

# House & Garden

Vol. IV

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No. I

## THE GARDEN AT "FAIRACRES"

JENKINTOWN, PENNA.

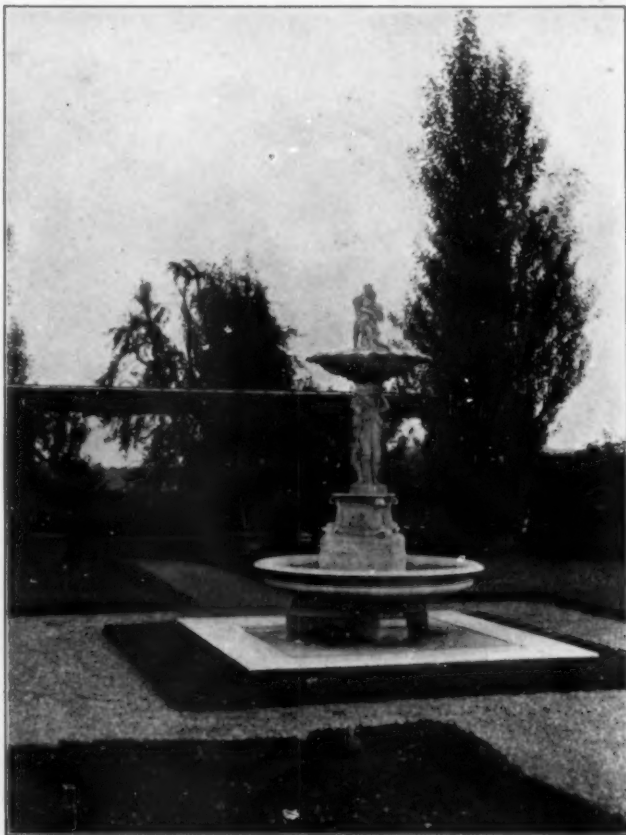
*Designed by Wilson Eyre*

*Described by a Camera*

AT one end of the Huntingdon Valley is the borough of Jenkintown, the roofs and spires of which have scarcely disappeared from view as one enters the gateway of "Fairacres." A long house, half ivy-covered, lies broadside to the road, and many little gables break into irregularity the long low roof-line. Vines have now gained upon the second storey, and even to the roof, and have changed the aspect of a building which, twelve or fifteen years ago, was familiar to all who followed the growth of American domestic architecture,—so individual a work was this house and so determinedly had it aroused contemporary designing from the lethargy into which it seemed to be drifting. Since then many more imposing country residences have been reared, to which all eyes are now turned; but "Fairacres" has been quietly taking on that

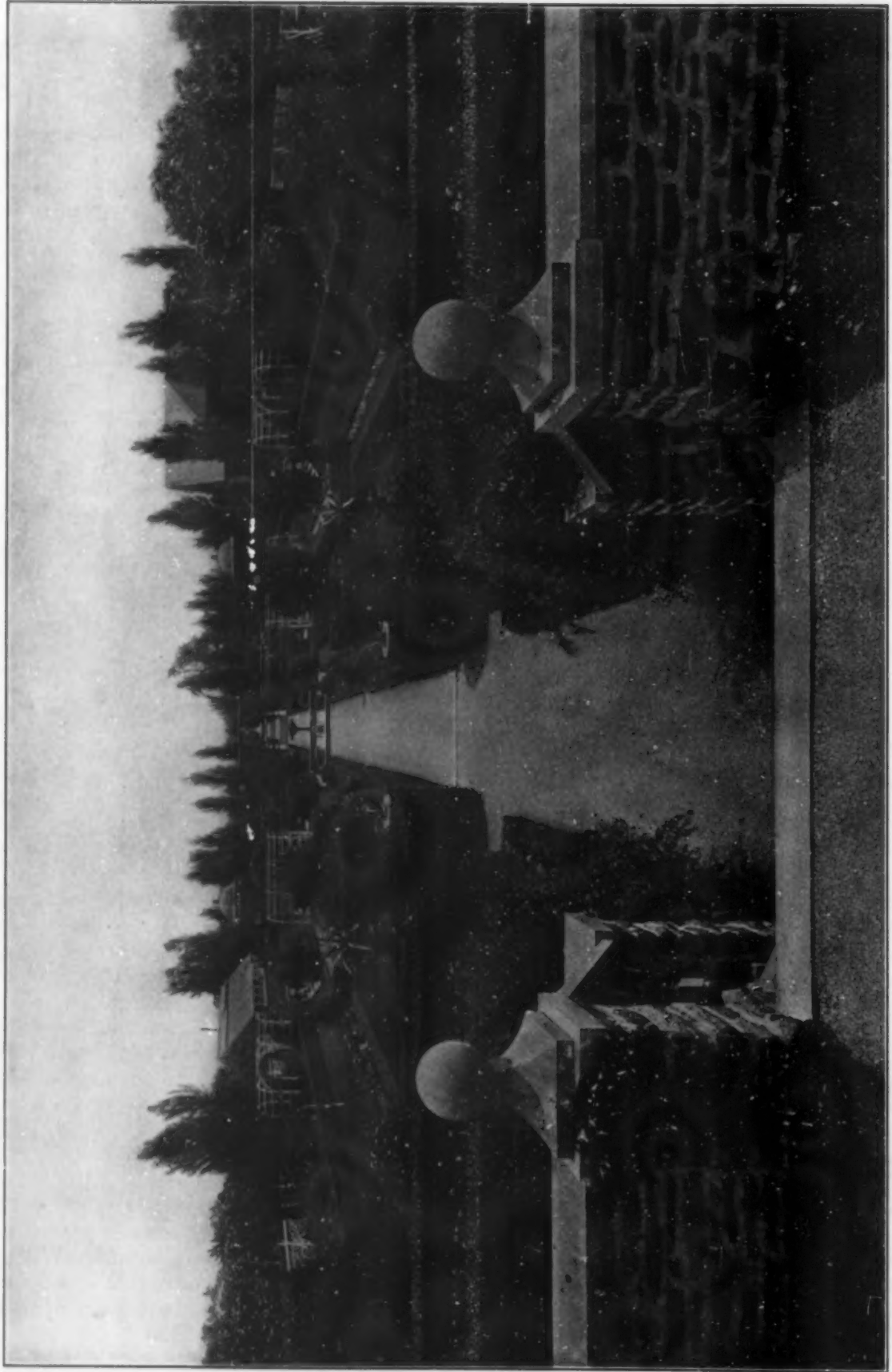
charm, serene and mature, which only time and the deft touch of unhindered nature can accomplish.

Architecture and garden-craft have been wrought here continuously since 1886, when the house was built. Additions have been made to it and still other additions have been planned. In 1895 the barns were erected, or rather, let us say, restored, for the old white-washed barn, as intimate a part of that countryside as its grass and trees, was destroyed by fire, and the new structure was made to reproduce the prototype by an architect to whose keen appreciation of local tradition is due much of his success. All of the work at "Fairacres" has been



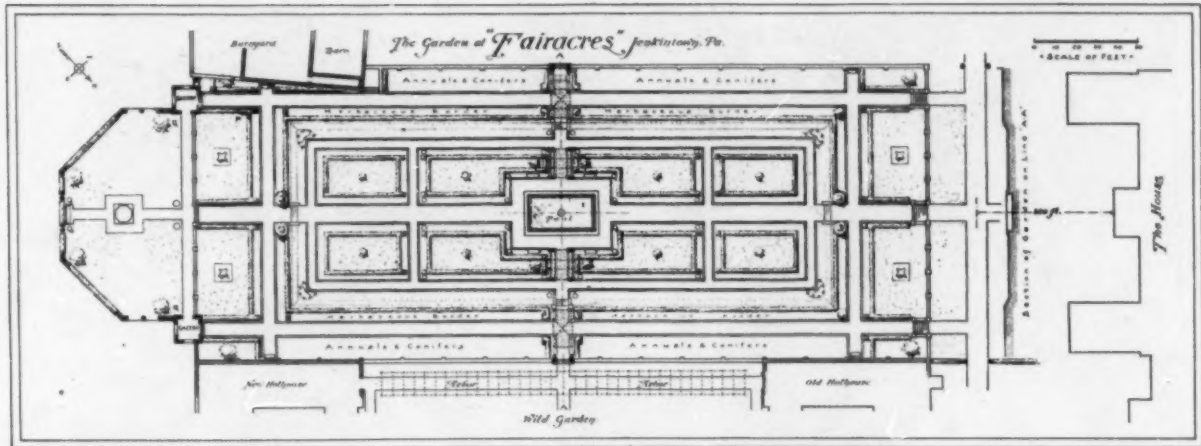
THE ROMAN FOUNTAIN

designed and carried out by Mr. Wilson Eyre under the most favorable conditions any architect can have, those of a sympathetic and cooperating client.



THE GARDEN FROM THE LAWN BEFORE THE HOUSE

## House and Garden



PLAN OF THE GARDEN

"FAIRACRES"

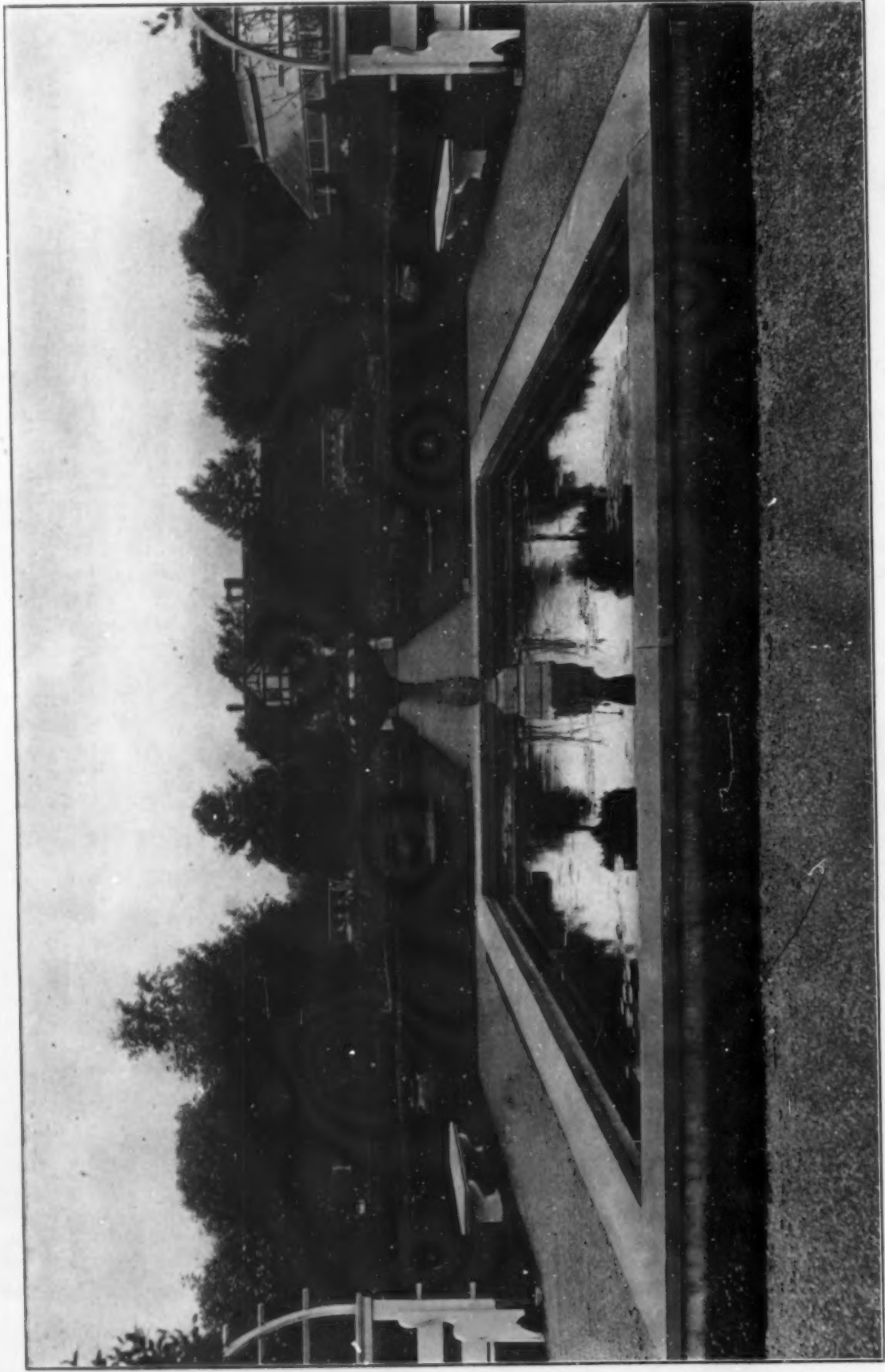
Situated apart from the house, the garden is a work of art whose beauty is entirely its own and not reflected by that of its surroundings nor dependent upon anything outside of its four walls. It was laid out in 1897 and planted immediately afterward. It lies so far above its surroundings that no trees rise above it affording a background; and similarly the plants within the garden have been taught by artifice to rise above

their fellows without to a new level of importance, to assume dignified manners of growth and to put aside the habits of their former wild oblivion. The garden is the crowning ornament to the place and serves also to tie together into one group such minor buildings as the barn and greenhouses. Enclosed only by low stone walls, its splendor is that of an open plateau without an interruption to its unity or any

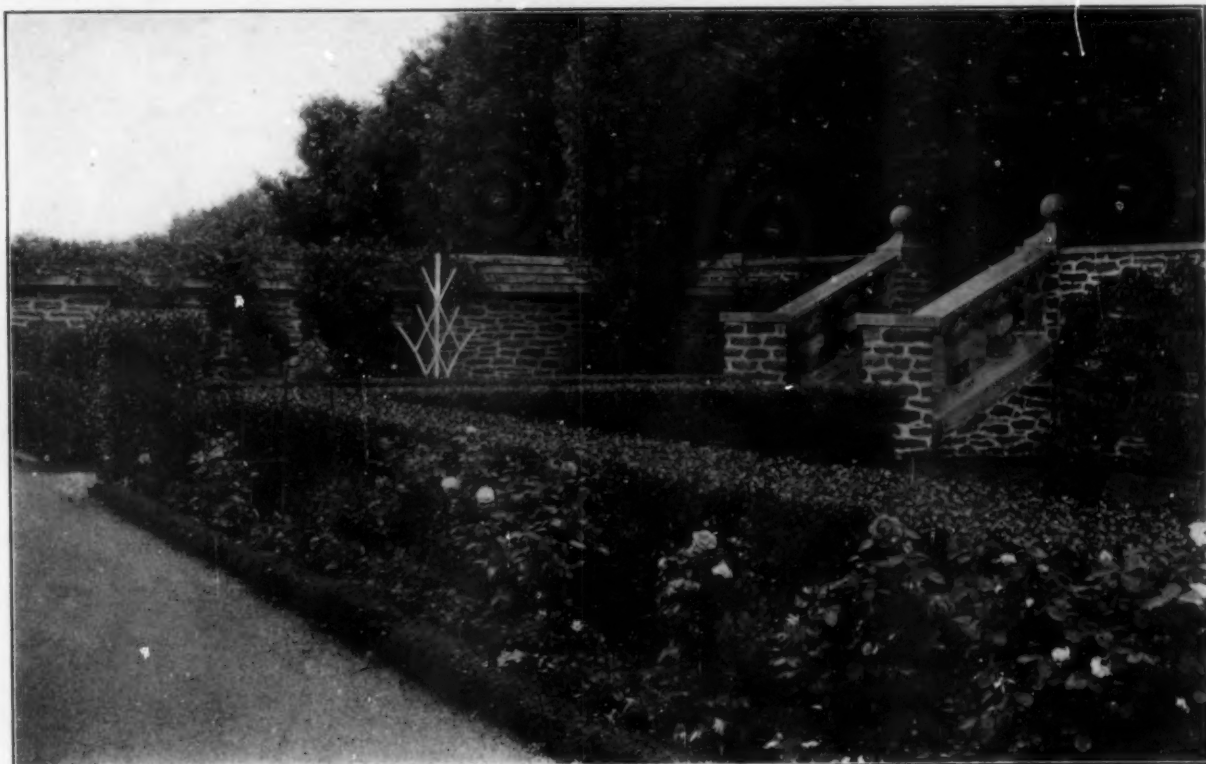


THE CENTRAL WALK OF THE GARDEN

"FAIRACRES"



