



WHEN church doors are thrown open on Christmas day they will disclose to admiring eyes interiors hung with holly and garlanded with strands of evergreen, while pulpits, altars and chancels are banked with foliage and brilliant with festal flowers. Christmas symbols in green or silver or gold swing aloft, while motions in evergreen are outlined on convenient backgrounds. Candles blaze in unwonted glory on flower-decked altars, and the chimera in church towers ring out tuneful carols to call the worshippers together.

Nowadays we have an idea that we do better in everything than any preceding age has done. But do we, particularly in this matter of Christmas in our churches? Great and wise in many particulars, the medieval church kept the story of the Nativity continually in the minds of worshippers. The clergy believed that in it was the foundation of their religion and lost no opportunity of impressing its significance upon their flocks. They preached of it, they sang of it, and they placed it before the eyes of their worshippers in any pictorial form which was possible.

The two great religious orders that sprang up as the result of the preaching of St. Francis of Assisi and his contemporary St. Dominic returned again and again to the conditions that surrounded the birth of the Saviour to emphasize their own doctrine of consecrated poverty. The friars, barefooted, in coarse robes and sustained by the alms of the populace, found in the manger and the stable a never-failing source of inspiration and influence. When the pope, enlightened by a miraculous dream to the effect that St. Francis and St. Dominic were to be the pillars which in that age of religious heresy should support the church against the attacks of its enemies, came to the support of the preaching friars, new churches and convents began to spring up all over Europe, and architects of talent prospered as they had never done before. When the churches were erected, their builders were called upon to execute their ingenuity in decorating them, their ecclesiastical patrons favoring representations of the Madonna and Child as best suited to appeal to the simple minds of the people.

Many of the early renaissance architects, like Nicola Pisano, were devout men of whom it could truly be said that to labor was to pray.

Pisano was born about 1267, and as art was then in a very crude state his first ideas of carving were obtained by studying the bas-reliefs on some ancient Greek marbles brought to his native Pisa by one of the many galleys plying between that port and the east. Such specimens were used in ornamenting the tombs of the time, so poverty-stricken was Italy then, that beautiful sculpture. Like all architects of his day, Pisano understood stone-cutting and studied the antique with such good effect that in 1290 he was able to create that wonderful marble pulpit in the baptistery of Pisa which was the pride of the city and the envy of every other contemporary. Its six sides are ornamented with bas-reliefs. On one of these is sculptured the story of the Nativity, a second one being devoted to the visit of the magi kings. Siena begged for a pulpit exactly like it. So Nicola Pisano executed it, with the assistance of his son Giovanni, who became almost as great a sculptor

The Christmas Story in Sculpture



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS, BY F. BONAZZA.—BAS-RELIEF FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN AND ST. PAUL, VENICE. (DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1867.)

as his father, and by his pupils, Fra Guilelmo Agnelli, a Dominican monk, and Arnolfo, creator of the Florentine duomo.

Pisano built many churches, but it was not until he turned his attention to sculpture that he found his true vocation. He is known as the father of modern sculpture, and if his Madonnas look very much like Greek goddesses perhaps it is because he was not above adapting to his uses the models he found on the antiquities which he studied. There is to this day in the Campo Santo of Pisa a tomb built of ancient marble fragments, wherein may be seen a classic version of the

legend of Hippolytus and Phaedra. Several figures in this are identical with those on the famous pulpit. Indeed, the Virgin in one scene is a copy of a goddess and in another of the lovely Phaedra. His son, Giovanni Pisano, followed simply in his footsteps, built churches, made many copies of the famous pulpit and executed bas-reliefs and statues of the Madonna. One of the most famous of these was the costly Madonna in ivory which adorned the 30,000 florin altar of the cathedral at Arezzo. This had a case on its breast in which were stored the offerings of jewels made by devout penitents. Many of the early

renaissance sculptors, like those of the Greek school which they followed, colored their work in imitation of nature. Some of the finest bas-reliefs look almost like paintings. The school of Luca della Robbia produced the loveliest effects in this line. Luca had been apprenticed to a goldsmith, as were so many painters and sculptors of the time. It was not a bad training, for the medieval goldsmith was a more accomplished and versatile person than his modern representative. He designed and made lovely enamels, decorated the gold and silver plate of the rich and noble with coats of arms or other devices and made the embossed

