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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1915.

There will never be a time short of the millen-
nium when hunger in rags will not wait
at the outer door of plenty, and
Dives and Lazarus will not be
fellow citizens.

We Have a Great Port Already

WHILE Philadelphia is fighting for a
better port it must not forget that it has
a good port already.

So much has been done here that the city
is convinced that more can be done. The
port passed the experimental stage along ago.
It has been demonstrated that the Delaware
River affords one of the best harbors on the
continent. Ships can lie at anchor here with-
out danger from the storms. There are 88
miles of smooth water between us and the
salt seas. Every shipping man understands
what this means. It gives him breathing
time between his battles with the ocean
tempests and the bustle and hurry and stress
of discharging his cargo.

Seventeen lines of transoceanic steamships
already touch here, and if we were prepared
to accommodate more they would come. We
have one of the finest grain elevators on the
continent and the ore docks are unsurpassed
anywhere.

Merchandise worth a billion and a half is
handled every year by the ships at our piers.
We have a belt line of railroad for the trans-
shipment of freight from the interior to
ocean-going vessels, and we have 37 miles of
water front, 20 miles on the Delaware and 17
miles on the Schuylkill.

Therefore, when you read that the Dela-
ware channel is not deep enough to accom-
modate big ships, forget it. What Hamburg
has done Philadelphia can surpass. Do not
let anybody convince you that we have not
a great port already.

"Three Deckers" or Homes?

WHETHER Philadelphia shall remain a
city of homes or a community of "three-
decker" flats, depends upon the quick and sat-
isfactory solution of the transit problem. The
city is noted throughout the country for its
modest homes for workmen. At the meet-
ing of the National Housing Council in Bos-
ton it was held up as a model for other cities.
But the small house requires space to hold
it. Population can be packed into a small
area if it lives in layers, and the transit
problem is then comparatively simple. The
whole of Philadelphia could be crowded into
the district south of Market street between
the two rivers. But Philadelphians do not
wish to live in that way. The city is spread-
ing itself rapidly, and every new row of houses
put up in the outlying regions carries the
workman farther from his job. But fast
cars can annihilate distance; and when com-
bined with free transfers, can make every
section of the city equally desirable, so far
as proximity to work and economy of travel
are concerned.

The character of the city, as well as the
comfort of its people, is involved in the
transit problem.

The Procession Moves On

THE procession of Mexican Presidents con-
tinues to move at double-quick across the
pages of the history of our sister Republic.
The latest President was proclaimed on Sun-
day. His name matters not, for he will be
succeeded by some one else before we have
time to get familiar with it.

It is enough to know that he was chosen
by the same convention that twice elected
Gutierrez, who has fled from the capital.
Villa and Zapata elevated Gutierrez and they
have lifted General Garza, the new man, into
prominence. He need not expect to be re-
cognized by the Government in Washington,
for before the Administration makes up its
mind what to do some one else will be chosen
by the revolutionary leaders to act as a rub-
ber stamp for them in the President's chair.

New Bryanization

AS BETWEEN the ship purchase scheme
of the Administration and an extra ses-
sion of Congress, most citizens would refuse
to vote. They want neither. Yet the nation
has survived many extra sessions and would
doubtless prefer the hardships of another
one to the novel plan of putting the Govern-
ment into the freight business wherever it
is now unprofitable.

Buying tubs at fancy prices may be good
statesmanship, but transactions of this sort
have more often been good graft. For men
continue to be selfish and grasping in spite
of the noble sentiments and theories which
have been so much in vogue the last year
or two. Mr. Bryan could be depended on to
see that the ship-purchasing board was
composed in the main of his Nebraska de-
pendants, whose ignorance of ships would
recommend them as fit persons to protect the
Government against imposition.

If there are no jobs open in San Domingo,
there is nothing to do but make more jobs
in the United States. It is a simple thing.
Yet it may be seriously doubted if the Con-
stitution contemplates or authorizes a Govern-
ment for traffic. Who would have dreamt
a decade ago that Washington
would so soon be Bryanized and what a
splendid time free silver seems in compar-
ison with some of the new "isms" the capital
seriously considers!