THE POOL IN THE GARDEN AT "FAIRACRES"



THE DESCENT FROM THE LAWN

barrier to a view which may comprehend all at a glance. In this expansiveness lies the appropriateness of the name of "Fair-acres." It is the most formal garden in the vicinity of Philadelphia; and though less monumetal, perhaps, than others in that region and elsewhere, it is equal to any in the richness of its design and the effectiveness of its ornamentation and planting. Indeed this garden might easily rival some of the Old-



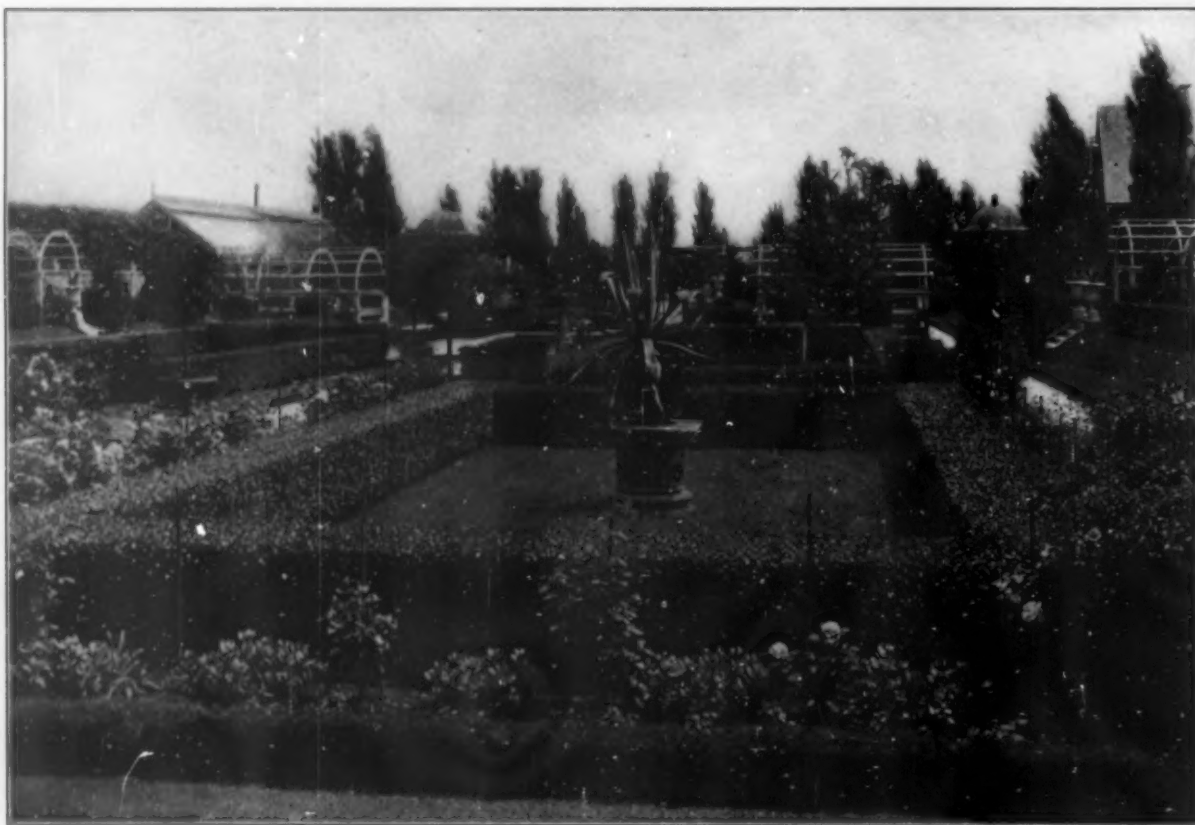
A GAZEBO FROM WITHOUT

"FAIRACRES"

World work in years to come, when age shall have given "Fair-acres" less of a handicap in such a comparison.

The space enclosed is a rectangle measuring 140 by 355 feet. This one enters in descending from the lawn before the house by a single flight of steps, reminiscent of those at Haddon Hall. Two levels compose the space. Their proportions can be seen by reference to the plan. At the far end of the rectangle enclos-

The Garden at "Fairacres"



A PARTERRE WALLED WITH PRIVET

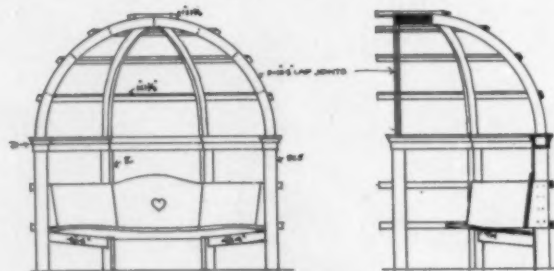
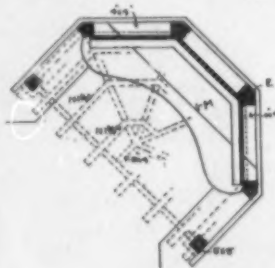
"FAIRACRES"

ing the parterres one may mount to a terrace which forms a terminal feature of the garden and whose shape is that of half an octagon. Though above the parterres, this terrace is slightly below the level of the house lawn, a difference which may have been caused by the expense of grading, for the ground outside of this end of the garden falls rapidly away. A pleasant glimpse of the fields may be had from over the hedges which are here the boundary of the design.

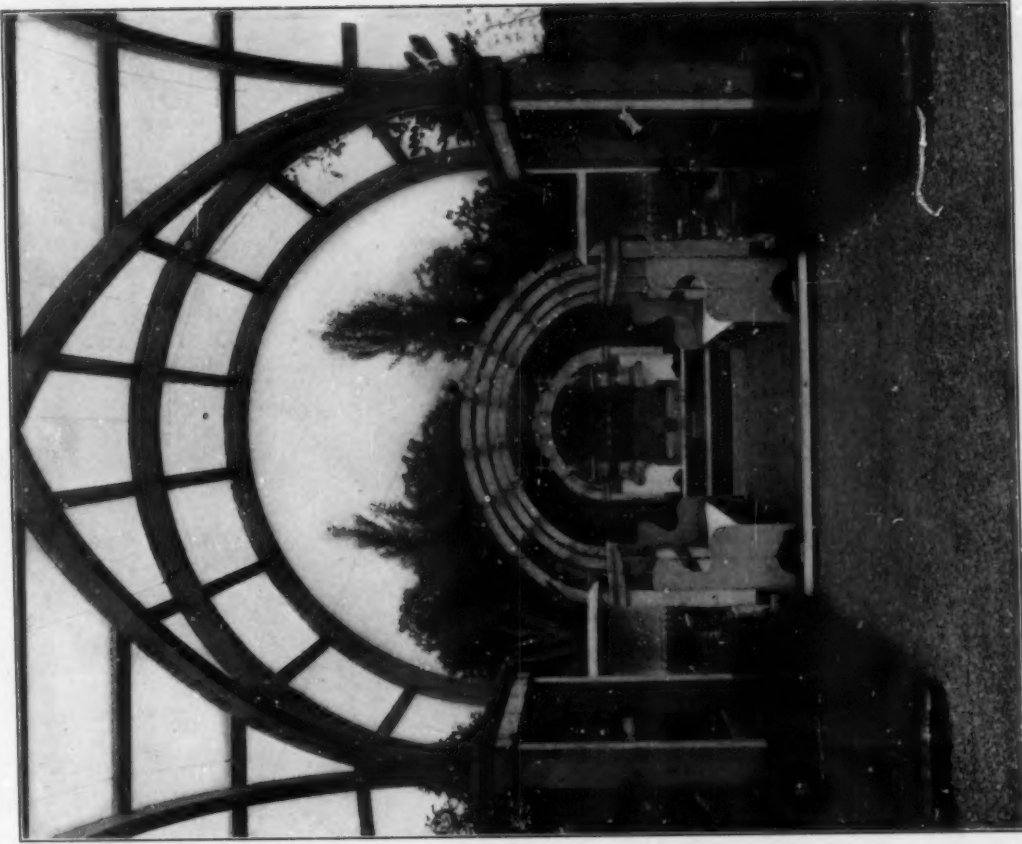
At one side of the formal garden is situated a wild garden, the work and delight of the mistress of "Fairacres." Its gaiety of color shines through the arbor which separates it from the rectilinear space we have been viewing; and stepping now upon turf walks, the visitor is soon lost to sight amid high masses of shrubbery and bloom interspersed

with pear and other fruit trees. Hot-houses flank this wild garden upon two sides. Beyond these there is no architecture to be seen save a fragment of an old column supporting a sun-dial. However beautiful in reality such a garden may be, he who looks for pictures not of a purely horticultural character must ever turn to architectural surroundings to obtain picturesque compositions.

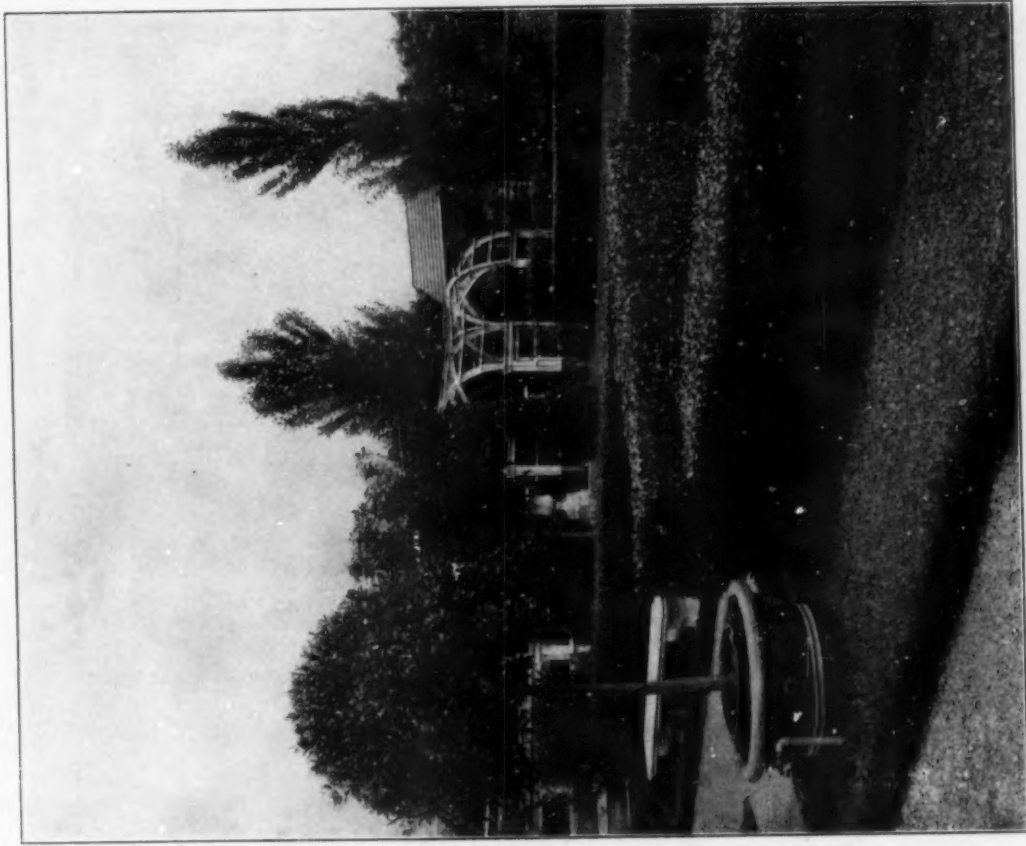
Thus we retrace our steps to the formal garden and find vistas through arbors awaiting us, stone garden houses, such as the old English gardeners termed gazebos or hahas, vine-clad balustrades and, best of all, the pool on whose refreshing surface the light stream



