

Vol. VIII

OCTOBER, 1905

No. 3

House & Garden

SIMPLE MATERIALS FOR
THE HOUSE

BY

W. L. PRICE



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

EDITED BY
CHARLES FRANCIS OSBORNE



CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1905

Interior of Hall, St. Audries House	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The Value and Use of Simple Materials in House Building <i>William L. Price</i> . .	103
Gallery Hall, Residence of E. J. Berwind, Newport, R. I. <i>Horace Trumbauer</i> .	116
Houses with a History—Battle Abbey	<i>P. H. Ditchfield</i> . . 117
Floral Arrangement in Japan	<i>Edmund Buckley, Ph.D.</i> 125
Whitby Hall, A Vanishing Landmark of Philadelphia . .	<i>Edwin Bateman Morris</i> 130
The Home of an Artist	<i>E. N. Vallandigham</i> . 135
St. Audries	<i>Fanny Acland Hood</i> . 139
The Creation of a Site	141
A House Costing Less Than Six Thousand Dollars . . .	<i>George Spencer Morris</i> 146
Amecameca, Mexico	<i>Wilson Eyre</i> 148
Good and Bad Types of Semi-Detached Houses	149
House and Garden Correspondence	150
Notes and Reviews	152, xiii, xiv, xv, xix

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INTERIOR OF HALL, ST. AUDRIES HOUSE

(SEE PAGE 139)

House and Garden

Vol. VIII

October, 1905

No. 3

THE VALUE AND USE OF SIMPLE MATERIALS IN HOUSE BUILDING

BY WILLIAM L. PRICE

THE advantages of the use of common and rough local materials seem to me to be threefold. First, they are cheap; second, they are easily obtainable; and third, they are beautiful. Burroughs says somewhere that a house should be built of materials picked up at hand, and in large degree he seems to me to be right. Not only for sentimental and practical reasons but because it tends to produce types—tends towards a pleasing homogeneity in local style that is altogether good.

If you walk through the counties of England, you will find just such varied yet typical local color. Tile-roofed timbered houses here, thatched whitewashed houses there, stone and slate or brick houses in another section; and these cottages, simple in themselves and devoid of ornament in most part, make together that world-charming Rural England that is without peer.

We have boxed the compass architecturally, raking over the world's scrap-heap of

styles and the supply man's scrap heap of materials and, as a consequence, urban and rural districts alike are for the most part marred not only by a total lack of local significance in architecture, but by a lack of any homogeneity of style, material, or color, and the result is an unrestful hodgepodge, blatantly declaring its crudities, instead of adding an air of brooding homeliness to

Nature's beauties. Our homes should nestle among the trees and fields, not ramp upon the highways.

Now almost all localities offer in their stone, wood or brick clays, sand and pebbles, some dominant note of color or texture that, used intelligently, would give us just the fitness that the bird nest has—just the local color that would always harmonize. But some one has seen and admired a boulder house in its fit home among the boulders, and must import boulders to sandy flat or rolling sward.

So it is with architecture. You cannot



OLD ROUND JAMB WINDOWS IN THE
ROSE VALLEY GUEST HOUSE

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NOT QUITE SO SIMPLE

pluck up your English or Italian or Colonial by the roots and plant it here, there and everywhere and get results that are worth while. Architecture to be fit, must fit need and purpose and environment—fit the living purpose, not the dead precedent.

Emerson says:

"I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar."

Cheap ornament has been the bane of American architecture, whether it has been the jig-sawed atrocities of a day long happily

past, or the painfully correct historic ornament moulded or pressed or even carved, from which we now suffer. There must be some reason for the use of ornament. There certainly was once. But even the best of classic ornament seems to me to sink into nonsignificance compared with its simple prototype. How infinitely more beautiful the hanging swags of fruit or of wreaths, leaves and flowers, showing forth the joyousness of man's harvest time, than the frozen fruit of his skill in ornate frieze and marble cap. Certainly when the artist, unable to control himself in the joy of his art, carved or painted on the walls of use, he glorified building. But how much of our so-called decoration springs from the fountain of unrestrainable art? Do we not after all use decoration for color and texture, rather than for the expres-

sion of ideals? Ornament should for its excuse plead interest as well as beauty, but what interest can there be in endless repetition even of a most interesting model, or meaningless and inappropriate historic ornament? We carve and mould and paint to get texture and color, when the very rough materials that we hide away in cellar walls and backing, would give us better texture and better color than we can obtain in veneered surface or ornamented frieze. We are beginning to learn this in regard to brick, demanding that the brick shall show the touch of fire, and shall have some of the lovely texture of rough clay. But then we destroy largely its value by over ornamented wood or over cut stone.

If we would consider the structural significance of all our material (and there is no architecture without this), if we would treat wood as wood, stone as stone, and brick and plaster for what they are, and carry the



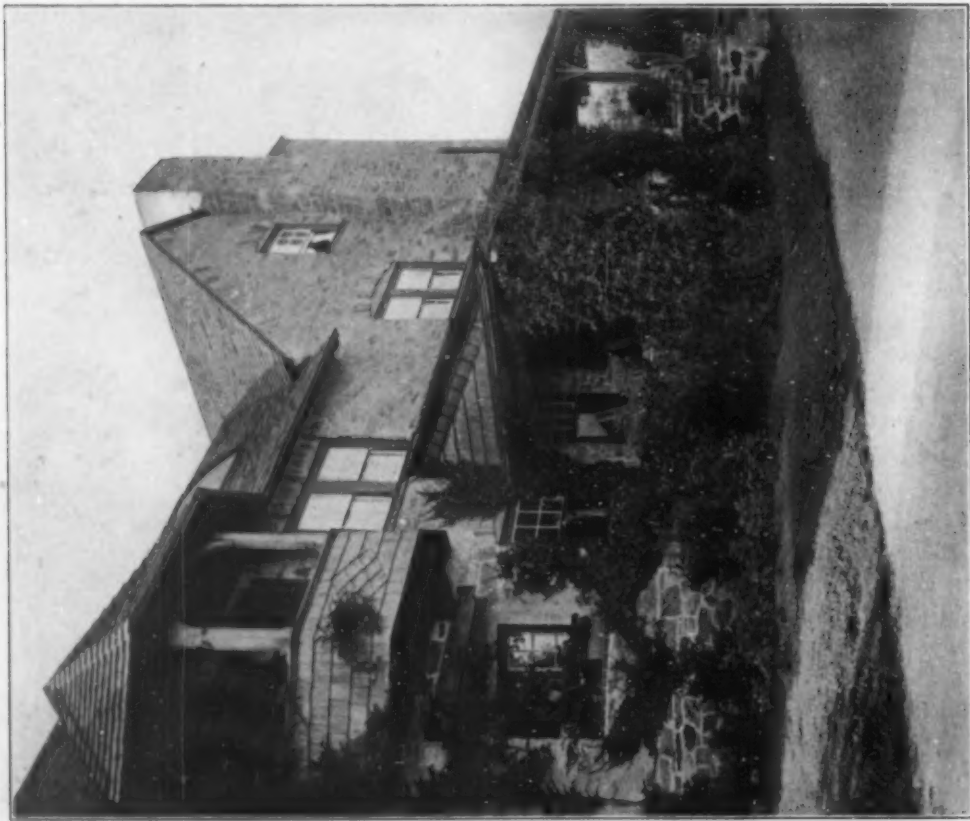
AFTER NATURE HAS DONE HER PART



ROUGH BRICK FIREPLACE WITH TILE INLAYS IN PLASTER



A KITCHEN PORCH



DETAIL OF THE HOUSE AT WALLINGFORD

The Value and Use of Simple Materials in House Building

work in them just to the point where utility ends, we might realize an architectural significance impossible in our abortive attempts to import style and taste. Then if there were money left to pay for it and artists to do it, we might add that touch of elegance produced in symmetrical and forceful building, by ornament. It is not that this end is never achieved, for it is, sporadically and often accidentally, through the necessity of economy. What I am asking you to consider is the desirability of the use of simple material through choice, not accident.

Very little of our more important work is at all sketchable, and I think that much of the good old work was not particularly picturesque or beautiful until Time had chipped away its over nicety and mellowed its ornament into color and texture. But why should we have to wait for this mellowing of age when Nature has been at work for untold ages rounding and staining materials ready to our hand? When she would turn our oak and chestnut to the most inimitable violet greys if we would hold off our varnish and our paint? The charming color of stone and softly blended pointing on an old barn wall is infinitely more attractive than the smug newness of our carefully picked quarry stone with all color and interest specified out of it, with which latter we



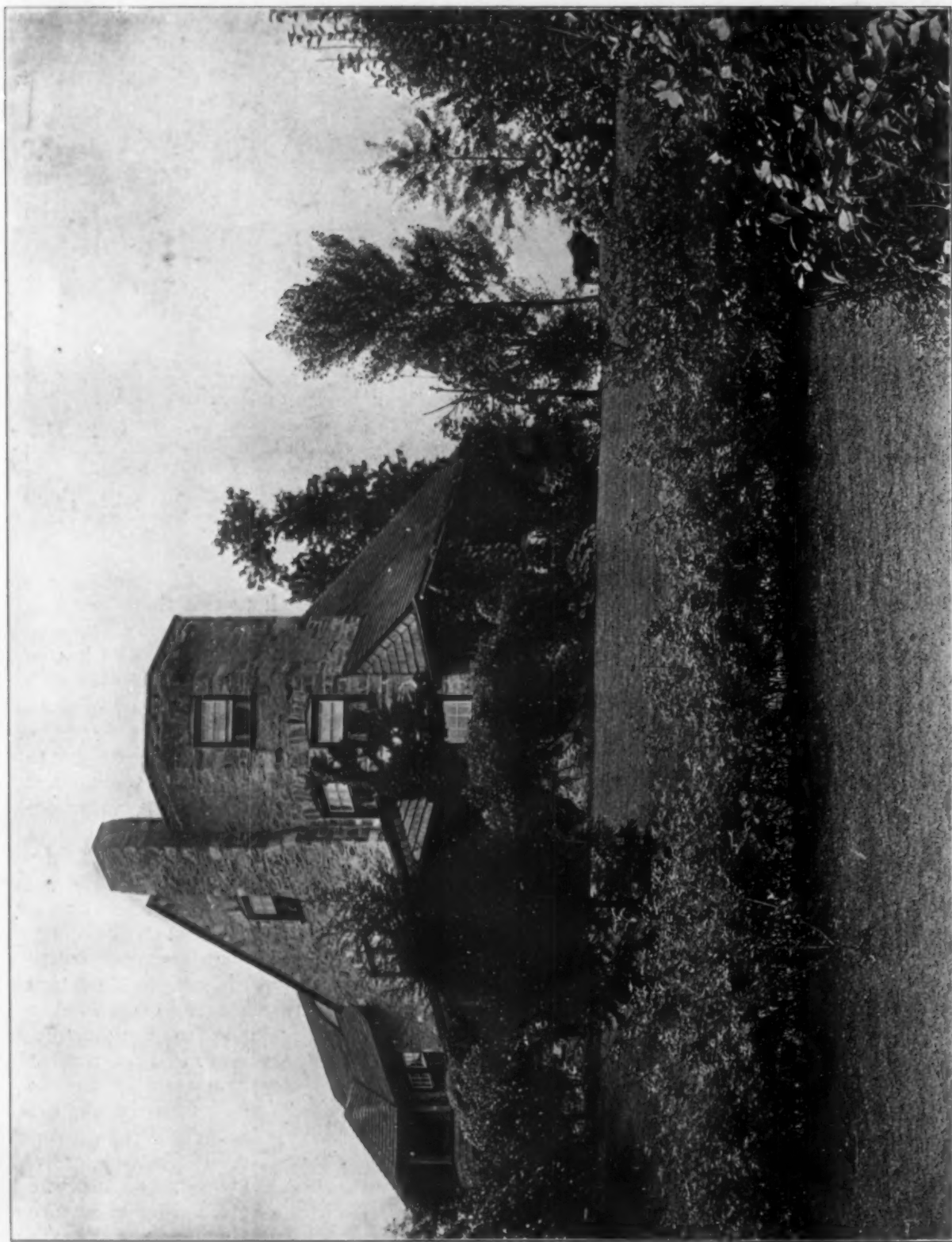
OLD AND NEW

can only live in the hope that the native iron in it will some time rescue it from its barrenness. But why wait, when field and hedgerow and quarry top are brimming over with flint and boulder, or the mellowest of iron-stained stone?

Get a stone-mason also indigenous to the soil, and with some interest in his work, and you can piece out your old barn walls or build new walls, that will drop into place alike with the old work and the landscape. There is a better day dawning. We are going back to gardening, which goes to show that Nature is being considered in its relation to architecture, and while our effort at present seems mainly to lie in the direction of torturing Nature into a shape to match our houses, still we will grow, and eventually architecture will be tamed to meet Nature at least half way. We are building cut stone English gardens which stand for generations of landlordism and



HOW OLD AND NEW MAY TIE TOGETHER



A HOUSE AT WALLINGFORD



A SIMPLE PLASTER HOUSE AT ROSE VALLEY



READY FOR THE GARDENER AND NATURE TO DO THEIR PART

Walls built of iron stained quarry stone with flint and gneiss intermingled, running from almost white through grades of yellow, brown and grey to almost dead black, pointed and dashed above with creek sand mortar, tying all together.



ANOTHER STAIRWAY WITHOUT BALUSTERS IN REMODELLED FARMHOUSE

Walls of yellow Japanese glass cloth; woodwork, bronze oak

The Value and Use of Simple Materials in House Building

servitude. We are building marble Italian gardens which stand for the exclusions of the palace. And later on we will build American gardens which will stand for democracy and homeliness. We already show signs of reaching forward to the sweet simplicity of our grandmothers' flower gardens that we thought we had left behind us when we side-stepped culture and the joy of living, in our eager search for the means for life, which we mistook for the proper end of life. But already some of us think that we know that a whitewashed picket fence is a better garden ornament than a marble wall, and a pebbled pool than sculptured basin; that Nature nestles up to rough-hewn post or wall or well-curb more lovingly than to any clean-cut marble pergola; that sculptured faun or satyr has no place in a cottage garden, unless indeed it be one of those rare expressions of a master soul that could make even a desert its fitting niche. Real sculpture is no more an intrusion in garden or house, than man's true music is an interruption of Nature's melodies. It is the fulfillment, the crowning touch of



THE FIREPLACE IN MR. PRICE'S OFFICE

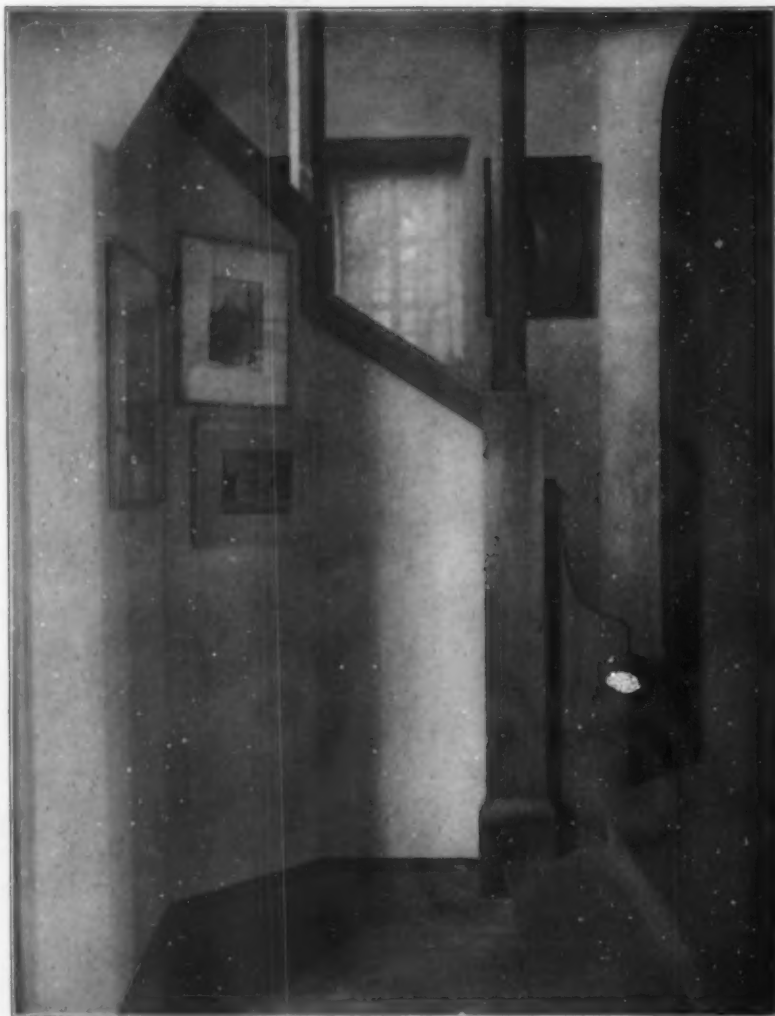


CHESTNUT POSTS GUILTLESS OF OIL OR VARNISH

Nature's plan; but to be so, it must be the joyous expression of a sentiment not mere sound or form. So, when you go a-gardening, do not plan for the unknown singer or sculptor. If he comes, the niche will be there, never fear.