Grandpa Wilson

WOODROW WILSON is not President of
the United States today. He is grandpa.

And in spite of the fact that there have been
only 17 Presidents and millions of grand-
children, Mr. Wilson is broader in his ac-
quaintance with that great human brotherhood
than any one of the date of Wash-
ington. If he were not, he would not be fit
to be President. The ruling and overmaster-
ing passion of life is that it should fulfill
itself. A grandson is the promise of fulfill-
ment to the third generation, and a man can-
not hope to see much farther into the fu-
ture than that.

So let us take our hats off to Mr. Wilson
this afternoon and congratulate him as we
would express our good wishes to our dear-
est friends under the same circumstances.
Meanwhile, let us not forget the incomparable
joy of the young mother with her first born.

Playing With a Crisis

WITH wheat pouring out of our ports and
the shipping trade demoralized by an
unprecedented demand for ships to carry it,
the Administration seriously announces that
it will begin an investigation to discover if
the high prices are not due to a "corner" and
violation of the anti-trust laws. In this way
it will be quite possible to delay putting the
lock on the stable until the horse is gone, at
which time, no doubt, with much noise and
ringing of bells, a few scapegoats will be
hailed into court and subjected to much em-
barassment before acquittal. Our Govern-
ment seldom acts to prevent an outrage: it
prefers to inflict punishment afterward.

Will anybody be fooled? Hardly, for it is
too well known that Washington has chills
in the spine at the mere thought of doing
anything the wheat growers may not like,
and it is jumping at this farcical investiga-
tion in the manner of a gold-brick artist
after his victim. The poor want their bread
at a reasonable price in a year when there
has been a bumper crop. They cannot eat
plattitudes. A little nonsense now and then
is relished by the best of men, but not as
pabulum for the upkeep of the physical being.

Why waste money for an investigation?
Everybody knows what the trouble is. The
export record is convincing. Apparently
Washington has a theory that Chicago specu-
lators planned the war to boost the wheat
market. The war has boosted it, and is
boosting it, but our defense is very simple.
We have merely to conserve our own sup-
ply by prohibiting the export of any except
our surplus supply. So simple and sure a
remedy has been resorted to by other nations
not in half so serious a dilemma as the
United States. But politics is subordinate to
the public interest just now in other coun-
tries. Their people, therefore, will be pro-
tected in their food supplies, even if the peo-
ple of the United States have to put up with
starvation prices in the meantime.

Not the Road to Peace, But to Folly

ON THE eve of the anniversary of the
birth of Benjamin Franklin, who was
thankful that man was a reasoning creature
because he could find a reason for anything
that he wanted to think, Mr. Bryan told the
Poor Richard Club that the European war
had exploded for all time "the theory that
battleships and huge fortifications conserve
peace." Other less prominent men have made
the same statement. But only two or three
years ago some of them were looking in dis-
may at the helplessness of Turkey when con-
fronted by the allied Balkan States. They
knew that if the Turkish navy had existed
in fact, instead of merely in name, the Turk
could have defied the Balkan Powers and
could once more have demonstrated that in-
controvertible proposition that the destinies
of nations are decided by their might upon
the sea.

Turkey was not prepared for war, yet war
came. Germany and France and Russia were
prepared for war last summer, yet war came;
and England's preparation for a land cam-
paign was woefully inadequate, but her un-
preparedness did not hasten nor delay the
great conflict. There is no one so rash as to
maintain that the great civil conflict in the
United States half a century ago was caused
either by military preparedness or unpre-
paredness.

The causes of war have little relation to
Mr. Bryan's "battleships and huge fortifica-
tions." They lie in the ambitions of nations,
when they are international; and in the de-
termination of large groups of men to live
under conditions agreeable to them, when
the wars are revolutionary. It would be the
extreme of folly for any nation, in the
present state of civilization, to adopt Mr.
Bryan's idealistic dream, to disarm its army,
break up its navy and trust to luck.

