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Photograph by William C. Eckman.

WOUNDED DIANA: Robert Aitken, sculptor: Especially designed for the garden.

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SEEING OUR PLAYS OUT-OF-DOORS: WHAT THIS MAY DO TO CREATE A HEALTHFUL CIVIC SENSE: BY SHELDON CHENEY



ALWAYS when the drama has been simplest, most genuine, and lit up most brightly by the joy of living, and always when the drama has been closest to the life of the people, it has had its setting in the open. The two great periods of literary drama came at times when men naturally took their dramatic productions out-of-doors, as they always have taken their games.

The Greek masters lived and died before the indoor theater was thought of, and the glories of the age of Shakespeare in England came when the drama again had left the roofed-in places, developing and flowering on stages open to the sky. So in these days when the world is talking vaguely of another great renaissance of the art of the theater, and is waiting expectantly for the new forms and for the new artists who will express their age as characteristically as the Greeks expressed theirs and Shakespeare his, one may read a new meaning into the recent revival of interest in the *al fresco* drama. For not since the theater of the late Elizabethan decadence was roofed over have there been so many productions in the open and so many outdoor theaters as there are today.

For the average theatergoer, who thinks of the outdoor dramatic production as an extra-normal affair, it comes as a surprise to find that the open-air theater has existed more than two thousand years, whereas the history of the indoor playhouse is a matter of a mere three or four centuries. Indeed, the story of the birth of dramatic art, and of that art's growth through its greatest eras, is exclusively the story of the open-air theater.

In Greece the drama was born in the dances about an altar, during the festivals in honor of the god Dionysus. It grew on the platforms erected at the side of the "orchestra," or dancing-circle, at first in the market-place perhaps, and later at the foot of a hillside that formed a natural auditorium. And finally the art of Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides flowered in the beautiful architectural theaters at Athens, at first of wood, and then developing into stone bowls, im-

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mense in size and beautiful in proportion and decoration. The Romans, stumbling on the heels of the Greeks in all matters of art, solidified the classic theater building, gaining a certain sense of intimacy, perhaps, but losing something of the open beauty and natural grace of the Greek structure; and they took the first step toward the indoor playhouse, when they built a roof over the stage.

As the darkness of the Middle Ages settled over Europe, dramatic art became merely the degraded plaything of traveling bands of actors; and perhaps because their vulgar and often obscene performances could not stand the clear light of day, the great open-air theaters lapsed into decay. More than fifteen centuries ago the classic type of playhouse fell into a disuse that lasted until the current quickening of interest in open-air production.

THE drama was reborn in the tenth and eleventh centuries within the church, but as soon as it became more than a mere incident of religious service it again sought the out-of-doors. At first the Mystery Plays were acted on the church steps, and then on platforms in the churchyard. Then the guilds developed the pageant-cars, on which they had been wont to present tableaux in the religious processions, to elaborate platform stages on which the more important Miracle Plays were acted, with realistic representations of Hell, Paradise, and other biblical localities. Finally the platform in an inn courtyard and the popular "bear-ring" established the type of playhouse for the early Elizabethan period; and when the genius of Marlowe and Shakespeare blossomed, the theater stage and pit still were open to the sky, although the galleries were roofed. In the later Elizabethan decadence the house was completely covered over, and the drama entered upon that period in which it became most polished but most artificial and farthest removed from the people.

For nearly three centuries following there was only one notable revival of the open-air playhouse. On the estates of the Italian nobles of the later part of the Renaissance period, there came into being the garden theaters, exquisite little bits of formal design, in perfect accord with the noble villa gardens, and forming ideal settings for the lovely pastoral drama of that time; and from these certain copies were made in the gardens of France and Holland and Germany.

But interesting as the Italian *teatro di verdura* may be, it was far less significant than is the present world-wide revival of the drama of the open. For the men and women who today are taking the drama out-of-doors are inspired with something of the fervent spirit that brought forth the classic open-air theater and the pre-Elizabethan religious theater; and the present age must inevitably take its place as

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one of the world's three great periods of outdoor dramatic production.

The current revival is a spontaneous growth, arising on the one hand from a rediscovery of the value of the out-of-doors as a corrective to an over-citified and artificial life, and on the other, from a new spirit of dramatic experiment, and protest against the over-sophisticated indoor stage. This new movement has brought into being countless dramatic festivals and pageants, and a remarkable increase in the number of al fresco theaters of every type. So today one finds the old Roman theater at Orange, France, cleared of ruins, that a famous Parisian company may annually revive the classic plays there; and in faraway California new and beautiful Greek theaters have been built, not as archaeological curiosities, but to satisfy a very pressing need for such open-air structures. In that same California, unique forest theaters have developed new drama forms, while on the other side of the continent the Peterborough Pageant Theater and the Meriden Pageant Stage hold equally vital promise. In Europe, too, unique phases of dramatic art are being created at the "nature theaters" at Thale, at Hertenstein, and in the Klampenborg Woods near Copenhagen. And in many parts of the world the garden theater is again bringing poetic drama to its proper setting of green trees and open sky. It is a poor month now that does not bring to the devotee of the drama of the open news of another theater either planned or built, or word of the establishment of another annual outdoor play-festival.

THE significance and value of all this activity can be found in two aspects. In the first place there are important dramatic or artistic developments. In general there is a distinct value in anything that acts as an antidote to the artificial narrowing and stereotyping of dramatic art as seen in the "regular" theaters. Because the open-air production is more often an experiment in new forms, or a revival of a classic, than a play that conforms to the set indoor stage conventions, it has a broadening effect on both the actors and the audience. In the open-air theaters of America there have been presented dramas from the Sanskrit, from the French, German, Norwegian, and even from the Japanese; and there have been revivals of Mystery Plays and Miracle Plays, and of plays by every notable English dramatist from Shakespeare and Jonson to Bernard Shaw and Stephen Phillips. As an educative force, and as a corrective of the crystallizing influence of the commercial theater, these productions can hardly be overvalued.

But even more important artistically are the new forms of drama that are being developed by such theaters as those at Peterborough and Madison and in the Bohemian Grove. The MacDowell musical pageant-drama, the masques created and presented by the Wisconsin

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Players, the Grove Plays of the Bohemian Club artists, and certain of the dance-festivals at the coeducational and women's universities, seem to foreshadow the coming of a vital national form of spectacular drama. While one hesitates to say that this outdoor art will be the most important development of American drama during the coming decade or two, one cannot but see that it will be the most genuine and most spontaneous dramatic expression of the life of the people. In the matter of sheer visual beauty, and in communal expressiveness, the drama of the open will far surpass that of the indoor playhouse.

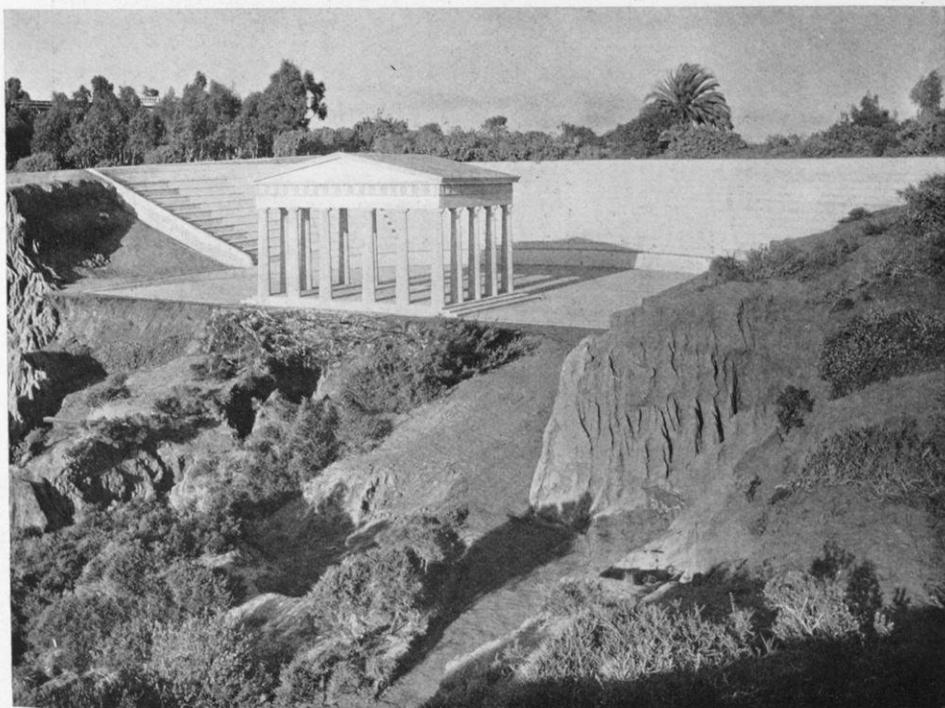
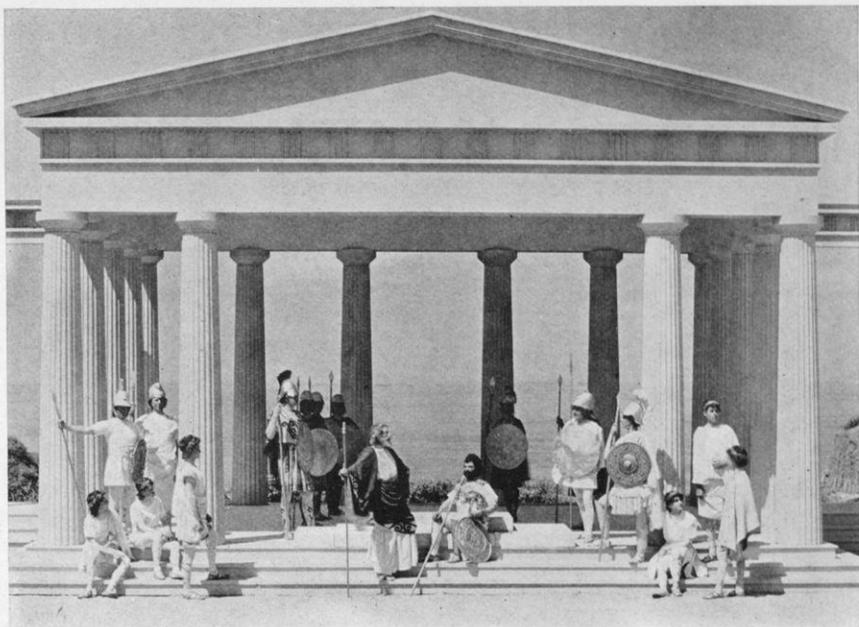
On the other hand, one must recognize that the most powerful emotional drama must develop in the more intimate atmosphere of the roofed-in theater; and if ever there comes that millennial achievement, "the great American drama," it will be an outgrowth of the indoor stage. In other words, the outdoor theater movement is one of the most wholesome phases of current dramatic development, and is building a new, clean and beautiful form of art expression more rapidly than any other. But it is not the only direction of promise. It cannot and should not displace the legitimate activities of the indoor theater. As a matter of fact it is, by force of example, and by training dramatic artists to the simplicity and directness of the open, helping indoor drama to rid itself of those deadening conventions and those artificial trappings that have so long shackled modern dramatic art.

Eleanora Duse has said: "To save the theater, the theater must be destroyed; the actors and actresses must all die of the plague. They poison the air, they make art impossible. We should return to the Greeks, play in the open air; the drama dies of stalls and boxes and evening dress, and people who come to digest their dinner." Madame Duse probably had no idea of permanently banishing all drama to the open. Perhaps she did see that a very vital and lovely sort of drama might be developed out-of-doors. But what she very certainly felt was this: no current form of dramatic activity can be vital until the playwrights, the actors, the stage artists and the audiences, leaving behind all the trickeries and artificialities of the modern stage, go out into the open and learn the simplicity, the directness and the joyousness of dramatic production under the sun and stars.

The growth of the open-air theater movement is quite as remarkable in its social as in its dramatic aspects. In the first place there are what may be called the hygienic and economic effects of any great movement to the out-of-doors. Nature is the great revivifier, and the mere calling of masses of people away from the roofed-in places has its salutary effect. Men always have taken their sports into the open; and the outdoor dramatic production, like a game, sends men and women back to their cities refreshed in mind and body.

**STAGE OF
THE GREEK
THEATER,**
Point Loma, with
the rich blue sky
and sea of Cali-
fornia serving as
a "back drop;"

Beautiful white
columns against
the blue waters
make a most im-
pressive back-
ground for the
classic old Greek
plays and dances
given there by
the students.



**T H E
G R E E K
T H E A -
T E R** at
P o i n t
L o m a , C a l i -
f o r n i a , b u i l t
i n a n a t u r a l
h o l l o w o f a
c a n y o n b y
t h e s e a :

The audi-
ences look
out across
the stage to
the ocean
beyond, for
in this
chaste, tem-
ple - like
structure
the high
stage wall,
such as was
used in the
old Greek
theater, has
been omit-
ted.

Copyright by Katherine Tingley.

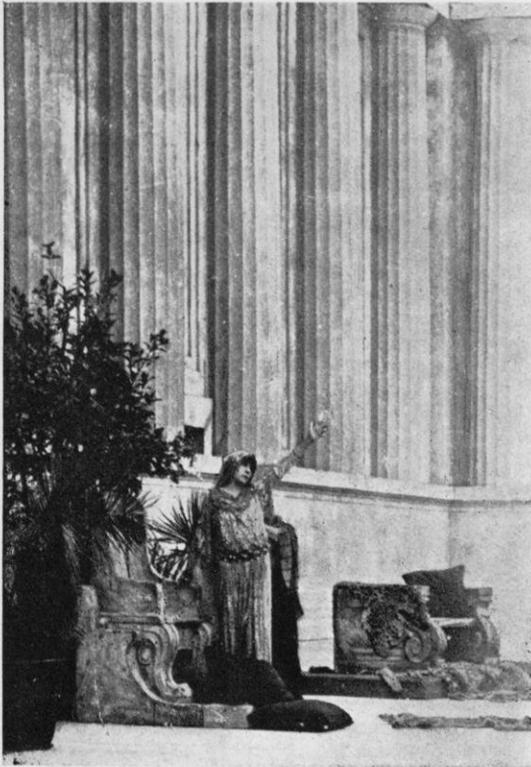


Photograph by Gabriel Moulin.

NATURAL STAGE AMONG THE REDWOODS, California,
with its series of platforms one above another where the Bohemian
Club perform plays written and staged by their own members.



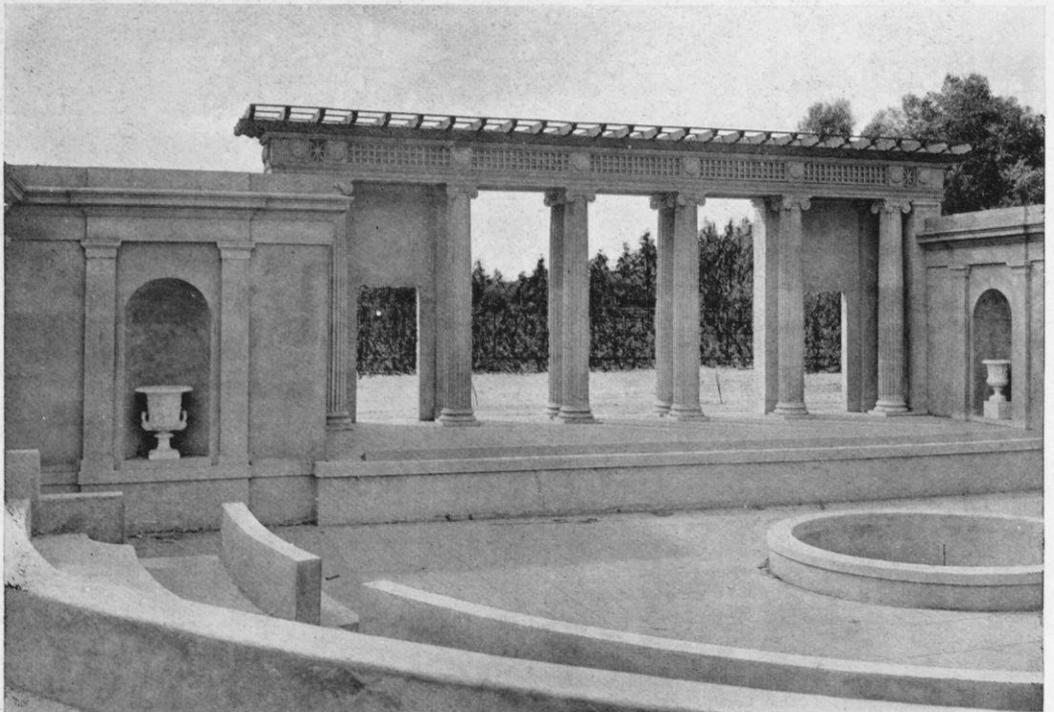
DANCE OF THE YOUTHS, Maidens and Hours in the masque of Life and Happiness given on the campus stage at Sweet Brier College, Virginia.



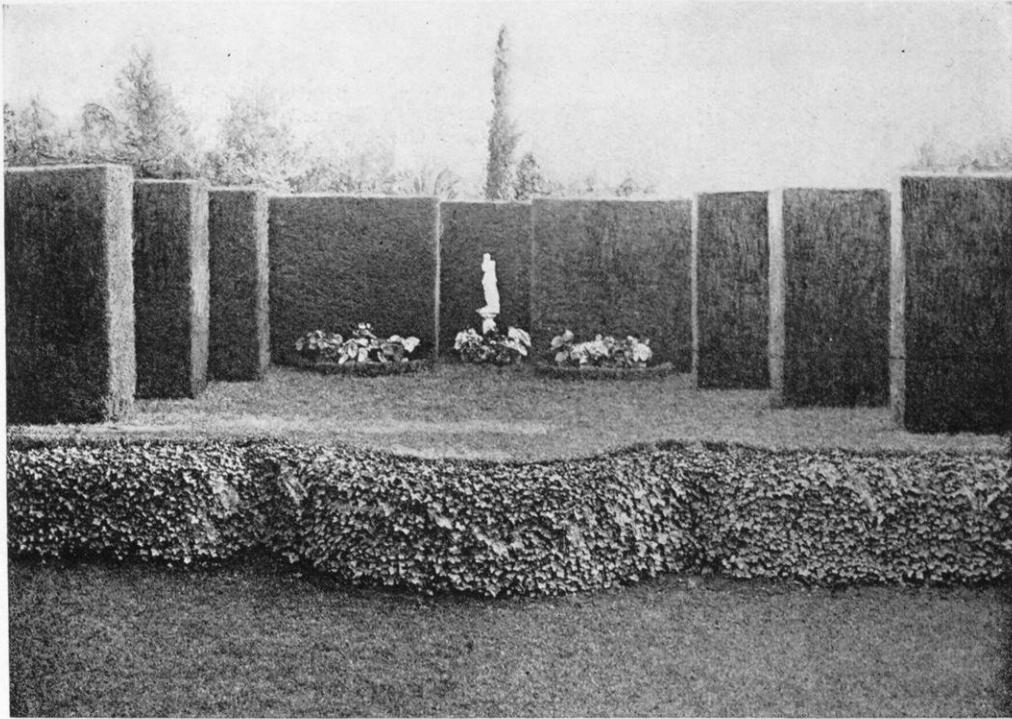
SARAH BERNHARDT as Phèdre in Racine's play given in the Greek Theater on the ground of the Berkeley University, California, one of the first of the American outdoor theaters.

OPEN - AIR THEATER, Bakersfield, California, known as the Truxtun Beale Theater, that is practically a miniature reproduction of an ancient Roman theater:

This chaste structure, shown below, makes a perfect background for the production of the old plays as well as the modern masques, school and civic productions.



Lewis P. Hobart, Architect.



GREEK THEATER at Montecito, California, with conventional clipped hedge wings and drops modeled after the famous one at Villa Gori, Italy.



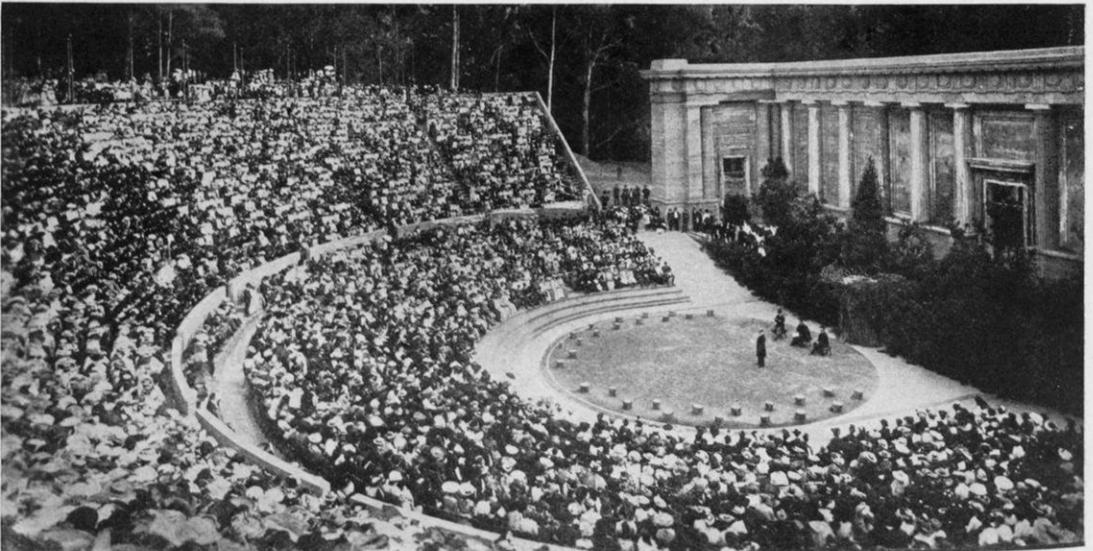
Photograph by McCullagh.

BERKELEY OAKS serving as a natural setting for a student production of Alfred Noyes' "Sherwood."



Photograph by English Photo Co.

THE ANCIENT GREEK THEATER AT EPIDAURUS: This playhouse, which serves as a model for the modern Greek theaters, seated more than seventeen thousand people: The great size is explained by the fact that a theater in a Greek city was municipally owned, and must seat the whole theatergoing public at each performance.



John Galen Howard, Architect.

THE GREEK THEATER AT BERKELEY: The auditorium seats six thousand people, and often as many as ten thousand have crowded into the structure: As a force for good in the community, not only in the artistic but in the social and civic aspects, the value of this theater is beyond calculation.

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THEN there is the social solidifying of the community; that comes, first from association in a common artistic purpose, and only slightly less so from the mere fact of recreation in crowds. The outdoor production often brings great numbers of people on the stage, and the constant association in rehearsal creates a very real bond of interest. Moreover there is no such gulf between players and audience as exists in the indoor theater. Indeed, the present outdoor production achieves something of that pervading communal spirit which existed in Greece when the actors were simply the leaders in the revels, speaking for their followers; and which existed again in the Middle Ages when the churchmen were the players and their audience the congregation, actor and spectator feeling in the production a common sense of worship and reverence. Looking back at the long series of pageants and masques produced by American communities in the last decade, sometimes in open-air theaters and sometimes in improvised woodland settings, one wonders if they have not done more to create a healthy civic sense than all the books ever written about the duties of the citizen.

Another social aspect of the open-air theater is to be found in the perfect equality of the seating arrangements. Here if anywhere is the purely democratic playhouse, for there are no boxes from which to exhibit jewels and costly gowns, and there is no division into orchestra, balcony and gallery.

And above all these there is the intangible spiritual aspect, a subtle, almost religious effect on each individual, which collectively must make for social betterment. For man is never so near God as when certain sorts of dramatic beauty are revealed to him under the open sky.

IT is not surprising that so many of the present-day open-air theaters are grouped in a single State. California's climate lends every encouragement to outdoor life. In most parts of the State there is a rainless season of at least four months, and four or five months more of each year are so generally fair that the outdoor dramatic producer is practically assured of perfect weather conditions. So a roofless playhouse is not considered merely a temporary or experimental matter, but rather a permanent and very practical bit of artistic equipment. In the East the drama of the open is in some sense still on trial; in the West it is an integral part of the art life of the people.

In California there are four "Greek" theaters—that is, open-air theaters of the purely architectural type. The nature theaters number at least a score, and their wide variety is indicated in the names: for instance, the Carmel Forest Theater, the Santa Cruz River Theater,

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the Bohemian Grove Theater, and the Tamalpais Mountain Theater. Of the garden theater there are three or four notable examples in the State.

The most famous of modern open-air playhouses doubtless is the Hearst Greek Theater at Berkeley, on the grounds of the University of California. In the eleven years of its existence this theater has been crowded to its full capacity again and again, when noted actors came from various parts of the world to present great plays. The auditorium seats no less than six thousand people. Architecturally the structure is very imposing, with a row of noble Doric columns decorating the stage wall.

The artistic value of such a theater lies chiefly in the breadth of its activities. The Berkeley community can see in the Hearst Greek Theater many productions which are denied to the rest of the country through the speculative limitations long ago placed on the indoor playhouse. Instead of the stream of farces, problem plays, melodramas and "girl shows" which the Broadway magnates have sent to the commercial theaters of the West, this community has witnessed such widely varied productions as Stephen Phillips' "Nero," the Sanskrit play "The Little Clay Cart," Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday," Aristophanes' "The Birds," Schiller's "Maria Stuart," Sophocles' "Ajax," half a dozen of the Shakespearian dramas, and scattered productions of Ibsen, Shaw, Rostand, Kalidasa, Æschylus and Euripides. On the Berkeley stage Sarah Bernhardt has acted in Racine's "Phedre," Maude Adams has appeared in sumptuous productions of "L'Aiglon" and "As You Like It," and Margaret Anglin has presented five Greek dramas, in productions which for sheer dramatic beauty probably have never been surpassed.

When one adds to the educational value and the æsthetic enjoyment derived from these professional productions, the civic good accomplished through productions by local amateur groups, one can attempt an estimate of the vastly important return from this one outdoor theater to its community. From the art standpoint, the social standpoint and the civic standpoint alike the playhouse is worth while beyond any man's doubt.

Perhaps the most beautiful of modern Greek theaters is on the grounds of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California. This is even older than the Greek Theater at Berkeley, and is markedly different structurally. The auditorium is in the hollow of a canyon on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and the spectators look out across the stage to a wide expanse of sea and sky. In order to take full advantage of this imposing outlook as a background for dramatic performances, the high stage wall of the usual

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Greek theater has been omitted. The only stage building is a chaste little temple-like structure, designed in the purest Greek style. Some of the old Greek masterpieces have been revived here.

The other Greek theaters in California, while distinctly important to their respective communities, pale in interest when placed beside the Berkeley and Point Loma playhouses. Architecturally the Truxton Beale Theater at Bakersfield is charming. Although called a "Greek" theater, it is practically a miniature reproduction of the more compact ancient Roman theater. The Greek Theater at Pomona College is interesting chiefly on account of its combination of types. The auditorium is modeled after that at Berkeley, but the rear stage wall is missing, leaving the stage background a natural landscape, like that of the usual nature theater. A few pageants and plays have been produced here, but the theater is of too recent date to have an important history dramatically.

Of the nature theaters in California the most remarkable, and the oldest, is the Bohemian Grove Theater, in the woods near Monte Rio. In the natural beauty of its stage background it is unequaled among the forest theaters of the world. The almost vertical stage, with its series of platforms one above another, and with its frame of immense redwood trees, is unique in form also. In this theater the Bohemian Club of San Francisco presents its annual "Grove Play," and in thirteen years the club's artists have evolved a new type of decorative masque, which is one of the most notable American contributions to dramatic art. Men like George Sterling and Will Irwin have given generously of their time and ability to make the plays successful.

The Forest Theater at Carmel-by-the-Sea, built by a group of enthusiasts at one of the chief centers of the artistic and literary life of California, has served as an experimental playhouse for a number of American dramatists. Although structurally it is no more important than a dozen other nature theaters in America, it stands among the three or four most important in activities. Its annual pageant, dealing with California history, draws many people of the community into a single artistic purpose, and calls audiences from all parts of the State. The plays produced have ranged from the work of local playwrights—the most notable was Mary Austin's "The Arrow Maker"—to the finest of contemporary European drama. Among recent productions were some of the seldom-acted poetic plays of William Butler Yeats. Like the Hearst Greek Theater, the Carmel Forest Theater has made an important place for itself not only in the life of its community, but in the larger art-life of the State—and, one may add in truth, of the nation.

(Continued on page 519)

MY GARDEN IN NOVA SCOTIA: BY CAROLINE G. McCURDY



Y little house, when I first saw it a good many years ago now, stood in a clearing upon rising ground near Baddeck, Nova Scotia. Spruce trees and alder bushes partly circled this clearing on one side and some uncleared swampy land in which dead and blackened stumps stood, touched it on another. A road three hundred feet in length led in an uncompromising straight line from the front door to the main road that followed the shore of a lake. On one side of this road were woods and on the other a clear plot of grass with a very few trees backed by unreclaimed meadows. The house was part of a large estate and the sheep and goats belonging to the owner ranged about at will, so I was permitted to fence in a place at the back for a vegetable garden and to enclose small patches in front of the house and on the sides to hold my flowers, for flowers I was determined to have. These strange little fenced-in gardens looked quite like the private cemeteries of the country, those lonely little spots of ground around which the plows of the farmers reverently turn. Those neglected islands surrounded by a sea of cultivation are sanctuaries for the wild flowers and nesting sites for birds.

