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No. 4



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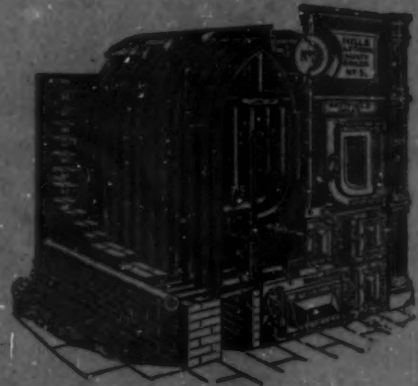
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THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE FROM THE UPPER TERRACE
"MAXWELL COURT"

House & Garden

Vol. IV

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"MAXWELL COURT"

A RESIDENCE AND GARDENS IN THE ITALIAN STYLE AT ROCKVILLE, CONNECTICUT

DESIGNED BY CHARLES A. PLATT

THIS is an example of a residence and garden built together and anew without the necessity of conforming to previously existing architecture or natural landmarks. A wooden dwelling, which formerly stood near the center of the estate, was torn down and its site and foundations ignored. It was therefore a *tabula rasa* upon which the architect began his work, but it was a *tabula inclinata* as well; and this fact, while of advantage to the final effect of the place, must have added greatly to the difficulties of an execution which meant the adjustment of a site to a design.

The estate which has been named "Maxwell Court" consists of about nine acres and lies on a steep slope overlooking the small town of Rockville, a suburb of Hartford, Connecticut. The hills surrounding the town are abrupt without being rugged, and so steep is the one in question that success in growing grass upon its surface during the past rainy season is looked upon as a miraculous feat per-

formed by the English gardener. In order to obtain a level setting for the house, its terraces and the garden, two lines of retaining wall had to be built, one rising from the slope below, another sunk into the hillside above. Between these earth was then placed, four thousand cart-loads being needed for the garden alone.

The entrance avenue runs close beside the upper wall, over the top of which light branches of barberry wave invitingly to ampelopsis and English ivy which have been planted at the base. Above is a grove of young chestnut, maple and oak trees, protecting the house upon the north and throwing a dignified shade over a forecourt where the drive terminates within high walls of brick ornamented with the same gray lime-

stone that is used for the architecture elsewhere. The grass carpeting the grove above is ended abruptly by the wall, and here, if he look sharply, the visitor may find a way of reaching the wood, obtaining the view of the

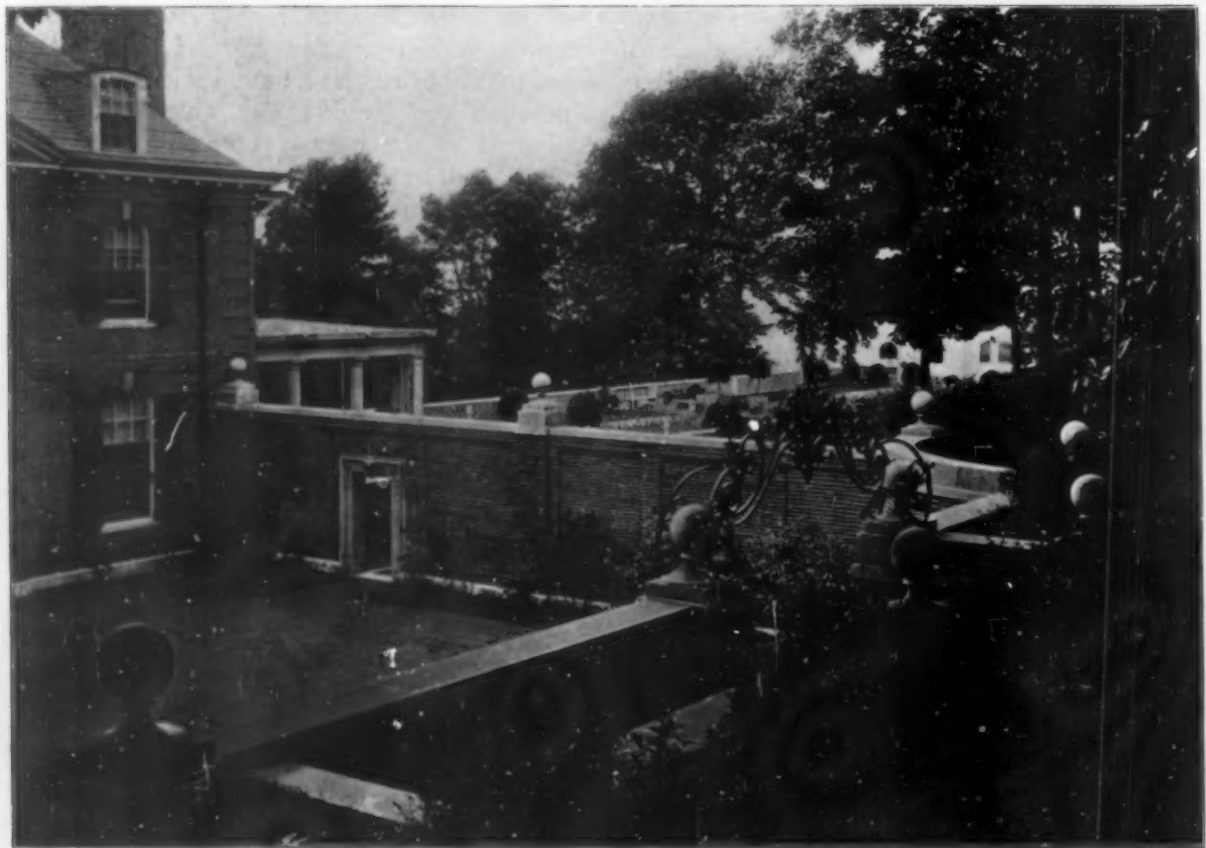


THE MAIN ENTRANCE FROM THE HIGHWAY

"Maxwell Court"



THE SOUTHERN FAÇADE OF THE HOUSE



THE RELATION OF HOUSE, FORECOURT AND GARDEN



THE HOUSE AND FORECOURT FROM THE GROVE

house which appears on page 151, for in the wall of the court opposite the entrance to the house is a fountain so recessed that a narrow stair mounts almost unseen to the ground above. From this high viewpoint, too, may be best seen the relation of the forecourt and formal garden to the house.

A gate leads into the spacious formal garden all aglow with flowers; and one's first steps are taken in the corner known as "The Children's Garden," for here the two little girls whose home is "Maxwell Court" are free to pick johnny-jump-ups, forget-me-nots, heliotrope and other sweet-scented flowers which grow close to the walk in front of azalea mollis and cannas. Looking up the path here is the view occupying the upper portion of page 153. The pergola beyond terminates the garden in a hemicycle and the promenade between its piers re-

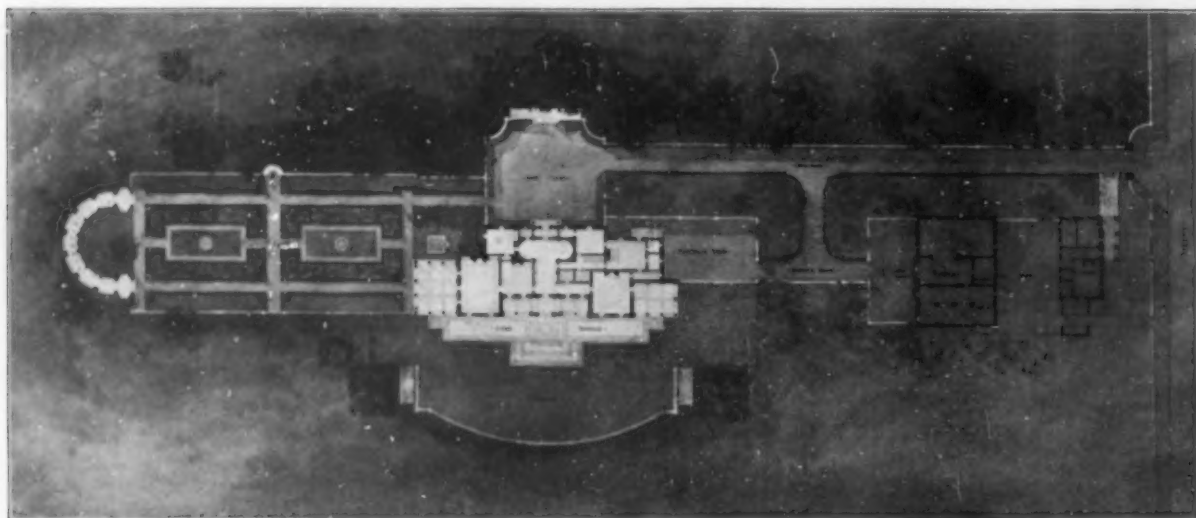
turns along the southern side of the parterres to the house, arriving there at the center of a portico upon which the life of the drawing-room may, in mild weather, overflow. Thus are house and garden firmly bound together, as they should be bound in any formal scheme, and particularly in such a

design as this, echoing as it does, the most formal and architectural garden-craft the world has seen, the Italian. Here in this walled enclosure is the order and grace of architecture carried with a nicety beyond the walls of the nominal habitation, inviting that habitation to extend its meaning and to expand to an outdoor realm



THE UPPER TERRACE FROM THE EAST

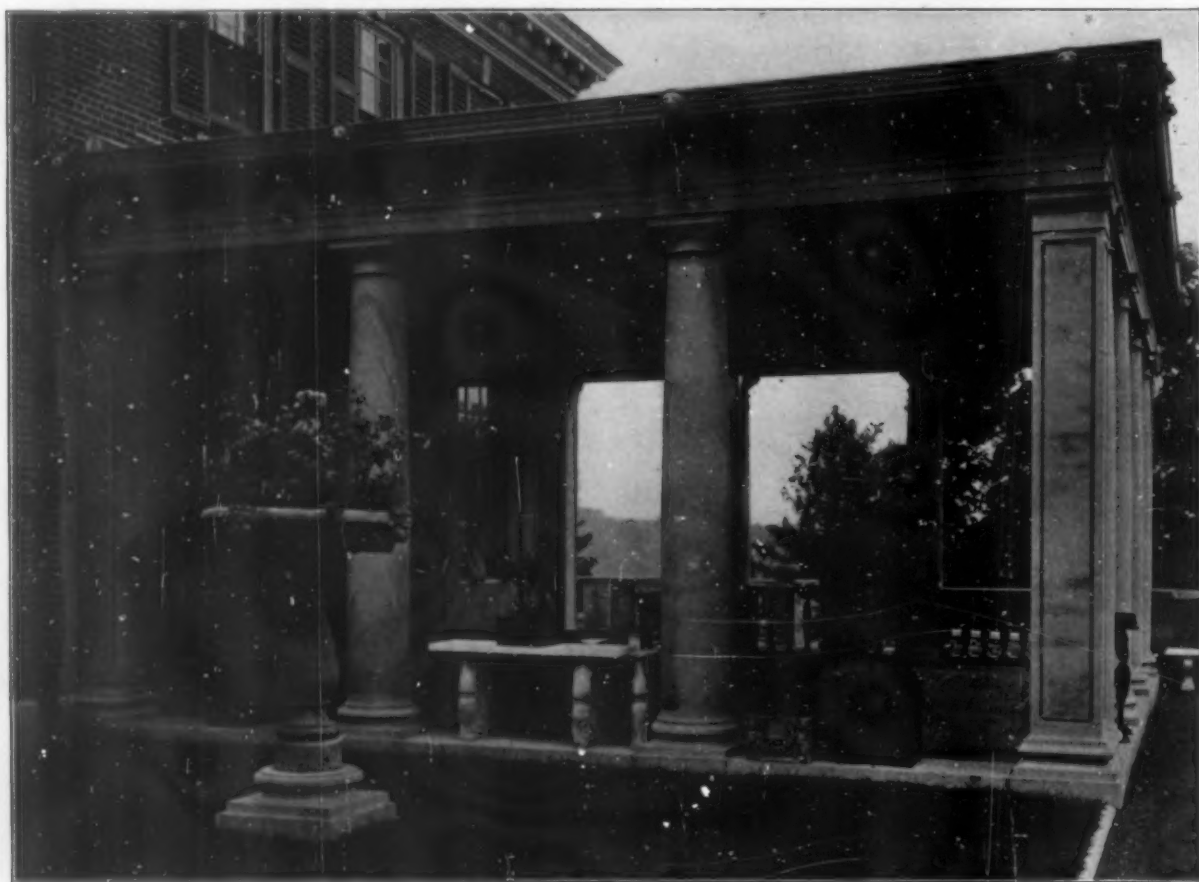
"Maxwell Court"



THE PLAN OF "MAXWELL COURT"
The Seat of Francis T. Maxwell, Esq.

agreeable to human beings for at least a third of the year. Here a survey of Nature is to be commanded, not only at one's feet but over the hillside below,

where the spires of the town appear in the distance, between tops of spruce and maple. And beyond the pergola the view opens toward distant hills, where one in contem-



THE PORTICO WHICH SURVEYS THE GARDEN



A VIEW FROM "THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN"

plation may watch the close of the sun's daily journey.

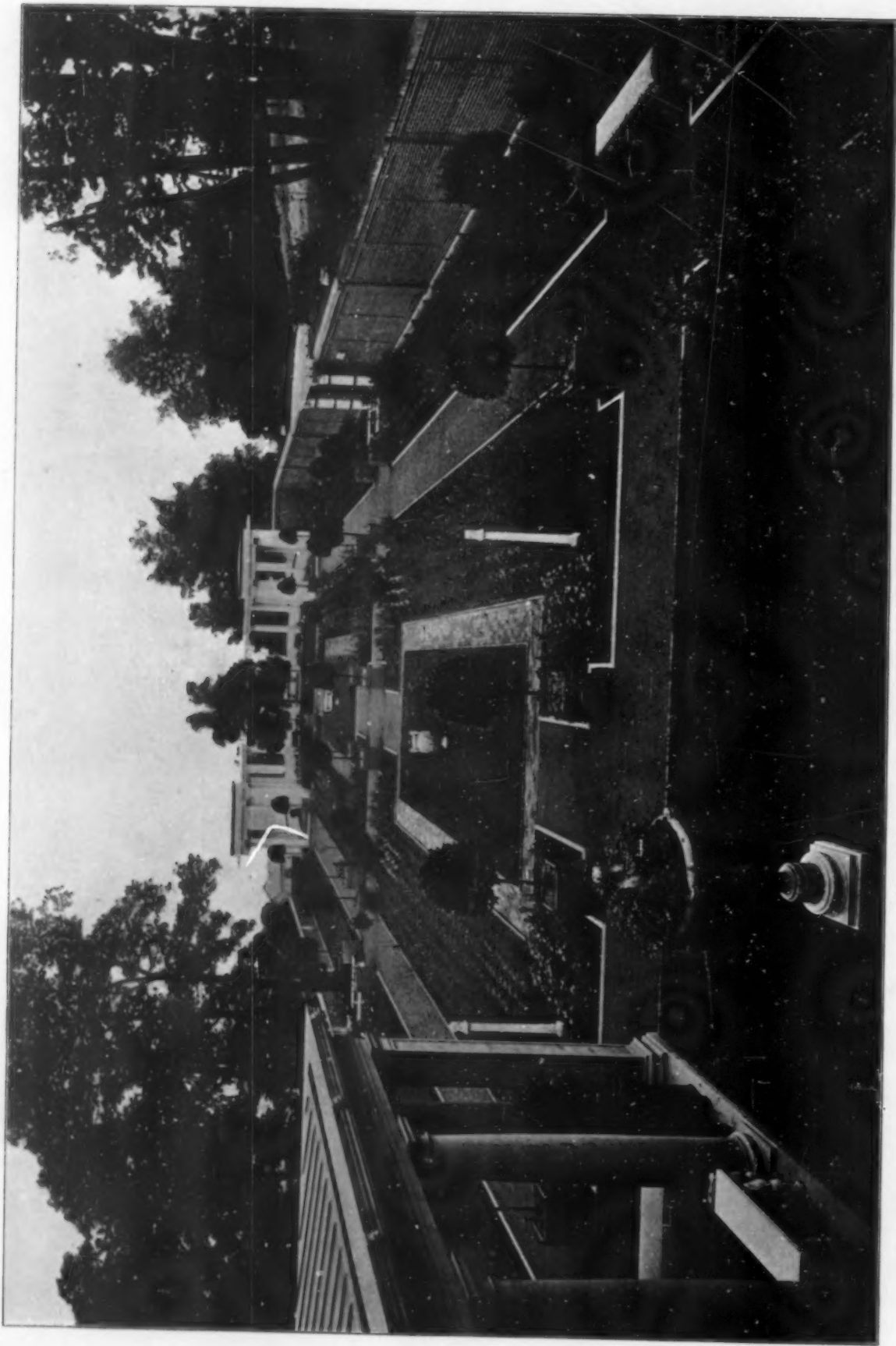
Even in the garden's youth invited beauty has arrived. Little more than a year old it was when the first pictures were taken. These are reproduced here; and others, also shown, were taken but four or five weeks later. In that short interval the step of maturity can be seen; and if the reader were to see the garden now he would find the luxuriance of late summer has filled the parterres, enclosed vistas and covered walls else made beautiful by carved stone frag-



THE FOUNTAIN IN THE FORECOURT
A stair inside the recess ascends to the grove

ments gathered in many distant lands.

