

HOUSE AND GARDEN

A Magazine chiefly devoted to
Architecture, Gardens, and
the Minor Decorative Arts

EDITED BY

CHARLES FRANCIS OSBORNE

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Contents for May, 1905

	PAGE
ST. HUBERT'S CHAPEL, Château d'Amboise.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE ARTS AND CRAFTS IN NEW YORK, by MABEL TUKE PRIESTMAN.	
<i>Illustrated,</i>	233
A COTTAGE ON THE WISSAHICKON HILLS, by CORNELIUS WEYGANDT.	
<i>Illustrated,</i>	239
"LA ROCHELLE"—A Summer House at Bar Harbor, Maine, by I. HOWLAND JONES.	
<i>Illustrated,</i>	246
HOUSE-BOATING, by C. D. MOWER.	
<i>Illustrated,</i>	251
THE SCHUYLKILL PARKWAY AND EMBANKMENT.	
<i>Illustrated,</i>	255
MEXICAN VIEWS—Photographed by Mr. WILSON EYRE:	
A GUANAJUATO BELFRY.	256
A GUANAJUATO CHURCH.	257
NEW ORLEANS COURTYARDS, by ANNIE R. KING.	<i>Illustrated,</i> 258
NEW YORK GRILL-ROOMS, by E. N. VALLANDIGHAM.	<i>Illustrated,</i> 264
PICTURESQUE ENGLISH COTTAGES AND THEIR DOORWAY GARDENS, —X, by P. H. DITCHFIELD.	<i>Illustrated,</i> 270
THE DELIGHTS OF OLD WORCESTER, by MINNI SWEET MUCHMORE.	
<i>Illustrated,</i>	279
NOTES AND REVIEWS.	XIII, XIV, XVII, XIX

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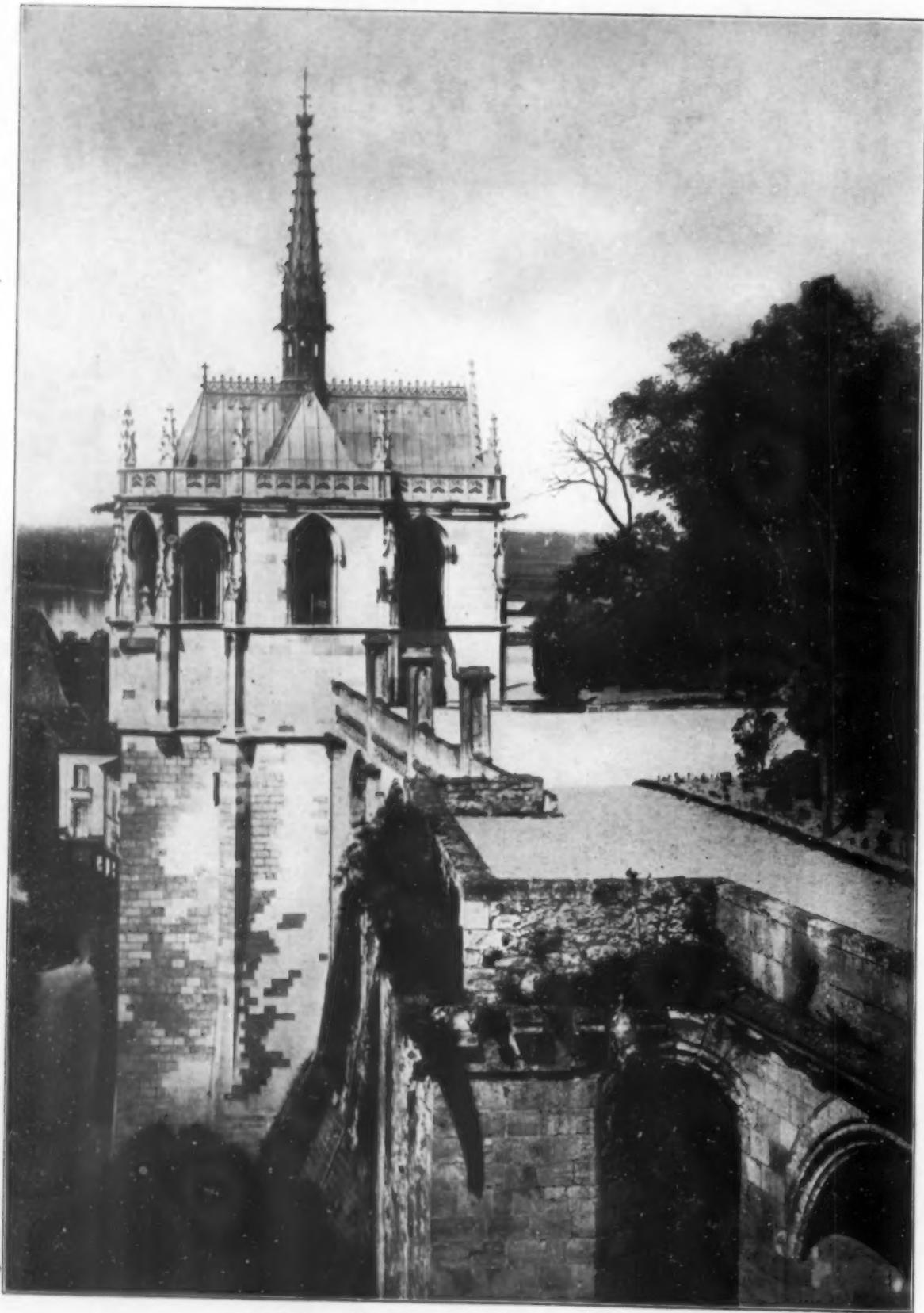
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ST. HUBERT'S CHAPEL, CHÂTEAU D'AMBOISE

House and Garden

Vol. VII

May, 1905

No. 5

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS IN NEW YORK

By MABEL TUKE PRIESTMAN

THE New York Guild of Arts and Crafts is composed entirely of practical craft workers, who occupy a house in East Twenty-third Street, in which are the workshops, salesrooms, and class rooms of the Guild, with some living-rooms for the members. The Guild is entirely self-supporting, having no endowment fund, and depends solely upon its membership fees and sales.

The fifth anniversary of its organization was marked by an exhibition in the Guild rooms from the 3rd to the 8th of April, which included examples of the work of all members of the Guild, with some contributed exhibits. Basket weaving, bookbinding, enameling, china painting, pottery, wood-carving, brass and copper ware, leather work, furniture, weaving and textiles were all represented.



A CORNER OF THE SHOW ROOM

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A BUSCH MANTEL

It will be more courteous, perhaps, to notice the contributed exhibits first.

One of the most notable and attractive features of the exhibition was in the ceramic department, where some beautiful pieces of Newcomb Pottery were shown. These were extremely interesting not only from their artistic merit but also from the unusual conditions that gave rise to their manufacture. The type had its origin in the Art Department of Newcomb College of New Orleans, Louisiana, where it continues to be made under the supervision of the department by women who are, or have been, its students.

It was felt by the college authorities that a decided stimulus would be given to the growing industries of the South, if there could be clearly shown the dependence of artistic manufacture upon art training. The effort was soon justified, for the Newcomb Pottery at once challenged attention by its originality and beauty of design. The secret of this success is largely due to the fact that each worker in the craft is led to feel that the responsibility attached to a signed pottery design is the same as that which exists in the

case of a signed picture, and that individual reputation may be gained as well by this as by other forms of art expression. Freedom in the choice of colors is allowed, though this is usually a greenish blue resembling the color of the cactus plant, which, with the character of the design, gives to Newcomb Pottery its individual quality. Native clay is used for making the pottery, and flowers peculiar to the neighborhood, insect life and typical landscape formations of the Gulf States have all been made use of in furnishing suggestions for the decoration of the ware.

A design is never duplicated, and each piece of ware is original. Scarcely less interesting are the pieces which owe their decoration to the heat of the kiln, showing quaint accidental blendings of color.

Among the undecorated china, Miss Mary White Talbot, of the Young Women's Club Association, exhibited some clever small pieces of green ware; it had the same soft finish so attractive in the Grueby ware. There was also a small showing of the Van Briggles Pottery from Colorado Springs; the strong rich colors of this ware being noteworthy. Some dainty cups and saucers and plates, decorated by Miss Mary Carpenter, attracted especial attention.

The display in basketry was quite interesting; some undecorated finely woven baskets made by the New Clairvaux Arts and Crafts seemed to find a ready sale. Decorated baskets of Indian design were also on exhibition, made by the same Society.

The weaving exhibit was also large and varied. The New Clairvaux Arts and Crafts showed some good examples of rugs that were shaded in the dyeing; one with autumn leaf coloring artistically blended.

This New Clairvaux Arts and Crafts is a settlement and training school, founded at Montague, Mass., by the Rev. Edward P. Pressey. It is a family school of boys and girls, from five to twenty years of age, where a training is given in farming, housework, printing, wood-working and other crafts.

Exhibitions of their work, consisting of raffia beach pillows, rugs of different colors, baskets, leather work, knitted articles, have been held from time to time, in and near Boston. The Society derives its name from the mediæval Abbey of Clairvaux founded by St. Bernard, from which sprang some four hundred other religious colonies, and which was thus one of the most fertile sources of the industrial and intellectual revival in Europe. Mr. Pressey originally started this work at Rowe, Mass., by an attempt to repeople the abandoned farms in that neighborhood.

An exhibit of the Deerfield Society, Martha Washington Rug Weavers, and the Oriental Rug Weavers, consisted of table covers, portières and pillows, and rugs of many colors. The designs on some of these were quite intricate and added greatly to the decorative qualities of the weaving. Miss Marie Little's copper table covers were also charming, with their rough surfaces and their strong, rich coloring obtained by dyeing with vegetable dyes.

One of the most encouraging features of the exhibition was the number of Craft Societies represented, each of which had sent in specimens of many of their industries.

The Deerfield Society sent exhibits of most beautiful embroideries of blue and white needlework, as well as other interesting articles of hand-craft. This Society was a pioneer in starting village industries and dates from 1896. It was organized by Miss

Margaret Whiting and Miss Ellen Miller for the purpose of reviving the New England embroidery of the eighteenth century. The making of raffia baskets was later introduced into Deerfield by Mrs. Madeline Wynne, of Chicago. There is usually a brisk sale of the needlework, baskets, rugs, and photographs of the society at Arts and Crafts exhibitions throughout the country, as well as at the annual summer sale at Deerfield.

Some beautiful pieces of fine Acadian weaving were on exhibition; notably a portière of wide stripes in softest colorings, called an Evangeline portière, which reminded one of the work done by the Women's Art Association of Montreal. These ladies do all in their power to promote and encourage handicrafts in the French and Scotch districts, and also to help the Indians to keep up the quality of their work by encouraging them in the use of vegetable dyes. The Association provides trained supervisors to see that the work is begun and carried on on true arts and crafts lines.

An industry on very similar lines is carried on through the efforts of Mrs. Sara Avery Leeds, in the Attakapas region of Southern Louisiana, about midway between New



A PULLED RUG AND WOVEN COVERLETS



A GROUP OF POTTERY

Orleans and the western boundary of the State. There is here a settlement of French-speaking farmers descended from the Acadians who were expelled from Nova Scotia in 1755. They live apart from more recent comers, preserving their own language, national traits and the customs of the last century. To-day they spin and grow their own cotton, which is still hand-carded. Before the war the sugar planters and their families wore suits of the Attakapas cottonades, woven by the Acadian weavers, who found in them a ready market. The war interrupted this demand and the subsequent depression threatened to destroy the industry. Mrs. Leeds, who was brought up in the neighborhood, felt such a deep interest in these people that she took five of the Acadians to the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, where they reproduced an Acadian interior with their spinning wheels and looms, and showed the methods and results of their industries as part of the Louisiana Exhibit. Their work received

medals and recognition at exhibitions at New Orleans, Buffalo, Atlanta and at the Minneapolis Industrial Exhibition.

The fabrics woven by them form the chief occupation for about thirty families and are sent to Arts and Crafts exhibitions and Women's Exchanges; and the women are so faithful that poor work is not often found. In many cases the price of the work is advanced to needy workers who cannot always wait until their things are sold. The weaving designs are very simple, being mostly checks and stripes. The strong, durable Attakapas cottonade suitings, flannel blankets, woven rugs, hand-spun and hand-netted fringes sent to the New York Exhibition showed more than ordinary merit in the hand-crafts of this interesting community.

Another association which has also aided the revival of the old coverlet-weaving, showed some excellent examples of bedspreads, not only in the blue and white, but in the old madder colors. These came from

The Berea Fireside Industries, an association started by Dr. William Goodell Frost, President of Berea College, Ohio, who became interested in the making of bedcovers woven by the people in the mountains. He bought many of them for himself and friends and organized some "homespun fairs," which were held annually at the College Commencement, for the benefit of the mountaineers, premiums being offered for the best specimens

of the best coverlets, blankets, linsey, etc., and later for home-made articles, such as chairs, saddles, spinning wheels, axe handles, wooden plates, forks, spoons, baskets. The mountaineers came from miles around to attend the commencement exercises and took great interest in the exhibition of home-made products. The association has grown and increased its usefulness, until now the village women

card the wool by hand and the men raise sheep to supply the wool. The making of hand-woven rugs is also encouraged. It means so much to the country that these old time hand-crafts should be preserved, and that willing helpers are found to organize and assist such simple peoples, whose handicrafts would otherwise have gradually disappeared, unless the hand of fellowship had been extended.

Always an interesting part of an exhibition is that devoted to metal. The copper bowls and plaques made by Mr. A. G. Rogers were

beautiful in shape and workmanship, the copper seeming to glow with color. Some of the bowls showed peacock blues and greens in most exquisite shades inside and were called "Antique Patina," these iridescent colors being obtained by burnishing.

The copper mantelpiece done in The Busch Studios was most interesting; as were also several smaller pieces of brass and copper, which showed both skill and originality in the workmanship.

From the same studio came also numerous examples of furniture, with hand-tooled leather seats in the chairs, portfolios, card cases in tooled leather, and jewelry—examples of an unusual combination of forces in one family. These artists are Danes and introduce into their work the Viking ships and other symbols peculiar to their country, though by no means con-

fining their efforts to one style of design.

Some interesting examples of jewelry, consisting of silver jewel cases, rings, pins, pendants, belt buckles, showed the force and vitality of Charlotte Busch's originality and purpose. The buckles and pendants were unique; some rugged and indefinite in design but finished with a fullness of rich color. Some very creditable pieces of jewelry were on exhibition by the Junior Arts and Crafts, Brooklyn.

Chance sometimes plays an important part in success. This was illustrated by the way



SPECIMENS OF BATIK

the Busches began to work in metal. Having torn down an old tank from the top floor of the house, the sheets of old copper with which it was lined were placed temporarily against the wall of their studio. Attracted by the colors it possessed, Mr. Busch took up a sheet of copper, quickly sketched in outlines of flowers, and with a nail and hammer began his first attempt at repoussé work, followed by experiments in beaten copper. Encouraged by the success of the first attempts, they took up the art seriously and developed it, and other branches of hand-craft.

