

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

1906.

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FOR ONE YEAR.

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FOR TWO YEARS.

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## THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

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THE SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF ARCHITECTS, HELD  
IN LONDON JULY 16-21, 1906.

*(Synopsis by Glenn Brown.)*

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RECEPTION.

The Congress was inaugurated Monday morning, July 16th, 1906, with an "Informal Reception by the President, R. I. B. A." in the Grafton Galleries. The object of this meeting was to afford an opportunity for visitors to make the acquaintance of the President and to inform themselves as to the general arrangements.

The Grafton Galleries was the headquarters, the office being at the end of the large room. The principal sectional meetings were held in this Hall. And simultaneously with the meetings in the Grafton Gallery other meetings were held in the Institute rooms.

In the long galleries on the first floor at Grafton street was hung a remarkable collection of historical illustrations of English architecture; while the large rooms in the basement were utilized for illustrations of contemporary architecture and collections of old furniture and silver work.

OPENING OF CONGRESS.

The inaugural meeting in the Guildhall was held at three o'clock by permission of the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London, and there was a large gathering of members of the Congress. The Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll were received by the Ladies' Committee. Among those present were the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs; the United States Ambassador; the Greek Minister; Sir. L. Alma-Tadema, R. A.; Sir W. B. Richmond, R. A.; Sir Aston Webb, R. A.; Sir William Emerson.

The Lord Mayor briefly welcomed the Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll, and then surrendered the chair to the Chairman of the meeting, the Duke of Argyll, who called upon Mr. Belcher, A. R. A., President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, to deliver a presidential address of welcome.

Mr. Belcher said: As President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, I have the honor of being invited to preside over the work of this, the Seventh

## STANFORD WHITE.

(From Collier's for August 4, 1906.)

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One who is permitted to write a few true words about a man who never spoke an unkind one resents the fact that before he can try to tell what Stanford White was, he must first tell what Stanford White was not. But owing to the manner of his death and to the conduct of certain newspapers, the preface is necessary. Had Stanford White died in bed, with his family, friends, and the family physician gathered about him, no newspaper would have found anything to say about him save that which was appreciative, true, and kind. In his death they would have seen only a loss to this city and to this country. They would have regretted him as a great artist, whose work, instead of hanging in the drawing-rooms of the few rich, stands where all men get the good of it, out of doors, in the public streets, in the parks of the people.

But because his death was violent, and to the most painful degree sensational, that part of the press that fattens on sensation ordered the local rooms "to play it up," to "let it run for all it will stand," to pile horror upon horror. And to the truth, which was sad enough, was added what was absolutely untrue and absolutely unpardonable. Speaking as one who has been in the newspaper business for fifteen years and as one who was well acquainted with Stanford White, I can truly say that in those fifteen years I have never known an attack made upon any one as undeserved, as unfair, as false as the one made upon him. That within three days the awful charges fell to pieces of their own rottenness did not correct the wrong that had been committed, a wrong far worse than murder. It was three days too late. Over all this country, over Europe, had been sent broadcast the hideous misshapen image of the man we knew to be so different, and the good that Stanford White had done was interred with his bones. It can not remain buried. Seeing no other sign of it, I can not believe that among us fair play is so dead that men will listen to those who attack another only when he is unable either to defend himself or to punish them. The just and the fair-minded will ask why these charges were made against White only after he was murdered; and why, if the newspapers knew of these things, they did not criminally fail in their duty to the community in not sooner making them public. Had the newspapers done so while Stanford White still was alive, they would have been as quickly punished as, since his death, their charges have been disproved. These charges are so impossible that were they not hideous they would be absurd. Had some of them been true, Stanford White would have been the first to cut his own acquaintance; had others been true he would have cut his own throat.

Fortunately the testimony to their falseness does not come only from those who knew and liked him, but also from the witnesses called against him by the yellow newspapers and by the creature who murdered him. The private detectives who for two years were hired to spy upon his every movement in that time were unable to attain one item of evidence against him; the society which, the yellow press declared, held among its records evidence of White's misconduct, though its president indignantly denied that this was so, or that for such a statement there was the least foundation; and of three places described as "studios" rented by White, the owner of each showed that White had never even visited his house, was utterly unknown to him, and demanded that the newspaper make retraction. Twenty-four hours later, without shame, the newspaper that had accused White of maintaining three harems regretted its "mistake." Its real regret was that it had made the mistake of offending living owners of real estate who might advertise, not that it had wantonly lied about a man who was dead.