On examining the design of the garden it is noticed how few in number are the parterres and how they are shaped to be sufficiently decorative and are yet easy of comprehension at their own level, for the garden consists of one level only. The circulation offers no puzzle to the visitor, nor does it aim to entertain his restless mood. Rather does it reflect the dignity of the adjoining building, and at the same time enables the lover of flowers to follow their beds leisurely and to view their gradations of



A View from a Bedroom Window

THE FORMAL GARDEN AT "MAXWELL COURT"

Photographed in June, 1903



THE HOUSE FROM BELOW THE TERRACE

color and of form. Quiet plats of turf are an effective contrast to these masses of flowers, seeming to ever summon their tumultuous voices to silence and repose.

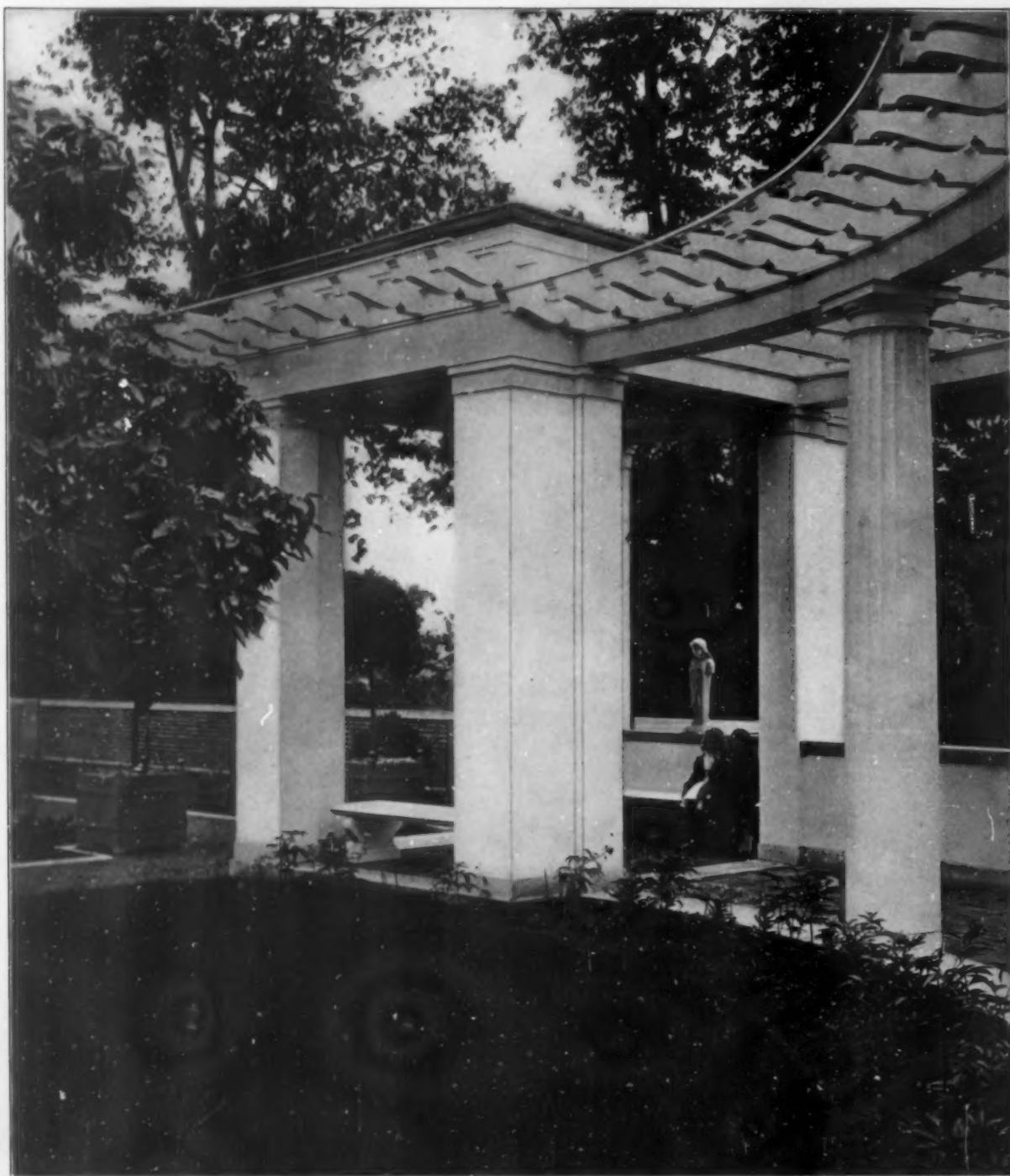
The present planting of the garden is less broad than would be indicated by the design, for a great variety of flowers has been em-

ployed in small quantities, thereby subdividing the large units which the architecture imposes. Gardens change complexion, however, from year to year at the bidding of those moods it is the privilege of their owners to possess; and of all the enjoyments of having a garden there is no greater one than to



THE PERGOLA ENCLOSING AN END OF THE GARDEN

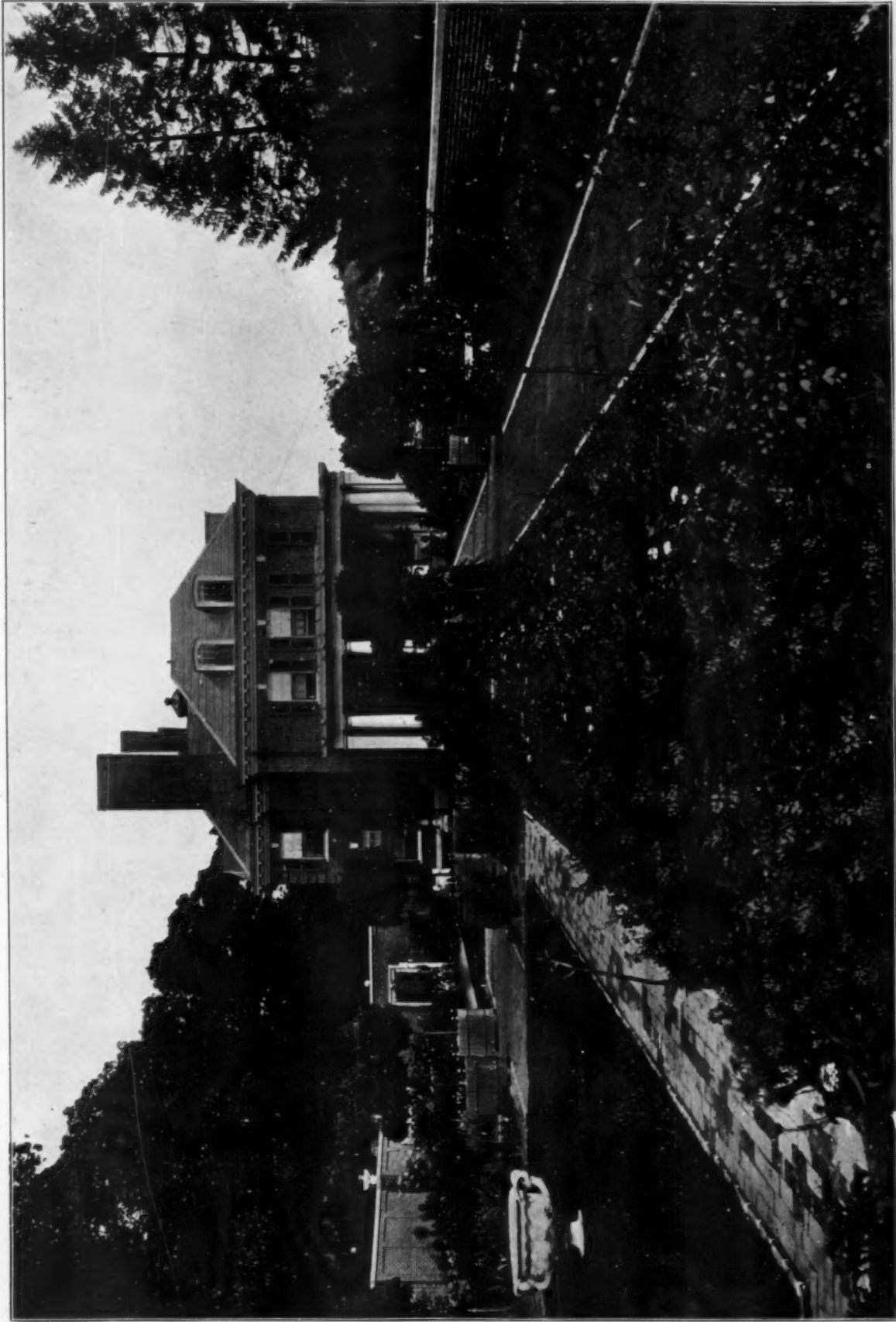
"Maxwell Court"



A TERMINUS OF THE PERGOLA

wage continual experimentation somewhere between the two extremes of variety and monotony. This year's mistakes are to be corrected next year, and who is so sure that future trials will have for him no pitfalls. But let us turn to the planting of "Maxwell Court" as it is this year.

Tulips and crocuses came with the spring and passed with it. The later months have seen the maturity of zinnias, irises, foxglove, hibiscus, flowering cherries, varicolored phlox, Canterbury bells, larkspur, Japanese anemones and lilies, stocks, heliotropes and hollyhocks. These have occu-



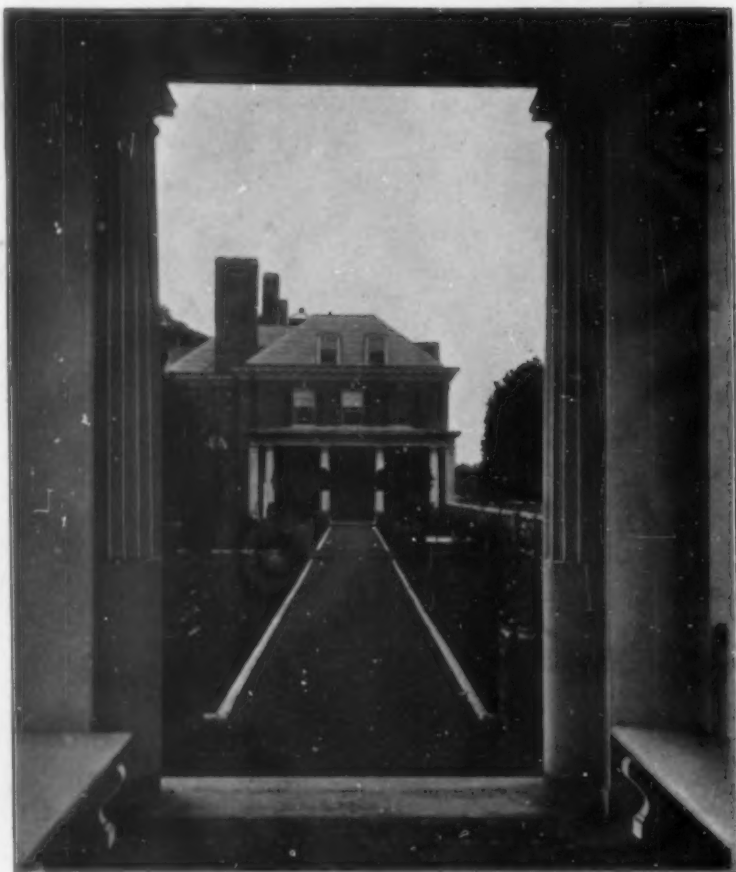
IN THE MIDST OF THE FORMAL GARDEN AT "MAXWELL COURT"

Photographed in July, 1903

A View looking toward the House

"Maxwell Court"

pied the central parterres surrounding the grassy quadrangles. On the north wall, beyond "The Children's Garden," is climbing euonymus, in front of which are hollyhocks in company with Japanese privet and spiræa, graceful sunflowers and rudbeckia. The border descends to the walk by means of snowballs, New England daisies, cosmos, baby's breath, and phlox. Euonymus is

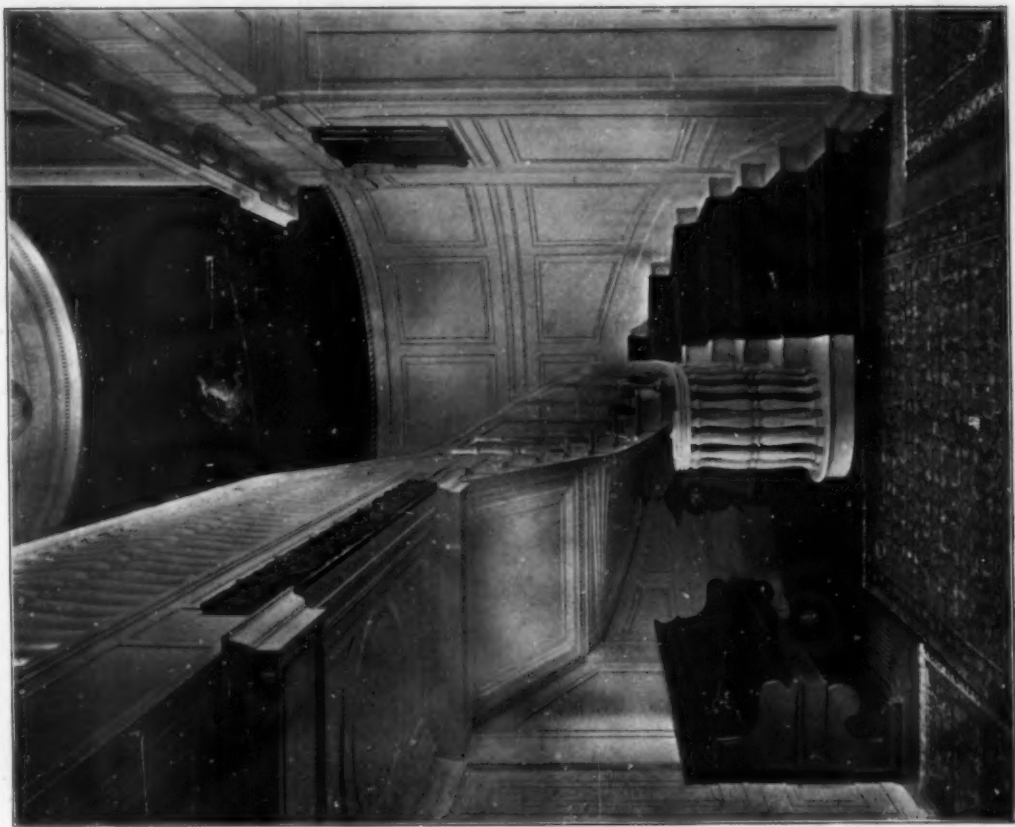


A VISTA FROM THE PERGOLA

here used as a hedge, outside of which heliotrope hangs over a narrow curbing of cut bluestone. Inside the hemicycle, at the base of the pergola, is a narrow bed enclosing a lawn in its curving reach. Here are Japanese pinks, peonies and stocks, and amid them wild grape, wistaria and Dutchman's pipe rise upon the piers supporting the open roof. Rhododendrons are in the corners of



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT "MAXWELL COURT"