Councils' Futile Grab at the Contracts

THERE was nothing else for City Solicitor
Ryan to do than to declare the attempt of
Councils to override the charter as "futile
and inoperative." The charter deprived
Councils of its ancient right to supervise the
awarding of contracts. It empowered the
executive branch of the municipality to have
charge of all public work because it is the
better way, both in theory and in practice.
Its purpose was to enable the city to elect a
reform Mayor who should have power to pre-
vent a repetition of the ancient abuses.

Mr. Ryan is too good a lawyer to attempt
to wrest the charter from its plain and
obvious intent. It is fortunate, indeed, at
this time, that the city has a Mayor who can
be trusted and a group of department heads
in sympathy with his purposes to give to the
city an honest and efficient administration.
The unscrupulous attempt of Councils to dis-
regard the plain provisions of the law in or-
der that the members might get their
hands on the contracts in the interest of the
machine is proof that the alertness of the
gang must be met by the alertness of the
good citizens if we are not to lose what has
already been gained.

A Turkish corps is never defeated; it is
always gobbled up.

More than 20 centuries ago the Greeks
hunted bears, but not in South Philadelphia.

There is no intent to violate neutrality just
because our hens are laying for the belliger-
ents.

Not all of the advocates of fraud in Illi-
nois were elected. One or two of them did
not have enough money.

The literacy test cannot be viewed in any
other light than as a device to make the
Philadelphia subway cost more money.

The Frankford Arsenal has proved itself
too efficient to expect any encouragement
from the Government. It saved the nation
more than a million and one-half dollars last
year, yet what it asks for now is less than a
quarter of a million.

HOW THE SLANDERED GERMANS WAGE WAR

An Open Letter to Sir Arthur Conan
Doyle, Answering With First-hand
Facts His Charges Against the In-
vaders of Belgium.

By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT
Staff Correspondent of the Chicago Tribune in the
War Zone.
(Copyright, 1915, by James O'Donnell Bennett.)

This is the second and concluding instal-
ment of James O'Donnell Bennett's re-
markable letter replying to Sir Arthur
Conan Doyle's widely circulated article en-
titled "A Policy of Murder." The first
instalment was printed in these columns
last Saturday.

II.

AT THE opening of the fourth paragraph of
your article you ask the question: "Can any
possible term save a policy of murder be ap-
plied to the use of aircraft by the Germans?"

You are speaking more especially now of the
dropping of bombs on unfortified cities by Ger-
man airmen, and you say that "occasionally
these men have been obliging enough to drop
their cards as well as their bombs."

And you add:

"I see no reason why these (cards) should
not be used in evidence against them, or why
they should not be hanged as murderers when
they fall into the hands of the Allies."

Aircraft Phase of "New War"

I am glad, sir, that you are not a British
general, for it is my conviction that if you
gave orders as you write articles you would
add fresh horrors to war. And also it seems
strange to me that a publicist who so passion-
ately extenuates the Belgian franc-tireur's mad
defiance of the laws of war should be so keen
for reprisals against German airmen who have
done only what English airmen have done. For,
sir, English airmen did drop bombs on the un-
fortified city of Dusseldorf in an attempt to
destroy balloon sheds.

That attempt was only partially successful,
but the next morning the Cologne Gazette de-
scribed the long flight and the dropping of the
bombs as "a brilliant feat," and said that Ger-
man airmen would hope soon or late to return
the compliment of the visit to Dusseldorf. As
a sporting proposition the incident made an
impression which was not lost on the German
mind, and hearty recognition of the fact was
made.

The truth is that aircraft are, like auto-
mobiles, a phase of "the new war," and the
world must accept them if the world is to
continue warring. The principle of war is, as
we all know, to strike terror, physical and
spiritual, into your enemy. This the airmen
do with superlative success. There is, too, an
ancient saying that war is most merciful when
it is quickest, and the operations of airmen
certainly expedite disaster and destruction.

Treatment of Belgians

In your fifth paragraph you say:

"As to the treatment of Belgium, what has
it been but murder, murder all the way?"

And you add that "it is said that more civilians than
soldiers have fallen in Belgium."

