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THE ENTRANCE TO A SIMPLE HOUSE IN AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN; A STUDY FOR BUILDERS AND HOME-MAKERS.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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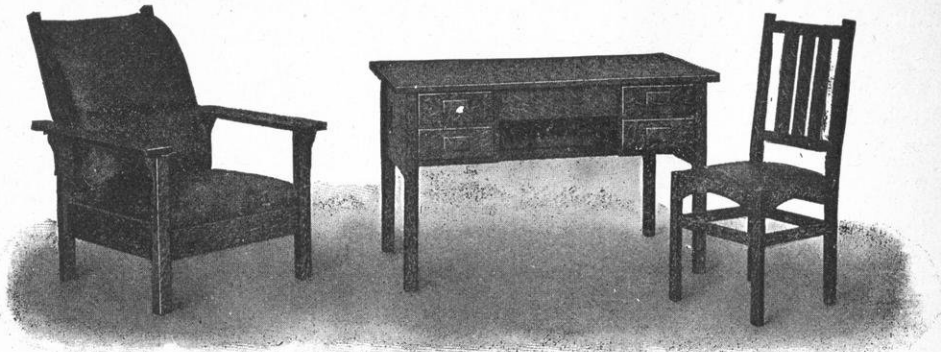
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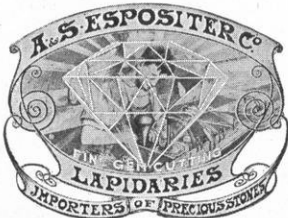
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THE CRAFTSMAN



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THE BETRAYAL OF THE PEOPLE BY A FALSE DEMOCRACY: BY GUTZON BORGLUM



ART applied to utilitarian purpose is proportionately a larger interest in our life than what have come to be termed the fine arts. I see no difference between them, myself, and the brunt of my argument in this talk will be to show that there is no difference. I believe and find in my study of art that the real artist is nine-tenths of the time a craftsman; and it is only in that small one-tenth of a time that he rises to the elevated position of a prophet and a master. And unless he is—and only so far as he is—a great craftsman, and has sufficient control of his metier and of his own expression, can he rise and become a prophet and a master. I have directed criticism again and again against the present tendency of education, in the great body of our people and in art schools in particular,—a tendency which has taken away from the ranks of the workers so many people who would become great craftsmen, and who would form a body from which our artists could be drawn.

Art, like love, is a subject about which you cannot reason very much, but I have found that the great artists and the men who thoroughly understand or who want to understand the reason why they do things at all, go into what we might call the science of their motives and their continued activities, and in this way I am going to try to carry you through the kind of thinking that has made art a vital thing to me. I do not believe it can become a vital thing to people unless they get under it and go through it in more or less the same way.

When I was very much younger I was asked to join a competition, as all artists are asked to,—a very bad thing, which all artists should refuse. This competition was to make a monument for one of our great generals. I made a sketch, worked some weeks on it, left it, returned to it, and found that unless I turned to the face and name on the base there was nothing in the monument that reminded me of the general. I am inclined to think along original lines,—that is, I feel things naturally, and perhaps in a sort of primitive way,—and I was shocked at my own production. I covered it up and started again, made another sketch, left it, returned to it, and found

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that I had made the same conventional "monument." It still looked to me like all other monuments.

That was a very great turning point in my own artistic development, because it compelled me to go into the cause of things in a way that I never had before, *consciously*. And I spent a great many days and a great many nights trying to get "into my subject," trying to get a point of view that would make it possible for me to create something belonging to that general. As a result, I finally came to the very natural and simple conclusion that all I had to do was to write the story of the general in the monument. This I did. And I learned then that a monument to a man has no business to have anything upon it, not a stone or a mark that does not directly apply to the reasons for memorializing.

I am telling that little story just as an incident, and it will apply to my later argument.

Some years before that, I was sketching in California. A man wandered by me and watched me a little while. Then he said: "Why do you do that?" I supposed he referred to the particular landscape, mountain or tree that I was drawing, and I made the conventional answer, trying to explain the beauty of the subject. But he said: "That's not it; what I mean is, why do you do it *at all*?"

That is the most astute question that I have ever heard put, applying to art. *Why do we do it at all?* And I hope those of you who care anything about art will never forget it. That question ought to be put to you in the making of everything you undertake in art, and it ought to guide you in the work.

Another incident,—I am giving you three, these particular three because they have enabled me to get a grip upon art expression. I was visiting a bachelor friend in New York, a very wealthy man, and he was fiddling away for all he was worth. After listening a little while I put the question: "Why do you do it at all?" He stopped fiddling for a moment. "Well," he said, "there is no other way for me to use up my temperament. I can't paint; I can't model; this is the only way that I can express myself." In other words, it was the only outlet that an overfull, stored-up, emotional heart had of getting relief!

That is why we do it at all—all of the time.

IN THE beginning the need for food and shelter was the cause—and it is today—of the invention of all utilitarian articles. Man, in order to get his food, invented the stone hammer and knife, and he went out and slew, and fed himself. Then he mated, and with the mating came children, and with the children came love,

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death, a fear of the hereafter, religion, and all the finer emotions. The stone hammer became a battle-axe, the knife became a sword, and the clam shell became a spoon, and he shaped his gourd into a bowl, or he pinched it at the neck and made a bottle of it; and so he built, as far as necessity demanded.

With the birth of the finer emotions came that development of finer forms of expression that hang a garland in memory of the child that was lost, ornament implements with the story of the chase, and finally make a record of those that are no more. That is all there is now, and every impulse worth while that we have, in one way or another comes out of such primitive beginnings. If we think about Greece, cling to her and hang her emblems on our library, it is because form has replaced invention and feeling. We have our own story, we ought to write it in our monuments, and when we do not we are lying, we are neglecting our own song, our own history, our own beliefs. And there never was a greater story than has been lived in this wonderful country. The greatest expression of the Renaissance, born of that great humanistic upheaval that awoke Europe after fifteen hundred years of sleep, freed itself, found America, peopled it for the sake of liberty of conscience, a few hundred years after made it a political unit of its own, and less than a century later, through Lincoln, freed human beings from slavery to other human beings. And there is scarcely a piece of sculpture in America that records one of these great events in the greatest drama the world has ever known. And yet we are running back to Europe every fortnight to replenish our lack of ideas!

There has been and is a good deal of discussion and a good deal of confusion about the value of a work of art if it serves any utilitarian purpose. Kant, Darwin and Spencer have all said that if a work of art serves a utilitarian purpose it falls from its high place as a "work of art." I do not hesitate for a moment to refute this, and to say that they are absolutely wrong, and I will give you a single instance in proof. Suppose that a bridge should be erected in a single span from Washington to Virginia, and the keystone of that bridge should carry upon its face the story of that union. Would it fall from its high place as a work of art because of its utilitarian purpose?

THE question of art education and education in general involves what I call the "betrayal by democracy,"—though perhaps I speak with the prejudice of personal experience, as one of nine children who has not had a college education. When democracy came into possession of the world and monarchy was set aside,

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the great mass of the people, labor, felt that the only advantage aristocracy had was "higher education." The world has taken that up in as blind a way as it takes up so many things. Education, or higher education, is upon the land, and machinery has had to step in to supply the instant need of many things that were before made by hand, and all kinds of work that are used in the building of our homes have deteriorated. Democracy, I say, has betrayed the race because education has not served man as was expected. Our crafts have suffered in proportion. They have lost the solicitous touch of man; are ripped, burnt or driven into shape by steel and steam; and in man's æsthetic world the water-color has fallen to the lithograph, the drawing to the kodak, and so on, up and down through life, man is suffering terribly from the idleness entailed by Democracy's false exploitation of higher education. Man no longer sees; his eyes no longer search the form, line and color of any piece of work; his fingers no longer test the art and finish found on old and cherished master crafts. Democracy, "education," gentle breeding, academic training have made a social doll of the immature and taken from him the opportunity for him still to be something—know himself, record himself, in the great and simple emotions, the sense of æsthetic expression.

Our utilitarian activities are crying aloud for the warmth of personal, human relationship, of emotions and ambitions felt and conveyed. We have no more great work in the crafts. We have no more great craftsmen. We are repeating today in this country things that were made two, three, five hundred or fifteen hundred years ago.

A couple of years ago I was asked to criticize the decorations of a building in Washington. It was a fair piece of Italian Renaissance. But I suggested that as there was so much interest in our own history, that it might be good to get a little of it on our walls. The architect, acquiescing, took out the decorations of one panel and *painted in an American flag*, leaving the griffins and scrolls and Italian Renaissance crawling all over the rest of the wall!

I always feel things a little differently. I never look at a spoon or a fork or a knife, a table or chair that I don't want to correct or improve it. I think our spoons are badly made; the prongs of our forks are too long and the blades of our knives are too long. It amazes me that the spoon-makers and the fork-makers and the knife-makers do not design such utilitarian articles for the purposes for which they are intended.

Apply the simple story I told you in the first place about the monument, and ask the question that was asked me: "Why do you do it at all?" and then take up the purpose of the spoon, for what

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was it made, and where. If you put a story on your spoon in your own way, it doesn't matter if it is badly done; the fact that it is individual makes it precious. That is why our museums are piling up wonderful things. That is why Morgan is digging in Egypt,—not for works of art, *but for things that tell their own story*, they are individual. What could you dig up in America?

Look at our buildings. I was talking a little while ago with Mr. Cannon about the present Lincoln Memorial, and generally deprecating the idea that we are about to spend two million dollars upon the building of a Greek temple without a mark or relief or any record on it anywhere of thirty years of the most heart-rending story that a people ever went through; a cold, classical, meaningless temple of two or three thousand years ago. Into the middle of that we are going to drop a statue of Lincoln, and upon the architrave and on the doormat we are going to put "Lincoln Memorial." Mr. Cannon listened a while, and then walked to the window and said: "The more I look at that obelisk, the more I am impressed with the beauty of it." "Well," I said, "I agree with you entirely in so far as its beauty goes. But suppose you came from Timbuctoo, and you were wrecked on the shores of the Potomac, and you saw that obelisk. Is there any evidence on it or anything about it that would give you any idea—if there wasn't a policeman to tell you—that the monument was placed there to record the work and life of a man who built this great nation after eight years of one of the most trying wars that a little people ever had?" "No," he said; "you're right."

Why is it—and I always come back to that—that we do not think about our own story? There was never a better one lived. We have had all the emotions any people on the earth ever had. We have made sacrifices that the world outside of America knows nothing of and which have not yet found their way into our art or crafts at all. There is practically no art produced in relation to it, and yet for subject matter there is nothing better.

I have said the higher education democracy promised has failed, for it has taken away from the great body of the people *their* only opportunity to express themselves. There are six hundred thousand children in New York alone that we are making professors of, giving them practically college educations! This in itself is not bad, but there is something which goes with that kind of education that *prevents the children from caring to Produce*. That is one of the reasons why I am hammering so much on the value of craftsmanship as the real leadership to fine art. We have taken away from the race that great body of workmen out of which artists should come, and in order to supply a place for the man of an artistic tem-

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perament we have built art schools,—an entirely modern institution which did not exist, so far as I have been able to find any record, during the time of Phideas, or during the great period of the Renaissance. We are teaching art as a fine art—a subject that can't be taught at all.

That is why nine hundred and ninety-nine of the art students fail. The art schools of this country turn out young men and women by the thousands every year, and they aren't worth fifty cents a day to any artist or sculptor in the country. It is a very sad fact. I would today employ three or four art students to assist me in my studio if I could find any who were practical enough to make themselves useful. I have them coming to me every week, students who have spent three, four or five years in this country and in Europe, with nothing to show for it but an armful of nude drawing worth nothing to me or to the world. There are today hundreds of young men in New York who are graduates (and I mean from the League and Academy, the real art schools which are in the market for the business of making artists), but not capable useful craftsmen, "just artists." Imagine how much better it would be if these same schools would lead students to become craftsmen, and give them an opportunity to express in craft work of value to themselves and to the nation, their overfull hearts, their overfull emotions, their excess of love. And that is all that art is; you will find it in every child who wants to draw, to do something beautiful, if it is only picking flowers.

A man who has been drawing from life two or three years abroad, comes home and tells us about our decorations and what kind of furnishings we should use. But what does such a man know about it? A chair ought to be made for the man who uses it, and if there is any ornament on it at all it should belong to the district where it was made. The same applies to all our buildings. The only possible reason for ornamenting anything is to tell the story about that particular thing.

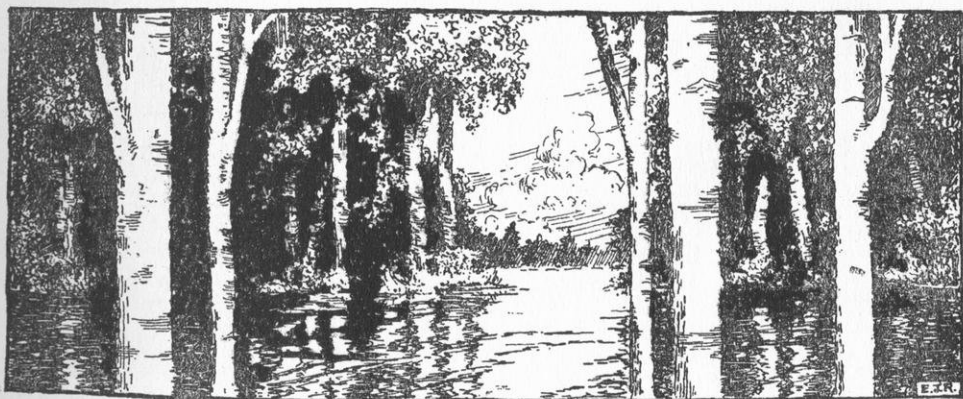
AS I pointed out in my article in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for December, nineteen hundred and eight, we have in New York a nucleus for the greatest system of education in the crafts kindred to the fine arts. We have the organization and we have the land for development. I mean the Metropolitan Museum. Here is the natural, the inevitable place for the greatest school for crafts in all America. I know the opposition, I know the lame excuses; but it will come as sure the years, just as the art school of today will pass.

There is a school in this country that is trying to do something of this sort. I refer to the Chicago Art Institute. Mr. French has been

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the director of that, and he told me a couple of years ago that at a cost of about forty thousand dollars he was able to make it possible for one thousand workmen to work in that museum and enjoy its treasures practically as they would the articles in their own homes. Just imagine what such a privilege would mean here, at the Metropolitan Museum, and what it would mean after Mr. Morgan's wonderful collection returns to this country. I have said a good deal on this subject, and I have been very much criticized, mainly because I have been misunderstood. But I do not think that the people can escape, avoid or put off very long the practical use of our museums, or the founding of practical craftsman working rooms. This does not mean the conversion of the Museum into a class-room. It simply means the availability of some building adjacent to the Museum, in which to carry on the study of certain work kept there.

The economic independence of every human being who feels he or she wants to study art is something in mankind we should not lose a moment to assure. I don't think the sweetness of life is as much affected by any dozen other causes as by the present deadlock, torpor or inability in the race to express its emotions in a creative way; and if sociologists and humanitarians once realized that if you could help this great body of young and old to put their little heart-ache into some beautiful, individual expression, upon something to be daily used by somebody, this pent up tension—everywhere at the breaking point—would be used up as the springs are, while they are springs, and their work and their contentment and their power would be felt in every home.



THE SAVIORS OF RUSSIA, HER MEN OF GENIUS: ILLUSTRATED BY THE SCULPTURE OF NAOUM ARONSON



RUSSIA'S geniuses are few and mighty. From among her millions upon millions of torpid, simple down-trodden people, here and there from the depths of oppression and servitude, out of scenes of suffering and destitution, a man lifts his head, peers past his fellow men, waits patiently until his vision clears, and having slowly, at times almost sullenly, seen the truth through all disguises, moves out from the crowd and delivers his message, courageously, clearly, with fanatical sincerity and unquenchable fire.

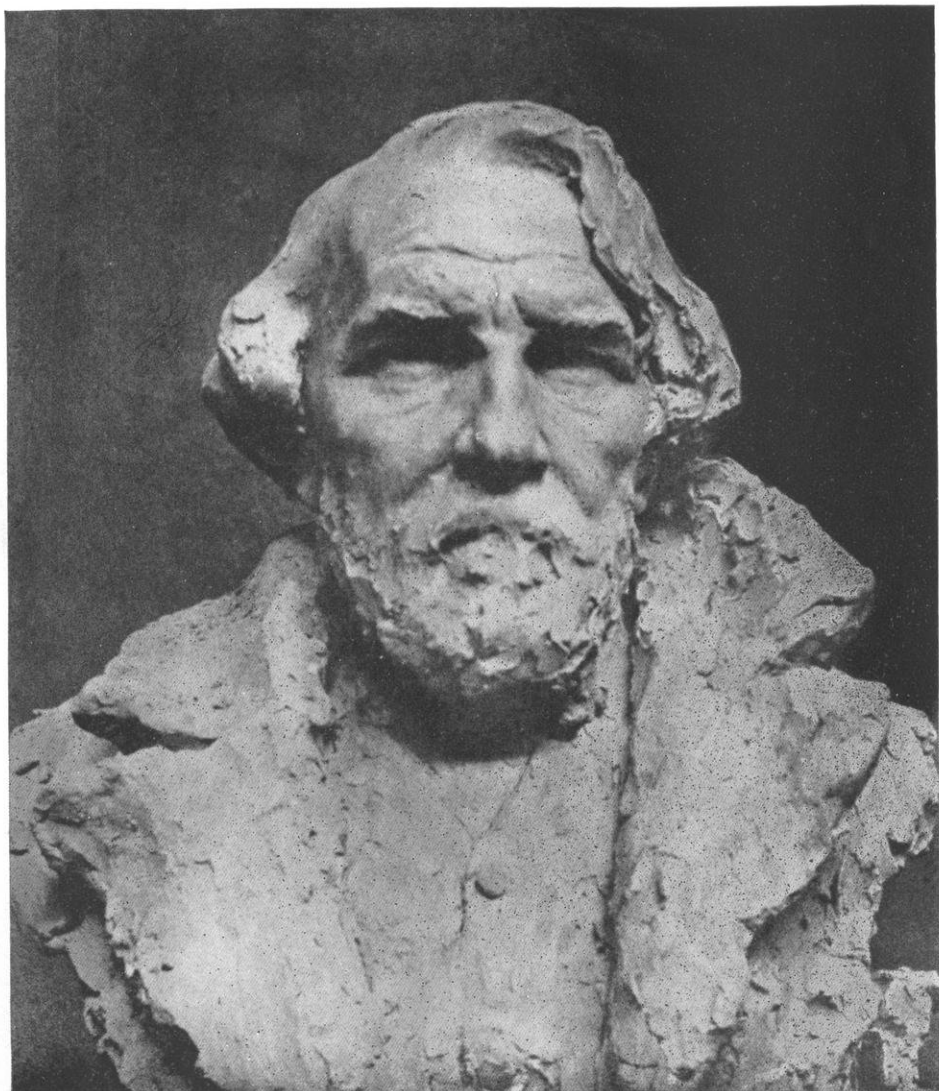
Russian art, the most significant and lasting of it, is without sentimentality, yet deeply and often awkwardly touched with sentiment, an art born with purpose, born with great travail, for the painters, the poets, the writers of this terrible land are first of all patriots, and second, artists; patriots without self-consciousness, artists of necessity, for the torch of their patriotism is lighted for the world to see only by the fire of their genius. It is truly in the dire moments of a nation's travail that her great men are born, for genius alone may lead humanity to ultimate salvation. Truth is what a nation in peril needs, and truth can only abide in the hearts of the men who touch life with strong, tender understanding hands. The great of the world are not really those, as we so often fancy, who grow thin and strident standing on tiptoe to peer over mountain tops, but rather those who kneel among the saddest and the lowliest and the most lamentable of mankind, and out of these profound intimate experiences with humanity, gain the vision that reveals all the wonder which broods over high places.

Lincoln did not find his heart-searching insight into life, his maternal care for the suffering of the world, on the steps of the Parthenon, in the classic precincts of the Sorbonne. Christ did not seek his ultimate wisdom in the synagogue, but rather from the fishermen and the husbandmen who led him through the quiet vineyards or out over perilous seas, and Savonarola, when he wished to open the eyes of the saddened Roman multitudes, found it necessary to walk barefooted and empty-handed in the streets of Rome, searching for the everlasting truths in the faces of the common people. The dilettante in art forever must remain the dictionary of tradition, holding no prophecy for the sad and the eager and the lowly; but the genius, the seer whom men follow because they fear to relinquish the touch of his garments, are now, as always in the past, born out of the heart, not the head of humanity.



From Art et Decoration.

PORTRAIT-BUST OF TOLSTOY:
NAOUM ARONSON, SCULPTOR.



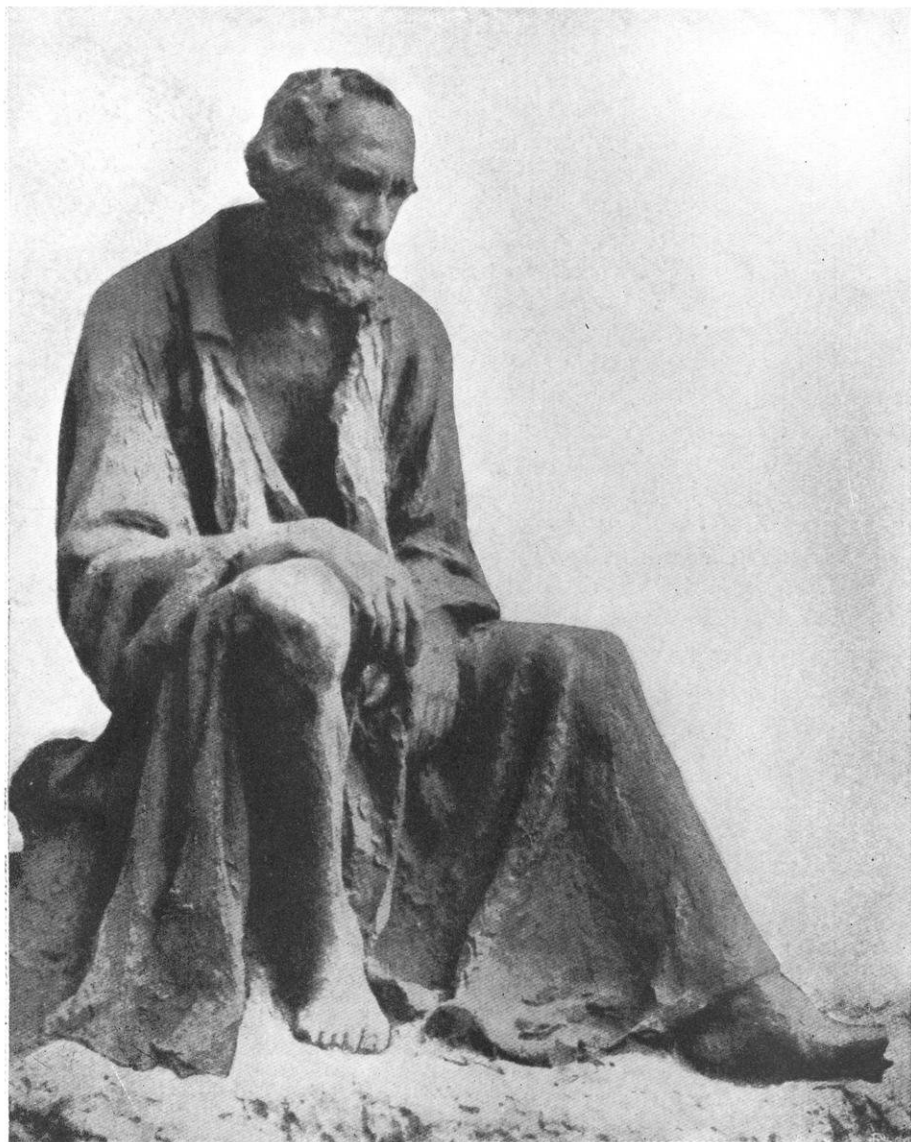
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TURGENIEFF, THE GREAT RUSSIAN NOVELIST: NAOUM ARONSON, SCULPTOR.



From Art et Decoration.

DETAIL OF HEAD OF BEETHOVEN;
NAOUM ARONSON, SCULPTOR.



From Art et Decoration.—

A SYMBOLIC FIGURE OF RUSSIA:
NAOUM ARONSON, SCULPTOR.

THE SAVIORS OF RUSSIA

Tolstoy has talked much of the resurrection of his nation, he has written of it, he has sought the ways and means of it among the simple people, but not *as one of them*. He has come to them from the upper world, with the traditions and the handicaps of the upper classes, and the hope of the poor has never yet sprung from the idle and powerful. Only the man of the people knows their needs, only the man of the people illuminated by the genius which sees clear and straight can lift the burdens of the people. In the future the world's estimate of Tolstoy's value to Russia will be reconsidered. He will always rank as one of her great writers, but less and less as a great patriot. He was too greatly confused himself to clear the atmosphere for those whom he elected to bring about him. And for him as for all others, confusion of thought ended in a negative philosophy. He had no hope for his people; he had none for himself. His philosophy was not one of optimism for the nation, but rather of consolation for the noble. He was bored with the life of aristocracy in which he was born and he sought relief in simplicity. His virtues were the product of reaction, not of faith. He returned to the soil because he dreaded the palace, and of such is not born the kingdom of reformation for a nation. Tolstoy did not see clearly the truths of which Russia must have a vision to be saved. But he did know well and presented with great artistic technique the life of the people who like himself were bored and saddened and hopeless. The surgeon and the prophet are never one and the same man. Tolstoy could see clearly Russia's danger, Russia's need. He knew how to cut away the disease that he felt touched his own life and the life of the upper classes, but he had no remedy but the knife. He was preëminently the surgeon, the pessimist. If the world is so bad, let there be no people to live in it, was Tolstoy's doctrine. You cannot inspire a nation by negation. Tolstoy did not find peace or joy for himself or for those close to him. He has not left a legacy of hope for his people.

The men who will help Russia are the men who see the truth so clearly that it is transmuted into a philosophy of hope. And it is the revelation of this truth by these patriot-artists that holds the salvation for the most powerful, the most saddened nation on earth. Russia is presenting this truth, this hope for her people in her music, in her painting, in her great books, in her drama, in her sculpture. She is presenting it through the men who belong to her, who have come out of her soul, so vividly that it is being recognized not only by these people, by the downtrodden, but by the aristocratic of Russia, and by the thinking people of the whole world. For the world is converted by the emotion not by the theory of Truth.

THE SAVIORS OF RUSSIA

WE HAVE in a former issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN* spoken of the work of Naoum Aronson, Russia's significant modern sculptor, and one of the most preëminent artists of modern times,—a man of the people, holding in his work as in his speech the essential characteristics of his nation. A friend of Rodin, he has found in Paris the spiritual companionship necessary for the fullest growth, without losing his sympathy for his own race or his desire to reveal what he believes to be their greatness, what he knows to be the splendor they are capable of achieving.

In his statue of "Russia" Aronson symbolizes in the mournful seated figure his country's weakness and strength, her possibilities, her tragedies; the figure powerful yet relaxed, like Russia, lacks certain vigors, certain purposes, yet suggests latent dangerous power. There is in the face and body a pervading melancholy, as one battling in vain. It is Russia the people, symbolized, not Russia the aristocracy. It is Siberia, the Steppes, not Moscow and St. Petersburg. Mourning is in the relaxed muscles, profound sorrow in the wide brow and deep-set eyes, and yet a hopeless Russia is not what Aronson intends to present in his tragic symbolism, but Russia, hurt, yet waiting, downtrodden, yet fearsome. You feel that this weary figure may some day suddenly rise into a towering giant, a terrible and menacing force. For there is dignity in the work as well as moving appeal, and there is hope, there is the future of Russia. It is the whole truth about a tortured nation that Aronson presents with arresting beauty, and through it the people may look into the future as well as into the past, may realize that suffering, after all, is not baseness, that weariness is not weakness, that restraint is not capitulation. Russia wounded to the heart, but not vanquished to the soul is Aronson's message.

In his bust of Turgenieff Aronson is again aided by his profound understanding and love for his race. This magnificent portrait is vivid with life, rich with sympathetic appreciation. The face is sensitized with light from within. The character in the beautiful modeling is lined on the face as from living condition, the measure of a man's thought and of his aim. The expression is an illuminated one, as if Aronson had planted the thought within the figure, a living essence. Aronson, through his own vision of truth, becomes profoundly sympathetic to Turgenieff and, as it were, unmask the greatness of his fellow artist in his own presentation. In this bust we realize how completely the great Russian novelist has understood the life of his own people, and with what insight, love and sympathy he has given their virtues and their achievements to the world, always with the hope that this revelation would stimulate progress

THE SAVIORS OF RUSSIA

among his own people and awaken in the mind of the world an appreciation and sympathy.

To accomplish the bust of Beethoven, to bring this musician to life in marble, Aronson lived for months at Bonn, Beethoven's birth-place and home. And not only did he live in Beethoven's home, amidst the surroundings of the great musician's life, but he lived within the musician himself. He saturated his great understanding with Beethoven's melodies, he thought so far as he could the musician's thoughts, acquiring as far as possible the great German's attitude toward the world. From memory and from environment he became for the time being the personality which he wished later to present to the world through his art. And then, after months of this life, he modeled in a few hours the bust of Beethoven which has filled the musician's admirers with wonder and gratitude. He projected the soul of the man through the marble which he modeled, out of his intimate understanding of Beethoven; he worked through the hidden heart of the stone out to the living expression, until the statue vibrated with the quality that must have poured through the animated countenance of the most wonderful liberator of sound.

In the Tolstoy bust, one view of which we presented some months ago in the magazine, Aronson seems for the moment almost consciously picturesque in his work, as Tolstoy was indeed in his life. Aronson shows Tolstoy as the self-elected patriot, the reformer of Russia, about whom were always admirers and supporters, the man who wore the peasant blouse with conscious interest and pleasure. We do not feel for a moment that Aronson intended thus to portray Tolstoy. It is because he is so consummate an artist that in presenting Tolstoy as he saw him, he was compelled to present him as he actually lived, and thus we see the most famous of all Russians in reality, not as he is always presented to us in art and fiction.

Great as is Aronson's mastery of the delineation of the soul in his portrait busts and statues, he is equally comprehensive in his presentation of symbolic figures, and even more poignant in his reproducing of youth. His love of youth, his tenderness toward it, his vivid joy in putting it in permanent form in marble and bronze, is perhaps his greatest achievement. And this would only be possible to the man full of hope, full of the knowledge that youth is forever with us, not only materially but spiritually.

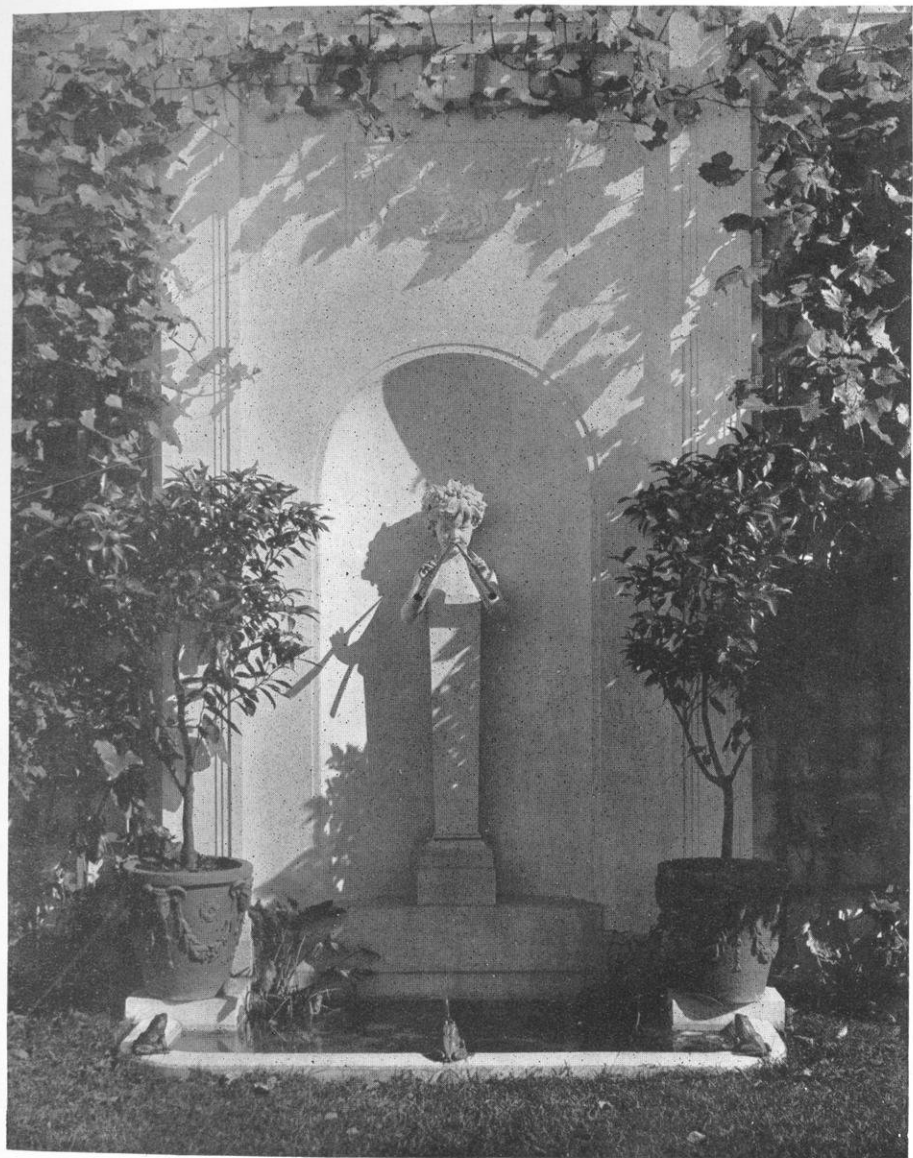
HOW ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY AND CONSISTENCY MAY HELP SOLVE ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS



WITH the exception of the Colonial days, when we built well both in the South and all through New England, we have quite largely grown in this country not to expect very much real beauty in our rural communities. We have had a few great estates, but the utmost we have forced ourselves to do in planning out a large territory for the life of one group of people has been to make sure of a somewhat elaborate main dwelling house usually imitative of foreign architecture and unrelated to its place in the landscape. And often where the home of the owner and creator of the country place has been a beautiful one, along Colonial lines or suggesting the old Dutch stone houses with their strength and simplicity, the architectural features of the rest of the estate have scarcely been thought of at all. The gardener has lived somewhere at the end of the garden, out of sight, with no compensation except his flowers. The superintendent has put up with a home over the usually somewhat gaudy stable, and the result has been, nine times out of ten, it was hard to get a good superintendent. And the workmen more often than not have not belonged on the estate and no homes have been provided for them. They have gone home past the gate house, usually a Swiss chalet or something equally inappropriate, and have lived their life away from the place they have made beautiful. Little by little we are overcoming the point of view that it is sufficient to centralize the interest of a great estate in one pretentious building and in some groups of formal gardens. We are growing to realize, at least the men are who own the estates and the architects who coöperate with them, that a beautiful country place must be beautiful in every detail, that the architecture for the estate is not complete unless the gate house and the gardener's home and the superintendent's dwelling are all an inherently charming part of an æsthetic whole.