Some of Miss Ellen Starr's specimens of bookbinding showed a notable degree of proficiency in the gold tooling on the binding and the quality of the leather. Another artist who represented most faithfully this beautiful craft, was Mr. Ralph Randolph Adams. Work boxes, glove boxes and fire-wood boxes, were cleverly carved by members of the Y. W. C. A., New York.

Carving was also sent from Hull House, Chicago. The Chicago Arts and Crafts Society is the oldest society of this kind in America, and was organized at Hull House in 1897. The shops connected with the Hull House Labor Museum are of much importance as a centre of practical handicraft. They are occupied by active workers in bookbinding, woodwork, metalwork and pottery, and classes are held in them for various crafts, including lace making, spinning and weaving, which is done by Irish and Italian women living in the neighborhood.

A group of tables and chairs made by Mr. Sillyman, of Staten Island, were quite out of the ordinary; the workmanship and finish of the wood being especially good. The furniture suggested the Colonial more than that generally made by Arts and Crafts Societies.

I was sorry not to see more pulled rugs exhibited; what few there were, however,

were good examples. Some of these came from Cranberry Island, where is one of the various rug making industries which have grown out of Mrs. Helen Albee's pioneer efforts in New Hampshire. It was established among the fishermen's wives on the Cranberry Isles opposite Northeast Harbor, Me., and is the means of providing these women with ready money, and gives them occupation during the winter months. The industry was started by some New York women who had summer homes in the neighborhood; they provided a designer and teacher, who taught improvements on the old way of making the rugs and the process of dyeing to enable them to have beautiful and permanent coloring for the rugs.

These rugs bring large prices, selling from \$7.00 to \$32.00 each. One of the rugs exhibited had a butter-colored centre with a border of conventional flowers, differing from other pulled rugs which are usually Oriental in design, or follow the Indian motifs which seem peculiarly suited to them.

Miss Amy Mali Hicks showed several pieces of batik, curtains, table covers and pillow covers in cottons; she blends blues and greens in a most fascinating way. Batik is an old Hindostan industry several centuries old. Most of us are familiar with the blurred, wrinkled effect of Javanese prints, which are dyed by the native women; the modern batik is done on somewhat similar lines. Miss Hicks also exhibited some good examples of stencilling. One of the most beautiful pieces of stencilling was done by Charlotte Busch; the colors were brown on red; a charming effect was produced by stencilling the curtains a second time with gold. A bird motif was used, treated in a Japanese way. Another curtain of green velour was stencilled in two shades of blue by the same artist, and showed the wonderful possibilities in stencilled fabrics.



Canterbury-bells

A COTTAGE
ON
THE WISSAHICKON
HILLS

By
CORNELIUS WEYGANDT



Foxgloves

THE little house of plastered stone with its eighteen-inch solid walls was built right on the lane by old country Germans sixty years ago. It stands about midway

from front to back of the strip of land, three hundred feet by eighty feet, that now comprises its entire possessions, but that earlier, when the little house was a farmhouse,



THE COTTAGE

A Cottage on the Wissahickon Hills

made only its home yard. It is not a beautiful house by any means, but it is rooted in its place as naturally as any of the great trees about and at certain seasons of the year its trellised vines and its bowery setting give it no uncertain charm. Its curious shape suggests to all comers far older houses abroad. It is low, its ridge-pole being only twenty-six feet above the ground, and the roofs extending down steeply from that ridge-pole are very uneven in length, the front shingles pitch-



The Cottage from the Garden



A Corner of the Porch

ing down only twelve feet to end two storeys above the ground, while the back shingles stretch for forty-two feet until they meet the pumped only head room over six feet from the ground. This lowness and this long sweep of shingles serve only to make it appear to cling more closely to the earth, an effect that is offset a little by its scarcely more than twenty-seven feet of breadth. It is bound to earth more closely yet by great cables of trumpet vine and by innumerable strands of Virginia

creeper amid which twist roses and clematis and coral honeysuckle in their effort to make the house one with the greenery of its neighborhood.

The German builders of the house were fond of fruit and planted their place well with apples and cherries and pears, as well as the lesser fruits. That was sixty years ago, and many of the trees are gone. The apples were cut down; the cherries have died, all save some pie cherries, from which a numerous progeny has sprung up around



From the Lawn in the Ice Storm

House and Garden

the old trees; and many of the pears are gone; but there is still enough bloom of pear and cherry to make the little place smell orchardy in late April and early May. But its grape flowers scent the air more heavily and sweetly. There are many grape vines, wine grapes as well as Concord—*you may trust the Germans for that.* Later come the scent of catalpa and the various fragrances of the hosts of old-fashioned flowers.

Come home with me some June evening two hours earlier than sunset, so that no pomp and glory of the skies may distract your attention from the sweet homeliness of the place. The wood-robins have sung to us through our quarter-mile

of woodland, the bluebird of the lane has gurgled to us his "purity, purity," and as we are nearing the house now birds are noisy on all quarters. I am distracted as to whether to first call your attention to the meadow-lark in the grass field westward, the tanager in the oak over head or the three wood-robins singing antiphonally from woodland and roadside and our own Sheldon pear-tree. But I shall begin showing you the place bit by bit. First, over the whitewashed three-board fence is the seed bed for flowers, between the road and the lilac bushes. It is but just planted with wall-flower and sweet-william, with phlox and foxgloves, with Canterbury-bells and hollyhocks. Then come salad patch, sticked peas and grape vines, and on the far side of the arbor the strawberries. You are sniffing the air now, wondering what is the sweetness of the grape flowers, and the next moment you are drinking deep of their delicious scent. But I hurry you on past the house and lead you to the little front porch, endangering your clothes as you brush by the sweetbriar in bloom at the house-corner. Woodbines and grape combine the scents of their flowers

as they twist together up the porch posts, but you hardly notice them as you look at the bushy rhododendron in full bloom at the furthest corner of the bed that bends half round the porch to the south. The irises have dropped now, but the old red lilies lift their cups of content as hospitably as ever, and there are many warm-hearted white

roses between you and the rhododendron. This way you looked first; now you turn to look across the trim lawn, broken by old pear-trees and a Wistaria bush. Behind the sweetbriar to the left, whose leaves you have instinctively been crushing in your fingers, you have caught glimpses of foxgloves, purple and



Flower Beds at the Wood's Edge

white and pink, spiking up their heads as high as your own. Now you move so that you can see completely the large bed of them extending along the south fence until it meets the raspberries that carry the low bank of greenery back as far as the house. Back of the foxgloves hollyhocks are pushing up; in front of them great masses of sweet-william stand close marshalled, white and red and pink; and low in front of the sweet-william and next the fine grass of the lawn garden pinks send up tufts of spicy bloom. Your eyes move across to the right, where again, in the far corner of the place, are tall foxgloves and, nearer, columbines and hollyhocks where the spirea hedge ends and reveals the whitewashed paling fence that cuts off the place from the quiet lane.

Or will you come home with me of an October afternoon when our sassafras trees are red and gold, or dark red, or deep yellow, as the year may have painted them, and the woods are arustle with falling leaves? Or shall it be at still winter sunset, when you will thrill with the fires on the hill westward that die away in reds and golds banded above an earth a full foot deep with snow? Then you

A Cottage on the Wissahickon Hills



View from the Lane



The Old White House Across the Way

will hold the great oaks that stand black against the sunset reds and golds more beautiful than ever they were in the leafy fleece of spring, the lush green of summer or in autumn's red-brown. These I think are the walks homeward that I love best, for home never seems so much home as on eves of hard black frost when I hurry along the snow-plough furrow right into the heart of the dazzling west. Yet when the earth rolls nearer the sun and there come evenings when long lines of blackbirds clack across gold-green sunset skies, when the hylas in the swamp near the station and the weeping willow by my home tell me spring is near, I wonder is winter better than this! And so I wonder of May eves when I can almost feel myself laved in the apple-scent from the trees in the orchard by the laneside as I pass. Oh, but it is hard to tell what time of year the country life is best!

The little house has but eight rooms. I say eight, for, although two of them are so small you may hardly turn round in them, and although you are sure to bump your head until long acquaintance has made you wary,

the two narrow halls added to the two little hall-rooms justify me in putting the total at eight. These halls, the kitchen at the end of the lower, the hall-room at the end of the upper, and the hall-room that shares the third storey with a large low-ceilinged old chamber were added when the house was enlarged twenty years ago. Then it passed from a farmhouse of five rooms into a city-folk's summer residence of eight.

Your length from the front door, commonplace modern pine stairs lead to the second storey, but turn into the room at your left and you are back in the Germantown of the early nineteenth century. Although built only sixty years ago, the house was fashioned after an older style. As out of doors you are miles away from Suburbia, only a mile distant, and as the simple yard and the prospect from it cause a hundred years to fall from Time, so it is here indoors. The walls, bare of paper, are washed ivory-white, where a century ago would have been the blue-white of whitewash; the furniture is mahogany, in style of that period from Chippendale to Sheraton, some of it from that old



The Snow-bound Lane



A CORNER OF THE BEDROOM



THE LIVING-ROOM

A Cottage on the Wissahickon Hills



From the Cornfield

time and all of it in the manner of that old time; the fireplace's uneven hearth of red brick and the acorn-topped andirons take you back, too, but furthest take you, if you notice them, the hardware of the doors—latches, turn-buckles and knobs—and the broad pine boards in door-jambes and closets. Some of these boards are twenty inches wide—a rarity of rarities in white pine to-day. If you begin to tinker with the old hinges you will find them fastened on with pointless screws for which holes had to be bored out at their exact length. The very hangings are of old-looking silks, of such red stuffs as our ancestors were wont to get their seafaring associates to bring home to them from China. Only the pictures and some of the books and rugs are new.

The general effect of the room is simple comfort and harmony. The mahogany reds of the furniture—long, plain sofa with straight lines, Sheraton tables, chairs from Nantucket rocker to Windsor, secretary bookcase with scroll top and twisted flames—stand out against the ivory-tinted walls, with which the white painted book shelves built in between the three front windows, the mantelpiece and the woodwork generally, are in keeping. The hangings are old red, the coverings old red and green, the dominant tone

of the rugs on the matted floor old red. The other prominent colors in the room are found in the gilt of the picture frames and mirror and in the brass of the candlesticks and lamps. The general effect of the many books, despite a considerable quota of old calf and red, is a dark blue, which is as unobtrusive as the old blue in the rugs. So many of the pictures are reproductions of black and white that they in themselves add little of color to the room while they tell you their owners care much for out of doors and things Irish, but what color they do add is again blue. And in so far as the many pieces of bric-a-brac, old plates and vases, add anything of color, that too is blue. On entering the room you would scarcely notice the blue, and perhaps for a little while

the only impression would be that of ivory-white and mahogany red.

The particular effect that the room makes is that it is the expression of the lives of the people that live here. Old furniture shops have been ransacked, literally from store-room in cellar to workshop in roof, or family treasures pilfered to get this furniture; these books have been bought to read and they are "books that are books," embodied dreams and thoughts and experiences of men, books made out of living; these pictures all have



Another Glimpse

associations with known people and loved places.

Entering the dining-room you come face to face with a great fireplace that was the cooking place of the farmhouse. Not many years since the kettle that fed the family was slung by a chain from a rod in the chimney and the fire beneath it built with logs cut in the wood-lot nearby. In the dining-room you again meet mahogany of the late eighteenth century in corner cupboard, pier-table, centre-table, side-table, and sideboard whose simple design is such a credit to Hepplewhite that it must be remembered as his, and again ivory-tinted walls. But, instead of old red, the curtaining here is a dull yellow, of a stuff similar to that in the living-room. The china, Canton of course, is stood up on a great plate-rack over the sideboard and high piled on shelves alongside of the fireplace. Above the fireplace is as simple a mantel as that of the living-room and above the mantel—for by the house's greatest fireplace the household gods should be—an engraving of Lincoln. Nearby is an engraving of the Declaration of Independence below its signers "in conclave assembled," and not far away a photograph of Wordsworth as he was in the Dove Cottage days, for it is that Wordsworth we hold of highest account.

Upstairs the two bedrooms reveal again the

charm of mahogany furniture against ivory-tinted walls, with hangings in one room of yellow flowered chintz and coverings in the other of old blue. From both rooms the windows look on beautiful bits of our Wissahickon Hills, framed often in great oak boughs and broken by few houses. Ten minutes' walk takes us to the aloofness of hemlocks and less to great rocks that jut out in the ravine of the Wissahickon where we sit on summer evenings and watch the night-herons fly up and down through the dusk.

In the house itself the happiest hours are those of winter evenings when loud winds are up. Then we sit by the fire of wood the ice storms have supplied from our own trees and talk of the good things of earth. There are no lamps lit, but the walls are warm with the firelight. Our hearts grow cheerier with every wail of the northwest, with every rasp of snow sharp as sand against the window. It brings closer the charm of home when the night so contrasts our ruddy hearth with the lonely wind and the helpless driven snow.

Do you wonder I seek this home eagerly of evenings, beckoned by tossed boughs or led by flashing sunset lights? Do you wonder I leave it regretfully of mornings, even though stationward I front the full light of the risen sun and the absorbing work of the busy day to be?



A Winter Sunset from the Old Road



THE HOUSE FROM THE FORMAL GARDEN

“LA ROCHELLE”

A SUMMER HOME AT BAR HARBOR, MAINE

By I. HOWLAND JONES

Andrews, Jaques & Rantoul, Architects

Photographs by E. E. Soderholtz

AN architect is influenced in his first conception of a summer home by several considerations, perhaps one of the principal ones being suggested by the character of the life of the town in which the house is to be built. If it is to be in a fine, old-fashioned, country town, where his clients are to live a simple country life, his ideas from the start are necessarily bound by certain lines and the characteristics to be accentuated ought to be of the informal, hospitable sort with the treatment suggestive of mainly horizontal lines. If it is to be built in a location where the formal life of cities is to be transplanted to the country for a few months, a natural impulse is perhaps for stateliness and elegant formality. Apart from these considerations the next step is decided in his mind by the topography of the surrounding country. This impression he gets in going to the lot on which the new house is to be built, and finally from the actual formation of the special piece of land on which he is to build. On looking over the ground for the first time, and in noting the actual conformation of its environments, he receives the final clue for his conception.

In the present instance the piece of land to be considered was a level one with its length extending along the road and the eastern side running along the shore. The lot was narrow from the street to the shore and the view and shade were on the water side.