I should not be surprised if that second
statement were true. There is a reason why
it should be. It would not have been so, I
am confident, had the population of Liege,
of Louvain and of towns and villages lying
between Liege and Louvain kept their obligations
as civilians, or, donning uniforms, gone into
the army as soldiers. My observations in Sep-
tember and again in October in northern
France convinced me that the civil population
of Belgium and not the Belgian army was the
principal cause of Belgium's woes.

For in France the German army encountered
very few franc-tireurs, with the result that there
were few instances of reprisal against civilians.
Village after village I passed through in the
track of the German army, and nothing at all
was destroyed. In scores of inn parlors I have
sat while German officers and privates ate. The
landlady and her daughters would go busily
and politely about the serving of food, and at
the end of the meal not only was the food scrup-
ulously paid for, but the girls would receive
really handsome tips. This I saw so often that
I came to take it as a matter of course, as, in
truth, it was.

Courtesy to the Courteous

And always when the officers left there were
courteous adieus and wishes for a pleasant
journey on the one hand, and on the other
laughing assurances from the soldiers that they
hoped they might come back to so good an
inn "in happier times."

In Belgium, too, I witnessed numerous un-
forced and genuinely obliging exchanges of
civilities between the invaders and the in-
vaded.

I may add, as indicating the kind of dis-
cipline the German authorities have laid on
Belgium, that it is impossible for any body-
Belgian, German, or neutral-to buy
any heavy spirits. Only beer and mineral
waters are to be had. The number of alterca-
tions that so wise a regulation prevents in a
difficult situation you will comprehend.

German Justice Liked

In Chimay, also in Belgium, and the seat of
the prince of that name—who, by the way, had
fled to Paris—we talked with an innkeeper when
no German officers were by. We asked him
how affairs went in the town under the ad-
ministration of its German commandant, von
Schulemann. "They go well," he said, "for in
all our difficulties we know we will get justice
from the commandant."

In Maubeuge we heard a French woman, who
was going to the market to get from a German
sergeant her slip of requisition for German
flour, say she was glad her husband was a
prisoner of the Germans, for now she knew he
was safe and getting enough to eat. In the
same town another woman said she was glad
the Germans had come, because it meant that
the "thieving, filthy Turpoes," as she called the
black colonial troops of France, were out. Mr.
Cobb and Mr. McCutcheon told me they heard
the identical remark in other French towns.

I tell these things to you not because I per-
sonally am glad that France is invaded, but
to give you the point of view of humble folk
who seemed to feel that they had suffered from
allies of France more than they would suffer
from the avowed enemies of France.

No man, however, who has crossed the eastern
and southern provinces of Belgium would be
so absurd as to contend for one instant that
the German operations in that kingdom have
not been a bitter business for Belgium. Were
the traveler to make such a contention a score
of desolated and deserted villages and towns
would give him the lie. Nevertheless, there
has been exaggeration almost as appalling as
the desolation in the statements concerning the
extent of the damage done. The wife of a
Socialist member of the Belgian Ministry, for
example, lectured in Chicago a few days ago
on behalf of the Belgian relief fund, and after
speaking of the "murderous Germans" and
what they had done, she made among many
other sweeping remarks, the statement that



"Louvain can be spoken of only in the past."
That is not true.

One Seventh of Louvain In Ruins

A liberal estimate as to the part of Louvain
that lies in ruins is one-seventh. More con-
servative observers are of the opinion that one-
tenth of the entire city is destroyed. I am
inclined to accept the larger estimate. Far
from being "a city of the past" Louvain is
coming out of the heavy bewilderment which its
sorrows laid upon it, and, under German au-
spices and with German assistance, is making
good progress in clearing away the wreckage.
In the daytime the people move freely through
the streets and do not seem terrorized. The
street vendors, for example, drive a brisk and
good natured trade in picture postcards with
German soldiers.

German officers and officials with whom I
have talked have never spoken lightly of the
sufferings of Belgium and they are sorry for
Belgium. "You have been in Dinant," said the
secretary of the German Foreign Office, Von
Jagow, to me. "So have I," he added, "and
it is terrible, but war is war, and it is terri-
fying more dreadful when the civil population takes
a hand in it."