Build your house and your garden (for your house is not a home without a garden, or your garden a garden without a house), to fit the needs of yourself and your friends—to express their life, to shelter their intimacies, and to proclaim their joyousness. Build it simply, for we are at heart a simple people, joying in the doing rather than in the having of things. Build it of the materials next at hand, and you will wake up some day to find that we have an American architecture, as typical and expressive as the world has known.

When the artist goes out to sketch, it is worth while for the home builder to follow. He



HOW A STAIRWAY MAY BE BUILT WITHOUT BALUSTERS
OR MOULDINGS

does not select his subject from the old or dilapidated because the wall is old or the building dilapidated, but because they give him the color and form he wants. A ruin, except to the morbid, is not more interesting than a new building because it is in ruins. Nature has merely undone man's over work, and if we took our cue from the artist and through him from the general taste, we could build as paintable buildings as ever existed, and with all that subtle human character that lingers around the old. Of course Nature must have a few seasons in which to creep up to the door side and wipe out the scars of man's hasty building, and after that each year should add something to the intimacy. But simply and beautifully designed and built, the house would

never offend, and would in itself be the prophecy of beauties to come. But you must abandon much that is routine and easy of accomplishment in designing. Your problem is no office problem of machine-cut limestone and mill-made woodwork, fashioned after the bookmen's rules. You must design in the open, with a mind wide to seize upon any tiny suggestion of Nature or of your client's will or whim. You must diagnose the case, not as a doctrinaire with a well laid out scheme of design, and a series of fixed styles in mind, into one of which your client and his site are to be moulded, but as an artist, taking note of harmonies of line and color, of Nature's proffered materials and suggestions in rock or sand or clay. She will surely have some dominant note to which you must bow, and with which other materials must be made to blend. It may be the color of the stone at hand. It may be its roughness, or smoothness, or its cleavage, that shall set the pace. It may be even

the color of the local creek sand that, running through dashed wall or pointed stone, gives that bond that is necessary to tie your house and garden to the busy earth. No artificial pigment can supply the lack of this kind of color. No hewn stone can give the native touch of texture. No ornament can take the place of either. The delicate grey of chestnut fence-post and rail, or silvery sheen on shingle or unpainted siding, cannot be matched by any stain, and if you have not time to wait, build in a suburb. You have no place in Nature's heart. Not that you may not bring Nature into the suburb, or even the city; but if you will you must stand your neighbor's finger of scorn, though afterwards possibly his envy. He will look on your simple backing stone walls, your

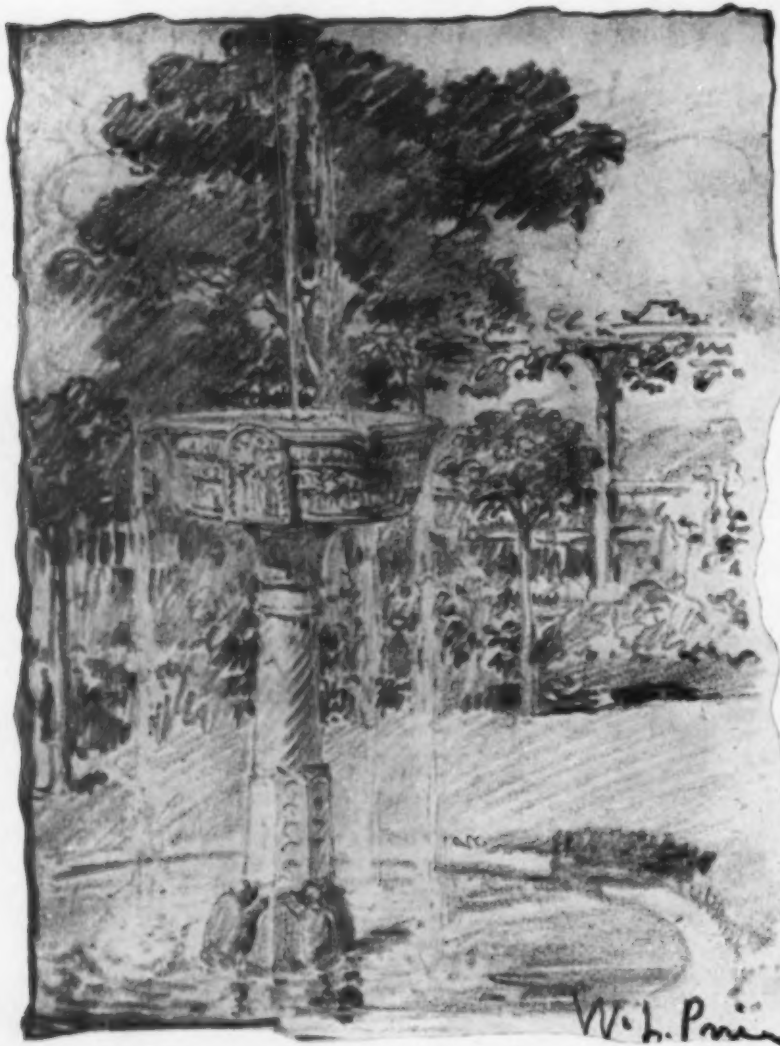
rough plaster, and your weather-stained wood, as evidences of poverty and meanness. And beware of the wise and prudent in yourself that sees in the practical, only dollars and cents and physical comfort, leaving out of count the equally practical esthetic and spiritual side of life—that inner consciousness of our better self to which the larger things are evident. Rank sentiment? Yes, but so is all beauty that is not born of pride and ostentation. Be practical to the uttermost. Make your plan fit the smallest as well as the greatest physical need. Sacrifice symmetry, style, precedent, anything, to it, but don't forget that the soul must be fed as well as the body. Don't forget that the home is to be the cradle of the ideal of the next generation, and the new truth that is to make the practical possible. Don't forget that modern steam power was the child of the teakettle, born at the fire-side, and that art is the mother of all unborn mysteries, for it is through her we grow.

Take time to think about your house and garden, so that it may be your home, not your lodging, as fit for another as for you. But don't think when you have taken time and thought as to the plan, that the work is done. You will have to give the mason, the joiner, and the plasterer a chance, and by giving him a chance I don't mean signing a contract with him. If he cannot add some touch of individuality to his work, you have planned in vain. You must coax his interests into your walls. You must make him a mason, not merely a fulfiller of specifications. You cannot specify the unknown individuality that must be built stone by stone into your wall. You say that you cannot find such skillful and artistic masons? Have you tried? He is hid away in the bosom of most

men. The art instinct is primeval. It drives the humblest of savages to express himself in the work of his hands. But we have made him very shy, and with our exact specifications, our deadly detail and superior knowledge, we have well-nigh crushed him out. But give me the many-jobbed mason of the countryside, the backing stone you hide in cellar walls, a little time, and I'll show you walls that sunbeams and creepers will cling to to your heart's content; garden seats and pergolas that will be no intrusion; not a house, but a home, that will woo you away from smug structures of cut stone and painted wood, back to good fellow Nature's side, who stands tapping at your garden gate, who when you will not have her for year-round fellow, still draws you away to moun-



SIMPLICITY FOR THOSE WHO UNDERSTAND



A PENCIL SKETCH

tain shack or pebbly beach in summer breathing time; and this feast of simplicity to which I ask you is no unattainable mecca of the rich. It does not lie in palace land, but is here, holding out its hands to rich and poor alike, in every countryside, when we shall have sense enough to hear its call. Accept Morris's comprehensive summing up. "Have nothing in your house that you do not know to be useful, and believe to be beautiful." And remember that beauty is only fitness, and that while there is a beauty of gold and mahogany, there is also a beauty of iron and hemlock, of cypress and of chestnut. There is a beauty of marble balusters and carved stairways, but when Whistler painted the lovely portrait of his mother, the chosen background was the soft grey of a plastered wall.

114

I am not merely making the claim that simplicity is cheap and cleanly, but that it is more beautiful than elaboration as a background to the best of our lives. Did you ever stop to think that the average stairway has from fifty to a hundred balusters, each one of which cost money to put in, every twist and turning of which means dirt and work in cleaning? And every bead and fillet in every moulding in your house means more dirt and more cleaning. And what do you buy with this care and worry? Certainly not always or even often, beauty, or at least not the only beauty.

The Japanese have taught us, among some other things, the beauty of the grain of even the commonest woods. Most of their exquisitely toned work is in soft spruce-like woods. The use of perfectly plain casings with a little care in selection and treatment, would give our houses a distinction not otherwise obtainable in work of moderate cost.

The Japanese not only know the beauty of simple backgrounds for their priceless treasures, but they also know that the value of this beauty is enormously enhanced by the fact that the treasures they show have no competitors. These are locked away in cupboards for the joy of another day. When they adorn with flowers, it is with no mere overpowering mass, but exquisite arrangements of line and color of which vase or bowl, leaf, branch, blossom and grey or dull gold silk or paper background, form one simple and harmonious whole. How we "civilized" people envy them, and how little we emulate their methods! It is not necessary or wise that we should copy them. Flower arrangements and delicate bronze or porcelain may not be our forte. But the law of contrasts

The Value and Use of Simple Materials in House Building

is eternal, and simplicity is ever the best setting, either for modest utility or most exquisite work of art, and human life is our masterpiece, deserving the best of our thought for its setting.

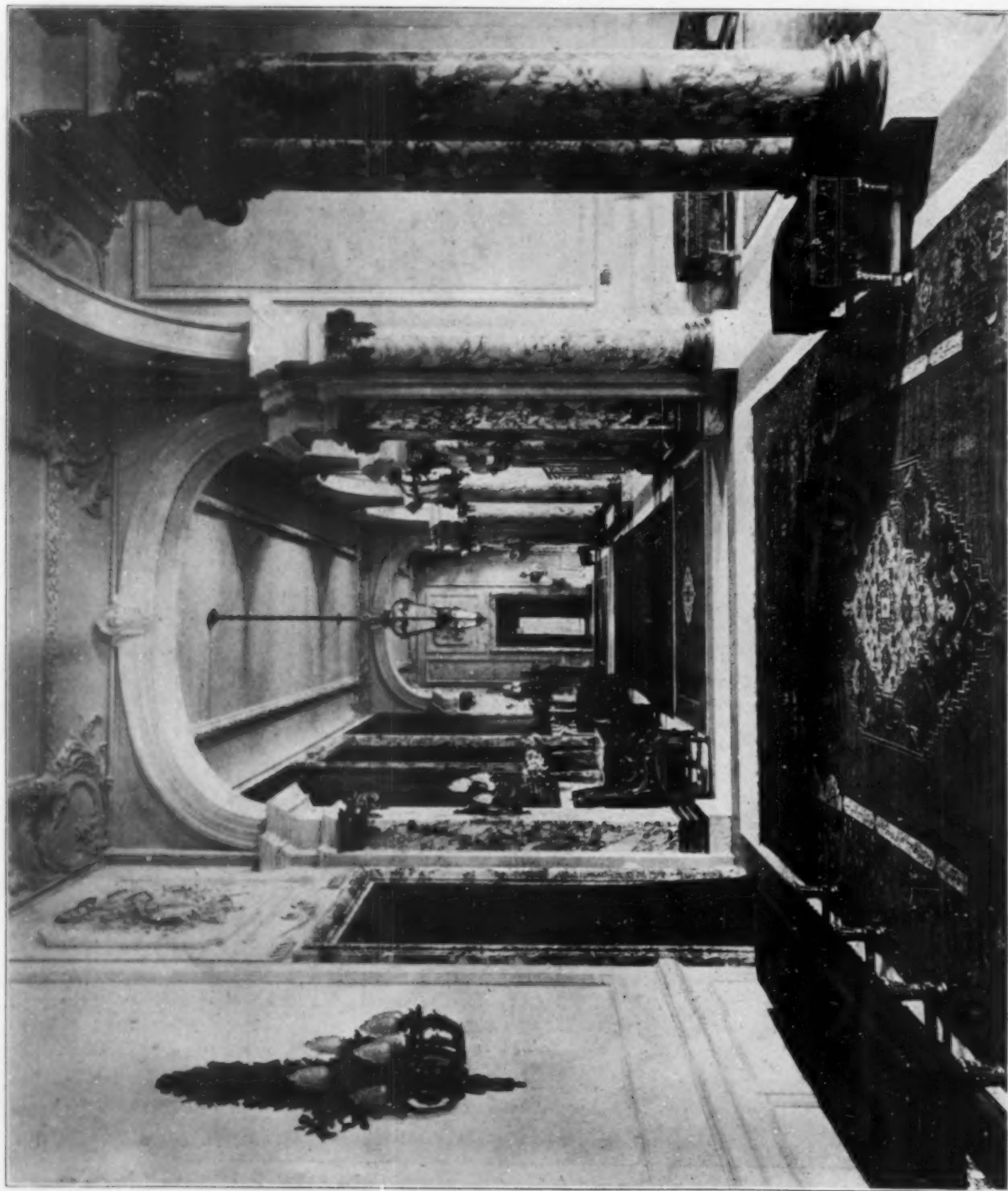
The photographs accompanying this article are in a large part from the house and studios built for Charles H. and Alice Barber

Stephens at Rose Valley. The studios are in an old stone barn the large doors of which now form the north windows and skylights of the studios, and the house has been built at one end of the old barn. It has been the effort in this and the other work shown to get just such a local character as the article is intended to advocate.



A FOUNTAIN IN CEMENT

Designed and executed by W. R. MERCER, JR.



THE GALLERY HALL, RESIDENCE OF E. J. BERWIND, ESQ., NEWPORT, R. I.

HORACE TRUMBAUER, Architect

HOUSES WITH A HISTORY

BATTLE ABBEY

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

AMONG the historic homes of England, the interest of none ranks higher than this ancient Abbey of Battle, founded by William the Conqueror in order to commemorate the crowning victory of the Field of Senlac, and in expiation of his vow. "I make a vow," he said, as he donned his armour on the morn of that day fatal to the English, "that upon this place of battle I will found a suitable Monastery for the salvation of you all, and especially of those who fall, and this I will do in honour of God and His saints, to the end that the servants of God may be succoured, that even as I shall be enabled to acquire for myself a propitious asylum, so it may be freely offered to all my followers." The Abbey of Battle represents the fulfilment of that vow, a memorial of one of the fiercest fights ever fought on English soil, and one fraught with the most far-reaching destinies for the English people.

Students of Professor Freeman's *Norman*

Conquest need not be reminded of the details of that portentous battle, how victory wavered in the balance, how bravely the English fought for their homes and country against the on-rushing Norman host. In the stillness of a summer eve we seem to hear again the clash of arms and the echoing Norman battle-cry, *Dieu aidé*, and the answering English shout, "Out, out! Holy Cross! God Almighty!" We seem to see in the hazy sunlight the gleam of the conical helmets of the Norman warriors, their kite-shaped shields, and spears and swords, as they marshal their ranks to charge the English armed with their clubs and heavy battle-axes. Taillefer, the Norman troubadour, chanting the song of Roland, begins the fight, and is the first to fall. Hundreds of the invaders perish miserably in the Malfosse, the stream that flows beneath the ridge extending from Mount Street to Caldbec Hill. A panic seizes the invading hosts, they turn to fly.



TELHAM HILL AND THE BATTLE FIELD



FRONT OF BATTLE ABBEY

Now William and his warrior-bishop half-brother, Odo of Bayeaux, stay the panic-stricken crowd. Now the English break their serried ranks in order to pursue the vanquished invaders, and then the tide of battle turns. Arrows fly fast and thick. Harold is wounded in the eye. The English are beaten back, and a complete rout and savage butchery follows. But Harold and his faithful body-guard still guard the English Standard. At last a warrior strikes him on the ventaille of the helmet and beats him to the ground. He struggles to rise, another knight strikes him on the thick of the thigh and he falls to rise no more. Where the high altar of the Abbey Church was raised, there is the exact spot where brave Harold, the last Saxon King of England died; where perished too Saxon England. The Norman banner supplants the royal standard of the English, and the Conqueror eats and drinks amongst the dead, and makes his bed upon the blood-stained field.

All this and much more flits before our memories as we view this historic spot, now so calm and peaceful and so beautiful, and our eyes are fixed upon this noble house which, by its sweet perfections almost drives away the recollection of that grim slaughter. The Conqueror found the English so troublesome to subdue that he had little time to build monasteries, and perhaps if it had not been for the frequent reminders of William

Faber, monk, who overheard the royal vow, Battle Abbey might never have been erected. However at length the builders began their work. Monk Faber sent for some of his brother monks from his Abbey of Marmontier to help him in designing the building. The site was not particularly favourable, a barren, wind-swept hill which lacked good water, was surrounded by dense woods and had no good stone for building. The monks wished to change the site, but William raged and stormed at them, and bade them do as he ordered, engaging to bring stone from Caen. The royal founder did not live to see his work completed, and the dedication of the Abbey took place in 1094, in the presence of his worthless son, William Rufus. Sixty monks of the Benedictine order were brought from Faber's Abbey of Marmontier; Battle was endowed with many rich manors, and was dedicated to St. Martin, the patron saint of warriors. Its Abbot was a person of high dignity. Supreme he ruled in his own domain, unfettered by any episcopal jurisdiction. He wore a mitre which entitled him to a seat in Parliament, and carried a bishop's crozier.