One of the men in the neighborhood reluctantly and after much persuasion helped me prepare the ground for the vegetables and also grudgingly gave me one or two days a week all summer to help with the weeding. He offered endless advice upon the difficult problems of what to do next and how to do it; but it was a case of the blind man leading the blind, however, and into many a ditch of garden difficulties did we flounder in our combined ignorance. Tomatoes which we carefully pinched back according to directions in the books, blossomed out into African marigolds! Oriental poppies that I had sown with such hope he took for the familiar wild carrot of the country and industriously weeded them into a despised place upon the rubbish heap. Since neither of us knew a flower seedling from a weed, I hit upon a plan of planting the seeds along lines of strings, leaving the strings as a guide and cultivating between the safety lines.

One of my ambitions was to have a little pond. Duncan was doubtful, offering objections with the positiveness of inexperience. The ground was so swampy, I felt sure the clay from the bottom would do to plaster the sides, so I donned rubber boots and led the complaining, expostulating Duncan into the mire. Together we dug and formed the banks of a pool which has held for years, held in fact until undermined by the roots of plants I had transplanted along the border. The winter frosts perhaps helped the border plants somewhat in destroying the banks. Yet I had the satisfaction of seeing lovely pink and white



RUSTIC PERGOLA built by a garden loving woman in Nova Scotia, planted to quick-growing wild and annual vines while the climbing roses are getting started.



WILD GRASSES, WEEDS AND SELF-SOWN FLOWERS were left in their natural bank of great beauty in the center of the pergola until such time as the busy gardener could replace them with roses.



BLUE, WHITE AND LAVENDER
in this garden in the spring: Later come
poppies, iris, delphiniums and yellow lilies.



FLAMING BRIGHT ORIENTAL POPPIES
with their silver green leaves against the black
spruce columns of the pergola make rich color study.

MY GARDEN IN NOVA SCOTIA

lilies resting upon my pool, wild azaleas and blue flags on its banks and a willow tree that trailed its long green streamers in the water, adding grace and fresh color to my garden picture.

AFTER a time I obtained the little house and grounds for my own; also, catching the spirit of the neighborhood, some lambs and goats, so everything had to be fenced in securely. It was only when I had banished the goats in favor of flowers that I discovered a beautiful white lilac by the door, for the goats autumn after autumn had feasted on the buds and it had never come to blossom. I also have suspicions that a plant I bought for a fringe tree will eventually be a magnolia if it ever recovers from the unseasonable, persistent pruning of those destructive creatures.

After gaining a little confidence and a measure of wisdom won from many failures, I set about the making of a rose garden and pergola. A trail that had to be made down to the lake left an ugly scar across my garden, yet it opened up a beautiful vista of the lake. This suggested a place for the pergola. Black spruce from the woods made poles both beautiful and lasting. These were placed nine feet apart, braced and later strengthened with wire or brass where the vines were heaviest. Thus was made a pergola three hundred feet long and eight feet wide, not paralleling the road at all, so that it made an acceptable line of variation in the garden design, especially since there was one short turn near the house. On one side trees formed a wind break for the tall plants like delphiniums, lilies, asters and hollyhocks. The flowers bordering the three-foot path that runs through the center of the pergola so encroach upon it by the exuberance of their growth that they must be constantly pinched back to allow room for passing. On the side toward the field is a wide border partly beneath the pergola and partly extending into the field, for it is as wide as I could well make it. Here are the roses and some of my low growing plants.

The first year, climbing annuals like wild cucumber and red beans were planted so that the long row of bare poles could quickly be clothed. Hops, wild clematis, Virginia creeper and all the climbing roses I had were also transplanted to effective positions along its length to give quick cover. Delphiniums, perennial asters and phlox were set in the wide border at their feet. I begged and exchanged all the plants I could from all the neighbors and friends and divided all my own roots, so all down the line flowers of every height quickly obeyed my command to multiply and make beautiful my portion of the earth. Some of the trees were trimmed a bit and encouraged to branch out over the poles. Sand was brought from the shore of the lake and spread upon the path to keep it dry.

MY GARDEN IN NOVA SCOTIA

The soil in this part of the world is a stiff clay that bakes very hard in the sun, so it all had to be lightened with coal ashes, sand and manure. This could not be done all at once, so each plant was put in pockets of good earth. Thus in time a good rich and acceptable soil was created and at no great labor.

SOME roses which I had obtained from Ireland the year before lived for about two summers and then, either through the severity of the winters or because they were on brier stock, died. Some of the brier stock left, blossomed out the third or fourth summer with bright pink and white single roses. I have cut it back and tied it to wire between some of the poles, where it makes a beautiful shelter. I started a good many roses in the vegetable garden and waited until they had made a fair start before transplanting them into my pergola border.

As I wanted the pergola to look bright and beautiful from the main road as quickly as possible, I started at the ends and worked my plants toward the center, leaving weeds and natural growth in the center till I could replace it. I have some lovely, climbing pink roses, "thousand beauties," or a variety much like it, on each side of the gate and on some of the poles nearby, also some Sweet William, phlox, iris, poppies and yellow pyrethrums. I put the plants with the color I liked best near the house. In the spring there is a beautiful carpet of forget-me-nots, which is gradually sowing itself further and further down the path at the foot of the roses. I also transplant big clumps of it every year. The winters are long and the spring and summer cool, but the falls are mild, so by a little protection I have flowers clear into November.

In the spring my garden is blue and white and lavender. Low border plants, shrubs and trees blow clouds of these sweet, fresh spring colors. Lilacs, lupines, narcissus, forget-me-nots, blue flags, iris, pansies, tulips, daffodils, peonies greet the soft spring winds with profusion of perfect blossoms. Wisteria I tried, but failed to raise in this north country. Oriental poppies come a little later and in mid-summer are the rich delphiniums, early and late yellow lilies, yellow pyrethrums, yellow iris and then in the late fall phlox, asters, blue fall crocus. Truly a procession to stir a gardener's heart with pride and loving affection.

In this reclaimed bit of land are spruce, maple, wild cherry and ash trees. The shad-bush foretells the coming of spring and the elder brings me sweet wine. Meadow rue, purple orchids, roses and wonderful flowering grasses have come of themselves to live in my garden. Rockets have self-sown themselves as they saw fit and I leave them

CONTRAST

standing. Old maid is there also; poppies sown expressly for that purpose cover the manure heap with color. Perennial peas, vetch, clematis *Jackmanii* and such lovely climbing roses as *Dorothy Perkins*, crimson rambler, *Conrad F. Meyer*, *Penzance* are now well established and seem to take well to this cold north country; so also are such other delightful roses as the *Damask*, *Austrian brier* and moss.

Beside the clouds of delphinium and forget-me-nots of which I have spoken, I have tall and willowy foxgloves, old-fashioned pinks, lupines, bachelor buttons, Japanese anemones, *Shasta daisies*, golden-rod and *Canterbury bells*. All these flowers have grown in spite of the bleak, dreary coldness of this north country. Many other things I have tried, such as honeysuckles, trumpet creeper, roses on budded stock, hibiscus, *forsythia*, *Montbretias*, but have failed. My garden is like a cloud of color in this cold land. It has been a solace, a great and ever-increasing pleasure.

CONTRAST

AND so
Beginneth a day of glory.
A rising sun and new-born hopes
And a bird that sings in ecstasy.
Green leaves
Fresh from an early bath of dew
Sway like a Hindoo dancer.

And then
Eventide, and hopes unfilled.
With weary wings the singer drops,
And gone with the sun is the joy of life.
Black leaves
Shiver on boughs that the night wind stirs—
Shiver in fear of the night's approach.

MARJORIE MUIR.

THE WAY OF THE NORTHERN SEA-COAST FOLK



STANDING on a hilltop in Nova Scotia in September, you overlook the freshest country in the world. The waters of the great bay rush up to the coast land below, sparkling, clear, vibrant, blue; the sky is blue as only the north sea-coast sky can be, cold, defiant, imperious blue. The turf from hilltop to shore edge is green like emeralds, the color of the little coats the fairies wear in Rackham's pictures. There are deep green canoes riding the white-edged blue waves, and fishing smacks with red sails incline to the surface of the waves like great weary birds.

The fishermen along the shore, the children flying in the cool winds, women with white kerchiefs on their heads all seem to move with a fresh spirit as though the sky and the wind and the roaring waves had given them a part of their own vital life. Everywhere along this great coast stretching up to the end of the northeast one feels a great, fresh beauty. There seem to be no half-tones, no shadows. Even in the early morning when the crawling mists move over the shore and hill and the gray houses, there is not that gentle, mysterious beauty that one finds along the Breton shores or down at Gloucester or over the Dutch marshes. There seems everywhere a fiber in the people, in the work, in the landscape, that appertains to just this coast, to Newfoundland, to Prince Edward's Island, to Nova Scotia.

The people are simple and hardy, with definite outlines like the landscape. They are silent and reticent; they have not the subtlety of the people of Flanders or of the west coast of our own land. The land shows great beauty, great color, vast opportunity, enormous spaces for tragedy. We can imagine the people dying as simply as they live, suffering as surely as they are born. One pictures them, too, as people of truth, of frankness beyond the ordinary. The women have no time for the smaller coquetries and the men no chance for the meaner cruelties; the sex relations of men and women are along fundamental lines. There are great simple romances such as we associate with the early Greek people, great love and great suffering and great sacrifice. Children start life under the shadow of tragedy; women develop splendid strength of body and strength of purpose and often great hearts that rest under shadow from birth to death. It is hard to imagine trivial conditions along this great, booming, beautiful shore, it is hard to imagine mean spirits, gossip and petty tyranny in these silvery gray houses with their gorgeous flower gardens.

One of the most impressive things, particularly in Nova Scotia, is the beauty of the older simple architecture of the fishermen's cottages. They are as perfect in line and proportion as the greatest architect



A WOMAN IN A NORTH-COAST FISHING VIL-
LAGE carrying hay from the fields in a lovely home-made
bedspread: Only the simple people can be photographed
in their daily life and give beautiful pictures to the world.



THERE IS NO self-consciousness in these northern women as they spread the fish to dry, work in the fields or prepare the simple meals for their fisher-husbands and sons:

No look of anxiety or fretfulness mars the serene patience and courage of their faces:

There seems a fiber in the people, in their work and in the landscape that appertains to just this coast of Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island and Nova Scotia.



COTTAGE OF A NOVA SCOTIA FISHERMAN, unpainted, but weathered by winds and storms to colors that give it perfect relation to the boulders all about it.

WATER
carriers of
Newfound-
land bear-
ing water
for use in
house and
garden:
These
women
with white
kerchiefs on
their heads
move with
a fresh
spirit as
though the
sky, the
winds and
the roaring
waves had
given them
a part of
their own
vital life.



STRONG
and fine are
these women
of Cape
Breton, ca-
pable of
making
good to na-
ture with
honesty:
Here the
people are
simple and
hardy with
definite out-
lines like
the land-
scape: They
are silent
and reticent
and possess
little sub-
tlety.



THE WOMEN OF PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND, with white kerchiefs on their heads, move about their north-land homes with simple brave spirit, as though the sky and wind had given them a part of their peaceful vital life.

NORTHERN SEA-COAST FOLK

could design, they are usually left unpainted and weather a shining, silver tone, and then in the latter part of August and the first of September the midsummer flowers bloom in great tangled masses over the gray fences and close up about the silver walls, nearly always in yellows and deep orange. Occasionally a rare blue flower appears, adding a marvelous color note to the silver and yellow, and early in the season white and red makes a variety, offering a wonderfully vivid note to the blue sky and the foreground of the amethyst sea. But the contrasts one bears away from this northern shore are gray and yellow, always in connection with the human habitation and blue and green at the sea edge.

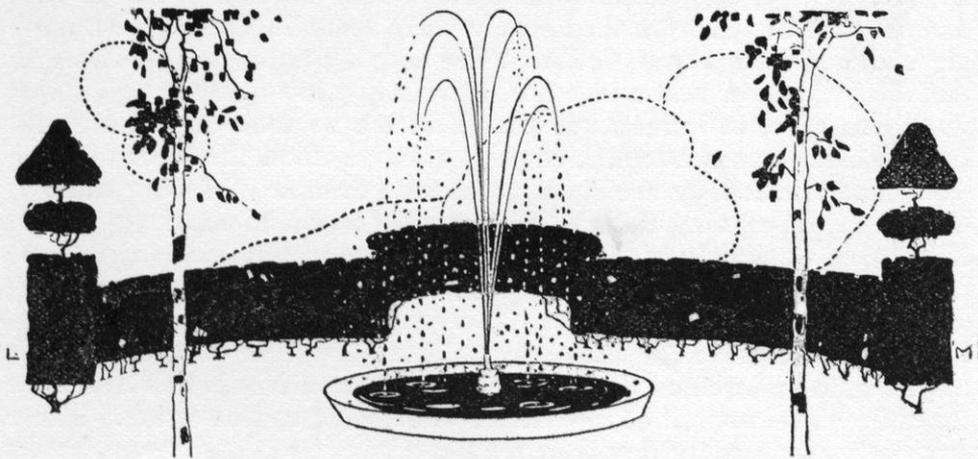
IN the photographs which Miss Watson has taken of these remote people, whom she has pictured with such loving interest, such technical excellence that a painter could not have brought us closer to the life of these simple folk, she makes us feel that extraordinary beauty of outline that is noticeable in the peasants of the Bavarian fields and of course in a greater degree among the working people of Japan, where every photograph of people in any kind of occupation resolves itself into a beautifully composed, interestingly formed picture. Only the simple people can be photographed in their occupations, in their daily life, and give beautiful pictures to the world. There is no self-consciousness in these women spreading fish to dry, carrying the hay in from the fields in their beautiful bedspreads, moving with water jugs from field to house with the poise and the strength and the good cheer that a love of life and a joy in work must give, and alone can give, to human beings. You see no look of anxiety and fretfulness, you see no mark of petty passion upon the faces of these women workers; they are strong and fine, capable of facing difficult conditions, of earning their living in hardy lands, of making good to Nature, of paying Life's toll with earnest honesty.

One does not underestimate the hardness of this life or overestimate its honesty and beauty. It is easy to understand the hardship that would lie there for the cosmopolitan bred man or woman; it is easy, too, to understand the greater chance the natives in this land have for a fine development of integrity and courage and devotion. These women know from the day their troth is pledged to their brown, hardy young lovers, that the first great storm that rolls in to the gray shore may bring word of the end of their hope of happiness. Every black cloud that creeps up from the horizon after their day of happiness may bring messages of death. This of itself must breed a strain of heroism in the women of this land that no theory of life or death, of courage or happiness, could ever produce. And every man who

NORTHERN SEA-COAST FOLK

says good-bye to the young woman he has chosen to live in his gray cottage, to rear his children, to plant the yellow flowers for his garden, knows that his life may be with her for a day quite as likely as for half a century. And the children from their early days must be trained to take their part in the work of these communities, to lift burdens for their young mothers, to face the thought of the terrible sea and through all the horrors of it to love it and to be willing to work with it for their living.

Wonderful stories are told of the terror of the sea, of these people's love for it, of their desire to live near it, of their lonesomeness and heart-break if they are taken from it. It is an extraordinary thing the power that Nature has over the people she breeds in her heart. The men of the mountains can only gather courage and strength from the hilltops, the men of the plains must be able to live where they can see for miles to the horizon, and the men of the sea cannot lift up their hearts for their daily task, cannot find joy, cannot face death bravely without the boom of the ocean in their ears, the salt spray in their faces, the motion of their little boats close to their bodies.





Front view of the Long Island home of Mr. H. H. Rogers.

COUNTRY HOUSES FOR LUXURIOUS AMERICANS: ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE PICTURES



DURING the Architectural League Exhibition this past season **THE CRAFTSMAN** secured a collection of pictures of modern domestic architecture in America which seemed to combine in a rare degree the needs of the modern home,—beauty, comfort and practicality. Fortunately we could get quite a variety in our selection, so that we can show the irregular structures suited to building on high hills, where the contour of the building must conform to the rugged foundation; low classic buildings of the best California type adapted to prairie landscape, where there is no height except rolling hills that do not demand a very strict surveillance of the architecture near them; a house of what might be called the “Long Island type,” semi-classic, luxurious, spacious, with a wealth of color and beautiful detail; a country house for semi-rural conditions and a city residence of rarely good construction in relation to city lots and streets.

The house of H. H. Rogers, which we are showing on our first page of illustrations, is essentially the rich, convenient, costly, but not over-elaborate Long Island country residence. This house has been pictured so widely, both inside and out, that we have limited our presentation of it to its two entrances, the one through the beautiful gateway and the other into the house. One feels from the first glimpse of the iron-studded and iron-set gateway to the beautiful brick stairway through the entrance hall that not only is architectural excellence presented to the fullest degree with the utmost care for the right of cement,

COUNTRY HOUSES FOR LUXURIOUS AMERICANS

but that a beautiful kind of comfort has been the object of creating and decorating the entire establishment. Anything more architecturally graceful and humanly hospitable than the entrance picture at the upper part of the page one could not imagine. More and more in this country we are beginning to see the decorative value of plants and flowers. The Japanese have long understood this, as they have most of Nature's subtleties. But the use of flowers indoors or on stairways and windows has in America until recently been confined to public buildings, hotels, clubs, shops, etc. Now we are not only learning to use our trees and vines to form beautiful patterns on our concrete houses, but we are using potted plants, boxes of flowers and vines at every angle of the house, inside and out, where grace and color are required.

A rarely beautiful example of the purely Western type of architecture, suited to all American lowlands and especially to those stretches of country where there is much color in sky and landscape, is shown on our second page of illustrations in the house of Herbert Coppel, Esq., built in Pasadena by Bertram Goodhue. In no work of Mr. Goodhue's which *THE CRAFTSMAN* has ever shown do we more completely realize his artistic sensitiveness to the environment of architecture than in the two studies of the Coppel residence. We see how essentially this house has been designed and constructed with relation to the California landscape; the very planning of the formal garden close to the house is the formality of California rather than Italy, or Greece or France. Mr. Goodhue has presented the bare spaces of concrete in his side walls, which afford such wonderful opportunities for the play of light and shadow, for the background of brilliant flowers, as an essential to richly decorative porticoes, entrance and window arrangement. He has been very skilful, too, in his combination of arched and square windows and in the sense of height in the comparatively low roof, and in the beautiful structure of the entrances which, while being wholly palatial, seem admirably suited to the simple wall surfaces.

GREATER contrast in the work of one man can scarcely be imagined than between Mr. Goodhue's house for Mr. Coppel and the somewhat Mediæval structure designed for Dr. Frederick Peterson and built on a rugged hillside near Brewster, New York. In this latter building Mr. Goodhue has contrived to give one the sense of a stronghold, a building suited to the cliff upon which it rests, with well built walls and towers and picturesque windows and yet never for a moment does he seem to imitate the Mediæval buildings of continental Europe, which were really built for defense, in which little

STAIRWAY IN THE HOUSE OF H. H. ROGERS, ESQ., Southampton, L. I., Walker and Gillette, architects, showing the inspired way of leading the garden beauty and fragrance into the house by means of potted plants upon each step and fastened upon the railings; sunlight pouring in through the large leaded windows increases the effect of bright open-air spaciousness:

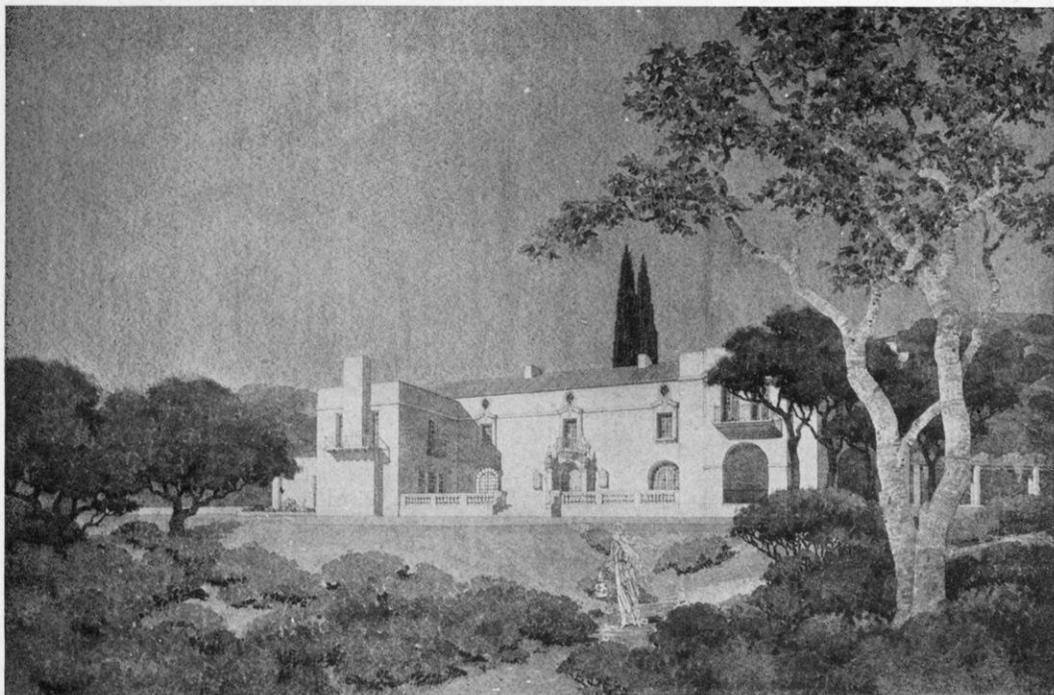
Tapestry at the head of one landing also contributes to the airy atmosphere, for it shows cool green trees and a quiet lake:

The brick stairway leads up from a tile floor, the walls are somewhat the color of sandstone.

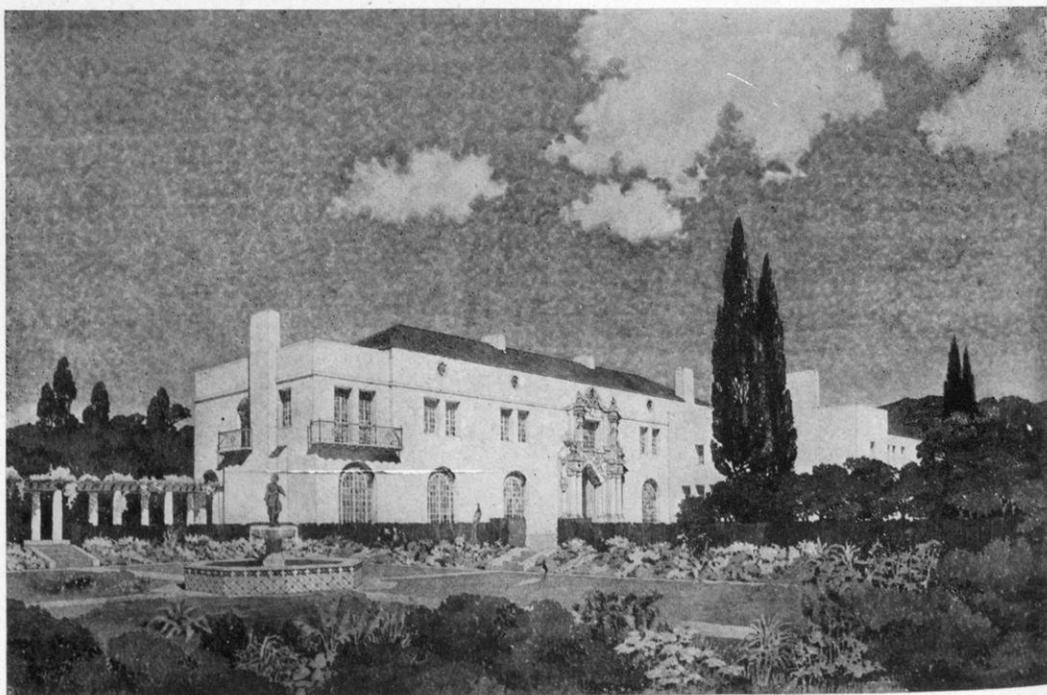


IRON-STUDED GATEWAY of the H. H. Rogers home that is such a fine type of modern luxurious country house:

Its walls of rich ochre gray, roof of soft red tile make fine color with the salt-grass covered dunes: The high stucco walls surrounding both house and garden add materially to its substantial beauty.

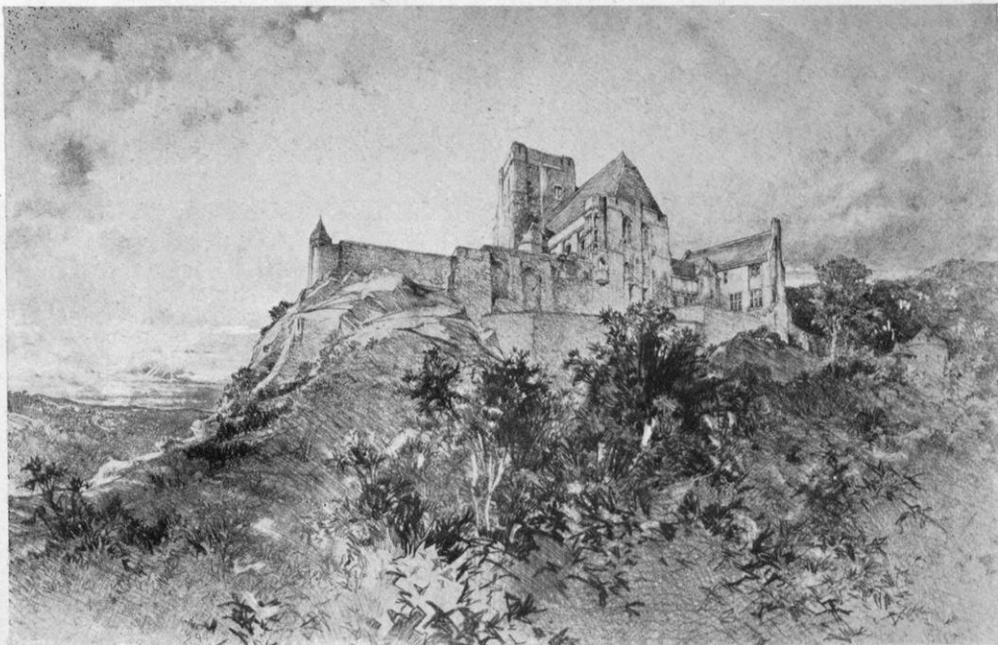
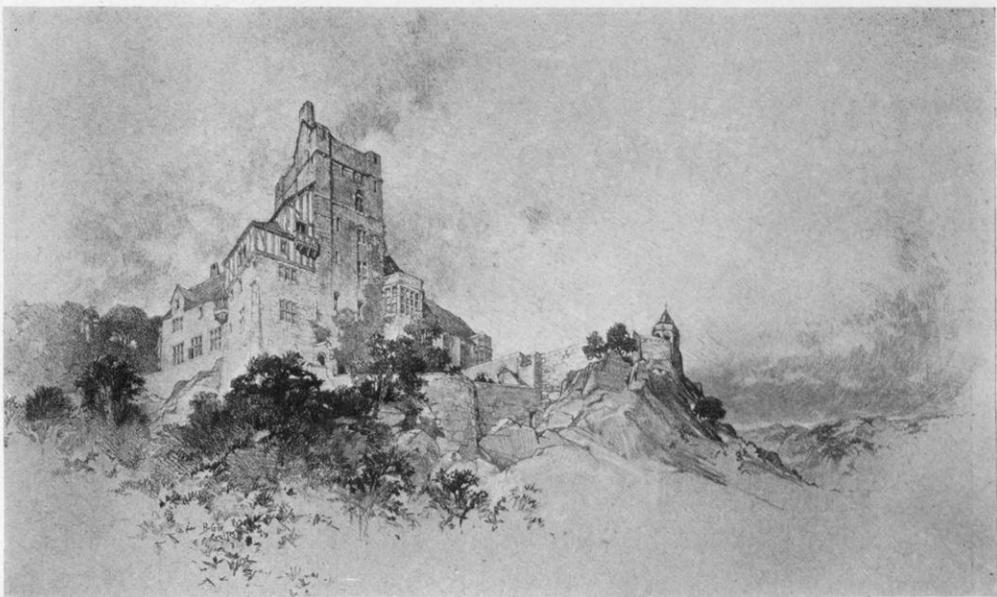


RESI-
DENCE
of Herbert
Coppell,
Esq., Pasa-
dena, Cali-
fornia: Ber-
tram G.
Goodhue,
architect.