And when it comes to the kind of resistance
of reprisal—one cannot call it war—which the
franc-tireur makes, you, Sir Arthur, know what
the Walloons of Eastern Belgium are. Turbu-
lent, truculent, and unschooled, they fight—no,
one cannot say fight but fire—from cellars,
from attics, and from behind hedges, using
the while the protection civilian garb confers
on veritable noncombatants, but not accepting
the honorable risks that go with the uniform
of a veritable soldier. The adjective which
mankind has applied to the lower orders of
this Walloon population, and the facts of their
annals, are to be found in any guidebook or
school history. Brave, in a lawless way, they
certainly are, but often devious, and sometimes
treacherous.

You know the old proverb concerning the in-
habitants of the ancient province of Hesbain,
now a part of the province of Liege—"Qui passe
dans le Hesbain est combattu l'endemain." And
the fact was, and is, that the enemy who passed
that way got his fighting in the back "on the
morrow."

Belgium Warned Walloons

The Belgian Government felt a lively ap-
prehension of the suffering of which the Walloons
and their compatriots farther west would bring
upon the kingdom and throughout the week or
10 days of the advance from Liege to Brussels
many burgomasters and the Minister of War
issued daily, and sometimes hourly, proclama-
tions in which they pleaded with the people to
observe the laws of war as bearing on the ob-
ligations of civilians and gave them the most
explicit warning that the participation of civil-
ians in the hostilities would bring the most
terrible penalties on whole communities and on
innocent women, children and the aged. Copies
of these proclamations, addressed "Aux Civils,"
I have by me. Their language is often passion-
ate in its solicitude.

I asked an American gentleman who has lived
for five years in Belgium and who loves the
country, though he does not love the people
(I refer to Lawrence Sterne Stevens, an artist,
why these warnings had had so little effect
upon the Walloon peasants, miners and metal
workers. "Because," he replied, "the number of
illiterates is so large in Belgium that thousands
upon thousands of the people could not read
the proclamations."

And so, impotent and fruitless, these placards
stared the people in the face from boardings
and dead walls, and the firing from behind walls
and hedgerows began. It was tragic, but it
was not war. And it was so utterly barren of
permanent results, and it drew such severe re-
prisals, that I could quite understand the point
of view of Major Beyer, German commandant
of Brussels, when he said, "These Belgians do
not know what war means."

Only Guilty Punished

The event proved how justified were the ap-
prehensions of the Belgian Government re-
garding the sense of their obligations as civ-
ilians which was entertained by the humble
folk of the countryside and of the mining vil-
lages. Hundreds of misguided persons were
shot and thousands of dwellings were burned.
And yet, widespread as is the ruin I have wit-
nessed, I was amazed at the discrimination
the enemy displayed in meting out punishment.

In Dinant, for example, the second and the
fifth house in a long terrace of, say, 10 houses,
would be destroyed. All the rest would be in-
tact. Manifestly the houses from which fran-
c-tireurs had been taken had been burned. The
rest had been spared. When you consider that
this discrimination was exercised during the
terrible hours of street fighting, you will realize
that, though the Germans, God knows, had
been severe, they had not been ruthless. My
compatriots, Messrs. Thompson, McCutcheon
and Cobb, observed time and again during our
Belgian wanderings the proofs of this reason-
able accurate justice dispensed under trying
conditions.

In Brussels, 40 days after the entry, I moved
Concluded on Page 7

ONCE MORE, THE LIMELIGHT



THE NEW ART OF PAINTING WITH LIGHT

Luminous, Bewitching "Paintings" Made of Colored Paper in Collabo-
ration With the Sun or Electric Light—The Curious
Story of Their Origin.

By VANCE THOMPSON

WHAT is a lumino?

I suppose you might describe it as
painting with light.

It is a fact that painting of every sort
might be defined in the same words. What
the artist does is to shut out certain rays of
light from his canvas by cunningly mixed
pigments of one sort or another—admitting
exactly the rays he wants. Where he uses
paint the lumino-artist uses paper. It is the
only difference. Paper of varying thickness
—of colors and form—are laid upon glass,
as pigments are laid upon canvas; and the
light streaming through makes the picture.