We shall see presently what time has left of the work of these Norman builders. Life in the Abbey passed tranquilly and peacefully. Sometimes royal visits disturbed for a brief space its accustomed calm. Hither came the renegade John, "shaking like a

Battle Abbey

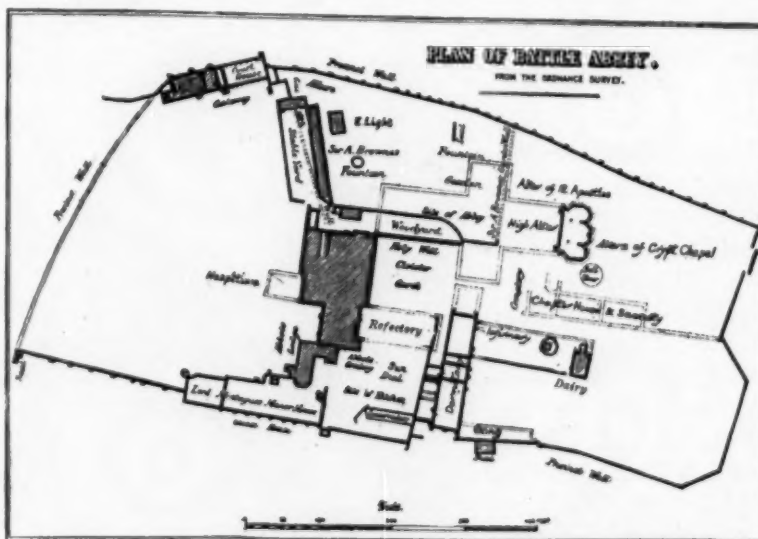


ANCIENT SEAL OF BATTLE ABBEY SHOWING
THE MONASTIC CHURCH, NOW DESTROYED

quicksand," offering upon the high altar a piece of the Holy Sepulchre brought from Palestine by his Lion-hearted brother. This was in the year 1200. In 1212 and 1213 he came again, seeking in the quiet cloisters for the peace he sought in vain elsewhere. The visits of Henry III. delighted not the monks. Attended by a troop of knights he demanded a considerable contribution from the Abbot's treasury for his contest with his barons. The battle of Lewes was then pending, and after his defeat the King sought refuge within the Abbey walls. At the beginning and end of his reign Edward I. came here, and Edward II. was entertained with much hospitality, and high was the feasting in the Abbot's hall. The table groaned beneath the weight of the peacocks, bream, swans, herons, "fessants", capons and twenty-score and four loaves from the Abbot's kitchen. Edward III. gave leave to the Abbot Alan de Retlynge to crenellate and fortify the Abbey. There were exciting times in the year 1377, and Abbot Hamo de Offyngton earned for himself the proud title of the "saver of Sussex and all Eng-

land." The French had captured the Isle of Wight and were coasting towards Winchelsea, when the news of their threatened invasion reached the Abbot. He sallied forth with his vassals and men-at-arms, and hastened to defend the town. The French sent messengers demanding a ransom. The Abbot replied that it was early to think of buying what he had not yet lost. The French offered to decide the matter by single combat. "No," said the Abbot, "I am a Religious, and only seek to defend and keep the peace of my country." The French said he was a craven, and began to attack the town; but so well did the Abbot's men fight, that the invaders were driven into the sea, and the poor Prior of Lewes, their prisoner, was rescued. "Ware the Abbot of Battel when the Prior of Lewes is taken prisoner," said the men of Sussex for many a year afterwards.

But soon the days of the Abbey were numbered. On a sweet May morning in 1538, the commissioners of Henry VIII. came on their shameful errand of plunder. They came along the highways decked in the spoils of the desecrated chapels, with copes for doublets, tunics for saddle-cloths, and the silver relic-cases hammered into shields for their daggers. A few months later the Abbey buildings were granted to Sir Anthony Browne, a favourite courtier. As he was feasting in the Abbot's hall on the night of his accession to the property, a solitary cowed figure appeared, and pronounced the



PLAN OF BATTLE ABBEY



HIGH ALTAR AND CEDARS

famous "curse of Cowdrey." The monk told him that by fire and water his line should perish. Two hundred and fifty years later the curse was fulfilled, Cowdrey house was burnt to the ground, and the last Viscount Montague, the lineal descendant of Sir Anthony, was drowned in the Rhine. The property was sold in 1901, and now has an American owner.

Sir Anthony deserved his curse (though it was a long time in working), for he pulled down the noble church, the chapter-house, cloisters and other monastic buildings. In spite of this Battle Abbey remains one of the most interesting mansions in the Kingdom. One comes away with confused memories of grey walls embraced by white clematis and red rose, gloomy underground caverns with double rows of arches, benignant cedars, fragrant limes, and a sweet fountain or rose garden with fantastic beds. The camellia walk and the yew-tree path attract the passing pilgrim, while in the grounds he feasts his eyes on the lily pond, and the three ancient stew ponds of the Abbey, wherein the fish were preserved which provided the monastic tables with food on fast-days.

Within the high surrounding walls of the precincts flourish oaks and limes, sycamores, poplars, chestnuts, scobel firs, and some fine *auracaria imbricata*. We will try to describe each part of this pleasant picture.

First, we come to the grand gateway where many a pilgrim has come to view the relics, and many a criminal has knocked to claim sanctuary. On the right of the gate is the old almonry house, a fine, half-timbered building erected for the accommodation of pilgrims. The gateway, one of the finest in England, is a noble example of Late Decorated work, and has not suffered from "restoration." It was built mainly by Abbot Retlynge about the year 1338 when, as I have said, Edward III. granted license to crenelate and fortify the Abbey. It has a frontage of 150 feet, and consists of a central portion and two wings of unequal length. Retlynge built the central and east wing, utilizing the west wing which was built in the late Norman period, and transforming it by inserting decorated windows and ornamentations. At least that is the story which the stones tell. The central tower rises to a height of 54 feet and is 35 feet square. There is a large gate and a postern. There is a vaulted ceiling, and heads appear in the



RUINS OF DORMITORY

Battle Abbey

bosses which are said to be those of William the Conqueror, Harold and his queen Edith the Fair, or the Swan-neck: according to other authorities the two last represent Edward III. and Queen Philippa. Over the door leading to the monastic prisons is the Hangman's Beam, a convincing evidence of the might of the Abbot, who had the power of life or death over his prisoners. You can see the grooves in which the portcullis worked. It was manipulated by a sentinel stationed in a small closet in the turret. There are also openings in the vaulted ceiling for pouring down boiling oil or melted lead or red-hot sand upon an attacking foe, and also a small stone cauldron for heating these mediæval materials for defence. Amongst the carvings I noticed that of a smirking gentleman with flowing hair, and of another watching intently a beautifully carved little nun in gorget and pointed wimple with a smiling face, engaged at her devotions. The finest view of the building is that seen from the Abbey courtyard. The Eastern wing has lacked a roof for over a century. It was the Manor Court House, and was altered by Sir Anthony Browne.

We now walk along the drive past the wall



SPOT WHERE KING HAROLD FELL

of the stable-yard, and have a fine view of the west front of the Abbey. The two windows on the left, which are modern, give light to a fine vaulted room now used as a drawing-room. This room is said to have been the Locutorium of the monks, though this is doubtful. Above are some suites of apartments which formed part of the Abbot's Solar. The roofs are not ancient, as necessity compelled them to be renewed in 1720. Then we see the interior of the great Hall, a noble apartment, the dining-hall of the Abbot. The present roof was erected in 1812, but it

follows in design the former one, and is composed of hammer-beams with pendants, queen posts and rafters. The old daïs remains, the panelling is modern. The walls bear the shields and banners of the Norman leaders. Over the large fireplace are the arms of England and the Abbey. Some panels of fine old arras tapestry adorn the walls, brought from the Continent by Sir



GRAND GATEWAY



THE HALL

Godfrey Webster at the beginning of the last century. The subjects are taken from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*. There are some fine portraits of the Webster family painted by Reynolds, Lawrence, Romney and Murray. On the dais stands the Abbot's Chair, beside which two figures in armour stand sentinel, and at the other end is the minstrel's gallery. It is a noble room wherein many a king and earl and knight have enjoyed the Abbot's hospitality, and wherein the spoiler of the Abbey held his feast when he heard the "curse of Cowdrey." Next we view on the south the new wing called Queen Elizabeth's wing. Formerly on this site stood part of the Abbot's lodging, reconstructed by Sir Anthony for the accommodation of the Princess Elizabeth. He was so great a favorite of his royal master that he was appointed guardian to his daughter, who, however, on account of the courtier's death never came to Battle. The present building is modern, and was erected by the Duke of Cleveland in 1858. It contains a noble library.

A remarkable feature of the west front is the curious carving of the gargoyles. I noticed three mediæval minstrels, close shaven with long hair and flat caps, one is playing a

mandolin, another a harp and the third a fife and drum. On the string course are four grotesques; others, I am told, have disappeared. There is a weird winged figure with the legs of a goat, a fierce lion, the broad fringe of its mane resting on its forepaws, a hooded monk grinning from ear to ear. The carving is bold and free, though somewhat coarse and rough, and full of humour and spirit. There are curious full length little figures on the battlements, with their feet dangling down, looking quaint and strange. These figures are unique.

Ascending the stone steps leading to the Upper Terrace, we stand on the site of the old Guest House or Hospitium of the Abbey, where the strangers who flocked for entertainment to the Monastery were lodged. This was presided over by the hosteller who, in another house, was required to have the qualifications of "facility of expression, elegant manners, and a respectable bringing up; and if he have no substance to bestow, he may, at any rate, exhibit a cheerful countenance and agreeable conversation, for friends are multiplied by agreeable words." Here clean cloths and towels, cups and spoons, mattresses, blankets, sheets, pillows and quilts were always in readiness. Beneath

our feet still remains a barrel-vaulted chamber, the crypt of the hospitium. The rest has perished, having been destroyed in order to make way for Sir Anthony's Manor House. This, too, has vanished, with the exception of the two stair turrets, which stand out gaunt and solitary, sole relics of the Tudor mansion. A wing of the house extended westward 40 feet beyond these turrets.

From this terrace you can see the field of Senlac, at the time of the Conquest a wild, rough, bare down covered with heather and furze. Here, on this very spot, the Saxons took their stand. Over there, on our left, is Telham Hill, where the Norman host rested on the eve of the battle. We need not again follow the fortunes of the fight, in which 30,000 men are said to have perished, after a battle which lasted nine hours.

We will now pass on to the monastic buildings, and try to rear in imagination the glorious minster that once stood there. Scarcely a wall remains. Its length was 315 feet, and its ground plan was in the shape of a cross. The wall on the right of the wood-yard is the south wall of the south aisle. On the south side of this was the old cloister court, now a very charming flower garden.

The vaulted cloisters surrounded this on its four sides. On the north side of this court was the south aisle of the church, on the east the south transept, chapter-house and dormitory, on the south the refectory, and on the west the existing house, which then consisted of the Beggars' Hall, a fine vaulted room, and the Lay Brothers' Dormitory. A buttress, a jamb, some cinquefoiled arcading, are all that remains of the refectory. The interior arches of the west walk of the cloister are seen on the front of the house.

The great monastic dormitory remains, a long imposing building, though roofless. It is 150 feet in length. Its lancet windows (twenty-four in number) and buttresses show that it was constructed in the Early English period. Beneath this are three vaulted chambers, with Purbeck marble pillars, the uses of which can only be conjectured. One is said to have been the scriptorium and library which had a charcoal fire burning in its centre for the monks to warm themselves and dry their parchments. The fragments of a stone seat are seen surrounding one of the rooms, and a large cross of white stone is inserted in one of the walls. The form is unusual, as the arms are slightly raised. The volute appears



THE DRAWING-ROOM



CLOISTER FRONT

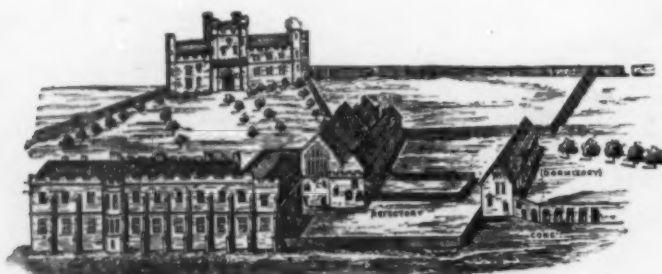
in the carved capital of one of the pillars.

One other sight must be seen. Excavations have revealed the three eastern chapels of the crypt of the beautiful minster. Above these once stood the three eastern chapels of the church, and nigh these the high altar of the church (some distance westward of the spot usually pointed out), erected on the place where the last Saxon King of England fell, and with him the flower of his brave army. Tradition, handed down from father to son, had for centuries preserved the remembrance

the memories of ancient prowess and the death of heroes.

Pilgrims still come in crowds to visit this historic house, though the shrines and holy relics have long since vanished, but the privilege of sanctuary has not quite lapsed in this place of peace and quiet, girt by its noble elms, its yew-tree walks, its hollies, while the rooks caw overhead: a very lovely sanctuary from the world's rude clamour and the restlessness of modern life, a garden and a house of Peace.

of this historic spot, and the evidence found by the spade confirmed the truth of the legend. This is the most historic spot in all England. Here Harold and his brothers were slain surrounded by the men of London. Here was the grave of Saxon liberty. Here William knelt in thanksgiving for the crowning victory of Senlac, and giant cedars guard the spot hallowed by



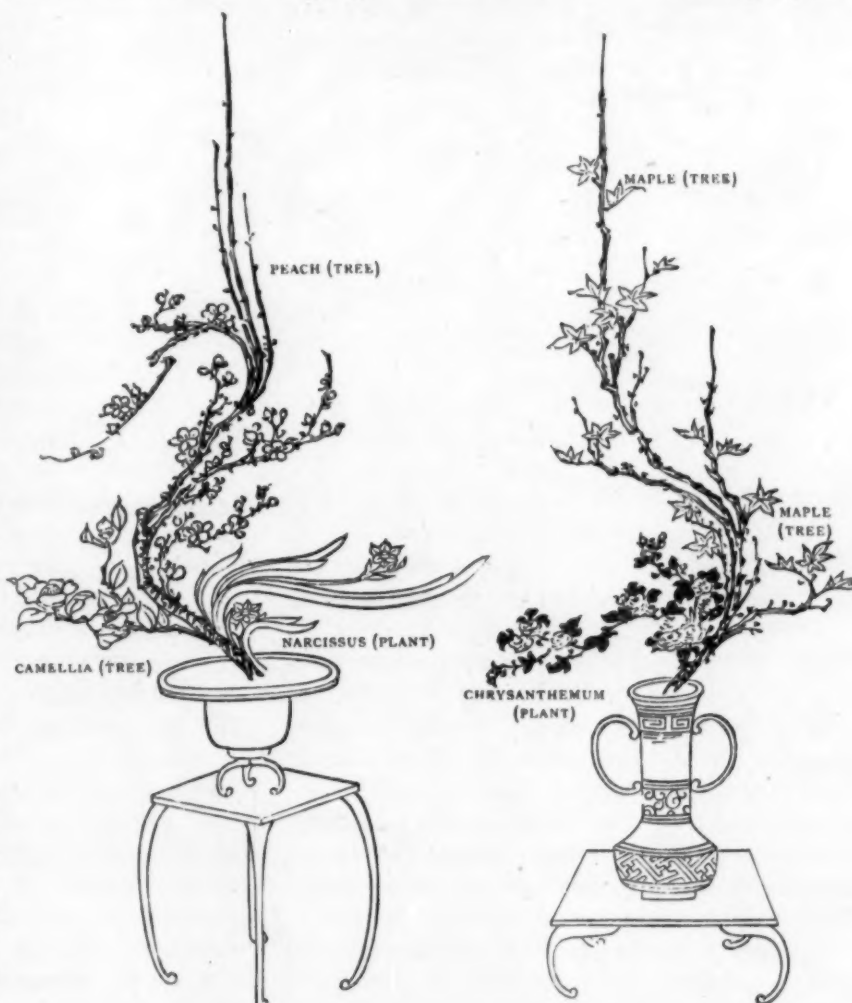
Battle Abbey from the Court Manor Map, 1724

FLORAL ARRANGEMENT IN JAPAN

By EDMUND BUCKLEY, PH. D.

THE European style of flower arrangement is to gather a wide variety of blooms into a solidly packed, hemispherical bunch, with an eye to harmonious color effect. This is the bouquet, it is hardly seen in the United States, and its obvious drawback is hardness of contour. The current American style is either to group a score or so of blooms of one kind, in order to obtain a mass of one color, or to dispose a few choice specimens in a narrow vase without further thought than for their individual beauty. But not one in a hundred persons ever considers the harmony of that color mass with its surroundings, or the disposition of these individuals as members of a group. The drawback of the mass is that its separate flowers are braced against each other like utilitarian wheat in a sheaf, or else flop over each other like heaps of slain on a battlefield. As for the individual flower, it often seems to loll helplessly against the rim of its vessel like the lifeless form of Judy just murdered by her brutal Punch and flung across the balcony. It remains true, of course, that the beauty of leaf and bloom in point of both line and color is so consummate as to win universal admiration without good arrangement or even in spite of a bad one. But yet there is a more excellent way which we ourselves may devise; and the Japanese have shown us at least another way, which is but little understood, although its adoption would much extend our resources.

