

CONTENTS, DECEMBER, 1913

FRONTISPIECE: A WHITE CHRISTMAS

A GRASS-COUNTRY CHRISTMAS.....355

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

TAKING STOCK AND MAKING PLANS..... 359

By D. R. Edson

A YEAR-ROUND LIVING ROOM..... 361

By Theodora W. Krichbaum

THE MOTOR EMIGRANTS..... 363

By C. H. Claudy

THE HOME-MAKER'S CHRISTMAS..... 366

By Sarah Leyburn Coe

WINTER RESIDENTS OF WOODS AND FIELDS..... 370

By Howard H. Cleaves

A PRIVATE COMMUNITY..... 374

By Mabel Tuke Priestman

BRAIDED RUGS AND THEIR MAKING..... 377

By Amy Mali Hicks

IMPROVING THE TOWN HOUSE PARLOR..... 380

By Lucy Abbot Throop

COLLECTING OLD STAINED GLASS..... 383

By Maurice Drake

THE HOUSE OF MR. A. W. WOOD, ARDSLEY, N. Y.... 384

Arthur T. Remick, architect

INSIDE THE HOUSE..... 386

Placing the Shelf Clock

A Practical Coal-Scuttle

The Writing Desk

Japanese Lamp Screens

GARDEN SUGGESTIONS AND QUERIES..... 388

The December Garden

Pruning and Spraying

Winter Storage of Vegetables

Checking-up and Looking Forward

EDITORIAL..... 390

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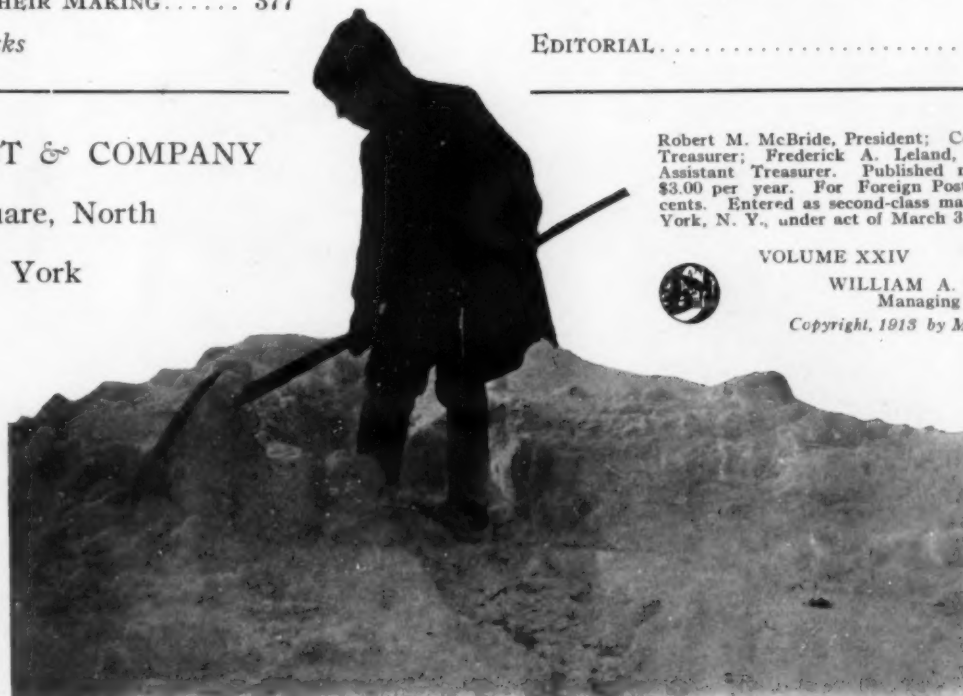
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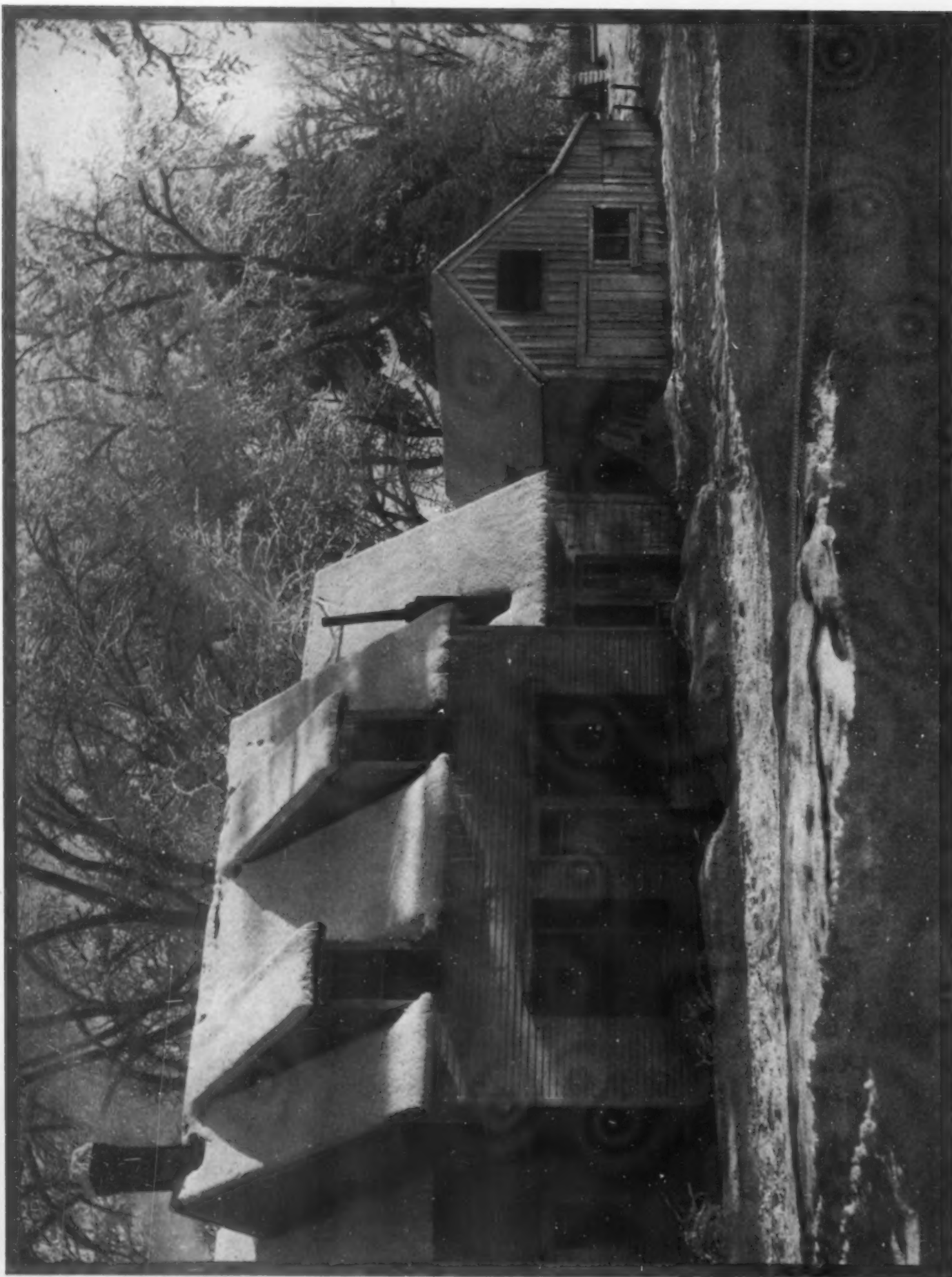
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WILLIAM A. VOLLMER,
Managing Editor.

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Christmas morning discovered Graslands in a blanket of snow. It really was a white Christmas, and the activity of the day was denoted by the early smoke rising from the kitchen and its connected buildings, for Graslands was an accretion, and in this department of the house had grown step by step into a picturesque accumulation of odd roof angles



House & Garden

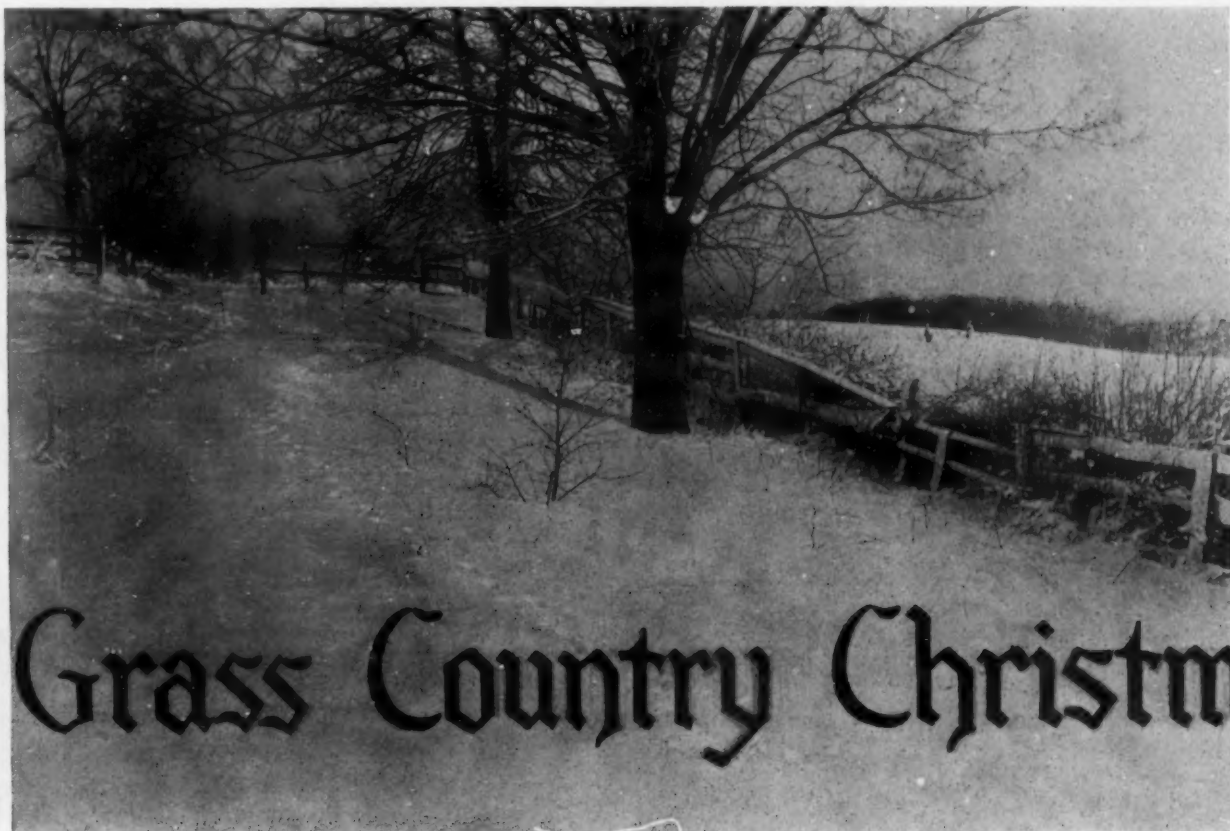
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A Grass Country Christmas

A SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS GATHERING OF THE OLD-TIME KIND, AND WHAT CAME OF IT — THE PREPARATIONS, INDOOR AND OUT, FOR THE GREAT OCCASION

BY MARTHA MCCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Author of "Dishes and Beverages of the Old South," "Far Farings," etc., etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Much of the success of Christmas merrymaking comes from the successful setting of the Yuletide stage. In Grass Country, Christmas was the festival of the year, and they were past masters in the art of decking out the house to receive the Merry Saint. But they did not buy their decorations ready made, they found the wherewithal from the largess of nature—much richer in sentiment. How these Southern hosts prepared in advance for the holiday season was told by Mrs. Williams last month. In this story of Grasslands she gives a blending of practical advice and subtle suggestion of the way to attain the true Christmas spirit.

FINE land means commonly fine land-masters. Major Talbot, for example, smiled at the wisdom of book farmers. He had no need of them to tell him secrets of soil and sunshine—what tilth kept land in good heart, what crops thrived best following one on the other. He had, you see, grown up on Grassways, under his father's tutelage, so had absorbed the wise knowledge handed down by a long land-loving line. Talbots only had held Grassways, since one of them, sometime a Continental captain, had chosen it out of a virgin wilderness, in right of a patent given instead of pay. It would be kept in the name, albeit the Major himself was childless. His sister, married to a distant Talbot cousin, had a flock of sons to inherit this favored bit of the earth.

The house was an accretion. Originally squarely Colonial it had a wing here, an ell there, a porch jutted by whim had become a screened passage to new rooms, standing end-on to the drive. Notwithstanding, the effect was harmonious, not jumbled—chiefly perhaps because of a wholesome and delightful simplicity. The big lion-headed brass knocker upon the front door was, indeed, almost the sole thing touched avowedly with ornament. This out-

wardly—inside there was quite another condition. A hundred years of waxing and rubbing had turned wainscot of native black walnut into an approach to ebony. Likewise the ashen floors had been brought to mirror surfaces, whereon one needed to walk warily. The hall had a big stone fireplace with a mantel reaching more than half way to the high ceiling. There was just room above it, indeed, for a deer's head, a ten-pointer, the first and only buck the Major had ever brought down. Across the tines lay a rifle that had barked across the cotton ramparts at Pakenham's redcoats, with bullet-pouch and powder horn slung beneath it. Below, the mantel shelf showed tall silver ewers, trophies won by famous fliers for a sporting Talbot long since dead. In between lay the sword drawn last at Yorktown. Flanking the chimney-place either side were frames of deal, rudely hand-





The Christmas House & Garden



carved, and unstained, enclosing Captain Talbot's commission, and the original grant to Grassways. Major Talbot's father had whiled away leaden hours as a prisoner of war by carving the frames with a rather dull pocket-knife.

Grassways kept open house every day in the year, but its hospitality came to full and finest flowering at Christmas. Then the Major and Nancy his wife gathered

chosen companies, varying from year to year, made them eat the fat, drink the sweet, rejoice and be merry from Christmas Eve to Old Christmas—otherwise Twelfth Night. What made such gatherings unique was—they gave Christmas only; other giving was strictly barred. Tenants, hireling, all sorts of dependants, got money—gold and silver, in tiny new purses, each wrapped in white paper whereon Nancy had scrawled boldly "Christmas Gift." These were distributed a week ahead, so the recipients might, if it pleased them, turn the gifts into other things exactly to their minds.

Mid-month, upon a mild December morning, toward ten o'clock, the Major looked up from a weather forecast to say: "Fraid we are in for a green Christmas. Not that it really matters much—nothing matters except to have a Christmas heart—"

"I say a Christmas house." Nancy interrupted. She was short and round, so rosily fair and unwrinkled; her thick white hair seemed almost freakish, especially by contrast with dark brows and lashes. Her tall husband, portly and ruddily weatherbeaten, had a silvered thatch to add to his distinction. He loved his wife even better than his land—next to them, he loved humankind. Now he leaned across to pat her hand softly, saying with a twinkle: "You make any house a Christmas house, old lady. I know—haven't I lived with you thirty-odd years?"

"Thank goodness—the fruit cake is out of the way." Nancy purred reflectively: "Seems to me somehow it's always better made in October. But—everything else—"

"Need any help?" the Major interrupted. Nancy looked at him pityingly. "You ought to know by this, I've got help," she said; "too much help—that's what's worrying me. Sis Lucy comes to-morrow, with three of the boys, and Tex—"

"Lucy's a host in herself, and the boys pretty handy—" the Major began. Nancy put her foot down impatiently—it had been crossed on the other. "Indeed she is!" she said heartily. "But—Mary March wants to come the next day, and fetch along Diana

and Susan. So there'll be even more to watch out for."

"We can't have that! Flat!" the Major said, with a deep breath. "Why, those boys and girls will be either engaged—or not on speaking terms before Christmas Day."

"Yes—and I do loathe engagements and fallings out and quarrels," Nancy sighed. Suddenly she brightened, saying, with a crafty smile, "I won't let them quarrel, nor make love. I'll keep them so busy they won't have breath for it."

Such a prologue betokens happenings. Nancy carried it out to the letter. Result, a transformed Grassways when a laggard sun struggling through heavy clouds ushered in the day before Christmas. A muggy day—moist and unseasonably mild. Diana and Susan, who had been appointed to help Sis Lucy and Tex with the cake and candy making, were devoutly glad they had finished their labors at dusk yesterday. It had been rather

aggravating to stand whisking eggs, creaming butter, measuring liquors and flavors under Mrs. Talbot's vigilant eyes, what time the Talbot boys trooped in and out and round about, their arms full of greenery, pausing now and then at the door of the big kitchen to chant mockingly:

"Sugar and spice, and
everything nice,
That's what little girls are
made of, made of!
That's what little girls
are made of."

Notwithstanding, the boys had come in handy. Without them it might have been impossible to scour the swamps for cat-brier, the bottoms for cross vine, not to name getting the plentiful mistletoe. Negroes had a superstition against climbing for it—the same as they had against stripping berried branches from the rare hollies. Native pine the grasslands hardly know—but



In the midst of the snow the birds' Christmas tree stood like a white tent, its laden branches bent to the ground

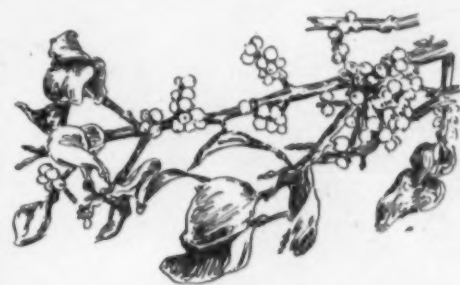
here at Grassways there was a lusty row of them, planted by the first settler in memory of Old Virginia. Hence their tassels were cut but sparingly—and so high up the ravagings would not show. The Talbot boys had adventured recklessly up the tall trunks, under counsel of Mary March, who, with money and beauty to spare, had come to forty single—and loving trees rather better than men. Nancy had given over the greens and their gatherers into her capable hands, and every day since had chuckled over her own wisdom.

There had been merry nights in the big dining-room, tying rope of cedar and pine. Arborvitæ cut from trees on an

The Christmas House & Garden

abandoned homestead had proved too stiff for such using—so had the bigger pine tassels. So also had the disappointing mistletoe—hence all were relegated to the flat groups over doors and windows, at the head of cat-brier trails. Cat-brier, known politely as southern smilax, was after a sort a providence—graceful do what you would with it, and nothing like so littery as holly and cedar. Wreath-making was forbidden—wreaths were too artificial and citified, Nancy and Mary March agreed. Besides, apart from nature's curves they both held to straight lines; the green rope ran true along the top of the wainscot, it came just level with the mantel shelf, outlined door and window casings, and followed accurately the fine lines of the great stairway. The broad first landing opposite the entrance had a window, south-looking and deeply recessed, and there the best of the house plants were massed. Nancy had trained rampant asparagus ferns over long wires for that particular situation. A little bending shaped a frame of lacy green for the window. Within it bloomed a savagely splendid *Amaryllis*. It had sent up half a dozen flower stalks—though the earliest blossoms had faded there were still many ruby chalices to catch and glorify all manner of light. The pot, half sunk in the window box, was hedged thickly with white narcissus, in bud, ready for Christmas blooming. At one side there was a white camellia full of rich buds ready to burst, on the other a *Daphne* already in half-blow. These Nancy had nurtured specially in her pit, and would send back there after the holiday time. They were placed first thing, after the wainscot rope was tacked up. The canopy ropes waited until the ribboning was done, and evergreen plaques in place.

Mary March thought out the ribboning after Nancy entreated, "Do have something new—and different." Satin ribbon, five inches broad, of soft thick quality and the richest holly red, was loosely knotted, leaving a



full yard between knots, then a heavy perfect pine tassel thrust through a knot, and its stem wired tight to a flat branch of holly. The stalks, previously dovetailed, were hidden by the knotted ribbon, then spray and tassel tacked firmly with the finest brads to the wainscot, standing diagonally, and at such a height the connecting ribbon ran fifteen inches beneath the green rope line. The ribbon was not drawn taut, only enough to hold it straight. A very fine tack or so midway kept it firmly in place; the drooping pine tassels, the upstanding holly, patterned against dark wood, quite transformed the hall. It was nearly square. Green rope carried up each corner, within two feet of the ceiling, then led diagonally to the corner opposite, but looped in passing over a strong hook in the center gave a cathedral effect, until the crossing was tied with big loops of the holly-colored ribbon. Long ends fell from the loops, and upheld a fern ball, stuck full of holly and mistletoe, in their fullest berry. A smaller ball, whose foundation was a huge Irish potato, bored with a gimlet to receive the stems, hung in the fan-light over the front door. Still



When they invaded the precincts of the library, with its rush-bottomed chairs and rows of volumes, they found that the Major had forestalled them. The mantel was already green with boughs and the berried tendrils of the partridge vine



smaller clumps had been tacked flat against doors leading inward. The girls pouted the least bit over such arrangement, but the Major, twinkling although pretending to be stern, bade them remember the time and place, and the sacredness of old customs. In his heart he knew they were glad rather than angry.

Nancy hated marble pedestals except upon occasion. Mary March made it plain to her this was an occasion. So two slenderly graceful white pillars, lugged down from the garret, were set in the hall's remotest corners and crowned with tall, narrow-necked, copper-luster pitchers, which in turn were filled with shadow bouquets. That is to say, pressed ferns, fluffy milk-weed, plummy golden rod, still faintly aureate, trails of feathery clematis—most of all tall, round-headed stalks of the unromantic pye-weed, its pinky-purple transformed to the most delicate silver-lilac. Each and several these things showed marvelously against the dark wood, and by contrast with the red and green. Nancy looked at every thing, happy enough to cry, saying, however, loftily to Tex and her own maid Andalusia—Andy for short—"Hustle down the rugs—quick—and take out everything that doesn't belong. After that—well! I don't care how soon the company begins coming."

"O! Ho! We are not company!" the girls and boys protested in chorus. Nancy looked them over scornfully. "Company? You!" she said, shaking her head; "Why! You are hardly even trundle-bed trash." Then relenting, "But I will say it for you—I'd rather have you than all the company a train could bring."

Nancy does things so handsomely! We forgive her!" Roger, the eldest Talbot, said, in pretending aside to Susan. Mary March shook her fist at him, saying severely, "A nice mess you'll make of it all—philandering this time of the day—with the dining-room unfinished, and the parlor and library not touched."

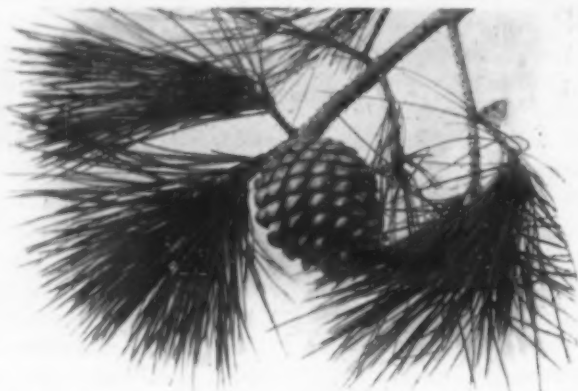
"Oh, let's leave the parlor nice and clean, not mess it up with Christmas things." Diana pleaded, "Somehow I feel we ought—anyway, it's too beautiful for anything but real flowers."

"I believe you are right, honey," Nancy said, her head a little aside, "the dining-room won't take long. Just stick up dried things and holly and mistletoe, and pine tassels wherever you can—it's all roped and ready—and I've heaps of sword ferns and a lot of young geraniums for the window boxes. No! Hyacinths wouldn't suit there," as she saw a question in Mary's eyes. "Too smelly—the scent rather takes your appetite. Make the room look cheerful—that's all that's necessary."

"So say all of us!" William Talbot, the Major's namesake, announced sepulchrally. Then with a giggle, "Nobody can think of anything else, when they have the chance to see and smell and taste a Nancy Christmas dinner."

"Shut up!" Nancy said, cuffing him lightly. "But don't you agree with me—the best possible decoration there, is something good on the plates? That's what the dining-room's for."

"I more than agree—I approve," William declared, his hand on his heart, holding open the door which led into the dining-room. As Susan shot through it, he glanced significantly at the mistletoe above it, murmuring under breath, "All



things come to him who waits, but the waiting is—simply awful."

"Is this go-as-you-please, and free-for-all?" Roger said, surveying the big room whose plenishings, like the house, were the result of accretion, yet kept terms with each other in a fine friendly fashion. Perhaps because they had room—the corner cupboard had no need to swear at the Jackson press; it stood at least twenty feet away, across the room. And tall as the press towered, vain-glorious in its diamond panes, it did

not in the least patronize the rather stubby sideboard, between the west windows, even though it was not mahogany. Nancy kept the sideboard proudly—it was one of the first things cabinet-made west of the Blue Ridge. At Christmases only, she dressed it out in the home-spun linen covers with deep netted fringe, that had come down along with it from that early time. The thick white of them threw up dazzlingly old silver and Sheffield plate. Mary March quickly made the wainscot above a gorgeous mat of bitter-sweet, its berries scarcely shrunken through Nancy's forethought in cutting off leaves when she set it to dry.