Simple, is it not?

It is simple, exquisite and impressive; and
it is, I think, the beginning of a new art
that will revolutionize fenestral decoration
—it will be to the modern home what stained
glass was to the mediaeval cathedral. And
when, in days to come, the art historian asks
you for an account of the origin of the lum-
ino, just tell him it was invented for Mme.
Mariska Aldrich's breakfast dinner. I need
not tell you who Mme. Mariska Aldrich, of
the Metropolitan Opera House, is—the mag-
nificent Hungarian prima donna with the
voice of bronze and gold.

Like Looking Through a Window

That breakfast dinner was given 10 years
ago in the cellar of a house in Buffalo. To
William C. Cornwall, the New York banker,
was entrusted the business of decorating the
cellar. Before he was drawn away to money
making Mr. Cornwall was—in his youth—a
student at Jullien's in Paris; withal a good
artist. He stretched transparent paper
screens across the cellar windows and painted
on them merry subjects; the light did the
rest. And so, in a haphazard way, the lum-
ino was born. Ten years of experimentation
went to perfecting the new art. Just how
perfect it is now may be seen at the ex-
position of Mr. Cornwall's latest luminos.

The room you enter is dark. Then an
electric button is touched, and abruptly a
lumino appears. It is as though a window
had opened in the wall and you were looking
through it, out upon a woodland scene—a
cold dawn with a faint sun rising among the
trees. It's amazingly well done. Never has
painter put on canvas so true a thing. His
medium was sadder and thicker compared to
this living medium of light in which the
lumino-artist works. Never was the cold
radiance of dawn so perfectly recorded.

How It's Done

Here is another one. The light has leaped
out and, as it were, through a great window
you see the dark Mediterranean, heaving to
a coming storm—the moon not yet gone; and
a fisherman's boat labors heavily. The boat
casts a shadow—which is not paint. When
you go close and examine the lumino in an
open light you see that it is made of translu-
cent colored papers, modeled in thin or thick
masses. That curiously real shadow was got
by leaving the strip of paper, which makes
it, loose and floating. The light, of course,
comes from behind; it is regulated to give
just the right strength; and the picture, as
the French artists say, "comes through" at
you. There is art, of course, in modeling the
picture in this fragile material. Technically,
Mr. Cornwall's work has tremendous merit.
It is the work of a savant artist. But he
must have had, I fancy, charming spells of
artistic agony in mastering the transmission
of his light.

In one picture a bathers sits by a stretch
of water that pulses and shines. A nude
woman.

"How did you get that flesh tint? It is
uncanny," I said.

The lumino-artist, who is a tall, large man,
with the head of Napoleon III, laughed.

"And how did you get that modeling? I
could walk around her and look at her from
the other side—if I were not a modest man."

"There are half a dozen sheets of paper
in that figure," he explained, "tone upon
tone that gives the flesh tint; and then the
figure is modeled exactly as though it were
modeled in clay, except that it is modeled
in two materials—in paper and in light."

In the experiments he made for that nota-
ble breakfast dinner Mr. Cornwall found that
it was easy enough to imitate stained glass.
A simple application of colored paper pro-
duced the exact effect. It was almost by
accident he discovered that layers of paper
of different colors, superimposed with due
regard to color values, made a window look
—when the light came through it—like a

Painted canvas. Only it was not not
painted canvas, for it had a strange vibra-
tory radiance, which the painter had never
captured and imprisoned in artificial light;
but Mr. Cornwall intends to give an exhibi-
tion this spring of luminos illumined wholly
by the natural light of day.

"What is the future of this new art?" I
asked him.

"I might answer that question by telling
you about something I am at work on now.
There is a country house with a room a
little which is nearly ready for the new form
of fenestral decoration. Round the main
room there has been built a deep glass frame
—as I might call it. I am filling it with
luminos. The only light that enters the room
will come through these screen-pictures. I
shall not try to describe the effect. You at