chalices used in the service of the altar such things of beauty that today they are almost priceless. To accomplish all this the goldsmith had to understand drawing and designing, carving and modeling. He did on a small scale what the artist and sculptor did on a large one. Luca della Robbia was said also to have received some of his training from Ghiberti, the designer of those wondrous bronze doors to the baptistery of Florence of which Michael Angelo said that they were "worthy to be the doors of paradise." Luca's commissions in marble brought him much credit, but little money, and being, like most of his craft in those days,

a democrat, he pondered long on a way to bring profit to the artist and art to the people by reducing both the labor and cost of material. He found it in his famous glazed terra cottas, which were as durable as stone. Angels, lovely children and the Madonna and Child under various guises were his favorite subjects. One of the most beautiful of all Luca della Robbia's works is the "Madonna Between the Lilies," made to adorn a house on the Via del' Agnolo. The Madonna and Child of San Piero is also very lovely. The bronze doors of Florence's famous duomo are from his hand, and you will also find him well represented

in Giotto's campanile. His nephew carried on his work in Florence after him, but the influence of Savonarola, the friend of the Robbias, led two to forsake the world and join that gifted circle in San Marco. Then last of the name died an old man in France, his work lost, but there is hardly an old church in Tuscany that has not one of their terra cotta Madonnas.

Scarcely a church in southern Europe but is rich in marble bas-reliefs of the Virgin and boasts its statues of the Madonna from the chisel of some more or less famous sculptor of the renaissance. Even Michael Angelo, who was more given to strenuous subjects, portrayed her in marble. In Florence's San Lorenzo one may see a Madonna and Child, young and with the serene placid dignity which is characteristic of the "Pietà" in St. Peter's. Angelo maintained that her partly divine nature made the Mother of God superior to all human griefs or the ravages of time. Mino di Giovanni da Siena's Madonnas are wonderfully lifelike, with a delicate and spiritual expression. One of the best specimens of his work is the three panel altar piece in the Church of the Badia, Florence, where Mary sits in one niche holding the infant, while on each side of her are San Lorenzo and San Leonardo. Donatello was not a maker of Madonnas, but his pupil, Antonio Rossellino, was more successful in this line, one of his Madonnas and the Child being among the treasures of the Uffizi gallery in Florence. A marble Nativity by Rossellino may be seen in the Piccolini chapel, Naples. Verocchio, master of Leonardo da Vinci and a friend of the De' Medici, in his day a great sculptor, a Madonna and the Child from his chisel is in the National museum, Florence.

The popularity of the Madonna in renaissance art of course is due partly to the fact that at this time so many churches were built and dedicated to her. In Rome alone there were eighty of these, and other churches had an alcove or a chapel devoted to the Virgin. At Christmas the Virgin's altar was always fitted out with great magnificence, and in the chapel or alcove especially devoted to her the scene in the stable was represented. The Virgin was the friend of women, the special guardian of children and mothers, and as such all Christendom honored her.

Through the agency of sculpture her image could be multiplied to confront the worshiper at every turn in the sanctuary. It smiled down on him from alcoves and niches where statues conveniently could be placed. Bas-reliefs picturing her life served as panels for altars, pulpits, screens and organs. Her form was carved even upon doors and over portals.

One reason why the picture in marble, as the bas-relief may be called, was popular in these churches is that they were more permanent in the damp and moldy structures than canvases. In Venice, where water is everywhere, one may see many magnificent carvings. The fire which laid low the chapel of the Rosary in the Church of San Giovanni a Paolo in 1867 destroyed some of the finest of these, done especially for it by Torcell and F. Bonazza.

The picture given herewith shows a section of one of these destroyed bas-reliefs from the Venetian church. It was the work of Bonazza and represents "The Adoration of the Shepherds." EVELYN MARTIN.

The Modern Woman Is an Imitative Creature; Kate Clyde Says So and Also Some Other Things

NEW YORK women are becoming perfect "copy cats."

It makes me cross. Because some great French dressmaker pronounced natter blue to be the thing, behold, every woman, fair or fallow, is seen in it. I counted no fewer than ten gowns of this shade at the theater the other night in the half a dozen rows between me and the stage.