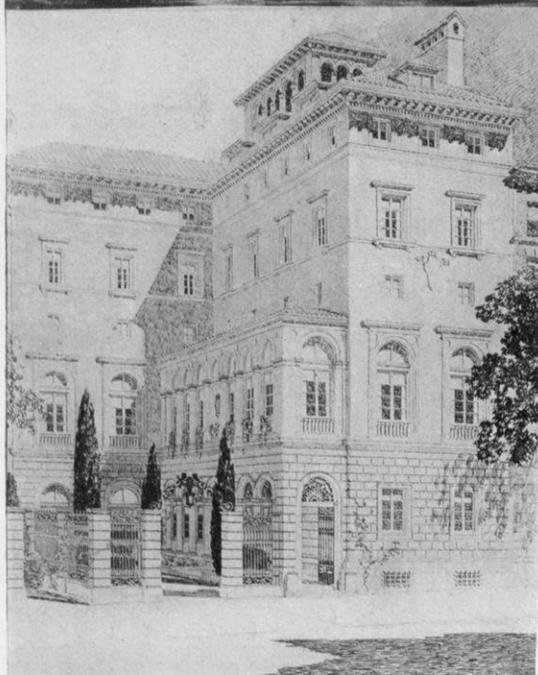
GARDEN
entrance of
the Herbert
Coppell
house
shown
above.

*Photographs
in this
Article by
Courtesy of
the Archi-
tectural
League.*



HOUSE for Dr. Frederick Peterson, near Brewster, N. Y.: Designed by Bertram G. Goodhue.

The massing of this building upon the rocks is characteristic of the genius of this architect.



STONE HOUSE designed by F. Burrall Hoffman, Jr., for Jonathan Godfrey, Fairfield, Connecticut: It is Dutch Colonial in strength and structure with fine covered Colonial porch at each end.

CITY HOUSE designed by Grosvenor Atterbury, simple, strong and straightforward, carrying the impression of sumptuousness and permanence rarely seen in American cities.

COUNTRY HOUSES FOR LUXURIOUS AMERICANS

groups of people managed to stave off enemies and stand siege for many months at a time. To literally copy such buildings in America is little short of ridiculous. It is impossible to take a building designed for one purpose and use it for something diametrically opposite without offending the artistic perception of thinking people, and so, while Mr. Bertram Goodhue has made this house appropriate to its environment, has made it to withstand winds and storms and to have the appearance of having rested for generations on this hillside, he never for a moment commits the solecism of asking his clients to live in fortresses in a peaceful New York countryside.

It is interesting to study the way in which Mr. Goodhue has managed the different phases of the house. Where the mountainside is broken and rugged the structure absolutely conforms to Nature's outline, where a more gentle slope is suggested the architecture at once becomes simpler and completely in harmony. Mr. Goodhue has also secured in this building what Mr. Lindeberg so wisely calls a beautiful silhouette for the top of his house, an outline against the sky of well conceived and well executed beauty.

Our last page of illustrations presents two houses quite far removed from the architectural styles of Long Island, California or New York. One is a comfortable, simply and expansively designed country home, built of stone by Mr. F. Burrall Hoffman, Jr., for Jonathan Godfrey, Fairfield, Connecticut. It is Dutch Colonial in strength and structure, with a beautiful simple Colonial entrance and the fine Colonial covered porches at each end. The landscape gardening has been charmingly done with shrubs close to the stone structure and a beautiful space of turf at one side.

THE CRAFTSMAN has always been interested in everything Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury has done, and we think it extremely important that he should for the moment turn his attention to city architecture; for whereas beautiful homes suited to country landscapes of every variety are becoming almost a commonplace East and West in America, it is still the exception to see a well devised city residence. It is an extremely difficult thing to do, and for that reason all the more interesting when so well done as this New York residence that we are showing of Mr. Atterbury's. It is definitely cosmopolitan architecture, simple and strong and straightforward, yet Mr. Atterbury has contrived to so arrange the windows, the entrance, the lighting and even the planting that we have not only an impression of sumptuousness, but of artistic excellence. The structure as a whole gives one the impression of permanence rarely seen in the streets of American cities.

THE ROOSHIAN: THE STORY OF A NEW CITIZEN: BY MARGARET ASHMUN



STROVSKY was twenty-six years old, freshfaced, simple, bewildered. He very literally did not know where he was at. His arrival at the farm had been unpremeditated, and his sojourn was unenlightening. It all came about because there was a change of conductors at Oshkosh. If the other conductor had stayed on, things might have been different. Ostrovsky had bought his ticket at Chicago—or rather Dmitri Panoff had bought it for him—and had boarded the delightful American train that was to take him to an unpronounceable place where, with a group of other Russians, he was to do something that would make him rich forever; he did not exactly understand what, but Dmitri Panoff had assured him that the opportunity was glorious. It was late at night, the air in the train was heavy, and Ostrovsky had had a drink or two of American vodka; as a matter of course he had gone to sleep, with his head pillowed on red plush.

When he awoke it was daylight, and someone was shaking him and shouting unintelligible words. He stared up into a red face with an official-looking cap above it. He gazed about. Dmitri Panoff was nowhere to be seen. At last he comprehended that the red-faced man—now purple-faced—wanted a ticket; there had been much talk of tickets in the three weeks' journey from Russia. But Dmitri Panoff had kept both tickets. This Ostrovsky explained in his own tongue, since he was master of no other. The conductor only shouted the louder. Ostrovsky, struck with a sudden terrible thought, reached into his pocket for his money. It, too, was gone.

Ostrovsky, in his grief and fury, conceived that the conductor and the grinning brakeman had somehow been in league with the perfidious Panoff. Standing up and shouting, he cursed them with a splutter of Slavonic imprecations, and challenged them with his fists. Then, before he knew what was happening, the train had stopped, and he was being hustled off by two or three blue-capped officials and a very elegant black man in white duck and a red necktie. Ostrovsky found himself upon a wooden platform, and the train was gliding nonchalantly away.

Thus it was that, late in the afternoon, dusty, ravenous, despairing, he had appeared at the back door of Isaac Disbrow's farmhouse. He had made signs of chopping, digging, milking. The farmer, a spare, unshaven man in blue overalls, listened, nodded, and—having stayed his hunger—set him at once at the task of pitching the late crop of clover hay.

For the first few days, in spite of his wrath and bewilderment,

THE STORY OF A NEW CITIZEN

Ostrovsky could think of little except the marvelous food that was set before him. There were eggs and hot cakes for breakfast, and almost always meat for dinner, and fried things and pastries and preserves for supper. It was unbelievable that mere laborers should fare so sumptuously. For some time Ostrovsky continued to expect black bread and onions for his portion; but at last he perceived that one need be surprised at no delicacy that appeared upon his plate. What, he asked himself, could Panoff have secured him that would have equaled this?

And then, after a week, it dawned upon his slow mind that he was alone. In the morning he rose before it was more than light, and had his wonderful breakfast. No one spoke to him. The hired girl was a Dane, with a flat face and stringy light hair, and a dirty brown gingham apron. She could speak broken English, and gossiped with her mistress during the meals, and over the dishwashing and bread-making. At the table the farmer and the other hired man ate silently, propelling the food swiftly and mechanically into their mouths with knife or fork or fingers. Occasionally they burst out with a remark that set them off into roars or chuckles of laughter. Then everybody ate harder than before. Ostrovsky listened wistfully to the strange syllables; he would have liked to laugh, too, but he could seldom catch an inkling of what was said. He was not quick of either mind or hearing, and the English language was to him a frightful mystery. He knew only one or two words: *hay*, *hurry*, and *God-damn*. These occurred frequently, to be sure, but they did not throw much light on general conversation.

ALL day Ostrovsky worked at his tasks, his ears assailed by the spasmodic remarks of the others, when they happened to be near him—or by the silence of the fields. At dinner the swift stowing away of food went on as at breakfast. At supper, or after, when the farm people sat out on the steps or around the kitchen fire, there was plenty of talk. Sometimes they looked at him and said things about him, and then laughed. He would clench his hands, and tears would come into his eyes, whereat they laughed uproariously, emitting uncouth words and slapping him on the shoulder. When they spoke about him they called him *The Rooshian*; when they addressed him, they called him *Rooshy*: he could make out that much. He did not know whether they really intended to insult him or not; but every jibe left a small hot needle in his heart.

Day after day his isolation became more actual and more dreadful. He went about with his eyes down, his shoulders hunched. He grew fierce and formidable of aspect. When he heard the familiar "Rooshy"

THE STORY OF A NEW CITIZEN

or "Run-around-the-stumpsy" called after him, he scowled and bit his lips. Sometimes, unable to restrain himself, he would give vent to a stream of Russian vocables. It was met by a coarse laugh or contemptuous shrug. He stammered, groaned, and kept still.

In the fall evenings, when the others were talking, he sat behind the stove, his arms on his knees, thinking dully about Dmitri Panoff and how the lying tongue ought to be choked out of his mouth for him. He thought sometimes of going to find Panoff in the city where they were all to have grown rich; but he did not know how to pronounce the name, and he shuddered to consider the guffaws that would reward him if he should attempt to make inquiries. He was paralyzed by the baffling world about him.

Twice a month the farmer paid him his wages. As a matter of fact, it was a smaller sum than the other hired man, Will Barnhart, received; but the strange American currency was so puzzling that Ostrovsky did not know whether his earnings were much or little. He had no way of finding out. He tied up the money in a bit of rag, and fastened it around his body. Nobody should snatch his substance from him again. By signs he commissioned Barnhart to buy him overalls and mittens and a sheeplined jacket in town. He never went anywhere. He shrank from meeting anyone and from trying to make his wants known.

Little by little, he began to hate these people who had taken him in. To his narrow mind they represented all that shackled and overwhelmed him. He hated the Danish girl with her flat face and fixed smile. She had taken a dislike to him, and pushed him out of her way with a sharp elbow, or threw dirty water on him, pretending not to see. He hated the farmer, who harried him about, railed at him when he did not understand what was wanted, and called him "Run-around-the-stumpsy." He hated Will Barnhart because he could drive to town and buy the groceries, and could read a newspaper at night at the kitchen table, by the light of the kerosene lamp. He hated the farmer's wife, who talked all day in a shrill chatter, and shrieked at him when his boots left muddy spots on the floor. He hated the two small Disbrows, because they pointed their fingers at him and jibbered he knew not what, and threw chips and pebbles at him in the yard. Drop by drop, there accumulated in his soul a simmering brew of hate.

The fall was verging into winter when he had an idea. This idea was a lusty one at its birth, and it grew and grew in his morbid mind until it crowded out everything but itself. Very craftily he prepared to put it into execution. In a nook under the corncrib, where some overhanging currant-bushes made a shelter, he stored the materials he needed: shavings, bits of pine kindling, matches, a bottle of kero-

THE STORY OF A NEW CITIZEN

sene. Several times he tried to get the oil from the tank in the toolshed, but always he had been prevented by the flat-faced Danish girl, who seemed to take a malicious pleasure in watching everything that he did. But he had persevered, because he wanted the kerosene: it made such a quick and scorching flame.

At last everything was ready. Some night, when he felt in the mood, he would steal out, after the others were asleep, place his tinder under the side porch, pour on the kerosene, and touch a match to the pile. Then he would run—he did not know where, but very far. It did not matter, as long as the fire was hot and greedy. And so he bided his time.

ONE day in November, an unusual thing occurred. Will Barnhart, setting out for town in the middle of the afternoon to bring a load of winter groceries and cattle-salt, said with a motion of his whip-handle, "Jump in, Rooshy"; and Disbrow, moved by a generous impulse, waved assent. Ostrovsky, in dazed surprise, stared and hesitated, but the combined gesticulations of arms and the whip-handle persuaded him that he was not being tricked. He jumped in and climbed to the high seat beside Barnhart. They rattled over the hard road without speaking. Ostrovsky wondered whether, after all, the other man meant to do him some injury, in the cowardly way of Dmitri Panoff. He felt for the money around his waist and watched his companion furtively. But nothing happened. They went on through the bare fields, and presently arrived at the unlovely little town with its bare box-like red brick stores and its dull-colored wooden houses.

Ostrovsky held the horses while Barnhart went into a store to order his goods. Sitting there on the high seat, overlooking the slender traffic and the self-important procession of foot-passengers, the lonely Slav felt less keenly the harassing misery in his breast.

All at once his heart bounded and then seemed to stop. A hot shiver as of fire ran through him. For a moment he scarcely knew what had given him the shock, and then he was conscious of sweet music that sounded in his ears: someone, somewhere, was talking Russian.

He turned around, seeking, suffocating, ecstatic. Behind him a bearded round-shouldered junk-man on a one-horse wagon was shouting unflattering epithets at a little old woman who was gathering up an apronful of tin and leather fallen from the load. Ostrovsky tried to call out, but joy had made him dumb. The junk-man had lifted the reins and was driving on, before the man on the high seat could find words that rose within him. Then the pushing torrent of

THE STORY OF A NEW CITIZEN

speech poured out, incoherent, extravagant, delicious. His chin trembled and tears ran down his cheeks.

The junk-man, startled, pulled up his horse and sat gazing. Then, handing the reins to his wife, he leaped down from his wagon and clambered to the wheel of the other. Ostrovsky, gulping and trembling, embraced the old man as if he had been a brother. Barnhart, coming out of the store with a bag of sugar in his arms, was transfixed with wonder. The junk-man, who could talk English—of a sort—lifted up his voice in vicarious paeans of delight that the lost and isolated Russian had found one of his own race. Ostrovsky continued to babble, his tongue tripping and his lips shaking, but his eyes glowing with inexpressible happiness.

The junk-man had a little house on the edge of town. Ostrovsky must stay with him, he insisted, until they could decide what was best to do. But Ostrovsky replied that he must go back to the farm for one more day. He laughed, he shouted. All the way back along the hard dim road, he kept chuckling and singing a Russian song. He put his hand on Barnhart's arm and lilted in his ear. "Feel gay, don't you, Rooshy?" said the hired man; adding, "Gosh! it must be kind o' tough not to have anybody to talk to. I never thought about it before."

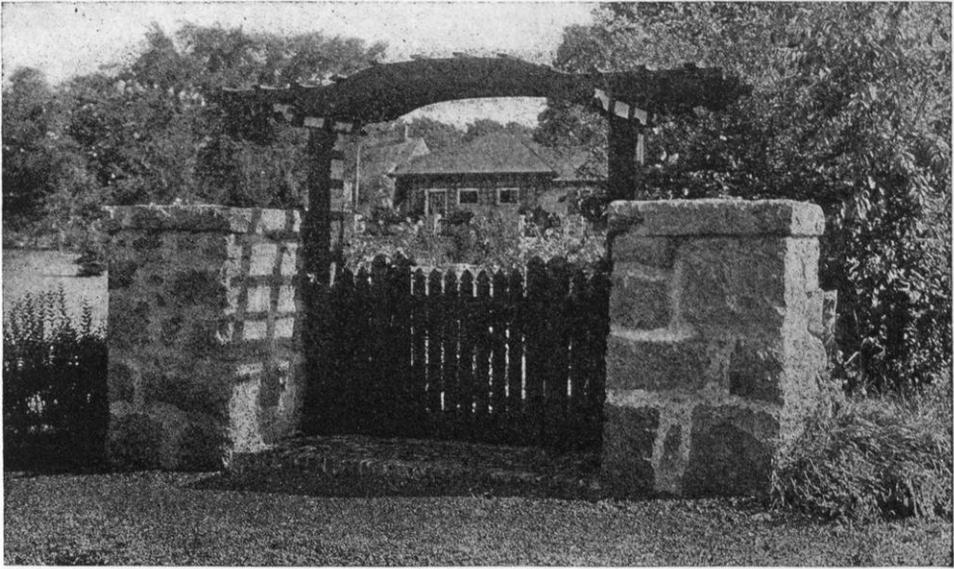
When they reached the farm, it was dusk, and a light shone in the kitchen windows. Ostrovsky helped to unharness the horses; but while Barnhart was feeding them, the Russian slipped out to the corn-crib and fumbled under the low currant-bushes. He took out the bottle of kerosene, and threw it far away from him, crashing into the stone-heap at the corner of the barn-yard. The shavings and kindling he carried stealthily into the wood-shed.

He came beaming into the kitchen, where the Danish girl and Mrs. Disbrow were "dishing up" fried liver and baked potatoes for supper. At the look upon his face, they stopped, surprised. Isaac Disbrow glanced up from the county paper. The heavy, sullen, scowling Run-around-the-stumpsy had vanished. In his place was a smiling red-cheeked young fellow, who threw back his shoulders and hummed a lively barbaric song.

"What's the matter, Rooshy?" queried Disbrow, with a stupefied glance over his steel-rimmed glasses. "Found a gold mine, eh?"

Will Barnhart came in just then, explaining that the Rooshian had found another of his kind. But Ostrovsky could not keep silent. His whole stock of English came out, with some he had not known he possessed. "Yes, yes," he repeated gaily; "yes, yes! To-morrow—I go—hurry—God-damn!"

Laughing, singing, and blubbering, he shook everyone by the hand and patted the Danish girl on the shoulder.



The picturesque entrance to the garden.

“COMMON” PLANTS IN A LOVELY GARDEN, DESIGNED AND MANAGED BY ONE WOMAN: BY EDWARD I. FARRINGTON



ROSES and fleur-de-lis form the crowning feature of a lovely half-formal little garden developed by a woman in suburban Boston, though many other flowers and particularly the old-fashioned ones have important places. Indeed, one secluded corner is a true great-grandmother's nook filled with all the old-fashioned flowers dear to memory and tradition. There are golden-glow, dwarf sunflowers, monk's-hood, dahlias and baby's breath and many others all massed in charming confusion. Although not at all pretentious, this little garden makes an appeal to all flower lovers, mainly because it is an expression of one woman's thought and work. The foreground is given over almost entirely to the roses, which are arranged in formal beds. In the center of this garden is a pool, at one end a bird bath and at the other end a sun-dial. Flower bordered paths lead to each of these features from the center. At the rear of the rose garden a terrace has been constructed, which is banked with great masses of rhododendrons. A walk running the length of the terrace, terminating in a semi-circular seat with a little stone table beside it, is bordered with less stately though equally lovable flowers. At one end of the terrace is a pergola and an old-fashioned turnstile leading to a wild flower garden. At the other side is a long walk bordered with irises which leads to the street, where a more elaborate pergola marks the entrance.

"COMMON" PLANTS IN A LOVELY GARDEN

German iris come very early; the white varieties first and then the deep purple. From the middle of May until the second week in June these beds are a sea of wonderful color and visitors come from far and near to see them. When the whites and purples are passing the yellows, bronzes and reddish browns appear and with them come pale yellow butterflies which delight to hover over these flowers named after the Greek word, iris, meaning a rainbow. The faded blossoms are picked each morning and for a long season this iris garden is a source of unbounded delight. The irises show a great diversity of color. In some species the standards and falls are alike in color, in others they are in contrasting colors. Some standards are light blue with velvety blue falls, others rich grape purple with lower petals veined with white. Every shade of blue, lavender and purple is represented, with many variations and combinations. Among the Germanica iris is a large group with yellow standing petals and falls of purple, claret or red brown that are exceedingly beautiful in borders and also as house decorations. By using plants of German, Spanish, Japanese, English and American varieties, the blooming time can be made to cover fully two months.

Even before the iris show is over the rhododendrons are in full bloom and their gorgeous blossoms form a remarkable contrast to the iris display. The dark reds and clear whites open first and are splendid against the terrace walls. The pale lavenders and pale pinks come next, followed by the deeper pinks and the pinks speckled with brown. The rhododendrons are protected in winter by boards painted green, which are set on the north side of the plants. These in no way mar their beauty, yet afford them just the shelter desired to give them the vitality to produce their finest blossoms.

NO flower makes a greater display of color than rhododendrons and azaleas, whether as a single bush, as two or three among a group of evergreens or when massed at the edge of a grove or along a driveway. They are unparalleled for color and in every way are satisfactory, for they are easy to establish, are long-lived, and their shapely leaves are evergreen. In the winter their green is a most welcome note in the white or the dull brown world.

After the rhododendrons come the roses, which bloom without ceasing until cut down by frost. Last fall the woman who has created this little garden cut twenty-seven rose blooms on Thanksgiving Day to bring into her house and make it beautiful. The roses are mostly teas and are taken up when cold weather comes. They were selected for color and include salmon pink, red, yellow, white and dark crimson, the color of the last named being deepened by the use of charcoal at the roots.

**SUN -
DIAL**
marking
blossoming
time of
flowers in
the garden
inspired and
managed by
one woman,
and her
Southern
home.



TERRACE WALK bordered with iris and many of the dear, common flowers loved by the woman who planted this garden and by her children:

This walk terminates in a semi-circular stone seat and stone table where the children sometimes have tea and share their bread with the birds and learn of the names and ways of the flowers:

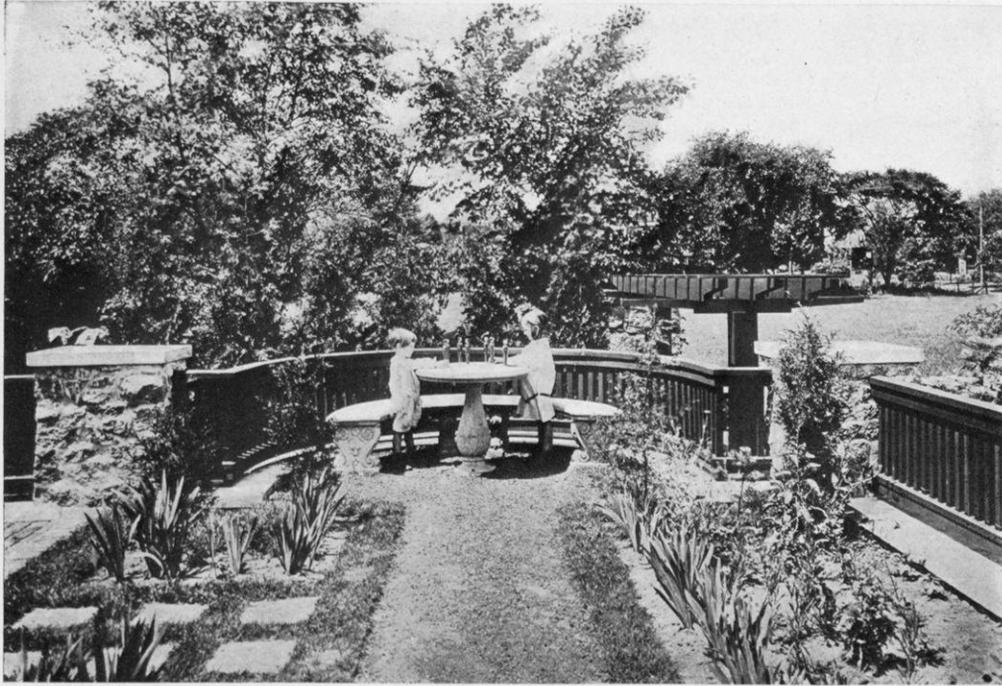
In this border are hollyhocks all pale yellow and pink, Joe Pyeweed, mulleins, bachelor buttons, pinks, heliotropes and many other garden favorites.



IRIS, RHODODENDRONS AND MANY OTHER FLOWERS form a protecting border about the rose garden with its sun-dial at one end: The roses in this corner, which are nearly all teas in shades of salmon, pink, red, yellow, white and crimson, are effectively sheltered by a background of fruit and shade trees.



BIRD-BATH IN THIS GARDEN designed and planted by a Southern woman, where bluebirds play and bathe while doing their part to make the garden beautiful: The turnstile leads to the wild garden in which are growing flowers gathered on many a ramble in field and grove.



ONE END of the terrace showing stepping stone path leading to the children's outdoor playroom: Here the children play with their toys or have outdoor tea: They never harm the flowers, for they have helped to plant them and feel responsibility and just pride in their beauty.

W A L K FROM the outer gate bordered with irises and many other familiar flowers that greet the guest or family with fragrance and color: It would seem that business cares would certainly be forgotten as one passed to the homey looking house through this beautiful avenue of color and perfume.



“COMMON” PLANTS IN A LOVELY GARDEN

The rose garden, in fact the whole garden, is filled with little feathered gardeners that sing as they vigilantly peer beneath every leaf for the destructive worms. They come in quantities because there is a bird bath and an absence of cats and dogs which would frighten them away. The children have been taught to love and to protect all feathered life, and the youngest child was delighted one day when two storm-bound birds flew into the half-open door of the glassed-in porch seeking shelter. He declared they had come to celebrate his birthday and he had reason to think so, for it was upon that important day they had sought refuge in his house. As many as a dozen bluebirds have been seen bathing in the bird bath at one time, and their coloring against the gray cement makes wonderful garden pictures. The bath is in use all through the summer months and far into the fall, when the water freezes. If the water is not changed often enough the birds stay away, but when fresh water is put into the bath they seem to know it at once and are enjoying it almost before the water carrier has reached the house again. Without birds, gardens and every part of our landscape would be devoid of much of their beauty. Birds have a place in Nature not only because of their usefulness, but for their beauty and the uplifting, exultant quality of their song.

In the beginning the pool in the middle of the garden was filled with water plants and contained turtles and frogs to give a natural effect. But the younger members of the family soon acquired a habit of falling in, clothes and all, so the motherly garden maker decided that the plants would have to go. Now the children paddle as freely in the pool as the birds splash in their bath and the water is changed often for them, too. In fact, the children as well as the birds have great freedom in this homelike garden. The children's playhouse opens upon the terrace and the seats and stone table at one end of the terrace walk are often used by them when they have tea with their mother in the open air, and as they eat they watch their feathered friends in the garden below, share crumbs with them and learn of the flowers and growing plants which surround their garden tea room.

Looking west down the terrace path one sees a long narrow bed of old-time flowers in delicate pastel colors. At the back against the brown painted railing are hollyhocks in pale yellows and pinks, Joe Pyeweed, mulleins, bachelor buttons, pinks, heliotrope, white feverfew and many varieties of salpiglossis or painted tongue, all in soft colors. On the opposite side of the walk against the garage are sumacs, ferns and vines like ivy and clematis, which flourish in shaded spots. After the flowers have gone in the late fall the sumac and the ivy give brilliant color to the picture even after the snow flies.

“COMMON” PLANTS IN A LOVELY GARDEN

THE woman who has planted and cared for this garden loves the common plants. On the boundary wall she even allows poison ivy to grow rampant, for it is out of the way there and the children know its three-fingered leaves well, for they are quite different from those of the other ivy, which has five fingers like their own little hands. Here, too, rock ferns are to be found growing happily in moss which has been tucked into the crevasses, and even when winter snows have blanketed the garden they remain fresh and green-looking.

In the shady nook beyond the turn-stile there is a genuine surprise, for in this part of the garden, hidden from general sight, is a wild flower garden. There is a delightful bower with a wooden seat, stone ornaments and a varied collection of wild flowers gathered on many a woodland ramble and thriving now in as near their natural conditions as is possible to give them. Many ferns are there, as well as violets, willow Solomon's seal, graceful columbines, funny Jack-in-the-pulpit, forget-me-nots, bright marsh marigolds, spicy water-cress, lilies-of-the-valley. Last year a new fern much like the dandelion was found in the woods and given a secluded place in this home garden. Being shaded by a great Linden tree, this secluded corner makes an ideal wild spot. Much of this woman's success with her garden lies in the fact that she has taken advantage of existing conditions and made the best of them without striving for unnatural effect.

When winter comes and it is no longer possible to work in the garden outside, window boxes all over the house are filled with little pine trees, black alder branches with their red berries, rich colored bay-berries, hollies and tiny cedars. Here in the bleak winter the birds come in great numbers, seeking refuge and a free lunch. They eat the berries thankfully, but also beg for bread and suet, which are offered them from the open windows and devoured with eagerness and many a thankful song offering, while the children of the house look on. Gathering greens for the boxes seems to make the time shorter between the passing of the flowers and their return. By making notes while on summer drives, the garden maker learned the names of many plants and shrubs which are needed for winter decoration. They were well marked and gathered again when the proper time came. The glassed-in porch is adorned with evergreen trees and shrubs, with rock ferns and with autumn leaves. It is a great delight to spend an hour or so there, because it has almost a feeling of the summer woods, though beyond the glass a snow-storm may be raging. In the spring the trees are planted out against the stone wall.

Here then is a garden which is in every way a woman's own, managed in a woman's own way. It is charming in its simplicity and is a potent influence in the rearing of a happy family of children.

REHEARSING A COMMUNITY MASQUE, WHAT ARTISTS DID FOR IT, AND WHAT IT DID FOR THE PUBLIC: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

All Illustrations made for this Article by R. E. Jones.



N amphitheater that will hold twenty thousand people is an immense place when it is empty; and when the rain is pouring down, pattering on the stone steps and making "gold sands" into mud, an amphitheater is twice as large as in the sunlight. I discovered this the night of the dress rehearsal of

Percy MacKaye's "Caliban by the Yellow Sands." On this Monday evening the orchestra was to be tested, the singers were to pour forth their great choruses, Urban was to see his brilliant stage setting by artificial light, Ordynski was to telephone light directions all over this great city-block and "Bobby" Jones was to find out if the hundreds of costumes which he had created by magic in a few weeks and the wonderful diffused light he had prepared for his interludes would all work together for the glory of New York's first great Community Masque planned by the Drama League of America and presented by great artists and thousands of interested and enthusiastic supporters.

