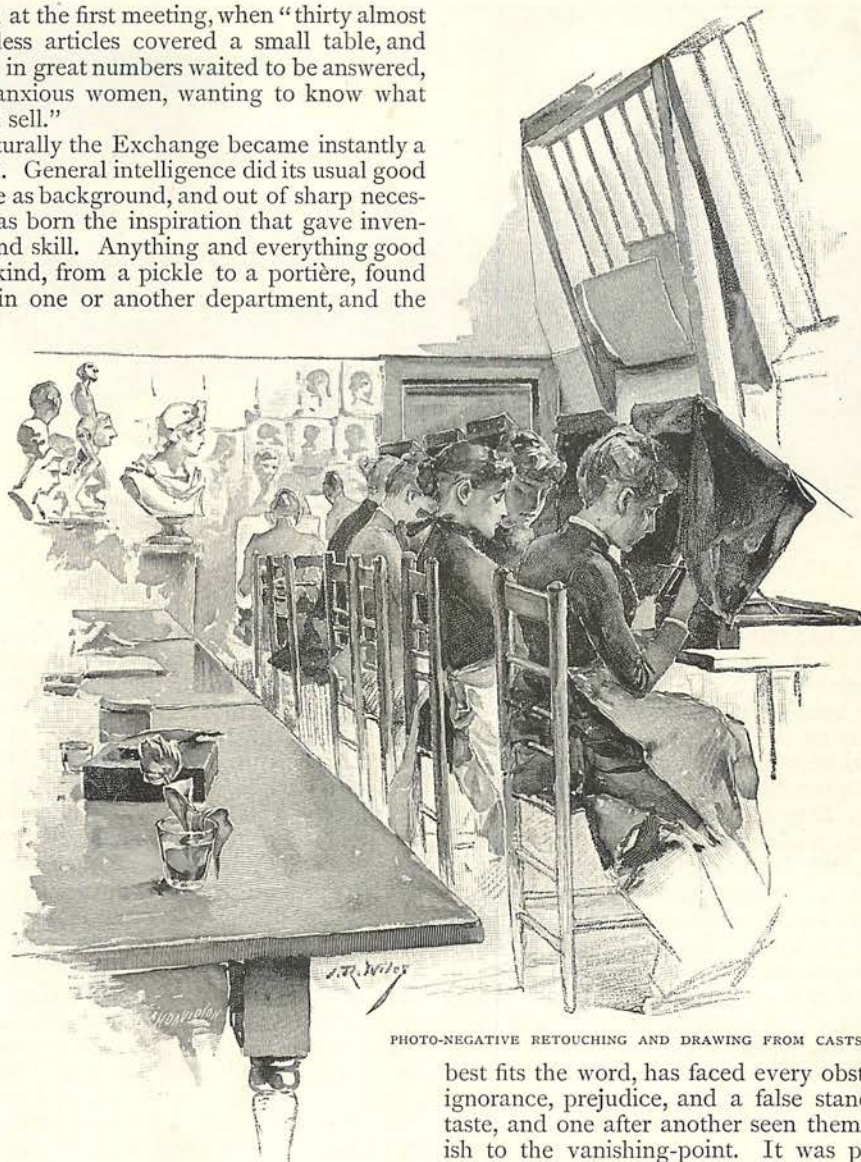


PHOTO-NEGATIVE RETOUCHING AND DRAWING FROM CASTS.

Exchange has been forced to enlarge its borders, the cheerful house at 329 Fifth Avenue overflowing with the handiwork of women. In seven years it has sent to its consignees \$19,074.06, one woman alone receiving in a year over \$1000, and eight societies have been established in other cities on the same plan.

The Associated Artists have taken but one side of the same work,—all that could properly come under the head of decorative art,—and have done work of inestimable value in educating not only the worker but the buyer. A new sense has been born in both. The presiding officer, whose instinct for beauty is only less strong than her nice sense of what definition

best fits the word, has faced every obstacle of ignorance, prejudice, and a false standard of taste, and one after another seen them diminish to the vanishing-point. It was perfectly evident that the time was ripe for a more thorough education in artistic work, not alone as a means of help to workers to whom such outlet of energies was the only practicable one, but as a necessity for the people at large.

The tyranny of the Puritan creed trampled out and well-nigh obliterated any æsthetic sense, and our homes represented a consecrated ugliness against which few revolted, because few had the trained eye to distinguish ugliness from beauty. Yet an instinctive protest was made. The æsthetic sense was not dead, but sleeping; but save for the few who traveled, and thus discovered what part beauty had in life, there was small hint of awakening till the Decorative Art Society began its work. The



MODELING.

sense of harmony and fitness in color and fabric was an American possession, gradually discovering itself in the dress of our women, but our houses defied every law of taste. We have yet an infinite deal to learn. We still overload with ornament and are apt to measure by quantity rather than quality; but the tide has turned. The "impassioned seekers after the invisible truth and beauty and goodness" counted any earthly type a distraction from the contemplation of the heavenly. But they were idealists—the disciples, not of things as they are, but of things as they ought to be; and the time came when idealism asserted itself in other lines than the religious, and men claimed the long-withheld inheritance in every form of art. Everywhere the sense of beauty was groping its way to the light, and if its first glimpses held slight distortions, they were at least prophecies of something better to come.