The Japanese name their floral art *ikebana*; and it is their own creation, being the outcome of two distinguishing Japanese traits, namely, ardent love of flowers and keen appreciation of line. It may easily pique the reader to see supremacy accorded the Japanese in two such fundamentals of human culture, but so the consensus of qualified judges goes. Where else are plum, peach, and cherry trees cultivated for their bloom rather than for their fruit? Where else do holiday crowds make the month's bloom their chief object of interest; and accompany it, not with feasting or revelry, but with versifying? Where else has a sovereign gazed



TWO TYPICAL JAPANESE FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS



AN UNBALANCED ARRANGEMENT

his fill at an aged plum tree arrayed anew in delicate bloom? and, having departed to some distance, returned to it in order to gaze again? As to keen appreciation of line in nature or art, a score of Western authorities, for example, W. Anderson and R. Muther, frankly accord supremacy to the Japanese; and the floral arrangement we are considering forms a conspicuous example of it.

Perhaps a third source for *ike-bana* should be cited, namely, that marvelous power for elaboration which has shown itself alike in the famous ceremonial tea, in the incense

pastime, in the lacquer art-craft, and in the recent perfect preparedness of the nation for war by land or sea. Mr. Francis Brinkley observes that, "Every social usage that has grown to maturity in Japan shows traces of elaborate care bestowed upon it by generation after generation of refined practice," and very well comments on the fact with, "Some credit may be claimed for a society that has occupied itself with such refined pastimes rather than with roulette, faro, or poker." Only the barest outline can be given here of a system which has grown since the sixth century and of which only a typical school is described in Mr. Conder's entire work on the floral art of Japan.

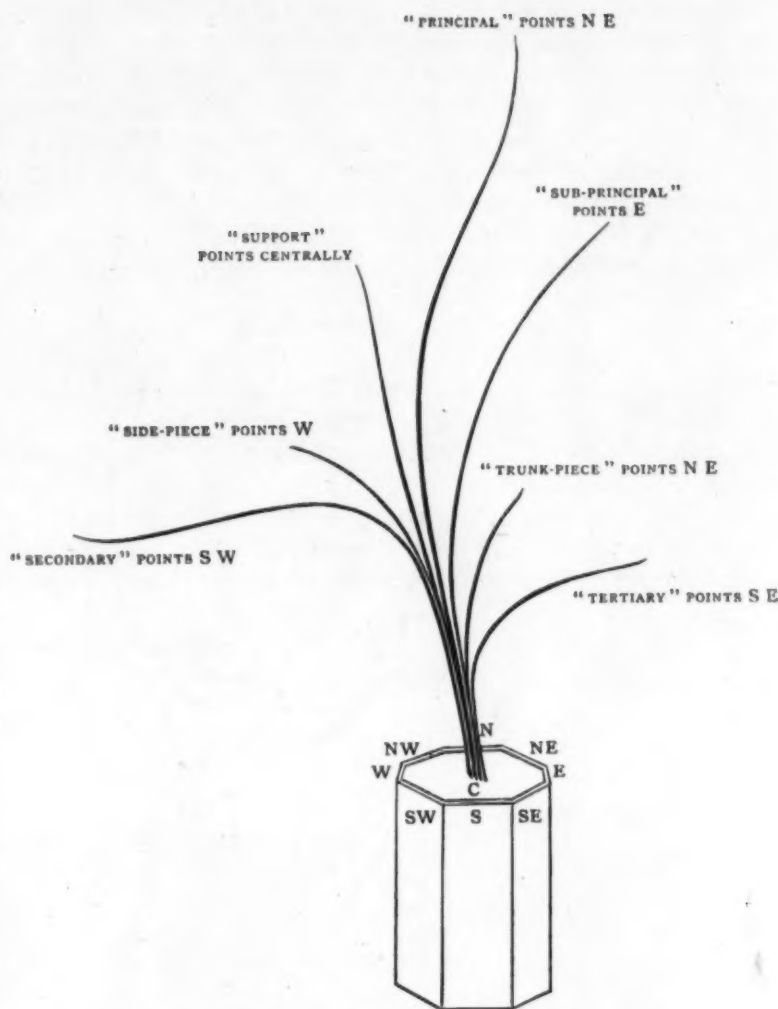
The simplest type of *ike-bana* comprises three pieces: a principal in the middle, a secondary on one side and a tertiary on the other. Apparently in order to avoid any semblance of symmetry, which a vertical line might impart to the group, this principal stem springs from the water straight-lined but inclined 45 degrees—right or left—from the vertical. It then bends strongly but not sharply into a direction at right angles—or 90 degrees—to the former one; and finally bends again 45 degrees from its former direc-

tion, so as to reach the vertical. This vertical section sometimes comes over the centre of the vase whence the principal sprang, but sometimes on that side of it opposite to the bow made by the two curves. The secondary and primary stems each form double, that is, S shaped, curves, and each deviates from the principal in a tangential line. The secondary is placed on the convex side of the principal, and tends to the vertical; the primary is placed on the concave side of the principal, and tends to the horizontal, so as to fill out the hollow made by the principal and

Floral Arrangement in Japan

to balance the entire composition, to which end it is also usually longer than the secondary. Within these close limits, there is still room for considerable play of choice in both line and composition, while color is in this case ignored. Indeed, one or two or even all the members may be simply foliage of the same hue and tone of green, *ike-bana* being properly synthetic designing in line, which, to be sure, is a flower-art unknown outside Japan.

What is the force and meaning of this curious Japanese flower arrangement? It is not other than the principle governing other decorative arts in Japan, namely, the harmony of balance secured without repetition, and it marks an advanced stage of art-sense. Symmetry, on the other hand, secures harmony by sameness of shape, as well as by equality of bulk, and finds its most suitable application in architecture, where, indeed, the Japanese also recognize it, as expressive of dignity and repose. Balance, on the contrary, spares some degree of these qualities, in order to exhibit daring and action. In some cases the entire composition is thrown on to one side of the vertical line rising from the centre of the vase, and thus the dignity and repose are wholly sacrificed to the daring and action. Such a composition was perhaps suggested by—and it certainly resembles—a contorted pine clinging to the side of some bare mountain rock, quite a common sight in Japan. Mr. Conder's skeleton plans of *ike-bana* all conform to this unbalanced type, but all except three of some forty practical examples he gives show balance. There is compensation in art as well as in life, and this asymmetry—whether balanced or unbalanced—has its own meaning and beauty, certainly for Japanese minds and eyes, though possibly not



CARDINAL DIRECTIONS FOR JAPANESE
FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS

yet for ours. In any case, asymmetry exhibits that forceful vitality which is native to every normal growth, and it is for this reason that the Japanese have named the practice *ike-bana*, that is, living flower.

This simplest three-lined composition may be enlarged to a five-lined one by insertion of a so-called "support" between the principal and the secondary, and of a "sub-principal" between the principal and the tertiary. Still two more stems may be introduced as shown in the diagram of cardinal directions. Each new pair must differ in length from each other, as well as from the original members, in order to secure pleasing variety. Together with this profile composition must go one in plan, the variety of which is indicated in the same diagram of cardinal directions.

In point of material, if one species is used, say for the trilinear arrangement, it may be either plant or tree; but if two species are used, both plant and tree must be included. In the latter case, what is called sandwiching, that is, placing a tree stem between two plant stems or vice versa must be avoided; Japanese, in this point, as well as in the previous one of shape, preferring the dash and force

of asymmetry to the composure of its opposite. This order, so entirely strange to our own native feeling and so unattainable by our imagination, has yet its justification in meaning, and can doubtless come to seem to us as beautiful as its alternative scheme.

A further instance of the consummate reach of Japanese art-sense appears in the demand that the *ike-bana* group shall be so placed as to make an agreeable combination with the kakemono or painted scroll near which, in the parlor alcove (*toko no ma*), the flower group is regularly placed. And a like demand is made even in relation to any object of the garden outside that may be visible through the open window. Surely, the force of esthetic impulse can go no further than it has done in these exactions, response to which may well require the long training given it in Japan. Finally, not even the moral influence of *ike-bana* has been overlooked, for the Japanese claim that its practice conduces to serenity of temper and release from worldly cares and ambitions; and no one acquainted with the Japanese can doubt that it really justifies the claim.

It is evident that some manipulation will be required to bring stems into the desired shape. This is done with the two thumbs and forefingers placed closely together, with a force just short of breaking. The harder stems are shaved with a knife at the points to be bent, or are softened with boiling water, or heated



ERRORS TO BE AVOIDED

Floral Arrangement in Japan

over a slow fire; and a rag is wrapped around the part to prevent splintering. A dip in cold water after the bending restores rigidity and thus makes the curves permanent.

Various means are also used to extend the life of the cut flowers. Stems without knots have their ends either charred or plunged into boiling water, which contains a little sulphur or arsenic. Charring is never used in the summer time, and some masters of the craft always mash the ends of cuttings. All cuttings should be made at dawn or dusk, except in the coldest season; and should be kept in a cool, damp place, unless manipulated at once. In hot weather the cuttings are immediately treated to a bath, but in a moderate temperature are only sprinkled.

Persons not inclined to venture on *ike-bana* without special training may adopt a modicum of it by use of a leaden holder

in any vessel, be it shallow or deep. To make the holder, cut from sheet lead, one-sixteenth of an inch thick, a strip twelve inches long and one and a quarter wide, and bend it breadthwise backwards and forwards so as to form some eight or nine loops, in which the stems of flowers can be loosely held. By this simple means a few choice flowers or leaf-sprays can be composed into a group for line or color or both. The combinations possible are, of course, endless, and the delight derivable therefrom proportionately varied. The Japanese often lay flowers and implements before a guest and invite him to try his skill at *ike-bana*; and by us also the graceful art might well be made a subject of discussion and friendly competition.

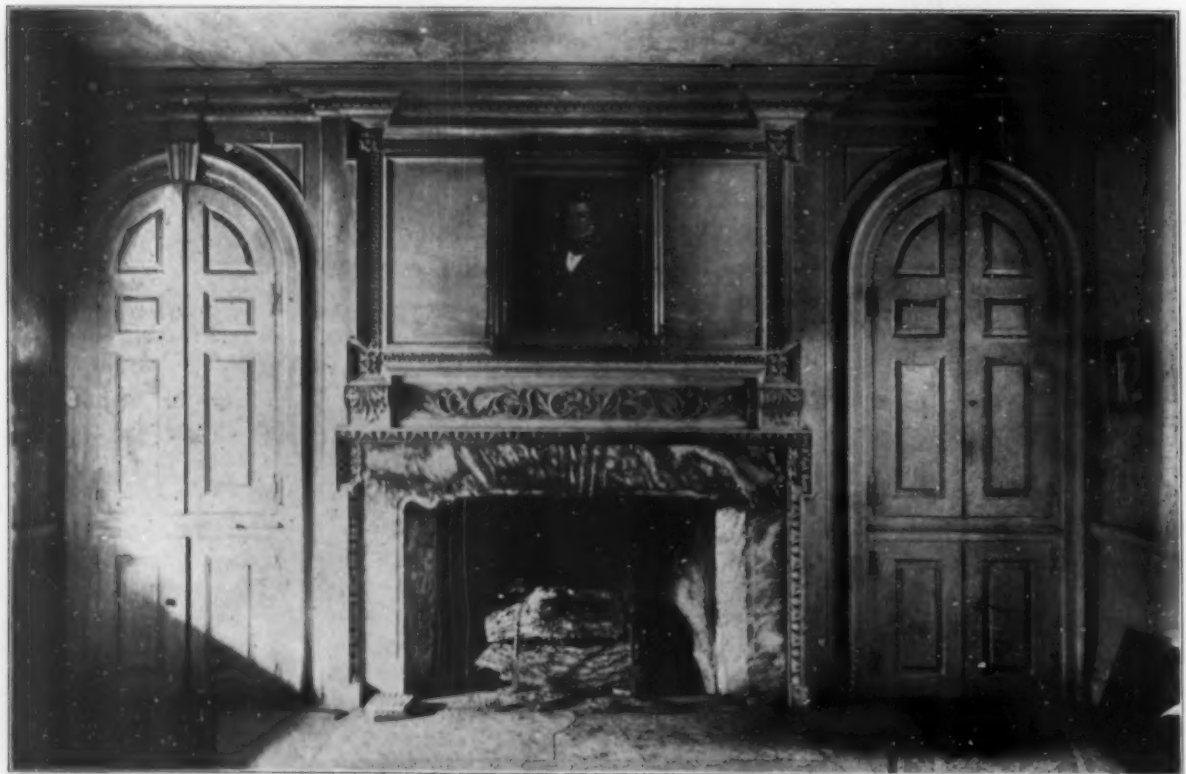
The illustrations used in this article are from Couder's classic volume "The Flowers of Japan."



Japanese Dwarf Trees



WHITBY HALL FROM THE SOUTHWEST



MANTEL AND CUPBOARDS IN SITTING-ROOM

WHITBY HALL

A VANISHING LANDMARK OF PHILADELPHIA

BY EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS

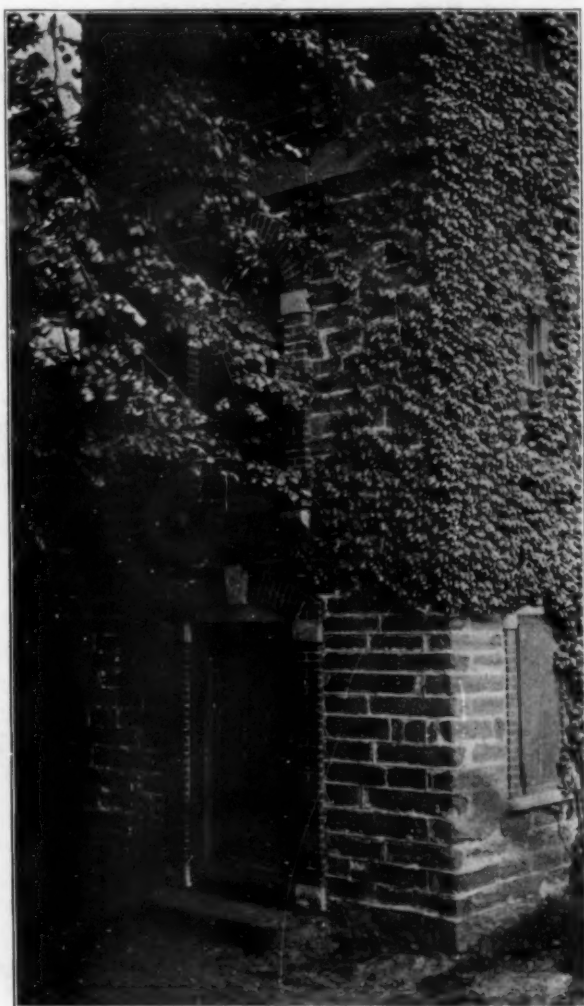
ON Fifty-eighth Street, between Baltimore Avenue and the Darby road, there is an old house which antedates the Stamp Act. It is now making a last pathetic fight against the irresistible tide of "civic improvements," which has threatened for a decade to submerge it. Resting amid a clump of trees that were alive before the city crossed the river, it defies the asphalt streets and the rows of operation houses. But one feels instinctively that it is being crowded out. Five years ago it was in the country. Twenty-five years ago it was half a day's journey from Philadelphia. Now they have torn up the old corduroy road and put down a double trolley track in its place; they have run a street across the front lawn and turned a sewer into the little stream that babbles behind the house; and on the other side of the trolley tracks another street is now waiting the word to plunge into the grove of trees and draw up beside the side porch. It is the old story of the helpless resistance of the last patrician square of real country against the advance of urban improvement. Streets and sewers and trolley tracks are not to be turned aside by the remembrance of robins and butterflies. When a country house, backed by never so much personal attractiveness

and old-time association, finds itself in the flood-tide of civilization, no sentiment will save it—for an advanced rate of interest on the original investment is an unanswerable argument.

The house is called "Whitby Hall," after Whitby in England, and was erected in 1754 by a certain Captain Coultas. He had built himself a frame house on the site as early as 1741, which has been replaced by a part of the present structure. After his death the house passed into the hands of a very notable figure in Philadelphia—George

Grey, the owner of Grey's ferry and the old mansion on the Schuylkill, "Sans Souci." There is every reason to suppose that Grey had Washington himself, whom he knew well, to visit him in the old house, but somewhat unfortunately there is no proof of it. Grey came into possession of the house by marrying a niece of Captain Coultas's. It is very interesting to note that before this lady, who was born in England, came to America, she studied medicine as a preparation for the wild and rigorous life here, where she supposed a physician was an unheard-of convenience.