I saw the Masque afterward, the opening night, and it did not seem to me nearly as impressive as this first glimpse of it seated high up on the stones in the dense blackness of the stormy night with Mr. and Mrs. Percy MacKaye watching the scenes eagerly, with Miss Isadora Duncan an interested and enthusiastic spectator. Every now and then some actor or stage director or manager would come up talking earnestly with Mr. MacKaye, full of enthusiasm regardless of the great empty space and pounding rain.

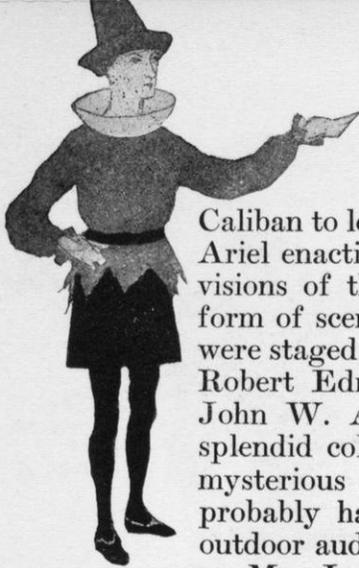
It was an extraordinary sight when suddenly the lights were on and the music began, when *Caliban* came forth, a creature of primeval passions, moved to both good and evil by his environment, symbolizing in this great Masque our own groping humanity, slowly struggling upward with many back-slidings out of the "muddy vesture of decay" toward spiritual light. As we sat there in the rain we watched this upward struggle of



The masque of lust.



The masque of war.



Citizen
of
Nuremberg:
Germanic
episode.

REHEARSING A COMMUNITY MASQUE

Caliban to learn the art of Prospero, the Spirits of Ariel enacting before Caliban and ourselves nine visions of the Enchanter's mind which took the form of scenes from Shakespeare's plays. These were staged and costumed and lighted by Mr. Robert Edmund Jones working with Mrs. John W. Alexander, director. And more splendid color in setting and costume, more mysterious and permeating lighting effects probably have never been produced before an outdoor audience.

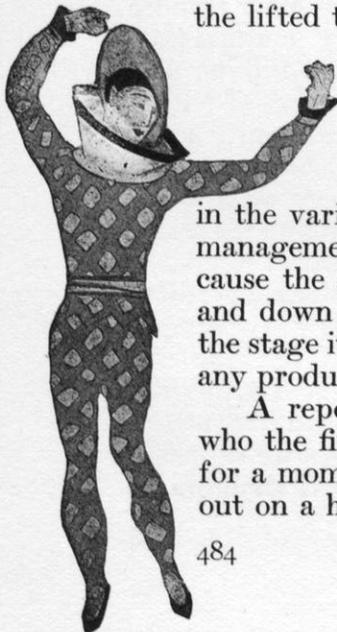
Mr. Jones is already well known in New York as having devised the interesting whimsical setting for Granville Barker's production of "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." This was one of the most perfectly realized new stage productions that New York has seen, and created a sensation from the first night. The most important thing that Mr. Jones has done, however, is this Masque of Mr. MacKaye's, not only in wise management of startling color and in form, but in management of light and in the freedom with which Nature's rich elements were used in adding beauty.



Italian
courtier:
Romantic
episode.

ONE of the most significant of the interludes was "Romeo and Juliet." A delightful Mediæval spirit permeated this scene, although in no way was there a slavish copying of the old Venetian ideal in stage setting. As Margaret Wycherly moved across the lifted terrace against a blue light as deep and mysterious as the Mediterranean at twilight, her draperies snow-white and blowing back in the wind, a picture was presented to the watchers on the high stone steps that has seldom been equalled for sheer beauty of line. If Mr. Jones used the wind against his flowing draperies in the various scenes which he presented, as a part of his stage management, he is the cleverest producer I have ever seen, because the movement and the drapery of the people passing up and down the pathway from each side of the stage and also on the stage itself was full of a poignant beauty beyond the power of any producer to arrange without motion.

A repetition of this same mysterious wonder came to those who the first night of the performance saw Isadora Duncan as, for a moment, she presented the Spirit of the Masque, standing out on a high platform erected on the yellow "sands," and then



Harlequin
in the
Hanswurst
comedy:
Germanic
episode.

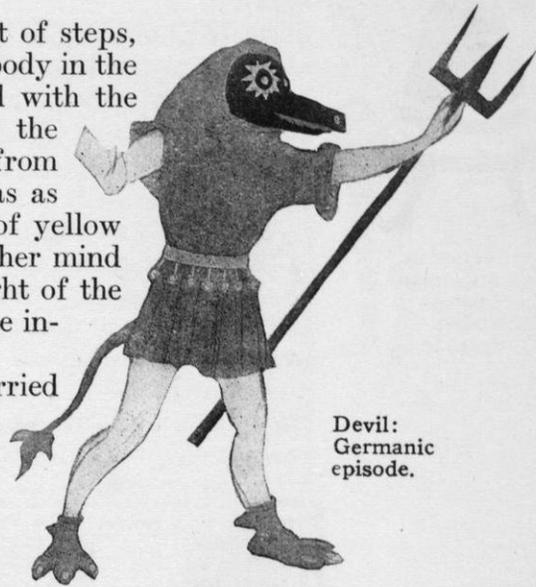
REHEARSING A COMMUNITY MASQUE

moving with statuesque beauty down the flight of steps, her Greek drapery blowing past her beautiful body in the soft night wind, her face upturned and filled with the ecstasy of the music that flowed out over the "sands." Some one in describing her descent from the stairs and out over the "sands" said it was as though a "Greek spirit had moved up a ray of yellow light." Perhaps she had this very thought in her mind as she sat with us upon the stone steps the night of the rehearsal, eagerly interested in the music, in the interludes and in the pageants which followed.

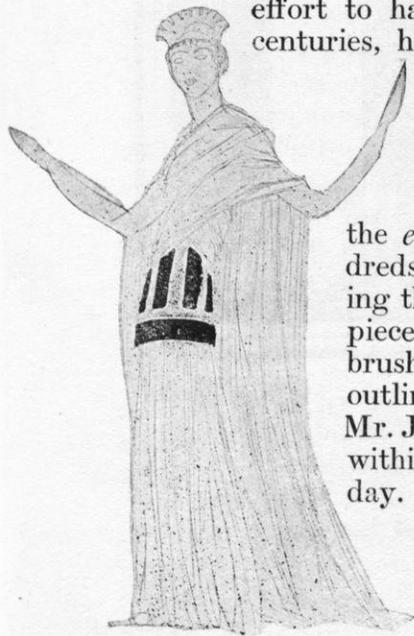
A second interlude of Mr. Jones that carried magic beauty was "Henry Fifth before Harfleur," with the somber figure of the English king leading on his soldiers in brilliant uniforms and flashing bayonets. A faint impression of the marvel of this scene may be had from the sketch we are showing to illustrate this article; but only a faint impression. For a more beautifully grouped, marvelously costumed mass of soldiers I have never seen presented on any stage. Mr. Jones not only staged and managed the Shakespeare interludes, but I am told that in addition he designed three hundred different costumes for the pageants. He made no effort to have these costumes, which covered twenty-five centuries, historically correct, but he did seek inspiration

from sketches and paintings, books and stories which gave him impressions of settings, groupings, costumes and types of beauty. In his workshop he was surrounded by hundreds of fabrics of endless colors, and to get the effect of the *ensemble* Mr. Jones had sketched for him hundreds of nudes of both sexes. The process of designing the costumes was one of putting clothes piece by piece on these nude figures by means of pencil and brush. With these figures at hand a costume could be outlined and color suggested in ten minutes. Thus Mr. Jones was able to design several hundred costumes within three weeks—sometimes as many as thirty a day.

Each of the eight episodes in the community interludes of the Masque was planned in a typical, striking color scheme. The costumes themselves were simple and of cheap fabrics, yet so



Devil:
Germanic
episode.



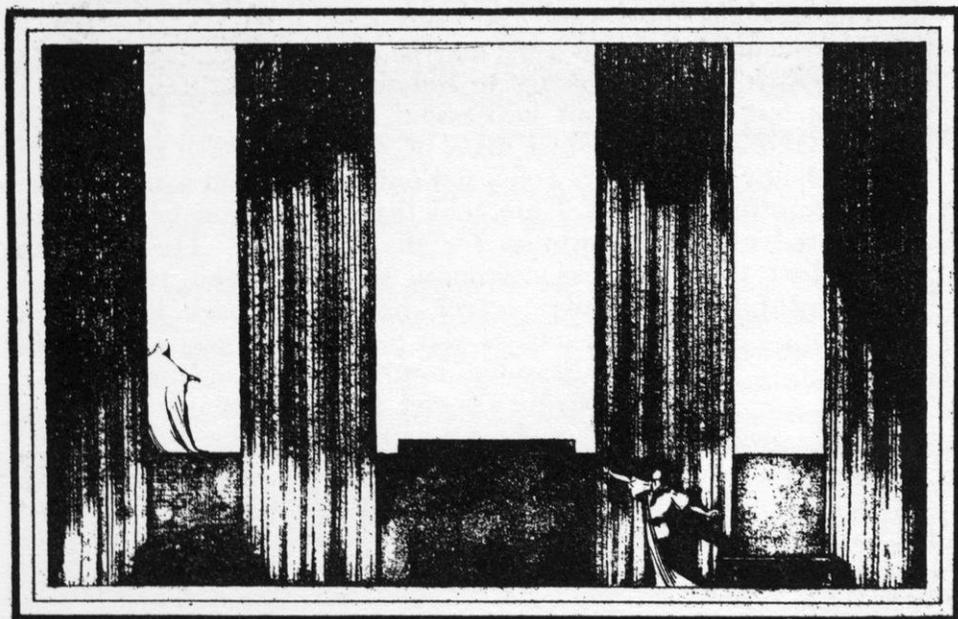


Venetian nobleman:
Spanish-Italian episode.

REHEARSING A COMMUNITY MASQUE

cleverly planned that they created rich and brilliant effects when seen at night in the lighted Stadium. Mr. Jones says that the work was particularly difficult because of conditions created by the war, many colors being unobtainable. The color most difficult of all to obtain was the mourning black.

AN interesting experience the night of the rehearsal was to see the pageant trooping out over the orange-colored canvas which represented the yellow sands. Crowds of young people and famous actors and actresses, all in costume, all quite regardless of the pelting rain, came out to do their picturesque work, talking, singing and dancing merrily without thought of cold, regardless of injury to costume or health. It was quite extraordinary the Spartan spirit that was manifested not only in this rehearsal before the beginning of the



Inner scene: For Italian lovers.

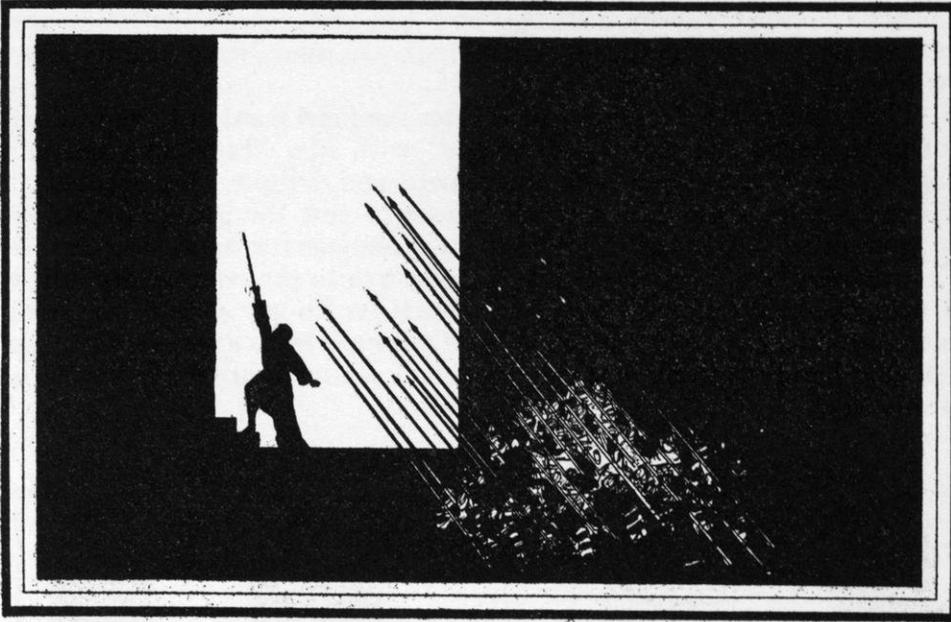
Masque, but during one or two performances when sudden showers came up. The roll call did not diminish by a single name.

Although I went about the night of the rehearsal among the actors and among the young people who danced the Morris dances and were a part of many other pageants, I did not hear a word of complaint, not a hint of irritation. For some fortunate reason, and good for fortune seemed to follow the

Dancer:
English episode.



REHEARSING A COMMUNITY MASQUE



Inner scene: Henry V before Harfleur.

Masque from its inception to the brilliant finish, the costumes were not destroyed by the rain and no report was made of any sickness coming from the merry-making on the wet "sands." It is just as though the great community spirit which planned the Masque, which carried it on to its triumphal ending, which wrote the play and costumed the interludes and the pageants, which designed the permanent scenery and planned the most perfect illumination ever devised for outdoor work somehow got into the spirit of the young people, of the actors one and all, and made possible a production which weather could not affect, which could surmount every kind of difficulty, which in the end not only cleared all expenses, but I understand made an additional sum of money for the good cheer and reward of those interested in the enterprise.

THE object of the production of this Masque was from the very start to prove the kind of community spirit that would prevail in such a production. Mr. MacKaye not only wished to celebrate the great artist, Shakespeare, but to make that celebration come from the hearts of the people, from the people whose lives have been enriched by Shakespeare, by his philosophy, his wit, his kindness, his capacity for stirring the emotions of the world. And while in this Masque great tribute



Patrician:
Roman
episode.



Apprentice:
German
episode.

SHAKESPEARE

was done to Shakespeare, a still greater good was accomplished by the workers who came together so interestedly, so merrily, so intelligently for this masterly achievement.

The night of the dress rehearsal after the light went out, we walked solemnly across the stretch of "sands" with Mr. MacKaye, hearing only words of enthusiasm, encouragement and delight. He seemed to be far away in some dream world where he saw the great success of his enterprise. And the night of the premier performance the people who realized how important this Masque was to the community spirit of our great city called upon Mr. MacKaye to say a few words to them, making an opportunity, too, for themselves to express, through repeated hand clapping and cheering their admiration and enthusiasm for his work.



Court lady:
French episode.



Dancer:
Egyptian episode.

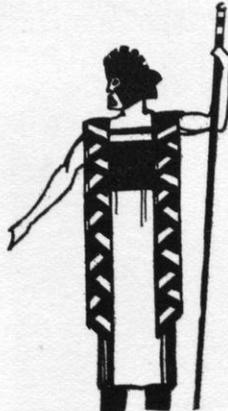
SHAKESPEARE

A THOUSAND poets sing to sunsets rare
That tinge the western gateways of the skies.
A thousand voices ring to golden hair
And wondrous beauty in a woman's eyes.
A thousand sing of woodland's luxurious charm,
Her emerald hues, her organ-piping tunes;
And still more thousands praise the storm's alarm,
And thousands sing to flower-crested Junes.

Yet few great hands have thrummed the harp's fine strings
To chant the mellow depths of human cries:
And few have touched the very heart of things
That mirror back the themes men idolize.
Ah! he has set the prisoned soul so free
That it has stood revealed to you and me!

SIGMUND B. TOKOPH.

Courtesy of "Springfield Daily News."



Creon:
Greek episode.

THE EMPTY VESSEL: A MODERN STORY: BY MIRIAM CRITTENDEN CARMAN



HE lecturer's voice rose and fell to the uneven click of many needles. Angela Marlowe threw back her fur-lined wrap and caught the stitch she had almost dropped. Then she raised her head impatiently. The doors had been closed at three and the heavy curtains drawn; at four the Academy of Music, with only a discreet draft coming through the ventilators, was quite unbearably warm. She wondered how it felt up there, where the great man stood; perhaps a little air, stirring behind the back drop, might penetrate to him. He looked so black and lugubrious against the dark lines of that drop, with his heavy black hair and drooping broadcloth shoulders. A man with no message, Roberta would say.

She looked up to the box where her daughter sat beside young Grafton, and fell to knitting again. Roberta must not think she wearied of this great, good work. Roberta watched her so closely, always with that little, puckered smile she had grown to dread. Even now—

She stole a covert glance at the box, holding the long amber shafts poised delicately, and met her daughter's vigilant eye. Roberta Marlowe turned and spoke to the man at her side and young Grafton leaned forward and bowed, smiling slightly.

Mrs. Marlowe bit her lip and resumed her knitting.

"She looks to you to save her"—the lecturer was saying—"To you broad-minded, philanthropic, busy women, with your homes and your many crowding interests"—his voice fell and died away for a moment under the click of the needles.

"You see—you see?" Angela Marlowe's own particular, victorious click seemed saying, "You see—now—I work—I work—for humanity—for my fellow-men—because she looks to us to save her!"

She caught her daughter's eye again and nodded back, and the amber needles flew through the gary worsted.

In all her gay, hollow successful life, Angela Marlowe had never felt so satisfactorily useful. Not even when she had sent the nurse away and put Roberta to bed, or conducted the Mothers' Philharmonic Society through a financially clear year; nor, indeed, at that later period when she had gone to the small College town and stayed with her daughter through the first homesickness. Even then she had felt the elusive something in Roberta that had developed into this unfortunate revolutionary attitude—this breaking of ancient landmarks for gods of her own choosing. Not since Roberta's Freshman year had Angela Marlowe been able to delude herself into believing that she was of the slightest essential need to her daughter, beyond the ortho-

A STORY OF THE MODERN GIRL

dox bonds of established family ties. At first the realization had been rather bitter, rather galling to her; but gradually, as she looked about her, Roberta seemed only one of the countless young people of the day caught in the coils of Modernism. And with that she was, for the most part, content to rest. Only once had she spoken to her daughter, and the memory of that still faintly puzzled her in lazy, unfilled moments.

"We do not pull together well, Roberta," she had suggested. "Somehow, you do not touch the essential things with me."

"Ah, but, mother, do you touch them with me?" Roberta had cried back over her muff as she ran up the wide stairs. And she had looked down upon her mother with much the same expression she had worn today in the box—that little, puckered smile, half querulous, half laughing.

There was so much that Roberta did not understand. This knitting, for instance; this happy filling of one's leisure moments with good work. Sometimes, as Angela Marlowe plied her long, amber needles through the worsted, she saw the face of the soldier who would wear the finished scarf. She was not an impressionable, nervous woman, but the long hours of knitting, as she sat at a lecture or in her limousine, or at home before a wood fire, had awakened strange depths in her otherwise placid nature. She had grown fond of reading the papers, surreptitiously at first, half ashamed of the impulse that made her forsake the editorials for the more vivid horrors. Roberta read the editorials, and more chastened reports—Roberta would do that! But she quite refused to talk on the vital subject. Except to young Grafton.

"She talks to him," Angela Marlowe told herself, with a fierce insistence; "I suppose they touch essential things!"

The click of the needles changed to a patter of soft, kid-gloved hands. Automatically Mrs. Marlowe put her knitting in her bag, and drew on the heavy wrap. She had quite forgotten herself in the fascination of her work. As she rose to leave she glanced in the direction of the box. Roberta and young Grafton were still sitting, the girl leaning forward talking, and the man looking away from her, listening.

"In my day they looked at you, and thought your hair was pretty," Angela Marlowe thought, as she made her tortuous way to her waiting limousine.

Once within its sheltered warmth she leaned back and closed her eyes. The man had said nothing new. She had heard it all before; and was she not doing her utmost, her best? Had she not turned the Mothers' Philharmonic into eager knitters, and dismissed three of the

A STORY OF THE MODERN GIRL

maids, to just what end she was not exactly clear! . . . The little hiatus in the situation was perhaps significant, relative to a certain hiatus in her own character. Angela Marlowe realized vaguely that she did not always arrive logically and with progression.

Whereas Roberta. . . . She caught the thought up smiling. Yes, Roberta was a thoroughly connected young woman; perhaps college had done that for her. She herself had never been to college; somehow she had missed out in all the things where Roberta excelled. At twenty she had been at the head of her father's house, the gay, pretty, lightly efficient woman she now was, with a retinue of servants and a cortege of suitors. She had gone buoyantly through life, touching only the high, choice places. She had married the man who wooed her most perfectly and met her light shallowness with a corresponding inconsequence. Franklin Marlowe had given her what he thought all women wanted: a rich home, plenty of money, a good name, social position, untrammelled liberty, and very little of his own society. Mrs. Marlowe still mourned his untimely death with a sweet sorrow which the years had softened and mellowed. The Marlowe Woolen Mills brought her in an income sufficient to run her house and live as she had always lived, with the additional expense of Roberta. The business end, the fussy financial questions, she had never troubled with; her lawyer did all that for her. Once a year she went through the mills with him and smiled vaguely on the pale men and women, wondering dimly why they looked so weary, never asking (for she had a horror of inquisitive women), a bit conscious that she was the widow of the late Franklin Marlowe. Last year Roberta had gone with them.

Angela Marlowe stirred uneasily at the memory. Roberta had looked and pried—she was sure Mr. Lanning had felt it was prying—she had talked with some of the women and asked questions, crisply and pointedly, it seemed; a bit too crisply her mother thought. But she had been conscious then that Roberta was somehow arriving at something; she had meant to ask her just what. That was almost a year ago—and the question was still unasked. They had not spoken of the mills since that day. Mrs. Marlowe sighed and picked up her knitting. If Roberta should question her about that, as she had questioned Mr. Lanning—. She crushed her hands together in the gray worsted. . . . So—it was that she feared—Roberta's smile and the questions that lingered just behind, waiting to leap out at her. She—Angela Marlowe—feared her daughter! She had come to that—and for what reason?

She sat up sharply and spoke through the tube.

"I will walk home, Jeffreys," she said. Anything was better than

A STORY OF THE MODERN GIRL

sitting and thinking such absurd things. As she alighted and closed the monogrammed door behind her, she was conscious of her chauffeur's eyes upon her; she looked up quickly, and though the man instantly lowered his eyes, she caught, in the brief, visual contact the look he had not been quick enough to hide. Then the great car rolled away, and she started walking at a brisk pace, her hands thrust deep into the muff she carried.

It was an unfamiliar neighborhood; she had not thought to look out before. There were ash cans on the sidewalk, and dirty children swarmed about her. She almost ran into one, and stopped in dismay. He was a little child, with wrinkled stockings and large worn shoes that flapped as he walked. His face was smeared and pinched, and his small, thin coat was pinned under his chin with a large safety pin. Angela Marlowe noticed it all in one hasty glance as she stepped around him.

"They are cold, they sleep on straw"—the lecturer's voice sounded in her ears. She glanced up at the houses and hurried on.

These children had homes and food—and parents to protect them. She would start a baby's jacket next, and a warm hood of angora wool—even a homely baby looked pretty in a cap of angora wool—

A sudden gust of wind sweeping around a corner caught her breath away, and she stopped from absolute necessity. The cold penetrated through the warmth of her wrap, she felt the touch of it like icy fingers on her glowing cheeks, and she held her muff against them in turn, rubbing her face up and down in the soft fur, and stamping her feet on the sidewalk. She had no idea where she was; she had never known there was such a street as this. The houses leaned together bleakly, their crooked stoops, their blank, darkening windows monotonously stretching away as far as her eye could reach, in the gathering gloom.

Angela Marlowe shuddered. There was something almost sinister in such a prolongation of ugliness. From where she stood one might think that the world was made up of just such grim, wooden houses, such uncurtained hideousness.

A door opened across from her and a woman called to some children playing near. Her sharp voice rose through the dusk and beat upon the air, and the smell of fried onions came out of the house behind her.

Angela Marlowe hurried on, her muff held up against her face as though to shut out some unpleasant sight. A crowd of working men jostled her almost into the gutter. A little frightened, she made way for them, walking on the uneven curb. Then a group of girls went past her, with frowsy hair and weak, hard faces. She turned and

A STORY OF THE MODERN GIRL

looked after them, and she noticed that they were thinly clad and distressingly shabby.

It came over her suddenly that she was lost. Darkness had completely closed in about her, mantling the long, narrow street, hooding the ugly houses where only an occasional dim light peered out at her like a rakish eye. The wind blew down the street in fitful gusts, scurrying a few dried leaves before it, rattling the darkened windows of the ugly houses, whirling about her as she stood hesitating and uncertain. It was useless to go on this way, in a strange, poorly lighted neighborhood, with no idea of where the street was leading her.

IN after years Angela Marlowe remembered that evening, and herself standing there, with a peculiar pity. It was so significant of the blind alleys of her life: the outer garments of luxury and ease, and the inner, uncertain impotence. On a sudden, quick impulse, she crossed the street and entered a bare front yard, scarcely more than a dooryard. She paused with her foot on the bottom step and looked up at the house. There was no difference. The bleak, worn ugliness of the house, the staring, blank look of it was in no wise individual. A light burned dimly within. It seemed to come from far back in an inner room. She shuddered slightly, and running up the steps, felt for the bell. Her smoothly gloved hand ran over the rough wood, and finding none, she knocked lightly. If the smell of onions came out to her when the door opened, she felt she would turn and run. Leaning a little wearily against the house, she waited. She could hear steps within, moving quickly, and a shuffling sound, as of feet dragging. Perhaps she had been foolish to knock at all: if only she could reach a telephone and send for Jeffreys to come for her . . . she would be late at the tea table, now, quite too late to pour the usual cup for Roberta and young Grafton—and she realized the last with a start of displeasure—too late to reach Mr. Lanning at the mills and ask him to raise their subscription to the Relief Fund to fifteen thousand. She had meant to do that even before the lecturer's special appeal. Five thousand seemed shamefully little for so large a plant as the Marlowe Woolen Mills—

She knocked again, impatiently, and stood erect. She was seldom kept waiting like this.

She heard the sound of shuffling feet coming toward the door, and a woman's voice raised in protest. Then suddenly the door opened, and she saw a thin, pale woman, in a faded calico wrapper, with a huddled bunch of small children behind her.

"Why—why—it's Mrs. Marlowe, Jim," the woman cried, and the children pressed eagerly forward and spilled out on to the steps, and

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clung about her. Angela Marlowe reached out and the woman caught her hand and steadied her against the young onslaught.

"No—no," she laughed, faintly. "It ain't Miss Roberta—youse kids come on in and let the lady by. Call them, there, Jim; they're for knocking her over with theirselves."

A man called out in a thick, unsteady voice, and the children drew away and fled back into the house like frightened lambs.

Angela Marlowe followed the woman into the dark front room and waited while she brought a smoking lamp and set it on a small round table. There was a heavy cloth with chenille fringe on the edge over the table, and a worn Bible lying on the top. The woman bent and turned down the wick, and the lamp lighted the rest of the bare, cramped little room. Its rays fell with almost cruel distinctness on the one picture in the room. It was a brightly colored chromo of a young Jewish man standing before three earthen vessels. The crude tones, the unpleasant vividness of the picture, the familiar every-day commonness of the young Jew offended Angela Marlowe's delicate, almost æsthetic taste.

The sight of that glaring picture on the wall of the small room affected her like a breach of delicacy. She tried to look away, and was slightly shocked to find that it held her.

"It's lovely, ain't it?" the woman said from behind her; "Miss Roberta just thinks that picture is grand."

Angela Marlowe felt a sudden desire to scream. She bit her lip and turned full into the rapturous smile of the pale, thin woman in the faded calico wrapper. And as she looked at her she became surprisingly conscious of her own clothes and the rings on her hand inside the smooth kid glove.

"Miss Roberta says that's just like life," the woman went on.

"That!" Mrs. Marlowe turned back to the picture.

"Yes, ma'm—fillin' empty jars. She talks like that, Miss Roberta does."

"And you always understand her?" A flickering gleam of amusement shot across her face as she asked the question. It seemed that Roberta's words were a household fetish in this unknown family.

"Oh, no, ma'm, about half and half—but I always tries to."

"Oh!" The little exclamation escaped her, and she put up her hand to loosen her wrap. She felt suddenly warm, and tired and indefinite. The situation somehow seemed to have gotten a bit out of her hands. She sat down on a high, stiff backed chair, her hands hanging at her sides, her muff fallen to the floor.

"It was so cold outside, and this room—and my furs"—she heard herself explaining.

A STORY OF THE MODERN GIRL

"Jim—Jim," the woman called; "you hurry and bring Mrs. Marlowe a glass of water—an' youse kids keep out; this ain't Miss Roberta."

Angela Marlowe smiled faintly. It seemed unnecessary to remind her of that. It was almost as though this woman meant her to suffer in a conscious comparison with her daughter.

