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LILLAH MC CARTHY AS IPHIGENIA IN GRANVILLE BARKER'S PRODUCTION OF THE GREEK TRAGEDY IN AMERICA.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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THE CRAFTSMAN

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VOLUME XXVIII AUGUST, 1915 NUMBER 5

OUTDOOR DRAMA A PART OF NATIONAL PROGRESS: GRANVILLE BARKER'S PRODUCTION IN THE NEW YORK STADIUM OF THE GREATEST WAR PLAY EVER WRITTEN: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

HEN Granville Barker produced "The Trojan Women" as the initial play for the opening of the New York Stadium, he made clear two very important facts to American people. One was that outdoor plays are the important dramatic effort of the present age; the other was that truth back five hundred years before Christ is truth to-day. Euripides in his rebuke to the Greek warriors told splendid truths, as potent in nineteen hundred and fifteen as in four hundred and twenty-seven B. C. What clear-thinking, wise-minded German, if he chose to rebuke the tyranny and cruelty and immemorial viciousness of militarism could do so in more logical, convincing and vigorous language than the words of the god Poseidon:

"How are ye blind,
Ye treaders down of cities, ye that cast
Temples to desolation, and lay waste
Tombs, the untrodden sanctuaries where lie
The ancient dead: yourselves so soon to die!

Would ye be wise, ye Cities, fly from war!
Yet if war come, there is a crown in death
For her that striveth well and perisheth
Unstained: to die in evil were the stain!"

For a number of years, I think back to the days when Ben Greet first did Shakespeare for us on university lawns, we accepted outdoor playing as a pleasant means of passing a summer afternoon. We did not realize that the outdoor players were one more phase of the tremendous movement throughout America for real liberty, for that return to Nature which meant freedom for natural enjoyment, which eventually would open our windows, build our sleeping porches,

enlarge our gardens and crowd theaters the size of the Yale Bowl with eager interested listeners.

The trouble was we had commenced to fear that even democracy was merely a political game; we had forgotten the response of Lycurgus to the people when asked to set up a democracy in Sparta: "Pray do you first set up democracy in your own homes!" In other words we had forgotten the fact that there can be no political freedom without freedom of the spirit and that freedom of the spirit is born in the individual man, and is not of a fashion in governments. And so it never occurred to us to welcome as vital the first outdoor drama, Ben Greet and his little company of "mummers," and after that the Coburn Players who really had a vision of what this outdoor playing meant for the public, who saw beyond the mere giving of Shakespeare or *Elektra* or Percy McKaye into the future of summer drama, summer joy for the people, drama with stars overhead and fresh clear winds in the "theater," drama which meant greater health, greater sanity and a wider understanding of the relation of all art to out of doors and all out of doors with life itself. If we had seen these things clearly, we would have given a royal welcome to these first players, to these courageous cheerful poets who knew what was best for people and who risked much in the way of strength and health and money at the start in trying to open up this field of delight. We would not have waited for the building of the great Stadium in New York to assemble four thousand strong to do honor to outdoor play-acting. But we do not like to help prove great truths, we prefer them offered to us in dazzling completeness. And so we waited until the vast Stadium had been given to New York and until Granville Barker with his English company and his amazing and beautiful color schemes had produced the great war play of the world, "The Trojan Women," before our whole-hearted interest in outdoor playing was aroused.

California had done much before this. We had had beautiful pageants at Harvard; out in Westchester County we had had summer plays on the lawn of the rich and cultivated. Ruth St. Denis had danced among the flowers of New England, bringing the Orient to Connecticut in most convincing manner. We remember to have heard that Isadora Duncan once danced in the garden of the Tuileries by moonlight, making marvelous living sculpture by the lovely fountains and down in the sunken garden, that, alas, was all too impermanent, dream sculpture that lived but in the memory.

But as a whole we had not accepted outdoor playing as definitely and permanently as we had the indoor theater. We did not expect night after night to sit out on the lawn and watch players come and

go under the trees, called by the magic of the flute or the sound of soft chimes. We had not grown accustomed to one kind of scenery throughout a play, least of all that scenery of oak and maple and banks of flowers.

Perhaps Granville Barker has helped us to the accepting of this more lofty ideal of the outdoor drama, and surely our debt to the Coburn Players will never be paid in full when we remember how they started their summer plays for two months only, working all winter indoors to get sufficient money "to squander," as the manager said, on this foolish outdoor nonsense. Today their season starts early in April in the South and lasts until September in the North and they are playing once and twice a day at every university in the country, with an established reputation as outdoor people who have simplified scenery, drama and theater-making to a gentle science. But THE CRAFTSMAN has written at length of the Coburn Players and also of many delightful amateur performances which have given joy to the public. And the new thing of the times is the work of Granville Barker as presented in the New York Circle, not only the new but the important thing in the theater this summer.

WE do not attempt to say that "Iphigenia" and "Trojan Women" were presented without flaw. Mr. Barker would not say this himself; and after seeing Isadora Duncan's method of dancing Greek choruses in her own presentation of "Oedipus Rex" at the Century Theater last winter, it is impossible to accept Mr. Barker's productions as perfect in some ways as that of Miss Duncan. His choruses did not begin to express the exquisite beauty of emotion through rhythm that Miss Duncan gave as she and her six grown up pupils danced to the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven. Also her production was given at night, and her stage setting was the most simple and the most supremely beautiful thing ever seen in New York.

On the other hand, Mr. Barker has had the use of Mr. Gilbert Murray's perfect translation of Euripides, and Mr. Murray is not merely a reproducer of thought, but a great poet and his lines are full of rare cadences and fresh creative power. Mr. Barker had also in his company one of the most gifted actresses of the day, Lillah McCarthy, who played *Hecuba* in "The Trojan Women" and *Iphigenia* in the second Greek production. I had seen Miss McCarthy in all the Barker productions during the past winter without beginning to realize the power, force and beauty of her art. I thought her delightful in Anatole France's "Dumb Wife," quaint, bewildering, inherently a part of the vivid Futurist color, a part also of Anatole France's humor and satire, and a part equally of Barker's understanding of

the world-wide belief of woman's verbal attainments. In "Androcles and the Lion," she seemed bewildered between the humor of the play and Shaw's at times British bourgeois desire not to criticize the standard traditional thing; because Shaw is strangely divided between wishing to break down idols and a terrible fear of being an idol breaker, and the play seemed to have hypnotized Miss McCarthy into Mr. Shaw's confusion of mind. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," she was completely lost, as were all the actors and actresses. This play became a fairy story of modern times presented in a most ancient spirit by Mr. Wilkinson, who evidently knows Irish fairy lore and knows the wonder of the "Gold People," even their great size—a presentation of new and bewildering nature, not Shakespeare nor Granville Barker, but Ireland, far, far back in the remote districts, where all life is full of strange lovely half-hidden mystery and where the people are poets and all existence full of enchantment.

But I did not realize Miss McCarthy, her beauty, her understanding of life, her great and splendid humanity and the extraordinary power that took Euripides' great play and made it a plea for the nations of today, until the Greek plays were presented out of doors in our big amphitheater. Strangely enough, all through this presentation of "The Trojan Women" I thought of Ellen Terry, a vision of her interest in Miss McCarthy's work, not Ellen Terry playing *Hecuba*, for it it is not her kind of a part; but Ellen Terry's great beautiful soul, understanding, loving, applauding the work Lillah McCarthy did. For no greater lover of beauty exists in the world today than Ellen Terry, no finer sympathy, no keener sensitiveness to what others do to arrest and present the beauty of art.

To me the great moment of "The Trojan Women" was when Lillah McCarthy sat silent on the square throne, waiting for the little murdered child to be brought and placed on her knees, when she accepted the child without the slightest sign of human suffering,—her own little grandson, holding the greatness of Troy in his baby hands, who had been torn from her arms and borne away on the Greek soldiers' bayonets to be thrown from the walls of the city! And not until by chance her hand touched the arm of the dead baby does this stony suffering break up, and a thrill run through her body, a thrill of such awful agony that women in the audience, even in New York, burst into tears. After this she recovers herself and bears the child in her arms to the *eschara* in the center of the stage, where she gives utterance to the final farewell not only to the child, but to Troy and to her royal estate. She is still the splendid regal woman, the symbol of Troy's greatness, with her gold crown outlined against the sky, a woman who has borne all sorrow, all indignity, all tragedy of woman-

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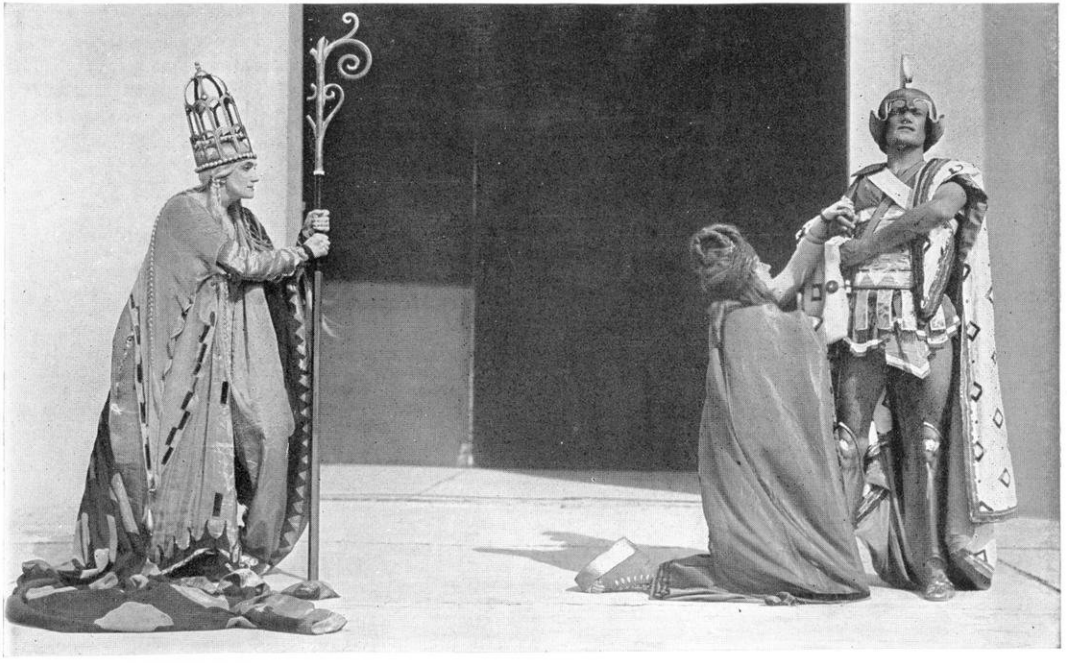
HECUBA, ANDROMACHE AND HECTOR IN "THE TROJAN WOMEN" AT THE OPENING OF THE GREAT NEW YORK STADIUM.

HECUBA WAITING FOR THE DEAD BODY OF HER LITTLE GRANDSON TO BE BROUGHT TO HER BY THE GREEK SOLDIERS.

HECUBA AFTER SHE HAS TAKEN OFF HER CROWN
AT THE BIER OF HECTOR.



A VIEW OF THE STAGE AND COURT MARKED OFF FOR THE CHORUS AT THE NEW YORK STADIUM.

HECUBA LISTENING TO THE PLEA OF HELEN OF TROY TO BE ALLOWED TO RETURN TO HER HUSBAND.

hood in order that a military nation should seize one more territory, should perform one more wanton cruel act. But after she has covered the little child with the garments of state, she takes the great robe from her own shoulders and folds it across the tiny body, then at his feet she places her crown, and you realize that what Greece has done, is to murder, not to achieve; to destroy the beauty that is inherent in the lives of women and children, not to enlarge her scope of power and usefulness. Greece has not gained more territory, for she will only lose it. She has not gained more power, for it will drop from her hands; all she has done is to place upon the bier a tortured, dead child and at his feet the sunken and crushed body of terrible age.

No more powerful, convincing, extraordinary lesson for humanity has ever been taught than through the resplendent acting of Lillah McCarthy in this last moment of "The Trojan Women." She is not merely the unhappy woman who has lost everything and whose pride and love of power and domestic peace are shattered. She is universal woman, the great sufferer in wanton political conflict of all ages. She is the epitome of what warring nations do to humanity, she and the little dead child, full of spear wounds. She is Troy four hundred years before Christ; she is Belgium today.

AND when she was recalled again to the heart of the Stadium, the cheers were not merely for Euripides or Gilbert Murray or Granville Barker or Lillah McCarthy, great as she had proved herself, but for humanity—the sole hope of the future—for the time when greed and distrust accomplished through butchery and wantonness will be impossible, when women and children cannot be sacrificed to political extension. And as Lillah McCarthy, as *Hecuba*, stood there alone, facing five thousand enthusiastic people, one felt in that strange, gray, gaunt old woman a certain transfiguration, a certain power in suffering, giving all for her country; a splendor in defeat, a fulness in her empty hands, that made one realize that it is only the conqueror who really fails. It is the red spear in the air that is the symbol of the downfall of the nation that holds it victorious. It must be so, for Truth is broad and sure and gentle. Truth brings maidens and lovers together, Truth bears noble children and builds up broad and beautiful democracies; Truth respects Nature, and although Truth may be hurt and mangled and tortured, it alone survives every conflict which the world has seen. And although the conqueror may ride over the bodies of people suffering for Truth, the inevitable greatness of humanity, the beauty and power and wisdom of human nature itself, rises up after the conqueror has passed, reclaims the land, builds up new homes, new standards of rightness,

and in time brings back peace and prosperity and passes on into the joy and happiness which the warrior fancied he had captured.

At no time in the last hundred years could "The Trojan Women" have been presented in New York City and received with such acclaim. At no time could it have brought such necessary admonition. At no time could we have seen so clearly the futility of the action of the ruthless Greeks, the splendor of the Trojan women and the tragedy of *Hecuba* and little *Hector*. One wonders if Lillah McCarthy herself could at any other time perhaps have played this great war tragedy with such fire and strength and conviction as when her own nation is suffering so banefully from the desire of Europe to preach the right of might and the beauty of the warrior. No doubt she looked out to that vast audience with the real soul of the Trojan woman, longing to hold to the very last not her own power or greatness or beauty, but the future of her race, finding herself overwhelmed, but not vanquished.

MUCH criticism has been made where "The Trojan Women" and "Iphigenia" have been produced, of the startling color and the somewhat whimsical presentation of costume; but it seems to me that Mr. Wilkinson has answered all these criticisms very effectively in what he has to say of his purpose back of the production:

"I was a marine painter," he says; "When Mr. Barker came to me and said that he wanted some new ideas for outdoor productions. At the start I found it difficult to conventionalize the Greek theater and produce Greek effects. To begin with, Greek plays are produced in all sorts of surroundings, from the market-places up. Moreover, as you study these plays you find that the architectural construction of the scenes must have been of the primitive Dorian type. That is the only form, for example, that has gaps or *metopes* between the columns where men might crawl, as is suggested in the text. A simple conventionalization of the Doric then, is what I have attempted: so that I think you will find that the set follows out the Greek tradition, even down to the circle of the orchestra, bounded by its seats or stone blocks, and with the *eschara*, or altar for the dead, in the center.

"The costumes I have studied from all sorts of Greek sources, from designs on pottery, from reliefs, and from Tanagra statuettes. Here, too, however, I have had to deal with a barbaric atmosphere. For instance in 'Iphigenia,' *Pylades* and *Orestes* were Greeks, and I dressed them as such. But the rest of them, if not actual barbarians, had lived so long in a foreign land that I was forced to simplify and give an archaic touch to their costumes for the sake of contrast.

"I have made a liberal use of colors, since we know that the Greeks

did. You may remember the story of Phidias inserting gold eyelashes in the eye-lids of his statues. At any rate tiny holes are still to be found in the eyelids of Greek sculpture. Just what colors the Greeks used, however, it is difficult to say; so I have allowed myself plenty of liberty, yet always holding the Greek idea in mind.

"In both productions I have made the chorus a formal body. In the true sense of the plays they were both young and old women, attendants and town folk. But here, as I fancy it was actually in the Dionysius Theater in Athens, I have kept close to rigidly conventional lines. There are exactly the same number in both productions, twenty and the leader. To add to this formal effect I have placed wands in their hands, and a very formal decoration of their garments. A conventionalized flame is the symbol I have used in 'The Trojan Women' to denote the burning of Troy. In 'Iphigenia' I have given them a budding leaf for Hope. The wands are to be used in their dancing, that is if you call the formal movements that they will make during their choral songs dancing."

Much of the criticism of both Granville Barker's production and Mr. Wilkinson's color schemes, as well as of Miss McCarthy's presentation of *Hecuba*, seem to have been born of the fact that they are not done by American people, and that the production was done in new ways. In other words, our critics have permitted themselves to laugh where they did not understand, and the audience to giggle where it had not prepared itself sufficiently to realize the purpose of the play and of the production. For instance, many of the reviewers speak in loudest praise of Miss Chrystal Herne and her presentation of *Cassandra*, one of the most poetical and inspiring characters of ancient Greece. Now as a matter of fact, Miss Herne did not give one the faintest understanding of the part of Cassandra, either of the satire, dancing or melancholy. Miss Hanscombe's presentation of *Helen of Troy* was pitiful. It was neither beautiful, graceful nor convincing to the smallest degree.

On the other hand Miss Edith Wynne Matthison was a beautifully conceived and nobly presented *Andromache*. She fitted into her part of the picture, as this heart-broken, splendid Trojan woman, without for a moment encroaching upon the central figure of *Hecuba*. And Miss McCarthy, on the other hand, gave her space and freedom for the beauty of her acting. These two women were as intimate to the production of the old Greek play as the Greek players themselves could have been when the play found such a stormy reception from the audience in Athens over two thousand years ago. For Euripides was promptly made an exile for daring to see and present the cruelty

(*Continued on Page 524*)

FLOWER GOLD FOR FALL BEAUTY: BY ELOISE ROORBACH

HE poet declaring that yellow flowers are "nurtured from the treasure veins of this fair land" may not be scientifically correct, but we thoroughly enjoy his charming play of fancy and join with him in loosing the imagination for a delightful explanation of the earth's lavish scattering of flower gold. There is no color that shows in such flower masses. It is the first to appear among the greens and whites of spring and the last to depart in the fall. In the West, a suncup, instead of the swallow, is the bearer of good tidings of the coming of spring. Children of the West search for the cups "brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun" that tell them spring has come, as the children of the East hunt for the first yellow dandelions that on short stems nestle brightly close down to the drowsy, half-awake earth.

It is pleasant also to flatter ourselves that flowers array themselves beautifully that we may be pleased with the sight of them. As a matter of fact, the flowers take no account of our presence on earth, unless it be to hide away from our destructive hands, but deck themselves brilliantly solely to win the favor of the butterflies, bees and insects. Every effort of their lives is toward attracting the attention of the winged visitors that all unaware bear the vitalizing pollen.

Sir John Lubbock has shown the world the friendly, nay, all-important relation between plants and insects. Neither could exist without the other. He shows that the insects prefer bright colors, which scientifically accounts for the prevalence of yellow. Everything loves the light, brightness, so the flowers have developed many a clever trick to catch the attention of the flying hunters. White flowers are at their sweetest at night, so that if the night moths fail to see the open white petals, they may still follow the trail of perfume. The yellow flowers, because of their brightness, are visible earliest in the morning, latest at night, to call the early prowlers, so they have little need of perfume. Buttercups, yellow poppies, daffodils, have little fragrance, for they need it not. Some flowers are beautifully veined, that the visitor alighting upon the petals may follow those honey guides to the nectaries at their base. The sweetest flowers, as a rule, are the shortest-lived, for after they have been pollenized, their reason for existence has been fulfilled, the petals fall and the plant busily develops its seed. When the petals are equal in size and shape, they are generally equally colored. Where one is longer or differently shaped, there is change of color. Some plants show all colors at once, that there will be no chance of remaining unobserved. Some turn back petals and tint their sepals to provide greater color

BELOW IS THE YELLOW DANDELION, THE "COMMON GOLD" OF THE WAYSIDE, WHICH BESIDES CHEERING US WITH ITS BRIGHT COLOR, PROVIDES US WITH ONE OF THE MOST DELICIOUS OF CRISP SALADS AND GREENS: AT THE RIGHT IS SEEN THE COMMON BLACK-EYED SUSAN OF THE FIELDS, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL OUR WILD FLOWERS.

Photographs by Nathan R. Graves

AT THE RIGHT IS ANOTHER FORM OF THE COMMON CONE FLOWER OF THE FIELDS, THE PETALS OF WHICH, EVEN WHEN OLD, REMAIN IN THE FORM OF RAYS INSTEAD OF DROOPING AS IN THE RUDBECKIA HIRTA SHOWN ABOVE: THE SHADE OF YELLOW OF THE TWO SPECIES IS SIMILAR, BUT THE DIFFERENCE IS INDICATED BY THE HEIGHT AND COLOR OF THE CONES.

BELOW IS A WAYSIDE FLOWER, THE FIRST TO SHOW YELLOW IN THE SPRING, WITH ITS WHITE SEED HEAD, EACH SEED PROVIDED WITH WINGS: THE DANDELION WITH ITS GLOBE-LIKE SEED HEAD, IF RARE AS AN ORCHID, WOULD BRING AS HIGH A PRICE FROM THOSE DESIRING EXQUISITE BLOOM.

AT THE LEFT IS SHOWN THE MOST STRIKING OF ALL OUR HELENIUMS OR SNEEZEWEEDS: IT IS BEING GROWN LAVISHLY IN OUR GARDENS BECAUSE OF ITS CHEERFUL MASSES OF YELLOW, WHICH BEGINNING TO BLOOM IN EARLY JULY CONTINUES UNTIL FROST; IN SPITE OF ITS UNPOETICAL NAME, IT IS A CHEERY, BRIGHT, ACCOMMODATING FLOWER FRIEND WHICH WILL STAND BY THE AMATEUR GARDENER WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS.

ABOVE IS ANOTHER VARIETY, HELENIUM AUTUMNALE, SOMETIMES CALLED THE FALSE SUNFLOWER, WHICH GROWS TO A HEIGHT OF FIVE FEET OR MORE: EACH PETAL IS THREE-TOOTHED.

surface. Some, like *Hibiscus mutabilis*, are white in the morning, rose at noon, red at night, repeating this change as long as the flower lasts, or until its coquetry has been observed. Some open and close with the sun and the rains to protect their honey lure from destruction.

Nearly every yellow flower is an ardent Orientalist, that is one that looks ever to the sun, turning as it turns, closing when it slips around to the other side of the world. Such a devotion is lovely to witness, interesting to study.

THE names of the legions of dainty yellow mimics of the sun are often as charming as the blossoms. In the meadows we have the blazing star, golden star, tidy tips, wind poppies, wild broom, meadow foam and monk's cap lilies. Down in the marsh are buttercups, Marybuds (Marygold) and lady's slipper. In the woods are columbines, fairy lanterns, fritillary and yellow violets. By the wayside are dandelions, evening primrose, butterfly weed, coreopsis, black-eyed Susans, mulleins, wallflowers and goldenrod. For the garden we have crocuses, daffodils, jonquils, narcissus, tulips and hyacinths. Then come St. John's wort, madwort, asters, dahlias, goldilocks, chrysanthemums, marigolds, calendulas, rudbeckias and nasturtiums. Out in the West is a tiny composite called sunshine that fairly paints the hills and fields with gold. Great patches of it lie along the way, as though the sun had broken from the clouds. And there are fields of mustard, those sweet ones *Ramona* knew, and masses of poppies, whose "golden rootlets sup the sands of gold" and whose "petals are spun gold," and lupins and sand verbenas that fringe the way by the sea.

The dandelion, above all flowers that emulate the brightness of the sun, shows the purest replica of that precious yellow metal that lies buried far beneath the earth. Were it not "common gold," it would be better valued, for it is an amazingly interesting plant. It is called a weed by some, though since it is edible, it should not be classified as such. It opens and closes with the light, as though a sentient thing. It has a double blooming time, an exalted winged time, almost like the changing of grub to butterfly. Its ethereal gossamer globe breaks up into a fairy fleet of white-sailed boats that go sailing away with the wind to some quiet mooring in the new home. We all love its cheery wayside gold, and would not be without our childhood memory when questioning it with puffing cheeks, we sought to know if mother needed us at home.

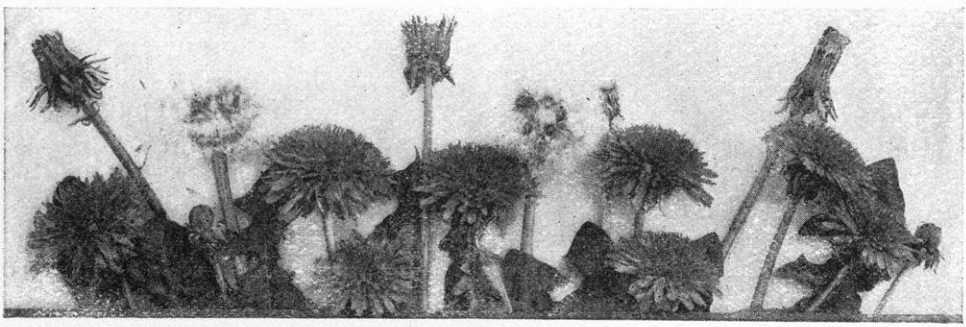
The garden flowers need little proclamation of merit, for they are too well known, yet such is the demand for yellow in the garden that

one or two new varieties of favorite kinds may well be recommended. Next to the useful and cheerful nasturtiums and marigolds for sunny places and golden-glow for shady places, come the Rudbeckias. *Rudbeckia triloba*, or thin-leaved showy cone flower, one of the best of the Rudbeckias, begins to bloom in July and continues throughout August. Others take up the task of scattering rays of gold everywhere possible and continue until the frost bids them cease bringing their gold to the surface. It is a clean foliaged and brilliantly blooming plant and flowers obligingly the first season from seed. It is often planted with larkspur in a blue and gold border plan. *Rudbeckia speciosa* is more compact of growth and has larger and more velvety maroon centers. The petals of *Rudbeckia laciniata*, or green-headed cone flower, recurve noticeably. This plant puts forth a profusion of blossoms on stout, many-branched stems. One variation of it, *flora-pleno*, often erroneously called golden glow, has large double flowers. After its first blooming time is over, it may be cut for a second blooming. It is invaluable for massing and for borders, because of its brilliant color and hardy adaptable qualities. *Rudbeckia grandiflora*, is at its best in late August. It is distinguished by its long oval pointed leaf and by its large solitary drooping-rayed flowers. The rays of the *Rudbeckia maxima* are also drooping and the purple cone centers are unusually high. The leaves are lovely grayish green. *Rudbeckia subtomentosa* is a fine border plant, for it produces from August to October a profusion of daisy-like flowers. *Rudbeckia fulgida*, or orange cone flower, is of especial value to garden makers who live in the South, for it will thrive in dry soil. With its small yellow or orange daisy-like flowers massed in one border, it looks like a pool of sunshine. *Rudbeckia Californica*, like most things Californian, expresses its exuberant vitality in size and intensity of color. The golden petals that ray from the copper heart are fully five inches across and are borne from the top of unusually high stout stems. It is sometimes called the California cone flower, sometimes whortleberry-leaved knotweed. It is propagated by seed or division.

IN the latter part of May, the daisy-like *Helenium Hoopseii* makes quite a show of gold in Western gardens; growing from one to three feet in height, it seems to be a patch of sunshine along the green. In the East the wild Heleniums are in great demand when yellow effects are needed. *Helenium midiflorum* is distinguished by its drooping petals, which are sometimes striped with brownish purple like its center. It blooms lavishly from July to October. *Helenium bigelovii* has also brown centers. The flowers are either solitary or a few on slender stems. The slender stem gives it value for use indoors,

because it lends itself easily to graceful arrangement. *Helenium autumnale* is the most striking of all the sneezeweeds. It is sometimes called the false sunflower. Growing sometimes to a height of five feet, with raying three and five-toothed petals, it makes a fine connecting link between the dwarf Rudbeckias and the giant sunflowers in a yellow border. There are several varieties of this bright wild flower sold by florists. *Grandiflorum*, *pumilum*, *superbum* are some that are worth cultivating. The differences are mainly in color of centers and size of flower. With some the petals are splotched with crimson. All are gay and bob joyously to the salute of the wind.

The sunflowers, those "lofty followers of the sun," would in their zealous allegiance to the sun twist their heads completely off the stalks, were it not for the kindly night that shuts them away temporarily from the sight of their lord Phæton. With faces turned toward the East, they await his coming through the night, follow the course of his chariot through the day until it plunges gloriously out of sight in the West. Never for a moment do they cease to gaze into the sun, until their heads become too heavy with store of ripened seed. Then they nod them sleepily, pull the gay cap of petals low over their faces to protect the seed from the rain, that the birds of winter may be bountifully fed. Tall, vigorous and alert they stand like soldiers in a row, at attention, facing their captain in the most humanly conscious, lovable sort of a way. Especially are they pleasing when, growing all in a row, their bright faces look over the back fence, taking note of the outside world. These mimic suns with their pompon friends, the golden-glows, shine impartially like the sun itself from the lowliest backyards, dump heaps, freight yard stations and miners' shanties, as well as from stately gardens of the moneyed folk and the gentle shelter of the dear old-fashioned garden.



DANDELIONS THAT DOT OUR PATHS WITH COMMON WAYSIDE GOLD.

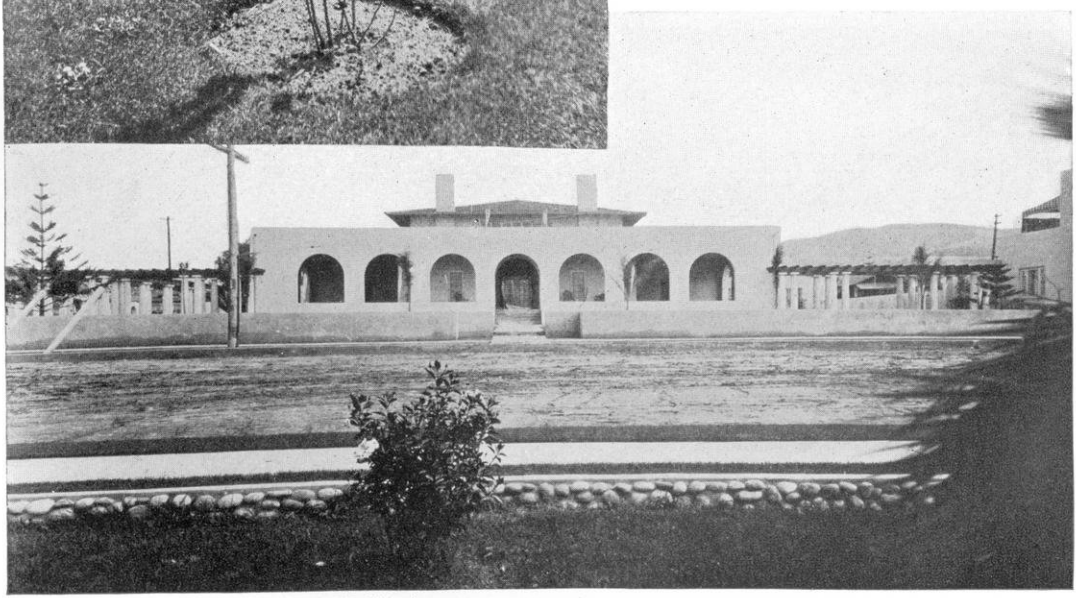
TALKATIVE HOUSES, THE STORY OF A NEW ARCHITECTURE IN THE WEST, TOLD BY THE WOMEN'S CLUB BUILDING AT LA JOLLA

HERE is a delightful Russian folk story of a little house that lived at the edge of the woods, a cozy, sociable little thing that dearly loved a pleasant chat with passersby. It was greatly interested in the doings of its neighbors and of the world at large, yet, like any human, preferred above all things to talk about itself. This talkative little house, though modest indeed, kept no secrets, entered into no subterfuges. Through doors, windows, roof, walls and chimneys, the truth about its life, ideals, age, strength and weakness were constantly proclaimed. Sometimes it walked a little way through the woods or over the sunny hills, so that the memory of cool shadows and reflected lights was woven into its speech as well as tale of storm and score of years.

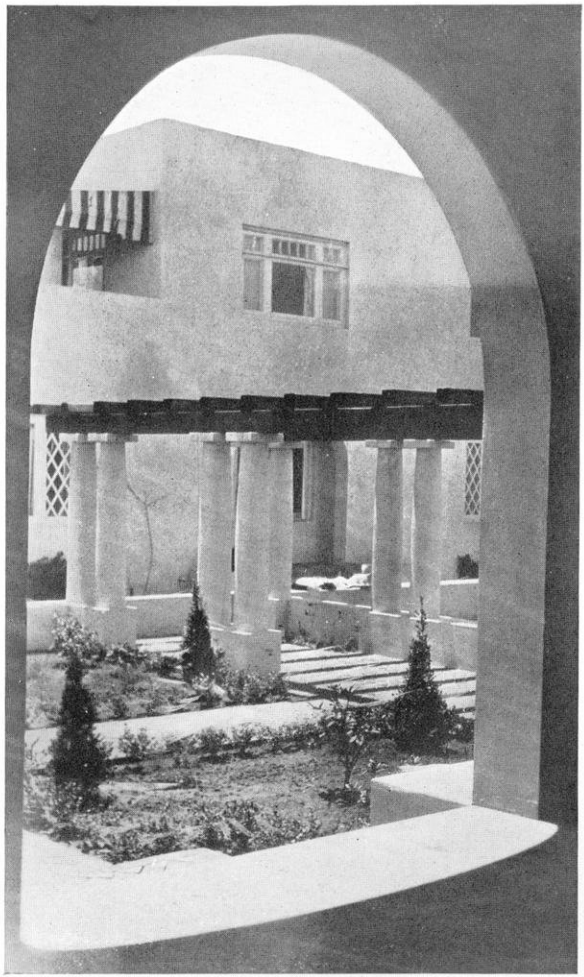
But why should we quote legends to prove that houses have personality and speak eloquently of all that has entered into their life and growth? Is there any doubt that houses have no secrets from those who stop for a chat with them? Their height and breadth, the shape and thickness of their walls, reveal the history of man's development, of his struggle first for personal comfort and then for civic beauty.

Interesting indeed is the story of architecture as told by some of the new houses built in the West. Take the Woman's Club House, recently added to the community group of buildings at La Jolla, the gift of Miss Ellen Browning Scripps, that includes the Bishop's School for Girls, a beautiful little church and a municipal playground. This structure plainly says with Walt Whitman that it is "an acme of things accomplished, an enclosure of things to be." Back of its severe lines stands the whole history of man's struggle with the three great architectural principles, the square, the circle and the line, from the time the might of these powerful forces dawned upon his understanding up to his supreme use of them in the ancient Greek temples. Memories of the Moorish and Spanish efforts to relieve the uncompromising basic structure of the square with the gracious curve of the circle, of the Italian's delight in an unadorned flat wall, that it may be frescoed by the passing of time, the sunshine and shadow of days, of our own Indians' skill in the erection of a house modeled to fit unobtrusively into its environment, are all stored up in these walls waiting to be revealed to whoever cares to listen to its wordless speech.

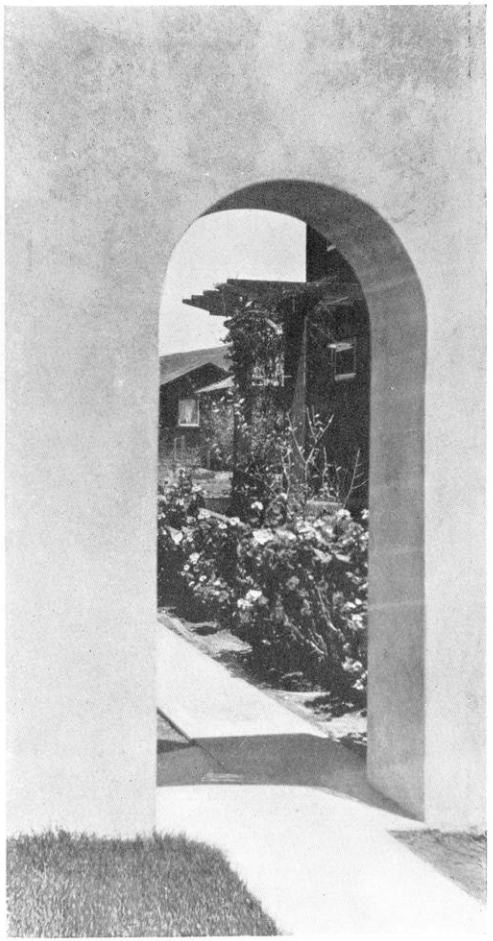
BELOW IS THE FRONT VIEW OF THE CLUB HOUSE AT LA JOLLA THAT IS THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE COMMUNITY GROUP OF BUILDINGS GIVEN BY MISS ELLEN BROWNING SCRIPPS, WHICH INCLUDES ALSO THE BISHOP'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, A MUNICIPAL PLAYGROUND AND THE LITTLE CHAPEL SHOWN AT THE LEFT: THE CHAPEL WAS BUILT IN MEMORY OF THE SAN DIEGO MISSION BUT A FEW MILES AWAY, THE FAÇADE OF WHICH HAS BEEN ALMOST STRICTLY FOLLOWED: THIS CLUB HOUSE REPRESENTS THE NEW TYPE OF ARCHITECTURE WHICH IS BEING WORKED OUT IN CALIFORNIA, NAMELY, THE STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE THREE GREAT ARCHITECTURAL PRINCIPLES OF THE SQUARE, THE CIRCLE AND THE LINE, FREE FROM ALL APPLIED ORNAMENTS, ORNAMENTATION TO BE SUPPLIED BY VINES FOR SCROLLS AND FLOWERS FOR COLOR.



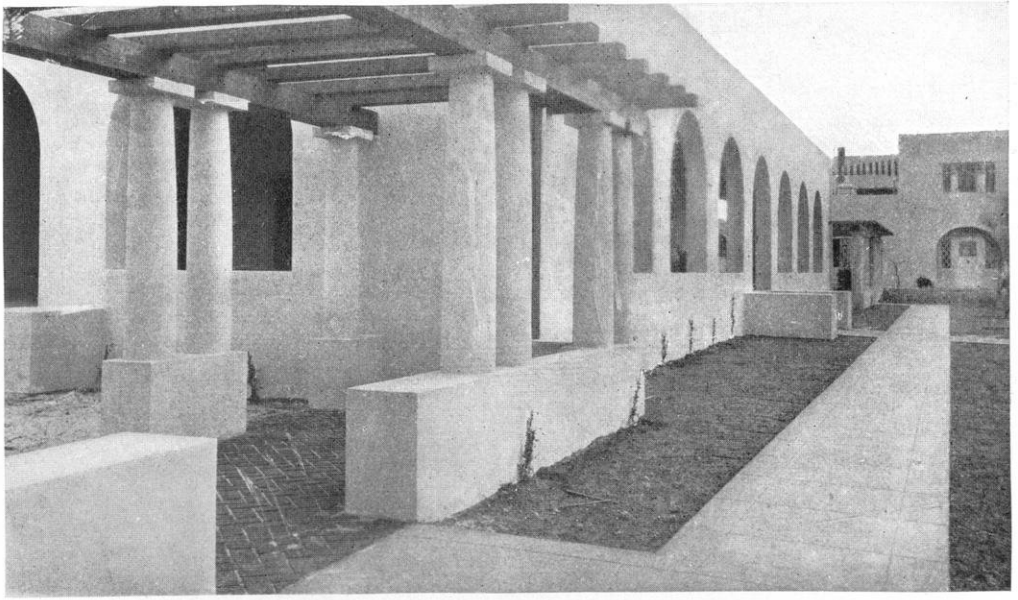
Designed by Gill & Gill, San Diego, California.



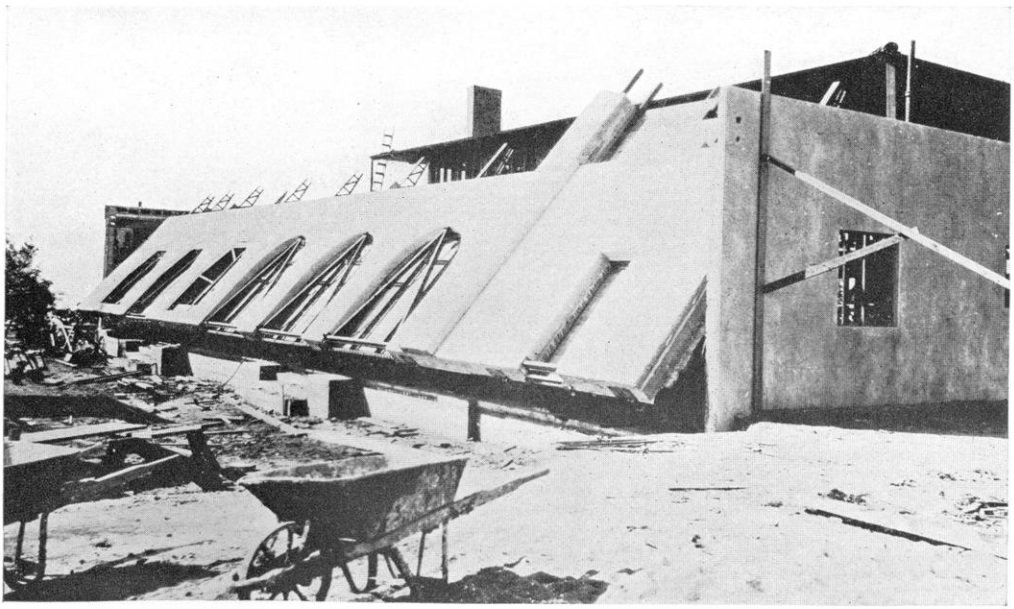
AT THE LEFT MAY BE SEEN THE COURT THROUGH ONE OF THE ARCHES: EVERY BUILDING DESIGNED BY LEWIS J. GILL HAS BEEN PLANNED WITH A VIEW TO PICTURES SEEN THROUGH ARCHES: AN ARCH IS ALWAYS PLACED SO THAT IT WILL CENTER SOME VIEW, AN EASY MATTER IN CALIFORNIA: THE BEAUTY OF BOTH THIS ARCH AND THE ONE SEEN BELOW CANNOT BE APPRECIATED UNTIL THE CREEPERS, WHICH ARE PLANTED AS SOON AS THE BUILDERS ARE OUT OF SIGHT, TAKE POSSESSION OF THE WALLS AND TRACE THEIR SOFTENING PATTERNS UPON THEM.



IN NEARLY EVERY CASE, THE FICUS RIPENS IS USED ABOUT THE ARCHES BECAUSE IT SENDS OUT GREEN FINGERS WHICH TRACE DELICATELY RATHER THAN PROVIDE MASSES OF GREEN: PART OF THE VALUE OF ARCHES IN CALIFORNIA BUILDINGS LIES IN THEIR ABILITY TO MAKE EFFECTIVE SHADOWS: THESE CONTRASTS OF SHADOWS AND BRIGHT SUNLIGHT ARE ALWAYS CAREFULLY RECKONED WITH: IN WALLS, DOORS, WINDOWS, PERGOLAS, THE CONCRETE ARCH CAN BE DEPENDED UPON TO MAKE AND FRAME A PICTURE THAT NO OTHER ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE CAN SURPASS.



TWO VIEWS OF THE INNER COURT OF LA JOLLA CLUB HOUSE: THESE COURTS ARE MADE UNUSUALLY WIDE THAT THEY MAY BE USED AS TEA ROOMS, STUDY ROOMS, OUTDOOR RECITATION ROOMS AND PROMENADES: THE WALKS ARE OF ORDINARY RED BRICK, THE PILLARS CONCRETE, THE BEAMS OF REDWOOD: NO IDEA OF THE BEAUTY OF THIS CAN BE HAD UNTIL THE VINES HAVE TAKEN POSSESSION OF THEM.



THE WALLS OF THIS CLUB ROOM WERE BUILT HORIZONTALLY, METAL WINDOWS AND DOOR FRAMES PUT IN POSITION AND THE WHOLE TIPPED INTO PLACE AND FASTENED SECURELY AT THE CORNERS: SUCH CONSTRUCTION MATERIALLY REDUCES THE COST OF THE BUILDING, WHILE MAKING IT ALMOST IMPERVIOUS TO TIME AND WEATHER.

RADICAL WESTERN ARCHITECTURE

THIS club house, which is yet too new and bare of vines for a just estimate of its beauty to be reached, was designed by Gill and Gill, those fearless San Diego architects, who over and over again have dared to defy the dictates of architectural preachment and, discarding every applied ornament, relied solely on the classic beauty of the horizontal line, the impressive stability of the square and the supreme grace of the circle for the enduring beauty and worth of their design. These men, like the builders of old, hover over every constructional detail, personally supervising the mixing of the concrete, constantly subjecting it to tests, that their work may be as perfect and lasting as skill, experience and watchfulness can make it. Their theory is that though such constant supervision, with the use of the best material seems costly at the start, it is more than balanced by permitting the use of less cement and reinforcing material. Because concrete walls are usually made much thicker than is needed to allow for possible poor material, there is always great waste, while carefulness and insistence on good workmanship, it is unnecessary to say, safeguard all building to a notable degree.

The walls of the Gill club house were built in a new and practical method; they were first formed in a horizontal line, the metal doors and windows set while in this position, and the whole thing tipped up into place as shown in one of the photographs. The corners were then securely tied; this method saves great expenditure of labor and material, vastly reducing the cost, as proved in the fact that this entire building was erected for two thousand five hundred dollars.

The floors throughout the club are cement, colored in mottled tones of light red and reinforced enough to prevent cracking; treated with an oil finish and waxed, they make an excellent dancing surface. The interior walls in their usual soft gray color scheme, have been surfaced so that both walls and ceiling reflect the colors of the sky and garden from the outside and the colors of the hangings from the inside. This gives the rooms ever-shifting, ever-moving opalescent tints that are far more beautiful than the ordinary dull opaque one-tone effect. The walls, glowing and changing with every hour and mood of the day, are ethereally lovely. To live in such rooms is like living inside of a bubble or in the chalice of a morning glory; delicate pastel colors come and go upon the walls with the witching elusiveness of desert mirage, phantom garden-colors impossible to describe.

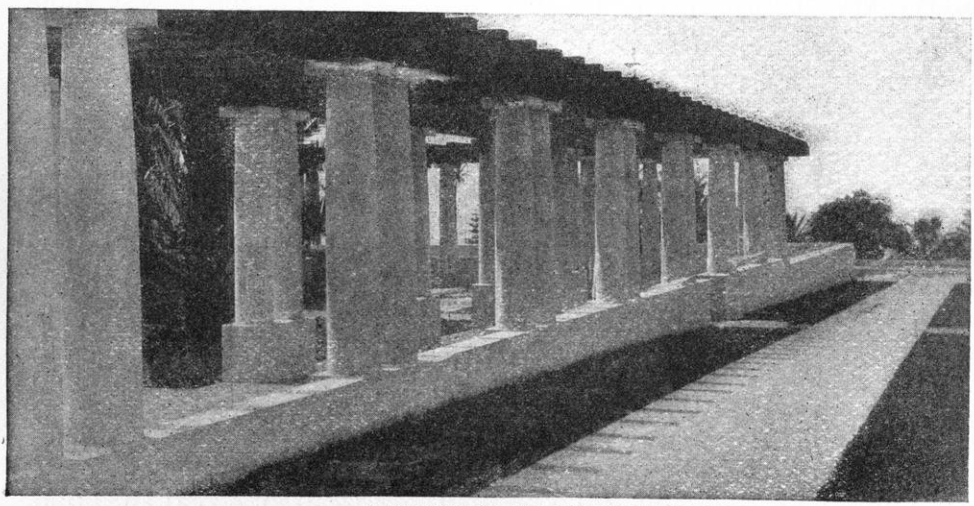
THE plan of this club house is distinctly original. The building faces the sea, only a large garden between. Entering from the street, the walk is through a rich green lawn in which young palm trees have been planted. A large porch, made wide enough for

dancing, runs across the front and partly along each side, ending in a spacious clubroom on the east and a lunch room on the west. On either side of the vestibule are small committee rooms. At the end of the large assembly room, which is in the center of the building, is a stage equipped for amateur performances. Dressing rooms, a property room, a kitchen and the living rooms for the caretaker and his wife at the rear of the garden take up the whole end of the building. By means of large rolling partitions at the side of the assembly room, these three rooms can be thrown into one, making a dancing space fifty by eighty feet. The picture possibility of dancers moving from shadow to bright light, with a background of palms, arches and flowers is one of the chief motives for the generous arrangement. The Californian's love of color and gaiety and beautiful pictures never ceases to enter into the plan of house-building and garden.

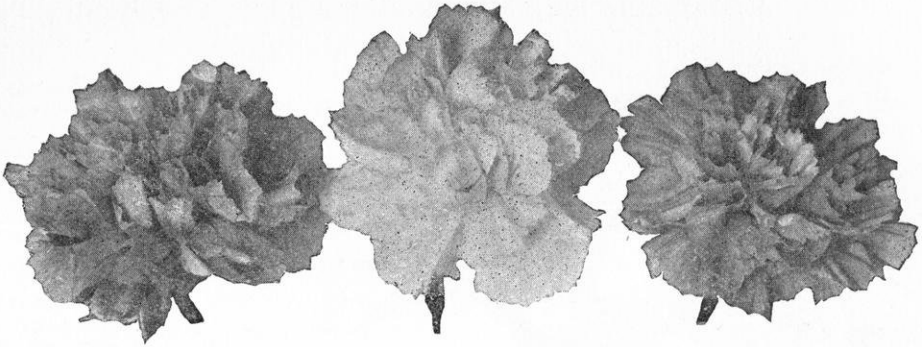
The court at the north with the large pergola is a tea garden, and the rose garden runs all along the south. The garden and pergola walks are red brick laid in herringbone pattern. The pergola columns are concrete with redwood top beams. This same idea of numerous open courts and patios and wide pergolas was carried out in the Bishop's School for Girls, part of this community plan, and was described in THE CRAFTSMAN of September, nineteen fourteen. This of course is in accordance with the Californian demand for outdoor living facilities; in the case of the school building, the pergolas and courts were used as gymnasiums, outdoor study and recitation rooms; in the club house, they are the tea, reception and conversation rooms, for people remain indoors as little as possible out in this flowery, sunny land.

WHOEVER speaks of Irving J. Gill's work or that of his associate, Louis J. Gill, must dwell upon his radical views of design as well as of construction. Architects more than any other creative workers, perhaps, are forced to work somewhat within traditional limits. Their designs must be governed by consideration of practical things, such as cost and endurance of material, size of lot and the personal wishes of the owner. Their work must be beautiful and original in design, permanent in construction, able to withstand fire, time and the elements. Without the tremendous cohesive force of imagination, these herculean tasks could not be performed. Desiring to do his part toward creating a new domestic architecture, Irving Gill threw aside all the conventional standards of known styles and began with the three first principles, the square, the circle and the line. Working with these fundamental powers and ridding his mind of all accepted standards of ornamentation

used to cover up defective lines, he saw that plain diverging horizontal lines were full of fine classic beauty, that arches not only made but framed pictures, that the design of a building must reckon with lights and shadows as well as forms, and that Nature must be taken into partnership and entrusted with the rich task of adding the final beauty to his work. So against the plain walls and simple arches of his designing, he plants creepers that embroider incomparable patterns over the arches and around the pillars, crowd into the corners, delicately outline windows and cornices and mass at irregular intervals along the eaves or the top of walls. The broad sweep of green lawn seems to touch with caressing fingers the walls of this building, drawing them close into the very heart of the garden. And this is done so informally and so graciously that, looking over the building and its surroundings with fresh unprejudiced mind, one could not fail to realize that the richest and most intricate carving or man-made ornamentation of any kind would fail in beauty if compared with the decorative tracery of the green vines. On every side the long sweeping lines of the architecture seem inspired by the gracious curve of the California landscape, fitting in admirably with the low swell of the surf and the gentle range of hills. And the result is an architectural beauty that is neither Italian nor Greek, Spanish nor French, but distinctly Californian, belonging to a new civilization with a new instinct for home building and a new belief in the value of Nature as an architectural aid. As a matter of fact, it is not too much to say that the Gills have in less than a decade achieved the miracle of a new architecture at once practical and satisfying.



A COLONNADE SURROUNDING THE CLUB HOUSE AT LA JOLLA.



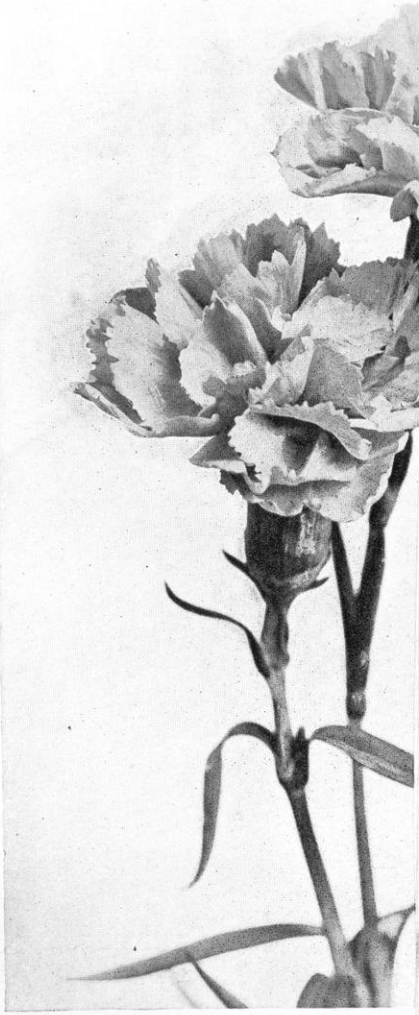
CARNATIONS: JOVE'S DIVINE FLOWER

"RING Coronations and Sops-in-wine!" commanded the old Roman emperors at the climax of their sumptuous feasts. Then would enter processions of dusky slaves, some bearing wreaths of flaming carnations to place upon the fair brows of beautiful women, others with trays piled high with gorgeous sprays of this spicy flower which the men dipped into chalices of wine, to give it added flavor. A flower that could add the supreme note of color to those feasts of splendor must be wonderful, indeed, yet the carnations, even in those days before plant wizards dealt with them, could not only brighten a room already bright, but fill it with perfume as though incense burned. Little wonder it was the favorite of kings as well as the "divine flower" of Jove.

So popular was this flower in the days when Rome was at the height of its power that it was called *Coronatus*. Our translation, coronation flower, easily became carnation. The botanist's name, *Dianthus caryophyllus*, comes from *deus*, divine, and *anthus*, a flower. Sops-in-wine was merely a local name given to an especially spicy variety.

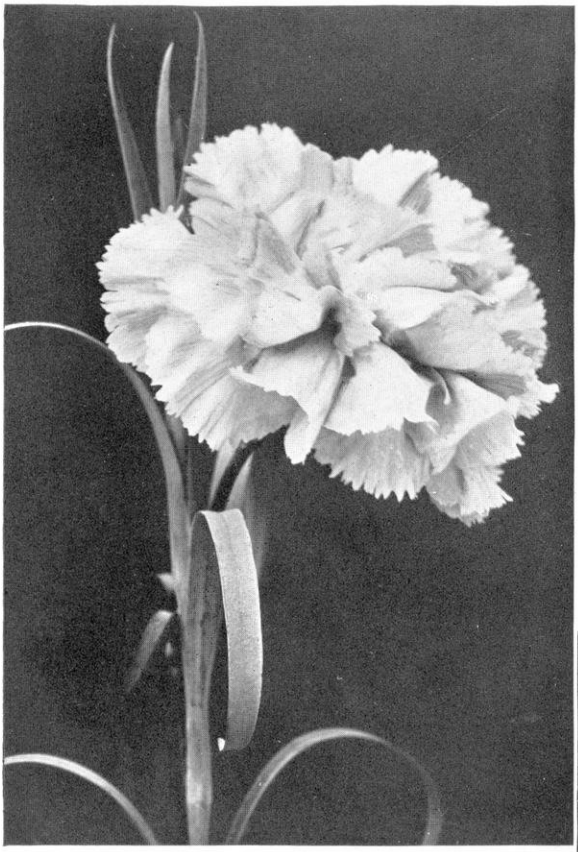
The name gillyflower has often been given to carnations as well as to stocks and wallflowers. Shakespeare separated them in his oft-quoted couplet in the "Winter's Tale"; "The fairest flowers o' the season are our carnations and streaked gillyvors"; but Walter P. Wright, an eminent authority, declares that "streaked gillyvors" were merely striped and slashed varieties of carnations. In the middle English or Elizabethan days the clove carnation was called the winter gillyflower. Picotee, from the French *picoté*, meaning pricked or marked, are but carnations with a second color running around the edge of each petal.

The little wild pinks that are popularly supposed to have received their name because of their color are, if truth be known, responsible for the name pink. The *pinksten*, a German word, was the Whitsun-

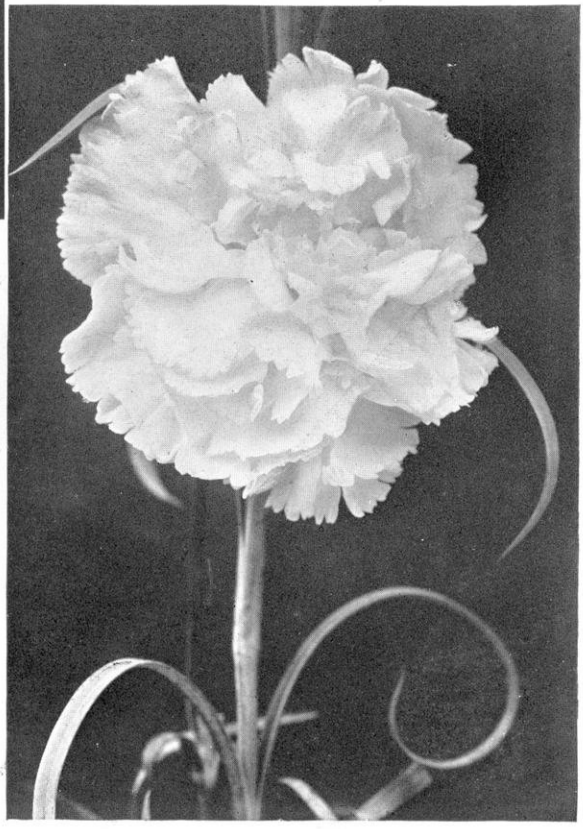


THE CARNATIONS, JOVE'S DIVINE FLOWERS, THOUGH GENERALLY GROWN IN CONSERVATORIES FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES, ARE ONE OF OUR MOST IMPORTANT GARDEN PLANTS FOR MASSED COLORS AND IN BORDERS: THEY MAY BE HAD IN MANY SHADES OF PINK, RED, YELLOW AND WHITE, AND REQUIRE BUT A SLIGHT COVERING DURING THE WINTER.

"MRS. WARD," SHOWN AT THE RIGHT, IS OF A RICH, DEEP PINK, WITH DARKER SHADES OF ROSE: THE STEMS ARE UNUSUALLY LONG AND STRONG, LEAVES SLENDER AND GRACEFUL, MAKING IT ONE OF THE FINEST OF OUTDOOR VARIETIES FOR INDOOR DECORATION: WHEN PLANTED IN A BED BY ITSELF, ITS COLOR IS EXCEPTIONALLY STRIKING.

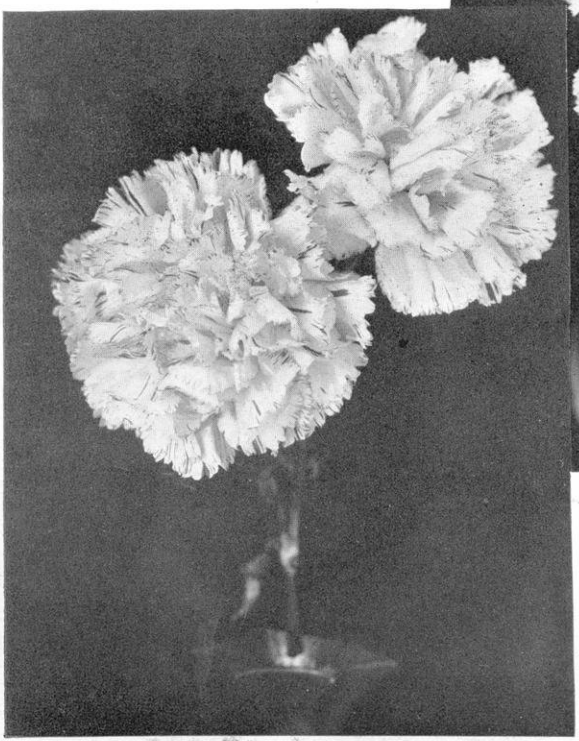


THE "KINGSTON PET," SHOWN AT THE LEFT, IS ONE OF THE NEW HARDY GARDEN VARIETIES, USEFUL AS A BORDER OR BEDDING PLANT: THE HEAD GROWS QUITE CLOSE DOWN TO THE LEAVES, WHICH MAKES IT RATHER TOPHEAVY FOR INDOOR USE: THE PETALS ARE DEEPLY TOOTHED, WHICH GIVES IT UNUSUAL INTEREST: IT IS NOT PARTICULAR AS TO SOIL, BUT MUST BE GROWN IN FULL SUNSHINE: BECAUSE OF THE STOCKY QUALITY OF THIS CARNATION, IT IS ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR BEDDING: THE HEAVY BLOSSOMS DO NOT SNAP OFF WITH THE WINDS, AND BECAUSE THEY ARE PROFUSE BLOOMERS, THEIR MASSES OF COLOR ARE CONSPICUOUS FROM A DISTANCE.



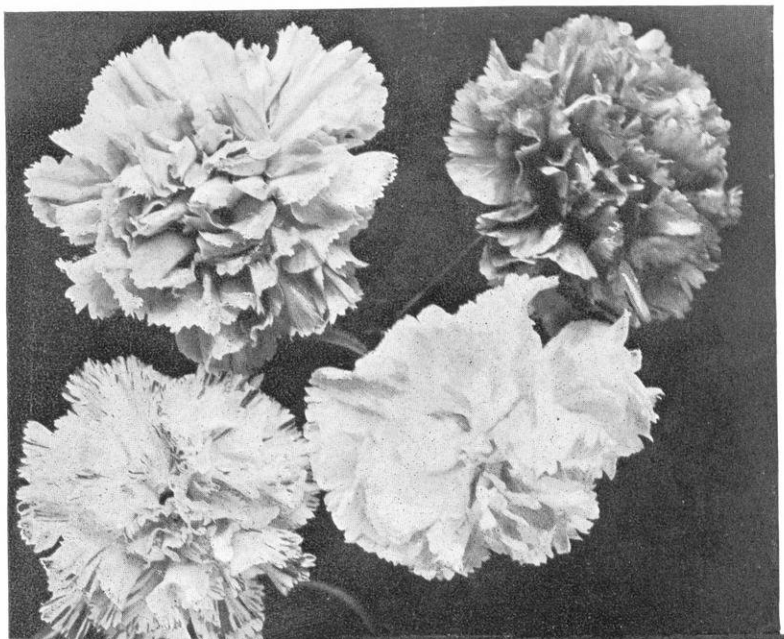
"ALMA WARD," AT THE RIGHT, IS ONE OF THE NEW WHITE CARNATIONS: LARGE, FRAGRANT, PROFUSELY BLOOMING, IT HAS QUICKLY COME INTO POPULARITY: IT IS ESPECIALLY FINE FOR INDOOR DECORATIVE USE, AS IT FALLS NATURALLY INTO GRACEFUL LINES AND EXHALES A DELICIOUS INCENSE: AS WITH ALL CARNATIONS, IT MUST BE KEPT WELL PICKED, ELSE IT WILL DEVELOP SEEDHEADS: AS SOON AS ITS SEEDS HAVE FORMED, IT CEASES TO PUT FORTH BLOSSOMS, SO THAT THE MORE YOU PICK IT FOR INDOOR USE, THE LARGER AND BRIGHTER ARE ITS BLOSSOMS.

AT THE RIGHT IS THE MAGNIFICENT "BAY STATE," SHOWING THE STRAIN OF ITS REMOTE ANCESTRAL "CORONATION" RED: CARNATIONS HAVE BEEN MUCH HYBRIDIZED BY GROWERS, BUT ALWAYS THE RED-VEINED TENDENCY IS FREQUENT: IN THE CASE OF THE "BAY STATE," THE RESULT IS BOTH BRILLIANT AND DISTINCTIVE.

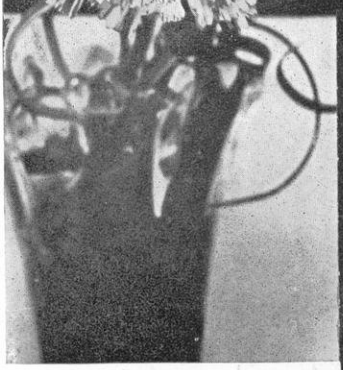


"BONORA," AT THE LEFT, IS ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE CHARMING TRICK OF REVERSION TO TYPE, SO OFTEN SEEN IN CARNATIONS: THE HARLEQUIN TENDENCY IS OFTEN ENCOURAGED, FOR THE TWO-TONED EFFECTS ARE STRIKING AND ATTRACTIVE.

All Carnation Photographs by Courtesy of Nathan R. Graves.



CARNATIONS, WHEN GROWN OUT OF DOORS, CROSS AND RECROSS OF THEMSELVES, SO THAT THE CLEAR IDENTITY OF OLD PLANTS CANNOT ALWAYS BE APPARENT, BUT THE COLOR, FRAGRANCE AND FORM ARE INVARIABLY HARMONIOUS, AND THE CLUSTERS IN VARIETY, AS SHOWN AT THE LEFT, ARE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THOUGH THE NAME OF EACH WAS IN EVIDENCE.



THE PINK AND WHITE "PERFECTION" AT THE RIGHT HAS BEEN FOR YEARS ONE OF THE FAVORITES OF ALL CARNATIONS: THE TONES ARE FLESH OR SUNRISE AND SOFT CREAMY WHITE, AND BEAUTIFUL AS A ROSE IN COLOR: THEY ARE PROFUSE BLOOMERS, EXCEPTIONALLY HARDY AND MOST IMPORTANT WHEN PINK AND WHITE MIXED BORDERS ARE TO BE PLANTED.

blooming pink gillyflower. From this came the term pink. The single annual pinks are among our most popular flowers for garden effects. They are easily grown, produce single flowers two or three inches in diameter that are fringed, ragged or plain, brilliantly marked or evenly colored and always sweetly scented.

The crimson belle, Heddewigii (a Japanese variety), salmon queen, marvelous, vesuvius, her majesty, semperflorens, perpetual snow, Elizabeth Peters, essex witch, Ruby King and Mrs. True, are but a few of the lovely varieties that are so satisfactory for borders or for massed effects of color. They are of the improved old-fashioned sort loved by our grandmothers, near relations to the dear sweet williams. Here again confusion arises, for the fragrant bearded pinks were at one time subdivided into sweet johns and sweet williams, the difference being only a matter of width of leaf. These old-fashioned pinks and their new-fashioned varieties need no winter protection and come up year after year without special attention. They are so lovely to look at, to arrange in vases and to mass in borders, so fragrant, dependable and bright, that it seems as though no garden could be complete without them.

Though grown so frequently as a winter house or conservatory plant, the carnation well deserves an important place in gardens. The Marguerites are perhaps the best for general outdoor culture, because they flower in a few weeks after sowing. Even with these and the Chabaud type the stems are long and strong and the blossoms large and abundant. Like all the carnations, they are variously fringed and colored and delightfully scented. They require but a slight covering during winter, are not at all particular about soil, but should be given a sunny location that their colors may be of the richest. Without bright sun there can be no bright color.

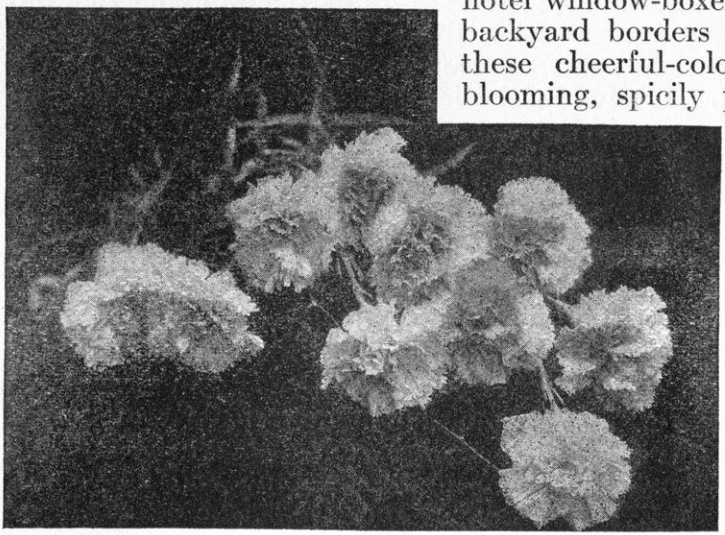
Though all growers have specialties of their own, there are certain standard varieties demanded by garden makers that are carried by all dealers. The white enchantress, wonderfully large and fragrant; victory, a brilliant scarlet; Mrs. Ward, rich deep pink; Delhi, bright red; enchantress, rose pink; giant perpetual (McKinley), dazzling scarlet; giant perpetual (Comtesse de Paris), unusual yellow; riviera market, very double, different shades; Alice, soft exquisite pink; matchless, large white; Princess Dagmar, dark crimson, are all to be highly recommended for outdoor planting because of their hardiness and beauty.

As to the culture of these "coronation" flowers, little need be said, for unless they are intended for exhibition display, it is of the simplest. Seeds should be sown thinly in June and covered to one-half inch depth. When seedlings show sufficient development,

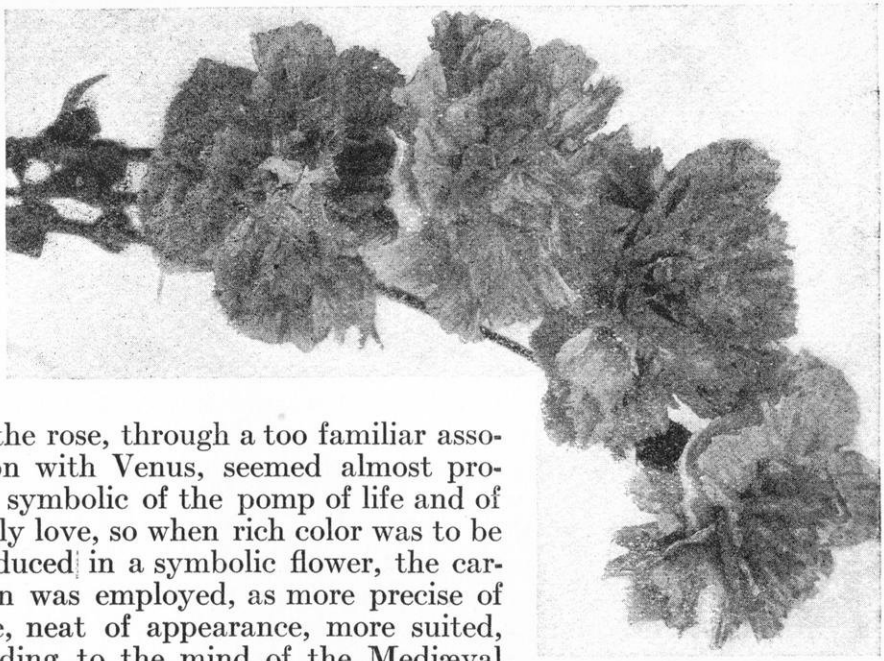
they should be set out where they are to bloom in the fall or the following spring in alternate rows about fifteen inches apart. Plants already grown should be bought in March or October and placed where they are to remain. The process of layering, the only one to be recommended when special varieties are to be preserved, is also simple. Take the small leaflets from a short length of stem about three inches from the plant to be reproduced, cut half way through the short stem as if to sever it, then change the direction of cut to the center of stem toward the top of shoot. Thus a slit is made into which a pebble can be inserted to keep it open. Bend this into the ground and peg firmly into a mound of sandy soil put upon the ground for this purpose. When roots have formed around the slit, the young plants may be cut from the parent plant and set where they are to remain in the garden or put into pots and taken into the house.

Carnations do not require any particular kind of soil, though for the best results the ground should be well drained and loosened a foot or more in depth. Wood ashes or road grit mixed into it and a light dressing of well decayed manure will be appreciated by the growing plants. Wire worm, their chief enemy, must be fought with compounds in the form of sprays or powders that are dug into the ground. Within doors carnations are sometimes attacked by a fungoid disease. When such a disease first shows, the leaves should be cut off and burned and the plant sprayed with sulphide of potassium dissolved in water.

The carnation, above all plants, unless it be the chrysanthemum, is most at home in cities. For banquet tables, room decoration, for hotel window-boxes, jardinières, for backyard borders or park display, these cheerful-colored, profusely blooming, spicily perfumed, hardy plants are unexcelled.



The part the carnation has played in the early ecclesiastical art of Venice and Northern Italy is of picturesque interest. To the mind of those devout religion-



CARNATIONS ARE ESPECIALLY GRACEFUL FOR INDOOR DECORATION.

ists, the rose, through a too familiar association with Venus, seemed almost profane, symbolic of the pomp of life and of earthly love, so when rich color was to be introduced in a symbolic flower, the carnation was employed, as more precise of shape, neat of appearance, more suited, according to the mind of the Mediæval artist to divine art. The Italian painters sometimes put a carnation in a vase with a violet beside the Virgin. The Germans represented it as falling from heaven with celestial roses. In the early devotional poems of the German monks, the *nelkin*, a pink peony or gillyflower, was occasionally used as symbolic of the Virgin. One poet praising the Virgin said to her: "Thou art a fragrant gillyflower sprig." On the feast day of St. John in Rome it is the custom for the people to bring carnations to the altar instead of roses.

La Malmaison, the château of Napoleon and Josephine, was no doubt named from the Malmaison tree or perpetual carnation which they raised in profusion all over the grounds of this famous retreat. The Empress Josephine was enthusiastically fond of carnations, and grew the best varieties of the time. The Malmaison was a lovely flesh pink and strongly scented of clove. The tree or perpetual carnations are of a tall, stocky, vigorous growth, easily distinguished from any other variety, and bloom both winter and summer.

Whether the variety known as Souvenir de Malmaison, developed in France, had the honor of naming the royal château or was named because of it is not certain, but the fact of its presence in such quantities and in such conspicuous positions on this historic spot could hardly have been accidental.

LINDEN IN BUD.

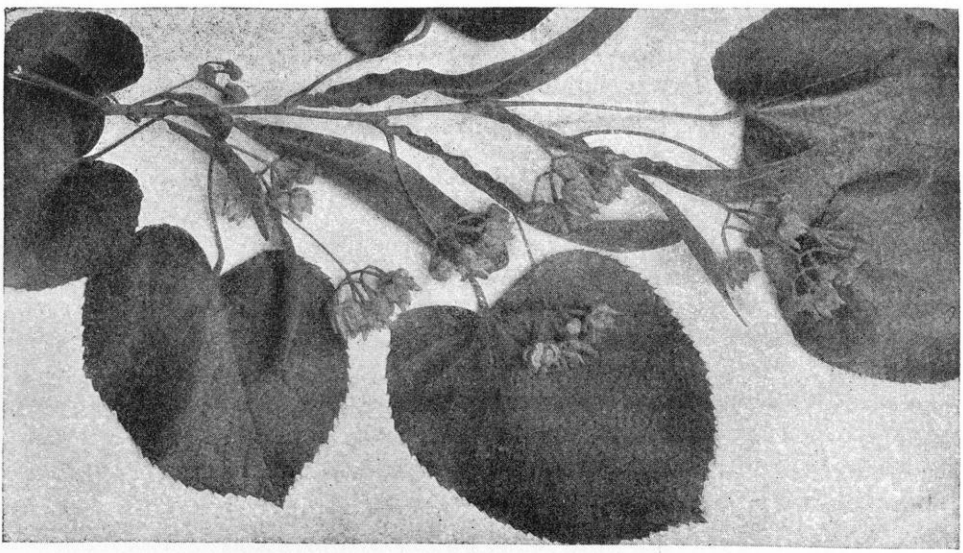
FRAGRANT BLOSSOMING TREES FOR THE STREET AND GARDEN

IT would seem that trees, those supreme creations of the plant world, with their noble shafts, spreading graceful branches, cool depth of shadow and quivering green leaves, crowned by the sun and made musical by the winds, were of supreme beauty, yet to many of them has been added the special gift of blossoms. Flowers, softly tinted as the modest herbs of the ground, crowd the leaves of some species out of sight. Others put forth great white-petaled blossoms that look as though white birds had alighted among the branches. Nothing in the plant world is lovelier than our fruit trees in blossom. Our wild crabs, plums and cherries, our scarlet haws and white thorns, mountain ash, silver bells, dogwoods, buckeyes, locusts, magnolias, catalpa, tulips, madrones, eucalyptus and acacias are of superb beauty when in full bloom.

The power and graciousness of Nature is shown at its full in the trees. They give us coolness in summer, warmth in winter. They give us food and clothing. Upon them we depend mostly for our homes and for our ships that visit our neighbor lands. They govern the fall of rain and regulate the flow of rivers. They possess decided individuality of character, so that, like people, they develop very

differently. They grow old gracefully or pitifully, fight enemies, struggle patiently with adverse conditions, brace themselves against the force of storms and respond sympathetically to care.

Trees are the first consideration of the landscape gardener. To them we must look for masses of shadow, effective sky line and focusing of interest. Their position is of prime importance; then come the shrubs, the perennials and finally the bright stream of annuals. Among the blossoming trees suitable for landscape work the tulip is perhaps first. Lofty of beauty, slender of form, with blossoms standing up like candle flames, it is a glorious sight indeed. The magnolia is another of our most conspicuous flowering trees. Some species cover the trees with white blossoms early in the season when flowers are doubly welcome. Sometimes these early blossoms which come before the leaves are caught in a flurry of snow. Other varieties flower after the great shining leaves that distinguish this family are fully out, the white flowers showing radiantly against the brilliant green. They are rather difficult trees to start, but are hardy after they have become established. The horse-chestnut makes a fine spring display with its large pendant trusses of blossoms. Associated with these early blossoming trees are of course the great company of fruit trees and the beloved hawthorns, dogwoods and the favorite locusts. The fine mountain ash comes later. Nearly all our conifers blossom in the early winter season. The snow drifts are often powdered with the falling pollen that gives the most notice-



A BRANCH OF LINDEN IN BLOOM.

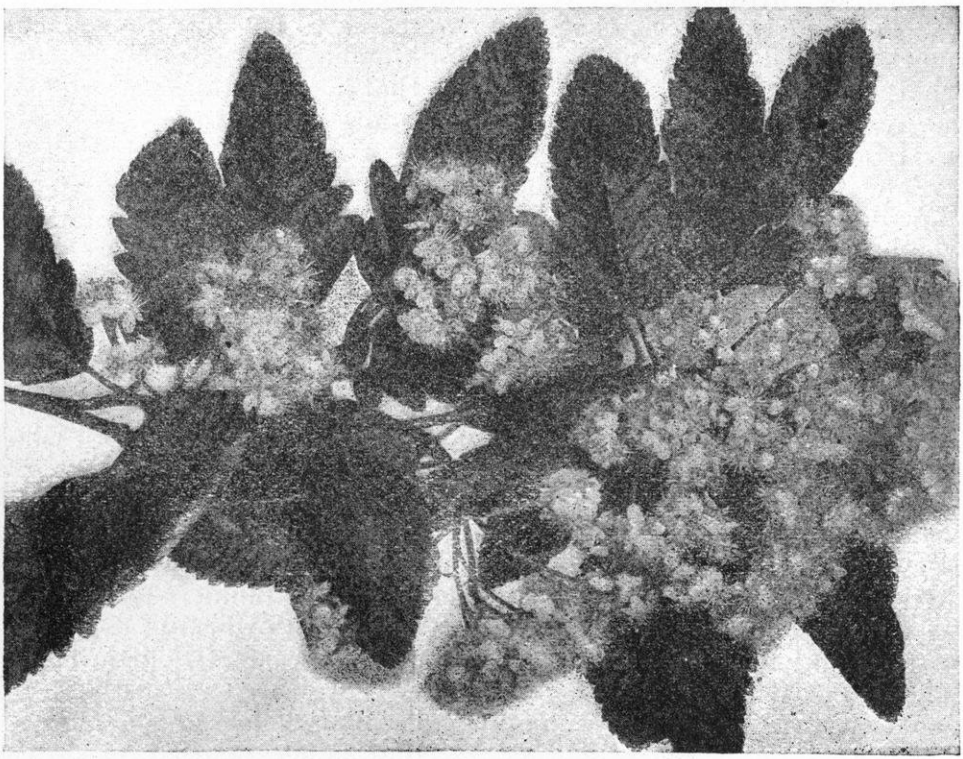
MOUNTAIN ASH IN FULL BLOOM.

able indication that the trees are in bloom, for the blossoms are anything but showy. They are mostly minute, orchid colored, strangely formed, borne so far above our reach that a careless observer seldom sees them. Many of our trees, like certain shrubs, shake out yellowish or greenish catkins until the branches are fairly fringed with them. Some trees, like the linden, bear heavily perfumed flowers. No tree is finer than the linden, for it grows gracefully, provides an expanse of shade and is able to endure the dirt and soot of streets. The European linden is even better than our own, because it is of harder wood and a little more rugged. It is an excellent forest tree, for every part of it is of some important use. The flowers are full of honey and the seed balls full of oil. From its branchlets, charcoal is made and its wood is useful for a thousand purposes. One of the most famous avenues in the world is the linden-bordered street of Berlin known as "Unter den Linden." The French about the time of Louis Fourteenth began to plant the linden extensively along their streets and roadways instead of the chestnut, which they had become tired of, so that Paris is now distinguished by its beautiful avenues of lindens. Linnæus, the great botanist, had his name from a great linden tree that stood in his father's yard. They are very easily propagated, for the young seeds which fly away with the wind on leaf wings will grow in almost any damp soil. Even the twigs that get blown off in a gale will strike root if they happen to fall in favorable ground. They also spring up as suckers from the roots of the larger trees.

The mountain ash is another tree that should be used for garden

planting. It is a small tree that grows so gracefully and puts forth such clusters of white flowers, which later become bunches of red berries, that it has a distinct ornamental value. The birds love its berries, another good reason for growing it in the garden. The flowers, growing in clusters, look much like the elder. The eucalyptus of California, so acceptable as a street tree, is often cultivated in the garden because of its beautiful blossoms.

When planting our streets and gardens it would be well to give our blossoming trees more careful consideration. Avenues of locusts and lindens, parks with magnolias, tulips and hawthorns placed within sight of the streets would help to bring our cities up to the standard of those of other lands noted for picturesque and beautiful streets. The elms of the East, acacias and eucalyptus of the West, magnolias and palms of the South and apple trees of New England are almost as famous abroad as the cherries of Japan, lindens of Germany, chestnuts and poplars of France and spices of Ceylon. With a notably large variety of hardy native blossoming trees, every city could have distinctive streets which besides shade and healthfulness would give the joy of flowers borne in the air, out of reach of destructive traffic.



BEAUTY FOR THE BACK ENTRANCE: INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT IN RECENT DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

"TRUTH will out," in architecture as well as speech. For although the old proverb credits walls with ears, they have also the gift of language—for those who understand. Sooner or later, whether we like it or not, they reveal our secrets—our ideals, habits and shortcomings. And one of the most telltale of all architectual features is the back entrance!

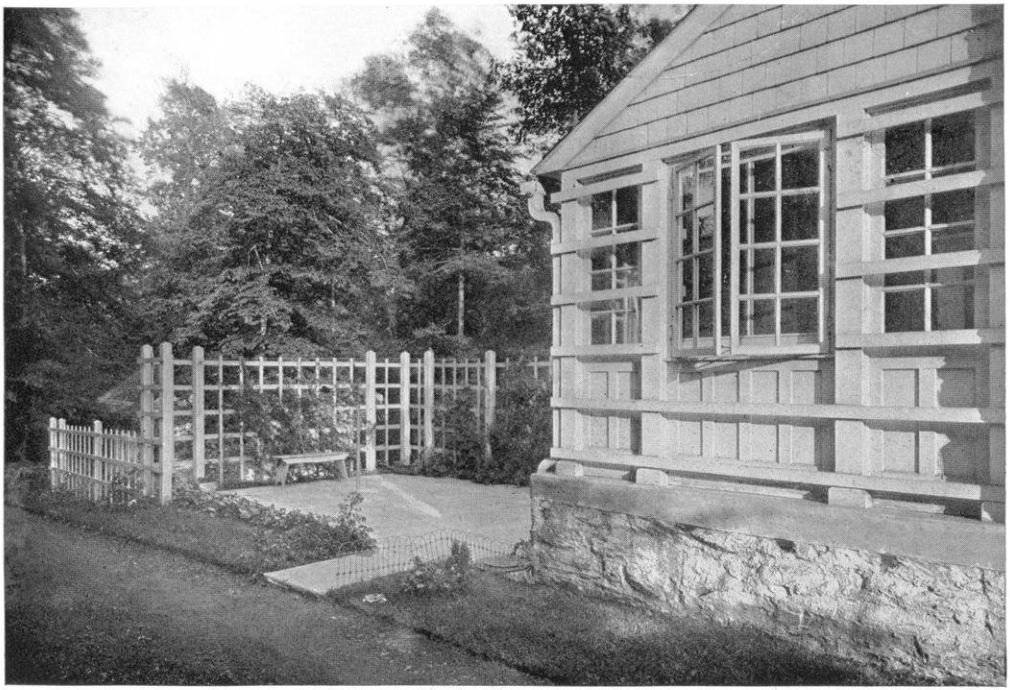
Its gossip, unhappily, is not always of a flattering nature. And no wonder, for we have frequently failed to treat it with the respect and kindness it deserves. In spite of our fine talk about equality and democracy, a certain snobbishness has crept from our lives and thoughts into the construction of our homes. We have laid too much emphasis upon our front garden and our front doorway, and have neglected the humbler but equally useful rear. We have thought of it as merely the servants' or the tradesmen's entrance, and our sense of caste has somehow freed us from the obligation to make it beautiful. Or perhaps our money and our imagination have been devoted so enthusiastically to making the house attractive from the viewpoint of the street, that when we came to consider the service quarters we had nothing left but indifference and economy. But whatever the motives, the fact remains that in the majority of American homes the back entrance is still a more or less forlorn and unlovely spot.

The growing interest in home-building, however, promises to remedy this long neglect. The homes that are being built today, whether town houses, suburban cottages or country bungalows, show that the back entrance is coming into its own. Its planning is convenient, its construction simple, neat, appropriate; it possesses a definite architectural charm, whether through harmony of design, beauty of materials and coloring, or a picturesque use of vines, shrubs and flowers. It links the kitchen porch to the back garden by a gentle and inviting transition, and gladdens the eyes of all who see it.

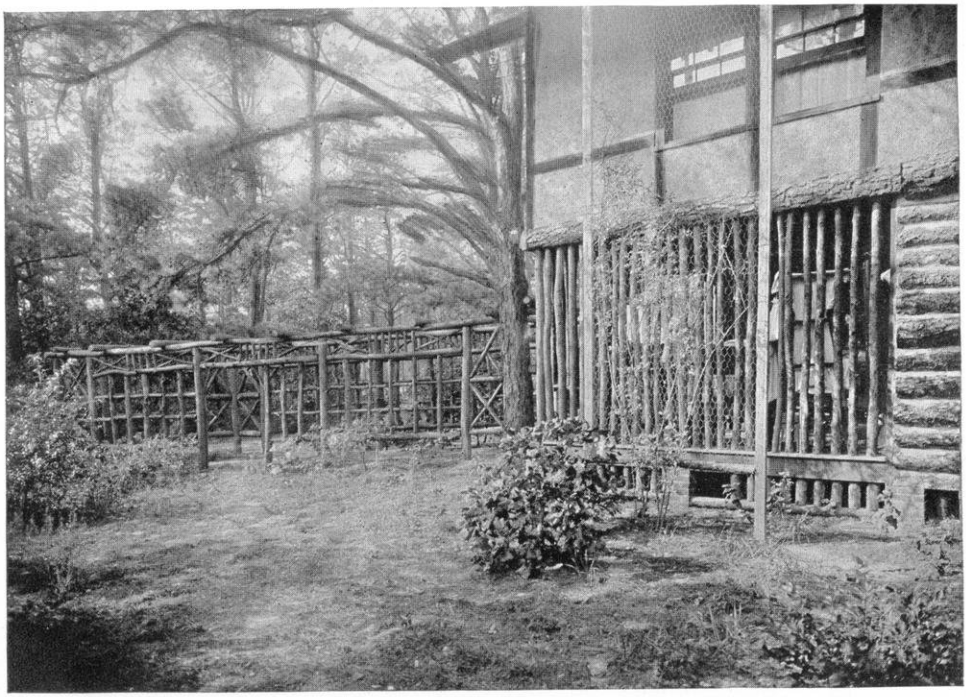
Nor is this attitude limited to newly erected homes. It is spreading also among the old ones. Stirred from indifference by the increasing interest in civic improvement, and by the charming results that have been achieved by beauty-loving home-builders and architects throughout the country, many tenants and owners of even the plainest and most unprepossessing houses have started little campaigns of their own.

Under their eager hands the once-dilapidated back stoops, yards

THIS ENTRANCE OF ROUGH STUCCO WALL ON A BASE OF FIELD STONE, CAPPED BY A SLOPING RIDGE OF BRICK, IS BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH TO BE THE MAIN ENTRANCE: AN INEXPENSIVE WIRE ARCH, HALF-COVERED BY CLIMBING ROSES, AND THE SHRUBS AT THE EDGE OF THE GRASS AT THE CORNER OF THE BUILDING FORM A FRIENDLY AND GRACIOUS ENTRANCE AT LITTLE EXPENSE, ATTRACTIVE IN ANY LOCALITY.

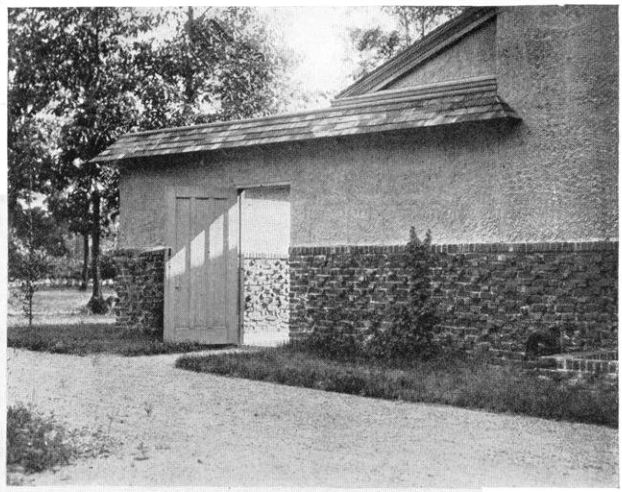


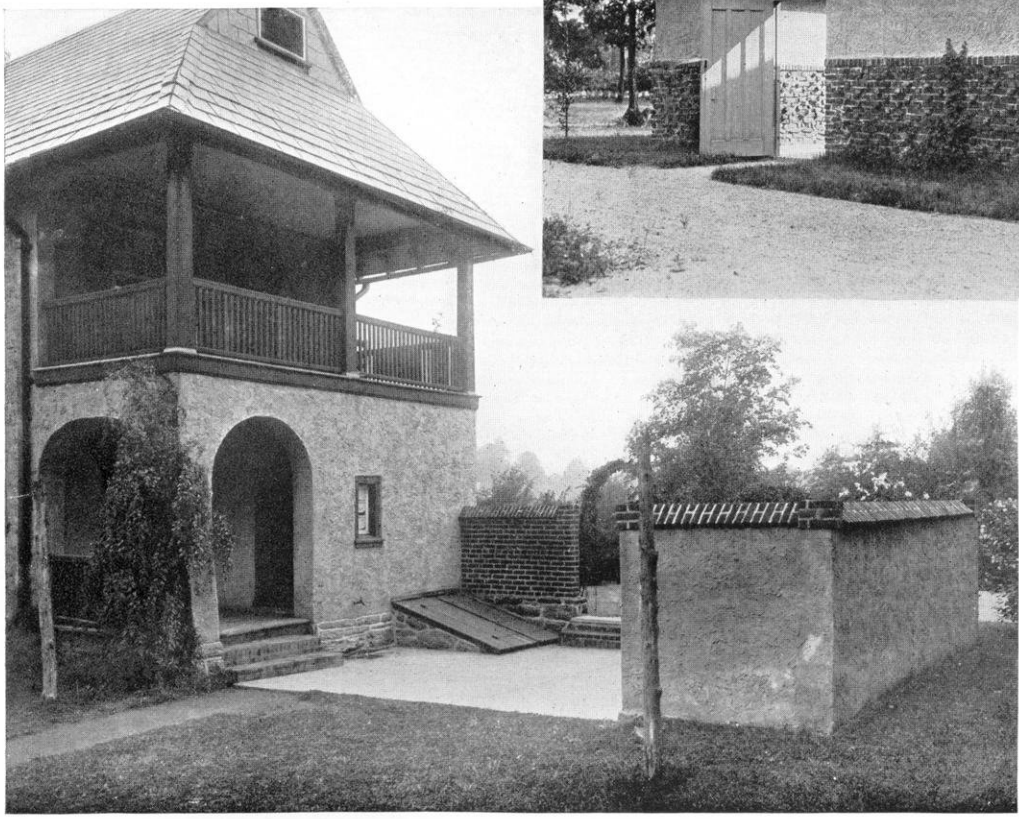
THE SERVICE GATE OF CYPRESS AND THE ROUGH STONE WALL SHOWN IN THE LOWER PHOTOGRAPH REMIND ONE OF THE CHARM OF THE OLD ENGLISH ENTRANCES, WHILE THE OPEN INFORMALITY OF THE UPPER COURT IS DISTINCTLY AMERICAN.



FOR A COUNTRY ESTATE, THE RUSTIC OF THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH IS EMINENTLY SUITABLE, WHILE THE LATTICE IN THE LOWER ONE IS PRIMARILY FITTING FOR THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE SUBURBAN HOUSE.

AT THE RIGHT IS SHOWN A COMBINATION WALL THAT WITH NO ATTEMPT AT DECORATION, IS NEVERTHELESS ATTRACTIVE: THE DARK STRIP OF GRASS BLENDS WELL WITH THE DARK PART OF THE FOUNDATION.





THIS BRICK-CAPPED WALL OF ROUGH CEMENT FORMS A SECLUDED, DIGNIFIED AND PRACTICAL PROTECTION FOR A SUBURBAN HOME: WHEN VINES CLAMBER ABOVE AND LOOK OVER, THEY WILL FIND A HAPPY SETTING.

and doorways have resumed a youthful look. A coat of paint has restored the woodwork to its pristine freshness; green or white latticework has brightened the somber walls; pergolas, arbors or rustic benches have given the surroundings a habitable and alluring air, forming a pleasant link between the kitchen and the garden; ivy, grapevines, Virginia creeper or climbing roses have been coaxed to cover and to beautify with their gracious foliage gateways, fences and walls. Perhaps even little borders of perennials, and a few evergreens and shrubs have been planted to add further warmth and color to the scene.

And thus the old back entrance is transformed! It is no longer a social outcast in the architectural world. The days of its aesthetic sorrow are forgotten, and it seems positively to smile an invitation to every passerby, greeting milkman and grocer's boy, maid and visitor, with a cheery hospitality to which class distinction is unknown.

IT has always been the standpoint of THE CRAFTSMAN that whatever the builder has to do should be done well, and that no detail is too small or too prosaic to be beneath the need of good craftsmanship. Indeed, we have always felt that the back of the house is even more important, in a sense, than the front, since it is more intimately associated with the private life of the family in home and garden. We are happy, therefore, to help welcome the long-abused back entrance to its rightful place and prestige in the modern home, and to show by the accompanying illustrations what some of our architects have accomplished in the design, construction and planting of this important feature.

The first of our photographs reveals a back entrance of exceptional charm. Indeed, so friendly and gracious is it that unless one knew its location one could hardly guess from the picture whether it was front, side or rear. Yet what could be simpler than the materials and planting to which its picturesque, old-fashioned beauty is due? A rough stucco wall on a base of field stone, capped by a sloping ridge of brick; a plain opening through which irregular flagstones lead to a garden court; an inexpensive wire arch half covered by climbing roses, and shrubs at each side on the grass.

The next picture suggests a delightful rustic treatment for the rear of a woodland home. In the corner of this log and concrete dwelling is the kitchen, screened from the garden by a unique arrangement of thin upright logs. A long rustic pergola stretches out from the back of the building toward the pine trees at the foot of the garden, bringing the house into close harmony with its environment.

A very different but equally interesting service entrance is seen in the following view, where a massive wall of field stone, with wide, rough cement joints and slanting coping of brick shelters the garden. Between the brick-capped posts of stone swings a dark wooden gate with a rather decorative and unusual top, that is quite in keeping with the general structure and design of the house. Here also there is practically no attempt at decoration, save what is gained through interesting use of the materials; yet the whole effect is one of sturdy sincerity and unassuming beauty that suggest the informal appeal of an old-fashioned farm.

LATTICEWORK is another form of structure that proves very successful for the rear entrances of frame houses, since it serves the double purpose of a partial screen and a support for vines, and at the same time adds a decorative note to the grounds. In two of the photographs will be seen examples of this construction that are particularly effective. In one case the lattice around the paved court repeats the lines of the small-paned casements and the horizontal strips against the house—the latter evidently intended for vines—and the arrangement results in a pleasant blending of the building and garden with the background of trees. In the other instance, a white wicket gate leads from the side path into the latticed garden, and forms an attractive contrast with the solid surface of the stuccoed wall. At present, there is an air of newness, but the planting of a few vines against the lattice and wall will soon soften the structures and link them with the ground.

Sometimes the back entrance takes the form of an enclosed courtyard, such as shown in another of the illustrations, in which brick, stucco and shingles are happily combined. The brick in the lower part of the wall, being laid in irregular fashion, with rough projecting faces, gives an air of weathered age, and when broken with a few more vines will lose its monotony. The shingles, sloping over the stuccoed surface above, form a sort of hood for the wooden door.

Another variation on the courtyard idea is pictured in the view below, and the construction here is especially good. The house itself rests on a field-stone foundation, above which are roughly plastered walls, with dark wood trim for windows and balcony, and roof of slate. A note of brick is added in the two little steps that lead up to the recessed corner porch with its simple arches, and brick is also used for the wall that partially encloses the paved court. The outside of the wall, however, is plastered like the house, so that from without one sees the brick along the top only. Here again the materials are of the simplest, and they are used in a practical construc-

tion, the picturesqueness resulting from the coloring, texture and proportions and not from any obvious attempt at ornament.

From these few but interesting examples, the imaginative home-builder may draw many suggestions for his own use. The possibilities for beauty of structure are unlimited, and since success does not necessarily depend upon a lavish outlay, original and charming results are within reach of practically all who are building or remodeling a home. And surely, when such a friendly atmosphere can be secured for the kitchen porch and its adjoining features, the maid or the woman who does her own housework will no longer have an unlovely outlook to bewail. Instead, she will feel that the "service" portion of the home is being at last accorded its due distinction, and that the back entrance, made neat and beautiful, will symbolize in its own cheerful, unassuming way, the dignity of labor and the joy of work well done

It is possible that this development of beauty at the back of the house, the service end, may do something toward the solution of the servant problem in America. We certainly in the past have not studied very profoundly the comfort and convenience of the people who make comfort and convenience in our own lives possible. The least attractive room has always been the kitchen. The smallest, darkest and coldest rooms have been the servants' quarters. And the outlook from their quarters has been a matter of no interest whatever. We would have thought it extravagant in the past to have given time, attention and money to the beautifying of the quarter of the house in which our helpers lived.

A change of point of view is coming about through two channels in regard to our attitude toward our servants in America. In the first place the supply of servants is going to run very short here on account of the war and the almost complete cessation of immigration; on the other hand, women are becoming through the Suffrage movement more thoughtful, more truly enlightened, hence humanitarian. The time has come when a woman cannot take ease and comfort at the price of misery and discomfort to other human beings and the beautifying of the back of the house is unquestionably one phase of this form of enlightenment.

JOY: BY MARJORIE SUTHERLAND

THINK I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained;
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;
Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of owning things;
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago;
Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

WHITMAN'S unfenced lines seem refreshing in this day of insomnia and much pulling in all strata of society in order to extract some species of "problem." We may gloat over the racy half-truth of Whitman's observations and try to make ourselves believe that it would bring us joy to be a pig without any troubles. But to be a beast without troubles is not perhaps the realization of joy, at least no beast has ever revealed to us its beatific state. Even the little vivid flashes of joy which come like lightning to the painfullest lives, even these, it seems to me, are worth the *other* sorrows of being human. And this reminds me of a moment of joy which I, in a sort of second-hand fashion, once saw in the life of another. I did not know the person, had never seen her before, nor have I seen her since, and yet I know that however dull or painful or stormy life has been to her—once at least she knew a moment of perfect joy.

It happened in a railway station in a busy unpoetic Western town, on a clear day of July that I saw a girl waiting for someone. I have seen many women who were more beautiful, indeed there were handsomer ones in that very station, only this one seemed to be glorified with the radiance of a great expectation, and instinctively I knew that she was waiting for her lover. She was slender and tall, dressed simply in a lavender gown with long white gloves and a white hat. The clothes were perfectly ordinary, except that they almost glowed with tiptoe anticipation of bliss. When she came into the waiting-room she looked immediately at the clock, then she removed the glove from her right hand, tucked it in carefully at the wrist, and sat down. A train boomed into the station, and instantly the girl sprang up, then looked at her clock again and sat down. It was not *her* train. She smoothed out her dress prettily just as if she were a little girl who had been warned against wrinkles and dust. But she was not a little girl.

There was a prophetic consciousness of womanhood in her manner. All the blood of her grandmothers who had waited sometime beside a brook, under a lilac-tree or beside the church door for their mates—all the tingling expectant blood of dead women who had once been happy, glowed in the girl's cheeks as she waited.

And then a second train arrived, but of course eagerness had brought her there much too early. She was youthfully impatient and yet if only she could have realized how sweet it was to wait! The hungry wistful suspense that precedes realization—perhaps this is compensation for the pangs of disillusionment. To believe—just once—that something will be perfect, surely this exquisite faith is worth the price of imperfect reality. In years to come when the girl's bright brown hair had faded and when the wonderful passion-light in her eyes had died, perhaps she would remember this moment when she had been perfectly happy, when faith and youth conspired to elevate her to an ecstasy which reality might never fulfill—"once in my girlhood, on the sixth of July, when my blood ran warm and when desire was a slow great flame within me—once I knew a moment of perfect joy, once before anything happened, before anything was real, like a vision of heaven, like a dream of peace—once, ah, once!"

And then the third train came in. She walked quickly to the door and looked down the long line of dusty coaches. She was utterly oblivious to the activities of her fellow men. As far as her interest in them was concerned they lived on another planet or they were quite dead and buried. It was just as if she were alone by a brook or under a lilac-tree as her grandmothers had been—she was so perfectly sure of her moment. Detectives and undertakers and sweating burden-bearers were meeting that train also, but it was nothing to her. Why should it be? Life doesn't give us many moments like this. The sunshine of that too brilliant summer day intensified the splendor of the girl's eyes. Her hands were clenched tightly—the pink ungloved right that would soon clasp its mate. Underneath her modestly sweet gown one could see the rapid rise and fall of her young breast. A wonderful sight for her lover. Ah, it was *his* moment too, only men cannot give themselves, all of themselves like that.

They filed down from the cars after the democratic American fashion, richman, poorman, beggarman—I saw the girl's hands clasped tightly under her chin. She had seen him. She held out her hands and gave herself to him as a child gives away a full-blown rose.

The moment of joy was over, gone like a snuffed flame. Before this lonely pair stretched the world of reality and they were to make of it what they could.

THE MAGPIE NOTE IN NEW AMERICAN FURNITURE

THE black and white craze in furnishings swept over to America several years ago by way of Hoffman in Vienna and Poiret in Paris. Biedmeyer, too, gave us a turn in his half-mourning interior decorations and Lotta thrilled us with her startling splashes of green or orange on linens and silks of wide black and white striped backgrounds. All of these artists in fabrics had their vogue with us. We used their original materials, we copied them and we adapted them in a gentle manner to our more modified interests in life. But it is a rare thing today in America to see even a Hoffman room, to say nothing of an entire house, although Austria still clings to this man's extraordinary and startling fascination. Biedmeyer is almost exclusively seen in Vienna. Poiret is, if alive, fighting for his country.

There is no doubt about the fact that the use of color and color combinations in household decorations must to a greater or less degree express the emotional interests in life of the nation originating said combinations, just as in Holland, the gray land of intense people, the houses are painted warm reddish brown and the sails a rich blue and the gardens flame with the most brilliant flowers in the world; while in France, where the fields and hills are saturated with sunlight, and the nation more or less artificial, the most delicate color tints and combinations of harmonies have originated. The present craze for color or for black and white in juxtaposition with color sprang out of the interests of the Hungarian and Austrian peasants, whose lives are dull and temperament quicksilver. In fact, the most interesting designs used today in the Vienne Werkstaatte were taken from the brilliant compositions of some of the old Hungarian pottery. Lotta's richest fabrics suggest Hungarian peasant work.

Our attitude toward all of this more or less new art movement has been one of amused interest. It is as though we had said: "It is humorously pleasing for the moment, it astonishes our neighbors and gives us an air of being innovators." But this point of view never accomplishes anything. It is essential for one's interest to be deep-seated to create what is either beautiful or permanent, and all along with this Viennese movement, we have known that we were merely sidestepping for a fad, never for a moment making actual progress in creating a valuable style in American furniture.

A notable exception to this certain flippant tendency in modern furnishings is the beautiful American ivory and black furniture created by the furniture craftsmen, A. H. Notman & Co. The

designs of this furniture are distinctly elegant. The ivory tone is so rich and soft that it has the effect of being treated with wax. The black is so handled in the low relief that it does little more than give the effect of carving. It is a furniture which lends itself most interestingly to Oriental color harmonies, to French delicate period designs or to modern block-printed linens and raw silks.

THE same firm is also presenting what they call polychrome furniture. This is ivory white in ground, cut in low relief for ornamentation, and black, dull red, green, yellow and blue filled-in designs, a kind of decoration we are told employed by the ancient Greeks and Romans in their household articles, as well as in their architecture, and to be found in the relics that are even now being unearthed from the buried ruins of Pompeian homes. In our illustrations we are showing only the Notman ivory and black furniture, as the coloring in the polychrome ornamentation is more difficult to reproduce, though on the whole possibly more rich and interesting in effect. The special pieces of ivory and black illustrating this article are not only durable and graceful, but are particularly effective in the modern American drawing room. This furniture is so unusual, so distinctly original, so suited to a variety of backgrounds and personal tastes, that we feel it important to describe it in detail.

THE grooves are painted black and the surface is treated with a special mixture of paint which gives a curious, mottled, rich ivory effect, calling to mind old museum pieces so enriched with age that they seem to have gone through a process of delicate mellowing that the finest craftsman could not achieve. The black stripes and bands and other decorative marks give a peculiar emphasis against the old ivory, and form a contrast which is both rich and subtle, curiously complete and permanent in result.

As this furniture carries only two tones, used in a markedly decorative fashion, it is peculiarly effective in relation to plain colors in upholstery, draperies and walls. Pompeian red, burnt orange and deep vivid blue velours are particularly rich in combination. Rather delicate shades of rose or even lavender may also be employed, but brown should be sternly avoided. Tapestry effects or some of the new block-printed linens thought out in relation to the draperies would be gratifying. As there is sufficient of the black and ivory stripe effect in most of the tables, chairs and lamp shades, it will be found best not to use the same pattern for draperies, as repetition of *motif* in furniture and upholstery is apt to be monotonous. Indeed, plain hangings at the windows and other openings would probably prove the most

effective background for the furniture, giving at the same time an atmosphere of restfulness.

The armchair and the two side chairs shown among our illustrations are especially worth noting, as to design and decoration. In the first one, the arms form a graceful continuation of the front legs, while the rear legs are carried up with very faint curves into the back. The bases of the legs are joined by carved cross pieces which add a graceful note, and the black and ivory striped covering of the seat repeats the black and ivory decorations of the chair itself.

The sofa harmonizes perfectly in design and decoration with the armchair. In fact, it is practically the same design elongated and with double panel back. While shown here with black and ivory striped, upholstered seat, it would also be effective in some plain color velour to match the color scheme of the room.

The two other chairs, although of the same general type as to finish, show considerable variation in structural detail and in ornament. The chair on the left is very simple in construction, the only noticeable design being in the center of the back, which is made in the form of a semi-classical ornament in black and ivory. Lines of black are also used to define the back and legs. The right hand chair has an equally decorative bit of carving in black and ivory in the back, and the lower part is similar in design to the armchair in the first picture. In both these chairs cane seats are used.

The table and lamp in another illustration, even without any other surroundings, form a unique and charming group. The legs of the table and the wood which connects them at the back are carved and decorated in the same manner as in the armchair previously described, and the rest of the table of course is finished in dull mottled ivory with a peculiarly decorative effect in the band of vertical black grooves around the top. The interest which the makers of this furniture have devoted to its design is further evidenced by the mottled ivory lamp stand with its black trimmings and black and white fabric shade, and the ivory and black book ends.

Turning to the top section of a mirror, one finds the black and old ivory used in a somewhat different manner and with different outlines in the design of the piece. A mirror of this type would be suitable either for the hall or for some appropriate space in the drawing room.

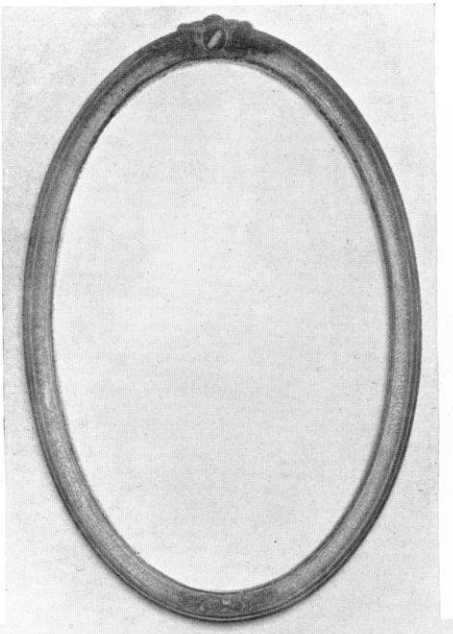
THE chest of drawers serves as another attractive example of the way in which the decoration of this type of furniture may be used. There is a suggestion about this piece of almost sturdy peasant craftmanship, but the regular and delicate carving elevates it to a more elegant plane. As usual, the carving is in keeping

This Furniture Designed and Made by A. H. Notman & Co.

TWO SIDE CHAIRS AND COUCH IN A MOTTLED OLD IVORY FINISH: THE BANDS, GROOVES AND CARVED DECORATIONS ARE IN BLACK: WITH BLACK AND WHITE VELVET UPHOLSTERY.

THIS TABLE, LAMP AND BOOK ENDS ARE AMONG THE MOST DISTINCTIVE PIECES OF THE NEW NOTMAN DESIGNS: THE OLD IVORY TABLE WITH ITS CARVED GROOVED LEGS INLAID WITH BLACK, ITS CURVED WOOD AT THE BASE AND THE BAND OF VERTICAL BLACK-PAINTED GROOVES AROUND THE TOP, IS DISTINCTIVELY DECORATIVE: THE SAME EFFECT OF OLD IVORY SURFACE AND BLACK STRIPES HAS BEEN CARRIED OUT IN THE LAMP AND BOOK ENDS.

THE CONSOLE PICTURED BELOW IS IN THE SAME STYLE, DESIGN AND DECORATION AS THE LARGE TABLE, SOFA AND CHAIRS PREVIOUSLY REPRODUCED: THE CURVED WOOD AT THE BASE OF THE LEGS AND EDGE OF THE TABLE, THE SYMMETRICAL CARVING, THE MOTTLED OLD IVORY SURFACE ARE ALL PARTS OF A DECORATIVE WHOLE AND WOULD ADD DISTINCTION TO ONE'S HALL, ESPECIALLY IF A TOUCH OF COLOR WERE GIVEN BY A RICH BLUE OR ORANGE VASE, OR A BOWL OF CRIMSON ROSES.



AN OVAL MIRROR OF GREAT SIMPLICITY IS SEEN ABOVE THIS CONSOLE, THE ONLY ORNAMENTATION OF THE FRAME BEING IN SLIGHT CARVING AT TOP AND BOTTOM: THE GROUP OF FURNITURE ILLUSTRATED IN THIS ARTICLE IS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH THE OBSERVATION OF HOMEMAKERS WHO DESIRE SOME FORM OF GRACEFUL, DECORATIVE, YET NOT TOO ELABORATE FURNITURE: LATER, IF A CHANGE FROM THE BLACK AND WHITE IS DESIRED, IT COULD BE TURNED INTO POLYCHROME OR MADE OF ANY OTHER TWO TONES DESIRED FOR SOME ESPECIAL COLOR SCHEME.

ANOTHER VARIATION OF THIS TYPE OF FURNITURE IS SHOWN IN THE CHEST OF DRAWERS AND MIRROR: THE STURDY CRAFTSMANSHIP SUGGESTS THE WORK OF CONSCIENTIOUS PEASANTS, BUT THE REGULAR AND DELICATE CARVING SPEAKS OF A MORE HIGHLY SKILLED HAND: AS USUAL, THE SURFACE IS PAINTED OLD IVORY AND THE DESIGN IS BLACK: SUCH A CHEST COULD BE EFFECTIVELY CARRIED OUT IN POLYCHROME, AS WELL AS IN BLACK AND WHITE: BY TINTING THE BACKGROUND WITH SUBDUED POMPEIAN REDS, BLUES, TERRA-COTTAS OR DULL GOLD, IT WOULD BE A RICH AND MOST UNUSUAL PIECE OF FURNITURE FOR SOME LARGE HALL.

with the structural requirements, one pattern being used on each drawer and the knobs being placed in the centers of leaves, where they seem to be part of the pattern. Additional emphasis is given by the stem of conventionalized leaves carried part way up each side. As in the other cases, the indented portions of the carving are filled in with black.

Another variation of this interesting style is found in the console and oval mirror, the former in the style of the large table, sofa and armchair, and here again is emphasized the decorative effect of black grooves in the old ivory surface.

Polychrome furniture presents a unique combination of modern convenience of structure and design and the quaintly carved and colored style of decoration used by old Spanish cabinet-makers. In these decorations are united quaint symbols and heraldic devices of various hues, likewise conventionalized trees, foliage, flowers and geometric designs. As to color, the main surface of the wood is usually of a dull, irregular old-ivory tone, somewhat like the old ivory of the furniture illustrated in this article, while in the carving are blended often a dozen or more different colors or shades, ranging from cream, pale greens and browns, soft greens and blues, to more definite notes of red and orange, the whole effect being rich and unusual.

In fact, these departures open up a new line of initiative in the cabinet-making world and may help to lead eventually to the creation in this country of definite styles in American furniture, suited to the drawing rooms of those who prefer a rather formal type of elegance, or the living rooms of those whose tastes run along simpler lines.

The success of such furniture as Notman and Co. have created recently is bound to bring about a greater interest in original furniture designs to harmonize with interior fittings. We have found, through the work of such cabinet-makers as these, that the time has not gone by for interesting and well developed new cabinet work in this country. It is not necessary for us to rely upon old models and even to attempt slight variation from them nervously. Women are already beginning to plan not only interior decorations from one end of a house to the other, but to design single pieces of furniture of unique ideas as well as entire sets for certain rooms which demand the unusual.

As women become more and more intelligent in their outlook on life, more and more cultivated in their handling of the social and aesthetic problems, the artistic impulse which makes for beautiful and appropriate surroundings will increase to an extent in this country that will probably make home-making the most interesting occupation in the feminine world.

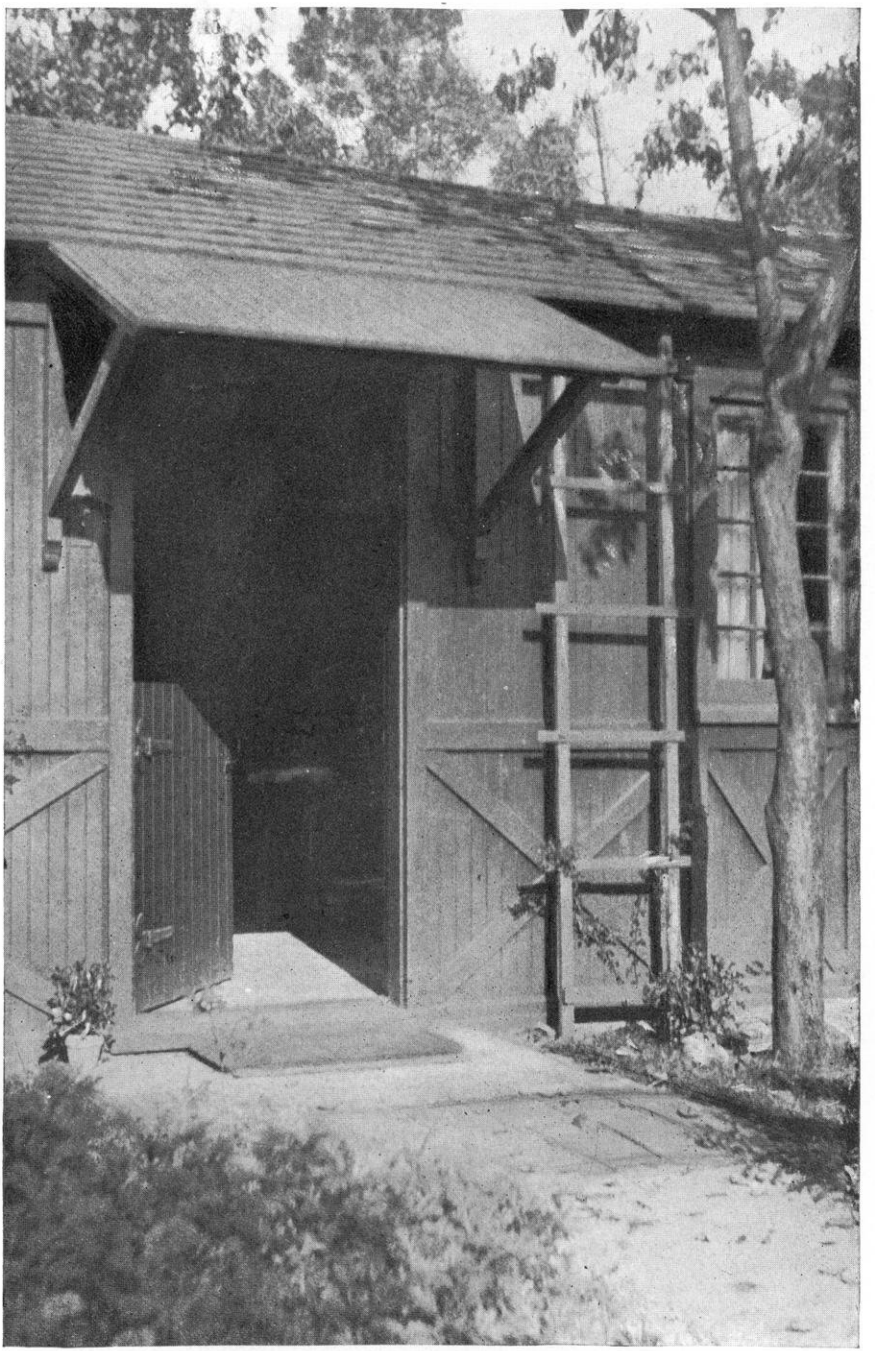
THE WHITE GATE STUDIO

WEET Alyssum, fragrant with the noon-day sun, tumbled over the edges of the path that led to the cottage door. Heliotrope, mignonette, daisies, larkspur, fox glove, hollyhocks and a dozen other grateful bloomers filled the little plot before the doorstep and this miracle of color and sweetness was the result of a few hours industry just one short month before. For in the middle of April the little low-lying cottage had been a deserted pigeon coop and in place of the garden had been a wilderness of tumble-down wire runs.

The garden was only thirty feet square and it was entirely enclosed. On one side nestled the cottage itself, its door shaded by a plum tree and its end guarded by a lovely quince, the summer home of Jenny Wren and her brood. On the other sides the boundaries were a high arbor vitæ hedge, a grape trellis and a dense screen of *Cobaea scandens* and morning glories respectively, rich dark green backgrounds for the planting within. Absolute privacy was the feeling of this tiny garden, for even the entrance was barred by a gate that clicked, and guarding the white gate was a Cape Cod sailor boy who whirled his tiny oars in consternation at the approach of even the slightest breeze.

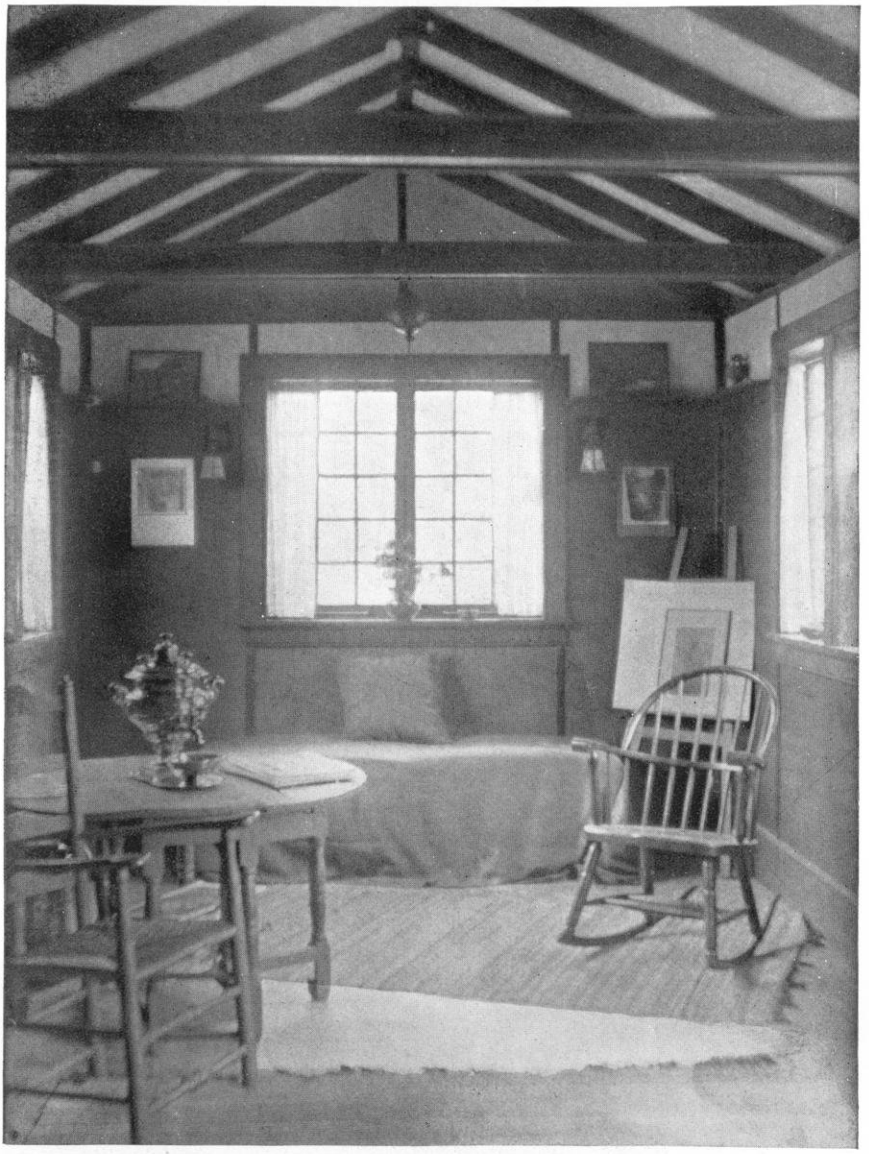
On this particular June morning the latch clicked merrily to welcome me as I came through and stood spellbound at the miracle that Nature had worked for me. The little sailor said to me "Come in, Come in," the flowers murmured, "Stay awhile," and the settle at the cottage door said, "You cannot resist me." I couldn't resist him either until I had seen each fresh bloom, but neither could I long resist the cottage for although it was still of plain exterior and needed its covering of rose vines over trellis and roof, on the inside it was adorable.

During the month we hired a mason to lay a red cement floor in the room thirty by ten, a fireplace the width of the room and a red tile hearth to go between Dutch seats. Then with the ever useful beaver board we covered walls and roof, allowing the beams in the roof to show. The lower part of the walls we papered with a golden brown grass cloth paper, tinted the upper portion a pretty buff and treated the ceiling in the same way. The woodwork we stained a dark brown with a simple stain made of burnt umber and gasoline. Now came the time to move in and rag carpets, gate-leg table, windsor chairs and flowers on the sills of the pretty casement-windows made the room adorable. A small addition to the building served as a photographer's dark-room, and in exchange for an expenditure of four hundred dollars we had a charming studio, complete in every detail



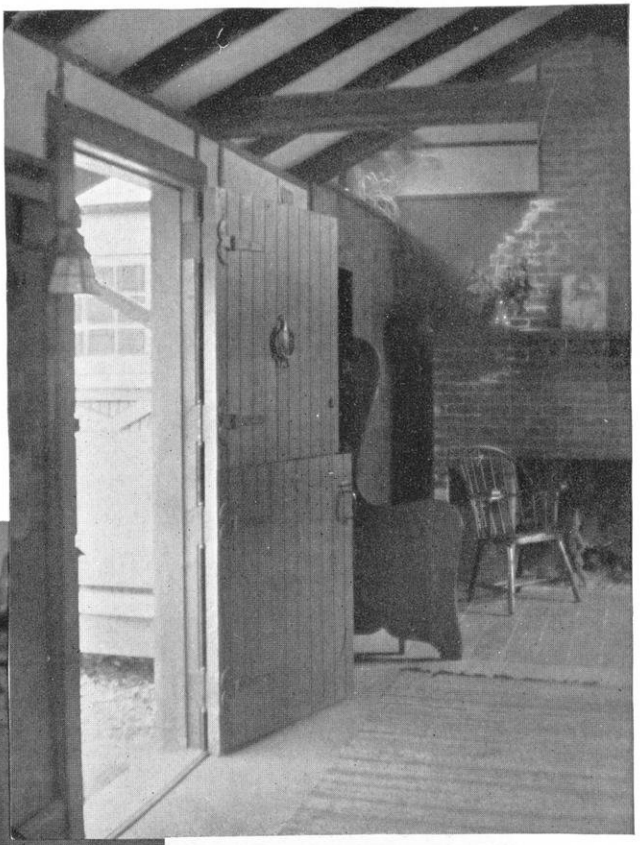
THE IRON-BOUND DUTCH DOOR OF THE WHITE GATE STUDIO, WITH ITS SHELTERING HOOD AND TRELLISED LADDER FOR ROSES TO CLIMB UPON.

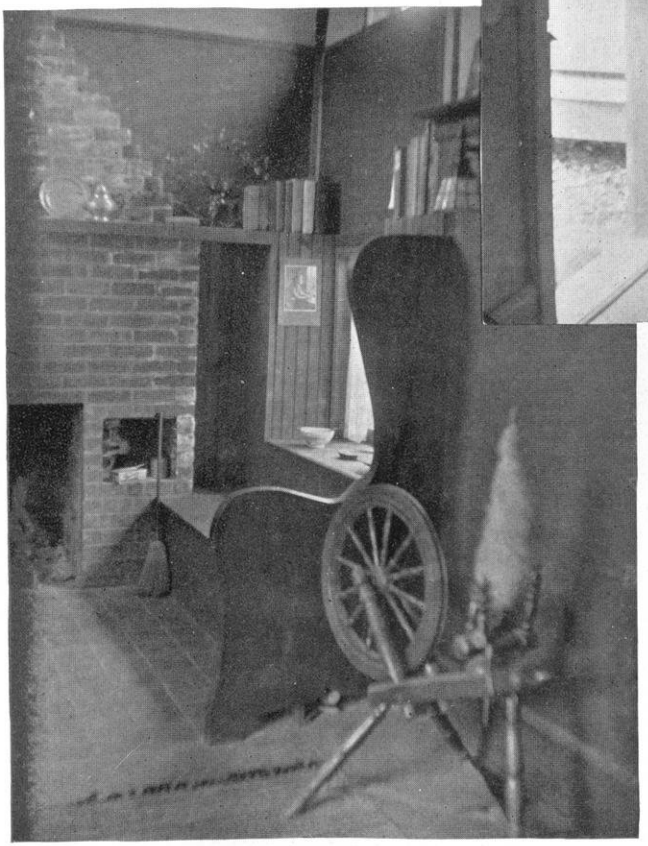
THE DOORYARD OF THE WHITE GATE STUDIO WITH ITS OLD-FASHIONED SETTLE AND GARDEN OF TWILIGHT FRAGRANCE.



"WE COVERED THE WALLS AND ROOF WITH THE EVER USEFUL BEAVER BOARD, ALLOWING THE BEAMS IN THE ROOF TO SHOW: THE LOWER PART OF THE WALLS WE PAPERED WITH A GOLDEN-BROWN GRASS-CLOTH PAPER, TINTED THE UPPER PORTION A PRETTY BUFF AND TREATED THE CEILING IN THE SAME WAY."

THE DUTCH DOOR WITH ITS IRON KNOCKER, SHOWING THE OLD-FASHIONED SETTLE CLOSE TO THE FIREPLACE AND ITS MATE IN THE SUNNY GARDEN OUTSIDE: THE HESSIAN SOLDIER ANDIRONS AND THE CRANE AND KETTLE ARE AMONG THE THINGS THAT ACCOUNT SO MUCH FOR THE FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE: INFORMALITY AND LACK OF PRETENSE SOMETIMES GIVE TO SMALL ROOMS A SWEET GRACIOUSNESS LIKE THAT WHICH RADIATES FROM A HOSPITABLE HOSTESS WHO INSTINCTIVELY MAKES HER GUESTS FEEL AT HOME.





A WINDOW NOOK BY THE OLD FIREPLACE, THE OVEN BEING TURNED INTO A NICHE FOR BOOKS: SPINNING WHEELS, BOOKS, RAG CARPETS, GATELEG TABLES AND WINDSOR CHAIRS, FOUND IN EXPLORING WALKS, OR THE GIFT OF FRIENDS, GIVE VALUE PAST THE ORDINARY FORCE OF MONEY TO BUY: A ROOM FURNISHED GRADUALLY WITH ARTICLES CHOSEN UNDER PLEASANT CIRCUMSTANCES HAS AN ATMOSPHERE OF RAREST NAMELESS CHARM.

even to electric lights and running water. The White Gate Studio soon attained a reputation, due to its charm and simplicity, and the little extras which count for so much were soon contributed. A crane and kettle for the old-fashioned fireplace were the first additions. Hessian soldier andirons came next, then sketches, books, pewter ware, vases, brasses, growing plants and dozens of things poured in.

There is, however, one spot more potent in charm than the cozy chimney corner, more entrancing than the garden ablaze with color and steeped in old-fashioned perfumes, that spot is the door step. Every evening at sunset I sit on the big settle outside the Dutch door to watch the beauties of the dying day. The bees carry their last heavy load of honey from the two beautiful standard fuchsias, which give a little air of formality to the entrance, the wrens sing their last sweet notes of love for the day and the garden offers up it's mighty gift of fragrance to do homage to their author, the sun. As twilight settles, the spirit of the little garden grows more potent, more pervasive, more entrancing.

TO transform such a deserted "pigeon coop" into a veritable dovecot for working, thinking, happily living people, required but little of the golden medium of exchange decided upon by lawmakers. It required instead a finer price, that of exercising imagination, going back in fancy to the Biblical precedent of taking the cornerstone that the builders rejected and making therefrom a temple unto the Lord, or our modern substitute for it, a house for man, the lord of the earth. All through New England are many such opportunities sleepily awaiting, like the Princess of the fairy tale, the Prince, a man of imagination, to bring them to life.

There is a charm about remodeled houses seldom found in new ones. They have like chameleons taken on the tones of Nature. An abandoned old house seems like the trees, shrubs and brooklets, a naturally grown thing, awaiting our friendly desire for possession. We treasure them as we do old pieces of furniture humanized by long loving care of people and mellowed by time. No painter can tone a building to equal the coloring of suns, storms and lichens.

Of a necessity such a remodeled place needs furniture made valuable by loving use of other people, by gift of friend or by purchase under some especially happy circumstances, mementoes of pleasant little trips, perhaps. Every detail of such redeemed little places wins a place of its own in our minds, places reserved for friends and treasured memories.

HER FIANCÉ: BY MARIE VAN SAANAN

ER name was Marie Soleil. She lived in a tiny room that smelt of faded things. She had lived there neatly and uncomplainingly for fifteen years. No one had ever minded what became of her. She eked out a timid, honest, and spiritless existence by fabricating paper flowers. Indeed she looked like a wilted pink flower that has lain too long without care. Yet loveless and ungraceful, Marie Soleil guarded in a secret sanctuary of imagination, wistful tendencies toward romance and adventure.

When she was loneliest, she would stand and stare out of the narrow window which seemed to be merely basted in the slanting roof of the old house. She stared over the crimson head of a peaked geranium balanced on the window sill. She stared with dull small eyes wondering at the decomposed stridences of the city. Fragments of inconsequent sound mounted reiterating notes and themes, as if instruments of a vast orchestra were tuning tirelessly, while waiting signal for a concerted harmony which never came. In certain moods of Paris, through blue haze, the houses grinning and blinking like linked files of monsters in grotesque hats, with chimneys as plumes, seemed poised for the figures of a quadrille. She thought they leered and winked at her, inviting her to the dance. Often she shook her head at them. But they were friendlier than the strangers who, with averted faces, hurried over the cool slate-colored streets. She had never solved the tricks of relationship, or gained by eloquent personal appeal any human recognition of value. She counted nods and casual words the sum due her of sociability.

Now while she made paper flowers for a living and stared out of the window, nations intrigued, combined, and decided momentous affairs. Then one day there was war. Whereupon preconceived attitudes and complacencies, scattered like chaff in a cyclone, and the people of many nations were thrust suddenly into conscious forms of pain and violence. Men, leagued in armies, strove by destroying to survive. Problems of families, homes, affairs of individuals vanished beneath the trampling tramping obedient masses moved onward with click of machinery by calculating governments. Voices raised in unison, sang the anthem with large grave accents that drowned the monotone of farewells. The air, the earth, the seas hung heavy with death. The stations of cities, more significant than ever, hummed with the vivid passage of soldiers, and women, who in final convulsive gesture appeared to retain, while freeing.

Marie Soleil stopped making paper flowers, since she could no longer sell them. With this brusque cessation of livelihood, she joined dismayed throngs, entered the vortex of taxed responsibility,

and became a quickened nerve in a responsive population. Only no one had time to notice her readiness to play her part.

In vain she pinned a penny tricolored badge of France upon her shabby coat, and mingled wistfully with febrile crowds. In vain she circled discursive groups, listening to loud opinions, nodding approval, or sighing in gentle echo of public sentiment. Since she had sent no man away to die, her weeping could only water other graves and there were already enough tears for those.

Wherever she went, through the tiny street which had known her for fifteen years, in the expectant city among the hushed black-browed women who clung together sharing fears and pride, she could only touch the rim of their anguish. And when she ventured to intrude upon their banded talk with halting phrase of comfort, they would first turn eagerly to her, question her authority, then shake their heads and murmur: "It is easy to talk, Mademoiselle . . . but it is never the same when you have no one out there. . . ."

Sometimes they eyed her askance, as a curiosity seeker. Kindlier women unfolded to her breathless attention tales of danger and heroism, read her scraps of letters from absent sons, husbands and sweethearts, gave to her the paler echo of their stoic resignation. Still others questioned her with that fine cruelty of advantage, assuming condescending manners when they discovered her lack of claim. They grudged her spirit any credit of loyalty.

The concierge, a stout voluble guardian of the old house, assembled daily a round of cronies in her gloomy den at the foot of the stairs. The place smelt of chicory and lard, and shadows lay stuffily over her Norman bed, red-covered table, and kitchen chairs. But on the mantelpiece in antiquated frames stood a male generation of her family, all in uniform. She had a brother in the trenches, a nephew had already been wounded. Now to the clack of tongues the concierge directed importantly the confection of socks and scarfs for "our ones."

Marie Soleil envied these women their knitting. She knew that in all the city women were bending over needles and wool. But she had not money enough to buy wool, or indeed anyone to knit for. Everywhere she applied for work they explained to her in set phrase that they had no need of extra good will, or that she would have to supply her own materials, or that they only accepted members of such and such a society. So she would steal back to her little room, rebuffed and ashamed of her enforced inactivity, and wonder more than ever why, in the pulsing tragic events of the day, she had no place.

She grew thinner and more subdued. Her savings came to a frail

showing. Winter threatened. The acrid fragrance of chrysanthemums edged the frosting air. Women knitted harder than ever for the soldiers in the trenches, who with numbed fingers were pulling and pulling at triggers set to kill.

Marie Soleil, driven with the rest into an inclement season, tried not to think of herself.

"They are colder than I could ever be."

She was too proud to ask for help. Besides first consideration was due to the women whose men were fighting. She could not conceive of armies, battles and ravaged lands, nor hear the echo of cannons. But she paused and shivered at evoked horrors, when rolling on their mute closed way through racket of traffic went long grey lines of ambulances. Their trim clean mystery, their neat red emblems covered so smoothly what lay within. Marie Soleil's heart ached with the need to make these sad men whole again. She loved the bandaged convalescents, who in faded uniforms passed consciously with glistening grateful eyes, glad above all to be still alive. They never noticed her. But to her each was a hero, the savior of her country. She worshipped them as a young girl, choosing shyly the perfect man, thrones him high above all other men.

Sometimes her concierge talked to her and gave her news of the brother and nephew, adding with a wise nod:

"You are fortunate to have no one, Mademoiselle. It is different . . ." which seemed to Marie Soleil a covert reproach.

Then came the day of the Dead. The people of the city streamed in thick quiet masses to the cemeteries. They went, united in cult of souvenir, to visit and flower their dead. It was a day of flowers. The tang of wilting chrysanthemums, musty whiffs of fading violets, the persuasive fragrance of tributes stirred through the cold grey day. Armies of flowers walked vividly to chosen graves and knelt refreshingly. Assembled families went soberly to cluster around some shrine. The restless spirit of battlefields seemed bidden to the stone houses of the dead. Beside the carved labeling slabs of monuments and crosses, floated intangibly the nameless souls of soldiers, who had travelled far, bidding for permanent hospitality. It was as if, collected in grave unity, the mourned military dead of France had given tryst.

Marie Soleil felt disgraced because she had no one to weep for on such a day. However she put on her rusty black cape that hung in meager folds, her jaded straw hat with a feather neatly circling a low brim, and pinning the tricolored badge in bright view crept forth to join the crowds. Lost, unheeded in the black streams that welled devoutly through the city, she wandered eying each draped woman

wistfully. It was a solemn claim to respectability—to own a grave.

AT the gates of Père La Chaise, wedged in the onward crush, caught in an embroidered napery of masses that seemed to merge into some livid face expressing suitable expectancy, she drifted toward the graves. Because the drift of strangers was flecked with rich-toned blooms, she bought a two sou bunch of violets. They gave her confidence, attached her to the day. She held them consciously, inviting the fleet compassion of a look or gesture in the throng. She was glad that she was dressed in black. No idea of deception troubled her naïve longing to be kin with those she mourned. A gentle readiness to follow them allayed her usual timidity.

She wandered through the gate, past lined scrutinizing guardians up the sloping alley.

A dust-stained soldier, a sallow widow, a prattling child elbowed her. An elderly man herding a breed of sons stalked by with measured steps. He carried a beaded wreath. A slender faded-lipped woman stared vaguely at Marie Soleil.

Marie Soleil climbed the hill alone, pretending to hunt her path. The passersby seemed to have relapsed into a normal sociable atmosphere, as if once in this city, the mask of circumstance might relax without offending their dead. Besides, it was Sunday, their usual day of rest. A sidepath beckoned to her, and she followed its secret shadows. A great longing pervaded her soul. She pretended that someone who had cared for her—a soldier perhaps—lay tranquilly awaiting her visit. She dreamed that, in all this tangled world of living and dead, some right of love and memory belonged to her. This garden seemed an elysian field wherein rested weary ones. And she was weary! So weary with the burden of her insignificance, that she faltered and stumbled against a grave. It was a freshly moulded grave, hidden at the foot of a dried bush. A homely cross sentinelled its ungarlanded mound. Upon the cross was written: "Jean Béret, Soldier,—killed at Charleroi,"—the date, and that was all.

Marie Soleil stared down, sweet pity warming her. She thought of the soldiers she had seen. They had meant to her the army of France. Jean Béret had been one of Them. She thought of the grey ambulances rolling down the vivid brilliant streets. She closed her eyes suddenly and sank upon her knees, laying reverently the two sou bunch of violets upon the unflowered earthy surface. The violets softened a relentless line.

In kneeling she took possession of the grave. Perhaps Jean Béret,

forgotten, laid away, had known that she would find him. He must have been a brave honest faced little soldier in a bright uniform. Once, long ago, in a far away village, she had seen such a young man and he had smiled at her. Jean Béret smiled so now, and, smiling, mysteriously took her by the hand. Why should he not belong to her!

The chill of sunset numbed her feet and painted her lips the color of the mauve clouds that fleeted above bronze foliage. She knelt in a young ecstasy of dreams, telling herself a beautiful story. She had known Jean Béret in a village. He had loved her, and they had walked together through spicy fields, she leaning on his arm. Then she had gone away, and he had waited for her to come back,—until the war. He marched away with the others. Now he was dead and she had found him.

Beyond, somewhere in a red world, she heard the shuffle of home-going feet. The Day of the Dead slid into twilight. Long shadows, ghosts of arms, waving, bade visitors farewell.

Marie Soleil stumbled to her feet and went with the rest, carrying securely, enfolded in a new, a reverent radiance, her illusion, telling herself over and over again the story of Jean Béret's love.

The concierge standing in the doorway of the house, nodded in a condescending way.

"You went to the cemetery, Mademoiselle?"

Then Marie Soleil said: "I went to visit the grave of my fiancé. He was killed at Charleroi."

"Your fiancé!" cried the concierge, hastening after Marie Soleil and detaining her. "I never knew . . ."

Marie answered quietly: "Why should you know?"

The concierge bobbed up and down with undisguised curiosity. "Well, well, you surprise me nevertheless. So the poor boy is dead. You should have told me."

"Killed at Charleroi," repeated Marie Soleil as if it were a lesson.

"To think of it," fussed the concierge. "My poor little one! Ah, it is only those who lose a man who know what it is."

"He was brave," chanted Marie Soleil. "They decorated him on the field of battle. He would surely have been an officer."

"Like my brother's boy," eagerly echoed the concierge. "There was a fine fellow for you. Would you believe it, Mademoiselle, he too is gone." She started sniffing; "these are bad days. How will they end?"

Now the concierge told her friends,—told the little shopkeepers in the street, told the ancient tenants of the old house, and even the postman about Marie Soleil's fiancé, and every time the story was told,

the fiancé became braver, more beautiful. There were many who envied Marie Soleil. Some said that she was sly, others that she could not have been a good girl, while others watched her pass with murmured sympathy and kindness. Her little rusty black figure no longer slipped by unperceived. In the street, she was placed foremost romantically among those who mourned, comparing grief.

But unheeding them, she lived with her illusion become reality. She was hungry, but that did not matter. Surely Jean Béret has suffered greater hunger than she. She was shabby, nor did that matter. For surely Jean Béret's bright uniform had grown bedraggled and torn on that last battlefield. She heard as echoes, the distant guns, the hollow noise of cannons, the roar of contending masses. And all the armies wore one face—the face of Jean Béret.

Each soldier met along the highways, seemed Jean Béret's brother going out to avenge his dead, her dead. There were no strangers to whom she could not speak of him.

Twice a week she went to Père La Chaise and knelt beside his abiding place.

"I am glad that you are here to stay," she whispered. "At least you are not lying out there unclaimed."

Her face grew withered with cold. Her cape flapped like a moulting black wing, in the sharp winds. Her shoes were torn with climbing the hill. But she was happy.

"You look tired, Mademoiselle," the concierge often said. "Why do you not join me and my friends and sit with us and knit? I will make you tea"; for the concierge had adopted a motherly attitude toward Marie Soleil.

"I am not tired . . . never tired."

The day came though, when she could not afford to buy a two sou bunch of violets. But there were scraps of colored paper left, remnants of her work in other days. So sitting beside the narrow window, perched high under the slanting roof, she twisted the paper into beautiful flowers. She made two red roses and a golden chrysanthemum.

She hoped it would not rain the day she took them to Jean Béret. The afternoon was crisp and blue, such a looking blue of sky and stone as froze the city to the sky, and gave the great bells a cracked clang.

She hurried through the gates of Père La Chaise. The roses glowed in her purpling hand. The houses of the dead seemed caught in a blue prism. The paths curved brown and sear. She nodded to a guardian who knew her.

As she drew near Jean Béret's grave beneath the withered bush

she saw what looked like an inkspot, and took form only when she paused to catch her breath.

A stranger swathed in crape, with hidden face, stood staring down. She looked so tall in the blue light, that her long black veil seemed hooked and trailing from the topmost claw of a branch. Her heavy outline stamped against surrounding stone and earth hovered top-heavily over the quiet mound.

She never moved.

There was something about the motionless brooding pose of this stranger that terrified Marie Soleil. An unknown and fine pain pricked her heart, but she went forward, clasping the paper roses, and without another look to right or left knelt, passionately devout, placing the roses on the grave.

A hostile stillness froze her to the spot, as with bowed head she tried to summon Jean Béret to the rescue.

Suddenly a high voice intruded.

"I beg your pardon, Madame, but did you know my husband?" Marie Soleil stumbled to her feet, enfolding her meagre cape protectingly around her shoulders. "Your husband?" she repeated stupidly.

The stranger darted a haughty, suspicious glance. The red roses burnt upon the grave. She waved towards them. "I wanted to know whom to thank for these," she said.

Marie Soleil could not speak.

"I got here as soon as I could," said the woman, never taking her eyes from Marie Soleil. "Perhaps you were his nurse?"

Marie shook her head.

"But you knew him?" persisted the woman.

At last she answered, carefully handling her small voice.

"Long ago."

Jean Béret's wife stared suspiciously: "He never told me. . . "

Marie Soleil, however, lifted her head: "Perhaps he forgot," she said.

"Well, I thank you for the flowers. Or would you like to take them back?"

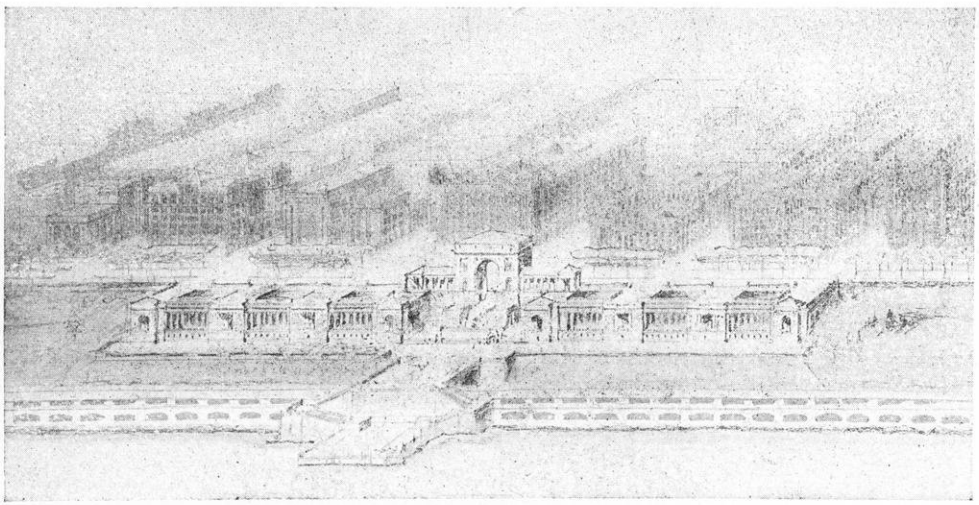
Marie Soleil shook her head, then without looking again at the grave, desolately turned away.

The woman in crape stood like a sentinel, while Jean Béret's promised one crept down the hill alone.

A MEMORIAL TO PEACE IN THE MIDST OF WAR: NEW YORK PLANS GREATEST INDUSTRIAL ART MUSEUM IN THE WORLD

TODAY, when the long-threatening storm clouds of war have broken over Europe, when the armies and navies of many nations are in actual conflict, and thousands of lives have already been sacrificed on land and sea, it seems a strange contrast to find our own country planning a great memorial to peace. Yet that is exactly what is being done. And the form which this memorial will assume—namely, a museum of industrial art—has at this moment a peculiar significance. For even though the art and commerce of the Old World are, for the time being, obscured by the smoke of battle, America—the hope of the New—has not forgotten the less dramatic but equally mighty force of peaceful progress. Thus, on the very eve of Europe's vast upheaval, some of the most able and far-sighted of our citizens were planning a lasting tribute to the constructive energies of the race, a national incentive to the industrial welfare of the people.

It is the anniversary of the famous Treaty of Ghent which has inspired this proposed memorial—for a hundred years ago, on Christmas Eve, the War of Eighteen Twelve was ended and our friendship with Great Britain sealed. Victory had hovered now over one side, now over the other, America's land disasters alternating with her triumphs at sea. For two years and a half trade had been hampered, huge sums of money expended and human lives destroyed. But on



PROSPECTIVE DESIGN FOR GREAT PEACE MEMORIAL TO BE BUILT IN NEW YORK.

that December day war was officially ended; the arts and industries resumed their normal place in the lives and thoughts of the people. And now, that almost a century has passed, it seems natural to seek some fitting means of commemoration—some way by which the citizens of our great metropolis and its surroundings may express, in permanent form, their tribute to Progress and to Peace.

The spirit that prompts this memorial, moreover, will not be content with a mere monument to decorate park or hill, with a passing pageant or the civic celebration of a single day. A stone or marble statue makes little impression upon the average busy man and woman; historic costumes, flags and after-dinner speeches are soon forgotten in the rush of to-morrow's practical affairs. Something bigger and more lasting is needed—something that will touch the everyday lives as well as the imagination of the people, and spur them on to greater deeds and finer achievements in home and studio, in workshop and laboratory, in factory and field.

It was to express this ideal that an International Conference was called during May of last year by members of the American Museum Association, and, at this meeting, Dr. George F. Kunz proposed the founding of a group of institutions to be known as "The Museums of the Peaceful Arts." Appropriate sites were considered, and later tentative architectural designs for the buildings and grounds were drawn by Palmer, Hornbostel and Jones. While the details are still undecided, the general scheme has been graphically planned by the founders, and New York may undoubtedly look forward to the enjoyment, in the near future, of exhibits, lectures and libraries that will present, in comprehensive and inspiring form, the whole history and progress of every important phase of industrial art throughout the world.

PICTURE fifteen or twenty huge buildings of granite, concrete or stone, combining the best points of such successful institutions as the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers of Paris, the Deutsches Museum in Munich, or the Kunstgewerbe Museums of Carlsruhe, Berlin and Vienna—buildings with all the massive simple beauty of New World architecture, set among lawns and shrubberies overlooking the Hudson from some broad vantage point of Riverside Drive! Imagine the wonders of art and industry and science which these vast halls will house—the inspiration and practical help the thousands of well-arranged exhibits will prove to students and teachers, artisans, craftsmen and workers in every field!

One great building will be dedicated to electricity, and here the mere schoolboy and the trained operator will find displayed in tech-

nical detail the entire evolution of this mighty, mysterious force, from its experimental harnessing to the most complicated apparatus of the day. In another section the young man who is interested in steam will be able to trace its history from Stevenson's tea-kettle and Fulton's boat to the latest improvement in turbine, locomotive and ocean-liner equipment. Still another building will be devoted to that newest and perhaps most revolutionary of all recent achievements—the navigation of the air. Astronomy, agriculture and mining, architecture, gardening and road-building, will all have their separate places in this great museum group. The mechanical arts, commerce and trade, labor conditions, efficiency methods and safety appliances will be represented by exhibits, illustrations and charts. The printer's art, from Gutenberg's early experiments to the marvels of the modern press, will be demonstrated, while engravings, books, textiles and ceramics will all be shown, from their crude beginnings in the cave-man's day, up to their most skilful and artistic development.

In a special building will be kept historic records to which the archæologist, historian and antiquarian may turn for data of the past; under another roof those who are seeking greater knowledge about health and hygiene will find helpful books, exhibits and pictures, with trained nurses and physicians to instruct them in sanitation and in general physical welfare; while a hall will be also set apart as an auditorium for lectures, committee meetings and public conferences relating to various matters of industrial progress.

What a university for the people these systematically arranged collections will form—ever ready of access, with practical textbooks always at hand, with guides and instructors to explain and demonstrate each subject to the inquiring visitor. Growing schoolboys and girls, busy men and women, all will welcome this opportunity for learning so pictorially presented. Ambitious workmen and apprentices will manage to devote at least a small proportion of their spare evenings or holidays to a study of the particular phase of industry that is to be their specialized life work. And what earnest, wisdom-seeking citizen will not be glad to profit by the well-filled bookshelves, illustrated lectures, conferences on questions of local and national significance? For these Museums are to be essentially and primarily *for the people*—for the young folk of our schools and colleges, for the hard-working men and women who are helping to produce the wealth of the country, building with the energy of their minds and the labor of their hands the vast fabric of our civilization. As an educational institution, each museum of the group will stand ready to coöperate not only with the individual worker and student, but with every school and college, farm and mine, workshop and factory in the land.

THE enthusiastic reception, which this plan has met, is illustrated by the fact that of the twenty or thirty million dollars needed for its execution, over a million and a half was promised within two days after the incorporation of the work was announced. And, although the annual running expenses will probably be from two to three million dollars, this would mean less than fifty cents for each New York inhabitant, and the benefit of such an investment to the city and its people will be incalculable. Why should we hesitate to spend on such an undertaking of peaceful progress at least as much as the cost of one or two battleships? As Dr. Kunz points out, "the time may come when the bankers of the world, guided by the principle that war destroys the values upon which their investments are based, and paralyzes the commerce and industry which provide the interest on those investments, will refuse to sell bonds for the purpose of furnishing money to carry on war; in which case, this expensive luxury would be rendered impossible. They will prefer to finance not destructive but constructive enterprise, which, in educating the people, will add to industrial prosperity."

The prestige of many well known names is lent to the launching of the Museum project. The first vice-president of the new association is Dr. George F. Kunz, president of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society and president of the New York Academy of Sciences. The other vice-presidents are Thomas A. Edison; Jacob H. Schiff, banker; Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole; and Elbert H. Gary, of the United States Steel Company. The secretary is Calvin W. Rice, who is also secretary of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and the treasurer is A. Barton Hepburn, ex-president of the New York Chamber of Commerce. A sub-committee has been formed for the purposes of coöperating with other societies and institutions.

The committee which has charge of the arrangements for the Museum site includes Charles H. Strong, president of the City Club; H. J. Hardenbergh, architect of the Waldorf-Astoria and Manhattan Hotels; Dr. Marston T. Bogert, president of the International Society of Chemical Industry; Hon. John A. Stewart, president of the One Hundredth Anniversary of Peace among English-Speaking Peoples, and Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman, surgeon and traveler.

Other incorporators of the Museum Association are H. E. Huntington, book collector and owner of great hydro-electric systems on the Pacific Coast; Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, president of the Stevens Institute; Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press; Nikola Tesla, electrical inventor; Henry R. Towne, late president of the Merchants' Association; F. A. Vanderlip, president

of the First National Bank; Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, and Robert Underwood Johnson, late editor of *The Century Magazine.*

WHILE various possible sites for the new Museum buildings have been suggested, the most appropriate one seems to be on the west of Riverside Drive, between Ninety-Sixth and One Hundred and Tenth Streets. On filled-in ground along the Hudson, made of earth and rock from various subway and other excavations, the group of big, majestic buildings might stand, among the beauties of Riverside Park, which needless to say would be preserved as a picturesque setting for such architectural splendor. The grounds in front of the Museum would be treated principally as lawns, so as not to prevent their use as a natural amphitheater for the witnessing of naval pageants and parades. And those who know this spot can well imagine what loveliness could be attained if the most skilful and imaginative of our architects, sculptors, engineers and landscape gardeners joined forces in this great constructive undertaking. Aside from its æsthetic aspect, this site would possess special practical advantages, for it is easily accessible from all parts of the city, and could be readily reached from the Jersey shore.

The value and need of such an organization as this is apparent; for although New York has its Metropolitan Museum of Art and its American Museum of Natural History, heretofore little has been done for the development of industrial art. Pratt and Cooper Institutes have done good work along this line, but the increasing population needs larger facilities for its industrial education. It will be the part, therefore, of the new Museums to infuse greater efficiency, beauty and inspiration into the products of the various industries, and to raise the general standard of artistic as well as mechanical excellence.

This question of beauty, moreover, is more important than may appear at first glance. There is a story about Joseph Pennell to the effect that when he was in Panama making his vigorous sketches of the great Canal, he stopped one day beside the lock at Pedro Miguel, chatting with the engineer and admiring the walls and spans of the huge structure.

"How is it," he asked finally, "that you make your arches and buttresses as fine as those of a cathedral?"

"Oh, that's done to save concrete," was the engineer's reply.

Beauty springing from economy? That seems incongruous; but it is not. On the contrary, it is quite natural, for the most appealing beauty has its root in a practical cause. The well-built ship is a graceful one too, for the lines that make it a good sailer make it also a thing

of loveliness. Architect and engineer, bridge-builder and cabinet-maker, all know that the secret underlying artistic success is wisdom of construction and design—just as Nature, when she gives fair forms and colors to butterflies and birds and flowers, proves that efficiency and beauty are close akin.

The modern manufacturer, however, has often lost sight of these simple facts. He has mistaken elaboration for art, and has hidden weak construction and bad proportions beneath gilt and molding and veneer. That is partly because, with the advent of machinery, craftsmanship became commercialized, while the desire for financial profit took the place of pride in thorough workmanship; partly also because the general public seems to prefer the gaudiness of temporary objects to the lasting beauty and dignity of those carefully wrought.

But this popular fallacy is gradually being torn away, and giving place to a new ideal of art and industry. The people are awakening to a wiser perception of value, both in utility and decoration. They are beginning to realize, too, that true beauty is not a superficial but an inherent quality, and that it has a practical as well as an æsthetic worth. Whether it be a chair, a house or a piece of pottery, charm of design, texture and coloring can add artistic value to its utility, investing it with a subtle appeal to the eye and touching the imagination in a way that mere usefulness could never accomplish. The railroad and real-estate men know this when they surround their stations and suburban property with bright flower-beds and trim lawns. They realize that from the standpoint of efficiency and economy, beauty is no small asset.

It is precisely this need that the proposed Museums aim to fulfil. In their great halls, among the wonderful exhibits, our young people will be able to study the workmanship of the past as well as of the present. The growing boy will have his interest and enthusiasm stirred along lines of progress. He will appreciate not only the inspiring vision of the dreamers, inventors and scientists, but also the marvelous cunning of their fingers, the infinite patience by which they worked and experimented and brought nearer and nearer to perfection the thing their imagination had conceived. Once imbued with admiration for their craftsmanship, he will look with respect upon manual as well as mental labor. Once stirred by the sight of beauty and thoroughness, he will henceforth demand those qualities.

SOLVING THE GARAGE PROBLEM: BY ALBERT MARPLE

THE demand for suitable shelter for motor cars has arisen so rapidly that as yet very little definite time or thought has been brought to bear on the subject. Crude box-like huts, securely padlocked, sprang up as quickly as mushrooms. The beauty of our suburban cities was seriously threatened by the numerous shapeless structures erected in conspicuous positions close to the sidewalks, that were neither woodshed, stable nor children's playhouse. But now the indecision as to the architectural classification of the garage has passed and they are quite generally accepted as part of the home, sometimes in fact being incorporated directly in the house plan. Their position being so prominent a one, somewhat like a gatekeeper's lodge, has of necessity forced our architects to make them beautiful as well as useful, otherwise the effect of the whole estate would be ruined. Sometimes they are made almost invisible, built as the side of the house and entered through a vine covered pergola. Again, if the house be on a side hill, the basement becomes the garage, or they are put out in the garden, under the trees, with vines covering their windows, as attractive as any summer-house, distinct additions to the interest and beauty of both house and garden.

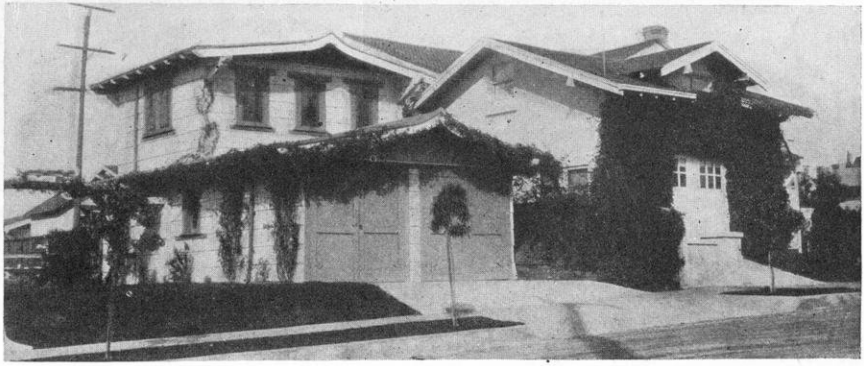


FIGURE ONE: A TWO-MACHINE BUILDING WITH SECOND STORY FOR CHAUFFEUR OR AEROPLANE QUARTERS.

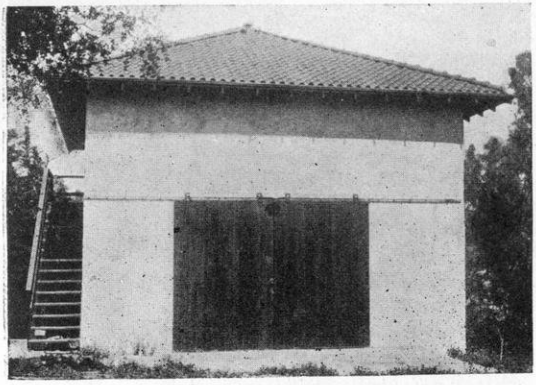


FIGURE TWO: A TWO-STORY GARAGE WITH SERVANTS' QUARTERS: A FIREPROOF BUILDING OF SOLID CEMENT.

Naturally the best garages are made to conform with the general architectural lines of the house with which they are to be associated, garages belonging to Spanish, Old English, Colonial houses being as a matter of course of the same type, and of cement, brick, wood or stone, according to the material of the house. A little trip of observation around any section of country convinces one how careless builders and automobile owners formerly were in the matter of harmony between the garage and the home. During the writing of this article I saw many unattractive little garages used

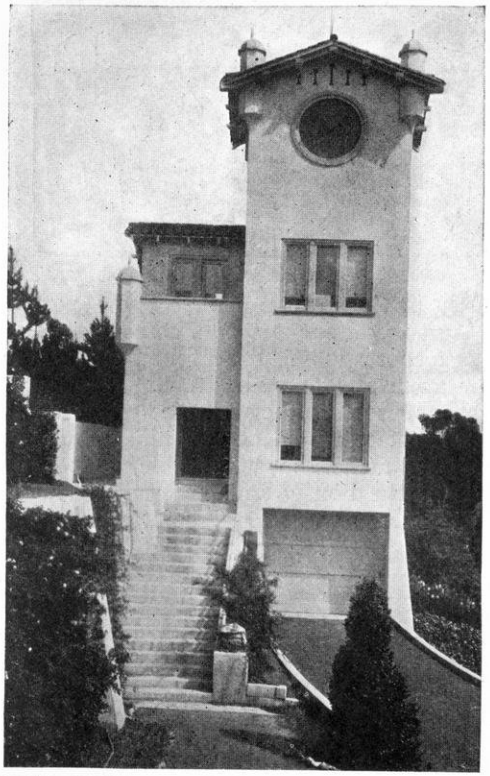


FIGURE THREE: A THREE-STORY GARAGE FOR MACHINE, BILLIARD ROOM, AND WITH CHAUFFEUR'S AND GARDENER'S QUARTERS.

in connection with houses that differed widely both in architectural design and material. A few, however, were really a credit to their surroundings and seemed naturally to fit into the general scheme of the home place. Herewith are a number of these, which, I hope, may serve as suggestions to those about to build a garage or to those who may expect at some future date to have a car "all his own."

The first illustration shows a pretty two-story garage of Swiss design. It is a two-machine building, with shake sides, composition roof, white exterior with dark gray trim and two large doors that swing outward opening from the center. The "aeroplane" second story was of course planned for the chauffeur's quarters. This arrangement reminding one of a gardener's lodge while obviously a most convenient one, is also pleasing to the eye. This same photograph shows a neighbor's cement garage, built to accommodate the chauffeur and which also provides for a spacious storage room. The vines help to place these two garages in a class with the dwelling-houses of head gardeners, those cozy little buildings that seem built for romance more than for prosaic usefulness.

The second photograph shows a variation of the two-story garage and servants' quarters. This substantial, almost fireproof building of solid concrete, red (Spanish) tile roof has resulted in a more independent arrangement for living quarters by having the stairway on the outside, so that it can be entered without having to pass through the garage proper. In this particular case, the upper room was occupied by the caretaker of the garden, who had nothing to do with the care of the car, so that greater independence was gained. The garage doors hang by roller-bearing wheels upon an exterior track. While this plan is practical it is not as good to look upon as Dutch doors or those that open out from the center on hinges. Besides which it makes it almost impossible to grow vines, and a severely plain building like this one, needs the softening that only vines can give.

A most unusual garage is shown in the third photograph. It consists of three stories, the first being the garage proper, the second a billiard room and the third the gardener's and chauffeur's apartment. The mammoth clock in the tower is three-faced, the side next the hill being the only one left blank. This white cement structure with its red tile roof, turret-like ornaments, clock and wide stair and driveway, reminds one of the old tower or lookout houses. One fancies a moat and drawbridge might be

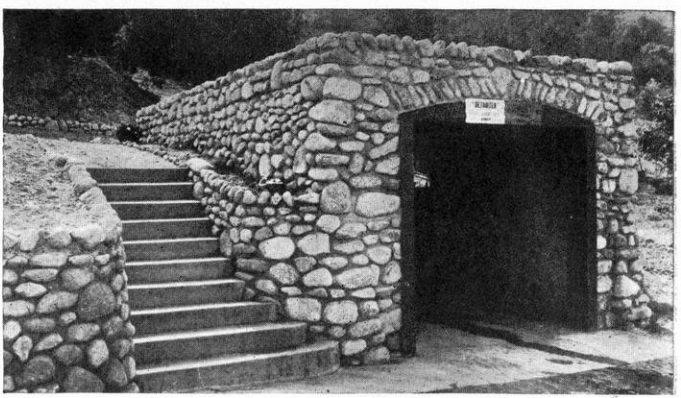


FIGURE FOUR: A COBBLESTONE GARAGE BUILT IN THE HILLSIDE.

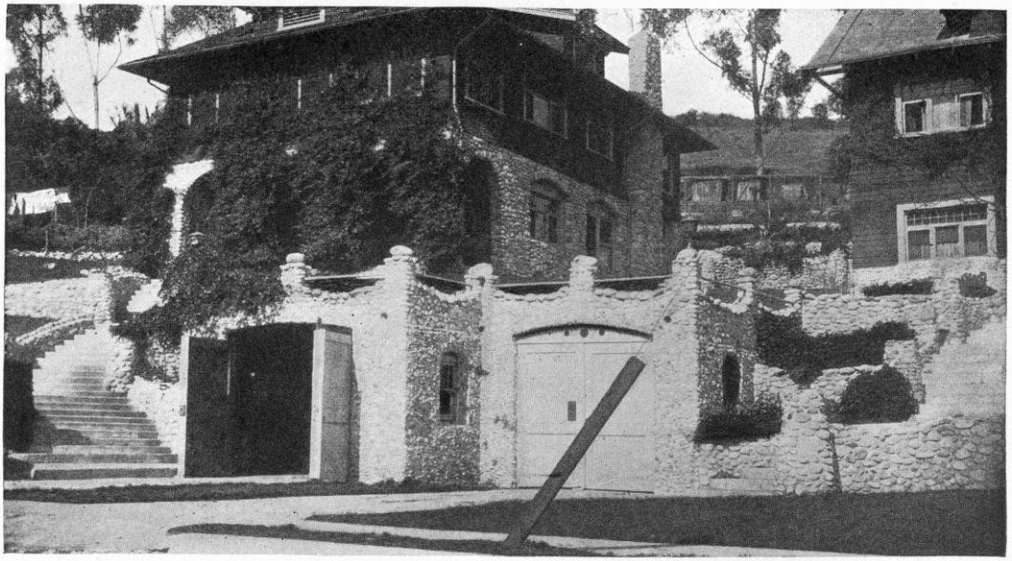


FIGURE FIVE: TWIN GARAGES BUILT IN THE RETAINING WALL OF THE HOUSE TO ECONOMIZE SPACE.

where instead is plainly discerned a bed of flowers. The planting of evergreens by the road and roses against the wall have added much to the beauty of this impressive garage.

Cobblestone garages are proving quite popular with builders in the western part of the country, and the owner of the home place upon which there are many waste stones, may put up his automobile house at very little expense. A fine little cobblestone garage is shown in photograph number four. This is built into the side of the hill. The roof is of cement and is a foot thick, being reinforced by steel rods, while the walls are two feet thick and of solid stone and cement. The "twin" cobblestone garages seen in the fifth photograph are indeed beautiful. In this instance the owners of these two homes put their heads together and planned these garages. They are located upon the strip of ground which runs between the two homes, while on either side of the garages is a series of cement steps which lead to their respective houses. These garages are located about twenty yards back from the street. Greenery of various kinds serve to "set off" the cobblestone work.

In addition to having a garage on modern lines the auto owner should endeavor to improve it by beautifying with vines, flowers, etc. Very often a naturally bleak looking garage would appear inviting and attractive if it were partially covered by an evergreen or rose vine and surrounded by rose bushes and shrubs of various kinds. Without floral ornament the garage is only partially completed. The sixth picture gives just a suggestion as to what may be done along this line. The garage may also be beautified by the construction of a beamed pergola above the driveway before the

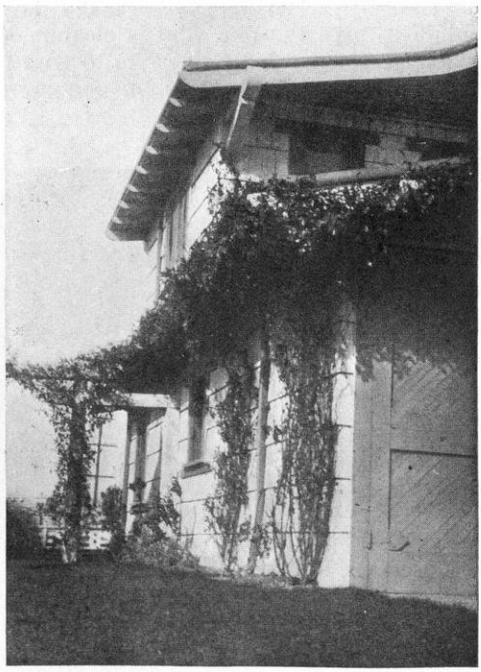


FIGURE SIX: BEAUTIFYING A GARAGE WITH LUXURIANT VINES.