The plan of the house is simplicity itself—of the sort which is arrived at by placing one room of a given width in a



DOORWAY UNDER STAIRS



THE STAIR HALL

certain appropriate spot and adding to it, as occasion demands, other rooms of the same width and varying lengths—like dominoes. There are now six divisions thus connected: an old parlor, in which is a huge fireplace, by some accident not removed in a frenzied crusade which substituted numerous meretricious mantels for real old fireplaces; an old hall; and the living-room (which were all included in the original building), and three other rooms added at a later date. The original plan was of the shape of the letter T—the old parlor occupying the right half of the cross-bar, the living-room the left half and the hall being the upright, but running through to the other side of the house—thus dividing the parlor from the living-room,—and being the only break now in the absolute rectangle of the house. The hallway is not only an example of the most refined and discreet Colonial architecture, but possesses as well, in its good proportions and delightful detail, a charm of individ-

uality and feeling which it is pleasant to consider has not been effected by the usual bizarre Colonial methods. The Ionic pilasters are in classic proportion and have caps that are exquisite bits of carving. The view looking up the stairs is charming. The simple round-arched window—delightful in its proportions and general appropriateness—makes one feel the uselessness of the modern tendency to force a Palladian window (of which there are very few examples in old Colonial work) upon every defenceless stair-landing. The balusters of the stair are clumsy, but their lack of grace is not obtrusive, and the general effect is extremely interesting. The hall under the landing, lighted by two quaint little windows, drops down a step for head-room, and immediately under the stair-window is the old back door, now never used. The whole hall has the atmosphere

of the real Georgian.

Outside it is not so purely in the style but is most entertaining. The brick facings (which were brought over—every brick of them—from England), in combination with the grey stone walls and the Colonial muntin bars, are wholly picturesque. In the gable of the hall wing, which is to be seen in one of the illustrations, is the bull's-eye. Captain Coultas took it from one of the ships he owned and put it there, but, unfortunately, it is too high up from the floor to see out of, so it is of no great value, except as a relic of George II.'s merchant marine.

Viewing the house from the front, one gets a glimpse of a quaint little doorway under the terrace, which is the outlet of a tunnel that communicates with the wine cellar, where Captain Coultas and George Grey were wont to have the casks rolled in. The cellar itself was in the early days an elaborate affair, subdivided in the English fashion into meat cellar, provision cellar, wine cellar and

Whitby Hall

so forth. They still have the meat block that was used there. A very curious fact is that there was once in the cellar a huge fireplace (since blocked up) to make it comfortable in winter. The chimney breast for this runs up through the house between the new and old part and is thick enough to have been a buttress for Notre Dame, so that the doorway between the living-room and the newer parlor, which are separated by the chimney, is a little hall. There used to be fireplaces in each of these rooms, which have since been cheerfully replaced by marble mantelpieces with hot-air registers. These marble mantelpieces are pathetic, when one considers that the originals must have been charming—as all the other fireplaces in the house are. Those in the bedrooms with their quaint tiles are the most attractive things imaginable.

The fireplace in the old parlor is interesting. It exhibits the same restraint that dominates the rest of the house. Its simplicity is good—there are no long spindle columns and no trite scroll-work with stringy festoons of flowers. The decoration is discreet and well-placed and has the added charm of being extremely well executed. The whole was brought over from England. A very remarkable thing about it is that the huge panel over the fireplace opening is made out of a single piece of wood, which has not warped enough to show a single joint. The closets at the sides of the fireplace are quaint, with their curiously sawn shelves and ornamented little plaster half-domes at the top. The present entrance to the house is not at all visible from the street. When you enter at the iron gate, you are confronted by walls everywhere in which there is no sign of a door, for that side of the house was not originally intended to be seen first. However, you keep on past the protruding wing, which is the old hallway where you

notice the door is securely locked, and presently you see the entrance door—in the spot that ought to be the rear of the house. This entrance opens into another hallway, which is quite modern—not being more than a century old. The peculiarity of all the hallways in this house is that they simply lead from one side of the house to the other and do not assist at all in the problem of getting from one room to another, which is a feat that must always be accomplished by going through another room. For instance, if one is in the living-room and wishes to attain the dining-room, when some one is entertaining guests in the parlor, which is between the two, one must go upstairs by the old stairway and come down again into the new hall and thence to the coveted destination. However, such things are only occasional inconveniences, which do not detract from an attractiveness there is about



THE STAIR LANDING

the old house, even if it is arranged like a railway train. There is always a charm about old badly-planned buildings anyway. It is quite certain that if a thing is done badly enough to have individuality it will grow to have a certain picturesqueness and interest which cannot be rivalled even by perfection itself. So the instant one goes into the rambling old house one feels he would like to live there, simply because it is different.

It is a pity the old house has to go, as it no doubt will, for the streets are crowding it

so it is losing all its former picturesqueness. Its association with three centuries, its charming Colonial architecture and its location among those fine old trees, make it a delightful if not an ideal country house. It would be a charming setting for a romance of the time of Benjamin Franklin. But now the sewers and the trolley tracks and the operative builder are destroying the romance.

The cars of the Fifty-eighth and Sixtieth Streets line cross the lawn, but few who idly gaze at the old house have any idea of its history.



THE STAIR WING



The Wickiup

THE HOME OF AN ARTIST

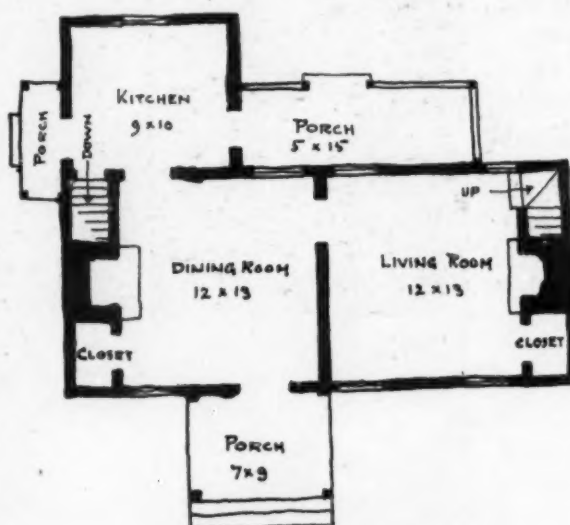
By E. N. VALLANDIGHAM

HIGH upon a spur of the Dunderberg overlooking Stony Point and the noble expanse of the Tappan Zee, a painter and his wife have made, from very unpromising material, an ideal but inexpensive home. One of the couple had sentimental reasons for seeking this high perch, for a few hundred feet below and almost on the edge of a beetling cliff that overhangs the tracks of the West Shore Road, stands a great old ancestral home, deserted now, but still well kept amid its mountain lawn and noble trees. When casting about for a spot upon which to set foot to earth the pair naturally thought of the old familiar region. The great old house was impossible, but a local relative suggested a cottage on the Buckelbarrack. Seen from the snake-like road half way down the slope, the cottage looked like a mere bird-house,

and it seemed small enough even at close quarters. But unimpeachable local tradition taught that the original builder of more than a century ago had lived in the house with a wife and fourteen children when it was scarcely more than half its present size. That fact, taken in connection with the view and the spring of delicious water gushing from the hillside, was sufficient to determine the doubters. Double the house room that

sufficed for sixteen in the youth of the nineteenth century ought to yield comfortable shelter for two in the boyhood of the twentieth.

So the couple took the cottage and its barn hard by, and there they wintered. Then with the coming of spring they bought "two acres, more or less," of the rough slopes lying about the house. The demesne seemed amazingly large for the area named in the



PLAN OF THE WICKIUP



ONE OF THE WALLS OF THE STUDIO

deed, until a visitor suggested that they had really bought both sides of the soil. They had also purchased incidentally an unobstructed view of perhaps a hundred square miles, and an inexhaustible reservoir of fresh mountain air. From the tiny front porch of the cottage the view takes in miles of the Hudson, and a vast outspreading of the wooded mountains. At night commonplace Haverstraw twinkles with lights like another sky, and the perpetual play of light and shade upon moving river and still mountainside lends the scene inexhaustible variety. The inhabitants of the cottage have but to open the door of their little dining-room to feel themselves one with the vast of heaven, and the ample stretch of woodland and water.

The place is really but a laborer's cottage transformed by taste into a charming home. Luckily for the occupants of this century, the original builder of the last preferred two rooms of fair size to three or four mere closets, so that once within the tiny house one has a certain sense of relative spaciousness. Dining-room, living-room and the smallest of kitchens make up the ground floor. A great stone chimney at each end of the house gives an ample fireplace to each of

the chief apartments. The dining-room measures twelve feet by thirteen; the living-room is of about the same dimensions. It had not occurred to the owners and occupants that their ceilings were specially low until the tallest man in the family connection came a visiting to the place. Then it was discovered that he could barely stand up in either room with his hat on, and had to bow his bared head in passing from one room to the other. There was great satisfaction when he obligingly consented to take his hat off on coming indoors.

Those two rooms are a miracle of compactness. The oddest little closets open here and there, and the main stairway to the half-storey above is just like another closet with an opening barely two feet wide. The tall visitor was almost able to stand on the bottom step and view the second storey. No guest weighing above two hundred pounds is to be entertained overnight, since no such person could possibly mount the stairs. A man of moderate height can stand erect in the upper rooms by planting himself precisely beneath the roof-tree. What the visitor sees as his head reaches the level of the second storey on his tortuous way up the main stairs is three little



THE LIVING-ROOM FIREPLACE

The Home of an Artist

rooms en suite, their ceilings sloping to the eaves about two feet above the floor, and both walls and ceilings covered with the gayest of flowered paper. Two guests can be housed over night here. The barn, just transformed into a studio, has an elastic loft reached by a portable ladder, and a tent on the lawn will further extend the house. The tiniest bed-chamber of the cottage has been appropriately called the woodchuck hole, and the cottage itself is called The Wickiup.

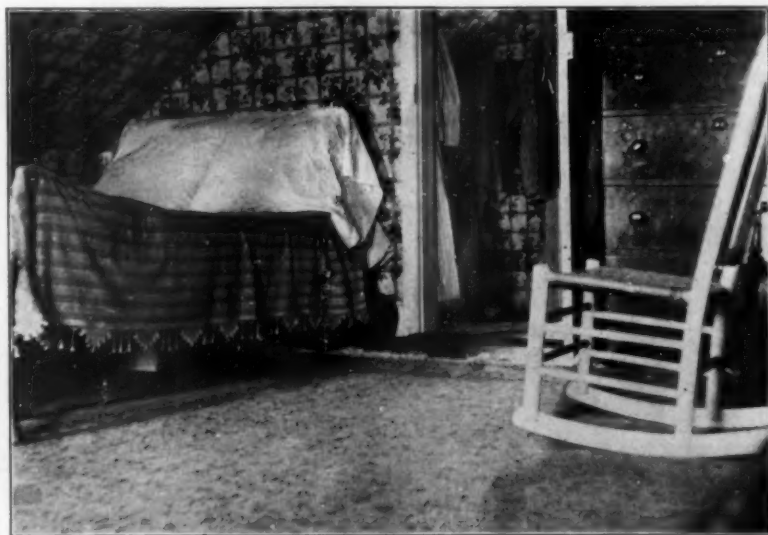
Nothing could be sunnier or cosier than the little dining-room with its apple-green paper, its quaint old beaded closet doors, its tiny corner cupboard of oiled pine, and its old-fashioned settle, the high wooden back of which turns over to make the narrowest of dining tables. A rifle hangs near the ceiling over the fireplace, and on the mantel a pot of milkweed in the cotton lends a delightful decorative touch. The mistress of the house can almost open the kitchen door without rising from her place at table. As to the kitchen, it has just room for the Aladdin stove and a few utensils. It is the pleasure of the mistress to be her own cook, though a mountain neighbor, with a trifle of six or



VIEW FROM THE WICKIUP—STONY POINT IN THE DISTANCE

seven children of her own to care for, manages, when needed upon festive occasions, to lend a hand at the cottage. When the assistant is in the kitchen the mistress prudently gives orders from the dining-room, for the smaller apartment hardly admits of two skirted occupants at once. Under a covered shed just outside the kitchen door are the water buckets and hand-basin.

From the dining-room door one looks directly into the glowing hearth of the living-room. Rugs and mellow hangings conspire to make this apartment soothing and agreeable to the eye. The morning sun floods the place for hours. Over the broad fireplace with its severely simple andirons is a mantelpiece quaintly decorated in odd traceries of local design and execution. At all seasons of the year the neighboring mountain slopes lend of their flora for the decoration of this and the other apartments. In May the place is delicately colored with wood flowers and fragrant with the trailing arbutus. In June the dogwood gleams like a wraith in the gloom of evening when a cool breeze from the mountain tops justifies a glimmer of fire on the hearth, and half a dozen dandelion bolls cunningly preserved in their downy



A BEDROOM IN THE ROOF

perfection by a scheme of the mistress lend an ethereal touch to the decorative scheme. Pictures on the wall and the gleam of lightly gold-tooled books from the simple bookcase complete the charm of the apartment. From its windows one sees the wide expanse of sky and landscape, the roofs of a few neighboring houses lower down the slope, for the occupants of the Wickiup are the highest perched of the inhabitants, and the stone wall that outlines a bit of green lawn islanded in the rough mountainside.

Outside the studio is a barn, plain and simple. Within, however, it is a true workroom. A hint caught from a French railway station led the master of the place to frame many canvases as part of the inner wall. He chose the beautiful gulf cypress for his wainscoting, and it makes admirable picture framing.

Five minutes from the house takes one by any of several densely shaded old wood roads into the young forest that clothes the Buckelbarrack. Here grow all the wild flowers of the region, arbutus hidden beneath the leaves, and glorious clumps of laurel and wild rhododendron. From the top of the Buckelbarrack one sees again the welter of wooded hills, and faint traces of the old perilous mountain road by which Wayne and his soldiers crept upon the British at Stony Point to snatch a victory of surprise.

The earliest sounds of morning at this mountain cottage are the songs of many birds. At evening one hears the pleasant flat tinkle of cow-bells, for cattle feed all up and down the mountainside, and in the

silence of the night there come thick-throated cluckings, and deliciously liquid musical tones from the brook that frets its way in a hundred threads and foamy falls and rapids down the rugged stony slope to join the placid tidal Hudson. Squirrels play about among the trees, and a keen ear could probably detect, after nightfall, the bark of a prowling fox.

There are neighbors not far away, placid folk of Dutch extraction who move as if under the languorous spell that cast Rip Van Winkle into his twenty years sleep. The very names of the neighbors are full of rural charm and redolent of nature: Captain Lavender occupies the nearest cottage, whence he overlooks the scene of his adventurous voyages when he commanded a Hudson river steamer. Hard by are the Roses and the Hollys. Ruddy little mountaineers trudge of mornings down the slopes to the public school in the village below. There, too, is the post office, where the New York morning papers await their subscribers an hour before they are placed upon the breakfast tables of suburban homes, but no rural "deliverer" under Federal sanction climbs these heights carrying mail to the mountaineers. A steep and winding path crossing the brook and climbing several stone walls, takes a spry person in fifteen minutes to the railway station, whence express trains deliver the traveler to New York in an hour and a quarter, but neither shadow nor smoke of the vast dropsical metropolis can soil or threaten the inviolate heights of the little Wickiup on the Buckelbarrack.



An Old English Inn

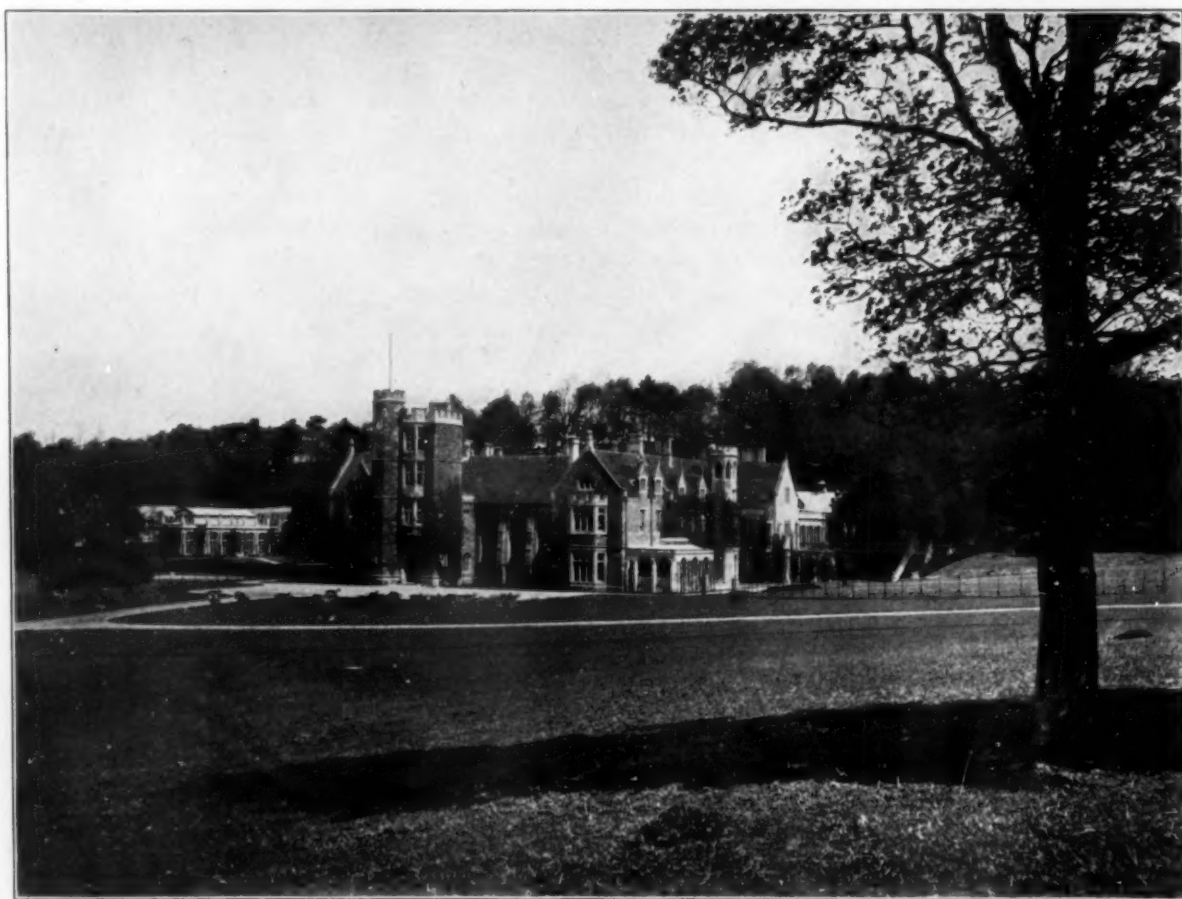
ST. AUDRIES

BY FANNY ACLAND HOOD

ST. AUDRIES is beautifully situated about 150 feet above the sea, on the north coast of Somerset, at the foot of the Quantock Hills, where they dip into the Bristol Channel. The house, of red sandstone, toned down in the older part to a warm grey and covered with ivy and Virginia creeper, stands in a valley, backed up with woods of oak, sycamore, chestnut and Scotch fir. The Park rises behind the house to a height of 800 feet above the sea and commands lovely views of the Bristol Channel and Welsh coast to the north, of the Mendip Hills to the east, and of Dunkery Beacon and the borders of Exmoor to the west; while the foreground of gorse, heather and fern is enlivened by groups of fallow deer and any number of rabbits, white and brown. Wandering through the wild

part of the Park one may come suddenly on a small herd of red deer, and when the stag-hounds are out, the wild, hunted deer from the Quantock coverts often try to baffle their pursuers by jumping the Park fence and running through the Park herd.