Underneath it, centering the sideboard, Great Grandmother Talbot's copper-luster bowl held fringy dark red chrysanthemums, and many sword ferns. The fall had been so mild the flowers had hardly needed protection. Masses of yellow and white ones decked the mantel, but could not put out of court its glory of tall brass candlesticks. The cupboard top had a bow-pot of red-berried branches—swamp dogwood, upland dogwood, a little holly, and very many tall stalks of rose hips. What with the cheerful growthy red and green in the narrow boxes at each of the four windows, the sprigs of holly and mistletoes, the pine tassels scattered about, the dining-room had no need to be envious of the hall, even though it had had no set scheme of decoration.

Surprise waited on the decorators in the library—whose name was not strictly deserved, albeit the one tall bookcase held the cream of English literature. It had rag rugs, many splint-bottomed chairs, great grandfather Talbot's walnut desk, a low lounge with a gay patchwork cover, a rack of guns and fishing rods, and a few old prints in black frames. The Major stood with his back to the door, making a pretense of studying the blindest of them, but really chuckling. He knew the others expected to find only the rope line in place—behold! by help of his favorite Wyeth, youngest of his nephews, he had banked the mantel with greenery, and trailed over it vivid partridge vines, wax-green of leaf, coral of berry, fresh because still on their own roots. Elsewhere was a brass umbrella-stand filled with white chrysanthemums, red berries, and trails of cat-brier; this was set in the only dull corner. Wyeth was still busy, tacking cross-vine about the print frames. He it was who waved back the invaders, saying in Mary March's own manner, "Get out of the picture—before you spoil it." But it was Talbot against Talbot. Roger walked in boldly, holding a sheet of cardboard in front of him, and saying, "You behave! That stuff won't do for the Family Hero," looking reverently up at the only portrait—a tall young man in a gray private's uniform. "Nancy says so—Nancy who must be obeyed," he went on. "She never forgets him—nor lets us either."

As he spoke he had been detaching from the cardboard a wreath of clematis in seed, fluffy, feathery, silvery beyond words. It was shaped to fit the picture accurately—the twisting of a few fine wires held it firmly in place.

"Only thing fit for a Man in Gray," Mary March said, decisively,

(Continued on page 407)



Taking Stock and Making Plans

SUMMING UP THE PAST YEAR'S ACTIVITIES IN THE GARDEN, AND LOOKING FORWARD TO THE COMING SEASON—WHAT CAN BE DONE NOW IN THE WAY OF PREPARATION

BY D. R. EDSON

FOR success in gardening, plans must be made well in advance, and the time to plan is *now*. Besides the vegetables which your garden this year gave you, there should be an extremely valuable by-product of experience; but its value will deteriorate rapidly with the lapse of time. Many of the mistakes which are still fresh in your memory now will have been entirely forgotten by next spring. If you happen to be the chief of a department in the business in which you work, your employer undoubtedly requires a report upon the year's operations; you know, also, that that report often shows many things which you did not suspect and that it is the only safe basis from which to plan your work for the year ahead. Do as much for yourself; you are as much interested in keeping down the cost of living as your employer is in making money. Not that an itemized cent for cent balance sheet is necessary or even desirable, but you can jot down the main figures of expense, such as manure or fertilizer, seeds, tools, etc., and also any extra labor for plowing, spading, and other work in the garden. In

all probability you can do this from memory in a way that will be accurate enough—and you can probably get in the same way an approximate estimate of what the garden yielded. Furthermore, you should jot down now the things of which you had either not enough or too much, what varieties did not seem to taste as good as they should, and what things you are under- or over-supplied with for the winter. It will require only a single evening's pleasant occupation to do this; it will be worth a good deal to you to have it done. It will also add that interest which intelligent planning always gives to your garden work for the coming year, and not only added interest but added results.

Within the next three months there will be plenty of time to attend to a good deal of your garden work, so that you will be unhampered and ready for a fair start in the spring. But if you keep on acting on the "plenty of time" principle, you will find that it has escaped before you realized it. The only safe and

sure way is to get at the job now and have it out of the way.

Have you ever arrived at an April first, when you could look around and find the following things done? Your plant food—manure, fertilizers, and "accelerators"—all purchased; your season's seeds, in the right quantities, on hand; your old tools all in one place, cleaned up, oiled and polished, and repairs made; a compressed air sprayer and a powder blower (both of which together need not cost over five to eight dollars) and a supply of ammunition to use in them; some provision made for supplying your garden, or at least part of it, with water during

the drought?

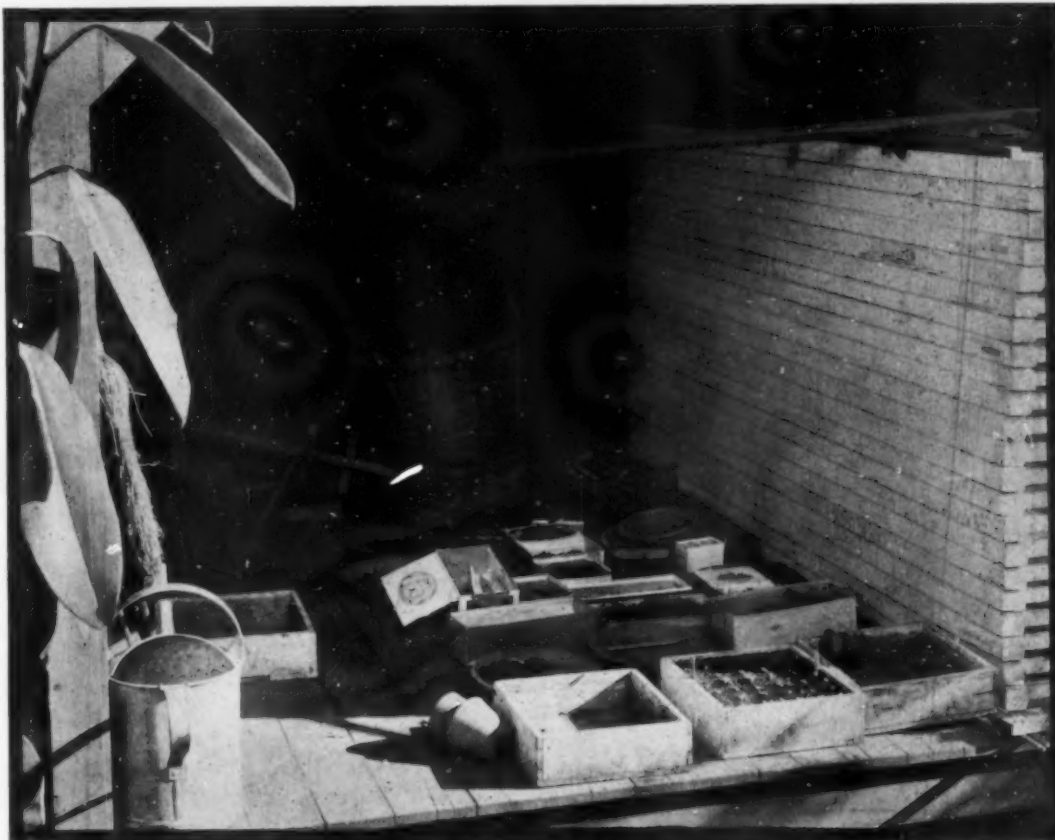
If so, I am ready to wager that that season you had a successful and satisfactory garden.

But the great probability is that you have never, so far, enjoyed such an April first. And yet there is not one of these things which cannot be done just as well before that date—which in most sections means the beginning of the rush season of gardening out-of-doors—just as well, or in fact better, than later.

Take, for instance, the matter of your season's seeds. Most of the cata-

logues will be ready in January; it is just time to send for them now. You know, or you should know, just as well at this time as three months hence what you are going to require. At present the seedsman's stock is full and he has time to fill your order without rushing it through and involving the possibility of making annoying mistakes. The things you most want will not be reported as exhausted or substituted for. You have plenty of time to study the catalogues and make out your order carefully. You have time to figure out accurately just the amounts you will need.

The same arguments are just as true of your plant food, manures, fertilizers, or chemicals. Good manure is hard to find at any time; it is much harder to find in March or April than in January. Engage yours now. The person from whom you buy it will agree to deliver it at any time, but in all probability if you will take it before the snow is off the ground, and while work



It is a great mistake, when the season's active outdoor gardening is over, not to put the tools, etc., in good order. Store all the implements carefully, so that they will be in condition for next spring



is slack, you can get it at a lower price. Unless you are fortunate enough to be near an abundant supply of manure, you will probably have to use five or six hundred pounds of commercial fertilizer. If you want to get the best possible fertilizer for the least possible money, you will have to buy the raw materials and mix your own. It will not be a disagreeable job and will require only a few minutes' work with square pointed shovel and a smooth, tight floor. The ingredients which I have used for a number of years with complete success are high grade tankage, sixteen per cent acid phosphate, muriate of potash, and nitrate of soda. If you will use them in the proportions of

50, 60, 40, and 30 pounds, in the order mentioned above, they will give you a complete fertilizer of approximately four per cent nitrogen, eight of available phosphoric acid, and ten of potash. The advantages of mixing your own fertilizer are a saving of forty to fifty cents on each one hundred pounds and the fact that you

get better stuff than you can buy. If you think you cannot mix your own, however, be sure to send to your State agricultural college and get a copy of its report on fertilizers, which is absolutely free, and a brief inspection of which will show you in which of the ready mixed brands you can get the most for your money. Get twenty-five to fifty pounds extra each, according to the size of your garden, of nitrate of soda, muriate of potash, and tankage. The former is invaluable as a top dressing to give some things a quick start, especially in the spring. The potash is useful as a top dressing, also, for crops that do not seem to be ripening up when they should, and is especially valuable for use in connection with fruit trees, vines, etc. Tankage makes an excellent starter to use in the hill

with plants that are set out or under muskmelons and the like. Your garden tools should be kept just as sharp and bright as a pocket knife and always in good running order. Any bolts and attachments that have become so rusty as to stick should be soaked and thoroughly cleaned and oiled so that they will give you no trouble in the spring. Get a flat file and go over the edges of your hand and wheel hoes. If a new trowel, hoe, rake, or watering-pot will be needed in the spring, order it with your seeds. You will have a larger variety to select from than in the small local hardware store and can obtain one better suited to your particular requirements. Have you a full set of attachments to go with your wheel hoe? If not, add one or two to your

list each year until you have the complete practical outfit.

The experiment stations have had a long and uphill publicity campaign to get people to realize the amount of injury done by the various insects which attack growing crops, and to realize the fact that the most of them can now be controlled if they are taken in time. But timeliness is the great secret of success in the warfare against these things. Practically all the remedies and preventatives required, certainly all those you need for an ordinary garden, are now to be had in low-priced, ready-to-use forms, which will keep perfectly well. Why not get a pound or a pint of each and have them on hand ready to use? Get a

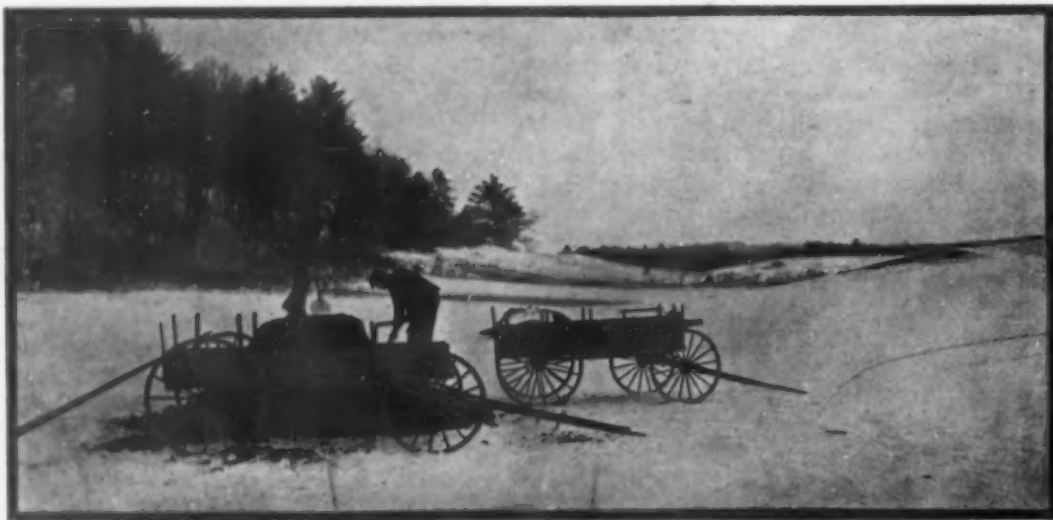
stout, medium-sized drygoods box and nail it up securely to the side of your tool house; fasten the cover on with a couple of hinges and a clasp so it can be locked up perfectly safe from the children; a piece of thin board such as the side of a cracker box will make a neat shelf easily fitted into it. Then get the following:

One pound of Paris green, twenty-five cents; one pound of arsenate of lead, twenty cents; one pound of hellebore, twenty-five cents; one quart of liquid Bordeaux mixture, twenty-five cents; one quart of kerosene emulsion, prepared, twenty-five cents; total, one dollar and twenty cents. Besides these, especially if you have any fruit trees, small fruits, or plants in the flower garden which are subject to attack from mildew, smuts, or rust, get a gallon of lime sulphur wash at seventy-five cents. For a couple of dollars so invested you can buy garden insurance against a high percentage of the insects and diseases which are likely to give you trouble. Your sprayer and powder gun, if you take good care of them, should last ten or fifteen years, and the supply of poisons and sprays in the above

list will do for the ordinary home garden for two or three seasons. There is not space here to tell you why and how these different things should be used, but you do not need to know that now; the point is to have them on hand and ready—for with most of them come full directions. But the most important thing about using any of them is to get it under the leaves, vines, bark, or whatever the case may be, within a short time after you perceive the first sign of danger.

What did you do when the dry weather struck you this summer? What happened to your garden when week after week went by without rain? Was your soil so retentive of moisture

(Continued on page 406)



If you can arrange to do so, it will usually prove less expensive to get the necessary manure for fertilizing during the winter instead of the spring. At the latter time the available supply will be more in demand



In preparing the soil for indoor plants care should be taken to pulverize the ingredients before mixing them



The "roof garden" was built on a tin roof above a room on the first floor. The roof is of glass shaded with adjustable screens, and in summer abundant ventilation is supplied by the opened windows and ventilators in the roof. Willow furniture and growing plants are appropriately used

A Year-Round Living-Room

PROVIDING A COMFORTABLE OUTDOOR ROOM WHICH CAN BE USED EQUALLY WELL IN SUMMER AND WINTER—A NOVEL SOLUTION OF A NOT INFREQUENT PROBLEM

BY THEODORA W. KRICHBAUM

THE problem of a suburban house without a veranda was the one which confronted us when we started in to convert a most ordinary and nondescript dwelling into a modern home. The building in question, a wooden affair which had received sundry and divers sorts of patching in the past, stretched its ugly width some fifty odd feet in extent, across its appointed site, almost to the final foot, hugging the curb, moreover, in its crowding upon the street.

The house entrance was dignified by the name of front veranda. It could hold perhaps four chairs, and was about ten feet square, but of privacy it was utterly destitute. The noise of passing vehicles, the proximity of the traveler on the sidewalk, generally served to keep the family indoors, when they most desired to be out-of-doors.

With the exception of the briefest of vacations, our summers are spent at home; consequently, with the approach of spring our eyes have been wont to turn to the small yard in our rear, and the great question which arose each year was what could be done

to secure a restful, retired spot, attached to the house, yet open to the splendors of the night and the sunshine and breezes of the day. No rear veranda could be considered because of the nearness of the stable, and obviously no enlargement of the front porch was either desirable or possible.

Plans and speculations proceeded apace, however, and the mark of a blue pencil demolished interior partitions everywhere; rooms grew and windows opened (on paper) till the very roof raised itself, and the old house lost its identity completely. At this juncture, Inspiration stepped in. Back in a sunny southeast corner of the house, covering a space of some twenty odd feet, was a tin roof surmounting a room on the first floor. In that bit of seclusion and sunshine a wonder grew which, as the weeks passed, became what we now call our "roof garden." A glass roof fifteen feet high was arched overhead with the two interior side walls which flanked the house, rising to meet it. This left the two outer sides for wide open spaces of copper wire net in summer, and glass sashes in winter. A green cement floor was laid,



In winter the light window shades are supplanted by heavy curtains which may be drawn together so as effectually to shut out cold drafts. With the aid of fireplace and radiator the room thus proves comfortable even in severe weather

and our veranda became an established fact. From this point its development has been a constant joy. All the woodwork is cypress stained a soft green, matching the floor. The walls are rough plaster, treated to a coat of dove gray waterproof paint. The furniture is all willow, stained green, even the shades of the drop lights, and the sideboard, with its copper implements for the midnight supper, served literally under the stars. The cushions and table covers are gray and green, sunfast to withstand the sunshine. In summer dark green, Holland shades protect us from the too fierce rays of light from above, but a portion of these upper sashes open up, and so provide fine ventilation from above. Green wood woven shades temper the side light. Ferns of wonderful growth, begonias, and vines grow luxuriantly, summer and winter. For convenience,

and to render breakfast and other service possible here, an extra stairway to the dining-room, immediately below, has been constructed, as well as two other connections with rooms on the second floor.

Morning, noon, or night, summer or winter, it is a spot of

supreme restfulness. With the snow on the glass roof above, or in the witchery of a brilliant moonlight night, it is always and ever fascinating. A corner fireplace—small, because it was all the chimney outlet we could secure—provides a place for a blazing log or two, which, with an ample steam radiator and heavy window draperies, defy the winter cold. Thus our veranda—or, as we love to call it in its perpetual greenness, our “roof garden”—is a feature of the house, a veritable bright spot in the home.



The fireplace is necessarily small, but its position in one corner of the room gives it considerable attractiveness. Ready access to other rooms is provided by the doors at the left



THE STORY OF A "BACK TO THE LAND" MOVEMENT THAT WAS STARTED BY A MOTOR CAR—CHAPTER VI—THE SPENCES DISCOVER THE CAMPING POSSIBILITIES OF THE CAR

EDITOR'S NOTE: The man whose business ties him to the city may feel the call of woods and fields, but the unpleasant prospects of isolation, lack of transit facilities, provincialism, etc., have deterred him from making a change. The automobile has solved these difficulties for many and has made a home in the rural country possible even for city business men. This is the account of an emigration to a rural district made possible by a motor. The automobile was considered part of the plant, and yet even when its original cost was included in the price of the home, they found that it enabled them to buy quite extensive lands for the price of a place in a high-class suburban development. How a motor served in a variety of practical purposes, brought friends, made the family independent of distance and time-table, is taken from the experiences of a man who has proved his experiment. This narrative was begun in the July issue.

BY C. H. CLAUDY

"I DECLARE," mused Mrs. Spence one day, after having used the runabout first for a shopping expedition, later to bring the children home from a visit ten miles distant, and finally to carry Mr. Spence from the station, "I don't see how we ever thought an automobile undemocratic, or a stuck-up, purse-proud sort of thing to own! I don't believe I could ever live without one, city or country, again. People who don't own automobiles don't understand what they do!"

"You are entirely right, as usual!" Mr. Spence put on additional power and the little car began to eat the road up, and an exhilarating breeze fanned their faces. "There doesn't seem to be any end to the tasks we can ask it to perform."

"That's what I think. Now, what would you say to a little trip to Eagle Rock?"

"Why the change of subject so suddenly? And why Eagle Rock, of all inaccessible, disagreeable-to-get-to places? You surely can't look back with any pleasure on our one and only trip there!"

"Well—I don't know—was it so bad?"

Had Mr. Spence known, his wife was but getting him started for a purpose. But he rushed blindly to his destruction.

"You don't know! You—why, you outrageous person! Haven't I heard you say a thousand times it was the worst trip you ever took? You don't remember the long, hot, stuffy ride?

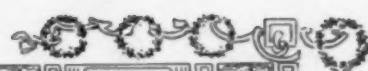
The crowded cars? The fat woman who insisted on sitting all over you? The child with the molasses candy who wanted to love you? The people in the next seat and the things they said? Forgotten the long wait at the junction, the heat, and that awful carriage ride, nine miles to the top of the old rock? I grant you the view is beautiful and it's nice after you arrive, but the saints defend me from getting there! No, thank you! I'll pack up and go to the Pole or Kamschatka or any other place, but no Eagle Rock!"

"Well, I agree with you. It was awful. But it was the journey which was awful. The place was nice. Dorry and Larry weren't even born then! And I'd like them to see it—I'd like to see it again. Why can't we go in Good Fairy?"

Mr. Spence turned his head from the flying road and looked at his wife, quizzically.

"Humph!" he answered. "So it wasn't a change of subject! You do move in strange and mysterious ways your purposes to accomplish! I'm sure I don't know why not—I suppose we could manage it. But it looks like a big undertaking to me!"

"That's because you still think of it in terms of heated cars, sticky babies, and squashy fat ladies!" replied Mrs. Spence. "I see in it only a pleasant ten-day tour—day and a half there, day and a half back, and a week to stop and let Dorry and Larry find out what the old State really looks like when you are way up



above it! I think the experience would be good for all of us."

Mr. Spence said no more then, but he mulled the matter over in his mind and finally decided that there really was no reason why the frequent short trips they were accustomed to taking in Good Fairy should not be extended into this modest tour of 170 miles. In consequence, Good Fairy got a sadly needed grooming and one her various parts were not accustomed to receiving.

"For we must certainly put up a good front!" agreed Dorry and Larry both. "We know this isn't a real touring car—it's a beast of burden and a farmer's wagon and a silage-cutting machine and an orcharding vehicle, but that's no reason the various people who see us shouldn't think we are a lot of plutocrats out on the road for a joy ride!"

So Good Fairy was washed and dried, polished and shined, her grease cups filled and screwed down several times, given oil and gasoline, her cushioned seats dusted and her few marred places touched up with the brush.

It was a happy party which "embarked," as Mrs. Spence insisted on saying, on the journey. Mr. Spence was only mildly enthusiastic—man-like, once having had a perfectly awful time getting to a certain place, he expected nothing better.

"Of course, Daddy doesn't expect any fat women in the car, and he probably thinks we won't eat taffy and insist on wiping our hands on him!" declaimed Dorry to her mother, after a glance at her father's face. "But of course he *does* expect seven punctures, nine broken axles, two gasoline explosions, and one fire!

He tries to hide his feelings, but I can see it in his face!"

So Mr. Spence "mended his face," to use a Spence family expression, and tried to enjoy himself. It was not, however, until the middle of the second day, when Eagle Rock was actually towering above them, and the realization was brought sharply home to him that he had actually accomplished the journey without trouble, without accident, without incident other than pleasurable, and that he was now, this minute, engaged in driving the nine miles which had previously been toiled over so slowly by "one sick horse power," that he really cheered up.

"I guess you *do* know how to manage the nominal head of the family!" he admitted to Mrs. Spence. "I stand ready to start for Europe in Good Fairy to-morrow if you say the word. Do you remember that crag out there? We used to sit there, children,"

he went on, eager as a boy, "we used to sit there and make believe spoon—oh, a few ages ago. Long before you were born. Do you remember the corn crib?" turning again to his wife and fishing in his memory for something which made his wife smile and blush, though neither Dorry nor Larry knew to what he referred.

This story has not the space to go into the details of a happy week. Eagle Rock was as pretty as ever—the drives were as

fine, the air as exhilarating, and the view as grand as when they had visited it almost twenty years before. But then they had driven a few miles in slow-going carriages; now they flew about fine roads in Good Fairy and learned more of the surrounding country in a week than they had in a month's stay before.

"You can do it, sure!" agreed the proprietor of the hotel. "I had a party up here last week which had just come from Gettysburg. Said they spent three days going down there and three days getting back, and saw more of the field in two days with the car than the old man—he was in the battle—knew was there from a dozen previous visits when he went sight-seeing in a carriage. They tell me that's a great park, with fine roads and a lot of dandy monuments!"

"I must think about that for Larry and Dorry," Mr. Spence told himself.

But it was not of the Gettysburg trip that he talked to his wife and family when they were safe home again. He had seen a railroad folder, and talked with a friend who had just come from a camping trip.

"I have the real, sure enough idea, this time!" he declaimed to Mrs. Spence. "You can have all your Eagle Rocks and your Gettysburg trips and all that! I'm not saying we didn't have a good time, either. But what's the matter with taking the car and heading for the Maine woods? I haven't had a real hunt for an age. You've never lived under canvas in your life. Why can't we start out and gypsy up there—live in a tent as we go, cook our own meals, camp out?"

"John Spence, you are crazy! Who ever heard of going camping in an automobile?"

It was what Mr. Spence was waiting for.

"I knew you'd say that!" he answered, a wicked gleam in his eye. "But it so happens that I *do* know somebody who did it—and his name is Warren Albright, who has an office two doors



As they reached the real woods and neared their proposed hunting ground, the roads became worse. But the Good Fairy was equal to all conditions



from mine! And just to prove it, I asked him to loan me the pictures he made and *here they are!*"

Mr. Spence produced a bundle of amateur snap shots. Mrs. Spence took them curiously, Dorry and Larry looking over her shoulder. There was one showing the party *en route*—another showing the camp at night with a tent fly stretched from automobile side to ground for shelter, and the people sitting about an open fire—a third delineating an early morning swim in a river which the party was shown crossing on a flat boat ferry in the next picture, and so on.

"Seeing is believing—you'd better admit right out that it can be done, because we are going to do it!" announced Mr. Spence triumphantly at the growing interest on Mrs. Spence's face.