"I am not at all faint," she said; but she took the glass of water that the man carried to her with his shuffling, unsteady walk. She watched him as she drank it, slowly. He was slouched against the doorway, a rather unpleasant smile on his face.

If she had thought at all about such people, she had imagined they were gauche, diffident, ill at ease. But this man and woman were more self-possessed than she herself. There was about them an air of assurance, that in the man bordered dangerously near defiance. It was apparent that he had been drinking. Angela Marlowe had the orthodox, feminine dread of such things. She put the glass on the table and rose, pulling her wrap about her. The man in the doorway laughed unpleasantly.

"Ain't you got nothin' to say to us, Mrs. Marlowe?" he asked. He dragged his words out with a sullen insolence, and resettled himself comfortably.

"Now, Jim, don't be ugly;" the thin woman moved toward him. "What should she be sayin' to us?"

"Considerable—explainin' about five thousand dollars' worth took out of our pockets, like we was gunny sacks——"

"I cannot possibly see what I——"

"Ah! tell it to Lanning—that don't go here!"

"It's the mills, ma'm," the woman explained.

"Oh—the mills"—Angela Marlowe's voice dropped away.

"Yes—the mills—them rotten, stinkin', damn rich woolen mills—the Marlowe Woolen Mills——"

"Jim—Jim—it's Mrs. Marlowe herself you're talkin' to," the woman cried. "Are you forgettin'?"

"No; I ain't forgettin'—sure it's Mrs. Marlowe herself, all done up in sables took off our backs—sure it's Mrs. Marlowe herself—I ain't forgettin' that—not by a long shot——"

"You're always ugly when you're in drink," the woman said, wearily.

"Well, I ain't got enough drink in me but I knows it's Mrs. Marlowe—Glad to meet you, ma'm—I been waitin' for this a damn long while, Mrs. Marlowe—a damn long while——"

Angela Marlowe stood with her hands resting on the table, listening to the man. She still held her wrap together, but her first slight

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touch of dread had vanished into a strange unreality. The small room seemed suddenly the setting of a grotesque, slightly boresome little play, and she a hypothetical prisoner brought to the prisoner's pen and tried for a sin she had never committed. She was not even sure just what that sin was; if she listened long enough the man slouching against the door would tell her.

"Oh, Jim, keep quiet," the woman urged. "You promised Miss Roberta you wouldn't drink again."

"To hell with—no—no—I guess Miss Roberta's too good for hell—yet—I tell you I want to know why that there five thousand had to be took out of our pockets—I want to know that!"

Mrs. Marlowe stood very quietly by the table. The rather bore-some little play had turned into a very real bit of horror. The blood mounted slowly under her skin, and she drew herself up a little proudly. The slouching man had straightened and was coming toward her, his fist raised and his eyes flashing.

"You tell me—you woman—you robber—you wolf in sheep's clothing—you——"

The children, attracted by the noise, ran into the hall and stood huddled together in the doorway, giggling. Angela Marlowe saw them and smiled. To them it was still a play. Then she heard the woman scream:

"Jim—Jim—it's Miss Roberta's mother—Miss Roberta—Jim—it's Miss Roberta's mother!"

The monotonous beat of those words penetrated the man's fogged brain. His face twitched, his clenched hand relaxed, and he sat down limply in one of the stiff-backed chairs and buried his face in his trembling hands.

"I thought 'twas Mrs. Marlowe," he moaned foolishly, "I thought 'twas the same as I'd seen swellin' round town in her car. It's Miss Roberta's mother, ain't it, Mame?"

The woman bent over him and patted his shoulder with an awkward gentleness.

"Yes, yes, Jim—it's her—just like I told you. You forget about Mrs. Marlowe and go in and have a cup of tea and lie down. You don't want Miss Roberta's mother to see you cryin' like you was one of the kids—you just go in there."

With the same awkward gentleness she partly led, partly pushed the man into the kitchen and closed the door. She was back in a moment, and the smile she bent upon Angela had something of the same quality as her chauffeur's. Mrs. Marlowe recognized it and pressed her hands together. She felt a sudden desire to flee before this pale, thin, thoroughly efficient woman in faded calico.

A STORY OF THE MODERN GIRL

"I guess you ain't used to drink, Mrs. Marlowe—and Jim is always just like that—takes on—and then cries like a baby. You get used to it." She took the chair her husband had vacated and smoothed her dress over her knees.

"He ain't done it in a long while, though—he promised Miss Roberta—he sets a store by her, you know. He's been helpin' her and Mr. Grafton make them enquiries—I think that is it. P'raps you didn't know yourself—Miss Roberta says they ain't botherin' you with the enquiry till it's all done—she don't ever like to bother or trouble you until she has to. She takes real good care of everyone, Miss Roberta does. . . ."

The information poured forth fluently. Angela Marlowe had a sense of being filled from a fathomless cruse. Already she was supersaturated.

"Some other time—I—I will love to hear—everything—and—I will—explain—everything. But now—" She walked slowly toward the door: slowly, placing one foot before the other with a nice deliberation—otherwise she knew she would ingloriously run.

"But now—now—I must get home—or—Miss Roberta will worry—she does worry so about me." . . . She stopped on the steps and spoke over her shoulder, "Please shut the door—you will take cold—good night."

She broke, then, into a little run, with her muff against her face.

"In another minute," she told herself hysterically, "I should have probably told her Roberta gave me my supper at five!"

When she stopped and looked up a full moon was rising over the top of some low, long buildings, down the ugly street. It lit that street much the way that the lamp had illumined the barren little room. She walked on toward the buildings outlined ahead of her. Abreast of the first she stopped to read a sign nailed up under a red light. She read it several times, slowly, repeating the words to herself:

Notice

The Marlowe Mills Closed Until Further Notice.

Office Force Retained.

She kept on repeating them over and over. After a time they sounded quite inane. She tried the handle of the door in front of her and found that it would not give to her hand. She beat upon it a bit wildly; the thought of being shut out of her own mills angered her. But only a hollow reverberation came back from the deserted building. Mr. Lanning, of course, would be gone; if the moon were already risen, it must be after six.

The man, Jim's, words suddenly became quite clear to her, interpreted by that large, that almost speaking notice on the door at the

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back of her mills, that door through which she had never entered, which she had never even known, existed. She saw for a brief space, with such terrible clarity of vision, that she put her hands over her eyes, as though shielding them, as though the thing that had happened lay visibly before her in all its cruel entirety.

Jim, and the five hundred other men, thought that they were thrown out of work so that the five thousand might go to the fund. They might be right, or they might be wrong. . . . Angela Marlowe felt it only as another lightning flash of self revelation that she had no way of knowing, then—a thing which she should have by heart. For the first time in all her life she was standing at a closed door that would not open to the sesame of her position and name.

It seemed to her, as she stood in that back street, partially flooded with moonlight, that she was to be spared no depth of shame. She had been insulted by a common working man, one of her own hands, and only saved from assault by the mysterious incantation of her daughter's name. Roberta had been like a flaming sword for her; there was no escaping that fact! And, as though the humiliation of that were not enough, she must learn that her daughter had shielded her; had hidden her lamentably shocking lack of interest under the cover of her own watchful care.

"She explains me to these people," Angela Marlowe told herself fiercely, as she leaned against that unrelenting door. "She explains me—and she—she—*gets away with it*—just as she does with young Grafton!"

If Roberta had struck her, had hurt her in some more flagrant fashion, the sting of it would have been less.

The sound of feet approaching down the long reaches of the street startled her into action. The night watchman, or whoever it was, must not find her loitering at the back of her own mills. She started walking swiftly in the direction of the footsteps. It was better to meet whatever came quite boldly, standing on one's feet. . . . Whatever way she turned, hereafter, complications, explanations, difficulties awaited her.

She passed the man and turned to look after him. He was apparently one of the Marlowe workers, for he stopped before the notice, his hands thrust dejectedly in his pockets. Mrs. Marlowe hurried on. The cars ran diagonally in front of the mills, two long blocks away. She knew the fair outlook from there. Once a year it was reimpressed on her memory.

At the end of the two blocks she paused. Across the street was a drug store, with a public telephone. She could go there and phone for her limousine, or she could take the street car and reach home in

A STORY OF THE MODERN GIRL

half an hour. She decided quickly, and crossed to wait for the car. Just before it came she looked back at the mills. She knew before she looked how the sight of their blind, glazed windows would affect her.

The car was almost empty; everyone undoubtedly was at dinner. There was a little shabby working girl in one of the seats toward the back. She turned as Mrs. Marlowe entered, and Angela saw the same weak, weary face, a little hardened, scarcely young—under the mass of frowsy hair—that she had seen multiplied by an artless creator so many times before. For some reason she went well forward and sat down next to the window, her muff thrown on the seat beside her, and looked out into the night.

With the change from the penetrating cold into the stuffy warmth of the car, she realized how tired she was. But though her body drooped, her mind, as though newly released from bondage, raced ahead of her, faster than the wheels of the car.

Such disjointed, unconnected, vagrant thoughts—entirely beyond the power of control which she could not summon now at her will.

Why should she wonder if the girl behind her were warm—if her father drank—if she were even now smiling at her, there in the back of the stuffy car, with Roberta's puckered, half querulous smile—the car wheels seemed revolving with maddening slowness to the rhythm of Roberta's name.

It was strange how the thought of Roberta followed her—almost like an avenging spirit. It was quite as though Roberta were taking up the cudgels for humanity against her own mother. And yet—even then Angela Marlowe knew she must face the truth squarely—Roberta had seen into the vacuous depths of her mother's character with an amazing lucidity. With almost a prophetic vision she had known the Enquiry was her only course. . . . Even a shallow, restricted intellect must go down before hard, plain facts. In young Grafton's own words, she would have to "hand it over" to Roberta. Her daughter might be progressive, but at least she had no militant tendencies! She had that to lean upon in the chaotic upheaval. . . . If she could swallow her pride—could graciously fill her own emptiness from Roberta's overflowing, abundant life . . .

Her thought broke off abruptly with the jolting of the car as it came to a full stop. She heard the conductor speaking respectfully at her elbow.

"You goin' to git off here, Mrs. Marlowe?" So—he knew who she was—everyone knew who she was. It was not easy to slough one's familiar person! She gathered up wrap and muff and the conductor helped her from the car. As he rang the bell and the car started, she saw that he lifted his cap.

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"I suppose that, too, is for Roberta," she reminded herself.

As she neared the white door with the great brass knocker, copied from the oldest house in New England, she had a sudden, swift feeling that behind it her habitual frame was waiting for her—as though she had stepped out of it for some midsummer madness—some almost wanton revelry with the raw.

The thought was positively distasteful to her, and she paused with her feet on the low step. Some simple thing, perhaps the blocking of traffic on the more crowded streets (it seemed an unimportant detail), had turned the course of her limousine into that ugly, that unfamiliar, hideous, sad back street, and she had touched life for a moment at a very vital point. She had no sense of being struck on the road to Damascus; the early Judean was missing in Angela Marlowe. She only felt that now she could not, she would not fit into that waiting frame. There was much to be reckoned with; perhaps quite too much. She would have to work it out alone, save perhaps for Roberta—she had nearly forgotten her daughter for a moment. If she were not very wise, very tactful, there might even be Roberta to reckon with, or Roberta's smile—this reserved young daughter of hers who said that life was filling empty vessels.

Angela herself felt very old, very bloodless, very wrung out and dry as she nodded at the stolid butler and gave him her furs. In a moment she must gather herself together for the spring that should land her nicely just where she must unerringly stand henceforth. At the door of the library she paused.

Roberta and young Grafton sat at the mahogany center table, bent over some papers. They were very much engrossed; almost as much as though they were reading the Sonnets, or Shaw. The clock on the mantel shelf pointed to quarter of seven—it was odd how much could happen in a few rounds of those golden-pointed hands. A crackling fire burned on the hearth, and the tea table stood before it, the cups arranged neatly, the curate's assistant beside it, with the cakes still untouched. . . .

It was so like Roberta to forget, indeed not to care for the little social things. Life, to her, was at least not filling tea cups!

Angela Marlowe found herself laughing a bit uncertainly. After all, one of these rather formidable young people was her own daughter, and the other bore every evidence of some day being more than "Young Grafton" to her. She realized that it was not in their code that he should ever ask her for Roberta. It was perhaps her first concession—that it seemed so small a matter.

"O, my dears—my dears!" she laughed in upon them from her curtained doorway, before she swept over to the tea table.

THE AEROPLANE

"Is there, then, no inner man with you at all—seven—and no tea!" She bit into a cake, watching them as she munched it slowly. Young Grafton rose and came deferentially toward her, but she waved him back with a new, intimate, friendly, half laughing little gesture. The situation was quite evidently in her hands.

"No—no—it's far too late for tea—now—and besides—I'm *far* too hungry for just cakes! You will stay for dinner, of course, Roger—and O, Roberta——" She caught her daughter's querulous smile and threw it back lightly, a bit sweetly. However inefficient she might be in the after details, this was her moment. She rose to it triumphantly—

"I've just heard about the mills. Somehow we three"—she included them both generously—"we three can—we must—pull them through. . . ."

For a moment the room was very still.

THE AEROPLANE

BEHOLD am I a thunder-driven heart!
And all a glorious shimmer of new wings!
Above the city and the dust of things
I, like the eagle at the sun, upstart.
I tear the tempest and the cloud apart;
I wheel in triumph where the planet swings,
And man the worm I lift a king of kings
Breasting the light where sunset arrows dart!

The birth have I seen of a brave new world—
This kingdom of ether spacious and wide:
Here in the air lanes by the winds imperilled
Secure and safe at night or noon I ride;
The soul of Icarus in steel and wire
I mount the height, higher and ever higher!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

SOME OF THE FAMOUS OPEN-AIR THEATERS IN AMERICA: BY JESSIE WELBORN SMITH



THE open-air theater idea has taken possession of people's imagination with miraculous, almost incredible swiftness. Faster than evil news that is said to travel more rapidly than the winds, has this good and wholesome outdoor sport, dances and play idea spread. Every little country schoolhouse in the land has heard of the great masques at St. Louis, in the New York Stadium, in the Yale Bowl and the beautiful Greek plays at Berkeley. Many country children "spoke their pieces" this year out under the trees or upon the hill-slope back of their home of learning, or "did" their calisthenics upon the lawn or the open space in front of it instead of the accustomed, crowded school, when visiting parents were compelled to be as comfortable as possible in the small room upon benches intended for the children.

Exercises of many district schools were held out of doors this year. Under the excitement of this novel proceeding children invented simple little plays and made simple little costumes, making up for the meagerness of their clothes by the wealth of the wreaths of flowers upon their heads and the garlands in their hands. Taking school exercises out of doors in some nearby grove or on the campus has transformed the dull and dreaded graduation events. College students dance or give Greek plays or playlets of their own writings as contribution to the festivities of the last days instead of reading tiresome essays or delivering stammering orations. Such exercises that were not enjoyed by either students or spectators have been done away with in favor of games, plays, pageants given out of doors. All the ingenuity that used to be suppressed has been freed by taking the school exercises out of doors and bashfulness has been conquered in the delight of self-expression.

The civic outdoor theater idea has developed as astonishingly as the school plays. Never perhaps has anything so fused a community's interest, understanding and friendliness as the mutual working together to produce some civic masque or to create some outdoor theater wherein every one can take part. It is good for people to enter with joy into public festivals instead of merely looking on. In the big masques hundreds of young people have learned to dance and to be happy, who have never before had much save dull work in their lives. People who have never thought of self-expression meet with genuine artists, gain inspiration and confidence from this association, and soon throw aside the fear and feeling of insufficiency that dwarfed and stunted them and are stronger, better, wiser in all ways for the experience.

SOME FAMOUS OPEN-AIR THEATERS

Nature has provided many natural auditoriums that until recently have remained undiscovered. Now nearly every city, town and village in America is finding out that there is some grove, some hill-slope, canyon, old orchard or bank of a stream that with but a little effort can be made into a most excellent stage.

THESE pictures show practical and beautiful ways by which different cities throughout the United States have taken advantage of the natural conditions and created the famous open-air theaters. One of these illustrations shows how the lawn before the White House was converted into a temporary outdoor theater on an occasion of a visit of the Coburn Players. Directly in front of the slightly elevated stage, banked with green with its sloping approach for the players, with its drops of shrubs, trees and close-clipped hedges, was the President's box, draped with laurel.

The rich foliage of a group of trees in the Zoological Gardens, Cincinnati, by a very little work made a most effective background for the brilliant Oriental costumes of "The Yellow Jacket." The garden walks were utilized for wings, so that with almost no effort a most effective stage was improvised. Heaven is represented by the raised balcony at the back of the stage, and the way to it is by the ladder near which the celestial musicians are seated.

Grand Forks, North Dakota, has the distinction of being the first open-air theater in which the stage is separated from the amphitheater by a stream. Beside the stream's great beauty when mirroring the bright costumes of the players it has great value in increasing the acoustic properties. The Bankside Theater, as this open-air playhouse is called, is used for both professional and amateur performances. Could any place be more delightful for school pageants, drills, dances and exercises?

The Apple Orchard Theater at Harrisonburg, Virginia, is as happily named as Bankside and conjures up as pleasant a vision in the minds of people. Schoolchildren, dancing beneath the apple trees that are on either side of the proscenium, when they are in bloom, must surely be an enchanting sight. With the deep rich curtain of ever-green for a background, pink and white petals falling, birds flying past contributing their songs, May festival performers would surely dance with light step and merry heart. At night, illumined by the sod-screened footlights and the moon, this theater must indeed seem an enchanted spot. During Jackson's valley campaign this Shenandoah orchard was a haven of rest for the soldiers. Every neighborhood should make an effort to preserve whatever historical spot they are fortunate enough to possess. This is one good way.

SOME FAMOUS OPEN-AIR THEATERS

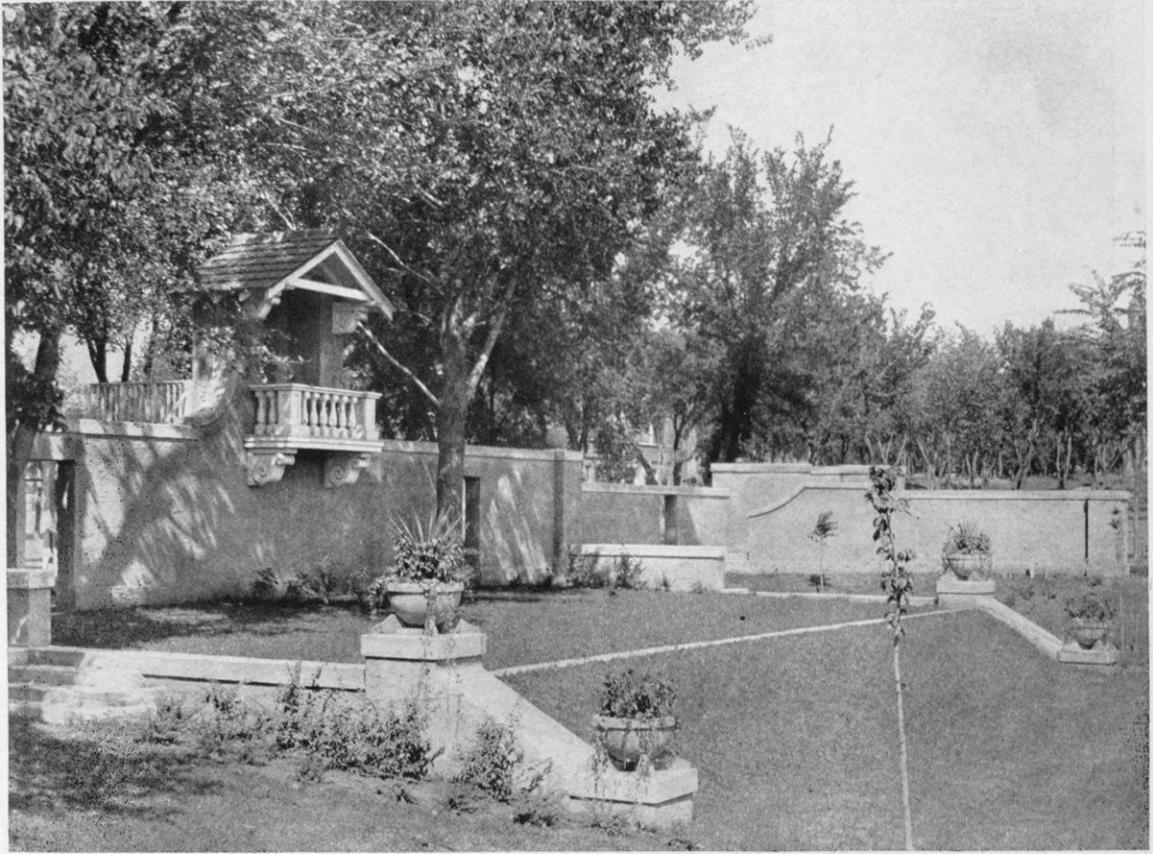
Columbia, Missouri, has preserved the fine Ionic columns that remained standing after the destructive fire had swept away the university buildings. Those fine Greek columns originally graced the façade of the central building. The students, appreciating their picturesque beauty and desiring to commemorate the memory of their ruined university, set vines to clothe and soften the scars of fire. Shrubs were planted at the base to form a hedge and a terrace stage built in front of them. The campus served as auditorium. Thus out of their ruin they have created a most imposing open-air theater, where both college and professional performances are given.

THE students of Yankton, South Dakota, with the assistance of public-spirited men, have created an out-of-door theater on the college campus that is unique of its kind. The theater enclosure, which consists of a lilac hedge and garden wall, is one hundred and forty by two hundred feet in size and easily seats three thousand people within perfect seeing and hearing distance. The turf on the terraced stage is already well established and vines started along the walls and flowers planted in the vases. So this Garden Terrace Theater, as it is known, is already beautiful and should be an inspiration and model to other colleges and towns contemplating an out-of-door theater. Though it was originated by the students and is located on the college grounds, it is in reality a community enterprise as well, students and citizens being equally benefited, equally enjoying its beauty and equally sharing in its labor and expense of construction.

McComb, Illinois, has taken advantage of a steep hillside studded with clumps of locust shrubs rising back of the city and constructed a most delightful theater. The gentle slope that joins the auditorium is covered with concrete raisers. These provide ample space for fifteen hundred chairs with an unobstructed view of the stage. The entrance to this ravine theater is along the winding path through the woods and over a hill—an inspiring entrance, indeed.

Nearly fifty plays have been given at the Ludington Theater, Michigan, dedicated by Ben Greet in nineteen hundred and seven and known as the Ben Greet Theater. There are no deep-cushioned lounges in the foyer, but there are compensations when the lake winds gently waft refreshing breezes over the beautiful natural auditorium.

Few communities have the distinction belonging to Bowling Green—that of a theater on the breastworks of a famous fort. This theater was begun by General Beauregard and Albert Sidney Johnson at the beginning of the Civil War, just before the Battle of Shiloh. Naturally they had little thought that the fort enclosure should ever be turned into an amphitheater for the education and the relaxation of the



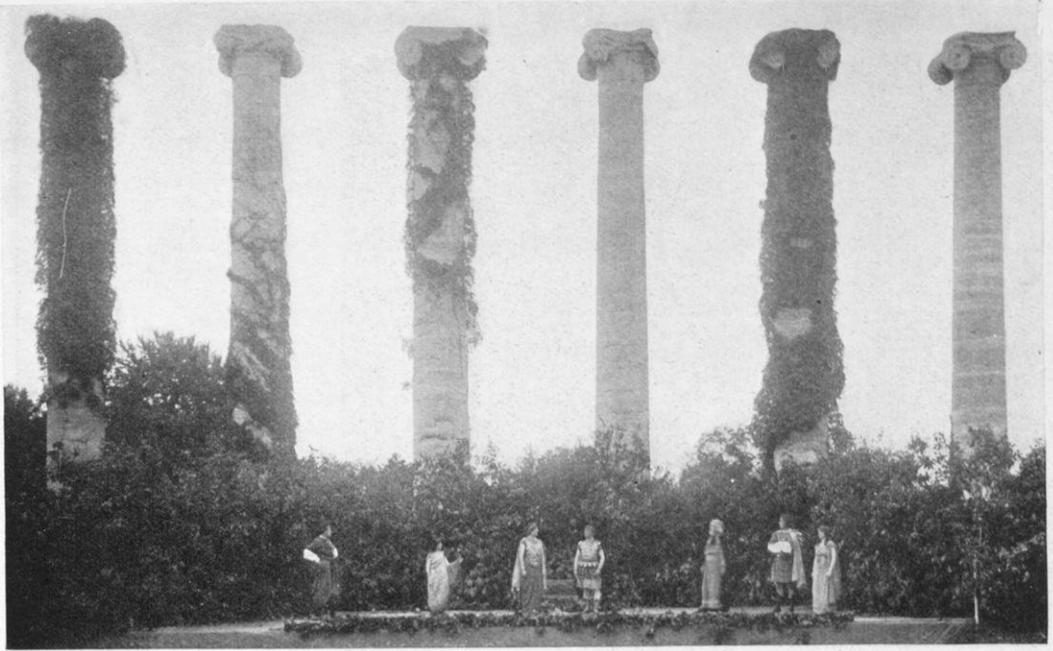
GARDEN TERRACE THEATER, YANKTON, South Dakota, though upon the university grounds is in reality a community enterprise, for citizens as well as students have helped in its creation: Concrete walls and lilac hedges, grass stage and green trees form an open-air theater that should be an inspiration for many cities and towns.



THE COBURN PLAYERS in "As You Like It" at the Forest Arden Theater at Lake Placid, Adirondacks.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Cincinnati, Ohio, quickly converted a green corner into a temporary stage so that the Coburn Players might have an adequate setting for their brilliant production of "The Yellow Jacket."

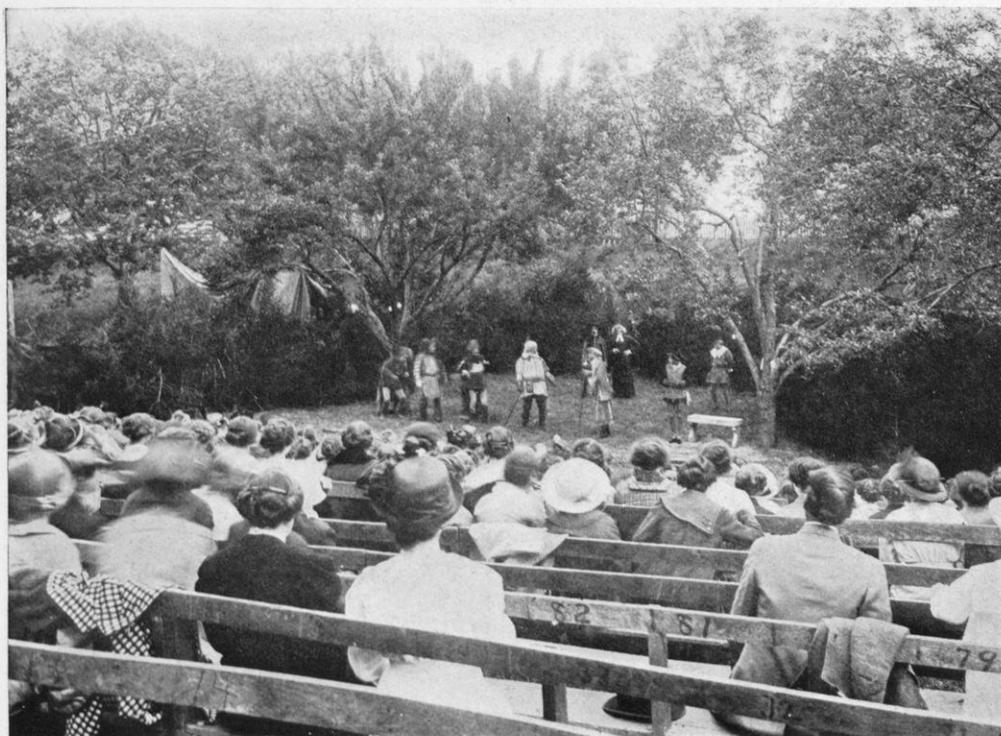




GREEK COLUMNS left standing after a fire had destroyed the university buildings at Columbia, Missouri, converted into an outdoor theater by the students, are shown in the upper picture.

MAY-POLE DANCE on the green at Sweet Brier College, Virginia, with prim evergreens forming wings.

A P P L E
Orchard
Theater,
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burg, Vir-
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historic
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hood could
not be bet-
ter honored
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A SENIOR
class play,
"A Russian
Honey-
moon,"
given under
the apple
trees show-
ing the sod-
screen foot-
lights, may
be seen
above.