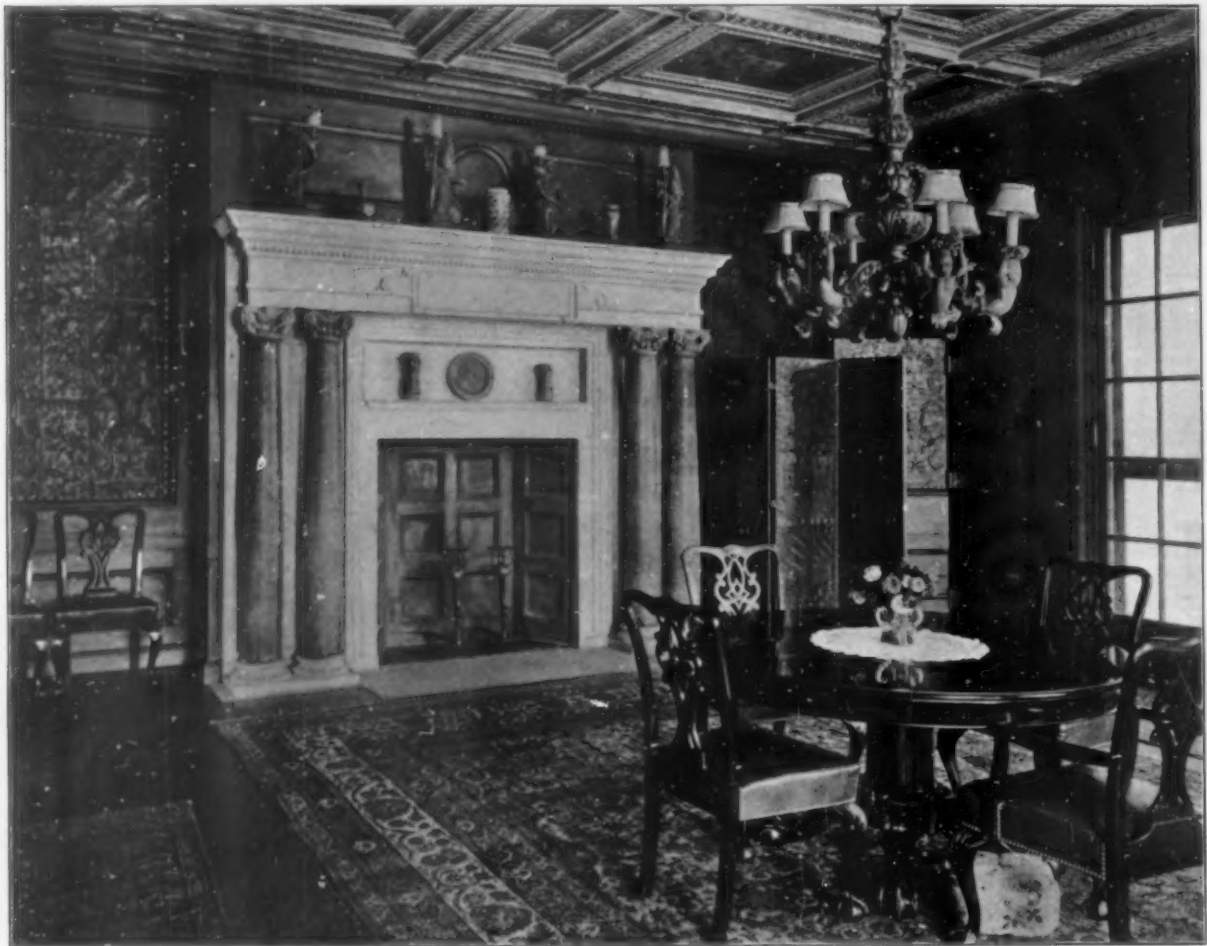
THE ENTRANCE HALL AND STAIRWAY



THE LONG HALL HUNG WITH TAPESTRY

INTERIORS OF THE HOUSE.—“MAXWELL COURT”

"Maxwell Court"



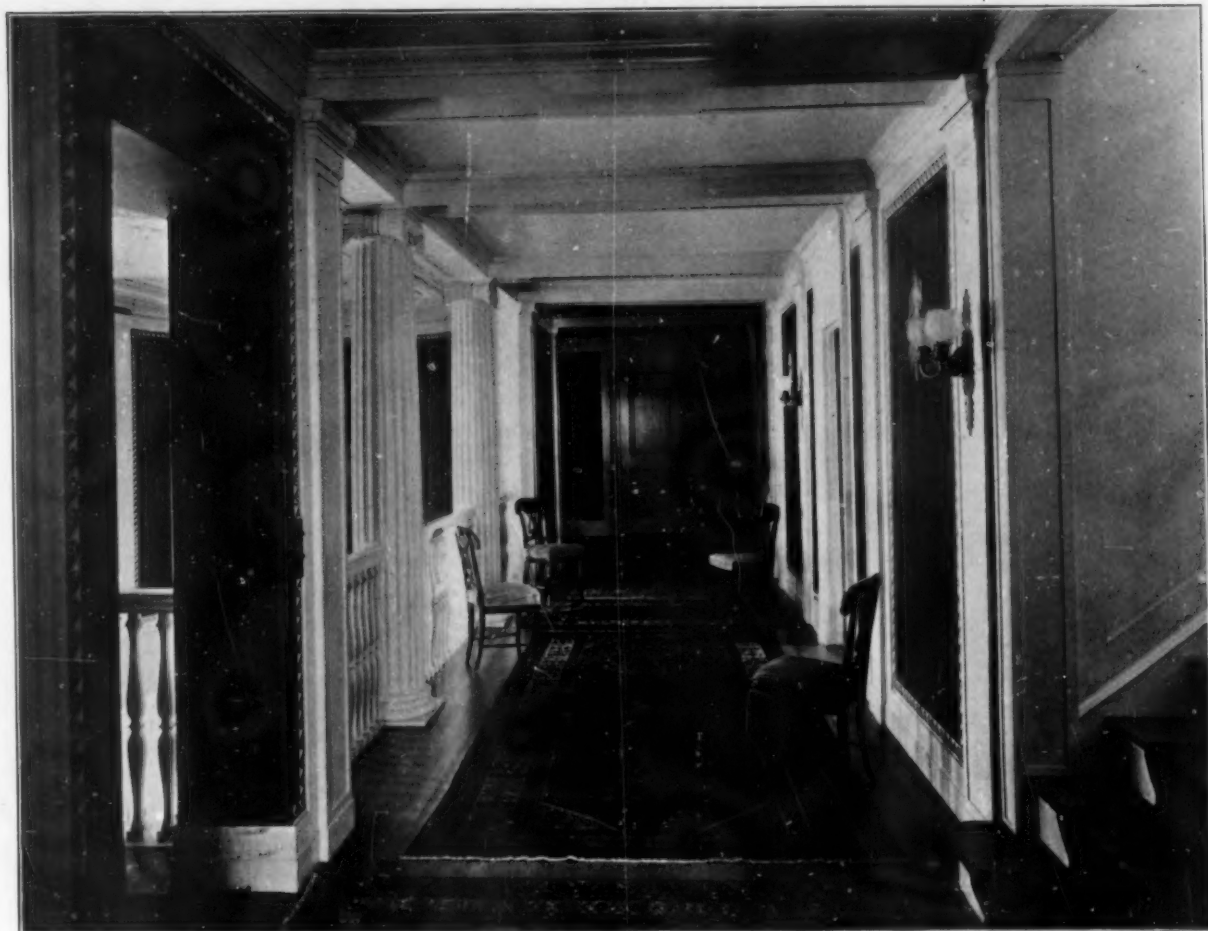
THE DINING-ROOM AT "MAXWELL COURT"

the forecourt behind azaleas in pots and borders of geraniums and lobelia. There are few conifers anywhere except in the grove, where spruce and golden retinispora have been planted over the comparatively bare ground which loftier growing



THE PERGOLA OF THE COACHMAN'S LODGE

trees leave below them. The house itself is thoroughly Italian in spirit and all its details have been carried out with a delicate precision. The illusion of a Renaissance villa is well-nigh completed by the decorative objects which Mr.



THE HALL OF THE SECOND STORY

Platt purchased abroad for his client and skillfully incorporated into the interior of the house. Florentine candelabra, old settles, chests and chairs, enriched panels and hangings from the cities of Tuscany and Lombardy,—of France as well,—fairly furnish the halls and rooms of the first floor and not a few pieces have made their way to the second. Dark oak friezes, carved and gilded, have been fastened to the woodwork of the hall against an effective background of ivory-white wainscoting below plaster painted a Pompeian red. In the long hall an old French tapestry reaches from ceiling to floor, its pure medieval dyes defying the light which streams in from windows facing on the terrace.

The advice of the architect has been heeded in the furnishing of "Maxwell Court" both indoors and out. Impressive harmonies of color in the principal rooms

have been undefiled by the accidental entrance of highly colored stuffs or hangings. With equal care trifling and inconsequential bric-a-brac have been excluded, preference being given to a few fine old pieces of majolica or antique carving suitably imposing in size and scale to play a part in the design of each interior. The drawing-room is entirely panelled with English oak, in the large divisions of which minor doors are concealed; and in lieu of wood the walls of the dining-room are covered with old Italian wrought leather (rarer than the Spanish) whose gold and crimson are permitted to hold full sway beside a gray stone mantel and a ceiling of subdued silver and drab. All objects, whether built in the house or afterward added, are in a harmony rarely seen, and they make of "Maxwell Court" the most remarkable structure in its locality and the best work thus far performed by its architect.

ART AND THE MACHINE

(A REPLY TO "THE BEAUTY OF MACHINE-MADE THINGS," PUBLISHED IN THE
SEPTEMBER NUMBER OF HOUSE AND GARDEN)

By WILLIAM L. PRICE

IN the discussion of any subject, it is worth while to make one's self reasonably clear as to the terms employed. To attack all machinery without question of its powers or the method of its use, would be absurd, and to discuss the relative advantages of the hand-made and the machine-made article, without consideration of the effects on mankind, both of the article made and the method of making it, upon the user and the maker, would seem to me to be equally a mistake. If there were no other questions involved than the number and design of our possessions, it might be easy to make out a good case for the machine *per se*, without any further discussion. It is evident that if the machine be set up to make a certain pattern of what is called a good design, it can make the article so designed in enormous quantities, which if properly distributed would give all great wealth in such things. If this is the end and aim of production, the more nearly automatic the machine can be made, the better.

But some of us are not willing to admit that this is the end of man's activities. Man was not born to live by bread alone. As soon as the pinching needs of the stomach are even partially satisfied, as soon as a rude shelter for the body has been fashioned, man sets his hopes upon something higher and beyond these things. The making of such crude objects to meet a pressing want has awakened at once the desire for development and has supplied the means by which he may grow.

If we dig to the root of all man's activities and of his growth, we will find the desire for development. In creative thought and work we discover the method by which development comes. By this road and no other has man traveled up from the merest savagery to what we have of civilization today, and by this road shall the children of men reach the higher and higher planes of devel-

opment from which they may, let us hope, see an unending succession of possibilities.

Now the machine is an incident in this development, not an end to which it has attained; and no thought of industrial revolution need fright us or bid us pause in our eternal questioning. No doubt the churchman of the Middle Ages thought that the rack and thumbscrew had come to stay, and that these were the only means by which Christ's kingdom could be brought and maintained upon the earth, and that the good old order would pass away if the sacrilegious hand of the unelect should be raised against the tools of their heavenly craft. The machine is the expression of some man's or some men's thought out of which he or they may have gotten great joy and great development, just as did the builder of rack or thumbscrew. Let us therefore pause a moment to consider the kind of machine we are to discuss in its relation to man's development and happiness.

To dismiss all machines on the ground that their product has in the main been unsatisfactory, would be absurd, because all machines are not of the same type. There are two broad classes into which machines may be divided, as were the sheep from the goats in the parable. There is the machine that is automatic in its operation, and which, simple or complex, makes a fixed product not due to the thought or control of the operator; and there is the machine which, simple or complex, remains a *tool* to be guided by the thought and volition of the artisan who works, not it, but with it, expressing, not the thought of the designer either of the machine or of the fabric, but his own thought.

We are not now discussing the comparative values of the various products of machine or tool, but the effects upon mankind of their use. Let us suppose for an instant that the Mecca of the machine tendency had been reached, and that all mankind, with the

exception of the privileged class of the great artists and great inventors, were occupied in pushing buttons or feeding raw material, with deadly regularity and unvarying monotony, into wonderfully constructed machinery. It is inconceivable that individuals continually so occupied could have any interest in the product of such work, whether their own or that of others, and even the artist designers themselves would be so out of touch with their work that they could get little joy of it.

Taking this situation, one which we are fast approaching (minus the great artists), and even granting the widest distribution of the machine-made product and the greatest possible individual wealth and leisure for study and development, you must still grant that we have thrown away one of its best if not its best opportunity for creative work and development. But this is not all. Beauty and appropriateness of design are not so easily attained as some think. Remove the stimulus of individuality in the person for whose use the object is to be made, and you have rendered the proper designing of the article almost hopeless. Let an architect, for instance, sit down and try to design a house for no one in particular, for no site in particular, and he will find it impossible to do so without first constructing in his mind some sort of a client and some environment. If he doesn't, the result will not be architecture at all, or it will be poor architecture at the best, for the architect must mould his house about the peculiarities of his client, if it is to be worth the doing or the possessing.

Nor is this the only or the worst difficulty confronting the designer of objects to be made by the machine. A great part and the best part of a design must be *brought forth in the making*. One cannot design wrought iron, or carving, or furniture, or pottery, or any other object, upon paper alone, but on the anvil, with the gouge and mallet or the wheel, for these things, to have the true touch of the artist's self that makes the work worth the making or the having, must be wrought, not merely designed. The machine that is still a tool in no wise hampers the expression of the workman in his work, and is altogether good, but the product of

such tools cannot be classed with machine-made things, and such tools help and do not hinder the individuality of a man's work, and through that his growth.

Of course it is not fair to charge the machine with present industrial conditions, in which men, women and children are wearing out their lives in unwholesome surroundings, working long hours and living in squalor. But grant the existence of any degree of material comfort and leisure, and I still contend that unthinking, monotonous work tends towards the madhouse and not the Hall of Fame. Suppose we were all rich and had plenty of leisure and had traveled around the world gazing in admiration and awe at the workmanship of better men. What joy could we find in life to compare with the joy of creative work? Would we not turn again to tools to build things for ourselves and friends, even though not so beautiful or perfect perhaps as the machine-made thing designed by the great artist? It must be remembered that at present our most treasured possessions have not been either designed or made by professional artists, but originally by peasants for their own use. Brasses by the Russian peasant, rugs, Damascus steel and enamels by the peasants of the East, carrying with them the message of striving souls to their fellows, and what might we not be doing with our greater liberty and knowledge if we were likewise striving to express our best in the joyous work of our hands unfettered by the superstitions of schoolcraft and heredity.

A new and better regime of craftsmanship, uses the discoveries and inventions of its age and all other ages, and holds fast as the very soul of its faith the belief that the means is little but the man is much. Art remains no longer the plaything of the rich, or the cloistered and separated possession of a self-elected few, but becomes the very breath of life to all of us, transmuting our dross to better than gold, and making the children of art an all-embracing brotherhood to which there could be no outside. For the spirit of art embraces all, from the first crude gropings of the painted savage to the supremest triumph of world-wide service, for the end and aim of all art can be no more and no less than the making of you and me fit to love and to be loved.

Is Art no more than the science of prettiness, of combinations of line and color,—the special dainty goddess of a separate and exclusive class of votaries, who shall design for us poor button-pushers an extraneous surrounding of machine-made beauty, with even our music made for our orderly minds without the jarring accidents of genius? And art thou “shrunk to this little measure?” Thou mighty mother of all that makes us man,—thou who rocked us in thy enfolding arms when first our ugly and brutish souls stirred with hopes beyond our daily needs; thou spirit of light in the dark places that bade us seek in creative work the realization of our secret dreams; thou wonderworker with the hands of men who teachest us to express in the work of our hands our little measure of growth that we may feel the joy of work and that fiercer joy that men call agony that makes us lay down our failure to pick up the next task with a new power and a new hope!