"Hurrah for Dad!" came the united shout of both children. "Good Fairy to the front. From farm wagon to guide in the pathless forest! Dad, I want a rifle!" from Larry. "And a complete fishing outfit," put in Dorry. "And I think I ought to have a regular corduroy camping out suit with sombrero and all!" hazarded Mrs. Spence, looking at her husband and smiling.

So it was arranged, and a few weeks later they actually did start on a camping trip, with the same old Good Fairy which had been everything else in their lives at "The Gardens" now acting as Pullman car and railroad combined.

To be sure, camping out was somewhat different from Pullman cars.

"But it's nice except when it rains!" agreed Mrs. Spence.

The relief from even the mild constraint of a country home was a welcome change to all. Dorry and Mrs. Spence did the cooking—Larry and Mr. Spence washed the dishes. Sleeping bags on rubber blankets did for beds, and the whole camp equipment was easily packed on running boards and on the tonneau floor; the bedding roll—a huge affair—was successfully strapped on behind.

There was no hurry, so they tried for no records. It was their practice to stop about four in the afternoon, whenever an attractive field near the road gave promise of a suitable camping place. Locations near either river or spring were not hard to find, once north of the Massachusetts line, and making camp soon became an exact science. Larry gathered firewood while his father put up the fly tent. The automobile did duty as one tent pole, and by having the fly long enough to form a curtain against the automobile, they were protected from a too strong draft underneath. The fly was made of oiled balloon silk, waterproof, twelve feet long and fourteen feet wide, which gave it a spread of eight feet. The outward edge was either tied to trees or supported on poles cut for the purpose with the light camp ax which they carried. The balloon tent was very light and folded to go under the back cushion.

"It's funny to sit on your house all day and go to sleep under it at night!" Dorry murmured, when she saw the arrangement.

Nesting tins of aluminum did duty both for cooking purposes and carry food for lunch. A set of five takes up but little room and is very light. A square fry pan with detachable handle, and a coffee pot with a nest of five cups inside it, very easily took care of the storage of those unhandy articles.

"No fine hampers with knives and forks and napkins and room-taking ice compartments for us!" Mr. Spence had ruled, made wise in his day and generation by many conversations with Albright, who had "been through the mill." "The thing to do is to have as little as possible to look after and have that little packable in the least possible space!"

Food, of course, was secured through the country. Farmers were glad to sell them eggs and fresh fruit, and they replenished butter, coffee, sugar, flour and such things easily enough at the various towns through which they passed.

"No use stocking up with pounds and pounds of everything—we've little room and plenty of time—we'll get the things as we go along," commanded the captain-in-chief, as the children called their father, and so it was managed.

Once actually up in the woods, they planned to camp out only as long as the roads continued good—but when they drew near the hunting ground it was arranged that Dorry and her mother were to go to a summer camp and stay there, while Larry and his father took a guide and went into the woods for their hunting.

It is impossible in a condensed story of this kind to give the many

adventures which happened to this pair of boys—for Mr. Spence found and gladly proclaimed that since he had become a farmer he became younger rather than older every year. The purpose of these various incidents is not to tell a connected and dramatic narrative, but to show, in as lifelike a manner as their sketchy form will allow, the main facts about the automobile as an actual aid to actual living, not considered merely in the light of a luxurious toy, the main purpose of which is to haul one about in the evening or use as an aid to a shopping or theater-going expedition. That the Spences should cap the climax of the many uses they had found for Good Fairy by finding it useful as a hunting companion contains nothing strange. Others have found it perfectly feasible to camp out in an automobile as well as in a canoe or a sailboat.

"And we had plenty to eat and plenty to wear and plenty to enjoy every minute of the time, didn't we, Dad?" Larry defended their odd vacation to a schoolmate. "I tell you, I've seen a lot of people buy and use cars" (Larry spoke as if of great age and long experience, to his father's great though secret amusement), "but I've never seen any one who knew how much there was in a motor car, until we learned!"

"Did you ever count it up, and set down exactly what the car has done?"

(Continued on page 392)



The pictures which Mr. Albright had taken firmly convinced Mrs. Spence that automobile camping would be not only feasible but thoroughly enjoyable

The Home Maker's Christmas

ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS THAT ARE OF REAL VALUE IN FURNISHING AND DECORATING THE HOME—NEW IDEAS IN FURNITURE, TABLE ACCESSORIES, AND LIGHTING CONVENIENCES

BY SARAH LEYBURN COE



This little Nuremberg house is really a medicine chest for the wall

MOST people prefer to select their own house furnishings, just as they choose to select their own clothes, a fact that should loom large in the general scheme of Christmas giving, for nothing in the way of a Merry-Christmas present is capable of inflicting more annoyance and irritation than an article of household use that must be lived with and looked at day after day, regardless of its suitability.

On the other hand there can be no more satisfactory gift than the piece of furniture or silver, the rug or hanging, that is really needed,

that fits in perfectly with its surroundings, and is a source of real pleasure to the recipient. In selecting such a gift considerable care and attention are required, not to mention an intimate knowledge of the house or room in which it is to be used; for an additional piece of furniture should merely serve to round out a perfect whole, and not, as is too often the case, provide a jarring note in otherwise harmonious surroundings.

With the serious efforts that are now being made to produce furniture of good workmanship and admirable



An attractive candle sconce in Sheffield silver. Similar ones can be had for electric lights



When in use this triangular table unfolds into circular shape



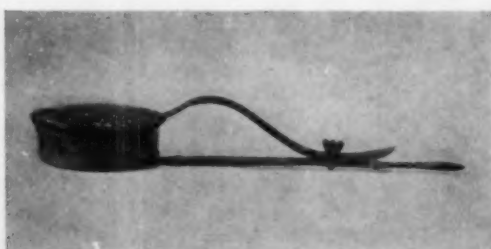
Four good pieces which carry out the same general style. They have oak frames combined with woven cane



The muffin stand may now be had with oval shelves



A candle stick made of a sea urchin's shell, with a sea horse handle and heavily silvered, is quite appropriate for the seaside cottage



The chestnut roaster is sure to be a welcome gift in the country house



Ornamental brass or bronze sun-dials may well be included in the list. They should be purchased true for the locality of the recipient

furniture is always acceptable provided of course there is a place in which it is absolutely needed. Odd chairs are particularly suitable just at present, for with the revived fashion of lacquered furniture there are many such chairs, excellent copies of old pieces, that are used with furnishings of almost every description. Each year sees the introduction of at least a few tables and other small pieces in new shapes patterned after standard models, but adapted to present day uses. In many cases this adaptation consists largely of space saving qualities, for the designers evidently keep the apartment dweller in mind.

The familiar tea-wagon is now made in a small size, suitable for restricted quarters but still quite large enough to be serviceable, and a new tea-table of excellent design has an oval top with glass cover, that turns back in a frame and can be placed flat against the wall. Another all-round useful table has a circular top formed of three hinged leaves which, when turned down, transform the table into a triangular shaped affair that can be deposited in any odd corner. A new model in the worthy muffin stand has oval, instead of the usual circular, shelves and the quaint little box-like sewing stand that holds so much and is so compact, is now made with a drawer underneath that adds to its capacity.

When there is a space that really demands it, no more acceptable gift can be found than an

design, that is really worth while, it should be an easy enough matter to select a satisfactory gift, for the single piece of ornamental mirror in a frame of mahogany or gilt, or a combination of the two. From \$5 to \$15 are the prices of some lovely

mirrors, copies of old models, that are unusual in design, and quite different from the regulation, so-called Colonial mirror that is evidently manufactured by the thousand and can be found in every shop. Still another delightful gift for the householder who may have space for it is the cedar chest that has developed into a distinctly ornamental piece of furniture, with its beautifully grained surface and brass trimmings, and is as useful as it is good to look at.

Hangings and draperies are a bit unusual as Christmas presents, but one is apt to be sorely tempted by printed linens and imported cretonnes with their exquisite colorings and designs. Whether it is only a square for a single pillow-cover, or an order on an upholsterer for the doing over of an entire room, the gift is sure to be appreciated, provided of course it is entirely suitable as to coloring and pattern. The printed linens that will wash beautifully and wear indefinitely are 60 and 72 inches wide and average about \$3.50 a yard.

Gifts for use on the table and in the dining-room are to be had in the greatest variety and can be selected without thought of space, a necessary consideration when making a present of a piece of furniture. One of the most useful of these is the warming stand, large enough for several dishes and so arranged that the top slides back to form a small stove, either with an alcohol



A smoker's reading lamp with convenient places for matches, ashes, a book and a glass



Exquisite colors and designs are to be had in the printed linen draperies



A hanging that washes well



Draperies and hangings like these may be had sixty or seventy-two inches wide for about \$3.50

The Christmas House & Garden

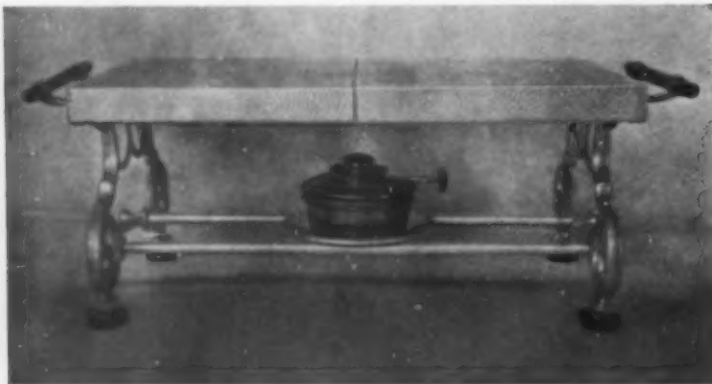


This lamp duplicates in glass the effect of a silk shade

pretty and convenient is of silver, shaped like an ordinary toast rack with a tiny alcohol lamp underneath, and another new addition to the breakfast table service is a pair of little Sheffield pots, one of which is intended for coffee, the other for hot milk. They are made with right and left handles, so that the milk and coffee can be poured in at the same time, and their price is \$8 each.

Electric percolators, toasters and chafing dishes are beginning to be considered quite indispensable as parts of the dining-room equipment, and there can be no question about their suitability as gifts; or when electricity is not available, the alcohol percolators and samovars are equally serviceable, if rather more trouble. Quite the newest thing in an alcohol percolator is of silver-plate, with a cut glass globe of elaborate design, in place of the customary plain glass.

A satisfactory gift to the house-keeper who appreciates distinction in her table decoration would be one of the Japanese flower holders with shallow dish for water, in which a

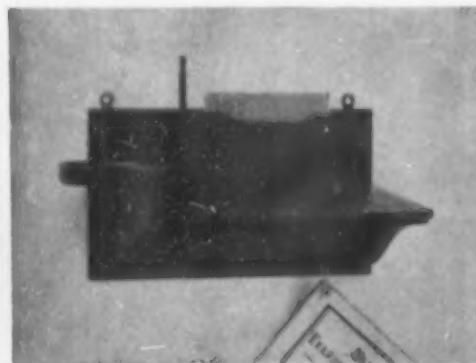


For the dining table there is the warming stand, large enough for several dishes and heated by alcohol or electricity

lamp underneath or with electric current for these stands are now adapted to electricity. A new toast warmer that is



Japanese flower holders of this type are distinctive. Above is shown their use in a shallow dish



A hanging telephone desk, with round shelf for the instrument



Right and left handles permit the simultaneous pouring of coffee and hot milk



These lanterns of antique design make good piazza lights

very few flowers can be arranged in an exceedingly artistic way. The holders are of bronze in various shapes of crabs, swans and other aquatic dwellers, or in forms rather more conventional in design, and the dishes of Chinese crackle-ware, or plain white porcelain, can be had in many shapes and sizes, and at prices from one dollar upwards.

Dinner gongs and chimes make useful gifts and are shown in a number of different styles, from the brass disk suspended in a frame to the set of chimes placed in a small mahogany stand about three feet high. A smaller set of chimes with four notes is also mounted on a mahogany stand for use on a side table, and still another variety is enclosed in a wall cabinet with doors like an ordinary cupboard.

Modern Sheffield silver can be had in such a variety of attractive pieces that it furnishes unlimited opportunities for the selection of appropriate Christmas gifts. Practically all of the Sheffield pieces are copies of antiques and there is no question of their value, either from an artistic or a utilitarian standpoint. Particularly satisfactory are the Sheffield pitchers of good size, in perfectly plain models designed



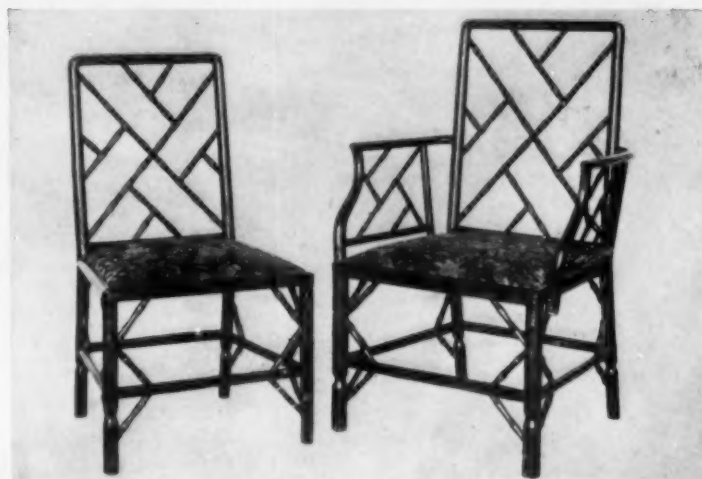
A four-chime dinner gong mounted in mahogany for the side table

The Christmas House & Garden

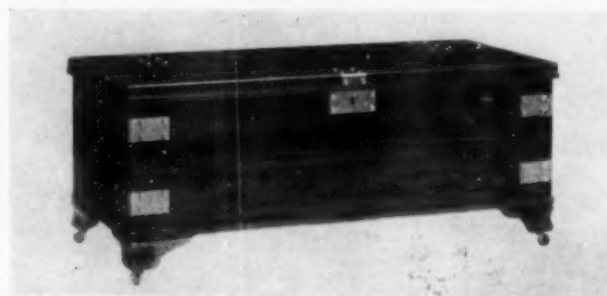
on beautiful lines, that are \$12.50 to \$15 each. Charming little after dinner coffee sets are shown for about \$20, and of course there are the usual vegetable dishes and candlesticks and trays in any number of different styles, while Sheffield sconces in lovely Colonial models may be had for either candles or incandescent lamps, and ought to prove a joy to any householder on one's Christmas list.

Pewter, too, has been revived until modern pewter is quite as available as Sheffield, made in designs equally good, and in pieces intended not only for decorative purposes but for ordinary household use. Copies of the curious whale-oil lamps at \$2.75, quaint candlesticks with wind shields, porringers, and tankards and mugs from \$2.50 up to about \$15 are reproduced from antique pieces for present day decoration, and tea sets in a number of good patterns, with dishes and plates and pitchers, are coming into demand for household and table use. (A good design is illustrated at the head of this article.) The latter make particularly acceptable gifts for people who have summer cottages or camps, as they are kept bright and shining with little trouble, and will take the place of silver without being valuable enough to necessitate any special care in storing them from season to season.

Even though there seems little connection between the Christmas spirit and summer cottages, many of the most suitable presents that can be given are essentially summer time articles, and would no doubt be gladly received. For the owners of old-fashioned gardens there are fascinating sun-



Odd chairs of lacquered work fit in almost anywhere. They are now made in excellent copies of old pieces



Every country home owner has opportunity to use at least one cedar chest. They now come in a variety of finishes, handsomely bound in brass

dials in brass or bronze to be had at reasonable prices. Picturesque lanterns in quaint designs, with dull brass frames and ancient looking yellowed glass sides, are among the housefurnishing novelties this season, and make attractive lights for the piazza. The combination of willow with the gay, crudely colored Hungarian china is something quite new, and muffin stands, fern bowls, flower pots and dishes of various shapes and sizes of this ware in holders of willow seem to suggest summer time pleasures and appropriate Christmas remembrances at the same time. An addition to the fittings of the fireplace in the autumn camp or the all-year-round country house is a chestnut-roaster made of dull brass, a copy of an old model that is sufficiently quaint to be ornamental as well as useful.

Odd and attractive articles whose uses are essentially prosaic and homely may be made to do duty as Christmas gifts if only one takes the trouble to look for them. The medicine chest, necessary evil that it is, is now disguised as a fascinating little Dutch house, the contents of which would never by any chance be suspected. There are ever so many models in these little chests which are fastened on the wall in the usual way, and all have the quaint Dutch roofs and dormer windows, with the half-timber decoration, while some are so realistic that they show places where the plastering has peeled off and left the bricks bare. The umbrella stand, an article of furniture usually despised, is now made in the effective combination of English oak and cane which would prove quite an attractive addition (Con'd on p. 404)



A new tea-table with glass top that swings back, for convenience in placing against the wall



A foot rest designed to fit against the easy chair to make it yet more comfortable

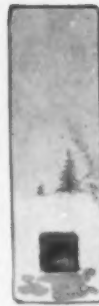


This box-like sewing stand has an especially large capacity and is easily carried about



WINTER RESIDENTS of WOODS AND FIELDS

by HOWARD H. CLEAVES



BIRDS AND ANIMALS THAT BRAVE THE WINTER'S COLD—MIGRANTS FROM THE NORTH THAT COME TO US ONLY WITH THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR

Photographs by the Author and Others

HAVE you ever been abroad in the country on a cold night in December and looked across the snow-clad hills and wondered at the stillness of things? A shadow passing in the moonlight through the orchard tells of the night hunt of the screech owl and from yonder thicket bobs the form of a cottontail; but everything goes forward in silence, for all wild creatures that are active at this season learn the meaning of acute hunger and, with most, life becomes too serious to allow of singing or calling for its own sake. As you return from your hour's tramp across the snow carpets of pasture and woodland, with ears a-tingle and nose-tip cold, can you help but marvel at the hardiness of the birds and beasts that withstand so successfully the rigors of our New England winters? After a brief exposure to the unmerciful elements we are glad to rub our benumbed hands above the kitchen stove or stand before the open fire till the steam rises from our garments—but what of the birds? They seek no artificial heat and, indeed, need none: they shame us with their vitality. An ounce of flesh and bone, a layer of fat, and a covering of feathers—and you have described the chickadee, a midget who "stands by" through the most rigid winters and dispenses a ton of optimism into the bargain. And the chickadee is only one of a great fraternity of robust feathered sprites that invite our friendship through sleet, snow and cold.

It must be granted that a great majority of the birds that enliven our summer woods scurry southward at the approach of autumn, but would you believe that there are myriads of birds that spend the winter hundreds of miles to the north of us no matter how bitter may be the cold; and that the severest climate that the Middle Atlantic States can boast would seem to them as mild as the warm breezes of Florida would to the chickadee? The Lapland longspur, the crossbills, redpolls,

Bohemian waxwing and evening grosbeak are all representatives of this group of sturdy northerners that occasionally wander here to be seen by us in the months of snow, and all of them are comparatively small land birds. Then there is the snow owl and the purple sandpiper—the former frequenting the ocean beaches and the latter always being found there at this season. Mr. W. Elmer Ekblaw, of the Crocker Land Expedition, now encamped for the long northern winter at Etah, Northwestern Greenland,

communicated with the writer under date of August 26 last, concerning the bird life of that locality, and following is his letter in part:

"I've seen the white and the gray gyrfalcon, the ivory gull, the purple sandpiper, raven, snow bunting and ptarmigan already. Temperature is twenty-six degrees to-day, the mountains are covered with snow and there is snow on our decks."

Etah is nearly at the top of the earth and yet one finds birds at home there not only in the month of August, when snow is already falling, but in the season of extreme cold. Here and in the waters to the south live the murre, dovekie, fulmar, glaucous gull, eider duck, puffin and guillemot, and it is but rarely that we have a glimpse of them hereabouts. What marvelous examples of hardihood these creatures are; indeed one might well place them among the foremost of Nature's triumphs. This northern winter bird population has been mentioned for the purpose of impressing the reader with the fact that our December, January and February landscapes and ocean fronts are by no means destitute of feathered life—

however much they may seem so upon superficial examination. For, beginning at the north, we would discover that birds become more and more numerous as we work toward the equator; and he who turns his back on the country at summer's close and hibernates, as it were, in the city, till spring, can perhaps never



The silence of the winter woods deepens as the sun sinks behind the westward ridges. An owl hoots far off in the hemlock swamp, and you pause a moment to listen



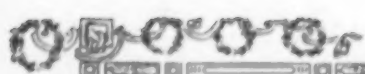
When the snow comes the juncos and other small birds seek the shelter of heavy cover, especially where bare patches of ground are found under the branches of spreading evergreens. Here, on a dazzlingly bright morning when every twig holds its burden of new snow, you will hear the tinkling notes of the tree sparrows, perhaps the sweetest of winter bird calls, irresistibly suggestive of icicles melting in the sun

be convinced of the richness of the horde of field experiences among the birds that he has left behind. By covering a diversified stretch of territory anywhere in New York or elsewhere in the surrounding States it is a simple matter to record in a day a census (near Christmas time) of from twenty-five to fifty different species and, in some instances, several thousand individuals. Let us inaugurate one of these mid-winter bird hikes and obtain at first hand the thrills which only such an expedition can give us.

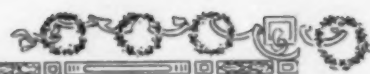
A bird is most conspicuous when moving, and wild birds are on the move at all seasons; chiefly in the early morning when their appetites are keen. It is therefore advisable to get into the field soon after the beginning of day, even in the season of snow; and suppose we direct our course first toward the forested areas where both shelter and food supply have induced many of the land birds to take up their abode. One of the great keys to successful observation in the field is *good listening*. Concentration through the ear as a medium is almost as important as the development of a keen and alert eye; for a distant sound may often put us on the track of some creature whose presence would otherwise have remained a secret. And here in the winter woods conditions are most favorable to the detection of sound than in any other place, perhaps because there are fewer sounds and distractions. The buzzing of insects, for example, has long since been

stopped; the tree toad and Pickering's hyla are silenced; and there are no bothersome gnats nor mosquitoes to require our attention. We are free to look and listen and soon our list of birds attains a considerable size. Already we have seen or heard the white-breasted nuthatch, junco, chickadee, bluejay, and downy and hairy woodpeckers; and if we are both patient and diligent the purple finch, pine siskin, fox sparrow, golden-crowned kinglet, cardinal, Carolina and winter wrens, brown creeper and Bob-white may also be attached. In many of those portions of the country which are sufficiently removed from human dwellings, the ruffed grouse is even now tolerably common, and fortunate is the walker afield who is thrilled by the whirr from the wings of this feathered bullet as he rises out of the snow or shoots from some thick cover. And in these same forests live a few shy cocks-of-the-wood—the northern pileated woodpecker, who looks nearly as large as a crow; and, more retiring still, the great horned owl, who seeks the concealing shade of some thick pine during the day and sallies forth at night to scour the country for cottontails.

There is a great amount of satisfaction in securing enough to eat, and this prompts many birds to utter notes which are peculiar to feeding time, thus attracting others of their own and other kin to the feast. Though there may not be enough to satisfy all, still the discovery is advertised and there is seldom any conten-



The Christmas House & Garden



tion, the entire company moving on in search of new feeding grounds when one supply is exhausted. We have made this observation by coming upon a large band of tree sparrows at the edge of a field where a few weed tops project above the snow level, and the same is true of a small company of goldfinches that has assembled in the upper branches of a sweet gum to extricate a breakfast from the pendent seed balls of this tree.

Birds that remain over winter find their range cut down very materially, due to a restriction of food supply and shelter and, by possessing a knowledge of conditions, we may often know exactly where to seek this or that bird; our search also being frequently governed by the hour of the day. If we were to travel a half-mile cross-country to a certain field and southern exposure we should come upon a small band of meadow-larks feeding where a high wind had cleared a strip of ground; but in the late afternoon these same birds would be seen flying to the salt meadows, where they roost for the night. In yonder thicket two song sparrows are spending the winter and if there comes a warm day toward the end of January the male of the pair will raise a feeble song, as if to encourage the sun. We stop short at sight of a bird of medium size that has alighted with astonishing abruptness on the uppermost spike of a dead chestnut. His tail is raised with a jerk and lowered less quickly into a natural position, this motion being repeated at intervals while the bird turns his head this way and that in a watchful manner. Now he leaves the tree, sails to a distance and, arresting his flight altogether, hovers so exactly in one spot that when he is aligned with a distant object he is seen not to vary so much as an inch, up or down, or to right or left. This is the sparrow hawk, and while he suspends himself thus he scans the snow for mice that may be indiscreet enough to show themselves; or on occasion he

will catch a small bird and carry it to a fence post, where it is speedily eaten. There are two or three large relatives of this smallest of our hawks that may be present also—the red-shouldered and the red-tailed hawk, rarely the voracious goshawk from the north, and occasionally the east-flying marsh harrier.

The red-shoulder is seldom found away from the wooded regions, while the red-tail and goshawk may be seen perching in solitary trees, especially at the border of a swamp or marsh. The meadows are the home of the marsh hawk, and we see him beating up and down over them, diving quickly on sighting his prey, but often missing and now and again alighting on a hummock and always facing up wind.