STRUCTURAL DETAILS OF THE ROSE ARBORS



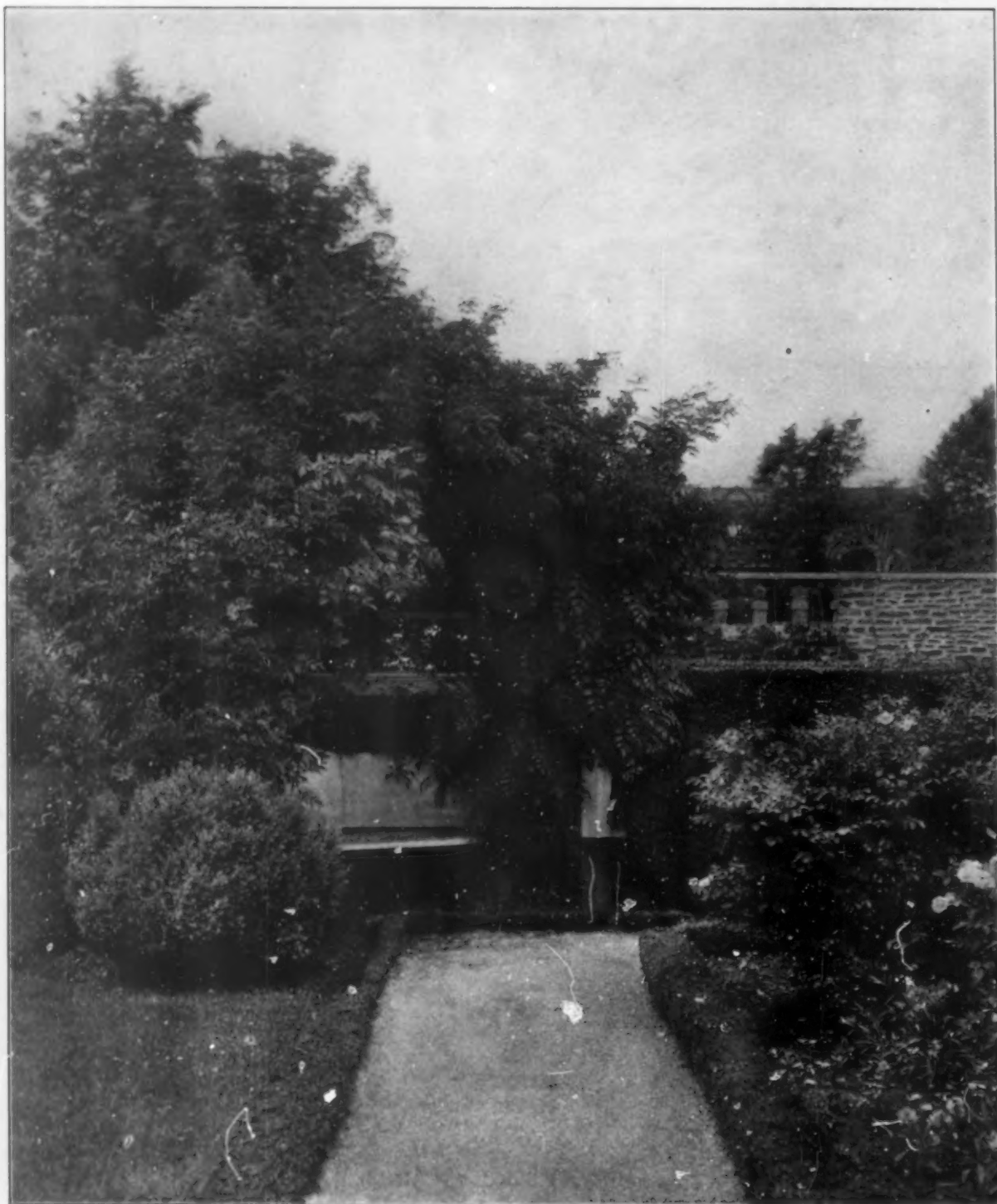
A PICTURESQUE LINE OF ARBORS



THE ENTRANCE TO THE WILD GARDEN

"FAIRACRES"

*The Garden at "Fairacres"*



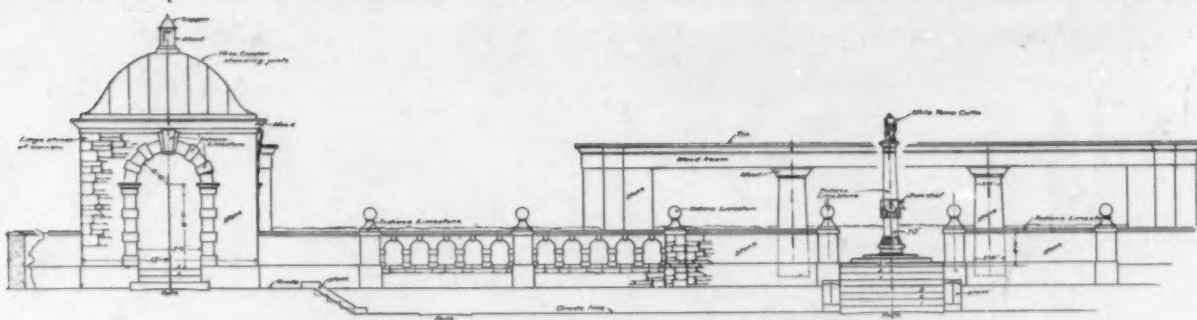
ONE OF THE ROSE ARBORS

"FAIRACRES"

of a fountain is the only disturber of the reposeful scene. At each corner of the sunken garden is a rose arbor, so covered with foliage and bloom that a means of support is only discovered by peering beneath its

shade. Crimson rambles were at their height of bloom here, as well as on the gazebos, when the pictures were taken. It was a sight that would make one wish for the trick that might photograph color; but





AN ELEVATION OF THE SOUTHEAST END OF THE GARDEN  
*The Roman fountain having been substituted for the axial feature at the right*

instead, one must find content in admiration through the ground glass of the camera.

Not only does "Fairacres" owe much of its charm to architecture proper but to its architectural ornament as it is found in old fragments and in decorative jars old and new. If there is such a thing as a stage whisper, there is a garden whisper also; and it is this that an owner's voice becomes when he relates to you in the last reaches of confidence how yonder beautiful composite capitals were saved from the wreck of a famous city land-

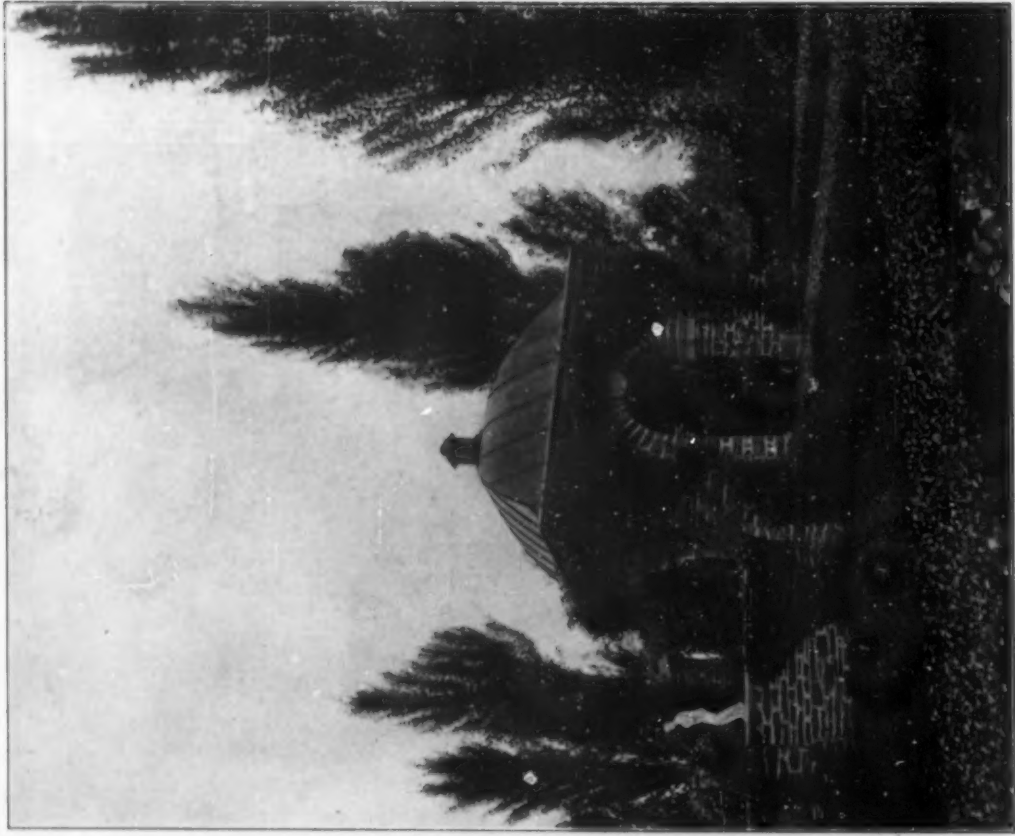
mark razed in the path of improvements, bought for a song, but transported for several songs. The four capitals in the parterres at "Fairacres" were saved from the beautiful portico of a well-known Philadelphia bank recently torn down. How suitable a fate for our own native work, which if not thus saved is doomed to damage or destruction in a stoneyard!

Large flower pots, especially designed for "Fairacres" by the architect, support bay trees in important positions. Vases of rich

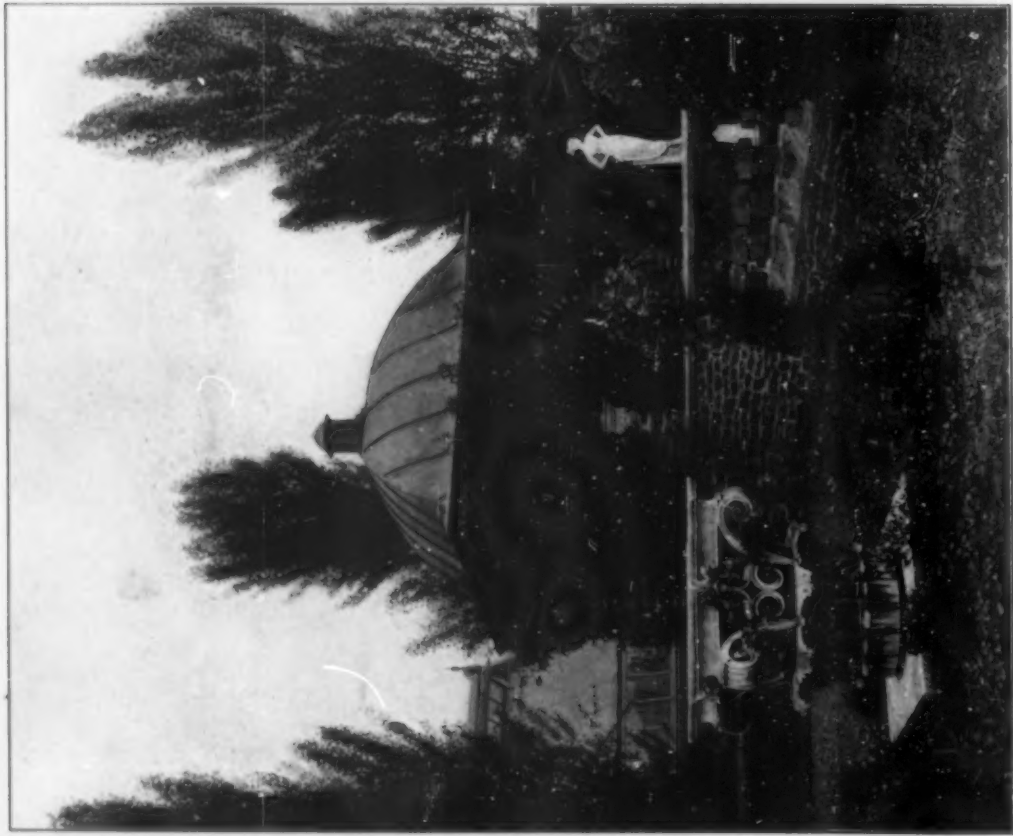


THE WALK CONNECTING THE GAZEBOS

"FAIRACRES"



A GAZEBO FROM THE GARDEN



AN OLD CAPITAL IN A NEW RÔLE

“FAIR ACRES”

green glazes in the shape of Italian wine jars give color and dignity to the enclosure of the pool. Huge jars by Ricchetti of Pruneta mark the walk upon the raised terrace at the end of the garden; but these and the two white marble statues of female figures there are so placed that they shall not rob a beautiful Roman fountain of its effect as a final point of richness and dignity in the view across the garden.

The planting of so architectural a garden as this must be re-

strained in order to play a secondary rôle; but it is none the less a subject of the greatest care and study. The planting of the long borders is indicated upon the plan shown here, while those at each end contain roses and geraniums. The large hedges are of California privet; the small ones of dwarf box; the walls are covered with wistaria, Virginia creeper, rambler roses, trumpet vine, clematis and English ivy. Against the low wall of the garden retaining the house lawn are espaliered French peach trees.

The barn has been developed in the way pointed by the farm architecture of the eastern Pennsylvania



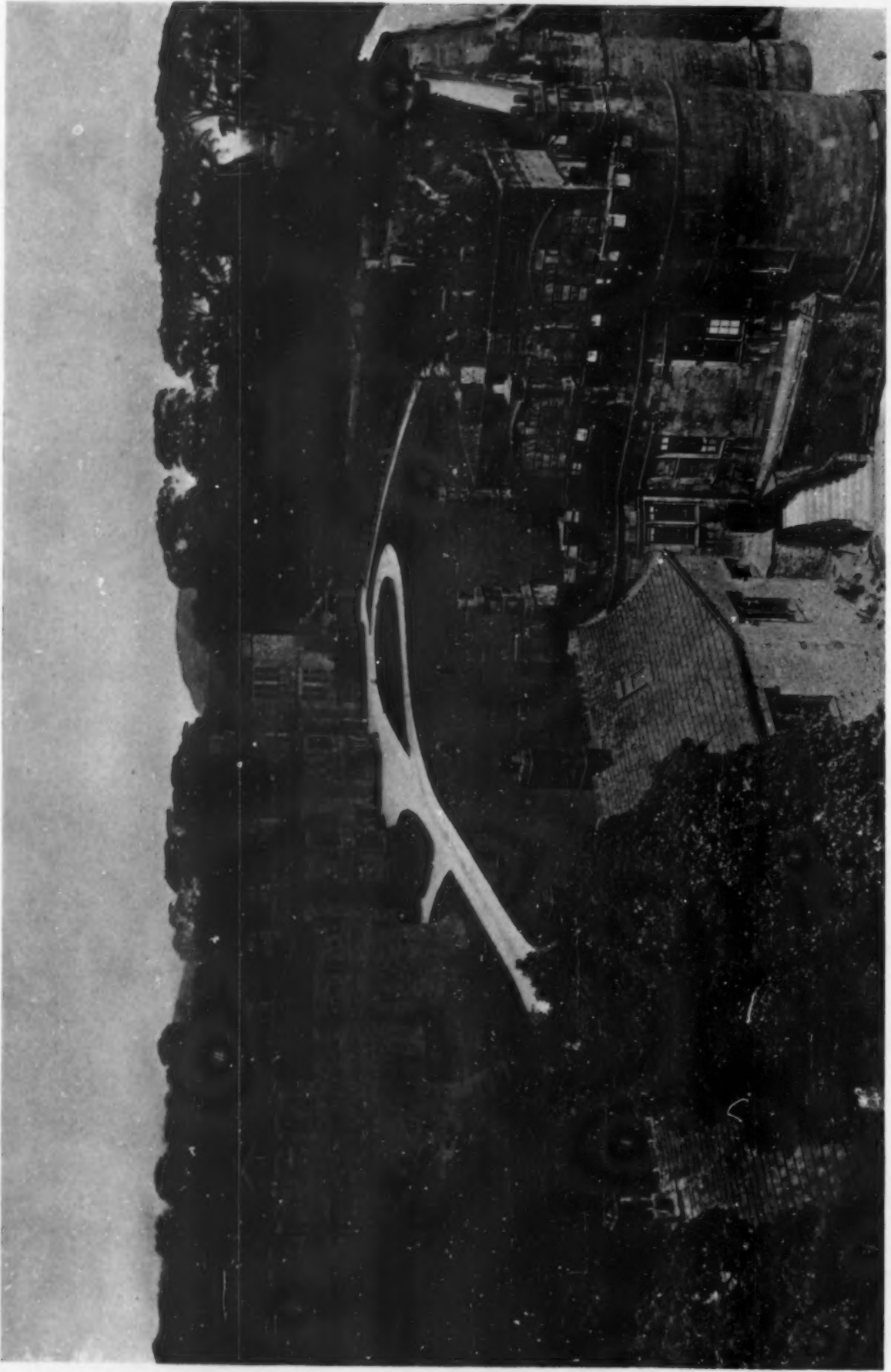
A GABLE OF THE BARN

counties, the rude structural elements having been retained. These are naturally found at best in the substructure, where the picturesqueness of white-washed stonework has been demonstrated. But it is the superstructures of barns that offer rare opportunities to architects who are appreciative of their material and, being so, are temperate of its treatment. Though our photographs do not show that portion of the barn at "Fairacres"

where the architect has spent a restrained fancy upon pigeon lofts, outside stairways and the placing of windows, they do show what can be done to make a barn gable a thing of beauty. Upon starting to build the garden few would have supposed that an end of a barn, obtruding above a level that did not belong to it, could have grown into one of the most charming features of the finished garden; but the doubt is now answered by the effect of the trellises supporting, upon a shingled wall, wistaria and clematis, amid which a trumpet vine clings to whatever it can reach by its determined feet.