Art has been called “the visible evidence of man’s joy in his work,” and it is almost that. If it were *quite* true then art would be the *things* made, the *visible evidence*; then might the rich be as they think themselves, the possessors of the art of the world, whereas these things are but the crumbs

that fall from the artist’s table; for the art is not in the thing made, but in the very work of creation, and to the artist is the joy that in small measure is visible in the fruit of his work. No artist hoards the work of his hands, nor would we hoard it but for some subtler thing than mere perfection of color or line. It is not what The Angelus has to tell us of the potato patch, but of Millet; it is not the afterglow of a day, but the afterglow of a life, that lies hidden in the canvases of Corot. For we see many afterglows, but have few glimpses into the lives of men. In these precious things we may see master men busy with their souls, and, scarce knowing why, we uncover, because the ground on which we tread is holy ground. And this is as true of a great discovery, a strain of music, a marvellous machine, or the crude idol of the savage. But must we therefore demand that our brother shall be offered up eternally upon the altar of the one or the other? Man the maker, not man the possessor, will in the end triumph; and if the machine is to pass away, it will be because it fails to meet the demand of the creative spirit in man that will not down, though systems and civilizations pass away.

“ In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection. . . .
Is it a dream?
Nay, but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life’s lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.”—WHITMAN.



A COLORADO INDUSTRY

TO THOSE who live in the quiet cities of the East, who enjoy the life and art with which they pulsate, Colorado Springs seems very far away in the West; and realizing how dependent most artists are upon environment and upon contact with fellow workers for the inspiration which brings forth the best within them, it seems incredible that this little town, barely thirty years old, shadowed by the Rocky Mountains, shelters an industry which has already taken a place in the world and which is full of possibilities for the future. And yet, as one gazes at the rich colors in the rocks, at the soft velvety greens of the mesa, at the wealth of flowers under the intense blue sky, this pottery, this earth refined and made to glow and live through the fire, seems in harmony with the wealth of nature surrounding it.

Four years ago Mr. Artus Van Briggles of Cincinnati came to Colorado Springs in search of new health and strength, like many another pilgrim paying the penalty of tireless study and experiment. For many years connected with the Rookwood Pottery, spending his days over pots and his evenings and Sundays in study, he finally found his way to Paris, where he spent three happy years in painting. It was during this time that his interest in the old Chinese dead glaze was awakened and he grew to think that some approach to it might be made in modern pot-

tery,—an idea which seems to have taken root in various European minds about the same time. With this thought in mind he returned to America in 1896 and began experiments in his own studios during the rare moments snatched from a busy life of painting and pottery, only to win success at the expense of health. During the first months in Colorado life was merely existence, but as strength began to return the eager search commenced again in the corner of the laboratory of Colorado College, where he was permitted to work through the courtesy of Professor Strieby. To find a good clay body among the Colorado clays was a matter of almost endless experiments; and when at last one was found which came up to most of the requirements, the glaze had also undergone changes and was much finer and richer than the one worked out in Cincinnati. The

firing was done under difficulty, in an assayer's muffle.

Conviction that pottery could be made here was the result of the winter's work; and the summer found Mr. Van Briggles on a comfortable cattle ranch spending many hours each day under the cottonwood trees, in the midst of the fresh prairie breezes, fashioning with brain and fingers the models for the vases which he hoped to create. In the autumn of 1900 he sent home for his little gas kiln which was set up in the College laboratory, and gradually the vases



THE POTTER AND HIS WIFE AT WORK



VASES MADE AT THE VAN BRIGGLE POTTERY

which he had designed and thought out in the summer came forth from the fire, tangible and beautiful. Those were exciting days! Here was a man in wretched health, fighting constantly against circumstances, without sufficient financial means to carry on his work as he would like, yet possessing the secret of a fine glaze and the power to make beautiful objects of art. At this critical moment there came to his aid one who had long been interested in his work, Mrs. Bellamy Storer, who, when she saw the results of the experiments, gave such encouragement to the young potter that he was led to take a small cottage and turn it into a workshop. To see this domestic looking cottage shaded in the summer-time by trees and bright with lawn and flowers, one hardly expects, upon stepping within the door, to hear the hum of machinery and find busy workshops, all as yet very primitive in appearance.

In August of 1901 the first piece was thrown upon the potter's wheel. The working force

at that time consisted of Mr. Van Briggle himself, an expert turner and thrower from Ohio, and a boy of all work. From that time until now, when the force consists of twelve, Mr. Van Briggle has been the head of every department, instructing his men on every point and adapting old methods to new conditions, always more or less of a problem. The workshop has been really a kindergarten, for there were no funds at hand for importing skilled workmen from the East; but men and boys of intelligence are now coming into the shops and as the work progresses the interest in it grows deeper. Lately Mr. Van Briggle has started a drawing school after hours, to which not only the young men of the decorating department come, but several from the workshops as well. They draw from cast and life, and the work will prove of value and interest in every department, in developing appreciation for line and proportion, two things of tremendous value in the throwing room. The untrained eye



SOME RECENT VAN BRIGGLE WARE

finds it difficult to follow a drawing correctly in throwing clay upon the wheel where a slight variation of line may mar the beauty of a vase. The potter's wheel is perhaps the most interesting step in the whole process, for there the lump of clay grows under skillful fingers into beautiful forms.

The people of Colorado Springs finally became interested in the work that was going on at their doors and a stock company was formed in 1902. It was at Christmas time of that year that the ware made its real debut into the world. In spite of the fact that it was a new and unadvertised product it met with an appreciative reception, particularly in New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

A piece of this pottery passes through various hands before it comes forth finished, but if it escape all the accidents to which it is subject in the process of making—cracking in the green state or destruction in the kiln, which is fired to a high degree of heat—it is in the end very durable. The glaze is dead, varying from no gloss at all to a



SOME RECENT VAN BRIGGLE WARE

slight one, as delightful in its velvety softness to the touch as it is pleasing to



VASES MADE AT THE VAN BRIGGLE POTTERY

the eye in its richness and depth of tone. The variety in color is almost endless: greens, which run from the freshness and brilliancy of spring to the glowing yellow tones of autumn; blues, blacks, browns, pinks, grays and many strange and unusual combinations. The color effects are almost entirely due to the glazes, very little under-glaze painting being done.

Much of the fascination of pottery lies in the freaks of the fire which seems capable of playing any trick, sometimes ruining the work of days, sometimes bringing forth results far beyond one's expectations. The ware is sometimes plain, relying for its beauty upon the fineness of line, color and texture; sometimes decorated, human, animal and flower forms being worked into designs in a conventional way, care being taken that the decoration shall form part of the whole, completing the line and form of the vase. The Colorado wild flowers form the motifs for much of the decoration.

After the vase leaves the artist's hands a mould is made of it in order that a number of reproductions may be made, each one being retouched and remodeled by hand. Mr. Van Briggles idea in this matter is that it is far more satisfactory to spend unlimited time and thought in carrying out an idea which may be worthy of repetition, each reproduction being different in color and glaze effect, than to attempt for every vase a new design which must of necessity

often be careless and hasty in thought and execution. Up to this time the designs for decoration have all been made by Mr. and Mrs. Van Briggles and Mr. George Young, each one working out his or her own individuality and yet all working in common for the idea which Van Briggles pottery represents, dignity, restraint, purity and beauty of line and perfect harmony between form and decoration.

The experiments in tiles having proved successful, a tile plant is to be installed at once. There is certainly a wide field in that line because of the unusual variety of color effects and the delightful texture of the glaze. Owing to the durability of the ware it will doubtless prove valuable for garden and outdoor decoration. If so much has been done in this short time in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles there is reasonable ground for hopes of a wider field in the future and who knows what may grow out of this small beginning in one branch of art. May not other skilled workmen who have broken down under the strain of life in unfavorable climates be drawn to this land of sunshine and dry air where health may be regained and life lived happily? It would seem that a community of craftworkers might grow up here, giving forth the results of brains and hands in beautiful metal work, leather and wood carving as well as in pottery, for there is a market the world over for all that is lovingly wrought into something of beauty and use.



TAKING THE WARE FROM THE KILN

W. H. BIDLAKE AND HIS RECENT WORK

THE most casual glance at the homes of the middle and representative class of England gives a clearer idea of the importance of the home and the place it holds in the national life than can any time-worn expression likening it unto a castle and celebrating John Bull's safety therein. The English home to-day makes a sharp impression upon Americans who see it. When the life of that home is set within surroundings carefully and feelingly designed there is an object unequalled in Anglo-Saxon civilization. Wherever it may be,—in city,

suburb or country,—such a home seems to reign distant and aloof from the noise and stress of life, and the even course of its existence is fed by the noblest sentiments of a people fixed by the power of time.

That power, we are accustomed to think, is alone responsible for the charm of English domestic buildings. To it much is undoubtedly due; but not all. It is true that the ownership of even small English estates is unchanging, compared with ours, and the character of one person or of one family is stamped on the house itself as long as brick



THE ENTRANCE COURT OF MR. YATES' HOUSE

FOUR OAKS



THE GARDEN FRONT

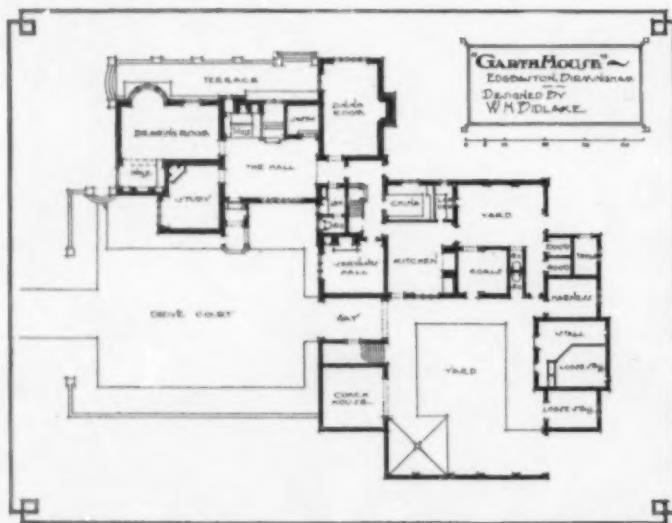
MR. YATES' HOUSE

or stone shall last. But the great point to be observed in domestic architecture in England to-day (and it is always rare in any country) is the success with which a new house can be conceived and built so as to fit at once into the domestic life and become a subject for the personal influence of its occupants.

There is no one in England more eminently successful at this than Mr. W. H. Bidlake, and there is no English architect who has better supported sound architectural teaching with actual work of the highest quality. In all that country there is

no more perfect specimen of a modest dwelling than "Woodgate," his own home at Four Oaks, a half hour's ride out of Birmingham. It is here that we see the deepest feelings of a man recorded, and all that which he most cares for marking the seclusion which

awaits him at the close of each day. Repose is the first and last impression that the house conveys. Harmony of line and color is also there in every part. And a talk with the owner in a quiet nook of the garden one autumn afternoon disclosed how such a house could be con-



THE PLAN OF "GARTH HOUSE"

Designed for Mr. Heaton by W. H. Bidlake

ceived and built—how no other thing than this could spring from such a source as its designer's deep and refined feeling which was expressed by his casual remark that "all life is emotion."

Scarcely less successful than his own house are those he has built for his neighbors. These structures distinguish the whole countryside in which they are built, while the purely suburban houses, erected nearer the city by the same architect, have raised

vines and natural growth, were it not compared with the slightly older "Garth House" for Mr. Heaton in Edgbaston Park Road. The value of harmonious surroundings is seen at "The Dene" and "Woodside," both at Four Oaks, and which are older still. Their present state is a response to the architect's plea that natural growths, the disposition of the land, the design and materials of the garden, the position of old trees and landmarks,—in a



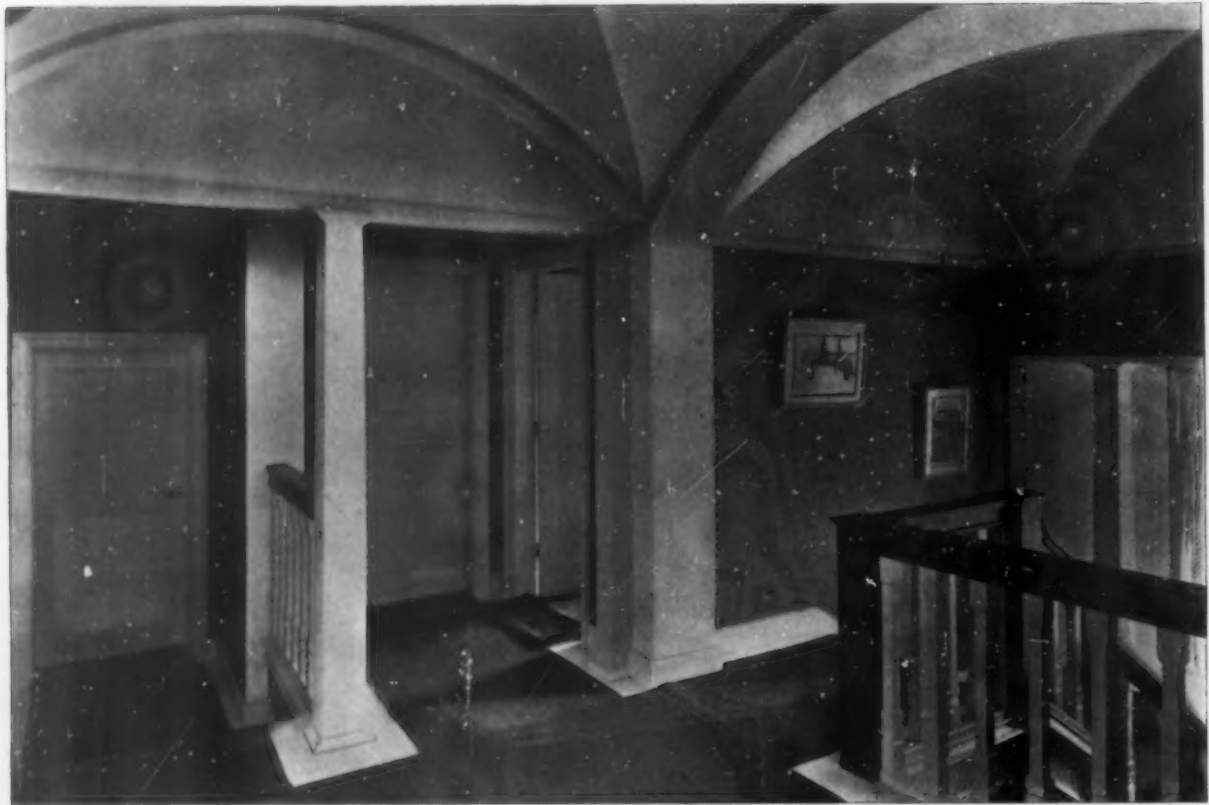
THE DINING-ROOM

MR. YATES' HOUSE

the suburbs of Birmingham into architectural prominence second only to London's environs. Mr. Bidlake is a comparatively young man, and for this reason the age of his work can contribute but little to its charm. Its fine qualities are all inherent in the buildings themselves; and from the moment of their completion, they are to be admired for their dignity, simplicity, color and above all their repose. His newest house for Mr. Yates at Four Oaks would seem complete in itself, needing nothing of

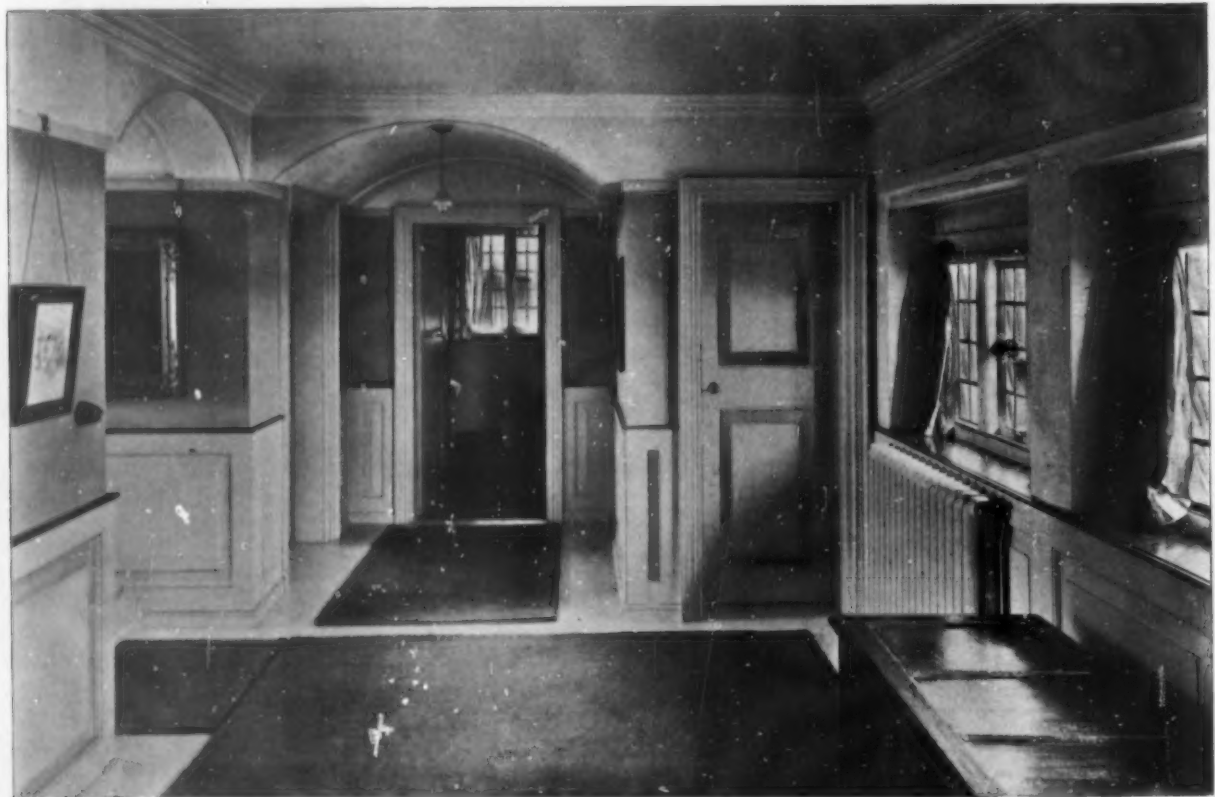
word all the surroundings of the house,—become a part of the home and should govern to a large extent the design of the building. The house should suit the site and not the site made to suit the house, he would say.