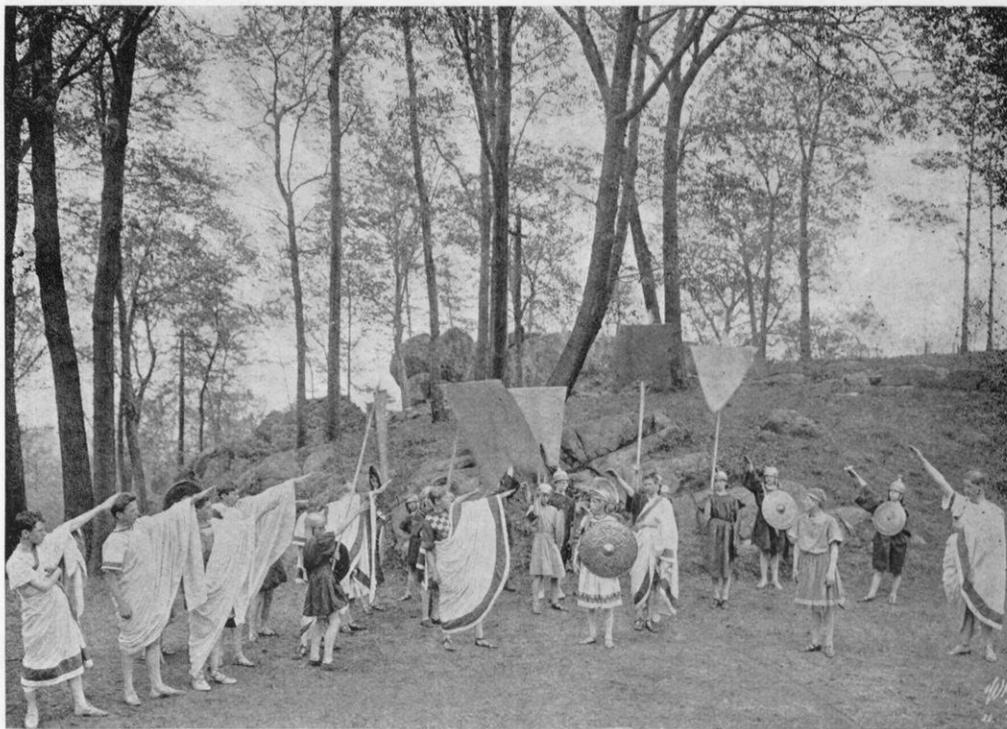
COBURN PLAYERS in the "Merry Wives of Wind-
sor" in the Apple Orchard Theater, are shown above.

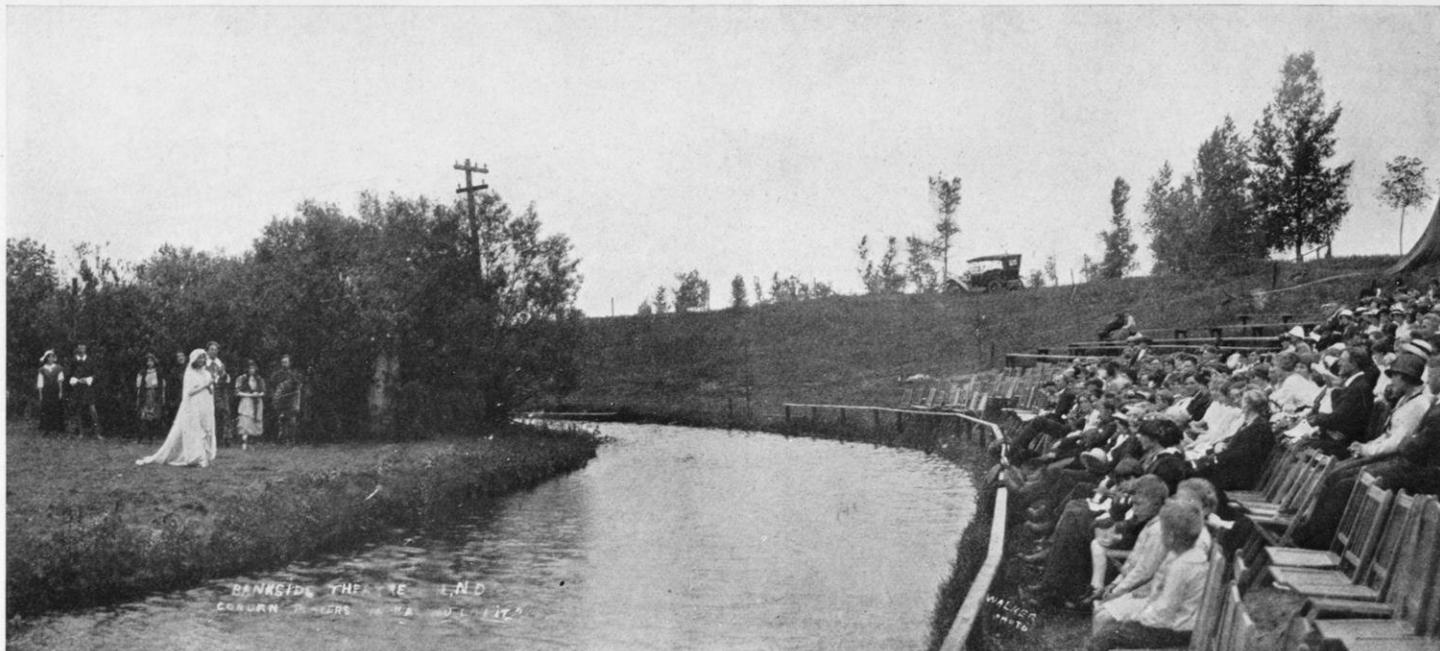


STUDENTS OF MT. HOLYOKE, Massachusetts, giving an open-air production of "Twelfth Night" on the university grounds instead of reading essays and delivering orations in the cramped quarters of an indoor hall.

"CORIOLANUS" given by the boys of the Riverdale School in the little grove at Fieldston, New York City:

Boys lose much of the self-consciousness that makes them awkward in the usual school plays when given the freedom of outdoor spaces.





BANKSIDE THEATER, Grand Forks, North Dakota: The placidly curving stream adds greatly to the acoustic properties of this outdoor theater: Professional as well as civic performances and school exercises have been held here.

SOME FAMOUS OPEN-AIR THEATERS

people. The breastworks on the east were easily terraced for a stage that for natural beauty of setting and historical association is unequaled.

UPON a cedar-banked hill, rising with gentle slope from the quiet waters of Lake Placid, in the Adirondacks, is the Forest Arden Theater. The Lake Placid Club, not content with the generous feast of beauty offered the eye, experimented until they had discovered the situation with the most perfect acoustic qualities. Among the tree-tops electric lights are concealed, a huge rock hides a piano and orchestra, a large fallen tree across the front of the stage serves as a screen for the footlights. Clumps of evergreens make the best of drops; behind groups of evergreens are the dressing rooms for thirty or more people. If the air be chilly on nights when plays are given, which is seldom, then bonfires are lighted at the four corners.

The Sleepy Hollow Country Club at Scarborough, New York, is erecting one of the most complete outdoor theaters in America. This is of permanent construction and designed so that Greek and Shakespearian plays, classical or modern dances, pageants or concerts may be given. Four low, semi-circular stairs lift the stage above the lawn; back drops, wings, etc., are of trimmed hedges. Tall Italian cypresses are planted where they will contribute most effectively to the decorative effect. The result is a classical, beautiful theater, an inspired example of the possibilities of the new type of garden stage.

The Pacific Coast has a number of open-air theaters, the beautiful one at Berkeley being perhaps the best known. The Greek Theater at Point Loma, with the superb blue of the ocean as a background, showing through the white Greek columns, can hardly be equaled for impressiveness of setting. Bakersfield, California, has an outdoor theater of its own; so also has Carmel-by-the-Sea. The Tacoma Stadium in Washington is widely known through the Montamara festa held there every year. The Bohemian Club of San Francisco has for many years given a play written by some member of the club, set to music and staged by other members, out among the redwoods of their Marin County grove.

St. Louis' contribution to the Shakespeare Tercentenary was a gigantic performance of "As You Like It" given in the natural auditorium in Forest Park. It was in the same park that the masque of St. Louis was given last year, though the stage was in a different part. This smaller stage with a frontage of one hundred and fifty feet and a depth of seventy feet is unique in that it is not in a conventional square form, but follows the graceful curve of the River Des Peres. In front of this charming stage is a large dancing green. The entrance crosses to the stage from the dressing tents over a bridge.

SELECTIONS FROM "BATTLE AND OTHER POEMS": BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

THE QUESTION

I WONDER if the old cow died or not.
Gey bad she was the night I left, and sick.
Dick reckoned she would mend. He knows a lot—
At least he fancies so himself, does Dick.

Dick knows a lot. But maybe I did wrong
To leave the cow to him, and come away.
Over and over like a silly song
These words keep humming in my head all day.

And all I think of, as I face the foe
And take my lucky chance of being shot,
Is this—that if I'm hit, I'll never know
Till Doomsday if the old cow died or not.

SALVAGE

SO suddenly her life
Had crashed about that gray old country wife,
Naked she stood, and gazed
Bewildered, while her home about her blazed,
New-widowed, and bereft
Of her five sons, she clung to what was left,
Still hugging all she'd got—
A toy gun and a copper coffee-pot.

Courtesy of Macmillan, Publisher.

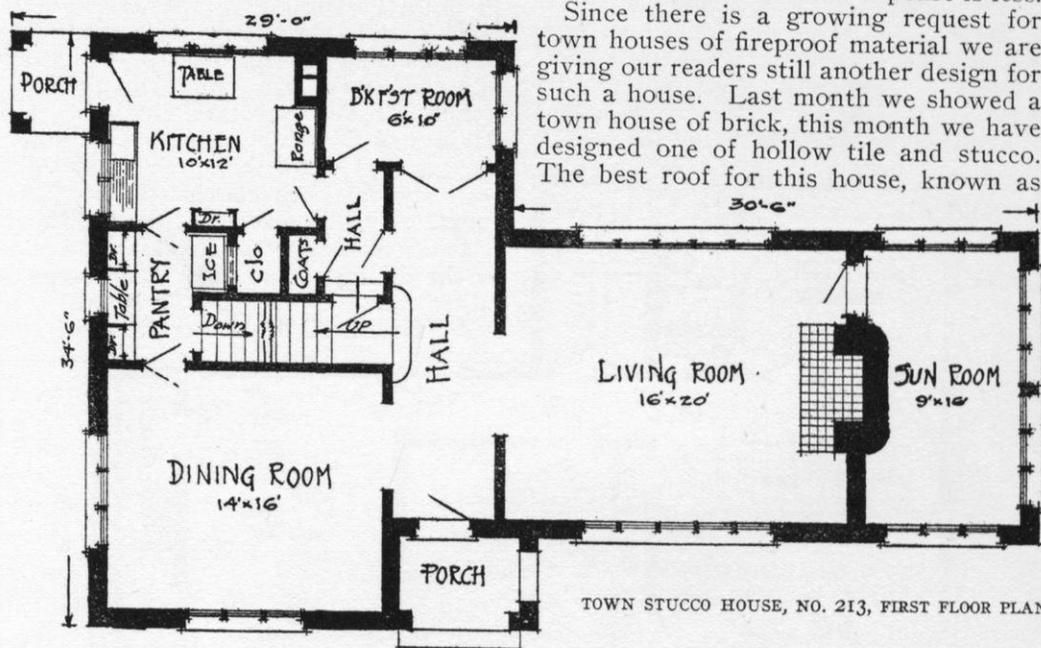


A CRAFTSMAN TOWN AND SEASHORE HOUSE

THE selection of the structural material of a new house is of the first and utmost importance. An instinct that has been active in man ever since the first house was made is that of safety. In the beginning the struggle was merely to create a protection from animals and tribal enemies. Nowadays we must consider a far more terrible destroyer—fire. To guard our homes from the stealthy visits of this foe is our chief concern. The best way of course is to build it of a material that is

not easily devoured by flame such as brick, stone, concrete, hollow tile and stucco. Building of such material not only safeguards the builder, but his neighbor as well. While fighting the danger of fire one also fights the destroyer, Time, for a material that is not easily burned is not easily worn away or disintegrated by time or by the elements. A three-fold advantage is thus gained by the use of such materials, for beauty also is won. As must always be admitted the cost of a fireproof building is greater than others at first, but because it lasts longer, requires very little to keep in repair and costs less to heat the final expense is less.

Since there is a growing request for town houses of fireproof material we are giving our readers still another design for such a house. Last month we showed a town house of brick, this month we have designed one of hollow tile and stucco. The best roof for this house, known as



TOWN STUCCO HOUSE, NO. 213, FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

A TOWN AND SEASHORE HOUSE

Number Two hundred and thirteen, would be tile, but if this brings up the first price too high then wood or composition shingles could be used and replaced after a few years with tile if desired. The lines of the roof are well handled for beauty, for they are long and low as possible to make them, thus are in excellent keeping with the form of the building. Five dormers were cut into the roof to give light to the bedrooms which, of course, break up the flat roof surface, but since windows have been dropped into the house wall and the house wall thus extends up into the roof the line of breakage is a uniting instead of a destroying one.

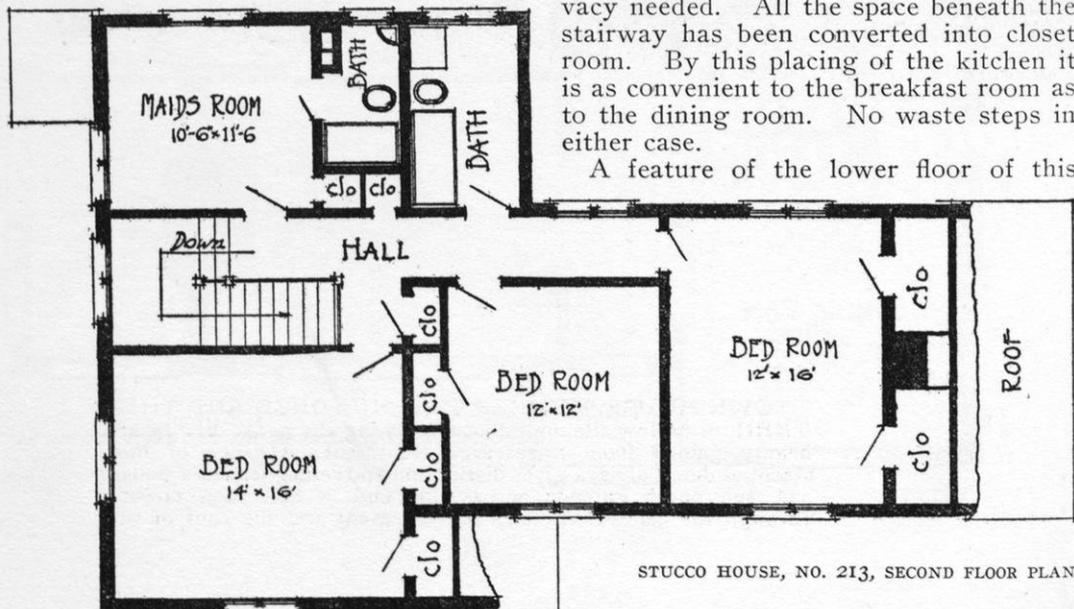
Since drain pipes must be in evidence we have suggested ornamental heads that will be acceptable decorations instead of blots upon the house. Drain heads of lead, bronze, iron or even of tin can be made especially to order or may be procured ready made of very good design.

The fine, long, low silhouette of this house was developed from the spacious plan of the interior. The entrance porch as indicated in the drawing of this house, Number Two hundred and thirteen, could be enclosed with glass in the winter if desired and thus get the benefit of a storm porch that is so often put on the outside of the house, thus marring its beauty. A feature of this large hall is that a full view may be had of the garden

at the far end of the house. Because of the glass doors leading into the breakfast room and because of a large group of windows directly opposite them the room is no obstacle to a free, direct view of the garden. This not only makes a bright picture-end to the hall as one enters the front door, but permits the best of ventilation during summer days. The breakfast room could be converted into a den, a study or a glassed-in porch as preferred, and the window at the side changed into a door giving direct entrance into the garden. Glass doors like the one opening into this breakfast room could be used to separate the dining room from the hall if preferred. Sometimes it is convenient to be able to close the dining room from sight while the table is being laid or the room cleaned, so these glass doors might be more useful than portieres.

Between the dining room and the kitchen is a good-sized butler's pantry with chests of drawers for the table linen and a place for the table or a sink as preferred under a window. The kitchen has been given an abundance of light, a convenient service porch and an outlet into the back hall, so that the maid may go up to her room without passing through the main body of the house. A great saving of space was thus gained by having one stairway serve both family and the servant. The two separate entrances and landing of the stairway give all the privacy needed. All the space beneath the stairway has been converted into closet room. By this placing of the kitchen it is as convenient to the breakfast room as to the dining room. No waste steps in either case.

A feature of the lower floor of this



STUCCO HOUSE, NO. 213, SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



There are no Craftsman Houses except those published in this magazine

TOWN HOUSE, NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN, of hollow tile and stucco, showing the great dignity and beauty gained from a reserved treatment: Absence of non-essential detail always gives distinction and refinement to a house: A sun porch extends across one end, a hall runs directly through the center, windows are casement and the roof of tile.



SUMMER HOUSE BY THE SEA, number Two hundred and fourteen, of wood with well shaded porch and recessed sleeping room above: A balcony runs around the living room to give picturesque effect and to give access to the upper rooms.

A TOWN AND A SEASHORE HOUSE

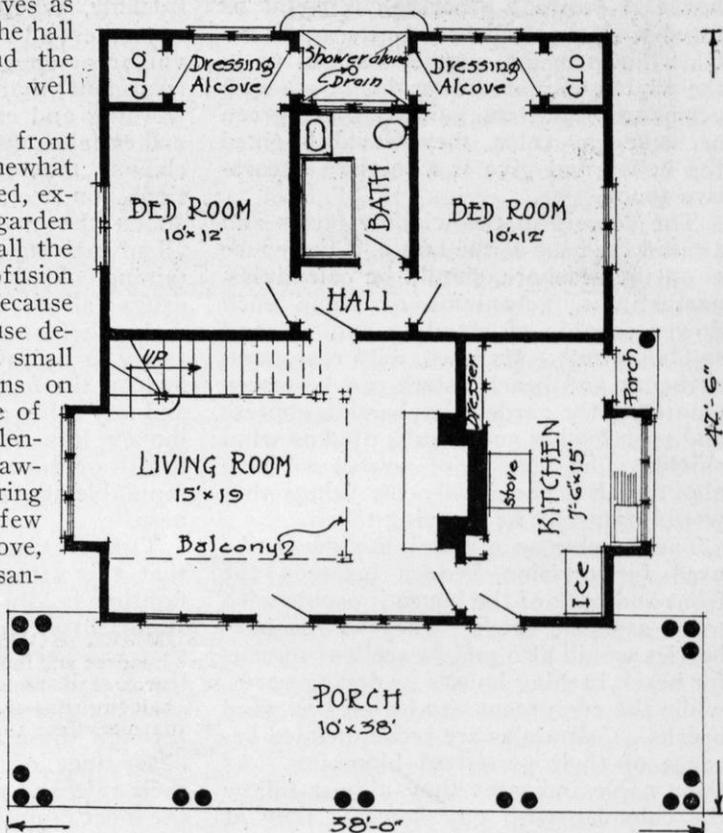
house is the glassed-in sun porch extending along the whole end of the living room. This gives in reality two living rooms, for the sun porch is to be heated from the main heating plant. Since the windows are very large this porch can easily be used to hold plants saved from the summer's garden and thus a bright, fragrant spot be had all winter. A fireplace can easily be had here if desired, for the large chimney of the fireplace in the living room touching it could be given another flue. The opposite rows of casement windows in the living room give a pleasant cross light in the room, a view into the garden as well as on the street, and let in both morning and afternoon sunlight.

The second story plan provides for three large bedrooms for the family and one for the maid. Part of the maid's room has been used as an individual bath, but in case this is not desired the whole space can be left as one room. The two large closets in the master's bedroom can be extended as far under the eaves as wished. Every room and the hall has good closet room and the bathroom is large and well lighted.

The planting across the front of the house should be somewhat formal, that is, trim, reserved, exceedingly simple. In the garden at the back there can be all the unrestrained, riotous profusion desired, but in the front because of the simplicity of the house design there should be but a small group of dwarf evergreens on each side of the door (one of which should be tall and slender as indicated in the drawing), some trim flowering shrub such as hydrangea, a few tall plants such as foxglove, delphinium, asters or chrysanthemums, and a vine or creeper that will add a delicate note of grace, but that will not develop into heavy masses.

The summer camp, as promised last month, is intended for the seaside, among the dunes. Of course, this little house, Number Two hundred and

fourteen, is suitable for any other country place, but because of its generous roofed-over porch, which tempers the glare of sun on sand, the upper recessed porch and the plan of the bath and dressing rooms at the back, it is especially adaptable to a seaside place. The idea of the dressing rooms at the back is that the bathers can enter into the bathrooms and dressing rooms without having to track through the house. Wet clothes can be left in the dressing room and shower had from the rear of the house with no interference to the body of the house. All round the main room is a large balcony that makes a pleasant plan for the room and a picturesque entrance up to the upper sleeping room and recessed porch. A room extending to an extra height and with a balcony always has a romantic aspect such as is most welcome in summer homes. It provides a chance for sunshine and shadow. Beneath one end of this balcony is the fireplace which creates the



FLOOR PLAN OF SEASIDE HOUSE, NO. 214.

"AN HONEST TALE SPEEDS BEST"

effect of a cozy nook since the ceiling is much lower than in the center of the room. The large porch at front of the house can be used for sleeping porch if desired. One end can be glassed in or provided with Japanese screen or canvas wind shield to prevent too strong a current of air.

The form of this house is unusually attractive. It is most picturesque seen from a distance because of the line of the roof, the curve of the overhang giving somewhat the effect of a thatched roof. The side view of this house is almost more attractive than the front. The doors should be of plain, heavy tongue and groove, provided with wide strap hinges if possible. If it is impossible to secure the rustic for the porch pillars at the seashore they could be boxed instead. We have shown this house of wood, but the lines would be equally suitable for concrete or stucco.

For winter protection shutters of some decorative design could be added to the house if desired; otherwise it could be fitted with simple board shutters that are taken down in the summer and put up in the winter. By providing this house with permanent shutters painted blue, green or some gay color, they would brighten the house and give it a modern decorative touch.

The flowers in the window boxes and around the base of the house, if the house is on the seashore, should be calendulas, nasturtiums, geraniums or some such flower capable of standing salt air and sudden winds. Mallows, wild rose, sand verbenas and beach asters can be transplanted in the garden; bayberries, cypress and such bushes and shrubs used as wind shield. The idea is of course to have about such a house only the things that would naturally be growing there.

The marsh rose or marsh-mallow can be used for division hedges between the front and back of the house if people wish to so separate them. They or the bayberries would also make excellent screens for beach bathing houses or drying yards, while the evergreens can be used as wind breaks. Calendulas are recommended because of their persistent blooming. As their name indicates they almost follow the calendar with gay flowers; they at least follow the calendar all summer with a daily offering of bright yellow blooms.

"AN HONEST TALE SPEEDS BEST"

AN honest tale speeds best," says the Association of National Advertisers, agreeing with William Shakespeare. The members of this association stand behind the staunch policy of honesty as a warrior stands behind his self-forged, oft-tried shield of steel. They put their faith in something that as business men of wide experience they have found to be invulnerable. Every consumer in this country ought to know that the leading advertisers of America met in Dayton, Ohio, last May and adopted the resolution that will eventually make it impossible for fraudulent advertising of any kind to succeed. They are determined that all false representations and claims shall be promptly uncovered and denounced. As individual men of business and as an organization they declare themselves opposed to "all advertising that is fraudulent or questionable, whether financial, medical or any other; all advertising that is indecent, vulgar or suggestive either in theme or treatment; that is 'blind' or ambiguous in wording and calculated to mislead; that makes false, unwarranted or exaggerated claims; that makes uncalled-for reflections on competitors or competitive goods; that makes misleading free offers; all advertising of laymen of products containing habit-forming or dangerous drugs; all advertising that makes remedial, relief or curative claims, either directly or by inference, that are not justified by the facts or common experience; and any other advertising that may cause money loss to the reader or injury in health or morals or loss of confidence in reputable advertising and honorable business."

THE CRAFTSMAN cannot but rejoice that this strong body of men are thus fighting boldly in the open for the high standards of clean and honest advertising that has been our own policy ever since the first issue. The members of this association purpose to direct all advertising through those mediums which make the observance of the principle of honesty their rule and practice. Readers in even the most remote parts of our country will quickly come to know and to rely upon this source of information.

SEEING OUR PLAYS OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from page 447.)

Entirely different from any other playhouse, in form, in dramatic limitations, and in organization, is the Tamalpais Mountain Theater, near San Francisco. The site is close to the top of Mount Tamalpais, where a natural hollow has the shape of an auditorium, seating perhaps seven or eight thousand people. The stage, which has been but little shaped artificially, has a background of trees and boulders, and farther back, a vista over miles of hill and valley, bay and ocean. The Mountain Play Association, composed of amateur and semi-professional actors, and drama-lovers, produces one play annually. On Mountain Play day literally thousands of people show their interest by climbing to the theater, and already the occasion has become one of the red-letter days in the community's art calendar. The productions have included Kalidasa's "Sakuntala" and the Joseph Jefferson version of "Rip Van Winkle." But even if the plays were unimportant in themselves, such a theater would be worth while for its service in calling so many people into the open.

Of the other nature theaters in California it is unnecessary to write, as they all are less important structurally and artistically than the three described. It is worth while to pause just a moment, however, to mention two of the garden theaters in the State. On the estate of Mr. Henry E. Bothin, at Montecito, is an exquisite little playhouse modeled after the famous garden theater at Villa Gori in Italy. The arrangement is entirely formal, and the stage background has the conventional clipped hedge wings of the villa theaters. At Montecito, too, Mrs. William Miller Graham, who has built one of the most beautiful of American "little theaters" of the indoor type, has constructed an outdoor playhouse that is charming in every way. While the natural beauties of the site are retained, the conventional stage wall and the row of slender cypresses at the back give the unmistakable atmosphere of the garden type. Such private theaters may become very valuable as experimental playhouses, for trying out the work of young dramatists and for experiments in new methods of staging; and if the owners

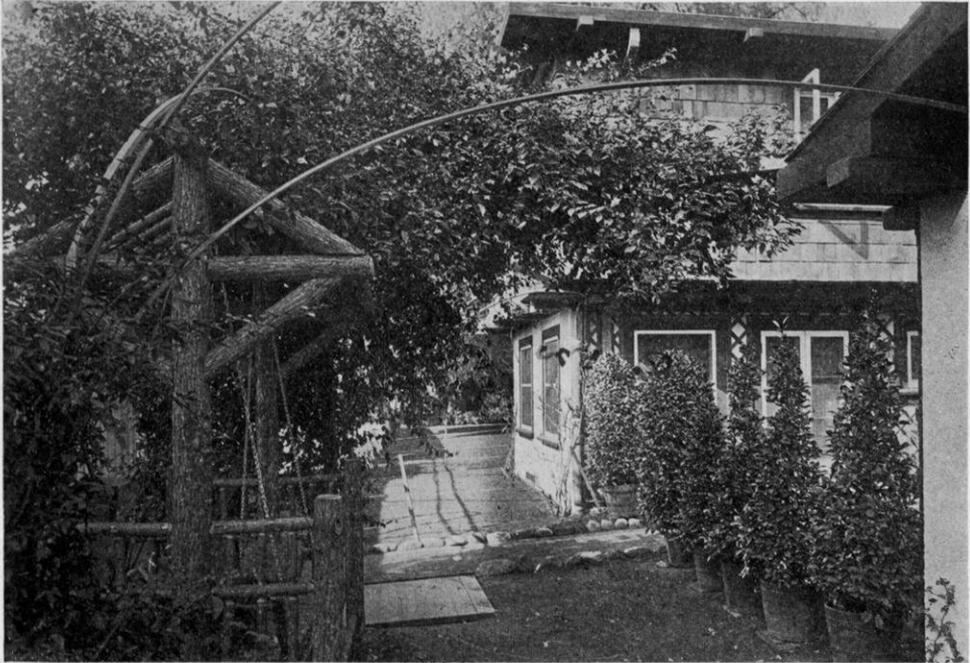
make them available to the entire community, they may prove, like the public-owned theaters already described, of great value in the development of a healthy civic consciousness.

California, it has been noted, leads in outdoor production by right of a climate that makes the success of open-air plays less a gamble than elsewhere. But the rest of the country has not been entirely inactive in this special direction of dramatic progress. If the whole story of the American open-air theater were to be told, it would be necessary to describe such notable playhouses as those at Peterborough, Madison, St. Louis, Yankton, and Meriden—to say nothing of special performances at the Harvard Stadium and elsewhere. But enough has been said to prove the vitality of the open-air theater movement as it exists in this country.

With the exception of some of the "little" playhouses, the regular theater is today by force of circumstances outside the flowing current of human life. Perhaps because it was long ago pushed aside by a jealous church, perhaps because men were simply too busy with governmental and economic affairs to remember it, very certainly the indoor theater has passed beyond the bounds of community responsibility. It long has been, and is now, in private hands, and insofar as it has to do at all with true dramatic art, it exists to exploit that art for private gain. It is distinctly commercial. The open-air theater, however, as it is free from this speculative limitation, already approaches in some measure the conditions of that time when Greek drama was part of the state administration of communal affairs, and of that other time when the church developed drama as part of its ritual. The open-air theater is returning drama to the people's hands as a religious force, and is becoming a medium of expression of their spiritual life. It is taking the drama away from the ideal of amusement for the few, to the ideal of an invigorating and inspiring art for the many.

