

What Shall Our "Khaki" Monument Be Like?

A NGLO-SAXONDOM is cursed with ugly monuments. This is true in the Old Country, where to this day Punch and the other comic papers have not grown tired of satirizing some examples of the lack of art to be found in the great metropolis. It is true in the United States, and it is possible to find some ugly monuments also in Canada.

If the reader would desire an object lesson in the possibilities of monumental ugliness he need only take a trip through the New England States, where the zeal of patriots since the Civil war has raised piles of offense to the artistic sense in the same structures with memorials to their dead heroes.

If you were to ask why our American cousins combined such characteristics in their patriotic work, we suppose there is only one answer—they didn't know any better. Art in the days of all that monument raising was a feeble infant in the United States. People then never heard or dreamt of municipal art.

Things are different to-day. Art there has been nurtured until it is a strong, vigorous man, and municipal ideas have advanced. Accordingly we find newer monuments that are artistically good; and their setting has been so directed by municipal authority that their value from the artistic standpoint is greatly enhanced. Meantime nearly every important community has been saddled with a permanent memorial that it wishes it didn't have—or wishes were something in better taste, and all because the designing, selection and workmanship were the work of people who had no great artistic training, and were not capable of discharging their respective functions in regard thereto.

In Halifax, we are about to have a serious duty placed upon us. The enterprise of one of our city dailies, frequently mentioned in these columns, is rapidly accumulating a fund to be devoted to the purposes of a "Khaki" monument. What kind of a monument shall we have? By exercising bad taste we may have one that will be an eyesore to ourselves, a laughing-stock to visitors, and an annoyance forever. On the other hand, if we avoid the mistake made by the fathers of our present Yankee cousins, we may have a memorial that will delight our own eyes, inspire our own hearts and teach lessons of culture and patriotism to generations of Halifaxians yet unborn.

The Bluenose prefers the latter kind of monument, and endeavors to arouse the interest of its readers so that they may give liberally to the fund, and exercise vigilance to see that that fund is invested in a work that will not wound the artistic sensibilities of anyone. The monument is to be permanent, which fact enhances the need of care in selecting a design.

Feeling strongly on this subject, The

Bluenose called upon Mr. Rosenberg, principal of the Victoria School of Art and Design, to seek the counsel of one who, being an artist and in full sympathy with any movement for the betterment of things in general and the development of the artistic in particular, would be able to make suggestions more practical than any yet set forth in these pages.

Mr. Rosenberg agreed with The Bluenose's opinion that the designs so far published are not quite suitable. The shaft, being simple, he considered to possess a certain beauty, but by its very nature adapted to a particular environment—the centre of a cemetery, for instance. If placed on the parade its position would be an incongruity. The arch design he considered well carried out as far as the classic was concerned; but the incongruity of mingling with the classic anything so modern as nests of cannon balls, and at the same time so obsolete, had the tendency of spoiling the good effect.

"Yes," said Mr. Rosenberg, "the selection of a monument design is a very important matter indeed, and it should be remembered that an ugly monument is worse than no monument at all. Halifax requires some addition in the way of the artistic, for at present we have nothing, aside from the Sebastopol monument and the fountain in the Gardens—the less said about the latter the better. The architectural examples of any consequence in Halifax are few. The people of the city should bend every energy possible to its improvement, and when an opportunity like this arises, the most should be made of it."

"Have you anything to suggest?" asked The Bluenose.

"Strangely enough," said Mr. Rosenberg, "something of the same style as that whose picture you published last Saturday has been in my mind. I had never seen either that monument or its picture before, but when it appeared in The Bluenose its coincidence with my own ideas was so strong that I roughly sketched mine on paper. Here is the sketch. Although similar in its general idea, yet it is not in its details in any way similar, for its base is triangular and it is open underneath. It would have at each corner of the case a column of pink or flesh-colored Cape Breton marble, and the general design of each side would be an arch cut in a mottled pink marble or some other stone, and on whose portals would be places for bronze plates bearing the names of the officers and men of H Company. Inside, the corners would be rounded, and a stone seat could be worked into each, that would be capable of holding four or five persons very comfortably—not that people would desire to occupy the seats very much, but simply to give a finish to the interior and symbolize

rest to some extent. The ceiling would be in the form of a dome, and could be elegantly designed and worked out. On the exterior, again, the coats-of-arms of Canada, Nova Scotia, and Halifax could be placed, one on the keystone of each arch; and all along the tops of the three sides there would be room for some chaste carving. The superstructure would run up from the base in wave effects in the form of a truncated pyramid, in which would rest a globe, representing the world, and on this would stand a figure of Peace sheathing a sword. The figure and the globe should be in bronze, and should be cast in one piece. The whole monument should stand in the middle of a shallow lily pond, which would be divided into three sections by marble walks communicating with the monument, so that the public might have free access to inspect the structure closely."

The above suggestion, which is given as The Bluenose remembers it, from Mr. Rosenberg's description, appeals to us as more suitable than either of the designs we have seen. It is well worthy of consideration. Not only that, but it is the duty of everyone who has a good idea to give the public the benefit of it, for while there is yet time we may make sure that we shall have nothing but what will please all generations and arouse admiration, during coming years, for the forethought that created a permanent source of delight.

Let Us Laugh.

WHAT THE PRINCE WAS WORTH.

From Tit-Bits.

Some years ago the Prince of Wales visited a factory where a large number of men were employed. The prince asked one of the workmen, who was perfectly ignorant as to the identity of the stranger who was addressing him:

"What wages do the men have here?"

"Well," replied the honest workman, respectfully scratching his head and partially lifting his cap with the same hand, "that depends on what they is. A chap like you would get about eighteen bob a week."

NO LACK OF FACILITIES.

From the San Francisco Argonaut.

A Scotch divine took one of his parishioners to task for his non-attendance at kirk; the man said: "I dinna like kirk, sermons."

The parson, with some wrath, replied: "John, ye'll dee, and go to a place where ye'll not have the privilege of hearing long or short sermons."

"That may be," said John, "but it winna be for lack of parsons."

SHAH—WHAT A JOKE.

From Paris Le Journal.

On the occasion of the Shah's visit to the pavilion of clockwork at the Paris Exhibition, he was shown a clock which fired off a pistol every hour. "To kill time, eh?" remarked the Persian monarch.