Face of the Sun-dial at "Fairacres"



SKIPTON CASTLE



THE SMITHY AT ALDERLEY

## THE CHARM OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRY

By CLIFTON JOHNSON

TO one who has known only America the first acquaintance with England is a revelation for which the pictures one may have seen and one's reading have given no adequate preparation. Even in the towns, there is a very definite change from what we are accustomed to on this side of the Atlantic; and the country is suggestive of fairyland. You recognize a region you have hitherto viewed only in dreams. Its scenes had been vaguely absorbed from literature and art, and you had its main characteristics imprinted in the recesses of your imagination. Yet the reality more than fills the fondest expectations.

The ideal time for a visit is between the first of April and midsummer. Earlier than April you get the chill discomfort and comparative barrenness of the winter. Later than July the fields are shorn, and the vernal tide of blossoms which, until then, had been on the rise, begins to recede and leave behind a touch of somberness. The limits I have mentioned are for the consideration of those who can only see England for a few weeks. Any person with more leisure, and to whom tranquillity is happiness, could not

do better than find some rustic English Eden and hire a house for a year. Life and nature both seem gentler there than with us. There is greater ease and less of strenuousness—less of nervous haste. Conditions on our continent have not yet lost their newness and rawness; we are still in a state of transition. But in England the channels of human activity are deep-worn and the currents flow smoothly without turmoil.

One's first interest is naturally in the habits and homes of the people, and these can nowhere be observed to better advantage than in the little country places with their thronging, rosy-cheeked children. It is noticeable that the habitations gather in much snugger groups than they do in America, and that outside of the villages the broad farmlands are almost uninterrupted. The village concentration is no doubt an heirloom of the feudal days when proximity for mutual defense was a necessity; but it is also desirable from the landlord's point of view, for the tenantry can be more easily managed in closely built hamlets than if they were scattered.

Every village has its church, even though



AN ENGLISH VILLAGE



A VILLAGE ROAD

the worshipers who gather are the merest handful. The building is usually of stone, and is beautiful in its thick-walled massiveness, its age, and its simple, dignified architecture—beautiful likewise in the sentiment imparted by the churchyard where sleep the unnumbered generations of the past. The churchyard is sure to have excellent care, and weeds and wild bushes get no foothold. Grass and flowers are encouraged to do their best, the paths are kept neat and trim, and the spot is a pleasant place of resort. Near by is the village green, which is, however, less green than the churchyard. On it the children play and the turf does not flourish beneath their hobnailed shoes. In some communities the green is a haunt of the geese and ducks and other fowls, and may serve on occasion as the camping ground of a caravan of gypsies.

Now and then you happen on a village that once was a market-town, but has been



A ROW OF COTTAGES

superseded by a rival place of more favored situation and more vigorous growth. The hamlet which has dropped out in the race still retains the open square that was the market-place, and perhaps has the old market cross standing prominent on the square, a silent reminder of the noisy scenes of traffic that once enlivened the vicinity.



AN OLD MILL

ALDERLEY



A VILLAGE GREEN AND COTTAGES

EVENLEY



A PATH IN A GENTLEMAN'S PARK

The village roadways are narrow and the houses crowd along on either side, some of them close to the sidewalks, others far enough back to allow for a little strip of lawn or garden. Few save the gentry aspire to have the lawn. Ordinary folk dig up the earth between the street and their houses and grow cabbages, turnips and similar vegetables; yet they are not so utilitarian but that they reserve strips along the walks for flowers. The main garden is behind the house, and on its borders you will be likely to find a diminutive pig-pen, a rabbit hutch and a row of beehives. Everything is snug and domestic and very little space is wasted.

The gentry arrange their premises on a different plan from their plebeian neighbors. Their houses, as seen from the street, are prosaic and non-committal, for they turn their backs on the public way and front in the other direction. Pass through to the rear of the dwelling and you discover a generous lawn, a decorative garden, hothouses and a wealth of trees and vines.

It is a familiar saying that "An Englishman's home is his castle." He zealously guards the rights and perquisites of his abode



and is seclusive in it to a degree almost medieval. Something of the castle sentiment is apparent even in the outward aspect of the home; for not only is the building itself invariably of either brick or stone, but the entire grounds are shut in by stout walls. Often the street walls of a gentleman's place are from eight to twelve feet high, so that both access and view are pretty effectively curtailed.

An interesting feature of the village is its inns. The hamlet must be very small not to have more than one. Ordinarily they are merely loafing and drinking resorts and not very savory; but we have read so much about them that they possess a peculiar attraction. The inn signs swing from the buildings or are erected on poles; and the names are often very quaint, and suggestive of the rude illiterate days of centuries ago, when so few could read that it was essential

every place of business should have a sign picturing some object which all could recognize and remember. In this and many other respects glimpses of the old, or what is reminiscent of the old, meet one constantly. Houses two or three hundred years of age are to be seen in every hamlet. Their roofs are usually of mossy tiles, though some of the cottages have still more beautiful roofs of thatch; and they have windows with tiny leaded panes and chimneys capped with chimney-pots.

Best of all in the English country is the ease with which you get into close companionship with nature. The village trees and shrubbery are alive with birds; the sparrows build in the crevices of the roofs and in other nooks and crannies about the buildings; the swallows dwell in the chimneys and beneath the eaves; the starlings find homes in the church tower; and the rooks have noisy col-



THATCHED COTTAGES AT BALDON



TITHE BARN

FONTHILL



AN ENGLISH LANE

LANDBERRY, NEAR MAIDSTONE, KENT

onies in the treetops on the estates of the gentry. The feathered citizens of the air are in continual evidence to the sight, and their songs gladden the ear through all the hours of daylight. Then, in the evening, if you will seek out some favored spot, you may hear the nightingale making vocal the darkness.

Outside the villages every roadway is vernal. The hedgerows creep along on either side, trees are frequent, and here and there are patches of woodland. Secluded nesting-places and retreats for the rabbits and others of the lesser wild creatures abound. Nature's little protegés thrive and multiply in spite of either the guns of the gentry in the shooting season, or the wiles of the poachers. The hawthorn hedgerows are wellnigh impassable and prevent one's crossing the fields at will, yet the whole country is networked with paths that enter and leave the fields with convenient stiles. These paths furnish the most delightful walks in the world. They are short cuts between villages and farmhouses, and they give access to every hill and hollow that pos-



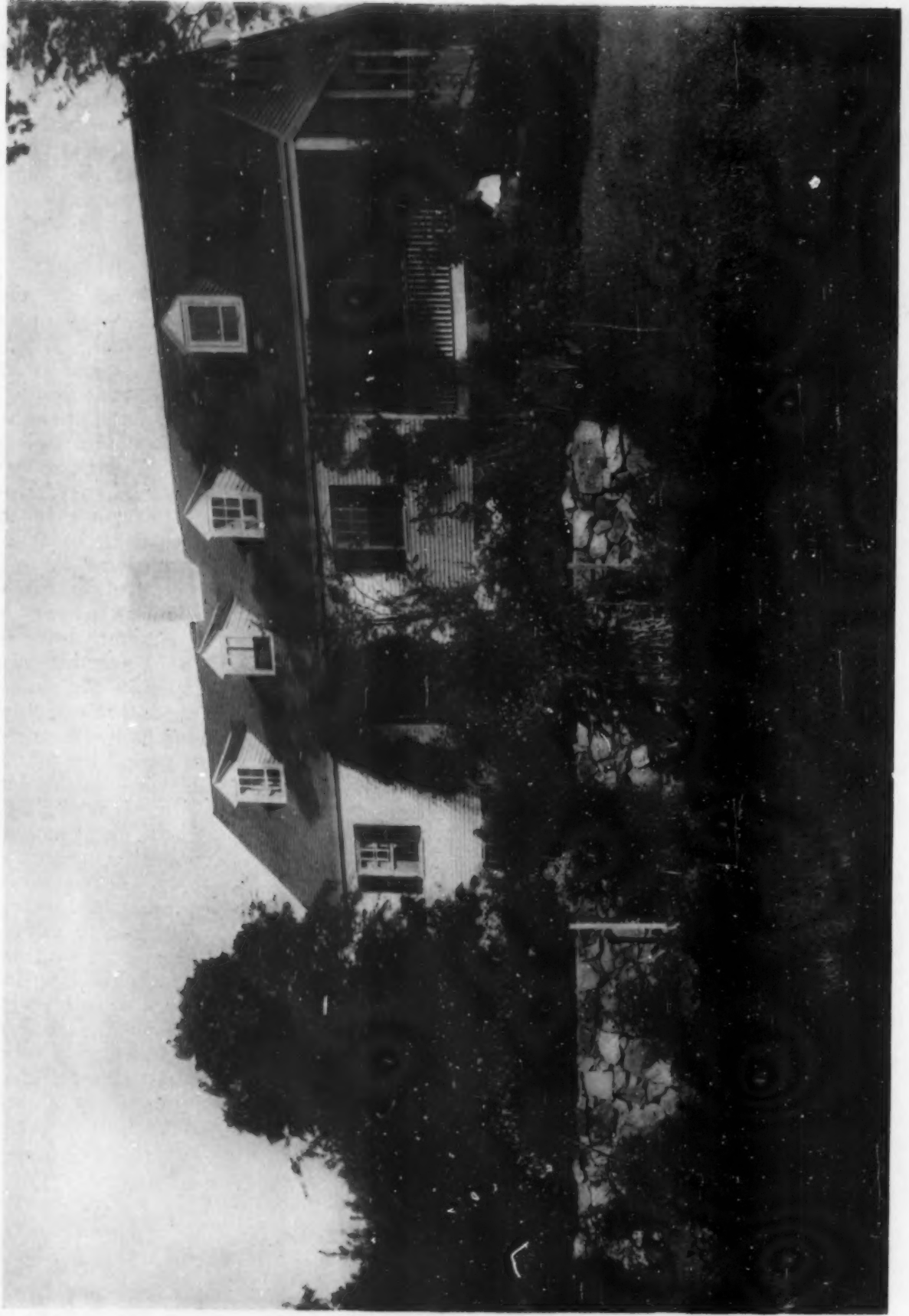
A VIEW AT BRENCLEY CHURCH

furze and broom and holly. The landscape itself, wherever seen, is undulating in its lines and there is no raggedness or angularity. The hills are rounded and the velvety turf overlies all in graceful contour.

If you would have historic attraction, you never have far to go to encounter castle or manor house, a battlefield, or something else that has close connection with the storied past. The history has more than casual interest; for England is our mother country, and at a not very remote period her past is blended with our own. It takes but a short acquaintance with the country and its people to cultivate a feeling of close kinship, and to rouse a genuine respect for much in English character and institutions. As for nature and the homes in the rural villages, once seen, their charm will dwell in the memory always.



AN ENGLISH FIELD PATH



AN OLD NEW ENGLAND FARMHOUSE



THE RESTORED TERRACE OF THE FARMHOUSE

## TWO OLD NEW ENGLAND HOUSES

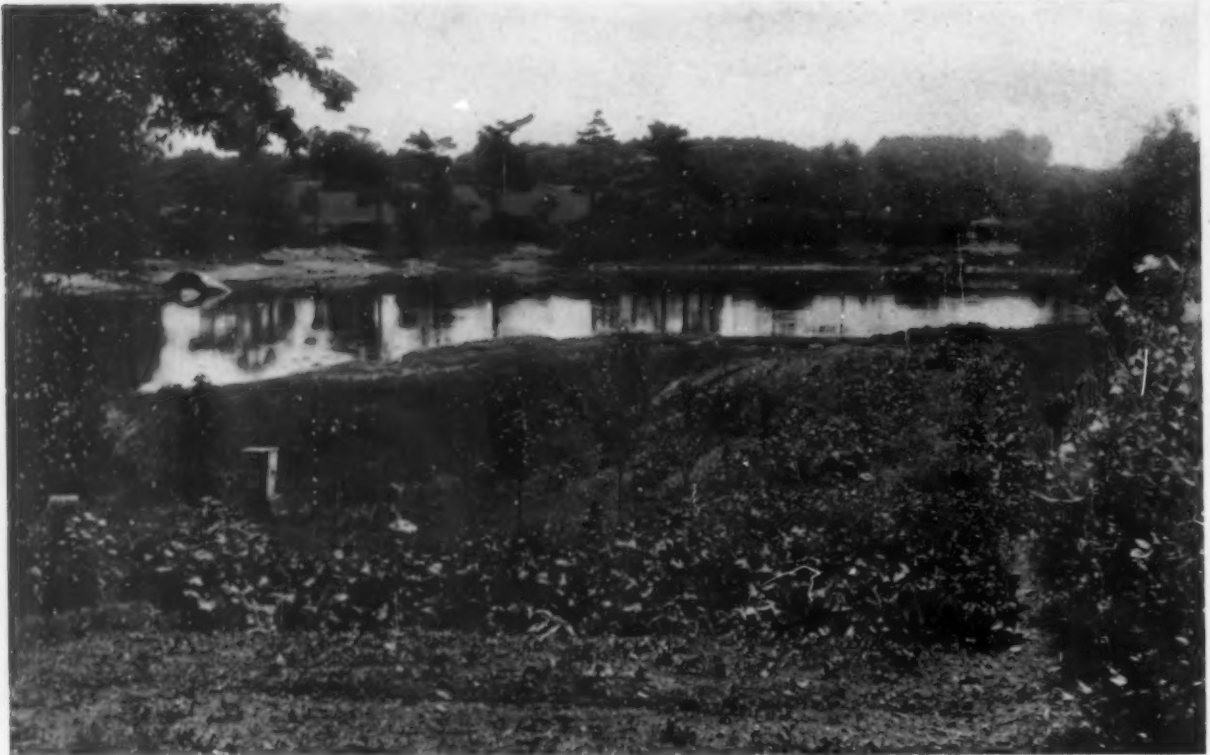
By R. CLIPSTON STURGIS

ALL along the New England shore are small houses, remnants of the earlier settlements, which buildings, in their quiet charm, and refinement of mass and detail, are a constant reproach to the modern work that represents the desires and tastes of the corresponding class of people. Possibly the New England farmer of to-day is not intellectually the equal of the Colonial settler, who farmed because no large sphere was then open to him; but even among the better educated people of the present day, it is a distinct minority who understand and appreciate the artistic value of restraint, the true meaning of proportion in its broad sense. Such a feeling actuated, perhaps unconsciously, the early builders of

these modest farmhouses. If they built without knowledge, they must have been gifted with happy instinct.