The house shown here is “La Rochelle” built for George S. Bowdoin, Esq., for his summer home at Bar Harbor. As one sees, by the plan, the house was placed about midway between the roadway and the water

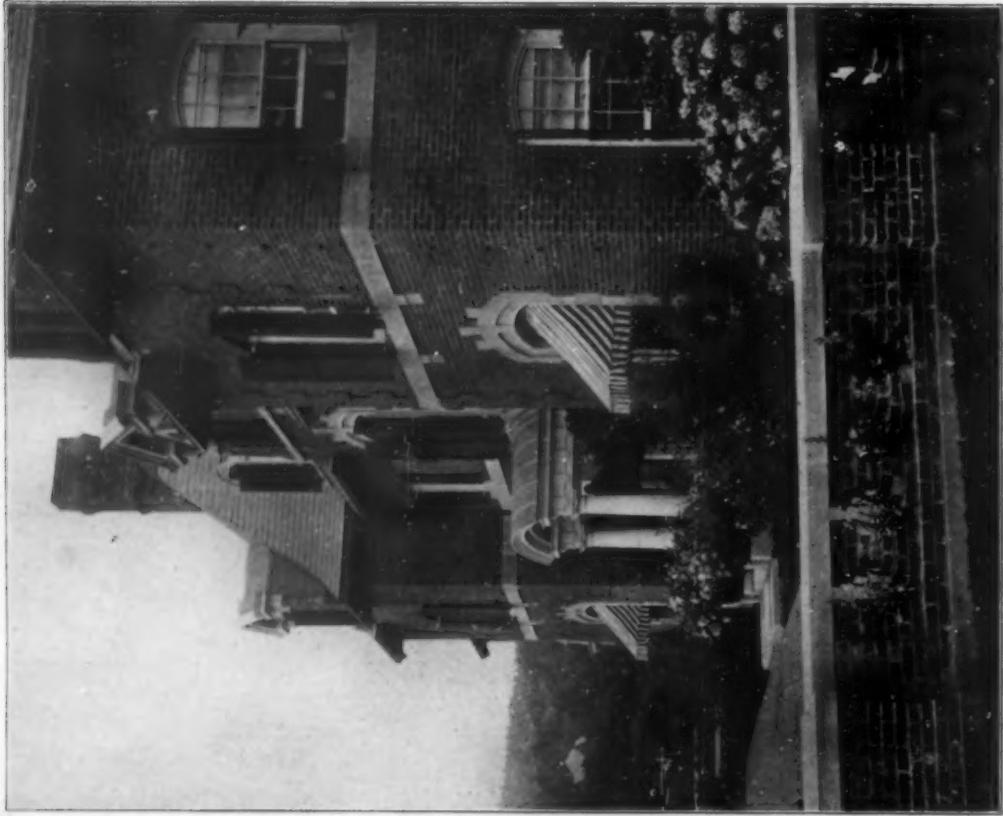
and kept as near the street as was consistent with achieving a wide impressive entrance drive; a wrought iron fence and high gates shut off the street. A certain formal stateliness marks this side of the house.

The materials used in the building are a native water struck brick of a beautiful texture and great variety of color, enlivened by warm buff limestone trimmings. The windows with their shallow reveals, are framed by wide wooden architraves and these with the sashes are painted of a lighter shade than the stone. The roof is of a soft greenish grey slate and the blinds are a darker tone of green.

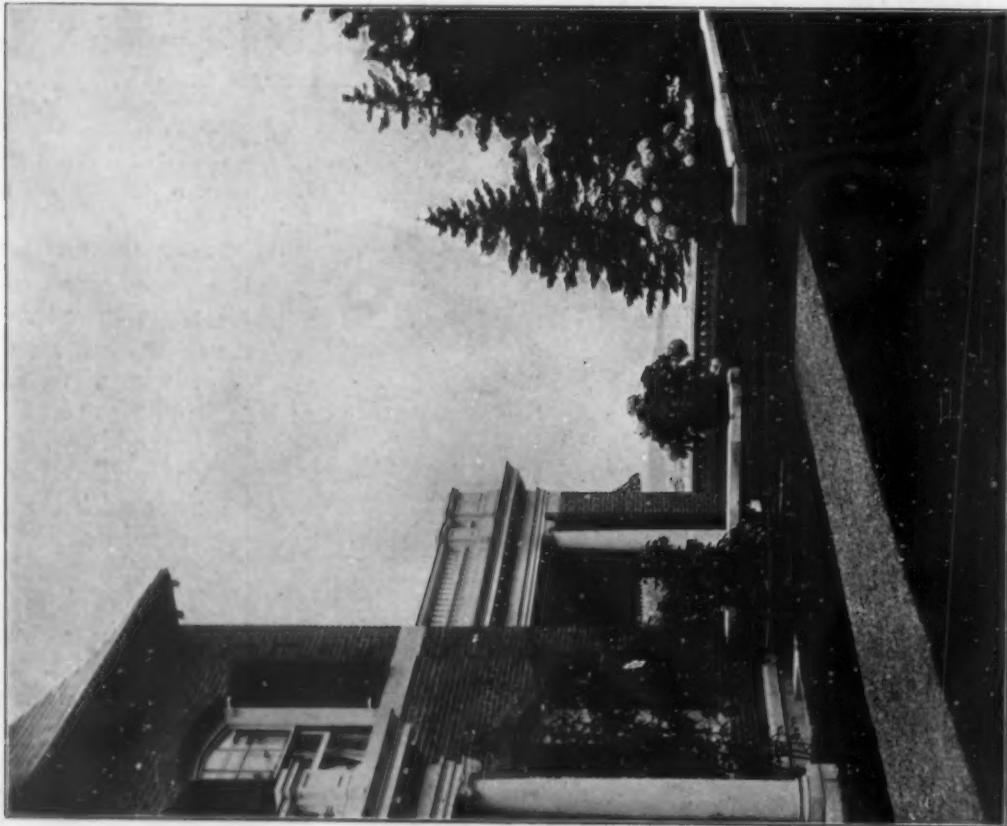
The facade on the street has a narrow brick-paved terrace



ENTRANCE PORCH



ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE SOUTH



VIEW ACROSS THE GRASS TERRACE



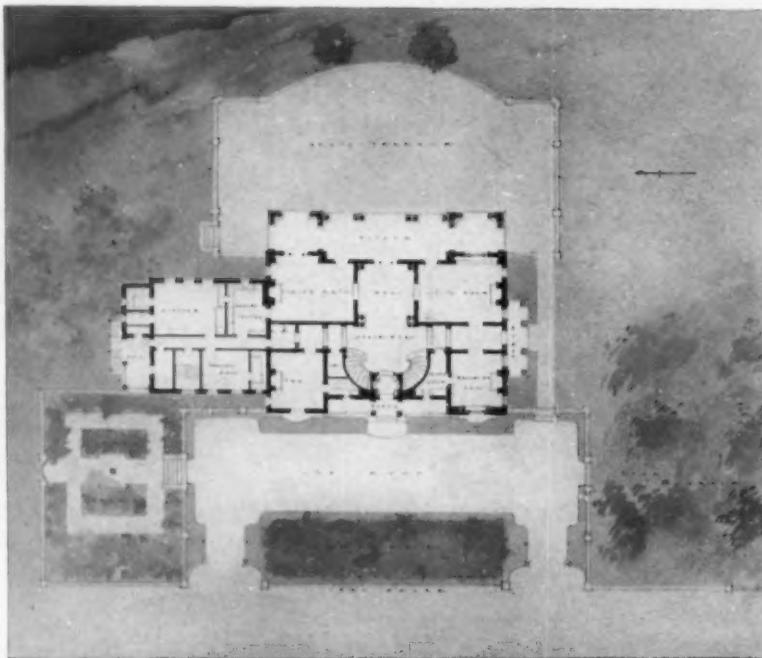
A SITTING-ROOM

"La Rochelle"

with a white balustrade and is embellished by tubs of blossoms and the shapely trees that are so appropriate to formalism. A path leads around to the shore side, by the end porch with pots of rhododendrons marking the angles of the balustrade.

The facade on the grass terrace faces east out over the bay. The wide verandah with brick piers and white wooden columns is flush with the grass terrace, which with its balustrade of brick and stone commands a famous view afforded by the blue Frenchman's Bay, ever changing in its aspect, that in color and outlook is so often likened to the Riviera, with the distant view of the bluer Gouldsboro Hills. At the base of the terrace are shrubberies and beyond the land slopes steeply to the water. A glazed tea-room is at the northern end of the piazza.

We must point out that the exigencies of



PLAN OF THE HOUSE AND GARDEN

the view—an important point to be considered in the placing of a country house—demanded that this one be set well to the southern end of the lot, the outlooks being finest from that point, and this necessarily brought the garden at the service end, but it has been shielded from the kitchen and offices by high vine-covered brick walls and shrubbery which only add to the picturesqueness and efficiency of the whole.

As for the interior, this same view being all-important, the living-room and dining-room on the first floor and the principal bedrooms and boudoirs on the second floor, were all placed so as to acquire the full benefit of its glories, the less important bedrooms and the staircase being permitted to monopolize the entire front of the house with its comparatively uninteresting prospect.

As one enters down stairs one of the chief charms of the interior greets one; and that is the vista across the wide hall, through the triple French window, across the verandah and terrace with its open balustrade and great potted plants, and lastly between two rugged spruce trees placed with sure inspiration to frame the perspective beyond the water.



THE STAIRCASE



"Hostess" and "Express" off Manhasset Y. C. House

HOUSE-BOATING

By C. D. MOWER

THROUGHOUT the country there are countless sheltered harbors and bays which offer ideal conditions for the enjoyment of house-boat life, and each season finds added numbers of these interesting craft anchored in the quiet places where the full charm and freedom of the life may be realized. The true house-boat is one that has no means of self-propulsion, but the love of adventure and the roving spirit which we all inherit to a greater or less degree, has caused many who have been attracted by the possibilities of house-boat life to build craft which, under sail or power, can cruise from place to place, visit new scenes and enjoy the never-ending variety of pleasures which our coasts and inland waterways can offer. These craft have been the cause of a more or less general impression that it is

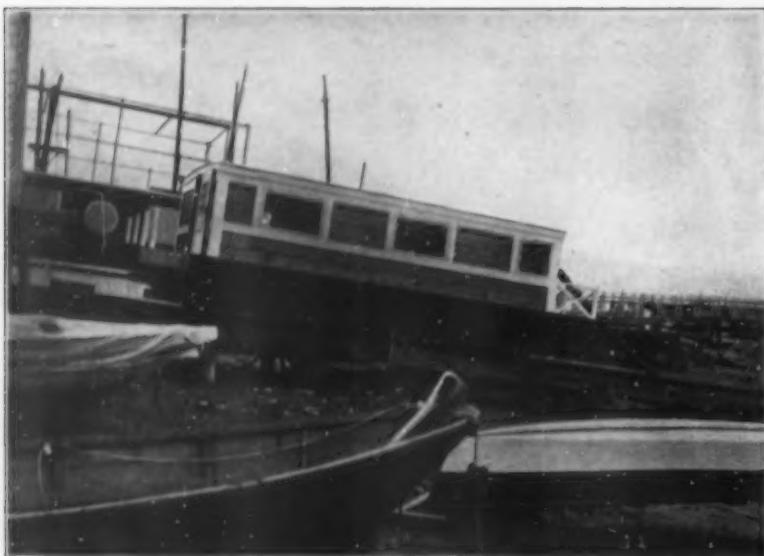
necessary to be able to move about at will from one port to another, but this is a mistaken one, as the height of enjoyment may be realized on board the true house-boat which is securely moored in some well-chosen anchorage, and the very feeling that one cannot move gives the charm of laziness which makes vacation life so delightful.

For people who wish to be away from the city during the heat of the summer months, the house-boat offers a solution of the problem, as the cost of building one is no more than the cost of a cottage on shore, and the question of obtaining suitable land is entirely eliminated, for the waterways are always free, and any one may enjoy the full benefits of the most expensive water-front property. Certain parts of Long Island Sound offer ideal opportunities



LIVING-ROOM, LOOKING AFT

House-Boating



"HOSTESS" ON THE WAYS

for house-boating, and one of the most attractive is Manhasset Bay on the north shore of Long Island, and only an hour's distance from New York City. Here there are several house-boats and one of the most interesting is the little "Hostess." She is a trim and tidy little ship and her outward appearance is most attractive, as the dark red sides with white trimmings and diamond paned windows over the black hull give a very effective color scheme. A blue and white striped awning is stretched over the after deck, and a touch of bright color and action is given by the club flag and yacht ensign flying at bow and stern. If the owner is at home a hail is sure to be returned with an invitation to "come aboard," and a low landing step makes it easy to get from the row boat to the after deck. On the double Dutch door, which has tiny square panes in the upper section, is an old-fashioned brass knocker, and above it is the name "Hostess" in brass letters. When the door is swung open the first glance into the interior brings forth an exclamation of surprise and delight, and by a step downward one enters the main cabin or living-room. The interior is most attractively finished in a simple style by staining the beams and wood-work of the walls a dark oak color, and covering the panels and wall spaces with a dark green burlap. This makes a fine background for the marine pictures and black and white sketches which are used for decoration, and the color is very

cool and restful after one has been outside and felt the glare of the sun on the water. The room is saved from being too dark by a white painted ceiling in which the deck beams are left exposed to view and the panels between them outlined by neat mouldings. A large rug covers the hardwood floor and the furniture is of the simple mission style which seems very appropriate. On one side a wide couch well supplied with cushions makes a comfortable lounging space, and a deep Morris chair also seems inviting. In the corner some shelves are built in and

these serve a variety of purposes, the top being used as a sideboard with neat racks for glasses in the wall above; the second is well filled with pipes, tobacco and things to smoke, and the remaining ones are filled with books for summer reading and current magazines. In the opposite corner is a large writing table and above it a couple of shelves, one for books and the other for odds and ends of china, old brass and a few steins.



THE GALLEY



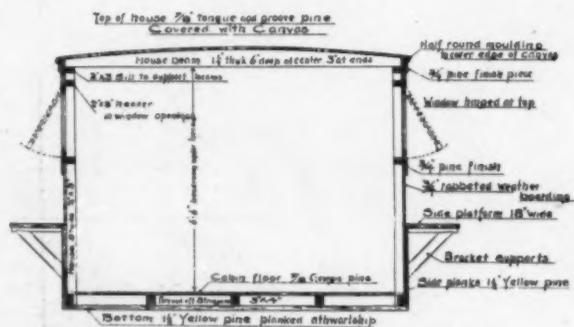
LIVING-ROOM, LOOKING FORWARD

The room is lighted at night by a large lamp on the table and by candles.

Adjoining the living-room is the state-room which contains a regulation brass bed on one side, and opposite it is a large dresser and a roomy clothes closet. The comfort of this room is one of the features which makes house-boat life both so pleasant and so healthful, as there is every convenience of a room on shore, with the added advantage that it is always cool on the water even on the hottest summer nights, and there is practically no annoyance from the mosquitoes and other insects so troublesome on shore. Added to all this is the charm of hearing the water lapping against the sides while the slight motion of the boat literally rocks one to

sleep. This room is finished in a similar style but in lighter colors than the living-room, and a golden brown burlap is used in place of the dark green. Opening from the state-room is the lavatory and also a most compact little galley or kitchenette, as one visitor christened it. Here the owner may prepare his own meals, as the possibilities of a two-burner yacht stove seem almost unlimited. The dishes are neatly arranged on shelves and the pots and kettles necessary for good housekeeping are hung on hooks within easy reach. A virtue of such a kitchen is that no time is lost by taking unnecessary steps for the simple reason that there is no room to take them.