But, perhaps, what most helped toward the truth and what in New York started the reaction in Stanford White's favor was the testimony of the very women who, if what had been said of Stanford White were so, had the best reason to be his enemies.

It is true that some of these young persons, to get their pictures in the "Morning Telegraph," would talk to the newspapers on almost any subject. But not all of them. And it was the evidence given before the District Attorney by one of these latter that first called "shame" to the yellow journals, and to those who did not know White showed the man as he was.

She spoke at a moment when the shock of his death and the suddenness of the attack upon his memory had left those who had been supposed to be his friends stunned and silent, and when those who did not know him were drawing from this silence the worst conclusions. Nothing could have been more dramatic than the voice of a girl raised in honest indignation against the hysterical shrieks of abuse. Through cigarette pictures, as Hourli, and as "The Bather," you know this girl, but you do not know that under the necklaces of Hourli, and the jersey of the bather she wears a scapular, and that she is as good a Catholic and as good a girl as ever came out of Ireland, and if she does not often go to the confessional it is only because she has nothing to confess.

She broke the silence, and she broke it with an ax. She struck a clean, manly blow from the shoulder. What she said cleared the air; it rang with honesty, and for the first time the people felt that they were learning the truth.

Since his death Stanford White has been described as "that beast," as a black-guard, as an ogre, Bluebeard, and satyr. To answer this by saying he was a great architect is not to answer it at all. He was an architect, but what is more important is that he also was a most kind-hearted, most considerate, gentle and manly man, who no more could have done the things attributed to him than he could have roasted a baby on a spit.

He was big in mind as he was big in body; he was incapable of little meannesses as of great crimes. He loved life and got more out of it in more intelligent and in more different ways than any other man of his day in New York City. He admired a beautiful woman as he admired every other beautiful thing that God has given us. It might be the colors of an old painting; it might be the gilding on the carved frame of the old painting; it might be Emma Eames's singing of Massenet's "Elegie," or Blanche Ring's singing of "The Good Old Summer Time," the shoulder muscles of Sharkey, or the cornice of a Greek Temple. His delight over one was as just as keen, as boyish, and grateful as over all the others. Described as "voluptuary," his greatest pleasure was to stand all day waist deep in the rapids of a Canadian river and fight it out with the salmon. He always was brimming with some generous new enthusiasm.

"You haven't seen it!" he would exclaim, raising and clenching his two fists. "It's bully, wonderful, gorgeous! It's the finest bit of his work in America."

To him everything in life was "bully, wonderful, gorgeous." His brother artists testified that he had not a jealous drop of blood in his veins. No one knew better than he what in another man's work was good, and no one was more quick to say it was good. Of his own work he was sincerely modest almost to shyness. If you emphasized the work as his work, and not the work itself, he would shake himself like a great bear and turn your remark aside. If the work were good and beautiful, in his admiration for it it did not matter whether it was his or that of an unknown art student. He was always helping these beginners, encouraging, advising, finding them commissions; when he assisted some young man to study art in Paris no one heard of it, as no one heard of the girls he aided for the sole reason that they needed aid. If, through the girl, any one did hear of it, he attributed to White the worst motives. Personally I know of many cases where he has helped those who had absolutely no claim upon him except that they were ill and poor. And so far from being the ogre he has been pictured, when a man or a woman was in trouble, Stanford White was the first man in New York to whom he or she could turn, knowing that, asking no questions, preaching no sermon, it would give him pleasure to serve them.

Owing to the nature of his profession he left his mark upon New York City as few other men have done. The people of the whole country know that as a judge or juror he has chosen for them public buildings which stand over all America, and that to him are they indebted for much of the beauty of the White City of the Chicago Fair. But they do not know that nearly every block of New York's greatest thoroughfare is crowded with monuments to his taste and genius, and that for the last twenty years there has hardly been a civic function or public celebration that has not owed to him something of its success. It was he who at the time of the Columbus celebration lined Fifth Avenue with Venetian masts and filled the trees of Madison Square with orange-colored lamps, under which the people wandered as though in a fairy garden of their own; it was he who was chosen to decorate the Metropolitan Opera House with fifteen thousand roses; it was

he who built the Madison Square Garden, the new Tiffany building, the homes of the Players, the Century, the Lambs, The Brook, and the lofty marble arch to Washington which fronts Fifth Avenue. The covers you have known for the longest time on the magazines are his, and the same hand that made the plans for the Metropolitan Club, the home of the "millionaires," drew the design for the pedestal of the Farragut statue, on which the homeless take their ease. In New York it is impossible for the poor man, the rich man, the man of taste and the man with none, to walk abroad without being indebted to Stanford White for something that is good and uplifting. Is it then intelligent to believe that one whose work was fine, big, and far-reaching could himself have been degraded and contemptible?