The cottage illustrated here is one of a type very common in the neighborhood of Portsmouth, either on the good farm land back a bit from the water, or on the poorer land reaching down to the many creeks and backwaters which compose the outlets of the Piscataqua. It is a small one-story cottage with an attic. The eaves are so low that one can touch them from the ground, and the lilacs rise nearly to the ridge. Grouped around a great central chimney, which contained three open fire-places and the oven, were kitchen and scullery on the north and the parlor and another small room on the

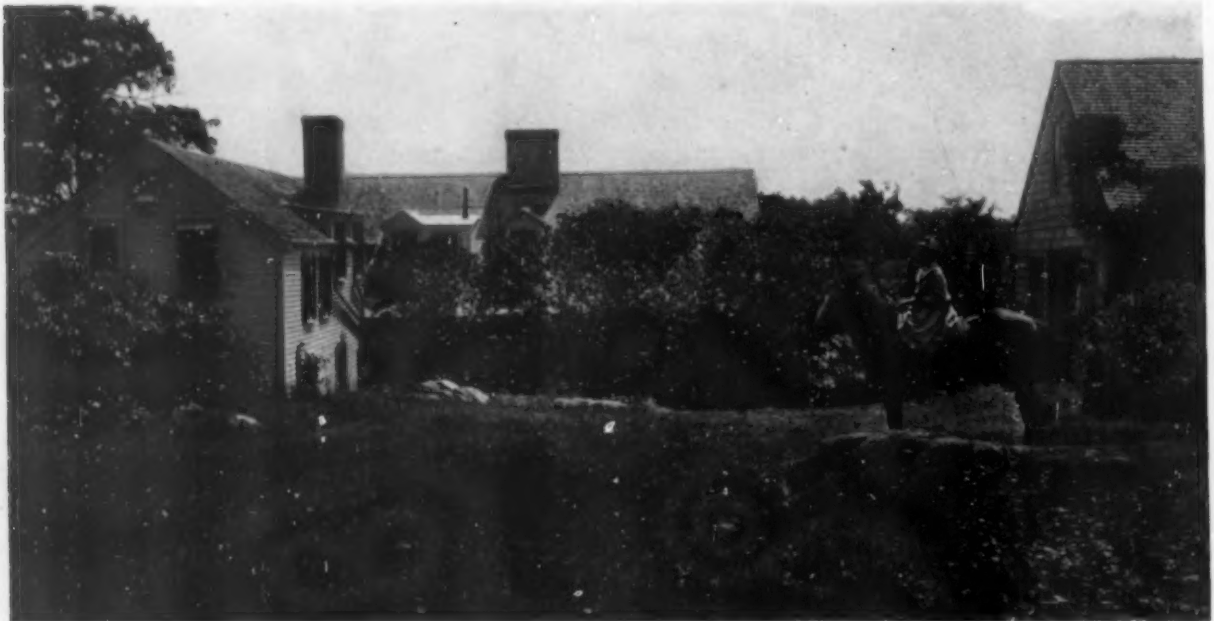
*Two Old New England Houses*



THE CABBAGE PATCH IN FRONT OF THE FARMHOUSE

south. Upstairs is one good-sized room,—the ceiling furred to an oval shape,—and two smaller rooms over the kitchen. Outside, and, in this case, at a little distance from the house, are the barns, shed and various

farm outbuildings. The place had been neglected for years when we moved in, and but faint evidences remained of the care and thrift of earlier owners. In front, a half fallen wall indicated a terrace on which still stood

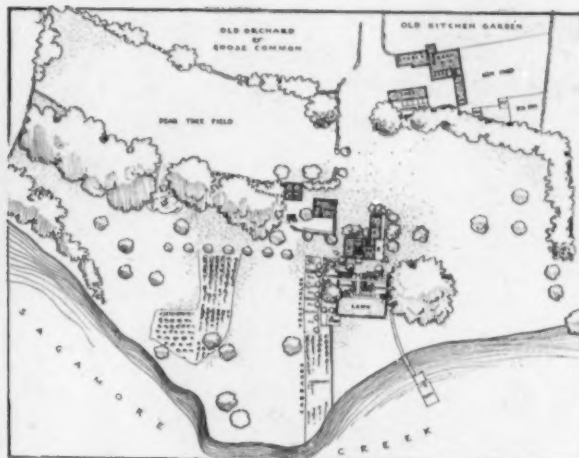


THE FARMHOUSE FROM THE NORTH



A WEATHER-BOARDED GABLE

two old hawthorns, a pink and a white; and below this a rank growth of weeds seemed to indicate that the richer soil of a garden had once been here. No one who has a mere summer home can do more than make a pretense at having a garden and keeping it in proper order; but it is a keen pleasure to work on it, even if it must be left to others, or to itself, for six or seven months. In its present condition it is therefore by no means a model, but is at all events more kempt and cared for than when it was taken in hand. The upper terrace has been regraded and still the pink hawthorn fills the spring air with its rather overpowering odor, but the white one has been choked by a raised grade. The second terrace is once more a garden—the rank weeds still grow there—but there are flowers too. In August the roses are few but the phlox is magnificent. Still another terrace has been made below this, and it has been suggested to have bowls here. I have no good garden roller, and the madame says



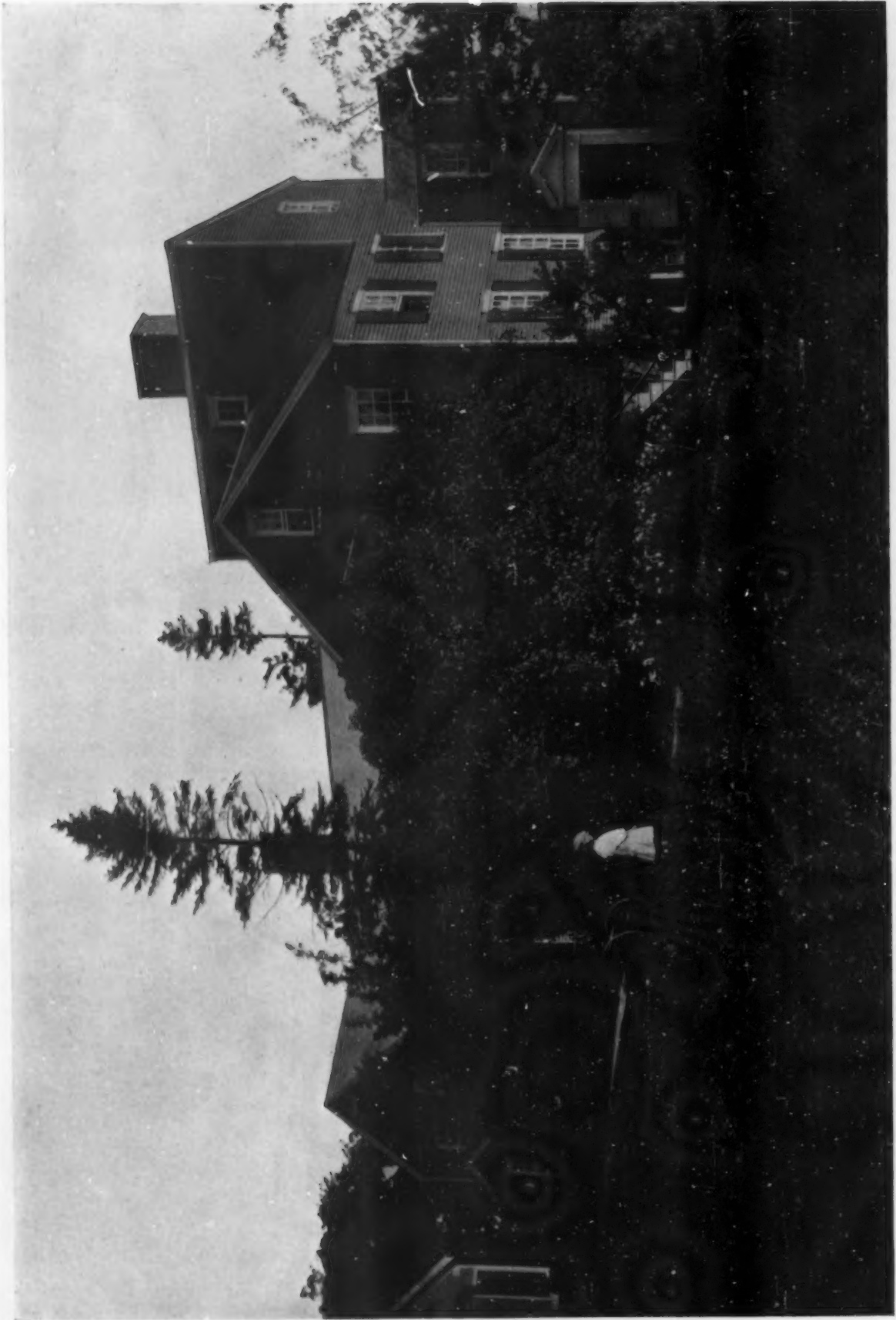
THE INFORMAL PLAN

the balls would imagine they were running hurdle races rather than rolling on a bowling green: all the more skill then to make them land near the jack. The first few years I tried a kitchen-garden near the barn, on nearly an acre of ground. Two men could never keep it in order. Sometimes we had peas and beans by the bushel which no one wanted to buy, and at other times we had nothing. Cauliflowers seemed to have forgotten their business and would insist on producing leaves, and brussel sprouts wouldn't make nice little buttons, but produced young cabbages instead.

So the kitchen-garden was reduced in size and moved down near the house, where it is at all events more tidy and more handy, even



THE BARN OF THE FARMHOUSE



THE WENTWORTH HOUSE





A SHELTERED DOORWAY OF THE WENTWORTH HOUSE

if not more productive. As a matter of fact a well kept kitchen-garden properly laid out is just about as interesting as a flower garden, and there is no reason why one shouldn't have flowers in the kitchen-garden too. If you have the dwarf fruits, you have a garden which can hold its own well with the flower garden and is a most fit and proper adjunct to a house which is really nothing but a little farmhouse.

In simplicity of sentiment the old Wentworth house stands in closer relation to the farmhouse than it does to the finer houses of the town, which were its contemporaries. It is true it has a fine room, the banqueting hall, a parlor, which is on quite a different scale from the farmhouse parlor, yet it is what I may call countrified. It is not fashionably classic in its plan, which is rambling and unbalanced and its detail is simple, almost naive. Like the cottage, the governor's old summer place had passed through a state of decayed gentility, much neglected, dirty and ill-cared for, but yet showing unmistakable marks of

its past, and retaining the chief features of its architecture unchanged, it stood a somewhat sad reminder of former dignity. Fortunately it fell into the hands of one who cared for its past, and for its many homely beauties of the present, and it is now as attractive as in its palmiest days, even though no governor's guard stack arms in the vestibule and no Colonial bloods feast in the banqueting room or play in the card rooms. The house is unlike any other of that period that I know of. It seems to have been built or put together at various times without a trace of the formal arrangement of rooms which was even then an accepted method of planning everywhere in the colonies. I fancy there was never much careful gardening about this old house; it seems to have been more like a country villa for occasional outings than a country home, and the Wentworths had fine gardens at their town house, only two miles off. But the little enclosed spot, where now lilies and roses bloom, might well have been meant originally for a door-yard garden, and the



THE GOOD ARCHITECTURAL DETAIL OF THE EARLY NEW ENGLAND HOUSES

lilacs which protect it from the north and east were not planted yesterday. Below the garden, to the east, is the long rambling shed, for miscellaneous uses in the old days, now a studio, and a boat-house; and beyond this again the pier and floats stretching out to a deep pool which gives room for the boats at the lowest tide. Undoubtedly the old landing was here, probably a timber crib, for some old logs still lie embedded there. The whole shore is full of



A WING OF THE WENTWORTH HOUSE



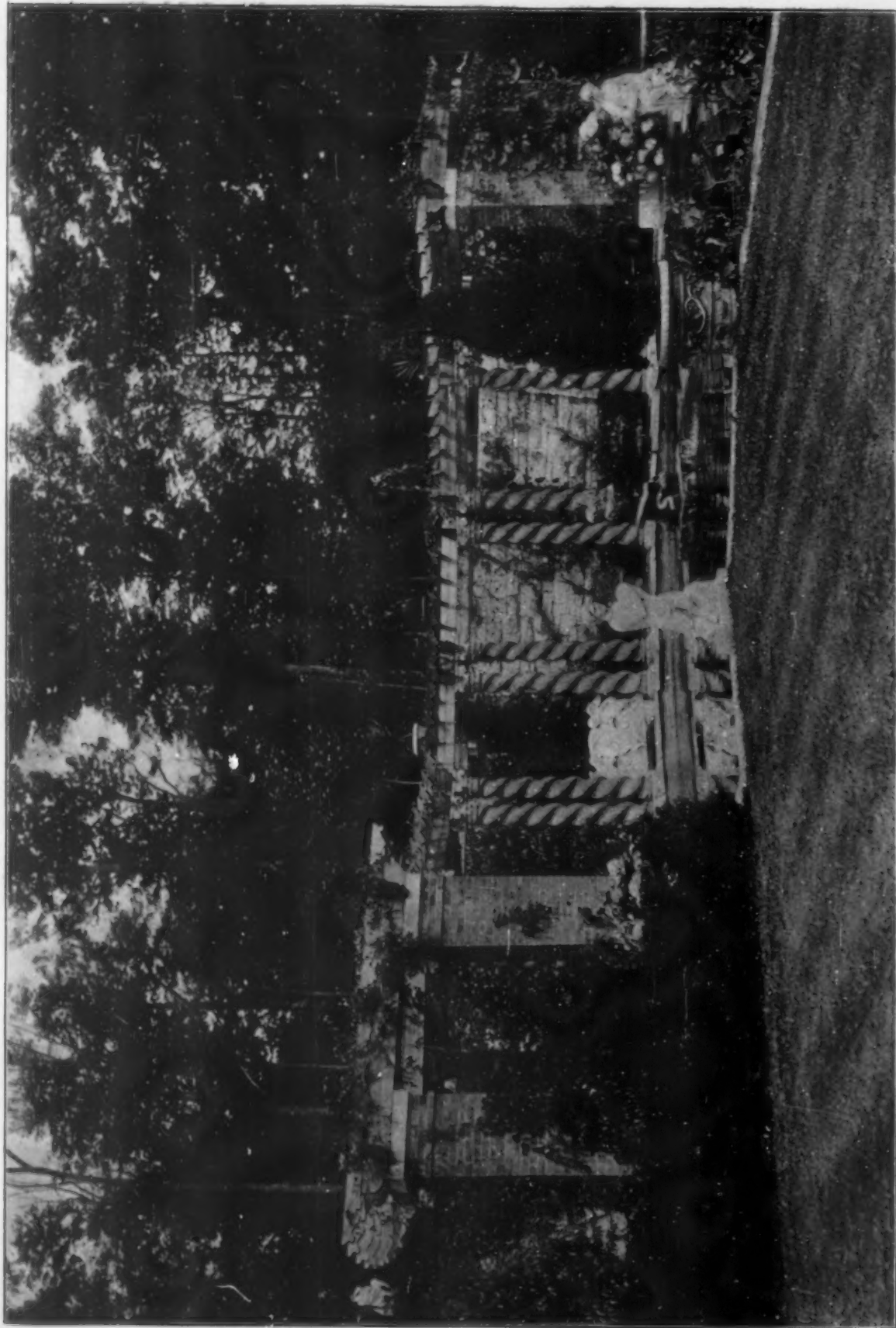
THE BOATHOUSE

memories of these earlier days and one readily imagines the governor with his gay party of friends coming down the river in barges, and enjoying Little Harbor and the open ocean, perhaps venturing out to the shoals and tasting the hospitality of Loughton, who was even then keeping an inn and licensed to sell beer; or visiting the lonely rock

where the tall lighthouse now stands, which a few years later was to be the scene of that grim tragedy—English seamen starving for weeks in bleak December on the barren rock, kept alive eventually by that last resort, and rescued at the end only through the sacrifice of two of their number.