"St. Audries" is the abbreviation of St. Etheldreda, to whom the church is dedicated. It is said that the word "tawdry" has its origin in the little knickknacks made for sale by the nuns of St. Etheldreda's. The present house stands on the site of an old Tudor mansion, to the remains of which it has been added. The old Hall which formerly existed in the centre of the house had been turned into an entrance hall and library with bedrooms above, and in the attics were found traces of a beautiful decorated oak roof. The



ST. AUDRIES HOUSE



ST. AUDRIES FROM THE POOL

late Sir Alexander Acland Hood rebuilt the Hall on the site and in the style of the old one. It is 52 feet long 26 wide and 40 high, with an open oak roof and a minstrel's gallery. The walls are hung with family pictures, swords and medals, and heads of wild and Park red deer.

For many years the property belonged to the Malet family, who sold it early in the 18th century, and after having passed through the hands of several owners it was bought in 1836 by Sir Peregrine Acland of Fairfield and given by him to his daughter and heiress on her marriage to the late Sir Alexander Hood of Wootton. With the Fairfield property it passed from them to their son, the present Sir Alexander Acland Hood, Chief Whip of the Conservative Government. The old family place, Fairfield, about 6 miles from St. Audries, descended through heiresses from the Vernais to the Palmers, and from them to a younger branch of the Aclands of Killerton, of whom Sir Peregrine Acland and his daughter, the late Lady Ac-

land Hood, were the last representatives.

As St. Audries is the more beautiful place of the two it has been made the family home, and all the pictures and furniture from Fairfield have been placed there. At one end of the Hall hang pictures of the Hood family, the sailors, Lord Hood, Lord Bridport and Sir Samuel Hood, who between them took so many ships in the great war with France. Two flags hang over their portraits, one, a Russian naval flag, taken August 27, 1808,

by Sir Samuel Hood, H. M. S. Centaur, 74 guns, from the Russian ship Sewolod, 74 guns, in the Baltic; the other, a French naval flag, taken by Captain Alexander Hood, H. M. S. Mars, from the French ship L'Hercule, off Brest. L'Hercule was brought as a prize to Plymouth, but the English captain (great-grandfather of the present owner of St. Audries) lost his life in the fight. Pictures in the dining-room, represent these two battles.

On the other walls hang portraits of the



FAIRFIELD HOUSE

Acland ancestors, Vernais, Palmers, Wroths and Aclands, the earliest being that of Thomas Vernai in the reign of Henry VII., and his arms, three ferns, are to be seen in old stained glass coats-of-arms let into the windows. There are also the Palmer who married his daughter and heiress, Colonel Peregrine Palmer, who fought at Naseby and other battles on the Royalist side and who left in his will, that when the king came to his own again, his sons were to claim no reward for their father's services; and a Wroth of the time of Edward VI., who was given by that king a beautiful gold cup, now in the possession of Sir Wroth Lethbridge. There are portraits of Colonel Acland and his wife, Lady Harriet (Fox-Strangways), who accompanied her husband to America where he fought under General Burgoyne in the War of Independence, and who, on hearing that he was wounded and taken prisoner, October 7, 1777, set off in an

open boat with two attendants down the Hudson River. Being stopped at nightfall by the American outposts, she had to wait all through the cold night under threat of being fired on, till in the morning she was able to communicate with General Gates, who at once allowed her to join and nurse her husband. The celebrated English artist, Turner, painted some charming water-color views of Sussex for a relation of Sir P. Acland's, and these hang in the drawing-room. Among the stags' heads adorning the Hall is a most perfect specimen belonging to an old stag, which, found in a covert some miles away, ran to St. Audries, jumped the Park fence and was killed close to the house. Among many curious and interesting things in the house is a copy on vellum of a Wycliff's Bible given as an heirloom by the Countess of Derby "to her highest relation, Mr. Palmer of Fairfield."

THE CREATION OF A SITE

(See August HOUSE AND GARDEN, page 100)

THE great importance of strategy, as a factor in the choice and development of a site for the home, was pointed out in the August issue of *HOUSE AND GARDEN*. The house with its surroundings shown in the accompanying photographs has been selected as a specially pertinent illustration of that point as well as of another already referred to, but awaiting later development, viz.: the interest and value which attaches to individualism in the arrangement of the plan.

At the time this property first came under the observation of the owner it was a small unimproved bit of back-lot property, which had been left, partly by the failure of the surrounding properties to close up, and partly also due to the existence of a disused alleyway. The whole served as an ash and refuse heap for surrounding owners whose houses all face on important streets in one of the best residential quarters of the city. A short cross street, relatively narrow and having a north-south direction, intersects the alleyway, in front of this property.

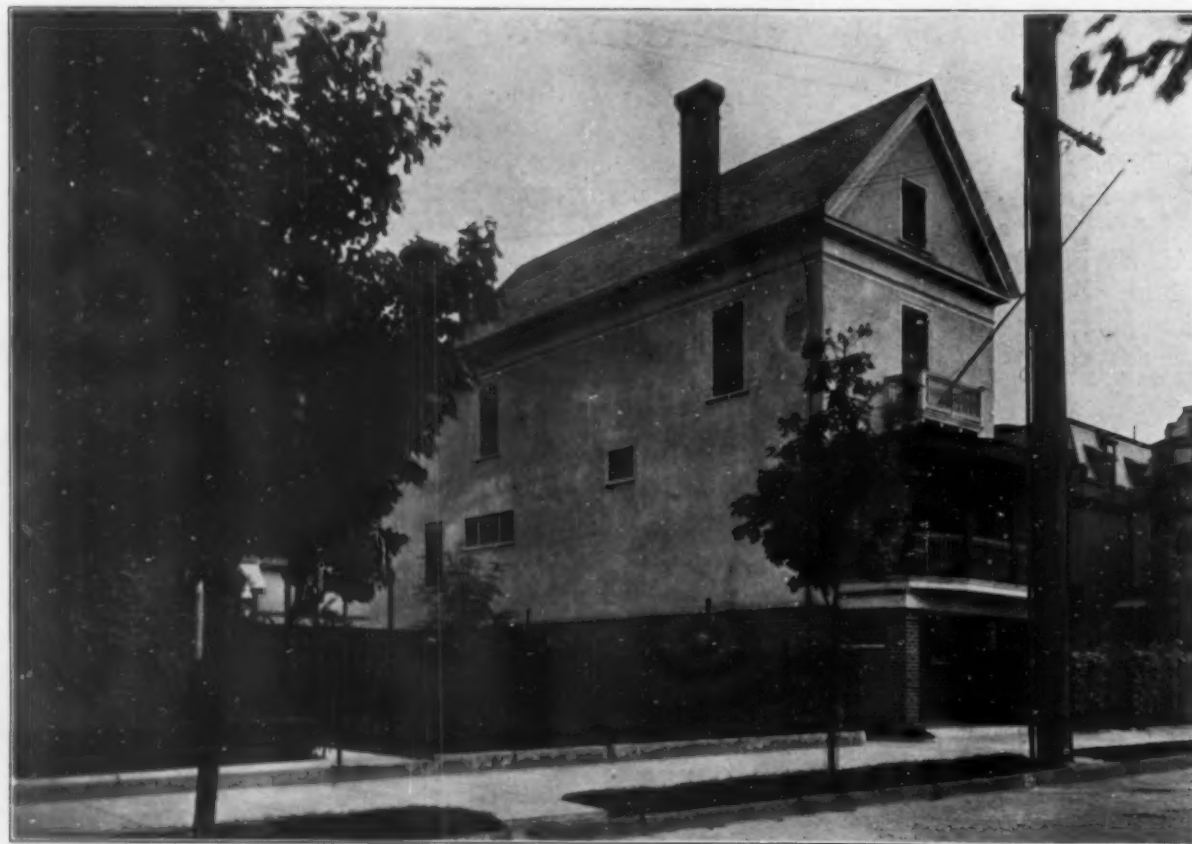
The back yards of the surrounding houses were, for the most part, separated by high board fences and the general aspect of the internal square which they formed was of the usual ugly and strictly utilitarian sort common enough as an outlook from the back windows of city houses. A more uninvitingly suggestive place for the site of a gentleman's residence it would have been difficult to discover within the district in question.

Securing legal possession of the abandoned thoroughfare, and adding it to the ash-heap, a lot was secured with a frontage of fifty feet on an asphalted cross street and a depth of eighty feet.

The house itself is nineteen feet wide and fifty-two feet deep and is placed, very properly, close to the north line of the lot. There are no important windows in this north side, while the back yards of the houses fronting on the east-west street on that side form a sufficient separation. All of the principal rooms of the house have south windows overlooking not only its own garden, but the



THE SOUTH WALL



THE NORTH WALL

The Creation of a Site

reformed and beautified rear gardens of the surrounding houses.

The principal but narrower front of the house faces west, and overlooks from its verandah and balcony all of the beflowered grass plots which form the rear lots of the houses around the three sides of the square, some idea of which may be formed from the accompanying illustration. Nearly all of the board fences have been removed and replaced by low, inconspicuous iron railings under an enlightened neighborhood conscience, aware of being viewed by an expert

one point, viz.: that his family rooms should be free from intrusion. The house has no cellar, being entirely above grade except for the foundation walls. An examination of the plans will show that the living rooms are in the second storey, entirely free from possibility of intrusion. This suite is charmingly arranged and will be shown in photographs in a later issue. An electric latch on the lower side entrance door is operated from the pantry.

The floors of the hall, vestibule and coat closet are thoroughly waterproofed and laid



LOOKING WEST

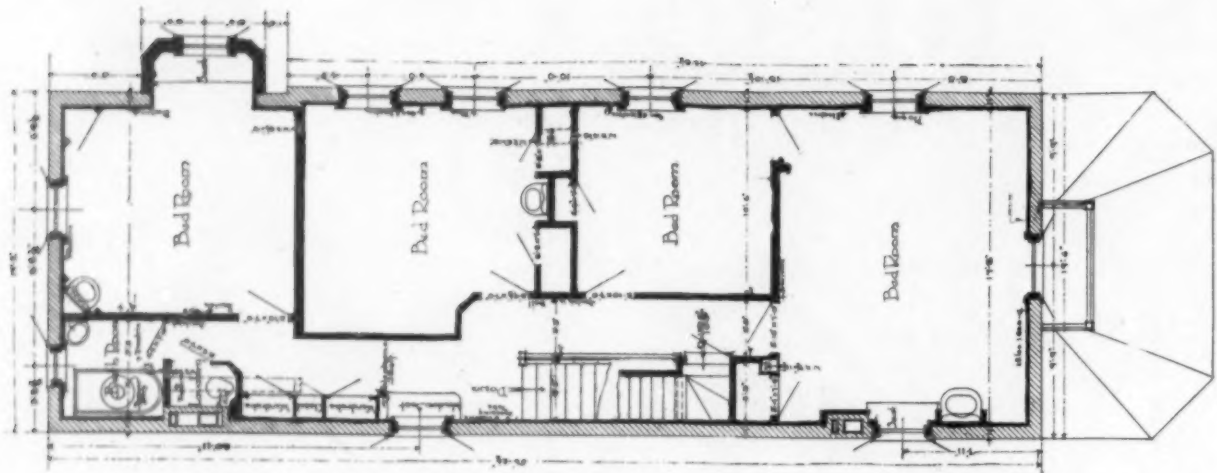
and critical eye, and those bounding the alleyway, seen in the centre of the picture, are soon to disappear.

In consequence of those various operations the owner has secured for himself an ample site at a very moderate expense, and has the sole possible frontage on this interior community park. He has also secured a much quieter site than his neighbors, as the traffic on his frontage street is inconsiderable, while on one of the immediately outlying streets there are double trolley lines.

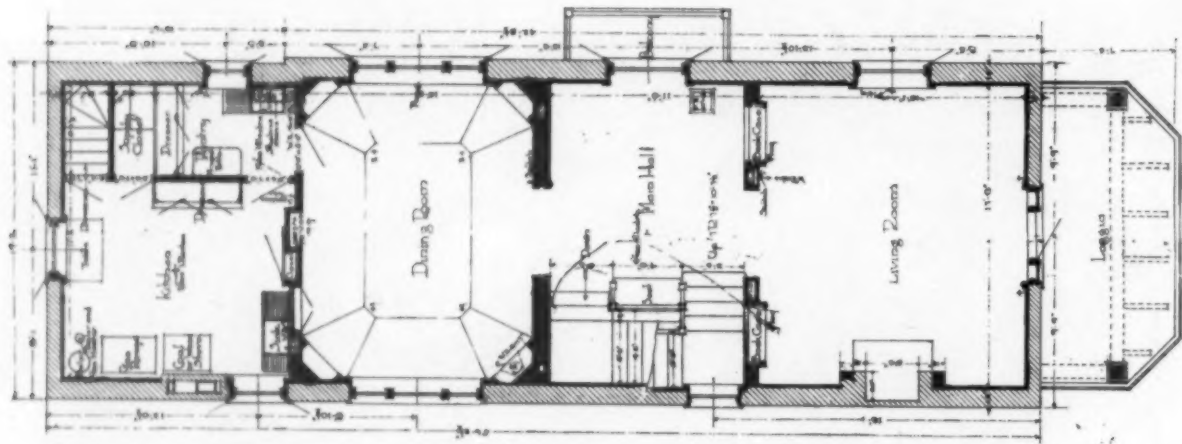
The plan is unusual and was especially arranged to meet the wishes of the owner on

with red tile covered with rugs, and the hall is heated by the furnace supplemented occasionally by a fireplace not shown on the original drawings. On this question of heating, it may be remarked that ten tons of coal sufficed for the past long and unusually severe winter season.