This idea grows in strength with Mr. Bidlake's love of local traditions in building such as are exemplified in England in an infinite number of old buildings erected long ago by unschooled workmen and to-day unappreciated except by a very few who seek



THE SECOND STORY HALL

MR. YATES' HOUSE



THE SECOND STORY HALL

"GARTH HOUSE"



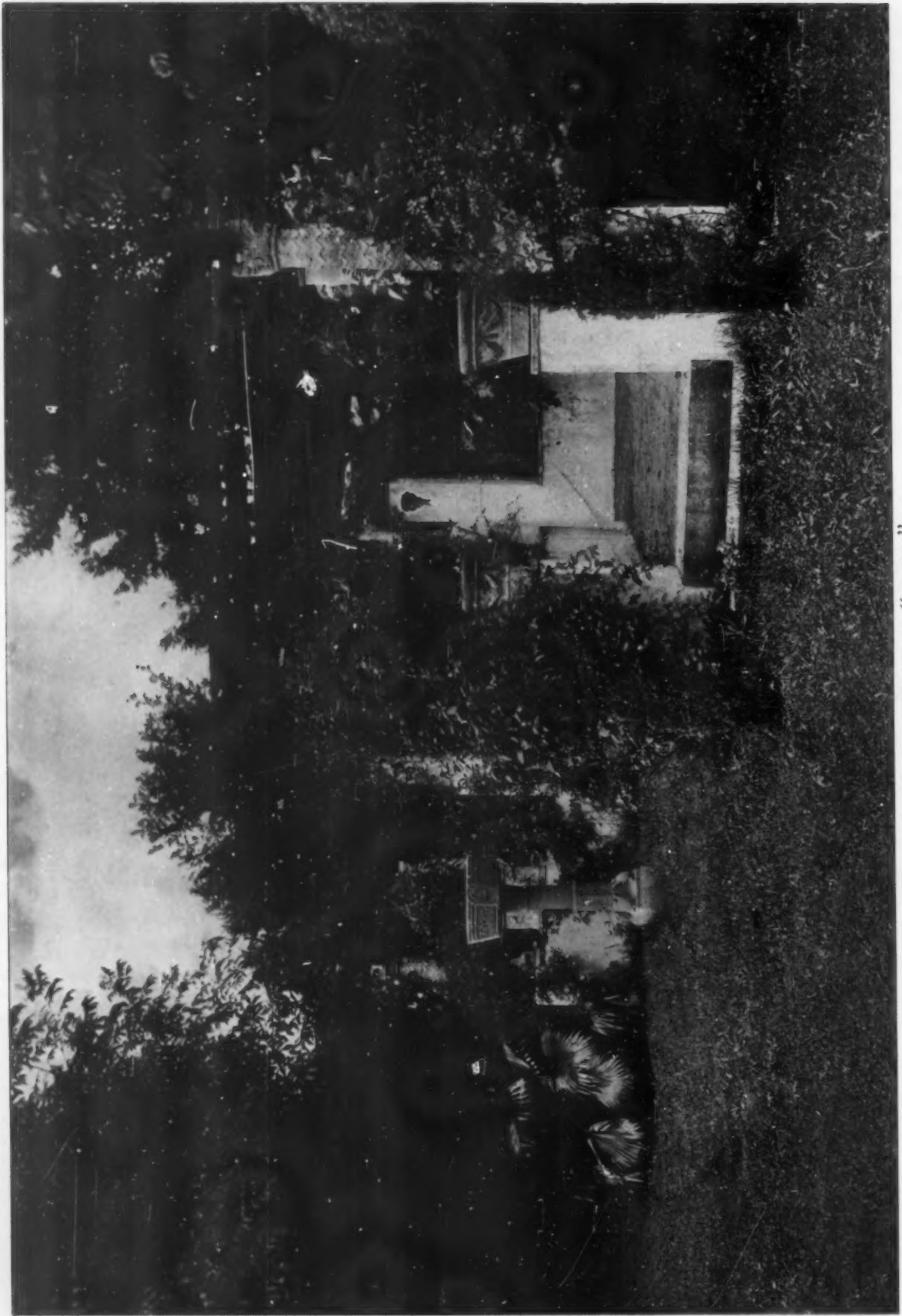
THE ENTRANCE COURT OF "GARTH HOUSE"

EDGBASTON

to revive these traditions in modern work. More or less success has marked this attempt on the part of a number of firms, some of whose work has been presented in this magazine. A subtle and sane use of them is evident in the work of this architect. The agreeable masses and skylines of the houses, the large wall surfaces and small windows, the color of the most beautiful red brick: all these are a direct growth from those simple and humble cots which nestle in the English countryside, an intimate growth of the soil and unnoticed despite the signal their chimney smoke raises through the surrounding verdure.

Following the simple impulses of bygone times these new houses are free from the architectural "feature" to which Mr. Bidlake has a special antipathy. Into his pupils he instills the avoidance of that which has be-

come a disfigurement of dwellings instead of an ornament, and his own work proves the power of proportion, skyline and color when undefiled by fussy features or tawdry, unmeaning detail. Neither do the houses depend upon furnishing to hide graceless barrenness, for what has not been done at elaborating the interior resolves itself into the beauty of restraint. The plans are distinguished by the close communication between the rooms and the spaciousness of corridors when corridors are necessary. These are then made wide enough to be habitable and to add to the attractiveness and hospitable appearance of the house, instead of detracting from it. The simplest and commonest materials are used to the best effect, notably in the interest given the ceilings by means of arching, and the woodwork is almost all unmoulded and unpainted.



THE PERGOLA AT "ALDIE"

CEMENT CASTING AT "ALDIE"

"STUDY Nature in the language of experiment" is the maxim of the schools of science. That art should be pursued in the same language is shown by the fact that her works are ever created by experiment and experiment alone. Art ceases when precision of execution records merely previous performances and disdains the untried and the new. Rarely is the artistic sense brought to bear upon the making of good materials with which the architect, the decorator or garden builder may work. As a fact, these artists are dependent upon the commercial manufacturer for their materials, and the commercial manufacturer counts his success the greatest when he experiments the least. Many refuse to experiment at all, demanding that every step in a so-called progress shall pay. Is it not this which hinders the development of those many arts which depend not only upon a happy as-

sembling of materials but upon those materials themselves? Be this as it may, it is undisputable that the best work at applying the earth's raw materials to artistic purposes has been done by individuals who have been free from the habits and responsibilities of commerce and personally disinterested enough to go to any length of experiment and research in order to obtain the finest result.

Readers of "House and Garden" have already been made familiar with an industry of this individual sort, the Moravian Pottery at Doylestown, Pennsylvania,¹ and they can recall the long period of experimentation and study which finally bore fruit in the decorative clay products with which Mr. Henry Mercer's name is associated. The present article aims to illustrate the work of his brother, Mr. William Mercer, who fol-

¹ See "An American Potter" in *House and Garden*, Vol. I, No. 3, August, 1901.



THE ORNAMENTATION OF THE PERGOLA



THE INTERIOR OF THE PERGOLA AT "ALDIE"

lows at "Aldie" his profession of sculptor to which he has lately added a new craftsmanship. With schemes for improving his grounds and decorating them with garden features rose the need for ornamental objects

suitable to the open air. Antique garden sculptures suggested themselves and it was aimed to possess them in effect if not in reality. How could this be done? The best examples of ancient art were not to be



THE HOUSE AND ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS

acquired, for they already lay secure in the museums of Europe. Italian reproductions of them are not proof against the severities of our climate. Besides the originals were of stone, often of a coarse variety to which terra cotta bears no resemblance (American terra cotta is vitrified to render it hard). Cement approaches nearest the quality of stone and it was this material to which Mr. Mercer turned his attention.

To make a beautiful thing of an ugly material is not an easy task. And cement has the honor of being both the most useful and the ugliest building material known,—ugly because most sands have not sufficient color in themselves to affect that of cement when mixed with it. This shortcoming of cement has put it out of consideration for any but utilitarian purposes. Little has been done to overcome the objection. The color of cement mortar has been, it is true, occa-

sionally modified by the addition of “mortar color.” But then the cement is used in small quantities, not enough to make of itself an entire decorative object. Though a boon to the architect and the engineer, pliant to their needs under water or in air, cement still remains for the decorator a gray powder puffing itself into his face when barrel or bag is opened, becoming duller if not lugubrious when wet, and when dry, lo! the coating of its ashy whitish surface is not the ghost of a beauty that has gone but one which it is to be hoped shall some day invest it.

In the land of its invention, Portland cement is now used for whole buildings, monuments, sea-walls, fountains and bridges. Kilometre posts measuring roads on the Continent exhibit the material which went into building the highway itself. In France and England it is employed so cleverly at artificial rock gardening as to undermine admira-

Cement Casting at "Aldie"

tion of the thing imitated. In America the uses of cement are daily extending, and it is difficult to say how much more rapidly they would do so if satisfactory variation of color and texture were practicable without impairing cohesiveness and consequent strength.

The addition of a variety of coloring pigments to cement and an accompanying control of the texture of the finished object made of

newly made in beautiful colors would indeed loose an artist's mind to flights of fancy, and those who have searched for inexpensive garden jars and flower boxes would be glad to accompany it.

All the newer work has been placed in the open air, but the first things made, in which Mr. Mercer did not venture away from using the pure cement of natural color, were intended to serve as fountain pieces.



INTERIOR OF THE STUDIO AT "ALDIE"

it Mr. William Mercer claims to have satisfactorily accomplished. The claim is just if we permit ourselves to judge by the work he has done in reproducing foreign antiques and placing them in exposed outdoor positions at "Aldie." They appear in the accompanying illustrations in such a manner as to show the relation of the object to its contents and surroundings. Were it possible to reproduce their color, these antique forms

One of these has occupied for several years a moist but majestic seat of honor in the grotto of the conservatory. Another of later date braves successive dryings and wettings in a large pool on the lawn. There is nothing distinctive in the material of which these pieces are made, but the next work turned out exhibits in a sun-dial standard the excellent "porous" texture and soft color at which Mr. Mercer has arrived.

This shaft, surmounted by a gnomon, stands upon the curb of the outdoor pool and has rivalled the permanence of the sun for more than three seasons and no damage from weather is apparent.

A pergola was built upon the grounds at "Aldie" a year and a half ago and owes its exceedingly decorative character to the addition of masks, vases, urns and tree-tubs which display the progress of this novel

is of plain red Moravian tiles; the walls and piers are of brick, covered with a cream colored plaster; and the beams are of dark brown, rough-hewn chestnut. Harmonizing with these colors are the dull yellows, browns and reds of some of the jars and flower boxes, the dark, almost blackish, gray of others. But this blackish color is free from the bluish cast which cement will produce when left to its own course. On the con-



INTERIOR OF THE CONSERVATORY AT "ALDIE"

industry. The surfaces of these objects vary greatly in smoothness and density; and as a group, they represent a half dozen well-chosen tints of color, all perfectly appropriate to a material which is by its very nature similar to stone. The pieces have been applied to the pergola by being built in its walls, thus forming part of the structure, and also by being merely set in the spaces between the piers. The floor of the pergola

trary, it is a superior black obtained by means of umbers.

Mr. Mercer uses sand of the common gray color which is so easily obtained that any object cast in this manner may be absurdly inexpensive. The roughness of surface is due not only to the admixture of sand having different degrees of coarseness, but to the manner of casting. If proper precautions are not taken, the pure cement



THE POOL UPON THE LAWN

will float to the surface of the wet mass in the mould, and whatever else may have been mixed with the cement will have been rendered useless in the final effect. Though the casts have all the appearance of being porous, Mr. Mercer declares that they are not; that they are quite water tight and aquatics may be grown in them.

The shafts at each side of an arch of arborvitæ forming the entrance to the "Aldie" grounds are as old as any of the cement ornaments, and like the others they bear no trace of the effects of weather. Other *hermule* of more recent date which have been ranged along the hedge near the pergola hold an equally good record for a shorter period. Close observation of these objects after extreme atmospheric conditions has established the utility of this material, and the advantages of the process over others occasionally tried. Compared with this vigorous rough texture the common casting or grouting of cement in wooden boxes gives a surface as smooth as if hydraulic pressure had been applied. The admixture of color also is here preferable to any result obtained by means of iron rust or paint.

Other types of garden ornament than we have mentioned are now being made at "Aldie," and preparations are being made for carrying forward the work on a more systematic and extensive scale than the little work-room adjoining Mr. Mercer's studio permits. He has not yet essayed the making or reproduction of original designs,—a conservatism due to a love of foreign work and foreign traditions. The models thus far used are all European, chiefly from Classic, Romanesque, Renaissance and Byzantine sources. Many have come from the National Museum at Munich which contains much excellent Lombard work. These casts and models are now crowded into a house built in the old English half-timbered style. It contains a studio, reaching to the roof, and a living room. From these open the workshop and the photographic dark room. Over the living room are bed rooms and store rooms reached from the studio by means of a stair and gallery. The conservatory radiates indoors the refreshing green of ferns and the glory of sunlit flowers, and one may step out upon a walk which surrounds a tank reflecting in its waters the gaudy plumage of parrots.



A PENDANT

of old gold with emeralds and uncut sapphires. A Mexican opal in the center.

AN
AMERICAN
DESIGNER
OF
JEWELRY

By
OLIVER COLEMAN



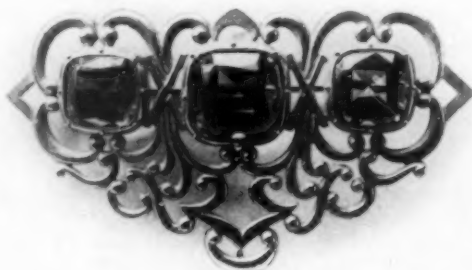
A PENDANT

of very blue moonstones used with green, red and white enamel.