On shore the gay crowd at the governor's house probably recked little of the humble household at the cottage; but in later days the small house had its crumb of history, too, for falling into the hands of some refugees, it sheltered once Louis Philippe during his wanderings in this country.

A collection should be made of drawings and photographs of the small farmhouses which dot our New England coasts. The native owners neither appreciate nor value them; the modern flimsy cottage is in their eyes more to be desired. The summer boarder is looking for bath rooms with hot and cold water, and soon these charming buildings will be but a memory.



THE HEAD OF THE POOL

GARDEN POTTERY IN FORMAL DESIGN

"BELLEFONTAINE" AT LENOX

## AMERICAN GARDEN POTTERY

By SAMUEL SWIFT

ALMOST a necessity in the modern country estate, garden pottery is yet so new a factor here that its production is what tariff-framers might accurately describe as an infant industry. Much as we like to forget the Egyptian darkness out of which we have lately emerged, it is fair to assume that the terra-cotta vase or urn or tree tub is the immediate successor (though surely it marks a change of dynasty as well as of ruler) of the cast iron receptacle without which no man's garden was once complete. And these were contemporary with the lurking dogs, the frightened deer and other fauna imperishably preserved in this merciless substance, whose coats were freshened once a year with new paint. Survi-

vors of this style bear dates shockingly recent, and it is this that one must keep in mind when tempted to grow restive under the present limitations of American garden pottery. After all, public taste has made great strides of late, and it cannot be forced ahead too fast, without danger of diffusing and nullifying its power. Patience must be exercised, for it is upon the public that the raising of this industry into its proper place as one of the minor arts must ultimately depend.

That little short of a miracle has been accomplished, nearly any country place laid out within the past ten years will prove. Urns and tree jars are used with frequency and aptness as accessories in schemes of



GARDEN POTTERY AMID SHRUBBERY



A From Mr. Stanford White's model



B From a model provided by Mr. Charles A. Platt

ITALIAN JARS MADE BY THE PERTH AMBOY TERRA COTTA CO.

architectural or garden design. Placed on boundary walls, gateposts or balustrades, they provide accents and focal points, irrespective of their own possibilities in formal beauty or as color notes, or of their functions as holders of plants or trees. How completely, too, a pair of well chosen pots, guarding a short flight of steps, as on a terrace, supplies a subtly felt architectonic need! They act as portals, they mark a definite beginning of the ascent, they set bounds to it in terms that admit of no uncertainty, yet without a too insistent proclamation. Formal gardens are hardly to be laid out without a half dozen or more specimens of the marble or terra-cotta vase. Along the pavement by

the house itself, and in its very courtyard, these convenient, movable, decorative factors of design are invaluable. And, as seen in the Giraud Foster place at Lenox, the garden jar is equally applicable to wholly informal parts of a design. In short, this particular class of ornament, which reached so high a development in Italian and French villas of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has at last made a place for itself here, and it has come to stay. The demand is growing with the marked turning toward country life. Architects and their clients are using these decorative pots more and more.

What are the American "art" potteries



C From models provided by Mr. Stanford White



D Designed by Messrs. Carrère & Hastings

ITALIAN JARS MADE BY THE PERTH AMBOY TERRA COTTA CO.

doing, in view of these chances? On the whole, in spite of certain fortunate instances, they have not fully realized their duty of fostering this increasing demand and turning it toward the higher forms of garden ornaments. This is the conclusion reached after a somewhat careful investigation. The tendency is too much toward making immediate profits upon cheap products, rather than striving to establish and enlarge the market for the best and most personal designs. Out of the dozen potteries to which one naturally looks for response to this new opportunity (which they had no hand in creating) only half have seriously entered the field. The Rookwood Pottery at Cincinnati, a veteran in the artistic working of clay, has done nothing yet. Neither have the Van Briggles establishment at Colorado Springs nor the Newcomb College at New Orleans, although the Van Briggles firm has begun experimenting along these lines. Charles Volkmar, whose art experience goes back to days at Barbizon when he was a young and not wholly appreciative associate of Jean François Millet and his family, has worked years at his small pottery at Corona, L. I., and more lately at



E



G



H

PRODUCTS OF THE PERTH  
AMBOY TERRA COTTA CO.

Metuchen, N. J., without venturing into designs upon an outdoor scale, though he has been successful with mantel tiles and other architectural pieces. Robertson, of Dedham, has sounded the gamut of greens and reds and grays without seeking expression through garden pottery. Nothing

has yet come from the Low Tile Works at Chelsea.

Designers and producers of American garden pottery known to the writer are the Merrimac Pottery, at Newburyport, Mass., of which T. S. Nickerson is president; the Perth Amboy Terra Cotta Company; The Grueby Faience Company, of Boston; William Galloway's Walnut Street Potteries, Philadelphia; the Poillon Pottery, of Woodbridge, New Jersey; and last, though not surpassed by any in artistic spirit, one of the Brush Guild workers in New York, Lucie Fairfield Perkins. Besides these, the Moravian Pottery at Doylestown, Pa., by assembling large tiles on a backing of cement, constructs garden vases of square, hexagonal or other shapes.

Let the reader study the illustrations representing these potters, and he will be ready to regret that so few American designers have carried over



A LARGE GARDEN VASE MADE AT THE MERRIMAC POTTERY



TERRA-COTTA FLOWER JARS MADE AT THE MERRIMAC POTTERY

into their work the personal, the human quality. He will wonder why, when museums hold rich stores of Cyprian antique vessels, of old Italian pieces, of Chinese and Japanese wares, and of the ancient pottery of North American Indian races, quite comparable, in its way, with that of Europe—he will wonder why this free heritage has been either wholly neglected or used, in many cases, so unintelligently. On the other hand, the reader will be interested to note certain evidences, not only of the successful reproduction of old designs, but of a true absorption of their spirit, and, in Miss Perkins's case, a power of developing from them along lines wholly justifiable and quite individual.

Garden pottery may well be of various forms, since it is put to all sorts of uses. Tall urns, with narrow mouths, or even with covers, may give a pair of tolerably commonplace gateposts an air of consequence. The other extreme, a shallow, open bowl, is for small plants on a porch or other place easy of access, and not architecturally important. Between these two limits, shapes and sizes may be of almost endless variety, as special conditions demand. Generally, the depth must be con-

siderable, to allow for roots of bay or other trees, and if the plant be a hardy one, the vessel should be sufficiently cone shaped to give the earth in it a chance to rise and expand with frost, without cracking the sides of the jar. The point to be made here is that no matter how one elects to vary the design, he can almost certainly find, among the stores of ancient art and utility happily preserved to the world, some old-time piece that will help

to solve the problem. Indeed, one may thus get hints of the most practical sort, as to form, proportion, the relation of thickness to size and curvature, the capacities and limitations of the material, the use of color and decoration, the effect of glazes and textures.

Such work is a safe model, whether one wishes to reproduce it *verbatim*, so to say, or, better yet, to study its character as one would go over a Haydn sonata, in order to absorb its lessons of structural beauty as a guide to original design, more directly touched by modern conditions. In the case of the old pottery, its excellence is largely due to its



HAND MODELED GARDEN JARS MADE AT THE MERRIMAC POTTERY







M

having been produced when the style was vitalized by actual demand for utilitarian purposes. The best period of any art or industry is the time when its products are



O



N

WORK OF THE MERRIMAC POTTERY

truly functional, when they express their part of the life in which they figure. The old water jars, now much treasured by architects and landscape gardeners, were meant to be handled by ordinary folk, who regarded them not as works of art, but as tools of their daily life. The vessels had to be strong enough to bear the burdens required of them; their shapes were made convenient, and their handles were modeled on the main body with the knowledge that they must stand a heavy strain. Old Spanish oil jars were made of solid material, with substantial bottoms, and with contour curves persuaded rather than forced. And though the surfaces of these vessels were often simple to severity, one always feels the life-giving personal touch, the absence of the machine-made accuracy of to-day.

Antique designs, of course, have not escaped American potters. They have been used in three ways. Direct castings or reproductions, from moulds made from the orig-

inal pieces have been carefully taken, and in many cases are altogether charming. New models, developed with the indirect aid of old pots, along reverent and skillful lines, lay claim to warm appreciation. Imitations of the foreign original, on a different scale, have been, with few exceptions, wantonly bad. In the first place, it is not practicable to enlarge or reduce mathematically a design made for a certain size. Proportions, in other words, hold good only for the particular scale in which the work is conceived. Was it not a French writer who declared that to multiply with rigid accuracy the dimensions of a small sculptured figure would make it no longer human, but a monster?

The potter in America, whatever his nationality or previous experience, takes all too readily to the use of mechanical devices to save hand modeling. The potter's wheel, which has antiquity to recommend it, is rarely found in its old form in this country (Charles



P

TERRA COTTA URNS

Volkmar still uses it), but there are such equivalents as a wooden slat or board, with zinc edge cut into the desired outline, pivoted on a center and swung around to mark out the damp clay with smooth infallibility. Thus is the life effaced from the copy; thus its surface



MADE BY WM. GALLOWAY R

is made uniform with the cold perfection of machinery. The human eye and brain and hand have left scarcely a visible mark upon such a product. It comes into the art-world orphaned, and it is as dull and as impeccable as one of Bouguereau's respectable paintings. At one glance its story is told. The original theme or contour may have contained admirable possibilities for an artist-

craftsman, but have they been even suggested here? What can a purely mechanical process, not of true reproduction, but of mere copying by rule and measure, transmit, of the idiom, the enthusiasm, of the creator's hand? Meanwhile, architects that know better go blithely on, either endorsing machine-made pottery or buying it for their clients. So it happens that in spite of a heavy tariff duty, foreign contemporary or antique pieces figure largely among the higher priced and more desirable specimens in the market.

The question of cost involves another interesting point. How far is it justifiable to repeat a successful vase or urn? If an original be not duplicated, the designer cannot afford to sell it for less than, say, fifty dollars. If casts be taken, the price may easily be reduced to ten or even five dollars. In practice, nearly every piece is multiplied as long as the demand holds out, except when the

seems wholly justified, especially as it enables the designer to find a larger public for that which makes for artistic righteousness, and offers him, also, a better reward than the uncertain return from occasionally selling one unduplicated piece.

Before examining in detail the work now being done in American garden pottery, it may be added that not only must the vase

original is furnished by an architect who restricts reproduction to the needs of his own clients. Nearly all potters, however, would regard it as ideal were they able to make each work turned out an original—and this not from business motives, but from artistic conviction. Yet in garden design, it is often advisable to have several vases exactly alike. Since it is possible to preserve in a well made cast both the substance and the accidents of the model, the weight of argument seems to favor a limited number of fac-similes. Make a design too common and it loses its potency; but is Whistler's etched portrait of his early London patron, of which one of the three existing prints was recently sold in New York any more precious as a work of art than one of his equally interesting Thames plates, of which nearly fifty impressions were struck? Economically, the reasonably limited edition, in the case of garden pottery,



PRODUCTS OF THE GALLOWAY POTTERY



A

TERRA COTTA URNS



V

MADE BY WM. GALLOWAY



"THE TRIUMPH OF NEPTUNE"  
AN URN MADE BY WM. GALLOWAY

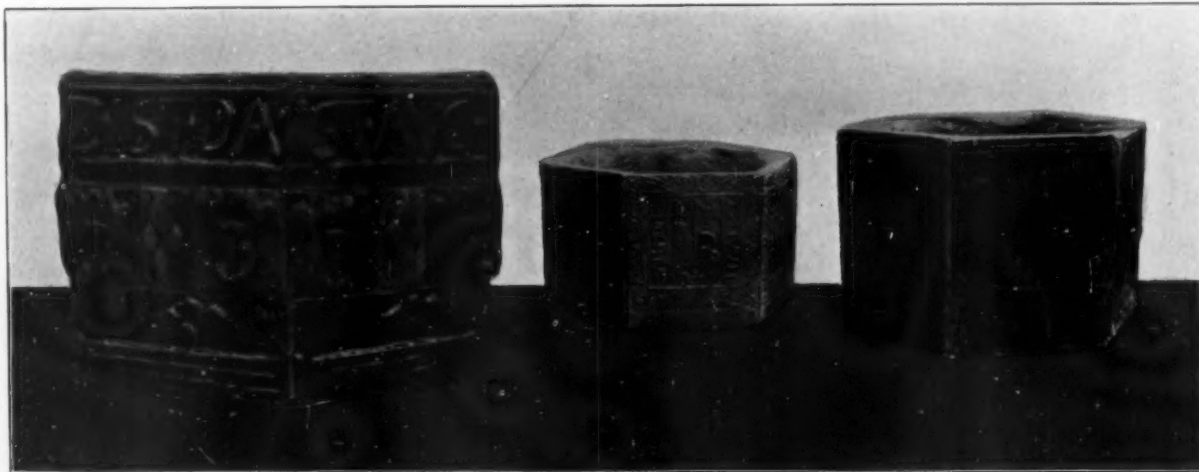
be durable and its surface non-absorbent, but that color should be subordinated to both form and decoration. Permissible colors are virtually limited to the reds and browns of the soil, to the greens of foliage, and to the whites and grays that harmonize with nearly everything. Glazes may be of the highly polished sort or of the less assuming variety known as matte, with its dull, unglazed finish, produced in the kiln or by directing a

sand blast over the surface. Applied or incised decorations afford a touchstone of the designer's skill and taste. Every style has its own character, but moderation is a word fitly spoken in them all. Above all, the decoration should bear some discernible relation to the form of the vessel itself. To key these two factors together is to have won one's spurs as an artist-potter.