We come now to a lane bordered on either side by red cedars and we must examine these trees with great care, for an Acadian or saw-whet owl seeks their shelter during the day, but will not fly at our approach and is exceedingly difficult to detect. Tree after tree is searched from every angle with no avail, but here is a large, thick-foliaged one ahead that promises well—for on scrutinizing the surface of the snow two or three rejects or pellets are found. We now circle about the tree, peering up through the thick branches, but can see nothing and are about to push on when up goes a shout from one of the party. He has located the tiny owl.

So still had the bird remained and so well had he selected his roosting place that we had passed the little rascal several times; but there he sits, close to the main trunk, squinting down at us through half-closed lids. If we wished, we could catch him by chasing him into the open and closing in on all sides, for the owl would be dazed by the strong light and confused by his several assailants.

It is now past noon and after a brief stop for the purpose of consuming the lunches that we have brought in our pockets, we



A rabbit's trail leads across the swamp, sometimes emerging from the brush to where the dead level of snow tells of the ice beneath



It takes a keen eye to detect the tiny saw-whet owl, perched absolutely motionless in the densest cover



The great black-backed gull is one of the winter visitors to our ocean beaches



Among the dwellers about the salt marshes in winter is the short-eared owl. Toward dusk he is often seen on the wing



Photograph by John Treadwell Nichols

Of all cold-weather birds, crows are perhaps the most conspicuous. Whatever may be their shortcomings during the corn planting and bird nesting seasons, one cannot but admire the hardiness and unflagging spirit with which these hardy fellows scour the snow-buried countryside in search of food

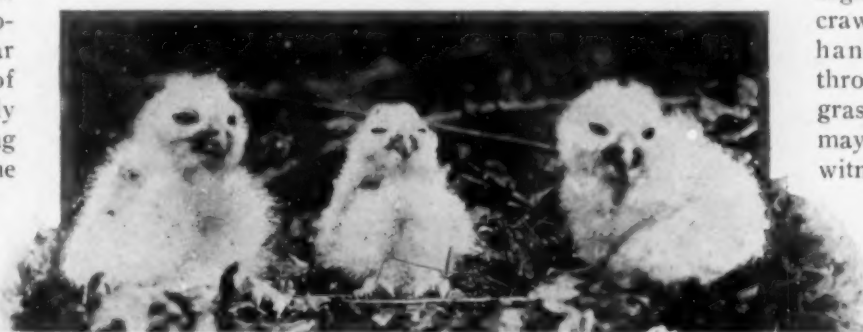
leave the upland and head for the ocean beach, first traversing the extensive and ice-bound salt marshes that intercept. The tide is low, for the water has gone out from beneath the ice in the creek-beds, leaving portions of the banks exposed where one may see the now abandoned dwellings of scores of fiddler crabs. Here, imbedded in the ice, a crow has found a mussel and worked long and hard to secure the meat of the frozen bivalve, but without success. The least morsel of any kind is detected by the sharp eye of the crow and down he comes to investigate, so keen is the pang of hunger within him. He will invade your orchard or even your barn yard in this season at sight of food, but the great feeding grounds of these black vagabonds now are on the beaches and mudflats where the waves have carried up dead and living creatures of the sea. And so it is that we see straggling companies of crows passing to and from the shore as we stand on the salt meadows; but if we were to watch here in the middle of the afternoon we should see all of them making for the inland regions, where they roost among the pine groves during the cold nights, ready to sally forth again at day-break.

We now come to the bulwark of great sand dunes that protects the meadows to the rear from the destructive force of the waves which can be plainly heard pounding and roaring not far away. There are some small birds creeping about among the grasses and on close inspection they prove to be Ipswich sparrows, typical birds of our sandy sea-coasts in winter. They are pale gray on the back,

tinged with brown, the belly being very light and the bird by its actions reminds us of a small, nervous animal. It could not for a moment be confused with the song sparrow, whose color is a rich brown above and whose breast is heavily streaked. As we skirt the base of a large dune and come to a place where the coarse grass is especially tall, a large and silent bird shoots up only a few yards ahead and with superbly graceful wingstrokes rises steadily to a height, facing into the wind, and peering down at us the whole time. Having remained aloft till he has thoroughly analyzed us, he swings off over the marshes and alights on a low mound. Through our glasses we can see him adjust his wings and turn his head solemnly in many directions; he is of a buffy color, streaked on the breast, and seeming to wear dark spectacles. We have made the acquaintance of the short-eared or meadow owl, and found him in his chosen habitat. He is less nocturnal than the little saw-whet, and on cloudy days may occasionally be seen beating slowly above the grasses, sharing the boundless range with the marsh harrier.

We must not rush over the crest of the ridge of dunes in our eagerness to view the ocean, but crawl to the top carefully on hands and knees and peer through the fringe of dead grasses to spy on any birds that may be beyond. Did you ever witness such a panorama? It is well that we were cautious, for now we may observe, but ourselves remain unobserved. There are hundreds of herring gulls

(Con'd on page 394)



Curious as it may seem, the first plumage of the barred owl is white, changing later to the soft browns of the adult bird



The three houses facing the road are surely not monotonously similar, but their design has been so figured that the group makes a decidedly attractive composition and improves the immediate surroundings. The house at the left is shown in further detail on page 375. The three interiors at the head of page 376 are of the center house

A Private Community

A GROUP DESIGNED BY CHARLES BARTON KEEN THAT SUGGESTS AN ANSWER TO SOME OF OUR SUBURBAN HOUSING PROBLEMS—A PLAN FOR THE TREATMENT OF A GENEROUS LOT TO CONTAIN SEVERAL HOUSES PLACED THEREON TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE

BY MABEL TUKE PRIESTMAN

Photographs by the Author and Others

THE idea of community living is an old one in Europe, and by no means a new one here in this country. As a rule much of the development of this idea was stimulated for economic or social reasons. Occasionally, of late years, we find the esthetic very prominent. But whatever the motive, various interesting communities have grown up here and abroad that are decidedly attractive architecturally and very pleasant places to live. At the back of these ideas is the single one to treat a generous section of the country, here often composed of innumerable diverse and various blocks, as a single unit. As we are interested more in the individual homemaker's problem, let us consider just what is often accomplished.

A small town or town site

is surveyed and plotted carefully. The contours are indicated—the principal, positive physical features. And upon this frame-

work the esthetic genius and the practical man work together. The architect or landscape man sees in his mind the whole place built up with similar, yet different, buildings. He desires its profile from a distance to be a composition with accentuated details and expressions. Together, the engineer and the architect place the market center, the residential center, the amusement center, and treat the highways so that the activities of the individuals are most pleasantly and economically carried on. A dozen associations in England are at work upon such ideas as this. They make them practical by controlling such a movement by a co-operative



The facade away from the street is a little more homelike, less severe, probably a touch more elaborate than the opposite entrance. This is the rear of the center house



The Christmas House & Garden



society, stimulating the poorer inhabitants to become tenants on the principle that each rent owner has a possibility of becoming a sharer in the common project. The amusement side in out-of-door recreation places renders the locality of still more attraction.

In this country there are various community settlements, but they only approximate the English condition. There is the much discussed Forest Hill Gardens, for instance, developed by the Sage Foundation. Here the social-economic aspect is no longer apparent, but a decidedly attractive suburban home center has been formed.

At Rose Valley, Pa., a company sold lots in the attempt to establish an arts and crafts center, and much of the property was to be bought by those who sought the ideal working conditions for handicraftsmen. The practical side of this venture failed, but dilettante craftsmen have made a delightful suburb out of the community.

On the economic side examples of work along these lines are to be found in the Westinghouse community near Pittsburgh, the National Cash Register colony near Dayton, Ohio, and the Acme White Lead Works near Detroit.

What has been done along lines of community dwelling has had an influence in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. In this delightful environment for suburban homes, minds have been at work planning communities where simply the plan was treated as a unit and there was nothing done as to the life. Among other striking examples is the development at Cresheim Valley, the work of Durhing, Okie & Zeigler.

But whatever the development work may be, and granting its attractiveness, many individuals have the objection that a community is not an individual home. Common parks, common gardens, and common playgrounds may be all very well, if the



The rear of the house shown at the bottom of page 376 and at the left of the first illustration. The projecting roof, large, deep paved porch, and large concrete pillars are elements in combination making a decidedly attractive, inviting home



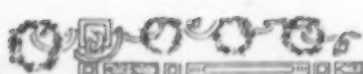
In keeping with the Colonial suggestion of the exterior, most of the bedrooms are fitted with Colonial reproductions



The dining-room of the house above makes good use of a paper with soft gray design. This is duplicated in the living-room



In the living-room of this house the mantel consists of a simple molding treatment of cornice without carving. The combination with the brick is effective



The Christmas House & Garden



The dining-room of the middle house also has a Colonial treatment, and has preserved the chair rail common to earlier types



Here is a more elaborate mantel treatment. The arrangement of the large smoke-room lounge and winged chair about the fireplace is admirable

strictest economy makes them a necessity or nothing at all, but there is the feeling among some people that in a community development there is an absence of privacy and absence of individuality. I have heard it said by a facetious critic of the community movement, that she felt sure, did she live in such a locality, that she would feel exactly as she imagined the poor orphans in an asylum felt, and whether or not she wore the dull, brown uniform she felt confident that the clothes and expression and appearance of all the individuals would eventually become uniform until, as she put it, "the community was nothing more than a school of fish." Of course whatever truth there may be in this passing statement, it is certain that many would prefer houses constructed after their own ideas and with the privacy of their own grounds.

There is a very happy medium between these two extremes in work that has been carried on by Mr. Charles Barton Keen at Stratford, Pa. Mr. Keen felt that where several close friends or several members of the same family desired to treat a section together, the result would be decidedly attractive architecturally and economically as well. If the architect is allowed to treat an irregular plot of land with freedom, if he is emancipated from the stringent rectangular lines of plot boundaries, the result is apt to be most agreeable.

In speaking of the development Mr. Keen remarks: "It seems superfluous to discuss the advantages from an architectural



Each of the houses has a porch room capable of being made decidedly attractive. This one opens from the dining-room



A hedge running along the street boundary of the houses receives a slight difference in treatment before each one of the group. This lattice-covered gateway fits the detail of its house exceptionally well

standpoint, as with a little consideration it should be evident to all. Our modern suburban and country settlements, even in the best localities, are a series of violent contrasts and discordant styles. There are great possibilities in the development of a plot of ground in the hands of a skilful designer with the idea of uniformity of style and harmony of line and composition. The three houses illustrated show in a small way what can be done in designing in a harmonious style—each house practically of the same type and color treatment, yet with its own note of individuality dictated by the site, plan, and taste of the owners."

Noticing the disposition of the houses along the main street as shown at the head of this article, it is apparent at once that there is no monotony of treatment, although a similarity of expression. Mr. Keen has taken the Philadelphia sample of the farmhouse type of dwelling and allowed it a variable treatment.

The house appearing on the extreme left of the first photograph at the head of page 375, and the bottom of this page, is interesting.

Upon the road frontage it shows the plain facade of a Colonial type, pleasantly enlivened by the judicious use of lattice and a simple but effective doorway treatment. But the other side, as seen on page 375, is very much different. It has that long, projecting roof which gives such a decidedly inviting terrace porch. Its row of delightful windows seems leaning out to catch the attraction of a garden view.

(Continued on page 395)

Braided Rugs and Their Making

A BRANCH OF HANDICRAFT WORK THAT IS SIMPLE AND EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE—PATTERNS, MATERIALS AND METHODS FOR MAKING ONE OF THE MOST SERVICEABLE OF THE NEEDLE RUGS

BY AMY MALI HICKS

WITH the steadily increasing interest in handicraft work which has accompanied the growth of this phase of home activities, there has come a better understanding of the really valuable place it can occupy in the modern house. We realize that the work of the craftsman not only has an element of strong personal interest given by the fact that it is the product of the owner's own hands, but that it possesses a certain distinction and individuality not to be found in articles duplicated in large quantities by specially equipped factories. This is a condition which applies probably with equal force to nearly all branches of the work, but it is especially noticeable in the case of braided rugs. In the old Colonial days these serviceable and attractive articles filled an important place, and even to-day they may well come in for the craftsman's careful consideration.

The braided rug is one of the most serviceable and effective of the needle rugs. It is so simple in technique that any careful needlewoman can make it. And consequently it is one of the rugs most frequently seen in the farmhouses in New England and the Middle States. Sometimes, indeed, a complete floor covering is formed by using braided squares fitted together. These coverings are heavier and warmer than rag carpets. They wear longer, too, and lie flatter, keeping down to the floor at the corners and showing no disposition to kick up in the annoying way that rag rugs do.

Braided rugs can be made entirely at home and with otherwise waste material if the worker chooses. The really old ones were made of cotton rags or cotton and woolen mixed; in fact, of anything old or new which came in handy. For the spacious attics of our great-grandmothers furnished inspiration and material enough at any time that one was needed, and the work is so simple that many a one has been braided during the long winter evenings by the meager light of its contemporary, the tallow dip.

But in these days of no attics and few store-rooms the worker in the cities at least has no treasures of cast-off things to resort to. The basements of the large department stores are the substitute, and these, filled with their odds and ends of remnants and

marked-down bargains, I must admit, take the place fairly well, though they are not as fascinating as the old-time attics. They have many advantages which are not to be despised: for one thing, goods may be bought in any desired quantity, large or small, and the worker of discriminating taste may select just that which is most suitable to carry out the design which has been planned,

for there are many kinds of cotton fabrics that are soft and attractive in coloring and printed with fairly reliable dyes.

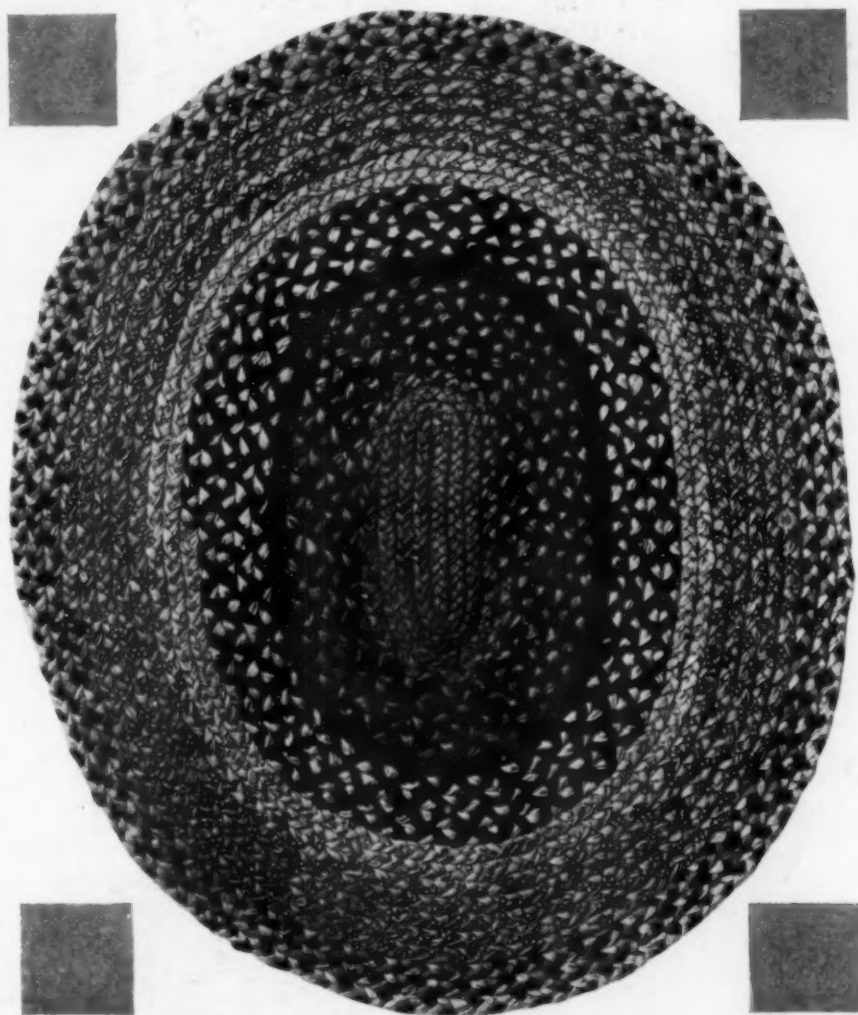
Of these the blues of all shades and makes are the most satisfactory. Of other colors the cottons known as the Washington prints made by several Rhode Island mills are dependable. These are a revival of some of the quaint old-time patterns and they are principally used for making quilted bedspreeds.

The braided rug is made in three forms: square, round and oval. An old square rug is sometimes started with a piece of carpet for the center, but this has an incongruous look and is not good from the designer's standpoint. The most desirable shape for the small braided rug is oval, so let us take as an example a braided bath mat in blue and white, size 26 x 32. The tool needed in making a braided rug is a coarse sewing needle suitable for carrying white cotton, size No. 24.

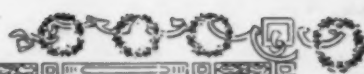
The cotton Washington prints already mentioned are practical for braided

rugs because they are soft finished fabrics with little dressing. They retail at from seven to eight cents a yard and are about twenty-four inches wide. Select a medium blue with a small broken-up figure on it, rather than a figure which is distinct in pattern, like a dot or a plaid, for instance. A floral pattern or sprigged effect is better for the present purpose. Of course any print will do if the Washington prints are not obtainable. Plain colors can be used effectively when combined with figured goods, either by using braids made entirely of plain material or by braiding two strands of one with one of the other. A rug this size requires nine yards of medium blue cotton print and six yards of unbleached cotton cloth of the cheapest braid.

The blue cotton prints and the unbleached cotton cloth must be



The braided rug is made from strips of cotton print, braided together in the form of a rope and then coiled. A very wide variety of design and color is possible



Commencing the rug. The adjacent sides of the coiled braid are sewed together

making it easier to braid. Remember always in selecting and preparing goods for braiding that stiff materials do not crush up nicely in the braids, and as this braided rug is a washable rug, too, all likelihood of the colors running in subsequent washings must be done away with by a thorough washing before they are made up.

After the blue print is dried, dampen it and press it out. The unbleached muslin must also be washed and ironed to soften it. Now tear both the blue and the white lengthwise—that is, the way of the sel-vage of the goods—into strips three and one-half inches wide. The cotton prints do not measure more than twenty-four inches in width, so in order to have seven strips of the blue it will be necessary to make each strip a thread or two less than a full three and one-half inches wide.

The width of the unbleached cotton cloth varies with different makes, but whatever its width it must be torn into strips three and one-half inches wide. If it does not come out exactly never mind. There are always uses for all sorts of left-overs in making other kinds of rugs.

The best way to tear off cotton goods of any kind is the manner in which surgical bandages are torn. First measure off the three and one-half inch widths along the width of the cloth, mak-

torn into lengths of one and one-half yards. This is done because these lengths are in turn torn into strands for braiding, and if the strands are any longer they are apt to tangle in the process. First wash all the cloth, each color separately, with warm water and with either a borax or naptha soap. Rinse the blue cotton print until no more of the dye color runs off, and while it is still wet hang it in the sun to dry. Do not wring it out. Hanging in the sun while wet fades it somewhat, and the washing softens the fabric,

ing a cut three inches deep at each of these points. Take up the cut ends alternately in both hands, first one end in the left hand, and then one in the right hand, until none is left over. Then pull the goods apart into strips with one sweep of the hands. If two people tear the goods apart it is much more easily done.

Fold in the torn edges of each strip for one-half inch on each side, then fold these turned-in edges together. The strips should measure one and a quarter inches when finished. The width may possibly vary a little, but that is not necessarily harmful, though it should not be narrower than an inch at any point.

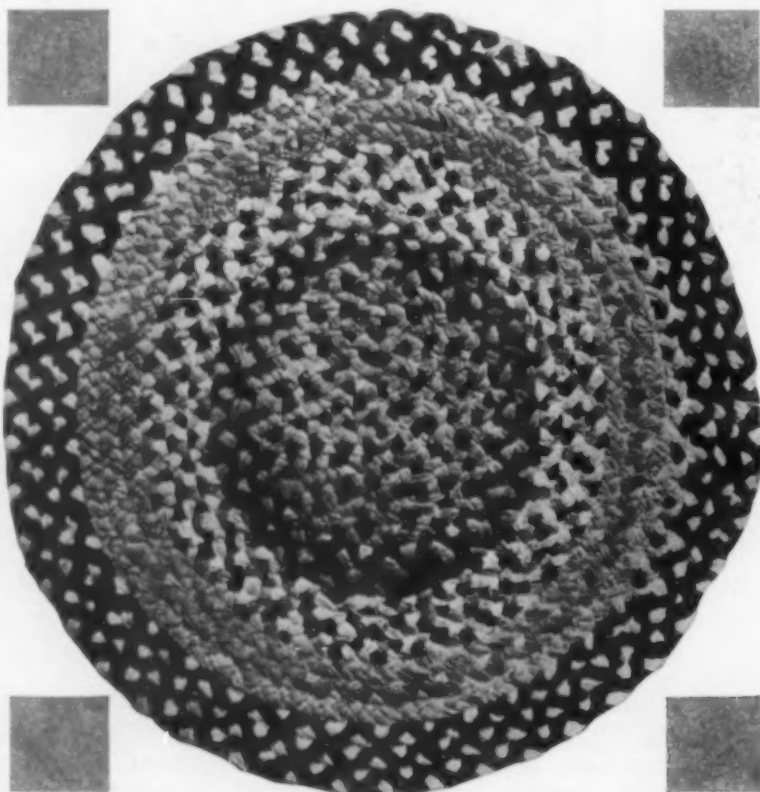


The first seven rows which form the center of the rug. It is now time to introduce a new color

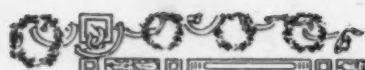
After all the strands are folded iron them and wrap them around pieces of heavy cardboard to keep them smooth and to keep the fold along the edge in place. Wrap each color on a separate card and do not wind too many strips on any one card.

The design for this rug is planned as follows: The center of seven rows is of the medium blue. Outside of this there are four rows of mixed blue and white, the blue predominating, as the braid is made of two strands of blue and one of white. Following this come four rows of the reverse—that is, of the braid made of two strands of white and one of blue. Next are two rows of all white, then one row of all blue, then two rows more of all white. After this come four rows of a braid composed of two strands of white and one of blue. And the finish is five rows of braid made of two strands of blue and one of white. This plan

gives the rug a dark center surrounded by bands of graduating color going from dark to light. This is followed by an emphatic note of contrast made by the bands of rows of solid color, first white, then blue, then white again, the white being, of course, the creamy tone of the unbleached muslin. These contrasting bands



A round rug of good pattern, in blue, pink and white. It illustrates well how the outer rows should be of darker colors, thus tying the whole together



are followed in their turn by more rows of the mixed braids, graduating this time from light to dark, thus bringing the darker tone on the edge and finishing the rug in the most practical manner. Edges always get more wear and therefore soil more quickly.

In the actual making, take three folded strands of blue and, holding the ends together, sew them. Pin or tie these at the end where they are sewed to something heavy, so that they may be firm and taut while braiding. Braid them together until within three inches of their ends. Then pin or tie these ends so that the braid will not unravel. Measure off fourteen inches of it from the end where the braiding was started and double it together to form a loop. Overhand this together along the inside edges of the braids, beginning to sew where the three strands were first overhanded and working down toward the other end of the loop, which is the rounder end, as shown in the left-hand illustration on page 378. Go back now and take the loose end of the braid and overhand it round the two first rows and go on thus until, counting from side to side, seven rows are sewed.

Be careful when rounding the ends of the oval not to full the braid too much nor to hold it too tightly. If the braid is full the finished rug will ripple on the edges. If, on the other hand, it is held in too much in the overhanding, the rug will buckle in the center.

The worker will notice that the sides of the oval are as yet very straight. They will begin to curve out as more rows are added.

These first seven rows form the center of the rug. Now stop off with all the blue braid.

When starting a braid of different color add it to that already sewed at the curved end of the oval, rather than along its straight side. Always start off the rows that are to be discontinued on the same side of the rug, as will be seen on examination of the first illustration. If some of the braid just sewed on is left over, when the time comes to add another kind, cut it off but do not cut it straight across; unbraid it a bit and then cut the three strands off separately, each at a different point. Sew the ends of the strands of the new braid to these ends. Likewise, when adding more strands of the same color, or in introducing new colors to lengthen the braid, overhand these new pieces to the ends of the already-braided strand. Let the seams come on the inside of the folded strand, where the raw edges will not show.

In braiding the strands it will be found that the ends do not come out evenly. This is because the worker pulls more on one than on the others. This is all right, however, for the seams in the strands must not all come at one point. If they all came together the braid would bulge and be clumsy at that point. This is the reason for cutting the strands at different points when it is necessary to cut them at all. Sometimes, of course, a length of braid just finishes the required number of rows, but, if it does not, be sure to save all the clipped off ends of the strands. One may need even the smallest piece to finish up a row of some desired color.

Lay the rug down on the floor from time to time during its construction, to see that it is keeping its form and also that it is smooth and flat. When the last row of braid required has been overhanded on, sew the ends down as flatly as possible on the

wrong side of the rug, turning the strands under one by one.