At the recent exhibition of the Architectural League of New York, were photographs of a country estate at Rhinebeck, New York, the work of Albro and Lindeberg, which seemed to us such a significant and beautiful example of architectural consistency in planning an estate that instead of using illustrations of it in the general review of the "League" published in March, we decided to reserve them for separate publication.

As the pictures show, this estate includes the main residence, the superintendent's house, the stable and coachman's cottage, the gardener's cottage, the gatekeeper's lodge and the children's playhouse. But while more or less similar groups of buildings may be



A FOUNTAIN IN THE WALL OF THE LARGE RESIDENCE OF THE RHINEBECK ESTATE: HOUSE DESIGNED BY ALBRO AND LINDBERG AND FOUNTAIN BY HENRY HERRING.



COLONIAL RESIDENCE ON A BEAUTIFUL ESTATE IN RHINEBECK, NEW YORK, DESIGNED BY ALBRO AND LINDBERG. THE COACHMAN'S HOUSE AND STABLES ON THIS ESTATE: THE HARMONY OF THE ARCHITECTURE OF THESE TWO BUILDINGS IS WORTH CAREFUL STUDY AND IS PRODUCTIVE OF A DEFINITE BEAUTY IN THE GENERAL EFFECT.



THE GATEKEEPER'S COTTAGE ON THE RHINEBECK ESTATE: THE RELATION OF THE ARCHITECTURE TO THE RESIDENCE AS WELL AS TO THE SIDEHILL ON WHICH IT IS PLACED RENDERS IT AN ARTISTIC MASTERPIECE. THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE: IN THIS BUILDING THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE RESIDENCE IS SUGGESTED AND YET VARIED: IT IS BEAUTIFULLY PLACED AND PERFECTLY ADAPTED TO THE SURROUNDINGS.



THE COACHMAN'S COTTAGE IS PERHAPS ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT BITS OF SMALL DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE WE HAVE EVER PUBLISHED: IT IS SIMPLIFIED TO THE POINT OF ALMOST PRIMITIVE EXPRESSION, BUT ITS PROPORTIONS ARE PERFECT. THIS LITTLE PLAYHOUSE IS TOO CHARMING TO OMIT IN THE GENERAL SCHEME OF THE PLANNING OF THIS ESTATE: THE PERGOLA PORCH AND THE TRELLIS WORK AT THE SIDE AS WELL AS THE SOLID WOOD SHUTTERS RENDER IT MOST PICTURESQUE AND ORNAMENTAL.

A STUDY IN ARCHITECTURAL HARMONY

found scattered all through the country, we know of none which embodies throughout a closer adherence to a single architectural ideal.

Considered from a purely æsthetic standpoint, the estate at Rhinebeck is a most interesting demonstration of the carrying of architectural excellence into each building on a place, in such a way that it results in general picturesqueness as well as in beauty of detail. But behind this technical and artistic achievement there is something bigger, and that is the relation of the architectural ideal to certain fundamental truths of life. The chief value of this estate, to us, lies in the fact that it suggests how much architecture may do toward establishing the right relation between a man's work and environment, by investing each particular task with the symbols of its own inherent dignity, and introducing beauty and comfort into the lowliest phase of life and labor.

THE illustrations reveal at once the salient characteristics of the buildings: namely, the friendliness and charm of each, its fitness for the particular purpose for which it was erected, and its harmonious relation to the rest of the group and to the landscape. Both in the general plan and in the details of construction are evidenced the wise foresight of the owner and the sympathetic execution of the architects. The same skill and thoughtfulness have gone into the gardener's cottage as into the owner's spacious residence. The stone chimney of the former is as pleasing in its own unpretentious way as the classic piper of the fountain against the vine-draped wall of the big house. The coachman's dwelling with its ample porch and well-placed dormers, the group of stables with their ivy-covered walls, hold the same symmetry, the same satisfying sense of proportion as the stately colonnade and ample wings of the manor, or the solid comfort of the superintendent's house.

Although the style is essentially Colonial, nothing practical seems to have been sacrificed to this type. The effect of the main residence though formal, holds a genuine note of hospitality, unspoiled by the superficial or the insincere. The design of each building, though fresh, spontaneous and appropriate is marked by restraint, and originality is never carried to the point of the eccentric. As to the details of the construction, they are worth studying. The different materials give color and variety, and at the same time have been harmoniously combined. The long roof lines, the angle of the gables, the frequent use of dormers, the small-paned windows, the interesting use of solid wood shutters, and the many porches with their opportunities for outdoor life,—all these things are important elements in the successful result of the whole.

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The consistent way in which this respect for beauty and propriety has been carried out all through the estate, from the owner's house to the little home of the gatekeeper tucked away among the trees near the river's edge,—this seems to us surprising. But is not our surprise, in itself, the strongest indictment against present architectural standards? Does it not show how far we have wandered from the right path if the introduction of beauty and comfort throughout a group of farm buildings fills us with wonder? Evidently, we are so used to seeing presentable farmhouses surrounded by dilapidated and unsightly barns, lovely country homes marred by ugly outbuildings, artistic libraries and drawing rooms on the one hand and dirty kitchens and cowstables on the other, that we have come to take for granted the relegation of manual labor to some untidy background, as a necessary evil, a thing for apology rather than pride. And so when we see these sacred traditions for once disregarded, and so-called "menial" tasks placed on an even footing and dignity with the more "refined" work of superintending them, when we find each phase of work put on a basis, not of equality, for they differ, but of mutual helpfulness and friendly coöperation,—then many things are made clear to us which before, in our unthinking adherence to hallowed social doctrines, we had overlooked.

To recall "sermons in stones" may sound too much like moralizing; yet here in brick and stucco, stone and shingle, is an inescapable philosophy. In each building and in their relation to each other is reflected a man's attitude toward things and people, his ideas about work and play, his feeling about home and nature, his ideals not only of architecture, but of what is bigger—Life. To have conceived and superintended the general scheme, and to have designed and executed it in such a manner, reflect credit on both owner and builders. For such innate harmony, such feeling of sympathy and coöperation are more than the result of whim or chance; they can only be the expression of careful thought and well-balanced action, of striving after a high and definite architectural ideal.

From the consideration of this example of architectural harmony, an interesting line of thought suggests itself.

Since it seems possible to attain, through the right kind of environment, a saner relation between people and their daily work, as well as greater friendliness and justice between capital and labor, employer and employed; since, by the right sort of architecture, it seems possible to readjust, to a great extent, our feeling toward manual tasks, agriculture and other necessary and useful forms of labor which many of us have looked upon for so long with unsympathetic eyes, the question naturally arises, might it not be possible for architecture

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to aid in the accomplishment of a still greater task? Might it not be possible for us to evolve, along with our gradual ethical progress toward a practical working democracy, a type of architecture which will embody truly democratic principles? For although architecture has interpreted many human ideals, democracy is the one thing which it has thus far never adequately expressed. We may find, of course, isolated examples scattered through various ages and lands; but where is the country whose buildings are essentially and purely democratic? We know of none. Many have attempted and even actually attained it to a very slight degree, but in every instance we find some trace of caste, some economic or social inequality which, being a false foundation, has undermined eventually in its decay the justice and beauty of the whole national structure.

AS THIS was true in the old world, so it will be in the new. Here in America, so long as we have in practice, though perhaps not in theory, an undemocratic State and undemocratic ways of thinking, we can never have a democratic form of architecture. And conversely, so long as we have the kind of architecture which stands for social and intellectual snobbishness, commercial inefficiency and cruelty, distorted ideals of life, work and art, we shall never have a truly democratic government. The two influences act and react on each other; the solution lies with both. The aim of the statesman is to help the people to evolve the right kind of environment through political, economic and social freedom; the aim of the architect is to help the people to achieve political, social and economic freedom by giving them the right kind of environment.

When we have learned to plan and build wisely and beautifully and well, the sort of dwellings, factories, shops and public buildings that are best fitted to our lives and work and recreation; when there is sincerity instead of sham in our homes and their furnishings, and genuine pride instead of snobbishness in our hearts; when the laborer's cottage is as much a home and as beautiful in its own way as the stateliest mansion; when the joy of true craftsmanship shall confer dignity upon the meanest task,—then we may hope for a form of government based on the principles of true democracy, a democracy that will not be merely a political formula rigidly applied, but a natural, spontaneous expression of personal conviction springing straight from the hearts of an earnest people.

Here and there, though still rarely, we see an actual foreshadowing of this great ideal of democratic architecture, a small beginning, the work of some big-minded individual or of a coöperative group; something which not only shows how satisfactory such a principle

FAIRY TALES

is from a practical and æsthetic standpoint, but which also suggests what might be accomplished on a wider scale. And so in the meantime any architectural development which tends to foster in us the right attitude toward every kind of necessary work, tends also to help us to a wise solution of many economic and social problems, bringing us closer to that concrete form of combined individual freedom and social justice which we believe must be eventually the architect's and home-maker's great and final goal.

FAIRY TALES

O WORLDLY wisdom, you who know
Why all our fairy tales must go,
Why Santa Claus is real no more,
And why no Sandman ope's the door
To realms of sleep, and why the Prince
Has lost his Cinder Maid long since,
Why white-winged angels may not stand
On guard around our baby-land—
Know this, our fairy tales have led
To highest Heavens the souls they fed,
And music, poetry, and art
Are fairy fictions of the heart.

Dreams taught our kind to sail the seas,
To use the elements with ease,
To send the voice from place to place,
To rend the air with wondrous grace
Of mighty birds, to gain command
Of all the air, the deep, the land;
Lo! every great achievement seems
To manifest accomplished dreams.
A barefoot boy with pole and pin
Can draw full many a good fish in—
One question we would ask of you,
What can your pessimism do?

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON

MARY ANN BUTLER'S BURIAL FUND: A STORY: BY LAURA S. RABB



IF ANYONE had told me a year ago that I should ever spend two whole weeks and every cent I had laid aside for burial clothes on a vacation trip for myself, and that I should in the bargain let Henry Butler believe things that were not true, I should feel certain that Ananias had come to Meadowbrook. But then a year ago Henry hadn't gone off to the Fat Stock Show and left me at home.

This was not the first time that Henry had left me behind; in fact, leaving me behind had become a habit—as much of a habit as promising to take me along. I do not mean to insinuate that Henry deliberately made promises with no intention of keeping them, but something was always sure to turn up at the last minute so that both of us could not leave. I might have known that this trip would go the way of its ancestors.

I had packed my valise the night before we were to start, and in the morning I hurried to clear the breakfast things away while Henry went out to hitch up. (Joe Turner was going to drive us to the station and look after the place while we were gone.) I was just tying my bonnet strings when Henry opened the door and said, as cool as you please:

“The brindle cow has foundered herself, and one of us has got to stay home.”

I didn't have to ask which one—I just took off my bonnet without a word. I was dreadful disappointed, but I wasn't a bit mad until he said:

“Probably it's just as well. Womenfolks, according to my notion, are better off at home than they are a-gadding about.”

Henry Butler ought to have known better than to say a fool thing like that. It stuck in my mind like a burr, and the more I thought about it, the worse it rankled. Take Henry all around, he suits me better than any man I know, but he has a few notions that set my teeth on edge, and when he begins to harp about a woman's place being in the home, I begin to feel like I was chewing files. Henry honestly thinks that a woman who has a husband to pick up after and cook for and wait upon is blessed among her sisterhood. I used to think, too, when I was teaching country school before I was married to Henry, that life on a farm would be next to heaven. I've changed my mind about that. Most women skimp and save half of their life so they can have the satisfaction of knowing that down in the right-hand corner of the lower drawer of their bureau, whoever lays them out will find decent burial clothes.

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I THINK it's only women who haven't little children, or whose little children have grown up, that take this burial business much to heart. I know when little Tom was alive I never thought of such a thing. My! My! how Henry and I used to plan until all of a sudden, when the boy was just five, we were left with nothing but a little, low, green grave out under the elm where Tom used to play—that, and our memories. At first it seemed as though we couldn't go on living any way in the world, but there wasn't any way we could stop, so we went through the motions, and after a while we settled down into a rut. In the evenings we would sit beside the lamp, Henry with his pipe and paper and I with my darning and dreams, and Henry got crabbed and I got morbid, and neither of us knew what was wrong. You see, we both thought it was our sorrow, when it was only ourselves. By and by, without knowing how it came about, I got to doing just as my neighbors were doing, laying aside my money for burial things.

I never could understand why we women should set such store by being well dressed after we are dead. Sometimes I think it is because we get to thinking of death as a sort of magic gateway beyond which we will find all the things we long for in this world and are denied; and then again sometimes I think that it is vanity, and that we are more worried for fear we won't make an impressive exit from this world than we are for fear we won't make a creditable entrance into the world that is to come.

However this way be, I used to spend a lot of wakeful hours at night thinking about my funeral. It would be a church funeral, of course, and the casket would set right in front of the chancel rail. I could see that casket as plain as anything—black broadcloth, with "Rest in Peace" in large silver letters on the outside, and with billows of white satin on the inside, and with me lying peacefully among the billows, hands crossed, all dressed in black silk with white lace ruffles at my wrists and throat. Why, I've even seen the folks walking down the aisle, slow, like they do at funerals, and I've heard them say: "Don't Mary Ann Butler look nice?"

It was really only in the long evenings and at night when I would lie awake that I would think about these things. Other times, I wasn't in any hurry to die except when sister Amelia would come for a long stay. Amelia always had a dreadful mournful way of looking at life, and she liked to sing her feelings out. She had one song that was a particular favorite, and she always chose that one when she thought I wasn't treating her right. It went like this:

"Before this time another year I may be gone,
'Way out in some lonesome graveyard, O! Lord, how long?"

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I'd hate to say how resigned I felt I'd be to Amelia's passing on after I'd listened to those two lines for a half hour or so. Whether there were any verses to it I do not know; if there were, Amelia did not care for them—the main idea was what appealed to her.

Those times and evenings, as I have said, I thought a lot about what I would buy with the money that lay in a hollowed out place under a loose brick in front of the fireplace. The morning I expected to go to Chicago with Henry I put it all inside of my dress in a safe place. There was fifty-four dollars and fifty cents, and I figured that with that much money I could get things to be laid out in that would be fit for a queen. I even had visions of silk stockings, although that did seem like reckless extravagance, even for a corpse.

I CRIED when I lifted up the loose brick and put the money away. Every penny of it meant something I had done without, and it did seem hard that in all probability somebody else would get the chance to spend it at last. Amelia! As that thought came over me cold chills chased up my spine. Never before had it occurred to me that Amelia would have the say-so as to laying me out, and I knew like a flash just what she would do. Amelia had a shroud and other things—had had them ready for years in case she should be taken away, and she was beginning to worry because the way things were made was getting so much out of date. What would be easier than for Amelia to use her old things on me and buy new for herself? Not that she would do anything she thought was wrong, but Amelia has a conscience that will do anything she wants it to do. I've often noticed that about consciences that are overtrained. You see Amelia has never had any children, and so her conscience is just like a spoiled child; it is always chasing her into places where she has no business to go and making her tell things she has no business to tell, and if Amelia's conscience is ever in doubt, Amelia can convince it in no time at all that it is right for it to believe whatever she wants it to believe. I have always disliked Amelia's conscience exceedingly; I think perhaps because it was always getting me spanked when I was a child.

The thought of Amelia having the say-so about me when I was dead made me feel just about desperate. I sat by the window a long time thinking about that, and about the trips I never got to take, and about the things I never got to do. All of a sudden a story I had read came into my mind. It was about a woman who went to Europe and stayed three months and only spent two hundred and fifty dollars including her tickets and everything. Without knowing why I did it, I said to myself:

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"If a woman could go to Europe and stay three months for two hundred and fifty dollars, why couldn't a woman go to Chicago and stay two weeks for fifty-four dollars and fifty cents?"

It sounded like a problem in arithmetic, but I didn't know the answer. "Because she couldn't," I said at first, and right away I knew that was no answer at all. "Because Henry Butler would not hear to it," my common sense said to me flat. That, I knew, was the answer straight out, but it didn't please me and I wouldn't give up. "Because she'd be afraid. If she wasn't afraid she'd take her funeral clothes money and go."

I knew in my heart that Satan himself must have whispered this last in my ear, but I kept thinking about it, and the more I thought the more I got to saying to myself: "Why not?" And while I was studying over the whys and why nots it dawned on me that aside from not being sure of wearing the burial clothes my own money would buy, I was not going to be in position to enjoy the impression my stately appearance (provided it was stately) in my satin-lined casket would make on my friends. Right then and there Death lost all its charms. I got up and walked to the looking glass and I said right out loud to the image I saw staring at me:

"**M**ARY ANN BUTLER, you've been a simpleton as long as you're going to be. You will be buried in whatever Henry Butler and your sister Amelia see fit you shall wear, and if they don't do the right thing, they, and not you, will have to hear the remarks that are made." I couldn't help smiling when I thought of that, and the image smiled back. "I can tell you what you are going to do," I went on. "You are going to take that money and spend every cent of it on a good time, but for fear Henry would be upset we won't mention it until you are ready to go." The image looked a little dubious at that, but she seemed to feel more reconciled when I explained: "You know if we mention it too soon Henry will lose his temper and you will lose your trip."

Henry came back in a few days and he had a good deal to say about what a good time he had had, but I never hinted what was in my mind until the first day of June, which was the day before I left. The way Henry took the announcement convinced me that in keeping still I had been wise. I never got far enough along to mention where I intended to go. He took it for granted that I was talking about Pageville, where sister Amelia lives, and seeing how terribly flustered he was I thought it might be just as well to let it go at that. I told him that his cousin Julia, who was visiting in the neighborhood, had said she would be glad to come and keep house for him,

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and at last he said (not knowing as much about Julia's cooking as I knew and thought best not to tell), that he supposed if I was bent on going nothing would satisfy me but to go, though for his part how anybody could voluntarily spend two weeks in Amelia's society was beyond him.

His taking it for granted that I would be at Amelia's complicated matters quite a bit. I knew there was nothing for it but to write to Amelia and tell her the truth; otherwise I was liable to come home and find myself posted like a "Lost, strayed or stolen," on every fence along the country roads. Knowing Amelia, I did not mail the letter to her until I was on the way to the train.

I suppose I really ought to have felt that I was a wicked woman, but I didn't. After my stomach quit quivering like lemon jelly, which was as soon as the train pulled out, I felt as light-hearted as a bird. I believe I know how *Pilgrim* must have felt when he dropped his load. My load had been burial clothes, and I felt that in dropping them I'd come out into the sun. Even when we went through Pageville I didn't have a qualm, but I'll admit that when I got off the train at Chicago and went up toward the big iron gates I'd have given every cent of my money to have seen Henry Butler waiting on the other side.

Of course Henry wasn't there, but a woman with a blue badge came up to me and asked me if I was alone, and she told me about a place where I could go that was right down town in reach of all the stores and handy to all the cars, and she took me over there herself.

MY ROOM was up high, and when I went over to the window I found I could look away out on the lake. It made me feel very small, and very strange, and very far away from home, to see that great stretch of blue water that reached away and away. Far out there were houses that I found out later were cribs, and here and there was a big steamboat that drifted slowly along. Close to the shore there were dozens of white-winged boats, and I had to smile at their humanness as I looked at the little things. They were like a lot of restless little children trying vainly to break away from a game of which they were tired. Later in the day, though, when I saw them lift their wings and skim out over the blue, they seemed not like children, but like spirits released. I could hardly tear myself away from watching the boats, and I kept looking over my shoulder to see if Henry were not there and feeling sorry that he could not enjoy it too. However, when I remembered that if Henry were in Chicago I should in all probability be at home, I felt quite satisfied to leave things as they were.

That was just the first day, and each day after that was just full

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of wonderful things. I was for once in my life A Woman without a Care. I knew Amelia would do enough worrying for us both, and I made up my mind to let her do it all. As for Henry, I was sure that after two solid weeks of Julia's cooking he would welcome me back, no matter what I had done. Then, too, I knew Henry right down in his heart couldn't feel ugly at me for long. Since I'd dropped my burden, I seemed to know better just how stupid Henry and I had been.

The stores were interesting, and I wandered back and forth and smiled at the people who smiled at me. Perhaps I looked funny to them; they certainly looked funny to me. I felt as though I could have started a first-class menagerie with some of the women I saw, their heads looked so huge and so loose and their bodies looked so small and so drawn in sausage skins. I watched some of them get on the cars, and they couldn't make the step until they pulled their dresses up to their knees. Here in Meadowbrook we would not take kindly to that.

It was the nights, though, that I cared for the most. I never got tired of watching the fierce-faced cars crawl out of the darkness and come nearer and nearer until, with a savage purr, they passed and were swallowed by the darkness again.

IT WAS on one of these nights that I found, huddled up in a doorway, a little child asleep. I was frightened at first, and when I woke him he was more frightened than I. He would have scuttled away like a little wild thing if I had not held him fast. By and by, when he was sure I meant him no harm, I got him to talk to me, and after that I spoke to an officer and he took me to the place where the boy lived. It was not fifty feet from the boulevard where millionaires ride every day, but it was worlds away from any comfort of life. In a room at the rear of an apparently empty house, a room which was the only pretense of a home the boy had, we found his father, drunk. The officer said he was always drunk when he was not in jail. There was no bed,—just a pallet of filthy straw. There were a few pieces of broken furniture and a stove. It was horrible. I hated to leave the boy there, but there was nothing else I could do. I went home and wrote a letter to Henry and sent it that night, and the next afternoon at five o'clock I was at the station to meet the Meadowbrook train. Henry pretended to be surprised, and he tried to look cross as he said:

“How did you know I'd come?”

I never said a word—I couldn't—I couldn't even see him through the tears after that first glad look.

MARY ANN BUTLER'S BURIAL FUND

"What's all this about a boy and a door and a room and some straw?" Henry asked, with a little catch in his voice. "I read your letter to Amelia, and she said I'd better come for you at once, for she could plainly see you'd lost the little sense you had."

"Amelia?" I gasped. "Do you mean——"

"I mean that she's been with me since the day after you left," said Henry, and his voice was grim, "and she says if you dare to bring home a Chicago gutter rat she'll never darken our doors again." It was wonderful how his voice changed. Some way I knew he'd thought it over and it was all right.

"Then you think we might?" was all I could say.

"After standing Amelia for two weeks, I think I might be equal to one small boy, if you are sure the care of him won't be too much for you."

It had been a long time since Henry had said anything like that to me, and I just hugged his arm as I hurried him along to where the officer had said he would meet us at half-past five.

There isn't much left to tell. Henry talked with the father, and went to see a Juvenile Court Judge, and two days later we brought our boy home. Amelia was so mad at first she couldn't speak and then she was so mad she couldn't stop, but Henry and I didn't mind that a bit. Queerly enough, Jinks (Henry won't call him anything else) took a fancy to that sister of mine, and inside of twenty-four hours he certainly had her halter broke. She is here yet, and somehow, I don't mind. She never sings any more about being dead in another year, and if I thought she wanted to die, it would make me feel bad.

Yesterday we were sitting, Amelia and I, out under the trees, and the boy was asleep at our feet, a gingerbread man held close in his fist. I don't know whether I said he was just five, but he is, and he has red hair and a nest of little yellow freckles on his nose. Henry came across the grass from the direction of the barn, and I saw in a minute something was up. "Mary Ann," he called as he came, "what in thunder have you been doing now? Joe Turner has just dumped a big box down in front of the gate."

"I guess it's the phonograph," I said, quiet and cool.

"What phonograph?" cried Amelia and Henry, just like a duet.

"You know the money you paid back that I spent on my trip?" I was looking steady at Henry, and he laughed.

"Yes," he chuckled, "but that was for burial clothes."

"I decided," I said, reaching over and taking the cake from Jinks's little fist, "that I wouldn't use it for that. I expect to be too busy for the next few years to give my funeral a thought."

PERGOLAS AS SCREENS FOR TOWN AND VILLAGE HOMES



IN THE early days of America people were so drawn together by mutual interests and need of mutual protection that they built their houses close together on either side of a street, somewhat after the order of a fortification. Every house was set close to the street and life was so full of pioneer tasks there was little leisure for the making of gardens or for neighborly visits in them. Later on, when flower and vegetable seeds were sent over from the old home land, little gardens were started at the rear of the houses. But streets were naturally the center of interest, for it was important that close watch be kept on the coming and going of friends and enemies. There was great economy of labor also in this arrangement of homes, for when the snow lay in impassable drifts the single streets could be easily plowed and paths kept open. So urgent necessity was responsible for the placing of houses so close to the street, permitting no flowering dooryards.

Nowadays the tendency is to set the house as far back into the lot as can be managed, so that the sights and sounds of street traffic will penetrate as little as possible into the sanctuary of the home. We put gardens between the street and the house that the home may be separated literally as well as in mind from the marts of trade. We want to leave the cares and responsibilities of business and enter the haven of home, brushing past fragrant bushes, bending our heads to avoid the blossoming tendrils of the vine at the gate. So we try to create an illusion of the country by retreating to the utmost of our ability from the confusion of cities into the quietness of gardens.

THE pergola has come to play an important part in securing a sense of privacy for a home, in creating the atmosphere of a garden where narrow lots permit no real garden with flower-bordered walks. Sometimes it leads directly from the gate to the entrance door, sometimes it clings like a veil across the face of the house, sometimes it takes the place of a fence, enclosing the home acre with a drapery of vines. It transforms the ground it stands upon or the house it touches into the semblance, at least, of gardens and walks and flowers and vines and arbors, for it is a union of all these charming features. It is always a harmonizing feature wherever placed and is full of the suggestions of spacious gardens, romance, leisure, beauty. It seems to lead to flashing fountains, retired nooks, rose bowers, even though we can plainly see its mission is but to conduct one to the door of a house.

It is of the pergola as a miracle worker that we wish to speak

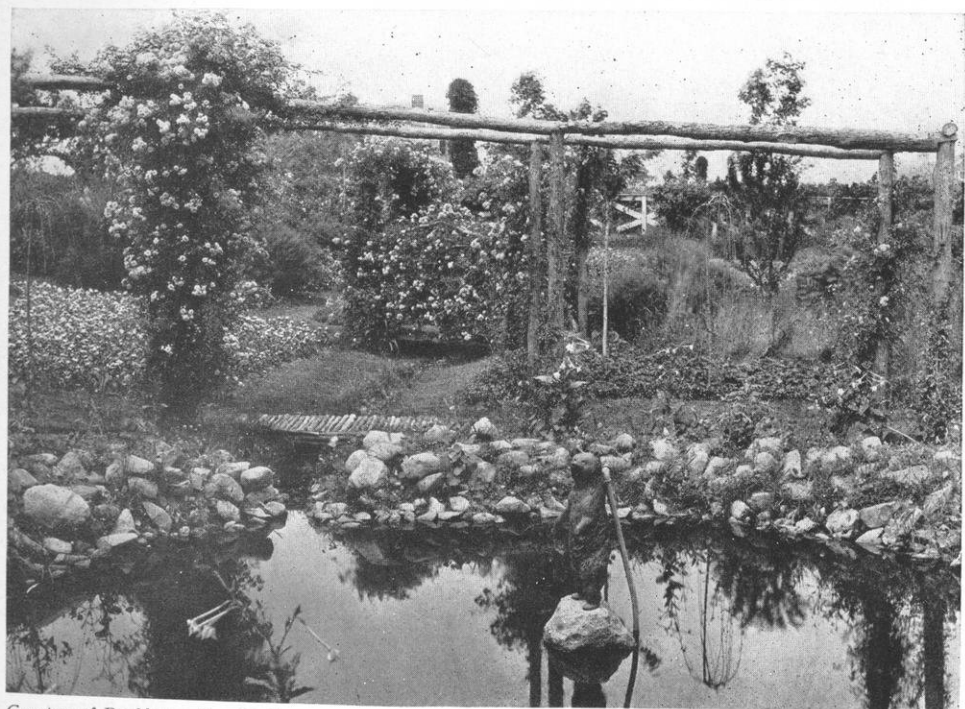


THIS PERGOLA PORCH WAS CONSTRUCTED AT THE FRONT OF AN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE WHICH WAS BUILT VERY NEAR THE STREET AND FACED A PUBLIC PARK: IN THE SUMMERTIME WHEN THE FOLIAGE WAS LUXURIANT, AND DRAPED FROM PILLAR TO PILLAR, THE SENSE OF DISTURBANCE FROM ACROSS THE STREET WAS ALMOST WHOLLY LOST, AND THE FAMILY WAS PROVIDED WITH A DELIGHTFUL OUTDOOR LIVING PLACE AT THE SAME TIME THAT THE LIFE OF THE HOUSE WAS RENDERED MORE SECLUDED AND ENJOYABLE.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

A WALL PERGOLA, THAT IS, WITH ONE SIDE OF THE PERGOLA RESTING AGAINST THE HOUSE: THE BEAMS OF WOOD AND THE PILLARS CONCRETE: THE STREET IS FURTHER SHUT AWAY FROM THIS HOUSE BY A PERGOLA FENCE WHICH FURNISHES SHADE AND IS ALSO PICTURESQUE. THIS PERGOLA IS USED AS A SCREEN FROM THE STREET: THE BEAMS ARE HEAVY RUSTIC AND THE SUPPORTS ROUGH STONE AT THE CORNER: IT WAS BUILT DIRECTLY AGAINST THE HOUSE SO THAT THE BUILDING FORMS ONE SIDE OF THE PERGOLA.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

BOTH OF THESE PICTURES SHOW A PERGOLA ENTRANCE TO A TOWN HOUSE: THE GARDEN IS REALLY SMALL, BUT THE DELIGHTFUL LITTLE PERGOLA PATHWAYS COVERED WITH ROSES, THE LITTLE ROUGH WOOD BRIDGES AND THE POOL GIVE AN IMPRESSION OF VARIED LANDSCAPE THAT IMMEDIATELY SUGGESTS SPACE AS WELL AS BEAUTY.



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.



THE PERGOLAS SHOWN ABOVE COULD EITHER BE USED AS SCREENS FROM THE STREET OR AS APPROACHES TO THE HOUSE: THEY ARE OF WOODEN CONSTRUCTION, THE PILLARS THICKLY COVERED WITH VINES: ENOUGH SPACE BETWEEN THE BEAMS IS LEFT OPEN TO ADMIT SUNLIGHT, BOTH FOR THE GOOD CHEER IN THE PERGOLA GARDEN AND TO FURNISH HEALTH AND HAPPINESS TO THE VINES CLUSTERED ABOUT THE PILLARS.

THE PERGOLA FOR PRIVACY

here, to show how easily an old-time house that a growing village has forced into an undesired publicity may retire from prying eyes behind a pergola veil of green, or how a new house built on the small area of a town lot may be sheltered from the intrusive curiosity of strangers by a pergola screen, or how a natural tapestry of vines may be woven and hung over the pillars of a pergola between the home and a public thoroughfare.

We have outgrown the need or desire for that phase of sociability which flourished in the hearts of our forefathers and prompted them to build their houses within a few feet of the front gate. Gates and fences have recently been ordered down by the decree of custom, fashion or public improvement leagues; yet we crave seclusion for our homes. The pergola offers a delightful solution of our difficulties, for it is capable of innumerable variations, is adaptable to both classic and modern domestic architecture and can be covered with vines that will form a dense or semi-transparent drapery, as preferred.