To awaken even in faintest degree this sense of beauty is an instant enlargement of the poorest life, and it is hardly possible to exaggerate its influence on the utilitarian character of the average American, whose life is more barren of beauty than that of any civilized people under heaven. The old idealism had fallen and vanished in the struggle for life on a new continent and the growing passion for getting on, and only in a rousing and quickening of the sense in every child can there be hope of emancipation from the bondage that is the portion of all. To the student of social conditions this fact demonstrates itself at once, and such student alone can rightly estimate the value and importance of a work at which the mere utili-

tarian sneers. Industrial art is a prime essential of the new industrial training, and is the first hint to the child of this generation of the beauty that coming generations will own. For such possession industrial education in its largest sense is the only foundation. With the many who accept it, as I have lately written elsewhere, "it stands merely an added capacity to make money, and if taken in its narrowest application this is all that it can do. Were this all, it would be simply an added impetus towards the degeneration that money-making for the mere sake of money inevitably brings. But at its best, perfected as it has been by patient effort on the part of a few believers, it is far more than this. Added power to earn comes with it, but there comes also a love of the work itself, such as has had no place since the great guilds gave joyfully their few hours daily to the cathedrals whose stones were laid and cemented in love and hope and a knowledge of the beauty to come that long ago died out of any work the present knows. The builders had small book-knowledge. They could have been talked down by any public-school child in the second or third year. But they knew the meaning of beauty and order and law; and this trinity stands to-day, and will stand for many a generation to come, as an ideal to which we must return till like causes work again to like ends."

The factory dominates daily life. Wholesale manufacture, while it cheapens and gives to the mass the "store clothes" craved by the country lad, destroys all possibility of individual, characteristic work. Reaction is inevitable, and thus the meaning bound up in the phrase "hand-made" has at last made itself plain, and the

true disciple of beauty revolts against the deadly monotony of factory production and demands that the human hand shall once more lend its mysterious quality to the fabric which long ago parted with it.

Thus an invaluable part of the work projected as well as that accomplished by the Associate Artists lies in the fact that this necessity has been recognized, and that through their means we see again the opening for the slower processes still in vogue in the mountains of the South, whose women have begun to ask what will sell. And broader outlook still is the possibility that in every quarter of the United States women may come to see how they may associate themselves together, settling upon what industry best suits their special locality, and developing it to its highest point. Thus far all work has been hap-hazard, the result of circumstance, seldom of concerted or deliberate action. A thousand opportunities all untried await women who must earn, but who have never yet sought to discover the real meaning of organization. Practically it is becoming the principle in all philanthropy; but it grows slowly, the intense individualism born of our principles and institutions dominating all life and thought. The organized charities, the Industrial Association, the many industrial schools, the kindergartens managed on this system, are all demonstrations of what may come when the laws of concerted action are taught us from the beginning; and in accepting this wisest type of socialism, the evils of socialism fall away.

I have dwelt at length upon this phase of

work, because to my mind its importance as a reconstructing agent can hardly be overestimated. What is true of one great city must, with certain exceptions, be true of all, and the theories that hold regeneration for one hold it for all. Were this article a catalogue of charities, a minutely detailed account of the noble work done by women for women, it would even then point to the same end. From the Wilson Industrial School—the pioneer of much of the work now going on under other names—to the latest trades-school, the one aim is to restore to labor the place it held in the old days, when the poorest cottage possessed what we know now as works of art, and the poorest child had its inheritance of beauty for eye and ear. To all such beauty is still possible, and once a national possession, grosser ideals fall away and new possibilities lie before every child of the Republic. The training-school underlies any and all work of the future. The women who work to-day in countless ways seeking to alter existing conditions know this as truth, and bend every energy towards reaching the children and setting their feet in the only path that leads to freedom or fulfillment of desire. We have had enough of charity. All that is needed now is simple justice—a chance for the child whose time to earn has not yet come; a chance for the earner, for whom life can be made less barren. Accept this, and institutionalism dies naturally. Reject it, and we remain at its mercy, and have no refuge save in never-ceasing additions to the long list, which, if it means honor to warm and tender hearts, means also unending shame to senseless heads.



IN THE CUTTING AND FITTING ROOM.



THE SALESROOM.

We want no more institutions. Rather we want to empty those that already exist; and this will be done most effectually by precisely the order of work imperfectly recorded here.

It is not pessimism or even a momentary despair that impels the final word which must have place. We want no more institutions, and we want as little the palaces of pleasure which at present are the latest ideal in philanthropic work, unless, indeed, these palaces be owned and built by the people themselves. That there is need of them need not be affirmed, nor that in time every city will see great buildings dedicated to such happy uses.

"Every great city must have, every great city will have in time, its 'People's Palace,'" said an eager philanthropist not long ago. "Here we have the wealth to endow it, the poverty that needs such solace, and the philanthropy to utilize the first for the benefit of the second. Let us have more and more 'people's palaces.'"