The braided rug of the farmhouse, though substantially made, is not always attractive because it is seldom well planned. It is usually of a variety called "hit or miss," and it is generally "miss," with a scattered effect resulting. As a matter of fact, the braided rug has certain features which are characteristic of it and which consequently distinguish it. But it has remained for the modern handicrafter with a knowledge of design to discover them, to realize their importance and to use them to advantage. Thus from being an accidental form, these features advance to the dignity of real ornament and become a characteristic figure in the design. Being made of three strands of muslin sewed in rows, the braided rug shows a form like a little arrow-head on its surfaces, which results from the braiding together of two strands of a darker color with one of a very much lighter tone of the same color, or

with a sharply contrasting color. For example, one might choose a medium blue strand, with two strands of white or two strands of black and one of red, according to the color scheme one has planned. The point is that the contrasting colors come together in such a way that they form this little characteristic pattern in arrow-heads as seen in the illustration on this page.

Thus a constructive feature becomes a decorative one as well and a surface pattern occurs from the rug's structure. If the rug were made in any other way this particular effect in surface could not result.

The preparation for making the braided rug really takes more time and patience than the actual sewing together of the rows of braid. But there is not the slight-

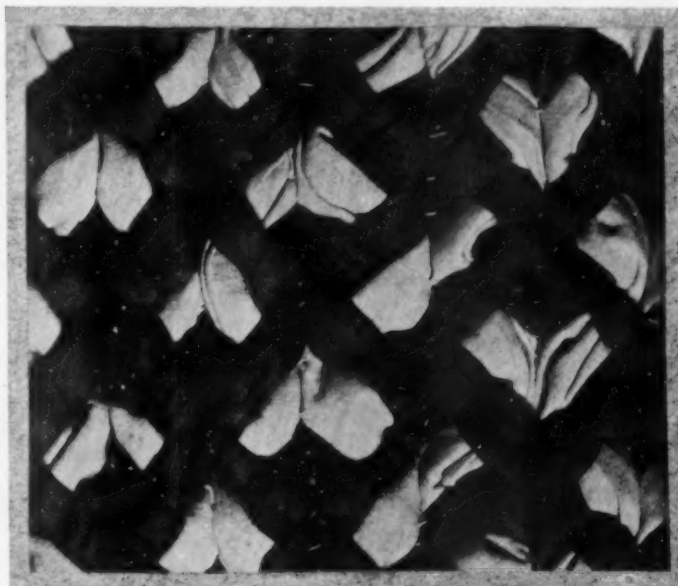
est use in beginning until all the rug material is in order. It must be all washed, ironed, torn, folded, before one is ready to begin. Once this is done the rest is very simple. The braiding and sewing can be easily done at any time, because, like any other needlecraft, it does not require special tools and equipment.

For a round bedroom rug in blues and pinks, select figured calicoes, preferably the Washington prints. Wash and iron them as already directed. There are four colors: a medium blue, somewhat grayish in tone if possible; another blue of the same color, about two tones lighter; a medium pink, and a calico with a white ground sprigged with pink and black, the pink predominating.

In starting the round rug begin to turn the braid at once without allowing any length in the center. Begin with five rows of a braid made with two strands of the medium blue and one of the lighter blue. Continue with three rows of braid of two strands of a lighter blue and one of medium pink. Follow these with two rows of braid of two strands of medium blue and one of medium pink. Then four rows of braid of two strands of medium pink and one strand of pink, black and white. Finish with three rows of braid made of one strand of medium blue, one of light blue and one of medium pink. The size of this rug is twenty-six inches in diameter.

Another very successful plan for a bedroom rug can be carried out in grays and pinks. These colors should be of the same tone value or degree of color, either in medium pink and medium gray or light pink and light gray. Either the pink or the gray should

(Continued on page 405)



The braided rug shows an arrow-head design, produced by weaving two strands of dark cloth with one of light

Improving the Town-House Parlor

THE FORMAL ROOMS IN CITY-HOUSES MAY BE MADE BEAUTIFUL AND LIVABLE EVEN THOUGH THEIR PLAN IS BAD AND THE FINISH UGLY—VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR REDECORATION AND FURNISHING

BY LUCY ABBOT THROOP

Illustrated from Interiors Decorated by Elsie de Wolf

THERE seems to be no word to take the place of the out-of-date "parlor," which unfortunately has fallen into disrepute through ill usage. Its origin is an extremely pleasant one, for it stands for ease and leisure to talk and enjoy life, but nothing could survive the hard times of the "best parlor" of rural districts, that acme of dreariness, and the hideous black walnut affairs of early Victorian days, and so the word has slowly dropped out of our vocabulary, though in many city houses the room with its ills of construction still remains. No one has yet found a substitute which exactly fills the void. Living-room does not, for it lacks the suggestion of dignity which a parlor needs; and drawing-room, though better, is inadequate, for to many it seems to suggest too much dignity. Although none of us has a parlor nowadays that is the kind of by-gone days, yet many of us have the improved and charming modern kind which I shall call parlor, and perhaps we can help bring the word as well as the room back to their oldtime honor.

Every house, to my mind, should contain, if possible, a formal and informal living-room—that is to say, a drawing-room or parlor, besides a regular living-room. The living-room should be comfortable and roomy; with easy chairs and sofas, and big tables and bookcases, and plenty of both daylight and lamplight—a room which makes one feel that life is pleasant and where there is no sound of its grinding wheels. The drawing-room should have all this livable charm and, in addition, the gala or holiday touch. This is the stumbling block to many; the room becomes cold, formal, dead, one to flee from instead of being happy in. The French say it is because we are fundamentally an unhappy nation that so many of our homes lack this delightful touch, but of course no true American will accept such a far-fetched and false explanation. It is rather that there is a lack of knowledge and also a certain timidity and indifference toward the great subject of home making. Many women prefer to have certain kinds of furnishing simply because Mrs. A or Mrs. B has them, and because it is easier to copy

than to sit down and seriously study out one's own problems. This is the cause of the monotony of furnishing in so many houses.

The failure in beauty in a house is not always entirely due to the furnishing; for often the room itself is of such poor proportions and the woodwork so bad that it seems almost impossible to bring any charm at all out of such chaos.

The average house in large cities is one of a block, long and narrow and lighted at back and front, with a skylight

letting a little light filter down through the halls. In the smaller cities this difficult plan is not so often met with, but even there it sometimes casts its blight. There are two general plans: one with the entrance door on the ground floor and a hall on the floor above between the parlor and dining-room, which allows the rooms to be the full width of the house. The other plan has a long, narrow hall running the length of the house with the rooms opening from it. This latter plan is the uglier of the two, and more difficult to arrange, for the rooms are apt to seem like a wide hall and the light is often poor. There is a room of this description which I did over for its owner which may serve as an example, and perhaps be a little help to others.

The room as I found it had walls covered with a cold dark blue paper with a large two-toned design which absorbed all the light that managed to come through the not over large windows. Some of the furniture was very good, nearly all Jacobean, but the upholstery of the different pieces was of every

possible tone of blue. The carpet was a bright and hard blue, and the curtains still another shade, but luckily a beautiful one. In front of the mantel facing the wide door into the hall was a sofa which was perfectly useless because of its position. The other furniture also seemed placed without rhyme or reason. There were some good pictures and mirrors, but the whole room was a failure and gloomy to an extreme. The first thing was to outline a plan whereby we could use the curtains and portières and some of the furniture without re-covering. For the walls



Simplicity and restraint yield dignity; fussiness destroys it. An example of the successful use of a single picture above a mantel of beautiful lines which are not spoiled by the usual litter of ornaments



One cause of the decorator's success is the careful grouping of furniture. The tables are placed where they may be used conveniently, properly lighted by lamp and window; the chairs invite use and render conversation easy. The flanking book shelves beside the fireplace are decorative and overcome the effect of its protruding too far into the room.

we chose a deep soft cream color, almost a tan; the woodwork was rubbed down to a dull finish, the floor stained and varnished, and a beautiful oriental rug with soft tones of blue and brown put down. The sofa was re-covered with a fine reproduction of old needlework, as was also a large chair. The mantel was entirely out of the scheme, of course, so we placed before it a needlework fire-screen, and put a mirror in a fine carved frame over it. Two tall carved-wood candlesticks and an old Chinese blue and white jar were the ornaments. The sofa was placed against the wall near the wide door and a leather screen was placed so as to shield the room a bit from the hall. Near the sofa, with the screen for a background, was a table with a lamp; and chairs were also in this group. Then there was a handsome chest, a settee, chairs, one fairly large table and several smaller ones, one of which was placed between the windows with a mirror over it. The blue damask curtains gave a beautiful plain note and the grouping of the furniture made it possible for several sets of people to talk in peace at the same time. It was not a *period* room, but one where the colors and the furniture on hand were re-arranged until it became livable and charming. The dining-room leading from the parlor had the same toned walls as the hall, and the old blue rug from the parlor was dyed a pleasanter shade of blue and used in it. The hangings were linen, of a beautiful Jacobean design. I add this to show how the whole floor was planned as one.

A "parlor" of the other and wider type was made charming by a warm-gray silk fiber paper, soft old rose curtains and a plain gray rug. The furniture consisted of a comfortable stuffed sofa, two armchairs done in old rose velvet, and several other chairs covered with a lovely, soft colored linen containing old rose, gray and green. The piano had a piece of old brocade on it, and the well-placed lamps had shades of ivory-toned filet lace. There was a gold-framed mirror over the mantel, which was painted ivory-white like the woodwork. The entrance hall being on the ground floor made it possible to use the little square hall between the parlor and dining-room as part of the former. It had a bookcase, a settee, chairs, and a table and mirror, of a beautiful Hepplewhite design. The walls were a French gray, almost white, and the same gray carpet was used here and in the dining-room. The chair seats were covered with the linen used in the parlor. The dining-room had a gray landscape paper above the ivory-white wainscot and a soft pinkish mulberry-toned silk was used for the curtains.

Another long and narrow parlor with a poor supply of light had the walls beautifully treated by using molding as panels and the whole painted ivory-white. This broke up the monotony of the long space; and with a well-balanced arrangement of pictures and side lights the room was made most charming.

There are many trials to be met in nearly all houses not built to our own liking, and some must be endured while others may



Present-day chintzes are extremely decorative since they may carry out the main color tone of a room when judiciously used for upholstery and hangings; they well disguise lines of ugly chairs. Here the type of side lighting is attractive; the fixtures are grouped to provide space for the long mirror

be cured. For instance, mantels are great offenders. There is sometimes a fearful superstructure composed of fancy shelves and a large mirror which should be removed (it can easily be done, for they are seldom a part of the construction), and a good mirror or fine picture or cast put in its place. If by evil chance there is a grill in the doorway have it taken down, for they are quite impossible. Portières hanging from a simple pole will give a better effect. If there is a center light have that taken down, and substitute well-chosen side lights and lamps. If the woodwork is obnoxious have it painted—for pine stained a dreadful red to represent mahogany is not to be cherished as fine hard wood, and will spoil almost any room. I have seen an astonishing mantel whose fireplace held a bookcase. This seemed an insult to both, and if by chance you are cursed with such a monstrosity, have the mirror part taken away, put a table in front of the bookshelves, and have a carpenter build two sets of shelves, one for each side of the table, to fit under the mantelshelf. There can also be a connecting shelf. This will cover a multitude of sins and give you a desk besides. Such alarming things as this are usually found only in the living-rooms of certain apartment houses, and one does not have to contend with them in the average city-house.

There was another charming little town-house parlor where there was not

much money to spend, but which in spite of its simplicity has the true touch of grace. The walls were tinted a soft gray, the paint was ivory, comfortable willow furniture painted gray was used, with the cushions covers of a quaint chintz costing only ninety cents a yard. The curtains and valances were a plain soft old-blue linen edged with a fringed gimp containing the colors of the chintz, and in each of the two windows stood a window-box of thrifty ferns. There was a gray rug, and the blue was again used in the portières and in a few cushions. It sounds very living-roomy, I acknowledge, but, like all the other rooms I have mentioned, it had all the comfort of a living-room with that indefinable charm and pleasant suggestion which are an absolute part of the modern parlor. This element seems to stand for the graces of life; it might almost be called the *fragrance* of our homes, and should not be allowed to die out, as there seems some danger of its doing. The living-room has its place and we cannot live without it, but a parlor or drawing-room atmosphere is also a necessity.

In rearranging a town-house parlor one should have the new plans in scale with the furniture to be used. There should be a
(Continued on page 406)



The long room problem is often solved by dividing the wall space into panels by means of molding strips. The French mirror here is especially suitable with such treatment; notice that it lies close to the wall and is not overburdened by a topheavy, much fluted and carved frame



BY MAURICE DRAKE

PERHAPS no hobby gives more pleasure to its rider than the collecting of old stained-glass, and very few indeed are more directly or indirectly profitable. Despite the great increase in the number of stained-glass enthusiasts during the past ten years, by comparison with other pursuits the subject still remains almost untrodden ground. Glass has not yet had the vogue of old china, of old furniture, or of pictures, and although a large number of larger and more important panels have already been absorbed into this or that collection, large quantities still remain scattered up and down throughout the country, only waiting for the eye of the expert to detect their value. One never knows when or where they may be encountered. Any shabby hole seems considered good enough for the storage of old glass. It seems to creep for safety into the remotest corners, and there lies forgotten till some chance shaft of sunlight pierces ivy or cobwebs and wakes it to life and color or a turning out of neglected recesses brings it again to light.

Nobody values it. Though a few hundred collectors are in constant search of it, and perhaps twice as many antiquaries may display some curiosity when it is brought under their notice, the great bulk of English people care nothing whatever about old stained-glass. I have seen a farmer removing fourteenth-century grisaille with a shovel. And good glass too. As for small scraps, England is full of them and America has many examples, and it is just such small fragments that the beginner should at first endeavor to obtain.

In all collecting one must buy experience, and when it can be bought cheaply, in small doses, as it were, it tastes much better than when purchased in large quantities at considerable expense. The collector of limited means who has purchased small specimens at a low rate can learn as much from them as can his wealthier brother from the larger and more complete examples that adorn his collection.

Let the beginner therefore seek broken scraps of old glass rather than complete specimens, no matter of what period. Should he come across panels or medallions that appear to him of interest or value, let him call in an expert to report upon them rather than run the risk of spending money on worthless copies of old work. Forgeries are nearly always complete, naturally, though a few breakages and repairs may sometimes be introduced to give them an air of antiquity. They are very tempting, some of them. Here a head of a saint, there a little complete—or nearly complete—figure or subject compositions; I grant you they seem to promise far better value for money than a couple of handfuls of dirty, chipped and broken scraps, which look as though they had just been picked up off a rubbish heap in a field. The worse they look—the more they resemble pieces of dirty bottle-glass or broken tiles—the more likely it is that they are worth acquiring.

A study of their irregularities—their rudely chipped edges, their streaks and ridges and holes and deposits of grime—alone can impart that knowledge without which the collector will be wise to refrain from purchasing the larger and more valuable specimens.

When a dozen or so of small pieces have been acquired it would be as well to have an expert's opinion upon them. Any competent glass-painter should be able to point out the more obvious evidences of age, and after once learning these the collector can go on buying with more certainty. These first tiny scraps should be leaded together in a patchwork, and hung up before a window. This plan is better than keeping them in a cabinet, as not only do they generally possess some remains of beauty in their coloring, which makes it worth while to keep them in view, but their appearance becomes familiar, and the collector's eye more readily learns to recognize other antique fragments at sight. At the present moment it should be comparatively easy to acquire a collection of such fragments, perhaps twenty or thirty pieces in all, ranging in date from the middle of the fourteenth to the close of the eighteenth century, for about five dollars at most, and for a considerably less sum if the buyer keeps his eyes about him. A thorough examination of such a series, conducted with intelligence, should leave the collector with an asset worth twenty times his outlay, a knowledge of the subject that will enable him in many cases to recognize some of the leading peculiarities of each period at sight.

As his collection grows the small fragments it contains can be leaded-up in more medallions, bestowing ever more and more spots of bright color to his windows, and later, when he purchases larger and more important pieces, these patchworks can be pulled to pieces and leaded-up again as borders round the more valuable specimens of each period. In such houses as have lead-lights in their windows, nothing is easier than to remove a pane, to instruct a glazier to lead-up some scraps to the required size, and to fit the little patch of color as a centre-piece to the leaded light, thus getting the excellent effect of a Renaissance domestic design—a colored center set amidst plain glazing. Where the windows are the ordinary large sashes, a ring of wire can be soldered to the outer lead of the patchwork, and the medallion hung by it to a hook fixed in the central sash-bar. It is surprising what an addition—and what an attractive addition—such a little splash of translucent color makes in a modern room. And the more pieces are added, the more the color is enhanced and the effect improved.

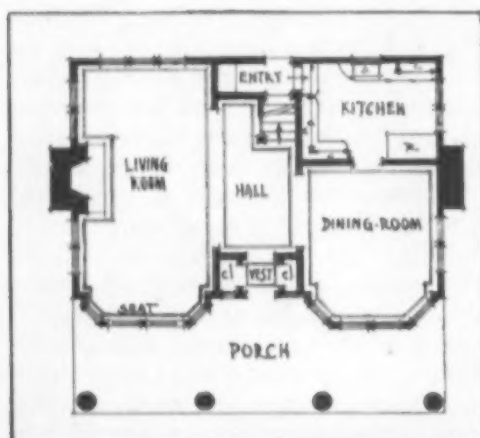
This suggestion as to patchwork only applies, of course, to really small scraps—fragments, say, of less than about two inches in diameter. Larger pieces of drapery, canopy work, inscriptions and so on, possessing some individuality of their own, should be made up into panels.

(Continued on page 397)

The Christmas House & Garden

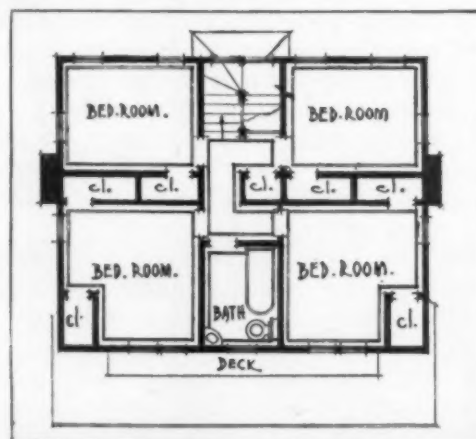


Mr. Wood's house is of the American farmhouse type rapidly gaining in popularity here. In general it is a variation of the Dutch gambrel roofed style, affording more porch room and greater ceiling space above stairs. The long porch boxes filled with evergreens are particularly effective



Bay windows abut on the porch and succeed in solving the difficulty of lighting rooms overhung by a projecting roof. Closets at either side of the vestibule provide room for coats or hats

THE RESIDENCE OF MR. A. W. WOOD ARDSLEY, N. Y.



Since the dormer does not extend across the full width of the house, there would be a difference of ceiling height in each of the front bedrooms. This is neutralized by closet space



The long living-room is provided with a beamed ceiling of flat timbers as was found often in Colonial houses. The spacious fireplace makes the room homelike



A feature of the first floor is the airiness of its rooms. The opening into the hall is exceptionally wide and there is free space with plenty of light

TWO HOUSES OF SIMILAR ARCHITECTURE BUT DIFFERENT PLANNING

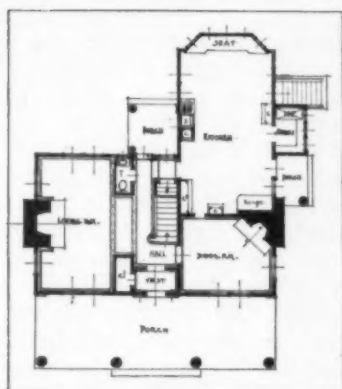
The Christmas House & Garden



Comparing the side view of Mr. Wood's house with the side view of the cottage below, it is evident that this design is adaptable to different effects. The perspective is slightly distorted; a truer picture appears alongside



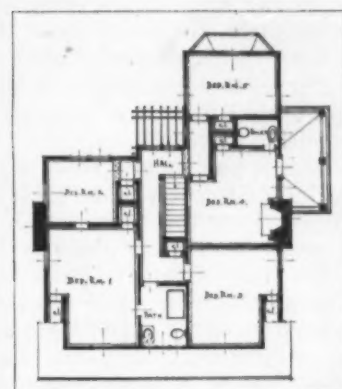
The difference in effect of brick and stone chimneys is very well evidenced in comparison of this photograph and the one below it. Brick appears to advantage in a flat situation unencumbered with much foliage



The front view of the house would not suggest the ground plan shown here. The dining-room is for the use of the owner when the main house on the estate is not occupied



Where the house above is cut off slightly in back of the chimney, a kitchen wing has been built on this superintendent's cottage to provide for the needs of the help on a large estate. The side view is not spoiled by any means with this addition



The bedroom, with an adjoining bath, is made separate for the incidental use of the owner. These plans are for the use of a superintendent's cottage and not a home



These two houses show how adaptable this style is for varying situations. The front elevations are almost identical, with the exception of window treatment. Here the window box upstairs is particularly attractive and the screen of vines pleasing. In a setting of trees and stone walls such a house as this is very attractive

A HOME AND A SUPERINTENDENT'S COTTAGE AT ARDSLEY [Arthur T. Remick, Architect



Inside the House

Timely Suggestions and
Answers to Correspondents



The editor will gladly answer queries pertaining to individual problems of interior decoration and furnishing. When an immediate reply is desired, please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope

Placing the Shelf Clock

THE old adage "a place for everything and everything in its place" is a very good rule to follow to maintain peace and order in the household, but, unfortunately, there are some things which it is very difficult to find place for and still preserve the harmony which makes for appropriateness and beauty in house furnishing.

This is particularly so in the case of the quaint and lovely old "shelf" or "half" clocks of our forefathers, as lucky modern possessors of these precious family heirlooms can testify. These tall, stately time-pieces with their mahogany cases, painted glass doors and big dials, when set up on the mantel shelf over the great open fireplaces of Colonial days, with massive girandoles at either end and flagons of copper and brass or Staffordshire china figures between, were not only picturesque but in perfect keeping with their surroundings. Yet they look thoroughly out of place in the center of a modern mantelpiece, towering above the plate rail or molding outlining a drop-ceiling and flanked with modern bric-a-brac. Nor does a stand or table pushed back against the wall nor a bureau or chiffonier top afford an appropriate resting place.

After trying every seemingly possible place and room where such a clock would not be too obviously prominent the moment we stepped into the room, the inspiration suddenly came to a member of the household to put up a shelf expressly for it; and the problem was solved.

The dining-room being furnished in old mahogany was chosen as the most fitting apartment, and the carpenter was commissioned to place a shelf, which is painted white to match the woodwork, in the narrow panel between the front windows at such a height as to permit of the clock fitting beneath the plate rail. A pair of brass candlesticks, one on either side, and a collection of old hand-made wooden objects, one a mortar and pestle, complete what is pronounced one of the most attractive niches in the house.

A small antique mahogany bedroom clock not in keeping with the mantel furnishings has been similarly placed with good effect on an oldtime walnut bracket in a small niche between the window and side wall.

In the case of the large shelf clock, unless a room contains other oldtime furnishings or furniture closely following the plain, simple lines of the antique, even the shelf fails to provide the proper environment, and it would be better to put up the latter in a hall or foyer where there would be little or no furniture to detract from the quaintness and beauty of the ancient time-piece.

Rare English shelf clocks of the Chippendale and Sheraton type being lower and less massive than the early American, may be appropriately used on the mantel of a modern library or the top of a set of book shelves, provided brass or silver candlesticks and other harmonious objects constitute the ornaments.



A shelf specially made and placed for the clock is used with good effect

Japanese Lamp Screens

EVEN the softest and most delicately colored lamp shade does not always shut out the glare of the light, especially if it is not required for reading or working, and to assist in this there are some pretty little shades in the shape of miniature Japanese screens. They are perfect reproductions, with panels of embroidered silk and frames of wood, in two and threefold models, and when in use they are placed on the table as close to the lamp as possible, thus shutting off the glare that strikes downward from the light. The same shades may be had in a less expensive variety, with painted silk panels stretched tightly over very slender frames, and decorated with quaint little Japanese ladies, like those on the more or less familiar silk fans.

A Practical Coal-Scuttle

USEFUL as it undoubtedly is, the coal-scuttle is not a pleasing-looking object, with the exception of the shining brass ones that are considerable trouble to keep in good condition. A happy medium between the cheerless-looking black scuttle that is an eyesore and the brass one that requires so much elbow grease, is one in a dull black with copper trimming. The handle across the top and the little ornamental pieces by which it is fastened to the scuttle are of copper, as is also the smaller handle low down at the back, by which the scuttle is tilted forward. This kind is really quite ornamental, without being hard to keep in good condition.

The Writing Desk

THE well-known "kidney-shaped" writing desk that has long been a standard article of library furniture is now shown in a different style more suitable for a boudoir or small writing-room. The top of the new desk is the same shape and just about the same size, but underneath there is only one shallow drawer in the center



and two equally shallow on either side, and the legs are of the long, slender Chippendale variety, so that the desk is a much lighter and more graceful-looking piece of furniture than heretofore. It is particularly useful for a small or necessarily crowded room, as its rather unusual shape, with the absence of corners, makes it adaptable for any sort of space.

A Practical Lamp

A NOVELTY in lamps has recently been placed upon the market which embodies both practicability and beauty. It is known under the name of the parasol lamp because the shade is in the shape of a parasol and can be opened and closed.