Among the illustrations for this article we are showing a photograph of a house built many years ago in the Middle West,—a fine type of the comfortable rambling house of earlier days,—that has been modernized by a pergola of simplest construction. The once quiet residence street running along one side has grown vibrant with the noise of traffic. A city park in front provides lounging places for idle strangers, so that were it not for the timely aid of the pergola the long summer days and evenings of the owners would perforce have to be spent indoors. Nothing could be simpler in construction, less ostentatious or more suitable than the slender pergola erected principally to provide a support for clambering vines. Grape and the ever-popular Madeira vine have been chosen to intertwine and form a floating veil that lets the sunlight fall in “patterns of bright gold” upon the brick floor and rugs of grass. Ferns, palms and oleanders in tubs, vases and Cuban boxes are rolled out from the conservatory for the summer, so that with no display and but little effort and expense a delightful, useful outdoor lounging room has been made that affords welcome seclusion, adds grace to the house and testifies to the simple good taste of the dwellers behind its rustling and fragrant leaves.

Another interesting example is given of a pergola used as a screen from the street, where the beams are of heavy rustic and the supports of rough stones at the corners, with rustic pillars in between. This is built directly against the house so that the house forms one side of the pergola. This pergola covered with vines serves as an entrance porch and outdoor sitting room, giving grateful shade in the summer time, but not shutting out the light and sunshine in the winter season.

THE PERGOLA FOR PRIVACY

Shapely benches and old hickory chairs for comfort, where one may watch the ever-changing play of sunlight and shadow from swaying vines, add to its æsthetic and useful qualities. A similar wall pergola is shown in another photograph where the slenderness of the dressed wooden beams and the concrete pillars convey a more formal impression, suitable for a different type of house. Still another style is shown where both pillars and beams are of wood. These three photographs illustrate how a pergola can be constructed, having the house itself as one side, forming a new type of porch whose floor can be of concrete, gravel or grass, as preferred. Such pergolas will combine the features of charming entrance, a touch of garden fragrance and a serviceable screen from the dust and publicity of a street.

A DELIGHTFUL way of approaching a house through a small garden is shown on another page; the pergola is extremely simple, merely a support for roses that will not be long in taking full possession of it. A refreshing pool that will catch the evening glow of sky, or mirror the bower of roses is a charming feature of this informal garden spot. Though the street is but a short distance away, yet the tangle of vines, bit of pool, beds of flowers and few fruit trees form a screen full of æsthetic and utilitarian value. How much more beautiful and sensible is this way of placing the house back from the street with the garden in front rather than the old way of setting the house close to the street and having the garden at the rear.

A pergola built around the yard in place of a fence is another good way to secure privacy for the house. Whether simple or elaborate, heavily or scantily covered with vines, with a pathway under its arches or at one side, it would be a feature of civic beauty and home comfort.

If a dense screen of vines is desired the kudzu or Dutchman's pipe could be planted, for either of these vines will cover a pergola in one season. They have large showy leaves that overlap one another so that it is quite impossible to peer through them. The kudzu will produce stems forty to fifty feet long in a season if given a rich soil, and bear numberless flower racemes quite like the graceful wistaria in appearance. The Japanese hop is another quick-growing vine that makes an excellent screen in one season. Its mottled foliage and straw yellow, paperlike hops give it great ornamental value. The trumpet flower, moonflower, balloon vine, wild cucumber, honeysuckle, silversweet, akebia, hyacinth bean, cypress, hardy everlasting pea, jasmine, cinnamon vine are all quick-growing vines very useful in covering pergolas with green while roses,

THE PERGOLA FOR PRIVACY

wistaria or other slow-growing vines are maturing. The old favorite Madeira or mignonette vine quickly sends out a delicate covering of foliage. Clematis is a valuable standby, bittersweet is suggestive of the woods, the glossy leaved silk vine is worth while, and nothing is more delicate in foliage and flower than maidenhair.

But after all no pergola is complete without climbing roses. They seem to have been designed on purpose to bear the incomparably beautiful veil of rose leaves, embroidered with red, pink, yellow and white blossoms that a home may be enfolded in fragrance. The baby rambler is a delightful climbing rose, for it keeps putting forth its blossoms long after the June carnival of roses has passed. It is especially suitable for simple pergolas or trellises because of the delicacy of its growth. It bears its flowers in clusters like the more showy and better known relative, the crimson rambler. A beautiful white climbing rose is the alba moschata and it generally starts the procession of roses, for it is at its best in May. The Clothilde Soupert, creamy white in color, will bring up the rear of the procession, for it continues to bloom until the frost compels it to rest. The Dorothy Perkins will ever be popular because of its bright foliage and shell pink, full and perfect blossom. The pink rambler is similar to the other rambler roses in habit, the Queen Alexandra is much like the crimson, only a little lighter in color, the royal cluster is a prolific white bloomer, but perhaps the best of all is the sunny yellow rambler, for it is gracious and lovely in color, fragrance and foliage.



THE WOOD-CARVER'S LAST PANEL: BY CHARLES H. SHINN



IN THE days of old Japan, when strange things now and then came to pass because men had believing hearts, there was a wood-carver who lived alone, in a very small hut on the edge of a forest, and very often sat beside the gate of an ancient temple of the gods. Every year since his boyhood he had carved a votive panel, and had given it to the priest of the temple, and as his mastery increased the fame of these panels went abroad. Nothing did he ever carve which he had not first seen with the inner eye, and meditated upon, long and truly, and never would he put a price upon his work, but gave it where he thought it should be, or kept it in silence.

Once to his nearest friend, the old priest, he said: "I have entered a garden, a labyrinth, full of wonders and of the sound of new languages, the visions of untold forms of life; sometimes I seem to be near its heart, and its secrets, and again I wander far away, in glooms and desolations."

The everyday senses of the old wood-carver were failing him, but ever the sweetness and strength of his face grew more visible, and all who went up to the temple took joy in watching him carve, and in sitting near and sharing with him their homely meals, for it was a land of peasants, and he was the son of a long-departed pruner of trees, and had grown up amongst them.

Ever, as the years passed, the wood-carver chose bits of wood here and there—things which had been cast aside and forgotten, and each result he related in some wise and serene manner to the medium through which it was wrought. When the kindly old wood-chopper on the mountainside above the temple passed from mortal sight, the carver asked for a broken handle of his axe. Presently on that worn piece of gray kaki-wood he so marvelously shaped a honey bee on a golden-blossoming spray of mountain pine that those who saw it declared that the wings of the toiling bee moved and murmured as if it were alive, and that it somehow reminded them of the busy little old wood-chopper himself.

Another time, after the carver had brooded long upon the mystery of lands beyond the gate of dreams, it chanced that he saw in the dust a child's broken toy of the silky brown, fragrant cinnamon wood, and presently he shaped it into a pale and secret-holding akebia bud, in the axil of a mothering leaf, and touched with all the marvel of dews and skies. Then, one night, not long after, when the tale of this was being told, a peasant woman, tall and silent, a mother in the robe of mourning, crept to his feet, in the dusk. Gently

THE WOOD-CARVER'S LAST PANEL

and slowly he drew forth the little carven panel made from the broken toy of her child, and put it into her hands with a smile which seemed to her more than mortal. Nor could she be restrained from kissing his sandaled foot, and then she went away weeping new and blessed tears such as she had not shed since the child was taken from her sight.

BUT the ancient wood-carver sat thinking of the wise masters of death and of life, and of his sorrowful neighbor, the peasant woman, until the star of the morning shone. And he longed with utter longing that even more of himself, clear to the last drop of his life and strength might dwell in his carvings, and that they might at last somehow learn to walk forth alone wherever they were needed most. Then he went into the temple at daybreak to pray as was his wont, for mightier and more world-helping craftsmanship, for the mother's passion had stirred his soul with sorrow and longing, and the sight of his votive tablets gave him only pain, so mean and so dead they seemed, so little beside the midnight visions in his labyrinthian gardens whose clue he had now sought for more than seventy years.

His friend the priest spoke to him, saying: "Brother, a man came but last night from far off, from the side of Fujiyama, the Sacred Mountain, and brought what he had found there—a piece of ancient, long-seasoned, very fragrant, wax-pale cedar, sealed up in a cave and marked with the old-time ideograph of that one among the fathers of Japan who once carved out of a ginkgo tree of the temple a human figure which later, in time of need, walked out of its place and rang the bell which called a province to arms.

"Unsealing the cave, he had taken the long-hidden panel of cedar, because it was made plain to him that this wood had been put away, in the days of the beginnings, for an old carver by the gate of this temple in order that he might spend and be spent upon it. Then," said the priest, "he laid this slab of cedar in my hands, and went out through the gate, past where you sat, with a woman in mourning at your feet, and one of his hands was stretched out over both of you."

The old wood-carver thought of the stories told among the elders of his craft, that the very first among men to shape in wood such dreams as his own had lived in a hollow tree in a great forest on the side of Fujiyama, and had so wrought in toil and suffering that the gods gave to him the inmost desire of his soul. Thus it came to pass as the elders told, that smiles and speech were possible when they chose to the immortal creatures he carved, in earth's fresh youth, for the children of men.

THE WOOD-CARVER'S LAST PANEL

The old wood-carver took the gift humbly and gladly; he went into a glade of the forest and there began to shape the panel of which he had long dreamed. The people who loved him brought food, and little children played in the grass, and peace and hope dwelt in his soul as he carved a thing of wonder from the pale and fragrant cedar.

"Thou first of all the wood-carvers of Nippon," he thought, "how easy it was to find that which thou hadst sealed up! Now lead me, day by day, into the far, high places of art, clear as mountain tops. Brother of my heart, help me to make visible that which is in this living and immortal piece of cedar. Let it be for the service of all my fellow toilers, and let my life pass into it for good, not for evil."

AT LAST the old wood-carver came back to the temple bringing his panel, hidden under flowers and fern leaves, and surrounded as he walked by groups of happy children, and followed by mothers carrying babes. Then he prayed in the temple, and he drew aside the coverings, and there was the revealing vision of his heart. There stood two divine and immortal children in a forest, by a river. One, an eager boy, was like the earliest moment of a spring morning in a new land, when all things welcome the day-break. The other, a girl with quiet, serene poise, was like the veiled tenderness of dusk and twilight when one faint star begins to appear in the deepening skies.

Then the priest said to the wood-carver: "One is like Life and the other is like Death, and both are equally beautiful to me." And the peasant women said: "They seem to us dear as our own children, and we wish they were alive and toiling in our fields with us." And the children who were gathered about the old wood-carver said: "They are really just as alive as we are, and we think that sometime they will come and play with us."

Just then the priest placed the votive tablet in the place prepared for it, and laid below it the wood-carver's simple knives, whetstones, polishes and other tools of his craft, for his last panel was now completed.

One night, very soon after this, the woman who had once sat weeping by the temple gate came bearing a babe, and spoke in wonder to the wood-carver as he sat in quiet meditation by the temple gate.

"When this babe came to take the earth place of the boy I lost, whose broken toy thou didst carve, I sat alone, holding him, and I heard a light foot swiftly coming across the gardens and then a marvelous youth entered, and the fragrance of cedar wood filled the hut, and he laid your worn knife in my hand, as a sign that the babe was

SEEDS

to be a wood-carver, and see, he added another bud with a touch of his finger to the akebia bud you cut for me. And then sunlight grew about him as he smiled on us. Then he went back to the temple across the rice field, and he is but just returned."

Together they went in, and one of the wood-carver's knives was gone from the temple wall, and the eyes of the beautiful child still shone, and the mud of the rice field was faintly spattered on his garment's hem, and they were conscious that the child of the cedar panel laughed sweetly and lightly and smiled upon them, and went to sleep again, before their eyes.

Then it chanced that the old priest grew ill, and one night as he lay in silence, thinking of the journey he was soon to take, he saw in the moonlight through his open door, the divine girl of the shadows step from the panel on the wall, and come to him, nurse, helper and physician, giving him to drink from the cup she carried. When morning came, and he had gone on that journey, there was in his hand a wild rose from the far-off grave of the one he had loved most in all his life, and the look on his face was one of infinite happiness and of unspoken surprise.

So passed the years, and in all that province nightly walked to and fro, on errands wise, far, serene, the two children of the cedar tablet, until the tale of them reached certain high and lordly rulers, who set a trap to surprise and tether those who thus went forth, a trap that failed miserably. But after this happened, to the sorrow of many, only once more, when the old wood-carver passed away, did the children of the cedar tablet go out among men. That once they stood together before him, in the darkness of his hut, as the tale runs, kneeling, as if he were their father. Then the bright one embraced him, and the serene one of silence and awe put her arms about him, and took him to the wood-carver's ancient cave on the side of Fujiyama.

Almost they breathe still, so instinct with life and beauty they are. Almost their eyes shine, their limbs move. But the old faith perishes, and no more till time ends will the children step down from their cedar panel.

SEEDS

THE seeds I cuddle in my hands are dreams—
The waiting earth and dew
The wind and rain, the sun with magic beams
Will make them all come true.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.

VALUE TO OUR NATION OF THE VANISHING WATER BIRDS, DENIZENS OF THE AIR, EARTH AND SEA



HE persistently uttered cries of warning from the naturalists as to the rapid vanishing of our shore and water birds has at last awakened us to an appreciation of the seriousness of the situation and made us realize how desolate our ponds, marshes and beaches would be without those beautiful and useful feathered denizens. How sweet their plaintive cries as they fly low over the reeds and grasses of the marsh! How charming their advancing and retreating dance with the waves of the sea, as they rush up the beach just ahead of the white breakers and as swiftly follow the ebb! How graceful the strong-winged flights straight out to the deep waters where they rest and sleep on the bosom of the sea in safety, far from the reach of mankind, their dreaded foe rather than their trusted protector! These wonderful birds are equally at home on the land, the sea and the air. They are clad, as Mabel Osgood Wright says, "in feathers that blend in their hues the sky, the water, the mottled sands of the shore, the bronzed splendor of the seaweeds and the opalescence that lines the sea-shell." They are indeed wildings, never coming to nest in our gardens, never permitting the least friendly advance on our part, hiding their nests in regions so remote that the most enthusiastic bird lover has been unable to locate them. We who wish to understand them better, to claim tardy friendship with them, must go to their haunts—"the banks of a river or lake that furnishes shelter and sustenance alike to nesting bird and the restless migrant; or the shore of the sea with its possibilities and changing moods,—the sea that stretches infinitely on, ribbed by light-guarded reefs where the gulls flock and the petrels dash in the wake of cautious ships, its arms reaching landward until the bay where the wild ducks float, laps the shore, where the sandpipers patter, and creeping on through the land as a sluggish creek, traverses the marshes where the rail clamors about his half-floating nest and finally mingling with fresh downward currents loses its way among gaunt trees, where the herons and bitterns build, and is absorbed by some low, wood-girt meadow, where the last earth-filtered drops make mud, from which the snipe and woodcock probe their insect food, and give a deeper green to the coarse grasses where the plover pipes."

Their songs and nesting habits are so different from the other birds that they have opened up new fields of observation, as if they were a separate creation. They have been given a wonderful power of concealment, in their protective coloring, even in their structure of



Courtesy of Outing Pub. Co.

FOUR YOUNG HERON, THREE TO FOUR WEEKS OLD, GOING UP LIMBS OF A TREE, ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A MORNING MEAL.

A PAIR OF NIGHT HERON RETURNING TO THEIR NEST.

The photograph at the right and below used through courtesy of Outing Pub. Co.



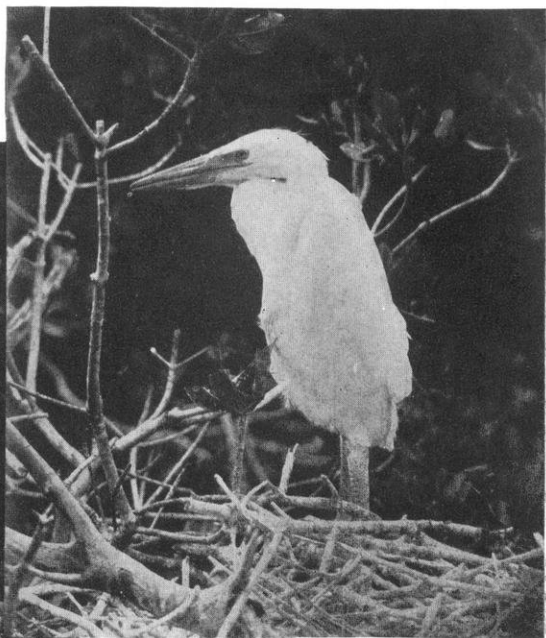
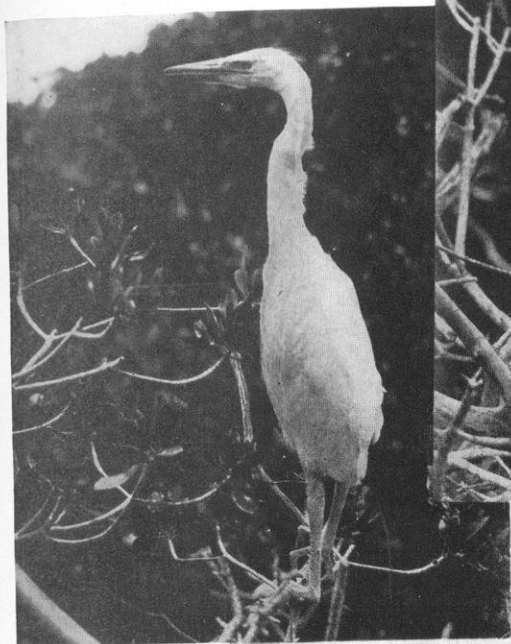
TURNSTONES AND SANDPIPERS ON THEIR WAY NORTH DURING MAY, THE HEIGHT OF THEIR MIGRATION.



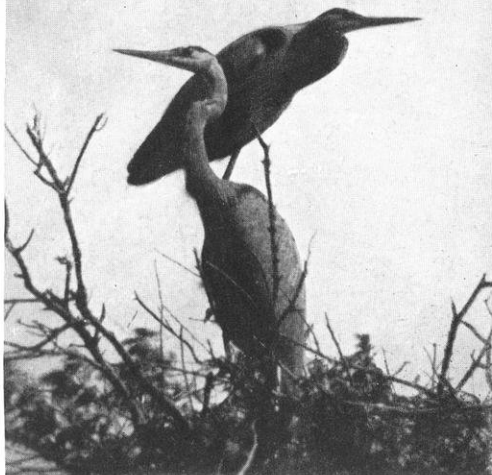
Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE BLUE HERON: THE COLORING OF THIS BIRD IS HIS BEST PROTECTION FROM HIS FOES: HIS PLUMAGE IS MUCH LIKE THE GRAYISH BLUE WATERS OF PONDS AND HIS LONG DARK LEGS MIGHT WELL BE MISTAKEN FOR THICK REEDS OR TWIGGS OF FALLEN TREES.

YOUNG GREAT WHITE HERON, WHICH
AUDUBON DISCOVERED ON THE FLORI-
DA KEYS.



PAIR OF GREAT
BLUE HERON ON
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INTERESTING PICTURE
OF A YOUNG GREAT
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UTES MORE THAN A
HERON.

Courtesy of Outing Pub. Co.

EVERY LARGE ESTATE THAT CAN IN ANY WAY ACCOMMODATE WILD FOWL SHOULD ARRANGE
FOR HOMES AND BREEDING PLACES FOR HERONS, BOTH THE BLUE AND THE WHITE: THERE
ARE NO MORE PICTURESQUE WILD BIRDS, CAPABLE OF BEING DOMESTICATED, THAN THESE
GRACEFUL SHY CREATURES.



Courtesy of Outing Pub. Co.

TWO PAIRS OF GREAT BLUE HERON ON NESTS: THE BREEDING GROUNDS OF THESE BIRDS HAVE BECOME RESTRICTED AND RENDERED UNSAFE BY THE EXTENSION OF AGRICULTURE, WHICH IS ENCROACHING YEARLY UPON THE FEW WILD PLACES LEFT.

THE HERRING-GULL BREED ON THE COAST OF MAINE AND WINTER TO THE SOUTHWARD, BEING ABUNDANT ABOUT ALL HARBORS AND ALONG TIDAL RIVERS FROM OCTOBER TO APRIL.

THE NATION'S NEED OF BIRDS

which they cunningly take advantage. The American bittern, when he sees the approach of man, will stand motionless among the reeds with his long bill pointing upward, seeming to know that in color and in general shape he resembles the reeds and that his long yellowish green legs help in deceiving man into the belief that he is but a clump of marsh grasses. The blue heron's coloring is much like the grayish blue waters of ponds and his long dark legs might well be mistaken for thick reeds or twigs of fallen trees. The loons and grebes will sink out of sight in the water without making the least telltale splash and swim long distances under water thus cleverly evading their enemies.

THERE are about seventy-six species of shore and water birds in North America with about eight sub-species, and many of them are vanishing so fast extermination seems imminent. The black-bellied plover or beetle-head is now only a straggler, the golden plover is rarely seen, the long-billed dowitchers are reared to occasional flocks of half a dozen or less. The Eskimo curlew has not been reported for a long time and all the other curlews have been greatly reduced in numbers. Wilson's snipe, the marbled godwit and the valuable woodcock are becoming scarce. The beautiful wood duck is also in great danger of being exterminated.

Until recent years there has been almost no protection for these birds, but the Government has been investigating the causes of the rapid disappearance of all shore birds and is taking active steps to relieve them of persecution. In the past, countless numbers of them were shot in the spring and fall along the route of migration, for they decoy readily and persistently, coming back again and again to the dangerous decoys, thus being an easy prey to the hunters. Their breeding grounds have become restricted, also rendered unsafe, because of the extension of agriculture which yearly encroaches upon the few wild places left. Many perish on the long migratory marches, some by sudden cold storms and some from exhaustion, for many of the stronger winged ones fly from Nova Scotia to northern South America, a distance of about two thousand five hundred miles without a pause for rest. They sometimes drop into the sea a few miles or even rods from the shore, unable to continue the journey. Another reason for their decreasing numbers is that they lay but a few eggs at a time,—generally but three or four and only once a year, so that their injured flocks are not readily renewed.

Protective laws to shorten the open season and to prohibit spring shooting, which is their nesting time, are being urged in many States. The recent enactment of a State law in New York, prohibiting

THE NATION'S NEED OF BIRDS

shooting and sale of ducks in the spring has had a markedly beneficial effect. At Palm Beach, Florida, where ducks are protected, they increase rapidly and become almost tame, showing how easily the confidence of wild creatures can be won. At San Luis Valley, California, is a protected enclosure around an artificial pond fed by artesian wells, showing the possibilities of providing protective districts.

Close seasons have been established until nineteen hundred and fifteen in Massachusetts for the piping plover, in Massachusetts and Louisiana for killdeer and in Massachusetts and Vermont for the common plover. This is certainly a move in the right direction and as a better understanding of their great economic value to agriculturists and to the health of the community at large is reached, defenders of these feathered servitors will arise in other States, who will see that protective laws are passed.

According to the Bureau of Biological Survey of nineteen hundred and eleven, the birds who do good service in destroying mosquitoes and their larvæ are the Northern and Wilson's phalarope, stilt pectoral, the Baird, least and semipalmated sandpiper, the killdeer and plover. These birds and all shore and water birds whose economic worth cannot be overestimated are also a great addition to the beauty and interest of our country. They are in truth valuable national resources and the silencing of their melodious, plaintive calls would rob us of much that has given us deep joy. How we have been stirred by the wild calls of the geese as they fly past in the night on their mysterious migrations! What if we were never again to hear the loon sobbing out the very spirit of the lonesome lake! How strange a storm along the shore of the sea without the vibrant thrilling call of the petrel rising above the storm, as if it were the voice of the wind itself!

Because the majority of these birds breed in the far North, near the Arctic Circle, even to the known limits of land, they are migrants in the United States. In past years the prairies of the Mississippi Valley formed a great highway for their migration, and they would alight on the lakes and great rivers to feed and rest. But the vast flocks belong to the past, even as the buffalo herds are now known only in memory. The Government has made some effort to protect districts where they can alight and feed in safety, and has been experimenting with wild rice, wild celery and other food, for water fowl, with the hope of restoring the popularity of depleted sections and thus increasing the wild ducks and geese. The purpose being to restock the ponds and waterways with their foods, so that the birds will rest there, and breed in security.

THE NATION'S NEED OF BIRDS

IF THE owners of large estates would make some effort to sow or plant the ponds, boggy places and the tide flats near their land they would not only be of benefit to the whole community, but would find they had added a great feature of interest and delight to their own homes. The favorite vegetable food of wild ducks, which is wild rice, celery and the many pondweeds, may be transplanted or sown in almost any section of the United States, so that old grounds can be restored and new ones created. These plants thrive best on a mud bottom, though they will grow in sand and on tide flats, but are not adapted to stagnant water.

It is comparatively new in America to raise water fowl commercially, yet a few such experiments have recently been tried that have been financially successful. The birds are pinioned or clipped to prevent their flying away, and soon learn to feel at home in their new quarters, many of them becoming quite tame. The pretty little plover, godwits and snipe, the stately herons, cranes, storks, the noblest of all water fowl, the swans, will breed and thrive in natural or artificial ponds if fed and cared for properly. The demoiselle cranes will follow one about in their dignified, long-stilted way, the great and little blue heron are easily tamed. Sea-gulls, pelicans, flamingoes, stilt-plover, sandpipers, avocets, turnstones, curlew, sanderlings, godwits, lapwings, many teal, duck, grebes, trants, geese and swan have been successfully bred for sale, being sold to city parks, for private estates and for the market.

That the sentiment for bird protection of all kinds is growing is proven by the fact that the Government has established fifty-five reservations where they are fully protected and in many cases fed during the winter months. The National Association of Audubon Societies also maintains a number of reservations patrolled by dependable wardens who report also upon the number and species of birds that breed in their districts. They have several islands under protection, where the shore and water birds feel safe and resort yearly at the nesting period. They have established a number of reservations along the coast of Florida, in addition to those of the Government. The great delta of the Yukon River in Alaska is one of the most important protected regions for shore birds. There is another at Breton Island, Louisiana, Siskiwit, Lake Superior, one at Arch Rocks in the Pacific Ocean and Bird Rock in the Atlantic Ocean.

Raising wild geese, duck and swan for commercial purposes bids fair to become a paying industry here in America because the flavor of wild game is valued by many epicures above that of their domesticated descendants.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWENTY-THREE



HERE are many advantages in planning cottages in quadrangular groups. The arrangement offers pleasanter and safer places for children to play in, wider and more cheerful outlooks from windows, and comparative immunity from dust and noise. This method of planning makes it possible to obtain architectural effects beyond any that can be gained for

cottages in rows, and the utter dreariness of the long row is eliminated. Instead of each cottage being a unit of design, the quadrangle as a whole becomes that unit, and the scale is one which offers opportunities for a bigger and broader treatment, capable of a pleasant relationship between the sizes of the buildings and the spaces onto which they front. Cottages built around squares or closes demand no sacrifice in economy of land, and as the space between any cottage and those which come opposite to it on a square is greater than it would be on a street, each cottage becomes more private and less conspicuous. This plan also would tend to foster that corporate feeling which is at present so weak and so difficult to nurture among cottage dwellers.

At present the cottager has not begun to realize the economies in time and money which coöperation would effect for him, and though his wife would gain even more than he would, she is perhaps further away from it than he is. When will people understand that the number of things they may enjoy is practically only limited by their ability

to substitute the sharing in great things for the exclusive possession of small things? When will they realize that through the medium of coöperation all may enjoy a share of many advantages, the individual possession of which can only be attained by a few?

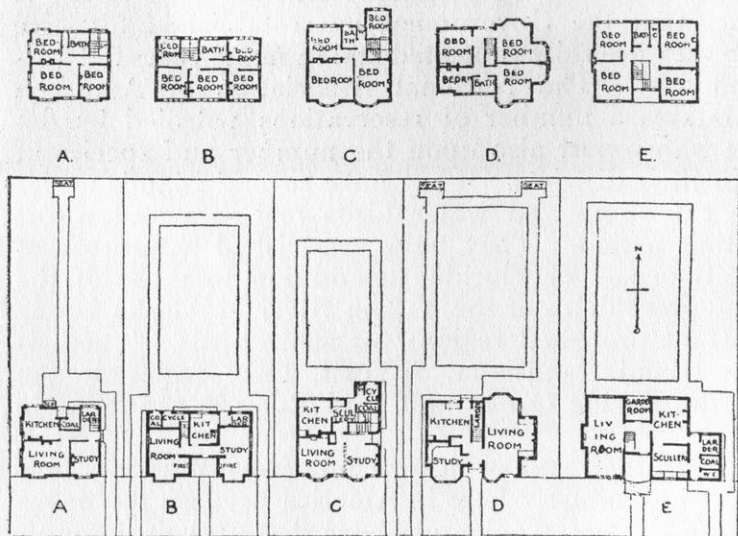
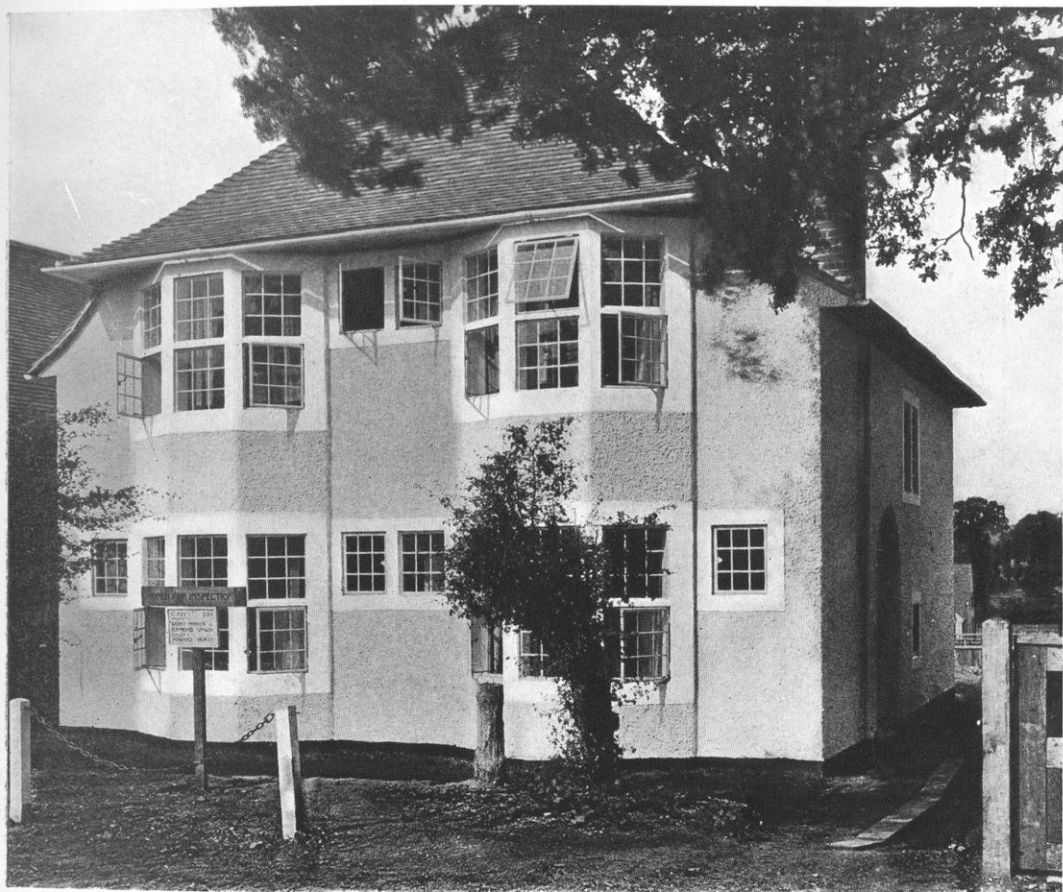
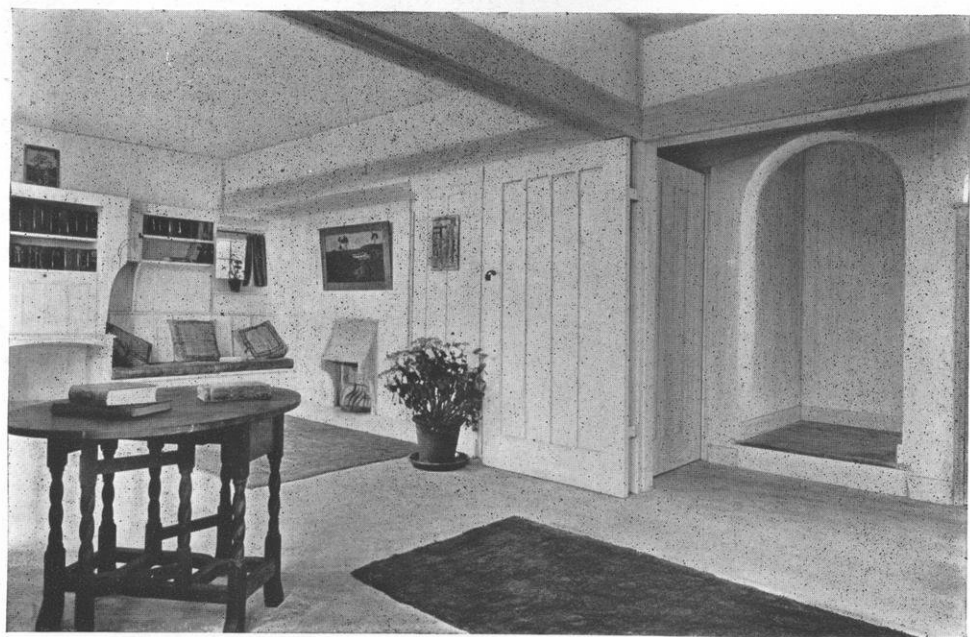
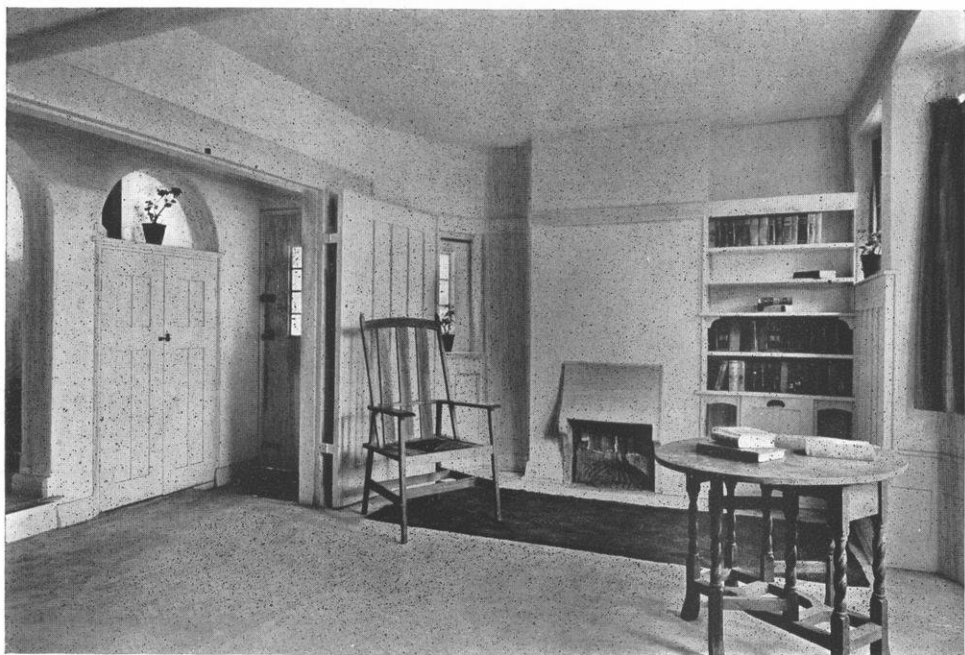


DIAGRAM ONE.



Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

HOUSE C, DIAGRAM ONE, SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS TO FURNISH OUTLOOK UP AND DOWN THE STREET.

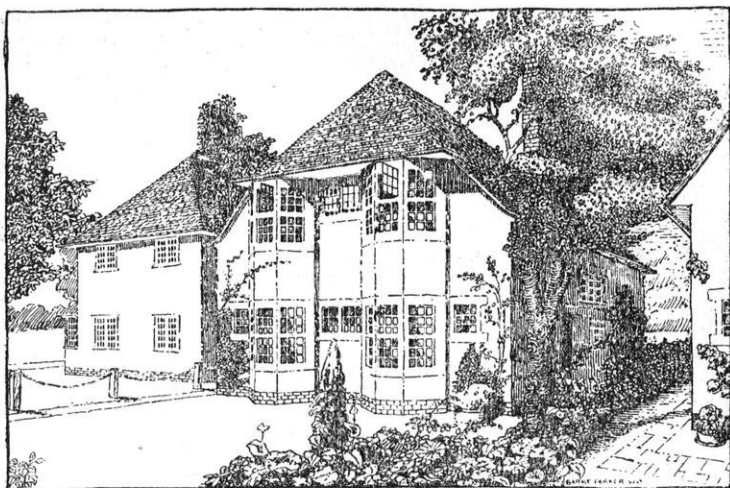


See page 54.

VIEW OF STUDY AND ENTRANCE
LOBBY IN HOUSE C, DIAGRAM ONE.
GLIMPSE OF LIVING ROOM FROM
STUDY IN HOUSE C, DIAGRAM ONE.

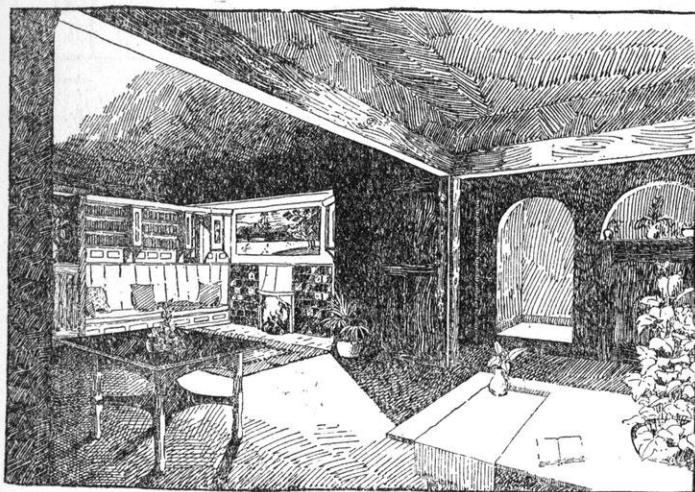
COÖPERATION IN BUILDING AND LIVING

Nothing could be more wasteful both of first cost, and expense of maintenance and labor, than the way in which hundreds and thousands of little inefficient kettles are heated on Monday mornings in small,



PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF HOUSE C, DIAGRAM ONE.

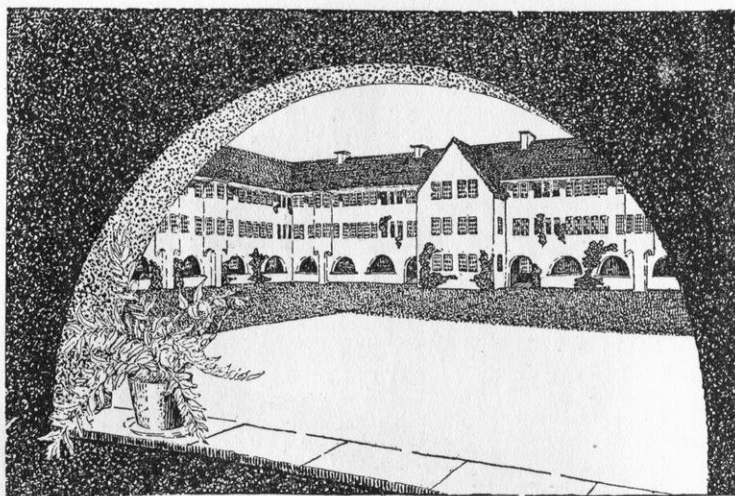
badly equipped sculleries to do insignificant quantities of washing, and fill the house with steam. Here, at least, one would think it possible to take a step in the direction of coöperation. Where cottages are built around quadrangles, how simple it would be to provide a small well-arranged laundry with proper facilities for heating water, plenty of fixed tubs with taps to fill and empty them, properly heated drying rooms and a children's playroom. The distance from the laundry to each cottage using it must not be too great, and such laundries should be accessible without passing through a street. As the opportunities which coöperation makes possible come to



PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF LIVING ROOM IN HOUSE C, DIAGRAM ONE.

be realized, the probability is that a boiler would be erected near this common laundry, from which pipes carrying hot water into every cottage would be laid. Common rooms in which to read and entertain friends would be a natural progression along these lines, and some of these

COÖPERATION IN BUILDING AND LIVING



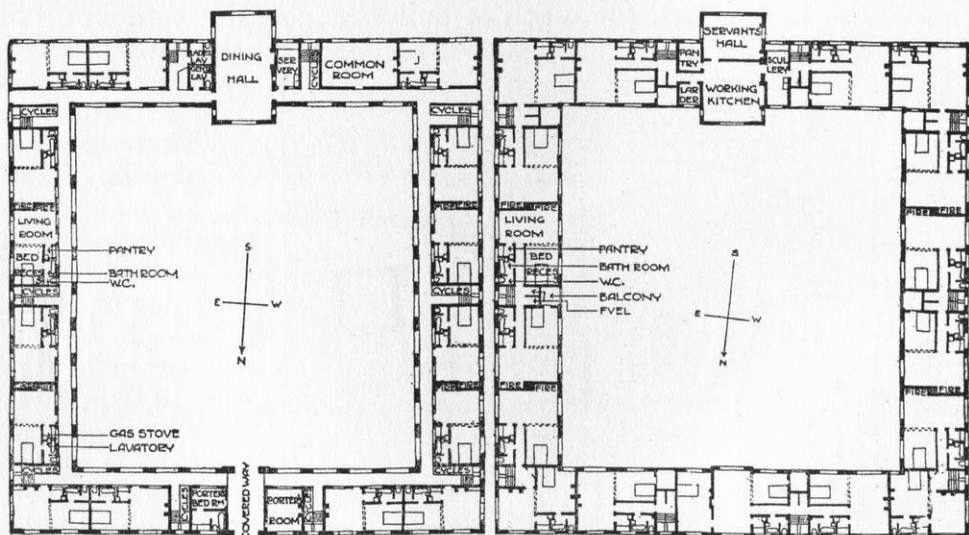
ASSOCIATED HOMES IN BRUSSELS SHOWING CLOISTERED WALK.

it. A large number of these people are seeking the advantages of living in associated homes, and even coöperative housing; among them are many in those rapidly increasing classes,—business women and bachelors who make their home in rooms.

We give here plans and sketches of some associated homes, designed for people interested in coöperation, for a site in Brussels. In each flat there is a large living room with a bed recess which can be closed off from the main body of the room, a bathroom, a pantry

quadrangles might even become associated homes, with common dining rooms and kitchens.

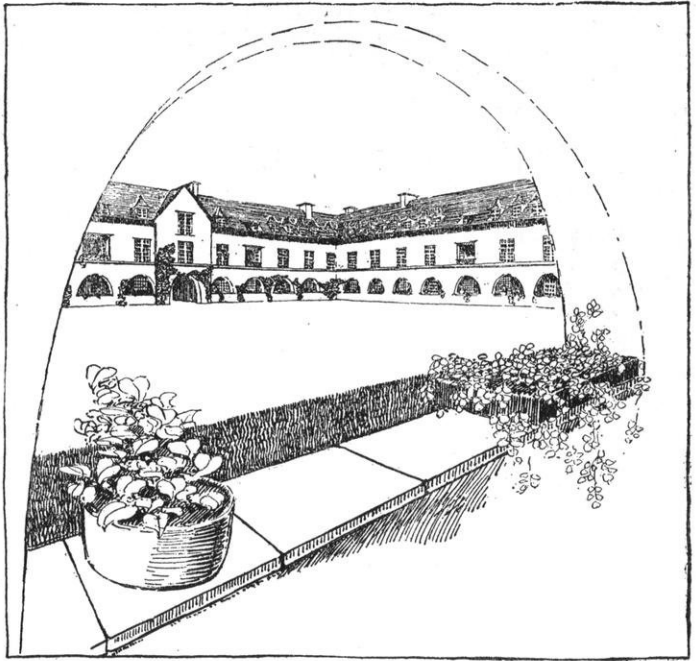
But if the average cottager is still far from seeing the advantages of coöperation in this respect, many thinking people are more alive to



FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR PLANS OF ASSOCIATED HOMES IN BRUSSELS.

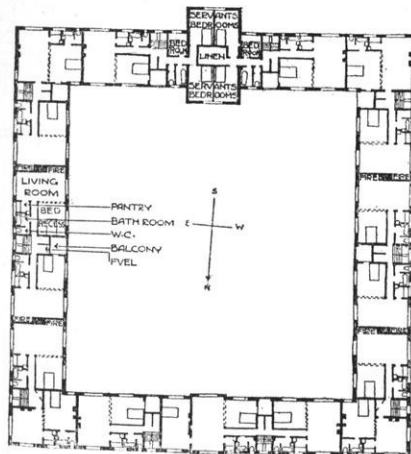
COÖPERATION IN BUILDING AND LIVING

with sink and gas stove in it, a coal place and a lavatory. There is accommodation for bicycles on the ground floor, and each alternate flat on the upper floors has an open balcony. The living room in every flat on the east or west side of the quadrangle, being a through room, gets both east and west sunlight, and has one window looking out into the court and one looking out onto the gardens

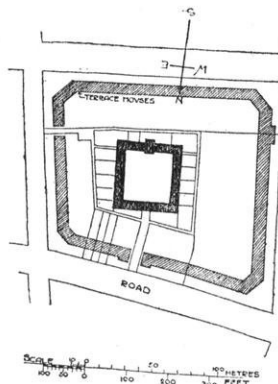


SECOND VIEW OF ASSOCIATED HOMES IN BRUSSELS.

which surround the whole building. In order to enable the occupant of any flat to go under shelter to the common rooms or to another flat, a cloistered walk runs around the quadrangle on the ground floor. In addition to the flats, the block of buildings contains common room, common dining room and kitchens, and servants' quarters, with accommodations



THIRD FLOOR AND BLOCK PLAN FOR ASSOCIATED HOMES.



for the manager. There are forty-nine flats. Think for a moment of the economy that can be effected by common cooking alone,—of the obvious extravagance of forty-nine separate small households cooking one of forty-nine small dinners on one of

COÖPERATION IN BUILDING AND LIVING

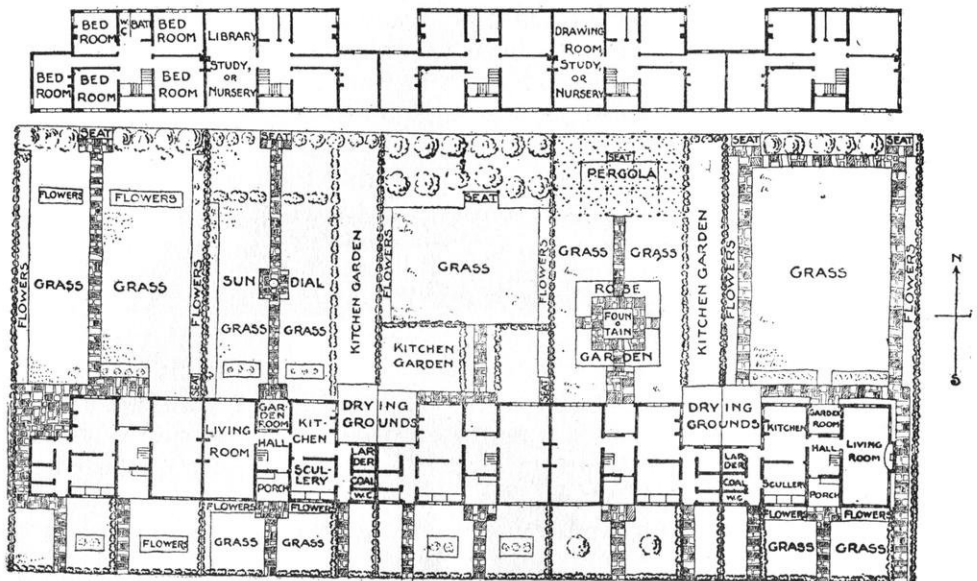


DIAGRAM TWO, SHOWING A ROW OF TERRACE HOUSES.

forty-nine small ranges, using and washing one of forty-ninesets of pans, when one cook with the help of a kitchen maid and one fire and a really effective cooking apparatus could do the work for all.

At the same time the occupants of a flat need only avail themselves of as much as they choose of the accommodation open to all. They can do such cooking as they like in their own flats, by means of the fireplaces and gas stoves provided there, and may live as completely isolated a life as they wish. Hot water could be laid to all baths, lavatories and sinks in the flats, from the boilers in the central

block, and such domestic help as is needed in any of the flats could be provided from the administrative block, at a fixed rate per hour.

Associated homes such as I have been suggesting are scarcely less practicable when they have

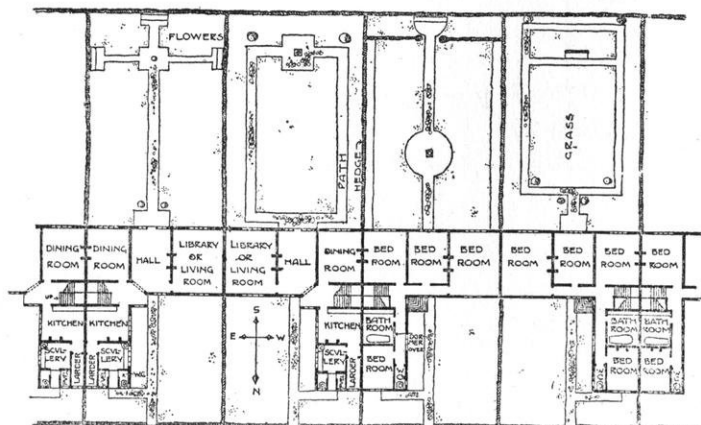


DIAGRAM THREE: A SECOND ROW OF TERRACE HOUSES.

COÖPERATION IN BUILDING AND LIVING

the accommodation necessary for a family than when they have to meet the requirements of individuals only, as is the case in the Brussels homes illustrated here. The households which can afford one fire only would not necessarily have it in a cooking range, but could have the comfort of a sitting-room fire, and those households which under ordinary conditions would burn two or more fires would probably burn one less. In addition to this economy the community would be benefited by an abatement of the smoke nuisance, for this nuisance in large towns is not so much created by the comparatively small number of factory chimneys as it is by the large number of domestic fires. One has but to experience the cleanness of the atmosphere of an Italian town to have forcibly brought home this advantage that an Italian town has over an English town, as the domestic fire in Italy is a rarity.

We must also remember that any system involving material waste stands self-condemned from an ethical standpoint. In associated homes for families many further developments of the coöperative principle naturally suggest themselves. Common gardens greater in extent than could be included within the quadrangle could be laid out. Something in the nature of a small hospital, while not only facilitating greater comfort for the sick and more efficient nursing than it is possible to obtain in small houses, would also obviate the necessity of each household having its own limited preparations for illness. Also, the only child, being a member of a larger community, would have some of the advantages that now belong only to the child with brothers and sisters.

Viewing the suggestion from the standpoint of the planner of houses, associated homes would mean an increase in many advantages which the house in a terrace may have over the detached house built in close proximity to other houses. To make this plain, we give here the plans and sketches of a row of six houses and some interior and exterior photographs of one or two of the houses of which the row is made up. (See Diagram One.) We also give plans for houses in a terrace or quadrangle. (Diagram Two.) In both instances the road runs on the south side of the houses. Assuming that the size of the plot and, therefore, the width of frontage is the same in each case, the entire frontage, both on the road and garden side of the house, is available for the terrace and not for the detached house, because in the latter case some of it has to be expended on the awkward gaps between the houses. The expense of one exterior wall to each house is saved and the wider frontage makes it possible to devote to any room the outlook over the garden or over the street or both, as may be wished. The coal places and other outbuildings and the drying grounds may be placed between the houses, leaving the out-

COÖPERATION IN BUILDING AND LIVING

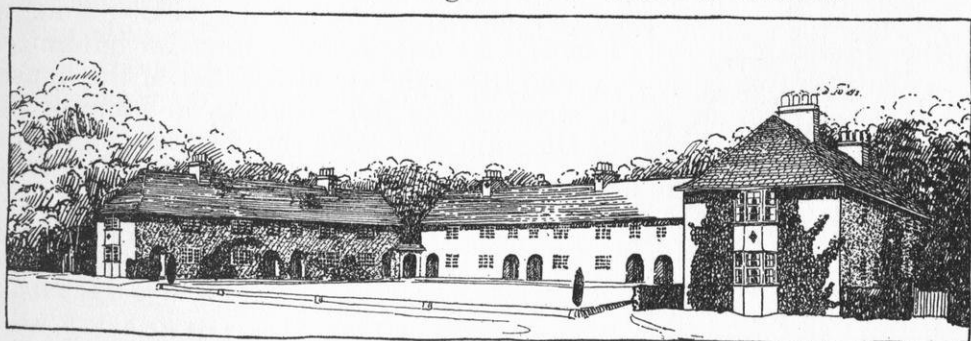
look over the garden unobstructed and unmarred. In the terrace the doubtful advantage of having windows overlooking gaps between the houses is, of course, gone; but, as I have said before, in the terrace house with a sufficiently good party wall, especially if the outbuildings are arranged between each two houses, there are fewer disturbances from sight and sound of neighbors than in the detached house. This is partly because the houses are planned with no windows overlooking neighboring houses. In the terrace house it seems to be essential for the principal living room to run through from front to back, so that (should the street run on the south side of the house) the view over the garden may be enjoyed, and the room still have a south window to secure sunshine. If the direction of the street be north and south, it is no less important for the principal living room to be a through room, as this would secure for it both east and west sunshine and the views over both garden and street. Of course, many would hold (and local conditions more frequently than not would force me to take the same stand) that houses should be placed at the north end of a plot when a road runs on the south side of a terrace or row of houses, so that the gardens may be on the south side of the houses and the principal windows may overlook them. But this arrangement has several disadvantages, the chief one perhaps being that the gardens become less private, as callers and errand boys will have to pass through them in order to reach the houses. There is also the expense (which is often sufficient to prevent the adoption of this plan) entailed by the length of sewer, gas and water mains. Another disadvantage which applies to every house with a south aspect is that the view from the windows, whether it be of distant objects or nearby gardens, is of the shady side, whereas a house facing north commands the sunny side of everything which is in front of it. Thus the house with a north aspect has a compensating advantage.

In an earlier article I have pointed out how, by arranging the rooms so that their principal windows look out diagonally, some of the disadvantages of detached houses in rows may be minimized by substituting a view up and down the street for that of the houses on the other side of the street. The bay windows in some of the houses illustrated here in Diagram One have this advantage to some extent, and the angle bays and the windows set diagonally in the recess in front of the house in Derby, also illustrated here, have been planned with this object in view. In the past, terrace houses have not always been planned so as to secure the advantages enumerated here. There are many instances where the frontage has been very limited and, therefore, the outbuildings have been put on the garden side of the house, which is, of course, quite as much of a disadvantage

COÖPERATION IN BUILDING AND LIVING

here as it is in the detached house built on a comparatively narrow plot. My contention is that, given the same width of frontage as would be devoted to detached houses in close proximity to one another, the advantages are almost all on the side of the terrace house, for then it can be designed with two fronts, one overlooking the garden and the other the road. One type of house only is shown in Diagram Two, but, of course, this house would not do on sites with the road on the north side; here something designed on the lines of Diagram Three would be required. Neither would the accommodation it provides fulfil all requirements. Instead of the garden room many tenants would prefer a dining room, others a third sitting room on the ground floor, and so on. Some again would prefer not to have the kitchen overlooking the garden. There are few things in which we show our inherent, if thoughtless, selfishness more clearly than we do in our general acceptance of the idea that any outlook is good enough for the kitchen, and that it is not desirable to have it overlook the garden. We lose sight of the disparity between our own loss and the gain to our servants in having cheerful exposures for the service part of the house, and also of the fact that an occasional inconvenience to ourselves amounts to nothing when compared with the enormous difference it may make to the happiness of whoever has to work in the kitchen.

The height and placing of fences on an estate often give some indication of the character of the owner,—how far he considers the well-being of others and how far he is self-seeking alone. There are few things which are more often made the instruments of thoughtless cruelty than are high fences. We see them erected in front of cottages which would otherwise overlook a park. In some instances they are so close to the cottages as to militate seriously against sanitation; in other instances it is only the great detraction from the sum of happiness in the cottagers' lives which is evident.



COTTAGES ON THREE SIDES OF A QUADRANGLE.

A CHANT OF SPRING



SONG of dreary days

And ways forlorn,

Before the lambs like lily buds appear

Scampering amid the herds of sanguine, foolish sheep

That through the meadow hoof their way sedately;

When the cold winds of March have called only

A single crow from woodlands far away;

When pines have scarcely dreamed of greener days,

Yet dreaming, thrill with pleasure through their veins,

And softer glow.

Beside our cottage door the rambling rose,

A naked, thorny shoot, has slowly brightened;

Upon the hill, a fire, a ruddy fire of spring,

In stalks of underbrush the landscape lightened.

There is a music in the wandering air,

When stars are bright and all the world is bare,

A music wild and rare.

Thrilled to the core, the poplar's single purpose

To reach unto that mystic dome above us;

The bending, waving, undulating motion

And curves that tell of quaint caprice and notion

Of myriad trees; the gracious airs and ways

Of tall centurions, or fantastic plays

Of trees that dance and caper all their days—

All these would still proclaim in forest gloaming,

When stars come out and winds have hushed their moaning—

Would tell how all the forest doth respond.

To strains supernal.

Sometimes, I think, the air with joy is ringing,

Far overhead the stars still solemn singing,

Forever joy and life their rapture flinging.

See, when the summer time to fullest seeming

The things of earth has brought—

In August days, when incense fills the air,

Of pines and flowers and herbs, like old wine flowing,

From the pure wine press of the wild grape growing in the warm sun:

The loon sends o'er the lake his soft, low call.

The cricket chirps, the lisping katy-did

After a hush begins again in chorus.

Tender, yet rapturous, the music swells.

Joy takes his lordly flight

Across the moor, and in the darksome glen

Makes pure the night.

A CHANT OF SPRING

O thou, dear heart, who in the twilight walketh,
And in the starry time, alone,
Thou who hast wondered at the eternal chanting,
The wailing from the depths of stately forests and boundless sea,
Wherefore thy wonder?

Hath not some luscious melody fashioned thee,
Some music more divine played on thine hungering ear,
Far lovelier than the darkened forests hear?

For thou, beloved, art sweeter than the lilies,
Thy hands are fair, and thou art full of beauty;
So tall and white thou art, so lithe and youthful,
Godlike thou movest, and thou art very fair.

There came a form and spoke.

His hand was on a golden harp, his voice like the sounding sea.

"Surely thou knowest the influences that are sent from the Pleaides.
The spirit of jasmine and roses, and the blue of Hesperides;
In the awful gloom of the mountain storm
Thou exuldest, and over the heights art borne;
Thou walkest, and each footfall keeps time
To some exquisite minstrelsy:

For thou art very sweet and passing fair."

Now he has gone away who spoke to me.
And silence reigns where once was melody.
His voice that sounded like the sighing sea,
His eyes that softly turned and looked on me,
Their glory yield no more.

And I am left alone with heart aflame,
A pale white flame of longing and desire.
I journey far beyond the farthest star—
Into the depths I plunge—to quench that fire.
But all things whisper to me, "Peace, be still!
Wait thou, and time shall all thy wants fulfil."
So I, who am afire, along the shore
Will linger till they come to me once more,
All those celestial ones we dream and know
Have waited for us since the long ago.

Unsheathed, before us now the mountains stand;
In naked elegance the woods are waiting the dainty pipes of spring.
Go softly, too, and in the light of Heaven
And the cool dews that soon will fall where roses grow
Refresh thyself: in His warm love refresh thyself,
Nor tempt the white flame passion of Heaven for thee.

BLANCHE ABLESON.

A FRIENDLY GARDEN WITH PICTURESQUE FEATURES AND MANY FLOWERS



ALMOST anyone can start a garden or a picture, but only an artist can finish one perfectly, for it is much easier, as everyone knows, to lay in pictures and to plan gardens than it is to bring them to satisfactory completion. The first bold sweeping strokes and plans are always full of promise, appealing strongly to the imagination, but when each detail has been carefully worked out the result is generally disappointing. "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive" could well be paraphrased into a garden epigram: "It is better to plant joyfully than to have finished." The average gardener, whether professional or amateur, finds greater joy in seeing his garden respond to his care, than in walking about in it after the last vine has been trained, the last weed removed from the lawn. It is well not to attempt to do in one year all the beautiful things that a garden spot suggests, but let it grow in grace like a child, passing leisurely through the charming stages of infancy and youth, not desiring it to spring at once into full glory, as Athena sprang from the mind of Jove. So do not call in the services of an army of workmen who would magically remove huge trees from one spot to another, lay out paths, build pergolas and arbors and set out thousands of potted plants according to the chart of a professional landscape gardener. Some main plan, of course, there must be, but the wisest of designers cannot foresee all the details required to make a garden the lovable place it should be.

If you were given a garden with only the large sweeping strokes, as it were, in evidence—the groups of trees, stretches of lawn, driveways, buildings—and a large assortment of seeds, slips, roots, bulbs and young plants to set out in it, the one thing uppermost in your mind should be not to mar, to cut up these main features by unrelated details, for the large features correspond to the masses in a picture, without which the whole looks insignificant. They give a sense of spaciousness, and their impressiveness must be retained and not cheapened or ruined by overornamentation. Naturalness must be the aim when adding the details, as it was when laying out the ground in the first place. In nature one finds an infinitude of detail in even a small space, but everything appears inevitable, as if the whole scene were improvised rather than composed.

One of the most charming features for a large garden is a flower-strewn grass patch. Could any formal arrangement of crocuses exceed in beauty those that are "star scattered through the grass?" Some Indian summer day take a basket of daffodil, narcissus and crocus bulbs on your arm and wander down by the pool, up the

A FRIENDLY GARDEN

slope of a hill, on the lawn by the house, and scatter them as designlessly as though you were Demeter herself leaving a trail of flowers over the land. Make a hole in the ground with a sharp-pointed stick and push the bulb in, covering it firmly. This is all that is needed if the ground be loose and rich, taking care also to set them below the reach of frost. Colonies of them can be set out in one spot, a few scattered nearby, so that they will have the appearance of having come to live in your garden of their own accord. They will multiply and thrive happily with no more attention, for if left to their own devices they do much better than when disturbed continually. A mass of white poet's narcissus on the bank of a brooklet, yellow daffodils straying through the grass of an old orchard, pink, white and rose trilliums carpeting a grove, snowdrops, snowflakes and crocuses on the lawn of the house, or a drift, anywhere, of one of the sweetest flowers that grow, the blue squill, would quicken the heart of the veriest dullard, while a poet would pass by a formal crescent or star-shaped bed of them unmoved.

The best daffodils to naturalize in grass are the golden spur, emperor, P. T. Barr, Sir Watkin, double Van Sion, Horsfieldi. Jonquils, also at their best among grasses, must not be overlooked. The Dutch campernell, rugulosus, heminalis, are hardy, vigorous species. Good narcissii are poeticus praecox and ornatus.

ROCKS are one of the most effective mediums in the hands of a wise gardener in bringing about informality and emphasizing natural beauties. Selected flat field stones or split boulders make the most delightful flight of steps to an arbor or lookout, as one of the accompanying photographs proves. The tangle of rhododendrons, mountain laurel and ferns that encroach upon the steps, the big lichen- and moss-covered boulders among the evergreen and deciduous trees at the top make a romantic wildwoods picture hard to improve upon. In another photograph is shown a flight of stone steps that jut directly from the wall with a charming informality. The flowers and vines of the garden crowd up to the steps, trail over the wall, creep up the side of the house and border the paths in delightful profusion, yet with a certain trimness that harmonizes finely with the evenly chiseled stonework. Still another way of using stones is illustrated where they support the bank of a terrace and provide three steps to the terrace garden. The few boulders left where they were found or else purposely rolled to the side of the wall add to the naturalness of the delightful picture. If high boulders at the edge of the lawn appear too conspicuous and bare they can be partially screened with any of the rock-loving wild flowers, such

A FRIENDLY GARDEN

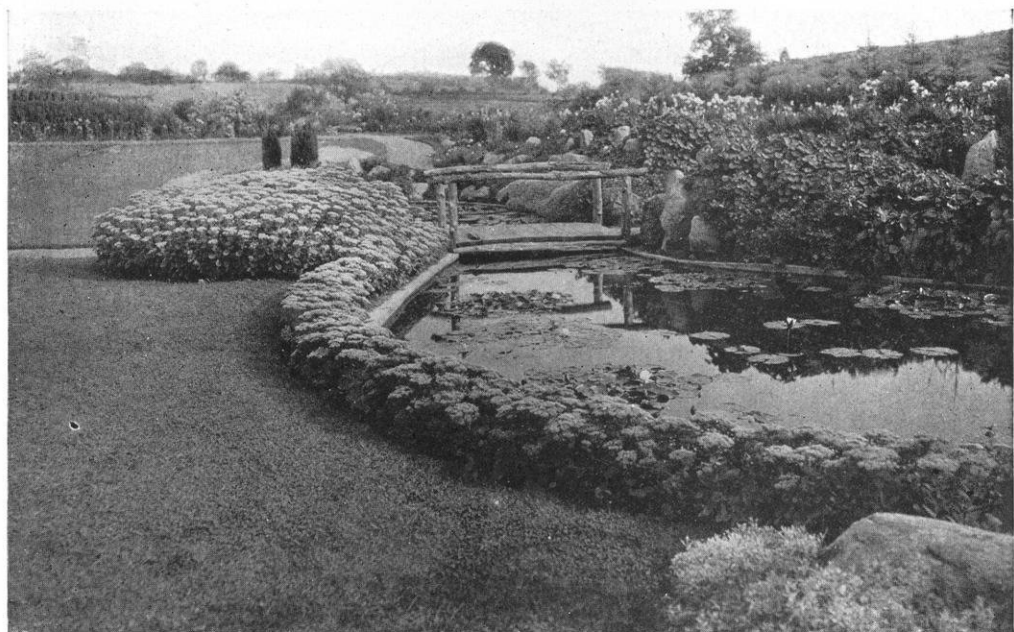
as ox-eyed daisy, Queen Anne's lace, wild roses, golden rod. If the boulder be in some shady, moist place, plant hepaticas, violets, columbine, rock ferns or other graceful flowers which will appreciate such a gray, staunch windshield.