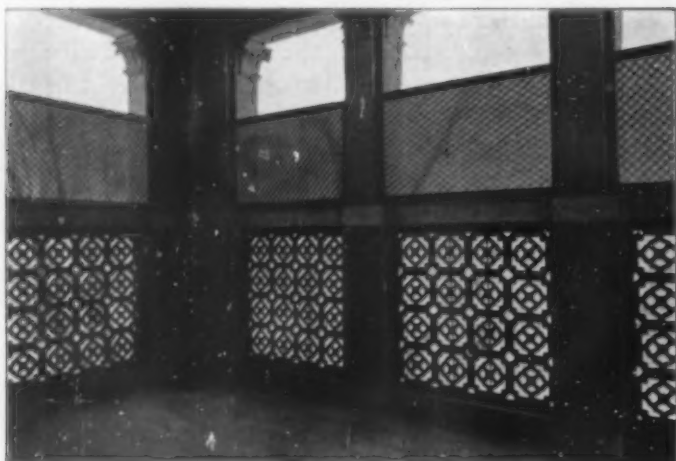
To come down to actual practice, let the reader note the several illustrations of the Perth Amboy Terra Cotta Company's work. For true reproductions of old Italian specimens, we have those marked A, B, C and D. The first piece was sent to the pottery by Mr. Stanford White, and the second by Mr. Charles A. Platt. A, C and D were once oil jars, as their two bung-holes show, while B is as distinctively intended for holding a tree. In all four, the contour pleases the eye and there is purposeful and not too involved decoration. The belts and their connecting diagonals in A have an agreeable freedom, almost a casual quality; you like to think of the original potter pausing to look at his work and surveying it lovingly, near by and at a distance. Surely he might have kept that dominating girdle around its middle more nearly of one size and direction, but for the good of art and to satisfy his own instinct, he re-

frained from a too free use of compasses and calipers. For the potter, though he must be an architect in little, should also be a sculptor *in posse* and while his work must not only be strong, but look so, it may well enjoy a little license, else he might better turn his attention to bridge beams and locomotive boilers.

This old terra-cotta tree tub, too, has its whims of curvature and decoration. The architect's order was to carry out a dozen



FLOWER BOXES MADE OF TILES AT THE MORAVIAN POTTERY



A PIAZZA SCREEN OF TILES



AN INSET ORNAMENT

MADE BY THE GRUEBY FAIENCE CO.

or more reproductions in solid green glaze, for the estate of a western client. In firing one lot of these tubs the color ran, leaving them with delightful green and white markings. But as the order had been for plain green the results of this happy accident were not accepted by the garden maker. Incidentally, the pottery firm obtained a suggestion for a new modification of glazes—comparable, in a minor way, to the lucky discovery of rough and “warty” brick several years ago through the firing of a lot that had been rained on when still soft. The green glaze of C and D, with its interesting surface, reflecting unexpected lights and darks, derives part of its beauty from the lively texture of the jar itself. Its coarseness is decidedly a merit.

Now compare with these the much stiffer yet still excellent design E, also furnished by Mr. Stanford White. The difference is at once perceptible. The workmanship of this truncated cone is as geometric as the name of its shape. Save for a few tool marks on either side of the modeled flower form, the tree tub is all but voiceless, so far as individuality goes. No such license was in order here as in the older pieces, but

one cannot avoid the feeling that this was cast from a model turned off with a template made from a mechanical drawing. Its lower half is about as uninspiring as a billiard ball—but for the spacing of the bands and the big rim, the jar would be quite commonplace, in spite of its admirable suitability for the housing of a tree. Similar criticism must apply to F, used by Messrs. Carrère and Hastings for the Hotel Ponce de Leon grounds at St. Augustine. Had its workmanship been less dry and accurate the total effect would have been far happier. Look closely at the suave antique shape marked G and you can see the unemotional horizontal lines produced by sweeping around its body with the tool. Thus has its artistic life blood been drained. The unyielding accuracy of the frieze pattern of H helps to make it commonplace.

Using a form of the potter's wheel, and announcing that all its garden pieces, except a few specified, are thrown on the wheel by hand, The Merrimac Pottery has chosen some exceedingly good shapes which lack only the personal quality in their execution to challenge warm admiration. Of these is the large jar marked K.



A FLOWER POT AND BOWL

MADE BY THE GRUEBY FAIENCE CO.

Would that the potter had put a thought more elasticity into the contour lines (which look as though under internal pressure) and had not smoothed out the light and shade of the encircling garland! The distinguished Greek vase L, a half ovoid in shape, is said to have been modeled by hand, but it discloses little enthusiasm. The potter came nearer to expressing himself in the Japanese jar, M, which is symmetrical in the right sense, and is one of the best Merrimac productions. Uncommon in shape, though still too measured in treatment is the tall



A WALL POCKET FOR FLOWERS  
*Designed by Theodore Hanford Pond*

vase marked N, and both archaic and graceful is O. Plainly, if the handicraft here and in the other Merrimac designs were on a par with the selection of patterns, some quite wonderful results might ensue.

Antique shapes and those of the profuse Louis Quatorze period are produced at the old pottery of William Galloway in Philadelphia without appearing to exercise much influence upon the modern designs turned out by the same establishment. The concise and elegant piece marked R (using the latter adjective in its original significance), was



AA



BB

*Designed by Theodore Hanford Pond*  
TERRA COTTA TREE JARS MADE AT THE POILLON POTTERY



CC A GARDEN BOWL  
Designed by T. H. Pond Made at The Poillon Pottery

patterned after a vessel found at Pompeii. Nothing else shown in this article matches it in a certain crispness and vigor of style. Has it not a touch of the pagan pride that claimed the place and period for its own? By its side the vase marked S is diffuse, almost garrulous, without saying half so much, while T, another antique shape, is more beautiful without possessing the peculiar incisive tang of its neighbor. All of these were well worth imitating in American pottery, but again this polished perfection of surface is regrettable. Pompous and yet characteristic of its time is a large Louis XIV vase, "The Triumph of Neptune" (W), while in X and Y, baroque superfluity and heaviness have already made their appearance.

The Grueby Faience Company, of Boston, has included in its outdoor pottery decorative bits for fountains and balustrades, insets for garden walls and tiles for piazza screens, as well as the usual jars and vases for plants. No other American pottery excels this one in the cool and agreeable surface of its ware, and none has put forth a more artistic or personal piece of work than the large shallow bowl shown in the illustration. Grueby ware, whose shapes are designed by George P. Kendrick, has a texture softly luminous, without hinting at polish. Its skin is smooth and fine, but not inanimate. In this bowl, for example, it is particularly luscious and desirable. This, in fact, is one of the not too numerous examples of American garden pottery that may properly be the subject of enthusiasm. It is far superior to the taller Grueby pot reproduced here.

From the same establishment came the

lion's head in terra-cotta, for a fountain in the Dublin, N. H., garden of Mr. J. Lawrence Mauran, the St. Louis architect. This was a happy idea, and the surroundings are especially fortunate. It is included here as a hint at the scope of terra-cotta, when properly treated, as a decorative factor in the garden. Quite novel is the piazza railing of perforated tiles, glazed on both sides, for a Cambridge house whose architect was Mr. H. Langford Warren. The danger of breakage may be less than it looks, but terra-cotta, though an inch cube, will resist 6,500 pounds if thoroughly hardened. Probably this was experimental; but it is pleasing enough to suggest a repetition, and, in that case, the design might profitably be varied in adjoining sections of the railing.

Seeking "structural, simple lines," and aiming to adapt his designs to the exact need and peculiarity of each new set of conditions, Theodore Hanford Pond, designer for the Poillon Pottery at Woodbridge has, consciously or not, drifted into the pathway of "L' Art Nouveau." He has sought to give his work "absolute suitability to uses and materials, without a blind adherence to classic or stereotyped forms and lines." But has he



DD A PIERCED JARDINIÈRE  
Designed by T. H. Pond Made at The Poillon Pottery



EE

FF

GG

TERRA COTTA JARS BY LUCIE F. PERKINS, OF THE BRUSH GUILD

succeeded in gaining simplicity? Could anything be more complex than the surfaces in the Poillon ware tree pot AA? What deducible law does the curve of the underbody follow? Beauty that depends largely upon the lawless and the accidental has not in artificial objects, the elements of stability. The tree tub BB, in white unglazed Parian ware, has more to recommend it, and whatever one's views as to *Art Nouveau*, he must acknowledge the assertiveness of such specimens as these and their handsome qualities of texture. That Mr. Pond is highly ingenious in devising forms and uses for outdoor pottery may be learned from the window ledge boxes he has designed and from his wall pocket, to be hung against a piazza post or in any convenient place. Any one of several colors is used for these pieces, with yellow a favorite, in a dull matte glaze. Here, too, must be mentioned a big garden bowl, CC, and a pierced and modeled jardiniere stand, DD, the latter made after the general plan of Chinese garden seats of long ago.

To declare the garden pottery of Miss Lucie Perkins the most hopeful, in an artistic way, that is now being produced in this country is to say much,

but not too much. For who else has so absorbed the spirit that animated the old Etruscan and Indian potters, those curiously contrasting "seekers for pagan perfection?" Where again, among American potters, shall you find so keen a feeling for absolute beauty of form, for the true function of decoration, for the serene and authoritative in contour? Miss Perkins is a sculptor and she has modeled these jars without the aid of a potter's wheel or other mechanical device. Her work frankly acknowledges a delight in the classics, and a conviction that the ancients are scarcely to be outdone. If she were a composer of music, one would say that she had studied Bach and Palestrina and Mozart, without neglecting the modern Brahms, and with a keen interest, moreover, in the Indian music lore of North America. Like Arthur Farwell, who has been turning to good account these very Indian melodies as a basis for a fresh and inspiring musical expression, Miss Perkins has

profited, following the footsteps of George de Forest Brush, by the noble and dignified achievements of ancient native races.

Miss Perkins has used for her garden pottery red, buff or white terra-



HH

WORK OF LUCIE F. PERKINS

JJ

cotta, with matte glaze, reduced by the sand blast to a rich but quiet surface. Though this sculptor-potter never deliberately copies, preferring to weave together her impressions into an individual whole, the Indian character shows in the subtly curved and simply decorated jars marked EE and FF. The tall vase, HH, is an early one, and JJ also belongs to the beginning of Miss Perkins's garden pottery work, three years ago. Italian and Byzantine influences blend in her old well-head patterns, while the skull of a steer in LL (how admirably modeled it is and how decorative) takes one back to the plains of the



XX GARDEN JARS IN WHITE, GREEN OR REDDISH BROWN TERRA COTTA, BY LUCIE F. PERKINS LL

far west. Fitly proportioned is a square vase, made on a great scale, the weight of clay used being fully 1,200 pounds. Here Miss Perkins has proven her wisdom by keeping in mind the form naturally taken by an architectural column capital. Such garden pottery as this should "turn many to righteousness."



MODELLED DESIGN FOR A SUN-DIAL, BY EDITH W. BURROUGHS  
*Awarded the Avery Prize by the Architectural League of New York*



## THE PATIO IN MEXICO

By MRS. J. K. HUDSON

WHEN one has lived for a time in a house with a patio, or uncovered central court, he comes to believe that the Moors of Spain had some very sensible and pleasing ideas in architecture. The scheme of building a

house around an open space and enclosing it with a wall that is solid and unbroken, except for the wide front entrance, is of course no longer used as a defensive measure, as it was long ago and for many years both in Spain and the Latin-American countries; but what was once a necessity for protection is now a necessity for pleasure and comfort with Mexican people of the better class. A Mexican gentleman's home is his castle in the strictest interpretation of that phrase which means so much. When he has driven through his gate, which is also his front door, and the bar is put up, he is as completely

isolated from the streets as if he were miles away. The fountains and the flowers and the birds that surround him there are his own, and his family make a little world of their own. The patio affords fine opportunity for the use of prominent features of Moresque architecture—the arch and the arcade and the pillar—and the display of these beauty-lines is very pleasing and effective. Two or three tiers of corridors, each one differing in some way from every other one,

make a picturesque interior that can be surpassed by no other style. This slight but constant variation of both outline and detail give evidence of the inherent artistic taste and ability of the Mexican artisan. He appreciates that repetition

is the first law of beauty in architecture, as in music, but recognizes that variation is its twin sister.

The first or ground-level storey, in the typical Mexican city home, is devoted to the horses, carriages and servants, so far as the covered portion is concerned. The central area is more or less elaborately ornamented with potted plants, vines and fountains. Wide stairways lead from the patio to the parlors and libraries and chambers of the upper floors, all opening into the corridors that surround the patio on all sides of each storey. In the less pretentious houses, where there are no

coaches and few servants, the windows of the main living-rooms open on the street, but they are always protected by iron gratings that give the exclusive, mysterious appearance that our homes lack. We admire a house that looks inviting, and pride ourselves upon a hospitable entrance; we have eliminated our division fences and thrown open our parks and private grounds until there is no such thing as exclusion left, at least for the eye. There are preserves upon which



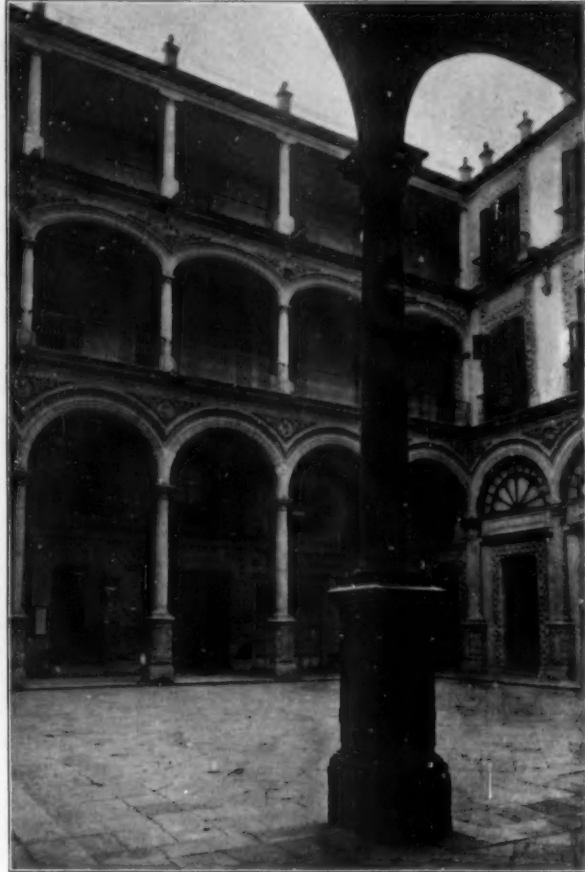
CLOISTERS AT XOCHIMILCO



PATIO OF THE FEDERAL PALACE  
AT QUERETARO



A PATIO IN GUADALAJARA



IN THE ITURBIDE HOTEL, MEXICO CITY

the foot of the passerby may not trespass, plenty of them, but there are few homes in the cities of the United States that possess so much as a nook of outdoors that is not open to the public gaze. The holdings of great landed proprietors are not taken into account in considering the homes of the multitude, they concern so small a number of the people. It is the house of the workingman, the business man, the professional man, that marks the status of a people. It was a generous impulse on the part of the Americans that resulted in the throwing together of yards and grounds and parks. It was the general effect that was sought,



PATIO OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MEXICO CITY

and the giving of opportunity to those less favored to at least look upon the well kept lawns of the rich. It was indeed a generous impulse, even where it was mixed with pride, but I shall perhaps never find a better opportunity in which to enter my protest against the destruction of the old fashioned garden, and the yard that is one's very own. There are yet children in the world, even in the city, thank heaven, and outdoors is as essential to-day as it was in the beginning. Nothing assures good neighbors, when there are children, so surely as a good tight fence. But it is not for the children's sake alone that I would preserve the



THE PATIO GARDEN OF A MEXICAN RESIDENCE



PATIO OF A MODERN RESIDENCE IN THE MEXICAN CAPITAL

yard and the garden. Why should it be necessary in the small city, the town, and the village, where ground is not so valuable that it must all be covered up, to go outside the corporate limits to find a tree that one dare sit under? There used to be grape arbors and shady corners shut off from the street view, where my lady of the house in any place but a large city could take her book or her knitting and commune with herself or a friend. Now-a-days no one can sit under his own vine and fig-tree without making an exhibition of himself.