The misfortune was that Stanford White died in such a manner that the last moment of his career blinded people to the years that had gone before, and they judged him by those who for the instant dragged him to their level, not by what the man himself had been, or by what he himself had accomplished.

For Stanford White I hold no brief. He was my friend, and he was kind to me as he was to many others, and I can not but believe when the hysteria passes the world will again know him as I knew him; as a big-hearted, generous, gentle man.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

*"The Editor of COLLIER'S:*

"SIR—I thank you for the remarkable article by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS about STANFORD WHITE in your issue of August 4. It is, to those who know him, the living portrait of the man, his character, and his life. As the weeks pass the horror of the miserable taking away of this big friend looms up more and more. It is unbelievable that we shall never see him again going about among us with his astonishing vitality, enthusiasm, and force. In the thirty years that the friendship between him and me has endured, his almost feminine tenderness to his friends in suffering and his generosity to those in trouble or want, stand out most prominently. That such a man should be taken away in such a manner in the full flush of his extraordinary power is pitiable beyond measure. Sincerely yours,

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

## STANFORD WHITE.

(Letters written for the Bulletin by those who knew and appreciated him and his work.)

I knew Stanford White first in his early manhood at the time of that renaissance of art in the New World in the seventies of the last century, when the Society of American Artists, the Art Student's League, and the newer architectural associations were coming into being, and when our painting, sculpture and architecture were thrilling with a new spirit. He was an inspirer and leader from the first. Since then I have constantly been associated with him on art committees formed for the accomplishment of various patriotic purposes. He was the one we first turned to in such enterprises, and his help was always as quick and generous as it was strikingly original in result. Others, much better than I, can analyze the product of his genius—I can only say that his perception of beauty and power of creating beautiful effects were absolutely flashing in rapidity, and, I thought, absolutely certain in the production of exquisite forms and surfaces. It has seemed to me that he had the swiftest perception of beauty of any man I ever knew. His apprehension was lightning-like, and so was his execution. Those living near the scene of the exercise of his extraordinary and unflagging artistic energies know, as others hardly can, the variety and scope of his creativeness. Beside his brilliant and enormous architectural output, his picture-frames, pedestals, magazine covers, and his schemes of temporary decoration were multitudinous, and each bore the mark of individuality in application and arrangement, no matter where he swooped down and snatched up the material for his combinations. Speaking of magazine covers, the one that he first made, by its style of lettering and its distribution of masses revolutionized the magazine covers of our day. He said at the time: "They will first make fun of it and then imitate it." And they did both.

To meet Stanford White in the street and be greeted with a burst of commendation meant to many an art-worker weeks of cheerful plugging away; for every one knew that his appreciation was as discriminating as it was hearty.

Of late years I have not seen so much of him—but to think that one can not again get the cheer and stimulus of his genial greeting and helpful advice brings a lump in the throat.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Stanford White stands on his own ground a master of the theory and practice of architecture.

In his work he was stimulated by inexhaustible originality and a thorough knowledge of the essentials of classicism.

Style, treatment, adaptation and artistic quality were his naturally.

His sense of color, proportion and completeness were distinguished and refined.

Given means he did monumental things, and with the slightest of means he produced elegance, charm and art.

His art, art criticism and appreciation compel the respect and affection of all who can see and feel; and the recognition of his genius, which came early, will grow while civilization lasts.

He displayed superb individuality both in work and play, and his sturdy friendships, his generous deeds and noble, lovable self will forever remain his pre-eminent monument.

CHARLES L. FREER.

Stanford White was a genuine lover of antique tapestries of the highest order.

He could seize their principal decorative merits at a glance and knew without any hesitation which possessed the greatest artistic value and importance.

The subjects represented were in the main immaterial to him provided the quality of the point, the softness and delicacy of the coloring and the general treatment appealed to his refined and cultured taste.

We have examined many celebrated antique tapestries together and his enlightened comments upon their merits exhibited the excellence of his judgment and the high standard of his taste.

CHARLES M. FFOULKE.

Stanford White I knew, mainly through the frequent and spontaneous praise given to his work by Mr. McKim. During several years of close association with the latter, I never heard him speak of Mr. White except in terms of admiration of his genius. While in his own work Mr. McKim deliberately exercises the quality of restraint, he nevertheless enjoys to the full the exuberance and the sumptuousness displayed by his friend and partner.