Though many people give perennials the full value due them as aids in bringing color and grace to a garden, they frequently undervalue the flowering shrubs. No plant can surpass a shrub for beauty when it is in full bloom, so every garden should have as many as it is possible to find room for. About ninety-five per cent. of the shrubs bloom in May or June, so the garden will be a riot of color during those months, the annuals and perennials beginning and ending the carnival of beauty and fragrance. One of the loveliest of all shrubs is Van Houtte's spirea. Its perfume scents a whole garden and the large clusters of white flowers hang in heavy masses, bending the branches in graceful curves to the ground. Bridal wreath is another deservedly popular shrub with numberless little rosettes of double white blossoms clustered thickly on drooping branches. No garden seems complete without the fragrant and lovely lilac, weigela, syringa, snowball, and no modern shrubs can supplant them in our hearts. The shrubs that bloom sometimes even while the snow whitens the earth must be given place, because they announce the coming of spring as certainly as the bluebird or robin. Pussy willows, golden bells, redbud, magnolia, Japanese flowering crab are always eager to shake out their blossoms. Shrubs that can be used with groups of trees to bring about a natural tangled wildwood effect are the dogwood, elder, sumac, chokecherry, wild plum, bush honeysuckle. For hedges and windbreaks use the California privet, if you want a quick-growing one, or the white thorn, mallow, barberry or Rose of Sharon. The broad-leaved evergreen shrubs are almost the most useful and beautiful things that can be grown in a garden. They enliven the landscape in the winter with their polished, shapely leaves, their blossoms are exquisite in color and form and they are hardy and dependable in every way if given proper attention. Directions for planting and culture were given in the March nineteen hundred and twelve issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. Lilies planted among these evergreens thrive better than when in a bed by themselves, for their roots being well shaded are kept moist and cool, a most important item of lily culture. The golden banded Japanese lily is a general favorite for planting in such conditions. It sends a tall stalk of showy white blossoms, spotted with purple and banded with yellow that are sometimes eight inches across and blossom profusely in August and September. The orange-red Humboldt and American Turk's cap lilies grow to a height of five feet or more and appear at their best when grown among the



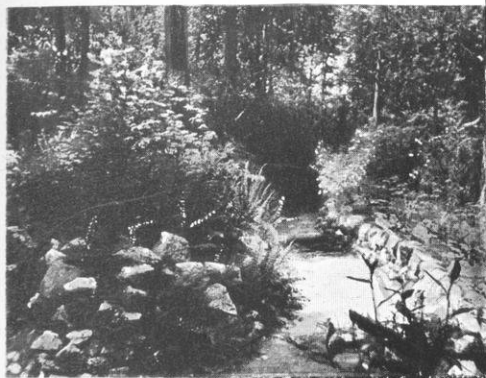
AN OCTAGONAL SUMMERHOUSE ON A HILL TERRACE; A GRACEFUL LINE OF WALK AND ROUGH ROCKS: DWARF PINES, JAPANESE UMBRELLA PINES, LAUREL AND AZALEA FURNISH COLOR IN THE WINTER.

INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION OF STONE STEPS BUILT IN THE CORNER OF A WALL, WITH MOUNTAIN LAUREL, DICTAMNUS, DWARF PHLOX, HOLLYHOCK, EUONYMUS IN THE GARDEN.

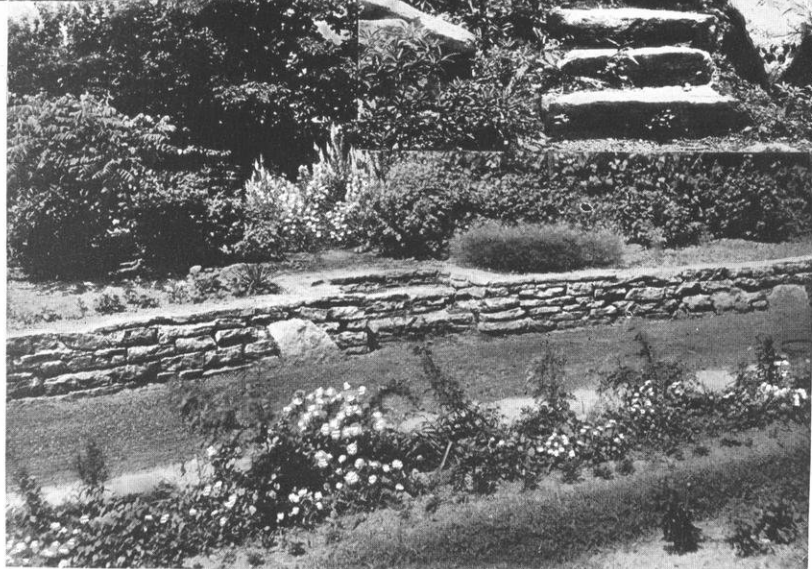


TWO VIEWS OF A SMALL JAPANESE WATER GARDEN BORDERED WITH SEDUM, MOSS VERBENA, AMPELOPSIS, BUSH CATALPA, RUDBECKIA, DIANTHUS, CHRYSANTHEMUMS: THE THATCHED ARBOR ADDS AN INTERESTING AND CHARACTERISTIC NOTE.

THE PICTURE AT THE RIGHT IS AN EXCEL-
 LENT EXAMPLE OF TREATMENT OF STONE
 STEPS BORDERED WITH LAUREL, RHODO-
 DENDRON AND FERNS LEADING TO WOOD-
 LAND GROUP OF HEMLOCK AND DECIDUOUS
 TREES.



MAXIMUM
 AND CATAW-
 BIENSE
 RHODODEN-
 DRONS WILL
 THRIVE
 EVEN UNDER
 THE HEAVY
 SHADE OF
 SPRUCE
 TREES AS
 SEEN IN
 THE PICTURE
 ABOVE.



INFORMAL TERRACE GARDEN WITH
 RETAINING WALL OF ROUGH STONES.



GARDEN WALK OF BRICK LEADING TO A SUMMER HOUSE, BORDERED WITH A CALIFORNIA PRIVET HEDGE, STANDARD BAY TREES, BOX BUSHES AND LAUREL; A GARDEN THUS PLANNED WITH PERMANENT FEATURES, SUCH AS ARBORS AND WALKS, AFFORDS SECLUSION AND SHELTER FROM THE GLARE AND HEAT OF THE SUN IN SUMMER, AND CAN NEVER BE A DESOLATE SPOT EVEN IN WINTER: FOR THE TREES AND SHRUBS OFFER PROTECTION FROM ICY WINDS, AND THE EVERGREEN VARIETIES FURNISH A COLOR NOTE WHEN IT IS MOST NEEDED.

A CHARMING TREATMENT AND LOCATION OF INFORMAL TERRACE GARDEN, WITH A TANGLE OF FLOWERS, LILY POOL AND OVER-LOOK ARBOR.



AN EXCELLENT FEATURE IN BOTH OF THESE PICTURES IS THE PICTURESQUE SUMMER HOUSE. A COMBINATION OF CONCRETE AND SHINGLES, THE IDEAL SPOT FOR REST FROM GARDEN WORK AND PLAY.

A FRIENDLY GARDEN

shrubs. Good yellow lilies for such a bed are the Persian, Japanese *maximowiczii* and the *L. Canadense*. Chief among the white lilies are the Bermuda, *L. Japonicum*, annunciation. A good red lily is the Lombard. Planting lilies among the evergreen shrubs is comparatively a new custom, but offers so many advantages it bids fair to become universally popular.

JUST as no landscape seems quite complete without a glint of water somewhere, so no garden is quite perfect without a pool in which float some of the many lovely aquatic plants. There is a wealth of flowers that will thrive in a water garden even if it be but a tub sunk in the ground and filled with water from a hydrant. Many artificial pools have been made which are but holes in the ground where clay has been puddled on the bottom, though the more satisfactory ones are made of stone or concrete. Of course, there must be an inlet and an outlet to insure the gentle flow of water that will prevent stagnation. A list of the best aquatic plants was given in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for June, nineteen hundred and eleven, with descriptions of construction of the pools. We are showing two photographs of a successful water garden that has been devoted mainly to water-lilies, but it illustrates a charming treatment of the margin of the pool. Low-growing sedum have been thickly set on one side as a border and massed at the crossing of the simple little rustic bridge. This gives a much better effect than if the border had been continuous in size. Moss verbenas, rock pinks, dianthus, bush catalpa, ampelopsis are banked together on the other side, and Irish juniper and Norway spruce have been chosen to help hold living color in the winter.

A more informal treatment of the banks of a water garden is shown in another photograph where flowers have been allowed to riot and tangle to their heart's content. Phlox, double poppies, candytuft, forget-me-nots, mignonette, bleeding hearts, yarrow, sweet alyssum, double columbine grow with friendly intimacy, putting forth a profusion of blossoms that will reflect bright colors in the pool from early spring until late fall. This little pool has been particularly well located, for it glitters in answer to the lure of the river that it will eventually join, on its life-giving journey to the sea. This charming pool and garden breathe the very essence of gardens and lead us to consider two other important features of a garden,—terraces and arbors.

The name terrace suggests a grassy flower-bordered lawn, near a house, on which the members of the family can place a tea table or promenade leisurely. It presupposes a view and invites one to step from the house if only for a few minutes, to see the glory of the

A FRIENDLY GARDEN

sky and watch the cloud shadows creep over distant hills. But terraces are equally alluring on the brow of a hill, where a graceful arbor will afford protection from the heat of day or chill of night in lieu of a house. This photograph shows the delightful possibilities of such a terrace and vine-draped arbor, which leaves little to be desired in the way of garden wonders. A pool, a simple garden fragrant by day and by night, a fruit tree or two, a wonderful view, a wide expanse of sky and a cozy arbor!

AS TO the design and material of arbors or summer houses, the main suggestion, repeated again and again, must be simplicity and suitability. In another photograph can be seen an octagonal summer house of stone, serving the same delightful purpose, a shelter at the side of a terrace where one can enjoy the view shielded from the roughnesses of wind and sun. Here it receives protection from both elements, by the shield of trees. Rhododendrons, retinosporas, dwarf pines and the trim sciadopitys will give it color in the winter, while the ever cheerful nasturtiums and geraniums, stocks, asters, verbenas will add color touches in the summer. The irregular line of rocks soon to be even more attractive as the nasturtiums mature is an excellent feature, for it contributes to the naturalness of the picture. The boxes of flowers in the arches of the observatory give a homey touch, as if some friend often visited and attended them.

Pergolas have grown so into the hearts of people that it is difficult to plan a garden, no matter how small it is, without an attempt to have one of some kind. No one feature combines more of the romance and attractiveness of gardens than the useful and beautiful pergola, but the design, materials for their construction and vines for their draping have been treated so often in *THE CRAFTSMAN* that we will but urge them now as one of the garden details.

Rock gardens are cheerful, charming places that are easy to establish and that will thrive in sunny sections where nothing else will. They are especially at home on the bank of the water garden, for one complements the other. Suggestions for the making and planting of them are given on another page of this number.

Herb gardens, old-fashioned gardens, bog gardens, sunken gardens, Japanese gardens, rose plots, shrubby walks, rustic bridges, sun-dials, fountains, tennis courts, bird tables, fern banks, can be incorporated as special features of almost any garden. They should nestle closely to one another, blend unobtrusively with large features, fit harmoniously in nooks and corners, never attracting undue attention, but sweetening and gracing every part of the whole.

THE DAFFODIL



TODAY I crossed the grass until
I met a yellow daffodil,
Who took such tiny steps and slow,
I wondered if I saw her go:
She seemed to tremble in the grass:
I stood quite still to let her pass,
And whispered soft as kelpies do,
"It's corners make *you* dizzy too?"
I couldn't hear one word she said:
She held her arms above her head,
And it was shiny gold, but all
The rest of her was green and tall.
I waited—*hours*—until I thought
The little way that she had got
Was making her feel shy maybe,
—And not to be as big as me:
I kissed her then and left her there
Turning the corner with great care:
I could not hear one word she said
But hoped that she was comforted.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

THE VASES OF HUGO ELMQUIST: BY EVA MADDEN



IN THE "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," there occurs, it will be remembered, a highly amusing account of the casting of his famous statue of Perseus, now in the Loggia dei Lanzi of Florence. In this recital,—which for its vividness, its succession of adventures, its dramatic culmination, we might well consider the epic of the act of creating by casting,—Cellini refers to the fact that in his belief there was some quality in the earth of Florence that made it especially felicitous for casting. Donatello, he adds, already had proved the virtue of its earth for that purpose, and "by great art I contrived to make a compound earth, which was of great service to me."

While the world has not always heard of the results of their labors, as with Donatello and Cellini, there has always been more or less experimenting going on by artists at Florence, in the hope, by the use of its earth in casting, of reviving some old art, or creating a new one.

Not long since, for instance, a young English girl succeeded, like Benvenuto, in making a composition earth of her own, not for casting, but for pottery. Her vases, taking inspiration and shape from Etruscan models, seemed by their beauty to prophesy their own future. Lack of capital, however, for furnaces (Benvenuto tells us that casting requires "entire strength of body and of purse," and adds something concerning the demands for fuel for firing) left this prophesy unfulfilled.

There is, however, an artist, one better known to the European world as a sculptor, at present casting vases at Florence, which, well known as they are in Germany and his own Sweden, have yet to be brought to the knowledge of Americans. Professor Hugo Elmquist, maker of these truly notable works of modern art, has set up his own furnace in an old and disused chapel on the grounds of his villa at Ponte a Ema, to the east of the city on the slope of one of the hills overlooking the Val D'Arno. Here he does his own casting in a bronze whose composition is his discovery and secret.

His vases, as may be seen from our illustrations, are his own modifications of the recognized, or antique, vase forms. One of the most beautiful last spring became the property of Prince von Lichenstein and is now in his collection at Vienna; another, not shown here, was the last birthday gift made to the late King Oscar of Sweden by the present reigning sovereign, then Crown Prince, and a collection has been purchased by Queen Alexandra of England and taken to that country.

THE BRONZE IN WHICH THESE VASES ARE CAST, BEING ORIGINAL WITH THE ARTIST, GIVES AT ONCE A UNIQUE VALUE AND CHARM: ITS COLOR SUGGESTS BURNISHING AND IS EFFECTIVE BY ITS RICHNESS AND WARMTH AS WELL AS ITS DELICATE IRIDESCENCE. |

HUGO ELMQUIST DOES HIS OWN CASTING: THE RESULT IS THAT EACH ONE OF THESE BEAUTIFUL EXPRESSIONS OF HANDICRAFT ATTAINS A UNIQUE VALUE IMPOSSIBLE TO IMITATE.



ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING FEATURES OF MR. ELMQUIST'S WORK IS THE COMBINATION IN HIS NATURE STUDIES OF INSECTS AND VINES: THERE IS A SENSE OF LIFE IN EVERYTHING HE PRESENTS, WHICH IS SO OFTEN LOST WHERE REALISTIC COLORS ARE NOT USED.

HUGO ELMQUIST HAS CALLED TO HIS USE FOR ORNAMENT THE POETIC SPIRIT OF HIS OWN NORTH LAND, AND THE DECORATIONS OF HIS VASES ARE ALMOST ALWAYS INTERESTING OUTDOOR DESIGNS,—CRICKETS, GRASSHOPPERS, BUTTERFLIES, ALL LIVING A FAIRY EXISTENCE ON THE BRONZE SURFACES OF THESE JARS.

THE DECORATION OF THESE VASES IS RAISED, AND SUBJECTS ARE ALWAYS TREATED IN THE MOST NATURAL AND ELEMENTAL FASHION.



A NEW SWEDISH CRAFTSMAN

The bronze in which the vases are cast, being original with the artist, gives them at once a unique value and charm. It possesses the power of preserving water in its freshness, it yields gracefully to the forms in its effect, and glows with a wealth of color, suggestive of burnishing, charming at once by warmth and richness as well as by its softened suggestion of iridescence.

It is, however, along the line of decoration that Professor Elmquist has made each individual vase a work of art and set himself apart as an original modern vasemaker. Disdaining to copy the conventionalized Etruscan patterns, to struggle after the Japanese, or to avail himself of the Cupids and the emotional exuberance of the Southern vasemaker of the past, he has called to his use the poetic spirit of his own North, and on the lovely vase forms has depicted the crickets, the grasshoppers, the butterflies, the small creatures of the fairy tales, utilizing also the slender stemmed and delicate-leaved plants of his own region.

On an especially beautiful vase, shown at Professor Elmquist's spring exhibition in Florence this year, the artist has used for decorative motif the wedding procession of two crickets, whose miniature coach is followed by a train of the tiny denizens of earth and air that are best known to Northern folk-lore and poetry. So exquisitely is this little scene portrayed that the admirer does unconscious tribute to that artistic dignity which can exalt and beautify any subject.

Another of these vases had for its handle a butterfly, curving, as butterflies do, its slender body as it drew close its fairylike wings.

These decorations, which are not part of the flat surfaces, but raised, by nature of their subjects depend for their success upon the poetry and delicacy of touch possessed by their maker, and it is just this poetry of execution which makes these Elmquist bronze vases so beautiful.

PROFESSOR ELMQUIST is as yet in need of a biographical introduction to Americans. His history is not unlike a Hans Andersen story, and begins in a little village in Sweden, where one morning two little boys stole away to a neighboring town and, dusty and footsore, one bearing in his arms something carefully covered, appeared at the entrance of the building where on the morrow there was to open an art exhibition, with a prize of a small sum of money for some fortunate craftsman. The two little fellows requested entrance so that they might speak with the director.

"Impossible!" cried the officials, outraged that village boys should come troubling them at the last moment.

But nothing would make the two boys take no for an answer, and

A NEW SWEDISH CRAFTSMAN

forgetting all about how hungry and tired they were, for hours they waited until the officials, tired of the sight of them, at last passed them in, and into the hands of the august director was confined the carefully covered parcel borne for so many hours.

The director, in an indulgent way, removed the wrappings.

"Who did this?" he cried, his eyes beaming with surprised wonder.

"I," said the little fellow who had presented it.

"Your name?"

"Hugo Elmquist," the child answered, trembling.

The director had no idea who Hugo Elmquist might be, but he did know that nothing had been entered for the competition in any way equaling the miniature wall cupboard carved by the fingers of the little boy before him. The Jury being of his opinion, the prize was officially awarded the little boy carver, and back trudged little Hugo and his friend, home to the carpenter's shop of his father, and into the room where sat his mother. Into her lap went the prize of coins, and from that day forward little Hugo worked toward his goal of the artist.

His career, though rewarded by many of the honors of Sweden, was one of struggle, incessant labor, much privation and of indomitable courage. Carving left behind with childhood, the little prize-winner became one of Sweden's best-known sculptors. Winner of the Prix de Rome, Professor Elmquist studied in Italy, later returning to Paris. Here he met Fräulein Erna Wichmann of Hamburg, a water-color painter, whom he married. Returning to Sweden he entered upon his vase making, his work quickly attracting attention. King Oscar displayed royal interest in the beauty of his work and, on one occasion, had the artist bring him the model of a vase that he especially admired, so that he might write his name upon it before the casting.

For some years now Professor and Mme. Elmquist, with their three children, have made their home in Florence, and there he is constantly creating new models in bronze, as well as continuing his work as a sculptor in marble.

TO UNDERSTAND what the work of casting in bronze involves, and what labor and devotion Professor Elmquist must give to each of these vases, it is only necessary to recall for a moment Benvenuto's old story of his making his model in plaster, of his resource "to another expedient," that of earth, of his model covered with wax, of its outer coat of clay, of his firing and melting and carrying off in tubes of the wax, of the pouring of the molten

POVERTY AND WEALTH

metal into its vacated space, of his falling into fever from the heat of the furnace, and into a rage when, retiring to his bed he thought to die, his assistants let the metal cool to congealing, of how wood failing him, he dashed on all the family pewter to the number of two hundred dishes and utensils, and at last the metal flowing, how he lifted up his eyes to Heaven saying: "I acknowledge in gratitude this mercy that my mold has been filled. I fall prostrate before Thee and with my whole heart return thanks to Thy divine mercy," while the women of the family, in order to cook or serve dinner, had to go forth and replace their treasured pewter with cheap earthenware.

While Professor Elmquist's firing proceeds along more conventional and less dramatic lines, the days when his models are in the furnace are momentous, for a single negligence will bring about the ruin of the labor of months, as well as the expense of new fuel. It is the custom of Professor Elmquist to do his firing absolutely unaided, denying himself even the assistance of a man for the actual manual labor. From start to finish his vases are absolutely his own work, no other hand coming near them, a single-hearted devotion not often found in a day when haste in achievement means money. Turned out in a commercial way, these vases might mean a fortune. As it is, we have the example of an artist daring to do his work with the personal labor of the old-time craftsman.

POVERTY AND WEALTH

A NIGHTINGALE that aye escapes the thorn;
A sun that sinks unburning in the sea;
A rose by pelting raindrops never torn;
Ah this, ah this is Poverty!

A hope that stings in bruised and baffled heart;
A thought that shines from gross of self all freed;
A love that smiles through sorrow's bitter smart;
Ah this, ah this is Wealth indeed!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.



TWO INEXPENSIVE CRAFTSMAN CONCRETE COTTAGES

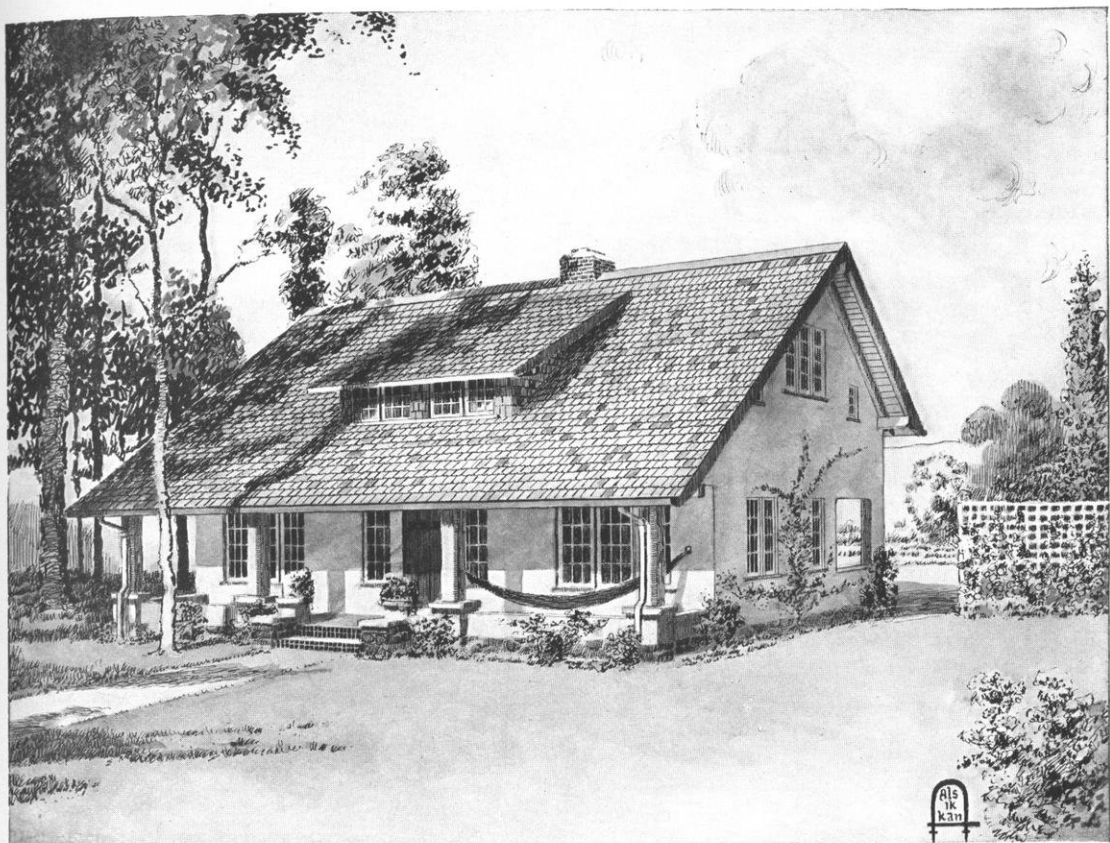
EXCELLENCE in house building depends upon good materials, careful and intelligent workmanship, and these imply a certain amount of expense, varying according to the rarity of the materials, the price of labor, and the length of time required in the making. But upon these principles have been built up strange theories of values. We have reversed things. We have come to regard expense as the infallible symbol of artistic excellence. We have used the dollar sign as a hall-mark of worth. And so great has been our eagerness to possess this outward semblance that in our haste we have failed to demand the æsthetic value and excellence of workmanship which it was supposed to represent. That is why so much of our architecture today is elaborate and costly without being beautiful. That is why our homes are filled with expensive furnishings which not only are devoid of real loveliness but are unrelated to our daily lives.

To dethrone this superstition from the hearts of the people, and set up a standard of real value in its place has been one of the chief aims of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, and fortunately we are not alone in our crusade. In this country as well as abroad are clear-thinking men and women who have seen through the fabric of fallacies into the true meaning of architectural beauty, and are striving to make their vision a reality. They are pointing out that such beauty does not consist in expensive trimmings nailed upon practical (or impractical) walls; it must be an inherent quality in the building itself, the inevitable expression of wise structural purpose.

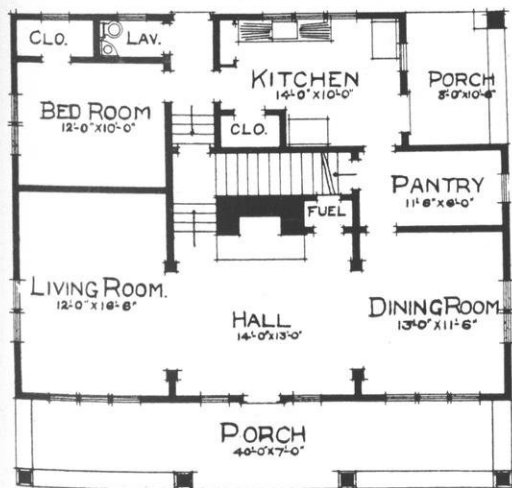
The fact that this attitude is becoming more and more popular seems evident, also, from the many letters which we are constantly receiving from people all over the

country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, asking us to design small and inexpensive homes. Most of the houses and bungalows which we have designed and published have cost a little more than these people could afford. They want something that will be easily within very moderate means, and yet which will still retain those craftsmanlike qualities of structure which have interested them so deeply in the larger and more expensive type of Craftsman building. They want to build cottages which shall cost them as little as possible, and yet shall be well-built, durable, comfortable dwellings, full of friendliness and beauty, the sort of places that will make home life and home duties a pleasure instead of a care, that will give the right kind of environment for their children to grow up in, and themselves a place in which to grow old usefully and happily.

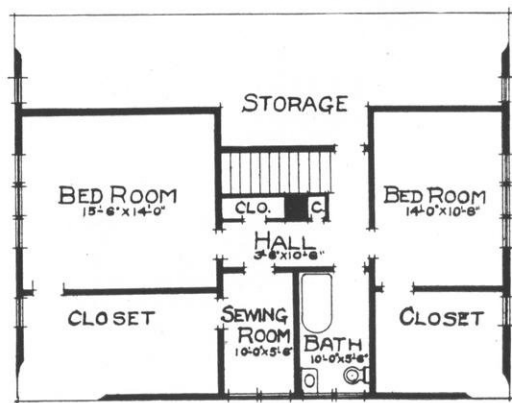
Aside from the pleasure it naturally gives us to find our ideas and plans meeting with such wide-spread appreciation among our subscribers and friends, we are glad, for impersonal reasons, to find that there is this demand. For it seems to us to denote a return of public interest to the sort of architecture which stands for sane, wholesome, happy living, the kind of homes that make for that real democracy of spirit and of practical government of which we have heard so much and seen so little. It seems to indicate that the "common" people, the people of the working class, those of limited income but increasing intelligence, are beginning to think more clearly about the fundamental facts of life and work, and to want more eagerly and earnestly the real things instead of the shams which a false civilization has offered them. It seems to denote that they are gradually ceasing to think with the thoughts of others, and beginning instead to reason things out for themselves,—simply, directly, honestly. And when they do this they will no longer be content with



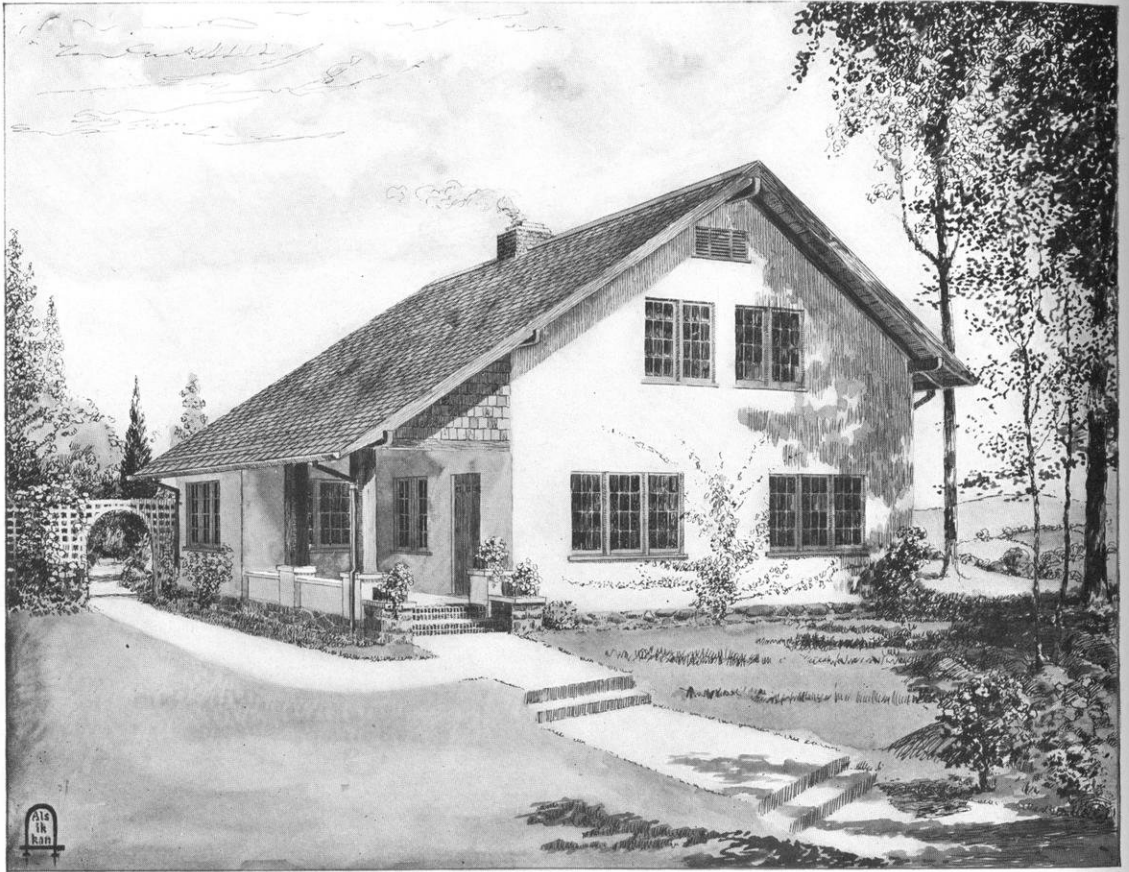
CRAFTSMAN CONCRETE COTTAGE NO. 133; SIX ROOMS.



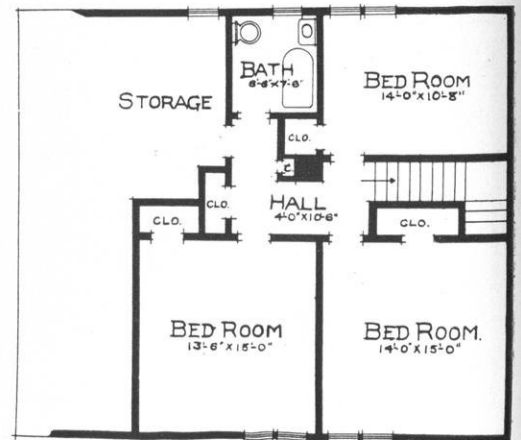
NO. 133; FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



NO. 133; SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



CRAFTSMAN CONCRETE COTTAGE NO. 134; SIX ROOMS.



TWO CRAFTSMAN CONCRETE COTTAGES

the clever imitations in buildings, furnishings and dress which fashion and commercialism have offered them; they will demand the sort of homes and surroundings that will make their work more efficient and their lives happier.

And if they keep on insisting upon the right sort of things long enough and earnestly enough, they will eventually get them; for architects and builders and furniture-makers will realize that it is no use trying to trick the public into buying what they do not want, into cluttering up their lives with what they have ceased to respect or believe in. They will find that if they wish to "cater to the popular taste," they must do so by giving the people the kind of things and the quality of workmanship which their awakening intelligence and sincerity demands.

It is for these people, therefore, and with these thoughts in mind, that we are presenting this month two cottages which suggest how beauty and comfort may be achieved in home-building, simply and at very little expense.

Both cottages are designed for small families in moderate circumstances, and can be built on small lots. The interiors are as compact as possible, being so planned as to reduce the cost of construction to the minimum. In both instances concrete is used on a stone foundation, with shingled roof, and the small-paned windows are all casement—being cheaper than the double-hung, as well as more picturesque. The chimneys are of brick.