As everybody knows, happiness is the great bodily and mental stimulant. Lessons are easily understood when given in the form of games. These outdoor plays do more to give the majority of people a knowledge of literature than any course of dull reading.

A SIMPLE BUNGALOW, RICHLY FURNISHED



A CHARMING SIMPLE BUNGALOW WITH PALATIAL FURNISHINGS: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

Photographs by Lenwood Abbott.

A CHARMING bungalow home in Southern California embowered in flowers and greenery throughout the year is outlined, sometimes bathed in purple haze, against a wall of mountains. In the valley below it is always summer, but the peaks of the mountain wall often wear a crown of snow. Near the bungalow grow stately eucalypti and straggly oaks, the bungalow itself is low and rambling, and from whatever point it is viewed it conveys a most picturesque impression.

And even more interesting, but in a different way, is its interior. Ordinarily one thinks of the bungalow as a type of home adaptable only to the tastes of the family of moderate means. But the bungalow we are showing in this article is the home of a millionaire, and its interior is palatial in its furnishings and decorations. There are rare old pieces of furniture, antique mirrors, paintings by old masters, and rich rugs and draperies from many lands, while among the collection of books are found volumes of almost priceless value. Certainly one would rarely ever find a home of more elegance.

THE OPEN END OF THE PATIO IS SCREENED BY A ROW OF BAY TREES. HOME OF JOHN P. CUDAHY, ESQ.

Structurally, this bungalow is an excellent representation of the popular bungalow home of California. It is designed to enclose an open court or *patio*, on three sides. In the main it is but a single story high, but one of the wings possesses a low second-floor addition. The shingled roof is of comparatively slight pitch and has wide overhangs in the eaves and gables. The walls of the first-floor portion are of creamy white stucco over building tile, while the walls of the upper part are covered with redwood shakes. The woodwork is stained a soft brown color, which contrasts strikingly with the creamy stucco, and produces a very attractive color scheme.

Perhaps the most generally admired feature of the bungalow, structurally, is the *patio*. It is roomy and airy, and with decorative lattice work covering the walls. It is floored with dark red brick, and overhead it is entirely unprotected, save for the wide projections of the roof. A row of bay trees screens it on the open side, and from one of the rear corners a tall picturesque old eucalyptus grows right up through the flooring. To even more closely link this *patio* with the extensive garden plot which surrounds the house, a number of palms and ferns spring from aptly placed fern boxes and jardinières of rare old terra cotta from Venice. Much

A SIMPLE BUNGALOW, RICHLY FURNISHED



of the floor space is carpeted with weather-proof rugs, and wicker chairs and tables furnish it.

Besides this *patio* there is a pergola-veranda along the side of one of the wings. This is likewise paved with brick, and pergola beams are the only covering. A low perpendicular-boarded parapet, coped with a continuous flower box, forms the outside enclosure, and into the space open two sets of French doors, making it another convenient and inviting retreat.

ENTERING the house through this pergola, one is ushered directly into the immense drawing room, which is over forty feet in length. To maintain the bungalow appearance here, the rafters and braces are exposed, but in every other respect one might imagine that he had stepped into a palace. Papal velvet hangings of deep red are at the doors and windows, and the Papal lamps of copper are swung by chains from the old Saxon crown design; the high-backed chairs, the carved tables of English oak and the wonderful old screen from a French chateau combine to give the impression of England in the time of King Richard the Lion Hearted. This old early English idea is still further emphasized by the antique church bench which has been cushioned in velvet, the odd fender rail in front of the fireplace, and by the pictures and

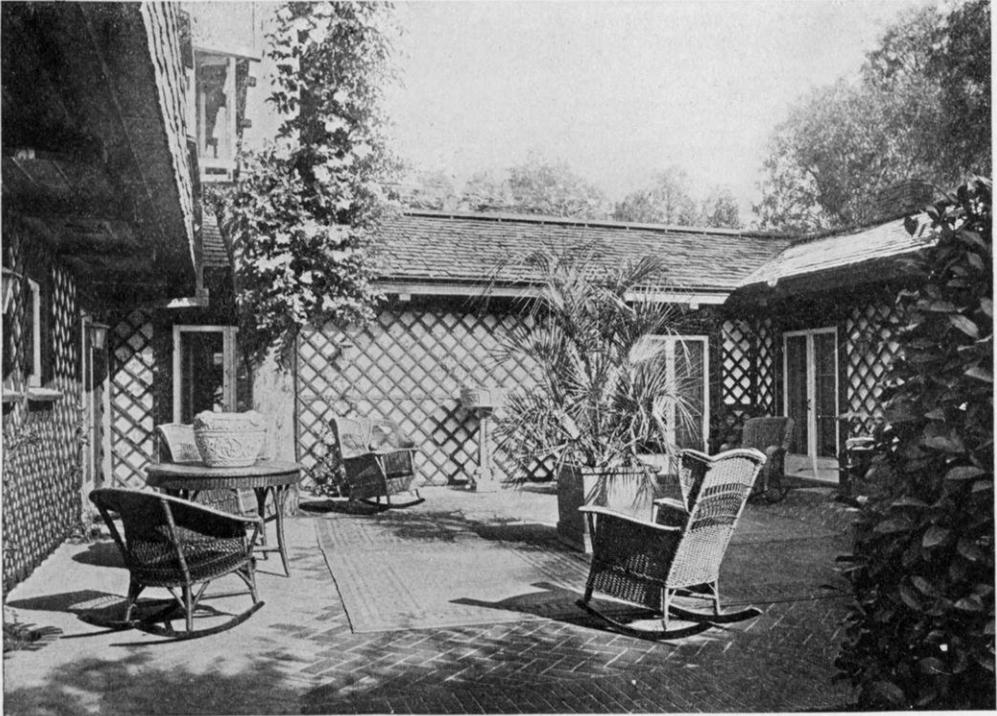
BUNGALOW IN PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, DESIGNED FOR JOHN P. CUDAHY, ESQ., MYRON HUNT, ARCHITECT. antique mirrors which grace the walls. Oriental rugs cover the floor, and in the center is a square of rich red, like the velvet hangings at the doors and windows. Along a portion of one of the side walls is an immense case full of books—plain books in wonderful bindings and wonderful books in plain bindings. Many of them are very old and rare, among them a set of Shakespeare printed in 1830.

At right angles to the long drawing room is the dining room, with only the velvet hangings intervening, and here again one gets a fine sense of perspective, for it is fifty-five feet from one end of the dining room across the end of the drawing room. The walls of this room are in old blue, gold and copper tones, and the velvet hangings are of Gobelin blue; the furniture is Jacobean with the high-backed chairs cushioned in blue.

The music room is reminiscent of France, with its pale gold covered walls, its hangings of soft champagne tone. There is a fireplace in one corner of the room, and before it is a French firescreen. The mahogany chairs are covered in embroidered gold brocade, and the lighting fixture is a chandelier of carved wood from Florence, which has been treated with dull gold.

Adjoining the music room is a boudoir,

A SIMPLE BUNGALOW, RICHLY FURNISHED

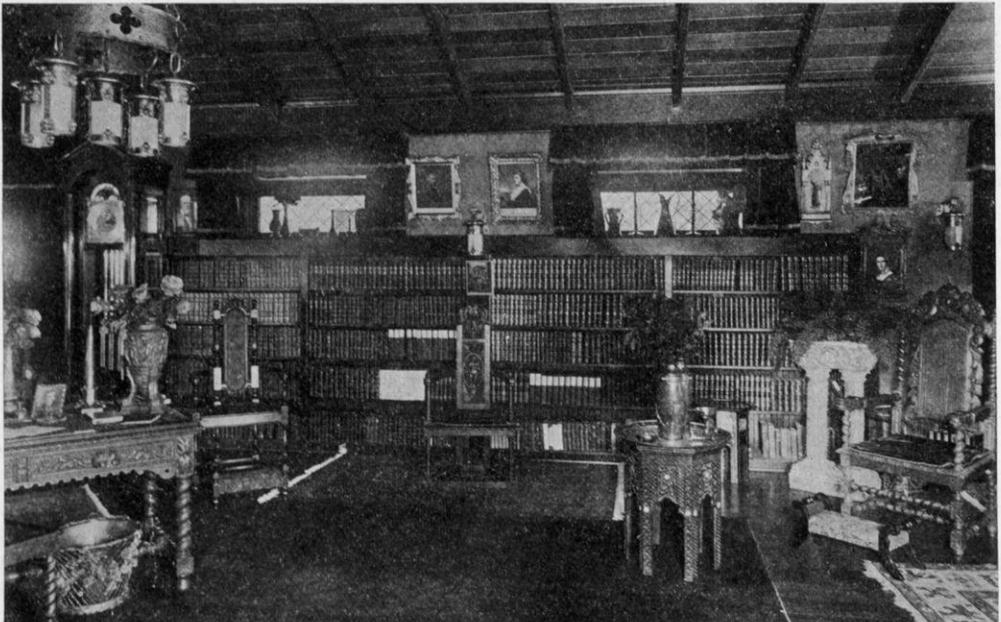


which is finished in delicate shades of pink and rose. Pink satin covers the walls, and in one corner is a huge pink covered couch. The chairs are covered in rose, as is a small sewing table.

The house also contains a children's sunny nursery, a den, and sleeping porch.

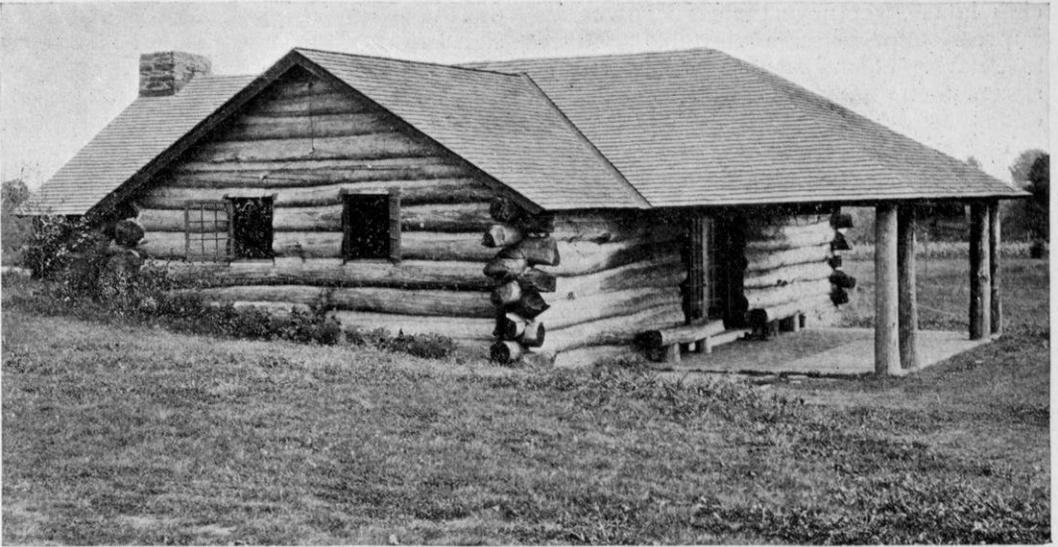
PATIO WITH LATTICE WORK COVERING WALLS, FLOORED WITH DARK RED BRICK.

This unusual bungalow is located in Pasadena, California, and is the home of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Cudahy. It was designed by Myron Hunt, a well known California architect.



DRAWING ROOM OF THE CUDAHY HOME SHOWING SHELVES FILLED WITH RARE OLD BOOKS.

A LOG CABIN CLUB HOUSE



A LOG CABIN CLUB HOUSE

THE Merion Cricket Club Golf Association, Haverford, Pennsylvania, was fortunate indeed in being able to have so gifted an architect as D. Knickerbacker Boyd to create for them the charming log cabin club house here shown. Nothing more suitable or picturesque could have been devised for a

MERION CRICKET ASSOCIATION CLUB HOUSE, HAVERFORD, PA.

club house. It fits into the land as though a tree had fallen and Nature had comforted it with plants and shrubs.

There is nothing like a log house for picturesque beauty or for romantic association. Even though history has not yet been made for the honor and glory of this



FIREPLACE END OF SITTING ROOM.

A LOG CABIN CLUB HOUSE

club house, yet nevertheless it gives an impression of being a veritable historic landmark. This is because it has been designed along pioneer lines and thus radiates the old-time spirit.

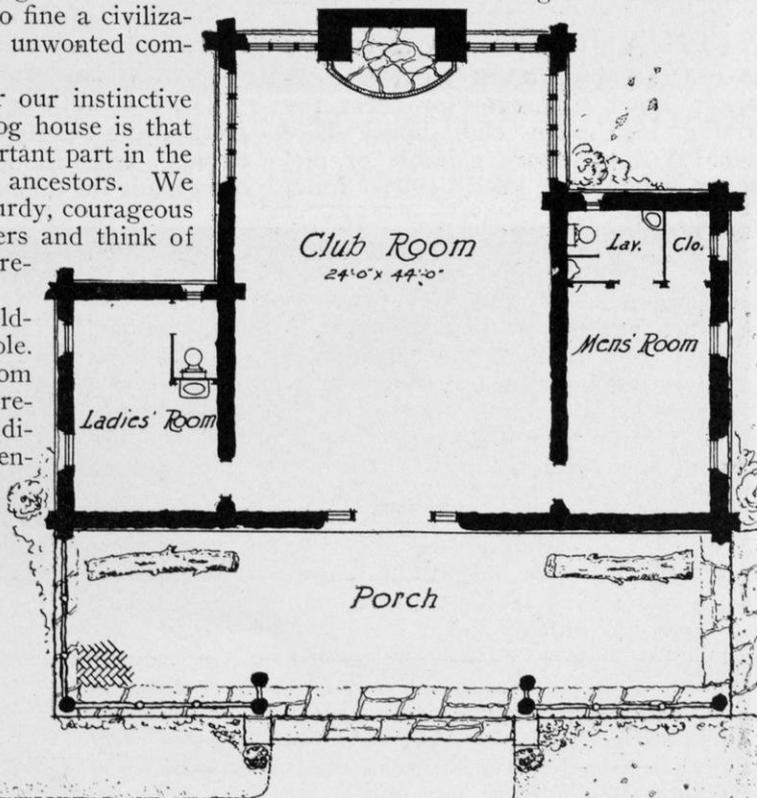
The log benches, small windows, low sweeping roof lines, great low stone chimney and rustic porch but a step above the ground leading into the solid substantial building, all contribute to an old-time air eminently desirable for a club of the long established reputation of this at Haverford. It is hard to say just what there is about a log cabin that appeals so to one's imagination. Perhaps it is because it suggests simple informal living and a sympathy with the outdoor world. Its color is, of course, the perfect one for harmony. Since there is no sense of ostentation about a log house it makes one feel at home. It has a hospitable and friendly look as though one might ask shelter and not be denied, as though one could throw off the shackles of too fine a civilization and enjoy life in unwonted comfort.

Another reason for our instinctive attraction toward a log house is that it has played an important part in the lives of most of our ancestors. We love to read of the sturdy, courageous life of the first settlers and think of being associated even remotely with them.

The plan of this building is extremely simple. First, the large club room with its great stone fireplace at the far end directly opposite the entrance door. Windows on each side of the fireplace and groups of windows in both walls give that end

of the room a great cheery sense of sun and firelight. As may be seen by the photograph the result is everything that can be desired for the picturesque effect and delightful solid comfort that should be the characteristic, the very essence of a club house. The thick, padded rustic seats along the walls beneath the windows are surely most inviting to look upon. The rustic wood-box, smoking table and telephone tabouret, the strong hickory chairs that can be tipped back without danger of breaking, the comfortable lounging chairs, Indian rugs, log mantel shelf and brick floor, all are in keeping with the outside of the house.

Directly to the right and to the left of the main door are the entrance doors of the men's and women's room where hair may be smoothed up a bit and hands washed after strenuous games out on the club's famous level grass fields.



FLOOR PLAN OF
MERION CRICKET
ASSOCIATION
CLUB HOUSE



GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR OWN FAMILY IN VACATION TIME: BY JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB

WE live in the hot belt, and because it was an expensive experiment to start off on a vacation with five children I stayed home summers. My husband always took his much needed vacation, alone, in August. I tried all the home vacation recipes ever put in print, but the result was the same—a rather wishy-washy looking set of children by fall, and my dreams of drawing the children closer in their interests to each other, and to me, in the same old ruins.

This was due somewhat to my lack of leisure, as I often found myself doing my own housework, but more to the coming and going of company and to the constant pull of the children's different groups of friends.

The summer John was twelve, the boy twins nine, and the girl twins six, I made up my mind to have one summer the way I thought it ought to be. As soon as school was out I started for the "Rockies." I knew some things I did not want. I did not want to be in a "resort," nor in any little cottage group huddled along a railroad track, nor by a lake or river.

MOSES, THE DONKEY, WHO TOOK THE CHILDREN TO A NEW BANQUETING HALL EACH DAY.

This is what I secured:—a four room slab cottage with a screen porch; it stood on a pine covered knoll above a shallow stream; this stream joined the river in the canyon about a mile away. The cottage was the most outlying one of a group of scattered cottages a mile from the railroad, the post-office and the store. Groceries were delivered every day; bottled milk was brought from a ranch three or four miles distant, and a vegetable wagon came twice a week.

It was so hot when we started that everything looked withered and shrivelled. I could scarcely persuade myself to carry coats with us, or even to pack warmer clothing. But hot though that trip was across the burning prairie, we needed coats the next day going up our wonderful canyon. I say "our," for we felt a sense of ownership in the whole thing—in the little narrow gauge railroad, in the engine, and engineer, and in the rushing stream. The joyful excitement of the children was re-echoed in me and before we so much as reached our destination I realized that the benefits from our new vacation plan had already begun.

The first thing I did on reaching our cottage was to hustle the children into their vacation costumes—waists, overalls and elk-soled shoes; all alike. After that they were ready to explore their sur-

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR FAMILY

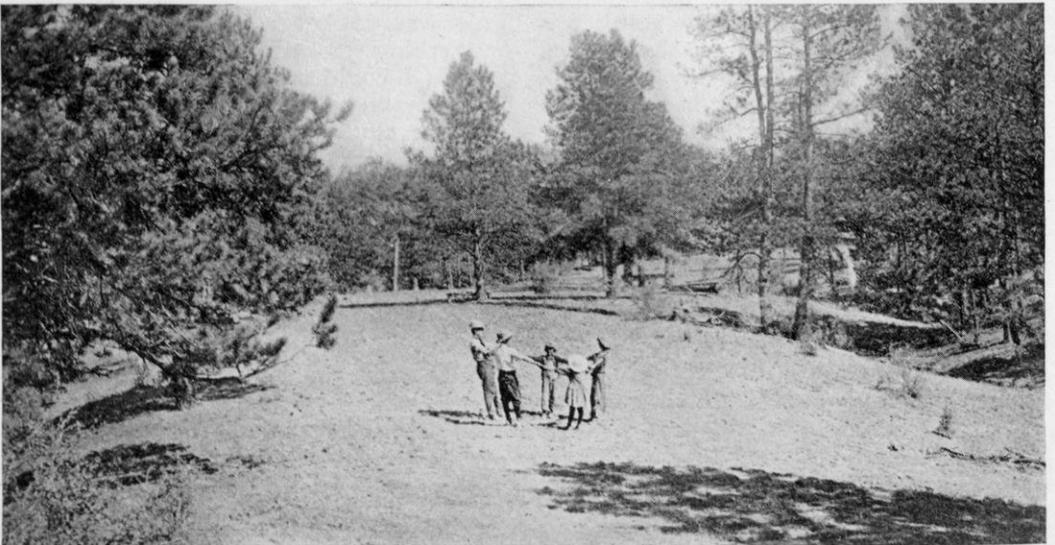


roundings, while I concerned myself with preparing enough food to preserve us from immediate starvation. Talk about good things to eat—none of us will ever be likely to forget that first dinner of bacon and eggs and corn bread.

For the first week the children patronized that stream from morning till night—making dams, water-wheels, ponds, harbors, bridges, fleets of little boats, piers—and all the rest. As for me it was unalloyed bliss to see my little people playing enthusiastically together—and with their mother, for that matter—

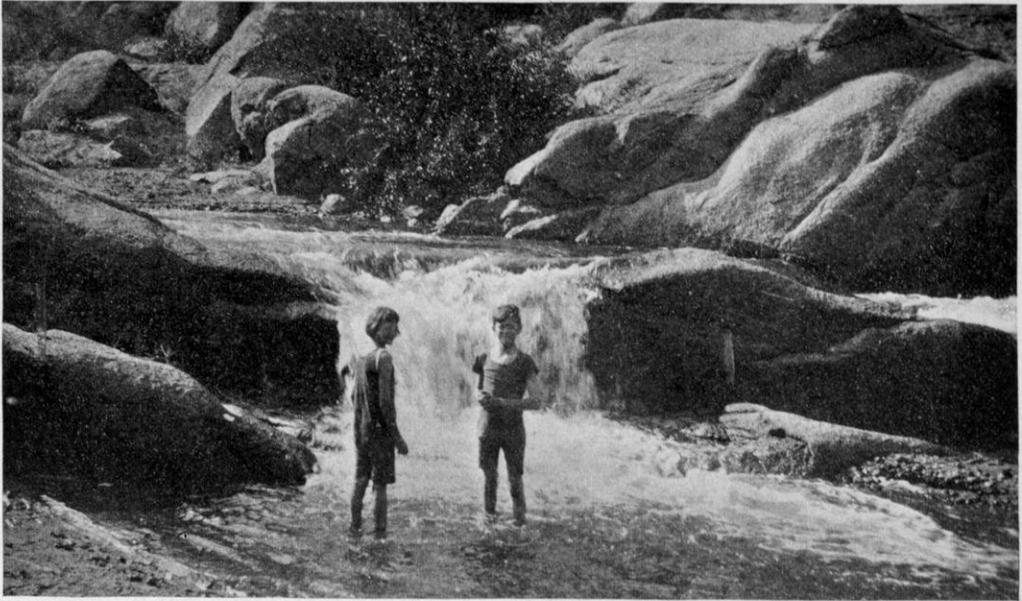
THE SLAB COTTAGE ON THE PINE COVERED KNOLL. learning to appreciate each other as playmates and growing visibly hardier and ruddier.

At the next town, by the canyon, I rented a donkey and cart for the summer, and from that time on we ate no dinners at the cottage except on Sunday. Each morning as soon as the cottage was neat and orderly—and as each child had an assigned job the work seemed a mere nothing—we would pack our lunch, frying pan, books and other paraphernalia in the cart, and with Moses—the donkey—



IN THIS BALSAMY OPEN-AIR PLAYROOM THE CHILDREN SOON GREW STRONG AND BROWN AS BERRIES.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR FAMILY



to the fore, we were ready to fare forth. Care free and foot free we would explore one of the many wood trails, or follow the road up the creek, branching off wherever it looked especially promising. Some days we would make quite a tramp; at other times we would find a good place to play and camp out. Along the creek we were generally able to catch a few trout to fry with our bacon, and we very often found mushrooms—the puff-ball mushrooms—to cook. Talk about pleasure—those outdoor feasts spelled fun and to spare.

On those jaunts I always took some nature books—notably Julia MacNair Wright's little Botany and Astronomy as well as one or another of her Wayside series; and the children learned more that summer about plants and birds and trees and the heavens above them, than I had ever been able to put into them in all the years before.

John's favorite book was Ernest Seton's "Two Little Savages." He was also introduced to Scott and Dickens through "Ivanhoe" and "Barnaby Rudge." I had chosen a few books to read to them, and a few for them to read themselves; and although the improvement the summer made in the children's physical appearance was very marked, it was not nearly so noticeable to me as the advance they made mentally—without the slightest consciousness of effort on their part.

BATHING POOL IN THE STREAM, WHERE THE NIGHTLY BATH FROLIC WAS HAD.

We did not light a lamp all summer. Neither did I keep my watch going. I set it every Saturday night so that we would be sure to get to the little Union Chapel in good season for church; that was the only day in the week we went clothed in conventional garments or that we knew the exact hour; the sun and the train whistles were our only guides on other days.

Among other things the children made a sufficiently tight dam to form a very good bathing pool in the stream, and every night they would run down in their little swimming suits, have a good splash, get rubbed hot and dry by me and be popped into bed.

The boys slept on cots on the screen porch and the little girls in the room I used. It was all so open and so near together that it was very pleasant for me to sit there and tell them stories until they went to sleep.

For the first time I was able to feel that by stories and mutual talk I was handling those youngsters as I had always wanted to—without ever satisfactorily doing so.

Sunday afternoons also, spent lazily enough among the rocks and pines beyond our cottage, were so uninterrupted and unhurried that I had the unspeakable satisfaction of feeling that they were getting in a natural and happy way that

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR FAMILY

knowledge of the Bible that I had wished to give them and tried to give them—but with indifferent success. They had been carefully taught, to be sure, but through adventitious circumstances it had often seemed uphill work.

Their father came out for August, and for the first time the children had a real vacation with him, and he had time to enjoy them. It was a source of the liveliest satisfaction to all concerned. Their father was even guilty of moping a little because of what he had missed in previous years.

"Talk about pleasure!" he said, "this is it!"

Best of all, from the long-look-ahead point of view, was the way the children came to know each other, to depend on each other for companionship, and to discover in each other qualities they seldom took time enough at home—so closely did their little outside interests press—to really recognize or remember.

I may seem to have over-emphasized this getting away from other people; but those who most conscientiously answer to the obligations of a complex social life, are the very ones who most need a few weeks of the year alone together, in a different environment, to deepen and strengthen the family spirit. It is the children's due.

The demands made even upon children in these days are such that parents who do not need to leave home on the score of climate or health would nevertheless be doing the very best thing possible for their family life if they cut loose for a few weeks and hid them with their children to the woods or the sea, and devoted the time to getting acquainted and to welding the family together as a unit. The satisfaction of later years depends on something of this sort being intelligently carried through.

The children discovered a resourcefulness in inventing games and in the ability to make things that gave them the self-confidence that every person must have before life can be faced with pleasure and courage. They enjoyed finding themselves as much as getting acquainted with each other.

With us this initial vacation proved itself so well worth while that we unhesitatingly decided it to be worth each year whatever extra effort it cost to secure it. And we have stuck to it.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF "THE CRAFTSMAN," PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1916.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred A. Arwine, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of the Craftsman Publishing Company, publishers of THE CRAFTSMAN, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Name of	Post-office address.
Publisher, Craftsman Publishing Co.,	6 East 39th St., New York.
Editor, Gustav Stickley,	Morris Plains, N. J.
Managing Editor, Mary Fanton Roberts,	142 East 18th St., New York.
Business Manager, Gustav Stickley,	Morris Plains, N. J.

The names and addresses of individual owners, stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock:

Gustav Stickley, The Craftsman, Inc.,	6 East 39th St., New York City.
Gustav Stickley,	Morris Plains, N. J.
Fred A. Arwine,	6 East 39th St., New York City.
George H. Cruess,	Morris Plains, N. J.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: NONE.

FRED A. ARWINE,
Treas. of the Craftsman Publishing Co.,
Publishers of THE CRAFTSMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of April, 1916.

[SEAL] ALFRED S. COLE,
Notary Public, Bronx County No. 19,
Bronx Register No. 619,
New York County, No. 54.
(My commission expires March 30, 1918.)

SUN DIAL FOR A GARDEN WALL

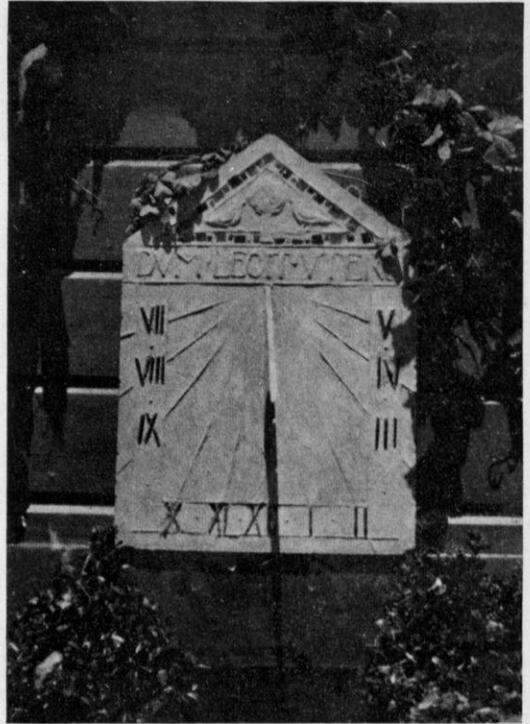
A SUN DIAL FOR A GARDEN WALL

“**W**HAT a dead thing is a clock with its ponderous embowelments of lead or brass, its pert or solemn dullness of communication compared with the simple altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial.” Every one will agree with this tribute to a sun dial of Charles Lamb’s, after being initiated into the very simple mysteries of telling time by a garden dial.