IN a recent foreign publication on "Jewelry and Fans," the work of contemporary European designers was treated most exhaustively, but no mention was made of America, and one looked in vain for the American section. Was this because a publication covering the work of such minor countries as that of Belgium, Sweden and Denmark, left no room for anything concerning the lusty youngster across the water, or was it by implication a charge that nothing worthy of European note was being done in the United States? It is true one must confess that the general standard of jewelry in America is based on a lower ideal than that which would be indicated by the examples illustrated in the publication in question. The American standard is very generally one of cost, and even then, not so much one of the cost of the *tout ensemble*, but still more mundanely one of cost of raw material: cost of the jewels. The result inevitably must be a sacrifice of all other attributes of design and beauty to that setting which will best bring out the perfectness and brilliancy of the gems themselves, and let us confess with sorrow the consequential inference of costliness.

"Why," ask these people, "shall we pay an enormous sum for a diamond of purest water, and then set it in such a way that one of half the cost will make equally as good an appearance? That is a waste of good money, a poor investment." And the result of such reasoning is the commercial crown setting, costing perhaps two dollars and a half, and holding in its ordinary embrace a ruby worth possibly five hundred dollars. Such pieces are not jewelry at all, they are simply gems, or a collection of gems, held together in a safe and insignificant receptacle, in which design or art in any form is totally lacking.

But a nation which, with all its newness and crudeness, has produced artists like Whistler and Sargent with the brush, and like Louis Tiffany and La Farge with glass, must not be judged by their lowest performance, nor even by their average performance, and there is undoubtedly an undercurrent in America today of enthusiastic appreciation of true art in all its forms,—an enthusiasm so broad and so intense that it cannot fail to eventually develop into a great creative activity with which the world will do well to reckon.



A BROOCH DESIGNED AND MADE BY
MRS. WILLIAM H. KLAPP

A very heavy old gold piece pierced and set with three deep colored Siberian amethysts, blue by day and red by gas-light.

We are apt to date our artistic awakening to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, on which occasion very many of our people first had an opportunity of seeing a large collection of artistic articles of all kinds at the same time. In any case, our architecture, as well as other forms of artistic expression, suddenly took on a lease of a new and better life.

This rejuvenation in the art of smaller and more domestic articles received its greatest stimulus, however, from the influence of William Morris.

There are today in many cities and towns throughout the country, associations of Arts and Crafts, to whom Mr. Morris stands as a kind of patron saint; and whose members bind books, carve furniture, pound brass and set jewels, to the inspiration of his memory. That much of the product is crude, amateurish and faulty in design and workmanship is apparent, yet the influence of the enthusiasm engendered is entirely healthy and promising, and the time is not far distant, if not already here, when some of these workers will develop traits that will raise them into a position demanding notice.

It is probable that the United States "consumes,"—to use a favorite American commercial term,—more jewelry—that is, buys and wears more jewelry, than any other nation; and most likely it is because such a mass of bad production has obscured the little good that is struggling for recognition that America may be slighted in an international congress of jewelry design.

This purports to be an article on the work of an American jewelry designer,—Mrs. William H. Klapp, whose work exhibits artistic characteristics, the exact antithesis of the already described commercial American type, and yet very different in ideal and feeling from the European type.

In that Mrs. Klapp believes that gems are to be used only as ornaments for the jewelry, as partners, if not in many cases as mere assistants, to the setting, she is in close accord with the prevailing European tend-

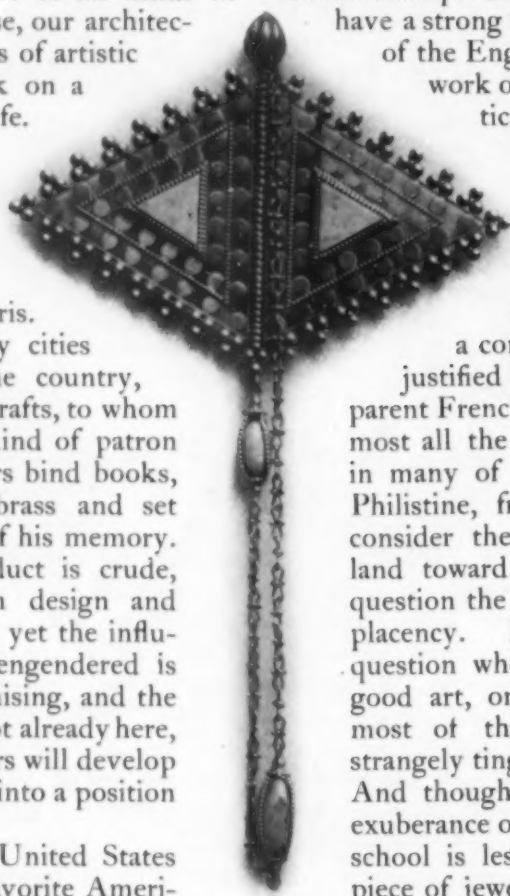
ency, and equally so, in consequence, she is a thorough believer in perfect workmanship in all the details. Beyond this, her work shows a wide divergence from most of the Continental productions, though many pieces have a strong family resemblance to some of the English examples. Indeed the work of Mr. C. R. Ashbee, in particular, represents very fairly the same underlying ideas, and would certainly appeal to the same taste and judgment.

The self complacency of a French section in such a congress would in a sense be justified by the very strong and apparent French influence noticeable in almost all the Continental examples and in many of the British, and yet I, a Philistine, from what they doubtless consider the new and still barbarous land toward the setting sun, dare to question the foundation for such complacency. It becomes again the old question whether "*L'Art Nouveau*" is good art, or perverted art, for surely most of this Continental jewelry is strangely tinged with "*L'Art Nouveau*."

And though it is true that the violent exuberance of fancy associated with that school is less objectionable in a small piece of jewelry than in the façade of a five story building or the walls of a living room, it still remains a very open question whether restraint, simplicity and pure ornament even in jewelry are not more to be desired than results that are at best sportive and frivolous, and at the extreme approach closely the grotesque imaginings of an opium dream.

La Lique, being a genius, may do as he pleases; we may wonder at times but dare not criticise; but his imitators copy only his extravagances, and of course fail to catch his—what shall I say,—his genius? And this is hard to define and very elusive.

It would seem as if the nude female figure is used much more than is desirable, the designs of some Europeans containing this motif in every example, which besides being very tiresome, makes many of the pieces almost impossible to wear. This brings me



A CLASP OF
SILVER AND
TURQUOISE
*Designed with
Persian feeling*

to the point of my article,—is not jewelry designed to wear? Is it designed to be designed, to exhibit the artist's fancy and versatility, or is it designed to form part of a costume, to blend and harmonize with a beautiful gown and by its brilliancy and color add beauty to a beautiful woman?

If we acknowledge the debt of the world to France in respect to her influence on painting, we may yet doubt her preeminent position in domestic architecture, and some of the lesser arts, and in my particular circle it is a well understood expression of deprecation to say any small article is "Frenchy," meaning meretricious and frivolous. The Italians were the preeminent designers of jewelry in the Renaissance period and they designed to bedeck harmoniously their beautiful women with jewelry appropriate in color and form to the woman and her costume, and not to cover her with variations of her own nude form.

Mrs. Klapp believes, then, in jewelry that can be worn, and further in jewelry that may be worn appropriately. She has a clear realization of conventions. Most conventions are based on sound reasoning, the popular opinion in America to the contrary notwithstanding. For example, convention decrees that diamonds may not be worn with a shirt waist. This is unquestionably a wise and philosophical decree of convention. In obedience to it, Mrs. Klapp has designed many buckles, brooches and stick-pins of the lesser jewels, set in silver; for example, an amethyst set in silver, or a piece of lapis-lazuli in silver or a silver base with conventional figures in enamel; any of these



A GOLD COMB SET WITH CARVED CORAL ROSES

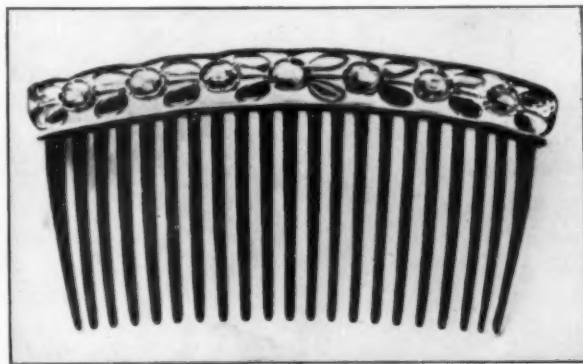
dress for years. It was because many of the semi-precious stones have such a variety and complexity of color that she was first drawn to study and use them. Her first attempts at design were on pieces for herself and gifts for friends, until gradually as her ideas multiplied and her powers expanded she became an artist by profession. She early learned, however, that no matter what the beauty of design and color, people who have been brought up to pay 95 per cent. for the jewel and 5 per cent. for the setting were very much astonished when they were asked to pay 60 per cent. for setting and 40 per cent. or less for the gem, and so through this influence, in a measure, and through her expanding opportunities, she now designs many pieces in which the most precious jewels are employed but never without being subordinated to the setting and part of a homogeneous whole. She does not execute the pieces herself; she has, however, her own shop where men work directly under

will be appropriate to a morning gown of percale, and offend the taste of no one. It was, in fact, her interest in the semi-precious stones that first led her to design jewelry at all.

Mrs. Klapp is a colorist. She is in love with fine, strong, rich color and has experimented with it in her house and in her

her own eye, and where she accurately controls every detail, the contour of every line, and the weight of every piece of metal.

As before stated, her cardinal principle is fitness and use. In consequence she shows great versatility, some of her pieces having traces of Spanish, Russian or English influences.



A SIDE COMB WITH DEEP PINK ALMANDINES SET IN GOLD

Some are rich and ornate, some dainty and refined, some "stunning" and barbaric, some simple and quiet; but in all there is an element of truth and absence of affectation which should make them staple and lasting.

Her work panders to no passing fad, and nothing worries her more than to have someone ask her to "get me up something pretty, as probably in a few years I shall have it all pulled to pieces and reset." Her pieces may be worn as long as the particular kind of ornament is in fashion, such as a hair comb, for example, and then may be laid away with the confident expectation that when the wheel of fashion swings around again the little grandchild, now grown up, will be delighted to ornament her coiffure with her grandmother's comb. She uses methods purely conventional, partially conventional, and purely natural, depending on the inspiration of the moment and the person for whom the piece is designed. And this is in a way unique, that very largely her work has been by order, so that she has designed each piece to suit the size, complexion, character and style of the woman who is to wear it. The pieces mean more than a black and white reproduction can here convey, for there is color, and of this much is made, and appropriateness to the owner, and the prospective use,—all these combine, as they should in all truth, to make a harmonious result. In the piece itself the jewel is given its proper value; nothing is accentuated at the cost of something else; every line must be just heavy enough to balance other lines; every part strong enough to be practical, fine enough to escape being clumsy. One buckle of



A BELT CLASP OF DEEP RED CORALS
SET IN SILVER
with bits of green, red and yellow enamel



A BROOCH OF TOPAZ
SET IN GOLD

corals and enamels suggests an Indian influence and is for morning wear; again a cool, water-green, aqua-marine will hang pendent from a gold chain of great beauty and fineness, the setting and clasps of carved platinum set with rose diamonds,—this for evening wear. Mrs. Klapp also uses variously colored golds, colored by alloys, not by acids, so as to harmonize with the gem. She is fond of pure gold—Etruscan—which is very yellow, and which with the dark blue of lapis-lazuli for one is very beautiful. She also uses platinum alone, and in conjunction with gold very extensively.

If the pieces are for use, to be worn and not merely exhibited, the clasps must fasten firmly, the pins of brooches must close securely, and the edges of pieces to be worn over lace must be so designed as not to catch and tear; all this is carefully considered. I once was examining a little Japanese ivory statuette of a man seated cross-legged. It was a cabinet piece, and beautifully carved, though only two inches high. Something impelled me to turn it over to look at the under side—possibly, being an American, to see if the price were marked upon it! Then I saw that the under side upon which it rested was carved just as carefully and conscientiously as the part that showed: there was the gown with the figured design, the doubled-up bare feet, while each minute toe had a still more minute nail. Truly I marvelled at the Japanese, and remembered Longfellow's lines:

"In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute an unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere."

You may turn any one of Mrs. Klapp's pieces over: the

back is finished quite as beautifully as the front. I recently was examining a pendant of hers of turquoise matrix and silver, the back of which was engraved with a most charming old-fashioned nosegay of flowers, so charming, in fact, that the young girl to whom it belonged stated she proposed wearing it some time wrong side out.

This work of Mrs. Klapp's seems to me to be true art, thorough art, and, above all, sane art. It is not that she cannot evolve erratic curves, queer waving masses of lines,

with here and there a female figure writhing in seeming torture; but that she scorns to do so. Restraint and fitness, these should be the watchwords of all critics, and these qualities I think her work exhibits in a marked degree.

Mrs. Klapp exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1900, and was awarded an honorable mention, a recognition that meant much, coming whence it did, for, judging from modern French jewelry designs, she certainly was "in the enemy's country." She also was awarded a bronze medal at Buffalo.

WHAT CAN BE DONE IN TEN YEARS

AT MAKING A COUNTRY HOME

By MARY C. ROBBINS

VERY many people who would like to beautify the place where they live, are deterred from undertaking the task by the fear of expense, and the idea that it is too long and tedious a business to be attempted with any hope of seeing the result soon enough to make the effort worth while. To such, the experience of two people of moderate means in making a home in a country village near Boston, amid very unpromising surroundings, may give encouragement and suggestion, and the story of the simple and inexpensive means by which a good result was obtained, may help some one else to the pleasure given by outdoor work in the endeavor to replace shabbiness by thrift and disorder by picturesque arrangement.

Fifteen years ago, in a village on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, my husband and I undertook the pleasant task of renovating an old place which had stood for ten years without a purchaser. Except for the great beauty of the view it was a hopeless looking spot, with a long stretch of tumble-down fence, rows of dilapidated fruit trees, and an old house which had been a good one in its time, falling to decay. This house was too far gone to be worth repairing. It could have been made picturesquely successful perhaps, but never comfortable, nor adapted to modern needs for an all-the-year-round dwelling. Moreover its situation,

in spite of some fine old trees near it, was undesirable on account of the nearness of two dusty country roads; so it was removed, and a new one built elsewhere.

The surface of the place, four acres in extent, was much diversified, and one-half of our friends remonstrated because we did not set our house upon a windy hill which commanded an extended view, and the others were divided between the old site, on account of the noble branching elms which overhung it, and some level ground below a knoll, where there would have been room to extend the building on a level with a garden space about it.

Mindful of advancing years and chill northeasters, we eschewed the hill, and with an eye to a dry cellar and good drainage we avoided the garden level, and thus perched our dwelling on a slight elevation where we had a good view and ground which fell away on all sides from the house. Landscape architecture we had very little knowledge of, and with the fearlessness of ignorance we made our own plans, secured a competent and faithful builder, and constructed our abode and its surroundings in a hit-or-miss style, which we are far from recommending to any one else, though the results in our case were perhaps better than we deserved.

The irregular dwelling looked bare and bald enough when it was completed. There was not a tree or shrub or vine to hide its

ugliness, and the freshly graded knoll on which it stood was innocent of grass. We had planned a place for three trees—a willow, a cut-leaved white maple and a Norway maple; but the generous friend who had offered them to us unexpectedly enlarged the gift to a dozen, which had to be accommodated without due reflection in the stretch of loam which we figuratively called lawn.

When one has a piece of ground with nothing on it, and a number of saplings about the size of a hoe-handle to plant there, it seems a matter of small importance to the unlearned where they are set. You take for granted that half of them will die, and that the best use to put them to will be to protect each other. You realize that they must not be in straight lines, nor too near together; but unless you are experienced, it is the most difficult thing to imagine how they will look in the far distant future when they are grown up. So you dig holes, recklessly rush in and out of the house to see the effect of stakes, and

generally succeed in getting them in the wrong place. This is, of course, where the landscape architect should come in, but as the proverb hath it, "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," and in our case, unless he had been in our pocket, he would have been of no use at that particular moment, when the unexpected trees arrived.