This forms the practical feature of the lamp as it permits various adjustments of the shade to produce the desired diffusion of the light. On cleaning days the shade can be closed and a cover to slip over the lamp affords excellent protection. This folding feature is also a convenience in moving. For instance, when going from the city to the country home the favorite lamp can be closed and placed in the small, corrugated, collapsible box which comes with it, and it can then readily be packed in the trunk.

The lamps are fitted with two or three electric bulbs and all requisite accessories.

The stands are of brass in a large assortment of designs, including handsome antique patterns. There is also a variety of mahogany, antique ivory and white enamel stands.

The shades are of silk, chiffon or cretonne and will be made to order to coincide with the furnishings of the room, if



Mahogany stand and frame and lace filling make the screen attractive

desired. Housewives wishing to carry out a certain color scheme can furnish the material and have the shade made up on any selected frame, of which there is a variety. The lamp-shade can be re-covered at any time, which is another convenience, and special designs and sizes can be had at request.

The photographs below show three positions of the shade, which illustrate better than words its real convenience. Its lines, too, are pleasing to the eye.

A Good Screen

THE quaint old candle screen that must have been largely ornamental in those days of dim lights has been used as a model for a lamp screen, almost a necessity with the brilliant lighting system now in general use.

The light that comes through even the richest and most beautifully colored shade of glass or silk is sometimes rather trying when one has to face it, and an adjustable screen that will serve to tone down the glare without cutting off too much light is apt to be a decided relief. This is especially true in regard to a lamp that is primarily intended for reading or working, but is sometimes used as a general light in a living-room or library. The screen consists of a mahogany stand and frame with a piece of heavy filet lace or filet crochet stretched into it. Ecru is preferable to white and if filet lace is used the coarser and heavier it is the more effective it appears.

A rather crude touch that is somehow suggestive of the antique is seen in the way that the lace is fastened into the frame, which is pierced with a series of small holes about three quarters of an inch apart. By means of a heavy thread laced back and forth through the holes and the outer edge of the lace, it is stretched smooth and held firmly in place.

The screen may be lined with thin silk in any desired color, or the lace alone will, as a general thing, serve as sufficient protection, particularly if the color is ecru.

The accompanying photograph shows one of these screens with an attractive pattern that looks well with the light shining through it.



The shade may be folded for convenience on cleaning day or when moving



When partly opened the "parasol" shade reduces the quantity of light somewhat



The shades are of silk, chiffon or cretonne, in various color schemes



Garden Suggestions and Queries

The Flower Garden

CONDUCTED BY GRACE TABOR
Author of *The Landscape Gardening Book*, *The Garden Primer*, *Old-Fashioned Gardening*, etc.



December in the Garden

IF the ground has not already frozen, it surely will sometime this month. As soon as it does—the very morning after—put on the leaf or straw mulch, everywhere. Everything is better for it, because of our open and not very snowy winters. Plants do not relish being uncovered and disturbed at their rest by lack of blankets, any more than people; and a plant, be it ever so hardy, that is restless all winter through being uncomfortable is not in good condition when it wakes up in the spring. If you will notice in early spring the wonderful green of lawns or fields on which snow has lain during the winter, you will realize what this winter covering does just to the grass. Of course it has the same effect on flowers and other things.

Proper Pruning

SOMETIME this month, when it is not too cold and the spirit moves you, prune dead branches out of trees and shrubs; and prune for "shaping" anything you may wish to regulate in this respect except spring flowering shrubs and trees. These latter, if pruned now, will give very little blossom this year, for spring flowering things, of course, carry their flower buds on last year's wood, which is what you would prune away if you did this work now. Indeed, one should never prune anything without knowing something about pruning and about the species too. Make this a positive rule, and get a good book on pruning. Then always consult it before doing any pruning.

Summing Up and Looking Ahead

NOW are the days of retrospect and leisurely contemplation. And so we are all too likely to feel they are days of gardening negation, and to let them slip away with shiftless disregard.

These are days of construction, actually—much more truly so than the breathless, rushing days of spring, when everything needs doing at once; or than the sizzling days of summer, when the gardener is hard put to it to keep his charges well groomed and happy and healthy, what with the heat and drought and bugs and worms. These are the days when all the garden

pageants of the year past should be summoned for review and judgment; when every mistake may be clearly seen, revealed in all its glaring crudity under such review; when every success will shine in its full brilliance. For now there is nothing to do but contemplate and analyze and learn *why*.

Why is this a failure? Why is that a success? These are the two questions the garden maker must be perpetually asking—and answering—if he is to advance from a mere haphazard potterer to the artist-scientist combination which the art-science of gardening demands. And it is not, of course, merely to cultural failures and successes that these questions apply. They are as broad as the entire subject of garden making, and they should be asked and studied and answered in their broadest aspect, which is quite as much esthetic as horticultural.

Of course next year is being planned for when this year's review is under way,



The place should be put in good order before heavy snow comes

but I feel it is really better not to take up any definite work on next year's garden for another month at least. This is not for the sake of making New Year's resolutions anent gardening, but rather for the purpose of thoroughly disposing of the past. Definite plans ahead obscure the past—both its successes and mistakes, if they are prematurely undertaken—and it is always a golden rule of gardening to make haste slowly.

Let this be the time of collecting data, of noting down this and that, of getting ready to plan, rather than planning. There is much reading to be done, too, whether the gardener is a novice or a seasoned veteran; and there are all the year's notes to be gone over and studied during this leisurely time, when they may be thoroughly analyzed and their lesson properly assimilated.

If you have not kept garden notes, woe be unto you! And never let it happen again. There are excellent reasons for each and every gardener keeping notes and absolutely no reason—and surely no excuse—for his not doing so. Thomas Jefferson found time to keep the minutest records of his farm and gardens—and sometimes of just the general outdoors, too—with all his other multitudinous activities; and mighty interesting reading his records are, and instructive and valuable to this day. Get a blank book, therefore—or better still a card index—and begin this very day, even if it is December. Put down the weather, for one thing; the degree of cold, and whether rainy, snowy or sunny; record the day on which the ground freezes "for keeps." Make a note of where ice rests as the snow melts, what birds there are about, what cocoons you find on trees or shrubs. Pick everyone of these off and burn them wherever they are; and put it down—the date and their number and what they were on.

Entirely apart from their actual gardening value, accurate notes of this sort become, when kept conscientiously for a period of years, of very considerable reference value. Who of us does not at some time wish to recall just how low the thermometer went in that severe cold snap a year ago last January; or how much snow fell last Christmas; or how long the midsummer drought lasted four years ago? Things like this your notes will tell at a glance, without peradventure of doubt.

San Jose Scale

SPRAY with an oil spray by the middle of the month for San José scale. If this pest is not in evidence, do not be altogether sure that a few have not gained a foothold, and spray anyway as a precaution. It is everywhere, and constant vigilance alone will keep it in check.



Garden Suggestions and Queries

The Vegetable Garden

CONDUCTED BY F. F. ROCKWELL
Author of *Home Vegetable Gardening* and *Gardening Indoors and Under Glass*



Gardening Literature

AT present there is little that can be done outside. A person who thinks that for that reason a garden is to be entirely lost sight of until February or March is not on the way to make the greatest success of it. It is in fact the ideal time for doing two of the most important garden duties—planning and studying. Write to the Agricultural Department at Washington and to your State college for the free but excellent literature with which either will supply you. Buy or get from the library two or three good books—magazines or papers are excellent, but they can never go into things as thoroughly as does a good book. Progress, especially in garden matters, must come largely through experience; it will come ten times faster through experience supplemented by careful study.

The Last Work in the Garden

IN many sections, especially with such mild, late falls as we have had for the last few years, the ground does not freeze hard until after the first of December. So there may still be time to get out any remnants of root crops, especially such hardy things as parsnips and oyster-plants, which remain in the ground. And if you have more of these than can be used now, and want to carry some over winter outdoors, it repays a good deal of time and trouble in the spring, if you will dig a narrow trench in some well-drained position, and store these roots in it, covering them up with soil and letting it freeze over. Any surplus of late cabbage may be kept over in the same way, but requires more covering.

Time for Mulching

THE winter mulch, which you have been holding in readiness to put on "after the ground begins to freeze hard," will have to be put on some time this month. Where the mulch is not to be left, as for instance on the strawberry bed, something that will hang together, such as meadow hay or straw (the former is preferable because it covers the ground more thoroughly), will be desirable. For some purposes, however, dry leaves will do excellently. Around small beds or along borders, a fine plan is to drive down small stakes and on these stretch a wire which

need not be more than six inches high, to hold them in position; this will not only save a good deal of work in putting on the leaves and in cleaning and raking up in the spring, but it makes the place look a hundred per cent neater; otherwise you will have to use boards, shutters, pine boughs, or something of the sort to hold the mulch in place, especially until it becomes settled.

Winter Work in the Orchard

ANOTHER standard winter job, of course, is spraying and pruning. The former used to be a dreaded job, indeed, to the man with only a few trees, and without the proper equipment for weighing out, mixing and boiling the ingredients, and so forth; now there are put upon the market a number of reliable preparations of miscible oils and lime-sulphur wash, which can be bought in small quantities suitable for the home gardener and which can be applied quickly and without getting oneself into endless



The general scheme of orchard pruning is to keep the trees low-headed

difficulties. Miscible oils have come into general favor, but some authorities claim that their continued use will work injury to fruit trees. In spraying, however, remember that there is little use in doing it at all unless you do it with absolute thoroughness; most of the pests for which we spray will multiply so rapidly when they have a chance that trying to combat them is like fighting fire—if you don't get it all out, you might just as well save your labor

and time and accept defeat in the first place.

In pruning, use a sharp, fine-toothed saw for the branches which are too large to be cut with a knife or the pruning shears, and paint over the stumps of any branches larger than an inch and a half or two inches which have to be cut off. The general scheme of pruning, nowadays, is to keep trees as low headed as possible and with an "open center"—so that they will be easy to care for and can be reached from the ground, and sunlight and air will have equal access to all parts. Limbs which are broken or otherwise damaged, or which cross or rub one another should be cut off clean, and in most cases as near the main trunk or branch as possible. In pruning, especially in cutting large branches of trees, it is well to saw first a little on the under side, so that when the limb is cut through from the top enough to give way it will not break down and tear off a long strip of bark, leaving an unsightly and dangerous wound.

The matter of painting the wounds made by pruning, mentioned incidentally above, is deserving of further attention, for it is a very necessary although unfortunately often misunderstood operation. In the first place, its object is to preserve the exposed wood from the weather and also to prevent the activities of borers and other insect pests that are perpetually seeking a foothold wherever the absence of bark gives them a favorable opportunity. In the second place, from a purely esthetic standpoint, it makes the tree less conspicuous by concealing the raw look of freshly cut stubs.

A considerable number of preparations have been devised for this purpose, but one of the best, provided it is conscientiously and intelligently applied, is ordinary good linseed oil and lead paint. Work it well in so as to cover every bit of exposed wood and fill any cracks there may be, and after a few months apply it again as a precautionary measure. Do not be content to put on a thin coat of poor paint; if you do, it will crack and give entrance to the rot-producing moisture and fungus germs, and the last stage of that particular tree will be far worse than the first.

Take care, too, not to break the bark of the tree if you have to climb about in pruning. Wounds are often made in this way which later make trouble, though at the time they seem slight.



EDITORIAL



EVOLUTION

"NOW comes the theory that in our fight against insect pests we are 'evolving' harder strains or varieties! For example, the potato beetle and San José scale. It is said that what were standard mixtures of poison will not destroy the beetles as they did ten years ago. This, it is claimed, means that harder strains of the beetles have been bred. They can stand more arsenic. They represent a sort of 'survival of the fittest.' In the same way it is claimed that some of the standard sprays are not as effective against the scale as they formerly were."

The *Rural New Yorker* in quoting the above news follows the statement of the theory with a reply credited to Professor Melander, which assures us not to become too alarmed at this dreadful discovery. Human ingenuity is still able to cope with the biological ingenuity of pests. We'll fool them, point and counterpoint. When the scales have bred themselves to the point where the arsenical spray is but an agreeable douche, we shall turn about and switch our methods. The word will go round to attack with sulphur-lime. Perhaps in twenty years that, too, will have lost its effect and become a pleasant lotion or a beverage for the pests. In another twenty years we switch again and employ oil emulsion. Twenty years later—well, start the process over again. If, however, the arsenic, sulphur, oil, resistant qualities are retained, something new will have to be developed, but we are sure of a policy for about fifty years, at any rate.

But the thought is disquieting. Suppose that all our other pests develop in evolution qualities that resist our poisons, characteristics that combat our preventive efforts. The fly under years of "swatting" campaigns grows a hard shell and refuses to be squashed. What then? Will the arms of human swatters show a proportionate increase of strength to crush him? Tent caterpillars may acquire something of the salamander nature and refuse to be burnt, may develop an asbestos-like fire-resistant hide. Our best hope lies in the hope that the day of the super-insect will not too much precede the day of the super-man, for without the help of a super-poison the future looks very black.

HOME

HOLIDAYS IN the report of the Country Life Commission, Professor Bailey remarked upon the lack of amusement, of healthy sport and intellectual pleasure enjoyed by those who live in obscure rural districts. He urged the revival of the pageant, the harvest celebration, the music festival of the year's coming of age. And it was a thoughtful and wise advice.

Such celebrations occupied important positions in days gone by. It was an active and moving influence in Greek life. Latin nations still preserve to a greater degree than we do the feast days of the calendar. Their celebrations are really a legitimate heritage from the celebrations that were held in honor of pagan god and goddess. And we, too, have our Saints' days or our feast days; we have our "holy" days. But how colorless have they become! We now look judiciously over modern glasses and say, "Holidays are essential. Let us, using the occasions of historic days, give our inhabitants a time for recreation." And we watch for the increased efficiency resultant from the few hiatus periods of the working year. It is true that there are societies endeavoring to develop the esthetic celebration of these our Saints' days; and the work is good. Our schools are and will be stimulated more and more to recognize the thought and the ideals back of the birth of president and discoverer and national idol. Indeed, it is time that stress were laid upon such phases of our life.

There is another side to a holiday, another form of celebration that is a little more personal than the regulations of the Board of Education, than the exercises which are to encourage love and

patriotism when carried on by large groups. This is the part the home plays in our holidays.

One reads of an organization to restrict the giving of Christmas gifts, one sees Christmas as a mere mark on the calendar denoting the passage of the year. One finds the functions that various members of the family play in the joys of Christmas turned over to syndicate workers. The caterer or the hotel serves the Christmas dinner and mechanically passes printed words of greeting. The expressions of love and sympathy which used to be the sign of a merry feeling of Christmas are planned and purchased, mailed, addressed and delivered by organizations that have arisen for the purpose. Is it business spirit, the craving for efficiency, or is it merely indifference, laziness, or ennui?

This magazine has tried to suggest the anticipation of Christmas. Each of its readers is one who holds the ideal of home and cherishes it in his heart. It is he who has the power of bringing back Christmas. It is he, because of his ideals, who can appreciate the necessity of idealism. Let him hold Christmas in his deepest regard.

It is not more essential for our nation, for us individually, that the celebrations of national holidays be recognized and interpreted to stimulate our patriotism, than that the home Christmas become more a true and vital part of our family life. Love and Service are the virtues which belong to Christmas. They are the ideals that Christmas fosters and stimulates. We need them.

And then there is such a joy to Christmas. Why is it we need to plead for it? The old merrymaking, the former traditions which graced Christmas—why not gather them all together in one great merrymaking time of game and feast, of music, and, yes, the giving of gifts? Let us have our legend of Yule, our holly and our mistletoe. They will never grow trite and the more we work at it, the more of our effort concerned, so much more will be our joy and our happiness.

HOME

HUSBANDRY

THE burden of much of the serious literary effort published is the feminist movement. Authors see the awakening of a sex consciousness in women and seek to arrive at the causes of the vast stirring. Many say that it is the desire for occupation, that years of empty purpose have made women restless. The historical argument is used. Obsolete labors of the pioneer women are held as an example. She combed and carded wool, spun the yarn and wove it into clothes. There were the difficult and wearing tasks of churning butter and cheese, making soap and candles, preserving, curing meats, and making rugs. All this is gone and serious minds say that woman feels the loss of this, her quondam business.

These statements simply add emphasis to the truth that those home-making labors were valuable to women then and they have an intrinsic merit now, whether they bear on suffrage or not.

For the woman who is bored there is nothing like the domestic occupations of her ancestors. Do not say that the effort is wasted where the individual competes with the economical production facilities of systematized plants. That is not the question. The woman gains in producing a thing known to be good and wholesome in her preserve making and jelly concocting. She adds the touch of hand artistry not found in machine work when she makes rugs or braids basketry. But best of all comes the sense of the joy in work, the hand-producer's pride in craft. That is something truly gained. Even to-day there is the possibility of making something that is worth while, a saving on household expense, a thing which has all the pleasure of "I did it." There is ample room for the woman in the country to find beneficial occupation that counts without going far afield.



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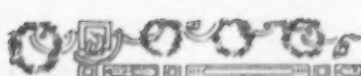
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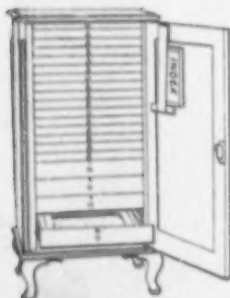
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The Motor Emigrants

(Continued from page 365)

Mr. Spence was curious, himself.

"No, but I will—" and Larry got out pencil and paper immediately.

"Well, it has been a farm wagon and a silage-cutter and a camping boat and—"

"Here, you are going at it wrong end to!" commanded his father. "Write down these items as I give them to you." Mr. Spence dictated busily for a few minutes. "There, that's all I can think of," he concluded. "What does it look like?"

Jack handed the paper over to his father. It read as follows:

Hack to and from station.

Bus to and from school.

Shopping car.

Street car to go to city.

Railroad car to go visiting.

Joy ride car to keep servants happy.

Supply wagon to get household goods.

Produce wagon or huckster's wagon to carry farm products to customers.

Silage-cutting motive power.

Buzz-saw motive power.

Orcharding wagon.

General farm supply wagon.

Vehicle for touring.

Vehicle for camping vacations.

Educational institution in projected trip to Gettysburg.

"All that for one little car!" Mr. Spence mused over the paper. "And I used to hate them! And I haven't put down the most important things of all—that the car is what has made the place possible, has given us all health and strength, has made my children happy and healthy and brought the color to my wife's cheeks!"

(The end)



Two Dozen Don'ts for the Housebuilder

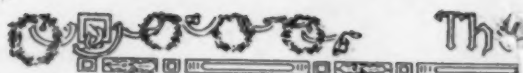
1. Don't have doors that swing outward and hit you in the face every time you go through them. Remember that doors which swing in will be more welcoming and just as useful.

2. Don't have an iron marquise and plate-glass entrance front, no matter what the style of your house. Remember that consistency is a virtue.

3. Don't have all your windows of the sash or "guillotine" variety, and so impossible to have really open save half way at a time. Remember that casements will open in a wholehearted way and give you the full benefit of all the window space there is.

4. Don't smother your windows in drapery. Remember that "wind-eyes" were invented for ventilation and lighting both.

5. Don't let your windows come too near the floor or too far from the ceiling.



Remember the draughts, and also that the best and most natural lighting comes from above the level of the eyes.

6. Don't have too dark a house. Remember that color has mysterious but positive influence over moods of the mind.

7. Don't have dark ceilings if the rooms be low stud. Remember that even imaginary bumps are not agreeable.

8. Don't put warm-colored curtains in a south room and cold-colored curtains in a north room. Remember that colors have power to assuage or to emphasize climatic conditions.

9. Don't choose plain carpets and rugs. Remember they will show dirt and dust, and wear and tear ninety per cent. sooner than carpets with ground well covered.

10. Don't choose carpets or rugs with realistic patterns. Remember that you will have to walk over them.

11. Don't have floors, hardwood or otherwise, too light colored. Remember how unpleasant it would be were these floors literally to jump up and hit you in the face. Whence it is better for them not to do so, even figuratively.

12. Don't have a houseful of lugubrious pictures, howsoever rare or valuable they may be. Remember you will have to look at them 365 days in the year.

13. Don't have a bookless library. Remember that library derives its name from *liber*, which is Latin for a book.

14. Don't forget to have plenty of low movable lights in library and sitting-room. Remember that several different people may wish to read or sew, or otherwise occupy themselves at several different parts of the rooms at once.

15. Don't have too few open fireplaces. Remember there is nothing else in your house so sociable.

16. Don't have too solemn a dining-room. Remember that good spirits aid digestion.

17. Don't endure dark closets or cupboards. Remember Bluebeard and the difficulty of keeping things in order, even under the best of circumstances.

18. Don't have too many electric light bulbs. Remember the modern complexion; also the unbecomingness of unadulterated electricity even for your furniture.

19. Don't have any furniture too good to use or too bad. Remember that furniture was invented to mitigate the harshness of outrageous architecture, not to accentuate it.

20. Don't have a house of too many stories. Remember the stairs and the times you will have to climb up and down them.

21. Don't have too small a house. Remember that each man, woman and child in the family wants one little corner for his very own.

22. Don't have too grand and magnificent a house. Remember the cost of upkeep.

23. Don't have too perfect a house. Remember the people who are to live in it.

24. By way of summary: don't clutter; don't clutter. And again, don't clutter.

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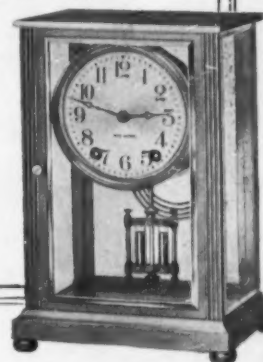
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Winter Residents of Woods and Fields

(Continued from page 373)

standing along the shore and among them some dozens of crows, their glossy black contrasting with the white and pearl-gray of the gulls. Many of the latter are on the wing and some are engaged in the oddest imaginable activities. These individuals have picked up clams from the shallows and flats and are carrying them fifty feet or more into the air and dropping them on the hard sand to break the shells so that the meat may be secured. The bird follows the prize so closely after it leaves his bill that he and the clam arrive on the beach almost together, for if they did not, a dozen greedy pirates would rush in and reap the fruits of his labor. This often happens, the robber dashing off in frantic flight with the booty dangling from his beak while the screaming victim puts all speed into his wings in a sorry attempt to regain his meal. Off over the waves they go, the leader twisting and turning to shake off and discourage his pursuer, but the rear bird duplicates each plunge or upward rush of the other; the chase continuing till the clam is gulped down or drops into the sea, in which latter case it quickly sinks and is lost to both birds. In the excitement of watching the chase we have forgotten all else and failed to note that on a sand bar some two hundred yards up the beach are a number of gulls whose great size and slaty-black backs at once distinguish them from the herring or harbor gulls that stand near them. These are representatives of the more northern and wilder species—the great black-backed or minister gull, known also as coffin-carrier and saddle-back, names which were suggested by the bird's black mantle. These fellows are silent when they come to our coasts in winter, but if we were to follow them to their breeding grounds in Nova Scotia and northward we should find them to be much more vociferous than their smaller relatives, for they seem to save most of their talking for nesting time.

The cold of winter holds no terrors for the water and sea fowl so long as their chosen element remains unfrozen and the feeding grounds accessible. This accounts for the presence of large flocks of those hardy sea ducks the white winged and surf scoters, greater scaup ducks or blue-bills, whistlers, black ducks, and some buffleheads and mergansers. There are also numerous old squaws or old wives flying at great speed up and down the coast line, keeping just above the waves; and if we scan the ocean carefully with our field glasses we shall detect a great flock of Bonaparte's gulls seemingly as far away as the horizon, and dipping and fluttering like a swarm of tiny white moths. And so, as we walk mile after mile on the hard sands amid the flying bits of foam that have been churned by the waves and turned over to the wind, we witness a scene which, were it not for the

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life and activity supplied it by the winter birds, would be melancholy indeed; and there is always the possibility of seeing something new. Here we sight a great northern diver rising and falling on the swells beyond the breakers, and half a mile farther we come to a pair of hell divers or horned grebes, disappearing beneath the surface without a splash and remaining below for upwards of a minute. They are feeding on shrimps and other small sea creatures who are active through winter even though the temperature of the water is so low that, were we to hold a hand in it for thirty seconds, our fingers would ache or lose sensibility. All life is not dependent upon the water, however, for on the beach above the line of drift and debris we encounter several sizable flocks of snow buntings and horned larks glean- ing what small seeds they may from the weeds that grow on the beaches. If ex- treme good fortune is ours we may find a Lapland longspur or two among the horned larks, for this bird consorts with the others while working south along the coast from his home in Labrador and Greenland.

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A Private Community

(Continued from page 376)

And this more intimate side of the house is entirely away from the public road. The middle house, although not spread low as is this one, bears a family resem- blance to it; the happy use of stucco, the white window trim, the shingles and the green blinds are common features. But the entrance is on the side, and the house is more compactly built and of greater depth and height. The third house, Mr. Keen's, which appeared in the May House & GARDEN, has a greater longitudinal ac- centuation but is of similar height to the center one. As one comes along the street one notices three attractive houses. If he is thoughtful and observant, he dis- covers that they haven't the tiresome, flat appearance of the common block houses cut along the same pattern, or made from the same model, nor do they stand out for their differences. It is as though they were of the same race and surname, so to speak.