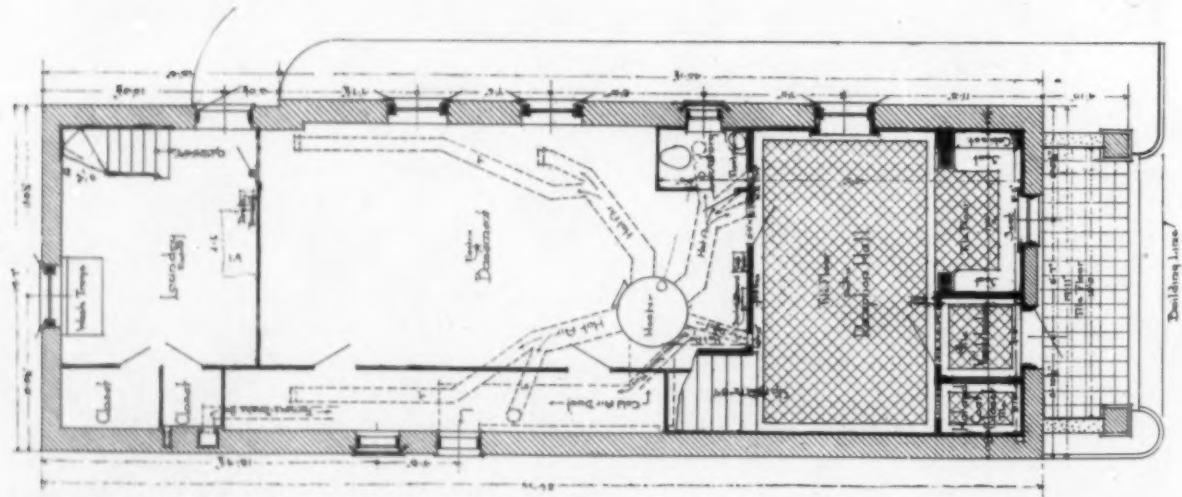
As may be seen the upper floors contain five bedrooms and two bath rooms with additional wash basins in three of the principal bedrooms. The cost of the house, which is of brick, covered with roughcast, was seven thousand dollars. The electric light poles shown in the photographs are soon



FIRST BEDROOM FLOOR

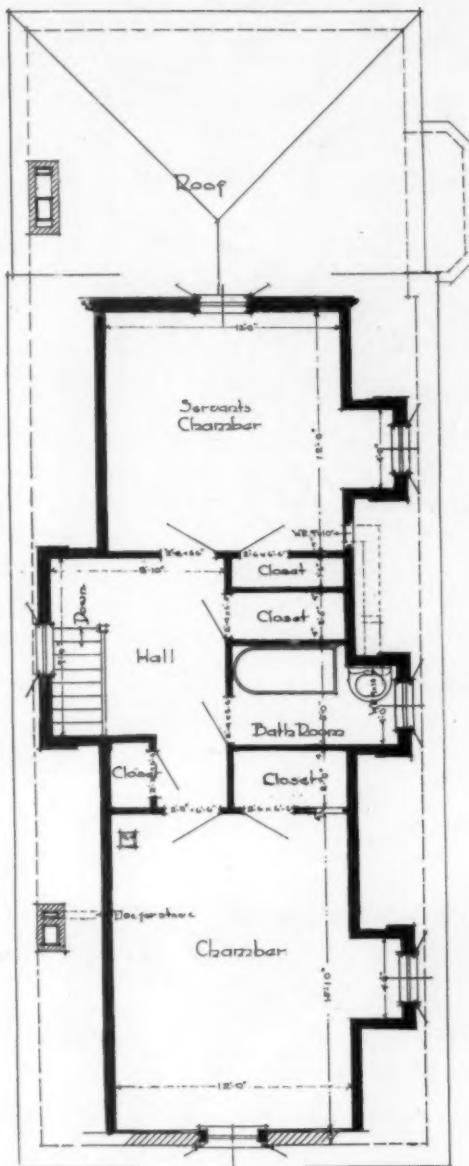


PRINCIPAL FLOOR

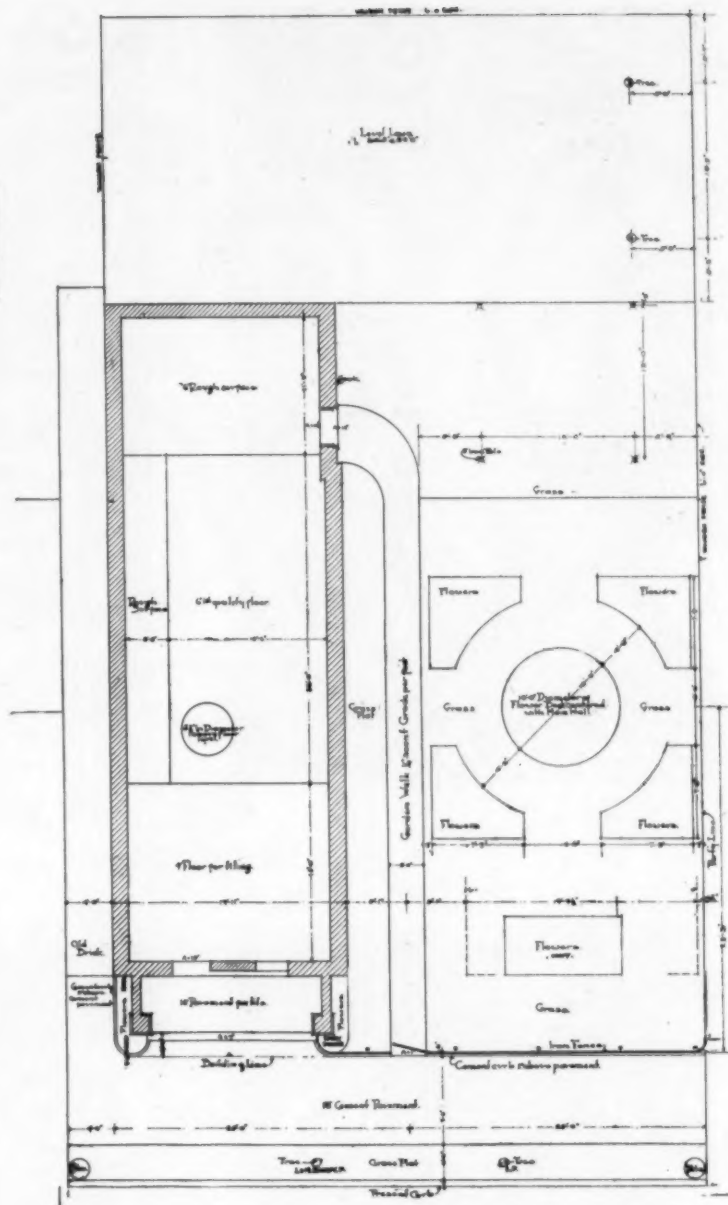


GROUND FLOOR

The Creation of a Site



PLAN OF THE THIRD FLOOR



PLAN OF THE SITE

to come down, leaving nothing unsightly in view. The garden shown in the plan has not yet been developed and will add greatly to the setting of the house when completed.

The property was developed and the house designed by Mr. Louis C. Hickman, architect, of Philadelphia, to whom we are indebted for the use of the plans.

This example is intended to illustrate and supplement the papers on "Choosing a Site for the Home," in the July and August issues of *HOUSE AND GARDEN*, as are also the

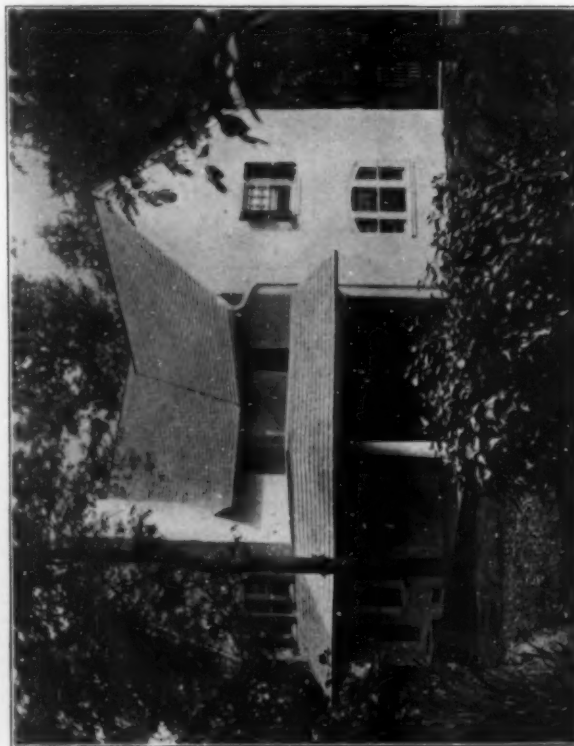
photographs of semi-detached houses shown on page 149 of this issue. In this latter connection it may be noted, as a supplementary principle, that where city property is too valuable to separate adjoining houses by at least thirty feet, it would be much better to build in solid blocks of the strictly urban type for the reason that if opposite windows are so close as to make domestic privacy well nigh impossible, all the advantages of the semi-detached type are lost while its disadvantages are retained and magnified.



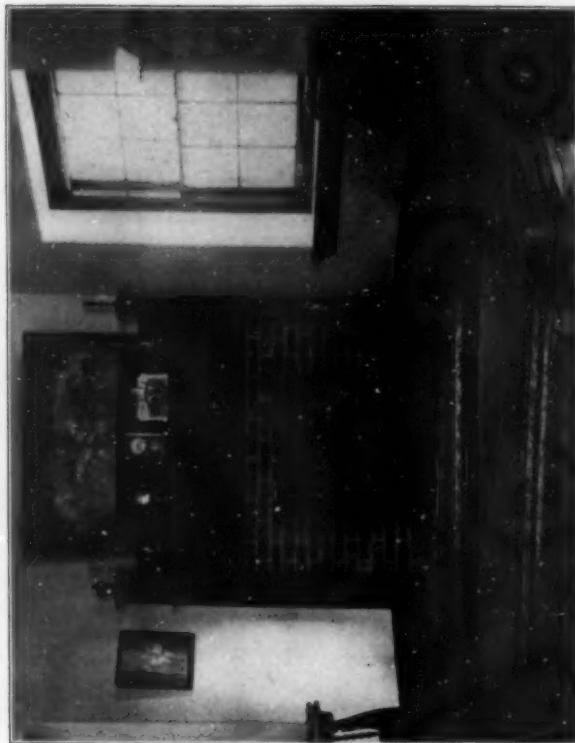
Another View



The Service Approach



The Principal Facade



A Mantel

A GERMANTOWN HOUSE OF MODERATE COST

A HOUSE COSTING LESS THAN SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS

GEORGE SPENCER MORRIS, Architect

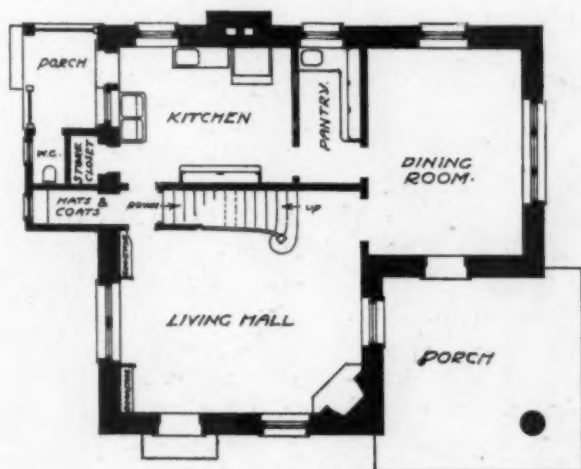
THE problem presented was the designing of such a house in a neighborhood where houses cost usually from eight to ten thousand dollars. This is always difficult, but the work of the architects was greatly facilitated in this case by the very reasonable demands of the clients who appreciated the situation fully.

The location was a pleasing one. Large trees were already growing about the site and the grounds were not cramped. The house was to be placed in the rear part of an estate on which an old homestead already stood. The street to the rear of these grounds was comparatively unimportant, therefore we turned our back upon it and put our best face towards the distant and more important street and towards the old mansion. Easy access to the rear street was necessary, however, for in this direction lay trains and trolleys, and from thence would come tradesmen and, possibly, callers.

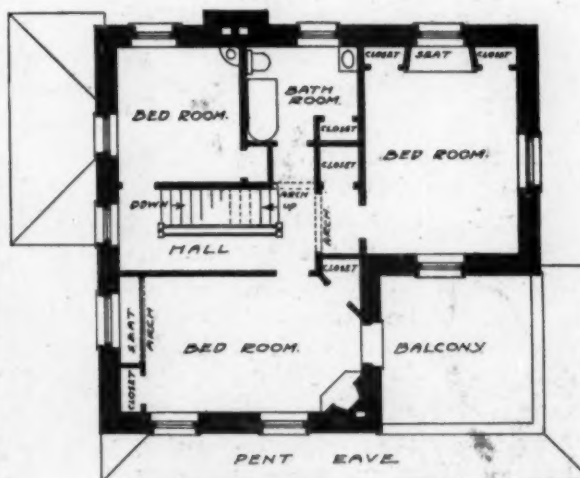
A rigid adherence to style was frankly abandoned at the outset. The original intention as indicated in the pencil perspective was to have the walls of pointed face stone work with a large dashed post under the corner of the porch. It was found, however, that purposes of economy were best served

by dashing the face of the stone walls and substituting a heavy wooden post on the porch. No pebbles were used in the dashing,—simply cement, sand and finely ground slag—smeared on roughly with the trowel marks left showing. The result was artistic in effect and pleasing in color. Mindful of the fact that the classic Main Street of Germantown was close at hand, we felt the appropriateness of the pent roof above the entrance. Carrying it straight on around the porch we formed therewith the parapet protecting the balcony above. A glass door opening from the second story bedroom gives access to this balcony.

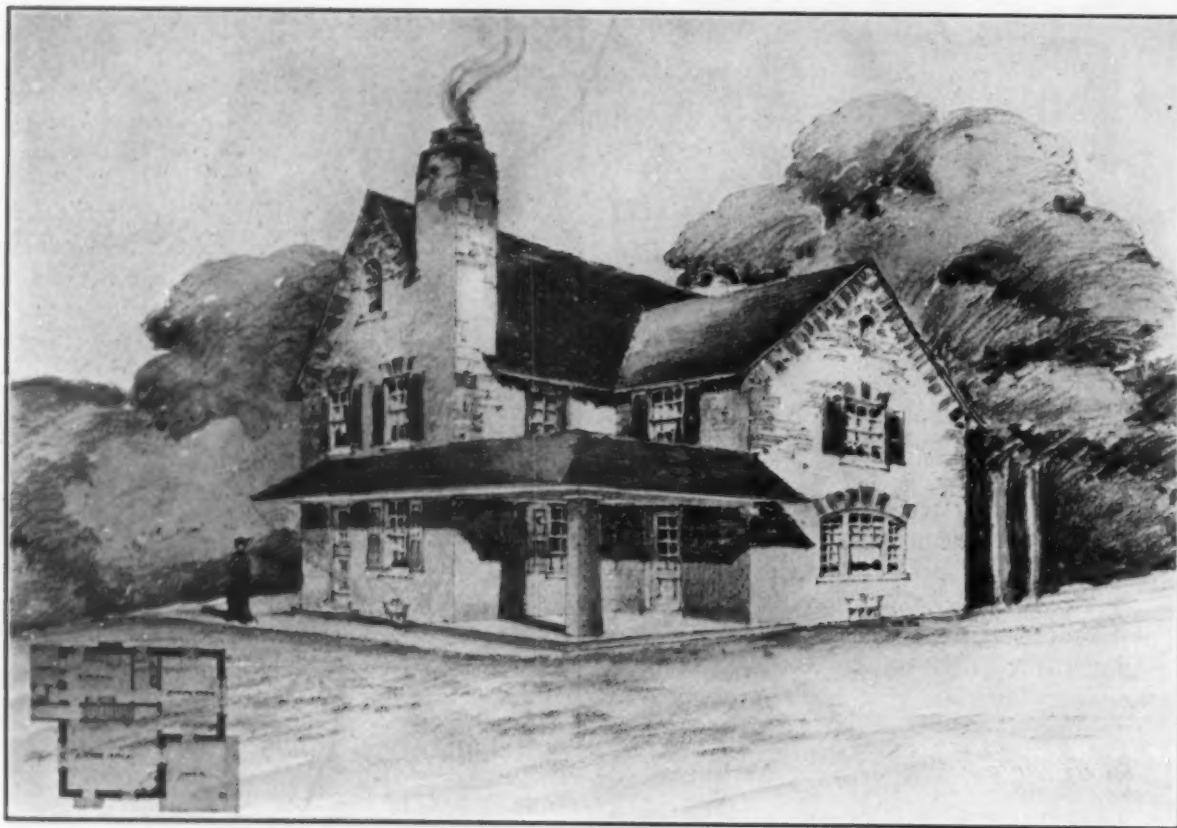
The plan has the merits of simplicity of treatment and economy of space. Two bedrooms and a good sized storage loft are provided on the third floor. The willingness of the client to do away with such space-devouring features as vestibule, stair hall, etc., enabled the architects to provide a large, well-lighted living hall which at once affords a sense of spaciousness on entering. From this room direct access may be had to the kitchen, dining-room and second floor. The accommodations of pantry and kitchen are as complete as those usually furnished in a much more expensive house.



• FIRST FLOOR PLAN •



• SECOND FLOOR PLAN •

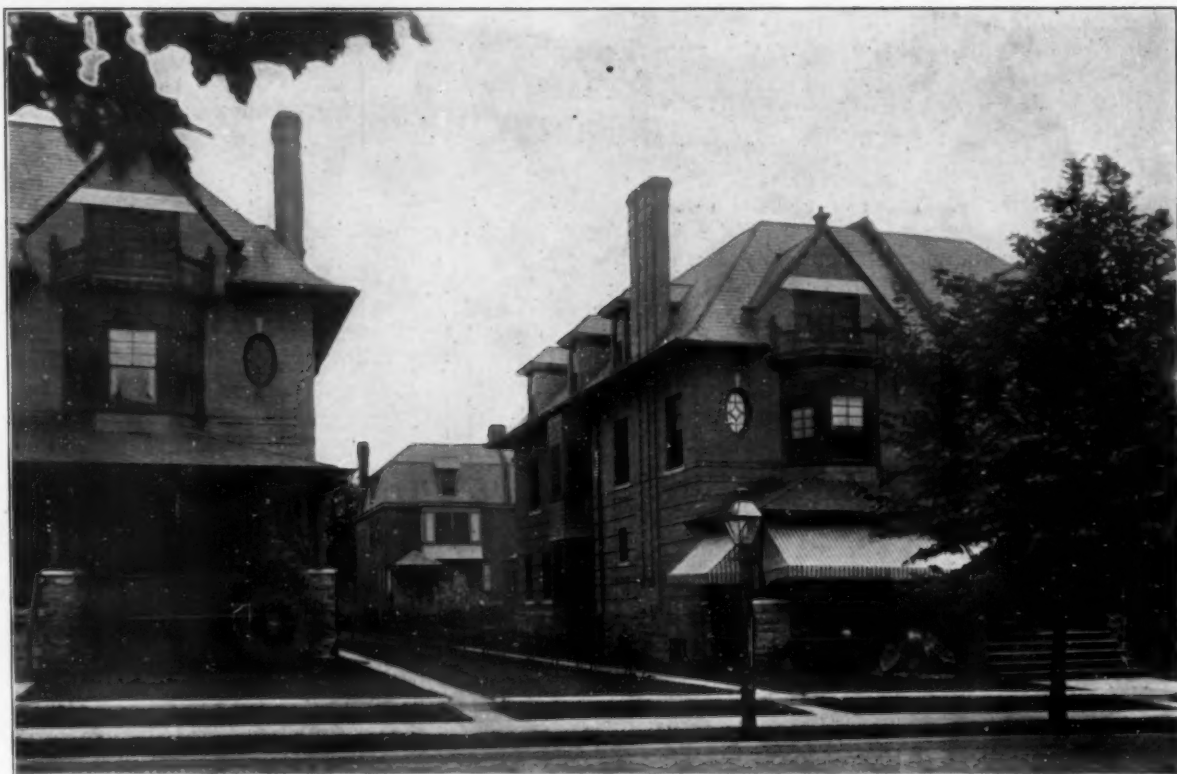


ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR THE GERMANTOWN HOUSE
GEORGE SPENCER MORRIS, Architect.