A very practical and durable construction can be obtained, and the expense greatly reduced, by casting the exterior walls by the method described and illustrated in detail in the last number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*—a process which includes the use of interchangeable wooden forms in which the concrete walls are cast. These forms, when removed, leave two vertical layers of concrete with a continuous layer of insulating wood between, the wall being reinforced by metal ties embedded in the concrete. Such a wall is durable, practically fireproof, and does not sweat. This method, moreover, includes a simple and satisfactory way of providing for the door and window openings while the walls are being cast.

The concrete mixture and also the shingles used for the roofs of these cottages may be tinted to whatever colors will best harmonize with the surrounding landscape. We

would suggest that each shingle be dipped first in an oil stain, the surplus stain being wiped off to avoid waste. After the shingles are laid they may be given a brush coat with the same oil stain. In the dipping process the wood absorbs the stain and is thus made permanently weatherproof and waterproof, while the brush coat equalizes the color and gives the roof a uniform tint.

We have shown no interior views of these cottages, leaving the question of trimming to the judgment and purse of the owner. The walls could be plastered and ordinary trimming used around the doors and windows, or some of the rooms could be paneled or wainscoted up to the height of a plate rail or frieze. We would recommend chestnut for use downstairs and gumwood or yellow pine upstairs. As for the flooring we have never found anything more suitable than maple.

Either cottage can be built with or without cellar, and can be heated and ventilated by a Craftsman fireplace, which, as the buildings are small, will require very little piping to carry the heat to the various rooms.

Cottage No. 133 is the larger of the two, and is an interesting example of the attainment of architectural charm by adherence to great structural simplicity. Nothing could be more unaffected than the flat walls and plain lines of the building; they are the natural result of an interior planned for comfort and economy. And yet there is an air of friendliness about the little dwelling that is irresistible. It has somehow the indefinable quality of "home." The long sloping roof, the low dormer, the square-paned windows, the little parapet around the roomy porch which hammocks or swinging seats and comfortable lounging chairs make into such a pleasant outdoor living room; the unpretentious entrance door with its three wide panels of wood and small lights in the top—all these things, while part of a most economical construction, show what can be accomplished along the lines of homelike beauty by thoughtful planning and the careful use of each structural feature.

The first impression on entering the cottage is one of hospitality. The door opens from the porch into the big square hall with an open fireplace. Wide openings lead into the living room and dining room on either side, with their pleasant window groups, so that the front part of the house gives one a sense of generous spaces, while the sepa-

TWO CRAFTSMAN CONCRETE COTTAGES

rate rooms could, of course, be curtained off if more privacy were desired.

On one side of the fireplace the stairs go up to a landing, reached also from the rear, and thence to the second story. On the other side of the chimneypiece is a convenient fuel closet which communicates also with the cellar stairs. A large pantry is provided between dining room and kitchen and at the corner of the house is a recessed porch where much of the kitchen work can be done in fair weather. On the other side of the floor plan are the bedroom and lavatory which will serve for the maid if one is kept.

Upstairs the arrangement is equally compact. Two bedrooms, sewing room and bath open out of the small central hall, and the sloping roof in front and rear affords ample space for closets. Windows have been provided here also—an arrangement which always adds much to the convenience of a storage place. The sewing room could, of course, be used as a bedroom if extra sleeping accommodation were required.

The second cottage, No. 134, while somewhat smaller than the first, is equally attractive in its way. The porch, though not so large as in the preceding design, is even more sheltered, being recessed in the corner of the building and protected overhead by the long sloping roof. The walls, though plain, are saved from monotony by the groups of casement windows, and a few vines trained up between them would still further soften the effect, and, with their long tendrils and masses of leaves, would link the cottage to the garden about it. The stone and concrete posts and parapet likewise afford an opportunity for flowers, ferns and shrubs, which add so much to the picturesqueness of the approach, and if the cottage is in the suburbs or country, clumps of ferns could be transplanted easily and brought to beautify the place—a task that involves practically no expense and gives keen joy to those who do it. It is upon just such individual touches, in fact, that the charm of a home depends. A wall of lattice-work with arched opening such as that shown in the illustration would form a happy division between the front lawn and the garden in the rear, giving a needed sense of privacy and yet leaving a glimpse of whatever garden beauties there may be beyond it.

The interior of this second cottage is even more simple than the first. The rooms

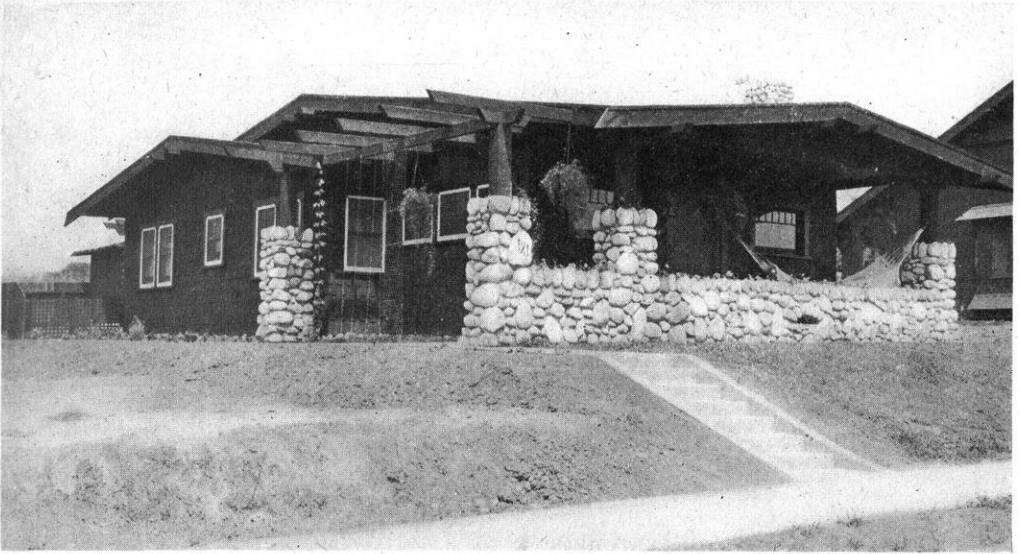
and their partitions have been minimized, and the whole plan is one which would make the work of the housewife very light. Almost half the floor plan downstairs is occupied by the big living room, in one corner of which the staircase is placed. From this room one gets a glimpse of the dining room through the wide opening on the left of the chimneypiece, and the various window groups admit ample light and cheerfulness. The kitchen communicates with both rooms, also with a storage room in which the ice-box is placed, and with the small recessed porch in the corner.

Three bedrooms and bathroom of convenient size lead out of the upper hall, and in addition to the five closets there is a large storage place under the slope of the roof.

Unlike most of THE CRAFTSMAN house plans, these cottages contain neither fireplace nooks nor built-in furnishings. We have omitted these friendly features not because we prefer to design a house without them, but because in the present instance we have tried to make each construction as cheap as possible, and in order to reduce the expense we were obliged to minimize also the number of partitions and amount of woodwork and trimmings required in the interior. If, however, the builder cares to add a little to the cost of either plan, seats could be built in, around the hearth, in inviting corners, or beneath some of the windows.

In cottages as simple in design as these, where the interior is without any decorative interest save that afforded by the arrangement of the windows and the plain woodwork, the home-maker must rely a great deal for beauty upon the color scheme of the furnishings. If the walls are plastered, they should be tinted to some pleasant shade that will harmonize with the wood used in the floor and trimmings,—a green-gray, buff or dull yellow, not too obtrusive in tone and yet sufficient to give the keynote for the rest of the room. Rugs, portières, casement curtains and sofa pillows can all be chosen to carry out a general decorative scheme, with touches of brown and orange, or green and gold, or rich splashes of red or terra cotta, or shades of old blue, whatever welcome bits of color will bring warmth and cheerfulness into the rooms. Stenciled, appliquéd or embroidered patterns will add greatly to the interest of the hangings.

HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW



HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW: BY CHARLOTTE DYER

Illustrated by Helen Lukens Gaut.

LIKE most young girls I built a "castle in the air" and waited for the "fairy prince." My "castle" was a bungalow. I studied descriptions and illustrations of these pretty little houses far more earnestly than I did my Latin or the fashions, and waited. Of course, I knew I should never have a bungalow of my own until after the arrival of the "fairy prince." And at last, however, though even now it seems too good to be true, every wish is realized. My "castle," without a bump, a thump or a bruise, has settled gracefully to terra firma, and my "fairy prince" has come and has turned into a king, and we are, as the story books say, going to live happily ever after.

We started housekeeping in an apartment house, but we both hated such a life. Electric cars whizzed and rumbled in front of us, while a bull terrier and a poll parrot barked and shrieked at the back of us. We wanted to be quiet and alone, and almost at once we began looking for a ready-made bungalow into which we could move our bags and baggage, and in which we could turn our unrest into peace. We looked at scores of houses, and while we didn't feel we were especially hard to please, we couldn't find anything that just suited. We wanted a view of the mountains, and we knew we

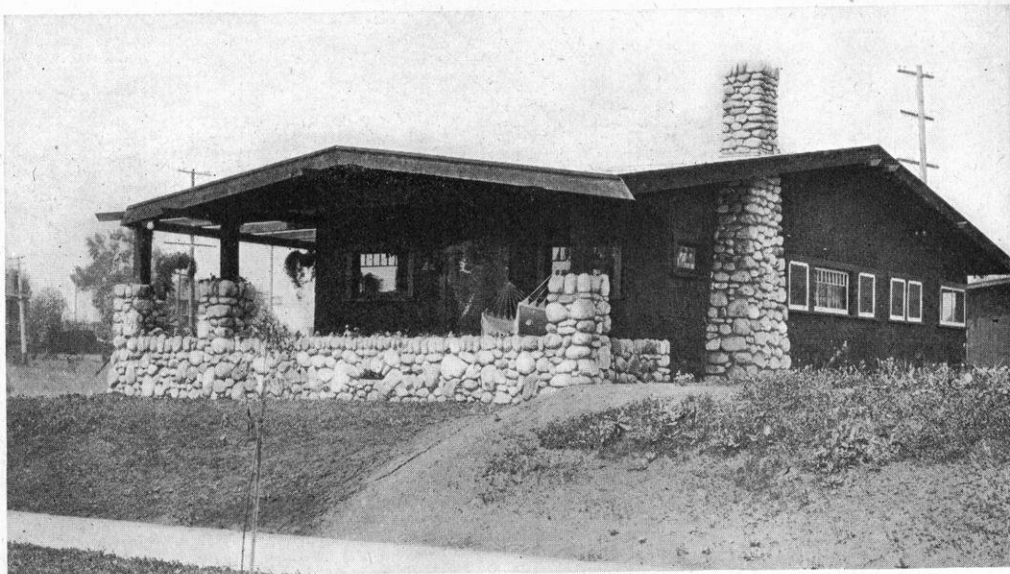
FRONT VIEW OF CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW, SHOWING COVERED AND PERGOLA PORCH.

wouldn't be satisfied with anything else. Several friends said: "Why don't you buy the lot you want and design and build your own house?" I told them I couldn't do such a thing as design a house, that I knew absolutely nothing about building. I kept their suggestion in mind, however, and the more I thought about it, the more I thought that perhaps I could design my house. Whenever I passed a bungalow in course of construction, I looked over the foundation, framework, finish, etc., until I acquired a certain familiarity with house construction.

About this time I met a woman whose business was that of designing and building houses to sell. She was most proficient in her line, in fact, had made a small fortune in this work. She encouraged me to go ahead and build my bungalow, saying she would be glad to help me in any way. These talks with her gave me inspiration and courage, and very soon I began the actual planning and superintendence of our home. I decided not to engage an architect. I knew exactly what I wanted, and so often an architect will insist on incorporating his own ideas, and I wanted just us, my husband and myself, in the "thought" of our home. I wanted a bit of our personality driven in with every nail.

We now began lot hunting in earnest, and finally found one that pleased us im-

HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW



SIDE VIEW OF BUNGALOW.

mensely, for it had a long sweeping view of valley and mountains. This lot, however, was somewhat small, only 40 by 120 feet, and we had set our hearts on having one with at least sixty-feet frontage. On making inquiry we found that the adjoining lot was for sale, so we decided to buy both of them. After holding a "family" consultation, we made up our minds to build a long narrow bungalow on a part of one of the lots, leaving the balance to increase the size of the other lot, on which we intended to build later on. As neither of us had ever built before, we concluded

to call this first house our experiment, a sort of elementary schooling to fit us for building the next, which was to be, so we then thought, our real home. We planned to live in the "experiment" for a little while, then sell at an advance, or rent it. But that was at the beginning. Now that the Bungalow is finished and we are living in it, we have neither desire nor intention of giving it up. Scarce a week passes that some real-estate agent does not stop to inquire if the bungalow is for sale, and somehow I can't help feeling a bit indignant that anyone should suggest my giving it up. I watched it grow so lovingly, from the first thought and foundation stone, to the last timber and pot of paint, and I prize every board and shingle and nail in it as if they were piece and parcel of my very soul.

While there is nothing very technical in building a small bungalow, there are lots of little points to be considered, and lots to be avoided. The very first thing to do is to find an honest carpenter foreman, one, if possible, who has some understanding of drawing up plans



FIREPLACE CORNER IN BUNGALOW, SHOWING INTERESTING WALL TREATMENT AND FURNISHINGS.

HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW

and specifications. My architect friend sent out the right man to me with highest recommendations, and I immediately engaged him to draw up the plans at my suggestion, and to act as carpenter foreman on the job. Fortunately he was an excellent draughtsman.

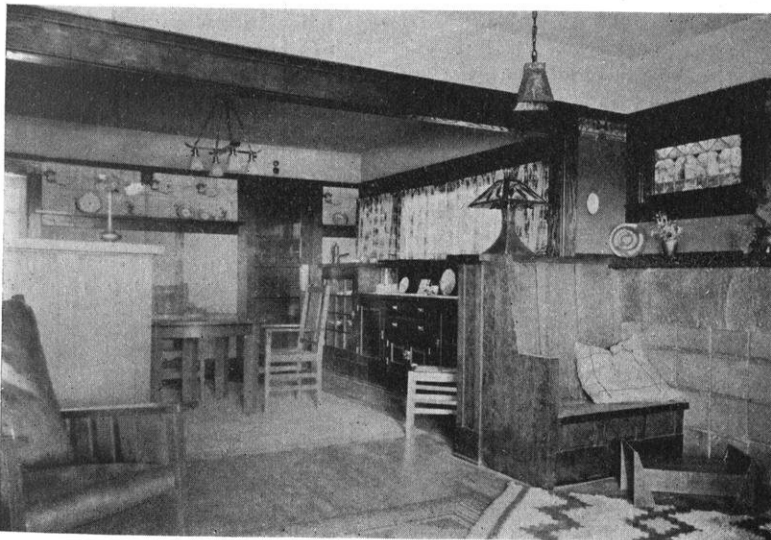
During the previous month I had made as thorough a study of bungalow construction as I could. I always carried a rule and spent much time measuring the width of shakes and the number of inches they were laid to the weather, in fact I measured the heights and depths and widths of everything that interested me, and took particular note of building materials of all sorts, so that I was able to explain with a certain degree of accuracy, just what I wanted. I couldn't see any reason why plans and specifications should be drawn up, for I was to have the work done by the day, and intended to give it my personal supervision, but my friend advised me strongly to have them, so there could be no possible chance of confusion or misunderstanding with the workmen. She said I should sublet contracts for the plumbing and the masonry, the electric wiring and the roofing; in this case plans and specifications would be absolutely necessary to



THE LIBRARY END OF THE LIVING ROOM.

bind the contractors. When the plans were all ready, work began in earnest. My husband had urgent business affairs to look after at this time, and seeing how deeply interested I was, and feeling confidence in me, inexperienced though I was, he gave me entire charge of buying the materials and the superintendence of the building. At first I was a bit nervous and several times asked advice of my friend. After the first week, however, I gained independence and relied entirely on my own wits and judgment to carry me through safely. I employed four men, a working foreman at \$4.00 a day, a carpenter at \$3.50, a helper for \$2.50, and a painter at \$3.15, and just nine weeks after the first foundation stone was laid, the house was completed.

I felt that a bungalow to be harmonious, must have a low, flat roof, and the only difficulty I had with my foreman was in trying to convince him that a roof with a pitch of one to six would be practicable. But I had my way in this, as in all things, and the roof is quite satisfactory. Instead of shingles I had asbestos roofing, which is white and contrasts attractively with the



GLIMPSE OF DINING ROOM OUT OF LIVING ROOM.

HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW

dark walls. The eaves, which have a four-foot extension, are supported by heavy redwood timbers.

Fortunately, my men were most agreeable and willing; in fact, they seemed pleased with every suggestion. I had heard so much about workmen disliking to have a woman "hanging around," that I was, to be sure, happy in finding them so amiable. When I gave an order I stuck to it, and I guess the novelty of a woman who didn't change her mind every minute rather pleased them. I also guarded myself against being "fussy." My foreman often 'phoned for me to come out and explain just how I wanted this or that when he could have gone ahead and finished it up in his workmanlike way and I would never have known the difference. He would go into detail about the various ways of doing the inside finishing, and ask me which I preferred. He was a first-class carpenter; in fact, a cabinet maker, and it all sounded so "pretty" when he told me about it, that I had all the woodwork in the house mitered and finished in the most careful and approved style. Of course, this cost a lot of money, but I wanted my bungalow to be frank and strong and true, so I didn't skimp or economize in anything. I visited the house once a day, usually in the morning, so that I could outline the work for the day if it seemed necessary for me to do so. My husband went out twice a week.

The only real trouble or annoyance I had was with the man who was sent out to do the cobblestone work. He was a foreigner, very independent and very impudent, and two or three times my carpenters, hearing him "boss" me, threatened to throw him bodily off the premises. He insisted that the wall and porch supports ought to be of little stones laid smooth and even, while I insisted that they should be of large stones of irregular sizes laid in the mortar with ends and sides projecting outside the main plaster line. He paid no attention to my wishes, but went ahead, doing exactly as he pleased, mortaring the little round stones together like so many marbles. I realized if this continued the house would be ruined. The first day or two I was too proud to say anything to my husband about the matter. But after laying awake all night I "gave in" and cried out my trouble on his shoulder the next morning. He 'phoned to the contractor

who had taken the masonry work, asking him to discharge this troublesome man and get another. I lost no more sleep over the cobblestone proposition, for another and perfectly satisfactory workman was sent me. I was particularly anxious to have a large flat stone on which to put the house number, laid in the mortar in one of the porch pillars, and this man put aside quite a heap of boulders so that I might take my pick. It is such little considerations that make a woman eternally grateful to a workman.

All along the porch wall, and at the tops of the stone piers supporting the rustic porch timbers, I had the mason leave space for flowers, a trough six inches wide and sixteen inches deep. I think this arrangement much prettier, and certainly it is much neater than the ordinary wooden flower boxes, that invariably leak muddy water over the porch floor when the plants are irrigated. I decided on black pointing for the stone work. It brings out the shape and size of every stone, and somehow it gives more character to the masonry, especially where large boulders are used. I had the porch floor cemented and marked off in twenty-four inch blocks, while the ceiling was of narrow wood beading, varnished.

I deliberated quite a bit before settling upon what to use for the exterior walls, finally deciding that split redwood shakes would be best. These called for an inter-wall lining of heavy building paper. Without the latter the house would not be weatherproof. All window and door casings were made of finished lumber and painted green, while the shake walls were stained a corresponding shade. My painter advised two coats of this stain, which consists of paint and distillate mixed in equal quantities, so I bought the material and told him to go ahead. I have since learned, however, that one coat of stain is quite sufficient. By putting on two coats the painter doubled his time check, but I don't blame him. If I had as big a family to support as he has, I might also try to make my jobs elastic. At any rate my house is sufficiently puttied and painted to last for some time.

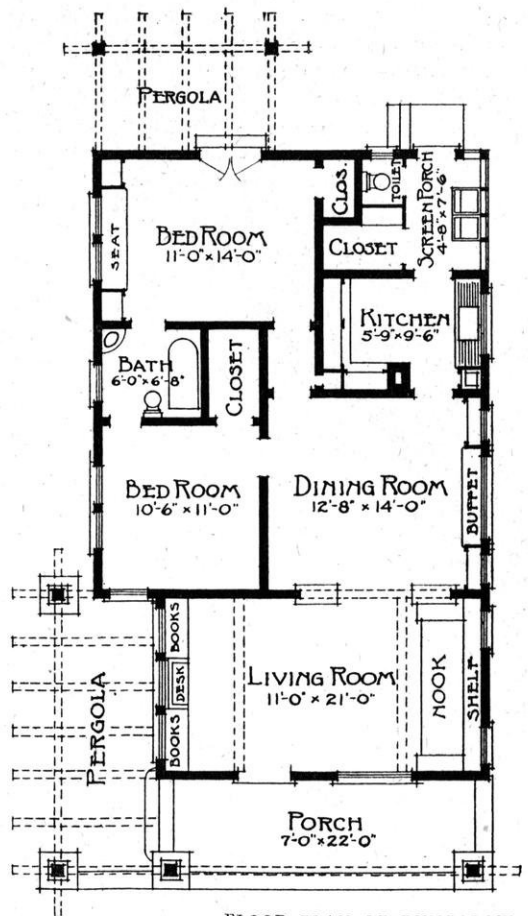
I had my heart set on a sleeping porch, so incorporated it in the plan. It consisted of a wood platform, 12 x 14, with a pergola roof, and was to be accessible from our bedroom by means of a double

HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW

French window. I asked a dealer for an estimate on the canvas for the walls of this sleeping porch. The roof was to be left open, so I could look up at the stars. His bid was \$16 for canvas on rollers. This price seemed rather high. After looking about I decided to buy material and sew it and hang it myself. I bought twenty-seven yards of drilling at twelve and one-half cents a yard, the whole coming to a trifle over \$3. I measured off breadths for each of the sides, sewed them, and fastened them to the timbers by means of rings sewed to the cloth, and hooks screwed into the wood. I did this so the curtains could be readily removed and laundered. Just now I am having a struggle to prevent the vines which have clambered up the sides, and which are most welcome there as sun screens, from covering the roof. It is such a delight to see the stars the last thing before going to sleep, and the blue sky the first thing upon opening my eyes in the morning.

Floors throughout the house are double. The first, or foundation floor is of six-inch tongue and groove Oregon pine. In living room and dining room the finish floor is of number one quarter-sawn oak, and in the other rooms the finish floor is of white maple. I should never have a maple floor in my kitchen again, for it absorbs the grease in such a way that spots are practically impossible to remove without taking the floor along with them. If building again I would have an ordinary pine floor in my kitchen and give it three or four coats of paint, or better still, cover it with white and green checked linoleum, which always looks clean, even when it is dirty. Adhering throughout to the idea that a bungalow should be low, my ceilings are only eight and one-half feet high. Doors are six feet six inches by thirty inches and are No. 1 grade.

I gave a great deal of time and thought to the interior finish and furnishing of the bungalow. I firmly believe that domestic harmony applies to the things in a house as well as to the people who live in it. An execrable color combination in a room is bound to make one feel out of humor. Furnishings should be harmonious, so that when one comes in tired, one will feel rested and comforted. I struggled and planned and matched things and samples, in an effort to bring about just such a restful result.



FLOOR PLAN OF BUNGALOW.

My color scheme for the living room was brown, with here and there a dash of yellow, ruby and green. I selected two small art-glass windows to go above the mantelshef on either side of the fireplace. In these were shades of yellow, green and ruby. I got small pieces of this glass from the factory where the windows were made, took them to a wall-paper store, and finally succeeded in finding a narrow frieze in which the colors exactly matched those of the glass. I studied out every little detail in just this same way, even to the glass in the copper and iron electric fixtures. In the living room, bookcases, desk, mantelshef and buttresses are all four feet high. The paneling ends on the same line, while the square lattice windows are the same height from the floor. Between the paneling and the picture molding, excepting a six-inch space that is given up to the frieze, is a gold-brown wall paper. Above the picture molding, walls and ceiling are

HOW I BUILT MY BUNGALOW

covered with deep cream paper. Mantel and hearth are of eight-inch red brick tile, while the hood and twelve-inch facing under the mantelshelf are of hammered copper. I had considerable difficulty in finding tile the right shade. The first lot sent to the house had to be returned. I then went to the shop armed with a bit of copper and a piece of the brown wall-paper, and selected enough red-brown tile of uniform color that blended perfectly with my color scheme. All the woodwork in this room I had stained in imitation of Flemish oak. One arrangement that I find most convenient is that of having a wide, deep box seat on either side of the fireplace, one in which to keep wood, and the in which to keep kindling. They do not leak dirt like baskets, and they hold enough fuel to last a long time. Filling in one entire end of the living room under the lattice windows, is a built-in desk with a bookcase on either side, and now that we are living in the house, we make amusement for ourselves and friends by designating this end of the room as our "library," the central portion where the piano is, our "music room," and the other end as our "living" or "reception room." I fully intended having my foreman make all the furniture for this room, but after he had finished a table, a chair and a foot stool, I found the work, as well as the materials were proving unreasonably expensive, in fact the three pieces cost us \$75.00, and while they were beautifully made and finished, I could get just as good in the shops for much less money. I selected a golden-brown bungalow net for the curtains in this room, a color matching exactly the wall-paper.

For our bedroom I chose white paper with white dots—an imitation of dotted swiss, also a cut-out frieze showing garlands of blue roses and green leaves. For the other bedroom I selected a striped paper in white and palest pink-gray, with a cut-out garland frieze of pink roses and green leaves. In both these rooms, as well as in the bath, I had the woodwork finished in white enamel. I planned a built-in arrangement for one side of my bedroom which proves a great blessing. Under the wide window is a roomy box seat with a lid. On either side of this, and fitting into the corners are buttresses thirty inches wide, two feet deep, and four feet high. These have shelves and doors.

In one of them I keep my big hats, in the other my shirt-waist boxes as they come home from the laundry.

I had my kitchen done in cream enamel, even to the furniture, which I bought in the shop unfinished, and had my painter finish it just as he finished the woodwork. For my sink casing, as well as for my drain board and molding board, I selected a cream wood stone. This is better looking, and far more serviceable than the white pine usually used for such purposes.

I had the dining-room woodwork finished to correspond with that of the living room. Under the high windows on the east side of the room is a built-in buffet with shelves and drawers. The color scheme in this room is Delft blue and cream. The furniture is all of white ash of special design. The chairs have woven reed seats.

All the electric fixtures in living room and dining room were made to order from my designs, and while they were somewhat expensive I feel repaid because they are "different."

COST ESTIMATE.

Building permit	\$2.00
Water tap	9.00
Cement and stone work, including walks	381.00
Plumbing	190.00
Sewer connection	28.00
Electric wiring	22.00
Electric fixtures	95.00
Lumber	480.00
Doors and windows.....	116.00
Roofing	90.00
Plaster	75.00
Hardware	57.00
Paint, stain, etc.....	90.00
Copper hood, etc., for mantel...	30.00
Wall-paper	30.00
Wood stone drain board.....	12.00
Screens	23.00
Duplex window shades.....	11.00

LABOR.

Carpenters	540.00
Painter	92.00
Helper	148.00
Floor finisher	12.00

Total.....\$2,531.00

Since my bungalow has been completed I feel more and more that the building of one's own house is the great step toward reducing this American tendency of moving practically every spring.

A FEW ACRES OF ALFALFA

HOW TO MAKE A FEW ACRES FEED YOU WITH SMALL INITIAL OUTLAY: BY W. H. JENKINS

I WANT to tell my friends in the city or town who have decided no longer to pay high prices for inferior food, how I have been able to solve the problem of getting the best foods from the soil with little cash outlay. The foods I have produced on my little farm are Jersey milk, cream, butter, buttermilk, cottage cheese and various preparations of milk, eggs and all the fruits of highest quality adapted to the climate as well as a complete succession of green vegetables. If people in the city were to buy these articles at their best, fresh from the farm in large supply, the prices would be prohibitive to the ordinary wage earner.

But those who have a little portion of the earth's surface, where nature has made for them some fairly good soil, will find the cost of living greatly decreased by learning to grow a miracle-plant that can take nitrogen from the atmosphere and mineral food from the lowest depth of soil (where no other plant sends its roots down to get it) storing up these good things in its stems and roots. The stem or foliage of this plant feeds my Jersey cow and poultry so well that both milk and egg production are considerably increased; the roots of this plant feed all the edible plants in my garden, from luscious strawberries, cane, bush, vine and tree fruits, to potatoes, mealy and white as flour, asparagus, rhubarb, green peas and all the cabbage family.

I want to tell my amateur friend who is going out to farm this spring, with the idea that he must cart animal manure or buy chemically compounded fertilizers, that he need not do it, except perhaps in small quantities for the plant that later will help to feed him, a medium through which he gets food direct from nature's inexhaustible storehouses.

To grow successfully this plant (which is to revolutionize our agriculture in most parts of the United States) requires a thoroughly trained and painstaking man. When every condition essential to the growth of the plant is complied with, it cannot possibly fail. When one of them is neglected or the work is not done at

the right time, failure may follow. This plant is almost equally valuable in diversified farming or gardening, in fact in all branches of agriculture, for where it fills the soil with its roots, all forms of vegetation thrive best. It is a very old plant, as old as Egyptian civilization, but only some American agriculturists are discovering its full value.

About fifteen years ago I began to grow *alfalfa* on my little village farm; after some failures I commenced to get some good crops, and learned its value for cows and chickens. The large quantity of good milk the cow gave us when alfalfa was the main feed (with little or no grain bill to pay) taught me how I could have all the yellow and best flavored Jersey butter we wanted, and not costing forty cents or more per pound. And when the chickens out on the alfalfa field began laying more eggs and refused almost to eat any grain, I saw why we were getting our supply of nice fresh eggs without our usual large grain bill.

It was not until I plowed the alfalfa field that I learned how this plant had been working for me under the surface of the ground while at the same time it had been feeding the animals so well. I found the soil completely filled with roots, some a few inches in diameter, that extended several feet down through the penetrable surface soil, to the impervious subsoil. Here was a supply of humus and plant food for any crop I wished to grow, but this was not all. The mechanical condition of the soil was changed. The roots aerated the soil and made it more light and mellow. I saw that the best and cheapest soil renovator on earth is the alfalfa plant. When I planted sweet corn and other garden crops in soil where alfalfa had sent down its roots, the growth was far more rapid and vigorous than I had ever obtained with any other fertilizer. My neighbors told me they could see the crops grow.

It is not difficult to grow good alfalfa,—just follow closely a few simple requirements of the plant. First we should know that, like all the clover family, one of the foods of alfalfa is lime. Only the virgin soils that have not been mined of their fertility by years of cropping have sufficient lime, except in the limestone belt in the country. To grow alfalfa it is necessary to have one foot or more of tillable

CAN ANYONE MAKE A LIVING FARMING?

soil. If there is not a porous subsoil under it that makes natural drainage, the land must be artificially drained, for there must be no free water in the soil. If the soil is sufficiently fertile to grow a fair crop of corn you need apply only the lime, and the soil should have been planted to a cultivated crop of some sort the previous year.

The only right time to sow alfalfa in the latitude of New York is in the spring or early summer. The best time is in May when the leaves first start. Plow early in spring, harrow, then put quick or stone lime, one ton per acre in piles on the ground, and cover with earth. When slaked, spread with a shovel. Procure some soil from an old alfalfa field, pulverize it and sow over the land, as you would grain. First sow one-half bushel of barley per acre and harrow it in. Make a fine seed bed and sow thirty pounds per acre of guaranteed pure alfalfa seed. For information about pure seed and soil for inoculation, lime, etc., apply to your State agricultural college or experiment station. Cover the alfalfa seed with a roller or plank drag. Mow first crop for hay when the barley is in the milk stage, and leave second crop on the ground to cover roots in winter.

From my own experience in trying to get the best things from the soil, with little expenditure of money, I would advise those who have a few acres of land and want to get the best results, to seed part of the land to alfalfa. The first year the crop will pay all cost of seeding, and there should be three to four crops each year, aggregating five or six tons of hay per acre, with a market value of \$100. One or two acres will practically keep your horse, cow, poultry and pigs. On the other part of your land grow such cultivated crops and apply such fertilizers as will fit it for alfalfa. Grow alfalfa alternately on the different portions of your place. In this way the green alfalfa and the hay will feed the animals, and the alfalfa roots will feed the crops in your fruit and vegetable garden, so the alfalfa plant ultimately feeds you. The soil is your workshop. You solve the food problem when you learn to cause great natural forces to work for you. Thus science unlocks nature's storehouses, and helps to readjust life and the cost of living by revealing the earth's bounty.