The space under the forward deck affords room for an



CROSS-SECTION OF "HOSTESS"

House-Boating



STATE-ROOM, STARBOARD SIDE

ice box and for stowing away canned goods and supplies. A door opens out on the forward deck, and when this is opened the breezes sweep through the entire boat, so that she is always cool and well-ventilated.

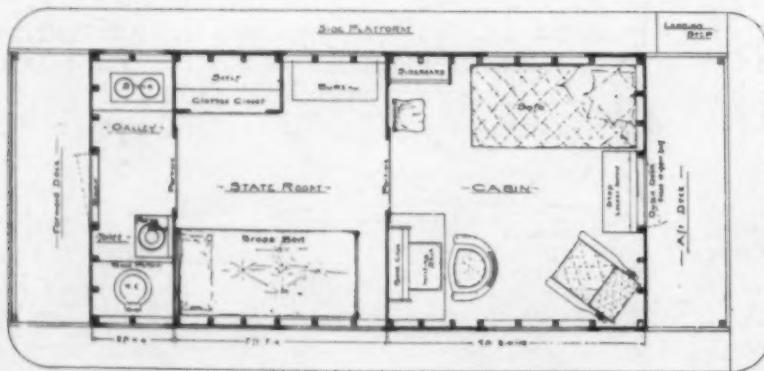
While "Hostess" was planned so that her owner could keep bachelor's hall during the summer months, the accommodations are quite sufficient for a man and wife, or for two or three fellows to live very comfortably. This was proven when the owner's sister took possession for a couple of weeks and entertained three other college girls most successfully. Sleeping accommodations were arranged by using a couple of folding canvas

cots in addition to the bed and couch in the state-room. The little galley, supplemented by a chafing dish, was found equal to the task of supplying food for all hands except on very festive occasions when the services of the club steward ashore were called upon.

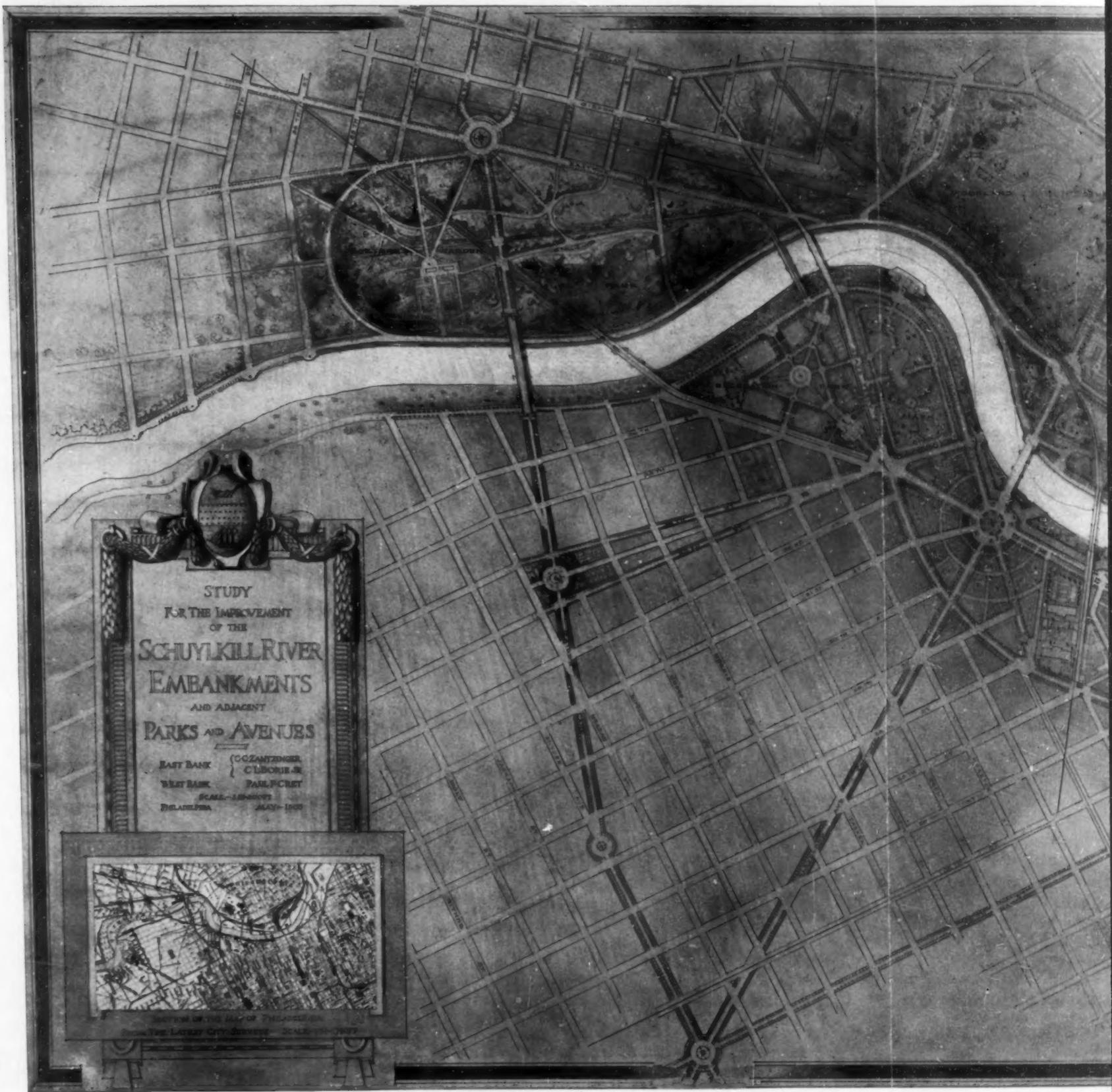
The life afloat offers a never-ending variety of sports and amusements which are always interesting, for one may sail day after day without ceasing to enjoy it from the very fact that the conditions are constantly changing. Swimming also must be counted as a part of the daily program, and on

calm days and quiet evenings canoeing may be indulged in. A power boat, though by no means essential, is a very useful member of the house-boat's auxiliary fleet, as it serves as a tender for going to and from the shore, can be used for getting supplies, and best of all makes it possible to go off for all-day picnics and excursions.

In fact it is true, that for those who really are fond of the water the house-boat offers a simply ideal means of taking advantage of all the forms of health-giving enjoyment which this out-of-door life can offer.



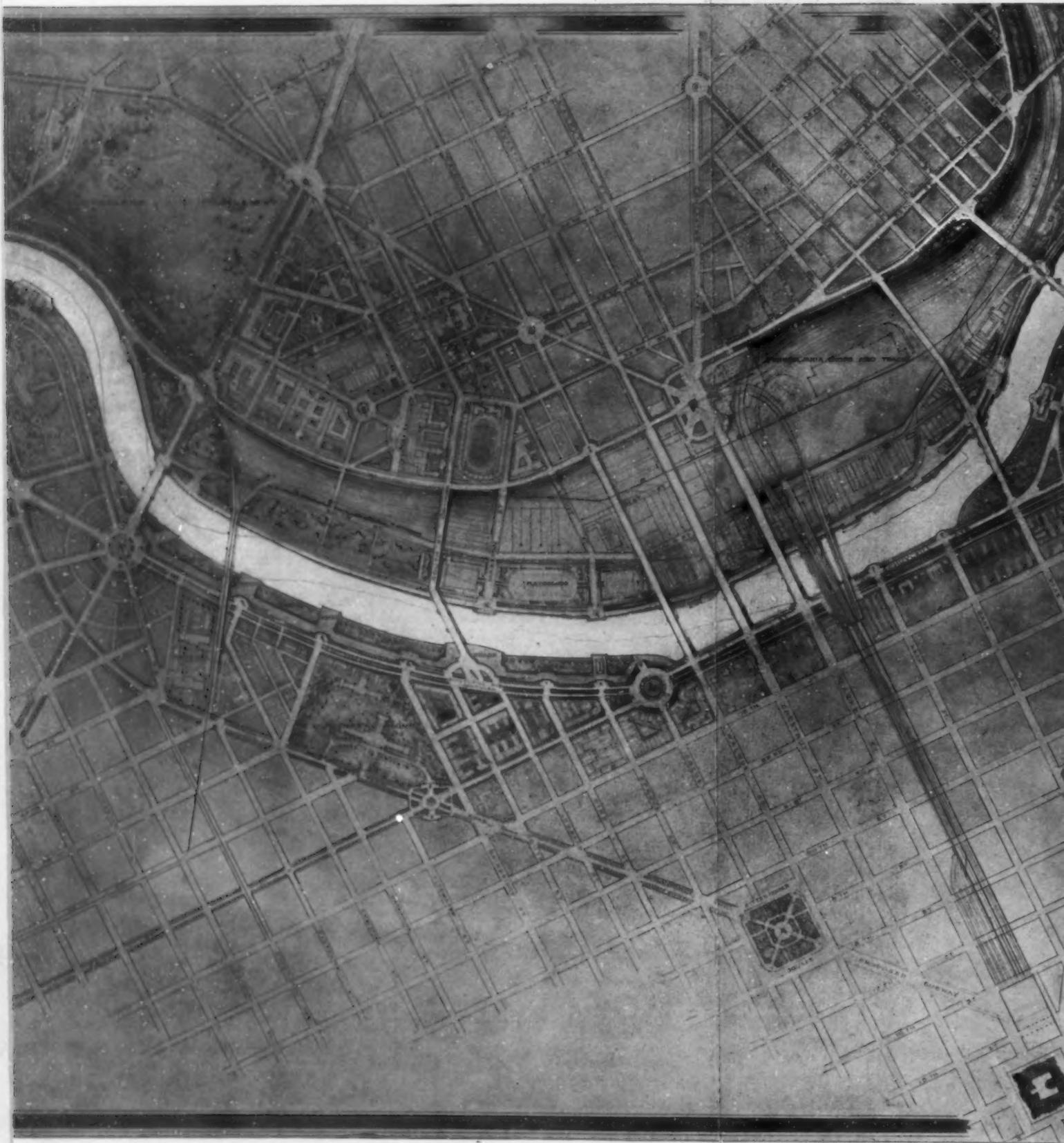
PLAN OF "HOSTESS"



IMPROVEMENT OF THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER BANKS F

MAP BY C. C. ZANTZINGER, C. L. BOGUE JR.

SUPPLEMENT TO HOUSE AND GARDEN



MILL RIVER BANKS FROM FAIRMOUNT DAM TO BARTRAM'S GARDEN

C. C. ZANTZINGER, C. L. BORIE, JR. AND PAUL P. CRET



THE SCHUYLKILL PARKWAY AND EMBANKMENT

THE most important improvement ever proposed for Philadelphia, aside from the filtration of the water supply, and the one with most far-reaching consequences, both for the beautifying of the city and the increase of real estate valuations, is shown in the accompanying map.

This is no less a project than the creation of a continuous parkway along both banks of the Schuylkill River from Fairmount Park to Bartram's Garden, including boulevard extensions in various directions to connect the new system of highways with the main arteries of traffic in the city, and the development of the immediate surroundings of the University of Pennsylvania. In such a scheme, the vast interests already established, commercial and other, have been carefully safeguarded; especial attention having been paid to the requirements, both present and future, of the Pennsylvania Railroad on the west bank, the Baltimore & Ohio system on the east, and the extensions of the lines of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company on both sides of the river.

In its general outline, the scheme is as follows: First, the development and beautification of Schuylkill Avenue from the B. & O. Railroad bridge to Fairmount Park; second, the junction of Schuylkill Avenue in a circle below the reservoir with the proposed Parkway Boulevard from Fairmount Park to the City Hall; third, the development of Twenty-fourth Street from the new South Philadelphia to Locust Street; fourth, the construction of a bridge at Bartram's Garden continuing the lines of Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets on the west bank to Maiden Lane on the east; fifth, the widening of Maiden Lane and its continuation to Snyder Avenue; sixth, the opening of Cleveland Avenue from the embankment to the intersection of Snyder Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street; seventh, the continuation of Gray's Ferry Road from Twenty-second and Lombard Streets to Rittenhouse Square; eighth, the reconstruction of the South Street viaduct and bridge;

ninth, the construction of the Vine Street bridge to connect with Powelton Avenue; and, tenth, the development of recreation parks on Gray's Ferry Road.

Between Race and Lombard Streets, Schuylkill Avenue will be run straight, forming an embankment directly overhanging the river, completely changing the whole river frontage and creating throughout its entire length a very desirable residence section directly connecting both Bartram's Garden and Fairmount Park.

On the west bank considerations of differences of grade, the space required for the proper management and development of the Pennsylvania Railroad's business, and, thirdly, the relative narrowness of the river make a different development necessary. Here, a Parkway beginning at Fairmount Park will cross the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Thirty-second Street, following in the main the line of Mantua Avenue, though slightly defective, in order to pass through a residence quarter. The intersection of this Parkway with Market Street is at the West Philadelphia Station, and the fact that Lancaster and Woodland Avenues branch off at this point, makes necessary the development of a large square for the facilitation of traffic. Continuing south, the Parkway follows what is to-day Thirty-second Street, being elevated about thirty feet above the west embankment of the Schuylkill, thus affording a splendid view of the city on the other bank. It then passes the grounds of the University, which, when opened up and developed as shown, will constitute one of the principal attractions of the city.

Lack of space in our present issue precludes a detailed discussion of the more important elements of this splendid improvement, but the main ends sought are the redemption of the squalid and unsightly banks of the river and their conversion into a handsome residence section in a way not to interfere with the needs of the railways and the hastening of the development of South Philadelphia.