AMECAMECA, MEXICO

Photograph by Mr. Wilson Eyre



These houses are about thirty feet apart, which is a reasonable minimum distance



There are fifteen windows in the side wall of each of these houses which are less than eight feet distant from fifteen similar windows placed exactly opposite in the adjoining house

GOOD AND BAD TYPES OF THE SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE—(SEE JULY HOUSE AND GARDEN)

HOUSE AND GARDEN CORRESPONDENCE

CONVERTING A DINING-ROOM INTO A LIBRARY

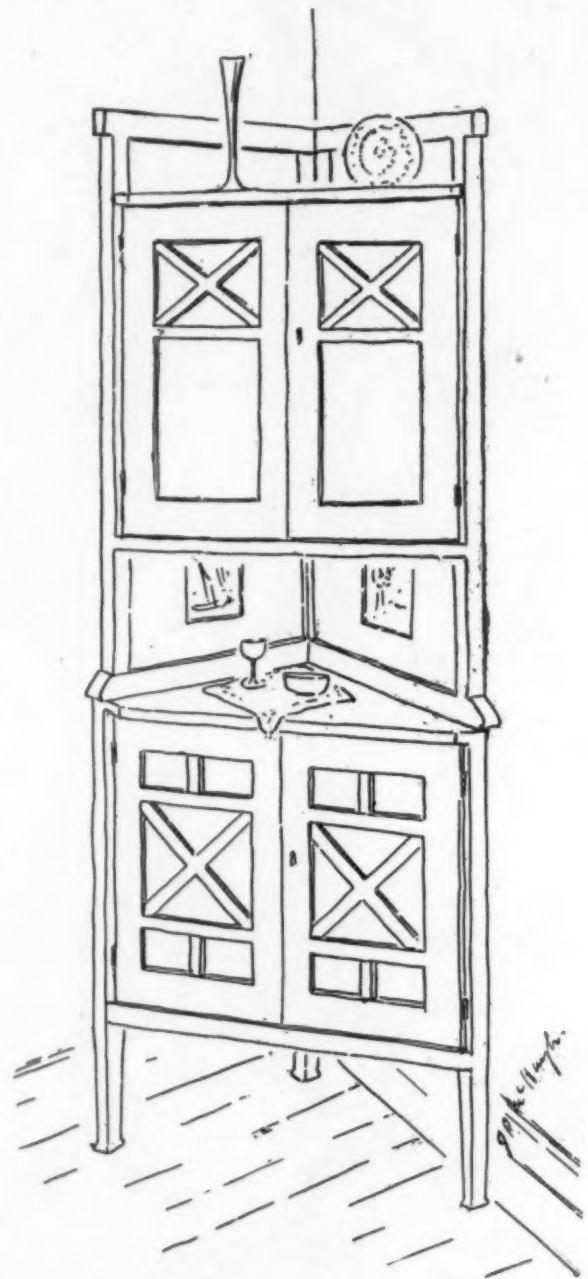
I wish to convert a dining-room, in a small city house, into a den and library. This room must also serve for occasional chafing-dish supper parties. One side of the wall has built in book-shelves. I would like you to furnish me with a suggestion for a corner cupboard, a portion of which can be used as a small wine closet that can be locked. Also, I would like a suggestion for a movable book-stand to be used in the same room. The woodwork of this room I am having stained with English oak wood tint, and the finish dull with Dead-lac. I would like these pieces of furniture finished in the same way.

What shall I use on my floor as a covering? I have two Navajo blankets of excellent quality and beautiful weave. These are bright scarlet and white with some black and orange in the design. Could I use these on my floor?

Kindly give me a suggestion for wall covering and color. The room faces east and has one small south window. What would you advise for curtains? The dimensions of the room are 10x14 feet, the height 9½ feet. I would also like to introduce a couch of wicker if this would be harmonious.

L. S.

I think you can make a very attractive and livable room from the dining-room you describe. I am glad to furnish you with some suggestive drawings for your corner cupboard, movable book-shelves and also long willow chair, which is really a steamer chair. This, however, if furnished with upholstered pad cushions about six inches thick, can be made into a most attractive and comfortable piece of furniture. This pad should

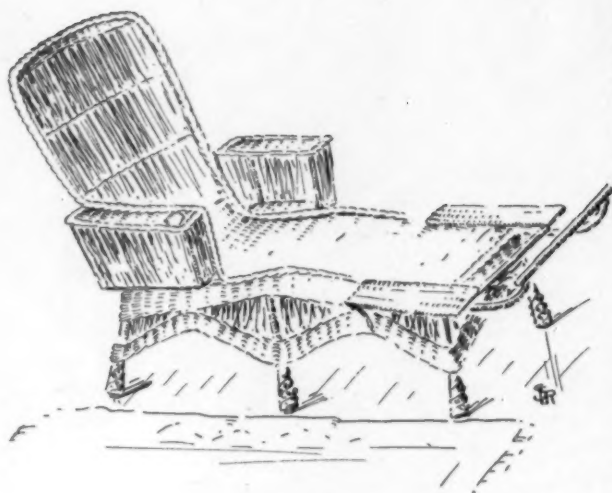


be upholstered and caught in with buttons to gain the best effect.

Cover your wall with heavy fibre paper in two tones of dull green. This to show an almost invisible stripe. Your ceiling should extend to your picture railing which will be in line with tops of windows and doors, the ceiling of picture rail to be tinted in a strong shade of café au lait; that is, it must show much yellow.

You can use your Navajo blankets effectively as rugs. The windows will look well hung with East India cotton, something showing red, dull blue, and orange figures picked out with black against an ivory ground. This

House and Garden Correspondence



mixture of American Indian and East Indian fabrics will not be found at all inharmonious as there is often to be noticed great similarity in color and design. Indian jars and baskets can be used decoratively about the room. Your long willow chair cushion should be upholstered with dull green upholsterer's velveteen. The other furniture in the room should show the same simple, strong lines and also the same stain and finish as the book-shelves and cupboard. A round oak table, one or more comfortable Morris chairs with laced cushions covered with wrinkled sheepskin, or the velveteen, would look well. All other chairs should be selected with a view to the comfort of their occupants. Some brasses and coppers could be used upon the walls. A door curtain of the green velveteen is suggested if such is needed.

MARGARET GREENLEAF

THE PROPER TREATMENT OF WATER

I would like some advice from HOUSE AND GARDEN regarding the best treatment for a small stream of water which crosses the property near its lowest boundary. My place is 540 feet wide along the highway and 1350 feet deep. It slopes slightly upward to the house, which is set back 250 feet from the road; then drops slightly for 350 feet further, within which space or plateau are

formed the flower and vegetable gardens. Then an outcropping of rock forms a natural cliff some eight feet high, below which is the meadow extending to the rear line fence, beyond which the woods begin—though not on my property. I forgot to say that my stable, which is a small affair, lies off to one side of the plateau, next the side fence, with the end of the kitchen garden between it and the house. My difficulty lies with the water. I cannot include it in the garden, owing to the difference in level, though I should like to. Shall I wall it in and deepen it, form a pond, throw a bridge or two across, and generally artificialize it, or can I make it interesting in some other way, and by a more naturalistic treatment?

F. S. S.

The treatment you propose would have two results: First, it would involve you in a much greater expense than I am sure you anticipate, and, secondly, it would produce a visible result that you would come to find profoundly displeasing and incongruous. It is the fate of water, being tractable, to be led hither and thither, and made grandiose, ugly and generally ridiculous by bridges which lead nowhere, waterfalls of the last degree of sophistication, and ponds, cement edged, forming hideous blots upon the face of Nature. If the reality of your country place is as charming as the picture evoked by your description, you are specially favored, and if ever there was an indication to let well alone, you have it. If your stream is clear and clean, you might form an artificial pond with natural edges and pump to your barn, but if you are otherwise supplied I should not advise it. Treat the stream naturally, adding aquatic plants and ferns and mosses along the banks, if the exposure is right, but let the long meadow-grass come quite down to the water in many places, and have a widened slack water lily pond. Put a small, unobtrusive bridge to one side with a path to the wood lot, if accessible. If the cow (I assume the cow) can get down to the stream let her graze in the meadow if there is a shade tree or two available as a retreat from the sun and flies. A vine draped tea-house to one side, on the brink of the cliff, is indicated if the outlook over the neighboring properties is not unworthy of inclusion, or, if so, it might be possible to plant out anything of the sort that proves objectionable. What more can you possibly need or desire to complete the picture?

C. E.

NOTES AND REVIEWS

RETURNING TO THE COUNTRY.

WHAT appears to be a serious determination to bring about a reflex movement from urban to rural life, is attracting public attention throughout the Eastern and Middle states, and in the more thickly settled regions west of the Appalachian range. This is manifesting itself in several ways. Immigration societies are devoting their energies to the persuasion of their wards not to stop in the large cities, but to pass on at once to the country and there enter upon agricultural pursuits for their financial and moral gain. "Charities" in recent issues has shown the wisdom of this step, conclusively. Quite as earnest an effort is also being made by American economic writers to induce those already settled in the city to live in the country, even though they must work in town; and the trolley makes this possible. The chief obstacle to be overcome, however, is not the physical possibility of the proposition, but the creation of a willingness on the part of people of limited means to try the experiment.

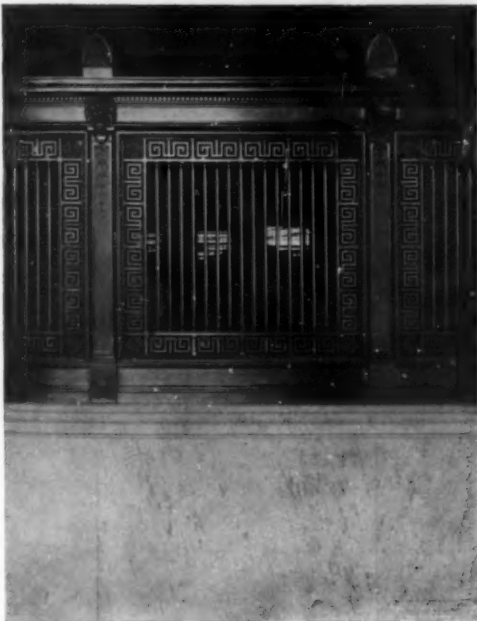
Heretofore it has been accepted as an economic axiom that the laborer and mechanic must live adjacent to their daily tasks, and the whole tenement house difficulty has been also accepted as a necessary consequence. It is difficult to question the moral and physical advantages of a rural life for the city worker and his family once the possibility is conceded, and it is to bring about this concession that Mr. Powell has written his vigorous demonstration.* He points out that three factors have made this possible. These are: the trolleys, already referred to; the rural telephone, and rural free delivery, concerning which the Post Office Department has promised that in a very few years every square mile of our country shall be covered by their service.

The entire subject of a self-supporting rural home is considered in detail, and a very reasonable argument is made by the

author for its entirely practicable application. The result is well summed up in the following quotation (p. 371):

"A lawyer and his wife have become my neighbors. She is the refined daughter of a notable minister, all of whose youth had been spent in the city. I asked her if she would be willing to go back to her former method of life. 'Not on any account whatever! Why, just think of it! Not one dollar for rent! We own our own house—built it ourselves—put our own notions into it. We are no longer eating and sleeping in other folks' houses. Then we have our own eggs, chickens, and fruit. Why, down in that cellar are twenty-four barrels of our own apples—Northern Spys, Greenings, Gilliflowers, Spitzenburgs. And there are splendid fresh vegetables all summer long—peas, potatoes, and beans and cabbages, and bushels of them for winter. Dear me! the idea of ever again going around the corner to buy a half-peck of peas! Miserable, half-dried things! But we didn't know any better then; we do now. Then there are little Joe and Ned! It would be just positive cruelty to shut them up in city life—houses and streets! But here they go it all the day long, playing, helping, romping, happy and healthy, and out of bad influences. See there; just look in there!' I saw a snug little room, dark but for a narrow window. 'Do you shut them in there when they are bad?' I said. 'What a question! No, sir Just look again!' Sure enough; the wall on one side held shelves literally full of tumblers of jellies and jars of preserved fruits. 'All my own putting up, out of our own garden! Do you hear that? Nobody else's stuff—except the pineapple and orange.' The opposite shelves were filled with Hubbard squashes and golden pumpkins. At one end hung bunches of herbs. It was clear that my friend was in love with the country. 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'the snow and cold weather can't be kept out of the country, nor out of the city, either; but a country house can be made so comfortable that we rather enjoy a storm.'"

*The Country Home. By E. P. Powell. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. MCMIV. 383 pp. Illustrated.



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THE VALUE OF SIMPLICITY.

WE invite the especial attention of our readers this month to the paper, by Mr. William L. Price, on "The Value and Use of Simple Materials in House Building." Since, in the face of the senseless extravagance which has grown up from the misapplication of historical precedent in domestic architecture, a protest like this of Mr. Price's is urgently needed. The first in our series of papers addressed to home-makers of moderate means, this essay has a value far beyond its merely economic application. Refinement should be the dominant expression in the outward adornment of the house as it is the summation of all the domestic virtues. Simplicity is not incompatible either with dignity or joyousness, and it is this essence of refinement that Mr. Price seeks to obtain, and does obtain, in his executed work by a certain beauty of texture and color which can be but ill expressed in a photograph. Beauty of line is the third grace of perfected architecture, and of this something may be caught in the illustration. One of the most serious extravagances resulting from the negligent application of historical precedent is due to the thoughtless and excessive use of molded work in both exterior and interior design, and on this point also, Mr. Price's illustrations are illuminating.

HOW THE FIRE DEPARTMENT WORKS
IN HAVANA.

THE following graphic account of the way a fire is handled in Cuba is extracted from a private letter received from the Rev. W. W. Steel, Archdeacon of Havana: "Houses are practically fire-proof, and if it were not so, the whole city would burn down as fast as they could build it up. The fire company is entirely volunteer. When the alarm of fire is sounded, the following is the invariable order of things: The fireman may be a clerk in a store, or a blacksmith, or a laborer on a building. One of the laws of the city is that no fireman may appear at a fire except in his uniform, which is very gay, and flamboyant. So when the fire alarm is sounded, away goes the fireman to

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his house to dress for the occasion. There is a city ordinance also that any *coche* that the fireman may see on the street must be at his disposal to carry him to his house to dress and take him to the fire, and that without recompense. I think, too, that if there are any passengers they have to be ejected at once to give room for the doughty fireman. But as it is a great loss to the *cochero* to carry at a gallop, the fireman, he, of course, will do all in his power to escape this duty, and so, when the alarm is sounded, away fly all the *coches* to escape the fireman; and the fire is burning all this time! Well, suppose the fireman to have gotten to the place of the fire at last; in the meantime the neighbors may have been there and they may have had buckets to help put out the fire, but there is another law to the effect that under no circumstance may, nor dare, any man touch any part of the burning house until a policeman has come to the place and opened the doors, knocking them in, or otherwise, and not even a fireman may enter a house until first the policeman has opened the doors. When the firemen have gotten down to their work, the hose is so rotten through lack of use and age, that it is full of holes and the water, if there is any water for the hose, will go anywhere but through the hose; and the fire burns on! Is it any wonder that every fire that has occurred here since we have been here has burned everything that it could burn!

BATHING ABROAD

ON another occasion I remember putting up for the night at a small country inn in Ireland, having to wait for a morning train to continue my journey. It was in summer, and having spent several hours on the train that day, my first desire upon reaching the "Traveller's Rest" was to take a bath. I asked the young woman who showed me up to my room where the bath room was, saying that I wanted to take a bath. The question seemed to cause her considerable astonishment, for she looked at me in wonder, and informed me naïvely "that to-day was not Saturday." I replied that I was perfectly aware of the fact, adding that I did not quite see what it had to do with my desire to take