Can there be any question of the beauty, the fitness, the justice of such action? For the writer the first doubt was silenced; but as, more and more, a question seemed involved, words were spoken for a few, that have reproduction here only because time appears to seal their truth, and to make such interrogation the first necessity for every eager worker. Till it arises, it is the instinct of such worker to urge the rich everywhere to give from their abundance towards the creation of such tre-

mendous redemptive forces, and to bend every energy born of personal conviction to the same ends. Hope and desire and fruition seem marching hand in hand in this new path. Is it possible that it is still a side path, and that the king's highway to the Delectable Mountains has been missed? Can ardent souls have lost the way, and is the palace not the Palace of the Interpreter, but the fortress in which Giant Despair still crouches, and from which he will still issue to destroy? It is hard to question anything so beautiful, so filled with promise; hard to doubt where the best that man can do for man would seem to be at work; and yet never was there sterner need of question. Manhood is emasculated, freedom abolished, slavery of mind and soul perpetuated by every new form of charity; and there is no hint of anything but charity in these free schools, free baths, free concert halls, and all the appliances of the "palaces." Could they be built like the great cathedral in New York, from the small contributions of untold numbers, so that each might feel his or her personal share in work and ownership, this curse of mere charity might be annulled. But the gift of one or of many, to whom fortune may have come through a lifetime of oppressing their fellows, holds small justice. Better such return than none; yet for many of these givers the very stones will cry out and some day bear witness against them. The man who sees before him a Palace of Pleasure as the end for which he works is

just so far beyond the man whose hope is bounded by his own pleasure; and yet, encompassed by that future, the day that is passes out of sight. Deeper than any need recognized by charity in general lies the need of a justice that asks, "What place, what right, have this man and this woman on the earth where we are walking side by side? How shall I help them to that place? How shall I teach them to know it when it opens before them?" When we have learned how to answer this question, there will

be fewer institutions, for no numbers will stand waiting to fill them; and there will be less need for "palaces of pleasure," for men and women will have found that the "gate beautiful" is within their own souls, and that earth and sky — nay, the universe itself — makes the palace. If this seem carping, or even a form of hopelessness or pessimism, read again and find if such words do not hold the only escape from pessimism, the only sure hope for this or any age.

Helen Campbell.

SPINELLO ARETINO (1330-6-1410).

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)



IN Spinello we have at least the satisfaction of a clear artistic genealogy which goes back to Giotto. He was the pupil, properly apprenticed, of Jacopo di Casentino, who was the pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, the pupil of Giotto. Jacopo was one of the founders of the Company of Painters of Florence, a similar association to that which we have noticed¹ as having at an early date been founded in Siena, and, like the Sienese, the Florentine Company was the outgrowth of the religious feeling which was characteristic of the time as well as of its art. The preamble of their constitution was the expression of the sentiment of the masses of the people of Florence as much as of the Company of Painters:

As it is our understanding that during this perilous pilgrimage on earth we should have St. Luke the Evangelist for our special advocate before God and the most blessed Virgin, and that at the same time his followers should be pure and without sin, we order that all who subscribe themselves members of this company, be they men or women, shall confess their sins or show that they intend doing so at the first opportunity, etc.

The dates for the biography of the artists of this epoch are mainly to be found in the records of work done, in the entries of the books of convents and of communes, and in contracts preserved by chance from the ravages of war and from the consumption of parchment by the gold-beaters. Of Spinello, as of others whom I have dealt with, we know little else than what comes to us in this way; but that little shows how wide was his range of influence and his reputa-

¹ See article on Duccio, in *THE CENTURY* for December, 1888.

tion. That his early literary education was much neglected by his father we know from the scraps of Latin that he left, for they are curiously incorrect for one who must be supposed to have read the Bible continually for his subjects. His love of painting, however, led to his being put early to study under Jacopo di Casentino, and his perseverance and talent were such that, by the time he was twenty years old, according to Vasari (who had a weakness for prodigies), he had surpassed his teacher. His early productions show also the influence of Bernardo Daddi, one of the most eminent of the Giottoesques, whose work is contemporary with that of Taddeo Gaddi, and who, though conventional in design and somewhat heavy in color, shows a certain sense of proportion and facility in the draping of his figures. Besides possessing these good qualities of his masters, Spinello manifested more freedom and energy in his story-telling and was perhaps the best of Giotto's followers at the end of the fourteenth century, excelling all his contemporaries in vivacity of coloring and largeness of execution. His frescos, as is frequently the case in this period, are more interesting than his easel-pictures, owing probably in part to the fact that the latter were often intrusted to his pupils, but mainly to the fact that his style was better suited to a large scale. Very few of his works are dated, and this makes their classification difficult.

It is probable that Spinello accompanied his master Jacopo to Florence about the year 1347, and that Jacopo worked with him there in decorating the church of Santa Maria Novella with many legends of the Virgin and of St. Antonio. Very little remains of these paintings, a few figures only having been discovered under the coating of whitewash with which they were subsequently covered, and even those in very bad preservation. Vasari tells of frescos