So much for the design, to show that it is possible to tackle house planning in groups without sacrificing individuality. On the side away from the road these houses all face a green, sloping down to a pond. It will be noticed from several of the photographs that a low hedge does mark property division between the houses themselves, but the strip of woodland be-



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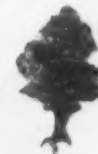
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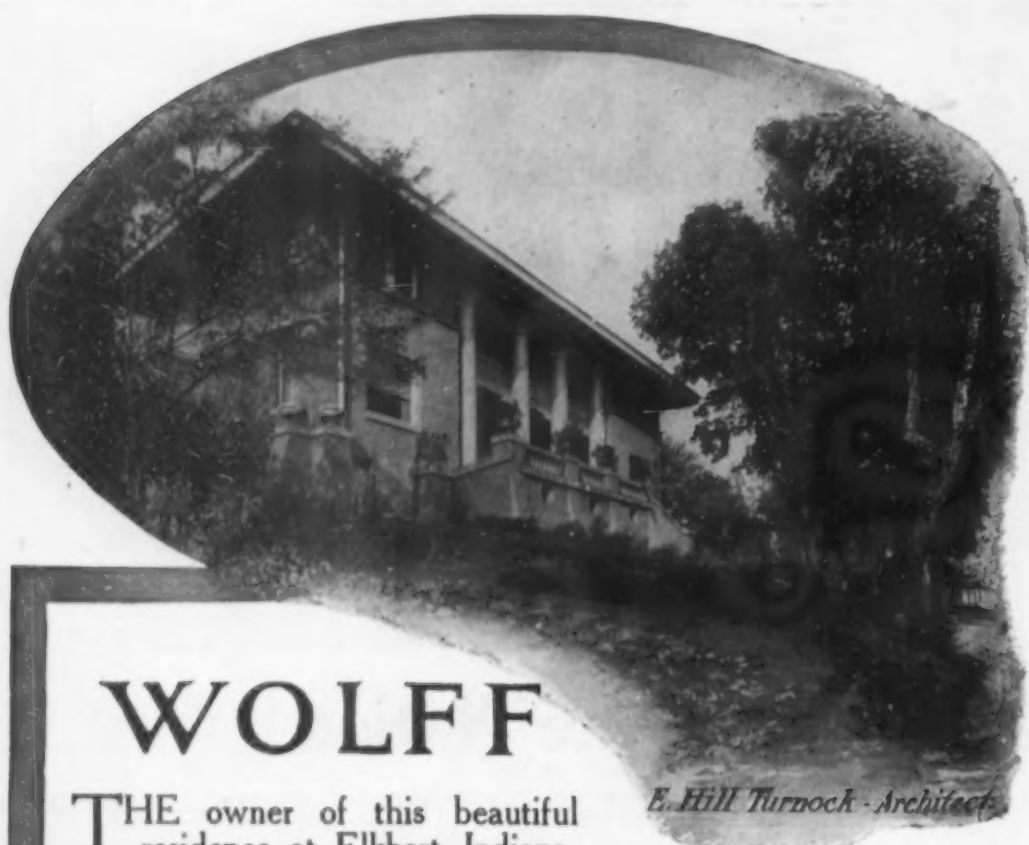
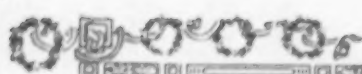


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low the houses has a common treatment. The landscape architect can do his share in tying the group together with consistent and appropriate planting. And above all, the trees have been enabled to remain by such careful treatment of a lot.

The interior photographs of some of the houses appear illustrating this article. They are rather interesting because they show Mr. Keen's ability to carry out the keynote of exterior design within the house. And they help to show that the similarity has not been obtained by shaping over the same pattern. One will notice that the interiors are not at all on the same last.

There are some very pertinent suggestions to be obtained from this little group of houses. Those who are fortunate enough to plan with relatives or with intimate friends really can achieve considerable in economy and in attractiveness of effect. First, in regard to appearance. As in the photographs shown, there need be none of the constant warring of designs, colors and forms that is so tiresome in American suburbs where distinction is considered to lie only in doing something different. What is more, skilful planning and landscape work can make such a common plot look and feel ever so much larger than were it treated with three different motives. Just as Mr. Keen's treatment insured a better effect for a similar quantity of ground, others can find that a co-operative effort will do likewise. Another thing of interest is that the boundaries themselves and the restricted arrangements of individual work make for considerable waste. If the spaces of three service entrances, three drying grounds, three sets of hedges and paths and walks are given up to a common one of these elements, there will be a great saving of land. And why not make such an arrangement? It is neither religion nor law that one day of the week be washing day the country over, and it would be a simple matter to arrange the use of a common drying yard. A main service entrance off from the entrances to the homes, can, with a spur to each house, solve a rather difficult problem with most houses, turning over to attractive uses land commonly esthetically fallow. And the architect working along these ideas can better conceal the objectionable features of the place and produce larger, more attractive open spaces; he is able to make the whole estate more private from public view.

Not only does this idea apply to a more generous playground and a real landscape for each house, but there are other ideas of economy which may be applied—the garden, for instance, might be treated in community fashion, as it was in old Anglo-Saxon days. If a common plot were selected with the idea of best taking advantage of sun and light and protection, it could provide more space for three individuals than were they each to place his own little vegetable bed within the limits



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of his lot. The garden area may be divided according to a variety of pre-arranged schemes. But how much saving could be made in help for such a garden—a single gardener and his assistant, probably, could look after all the produce of flower and fruit and vegetable. The community purse could easily support him and his help at much less per capita than would be necessary for each individual separately. Instead of duplicate lawn mowers, wheel hoes, etc., the community purchases a single equipment for all.

One other factor that should be mentioned is that of a private heating plant. An efficient unit might easily be constructed at a material saving in first cost for each house, both in cellar space and in equipment. This could be run for the advantage of all and could be taken care of at a saving to the individual. There probably would be less waste in a unit heating plant for a small group of homes than where the individual owner tried to cope with this difficult problem.

Mr. Keen, in an architectural treatment that is decidedly attractive, has offered many suggestions that are worth while for a private community building.



Collecting Old Stained Glass

(Continued from page 383)

If desired, a short description with the date can be painted on the modern pieces of background adjoining each specimen, and this, if neatly done, adds considerably to the appearance and interest of the collection. Panes complete in themselves, such as small tracery eyelets, shields, or borders, can be used with good effect as center pieces to each panel. If it is desired that these lights should be removable they can be fixed in slender wood or metal frames, either left free for purposes of handling, or attached by screws to the woodwork of the windows in which they are displayed.

There should be very little difficulty in thus acquiring the foundation of a collection. From the first, two important evidences should be borne in mind. These are corrosion and superfluous matt. If the glass is decayed, it is genuinely old. So much is certain. The paint upon it may be of later date than the glass itself, but there is little danger of this where small pieces are concerned. Superfluous matt, on the contrary, is almost as certain an evidence that the glass is not older than the nineteenth century. The old painters made their own shading-color, and, making it with difficulty, were never inclined to waste it. But the lead-lines made sharp contrast against the thin poor glass used sixty or seventy years ago, and the prac-



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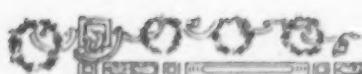
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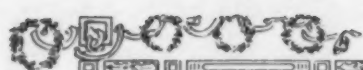
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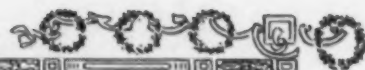
tice was adopted of "backing" the glass with matt. That is to say, the outer or unpainted surface of the glass was smeared all over with a level film of matt or glaze, which, rubbed off from the center of the pane, was allowed to remain around the edges adjacent to the leads. This gave a softness to the appearance of the window. The black lead-lines did not stare so much, and the whole had some slight resemblance to old glass, obscured and toned down by the dirt of ages. Seeing this, glass-forgers naturally seized upon "backing" as a means to the same end, so that it may safely be accepted as an axiom in glass-collecting, that if glass shows more matt on either side than is necessary for the legitimate purposes of shading, that glass is modern and not antique.

Perfectly honest restorations of old windows very often display matt in excess, heavily smudged on the glass to resemble the dirt and grime of ages. To make such glass harmonize with its surroundings it is often spattered with water or more matt in spots and streaks, the whole operation being described as "antiquating." Bearing in mind the preceding warning, the collector who avoids superfluous matt cannot be deceived in such material for a moment. It looks like old glass when fixed in place, but on examination in the hand the matt smears undecieve the observer at once. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they were never intended to deceive. But sometimes, where the glass to be matched is only slightly marked with age, a faint speckling with almost dry matt from a stiff brush serves the restorer's turn, and as such a speckling does rather resemble small corrosion-holes in embryo, it may occasionally delude a collector into believing that it is really old. If the appearance of the glass itself does not enlighten him—and modern "antique" glass is sometimes rather deceptively like the material from which it derives its name—a rub with the finger will always show the difference. The matt spots are rough and slightly raised above the surface of the glass—something like acid spots on a smaller scale—and their roughness and slight projections hold the finger, which glass commencing to decay, with its corrosion-holes still closed, will never do.

Allied to the corrosion-holes is the iridescence of stain, though it is a less certain evidence than the more material form of decay. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where stain is iridescent, it is earlier than the beginning of the eighteenth century, unless its color against the light is red. Red or orange stain came into use in the sixteenth century to replace red enamel, which was never entirely satisfactory in effect. Since the beginning of the eighteenth century it has been produced upon a special sheet glass made for the purpose, called "kelp" sheet. This material is pure white, exactly resembling ordinary window-glass in appearance, but whereas window-glass is so "hard" that it



The Christmas House & Garden



is only with great difficulty that it can be made to yield even a faint yellow stain, kelp glass is prepared, on one side, to take stain of any depth from yellow to deep red. Some of the earlier reds thus produced in the eighteenth century already show iridescence, and in a very few cases quite recent red stain will do the same. But if stain is a clear yellow when seen through, and iridescent when laid flat, a hundred to one it is earlier than the beginning of the eighteenth century.

For the collector's convenience it will be as well to divide all stained-glass into two classes—one painted before and the other after the middle of the sixteenth century. Broadly speaking, glass from the earlier periods is thick, is grossed, has lines, reams, or striae, on its surface, bubbles in its interior, and generally shows corrosion-holes. Later glass is thin, comparatively smooth—very smooth indeed after the end of the sixteenth century—is cut with the diamond, shows no striae, fewer bubbles, and where it has decayed the corrosion shows only as a mere patina or roughening of the surface, with none of the well marked cavities that break the surface of the older Gothic glass.

Bearing this rough division in mind, the collector should be able to separate his purchases into the two periods, and he can then proceed to examine them in detail. If any of the earlier pieces show corrosion-holes larger than one-eighth of an inch in diameter, or if the whole surface of the glass has decayed away, leaving it rough to the touch, the chances are that it is at least as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century.

If the glass is thin and clear and has been cut with a diamond, it may safely be set down as post-Renaissance work, the mark of the diamond on original edges being a certain indication of this later date.

For the convenience of the collector English pre-Renaissance glass may be subdivided again into two classes, distinguished from each other by the quality of the outline-color. No sharply drawn date-line can be drawn between them, but, broadly speaking, one appears before the other after the middle of the fourteenth century. The earlier outline-color is of an intensely strong black, while in the other case it is reddish brown.



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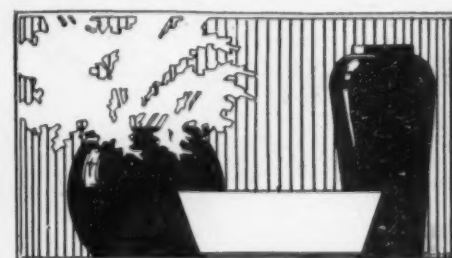
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particular enthusiasm. Nevertheless, this volume of Mr. Ross's is deserving of attention, for it is at least an addition to a valuable type of literature. We cannot but feel that a partial elimination of the somewhat ponderous verbiage employed would be advantageous, in that it would leave room for more practical, boiled-down information; but perhaps that is a hypercritical view to take. There are valuable suggestions as to the organizing and carrying out of an anti-fly campaign.

BOTANY FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS. By L. H. Bailey. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 465. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25 net.

A text book pure and simple, whose purpose, as the author states, "is to lead the pupil to an understanding of the vegetation of his neighborhood." It contains many valuable suggestions for the teacher, and is divided into four general parts: the nature of plants themselves, the relations of plants to their surroundings, histological studies, and determination of the kinds of plants.

BABY BIRDS AT HOME. By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. 8vo. Illustrated with colored plates and photographs by Cherry and Grace Kearton. Pp. 128. New York: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

About sixty-five species are described in this book on English birds. The aim is to interest young readers in the birds about them, emphasis being laid on nestlings and fledglings. The photographs, on the whole, are good, some of them comparing favorably with the best work of wild bird photographers in the United States.

GARDEN FLOWERS AS THEY GROW. By H. H. Thomas. 8vo, pp. 197. Twenty plates photographed in color from nature. New York: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

There are good practical suggestions and information in this book on some of the popular garden flowers, although the text is not quite as adequate as we might like. The colored plates are uniformly good, and give a much better conception of the appearance of the different flowers than could any amount of written description.

CHATS ON COTTAGE AND FARMHOUSE FURNITURE. By Arthur Hayden. 8vo. Illustrated. Pp. 350. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

A book for the lover and collector of old furniture who does not care to pay the often exorbitant prices which the more pretentious examples of the old English work bring. As the author says, "There is a peculiar pleasure as well as a wide field for study in the so-called minor work of farmhouse and cottage furniture of olden times," and he has embodied in his book, not only much valuable information, but also considerable interesting history. The

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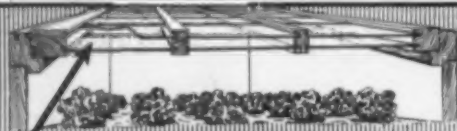
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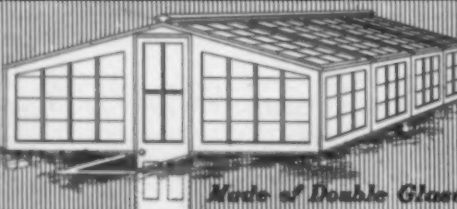
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THE CARE OF A HOUSE. By T. M. Clark. 8vo. Illustrated. Pp. 283. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50 net.

Here is a book of practical suggestion that should be of more than ordinary value to the house owner or tenant. The construction of fireplaces and chimneys, the different systems of heating ordinarily in use, the matter of plumbing, the care of woodwork and lighting fixtures—these are some of the vital subjects which are explained in text and diagrams. All is made so clear that the bugbear of leaky faucets, radiators that won't radiate, lights that give not light but darkness, need have no further terrors for the householder. It is not an exhaustive volume, but it is one with a real purpose and worth.

SUCCESS IN GARDENING. By Jessie Peabody Frothingham. 8vo. Illustrated. Pp. 333. New York: Duffield & Co.

There is a deal of inspiration and charming writing in this book, to say nothing of practical information of value to beginners in gardening. It is no easy task to prepare a book in which every week in the year is set apart as in an almanac, and directions given for what garden operations should be performed therein. So many varying influences—climate, latitude, altitude, or just plain weather—are to be reckoned with that no rule of thumb can be blindly followed. The author, however, has a scheme which minimizes these difficulties.

EDUCATIONAL BIRD LEAFLETS. 8vo. Fully illustrated. New York: National Association of Audubon Societies.

Seventy-six monographs on our more important and often misunderstood wild birds, each illustrated by photographs or drawings by such well-known bird artists as Fuertes, Horsfall, Brasher and others, make up this highly valuable and instructive contribution to popularized ornithological knowledge. Not too much space is devoted to descriptions of the birds' actual appearance, yet it is sufficient, in conjunction with the excellent illustrations, many of which are in colors, to serve as an adequate means of identification. The saving thus accomplished is applied to live, interesting information on the economic values of the different species, their habits, and a fund of similar information such as should prove of unique importance to all who are in the slightest degree interested in birds. As the title indicates, the collection of monographs is primarily educational, and as such is well adapted to use in schools and nature clubs. Yet it is in no sense a textbook, and its individual appeal is strong.

Particularly valuable, in these days of awakening interest in bird protection, are the sections in the back of the book dealing with winter feeding of birds and the construction of practical nesting boxes.



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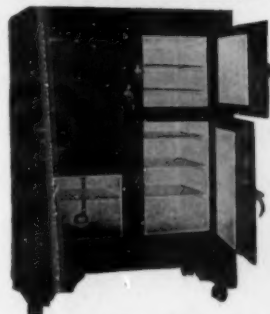
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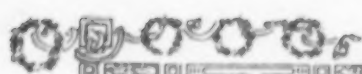
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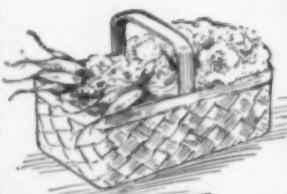
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SOUTHERN GARDEN DEPARTMENT

Conducted by JULIA LESTER DILLON

The writer of this department will gladly answer inquiries from Southern readers in regard to their garden problems. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if a prompt personal reply is desired.

Rose Planting Time

AS far as the preparation of the soil and general cultural directions are concerned, any good article on rose planting applies to this as well as other sections. There, however, we must stop and hew out for ourselves a new road to meet the climatic and growing conditions that confront us.

Many years our gardens can show roses from early in March to late November and often December. South of Nashville, no protection is needed for any varieties, even the tender Niphetos and the tenderer Maréchal Niel going safely through our severest winters. We might almost say, "Plant roses and let them alone, and warm sunshine and gentle rains will do the rest." If it were possible for me to have only one kind of a flower in my garden that one would be a rose. No other flower does so well without care, nor so well repays one for all the attention showered upon it.

December is always rose planting time and rose pruning time in the Southern States. After the first heavy frost the weak canes should be cut out, and the strong ones cut back closely if long stems and fine quality of blossoms are desired. One amateur rose-grower, whose gardens are famous for the beauty and size of the long-stemmed blossoms, makes it his invariable rule to cut back every rose bush to six inches of the ground and to remove all the weak shoots entirely. One who has fewer plants might prefer quantity of blossom rather than size, and if so, the pruning should be less severe. The vigorous growers need less pruning than the slower growing varieties.

Climbing roses must be trimmed very slightly. Of course, all weak and spindly growth should be removed and the side branches shortened in, but the main stem must not be disturbed. All dead canes should be removed as they appear and in all pruning the cut should be clean, otherwise the bruised stem will decay.

Much well decomposed manure, used both in the fall and spring; bonemeal and liquid manure occasionally as the growing season progresses; the ground always free from weeds, and other plants; sunny positions; cultivation in summer; with pruning in the winter, is the price necessary to pay for fine roses. How small the tax is in comparison with the beautiful return!

In planting, due attention must be paid to soil preparation; all canes which are

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Insure a velvety, green, quick-growing lawn; also double the yield of the garden and produce earlier and better vegetables, by feeding the soil with



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bruised must be taken off, and it is better to leave only five or six shoots cut back to four or five inches from the ground. It is better to plant them as early in December as possible, but they may be safely and satisfactorily put out from this time until the middle of May. The earlier the planting the more promising the blossom for the next season.

As far as variety is concerned, choice is practically limited only by the lists issued by the nurserymen. It is wiser, always, to buy Southern grown stock, and better to secure those grown in the open ground, but, after these precautions are taken, full liberty of choice may be indulged in. The varieties recommended here are those which have stood the test of time; and if planted in either the small home garden or in large grounds where much space may be devoted to the rose gardens, results will be equally satisfactory.

For the porch pillars, the pergola, the summer house, the hedge, and the wire netting that encloses the tennis courts or the playgrounds, there are the multitude of climbers and trailers. For evergreen effects, the white and pink Cherokees, both double and single, and the Wichurianas, can be depended upon for quick growth, but are apt to become riotous in their luxuriance and to form too much of a screen, unless very careful attention is given them.

Slower of growth, and not evergreen, are the ramblers, the pink Dorothy Perkins, the white Dorothy Perkins, Tausendschon, and Flower of Fairfield, almost a perpetual blossoming Crimson Rambler and without the defects incident to the parent. All of these are desirable and excellent climbers.

Of the old favorites we have the Lamarque, Devoniensis, Malmaison, Marie Henriette, the Maréchal Niel and Rêve d'Or, which carry us through an unrivaled scale of color magnificence. Many old southern gardens show these roses half a century old, kissing the topmost leaves of the tallest trees or screening the porches up to the third and fourth stories. Their prodigal wealth of blossom must be seen to be appreciated.

The Frau Karl Druschki, Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, and the Bride are the handsomest of the white bush roses. Of the pink, none are better than the Malmaison, the Duchesses de Brabant, the Bridesmaid, the pink Devoniensis, and of the newer ones, the Killarney.

Étoile de Lyon, Francesca Kruger, and Blumenschmidt give us the yellow and saffron tones of our color scale, while Gruss an Teplitz, Prince Camille de Rohan, and the ever popular American Beauty give us the deeper tones of red.

For the fragrance of the attar of roses—and what is a rose garden without its sweetness?—no garden should be without the La France, the Gen. Jacqueminot, and the Paul Neyron. The newer Japanese roses, Conrad Meyer, Mme. Charles Worth, Mme. George Bruant, and Chedane Guinnoseaux, are also noted for their

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of baby's things—out of the bedding closet—out of your clothes when stored away—by having your closets, box couches and shirtwaist boxes lined with

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We will send you Free this Bag of Red Cedar Shavings—Write for It

Sprinkle the shavings in your bedding closet—clothes closet—clothes box—or dresser drawers.

Of course the vermin proof quality is only one of the great advantages of Washington Red Cedar. It is one of the most durable and valuable woods known for many building purposes such as siding and shingles for which its decay resisting properties are famous.

Ask us for the bag of shavings. It's free, postpaid. And if you contemplate building tell us and we will also send you our booklet on Douglas Fir—the finest all-utility structural wood in the country.

Don't forget this, because if you intend to build it is to your interest to know about the value of Douglas Fir—"America's Timber Giant." Write for the bag of Red Cedar "proof" today.

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Simply drop us a line giving us a general idea of what you want and we send you the articles without other cost to you than the purchase price.

I shop with you or for you and have the facilities to get the best of everything for you at the lowest price. If not satisfactory you return the goods.

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sweet-scented qualities as well as for their showy blooms.

If space is limited and only a few roses can be planted, choose one or two of the ever-blooming varieties and plant them in masses or in hedge effect. So many amateurs make the grave mistake of trying to see how many different kinds of roses they can have, while the result is far more satisfactory, both in the garden and for cutting, if many plants of a few varieties are chosen. I remember one hedge of Bridesmaid roses which divides two small city lawns in a near-by city. The roses of that border are blossoming almost all the time and I am always so grateful for the good taste which chose them to be all of the same color and kind. Specialize on quality of bloom and not on number of different kinds and joy will be not only your portion but also the portion of your friends, the passing public.

As the rose-fields of Turkey and Persia are famed for the richness and fragrance of their blossoms, so ought the rose gardens and fields of the South to be known. There can be found in no other part of the world a more magnificent wealth of bloom or more extravagant depth of colors than are to be seen in the rose fields of the South. Hundreds of acres of field grown roses blossoming at one time in the grounds of the Southern nurseries is a sight worth traveling far to see. Not only do roses adorn the gardens and ground of the rich, but even the humblest cottage will have its doorway framed in the fragrant masses of the old-fashioned Seven Sisters, the sweet-scented Lamarque, or the magnolia rose of the South, the creamy white Devoniensis with its rosy center, while even the hedge rows from North Carolina to Texas are framed in the rich dark green of the Cherokees. With the clear petals of snowy white and the massed stamens of pure golden yellow, sweet as the sweet-briared eglantine of old England, is it any wonder that the home of the Cherokee is called the land of sunshine and roses?



The Home Maker's Christmas

(Continued on page 369)

to the average hall, while other homely but necessary things that might well figure on the Christmas list include daintily enameled clothes hampers, shining brass hot water cans for the bedroom, sets of the most up-to-date clothes hangers to be installed in closets, and small electric stoves for use wherever there is an electric light.

It is impossible to spend much time on a Christmas shopping expedition without coming across housefurnishing articles that would make presents suitable for the man of the family—presents that would mean at least a temporary suspension of the annual handkerchief-tie-slipper offer-

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Hand-made by Scotch and Austrian cabinet makers in the Erskine Shops—men trained from boyhood to uphold the best traditions of their craft. The front panels open and disclose numerous sliding trays that offer a thousand uses. Made in Mahogany, Old Walnut, Antique, Oak and Holly, inlaid with Ebony and possess the characteristics of fine old imported pieces made lustrous without varnish. Reasonable in price. Photographs and complete information on request.

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But better even than this, is to have spread before you, wisely grouped, an infinite number of the best possibilities for everyone you may think of—meeting your every requirement as to purpose, quality and price.

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because it is fire-proof, water-proof, germ and vermin-proof, easy to keep clean, durable, practical, pleasant to walk or stand on, will not disintegrate or wear dusty.

Easily applied over any old or new floor, ready for use in 36 hours.