There is nothing like experience to teach, and now I know that before the house was built everything should have been mapped out—house here, trees there, in proper groups and relations, trusting to luck for some one to send the furnishings when the place was ready for them. This is really the proper way to go to work, but when we began our planting those ideas had not been so thoroughly set before the public as they are now, and we had to earn our experience at the price of much unnecessary labor.

Undoubtedly one should have the landscape architect if he can be afforded; and if not, there should certainly be some sort of design to work upon. I say this with feeling, because almost all our things lived; and after struggling through a precarious infancy, many of them had to be dragged up by the roots just as soon as they really began to take hold, and removed to a different spot where they would not be in the way.

In the beginning tree culture is one long battle, and so much thought and attention are necessary that it is easy to understand why one so often hears people say that it is



"OVERLEA" IN 1888

THE AUTHOR'S HOME

of no use to plant trees about a place, because one will never live to get the benefit of them. This, however, is a great mistake. It is surprising how much a well planted tree will grow even in three years, and how changed the aspect of the most barren grounds will become at the end of that time. The difficulty is that the planter seldom realizes the patient care necessary to nurse the sapling through its second summer, when it should really be as much a source of anxiety as a baby. Almost any tree will stand its first season if well watered, but when it starts to grow in the following spring, it is a mistake to believe that it is out of danger, and to leave it to take care of itself through wind and drought, because it has shown signs of vigor early in the season.

Staking, watering, and mulching, digging about the roots, protecting the leaves from

insects and fungi—all are necessary to insure health and safety to the nursling. Even in the third season the planter cannot be too careful, in case of drought and parching winds, to see that moisture is supplied in proper quantities, not on the surface alone, but by means of drain tiles led directly to the delicate underground organs which nourish and strengthen the tree.

Planting a place is like furnishing a house. One starts in with trees as one does with a sideboard and a dining table, one sows a lawn as one buys a carpet; then, little by little, shrubs are added as are chairs and cabinets to a drawing room, and finally come the flowers as ornaments and pictures.

No one need be deterred by the size of the task, for a little can be done at once, and one thing follows another naturally and easily. Nor need the possible expense stagger one, for if you live in a friendly country neighborhood, there is always somebody who wishes to get rid of a superfluous tree or shrub, so that you can have it for the moving; and cuttings and roots of flowers go a-begging every day wherein there is a garden to be weeded. The friendly interchange of different plants is a part of the amenities of country living. Through it one comes to be on friendly terms with all sorts and conditions of men, and really nothing quite takes the place of a garden as a common interest with one's rural neighbors of every degree.

One can scarcely imagine anything more depressing than the bare poles of our stick garden during the first year. Scanty tufts of leaves made a brave struggle against wind and drought, and by aid of constant and careful watering pulled through the summer. A long row of willows set as a fence along the rear boundary of the place budded and took hold; grass started; the Virginia creeper began to climb feebly over the foundations of the porch and some hardy perennials, set in the garden, veiled the bare beds with leaves. The afternoon sun beat hotly upon the unshaded roofs and verandahs, and we looked out upon the little hopeless trees, about on a level with the window fastenings of the first story, and felt skeptical. Our grandchildren may sit in their shade, we thought, but it will merely be ours to cherish their feeble existence year after year, and fight for them with the voracious caterpillar.

(To be continued.)

Had we not been too busy we should have been depressed. As it was, we were either at one end of a hose or a weeder all summer, and lively activity prevented morbid fears.

On the bare hillside north of the house a number of pines had been planted. They were too far off for the hose to reach them, and a man trudged patiently from the faucet to each tree with pails of water when the situation seemed critical.

"Your trees will never live in that sandy place," said a passer-by.

"If the missus says they are to grow, they will grow," said one not of little faith, and was justified. Some failed, but many remained, and others took the place of the dead.

The second summer came; the lawn was fairly green, though weedy; the trees took a fresh start; the simple garden burst into bloom. It was a caterpillar year, and life was one long warfare, but we conquered. The trees lived, the hill was dotted with little green spots which, when the snow fell, asserted themselves as pines, and the rural public became less skeptical.

By the middle of the third summer we began to be proud. The look of desolation had gone, the cropped trees had taken form once more. Passers-by began to be commendatory; the public applauded with its, "Wal, I never thought you could do it," and pretty soon our shabby stretch of nearly a thousand feet along the main street of the village, instead of being a forlorn disgrace, showed hedges, rows of evergreens, and an established shrubbery in place of a rickety fence. A salt marsh in the rear of the garden by that time was filled in, and waved with English grass; the long row of willows along the street in the rear was forming a close green boundary; the terraces had been extended; one or two retaining walls built; and added surface obtained by filling up to them.

Everything that was done seemed to tell, and to give an air of finish to the place which it had sorely lacked, and of a sudden we realized that not only material was necessary for an effect, but order and design, so that we began to study what we had done as a painter studies his first rough sketch for a picture, to see what could be added to enhance the natural beauty of the spot, and to emphasize that charm of old and new combined which formed the real attraction of our simple home.



The Exposition Palace at Dresden

THE GERMAN MUNICIPAL EXPOSITION IN DRESDEN

By MAX FLOESSEL

AT a meeting of burgermeisters of German towns, held at Carlsruhe in 1897, Herr W. Beutler, the Mayor of Dresden, proposed an exposition for the purpose of showing the splendid development attained by the German municipalities. At subsequent meetings the idea took form and it was resolved to hold such an exposition in Dresden in 1903. Invitations to join in the enterprise were sent to all German towns having a population of twenty-five thousand or more and acceptances were received from one hundred and twenty-eight, representing collectively thirty million inhabitants. The authorities of the German states as well as the Imperial Government gave their aid to

the project, and King George of Saxony became its protector. The permanent Exposition Palace of Dresden was beautified for the occasion; the authorities of the principal cities of Europe and America were invited to take part in the inauguration and the Exposition was opened to the public from the 28th of May to the end of September.

The aim of the Exposition was to show the status of the German towns in the beginning of the twentieth century and especially the development of the larger German municipalities during the last ten years in different directions, illustrating as many principles of civic growth.

The conditions of living in Germany have been entirely trans-



THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL

At the far end is the Neptune Fountain



ENTRANCE TO THE SECTION OF "HEALTH AND PUBLIC SAFETY"

formed for the whole population by the gigantic economic change which that country underwent in the last few years, due to the development of steam power and electricity, especially since the union of Germany in 1871. This rapid progress made great and difficult demands on the old cities, demands only to be met by making the best out of their well-guarded freedom in state life, which they had gained by self-administration. The existing dwellings were no longer sufficient for a population swelled by the migration of country people into the cities. The erection of depots opened new roads for the inter-city traffic which had to be taken into consideration with the increase of industrial activity by changing old building plans, by the opening of new districts and by the widening of streets. Means had to be provided for communication, lighting, water supply, canalization, health, sanitation and police protection, public education, charities and hospiti-

als. The authorities of the German cities were almost obliged to take some industries into their own hands, especially gas, water and electric works, and pawnshops, undertaking establishments, theatres and municipal concert or entertainment halls are under the ownership and care of the local government. The street railways also came for the most part under the management of the towns whenever the contracts with private concerns ran out. Some German cities, like Dresden, for instance, even assume the control of vehicles and the management of funerals, the erection of slaughter-houses and of sanitary aid stations, in addition to the more familiar and time-honored functions of civic government.

The exhibits contributed by the towns were divided into eight groups as follows:

I. Transportation, Illumination, Laying out of Streets, Bridges and Harbors and Underground Work, Street Car Management, etc.

II. The Extension of Towns, Building Inspection and Sanitation.

III. Public Art, Architecture, Painting and Sculpture.

IV. Public Health, Sanitation and Police.

V. Public Education and Schools.

VI. Public Charity, Care of the Sick, Charitable Institutions and Endowments.

VII. Administration of Finances, Civic Industries, Real Estate, Taxes, Savings Banks and Loan Institutions.

VIII. Registration, Official Statistics and Reports.

From this can be readily seen what many-sided tasks the municipal administration in Germany had to assume during the last fifty years and how many officials and buildings were necessary for the city's management. The Exposition, therefore, was interesting not only for the lay visitor but for the specialist in civic science as well. Inasmuch as industry in general extends to a certain extent into the service of the city, there was one part of the Exposition reserved for the trades and manufactures. Four hundred firms exhibited, among them some of the most prominent in Germany, and their wares consisted of various machines, machine tools and kindred appliances, building materials and implements and miscellaneous manufactures. These were grouped by the clear-reasoning Germans so that the most ignorant visitor could seize upon the outlines of civic science and at least comprehend its important factors.

The whole Exposition covered an area of nearly five acres and was comprised in the



THE SECTION OF PUBLIC EDUCATION AND SCHOOLS

main exhibition area, the Exhibition Palace and the exhibits in the different pavilions throughout the grounds. It is impossible to describe all the exhibits here, and I reproduce, therefore, only some particularly interesting photographs of interiors, a number of the most important models and some attractive outdoor views with characteristic pavilions. Upon entering the Exhibition Palace by the main entrance the visitor has an impressive

view of the spacious main hall, illustrated on page 188. The light blue walls were relieved by a darker shade of the same color in rows of small niches. At the distant end is a larger niche painted a bright orange and containing the enormous Neptune Fountain, a plaster cast in imitation of the old marble fountain in the park of the Marcolini Palace in Dresden (now a hospital). On the right and left of the fountain stood the statues of Bismarck and Moltke. In the foreground of our picture are models of the rathhouses of Leipzig and Hanover.

From this hall opened rooms leading to the section of "Health and Public Safety." Models and pictures of public parks and buildings were ranged on either side of the aisle and the apartment was tastefully decorated with artificial foliage. The group entitled "Public Education and Schools" was housed in a court surrounded by antique architecture. Elevated upon a table at the right was a model of a new schoolhouse for the city of Munich, which was easily the finest of a series of plans, models and pictures of schools exhibited by as many as

seventy-eight different towns. German schools have a high reputation in America, and though the public schools in the United States are certainly not inferior to them, in Germany more attention is paid to the outsides of the buildings. Even the admirable new public schools of New York City, comprising all the modern improvements, to the extent of a roof-garden,—a thing entirely unknown in Germany,—have no such imposing exteriors as the schoolhouses of first-class German cities, and can boast no such splendid entrance as the model illustrated on this page of the 147th Public School in Berlin.

Especially did the new rathhaus or town hall buildings show what an important part exterior art and architecture plays in German city life; and in the opinion of the writer, Germany is in this regard far ahead of America, a fact which is well proven in the graceful architecture in the new town hall for the City of Hamburg. This hall is in a rich German Renaissance style and was built by four architects between the years 1885 and 1897, and is much more successful as an object of civic use and ornament than equally important works in many other countries. It is not a large building, from an American point of view, as it has only four stories according to the



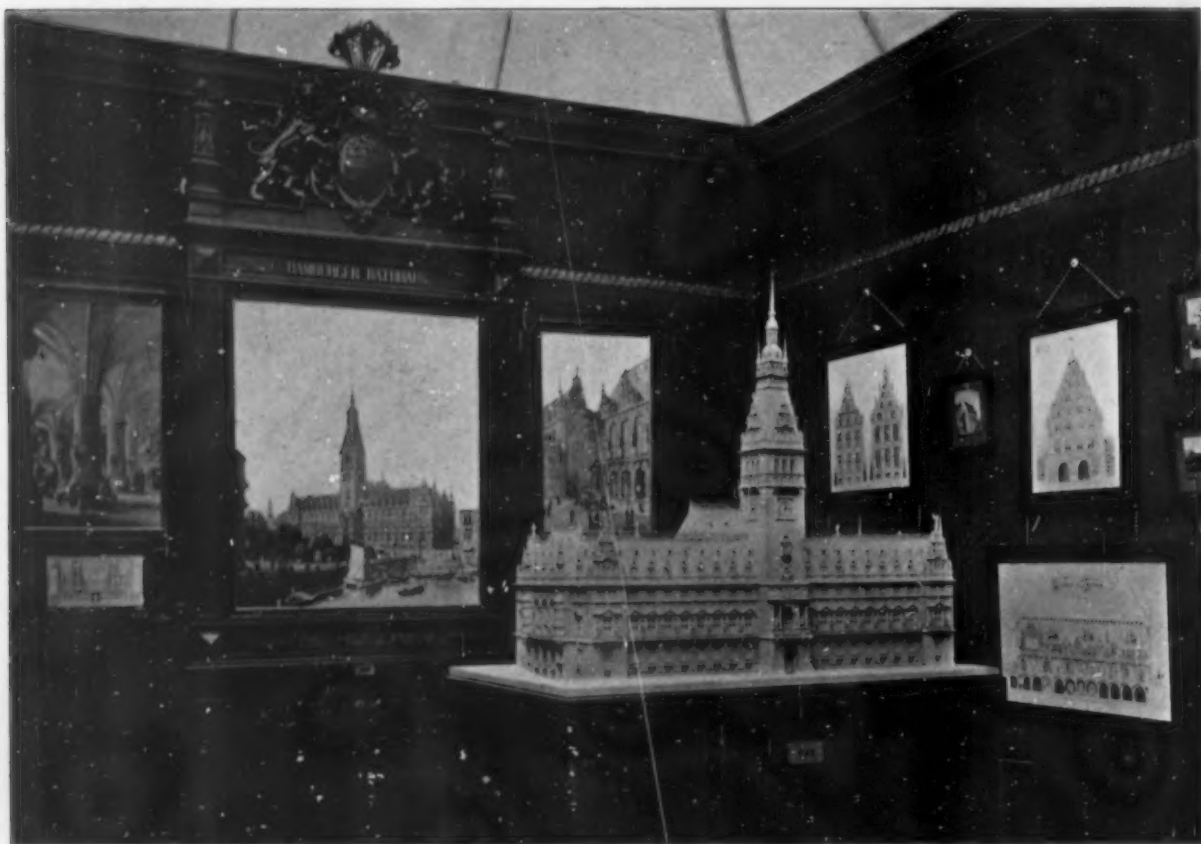
MODEL OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE
147TH PUBLIC SCHOOL IN BERLIN



THE STRASBURG EXHIBIT

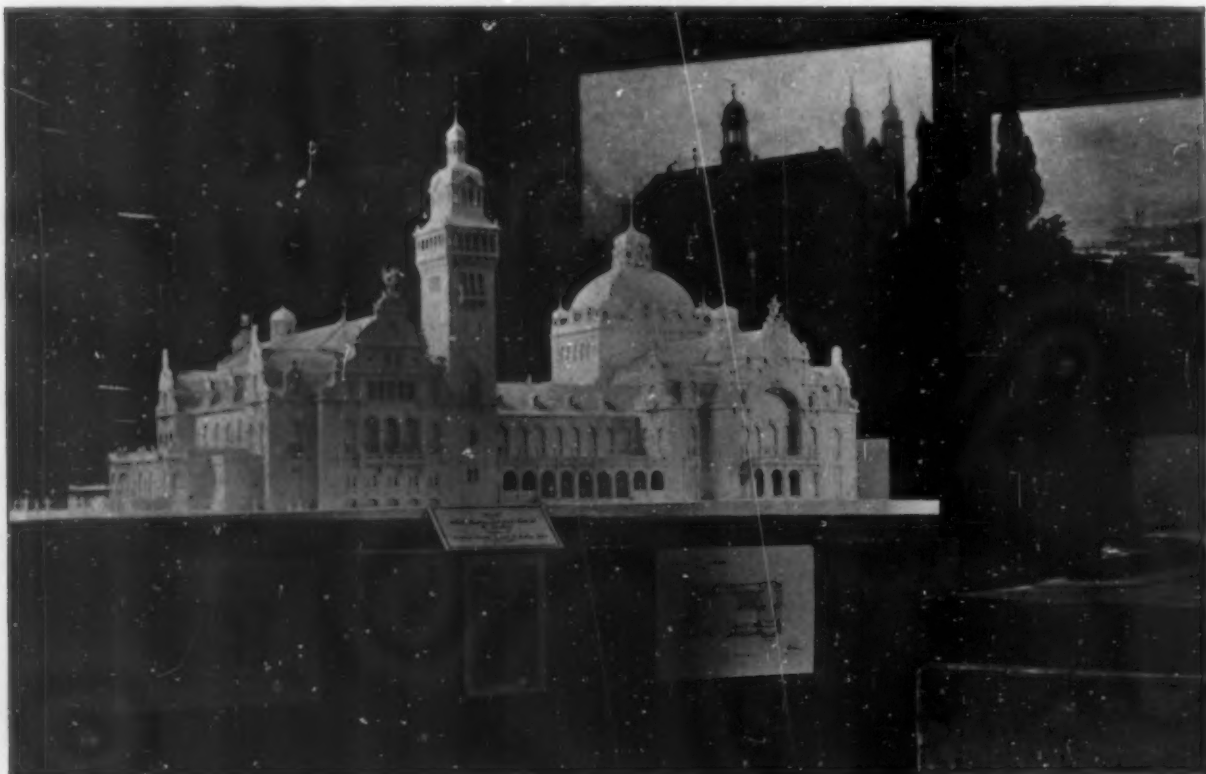
The Model of the Church of St. Peter

The German Municipal Exposition



THE HAMBURG EXHIBIT

The Model of the New Rathaus



THE NUREMBURG EXHIBIT

The Model of the New City Theatre and Banquet-hall

German custom of counting them, or five, as Americans would say. The middle tower, however, is quite lofty and measures 368 feet in height. The cost of the building was \$2,625,000. Our illustration shows the model of the hall, and in a frame near it, a picture of the building with its details and surroundings.