Washington is the richer for the Patterson house on Dupont Circle, a piece of domestic architecture in which Mr. White has well expressed the joyousness of the social life at the nation's capitol, and also has given to his work that suggestion of the tropics which is present in the climate of the city. Detroit rejoices in two of his creations—the State Savings Bank, which realizes what Mr. Burnham would term "the commercial advantages of beauty;" and the Hecker Mausoleum—an exquisite little Greek temple, well placed at the end of a long vista, in a well-managed setting of green.

Mr. White had been selected for the architect as an important building in Washington that would have called into play all his highest qualities; but now another hand must do that work.

CHARLES MOORE.

I was the personal assistant of Stanford White about 25 years ago, shortly after he became a partner in the firm of McKim, Mead & White. I was immensely impressed with him then as a man of extraordinary ability and of the most attractive and engaging personality. I have never had occasion to revise this opinion. That he was a great artist is now conceded by all. We in the office knew it then and predicted for him the great career which he fulfilled. A more kind and generous man it has never been my experience to meet. There was absolutely not a particle of malice in his disposition. I never heard him speak slightlying or contemptuously of any man. He was as generous in his thought as he was in his work. He gave of himself fully and enthusiastically to everything he undertook. He was the sincere and helpful friend of every creative artist, of every struggling young man or woman, whether architect, painter, sculptor, actor, poet or artisan. If they showed an intensity of intention and had the least particle of creative instinct, and many such owe to him their success in life. He was a kindly critic and his criticism was always constructive and helpful. He was one of the most ingenious men I ever knew in solving practical problems of architectural design. In that sense he was one of the most "practical" artists in his profession. He was so broad in his taste that no beautiful thing failed to receive his admiration and his praise. He was a *man* through and through with a man's faults, but those faults were greatly overbalanced by more than an ordinary man's ability and generosity. In short, he was one of those big men mentally and physically who are fitted by nature for important work and who successfully accomplish it. All who came in contact with him felt the impulse of an unusually strong nature. I have often said and thought that the word "genius" could be more aptly applied to Stanford White than to any other artist of his time. In his death the world has met a great loss.

CASS GILBERT.

Mr. White was a great man as well as a great artist. No one ever failed to get instant recognition from him of any good thing he had done. He *looked* for good things in others' work, and where he found them he made haste to personally tell the designer how pleased he was. This magnanimity in him was the expression of deep sincerity never found except in men of high quality. He was a constructive critic, which means that he was controlled by his heart as much as by his splendid intellect. The belief that Stanford White loved me will ever remain a source of great happiness.

D. H. BURNHAM.

STANFORD WHITE.—Huge of heart, and strong of soul, inspired, dauntless, brave; full of love for art; broad, cultured and kind. In his work he leaves a priceless heritage to all of us.

WM. S. EAMES.

Many years ago, it was my good fortune to be one of the many young men who have come under the magic influence of that great artist, Stanford White. His scope of decorative ideas was unbounded and his resourcefulness in design surmounted all difficulties.

His criticism, fertile with inspiring suggestions, fired the imagination of his admiring students. He had for beauty such a passion and such perception that he saw it where it was—in a half-hidden flower peeping out at the sun and in the thunder-cloud darkening the mountain top, and he made men see it with new eyes.

The world of art owes him greater homage than it will ever pay.

WM. A. BORING.

My first recollection of Stanford White was when he visited a building as Richardson's representative. I recall him tall and thin with florid complexion, energetic, thinking of the artistic expression of the work. The eagerness with which he secured colors and transferred the beautiful tones of the evening sky to paper placing in the foreground the pinnacle and gargoyles of the building artistically against the golden red, remains vividly impressed on my mind.

An enthusiastic Richardsonian when the master died, I was anxious that the firm of McKim, Mead & White should develop and perfect the Byzantine of Richardson into an American style. I was gratified that my desires were not realized after this firm had made its individual impression on art. Their forceful individuality were first brought to my attention through the work of Stanford White in the base of the Saint-Gaudens Farragut, a creation artistic, beautiful, and in harmony with the sea and the figure which stands firmly upon it. The exhedra and background of the Adams tomb, dignified and impressive, I felt was with bronze figure by Saint Gaudens the most impressive and artistic mortuary memorial produced. Afterwards came the Madison Square Tower with its perfect proportions, refined details and beautiful silhouette. I mentally resented insinuations that it was only a copy of the Giralda Tower as I resented the imputation that Shakespeare was a plagiarist because the plot and outline of his plays may be traced to Boccaccio's Decameron and other stories. The individuality of expression, the harmony in composition, the artistic feeling introduced has made each production, in drama and architecture, a new creation for the elevation of mankind. Because of my interest in Thornton's work, I feel a personal gratitude to Stanford White for his grasp of the spirit of Thornton, the architect, and Jefferson, the intelligent client, in the recent additions to and restorations of the University of Virginia. He is the only man since the days of Jefferson, who appears to have appreciated the beauty of the old buildings and the dignity of the formal grouping.