Samples and literature free

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ings. For the smoker there are of course all sorts of contrivances from the little ash tray and cigar holder on a tall slender metal standard to be placed at the side of an easy chair to the elaborately fitted out smoker's cabinet of mahogany or English wicker. Handsome old English cut glass decanters in various designs that make unusual presents may be had at from \$5 to \$15, and as the acme of solid comfort there is a tall reading lamp on a standard five feet high, to which is attached a little circular wooden tray, an ash tray with match holder and a metal book support. These tall lamps, incidentally, are quite the newest thing in the scheme of lighting, and some of them are in the shape of enormous candles placed in candlesticks, others have elaborate standards of brass or bronze, and the newest glass shades, seen on many of them, are clever reproductions of shirred silk, to be had in any desired color and which give the effect of a handsome silk shade.

Book and magazine stands in mahogany or oak, that can be had in a great variety of prices and designs, mahogany or bronze book blocks, and the newer book wagons, literary adaptations of the tea-wagon, so to speak, are all useful for the man who takes pleasure in his library, and in selecting these as gifts one can rest assured that they are in good taste and decidedly worth while. A small piece of furniture apparently belonging in the library is handicapped by the unattractive title of "gout stool." With one end like an ordinary footstool, the other very much higher, it is designed to make the easy chair still easier, and is placed with the higher end against the chair so that the feet are raised as in a steamer chair. As an ornamental piece of furniture it leaves much to be desired, for it is strange looking, to say the least; but there is no question about its usefulness, and it may be had upholstered in material to match the covering of the chair with which it is to be used.

Even if he has no tendency toward gout, is not literary, and never smokes, there are so many attractive and useful articles in which he would doubtless be glad to have at least a proprietary interest, that there is no reason why the man of the house should not be included among the recipients of home furnishing gifts.

Braided Rugs and Their Making (Continued from page 379)

be a figured calico. Start with a center of ten inches in length with five rows of all gray braid. Continue four rows of braid with two strands of gray and one of pink. Then go on with a braid of two strands of pink and one of gray. Follow these with one row of a braid of two strands of gray and one strand of pink. Then one row of all gray braid. Finish the rug with two rows of braid made of two strands of gray

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Put them on now—then note the difference in your floors.

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Write for Booklet 12.

The Burns & Bassick Company
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and one of pink. The size of this rug is 23 x 31 inches.

A less brightly colored rug would be suitable for either a living-room or a hallway. Select a medium green calico and a gray of a somewhat lighter tone. There is a Washington print that works up very satisfactorily in this connection. It is a green ground with a pattern on it in yellow and black. It is one of the best known of these prints, and, like most of them, it is a really old design which has been revived. Start the rug with a center of seven inches in length and use seven rows of all gray braid. Continue with five rows of the braid made of two strands of green and one of gray; follow these with one row of all green braid. This must be followed by four rows of a braid of two strands of green and one of gray. Then come two rows of all gray braid. Next five rows of a braid of two strands of gray and one of green. Finish with three rows of a braid of two strands of green and one of gray. The size of this rug is 26 x 33 inches.



The Town House Parlor

(Continued from page 382)

Careful scheme worked out and all changes in the woodwork, lights, doors, or windows, made before the walls are done. Plan as nearly as possible where the furniture is to stand, so that the covering can be chosen to keep the balance of color. The vista from one room to another must also be thought of and the colors chosen with due regard to the amount of light. One dining-room had a large bay-window built in, almost the width of the room, which was kept full of plants, making a lovely vista through the wide door of the parlor.

Careful forethought will save much time, money, and disappointment, for it is easier to plan things correctly than it is to cure them or to live with our mistakes.



Taking Stock and Making Plans

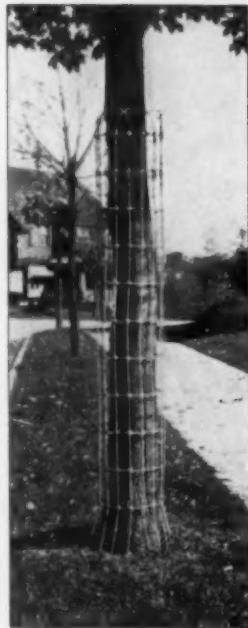
(Continued from page 360)

that by continued surface cultivation, dust mulch and so forth you could save it and keep it growing through eight weeks of dry weather? Then you are more fortunate than most of us. In the majority of cases, well fed soil, good seed, clean cultivation, and an efficient garden defense are all helpless in the face of a prolonged, severe drought. Things may live through it, but they do not continue to grow as they should; you lose several weeks of your garden's growing season if not the garden. The next great thing we must wake

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Grandma Gets One

Sundials

Made of
REAL BRONZE

just what you want for the garden, a very interesting and useful Christmas gift.

Manufactured by The M. D. JONES CO.

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up to in connection with small gardens is the necessity of furnishing water artificially when Nature's supply runs short. By all means, save all you can in the soil; but to be on the safe side, run a pipe line out to your garden. If it is a very small one you can water it with a hose, and by irrigation ditches made with a hoe; but if it is of any size, it will certainly pay you to be prepared to put in, when the dry spell comes, a nozzle line or two of the new over-head irrigation; don't wait until your garden is half dead, and likely to be entirely so, while you are waiting to install pipe, nozzles, etc.

Five things—remember! Seeds, fertilizer and manure; tools, bug ammunition, and a water-pipe to the garden. You can attend to them all before it is time to dig up the first fish-worm. You can get after them right now: and as a result you will have the best start with next year's garden that you ever had, and it's almost certain that the result will be the best garden you ever had.

A Grass-Country Christmas

(Continued from page 358)

running on gaily: "Major—you've really not done badly—for amateurs. We are obliged to you, mighty much obliged. It remains now only to holly-fy upstairs—anybody can do it—scatter all! Work fast! I feel in my bones folks are almost upon us."

"Will you listen at this?" Nancy called from the back hallway, where the telephone was set. "Anna Walton says she and Joe-Billy have got to come right away—can't wait until to-morrow. I wonder what on earth—?"

"Susana, Diana, now plain Anna! Oh, it's too gorgeous," Roger shouted. Mary March shooed him forcibly toward the back stairs, then asked over her shoulder, "Nancy—do you mind—much?"

"Mind! I'm glad!" Nancy retorted. "I'd have asked them for to-day—only they are always so busy, making Christmas gifts there in town."

"Why don't you let us give gifts here—just love-gifts?" Mary asked softly. Nancy looked over her friend's head. "I'd love to," she said. "Only it wouldn't stop there. Let me tell you about little Jenny Lane—she was here at our second Christmas. Brought me a tea-cloth, all lace and embroidery—much too handsome—and she only a little underpaid substitute teacher! I found out somehow, before she left, she had gone so in debt for things, keeping up with others, she would have to pinch and half starve all next year to pay out. And that set me thinking—about the boys on salaries—how they might be tempted by the very best part of themselves. A gentleman, you know, has to be free-handed, so they have to choose between being hermits or spenders. And it must be so hard, with money going through their hands every day and all the youth of them

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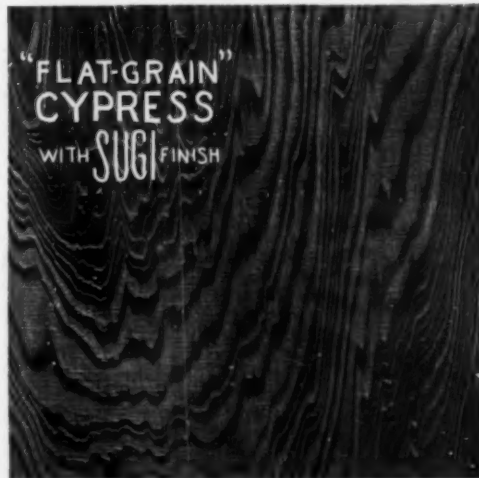
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crying out for what a little of it will let them enjoy. So we made up our minds, William and I, that if people would only give us themselves, and take in return our hospitality, it would be best all round. But it does seem a pity—the spirit of Christmas giving is so beautiful, if only it had not been commercialized and so frightfully overdone."

"To think you're a missionary—and I never in the least suspected it," Mary said, laughing—but her eyes were dim. She kissed Nancy unprovoked, then ran away as lightly as the youngest. Nancy, looking after her, sighed, saying to her spirit: "I do wish I knew what came between her and Jack! It's a shame—two people meant for each other should not waste their lives apart."

Outside, the sky grew lower and more leaden; the wind whipping about sat finally at northwest, and took on an edge. The Major walked half the lawn-length, his hands behind him, then turning shouted for his nephews, who came on the run. "We're in for snow or sleet before morning," he said. "Everybody on the place has gone to town—from Grannies to babies in arms—so you lads must help."

"That's what we're here for, Uncle-Major!" the three interrupted, flinging up their hats: "Say what and where! We're your men. Back-log first?"

The Major shook his head, smiling happily—it was so good to feel he had these stalwart striplings to lean on. "Hall fire is not low enough yet for that," he said. "Besides—it will take hardly a minute. Now, we'll look out for the birds."

Only the birds and the colored church had Christmas trees at Grassways. The bird tree was a pyramidal evergreen, standing in full view of the windows and along the drive. Low boughs touched the earth all round. They came out symmetrically, so evenly that a heavy snow made of the tree almost a tent. Very quickly the boys were swarming up and over it, weaving into branch and twig, sheaf-oats in handfuls, heavy millet heads, locks of over-ripe hay, shattering seed at a touch. Nancy sent the girls with trays of specked apples, each strung through with a stout cord, as were the lumps of suet and chunks of fat meat which overran a dish. The lumps, the chunks, required nice placing—the birds must get at them freely, yet they must not serve as a lure for hungry marauding cats. Hence the most of them were looped over pensile tips, where they showed even plainer than the glowing red apples.

"Mince pie—all but the crust!" Wyeth said, nodding, as together all hands surveyed the finished work. Though they pretended thus to scoff it gave them a warm feeling inside to note as they turned away the rush of winged creatures to the tree. "No manners whatever—but I reckon they never heard of Christmas," Susan commented. The Major, who had slipped away, came back with the salt basket upon his arm.

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"I call for volunteers!" he said. "The sheep are out in the bottoms—who will go with me to salt them and fetch them up-land afterward?"

Everybody cried "I," but he shook his head, saying: "A flock can't fold a flock—one confuses the other. You come, Wyeth—your legs are so long and light. We'll take Miss Diana because her skirt is so sensibly short."

"Then I'm going—not because of anybody's sheep, but after buckberries—ditch is full of them—and nobody has thought before to bring in a single spray," William said stoutly, whereat the others smiled significantly, Roger saying to Susan as the three went away: "Isn't he the dearest old blunder-head, Uncle Major? Thinks Wat ought to have the moon if he cries for it—or even Diana—Billy to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Cruelty to animals—that's what I call it," Susan said energetically. "We all know Wat is head over ears in love with Anna Walton—and she may get here long before he's back."

Roger gave her a keen look, then said irrelevantly: "A match to a Christmas is Nancy's average—I'm wondered where lightning will strike this time?" "Maybe it won't lighten," Susan said, running away from him to the back door.

The wind, more and more eager and nipping, made brisk walking imperative. Thus the shepherds came quickly to the lowlands, where sheep ran riot amid standing cornstalks. They came tumbling pell mell at the Major's call—it was pretty to see them clustered and crowded about the little heaps of salt. Tame creatures for the most part, yet Sir Bevis, the imported ram, tossed a truculent head, baa-ing loudly as he snuffed strangers. When Wyeth challenged him by lowering his head, and advancing with clenched fists, the ram, nothing loath, came on full tilt, so swiftly he overset his careless adversary, and gave him a thwack or two with his crumpled horns. William and the Major were for interfering, but Wyeth would not have it. In a wink he was up, had caught the supple beast about the neck, scrambled somehow on his back, leaned over and caught fast hold of the horns. Half a minute he sat there, laughing hard—then scrambled off, but kept hold of a horn, saying to Sir Bevis: "Easy, old man! I took a mean advantage—now, let's be friends." With that he stroked the ram's nose, and let his hand fall softly under the jaws, soothing the creature inarticulately the while. Only a few of the flock had paid the least heed to the scuffle—they were so humanly eager at getting the thing they wanted. Sir Bevis, freed, ran cravenly into the thick of them, then, panoplied by numbers, flung up his nose again bleating defiance.

The Major walked around the bunches, eyeing each one narrowly. He also eyed the clouds, then looked regretfully at the stripped cornfield. The flock had been so happy there, ranging and running, nipping

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husks, dry crab-grass, tender young grass and weeds along the ditch-banks, and the creek, he hated to move it—especially when it had not eaten out more than half the nubbins and down ears left in corn-gathering. But weather-wisdom made moving imperative—there would be something falling by dusk at the latest.

Therefore he went homeward, calling clearly, dribbling grains of corn in a thin line to tole the flock home. The way was a long, gentle slant, after the first sharp ramp from creek-level—but Billy and Wyeth, walking behind with Diana, both insisted she should not burden herself carrying the buck-berries all had gathered. She persisted in holding them, saying with a pout: "They mustn't be lost—and you'll have to run, maybe, before we're safe home." Sure enough—at the upper draw-bars, Sir Bevis propped himself, turned short about, and tried to break back, but was headed vigilantly. Notwithstanding, his spirit seemed to pass into the mass, it wheeled and surged, and was held in course only by help of Bruce, who came with sudden timeliness out of the woods.

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"Dinner! My Lawd in heaben! Don' you know dis is Chrismus time? Praise Gawd ef he gibs you eben er piece in yo' hands," Tex flung at the hungry youngsters who trooped out into the kitchen. It was big and clean, and like all the house full of rich, sweet, greasy, spicy smells, enough in themselves to set up appetite. Liza, the Talbot cook, stood grinning broadly behind her visiting sister. "I ain't not gwine lef' you chilluns cryin'-hongry," she said. "Dest you hol' right still—I'll wrassel up little som'p'n." Magically, so swiftly did her strong arms move, a white cloth spread over the big kitchen table, was flecked with things good to see and taste. "Dars ham—cooked day-'fo-yistiddy—and dat cake whar got scorched—and fried pies. Wat won't want nuffin' else—and col' backbone, and sassengers—and light bread and aigbread," she chanted, setting the things in place. "Stay yer stomachs—good. Don't kee: whut Miss Nancy say—Aint gwine be no supper ready, ontwell

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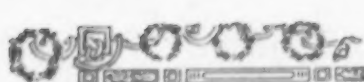
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back gate to the steps. William and Roger listened respectfully to their uncle's cautions. Wyeth meantime had up-ended the back-log, tried the girth of it with arm-clasps, and stood beside it faintly stooped. Like a shot he bent, heaved mightily, and brought it clear of the ground. His brothers sprang to his help—in a trice they had it balanced upon his shoulder, and were walking beside him toward the hall. Joy fought in them with fear—joy in the lad's strength, fear that he might overstrain it. The Major was serene. This boy of his heart was steady—he wouldn't undertake what was beyond him. The older man thrilled to see the youth who would come after him at Grassways, show so finely, so fully, the might of a man.

When the coals had been duly raked forward, the back-log put in place, flat on the hearth-stone, and irons set straight, and small logs piled on them, the Major patted his boy's arm, saying joyously: "Better than being a football star—eh, son? Football's all right—anything is all right that helps to make real men."

Outside, a motor burred loudly—there was a general cry: "The Waltons!" a general welcoming rush. Amazement checked it on the threshold—Joe-Billy was driving, and Anna sat beside him, holding something in her lap. Behind the big car was cram-full of boxes, of curiously shaped parcels, most carefully wrapped and tied. Luggage proper was invisible if present. Anna, laughing at their amazement, called to William: "Don't stare so hard—this only means Jack!"

"Jack? Who's been carving him up in such shapes? Bum job—I say," William flung back. Wyeth was lifting Anna's burden with one hand, with the other steadying her exit from the car. Joe-Billy grinned encouragement, saying: "Good boy! All I can do to hold this untamed auto. Greenest chauffeur ever—that's what I am. But it was the understudy or nothing—Fritz is dead to life and things until after New Year."

"Stop gabbing. I want Nancy to show us—" Anna began impatiently. "Oh, here's the telegram—so 'fraid I'd lost it—we got another, of course—that's why we came."

Nancy's hand shook as she tore open the yellow envelope. Inside she read: "Flowers are not things Sister—instead they're souls. I'm sending some to help you make Christmas—and ask—May I come, too?"

For the first time and the last, Nancy broke down. Jack, her prodigal half-brother twenty years her junior, had been gone so long. To all entreaty he had answered: "I'll come—when I have made good. Everybody knew that. As she stood sobbing and speechless, her husband's arm about her, Roger rushed to the telephone. And exactly two hours later, John Masters, of Chicago and New York, coolest and most daring of speculators, read with dimming eyes: "Don't fail us! Christmas won't come really until you do."

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Long before that, the motor had given up its freight, which resolved itself into American Beauties with cloth-yard stems, azaleas positively loaded with blossoms, lilies of price, tall, heavy-headed hyacinths, bride roses, carnations, stephanotis, violets purple and white, gardenias, lilies of the valley. Anna's special charge turned out to be a basket crammed with orchids, white and gold as was the basket itself. There was also a box of purple and lavender-shaded ones, set delicately in scented lacy green. Rarely beautiful all—Nancy took joy in them. But none was half so beautiful as the commonplace yellow telegram.

Jack was after a sort her boy—she had mothered and fondled him like her own. His squanderings, his going away, had been the grief of her life. Now he was coming home—he had made good; she looked at Mary, wondering how she could be so calm. They had been sweethearts, of that she was certain. But she could not speculate over things—the flowers cried out for place. "The parlor's waiting for them," Diana said joyously. Mary March added loftily: "And I'm going to get that Sheffield basket—don't care if it is an heirloom. I want to see these," touching the purple orchids; "fill it, and put out of countenance that giddy gild-y bunch."

It did seem providential—the one space bare which fitted such flowers. For the parlor marked high tide in Talbot prosperity—it had been new-fitted out just at the breaking of the Civil War. There was brocade on the walls, beautifully soft and faded now, a white marble mantel so richly carved, Tex said: "Hit looked des like er tombstone," a huge soft-toned Turkey carpet laid loose on the floor, tall gilt-framed mirrors, console tables, rosewood furniture upholstered in brocatelle specially imported and faded like the walls, bronze chandeliers with tinkly crystal pendants, and, instead of a piano, a gilded harp. There was but one picture—a portrait of the Major's mother, in her wedding gown, leaning upon the harp. Cole, who painted it, said he had never had a lovelier model, nor one who fell more naturally into perfect poses. Nancy had a remote strain of the lady's blood—also in some moods her very look. Almost shyly, she set the basket of orchids in front of the portrait, saying low to her husband: "She must have—the best of everything."

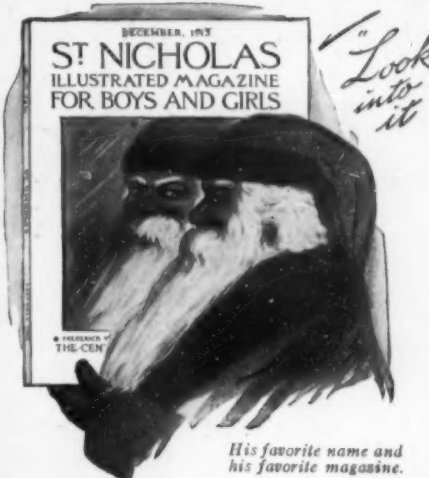
The room, square and lofty, with tall windows sheerly curtained, had been severely beautiful in its bareness. With roses all about, with azaleas nodding at themselves in the tall mirrors, with smilax draped over chandeliers and mantel, and making cornices to the curtain, it became a place of dreams, especially after the carnations spiced the air, their pungent tang accenting the breath of the many roses. Nancy set the tall roses in straight crystal holders all about the floor. She did not crowd them—no more than half-a-dozen went into anything. The very choicest

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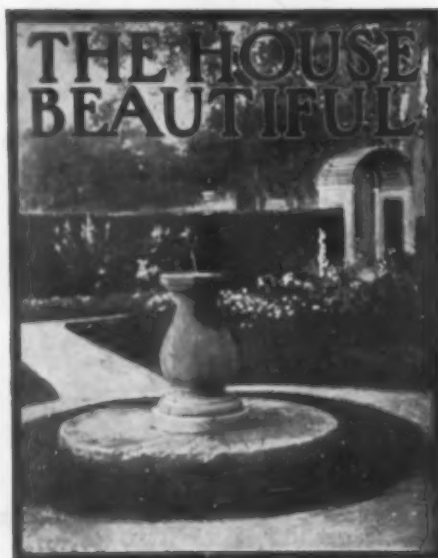
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and most perfect stood in front of the silent harp. Other clumps were at the windows, peeping through at the swiftly darkening day.

Smilax and valley-lilies wreathed the portrait, and single bride roses flanked the orchids in front of it. All white for her, whose life and soul had been so white—this was Nancy's thought. Open windows would keep the room so cool the flowers would be fresh when Jack came—it was little more than a night's run from Chicago. The flowers had not come thence, but from a nearer city, so were still like blossoms from your own garden.

"My! But it looks and smells like a wedding," Anna Walton said gaily as she placed the last vase of carnations. The violets were to be kept for breast-knots—they were already shaped and bound for such use. Gardenias must be turned into boutonnières for the twelve good men and true due at the Christmas dinner. This counting Jack—Nancy's heart fluttered happily when she let herself think his name. He need never have waited—making good made no difference to her, nor to William. But underneath came a sense of what it meant to Jack himself. If only he would stay—again she looked at Mary, trying to read her face. She was surely in great spirits. Her silver basket running over with delicate purples, did surely show well against the white and gold. She stood holding it in both hands, her head the least bit aside, saying: "These belong on that little ebony stand, there, beyond the harp, but somehow I don't want to part with them."

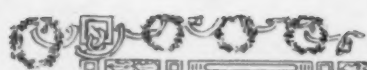
"Then, you shan't do it. We'll put them at your elbow out in the hall," Nancy said heartily. Mary sighed happily, making as though to kiss the purple velvet bloom, but restraining herself. "If you do," she said, shaking her head at Nancy, "you'll be the cause of my downfall—I shall just have to chuck violets, and steal a breast-knot of these: because, you see, I've got a silver-purple frock to wear at dinner to-morrow."

"Wear all of them if you like," Nancy assented. Anna called from the door: "Better run—you two, folks are coming in loads—a car and two carriagefuls have just passed the post office—Yes—Neddy May phoned word of them. I gave him orders as we came by."

"I hope everybody will be here by dark," the Major said, "for something else is coming—a cold rain, I'm afraid."

Rain began it, but changed in a whiff to sleet, which in another whiff was heavy snow. It fell so fast, so thickly, the latest of the guests had much ado to drive a run-about through it. But by eight o'clock, when all sat down to supper, everything was forgotten save Christmas—the feel of it was heightened by the white whirl outside.

There had been talk of playing the old ring games of the countryside, but all were too tired to do more after supper than sit at gossip, and listen to snatches of late successes rendered by the music



box. Anna sang with the box, choosing to accompany thus only the most sentimental ditties, else those which were fullest of slang. She also danced a few of the fancy steps—Joe-Billy laughing at her and Wyeth frowning and flushing. The Trainors, twins, plain and pleasant, tried to look shocked, but succeeded only in being puzzled. Therefore Nancy shut off the music, made the young fellows fetch in scalybarks, black walnuts, chestnuts and sweet cider—and after all had eaten and drunk their fill, sent everybody to bed.

It was long before she slept, yet she woke with the gray light that struggled through the snow clouds and the snow. It still fell fast, but the wind had died, so only the early drifts mounded the lawn. One was just beyond the bird-tree—now a tall white tent, a haven for so many small hungry flying things. Nancy huddled on a wrapper, stuck her feet in list slippers and stole down the corridor, to the end window that gave a wide view. All she could see were lawn trees, with clouds seeming to lie upon them—underneath all was snow, snow, snow. A touch made her start and turn—Mary was beside her, her eyes dark, her mouth tense. "Let's go make the egg nogg—then wake up the rest," she said. "We have to do something. The snow has come—now we have only to wish and wait for Jack."

"You have waited?" Nancy asked hardly above breath. Mary nodded, her eyes very bright. "Seventeen years," she said softly: "But—they were not so long, so hard as—this seventeen hours at the last."

The end? Suit yourself. Jack came safe—I think he married Mary before the orchids faded. All I know is Mr. and Mrs. John Masters sailed a little while back for a honeymoon year abroad.

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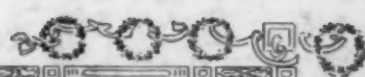
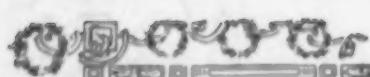
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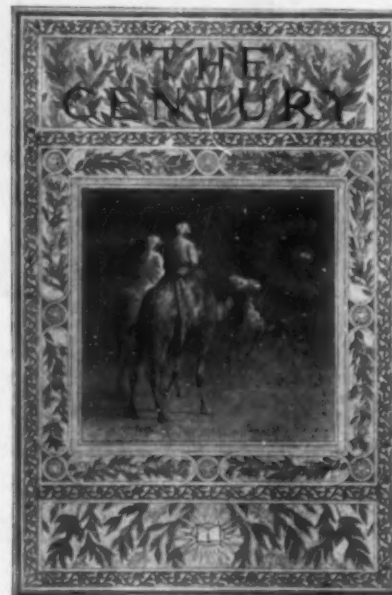
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