Some of the tones are hideous too. They are of the greenish cast so perfectly disastrous to the complexion in the evening light. But even that doesn't make any difference to the average woman. A hideous shade of blue is the mode—well, she must wear it or be out of fashion, a thing too terrible to contemplate.

Then there's the enormous hat, which is growing bigger every day. Why does the short woman always wear it and have it trimmed for the most part with gay colored fancy (chicken) feathers which blow straight up in the wind, giving her the air of an angry cockatoo?

The kimono sleeves are lovely, but on short, waisted women when they are bunched into a two inch girdle—oh, my! The woman of moderate opinion is always amused by the quarrels of the extremists.

Just now it is very entertaining to read the squabbles between those who believe that women "should spend their lives for humanity's needs in general" and those who shrink that their place is somewhere between the nursery and the kitchen of the home.

There might be a happy medium, of course, but woman is an extremist before everything else.

A very brainy writer of the name of Charlotte Perkins Gilman started the discussion, and I believe she meant nothing more deadly than to relieve woman from some of her drudgery.

whether of clothes, of fancy cooking or of superfluous baby tending, in order that she might have a chance to cultivate her brain. That this is a noble and brain-enriching object no one can deny who has seen the countless over-dressed women without brains or originality or the countless drab personalities made so by crushing and unnecessary labor.

What women need is brains, more brains and still more brains, and, if you will pardon my saying it, less fussing and less clothes.

But, behold, the fight is on! All the women's magazines have taken it up. Cooking and complexion recipes are relegated to one side, and really such bitterness is discernible in the polite articles in answer to A. B. N. or Mrs. B. (the irony of it!) from Miss X., that I for one am heartily glad women don't mix in politics as yet.

We have one choice, according to these ladies, between two extremes. One is the home where the woman cultivates her brain. That cheerless place, say its opponents, is covered with dust, the curtains are askew, the windows are dirty, a slatternly maid answers the doorbell. The children—ah, bring out your pocket handkerchief as I speak of the children—they are awful sights, poor little neglected chell-dren!

And the mistress of the house? She is away lecturing on "The Perfect Home" or something like that.

Here you have the answer, the old fashioned stereotyped answer, to a woman's doing anything outside of her home if she has the talent for it.

I think I must have read that story or something like it fifty times, and it is still presented unblinkingly.

Why Need It Be?

Now, why the slatternly maid, to begin with? Is there any necessity or excuse for hiring such a woman? No, indeed, at least not for the woman who can earn independent means. She can afford to hire a competent servant to run her house in apple pie order, because she can give her good wages and exact rigorous service in return. No, we will leave the slatternly, inefficient servant to the unfortunate wife whose husband does not give her enough money to hire first class help.

The singer, the actress, the woman writer, all can afford smart, competent servants—and I know a few of them. They have them.



NOW AND LATER.

Above the holly now her eyes with gladness are aglow.
A few more years—and then her lips beneath the mistletoe!

There is no excuse for dirty children if there is a nurse to wash their faces and hands and mend their clothes.

If a woman has no better talent than lecturing on silly subjects, personally I'm in favor of her staying at home and if she hasn't brains enough to hire the right people to do the mental work, why, by all means, let her do it herself.

But if a woman has both talent and brains, why, let her not be frightened, say I.

Food For Reflection.

And, by the way, while I am verging upon woman's right, here is an incident which is food for reflection:

During a recent political campaign two rivals for office fought each other bitterly. Every name and every story possible was dragged in until every one thought a personal fight imminent. Then the election came, and one man was defeated, of course. He immediately wrote a fine letter of congratulation to the man he had been so bitterly opposing, and the successful candidate answered it by most cordially thanking him for his good wishes.

I make no comment save to ask you what women would have done under similar circumstances.

I don't know how it is in the country. I fancy people call on you more for your own sake. But in a large city like New York one must make a specialty of some kind of entertaining in order to be popular.

There are houses where you know cards will be the rule, and they attract the bridge playing crowd.

There are studios where you meet original people and go away with the feeling that your brain has been freshly sandpapered, and there are houses, by way of contrast, where you get no brains, but a large and gorgeous feed. But, let me tell you, there is one house that is never turned down, and that is where you are sure of finding a pleasant crowd on Sunday afternoon.