BUSINESS FARMERS

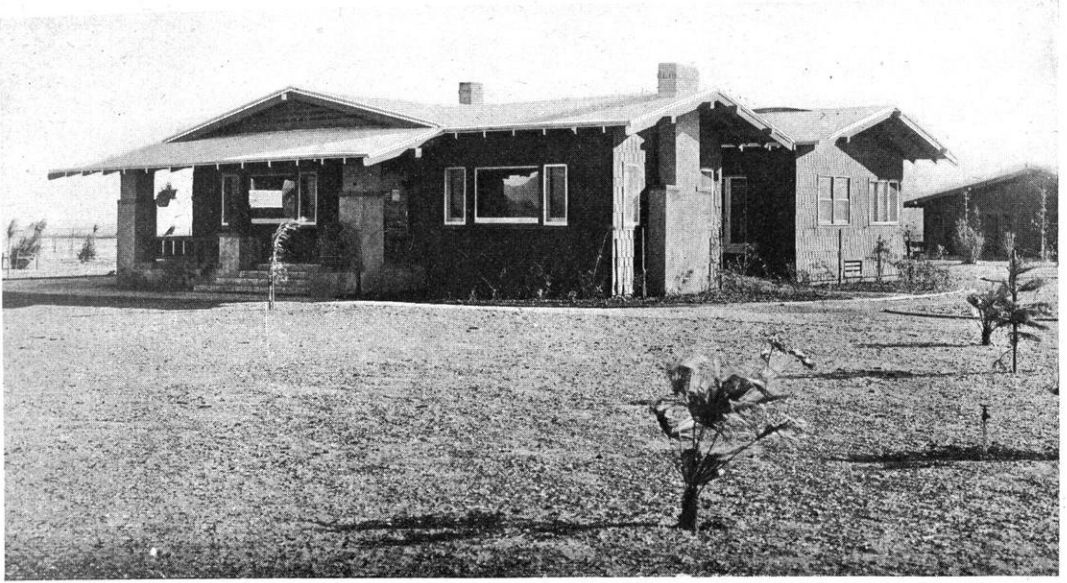
From the Long Island Agronomist.

CAN anyone make a living farming?" is the question asked us daily by some of the numerous modern methods of communication. The answer to this each time it is asked is practically the same and is as follows:

In our personal experience we have never known a farmer who did not make a living and practically always a far better one than the same man of the same capital, or the same knowledge, or the same energy, or the same brain power, could make in any other profession or business. Some farmers, like some manufacturers, some professional men and some merchants, make but a bare living. Some farmers, like some merchants, manufacturers or business men, make what is called a "fair" or "good" living. Some farmers, like some manufacturers, merchants or professional men, make fortunes, and in farming life as in other methods of securing a livelihood these three contrasting kinds of success are found side by side in the same community, be that community where it may, and in the farming community it is extremely easy to make an estimate and to draw an absolutely just conclusion for nearly always the hand-to-mouth man, his so-called "well-to-do" neighbor and likewise their rich neighbor had, times without number, identically the same start in life, oftentimes practically the same acreage, the same buildings, the same animals and the same tools, also the same market and the same transportation facilities. At the end of ten years the "hand-to-mouth" individual is still barely coming out even. The "well-to-do" man has his home and farm fitted with modern labor- and brain-saving appliances and conveniences. The quality of his stock is improved. He has earned more money, spent more money and has more money in the bank than the other fellow.

The rich man has in the same period of time greatly increased his acreage, fitted up his farm and his home with every convenience he has run against, and in addition is enjoying the luxuries his surplus enables him to secure. Very easy is it for any individual of even average observation and powers of reasoning to arrive at an absolutely correct reason for this marked difference in farming success, for not the slightest argument is necessary to prove conclusively that these varying degrees of achievement are due to the individual.

A BUNGALOW FOR OUTDOOR LIVING



A BUNGALOW PLANNED FOR MUCH OUTDOOR LIVING: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

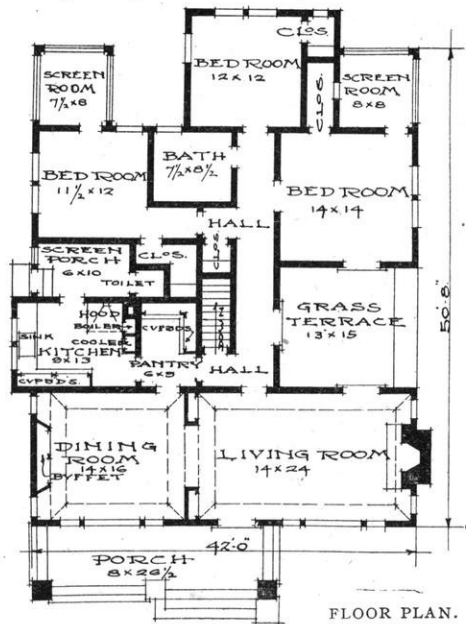
THE appreciation of living as much as possible in the open air has swiftly taken root here in America. Less than a decade ago a house built with a sleeping porch or planned for the slightest opportunity for outdoor living was a most unusual thing in any part of the United States. Today all over the country, but more especially in the West, we are beginning to build porches, screened, perhaps, with blossoming vines, on which to do some of our household tasks or to eat suppers in the cool of the evening; we are planning for pergolas which will bring the outside world of growing things directly to our doors, and sleeping porches where we may lie at night and watch the gleaming stars.

When once the delights of outdoor sleeping (with its healthfulness, which follows as a matter of course) have been tried, it is hard to understand why so many of us have been willing to live for so long a time in the shut-up stuffy houses that have been our homes for so many years.

In the bungalow illustrated by the accompanying photograph and floor plan, open-air sleeping rooms are made an important feature. There are two of these rooms in this plan, one open on three sides and the other on two, screens affording the needed seclusion. The rooms, which adjoin indoor

A BUNGALOW BUILT A SHORT DISTANCE FROM LOS ANGELES: E. B. RUST, ARCHITECT.

bedrooms, are furnished with beds suspended by chains, which can be removed, thus making it possible to change the porches into partly secluded outdoor rest rooms. Another feature of the plan that will be appreciated by lovers of the open air is a small court or grass terrace, as it is called here. It is thirteen by fifteen feet in size, enclosed on three sides, and affords an excellent place for swinging a hammock, where the open air can be enjoyed in practically absolute privacy. If desired, this court can



FLOOR PLAN.

A BUNGALOW FOR OUTDOOR LIVING

be converted into a flower garden, into which open doors from the living room, hallway and one of the bedrooms.

Even were these open-air features omitted from the plan, this bungalow would still be a most attractive home. The design is particularly pleasing and the house is well and substantially built throughout. It is low and rambling in appearance and the exterior color scheme is unusually effective. The flat roof, of a patented composition, is almost white, which harmonizes with the rough plaster-coated chimneys and porch pillars, as well as with the cement walks and porch steps. The siding, which is of shakes, is stained a dark green and the window sash is painted a light cream. Cement is also used for the foundation, the porch floor and the basement walls and floor. The chimneys and porch pillars are of rather massive proportions, and the structural lines are simple and regular. The house has a frontage of forty-two feet and a depth of fifty-four feet eight inches, exclusive of the front porch.

Including the two screened sleeping rooms, the house contains eight rooms, as well as a bathroom and screened porch. The living room and dining room occupy the front, and from the former an irregular hallway leads to all of the other rooms (except the screened rooms) as well as to the basement stairs. There is a large fireplace, with a simple tile mantel, in one end of the living room, and a built-in buffet in the dining room. The kitchen and the roomy pantry contain ample cupboard space, a draught cooler and the other conveniences usually found in the modern bungalow. In each of the three bedrooms there is a long closet. The floor plan is particularly good for a house of this size.

Oak floors are used throughout the house, except in the kitchen, bathroom and screened rooms, where pine is used. The woodwork of the living room and dining room is of California redwood, with a plain waxed finish, and basket-matting panels and waxed redwood are used as finish for the screened rooms. In the rest of the rooms the woodwork is of cedar, enameled white. The dining-room walls are paneled with imitation leather, and in the living room an interesting effect is obtained with plaster panels. The ceilings in these two rooms are coved, and indirect lighting is used. A broad arch, with built-in bookcases on either side, separates the rooms.

The house has a large basement and is heated by a furnace. Complete, it represents an expenditure of about \$3,500, and, according to the prevailing cost of material and labor, it should be duplicated in almost any locality for from \$3,400 to \$3,700.

This particular bungalow was built on a small ranch only a short distance from Los Angeles, California, just close enough to one of the subdivisions of the city to obtain nearly all the conveniences that a city location would afford. Its architecture blends well with the level and unpretentious rural environment, but at the same time it would be most suitable for city duplication. It was designed by E. B. Rust, a Los Angeles architect.

THE CRAFTSMAN has from the beginning of its career advocated the need in America of an essentially democratic, a new, type of domestic architecture. We have realized that the most of our people did not want and could not have the elaborate imitation villa or country house, and yet that in ever-increasing numbers Americans would insist upon having comfortable and attractive homes. Now for a home to be significant for a certain kind of civilization, it must conform to the life of that civilization; that is to say, it is perfectly impossible for people who are earning their own living and working out a scheme of life on a reasonably small sum of money to get any joy in a pretentious home beyond their means, with elaborate ornamentations, but no everyday comfort. There is just one way in which busy, intelligent, home-loving people can be happy, and that is in houses which satisfy their really varied needs. Busy people must be comfortable when they are at home, and yet too great a price cannot be paid for this comfort. Intelligent people must be satisfied artistically in their home, and yet the beauty must not be gained at the cost of too much labor and time. So the type of house that will give comfort and beauty and at the same time prove a fairly economical proposition is going to be, when once thoroughly evolved, the architectural triumph in this country.

It is because we feel that in the far West so much has been accomplished in the development of the home architecture that we reproduce so frequently the beautiful houses from the Pacific Coast, printing pictures of the interior and giving details of construction.

A PRINTER AND A FIVE-ACRE HOMESTEAD

HOW A PRINTER BOUGHT A FIVE-ACRE FARM WITH THE SAVINGS OF HIS SALARY: AND BOTH OCCUPATIONS ARE BEING RUN SUCCESSFULLY: BY C. W. GOVIER

"WHEN I lived in the city the doctor could find my house blindfolded, his visits were so frequent." That, in the main, is the story of why a Toledo, Ohio, printer, George F. Mueller by name, went back to the farm. But there were other reasons aplenty. In his own words, "I wanted to watch the wonders of nature; as spring came on and the buds swelled and burst and the call of the robin greeted me in the morning I had an unconquerable desire to be one of them—to get into the open, where I could feel that I really was a part of that wonderful organism—in which, unfortunately, so few can see the beauty. A sedentary worker, the better air and greater freedom of the country had a direct appeal to me. Another reason, and not the least important, was the fact that Time would inevitably fill my place at the print shop—for newspaper work requires young and active men."

With the above reasons as a spur the printer-farmer sought a location. In this connection proximity to schools, good roads, distance from city and adaptability of soil to fruit growing were considered, the latter being the kind of farming to be attempted.

The place decided upon carried a purchase price of \$3,500 and an eight-room Queen Anne cottage, a large barn and lean-to wagon shed were included. But a few hundred rods from the Toledo city limits this arrangement made the two vocations, printing and farming, possible. The deal was closed, the yearly payments being made easy as possible to allow improvements on the place—for both expenditures had to be met from the savings of a salary of approximately \$20 per week.

The family settled in their new home they started, and like many other people in the same circumstances, started to make mistakes. Compared to their tiny city lot the five acres appeared a vast area. To their sorrow they planted the entire tract, excepting a small portion already set out

in small fruits, to hoed crops. Before the frost came that year to kill the weed growth the embryonic farmers were nearly disheartened and almost ready to vote the project a failure.

But here the wife's determination asserted itself. The whole of the following winter was employed in making new plans, reading everything of any value to their farming idea, inspecting their neighbors' property and treasuring every word of their methodical and successful partners in soil work. The spring found them much better prepared.

A carefully planned system was followed. The 2 x 12-inch planks which did duty for a walk were replaced by a three-foot cinder path; a poultry house was constructed and 16 x 100-foot run made, this space being set out to plum trees, which served the double purpose of furnishing shade to the money-making flock of buff wyandotte chickens, and later, fruit for the market. (It is only fair to the beginner to say that Mr. Mueller was interested in fancy chicken breeding before taking up farming.)

The second spring was a busy one. Currants, gooseberries, strawberries and cherries were set out. A half-acre of grapes, grown too heavy for the light stakes which supported them now required posts and wires. Vegetables were planted in all available space, and 200 peach trees, diseased with the San José scale, were removed. This was a disheartening experience, as only 45 trees were saved out of the entire orchard.

More fruit was set out the following year—apples, quinces, cherries, pears, raspberries and currants, the now fast-learning farmer realizing that if a livelihood was to be gained on so small a place the fruit industry alone would make it possible. Although fruit was planned as the ultimate crop to be raised, while the trees were young, considerable attention was given to truck gardening. The profits were satisfactory, but the work of planting, cultivating and preparing for market was very arduous, and as the fruit came into bearing the area set to vegetables was cut down.

Not all of the berries and fruits set out at the Mueller farm were successful. The best money-maker has been currants, the farm now boasting 1,200 bearing plants. Of gooseberries there are 300, but as this

WILD GARDENS OF CALIFORNIA

fruit is objectionable to pickers it has been restricted. Strawberries are set out each spring, and the crop, except that used by the family, is sold. After the last picking the bed is turned under and sown to turnips. A half-acre asparagus bed has proved easy to care for and immensely profitable. A money-making early spring crop is rhubarb, this patch having been built up from two dozen to 250 plants.

The horse, of course, is indispensable to the farm, being used both for cultivating and marketing the crops, besides the innumerable other tasks assigned him. A cow is not a necessity, but the one on this farm not only supplies the family with butter, cream, milk and cottage cheese, but several of the neighbors as well. Two or three pigs are also raised each year, which supply the family smoked meats and lard.

A part of the plan adopted by the Muellers after their first disastrous season was to make the setting out of fruit, improvements, and paying off the indebtedness keep pace with each other, thus resulting in the place being entirely set out to fruit, fully improved and paid for at the same time. This made the work of improvement practically a one-man task, although help has been called occasionally for the extra heavy jobs.

From a place practically without improvements it now has an ice-house, an artesian well; the cellar has been enlarged for the caring of root crops; the yard has been piped for lawn-sprinkling purposes; a gasoline engine and pumping outfit do the sprinkling and furnish power for washing machine, grinder, etc.; concrete sidewalks, steps and approaches have been made and a cement cistern, with filtering wall and cement slab, besides many other minor improvements.

"The credit belongs to Mrs. Mueller and my three daughters," insists Mr. Mueller. "Without their help the proposition would be impossible, as so much help would have to be called in that the profits would be considerably reduced. In the spring they have the sprayer ready when I return from my print-shop duties, in fruit-picking time the girls pick the berries and crate them, after which I load them for market, my wife marketing them next day, leaving home between four and four-thirty and returning at seven. Small fruits command good prices and the de-

mand is great, buyers often making an offer for the entire load some distance from the market."

Unless the fruit ripens too fast the plan on this farm is to pick every other day, the alternate days being employed in weeding the vegetable patches. The main plowing job is hired done in the spring, the dragging, planting and cultivating being done by the one-man plan. By keeping the cultivator going the weed problem is in a great measure solved, thus doing away with two of the most trying tasks—weeding and hoeing.

Poultry and beekeeping are taken up on only a small scale at this farm; not because they are not profitable, but because, as the owner says, "It is possible to have too many irons in the fire."

The farm's success is a good lesson in system—system for the whole family. Aside from the first season, the place has paid a profit each year and will soon reward its owners exactly as their system was planned—it will be paid for, set out to fruit and fully improved. And then—but not until then—Father Time can fill Geo. Mueller's place at the print shop.

IN THE WILD GARDENS OF CALIFORNIA: BY MRS. A. S. HARDY

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!

Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot,—

The veriest school of peace; and yet the fool
Contents that God is not.—

Not God in gardens! When the eve is cool?

Nay, but I have a sign,

'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

CALIFORNIA is literally a land of bells. Mission chimes still ring from some of her crumbling arches, but every spring all along the paths trod by the faithful *padres*, Nature renews her arches and hangs new bells. In California it is always spring somewhere, and after the rains have done with their gospeling and the flower choirs on low meadows and plains have sung their "Gloria," we may follow them to arroyos and cañons and up mountain stairs to where California keeps her heart of youth.

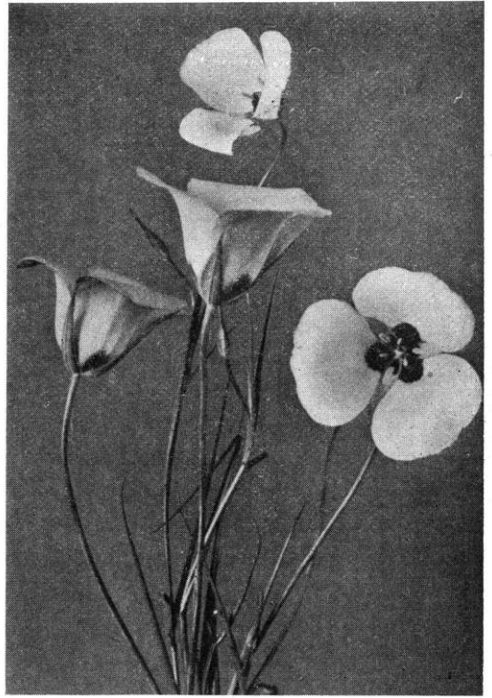
California's wild gardens are unlike gardens anywhere else on earth. Cut off from the rest of the world by mountain walls and a stretch of sea, this land has been a favored place for Nature's miracle

WILD GARDENS OF CALIFORNIA

working. She has moved her floral colonies here and there suiting their grace of line and color to backgrounds of mountains and of sea. The great glittering Sierras, standing with their feet among flowers, upbear gardens of great beauty upon their sun-warmed granite ledges in the very zone of snow.

The broken ranges of the Coast Mountains are walls around shy "cloister-loving flowers," and rocky fortresses on steep ravines protect tribes of delicate wildings. As we take the pains to follow into cañons and hidden gardens, more lavish grows sweet Nature and billows her blossoms about our waists, and of no flowers is she more prodigal than of lilies. These are of every size and shape and color. Some grow singly, others in chimes of as many as fifty bells, some are hidden under leaves, while others swing on tall green steeples. Not lilies alone, but so many other flowers have chosen the pattern of bells that one is led to wonder if from the beginning California was not set apart to be a land of bells.

None of all the lilies is fairer than the ruby queen, or chaparral lily. We find it among the high rocks of the Coast

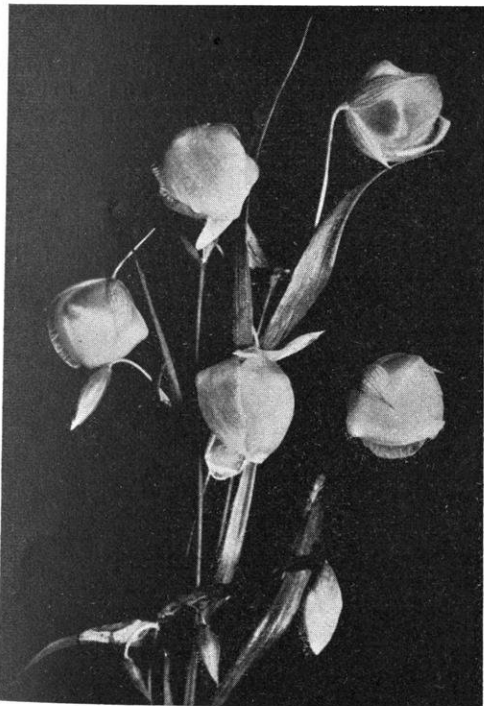


THE MARIPOSA FROM A "WILD GARDEN."

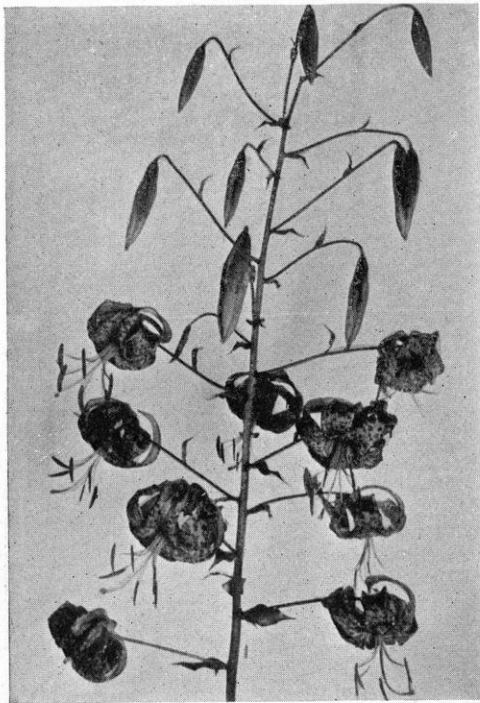
Range, and her throne is canopied by live oaks and redwoods of a thousand years. These lilies bloom pure white, their petals studded with gems of amethyst; then Nature waves her wand again and the blossoms change to pink and afterward to a kind of ruby purple.

Their fragrance is said to surpass that of every other lily in the world, and often by the perfume their hiding places are revealed and by the leash of fragrance many a mountain climber has been led up almost inaccessible ledges to pay his homage to this queen.

A royal sister is the hunted Shasta lily, for centuries unnumbered, sought after for the bulb, coveted food of Indians, bears and smaller wood folk. Only among the boulders and in the thickest of thorny tangles does this lily find safety. There is a legend telling how this snowy lily came to dwell upon the earth. Once, 'tis said, a maiden whose heart was as white as the snows of Shasta, was discovered alone in the forest by a chieftain coarse and cruel. He seized her, resolved to carry her to his lodge. He bore her through the pines, but when his lodge was reached her guardian spirit tore her from his arms, and the earth thrilled



LANTERNS OF THE FAIRIES, A CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWER.



TIGER LILIES FROM CALIFORNIA FIELDS.

at the touch of her feet, sent up lilies as white as the soul of the maiden and with a fragrance as sweet as her breath. These lilies are not confined to Mount Shasta alone, but blossom in the Yosemite as purely white and with as sweet fragrance as upon the mount of snow where the maiden's feet are said to have thrilled the sentient earth.

Think of our wealth when we may have the beautiful mariposas by the armful. *Calochortus* is the name science bestows upon these lilies, which are as royal as the taller queens at whose feet they are content to dwell; but *calochortus* means a "garden of beautiful grasses," and since their grasslike leaves wither before the flowers open, the name seems less fitting than the one which the old Spaniards gave,—naming the lily from their hearts. They saw the flower with its "petal wings of broidered gossamer" atilt on its thread of a stem, and delighted, they cried, mariposa!—the butterfly!

Wheresoe'er we wander, still we see these lily tulips in our dreams, white and lavender, and pink and purple, dashed with claret and yellow, their petals ocelated like the "eye" of a peacock's plume,

or marked and shaded as if Nature had used a butterfly's wing for her pattern.

In an old Eastern garden, hung thick with memories, a clump of tiger lilies gleams. I see the fire-gold of their dappled chalices three thousand miles away and through the haze of forty years. But here in California one might deem the souls of all the tiger lilies that ever lived and died have bloomed again in this paradise of flowers. Whole cañons are ablaze with their glory, and as the wind sways their emerald stalks, gracefully they bend and bow. Are they camps of Indian beauties? Or are they lilies of memory saluting us down the years?

Lovers of the wild gardens of California will never forget the little *fritillaria* of many colors, and especially those bronzy brown bells which the people call "mission bells," and never the bells of old San Gabriel called better than they to prayer and praise.

As spring slips into summer the wild gardens of California are lit with "fairy lanterns" without number. *Calochortus albus*, science calls these lily globes of pearly satin sheen, each lantern filled with multitudinous rays of finest gossamer.

This lily John Muir calls "the very loveliest of all the lily family, a spotless soul, a plant saint that everyone must love,—and so be made better." And as if this were not praise enough, he adds, "With this plant the whole world would be rich though no other existed."

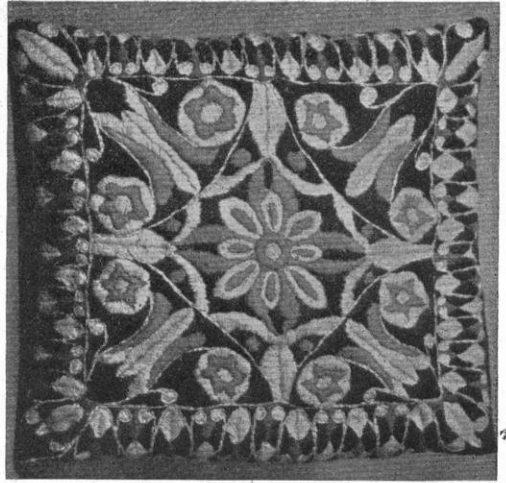
Go to these mountains and meadows whenever we will, God is always there, looking over His gardens. He plants and tends the shy little blossoms as carefully as He does the tall ceanothus bushes.



A BED OF CALIFORNIA MARIPOSA

BRILLIANT COLORS IN DECORATIVE WORK: THE INTEREST IN WOOL EMBROIDERIES INCREASES

IN the last year or two we seem to have got completely away from the old Parisian idea that nothing was beautiful unless it was silk and pastel-hued and more or less destructible. And, yet, strangely enough, the man who has brought about the renewed interest in practical, vivid colors and materials, is a Frenchman—Poiret, the famous fashion designer. Probably no man in modern days in France has so influenced artistic ideals as Poiret. His impression has been made not only upon dress, its outline and color, but upon the fine arts, the handicrafts, and the example which he has set Paris of using whatever is beautiful in the world for dresses (that is, whatever texture, whatever color, whatever line) has affected all phases of æsthetic



A BLACK CUSHION COVER EMBROIDERED IN BLUE, GREEN AND GOLD WOOL.

development on the Continent. We owe to Poiret the present interest in and use of Oriental materials; we owe him the original and novel styles of dresses that have been the fashion for the last year or two. It was Poiret who condemned the corset, the high-heeled shoe, the fashion of wearing gloves indoors in the evening, the pompadour; in fact, it is hard to recall an excrescence in modes that this fearless artistic Frenchman has not at least in part suppressed. If women are comfortable today it means that they are following to some extent the fashions which he has established. If they are going about without tight waists, pinched shoes, without carrying weighty dresses and masses of artificial hair, it is because this man has had the audacity, as it has been said, to insist upon freedom and naturalness of body in dress. Of course, he has been accused of being eccentric, of being risqué, of being whimsical. Always the person that is nearest to nature is accused of these three particular sins. It is because realities are so little understood that the world is so annoyed by them and attacks them so fearlessly.

But not only has Poiret's influence reconstructed fashion, which means comfort for women, and brought about a



PILLOW COVERS AND SCARF ENDS DECORATED WITH WOOL EMBROIDERY.

BRILLIANT COLORS IN DECORATIVE WORK



CUSHION COVERS AND TABLE SPREAD ORNAMENTED WITH WOOL EMBROIDERY AND STENCIL.

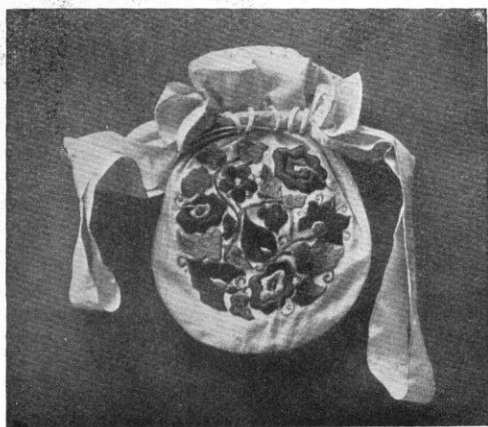
sane revival and interest in color in the fine arts, but he has reestablished our love of really wonderful hues in the crafts; that is, in all the household decorations in which color could appear. There is a craze just now in both London and Paris for bright colored prints. It is Poiret's use of these colored cottons in his summer dresses that has forced the manufacturers to meet the demand.

No detail of the craft work has so swiftly responded to this interest in beautiful colors strikingly or harmoniously arranged, as the thing we call fancy work. Our portières, our table spreads, our cushions, our hand-bags have all become more practical, more durable, simpler in material, richer in effects. The wool embroidery with which Poiret trimmed his dresses three seasons ago has become the most fashionable ornament for all kinds of household decorated articles. In this present article we are illustrating by a series of pictures of German craft work

table spreads, pillows and a small bag all ornamented with wool embroidery or with a combination of wool and stencil. The most brilliant colors are used in these wools, and the effects are gorgeous, though surprising. Of course, these bright hues are not brought together in a haphazard fashion. It requires just as much art to combine the bright colors interestingly as it does to arrange a scheme of pastel tones.

Poiret is especially fond of green and red, but these he nearly always brings together with dull browns, or with gold and black. Blue he uses a great deal with green or with red, but seldom all three in juxtaposition, and his ideas of colors are closely followed in the most interesting and most elaborate of the wool fancy work.

There will be, in addition to this use of wool embroideries for all kinds of cotton coverings for the summer, a craze for bags, card cases and belts of crash or linen embroidered with wool. They are already being shown in London and in Paris. Usually they are made to match the costume, but the ready-made ones are smart and interesting and also furnish very good ideas for the home craft-workers. Delightful designs for the embroidering of fancy work and dresses can be had from Oriental strips of embroidery, Japanese or Indian.



ONE OF THE NEW WOOL EMBROIDERED BAGS.

FLOWERS FOR THE ROCK GARDEN

THE secret of a successful rock garden is perfect drainage, and this is not always easy to manage in an artificially made heap of stone. Still with a little clever observation and imitation of Nature's methods, it can be done. Nature's rock gardens also furnish the extremes of hot sun-baked rock surfaces where small bright-eyed flowers can crowd in masses, running their rootlets through the inch or so of soil upon them, clinging as they love to do in the crevices of the rocks, and the moist pockets of rich earth at the foot of big boulders where the larger plants can keep their feet in watery places and their heads in the bright sun. Nature also will have sunny and shady places close together, to suit all sorts and conditions of her rock-loving flowers. So do not roll rocks of even sizes out into a sunny spot and expect to have a colony of flourishing plants, for they will simply wither away, even though watered faithfully every day. But place rocks of different sizes near a group of trees, or where large shrubs can furnish dense shade part of every day, let some of the largest boulders project into the open air, arrange others so that pockets of earth will be found in the interstices. This earth should be pressed compactly into the corners to provide good root growth, yet not too hard, for the earth must also be well aerated. Pieces of sticks and decaying wood or bits of calcareous rocks should be mixed with the soil, for the plants feed upon disintegrating material. Some of the large rocks should receive a top dressing of soil,—two or three inches will be enough,—for the moss pinks and such sun-loving plants. A bed of gravelly soil at one side of the rockery will be appreciated and quickly tenanted by colonies of rock cress and its numerous relations.

If possible build the rockery on a decided slope so that water from a concealed hydrant may be turned on occasionally at the highest end and allowed to seep gently all through the ground, not moistening the leaves and flowers, yet providing them with the cool, damp atmosphere they require. After the rock garden is well started it should receive a top layer of good soil and manure at least once a year, in early spring or late fall,

to replace the wastage caused by rain.

Chief among the flowers for such a rocky location will come the Alpine and Iceland poppies, because of their beauty, brightness and eminent suitability for such a place. The Iceland poppy is a hardy little thing, bright as sun spots and requires the full rays of the sun to bring out its deepest and brightest colors. It will grow anywhere, in borders as well as in rock gardens, and although it is a perennial, fresh seeds should be scattered among the plants every year or so to keep them in perfect condition. The Alpine poppy is sometimes confused with the Iceland poppy, but they are really separate species. The more robust Iceland poppy has bright golden-yellow blossoms, with leaves only partly cleft, and with short thick seed pods or capsules. The Alpine poppy is strictly a rock-loving plant with pale red, orange, pink, salmon and even white blossoms. Its leaves are finely cleft and the seed pods are long and narrow, so the two plants are distinctly different in habit and color, one hardy and vigorous, the other delicate and sensitive.

The edelweiss can be coaxed to flourish in the rock garden if given a little understanding encouragement. The seeds should be sown in April or May in a flat about three inches deep, in rows about one inch apart. They should be covered to a depth of twice the diameter of the seed with a light finely screened soil, watered well and covered with a sheet of newspaper. In six weeks the seedlings, which look like balls of white cotton, will be ready to transplant. They require plenty of moisture at the roots and love the sunlight and free circulation of air, but must not be watered or given rich manures or fertilizers. Under such careful treatment they will flourish and be the center of attraction, for they are beautiful things and full of romantic interest.

The moss pink (*phlox subulata*) in its shallow bed of soil upon some bold rock will be at its best through April, May and June, covering the gray surface with a dense mat of pink blossoms. The thick-leaved saxifrage is another pink flower that blossoms in early spring. Others that should be cultivated for their beautiful pink shades are the sea pink, mother of thyme, coral bells, woolly woundwort, columbine, showy sedum, yarrow, Japanese and Queen Charlotte anemones, Michaelmas daisy,

CARE OF GAME BIRDS

shooting star, spotted cranesbill, cardinal flower, moss verberna, alumroot and portulaca.

The yellow flowers that must not be neglected are the two stone crops,—love entangled and hybrid,—downy milfoil, evening primrose, prickly pear, bird's foot trefoil, bachelor's button, silver tuft, golden tuft, spring adonis, mimulus, blanket flower, cowslip. A few blue or purple flowers should be scattered among the yellow ones or allowed to drift around the rocks in a corner of their own. Do not neglect the Carpathian bellflower, hoary speedwell, self-heal, beard tongue, hairy ruellia, mountain aster, periwinkle, wild sweet william, forget-me-not, autumn crocus, blue leadwort, mist flower, plantain lily, bluebells, foxglove, pasque flower, harebell.

The white flowers can be dropped like snowflakes in almost any place, though like all the Alpine flowers they are seen to better advantage in masses by themselves. The best white flowers are baby's breath, edelweiss, candytuft, rock cress, saxifrage, woolly-leaved chickweed, Japanese and whirlwind anemone, horned violet, lily-of-the-valley, snowdrop, glory-of-the-snow.