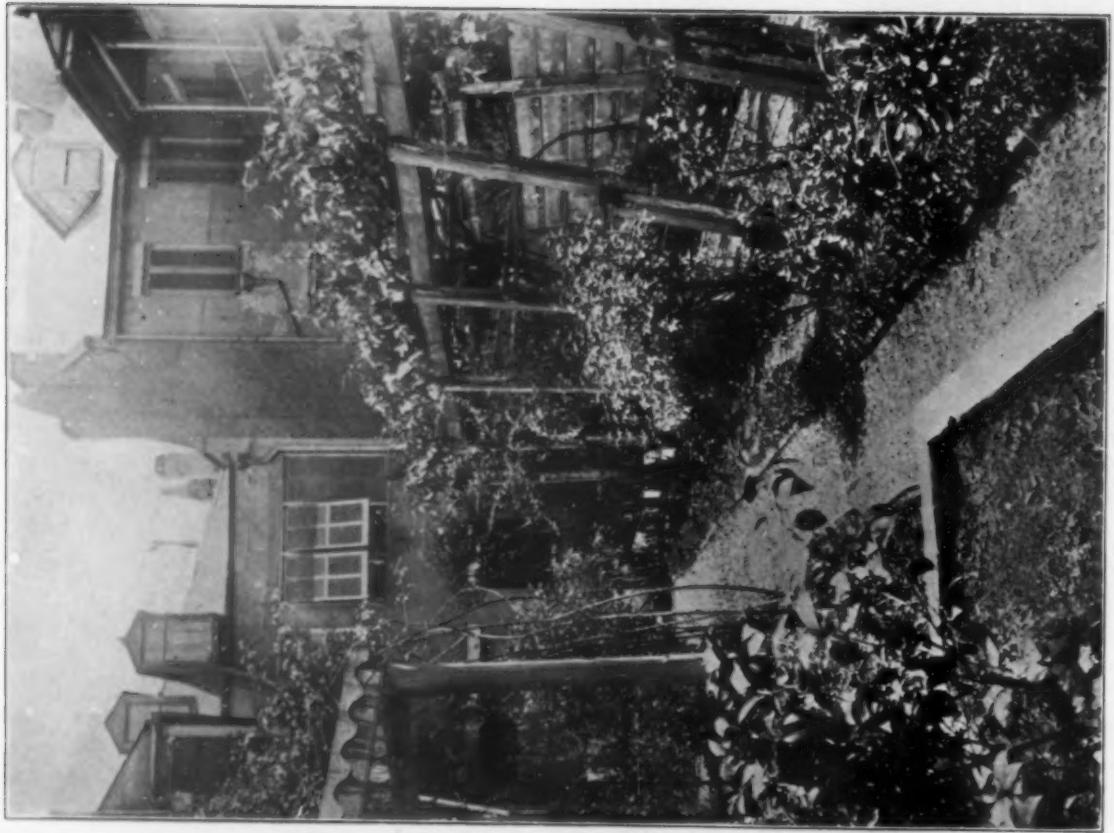
A GUANAJUATO BELFRY

(*Photograph by Mr. Wilson Eyre*)

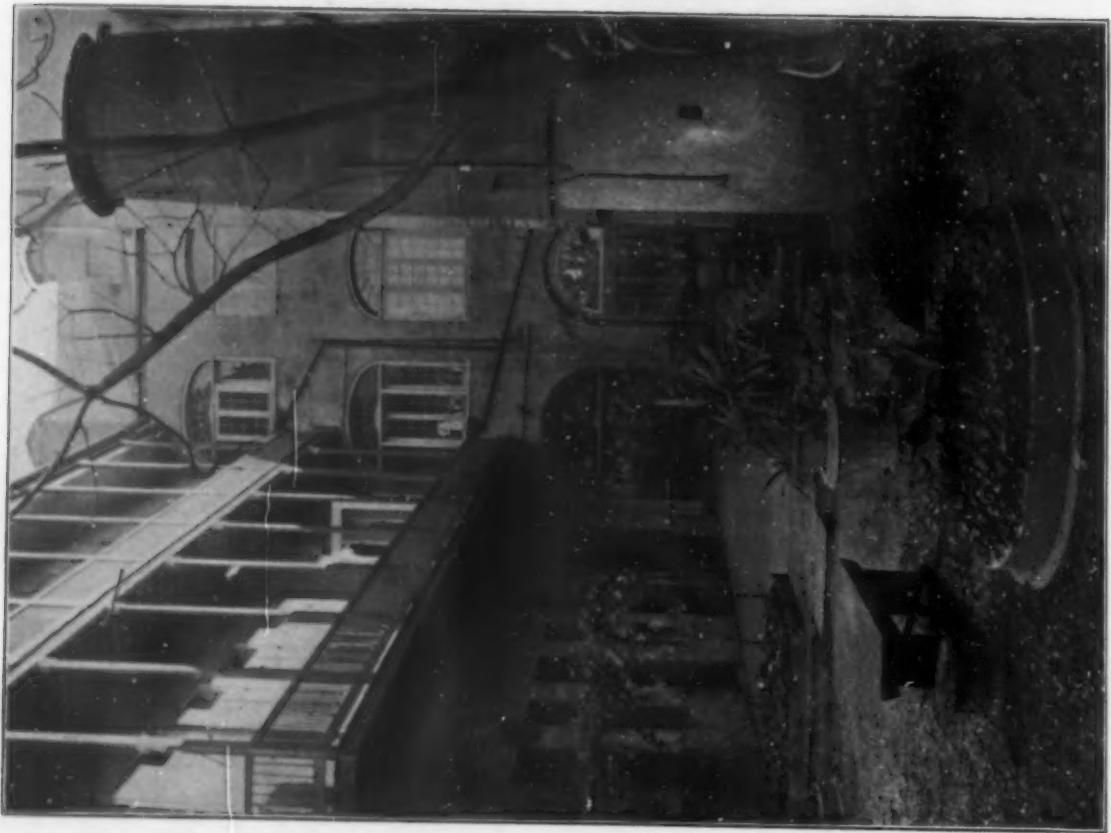


A GUANAJUATO CHURCH

(Photograph by Mr. Wilson Eyre)



A RIOTOUS GARDEN



A TYPICAL COURTYARD, SHOWING WATER TANK
AND OVERHANGING GALLERY

NEW ORLEANS COURTYARDS

BY ANNIE R. KING

THE gardens of New Orleans have an individuality quite as marked as have the people of the place. The line of demarkation, too, is quite as obviously drawn between the up-town gardens in the newer part of the city and those of down-town, as it is between the dwellers in the "*vieu carré*" and the "American" quarter. Up-town, as might be expected, the gardens have the trim up-to-date appearance that characterizes any well kept garden in any well kept city. The saving artistic grace of them is the riotous growth of vines and climbers, whenever the gardener for a few days leaves the ground uncared for. The down-town garden, however, seems to grow under the spell of a loving touch now and then from the master or mistress, with its little annuals bought at the old French market, and stuck into the soil only a few moments, as it were, before the bud bursts into bloom. The old quarter, built under the impulse of French and Spanish influence has, to be more accurate, courtyards instead of gardens. Its houses are for the most part built on the streets, and a corridor leads to a winding staircase mounting to the first storey, where the living-rooms are situated. But who, in the beautiful spring and summer days, cares to go into the living-rooms?

Surely, not one who has a loving heart for nature. And so, we pass the winding stair, and take a few more steps over the flagged alley, beyond the green Venetian blinds that shut out the street. We go through the square arch under the hanging Spanish lamp, brushing the water jar as we take our seat on the old wooden bench, so bright from its last scrubbing with palmetto root and wild chamomile flower. In this garden there is, in truth, little space for flowers, but in effect it is quite grandiose. The small square bed in the place of honor, bordered with bricks placed endwise, bristles with yucca, or "Spanish dagger" as it is popularly called. Against the old brick wall, so toned by time that an artist may find more colors in it than his brush can paint, stand rich green banana trees, waving their

long leaves in languorous fashion, recalling to the poetic mind the waving palm leaf fans of Creole dames on summer nights. Vines fall from the encircling galleries, and there is always an orange tree somewhere in a corner or, maybe, in a green tub; with pots of sweet herbs or the stalks of lilies. Sometimes, in passing by, we peep through a long dark corridor and see at the end, one of the prettiest sights in the city.

Over falling trellises in April,



COURTYARD ON ROYAL STREET



A NARROW COURTYARD

the rose season, such a wealth of roses pink, white, crimson, yellow bloom that all sense of time is lost, and one stands fixed in an ecstasy of enjoyment. Such clumps of bright red lilies rising from the neglected old beds; such luxuriant syringa, with its lavish contribution of white flowers; and a crape myrtle. And such a forest of wistaria in possession of the galleries, and even one end of the pointed roof. What must the old garden be when the wistaria is in bloom? One registers a silent vow to come back next year at the proper time and see. A little further on, an open door invites the eye to the courtyard of a whilom aristocratic mansion, now a lodging house. The Spanish doorways are arched and, set over each door and window in wrought iron frames, are panes of glass. A great tree has "volunteered" in the yard, standing coveringly close to the tall cistern mounted on its brick cellar. Little

round Italian beds are bordered with a thick fringe of violets, from beneath whose broad leaves peeps the modest flower. Once more we see the Spanish dagger; this time a small one, probably a recrudescence from the plant killed by the freeze. Before and after "the freeze," in flower parlance, corresponds to before and after the war in social parlance. One needs not ask what freeze?—what war? There is but one.

In the centre of another bed is a small sago palm. This too is the offspring of the parent killed by the freeze, for it is small and sickly, but no doubt loved and petted all the more as sickly things should be. The kitchen door is screened by a grape vine, brought over no doubt by a Frenchman, from the vine-clad province of his mother country. The little wooden bench, a comfortable seat for two, seems to have been left but a moment since, when the slippered old man who has lived here many years, with but small yearning for the outside life, went through the cool high vaulted kitchen into the dining-room. As he passed, one can easily imagine his look of gratification as the savoury grillade greeted his gastronomic nose.

A short ride through the tree-vaulted rue esplanade brings us to the Bayou St. John, one of the important waterways of the city. On its banks stands an old "place," well known and well loved by the descendants



AN OLD SURVIVOR



A BANANA SCREEN

of the old families. The house is the large conventional home of the early nineteenth century, with a wide hall running through its centre. The front gallery, porch, verandah (the name is different in different places, but the thing named changes not), runs around the entire house, both upstairs and down, but the floor of the lower one is tiled. The great square brick columns rising from it, are interrupted by the upper flooring, but take there another rise, and stop only at the pointed roof with its dormer windows. A high wooden, and ugly, fence screens the garden from the "banquette,"—as the sidewalk is called in New Orleans, and the passer-by, like the photographer, sees little more than the trees. But such trees. Are they not the distinguishing feature here? See that great oak at the corner outside, in full leaf; and inside, the crape myrtle, so feathery in stem and leaf, that the orange trees and magnolias, just back of them, are like the shading of an artist. But we feel it was the tree-lover, not the artist, who planted those trees. Close at the right and left hand of the house, are the locally celebrated red and white japonica trees. What

a mass of color, when they are in bloom; charming us by the beautiful perfection of their form, but tantalizing us by their lack of perfume. So far in the background that the picture cannot even hint at their presence, are the oleanders, with their spicy flowers of pink, white and red, and here, lazily, at the very door, creeps the beautiful little Bayou St. John on its way to Lake Pontchartrain. Would that a picture could give the beauties of its banks, when the dewberry and blackberry are in bloom; when the low places are filled with iris, and the willows drop their longest branches into its lazy current!

One feels it but a step from this Acadian scene to the old house in Ascension (for Acadia does indeed lie close to Ascension Parish). This is the typical "big house," from which the negro slaves grew to look for all things, good and bad. A Colonial Spanish house, not of true Spanish architecture, for modifications had to be made to suit material and climate; and perhaps, in this and others, the plan was unintentionally altered



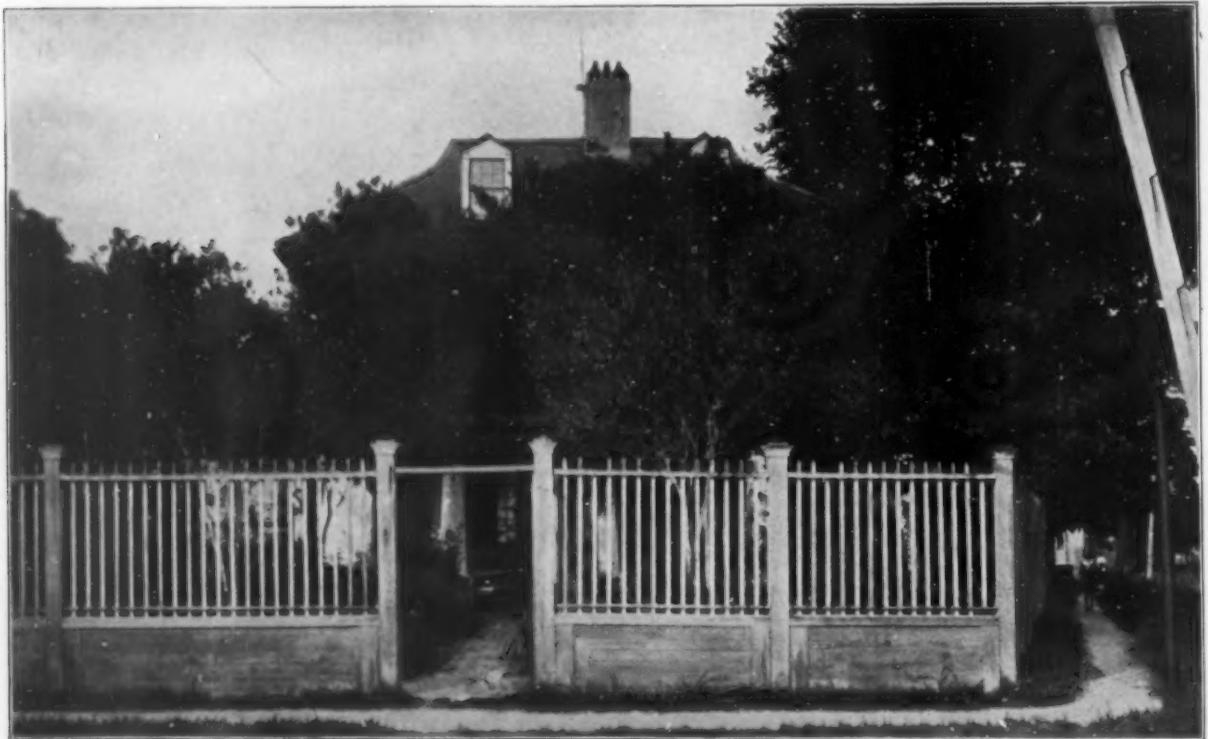
COURTYARD OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE

New Orleans Courtyards

by a failure of memory to picture all the details of the old home in Spain. Note the tapering columns, round in the upper storey, square in the lower! The beautiful doorway, the ornate window frames, the great stairway! Could any one question the hospitality of such an entrance? No tired traveler was ever turned from that door. Round parterres dot the garden in front, with their quaint bouquets of geraniums, roses and jasmine. From one trellis a rose vine carelessly clanders up to the gallery; on the other side the wistaria, which has just

that its builder planted. He and they young alike, and starting in life. The flowers he knew would come in time, with the children, but the trees must be planted by the grandfather.

In many parts of progressive, that is, "American" New Orleans, fences are done away with; a lawn stretches from house to street, and shares the pleasure of the individual enjoyment of the flowers, with the chance passer-by. But in the old town, high fences are raised, or there may be a hedge of wide leaved banana trees planted in clumps,



AN OLD HOUSE ON BAYOU ROAD

finished blooming, is putting forth its tender green leaflets, as cool and fresh as the lime flowers in old Oxford. So well do the Japanese understand the beauty of the wistaria that knowing travelers time their journeys to correspond with the blooming of the vine. But here in Louisiana, the vine sheds its flowers unapplauded, though it is the first authentic proclamation that spring has come. No one journeys from afar to see the flower, but no courtyard ever satisfies its owner till this free-growing, generous bloomer is in it.

