

Hans von Bartels

double-glazing in these; the use of thick walls; the treatment of the roof without internal gutters, where snow might lodge; and the heating of the interior by artificial means, supplemented by the indispensable cheerful blaze of the wood fire on the great open hearth.

The materials of which this house is to be built have happily escaped the ordeal of the modern factory. The timber, felled and wrought on the spot, still retains some suggestion of its woodland home. The bricks for the walls, too, are home-made, and these also, in escaping the fatal discipline of mechanical manufacture, contrive to retain some characteristics of mother earth. And thus here, in that intelligent manipulation of materials which is such an essential attribute of good building, the character of each is retained and coaxed to the surface by human handicraft instead of being ruthlessly obliterated by a machine.

A NOTE ON SOME RECENT WORK BY HANS VON BARTELS.

HANS VON BARTELS holds a place at once personal and distinct in modern German art. His outlook may not be altogether broad nor his field of working as extensive as his great talent would

seem to justify, yet in his chosen limitations there is no other painter of the moment who tells so personal a narrative in so forceful a manner. His work takes one near to nature, and to the primitive emotions. Turning to the people who are in themselves very near to nature, and too primitive to seem other than they are, a man must also have within himself that nameless sympathy of understanding without which none of the fine things of life can ever be made known to him.

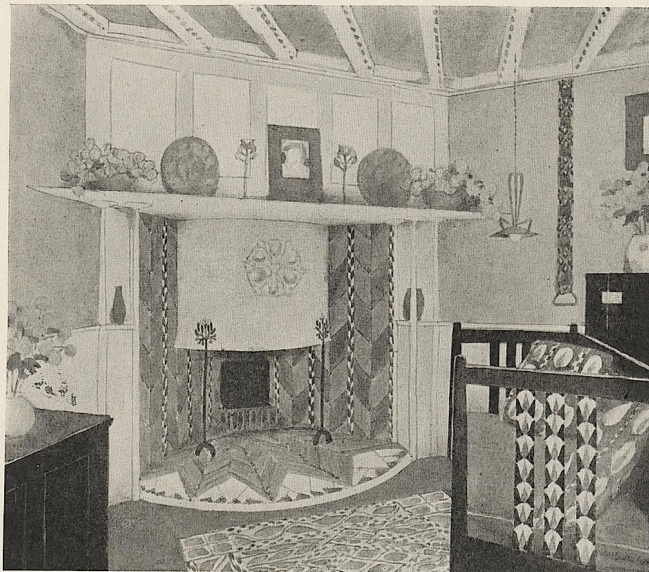
Von Bartels knows himself absolutely, knows well the rugged qualities which underlie and constitute his vigorous conception of art and the qualities he loves best to grapple with in his chosen subjects. He turns to the simple fisher-folk and workers of the fields, and through them he both expresses and interprets the attributes of his own personality.

Hans von Bartels was born in Hamburg in 1856, and there he spent his boyhood, watching the big ships lying at anchor, and others fading away into the distant grey of the sea. More and more was their charm wrapped about him, until in his childish phantasy he grew to feel that in some way he must give expression to all they awakened in him. Nothing could keep him from the shores. He would lie for hours watching the play of light and shadow on the time-soiled sails, and in fancy

follow the great ships steaming away to distant lands, and follow them safe home again through calm and storm.

Perhaps he would go to sea some day, he thought, and that might satisfy his love of all this; but no, there must be something more complete than that, and by and by he found his great passion made clear to him through a little pad and pencil.

Then there came a day when he was to have his first drawing-lessons, and he was put to study with Karl Oesterley, who lived in Hamburg, and who was a great enthusiast on the Norwegian fjords. These early lessons opened up to the boy the ambition of his life—to paint the sea and its



A HOUSE IN POLAND:
DRAWING-ROOM FIREPLACE

M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT