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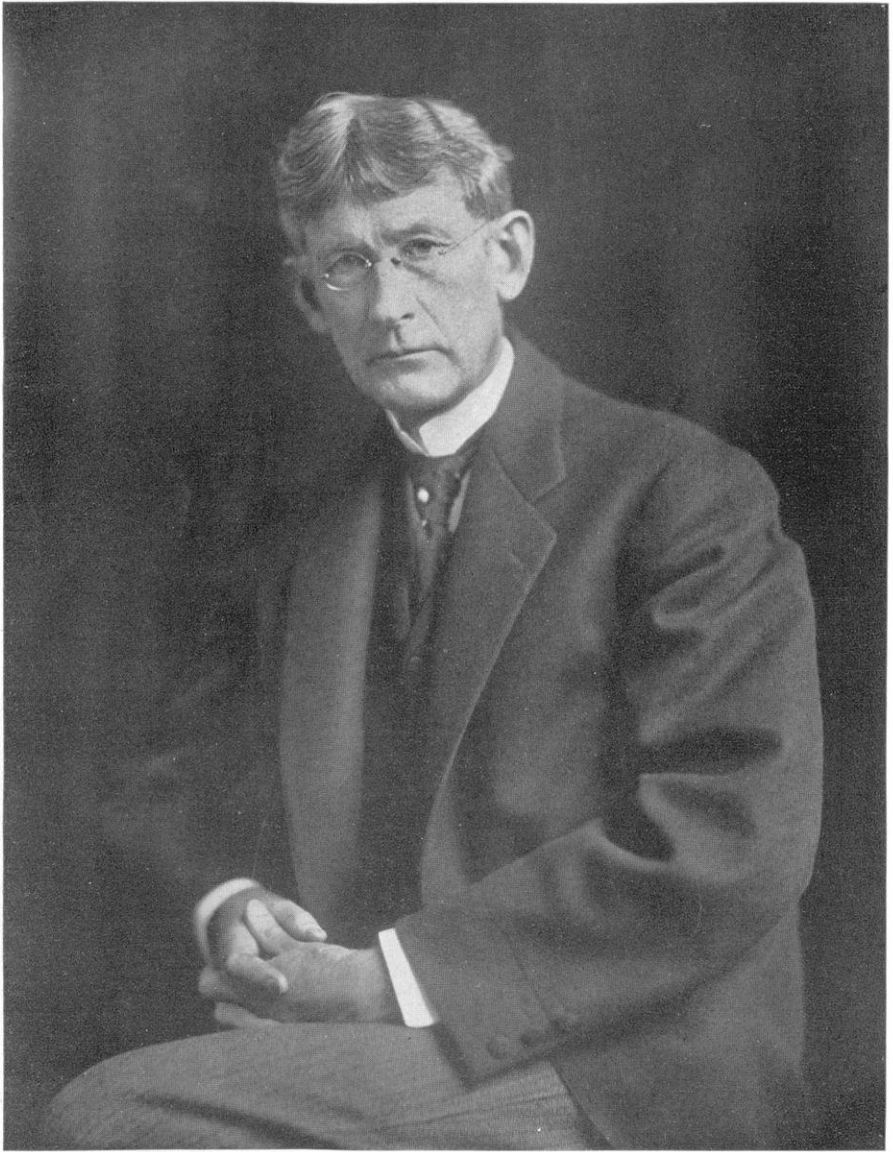
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From a Photograph by Gessford.

FRANK S. BLACK, PHILOSOPHER, FARMER, WRITER.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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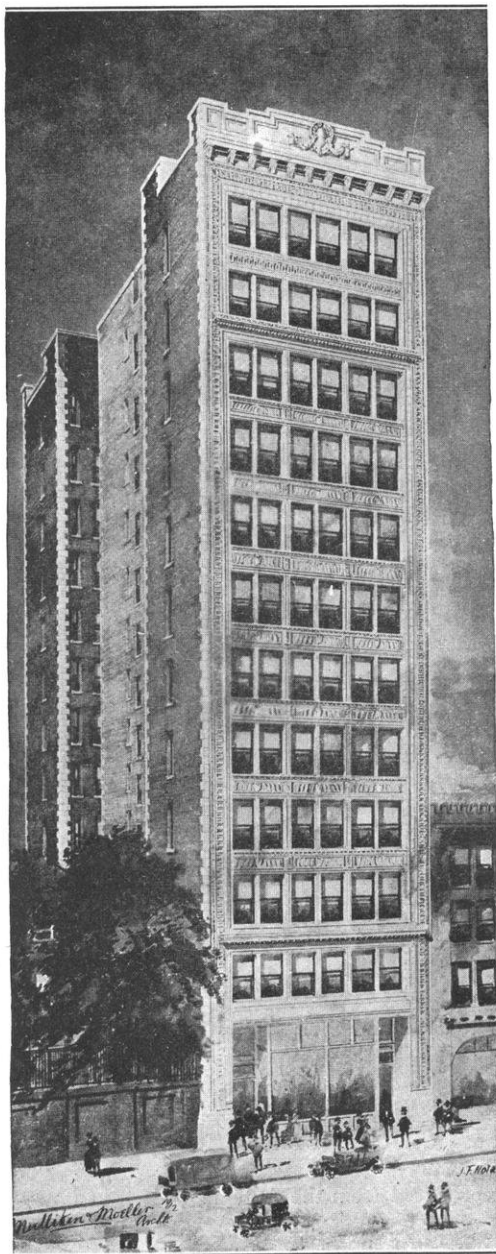
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THE NEW CRAFTSMAN BUILDING



A twelve story building just off Fifth Avenue is being erected for the exclusive use of THE CRAFTSMAN. It runs through the entire block from 38th to 39th Street. A glance at the map will show the remarkable advantages of its location in the heart of the finest shopping district of New York.

The building is 200 ft. deep, thoroughly fireproof and sprinkled. Its construction admits plenty of daylight in all parts, even the stairways and elevator entrances.

The several acres of floor space in this building will be occupied by THE CRAFTSMAN and its Service branches, an expansion made necessary by the growth of Craftsman Service (see editorial on page 254).

The chief feature will be a Permanent Homebuilders' Exhibit of every sort of building material, with actual demonstrations of their uses, showing all methods of construction. There will be a complete display of goods for the equipment and furnishing of the home, such as vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, water heaters, etc. Methods of wall treatment and decorative materials of all kinds will be shown, not simply as samples but applied directly to the walls, showing exactly how they will look in the home. The exhibits will

be conveniently grouped with competent experts in charge to distribute samples, literature and information.

The value of such an exhibit to the thousands of homebuilders in the metropolitan district will be readily apparent, but in addition to mere local value this



THE CRAFTSMAN



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INSPIRATION



THE CRAFTSMAN has found a new friend, or perhaps we should say, discovered a new source of inspiration. The morning mail brought us a pamphlet about Lincoln. The name of Lincoln always arrests our attention, and this pamphlet was the wisest thing we had ever read about the greatest man we have ever known. Lincoln lived again in the little book, more closely to us, more intimately in our lives than ever before. His strength, his tenderness, his infinite kindness threaded every page we turned. Out of words was built up before us the presence of that great good man, until we were inspired and refreshed. Things were said about Lincoln that were of themselves a measure of greatness in the author. In speaking of Lincoln's simple life, he wrote: "Groves are better than temples, fields are better than gorgeous carpetings, rail fences are better than lines of kneeling slaves, and the winds are better than music if you are raising heroes and founding governments."

If you stop to think about it, Lincoln himself might have said these very convincing words, and it was living them that helped him to become a hero and to found a government. It has been said that there is no surer cementing for friendship than a similarity of affections, the craving for the same good thing. And so after we had read these great words about the man who understood groves and winds and knew fields better than gorgeous carpetings, we felt that we had found a new friend, one who told our own thoughts to us as we had dreamed them but never uttered them.

The qualities in Lincoln's character that impressed our new friend were these finenesses that could only be understood and reckoned with by a man possessing the same lodestar in life. It is surely true that we find in our friends what we need in them, a reflection of our own spiritual attainment, and we do not find what we are incapable of comprehending. And when a man says that "it is not life that counts in the making of the world, but character, and character is best formed amid those surroundings where every waking hour is struggling," then we know something of his own life and his own acceptance of the tragedies of life as the necessary rocks on which

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to build character. And we know that our friend understood Lincoln, his struggles, his sorrows, his unbending integrity, through the clear light of his own developed character.

"Give me," he says, "the hut which is small enough, the poverty which is deep enough, life that is great enough, and over all the fear of God, and I will raise from them the best there is in human character." Just loving Lincoln would not develop such understanding as this of what formed and molded and carved this splendid human monument of goodness, which is evoked for us today out of the simple word Lincoln. No man can write understandingly of the value of the poor things of life, the sorrows, the little miseries, who has not only experienced them but lived through them and grown *up* out of them, not *down* away from them.

WE became so interested in the Lincoln pamphlet that we sought other words by the author, and we discovered that he was not only a man of wisdom in speaking of men, but in speaking of modern conditions, practical things, that we are apt to take lightly or dully or indifferently. In the midst of a time when all nations were talking of peace and of peace conferences we found that he spoke of war in this very vital way, as we all must understand it. War, he felt, would last until the simple-heartedness of man, the goodness of the world, rejected it. "The fate of nations," he said, "is still decided by their wars. You may talk of orderly tribunals and learned referees; you may sing in your schools the gentle praises of the quiet life; you may strike from your books the last note of every martial anthem, and yet out in the smoke and thunder will always be the tramp of horses and the silent, rigid, upturned face. Men may prophesy and women pray, but peace will come here to abide forever on this earth only when the dreams of childhood are the accepted charts to guide the destinies of men."

This is undoubtedly what Christ meant when he said "except ye become as little children" The great minds of different nations have again and again reiterated this final truth, that through simplicity is goodness and greatness born; not through self-conscious intention, not through boasting or vainglorious achievement, not through the spectacular deed that wings in brilliant colors swiftly past the vision, but just simply and slowly and intensely, as arise the great forces in Nature, so are these forces revealed through the human being who for the moment becomes their channel.

The more we read of our friend, the more we found ourselves

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eager to know him,—what had bred this type of man, through what experience, through what joy or disaster had he reached the heights where he could see life so clearly, so truly, so kindly? And we found that he had been born on a farm, and that on his sixtieth birthday he had said to a friend: "I am hungry for the country life of my boyhood, eager again to see at all seasons the beautiful developments of Nature. Why should I continue to drudge for money? Money is not all happiness. I want to be where I can rise early in the morning, wander about the fields, study Nature again, breathe the pure air, write a little, gather my friends about me and sleep in the open air." A beautiful ideal that must have been born out of the memory of a very good and beautiful young age.

As a child, we felt, he must have gained through farm life the great lessons it had to teach, not just the drudgery or the sacrifice or the suffering alone. He must have found the early mornings on the hillside good, the hard work developing to his brain as well as his muscle. He must have slept well, this little lad, and worked well and found his own rich joys to have held the memory of these days down through half a century until it was transmuted into the ideal for the close of his life.

The more we read about him, the more we heard of him through his friends, the more we found here and there in newspaper clippings, in little pamphlets, the words of crystal wisdom that he had uttered in the stress of great conflicts, the more surely we realized that this man whom we had only just discovered was in reality that rare thing in the world today, a great philosopher; not a self-conscious teacher, with his starlike theories of life submerged in many words and bound in leather, but the human philosopher, the man whom men needed, the man who spoke the wise word in the hard hour of cruel strain, in the moment of restless confusion of issues, at the time when he faced enemies, disloyalty, disillusion. We saw this man, whose philosophy was, in fact, developed by his close relation to the conflict of his own age, as a man who never had the trite word for any situation, great or small, but who honored all relationships of life with the response born of sincere thought, who did not feel it beneath the hurried, worried man of business to express his thoughts in language so simple, so beautiful as to merit their preservation in the best of the literature of his age.

How completely the memory of his early days stayed with him as he grew older, how they enveloped his life, spreading tender wings of consolation over him, we can perhaps best judge by his appreciation of the same quality in Lincoln when he writes: "Abra-

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ham Lincoln's strength arose, it seems to me, from the preservation through all his life of that fondness for his early home, of the tender recollections of his family and their struggles, which kept his sympathy always warm and young. He was never so great but that the ties of his youth still bound him. He was never so far away but that he could still hear the note of the evening birds in the groves of his nativity."

And in summing up Lincoln's place in the world's history, he again employs the line of thought which makes you realize his own understanding of Nature and her forces: "Lincoln was not small in anything. He was carved in deep lines, like all heroic figures, for dangerous altitudes and great purposes." What a gigantic and splendid understanding this last phrase presupposes of the purpose of adversity. For what, after all, are the great tragedies of our existence but the chisel in the hand of Fate that is carving those who are worthy in deep lines for dangerous altitudes and great purposes?

The more we thought of the understanding of our friend of the truths of life (and after all, philosophy is only the understanding of these truths and the power of expressing that understanding) the more we felt that we must become intimate with those details that had molded his existence, rounded it out and carved the deep lines. We perhaps came to this conclusion slowly, because so much had come to us through the philosophy of the occasional word we found, that while we were eager to know him better we felt the intimacy of a lasting friendship already established.

With his name on our lips and his high words in our hearts, we opened the morning paper a few days ago to read of his death, back on the farm where he had lived as a boy, and to which he had returned but a short time to live out those last beautiful years of his life as he had planned them, out of doors. Those of our readers who have followed the career of Frank S. Black, even casually, will have discovered before this who our new-found friend is, this friend whom we have never seen, and perhaps will have already felt in their own hearts the budding of friendship for the man whose words were so tender with kindness that the goodness of his soul reached out to those who could never touch his hand.

We discover through the accounts in the newspapers that Mr. Black was only sixty years old when he died at the zenith of a brilliant career, a famous and good lawyer, a man whose life in the political arena was without a blemish, who stood at the head of his State while Governor of New York, an heroic figure of integrity and accomplished purpose, who gave up public life at what seemed

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scarcely the completion of his power for good, because he must live once more the life of his boyhood.

In a way, it has seemed to us a very tragic thing that a man who had accomplished so supreme an ideal out of the restless confused detail of life should have been swept away before a wider opportunity reached him to bring these ideals more intimately to the world needing them, for certainly this is a period in our national growth where an ideal of right human relationship is more essential, perhaps, than at any other time in our history. We are growing into a vast complicate power, our old religious symbols are vanishing one by one, as unequal to the task of spiritualizing the civilization of today, and our commercial activities and successes have given us commercial standards which are greatly lowering our spiritual activities. The human relations of not only this nation but of others are becoming disintegrated and uncertain. There never has been a time in the history of our country when we stood in greater need of the philosophical utterance of some clear lucid soul, simple and unafraid, and it seemed as though this strong, needed spiritual utterance had begun to flow from the mind of this farmer-statesman out to the world only long enough for us to realize its value and then to lose it.

But, as a matter of fact, such utterances are never lost. It is impossible to drown in the whirlwind of any complex civilization the utterance of truth. No necessary words of Lincoln's have ever vanished from the memory of the people who needed them, and who continue to need them. The philosopher apparently is born at the time when the world craves the word he has to say. The very sincere man becomes a channel for that truth from the source of life, that must flow out at different intervals to save humanity. And when it comes, the thirsty world will absorb it to the last definite expression. A very little truth is yeast enough to leaven a very troubled and sordid civilization.

And so we have grown to feel less poignant regret that our friend has gone away, because we realize as we look out over the world and into the history of the way in which truth comes to us from time to time, that we have not lost our friend or any single good word that he has ever spoken, that he is ours for all time, and that we are stronger for all time for knowing him.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE CRAFTSMAN will be glad, if enough requests are received to warrant it, to republish Mr. Black's pamphlet on Abraham Lincoln, and to send it free to any subscriber who would like to own a copy.

THE FURNITURE OF OUR FOREFATHERS: HOW IT EMBODIES THE HISTORY AND ROMANCE OF ITS PERIOD



IT is through its power to exhale the past and the quickening touch it lays on memory, recalling a sentiment here, a tragedy there, that the furniture used by the early settlers of America commands our interest, often our affection. In the severity of its lines and its sparseness we get even a strong hint of the rigid lives of those ancestors who, grappling with New England winters, still worked steadfastly on toward the building up of the land in which today we find comfort and ease of living.

This furniture made moreover a gentle insistence to be understood, the gentleness being of the sort embodied in the Arab's proverb which intimates that with this virtue one can lead an elephant by a thread. In it was also to be traced a glint of man's interpretation of nature, the forest furnishing many types for tables, chairs and couch. The beauty of nature was everywhere conceded and the wish to interpret her felt strongly long before the cry was given for bodily comfort. Men were satisfied with hard surfaces, making chair seats of unyielding wood with backs straight and uncompromising even while the need was recognized to embellish them with high relief carvings of foliage and foliated scrolls, with wood nymphs and the heads of beasts that roamed the forest fastnesses. The furniture of the Italian Renaissance showed also this desire to interpret the grace of nature; and it was ever to Italy that cabinet-makers reverted when their wells of inspiration ran dry.

The ships bringing the Colonists to America brought also their furniture, yet in more limited quantities than is thought by many today. Chests, serving as both storehouses and resting-places; chairs in considerable numbers, simple examples of Queen Anne and Jacobean styles, a few tables and a bed with warm coverlets made up the most luxurious of inventories.

As in the Mother Country, the customs of which were dear to the hearts of the Colonists, the idea of comfort in furniture rested almost exclusively in the bed. This was natural for the four-post beds, the most important early piece of furniture that came from England to America had in turn been brought to the home land from Italy and represented the need of a people using their great hall spaces as general living rooms for family, friends and soldiers,—the need likewise of a people ever on the alert to defend their castles or their homes against an enemy. These four-post beds with their heavy hangings, gave for one thing, and mercifully, privacy, the day being one wherein its measure was scant; they gave, besides,

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warmth in halls of barren grandeur, of stone or marble bleakness. When the limb-wearing labor of the day was over these rugged people found in such beds, and in them alone, physical comfort.

In fact, luxurious to a degree were these four-post beds of long ago. Yet those early used in this country were without the box springs and long-hair mattresses thought necessary today to insure repose of the body. Instead, springs of rough rope were constructed to form a support for mattresses made either of straw or of corn husks, on top of which was placed one, perhaps two, of feathers. The posts of these beds that were slight and tapering, sometimes fluted, were the first ones to reach the shores of the New World. It was not until the time of Napoleon when Empire influence had traveled far that they as well as head and foot pieces were heavily carved with twists, flowers and fruits and especially with the beloved pineapple.

Of this period the illustrated bed is representative. In it, originality followed the tester, its details being intensely feminine, graceful and individual. As can be seen also, its outline departs from that of the flat testers in every way more general. The little bow holding up the side drapery recalls no designer of styles and furniture; it suggests merely a woman's light touch of romance, the dream-note about this bed treasured as few other old pieces of furniture. Indeed many still point with pride to four-post beds that have descended to them from revered ancestors, and reproductions of them are also bought by those admiring the personality of this furniture used in earlier days. A few there are, however, since men are of many minds, who question the right of the four-post bed to live, now that its direct purpose is no longer extant. The premium on privacy is no more, it can be secured in the different rooms and anterooms of almost any house; there is no longer need to get behind the curtains and under the covers of a four-post bed in order to secure bodily warmth. Since then the real purpose of such beds has been outlived, their heavy upholstery is thought to be somewhat injurious to health and general welfare, hangings being able to harbor much dust besides germs in dreaded multitudes. At present when the world lives in apartments and houses none too large to accommodate the family, the bed has lost to a certain degree its high place of importance. People have a little hesitancy about entering a room in which a bed is conspicuous; while a room wherein its place is taken by a couch, can be used for more general purposes. The formality of a bedroom, whether for good or for ill, is therefore in many homes losing its prestige and becoming a place for more

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democratic treatment. Not but what those possessing ancestral beds and a fitting place to set them up will continue to enjoy rightfully the glamour of romance which they exhale and to honor the personal link which they represent between the past and the present.

AS is well known, the style of the first furniture that came to the American colonies was Jacobean and it was the first imitated by the early cabinetmakers of the country. It came directly from England, the land from which the Italian influence had in part departed, in part become native, the craftsmen under these conditions letting loose their own individualism. In England at this time architecture was grandiose, a characteristic strongly reflected in the Jacobean style and in its sumptuous use of oak.

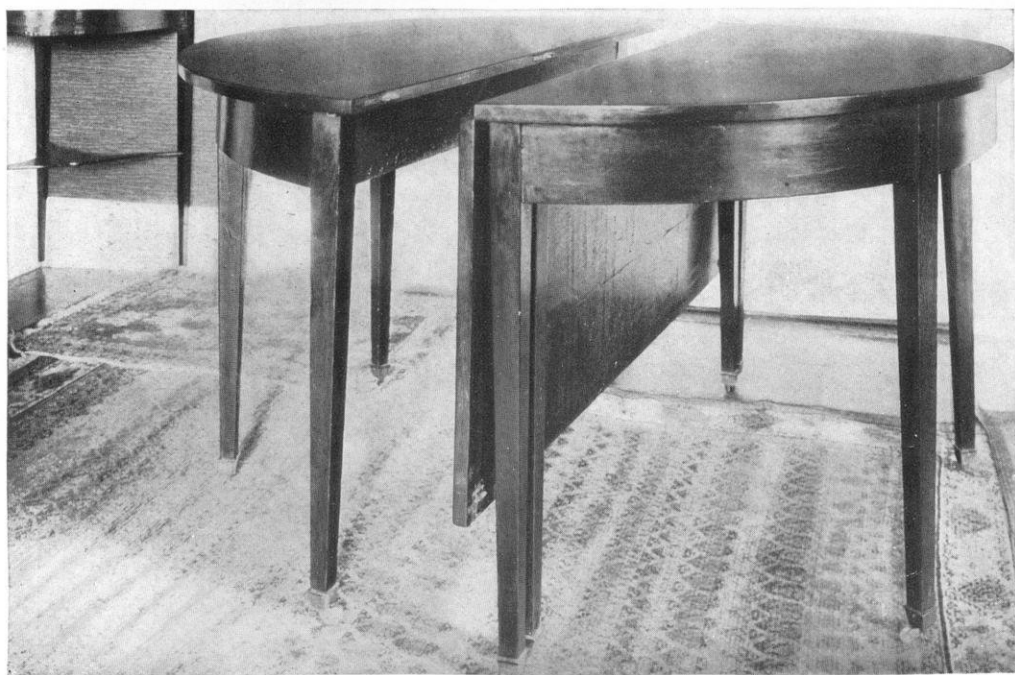
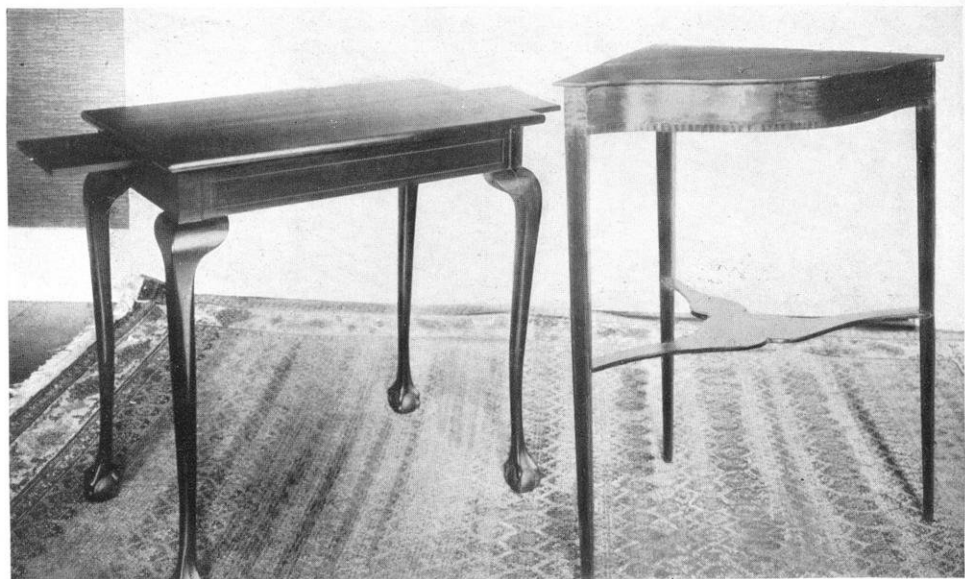
The chair herein illustrated is one of the early pieces that came to this country, a frank and honest-looking chair, vigorous and uncompromising. Its turning is free and gracefully done by hand, a fact which gave to much of the old furniture an appearance less harsh, a bit more chic than that noted today about the quantities of household goods turned out by machinery. More elaborate Jacobean chairs display the framework of the cane backs heavily carved and elaborated. All in all they were very impressive.

Oddly enough the Jacobean style of furniture is of all others the most sought after and patronized by fashion today. Garrets are ransacked for chests, square cupboards, gate-leg tables and boxlike pieces of furniture, long unused and hidden away in dusty lofts, while other styles have had their day and passed from favor. This return to popularity of the Jacobean conceptions may be because representative Americans are living more in the country than a decade ago and because their houses are very spacious. Country halls are usually large, often well suited to the furniture of this period. Dining rooms also take the Jacobean styles remarkably well, since it is invariably imposing and free from all appearance of triviality.

The Queen Anne Windsor chair shows one well known to the early Colonists. Its beauty is that of simplicity and good construction. It is a chair to forbid lounging as known today, but one which nevertheless has a gracious curve following the outlines of the back, arms to lean against and a support offering rest for the head and shoulders. Early American cabinetmakers took some points from such chairs when they made the now celebrated comb-back rockers, purely an invention of the New World. Perhaps it expressed also a longing for more ease of body than had hitherto been regarded as in conformity with spiritual piety. Certainly its acceptance was immediate.



SHERATON TABLE AND SIDEBOARD, ALSO OLD PIECES OF CHINA THE LIKE OF WHICH ARE NOW HIGHLY PRIZED. HEPPLEWHITE CHAIRS IN WHICH SAT THE "PERFECT" LADIES OF THE DAY.



TWO ANTIQUE TABLES NOW VALUED AT MORE THAN THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

TABLE OF EARLY AMERICAN MAKE: THE NEED OF INCREASING THE SIZE OF THE FAMILY BOARD BEING SHOWN BY AN ORIGINAL CONCEPTION OF THE DROP LEAF.

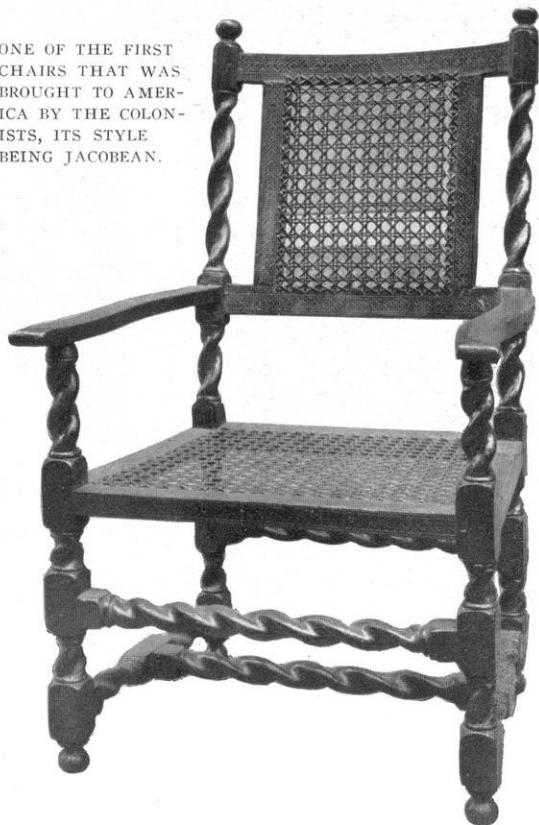


LADDER-BACK CHIPPENDALE CHAIRS AND TABLE SHOWING THAT OUR GRANDMOTHERS HAD FEW OPPORTUNITIES FOR SITTING IN UNCONVENTIONAL ATTITUDES.



QUEEN ANNE WINDSOR CHAIR ABOUT WHICH THE PRETTY LEGEND CLINGS THAT ONE OF ITS TYPE WAS FIRST FOUND IN THE SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE IN THE WINDSOR FORESTS.

ONE OF THE FIRST CHAIRS THAT WAS BROUGHT TO AMERICA BY THE COLONISTS, ITS STYLE BEING JACOBAN.





EMPIRE COLONIAL BEDS WHICH INDICATE IN THEIR DRAPERY THE TOUCH OF A WOMAN'S HAND.

COMB-BACK ROCKING CHAIR: ONE OF THE FIRST DESIGNS OF FURNITURE MADE BY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN.

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CHIPPENDALE having sipped to his full of the beauty of the Louis XV design, gave his name to various styles and forms that followed the Queen Anne, but the early examples of his work that came to this country were simple in the extreme. And this was to be expected since it was brought here to go into rooms of rigid simplicity; rooms in which the occupants were stiffening their backs to resist the oncoming Stamp Act. In the Mother Country, on the contrary, where a certain moral laxity was gripping the people, much more elaborate pieces of furniture by Chippendale were in vogue. Indeed this man and his work became the cry of the hour and shed an influence felt even today, for he was an originator so individual that even though without conscience in adapting to his needs the Louis XV, the Gothic, the Chinese and the Dutch, his particular work still shows his own strong points of personality. The plainest of his chairs are different from those of Queen Anne because he widened them across the top giving them the dignity of an individual with broad shoulders and a slim waist; the gradual taper of the back legs continued to the ground, while those of the front were either straight or cabriole, the latter resembling the legs of many Queen Anne chairs or else following more or less the French lines. Still pieces of Chippendale that show the French influence came hardly at all to this country in its youth, much less frequently than those of mahogany which had previously been adapted to English taste. Today the former are brought here as rarities having cost an abundance of coin such as could never have entered even the wildest dreams of the clever Chippendale.

The illustrated pierced, ladder-back Chippendale chairs represent an expression of this man's work that has proved, owing to its pure, classic lines, as enduring as the more elaborate pieces made for European wealth and fashion. Three-footed tip tables, tall book-cases, bureaulike desks, all came as his work to America and were used by the people of the eighteenth century; but no sideboard was ever made by Chippendale, a blow to those who believe that they possess such a thing among their heirlooms.

Hepplewhite and Sheraton, the other two makers whose names are indelibly associated with the furniture that gave a chaste dignity to Colonial houses were separated from Chippendale by the Adams family, who going to Pompeii for inspiration became in a way more associated with decoration and architecture than with the actual designing of furniture. Their influence is at present strongly felt in many American homes, more so than in those of the eighteenth century. But Hepplewhite and Sheraton working at the same time drank their inspiration from the Louis XVI styles, losing thereby

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many of the curves and elaborations that marked the work of Chipendale. Indeed theirs were styles altogether suitable for the hour in America when the war of the Revolution had been declared and a straightness and severity reigned in men's hearts.

The illustrated shield-back chairs are examples of one of Hepplewhite's most famous designs. Sheraton also made chairs with backs in the shape of shields, but his had always inserted across the back an angle and did not show the continuous curved line that marks those of Hepplewhite. The cabriole leg was no more; it was deserted by fashion. Hepplewhite, broadly speaking, preferred a square shaft tapering to the floor; Sheraton was more partial to the turned leg. Still the styles of these makers interblend greatly, the influence of one being shown in the work of the other. To Hepplewhite is due the development of the sideboard; Sheraton, his rival, made such pieces also, the styles of both having four legs across the front, but being at variance with each other in the curved outlines of their fronts.

ONE of our illustrations shows a dining-room table young in its conception of expansion. It is a table made probably by one of the early craftsmen of America, men who in some instances lived so closely to nature that taking a plank from the forest, they seemed loath to spoil its outlines. Again this table denotes a time when American furniture was made in small quantities entirely without the suggestion of commercialism.

Sheraton, whose style was perhaps the most refined and sensitive of any maker of the latter half of the eighteenth century, contributed also his share to the distinctiveness of American homes. The table placed in front of a door in one of the illustrations indicates the sensitive quality of his work. On such tables and in conformity with their great variety he used both the round and the square-tapered leg, the point being often perplexing to the novice who realizes not that the works of great cabinetmakers have many moods.

The Lowestoft pieces of china and the Staffordshire plates hung over the accompanying pieces of furniture in the same illustration make the onlooker believe that they have been placed there in recent years,—probably after their value as rare specimens had become known.

It was Sheraton who conceived the well-known style of desks called kidney-shaped and nothing delighted him more than to let free his fancy in some elegant bit of furniture for the use of her whom Balzac might perchance have stigmatized as the "perfect lady." Secret drawers and panels, leaves to spring out or to turn

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up unexpectedly, gave veritable pleasure to the inventive mind of Sheraton. About the pieces of his furniture that have been preserved in American homes there is an exquisiteness of craftsmanship due to the touch of the human hand, besides an aroma of romance bred probably in the mind of this maker. Without doubt his furniture seems far removed from that of modern manufacturers. The rooms in which it was placed were cold and formal in appearance. Wealth had not sufficiently descended on the people of this country to permit them, as in England, to give color and variety to their surroundings by silks of bright colors and by paintings done as panels by the brush of Angelica Kauffmann.

With the influx of the Empire style into England it was to be expected that it would cross the ocean and take a strong hold on the makers of American furniture. Even Sheraton, whose poverty increased as he grew old and who typifies one of the great men honored by fame only after death, was compelled to pamper the popular demand for this new style and to make furniture sometimes called today Sheraton-Empire. Also much of that which is now called Colonial is in reality the Empire as it occurred in America, —its entrance here being effected some twenty-five or thirty years after the Colonies had become States.



PHOTOGRAPHY THAT IS CRITICAL, CONSTRUCTIVE AND CREATIVE SHOWN IN THE WORK OF BARON DE MEYER



It is characteristic of our turbulent times to be ever seeking new forms and modes of self-expression. In the art world as in the world of social affairs there is an intellectual unrest, a deviation from and distrust of the stereotyped methods of our elders. One might at first fancy that photography reproducing as it does with scientific accuracy the various aspects of life and nature would leave no room for the artist's self-expression, registering mechanical facts alone. But here too we find an evolution which in method and result is almost a revolution from the older way.

The character of photography has changed in passing from the hands of the scientific operator into the hands of the creative artist, and through the mechanical medium Baron De Meyer has given characteristic expression to his vision of "things as they are." One is impressed by the quality of "style" that pervades all his work. His portraits have that family resemblance which characterizes the works of a good painter, and shown in each is the stamp of one man's work.

Few amateurs realize the difficulties to be overcome in seeking to express through this purely mechanical agency the qualities required of the painter, but Baron De Meyer has given in his portraits a personal and artistic utterance.

To express beautifully an emotion or sensation is the chief object and fundamental aim of any art, and the latest development of what was once mere photography opens up a new field of experience requiring a mastery of many technical difficulties. One sees in Baron De Meyer's portraits how real an analogy is to be drawn between photography and the other forms of "black and white" work which art lovers have ever held in high estimation, and it is again proven that the artist is as independent and as unhampered by his rigid medium as if he wielded the more supple pen and pencil. One feels in Baron De Meyer's work great ability, keen observation of life, enhanced by a charming sense of humor, and the true artistical sense of just and vital values.

The draughtsman has indeed fewer difficulties; his is the power to suppress or eliminate details in his pictures that detract or are non-essential, details which interfere with the harmonious whole. The photographer, because of his medium, has not the power to retouch or correct his picture. His choice from the first must be sure and unerring, and yet one's first impression from these photographs is that they might be reproductions of a master's painting, or of the



MRS. HOWARD CUSHING, FROM A
PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE MEYER.



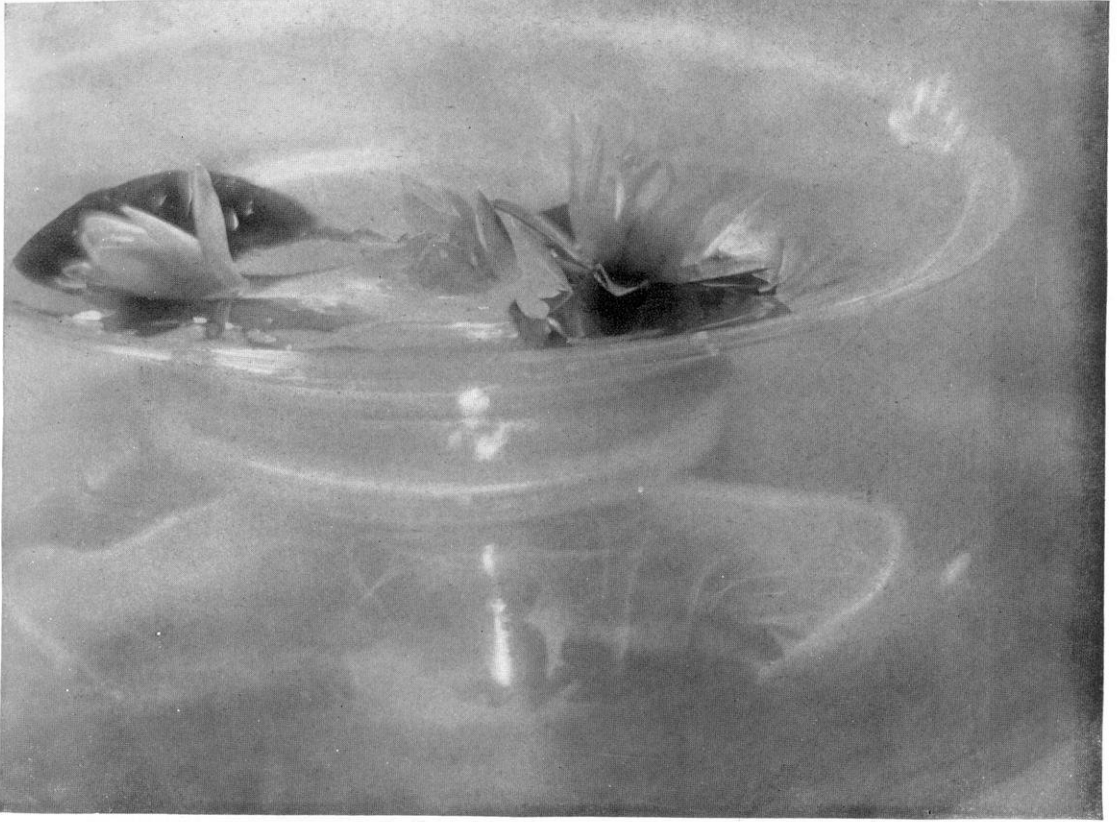
A SUNLIGHT WOODLAND SCENE, FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE MEYER.



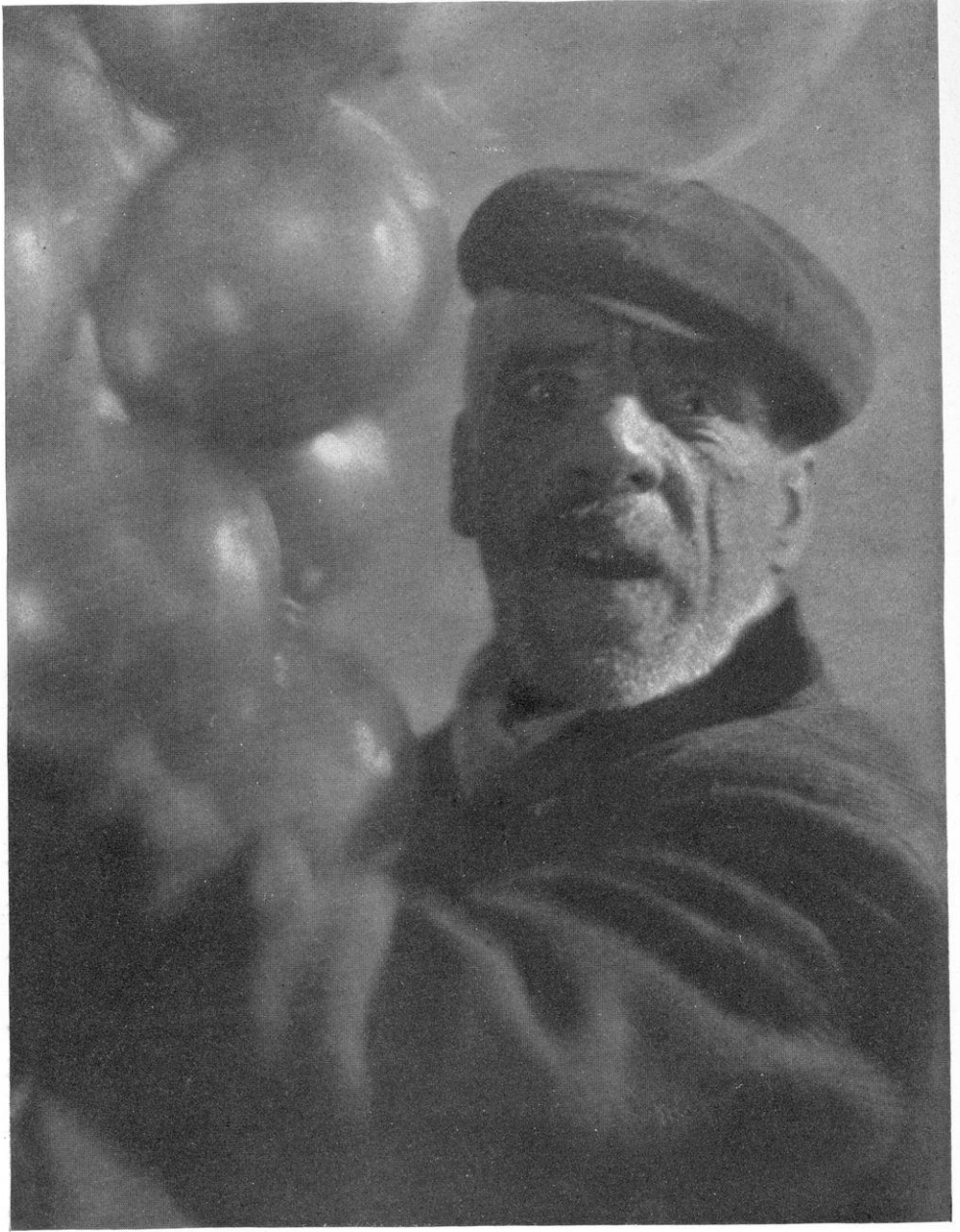
"MRS. SMITH OF CHELSEA," FROM A
PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE MEYER.



MRS. OGDEN J. MILLS, FROM A
PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE MEYER.



WATER LILIES AND CRYSTAL, FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE MEYER.



"THE BALLOON MAN," FROM A
PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE MEYER.

CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY

tone etchings of such a great artist as Brangwyn. Upon deeper observation one perceives the clear-cut value of lens work.

INDEED these pictures whether portrait or landscape have all the qualities required of a painter, excepting of course color which one feels unessential. We find here unerring composition, characteristic choice of pose in the arrangement of the subject and deft handling of line and movement and draperies. Moreover one feels a delightful sensibility to the effect of light and shade, dramatic often in the result obtained. There is a pleasing variety. Each photograph is individual, the mood and manner of treating the sitter prove the keen observation of an artist. Baron De Meyer has the creative ability and the critical instinct, "the critic as artist" as Wilde would have said. The result is that these pictures forcibly present a somewhat more accurate resemblance than a painter will obtain, and yet in elimination of detail and accentuation of character we feel the personality and originality of the creative artist. This is particularly illustrated in two photographs which have often been reproduced. That of Mrs. Philip Lydig, so vital in its almost arrogant energy, and the daring command of the exquisitely poised head. Also in the picture of Madame De Meyer, where the pose suggests a keen intellectual revery. Here we find that critical estimate of character that Sargent obtains in a portrait. Accuracy of likeness is carefully preserved, the individuality of the sitter is brought out clearly, and the rhythm of the personality is forever fixed.

It is through this perception of rhythm, of motion caught and suspended, that we obtain a vivid sense of life in these pictures. In composition we are grateful for the charming simplicity with which landscape and portrait are treated. There are no crowding of accessories, no extravagant details, and the freedom of movement and of line enhances the beauty, the elegance or the charm of the sitter. The result is a portrait as harmonious as dignified.

But Baron De Meyer has not been content with reproducing a galaxy of the fair women of two continents. In his London studio he has worked from models and has thus obtained most interesting studies which have allowed him larger scope in his portrayal of types.

One might hint that he gives a valuable suggestion to the future illustrators who might do well to reproduce life so accurately, for in these selected studies of many types, as in the portraits of beautiful women, Baron De Meyer gives us a valuable record of modern society and his work through it all remains critical, constructive and creative.

THE MAN WHO STAID AT HOME: A STORY: BY LAURA S. RABB



ANDREW PENNELL sat in an armchair on the wide veranda of his old-fashioned house, holding a pair of battered field glasses to his dim eyes. Beyond the broad stretch of lawn and roadway was the Public Square, in the center of which stood the Town Hall so bunting-swathed and flag-bedecked as to be almost hidden from view. As far as Andrew could see, Old Glory held full sway. Things moving and things immovable attested the enthusiasm with which Pinckneyville was prepared to observe the day of mourning for her patriotic dead.

It was not at the flags and bunting that Andrew gazed with longing eyes; it was at the groups of blue-clad veterans passing in and out of the Hall or gathered in little knots near the Marshal of the Day. Andrew knew every veteran in every group, and he knew by heart the stories each man had to tell. Andrew had known those stories in their infancy; had been present at the various stages of their development from mere incidents to marvelous, hair-breadth escapes on gory battlefields. Moreover, so zealously had he participated in the reminiscence orgies of the veterans, that he had come to believe implicitly in the stories as they were told after years of culture by innocent old egoists.

Perhaps it was Andrew's unflagging interest and warmth of belief that made him so general a favorite with "the boys" of Lincoln Post—on three hundred and sixty-four days in the year. On the three hundred and sixty-fifth day, however, he was distinctly an alien and a man apart, for the three hundred and sixty-fifth day was Decoration Day, the day that belonged to veterans, living and dead—and Andrew was not a veteran. He alone of all of his friends had not shouldered a musket when the long-ago call to arms had come.

Sarah Pennell, bright-faced and energetic, pattered out of the house:

"Why, Andrew, ain't you ready yet? I told Jim to be at the corner of the Town Hall with the horses at ten o'clock. First thing you know the p'rade will begin to form."

Andrew answered without turning his head: "I ain't a-goin' to dress an' I ain't a-goin' to the p'rade, an' more, I ain't a-goin' to the exercises."

"Andrew Pennell, how you talk! Not goin' to the exercises when they're goin' to present Dan Ellison with that flag us wimmen been workin' on for three long months, an' when Dan's the best friend you ever had an' him comin' here for the first time in twenty years?"

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Andrew turned now with pained defiance in his eyes: "I ain't a-goin'," he reiterated stubbornly, "I reckon Dan won't miss me none; he'll be too busy admirin' his flag an' talkin' over war times with the boys."

Sarah gave a disdainful little sniff: "War times indeed! Dan Ellison'd rather see you than any man in Pinckneyville. He ain't forgot what you done for him—I'll wager that."

Andrew shook his head slowly but without bitterness: "I didn't do anything for Dan to remember all this long time. Dan's a big man now—he's been in Congress an' in the Senate for years, an' he ain't got time to remember plain folks like me."

"S-sh!" warned Sarah, and even as she gave the warning Andrew's sister-in-law marched gloomily out of the door. One look into Ellen Pennell's face accounted for caution where she was concerned. There were little mean lines around her little mean eyes, and there were deep creases that seemed to fasten the drooping corners of her mouth to some indefinite button beneath the chin.

"Loitering, as usual," she snapped. "One would think that on this day, dedicated to our sainted dead, you could at least be on time."

Sarah squared herself to shield Andrew from Ellen's sharp gaze: "We ain't goin', Ellen; Andrew don't seem to be feelin' real well. You can fill up the carriage with your friends if you like."

"Sulking, you mean," said Ellen scornfully. "Andrew can't stand it to have it bore in on him that it ain't fitting for the man who staid home to put himself on an equal footing with the man who answered his country's call and went to the front. I'd rather my Sam'd be lying out there in the Soldiers' Circle as he has all these years, than to feel he was cowardly enough to stay at home."

Andrew shrank as though from a blow, and Ellen hurried rather breathlessly away. This was the first time she had ever quite dared to put her thought into words, and the look in her usually gentle sister-in-law's face made even the redoubtable Ellen quail.

"Sarah," said Andrew piteously, "I ain't sure but what Ellen's right. Late years I've got to thinkin' more an' more that mebber I was really afraid to go to war and just made it seem like my duty to stay home. Like as not the folks would have got along all right; others did." His voice quavered and broke: "Sarah, when I see the boys all dressed up in their uniforms an' think how brave they was, it makes me feel—ashamed."

"It makes me feel that way, too," said Sarah promptly—"ashamed to think they set such store by themselves. And as for Ellen, I'd like to know what her an' her three children would have done if you had gone chasin' off at the drop of the hat like Sam did."

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The loud shriek of a siren horn heralded the approach of a huge red touring car that whirled around the corner and came to an abrupt stop at Andrew's gate.

Instantly all grievances were forgotten. "It's Dan!" they cried in unison, and with one accord they hastened down the path to meet the heavy-set, powerful-looking man who carried his years as lightly as he carried his weight.

"Could not think of going by without stopping to say 'Hello!' Andrew, the sight of you is good for sore eyes; Sarah, you're looking fine—you must have found the spring of perpetual youth. Yes, it's been a long time, and yet now that I see you it seems only yesterday. Forgot you?" He put his hand on Andrew's shoulder and looked deep into the tear-filled eyes. "There are some things a man never forgets. I ought to have written, I know, but one gets tangled up in the rush of things. I'm in the Senate, now, you know, and somehow the days go by too fast to count. By the way, Sarah, what's all this about a big silk flag?"

"You've heard about it?" Sarah gasped. "That was to be a surprise."

"I just heard a rumor. Out with it, Sarah. I won't tell."

"'Long as you've heard so much I can't see as there's any harm in my telling it all. Pinckneyville wanted to do something out of the usual in honor of you, so the ladies of the town made a silk flag to be presented to the member of Lincoln Post who is voted at the exercises today as the man most worthy because of his bravery during the war." She gave a pleased little laugh. "You was elected a member last meeting, so I reckon you can guess who'll get the flag."

"I don't deserve it," he remarked gravely; then he smiled. "But I can readily see that a fight will be started which will eventually wipe out the Post unless that flag is captured and taken out of town. Now I must run on. You'll be at the exercises, of course."

Andrew looked down. "I ain't aimin' to go," he said in low tones.

The Senator would have protested, but Sarah spoke up quickly: "We ain't either of us goin', Dan, but we'll be awful glad to have you drop in this afternoon." Her eyes twinkled. "You'll get to see Ellen then."

"Ellen? Is she still with you? And has she changed?"

"Not a mite."

"Well, you know whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and if Ellen's like she used to be she's a good deal of a scourge. But maybe a miracle will be wrought in Ellen yet."

Andrew turned and walked hurriedly toward the house to hide

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his emotion, and as the Senator would have left Sarah caught him by the sleeve. "Dan," she said, imploringly, "won't you try, if you can do it without lettin' on it come from me—won't you try to make them hard-hearted old veterans see that sometimes it took more courage an' manhood to stay home than it did to enlist?"

A chord of memory in the Senator's heart was stirred—a chord that vibrated again and again.

Proudly the veterans formed in line to march to the cemetery, and it was a great parade; the Mayor and City Council, the escort and Speaker of the Day, citizens in carriages and citizens on foot, and schoolchildren on flower-laden floats.

Later the crowd returned and surged into the Town Hall. As the speaker mounted the platform there were many significant nudges and winks toward the bulky package that occupied a conspicuous place at the rear of the stage.

Slowly the Senator came forward, and as he looked into the upturned faces of his friends the mantle of statesmanship seemed to dissolve, and he was once more just plain Dan Ellison, the man with whom the veterans had marched as the fife and drum played gayly "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

"Boys!" he said fondly, breaking the silence with the familiar word of the veteran: "I wonder if you'll forgive me if I break away from the regulation Decoration Day speech. My heart is too full for that; I've been carried back today across the years until I've lost track of them; I've gone back to the time when we went away, and I've lived over the home-coming days. Some of us found things mighty different from the way they were when we left."

At this point several handkerchiefs were brought into violent service, the Senator's among the number. "Those were wonderful days and weeks and years," the speaker went on; "the long day's march, the nights upon the field with just the stars for covering, the excitement and the terror and the glory of the fray. I'm not speaking of the hardships, you see; we've all done quite a lot of talking about those. I'm not saying those were easy years, either; but boys, would you give up the memory for anything on this earth?"

He paused, and cries of "No! Not on your life!" reverberated in the room.

The eyes of the Senator twinkled, and he leaned forward ingratiatingly. "And now, boys," he queried in half-jesting, wholly friendly tones, "let's be honest with ourselves and with each other. Isn't it God's truth that to many of us the call of our country was but the call of our desire to get out into a new world that was all untried?" He immediately robbed the question of its sting by add-

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ing: "This does not alter the fact that when we were put to the test we made good; it does not alter the fact that through the valor of the boys who went forth the Union was preserved, but as a matter of fact, do you think many of us weighed very carefully the suffering that might come to 'the girls we left behind us,' the mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts, and wives?"

The tense silence that followed convinced the speaker that his shot had told. He spoke a little faster, and with great earnestness: "I enlisted at the first call, as did many of you. I had a chum who was to have enlisted at the same time, but when I stopped for him he was nowhere to be found. I did not see him until the day the regiment left. I did not try to see him, for in my heart there was nothing for him but contempt. His father and brother marched away with our regiment, and the boy who was to have enlisted with me remained behind. For three years I thought of that boy as a coward. At the end of that time I came back, to find my mother living in his home, and this is his story as she told it to me.

"When the brother enlisted, he cheerfully and unselfishly sent his wife and children to his mother's house, with no provision for their maintenance. His father, too, heard his country's call, and enlisted at once with no provision for taking care of the mortgage that was on his farm, and without wondering what the wife would do to keep together her own family and the family that had been thrust upon her. That was the state of affairs as it existed when the boy that was my friend went in to tell his mother he was going to enlist. She did not put a straw in his way, and she sat up to mend his clothes after he went upstairs. He could see the light from the window in the living room as he lay in his bed, and that, I know, although he never said so, was a long night to him. The next morning at the breakfast table his father said: 'Well, I'm proud to think there are three fighters in this house.' 'Two,' corrected the boy. 'I think one of us is needed worse at home.'

"My mother told me the boy's mother said that was the only time he ever mentioned why he staid, but she said that many a night she heard him sobbing in his room."

Again the Senator paused, but the intense stillness encouraged him to go on:

"His father and brother never came home, but I think he would have gladly changed places with either of them. My mother he took to his house when her own home burned, and indeed the Pennell farm was a haven for all who were desolate. I want to close with just one remark my mother made to me, a remark I heard repeated today, and I want to know whether or not you agree with

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her. She said: 'Dan, I never want you to forget that sometimes it took more courage and manhood to stay at home than to enlist.'"

For a moment no one moved, then from the back of the room came a stalwart, white-haired veteran. "Boys," he cried, "there is a clause in our constitution that says any man may be elected to our Post who served his country with distinguished valor during a time of war. Under this clause I move we elect to membership the man whose story we have heard today. We all know him, and yet none of us have ever known him until now. His name is Andrew Pennell."

Over on the vine-covered porch Andrew and Sarah sat in a listening attitude.

"My, but they're cheerin' loud," said Sarah eagerly; "they must be presentin' the flag."

For a few moments after this they heard nothing, and then the cheering began again, this time continuing as though the delight of the audience knew no bounds.

"Dan's mighty popular," exclaimed Andrew proudly; "an' just to think of his stoppin' to see me."

"They're comin' out," cried Sarah, "an' Dan's ahead carryin' the flag. They're comin' this way. Oh, Andrew! he's bringin' his flag over on purpose to show it to you."

Andrew had risen and was standing by the railing of the porch. "Looks like the hull town was comin' along," he chuckled; "guess they hate to see the last of the flag."

"Well, I call it mighty friendly of Dan," cooed Sarah, her cheeks flushing as pink as those of a girl; "an' it's nice of the rest. Now make them welcome, Pa."

"Welcome!" cried Andrew exultantly; "I sh'd say they was."

There was no time to say anything more, for Dan Ellison and half the population of Pinckneyville were crowding about the porch. Sarah noted with surprise that Ellen avoided the crowd by turning at the path that lay beside the hedge.

"It's fine of you to bring your flag over here, Dan," Andrew beamed. "And it's awful kind of all you boys to come along."

"An' girls," cried a cracked old voice; "don't forget the girls."

"All right, Abbie Ann Jones," retorted Andrew, shaking his cane toward a little fat woman in gray. "I mind the time when I couldn't sleep nights for thinkin' about you, an' you wasn't so glib then a-tellin' me not to forget."

Sarah, with eyes shining and heart bubbling over with pride, pattered into the house and anxiously accosted Ellen, who was coming through the dark hall from a side door.

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"Ellen, do you think we could manage to give the crowd some cider? Some way it would seem so sociable, an' we've got a whole barrel that ain't a bit hard. Why, Ellen, you're cryin'! What is it? Why, Ellen!"

And in Sarah's arms, Ellen told her that she had been taught by an outsider what an ungrateful woman she was. "Do you think, Sarah, that some time you could forgive me, if I show you and Andrew how much I care?"

"Ellen, girl," said Sarah as she held her sister-in-law close, "we don't forgive those we love; we just forget."

"Forget!" cried Ellen as she gave a guilty but happy start. "Sarah, you run right out on the porch. I came near forgetting something far more important than how I feel. I'll draw the cider and have it ready by the time you get back."

"Looks like that miracle had come to pass," murmured Sarah smilingly as she hastened to follow Ellen's advice.

At the head of the steps stood Dan Ellison, still holding the flag. A hush had fallen on the assembled friends. As Sarah reached Andrew's side Dan spoke:

"Andrew Pennell, you have been unanimously elected a member of Lincoln Post, and you are ordered henceforth to wear in the lapel on your coat the Grand Army button which I now present to you."

"Oh, Andrew!" sighed Sarah rapturously; and then, because Andrew's fingers trembled, she proudly placed the button in his coat, while "the boys" gave cheer after cheer. Dan raised his hand, and instantly silence fell again.

"Andrew Pennell"—Dan's voice rang with pride—"I have the honor to ask you to accept this beautiful silk flag, made by the ladies of Pinckneyville, because in the judgment of your comrades and in the judgment of the Pinckneyville citizens you, more than any other member of Lincoln Post, served your country with distinguished valor during the war."

And while everybody present gave expression to his or her joy, in his or her own way, Dan Ellison laid the silk flag in Andrew's outstretched, shaking arms.

THE INCREASING BEAUTY OF MODERN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AS SHOWN BY PICTURESQUE DETAILS



THE advancement made in American architecture and home-building, one achieved in comparatively a short time, is perhaps in no way more notable than in the general attention paid to exterior details, the beauty and picturesqueness of which quicken greatly the interest of the onlooker. Country houses especially no longer appear on the outside mere boxlike structures, as was frequently true some thirty or forty years ago, a purposeless cupola being regarded as the last cry in ornamentation.

The custom then also held to plan the interior of the house and to wrap the outside about it somewhat after the manner of a cloak, the number of sleeping rooms required by the home-builder being the keynote on which all else depended. To a certain extent this same condition prevails today. Still the plan of the second story is made without forgetfulness of the fact that the outside of the house must also have an attractive exterior, supplemented by details of convenience and beauty, these making it rather an adornment to the face of Mother Earth than a blot on her surface.

In exterior details there is much for Americans to learn from the houses of southern sections of Europe. The Moors, wonderful in their architectural conceptions, had ever an archway, an outside stairway or a window partly concealed to enhance the value of their exteriors, to make them radiate a message, it might be of mystery or one of service. The same observation is true concerning the Arabs who concentrated much thought in their doorways; also the Italians who gave romance to their exteriors with window balconies and loggias; and the Spaniards who placed their choicest golden mosaics in columns or other exterior decorations.

But in America, where country life and intimacy with nature are more and more engendering ideals of simplicity and peace, those satisfying even the most exacting, there is no need to revert to golden mosaics or other extravagances, that the architectural details of homes should have a certain lure for the eye. It is advisable, however, to give distinctive features to exteriors, features that bespeak somewhat the life and beauty of the home.

The veranda which for years in America has been the inevitable feature of the exterior is today giving way to loggias, to covered terraces and to upper balconies less exposed and infinitely more picturesque. For the recognized summer veranda has been greatly overdone, losing in many instances all semblance of attractive form or possible artistic value and becoming merely a place to over-

VALUE OF FINE ARCHITECTURAL DETAIL

furnish and to screen in from mosquitoes. The utilitarian purpose of outdoor sleeping rooms may have added an impulse toward enclosed upper porches and balconies, since for more reasons than one it has been found preferable to enter such places from the second rather than from the ground floor.

THE illustrated gateway to the kitchen yard of Mrs. John B. Thayer's house at Haverford, Pennsylvania, denotes much charm and distinctiveness of line. It is a gateway on which considerable thought has been expended. Located so that it is plainly visible from the entrance drive, it had of necessity to represent something more than just a plain kitchen gate. It had to become a detail rich in attraction. The brickwork of which it is constructed is in itself pleasing and the way it is seemingly buttressed, in like manner as the house, has the effect of rooting it to the ground. This gateway as an entrance to the kitchen represents a detail laudable in the advancement of architecture and gives to this necessary quarter of the house an approach of considerable dignity. Far better it is than the lattice-enclosed yards and other contrivances used to shut off kitchens from view and from which the beating of eggs and the jargon of pots and kettles resounds sometimes as if with malicious intent.

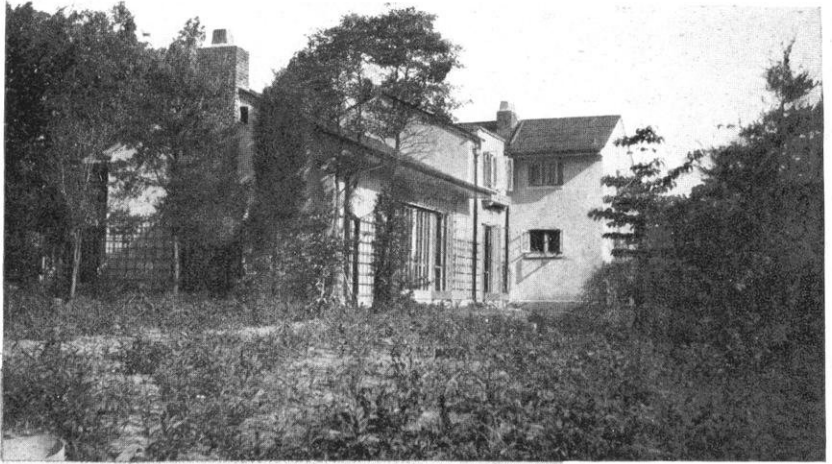
The view along the terrace of Mr. Baugh's house at Merion, Pennsylvania, is another illustration of the attraction of details about American country homes. Preëminently this one is attractive because it gives the vista effect, also because of its simplicity and restful dignity. There is about it a substantial look produced in part by the solidity of the field stone used in construction. It is without severity owing to the three latticework windows. Charming details!

The residence of David Fairchild at North Chevy Chase, Maryland, is particularly interesting in its details. It accentuates the terrace idea, bringing it to considerable perfection. The entrance terrace plays its part in snuggling the house closely down to the ground not only by means of its construction, but by the plants encouraged to grow about it in a way free from formality. About this house, moreover, there is a feeling of the earth as well as of cement. Grass springs up from between the paving stones forming the floor of this terrace, while here and there a fern or a little rock plant finds sufficient soil in which to thrive. Again this friendly treatment of plants is carried out in the garden terrace, the corner here showing a flight of steps Oriental in suggestion. One might readily fancy a burnoused figure going up these steps. The jar,

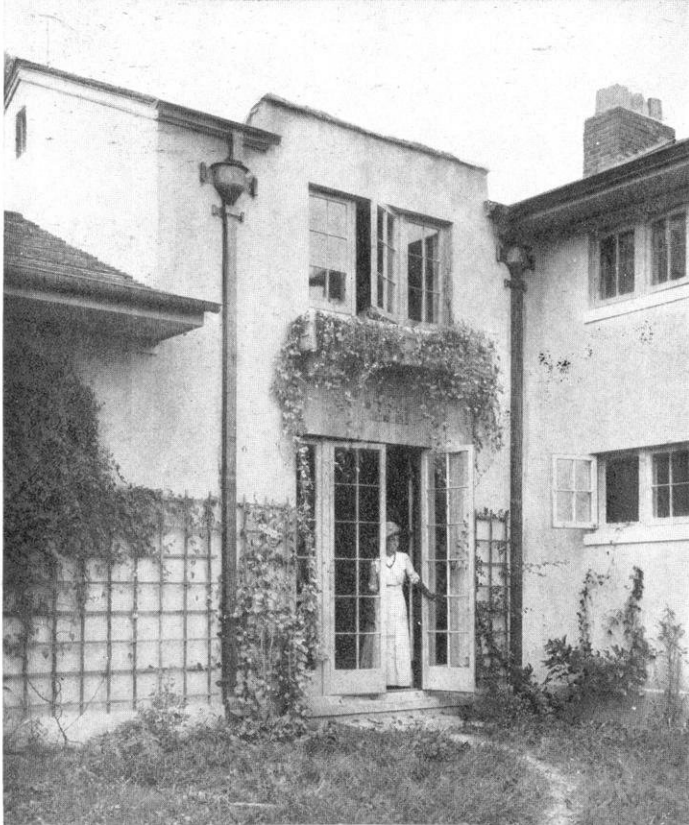


E. C. Dean, Architect.

WEST END VIEW OF THE RESIDENCE OF DAVID FAIRCHILD, ESQ., AT NORTH CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND: A DETAIL SHOWING THE ADMIRABLE PLACING OF THE HOUSE AND THE EXQUISITE EFFECT OF A COVERED TERRACE—A LIVING ROOM WHICH MERELY ENCLOSES THE OPEN COUNTRY.



EAST VIEW OF THE RESIDENCE OF DAVID FAIRCHILD, SHOWING THE CHARMING PLACING OF THE CEMENT HOUSE AND THE DECORATIVE WAY IN WHICH THE LOWER STORY IS ALMOST HIDDEN IN A SIMPLE LATTICEWORK WHICH EVENTUALLY WILL MEAN THE COVERING OF A PORTION OF THE HOUSE WITH LUXURIANT VINES: THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING AND EFFECTIVE WAYS OF CONNECTING A HOUSE WITH THE GROUND ON WHICH IT RESTS, AND THE LATTICEWORK IS OF ITSELF A DECORATION IN THE WINTER, ESPECIALLY SO IF IT IS PAINTED GREEN AND PLACED AGAINST A CEMENT BACKGROUND.

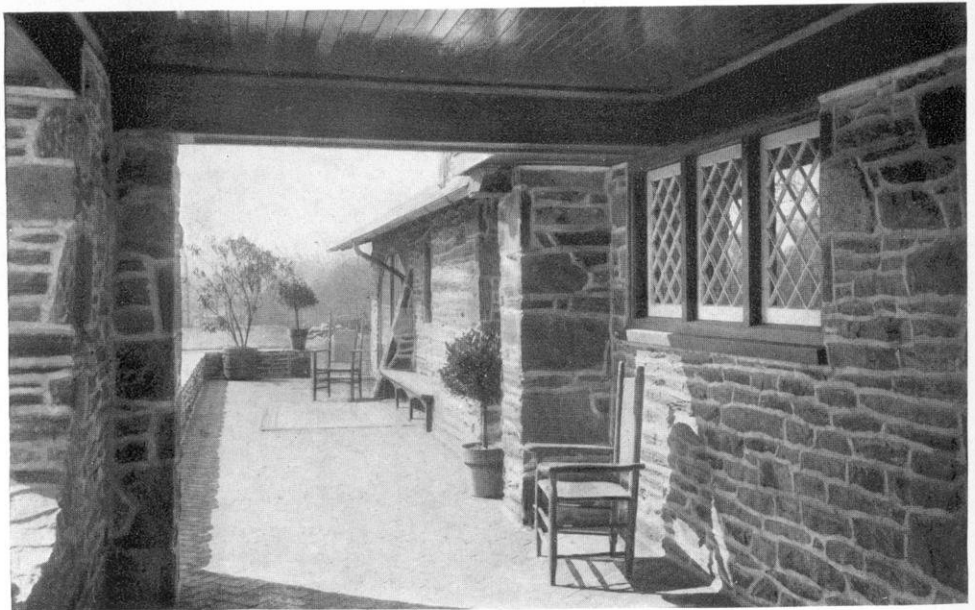


A THIRD VIEW OF THE FAIRCHILD HOME: THE INTEREST OF THIS DETAIL CENTERS IN THE CHARMING ENTRANCE, WHICH, THROUGH THE CAREFUL PLACING OF THE WINDOWS AND THE FLOWER-BOXES, GIVES AN EFFECT OF EXTENDING THE DOORWAY UP TO THE SECOND STORY.



AN OUTSIDE STAIRWAY OF MR. FAIRCHILD'S HOUSE, SHOWING THE POSSIBILITIES OF SCULPTURAL BEAUTY IN THE USE OF CEMENT AS A BUILDING MATERIAL: THIS STAIRWAY EASILY SUGGESTS AN APPROACH TO AN OLD MOORISH TERRACE, WITH ALL ITS ROMANCE AND INTEREST.

THE COMBINATION OF MATERIALS IN THIS DETAIL OF THE FAIRCHILD RESIDENCE IS PARTICULARLY INTERESTING AND PICTURESQUE, SHOWING HOW BRICK AND RUSTIC WORK ARE CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH THE MORE SIMPLE USE OF CEMENT.



D. Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect.

A PICTURESQUE GATEWAY IN THE KITCHEN YARD OF THE HOME OF MRS. JOHN B. THAYER; A STUDY OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF BEAUTY IN THE LABOR END OF THE HOUSE.

DETAIL OF HOUSE OWNED BY PAUL D. BAUGH, ESQ., SHOWING EXCEPTIONALLY INTERESTING STONEMWORK.

VALUE OF FINE ARCHITECTURAL DETAIL

the potted plants along the spaces at the side, besides the climbing vines seem to lift the earth upward to meet the house, to keep it from getting too far away. In no other material than cement perhaps would these steps have appeared so well. As this house grows old it will take atmospheric tones of color, making it all the more beautiful.

THESSE illustrated steps are at the corner of a covered terrace, decidedly one of the unique details of the house also seemingly Oriental in feeling, the round arch similarly used to that in many Moorish houses. Here it must be agreeable to sit during the twilight of summer evenings, the roof of the terrace giving ample protection while its openness at the sides affords a compromise between the indoor and the outdoor world. This idea is again illustrated by the picture showing the exterior of the covered terrace and the house from the woods and its west end.

A house more closely fitted in with the landscape than is seen could scarcely be imagined. The old oak tree stands as a last member of a forest that probably one time covered the spot; and while it has an abundance of space, air, sunlight and moisture, the things which in the forest it must wage a constant warfare to secure, it is forced to grow old without the companionship of other dominant trees. The sunlight casts shadows of its crown upon its stem as if to make it unconscious of its loss.

At the east side of this house, entrance is gained directly to the dining room by means of a door not unlike a French window. Again there is complete absence of formality. The window-box housing vines above the door; the sensible latticework supporting them on the outside surfaces of the house are responsible for the impression of well-thought-out details, most of which in this particular instance succeed in holding the house closely in touch with its situation. Even the leaders, objects usually of necessity rather than of beauty, have here an individual appearance, producing a quaint decoration.

To understand the value of these details one has but to recall some other house of cement, and they are plentiful, bare and hard in exterior, sitting perchance on a hillside where it looks so unattached that the first strong gale might carry it up into the sky, the surrounding country gaining in restfulness by its absence.

Indeed the detail work of exteriors is of great and lasting importance in beautifying a house and in making it seemingly a part of the earth on which it stands. This fact, understood long ago by architects of the Old World, historic in their fame, has now become one of abiding importance in the younger country.

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF VINES: ANNUAL AND PERENNIAL VARIETIES, AND THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF SHADE WHICH THEY PRODUCE



ONE of the inspiring things about owning a strip of Mother Earth whether large or small is the opportunity that it offers for the planting of vines, the truly sympathetic and seemingly human members of the vegetable kingdom. Vines show indeed a strong determination to creep up closely beside the habitation of man, to climb up the side of his house and even to peep into his windows. A climbing rose in June will project its fairest blooms into an open window as if with the evolved purpose of offering its beauty in exchange for a share in the intimacy of the home life. For there are plants wild and untamable the same as there are animals; and again there are those, like the dog and cat, subject to domestication and which thrive best when not far away from the goings and comings of men. Without the companionship of vines no man can expect to get the best and fullest enjoyment out of his country home.

Of this class of plants there are both annual and perennial varieties, the former requiring to be planted each season, making a stupendous growth, blooming, bearing seed and then dying for all time. Perennial vines on the contrary live on from year to year, taking longer to get started than the annuals, not blooming until their second year; but once well suited with soil and situation they live long, even past the age of man. About homes recently built where there is need of vines to soften outlines and to bring the house into a close relationship with the landscape, annuals are principally grown for first season effects or used until they are no longer necessary because the perennial ones are sufficiently well started. Not but what there are beautiful members among the annual vines, merely the cost and labor of replanting them each season makes them less practical for the average planter, than those which have to be set out but once.

Still the annuals are a gay lot, expending themselves in one wild revelry of bloom and seed bearing.

The value of the gourd family among annual vines is comparatively little known. Its members are rapid climbers, luxurious and determined in their movements and show the individualism, even the freakishness of truly brilliant personalities. Their fruits take many extraordinary forms and colors. And many of these vines make in one season a growth of from ten to fifteen feet.



TYPICAL OLD NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE
HOUSE, VINE-COVERED AND PEACEFUL.



VINE-COVERED ARBOR IN THE GARDEN OF THE
FRANCIS PEABODY ESTATE, DANVERS, MASS.

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF VINES

The calabash, or dipper-shaped gourd bears a fruit that is long and slender for two-thirds of its length, then widens abruptly into the form of a bowl, its intention being difficult to follow. The dish-cloth or Chinese loofa gourd has inside its elongated fruit a spongelike network of tough fiber useful as a sponge for bathing. The Japanese on the contrary manipulate this substance so as to form the soles of their sandals. Then there is the egg-shaped gourd with its white oval fruit; the Turk's turban with fruit beautifully marked with red and suggestive of the common name; the serpent-shaped one with slender fruit three to five feet in length and striped like a snake, and the pear-shaped, the apple-shaped and Hercules club gourds, all bearing fruits curious in outline and remarkably decorative.

Collections of the seeds of these gourds can be bought well worth the moderate price they command, their ability being great to stir the interest of one concerned in the strange contortions of their fruits. As vines, moreover, they lose no time in covering fences, slopes and arbors, also spaces unsightly and in need of a screen of heavy foliage.

ONE of the most rapid growing of annual climbers, that is when sown in a light, warm soil, is the balloon vine, *Cardiospermum Halicacabum*. Its seed pods resemble miniature balloons. The Japanese Hop, *Humulus Japonicus*, is another highly ornamental and satisfactory annual. The morning-glory, *Ipomœa purpurea*, is well known to all, beloved by many, despised by the hard-hearted who complain that it is as difficult of eradication as any weed. *Bona Nox*, the evening-glory opens its large fragrant and violet-colored flowers at twilight while the moonflower, *Ipomœa grandiflora alba*, unfolds white scented blooms in the evening or reserves them for dull, sunless days. The passion flower, *Passiflora cœrulea*, adds impressive and seemingly tropical beauty to a planting ground even though it does not flourish in northeastern parts of the United States with the same vigor that it displays in parts of the South and West. The climbing nasturtiums should also be included, being as brilliant as any other annual vines.

In cases of emergency, and such often arise in connection with climbing plants, a few seeds of the plebeian pumpkin can be relied on to produce a screen of mammoth leaves giving dense and heavy shade in an astonishingly short time. In fact, to ply the pumpkin into such services when shade is quickly needed about a new house, is not to take advantage of this humble member of the vegetable garden, but rather to give it the chance it craves to lift

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF VINES

itself into an upright position and to outgrow everything else in sight.

Annuals undoubtedly are the vines for emergencies, for quick, necessary effects. Without their assistance the patience of the home-builder would sometimes be tried to its utmost.

Everyone knows the good perennial vines, honeysuckles, trumpet creepers, wistarias, clematises, roses, Dutchman's pipes, matrimony vines, ivies, Virginia creepers, bittersweets, besides others as free as they from moods and offensive whims; but everyone has probably not given heed to the various kinds and qualities of shade which these respective vines produce. For this reason one frequently sees a small cottage with front porch of restricted dimensions planted at both sides with the Dutchman's pipe, *Aristolochia Siph.* Unquestionably this vine has beauty, but its broad heart-shaped leaves overlap each other so as to make a compact screen and literally to shut out every bit of air that might find its way across the small veranda. For such a place *Clematis Jackmanni* with its delicate foliage and large violet-purple flowers would be a better selection. Against houses of stucco or concrete it is especially lovely. As is true also of all other June blooming clematises, it should be pruned as soon as through flowering, that a vigorous growth may be secured for the next season.

Akebia quinata, a vine of much worth, yet not generally planted, is also a sensible choice for places where shade is needed sufficiently light and stirring in character to accelerate the free passage of air. Its foliage, cloverlike in suggestion, and its pendulous clusters of dark reddish-purple flowers have a quaintness and beauty entirely out of the ordinary. The vine is not costly and it seems as though only acquaintance with it is necessary to make its use more general.

THE well-known wistaria, *Wistaria Chinensis*, affords as desirable a quality of shade as any vine in existence. By every breath of air its compound foliage is moved, a fact which keeps it from packing closely together. Then the long racemes of flowers unfolding in May when the foliage is still in its springtime infancy, produce at this time, when there is no need for much shade, a vine exclusively of bloom and alluring fragrance. Indeed, many regard this vine as leading all others in absolute beauty and freedom from objectionable features. That it is beloved by the multitude is strongly a point in its favor, for while it is generally grown it has not achieved the popularity of the crimson rambler. It remains, whatever its situation, an aristocrat among aristocrats, gracious and ineffably pleasing.

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF VINES

The old wistaria vine shown by an illustration is like a tried and trusty friend to those of its neighborhood even to many living miles away. Season after season they rejoice over the return of its bloom in much the same way as at the greeting of an old schoolmate. It never disappoints its seekers. Each year, more according to the calendar than to the thermometer, it unfolds its long bunches of pea-shaped flowers, ladening the air for a considerable distance with their intoxicating scent. There comes with the bursting into bloom of this vine a horde of jovial bumblebees, clumsy creatures, making the air hum as they noisily suck the nectar of the flowers, calling with the voice of Nature to passersby of a returned spring.

The Japan climbing hydrangea, a rare and curious vine, is among June bloomers adding much to the glory of that month. It is a vine adaptable to use on stonework, to which it clings like ivy by throwing out innumerable rootlets. Its leaves are long-stalked and cordate and its white flowers in loose clusters appear like hydrangeas. It should live near those who diligently seek the rarities of the plant world.

No vines are more familiar to all than the honeysuckles especially the Japanese variety, *Lonicera Halleana*, which with its yellow and white slender-tubed flowers, rich in fragrance and its delicate foliage inclined to be evergreen is one of the most satisfactory of all vines to grow either on porches or on fences and structures requiring to be covered quickly. The Belgian member of the family is also of pronounced popularity because of the continuous succession of its bloom.

The trumpet creeper, *Bignonia radicans*, does its best service when used to cover unsightly paths, old stumps, inartistic rockwork and the like. Bittersweet, *Celastrus scandens*, holds its clusters of piquant orange and red fruit well over the winter and appears at home on rough stone walls giving them plentiful decoration. A Japanese evergreen trailer, *Euonymus radicans*, seems at present likely to come into popularity for planting about the foundations of houses. Its foliage is compact, glossy and of an attractive shade of green. The vine, however, is slow of growth, a difficulty somewhat overcome by the fertilization of it in early spring and in July. Its paramount advantage, however, is that its sparkling little leaves remain green all winter, lifting themselves above the snow as if bespeaking words of cheer and encouragement. Those who have built new homes expecting to occupy them for many years should find, if possible, a place for this plant even if it cannot be expected to give the "quick results" so eagerly sought by many and so erroneously courted.

Then there are the climbing roses about which a volume might

THE LITTLE COMFORTERS

be written since so many new and ever-blooming varieties have been placed on the market. The Baltimore Belle and Queen of the Prairies are nevertheless hardly surpassed by any of the latter introductions, so excellent are they in habit and general attractiveness. Lady Gay, Dorothy Perkins and Hiawatha, one of the loveliest of single climbing roses, are also well-known and tested varieties among those that climb.

Rose vines are particularly desirable to grow on arches, pergolas and other objects that are in themselves artistically made and which do not require to be completely covered by a compact arrangement of foliage.

The vine-clad arbor, photographed to illustrate this point, shows a graceful construction of combined strength and lightness; its proportions are generous, an archway in truth possessing much comfort. Had it been built today it might have been dubbed a pergola. But it is many years old and built at an innocent sweet time before America had sinned so widely in misplacing her numerous pergolas. Veteran rose vines cover this archway and when in bloom scarcely a conception could be more beautiful.

THE LITTLE COMFORTERS

I HAVE my little thoughts for comforters;
They run by me all day
Holding up perfumed memory that stirs
My dull accustomed way:

They murmur of green lanes we used to go,
(For here the Spring forgets
To set the roadways thick with grass, and sow
The paths with violets!)

Here the hot city crashes, and all words
Thunder or scream or cry,
Yet there were lake-sounds once (they tell), and birds
Called from a twilight sky:

There still a night wind strokes the slumberers
And the cool grass lies deep . . .
I have my little thoughts for comforters,
Who whisper me to sleep.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

HOME LIFE OF THE BIRDS: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON



NE spring a pair of bluebirds came into our yard, and to the accompaniment of much cheerful bird conversation, in the form of whistles, twitters, chirps and snatches of song, began hunting eagerly for some place to locate a nest. Out in the woodshed I found a box, perhaps five inches square and ten inches long. Cutting a small entrance hole on one side near the top, I fastened the box seven or eight feet from the ground to a young tree. The newcomers immediately took possession and began carrying dry grasses into their adopted sanctuary. Several days elapsed and then one morning while standing on the back of a garden settee and peeping into the hole, I discovered that a pale blue egg had been laid. When the nest contained four of these little beauties incubation began.

One rainy night while the mother bird was on duty, she must have heard the scratching of claws on the box outside. A moment later two yellow eyes blazed at the entrance and a long arm reached into the nest. The next morning, on the grass beneath the window, I found her wing-tips and many fragments of her plumage. All that day the distressed mate flew about the lawn and called continually. He seemed to gather but little food and the evidences of his suffering were pitiful. In fact, we closed the windows to shut out the sounds of his sorrowing notes.

Upon looking out next morning, the first note we heard was that of the bluebird, but his voice seemed to have lost some of its sorrow. Walking around the corner of the house, I found him sitting on a tree-limb near the box. A couple of feet from him sat another bluebird—a female. At eleven o'clock I saw her alight at the hole of the box, looking inquiringly within. I knew what this meant; incidentally I knew, too, that being a true woman she would have no use for the nest and eggs which had been placed there by another, so I cleaned out the box.

We were anxious that the cat should have no chance to destroy our little friend's second wife, so I suspended the box from a limb by a wire over two feet in length. Five eggs were laid and the mother bird began setting. Then one night the cat prowled about. How he ever succeeded in his undertaking, I know not. He must have climbed the tree and walked out on a limb. I have never seen a cat slide down a wire; nevertheless the next morning the box was tenantless and the feathers of the second female were scattered over the lawn. This time the bluebird's heart seemed really broken and his cries of lamentation filled the grove. Eleven days passed before

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a third soul-mate came to share his fortunes. We could afford to take no more risks. On a sunny hillside in the garden the cat was buried, and a few weeks later four little bluebirds left the lawn on their own wings.

It is not the case with all birds that a second mate is so quickly found. In fact, it has often been contended by nature observers that among some of the larger birds if one is killed the surviving member of the pair will never mate again.

A LONG the southern seaboard of the Atlantic coast, where the shooting of wild fowl is an important industry with many people, the raising of Canada geese is a common custom. They are not only used for food but to render important service to hunters in the form of decoys. They are genuine wild geese, many of which have been wounded and captured from the great flocks which frequent southern waters during the colder portions of the year. They retain their wild characteristics with great tenacity. Thus it is necessary to keep them pinioned to prevent their flying away to the north when in the spring the spirit of migration calls aloud to the entire bird world.

From habits of these decoys it is apparent that the losing of a mate is a much more serious matter among wild geese than with the bluebird and others of our small feathered friends. When a gander has chosen his goose and she has accepted his advances, the pair remain constantly together, summer and winter, as long as they live. If one is killed, many years frequently elapse before the survivor selects another companion.

In Currituck County, North Carolina, the writer has seen a gander which local tradition said was sixty-two years of age. The first thirty years of his life he remained unmated and for the last thirty-two years he has been the proud possessor of a mate never having strayed far from his side.

It seems that these geese do not mate readily and a man who has a company of thirty or forty may be well satisfied if six or eight pair of them are mated. The truth of this statement is proven in the fact that a single goose is worth about one dollar, while a pair of mated geese will readily bring five dollars on the local market.

A moment's reflection will cause the student to realize the fact that out in the fields and woods, in the swamps and on the mountains, on the beaches, as well as far away on the tumbling ocean, wherever the birds occur in their seasons, there are many that are not mated. Among them are sorrowing widows and widowers, heartfree spinsters and pining bachelors. Just what per cent. of the bird life is unmated

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in any one season, it would, of course, be impossible to tell. The facts which the writer has gathered by a careful census of certain species in given limited territories have enabled him to determine that with certain kinds of water birds only about three-fifths of the individuals are mated any one season.

As with mankind, some races have well-developed tendencies toward polygamy. In the warmer regions of the United States there dwells a great, splendid glossy blackbird, the boat-tailed grackle. The nest of this bird is a wonderfully woven structure of water plants and grasses and is usually built in a bush growing in the water. When you find one nest of the grackle you are pretty certain to find several other occupied nests in the immediate vicinity. From three to six of these marvelous avian cradles, with their quiet brown owners, are watched over by one shining, iridescent lord grackle. He guards his own with jealous care. Evidently, too, he desires the whole earth to know that he is the most handsome, ferocious bird in all the country; for all day long his hoarse shoutings may be heard, and when he launches into the air, the sound of the ponderous beating of his wings carries at times for half a mile across the lake.

ONE of the best known polygamous birds of North America is the wild turkey. Go into any part of the country where this fast-disappearing game bird still survives, and the experienced local gunners will tell you that in the mating season you will usually find a turkey gobbler accompanied by two or more turkey hens. When a female gets ready to make her nest she slips away from her sultan and the other members of the seraglio and, going to some broom-sedge field or open place in the woods, constructs her nest on the ground beneath some slight, convenient shelter. Day after day she absents herself for a short time, and the speckled treasures grow in number until twelve or fifteen have been deposited. All this time her movements have been characterized by absolute secrecy, for if the gobbler by any chance comes upon the nest he immediately breaks every egg. He is wise enough to know that when his hens begin to set, lonely times are in store for him.

One of our wild birds whose domestic relations are not fully understood is strongly suspected of being promiscuously polygamous. Suspicion on this latter point is heightened by the fact that this bird never has a nest, even of the most humble character, and shuns absolutely all the ordinary dangers and responsibilities of parentage. We call this seemingly unnatural creature the cowbird, probably because it is often seen feeding in pastures among cattle, where

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it captures many insects disturbed by the movements of the animals.

The cowbird lays its eggs in the nests of various other birds, distributing them about the neighborhood. Here they are left to be hatched and the young to be reared by the foster parents. Cowbirds' eggs have been found in the nests of nearly one hundred species of birds, and always the nest of some bird smaller than itself is chosen. Despite this fact the cowbird's egg is often first to hatch. The young grow very rapidly and, being strong and aggressive, not only secure the lion's share of the food, but frequently crowd the young of the rightful owner out of the nest to perish on the ground beneath. This is the only bird in North America that displays such depravity—all other birds show that they derive great pleasure in the possession and care of their nests, whether these be complex structures of twigs and grass or merely slight depressions scratched on the surface of the pebbly beach. With most birds the care of the young is largely shared by both parents. The writer one day for more than an hour watched a pair of Georgia mocking-birds feeding their young. The female visited the nest with food on an average of every two minutes, while the male made a similar trip about once in twelve minutes. He could probably have done better than this had he not spent so much time flying needlessly about and scolding imaginary enemies.

The male hornbill, a large bird found in the Old World, undertakes the entire responsibility of providing food for his mate during the period when she is engaged in incubating the eggs. It would seem that he even courts this exacting duty, for he daubs with mud the entrance to the hollow in the tree where she is setting, leaving only a small opening through which food may be passed. When the mud has dried it becomes very hard and the female is an absolute prisoner until the day comes when she passes the word to her mate that the eggs have hatched.

THE female of a Western bird, the phalarope, has a reputation for great independence. There is nothing of the docile hornbill in her make-up. She has no intention of being shut in with her eggs for three or four weeks while her mate is roaming at large about the country, nor does she have any idea of playing the part of the Georgia mocking-bird by bringing five-sixths of the food which the young require. Her method of procedure is to permit her mate to search for a suitable nesting site. When some sheltered spot on the ground, quite to her liking, has been found she deposits the eggs and goes her way. Jolly bands of female phalaropes may

HOME LIFE OF THE BIRDS

be seen at this time of the year frequenting the ponds and lakes they inhabit. The dutiful males are all at home, where they are assuming the entire task of caring for and incubating the eggs.

There is a great difference in the way various birds act when their nests are discovered. If, for example, you pound sharply on a dead snag or telephone pole, wherein a flicker or red-headed woodpecker is setting, the bird will usually leave the nest but will remain in the neighborhood, displaying anxiety of the most marked character. On the other hand, a screech-owl under such circumstances will rarely desert her nest. When the sounds of the disturbance below reach her ears, she simply closes her eyes and sits tight. If you climb the tree and draw her forth with your hand, she will fly silently away and you will see or hear nothing further from her. Taking a screech-owl from her nest, however, is usually attended with some inconvenience on the part of the intruder, for when the owl finds that you really mean to remove her from her eggs she often throws herself on her back, and the first indication you have that your hand has reached her is when her eight good claws begin to sink sharply into your fingers. Without bloodshed there is no collecting of screech-owl eggs.

From beneath a little greasewood bush in an Arizona desert, I once flushed a mourning-dove. For fifty yards she flew along the ground, apparently unable to rise on the wing. One less experienced might have endeavored to catch her, but, knowing well that she was attempting to lead me away from something of value, I peeped beneath the bush and there, in a slight depression on the ground, I found her two little ones just hatched. This simulating a broken wing is also commonly practiced by the nighthawk, bobwhite and other birds.

If you disturb a grebe on her nest she will usually dive quickly into the water, and sometimes you will not see her again. Rest assured, however, that she is watching you. Close to some bush or clump of rushes she is hiding and, with only bill and eyes above the water, observing your every movement.

There are few birds that will actually attack the human intruder who disturbs their nest. Only twice have I been bitten while thus engaged. Once it was a shrike who pinched my hand; the other time a cardinal drew the blood from my finger.

The best time to go nesting is when the birds are building, for after the eggs are laid many birds approach and leave the locality of their nests in a most stealthy and inconspicuous manner, and never engage in any vocal exercises in the immediate neighborhood. There are, of course, marked exceptions to this rule. One of the most

THE ELF AND HIS VIOLIN

exquisitely dainty forms of bird life found in the United States is the little blue-gray gnatcatcher. While engaged in building the nest, which is usually saddled on the limb of some forest tree, the birds call to each other constantly; and even after the eggs are laid there is no effort to restrain their expressions of happiness. Unlike the crow and jay, who sometimes rob the nests of other birds, these little creatures have no sins to answer for to their neighbors, so their hearts are always light and joyous. One of the most pleasant sights that I have ever witnessed was a male gnatcatcher who had relieved his mate at the nest. He was sitting on the eggs and, with head thrown back, sang with all his might, apparently unafraid of the evils which such actions might bring upon his household.

THE ELF DESCRIBES HIS VIOLIN

TH**ERE** is enchantment hid within
My small brown beechnut violin,
Or you would think so, could you hear
Its miniature music clear:
Faint songs of sunset and the dew,
The voice of dusk and moonlight too,
The gnat who sings as best he can,
The cricket imitating Pan,
The things the toad would like to say,
The snail's reflections by the way,
The gray moth's wistfulness, the word
Of a wild Dryad overheard,
All these and more beside I play
As such a virtuoso may.
Once when *Titania* hurt her wing,
She summoned me to play and sing,
And "Now, dear troubadour," said she,
"For love o' laughter, play to me!"
I gave her "Apple-Leaf," "Sweet South,"
"Midsummer Madness" and "Rose-mouth,"
"The Bumble-bee's Complaint" and then
"Midsummer Madness" through again;
And when "The Tumble-bug" I tried,
She laughed and clapped her hands and cried
"O Imp of mischief and delight,
The Tumble-bug shall dub thee Knight!"

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

A PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA RECALLING THE ADVENTUROUS LIVES OF JOHN AND WILLIAM BARTRAM, EARLY AMERICAN BOTANISTS



IN the quaint old house still standing in Philadelphia, John Bartram, botanist to the King of England, and his son William, one of the first of the great men to investigate scientifically the plant life of this country, recognized their American headquarters and their home. It was built in seventeen hundred and thirty-one. Yet modern architecture with plentiful study behind it, experience and various adaptations to popular needs, much knowledge besides of different materials, may still find in its gracious outline and general beauty, a suggestion and an inspiration.

In its construction, clapboards and a composition substance taking the form of rough concrete were used, undoubtedly because accessible and economical. The design of the front of the house recalls the Dutch influence prevailing in and about Philadelphia at the time of its building, while in its concrete ends the windows are notable because of the originality and purity shown in the ornamentation of their casements. The top windows, peeping through one of the vine-clad sides, betray, moreover, a hint of Gothic admiration, something not strange since the Dutch were ever sympathetically inclined toward Italian conceptions. With their quaint Doric capitals, the columns of composition fortify the house with an appearance of resistance, while forming an especially good background for the vines that cover several of them from base to capital.

There is slight question that this house was built without bathroom or set-in fixtures, without electric or gas outlets and brackets, without a furnace in the cellar, even though it might have had a fireplace which made its sturdy occupants forget as much as possible the severity of the winter. In this home after the day's work was done, after the father and son, dominated by a love for the plant world such as few possess, had identified and pressed the treasures found during the day, they probably lit in the hall their candles, climbed the steep staircase and with no long tarrying slipped into beds made comfortable by a warming-pan. Or perhaps they scoffed the latter pampering altogether, since they were men who thought little of their own comfort.

When William Bartram, whose habit it had been since his youth to accompany his father on botanical exhibitions, started in seventeen hundred and seventy-three to make his travels in North America,

PICTURESQUE HOME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS

those on which his fame rests today, the undertaking was regarded as so perilous that it was with the greatest difficulty he could get anyone to go with him. And even when he succeeded in arousing the interest of a young man to the point of desiring to be his companion, he had still to secure the consent of his parents.

IN the eighteenth century no one knew better the savage wastes of parts of this country than William Bartram; sometimes his soul cried out his plaint and concern, lest eventually the hardships of his life should overcome him in his undertaking.

"All alone in a wild Indian country," he cries, "thousands of miles from my native land and a vast distance from any settlement of white people, the savage vindictive inhabitants about me, lately ill-treated by the frontier Virginians, blood being spilled between them and the injury not yet wiped away by formal treaty; the Cherokees extremely jealous of white people traveling about their mountains, especially when seen peeping in among the rocks, or digging up their earth."

And what was life worth to a man like William Bartram unless he could peep in among the rocks, searching, scanning, trusting ever to find some little wildling unknown to the scientific world; unless he could search and pick the surfaces of the earth testing its properties, looking out for mineral deposits, wondering about the nourishment it offered to plant life?

During his explorations Bartram passed through great expanses of ancient Indian fields, over much of which territory the foot of white man had not preceded him. He journeyed alone on horseback, going through marshes hundreds of acres in extent and where the undergrowth was so dense and misleading that his horse, a sure-footed beast, might at any time sink to his knees instead of striking firm ground.

Along the coast of east Florida, examining the banks of the Mosquito River for rarities among its luxuriant growth, where he could not sleep at night for the noise of crocodiles, he came once unawares upon a veritable forest of *Agraves*, plants that now occur in almost every American garden and are popularly called Adam's needles. His first sight of them he describes as a "forest" because the scapes of the plants arose erectly to the astonishing height of thirty feet and then branched into the form of pyramidal trees, the space of earth they occupied representing at least several acres. These were the days when the saying was heard that the growth of the flora of the South was such as to make it necessary to chop it down with an ax.



THE OLD BARTRAM HOUSE, BUILT IN PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE: THE HOME OF AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT BOTANIST, ALSO AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL IN ARCHITECTURE.



A DETAIL OF THE BARTRAM HOUSE, SHOW-
ING EXTREMELY INTERESTING PILLAR OF CON-
CRETE, WITH DORIC CAPITAL.

PICTURESQUE HOME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS

Bartram marveled that while plants could not move from place to place like animals or fly through the air like birds, they nevertheless were empowered to transplant themselves in places far removed from the parent center and to circumvent at their pleasure, the globe. He was right in thinking that there are no more persistent colonists than many frail-looking plants.

THE discoveries that William Bartram made on his travels to the higher peaks of the Alleghanies and while traversing their river beds and the ravines were many and a great benefit to science. It was he who there found Fraser's magnolia, the least widely distributed member of this distinguished genus. He saw it growing side by side with the common hemlock, the two together forming a contrast in foliage, one lustrous and powerful, the other light and featherlike, which could hardly be overlooked. It was also while passing through this remote section of the country difficult of access even today that he found the wild-cat very general and the panther a creature to shun in his night explorations. He was a man gentle of temperament and preferred to be drawn to a spot by the luscious scent of some white, night-blooming species, than by the nerve-racking ominous cry of this beast.

While in these mountains he came to regard the rattlesnake as a wonderful creature in nature and disposition, although he recalls his first sight of such a snake in the following manner: "When in my youth attending my father to the Catskill Mountains, having nearly ascended the peak of Gilead, being youthful in the pursuit of botanical and novel objects, I had gained the summit of the steep rocky precipice, when entering a shady vale I saw at the foot of a small shrub, the singular and beautiful appearance which I remember to have instantly apprehended to be a large kind of fungus which were called Jews' ears, and I was just drawing back my foot to kick it over when my father cried out, 'A rattlesnake, my son!' He jerked me back and probably saved my life. I had never before seen one."

This man who had a vital intimacy with the surface of the earth, birds, animals and plants, concluded that in none of the monuments of the Indians could be discovered the least sign of the arts, sciences or architecture of European or other inhabitants of the Old World. While the actual plants that Bartram cared for and loved are no longer in evidence, the house has yet the appearance of being at peace with the plant world, of exhaling a faint suggestion that his spirit has not entirely passed away.

BESIDE THE FIRE

WITHOUT, the storm-wind fiercely blows,
The brooklet runs, a swollen stream;
From yonder home the firelight throws
A friendly gleam.

Within is comfort, shelter, rest,
It is the haven we desire;
'Tis good to be a welcome guest
Beside that fire.

While hastening to that dear abode,
The thought to those in pity turns,
For whom, along life's weary road,
No hearth-fire burns.

We sit within the ruddy glow
That softly lights each kindly face;
And sometimes, one will bend to throw
A log in place.

We picture forms that come and go
The glowing, shifting coals between,
And memories bring from long ago
A changing scene.

We chat of all things, old and new,
Or pause at times, in thought apart;
And oft in friendship tried and true,
Speak heart to heart.

Though countless joys with summer bide
And of her charms we never tire,
'Tis good to sit with friends beside
A winter's fire.

ELLA HOWARD HUGHES.

STAIRCASES ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND COLONIAL, FROM WHICH THOSE OF THE PRESENT MAY REAP SUGGESTIONS



IN the staircase it would seem that the limitations and the possibilities of humanity have both been recognized, since it provides the means, otherwise lacking, of upward flight, of climbing, in fact, the air. To enter a house, whether old or new, is to come face to face with a flight of stairs, one along which not only the feet may fly as if propelled by wings, but which also gives passage to the thoughts set free as if by expectancy. The staircase is, in addition to being a necessity, a romantic bit of construction in the home. It should be as expressive of the character of the inmates as is usually the hall, informing the stranger at a glance what is to be expected on a more general survey of the interior. The stairway excites the mind, but it does not in itself satisfy curiosity. It makes the stranger alert for discovery.

In the earliest times staircases came to be a recognized necessity. Houses in process of excavation near the palace of the Caesars in Rome show two flights of stairs, very straight, very narrow, without curves, expansion or artistic treatment. They were merely the device of man for moving upward. But later, imagination and craftsmanship wrought together on the theme of passing from one stratum of a house to another. And such magnificent stairways as the Scala nobile in the Vatican prove that their efforts were not in vain. Indeed to trace the evolution of stairways through various ages would be to follow the whims and advancements of architecture, growing out of the conditions of people which it served.

There are staircases that have about them an element of the secretive, one feels like scaling them hastily, longing meantime for the region above. These are the narrow staircases starting from some unexpected place. Along them the stranger hastens his steps, scarcely venturing to look behind so beset is he with an unknown dread. Mystery lurked also in the octagonal staircases entered by means of an open archway and leading to the bleak, warlike rooms of the fourteenth century. The happenings along such flights of stairs were sometimes far from pleasant, to be recalled in the night with intense terror.

Other staircases, however, start so frankly, so openly from the entrance hall, the "houseplace" as called in the early days of English house-building, that it seems as if they invited the stranger to tread them freely, fearing nothing. The Elizabethan houses were noted for their staircases giving to the houseplace an air of dignity and richness. Usually they were of oak with heavily carved newels and

STAIRWAYS, IMAGINATIVE FEATURES OF THE HOUSE

had, as luxury increased, pierced balustrades plentiful in carving. Often they led to the main reception and living rooms on the second floor of the house and were therefore planned to give as much importance of approach as possible.

IN the time of Jacobean influence such staircases reached a high degree of beauty and elaboration. About the early Elizabethan staircases there was a martial character. They for the most part consisted of a series of short flights of steps with broad landings and were built around a well-hole of square or geometrical design, the arrangement one to make them very easy of ascent. Mostly they were of stone and the pattern of their ornamentation not weakened by twists, flourishes or other trivialities. In going up and down these steps the hand found nothing to rest on, the people who trod them pacing slowly up and down their middle, people stately and fully cognizant of the value of externals, people severe in war and determined in love.

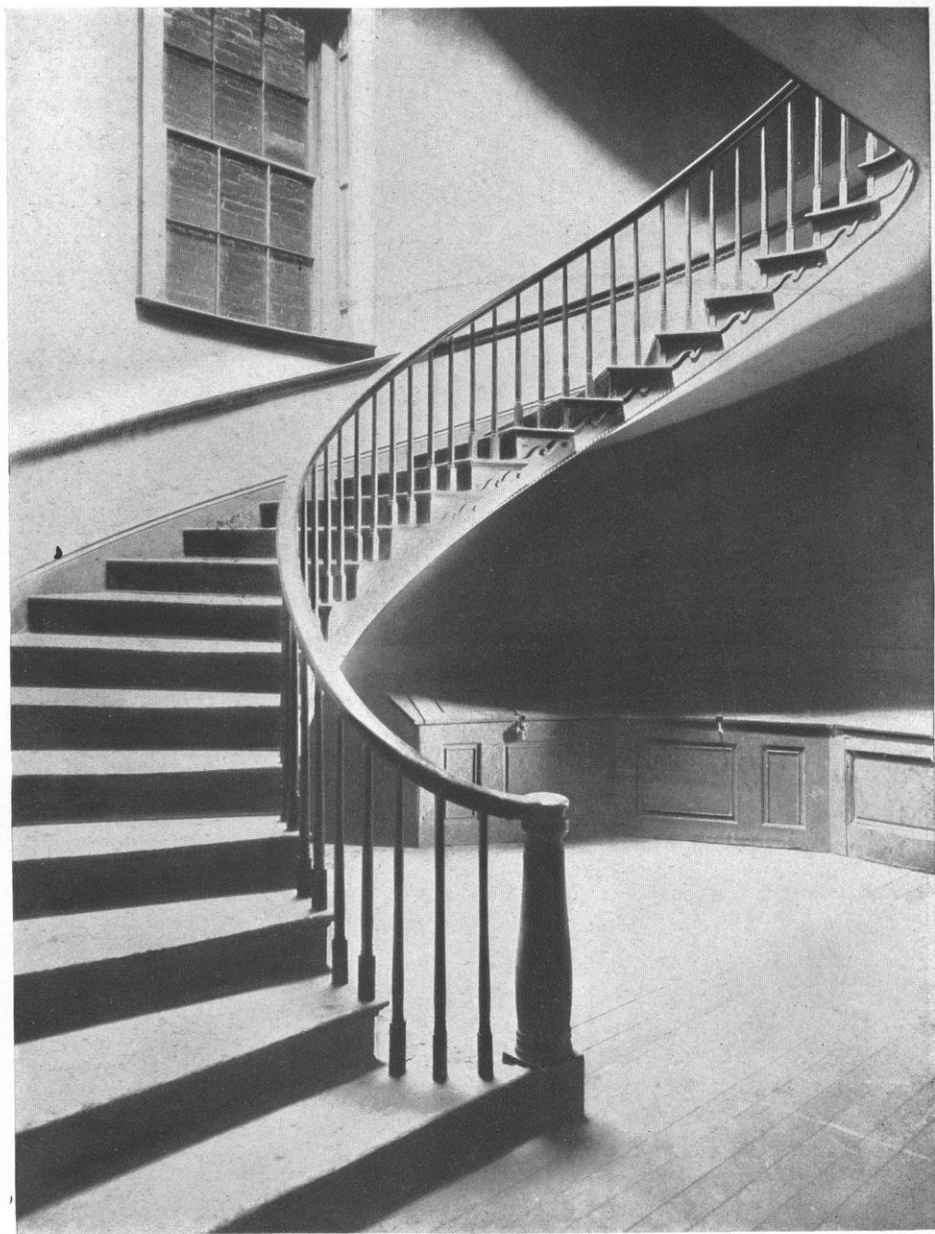
These massive staircases of short flights and frequent landings were undoubtedly suggested by the stone staircases of Italy, although the Italians built about a solid central pier which the English replaced by the well-hole, giving the opportunity for newels at the angles.

The more usual staircases, however, were built of long flights, few in number and from very early days, wherever convenience demanded, spiral in construction. It might be argued, since the Jacobean was the first furniture of any account to be brought to America by the Colonists, that the staircases of their houses would have followed somewhat the same style. But in so young a country styles, patterns, even architectural beauty were less heeded than purposes the most practical. The first houses of the Colonists were small, the staircases plain, straight flights beginning near the door of entrance. They gave no pleasure in the mounting since the treads were narrow and steep; merely they were a means to an end, having no note of beauty or apparent concern that it was lacking.

With prosperity and the feeling of power that soon began to influence the people of the growing country, the mind turned toward expansion of the home and to a getting away from things purely utilitarian. Still long flights of stairs were retained rather than those introduced of short flights and frequent landings; but the long flights were now given curves and attractive landings, soon becoming the dominant features of the entrance halls. Strangely enough they then partook more of French and Italian influence than they did of the ideas prevailing in the home land.



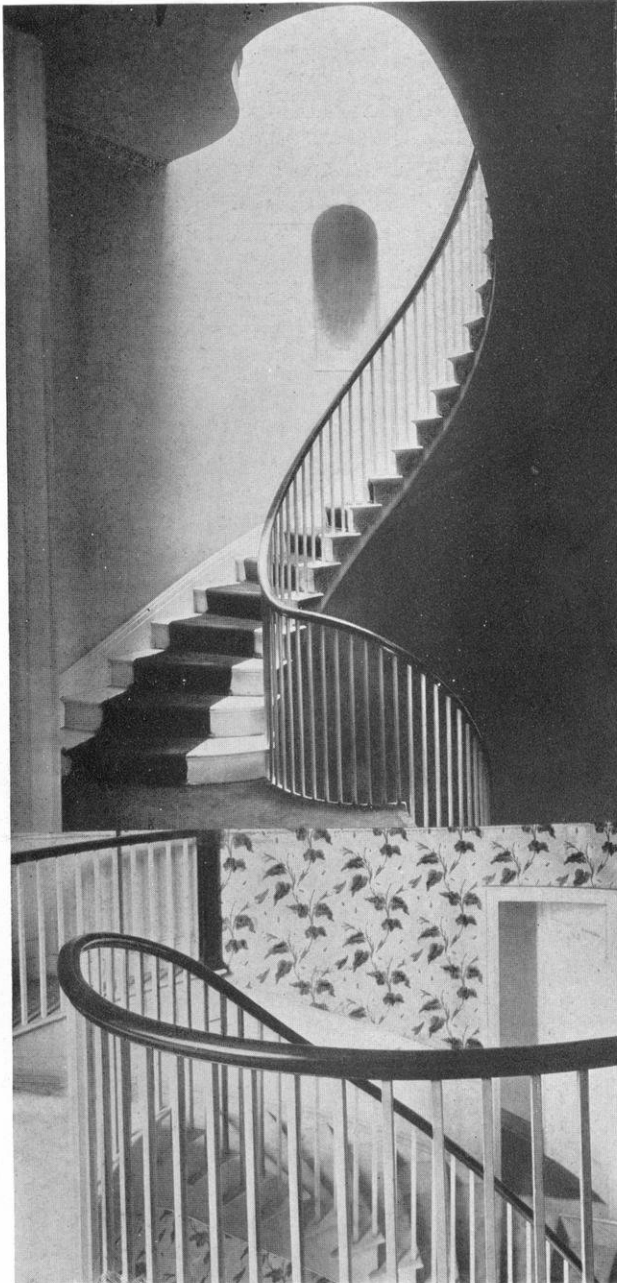
STAIRCASE BUILT IN SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE, ITS SEVERITY TEMPERED BY FLOWING CURVES, INDICATING THAT CONCEPTIONS OF BEAUTY HAD BEGUN TO APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.



A BROAD PLAIN STAIRCASE SEVERE IN TRIM, AND MOUNTING FROM A HALL IN WHICH A NUMBER OF CHESTS, OUTLINING THE WALL, AFFORD SUGGESTION OF CONVENIENCE TO HOUSE-BUILDERS OF TODAY.



AN AMERICAN STAIRCASE BUILT IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN: SOMEWHAT STEEP THROUGH ITS ADAPTATION TO A TOWN HOUSE, BUT GRACEFUL IN ITS CURVES, THE NEWEL-POST ENDING FANCIFULLY.



THE CURVE THAT THIS STAIRCASE TAKES AS IT MOUNTS TO THE SECOND STORY ILLUSTRATES THE IMPORTANCE OF CONTINUING SUCH A STRUCTURE ARTISTICALLY TO ITS UTMOST HEIGHT: THE NICHE IN THE SIDE WALL IS REPEATED AND ONE SENSES IN PASSING UP THIS SECOND FLIGHT THE SAME DIGNITY AND CHASTENESS OF LINE THAT CHARACTERIZES THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE WAY: STAIRCASES SIMILAR TO THIS ONE ARE FEATURES OF MANY FRENCH AND ITALIAN HOUSES TODAY, ALTHOUGH IN AMERICA THEY ARE MOSTLY REPLACED BY THOSE WITH SHORTER FLIGHTS AND FREQUENT LANDINGS, STAIRCASES LESS FATIGUING TO CLIMB AND GIVING TO A HOUSE BY THEIR BREADTH AND GENEROUS PROPORTIONS AN OPEN HOSPITABLE LOOK: BROAD LOW WINDOWS MARK THEIR PASSAGE FROM STORY TO STORY.

UPPER CURVE OF THE STAIRCASE DATING FROM SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE: IT DISPLAYS UNUSUAL FREEDOM IN ITS SCOPE, GIVING DECORATIVE QUALITY AND A CERTAIN RELAXATION OF IMPRESSION TO A CONSIDERABLE PART OF THE HOUSE.

STAIRWAYS, IMAGINATIVE FEATURES OF THE HOUSE

THE staircase shown in one of our illustrations, Governor Gore's house at Waltham, Massachusetts, dates from seventeen hundred and ninety-nine. In every sense of the word it is a beautiful structure, its curves extremely graceful and its plainness and simplicity of design strong elements of charm. Most pleasantly it raises itself from the main hall, severe yet dignified in proportion, and winds itself upward with uninterrupted purpose. Midway between the entrance hall and the first landing it passes a door, no cue being given to the place to which this doorway leads. It is in the curve this staircase takes on the upper floor, however, that it shows determination to finish in a way replete with fascination. In fact, this terminal curve, a veritable flourish, gives character to the whole upper part of the house. It robs the hallway of the excessive primness that it would otherwise have, owing to its trim and wall-paper, and gives scope and freedom to the imagination. It represents in this house a feature of much distinction.

The staircase in an old house in Salem, Massachusetts, dates from a year later than the one to which reference has been made. Its treads are broad and low, indicating that ease of mounting had become a desideratum. Its curves are sweeping and graceful. A plainer newel-post can scarcely be conceived. The hall from which it starts is of intense severity accentuated by the formidable-looking line of chests following the wall curve. Such fitted and built-in chests might well be used as a suggestion for home-builders today, when the lower halls of homes have so much to stow away—rugs, heavy coats, tennis rackets, hammocks and other articles of necessity. There is something almost feudal in the look of this staircase; withal it is not lacking in giving to the bare hall an atmosphere of freedom and hospitality.

The staircase in the home of Daniel P. Parker, Esq., in Boston, is an example of beautiful curves adapted to the steep high space of a town house. It was built in eighteen hundred and eighteen, showing for its inspiration the French influence. The ornamental niche in the side wall, the niche of which kind there are so many more than there are saints to fill them, is very much seen in old French houses and also in Italian ones of today.

Today there is a return to favor of the staircases with few steps and frequent landings, of staircases that open broadly with an air of generous hospitality from the entrance or living hall as it has become known in many American homes. For spaces where long unbroken flights are necessary, however, the mind may well revert for suggestions to these types of early American staircases with their simplicity and their neatness showing the absence of all excesses.

LOST WILD FLOWERS: PLANTS THAT HAVE BEEN SOUGHT FOR AS DILIGENTLY AND COURAGEOUSLY AS THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES: BY ALICE LOUNSBERRY



IN pursuit of the new and extraordinary, the distant and the near, the French people have with few exceptions been foremost in their explorations. This fact indeed has particular vitality concerning the discovery of many of the rarest species of American plants. For at a time when America was still busy settling the affairs of her young Government, tensely occupied with building her homes and railways and in keeping the wolf from the door, Frenchmen in company with the great Michaux overran certain parts of the country, collecting and preserving specimens of indigenous plants that had for them unusual interest.

The interest of the elder Michaux, whose first expedition to this country was in the latter part of the eighteenth century, centered about the flora and fauna of the southern Alleghanies, a planting ground the like of which there is scarcely another extant on the face of the globe. As Dr. Asa Gray said to Prof. Sargent when about to make the ascent of Mount Roan, the last peak of the Alleghany chain, "between the base and the crown of this mountain are more forms of vegetation than are found in the whole of united Europe."

But long before either Dr. Gray or Prof. Sargent explored these mountains Michaux had tramped them over, examining, collecting and pressing specimens which were carefully transported to Paris and placed there in the Jardin Botanique.

Later it became the custom, one thought necessary by early American botanists, to go to Paris and to study there the specimens of plants that this scientific Frenchman had collected during his different expeditions. Michaux, in fact, set the pace for finding American plants, and to live up to his achievements became henceforth the wish of every patriotic botanist. When a plant could not be found to correspond with one that Michaux had discovered and preserved in his collection in Paris it was called a "lost flower." Botanists and laymen set out to search for it, never wearying until it was rediscovered and brought to the recognition of the scientific world. At the present time the greater number of lost specimens have been found; the search for some of them reading like a chapter in romance.

To the lay mind it may seem a strange undertaking to start out to find a plant; to compare it with one found by Michaux and then to proclaim "Here it is, it corresponds absolutely with the dried specimen. There was no mistake in the data transmitted by this

LOST WILD FLOWERS

remarkable man. The plant has been rediscovered and under circumstances similar to those which he must have encountered. It can now be described, catalogued and recognized as a member of the American plant world." But when it is realized that the search for lost flowers has engaged the attention of brilliant men for generations and that seemingly startling prices have been paid for the rediscovery of first specimens, it must be acknowledged that there is a fascination about the quest as well as a recognized value to the sought for objects.

THE story of little colt's foot, *Shortia galacifolia*, is one of the strangest of all the strange lost flower stories. The elder Michaux found it in his first expedition, a graceful, delicate beauty, pure white, hanging its head like a snowdrop and with a leaf similar to that of galax, the plant that has made small fortunes for those sending it to Northern markets, on account of its wine color and green leaves useful as backgrounds for wreaths.

With the story of shortia, the name of Dr. Asa Gray is indelibly associated, since it was so greatly his wish to be able to rediscover it in its native habitat growing as it did when seen by Michaux.

His interest was awakened in shortia in eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, when he saw in Paris in the Michauxian collection of American plants, an unnamed specimen bearing on its label the bald statement that it had been collected in the high mountains of Carolina. This dried specimen, however, showing only the leaves and a single fruit, had nevertheless the power to quicken the desire and the imagination of Dr. Gray. He wished to rediscover it, to find it in flower, to be the first to describe it, and to dedicate it to Prof. Short of Kentucky, whose eminent services to American botany he most deeply appreciated.

After his return to America Dr. Gray searched for this plant assiduously in the high mountains of northern Carolina. Other curious specimens he found; but this little evasive rarity remained far from him. At the end of one of his long expeditions he wrote to a friend: "We were likewise unsuccessful in our search for a remarkable undescribed plant with the habit of pyrola and the foliage of galax which was obtained by Michaux in the high mountains of Carolina. The only specimen extant is among the *plantæ incognitæ* of the Michauxian herbarium in fruit and I was anxious to obtain flowering specimens of it and to complete its history."

A while later Dr. Gray was fortunate enough to come across, in a collection of Japanese plants, a specimen almost identical with the one of Michaux that had so burned itself on his memory. This

LOST WILD FLOWERS

fact, since much of the flora of Japan and China is identical with that of America, strengthened his faith in the existence of the American species. Still search for it was of no avail. Rewards were offered, promises made, but the plant could not be found. Dr. Gray, who still persisted that Michaux could not have been mistaken concerning the habitat of shortia, was one of the few who did not believe it to be a myth of the plant world.

IN eighteen hundred and eighty-six Prof. Sargent visited the mountainous region of North Carolina, his object being to re-discover *Magnolia cordata*, another one of Michaux's finds that even today is lost to the knowledge of American botanists.

Somewhat after dusk Prof. Sargent came in to headquarters and took from a heterogeneous mass of things that he had gathered, a leaf.

"What is it?" he asked Mr. Frank Boynton, who was with him.

Mr. Boynton, cautious by nature, replied that he did not know, since on looking closely at the leaf he saw that it was not galax, as he had at first supposed. The twilight passed, the evening opening with the advent of the mail-bag, when found among Prof. Sargent's letters was one from Dr. Gray reading as follows:

"September seventeenth, eighteen hundred and eighty-six.

"My dear Sargent:

"Would I were with you! I can only say crown yourself with glory by discovering a habitat—the original habitat—of shortia, which we will believe Michaux found near where the *Magnolia cordata* came from—or in that first expedition.

"Yours ever,

ASA GRAY."

"That is shortia you have in your hand," then called out Mr. Stiles, the editor of *Garden and Forest*, who also was one of the members of this memorable expedition.

He spoke in a joking way, not knowing that his words were entirely true. Prof. Sargent had picked a leaf of shortia about a hundred years after Michaux had found it probably near the same spot.

As soon as Prof. Sargent had determined this point, a party was sent back to locate definitely the place where it grew. They found it in somewhat limited quantity although sufficient in number to take away several plants for distribution. The next spring, however, Mr. Harbison, a Southern botanist, determined to see the far-famed shortia in flower. He went beyond the point where Prof. Sargent had located it and found it growing in masses that covered acres of ground, as if in fact its sole purpose was to spread itself over the

LOST WILD FLOWERS

earth. Through his efforts its habitat then became known to the world and its distribution somewhat general. It is now scheduled in all up-to-date catalogues and no garden need be without its quaint beauty. Thus was the veil of its mystery revealed; its privacy as completely invaded as that of the north and south poles.

Elliottia racemosa, a beautiful shrub of the Heath family, was for many years counted among the missing treasures of North America. Early in the nineteenth century it was discovered near Waynesboro, Georgia, supposedly by Stephen Elliott, whose name it bears. Later it was found at one or two isolated stations in the valley of the Savannah. Then for years all trace of it was lost. It was searched for by scientists entirely without success. In June, however, of nineteen hundred and one Mr. R. M. Harper had the joy of coming upon a colony of this much desired shrub near Bloys in Georgia. The long search for it was ended, even though it still has about it the subtle aroma of rarity.

FRANKLINIA, *Gordonia Altamaha*, a relative of the Loblolly Bay growing in the South from Virginia to Florida, is even today a lost species. John Bartram, one of the early botanists, found it in seventeen hundred and sixty-five in Georgia, along the banks of the Altamaha River. He gave it its common name in honor of Benjamin Franklin. Later many botanists visited it in its wild state, declaring its large camelialike blooms and general grace particularly enchanting. Since seventeen hundred and ninety, however, no one has been able to find it in a wild state. Somewhere perchance it awaits its finder ready to give honor and place to him that will make known its hiding place. Indeed, thinking to win the glory of its rediscovery, it is yearly sought for by enthusiastic, devoted souls caring not that their search takes them through swamps, the undergrowth of which is thick and perilous; into places where the gray moss hangs in shroudlike masses defying their efforts; where the air is humid and fever-laden and into marshlands where snakes have a boldness all their own. To such inconveniences the one pricked with the idea of rediscovering Franklina is indifferent. He feels only the thrill of joy that shall be his when a wondrously beautiful shrub deep in hiding responds to the description of Franklina that is setting his brain on fire.

So also may *Magnolia cordata* one day be rediscovered. Michaux found it in his first American expedition and introduced it into Europe. Perhaps it does not feel entirely at home in the land of its forced adoption, for there it never bears fruit. In its native land, however, its habit, the ways of its life and its surrounding, are

THE CARPENTER

matters of conjecture, since no longer can it be found growing in the wild.

Prof. Sargent, who has searched for it at different times over many years and who has given to it more than anyone else earnest, persistent thought, still thinks that somewhere it grows freely, and that as the elder Michaux saw it, so again will it be seen in its native habitat. "The country is a large one," he says, "and has not yet been carefully explored."

Indeed, the way is open and the call clear to him who would seek it and make known to the world its chosen hiding place.

THE CARPENTER

THE breath of pine arose as scent
From shavings on the floor.
The azure of the firmament
Shone in the open door.

The sound of hammer and of saw
Made music in the room:
There labor was a lovely law
Like beauty or perfume.

The hand that fashioned sure and fine
The fragrant wood of Earth,
Could trace with starry fire divine
The things of higher worth.

For he from selfish aim was free
Unswayed by care or fret
Who learned to master destiny
In quiet Nazareth!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

SOME OLD-TIME WALL-PAPERS THAT REVIVE A FORGOTTEN IDEA IN MURAL DECORATION



THE sheltering arms of the home, the walls that shut out the changeable moods of the elements, have for some time past not been treated with proper respect. These staunch and sturdy protectors that make home life possible are more than barriers, for they furnish the setting of the more intimate part of our lives, and are the silent companions of most of our happiness and struggles. A decade or so ago they usually agonized under hideous floral arabesques and inharmonious colors, with excrescences of unrelated pictures dotted here and there. Then we, some of us, saw things a little more clearly and grew a bit kinder; we decided to treat our walls as backgrounds, with neutral colors and quiet patterns that rendered the addition of pictures less painful. Yet it would seem, in studying some old examples of wall-paper that have survived the stress of many years, that the original purpose for which wall coverings were designed was perhaps more intimate and kindly than any that has since been evolved.

In the olden times in America, when wall-paper was first used as a substitute for the more costly tapestries, its purpose was twofold. Primarily, of course, it was intended to shut out some of the damp and cold of draughty walls, but besides that it was in itself purely decorative. There were very few pictures in those days; there were not many satisfactory copies to be had of good paintings and etchings, as there are today, and the people, perforce, had to have their walls made into pictures.

The earliest known wall-papers were printed on squares of hand-made paper, necessarily crude and difficult to hang. A large proportion of these were imported from China, and a number of them were painted by hand. There were many styles of designs used, fruit and floral, patterns copied from India prints and imported china, but most interesting of all were the landscapes and water scenes that often told stories of adventure, historical events, travel, mythology, and portrayed hunting scenes, racing scenes, and the like. There were no "repeats" in these wall pictures; on each wall was a different scene, each panorama fitting the room in which it was to be hung. The chimney-breast was usually reserved for the chief part or climax of the scene portrayed.

Until machinery for making paper in long strips was invented, about the end of the eighteenth century, the use of wall-paper was confined mainly to people of means, and the humbler folk with leaner purses had to content themselves with painted walls,

LITERARY WALL-PAPERS

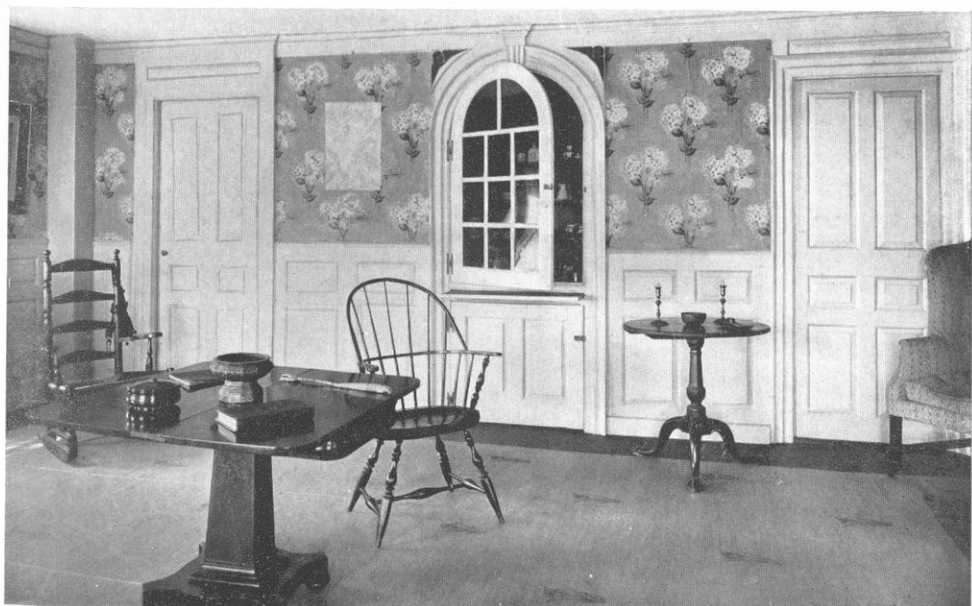
usually the result of the handiwork of someone in the household. If design were incorporated on these painted walls it was often in the form of stenciling, or if the services of some talented person could be enlisted, the walls were perhaps paneled like the French wall-papers, each panel holding a separate picture.

SCENIC wall-papers seem to have been most popular in New England and the Middle Atlantic States, for more examples of this form of decoration are to be found in those regions than elsewhere in the United States. Judging from the designs still to be seen in very old country houses, some of the favorite pictures for wall-paper were scenes from Paris, the Bay of Naples, the seasons and the cultivation of tea. Sir Walter Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake," was also frequently selected for wall decoration.

One can fancy the delight these wall pictures must have held for the children of those days. Picture books were scarce then, and alert childish minds must have fastened with avidity upon the delectable visions daily spread before their eyes. In "The Story of a Bird Lover," Prof. W. E. D. Scott says, in speaking about his grandfather's house: "As a boy, the halls interested me enormously; they had been papered with such wall-paper as I had never seen elsewhere. The entrance hall portrayed a vista of Paris, apparently arranged along the Seine, with ladies and gentlemen promenading the banks, and all the notable buildings, the Pantheon, Notre Dame and many more distributed in the scene, the river running in front.

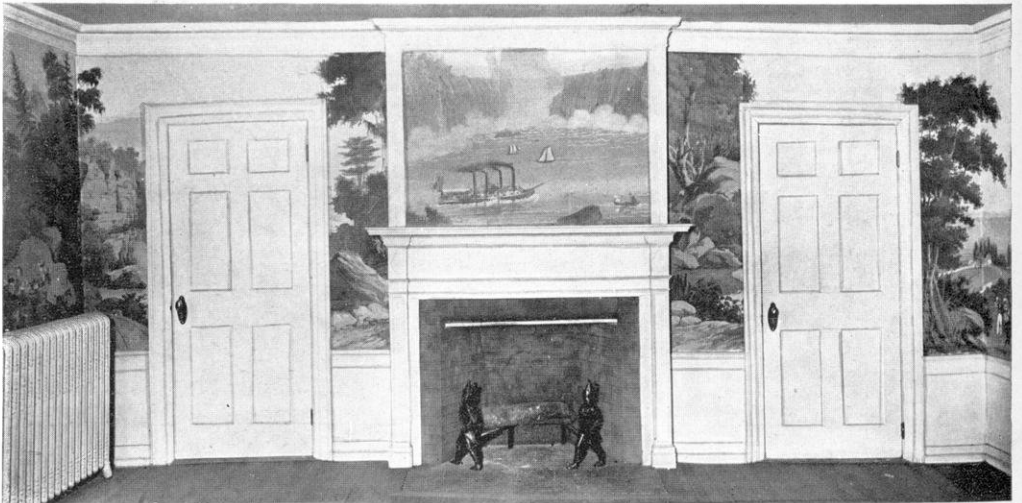
"But it was when I reached the second story that my childish imagination was exercised. Here the panorama was of a different kind; it represented scenes in India—the pursuit of deer and various kinds of smaller game, the hunting of the lion and the tiger by the natives perched on great elephants with magnificent trap-pings. These views are not duplicated in the wall-paper; the scene is continuous, passing from one end of the hall to the other, a panorama rich in color and incident. I had thus in mind a picture of India. I knew what kind of clothes people wore and the arms they used while hunting."

Of course, some of the old wall decorations would today be considered crude and inartistic, even though hallowed by the grace of years. There seems to us something decidedly incongruous in having walls peopled with life-size figures, as some of the old Colonial rooms had, and they must have given the dwellers within them the feeling of being continually watched.



PICTURESQUE WALL-PAPER IN THE SAMUEL HAM HOUSE, PEABODY, MASSACHUSETTS, SHOWING THE CLIMAX OF A TROPICAL SCENE ON THE OVERMANTEL.

WALL-PAPER, REMINISCENT OF EARLIER TIMES, IN THE HANNAH ROBINSON HOUSE, SAUNDERSTOWN, RHODE ISLAND.



OLD-FASHIONED FLORAL WALL-PAPER IN THE LARKIN-RICHTER HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

QUAINT OLD-TIME WALL-PAPER IN THE PORTSMOUTH ATHLETIC CLUB, ILLUSTRATING THE IMPRESSIONS OF A FRENCHMAN ON VISITING AMERICA.

LITERARY WALL-PAPERS

We are showing here two examples of pictorial wall-papers, in admirable contrast with the inevitable Colonial white woodwork. The one in the Samuel Ham house, Peabody, Massachusetts, reveals a tropical scene, with many native figures engaged in various characteristic pursuits. Another that is slightly humorous to modern eyes gives a Frenchman's impression of America. Over the mantel thunders the mighty cataract of Niagara, and below the rushing waters are seen, apparently in no danger of being swept toward the Whirlpool, a steamboat, two small yachts and a canoeing party. Tucked in one corner of the room is given a glimpse of what are presumably the Palisades, with a railroad track and a stagecoach nearby, in the shadow of some towering mountains. This wall-paper is in the Portsmouth Athletic Club, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

The two floral designs also shown are evidently of a later date, and while wholly in keeping with the white woodwork and the mahogany furniture in the rooms, are not nearly as picturesque as are the wall pictures.

Most of the old scenic wall-papers had to be made especially for the rooms in which they were to be hung. This rendered them definitely more individual than our present product of the machine, that is made in quantities and is capable of being fitted to any room, whether suitable or not. In the old days patterns or scenes were selected with reference to the room they were to adorn; spacing and size had to be carefully estimated, lest the paper should not fit, and this necessarily influenced the subjects selected for a certain type of room.

The present method of having definite fashions in wall-paper designs is also deadly to individuality. As a rule, different patterns are evolved each year and discarded after a brief season, so that it is almost impossible to duplicate from one season to another a pattern known and liked. On the other hand, in looking for a few rooms in which to spend a month or so in New York City last summer, no less than ten hallways were found papered in exactly the same pattern of wall-paper, and the rooms of various flats were often definitely related to each other by virtue of the similarity of their wall covering.

Surely our feet have strayed far from the field that was originally opened for us in the possibilities of mural decoration!

SCIENCE IN ART, AS SHOWN IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS



OR one entire month this past winter New York talked of little else than its great International Show. Law rivalries, architectural discussions, municipal strife, social disagreements were all submerged by the wave of excitement upon which the Cubist and Futurist painters floated into New York. The "Nude Descending the Stairway" rivaled in fame the Mona Lisa, and was equally difficult to find. Matisse and Cézanne were household words, as one would speak of Michaelangelo or Sargent. We learned how to pronounce Gauguin correctly and ceased to shy at Rédon's colors. Quite outside of art life even people were divided into parties, for and against Cubists. At dinner tables it was almost unsafe to mention the Futurists, because instantly the guests became factions, people interested and absorbed in the work of the new men or bitterly opposed to it to the point of personal hostility.

It took no little courage for the group of men who were interested in the new art movements to decide to present fifteen hundred modern pictures, foreign and American, displaying the most revolutionary work the art world has ever seen, alongside of the more conventional, with a sprinkling of the academic, to decide to rent one of the largest buildings in New York for a month, to hang these various paintings and to place the sculpture in wholly new ways, giving each a fine free presentation, disregarding the rules of former hanging committees, affording equally good opportunity for every man, showing no personal bias in the arrangement of pictures, planning the entire gallery with such justice and freedom that it would be hard to find out after a careful survey of the display, just where the hanging committee stood in relation to the revolutionists and the academicians.

The men who were responsible for this Show are men well known in New York art circles, men who have painted fearlessly in the past, and who have always been open-minded toward the courage of fellow artists. Among those who have worked hardest for the success of the exhibition were Arthur B. Davies, the president, Walt Kuhn, William J. Glackens, one of the hanging committee, Jerome Myers, Robert Henri, George Bellows, D. Putnam Brinley, Guy Pene DuBois, John Sloan, Elmer MacRae, F. J. Gregg. Probably the opportunity for the exhibition came more through the aid of Mr. John Quinn, a patron of American art and a generous one, than through any other one personality except Arthur B. Davies. Mr. Quinn not only gave the utmost enthusiasm to the idea, but coöperated in every practical way to aid the committee in bringing over the hundreds of pictures

THE NEW ART IMPULSE

and in facing the responsibility of putting the armory in condition.

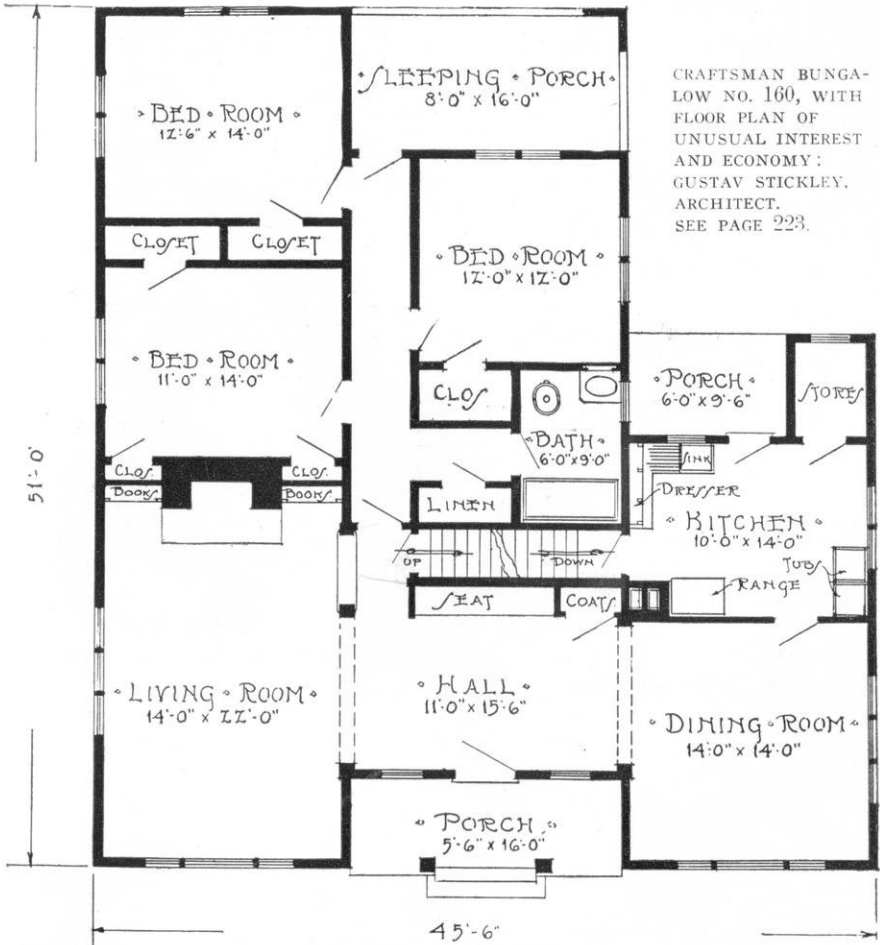
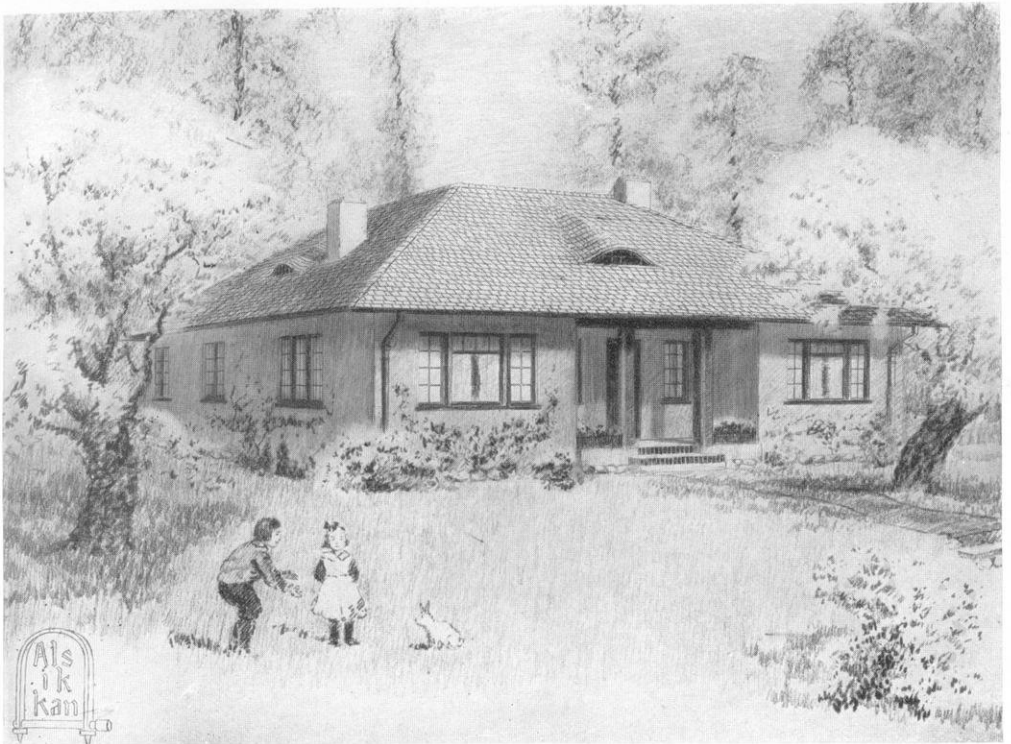
THE CRAFTSMAN has been asked by many subscribers since this exhibition just what its value would be, apart from the fact that the world is always interested in contemplating a widespread review of any great movement. And we feel no hesitation in saying that its importance to the world will be a sense of greater liberty in all art matters, and a much wider appreciation of what *color* should mean to us, not only in art but in our daily lives. It is hard to understand in what way we have acquired, practically the world over, the blind vogue for delicate tones. If we stop to think, we will realize that our great interest in the presentation of pageants, of large choruses in the opera, of historical drama, and to a great extent of historical painting, lies in the freedom with which color has been used in all historical representation. We are not so much interested in the way in which people lived in bygone times, but the fact that their houses, their dress, their street life brings back to us the enjoyment of splendid color. And in reality deep in our souls we crave color as we crave anything that the natural world holds for us, and which is ours by the divine right of all Nature's gifts. We vibrate to color as we do to music, as we do to dancing; that is, we do if we are willing. To desire only pallor in tone is to undertake a criticism of Nature. We are really finding fault with Nature when we strike off the splendid tones from her palette. When we ignore yellow and red and blue and green, we are taking to ourselves the privilege of making a better world than the one first devised for us. It is a question if we can do it. We can create fads and whims and passing fashions for the anæmic, but we never can turn our faces wholly and completely from the gift the rainbow has for us. And we will come back to it from generation to generation, as we are doing now in the paintings of the Modernists.

As a matter of fact, we are doing it all along the line. What the painters are doing in the Futurists' and Cubists' canvases the Viennese fabric-makers are doing in Austria. We are getting silks and cottons and linens with a splendid array of primary colors such as we have not seen for generations. Poiret in Paris has accomplished marvels in setting the fashion for brilliant colors. He has made us understand that the Oriental people know color as we have never dreamed of its beauty. All about us in shops and houses we hear of Bulgarian embroideries and Turkish tapestries and the colors of India, which are given to us most often in very bad imitations. Within a year or two there is no doubt about the fact that we are going to have color in our houses, in our mural decorations, in draperies, in our costumes, in our paintings. And it will be a wonderful thing for the nation.

THE NEW ART IMPULSE

But to return to the International Show. The new opportunity to understand color and enjoy it we owe largely to the courage of the men who brought to us this wonderful fearless display of interest in and ability to present color. **THE CRAFTSMAN** does not wish to say for a moment that it admires and stands for all the eccentricities of the International Exhibit, because we feel that many of the pictures, especially the Cubist drawings, were merely "stunts," interesting as such, absurd as pretending to present the human side of life. All pictures which endeavored to show and which do show a rhythm in color as we feel it in music, have great scientific interest for us, because the men who did them are seeking that great relationship of all arts to each other, which must exist in the world and which hitherto we have known little about. There can be no doubt that there is a rhythm in sculpture and painting as inevitably as we have it in dancing and music, and the men who feel this, who are endeavoring to express the thing they are working to understand, should be upheld and encouraged. Their vital mistake and the reason which in some instances held them open to ridicule instead of enthusiastic admiration, is that they endeavored to line their work up with the sculpture and painting of the past, which had an entirely different purpose—to give again the illusion of life, not the illusion of the mysteries of science. We have wondered very much in **THE CRAFTSMAN** why an exhibition which held so much inspiration, which was so vital and so vigorous, should not have made this clear to the public so that every one of the one hundred thousand people who viewed the works of art here displayed should not have had an opportunity to understand as completely as possible the purpose of the men working today to make clear the involved and splendid mysteries of science in color and line, in order that the rhythm of the whole universe should become interesting and vital to us.

We have seen in the papers so many technical descriptions of the pictures and sculpture of the International Exhibition that **THE CRAFTSMAN** does not intend to take up that side of the work. But perhaps we should speak of the men who were presented, the great men of the art world today—Cézanne, Matisse, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Picasso, Maris, Monet, Degas, Daumier, Manet, Puvis de Chavannes, Henri, Sloan, Glackens, Myers, Bellows, Brancusi, Lehmbruck, Bernard, men who surprise, men who horrify, men who stimulate and encourage. And through it all, from one end of the great building to the other, there was always that freshness of inspiration, courage, joy in life, that sent away the beholder thrilled, gladdened, interested even when amused, and vibrating to the thing that is back of life, and that men who know life through art must seek to present.



CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 160, WITH FLOOR PLAN OF UNUSUAL INTEREST AND ECONOMY: GUSTAV STICKLEY, ARCHITECT. SEE PAGE 223.



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN TWO-STORY HOUSE NO. 159, BEING BUILT THIS SPRING AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS FOR A MEMBER OF MR. STICKLEY'S FAMILY.

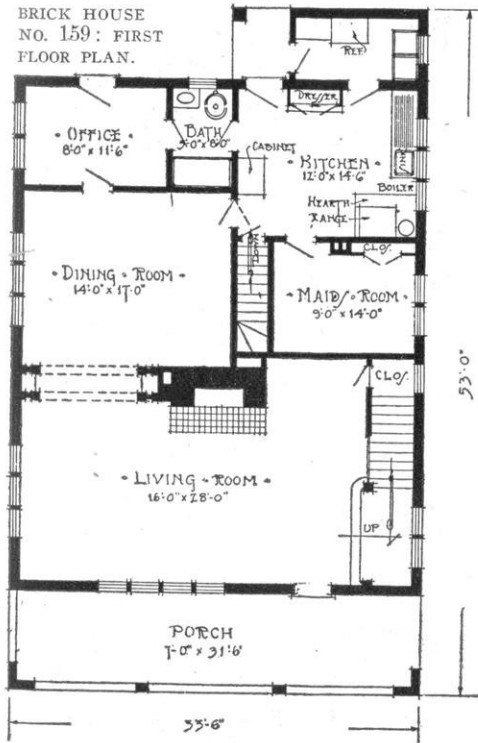


THE NEW BRICK HOUSE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS AND A SMALL CEMENT BUNGALOW

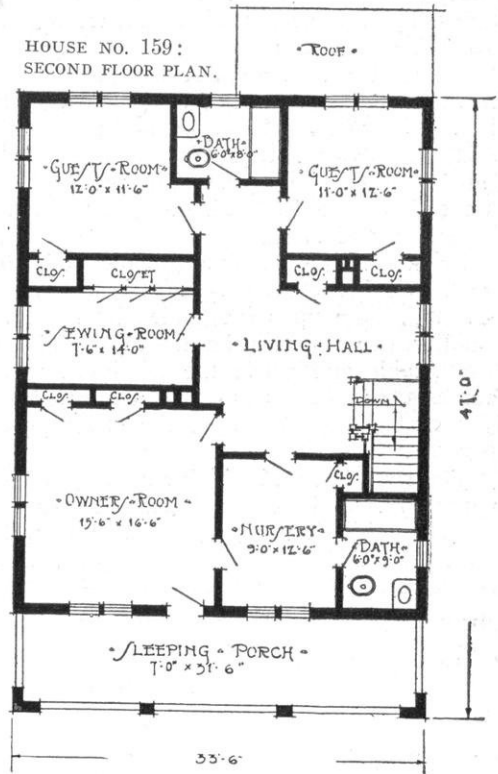
FROM time to time we have presented, in the magazine, floor plans and photographs of the various buildings that have been erected at Craftsman Farms, New Jersey,—partly because many of our readers are interested in the progress that is being made there, and partly because the designs may be useful to other home-builders.

This month we are showing a perspective drawing and plans of the new house which is to be built out there for Mr. Ben Wiles, who married Mr. Stickley's eldest daughter, and whose name has been for some time familiar to our readers as business manager

BRICK HOUSE
NO. 159: FIRST
FLOOR PLAN.



HOUSE NO. 159:
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



of THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine. And as the building could be readily adapted to other sites and materials, and would be particularly suitable for a young married couple with one or two children, we are including the design in our regular series (as No. 159), so that subscribers may obtain working plans and specifications through our Service Department for their own use, if they desire.

The house is to be built on the hillside just above the two cottages that were illustrated in THE CRAFTSMAN for November, 1912. As there is plenty of field stone on the place, this will be used for the foundation, which will follow the irregularities of the site. There will be only a partial excavation, the coal cellar being under the

HOUSES WITH ESPECIALLY INTERESTING FLOOR PLANS

dining room, the space beneath the living room being used for the storage of wood, garden tools, etc., and the space under the front porch being partitioned off into fruit and vegetable bins, as this will be away from the furnace and comparatively cold. The perspective view shows the cellar entrance and windows on the lower side of the building.

For the walls of this house we have chosen brick, because the design seems especially suitable for this construction, and also because we wanted to have a brick house on the Farms. For logs were used in the big main house, shingles and cement in the cottages, field stone in the stables, and we thought that visitors who were interested in seeing the building development there would like also to find a Craftsman house of brick.

Brick veneer on frame will be used, and dark red brick of varying tones will be selected, laid up with wide flush joints. Soldier courses will be used around the water-table and above the windows, while header courses are to be laid at the window sills and along the top of the lower porch parapet.

The roof (around which runs a gutter of cypress) is to be covered with moss-green asbestos shingles, and these will also be used for the parapet of the sleeping balcony between the brick pillars. The door and window frames and other exposed woodwork will be painted a lighter olive green, and the sash will be white. These colors will harmonize well with the surrounding fields and gardens and the wooded hillside beyond.

If others wished to build from this design and one sleeping balcony were not sufficient, they could easily arrange for another above the laundry extension at the back. The floors of the porch and balcony will be of wood, but if the house were built on level ground, and the space beneath the lower porches left unexcavated, cement floors might be laid.

Small-paned casement windows will be used throughout, and glass doors are to be hung at the front entrance, the rear office and kitchen entrances, as well as between the owner's room and balcony, so that the interior may be as light and airy as possible, with plenty of vistas of the surrounding countryside.

As the plans show, the parapet extends entirely across the front porch, the steps

being on the left, and this construction will allow the porch to be glassed in and heated for the winter. The front door, which is sufficiently sheltered by the porch, opens directly into the living room, and on the right two steps lead up to a wide landing from which the stairs ascend to a smaller landing and thence to the second story. The lower landing is lighted by double windows, and this corner would be just the place for a tall clock to stand. The space beneath the stairs is used for a coat closet.

In the center of the living room is the open fireplace—which in this instance is to be a Craftsman fireplace that will heat the living room, dining room, maid's room, owner's bedroom, sewing room and upstairs hall, and will ventilate the entire house. The rest of the rooms will be heated by an auxiliary hot-water boiler in the cellar.

The space on the right of the fireplace has the effect of a nook, while on the left is the wide opening into the dining room, across which two beams extend. Between these beams, against the chimneypiece and side wall, bookshelves will be built with cupboards above.

The dining room, like the living room has a group of windows at the side, leaving plenty of wall space for sideboard, china cabinets, etc. A long sideboard could be used against the partition opposite the windows, and a china cabinet against the rear partition.

A door on the right leads to the kitchen, and the cellar stairs go down nearby. Beneath the side windows stand the sink and long drainboard; the range is in one corner and the other wall spaces are filled by built-in cabinet and dresser. At the rear is the laundry, fitted with tubs, ice-box and shelves.

The maid's room opens from the kitchen, and although it is shown only 9 by 14 feet, its size will be somewhat increased by the alcove above the cellar stairs.

The maid's bathroom is also on this floor, between the kitchen and office, so that it will be convenient as a lavatory when one comes in after working in the garden.

Upstairs we have worked out an arrangement that seems to us especially practical and homelike. There is a large hall that is like an upstairs living room, for it has a couple of windows overlooking the hillside and plenty of room for a seat or couch, an arm chair or two and possibly a small desk.

The front of the second floor is taken up

HOUSES WITH ESPECIALLY INTERESTING FLOOR PLANS

by the owner's suite, comprising a good-sized bedroom, smaller nursery and bathroom. The sleeping balcony, with its fairly high parapet, will make a safe outdoor playground whenever the weather is warm enough.

Behind the owner's bedroom is the sewing room, which is fitted with a long closet having drawers in the lower portion, and the rear of the plan is occupied by the two guest rooms and bathroom. The part of the house used by the family is thus separated from the guest rooms, giving a sense of homelike seclusion to each that everyone will appreciate.

If the house were built for a larger family, one of the back rooms might be kept for family use, and the sewing room might be made a little larger and converted into a bedroom.

As to the interior trim of the house—this will be worked out as we go along, and when the house is finished photographs of the interior and exterior will be published in the magazine.

THE second house illustrated here, No. 160, is a bungalow designed at the suggestion of one of our clients for a suburban lot. It is intended for a small family who want a roomy, comfortable and at the same time comparatively inexpensive home.

In order to get a low bungalow effect the house has been set close to the ground on a concrete foundation. It could, of course, be adapted to a hillside site like the preceding house, and a cellar excavated under the front portion.

The bungalow is shown of cement, and for a building of this size and type we prefer stucco on metal lath, finished on the inside with lath and plaster, as this construction is warm, durable and reasonable in cost. The design would be equally suitable, however, for either shingles or brick veneer on frame.

Shingles can be used for the roof as the slope is sufficiently steep; these usually harmonize best with woodland surroundings. If stucco construction is adopted, cement will naturally be used for the chimneys as well as for the floors and pillars of the porches.

The front porch is recessed and sheltered overhead by the main roof—an arrangement that not only protects the front door but gives the entrance a particularly home-

like inviting air. As the corner porch in the rear is intended to be used for sleeping, we have provided a cement parapet around it.

Small-paned casement windows are used throughout, except in the two front groups, where a plain fixed pane is shown in the center, with a transom above and casements on the sides. There is a window on each side of the front entrance, but as these are overshadowed by the roof we have shown small glass panes in the upper portion of the front door to admit more light to the hall. It would be advisable to use a full glass door at the back of the passageway, as there are no windows here, and we would suggest that a wood door with glass panes across the top be placed at the front of this passage, so that people may pass between the bedrooms and bathroom without being seen from the front of the house.

As in all our bungalow plans, we have tried to lay out the interior so that the living portion of the house will be open and spacious and separated as much as possible from the kitchen and sleeping room. And so, while the living and dining rooms are divided by the broad hall, the openings between them are so wide that the whole front of the bungalow seems almost like one big apartment.

Opposite the front door the wall space is filled by a long built-in seat with a coat closet on the right. Through the opening on the left one has a glimpse of the living-room fireplace with bookcases on either side; and when comfortable seats are grouped about the hearth, this end of the room will have practically the effect of an inglenook.

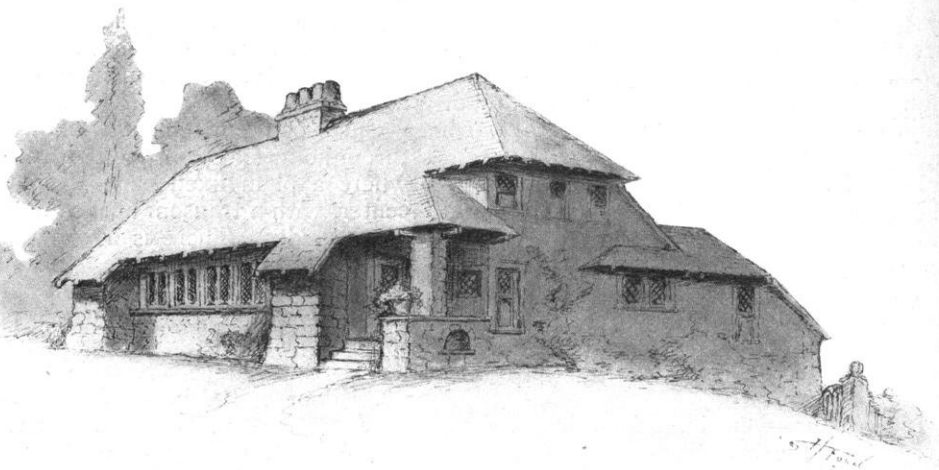
In so small a home, where the mistress will probably do most of her own work, no butler's pantry was thought necessary, and so the kitchen opens directly out of the dining room.

If there is a cellar the stairs will go down on the left beneath the attic stairs; otherwise the space can be used for a closet.

Only a narrow staircase has been shown, as it will not be used much if the attic is merely a storage place. Of course, if the owner preferred, one or more rooms could be finished off above for extra bedrooms, in which case dormers would be built out in the roof to give headroom and light.

The three bedrooms and bathroom as well as the sleeping porch open out of the rear passageway.

BEAUTY GAINED BY BUILDING TO SITE



A COTTAGE CONFORMING TO THE IRREGULARITIES OF ITS SITE: BY G. H. AND E. D. FORD

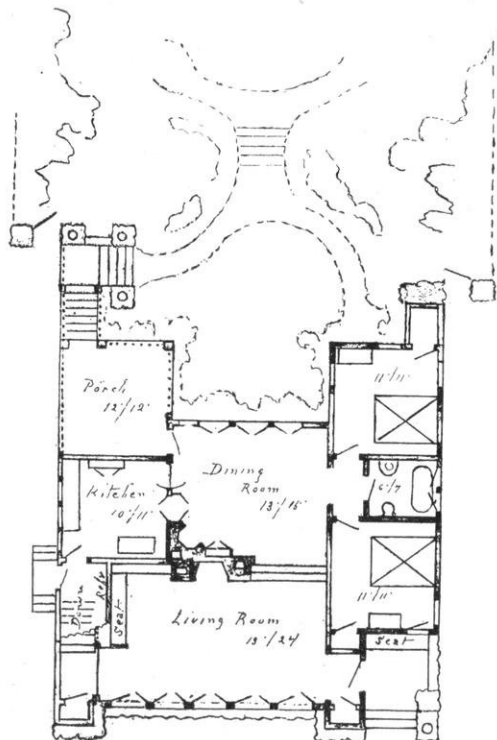
“THE very soul of the cottage,—the essence and meaning of it—are in its roof; it is that, mainly, wherein consists its shelter; that wherein it differs most completely from a cleft in rocks or a bower in woods. It is in its thick, impenetrable coverlid of close thatch that its whole heart and hospitality are concentrated.” In this wise, John Ruskin wrote, sixty years ago, and the popularity in recent years of the bungalow and kindred structures in which the roof is the predominant feature is a recognition, often an unconscious one, of this essential quality. We say of the much-roofed house that it looks “homey,” and “home” is the strongest word in our language, implying shelter of every kind. The roof is the most significant feature; indeed, the cottage which appeals to us as attractive, is usually “more roof than anything else,” so in the development of the house exterior the roof becomes the architect’s chief concern.

In the house here illustrated, the quality of protection is strongly evidenced, although the roof does not wholly dominate, even upon first impression. The skyline, drooping as it approaches the corners and amply overhanging them, suggests an adequate covering for the occupants and their possessions. The nestling of the corner porch under the main roof bespeaks a

EXTERIOR OF COTTAGE FOR HILLSIDE LOCATION, SHOWING CURVE OF FOUNDATION TO THE SITE: G. H. AND E. D. FORD, ARCHITECTS.

hospitality felt by the approaching guest, and the low broad chimney, capped by tapering chimneypots, is an earnest of the open fire within. It is the tall, ugly chimney which suggests the ugly, closed stove.

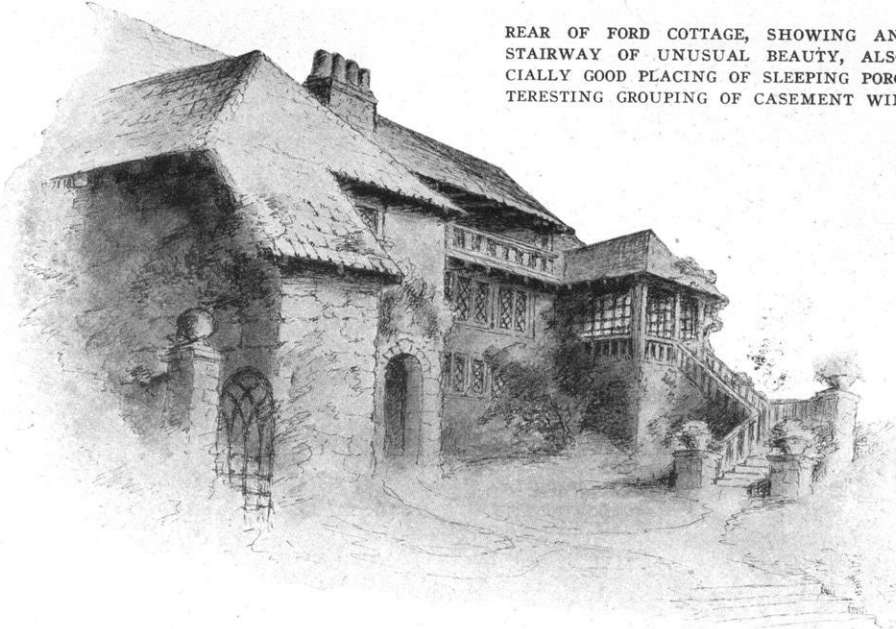
This house is adapted to a slightly elevated location,—at least one which slopes



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF FORD COTTAGE.

BEAUTY GAINED BY BUILDING TO SITE

REAR OF FORD COTTAGE, SHOWING AN ENTRANCE STAIRWAY OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY, ALSO AN ESPECIALLY GOOD PLACING OF SLEEPING PORCH AND INTERESTING GROUPING OF CASEMENT WINDOWS.

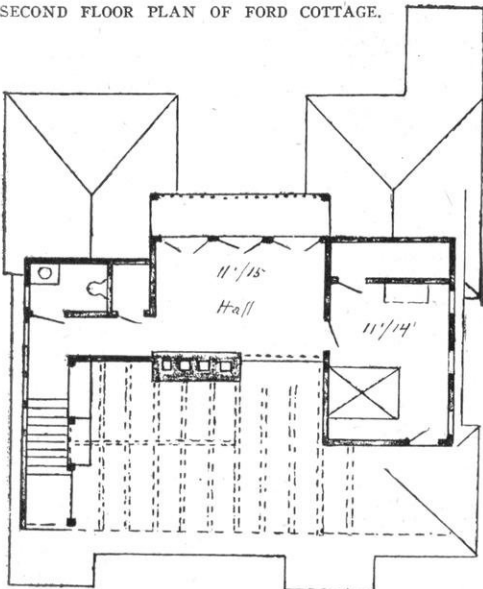


materially at the rear. The approach to the corner entrance gives a pleasing perspective of front and side. The design is especially good for a combination of stone and plaster, the group of windows in front justifying the stone wall beneath; and the buttressed effect of the projections admits a stronger material than is necessary for the side walls. For the porch balustrade and column supporting the roof, stone is

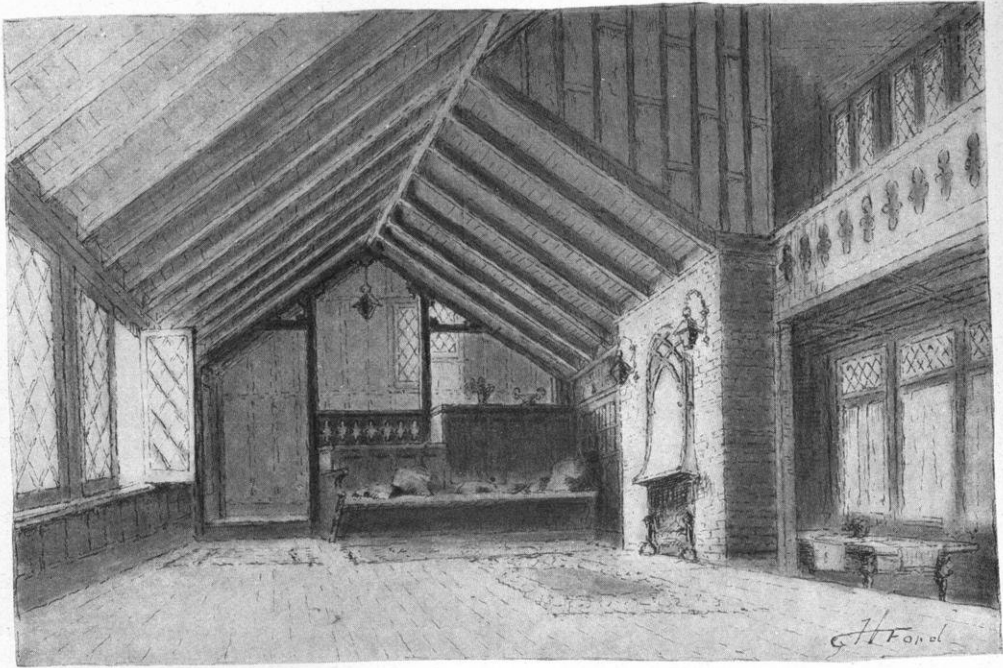
obviously necessary if used for projections and wall beneath windows.

The effect of the exterior would be good if clapboarded with rough, 1-inch boards, 8 or 10 inches wide, put on horizontally and lapped like ordinary siding. Such treatment would retain the substantial appearance and be less expensive than stone and plaster. As the vestibule is but an alcove, the entrance door opens upon the living room, which presents its chief features to their best advantage. The substantial brick chimney-breast, in its intimate connection with the partition above and the ceiling of the posterior portion, is also the determining line between living and dining rooms. Its dignity, due in great measure to its ample copper hood, is further augmented by the variety of its service. The long seat at the end is flanked by the pedestal-balustrade of the stairs. The position of the built-in bookcase is as convenient as effective, and the windows on the stairs admit light at the right angle for this library corner. The clustered casement windows, which contribute so much to exterior appearance, are no less quaintly attractive inside. Carrying up the entrance portion of the room to the actual roof serves, by comparison, to accentuate the aspect of coziness of the farther end, where the highest point of the vaulting is but little above an ordinary ceiling.

SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF FORD COTTAGE.



BEAUTY GAINED BY BUILDING TO SITE



CORNER OF LIVING ROOM, SHOWING BALCONY, UNUSUAL CEILING TREATMENT, FIREPLACE AND FIRESIDE SEAT BUILT AGAINST THE STAIRWAY.

The placing of the dining room three steps below the living room level not only enhances the decorative quality of the former room, but brings the gallery, shown in the interior illustration, within six feet of the floor of the latter, and this gallery, with its leaded casement windows, is a valuable adjunct of the living room, not only in the view it contributes, but the service it renders in improving the ventilation. The dining room, too, has casement windows overlooking the garden. In the corner adjacent to the living-room fireplace is the grate, whose low shelf, with overmantel and built-in cupboards on either side, is utilized as a sideboard. The china cupboards have drawers below and shelves above, the upper section of one being available from the kitchen. One corner is reserved for a serving table; in the third, a door opens upon the screened living porch. From the dining room, a curtained doorway leads to a corridor from which open two bedrooms and a bath.

The stairs at the end of the living room give access, through a short corridor at their head, to the upper hall, which is the gallery seen from below. Well lighted by the French windows occupying the entire side, this is an ideal room in which to pursue various household occupations. Opening from this hall is a bedroom, and from the corridor open a linen closet and a lava-

tory, the plumbing of which is grouped with that of the kitchen.

If an additional enclosed bedroom should be preferred to the wide hall and narrow sleeping porch, a partition could be so placed as to leave the gallery only the width of the corridor, and the French windows shortened to casement and placed on the line of the porch balustrade. In this case, the charm of the balcony might be retained by the introduction into the partition of opalescent glass panels, leaded panels filled with opaque glass or an arrangement of pictures supplementing a bit of choice bric-a-brac or a fern jar upon the balustrade. The necessity of providing for plants, vases of cut flowers and the various small objects, more or less useful, if present in the architect's thought as he develops the interior, manifests itself in deeper window-stools, and the broadened cap of railing, newel-post or pedestal.

Owing to the steep slope of the site, the basement is almost wholly above ground at the rear. To the conformity of the house to the irregularity of the site upon which it is built is due much of the picturesqueness of this side,—the latticed windows and arched entrance to the basement, the iron gate and the steps from porch to garden.

A WESTERN COTTAGE FROM CRAFTSMAN PLANS



“TWIN OAKS,” A COUNTRY COTTAGE THAT HAS GROWN OUT OF A CRAFTSMAN IDEA

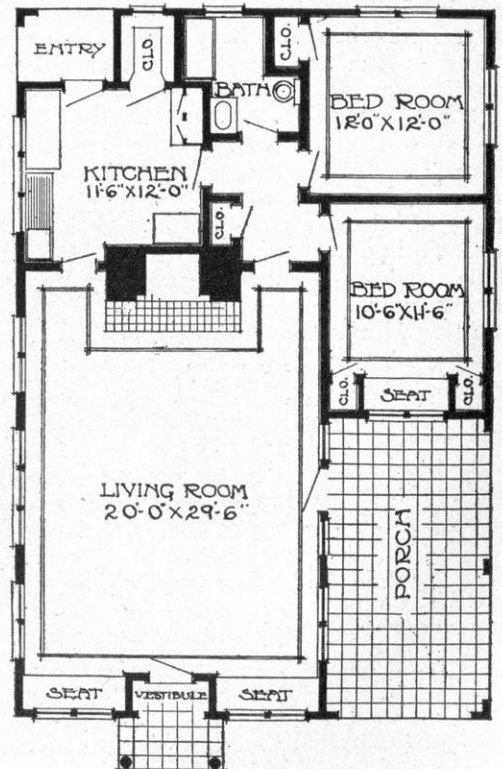
OUT of the roomy Middle West, where there is so much fertile ground for new ideas and right principles to take root and grow, have come to us the photographs of a little house of which we are proud to be the sponsors. Mr. James Minnick, of Hollywood, Illinois, writes us that the house belongs to his brother and that it was built from the inspiration of plans (Craftsman House No. 123) published in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for September, 1911. In studying the pictures, the house seems to us admirably suited to its location, and the light color of the cement of which it is constructed is most effective in contrast with the delicate tracery of dark trelliswork on the porch and the green of its wooded environment.

Mr. Minnick has modified somewhat the plans we published, and has used cement for the entire structure, instead of cement and clapboards, as we had suggested, but on the whole the finished house retains a great deal of what we planned for it.

According to our notion, the plans for this house have been rightly used. We furnished the basic idea and the builder let our suggestions influence him only as they fitted into his own conception of what his home should be. We supplied the frame-

A COTTAGE IN ILLINOIS BUILT FROM ADAPTED CRAFTSMAN PLANS.

work, as it were, which was intended to be adjustable, and the man who built the



ORIGINAL FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 123 USED AS A MODEL FOR MR. MINNICK'S COTTAGE.

A WESTERN COTTAGE FROM CRAFTSMAN PLANS



SHOWING THE PLACING OF MR. MINNICK'S COTTAGE. house clothed it to suit himself and to meet his own requirements.

The original plan for this bungalow, as we evolved it, contained a large living room, a kitchen, two bedrooms, bath and a roomy porch, the last named enclosed by low, open trelliswork. The lower story was to be built of cement and the upper story, containing only an attic under the low-pitched roof, was to be of clapboards. A pergola sheltered the front door, which opened into a vestibule leading to the living room.

Mr. Minnick has built the house slightly higher than we planned it, to allow for a cellar that was found to be necessary for the installation of a hot-air furnace, and other reasons, and has also raised the pitch of the roof, adding a dormer on one side to make possible the building in of a study, 13 by 23 feet, on the second floor.

The size of the living room has also been considerably decreased, as the kitchen and one of the

bedrooms have been allowed to encroach upon it. This room measures in the finished house, 17 by 22 feet, and is connected with the kitchen by double doors on one side of the fireplace, and on the other side two corresponding doors have been hung, one leading to the hall and the other to a small closet that has been built close against the fireplace to hold music rolls for an orchestrelle. The living room has been fitted with many windows that admit lots of sunshine and

fresh air, and the front door is also almost entirely of glass. Comfortable window seats have been built in the little recesses formed by the jutting in of the vestibule. The furniture throughout is simple, strong and sturdy. The woodwork has been used freely and in simple fashion, and is finished in a dark tone that contrasts pleasingly with the light plaster finish of the walls.

The kitchen has been enlarged sufficiently to permit its being used as a dining room



CORNER OF THE LIVING ROOM IN MR. MINNICK'S COTTAGE, SHOWING CRAFTSMAN WALL TREATMENT.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SCHOOLCHILDREN

as well, an arrangement that we are heartily in favor of for country houses, where there is so much opportunity for the intimacy of genuine home life.

A corner of the kitchen space has been utilized for a stairway leading both upstairs and down cellar, and back of the kitchen is a roomy convenient pantry, fitted with sink and drainboard beneath a window. Entrance to the kitchen can also be gained by means of a back entry.

The bedrooms are a bit longer than our plan called for, and one of them has taken a great deal of space away from the porch, which Mr. Minnick has built almost square. The bathroom has been placed in the rear of the house, beside one of the bedrooms, and as it opens into the hall it is easy of access from bedrooms and, in fact, all the rooms in the house.

The recessed porch has been handled in very interesting manner. It has been partially enclosed by a cement parapet, against which the dark trelliswork has been laid, and it makes a most delightful outdoor dining room. From this point a charming view of a creek is commanded, which is greatly enjoyed by the members of the family. As the porch has also been screened in to hinder the onslaughts of insects, a pleasant lounging place has been added to the other comforts of the house.

The raising of the house to admit the construction of a cellar has been very cleverly done, and the only drawback it has entailed is the addition of steps leading to the pergola entrance. The house appears to have been built without a foundation, and seems only slightly higher than the usual bungalow construction; the unbroken line of cement links it securely to the ground on which it stands, quite as if it grew there.

All the windows in the house are casement, opening outward, and the use of large panes of glass in the lower part of the sash affords opportunity within the house for unbroken glimpses of outdoor beauty, while at the same time the placing of the small panes at the top adds a decorative touch to the exterior of the house. Mr. Minnick tells us that the cost of the completed structure was \$3,500.

As the house has only been recently built, there has not been much opportunity for the planting of shrubs and vines to creep against it and clasp it more closely to the nature world of which it already seems so essentially a part.

THE OBSERVANCE OF ARBOR DAY: AN OPEN LETTER TO BOYS AND GIRLS: BY ARTHUR D. DEAN

WAS it your school that I visited the other day where not a tree or bush was planted on its grounds? It was a fine pile of bricks and mortar, but it had a very barren appearance.

"Do you ever observe Arbor Day?" I asked the teacher.

"Most certainly," she replied.



CORNER OF CLIFFORD AVE., ROCHESTER, BEFORE THE SCHOOLCHILDREN WENT TO WORK.

Being a bit curious as to the results of such an observance, I inquired what became of the tree that was planted.

Her reply was, "It never leaved out."

"Well! how about last year's tree?"

"I was not teaching here then," was the answer.

With an expression which seemed to say,



CLIFFORD AVE. AFTER THE CHILDREN HAD PLANNED AND PLANTED.

"It is none of my funeral," the teacher resumed her class teaching.

But school-visiting has its bright days.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SCHOOLCHILDREN



A ROCHESTER AVENUE MADE NEAT BY THE CHILDREN.

Another month took me to a worthwhile sort of school and I am going to tell you about it and I wish that you would repeat it to your principal or school trustees.

When this school was built a new section of the city had been opened up. The street had just been laid out and consequently there were no sidewalks or curbing; no school lawn or shrubbery. The few houses, still standing, of the old settlers, were sadly in need of paint and the new tenements were bare of grassy plots. In the midst of ugly surroundings this big, new schoolhouse stood like a stranger in a strange land. It wanted to be an educational leader in the community, to teach people to love the beautiful; to be in itself an example of all that was fine and true.

The school had two fine things in it besides bricks and mortar. It had a real live man for a principal and a lot of bright, active boys and girls who were ready to do things. No one could ask for more than this in any schoolhouse and no one ought to expect any less.

One day—it was a warm, sunny day when all the world of nature was bursting with activity—the principal said to his pupils: “Now you and I want to fix up our

neighborhood. We have come into this beautiful new building, but somebody has forgotten to give us a frame to go with it. We want a frame of blue sky, of green grass, of beautiful flowering bushes. Don't we need a velvety lawn, some shapely trees, and a lot of flower-beds with bright coloring? Arbor Day is coming by and by and we want to observe it. Will you help?”

“Sure we will,” shouted the children.

It was just like these boys and girls to say that. You young people would have said the same thing. What fun it was going to be to fix up things around the schoolhouse! So everybody got busy. Everybody helped. The nurseryman gave some trees and bushes; the florist donated some plants; the superintendent of streets agreed to fill in some low spots with the street scrapings from his spring housecleaning.

But I am getting ahead of my story, for you see, there had to be some planning. So

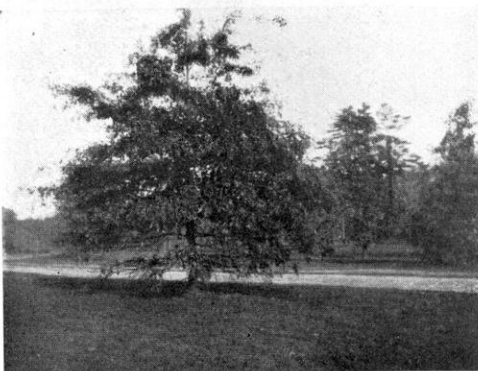


ROCHESTER SCHOOLCHILDREN PICKING FLOWERS FROM THEIR OWN PLANTING.

the boys measured and made a sketch of the school grounds. In the draughting room they laid out the walks and beds. The girls planned the color scheme for the arrangement of flowers, because, as you know, it would never do to have a flower-bed of inharmonious coloring. The arithmetic teacher became a bit envious. She wanted a hand in the work. She asked the principal what she could do to help.

His answer was, “Get the boys and girls to figure out the circumference and area of the flower-beds, work out the number of square feet in the walks, calculate the number of cubic yards of earth needed, estimate the required number of pounds of grass seed.”

You will agree with me when I tell you that the boys and girls liked this sort of figuring. They even forgot it was arithmetic. They only thought of that new



TREE PLANTED BY ROCHESTER CHILDREN.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SCHOOLCHILDREN

school-yard, with its grass, trees and flowers which they were going to see next summer.

Of course, everybody in town heard about these new plans. The news traveled quickly to the city hall and the men of the city government were ashamed of themselves. They saw that they had made a mistake in making an expensive picture without providing the frame. They said, "It's too bad to have these boys and girls doing all the work; they can't do it alone, perhaps we can find a few dollars to help out." They ordered the masons to come and build a concrete walk and the workmen found that they could not do better than to use the boys' plans which had such an artistic layout of walks. Everyone agreed, when the job was finished, that those curves of the draughting room found their best expression when they were applied to some everyday use.

I wish you might see that neighborhood now. It is in the city of Rochester, New York. Up and down the street there is a line of shade trees set within a grass plot and surrounded by flowers. You see, the children were not satisfied with fixing up the school-yard alone. They wanted to have a bigger and a broader frame. They wanted to do more than fix up an oasis in the desert. So they went to work and cleaned up the desert itself.

I found when I went to this place a few months ago that not a tree or flower has been disturbed all these years.

"Why!" you say, "I thought every boy and girl would walk on the grass and pick flowers and break down trees when they had a chance."

The answer is simple enough. You see, every boy and girl in that neighborhood are policemen, and make it their business to see that public property is respected. They had a share in placing these things and they do not purpose to have their work spoiled.

That reminds me. I once saw a sign in a public park which did not say "Keep off the grass." Instead it read, "This is public property—Treat your own well." What a lesson for all of us—old or young. How often we say "Humph! never mind about tying a horse to this tree on the street or tearing off a branch in the park; it belongs to the city." We forget that we ourselves are the city and that we should treat our own property well.

What sport it was for the boys to gather

the earth and sod for the grass plots between the trees. The principal gave a half-holiday and the boys borrowed push carts, wheelbarrows and shovels. Some boys rigged up boxes with long handles in which to carry the dirt. A vacant lot was drawn upon for sod, and the "dirt flew" just as it is doing now in Panama.

Have I said too much about what the boys did? I must not forget the girls, for they had their turn. You remember that they did most of the planning. It was a good idea to let them do this, for they are always clever at such things. When the flowers blossomed, the girls gathered them for the hospitals. Then there were the teachers' desks to decorate and the draughting room needed fresh flowers every day. Girls are said to have more taste than boys. Some folks imply that they like pretty things more than we boys do. But a recent photograph from this school, where the boys are holding great bushel baskets of flowers, proves to me that the boys are as proud of those flowers as are the girls.

I saw one of the trees in the school-yard the other day. It now reaches to the eaves of the building. The street now has a curbing; the tenement dwellers caught the progressive spirit and planted flower-beds, vegetable gardens and shrubbery. Even the old houses have been painted. In fact, the community is alive and breathing. The strange thing is that it took only one man and several boys and girls to change a city desert into a flower-garden.

Do I hear you say, "But you are talking about a city school and ours is in the open country by the side of the road."

That is fine. It couldn't be better. I envy you, for it is just the place for a good school. Nature has already started a portion of the frame and the material for the rest of it is growing up all around you. No nurseryman is needed here. You have a shovel at hand, a knowledge of how to transplant, plenty of good soil, and everything is ready. Of course, you are going to use some system in planting. You will need to think of the classes to follow you, so you must not do everything the first year. You will call in the service of a wiser head than yours to help you plan the arrangement of trees and bushes. The boys will make some strong, substantial wooden protectors for the trees and will whittle out stakes to mark the bushes. This

AN OPEN LETTER TO SCHOOLCHILDREN

sort of wood work will make the ideal kind of a manual-training course. Pupils will be delegated to water the newly planted growth. It will need loving care for several months after Arbor Day.

What a dreary sort of place is the average country schoolhouse! You remember how in *Alice's* adventures in "Wonderland," *Alice* inquires of the *Mock Turtle* what he studied in school, and how he says in reply, "Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with, and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision." The *Gryphon* then exclaims, "I never heard of uglifying."

If you and I do not know what "uglifying" means, we can get our answer from the appearance of many a schoolhouse with its lack of walks, lawns, trees, playgrounds, and flower-beds.

For the best opportunity to observe Arbor Day, give me, after all, a country school with plenty of land around it, a lot of roads that need shade and a hundred old apple trees that require pruning and grafting. Then I will show you how to observe this national day which might mean so much to American wealth and beauty.

I remember an academy at which a farmers' institute was held. The subject was, "Our Depleted Forests." The older boys together with the principal attended the meeting. The grown-ups let the advice go in one ear and out the other. They were too old to learn. Not so with the boys. There were no short circuits in their brains. They caught the spirit of the lecturer and thought of that piece of very poor land which was back of the schoolhouse. They asked the institute conductor about it. He said that it would grow pine trees. So the boys cleaned it up and burned the bushes. A hundred trees were set out the first year. Now there are 6,000 young pines growing in that town set out by boys of that school.

Now, boys and girls, why not plant trees, prune trees, graft trees? Arbor Day was never intended to be a mere display of a lot of pretty sentiment. Has not much of our enthusiasm been of short duration, and have we not too soon forgotten the tree planted? For over twenty years on this special day, we have been talking and singing about trees. In 1890 the number of trees planted in New York State by school children on Arbor Day was 27,097. In

1911 the number had diminished to 12,885. Meanwhile we sing songs, recite poetry, and read essays with more vim than ever, but our will is taken for the deed, and the number of trees planted gradually lessens. The word "lessen" reminds me of another part of "*Alice in Wonderland*," where *Alice* asks the *Mock Turtle*, "And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" "Ten hours the first day," said the *Mock Turtle*, "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed *Alice*. "That's the reason they're called lessons," the *Gryphon* remarked, "because they lessen from day to day."

Very likely our Arbor Day lesson will become the same sort of a "lessen."

You know, some people have a wishbone where they should have a backbone. All of us wish that our States had more trees. Some of us are going to see that they do have them. Will you, my young friends, join us? An Arbor Day observance should be more than singing a song about "the beautiful tree" or reading a poem about "the spreading chestnut tree" or writing a composition on "the economic value of forests." Such things are well enough in their way. But they will not grow trees or hold moisture in the ground or build houses.

When next you and your teacher have your Arbor Day exercises, please don't simply pull up one poor little tree, stick it in the ground, stand around it and preach about the benefits of tree planting, and then go back into the schoolhouse and forget the poor thing and imagine that you have observed the day. Probably the poor tree will not grow and if it should happen to, I am quite sure that a hungry horse will nibble it next summer. Do a good job while you are about it and when you go by the schoolhouse ten years from now, point to one of a group of sturdy trees now reaching toward the heavens and say, "I planted that tree."

The best way for the schools to explain the meaning of Arbor Day is doing something with it. You recall when *Alice* said to the *Dodo*, "What is a caucus-race?" that the *Dodo* said, "Why the best way to explain it is to do it."

It is high time that we go ahead and "do it." There is need of teaching respect for the tree and reverence for the forest. We should learn to protect the trees from injury and guard the forest from destruction. You need to learn that the value of a forest

A CURE FOR GROUND MOLES

is not so much in its timber as in its preservation. A region without forests is desolate. The value of a forest as a reservoir of water, as a regulator of water supply, as a protector against erosion, and as a source of timber supply should be facts of common knowledge to every mature youth.

These are lessons to be taught in school as well as the practical work in beautifying the school surroundings.

Before you are through with the spirit which is behind Arbor Day, you, my boys and girls, will see to it that every roadway has its line of trees, that every orchard is trimmed and bearing fruit, that every hillside not under cultivation is raising a crop of noble and useful trees for the coming generation. Don't stop your Arbor Day observance with only a spoken piece and a pretty song. Plant not only one tree, fix up not only your own school-yard, beautify not only the road from the school to the house, but best of all and most of all, take the spirit and the purpose of the day as you should all the lessons learned in school, directly to your own homes, gardens and fields.

HOW TO RID THE LAWN AND GARDEN OF MOLES, BUGS AND WORMS: BY JOSEPH H. SPERRY

HUMAN beings fight with each other and so do beasts and birds, fishes and insects; but man alone contends with these others, as well as with his own kind and is expected to subdue and even to destroy, whenever necessary, various forms of life. Scarcely have the snows of winter been dissipated and the ground become free from frost, when the fight begins between the suburbanite or countryman, who is the happy possessor of a lawn or garden, and innumerable moles, worms and bugs.

First the mole, that unique little subterranean animal which is no respecter of persons, makes his gallery under the lawn, the cold frame and hot beds, through the borders and beds of hardy herbaceous plants and those of tender seedling vegetable plants; indeed anywhere, and everywhere, he pleases.

The ground mole is not by any means an unmitigated curse. He is a carnivorous

animal, in other words a flesh eater, and is never, contrary to general belief, a vegetarian. The subterranean galleries which he digs are boulevards, avenues and streets through which he not only walks, but where he obtains also his meat in the form of countless worms, grubs and bugs, many of which are the enemies of plant life. Along these roadways, constructed most carefully, he afterward returns to his own particular castle, usually located under the roots of some shrub, tree or mound, slightly higher than the surrounding territory, always free from water and comparatively safe from the attacks of men, dogs and cats.

The harm done by the mole overbalances, in the opinion of many, his beneficial work as an insect destroyer. This harm consists in the injury which he unwittingly does to plants by disturbing their roots while he maintains his underground galleries; and by raising unsightly mounds on the lawn and in the garden during the process of forming these galleries.

For the crimes of disturbing plants and of raising ridges which clash with men's ideas of the æsthetic, the fiat has gone forth, whether wisely or not, that the ground mole (not the "blind mole," as even Shakespeare, whose knowledge of everyday life was so wonderful, and many others have erroneously called him) must either be destroyed or driven away from the garden and lawn.

How can this sentence, which has been passed upon the mole, be best carried into effect? First there is, if one has the time to spare, the old-time gardener's method of destroying him. It is as follows: stamp down one of the largest mole mounds firmly for a stretch of 10 to 15 feet so that it will be level with the surrounding surface of the lawn or garden. With a garden hoe in hand wait quietly near this leveled mole-hill from about 11:30 o'clock to 12 at noon or from 5:30 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon. When the mole is repairing his gallery as he passes along and raises the mound again, strike into it with the hoe, about six inches back of his course, never in front of him, and pull him out, and kill him, alas, ruthlessly. The reason for striking back of the mole, instead of in front of him is because with the first tremble of the earth, he turns backward, quick as a flash, in an attempt to reach his castle. His instinct of self-preservation is then met by the hoe.

A CURE FOR GROUND MOLES

The second method is the use of a mole trap, which if properly set and regularly attended will catch and kill many moles. If the garden and lawn are large, several traps may be employed. Care should be used in handling and setting these mole traps. Children should be kept away from them, as through carelessness in setting and handling mole traps, both adults and children have suffered painful injuries to their hands.

Another method of destroying the mole is to sharpen the end of a broom handle and with it make holes at intervals in his runs or galleries. Through these holes small pieces of raw beef poisoned with strychnine or arsenic should then be dropped down and pieces of sod set in such a way as not to press the earth down on top of the meat. If there is a dog on the place, this method would be objectionable, as he might scent the meat and dig down and eat it.

If one is more mercifully inclined and satisfied to banish rather than to kill this little animal which neither disturbs man by making a noise nor injures him by biting, the following methods are more or less effective: Make holes as heretofore described wherever the runs are found and drop into each one a few moth balls. This is the very latest remedy. It is simple and effective. Another method, also a new one, is to pour into each hole a tablespoonful of bi-sulphide of carbon, covering quickly as the bi-sulphide is poured in. Do not use the bi-sulphide while smoking or bring it near a flame or fire. The substance is highly inflammable, and may, if these precautions are not taken, send the mole destroyer to the "happy hunting grounds," the little velvety creature living on peacefully. However, the bi-sulphide may be used without fear of harm if ordinary care is taken. Indeed, seedsmen and gardeners by its aid kill insects in unplanted seeds and in the soil.

In some situations the nozzle of a hose may be inserted into the gallery of the mole, and water turned on, flooding it and driving the mole, which is averse to a wet run, away from that particular locality.

"Where," you may ask, "will the mole go when you drive him away?" Into the roadsides, the pasture, and woodlands where his galleries will be less objectionable. If, unhappily, the refugee goes into your neighbor's lawn and garden, you can tell him of the remedies you have used and

he can keep the poor little creature moving on.

At one of the largest places in Connecticut, one overlooking the Sound, there lives from year to year a rustic-looking individual, called the "mole man." In fact, the owner of this place, a man of unique and intensely individual characteristics, has engaged him for life service, enabling him to live in self-styled luxury provided he rids the place of moles, the pest most dreaded, even though in an imaginary way, on acres broad and well cultivated. The "mole man" uses the spade as the implement of extermination, striking into the ground with ferocity whenever he observes the mole moving through his galleries. He scorns all other and "modern" methods.

It is stated that in one season he killed as many as 4,000 moles, their skins, which are truly valuable, being given to him in addition to a very satisfactory salary. It goes without saying that the "mole man" is an object of envy among other rustic inhabitants of this region, unchangeable and somewhat moss-grown.

The cut-worm, which is of a soft brown or gray color and from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches in length, is the earliest spring worm enemy with which the gardener must contend. This worm lives, in the open season of the year, just below the surface of the soil, coming out and feeding mostly at night. It is very destructive to all tender plants, especially to cabbage, cauliflower, tomatoes, peas and beans, eating through and cutting off plants just at the surface of the ground. If it were satisfied to make a meal of the plant after cutting it down, things would not be so bad; but usually it is not, and goes on cutting down plants indiscriminately until its appetite is satisfied by the several portions it obtains in chewing them off. The attacks of this worm are so fierce, especially in a wet cold season, that they frequently destroy nearly all the succulent plants in garden or field in one or two nights. The gardener must therefore begin quickly an offensive warfare or suffer defeat. With the cut-worm there must be no hesitation in acting. It is the most destructive of all pests.

The following are the various up-to-date methods which have been used in warding off or destroying the cut-worm: When transplanting cabbages, tomatoes, peppers and other tender plants from pots or hot beds into the open garden, wrap a piece of

A CURE FOR GROUND MOLES

newspaper about 2 inches square very closely around the stem of the plant so that when set out about one inch of the paper will be below and one inch above the ground. This, if done carefully, will save from 95 to 100 per cent. of the plants, and the paper will not injure them at all, as it will gradually decay and drop off. There is no better proof of the success of this method than the fact that market-gardeners paper in this way large acreages.

Where plants are grown from seeds the proposition is more difficult. The following methods nevertheless are efficacious. Make several smooth holes about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and about 4 inches deep around each hill or along the sides of rows of beans and other plants with a dibber or iron bar, or a broomstick sharpened at one end.

In the night when the cut-worms come out to feed they will fall into these holes and since they cannot crawl up their smooth sides they are prisoners either to die or to be killed the next day. Another method is for two persons to go out after dark, from 8 to 9 o'clock, just as the cut-worms are feeding, and for one to hold a lantern with a reflector or a lamp with a shade, and locate the worms, so the other may kill them.

Still another method is to put Paris green on leaves freshly cut or on grass and to place them at night near the plants, or else to use in the same way Paris green mixed with a soft dough made of flour, bran or cornmeal and water. When the latter mixture is used domestic fowls must be kept out of the garden; and, though its use is frequently resorted to by market-gardeners, it is objectionable, and in some States illegal, since it may poison the birds.

Cut-worms work mostly in the cool spring weather. They are averse to summer heat and unable to eat plants after the stems become hard and tough. That their active season is short is something for which to be thankful.

If there are currant or gooseberry bushes in the garden, there is another pest which must be fought as soon as the leaves appear or a little later and also at two or three other periods of the open season. This is the currant worm, of which there are two kinds, one a yellowish green in color and about three-quarters of an inch long, the other striped and dotted with yellow and black and about an inch long. These worms appear suddenly in great numbers on the under sides of the leaves, and unless their

attack is met vigorously they will entirely denude the bushes in a day or two. There are two remedies. White hellebore, which may be bought of any seedsman, sifted on the leaves of bushes when they are wet with dew, will poison and kill the worms.

Another efficient remedy is to apply Paris green. This must be used only to meet the very early or the late attacks of the worm, before the bushes are in fruit or after they have finished bearing. Use a dessertspoonful of Paris green to a pailful of water. Keep it stirred continually so it will not settle and apply with a hand or auto sprayer, or a bucket spray-pump.

Water in which potatoes were boiled, being impregnated with prussic acid is, when poured in their holes, also an efficacious means of ridding the garden of ants.

The green aphid, more commonly called the green fly, or plant louse, appears on the tender tips of rose bushes. The remedy is Paris green or hellebore, used in the same way and with the same proportion of Paris green as for the riddance of currant worms.

There is a little green worm which attacks rose-bushes on the under sides of the leaves and unless destroyed soon makes the bushes look as if fire had devoured them. This same worm also attacks grape-vines. Paris green used as heretofore directed is about the only effective remedy. Right here let it be stated that Paris green should not be used in any larger proportion than directed above, and that the measuring spoon should not be heaped. Too much Paris green burns foliage.

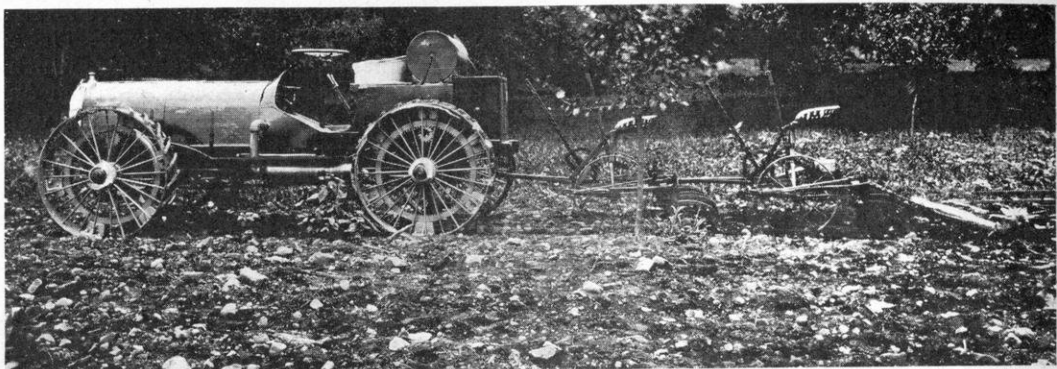
For getting rid of squash bugs (there are two kinds) hellebore is effective and wood ashes can also be used. To kill the black flea beetle and the Colorado potato beetle on potatoes, tomatoes and egg plants Bordeaux mixture containing Paris green is one of the best sprays.

For rose bugs which attack bushes, grape-vines and hardy hydrangeas hand picking is the only remedy.

Whenever it is desirable to rid any portion of ground, whether there is growing vegetation or not, or the soil in a plant plot of angle- or earth-worms, a free application of lime water will accomplish this result without injury to plant life.

There are many other bugs and worms injurious to vegetable life, but the most common and most injurious have herein been mentioned and the proper treatment and remedies given in each case.

THE APPLE ORCHARD AS AN INVESTMENT



THE APPLE ORCHARD AS AN INVESTMENT: HOW TO BEGIN TO GROW APPLES IN THE RIGHT WAY: BY W. H. JENKINS

NOT long ago I heard the president of the largest and oldest horticultural society in the country, a man who has a world-wide reputation as a nurseryman and horticulturist, say to a friend asking about the likely outcome of planting a commercial apple orchard: "You can make no better investment for old age, or leave your family a more valuable asset than a Jonathan apple orchard that has been cared for scientifically." The testimony of this prominent orchardist is strongly corroborated by the experience and observations of the writer, who also knows the possibilities of apple trees when rightly tended. Indeed it is from his own knowledge gained by work among trees and from his study of the most progressive orcharding in the United States that he bows to the expressed expert opinion. The discovery of certain principles of cultivation by which plant food can be obtained from the atmosphere for trees and because they can now be subirrigated by utilizing the force of capillary attraction, a new era has dawned for the apple orchard as an investment. Such an orchard is a good financial proposition because science now enables the orchardist to produce more perfect fruit at smaller cost than ever before, and because there is a growing demand for high quality fruit; also because of the improved methods of distribution.

In one of the model orchards in western New York, the writer has seen apple trees planted 40 feet apart, yet grown so large that their branches came together in each

GASOLINE TRACTOR USED TO CULTIVATE THE ORCHARD BY A PROGRESSIVE ORCHARDIST IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

direction. They were low-headed trees, their crowns being probably 40 feet in depth; their circumference about 120 feet, and their height averaging perhaps 20 feet. This large bearing surface was almost entirely covered with perfect apples,—no scabby or worm-eaten fruit was in sight, while each apple appeared sound and well developed. The leaves, the feeding organs of the tree, had been kept free from fungus by spraying and being thus in healthy condition they were able to absorb the gases from the atmosphere and to feed the fruit until fully grown. These trees, moreover, had been well pruned, and the apples thinned out, so that no more remained than the trees could develop. The sun could reach every apple some time during the day and give to it both color and flavor.

The soil of this orchard had been well cultivated from early spring until the middle of July. There were hardly any weeds. A cover crop of clover sown a few days before my visit was just coming up. The clover, in its ability to take nitrogen from the air, feeds the trees through their decaying stems and roots, while the clover roots become available plant food for the next season, the time when frequent cultivation will bring up moisture to the base of the trees and also aerate the soil by the admission of air, moisture and sunshine preventing it meantime from getting acid or "rusty." This method of cultivation combined with timely and thorough spraying with a high pressure power sprayer, had kept the trees of this orchard in such good health that hardly a diseased twig or blighted leaf could be seen over many acres of planting.

Trees such as I have described will pro-

THE APPLE ORCHARD AS AN INVESTMENT

duce 40 and perhaps 50 bushels of No. 1 grade apples. If the quality and flavor of the apples is high and they are fancy packed they will sell for from \$1.00 to \$3.00 per bushel. In fact the owner of one of these progressive orchards told me that his sales from one acre alone had amounted to \$1,600 at ordinary market prices.

In the last few years the possibilities of apple growing have been encouraged by the use of modern and scientific methods, and today the planting of high-grade apple trees is a better investment than interest bearing securities or life insurances. The question may be asked: "How shall I begin to plant an apple orchard, for a tree that should last 100 years or more should be planted without serious mistakes?"

In all such consideration the selection of the right kind of soil is of primary importance. The best orchard lands occur along the southern shore of large lakes, where the north winds are tempered by blowing across them and where the proximity of a large body of water lengthens the growing season, provided there are no hard frosts. Generally the soil near lakes is a rich alluvial deposit, easily cultivated. These lands are high-priced and are happily not necessary to the profitable production of apples. There is hardly a State in the Union where good apples cannot be grown. Next to the belts of land along the lakes, the slopes following streams in hilly portions of the country are to be preferred. Strips of land between rivers and brook flats; also steep hillsides that should be covered with timber, if of fair depth of soil and naturally drained, should produce fine apples. Lowlands and those with poor drainage should not be selected for apple orchards.

As a necessary preparation of the soil it should first be turned into a clover sod, making the condition ideal for the growth of trees. The first thing to do with a non-limestone soil, is to plow the land, and apply 2 or 3 tons of carbonate of lime per acre or one ton of quicklime. The lime is food for the clover which takes the nitrogen from the air, and so is the key which unlocks the vast storehouse of plant food. Lime also makes potash in the soil available for plant food and is therefore equivalent to an artificial application of potash. Sow clover early in the spring with a nurse crop of barley. After one year, or two, you can plow under the clover sod and plant the



APPLE TREES ARE ALL THE BETTER FOR INTERCROPPING IN AN ORCHARD.

trees. This preparation of the soil is not absolutely necessary, but very desirable.

While the soil is in preparation, it is a good plan to buy one-year-old trees, to plant them in nursery rows four feet apart and to cultivate them for a year or two in much the same way as a crop of corn. Time will not be lost but rather gained by a careful preparation of the soil and by starting the trees first in a little home nursery such as I have described. The trees will soon become acclimated, and when dug and planted rightly in their permanent places with fresh earth on their roots, every one should live and grow.

The selection of varieties for an apple orchard is most important. There will probably be plenty of Baldwins and other kinds of low quality in the market for many years; and in their heavy bearing year their prices may not be high. But there is no prospect of a surplus of Jonathan, King, Spitzenburg, Northern Spy, or other dessert apples. The advice given in the first paragraph of this article is good for New York State, i. e., to plant a Jonathan apple orchard. If Jonathan trees cannot be easily obtained, the next best thing is to buy one-year-old Northern Spy stocks, and to bud or graft them to the Jonathan and perhaps other varieties. The Jonathan is doubtless the highest grade of red winter apples: The Newton Pippin is the best of the green varieties. Other dessert apples are Swaar, Delicious, McIntosh, Seek-no-further, Winter Banana, etc. A satisfactory plan is to grow for market only two or three varie-

THE APPLE ORCHARD AS AN INVESTMENT



APPLE ORCHARD IN A HIGH STATE OF CULTIVATION WITH COVER CROP OF CLOVER JUST COMING UP.

ties of winter apples. Three-fourths of the trees should be winter apples. Strawberry, Tameuse (Snow), and Jersey Sweet, are very desirable fall apples. In every case select apple trees of the highest quality, those that have proved fairly hardy and productive in your locality. None of the dessert apples are as productive as the Ben Davis and Baldwins, but they can be sold for higher prices, and part of the reward of apple growing should be to market the most high-grade eating apples. Your experiment station or agricultural college should be able to give reliable advice concerning the selecting of varieties.

There is need of some good information about where and how to buy fruit trees. It may not be generally known that there are great nursery centers that produce a special kind of stock, as for instance, the nurserymen in the vicinity of Dansville, N. Y., who grow one-half or more of the trees sold in the United States. If you buy trees elsewhere, except of the few nurserymen who grow their own stock, you will probably buy of jobbers selling Dansville trees. Most of the Dansville nurserymen prefer to sell directly to the planter at wholesale prices. Orders, therefore, can be sent to them directly, and trees had at first hand, from the ground or cellar. Twice handled trees must of necessity have undergone considerable exposure, while there is no evading the dealers' commission. There are good reasons for buying one-year-old trees to start

the commercial orchard. They are dug in the spring, while two-year-old trees are dug in the fall and wintered in storage. Unless well packed in moss or other material, the roots of the latter may dry out. The one-year-old trees can be headed to suit the buyer, low-headed trees being desirable, because they are easily pruned and sprayed. They

cost only two-thirds as much as two-year-old trees. Midwinter is the time to place orders for trees, because then the best stock is not sold or the varieties broken up.

Always plant apple trees in the spring, when dormant, that is, before their leaves begin to grow. If trees direct from the nursery are to be planted they should be ordered by freight 2 or 3 weeks before the ground is prepared, and heeled in a trench on their arrival. The soil should be prepared by plowing and harrowing the furrows 40 feet apart, so the trees will stand in check rows 40 feet each way. Some prefer to have the rows run diagonally one way, which is easily arranged for by a little planning. If fillers are planted, furrow the ground 20 feet apart each way, and plant the apple trees alternating with the rows of fillers. When a good market is near, cherry trees are probably the best fillers, sour varieties being preferable, except in the peach belt, where sweet cherries can be grown. Plum, dwarf apples and pears, also the Alexander apple grown as standard trees can be used as fillers. At the lines of intersection or where the furrows cross, deepen the hole a little with a spade, shoveling some of the fine surface soil into the bottom of the hole made to fit the roots of the tree. Shorten the roots about one-third, by clipping their ends with the pruning shears. Place the tree in the hole so that it stands a little deeper than when in the nursery. Cover the roots with fine surface soil, press them down well with the feet, and finish the work by filling in

MODERN WALL COVERINGS

with the soil from the bottom of the hole. As soon as the planting is done prune back the crowns of the trees to balance their roots. If low-headed trees are desired cut back to 2 or 3 feet high when one-year-old trees are planted. It is not always wise to head back older trees as much, because the head may have been formed already.

Young orchards should always be intercropped with the cultivated crop that pays the best, such as cabbages, cauliflowers, potatoes, corn, strawberries, etc. There is no good reason for losing the use of the ground several years while growing an apple orchard. The only right way is to grow some crop between the rows every year and to keep the soil around the tree thoroughly cultivated. This is the best treatment for growing trees, and the ground will produce some cash crop every year until the trees come into bearing.

When the trees have grown to the bearing size, it may be well to cease intercropping with vegetables and small fruits, and to practice cultivation between the trees until the middle of July. Then a cover crop of clover can be sown provided it thrives well in the locality when sown late. If it does not a mixture of rye and vetch seed can be used to take its place. Early the next spring plow under the cover crop. Its stems and roots will fertilize the trees, with perhaps the aid of a little commercial fertilizer or lime, or what is better still a light dressing of stable manure, reinforced with raw ground phosphate rock used in the stable as an absorbent. Cultivate the soil between the trees as before and sow the cover crop in midsummer. As the trees grow and bear practice yearly pruning and timely spraying to protect the trees and fruit from insect parasites. The apple orchard is now rightly started, and with the scientific cultivation I have outlined, its owner for one or two generations should receive increasing returns.

MODERN WALL COVERINGS THAT HAVE FULFILLED THEIR PROMISES OF DURA- BILITY AND DECORATIVE MERIT

ONE of the customs of Americans that most surprises, even amazes Europeans, is the frequency with which they change the coverings of their walls. More than any other nation

they demand originality, taste, sanitation, also an interpretation of individuality in the backgrounds of their homes. And as their ideas change and develop, as they are moved by fashion in decoration or some new theory in sanitation, they express the thought in their wall coverings, forgetting in a week, almost in a day, the older ones that have given way for those more in harmony with the present. In this practice of changing the wall coverings frequently, Americans are truly extravagant, although with their native logic they argue that it is an extravagance paying them a liberal interest.

In an absolutely fresh, sanitary and pleasing wall-paper there is a soothing quality, one restful to the mind while pricking the artistic pulse. Many people, in fact, suffer from dwelling in places where backgrounds are unsympathetic and jarring to their nerves without really knowing what is the matter with them.

One woman exclaimed: "I like this dear little house so much. It has exactly the number of rooms and closets necessary to make me comfortable, the kitchen arrangements are perfect; but I have never felt settled here. I have always a slightly nervous sensation, as if I should soon have to tear up and move."

It was small wonder that the poor woman felt this way. The walls of her living room were done in a queer exciting shade of Pompeian red which seemed to draw them together and greatly to decrease the size of the room; to produce, moreover, a sensation of suffocation difficult to bear. The dining room was in green, but of a most unfortunate shade, cumbrous and heavy without sprightliness or element of youth. It was simply dull, stultifying to the intellect.

One day a younger woman somewhat radical in her tendencies said: "Why don't you tear off the abominable wall-papers of this place? You'd feel happier. They've been fearfully commonized and now that they're out of fashion, they're enough to drive one mad."

This advice, energetically given, bore fruit. The next time the young woman went to visit her friend she found that a transformation had taken place. The too ponderous wall coverings had been changed for those more restful and cheerful in tone; for those which had about them the rare quality of self-effacement.

MODERN WALL COVERINGS

The poor woman who had suffered so long without knowing the reason expressed her benefit from the change by saying: "I feel as if a weight had been lifted from my shoulders."

Only those who have lived under the dominion of ugly wall coverings can fully appreciate the serious place which they hold in many lives, their effect on the sensibilities being both direct and indirect. Naturally color is the point of consideration to accelerate above all others when choosing a wall-paper. One may be of excellent quality and texture and yet a veritable torture as far as giving pleasure to the eye is concerned. On this subject, however, individual taste and preference differ greatly and it is also one wherein fashion loves to preside. Nevertheless it cannot be too strongly urged that individualism and not fashion take the lead in the wall coverings of American homes.

The various fabrics arranged under the general title of fabrikona and which include interesting art cloth and kraft-cloth besides others, seem now to provide a medium for durable and restful wall coverings. They occur in strong as well as soft colors and when once on the wall are, owing to their power to resist damage of any sort, irreproachable in their utility. These coverings consist of woven cloths giving somewhat the impression of modern textiles. They do not represent any particular style or period.

For this reason they can be made to correspond with the furnishings of almost any house, among them being found many plain, non-exciting colors, an essential in decoration. Moreover, they are woven in such a way as to give a variety of light and shade to their surfaces.

A new covering, a lovely shadow cloth, is beautiful for many places, since it is finished with a slight embossing of gold thread productive of a rich, although simple and non-glaring surface. All of these woven wall coverings can be put on plain or they can be used as foundations for stencil effects or other decorative treatment. A design of panels can be used or friezes can be arranged by a combination of the different stuffs. Merely the artistic eye and decorative skill are required to produce vital and charming results with these woven cloths.

Sanitas is another one of the modern wall coverings that has gained the approbation

alike of decorators and of the public. Its foundation is a strongly woven cloth which is then finished in oil colors, many of the designs being reproductions of tapestry leather, Japanese grass cloth and the like. The colors of these coverings are permanent and these materials have an advantage in that they are easily cleansed. Their surfaces are smooth, affording no place for dust or germs to lodge, while owing to their preparation they can be wiped off with a damp cloth, an act in no way diminishing their luster. Since they can in this wise be kept perfectly clean, these sanitas coverings rank high as an aid to the proper sanitation of the home. They are also strong materials able to hold cracked walls or scaling kalsomine closely together. It is a mistake to think that these productions are suitable only in bathrooms, kitchens and servants' quarters, because many of them are artistic in design and now are seen in numerous beautiful living rooms and libraries, halls and bedrooms. These stuffs can be stenciled well and made to represent fabrics renownedly decorative and costly. The sanitas materials themselves, however, are not high in price when consideration is given to their almost indestructible surfaces and to the unusual length of their endurance.

The facility with which stenciling can be done on these wall coverings of American make and invention gives to those caring for plentiful decoration, almost unlimited possibilities. Fancy, imagination, nature love, even wilful conventionalizations, can all be let loose in stencil work on these wall covers, provided one has the art of expression.

With the increased interest in America in sanitation we find a determination on the part of most housewives to secure waterproof covering for their walls, at least for those walls in the house that should be permanent and should be washable. Of course, the opportunity of washing walls all over the house is one that would appeal to every lover of the æsthetic, but especially in bedrooms, kitchens and nurseries should it be possible to cleanse the wall surface. An excellent waterproof wall covering is dekoart. It is not affected by steam and a thorough cleansing only improves it. It is not unlike an artificial leather in effect and for library use carries patterns and colors which are suggestive of leather and there are also some finishes that have the effect of metallic luster.

SUMMERTIME FURNISHINGS



SUMMERTIME FURNISHINGS THAT AFFORD FRESHNESS AND COMFORT FOR LIFE IN HOT WEATHER

EACH spring witnesses a making over of the nature world, a housecleaning and new furnishing of lanes and woods and meadows by the aid of soft rains and tender breezes. And the coming of the enervating spring days, with the attendant budding and blossoming of trees and shrubs and vines, awakens in most people a desire for the same freshness and new interest in their daily surroundings. Naturally, the most satisfactory way for city folk to acquire this new interest is to plan to spend the summer out near Nature's stronghold, where there is opportunity for watching the wonder of her ever-changing beauty, and where there are cool breezes and life-giving freshness.

But, however much we may crave the wooded paths, the sun-splashed gardens and the fragrant fields, life in the country is not always possible for some of us. However, a little of the country spirit can be coaxed into city life, if we try for it, although the freshening of our homes for summer comfort is not so simple as are Nature's methods. There are many reasons for recommending the idea of spending the hot days in an environment planned especially for summertime, in a lighter and more restful key, and it is well worth any extra endeavor it may entail.

Much thought and effort have always been the price demanded for the acquiring of conveniences and comforts that are not

CHINESE RATTAN CHAIRS AND TABLE ON A SEA-GRASS RUG, COMFORTABLE FURNISHINGS FOR SUMMER USE.

included in the ordinary cycle of living; and most people in moderate circumstances, those who must perforce, except perhaps for the customary two weeks' resting time, work all summer long near the dust and glare of city streets, have accepted their discomfort as a matter of course. The streets themselves, especially the business districts, cannot be changed materially, and must be endured with as much fortitude as possible. The residence portions of the city, however, if householders would take a little extra trouble, could be made to blossom forth with window-boxes filled with gay flowering plants or with trailing creepers of some evergreen vine. This is a widespread custom in many European cities and one which gladdens the spirit of both regular and casual passerby.

But the best way of affording health-giving freshness to summer living is, whenever practicable, for city dwellers to pack away as much as possible of the heavier winter draperies and furnishings and to rejuvenate their homes as well as can be done with the aid of cooler colors and lighter fabrics,—those much easier to keep fresh and clean and which tend to shut out as little as possible whatever breezes may be stirring.

Besides the hanging of curtains and draperies of sheerer quality than those suitable for colder weather, one of the most satisfactory changes is to arrange for floor coverings of lighter weight, rugs whose design and colorings are restful to the eye and which can readily be kept clean and sani-

SUMMERTIME FURNISHINGS

tary. There are many varieties of light-weight cool rugs suitable for hot-weather use in either city homes or country bungalows, and a choice between them is usually a matter of taste and a question of harmony with the rest of the furnishings. Those woven of cotton or other light-weight material in Colonial or rag designs, or in other simple fashion, are excellent, as are also the rugs made of cool sea grass.

The heavier floor coverings may be cleaned and rolled into comparatively small compass, safeguarded against the ravages of the insect enemies of wool, and stored away in readiness for use in the fall. The idea of having two sets of draperies and floor coverings has much to recommend it and, except for the initial expense, is really an economical one. The light-weight rugs are usually cheaper and the heavy rugs wear much longer and are benefited rather than otherwise by being protected from the dust that filters in so freely through open doors and windows in the summertime.

Possibly some of the most satisfactory rugs for the summer home are woven of sea grass in Oriental countries, where hot-weather comfort is so well understood and provided for. They are made in various designs, all simple, and in a satisfactory range of colorings. We are showing a picture of one of these rugs in a plain checkered design in contrasting colors, with a Grecian key border, in conjunction with some Chinese rattan chairs that are also excellent for summer use. The popular idea is to relegate this sort of furniture to the out-of-doors,—on yachts, porches, lawns and terraces, and in pergolas and arbors as well as out under trees. We see no reason, however, why it should not be suitable for indoor use as well, either in rural or seashore bungalows and cottages or in city apartments whose heavier furnishings have been eliminated for summer comfort.

Interesting effects can often be evolved by not adhering strictly to accepted or established ideas in home furnishing. Especially in the summertime, when it seems wisest to relax as much as possible from the strain of winter indoor living, greater freedom may be taken in this respect than in the more formal months of the year. A whole summer may, in this fashion, be imbued with the vacation spirit, and just as much recreation enjoyed as if the time had actually been spent in idling or playing in the mountains or near the sea.

The rugs selected for the summer home need not necessarily be large ones; indeed, bare floors with a number of small rugs scattered over them would entail less work than would a large, unwieldy rug placed under the furniture. Of the smaller varieties of rugs there are many to select from, chief among them being the hand-braided, hand-tufted, hooked and hand-woven rugs evolved by our grandmothers and so eminently suitable for simple living.

For those who feel that a stronger note of color is more to be desired for floor coverings than are the lighter tones, the gayer rugs woven by the Indians would probably be preferred. The use of these would not necessitate their being washed often, as would be the case with the lighter cotton rugs that show soil readily. The heavier rugs, however, retain the dust with greater tenacity and consequently require frequent beating.

After all, the choice must depend greatly upon the character of the rest of the furnishings. The simpler pieces of cottage and willow furniture are most effective in conjunction with the kind of rugs made and used when our country was young, the sea-grass rugs are delightful with rattan or willow furniture, and the Indian or bungalow rugs can be used with simple furniture that has no elaborate carving and with plainer colors in the rest of the furnishings.

Whatever decision must be made in style and material, the colors should be well related and blend into a background, which is the way we have always found to be the wisest for treating our floors and walls.

For a summer home in the country the question of more or less indestructible furniture is an important one, because chairs and couches in mountain and seashore homes are sure to get out on the porch or out on the lawn, and furniture that weather destroys is not a satisfactory purchase. Where chairs are to be used on the porch a great deal or out on the lawn or under the pergola, nothing is better than to have them made of old hickory, for neither the sun nor the rain nor the wind can destroy this strong, substantial wood. As a matter of fact, there is no better way of cleaning it than to turn the hose in its direction. This naturally means much less care for the housekeeper, and it does not mean for a moment that the furniture is not extremely attractive, well proportioned and interesting in color.

THE GROWTH OF CHILDREN'S GARDENS AND THEIR BENEFITS

IN the general movement of turning again to Mother Earth not only for solace but for the commercial benefits that make life possible, the children have not been overlooked. Gardens in connection with schools have, in the last five years, become so numerous from coast to coast as to be almost an old story. No longer is it necessary to go to some remote farming section of the country to see children blithely at work in gardens, leveling, weeding and making ready to sow the seeds for which the spring in its return cries loudly.

At present nearly all large cities, many small ones, towns as well, make as conspicuous an exhibit of school gardens as of any other phase of educational work. The practicability of these planting grounds for children has already been demonstrated.

To watch the effect of gardening on the character of the child however, to decide as to how much time the cult should be given in the course of study and to dispose of the products of his labor from a wise commercial standpoint, are matters of discussion which continually arise and which claim recognition, that the greatest benefits of the work may be advanced.

While doing compulsory work in the school garden, the taste of the child is likely to be caught and held, clinging to him perhaps so that he will care later to give the efforts of his manhood to the tillage of the soil, drawing from it his livelihood, rather than from the industries of cities crowded to overflowing. It is with individuals as it is with crops, a reversion every now and then is necessary, that the quality of vigor may not be lost. Only a few years ago, every young lad, almost as soon as he was out of swaddling clothes left the farm-lands of his father, turning his face cityward. In consequence many parts of the country suffered, especially the New England States. Crops went to waste for lack of proper cultivation, the soil became worn out and worthless since it was denied fertilization.

Out of this unfortunate condition the movement set in for school gardens, one which at present is arousing in boys a love of the soil, a fact which undoubtedly will tell strongly when they shall have attained

manhood. The efforts of girls also will go into certain phases of agricultural work as a means of supplying their livelihood and perhaps mercifully preventing them from rushing into the maelstrom of cities where comparatively few are able to retain a firm foothold.

In a country where the need of foodstuffs will always be great, there is work in plenty that both boys and girls should prepare to do,—to make the earth yield the grains, vegetables and fruits that the populace must have in order to exist. Flowers also are necessary to grow since they inspire a love of the beautiful. And life without ideals and objects of beauty would be like Jack who was all for work and no play.

In school gardens east of the "Rockies" the system prevails of each child having his individual planting ground and of becoming the sole owner of all that he raises: west of the "Rockies" the commercial side of plant growing is emphasized as well as the cultivation of the soil. The products of each child's garden are sold and the proceeds retained by the school, the child profiting by the experience he gains in business sagacity. Rivalry is an element that enters largely into garden work done by children. Two boys planting side by side their allotted space strive to see which one can show the best results, which one can make his bit of ground yield the most in salable products. Very quickly they learn to wish to discard from their planting grounds the vegetables bringing only a small price in the market for those that are not so plentiful, commanding more in coin of the realm. The money-making motive has thus been turned into educational channels.

Not only does the child gardener soon learn to estimate his labor from a commercial standpoint, but he is forced to appreciate his own ability. To a child of even slow perceptions it is understandable that his acts, his care and general supervision have entered the seed in the soil, assisted it to grow and plucked and prepared the product for service to mankind at the exact time of its ripeness. He feels his own usefulness, and his ability to grapple with and to benefit by the plant world enters as a salient fact of his existence. Should meantime his taste be satisfied he begs for a bit of home land on which to make a garden and usually begins by patterning it after the one he has had at school. In some States the schools extend a sys-

CHILDREN'S GARDENS AND THEIR BENEFITS

tematic supervision over the home gardens of children, asking invariably for the parents' sympathy.

In several cities "Playground" and similar associations look after the agricultural education of the children, seeking always to get the coöperation of schools, to which they offer assistance. This is the plan followed in Pittsburgh, where the vacation schools have been particularly successful. In every one of these schools the plan laid out for garden making is identical. Each child is given a plot of ground 6 feet by 12 feet in dimensions on which 13 rows of vegetables running lengthwise are planted, cultivated and harvested. The distance between each row, about 6 inches, is very slight and it therefore behooves the child gardener to exercise the greatest care when working among the plants. Naturally considerable thought has been given to the planting plan of these little gardens. For example, radishes are planted between 2 rows of beans so that as soon as they are harvested the beans come into their space, standing then a foot apart. Such arrangements are particularly advantageous, since almost unconsciously the children learn thereby dexterity in the use of the hands, care concerning their general movements and the economy of space.

Cleveland, Ohio, stands alone in having a department of school gardens headed by a curator and holds a leading and progressive place in this movement. The subtle influence of gardening on the character of the child has there been used successfully to bring him into close touch with the life activities. The school grounds are universally attractive. Somewhat of the comprehensiveness of the Cleveland movement may be grasped by a recital of the facts that all markers, stakes and labels for the gardens are made in the manual training schools; vegetables that are raised are cooked in the classes of domestic science; both flowers and vegetables are used as models in the drawing and painting classes, while the cotton, flax, hemp, broom and corn that are raised illustrate lessons in physical geography. The skill of composition writing is given impetus by using the experience gained in the gardens as subject matter.

Minneapolis has also done much to encourage gardens. It has a garden club which beautifies vacant city lots, also ten school gardens covering over 12 acres of ground.

So also in Utah, in California where the movement is comparatively new, and in many other of the Western States school gardens are of a breadth of purpose scarcely reached in the States of the East. The careful supervision given the children's gardens over the country is one of their strong points of excellence. Supervisors watch the effect of the out-of-door training on boys and girls, noting in the greater number of cases that it makes them healthy, muscular and clear-brained, more capable of comprehending their studies in the classroom.

Usually these small gardens are made of vegetables in preference to flowers; the seeds of the former being larger and more readily handled by children. There is besides about a vegetable a plodding, determined spirit of growth quite at variance with the subtle evasiveness of many flowers. Discouragement is not as likely to thwart the child's enthusiasm if his first garden is made with vegetables. For fresh vegetables, moreover, there is in every city and town a ready sale.

There are parents who have caviled at the commercial side connected with the child's school-garden movement, declaring that youth is not the season in which to implant ideas of "filthy lucre" and that through an exaggeration of its importance he may fail to do the small services and kindnesses for others that he would had he not developed the instinct for money-grabbing.

An answer to this objection is simply that since commerce must of necessity play a part in the life of the man it is well to have a sane conception of it intelligently instilled into the mind of the child. The market, the trades, the bank and the factory have been traced directly to agriculture.

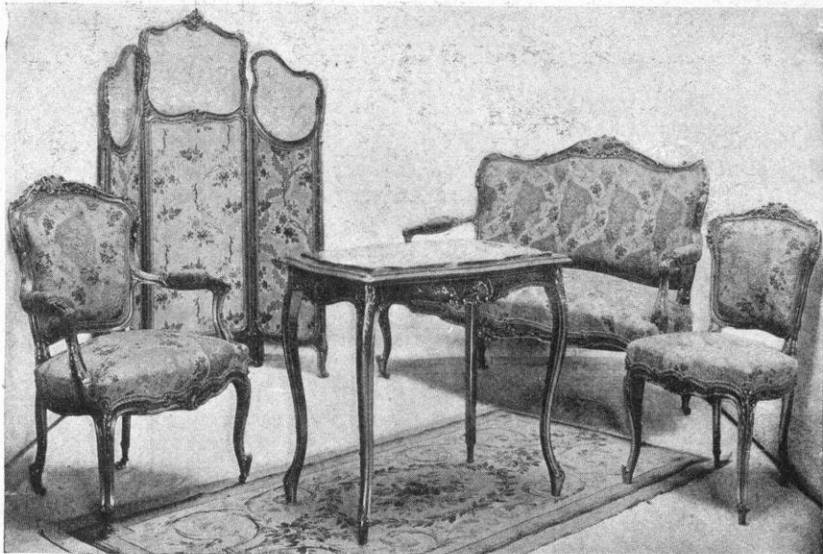
The real success of the school-garden movement, however, is discernible in the joy which the children get from their contact with the soil. The eagerness with which they attack their garden problems is wholly unfeigned; the bright eyes of the reapers speak louder than words for the continuance and extension of school gardens.

It is moreover true that the eye sees what it is trained to see. A child who has had the scales shaken from his eyes while attending a school garden, is apt, whether or no he pursues the occupation, to have throughout his life, the comfort which arises from a close observation of plant life and its multitudinous ways.

MODERN FURNITURE FROM ANTIQUE MODELS

MODERN FURNITURE REPRODUCED FROM THE ANTIQUE, SHOWING PRACTICAL TYPES FOR AMERICAN HOMES

IN the rush and turmoil of large cities where the shriek of motor cars is accompanied by the clang of ambulance bells, many inhabitants find solace in the anticipation of getting away from it all and slipping for a few months of the year into a seaside cottage or a mountain bungalow, free from noise and material things, *impedimenta*, as the Italians dub furniture, paintings, rugs, hangings and the non-essentials of town houses. These are the people that like simple homes and types of furniture. They wish, in their hours of freedom from conventionality, to be surrounded by objects not jarring to the artistic sense, easy to care for and which conform unostentatiously to the color schemes of their rooms, making no claim to be seen except through some defined reason of existence.



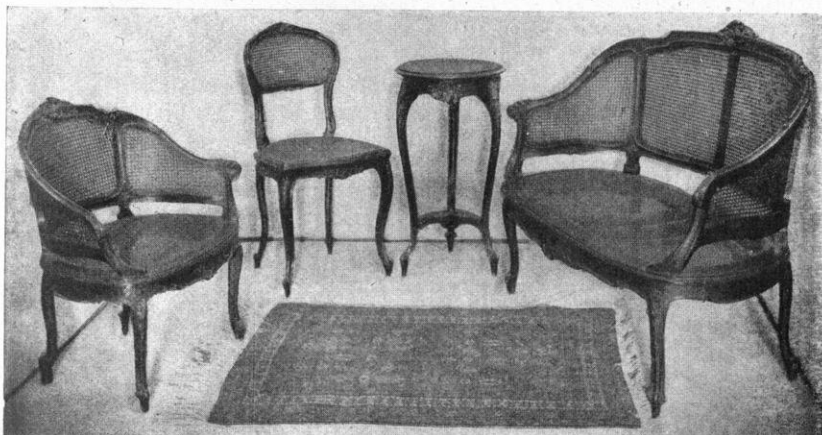
"LOUIS XV" DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE IN WALNUT AND GOLD.

make. By furnishing the country house, wherever it may be located, simply, so that it does not strike and hold the eye or give the impression of being shut in away from

the birds, the flowers and the bees, the sensation of being surrounded by purely material things is minimized.

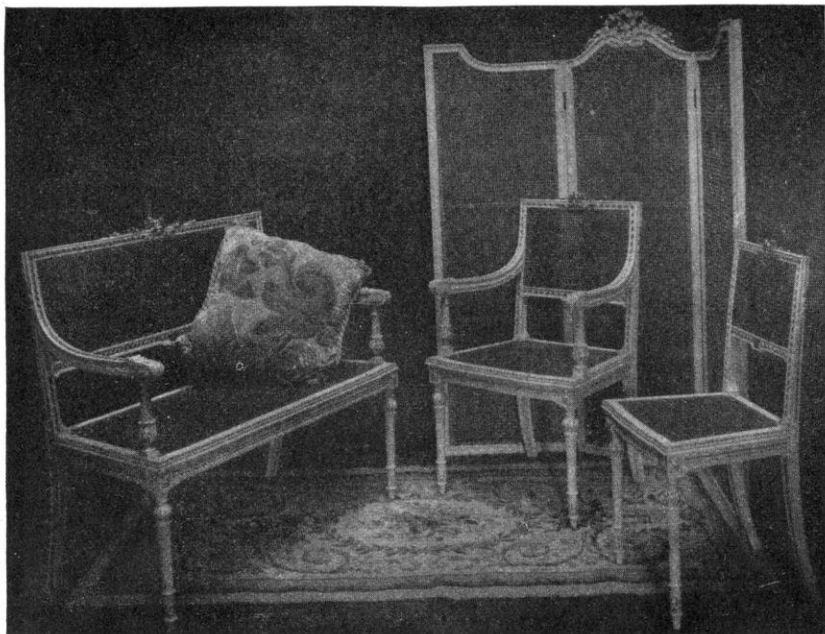
At present American furniture seems to have unusual value, since much of it conforms well with the prevailing ideal of country life. Modern designers,

their names being legion, have studied time-honored styles with the result that



SHOWING CANE-TREATMENT OF "LOUIS XV" STYLE, IN WALNUT.

MODERN FURNITURE FROM ANTIQUE MODELS



"LOUIS XVI," GRAY ENAMEL FRAMES AND CANE FILLING.

many of them have been adapted to the making by machinery and the placing of them within the incomes of those not at all wealthy.

Elizabethan and Jacobean styles, such as are being brought forward by architects, are also used for the furniture models of both large and small country houses. Chairs, tables, sideboards and other articles of necessity are prominent as such examples; while it is from Sheraton, the student, and chastest of all designers of furniture, that the so-called Art Nouveau style is reputed to trace its lineage. A name can do much toward the making or breaking of a conception, and this very association with the name of Sheraton has given to a goodly portion of modern furniture a place in attractive homes. Not that it is itself lacking of consideration. For the most part it is well adapted to the needs of modern life in America and it is so markedly an improvement on the early and late Victorian furniture, cumbrous and ugly in proportions that it should be hailed as a definite advancement in taste.

About this newer furniture there is to be noticed a scarcity of upholstery, a wholesale change from a few years ago, when houses were afflicted with a rage for places and corners profusely draped with woolen Turkish hangings near which were seen

couches, ottomans and innumerable stuffy sofa cushions. In such places it was difficult to breathe. Now draperies are more generally of printed linens, cretonnes and thin silk stuffs,—less alluring to moths and consequently less troublesome to the housewife.

Women have also realized that mahogany requires skilled hands to take care of it properly, since tables

invariably show the marks of glasses holding hot or cold drinks, and even vases with flowers are apt to spill on them a little water and to cause damage to their surface. Much more practical, especially for the upper floors of houses, is the furniture finished in various shades of golden brown, soft gray, putty color, white enamel or some other tone that matches the color scheme of each bedroom. Such styles do not demand to be polished, rubbed down or done over every little while.

Bedrooms in putty color are very soothing to the senses and among the newest conceptions. In them the combination bureau and toilet table is a feature. The mirror on top of such a piece is in three sections, those of the ends being on hinges so that they can be moved one way or the other like a man's shaving mirror. They are of service in assisting women to arrange their hair, besides in other matters of the toilet. Twin beds, somewhat after the designs of Sheraton, go with such a piece of furniture, also a chiffonier with abundant drawer space, a table oblong in outline and a few chairs. Then there should be a couch, placed at the foot of the twin beds, upholstered in printed linen to match the window hangings. In many instances the headboards of the beds, the backs and seats of the chairs are of cane-work, an effect adding to their lightness and beauty.

MODERN FURNITURE FROM ANTIQUE MODELS

"JACOBAN" CHAIRS,
PICTURESQUE AND
DIGNIFIED.



they are selected from many hundreds of other styles and especially with the object in view of filling a need in the present American home. Exquisite drawing-room sets are reproduced from Louis XV models, and often where leaf gold was originally used to cover completely hand-carved wood, there is now seen a framework of walnut with merely a touch of gold here and there. Many such examples are charmingly upholstered in brocaded silk made to look like old, these sets being suitable for really formal drawing-rooms.

The fancy of the moment, however, leans toward the reproduction of Louis XV designs, showing walnut frames and caned seats and backs, since about this style there is something very restful. It does not strike

Bedroom sets in gray enamel are made in Louis XV designs, seemingly as popular as ever, and are very attractive. The four-post bed herewith illustrated is a graceful example of the important piece of furniture in such a room.

Reliable furniture dealers are now saying frankly that they manufacture reproductions of furniture associated with various historical periods instead of claiming to be able to supply antiques. The world is awake, moreover, and prefers these reproductions for everyday use. Usually

"LOUIS XVI" STYLE,
SIMPLE, BUT WITH
DISTINCTION.



"CHIPPENDALE"
CHAIR AND TABLE
IN THE MANNER
OF THE MASTER
ENGLISH CRAFTS-
MAN.



such a high keynote to live up to as the all-gold frames.

Louis XV designs, especially when the framework is of gray enamel and the filling of canework are shown as among the most elegant examples of modern furniture. Rugs are also made to go with these and similar designs, and as with all French sets of furniture, the screen is of importance. One woman amusingly remarked: "The screen is so much a part of French life that I should not wish this furniture without it. It makes me long for something to hide."

MODERN FURNITURE FROM ANTIQUE MODELS



MOSS-GREEN BUNGALOW TWIN BEDS.

In furnishing rooms, wherever located, the plan should be held of securing for each one a few pieces of furniture, not less than three, that are similar in design. By so

nal pieces, which should be selected most carefully, and with a view, if need be, of living with them for the rest of one's life. As long as they please the taste it remains a pleasure to add to them a piece now, another later, and to prevent at all cost the room from growing away from the character indicated by the first-bought pieces. If in the beginning a whole set of cheap, poor furniture is selected and the room completely decorated in accord with the present condition of the pocketbook rather than with the taste, its power to give pleasure becomes very shortly a thing of the past.

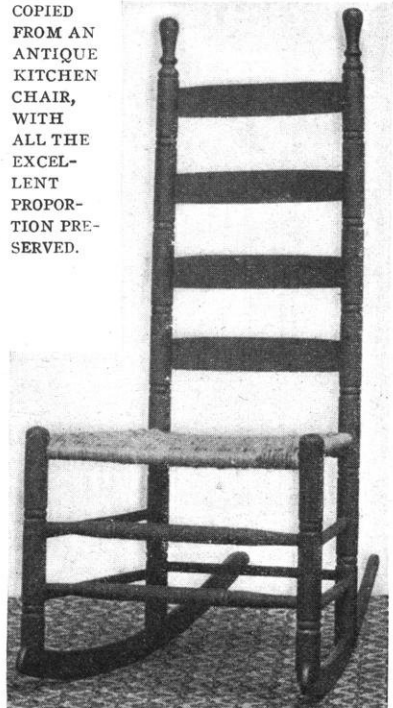


AN OLD-TIME ARMCHAIR, REPRODUCED WITH ARTISTIC SKILL.

doing a room at once strikes an interesting note.

This scheme is proposed especially for people who have not a sufficiently large income to enable them to furnish a house completely within a short time. It is, therefore, far wiser and much more amusing to start, for example, a living room with a few pieces of a desired set of furniture, a sofa, an armchair and a single chair and then to wait to get other chairs, the screen, the rugs and hangings, by degrees. Much depends naturally on the choice of the origi-

COPIED
FROM AN
ANTIQUE
KITCHEN
CHAIR,
WITH
ALL THE
EXCEL-
LENT
PROPOR-
TION PRE-
SERVED.



MORE COLOR IN HOUSE FURNISHINGS AS WELL AS IN THE ART GALLERIES

JUST now we seem to be going through a process, the world over, of opening our eyes to the beauty of Nature.

We are calling this process by many very elaborate names, "Arabian Nights' Dreams," "Futurist Painting," "Orientalism," "Viennese Influence"; the Cubist painters are held responsible, and are praised or blamed. Poiret of Paris, the greatest dressmaker the world has ever known, has the credit, or the condemnation, from many. Every week or so, in fact, we get a fresh light on the question and a fresh color fad is presented to us.

Now, as a matter of fact, as we said before, all that is really happening is that we are opening our eyes to a vision of color. The reason we are surprised and even shocked at the fact that we are suddenly seeing color in the world is not because color is any more wonderful or in evidence or necessary, but solely because it has been the fashion to ignore it for years past. For this fashion France was responsible, and the fashion came about in a very practical if not a very pretty way. France had always been a color-loving nation, also a nation of vigorous sunlight, and the combination meant that the very practical economical French women continued to wear faded colors, if garments pleased them and were useful long after all freshness and beauty had departed.

When French people elect to do anything it becomes to them a sacred duty. What is done is not so important to them as the fact that they decided to do it, and out of this wearing of faded tones by thrifty women developed the craze for delicate colors and pastel tones which circled the globe and which completely hypnotized people into the belief that the wonderful, gorgeous, inspiring colors of Nature were vulgar and out of harmony with the taste of cultivated people.

It is difficult to understand that this is so, that people could look at a vision of the things that Nature holds in some great riot of vegetation in the heart of a forest, on a hillside in spring, and imagine for an instant that these things are vulgar or commonplace or beneath their notice. Such has nevertheless been the case. A flaming flower has been forbidden to enter the

fashionable garden, and vivid yellow and orange and deep rose and wonderful reds have been banished to the wild woods or the unfashionable country landscape; nothing daunted the while, proclaiming a beauty that is unquenchable until at last out of another kind of fad they have come into their own heritage of appreciation.

The return of color to dominate the lives of the impressionable has come about to answer some practical demand, as is always the case. Throughout central Europe there happened a few years ago a very praiseworthy and violent reaction from Art Nouveau lines, subjects and colors, and the desire grew for something new. "What can we do?" was the cry from the novelty-loving art student and the public without creative imagination. The result was a return in Hungary and Austria to the old peasant patterns and colors. This return was gladly welcomed and fostered by the Governments of these nations, as it furnished work for the peasants and opportunity for the middlemen. And materials, potteries, embroideries that for years had been bringing but a few cents a day to the laborer suddenly became a vogue.

No sooner was it established that the brilliant Bulgarian colors and the marvelous mixture of tones employed by the clear-sighted old Austrian peasants had come to interest the artists at least of Europe than manufactories were established where these same designs were reproduced in fabrics and in potteries. The craze reached the architects and houses were designed appropriate for this kind of color expression. Some of the best known of the European artists began to make patterns for dress fabrics, for upholstery materials, for potteries and glazes and wall-papers.

Prof. Josef Hoffmann of Vienna, in the midst of this flaming desire for color confined his designs almost entirely to black and white, with occasionally a spot of color that held the eye and touched the senses. It was quite amazing what he did in his designs for wall coverings, window draperies, even linoleums in black and white that was not only startling but in a way exhilarating. Paul Poiret has used in his decorations in Paris some of the most interesting of the Hoffmann designs, most often a conventionalized lotus flower in yellow and orange peered through a labyrinth of black and white. It sounds startling but it is refreshing and vital, and after all, why should we

MORE COLOR IN ALL DECORATIONS

not have color in our interior furnishings and dress fabrics that can give us something of the joy and vigorous interest that we get from a brilliant landscape?

The feeling has been in the past that our house furnishings must be only and exclusively restful. Now, of course, comes the question as to what is restful to the average person. Is the purely non-committal background that remains unobtrusive always soothing to the nerves? Or can we at times find far more joy, far more real peace from the suggestion of beauty in a room that we crave when we are out of doors? I wonder if, as a matter of fact, the reaction from real joy is not a greater rest than the steady, quiet harmony of interior arrangement that leaves one without response and without reaction.

Other important people who have taken hold of the work of color designing are Prof. Peter Behrens, Albert Gessner, an architect of Berlin, Bruno Paul, also of Berlin, R. Riemerschmid of Munich, who added to his designs for stuffs several developments in furniture; Prof. van de Velde of Weimar, whose work was almost wholly household materials and clothing stuffs; Lotte Fochler of Vienna, whose silk designs are perhaps the best known at present in Europe. Lucian Bernhard of Berlin has done some extremely interesting things for linen and cotton dress materials. I. E. Wimmer has gone beyond the mere designs in fabrics and is bringing out shawl patterns and coat patterns which are vivid to the point of actual excitement. The newest material for house furnishing is the wool Gobelin, which carries the large designs without monotony because of the rough weave of the material. Linens, very heavy and very coarse, are especially in demand, not only for window draperies but for summer dresses. Of course, crêpe de chine and silk and chiffon are all treated with this startling rainbow combination of colors.

Some of the artists confine themselves entirely to the peasant designs. Others originate whimsicalities of their own, and as the manufactures stand today it is possible to design a house, finish it with furniture, fittings, ceramics, table linen, dishes, silver, all kinds of metal work, carpets and rugs wholly in the spirit of the new interest in color, scenes that are like Futurist paintings or wonderful Oriental gardens.

Of course, there is a danger in all this,

because although these men in Hungary, Austria, Germany and France are all working with seeming whimsicality, outraging every formal precept of color arrangement, forgetting the old schemes of harmony completely, still there is a definite underlying purpose in all their work; they are trained designers. Many of them were artists of note before they turned their attention to household decoration. There is no chance fancy in the decorative schemes they are putting before the public.

Now, the imitation of this work which, of course, we shall be deluged with in America, as our national strong point seems to be always imitation and pretense, is likely to be very distracting and nerve-racking, until, the chances are, we shall react from the work of these men (who are color lovers and who want to give us all that Nature holds for us, to lead us out of little narrow pale pathways into splendid brilliant open roads of ever-exhilarating beauty) to an uninspired pale condition merely because we shall be forced to see so much that is tragically bad. There is every reason to believe that color will be commercialized, just as we have commercialized music and art and literature, just because in America we must make money, and while we have some imagination we use it for money-making, not for beauty production. And so far there has been no spiritual attainment of the ages that has not been commercialized by men who desire to fill bargain counters.

Now, it will happen to us all over the country that we will have shocking presentations of hideous, vulgar, cheap color schemes and products. We will not seek to understand and to know what has been done for us by the artists. We will not largely seek to understand color for the value of it in our own lives. We will not see that it is oxygen to the soul of all artistic endeavor, that we must have it, must understand it, must permeate life with it. We will probably say, as really is being said, "There is a vogue just now for crazy colors. Of course, we do not care for it, but we have to have it." And as our purpose is aimless the product will be meaningless. Things will be just as crazy as we are willing to accept them. The only possibility of redemption for us in this situation is education, a clear vision of what color means to any age and civilization, a determination to understand it and to have it in its fullest and most original acceptance.

OUR IMPORTANT TIMBER TREES

OUR IMPORTANT TIMBER TREES: A PRACTICAL BOOK FOR LANDOWNERS AND FARMERS

THE Important Timber Trees of the United States," by Simon B. Elliot, is an authoritative and practical handbook of everyday forestry for the special use of farmers and landowners, although it is suited as well for trained foresters, students of forestry and lumbermen. The author is a member of the forestry reservation commission of Pennsylvania, and for more than fifty years has given painstaking study and observation to forests and forest growth, both as a student of forestry and as a practical lumberman of large experience, to which are added personal observations of some of the best European forests. This experience has forced upon him the positive conclusion that the principal effort in forestry in this country must, for the next sixty or seventy years, be directed to tree growing, and that such tree growing must mainly be done by planting the seeds where the trees are to stand in the forest or in growing young trees in nurseries and transplanting them where they are to grow to maturity.

The main purpose of the book is to urge, aid and encourage tree growing for economic purposes solely. The book is non-technical, but it is claimed that by a careful study of it one may, with the exercise of good judgment, successfully grow trees for economic purposes without being compelled to call in the services of a tree expert or without being forced to roam through the domain of botany, dendrology, silviculture or to master mensuration, stem analysis or other purely technical features of scientific forestry. Mr. Elliot does not suggest that scientific experts are unnecessary any more than they are in agriculture, but he points out that just as the average successful farmer does not have to depend wholly upon experts in agriculture to carry on his farming operations successfully, although he may and should be guided by their teachings, neither should he when he attempts "to grow trees for his own use be compelled to call in the services of an expert in forestry, nor should any landowner when he desires to reclothe his denuded lands with valuable species of trees be unable intelligently to perform such work."

In his preface Mr. Elliot notes particularly that certain species of trees now largely in use have been deemed important enough for lengthy description, and yet are not recommended for cultivation. His explanation is that the forest of the future must be largely grown with planted trees, and that there is no reason why we should plant any but the most suitable and valuable trees—those that will give us the best and most needed forest products in the shortest time and with the least labor and expense. He notes that we now accept less valuable species because they are present with us and have cost us nothing to grow, but that hereafter it will cost both money and labor and require much time for growing, and in the not distant future the price of forest products will be based upon the cost of production. "If, therefore," he states, "white pine, which is easily propagated, will grow up in seventy-five years, and hemlock, which is grown with difficulty, will require from 125 to 150 to reach the same dimensions, and the product of the pine be worth twice that of the hemlock, it should be known. There should be no question as to which should be planted."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., OF "THE CRAFTSMAN," PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS AUGUST 24, 1912.

Note:—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

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No other persons own 1% or more of stock.	
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NONE.	

Ben Wiles, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1913.

Alfred S. Cole
Notary Public
New York City, No. 83
New York Register No. 4049
My commission expires
March 30, 1914.

ALS IK KAN

THE CRAFTSMAN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY: BY THE EDITOR

IT has been the custom of **THE CRAFTSMAN** for the past twelve years to celebrate the day of its birth—October 1, 1901—with some homelike festivity. We have usually talked a little in the magazine about our hopes and plans, and when we have branched out into any new and broader Craftsman enterprise we have liked it to happen at that good time of the year. For in our birthday month we take stock of our successes and our failures, and in striking a balance we like to feel that the year has meant progress along some line,—the development of our ideal through some practical, comfortable channel.

Those of our friends who know the magazine well, know how often we have spoken of the Craftsman ideal,—an ideal of the kind of life that means beauty, economy, reason, comfort, progress. And they know, too, that we have never rested content to have that ideal expressed through one channel only. It did not satisfy me merely to achieve the Craftsman ideal in furniture, for as I found people needed and wanted good strong durable furniture I felt at once that they must also have the right kind of houses in which to place the furniture. I no sooner began to design Craftsman houses than I realized that people, our friends, wanted Craftsman fabrics, Craftsman fittings of all kinds. And now is coming from all quarters of the globe a demand for a Craftsman center in New York.

Since we have commenced our Craftsman Department of Service, we have received many letters saying, "We want to know more about what you are doing. We want when we come to New York to be able to visit some place that will show us all that **THE CRAFTSMAN** stands for. We want really to feel that there is a Craftsman home center in New York, a place where we can rest, where we can look about, where we can come in contact with the whole outgrowth of the original Craftsman idea; where we can ask advice, where we can meet our friends, where we shall cease to be strangers with the Craftsman movement." So incessant has been this call that at last I decided to secure the kind of building that would enable us to enlarge our activities along every line that our friends are interested in, so that when they came

to New York they could visit us, study with us, work with us and find out every detail of Craftsman achievement so far as they could be presented in one twelve-story building. It sounds a large undertaking, in New York, to fill the space of a building running up twelve stories, extending from an entrance on 38th St., just off of Fifth Ave., to an entrance on 39th St., equally near the main artery of New York—a building so tall that it looks out over the city, to the rivers beyond and the harbor, and with so much space that we can not only show our furniture and our house fittings and all the accompanying beautiful things that go with them, but that we shall be able to install draughting rooms for the designing of Craftsman houses, editorial rooms for **THE CRAFTSMAN** Magazine, circulation and advertising departments, as well as various harmonious enterprises that are closely allied with Craftsman achievement. Above all, literally above because it will occupy the top stories of the building, we shall have a Craftsman restaurant, where we are planning to serve wholesome, delicious meals to our friends and patrons, and where we shall have waiting rooms, reading rooms, bureaus of information, resting places for women and children, flower stands, every comfort and convenience, in fact, that people living in New York or visitors to New York would enjoy finding in the midst of a day's pleasure or work.

We are not starting a restaurant because we feel that we want to go into the restaurant business, but because we feel that certain ideals of cooking and furnishings should be expressed in connection with a restaurant. We want to see just how comfortable, how simple, how beautiful such rooms can be made. We want people to be happy in them, to brighten their ideals of life through contact with them. This restaurant will be intimately associated with Craftsman Farms, naturally, and all the wholesome products people crave in a city will be brought in every morning from the Farms in our own motor trucks. The butter, milk, eggs, poultry, fruit, vegetables, flowers will all come direct to the restaurant from the wide acres of our farm at Morris Plains, New Jersey. We want the people who enjoy coming to see us to realize that not only will they find perfectly arranged rooms and well-set tables, open fireplaces, sunshiny windows, comfortable chairs, good

THE CRAFTSMAN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

reading matter, but that the food itself will be as near an ideal of good living as we know how to produce.

I realize that in many ways it is a great opportunity for me to have secured this large building now in process of construction so near Fifth Ave., for it is in the center of New York's retail district, of easy access to every part of the city, so well placed that sunlight and fresh air are forever assured and so commodious that we shall have ample room to make welcome all our friends and all those interested in our work.

The Craftsman idea has always seemed a very big thing to me, or I could not have devoted my life to it; but as I go over this vast structure day after day, I sometimes say to myself, is this idea big enough to fill every story, every corner of every story with big vital human interest? Because I feel that the enterprise to be satisfactory must have a spiritual as well as material success. We want to stand in this new departure, as we have stood in all the others, for a high ideal of democratic life in America. We want the winds from over the river and the sun from heaven to pour into the rooms of this building, lighting them and freshening them in spirit as well as in physical comfort.

It seems to me that the various people who are working in association with me out over the country will find it a good thing to have this sort of headquarters in New York where we can from time to time meet surrounded by our mutual interests and establish an intimacy much closer than is ever possible by correspondence. I feel that we owe a great deal to those who have worked with us in the past at long distances, and I am sure that in no way could I express our appreciation more fully than by welcoming our associates to the Craftsman Headquarters in New York.

In talking of our hopes for this great enterprise in the fall we do not want to seem in any way pretentious, or to claim for ourselves more than our friends expect of us. But we do feel that for the first time in our lives we are going to have the opportunity and the space to present the various developments that the Craftsman idea has inspired, that those who have been interested in Craftsman furniture because it helped them to solve an economical home-making, those who have had Craftsman houses and found that they helped to solve servant and

housekeeping problems, and those who have taken THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine and found it an inspiration and a practical aid for daily life, will enjoy the opportunity of seeing all these different Craftsman activities together. Our friends will know at a glance to what extent our scheme of living is wise and harmonious, also where we fail, where we need counsel, and we believe that those who come to see us in our new Craftsman quarters will have as much to bring as we have to offer. Indeed, the project would not be worth carrying out if it did not mean mutual benefit and happiness.

In planning to use the space in the new building I want not only to arrange to give the utmost comfort and pleasure to visitors to the Craftsman headquarters, but also to those who are working with me, those who are heart and soul in the Craftsman idea. And so we are going to plan a restaurant, a resting room, a place where people can meet those who are working with us. I intend that every detail of my arrangements shall be as comfortable, as hygienic, as attractive, as homelike as it is possible to accomplish. I do not want any "backyard" in this Craftsman Building. I realize that this is a towering ideal to be associated with a commercial enterprise, but after all, with us the ideal came first, and our enterprise has grown out of it.

With the opening of this Building the first day of October, we wish to extend an invitation for our birthday party to all our friends. We want to be happier because we feel that they are with us. We want them to be happy in this first bringing together of our Craftsman projects under one roof. We want an old-fashioned home-making of the kind that used to be in New England on Thanksgiving Day, back when people were happy because of the home feeling and because of the great need of real friendship among them. We expect to hold open house at our new headquarters at the beginning of our thirteenth year. The heartiest welcome we can express will be found from one end of our building to the other. We want our friends to enjoy it, and we want to be sure that they go away to their own homes feeling that there is really a home center in this great city of New York, that at the Craftsman Building the latch-string is always out.

Having just passed my fifty-fifth birthday, I realize that I am facing the greatest

THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING

responsibility of my life at an age when many men are "retiring from business." Yet I am quite sincere in saying that never since I designed and finished my first good stout piece of furniture have I felt a greater joy and interest in undertaking a new venture, or a fresher spirit to face whatever life may hold for me.

THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING

THE "Craftsman Building," which will be the center of all Craftsman activities for some years to come, is located practically in the heart of New York. The great flood of the city's finest trade pours past its doors; the Bryant Park Public Library, the beautiful Morgan Library, the new Grand Central Station, the most famous art galleries, the Union League Club, Tiffany's, McCreery's, Altman's, Lord & Taylor's, Bonwit, Teller & Co., Kurzman, Franklin Simon & Co., one and all are within less than five minutes' walk; on the highest point of land, touching the Murray Hill restricted district, it crowns that portion of New York which is the most beautiful, most vital center of business and social life.

Naturally in looking for a home for THE CRAFTSMAN we have wanted the best location and building to be found. We selected the present structure because in addition to its perfect location, it is the best lighted building we could find. Its length of 200 feet, its double entrance, its height of twelve stories, the lighting, wood finish and absolute fireproof construction all combining to make an ideal building for our purpose. We wanted space not only for a large restaurant, for the magazine, for draughting rooms, for our workshops, but especially for a "Permanent Home-builders' Exhibit." This Home Exhibit we shall make so complete that it will furnish architects, builders as well as home-makers an opportunity to see every detail of modern home-building, fitting and furnishing collected under one roof and all in harmony with the best ideal of the day.

On the various floors given up to this Exhibit will be displayed every sort of building material, such as concrete, cement, wood, stone, brick, hollow tile, etc. Miniature houses will show not only methods of construction, but every kind of roofing, wall treatments, paints, stains.

Fittings and fixtures, which are such an important feature of the comfortable house

will be given ample and effective space. All the details of perfect sanitary equipment will be shown, as well as electrical conveniences for lighting, cooking and heating. In fact, a trip through the Craftsman Building will show the home-builder all that good sense, art and science can do, in combination, for the American house.

We have already spoken of our plans for a restaurant at the top of the Craftsman Building. It may be of interest to mention that these rooms will all be fitted up from the Craftsman Workshops. Furniture, fabrics, table linen, curtains, silver, dishes, everything will be designed by Mr. Stickley with especial view to their appropriateness for the Craftsman restaurant. Our purpose is not merely to add to the list of places where food may be obtained in New York, but to establish a place where the *best food may be really enjoyed.*

One floor, or perhaps in several different rooms, some of the most interesting of modern crafts will be seen in operation. Skilled craftsmen will be found making willow furniture, weaving baskets, binding books; the whirr of the potter's wheel will be heard and the sound of the metal-worker's hammer. In these rooms will be found not only the opportunity to study the hand-work of the craftsmen, but to work with them, especially where students are anxious to perfect their craft. Fabrics will also here be designed, and new ideas for embroidering sofa pillows, window curtains, portières and bedroom sets will be furnished to order, harmonious in design, with color and furnishings of a well thought out house. In fact, it would be very hard for a woman, whether she is most interested in her reception room, her dining room, her kitchen or her nursery, not to find in this vast building the opportunity to realize a home complete in beauty, comfort and economy.

Our draughting rooms will always be open for consultation, and Craftsman subscribers will enjoy the opportunity of talking over their homes with trained architects under the supervision of Mr. Stickley, who feels that nothing is more important in America today than the development of the home.

Of course there will be an opportunity for taking up the matter of gardening, for the Craftsman house naturally suggests its own kind of surroundings, and advice will be furnished to the prospective builders of Craftsman houses as to the laying out of

BOOK REVIEWS

their gardens, the right adjustment of space and its proper planting, as well as the planning of water systems in connection with laying out grounds. A very special study of color will be made in relation to gardens, and opportunity will be furnished for the complete working out of color schemes from the garden to the exterior of the house on into the rooms throughout each floor.

And so when we speak of the Craftsman Building as a home center in New York, we do not limit the meaning to the fact that we intend it to be a cheerful, hospitable home for our friends, but we wish to dwell upon the idea that it also will be a center of the development of the American house, the House of the Democrat, about which we have so often written in *THE CRAFTSMAN*.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE NEST: BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

MISS SEDGWICK, in the five stories that go to make up the book entitled "The Nest," displays an art akin to that of Sargent's portraits, the reader feeling rather the spirit of the people about whom she writes than the mere look of their exteriors. "The Nest," the story giving its title to the book, is introspective, the veil drawn back from the minds of a man and a woman, walking for one month on the edge of paradise and then descending into the depths of self-suppressed beings. The technique of the story is clear, striking and clever. Only the people are not lovable: they are a little too human. Overcome by their own natures they exude an impression of weariness.

Fascinating as well as clever is the story called "The Suicide," its principals fanciful yet real and accentuating the unreliability of human nature. In this latter instance it recalls the well-known story of Balsac concerning the lady who, congratulating herself on breaking a rendezvous with an old lover, immediately let herself be drawn into another with an acquaintance. Perhaps, after all, Miss Sedgwick's story is one to strengthen the time-worn idea that woman is a mysterious, even a dangerous creature.

"The White Pagoda" is amusing, the stupidity of one woman being aspiring, and the wit of another entirely human.

"The Forsaken Temple," an example also

of intensely clever character creation and dissection, is exquisitely told. In everyday life such types are not infrequent.

In this collection of stories is included Miss Sedgwick's first effort, "Miss Jones and the Masterpiece." It is humorous, more so than the later productions, exaggerated if one will, but bearing the earmarks of insight and technique, that have led this author to the pedestal of one of the most discriminating literary craftsmen of the day. (Published by the Century Co., New York. 302 pages. Price \$1.25 net).

THE SHIFTING OF LITERARY VALUES: BY ALBERT MORDELL

THE Shifting of Literary Values," by the way an admirable title, uses various arguments to bring about the conclusion that books of the old writers permeated with the ideas of monasticism, stoicism, feudalism and puritanism, are of scant, if any value, the world having moved beyond their doctrines and sentiments.

Yet in putting forth this idea Mr. Mordell seems to present the thought, open to considerable discussion, that in order to be of value the particular philosophy of a book must be agreed with by its reader. He has no use for books as uncontroversial proofs of progress; and respects them neither as the epitome of literary art nor because of their helpfulness in placing ourselves historically. He cares not that literature is really history once removed or a mold into which a collection of standards and individual interpretations have been thrust.

The literature of each age can do no more than live up to its time, even though an author may now and then send out advanced shoots of divination and intellectual power. Mr. Mordell nevertheless looks upon the books of the old writers as practically valueless to modern cultivation, because they set up ideals at variance with those of our present theories of life. He quotes Walt Whitman as believing them "opposed to that spirit of independence and individualism characteristic of democracy." Mr. Mordell asks further "Would not the older authors, had they lived today, written like our own writers?" The question is hardly open to but one answer. They would of course. Why not?

Literature is progressive, moves with the times, becomes the thinking pulse of every generation. That the older writers thought differently, felt differently than is general

BOOK REVIEWS

today, and in consequence wrote differently is only natural. The standards of one age are not those of another; and that in this train should occur a shifting of moral and henceforth of literary values is a problem of pure and simple common sense.

Literary criticism has about it in every age an element of the personal. It is not an exact science. Out of our own experiences, moral, religious, ethical, or whatever they may be, we judge books and as we ourselves change their values shift. Such a consequence is only to be expected. (Published by the International, Philadelphia. 84 pages.)

FRANK AND BESSIE'S FORESTER: BY ALICE LOUNSBERRY

TO the imagination of youth there is always something alluring about trees.

Even the most ordinary woodland, seen through the eyes of a child, takes on the proportions of a vast mysterious forest, peopled with singing leaves and lurking animals, big and little, and perhaps even a few fairies.

Something of this spirit pervades Miss Lounsberry's book; but even more fascinating to the children are the practical things the forester tells them about the forest—how it grows and protects itself, how it is useful to people and how people in turn can take care of it—facts that make each separate tree seem like a human thing, with a purpose and individuality all its own. And there is a little spirit of adventure running through the pages that reaches its climax in a forest fire—the result of careless picnickers.

It is the sort of book that will be apt to waken a child's interest in one of the most important problems before our country today—the saving of our forests—while a grown-up person may find considerable pleasure in reading it to a young audience. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Illustrated. 191 pages. Price \$1.25 net; postpaid \$1.37.)

COMPOSITIONS: BY ARTHUR W. DOW

MR. DOW'S idea in presenting his book entitled "Compositions" has been to set forth a particular way of thinking about Art, surely a worthy ambition in a day when opinion concerning her is swayed by so many and diverse influences.

The chapters of the book are planned to be of as much benefit to students as a course of lessons, while the illustrations throughout the text accentuate Mr. Dow's principle that art should be approached through composition rather than through imitation drawings. The author has had exceptional opportunities to arrive at his conclusions and his plain statement of them will doubtless be of service to those seeking to understand art; to express themselves also in compositions. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Illustrated. 128 pages. Price \$4.00).

THE BOOK OF OLD CHINA: BY MRS. WILLOUGHBY HODGSON

A BLANK book designed to be of use to those collectors who wish to keep a record of the place, price, date and circumstances under which each piece is found and bought. The glossary of terms and the reproductions of various marks used on old china add greatly to the usefulness of the book. (Published by The Macmillan Co., New York, and by G. Bell & Sons. London. 135 pages. Price \$1.25 net).

WHY THEY FAIL: BY REV. A. T. ROBINSON, A.M.

"WHY They Fail" is a book dedicated to parents and teachers who "under the skulls of the dear boys and girls of today are weaving the high destinies of tomorrow." The book deals with serious moral and ethical problems and it is in the urging of their solution that it makes its appeal to the public. (Published by the Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 228 pages. Price \$1.50).

WOMEN AS WORLD BUILDERS: BY FLOYD DELL

A SMALL book presenting a few studies in Feminism. Published by Forbes & Co., Chicago. 104 pages. Price 75 cents.

THE MAN AND THE WOMAN: BY ARTHUR L. SALMON

VARIOUS phases of human life are discussed in this book, the author aiming to set forth his personal views on the experiences of mankind. Published by Forbes & Co., Chicago. 145 pages. Price 75 cents.

"THE Dreamer." A Play in Three Acts by Annie Nathan Meyer. Published by Broadway Publishing Company, New York. 112 pages. Price \$1.00.