I have already mentioned that the German towns manage their theatres. In recent years it has become necessary to construct

to societies who are always willing to make use of such a place upon special occasions. A building serving these two purposes is illustrated in the new city theatre and banquet-hall now being built at Nuremburg. Its construction was begun in 1901 and the expenditure for the theatre alone is estimated at \$84,000.

Among the churches occupying a place in the Exhibition, none embodies a more in-



A CORRIDOR IN THE EXPOSITION PALACE

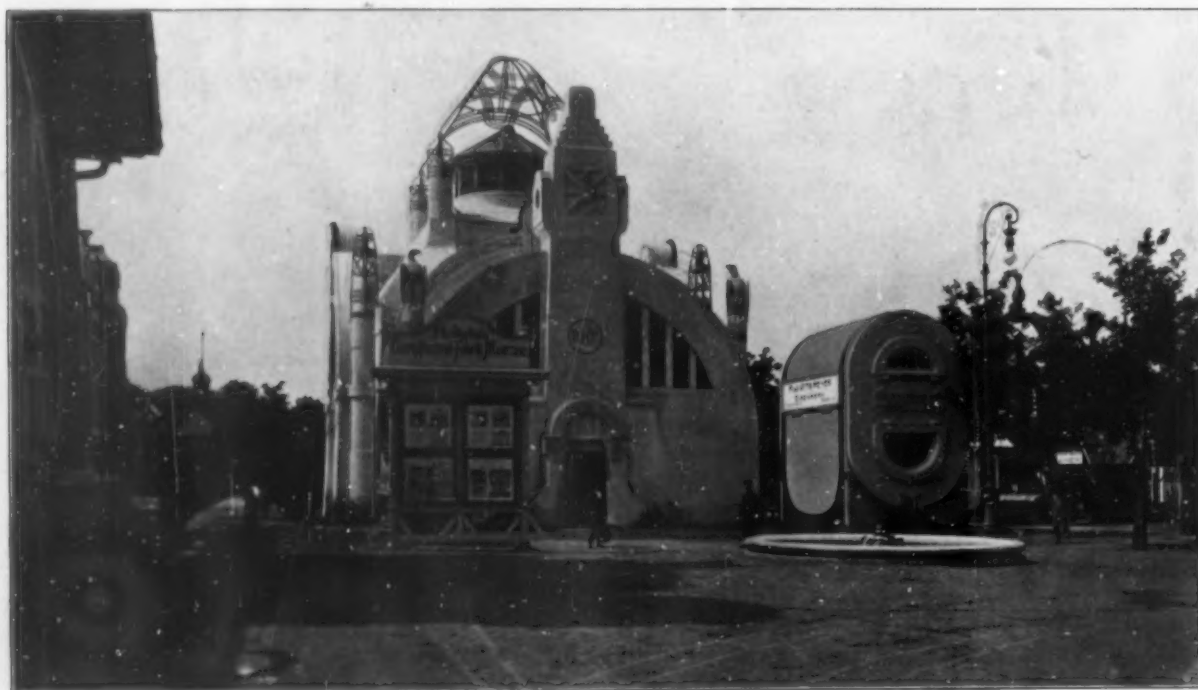
The Hildesheim Exhibit on the left

several of these in the larger cities. The newest idea in their establishment is to add to the theatre a banquet-hall. Economy is gained by joining these in one structure and thus the municipal banquets, often given in German towns, can be held in one of the city's own buildings, and there as well receptions can be given to visiting societies and congresses. The city reaps an income from the building, too, by renting it for private functions and

interesting and valuable summary of German ecclesiastical architecture than the Cathedral of St. Peter in Strasburg and here reproduced in plaster. Ravaged by fire, and its construction prolonged through the twelfth and succeeding centuries as far as the fifteenth, this single building exhibits the Romanesque style of Northern Europe and several variations of the Gothic executed by a number of German architects, now assert-



SECTIONAL MODEL OF A TYPICAL STREET OF BRESLAU



A GROUP OF PRIVATE TRADE EXHIBITS

ing their own national traditions, now yielding to the influence of France.

Elsewhere in the halls were the exhibits of the various systems for dealing with fire in cities and the latest modern equipment of fire and police stations, all of which have a rather technical character. But we leave these and pass into a corridor upon which open a number of rooms, the most lavishly furnished being that of the ancient city of Hildesheim. This is one of the most beautiful rooms of the Exposition and contains a model of the monument to Kaiser Wilhelm, executed by Prof. Lessing of Berlin, and unveiled in 1901. The typical timbered and gabled houses by which Hildesheim is always remembered, are represented by numerous models, one of the most interesting of which is a carved and painted wood façade of the *Knocheshaueramtshaus* (the bone-cutters' guild house), erected in 1529 and one of the most celebrated historical buildings of Germany.

Leaving the Exposition building by this

corridor, the visitor found himself amid the outdoor examples of city construction, arranged, as I have said, in systematic groups. The most interesting examples were the cross sections of streets, built after those at Breslau and Dresden. Here were shown by actual temporary constructions the street sewers and the means of reaching them both from the surface and from the buildings, the conduits for surface drainage, electric wires and for gas, while above are admirably displayed, as if for daily use, the different methods of paving the surface. It is a remarkable fact that the streets of Breslau, a city twice the size of Dresden, contain much less underground construction than those of the latter city, the reason for this being found in the fact that the administration of Dresden is more far-sighted and has taken the extension and growth of the city into account from the beginning.

These street sections are not only interesting to the specialist, but to the general public, by reason of their bringing before



SECTIONAL MODEL OF A TYPICAL STREET OF DRESDEN



AN AVENUE IN THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS

The Pavilion of a Dresden Manufacturer

the laymen's attention, in a way never before attempted, the advantages of scientific street building. After a view of these models few can remain unconvinced that streets should be designed and built with no less thoroughness and foresight than the buildings themselves and other public monuments of the city. In this outdoor portion of the Exposition were innumerable specimens of paving bricks and stone, cement and concrete work, coal-tar products and various constructions in iron and other metals. At the right of the lower illustration on page 194 is an apparatus for heating and cooking, as novel on account of its original construction as the pavilion in the middle of the same picture, painted white and gold, and exhibited by a prominent machine works.

A more extended tour of the grounds revealed many interesting things pertaining to the various means of interior and exterior decoration, which is of great importance in the life of the German city. The Exhibition has given a spur to innovation and improvement in this direction as upon the purely sociologi-

cal lines, and the idea first put forth by the Mayor of Dresden has been accounted a great success, financially and otherwise; so much so, indeed, that similar expositions are likely to be held elsewhere in Europe. Already we hear that Brussels is to have a large municipal exposition in the near future, and the civic societies of the United States are planning to demonstrate their ideas at the approaching St. Louis Fair. Every American citizen who visited Dresden the past summer must admit that, so far as city administration is concerned, he can learn much from Germany, notwithstanding other important and modern progress in his own country. Unfortunately the different and contending political parties in America have a bad and hindering influence in sound municipal administration. But this concerns the question of means rather than the end, and it was the end which was celebrated at Dresden. May the visit of so many Americans to the German Municipal Exposition and a view of the beautiful, clean and perfectly administered City of Dresden work improvingly upon the other side of the water!



"Past quaint little thatched cottages"

WHITE'S SELBORNE TODAY

By CURTIS BROWN

NOT one American tourist in a thousand finds inclination or opportunity when in England to visit the tiny, out-of-the-world village of Selborne, where Gilbert White spent most of his days in the eighteenth century. This neglect of the place makes it so much the more precious to the few who stray thither from the nearest railroad station at Alton, several miles away, and rather more than an hour's journey by train southward from London.

Judging by the old prints, Selborne looks today almost exactly as it did when the famous curate of the picturesque parish church roamed about in the fields and woods, considerably more interested, apparently, in birds, reptiles and beasts than in the spiritual affairs of the parish, or the doings of men in the great world beyond the hills that bounded his vision. One might suppose that the threatened loss of England's colonies in America, for instance, would have found some mention at his pen, but the only letter written in the middle of 1776, when

the situation came to a crisis, is devoted chiefly to the account of a cat which, being deprived of its kittens, adopted a helpless little hare that had been brought into the house, suckled it, and manifested much maternal delight in its society.

Selborne is as far away from turmoil now as it was then. The most nervous and restless of Americans, strolling down the one straggling village street past quaint little thatched cottages, and on to the rambling ivy-covered house that looks today almost exactly as it did when the Reverend White kept bachelor hall therein, is certain to feel some of the drowsy, calm peacefulness of the place descending upon him like a benediction. The suggestion arises that if he would find serene happiness he would do well to stay here for the rest of his days and forget, as completely as the comfortable curate who unsuspectingly brought fame to Selborne, all about ambitions, and commerce and wars, and become wholly absorbed in the greater affairs of Nature, spending after-

noons in the observation of a house-martin's nest building, and taking infinite pains to record the exact amount of the rainfall to a month.

The village street is so narrow, and Gilbert White's house stretches out to such length that it is no easy matter to photograph it satisfactorily. At any rate, I have seen no picture of it that portrayed it so completely and attractively as the photograph my friend and I took one bright Sunday morning and which is reproduced here. Afterward we climbed up the steep zigzag path past the Wishing Stone to the top of the Hanger, the wooded hilltop so often mentioned in White's "Natural History of Selborne," and through a gap in the foliage we secured a view of the whole of this metropolis of peace, with its total of some thirty houses. We could look down into Gilbert White's orderly garden, and could see beyond it the square tower of the little



GILBERT WHITE'S HOUSE AT SELBORNE

church in which he occasionally preached, and where his bones have rested since 1793. It is possible that the most noted of the long line of Selborne curates preached good sermons, but the fancy is persistent that the song of a rare bird coming to him through an open window in the midst of a discourse used to make him pause for a word and inwardly wish that he could hurry the service to a close and hasten out into the pleasant churchyard before his feathered friend had vacated his place in the branches of the yew tree at the church door.

That giant yew must have lived through a deal of history. It is as vigorous now as it was in the latter part of the seventeen hundreds, when Gilbert White wrote of it in his "Antiquities of Selborne:"¹ "In the churchyard of this village is a yew tree, whose aspect bespeaks it to be of a great age; it seems to have



"THE LITTLE CHURCH IN WHICH HE OCCASIONALLY PREACHED"

¹ See Letter V, "Antiquities of Selborne."

seen several centuries, and is probably coeval with the church, and therefore may be deemed an antiquity; the body is squat, short, and thick, and measures twenty-three feet in the girth, supporting a head of suitable extent to its bulk. This is a male tree, which in the spring sheds clouds of dust, and fills the atmosphere around with its farina." He speaks of the same tree again in another place, and had evidently taken the trouble to measure it. He then says it is twenty-five feet around.

The church itself dates back, according to White's reckoning, to the time of Henry VII—no great age, its chronicler seemed to think—but he concludes that some of its pillars are old enough to please any antiquarian, for they have come down from Saxon days, having been



"THROUGH A GAP IN THE FOLIAGE WE OBTAINED A VIEW OF THE WHOLE OF THIS METROPOLIS OF PEACE"

of the place seem to have a quiet, prim, old-world dignity, as who should say: "We come of distinguished lineage. You will find the names of our forefathers mentioned in one of the classics of English literature."

used, probably, to support the walls of some earlier structure.

The present inhabitants of Selborne are mostly the descendants of the children who are mentioned by White, in one of his infrequent references to the *genus homo*, as being numerous in the town; the quaint butcher's shop, with its broad porch resting on the trunks of three dignified trees, stands opposite to the house just as it did four generations ago, and the very birds and bees and flowers



The old yew tree at the Selborne church door

THE death of Frederick Law Olmsted at the age of eighty-one years closed a period of retirement from that active work by which he will always be remembered. With his career the profession of landscape architect in America may be said to have begun, for his predecessor, the circumscribed Downing, achieved little but to rouse the desire for that which Mr. Olmsted was called upon later to create. So inchoate were these wants in a country whose esthetic progress had scarce begun that there was no established course by which a lover of natural beauty could prepare himself for the profession with which it deals. Even had there been one, it is doubtful whether Frederick Law Olmsted would have entered upon it, for it was not until well along in years that he turned to his life work.

Born in 1822 at Hartford, Ct., and after studying at Phillips Academy, he entered an importing house in New York City. After a voyage to the far East, he studied engineering at Yale, and later determined to become a farmer. At that occupation he settled in Connecticut and afterward on Staten Island. Soon he was off again journeying afoot in great Britain and on the Continent. Three years later he made a horseback tour of the Southern States and chronicled his observations in several books which enjoyed, in their day, no small measure of popularity and favorable literary remark. On account of their bearing upon the slave question and other economic topics, they caused their author to be first known as a publicist; and the active interest he retained in public affairs not only placed him upon several important humanitarian commissions during the period of the Civil War but it gave him an immediate grasp of the public problems he was called upon to solve in his purely professional work.

It was not until 1856 that he entered upon this work and by fortuitous circumstances. After a chance meeting with one of the Commissioners for the creation of Central Park, New York, he associated with himself his friend Calvert Vaux and submitted a plan for the Park which was selected as the best of thirty-two competitive designs.

This work brought rapid fame to Olmsted, and cities invited him to design their parks,

individuals their private grounds. Boston, Washington, Chicago, Brooklyn, Montréal, St. Louis, Buffalo, Detroit, Trenton and Bridgeport owe to his genius much of the beauty of their public tracts. All of this work created in the Brookline office a veritable center of the landscape art, from which came Codman, who carried out his master's ideas for the Chicago World's Fair, and Eliot, whose great work in beautifying the vicinity of Boston was ended by untimely death. In 1872 Frederick Law Olmsted was the president of the New York Department of Parks and three years afterward the landscape architect of that city where later he directed the construction of Riverside and Morningside Parks and the arrangement of the territory north of the Harlem River. He received from Harvard, Yale and Amherst the degree of Master of Arts and afterward that of LL.D. from Harvard and Yale.

Though Mr. Olmsted was not a formalist he spent no energy in decrying the tenets of what might be called the "architectural school" of landscape art. His works represent rather the silent opposition. Many of these necessarily bore an intimate relation to architectural surroundings, but these surroundings he considered artificial and beyond the purpose of his art to simulate. All of his work is therefore conspicuously naturalistic; and after the city-bound conditions under which Central Park was conceived, we can fancy his pleasure at turning to the vast tracts of the Yosemite which he was to preserve for public use when he became the first Commissioner of the National Park.

The preservation of natural beauty and the accentuation of its best effects was his instinctive mode of treatment, showing itself, in the case of city parks, by a sudden transition to Nature, and in country estates by a wisely planned and immediate development of the more favorable opportunity. He preferred trees and shrubs to flowers, and with the former obtained those effects of mass and vista which must have impressed themselves upon younger mind while a-journey in foreign lands or tilling his fields at Saybrook then little thinking he was destined to be a master of that art which places the noblest materials of Nature at the greatest service of Man.