These flowers can with a little effort be grown almost anywhere in the Eastern States, and their human little ways and exceedingly bright faces will more than repay one for the slight trouble in starting them.

THE PROTECTION AND PROPAGATION OF GAME BIRDS

THE recent joint meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association and kindred organizations held in Springfield was notable for the unusual favor given to the idea of protection. The question of protecting insectivorous birds received much attention, for the farmers are realizing that they are losing much from insect damage and are endeavoring to check their raids by preserving the birds. There were vigorous protests against the great slaughter of wild geese and other migratory birds, and also of the pheasants, ducks, brants and upland birds. George H. Graham, the State Game Commissioner, speaking of the urgent necessity of protection said that "We must do something very soon, and the only way is for the sportsmen and the farmers to coöper-

ate in restocking the covers and the waters."

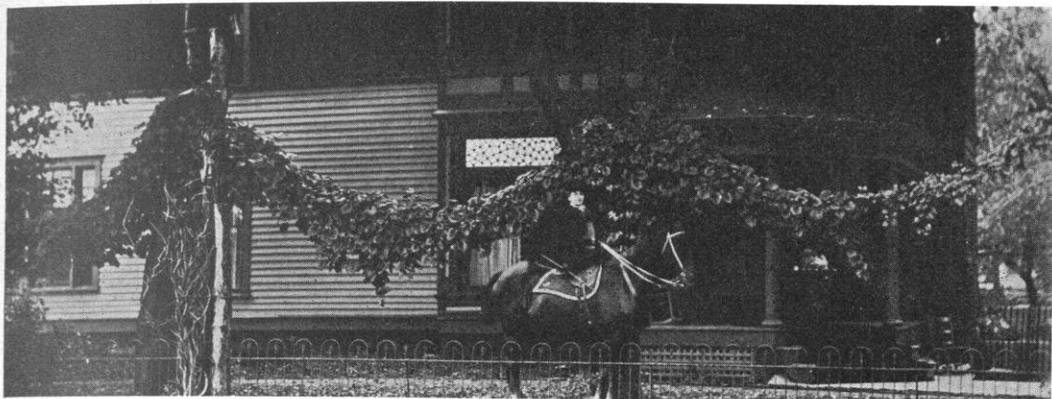
Especial support was expressed for the Bayne law, the new statute of New York, which is an absolute prohibition on the "taking and sale of game birds and animals with permission to engage in the propagation and sale of birds and animals in captivity and with permission to import game from Europe." Breeders' licenses are issued for those who rear game in captivity.

Massachusetts, working under an act passed by the Legislature last year appropriating \$10,000 for the establishment of game farms, has decided to start two farms, where pheasants, partridges, prairie chickens, wild turkeys and several species of ducks are to be raised. These will be used in restocking depleted covers in sections where shooting is prohibited, so that the birds may have a chance to propagate and overflow into the shooting covers.

The first farm will be started at Wilbraham where the commission has leased, for a term of years, 150 acres of land, and if more land is needed, additional sections will be leased. Buildings are now being erected and by spring pens, coops and runways will contain many hundreds of birds. They now have about eight hundred pheasants and two hundred quail, besides various other game birds.

The full board of commissioners, after visiting the game farms of Illinois, Missouri, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, investigating approved methods of propagation and of distribution, feels confident that Wilbraham is an ideal location for this important work.

It is extraordinary in America how little we have appreciated and hoarded our resources, and also how lightly we have taken the tremendous relation of the forces of Nature, the need of one element for another, the dependence of one great force upon the right expression of another. We have destroyed our trees without knowing or caring that our streams went with the trees; we have shot down our game birds without for a moment realizing that we were not only destroying beauty in the country but the protection of fruit and grain. We have exhausted our soil until we have destroyed great stretches of country in the most reckless and extravagant fashion, and for a time it seemed as though we were laying waste the country as an invading army might.



GRAPE-VINE FESTOONED FROM TREE TO TREE.

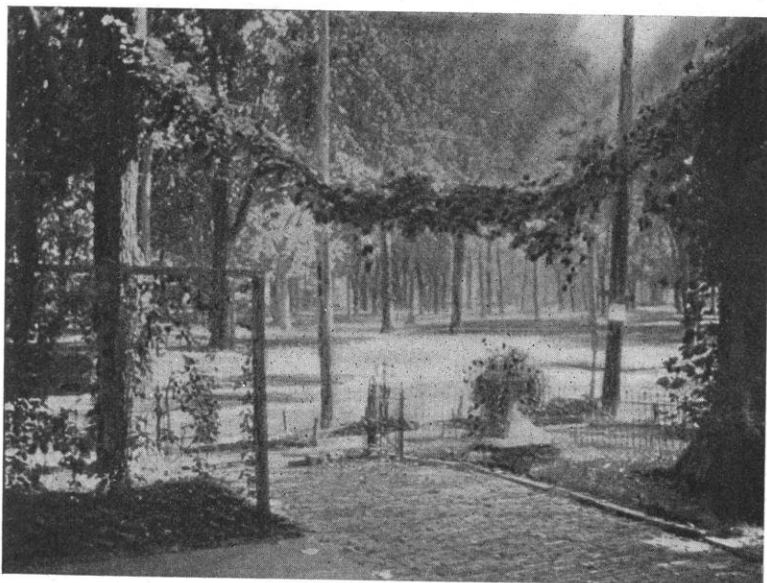
THE PRACTICAL AND ORNAMENTAL GRAPE-VINE

HOW shabbily we have treated the grape-vine in the past, relegating it to the dingiest corner of the garden, training it over ugly old shops, chicken houses, letting it cover an arbor under which no one sat and where its beauty never appealed. And yet it possesses a wealth of beauty, a world of grace, sweetness and color. There is no vine that will train more advantageously; there is no perfume more delicious than the blossom of the grape in the spring and the fruit in the fall, and there are few if any vines that offer such variation of allurements from the first breath of perfume and sight of pale green leaf to the rich autumn foliage and luscious fruit.

In New Jersey, between the woods and rolling pasture land, there are two beautiful homes built by the owners, and the grape-vine is used on these houses and about them in the most interesting and decorative fashion. One of the houses carries a wide pergola-porch where all the summertime meals are taken on bright days. No vines are used over the beams and posts of the pergola except the grape-vines.

Two or three different varieties were planted, which blossom at varying seasons, and bear fruit from early autumn on late into the fall. A more delightful place than this pergola-porch in hot weather could not be imagined. The wide, fresh leaves overlap each other, forming a perfect shade, and the sight of the bunches of grapes forming and slowly changing color is delightful. As for the early fall days and the wonderful Indian Summer days, the meals taken out on this porch, with the dessert picked from overhead is a joy, having experienced, one can never forget.

The illustrations in this article show the use of the grape-vine as a festoon from tree to tree along the pavement, also as a new and original entrance to a small estate. I know of a country place in a small town in New York State where the streets for blocks



FESTOONING GRAPE-VINE ON THE ENTRANCES.

HERBS FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

along the beautiful living portion of it are festooned with long trailing lengths of grape-vines, a fragrant street to pass down in spring time and a delightful one through the autumn, for, after the trees are bare the grape-vines will hold some color in leaf and fruit.

HERBS FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

AN herb garden nowadays arouses in us a romantic rather than a medicinal or culinary interest, for our trust is no longer placed in the "simples" brewed by our great-great-grandmothers and our palates are no longer pleased by the spicy flavors that delighted our great-great-grandfathers. We love them now because they appeal to our imagination and our memory; we enjoy the aromatic fragrance they exhale as we brush carelessly against them or purposely touch leaves and blossoms with our hands; we delight in their sturdy, homely grace and modest blossoms. They are easy of cultivation, accommodating themselves to almost any loose soil, if it be in a warm corner of the garden. The annuals, biennials and perennials can be grown in one plot of ground, just to center the interest, for with the exception of cress and spearmint they require a similar condition of soil, sun and cultivation. A strip of ground three or four feet wide along the sunny side of a garden fence makes a good collecting place, for it is apt to be sheltered from the wind.

The aromatic flavor is more pronounced when the plant is not of too luxuriant a growth, so the ground should not be very rich. The seed can be saved by cutting off the pods just as they are ripening and beginning to shed them. Those herbs grown for their leaves should be cut down when full grown, the stems tied together and hung in an attic or some equally dry place. It is good to sow fresh seeds of the perennials occasionally, or else dig up the old roots and separate the woody dead portions from the vigorous sections, resetting the vital roots and discarding all the older parts. In this way the perennials will be kept in a vigorous condition with little trouble. The biennials, those that produce the leaves and roots the first year and the flowers and fruits the second, should not be disturbed, and the annuals can be sown

in the spaces between the other two without interfering with their growth.

Aside from the medicinal use of the more familiar herbs, which is of little interest to us, is their value as salads, garnishing for meats, flavorings, for confectionery and dessert. We really should revive some of the old-time uses of herbs in our cooking, put summer savory in our soups, chives in our picnic sandwiches, sage in our poultry dressings. A list of herbs that could easily be grown in the corner of the garden devoted to herbs is given below.

Anise—the seeds are used in making a soothing tea for little children. In the old world apple sauce, cookies, cakes and candies are flavored with them.

Balm—for flavoring summer drinks, commonly called lemon, garden or bee balm.

Borage—an annual useful for flavoring soups.

Caraway—a biennial herb of parsley family, used in cakes, cookies, rye bread, cottage or Dutch cheese.

Catnip—used in making medicinal tea for children; also called catmint.

Chives—a perennial allied to the leek and onion. Europeans use it, on slices of rye bread and butter. Americans like it in salads or chopped finely and beaten in with mashed potatoes.

Coriander—an annual, seeds used in flavoring.

Cress—both the common and water used as salad dressing for meats.

Dill—old world annual used for flavoring pickles. It is put in brine instead of vinegar.

Hyssop—used as domestic medicine.

Horehound—for flavoring candy and as simple medicine.

Lavender—an aromatic shrub of the mint family, for use in the linen closet.

Lovage—its aromatic seeds are used in candies. The roots are sliced and candied like sweet flag, sometimes steeped for a domestic medicine.

Parsley—leaves used for dressing meats and flavoring soups.

Pennyroyal—chiefly used for domestic medicines, belongs to the mint family.

Peppermint—an aromatic herb from Europe, naturalized in America, much in favor for medicines and confectionery.

Peppers—the small red ones are used for soups and dressing.

MORE ABOUT THE CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE

THE CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE: MORE DETAILS ABOUT THIS HEATING AND VENTILATING SYSTEM

IN the last issue of THE CRAFTSMAN we published drawings and a description of the Craftsman Fireplace in its improved and simplified form, and for the benefit of those readers who may be interested in this new heating and ventilating system we are presenting here two more illustrations which show the fireplace fitted with our removable shaker grate, adapted

for the burning of either coal or coke.

Figure 1 is a front view of the fireplace, looking down upon the row of roller grates, and Figure 2 is a sectional perspective through the lower part of the fireplace.

The roller grates are very simple in construction, being fitted to revolve in a frame which rests upon the brick ledge inside the fireplace opening. To the front of this frame is fastened an upright metal plate. Through this plate project the bars on which the grates revolve, and when the fire needs shaking a shaker or handle is engaged with the end of each bar. In this way any portion of the fire can be shaken when it

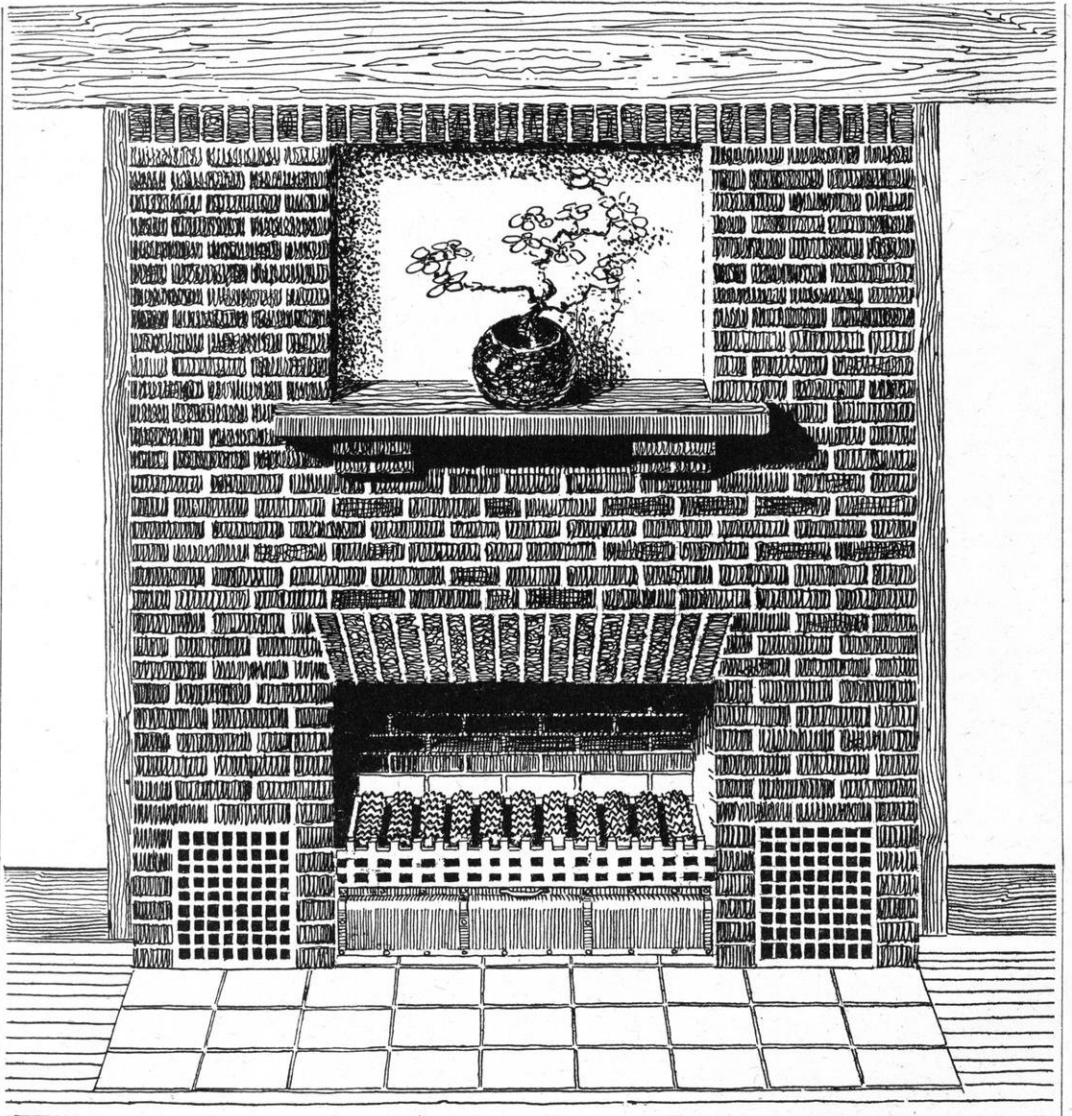


FIGURE 1: THE CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE EQUIPPED WITH SHAKER GRATE FOR THE BURNING OF COAL OR COKE.

MORE ABOUT THE CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE

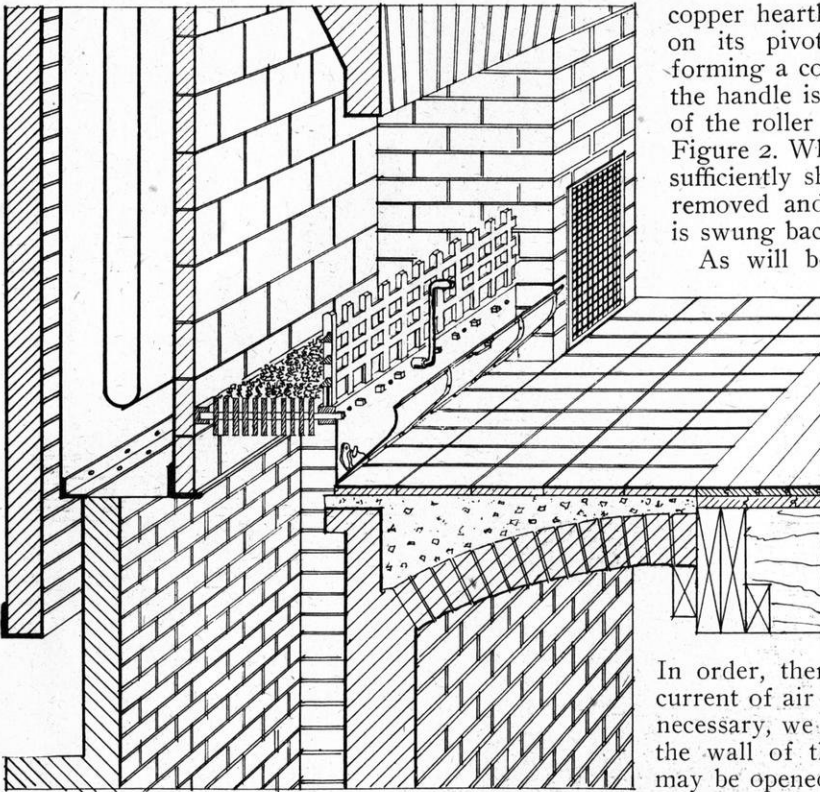


FIGURE 2: SECTIONAL PERSPECTIVE THROUGH THE CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE, SHOWING COPPER HEARTH SWUNG FORWARD AND HANDLE ENGAGED WITH ONE OF THE ROLLER GRATES READY TO SHAKE THE FIRE.

needs it, without disturbing the unburned part. When there are clinkers among the ashes between the grates, the turning of any one of the grates automatically turns the next one, grinding and breaking up the clinkers and thus preventing clogging.

The inner metal plate fits tightly inside the fireplace opening so that no dust or ashes can escape onto the hearth, the plate being made adjustable as to height and length to allow for any slight variations in the measurements of the brickwork around the fireplace opening.

In front of this inner plate is a second plate or hearth which is pivoted to the lower portion of the inner plate, and is kept normally upright, close to the latter, as shown in Figure 1, so that no mechanism is apparent, only the burning coals and flames appearing above the hearth. This outer plate is made of copper or brass, and with its metal bands, studs and handle forms an ornamental and attractive part of the fireplace. When the fire needs shaking, the

copper hearth is swung forward on its pivot (the inner plate forming a convenient stop), and the handle is applied to the bars of the roller grates, as shown in Figure 2. When the fire has been sufficiently shaken, the handle is removed and the copper hearth is swung back into place.

As will be evident from the drawings, the upper portion of the fire receives a draught from the room through the upright grates in front, but that portion of the fire which is below the top of the copper hearth receives no draught from the room, only from the ash pit below.

In order, therefore, to insure a current of air below the fire when necessary, we provide a damper in the wall of the ash pit, which may be opened or closed to admit

air to the fire from the cellar. This damper is regulated by means of a rod which goes up into the room in which the fireplace is built, and may be worked by a handle or knob. As the air in the cellar is much cooler than that in the ash pit or in the room, the opening of the damper causes a draught of cool air which makes the fire burn briskly, and the closing of the damper holds the fire in check just like the closing of the lower damper and the opening of the top door in the ordinary furnace or stove.

Although any material may be used in building the chimneypiece, the one with which the greatest heating efficiency can be attained is brick. The ordinary terra-cotta brick absorbs the heat slowly but thoroughly, and retains it a long time. The brick chimneypiece thus acts as an equalizer of the heat, which it continues to radiate after the fire has been checked or allowed to go out. This prevents a too rapid change of temperature. Moreover as the fireplace is in one of the main rooms instead of in the cellar, all the heat which radiates from the chimneypiece helps to heat the room instead of being wasted on some basement below, as is usual with the ordinary furnace.

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THE MEANING OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S CANDIDACY

WHETHER we welcome it with fear or with faith, with hostility or with enthusiasm, the candidacy of Colonel Roosevelt on the platform proclaimed in his Columbus speech bears startling witness to a crisis in our political history. In that speech the Ex-President merely declared his faith in the right of the American people to self-government, incidentally reaffirming the doctrine that human rights are above property rights, yet instantly he was greeted with a chorus of denunciation as a "firebrand," "a demagogue," "a reckless agitator," "an apostle of unrest," "an enemy of constitutional government."

Whether we accept the word of his friends that the Colonel was forced into the race against his intention and inclination because La Follette's breakdown at a critical moment left the Progressive cause without a leader strong enough to keep up its fighting heart, or whether we give ear to his enemies who declare that his own ambition was the force that impelled him, we are compelled in either case to recognize in his action convincing evidence of the force and reality of the Progressive movement—that stirring and awakening of the people from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, which is bringing consternation to the Bourbons of both parties. For even Colonel Roosevelt's enemies admit that as far as personal fame and honors are concerned he has little to gain and much to lose in this contest, and even his enemies credit him with an amazing faculty for catching and reflecting public opinion. Many who do not like the Ex-President's doctrines acknowledge the transcendent importance of his Columbus speech as an instinctive reflection of public sentiment. As one editor remarks, it proves more conclusively than a census on the subject could that the people are demanding that the machinery of government be made more immediately and truly responsive to their will. The dominant, persistent note of Mr. Roosevelt's Columbus speech is "Trust the people." Whereas, stripped of its innumerable sophistries and indirections, the message that special privilege is insistently whispering into the ear of government in nation, State and municipality is "Fear and distrust the peo-

ple, trick them that they may not understand their wrongs, shackle them with intricate laws lest they discover their own strength, and exploit them that we may prosper."

In his clarion-toned declaration of faith in the people, Colonel Roosevelt states that "we Progressives believe that the people have the right, the power and the duty to protect themselves and their own welfare; that human rights are supreme over all other rights; that wealth should be the servant, not the master, of the people;" that "we hold it a prime duty of the people to free our Government from the control of money in politics," and that "for this purpose we advocate, not as ends in themselves, but as weapons in the hands of the people, all governmental devices which will make the representatives of the people more easily and certainly responsive to the people's will." Among these weapons he commends the short ballot, direct nominations, the direct election of Senators, the initiative and referendum, the recall of judges "as a last resort," and the recall of judicial decisions.

On the subject of "big business" he says that we should not fear, if necessary, to "bring regulation to the point of controlling wages, hours of labor, and monopoly prices;" that "it is both futile and mischievous to correct the evils of big business by an attempt to restore business conditions as they were in the middle of the last century;" and that "it is absurd to endeavor to regulate business by means of long-drawn-out lawsuits." Among the other uncompromising affirmations which the capitalistic papers cry out against as "appalling," and which move a Justice of the New York Supreme Court to exclaim that Colonel Roosevelt "has the daring of a madman, the instinct of a beast," we may select as representative the following:

"It is impossible to invent constitutional devices which will prevent the popular will from being effective for wrong without also preventing it from being effective for right. The only safe course to follow in this great American democracy is to provide for making the popular judgment really effective. * * * It is often said that ours is a government of checks and balances. But this should only mean that these checks and balances obtain as among the several different kinds of representatives of the people—judicial, executive and legislative—to whom

THE MEANING OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S CANDIDACY

the people have delegated certain portions of their power. It does not mean that the people have parted with their power or cannot resume it. * * * Many eminent lawyers believe, and sometimes assert, that the American people are not fitted for popular government, and that it is necessary to keep the judiciary independent of the majority or of all the people; that there must be no appeal to the people from the decision of a court in any case; and that, therefore, the judges are to be established as sovereign rulers over the people. I take absolute issue with all those who hold such a position. I regard it as a complete negation of our whole system of government; and if it became the dominant position in this country, it would mean the absolute upsetting of both the rights and the rule of the people. * * *

"If the American people are not fit for popular government, and if they should of right be the servants and not the masters of the men whom they themselves put in office, then Lincoln's work was wasted and the whole system of government upon which this great democratic republic rests is a failure. * * *

"There is no question in a state of any conflicting sovereignties. There is only one sovereignty—the sovereignty of the people. * * *

"I will speak of ours as a government of division of powers. That is true in so far as we deal with the division among the representatives of the people of the power delegated to them by the people. But it is not true if by it we mean there is a division of power between the people and the representatives. In the last resort the people, after due deliberation, are to be and must be the masters and their representatives their servants. * * *

"If you do not believe in the people, say so, and abandon our system of government. But, above all things, do not make believe that you trust the people, do not in speech claim to trust the people and then underhandedly endeavor so to frame the constitution and the laws that you shall trick them out of their right of self-government. * * *

"Our system of government is a confessed failure unless the people are to be trusted to govern themselves. * * *

"I do not say that the people are infallible. But I do say that our whole history shows that the American people are more often sound in their decisions than is the case with any of the governmental bodies

to whom, for their own convenience, they have delegated portions of their power."

Of the recall of judges, that device so abhorrent to President Taft and to the legal mind generally, Colonel Roosevelt says:

"The judge is just as much the servant of the people as any other official. * * * The question of applying the recall in any shape is one of expediency merely. Each community has a right to try the experiment for itself in whatever shape it pleases. I do not believe in adopting the recall (of judges) save as a last resort. * * * But either the recall will have to be adopted or else it will have to be made much easier than it now is to get rid, not merely of a bad judge, but of a judge who, however virtuous, has grown so out of touch with social needs and facts that he is unfit longer to render good service on the bench."

Colonel Roosevelt goes on to urge the immediate adoption of another kind of recall, namely "the recall of judicial decisions" applied to the decisions of State courts on constitutional questions. In his own words, "When a judge decides a constitutional question, when he decides what the people as a whole can or cannot do, the people should have the right to recall that decision if they think it wrong." In spite of the outcry instantly raised against this "radical" suggestion, and its cold reception by the lawyers even among the Republican insurgents, it is pertinent to remember that this is the only nation on earth in which the courts have acquired a position of irresponsible dominance over the legislative and executive agents of the people.

No matter to what extent factional clamor over secondary aspects of Colonel Roosevelt's candidacy may for a time confuse the real issue, that issue is one which cannot be evaded. By his Columbus address the most dynamic personality in modern politics awakens the country as no other could have done, to the imminence of a crisis, transcending personalities or parties, in the age-long struggle between human rights and property rights. Among the politicians and the newspapers furious and resounding battles are being waged over the validity of the anti-third-term tradition, the ethics of his attack upon his old friend and protégé in the White House, and the rights and wrongs of the innumerable charges and countercharges which have always swirled around the Colonel's exultant and unhesitating footsteps. But not all the dust and con-

THE MEANING OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S CANDIDACY

fusion thus raised will suffice to obscure the fact that these are merely minor skirmishings, important only because of their relation to the momentous conflict pending between the attacking armies of the people on one side and the entrenched forces of special privilege on the other. And this conflict gains rather than loses in impressiveness from the fact that it must be decided by ballots, not bullets.

This is the reason why the Progressive press hails the Columbus speech as "a new Declaration of Independence," "a twentieth-century bill of rights," and declares that Roosevelt's work, like Lincoln's, is one of emancipation. A rugged figure, aflame with courage and conviction, he dedicates himself to the cause of the people. As he characteristically remarks: "I am happy, entirely happy, because I am fighting for a principle and the issue is in no sense a personal one." Again, in an *Outlook* editorial, he states that the issue, reduced to its simplest terms, is "Do you believe in the rule of the people?" And after reasserting his belief that, as regards the great fundamental questions of public policy, "courts, like executives and legislatures, must bow to the sober and well-thought-out judgment of the people," he goes on to say:

"I do not propose to give the people any new power. I propose to restore to them the power out of which they have been defrauded, the power which it is their right and their duty to exercise. I propose to provide a better and more effective method for the exercise of the power reserved and inherent in the people to make or unmake their Constitution or construe the Constitution in accordance with their well-considered needs."

But because he uncompromisingly declares his faith in the right and the power of the people to rule—a doctrine formulated no less definitely in the Declaration of Independence, in President Washington's farewell address, in Thomas Jefferson's utterances, and in Lincoln's Gettysburg address, he is howled against as a "firebrand," "a revolutionist," "a would-be destroyer of the Constitution." Thus among the reactionary papers even of his own party we hear him denounced for his "assaults on the constitutional stability of our institutions," while his Columbus speech is declared to be "not only un-Republican, but un-American." And it was of the Progressives whose leadership Colonel Roosevelt has accepted,

and who share his faith in the people, that President Taft said in his memorable Lincoln Day speech:

"There are those who look upon the present situation as one full of evil and corruption and as a tyranny of concentrated wealth, and who in apparent despair at any ordinary remedy are seeking to pull down those things which have been regarded as the pillars of the temple of freedom and representative government and to reconstruct our whole society on some new principle, not definitely formulated, and with no intelligent or intelligible forecast of the exact constitutional and statutory results to be attained. With the effort to make the selection of candidates, the enactment of legislation, and the decision of courts depend on the momentary passions of a people necessarily indifferently informed as to the issues presented, and without the opportunity having been given them for time and study and that deliberation that gives security and common sense to the government of the people, such extremists would hurry us into a condition which could find no parallel except in the French Revolution or in that bubbling anarchy that once characterized the South American republics. Such extremists are not progressives; they are political emotionalists or neurotics."

And on another occasion, speaking before the American Bar Association, President Taft said: "There are those who do not believe all people are fit for popular government. The fact is, we know they are not. Some of us don't dare to say so, but I do. We are called upon now to say whether we are to continue the judiciary independent of the majority or of all the people."

Thus we have the two sides of the case stated by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, both sincere and able men, and both solicitous for the nation's welfare, but typifying divergent basic principles. Sharing Mr. Taft's point of view we find not only all the beneficiaries of special privilege, all the exploiters of the people's forests, mines and waterpowers, but also, as one editor well expresses it, "all the host of honest citizens who intellectually and temperamentally are incapable of consent to progress, who see revolution in every change, and, consciously or unconsciously, are worshippers of the sanctity of property even though it be illicit." Sharing Mr. Roosevelt's point of view we find a large and increasing progressive element in both parties, an element whose full strength we

SOME BOOKS RECEIVED

have not yet had a chance to measure. And Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy means that this element in the Republican party, left without adequate leadership by Senator La Follette's temporary breakdown, turned instinctively to the Ex-President as the man for the emergency. The progressives at least realize that an acute stage has been reached in the conflict between human rights and property rights.

Among numberless symptoms of such a crisis we may mention the tariff revolts, the growing and insistent murmurings against the arbitrary and unregulated power of the money oligarchy, the widespread uprisings against bossism and machine rule both in State and national politics, the ferment in the labor world, and last but not least the amazing increase of the Socialist vote in recent elections. Moreover, special privilege, realizing that its strongholds in the legislatures are crumbling before the advance of an awakened and organized public opinion, is falling back for sanctuary upon the courts. Peculiarly timely, in this connection, is Colonel Roosevelt's reminder that judges, like all other public officials, are the servants, not the masters, of the people. Nor is the demand for popular government which is troubling the waters in this country a local or isolated manifestation. It is part of the same great stirring of the spirit of democracy which is changing the course of history in England, in Germany, in Russia, in Portugal, in Turkey and in China. Everywhere the people are making imperious demand for a controlling voice in their destinies.

Conditions in this country which have produced our glaring inequalities in the distribution of our national prosperity cannot be wholesome. When a banking house receives a fee of \$69,000,000 for merely promoting a great industrial trust it is surprising that our papers exclaim: "This is standing by the turnstile of opportunity and exacting tribute?" As Colonel Roosevelt has said, we have provided for the production of prosperity, we must now pay more attention to its distribution. One boy in the United States, not yet fifteen, has a fortune of \$72,000,000, which was heaped up for him in one generation. It is estimated that one-tenth of the people own nine-tenths of the wealth, and the disproportion is growing. As a recent writer has said: "It is well in this connection to reiterate that a storm is caused

by the difference in pressure between two atmospheric areas—nature abhorring a too great inequality. When that overplus of pressure piles up in the social atmosphere, by terrible things in righteousness is the equilibrium restored." Reformers like Mr. Roosevelt, who seek a means of correcting these precipitous inequalities, are not the revolutionaries. That term applies rather to those reactionaries who would make revolution inevitable by bolstering up and maintaining such abnormal conditions.

As that dauntless progressive, Robert M. La Follette has said, what the situation demands is "a programme of legislation which, once enacted into law, will break the hold of privilege on the industrial life of the people and free them from the burden imposed by thousands of millions of fictitious capitalization." The real danger to democracy, says Mr. La Follette, lies not in the ignorance or want of patriotism of the people, but in the corrupting influence of powerful business organizations upon the representatives of the people. The real cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Arts and Craft of Our Teutonic Forefathers." By G. Baldwin Brown, M.A. Illustrated. 238 pages and index. Price \$1.75 net. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"The Woman from Wolverton": By Isabel Gordon Curtis. 342 pages. Price \$1.25 net, postage 11 cents. Published by The Century Co., New York.

"The Fighting Doctor": By Helen R. Martin. 242 pages. Price \$1.00 net, postage 7 cents. Published by The Century Co., New York.

"The Great River": Poems: By Frederick Oakes Sylvester. Illustrated. Price \$3.00. Published by F. O. Sylvester, St. Louis.

"The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam": Illustrated with drawings by Isabel Hawxhurst Hall. Price \$3.50 net. Published by the Alice Harriman Co., New York.

"The Practice of Water Color Painting": By A. T. Baldy. Illustrated. 167 pages. Price \$5.00. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Fairies Afield": By Mrs. Molesworth. 252 pages. Price \$1.50 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Ceilings and Their Decorations": by Guy Cadogan Rothery. Illustrated. 271 pages. Price \$1.50 net. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