It is all wrong. Anything that tends to destroy the family exclusiveness, the family privilege, the family duty of keeping itself to itself, is a mistake.

The patio is a great family protection; it fosters the home feeling and keeps the members together. Next to the patio, and an outgrowth of it, of course, is the dear delightful garden of New Orleans and other



PATIO OF THE DESERTED MONASTERY AT MEXICALCINGO

southern cities, so lovingly described by Mr. Cable, and then the old New England garden hedged in by its own growth.

The stone carving on the multiplied arches of many of the public buildings and old monasteries of Mexico is marvellously intricate and ornate, and much of it is very beautiful, the decorative features of almost all Mexican houses being inside and mainly in the patio.

The patio of tenement houses, where great numbers of poor people live, are entrancingly picturesque, with their many angles and quaint stairways, their thronging population and bits of bright color hanging up to dry—for it is always washday in Mexico. The old stone and stucco walls are often weather-stained in soft brick dust and rose tints, and blended creams and mouldy greens cover spaces that delight the artist's eye. But unless one has a pot of paints and really wishes a fine study for a picture, it were just as well not to linger in these patio interiors where the lower class people dwell. The odors are indescribable and can only arise from ages of time and untidiness.

Public buildings of various kinds, governmental and institutional, have more than one patio, often several. The national palace in Mexico City contains a number of patios, the



AN OLD PATIO NEAR GUADALUPE

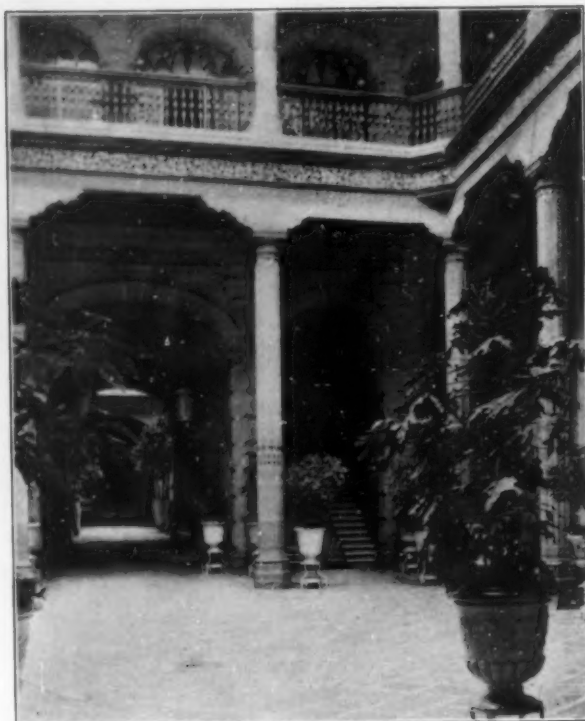


THE RELATION OF THE STABLE  
TO THE HOUSE AND PATIO

building having been added to from time to time ever since the days of Cortez. The main or central court in the Palace is 131 feet square, surrounded with arches and magnificently ornamented.

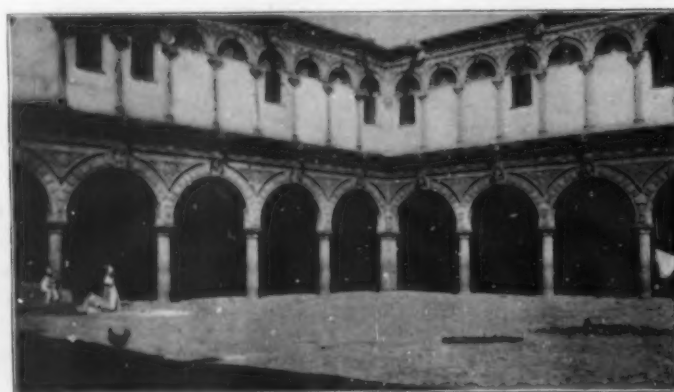
The patio was an important portion of the old business houses of Mexico, serving as it did as store-house, receiving, shipping, packing and unpacking quarters. In many of these massive old structures the patio is now utilized as salesrooms and display rooms for goods, but there are plenty of business houses left where the patio still serves its original purpose.

The traveler, or the sojourner in Mexico, receives his most pleasing impressions of the patio from the glimpses he receives as he passes by, for he is not often favored with an interior view of the patio of a true Mexican

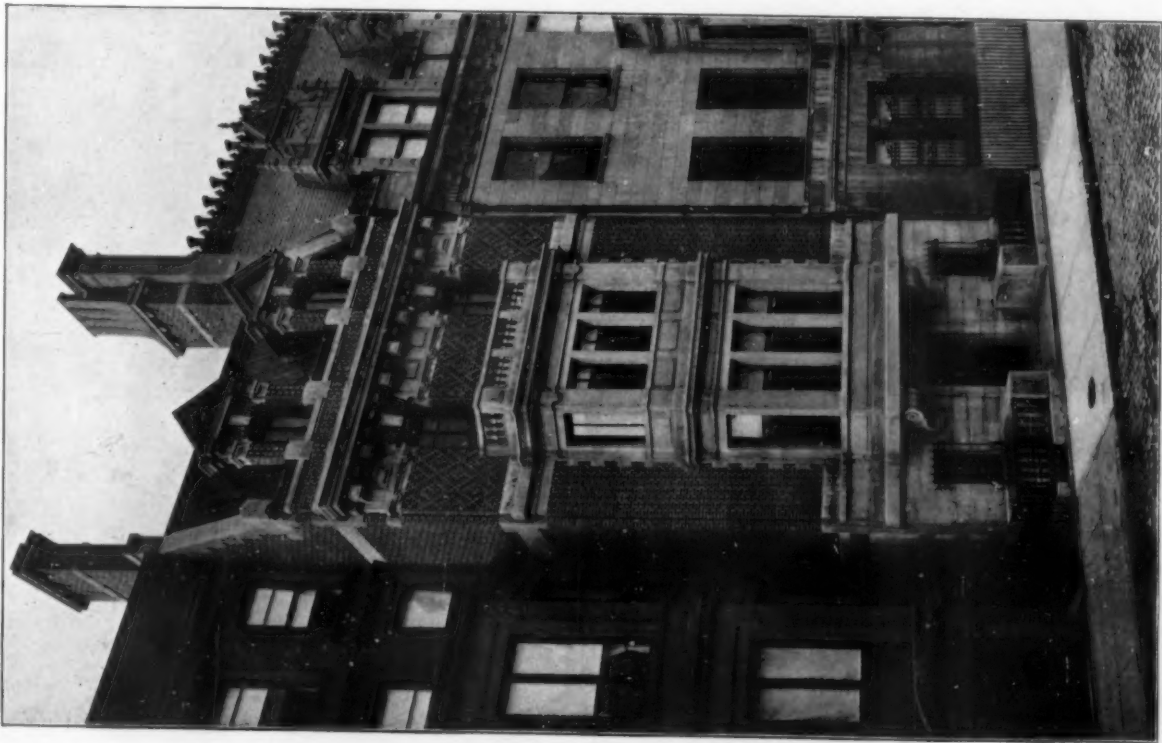


PATIO OF THE JOCKEY CLUB  
MEXICO CITY

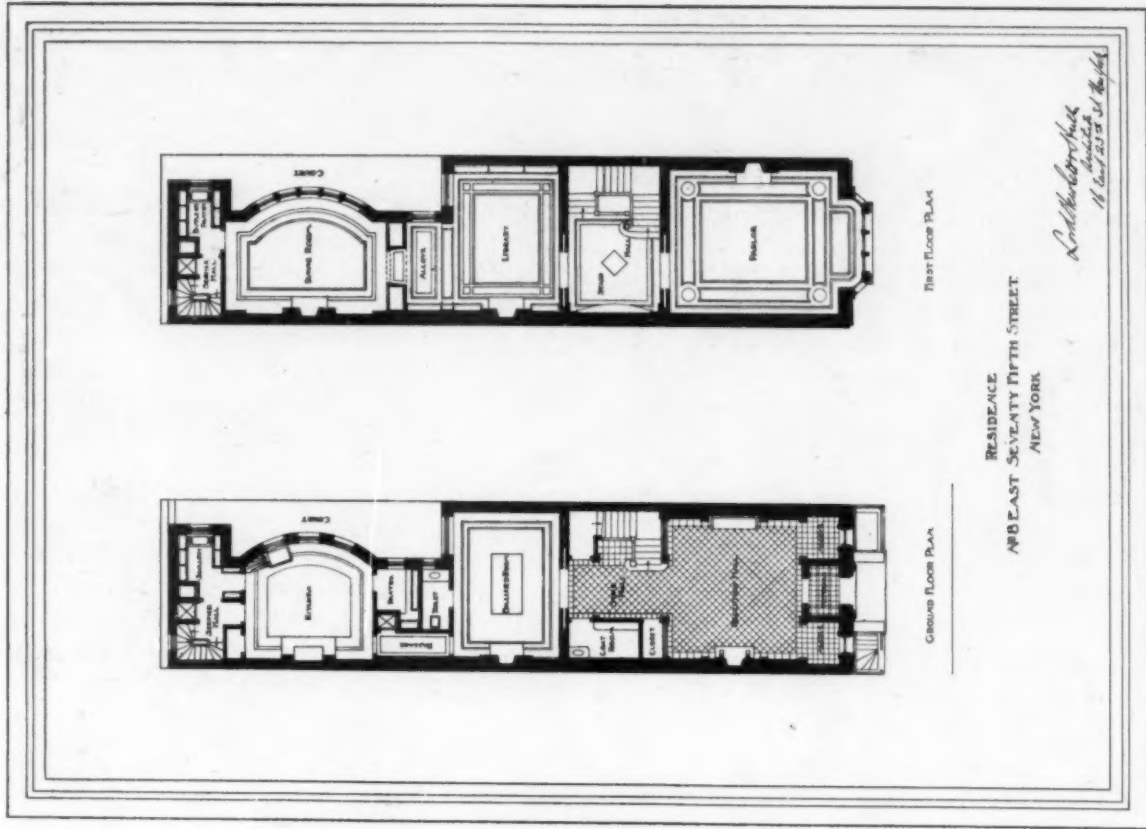
home. But the passing glance reveals enough of the exclusive charm of the patio to make it very attractive to the home lover.



PATIO OF THE OLD CONVENT OF LA MERCED  
MEXICO CITY



A RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK CITY, DESIGNED BY MESSRS. LORD, HEWLETT & HULL



THE Art Commission of New York City, through the efforts of its president, Mr. John DeWitt Warner, is planning to form a municipal art library as a part of the Commission's equipment. It will be, we believe, the first collection of such works ever made; and if accomplished it is to be hoped that it will be held accessible to the public. Mr. Edward R. Smith, of the Avery Library, will visit Europe this summer for the purpose of obtaining a nucleus for the collection. A series of large and accurate maps he regards as one of the most desirable acquisitions. Works throwing light upon the development of the monumental cities of Europe are to be obtained; and there is every prospect that Mr. Smith's wide knowledge of architectural and engineering literature will bring to New York valuable possessions.

In "MODERN CIVIC ART"<sup>1</sup> communal art is defined anew as the highest art. "The City Made Beautiful" are words which the author uses to imply the solution of esthetic municipal problems by an interchange of experience guided by leaders having recognized artistic judgment. This marks the transition from the mere improvement of cities to real civic art. The impulse to beautify is one thing; how to beautify is another. The present work is an answer to this question in so far as it concerns the design of cities. The author, Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson, is a recognized spokesman of this new impulse. His ability to speak upon the subject is largely due to his standing apart from the arenas of specific localities where, with eyes upon a vague ideal, philanthropists grapple with political administrations, or axe-grinders connive at private gain under the falsely borne colors of municipal art. The realizations of true civic art are all so dependent upon diverse causes, seen and unseen, that any general treatment of that progress the author assures us is being made must be done at long range, so long indeed that aerial flights are to be expected and excused. But the purpose of the present work is not dissolved by its abstract generalizing. It calls together the

forces of the civic art movement by restatements telling and sometimes eloquent. This art, we are told, is "municipal" first of all. If men seek it they seek it not for art's sake but for the city's. Architects, sculptors and painters who urge it "are not asking the town to help art but art to help the town." Desired ends are treated specifically and always from the starting point of utility. The water approach to the city is considered with reference to the imposing quays and bridges which dignify and individualize European towns. The land approach deals with the position and design of railroad stations, the administrative center with the occupation of a dominant site. Under the heading of the street plan of the business district legal ways and means are suggested for changing or adding streets,—the first step in the art of transforming cities. But it is in this chapter that the so-called science of city-building assumes a fanciful phase. Principles are established by which a new city should be laid out. The entrance to the town and its important quarters, buildings and foci are to be integrally connected. Excellent if these points exist, but as a matter of fact they do not, during the early years of a city at least. In the shifting changeable moods of American towns these bases are slow to become fixed. Such a frequent occurrence as the entrance of a new railroad may overthrow any architectural scheme in a night. The efforts of public-spirited societies at prodding less eager municipal authorities in Brussels, Berlin and New York are summarized in reference to the furnishings of the street and its adornment. The chapter upon temporary and occasional decoration is full of suggestion for artistic achievement in the popular celebration of historic events. The detailed discussion upon particular monuments—familiar though many of them are—awakens the desire for illustrations; but the book contains none. In the discussion of the city plan, especially, diagrams bringing out the author's points would have been valuable. The absence of these object lessons before the reader's eyes robs the book of considerable force and definiteness. It is, however, a sane and earnest appeal for better things. It assembles familiar facts into a great force having almost infinite latent power.

<sup>1</sup> "Modern Civic Art, or The City Made Beautiful," by Charles Mulford Robinson. 381 pp. octavo. New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1903. Price, \$1.25 net.