The "old survivor" stands amid the trees

which soon thicken into a dense screen without the dangerous briars of the old and formerly much used Cherokee rose hedge. When these bananas, the first of trees to leaf, unfold their long cones of tender green, what a balm it is to winter-tired eyes. And on the hot days of summer, the rustling of the long leaves quite cools the air and makes the dreamer dream of bubbling fountains.

No ramble through New Orleans is complete without a visit to the Archbishopric, for here history lingers and association is fadeless, though its garden, to-day, is prac-

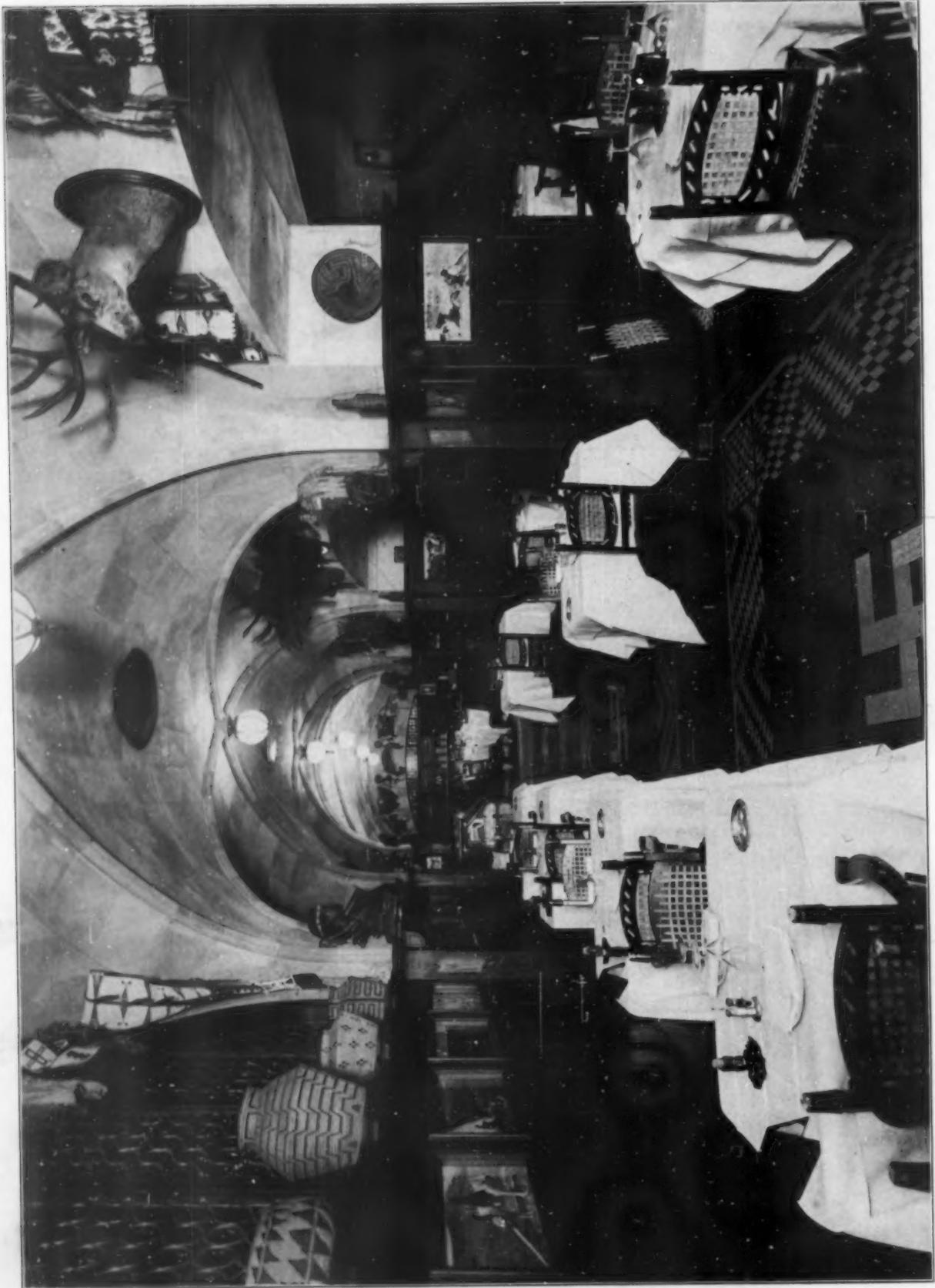
House and Garden

tically a desert. It was once the Ursuline Convent, and was built when hand-work held undisputed sway. Here are found great complicated bolts and locks and, in the wide wooden stairway, hand-made nails; as good, the old janitor will tell you, as when they were first driven in. An air of perfect peace reigns over the place. No bustle of busy housewife, but only the droning tones of the keeper, breaks the quiet. It looks ascetically clean. The wide brick walks are free of grass and duly reddened, and the galleries and halls are freshly scrubbed. Unlike the big house in Ascension, there

does not smile a welcome on the guest, for Spanish daggers guard the doorway with a meaning look. Built by the French, in the early days of the French domination, Spanish austerity, as remembered in Cerillo and Pere Antoine, replaces the joviality of Dago- bert, and seems to ward off the intruder here. Now and then, down the broad walk a priest passes reading his breviary; or up the walk a daring matron or shrinking maiden pass in quest of spiritual consolation or advice. The visitor is greeted cordially, but the glory of its garden has faded and its romance destroyed in the material atmosphere of the present day.



Old Plantation House, Ascension Parish



GRILL-ROOM, HOTEL ASTOR

NEW YORK GRILL-ROOMS

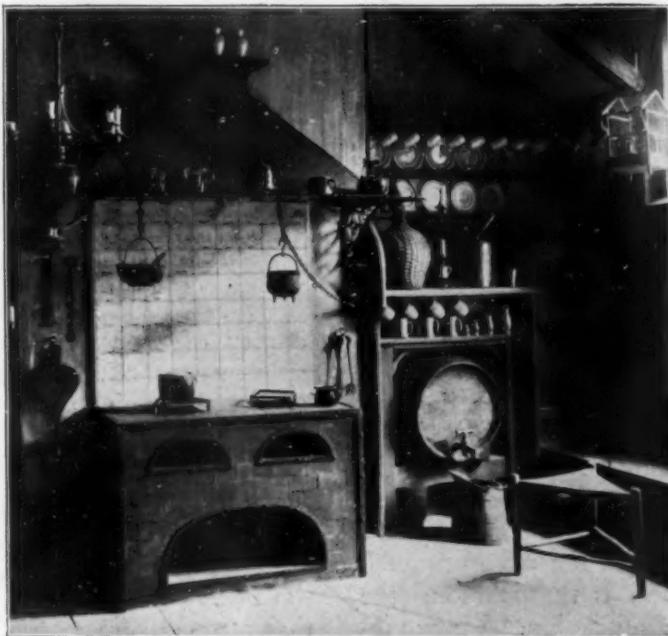
BY E. N. VALLANDIGHAM

NEW YORK, which in some respects is the most modern of cities, has an almost pathetic way of trying to mimic the antique. Busy men and women, just escaped for an hour or so from the down-town struggle, like to dine in dim and cobweb-hung barrooms which imitate the old taverns of England. Here and there, the sombre, commonplace house-fronts of the residence streets are broken by the interposition of some bit of architecture calling itself Colonial or Old English. The clubs have occasionally shown the same spirit in their interior arrangements and decoration. Grill-rooms have been made special features of several clubs, and are for the most extremely popular. Few clubs have gone to the length of making the grill-room in all respects the thing that the name implies, a place where one may actually see one's chop or steak grilled on the glowing fire before one's eyes, but the grill-rooms of several clubs have the cosy charm associated with the name, and in the case of others the old-fashioned union of dining-room and kitchen has been accomplished.

By far the most popular room of the Reform Club, at the north-east corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, is the delightful low-ceilinged apartment of the basement known as the grill-room. The apartment is not large; and its appointments are simple but in excellent taste. All the woodwork and the furniture are in old oak. The chimney breast in glazed brick of dark color has a pleasant fire-place, above which

is what our ancestors sometimes called, a "cubby-hole," filled with tankards and mugs. A deep window with a window seat occupies a third of the south wall. The room is never bright but always cheerful. It is especially agreeable for a late winter morning breakfast, when the sun shines in through the colored glass of the south window, and a fire of cannel coal or hickory wood gleams and sparkles on the hearth. Men prefer to dine here to dining for half the price at the table d'hote in the great dining-room above stairs. The grill-room, however, is specially crowded at the luncheon hour. New Yorkers are blamed for bolting their midday meal, but here men sit over luncheon for an hour and a half or more; and the room is a pleasant hum of conversation on every subject save business.

The Round Table of the Reform Club grill-room is a genuine institution. Here gather daily a few congenial spirits who pass an hour or more in talk and story-telling over chops and ale and wine. Some of the best stories to be heard in New York are told at the Round Table, and every *habitué* of the table takes care that any interesting guest whom he may bring to the club shall find a seat there. Oddly enough, not one of those who frequent the Round Table asserts an exclusive right to his seat, but as if by tacit consent of the other *habitués* of the grill-room that particular table is left to the little group of men who for the last five years have occupied it. From time to time a new man is asked in, and the table,



GRILL- AND TAP-ROOM—GROLIER CLUB

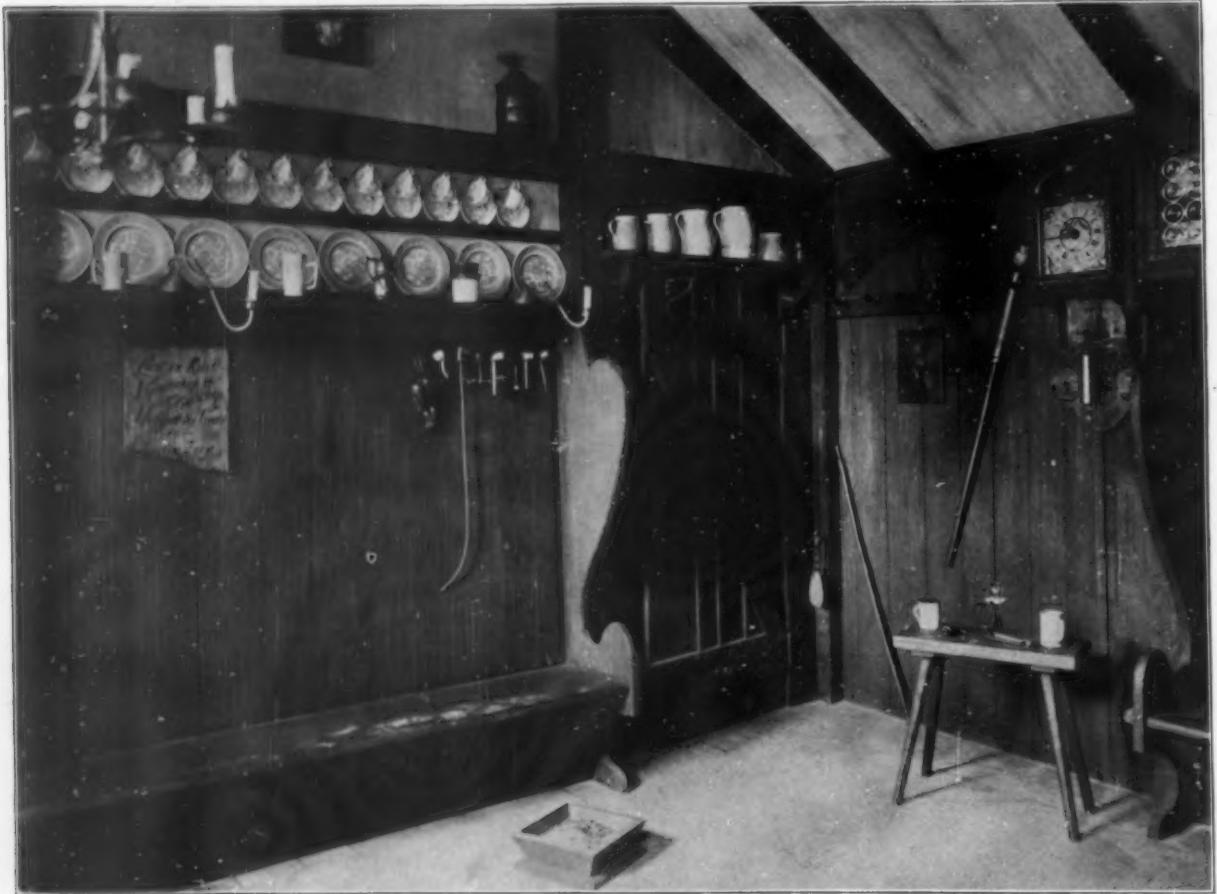
New York Grill-Rooms

though small, proves amazingly elastic when any man who is *persona grata* comes in at the door. A few men occupy the table almost daily; others come two or three times a week; still others drop in once a fortnight. It is enough that a man shall have rendered himself agreeable to the company to make him welcome whenever he chooses to come.

Of all the college clubs Yale makes the most of the grill-room. The Harvard Club

board that runs around the room hang the mugs specially set aside for the use of individual members. The grill-room is more prized by the younger Yale men than all the apartments on the ten other floors of the clubhouse.

Rather more conventional in style and furnishing than the Yale grill-room is that of the Princeton Club, which occupies the immense Dodge house in Park Avenue, at the



GRILL- AND TAP-ROOM—GROLIER CLUB

has what it calls a grill-room, but the apartment does not occupy a specially high place in the affections of the members, and is not a place of general resort. The Yale Club grill-room, on the other hand, is perhaps the most frequented room of the clubhouse. Its great stone fireplace, with an appropriate inscription on the front of the oaken mantel, and cups, platters and tankards along the breast, is the centre of attraction. Many pictures adorn the walls, and beneath the high-

corner of Thirty-fourth Street. While the subway was under specially active construction at that point the Club took refuge for a time in the Waldorf-Astoria, but it has since returned to its spacious old quarters, and the grill-room, with its high-backed chairs and its pleasant fireplace, is again exceedingly popular. Men sit late amid the smoke of the Princeton grill-room, and after any event that attracts Princeton men to New York, the room is a singular mixture of youth and age.