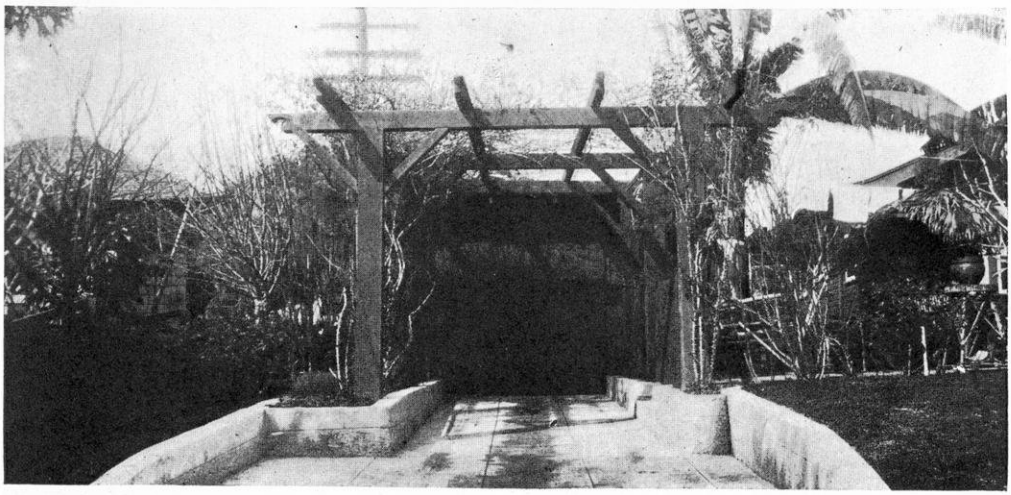


FIGURE SEVEN: A BEAMED PERGOLA-COVERED DRIVEWAY TO GARAGE ENTRANCE.

garage door. Illustrations 7 and 8 show the picturesque effect of a pergola of this nature. Climbing roses, ivy or other pretty vines may be grown over the pergola. Picture 7 shows this feature used in connection with cement, while the brick retaining wall and the pergola are combined in Picture 8.

Beauty and Practicability.

There are a few things that should be remembered and put into practice in the construction of the garage. Possibly the most important of these is its size. Make it large enough to give the one who is cleaning or repairing the car plenty of room to pass on all sides of the machine without moving it. Make allowance for drawers, cupboards, benches, oil tanks, etc. See to it that there is plenty of light. If you are in doubt, add another window. There cannot be too much light. It is indeed annoying to have to repair an auto in the dark, and sometimes it proves costly. See that the garage is drained. If the walls are supporting any considerable weight of earth, drain them in order to eliminate danger of caving. As to the garage floor, it is probably best to drain it toward the center, thence out, so that any oil, gasoline, water, etc., that may be spilled will naturally run to the center

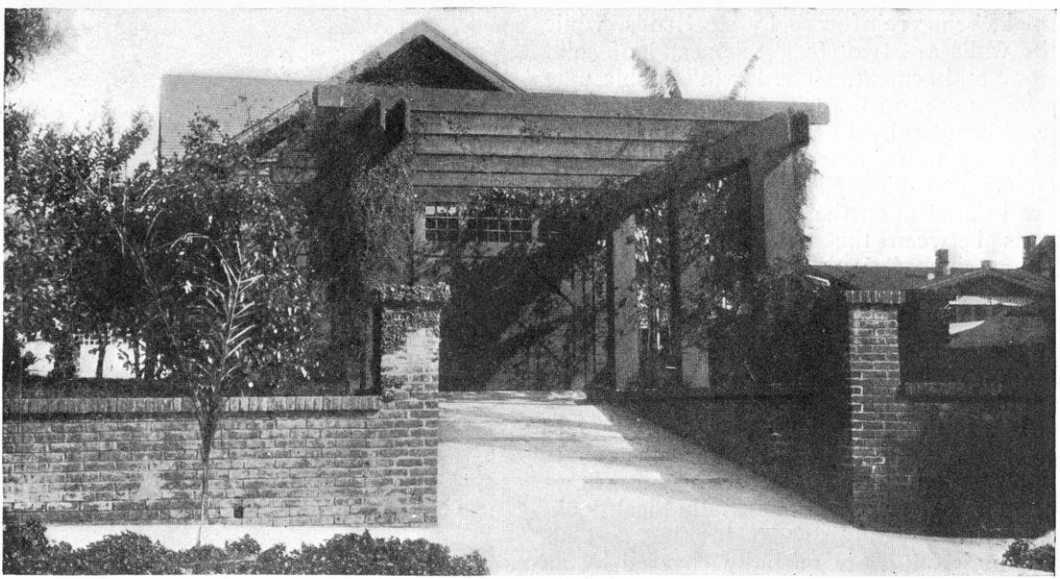


FIGURE EIGHT: MAKING A GARAGE INTERESTING ARCHITECTURALLY BY MEANS OF A PICTURESQUE ENTRANCE.

and on out of the garage. Build the garage on the same lines as the home—then paint the garage and the dwelling the same color. Don't forget that the garage naturally belongs upon the home place. Treat it accordingly and make it a thing of real beauty.

THE DAUGHTERS OF MARTHA

THE pathos in the position of farm women is felt more and more as the personal aspects of their life are revealed. No existence offers greater possibilities for contentment and growth, and yet their efforts to make the most of what might be a truly beautiful and gracious development are choked by a mass of baffling details and difficulties, most of which might be removed and the rest alleviated. The Department of Agriculture has recently made public a general report on the needs of farm women. It deals with the domestic, educational and economic conditions of farm life and is made up of a large number of letters from farm women, giving their ideas of the ills and remedies that should be taken into account in attempting to promote the rural life uplift.

"Why can't the Government which owns the water power," one woman asks, "improve it and make and sell at reasonable rates to farmers the electricity that would help to light our homes, run our sewing machines, propel the floor sweeper, run the separator and the churn, and give us telephone lines around the home? I get so lonesome here in the house every day when the children go to school and John is out in the field, nearly a mile away, that it would be like heaven if I could get just a word over the telephone now and then."

From all sections come appeals for better medical attendance. One writer, who is representative of a number of others writing in the same tone, says:

"One case of typhoid fever lasting six weeks, attended by a doctor in his automobile, cleans up our four bales of cotton, which is the average, and leaves the balance of our family to starve with a big medical account at the drug store. These doctors and druggists are all combined. We have to pay their charges or we are put on the 'black list,' and we can then get no attention from that profession. It sometimes happens that these merchants take all of our cotton and we can't pay our doctor bills—when this is the case, we are put on the 'black list.' This thing took place here in my family."

Some of the experiences related are discouraging to men and women who think that getting back to the land is a translation to an earthly paradise. Nevertheless, a number of the letters tell of the hopeful type of farm mother and housewife. The writers are not always complaining and many of the women draw satisfying comparisons between their life on the farm and that of their mothers and grandmothers. But the great majority of farm women feel that they have not all they need or have a right to want. They ask for more water and that nearer the kitchen. They would like to have vacuum sweepers; electric lights would save cleaning lamps. They would like to have a small entry way where the men when they come in from the fields could change their boots for house shoes and wash up without interfering with the work in the kitchen. They ask for screened porches to keep out the flies, and to use for sleeping porches. Many appeal for some sort of farm sewerage so that the necessary kitchen refuse may be disposed of in a way that will not feed and summon the myriad of flies that hug the kitchen doors of so many thousands of farmhouses.

Some writers ask for good pictures, good books, sane and useful family papers, and flowers and shrubbery around the home. Many discuss their gardens and want to know more about the vegetables which city people enjoy but which their men folks do not know how to raise. One woman tells how a neighbor, in her ignorance, boiled lettuce.

A woman in South Dakota pleads for trees and tree seeds. She says she will carry on any experiment that may be required if only the department will send her the means of getting trees around her home. Many ask for winter house plants. Frequently opposition to free seeds sent by Congressmen is shown, but the experimental introduction of unknown and valuable plants and seeds is always spoken of as helpful. One woman, out in Arizona, says she would give anything to see a tulip once more, and pleads for bulbs.

The idea of clubs, institutes, village halls, lectures, moving pictures and county gatherings to stimulate the uplift of the woman's side of farm life is strongly expressed. One North Carolina woman has this suggestion:

"I think a nice small model house, furnished cheaply, for women to come and see and do likewise in their own homes, would be a blessing in our country, one where demonstrations in cooking, home nursing and dressmaking were given. We all want a new stove, sewing machine, fireless cooker, churn, etc., but we haven't seen one and we are afraid to try these new things unless we could see them in use. We would like to have healthy children, but we don't know what to do and we are anxious to learn. I would suggest the use of a house for a certain length of time and let everybody know about it. Skilled women should be placed in charge."

The revelations in these letters should result in direct action along the lines they suggest. It is not only that the country owes these women emancipation from the sterility and bareness of scattered rural life; the woman on the farm has much to give her community and it will be possible for her to offer her best efforts only when the obstacles have been removed that prevent her from sharing in the larger life of the century.

INTENSIVE FARMING FOR WOMEN: THE WORK AND THE PROFIT: BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

HERE is an idea that French skill and thrift discovered, that English common sense adopted, and that American intelligence and enterprise may be counted upon to develop for all there is in it. It is the last word in the conservation of natural resources and the science of efficiency as applied to the land.

At Thatcham, Berkshire, one of the Midland counties of England, a woman, with several girls, has shown what it is possible to accomplish on a couple of acres of land. By the most scientific kind of intensive farming they have been able to meet all the running expenses of their business, including the outlay for ground rent, apparatus of all sorts, garden tools, fertilizer, and all other incidentals needed by a cultivator of the soil. Moreover, they have been able to live well, and to have sufficient leisure to enjoy such surplus of their income as they did not care to put into the bank or to invest. They have driven the farming industry with a pleasurable vim; they have never been put, so far, in the unenviable position of being driven by their business.

It was across the Channel, in France, that this highly profitable industry was learned. On the outskirts of a little village a Frenchman was discovered raising twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of garden truck, annually, on the narrow confines of a single acre of land, assisted by his wife and children. Think what that means in a country like France, where the cost of living is low and the profits, as a rule, small!

The Englishwoman readily took in the significance of this, and induced the successful small farmer to initiate her into the mysteries of the business. Returning to her native town of Thatcham, she immediately took steps to establish herself in so remunerative a pursuit. For this purpose, she enlisted as her assistants several of the more intelligent and enterprising girls in the neighborhood.

The first thing they did was to lease five acres of land. They had no thought of purchasing it. Indeed, land in Great Britain is rarely for sale, and when it is, the price is practically prohibitive—at least, to the farmer. Later on they discovered that they had made a big mistake in renting so much, for they found as they got well into their work that two acres were all that they could handle, with the minute attention they were necessarily giving to their tasks.

The five acres they proceeded to make richer than even old dame Nature herself had ever dreamed possible. For fertilizer they used stable manure, which they bought at slight cost at a near-by farm, and hauled themselves. This was most thoroughly distributed, not a square inch of the soil escaping its rich share. Thus from the very first they had a fine lush bed capable of raising and nourishing an abundant, succulent crop of garden vegetables. The American grower, however, might do well to investigate the best sort of fertilizer for his locality and purpose.

A peculiar clause was inserted in the lease, which made the landlord for the moment hesitate, as it was so unusual. This provided that the tenants, at the expiration of their lease, should have the privilege of digging up and removing the soil to a depth of eighteen inches. The provision was only a fair one, as the renters knew they would enrich the soil too thoroughly to justify its reverting to the landlord.

INTENSIVE FARMING FOR WOMEN

At the Thatcham farm three crops are raised every twelve months, and these crops, moreover, are on the market ahead of the season! This is the secret of the big profits.

A palisade of zinc plates encloses the whole field. These are sunk for some distance into the ground, and are for the purpose of thoroughly conserving all the nutriment.

For the first planting are employed large bell-shaped glasses, called "*clochers*" on the Continent. When the plants underneath, after proper exposure to the sun, have advanced far enough in their development, they are transferred to regular glass-covered frames, that the women have also built themselves. Lettuce is one of the important crops. To start with, five plants are grown under each *clocher*. This gives ample room for them to develop. Cauliflower is also a favorite crop, and even carrots are found to be profitable. The plants thus selected, it will be noted, are of the hardy sort, and with ordinary care there is but little danger from the blight of frost.

Protective mattings made of willow wands, of the flexible branches of bushes, or of big bundles of dry straw or hay, are used to maintain a sufficiently warm temperature in time of need and to exclude the biting winds and nipping frosts.

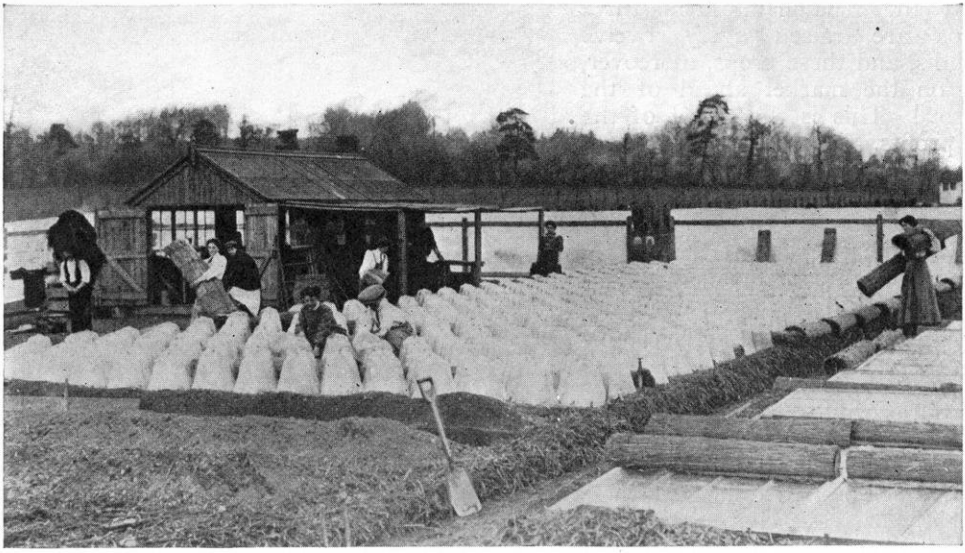
"CLOCHERS," THE BELL-SHAPED GLASS FOR FORCING PLANTS USED ON THATCHAM FARM.

There are no paths on this little farm, either for walking or for the use of wheelbarrows. Space is too valuable. All the fertilizer is taken thither in baskets, and the vegetables, when ready for the market, are carried away by the same means.

Manure, zinc plates, and the *clochers* had to be purchased, as stated. Practically everything else, however, was made or done by the individual efforts of the women. For the frames of glass they sought out photographic firms, who sell their old negatives at a low price. They cleaned these off and had good material from which to build their little hothouses.

At first it seemed rather difficult and a bit

THE THATCHAM FARM, WHERE THREE CROPS ARE RAISED EVERY TWELVE MONTHS THROUGH INTENSIVE CULTIVATION: ENTIRELY UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF WOMEN.



THE WOMEN AT WORK AMONG THE BELLS AND FRAMES.

ridiculous that such infinite pains should be taken not to waste even an inch of space, but as the women got more and more deeply engrossed in their enterprise, an enthusiasm seized each of them, a sort of pride, too, in outdoing the others in getting every bit of value possible out of the little holding.

Many women in England are imitating the experiment at Thatcham, which, by the way, can now be hardly called an experiment. It is amazing what prices can be obtained for fine fresh vegetables marketed out of season.

A tremendous advantage of an enterprise of this sort is that aside from the small capital required at the outset, no labor need be hired. The owner of the little farm can do all the work herself; and it isn't hard work, either, or, at least, the kind that takes the bloom out of the cheek and overburdens young shoulders. It's the sort of work that should make every captive in the big city office or store turn wistfully toward it as a means of escape from profitless drudgery and acquire a decent competence through healthy outdoor labor. This advantage, of course, need not be pointed out to the country girl. She knows, or should know, its value.

The fact that these women knew the value of prepared soil indicates that people are realizing that soil should be treasured and conserved, as well as forests and water sources. We have no right to permit the soil entrusted to us to deteriorate for the next generation. It should be to us a sacred trust, a heritage well worth thoughtful treasuring. And care of the soil will always be found to repay fourfold.

HOTHOUSE FRAMES MADE FROM OLD PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES.

PROTECTIVE MATTINGS OF FLEXIBLE BRANCHES OF BUSHES OR OF BUNDLES OF HAY OR STRAW ARE USED TO MAINTAIN AN EVEN TEMPERATURE.

The soil is a mine that will never become exhausted if rightly used. Every farmer should study the soil as thoroughly as the seed, if he wishes to get the best value from his acres. Sometimes it has become exhausted and must be allowed to rest, or given a change of work or crop. If it is soggy, sour, dry, sandy or poisonous, it can be nursed back to health. Crop rotation heals many an unhealthy soil. Enrichment with manure puts new life into the worn-out. Draining restores the strain of too much water. There is always some way to change the soil and get the best out of it. Such intensive farming as these women are carrying on not only restores the soil, but makes it of greater value for future workers. Though they are getting the best possible use of it during their own lifetime, they leave it as a valuable legacy in far better condition than they found it.

One thing that has to be considered in intensive farming is the enormous amount of application necessary not only at the start, when the work is freshly interesting, but throughout the season. There is work to be done all the winter in planning and arranging, in the spring in getting ready, in the summer in watching the crops and in the fall in looking after the markets.

HOW THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE MAKES CHILDREN FACTORS IN FIRE FIGHTING: BY ROLAND B. WOODWARD,

Secretary, Rochester Chamber of Commerce.

ROCHESTER'S fire loss for 1914 is estimated at $454,000. In itself this is not remarkable. No doubt other municipalities whose populations equal Rochester's were more fortunate. Here is the significance of the Rochester situation, however. In 1910 fire destroyed approximately $800,000 worth of property in the Flower City; in 1904 more than $3,000,000 met the same fate.

"Well," you reason, and correctly, too, "some powerful factor for good, some concerted, systematic effort must be making its influence strongly felt to effect a reduction of more than forty per cent. in the last four years. Rochester's fire prevention campaigns must be singularly well received by the public."

That last statement is the keynote of the success of most campaigns. It is true of Rochester, or the principles of fire prevention could never have been so widely disseminated in the city. This must be said out of fairness to the broad-minded nature of the coöperation given the Fire Prevention Committee of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce in its four annual "clean-up weeks." The first was inaugurated in 1911, the year after the city's fire loss appeared to be getting beyond the control of her citizens. A material reduction was immediately noted.

The country's most promising hope for salvation from a fire loss twenty years hence that would bankrupt it today lies in "Young America." The youngster's mind is plastic and open to impressions. Introduce him to fire prevention principles, and ". . . it is reasonable to suppose that upon his reaching maturity, fire prevention will be almost as much an instinct with him as self-preservation.

Consequently, the Rochester Chamber's Fire Prevention Committee is promoting plans for the present which it believes will automatically and surely take care of the city's future. Methods to gain this end for Rochester are of the following nature:

CHILDREN AS FACTORS IN FIRE PREVENTION.

Children are made big factors in the Chamber's fire prevention campaigns. Through the efforts of the Chamber a com-

mittee of principals and teachers has worked out suggestive courses in fire and accident prevention. These courses are included in the public school catalogue to invite a study and consideration of them by the teacher. Teachers are expected to give such parts of the course only as they find possible to give in and through other subjects. "There is much in each of these courses," is the preface of the Board of Education, "that can be used to advantage in the work of hygiene and physiology. There are also other portions that can be used to advantage in languages and that will reënforce the work in civics. The exact place which these will ultimately take in our course of study is not established. The courses are presented rather as a study."

Principals and teachers have been quick to respond. At some schools, bonfires are built on the playgrounds, the fire gong is sounded, and the pupils assemble outside to witness a manipulation of fire extinguishers, first by a trained fireman and then by one of their own number, to demonstrate how easy it is.

THE TRAINING IN ONE SCHOOL.

Because of the large number of pupils this work is probably productive of the most results at School 26 in Rochester. Approximately 1,800 pupils attend this school, and Col. Samuel P. Moulthrop, the principal, attempts by such methods to keep the subject of fire prevention constantly before his charges.

The extinguishers used are those which the pupils are accustomed to see before them on the walls and in the corridors every day at school. Contests are arranged between the boys to determine who can extinguish a fire in the shortest time. "It proved very interesting to the pupils," Col. Moulthrop wrote the committee, "and taught them the use of the extinguisher, demonstrating their ability to douse a fire in two minutes' time."

The fire drill at this school has been particularly effective. When smoke is accidentally forced through the ventilating apparatus into the corridors and rooms, the alarm is always sounded. In view of the fact that this smoke is not frequent, the calmness and order shown by the pupils in leaving the building in record time are remarkable. Col. Moulthrop declares that over 1,800 children have marched from the school in the short space of two minutes. Once it happened that the din of approaching fire apparatus was heard when smoke was accidentally issuing from the ventilators. The opportunity was not lost and the clangor of the school alarm bell was soon heard. The equanimity of those youngsters and their orderly speed in leaving the building were not the least adversely affected under this most trying test. By being marched out frequently when the fire department is passing the children have become thoroughly accustomed to the noise of the department on the run.

THE YEARLY CLEAN-UP.

Then comes the "Clean-up Week" of the Fire Prevention Committee. We never fail to link up this seven-day campaign with the school work. It always tends to crystallize the study ideas in the child's mind. The entire city is divided into sections to be inspected. The downtown territory is taken care of by joint teams of the Fire Prevention and Public Health Committee of the Chamber. The outlying and residential sections are covered by Boy Scouts and other school children. They, however, do not enter premises nor do they admonish tenants, but advise the committee of particularly bad cases. A special report blank is furnished for this purpose. The children's reports and the recommendations of the Chamber's two committees are brought to the attention of the city Fire Marshal or the Health Bureau. Both of these departments coöperate with the Chamber in its campaigns. A reinspection of the city last fall ("Clean-up Week" occurred last spring) showed material improvement and conscientious adoption of our recommendations.

Success along these lines depends to a large extent upon the volume and ardor of public sentiment favorable to fire prevention. In Rochester this might be measured by the amount of rubbish handled at the public incinerator during the campaigns. The fact that it has been treble the amount of ordinary weeks showed the public's willingness to coöperate. In Clean-up Week of 1913, 303,350 pounds or 1,629 cubic yards of rubbish were collected and disposed of at the incinerator. During the 1914 Clean-up Week, there was an increase of 50 per cent. over last year's figures. Despite the fact that the force of employees was doubled, Clean-up Week raised enough dirt this year to keep the plant rushed at top speed for the following three weeks without discharging the extra help. Not

that the city was particularly dirty; in fact the committee inspectors reported it to be but twenty per cent. in need of the broom.

In conclusion, a few words should be written in commendation of the support given the Chamber by the city administration. Under the efficient direction of Fire Chief Charles Little, our fire fighters reach a fire in the business section about two minutes after the alarm is received and in the residence section from three to four minutes. It is evident to the most critical that the city of Rochester is doing its duty with and through the Fire Department. By commonly accepted standards, this is enough. Due to the broad-minded policy of Mayor Hiram H. Edgerton, however, the city has outdone its "duty" by openly and publicly encouraging citizens to coöperate with the Chamber. Charles S. Owen, former Commissioner of Public Safety, who resigned January 1, 1915, to assume the duties of the Sheriff's office, to which he was recently elected, has always been a sympathetic and hard-working ally in the Chamber's fire prevention campaigns. The same is true of Fire Marshal Edward Wheeler, Jr., who was a member of the 1914 Fire Prevention Committee. The effectiveness of the campaign just closed is largely attributable to his gracious adoption of the Chamber's recommendation in cases in need of remedy.

Under such circumstances and with such willing coöperation from the Board of Education, Rochester's already small fire loss should decrease despite the inevitable increase in the city's population.

From *The American City,* February, 1915.

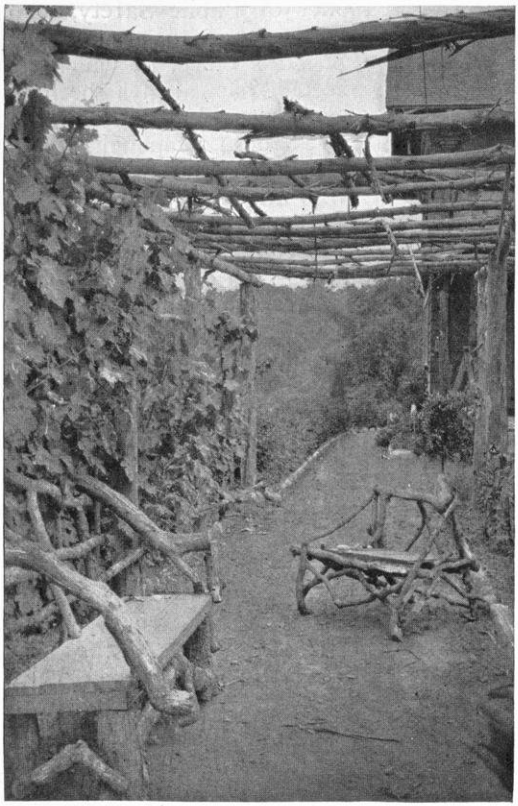
RUSTIC SEATS AND SHELTERS, FORMAL AND FANTASTIC

IF individuality be one of the most desirable traits in indoor and outdoor furniture, surely in this respect, at least, rustic takes the palm. For it is impossible—even if one should so desire it—to make two rustic chairs or tables uniform. They might, indeed, be similar in size, shape and design, but only in a general way—just as two trees of the same species may have general "family" characteristics. But when one looks a little closer, very definite differences are found in the irregularities of the trunk, in the placing and growth of branches, in the various tracery of the twigs and foliage. In like manner, each rustic chair has its own personality of detail, its own originality in logs and branches, its own quaint irregularity of lines, which, though they may be copied in a general way, can never be exactly repeated, by either Nature or man.

Perhaps this is the reason that we are so fond of rustic furniture—because it is a product partly of the beauty of the woodlands and partly of the skill of man—a pleasant hyphen, as it were, between the primitiveness of the one and the civilization of the other, a mingling of natural and cultured loveliness.

RUSTIC PERGOLA PORCH OF LOG BUNGALOW: WOODS IN BACKGROUND.

Nor does this apply only to the garden furniture—to settles, benches and other outdoor seats. It is equally true of various forms of rustic garden architecture, fences, gateways, arbors, pergolas, made from logs and branches, either with the rough bark left on, or with it peeled and slightly hewn with the axe—these struc-



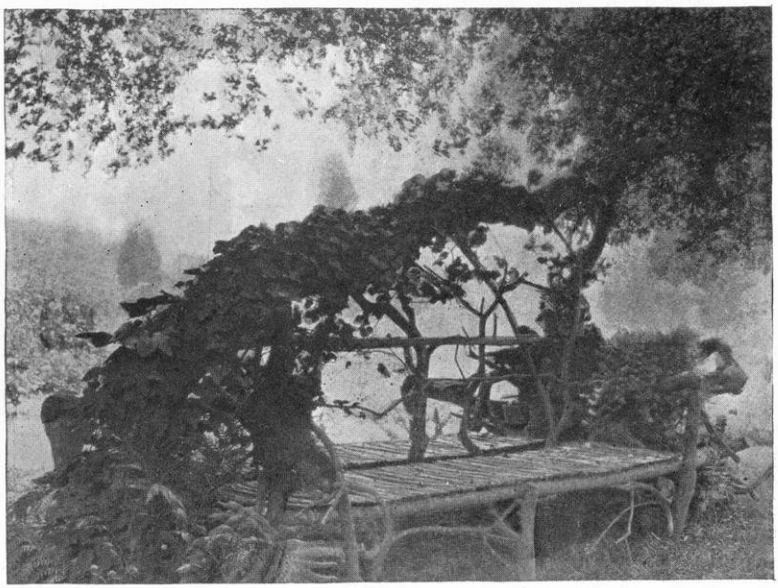
INFORMAL LOG PERGOLA PARTLY SCREENED BY GRAPE-VINES: THE RUSTIC SETTLES ARE USUALLY WHIMSICAL IN DESIGN.

tures likewise retain an individuality of their own that links them to the woods from which they came. And naturally such informal rustic shelters are most in harmony with very simple forms of country or summer homes beside the woods, or with log or log and concrete bungalows.