A recent visit to New York depressed me because of the constant reminders of his loss. Going up Twenty-third street, the Madison Square Tower came into view; the man who designed it would never delight us with another artistic

production. I passed the Farragut Statue; the man who put his spirit into the base could never add to our artistic growth. The Madison Square Church was next noticed; he will not continue his studies in exterior color to the advantage of art. The Herald Building soon came into view; the country will never again have his refined productions in terra-cotta and marble. I came down Fifth Avenue; the Gorham and Tiffany buildings so different in character, so dignified in proportion, so refined in detail; we no longer have his skill to improve the design of our business structures. On the way from Broadway, to Fifth Avenue I noticed the Lamb's Club; we will not now have his much needed guidance in the refined and true solution of the Georgian style. Passing down Madison Avenue, Tiffany's residence, reminded me that we would never again have his individual and refined hand to lead us to better work. Finally St. Bartholomew's new front with its charming combination of colored marbles, sandstones and bronze, its true feeling for the best in the antique, its combination of refined carving and sculpture; no longer would he continue the production of works of art for our pleasure and enlightenment. During this same visit, I called upon an Artisan in carving. He exhibited a carved frame which he had been making for Stanford White. He said, "I have lost my most able and appreciative adviser on artistic work of this character." A noted expert in tapestries deplored his sudden loss to the country as he so thoroughly appreciated the beauties of tapestries and had done so much to introduce their refining effects.

A short time before I had seen Stanford White in all his physical vigor, in all his artistic energy, in his prime, glad to appreciate, eager to produce or obtain the beautiful. The need in the Art world of capable men, refined men to guide aright the present enormous expenditures in this country towards artistic ends, is so great it is deplorable that we should lose the continued labors of such a man as Stanford White.

GLENN BROWN.

#### A TRIBUTE FROM NEW YORK SOCIETIES.

At a meeting held July 24 by the Executive Committee of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects, and the Architectural League of New York, the following resolutions were passed:

*Resolved*, That the Executive Committees of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects, and the Architectural League of New York, desire, in the name of their respective societies, to express their sense of the great loss which the profession and the Art of Architecture have sustained in the death of Stanford White.

His quick and generous appreciation of all that is beautiful, even beyond the field of his immediate profession, was so genuine that the influence of his work will long continue to be a stimulus to the artistic development of this country.

Only those of us who have been closely associated with him professionally can fully appreciate the love and enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to Art.

He was a commanding personality and whatever he produced had the touch of genius.

#### MEMBERSHIP.

The following applicants were elected Associate Members of the American Institute of Architects by vote of the Board of Directors at their meeting held May 19, 1906.

Parmentier, Fernand . . . . .	California, Los Angeles.
Litchfield, Electus D. . . . .	New York, New York.
Wallis, Frank E. . . . .	New York, New York.
Rapp, Walter Louis . . . . .	Ohio, Cincinnati.
Spielman, H. . . . .	Ohio, Cincinnati.
Zettel, John . . . . .	Ohio, Cincinnati.
Sinkler, John P. B. . . . .	Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.
Stewardson, Emlyn L. . . . .	Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.
Giesecke, F. E. . . . .	Texas, College Station.
Smith, Arthur H. . . . .	Vermont, Rutland.

#### CHAPTER NOTES.

##### BOSTON CHAPTER.

On April 23, 1906, the Chapter was called upon by the Mayor of Boston for advice and help in the selection of architectural draftsmen to go to San Francisco in response to the appeal of Mayor Schmitz. The Chapter was not called upon to express any opinion as to the advisability of sending draftsmen to the stricken city, and simply responded by winnowing out the numerous candidates who presented themselves, thereby securing a choice of men who were at least qualified for their work.

The Chapter was later invited to advise in regard to the selection of a sculptor and a site for a proposed monument to the late Mayor P. A. Collins. This work was carried out by a special committee and resulted in a very admirable design being selected.

The building law of the city has been for several years in urgent need of revision and the Mayor has appointed a special commission to prepare a new law. The Chapter has been recognized by the appointing of the Secretary as a member of this commission.

The Chapter has been called upon in several other occasions to give advice and direction in regard to municipal functions, and its decisions have been sought on