Oddly enough, the most elaborate and carefully planned and decorated grill-room in town is that of the Grolier Club. It may seem at first sight that a grill-room is superfluous in a club especially devoted to the publication of books in beautiful style and to the cultivation of all that pertains to fine book-making, but literature and good living after a simple fashion have ever gone hand in hand, and hence the excuse of the Grolier Club for expending care and taste upon the creation of its grill-room. As a matter of fact, the Grolier grill-room is also a tap-room, reproducing as nearly as may be the simple but charming public apartment of an old inn. The grill is a plain brick-faced stove of the simplest kind suitable mainly for broiling. The fuel is wood and charcoal. All the appurtenances of the fire are properly made and displayed. Thick candles light the apartment at night. Mugs, tankards and church warden pipes hang round the room. Overhead show the great unpainted beams.



GRILL- AND TAP-ROOM—GROLIER CLUB

The big wooden settles, the half-barrel serving as a chair, the plain jointed beer table, the ale barrel, the closet with nail-studded door, and the clock with visible weights and chains all combine to give an air of reality to this curious bit of the old world within earshot of Fifth Avenue.



CELLAR GRILL-ROOM, KITCHEN



CELLAR GRILL-ROOM, SETTLE



"THE BARN-ROOM" MAMARONECK

Once a week the grill-room of the Grolier becomes a special point of attraction to the club members. The ale barrel is new broached that night, the church warden pipes are taken down and filled, the grill glows, and excellent things are cooked, while the candles burn dimmer and dimmer as the smoke that rises from the occupants of the chairs and settles thickens the air and rises to darken and season the exposed rafters. The fact that the Grolier Club is one of the smallest in the city makes it impossible that the festivities should be of nightly occurrence. They are sufficiently frequent, however, to maintain the tradition, and no sacrilegious hand is permitted in the name of house-cleaning to remove from the beams and fittings one speck of the mingled soot and tobacco smoke that is annually mellowing the room and making it the most delightful apartment of a singularly tasteful and charming club-house.

A New York banker resident at Mamaroneck on the Sound has built what is in effect a billiard-room and grill-room combined. The place will have somewhat the character of a private club, as the owner exercises a wide hospitality, and will share the charms of the apartment with many friends. A barn was chosen for this interesting experiment. The beams and rafters are in full

view. There is abundant space for billiards, and part of what remains is converted to the uses of the grill-room. A grill of sufficient size for the needs of the place has been provided, and along with it all the accompaniments and furnishings. As in the case of the Grolier grill-room, the traditions of the old inn kitchen and tap-room have been maintained. There is a proper display of needed drinking utensils; the lighting is especially distinctive, and the furniture is of the plain, but picturesque and comfortable kind characteristic of the old public resorts which the place copies. There is ample space for all the effects desired, and at the same time no lack of the

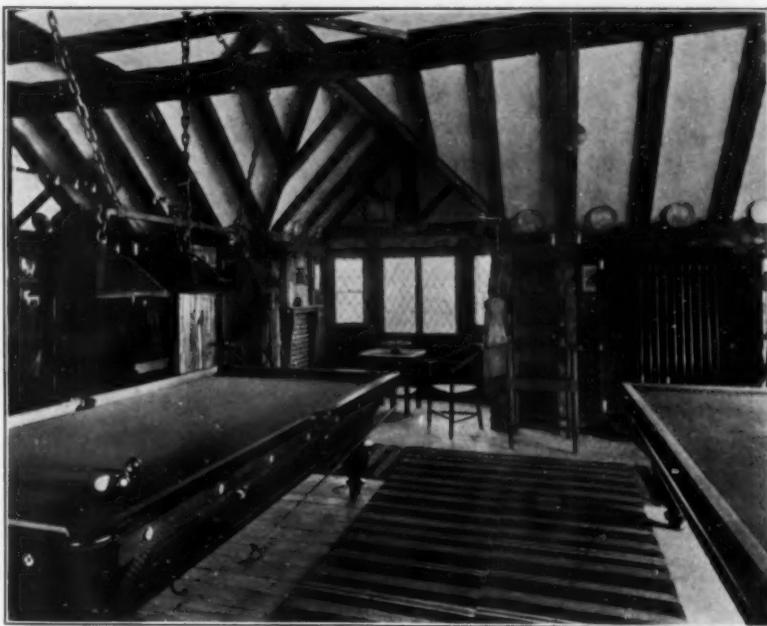
cosiness that should mark such an apartment. The serious part of the problem presented was to obtain space and proper lighting for the billiard tables without sacrificing the peculiar character of the quiet, old-fashioned tap-room. The success with which this problem has been solved constitutes the triumph of the work.

The grill-room of the Grolier Club and the barn-room at Mamaroneck are both the creations of William S. Miller, and many of the characteristic touches in each were suggested by the quaint apartments which Mr. Miller has made with his own hands in the cellar of his house in East Fortieth Street. His father, an old-time down-town liquor dealer, was famous in his day for the delightful beefsteak parties which he gave in a curious apartment in his place of business. The son, who is a builder and designer, traveled in Europe when a very young man, and was greatly charmed with the interior of many Dutch houses which he visited. After his father's death he set himself to create in his own cellar a suite of small apartments that should resemble places of the kind that he had seen in Holland. It was his pleasure to do all the work on these apartments with his own hands, and his creation is singularly charming. It is an astonishment to those who do not know the place to descend the cellar stairs of an ordinary house in a New

York row and find themselves in a dim-lit and quaintly appointed apartment with sanded floor, rough-hewn oaken beams, and the furniture that once graced the down-town beef-steak parties. The apartments are lighted at night solely by candles set in curious old candlesticks of brass, pewter and silver plate. Fine old pewter tankards, heirlooms in Mr. Miller's family, cups and mugs of many curious patterns, odd pipes, and distinctive decorative bits of many kinds help to give character to the place. The kitchen, scarcely eight feet square, is paved with cobbles. The stove is of the old ten plate pattern; it dates back to 1785. From the main apartment opens a vault entered by a low arched door, and here are stored some of the richest old liquors in New York.

When Mr. Miller gives a beefsteak party, as he does occasionally in the autumn and winter, his guests eat bread and steak without knives or forks and drink October ale drawn directly from the wood; heavy old wooden stools serve in lieu of tables, and the guests are seated on the rough-hewn settles and quaint wooden chairs of the host's own manufacture.

Only a careful examination of the place can reveal to the guests the odd variety of cupboards, closets and corners that it contains. The heating apparatus is concealed in what looks like a succession of tiny closets just below the ceiling. There is a photographic dark room admirably appointed. There is a cabinet of curios collected by the proprietor in his youth. There are tiny leaded windows letting a dim light sift in from the street by day, and low rough oaken doors opening upon unexpected passages. The stairway is a quaint irregular affair with slender unpainted hand rail and an Alaskan deity staring from the newel post. Every board that goes to make the wainscoting of the walls was carefully chosen and properly tinted. Altogether,



"THE BARN-ROOM" MAMARONECK

the apartments are probably the quaintest and most strongly characteristic of any in New York.

One of the most famous of New York grill-rooms is that of the Hotel Astor at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street. This apartment occupies a large part of the basement of the hotel. It is long and low with groined ceiling and arched entrances. The decorative effect is obtained by the free use of pictures and figures having a special relation to the West of this continent. Gigantic antlered heads of moose and other wild creatures are disposed about the room, and there are large and small busts of American Indians displayed, usually well up toward the ceiling.

Ranged along the side walls are framed pictures of scenes in the far West. These are so numerous as to give character to the room. The apartment is one of the show places of the town, and is a favorite resort with visitors from the West. A man from Colorado criticised the general scheme of decoration as out of keeping with the character of the room, which suggests not the Indian tepee, but rather the Mission architecture of old Catholic days on the Pacific Coast.



GABLES AT LEIGH HOUSE

PICTURESQUE ENGLISH COTTAGES AND THEIR DOORWAY GARDENS

BY P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.H.S.

X

ONE of the most important houses in every village is the village shop, a wondrous place wherein you can buy anything from a boot-lace to a side of bacon. Sweets for children, needles and thread for the busy housewife, butter and cheese, tea and ginger beer—endless is the assortment of goods which the village shop provides. Whiteley's in London and, I know not what, in New York can scarcely rival its marvelous productiveness. Very old and quaint is the building. There is one at Lingfield, in Surrey, which has performed its useful mission since the fifteenth century. It has a central recess with braces to support the roof-plate. Formerly there was an open shop-front with wooden shutters hinged at the bottom to the sills, on the tops of the stall-boards, and which could be turned down in the daytime at right angles with the front, and used for the display of wares.

In some cases there were two



XV. CENTURY SHOP—LINGFIELD, SURREY

into two halves like a modern stable door.

It is a very interesting shop—this one at Lingfield. You can see the corner and upright posts with their projecting brackets, and the ends of the girders and joists, standing out and supporting the upright quartered sides of the upper storey. The spaces are

filled with bricks placed "herring-bone" wise. When you enter the shop, you will notice the great diagonal beam with the joists framed into it, crossing each other at right angles. Shakespeare alludes to this when he says in *Love's Labour's Lost*, "with your hat pent-house like o'er the shop of your eyes." The door was divided



SUTTON BARN—BORDEN, KENT

shutters, the lower one hinged to the bottom sill, as I have described, while the upper one was hinged to the top, and when raised formed a pent-house roof. Shakespeare alludes to this when he says in *Love's Labour's Lost*, "with your hat pent-house like o'er the shop of your eyes." The door was divided

into two halves like a modern stable door. It is a very interesting shop—this one at Lingfield. You can see the corner and upright posts with their projecting brackets, and the ends of the girders and joists, standing out and supporting the upright quartered sides of the upper storey. The spaces are filled with bricks placed "herring-bone" wise. When you enter the shop, you will notice the great diagonal beam with the joists framed into it, crossing each other at right angles. Ruskin would have been delighted by the sight of this old shop. His advice is sound enough: "Watch an old



COTTAGES AT CALBORNE

building with anxious care; guard it as best you may, and at any cost from any influence of dilapidation. Count its stones as you would the jewels of a crown. Set watchers about it, as if at the gate of a besieged city; bind it together with iron when it loosens. Stay it with timber when it declines. Do not care about the unsightliness of the aid—better a crutch than a lost limb; and do this tenderly and reverently and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow." Loving care has carefully guarded the Lingfield shop. It has a glass window now. Glass windows were introduced in the eighteenth century; until that time the fronts of village shops were very similar to that at Lingfield.

In singing the praise of old cottages, I must not forget that they are not always satisfactory as places of residence. Of course when a cottage is unhealthy and insanitary, something must be done to remedy it. The landlord usually pulls it down and builds a bran-new house. But the sentiment of the cottager clings to his old roof-tree. An old villager whose cottage was being restored was asked,

"When are you going back, John, to your house?"

"In about a month, so they tell me, sir," he replied; and with a sigh and a shake of his head he added, "but it won't be like going home."

A little pains and money would insert drains and provide a good well, and save many a house from total destruction.

The other important village house is the inn—a hostel such as Izaak Walton loved to sketch, "an honest alehouse where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows and twenty ballads stuck about the wall,

where the linen looks white and smelt of lavender, and a hostess cleanly, handsome and civil." On all the great roads you will find such inns, now bereft of their ancient glory; but still bearing the marks of their former greatness, beautiful in their decay. The red-tiled roof, the deep bay window, the swinging sign-board, the huge horse-trough, the pump and out-door settle form a picture which artists love to sketch; while within the old-fashioned fireplace, with seats on each side in the ingle-nook, and the blazing log fire in the dog-grate, are cheering sights to the weary traveler. We would linger here and revive the recollections of former days, see again the merry coach come in,



BALDON, OXON



ANOTHER VIEW OF CALBORNE

“The Lightning” or “The Mercury” or “The Regulator,” and take our supper with the motley throng of courtiers and conspirators, highwaymen, actors, soldiers and scribes; but we have said enough of the glories of the old inns, and must return to our humbler dwelling-places.

Modern architects are not very successful in building rows of cottages. In our great centres of industry, in Manchester, Birmingham or Leeds, you will see countless such rows, the same dread, dreary, uniform, colorless square blocks, with the same doors imported from Sweden, the same windows and knockers and chimneys and slates, and when you go inside you find the same wallpaper and chimney-pieces and the same rhubarb-colored oil-cloth in the passage. It is all so dull and dreary and monotonous. Contrast these sad rows with the achievements of the cottage-builders of former days. Here are some examples of their skill. Two of the illustrations show a row of cottages at Calborne in the Isle of Wight, in front of which flows a pretty stream. Here we see the ever-beautiful thatched roof with little

dormer windows nestling in the thatch, the lattice panes, and the creepers growing on the walls. There is nothing stiff or monotonous, but everything is sweet and pleasant to behold. And the other row of cottages at Broadway is very attractive, built of the good Worcestershire stone, with the penthouse roof covering the bow-windows and forming a pleasant porch for the doorways. Would it not be possible for our modern architect to imitate these old designs, and discard for ever those hideous erections of dreary rows of unsightly cottages with their even fenestration and monotonous sameness? It has been well said that Art is beauty; but it is also economy and appropriateness. Art is the faculty of being able with the greatest economy of material, of color and invention, to produce the brightest effects. If that be so, it can only be said that the builders of modern cottages have singularly failed in attaining to any perfection in art, and must yield the palm to the masons of former days. The most successful of the builders of the future will be those who are animated by the old spirit. The accompanying illustra-

Picturesque English Cottages and their Doorway Gardens



BROADWAY

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tions of modern cottages show that architects do sometimes obtain good results when they are not hampered by financial difficulties and parsimonious employers. The modern cottages at Baldon, Oxfordshire have this merit. This shire can boast of charming rural dwellings. An old cottage in the same village is attractive with its eager group of characteristic inhabitants. Great Tew has the credit of being the prettiest village in the shire. It lies among the steep well-timbered

hills in mid-Oxfordshire. All the cottages are built of a local stone which has turned to a grey yellow or rich ochre, and are either steeply thatched, or roofed with thinnish slabs of the same yellowish grey stone, about the size of slates and called by the vulgar "slats." The diamond-paned windows have often stone mullions with drip-stones over them; and over some of the doors are old stone cornices with spandrels. No one cottage repeats another. Nowhere do we find



GATE LODGE, NEWPORT



CORNER HOUSE AT LAYCOCK

slate or red brick. Honeysuckle, roses, clematis, ivy, japonica, beautify the cottage walls, in front of which are bright, well-kept flower gardens behind trim hedges. The old stocks still stand on the village green, as they stood when Lord Falkland rode from his home here to fight for King Charles and die at the Battle of Newbury.

The little village of South Hinksey, near the wondrous City of Oxford, has some pretty cottages built of stone. Some of them are whitewashed. In some parts of Berkshire, near Ashdown Park and elsewhere, we thatch the mud or cement walls of our gardens, and so preserve them from the effects of weather. They look very quaint with their overhanging covering of thatch.

