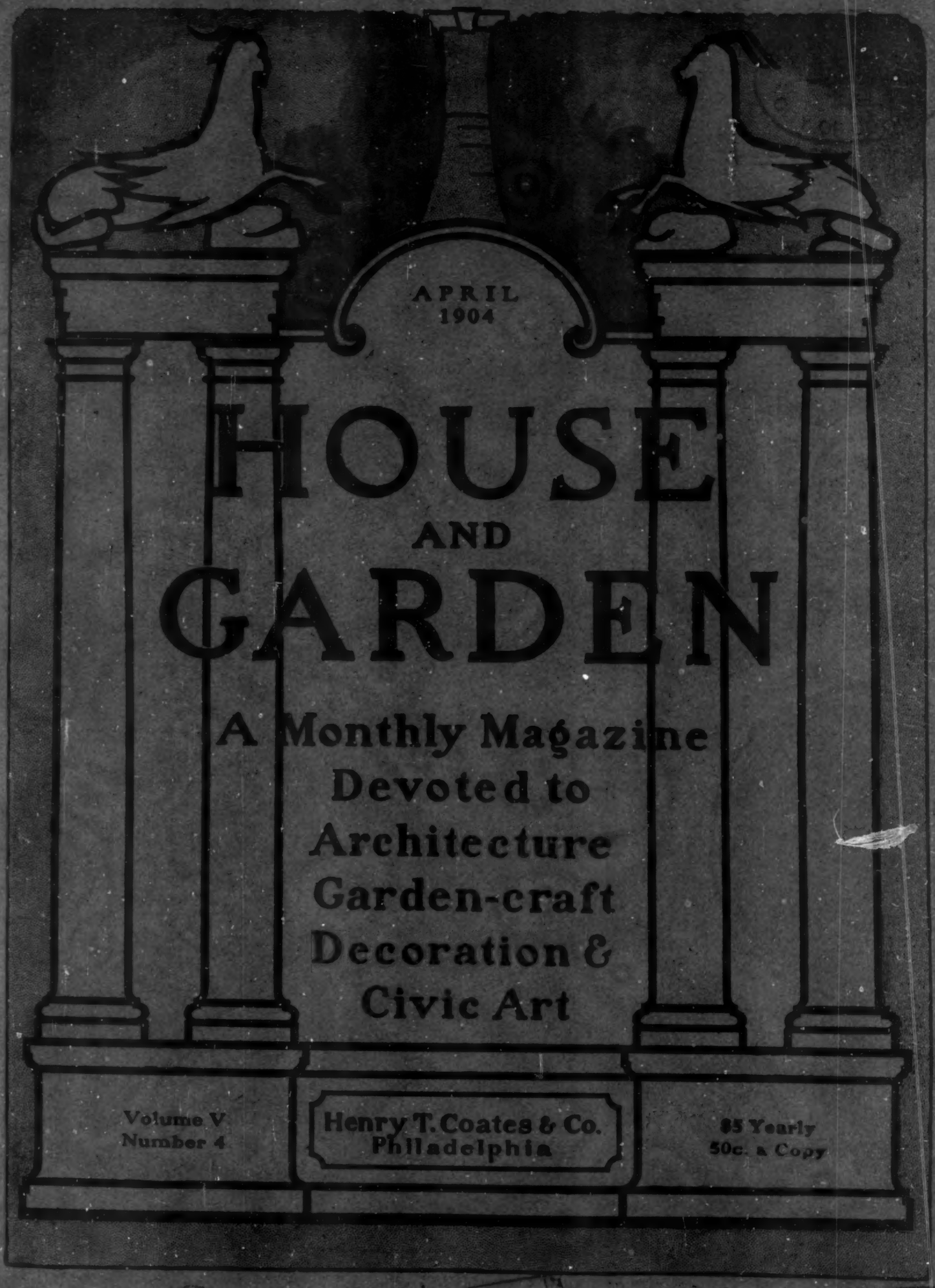
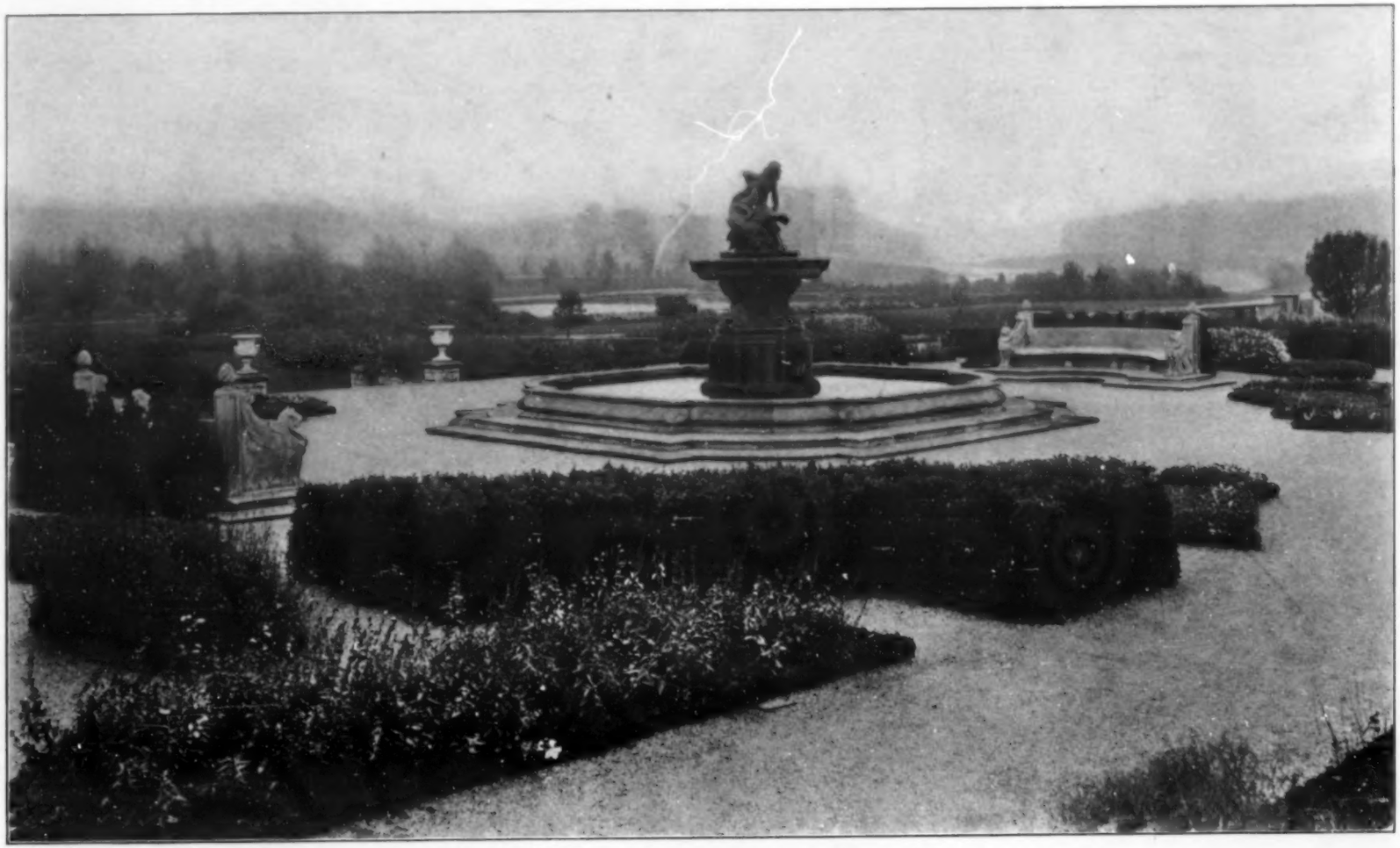

APRIL
1904
HOUSE
AND
GARDEN
A Monthly Magazine
Devoted to
Architecture
Garden-craft
Decoration &
Civic Art
Volume V
Number 4
Henry T. Coates & Co.
Philadelphia
$5 Yearly
50c. a Copy



THE CENTER OF THE GARDEN AT WELBECK ABBEY

# House and Garden

Vol. V April, 1904 No. 4

## GARDEN FOUNTAINS

By MRS. STEUART ERSKINE

FOUNTAINS have, from time immemorial, exercised a peculiar fascination over the mind of man. The combination of the artist's skill with the resources of Nature, the mingling of stone and marble with the ever-changing, sparkling, dripping, tumbling element of water, constitute a whole which makes of two separate harmonies a delight to both eye and ear.

The history of the evolution of fountains is much like the history of the evolution of any other form of art. It arose, in the first place, from necessity, the masonry being simply a protection for a rising spring or an artificial setting for a natural water supply. The setting gradually increased in beauty and importance until, too often, it became a pretentious building which was merely an excuse for display and hardly expressed the purpose for which it was made. From the rude but simple and beautiful Venetian well-heads to a marble monstrosity such as the Fountain of Trevi, what a step! Art had indeed progressed onwards from the rude state to perfection, and on to decadence, over-ornament, display and meaningless skill.

The designer of fountains in past times, who wished not only to create a beautiful work of art, but one which should be in harmony with its surroundings, had a fairly easy task before him. Architecture, which is now a dead art, was then a part of the life of the people—an outcome and expression of nationality. Now that there is no sharply defined style of architecture, framed to suit the needs and ideals of a nation or the exigencies of a climate, the horizon is widened to a rather perplexing extent. We can copy, it is true, the style of architecture used in any century and in any country, but the result is not always happy.

A BRONZE FOUNTAIN
*By Derwent Wood*
*Now in the Rose Garden at Wiseton Hall, England*

The market-place of an English country town may boast of some old timber houses descended from the sixteenth century, of a modern Gothic church and of a new town hall successfully copied from the style which obtained in England in the reign of Queen Anne. A fountain is to be placed in the center of the market-place. What form shall the artist select from the pattern-book of all the centuries?

A square or circus in a great modern town is surrounded by shops which have no distinctive form of their own, but each of which differs from the other. Sky signs deface the roofs upon one side; an advertisement is written in flames on the other; the middle distance is composed of multicolored cars and teams, while incongruously dressed people occupy the foreground. How is the artist to design a fountain for the center of such a place which shall be in harmony with such very diverse surroundings, not one of which is in harmony with the other?

It may be objected that in all towns the different forms of architecture succeed each other and mingle harmoniously, and that probably, if there were any true twentieth century form of architecture, it would take its place with the masterpieces of past times, but it must be conceded that the want of any unity, and homogeneity of effect, in these days, is bewildering. Perhaps the most important public work of recent times in connection with fountains was that carried out by Napoleon III. in Paris, Visconti being the architect. The result is not very encouraging. The fountains often rather resemble mausoleums and the statues are by another hand. Still, the fountain in the Invalides has its charm, and the initiative cannot be too much praised.

A FOUNTAIN DESIGNED BY COUNTESS FEODORA GLEICHEN
*Now in the Paris garden of the Comtesse Béarn*

In Rome, where the sound of splashing water greets you at almost every street corner and in every piazza, the fountains are mostly composed of marble taken from the temples and palaces of the Cæsars. The most attractive are in the form of basins, most of them having two of these with the water dripping over the edge to the lower level; but there are some built in the side of a wall and profusely decorated. It is in Rome especially that the charm of the water-melody makes itself felt; sometimes overpowered by street cries and traffic, sometimes rising in the silence of the night, always

THE FOUNTAIN AT WELBECK ABBEY
*Executed for the Duke of Portland by Professor Legros*

A TYPE OF THE PRIMITIVE FOUNTAIN
*At the Tombs of the Sultans, Brousse, Turkey*

bringing a note of refreshment in its ceaseless rhythm. It is here, too, that the visitor is struck by the delightful combination of marble and curving jets of water which meet him at every turn and which constitute perhaps one of the chief charms bequeathed to modern Rome. But we cannot linger to wonder at the pretentious glory of the *Fontana Paolina*; at the exquisite proportions of the little *Tartarughe*, or even to have a look at the great water-works of the villas at Frascati, where cascades pour down and columns spout forth water. These, indeed, have very little attraction for the student of art and can be looked on as clever feats of engineering, not so very much superior to the sham trees to be found in some old gardens which used suddenly to spout forth water from every branch to the confusion "of ladies and others" and presumably to the delight of the facetious owner of the ingenious toy.

Leaving aside the question of city fountains, let us turn our attention to park and garden and to the work which is being done at the present time. Nature is conservative and does not change her form with succeeding generations, so that even if it is proposed to decorate some very formal garden, there is much latitude allowed.

We are in touch with the old gods of mythology, especially with the fascinating race of water-deities: Neptune with his trident and sea-horses, mermaids and mermen with fishy tails, dolphins, tritons, cupids and nymphs of every degree frolicking in the gushing water, spouting it out through horns and shells and inflated nostrils, pouring it from reversed urns, make a veritable water-carnival. The surroundings, in all cases, help immensely. In the celebrated Versailles fountains, converging avenues of trees reflected in the troubled pools, clipped yew hedges

A FOUNTAIN BY COUNTESS FEODORA GLEICHEN
*On the Estate of Walter Palmer, Esq., at Frogna!, England*

A FOUNTAIN BY ROBERT COLTON
*In Hyde Park, London*

making a background for statues or uplifted basin, help the general effect instead of hindering it as does unsuitable architecture. At Herrenhausen, one single jet is thrown up to a height of two hundred feet, and here again the surroundings increase the effect instead of decreasing it.

In England, where the charming old-world gardens and historic parks form such a suitable setting for fountains, a good deal of really interesting work is being done. Within the limits of a short article I have no wish to attempt to give a full account of such enterprises, but simply to give some specimens of really important work by prominent artists.

A glance at the illustrations will show the fountains at Welbeck Abbey executed for the Duke of Portland by Professor Legros, masterly both in conception and execution. The materials used are Portland stone and granite. The high fountain surmounted by a cupid astride a dolphin is extraordinarily fine in proportion, and the cupids seated on the rim of the lower basin are very charmingly conceived. Just beneath the upper basin are four masks, from which water spouts forth, the beauty of which cannot be very well appreciated in a view of the fountain as a whole. It is repeated on a second fountain and is better seen in the illustration on page 154. The seats which stand on either side of this fountain, and of which we give a larger illustration, are by Countess Feodora Gleichen and are included in this article as forming part of the design for decorating the space around the fountain. The

ONE OF THE FOUNTAIN SEATS AT WELBECK
*By Countess Feodora Gleichen*

design of the winged lion and the curve of the seat are very beautiful and have been executed in Mansfield stone. I am glad to be able to give some more examples of the work of this very clever sculptress, whose artistic ability is as remarkable as her industry. They include the statue of a water nymph which was so much admired in the Academy of 1902 and which is now erected in the Comtesse Béarn's garden in Paris. The whole design of the fountain cannot well be judged from the photograph which was taken in the studio before it was set up. The water pours out of the mouth of the mask into the upper basin, down over four steps into a large semi-circular basin, surrounded by a wall, and finally comes out through the mouths of three lions into a tank at the base from which the water can be drawn. It is executed in travertine.

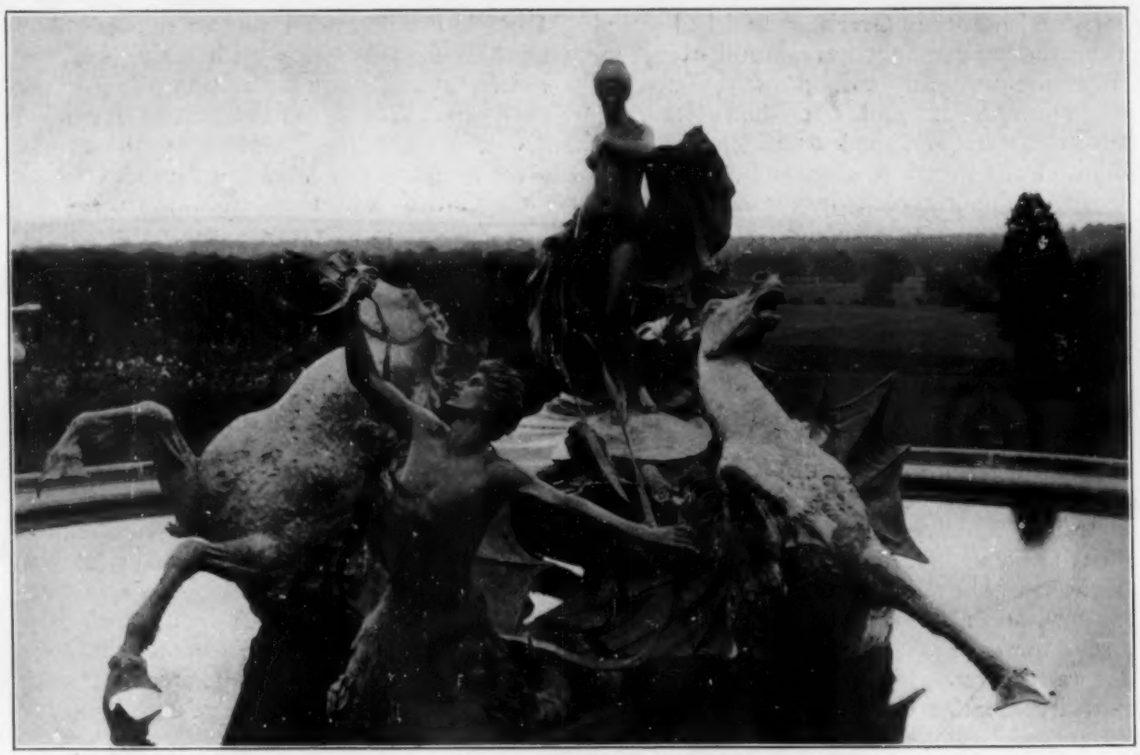
A STREET FOUNTAIN IN CLOVELLY
*By Countess Feodora Gleichen*

Of the fountain executed by Countess Feodora for Mr. Walter Palmer at Frognal, England, we have a better idea, the photograph having been taken after it was set up, but even in this case there is something wanting, as the space around it is unfinished. A steep path leads down to the fountain from the house, and a circular grass path is to be made with seats to form a setting for the center-piece. The figure is of green bronze, and stands on a pedestal which has four cockle-shells from which water spouts into an upper basin of modern pavonazetto. This is supported by four bronze caryatides whose

THE TRIUMPH OF GALATEA
*Rear View*

THE TRIUMPH OF GALATEA

*A Fountain by Mr. Waldo Story for "Ascott Wing," England, the Estate of Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.*



THE TRIUMPH OF GALATEA
*A Front View*

base stands in an octagonal basin of travertine, round which is an antique wavy design, having devices of shields and cockle-shells at the angles. The little wall fountain, also from her studio, was erected by Mrs. Hamlyn at the top of the ascending village street in Clovelly, and is in memory of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. The swans introduced into the design form the Hamlyn badge. The simple and charming design of a water nymph with a dolphin under her arm is by Mr. Robert Colton who has just been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy and whose statue, "The Girdle," is one of the attractions of the Tate Gallery. This fountain has been erected in Hyde Park.

The photograph of Mr. Derwent Wood's bronze fountain, which is now erected in the rose-garden of Wiseton Hall, suffers from the fact that it was taken in the studio before the accessories were completed and that it lacks the curved line of the water jets, so important to the composition. As it stands, however, it is a powerful group and well worthy of attention.

Perhaps one of the most successful designers of fountains for English gardens is Mr. Waldo Story. No one can look on his decorative work without thinking of the Renaissance in Italy—the Renaissance at the time of its early maturity, before the exuberance of ornamentation arose which preceded its downfall. That was undeniably a great period in art, when great works were accomplished with extraordinary enthusiasm and when every one of God's creatures, from the Pope on his throne to the very beggar at his gates, was animated with a real and discriminating love of art. Exception may be taken to the lavish use of the newly developed powers of technique acquired at this time and many prefer the art of a sterner, simpler age, but few will deny that it was exactly suited to the decoration of the magnificent palaces erected in the *cinque-cento* and that to this day no other scheme of decoration is as suitable or as effective.

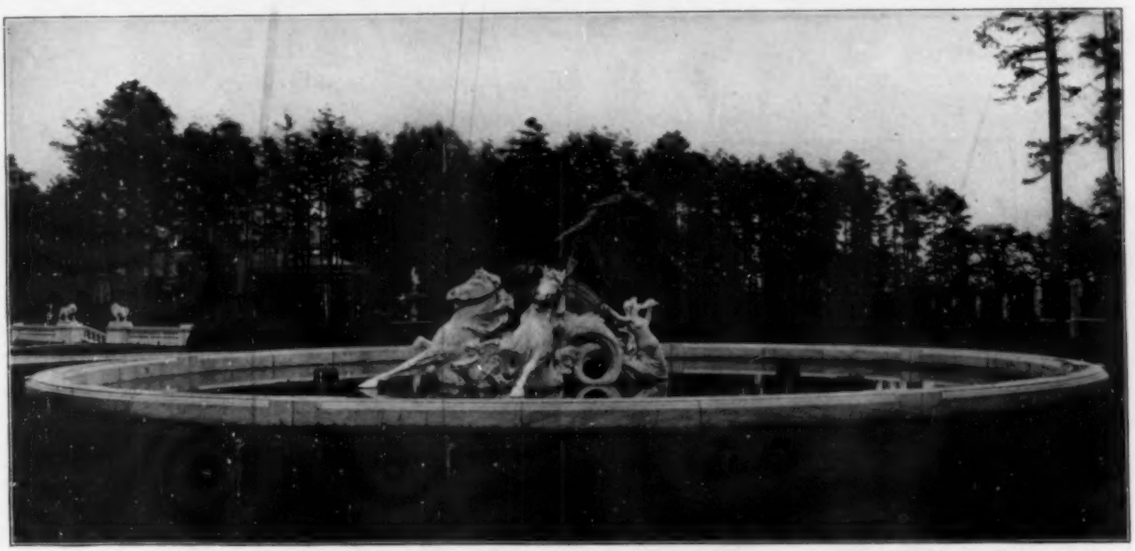
The art of the Renaissance was pitched in a joyous key; it was the swing of the pendulum which had touched the perfection of

corporeal beauty in Greek art and had aimed at reproducing agony, tears, humiliation, sacrifice, the unsightly wound of the martyr, the triumph of soul over body in early Christian art and had again touched the limit of the worship of the beautiful, the sense of the joy of living, and perhaps it erred on the side of over elaboration. However that may be, it was essentially suited to the needs of a luxurious and sumptuously appareled generation, and even in these rather nondescript days it is still without a rival when the decoration of large houses and the arrangement of their grounds is considered.

Mr. Waldo Story, son of the well-known American sculptor, was educated at Eton and Oxford, but he has always had his home in Italy. Although far from confining himself to one school, he has certainly been influenced by the great masters of the sixteenth century, and like them,—although primarily a sculptor,—he is equally proficient in other decorative arts. He has, for example, designed a Renaissance room at North Mims Park with a decorated plaster ceiling and a marble chimney-piece with exquisite bas-reliefs, and he is also responsible for the sculptured arcades on the marble loggia in the same house from which you can see the great bronze gates cast by his own workmen after his design in the little-known process of *Cire perdue* used by Benvenuto Cellini. This will give some idea of the versatility of his talents. Again, the rose and white marble pillars in Lord Rothschild's billiard-room at Tring Park, show his feeling for color among other things; and the charming groups of *amorini* playing musical instruments, designed for Mr. Crawshay's music-room in his house in the Via Quattro Fontane in Rome testify more specially to his gifts as a sculptor.

Mr. Story has turned his attention to garden decoration and to fountains, and it is in this connection that his art must be considered here. At Cliveden, Mr. Astor's ideally situated place on the River Thames, he has laid out terraces with stone balustrades and great vases for

A FOUNTAIN AT "ASCOTT WING"
*By Mr. Waldo Story*



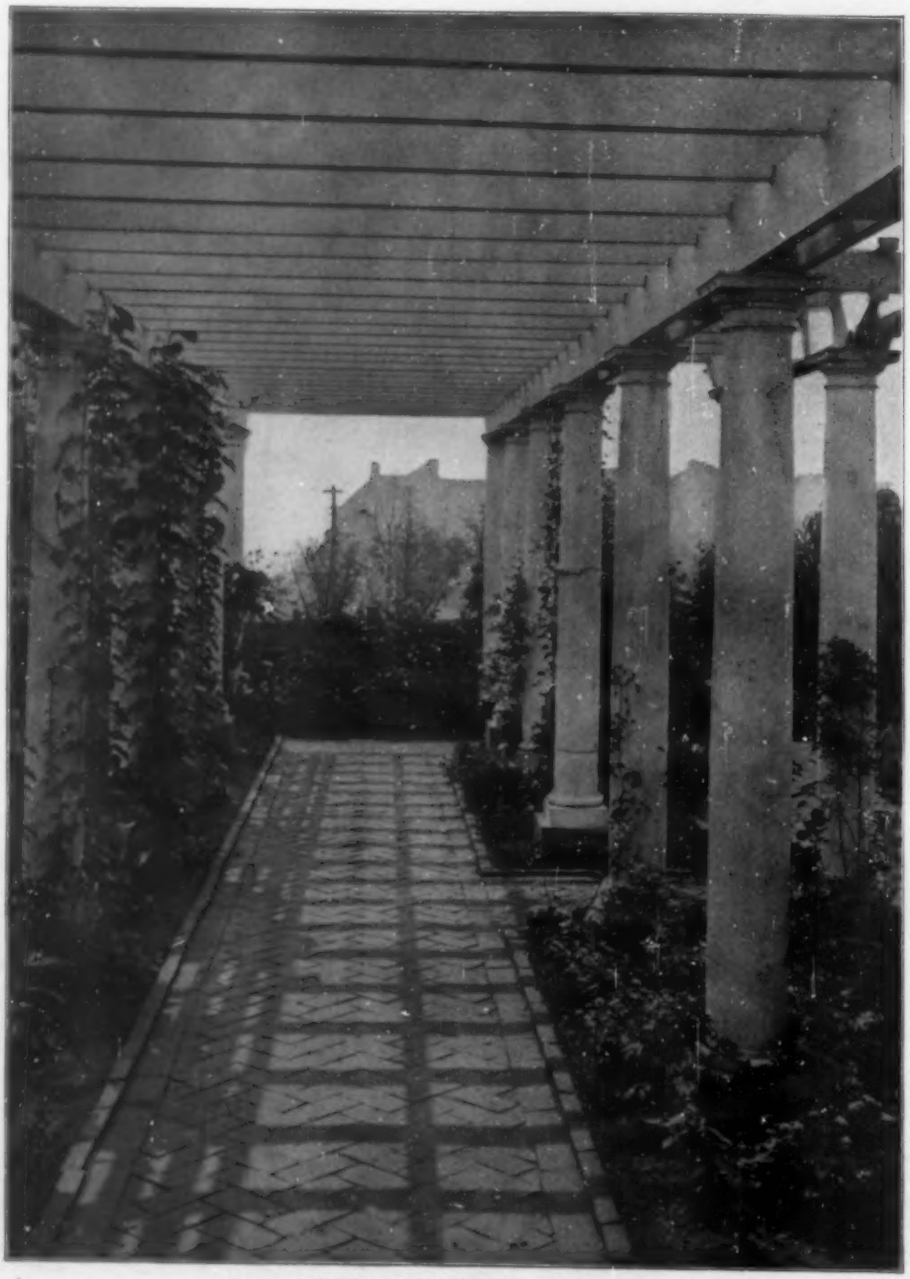
THE FOUNTAIN AT GEORGIAN COURT *Copyrighted by J. Massey Rhind*
*Executed by Mr. J. Massey Rhind for George J. Gould, Esq.*

flowers; he has designed flights of steps which suggest the Villa d'Este, and are yet in perfect harmony with the English landscape; and has placed a circular seat just where it ought to be, under the shadow of the spreading trees. Here, too, he has designed a colossal fountain representing nymphs drinking at the fountain of love. This fountain is remarkable for its color and gives an opportunity of gaining an effect by contrasting metals and marble. The figures are of green bronze and stand on a shell of purple Verona marble which is placed in a reservoir sixty feet across, all lined with blue mosaic. At Blenheim Palace there is a fountain which Mr. Story designed for the Duke of Marlborough, which has a figure of Victory in golden bronze with green bronze draperies, holding high in air a crown from which the water sprinkles down into a basin of yellow Siena marble. This basin is supported by green bronze dolphins with figures of nymphs and cupids sporting round, and its rim is hidden by carefully kept turf over which the water laps. In the original design, the basin was to have been lined with pale blue mosaic.

It is, however, at Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's place, "Ascott Wing," that two of the finest examples of Mr. Story's designs of fountains are to be found.

The larger represents The Triumph of Galatea. The nymph and the water-turtle on which she stands are of dark bronze, her drapery is green bronze and the shell on which the turtle is placed is composed of one splendid piece of yellow Siena marble. This shell, especially in its reflection in the water, rather resembles the prow of a gondola. The whole composition is full of breezy motion; the bronze sea-horses which draw the shell rear and plunge in the water, the young Triton is grasping the broken reins which they have snapped in their impatience, the *amorini* behind the nymph urge on the horses with arms uplifted and countenances expressive of laughter and mischief. Galatea alone, in a pose of classic grace, is quite calm and unmoved in the midst of all this tumult, which is increased by the splashing of the water spouting from the sea-horses' nostrils and from the water-turtle's mouth and from the cascade which pours over the ribbed edge of the shell.

The smaller fountain at "Ascott Wing" is composed of two yellow Siena marble tazze, the lower of which is lined with rainbow-hued, tinted mosaic and is supported by four twisted bronze dolphins. In this larger basin stands a sheaf of green bronze bulrushes with golden tips among some golden acanthus leaves. It is confined by a golden snake and supports the upper tazza on which a winged figure of Iris is poised on one foot with a gold-tipped arrow in her outstretched hand. The quatrefoil shape of the tazza is repeated in the flower-beds which surround the fountain and so forms part of the design.



A VIEW WITHIN THE ARBOR
OF A SMALL FORMAL GARDEN NEAR PHILADELPHIA

# A SMALL FORMAL GARDEN NEAR PHILADELPHIA

WHAT IT COST TO BUILD AND THE EXPENSE OF MAINTAINING IT

"THE best wares come in small packages" is an adage having a true application to many gardens. Manorial acres, long perspectives of stately avenues, fountains and terraces interweaved into an opulent architectural setting, the traditional divisions and sub-divisions of European gardens, we cannot but gloat over with enthusiasm; but this should not be the enthusiasm which only admires without acting or creating. The desire to make for ourselves may indeed be within us, but checked by the erroneous belief that garden art necessarily requires the canvas of a great area of ground on which to display itself. Thought and study will solve all difficulties of limited acreage.

Compared with the progress we have made in elevating the architectural character of our dwellings, we have done but little at improving their surroundings. This is now to be taken up, not with the aim of spotting our suburban lots with a few shrubs and specimen trees, but to completely develop their whole area so that the full length of our roads shall be as gardens and not barren reaches between occasional single properties enriched with the designed use of leaf and flower.

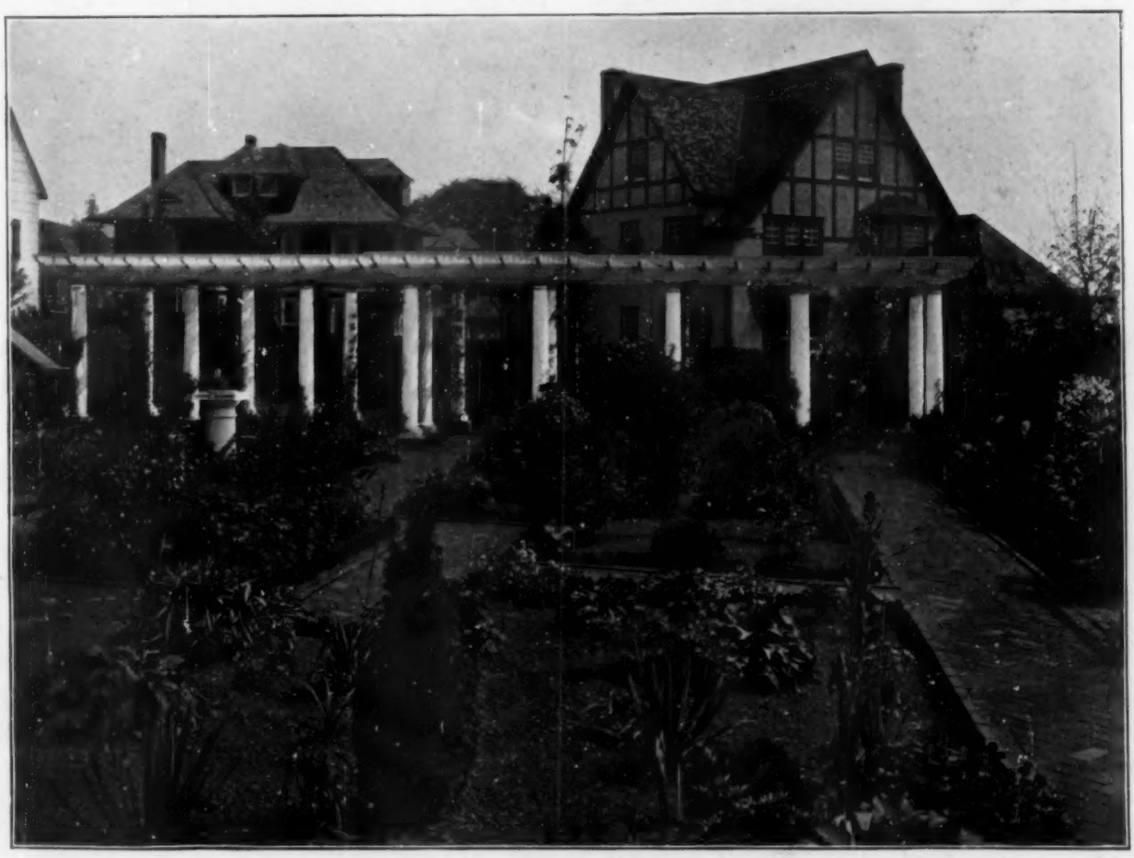
Such a development has been started on a small property at Elkins Park Station, a few miles north of Philadelphia, where the trains to New York pass upon a high embankment; and from the car window on the right the house and garden illustrated in these pages can be seen almost at bird's-eye view. The effective house of white-painted clapboards stands at the highest and northern end of a rectangular plot of land measuring one hundred and fifty by two hundred feet. The present owner, when coming into possession of it in 1902, wisely set to work to improve and to unify the entire ground and the house. With the assistance of his architect, Mr. Lawrence V. Boyd, a stable was built back of the house where it could be reached by a drive skirting the northern edge of the property. This economized space and left the remainder of the land intact. A barren hillside it lay, sloping off toward a junction of roads leading to the station two hundred yards away,—sunny and piteously inhospitable in summer; in winter, a dreary waste of wan, soggy turf. This unbearable lack of the beauties for which suburbs are sought has now given place to a pleasant garden occupying the upper half of the hillside and

THE GARDEN SEATS

A WALK BESIDE THE ARBOR

within view of half the windows of the house. Though it is as yet very young and tells with callow frankness its one-year tale, its modest layout is of the best and promises excellent results, a foretaste of which was enjoyed last summer when the parterres were already vivacious with color, free of the shade of trees and shrubs which will later gain ascendency on three sides of the enclosure. The remainder of the hill below has not been forgotten or left to take care of itself, but has, on the contrary, been planted with a great variety of trees and shrubs, the nursery order for which reached a total of five hundred plants, with sixty-seven varieties, representing an outlay of $450.

A close examination of how the garden was built may not be uninteresting, and figures covering the exact cost of its execution, Mr. Walter M. Ostrander, the owner, has kindly placed at our disposal. The first step at binding the grounds to the house was, as it should always be, the marking of the boundaries. This was done by means of a fence six feet high on the two rear and lower sides of the lot,—a fence built of bean poles set vertically close together with a horizontal tie near the top and heavy sustaining posts at intervals of eight feet. The cost of this construction was $121.50, or forty-five cents a linear foot. Around the remainder of the boundary a privet hedge was already in place. Little grading for the formal garden was necessary, as this was located across the hillside on a naturally lower level than the house, from which a single earth terrace separates it. Along the outer edge of the terrace thus formed a low barrier was made of the same fence construction as above but only three feet high. The bank between the garden level and that of the house is traversed by two sets of stone steps. These were built at the same time as a stone wall at the western end of the garden, forming there a back to three benches. All of this masonry was done for $216. An arbor of wood was built at a cost of $250, and a trellis screening the stable yard for $60. The terraces and their edges were sodded and grass seed sown over the lawns. The box edging to the five parterres of the garden was set in place for $190, and the small quantity of additional privet hedge needed was obtained at the usual price of fifteen cents a foot. The walks were formed of hand-made brick at a cost of $192, and were laid on sand with a row set on edge around the parterres. A tank was originally designed for the center of the garden; but in place of this a flower bed was made and



THE FORMAL GARDEN FROM THE WEST

a sun-dial put in its midst on a standard of turned wood.

The planting was done from the specifications of Mr. Ogelsby Paul, personally supervised and the scheme modified by the owner. A row of Lombardy poplars screens the northern boundary, before which are the Indian currant, wild roses, English ivy, honeysuckle and periwinkle. Upon the eastern boundary are again Lombardy poplars, and in the space between them and consisting of conifers, which lead up to the wall enclosing the garden seats. Against this are retinisporas, arbor-vitæ, pines, Norway spruce and hemlock. Extending this growth toward the front road, and lowering it as it goes, are mountain pines, dwarf retinisporas and Japanese roses. The parterres within the garden are surrounded by rows of peonies, roses and yuccas planted alternately. In the center of each parterre is a single Irish yew and the space sur-

THE FORMAL GARDEN FROM THE EAST

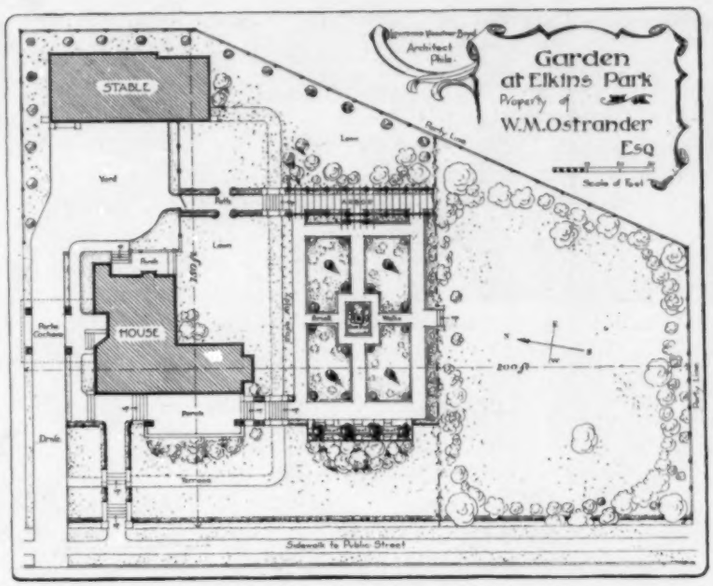
the arbor, covered with wistaria, have been planted arbor-vitæ, Austrian and white pine, magnolia, the flowering dogwood, the Judas tree, sugar-maples and honey-locusts, while a barrier paralleling the arbor is composed of rhododendrons, mountain pine and yew. In front of the porch is a mixture of the globe flower, spiræa Thunbergii, the red osier, Japanese barberry, Indian currant, English ivy and the memorial (wichuraiana) rose. Between the west end of the garden and the street is a varied planting, chiefly

rounding it is filled with the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| New England Aster | Dianthus barbatus |
| Funkias | Spiræa Astilbe |
| Hollyhocks | Campanula Carpatica |
| Larkspur | Stokesia |
| Hypericum Moserianum | Dicentra spectabilis |
| Phlox (hybrids) | Aquilegia |
| " subulata | Foxgloves |
| Oriental Poppy | Rudbeckia Golden Glow |

In this manner has the property of Mr. Ostrander been transformed, not only for the benefit of himself and the enjoyment of his family and friends but to the advantage

of the community. Situated as it is at a junction of important roads where nearly all the visitors to Elkins Park are likely to pass, it renders inestimable service at giving a tone to the whole locality, and suggesting to other residents what they, too, may accomplish with a pleasure in the doing and at little expense. The entire cost of improving these grounds is represented by the moderate sum of $2300, a small outlay when it is remembered that the money once spent is not for a season only but for an indefinitely long time. Perhaps the garden features now built of wood will have to be replaced before many years, but the effect of all other structural parts will only be aided by the weathering and coloring of insinuating Time, abetted by the ever fuller and richer growth of vine and bush and tree.




THE PLAN OF THE GARDEN

*The Property of W. M. Ostrander, Esq.* *Lawrence V. Boyd, Architect*

But it may be urged the care which such a garden must continually have has here been overlooked. To the first cost already given the yearly expense of trimming the hedges might be added at $50 as a maximum and also a small sum for seeds and water tax. Designers of gardens, as of houses, must indeed bear in mind the cost of maintenance which their work involves, but the amount of labor that a garden requires may be easily overestimated. It was duly weighed by Mr. Ostrander and his architect before this garden was built, and their calculations have since been proved correct. This house and garden is what may be termed a "one man place," which means that the work of the stable is done by one man, and he, being an efficient person, also manages to give the garden the care it needs, except perhaps that in the spring and autumn a laborer may be called in for a few days. At those seasons also the enthusiastic mistress of the place is not to be curbed and she too lends her forces to the pleasurable task.

E. T.


*The Beer Mug Decorations executed by Maxfield Parrish*

# THE ARTISTIC HOME OF THE MASK AND WIG CLUB

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

By HELEN HENDERSON

WHEN the members of the "Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania" determined upon securing a permanent abode, they were confronted with a more than ordinarily difficult problem in house-hunting. The vicissitudes of their transient occupancy of the several attic apartments dedicated briefly to their use in earlier years were many. The Mask and Wig Club had proved an unpopular tenant. On a number of occasions its removal had been at the suggestion of the property owner, egged on by the other occupants of the house in question and by the building inspector. It might almost be said that the Club on these occasions had suffered the ignominy of ejection.

The vigorous nature of the entertainments, for whose production the club exists, had invariably inspired both fear and disapproval in the minds of each successive landlord long before the expiration of his tenant's lease. The singing, shouting, marching and dancing incident to the rehearsals of the great annual histrionic productions, as well as of the two preliminary performances given yearly, were readily construed a "nuisance" by neighbors and a menace to property so shaken and disturbed.

So it became imperative in the Club's rapid rise to importance in the college life that provision be made for a habitation where the peculiar features of its dramatic entertainments might be developed unmolested. Mr. Wilson Eyre had already been chosen architect of the proposed dwelling. Aided by a city map he and an influential member of the Club instituted a thorough investigation of that labyrinth of "back streets" which cut old Philadelphia into a tangle of criss-crossings running into the very heart of the once most fashionable district.

NEW FRONT OF THE MASK AND WIG CLUB

Their efforts were rewarded by the discovery of an old dis-

AN ALTERNATIVE DESIGN FOR THE FRONT

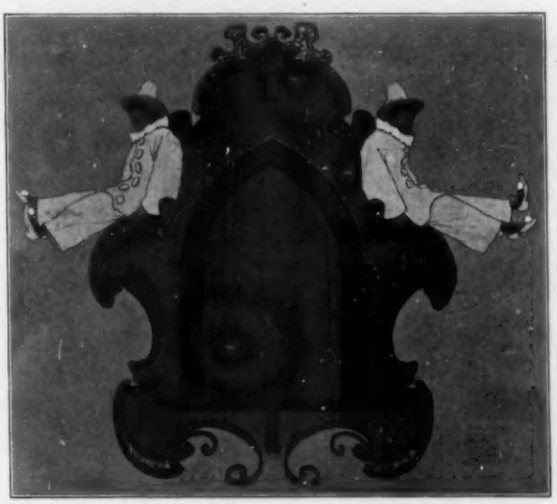
used stable on Quince street, south of Spruce and east of Twelfth. In olden times Quince Street was a roadway leading to the stables and carriage houses appertaining to the adjacent dwellings. This more or less intimate connection with aristocracy served to distinguish it from the nearby alleys and courts, now teeming with the colored population of the city.

The early history of the house itself goes back some seventy years. The original structure, of which now only the walls and roof remain, was an Evangelical Lutheran Church. The white marble cornerstone, bearing the date 1834 and the name "St. Paul's," is carefully preserved by the present owners and is prominently placed in the hallway of the Club House. Bereft of its devotional purpose, the building became the property of the Hon. John Welsh, who modified its ecclesiastical features to the ruder uses of a stable. The Club's purchase of the property was from Mr. J. B. Ellison in 1893.

Though of the stable many traces now remain, there is little to suggest the church except the elemental shape and the contour of the rafters. Originally the structure set back fifteen feet from what is now the building line. Wooden posts, painted green and in a fair state of preservation, still line both sides of Quince Street at irregular intervals from Spruce Street to the Club House. These were undoubtedly placed there before the days of curbs, to prevent the vehicles from encroaching upon the grass.

The first plans for alterations after the house became the property of the Club are dated 1894. The changes then made were of the most meager description. The funds at the disposal of the building committee were small and Mr. Eyre lent himself zealously to the adaptation of existing features to the Club's immediate needs. The façade was left practically unaltered with all of the original openings intact. These included the double carriage door, a small single door, four windows and the entrance to the hay-loft on the second floor.

In this original plan the old walls and the joists were retained. A heavy girder running from end to end through the middle of the building supported by brick piers was added to strengthen the second floor and sustain the weight of the dancers. The most radical innovation was the huge brick fireplace in the north wall of the carriage house, which has now become the grill room. Back of this room were the three stalls for the horses. This space provided a passageway to the janitor's room in the rear and a small vestibule which opens upon the yard. The hay-loft was readily converted into the rehearsing room or auditorium and was pro-



THE TICKET WINDOW BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

vided with a small stage, with dressing rooms in the rear. The old peaked roof retained its original contour and the proscenium arch was shaped to accord with it. A small gallery cut directly across the front end of the hall and served to utilize the space lost in providing the stairway.

All the more elaborate alterations in the construction of the house were made in 1901, when extensions were made both back and front. This time the whole character of the front was changed. Mr. Eyre made two drawings for the façade of the house with different schemes for utilizing the fifteen-foot frontage. The more agreeable of the two—though both are charming—brought the lower floor out to the building line and left the second story as it was. The second drawing called for building out the entire front, enlarging both first and second floors by piecing on, as it were, to the original walls. This was chosen as the more practical of the two. From the side of the building the new part is easily distinguishable from the old, the line of demarcation being an old water-spout.

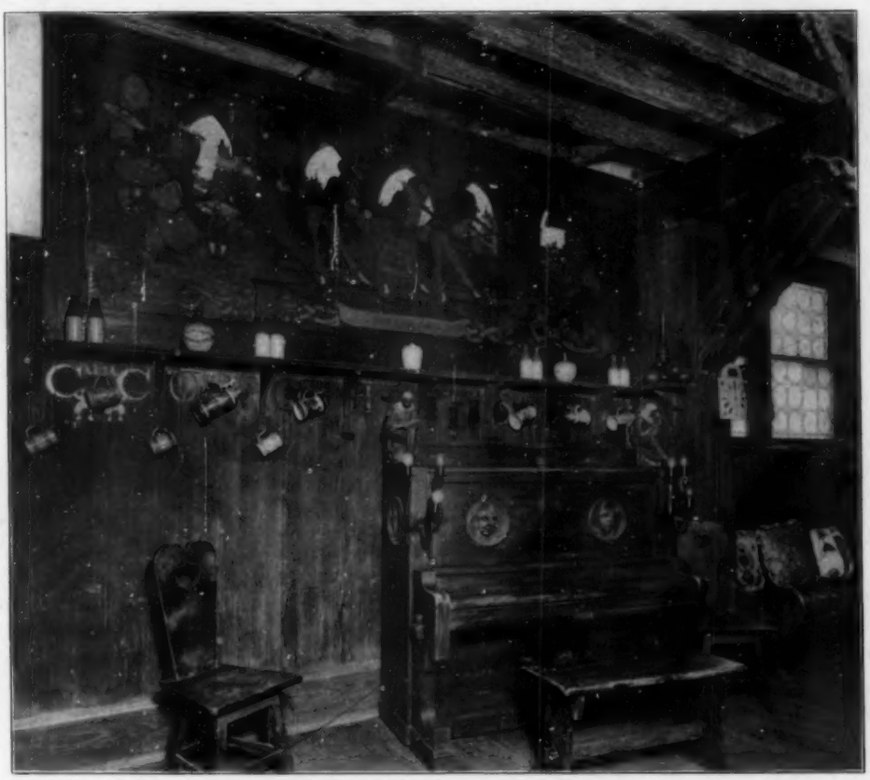
The material of the addition is yellow rough-cast. Over the door, in the shadow of a heavy wooden hood, is the number 310, and the title of the Club, skilfully lettered by Mr. Nicola d'Ascenzo in black and gold upon a flowing green ribbon. Directly in the center is a large, grotesque mask, cast in terra cotta. The other openings consist of two rows of old fashioned casement windows fitted with diamond shaped panes which light the auditorium and the gallery. In the gable above is slate. Depressions in the exposed southern wall suggest the shape of church windows which either existed and have been filled up, or which were simply indicated and left for a more flourishing time in the congregation's resources that never came. These make one more link with that almost mythical past.

THE GRILL ROOM OF THE MASK AND WIG CLUB

Last year the Club House was altered for the third time, mainly on the second floor. Additional space was gained by extending

the second story over the court and janitor's rooms, deepening the stage and auditorium. The proscenium arch was moved back bodily. Two dressing rooms were provided in the extreme rear, while a flight of steps from the back of the stage leads to two more, situated in a sort of mezzanine floor between the first and second stories.

The roof was changed by enclosing the original rafters and forming an air chamber. In all these modifications it has been the aim of those in charge to preserve the original spirit of Mr. Eyre's first conception of the Club House.



A CORNER OF THE GRILL ROOM
*Showing the Old King Cole Panel and the Memorial Piano*

The architecture of the interior suggests the Tyrolese. The walls are plain roughcast, and the woodwork, both inside and out, a dingy, lusterless sepia. The motive for the treatment of the wood was an accidental discovery The original beams, which are left bare in the ceiling of the first floor, were whitewashed as became a cleanly stable. To avoid undue expense and labor in scraping them and preparing their rough surfaces, the brown paint selected was put on directly over the whitewash. The experiment was hazardous, but the result so happy that it was decided to give the new woodwork the same effect. To accomplish this, the fresh wood of the doors, the shelves, the deep wainscoting, window frames and casings were primed very roughly with thick white paint, laid on unevenly. This was allowed to dry partially, then the dark stain applied, the surplus being rubbed off with waste so that the white shows through distinctly and irregularly. So enthusiastic did the architect become over this discovery that he threw off his coat and painted a door himself to show the workman exactly his idea.

The doors throughout the building are of heavy tongued and grooved chestnut boards laid diagonally toward what, in popular parlance, might be called a "bias seam" down the middle.

The stairway is half enclosed and the balustrade supported by a number of square posts at the several landings—for it makes three right angles in the ascent.

The grill room is of course the main feature of the house. As it now exists, it is in three compartments. The old original room is separated from that which was added by wooden partitions the same height as the wainscoting—in effect continuing it. These partitions are on rollers so that when desired the whole may be thrown into one large room.

In recent years the bricks of the fireplace

have been replaced by Mr. H. C. Mercer's tiles. High-up windows, of leaded bull's-eyes, light the room by day, while huge antlers of noble stags, the skulls attached, form unique electroliers for artificial illumination. The furnishings of the grill room carry out the Tyrolese intention of the architecture. There are heavy oaken tables and chairs, and long wooden benches painted and stained to accord with the woodwork, and wide seats, cushioned with red leather, line the walls beneath the windows. The color throughout is extremely soft and old in its effect. A piano, the upright case designed by Mr. Eyre to harmonize with the rude character of the other furniture, was added to the properties of the Club as a memorial to Francis Penn Steel, Jr., in 1898. This stands in the grill room. Two masks, set in circles, ornament the front at each side of the music rack, which is lighted by two groups of incandescent lamps, the bulbs shaped like candles, fastened to the case. At each end of the top of the piano is a seated female figure about fifteen inches in height carved by Emanuel Maene. These are Gothic in suggestion, enveloped in folds of drapery and softly colored in reds and browns, somewhat after the fashion of the Tanagra figurines. One figure holds a book across her knees, the other fingers the strings of a guitar. The coloring was done by Mr. John Lambert and Mr. Eyre himself.

An up-to-date gas range with a deep, picturesque hood for carrying off the fumes from the cooking, has been placed in the center of the south wall opposite the fireplace. Here are also the plate racks, filled with attractive blue and white crockery, the row of shining copper utensils and the sink with running water. The wall above the sink is lined with several dozen antique Dutch tiles in blue and white. Apropos of the color scheme, it is interesting to note that even the stone water-filter has, like the wood, gone through the process of staining and rubbing down to the desirable shabbiness.

A CORNER OF AN ALCOVE IN THE GRILL ROOM

In the grill room are the main portions of the original decorations done by Maxfield Parrish in 1894, when he was a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. These are of special interest as being practically the first commercial output of a man now at the pinnacle of professional success. The mural decorations show all the spirit of a *con amore* performance, and indeed the remuneration was trifling in respect of the merit of the work.

The principal decoration is a three-panel piece showing "Old King Cole" in the height of his merriment attended by his pipe-bearer, his cook with a huge bowl borne aloft and his fiddlers three, who outdo one another in servile attention to the luxurious whims of their monarch lolling at ease upon his throne and beaming with smug satisfaction in enjoyment of his creature comforts. The original water-color sketch is in the possession of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, purchased from one of its annual exhibitions.

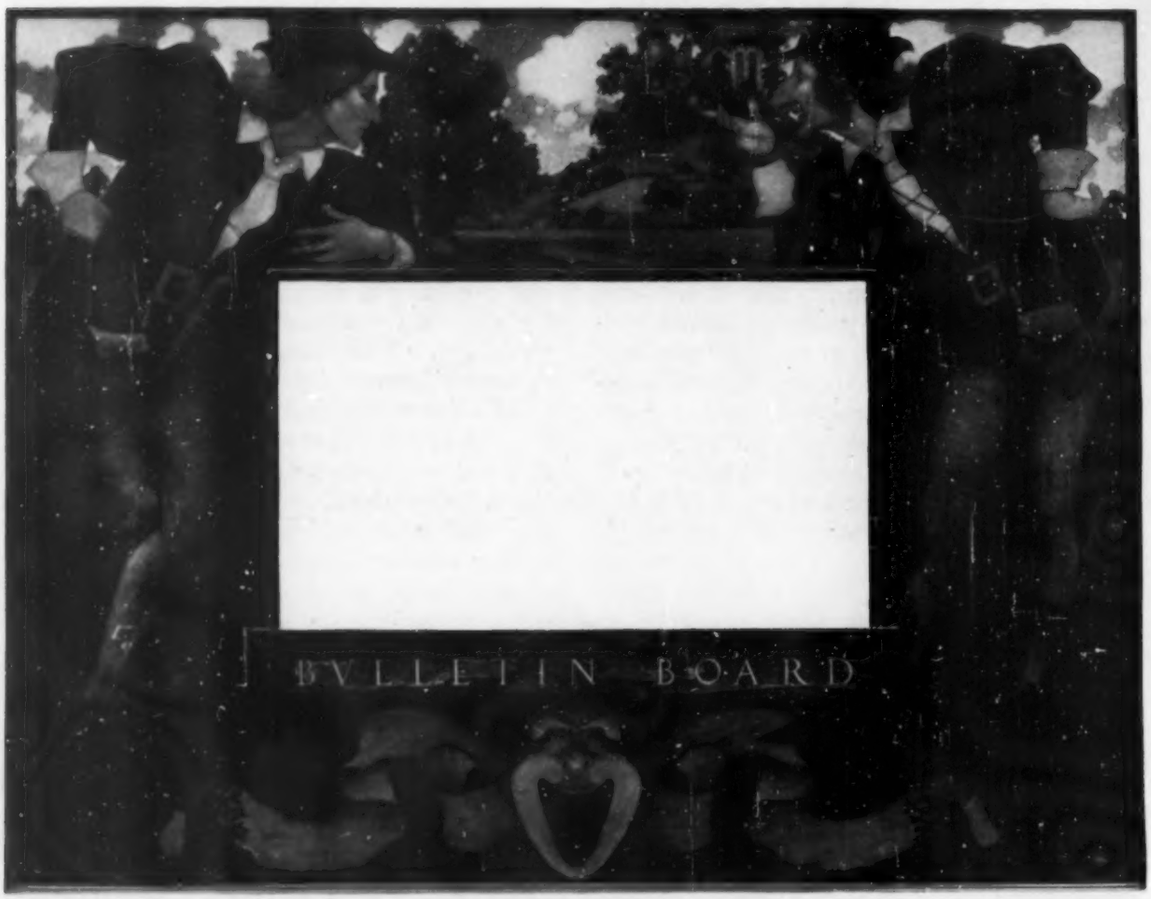
A wainscoting of tongued and grooved boards runs about the walls of the grill room to a height of about six feet from the floor and is surmounted by a narrow shelf, beneath which are two rows of deep wooden pegs whereon hang the steins of the thirsty Club members. There are perhaps a hundred of these pegs, which serve to introduce the most unique feature of the decoration. Beside each peg Mr.

Parrish made a quaint little caricature done in his most characteristic manner. John Harold Brockie's peg, for instance, is designated by an earnest little knight who with helmet and spear rides valiantly to the joust on a spotted, white hobby-horse. By Trotter's adjacent mug a dancer poises upon his toes, holding out the skirts of his ample coat. Next is Henry G. Bartol's peg. A clown in blue and white costume stands with feet wide apart supporting a large sign, lettered with the owner's name. A grotesque little man perched on the edge of the mantel keeps simpering guard over Wiener's name and property. Most of the pegs painted by Parrish were purely fanciful grotesques without regard to the personality of the individual named.

In others, done later on by Joseph J. Gould and the one by Lyman Saÿen the idea has been to make a sort of refined comic valentine, caricaturing certain fads or weaknesses of the members. Mr. Gould took up the work where Parrish left it. Dunn's peg had been roughly sketched in when Parrish gave up work upon the Club. Mr. Gould finished the figure as nearly as possible as his predecessor had meant to make it. Though the spirit of the little decorations has been admirably kept in the later work, one can recognize Parrish's pegs at a glance by their naïve drawing and individualistic treatment. The latest peg is one for Dr. Sylvester James Deehan done by Mr. Saÿen.

The decoration over the old ticket window was the first of those made by Maxfield Parrish and was unfortunately sacrificed during the last alterations, owing to the removal of the wall upon which it was painted. A tracing was kept, and it is the intention to restore the decoration at some future time.

THE STAGE AT THE MASK AND WIG CLUB
*Showing the proscenium decorations by Maxfield Parrish*




A BULLETIN BOARD
*Painted by Maxfield Parrish for the Mask and Wig Club*

This was painted directly upon the wall over the pointed window and consisted of two gleeful pierrots who balanced themselves one upon each sloping side of its frame. The color was simple brown and white—the drawing crude but charming in its naïveté.

Over the proscenium arch in the auditorium are more Parrish decorations, and indeed the curves of the arch itself were surely suggested by the artist, so strongly do they smack of his style. Two graceful women's figures in heavy Robin Hood costumes bear aloft gilded masks from which fly fluttering ribbons further upheld by large white storks. The modifications in the shape of the roof have necessitated some changes in the direction of the ribbons, and in moving back the proscenium arch the plaster was cracked and damaged to a considerable extent. The necessary restoration of the painting was done by Mr. Sayen. The color of this decoration is rich and harmonious, putting to shame the rawness of the stage scenery, and the lines graceful and dignified. The whole design fills the space admirably.

The simplicity and fineness of the auditorium is much marred by the hanging of numerous large frames filled with photographs of the play-actors, past and present, who have been immortalized in the theatrical efforts of the Mask and Wig Club. Undoubtedly interesting as records, these make but poor wall decorations, cheapening the general good tone of the room. The stairway is encumbered in the same manner.

The Club's auditorium is used mainly as a rehearsing room for the great annual *tour de force*. Beside this a play is given there each autumn before an invited audience by two casts drawn from the freshman class in college. From these the material for the spring show is gathered.

*A Lichen-covered Statue at the Villa Campi*

# VILLA CAMPI

BY B·C·JENNINGS-BRAMLY

FLORENTINE VILLA GARDENS—IV.

TRAVELERS in Italy may remember the little town of Signa, the last but one of the many stations in going from Pisa to Florence. They may have noticed the gray pinnacles and towers of this interesting old town perched on the hill to their left, but they probably did not give much attention to the new one, built on the low-lying ground beside the river. Squalid and dirty, it is not even picturesque, a quality we all expect from Italian squalor and dirt. But if, nothing daunted by the ugliness around, they had looked up to the crest of the hills above the town to the south, they would have caught sight of the cypresses and ilexes of what was once the property of the old Florentine family of the Pucci, sold by them in 1856, and now known as the Villa Campi.

The carriage road leading to the villa climbs the steep side of the hill, then turns, and at last, without passing through gates or any other sign of a boundary, loses itself in the grass of an avenue. Here the way is barred by a rusty chain, hanging across the road, from stone pilaster to stone pilaster. There is not a soul about. You may come and you may go, and no one will ask you your errand. The place seems deserted. Over the iron chain you are looking up one of five avenues radiating from the terrace above and cut through the ilexes growing on this, the north side of the hill. Statues on massive stone pedestals stand on either side at equal distances, the whole length of the avenue; but the ilexes, which were once behind the statues, have grown, and grown, untouched by gardener's shears, until the poor gods and goddesses can only be seen by those who care to push aside the foliage and gaze on their divine, but alas! moss-stained limbs.

This avenue leads directly to the house, but there is another road, less steep, which

curves round the hill, and on its way passes a spot which he who planned the garden was wise to make prominent in his design. We stand here on the edge of the steepest side of the hill, with nothing between us and a glorious panorama of the valley. Pan, Bacchus and Ceres, three groups on heavy stone pedestals, watch the view with us. Two sides of the little terrace, between the statues, are closed in by a balustrade and parapet. From here we can see to our right Florence, backed by the blue hills of Vallombrosa,—Prato to the north—and, if the ilexes were trimmed, Pistoja itself might be seen farther on toward the west. The valley, as you look down upon it, appears absolutely level, surrounded by hills that rise abruptly from it.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE VILLA GROUNDS
*Avenue "A" (See Plan)*

White villages, stately villas, green vineyards, gray olive groves, the silver ribbon of the Arno winding amongst them and the hot sunlight everywhere, that is what you look upon. The most joyous landscape that will ever gladden your eyes. There is life and movement and change down there. Up here we are in the domain of the sleeping beauty. Life has been arrested. Some three hundred years ago someone planted those woods, planned those walks, said statues should be placed there, fountains dug here.

AN AVENUE LEADING TO THE VIEW-POINT

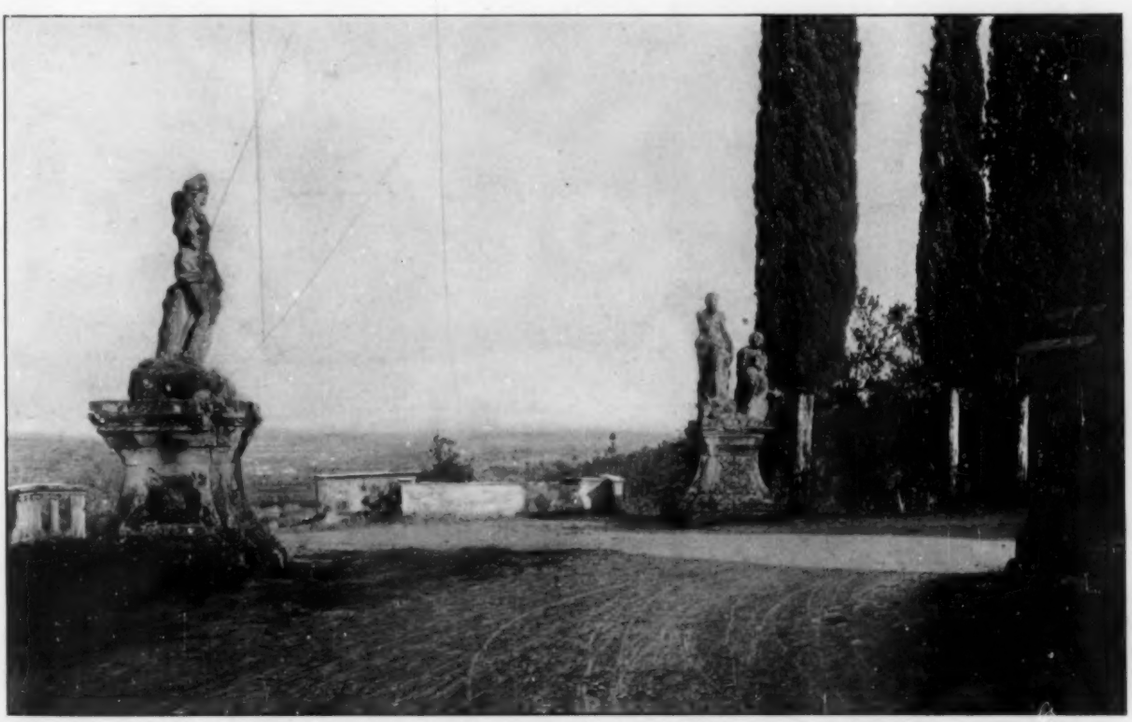
THE TANK AND THE GROTESQUE RIVER GOD

And that which he wished was done, and as he left them they have remained. All the change they know is that of slow decay. The trees have grown unwatched to their present height. The lichen has crept thicker on the statues, which, grandly impassive to what may happen to them, watch the world from their pedestals and scorn to think that aught but Time shall meddle with them and the garden they live in.

This may sound fanciful, but it is impossible to wander about the solitude of these avenues without submitting to the influence of the place.

A fine row of cypresses, even in height and all healthy, strong trees, line one side of the road that leads towards the house. These are probably not more than sixty to seventy years old, for their trunks rise straight and single. The cypresses of the eighteenth century are generally much wider at their base and divided into many twisted stems; this from their having been kept clipped for many years. When the fashion changed, they were allowed to grow tall.

On the other side of the road there is a dense ilex hedge quite fifteen feet high, against which, wherever the roads meet or whenever they form an angle, there are statues or pilasters; and the effect against the dark green is very beautiful.



THE VIEW-POINT OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY OF THE ARNO

THE VILLA CAMPI

THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA

Turning round a corner and going up a steep bit of road, you at last reach the terrace in front of the house. This is a semicircular stretch of grass, edged to the north by the ilex wood and shut from the south by a low wall, whose only decoration is the oleanders growing in the garden behind, tall bushes that rise above the masonry.

THE TRITON BLOWING HIS SILENT SHELL

It is surprising, not to say disappointing, when one has reached this point, to find that, instead of the grand sixteenth century villa you had every right to expect, the only buildings in sight are two very ordinary white stucco houses, one larger than the other, placed at each end of the terrace.

The larger one at the western end is the villa, and has the distinction of being approached by a few steps; the other, the *fattoria* (agent's house), is reached through a small door in the wall which opens into the garden. It is through this door we must pass, for the central gates look as if they had not been opened for many a long year, and the hinges are rusty.

Once inside and standing by the *fattoria* door, a long, stone-paved terrace runs from it to the villa opposite; the inner side of the wall is covered with ivy which, in its turn, is almost hidden by oleander bushes and aloes planted alternately. The flower garden proper fills the space between house and house, and is at a lower level than the terrace, along the southern side of which a fine wistaria and other creepers form a hedge. The flower garden is all of formal beds and gravel paths. The fine box borders have little to protect. A few jasmine, pomegranates, bamboos, a sickly palm or two, some monthly roses, have survived. Some ivy leaved geraniums and zinnias seem to have got there by mistake. Lemons in pots are of course there; without them we should not believe ourselves in Italy; but there is very little else that shows sign of any gardener having passed that way.

A DESERTED GRASS WALK

*Avenue "B" (See Plan)*

Standing on the terrace, between house and *fattoria*, we are on the very crest of the narrow hill, and find the gardens and pleasure grounds are laid out on its southern slopes.

THE STEPS LEADING TO THE GRASS WALK

Whoever planned them—may it not have been Tribolo?—has utilized the lie of the ground most admirably.

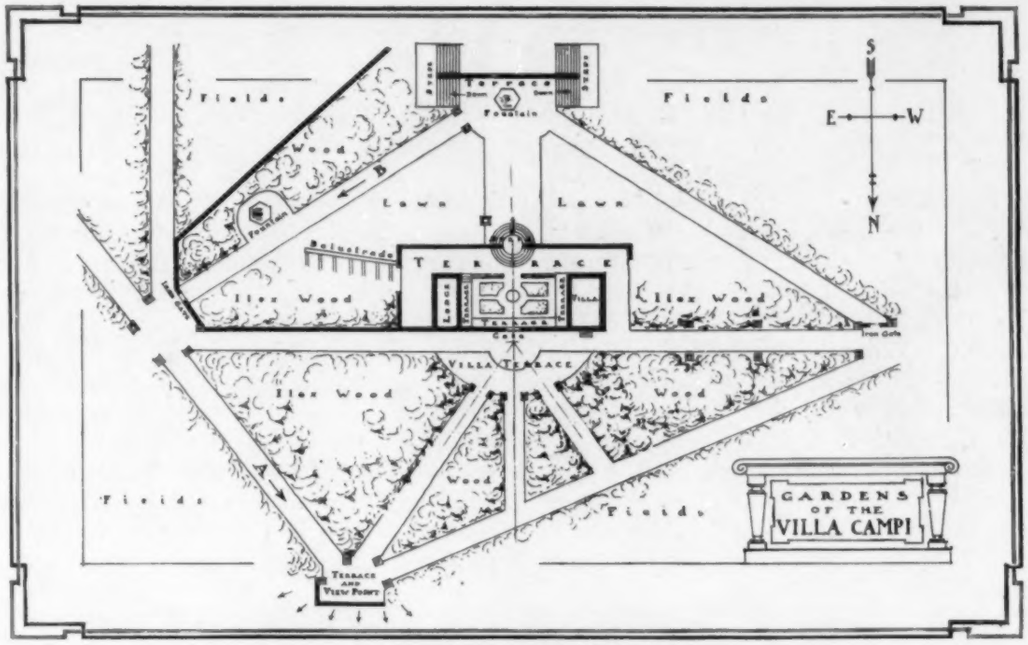
Below the garden and reached by three stone steps opposite its central path, we come upon a long grass terrace about fifteen feet wide and ninety feet long. In England it would be called a bowling green. A thick clipped cypress hedge separates it from the garden above, and a stone parapet from another garden below. This parapet opens out in the middle into a small amphitheatre of stone steps, facing a broad grass walk running straight down the hill to the hexagonal fountain and balustrade seen in the illustration. The view behind the fountain is shut in by a row of tall cypresses, growing at a much lower level but tall enough to hide all view of the *podere* (or farm) below, although, above them there is a magnificent view of distant pine-covered hills. To the left, as you leave the steps, you will see a deer reclining on a pedestal. His companion on the other side is gone.

On either side of the grass walk, which runs down the hill, is what has become a delightful tangle of climbing roses, pomegranates, magnolias, Japanese medlars, aloes and statues. The statues are, however, smaller and of finer workmanship than those in the drive. Briars, roses and clematis creep over everything, the beautiful fruit of the pomegranates hangs unpicked on the branches, the untrodden grass grows rank, but it will be a melancholy day when some too zealous gardener puts order into this lovely abandon.

When you have reached the hexagonal fountain, that in which the fat Triton sits, energetically blowing his silent shell, you look east and west, down the grass walks more than one hundred and fifty yards long each way, ending in modern iron gates of no beauty. A thick belt of cypresses runs on the lower or southern side of these walks, opening out for the little terrace of the Triton fountain, and again near the eastern end, to curve round a large stone *vivajo*, or water tank, where fish used to be kept alive ready for the use of the table. A modern iron railing disfigures it now, but the big-headed River God sits as he has sat for many a long year, turning away from his own ugliness reflected in the water before him.

Another grass walk to the east leads to the garden terrace. It runs between the ilex wood, here forming a screen, and a splendid

THE BALUSTRADE AGAINST THE ILEX WOOD




THE PLAN OF THE GROUNDS
*Especially measured and drawn for House and Garden*

line of balustrade, one of the architectural beauties of the garden. From these to its farther end the terrace is supported by a wall, a fine piece of strong masonry. As the hill gets steeper, the wall grows higher until, at its western end, it stands out in a bold angle reminding one of the ramparts of many a fortified castello not far off. It may be interesting to mention that a castello in the Italian sense did not necessarily mean a castle in the English sense. In early days it signified a group of houses, generally inhabited by members of one family, but sometimes by others, and surrounded for protection by walls or ramparts. "Montegufone," the home of the now extinct family of the Acciaioli, is an instance. Later on it was turned into a magnificent villa and has now, alas! returned to its primitive use and harbors in tenements, whose gateways bear the shield of Anjou, families upon families, not Acciaioli, who earn their living by plaiting straw.

But to return to the Villa Campi. Of the house, as it now stands, there is little to be said. A grand villa had been planned and the architect's designs still exist. Why it was never built, we do not know. It is a contradiction to the usual rule in Italian sixteenth century villas, where the house was thought of first and the garden afterwards,—in most cases a formal thing of beds and fountains enclosed within walls. Villa Campi, as it is now, consists of an oblong stucco-covered building, without any ornament whatsoever. If not beautiful in itself, however, it is surrounded by much beauty: the loveliness of its own gardens, and beyond them, the glorious view, over pine-covered hills, to the blue mountains, with a glimpse of the roof of "Artimino," that grand villa that Bernardo Buontalenti built for Duke Ferdinand I. and which now belongs to the Passerini.

Villa Campi is indeed uninhabited, and although one wonders at this fact, one can but hope the day may be far off when some enterprising owner shall think it desirable to put his property in order. It will be desecration. Those lichen-covered statues, those ancient trees, those sleeping fountains, should pass their allotted span of existence in solitude and silence.

It was fitting that the gardener who lives there should not be able to tell me the name of the present owner. He thought the place still belonged to the Pucci! And what mattered it to him? The spirit of the place possessed him. The owner might change, but the villa remained the same, a thing not of the present but of the past.

# SUBURBAN STATION GROUNDS

By CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON

TO the commuter using a suburban railway the erection of pretty stations and the beautifying of their grounds is a matter of great concern. It means the extension of the home atmosphere quite to the railroad track. When he steps off the train he is at home,—as far as the soothing calm of a lovely scene can make him, — without having still a quarter mile of dreary trudging before there comes heart's-ease.

There is something in this, for the commuter's ideas are expansive. His house is wider than if he were in town, and it has a little garden around it; but even this increase of space is not enough for him. Consider how the landed proprietors—heartless speculators or mere corporations though they be—have found it financially worth while, in the larger returns they get, to give to the tract a pretty park-suggestive name; and so to lay out its streets and develop them that the whole district shall be garden-like and beautiful. It is not less to the railroad's interest than to that of the original proprietor of the land that the community should be well liked and populous. The railroad, then, is doing no more than its share, no more than it owes to itself, in making its part of the town—which is also the town's official entrance—attractive. And when it does this, it does much for the commuter;—its own gain is dependent upon his—pleasing even his expansive ideas. It makes his home seem considerably nearer his office, and that means a great deal to railroad and to commuter.

WABAN STATION

BOSTON & ALBANY R.R.

But to the vast traveling public, whizzed through the suburban stations at unchecked speed, the attractiveness of the setting is really of very little moment. The through passengers at that time are thinking, in a distributive or collective way, of satchels and umbrellas, and if they should have a thought for architectural or gardening design as applied to railroad stations their study would reward them with little more than a blur. In hopeless jumble of name-sign and porte-cochère, baggage truck and crimson rambler, perspective and proportion would be annihilated. The travelers would be little wiser than if they had devoted themselves wholeheartily to satchel and umbrella.

For this reason a discussion of how any particular road has developed any particular stations is of general interest and value only in the suggestiveness of the examples. The question may be of immense interest to the commuters directly affected, and to the residents of the rival stations; but they make a small part of the traveling or the reading world. The applicability of the selected examples to other regions can alone make them of general interest.

This is the standpoint, then, from which properly to approach an account of how certain station grounds that are unusually successful have been developed. Such examples

BRIGHTON STATION BOSTON & ALBANY R.R.

may be found on the New York Central's Boston and Albany division, the road that forms that division having been one of the pioneers in the work—gradually developed into an art—of beautifying station surroundings, having far distanced one of its contemporaries in the movement and having in permanence of effects outdone the other. Considered in this larger way, the study is full of suggestion and ought to have wide interest, for he who wills may learn—not merely what is here done, but what, under the like conditions, can be done. That makes the study personal and helpful.

The problem becomes simply this: A certain road is unusually successful in the artistic effect of its station gardens. These station grounds cannot, obviously, be all alike. They represent a great variety of topographical conditions. Given, then, this or that original condition of topography, what did the road do with it to attain such success? "House and Garden" has already had something to say regarding a few stations of the Newton Circuit, just around Boston.[1] Though these include some of the best on the road, it is not necessary to further touch upon them here.

A station that was not illustrated in the previous article is Waban. Notice the pretty parklike effect here, and how much this is enhanced by the diagonal path that comes into the foreground of the picture. Two highways lead past the station. One crosses over the tracks at right angles, and to this the diagonal path leads, with effect far lovelier than if the ground between road and station had been cleared for an unnecessary little plaza. Behind the bushes—mainly bridal wreath, if one may trust the memory of a June day when it was all abloom,—the carriage drive leads into the highway, at the corner of the station grounds. An alternative plan would have thrust the planting where the path now is, and have led the path beside the road to the station. That would have been drearily commonplace, and thus does little Waban offer a good example of the value of a daring imagination in the planning even of station grounds. The other highway is parallel to the tracks, and you can see how the driveway, curving beyond the porte-cochère, reaches it. A landscape architect does not consider a road as a thing to be emphasized any more than is necessary, and to get a good picture he has to define—or, in a measure shut in,—his design. Faithful adherence to an

WEST NEWTON STATION BOSTON & ALBANY R.R.

[1] November, 1902.

WELLESLEY FARMS STATION BOSTON & ALBANY R.R.

artistic conception, without permitting the railroad ideal of sheer directness, utility and dead level to intrude, seems to be the secret of the good effect here secured. The station grounds, small as they are, are like a little park. This suggests that the landscape architect must have been left very free. After the railroad engineers had finished their work he must have done his untrammeled. The policy of noninterference is to be kept in mind as a fundamental principle in observing the other station grounds that are noted.

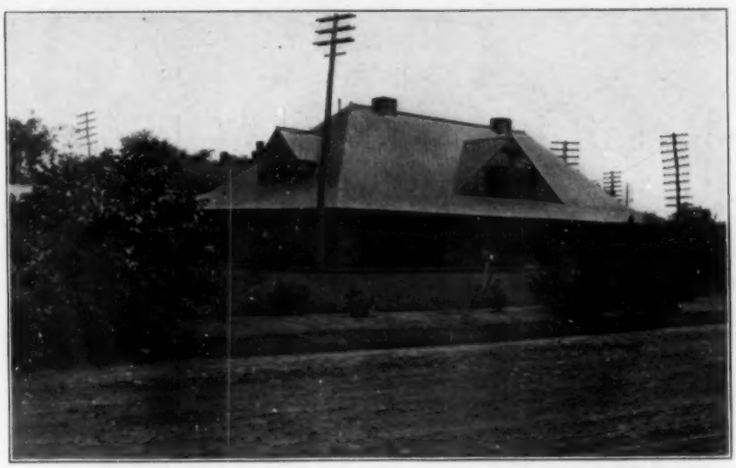
On the other half of the Circuit, the main line half, are Brighton and the Newtons—places passed over with hardly a word in the earlier article. Yet they are interesting as illustrating the treatment of a type of topography that is not uncommon near large cities and that always seems difficult to handle artistically. Here four tracks cut a broad, relentless swath, and they are thrust through the towns at a level lower than the adjacent streets so that there may be no excuse for grade crossings. Between stations the sides of the cut are prettily planted, but the highway is paralleling the steam road at the top of the bank, leaving small space for gardening effects when a station is to be put in and a retaining wall substituted for the slope of the earth. What shall be done with the problem?

At Brighton the highway dips a little, and the station has been put at its level, a flight of steps leading up from the railroad platform to the floor of the waiting-room. The retaining wall is brought frankly to the station, but at its top there are the bushes and shrubs of a little garden. This garden is beside the highway, with the stone station — charming from that side—as the center of the picture, and with no hint of the less pleasant parts of a railroad. At West Newton, on the other hand, the station, which is of the older type, has been built at the track level. At what must have been considerable expense, the retaining wall has been pushed clear beyond the building, and a road has been brought down to the level of the station. There follows the familiar result of a station that is only an incident, and a slight one, in the course of the railroad, while it has no essential connection with the town to which it ought to mean so much. The illustration shows the pleasantly planted embankment; but this stops as the station is reached, is lower than the approach road—hence barely visible from it—and can be said to add no charm to the station sur-

THE POND AT WELLESLEY FARMS

roundings. It is merely making the best of a spoiled opportunity.

Beyond the Newton Circuit the Wellesleys are the first places reached. At Wellesley Farms, which is the first of the three, the highway is about parallel to the railroad, with the little station lying between. In the tract that separates highway and railroad there is a pond, and probably most railroad companies would promptly have filled it up. But once more a good landscape architect is glad to get not only hints, but all the help he can, from Nature; and when in this case she furnished so charming and unusual a feature as a pond on station grounds, he availed himself of the opportunity. There is certainly a sensible and widely practicable suggestion in this action. He has protected the little sheet of water by a tangled wild border, and since it was not in quite the most convenient place he has swung the highway sharply around so that, while skirting, it may not trespass upon the pond. The result? Wellesley Farms Station is unique, and to be remembered. It has the strongest sort of individuality, as almost every site in nature would have if it were given a chance. You can have no doubt that people grow actually to love it, and can fancy little babies wheeled up and down there in their carriages—think of that, for a station on the main line of an important steam railroad! In this connection it should be observed, that as one comes to the station, the tracks themselves are quite "planted out." It is not the landscape architect's business to advertise steel rails and cinders. He does better than that for his road.

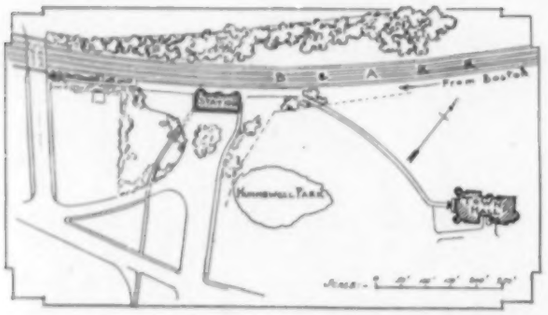


CHATHAM STATION BOSTON & ALBANY R.R.

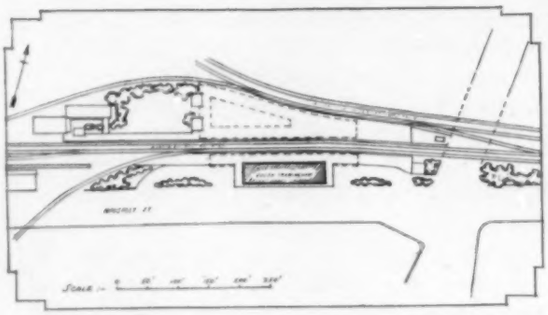
Next after Wellesley Farms is Wellesley Hills, and then comes Wellesley. There is at the latter place a condition that is extremely unusual, and one wholly delightful to a preacher of civic art, for a town center has been created and then made dignified and beautiful, and the station—the town's official entrance—is a detail of the center. To be sure, this detail has not been made so essential as it should be; it is not worked into the composition quite as one would wish; but the general effect is so very much better than usual and is so full of suggestiveness and inspiration that it well deserves study.

CANAAN STATION BOSTON & ALBANY R.R.

On the left, as one approaches Wellesley from Boston, and as the train slows down for the station, a park is seen. On one side of it is a pretty public building; and at the other side, among the shrubs and trees, is the not less attractive station. The




PLAN SHOWING POSITION OF THE STATION AT WELLESLEY



PLAN SHOWING POSITION OF THE STATION AT SOUTH FRAMINGHAM

public building is the town hall, and connected with it is the Free Library which, with the park of some ten acres, was given to the town by Hollis H. Hunnewell. The structure is of stone with freestone trimmings, and the library portion alone cost $60,000. Mr. Hunnewell provided further, however, a fund of $20,000 for the care of the library and grounds; and, as the town adds something to this, they are kept in excellent condition. When the station is reached, it appears from the train exactly as if it were the little stone lodge to the park where centers the town's community life. This is just the effect it ought to have, and together buildings and park form a civic center. The result is something more than pleasing. It is satisfying, and it enhances the dignity of a community which to its other outward attractions adds, obviously, that great thing—a civic consciousness. If from the side of the town the effect is not quite so good—because the station has been rather "planted out" and minimized when, with the convergence of roads to it, it should have been emphasized and made a distinct accent or goal—the error is easily seen and the way of its correction is plain. The lesson that Wellesley teaches is as unmistakable as if the effect from the town were as surprisingly delightful as from the railroad, and even from the town side it is exceptionally good. With very slight changes the Wellesley approach could serve as a model.

Five minutes from Wellesley, which is to say a half hour from Boston, Natick is reached, and one discovers even from the car window that the city's suburbs have been left behind. That, however, is incidental, for we are seeking hints and there are still lessons for suburban stations. The station is now decidedly the best looking building in sight, and a good deal of the town, one has to confess, is in sight. The grounds from the station to the main street form a perfect little garden, but, as far as one can see, its good example has had no effect. Even the railroad seems discouraged and the slopes of the cut are now abandoned to their natural dreariness. If Natick would brace up and make itself as attractive as the towns to the east of it, one feels sure that the railroad would extend its careful work—a reflection that suggests the reciprocal relation in this matter between a town and its railroad.

A few minutes more and an important junction is reached in South Framingham. Busy railroad junctions are seldom inviting, for art has such a deal to overcome that the obstacles seem to dishearten it. South Framingham is no exception in the restriction of the ground available for planting, but there is a very good building and wherever there does appear a corner that can be planted the opportunity is availed of. At Westboro, a little further on, a highway crossing the tracks at right angles suggests that the train shall stop well to one side. Again the considerable space between highway and station—crossed by path and road, neatly divided by shrubbery as at Waban—has been made a little park, the road turning back in a circle just beyond the station. North Grafton, the next station, offers an excellent contrast between the old method and the new. There are no grounds, and

the wooden station is of the anciently familiar type. Beyond Worcester there is little to attract special attention until West Brookfield is reached. Here there are beautiful trees.

Chatham, for all its planting, has much more the air of a station. Even without the telegraph poles its purpose could scarcely be mistaken. The same may be said of Canaan, which is interesting as a very small station with very small grounds. Both these structures are of the more distinct type designed by H. H. Richardson. The grounds at Canaan are so small that they might well have discouraged planting, but one finds that this has been done—around the borders, where it would shut out structures that might possibly be objectionable. There is at least that chance, even on small grounds, if the station be good enough to prevent such an attitude from seeming ridiculous on the part of the railroad.

And now, in running the length of the road, we have seen stations below the level and above the level of the nearest highway, with large grounds and small, with and without natural features of interest, even—at the extremes—stations at a point of junction and in a civic center. Surely among these examples, considered not for themselves but for their suggestiveness, there is many a hint for the suburban or village improvement society that wants to "fix up" the railroad approach to the town. There is not often a more popular place at which to begin work, nor is there often a better one. If the corporation sees that the society has popular support and is in earnest, it is almost sure so to co-operate as to make the movement a success. And success counts for much at the start. It is an old and true saying that nothing succeeds like success.

*Entrance to Vandeventer Place* — *Louis Mullgardt, Architect*

# THE "PLACES" OF ST. LOUIS

A FORM OF THE SUBURBAN COMMUNITY PECULIAR TO THE WORLD'S FAIR CITY

By S. L. SHERER

IT IS a noticeable characteristic of American cities, that some peculiarity of laying out the streets, or type of building, distinguishes them from each other. St. Louis is no exception to the rule, and the salient feature that so signally differentiates it from other cities is the numerous private places wherein the more notable residences are concentrated. While all of these places evince some attempt at landscape design, they are not especially remarkable in this respect alone, and serve to verify the observation of Lord Bacon that "men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely."

Doubtless the idea of converting a tract of unimproved land into a semi-private park-

ENTRANCE TO WESTMORLAND PLACE
*Eames & Young, Architects*

ENTRANCE TO PORTLAND PLACE
*Theo. C. Link, Architect*

way originated in the demand for greater privacy than that afforded by the usual public street frontage, along with the desire for a more attractive environment of houses whose cost is restricted to a sum that ensures buildings of a desirable type. The realization of such a plan, where certain features are enjoyed by the residents in common, presupposes an adherence to the communal principle to the extent of employing gardeners, watchmen and caretakers, whose services are shared by the residents and recompensed upon the basis of feet frontage. Such other responsibilities as are incident to the maintenance of the place are assumed by the community of owners, who do for the individual what the individual would find it inconvenient to do for himself.

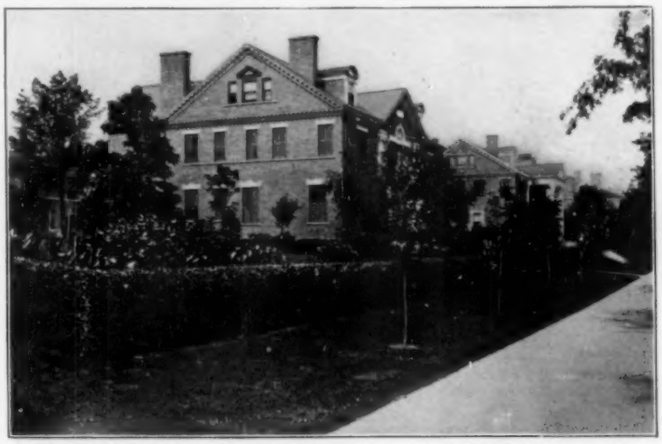
The idea is one whose advantages are apparent, and evidently appealed to the distinguished horticulturist Henry Shaw, who, at the time he laid out Tower Grove Park, set apart a strip of land two hundred feet wide on either side of the park which was intended for residential sites, but which was never utilized for that purpose.

The several small places that adjoin Lafayette Park, but more especially Benton Place, dating from 1868, were probably the first beginnings of the "Place" that subsequently was developed on a more elaborate and larger scale, although the designation was applied as early as 1853 to localities that were merely streets, notably Lucas Place — now a relict of departed grandeur, but still not without a certain charm for its many old mansions that are reminiscent of the less strenuous life of antebellum days.

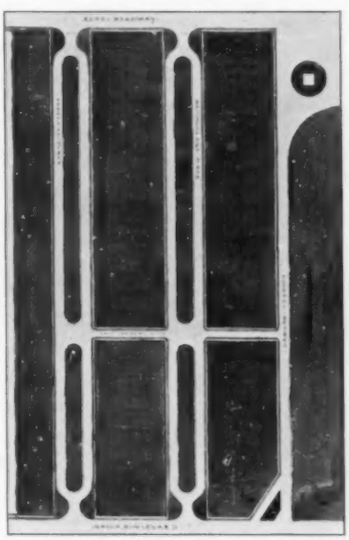
The first place to be given a layout approximating the present type of place was Vandeventer Place, laid out in 1870; but owing to its then remote location its development was retarded until a much later period. It is a rectangular tract of land 422 feet in width by 2245 feet in length, intersected by an avenue, and having a central mall or parking 50 feet wide, encircled by driveways 30 feet in width. Twenty feet from the inner line of the sidewalk plot, which is 12 feet wide, are placed the houses which face those on the other side of the mall. The style of the houses reflects the architectural taste of their respective periods, and vary greatly in the merit of their designs, as might

VANDEVENTER PLACE LOOKING ACROSS THE MALL
*to grounds of H. Clay Pierce, Esq.*

be expected, when it is considered that they date from 1872 to the present time, and range from the Lionberger house by H. H. Richardson to houses that, unhappily for the beauty of the place, mar it through a lack of architectural fitness. At either end entrance gates—which are similar to each other in design and admirably adapted to the purpose—enclose, or rather screen, the reservation. The vista from gate to gate is one full of quiet charm, and the place is invested with an air of sylvan beauty that can only come from the mellowing touch of time. The planting, however, seldom extends to the lawns that immediately surround the houses, and no especial effort has been made to enhance the beauty of their setting by a rational planting of trees and shrubbery. A notable exception, however, is the Pierce grounds, where some attempt at gardening has been made, but the illustration of the house conveys but a partial view of its pleasing environment.



VIEW ON FOREST PARK TERRACE, WESTMORLAND PLACE
*Residences of B. B. Graham and R. S. Brookings, Esqrs. Eames & Young, Architects*



PLAN OF WESTMORLAND AND PORTLAND PLACES

Notwithstanding the haphazard development of Vandeventer Place, the beauty of the long sweep of green parking half redeems its failure as a wholly successful scheme. It was, nevertheless, of sufficient attractiveness to suggest the development of Westmorland and Portland Places, which adjoin each other and are situated immediately north of Forest Park, thus ensuring their permanent preservation as desirable residential districts. As evidenced by the accompanying plan, the topographical layout is essentially the same as Vandeventer Place —that of a central parking planted with trees and shrubbery, bounded by graveled roadways and sidewalks with an alignment of shade trees, and faced with houses which, being of a later date, have been designed along somewhat better architectural lines than those in places of earlier origin. The entrance lodges at either end vary in design, and, as may be seen from the illustrations, are of a character that contribute to the ornamentation of the places. The building restrictions in force in these last named places provide that the minimum cost of the houses shall be $25,000, and that the building lots shall not be less than 100 feet, a frontage too restricted for the character of the houses that have thus far been erected, and which range in cost from the amount named to $200,000. Heavy hauling and

ENTRANCE TO KINGSBURY BOULEVARD
*Barnett, Haynes & Barnett, Architects*

ENTRANCE TO WASHINGTON TERRACE
*George R. Mann, Architect*

"Mercury Amusing Himself" well illustrates the advantage that would result from its intelligent use.

The same general idea has governed the making of Kingsbury Place, which is segregated from the main-traveled roads by a monumental entrance; likewise that of the adjoining Washington Terrace with its ivy-clad gateway of a design that plainly suggests its French prototype. The plan of the latter place, however, has been modified by the omission of the mall.

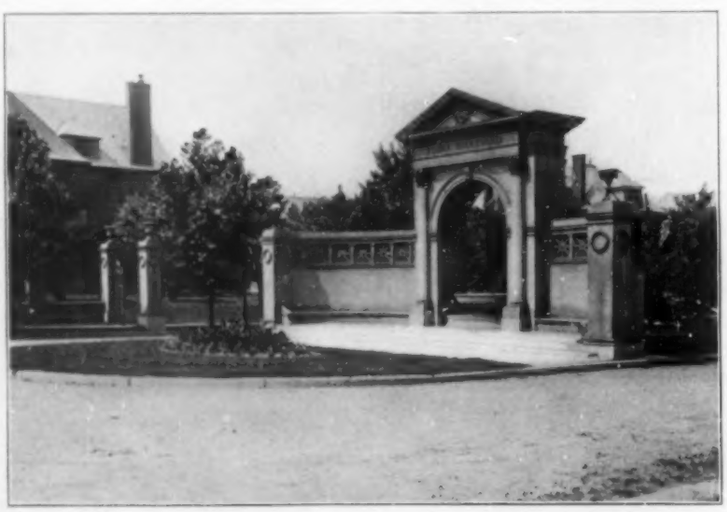
In both places the sense of newness is too apparent to command admiration, nor have the projectors availed themselves of the gardener's art to any appreciable extent.

PLAN OF COMPTON HEIGHTS

undesirable classes of vehicles are excluded, and the privacy of the place is guarded to a point where the rights of the individual citizen are not abrogated. Situated within the corporate limits, they enjoy the same public utilities as other portions of the city.

Here, as in Vandeventer Place, the planting has been confined principally to the mall, although the aspect of several estates here indicates the effective setting that has resulted from the skill of the landscape architect. The same agreeable result is also shown in the illustration of the delightful old-fashioned garden that surrounds the Graham House, which overlooks Forest Park.

In but one instance has statuary been used to accentuate the natural beauty of a place. The statue of Ruckstuhl's



ENTRANCE TO FLORA BOULEVARD
*Weber & Groves, Architects*

Like the places heretofore mentioned, they also suffer from a too close proximity of the houses whose relation to their sites is so large that a certain fitness which larger grounds would give is entirely lacking.

One of the most recently made places is Flora Boulevard, which extends westerly from Grand Avenue and terminates at the main entrance of Shaw's Garden, a distance of perhaps

half a mile. It resembles the foregoing places in its topographical treatment; but beyond the rather well designed entrance, which screens the parking, there has been slight attention paid to the beautification of the place.

MAIN ENTRANCE OF COMPTON HEIGHTS

A departure from the symmetrical layout of the places noted is shown by the surveyor's plan and view of Compton Heights. Here formality has given place to an irregular division of lots and a curvilinear arrangement of roadways, with the result that a more picturesque effect has been attained. The unconventionality of the scheme affords a greater diversity of vistas, and seems more in consonance with the idea of a private park, although the absence of entrance gates and a central parking will impart an urban rather than a suburban aspect to the place when it is built up.

Although this list might be extended by the mention of many other places—both old and new—they would merely exemplify the same idea developed in a slightly different manner.

While the work achieved in St. Louis is not beyond criticism, it nevertheless commends itself for its initiative, and is not without value for its suggestion of finer possibilities. The idea is one that lends itself readily to adaptation, upon modest lines, to suburban towns, as well as to the more elaborate treatment suitable to more highly organized urban communities.

In passing it may be of interest to mention that the tract of land which is now Westmorland and Portland Places was a cow pasture fifteen years ago, and was purchased at about $5000 per acre. After grading, sewering, paving and planting, the lots were sold at prices ranging from $65 to $90 per front foot according to desirability of location. Today these same lots command $175 to $200 per foot—a striking illustration of the enhancement in value resulting from the improvements, and proving that such undertakings provide a very profitable investment for the real estate promoter and owner, to say nothing of the far greater benefit that accrues to the community by virtue of having within its confines semi-private parks that make for a beautiful city.

In view of the ever-widening appreciation of civic beauty, it is pleasant to picture the ideal place that might be evolved by the guiding hand of a master architect, aided by the revived art of landscape architecture and the more ancient art of sculpture—a place grouped with houses individual in design, though well controlled towards the formation of an harmonious ensemble.

From the foregoing brief survey it is evident that the idea of private places is one that promotes that union of house and garden essential to the art of living rightly, and its realization a factor that adds immeasurably to the attractiveness of a city. It likewise imparts a measure of privacy to home life that is highly desirable in these days of glaring publicity, and serves to protect a neighborhood from the many annoyances that necessarily surround localities where restrictions do not obtain. And, finally, it encourages the building of houses of a higher standard of architectural excellence, and thus makes for a well ordered city and a better life.

# WHAT CAN BE DONE IN TEN YEARS

AT MAKING A COUNTRY HOME—IV.

By MARY C. ROBBINS

(*Continued from Volume IV., No. 6 of House and Garden*)

## AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

FROM the early days of New England settlements the garden was dear to the hearts of the women, and still in our neighborhood one can detect the site of a long-fallen house, by the flaunting tiger-lilies and other old-fashioned perennials which serve as its tombstone.

When we went to "Overlea" there were still traces of what had once been a cherished garden plot. English violets and periwinkles were straying in confusion, ancient shrubs and hedges grew tall and neglected near the old well, tulips sprang up in the grass, daffodils and narcissus rioted under the dilapidated old rose-bushes and lady's-tresses, which from a once-neat border had grown into a tangled thicket.

Deprived of the support of the old house, above whose third-storey window it once waved, a stout trumpet-creeper had developed into a spreading bush, which still shelters myriads of lilies-of-the-valley in the spring. Buckthorns and lilacs had become trees; rose-bushes bearing white, yellow or rosy strays of bloom were scattered in profusion about what were once borders, or a garden-plot; and Sweet Williams, shrunken with age and neglect, sprang up from self-sown seeds on the sunny side of the box arbor.

After our trees and shrubs were under way, it seemed well to utilize this storehouse of perennials, and to rescue the old roots from the choking grass which stifled them; so a very simple garden was dug where old pear-trees needed fresh food and careful pruning, and the long box-edged beds, which border the walk to the well, are now filled with old-fashioned blossoms of some sort, from earliest spring until late autumn.

The soil is rich and moist, so water-loving plants grow luxuriantly, and the many-colored irises, French, German and Japanese, find a congenial home. Comparatively little care is paid to this garden where things come up very much as they like. In spring and autumn the ground is enriched, and the superfluous growth given or thrown away, and every year enough goes into the dump-heap to plant an acre, since things spread inordinately in the moist soil.

Though a perennial demands less than an annual garden, it does require a good deal of attention, for roots do better if divided, and moved to fresh places, and the tendency of vigorous plants is always to get into a desperate tangle in midsummer, and there is a provoking determination in colors to conflict, in spite of one's most faithful efforts at harmony.

A bed of cherry-colored phlox, for instance, far removed from any other color, planted in a corner near the terrace, sends up seedlings of all sorts of fine roseate hues which swear vigorously at the cherry tones we are determined to preserve in the mass; so that all through the summer uprooting has to go on, to the detriment of the symmetry of the beds, which show gaps like freshly pulled teeth for several weeks after the extraction of the offending members.

The joy of an old garden of this kind is perennial, for it constantly affords the unexpected, in addition to what is counted on. Seeds, brought by birds to its congenial shelter, germinate, and delight the eye with fresh specimens, and thus, though old favorites perish, new ones come to take their places. I cannot hold up my straggling garden as an example to any one. It has its moments of beauty, and days when nothing but its picturesque tangle redeems it from disgrace, but it is a good experiment ground, and from what I have there learned I can deduce certain general principles which may be of use to others.

In these days of a return to formal gardening as an architectural feature attached to a house, I would gladly put in a plea

for another sort of garden in addition to the parterre, into which this last might easily lead—a garden suggested by the form of the land, with little distant nooks where one flower grows, or some rare shrub; a garden with shaded walks, with places to linger in on a hot day, nooks for retreat and meditation, a garden loved by birds, not all of flowers, but of branching trees, and shadowy shrubberies, and points of interest a little remote and mysterious.

A PATH IN THE FLOWER GARDEN AT "OVERLEA"

Flowers and shade are thought to be incompatible; but one can have shade to lead to flowers, and flowers that illuminate shade in sudden openings. In the bright hot glowing parterre it is impossible for the owner to labor except on dull days, or very early or late; and who does not know the charm of the garden stroll at any moment, with its sudden pauses to pull a weed, which lead to perhaps an hour or two of hard work. To this a shady garden constantly beguiles one, for even if the work is in the sun, the shade close by affords a refuge to the weary.

To those who would plant a perennial garden I have a few suggestions to make. Let the soil be deep and richly manured to begin with; give the roots plenty of room, and allow for spreading. Mass the plants as much as possible, and do what can be done to avoid a clash of color. This last sounds simple, but, in a limited space, if one wants a variety of bloom, it is very difficult to guard against conflicting tones. If there is much room, of course each kind of plant can have its appropriate sphere, but in our own little plot I am tormented every spring by the fact that the peonies will come before the scarlet oriental poppies get through blooming, and for a brief space there is war among the angels. Peonies really ought to have about a quarter of an acre to themselves, to get the full effect of their magnificent shades and shapes, and in a little garden how can this be done? We have one border along a driveway in which whites and reds are alone permitted, with now and then a touch of blue or yellow. Of course the variation from red to white gives a fine sliding scale of pinks, if only the red-pinks are allowed,—such pinks as harmonize so perfectly in the Shirley poppies, which, no matter how various, never swear at each other. Once admit, however, a purple-pink petunia, or a common double poppy, with that touch of magenta which Nature seems especially to delight in, and the whole scheme goes to pieces. Here a splendid summer staple is the bee-balm, with its fine cardinal tones, which, if kept closely cut after flowering, will keep in bloom for months, and spread everywhere. Then come the red gladiolus, a few clumps of deep red cannas, tuberous begonias and salvias, and any other red thing that leans towards cardinal color, with Shirley poppies wherever they want to come up. There is an old-fashioned early red-lily which roams about and is very prolific, that is effective in masses, and the captivating little montbrètia, with its red and yellow surprises, is a most welcome occupant, while a cluster of marigolds, in the shelter of an evergreen, keeps a dash of perpetual sunshine in its corner.

In the long bed in the lower garden there are great groups of London-pride (scarlet lychnis) and tall tiger-lilies, but these do not harmonize with the beds in the terrace border, and the plants are very encroaching, so they are not allowed to appear in it.

If expense were no object, it would be easy to plan a perfect little formal garden just below this terrace, on which the house would look down; but where no animals are kept on a place, it is wise to limit the garden to such a space as can be properly enriched without too large an expenditure.

It is all very well to dream of wide expanses, of myriads of plants of one kind, of rods and rods of different flowers, but these require a gardener and no end of food. Merely cutting the flowers means a great deal of labor and much time; and if a garden is to be kept in condition, all blooms past their prime must be removed every day. One can be a slave to a row of sweet-peas, which promptly grows shabby if neglected for a very short time, and the arranging of flowers in vases may take hours. To those who are short handed, I recommend a certain indifference to neglect and wildness in the more distant sections of the garden, for Nature herself will see that the untrained luxuriance has its beauty, and yields its harvest of bloom in sweet succession.

One word about a border on the north side of a house, if such be desired. It must be remembered that in summer the sun rises far to the north of east and sets far north of west, so that whatever is there planted gets a good deal of sunlight, both in the early morning and late afternoon, so it need not be given over wholly to ferns and other shade-loving plants, if there are no trees to intercept the full light. Pansies will bloom all summer, and tuberous begonias will rejoice in just such an exposure, so that one can be sure of a blaze of color all the time.

Nothing is more effective in the curves of the garden borders or shrubbery than a mass of tall larkspurs of varying blues, which can be kept blooming steadily by cutting the stalks down to the ground so soon as they have flowered. These are exquisite in contrast with the tall white lilies which blossom in midsummer.

With regard to transplanting hardy flowering plants, I find that with proper care not to disturb the roots, they can be moved from place to place at almost any time, if set in good soil, and kept well watered and shaded for a few days. I have sometimes brought home in my hand or in a valise, in midsummer, some perennial from a friend's garden, and have not been disappointed in my hopes that it would bear the change and live.

THE OLD WELL AT "OVERLEA"

So many are the lovely flowers with which one longs to crowd the borders, that each attempt to speak of a garden extends itself into an essay. The rose alone demands a chapter, the lily another, and who shall chronicle those lesser beauties which, as says the poet, are the stars of earth's firmament. After all, it is not the myriad varieties which make your garden lovable, but the spirit which animates it, the suggestion it affords, the changes forever possible. No garden is

immutable. It can be made yearly to respond to one's changing moods. It can be gay and somber by turns, a place in which to laugh, or an echo of one's gravest thoughts. Let the one who plants avoid imitation, and strive to express his own idea. If his garden means something to him, it will be of moment to someone else. Like a room, it should express individuality and have charm. Do not set out a flower because someone else has it, but because you think it will become a certain spot. Study the ground, and study the plant before you fix upon its final habitation, and let Nature have her own way a little; it is often better than ours, as can easily be seen, if one examines a woodside shrubbery of her planting.

There are books in abundance which give one the technique of the garden, and illustrations to guide to its picturesque form; but these are for education of the mind and eye, not for crude copying. From them one learns the elements of the art, not its final combination. A century ago all English gardens of note had grottoes in them, stuck over with shells and stones. Now, we Americans run to pergolas, often meaningless pergolas, which lead nowhere, shade nothing, not even a seat for the weary. The mock Italian gardens, which are freaks, are decorated with bits of marble that make them look like a child's playhouse. The American gardener should have wit enough to evolve a garden of his own; something characteristic, suited to the climate and his ultra-modern home. Till the garden becomes an expression of the needs of its owner and the requirements of its climate, it is a failure, an anomaly, merely a senseless copy of an inappropriate scheme. It seems to me that we need to be simple and not affected, and on such lines we can be as large as our purses permit, for of large simplicity is grandeur made. Each nation has had its garden with a characteristic touch. Shall we alone fail to achieve the distinction of individuality?

I have wandered from my theme, but return to the starting point, the memory of those colonial gardens whose traces still linger at "Overlea" in the box arbor, and the ancient, time-honored perennials, which still cling to the soil with the sweet savor of an earlier age, homely and lovable, which we do well to cherish and to honor.

The old well, from which generations have drunk, embowered in Persian lilacs and rose-bushes of an unknown antiquity, recalls the past as we draw up the oaken bucket and drink its sparkling water; and, as we sit upon the steps that lead up to it, the catbird draws near to scold, and tell us we are but things of yesterday beside these century-old relics which surround us, on the site of the vanished garden of a bygone day.

---

# A SUN-DIAL

TO BE PLACED IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA

DESIGNED AND MODELED BY A. STIRLING CALDER

THE collection of sculpture which the Art Association of Fairmount Park has been instrumental in bringing to that pleasure ground is to be increased this year by the addition of a sun-dial. It is the first dial of any sort the Park contains and probably the first American example to be aided by such elaborate sculptural treatment as may be seen in the accompanying illustration, which was taken from the plaster model now completed at the studio of Mr. Alexander Stirling Calder. To him the commission for the work was given by a member of the Fairmount Park Art Association, who desires to withhold her name that the gift may be anonymous.

The dial is to be placed beside the "Sunken Gardens" of the Horticultural Hall in the Park and the observer will approach it upon ground almost level with the bottom of the platform. With this in view the relation of the approaching eye to the figures can be

judged when it is added that the height from the bottom of the platform to the dial face is four feet and six inches. While Mr. Calder views the subject of sun-dials as essentially architectural, rather than sculptural, he has in this case made the sculpture play an all-important part in his design. A table for the level dial is to be supported. Usually this is accomplished by means of a central shaft, either ornamented itself or having decorative figures applied to it. But the sculptor's imagination did not turn upon so trite a pivot. Our table is borne by no shaft at all, nor by anything at its center, but by four figures of young women grouped around its edge and representing the Seasons. These are far from being boudoir types of womanhood or mere remnants of feminine grace architecturally over-conventionalized. They are lusty maidens and robust, and as easy in their postures as the duty of supporting the table will permit. It is a rose that Spring holds in her hand; poppies bedeck an arm of Summer; Autumn bears the grape; and a branch of pine lies across the figure of Winter where the drapery disappears, as in all the figures, into the outline of the body above the waist. In an apple bough held aloft by each is a suggestion of the full opulence of the year which each season foresees in turning her expectant head toward her companion season before her, whose place she is to usurp. With this idea of rotation accords the circular shape of the table above, and the signs of the zodiac about its outer edge tell of the inter-

THE MODEL OF THE SUN-DIAL FOR FAIRMOUNT PARK
*A. Stirling Calder, Sculptor*

minable succession of the universe. Between the signs and the characters which name them the edge of the table is pierced to render it lighter in fact and appearance.

If we are to name them by the duty they perform, these figures are caryatides; but they are the easiest in manner and most graceful maidens of that family it is possible to meet. The natural attitude of the models who were used was only changed by a little readjustment of the points of the body, notably in the length of the legs; and if any rectitude of poise be apparent it is alone revealed in a side view of each figure obtained in standing close by and noting the very slight twist and absence of curvature in the back. In all else there is freedom from restraint, fullness of form, depth of shadow, bright sunlight and abounding sculptural color. These will be realized in the neutral gray of Tennessee marble, which is to remain unpolished, thus leaving to the imagination the continuance of details which the artist has purposely refrained from in his mind and in his clay.

The dial-face has been calculated by Messrs. Queen & Co. and will be made by them with decorations added as suggested by Mr. Calder. These, together with the considerable mathematical data which has been worked out, will constitute an elaborate design. The plate is to be twenty-four inches in diameter and of bronze let flush into the marble table. On its face time will be measured between the hours of 5 A. M. and 7 P. M. and the intervening space is divided into periods of five minutes each. Alternating with the names of the months are those of twelve cities under which the difference of time is given for various points over the globe when it is noon at Philadelphia. Several rows of figures under each month give the variation between clock and sun time. The gnomon has been the subject of no little study. It is shown by the artist's latest sketch to be elevated on two small feet above the surface of the dial (that the center of the design thereon can be the better seen) and comprising within its triangular outline an hour-glass enfolded by the wings of Time.

This and the dial-face were unfortunately not completed at the time the photograph was taken; but the main conception of what will constitute the dial's chief beauty can well be judged from this record of the sculptor's model upon which his own hands have signed a fresh *motif* as satisfactory to the eye as it is unconventional in conception.

*Gate-house of the Manigault Mansion, Charleston, S. C.*

A GARDEN DOORWAY OF A HOUSE NEAR PORLOCK, ENGLAND

*Especially photographed by House and Garden*

*A Village as seen from the Fields*

# THE RURAL HOMES OF ENGLAND

By CLIFTON JOHNSON

*A House beside a Mill Dam, Isle of Wight*

ENGLISH houses are built to last. By contrast many of our American homes seem like temporary shelters. The dwellings of the mother country are never of wood, and they are designed not only to withstand indefinitely the ravages of the weather, but those of fire. It would indeed be difficult for the average Englishman to comprehend what a devouring scourge fire is with us, for in his country destruction of this sort is a rare experience. So well are his houses constructed and so seldom are these sacrificed by accident that old buildings are in the great majority and are the typical ones. I should, however, have to modify this statement with regard to some of the large towns that have grown very fast.

Naturally, the newer buildings are less attractive than the old. They are stiffer, more regular and more prosaic. It is not often that they are actually ugly, yet at best they want the mellowness that time alone can give them, and the humanized sentiment that comes from long use.

One artistic disadvantage of the newer structures is that they are apt to have commonplace roofs of slate, while the older houses are usually roofed with tile or thatch. Tile is unfailingly decorative and attractive, and the passing seasons paint and ornament it with soft-tinted weather-stains and gatherings of moss. It is also a good protection against the outer heat and cold. But the roof of thatch is more comfortable still, and it is at the same time the most beautiful roof imaginable. There is grace in all its outlines, which so blend with the landscape that the roof seems as much a growth of nature as does a mushroom-top. Its color, too, is constantly pleasing, whether in its shining golden newness, or in its gradual browning, or in the caked and mildewed greenness of age. Then, too, it is warm in winter and cool in summer. Yet, because of its clumsiness, and because straw, which is the

THATCHED DWELLINGS AT FARRINGDON

*From a photograph by Clifton Johnson*

common material for thatching, is far higher in price than formerly, it is gradually being abandoned.

A thatch roof will last from fifteen to thirty years. When it begins to get leaky, there follow a few seasons of desultory patching. Then a new coat is put on over the old. In the course of time the thatch becomes exceedingly thick, and the little dormer windows recede far back in shadowed apertures. The swallows and sparrows build freely in the straw and all the spring and summer the villages are enlivened with the twitter and flittings of the former, while the latter are chattering busybodies that stay the year through.

Perhaps the most curious roofs the traveler sees are those of stone. They are quite common in certain parts of England. The stone is split after the manner of slates, but the pieces vary much in size and thickness, and some of them run up to a weight of two hundred pounds. Taken altogether the stones are so heavy that the roof in time sags badly and the effect is strangely rude and aboriginal

The house walls are usually of brick, though this is not always apparent unless one looks closely ; for many people give their cottages a coat of whitewash every spring. The wash is as a rule a most glaring white, but some cottagers mix in color, and get charming tones of gray, cream and pink. Others give the bricks a coat of plaster. In certain districts it is the custom to mix gravel with the whitewash and apply the mixture by throwing it against the wall. The building thus gets a rough coat of grit known as spatterdash.

A THATCH ROOFED HOUSE NEAR FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT
*Especially photographed by House and Garden*

Many of the older house walls have oaken beams and braces incorporated in them, and these timbers lend an agreeable touch of picturesqueness. In the towns, one frequently finds houses with overhanging upper stories, but such structures are seldom to be seen in country villages.

Vines and rose-bushes cling to the walls

A COTTAGE ENTRANCE GAY WITH ROSES

HOUSES AT LAYCOCK

*Especially photographed by House and Garden*

A COMPOSITION OF HEDGE, VINE AND THATCH

A HAMPSHIRE DOORYARD

of the rural homes in great profusion, and often a species of cherry tree is trained to spread its branches out flat and fan-like on the house surface. This greenery is a great help in blending the dwellings harmoniously with their surroundings. They lose their artificiality and establish such close relations with the earth and its growths that they seem to have originated as much with nature as with man.

The windows in the older houses do not match each other in size, shape, or placing. They have small leaded panes, often diamond shaped, that are delightfully quaint and pleasing. These windows do not slide up and down as do ours, but they open outwards on hinges as casements. Their attractiveness is heightened by a strip of lace curtain hung across the lower half, and there are usually side curtains also, or a curtain that lets down from the top. The last was, in my experience, a nuisance; for the contrivances which manipulated it were nearly always irritatingly feeble or absolutely decrepit. Another feature of the window is a wide inside sill. The house walls are substantial and sometimes approach two feet in thickness; so there is ample window-sill space for plants, or shelf-room, or a seat.

COTTAGES AT SWAY, HANTS

Few country houses have a cellar, and the kitchen is almost certain to be paved with stone, brick or tile. Not infrequently the other apartments on the ground floor are similarly paved. The kitchen often has no ceiling save the beams and boards of the floor above, and such simplicity of construction helps to make its aspect very interestingly ancient.

Nearly every house has great old-fashioned fireplaces, and these are so built into the walls that they could not be removed without large expense and damage. The result is that people have let these old caverns remain, but have filled in the lower half with masonry in which is built what is a cross between a small fireplace and a stove. An open grate occupies the middle of the space, flanked on one side by a water-tank and on the other side by an oven. There are homes that have American stoves, but you do not find them often, and most of the women have the impression that these stoves are very difficult things to manage.

The open grates burn a great deal of coal for the amount of heat they give out, and in the dull, chilly days of winter the houses are at times very uncomfortable. This discomfort is due in part to the loss of heat up the

A COTTAGE IN THE NEW FOREST

HOUSES ROOFED WITH STONE

*From a photograph by Clifton Johnson*

wide chimney, and in part to the character of the floors, and the general looseness of doors and windows.

The reading habit is not nearly as common in rural England as in rural America, and the young people loiter much about the streets during the evening while the men resort to the inns, and the women spend considerable time at the hour of dusk visiting each other at their gates. Hence lamps and candles are not lighted very early. Except when the weather is quite sharp the house doors are allowed to stand ajar, and as one walks along a village street of an evening he has continual glimpses of red flames flickering in the kitchen grates and brightening up in a dim uncertain way the gloomy rooms. Perhaps the flames may reveal a group of children at their play, or one or two of their elders still busy with the household work or possibly sitting in contemplative rest by the hearth. Firelight is always beautiful and companionable. There is more economy and protection against cold in a stove, but the stove entirely lacks poetic charm.

In the more out-of-the-way villages are many farmhouse kitchens that have only the old fireplaces of a century ago. These fireplaces have not even been modernized with the halfway innovation of a grate, and all the cooking and brewing and baking is done in the most primitive way. The black-mouthed chimney, the crane and andirons, the brick oven and the bread peel are still very far from being legendary in England. Often the old kitchens are decorated with numerous hams and strips of bacon that either are hung from nails along the walls or laid on a rack suspended from the ceiling. This meat has previously been cured in the smoke of the chimney. Very likely, if you look up the chimney, you will see some dark masses still in process suspended there.

The kitchen is the family living-room. In it the members of the household work, eat and visit. When the family is small they have their meals on a little round table drawn up near the fireplace. In the case of a farmer's family of goodly proportions they use instead a table in the corner of the room as massive and long as a carpenter's bench. Behind it is a continuous seat against the wall, and in front of it a long plank set on widely slanting legs. A family group gathered for a meal at such a table looks as antique as if it had come to life out of the middle ages.

One almost inevitable piece of furniture in the English kitchen is an ample dresser containing a display of colored earthenware.

A COUNTRY MANSION

*From a photograph by Clifton Johnson*

On the fireplace mantel are candlesticks, pots and cups and various ornaments. The walls, too, are gay with a queer gathering of knicknacks, some useful, and some simply beautiful, though what the beauty consists in it is usually not easy for an outsider to perceive. Most of the pictures in this room as well as the other rooms of the house are oddities that seldom attain to anything but the crudest kind of art. There are photographs of certain members of the family, portraits of one or two people who have been more or less eminent at some time, and there are "oil paintings" and colored prints and religious mottoes. A portion of these pictures are simply pinned to the wall. The rest are framed, but the frames are usually as dubious as the pictures.

A FARMHOUSE KITCHEN

Well-to-do tradespeople and farmers have a "parlor" in which they take particular delight. Indeed, they go to such pains with its furnishing that it is too fine for them to have any pleasure living in it; but they like to look at it once in a while and admire it, and they take pride in showing it to visitors. If the room contains a piano, as often happens, and the young people play the instrument, the room is probably used enough to rub the edges off its stiffness. I imagine even this use is somewhat of a trial to the older people. They would prefer to keep the parlor wholly immaculate as a sort of museum and specimen of housewifely handicraft.

There is no chance for such an apartment in the cottages. Dwellings of this class usually have only two rooms on the ground floor, and very likely one of these is scarcely large enough to merit the name. In height dwellings are not uncommon that have two or two and one-half stories, but the majority stop at one and a half. Thus the rooms upstairs are apt to have their upper part badly clipped by the slant of the roof. Once in a while a chamber will have such a low ceiling that a grown person can, as they say, "only stand upright by stooping." In the humbler homes the chamber walls are either white-washed or covered with a cheap and flimsy wallpaper. Furniture and decorations are meager. The usual bedstead is a slender framework of iron, but many families possess old-fashioned ones of wood with tall posts at the head canopied with curtains.

The homes of the gentry are frequently interesting throughout, but in the average country dwelling the attraction is pretty well concentrated in the kitchen so far as indoors is concerned. From without almost any view is charming and satisfying.

OLD HOUSES AT CUMNER, BERKS

IN "The Book of Garden Furniture,"[1] Mr. Charles Thonger gives in few words a deal of good advice upon a kind of garden embellishment without which, however luxuriant may be the flowers, few garden scenes are complete. The object in selecting the examples for illustration is to send into deserved oblivion those forms of plant life done in cast iron and rustic contortions of wood which ill-bred enthusiasm has brought to our private grounds. The best positions for seats, dials, archways and treillage, are pointed out, so that these shall not only be seen to the best effect but that they may be used with the most convenience and comfort. Suitable flowers and vines to be planted about them are therefore suggested. The chapter on summer-houses is most useful and interesting. Remarks upon their construction are combined with advice upon their design and the conditions under which a garden should contain them. The author is true to his national type of garden in eschewing under the head of "pergolas" the ambitious Italian affairs which are only appropriate to architectural surroundings and are eyesores elsewhere. It is rather to the rustic arbor that he turns in directing its planting with as much precision as the shaping of the rods of iron or wood which are to support the clematis or the rambler. "As a good picture may be spoilt by a bad frame, so may a good garden be ruined by ugly boundary lines" is a remark under the head of "gates and fences" before numerous illustrations of different types of fences for different purposes. The book has a practical value for the dwelling owner by reason of the fact that expense of these ornaments is always kept in view and the sources from which they may be obtained is often named. To the design of gardens, also, the author's urgence upon good taste, congruity, the relation of these single objects to the whole is especially pertinent; and it is this extension of his subject that makes his little book valuable to American inquirers upon garden arrangement.

AN OPEN-AIR BREAKFAST HOUSE
*From "The Book of Garden Furniture"*

[1] "The Book of Garden Furniture," by Charles Thonger. 97 pp., 16mo. John Lane, London and New York, 1903. Price, cloth, $1.00 net.

Regarding the Congress of Architects to be held this year, Mr. W. L. B. Jenney, who is the representative of the American delegation, writes us as follows:

The Sixth International Congress of Architects, it is expected will be held in Madrid this month. I say expected because the Spaniard is very uncertain, never exact. I attended the previous meeting at Paris in 1900. They are held each third year. At the end of the session the Spanish delegation requested that the next meeting, 1903, be held in Madrid. The request was supported by official requests from Governmental authority from that city. The invitation was officially accepted by unanimous vote of the delegates present. The Spaniards had three years for preparation, but that was unimportant, for they believe in the so-called (in Spain) golden rule "Never do today what can be deferred until tomorrow," so that they are jocosely called the *Mananas*; so universal is their disposition to postpone everything. The result was that at the last moment they decided to postpone the meeting of the Architectural Congress until April, 1904.

I learned that there was an International Medical Congress in Madrid at about the same time that the architects were to have been there. This was given as the reason that they were obliged to postpone the meeting of the architects, as they could not properly entertain the architects and the "medicos" at the same time. This they proved to be true by the very poor treatment they gave the "medicos." I heard of it everywhere. A delegate who was not a special government delegate stood no chance at all. Little or no attention was given to engaged rooms. The hotels and pensions were full, so the Spanish officers of the Congress appointed a committee to find rooms for guests, which they did, and the treasurer of the said committee decided that all delegates must pay in advance for their rooms for the full duration of the Congress, which they did. When the Congress was over and they wished to leave their room, they were astonished to receive a bill therefor. On being told that they had paid the treasurer of the committee duly appointed by the Congress, it was not disputed, but as they had not paid the landlords, the latter insisted on a repayment to them before the delegates were allowed to take their baggage from the room. The treasurer could not be found. He had collected all the money he could and had fled. No proposals to refund the money thus stolen were offered, not even an apology for such treatment. I would advise all architects who propose to attend the Architects' Convention to arm themselves with the strongest official documents they can procure, well ornamented with official seals from the United States Government, if possible, and from the Secretary of the American Institute of Architects and from their Chapter—the more the better to make the Spaniards think they are "big guns" in their profession.