Sunday is certainly a long day to remain shut in. Around 4 o'clock the desire usually seizes one to walk out and find a chatty circle of friends.

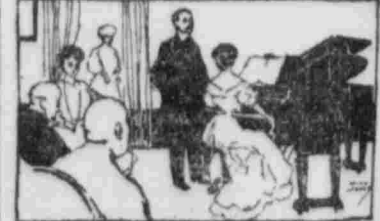
If you know that at a certain house you will find a lot of pleasant people your steps will eventually carry you there.

You will find some one singing at the piano, half a dozen chatting in corners, and later on the hostess will bring out her shining dish and evolve for you one

of those elastic suppers which embrace anywhere from four to eleven people.

And right here I want to tell you a

Some one singing at the piano.



secret. If you are an artist with the chafing dish you need never worry that you have no other accomplishment. You will be always in demand.

Her One Accomplishment.

One of the homeliest women I know—and she is as dumb as a mouse when it comes to conversation—enjoys a tremendous popularity because of her chafing dish skill.

She is in demand at every bazaar and reception and studio entertainment in town. She doesn't know what it is to be hardly to spend an evening alone. People keep dropping in, and the chafing dish is pulling her up again.

Her lobster is a Newburg has made as many political friends for her husband as Mark Hanna's famous corn beef hash did.

So, you see, there is hope for every one.

If you are not pretty, if you have no accomplishments, if you are neither a coquette nor a good conversationalist, why, buy a chafing dish, that's all!

Kate Clyde
New York.

SOME INTERESTING WOMEN.

Queen Alexandra was married in pure white and wore some beautiful jewels, chief of which were a pair of diamonds and pearls, given by the bridegroom, and the diamonds given by the city of London, which cost \$50,000. As is usual with all royal brides in England her majesty wore some myrtle wreath from a bush growing in the royal garden at Frogmore. Her train was borne by eight bridesmaids.

Queen Victoria was present, but did not mingle with the guests, occupying her accustomed place in the royal pew, which is really a semicircular.

Princess Waldemar, the wife of the youngest brother of the present king of Denmark, is one of the most "advanced" and independent women in Europe. Her father was the Duke of Chateau, and she was trained in the strict traditions of the Bourbon family.

She is an amateur fireman, or firewoman, and honorary captain of the fire brigade of Copenhagen. Most of the large fires find her on hand early, clad in all compassing gossamer and rubber boots. Last, but, considering her rank, by no means least, she is more than suspected of being a Socialist. The queen of Portugal is her cousin.

The Marchioness of Graham is Lady Mary Hamilton, the only daughter of the twelfth Duke of Hamilton, was reputed to be the richest heiress in Great

Britain. In April of last year, during her engagement to Lord Graham, who is the eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, Lady Mary came into prominence by reason of the active assistance which she gave to the marquis in his electioneering work as Unionist candidate for the Fife division of Scotland. The marriage was unsuccessful, but the contest became known as "Lady Mary's election."

The Hon. Louisa Knollys is one of this year's London debutantes. She is

the daughter of the Lord and Lady Knollys who are so prominent and popular in the intimate court circles. A story attaches to her quaint Christian name of Louisa. It was invented by the queen of Norway, once Princess Maud of Wales. She insisted that the baby's name should show how devoted were the king's daughters to the long and so faithfully. So, Lou became the first syllable of Louise, Vi the first syllable of Victoria and Ma the

first letters of Maud, she was named in honor of the three princesses.

Mme. Albani considers that no other country can compare with England as the home of patrons of musical artists.

Among other amusements at some social gatherings is a Cinderella competition, a pair of embroidered Turkish slippers being presented to the lady guest who is found to be wearing the smallest shoe.

The mother of naughty children can hardly expect much attention socially,

for there is always a fear that she may bring one of the spoiled darlings with her when she comes to make an informal visit.

Wives and daughters of Chinese noblemen are competing with each other as to who shall quickest learn foreign languages, and they hold many parties for the purpose of comparing progress.

Only once, on an average, out of every thousand married couples live to celebrate their golden wedding.