The long-sleeping lore of the primitive woodsman stirs in the heart of the beholder when reading time by the sun. It is akin to the pleasure of guiding one’s way across the ocean by the stars or through the deep forests by the moss on the north side of trees. In old Italy horizontal sun dials somewhat like the ones here shown were used as well as the more familiar pedestals. They were placed upon garden walls, over the garden gate or the door of the Inn. Modern garden makers who have wanted the old-time flavor that a sun dial gives, but had no proper place to stand the necessary pedestal where the shade of trees would not fall upon it, will be glad to see this solution—a new one for American gardens.

This horizontal sun dial is adapted from those old marble ones of Italian gardens. The dial plane is of concrete and crushed stone, numerals and the mosaic border at the top are either of green, blue or red tile, the stylus or gnomon of brass. The raised inscription across the top, translated, is, “While life is given, use it.” Of course this sun dial must be hung facing the south and in an absolutely true perpendicular. One of the illustrations shows this dial attached to a wooden frame around which ivy will soon twine a green border. This novel standard was contrived by a suburbanite who lacked a garden wall in which to insert this plate, but who longed to introduce a little romance into the prosaic daily routine of eating breakfast and catching the train to the office by the impudent command of an alarm clock.

Another delightful and quite original use for a hanging sun dial is to sink it in a square concrete pedestal placed out upon the golf links. An ambitious club might go to the extent of installing one near every tee and thus the progress of the game would be properly recorded by sun and



“WHILE LIFE IS GIVEN, USE IT,” IS THE MOTTO ON THIS CONCRETE WALL SUN DIAL.

shadow. The ancient Egyptian used to make a gnomon of his staff by planting it upright in the sands and placing a circle of stones or sticks around it. Pocket sun dials were also largely in use in the early days before watches became so universal. Some such method of telling time by the sun should be in vogue in all gardens and all country clubs, if for no other reason save getting away from the mechanical monotony of city clock perfection.

Because this dial plane is of concrete it could be sunk in either a concrete, stone or brick wall with equally fine effect. It would look well in a wall beside a garage or over its door or sunk in the wall of a patio where the carved escutcheons and coats of arms of some of the old Italian families used formerly to be displayed. It would be best inserted in the wall which was being constructed, but if it so happened that the wall was already finished then enough brick, if the wall were of brick, could be removed to accommodate it, or if of concrete it could be chiseled out and the plate sunk. The older it gets the better it will look, for a sun dial to be at its best should be moss covered or lichen stained, it should seem as though time and the elements had long been friends, had

together seen the garden flowers come and go year after year.

In the old New England days sun dials were often erected in the front of court houses, in churchyards or in village squares or over the gates of cemeteries by civic-minded citizens in commemoration of some local historic occasion. The farmer's wife would, in those old days, glance at the dial on her window sill watching for the sun to tell the exact moment for calling the men in from the fields. In those old days sun dials were set up by the county school master or by the young students anxious to display their newly acquired knowledge of surveying. Many of the oldest dial plates were of pewter and were not infrequently made and set up at home, for it is not a difficult thing to do. Of course, to be perfectly exact sun dials should be set up by professionals, yet, for all purposes of garden time, high noon and one's own watch are sufficient.

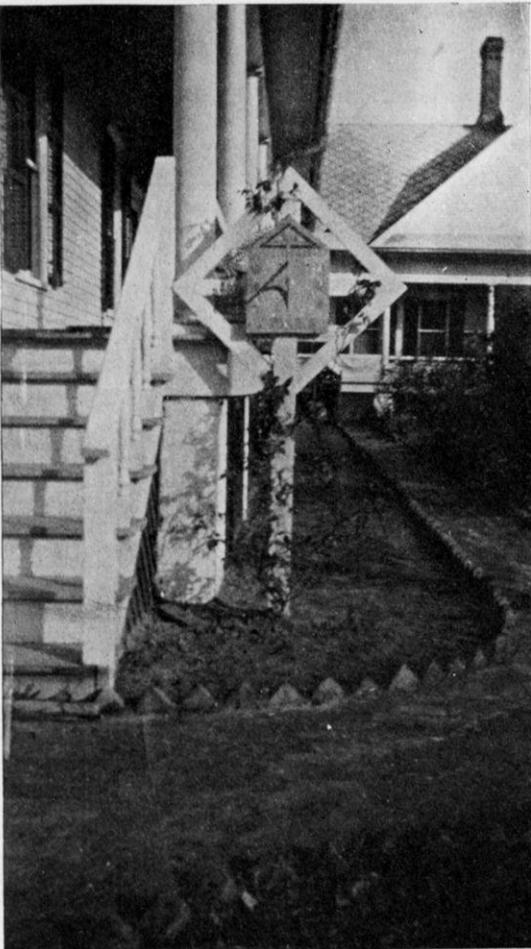
BOOK REVIEWS

PROBLEMS IN FARM WOODWORK: BY SAMUEL A. BLACKBURN

FROM the Manual Art Press, of Peoria, Ill., comes another book of great value to all interested in manual training courses. This is not a textbook, though it contains many problems that could be followed advantageously in school courses. The object in writing it has been to place before teachers and pupils the best form, the best construction and the correct dimensions of objects that can be correlated with work in agriculture. These forms can, however, be copied by classes not directly engaged with the study of agriculture. For instance, there is a plan, list of materials, bill of stock, directions, and an assembly for such things as a kitchen cabinet, kitchen table, window screens, ironing board, porch swings and hammock frame that any class or individual boy in the country could make and any housekeeper would delight to have.

We quote at length from the directions for the chickadee and tree swallow house and reproduce the illustration accompanying it as an example of the plain and thorough working direction and drawings given upon the sixty problems advanced and solved by this book.

"Purpose—Every agricultural department of every State, most farmers, and, in general, most people, are beginning to understand that birds are a great asset to the country, not only for their economic value but for their beautiful plumage and songs. They are interesting to study because of their home life, their habits, and almost human intelligence in making their nests and providing for and teaching their young. The forests and trees, prairies, marshes and natural meadows that in the early times were the natural nesting places for birds are being taken from them. The marshes are being drained, prairies farmed, the grass from meadows is being cut or grazed, forests are being cut down, thus driving out the birds to the extent that some kinds are becoming extinct. It is to give some of our best birds a nesting place that so many people are taking it upon themselves to build homes for them. In the elementary grades will be found boys who can give time to making several bird nests during manual training periods, and they would soon dot the country over with homes for the birds.



CONCRETE HANGING SUN DIAL.

BOOK REVIEWS

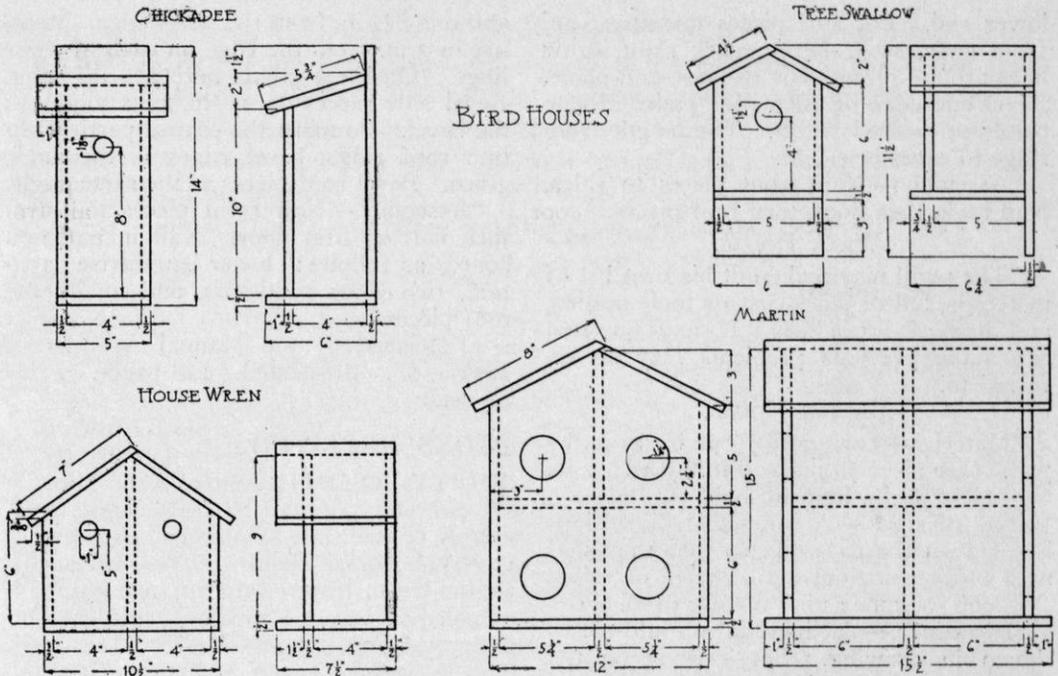


DIAGRAM REPRODUCED FROM "PROBLEMS IN FARM WOODWORK," BY SAMUEL A. BLACKBURN.

On the plate here shown are four houses, one designed for a chickadee, one for a tree swallow, another for two families of house wrens, and a fourth for a colony of martins. The chickadee house should be placed 6 to 15 feet from the ground, tree swallow house 10 to 15 feet, house wren 6 to 10 feet, and martin 15 to 20 feet.

CHICKADEE HOUSE.

"Material.—One piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 12 in. by 3 ft. A number of $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. finishing nails.

"Bill of stock. Finished dimensions.—One piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 5 in. by $13\frac{1}{2}$ in. for back. One piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 7 in. by $5\frac{3}{4}$ in. for top. Two pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 4 in. by $11\frac{1}{2}$ in. for sides. One piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 5 in. by $10\frac{1}{4}$ in. for front. One piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 5 in. by 6 in. for bottom.

"Tools.—Saws, plane, T-bevel, try-square, hammer, brace, extension bit, rule and pencil.

"Directions.—Saw the boards to dimensions given in the bill of stock. Set T-bevel on the square at an angle of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. to $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. Use this same angle for cutting front, sides and roof. Plane down the front piece to 10 in. plus the angle on the T-bevel. Use this longer measurement for making the point on the side pieces. From these points on the side pieces extend the lines at angle of T-bevel. Saw and plane to this line, giv-

ing slant for roof. Cut back end of roof at same angle reversed. Bore $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. hole in the center of the front 8 in. up from the lower end.

"Assembly.—Nail front piece to sides. Nail back piece, then floor and roof.

TREE SWALLOW HOUSE.

"Material.—One piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 6 ft. by 3 ft. 4 in. A number of $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. finishing nails.

"Bill of stock. Finished dimensions.—One piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 6 in. by 11 in. for back. One piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 6 in. by $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. for front. Two pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 5 in. by $6\frac{1}{4}$ in. for sides. One piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 6 in. by $6\frac{3}{4}$ in. for bottom. Two pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 5 in. by $6\frac{3}{4}$ in. for roof.

"Tools.—Same as for chickadee house.

"Directions.—Cut from the board mentioned in list of material all pieces mentioned in bill of stock. Set T-bevel at an angle on the square of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 3 in. Use this same angle for all pieces. To make back piece, measure up from one end of board $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. Mark a point on each edge of the board. Set T-bevel to these points and draw lines giving the roof slant. Cut to these lines. Make front piece in same manner except that points are marked only 6 in. high. Set extension bit to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter and bore hole in center of front piece 4 in. from

BOOK REVIEWS

lower end. For side pieces measure 6 in. from ends, set T-bevel, mark slant, draw lines around pieces, saw to lines, and plane. Bevel one edge of each roof piece. Plane pieces to desired width. The length from ridge to eaves is $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.

"Assembly.—Nail front pieces to sides. Nail back, then floor, then roof pieces.

WREN HOUSE.

"The pupil may make out his own list of materials, bill of stock, list of tools needed, and line of procedure. If any question arises the previous problems may be referred to.

MARTIN HOUSE.

"Material.—One piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 12 in. by 7 ft. One piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 8 in. by 4 ft. 7 in. One piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 6 in. by 2 ft.

"Bill of stock.—A full set of dimensions is given in the drawing, so that the pupil may easily work out his own bill of stock.

"Tools.—Same as in previous problems.

"Directions.—Cut material up into pieces shown in drawing. Set T-bevel on the square to an angle of 3 in. to 6 in.

"For the two fronts, measure $11\frac{1}{2}$ in. from end, and mark a point on each edge of the board. Draw lines giving roof pitch. Saw and plane to lines. To locate center point for openings, draw lines, one $2\frac{1}{4}$ in.

and one $8\frac{3}{4}$ in. from the lower edge. Measure in 3 in. from the edge on each of these lines. On these points bore $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. holes. Bevel side pieces to 11 in. plus angle on the bevel. To make the central partition fit into roof ridge, bevel edges to the angle given. Bevel roof pieces at the same angle.

"Assembly.—Nail front pieces to sides; then nail on first floor. Nail in partition boards as follows: lower lengthwise partition, two cross partitions, and finally the roof pieces."

(Published by the Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill. Illustrated. 128 pages. Price \$1 net.)

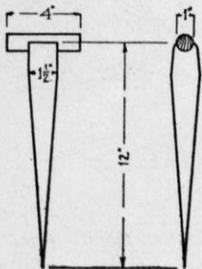
BOOKS RECEIVED

FIFTY-FOURTH Annual Report of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture of the State of Michigan and Twenty-eighth Annual Report of the Experiment Station from July 1, 1914, to June 30, 1915. (Published by Wynkoop, Hallenbeck, Crawford Co., Lansing, Mich. 362 pages.)

"The Dark Forest," by Hugh Walpole. (Published by George H. Doran Co., New York. 320 pages. Price \$1.35 net.)

"Because I Am a German," by Herman Fernau. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 159 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

TRANSPLANTER



FOR THE GARDEN

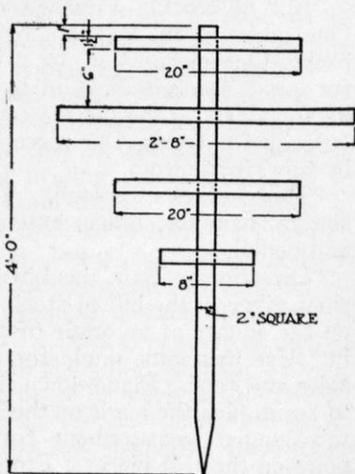
ROW MARKER



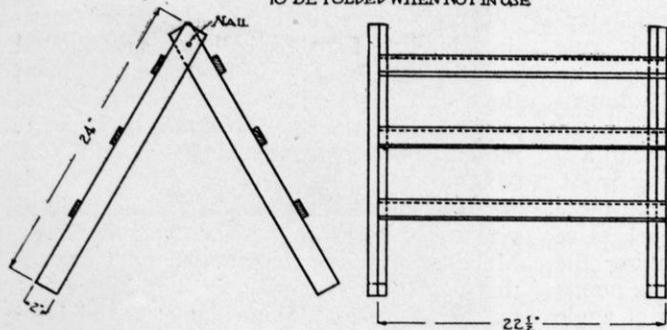
SHRUB LABEL



TRELLIS FOR SMALL VINE



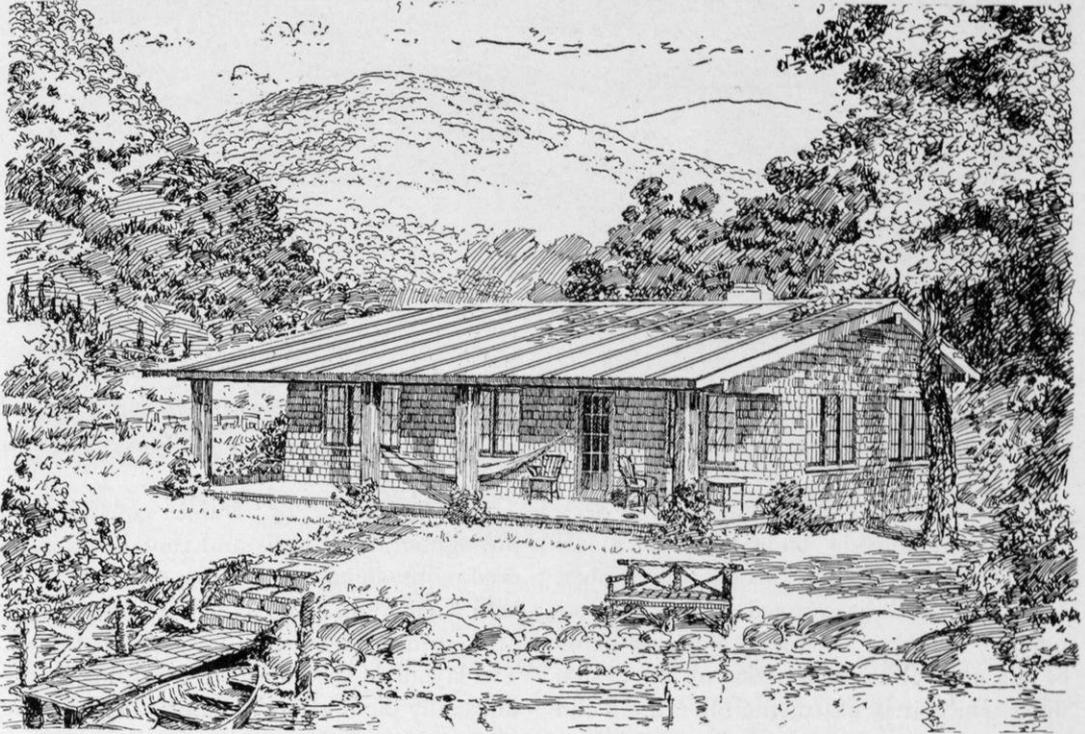
TOMATO TRELLIS TO BE FOLDED WHEN NOT IN USE



FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

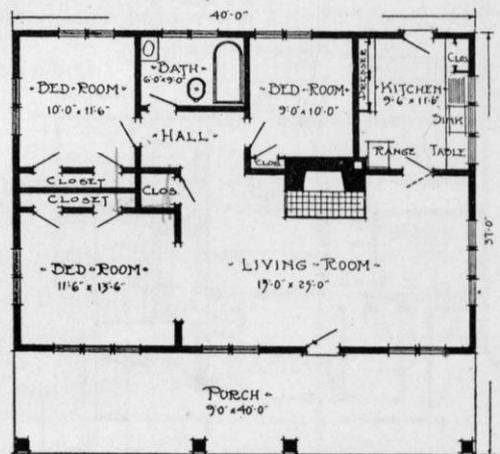
“**W**HERE can I see Craftsman house designs?” In answer to this persistent demand, we are publishing each month in the CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE four Craftsman houses. This will be continued until we have reproduced the two hundred house designs which we have on file. A front elevation and floor plans will be shown on each page. We will furnish tentative estimates and cost of complete plans upon request.

Address: Service Dept., Craftsman Publishing Co., 6 East 39th St., New York City.



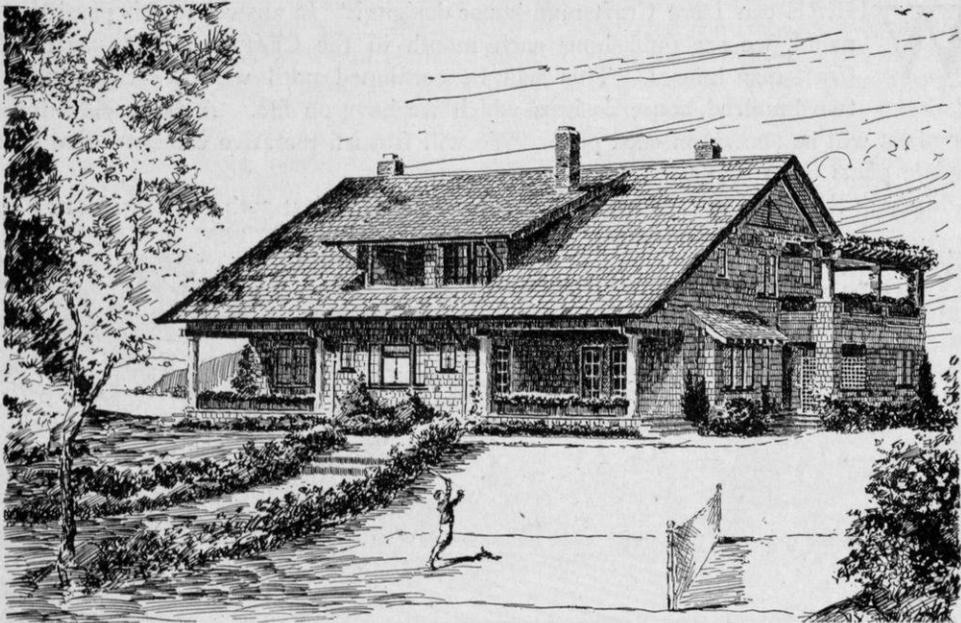
NO. 161: CRAFTSMAN SHINGLE BUNGALOW

Bungalow No. 161 may be made livable for the year round if the owner desires, and the cost of construction is moderate. The exterior of this bungalow is covered with shingles, the porch having supports of hewn posts which carry out the idea of harmony with nature. The roof can be of some sheet composition, as its slant is hardly sufficient for the use of shingles. Brown shingles with a green or red roof would make a pleasing combination. The floor plan provides for three bedrooms and living room, out of which opens a closet convenient for coats, golf sticks, racquets and other summer necessities. More space or more elements of comfort could hardly be gained in a plan of these dimensions.



FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 161.

FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

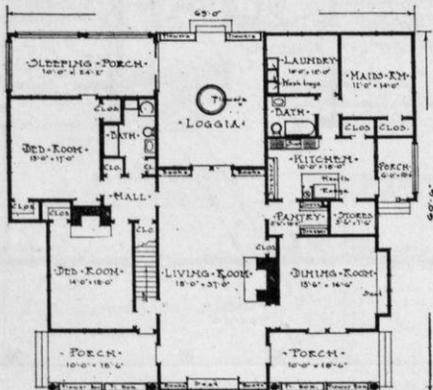


NO. 185: CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW HAVING TEN ROOMS, SEVERAL PORCHES AND A ROOF GARDEN

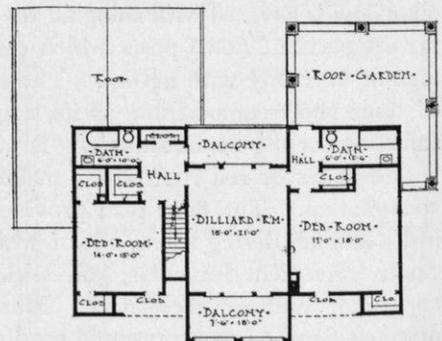
House No. 185 is an adaptation of a seven-room hillside bungalow which we published in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for October, 1909, and which has proved one of our most popular designs. While it contains many of the general characteristics of the design upon which it is based, the alterations and additions are so many and the result is so unique that we are sure it will furnish many practical suggestions to all who feel the appeal of this low-roofed, commodious and homelike type of dwelling.

The house is of frame construction throughout, both walls and roof being covered with shingles, but the design would lend itself quite as effectively to some form of cement construction if one preferred. The layout of the interior has resulted in an unusually picturesque building. The loggia serves as an outdoor sitting room.

This plan, it will be observed, is especially practical in that it allows for a generous amount of fresh air and cross ventilation, every room having windows in two walls.

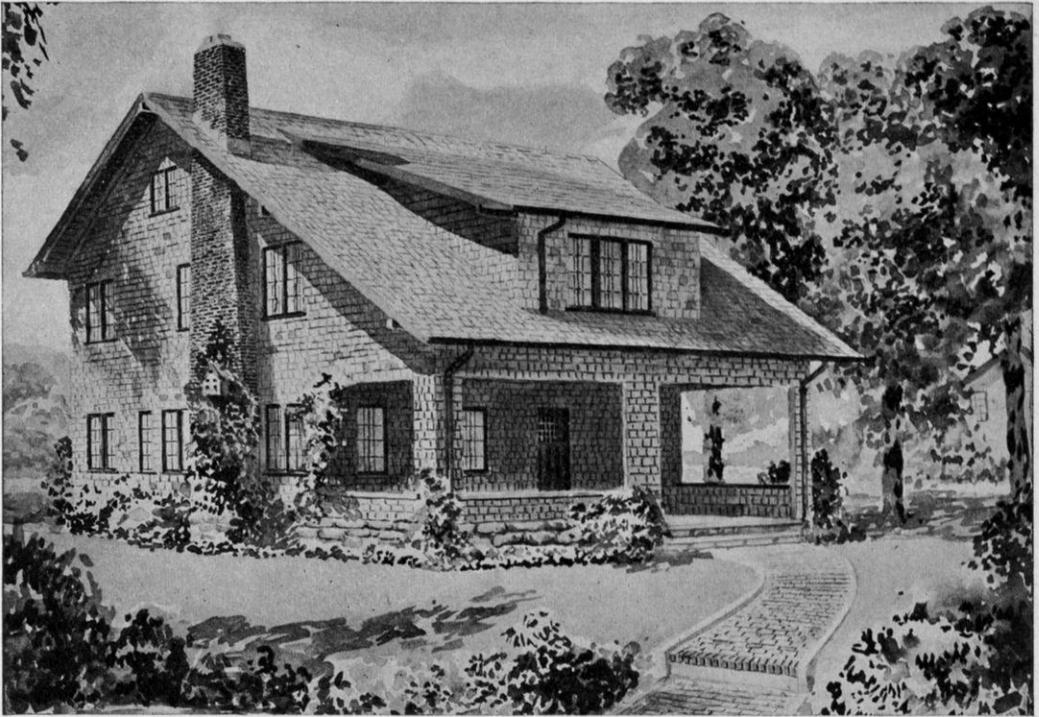


FIRST FLOOR PLAN CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 185 AT LEFT.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



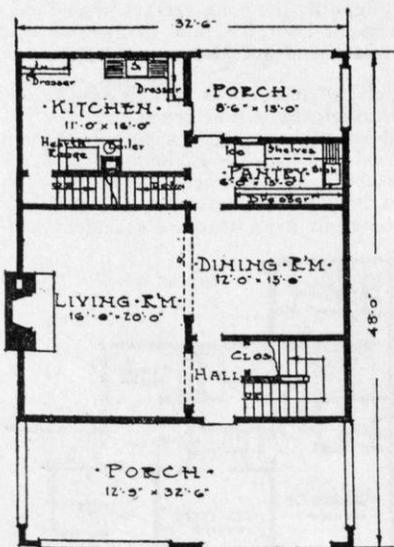
NO. 187: CRAFTSMAN SHINGLE COTTAGE FOR A NARROW LOT

Cottage No. 187 is planned for a small family with one maid, and the arrangement of the rooms is so simple that the housework will be light.

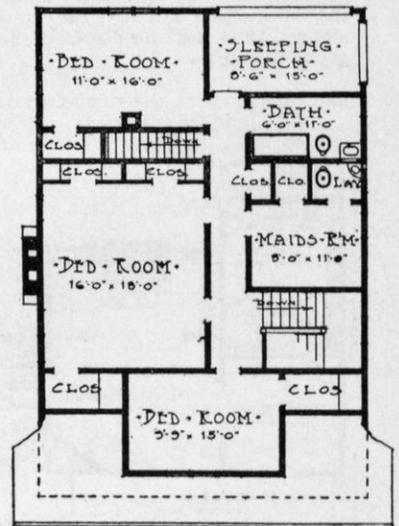
The attic space in this cottage has comfortable head room only, below the ridge of the roof, so that it would not be available for any purpose except storage. If it seemed

desirable to utilize it in this way, a flight of stairs could be built above the back staircase, reached from the closet in the rear bedroom.

One should remember, in planning the interior of a small home like this, that the fewer the furnishings, the less one feels the boundary lines and the larger the rooms will seem.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN, NO. 187.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN, NO. 187.

FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



NO. 165: CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF CONCRETE AND SHINGLES.

House No. 165 is built of cement on a low field stone foundation, for the design lends itself most naturally to this construction. Brick, however, may be used, or if built in thickly wooded country where frame construction seems more in keeping the walls may be shingled. The entrance to this house is particularly worth noting. From the cement walk one steps to the long terrace that forms the connecting link between home and garden. Around the cement floor is a low parapet of field stone that is just the place for flower boxes, while the posts at each end are also capped by pots of growing things.

While one steps from the terrace of House No. 165 through the glass doors to both living room and dining room, the entrance proper is on the right, reached through the corner porch.

The living room itself is quite large—16 by 20½ feet—and seems very much wider on account of the large openings into the inglenook and dining room. Post and panel construction screen the nook from the main room, and on each side of the open fireplace are built-in bookshelves and seats. Above the shelves and above the right hand seat are casement windows set high in the wall, and their small panes will add considerably to the interest in the wall spaces.

In fact, the whole construction, which can be seen from both living and dining room, will radiate hospitality and prove full of practical comfort. The outside is pleasing.