England was once a land of monasteries, the beautiful ruins of which still remain and arouse the enthusiasm of all who visit these ancient shrines. They are sad relics of their former greatness. Many of them have been used as quarries for stone in time of careless regard for art

and historical associations. Hence, in many cottages and farm-buildings we find carved stones and much plunder brought from old monastic piles. At Laycock, Wilts, on the banks of the Avon, there was a nunnery, the ruins of which doubtless provided excellent building stone for the picturesque cottages which abound in the little town. We give a view of the farmhouse at St. Radegund's Abbey, near Dover, which is in truth a monastic refectory of the twelfth century; and the farmer's family work and sleep within the walls which once resounded with the tread of the monks and

the voice of the Reader when they sat in silence at the long tables during their meals. The good local stone of Wiltshire has enabled the builders of that district to erect many beautiful cottages and farmsteads. The village of Purton has a grand series of houses representing in well-nigh unbroken succession the various stages of domestic architectural development in England from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the present day. Potterne also is full of quaint cottages intermixed with modern buildings. We should like to dwell upon the beauties of the early



FARMHOUSE AT ST. RADEGUND'S ABBEY

Picturesque English Cottages and their Doorway Gardens

timber porch house; but it is too ambitious a study for our present purpose. The older portion dates as far back as the fifteenth century.

The substantial stone houses of Worcestershire resemble somewhat those in Wilts, and those at Broadway are very beautiful with the mullioned windows and dripstones, dormer windows and tiled roofs, a kaleidoscope of varied colors and venerable walls covered

seven feet. Indeed, the curate of a neighboring parish who was unfortunately a tall man could never raise himself to his full height when he was in his bedroom, and often bumped his head against the hard old beams. The introduction of gables and dormers greatly improved the bedrooms, as it enabled their height to be raised and more light given to the apartments. In spite of this, many of our old cottages are very de-



MODERN HOUSE AT LEIGH

with lichen. They are true examples of simple and beautiful architecture.

The interior of our cottages is often as quaint and interesting as the exterior. In many, the open fireplace with the ingle-nook remains, though it is fast disappearing. Much of the old furniture has gone to swell the collections of importunate coveters of antiquities. The rooms are low. Great beams and joists run along the ceiling and support the upper floor. The bedrooms are very low, often not more than six or

ficient in the sleeping-rooms. There are still far too many which have only two rooms wherein the laborer, his wife and family have to sleep and work and cook and fulfill the functions of human existence. Old and childless people are usually placed in such houses by careful landlords; but I know a man and his wife who have brought up a large family of children, who are respectable members of society, in a cottage with only two rooms of quite small dimensions. They love their home in spite of its smallness and

quaintness; and often when a landlord has built a new room or a new cottage with additional accommodation, the new room is converted into a parlor, or best room, only to be opened on special occasions, or let to a lodger.

Our tour of inspection of the old cottages of England is drawing to a close, but I must not omit to mention the fact that many of these rural homes are historically famous. Great men, poets, painters, bishops, heroes of the sword and the pen, have been born or

tage is also nigh at hand, now converted into a mansion; in his time

"A little house with trees arow
And, like his master, very low."

Antiquarians and naturalists will venerate Sutton Barn, Borden, Kent, the birthplace of the learned Dr. Plot (1641-1696), the keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, historiographer of King James II., and author of the "Natural History of Oxfordshire." The cottage is at least as old as the early part of the sixteenth century.



MARY ARDEN'S COTTAGE, WILMCOTE

lived in cottages, which become places of pilgrimage for lovers of history. Space forbids that I should mention in detail these shrines of hero-worshippers. There is Mary Arden's cottage at Wilmcote, where every lover of Shakespeare longs to go; the poet's birthplace whence soundeth forth the mightiest voice in modern literature, and the cottage of his bride, Anne Hathaway. Near where I am writing stands the cottage home of the distinguished authoress of "Our Village," which attracts many votaries. Pope's cot-

A peculiar interest is attached to the cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, where Milton lived, "the pretty box," whither he retired when the Great Plague was devastating London and filling the great charnel-pit nigh his house at Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, with ghastly loads. It is a typical Buckinghamshire cottage, gabled, oak-timbered and vine-clad. American admirers once entertained the idea of pulling it down and re-erecting it in the United States. Perhaps I may be forgiven for expressing my

Picturesque English Cottages and their Doorway Gardens

satisfaction that this scheme was not carried out. Englishmen can ill afford to spare the house where "Paradise Lost" was finished, and "Paradise Regained" conceived at the suggestion of the poet's friend, Thomas Ellwood, as they sat together on a bench in the little cottage garden while the birds sang their jocund songs and the beautiful country flowers shed their sweet scents around.

With this famous cottage we will conclude our tour of inspection of the rural homes of

which forces us to prefer our own rural dwelling-places, though emigrants from other lands have brought to us some styles or features which we could ill spare. We have noticed the traditional style of English buildings, the style inaugurated and developed in particular districts, and clung to with loyal attachment, though never slavishly adhered to. We have seen that the use of local materials, whether stone or brick or timber, tile or slate, is the true secret of the harmony



MILTON'S COTTAGE, CHALFONT ST. GILES

England, which the skill of our artist has so ably depicted. We have seen much that we cannot fail to admire, much that would serve for imitation. We have revelled in the sweet scents of the old-fashioned flowers, and remarked how beautifully these rural homesteads have become a real part of an English landscape, never obtruding upon it with crude colors or graceless forms. We have compared our own buildings with those of our Continental neighbors, and it is not patriotism alone

with nature which is one of the chief characteristics of our English cottages; and if we would succeed in the future in producing buildings worthy of their surroundings, we must adhere to the same principles, cultivate the same means, and imbue our minds with the same sense of harmony and reverence for antiquity which guided our forefathers in the erection of so many noble examples of the humbler sort of English domestic architecture.



The Cathedral

THE DELIGHTS OF OLD WORCESTER

BY MINNI SWEET MUCHMORE

OLD Worcester, although famous to the world at large for its famed pottery, is generally known to the tourist only as a Cathedral town and so is more than often overlooked, save in the "personally conducted" way. Some tourists now and then rush into the town, give the beautiful Cathedral and its famous old close cursory attention, purchase a few photographs and are off to fresh fields, unmindful alike of the delights to be met down the narrow winding ways of this historic town, and of the homey hospitality to be found within its quiet, old-time inns. The greatest charm of the place is its unpretentiousness, its unknowing air of possessing anything out of the usual for

the lover of the quaint and beautiful in the architecture of bygone centuries. Every turn of the head, every glimpse down the straggling, interwoven ways of the old town reveal a jutting roof, an over-hanging storey, a carven doorway, or leaden window, and one is fascinated to a degree. It is a mystery to one's mind why travelers through England have not long ago set up Worcester's claim to rivalry with Chester. In all of Chester, that city of delights, I do not think there is a building—with due respect to the fascinations of its "Rows" and historic houses—that can compare with the "Trinity House" of Worcester, possibly the most artistic bit of half-timbered architecture in Eng-



APOSTLES BED IN "THE COMMANDERY"



ORIEL WINDOW IN "THE COMMANDERY"



OLD TRINITY HOUSE

land. An old and important house in Elizabeth's time, it was upon its picturesque balcony that a brilliant company of minstrels were set to welcome this great queen's first coming to the town. From this balcony it is also said, that she addressed her people at that time. The building afterwards formed the keystone of a set of almshouses called "The Trinity," which Elizabeth erected for the poor of this important city of her kingdom. The house, which is all that now remains of this charity, had fallen much into decay, but has lately been restored and is worth a pilgrimage to the lover of "black and white" architecture. Another quaint place of delight, and comprising part of Worcester's historic interest, is "The Commandery," as it is now known. Originally this formed



ELIZABETHAN STAIRCASE IN "THE COMMANDERY"

a part of a hospital built by the Bishop of Worcester, in 1085, for a Master Priest and Brethren. Its present name, "The Commandery," dates from the thirteenth century when its Master, under Edward the First,

was a Templar in the Holy Wars. The place became important politically in 1300, but in 1524 shared the fate of all the small religious houses, and was suppressed by Cardinal Wolsey. Upon his fall "The Commandery" and lands were granted by the king to one of his peers. It fell later into the hands of a wealthy clothier of Worcester, in whose family it remained a century. Then its fortunes were varied for many years following. It had a number of owners, some of whom were no respecters of its ancient architectural beauties. One was so much of a vandal that he cut a driveway through the superb old great hall or refectory, thereby exposing to wind and weather the fine old oak carvings of what had been the hall's minstrel gallery. The present owner, Mr. Joseph Littlebury, is, fortunately, in fullest sympathy with the



OLD TRINITY HOUSE, AS RESTORED.

filled with curious painted glass of the fifteenth century, its curving timbered ceiling and its rare oak carvings, King Charles II. dined with the Duke of Hamilton the night before the battle of Worcester, in September, 1651. And here the Duke of Hamilton was brought wounded the next day and died, for "The Commandery" had been chosen as the quarters of the Duke while the Royalists occupied the town. Just back of the house is Fort Royal, the hill which was the centre of the Royalists' position during that fatal battle. And it is said that after his defeat of that day, Charles II. escaped capture by means of a subway from the hill to "The Commandery," and from there by way of a secret chamber to the roof. Here ladders were in readiness and, while a handful of Royalists defended old Sudbury Gate, by obstruct-



A WINDING WAY IN WORCESTER

historic interest and charm of the place, and has spared no pains, thought or expense in restoring it as nearly to its former dignity and beauty as possible. In the famous old hall, with its splendid oriel window still

ing it with a load of overturned hay, Charles found refuge in the house of one of his loyal subjects from where later he escaped in disguise. The secret chamber of "The Commandery," with the hole in its roof by

The Delights of Old Worcester

which Charles made his hasty exit, is still shown to the interested visitor, and far be it from any one to discredit such happenings when under the glamour of the spell which this romantic old place weaves about one. As it is Mr. Littlebury's desire to further the romantic history of his delightful home, nothing has been left undone to restore the former glory of its setting. The greatest care has been expended in its furnishing, and one is translated into the early centuries immediately one sets foot within the noble old refectory with its Jacobean fittings. From here one is conducted up the beautiful Elizabethan staircase, its polished carvings black with age, through halls and the set of offices—Mr. Littlebury carrying on his business of publishing in a part of the building—all filled with priceless furnish-

ings of old oak. And still on the visitor may go into what was the dormitory proper of the hospital from which one gets glimpses of many fascinating rooms. In the most important of these, wholly sealed with time-stained oak, and from which a small window opens into the refectory below, is the famous "Apostles Bed,"—so called because of the carving of the twelve apostles upon its headboard. This was done to Mr. Littlebury's order, the bed being made of some of the oak taken from the old cathedral at the time of its restoration about thirty years ago.

Mr. Littlebury, who takes great delight in personally showing all visitors through his famed home, has a most gracious and hospitable personality, and his home has long been the Mecca of the artistic and literary colony of all England.



The Jalta Pass, Jeypore



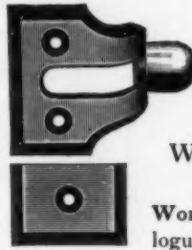
Elevator Front, Hotel Essex, N. Y.

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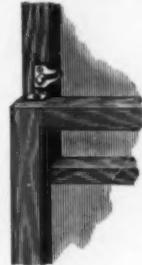
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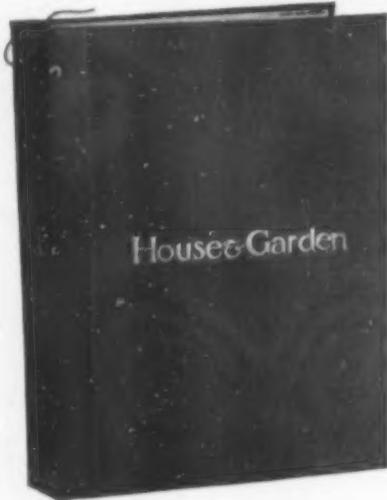
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NOTES AND REVIEWS

THE NEGLECTED GARDEN IN WINTER

IN summer the effect of the garden is always pleasing, owing to the inherent charm of the flowers and trees. But when the chill November blasts have shrivelled the pale asters and the few lingering tea-roses, and have thinned the faded lawn and stripped the trees of their reluctant leaves, then our gardens lose their charm indeed, and too often sheer ugliness reigns supreme. It is then that the slightest faults of design stand revealed in all their nakedness. Repent, at such a time, if the lawns have not the exact degree of curvature demanded by the laws of composition. Repent, too, if masses of evergreen foliage have not been judiciously interspersed among the shrubbery! and especially regret the usual state of neglect in which most owners leave their garden during the winter season! Let us enter one of these enclosures, no longer a garden of Eden. This is what we shall usually, not to say always, encounter.

Among all the flower beds, nothing will be seen but the formless débris of slowly decaying herbaceous plants; the more vigorous weeds, having grown apace, defile the paths; the borders have lost their strict alignment and zig-zag hither and thither at their own sweet will; and, to complete this charmless picture, ugly piles of manure or heaps of long straw lie scattered about beneath the trees or at the foot of the rose bushes.

Now, it is not a difficult matter to render a garden always pleasing to the eye even when it lacks the charm bestowed by the happy days of summer. Only one thing is really essential, and that is always to keep the garden in good order regardless of the season. Especial care should be taken with the disposition of stable manure, as most proprietors seem to be seized with a mania for fertilizing as soon as cold weather approaches. It is undescribably ugly in the garden and has the further serious disadvantage of stimulating the increase of weeds and noxious insects. It may be replaced to great advantage by several of the many chemical fertilizers and, as a mulch for rose

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bushes, by a little sod or fine cinders heaped up about the roots.

This matter of protection, though, is apt to be overdone, and many perfectly hardy roses and shrubs are needlessly wrapped up. Plants clumsily swathed in straw have a particularly unhappy effect, though if this operation is performed by an expert, the result is quite inoffensive or may even be artistic. Attention to neatness, then, and an orderly arrangement of the protective devices will transform entirely the ugly winter aspect of any garden; and even though such a degree of care may not suffice to impart an air of gaiety to the scene, it will at least serve to make it not unpleasing to the eye. And, finally, since there are many winter days when the temperature is mild and clement, it would be only reasonable to so treat the garden that at such times it may be considered and used as an out of door apartment, lighted by the sun and having the sky for its ceiling.—*Jules Havaux*, in "Le Cottage."

THE INTERIOR OF SANCTA SOPHIA

A still more striking characteristic of the construction than its great scale and daring is its simple frankness. Four mighty piers support the dome; eight other piers, two in the middle of each outer wall, stand round about. The walls, pierced by the windows, are comparatively thin screens. The vaults, like the walls, are built of thin bricks, which in the dome are upwards of two feet long. Intermediate support is obtained by monolithic columns of fine marble and porphyry. These columns in every case are directly used as posts, and do not enter into combinations and compromises. The doors are cased in bronze, and the openings are edged round with marble frames; the windows are pierced sheets of marble forming lattices, the balustrades are marble slabs, the floors are paved, and the walls are plated over with marble; the domes and vaults are entirely covered with mosaic which, by means of the rounding of all the external and internal angles of the arches, is applied continuously over the surfaces as easily as if it were painting. The eight splendid green marble col-