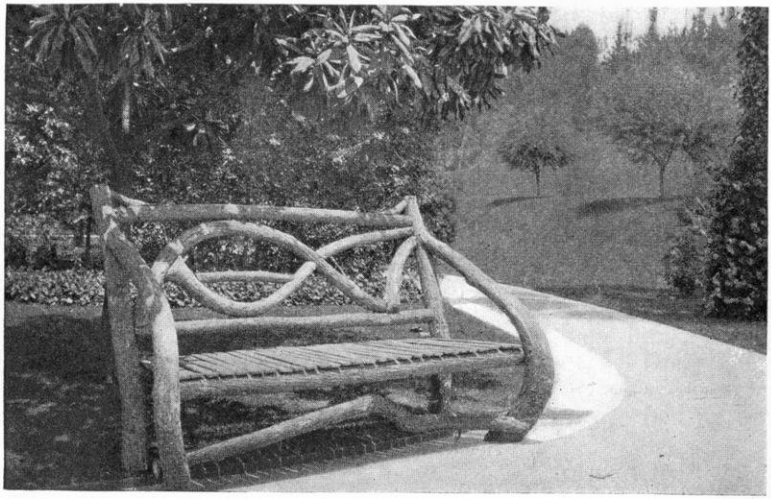
We are showing here several photographs of rustic work, sent by Mrs. Helen Lukens Gaut, of Pasadena, Cal., which show, also, quaintly fantastic effects that can be obtained by choosing for the chairs and benches branches of curiously irregular contour which add a faintly humorous touch to the design. One feels almost as though mischievous gnomes or garden fairies had been at work during the night, twisting the branches into unusual and elfish forms.

The first picture, however, shows quite a dignified and simple construction. Heavy logs on concrete bases placed at intervals around the floor of the log bungalow uphold the stout crosspieces of the roof, which in turn form supports for the lighter logs of the pergola, eventually to be covered with drooping vines. The potted palms and the background of pines beyond complete the rustic atmosphere.

The second rustic pergola belongs more to the garden than the house, the log pillars supporting an interlacing roof of thin logs above the earthen walk, and the sides being sheltered by a screen of grape vines that will soon twine themselves across the top. Under this shelter rustic settles are seen, made with seats of firm planks supported by logs and branches. The twisted lines and unexpected curves and angles of the settles produce a distinctly original effect, and sometimes even a grotesque and humorous one, such as may be found in several of our illustrations. Whether the design of the piece be of such whimsical character or of a more simple, gracious and dignified kind, will depend on the owner's



RUSTIC GARDEN SEAT WITH VINE-GROWN WALL IN CENTER, AFFORDING PARTIAL SHADE FROM SUN DURING MORNING AND AFTERNOON.



A SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL SETTLE FIRMLY MADE OF HEAVY TWISTED BRANCHES, WITH NEAT SEAT OF SLATS.

taste and the general atmosphere of house and garden.

A charming suggestion for a half sheltered garden bench is seen in the next illustration. Here is used a double seat made of slats on log supports, and down the center a light rustic back covered with vines. This is a design worth studying by gardenmakers, for the vines afford shelter from the sun during both morning and afternoon hours.

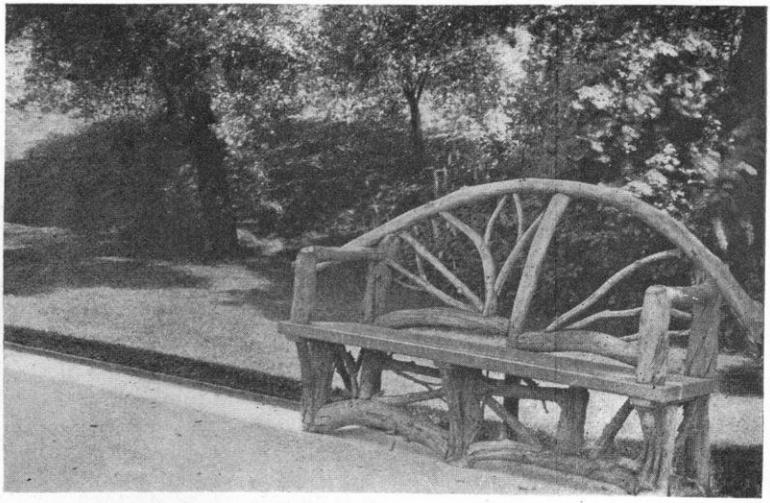
The last two pictures show firmly made settles of logs and heavy twisted branches, one with a neat seat of slats, the other with a board seat.

As already suggested, one of the delightful characteristics in the designing of seats and shelters is the endless possibility for originality and variation in design and detail. For every log, branch and twig has its own particular form, its own little idiosyncrasies, its own personality—whether sturdy and formal, severe and massive, light and whimsical, or fancifully distorted into unexpected and amusing forms.

But in spite of the somewhat freakish strains that crop out in these children of the forest, it is well to remember that, while fantastic rustic furniture and structures may occasionally add a delightful whimsical note to the garden, they should be used only rarely or they will prove annoying after acquaintance has worn off their novel air. They may be considered the exception, and the more dignified type of design may be adhered to as a rule. Nor need a certain amount of dignity preclude graceful informality and freedom, for these belong most naturally to outdoor furnishings and shelters so close in kinship with the woodland world.

WHY DO BIRDS MIGRATE?

ALTHOUGH North American birds living in the colder part of the continent return South for the winter, there is no similar movement of birds from the colder to the warmer parts of South America, according to Bulletin No. 185 of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. If the birds in North America did not go South during the winter, they would perish. Also if the birds remained in the



PARK OR GARDEN SETTLE WITH BOARD SEAT, AND CURIOUSLY ARRANGED LOGS AND BRANCHES IN SUPPORT, BACK AND ARMS.

South later than spring, there would be overcrowding; so they are drawn northward again by the enormous summer supply of bird food. In South America, on the contrary, there are almost no migratory land birds, because the south temperate latitudes are of too small area to offer such inducements.

The fact that the routes of migration of N. A. birds are long and complex does not mean that these routes were so in the beginning. In the early ages, flight was probably short, easily accomplished, and comparatively free from danger. Each lengthening of the course was adopted permanently only after many generations had proved its advantages.

There are some who argue that love of birthplace is the impulse which causes spring migration, and these call attention to the seeming impatience of the earliest arrivals. Ducks and geese push northward with the beginnings of open water so early, so far, and so fast that many are caught by late storms and wander disconsolately over frozen ponds and rivers, preferring to risk starvation rather than to retreat. The purple martins often arrive at their nesting boxes so prematurely that the cozy home becomes a tomb if a sleet storm sweeps their winged food from the air. The bluebird's cheery warble we welcome as a harbinger of spring, often only to find later a lifeless body in some shed or outbuilding.

As a matter of fact, however, only a small percentage of birds exhibit this impatience to return home. The great majority remain in the security of their winter homes until spring is so far advanced that the journey can be made with slight danger; and they reach the nesting spot when all the conditions of weather and vegetation are favorable for beginning immediately the rearing of a family.

Breeding Instinct Governs Return.

It may be safely stated that the weather in the winter home has nothing to do with starting birds on the spring migration, except in the case of a few, like some of the ducks and geese. There is no appreciable change in temperature to warn the hundred or more species of our birds which visit South America in winter that it is time to migrate. It must be a force from within, a physiological change warning them of the approach of the breeding season, that impels them to spread their wings for the long flight.

The habit of migration has been evolved through countless generations, during which time the physical structure and habits of birds have been changed in adaptation to the climate of the summer home. In spring and early summer climatic conditions are decidedly variable, and yet there must be some period that has on the average the best weather for the birds' arrival. In the course of ages there have been developed habits of migration, under the influence of which the bird so performs its migratory movements that on the average it arrives at the nesting site at the proper time.

Local Weather Conditions Minor Factors.

Local weather conditions in any stated locality are less important in determining the appearance of a given species at that place and time than are the weather conditions far to the southward, where the night's flight began. Many instances of arrivals of birds under adverse weather conditions are probably explainable by the supposition that the flight was begun under favorable auspices and that later the weather changed. Migration in spring usually occurs with a rising temperature and in autumn with a falling temperature. In each case the changing temperature seems to be a more potent factor than the absolute degree of cold.

Most Birds Migrate at Night.

Some birds migrate by day, but most of them seek the cover of darkness. Day migrants include ducks and geese (which also migrate by night), hawks, swallows, the nighthawk and the chimney swift. The last two, combining business and pleasure, catch their morning or evening meal during a zigzag flight toward the desired direction. They cover only a few miles daily, and when a large body of water is encountered they pass around rather than across it. The night migrants include all the great family of warblers, the thrushes, flycatchers, vireos, orioles, tanagers, shore birds, and most of the sparrows. They usually begin their flight soon after dark and end it before dawn, going farther before than after midnight.

Night migration probably results in more casualties from natural causes than would occur by day; but, on the other hand, there is a decided gain in food supply. For in-

stance, a bird feeds all day on the north shore of the Gulf of Mexico; if, then, it waited until the next morning to make its flight across the Gulf it would arrive on the Mexican coast at nightfall and would have to wait until the following morning to appease its hunger. Thus there would be thirty-six consecutive hours without food, whereas by night migration the same journey can be performed with only a twelve hours' fast.

During migration birds are peculiarly liable to destruction by striking high objects. The Washington Monument, at the National Capital, has witnessed the death of many little migrants; on a single spring morning nearly 150 lifeless bodies were found around its base. As long as the torch in the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor was kept lighted the sacrifice of bird life was enormous, even reaching a maximum of 700 birds in a month.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS AND THE WAR

IN an address at the recent annual meeting of the American Federation of Arts in Washington, Charles R. Ashbee, an architect and the director of large art industries in England, deplored the effect of the war on British industrial art. He said that just before the war he had worked out a plan by which a laborer's cottage could be designed and built for a thousand dollars, just the amount that it costs to fire a sixteen-inch gun. Now no cottages are built and millions of money are shot away on the battlefields. Mr. Ashbee's workshops are all closed, three of his workers are at the front, a fourth is drilling cavalry, another is learning to drop bombs from an aeroplane, and another, "the best enameler in England," is making cartridges.

Mr. Ashbee and men in his position realize more fully than others the peculiar waste of war and its destructive effect upon the arts of peace. At the close of his speech he said that his friends in England feel that we in America, in spite of our "sympathy and generosity," do not grasp fully the fact that the English are fighting "essentially the battle of democracy," that we in our "wealth and splendid isolation" have grown "so contented and happy" as not to be able wholly to understand.

The best proof that we do understand to a degree fuller than our public expressions may indicate lies in our prompt and determined effort, inspired by the situation in Europe, toward the strengthening of our own industrial and artistic life. The exhibition of American industrial art at Washington . . . proves not so much that we already have made a definite beginning in this direction, as our intention to "take account of stock," and know precisely where we stand and what our weakness is. It shows that the manufacturers and merchants are looking toward the artists for the help that should be expected of them, and are ready with a market for their talent when their talent is ready for the market.—From an editorial in the *New York Times.*

GRAND PRIZES AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION AWARDED TO THE TUEC STATIONARY CLEANER

WE are in receipt of a dispatch from Frisco announcing that the International Jury of Awards at the Exposition has awarded the Grand Prize—the highest honor within its power—to The United Electric Company, of Canton, Ohio, manufacturers of the famous Tuec Stationary Cleaner.

Our readers will be interested in this award because it confirms the claims of mechanical efficiency so frequently made in the Tuec advertisements which have been appearing regularly in our columns. It is a part of our publication policy to scrutinize closely the advertisements that are offered to us for insertion, and we endeavor in every way to make the advertising section of this paper a valuable and reliable buying guide for our subscribers.

The action of the Jury of Awards in granting the first prize to the Tuec people places the seal of approval of the California exhibition on the verdict already reached by prominent architects, engineers and property owners.

We are advised that the Tuec has achieved the highest score in every one of the competitive engineering tests in which it has ever been entered, of which the Panama-Pacific Exposition is the culminating effort.

TULIP BULBS SHOULD BE PLANTED IN THE LATE FALL

TULIP bulbs that are expected to brighten the lawn in the early spring must be planted in the late fall after heavy frosts or light freezes have checked vegetation. On the fortieth parallel they should be planted about the first week in November, and farther south a little later. These plants are adapted to out-of-door culture in all parts of the United States where the weather is cold enough to freeze the soil for a few weeks in the winter and they should be planted about a month before the ground is liable to freeze up. Other "Holland bulbs" such as the hyacinth and narcissus should be planted at the same time as the tulip.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture's specialist considers that tulips are most appropriately planted among shrubbery where they may be naturalized or where they may remain permanently. In general they are used to advantage in formal beds or in borders on the lawn.

The best soil for the tulip is a light loamy one, which should be well drained, and sand is better than clay. In clay soils it is desirable to set the bulbs on a layer of sand, to insure drainage, while in very heavy soils the sand should completely surround them. They do best in a rich ground, but manure should not come in contact with the bulbs. It is best applied to a previous crop. When fertilization is necessary at the time of planting, well-rotted manure compost should be used. The soil should be put in excellent condition.

Tulips should be set four inches deep while hyacinths and narcissi should be set six inches, in all cases measuring to the bottom of the bulbs. Care should be taken to have the bulbs of any variety of a uniform size and to set them at a uniform depth as on this depends uniformity in time of blooming.

As soon as the surface of the ground freezes to a depth of two or three inches, the bed should be covered with coarse manure to prevent alternate freezing and thawing and also to avoid freezing below the bottom of the bulbs and so prevent the formation of roots during the winter. As soon as freezing weather is over in the spring the mulch should be removed, at least the coarser part of it.

After blooming, the naturalized plantings need no further attention except when replanting becomes necessary, which in the case of tulips would be in about three years, and of the other bulbs about five. Bedded bulbs should be left as long as possible before digging so as to ripen them. They are ready when the foliage begins to die. If necessary to dig before ripe they will deteriorate more rapidly than if well ripened. After digging, dry in the sun until the tops are well cured, take off all the leaves, store on shallow trays, where mice and rats will not trouble, till the following autumn.

Bulbs May Be Raised Indoors.

Not only are tulips and other bulbous plants attractive around the lawn in early spring but they are also most satisfactory for indoor culture during the winter. They should be used in separate pots rather than in window boxes. Holland bulbs such as the narcissus, tulip and hyacinth, are practically the only plants that will flower satisfactorily in the house with ordinary care. About the only plant giving similar satisfaction is the begonia, according to the Department of Agriculture's specialist, who has experimented with many varieties.

The essentials for growing bulbs indoors are that they shall become thoroughly rooted before the tops are permitted to grow. This is done by planting the bulbs in soil either in pots or what florists know as "pans," which are shallow porcelain pots, or in boxes. These bulbs are then put in a cool place in the dark, for a period of two to six or eight weeks, or even longer if desired. They should be left there until the roots are well started. In the case of bulbs planted in pots, the pots may be inverted and gently tapped, when the bulb and soil will come out in a mass. When the bulbs have been sufficiently long in the pots, the earth in the bottom of the pot will be completely covered with rootlets. The bulbs should then be brought into a slightly warmer place with some light for three or four days and then gradually brought into greater warmth and full light. During all the period of growth the ground should be kept moist without being water soaked.

Narcissi take about five weeks to develop from the time they are brought into full light. Hyacinths take a longer time and tulips about the same time as hyacinths. The Roman hyacinths mature in a little less time, while the paper-white narcissus only

takes about four weeks. It is hard to hold the paper-white narcissus for late winter. The hyacinths and tulips do not want to bloom before February. The various forms of the yellow narcissus can be brought into bloom from December until the time for outdoor blooms by starting the bulbs early in the fall and bringing them into the light at intervals of a week or ten days. For the earliest bloom it is desirable to get the bulbs started in October, and all of the bulbs should be planted before the middle of November.

Tulips require special care and attention. It is best to place the pots or pans in a box and cover the whole pot with at least two inches additional soil or ashes, and leave them there until the bud has pushed clear above the pot, otherwise the blooms will be strangled in attempting to get out of the bulbs.

Instead of placing in the cellar, these pots and boxes may be buried in the open ground, the pots being covered with four inches of soil. In localities where the ground customarily freezes hard, a heavy coating of manure should be added as soon as the first crust freezes over the bulbs. This layer of manure will prevent their freezing and will permit the bulbs to be removed to the house from time to time as needed.

The hyacinth, paper-white narcissus and especially the Chinese sacred lily are frequently grown in water. Special glasses for these bulbs may be purchased in which they may be successfully grown, or they may be placed in any attractive dish and supported by pebbles. The water should be kept so that it touches the bottom of the bulb.

BOOK REVIEWS

HOW TO KNOW THE WILD FLOWERS: BY MRS. WILLIAM STARR DANA

"ONE of these days," John Burroughs once wrote, "some one will give us a hand-book of our wild flowers, by the aid of which we shall all be able to name those we gather in our walks without the trouble of analyzing them. In this book we shall have a list of all our flowers arranged according to color, as white flowers, blue flowers, yellow flowers, pink flowers, etc., with place of growth and time of blooming."

Most of us—even those who really love the country—know little about the names and habits of the wild flowers, except the few that have been familiar from childhood. And yet the subject is a fascinating one, when pursued not merely in a botany class, but out in the woods and fields with a handy book for guide. In the present work the flowers are classified according to their prevailing colors, an arrangement that makes the task of identification an easy one for the amateur flower-lover whose knowledge of botanical terms and characteristics is still of the vaguest. Plentiful and carefully drawn illustrations, many of them in color, make this new edition of the book more valuable than the original one. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 332 pages, profusely illustrated. Price $2 net.)

WEALTH FROM THE SOIL: BY C. C. BOWSFIELD

THIS practical handbook has been prepared especially as an aid to town people who wish to become farmers. As the author says: "It is feasible for city men and women to take land and engage in farming. If they apply to agriculture those principles which make for success in commercial affairs they will succeed on the land."

The chapters include advice on how and where to engage in farming, planning and management of the farm, and handling of farm help. The social aspect of rural life and problem of keeping the young folk interested are considered. Questions of marketing, dairy management, beef, sheep and pork raising, poultry management, cultivation of fruit, vegetables, wheat and other crops, the care of bees—these and other important subjects are given detailed consideration. In short, the book is one that will be found full of helpful information by all who intend to take up farming, in one or more of its various phases, as a profitable enterprise. (Published by Forbes & Company, Chicago. 319 pages. Price $1.)

LOVE-ACRE: BY MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

"AN Idyl in Two Worlds" Mrs. Ellis has called this fanciful and touching story. And indeed, one feels in the reading that it is illumined by a strange, spiritual light. The chief character is an imaginative young shepherd, *Tobias,* whose childhood dreams and later communion

with Nature made so real to him the fairy world of "Love-Acre" into which he believes his mother's spirit passed. His ardent and tender wooing, his idealism of the girl he loves, his trials and disappointments, and the final heroism of his great sacrifice are all told in the sympathetic manner that always marks this author's work. (Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 298 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

IMAGINA: BY JULIA E. FORD

THERE is a very winsome and appealing quality about this charming book which will please children and grown folk alike. Through its wide-margined pages, with their fanciful sketches, runs the tale of a little boy—a child whose imaginative mind brings him into close comradeship with all living things—dogs, trees, birds, butterflies and the world of faery. His youthful trials and tribulations under the stern guardianship of *Dame*, his adventures in the woods and meadows, the mystery of the secret room, and the coming of his playmate *Imagina*—these are all told in the naïve spirit of youth as interpreted through older eyes. Two full-page color pictures by Arthur Rackham, and innumerable black-and-white drawings by the author's daughter, Lauren Ford, add delightful distinction to the book. (Published by Duffield & Company, New York. 178 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.50 net.)

THE TRAINING OF THE HUMAN PLANT: BY LUTHER BURBANK

THE wonders that Mr. Burbank has accomplished through his imaginative and skilful labors in the plant world, and the renown that he has so deservedly won, entitle him to serious consideration when he expresses his point of view upon the training of children. For, as he points out, the general principles that govern the vegetable kingdom may be applied to the development and cultivation of higher forms of life. The comparison of children to growing plants or unfolding flowers is a simile that holds as much truth as poetry.

In this little book, therefore, the great plant-magician analyzes, simply and logically, the needs and tendencies of the child, seen through the light of his own experiments. He points out the possibilities for well-balanced, wholesome development that lie in the mingled races that make up our American population. He lays stress on the value of Nature's teachings, the necessity for outdoor life and exercise and nourishing food, the influence of environment and training in the upbuilding of character, and the desirability for preventing the marriage of the physically unfit.

Mr. Burbank is very positive in some of his statements, as, for instance, when he says that "the curse of modern child-life in America is over-education," and that "no boy or girl should see the inside of a schoolhouse until at least ten years old." The child, in his opinion, must have ample time to be prepared for the work before it, and above all else it must be a healthy animal. Another point which he emphasizes is the need for differentiation in training, since no two children are alike. They must develop along individual lines, to bring out the best qualities in their own particular capabilities, tastes and temperament. (Published by The Century Co., New York. 99 pages with portrait frontispiece. Price 60 cents; postage 5 cents.)

INDIAN DAYS OF LONG AGO: BY EDWARD S. CURTIS

THIS tale of an Indian lad's adventures is especially suitable for boys and girls, although older readers will be interested in its portrayal of tribal life and ways of thought. Fishing and rabbit-hunting expeditions, wanderings of the tribe, buffalo hunts and mountain journeys are described with simple picturesqueness. (Published by World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York. 221 pages, 200 illustrations from photographs by the author and drawings by F. N. Wilson. Price, postpaid and boxed, $1.20.)

EAST CHRISTIAN PAINTINGS IN THE FREER COLLECTION: BY CHARLES R. MOREY

STUDENTS of theology and ancient art will be interested in this careful account of East Christian paintings. The pages are enlivened with reproductions in color and black and white which add distinctly to the value of the text. Very quaint and curious are these old pictures, with their crude drawing, mellow color and wealth of symbolic meaning. The contents include descriptions and illustrations of two miniatures from the manuscript of St. John Climacus, eight miniatures from the manu-

script of the gospels, and the painted covers of the Washington manuscript. (Published by the Macmillan Co., New York. 81 pages. Illustrated.

THE LITTLE KING: BY WITTER BYNNER

THIS brief but powerful play reveals little Louis XVII, the boy king of France, imprisoned in Paris under the rough tutelage of Antoine Simon and his wife, whose uncouth ways contrast strangely with the gentleness of their young captive. There is a poetic quality about the simple dialogue that is particularly appealing, and in the background one feels the unseen terrors of the guillotine and the tragedy of the fated Marie Antoinette. The nobility of the small prisoner in refusing to escape and leave a substitute to bear the probable punishment turns one's pity to sudden admiration and makes a dramatic ending. (Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 76 pages. Price 60 cents net.)

IN THE LAND OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS: BY EDWARD S. CURTIS

ALL who are interested in the American Indian will appreciate this book, for it is based on a legend of the Indian tribes whose original habitat was the Vancouver region. The adventures of a young chief are told, including his winning of a bride, the plots of the sorcerer and war chief, the raid on the village, the capture and rescue of the maiden and the overthrow of the enemy. The tale is told in simple, epic fashion, and is illustrated with thirty photographs. (Published by World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York. 112 pages, 30 illustrations. Price, boxed and postpaid, $1.20.)

THE BOOK OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

"AT Bayeux in Normandy," says Belloc, "a little town as old perhaps as our race and older certainly than our records and our religion, there is to be seen in the main room of what was once the Bishop's Palace a document unique in Europe." It is this document—the famous Bayeux Tapestry—which the present book illustrates and describes in such faithful color and careful detail. These fifty-eight scenes in the life of William the Conqueror, embroidered in colored worsteds on a roll of linen, are traditionally ascribed to the deft fingers of Queen Matilda; but, as Belloc remarks, this seems to have been nothing but the guesswork of an antiquarian don. Whatever the source, however, the Tapestry is both a remarkable and beautiful work of art and a valuable historic record, and this presentation of it should find an honored place on the shelf of many a library, school and home. (Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 54 pages. Color reproductions. Price $3.50.)

THE GARDENETTE: BY BENJAMIN F. ALBAUGH

"THE Gardenette" is intended, so declares its preface, for the use of beginners who, possessed of but a small backyard area, desire to make the most of it. By what he terms the Sandwich System, fully described in this volume, the author obtains most amazing results. This much enlarged third edition contains valuable advice for amateur gardenmakers who are struggling with large acres, as well as those who with but a few feet of space behind a city fence, attempt to grow a few fresh vegetables for the table and flowers to cheer the house. There are chapters on both vegetable and flower gardening, with planting tables, "best varieties" and a glossary at the end. In compact form this book contains just the information a beginner must needs have. (Published by Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati. 133 pages. Illustrated. Price, $1.25 net.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Constructive Text-Book of Practical Mathematics: Vol. III: Technical Geometry," by Horace Wilmer Marsh. Published by John Wiley & Sons, Inc., New York, 242 pages, with diagrams. Price $1.25 net.

"The Art of the Low Countries," by Wilhelm R. Valentiner, translated by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. 250 pages. Well illustrated. Price $2.50 net.

"For the Allinson Honor," by Harold Bindloss. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 350 pages, with frontispiece in color by Cyrus Cuneo. Price $1.30 net.

"The Forest of Arden, with Some of Its

Legends," written and pictured by George Wharton Edwards. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 213 pages. Price $4.50 net.

"Experiments: A Volume for All Who Are Interested in Progress," by Philip E. Edelman. Published by the author in Minneapolis, Minn. 250 pages, containing "a complete account of experimental work in science, invention, the industries and the amateur field, with practical instructions and working directions, illustrated with tables, plates, engravings and half tones." Price $1.50. Gift edition bound in leather, $3.00.

"What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince," by an English-American governess. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company. 241 pages. Price $1.25 net.

"Proceedings of the Sixth National Conference on City Planning." Published by The University Press, Cambridge, U. S. A. 361 pages.

"Stories from Robert Browning," by V. Cameron Turnbull. Published by Crowell, New York. Price $1.50 net.

"The Study of Modern Painting," by Margaret Steele Anderson. Published by The Century Co., New York. 357 pages. 40 illustrations. Price $2.00 net; postage 10 cents.

"Manual of Stories," by William Byron Forbush. Published by George W. Jacobs & Company, Philadelphia. 304 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Helpful to teachers and mothers who do not naturally understand the art of story telling.

"Profitable Vocations for Boys," by E. W. Weaver and J. Frank Byler. Published by the A. S. Barnes Company, Chicago. 278 pages. Price, $1.00 net. Textbook of useful information on the different industries, advance studies of which are given in schools.

OUTDOOR DRAMA

(*Continued from page 441.*)

of Greece's attitude toward Troy, and the probable result of such monumental selfishness and vanity.

The burden of this entire play is a study of the old, old call: "Not peace, but a sword," and never since the world began has this cry been so terrific as today. As THE CRAFTSMAN goes to press for this issue, there is no certainty that when the magazine is printed and published, this terrible cry may not have rung out over our own land, calling our men from the farm lands, universities and offices, gathering our women together as the Trojan women stood together for their own homes, destroying our children as the little Hector was destroyed, and perhaps the play which we saw merely for our afternoon's enjoyment may become a source of inspiration to us, touching our pride, thrilling our spirits and helping us to believe in the indomitable quality of absolute heroism.

It is to be hoped that these presentations of Granville Barker will enlarge the need and enjoyment of outdoor drama until the time will come when our summertime histrionic productions will be as common a thing for us, as beautifully developed, as important in creation and staging as anything that we attempt indoors. It is quite possible that they may become the great dramatic opportunities of the people and that in time the people themselves throughout the country will realize how much they can accomplish in municipal open air theaters, where the people of each city or town write their own plays, produce their own music and stage and act their own drama. This would undoubtedly be the ideal people's theater. And no theater can do full justice to the people or people to the theater, except it is born through their own efforts; in other words, all drama, as all music and all art should belong to the people. It should be born of their own creative impulse, developed by them, enjoyed by them. It was so that art was first created. It has only strayed into the theaters and libraries and museums through the exigencies of our foolish artificial, hothouse civilization. And if the people refuse to have art taken away from them and shut up in walls, if they insist upon living it themselves as well as bearing it, they will come into their own again in the art world, and art will be a part of their expression of life; and eventually all expressions of life will grow more and more simple and beautiful and joyous. This is what we hope for in our democracy, and we hope for it without an intervening period of suffering and sorrow and disaster. We would like to find this progress an outcome of our own delight in what is most free and hence most beautiful.